

# Mystical 781

## Chapter 781: Simulation Battle 1

Standing up and looking out of the window, the sky had gotten dark. The white clock on the wall indicated that the time was 19.56.

There were the sounds of cars passing by outside the window while other dormitories had gone quiet.

Garen stuck his head outside and looked around. There were barely any sounds.

“This time is the time when most students train their Willpower. It’s very quiet. At this time, there should also be no one using the Single Control Room and the Enlightening Room. After all, the Enlightening Room’s equipment to enlighten Willpower is only effective for those who are exposed to the Willpower training for the first time.”

Garen made up his mind and put on a clean set of uniform, taking the key with him. Looking in the mirror which reflected his face half-covered by his black hair, he felt uncomfortable and took a rubber band to tie it into a small ponytail. He combed at the stray hairs with his hand and now he looked more refreshed.

White pale complexion, high bridge nose, pink lips and eyes that gave off a bleak and languid feeling. This was Garen’s disguise or putting it in other words, saving his energy.

“This body is still young... its malleability is quite good,” Garen pulled back his hair and threw the dirty clothes into the automatic washing machine before opening the door and walking out.

Outside the door, there were lots of students passing by. There were sounds of chatter and laughter and occasionally the electronic sounds of unknown devices.

After the door was closed, Garen walked along the corridor to the exit of the dormitory building. The sky had completely turned dark outside. Not far away, the streetlights formed a line into the distance. Some students were talking under the streetlights.

Recalling the location of the Enlightening Room, Garen walked along the alloyed path leading to the outside. Soon, the dormitory behind him became smaller and the lights became dimmer.

Walking along the road fence, after following the electronic road signs around several corners and intersections, Garen quickly found the dark testing room.

The Enlightening Room was an independent region. It was called a room but it was actually a large area consisting of several Blackboard buildings.

The region was surrounded by a fence and there was a black staircase going upward at the gate.

When Garen arrived here, a male student was sitting on the metal stairs with his sleeves and pant legs rolled up, his head tilted down without saying anything. Garen did not know what he was doing.

Casually glancing at him, Garen passed by his side and crossed over the region's gate.

'Scanning,' a muffled electronic sound came from above the door frame.

Garen paused and waited until the scan was over before going in.

The Enlightening Room was covered in yellowish light. Some areas had lights and some had not, and these lights divided the whole place into a few areas.

"Luckily, it's open all day," Garen walked into the first Blackboard building door and walked along the cold dim passage.

He randomly chose an Enlightening Room and pushed the door. It was empty inside except for a circular equipment in the center which looked like a large black stone.

Garen walked to the edge, took out his student card and swipe the card in the slot.

Beep....

In the center of the entire Enlightening Room, a white shaft of light immediately beamed down on the black stone equipment.

Garen arrived and lay down on the surface of the equipment following his memory.

‘Enlightening start...’

‘Scanning the brainwave....’

‘Scanning the body index...’

‘All parameters passed, starting enlightening...’

After a while, in the midst of the light, a dazzling bright white light as thick as a pencil suddenly dropped down between Garen’s eyebrows like a laser.

‘Please train according to training method....’ the mechanical voice continued.

Garen closed his eyes and began to concentrate in the pit of his stomach, visualizing the mind in the pit of the stomach.

The Enlightening Room was different from the room at the dormitory. There seemed to be a kind of force helping Garen to easily gather his consciousness in the pit of his stomach.

Not even ten minutes passed, he had completely entered into the training method state and treat the stomach as a second brain.

This kind of training was like waking up from sleeping. Garen felt refreshed after the sleep.

Looking at his surroundings, there was no movement. There was no sound outside in the corridor either. It seemed as though he was the only one in this entire region.

Getting up from the black stone table with a bit of anticipation, he recalled the feeling of the process when he went into training.

Closing his eyes, he only thought a bit before instantly entering the state of the training method that he imagined.

“The effect is not bad. It was said that the Enlightening in the Enlightening Room was the human body’s greatest progress. Did I make any progress?”

Carefully identifying the Willpower in the pit of his stomach, disappointment flashed in Garen’s eyes.

“Nothing has changed... Looks like this body does not have any talent.”

Getting up from the equipment, he tidied up his uniform before opening the door and walking out. The lights in the room behind him were automatically switched off the moment the door closed.

His surroundings were quiet except for the sound of talking and reprimanding from afar.

Garen did not bother himself with it. From Nonosiva’s memories, he knew that only the freshman who would come to this area once a year. It was vacant most of the time and no one would be around. This large area was vacant and not in use and was thus the ideal area for violence and dating. The previous Nono occasionally came here and saw such occurrences several times and had gotten used to it.

Following the corridor to the outside, Garen passed by a glass corridor on his right side and saw that a little girl was surrounded by a group of girls outside on the small garden. They were pointing fingers but Garen was not sure what it was. The light was dim and the corner was in one of the darker areas, so Garen could not see anything clearly.

He was too lazy to pay any more attention to them and immediately left the corridor. Among the girls there, the one leading the group turned back and looked at him. Although the person was very pretty and her figure was not bad, her eyes were fierce.

Those girls did not pay any more attention to him and continued talking to the one that was surrounded by them. They seemed to be shouting.

Garen exited the corridor and quickly left the Enlightening area. After the first Enlightening, it would be easier for him to enter the training method state. In the future, he would just come over once in a while to renew that feeling. There was no need to come here frequently.

“But this place is very quiet, it’s a very suitable location for training alone,” there were some things that were not suitable to train in the dormitory, especially when some of the necessary steps of the process included things like hitting training. This was the outer techniques’ most basic part. The noise in the dormitory was too loud but this place, on the other hand, was quiet. The monitoring was also lax and most of them were useless, making this place a very suitable training environment.

Looking at his watch, the time had exceeded nine o’clock. This meant that he had stayed at the Enlightening Room for more than an hour.

“There’s still time to go to the Simulation Room.”

The Simulation Room was located at the edge of the Enlightening region. He just had to follow a small path and turn a corner and he would be at the Simulation Room.

When Garen arrived, there were people coming and going. The students that still trained hard at night were not few. Some were sweating and stank, some were looking very sad, and some were pale; it seemed their energy consumption had been too much.

There were people who often stayed up late to train, and people who sought peaceful challenges and sparring also came here.

This place was divided into the free area and toll area. Nono had never gone into the toll area so he did not know what was in there.

Following the path to the free area, there were more and more people. Most of the students were coming out, regardless of gender. A lot of girls were looking untidy. In just ten seconds, Garen had already seen four or five girls mixing with more than ten guys coming out. Similarly, they stank of sweat and they had no scruples about their images.

Thinking about it, it all made sense. Having spent so much energy training, would they have the time to dress up? If they did not dress up, of the ten points, they would still get five points.

Walking down the aisle, the right side of the free area had a silver metallic door. It was oval and the door kept opening and closing. The students who came out occasionally were all clean and tidy whether they were males or females, completely different from the students who came out of the free area.

That side was the toll area.

Garen passed by the entrance of the toll area and took a look inside. There were beautiful silver boxes in the form of life maintenance pods arranged in two rows inside.

Garen did not take another look and headed inside at a faster pace.

Inside the free area were also rows upon rows of simulation devices. The Cockpits that were hemispherical were arranged in rows like black eggshells. The ventilation system on top was constantly making hissing sounds, sucking all the strong smells of sweat out of here.

The time now was not considered late. There were still a lot of people around.

Garen found a vacant machine and sat in it. He took out his student card and swiped it once before he put on the helmet before him and lay down.

It felt like surfing the internet at an internet café.

The sight before him was dark.

Di....

Instantly, a white line lit up. Following it was a rotating colorful Rubik's cube icon.

'Welcome to the Simulation Battle Platform, the student number ID number has been inserted.'

'Loading the record....' the electronic voice continued.

'Mister Goof, please select your model.'

Garen already felt exhausted. He never thought that the previous Nonosiva would get a nickname that could make people so speechless.

However, immediately, a blue platform with a flashing red light appeared. On top of it stood three humanoid Mechs. One was white in color and the other two were red. Their structures did not look complex and precise and they also did not have any aesthetic sense. Apparently, they were some of the most common goods.

He randomly selected a red humanoid Mech: Kegus General Mech 1.

'Kegus 1, long-range Mech, Armor Level 1, Fatal Point 3, Basic laser gun range 50 meters, Lethality Level 1, Mech Speed Level 2.'

'Overall evaluation: Level 1 Mech (Free Basic Mech)'

"All of them are about the same, one has a thicker armor at Level 2, another has higher lethality, but this one has a higher speed. This is it."

Ever since Buddha Mother, this was the second time Garen was in control of a Mech. Everything was quite fresh to him now.

‘Entering holographic simulation state....’

With a hissing sound, Garen felt that his brain was abruptly disoriented and his whole body had entered another environment.

In front of him was a circular glass window where he could see that the outside was a night sky full of twinkling stars.

A clear screen floated in front of him, it was a white window similar to the battle platform. Inside the window were rows of buttons and small windows. It was full of writings.

‘Reward 1000 Universal Units Challenge——Glow’ ‘Reward 200 Universal Units Challenge——Geruby’  
‘Death Match (Started) ——Naro vs Corduba’

‘Practice Match—unnamed’ ‘Practice Match—unnamed’ ‘Practice Match—unnamed’...

## Chapter 782: Simulation Battle 2

There were boxes marked by various labels. Among them, practice matches were for free and the number of users was also the highest. The space behind the words Practice Match was marked by Levels, which indicated the Levels of the opponents inside.

‘Please choose whether you want to open a room or join other users’ Battle Rooms’, the mechanical voice sounded again.

Feeling as if he’d really entered a Mech, Garen chose a practice match at Level 1.

‘Entering the Battle Room...Arena, rocky land...Weather, sunny’



'Loading data.... Please wait for a moment'

After a moment, Garen saw that the circular window in front of him had brightened up. The dark starry sky was replaced by a clear blue sky and a huge white planet hung in the sky, emitting a slight white glow.

He quickly directed his Willpower into the interface that served as a controller for the Mech.

He suddenly became dizzy and felt like he'd been transported out of the Mech and now stood on a piece of red land. The ground was full of craters of different sizes without any sign of life. Other than the craters, all he saw was red soil. The surrounding was barren.

The ground that was full of craters seemed to have stretched to the ends of the horizon.

Moving his body, Garen felt as though he was immersed in a very sticky glue making it very hard for him to move.

He raised his hand with a lot of effort. Only then did he realized that his hand was a red mechanical arm. The surface of the Mech was reflecting a red glow due to the sun rays.

"This is the manipulation of Willpower? It's almost the same as controlling my own body in real life... Such a realistic simulation technology!" Garen admired.

"Are you done adapting? Can we start now?" a female voice sounded from afar.

Garen looked up.

On the other side, a dark armored Mech was standing beside a huge crater. The Mech was like a muscular giant at six meters tall with a black ax in its hand. One look and anyone would know that it specialized in melee.

There were more than one hundred meters of distance between the black and red Mechs. Compared to the other Mech, Garen's Mech looked like an unbearably thin child that had gone through a stunted growth.

"Let's begin," Garen slightly adapted to the movement of the Mech without the Moonfang's support.

'Practice Match begins, the loser will be penalized 100 Universal Units.' the mechanical voice sounded again.

Garen was stunned, Universal Units were money, and it had to be paid even for this ordinary practice match?

Without giving him any more time to think, the black Mech on the opposite side suddenly sprinted and rushed towards him with a 'peng peng peng' sound. The black ax in its hand was brandished in front of its body like a shield.

"Another rookie," inside the black Mech, Gladys calmly stared at the opposite red Mech, watching it slowly taking out a laser gun, disappointment in her heart.

