

# Mystical 771

## Chapter 771: Moments 1

Fiddling with the Moonfang inside his pocket, he quickly registered for the assessment with his personal details.

“Nonosiva Lin, registering for the Level 1 assessment of Magnetic Cannon.”

The Magnetic Cannon was a weapon assembled with highly magnetic metal into a cannon that fired out at top speed, achieving the specific goal of destroying metal armor in a targeted long distance attack. However, because its recoil power was strong, it would naturally be difficult to be accurate with it.

“As long as the five levels are achieved, I’ll be eligible for professional tactics lessons!” Nonosiva mumbled, his heart blazing with determination.

Professional tactics: each one of them was the accumulative end result of different generations of research. They were huge techniques that were combined with all sorts of brilliant tactics using the most advanced optical computers. Even the legendary inheritance tactics were improved and developed versions of these basic tactics.

Currently, with the operation of the Will-powered Mech over the past few hundred years, there have been countless tactics that trained the consciousness. In terms of mech operating, it seemed to have reached a peaking point.

The Mother Planet Federation and the Galactic Alliance were facing the threat of the Finite War, which had been going on for thousands of years and was soon reaching a critical point.

All sorts of different consciousnesses have brought along their own trademarks and strengths. Even though they came in waves, the weak were eradicated and now only the cream of the crop remained.

Every time Nonovisa reminisced about this magnificent history, there was always a desire and impulse that he could not suppress. It was said that during the campaign, there was a mech that was the strongest, which could change the situation on the battlefield on its own. It was hailed as a miracle.

He gripped the Moonfang in his pockets.

“I’ve got this in the bag, I can certainly pass the assessment easily!” he was strangely confident of the Moonfang that he’d unexpectedly obtained. His love and passion for the mech was also a reason why he’d chosen to enter into the school’s mech ranks.

It had been revealed he only had normal intellectual requirements, but with this Moonfang, he was able to overcome this step and enter Blackboard Academy.

The Moonfang had an automated control mech which helped with manipulating the battle, if it was on one’s person, it would provide one with assistance.

Automatically calculating the projectile track while automatically avoiding any obstacle, this was just some external hack!

Xu Wei adjusted the webpage in frustration while carefully looking over anything that was related to the assessment.

He believed that as long as he has the Moonfang, he would easily pass.

Nonosiva had been born into a very poor family; his parents were only ordinary office workers and the pay was just average. Meanwhile, Blackboard Academy’s fees were very expensive, and there was still a huge sum to pay as a security deposit, in case any practice mech was damaged.

To ensure that he got to attend the academy, both of them did their best to save what they could borrow from people. Only then were they able to gather a smaller sum for his school fees and security deposit, although they still had to pay the bank loan’s interest each month.

This high-class academy was unusually expensive, so in order to allow their older brother to have a chance to succeed, the younger brother and sister gave up their chance to further their studies, even though both of them had good grades.

He also became the family's only hope; everyone was proud to say that he was the oldest brother or child to outsiders, and they even let him eat his fill of the non-manufactured food first before they started eating it themselves when they were home.

Dong...

The doorbell chimed.

"What?" Nonosiva was always very focused when reading his materials, and it made him impatient whenever he was disturbed.

"Nono, your points for this month have been added to your card," his father Rondo said.

"Okay!" Nonosiva was warmer this time. Him applying for this assessment was exactly the time that he needed the money, and there were also a few things that he wanted to buy but did not have the money to.

His father Rondo coughed a few times, then left to rest.

Nonosiva stood up, walked to the door and had a look. On the bench next to the door, there was a white card, and there were blue, faintly shimmering digital numbers on the top.

He held it up and used his fingers to give the number a swipe, the numbers immediately changed.

"Only this little!!!? Nono's face changed, "How is this enough for me!?" He eyed his parent's room, his face twisted hideously.

Bang!

Slamming the door loudly, Nono angrily marched back in front of his computer.

He was not content! When compared with other students, his family was not all that bad, but the other students were ampler than he was most of the time.

This could not be helped, as the families that were able to be involved with mechs were naturally slightly well off. On the contrary, there were not a lot of students who were lucky like him.

Rumble....

Suddenly, there was a clap of thunder rolling, and the window was slightly vibrating from it.

By the window, the black curtain was flapping in the wind, blocking Nono's sight and flying in his face.

"That was a big wind..." he quickly got up to close the window.

Swoosh!

A bit of black light suddenly flew in from outside the window. It came in at an angle where it was blocked by the curtain and it suddenly stuck on his body before disappearing.

"What bug was that?" Nono jumped and closed the window before checking over his body carefully. He'd felt like something has collided with his body just now, maybe it was a small bug.

He looked for a while but did not find anything, so he went back to where he was previously and sat down.

He never noticed that there were now tiny lines of blood vessels on his face that looked like a fine, blood-red web that covered his face, which was rather horrifying.

Nono was only focused on the computer screen, showing no signs of distraction.

Luckily the blood vessels on his face were only there for a while before they slowly vanished back into his skin.

The next day

Blackboard Academy basic training field

Amidst the field of black sand, two gray humanoid mechs stood facing each other. They were surrounded by a multitude of red dots, each representing a surveillance detector.

Two bots standing motionless while surrounded by red lights, it was eerily peaceful.

The grey mech that had a shape like it was holding its belly started to have puffs of air jetting out from behind it.

The mech was about five meters tall, and in the middle of its metal belly was a small glass window. Inside was a seventeen or eighteen-year-old teenager seated there.

“Today’s fifth assessment, ready!” a bearded man shouted from the side of the field. He was in his 30s or 40s and was a tall and burly man. He had tanned skin, a beaten-down look and was wearing a green cap.

Next to the man stood many similarly aged teenagers. There were guys and girls, all clad in the Blackboard Academy uniform.

“The shooting training is secure, move out, move out, all non-related personals please leave the danger zone...” a calm robotic female voice rang throughout the field.

The man glanced at both of the students inside the mechs.

“The official assessment is a fight to the death, you guys be careful,” he called loudly, his voice full of confidence.

Seeing the “no problem” sign given by both mech pilots, he nodded. He illuminated his hands and then waved them down furiously.

“Begin!”

Woo...

Two deep sounds of engines revving up rumbled suddenly.

The mechs in the field started up at the same time, whipping out a grey-white pistol, and aiming at the opponent.

The bearded man nodded, then started to explain to the students next to him.

“Their movement is not bad, you see the pistol in their hands? That is a magnetic gun. There is no need for the real magnetic cannon in the assessment. Even though this magnetic pistol does not have the same power, it has a recoil power similar to the magnetic cannon and it’s very cost-effective to use in practice.”

The students next to him all nodded.

“Then do you think Nonosiva can pass his assessment this time?” a girl with brown wavy hair, dark skin and a normal face asked.

“Mina, are you two friends?” the teacher looked at her. “This is up to him to decide, but the first few assessments were not bad, so his chances of passing are high.”

“Nono is the third place of our class, but he only registered to take the level one assessment when he’s in the second year now... ” the boy next to Mina whispered.

“All of you work hard, then you may be in his place too!” the teacher smiled in agreement.

Before the voices died down, the two mechs had suddenly started moving and shooting at the same time.

Red sparks could be seen at the mouth of the pistol briefly, but both the mechs seemed to have failed, missing each other. Instead, they were pushed backward violently by the recoil.

The two in the field were like two grey animals, expanding their arcs quickly and avoiding all the possible areas the other could aim at. In a flash, there was dust everywhere, and only thundering engine sounds could be heard.

They shot out magnetic bullets, managing to hit only the empty fields behind each other after missing before they were temporarily blocked by an invisible, corrugated barrier.

Inside one of the mech, Nonosiva had one hand on one joystick, while the other was typing quickly on the tight-knit panel of buttons next to the joystick.

He was not in sync with the mech’s mechanism; his speed when it came to robot control was not very quick, and there were a lot of moves that he was not able to do, hence the mech would dodge on its own.

At this time, next to the mech’s control system, there was a small white silver Moonfang that emitted a white pale glow as if there was something fluorescent within, and there was a faint sound of grinding gears coming from it.

“I am someone with a secret weapon! Hahaha!!” Nonosiva would become irritable every time he got into the mech, it was a contrast to his usual quiet self. It was as if all the pressure he suppressed were freely expressed here.

The round screen in front suddenly shook violently; the mech also started to avoid the opponent’s shots.

His third shot had better accuracy than the previous two, and Nono's face glowed with satisfaction. However, using his willpower to control the mech was very draining. Controlling the mech with willpower while supporting manually with the control interface was currently the most popular method of control.

However, to him, it was still a heavy load. As the mech quickly adjusted the steering, the huge amount of inertia created was something that he as the driver needed to take up.

He did not realize that the Moonfang next to his hand has already been moved due to the movement of the mech and small cracks could already be seen. The temperature inside was getting higher and higher.

## Chapter 772: Moment 2

Nono was still immersed in capturing his opponent in the shooting game and did not feel any different.

The Moonfang that he'd acquired was actually made from parts of the control assistance of a high-end mech. The resources inside were not much even in the beginning, and after idling and then being used for so long, the resources inside had nearly been used up. On top of that, it did not have a cooling feature, and as the high temperature from its usage was unable to be cooled down, the Moonfang started to crack.

Kachak!

Suddenly, there was a crisp sound, but it was immediately drowned out by the mech's machinery noises inside the cockpit. Nono did not realize this at all, that the crescent moon had slowly dimmed, losing its previous white glow.

The mech rolled to the right, avoiding the fourth shot from the opponent.

As Nono rested for a while, he saw that the opponent's mech was adjusting its pistol. He recognized this as the technique of a two-timed reload, but he did not panic. Even though his control speed was unable



to react to the incoming attack in time, considering that his real skills were only that of a beginner's, this kind of moment was always aided by the Moonfang's automated control to avoid attacks like these.

His finger was already clicking on the fire pistol button, and now all he had to do was to wait to avoid the opponent's attack and then, attack.

Suddenly he felt that something was wrong, why was the mech not moving?!

"What is going on!!??" he saw that the opponent's pistol was pointing towards him, but the mech remained quiet and he was now panicking slightly. He glanced at his Moonfang briefly, only to realize that it had cracked open and that there was no longer any light inside.

"No!!! My Moonfang!!"

He cried out loud, his eyes reflecting unspoken horror. If the magnetic pistol hit the cockpit, he would be disabled, if not dead!

He tried to grab hold of the Moonfang, but the sudden wave of fear in his body had paralyzed him! His whole body was frozen and he could not even move a finger.

At that moment, the pistol was getting lower and lower, and the finger on the faraway mech had already pulled the trigger.

"I don't want to die!!! No! No!!" Nono finally broke down, he cried, his face dripping with tears.

"If you don't want to die, then give me the body..." a voice from his heart rang.

No one could see it, but Nono's face was suddenly covered in multiple blood vessels. A huge, terrifying web of blood vessels covered his face in an instant.

A dot of black passed by his deep blue eyes.

Crash!!!

Nono only felt his head being flung, his consciousness that was full of fear was now filled with satisfaction. He avoided the situation that he was the most fearful of, plunging straight into the unnaturally tranquil dark...

It was only for a moment that he lost complete consciousness. He was contented, he was away from danger, but he didn't know that once he sank, he would never have a chance to wake up again.

The changes in the soul were abnormally complicated, but in the outside world, only a moment had passed.

Nonon opened both his eyes wildly. His irises were now an unnerving black.

At that moment all the fear in his face vanished, and it was replaced by a peaceful and calm expression.

Bang!

The magnetic cannon was fired.

Red sparks were seen as the pistol's grey bullet headed straight for the mech's cockpit.

"Something's not right!!!" Garen had just accepted this body, and it felt wrong!

The strength of his soul was restrained in the body and he was unable to use his strength. And this was not even the most troublesome part; the most dangerous thing was that the inner body structure and genetic arrangement of the humans here were different from the last two bodies that he had reincarnated into! Completely different!

