

Mystical 601

Chapter 601: Seed 3

Garen left this trip to the combat club with a feeling of mild satisfaction.

That Xander could be considered a good prospect, but his sense of hostility was too overpowering, so he needed more training. And that Asian girl was pretty good, under his presence and pressure back then, she still had the guts to stand up and support Quentin. That was the sort of bravery needed for combat.

In fighting and killing, the most important part was actually one's heart, those with a naturally decent heart would attack without hesitation, and one-tenth of their power could have the same effect as others' full power. Those with weak hearts would keep hesitating, and even their full strength would only be as effective as one-tenth.

Hesitation, terror, delay, these were all the most serious taboos when fighting to kill, as soon as you hesitated, your moves would slow down, your actions delayed, and naturally your power would diminish.

Garen did not have the time to train others' hearts, so he naturally was only looking at their inherent advantage.

Other than these two having talent, the other six from the combat club were all quite promising, although their form had been set somewhat, and they required time to change them, they could still be considered possible potential assets, with a bit of tweaking, they could still become his remote limbs to help extend his reach.

All in all, the harvest this time was not too bad.

Returning to his hostel, as he expected, Serena's message finally arrived after a few days of silence on the combat club's side.

That Asian girl with the ponytail, Cece, was looking for him. But she did not know his address, so Serena was asking if she should tell her.

"Tell her." Garen lay on his bed, holding his cellphone. "Tell her, anyone from the combat club who wants to meet me can just come over themselves."

"Is that alright? There might be more people then." Serena asked quietly, she sounded somewhat excited as well.

"Has the word spread? Okay, then, you find a more isolated place, and bring fewer people. Everything else, I don't mind." Garen considered for a moment, and replied flippantly.

"Alright, then, we'll arrange everything, leave it to us." Serena replied with certainty.

Garen hung up, his lips curving slightly.

"Although I feel bad for you guys, isn't it also your fault for being so easy to use?"

He was already preparing to execute his plan on the six leaders from the club, Xander, and that Asian girl Cece.

After some deliberation and time, he had arranged a new special secret skill from scratch, just like Nighthawk and co's Shooting Shadow Secret Skill -- the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist.

This was the unique secret skill he had invented after taking some inspiration from the White Bird Holy Fist.

Upon activation, matching it with some special skills and moves, would allow the user's hands to create an intensely powerful internal jolting effect to inflict harm on the enemy.

It was just like how he merely had to move his hands lightly to easily defeat the six top fighters in the combat club. The power of this secret skill lay in the user's hands, upon activation, they would become a powerful lethal weapon that even he could not control, if the power was not controlled enough, just a touch would be enough to easily incapacitate someone. But at the same time, it looked light and beautiful, the instant it injured the enemy was as light as a waterbird touching the surface of the water.

This secret skill was even stronger than Nighthawk's Shooting Shadow Secret Skill. After activating it, the user's speed, strength, and reflexes would simultaneously double, the strongest was the Waterbird Fist's internal force, gathering in the arms with great destructive power, he just needed to touch the enemy with one finger, and it was very likely he could kill the enemy invisibly. Used well, it could even kill someone easily with the touch of a finger, by making them die to an internal wound like bleeding in the brain. Soundless, everyone none the wiser.

Of course, the side effects would naturally also be more terrifying, it was a shortcut that could instantaneously increase someone's power dramatically, so naturally there would be a terrifying price to pay.

Anyone who successfully practiced the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist could not let themselves stop, if they ever wanted to stop and give up, then after a certain time, the side effects would manifest, bringing the practitioner an intense and unbearable pain and itchiness all over their body. That sensation was several times worse than a regular skin disease, it was a powerful punishment applied directly to the nerve endings deep in the body.

If the practitioner still insisted on stopping, then the internal force created from the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist would backfire, and the practitioner's blood vessels would continuously explode and split, the efficiency of their organs rapidly declining, and they would age quickly, their life fading away, until finally they died from a loss of essential blood.

As with the Shooting Shadow Secret Technique, this secret skill also needed Garen's primer, every so often, Garen needed to give the practitioners a primer, to suppress the internal force of the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist in their bodies that was going to run wild. To use this shortcut to obtain immense power, but without a body that could properly withstand this power, they would naturally need external suppression.

This secret skill was a terrifying technique derived from the Slaughtering Hand Demonic Technique, if they were in the Secret Technique World, this secret skill would probably be a third-grade secret technique, like the Mammoth Secret Technique, but to the people of this world, the power of this secret skill was indeed far stronger than most normal people could imagine.

Since it was born from the Slaughtering Hand, only the primer formed by Garen, the strongest person who unifies the entire system, that was mixed with the aura from his Soul Seed, can properly suppress

this internal force. That was why this secret skill was basically a tailor-made power system for him to control his subordinates.

Once the practitioner accepted his primer and successfully trained that skill, then the aura integrated into Garen's soul could easily affect the practitioner's life, or even control their body and will.

A week later...

In a manor in the suburbs outside the school.

Garen sat on a red leather sofa with his fingers laced and his legs crossed, closing his eyes as though in meditation.

The black president, Quentin, Jamie, and that bespectacled boy with the noble aura, six of them in total, stood awkwardly facing him.

The Asian girl, Cece, and Xander stood on the other side. Cece's expression was calm, but there was a hint of excitement and desire in her eyes. Xander, on the other hand, was somewhat hesitant, his head lowered as he could not bring himself to look at Garen's face.

Serena sat on a sofa by the side, also looking at them rather uneasily, glancing at Garen and then looking at the president and the other five.

"Please teach us! Those things you said just before you left, weren't they meant to bring us under your wing?!!" As a girl, and a pretty one to boot, Quentin naturally took the initiative to speak.

"We know, simply asking someone else to teach us your secret techniques, is a very impolite request." The boy with the glasses spoke, "We can pay a price, in exchange. Allow me to hire you as the club's private coach, how about a monthly salary of five hundred thousand? If it's not enough, please, just state your price."

"Money?" Garen opened his eyes, the corners of his lips curving. "Do I look like someone who needs money?"

He naturally had no shortage of money, what he truly needed could barely be bought with money. Otherwise he would have long ago used some psychological or hypnotic secret techniques to amass large amounts of fortune. To someone like him, rules were meant to be broken.

"Then what do you need before you'll agree to teach us combat techniques?" The other vice president spoke, she was also a girl, with short brown-red hair, wearing a man's white shirt and well-fitting long black slacks. She also had the aura of a noble, which meant her family background must be something special, her only flaw was that she was not all that pretty.

"Whatever conditions you have, just state them, we're all elites who are here to fulfill your conditions and are determined to learn from you. Why beat around the bush?" A boy with his hair dyed flowery and green crossed his arms and said coldly. By sitting here and posing like this, wasn't Garen trying to up his price?

Boom!!

In an instant, Garen's gaze turned, and it was as though the air in the whole mansion's hall shook, a huge and suffocating pressure pressing down on this boy.

Bang bang bang!!

The vice president who had been all cocksure before rapidly took three steps back, his face instantly reddening, his pupils dilating, staring at Garen as though he had seen a ghost.

His chest rose and fell drastically, like rapidly blowing bellows, and in that instant alone, there was already a sheen of cold sweat on his forehead.

"You...!!" This vice president's voice was shaking.

And the others around him did not sense anything amiss at all, they just saw Garen look at him, and then he himself was so scared that he had to take three steps back before he could steady his footing.

Quentin glanced at him condescendingly, normally she never really took this vice president seriously, she just thought he had some aura and skill, so she did not really hate him, but to think just a glance was enough to scare him to such an extent.

The club had five vice presidents in total, Quentin herself, Jamie, and Hochman with the glasses, all three of them came from families in the business field, controlling large corporations, whereas the girl with the short auburn hair, Raelan, and the green-haired boy, Dahm had families involved in politics, so they were truly the second generation politicians of America.

Raelan was still okay, she was more introverted, and had opened a bar of her own outside the school, so she kept a very low profile. But the green-haired Dahm was a different story, he was extremely arrogant, and lived a life of vices, it was common for him to have a different sex buddy every day, drugs, gambling, coercion into sex, all of that was normal to him. Earlier this year, he had even personally beaten a schoolmate to death, a young and defenseless girl, and in the end the verdict was self-defense, they claimed that young girl wanted to rob him.

And the rumors had actually been silenced by his old man, the final verdict being they paid a few hundred thousands and called it a day.

This incident made Quentin look down on this guy even more, but since he had a powerful family background, plus he was the only child that his family had gotten after so long, she decided not to break ties with him over an outsider.

In truth, Garen had also bought some intel on the six of them from the black market through the Baldy, the most detailed information about their backgrounds.

As the peak-level elites in an elite school, these people were all the stars of tomorrow for their respective families, the glow of a prestigious school to add on to their families' own presence, so naturally it was extremely easy for him to get information on them.

Unlike the America he knew, the power in this world was still controlled by the authorities, and he had also seen the great achievements this green-haired boy Dahm had, forcefully killing that girl was just one of his many dirty deeds, there were more that just had not been exposed yet.

The America in this world was also controlled by the large corporations, the power of the public opinion here was nowhere near as strong as on Earth. Of course, perhaps it was the same thing on Earth, and he just never came across that level.

But power sure was a good thing... Looking at the green-haired boy, a hint of a smile flashed through Garen's eyes.

Chapter 602: Seed 4

"There's an Eastern saying that goes, skills cannot be passed down easily. You're asking me to teach you my secret skills, but if you don't show your sincerity and determination, and I just teach them to you just like that, you wouldn't appreciate something that you had obtained so easily, don't you think so?" He finally spoke.

Looking at them, he continued.

"I don't need money, so you can forget about that line of thought. As for how you will demonstrate your sincerity, well, that depends on your own determination, everyone has a different thing that they prize over all else. I'm not asking you to bring out your deepest sincerity, it just has to be something that would hurt you to give away."

His words made them all rather thoughtful.

It was only that green-haired boy Dahm who, after that shock just now, had a hint of hatred flash through his eyes. He did not say anything, but it was clear he had a grudge against Garen now for causing him to lose face just now.

"Sincerity, is it?" The black president frowned, "Sorry, my passion for combat is not enough to make me trade something I prize for it." He paused. "Apologies. Combat is just a temporary hobby of mine, to me, it's just a way to train my body, this point is a bit too far for me. I won't participate from here on out."

Garen was not surprised, and even the others were not surprised at all.

The black president was pulled into this to make up the numbers by the other five elite team leaders anyway, he did not have the strong family support the other five did, he still needed to fight for his own future, combat was just a hobby and training method of his, it was too much to really take that step further up, that would already depart from his initial aim.

So although it was unfortunate, that he could not learn that legendary peak-level combat technique, this still was not his final goal.

Shaking his head, he gave the others an apologetic glance, turning around and leaving the hall, and soon they could hear the sound of the door closing as he left.

Garen did not really mind either, he had long since noticed that the black president was not nearly as passionate as the other five.

And even if the remaining five did not want to learn, he did not intend to force them, the ones he truly had his eyes on were just those two, Xander and the Asian girl Cece. Their talents were strong and very suitable for the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist, their wills were pretty good too, once they learned it, they should be able to achieve a very high standard in a very short time.

Of course if the other five vice presidents could make it, that would be even better, that meant he could indirectly influence the wide web of connections they had behind them.

"How about we go it like this." Garen thought about it, "Cece, you start first, what I want from you is very simple."

"What is it?" Cece's seemingly calm exterior also became slightly nervous.

"Go out for a run, and keep running around the mansion's grassy lawn, don't stop until I tell you to stop."

Cece widened her eyes, bit her lip and nodded hard.