Only by battling with experts could she improve and become stronger. This was Gladys' motto. Although there were wins and losses, when she was confronted by a rookie, winning too easily made things meaningless.

"That name was right on point, totally a goof," she looked at the name on top of the Mech's head, "a melee Mech is closing in and yet he hasn't distanced himself."

The black Mech was approaching the red Mech at a very fast pace.

The distance was rapidly shortening.

50 meters, 40 meters, 20 meters, 10 meters...

Peng!!

The black Mech rolled to the right side and made a backflip, the black ax in its hand swiping out.

Chi!

Only then did Garen managed to lift the laser gun. Although he had made the lifting motion when he saw that black Mech coming, but his Willpower was too weak, causing his instruction to be delayed by a few seconds before his instruction was fully communicated to the Mech. It was too late when he finally managed to lift the muzzle to point at his opponent.

With a crack sound, the red Mech was split into two from the shoulder downwards causing a huge explosion to occur.

Garen's sight blurred. Coming back to his senses, he had returned to the cockpit and outside the window was a boundless starry sky.

'Battle ended, you lost. Duration of battle is 21 seconds. 100 Universal Units was lost. 9754 remained.'

Sitting in the cockpit, Garen recalled the brief battle just now. He finally knows the reason Nonosiva was unable to separate from the little Moonfang.

"The Willpower without the Moonfang was totally a target that cannot move. The time between the Willpower issuing instructions to the Mech receiving the instructions was at least five seconds. Five seconds. It was totally enough time for any Mech to sprint to the front and go for the kill. Replacing it with a long-range Mech, one shot can settle it."

"Look at the remaining 9754 Universal Units, the common students did not have that much money. It must be what Nonosiva had gathered to buy training method. With the Moonfang at his side, even if it was at this Simulation Network, he could win more than he lost with some caution. This money must have been saved by him little by little," Garen thought.

He looked at the previous battle records of Nonosiva.

The previously recorded battles filled up his sight, right beside the list was the time and date. Roughly looking through, there were at least hundreds of battle.

“Only arriving at the real Level 1 can the Mech be operated freely. Otherwise, it’s a motionless living target.” Garen judged the situation and took out the little Moonfang in his pocket.

Although there were cracks in it, once he took it out and hold it in his hand, Garen suddenly felt comfortable all over his body as though an electric current had spread all over his body.

At this moment, he felt that sitting in the Mech was a lot easier.

“Let’s try again.”

He randomly clicked on a Level 1 practice room.

Hiss....

‘Entering the Battle Room...Arena, rocky land...Weather, cloudy’

‘Loading data....please wait for a moment’

Similar to the environment just now, there were craters of all sort of sizes on the red earth. A Mech without the flight function could only pay extra attention to the craters on the ground. Once they fell into the crater, the battle was as good as over.

Garen looked across the distance.

A white slender humanoid Mech was standing there with two half-moon shields on its arms and within its hands were two silver machetes, looking quite beautiful.

“Another melee Mech?” Garen moved his body. This time the movement was no longer slowed down but pretty smooth.

His hands slightly flashed and two laser guns appeared in his hands.

A series of tips on the long-range shooting was quickly recalled in his mind.

Although he had always been a master at melee, he had also dabbled in long-range shooting too. As long as he took into account his opponent’s moves in countering long-range Mech, it would be alright.

“Let’s begin,” Garen said.

“Ok,” a male response came.

‘Practice Match begins, the loser will be penalized 100 Universal Units’ the mechanical voice sounded again.

Once the voice fell, the white Mech on the other side suddenly rushed here, not by using its legs but using the blue jet thruster behind its back. The speed was astounding.

Chi Chi Chi Chi!

Four laser beams shot out and directly hit the head of the white Mech in front. Even with this high-speed movement, the shot was still amazingly accurate.

Unfortunately, it was ineffective on the armored head of the white Mech that was made of an unknown material. The laser that was shot out only made a few red sparks on it.

Garen raised both his guns and retreated backward but the opponent was too fast. The speed was on a different level.

He could only keep changing the direction he turned. At the same time, his laser guns were shooting non-stop.

The red laser was actually not a real laser but the so-called high-energy beam. This kind of beam was also categorized by levels of lethality. His firearms were of the lowest levels and so without hundreds of shots, penetrating the armor of this opponent was definitely a pipe-dream.

Garen rolled and evaded the two machetes' chops. In the middle of it, he hurriedly shot twice at the opponent's waist. Sadly, it was still useless.

He suddenly understood that this opponent was an expert in using expensive protective Mech armor. High-cost Mechs could only be afforded by those rich second generations students. Together with their exclusive training methods, the combined effects were naturally not something that common Mechs could easily break through.

Shooting two more times accurately on the same spot at the waist of the white Mech, it was still ineffective. There was totally no damage that could be seen. The level of lethality was far inferior to the defense provided by the armor of the opponent.

Even if it was also a Level 1 Mech, there was still such a large gap between them. This was not the gap in Willpower but the gap in Universal Units that was thrown into their Mech.

"Too weak! Hahaha," in the opposite Mech, a voice sounded, "Why are you so lame? Tell me, why are you so lame?" the other party began to mock him.

The machete abruptly accelerated and drew two silver lines towards Garen.

The jet thruster behind the white Mech's back spewed out even more blue flames and produced an instant burst of speed, flying straight towards Garen.

With a clang sound, a white line flashed by. The white Mech had rushed through the side of the red Mech. The silver line that was drawn by the machetes instantly cut off half of Garen's torso. A little bit more and the red Mech would be split in half. Bursts of sparks came out of the red Mech's waist.

The white Mech turned around. The jet thruster behind it burst out blue flames again and it pounced towards the opponent. However, it discovered that the red Mech had run away quite a distance.

“Still running? Die!! Stupid Prick!”

The jet thruster at the white Mech’s back spew out a large amount of flames and with a roar, the speed became even faster.

At this moment, Garen turned to the side slightly and incredibly avoided the white Mech’s rush by a few millimeters and swiftly passed by his side.

“Eh...” the white Mech was stunned.

Not only that, Garen lifted his foot and kicked forward.

Peng!

The huge force from the kick combined with the explosive instantaneous force from the jet thruster, and in front was a huge and deep crater....

Without any buffer to stop its momentum, the white Mech crashed into the crater.

It was followed by two laser beams hitting accurately into the opening of the jet thruster. Immediately, an explosion was triggered and the jet thruster was blown to smithereens.

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There was a dull thud.

The white Mech crashed into the crater and rolled a few times. By the time he stood up again, he was already a complete mess, covered with red dirt from the ground.

Garen stood beside the crater and looked down, the white Mech looking at him from below at the bottom of the crater.

“F\*ck you!! If you got the balls, then f\*cking kill me why don’t you!” The white Mech suddenly went ballistic, spreading open his legs and pointing at his dick. “Come! Hit me here! Hit me!”

“Hit me, why don’t you! What, you scared?! Didn’t you enjoy tricking me just now!?” The white Mech spread his legs open and thrust at Garen. “You dare trick me! Impressive! Are you scared now? I’ll f\*cking tell you, this won’t end...” Hah!!

Two lasers hit his dick precisely, and wisps of green smoke rose from it slowly. That place was weaker than others, as expected. The protective armor was nowhere near as thick as other areas.

The surroundings instantly fell quiet. The white Mech looked down at his crotch disbelievingly, and then raised his head again to look at Garen.

Bzz-bzz!

There were two more crisp sounds, and the smoke grew thicker...

“Aaaahhhh!!!!” The white Mech exploded.

He pointed at Garen with one finger.

“Don’t let me f\*cking find out who you are! Otherwise you’re dead! Dead!! You dare trick me! And you dare hit my crotch!! You...”

Bam!!

Two more lasers hit the same place, and the white Mech did not even finish what he was saying before he exploded with a bang, turning into a ball of yellow flame.



“So the weak point is at the crotch, huh...”

Garen looked at the flames beneath him calmly, not feeling much of anything at all. This practice match was not an internal thing in the school anyway, it was connected to the entire Federation’s main internet. Who knows what you are, but let’s see you try to reach the Federation Government’s military division. This simulated game was organized on a website by the military’s higher-ups, in order to make sure it was completely fair, and in order to choose talents from among the people, they were very strict about personal information privacy here. If they could not manage that much, those kids with powerful parents could easily find out their opponent’s information in revenge after getting their asses whooped, and then no one would dare to go for any practice matches anymore.

After winning, a Rubik’s cube abruptly appeared in front of Garen, and spun once.

‘Congratulations on defeating YourDaddy. You have obtained 100 Universal Units, please keep up the good work.’

‘YourDaddy has requested a rematch, do you accept?’

Garen’s expression instantly turned black...

With a smack, he immediately reached out and pressed ‘Reject’.

“What a sucker.”

Leaving the battlefield, Garen glanced around the room again. There were many, many rows of Battle Rooms.

Even that white Mech just now, he was not someone that the previous Nonosiva could have beaten in a million years.

Putting aside that the Mech’s weak point was at the crotch instead of the regular head and cockpit, the opponent’s Mech power was definitely not as low as Level 1 or Level 2, it would have been Level 3 at the very least. Otherwise, it could never reach such a high speed.

For a Level 1 Mech to reach the speed of a Level 3 Mech, that would require components worth at least ten thousand Universal Units, and more than one such component too. This was basically made of money. Normally, they would reach Level 2, tops.

There was also the opponent's defense Mech system, a Level 1 Laser Cannon was nothing to it. This was an overwhelming difference in level, so it had to at least be Level 3 again. Its destructive power was slightly weaker, but that had to be at least Level 2 as well, just look at those twin swords that slashed off half of Garen's waist with just a graze.

This fellow was obviously what they called a p2player.

From his memories, Garen could tell that Nonosiva had also encountered such rich players a few times before, and the result was completely predictable. Unsurprisingly, he was demolished, such an overwhelming pwning definitely did critical damage to his pride.

Garen went through Nonosiva's previous memories, there was some information of how he used to fight left in the fragments. In this planet area of the Mother Planet Federation, Nonosiva's original ranking was number 215433, at that was including his Moonfang. He was basically a nobody.

Garen casually chose another Level 1 practice match.

It was still the Crater Field, this map was very popular. This time his opponent did not try anything funny, they were also a standard Level 1 normal Mech, just like Garen. The opponent's technique was not even as good as Nono's had been, so Garen, with his powerful combat instincts, simply shot off a few rounds at one spot, and killed him in an instant.

After playing a few more rounds, Garen more or less got used to controlling the Mech. By the time Garen left the simulation system, it was nearly 11pm. Looking around him, he noticed that most of the people had left, but one quarter of the machines were still on. Evidently, some people were planning on staying here for the night.

Standing up from the simulator machine, Garen stretched his body. He didn't feel too bad, there was nothing strange, except for the fact that he had used up too much of his spirit, and felt exhausted.

Leaving the Simulation Machine and returning to his hostel, he cleaned up half-heartedly and lay down to rest.

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Ding dong.... Ding dong...

There was the sound of the doorbell coming from the door.

Garen slowly woke up. This body did not have a very high quality of sleep, which meant he did not get a lot of rest.

“Nono, get up! It’s time to go for the official simulation test!” Aier yelled from outside the door.

Garen threw aside the covers and sat up in bed, rubbing his face.

“Got it! Be there in a moment.” Once he was slightly more awake, he quickly got out of bed and drew the curtains with a whoosh. The sun was already out outside, and he could vaguely see the entire Blackboard Academy — several buildings shaped like black boards — through the many trees.