A piercing pain jolted the body that he'd just occupied. That was because the spirit was too powerful for the vessel that it'd occupied.

This kind of grinding caused him to be unable to connect with the nerves completely in the body, and so even moving was extremely difficult. His whole body was in piercing pain as if a drill was digging into his bones.

Garen tried his best to slow down the magnetic bullet, but it was too late as he could only connect to his five senses in such a short span.

The magnetic bullet was about to hit the cockpit, and if it was hit, this body that he had not mastered yet would be seriously wounded. A great amount of strength from the soul seed was needed to occupy a body and it could not be undone after it was occupied, otherwise, the strength of soul used earlier would be wasted. In his current situation, he could not bear to suffer this loss, for the soul seed would face a danger of collapsing.

The most important thing was once he had occupied the body, it was equivalent to having a legal identity in this world. Should this legal identity perish, he would be decomposed forcefully by the laws of this world and there was even a possibility of him being sent back to the river.

“What should I do!?” Garen was thinking swiftly. He had not anticipated the incompatibilities between the body and his soul. His initial plan had been to take over the body during a crucial moment when the original body was weak, but this situation was unexpected.

There was now a sense of an impending threat. According to this weak body, there was no way to block such a powerful weapon.

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At the field

Of the two mechs, as the one on the left lifted its arm to fire, the one on the right unexpectedly froze. Its fluid motions had suddenly stopped.

Bang!

The gun went off.

The students standing next to the teacher all shouted in shock at the scene. Each of their faces was nervous, and their eyes were all wide open.

“What’s going on? Why did Nono stop!”

“Is there something wrong with the mech?”

“He’s done for, he’ll be heavily injured if not dead!”

No one would have expected this outcome, and even the teacher had his mouth wide open. Even though Blackboard Academy always used the rule of survival of the fittest to run the school, if it really happened it would be a murder case, and even if the mech was faulty, there would still be punishment, even for him.

Moreover, Nono was one of his class’ best students, one of the top three, and if anything happened, it would be a big hit to his class.

But it was too late now, no one knew what to do. Even if they called for a halt it would be too late.

Mina was covering her mouth with her eyes full of shock and horror; she could do nothing to help.

Just at this moment.

On the field, on Nono’s mech curled-up arm, its arm’s magnetic pistol suddenly readjusted its aim and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The two bullets missed each other, but the huge recoil shook Nono’s mech violently.

One in front and one at the back, both mechs seemed to be hit at the same time.

The examinee that had fired the first shot did not manage to avoid it because he was stunned, and he knew that Nonosiva's mech was a sure hit.

After the two shots were blundered, both mechs had a small hole that the grey bullet was stuck in, from which leaked green smoke. The bullet was still moving but it had slowed down drastically as if it had already pierced halfway through the mech.

As Nono's mech had been pushed back by the recoil, causing the cockpit to move, it was the shoulder that had been shot. Even though the mech was destroyed, its pilot was okay.

Only then did the audience let out sighs of relief. Wiping the sweat from his forehead, the teacher was relieved. Nonosiva really was his class' best student and he was burdened with high hopes, so if anything happened here...

"Not good! The mech on the other side got hit in the energy module!!" a student shouted out.

The bearded man was snapped out of his relief.

Judging the other mech's condition, his face started to become twisted again.

"Come save him quick!!" he yelled.

There was a bang from the other mech at this moment and the entire mech had exploded. Half of the body was covered in flames, and the fate of the driver inside was unknown.

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Garen sat in the cockpit, his whole body drenched in sweat. Underneath his skin, the nerves of his muscles kept twitching, sending wave after wave of pain to his brain.

“This is entirely different... This body... No! Everyone’s body here is entirely different! The structure of it is entirely different!!” he shuddered.

If it wasn’t for him pushing Nono’s spirit out completely at the final moment, lending his spirit as a last resort source of energy and using his consciousness to control the mech slightly, it would have been the end just now. If he did not have his body, the hard work from the previous world would definitely be all for naught,

But the current situation wasn’t really great.

The body was still violently rejecting him at times.

This was the best body he could find after entering this planet and searching everywhere for the most suitable vessel. However, he couldn’t have known that the body’s genetics were completely different from the previous bodies’.

Even though he was currently using his spirit to force the body to readjust, it was impossible to be active in the body in a short amount of time. The body was stiff, and he could not make even a single movement. It was as though he was a living corpse, and all he could do was to blink.

It was because he’d suddenly forced the body to move, which had caused Nono’s body to be even more injured. A lot of his nerves were damaged, and it was not the best of situations.

To put it frankly, there was no difference between him and a vegetable.

Even if he fully grasped the body, it was still a long genetic rearranging and adapting process. Garen felt that this world’s structure seemed to be firmer than the Blood Breed’s world; it was as if it would have a huge rejection and suppression of any non-homologous substance.

He’d already felt it when he was searching everywhere for a body while in the state of the spirit soul seed.

From Nono's shattered spirit's stored memories, he saw the control method of the mech; it was the special power that was produced from humans' specially trained bodies. In other words, it was a special energy field.

It was completely different from his spirit's strength and mental strength; it was a brand new force above the mental concentration power.

"This could be trouble..."

Feeling the differences in his body, his heart sank.

He could no longer guarantee that the body was able to completely recover, and if it couldn't recover...

#### Chapter 773: Lowest Point 1

When everyone lent a hand to rescue the pilots from the two mechs, they discovered that both of them were already unmoving.

On one side, Garen's entire body was spasming while his eyes were tightly shut. It seemed as though his whole body was convulsing in an abnormal, terrifying manner.

Meanwhile, the other blue-haired youth's whole body was blackened with burn wounds. He had already fallen into a coma and was unaware of his current situation.

Both of their conditions were unusually severe, prompting the bearded instructor to contact the hospital immediately when he noticed trouble. The ambulance from the hospital arrived swiftly and took both of them away.

The remaining group of students watched the ambulance leave. Only a few people and instructors got into the ambulance and rode with it while others went to inform the school authorities and leaders to

record the state of the accident and injuries. Injuries like these on school grounds were common and would require people to come over and determine if there were mishaps with the mechs. However, cases involving flawed mechs were extremely rare in this school.

“I really don’t know why Nonosiva’s mech stopped moving suddenly. If that had not happened, this problem would not have happened during this test.”

“Who knows. Perhaps Nono himself had an illness that broke out unexpectedly?”

“No way. He would have undergone a full physical examination when he entered the school.”

Students from various classes discussed among themselves in hushed tones before going their separate ways and walking towards their dorms. The test instructors had left and it was obvious that the remaining tests that were supposed to be held today were canceled.

One white-haired youth furrowed his eyebrows and stood there for awhile while looking in the direction the ambulance had gone before leaving slowly.

His name was Fervale and he was one of the top three students of class C5. He was the No. 1 student in his class throughout the entire year, and almost no one could shake him from his solid position.

He could already understand the individual in second place clearly. There were still certain qualities which that person lacked, and this created a distance between them. Fervale was confident that he could keep this distance between them until graduation. However, he could not understand the student in third place, Nonosiva, properly. That person was extremely quiet, and only a few people were interested in being his friend in class. Therefore, not much information was known about him.

“But this is meaningless now. These standards don’t scare me,” he mumbled to himself softly before turning around and walking towards the simulation training area.

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The ceiling was white.



When Garen opened his eyes, the first thing that he saw was a clean white stretch. There were faint dark blue fluorescent electric circuits twinkling on the ceiling that looked very high-tech.

“You’re awake?”

He heard a voice beside his left ear. The voice was not speaking in a distinct language but a strange tongue-curling type of language instead. Fortunately, he was able to understand it because he had absorbed Nono’s language memories.

He remembered that they were words from the Federation’s language.

The person was speaking in a male voice that sounded somewhat gruff.

Garen tried to turn his head towards the side determinedly to look at the speaker, but the stiff muscles and nerves throughout his whole body would not listen to his commands at all.

He finally saw a muscular man with a full faced beard stand up. A large face then appeared as the man lowered his head and stared at him. He looked to be around thirty to forty years of age, and his eyebrows were slightly furrowed.

“How do you feel? Are you alright?”

Garen tried to open his mouth determinedly. He recognized this man as Hamm, the instructor who was in charge of the class that the previous owner of his body was studying under. Although he wanted to answer, he was unfortunately unable to control the nerves on his face and could only blink and make murmuring noises at the back of his throat.

“You can’t even speak?” a disappointed look flashed in the man’s eyes. “The doctor’s diagnosis said that the nerves in your entire body suffered serious injuries while your muscles have cramped up. They could only force you to relax by injecting you with a tranquilizer.”

Garen made a few murmuring noises. He was still unable to speak and was getting impatient because of his inability to move.

“Big brother Nono, are you alright?” said a female voice beside him. The instructor quickly used his hands to turn Garen’s face towards the side slightly before he was able to see the situation on his left side instantly.

There were four male and female students sitting on his bedside currently. The one who spoke earlier was a delicate and pretty girl with a beautiful figure. This girl had short red hair and was currently gazing at him with great concern.

Fragments of memories floated up in Garen’s mind suddenly.

This girl’s name was Lisa and she was the current girlfriend of Nonosiva whose body he was currently inhabiting.

There were three other people besides Lisa; Nono’s friend Aier, his partner in crime Mina, and another person whom he did not really recognize.

The three students who were dressed in white school uniforms and blue suspenders sat beside him and looked over with concerned gazes.

“He can’t speak. He suffered nerve damage and it’s going to be extremely troublesome now,” said the instructor softly on the sidelines.

“Did the doctor mention the cause of this?” asked Lisa.

“He doesn’t know,” Instructor Hamm shook his head.

Garen listened to both of them speak on the side while he tidied Nono’s remaining memories quickly. The strong force that exploded outwards when he’d forcefully pushed Nono’s soul out to control the mech had created a sudden tear in his soul. Therefore, a large part of the fragments had either

dispersed or disappeared. As Garen was only able to absorb the few remaining bits, the memories that he gained were incomplete.

From the conversation between the few students and Instructor Hamm, his current situation was extremely serious. He would need to recuperate for a year so that his injured nerves and muscles could heal after the surgery.

Garen observed the few people who had arrived carefully. Through Nonosiva's memories, he knew that they were the only few people whom Nono considered as friends. Lisa was his girlfriend while Aier was his good friend and practice partner whom he had the best relationship with. Meanwhile, Mina was his seatmate and partner in crime whom he had always been on good terms with.

He did not have a deep impression of the last person as they probably did not have a close relationship.

When he heard them chatting, Garen gradually understood the entire situation.

Nonosiva was a quiet person who did not have many friends in class. The only people that he was on good terms with were the ones who were present here. He was usually a cold, arrogant person who would not approach strangers. In reality, he was also concealing his Moonfang secret. However, in the eyes of outsiders, he seemed icy and prideful.

Now, he had suffered severe injuries unexpectedly and had almost turned into a human vegetable. However, the instructor had mentioned that there might be a way to quicken his recovery. Unfortunately, he would then owe the academy a large sum of money for his medical fees. The opposing mech pilot that he'd wounded had also suffered serious injuries and would also require expensive medical fees.

"Inform his family then."

Instructor Hamm made the final decision before standing up.

"I still have matters to sort out so I'll be leaving first."

It seemed as though he was in a bad mood as he took long strides out of the ward before the sound of a closing door could be heard around the corner quickly.

Nonosiva's few close friends were the only ones left sitting in the room now.

Once the instructor had left, the few people who remained quickly became agitated and unsure of what to say.

"Nono, rest well. I have some things to do too so I'll come and see you again later," his girlfriend Lisa ground her teeth and stood up while speaking softly. Her cheeks were red and she lowered her head.

The sound of a shutting door could be heard quickly again. The student whom he was not very familiar with got up and left silently as well.

Only Aier and Mina remained in the room.

Aier had short brown hair and looked like a regular and somewhat gentle youth. He took an apple out silently and began to peel it.

"Nono, just relax and recuperate. With your standards, you'll be able to catch up quickly when you're better. Don't worry."

