

Mystical 801

Chapter 801: Pressure 1

“The price is still the same as the last time. The difference in the wholesale price that you gain from distributing it will be your commission. Urge them to hurry up and send the things to me as soon as possible.”

Garen furrowed his eyebrows when he spoke.

“Are you that anxious? Alright, I’ll take a look at the process in between to see where it is now. I’ll try to speed them up,” Beardy sounded somewhat helpless. “As for the commission and whatnot,” he wavered for a while before becoming slightly more sincere in the end. “I don’t want the commission or anything like that. I’ve already earned a lot just by doing this.”

Cooperation was something that required a long duration of perseverance and it was clear that Beardy understood this. If he wanted this business deal to be repeated in the future, he could not give the other party a reason to change business partners. Moreover, he would need to show him that he was a superior associate as much as possible.

“That’s right, what is your name?” asked Garen suddenly.

“Kendall...” the bearded man sounded somewhat impatient as he had clearly introduced himself previously.

“Alright, Kendall. If you can deliver the items to the academy by tonight, I will increase the payment by an additional five Units for each item,” said Garen while attempting to lure him in with the promise of an immediate gain.

After coming to this world and encountering mysterious Willpower systems, he could vaguely feel, and had a premonition that this Willpower was actually a powerful force that was not inferior to his Secret Technique systems. Through his martial arts consciousness, he could vaguely see the future of Willpower training methods through this.

The ability to dominate civilizations in the universe that used planetary territories as units while occupying peak forces meant that it was highly likely that these systems were hiding certain powerful aspects that were unknown to most people.

“Tonight?” the person on the other terminal became silent for a while as if he was considering something.

Garen was not anxious and chose to wait quietly instead. He required a large batch of goods this time. He had spent one thousand Units for two hundred pieces previously, which meant that he had almost spent five Units for each piece. Although it was not a huge leap when the price increased to five Units per piece, it was important to note that he was buying more than two thousand pieces this time. Therefore, he would be performing a transaction of over ten thousand Units at once. Transactions like these were not considered as minor business deals in physical stores, much less for little vendors like him who only had enough capital to run pushcart businesses.

“All of the White Stones will arrive at your doorstep before three o’clock in the morning tomorrow!” finally, Kendall’s confident voice echoed from the other line. His tone was firm and it seemed as though he had made up his mind.

“Alright, I’ll be waiting for your news!” when Garen heard the other man’s words earlier, he could tell that Kendall truly planned to display his resolution during this business deal. The expenses and energy that was needed midway throughout the process to shorten the route by half of its required duration was not something that a regular small vendor could provide. It was clear that Kendall was planning to put in all of his effort to invest in this business. The important part was to flaunt his sincerity and cooperation abilities.

After he had disconnected from the terminal, Garen inhaled deeply.

“I need to make up for the shortcomings in my Willpower immediately. This world feels more complicated the deeper I dive in...”

He sat in front of the desk and turned his tablet computer on before beginning to do research on information regarding high-level fighting techniques.

Unfortunately, there were no web pages with related information as most of them were banned and taken down. Although there were a few websites with information regarding Mech battles, these things looked extremely inauthentic and did not possess great referencing values.

After spending a period of time in this world, Garen had unconsciously assimilated into this place gradually. The information regarding the greatest strength in this world was naturally the subject that he wished to understand the most.

He clicked through web pages continuously while looking for the related information on his computer. He relied on his hacking techniques, and although he was not very familiar with these converted techniques yet, it was still easy for him to find information.

After passing through conventional channels, Garen was able to find certain advanced information about certain Mech Pilot assessments quickly.

A white square frame was displayed on the light blue background of the screen. Inside the box, the assessment subjects that advanced Mech Pilots were supposed to go through were listed in neat rows.

‘Compulsory to achieve Level 4 in Willpower tests’

‘Possesses a suitable Mech that belongs solely to themselves’

‘More than one qualifying record’

‘Has been issued a certificate of qualification by authorized governmental branches’

“There is still no concrete information regarding strength comparisons,” Garen pushed his tablet away. “It’s clear that an administrator who is even more skilled than me is currently controlling the information here. My hacking techniques are only impressive compared to those of the average person. There is still a great difference between me and the real first-class hackers.” he was already aware of this matter.

"I was already used to powers that were equivalent to Fifth Star levels in the previous world. Right now, I really cannot adapt to such a weak body..." Garen furrowed his eyebrows and clicked on the battle network messaging client AL. This was a communications software that was similar to QQ which could only be used to connect battle networks.

He had a lot of good friends on the AL website. They were large clusters and groups of them, but he had not contacted many of them after adding them as contacts. Perhaps some of them had even deleted Nono's number from their list of 'good friends' long ago.

Garen clicked on the friend list pane that marked his unknown contacts. There were two colorful avatar images that were blinking there. He glanced at these avatars but did not click the images to connect with them in the end. After all, these were Nono's friends, not his.

There did not seem to be any messages in the bottom right corner of his AL page. Instead, there were only two advertisements from the AL officials.

This was the first time that Garen had used Nono's number to look at his interpersonal circles.

There were only a few high school students in his circle of good friends and two groups of friends from elementary school. Next, there were his good friends Aier and Mina and his family members. Other than that, he did not seem to have any other relationship networks.

"This is so simple," he randomly glanced through the messages from his circle of schoolmates and noticed that none of them were substantial. One circle was basically dead while the other one was much livelier. However, none of them mentioned Nonosiva, making it seem as if he was not part of the group at all. Even though he was currently an exceptional student of Blackboard Academy and now possessed an enviable identity, it seemed as though no one was aware of this, as the conversations inside the circle showed that none of these people knew of the situation at all.

After getting to know Nonosiva's interpersonal circle, Garen understood the facts better now. He closed the AL tab and glanced at the Terminal before noticing that there were a bunch of unread messages on his Watch Terminal that came from an unknown number.

‘We’ve already seen your performance today. Someone will meet you at your place tonight to proceed with the registration. Looking forward to your cooperation. — Blue Narcissus (This message will delete itself automatically after it has been read)’

‘Notification regarding the arrangement of the individual matches. The matches will be organized in this manner: First round of the finals vs the eighth group of the Winners Bracket. Second round of the finals vs the sixth group of the Winners Bracket. Groups will be automatically allocated once the winners are determined.’ This notification was released by the academy.

Garen responded to Blue Narcissus before turning the lights off quietly. He sat cross-legged on his bed while practicing his training methods. No one would disturb him at this hour as Aier and the others knew that he would be taking part in the finals tomorrow. Therefore, it was important for him to rest now.

Time ticked by slowly.

The sound of slow footsteps could be heard outside the window faintly, coupled with the occasional noise of passing cars.

Garen immersed himself into his training methods. Although he could not sense any progress, practicing this was still better than sitting around lazily. The aptitude of this physical body was too mediocre, and sitting around in an elite school like Blackboard Academy while remaining indifferent would cause him to become inferior. If he was unable to fix this, Nonosiva would become useless during his senior year of high school even with the Moonfang. Next, he would be exposed for cheating and finally expelled from the Academy. After facing a blow like this, it would become extremely difficult for him to become a Mech Pilot for the rest of his life. However, for the students in the Academy, becoming a Mech Pilot was something that was bound to happen in time. This was the stark difference between them.