“I remember Instructor Hamm mentioned that the simulation test today officially checks how we practically control the Mech’s regenerative abilities. If all goes well, I should be able to participate in the class ranking competition.” Garen recalled the information he got from before.

The bell rang again, and he walked over to open the door. Aier dashed in like a bullet.

“Hurry up! If we don’t go early, there will be a line until lunch. More than half the school is taking the simulation test at the seventh arena today.” Aier’s hair was plaited, his originally brown hair almost exceeding his chin, just like a girl. It was slightly better and neater than when he would randomly put some braids in his hair, Garen still did not know how he did that.

“What’s up with your hair?” Garen glanced at him. He walked to the washroom and began to wash up.

“My older sister did it for me, don’t blame me...” Aier said in frustration, yanking at his plait, his expression helpless. “Hurry up, why don’t you, I bet the instructors are already at the arena. Students from other schools and going through the test over at our school, they’ve taken up most of the arena, so it’s seriously nervous in there.”

“Got it.” Garen smiled, and hurried up.

After cleaning up quickly, the two of them took their stationary and rushed towards the seventh arena.

There were in fact a lot more students between the buildings suddenly. Other than their own white uniforms with blue stripes, there were also pure red uniforms and black-and-white ones. Evidently, the students from the other schools had arrived.

They reached the arena quickly, but there were already many people lined up around the door. Aier dragged Garen in through the side door, where Instructor Hamm and the others were already waiting.

Mina was there too, as well as a few other students who were also taking the test. One of the boys had white hair and a cold expression, giving off a very distant vibe.

“Just in time.” Hamm smiled as he walked towards them. “How is it? How are you healing?”

“Very well,” Garen nodded and replied politely, smiling. This Instructor Hamm had taken money out of his own wallet to pay the surgery fees, he truly was a good guy.

Hamm nodded. “There are five people taking the test today, the first in ranking is Fervale, no one’s arguing that, and the second place has been decided as well. Third place is between you and Cole. So on one hand we’re testing how well you’re recovering today, but we’re also deciding who’s coming in third.”

“My injuries might not be fully recovered yet...” Garen looked somewhat troubled, he did not really want to join any class ranking competition, he’d rather use this time to study how he should be training himself.

“You’d be representing the class in a competition for all the students in the entire year, everyone in the top ten will be awarded at least ten thousand Universal Units,” Aier reminded him quietly.

“Although I’m not fully recovered yet, but for the sake of the class’s honor, I will do my best!” Garen said loudly, thumping his chest.

Beside him, Aier held his face and turned away.

I really need money right now, I’m totally broke.

Garen was completely honest with himself, and did not blush or intend to change his mind at all. Instead, he stood next to Instructor Hamm with a calm expression, shoulder-to-shoulder with the white-haired young man, Fervale.

Thankfully only he could hear Aier’s voice, so the students did not look at him strangely.

Instructor Hamm patted Garen’s shoulder hard, looking comforted.

“I wasn’t wrong about you! Good luck!”

“Mm!”

To Garen, this was merely a trifling matter. Back when he was in the Secret Technique World, he already had no qualms in the bullying the weak from a position of strength, remember how Duskdune Shura was chased away by him?

They waited with Instructor Hamm beside the arena for a while, and soon enough a protective barrier rose around the arena soundlessly.

"Fervale, you go first." Hamm looked at the white-haired boy.

"No problem." Fervale had no expression at all, he looked very reliable. He walked towards the arena entrance on the right, there was a grey warehouse attached to the back of a black board building.

Not long after he went in, there was the buzz of an engine from the arena.

A pure white humanoid Mech walked out of the warehouse entrance. It was six feet tall, and had sharp scythes on its arms like a mantis. It looked slightly similar to the dual-blade Mech Garen had fought, but it did not have the blue flame propeller on its back.

'Let the first round of the simulation tests, begin,' a sweet robotic female voice spoke.

After two crisp whooshing sounds, the white Mech's two scythes abruptly sliced towards both sides, and the entire machine began to dash forward. The blades swept back and forth, waving left and right, slicing through the air crisply.

It looked more like a living person than a Mech, when it raised its dual blades and used those blade techniques, it looked unnaturally alive.

"Fervale's Mech is overall rated at Upper Level 1, he's achieved the Level 1 standard in most of his subjects, and has a very balanced skillset." Instructor Hamm nodded, satisfied. "Add that to his own close combat training, which makes him more mobile and slightly faster than others, and that means trouble for his opponent once he gets close.

The students around him could not help but nod upon hearing that.

The blonde girl in second place, Sara, spoke as well.

"None of us have any objections to Fervale being first place considering his techniques, this test is just a formality. If nothing unexpected happens to Nonosiva, the three of us will be representing our class."

The others had no objections either. There were more than fifty people in the class, and the first three had been tried and tested against them all, most of the classmates had fought the top three before.

Compared to the top three, it would be considered impressive for the others to have one or two subjects at Level 1, after all they had only been studying for one year. All subjects at the Level 1 standard was already the minimum requirement for graduation, it was about the same as a practical entry-level Mech pilot, the only difference being actual experience.

To normal students, this was the difference between heaven and earth.

## Chapter 784: Test 2

Garen knew very well that this difference was like someone who had nearly completed all their credits within one year of university. Or someone taking the Gaokao and having at least 600 marks after the first year of high school.

He observed Fervale's sword technique closely. There was a faint rhythm in it, which meant that he had evidently reached beginner-level, so he could properly deal with both offense and defense. Seeing as he was just a teenager, this was indeed remarkable. By observing like this, Garen could also more or less figure out where the martial arts development was in this world.

After Fervale came down, the second-placed Sara went up next.

She was a long-range shooter, a long-range target in the shape of a Mech rose up in the arena.

There was nothing much to see there. At five hundred meters, she scored three out of ten hits, with an accuracy rate of 30%. She also landed two out of ten hits when the target was moving, but she did not land any hits when both the target and herself were moving.

Garen calmed down instantly, there was nothing to see here at all.

“Very good! As expected of Sara, your movements are very smooth, and you could even reach such a high accuracy rate at five hundred meters away!” Instructor Hamm clapped, looking comforted.

The other students also applauded, all smiles.

Only then did Garen remember that they were just year one freshmen, most freshmen could barely even walk smoothly. It was already quite impressive to be able to control a Mech to shoot so smoothly with just your Willpower. She could even hit a target five hundred meters away without computer assistance, even though her accuracy rate was slightly on the low side.

“Last one, Nono, go!” Hamm smacked Garen’s shoulder.

Garen nodded, and walked towards the direction of the warehouse.

Sara met him from the front.

“Good luck!” She smiled at him kindly. Looking at him closely, she seemed to be slightly surprised at his uncharacteristically clean and neat look.

“Thanks.” Garen nodded politely.

Entering the warehouse, he found that it was dim and cool inside, with three Mechs standing in a row inside. There was an automated machine arm inside, attaching some components onto the Mechs.

Garen glanced at the three Mechs, they were all the standard White Swan Mechs, all purely white. These were the Blackboard Academy’s traditional Mechs, very balanced in all the stats, known for their high level of stability.

All three were white humanoids, so Garen just randomly chose one and stepped into the elevator.

Amidst a whirl of movement, the black elevator brought him up to the Mech’s chest and stopped there.



With a ker-chak, the Mech's chest opened automatically like a flower bud, revealing the control cabin inside.

Garen jumped inside directly, and the Mech's Protection Panel closed automatically behind him.

He put on the control helmet, and a panoramic view immediately appeared in front of him, he could see the view outside, and there was a row of options beneath him that he could only see with the helmet on.

'Please choose your Weapons Mod'

There were three mods, one long-range, one short-range, and one defense.

Garen tapped the long-range icon, after all, Nonosiva had always been using the long-range Mech.

Two more options leaped out of the long-range option, namely Twin Pistols and a Mono-Pistol

He chose Twin Pistols.

"Loading weapon mods..."

With a clacking sound, the whole Mech gave a slight jolt.

'Loading complete. You may begin the test now.'

The Mechanical voice spoke again.

Garen activated his Willpower, inserting it into a small round hole in front of him. He waited until he felt that he had completely merged with the Mech before he tried to move.

After five whole seconds, the Mech moved slowly, and took one step forward.

“My Willpower doesn’t work at all...” Garen sighed, and took the little Moonfang out of his pocket rather helplessly, putting it on the right side of the control panel.

The Moonfang seemed to have some attraction power, it stuck tight to the control panel as soon as it was placed there, and rapidly began to glow with a white light.

Garen instantly felt a numbness like an electric current flow through his body. The sense of delay from before disappeared utterly.

“I still have to rely on this thing.”

He took a deep breath, and watched the Moonfang’s condition carefully. Last time, Nonosiva’s Mech stopped moving because the Moonfang suddenly failed, and it nearly resulted in tragedy. Now it seemed that he had used the Moonfang too much, causing it to overload.

Controlling his body, Garen strode out of the warehouse. The world instantly brightened as the sunlight outside his eyes, unnaturally bright, and even slightly piercing.

The contents of the test were some basic movements, and then a set of standard battle skill simulations.

Garen chose the Twin Pistols, so his simulation contents were not unlike Sara’s.

A Mech target rose up five hundred meters away.

Garen stood at the warehouse entrance and raised his two guns, releasing the safeties. These were not laser guns but guns with metal bullets, so they had some rebound.

Bang bang!

After two gunshots, the target in the distance lit up, which evidently meant that he had hit them.

That was two consecutive hits, and it raised a slight murmur of surprise from the surrounding students.

Garen glanced sideways and saw that even Instructor Hamm looked surprised, so he decided to tone it down a little. To him, someone who was already a peak-level martial arts grandmaster, he had extremely precise control over his body. Hitting a target five hundred meters away was a piece of cake, after all, the target was a five-meter-tall Mech.

The second time, Garen purposely pressed the barrels down.

After two more gunshots, he did not hit anything.

There was a murmur of pity from the side.

Garen took some time to glance at the Moonfang, the white light on it was twinkling, unlike during the online simulation battles last night. After all, he was driving a real Mech now, so it definitely took a lot more effort.

He did not move much, and shot off the remaining rounds calmly.

In the end, he landed three out of ten hits, just like Sara.

After that was the moving target.

One hit.

When he had to move with the target, he also missed all the shots.

In the last bit, when he had to move with the target, Garen watched in terror as the Moonfang began to emit smoke, the twinkling light growing more and more urgent. He knew that after it was damaged once, the Moonfang had also become extremely fragile. In the past, such movements would not be any problem whatsoever.

“The test is over.” Instructor Hamm’s voice came in through the barrier.

Only then did Garen quickly stop moving, and began walking towards the warehouse slowly.

By the time he walked to the spot in the warehouse where he was supposed to park his Mech, the Moonfang’s white light had already dimmed down. It looked like it was at the end of its tether, and was scalding hot to the touch.

Garen took off his helmet, and lifted his hand to see the time on his white watch.

“Approximately eleven minutes, perhaps slightly longer. The Mech can’t move too quickly, even if I maintained the same slow pace as I had in the end, I can probably only last for fifteen minutes max.”

“Looks like I have no choice but to be a long-range shooter.” Garen felt helpless, he still needed to be a long-range defensive shooter, because that only required very simple movements, and did not involve complicated movements with his whole body.

Picking up the Moonfang that was still burning his hand, Garen got out of the cockpit, and stepped onto the elevator.

Aier was already waiting for him in the warehouse below.

“Not bad!” Aier patted Garen’s arm with a laugh.

“It was only okay,” Garen smiled.

He was still worried about the Moonfang, he did not know how long it would take for this thing to recover.

“Nonosiva, would you like to fight a match with me?” A calm voice came suddenly from the warehouse entrance.