Garen blinked in response.

Mina sighed.

"Your parents are almost here. They'll be at the hospital soon enough."

Garen continued to blink.

The few of them stopped speaking at once... They could only sigh at the thought of Nono encountering an unexpected hardship like this despite being one of the elite students. However, both of them were Nono's best friends and were extremely confident that he would recover quickly. Although he would owe the academy a large sum of money, he would be able to pay off that debt in the future.

Both of them became bored while sitting on the side before they began to talk about how this situation occurred suddenly during the test.

Garen lay on the sickbed and closed his eyes slowly while pretending to be asleep.

Soon, he could faintly hear the sound of the parents of this body rushing over. Other than the parents, the younger brothers and sisters had arrived as well before the ward was filled with the unsuppressed sobbing noises.

Nono's family had average financial circumstances. It was already extremely difficult to provide for his university fees and they were only able to this by giving up the school fees of his younger siblings. The current need to fork out this large sum of money added more wrinkles on the faces of the two adults while their gazes began to darken as well.

"Relax, relax. Nono possesses powerful strength and he's such an excellent student. Won't it be a simple task for him to earn big bucks once he has passed the test to become a mech pilot?" consoled Mina frantically.

Aier agreed quickly as well and explained how mech pilots would earn their money while mentioning their yearly income that was worth millions. Coupled with their high remuneration and benefits, he would be able to clear his debts within a year. It was no big deal.

This improved the expressions the faces of Nono's parents slightly.

Garen opened his eyes halfway and made a few murmuring noises to acknowledge his parents and younger siblings.

Since he had occupied this body, he would naturally need to accept this identity.

Next, the nurse came in and wiped down Garen's body while the other people who were waiting inside the ward earlier went out and waited.

Garen had finally gotten an interval to check his current body.

He closed his eyes as his spirit sunk into his body. All of his blood veins, meridians, and organs within his entire body appeared inside his soul.

He checked all of them carefully and could not help but sigh.

"This difference... It is somewhat wide... On the surface, it seemed similar to the bodies that I inhabited in the two previous worlds. However, it's actually completely different as the fine cell mechanisms are completely different."

His soul was born from his bodies from the two previous worlds. While he was currently occupying this body, there were extremely strong reactions of incompatibility which had resulted in his inability to control his body until now.

Both of his soul seeds were constantly releasing qi to modify this body. Unfortunately, the soul seeds had undergone consumptions that were too great in the Mother Stream. They could only modify themselves slowly at an extremely prolonged pace.

Garen shifted his vision towards his own Attribute Pane. Apparently, huge changes had occurred throughout his Attribute Pane because his body had changed as well.

'Nonosiva Lin — Strength 0.5, Agility 1.1, Vitality 0.3, Intelligence 1.3. Potential 0%. Soul Limit 40.'

"Apparently my Soul Limit has upgraded because of my soul seeds. This is the only bit of good news."

Garen's mind was slightly consoled and he continued looking downwards.

'Potential — Void Pursuer'

‘Soul — Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique, Holy Phoenix Demonic Book.’

‘Secret Technique — None’

When he saw that his Secret Technique Pane had returned to zero, impatient feelings immediately stirred in Garen’s mind. He already knew that condensing his soul seeds would mean that everything that he had practiced throughout his life would be condensed inside as well, leaving him with nothing. However, this still troubled him although it had already happened twice.

He began to check on the more detailed parts of his current body such as the functions of the various systems, operations, and cycles. As a martial arts master, he naturally possessed extremely impressive foresight that allowed him to reach a conclusion from the first step quickly.

#### Chapter 774: Lowest Point 2

“This body is completely unsuitable for practicing advanced martial arts...” Garen’s thoughts sank into depression at once. As this new body build was different, it could not adapt to the practices of various Secret Techniques. Moreover, a lot of time and energy would be required to modify this body to suit it to advanced Secret Techniques. Unfortunately, this was something that he could not afford to waste time on right now.

He could only practice certain low level, average Secret Techniques such as martial arts that were used for muscle training or Secret Techniques that did not involve the control of vital energy. Pure martial arts like these which did not involve actively controlling vital energy were merely third-rate Secret Techniques that were far from White Cloud Secret Techniques.

“Unless I modify this body completely into my previous build...” Garen began to ponder on which path he should take in the future.

This world looked more powerful than the previous worlds. While he was travelling back and forth across planets, he could see an unimaginably large invisible protection belt that was miles apart from the space that Earth occupied.

Through Nono's remaining memories, he knew that this planet was probably attached to a large country called the Mother Planet Federation. Not only did this federation possess a planet, there were actually more than forty-five planets. It was worthy to be called a colossus.

It belonged to a completely different level from the previous other planets.

There were star rated countries which also possessed numerous planet nations. Most of these countries were attached to a larger nation called the Galactic Alliance. Both of them had been cooperating to resist the Finite people for more than a thousand years.

During this resistance, there were other neutral parties besides the Mother Planet Federation and Galactic Alliance. They were a thousand in total and they were of various sizes, and they imparted continuous support to maintain the balance between these three giants. There were five or six planets that were larger countries and one or two smaller ones that relied on different specialties to ensure their continuous lengthy existences.

Meanwhile, this body that he was currently inhabiting was one of the citizens who was living inside the colossus known as the Mother Planet Federation.

However, the current situation was becoming less stable recently. The chaotic struggle and war between the three main forces had continued on for too long. It had created various debts within the country and increased the indignation between the population. In an unexpected sweep, all three forces were hit by a powerful financial storm that almost toppled their constitution. The public credibility of the national government was lost completely while the three main forces fell into internal chaos. Each major fleet set up a established an independent regime and almost formed separatist warlord regimes.

The planet where Nono was living in was one of the planets that were controlled by the Mother Planet Federation. However, since it had already fallen into complete chaos, various powerful forces were now occupying its territory to develop themselves willfully.

The place where they were living was part of the range that was controlled by the Blackboard Academy.



“It’s really such a chaotic place...” this was the first time Garen had stepped into a world like this. It was humongous, extensive, and vast. By using a planet as a unit, certain powerful and first-rate fleets and extremely terrifying Star Cannons would be able to destroy a planet instantly.

Worlds like these could be considered as technologically-advanced peak worlds. Garen knew this and was worried that he would need to behave himself when Nadia arrived, as there were terrifying major war weapons like Star Cannons here.

Even if he was able to practice his Secret Techniques, he knew that relying on them while going on a rampage was still a wild idea...

He calculated for a moment and realised that even if he managed to reach his 40-point Soul Limit, it could only resist the equivalent of a nuclear or hydrogen bomb. It would not be able to resist a Star Cannon that could destroy an entire planet, as the difference between their powers were simply as different as night and day.

Other than Star Cannons, he was afraid of the war weapons in this world that could hurt his body to its limits. Terrifying civilizations that could control more than ten planets would definitely not be so simple.

“Looks like I won’t be able to use the Secret Technique method directly anymore. If I want to condense any more Soul Seeds in this world, I should test out the power systems here.”

Garen began to recall the remaining memory fragments in Nono’s mind before transferring all of the information regarding the power systems here.

Unfortunately, Nono was too weak and could access any high level information. Meanwhile, only a few pieces of his fragmented soul remained, making it completely impossible to view its contents. Only some information regarding the topics that were covered in the grading test remained.

“Mech Pilots can use their Willpower to control the high level fighters during Mech battles. Powerful Mech Pilots can get the Mechs to release terrifying battle abilities. There was even a record of a Mech that was able to defeat an entire fleet during a campaign. This was the ultimate instance of personal heroism.”

Garen browsed through these fragmented memories carefully.

“Strong and high-level Mech Pilots and equally powerful Mechs are almost equivalent to undefeatable strategic existences.”

“High rates of casualties inflicted by powerful and advanced weapons allowed Mechs to become terrifying war weapons that could even overtake battleships. Various Mech sects emerged and heralded a historic era. These sects used various Mech battling styles and specialized and celebrated abilities. The Blackboard Academy’s inherited sect used a suspended black disc as a well-known, high-speed cutting weapon and is considered as a purely long-range attack sect.”

Garen scrutinized the remaining bits of information carefully.

He could vaguely feel that the Willpower in this world could greatly benefit his third condensed Soul Seed. Perhaps this was the fundamental route to condensing his third Soul Seed. According to Nono’s memories, the time and space of this universe had already developed his Willpower to a frightening level that was vast and endless. Numerous impressive figures of the past who had a place in history had once walked a great distance on this path.

According to certain legends, there were sects that could use their Willpower to strengthen normal Mechs greatly and achieve powers that were vastly improved. There were even sects that could practice terrifying specialized abilities through their Willpower, allowing their Mechs to have strange specialized abilities.

When a Mech Pilot integrated their Mechs with their Willpower, the powers that were produced were not as simple as adding one with the other. On the contrary, it was rumored that they would form terrifyingly taboo Mechs that could overpower dying stars.

“In this world, Willpower is everything. It is an invisible form of unnatural powers that anyone can grasp. However, the difference lies between the condition of their natural talents.”

Garen’s mind understood everything.

Although Nono had not left many fragments behind, the amount of information was still enough to surprise his mind.

The strength of this current world and universe had surpassed the previous worlds by an unknown degree.

Willpower was like a specialized unnatural power that could only be utilized through Willpower Mechs and other facilities. Meanwhile, every single Mech Pilot was a powerful existence that was constantly unearthing their strong Willpower.

Vigilant feelings formed in Garen's mind. Since this world had already possessed thorough research on something as insubstantial as Willpower, it was very likely that they would also be one step ahead in their Soul Seed research. It seemed like he would need to be even more careful from now on.

It was fortunate that there were no unexpected or strange occurrences when he reincarnated this time.

Even at peak levels, his current powers could not even be compared to the size of a domain of the planet, much less a dying star. Perhaps Nadia would be able to reach this degree if she used her the full extent of her powers at once.

This was an Army-level strength!

Garen doubted that an existence that had achieved the Demon King level of Ancient Endor existed in this world. However, it was fortunate that it was merely a rumor.

"No, the powers of the Dying Star Level may be even stronger than the Demon King Level. They merely have different systems," Garen compared them in his mind quietly. He was becoming slightly more in awe of this world.

"Seems like I can only advance according to the systems of this world. My top priority right now is to heal my body first. I'll forget about modifying it for now as long as I'm able to allow this body to get used to my soul to get rid of the rejection reactions."

Garen made up his mind and began to carefully control the vital energy that his Soul Seeds were releasing so that his body could adapt.

On the surface, he was merely closing his eyes and resting.

Once the nurse had finished wiping down his body, she took the water and left. His parents, younger siblings, and friends then entered and chatted softly for a while. Soon after, his family left the room, as they were worried that they would disturb him.

When Aier and Mina saw this, they too got up and left as well. They placed some money at his bedside quietly as a contribution.

Meanwhile, Garen continued to drift into the process of adjusting his body. However, it took a long time as his nerves had suffered serious injuries. In order to heal himself without losing his Soul Seeds, he would need to wait at least five years. Unfortunately, this duration was far too long.

Therefore, it was important for him to wait until the restoration surgery. The medical techniques of this time period would be extremely advanced now and there would definitely be impressive basic techniques to repair damaged nerves.

As long as the nerve restoration surgery succeeded, there was a chance that he could shorten the time period. He would be able to adjust to this body completely within half a year without any after effects.

Although he could not practice advanced Secret Techniques, some pure mental training and simple aura and muscle exercises could be used instead.

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Time passed day by day.

Instructor Hamm came to visit Garen a few more times but did not say much. He was merely there so that Garen could feel relieved while recuperating and waiting for his operation.

While his parents left for work, his younger siblings would usually come over and take care of him. They would deliver meals and help clean the ward. This gave Garen a glimpse of this family's unity.

However, the thing that made him feel the most helpless was the fact that his younger siblings seemed afraid of him. Although he was currently unable to move, he could still see that Nonosiva's influence over them had been built over a long period of time. This caused his younger brother and sister to act frightened and cowardly around him.