Without any hesitation, she turned around and ran towards the door, as soon as they heard the door open, she immediately started running.

Everyone there looked at each other, they did not think Cece would be so serious.

Quentin walked to the window and looked out, and Cece was indeed already running rounds, not stopping at all on the green grass, her gaze dead serious.

Garen smiled. Looking at the six people here, the five vice presidents and one Xander.

The six of them looked at Garen, ever since they saw how terrifying he was when he exploded, nobody suspected what kind of power this soft and weak-looking boy had, he might be abnormally pretty and gentle when he was calm, but as soon as he exploded, his blonde hair flying, that terrifying destructive power could destroy almost anything, that wild and violent extreme offensive power, it was as though they were not facing a person, but a real golden lion. He could run wild whenever and hurt them, that feeling of danger and threat that almost seemed to prick their skin made them all more than a little stiff in front of Garen despite themselves.

"Actually I won't force anyone either, forget it, let's just do it this way, you all go run with Cece, don't stop until I tell you to, how's that? That's a simple enough test, right?"

Garen said, smiling.

"No problem, I'm good at running!" Jamie grinned. "When the coach my family hired first started to train me, he asked me to run too."

He was the first to lead the way out of the house again, following behind Cece as he ran.

Quentin and Serena nodded, and ran out as well. After that it was the girl with the short auburn hair, Raelan, the bespectacled Hochman, and Xander.

Finally Serena clenched her teeth, and followed them out as well.(1)

All that was left was the green-haired Dahm, he clenched his teeth and looked at Garen, who was sitting on the sofa calmly, when suddenly he changed his mind, turned around and ran with them as well.

The terror of that moment had also raised in him an infinite craving for power. If I was the one who had that power... it was as though a torch burned in his heart.

It would be too cool!!

He studied combat not only for self-defense, but also because it was cool enough!

That's right, because it was cool, just for that reason. He had been a genius since young, and was quick to learn anything, the only exception was combat, when he came into contact with it he was pleasantly surprised to realize that it was much harder than everything else, plus the moves were cool enough, and he could train up a perfect figure, so he was instantly enamored with it.

"Wait until I learn up all of your petty tricks, then I'll get back at you!" Dahm thought sinisterly, and followed the others out to run.

Garen was the only one left in the mansion hall, he stood up, and walked to the door as well, standing in front of the mansion's hall, he watched the eight of them run evenly on the grass.

How nostalgic...

A hint of remembrance flashed through his eyes, wasn't he the same when he was small and weak back then, didn't he also desire for and obsess over getting stronger?

Too bad... The eight of them were no more than lambs to the slaughter in his eyes, none of them knew, that the combat technique they craved so much was actually a demonic secret skill that had terrifying side effects.

Perhaps it was because this world never had anything like secret techniques, so they had no idea that the secret skill could have such an intense side effect.

The secret skill Two-Faced Waterbird Fist was not like the Shooting Shadow, the more they practiced this secret skill, the more they needed Garen to personally give them a primer, to suppress the Waterbird Fist's internal forces as it grows stronger, otherwise there was the chance that they would die from internal bleeding, pain all over their bodies, and the general weakening of their bodily functions.

In other words, once they started learning this secret skill, they could not stop, if they stopped, they could trigger the side effects, and they had to continuously train in the ways of the secret skill, whether they improve or not.

Even if someone with great talent appeared, and trained to a high level, the effect of the secret skill was precisely that the higher they trained, the more they relied on Garen's primer, and the more they were controlled by him.

Leaning on the doorframe, Garen watched the eight of them run constantly around the grassy lawn.

Unsurprisingly, after twenty rounds, Garen declared that Cece had passed, and after thirty rounds, after forty rounds, after fifty rounds, everyone had passed.

The lawn was very big, just one round was about six hundred meters.

Twenty rounds equalled twelve thousand meters, Cece ran until her clothes were drenched in sweat, when she heard Garen declare that she had passed, she just slumped to the ground. Thank goodness she had some foundation in martial arts, otherwise she really could not have withstood all that running, and even then, she had basically reached her limit.

The others had much better foundations, thirty rounds or eighteen thousand meters, forty rounds or twenty-four thousand meters, fifty rounds and thirty thousand meters.

The last one to stop was Jamie, he really was the best at running.

By the time they had all finished running, more than five hours had passed.

After all, they did not specialize in long-distance running, such a record was already very good, and they did not even rehydrate on the way.

Garen looked at the eight of them in front of him, all dog tired, and two of the mansion's servants were serving them water, slightly salty water that had salt added to it.

"Now that that's done, let's start."

"N-Now?" Jamie asked, panting. He bent his waist, his hands on his knees, his sweat dripping down his chin.

"Of course..." As soon as he finished speaking, Garen's figure instantly flashed, appearing beside Jamie, the five fingers on his right hand as though playing a piano, instantaneously hitting several tens of pressure points on his back.

He was so fast that his fingers made just three crisp sounds.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Nobody could see how Garen's fingers moved, they just saw a shadow flash past Jamie's back.

"Close your eyes and feel it!" Garen's figure flashed towards the rest of them like lightning, and the series of crisp sounds kept coming. "Pay attention and feel the qi pathways in your body!!"

His voice was like a clap of thunder, transmitted straight into their ears.

The two servants at the side were completely dazed, the way they saw it, it was only as though Garen had walked a circle between the eight of them, because it was on their backs, they could not see Garen's movements either.

Garen purposely avoided the cameras and the servants' gazes, using a secret hand technique to insert a wisp of his primer aura, creating a wisp of power inside their bodies, and leading it to flow according to the path of the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist.

His aura right now could affect actual things, not like the Grandmasters of Combat in the Secret Technique World that could only affect the spirits of creatures, so he was perfectly capable of triggering their bodies, and channeling the flow of the force.

"Feel the flow of the force, don't forget it!"

After walking one round, Garen returned to his original position, and watched as the eight of them sat down one by one, their whole bodies stiff, their eyes closed as they tried to feel the changes in their bodies.

It was high noon, the sun at two o'clock unnaturally hot, and all eight of them sweated drastically, but none of them dared to open their eyes or say anything, all of them were extremely cautious, terrified that the movement and force inside their bodies would suddenly vanish.

After a full dozen minutes or so, they opened their eyes slowly, each of them with energetic gazes, as though they had recovered all of the stamina they had just spent.

"Miraculous! This is too miraculous!!" Jamie murmured, he gripped his fist, and released it again lightly, "I feel as though all my stamina has returned. Just in that little bit of time...!"

"Is this the true secret of the Two-Faced Extermination? That stance and move that do not obey the laws of physics at all!?" Quentin's eyes were full of irrepressible awe. She had never thought that there was this side to combat, that feeling when she closed her eyes, and that sensation when her consciousness was guided everywhere by that icy-cold qi, it was like making love, no, compared to pure physical gratification, this feeling was even more intoxicating!

It was not just her, even Dahm seemed to be drooling, his whole body shaking, that feeling was even more satisfying than taking drugs, so much so that he did not want to leave it at all.

"That felt too good..."

Translator's Note:

Yes, Serena appears twice; no, I don't know why. There is literally no one else.

Chapter 603: Calming Down 1

Garen waved his hand, telling the servants to leave on their own.

"What I will teach you now, is an extremely powerful secret skill that I know, a so-called secret skill, is a powerful skill that should be kept secret. The reason why it should be kept secret, and in fact should not be used often, is because it is too powerful, its destructive power is too brutal, and in ancient times it was considered evil or demonic, a terrifying form of martial arts invented specifically to hunt down and kill people. Of course, times have changed, and as the years passed, this secret skill had also slowly cut down on the killing techniques, and become more focused on strengthening the user's own body, eventually turning into this peak-level skill I have here."

"Killing martial arts... I like it... Hehe." There was a nearly perverse passion rising in Hochman's eyes behind the glasses. "Isn't the very fabric of martial arts and combat meant to kill others?"

"That is true." Garen nodded, "I'm telling you all this, just so that you understand the roots, and the strength of this secret skill lies in that it can maximize the potential within the human body, turning it into destructive power."

Looking at the little lambs in front of him, a hint of sympathy flashed through Garen's heart.

The passion in their hearts had already been utterly ignited by his words, when Garen designed this secret skill, he had sacrificed some of the agility in order to create that intense feeling of pleasure, and now it seemed to be worth it, even the weakest-willed Dahm had instantly thrown away everything else, becoming a rabid fan of this secret skill.

Seeing the hesitation in Cece's eyes, she seemed to be hesitant towards evil or demonic arts.

"Actually, in the society now, the true power lies in guns, and there's less and less place for martial arts to survive, as the heir to an ancient martial arts, even if it is evil or demonic, I can't stand to see it disappear just like that, and be lost forever to history." Garen said, his tone sad and pitying.

"That's why I plan to break the rule that it can only be passed down to one person at a time, I will pass it to you all, so that this ultimate skill is not lost from my hands." He heaved a long sigh, his glowing image immediately causing the others to idolize him.

"Now, I will officially teach you the basic moves of this martial arts, remember, you must channel that wisp of force in your bodies as you practice these moves, and continuously make it stronger, there's also a breathing method here to match, you all must remember it carefully."

"What's the name of this skill we're learning? Is it the Two-Faced Extermination?" Quentin asked.

"The Two-Faced Extermination is just one of the moves." Garen smiled mysteriously, "It's called, the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist..."

"Waterbird... The Two-Faced Waterbird Fist..."

Garen waved his hand suddenly.

After two crisp sounds, the two servants at the side directly collapsed on cue.

The rest of them were shocked, and looked at Garen in confusion, they had all noticed that the two servants had merely fainted.

"Don't worry, I just put them to sleep for a while." Garen's eyes curved, like two crescent moons, and they seemed to be emitting a unique magic to all eight of them here.

He spoke in a hoarse, magnetic voice.

"Look carefully..."

"This is the basic core of the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist..."

He raised his arms slowly, drawing out two straight lines in front of him, and when he reached his lower abdomen, his forearm suddenly folded outwards, as though he was hugging someone, or as though he was a veiled woman slowly spreading open her arms.

In that instant, they watched his arms move at a speed that was neither fast nor slow, yet it seemed to bring out countless after-images, blurring their eyes, making them extremely dizzy and nauseous.

"Illusory Spinning White Jade." Garen's voice seemed to come from the distance, floaty and unfocused.

All eight of them watched his movements with bleary eyes, in that instance, it was as though all of Garen's skin was glowing with a white light, they knew perfectly well that it was a trick of the mind, but they still could not help but hallucinate.

In that instant, the eight of them felt as though time had slowed down, their senses instantly slowing and dulling, as though they were in a dream.

On the grassy field, next to mirror-like privately-owned lake.

There were many grey-white man-made hills nearby, with clumps of green grass amongst them, some dark-green or brown-yellow little trees scattered about sparsely.

Hochman wore white casual clothes, standing quietly by the lake, looking at the surface of the lake, completely void of any ripples.

It had been half a month since the day Garen taught them the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist, and in this half a month's time, the eight of them did not get any more pointers from Garen, they were just asked to keep remembering the images they had of that moment. The Two-Faced Waterbird Fist was a basic secret skill, it had some strange killing moves, but it was not the full set of martial arts, so it was

perfectly capable of absorbing their individual comprehension and combat styles, forming their own personal Two-Faced Waterbird Fist.

Hochman pushed the glasses on his nose, narrowing his eyes as he remembered the core of that perfect stance Garen had demonstrated that day.

"Illusory Spinning White Jade..." he murmured softly, but strangely, no matter he thought of that posture, he just could not picture it clearly. Similarly, no matter how he tried to ignore it, the memory just would not go away.

Like a seed covered in a white veil, it was planted deep in his heart.