Knock knock.

A soft noise could be heard from the door to the room suddenly. It was not the sound of the doorbell, but a soft knocking noise instead.

Garen opened his eyes and got up before walking to the door. He looked outside through the peephole and saw a young woman in a cream-colored school uniform. The woman wore glasses and had long

brown hair that was slung over her left shoulder and reached the front of her chest. She gave off a gentle air.

Garen opened the door with a 'click' before sizing up the other person faintly.

"You are?"

"I'm here to help you with the registration process," the woman smiled casually.

"Please come in."

Garen nodded and turned his body sideways so that she could enter.

"My name is Kris, and you are Nonosiva Lin, right?"

The young woman walked into the room and took in her surroundings before asking casually.

"What do we need to do?" Garen turned his head and immediately heard a crisp clicking noise. He happened to see Kris take a small camera-like object out before snapping his picture.

"We are registering your photograph. Please press your finger here for a while to register your fingerprint," Kris took a tablet computer out and turned the screen towards Garen.

Garen stretched his hand out and pressed on the screen before a brief beeping noise could be heard from the computer suddenly.

"Okay, that's all. We will specially create a membership badge for you soon. You just need to focus on the competition now," Kris smiled.

"It's so simple?" Garen was slightly surprised.

"It has always been this simple. There will be a three-dimensional image modeling scan after this. It will be done once you've entered. All of your personal information will be recorded in your archives since you're a Grade C member of Blue Narcissus now," Kris nodded.

"The next part will be key."

"What?"

Garen gestured for her to sit before both of them sat on the two chairs beside the table together.

Kris lifted her legs slightly before moving backward and leaning against the back of the chair.

"Student Nono, regarding your opponent in the finals tomorrow, we have already listed certain information about their previous match records. You can find out some things about their strength levels so that you will be prepared. Besides that, as a member of Blue Narcissus, if you become an elite member, you will receive a membership card for Lyles General Hall. You will be able to enjoy many free services there such as gym facilities, entertainment, and lodging. The membership card that is worth a hundred thousand Universal Units yearly will also allow you to enjoy free consumer benefits throughout the whole Blackboard Region. It is equivalent to a converted bank card."

"Such good treatment?" Garen was somewhat tongue-tied. They were willing to invest a hundred thousand Units on him without determining that he was actually sincere in joining Blue Narcissus. This was truly a bold move on their part.

"Of course, Lyles will also provide many other convenient communication services and hiring services for you. If you want to purchase certain contrabands, this can be done as well," Kris smiled. "There are many restricted items outside but Lyles can supply these things, including land. As long as you are capable, you will definitely be able to accept employment opportunities from other people through this platform to earn a sizeable profit or side income."

"This is very convenient..." Garen nodded slightly. Regarding the supposed contrabands, they were definitely referring to a few specific items such as drugs, military supplies, and... territories. Other than the Blackboard Region, there were many other territories that were owned by noble lordships. The nobles and lords once possessed legal territories, but after the chaotic period, in order to exchange their

land to develop more technological resources, it was excusable for most of them to sell a portion of their territories. The law had prohibited the buying and selling of territorial lands. However, everyone was already aware of the real situation. No one cared about these matters, and no one was powerful enough to control it anyway.

Chapter 802: Pressure 2

“Territory... Really...?” Garen’s emotions were slightly moved. If he was able to obtain a territory of his own and become a noble lord, the land would merely be secondary as the truly important benefits and rights that he would gain from this was that many illegal matters would become legal through the right of a noble lord. This was the most important thing to him.

“You’re probably aware that although many territories are actually extremely small areas, all of them are still very valuable. Therefore, there are still many people who scramble after these territories madly despite being unable to find a way to purchase them. Meanwhile, Blue Narcissus provides a means for our own internal members to obtain this land as a benefit. Neither Black Rose nor Thousand Year Tree provides this benefit. This is something that only Blue Narcissus has specially obtained,” Kris could see Garen’s fervent interest towards these territories.

“Looks like I’ve made a wise decision,” Garen smiled.

“Of course,” Kris took out a pendrive that looked like a gold pendant the size of a fingernail. It looked like a shell-shaped piece of jewelry. “All of this is information. I’ll be leaving first. May you be victorious in your match tomorrow!” she stood up.

“Thank you very much,” Garen stood up as well and nodded.

Kris shook Garen’s hand lightly before turning around and exiting the door.

Once she heard the clicking noise of the door shutting behind her, she nodded towards a young man who was waiting in the corridor. Both of them walked together and left the new students’ dorm.

“How did it go?” the male student was also dressed in a cream-colored school uniform. This was the uniform of Grade B. Meanwhile, the students of Grade C wore pure white uniforms.

“It was very strange. This Nonosiva was completely unlike the rumors. He gave off an air of experience,” a faintly surprised expression had appeared on Kris’ face. “I felt as if I was dealing with an old man. He spoke steadily and remained indifferent the entire time. He did not seem like a young person at all.”

“Isn’t that a good thing? If he possesses good potential, just form a close relationship with him. There are many students in the Academy who can pretend like this. You don’t need to be shocked,” said the male student while smiling.

“I don’t think he’s pretending...” Kris furrowed her eyebrows slightly. “He just gives off an extremely strange air. Realistically speaking, he should feel some pressure at least since the final match is about to begin. However, I noticed that his mental state could not be better.”

“Alright, stop overthinking. These things aren’t related to us. It will be even better if this Nono has good potential.”

“You’re right,” Kris nodded and changed the subject. “What should we have for supper tonight?”

“Let’s go take a look. We ate things with a lot of calories during lunch so I don’t really feel like eating now.”

Both of them walked down the road that was lined with street lights under the night sky. They resembled the other student couples that snuggled closely next to each other. Frankly, they did not look any different from the rest at all.

Whoosh!

Garen pulled the curtains together and sat in front of the computer. All of the hard drive’s contents had been downloaded offline into the tablet computer.

There were four files in total and he opened one to investigate it carefully.

The state of the finals was immediately displayed in front of him. Compared to the academy's simple announcement about the match, the information here was clearly more abundant.

Moreover, the thing that caught Garen's attention was not the class rankings but the individual rankings instead.

Once they had reached this stage, class C5 had already secured their position in the top ten. However, overtaking the next few positions would be a problem. The subsequent fighting matches would all be Total Defeat Matches.

'Total Defeat Matches refer to matches where victories will only be determined once all of the competitors on the other side have been defeated.'

'Three-on-three matches will be held. The previous rule of three wins out of two matches has been abolished. The new standard states that all of the members of the opposing team must be defeated before a winner is determined.'

'This decision has taken the final match into consideration, as well as the strength of the entire group and the Elite competitors. The Total Defeat model is used to create a strength assessment that is ultimately fair.'

'The final match will split the first three competitors into three melee groups. This will ensure that the three strongest competitors from the individual battles will form three groups of powerful individuals. Therefore, each person will be given one chance to challenge...'

Garen glanced through the information continuously while time ticked by.

Unconsciously, the night sky became darker. Numerous videos of his opponents for the next day were attached to this information. They were arranged in detail and Garen was fully absorbed when he watched them.