Although he was unable to speak now and could only lie down, neither of his younger siblings dared to look him in the eye.

His few friends visited often as well. Mina had already come a few times and would always bring some money with her. Once, she had even brought a general ATM card with her. Usually, only individuals with at least a thousand dollars would be given these cards for their savings accounts. Although this was equivalent to the monthly earnings of an average adult, it was also the minimum monthly expense of a Blackboard Academy student.

However, Mina put the card down without a second word and left.

Later, Garen realized that this card contained money that was put aside by both Aier and Mina. This changed Garen's initial impression of Nonosiva slightly. Despite his certain flaws, he could not be a terrible person if he had friends like these.

Meanwhile, his supposed girlfriend Lisa had disappeared and had not come to see him again after the first time. It was rumored that she was currently seeing another boy.

The upcoming operation approached.

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Blackboard Academy

There were lofty metallic buildings with black outer walls throughout the academy grounds. The exteriors of these buildings resembled gigantic black discs that were embedded within the ground.

When looking at it from afar, the academy seemed like a flat white area with more than ten black discs embedded there.

Some of these discs were larger than others and there would be a little door and entrance at the bottom. Cars and people moved between the black discs in a bustling manner. The academy was built below a tall mountain that was flattened. A large black battleship was parked at the top of the mountain where there were black symbols engraved on the surface. Meanwhile, the large academy grounds were located below the mountain.

The pointed nose of the front of the battleship stretched over the border of the mountain and hung over the sky above the academy, casting a large dark shadow over it.

Within a room in the front of the battleship.

Inside a black room, a group of people sat around a round silvery-white table. They were all dressed in black uniforms and were the teachers and instructors of the academy.

The Head Instructor and Vice Head Instructor were seated in the main seats.

“Regarding the five series of public funds that have been allocated by our academy during this semester for one of the students named Nonosiva, I personally feel that this should not be the academy’s responsibility. There were no problems with the Mechs or the site. Therefore, the academy is not obligated to bear the cost of his operation and compensation.”

The Head Instructor was a muscular man with bronze skin who glanced at everyone while he spoke.

This was an independent council within the academy's Mech actual combat department. The department was one of ten organizations that were responsible for the matters regarding actual combat. Despite being a grassroots council, it had the ultimate power to decide the allocated funds.

"Nonosiva? After testing the Mechs, we determined it was definitely not an accident caused by a Mech malfunction. There were no problems when we evaluated the site either. Therefore, we shouldn't bear the responsibility," a bespectacled middle-aged woman nodded in agreement beside him.

"I don't think that's right," said Instructor Hamm while furrowing his eyebrows. "According to the rules of the whole academy, medical bills for wounds that were sustained during the curriculum need to be assumed by the academic departments. This student should definitely already have basic insurance after paying school fees for so many years."

"However, our department is facing financial issues now. Take a look at the things that are written here... Nerve restoration operation," the Head Instructor picked up a piece of white paper and furrowed his eyebrows while skimming through the information. "The cost of this operation is not insignificant. If we pay the full amount, it may affect this year's performance bonuses..."

"The Head Instructor is right."

"We should not be responsible for providing this sum of money in any way. He's right, we don't need to compensate him."

"I am in favor of the Head Instructor's suggestion."

Everyone who was seated there was an instructor in this department. They were the primary teachers of the academy and had obviously voiced their opinions at once when they heard that their benefits would be affected.

Instructor Hamm's expression became somewhat unpleasant.

"This isn't right though. You shouldn't openly go against the academy's general rules..."

“People are alive but rules are not. The rules are just a piece of scrap paper if we don’t have the finances. We’re not merely being difficult, we just don’t have this ability,” said the Vice Head Instructor helplessly while shrugging his shoulders.

“That’s true, we can’t just affect the lives of everyone seated here just because of one of the students in your class. Isn’t that right, Instructor Hamm?” said someone else in a dissatisfied tone.

Hamm scanned his surroundings before his gaze finally fell upon the face of Head Instructor Dylan.

“He was wounded during a class test. Don’t tell me the academy actually plans to release him and let things run their course without a single concern? Won’t this make the other students in the school fearful?” he said loudly.

Head Instructor Dylan wrinkled his brow slightly.

“Hamm, you must remember that this is Blackboard Academy. Fearful? What is there to fear? People need to sharpen their minds to come here and those who fear will simply die when they go out into the world. Survival of the fittest and natural selection were the highest rules and school codes of the academy originally.”

“I disagree with your views!” said Hamm in an even louder tone. “When we signed the contract to join the academy, we already agreed to be responsible for these students to a certain degree! Once the students of the academy discover that we can’t even ensure their basic safety, the consequences will be unimaginable!” he attempted to persuade the Head Instructor again.

“Alright, that’s enough. The allocated funds for this incident have been decided,” Head Instructor Dylan raised his hand and exchanged glances with a few of the other instructors who were council representatives.

“Head Instructor!” Hamm stood up suddenly.

“Don’t waste your breath,” Dylan glanced at him indifferently. “The second item is written below. Instructions have been sent from the superiors. Recently, there were wanted criminals who may have passed by through the Federation. Everyone needs to return and tell the students to be more careful



when they go out. Tell them not to visit dangerous places frequently. As for the matters regarding a new eastern branch of the academy that will be built, the previous plans can be brought up now..."

Fury began to burn in Hamm's mind. He glanced around and noticed that the few instructors who were once close to him were now evading his gaze. Suddenly, a tremble ran through his mind.

"Good! Very good!"

He suppressed his inner fury before turning around and walking away.

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In the hospital corridor

"The operation fees cannot be postponed any longer," said the doctor to Instructor Hamm while furrowing his eyebrows. "It's already been two weeks. If you drag it on any longer, it will be too late even if we do proceed with the operation. You haven't received the allocated funds from your side?"

Hamm nodded his head with a somber look on his face.

"If this goes on, I'm expecting that the situation will only worsen. If this boy's nerves are not restored in time, he may even face problems walking in the future," the doctor began to sound slightly impatient. "In the beginning, we agreed to prepare the operation measures beforehand because of the Blackboard Academy's reputation. However, we've waited a long time for the funds to arrive. It's almost time for us to place an order for our drugs, so what do you want us to do?"

Hamm remained silent. After coaching for so many years, the most exceptional students he had taught were Fervale and Nonosiva who ranked first and third in class respectively. Now, one of his best students who had the chance to become a true Mech Pilot in the future was about to lose his life over delayed operation fees. This made him feel extremely uneasy. Misfortune like this made him recall his own bitter experiences in the past. No one had been there to support him during that time, and he could only control his life with his own strength. Fortunately, he was able to control his fate in the end. However, his Willpower had decreased by more than half of its initial value because of his heavy injuries. Finally, he could only retire as a regular instructor at the academy.

“Trust me,” he took a deep breath and made up his mind instantly. “The funds will arrive soon enough. I’m going to urge them to hasten things so that the funds will arrive in full tomorrow!”

“Are you sure?” the doctor was somewhat doubtful.

“I’m sure! You can prepare to perform the operation already!” Hamm lit a cigarette and took a deep puff.

This was not his first time doing this anyway. To hell with them! He could just smoke less and save some money, right?

His mind became calm at once.

“Alright, I’ll trust you this time,” the doctor nodded. After all, they were friends. “I’ll go and inform the operation theatre then. Also, this is a non-smoking zone!”

“Okay.”

Hamm nodded and stubbed the cigarette on the rubbish bin beside him quickly.

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Garen lay on the sickbed. He was still unable to speak and could only make murmuring noises and blink his eyes. He could not do anything else.

This body had sustained extremely deep injuries that were impossible to heal in a short span of time.

His younger brother was carefully peeling a white pear beside him.

Garen could not move at all. Instead, he could only wait for his Soul Seeds to heal his body naturally. He observed his younger brother Alan and noticed that his face had lost much of its initial cowardice and was slightly more confident by now.

“Big Brother, you need to get well soon. You’ve been staying in the hospital for so many days and the hospital fees are so expensive. The recent earnings in our household have not been prosperous either...” his younger brother nagged him softly as if he was a little housewife.

This fellow was not more than fourteen or fifteen years old. However, it seemed as if he had not developed properly as he still resembled a twelve or thirteen-year-old. His black hair was constantly hanging downwards and covering half of his face. He liked lowering his head as well and always wore large framed glasses that made it impossible to see his features clearly. Meanwhile, his skin seemed sickly and pale.

He gave off a cowardly air that was not manly at all!

He was constantly hit and scolded by Nonosiva because he was disgusted and embarrassed by him. However, the younger boy had never retaliated.

He never expected that the younger brother who had always been bullied by him would now be the person that was taking care of him the most. Even his younger sister did not visit him as much as his brother.

“What’s his name?” Garen’s mind began to ponder. “Alan? Kellen? Or is it something else?”

He had not absorbed much of Nonosiva’s memory fragments. Therefore, he was still unclear about many things until now.

He could only obtain some information whenever his family arrived or he heard his younger siblings speak.

Knock knock knock.

The sound of someone knocking a door could be heard.

“Come in,” called his younger brother softly while standing up.

There was a squeaking noise when the door was pushed opened gently before Instructor Hamm walked inside.

“The operation is scheduled for tomorrow so get ready, Nono,” he said in a low voice while looking at Nono who was lying on the sickbed.

Garen blinked to show that he understood.

“The school has successfully reimbursed the medical fees. There will be a recovery period after the operation has been completed so just rest well in the hospital and don’t worry about anything else. As for your progress, there are many things that you don’t need to be frantic about,” Hamm attempted to soften his tone as much as possible, despite not knowing how to console others properly.

“Thank you, Uncle Hamm,” his younger brother stood on the side and bowed immediately to display his gratitude. Although he had merely increased his volume slightly to speak in a louder tone, his face and neck were flushed already.

“You must be Baylon. Good boy,” Hamm patted the younger boy’s shoulder and nodded. “Alright, I still have matters to attend to so I’ll return to the academy first. Take good care of your older brother.”

“Un... Understood...” Baylon was getting tongue-tied.

“It’s bad for young men to be easily embarrassed!” Baylon’s demeanor made Hamm laugh.

Once Hamm had left, Baylon closed the door properly and let out an unsuppressed cheer at once, “The operation fees have finally arrived!” he turned back to the front of the sickbed. “Many thanks to Uncle Instructor Hamm!”

Garen blinked in agreement.

“Big Brother, you’re going to get better soon,” said Baylon determinedly. However, he lowered his head in fear immediately when he saw Garen’s gaze shifting over and glaring at him. It was clear that he had recalled Nonosiva’s terrifying temper.

After receiving this good news, Garen could finally sigh in relief.

It was true that he could heal this body, but his Soul Seeds would definitely need to pay a heavy price and he’d incur great losses. Moreover, it would take a long time. With the current support of the operation, he would be able to restore his health quickly and control his body once again.

However, he could sense certain secrets regarding the medical fees through Instructor Hamm’s eyes earlier.

When his parents returned in the afternoon, they paid the warding fees with a tired look on their faces. They rested at his bedside for awhile and instructed young Baylon to take care of his older brother properly. Once they discovered that the operation fees would be reimbursed, the whole family was uncharacteristically happy and sighed in relief immediately.

It seemed as if his younger sister did not visit often because she was afraid of Nono. According to his parents, it seemed as though she liked going out a lot recently for unknown reasons. However, both of the parents were too busy working and had no time to pay attention to her. They were fine as long as she came home to eat and sleep on time.

Everything was moving in the right direction.

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The cool moonlight of the night shrouded the entire Blackboard City in silvery gauze.

On a street somewhere in Blackboard City

Numerous magnetically levitated sedan cars moved along the roads constantly, their lights creating a dazzling light show. Drunkards could occasionally be seen waddling clumsily on both sides of the pavements, spewing nonsensical songs as they went on their way.

Between the black buildings beside the street, ten blinking black shadows could be seen vaguely. They flew and danced between the black buildings quickly.