For some reason, he only had one impression of that stance in his heart, that of danger, a bewitching danger.

"Interesting... How very interesting, hahahaha..." Hochman could not hold back the excitement in his heart, it was as though there was a brand new world in front of him. That feeling of discovery and anticipation, and that intense pleasure from that first guidance, all of it made him sink deeply into it, as though hooked.

Before he knew it, he began to stand by the lakeside alone, mimicking Garen's pose from that day. But no matter what, he simply could not trigger the internal force inside his body into moving.

The foundation of the Illusory Spinning White Jade was being able to feel the internal force in one's body that seemed to channel and flow, but it also seemed to be an illusion, both there and not, after the force was successfully guided, all of one's skin would glow with a bleary jade-like color.

Hochman stood on by the lakeside reminiscing over and over again, mimicking Garen, and slowly, his stance became more and more similar, more and more strange.

Only he himself did not notice, unlike Garen's Illusory Spinning White Jade, his stance was less demonic and strange, but slightly more domineering.

"Cece, why are you always so distracted these days?"

In the large classroom, Cece sat in the back row, her eyes rather unfocused, when she was suddenly shaken by her good friend beside her.

The lecturer teaching fervently on the podium had already pulled the mobile blackboard to him several times, erasing it and writing again, writing and erasing. She herself, however, had been unprecedentedly distracted, and the notebook in front of her was completely empty, white as it began.

"Cece, what's the matter with you? Haven't you been a bit out of it recently, is it that time?" Her good friend Tian Jing asked quietly.

"It's... nothing, I just haven't been sleeping that well recently, maybe I have too much on my mind." Cece forced a smile.

After that day, she often dreamed of that beautiful and dangerously bewitching stance. In her dreams, Garen's face could no longer be clearly seen, all that remained was a blur.

As her mind wandered, the Illusory Spinning White Jade seemed to become to become a white-veiled woman, or a beautiful white bird spreading its wings.

Sometimes, in that instant when she woke up, even Cece could not tell the difference between dreams and reality.

"Cece, I think your skin has been getting fairer and smoother lately." Her good friend Tian Jing gasped suddenly.

"Really?" Cece reached out her hand, and looked at the back of her hand, as expected, her skin had clearly gotten fairer and smoother, there was a faintly familiar feeling about it, like she had seen it somewhere before.

"White Jade..." Cece's expression wavered somewhat distractedly as she murmured.

That was right, her skin right now was just like white jade, emitting a faint smooth and warm glow.

She had not noticed it at all, but as she kept delving into the knowledge about the Illusory Spinning White Jade, the aura around her whole body had also changed slightly.

"I'm so jealous, your skin gets better even when you don't get enough rest..." Her good friend's voice came from beside her, but she sounded so very far away, as though she was at the horizon...

Cece's aura slowly began to become colder, gentle, pure...

Suddenly she felt as though someone was staring at her, and she turned around abruptly, the door behind her was completely empty, there was no one there at all.

A boy who had snuck in after coming in late was caught in her stare, hugging his books to his chest, and looked left and right in confusion, trying to figure out if he was wrong in any way.

"What's the matter?" Her friend asked beside her.

"Nothing, I just felt as though someone was staring at me just now."

"You think too much, with a beauty such as me sitting next to you, it'd be weird if no one was staring." Tian Jing grinned wide.

Cece smiled, it was true that she was not as pretty as her friend, but she had a rare quiet and pretty air about her.

"Alright, let's talk later, lend me your notes later after class."

"Come get them yourself."

Garen stood outside the large classroom, his back against the wall and his arms crossed in front of his chest, quietly listening to the lecturer's loud voice teaching inside the classroom, and there was the occasional question or problem from the students.

"What rapid progress..." There was a satisfied smile on his lips.

These past few days, he had been occasionally observing Cece's progress, and he was very comforted to find that even if Cece's talent was not as good as his, it was not too far behind. It had barely been half a month, and she was already on the way to the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist's true first level.

He had divided this simple yet overpowering secret skill into four levels, extending from the Illusory Spinning White Jade, they were Jade, White, Illusion, and Spin, the words representing levels one to four in reverse order.

Cece was now nearly entering the first level, Jade. As a normal person who had never learned any secret techniques or skills, her progress was not the result of any verbal teaching, and she had reached this level merely through that one demonstration and explanation Garen had given them that day.

"Truly, a genius..."

Straightening up, Garen slowly left the large classroom, following the mahogany wooden corridors downstairs.

Cece was the most innocent of the eight, and she came from Asia as well, so Garen felt strangely closer to her, and thus he paid slightly more attention to her.

Compared to the others, perhaps this girl was worth putting more effort into.

Garen started to wonder if he should continue releasing the follow-up secret skills that he had invented, so that he could properly train Cece up.

Chapter 604: Calming Down 2

The secret skill was only a tool he used to raise his own forces as quickly as possible, it was fast-acting and powerful, but other than the considerable side effect, there was also one inherent problem that he found quite troublesome.

That was, if he disappeared or had to leave for a short while, the people under him would not have a chance to get their primers, and it could trigger an extremely powerful backlash instead.

And as he recruited more and more elite members under his wing, it would also slowly become a troublesome thing to have to consistently apply primers to each of them personally.

Garen was wondering if he should raise some generals that could control the members in his place.

Cece was under his consideration, but he still needed to observe her for a while longer.

Right now, no one in the combat club was fighting for the position of president anymore, the eight leaders had all silently acknowledged Garen as the only president, the true leader.

Leaving the teaching block.

Garen sat on a long bench by a small garden beside him, the flower garden was ring-shaped, and there was a black statue in the middle, of a little boy with one hand raised, pointing towards the distance.

Garen sat behind the statue, taking out his phone and sending Baldy a message.

After waiting for more than ten minutes, there was finally one reply.

"Boss, the Stone Clock of Fortune's auction items are broken, should we sell them in pieces, or not sell them at all? I'm joining the auction tomorrow."

Garen thought about it, "Continue on, send it to me once you get your hands on it."

"Understood."

After testing for a while, waiting for the bell signaling the end of this class to ring, Garen finally stood up slowly, waking back to the school area he had come from.

In the time after that, Garen completely put Cece and the others to the back of his head, they would still take some time to successfully achieve the technique, and even if they succeeded, it would take nearly a year before the side effect was triggered, so he was in no rush at all.

Garen returned to that rhythmic and ordinary life he led before that.

He was dragged into joining banquets held by some other clubs, and met more than several tens of people over just a few short days.

They were all acquaintances he could just say a few things to, they might never meet again to chat after that, but nobody really considered that.

The story about Garen joining the combat club began to spread, and many boys came to him upon hearing his name, while many girls would ask him out to dance at the balls. There were even three girls who subtly or not-so-subtly hinted, that they would be willing to be his sex buddies...

To a lot of students, they clearly did not believe that Garen was as powerful as the rumors said. They were just interested in his good looks and well-mannered behavior, so of course there were also girls who did not like him,

The basketball team's head cheerleader was also a first-year junior like him, she was a pretty girl with long golden curls, and she was utterly not enamored with him, every time she saw Garen, her expression would sour.

Just like this, his life in the first year of university was not too different from other normal university students.

It was just that their studies were heavier, their stress was higher, and there were fewer students on drugs. Of course perhaps that just meant Garen did not come into contact with him, but he had no interest at all in taking drugs, no matter how strong the effect of the drug, could it possibly more intense than the pleasure he got from controlling his own nerves with his aura?

From what he knew, the combat club's infamous playboy Dahm had completely quit drugs. He spent all day mysteriously researching something, but nobody knew what, it was only when his useless friends saw him occasionally that they felt as though he had gotten somewhat more mysterious.

Garen knew, that the guy had probably learned the technique.

The reason why he classified the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist as a demonic technique, was because others could learn it too fast, and while it was fast-acting, each time one practiced it, it would come with an intense sensation of pleasure, this pleasure was much more intense than making love, it was the direct effect of the internal force stimulating the inner nerves. It made people addicted to it despite themselves, driving them to keep on training and training.

That was the characteristic of a demonic technique, there were fast effects in the early stages, but towards the middle and late stages, it would trigger unimaginable side effects, and be much harder to progress in.

This was something that even Garen could not control or change.

This was the natural law of the universe, for anything at all, it would be divided into thick or thin, easy or hard, and the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist was the same.

All he had done was bring the easiest part to the very front, putting the best in front, and putting the hard parts at the back, that was all.

The natural laws of the universe stated that if you wanted to achieve certain heights, you needed to pay the cost in enough effort and talent, the demonic techniques seemed to be a shortcut, but in truth the only difference they had from normal techniques was the order of things.

Some would prefer pain and then pleasure, while others preferred pleasure over the pain, it just depended on what they chose.

It was the same with constructing a building, to reach a certain height, you either had to spend a lot of time on the foundations, slowly climbing up step by step. Or you could simply make your basics, and rapidly build towards the top.

The former would have strong and stable foundations, if there was no fatal flaw, it could withstand even a more serious disaster.

But things were different with the latter, perhaps progress would be extremely fast in the beginning, and no one would be able to tell the difference, but the taller it was built, the more pressure would be exerted on the foundations, and the floors could collapse with the slightest trouble, much less an actual disaster or tremor.

It was the same with the pinnacle of any profession or secret technique, if you wanted to go higher and further, your foundations would need to be solid enough, that was the proper way. If you followed the demonic way, the higher you went, it would naturally become more dangerous, and at every step, you might collapse because your foundations could not handle the pressure.

This was the most basic law of physics, even Garen could not change it.

Of course, the many revision he had made also had their effect, the reason he could amplify the power of the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist so much, was because he had used the power from his own Soul Seed, and mixed it with the Slaughtering Hand demon technique's force as a primer.

While this primer controlled his subordinates, it could also magnify and enhance their destructive power.

The price of that was this power was something their wills and spirits could not control, which meant they naturally needed the interference of external forces to suppress the side effects and dangers of it, to balance it out.

In other words, the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist that they were practicing was actually Garen's demonic-styled Waterbird Fist, although it was much weaker, it still had the same impressive aura-like psychological effect on outsiders and enemies, it could create a seemingly hypnotic effect, and had a special living destructive effect.

As for the complete version of the Shooting Shadow Secret Skill, naturally the price to pay was reconstructing part of their foundations, so the progress in the early stages was extremely slow, it had practically become a proper secret skill, with the same principle as the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist.

If Garen were to teach them the proper techniques, he could, but the problem was it would take too long, by the time they grew up, he would already have achieved a terrifying level on his own, and would not need their help at all. In that case, what was the point of building his seed faction?

So he had no choice but to sacrifice them, at the most he would treat them differently depending on whether they were good or bad.

Smack.

"Full Lights! Hahaha, I win again!!"

Messi happily splayed the cards in his hand onto the table.

"Pay up, pay up! It really pays to be with Garen! Hehe."

It was not just the four of them in their dorm, there were also the two and three from the next room and the opposite room, they were teamed up in groups of two, playing cards.

The card game was called Full Lights, and it was Garen's first time as well, it relied more on calculation and memory skills.

But these were undeniably Garen's largest advantages, his calculation and memory skills were both decided by his attribute points, and right now his secret technique level was about to reach 3, so he was already entering a non-human level compared to the normal people.

Messi, who was teamed up with him, was grinning so widely his mouth went sideways.

The others just kept scolding them and cursing their luck. Even the boy among them who had taught them this game had lost so much his face was beginning to turn green.

"What's this shit!" One of their black friends threw the cards down, "I'm quitting, I'm quitting, if I go on I'll lose all my living fees too!"