The more he watched, the more apprehensive he became.

The weakest opponent that he would face tomorrow was already at the same level as London, whom he had encountered today. None of them had any weaknesses and were all characters with sharp minds. Although it seemed as though they lacked fighting experience, each of them was still able to use specialized techniques that were combined with their Willpower. Their unusually powerful levels had exceeded Garen's expectations and imagination.

One of his opponent's information stated that he had previously used a Willpower move known as the Electric Wave Hammer.

The Electric Wave Hammer was an external Willpower weapon that was produced by integrating one's Willpower and Mech to release a warhammer-like force field that could not be seen or touched. However, it could pass through Mech armor to injure the opposing pilot's somatic functions directly. Opponents who possessed Willpower levels that were similar to his own were the only ones who could detect and see the Electric Wave Hammer prior to its attack. Therefore, they would be able to dodge or defend themselves from it. Meanwhile, they could only defend themselves if they possessed specialized measures.

After going through it carefully, Garen understood this technique was not considered as the strongest among the Level 2 or higher techniques. There were other powerful techniques that could only be used if one's Willpower was strong enough. For instance, the Willpower Slicing Blade, another opponent's finishing blow that possessed great destructive power. When facing opponents whose Willpower was much weaker than his own, he could simply destroy them within a second. One direct strike against the body of his opposing Mech Pilot would form a sharp attack that resembled knife wounds.

"How troublesome," Garen's eyebrows were furrowed. After coming to this world, he had always retained a strong ego. Although this place was a tremendously technologically advanced world, he still felt as if it was far from the Ancient Endorian Secret Technique civilizations in terms of developing his potential. However, he had now realized that the paths that were opened up by Willpower were not inferior to those of Ancient Endor in terms of strength...

"These are two civilizations that are going in different directions. It looks like I'll have to be careful in the future," after looking at the specific effects of these highly destructive moves, Garen stopped belittling them completely before acknowledging the Willpower strength systems properly.

“How would I compete with these techniques that were solely based on Willpower?” although it had been explained in the information, Willpower techniques that could pass through Mechs and injure the Mech Pilots directly were extremely rare. Moreover, they would consume a lot of the attacker’s Willpower as well. Therefore, they could only be used in close proximity. Most of them were techniques that were integrated with one’s Mech to produce more powerful forces. Meanwhile, just because other techniques were rarer did not mean that were non-existent.

Garen purposely selected the information regarding Willpower techniques before searching online again.

‘Willpower fights are slightly similar to mental strength fights. They are not always valuable as they require a large contribution for low returns. Moreover, they can only be used for one-on-one combat. There are many limitations and conditions as well. In long distances in outer space, these abilities are not very useful as the Mech Pilot’s Willpower will not be able to surpass the level of high energy particle winds and the great distance between themselves and their enemies to be able to hit them precisely. Therefore, this technique is mainly used for ground-level combat.’

Garen became more apprehensive as he continued reading. If he encountered techniques that were purely based on Willpower in situations where it was impossible for him to detect them as they could neither be seen nor felt, there would be no way for him to counter his opponent’s direct attack. He had simulated this in his mind numerous times but he could not even win five times in the end. This was also done in the situation where the Moonfang could be used unlimited times.

His mood was becoming slightly more serious.

“Seems like I can only aim for the top three spots at most...”

From this information, he had also discovered that Mech Pilots whose Willpower had reached Level 3 could use these techniques in their normal lives. In other words, they could still use these dangerous techniques despite separating themselves from their Mechs. This was also one of the main reasons why Level 2 Mech Pilots were well-respected by others.

Blackboard Academy’s simulated battleground

Caus and the other red-haired male student sat across each other at the rest area. They watched the roaring Mechs clashing outside the glass window continuously while drinking purified fruit essence.

The ruby-like essence was sucked upwards through the straw inside the glass cup and gave off a glass-like luster when light shone on it.

"All of the information you wanted is here. Moreover, that guy has joined Blue Narcissus as well," the red-haired male student passed a piece of paper with information over.

Caus took it and put his cup down before beginning to flip through and read it slowly.

"I did not intend to use tricks initially as secret maneuvers are meaningless. Isn't it better to publicly beat him up until he becomes a begging dog that kneels before me in front of everyone in the arena?" he smiled.

"You're certainly in high spirits," said the red-haired male student while yawning. "I also have the assessment that I got from the leaves over there."

"What are the comments?"

"Just the usual General Excellence level grades."

"Oh? He defeated a good number of Excellent level opponents consecutively, so why was he awarded such a low grade? General Excellence only means that he is an outstanding student within his own class in the entire academy," Caus was now interested.

"This fellow Nonosiva has a fatal weakness," the red-haired male student straightened one of his index fingers. "It's his Willpower! It's too weak."

Caus seemed lost in thought suddenly.

“Did you notice? When Nonosiva fights, he never uses fighting techniques that need to be combined with Willpower. Moreover, he’s well-known for using two out of the three main techniques that don’t require Willpower. What does this mean?” said the red-haired male student confidently.

“This means that his Willpower is extremely weak. It’s so weak that he’s unwilling to even consume a tiny bit of it. Otherwise, it will probably affect his endurance during the battle matches,” Caus nodded faintly while a glimmer of understanding flashed across his eyes. “In other words, I’m planning to attack his weak point.”

“Two tactics,” said the red-haired male student while raising two fingers. “If he’s able to charge at you from the front, you have two choices. The first one is to use your Willpower Techniques to get rid of him. The second one is to drag him out slowly to his death. Compared to that Impregnable Wall London, your defense techniques have almost reached Level 3. Furthermore, you are almost on par with Merseus in this aspect. You can actually play with him until he dies.”

A smile appeared on Caus’ face suddenly.

The red-haired male student glanced at him wordlessly.

“To be honest, I really don’t understand you. You could get rid of that guy in one go with your Stunt Phantom Beam Blade. You could even disable him easily by cutting off a limb if you didn’t want to kill him. Does it make sense to use such a powerful weapon against a normal student?”

“He almost murdered my older brother. What do you think?” Caus glared at him coldly.

“Don’t glare at me. I was just saying,” the red-haired male student shrugged and yawned. His gaze suddenly shifted towards a little red gadget on Caus’ shirt collar. “F*ck! You’re actually planning to bring this gadget into the arena even though you’re only going up against a normal student who hasn’t even reached Level 2?!”

He was momentarily stunned. He had always known that Caus was despicable but never expected that he could be much worse than he had imagined.

“Safety first,” Caus smiled and flipped the little gadget inside his collar to shield it.

“Really... Caus, this is the first time that I’ve thought you were exceptionally despicable.”

“Thank you for the compliment.”

“Willpower Booster... And a hidden version as well...” The red-haired male student was finally speechless when he saw the other person keeping the red square item. They were allowed to use this item, and even Merseus and Bally would realistically possess one for themselves. However, they would not use it during unimportant periods because of two reasons. Firstly, this item was consumable and very precious. Secondly, extended periods of usage would cause them to become dependent on it.

This gadget was like a stimulant that would be consumed before a long-distance race. It could be hidden so that it would not be easily discovered. Moreover, it would also produce certain amplifying effects towards their Willpower. However, the effects would be weaker when it was used on higher level Willpower.