Whenever these black shadows fell, they would not make a sound when they landed on the walls or roofs of the buildings. They resembled spiders that could land and climb up objects quietly before dropping somewhere else gently and jumping in another direction.

They flew around and passed through the sky but none of the cars or people below had noticed any trace of them.

“Disperse carefully!”

A voice echoed in the ears of one of the leaping black shadows.

“Mind your own business!”

It used a device to single-handedly stick itself to the wall before looking downwards at its surroundings. It jumped down suddenly and crashed into the glass window of the lofty building on the opposite side at once.

Crash!!

An ear-piercing alarm sounded at once while red light flashed and illuminated the entire floor.

A few black shadows rolled and evaded the red laser lights that were scanning about. They dodged the lasers as quietly and dexterously as leopards before arriving in front of a safe. One of them stretched its hands out before a fine needle sprang out and pierced the safe immediately.

## Chapter 776: Misfortune 2

There was a clapping noise before the safe was opened. The black shadow took something out and retreated without looking back. The black shadows then leaped back out of the shattered glass window after a few somersaults. The entire process did not even last a minute. Their speed was terrifying!

“You dare leave?!” a white shadow flew inside with a strong gust of wind. It was actually a white Spider Mech that was more than five meters tall. A male voice echoed from the inside.

“I’ve been chasing you for half a month! Where are you going to run to now?!” the voice inside the Mech sounded somewhat exasperated.

“You want to catch me? Are you going to try?” the black figure sneered softly and did more than ten continuous backflips over the sloping wall of the skyscraper as if it was merely flat ground before jumping over the Spider Mech instantly.

Clap! He pressed something against the top of the Mech. However, the Spider Mech was completely unable to react in time. Both of their reaction speeds were on completely different levels.

There was a humming noise before the Spider Mech’s movements were obstructed at once, making it unable to move at all.

“Go!” the black figure jumped up in mid-air and spoke a few more sentences into his headset rapidly.

Numerous lasers formed red lines that extended past his body, barely missing him. They hit the walls of the skyscraper and left burn marks there instead.

Tch! Tch tch tch!!

The number of red lasers increased instantly when a group of white Spider Mechs appeared near the far end of the wall. All of them had eyes that were flickering with red light as the lasers shot from their direction.

The black figures flipped and flew outside while dodging and jumping between the lofty buildings constantly as if they were apes in a dense jungle. While the ten red lights continued to intersect with one another, the figures disappeared within the darkness between the buildings quickly.

Simultaneously, Spider Mechs that were chasing the black figures filled the entire Blackboard City at once. Those black figures escaped into the shadows quickly and disappeared without a trace.

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Garen woke up from his dream suddenly.

There was a stretch of darkness before his eyes but it seemed as though something was moving slowly outside the window of his ward.

He twisted his head over determinedly before a pair of eyes appeared beside his pillow suddenly and glared at him intently.

“You could actually detect me?” the owner of the eyes spoke in a low voice.

Only then did Garen realize that the other person was merely pressed up closely against the window of the ward and had not actually entered. The pair of red eyes were huge and bright, making its female owner seem unusually close.

“Interesting...” the owner of the eyes was fully dressed in black clothes. She seemed to be moving slowly and passing through the ward. She had evaded so many people and even alarm devices but had never expected to be discovered by a regular patient here.



She hesitated for a moment. The whirring noise of an oncoming police car could be heard faintly from downstairs. The sound of the jets and engines of the Mechs could be heard as well, meaning that a large group was chasing them.

The window was pushed opened gently before the black figure slithered inside through the opening. She was initially just passing by this area and had not expected that a patient would notice her.

She dropped on the ground quietly and moved her arm backward to close the window. The black figure was now standing in front of Garen's sickbed.

"This means something. You could actually detect my movements..." she glanced at the sign at the front of his bed. "Your nerves sustained serious damages, huh?"

"Who is this person?" Garen lay on his bed without a trace of panic and merely stared at the other person silently.

This person was dressed in tight black clothes that resembled fish skin. He could vaguely see that she was a girl as she had a curvy figure. Her waist was slim and her legs were slender but he could not see her hair as it was wrapped with something. Her face was also completely covered with a black veil.

"What are you looking at?!"

Bang!!

Garen felt a painful sensation in his head suddenly. The girl had lifted him in one go before she'd flung him on the ground violently, his head crashing against the hard floor with a dull thud.

This woman's behavior had changed drastically and she was now stepping on Garen's body with one foot furiously.

"Perverted little devil! Looks like I'll have to dig out both of your eyeballs!"

Two black needles shot out of the fingertips of her right hand before stabbing downwards directly when they were accurately positioned at Garen's eyes.

"This woman!!" Garen's head was burning with fury. How dare she dig his eyeballs out for no reason?! He spat suddenly.

There was a hissing noise when a mouthful of his spit shot out like an almost silent arrow that flew towards the woman's right eye directly.

"Do you want to die?!" the woman was able to dodge his saliva but her gaze had turned fearsome.

However, her black needles had tilted slightly when she tried to evade Garen's spit. They scratched his face and formed two deep bloody wounds there.

There were not normal needles as their edges were actually as sharp as blades instead!

She stomped one foot against Garen's waist furiously before the woman leaped upwards and took a few steps backward suddenly.

She turned her head and glanced at the ceiling and noticed that the saliva had formed a tiny depression there. Although the ceiling was wooden, it was clear that the strength that was used to shoot the saliva would have caused terrible injuries if it had hit her eyeball instead.

"I never expected that I would encounter strange things just by entering a sick ward," the woman circled Garen carefully and investigated him for a moment. She only approached him again when she was certain that he did not have any more tricks up his sleeves.

She elbowed Garen's lower abdomen violently. The hit caused his body to curl up suddenly while his face turned pale.

Next, she used her foot to step on Garen's neck, making it almost impossible for him to breathe.

“Move again!” the woman spat angrily. “Move!”

There was a banging noise when she kicked Garen’s chest brutally. A cracking sound could be heard after that when his breastbone broke.

Garen became even more furious. If it was not for his inability to move, he would have destroyed this woman with one slap at once.

Bang!

There was another dull thud when she used her foot to step on Garen’s abdomen violently.

The sound of the alarm below them rang louder and it was obvious that the search team was approaching.

Tch!

A red laser shot in from the window suddenly, leaving a black burn mark precisely on the woman’s shoulder.

“Damn!” The woman groaned in pain. The black needles on her fingers were pointed downwards and about to stab Garen’s eyes violently. However, she had accidentally made eye contact with him.

His eyes resembled whirlpools and were as dark and blue as the sea. They possessed a faint but strange form of attraction.

“I will find you.”

The woman could read the meaning behind his eyes and felt a frightened tremble in her mind suddenly.

Tch tch tch!!

Three red lasers intertwined to form a net that was flying towards her suddenly.

Without much time to react, she could only leap upwards suddenly and bounce off the wall like a lizard before crashing out of the window.

The crashing noise of broken glass could be heard before the black figure disappeared into thin air.

The noises from the chase drifted further away quickly.

Garen lay on the floor. His body was covered in blue and black bruises while his eyes were filled with obvious exhaustion.

Cough cough cough...

He started to cough.

"If one of my Soul Seeds were destroyed because of you, you're as good as dead!!" Garen glared in the direction where the woman had left.

If he had not used the Fantasy Fist to distract the woman with his gaze at the final key moment, the alternate ending would have been extremely dangerous.

"I've already sustained such serious injuries despite having just arrived in this world. What a good beginning." Garen's gaze became even more profound.

He had engraved that woman's eyes into his memory. Someone who dared to almost destroy one of his Soul Seeds would surely be repaid at the right time.

Outside the sick ward, the sound of footsteps could finally be heard. The door of the ward was opened before the security guards rushed in with the nurses.

“A patient has been injured! Prepare a full body checkup immediately!”

The doctor in the hospital room yelled loudly.

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In the darkness of the night

On the outskirts of Blackboard City

Multiple black figures leaped and passed through the dark quickly. Their bodies would distort and become invisible occasionally. It seemed as though they were disappearing in mid-air before reappearing again after a while.

There were at least ten black figures. Soon, all of them had gathered inside an abandoned factory on the outskirts of Blackboard City.

The interior of the factory was completely silent except for the cricket chirps that could be heard occasionally.

About ten black figures had gathered here and had now formed a circle.

“Is everyone alright?” asked one of the black figures softly.

“This test was too simple. I could get the information easily. It was completely pointless,” said a female black figure flippantly.

“Goldfish got injured though. Did everyone else see? Goldfish actually got hurt during a battle chase of this degree.” a different woman could not help but laugh loudly as if she had seen something extremely funny.

The woman called 'Goldfish' stood among her team but remained silent. However, her red eyes grew colder.

"I encountered an unusual accident..."

"If you're inadequate just say so. An accident? Find a better excuse," sneered the woman who was laughing loudly earlier.

"Fifteen points will be deducted from Goldfish's task. Any other problems?" asked the leading black figure unquestionably.

"No..." Goldfish ground her teeth faintly.

"Hey~~ Are you unhappy?" asked someone cynically.

"If your genes were discovered by a human team because of the blood that you left behind during a real mission, we would be forced to abandon you when the time comes," said the leading black figure indifferently. "You must understand. Punishment of this degree is only done so that you will be able to gain a deeper understanding of your future."

"I understand." Goldfish lowered her head and tightened her fist furiously.

"Alright, this operation is dismissed. I will solve this incident with Goldfish separately through the higher-ups. Give me all of the mission items."

All of the black figures passed the items in their hands over to him.

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The surgery began earlier than planned.

Garen lay face up on the operating table. The effects of the drugs from the anesthetic injection were appearing quickly.

His mind began to turn fatigued gradually. He looked at the blindingly bright operating light above him before drifting into deep slumber.

Yesterday's accident resulted in even more troublesome injuries throughout his body that could only be resolved with this operation.

An unknown amount of time passed. It could have been an hour or even two.

Garen awakened slowly and felt numerous tearing pains throughout his entire body. The most obvious pains came from his chest and abdomen while other discomforts could be felt throughout his whole body.

"This is a side effect from the extremely tiny robots that was placed inside your body during the surgery. The presence of pain means that your nerve restoration was successful so you'll have to endure it."

A low male voice echoed from his bedside.

"I understand."

Garen nodded slightly before reacting immediately. He could nod and even speak again!

"Looks like the effects have been extremely good. You just need to let your nerves heal their wounds. You'll need to recuperate for a period of time," the one who was speaking was a male doctor. He asked Garen about his various sensations for a while before carefully informing him about the things that he needed to pay attention to. Beside him, his parents and younger siblings noted everything down carefully and thanked the doctor continuously.

Aier and Mina were also by his bedside. It seemed as if they had been waiting outside the operating theatre as well.

“You have such good luck. To think that you would be able to survive safely after encountering death,” Mina shook her head in astonishment.

“What ‘good luck’? This just means that I have great skills,” Garen was in a good mood and could even joke with Mina now.

“I need to tell you something later,” Mina nodded.

## Chapter 777: Trouble 1

They waited until the doctor and the others had left and Garen’s parents had gone to work before Mina and the rest said a few words quietly and sat beside Garen’s bed again.

“What did you want to tell me?” Garen was still unable to move his body. However, the nerves in his head were not injured so severely as they were located in the area that was protected by the Soul Seeds. Aier, who was beside him, helped to lift his head and lean it against the pillow.

Mina paused for a moment.

“Although the instructor forbade me from saying it, this is something that you’d need to know sooner or later. It’s about the problems with your recent operation fees.”

“Oh?” Garen furrowed his brow.

“The cost of the operation wasn’t reimbursed by the academy?” his younger sister Ker asked in a puzzled manner. This was a question that the others wanted to ask as well.

Mina shook her head slightly.



"It wasn't," she glanced at Garen and his younger brother and sister around him. "It's not what you're thinking. Nono, your medical bills were actually paid in advance by Instructor Hamm. The academy was completely against the application for your expenses and did not provide any funds."