This friend of theirs was undergoing an intensive language class, it was specifically for international students, but he improved rather quickly, at first he could barely understand any of their slang, but now he could communicate with the people in the hostel freely.

"Cards aren't that fun, how about we play computer hacking and defending?" One of the young, well-mannered white boys with glasses suggested.

"Forget it, wouldn't that just be you winning?" The other few looked at him condescendingly.

This guy was a computer prodigy, his short-sightedness was more than seven hundred degrees because he spent too much time on the computer. In high school, he had participated in a national anonymous hacker war, and had been the main offensive power in it. Of course, no one knew if it was his tall tale or the actual truth.

But even Garen's little bit of hacker technique was nothing to him, he could be taken down in two or three tries, and then he would write 'weak' in large font on Garen's desktop.

Just a while ago, he had designed a new game, it was a hacker game of offense and defense designed to look like an entertaining tower defense game, so even newbies who were not very good at this could play.

Of course, it still required basic calculation skills and imagination, these were necessary to break through defenses and swerve around attacks.

But the result was completely one-sided.

After that, he and Garen were called the Two Great Bosses of their dorm level, the Boss of Cards and the Boss of Computers.

Garen shook his head, bored, as he began to keep the cards.

"You were the ones who pulled me into this because you were bored, don't blame me."

"Dammit! The move I just learned didn't work at all!" Alexander said out of pain and frustration.

"Did you get your report to pass?" Messi asked offhandedly.

"Of course, who do you think I am!" Alexander patted his chest, even though he had evidently lost quite a bit of weight recently, and all they could hear was the sound of him hitting bone.

"There's a lecture in the afternoon, it's an economic research talk by that Professor Milo who just won a prize, any of you going?" A blonde boy asked from outside the dorm.

"The Milo who just won the McDermis Prize?" Messi was instantly interested.

"That's right, he's going on a guest lecture tour of universities all around the country, a few days back they said he was coming to our school, didn't you see?"

"I was busy with social practice survey, see how I forgot about it?" Messi patted his head, "I planned to enter the School of Economics in the second year, I can't miss this lecture!"

The remaining few yawned and began to scatter, while Messi discussed some economics-related topics with that boy excitedly, constantly spewing some complicated specialized terms.

Garen was not interested in this whatsoever, he was planning to study medicine, Gulliver's two strongest aspects were economics and medicine, he had already settled on his direction of study, if he studied the medical field here, maybe he might reap some unexpected results.

Chapter 605: Startup 1

Whoosh...

The heavy downpour tossed the trees back and forth in the wind, clumping up in some areas and growing sparse in others. The rain beat down on the grassy field, creating a choir of splattering noises.

Garen sat alone in a coffee shop on school grounds, lightly stirring the thick aromatic coffee in his white porcelain cup, looking at the bleary rainwater flowing straight down the windows beside him.

"Are you alone?" A pretty girl with blonde hair walked up to Garen's table.

Garen looked at her, and reached out his hand to give her a wave, telling her to suit herself.

"The famous combat club president, Garen Thomas, ascended to the throne of the number one combat club's president as a first-year student, and you convinced all the club members as well, tsk-tsk..." The girl said, her tone sounding appreciative.

She had a pair of thin willow-leaf brows, her eyes shining with a naked sense of penetration when she looked at someone, with none of the shyness women tend to have.

"Are you interested in joining our kickboxing club?"

She was wearing a pale yellow dress, her collar pulled down slightly lower, revealing a deep cleavage.

Garen ignored her, picking up his coffee and sipping it slowly, he was still more used to drinking tea, drinking coffee made his mouth feel sour, and really uncomfortable.

He was wondering if he should get Baldy and the others to bring some Asian tea leaves specifically for him.

"The combat club may have a few more people, and a bit more money, but the true strength lies with our kickboxing club. Our kickboxing club's cheerleading team is the prettiest cheerleading team in the whole school, it's jammed full of pretty girls, no matter what your type is, you can find them in there, and you should know, a lot of the members have already admired you for a long time."

This girl was practically a pimp, when she said strength, she seemed to actually mean the number of pretty girls in their cheerleading team.

"Give me a mocha, thanks."

She tilted her face and told a waiter who had come over.

"Will do, please wait a moment."

The waiter was actually also a student of the university who was working here part-time, he looked at this couple strangely, the blonde girl was a famous third-year school beauty, he knew her as well.

"Other than that, I noticed you have the same problem as a lot of first years, your social skills aren't fitting in that well, are you too focused on your studies and not your social connections? No problem, our club will also passionately help out with a member's personal life, are you still worrying over your social skills? We can help you find a perfect clique that will belong to you alone. It'll be a perfect bridge for your social skills."

She was very confident, the kickboxing club's cheerleading team was not made of just girls from their school, there were also the elite beauties from many schools nearby, as a top-ranked prestigious

university, many girls were proud to have a boyfriend from this famous school, even beauties had their idle pride and ambition, what was more when it came to someone who had both looks and ability like Garen, if he wanted to be a playboy, a lot of times it was just a matter of intention.

"The way I see it, if you want to be a social butterfly loved by all, if you want to handle all sorts of awkward situations and problems easily, you have actually already fulfilled most of the conditions, you just need a little..."

"Too weak."

Her voice was suddenly interrupted by Garen.

The girl looked at him in shock as he picked up his coffee and sipped from it.

"I just don't like to stay with a bunch of weaklings."

Garen glanced at her, and so the two of them instantly fell quiet, the girl stammered and tried to say something else, but she had no idea what to say. She had not imagined that it was not that he was not good at social relations, he just did not like to communicate with weaklings.

But she had her ways to deal with such prideful types as well, her eyes turned, and she was instantly smiling again.

"True, lions never like to stick with rabbits, but our kickboxing club has exchanges with all sorts of clubs from other big-name schools every year, sometimes we even get the strongest stars of the combat world, such as Graham Christine, Gadar, the Savage Tank Rowden..."

These names she mentioned were all famous Boxing Kings with titles in freestyle fighting, and they were even more impressive than the ones the combat club invited.

This was no longer a matter of money, the kickboxing club naturally was no match for the combat club in terms of finances, but the girl herself came from a family that ran a fighting club, these titled Boxing

Kings were actually elites under contract with her family's club, so they would naturally show face at her own club.

Garen looked at her, too lazy to say anything else.

"Uhm... my name is Terri, I'm now the president of the kickboxing club, if you're willing to come to our side, I can give you the position of president, this is not like the combat club where the president has no real power, I have the whole kickboxing club in my hands, whatever you want to do, I will support you."

The blonde girl Terri had long since found out from her informant that back then, Garen had beat the combat club's coach into submission, she was desperate to get such a powerful first year, with such a first year on board, it was not impossible for them to surpass the combat club as the number one fighting club on campus.

"I have the strongest kickboxing club behind me for support, we have the most complete and professional team of coaches, a professional team handling logistics, nutritionists who had worked for champions, a medical team, and equipment team, all of these are things the combat club cannot match."

"Waiter, bill please." Garen stood up and waved at the waiter nearby.

"Sir, this lady here has already paid your bill." The waiter walked over to them and replied politely.

Garen glanced at Terri.

"Then I'll be on my way, you can stay here longer, the ambiance is pretty good."

"What a coincidence, I was planning to go too." Terri stood up with a smile, picking up her handbag and walking beside Garen. Looks like she was determined to stick to Garen.

"It's raining right now, and you didn't bring an umbrella, wanna walk with me?" She propped up her rack, and looked at Garen teasingly.

"I'm fine." Garen walked straight out of the coffee shop, and the heavy rain outside was actually rapidly lightening, and as soon as he walked into the rain, the heavy downpour just stopped completely.

Terri, who was just preparing to open up her umbrella, was completely struck speechless as she watched Garen walk out nonchalantly, surprise flashed through her eyes, and she quickly kept the umbrella, rushing out after him.

Leaving the coffee shop and walking down a small path, going across a slope, they saw a row of cafes and restaurants in front of them, there were several university patrol cars stopped at the side, and a few of the university police were chatting as they ate.

There was also a yellow-skinned female student with her parents, just walking out from the mini mart opposite the restaurant after buying something.

Garen walked to one of the patrol cars and stood there, his black-gloved-hands in his pockets, as he looked at the girl at the mart opposite.

That girl had long hair tied into a black ponytail, and wore a white dress, her features pretty and pure, it was the girl from the combat club that Garen had the highest hopes for, Cece.

Every few days, he would come to observe Cece's progress, and each time he would receive a small but pleasant surprise.

Just like Dahm, this girl did not seem like much at first, but she got faster and faster as she went, her speed increasing tremendously.

He was not wrong, Cece and Xander were the most suited to study the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist.

"You like that type of girl?" Terri walked up to him, following his gaze, and instantly saw the girl Cece buying things with her parents at the mini mart opposite.

She looked at the girl's chest, it was much smaller than hers.

"So you like this kind of little dumpling?"

"Little dumpling?" Garen could not help but curve his lips slightly.

"Isn't she? That yellow-skinned girl's chest not even half of mine! Why don't you touch and see?" Terri leaned her body closer towards Garen.

"Unfortunately, I do prefer little dumplings." Garen returned her words exactly.

"Hmph." Terri crossed her arms in front of her chest, and watched Cece opposite them quietly, together with Garen.

The two of them did not speak for a while.

On the other side, Cece had not noticed them there, she was just taking her parents, who lived so far away, on a rare trip around to look at this internationally-acclaimed school, to see the place where she usually lived and studied.

She was not a self-sponsored student, and her family was not that well off economically, she was truly reliant on her scholarship, and was an excellent student who had worked her way here from her home country. As for her family situation, her family only had basic jobs, and they did not have much in the way of a family background or savings either, they were simple, honest normal people.

Every time she saw the pride on her parents' faces, her heart would be filled with a sense of achievement and joy. She felt as though everything she had sacrificed up until now was worth it.

Since young, she had been independent, and every time she saw how hard her parents had to work so that she could live a normal life like the students around her, her heart felt heavy. This time she had finally entered a famous school, and her fees were all paid by the scholarship, plus she even had enough for living costs, so she could finally let her parents relax.

"Wait a sec." Just as their family was about to leave the store with their items, a white store staff ran out after them, frowning as he stared at them.

"Could you cooperate with us for a bit? We misplaced something from the store."

"Misplaced something?" Cece frowned. "You have sensors at the door, won't the alarm ring if something was misplaced?"

"There are ways to avoid the sensor, please cooperate, please bring out your bags so that we can check again."

It was not just them, there was another white couple, and some other customers who had bought things had been politely stopped, but what Cece could not stand was how the staff had only checked the others' shopping bags, whereas they insisted that Cece and her parents open their school and handbags, allowing their personal belongings to be checked.

"What's the meaning of this? There are so many people here, why are you only checking our personal bags?!"

The two of them started arguing, both trying to reason it out, neither giving way, and both attracting more and more attention as they went.

After arguing for some time, she saw that her parents' expressions were somewhat awkward, with more and more people gathering around them, until the elders' faces were so red that their original color could barely be distinguished.

The father held the mother's hand, but since they did not know the language very well, they could only watch as their daughter tried to debate with the staff member, until her face was completely scarlet.

"Filthy chinks!"

The father did not understand the foreign language at all, so he could only force out a friendly smile.

That scene instantly caused a few people gathered around to burst into laughter.

Chapter 606: Startup 2

"You!!!"

Cece felt the frustration pent up in her heart that threatened to overflow, she tried her best to control herself, but she still could not stop her chest from rising and falling hard.

She looked around her, there was a student that she had met before in the crowd, but sadly that person just stood there watching, with no intention of helping, and even took out a phone to film the scene.