Despite possessing Level 2 Willpower now, Caus was still unable to let go of such a minor booster.

Chapter 803

As night approached.

Garen sat on his bed as he inhaled and exhaled quietly.

The light wasn’t switched on in the room. Everything was pitched black, and through the tree leaves and branches outside, one could faintly see the lights from the streets blinking from afar.

The Watch Terminal on Garen’s wrist suddenly lit up.

Beep beep...

He immediately opened his eyes, raised up the watch and the contact number was shown. It was Kendall.

"He finally calls," he gave a sigh of relief as he answered the call.

Kendall's head appeared on the terminal.

"The stock has arrived. Do you want me to send it directly to your place?" the beardy uncle's eyes were red and he looked very tired.

"I'll meet you outside the entrance of the academy," Garen nodded. "Thank you for your hard work."

"It's fine, just prepare the Universal Points," the beardy uncle gulped down huge amounts of water. "I'll be there in about ten minutes or so."

"I'll go out now."

"It's a truck numbered c563171."

"Understood."

Garen hung up the terminal and swiftly donned his coat uniform. He then grabbed his keys and left the dorm.

It was extremely cold and quiet outside and no one could be seen moving about at all. He looked at the time and it was two hours and forty-two minutes past midnight. Almost all of the students had already fallen asleep.

As he walked out of his dorm, the cold wind welcomed him. The street lights formed a line by the side of the road, stretching it into the darkness. Moonlight wasn't present as it was covered by the clouds.

Garen wasn't able to differentiate the direction as he walked towards the illuminated streets.

He walked across the field in the academy. The academy's buildings stood silently as if it was a huge black box placed on the land. Some had some electronic lights blinking on them while some were completely dark.

As he arrived at the emergency area, Garen took out a coin and placed it into a coin box for a white academy car.

The white academy car suddenly lit up and the driver's dashboard turned green as it rang.

'Welcome to using the Blackboard Academy's car, please enter your destination,' a female robotic voice rang loud and clear in the quiet night.

"Number 1 Gate Entrance," Garen sat in the passenger seat.

'Please fasten your seatbelt and press # to confirm once more.'

Garen started laughing as he heard her because he recalled the days back on Earth where the phone would say the same thing as well.

He sat down before the car activated and started moving along the road inside the quiet academy.

Along the road, he occasionally stumbled upon some students who came back late at this hour. Some of them were so tipsy that they slept in the academy's car. There even were couples who were groping one another in the car without any shame or fear of people seeing them.

However, there were very little people present.

After ten minutes or so, the pitched black number 1 gate came into sight.

There were levitating vehicles from the outsiders parked at the entrance. The Academy's car beeped twice as it reached the entrance.

'We have arrived at the destination. Please leave the car.'

Garen jumped down from the car and walked out of the gate as he squirmed through the gaps between the levitating cars. Further out there was a lively night market with many blinking lights. The whole area was filled with yellow and red lights, music and the sizzling sounds of a midnight barbeque.

There were a lot of people on the streets who were enjoying their supper. Some of them were drinking while talking about random stuff while there were some who were about to leave the area. There were also people who had just arrived. A portion of these people were students from the academy as they were in the Blackboard's uniform.

Garen looked around and saw a middle-aged man in a thick coat exhaling white vapor at the side of the street.

Behind this man was an old black car. He stood beside the car as he kept rubbing both of his hands. His nose was red and he kept taking out tissue paper to blow his nose.

He towards him and gently tapped the man's shoulder from behind.

"Ahhh...!!" The middle-aged man was startled as he turned around quickly. He gave a sigh of relief when he saw that it was Garen.

"Don't you know you can scare out my soul like that!" Kendall looked very fragile as if he had lost a lot of weight. "I'm sorry I couldn't attend your competition as the location was quite far away this time. However, the quality of the items are good so I went a little further than usual."

"Thanks for your hard work," Garen felt bad as he realized that Kendall was doing his best for him. He also could see that he was very sincere towards him this time around. "Let's go find a place and drink."

"Everything's on you!" Kendall immediately said so.

"Fine. I'll treat you," Garen didn't care in the least as he gestured his hand.

He locked the car and then they proceeded towards a drinking place that was still open and requested for a single room.

The white drinking place's environment was pretty good and the noise isolation of the single room was pretty good as well. As the majority of the Blackboard Academy's students were rich and didn't care how much they spent as long as they enjoyed themselves, the shops just outside the academy were very expensive but the quality and services were top notch.

Piping hot milk and coffee were soon served to them along with a few almond cakes. The yellow and soft cakes looked very delicious and there were even fresh red cherries placed at the center of the cakes as well.

"Please enjoy yourself," the young female worker bowed smoothly before leaving the room.

"Alright let's hear it. How many have you gotten this time?" Garen sipped on the coffee. This world had a drink that was similar to coffee. Although it had a lot of other drinks available, he preferred the drinks he was used to as this brought forth a slight nostalgia.

Kendall slurped down the whole cup of coffee and stuffed the cakes into his mouth as swallowed them whole before taking a breather.

"The total amount is two thousand five hundred and sixty-two pieces. The quality will not disappoint you! I've taken all of these from a few merchants who sell these white stones. I even bought their items for the whole season!"

He then took out a white stone from his shirt and passed it to him.

"Take a look at it. This is a sample that I've taken out from the stash."

The moment Garen got hold of it, he instantly felt that the White Peacock Stone essence within the stone was much purer than the previously obtained one. This meant that there were less impurities and the high energy fuel and white peacock stones were more concentrated.

He raised the stone up and placed it by the light as he carefully examined it.

“Nice. Where are the others?”

“It’s in the car outside. There’re at least two thousand of these and it’s huge!” Kendall took up a wet napkin to wipe the dirt off his face.

“I need to check the rest.”

“Of course.”

Garen wasn’t in a hurry so he waited for Kendall to rest for a while more and had something to eat while checking his the current amount of his Universal Units. He had been earning his Universal Units through the battlenet and had earned about fourteen thousands six hundred Universal Units from the countless of games that he had played.

There were a total of 2562 pieces of the stones. If each stone costs 5 units, then he would need a total of 12810 units.

This was a huge sum of money. Kendall, who had forked out his money beforehand to buy this huge amount of white stones, had taken a huge risk. Ten thousand universal units were considered a few months’ salaries for a small timer like him. If Garen were to reject all of these stones, he would have been at a loss. You could say that Kendall had wholly invested in Garen with the utmost sincerity.

After Kendall had finished eating the food and rested for a full ten minutes, Garen then stood up and walked towards his car to check the material.

All two thousand of the stones were of good quality unlike last time, where there were a few fake ones. This made Garen very satisfied with him. With his Peacock Technique, he could instantly know the quality of the stone by just pressing on it. With his hands, he had examined the stones in no time.

Two of them then walked back into the single room and sat down.

Without any hesitation, Garen immediately sent 13000 points to Kendall, leaving himself only 1600 points.

“You can keep the change. Take it as the reward for your risk.”

Kendall didn't reject it and accepted it with all his heart. He knew that Garen was the standard person who didn't care about money from his previous encounter. This time around he decided to show his sincerity so that he could earn his rightful amount.