"Instructor Hamm?" Garen was slightly shocked.

None of them spoke for a while. His younger brother and sister did not know what to say. Meanwhile, Garen had never been one to reveal his emotions. He merely leaned against the sick bed as if he was pondering something.

Mina did not care about what Garen was thinking about and chose to finish talking about the things she knew first.

"Aier and I asked about these things in the academy for you. Initially, you could have sent in a request for your operation fees to be reimbursed. However, the family of Oscar, the student you injured, has connections. In order to punish you for injuring Oscar badly during the test, although they could not take revenge on you directly because of the school rules, they were able to pull some strings to ruin your medical fee application easily."

Her expression was somewhat grave when she told them everything that she knew.

"The operation cost 1.5 million dollars. The cost of nerve restoration operations are certainly not cheap," said Aier beside her. "Even for Instructor Hamm who's earning a good salary..."

Garen glanced at Aier and Mina beside him. Both of them really had good relationships with Nono and were clearly his trustworthy friends. Most people would not put in so much thought for the sake of others.

The people whom Nonosiva came into contact the most in the academy were Mina and Aier. Although Instructor Hamm liked him a lot as well, his affections were distributed equally among the top three students in the class, not just Nonosiva. Frankly, he had never expected the bearded man to do something like pay for his operation fees with his own money.

The nerve restoration surgery had really helped him. The effects were even better than anticipated. Coupled with his self-healing abilities, he would only need to lay in bed for a month before he would recover completely.

“Thanks for reminding me. I will remember Instructor Hamm’s favor,” answered Garen sincerely while nodding.

“Our instructor didn’t do this just so you could return the favor, he was only hoping that you would not lose your future just because of this accident,” answered Mina honestly. “It wasn’t just you anyway. Instructor Hamm has helped many other students this way. He’s a good person.”

“Is he? Good person...” Garen allowed his eyelids to droop while repeating the phrase once more.

The personalities of Garen and the previous Nonosiva were naturally different. Although Nonosiva was originally quiet and preferred to listen when he was with his friends, Mina and Aier merely assumed that he had changed after this incident. They found it somewhat strange but did not think that it was a major suspicion.

“That’s right, your body will probably take a month to recover. Once that’s over, come to class as soon as possible to catch up. Otherwise, we won’t wait for you,” Mina stood up and smiled. “It’s time to go back to class. We’re off. You should rest properly.”

Aier followed suit and stood up as well.

“Go on. Don’t worry, I’ll be able to catch up to you in no time,” Garen smiled.

“Goodbye Big Sister Mina and Big Brother Aier,” his younger brother Baylon and younger sister Ker stood up and sent them off as well.

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A month of recuperation passed by quickly.

Garen spent his days laying on the sickbed. At first, he was unable to move at all but could gradually move his hands slowly during the later stages. After that, he could get down from the bed and walk when his recovery speed increased.

He was usually supported by his family members, especially his younger brother Baylon. Occasionally, his parents would come over and help as well.

Garen did not share many sentiments with Nonosiva's parents. But in this world, Nono's parents were merely sincere people who had made quiet sacrifices without complaining. This gave him a slightly favorable impression of them.

After all, the money that was used to pay for his daily hospital stays were paid for by Nono's parents who worked from dawn to dusk. Therefore, he owed them some gratitude at least. Since he had occupied Nono's body, he would naturally be responsible to perform the necessary duties of a son to Nono's parents.

His recovery went smoothly. However, the places where that woman had brutally fractured his bones were still aching slightly. Although the restoration surgery had solved the problem of his fractured bones while his Soul Seed's stimulated restoration had been fully healed as well, the memory of the young woman with red eyes continued to appear in Garen's mind.

That person had nearly caused him to lose one of his Soul Seeds.

Moreover, the most pressing issue was his Willpower.

After Garen had occupied Nono's body, once the body had healed completely, he began to fully test out and understand the inner workings of the body structure at the first opportunity.

He did this in order to comprehend the true meaning of Willpower.

Meanwhile, the conclusion that he obtained shocked him greatly.

This thing called 'Willpower' was actually a force field that was condensed and formed by the entire body of the people here.

If the brains of humans could produce empty powers such as one's consciousness, then one's Willpower basically referred to treating one's entire body as a brain and producing a special force field using it.

Moreover, only people from this world possessed physiological structures that could produce Willpower.

Once Garen had painstakingly investigated the source of Willpower, time was almost up and it was already time for him to leave the hospital.

After a series of procedures were conducted, Instructor Hamm, Nono's parents, family members, Mina, and Aier had arrived. Once everything was settled, Garen returned to Blackboard Academy and assumed Nonosiva's identity.

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Blackboard Academy

Physical examination and testing room

Beep beep...

When the red indicator light flashed, Garen straightened his body while sitting in front of the large silver crab-like scanner so that the pincer-like scanners of the 'giant crab' could move around his body continuously.

"All of your health data is normal. Student Nonosiva, you should lose some weight," announced the giant crab loudly without holding anything back.

"I've gotten chubbier after living on campus recently,"

Garen got down from the machine and walked in front before speaking to Aier who was waiting on the side.

“Where’s Mina? Why haven’t I seen her during my recovery training sessions during these past few days?”

“The Jujitsu Association that she’s part of has been selected by someone. As the Vice President, she was forced to return to deal with the situation,” Aier smiled and shrugged.

“Oh? Why were they chosen?” Garen and the other two people had become even more familiar. Although he was a slightly cowardly person, Aier was still a young man who would truly dare to step forward for the sake of his friends. His continuous contributions during Garen’s hospitalization period had allowed him to gain Garen’s approval as well.

“Recently, there’s a new student who’s already extremely arrogant despite just joining the academy. He’s been sweeping through the martial arts associations throughout the school for the sake of making things lively.” Aier was unconcerned about matters like these. “We’re just peace-loving enthusiasts so why would we care about things like that?”

“You’re right,” Garen nodded in agreement. “We’re peace-loving enthusiasts. Things like hurting and killing just don’t suit us.”

“It reminded me immediately of the collective tests of our C series classes. The instructor’s fury was released on the top three students including yourself. Have you recovered?” Aier patted Garen’s shoulder.

“I’m still alright.” Garen did not know what to say and could only answer honestly.

“Instructor Hamm placed all of his expectations on the three of you,” Aier lowered his voice. “You should go and test your Willpower since your body has healed.”

“You’re right.”

Garen did not have most of Nono's memories. Although he could remain quiet and use the excuse of losing his memories from the severe injuries to gloss things over, he had yet to obtain enough information about the problems regarding his Willpower. All of the memory fragments regarding Willpower had disappeared and Garen had yet to come into contact with teaching materials that dealt with the Willpower aspects. He could only take one step at a time.

Once they had heard that Nono's body had healed completely and could already reach the standards to test his Willpower, Instructor Hamm and Mina, who was still at the Jujitsu Association, rushed over at once.

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Inside the testing room

Tiny red and blue indicator lights flickered on the various testing equipment. A female school doctor in white clothes carefully placed a series of testing leather goods such as leather gloves, leather apron, and a leather helmet on Garen. He was made to wear all of the test attire.

Garen stood on the testing platform. It was a circular silvery-white platform that resembled a large coin that was placed on the ground.

Instructor Hamm stood and Aier stood on the sidelines and had arrived specifically to observe Garen's test.

"Good luck!" Aier raised his thumb towards Garen.

Garen smiled and stood on the platform steadily.

"The test is starting..." an old-fashioned mechanical voice echoed throughout the testing room.

A ray of blue light rose upwards from below Garen's feet before slowing down gradually and moving above his head.

Even Garen felt curious now. After he had occupied Nonosiva's body, he wondered about the changes that he would undergo. Apparently, his Willpower would form a force field that was produced by his body. Since he had replaced Nonosiva, he pondered about the changes that would happen. He could not even guess the possibilities.

To Garen, Willpower was an incomprehensible existence that could not be physically touched. Furthermore, this was completely foreign territory and power.

He could feel a hot sensation when the lines of blue light rose from the bottom of his feet.

The time it took to scan him was not fast but considerably slow instead. Garen closed his eyes after looking at his current condition and state in the large mirror on the opposite side of him.

His long black hair covered half of his face and he had pale skin that seemed as if it had never felt sunshine. His body was slightly plump and he wore the standard school uniform of a white shirt with blue stripes. He gave off a somewhat dejected air. However, faint glimpses of coolness and confidence could be seen in his blue eyes, allowing the reflection in the mirror to give off a calmer personality.

"This test should be able to assess the true condition of this body," he already assumed that he was unlikely to possess Willpower. After all, this thing was related to his soul, but his soul had never undergone Willpower training. Therefore, it was impossible that he would have it. However, once his body had undergone certain modifications and the unconscious influence of the Soul Seeds, it was still possible that changes would occur later. Nonetheless, it would not necessarily be a high probability.

"I'm afraid of disappointing Instructor Hamm this time," he knew that the instructor had high expectations towards Nonosiva.

When the blue line passed over his legs and moved closer to his abdomen and rose above his chest, Garen could see Aier baring his teeth and making funny faces at him from the side. Instructor Hamm had understood something from the female school doctor's speech as a smile had appeared on his face.

Was there really going to be a surprise?

He had some doubts as this body had never undergone Secret Technique training. Although he was barely able to use certain techniques to release his destructive powers, this was still a regular human body at the end that could not even hear quiet words that were spoken from afar.

## Chapter 778: Trouble 2

“Student Nono’s body has recovered perfectly. It’s almost the same as any other student that had not undergone surgery, his parameters are as normal as can be,” the female school doctor was also surprised.

“The scanning has reached the head. For the body, it has recovered to a certain extent and he should be able to take the test. Luckily it was just in time, or else C5’s class ranking would drop a lot,” Hamm smiled and nodded.

Then, the blue line finished scanning Garen’s head and finally stopped.

The results were automatically printed on a white sheet of paper beside the doctor’s computer.

After the ‘du du’ sounds of printing stopped, the female school doctor picked up the results with a smile and examined it.

“What’s going on?” the smile on her face stiffened.

Seeing the look on the school doctor’s face, both Instructor Hamm and Aier felt that something was wrong.

“What’s the matter? Dr. Lassa,” Instructor Hamm moved closer, hoping to catch a glimpse of the results.

“It’s written here, the Willpower...between Basic Level and Level 1?” the school doctor frowned. “It’s rare to see something like this...”



“Nono’s strength had passed multiple Level 1 assessments. It should be at Level 1. There is no doubt about it,” Aier frowned.

“Maybe it’s due to the fact that he was just discharged and his state is not fully stabilized. It should be normal. Maybe it’ll completely stabilize in a few days,” Instructor Hamm thought for a while and made a suggestion.

“That is quite possible,” the female school doctor nodded. “Then the conclusion is that Student Nono is completely restored,” she showed a smile.

Aier quickly gave Garen, who was still standing on top, an OK gesture.

Garen smiled and stepped down. Suddenly, he frowned and inserted his hand into his pocket. There was a slightly hot thing inside; it was the small Moonfang.

This fang was very important according to Nono’s memories. He had thus brought it here even for his medical check-up. To think that it would give off heat during the check-up...

“That’s it, go back and take a good rest. Tomorrow is the test for the Mech Simulation. Let’s see how much you’ve regressed. Aier is willing to accompany you,” Hamm laughed and patted Garen’s shoulder. “As for me, I won’t be coming, do your best! Don’t disappoint the academy that has helped you so much.” He did not know that the fact that he’d disguised himself as the academy’s fund and paid for Garen’s medical expenses had already been exposed to the students in front of him.

“I know.” Garen nodded.

“Alright, this is it for today. Go back and take a good rest.”

Those were the instructor’s last words.

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Holding on to his medical report, Garen and Aier left the school infirmary and slowly walked along the huge plate-like building in the middle of the Blackboard Academy.

The afternoon weather was a little dim and gloomy as the sun had been blocked by thick clouds. The wind stirred up the dust and leaves on the ground.