"All of you!!!" Her personality had always been on the cold loner side, and she only had one good friend in her circle, she barely contacted the rest of them, so she was not close with any of them at all. Friends who were not even in her circle were even less likely to help her.

In that moment, she suddenly felt all cold, she was surrounded by so many people, but not one of them could help her, it was as though there were only herself and her parents in this world, and everyone else was their enemy. They surrounded them, laughing, rejecting. Without a single hint of friendliness.

She had encountered racism before, but this time, when it happened in front of her parents, and she saw how her father and mother were watched like animals in a cage, terrified, Cece felt as though there was a sharp knife digging away at her flesh.

"Take out the things you stole! Or else we're calling the cops!" The staff member pulled her hand, refusing to let go.

The university police officers opposite them had also noticed something happening there, but to Cece's despair, they just gave the situation a few glances and fell quiet, eating their own food there, with no intention to interfere.

Quite a few people had taken out their phones to record the whole thing, just there for the show.

These even included the white people who had their shopping bags checked just now, in an instant, they were also in the crowd, playing the role of audience.

Smack!!

Suddenly, one of the students who had been filming was knocked hard from behind, and the phone instantly fell to the ground.

A black boot stomped right on it, grinding it down nonchalantly.

Ker-chak.

The phone instantly disintegrated into shards.

With a few more roars of commotion, some people in the middle of the crowd were shoved aside by a tremendous force, falling to the ground.

Two tall and slender figures walked out from behind them.

One man and one woman, both blonde-haired students, the boy pushed out both hands, stubbornly shoving aside the crowd.

"My phone! Bastard!!" That student yelled.

"Hmm?" Garen threw him a glance, and his voice was abruptly cut short.

That student was like a choked rooster, his face instantly turning white.

Phew!!

"What did you say? Just now?" Garen picked the student up by the collar, and suspended him in mid-air, his height of over a hundred and eighty centimeters was more than enough to pick the other person up with one hand, like an adult manhandling a child.

That student just happened to be the white classmate that Cece knew, he gulped down hard, waving his arms and legs about to try to touch the ground, but to no avail.

"A bunch of wimps."

He tossed this person aside carelessly, and glanced at everyone around them.

"What are you looking at, scram! Weaklings!" He looked at the crowd condescendingly, his body emitting a terrifying air like a male lion.

"You motherf*cker!!" A stout white man rushed out, aiming a fist at his back.

Bam!

He grabbed the man's arm with one arm, straight as an arrow, and let the man flail his arms uselessly, while Garen's own arm was as motionless as a steel pillar.

"Trash should act like trash." Garen pinched his head and flipped him backhanded.

The stout man immediately slid a distance away, his head colliding into the shop's door frame with a bam, and he instantly fainted. Dots of bright red leaked out from under him slowly.

Some people had been spooked, and were about to run.

"Your phones." Garen looked around at everyone.

"Allow me!" Exhilarated by Garen's display of violence, Terri rushed over and quickly took one round around the crowd, grabbing all of the phones that had been filming, throwing them to the ground, and stomping on them mercilessly.

With the sound of crisp cracking, there was also the sound of glass shattering, and five or six phones were all ground into powder. Terri even crouched down to check carefully if there were any memory cards left intact, if she found any that still seemed whole, she would add on a few more stomps, just for kicks.

There were people cursing in the crowd, but she just caught them and gave them a kick too, so soon enough everyone who had gathered to watch promptly scattered.

The university police seemed to know her as well, so they just all pretended not to see anything.

"Pres... President..." Cece looked at Garen with moist eyes, looking as though she was going to burst into tears, and her father walked up to her in a fluster, hugging her lightly.

"You're still too weak." Garen looked at her mildly, and turned to leave. "Do your best to get stronger."

Looking at Garen's back, Cece's tears finally overflowed, and she nodded hard in that direction.

Terri whistled, and looked at Cece with pity.

"Poor Little Dumpling." She turned around and hurriedly followed Garen, walking directly towards the restaurant where the university police were sitting.

"Little Dumpling?" Cece could not comprehend what that meant.

She could only look on in confusion as the two of them entered the small restaurant opposite.

"What are you doing!? Assaulting the police!!"

"Subdue him!!"

"Requesting for back-up! Back... Bleurgh!!"

Soon, there were the sounds of crashing cutlery coming from the restaurant opposite her, as well as human cries of pain and anguish.

In no time at all, Garen and Terri walked out without a care in the world, Terri even looked excited, continuously working her reddening fist.

As the student passersby and Cece's family watched on in a daze, they slowly disappeared down a distant grassy slope.

For some reason, Cece suddenly felt a wave of hot blood rush to her brain, she suddenly sort of idolized Garen's back, that tall figure was just that suave, that powerful and broad, as though it carried a golden corona like the sun, so blinding you could barely open your eyes.

"It feels great to cause trouble!!" Terri giggled as she followed beside Garen, her face full of excitement and exhilaration.

From the very first moment she saw this man, she sensed that he was no ordinary man. And she was right.

Just two minutes ago, not only did she beat up the gathered onlookers with this man, they even beat up the university police and security personnel who patrolled the school, and it was practically like beating up kindergarteners.

That dominating aura, to be able to give no shits and forgo all the rules, made Terri feel as though she was going to orgasm.

"Are you worrying about the consequences?" Terri giggled as she rushed in front of Garen.

"Consequences? What consequences?" Garen retorted.

"Not only did we hit innocent bystanders, we even beat up the university police, you should know that these are officers sent from the town police station, they're not just here for security. Aren't you worried?" Terri was so excited that her face was blushing.

"I'll leave it to you, any problems?"

Terri shrugged helplessly.

Garen ignored her, assaulting an officer could be trivial or serious, but naturally his methods were beyond the imagination of normal people.

Forget his parents' connections, just those Elite Team leaders from the combat club all had powerful families, this little bit was nothing. Since they all wanted something from him, these people would stop at nothing to settle matters for him.

Even if it got a little more complicated, he just had to make a trip to the police station himself, there were many secret techniques that had a hypnotic effect, although the control was only temporary, but once the matter blew over, who would still remember these few tiny officers who were beaten up by students? Perhaps by then they would be unemployed, for all he knew those tiny officers would have been fired by then.

To him, this problem was not even a problem.

To his slight comfort, this incident might have sparked a new thirst for power in Cece, even if things did not go that way, at the very least it would have ignited her spirit and determination.

She had good talent and a good heart, she just lacked a heart that desired to grow stronger, she lacked a strong enough motivation. Perhaps this incident would give her the push she needed.

On the other hand, he had been an Asian as well, so he did not really like this racism either, this was one of the key reason he had gone straight up and used violence. Right now, he could do as he liked, no one could hold him back, or stop him,

But this world was like his breathing space, he did not really want it to end up like the past few worlds, where he was just killing and killing all day without rest. He would still need to summarily obey some rules, otherwise he might change his peaceful life irrevocably.

"What are we doing now?" Terri was dead-set on following Garen from now on, it was just too fun, compared to any orgies or crazy parties, this was much more exciting.

"Going to a fixed location with the combat club, it just happens to the promised time." Garen replied offhandedly.

"Promised time? I'm going too!" Terri did not shirk back in the slightest. Right now, her desire to pull Garen into the kickboxing club was growing stronger and stronger.

The two of them took twists and turns on the school's grassy fields, until Terri was growing dizzy, but she noticed that Garen was not looking at the signs at all, he seemed to be simply turning about, carefree.

After quickly taking out their phones to get someone to help settle that incident, they soon reach a small grassy field next to a little river.

There were people from the combat club on guard here, one glance would tell you that they were not students, each of them thick and burly, they were evidently the bodyguards the Elite Team leaders had invited here personally.

This field was surrounded on all sides by barren hills, it just happened to be in a sunken swamp, like a small mountain valley.

There were already several people standing on the grass, they all wore the neat black combat club attire. Dressed all in black, they had a black belt tied around their waists, and were dressed very neatly.

Quentin, Jamie, Dahm, Hochman, and that auburn-haired girl Raelan.

All five vice presidents were here.

Garen brought Terri past where the bodyguards stood, the guards glanced at Terri, but probably because Garen was the one bringing her, they did not stop her.

The two of them walked down the slope slowly, standing on the field where the others were.

"Today we begin the first official training." Garen looked at the five vice presidents in front of him and said calmly, "Are you all ready?"

The five of them exchanged glances, said nothing, but nodded hard towards Garen one by one.

The five of them had truly become fanatics of the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist, after experiencing that unbelievably intense pleasure, their previous lives had lost all their color, non-stop training was the only rhythm in their lives.

Feeling themselves growing in the midst of the pleasure, was a sense of addiction several times more intense than drugs!

"President, you brought Terri here because...?" Quentin asked.

"She's just here to observe our regular training." Garen smiled ever so mildly.

In this time, in order to have the five of them keep up with Cece's and Xander's progress, Garen had used a special skill, allowing them to keep up with the two prodigies while in a certain state.

Under this special training, even Dahm, who always harbored hatred towards Garen, had utterly given up on getting revenge, and was instead unbelievably terrified. Of course, this was also well within Garen's predictions.

"Special training?" As expected, Terri was instantly interested. "Can I join as well?"

"Unfortunately, your body has yet to reach the bare minimum requirements." Garen shook his head slightly.

Chapter 607: Startup 3

"The bare minimum requirements?" Terri asked in confusion. "Is this training very powerful? Shouldn't you keep it a secret from me, your rival?"

"That's not necessary." Garen had no intention to chase her away, he just smiled slightly. This person had an innate sense of madness and recklessness, he just needed to provoke her a bit, and that might create an unexpected effect. She was also a princess-type with a considerable family background, once he controlled her, she might still have some uses.

Looking at the other five on the field, all five of their faces were looking vaguely pale, they had all become quite nervous, their bodies all demonstrating how uptight and aware they were.

"Are you ready?"

"Let's do it!"

Jamie clenched his teeth, arched his body and posed as though ready to pounce.

Whoosh...

A slight breeze blew past them.

Garen raised his right hand slightly, opening his palm, as though trying to catch the breeze as it went past.

"Go!"

Someone yelled out, but nobody knew who.

The five people on the field all pounced abruptly, rushing towards Garen. The six figures were instantly entangled together.

Bam!

Garen's arm crashed into Jamie's abdomen hard, transmitted out some force, and instantly sent Jamie flying two meters away. He turned around, grabbing with his hands, and precisely catching Quentin's and Raelan's legs flying towards him, and sent them bending down.

Ker-chak!

The two legs instantly emitted a crisp sound, the bone evidently broken. The two of them gave a scream, stumbled back and nearly tripped.

Smack!

A fist hit Garen's back hard, but it was as though he had hit a wooden plank, it just sunk in slightly. The fist was immediately caught by a hand, which pulled it forward, and Hochman's body was pulled towards Garen, until suddenly he felt a pain in his chest.

A knee to the chest.

Hochman flew out far, and fell onto the field hard.

He could feel his chest cracking, his muscles in agony as though torn apart.

The last one, Dahm, kicked hard at Garen's abdomen, taking the split second window when Garen was tossing Hochman aside.

But unfortunately, the last thing he saw was Garen's turning around and sweeping a kick at him, his long leg becoming a black whip that flew at him at high speed.

Bam!

His waist was directly hit by that leg whip, and he flew out abruptly as though he had been broken in half. With a splash, he crashed into the stream beside them, triggering a huge explosion of water.

Garen took a few steps towards him, pulled him out of the river with one hand, and landed a vicious fist in his stomach.

Bang! Bleurgh!

Dahm's body arched as he vomited in agony, after Garen released him, he fell kneeling by the riverside, and did not get up immediately, even his pupils losing a bit of their focus from the pain.