“I still have another thing I need to raise to you,” he continued after receiving the Universal Units.

“What is it?” Garen took up a dessert and ate it slowly.

“All of the merchants were shocked that when I wanted such a huge amount of Rainbow Stones. You have to understand that those who really wanted the high energy fuel from these ingredients would never use the Rainbow Stones as it contains too many impurities. Furthermore, it's simply not profitable if they were to increase their price. Hence the sales of these stones were mediocre at best. However, with the number of stones I've purchased from them, the owner caught wind of it and wanted to meet the true purchaser of the Rainbow Stones in person,” Kendall explained honestly. “I'm not certain if you still want these stones in the future but if you do... it's better to establish a long-term partnership.”

Garen crossed his fingers. The reason he purchased these Rainbow Stones was to train his technique. Although the Hellfrost Peacock Technique would not require these stones in the future, it could still enhance the training process and it was very important to him as it could bring him back to his strength within the shortest time frame.

Currently, he wasn't lacking in Secret Techniques nor Secret Methods. The only thing he was lacking was energy accumulation, and the Rainbow Stones were able to fill this hole.

“That man is trying to bypass you to make a trade directly with me. Are you not concerned that I will bypass you?” Garen felt rather puzzled and fired back a question.

Kendall smiled.

“The only good point about me is that I know my worth. I’m not needed in this business and if you were to bypass me and deal with him directly, I’m fine with that since I’m not in the loss at all.”

He was very sincere and truthful towards Garen.

Garen smiled back.

“How about this. I may still need your help in the future. Our chances of working together are still plenty so you don’t have to worry at all. I’ll take these items for the time being so you can wait for my news.”

“No problem!” Kendall nodded as he sent the source owner’s number to Garen. He then sat comfortably on the chair. “You can go back first as I still need to rest a bit more. You don’t get to have a rich person treating you to this place often and I wouldn’t even dare to enter this expensive place! It’s simply not worth it to leave within such a short amount of time.”

Garen shook his head and stood up, speechless. “Alright, then you should take a good rest. I will call you once the finals are over.”

“I’ll wait for your news,” Kendall waved his hand.

Garen paid for the bill and walked out of the shop. He then walked towards the car and took out a big sack of stones. The sack was very dense but due to his physical changes, it wasn’t too heavy for him.

With the package in hand, he swiftly returned to the academy, sat in an academy’s car, threw in a coin and went back to his dorm.

There were no hiccups between the journey and by the time he had reached his dorm, it was already four o’clock. As the final would start at nine in the morning, he still had another five hours before the competition started. Although Garen only slept for a few hours, he felt very refreshed.

After returning to his dorm, Garen pulled his curtains shut, locked the door and immediately took out the bottle that had been used to store the high energy fuel powder. This time, he had prepared a huge number of bottles to store them.

It was the same procedure as before.

He spread out a huge cloth and poured the stones onto it before he took off his shirt and sat on his knees in front of the stones.

This time, the amount and quality of the stones far exceed the previous ones.

After finishing his preparation, he closed his eyes as he slowly adjusted the Living Secret Technique's Seed inside of him, which was the Hellfrost Peacock Technique's core. In an instant, his body was covered in a mysterious blue layer, as a sense of coolness spread out his body. The temperature of the room started to drop slowly.

He reached out his hands and gently placed them in front of the stones.

Crack. Two of the stones that were lightly touched by him rolled down and turned into two piles of white dust before it reached the cloth.

Then, the pile of stones started to break down, disintegrate and turned into white dust that slipped through the gaps between the stones

The sound of the falling sand kept rustling inside the room.

Garen started to observe the overall changes in his body.

He felt that his body was like a deflated balloon that was being inflated without rest. Under his supervision, the series of blue frost lines quickly flowed into his palm. It was different from the last time

where he did not require to use the frost blue lines in his body. The White Peacock Stone's essence would naturally be absorbed into his palms and it seemed to be much safer as well.

As huge amounts of frost stream entered into his body, they were absorbed by the blue lines in his body and kept flowing through the five elements of his body.

These icy blue lines had automatically formed a complex web inside his body. It didn't follow the path of the meridians, arteries nor the nervous system. In fact, it had formed its own route independent of the other two major systems. It seemed to have created a new biological system of its own with the seed of the living secret technique as its core.

As Garen observed the automatic circulatory system of the seed of the living secret technique, he finally understood the principles behind it.

As time passed, he noticed that the Hellfrost Peacock Technique in his attribute pane started to change.

'Secret technique — Hellfrost Peacock Technique, Living Secret technique of unknown origin. Second grade Heart Reformation. The heart shall be reformed with the Hellfrost Peacock as the standard in order to improve the overall physical attributes of the body. Time required: Two months and six days.'

'Third grade's progress at 25%'

This was the previous data that Garen had seen. However, as the huge amount of frost streams entered his body, the third grade's progress bar started to turn muddy.

As the cold stream was absorbed into and started moving around his body, Garen could feel that the stream had entered into his heart, giving him a new strength. Countless frost lines gathered by his heart and with every frost line inserted into his heart, he gained a new momentum.

Bam!

A clear and crisp sound could be heard from the heart.

However, it was this sound that indicated that the third grade's progress of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique had increased.

'Third-grade progress is at 26%.'

"It increased!" Garen was slightly excited.

Immediately, the progression bar started to increase at an increasing pace.

27%... 28%... 29%... 31%...

The value kept increasing at a steady pace. As the huge amount of frost lines entered the heart, Garen could clearly feel that his heart was becoming stronger and stronger, to the point his chest was about to burst.

He stared at the progression bar as it reached 40%, 60%, 80% and finally 90%!

Suddenly Garen felt as if his heart had been torn apart as a muffled splash was heard.

He opened his eyes and looked down at his chest. It was glowing blue, so brightly so that the light penetrated through his ribs and muscles. It shone so brightly that it gave off a weird vibe in the dark room.

'Hellfrost Peacock Technique's Heart Transformation enhancement has ended, third grade's progression has reached 100%.'

The instant he saw this sentence, Garen felt an excruciating pain emitting from his chest. The pain was so excruciating that it was similar to someone twisting his heart or even scratching on it. The pain was transmitted to his brain, surpassing every pain that he'd ever felt in his entire existence.

However, since Garen was once the strongest being of the worlds he'd once lived in, he naturally wasn't afraid of such pain.

As the second grade's heart transformation was completed and reached the end of third grade, the pain was most likely due to the extremely shortened duration of the time-consuming process of reforming his body.

He endured the pain as he sat quietly in front of the stone while the stones slowly turned into a pile of white dust.

After some time, he regained consciousness. He was sweating profusely and felt extremely tired but his body was better than before.

"It finally ended..."

Garen loosened up the moment he saw his attribute pane.

"Finally there's a qualitative change."

At a glance, his body seemed to have changed completely and it was the first time that it had a qualitative change.

'Nonosiva. Lin — Strength 1.7, Agility 1.5, Vitality 18, Intelligence 1.5. Potential 0%. Soul Limit 40'

'Potential Quality — Void Hunter'

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

'Secret Technique — Hellfrost Peacock technique: Living Secret Technique of unknown origin. With the Hellfrost Peacock's bloodline as the standard to reform the heart to achieve an enhanced body. Time required: Completed.'