Three blue, red and white planets were suspended in the sky, and they occupied a space of more than half of the entire sky. They peeked through the gap between the clouds.

Garen looked up at the three huge planets, especially at the red satellite planet which was as bright as the color of blood. He understood now that he was no longer in the previous world.

The number of people strolling around the academy was not low. Many were wearing communication devices that resembled earphones, either listening to music or playing on their personal computers. There were also those who were chatting, reading books or talking to others through their phones.

The number of students in Blackboard Academy was not low. There were students bustling everywhere, either passing by or stopping.

Garen was observing the environment of the academy while trying to get information about the feeling of Willpower from Aier.

And it was through this way that he found out about a troublesome matter.

"...recently, I've felt that the improvement of Willpower has become slower. In the beginning, it was at least the size of a hair but now it's become a little tiny bit. I've been training for at least five hours every single day! It's been more than a year and I'm still stuck in the Advanced Basic Level. I can't break through the last level no matter what I do," Aier grumbled, with his hands tucked behind his head. "Unlike you, a genius who had a Level 1 Willpower upon entering the academy. In such a short time, you've already passed so many Level 1 subjects. I wished I have your talent."

"I don't feel it anyway," Garen tried to use vague words to answer.

“What do you mean ‘don’t feel it’, I want to grind my teeth and punch you!” Aier made a vicious expression. “Mediocre students like us don’t even know what to do!”

“Tell me the process and feeling when you train your Willpower, and let me see if I can give you some advice,” Garen smiled and answered.

“Fine, with the help of a Level 1 master here, the hopes of me being promoted rest on your shoulders!” Aier suddenly laughed. He started to explain from the beginning the ways he’d trained his Willpower. Including his selection of textbooks, the way he trained, the difficulties he encountered during the process, the direction of his breakthrough and so on, he explained everything to Garen.

From Aier’s perspective, Nono, who had broken through to Level 1, was an expert that was much stronger than him. In the academy, even Instructor Hamm, who was an expert that had once joined the elite troops, had only a Level 4 Willpower. The top students in the entire academy were only around Level 3. Among the Blackboard Academy’s lower graders, someone who could reach Level 1 Willpower in just a year after entering the academy would be the real cream of the crop. The average students were all struggling in the Basic Level like him. The better ones might be approaching this threshold. Only when their Willpower managed to reach Level 1 could they qualify to pilot Mechs. This was the starting point where the pilot could be ensured as compatible for piloting.

Garen listened carefully to Aier’s story and soon he had grasped the concepts of this Willpower.

The training for Willpower did not have a shortcut. It was something that needed painstaking efforts to accumulate bit by bit.

In the beginning, they had to choose a training method as a starter.

For the general training methods, if several students’ talents were about the same, then their improvement rates would be about the same, except for the effects they would achieve in the end. Those who leaned towards awareness would choose the ranged type of Mech for training, while those with fast reaction speed would choose to upgrade their Mech’s reaction speed, and the defensive type would increase the Willpower field of their armored Mech. This field would become a protective barrier that could protect the Mech when it reached a high enough level.

Those who favored attacks would choose the type of method that would increase their firepower or attack range. All these different training methods had different tendencies which would go in different directions.

Aier had chosen the most popular awareness type, which involved attacking from far away and was also the safest way to battle. He used a common training method on the market called <<Outbreak of Rain>>. When it reached the highest level, it could fire off all the firepower loaded in a short span of time and form a rain-like attack. Of course, that was only when it reached the highest level. Aier's family had spent all they had to buy this training method, but there were only two levels which meant he could only reach Level 2. Aier planned to earn some money when he reached Level 2, which could be considered elite in the outside world. Trying to earn money then to buy the next level of training methods could be considered quite easy.

This was what most students would do. Aside for those students whose families were rich and powerful and could choose better training methods, eighty percent of Blackboard students could only do things this way.

Including the previous Nonosiva.

And what troubled Garen currently was that his situation was totally different from what Aier had said.

This body Nonosiva did not have any talents previously. He had also chosen the range type training method. According to the intensity level and awareness levels that Aier mentioned, Garen felt that Nono's level of Willpower was only Middle Basic Level, which could not even be compared to Aier!

The previous Nono had relied on the white Moonfang to stand above the rest. The Moonfang had the functions of disguising the level of Willpower and helping to control the Mech.

Even his chosen training method was worse than Aier's; it was the free training method that Blackboard Academy gave out: <<Blackboard Control>>. This was the lowest level training method that was given out for free on the market. The ultimate effect was to strengthen the Willpower without any additional effects.

In this one month's time, Garen had roughly understood the situation revolving this society of Blackboard. A Mech Pilot was equivalent to those who practiced secret techniques in the Secret

Technique World. Yet, they did not hide. They were in control of politics and they were the most powerful army. It could be said that the elites who graduated from Blackboard Academy would hold important positions in society for sure.

As compared to other industries, they were the guardians of the region. Under this kind of situation, those who aimed to become Mech Pilots were too numerous. This had led the society to lean towards prioritizing the industry of Mechs.

Once a Blackboard Academy's student walked out, as long as they had reached the criteria for graduation, at worst they could be patrol officers. This was a standard position which held certain influences. Hence, the threshold for Blackboard Academy was pushed by the masses to become higher and higher.

"What an abnormal society....." Garen had a mixture of feelings after understanding the situation.

No wonder Nonosiva had tried everything he could to squeeze into the Blackboard Academy and had even resorted to cheating.

He touched the Moonfang in his pocket. According to the things Aier said, he was vaguely aware that although this body had merged a part of his Willpower after recovery, he was still facing the same dilemma as the original Nonosiva; that was the fact that he only had Middle Basic Level Willpower. With this bit of Willpower, never mind controlling the Mech to fight with others, even controlling the Mech to slowly walk would be a huge burden.

As the two chatted, they arrived at the entrance of the student dormitory. The rooms here were designed for a single person and their conditions were very good. Aier patted his shoulders.

"See you tomorrow during the test, I'll go back and take a rest first."

"En, go on," Garen nodded and smiled, watching Aier walking away.

Watching Aier's figure walk away, he was soon blocked by the students going in and out of the dormitory. Garen began to worry about tomorrow's test.

"I must try the training method for Willpower soon," he muttered to himself.

## Chapter 779

In one of the rooms in the school dormitory

A black-haired boy wearing the white-blue school uniform was sitting in front of his bed and facing his table. He was flipping through the pages of a book with the title <<Blackboard Training Method>> on its cover.

Garen had been reading this book for over half an hour.

Putting down the book, he rubbed at his tired eyes.

"This body is too weak... It can't even do a little bit of reading, I must exercise as soon as possible," he gently placed the book upside down on the table, leaned back and relaxed his waist.

"The book has roughly explained the situation about the latest training methods and introduced all the Blackboard training methods. It's considered quite good overall," Garen clapped this book that had been collected by the original Nonosiva.

"But the problem is a little tricky...." Garen gently stroked the cover of the book and fell into deep thought.

'If the contents of the book conform to reality, then the only way I can access this world's mainstream system is through the academy,' Garen recalled the contents of the book.

'The Federal laws, the Local laws, and even all the other laws and regulations which specify that the training methods for Willpower which are eligible to be classified at the Levels of at least Level One and above, cannot be circulated. Only some people with certain identities are qualified to train and view them but they still cannot be circulated. Only the academy's students are eligible to trade and exchange the training methods, including purchasing and giving them away. Once a member of the general public is found practicing these training methods, they would be treated as felons directly and most of them would face the death penalty. This penalty is even stricter than the gun control in China on Earth.'

Garen rubbed the cover of the book, feeling the delicate cool surface.

‘The formal training methods classified by Levels can only be purchased by students that are qualified, otherwise, it is illegal and they will be apprehended by the government. The legal ways to practice the training methods are through the Blackboard Academy and twelve other academies. Other than them, no one is allowed to practice or trade the training methods. Without the academies’ permission to learn the training methods for Level 3 and above, the foundation for Willpower will be directly destroyed once discovered. Vicious!’

Garen was not someone who did not understand anything, he somewhat understood how this society worked.

Once the Willpower was totally destroyed, the victim would completely enter a vegetative state. This was a life worse than death as even their self-awareness would be totally lost.

“From how it looks, my identity as the best student of the Blackboard Academy is quite an advantage, although I still owe Instructor Hamm a large sum of money.”

Garen turned his head sideways and looked out the window. Through the window, he could see a large tree outside the dormitory. The tree was very tall and thick, and its leaves covered most of the gray sky, leaving only tiny gaps and dimming his room.

“This identity as a student must not be lost,” he decided on the direction he would take. “Otherwise, purchasing the training methods would become illegal.”

If a free legal identity that provided such an advantage was not well used, it would be totally outrageous. Besides, with the constant merging of his soul with this body, he had thoroughly integrated into this body with no side effects.

It was just that the original Nonosiva’s Willpower was only at Middle Basic Level, and no matter how powerful Garen was, it was impossible to turn it into Advanced Basic Level, not to mention Level 1. He himself was a cheater who relied on the Moonfang.

This was a tricky problem.

Garen recalled the training methods that Nonosiva had studied in the past.

"<<Universal Basic Willpower Training Method>>," Garen pulled out a tattered booklet with a yellow cover from the bookshelf at the side.

"This is the basic training method Nono had used previously. Generally, all the students have used this basic training method booklet. The highest it can reach is Level One and only then can they start to choose training methods that are classified by Levels. Almost reaching Level 1 is the highest that normal people are able to achieve legally."

The relevant memories flashed through Garen's mind.

He moved a white tablet from the edge of the gray table's surface and pressed down on its power button. A rotating Rubik's Cube appeared on the screen and soon disappeared. A white window background replaced the cube, with all sorts of colorful icons on it just like an ordinary computer desktop.

"Welcome to the Blackboard client terminal," a sweet female voice sounded from the computer. This notebook-sized tablet actually had a sound system that rivaled a home theater.

"Student c534 auto login complete, please select the entry option," the female voice continued.

Garen quickly tapped on the icon of the training methods market.

Soon the screen displayed rows upon rows of small icons. Each small icon was a different training method, making people dizzy with the sheer amount.

He scanned from the top downwards and from left to right.

'Six Flower Training Method' 'Master Carseland's Personal Training Method' 'Aquamarine Training Method' 'Maxwell Collar Method' 'Laser Charging Method' 'Willpower Stream Training'....



All sorts of strange names appeared and every single icon there was beautiful, making people feel that there were no regular things on this market.

However, when Garen glanced at the left sidebar, it was indicated that this page contained only Level 3 training methods.

“Level 3 training method means that the highest attainable Level is 3 and these training methods have to be purchased layer by layer,” Taking a look at the prices, Garen was slightly speechless.

An ordinary Aquamarine training method was priced at a hundred and fifty thousand Universal Points. According to his observation in this one month, it was equivalent to three hundred thousand RMB on Earth and this was only the price for one layer; the price for Level 1. After opening it, there was a follow-up instruction that in order to get the Level 2 training method, he had to pay two hundred thousand Universal Points and two hundred and fifty thousand for Level 3.

“This market seemed to be linked to the entire federal market,” Garen pressed on other training methods. It seemed that the price for Aquamarine Training Methods was considered reasonable and low.

All of these were training methods that could reach Level 3 at most and each of them had their own strengths and advantages. There were also detailed descriptions of what might happen during different periods for people with different constitutions. They truly had excellent services.

Garen took a look at the transaction records below. Every user who bought Level 3 training methods would have their username displayed below. The username was not fully displayed though; only the last name was displayed.

Garen slowly looked through the Level 3 training methods market.

After the direction of the training methods was set, it would be difficult to change it, because the Willpower that developed according to the training methods had taken shape according to its development. Even if the person succeeded in changing their direction, it would be hard to reach a very high level.

And now that he had gotten Nonosiva's body, on the surface he had chosen a Level 1 training method as his direction, but the truth was that it had not taken shape yet.

Because Nonosiva could not afford to buy any training methods that were classified by Levels.