"Hah!!!" Garen was about to pick up Dahm and continue beating him up, when suddenly there was a bark from behind him, and Jamie flew up to stomp down hard on Garen.

With a dull wham, this kick landed perfectly on the back of Garen's kneecap.

This was the angle that made it hardest to apply any force, any normal person would not be able to resist bending their leg when hit in that position.

But unfortunately Garen did not react at all, as though this kick had not stomped onto his body.

His mouth split into a grin, and he turned around, his right arm smashing towards Jamie hard like a stick.

After getting that kick in, Jamie reacted extremely quickly, shielding his chest with his arms, and his whole body in a completely defensive stance. As soon as he steadied his stance, he felt as though a train had collided into his arms, and his bones had a painful sound of cracking and breaking, his whole body

flew out backwards as though riding the wind, and everything around him moved at breakneck speeds, so that they could not even be seen properly.

Splash!

"Ahhh!!!"

He was the second person to be knocked into the river.

On the field just then, the two girls, Quentin and Raelan, were locking Garen's neck from either side.

Their four arms were crossed like a lock, tying down his neck hard, the girls' faces were blushed red, they had evidently used all the strength they had.

Bam!

Blood leaked out from the corners of Hochman's lips, but he held Garen's right leg tightly.

At the same time, Dahm was also hugging Garen's left leg with all his strength.

"Ahhhhh!!!" Jamie crawled out of the river, standing up and rushing like mad towards Garen, lifting one leg and stomping down hard towards his stomach.

"You've improved." Garen's face split into a grin, his cold white teeth making the others feel cold even under the sun.

Just when Jamie was about to hit him.

All of Garen's muscles and features abruptly shone with a hint of black, and bulged up fiercely and instantly.

Boom!!!

The four of them were blown away by a huge explosive force at the same time.

Garen's fist crashed into Jamie's leg.

Bam bam bam bam!!

After four consecutive explosive sounds, Jamie screamed out in agony, hugged his knee and knelt onto the ground, tears and snot flowing everywhere.

In that instant, Garen had landed four consecutive hits on the sole of his foot. Each of the four punches had landed in the same place, the same spot.

Everything fell calm again.

Garen stretched his neck, making it crack.

With him in the center, the four vice presidents were lying all over the floor, only Jamie was half-kneeling, crying in pain.

"You've improved since the last time, but when you try to gang up on someone, you still need to consider the difference in power."

Nobody around him replied, the five vice presidents either had broken bones, or they were in too much pain to stand.

"I give you half an hour to recover."

He began to walk towards the five of them respectively, his fingers instantly becoming a blur, after he dotted one of them on the head a few times, he walked to where the next person was.

Sometimes he would kick them impatiently, eliciting a moan of pain from the patient.

Beside them, Terri's whole body had gone numb after watching them, her previous excitement shocked away to the ends of the world.

"This... this is training?!" She felt as though this was no longer a brawl, but an attempted murder! A blatant attempt at murder!

Look at Quentin, one of her legs had been broken, her right arm was twisted at an unnatural angle, no matter how she looked at it, this was a serious injury, right?

And there was Jamie, his chest had sunk in slightly, are you sure he can still move?

And the worst was Dahm, that legendary playboy had his head hanging loosely from his neck, as though his neck bones had all been pulled out. His eyes were lifeless, his mouth foaming. Terri had already pulled out her phone and was going to call the cops...

And then, a shocking scene unfolded before her eyes.

The casualties who were dotted by Garen with his fingers, actually seemed to be able to stand in just a dozen seconds. Although they were all grunting in pain, it was already much better than before.

"Are you an idiot? You'd call the cops over something as trivial as this?" Hochman walked past her, looking at the number she had dialed, and his tone was instantly condescending.

Terri's phone dropped to the ground, pointing at Hochman. Her face looked like she had seen a ghost, her mouth only stammering you you you but not getting a single word out.

She had obviously seen Hochman pass out from the shock, just like Jamie, Hochman had broken at least two ribs!!

And now??

"It's just a tiny injury, don't blow it out of proportion." Quentin also continued, shaking her head.

The others all seemed used to it, although they were grunting in pain, none of them were angry in the slightest.

"Could it be that I really am an idiot?" Seeing this scene, Terri was shocked. She was beginning to wonder if something had gone wrong with her worldview.

Those injuries just now were obviously very serious, right? Obviously, right?

And then she saw that Dahm, who was bordering on life and death just now, was now looking at her condescendingly.

"Alright, that's the end of our daily training." Garen stood up from beside the last person, Raelan.

"Daily training...??!!!"

In that moment, Terri's world finally collapsed.

The five of them were acting as though it was nothing, all of them standing obediently in front of Garen, right here and now, they did not have even an ounce of the arrogance and cockiness they had outside. As though they really were regular students being taught.

Just when Terri was on the brink of breaking down, Garen was looking at the progress of the five of them in front of him with some satisfaction.

They were at the same level as Cece and Xander, having entered the second level one after the other.

There was one other benefit of the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist, other than the ability to cut with one's arms slowly developing, the practitioner's own body would also have faster agility and reaction speeds, this increase was not limited to activation of the secret skill, it was applied to the changes in their everyday body.

But the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist had a fatal weakness.

Which was that it did not have a strong resistance or defense.

The reason Garen gave the five of them such a daily training, was to increase their resistance to being beaten up like this. It stimulated their bodies to continuously grow stronger muscles and bones, while at the same time increasing their bodies' regenerative abilities.

Of course, the cost was they needed to use up their life energy, or their life force, and with the little bit of life force they had, under such brutal training, they probably would use up their life after a few times, and age rapidly before they even grew old. But Garen was using his advantage with the Slaughtering Hand, to absorb some life force from animals, so the five of them could completely withstand this level of training.

When they first started, the five of them were shocked out of their wits, but after Garen showed off his special healing later, their injuries actually recovered extremely quickly. And Garen knew where to draw the line, when it looked like their bones were broken, they were actually only dislocated, so they just needed one crack to push them back in place and the wound was completely fine again.

This allowed the five of them to move from their initial terror until they slowly became used to it.

At first normal people would not be so masochistic, taking one beating was one thing, but they surely would not go for a second round. However, they did not expect that after enduring one beating, their speed and pleasure when practicing the Two-Faced Waterbird Technique actually improved. And perhaps it was because there was that pain to act as a stimulus, but the pleasure they felt when training their secret skill had actually become a lot more intense than before.

That was the key reason why the five of them seemed to revel in the pain.

Pain and pleasure, that was their true portrait right now.

After resting for a whole half hour, the five of them stood up one by one, and other than their bodies being a bit dirtier than before, they were not too different from when they started.

They had already undergone this training a lot of times recently, just as Garen said, it really was only one of their daily trainings.

This was the first official training now, so even they did not know what other training methods he had, their hearts somewhat full of anticipation, and of terror.

Garen's figure loomed in front of them, he was not too much taller than them, but the pressure was as though there was a huge mountain pressing down on them.

"The training after this must be kept secret." Garen turned around to look at Terri.

Terri pointed at herself, looking confused.

"?"

"That means you can go now." Raelan said offhandedly, with some impatience. "Either that, or you join our training as well. You can even join the combat club!"

Terri gulped, picked up her phone, took a deep breath, turned around, and tried to walk away calmly.

But without her knowing it, her legs just seemed to walk faster and faster.

There was some laughter from behind her, it seemed to be Raelan, or it might have been Quentin, those two never saw eye to eye with her, but right now Terri was in no mood to mess around with them, she

just wanted to go back and search this up, she wanted to see if something really had gone wrong with her worldview.

After Terri was well and truly out of sight, Garen turned back around, looking at the five of them.

"Looks like you've basically grown used to that level just now, now we shall undergo a series of special trainings."

"I want to ask something." Hochman put the glasses he had taken off just now back on.

Chapter 608: Startup 4

"What question?" Garen moved his gaze to Hochman, and instantly made him tense up.

Hochman resisted the shuddering feeling in his heart.

"I wanted to ask, do we really need to undergo such high difficulty training? President, you've already achieved such a high level, is it still necessary for you to use such high difficulty training on us?"

"Good question." Garen smiled. "I will put this question aside for now, but you will understand it yourselves in due time."

"Alright, pretend I never asked." Hochman lowered his head.

Garen looked around, making sure there was no one else, and the guards were also very dutiful, so he paid them no more attention.

"The training in the second level is mainly a more focused battle-style training. I am the attacker, you need to do whatever you can to deal with me. Of course, you will win once you hit me three times. Any questions?"

"Of course we have questions." This time it was Dahm, "What do you mean by hitting you? Does even a touch count?"

"Guess so." Garen thought about it, and nodded nonchalantly.

"And by three times, you're referring to the total sum for all five of us, right?" Quentin spoke.

"Of course." Garen spread open his arms, "You can use the secret skill you've been training all you want, no matter what you do, as long as you can touch me, hit me three times..."

His body suddenly retreated abruptly, his speed slowly growing faster, faster and faster, faster and faster!

In an instant, his figure had somehow become a flitting shadow, he was moving at a speed much faster than his usual speed.

"From now on, I'll bring my body's qualities down to your level, I will just move faster than you do, and all you need to do, is hit me three times before I take you down!"

Garen's voice came and went, as though it was constantly echoing around them from all directions, so that they had no idea where he was at all.

It was just a small grassy field, and the five of them stared hard with their eyes wide and their mouths hanging open, trying to pin Garen's location down, but all they could do was see a hint of his shadow.

Even their eyes could not keep up with his shadow!

"Is he f*cking for real??!!" Dahm was completely shocked, "Is this still human? Can someone please tell me we're shooting a special effects film?"

"No... These aren't special effects, I'm thinking this is one of the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist's true essences, he's moving in our blind spots!" Jamie said in a deep voice, "Do you remember the time the President defeated me?"

The others grew solemn, they had evidently all recalled the day the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist first left a lasting impression on their hearts.

Their eyes could not catch any trace of his movement as well, at first they had thought that this movement method only worked against one person at a time, but to think, this strange step was even effective against multiple people.

"Watch out." Garen's voice came from the shadows around them.

"The left!!" Jamie roared loudly.

It was their left side, a fair palm peeked out lightly, and tapped Raelan on the back.

Raelan stiffened where she stood, as though electrocuted, and then that palm caressed the right side of Raelan's neck, as though touching a lover's skin.

Smack!

With a soft sound, Raelan crumpled to the floor. Her whole body shook intensely, as though she was shivering, and her eyes rolled over into her head, it was like she had instantly gone insane.

Jamie and the others were still too late to intervene, that palm was like a poisonous thorn, darting out and pulling back, all in an instant.

By the time they reached her, it was already completely too late, Raelan lay on the floor, unconscious, her condition unknown.

"Behind Quentin!!" Hochman yelled, and pounced over there, he had leaped up before he had even yelled out. His body seemed to blow up a current with it, pouncing down like an eagle.

Smack.

Softly, there was another light sound.

Quentin had just lifted her leg, trying to turn around and do a side kick. But she was still too late, that palm tapped her waist, and she instantly crumpled to the ground again, her eyes also rolling back, her whole body shaking, her consciousness lost.

Hochman was so close to touching that palm, but unfortunately he was still too late.

They had lost two people in such a short time, the remaining three boys stood together, back to back, forming a triangle, their expressions anxious as they looked around them.

"The opponent is even faster than you, and you'll fall unconscious as soon as he touches you, so what will you do now?" Garen's voice came from around them.

Hochman's Adam's Apple bobbed up and down.

"He's going to make a move eventually, we need someone to act as bait, the rest stick close and get ready to move!" He pressed his voice down low, just enough for the two whose backs were pressed against his to hear.