The third grade had completely reformed his stomach to match the peacock's swallowing ability. In combination with the stomach's ability to take up almost any sort of item and the heart's reformation, he had gained the ability to eat everything.

'Obtained a natural ability — Devour (Hellfrost Peacock Technique has opened up the basic powerful ability of the Queen of Peacock)'

'Fourth grade progression at 11%.'

'(A total of five grades of foundations and three grades of derivative level) With every progression of a grade, the body will cleanse the blood to gradually acclimate towards the Hellfrost Peacock's constitution. It will eventually reach its highest form, and its limit is at Army Level.'

'Imprint of Steel: to enhance one's body to increase his strength and vitality.'

"There's an average increment in all attributes. Although it isn't much, Strength has increased considerably, Agility has increased by 0.3, Vitality by 1 point and Intelligence being the least, which is only about 0.1. However, the main dish of today's result is the natural ability..." Garen's vision was on the new icon at the back of the Secret Technique. It was an icon that represented his latest natural ability, Devour.

As his vision landed on it, information was immediately sent to his consciousness.

'Queen of Peacock's Devour — A unique devour ability from the Hellfrost Peacock. One can devour most materials to improve one's physical characteristics. The impurities that were devoured can be stored, condensed and formed into a Distorted Seed that can infect other beings.'

"Distorted Seed? Infection?"

Not only did his physical characteristics improve upon achieving grade three, he also had obtained an additional Devour ability. It was obvious that this natural ability must have a unique effect.

He shifted his gaze to the Distorted seed.

‘Distorted Seed: the Hellfrost Peacock is naturally able to release a very strong radiation from its body, which is able to distort the status of any living being near it, infecting them into a strange battle machine that has no consciousness. The Hellfrost Peacock Technique mimics this ability by emitting this radiation to distort the material into a Distorted Seed that can infiltrate into the enemy’s heart without detection. It would then turn them into a powerful killing monster. The radiation would increase their attribute by roughly 1.5 times.’

Garen couldn’t help but frown as he read the message.

“This ability will be very useful during a war but in this world where wars are between planets... I wouldn’t be able to get close to the enemy with this ability.”

He continued reading to find out more about the effects of the Distorted Seed.

‘...In order for the Hellfrost Peacock to cleanse itself and its surroundings, it releases the radiation to pollute the surrounding environment. The Distorted Seed’s presence will kill anything other than the Hellfrost Peacock. The slain beings will then explode, releasing a stench into the air and surroundings, giving off a strong radiation to the surroundings.’

“It’s indeed useless...” Garen’s frown deepened. “Let’s look at the enhancement effect of Devour.”

He reorganized the Living Secret technique’s seed to extract the information of the Devour ability that had been previously locked. Suddenly Devour’s information changed once more.

‘Queen of Peacock’s Devour— There is nothing the Hellfrost Peacock is unable to digest. It is able to devour metal, alloy, woods, living beings, stones, and liquid. If your vitality is strong enough, you can even devour lava. All the energy obtained through digestion can be used to create the Distorted Seed and enhance one’s body. The enhancement maximum effect is to increase the original attribute by five points. Once one had reached the advanced stage, one can even release the frost to freeze the enemy, giving birth to a new derivative ability called Freezing.’

Most of the information was useless to him.

“With me being in the interplanetary era, the Distorted Seed is rather ineffective. On the other hand, the ability to freeze my opponent by devouring items to reach the advanced stage is definitely useful.”

Garen looked at the effect of Freezing and found out that it had a long range of at least a hundred meters. He could also apply it to weapons to shoot it out. When he applied it to the guns, he could deal damage and freeze his opponent at the same time.

With so much information at hand, Although the Secret Technique was still in its foundation phase, the potential that it revealed was considered good. It's just that it didn't suit the world he was currently in.

However, he had an endless supply of impure White Peacock Stones. With the next level up, he was confident that a stronger ability would appear, which made him very excited about what's to come.

“Next up is the most important part,” Garen stood up and put on his shirt. His body was cold and was giving off a faint aroma. “Once I've reached the third grade, how much has it affect my Willpower? This is the main point...”

Chapter 805: Opponent 1

He closed his eyes once again and calmed himself down. Garen's vision fell onto the part where it stated his Willpower.

‘Willpower — Middle Basic Level,

(Training method: Blackboard Manipulation. Blackboard Academy's training method is free of charge. However, continuous training would result in weaker effects. The speed of progress would be one level for every twelve years)’

“Is that still on the Middle Level?” Garen frowned slightly. But just at that moment, a faint cold current slowly trickled down into his upper abdomen, the first position of his practiced Willpower.

The moment the cold current entered his upper abdomen, his Willpower's Skill Pane finally changed a little.

Suddenly, it was as if the words of the Middle Basic Level jumped about. It went blur for a while, and then it became clearer once again. However, the words had now turned into Upper Level.

'Willpower — Upper Basic Level, (to strengthen the increase of a certain level of Living Secret Technique)'

"It has an effect!" Garen relaxed. According to his deduction and analysis, the first position of the training method is the upper abdomen which is also the stomach. Hence, the Living Secret Technique should be able to strengthen the quality of his whole body. Naturally, his stomach would definitely strengthen too, and it would be affecting the training method of Willpower. After all, Willpower came from the awareness field that gathered all the cells. If all the cells had strengthened, then the increase of Willpower was without a doubt.

"If in that case, in the meantime, while I'm practicing the Living Secret Technique, my Willpower will definitely increase," He sighed with relief. He was afraid that the Living Secret Technique would not affect Willpower at all.

He then checked the slight magnitude increase of Willpower.

At first, he was close to achieving the Upper Level. Now that he had been promoted to the Upper Level, he was almost at the top of this level.

In fact, the different levels were just a way of dividing each range of category. Even the middle had its gap. The increase of Living Secret technique this time had also directly increased his level of Willpower. Even though Upper Basic Level would not achieve the same standard as Level 1 and it could not freely control a mech, compared to before, this was a huge improvement.

"At least there is hope." Garen started putting the impurities of the White Peacock Stone powder into the bottle. This power was still mixed with some other mineral impurities, but it was much easier to collect when compared to before. With slight processing, then he would be able to extract the expensive high-energy fuel powder. When the time comes, he could then solve his money issues very quickly.

Garen saw the terminal on his watch. On the top, there were only about few thousand Universal Units left; with so little money, he had almost spent it all without noticing. Even worse, he had spent two hundred over Units for buying someone dinner. Now, he only had 1402 left.

“I have to think of ways to earn money. If I can make another batch of White Peacock Stone next time, then I should be able to breakthrough Level 1. But I would not be able to make it now. I just had a breakthrough and I still need time to stabilize. I also don’t have money to buy enough White Rainbow Stone,” Garen did a mental calculation.

He then looked at the bottles of powder that were ready.

“These powder will be able to earn me some money, but I need to have a reasonable cover up. Otherwise, how can I, a mere scholar separate such high-energy fuel powder? Once people start realizing this cheap technique I use, it would be a crime!”

The only place that can separate such high-energy fuel powder is...