Garen randomly browsed through the market's catalog. After a dozen pages, they were all basically the same, just with slight differences. Never mind the outrageous pricing, some training methods even demanded that the identity of the buyer needed to have certain criteria. They were basically picky. Some were layered thickly with a merchant's vibe; as long as it was convenient for the buyer, anything went.

After he had roughly looked through, he turned to the Level 4 training methods.

In the market menu that was opened, there were only a few icons to pick from.

'Hurricane Roar' 'Cassis Hammer' 'Precise Aiming Device'

There were even a bunch of restrictions on the buyer. They had to be registered in the Federal Academies Union. According to the instructions above, the market for Level 3 training methods was relatively loose. The training methods on the market were also generally Level 3 at the highest. However, those who were able to reach Level 3, they were already considered the top elites even in the Blackboard Academy. The teaching staff was also mostly at this level. This was the accumulation of training for many years until they were so old. Most of the people were unlikely to ever reach Level 3 in their lifetime.

When he came to his senses, Garen proceeded to the Level 5 menu.

There was nothing in it and there was nothing after that too.

Exiting the training methods market, Garen entered his personal center and gave a bitter smile at the remaining Universal Units in his account: 9854.

“No wonder Nono’s room did not have even a single Level-classified training method. It’s all so expensive. This bit of money can’t even pay for a single Level-classified training method...”

Nonosiva had been a child from an ordinary family who had entered the academy with excellent results from an ordinary high school. His Willpower reached Level 1 and he received the opportunity to study in Blackboard Region’s Blackboard Academy by squeezing out other competitors.

Ordinary civilian students like him were numerous in the academy. Their only chance at getting Level-classified training methods was by entering the academy and received the academy’s exclusive basic training method.

Blackboard Academy’s exclusive basic training method was <<Blackboard Manipulation>> which could allow the learners to enter Level 1 and aim for Level 2, and it was the students’ openhanded benefits. Though this was the most common Level-classified training method which did not have any advantages and special abilities, it was the only chance for the civilian students to change their fates.

“What a brutal blockade,” Garen sighed.

He stood up and began the everyday exercise that recovered his body.

He pulled the curtains shut, switched off the computer and began to slowly move the fingers on both his hands to tap certain points on his body.

Each time, the tap was done using the sharpest point on his fingertips. The moment he tapped, Garen’s expression was as though he had gone through a very laborious work. Soon, after more than ten minutes, every tap caused his forehead to slightly ooze with sweat.

After more than half an hour, he slowly stopped and breathed out on the spot.

“If it wasn’t for the fact that I can’t practice any secret techniques, it would be impossible for me to resort to practicing this outer technique filled with loopholes,” Garen helplessly sighed.

In this one month's time, he had tried practicing all kinds of secret techniques, whether it was the White Cloud Secret Technique, Black Water True Technique, original Waterbird Fist or Slaughtering Hand. He tried a dozen advanced secret techniques and the end result was the same as what he'd expected; there was no way for secret techniques to grow here because the structure of this body was fundamentally different from the structure of the creator of secret techniques.

So, all the secret techniques were useless here. He tried the higher level Living Secret Technique from the previous world. Without the rare materials he needed, he just gave up and forgot about it. The previous world's Peacock Technique was stuck at the beginner level from the start until the end, and up until the moment he left, he still could not break through.

Under such circumstances, Garen could only keep checking and reviewing his body during the hospitalization period and create a new secret technique with loopholes everywhere for himself.

He named this secret technique <<Imprint of Steel>>.

## Chapter 780: Analysis 2

Garen did not dare to casually practice the common outer techniques at all and he only used this method which gradually strengthened his body through external stimulation, due to the fact that he did not fully understand the structure of the meridians and the genes of this body.

This outer technique used a special method to stimulate the muscles and meridians. Although he could not determine the core structure of the body, Garen was still able to understand the locations and functions of the blood vessels and organs clearly within a month.

As he kept on moving in his room, slightly gray sweat gradually oozed out of the skin of his body.

Only after an hour did he rest and walk to the bathroom mirror.

Hua.

He turned on the tap and cool water gushed out of it.

Garen took out a basin and filled half of it with water. He put a towel in and soaked it before wringing it dry and covering his face.

He savored the icy feeling on his face. After the towel was warmed by his body temperature, he removed it.

Turning off the tap, Garen then used the towel to wipe off the sweat all over his body.

Putting down the towel, he inadvertently noticed the reflection of his own face in the water of the basin. The face was different. Only those eyes, those dark blue eyes, were familiar, which he had seen when he had traveled to the first world.

Taking a deep breath of cold air, Garen felt the cool breeze blowing in from the side window and went to close the curtain.

There was the scent of baked bread wafting through the air, as well as the odor of dust accumulating in the dormitory together with the smell of ink from his notebooks.

There was a student on the phone upstairs; the sound of a faint, gentle laughter traveled down. Other than that, it was all quiet. There was the faint sound of the wind rustling leaves and the sound of car engines passing by.

"It's all real...." Only now did Garen fully realize that he'd really arrived at another world.

"This is really the real world, not inside a game..." he lightly scrubbed the towel and watched as the water in the basin turned murky.

"Since when had seeking strength and becoming stronger become my instinct...." he hung the now clean towel back on the shelf. "Even someone as strong as Black Sethe, who was at a Demon King Level, ultimately perished in the space and time of the universe."

Feeling the two rotating Soul Seeds in his mind, Garen's tired spirit suddenly became motivated.

"Even if I am far inferior to the Army Level, never mind the Demon King Level, there is no shortcut for me to take. The only way is forward. There is no need to think so much."

Shaking his head, he pushed aside these thoughts and began to think about his current situation.

"Let's try the training method first."

He changed to a black sleeveless shirt and trousers and sat on his bed.

Opening the Blackboard Academy's basic training method booklet which was printed with <<Blackboard Manipulation>>, the clear writing inside reflected in Garen's eyes.

'The root of Willpower comes from the body. If the consciousness is the product of the brain, then the Willpower is the product of the entire body. According to this theory, the body can be divided into countless regions of Willpower like the regions in the brain. We are going to focus on the most central regions— the three main regions which include heart, lungs and stomach, the three viscera.'

Scanning line after line of text, Garen analyzed the booklet's contents.

Slowly, he began to have a certain understanding of this world's Willpower. According to the theory of Willpower, neurons existed in every organ in the human body and these neurons acted the same as the neurons in the brain. Their variety of functions were similar and in order to activate these neurons, a special field called Willpower was needed.

"Simply put, treat the body neurons the same as the brain and eventually construct something similar to a second brain in other parts of the body to become the source for Willpower and generates the second consciousness. The second consciousness is the Willpower...." Garen realized. "This theory is easy to understand."

He looked down and continued reading.

The previous pages explained the general outline of this world's humans' nature. Now, it was the training for stimulation of the organs. The Blackboard Manipulation chose the stomach as the site for training. This was also the choice for almost all of the training methods on the market.

'The center of the stomach is the central part of the body. Naturally, the special field will converge here. This place is also the easiest place to gather Willpower... Inside the human body, excluding the nerves and blood vessels, there is another invisible network that transmits energy. The middle of the stomach, the place between the ribs, is also the center of this invisible energy network...'

Next was the training of the second consciousness, which was the key to Willpower.

'The second consciousness, which is the essence of the human instinct, comes from the depths of the human body. Before humanity learned to use words to know this world, before words were invented, humanity had been using this kind of instinctive consciousness to understand the world.'

'It has no words and no symbols. There are only images and only a rough understanding of the world. This is why the second consciousness is also called the cognition of the body. This kind of cognition is an innate ability. Due to the fact that we learn languages and symbols, we are forced to use the text and symbols as a connection to the world.'

'So, the key to training the Willpower is to forget all the symbols.'

Below was a list of different ways, steps, and precautions to take note during training. More importantly, the noteworthy areas were marked with red lines and notes were written on the side.

Garen read them carefully and a general idea of Willpower was formed in his mind.

"The so-called Willpower is the purest consciousness that is not affected by any language, words or symbols. It's not the brain's consciousness but the instinctive consciousness of other parts of the body. This system of this world is quite mysterious...." Garen flipped through the contents of the training method and compared it to the progress of his body.

He touched the pit of his stomach. There was a feeling of some kind of cool breath there. He did not notice it previously but focusing on that place now, he felt something different.

It was like there was a nose there slowly breathing and moving. If he focused on it, he could feel something strange, just like there was a pair of eyes there but it was closed.

“This is the second consciousness?” Garen quickly read through the Blackboard Manipulation booklet. “Discard the thinking pattern that uses words and symbols and activates the cognitive thinking pattern. Why is the animalistic instinct of crisis gone from humans? It is because the second consciousness has been degraded by the system that uses words. Makes sense...”

He put down the booklet. A list of various drugs and equipment that could stimulate the body into a pseudo state of activating the Willpower was written above. Only a few methods were available for a single person to utilize.

Garen sat down cross-legged on the bed. He could clearly feel that above the pit of his stomach, there were traces of hair-like fine air currents circling there.

This was the Willpower that Nono had trained.

According to what was recorded, it was still the Middle Basic Level.

A training method that did not use drugs and equipment was very simple. It was to concentrate on the pit of the stomach and imagine the mind hidden in the pit of the stomach and not anywhere else. Imagine the mind in the pit of the stomach without eyes, ears, and mouth, and there exists only the sense of touch.

The method was simple but it was difficult to do it.

Garen could not adapt to this method. After a few tries and around half an hour wasted without any results, he put it aside temporarily.



According to the booklet, the first time training the Willpower had to be done with the help of the drugs and equipment, otherwise, the feeling could not be grasped. It could also easily affect the digestive function of the body, resulting in physical exhaustion.

He took the Moonfang from the pocket of the clothes he had removed.

Garen carefully inspected it in his hand.

There was a large crack in the middle of the Moonfang. The white surface was also covered in many small cracks, like a glass that was about to break. The texture which was supposed to be as smooth as porcelain was now rough and sharp.

He recalled one of the two methods that Nono had used.

Garen furrowed his brows and willed a trace of the second consciousness in the pit of his stomach to come out and headed towards the Moonfang.

Hiss....

There was a faint sound and the Moonfang suddenly lit up and slightly burned Garen's hand. He nearly threw it on the bed.

"It can still be used." Garen was a bit happy. "As long as it can still be used, taking care to not overload it should enable me to continue the disguise."

He did not want the fact that his Willpower was not sufficient to be exposed right now. He had been enrolled into the academy as a student that had reached Level 1 Willpower. If his Willpower suddenly had a drastic drop, with a detailed investigation, the truth that he cheated to get into the Blackboard Academy would be discovered.

According to the laws and regulations, a light punishment would be kicking him out of the academy and he would never be admitted a second time. Other federal academies would also be notified. A heavy punishment meant that in order to recover the contents of the training method, they would cripple his

Willpower and maybe even kill him secretly. In times of chaos, human lives were not a big deal for those who held power, especially those of people who broke the rules.

“There were only Level 3 training methods on the market and Level 4 was almost exclusive to the people in powerful organizations. Looks like I have to join a group and get a better training method using the orthodox way,” Garen made a decision in his heart.

However, it was all just wishful thinking now, as his Willpower was not even Level 1.

He began to test the function of the Moonfang. Inserting the Willpower into the Moonfang could produce an effect similar to increasing his Willpower. Putting it in the Mech Controller and insert the Willpower could achieve an effect that allowed it to control the Mech automatically.

This Moonfang was basically a universal amplifier device.

After studying the Moonfang for a bit, Garen continued the training method to train his Willpower. Sadly, he seemed to have no talent for it, which was to say this body was not gifted, very mediocre. After working hard for a long time, there was only a tiny bit of feeling. No wonder Nonosiva only had this bit of improvement even after enrolling in the academy for more than a year.

“Looks like it is necessary to find an equipment to help training the Willpower. Also, it would be better to try using the Moonfang to test manipulation....” Garen decided.