"We can go to the water, that way we'll see him coming!" Jamie suggested.

"It's no use, the river is too small." Dahm rejected him.

"As for the bait, I'll do it!" Dahm took one step forward.

Just then, that palm appeared again. Just like it a shadow, it shot out instantly from behind him, grabbing for the right side of his neck.

"Here he comes! Go!!!"

The other two did not wait for his signal, rushing out rapidly.

Four arms crashed towards the figure behind that palm at the same time.

"It's over."

The palm did not move to tap Dahm's back at all, instead it was pulled back instantly, and taking advantage of the moment when all three swung their fists in the same direction, he tapped them all from the side.

"It's over." Garen's voice drifted into their ears. And then there was the sound of multiple people collapsing to the ground, all three of them were touched in the neck, crumpling down, their conditions exactly the same as the two girls.

Garen's figure appeared on the grass behind the three of them, watching the five bodies sprawled over the grass silently.

"This was just the first time, you guys need to properly think about this, pay more attention to exploring the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist's force paths, different force pathways in different limbs create different effects. Let's end it here today."

He checked his gloves, they were not damaged, and only then did he slowly walk into the distance, his body soon vanishing into the grassy horizon.

Simulation battles against high-speed opponents, this was absolutely necessary.

There weren't just humans in this world, the Blood Breed moved extremely fast, and had powerful attacks, as well as resilient lives, as long as they continued growing stronger, it would be a matter of time before they encountered them. Rather than getting ambushed later as a lesson, it was better for them to get used to it with suitable training starting from now.

In this world, the Blood Breed was undeniably close to perfect.

Unlike in the legends from Earth, they were not afraid of sunlight, they just did not like extremely bright surroundings. They moved fast, had terrifying destructive power, and had the natural ability to hypnotize and control humans, plus they had tremendous regenerative power, they would not die as long as their brains and Blood Nuclei were not damaged.

If they had to have a weakness, there would only be one, which was that their defense was not that strong. Of course, this was relative, faced with Garen's offensive power, the Blood Breed's and vampires' defense was extremely weak, when destroyed with a jolt of force, they were no different than a thin sheet of paper.

But to normal people, the Blood Breed's defense was still much stronger, about the same as a stout man wearing a thick leather coat. If they wore a piece of leather armor or the like outside, they would really be impervious to regular humans.

Garen planned to have these five take on certain missions, he did not work so hard to train a bunch of cannon fodder. Of course he could not let them die so easily.

Training with a high-speed opponent at this level was one thing, they still needed training to get accustomed to hypnotic secret techniques to build their resistance to the Blood Breed's hypnosis skills.

He had plenty of time to kill anyway, other than some specific places in this world, everywhere else was just like Earth, there was no hint of any unnatural power at all, Garen was waiting for Baldy's side to come up with something that contained potential points, so for now he was just killing time, and beating up some little kids in his spare time was a decent exercise. Otherwise, if he lived and studied like normal people all day, every day, his bones would start to rust.

Not long after Garen left.

The five people lying on the grass woke up one after the other.

They all looked awkward, the boys holding the tents between their legs, the girls covering the wet parts of their pants.

This was undeniably harming the perfect image they usually kept up.

Only Dahm was completely unfazed, sticking his pole up as he got to his feet.

"That's too strange..." He murmured, "He just touched my body, and I instantly felt so good I shivered, then I fell to the ground immediately, as though all the strength had left my body, then I came. It really was f*cking weird."

"Same here." Quentin and Raelan exchanged glances, both the girls were feeling awkward, they were not as free-spirited and promiscuous as some girls out there, they were usually very conservative with their bodies, but that feeling just now, was even more intense than masturbating, their bodies felt completely weak.

That hand seemed to have some demonic magic, they never noticed it before, but to think that once Garen took off his glove and just touched them lightly with his palm, it was enough to destroy their defenses.

"We either make sure he doesn't touch us, or we get over that feeling of pleasure! Otherwise we'll never be able to overcome this level of training."

Before they knew it, they were all treating their training as the most important goal in their lives.

None of these five were idiots, they were all elites, in fact, one could say that they were the cream of the crop.

They could all see how precious this stuff Garen was teaching them was, this was not a world normal people could reach at all. Money and power, their families had those in bucketfuls, but something like this was not something any family could simply provide, this was their great fortune, and only an idiot would let this chance slip away. So no matter how Garen's attitude was when he taught them the secret skill, they did not think too deeply into it, perhaps they might pay the price for that, but how much could a student make them pay? Be it money or power, or just beauty, they had a limitless supply of such material riches. As heirs and heiresses political and economic empires, they were not lacking at all in this department.

But it never occurred to them, that the price Garen was asking from them, was never as simple as they imagined.

This training, this stimulation of pleasure, was also a method of attack that Garen had improvised from the Blood Breed, this was how the Blood Breed attacked humans, when their fangs pierced into human skin and veins, they injected a stimulating poison, that made humans feel numb and intense sexual pleasure, by dulling the human's senses and defenses, it made it harder for the human to notice that their blood was being sucked away, and they would not retaliate even until their blood had been sucked dry. This was the most terrifying aspect of the Blood Breeds.

Garen wanted to use an even more intense stimulus to ensure that these five could withstand such attacks, that way, even if they were careless and got bitten, they would be able to escape at the first opportunity.

Chapter 609: Change 1

Bam!!

Garen smacked Jamie's shoulder with his palm, and sent him flying out mercilessly, falling hard onto the grass nearby.

"Too weak."

He shook his head, sweeping his gaze over the five people lying on the floor.

"That's how much you've progressed over the past week?"

The disappointment on his face was plainly evident.

Too scary...

Quentin tried her best to prop up her body, but her legs kept shaking, as though cramped.

That figure in the middle of the arena was like a demon god, completely unbeatable!

They had lost track of how many times they had pounced at him, but the result every time was exactly the same, the agonizing, cramp-like shivers had become an image to represent Garen's reputation.

Even Dahm, whose nerves were the numbest, lowered his head and refused to look Garen in the eye.

"Do you guys think this is training?" Garen's voice reached their ears. "Of course, this is indeed training, but I hope that you will come at me with the intention to kill."

"This is just a regular training, is that necessary?" Hochman lay on his back as he asked. The sweat all over his body had drenched his clothes, and his muscles were bulging slightly, he no longer looked as gentlemanly and weak as he did before, only his glasses showed the last traces of his scholarliness.

"We don't have a choice..." Garen held his hands open, "Because you're too weak, so weak that I don't even want to hit you..."

His voice had a matter-of-fact air of complaint, for some reason, the others all had the urge to beat him up.

"You can get slightly stronger like this, I was thinking..."

Garen buttoned the top few buttons on his black shirt.

"Forget it, we'll call it a day, don't disturb me unless there's something important."

"Since you've said that." Dahm suddenly said, his voice stopping Garen in his tracks. "Then what about this!!?"

He pulled a black handgun from out of nowhere, aiming it straight at Garen, his voice turning abruptly louder.

Suddenly the other four around them exclaimed softly.

"Dahm, what are you doing!!? Put down the gun!" Quentin barked sternly.

Hochman pushed up his glasses, saying nothing.

In truth, all five of them were already thinking of Garen as their teacher and master, the five of them were also treating each other as siblings in training.

When it came to Dahm's thoughts, he understood it somewhat, and was not too surprised.

Of the others, Jamie and Raelan were another duo who were closer to each other, the five of them had split into three circles, Jamie and Raelan, Hochman himself and Dahm, and Quentin was actually alone. The three circles actually had Quentin as the belt between them.

Nobody understood Dahm as well as he did...

Hochman looked at Garen with a hint of anticipation and apprehension in his eyes.

"So, what will you do?"

"How will you deal with guns? Guns and cannons are the main themes of this era that you so admire..." Dahm's face was slightly pale due to the training, but he gave a slight yet vicious grin. "You can't blame me, you're the one who said we need to come at you like we want to kill you! That way, something like this counts as well, right?"

Garen suddenly chuckled softly, then he turned around, lifted his chin slightly, and looked at Dahm with an unprecedented gaze of contempt.

"This is getting slightly interesting..."

He pointed his finger at his temple.

"Here, shoot here. Don't worry, just fire."

His gaze, as though looking at a bug struggling under his feet, instantly triggered Dahm's fury, the vicious grin on his face immediately turning dark.

"You think I don't dare to?"

"Do you?" Garen's lips curved slightly, "Do... you dare?" He said slowly, with pauses between each word.

Bang!!

There was the sound of a gunshot.

At almost exactly the same time, Garen's figure appeared in front of Dahm, and he kicked Dahm's stomach hard.

Bleurgh!

Dahm's eyes rolled back in agony, and he instantly sprayed blood and vomit from his mouth, the gun falling out of his hand and to the ground. His whole body curled up like a shrimp, and he was kicked far and away, plastered onto the wall nearby.

Garen went over and grabbed a fistful of his hair, lifting him up.

"How does that feel like?" He asked with a smile.

"Real... real good..." Dahm forced out a few words weakly, his bloodied mouth still trying desperately to smile.

"Don't move!" A voice came from behind Garen.

It was Hochman!

He held a sharp knife in his hand, pressing it hard against the back of Garen's waist.

"We need to come at you with the intent to kill! That's what you said." Hochman held the knife, but there was a constant sweat on his forehead.

He did not really notice it when he was so far away, but now that he was in close proximity with Garen, he could clearly tell exactly how terrifying the pressure coming from Garen was.

The psychological trauma from these past few days of being beaten up and the terror in the depths of his heart kept pricking his nerves, telling him to get away as soon as he could! Get away from this unbeatable man.

"I won't lose just like that!" Hochman kept yelling at himself in his heart.

"Hochman?" Garen threw Dahm aside with one hand, turning around, and nonchalantly blocking the sharp knife at his waist. "To be able to attack me from behind soundlessly and tracelessly, you've improved."

Although he had lowered his body's qualities and abilities down to the same level as these people, his own level as King of the Century was not something he could change, this was a state of his heart that had a far deeper understanding of and experience with secret techniques than normal people.

Under these circumstances, the fact that Hochman was able to hide himself and sneak up on Garen, was already a tremendous step forward.

"Stab me." Garen's left hand moved upwards, pressing his chest, "Stab me here."

He smiled.

"Do you dare?" The same words that he had given Dahm just now, he was giving them to Hochman now.

Whoosh...

An invisible breeze blew in from the distance, blowing past the grass, and turning all the cold sweat on Hochman's body into an icy chill.

"I'm standing right here." Garen stared at him calmly, "Just stab me. Weaklings have no right to hesitate."

The sharp knife was shaking.

The sweat on Hochman's body was about to utterly seep through his clothes.

He lowered his head and did not dare to meet Garen's eyes. He could feel his hand shaking, he was scared.

Ahhhh!!!!

In that instant, the sharp knife stabbed forth.

Hochman howled madly, the veins on his face bulging, using all the strength in his body to stab Garen.

Bam!

It was completely quiet on the grass.

The five of them stared at Garen's right hand in a daze, nobody believed that this was real.

The knife, was flicked away and snapped!

Just as Hochman stabbed forth with all of his strength, Garen flicked his fingers, and his gloved right hand touched the knife lightly, the blade snapping on cue.

Everything happened in an instant.

Bam!

A palm smacked Hochman on the right arm, and he somersaulted like an acrobat, flying into the air, and just happened to land beside Dahm, who was nearby.

The two of them were covered in wounds, this time the injuries were not like before when Garen was holding back, these were truly internal injuries.

He did not hold back, the power Garen used was not what he had been using for training.

So the two of them were actually grievously injured.

Their bodies were broken, bones snapped and blood clots everywhere, their organs were hurting intensely. Both of them could not help but bite down hard on their lower lips, so that the pain would not make them cry out.