“The laboratory, a biochemical plant, research base, and more. Only these places with high precision technology can achieve this separation of fuel.”

Garen pondered.

“How can I put on this layer of leather?”

On one hand, he did not have a clue as to how he could do it. If he built his own laboratory but he did not have connections with strong capital resources, then he did not even need to think about it. However, a laboratory was the third cheapest option out of all.

For a moment, he tossed that idea out of his head. Garen looked at the time, where the sky was slightly brighter. Even though he did not sleep for the most of the night, but he was still very awake. It seemed like the advanced Peacock Technique had also strengthened his vitality.

He simply woke up and straight away took a shower. After that, he sat cross-legged on the bed and started practicing the training method.

In such a meditational-like state, time passed by very quickly. In the blink of an eye, the alarm he had set on his Watch Terminal started ringing.

When Garen opened his eyes, he could already vaguely hear scholars' talking and footsteps as they passed by. He could also make out the sparsely beeping horns of the suspended vehicles that constantly came in from the outside.

He let out a long sigh. Garen could feel the Willpower in his body that still had not reacted. From that feeling, he knew that this time's training method had not much of an effect and it was far less refreshing than absorbing the White Peacock Stone.

"It seems like money is the most important thing at this point."

Very quickly, Instructor Hamm had called.

"How are you? How was your rest?" Instructor Hamm's chubby face appeared on his Watch Terminal. His face also carried a hint of drunken flush; his hair was in a mess. It looked like he did not sleep after the celebration last night.

"I'm good," Garen nodded his head. "Instructor, you guys did not celebrate the whole night, did you?"

"Ha... Let's not mention that. Do your best today. To be honest, I don't think I can be as satisfied as I am calling you now. After this, no matter if you win or lose, we have already won! Don't put too much pressure on yourself," Hamm cheerfully waved his hand.

"I understand. All I have to do is put in all my effort — I will do my best," Garen understandingly nodded his head.

"As long as you understand, it's good enough. You should quickly come out for breakfast. I'll hang up first."

“Okay.”

After he hung up, Garen looked at his SMS messages. There were his parents’ messages — encouraging him to do his best in the competition, be aware of his safety, don’t be too hard on himself. Then, it was his siblings’ congratulatory messages, as well as some of Aier and Mina’s congratulations and questions.

Once he was done with all his replies, Garen blow-dried his hair, and immediately put on his Moonfang before he left.

Outside, the entire school was broadcasting the review of the final’s results. Garen avoided those that were not relevant, and only picked out the important ones.

“In the semi-finals of this Qualifier Match, Merseus used the Level 3 technique of a triple beam gun to suppress Nobis’s red shield. Finally, she broke the limit with an easy victory using the back raid ion jammer. That was the third time Merseus had demonstrated the Level 3 technique. Does this indicate that she is about the enter Level 3’s general standard? Even if we use our Blackboard’s criterion, Level 3’s standard is considered an Instructor’s level of standard. Since she was young, Merseus was already a talent. When she was ten or more, she could activate her Willpower and practiced the toughest development of the Hourglass training method. Even at nineteen-years-old, she could break through to the standard of Level 3. This speed of progress...”

After that, it was a series of words that praised Merseus. Merseus, this young female scholar who was in the same class, and had such unbeatable strength and figure such that she had already been imprinted into the minds of all the scholars who were in the same class.

While Garen was walking, he was eating a nutritious meal that he bought at the road-side shop — a bread, milk box, and a nutritious ball. These were artificially produced by synthesizing grain supplies. Although it looked like bread and milk, in reality, it is not. Instead, it is a replicated product. The real and natural food products were really expensive. For an average family, they would only be able to afford it during special occasions.

Since the exploitation of various high-energy fuels, the rapid development of scientific and technological civilization, and the reckless destruction of the war, it has caused the planet’s ecological environment to worsen. The disadvantage it brought was that food could only be synthesized, just like drugs. Otherwise,

there would not be enough food to go around. The pressure of the population was so huge that even things such as hybrid grains were useless.

Along the path to the Academy, he got onto the Academy's car and went straight to the Arena.

The Arena was almost full, half filled with a crowd. Most of them were scholars' parents, who rushed here from the outside just to watch the battle. Nonosiva's parents were working in the outer states; his younger brother was working, or maybe he did not come because he was afraid, and his sister had disappeared all day. He did not know what was going on too.

"Hey, I'm here."

When he walked into the Arena, Kendall's voice came from the upper right side. Following the sound, Garen looked up and could not believe that this bastard really did come into the Academy to watch the battle.

He waved at him and immediately walked towards the area where the contestants would enter into the field.

The Arena was getting livelier. There weren't a lot of remaining contestants. When Caus, Bally, Merseus, and more entered the field, they attracted a lot of attention.

After going through the same prompts as before, the competition officially began.

Garen sat quietly in his contestant area, eating the breakfast in his hands. As the synthesized food went into his stomach, he used the ability from the Peacock Technique to swallow.

When he swallowed, he could feel the food in his stomach digesting at a stunning speed. He stuffed a bread, that was the size of his fist, into his mouth. Within half a minute, it was completely digested as if he had not eaten at all.

When he finished eating, he then drank four bottles of nutrient solution under both Fervale's and Sara's shocked gaze. The solution flushed into his stomach like it was a bottomless pit; no one could even see the bloating of his stomach.

Garen himself felt a little weird too. But he could feel the insides of his body, the lower part of his stomach, vaguely storing a cold liquid thing. As his food intake increased, the thing became bigger and bigger.

"In the meantime, while the swallowing ability increases the magnitude of the body's quality, it can also condense the produced impurities to form a power that can freeze the opponent. Unless this is that thing?"

Garen guessed.

However, there wasn't much time left. Very quickly, it would be his turn to compete.

'Class of C5's Nonosiva versus C2's Long Yuka.'

The broadcasted voice immediately rang out.

Garen stood up from his seat.

"All the best!" Instructor Hamm pumped his fist in the air and smiled, "Be careful of your safety and that's all. It doesn't matter if you lose."

"Don't worry," Garen replied with a 'no problem' gesture. He smiled for a bit and quickly walked towards the opened passageway into the Arena.

At this stage, most of the opponents were absolutely the top elite talents. No one was here because of luck.

As he sat in the Mech, Garen eyes squinted and stared at the black Mech on the opposite side.

“Long Yuka? Weird name.”

‘The competition has now entered the battle of the top ten. Now, Team Grade C will compete. Long Yuka, ranked in eighth class will compete against Nonosiva, who is ranked in ninth class. Both of them are powerful in their own ways — Long Yuka’s previous battle results barely lost to both Bally and Usala in two separate battles, even though he won all his other battles. Whereas Nonosiva is much more powerful. He never lost a single battle, and entered the finals with his absolute victory...”

The broadcast was not a mechanical sound anymore. Instead, it was a professional narrator spluttering as he explained the situation of the competition.

In the Arena, two Mechs confronted each other with a distance of over a hundred meters. Similarly, both of them had chosen the long-range shooting method. More so, it was a similar long-range defense play with long range weapons as well as defensive shields.

The huge black and white shield tower covered the almost half of the back of the two Mech’s body.

Although this shield looked mighty, if they did not know how to use it, it would only take two hits for it to be broken.