Garen and Aier looked up to see Fervale standing at the warehouse entrance, looking their way.

“A match?” Garen frowned. “I’m not interested.”

Fervale was slightly stunned, it did not seem to occur to him that Garen would reject him so decisively.

He had also seen how smoothly Garen was controlling the Mech, he had achieved Sara’s results with relative ease, and had evidently not used all of his power. That was why Fervale grew interested, but he did not think that the other party would reject him so directly.

He was not very good at speaking, so he also could not think of what to say there. Normally, once he asked, he would rarely ever get rejected. After all, his family background and his own excellent performance made the other students in his class unable to reject him.

After a pause.

“Fine, then,” he said calmly after recovering. “The person you injured that day, some people from his family are at the staffroom now. Instructor Hamm pressed down that incident that day, but I think it’s not over yet. You be careful now.”

“Thank you.” Garen had thought about that himself as well, but now that Fervale was warning him as well, he began to pay more attention to it.

In actuality, it was his acting up last time that got the opponent spooked, that was why his opponent just froze there, and was finally hit by his retaliating shot. Half of his body had been burned up, and he nearly lost his life as well. It was all thanks to the wonders of medical technology that he got out of the hospital one month earlier than Garen.

If Garen was still paralyzed in bed, perhaps the other guy might let him go. But now that he had somehow left the hospital good as new, the other person was probably going to try something else.

Walking out of the warehouse with Aier, Fervale left the arena directly, walking towards the other arena, probably in order to watch how the students from other schools fared in their ranking tests.

Garen greeted the instructor, and seeing that most of the other students had scattered to watch the other matches, Garen found an opportunity to walk with the instructor alone.

"Instructor Hamm, I wanted to ask, how's the family background of that student I accidentally injured last time?"

Instructor Hamm did not look particularly surprised.

"Did they find you?"

"No, Fervale just reminded me there, so I wanted to know more about them," Garen replied honestly.

"That student's name is Corlan, someone in his family is an instructor at the academy, with decent ability, I guess. Don't worry, I'll help out with this matter, after all it was all just an accident, nobody meant for it to end that way," Instructor Hamm lit a cigarette and spoke after taking one puff.

"Thank you, Instructor," Garen nodded, even though he was inwardly not bothered.

Leave the instructor, he split up with Aier, and took one round around the arena, watching the tests in the other arenas.

The Mechs were engaged in intense battle, their movements quick and fluid. Their techniques and skills were no lower than what Garen understood as third- or second-rate combat skills, and there were many complicated and precise movements as well. But most of these were undergoing a higher-level test.

Even so, he had garnered a clearer understanding of this world.

Although he was a Secret Technique Grandmaster, and had been at the peak of his era, the martial arts skills here were pretty decent as well, and they could develop into something even greater. Some of these combination skills, and all those powerful combinations of cold and hot weapons, created all sorts of strange effects. Without an understanding of how the opponent's weapons worked, and if they used peak-level combat skills, perhaps even Garen could fall to such an opponent at his current level. After all, his body was way too weak, nowhere near as powerful as he was in his previous lives.

After taking one round, he went back to the dorms directly, and began to train diligently.

Right now, his biggest problem was that his power was not his own, and came instead from the Moonfang. Should he be discovered, that would be in violation of academy rules, and he would be guilty of lying to the administration. They might even disable his Willpower altogether.

#### Chapter 785

The days passed one after the other.

Before he knew it, a week had passed with Garen just consistently practicing this exact training regime. This body was indeed very average in quality, in a normal academy, he would probably be considered a normal student, but in the Blackboard Academy, he would only be at the very lowest level.

If it were not for the Moonfang, he probably would not be able to survive in the academy at all. After all, students with low marks had to pay extremely high tuition fees, it would be way beyond the means of an average-income family like his.

So even though he did not want to use the Moonfang, in order to come into contact with the main power source and powerful entities in this world, he had no choice but to keep up the lie.

His training over the past few days had shown him just how average his body was in quality. After one week, his Willpower had only risen a tiny bit, and if he did not sense it carefully, he would not be able to tell anything was different at all.

He was still impossibly far from the Level 1 standard.

Because his talents were too slow to progress, Garen had no choice but to look for another method to upgrade himself. And the first thing he could think of was his special Ability's potential points.

Fwah....

The rain poured down outside the window, blowing the branches of large locust tree into a slant. The raindrops fell onto the surface of the leaf, onto the windows and the glass, making a pattering sound.

Garen sat beside the table in the hostel, with a laptop in front of him. It was playing clips of Mech battles, but although Garen's gaze was trained on the clip, his attention had actually wandered to his attribute pane.

'Nonosiva Lin — Strength 0.6, Agility 1.1, Vitality 0.4, Intelligence 1.3, potential power 0%. Soul limit 40.'

'Willpower — Middle Basic Level'

'Attribute — Void Pursuer'

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

'Secret Technique — Imprint of Steel: increases one's physical strength and vitality.'

"My Strength has recovered a little bit through this training, it went up by 0.1. My Vitality went up by 0.1 as well. Not bad, considering I don't have potential points." The truth was that Garen had been keeping an eye for anything that could contain potential points a long time ago, but unfortunately he had not discovered anything while he was at the hospital nor after returning to the academy.

This terrifying quality of his, even slower than a snail, had completely worn away his patience. If he continued upgrading himself at this pace, he would probably need at least more than ten years to reach Level 2 or 3.

He could not bear having to waste so much time.



“Looks like I need to gather information about this world’s research on the human body, medical studies, and the like. Reorganizing my secret techniques is one thing, but the ultimate power of the secret techniques is really far from the Mechs in this world, it would be best if I could learn about this world here, then absorb and integrate that knowledge. I forgot to do that in the previous world, and in the end I used secret techniques to destroy the entire world’s power system. That’s very disadvantageous towards my gathering my Soul Seed, I was basically retreading old roads.”

Garen mused it over, and came to a conclusion.

To him, normal secret techniques had brought him as far as they could go. The Soul Seed level had already surpassed normal secret techniques, and reached a brand new level. This level absorbed other sorts of understandings, and in turn gathered into different Soul Seeds.

“Secret techniques can only be temporarily used for self-defense, if I want to reach a higher level, the only way would be to absorb the strengths of this world’s power system, perhaps that can bring me up to the next level.” Garen hesitated for a moment, looking at the torrential downpour outside.

“I’ll just make a trip to the flea market here then.”

It was still early, just slightly past two in the afternoon. Since he did not have class in the afternoon, Garen stayed in his dorm to rest and train his “Blackboard Manipulation”, which meant that he had the free time now to check out the flea market near the academy.

The market had a collection of all sorts of small-time merchants and peddlers, creating a small market where they bought and sold. They bought some small items from the students of the academy, and sold them off at a profit.

For example, they would trade in some upper-level students photocopied notes, their training comprehensions, or small components made by the maintenance students, even the scrap metal taken out of the academy warehouses. Anything that could be used or not was thrown here for sale. As long as it had something to do with the Blackboard Academy’s Mech pilots, it was worth a considerable sum of money.

Likewise, these merchants would also bring in materials from outside, or transport some specific items for some students, in a mutually beneficial arrangement.

Sometimes, some of the merchants were even the academy's own students.

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As usual, Corlan was waiting for his younger brother at the school entrance so that they could go back home together.

After he accidentally sustained critical injuries in the Level 1 test last time, he heard that his father had already settled this matter, and the other side was also punished accordingly, so he let it slide. He had also returned to his regular life, chatting over the phone with his girlfriend, going racing on the streets with his buddies after class, playing Mech simulation battles, and training at night.

The heavy rain pattered at his feet, water sliding down his umbrella, almost forming a veil of water.

"Cor, shall we go back together?" a red-haired boy waved at him and asked in the midst of the shuffling crowd at the entrance.

"Nah, I'm waiting for my bro," Cor smiled. "Weren't you guys supposed to go play cards? Are you still going now?"

"My pops asked me to get something all of a sudden." The red-haired boy leaned in closer. "Oh yeah, I saw that freshman from your test last time today."

"Oh?" Cor was slightly stunned. "Isn't he in the hospital?"

"Looks like he's all better now, I don't know when he got discharged," the red-haired boy said casually. "What do you plan to do? You just need to say the word."

Cor's smile faded slowly, but he did not say anything.

"You're at the top of our class, third in the second year! If you don't retaliate after a freshman sent you to the hospital, wouldn't just about anyone be able to come mess with our Class b1?" the red-haired boy said angrily.

"The matter of the surgery fees has been settled, so that means case closed," Cor said simply after calming himself down. Glancing at the red-haired boy who still looked like he had something to say, Cor smiled again. "Alright, go play your cards!"

"Fine fine fine, you sure are generous, the case is closed, just as you said." The red-haired boy looked at him admiringly. "I sure respect you, if it were me, I wouldn't stop until I killed that..."

"Alright, alright, hurry on," Cor interrupted him, patting the red-haired boy's shoulder. Only then did the boy walk away with his umbrella, still ranting loudly.

Watching the boy leave in the rain, Cor's smile faded slowly.

He kept remembering the situation that day.

"That shot... was it a coincidence, or..." He could still clearly remember the moment he was shot.

That shot was practically impossible. It was a textbook pose, but the shooter was nearly laying sideways on the floor, the barrel barely moving. It completely ignored the delay caused by the rebound, ignored the slant caused by the difference in position, and he did not even aim, he barely just flinched.

And even then, he could hit Cor's cockpit precisely.

"Big Bro," a similarly calm voice interrupted his thoughts.

Cor came back to reality, looked at his younger brother in front of him, and smiled.

"Let's go, time to go home."

His younger brother Caus was the top seat of the first year Class c2. He had short cropped blue hair and wore gold earstuds, his body tall and strong, with a faint scar on his right cheek. That was a mark left behind from a brawl in high school.

Caus stood beside Cor, and was one whole head taller than his older brother. He cocked his head slightly, greeting two girls as they passed by. Even when he smiled, he gave off a ferocious vibe.

Cor walked in front and Caus followed behind him. For a moment, neither spoke.

When they went past the main academy gates, Cor suddenly stopped and turned around.

“You don’t have to mind my business, this matter is settled.”

Caus instantly smiled widely.

“I know, Bro, I don’t plan to mess with the guy, do I?”

Cor frowned as he looked at his younger brother, and could not tell if he was lying or not. His little brother had always idolized him ever since they were young, treating him as his standard for everything. This time he had gotten seriously injured, went into the hospital, and nearly died. It would be weird if Caus did not do anything.

“Forget it, let’s go back.”

He turned around, flagged down a levitating cab, and darting inside.

Caus smiled very brightly.

“I’ve been rather busy with some troublesome matters myself as well, so I don’t have the time to bother with your stuff. I’ll do as you say.” He ducked into the cab as well, but no one saw the ruthlessness in the depths of his eyes.

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## The flea market

There was a rectangular silver rain cover beside the academy, blocking off the heavy downpour outside.

Under the cover, there were many small trolley stalls set up there. There were even more merchants with their wares on the floor further inside, and some people had even hung up some cloths beside the cover at the academy's outer wall to form small stalls. It was a sea of colors inside, with all manners of items inside.

It was raining heavily, so even the usually crowded market was relatively empty, with just a few students and outsiders wandering around the stalls, mostly merely window-shopping.

Garen mingled in with the crowd, and examined each of the stalls one after the other.

As long as there was anything with potential energy within five meters of him, he could be able to sense it. But he had been here for over a dozen minutes, and walked past a dozen stalls, and still he did not sense even the tiniest hint of potential energy.

After walking past a small cart, Garen's gaze fell slightly onto something on the cart.