Garen grinned, glancing at the remaining three, Quentin, Jamie, and Raelan, all three of them did not fully comprehend what was happening as it happened so fast. Right now, they were still staring at Garen blankly.

"Let's end it here today. But not bad, you have some understanding of it now." He tossed them a few words, and strode away from the field.

This was behind an abandoned garden, the grass that had once been neat was now completely a mess, there were dents and holes in the wall next to them, and the cement was still falling even now.

After Garen left, the few of them did not move for a long time.

A group of medical personnel rushed over, as though used to it, and checked all of their bodies in a familiar manner, collecting data, giving them recovery drinks, and handling their wounds.

"These injuries are very serious!" A doctor checked Hochman's and Dahm's bodies, his brow instantly furrowed deep. "Internal bleeding, many shattered bones, unnaturally high blood pressure, accelerated heartbeat... No! Inject some antihypersensitives stat!"

"We have some here!"

"Send them to the main hospital! Now now now!"

A group of people pushed the two of them hastily and left in a hurry.

"This time, President was not holding back..." Quentin fell to the ground, sitting on the grass, and releasing a long breath.

"Doesn't it feel like Hochman and Dahm are going crazy?" Jamie sat down beside her as well, smiling bitterly. "Especially Hochman, his changes are making me wary, he seems to be becoming more and more like the president, but not quite the same. I don't know if it's just me."

"He and Dahm, they're both getting stronger. It's not just you." Raelan stood beside them, saying deeply. "I don't know what the president is planning, by training us like this, but I do know, that Dahm and Hochman might be getting closer to what the president is hoping from us..."

Jamie and Quentin looked at Raelan, the red-haired girl was beginning to leave her hair long, they had not noticed it, but there was a sharp and decisive air about her now, especially between her brows, there was a sense of invasion that made others look away. The feeling of that piercing, arrow-straight gaze was a bit like President Garen's darkly feminine side, and it began to appear on her face slowly.

Dahm and Hochman used to be their familiar companions, and Raelan as well, but now they were slowly becoming more unfamiliar, that unnamed air of mysterious danger was slowly seeping from their bodies day by day. All this made Quentin and Jamie feel more estranged.

Not just from this world, but from the companions that they used to know so well.

"Faster, faster, faster! Send them to the ambulance! The patient's heartbeat is not coming down at all!"

"Switch to matandol(1)!! Max concentration!!"

"No... no! It's no use!"

"Switch again to antherin!!"

"No, the needle can't go in!" The nurse was about to cry.

Just then.

Hochman opened his eyes abruptly, his eyes seeming to light up with a white light in the dark night.

Smack!

He yanked the oxygen mask off his face, and actually sat up,

While the ring of doctors and nurses around him stared in shock, his gaze had a trace of joy, satisfaction, and violence buried deep within.

"The terror that surpasses death... So this is how it feels like..." He murmured softly, all the powerful muscle on his body shivering and twisting like flowing water, expanding and turning black.

Chapter 610: Change 2

"This feeling... It's amazing..." He closed his eyes, as if he was completely immersed in this indescribable realm.

Whoosh!!

With him as the center point, a gust started to wildly whirl in all directions surrounding him, knocking even the doctors and nurses in the ambulance he to their feet.

Almost at the exact same moment, in the ambulance carrying Dahm, a strong figure silently sat up on the stretcher, ripping out all the needles stuck to his arms.

"This feeling.... Feels way stronger than before..." Dahm's eyes were glowing with indescribable joy, although his body was covered with ripped muscles, there was still a hint of femininity radiating from him. Raising his arm, he unconsciously remembered his memories of the state he was in during Illusory Spinning White Jade.

"Level 3... Hahahaha... This is level 3! Amazing... Stop the car!"

The doctors and nurses around him were completely stunned as if they were a bunch of small animals standing in front of a ferocious beast.

Feeling the two auras slowly building up from afar, his face unconsciously showed a hint of surprise and astonishment.

"Interesting... How interesting..."

Who would have thought that Hochman and Dahm, in this time's training, would be able to conquer the fear of death and successfully enter the third level of the Illusory Spinning White Jade, which was the turning point.

The Two-Faced Waterbird Fist was only a secret skill adapted from a normal martial art move, infused with the Aura and Qi from the Soul seed.

What surprised Garen the most was that Hochman and Dahm, when entering into Level 3, managed to trigger his Qi from the Soul Seed and Aura hidden in their bodies, using it as a core, forming their own type of Aura-esque creation.

This creation was not as strong as Auras, formless, as if it was purely a boost in the mental state, but still somehow managing to trigger the movement of Qi.

"Not everything will always conform to your own plans, huh?" Garen was standing on the sloped fields outside the abandoned garden, looking at the directions the ambulance left in. That was where the two's aura was starting to form.

He could feel how the two's auras were different from each other.

Hochman's felt like a ferocious lion, with a cold surface restricting the wildness within, ready to burst against any opponent who tries to go against them, ripping them to shreds. It had a forceful nature to it.

Dahm's was much more suppressed, his aura was like a slithering cobra slithering in the depths of the river, almost similar to a silent, hidden, and venomous needle, ready to poison and kill the enemy at any time.

To Garen, the most interesting thing about this was, the two's aura seemed to have a sort of natural attraction to each other, through mutual interaction and clashing, allowing them to stand against each other, yet, at the same time, conform with each other..

The two portions of aura originally from Garen was used to trigger the formation of two completely new and distinct auras. This kind of new creation definitely opens up the possibilities of even further fusions.

"Two seeds that were produced individually, yet still able to fuse together... How exciting... When we mix the two together, I wonder what's going to happen?" Garen grinned as he looked over to the direction of the two auras.

With the support of his primer, the two were starting to make their way towards becoming a Grandmaster of Combat. This had already far exceeded his own expectations.

"Unfortunately, this immense strength lacked a good enough foundation... How unfortunate..." Garen sighed, if the two had more time, energy, and willpower to properly and conventionally train the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist, the results would be even better. However, regrettably, they did not have the opportunity. They were using Garen's strength as their foundation, so from the start, their strength were destined to be limited by that.

"Let me see if you guys can escape this fate..."

After gazing at the direction of their auras for a brief moment, he turned and walked off the field.

The two primers independently absorbed the two's Qi and Life Force, maturing into unique and polar opposite seeds. For some reason, Hochman and Dahm's seeds have a sense of hostility towards each other, they both feel that if they manage to absorb the other's seeds, they will be able to achieve an unimaginable strength.

This was a natural attraction by the seed, it was intuition.

Maybe they did not know it, but Garen was very clear, as their abilities become stronger, this kind of attraction would increase, If one of the two manages to absorb the other, they will come full circle and attain an almost unrivalled level of perfection. Even Garen didn't know what that level was, or how strong it would be.

He was only the one who planted the seed, under different conditions, the seeds managed to mature and bear two different and unique fruits, that was outside of his control. This was only his 1st experiment.

He just wanted to see how high can two of the most masculine and elite people can eventually achieve. What kind of result will they bring...

Now, the seed has sprouted, there is no longer a need for his guidance.

South Africa

On an empty loess plain.

With wilted bushes scattered scarcely all over, a few zebra were slowly galloping on the plains.

On the ground, right next to a bush, the rays from the twilight sun revealed a man, covered in dirt.

He was lying flat on the ground, one leg covered with blood splatters. From afar, there was the sound of a whimpering wild dog, it sounded almost as if it was a crying child.

"Whew..." The man took a deep breath. He turned to his side looking at the other body at a bush some distance away.

"Bane, you okay?" He licked his cracked lips, but even his saliva was dried up, he had no way of wetting his lips.

"Still alive..." A feeble came from afar. "No more sleeping! We need to leave this place! I had enough of this!"

"Agreed." Using his arms to support his body, he stood up as he surveyed his surroundings. "Hurry up and come over! We need to leave!"

He saw a few zebras speedily galloping away in the distance.

"My leg is broken." Bane shouted. "Call someone for help! Kenna! Use your satellite phone!"

The man tried to reach for his backpack behind him, but then started swearing like a sailor.

"The phone's gone, so is the bloody backpack!"

"F*cking Levi!!" Bane cursed out loud.

The two moved towards each other.

Although one of Kenna's legs could no longer move, he still limped his way over. The other guy was in an even worse condition, 3 of his limbs have been rendered useless.

"We need to think of something... Levi surely already sent his men to look for us! This is my business, I didn't want to get you wrapped up in it." Kenna muttered. Sitting down on the ground, he tried helping the other guy up.

"I also didn't want this, but since I've got dragged into this predicament I don't really have a choice. Let's try to solve the issue at hand for now, our blood would attract the attention of the African Wild Dogs, they are one of the most dangerous predators in Africa! They will eat us alive!"

The wild dog packs will hunt down their prey and devour them in a frenzy. The prey would struggle, looking as their body gets ripped into shreds, not even leaving bones as the dogs feast on them.

"I've already spread news about the Stone Clock of Fortune, the men in black must be scrambling all over right now, there's no way I'm going to let Levi get the Stone Clock of Fortune all to himself." Kenna let out a short cackle.

"He won't let you off easy, back at the where we found the relic you almost got buried alive. He even has his tens of minions ready to strike at any moment." Bane frowned, this middle-aged man in a white cowboy head was slowly applying some medicine onto his leg.

"Before I came out, I already heard the news, Europe's Titian, Asia's Rasta, I even went to the pub that the mercenaries frequent to gather some intel, hehehe..."

"You talking about the Nighthawks? If they're gonna take action, this is gonna be fun, hahaha... cough cough!!" Bane laughed a bit, but due to the dryness in his throat he ended up coughing.

"What I'd do just to see Levi's expression when he hears about this, hahahaha..." Kenna laughed out loud.

How!!!

The laughter suddenly stopped.

"I think we need to focus on this task at hand for now..."

"Garen Thomas, your parcel."

At the post office, a black courier handed a palm-sized box to Garen.

In a crowd of students, Garen took the box and proceeded to check it. The courier then took a picture of it, before he left.

Tearing of the receipt on the box, Garen opened the box, taking out a smaller box made of a black-colored metal.

Opening it, in the middle of the black packing foam, lies a small white fragment of something, with somewhat visible signs of wear and tear on it.

This piece looks like it's been made quite some time ago, it was broke into a triangular shape, and was only the size of half of his palm.

Taking it out, Garen walked towards the bench at the side of the field and sat down. He took a closer look at the fragment.

"This looks like the fragment of some porcelain chinaware."

Inside the box was also a folded note, he took it out and opened it.

'Commander, I'm sorry, this is all we could afford to get from the auction, there were too many competing bidders from other antique collectors organisations, please check to see if it is up to your standards.'

It was the handwriting of the baldy.

Garen smiled as he continued on observing the fragment.

He knew this was the fragment of the Stone Clock of Fortune or something that the baldy said he found.

Closing his eyes and closely feeling the fragment, it contained a small hint of an unknown aura.

"There seems to be some effect?" He let go of all his self-control and unleashed his senses.

Whoosh... The shape of the fragment instantly got imprinted in his senses. Even without using his sight, he managed to reverse engineer the fragment from scratch in his mind.

Bzzt!

In an instant, something similar to a white spark flashed on the fragment. Garen's eyes sparkled.

"There is! Maybe because this fragment was so small, there isn't much potential aura left in it... Using this as a basis for hypothesis, the real Stone Clock of Fortune, although wouldn't contain a lot, it would definitely still have potential value."

Taking out his phone, he hastily sent a text to baldy.

Almost immediately, he got a reply.

"Understood. Then, please wait for our good news, sir." Baldy obviously understood what he meant.