"Come come come, look at the newest Butterfield Butterfly Steel Piece, it's perfect as a Mech's buffer piece, it's just two hundred points per piece," the cart owner instantly greeted him passionately. "Just put one of these where the wear and tear are the worst, and you'll surely be able to buffer it perfectly."

Garen glanced at the cart, there was a row of white things that looked like garlic hanging on it, strung up into circles. He had no idea what they were, but there were many metal and wooden bottles arranged underneath it, as well as other small knick-knacks.

From Mech components to feminine skin care products, or even man-made crystal jewelry and small snacks, there was practically everything you could ever want or need.

The cart owner was an older man in his forties, his mouth flapping endlessly without pausing even for a second. After greeting Garen, he caught the attention of three or four more customers, and for a second there business seemed to be booming.

Garen's gaze swept across the cart, but he still could not find any hint of potential energy. Feeling slightly disappointed, he prepared to leave.

But suddenly he seemed to remember something, and he abruptly looked back at something beside the stall.

## Chapter 786: Hope 2

It was a small white stone, just about the size of a thumbnail, mixed in with a plate of other randomly-colored stones. There were more than just white stones in there, there were yellow, black and red stones as well. The white stone was completely inconspicuous among them. But Garen's gaze was still fixed onto that one stone.

"It's a bit like..." He was not very sure either.

He reached out his hand to pick up that plate of pebbles. In the black, palm-sized stainless steel plate, there were seven or eight stones just like that one.

"These are the Rainbow Stones from the Thousand Island Region, fifty units for one. The differently-colored stones will emit colorful sparks when rubbed with a hard object, they're mostly used in chemical experiments to make Glowing Light R," the cart owner immediately began to explain the origins and functions of the stone to Garen when he saw that Garen was interested.

Garen knew that as well, the Mother Planet Federation was currently split up. Each of the territories was divided into regions, and different regions had different specialties.

“Dazzling Light R? Do you mean that special combustible fuel that only high-level Mechs could use?” He searched his memory for that information.

“Yup yup, that’s the one. You interested? I can give you a discount, you can take this whole plate back for just two hundred units.” The cart owner waved his hand nonchalantly, acting as though he was just trying to clear his stock even at a huge loss.

“A hundred units.” Garen held the plate in his hand, and felt a jolt in his shock in his heart. Once he made his conclusion, he offhandedly returned an offer.

“A hundred units?!” The cart owner’s expression immediately turned exaggerated. “I wouldn’t even be able to break even with a hundred units, a hundred and eighty at the least!”

Garen nodded.

“I can only do a hundred units.”

Perhaps the cart owner had never met someone so decisive when shopping. On the other end, someone was asking him about a mechanical component, that was a treasure worth five hundred units, he could earn a lot from that. After doing some calculations, he decided that these stones were just the most common item from the Thousand Island Region, and he had bought them at only five units each. Eight stones were worth only forty points, so it was a pretty good haul if he could sell them at a hundred units.

He waved his hand.

“Alright, alright, a hundred units it is. I’m only selling it to you because you were honest, remember to stop by again next time...”

“If you have more of these white stones next time, I can buy them in bulk for twenty units each,” Garen said, picking up that white stone with a smile. He seemed to be in a very good mood.

The cart owner immediately paused, and appraised Garen carefully. “You sure?” he asked.

"Of course, I can give you my phone number," Garen said with a nod.

"How many do you want?" Seeing that this could be a big deal for him, the cart owner hurriedly calmed down the other customer, and began to discuss the prices face-to-face with Garen.

"At least a hundred or more," Garen replied bluntly. "And I might need more later."

"A hundred or more..." The cart owner licked his lips, and was thoroughly intrigued. If he bought in bulk, he might even be able to lower the price. If he bought one for four units there and sold them for twenty each here, then he would earn sixteen units for one stone, and 1600 for a hundred!

He immediately felt immensely pleased. 1600 units was equivalent to his profits for a month. This one deal could earn him what he used to earn over a month.

The cart owner's eyes began to shine, and his expression grew gentler.

"Are you sure you want more than a hundred? What if there are even more than that?"

"I want as many as possible, but I don't have enough funds for now, three hundred might be my extent," Garen said calmly. In truth, he was also overjoyed inside.

If he was not mistaken, this white stone actually contained parts of the White Peacock Stone!

He had not found any antiques or potential points, but he somehow managed to find a stone containing traces of the White Peacock Stone. This gave Garen a complicated, indescribable feeling.

That was the White Peacock Stone, the most basic necessity for training the Hellfrost Peacock Technique. He could not make any progress in the last world just because he could not find this item, and now he had accidentally discovered it in a flea market.

Such a precious material was being used as fuel? What a waste of resources!



According to the knowledge in his memories, the combustible parts of the White Peacock Stone were the most useless parts. The true essence lay in what was left behind, to think that they sell the shell and toss the pearl over here.

“Less than three hundred but more than one hundred, right? No problem!” the cart owner agreed heartily. “When do you need the stock? I can bring it in for you within two days.”

“The sooner the better, naturally,” Garen replied.

Tossing the white stone in his hand, the smile on his face grew more natural.

The cart owner also had an irrepressible smile on his face, with his connections, it was ridiculously easy for him to get these stones.

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Garen continued to take a few more rounds around the flea market, but he did not discover anything else, only the impure White Peacock Stones he had found by accident at that cart.

Returning home from the flea market, Garen immediately darted into his dorm room with that stone, and hung up a ‘Do Not Disturb’ sign on the door.

Pinching the stone, Garen sat cross-legged on the bed. The curtains were drawn, it was still raining heavily outside.

Closing his eyes quietly, Garen sank into his spiritual space.

In the pitch-black space, the two basketball-sized Soul Seeds were spinning on their own, floating in the middle like two bright light orbs, one blue and one green, both unusually eye-catching.

And behind the two Soul Seeds, he could vaguely see two tiny lights, the size of fireflies, floating there.

Garen reached his consciousness over, and touched the two dots of lights lightly.

He swept over the red light, this was a Living Secret Technique seed with the metal attribute, it required training deep in the ore mines. He could not accomplish that at all now.

The other blue one was the Hellfrost Peacock Technique he had practised before. Ever since he stopped being able to make progress with it and left that world, this seed returned to being a Living Secret Technique seed, floating quietly in the depths of Garen's soul.

Once his consciousness touched the blue light, in an instant, an icy blue mist spread over his consciousness.

Waah! Waah!

The cry of a phoenix that sounded like a child's wailing rang in Garen's ears.

The waves of blue mist from the Hellfrost Peacock Technique instantly spread out from his head.

Sitting on the bed cross-legged, a hint of deep blue flashed past the bottom of Garen's eyes, waves of invisible blue mist spreading out from the depths of his soul, expanding inside his body. That was a sense of deep cold, icy and slow, starting from his head and moving downward, going past his neck, his chest, spreading towards his limbs.

"Only Living Secret Techniques can completely ignore the difference in worlds, and the difference in bodies, this is a powerful martial arts made from the most basic of rules... It's a shared principle that can be used in any world!"

The same words were repeated in Garen's heart.

Waves of blue mist that could not be seen with the naked eye extended to all parts of his body.

A dot of blue light was beating and twinkling lightly on his chest, brightening and dimming, as though it was breathing.

Garen's whole body was trembling slightly, this body was still different from the other ones, after all. Its basic genetic structure was different, but that was okay. No matter what structure it was, the Living Secret Technique was itself alive, so it could grow accustomed to a human's body, slowly absorbing nutrients to grow into the secret technique system most compatible with the user's body. Even if there were a thousand seeds given to a thousand people to train with, those thousand people would end up with a thousand different Living Secret Techniques.

Garen's whole body was so cold that his shivered, his skin growing whiter and whiter. It even had a trace of blue to it, and there was even a light layer of white frost on his hair.

After nobody knew how long, the cold creeping up on his body finally retreated slightly, and only then did Garen recover, his gaze landing on his Ability's attribute pane.

There was a new icon on the secret technique pane.

'Hellfrost Peacock Technique: Grade one elementary level (Total of five grades, with three grades of derivative grades, a total of eight grades) Every time the practitioner reaches the next level, their blood and veins will be purified, and they will slowly approach the Hellfrost Peacock body type, finally becoming the ultimate form, the Hellfrost Peacock King, with Army Level being the limit.'

"As expected, it is very easy to enter the elementary level." Garen opened his eyes, raised his hand, and looked at the white stone in his hand.

Sensing the power pathways spread like dense spiderwebs in his body, he felt the wisps of cold energy flow tightly down these three-dimensional paths, like the tubes in the most precise piece of equipment.

Garen moved slightly, and a wisp of cold air immediately rushed out of his palm, precisely piercing into the stone in his hand.

The Hellfrost Peacock Technique's first grade was very easy to reach, but it did not do much other than lowering his body temperature. This time it was different, he had the White Peacock Stone, even if it

was merely an impurity, this stone naturally contained a material very similar to the Hellfrost Peacock Technique's bloodline, so it had the effect of speeding up the Peacock Technique.

Sitting on the bed, Garen watched as the white stone in his hand melted rapidly, and collapsed, turning into a small mound of white powder in his palm.

"This is a Living Secret Technique, only someone who owns a Living Secret Technique seed may truly practise this secret technique," Garen was slightly thoughtful. He felt the material seep into his palm like water, and then it was rapidly split up and absorbed by the countless cold energy inside his body.

After all the material had been split up, Garen felt as though his Peacock Technique had improved a little.

Glancing at his skill pane, he saw that there was a new blood-red explanation symbol behind the Hellfrost Peacock Technique's strange ice-blue peacock icon.

'Hellfrost Peacock Technique: Grade one elementary level, grade 2 completion at 12%.'

"There's 12% completion in one tiny impure stone, not bad..." Garen carefully stored the white ash into a small bottle and capped it properly. This was the distilled fuel for a high-level Mech, if he gathered enough of it, he could also sell it for money.

In the next two days, he still calmed himself down and trained properly every day. The effect of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique's first grade was very minor, and it had no effect at all on his Willpower. Garen guessed that they would help each other to some extent at the higher levels.

Every night he would persist with joining a few simulation battles, so that he could understand the ways Mechs fought in this world.

After going on like this for so long, he began to build a reputation for himself in battle, and he had also risen up to the top 150,000 in the Level 1 area. After winning more than ten battles consecutively, he earned more than a thousand Universal Units. Therefore, simulation battles became Garen's only method of earning money quickly.

In the scarlet-red Crater Field

Two hundred meters apart, two red Mechs were dodging and shooting at each other madly. White and red lasers missed each other by hairs, most of them landing on the ground and creating many burnt black marks.

The Mech on the left was a standard red humanoid, wielding two guns. It looked very average, and was the most basic Mech model.

And the one on the right was a completely different Mech, a large red spider, not humanoid at all. The spider's front four legs had four laser cannons attached to the outside of its joints, and its many digital compound eyes gave off a chilling effect.

"Let's call it a day here." The humanoid Mech stopped shooting suddenly, avoiding a laser beam as thick as an arm, and standing still beside a crater.

"We still can't decide a winner," a helpless voice came from within the spider. "How many times have we fought since we met the day before yesterday?"

"Fifteen times, this is the sixteenth," the humanoid Mech replied.

"Fine, sixteen... I really wonder, what kind of a person are you inside?" The person inside the spider sighed. "Forget it, I'm going offline too, the money this time is yours."

"Thanks."

"No problem."

With a whoosh, the red spider abruptly distorted, and disappeared from where it stood.

'Congratulations, you defeated Kanar. You received 1000 Universal Units, please keep up the good work.'

The voice came from the system.

Only then did Garen recover. Staring at the spinning cube in front of him, he chose to exit the map.

For the past few days, he had been training the Hellfrost Peacock Technique on one hand and getting to know the online battle skills on the other. But after messing around aimlessly for some time, he had somehow actually encountered a true fighter.

Kanar, a long-range shooter using the spider model Mech. He was more than just strong, he could control four shooters and aim them as he pleased at his enemy, and he could even properly use the crisscrossing lasers to have them reflect off each other, reaching angles that he would have never been able to shoot.

The first time they met, Garen nearly lost badly, but thankfully his basics were also very strong. After they had gotten accustomed to each other, the two of them began their intense opposition. Garen's precision was terrifying, no matter how his opponent changed directions, he could still track him down quickly. Even with the Spider's mobility and leaping, his accuracy was still over 50%. But his own mobility was too low, he only ever moved in a small range.

And the Spider's shooting was more reliant on its unexpectedness, and was even stronger in its strange and highly mutable high-speed movements. After Garen took a few small losses, the two sides were engaged in a deadlock.

They had fought over ten matches consecutively over two days, with equals wins and losses, but Kanar the Spider knew that this was in fact his loss, because he was using a specialized model whereas his opponent was only using the most standard Mech model.

Garen exited the map, and returned to the selection room where everything was like a starry sky.

He glanced at his remaining Universal Units: 12560.

This was the result of his labor over the past few days, although there were wins and losses, he still won more than he lost. Unless he met those completely irrational outliers, who had terrifying levels of Mechs or Willpower, he would not lose.

He tapped opened his 'friends' panel, and there was only one name inside — Kanar. They had bonded over their battles, and added each other as friends. But now Kanar's icon had turned grey, he had evidently gone offline.

"Last match." Garen glanced through the whole Level 1 battlefield, and pressed the sort by ranking option. "Let's see how far I am from the peak-level fighters."

Suddenly the room changed with a whoosh, and after it settled quickly, several new rooms appeared in front of him.

Suddenly he saw a room opened by a vaguely familiar ID, the room name was: 'Dobe if you got the balls then go 1-1 with me!' and the username with it was 'YourDaddy'.

"This guy still hasn't given up," Garen laughed. After he tortured this person last time, he would always open up a room and waste money to keep it there.

This idiot was somehow one of the frontrunners in Level 1, that was evidently a result of the overwhelming advantage from his powerful specialized Willpower and the Mechs he bought with money.

If he hadn't tricked him last time, Garen believed that it would have been hard for him to beat that guy. Be it in Mechanical power, weaponry, or defense, he was no match for him. If he had not destroyed his opponent's propeller back there and let him fall into the crater, Garen probably would have no other way to finish him off.

Plus, Garen was not going into the practice match rooms anymore now, he went straight into matches with rewards of at least 1000 units or more, otherwise, he would not be able to earn at all.

He glanced at his watch terminal, it was three in the afternoon, and there was a missed call from that shop owner over there.

Garen was slightly happy, that must definitely mean that the White Peacock Stones were here. He dialed back quickly, and after some ringing, an old man's head appeared on his watch screen.

"The things are here, when are you coming over to get them?" the cart owner uncle said excitedly as soon as he saw Garen.

"Straight to the flea market?"

"No, come to a rented house beside it, we'll exchange the goods and money on the spot," the uncle shook his head. "We'd be too obvious in the flea market."

"Sure."

"The place is at the building next to the gazebo by the right main street."

Turning off his watch, Garen stood up and looked around him. There were not many people online to battle at this time, most students were at class.

The classes here were not that different from the previous world, the lecturer would drag on and on, talking about nonsense for half a day. Garen went for a few classes and then decided to play hooky, no one cared about your attendance here, as long as you could pay the fees and reach the final standard required for graduation, it didn't matter even if you didn't attend a single class.

Leaving his position, he picked up his school coat and walked out.

When he left the simulation room, a few people who had been sitting up behind him got up at the same time. They exchanged a glance, and then followed him quickly.

By the time Garen left the simulation building, it was already nearing the evening outside, the sunlight was slightly dimming, and it was not too hot.



Garen went against the flow of the crowd, walking towards the school gates. When he passed the school gates, some students dressed in white uniforms with silver linings just happened to walk out of the school gates at the same time, their expressions somber. They got onto a silver levitating car, with teachers from the school waiting at the gate especially for them.

When Garen walked past this group of more than ten students, he felt hints of killing intent, and he grew serious.

“These people have all taken life and seen blood.”

He retreated to a side, mingling in with the crowd of regular students who were gathered to watch, and observed this group as they quickly got into the car.

Some people were discussing the identities of these students in low voices.

“They’re the elite students.”

Someone mentioned the answer.

“The best students of the academy, huh... I heard that not only do they not need to pay school fees, they even get a salary from the academy every month, and a considerable one, at that.”

“Well, duh, their powers are all Level 2 and above, they’re our Blackboard Academy’s most elite forces, usually it’s the teachers from the inner circle that teach and tutor them.”

“I heard that the elite students are students, but they’re also the academy’s central forces, wonder if that’s true,” two boys were chatting softly not far from where Garen was standing.

“It’s true, apparently there are even Level 3 and above elites among these students, they’re really powerful. An elite fighter who has an overall ranking of Level 3, if armed with a suitable Mech, could take several dozens of us, no problem,” another girl replied determinedly. “My older sister is an elite student, she gets a salary of at least 50,000 units every month, it’s more than enough to handle our

household expenses. She can also choose any academy lecturer she wants to tutor her, but she needs to spend a certain amount for that.”

“That’s already really good! Normal students like us can’t even meet lecturers like that, okay?” the boy from before said jealously.

“But they have certain responsibilities too, the school’s true firepower is actually them. They will only step down if they actually enter the military or when they turn thirty, or when they become instructors and end up serving as the administrators in other areas,” the girl explained in detail.

Garen got a little closer to these people, he wanted to listen more carefully. It was not just him, many of the other students were gathering, listening to the girl’s explanation.

“But usually the elite students wouldn’t go out on missions, the police are enough to handle most regular incidents, only special cases would require these powerful Level 2 and above elites. Something must have happened outside, that’s why they’ve been mobilized.”

“I heard there was a fatal riot in East Star City, this incident involved a lot of people, I wonder if they were mobilized for that,” someone said from among the crowd.

“Should be,” the girl nodded, “my older sister has moved out, she’s part of the first batch of elites, and this is the third batch. I wonder what happened, for them to mobilize three teams of elites.”

“Could it be that other regions are attacking us?”

“How could that be? Our Blackboard Region is one of the strongest regions out there, we’d be the ones attacking others.”

Garen stopped listening there, turning around and darting out of the crowd. He watched as the elite students’ levitating car flew off slowly, rapidly leaving the academy gates.

Only then did he walk towards the place he was supposed to meet that uncle.

“I had better get the stones first before anything else, this body is too average, and I can’t find potential points. Perhaps my only hope of improving this body lies in the Hellfrost Peacock Technique.”

The academy was located in the central area of Blackboard City, other than the huge mountain wall behind it, the other three sides were all busy streets and markets, with huge swathes of bustling shops in the central business district. Honking sounds came from the flow of never-ending traffic.

There were many outstation tourists wandering the walkways, as well as a few residents who lived nearby, and the occasional students from Blackboard Academy. Whenever these students passed by, the people around them would always give them a glance.

Garen mingled into the crowd, his black hair tied into a ponytail behind him. After.

There were mostly tourists from abroad walking across the sidewalks, and a few residents who lived nearby, as well as a couple of Blackboard Academy students mixed in between. Whenever these students passed by, the people around them would also glance at them a little longer than usual.

Garen mingled with the crowd, his black hair tied up into a ponytail behind his head. After he cleaned up and looked neater, he gave off a calm and quiet aura, not very handsome, but soothing to the eye.

Chapter 788

Beep beep... Beep beep...

Suddenly the Terminal on his hand started beeping. Garen raised his hand up and looked at it to realize that Nono’s father Rondo had sent in this month’s living allowance, which was about a thousand Universal Units.

He frowned.

Nonosiva’s family wasn’t wealthy to begin with, and they still had to support his monthly living expenses after paying for his semester’s tuition fee. This placed their family in straitened circumstances to the point where his brother and sister had to give up on going to school to reduce their expenses. All of these had to be done in order to support Nono studying in Blackboard Academy.

One could say that the family had placed all of their hopes onto Nono. His parents scraped by and were very reluctant in eating meat at all and had to eat processed food most of the time.

After pondering for a while, Garen walked towards specific location and gave Nono's father, Rondo a call.

The phone was instantly connected.

"I can only give you this much. Nono, you should try and cut down your expenses. I'm at my limit..." Rondo's tired and old face appeared at the end. His eyes were filled with blood vessels and he hadn't slept from the overtime he had done for two straight days. He did so much to squeeze out his son's living expenses and even gave away all of his salary. The company wasn't bringing in money lately so he couldn't do much more than he had already done. He had no choice but to let his wife handle the housing expenses and the monthly medicine required for his grandmother's illness. All five members of the house needed to eat and dress, and the financial stress was making him feel stretched to his limits.

Garen didn't expect that Rondo would think that he was asking for money. Judging on this, it seemed that Nonosiva wouldn't have called home unless he required more money. This was probably why his father felt so hopeless.

He looked at the pale and tired Rondo inside the monitor. Although he wasn't his real-life father, Garen felt touch by his actions and hence, he decided to repay them for taking over his son's body.

He opened his mouth but he wasn't able to say the word 'dad'. Afterall he was much older than him.

"I don't need money and I have enough here. You don't have to credit me any more Universal Units in the future, so you can save it for yourself." he took a breath before explaining it to him.

"You don't need money? Your academy's expenses are huge. How are you going to survive without money?" Rondo opened his mouth wide as he looked very surprised. "Don't worry about it. Your brother has recently started working and has gotten this month's pay. I plan to send his money to you tomorrow but I guess I will credit it to you now."

He immediately called someone else on the phone and soon Garen's Terminal beeped again and another three hundred Universal Units had been credited. The payer was Baylon, who was Nono's brother, Lon.

Garen sighed as he recalled his brother Lon, who had to find work to support his brother's living expenses in the academy. Frankly speaking, he was rather moved. Nonosiva's academy life wasn't considered luxurious but it was at least comfortable enough to not worry. At the same time, he enjoyed his peers' respect and worship as he was able to pull out eight to nine thousand Universal Units, which was an unbelievable feat. On the other hand, his family members were very reluctant in buying any necessities and would eat the cheapest processed food available. It had been so bad to the point where his brother had to stop going to school and start working to support his living expenses.

He was able to recall his attitude towards his family members from his memories.

It was embarrassment, hatred and zero urge to return home.

He had been embarrassed that he had such a poor family and had even started to hate his family members. As compared to his peers, he didn't dare to attend most of their gatherings as the expenses were ridiculously large. The same could be said for any outing as well as his training methods, which had been provided by the academy free of charge. Meanwhile, the majority of the students would purchase a training method that would best suit them from outside.

Under all sorts of comparisons between himself and his peers, he eventually resented his family members and wouldn't contact them unless he needed money.

His family was also one of the reasons he was lonely in the academy. Hence he was good friends with only Aier and Mina. However, these two who lived in the academy didn't know of Nono's family's situation.

"Don't worry about it," Garen explained. "I've found a way to earn money and train myself at the same time so you don't have to worry about my living expenses anymore. It's true."

Rondo was still very skeptical over all of this.

Garen then used his terminal and credited two thousand Universal Units back to him.

“Take this money and the additional one thousand as my support to the family. Don’t let Lon work and send him back to school.”

Rondo was stunned, and his face in the terminal stopped reacting for a few moments. Nono, who had always been requesting money from the family, had decided to send money back to them?

“Nono... you... you’re not up to something bad are you...?”

“Of course not!” Garen replied with confidence. “Don’t worry about it. I really have found a job inside the academy that is able to give me a small sum of money and I can train myself at the same time.” he immediately sent another thousand back to his brother Lon.

He had earned tens of thousands of Universal Units from the battlenet alone and this money was just money from a few rounds of competition. Even the thousands of Universal Units that he’d credited to them had just been his bonus.

Even though he still needed money to buy the White Peacock Stone, he still planned to credit more back to the family.

“Don’t worry about it. I really don’t need you to credit me any more money,” Garen assured him once more.

Only then did Rondo start to believe his story.

“Don’t let your part-time job affect your studies,” seeing that his eldest son no longer required support from the family, he felt worried and much more relaxed at the same time, because he had budgeted the family’s expenses to the bare minimum in order to pay the Blackboard Academy’s expensive tuition fees and Nono’s huge monthly expenses. If he were to be able to save this amount of money, his family’s situation would be greatly improved.

“Alright I shall hang up first. Give Lon a call.”

"Alright. Take care of your health and study well," Rondo started nagging.

"Understood."

Garen hung up as he had already arrived the place where he's supposed to meet. While he stood by the street and waited, he made a call to Baylon's personal terminal.

It only beeped once before someone immediately answered the terminal.

"It's Lon's brother from the Blackboard Academy!" "Let me see! Let me see!" "His brother is in Blackboard Academy?! How amazing!" "My cousin brother is only from the Swordfish Academy and he threw himself out there every day."

"Baylon, since your brother is from Blackboard Academy, when do you plan to introduce him to me?" a girl's voice could be heard.

Baylon's face was shown on the Terminal and he looked very proud as he looked at the Terminal. There seemed to be quite a few of people around him. There were youngsters of his age and even the voices of adults as well and it was quite noisy.

"Brother, why have you called?" his voice was very soft and he still gave off the timid vibe. "Also... Did you just send me some money...?"

Garen frowned slightly.

"Who permitted you to work outside? Go back immediately! Our home doesn't lack that little money of yours," his tone was very oppressing and this scared Baylon to the point that his face turned white.

"The money I'd sent you just now is from my part-time job. You need to go back and prepare to go to school now! Remember to bring the leave procedure with you!" since he had taken over Nono's body, he decided to repay his parents in his place.

"But... but..." Baylon was so timid that his sentence was broken off by Garen before he could say anything.

"No buts. Go back to school now, we don't need you to work just yet," Garen said with a stern face. Baylon was only thirteen years old and was still in high school. If he were to stop studying now, it would be impossible for him to go back in the future.

Although Baylon was on the verge of crying, he was still chided by Garen who wanted him to go study once more. He didn't expect Baylon to man up and fight back. Although it was just a small refute, Garen could see that Baylon liked to be around these workers and he really liked it there.

"If you don't feel like leaving, then you should work a part-time job after class just like me," Garen suggested. Seeing Baylon crying, he still insisted on him giving up his job. "If you need money in the future you can just tell me. I have quite an amount as of now. Don't worry about it."

"Oh.. okay.."

"Alright, I'm hanging up now," with a click, the terminal was switched off. Garen raised his head and looked at the car owner uncle was currently walking towards him. Garen was standing at the blind spot of a small street with very little people around, and he seemed to not have realized Garen yet. As Garen was about to walk over and greet him, he suddenly sensed a faint sound and a gust of wind that was coming towards the back of his head.

Without any hesitation, Garen instantly turned around and by utilizing his powerful rotational force, he used his elbow to hit the person approaching from behind.

Boom!

He hit a student's head, one who was also wearing the Blackboard Academy's uniform. He had a black cloth in his hand and it seemed that he had been attempting to cover Garen's head with it.

After being hit in the head, he took a few steps back dizzily and couldn't even recover from it.



The other two men didn't expect things to turn out like this and growled as they planned to attack him directly. Both of them threw a punch towards Garen's head.

Garen gently moved to one side to allow the fists to pass through his original spot as he struck with his right knee. With a resounding thud, one person fell to the ground.

With his fist in the air, the other man started to sweat as he saw his friend fall to the ground.

"This guy is trained!" the guy who had just recovered shouted. "How..." Before he finished shouting, he felt a sensation in his stomach as he took five to six steps back and could no longer stand.

The last man stared at Garen as he sweated. He wasn't sure if he should retreat or attack him.

"Who told you to ambush me?" Garen asked calmly. Although this body's physical attributes were still weak, he could easily deal with these few fellows just based on his experiences in martial arts alone.

If one were to use all of his force during a fight, his momentum would be at its peak and he wouldn't be able to change his attack afterward. While this provided enough power, one could easily find its flaw when it was avoided and the opponent could be easily dealt with afterwards.

"Ah!!" the last man shouted as he turned around and ran away. However, he didn't manage to run too far off before Garen bent his knees and made him fall to the ground.

Garen grabbed their wrists, looked at their terminals and kicked them once more before leaving the area.

By then, a lot of bystanders had already gathered and even the car owner uncle looked at him in shock as he gulped and looked back at the three students.

"Ignore them. Let's move to a new spot," Garen gestured his hand.

“Alright.”

## Chapter 789: Hint 1

The deep green field spanned to the horizon. Black metal pieces and white rubble could be seen scattered everywhere. Some of these pieces and rubble were stabbed into the ground while some of them were laying by the bottom of the hill.

The evening red sunlight gleamed on a black metal piece which was about three meters tall from the west, casting a shadow on the small green field.

The sky was dyed red and layers of red clouds could be seen in the sky as well.

Between the layers of clouds, a black shuttle battleship slowly descended. Its hull, which spanned a few thousand meters, cast a huge shadow onto the ground.

The battleship looked like a torpedo ship. It was entirely black and had holes similar to that of a beehive. The wings at the back were slowly expanding as green flames spewed out from the bottom as a propellant.

Pew!

A humanoid Mech was ejected from one of the beehive-shaped holes. The Mech was black and both of its arms were heavy duty Pulse Guns while it had a shiny black circular shield on its back. Both of its shoulders had a red stripe on both sides. Overall, it looked like a firefighter.

After the humanoid Mech, which was about four meters tall, came out of the battleship, a group of similar Mechs flew out as well. From afar, they looked like a swarm of bees that had just left their hive as they flew down.

Among them was a slightly larger Mech. It landed gently on the largest stone and scanned the surroundings through the red beams shooting out from its mask.

“Keep the battle under thirty minutes. Be wary of our surroundings!” a young man’s voice came from within the Mech.

“Understood.”

The Mechs that had a Blackboard symbol on their backs started to spread out. Twenty of them started to search the area.

Blue flames burst out behind the Mech’s legs as it moved about the field.

After a while, a signal came from one of the Mechs.

“I’ve found something! There’s a hole here and someone is hiding inside! He’s severely injured.”

“It’s him?! How did this happen? Send him to back immediately!”

After a few minutes, a Mech dragged the dirty youngster back into the battleship and the remaining Mechs returned back to their respective beehive-like holes.

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Inside a dim small room.

Garen gently opened up the big sack in front of him. Inside it was filled with White Peacock Stones of all sorts of size. He took one out and weighed it for a moment before placing it into another sack in his right hand.

The uncle sat in front of him as he watched Garen analyze the items quietly.

Garen took out the stones and weighed them one by one before placing them into the sack on the right. Garen's expression was calm as he did so at a moderate pace.

Suddenly.

Garen held onto one of the stones tightly and frowned.

"This... isn't the stone that I wanted, right?"

The car owner smiled as he immediately took away the stone from Garen's hand, "I must have made some sort of mistake... Hehe."

Garen scoffed as he continued to check the remaining stones.

In no time, Garen found a few more counterfeits. The car owner's face turned worse over time as beads of sweat started to appear on his forehead.

"Have you mistaken it again? Why have you made so many mistakes?" Garen glared at him. "It seems like you're not interested in trading with me."

"I wouldn't... It's unavoidable to make such mistakes with so many stones... You're looking at two hundred of them!" the car owner started to wipe away his sweat as he said so.

"There's a total of two hundred and fifteen of them. I will take them all for one thousand five hundred," Garen put away the last stone and offered calmly.

"What? A thousand five hundred?" the car owner was stunned. "Didn't we agree on..."

"I didn't agree that you were allowed to put in some fake ones," Garen butted in.

"But a thousand five hundred for this many... These cost at least four thousand!" the car owner started to sweat even more.

"Four thousand?" Garen laughed. "You can sell all of them if you can find someone who's willing to pay that much." he casually leaned against the sofa as he looked at the car owner.

"Aren't you breaking your promise?" The owner started to panic and stood up.

"Promise? I had planned to keep my word if you didn't mix in some fake ones. You can't blame me for lowering the price once you'd done so," Garen's expression was calm. "Furthermore, your items are worth at most five points each. My price is more than just good enough. I'm fine that you're not willing to sell it to me because I can always find another merchant to buy from."

The car owner calculated for a while and came to the conclusion that he would be selling each at 7 points for one thousand five hundred. He would still profit as his buying price was four points. It was just that he wouldn't be earning as much as he expected. Just as what the opposing party said, no one would be willing to buy such a huge quantity except for this student in front of him.

He gritted his teeth as he'd thought that the student in front was a black sheep of a rich family. He didn't expect him to slash the price to the point where he wasn't earning good money from this trade.

This guy was good...

He looked up and stared at Garen, who was sitting firmly and seemed to be very confident as he wasn't panicking at all. He was about to go rough on him but recalled that he had some martial arts experience. Furthermore, he was also a Blackboard Academy's student...

This student was very smart as he didn't slash the price to the point I would outright reject him. It would be reasonable to slash the price when a fake stone was discovered. He, a blackboard student, looked like he was tight on his money. Perhaps I could...

"I can sell you these for a thousand points," the car owner was determined.

“Oh?” Garen was stunned as he didn’t expect the opponent would say so after being at a disadvantage.  
“What’s your condition?”

“I wish to team up with you,” the car owner sighed as he said softly. “You’re a student at the Blackboard Academy. With your social status, I wish to work with you to obtain some rather special intel from within the academy... It’s a win-win situation.”

“Intel? What kind of intel?” Garen was stunned as he didn’t expect the fellow in front of him would have such a motive.

“Intel of celebrity students inside the Blackboard Academy,” the car owner said seriously. “Frankly speaking, there’s practically no one inside the academy who lacks money. It took me a long time to find a suitable partner and I hope that we can try it out. You have to understand that every outsider is very curious about the situation inside the academy. Furthermore, we can raise the celebrity students’ reputations once we reveal their information. They would be able to obtain more power and this would be very beneficial to them.”

“A very good thought,” Garen nodded. “However, other people would’ve thought of it since you’re able to. Why do you think that there hasn’t been any leak for such a long time? Have you thought of this?” he smiled as he stood up while carrying the huge package that he had sifted through a while ago.

He then used his Watch Terminal and sent over a thousand Universal Units.

“Here’s the thousand points that you suggested. I have to go for now. Thanks”

The car owner was stunned by Garen’s words as he realized what he meant from the hint displayed on his Terminal. As Garen was about to exit the place, he immediately stood up.

“Hey! Can you tell me your name?”

“Nonosiva. I will find you once more when I need you.”

“I’m Kendall! What’s your number?!” the uncle quickly followed up with another question.

Garen looked at him and threw out a series of numbers. Although he was slightly dumb, he was able to make the right decision.

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After returning to the dorm, Garen immediately hung the do not disturb tag, pulled his curtains shut and started his training.

He switched on the light and poured all of the rocks onto a big piece of paper. Garen then took off his shirt and sat in front of the stones.

“With so many mixed grade White Peacock Stones, I should be able to break through the second level, right?” he was looking forward to it.

Technically speaking, he had yet to practice a pure Living Secret Technique. In the Totem World, his journey had been interrupted and he’d taken a stray path and learned the Evil Technique instead. In the Vampire world, his Living Secret Technique had always been capped at the first grade.

He didn’t expect that this world would have the precious ingredients that his Living Secret Technique required. Furthermore, it was treated as trash here and was completely worthless.

“This is the difference between this world and the rest...” Garen sighed emotionally as his mind immediately went into the records of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique.

The first five grades of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique were the foundations used to change his physical attributes. Only the final three tiers were considered the realm of mastering the basics. One could only enter the last three tiers after the seed of the Living Secret Technique had sprouted. With the practitioner’s physical condition as the foundation, it could produce a unique technique that would be considered the strongest for Nonosiva’s body. Hence, it was called the Derivative Level and he would be qualified for it once he had mastered the foundations.

“I wonder what will change when I enter the second tier,” Garen slowly shut his eyes and gently pressed onto the white stones in front of him with his hands.

Inside the room, a cold breeze started to flow out from his body as his skin started turning blue.

On the other hand, the stones in front of him which was in contact with his hands started to crumble into dust. Quietly, the stones turned into a pile of white dust and as more dust was formed, Garen's hand turned even bluer than before.

The air inside the room turned cooler as cold winds kept revolving around Garen. A layer of ice started to form on the surface of the green cactus placed by the window.

As time passed.

Garen focused on the changes in his body.

At the moment the impure White Peacock Stones had been absorbed, he'd felt that the coolness in his body had gone into a frenzy as it kept pouring out from his hands and absorbing the pile of white stones.

A huge amount of viscous substance was absorbed into his body and was immediately swallowed by the cold blue lines. As the freezing lines kept swallowing the impurities, they became thicker, from the thickness of a hair to the thickness of a chopstick, and then the thickness of a finger.

These freezing lines kept circling within his body and a layer of frost formed from where ever it had traveled.

Chapter 790: Hint 2

Garen sat on his knees. He felt that he was on the verge of turning into an ice sculpture, as the majority of his body had been covered by an extreme cold.

Crack...



Finally, the last impure White Peacock Stone turned into dust.

Countless icy blue lines on Garen's palm, which couldn't be seen with the naked eye, slowly melded into his palms.

He stared at the Skill Pane upon which he'd finally seen a change.

'Hellfrost Peacock Technique: Living Secret Technique of unknown origin. First grade learned, Second grade progress at 12%.'

The progress amount started to change.

The rate increased over time as his progression of 12% raised to 15% at an increasing rate.

16%... 18%... 22%... 30%... 45%... 69%... 92%... 100%!!

The moment it reached one hundred percent, Garen could clearly see the Hellfrost Peacock Technique's icon on the skill pane turn muddy for a while, and it looked totally different as it became clear again.

'Hellfrost Peacock Technique: Living Secret Technique of unknown origin. The second grade, Heart Reformation. The heart shall reform with the blood of the Hellfrost Peacock as the basis to enhance the overall quality of the body. Time required to reform: two months and fifteen days.'

'Third grade's progress is 24%.'

Garen looked at the changed icon with satisfaction as he recalled the reason he had been unable to upgrade the Hellfrost Peacock Technique. There were two requirements to enter the second grade. The first one was an extremely cold environment which was impossible, as even the cold storage wasn't even cold enough to fulfill this requirement. Naturally, the second requirement was the White Peacock Stone.

Although he wasn't able to fulfill the first requirement, he could absorb a large amount of White Peacock Stones, melting them in the process to forcefully simulate the unique environment. This was the reason why he had absorbed so many impure White Peacock Stones. Even so, it had only amounted to this little progress.

In comparison, these two hundred plus impure White Peacock Stones were equivalent to twenty plus pure White Peacock Stones. Garen only needed one to enter the second grade and the remaining had been used to simulate the extremely cold environment.

"It's a success," Garen clenched his fist as he felt the coldness around his body. The seed of the Living Secret Technique had absorbed the contents of the White Peacock Stones and had started to sprout inside his body.

"Two months and fifteen days should be the time required for the Hellfrost Peacock Technique to completely reshape the heart. I wonder what effect it will bring after a complete reformation?" Garen was very eager.

This was the traditional path the ancient Warlocks had taken.

He stood up and took another shower as his body was now covered in a layer of faint blue viscous fluid which gave off a faint stench. It was the body's expelled impurity from when his body was going a transformation.

After bathing, he changed into a clean uniform before sweeping the impure White Peacock Stone dust into a bottle he had prepared earlier on. The dust completely filled the big bottle, which was as tall as a typical water bottle.

"These remains are high energy fuels and can be sold for money."

Garen cleaned everything before resting on his bed, in which he dozed off into his dreams.

Beep... Beep...

His Watch Terminal started ringing, which woke him up from his sleep.

He raised his hand and looked at the Watch Terminal to find out that it was a call from Aier.

Garen pressed a button to allow her access.

Aier's face appeared on the monitor.

"What are you doing, Nono? Took you a while to answer my call."

"I was sleeping. What's the matter?" Garen yawned since this body was but a commoner's body. The Hellfrost Peacock Technique's reformation would require time to do its job and it wasn't something that could be hurried. The strain from the frost and the absorption of the White Peacock Stones had completely exhausted this body.

"Do you want to go and see Mina?" Aier softened her tone. "I've met his cousin sister today and I heard that something has been going on in Mina's family, which was why we couldn't see her on the battlenet."

Garen recalled the female friend who had sat together with him, who had also kept visiting him when he was undergoing his surgery. She was considered one of Nonosiva's two good friends.

"When do you want to go?"

"Tomorrow. The qualifier match officially starts the day after tomorrow, though you guys will definitely be summoned before the competition."

"Alright."

After confirming the time with Aier, Garen switched off the Terminal. He tried to call Mina but to no avail, hence he called Instructor Hamm to enquire the location and time for the qualifier match, along

with the time and location to gather before the competition. After memorizing the details, he decided to adjust his current state.

“Should I try out if there’re any changes to my training method?”

After breaking through the second grade of Hellfrost Peacock Technique and changing his physical qualities, Garen guessed that it would have a positive effect on his Willpower training.

He sat on his knees on his bed sheet once more as he tried to enter his training method once more.

Unfortunately, there was no change and his progression was still as slow as a snail.

After spending half an hour, Garen got out of the training method. He then switched on his laptop and opened up the news station.

‘... Regarding the interview with the Royal Academy’s team lately, Maria Academy has sent out the first seat Suanna who holds the title of Zero Gun to welcome them. These two academies between districts have a very good relationship as they share the same view on many topics. They have also signed a technical exchange transaction document that spans across multiple districts. It’s still unsure if the cooperation between the Royal and Maria districts would put on some pressure on the alliance between Blackboard and Aurora...”

Garen looked at the news’ video. Within a luxurious golden flying ship, a few guys and golden-haired girls in black skintight bodysuits interacted with one another as they posed for the reporters’ pictures.

Maria Academy and Royal Academy were Blackboard’s neighboring districts’ powerful academies which held a lot of power. There were three major districts near Blackboard, and the ones that possessed the most lands were Royal District and Maria District. The smallest among the three was the Aurora District and there were also seven to eight small districts. With the strategy of befriending the distant and attacking the nearby districts, Blackboard Academy had allied with the Aurora district. This had obviously put pressure on the Royal and Maria District.

“Rumor has it that Maria and Royal Academy are different from Blackboard. They’re using the standard academy training regime, which is completely different from the survival of the fittest regime here,”

Garen recalled the relevant information in his mind. According to the record, the Blackboard Academy was considered an irregular type. It was still fine for the typical students but it would be survival of the fittest for all of the elites. They would use the elimination method by throwing all the elite students into very dangerous missions to train them. The ones who survived would be considered the strongest elites.

On the other hand, the majority of the academies would act in a peaceful manner as their members would be imaged as protectors. There wasn't much competition among the students as well. However, in comparison to Blackboard, it was much harder to be admitted into those Academies.

Garen changed the station.

The top of the monitor showed that this was the second station of Blackboard. The Blackboard District was very huge, so huge that it was as big as a few provinces on Earth. Hence, it was natural that they had multiple stations.

The second station was displaying some sort of recruitment advertisement. He changed the station once more to an entertainment channel where it was advertising a robot for homes, an intelligent flying car, a fully automated full body massage chair and even imported man-made adult dolls from the outer districts, which looked exactly like humans.

Garen went back to the news station.

After the local news, it showed the live footage of the chaos in a city. The female reporter, together with the cameraman, was squirming within the crowd.

'The chaos features Sir Black Star Diofie who will be officially participating in the investigation. The Blackboard's Foreign Ministry spokesman Kreis has officially announced that they would fight back as best as possible against this chaos. They will sweep all the terrorists that endanger the society's order and the safety of the citizens off the map!'

The reporter squeezed herself through the crowd while reporting with difficulty.

Garen noticed that the reporter had mentioned a name.

“Black Star Diofie?” He knew this person. He was the Blackboard Academy’s strongest first seat, who possessed a powerful Mech which was called the Black Star. He once had an outstanding result during a battle outside the district. He had managed to take out thirty-five Special Mechs and six destroyer battleships, turning the tide of the war on his own.

One had to realize that the Mechs he faced weren’t normal Mechs. All of his opponents were elite pilots. It wasn’t something to be proud of when one destroyed thirty-five normal Mechs, but it was a different story as he’d taken out thirty-five elite pilots.

All pilots who were crowned elites were at the very least level two and the stronger ones were level three or even level four. The differences between skills were drastically far apart between levels.

As Garen listened to the news, he started to understand how the world around him worked.

Within the Mother Planet Federation, conflicts between districts increased every day and the war to conquer all would eventually happen. Hence, every academy was trying to nurture the strongest elites. The separation between districts could no longer be reversed and civil wars had been going on endlessly. If there was a ceasefire on this side, a war would occur on the other end. With the Light of the Sky’s System, which was floating in space, all nuclear weapons of mass destruction, radiation guns or strategic weapons had been disabled. However, small-scale conflicts were unavoidable.

As he gently pressed onto the computer’s monitor, Garen stared at the news without any expression. War occurred in this district and continued in the other. Many people had died or had been severely injured everywhere and the Blackboard District just had to increase the construction investment for the civilians.

Such was the current state of news, where their countries were peaceful and prosperous while the civilians from the outer districts couldn’t even afford a proper meal.

After that, it started to report on news regarding the outer planet district, where they were still trying to establish a connection with the other outer planet districts.

As the Mother Planet had fallen from within, all alliances had decided to isolate them and the communication between planets had been completely cut off. Tens of planets had turned into

independent empires. It was fortunate that there were outer forces which tried to infiltrate them, or else the federation wouldn't even have joint forces to fend off the outsiders.

The other neighboring countries that tried to infiltrate the Federation had lost all their battles against them, and they even had a few small planet countries taken by the Federation. It was unclear what standard had been used between the planets, but they would always work together to fend off their common enemies when crisis befell them.

The Galactic Alliance had waged a war against the Finites. It was so chaotic that they literally ignored the chaos on this part of the district.

If this continued, the first thing Garen had been reminded of was the state during the Three Kingdoms Period. It was the same as now, as the Princes had segregated their own lands. Some attacked, some defended and some formed alliances. There were also many feudal princes everywhere.