Chapter 806

Garen activated his shield.

“Let the competition begin!”

Just as the word ‘begin’ fell out, he raised two of his Gaussian gun.

As the muffled gun sound rang out, the Gaussian cannon shot out two black-lines of afterimages. Suddenly, it hit the front of the black Mech’s shield tower. Then after it slid off the shield tower, it was deflected towards the two sides and it immediately bounced off. It was as if it has some invisible power that attracted both the cannons.

'Let's not play along with these useless testings. Let's see it for real,' the opponent's voice came from within the black Mech across from him. With this backhand, he took out a black and round ball-like thing that was the size of the Mech's fist.

"Watch out for my tracking grenade!"

Before the voice rang, he quickly moved towards the left to avoid the next cannon. Then, he violently dived towards the front.

Among the whistling, the black-round ball was flying directly towards the top of Garen's head. After that, it exploded with a bang, and it was turned into black and small round pearls which sprinkled right down to his face.

"Heavy magnetic interference grenade!"

Garen's heart jumped. Even this weapon could be used by the opponent — this was the mass killing weapon that could only be used three times in Level 2 of Willpower. The strong interference strength would create a huge distorted signal the moment it touches the Mech. In turn, it would then affect the Mech's internal signal transmission, causing the Mech's movements to slow down. There was also the possibility that it might even paralyze the Mech.

"You have to dodge it!"

During times like this, he must move. In this range of scattershot, even if he used his shield to block it, the falling bullets would automatically connect to the magnetic field. Then, it would affect the Mech's energy consumption, which would increase the burden as well.

The Moonfang that was originally used to control the Mech was already tough and unstable. If he added this thing to the Mech, the rate of losing would be much bigger!

For the first time, Garen felt that this competition was out of his control.

“Luckily my Willpower was upgraded yesterday. Hence, the burden on the Moonfang has lessened a lot more. So, it should be able to support a slightly more intense movement,” this idea flashed across his mind.

He took a glance at the countless iron bullets that were falling down and he suddenly slammed into the ground. He quickly rolled out towards the right side to create some distance. Then, with a muffled thump, he fired a Gaussian Gun from his body when he was rolling. The bullet brushed past the black Mech’s shoulder while he wasn’t paying attention, nearly hitting the head’s control center. It scared the opponent so much that it gave him a cold sweat.

“Amazing! However, only such an opponent is worthy for me to kill!” It seemed like Long Yuka was getting even more excited. Once again, he took out a heavy magnetic interference grenade and he tossed it again.

Puff!

A huge amount of grenade overwhelmingly shrouded Garen again.

For a Mech, up to ten meters of coverage area could be avoided with just one movement. But Garen’s Willpower was short. So this time, he could only roll away to avoid the coverage network. As he raised up his hand, it was another two shots again.

The Gaussian Cannon was just the correct size for Mechs. Lifting it up with one hand was also very easy, but the cannon still fell onto the opponent’s shield and it was bounced off again.

“The turtle shell again!” Even though Garen had expected this earlier when he was looking through the details of his opponent, it still felt frustrating when he had encountered it for real.

Among the two Mechs in the competition, one Mech hid and the other one threw grenades; occasional Gaussian gunshot sounds were heard. The competition was at a deadlock for a moment.

The white Mech that Garen controlled rolled on the ground to dodge the opponent’s grenade again and again, but it seemed like the power of the heavy magnetic interference grenade had affected the

Willpower. It was certainly the power of the technique that the opponent had combined with the Willpower that seemed a little strange.

He could vaguely feel that his Willpower was becoming slower. He couldn't help but feel slightly fearful.

Once again, another roll. Garen had unconsciously gotten closer to the black Mech. Their distance was not more than twenty meters apart.

The Moonfang did not leak this time as if it was because of the strengthening of Willpower. Garen felt slightly calmer. But he realized that only two minutes had passed after he quickly took a look at the time.

Seeing as the black Mech did not notice the closing distance between them, Garen quickly dodged to the left to avoid the bullets that were falling onto the floor.

A sneer came from inside the black Mech as he raised his hand again. This bastard was prepared to throw another grenade! Furthermore, he was throwing it directly in front of him!

Just as he lifted his hand, the grenade was still in his hand.

Garen hastily fixed his gaze.

"Now!"

He suddenly dashed forward and the Mech almost threw himself over; the blue thruster on his back burst violently with the strongest blue flame.

Bang!

The two Mechs fiercely slammed into each other and then they slid away from each other with about a ten-meter distance on the ground.

“You bastard!” The black Mech, Long Yuka made an angry sound and violently twisted the grenade in his hand.

Bang!

The grenade instantly burst opened large bullets, drawing both Mechs inwards. As if the large black bullets had a life of their own, it was sucked onto the surface of the two Mechs.

A shocked sound suddenly came from the audience. It was obvious that no one had expected this to happen.

Garen’s expression turned cold as his right elbow straightened for a moment. At the same time, while one of his knees was stuck in between the opponent’s legs, he used his other hand to pull the trigger of Gaussian gun.

Elbow, and cannon — they both shot up and out at the same time.

Hong!

The white Mech’s close-body combat was a rookie move, Garen had consecutively hit all spots with almost no pause. However, the shields of the two Mechs had flew off from the impact of the hit just now and there was nothing stopping him anymore.

As the explosion rumbled, the black Mech’s cockpit immediately burst into flames. Then, a black rescue capsule popped out and was pulled upwards by the gravitational field.

‘The competition ends there with Nonosiva as the winner!’

The electronic sounds in the Arena rang out.

Garen’s white Mech was also covered with cracks that were caused by the explosion. However, it was naturally much better if he compared it to his opponent whom which he gave a surprise attack to.

'This is a shocking victory! Scholar Long Yuka practices the Giant Current Training Method that was passed down from his family. The total amount of Willpower he had was nearly twice as much as that of an average person's training method in his generation. This is why he is able to use heavy magnetic interference grenade as a conventional weapon. But who would expect him to die in the hands of a long-range opponent using close body combat? Undoubtedly, it was his carelessness but it was also due to the opponent's variety of powerful and comprehensive tactics,' the narrator started explaining again.

Standing up quietly, Garen lifted his head up and looked at Long Yuka's unsatisfied face that was in the rescue capsule. This yellow-haired young man did not seem to believe that he had lost the competition.

He took a look at his Moonfang and sure enough, the series of violent movements just now had made this thing sparkle again. He estimated that it would not last much longer before it retires.

Only then did Garen slowly drove the Mech towards the outside. He did not dare to make the movements too big, nor too fast, but only at a slow pace.

Though others felt as if he was exceptionally calm.

'It seems that even though contestant Nonosiva is in the finals, he is still very calm. After his victory, he is going back to the Mech Warehouse in his uniquely slow pace. He has proved himself to be one of the only four contestants to date that has a record of an absolute victory,' the narrator's sound constantly echoed in the air.

Garen could not be bothered to think about it. After changing his Mech, he still had to compete in the Wheel Battle. Hence, he could only rest for a bit. Fervale should also be starting his finals by now. If they did not win, other opponents in other classes would deal with him as they continued.

Back in the Mech Warehouse, he immediately leaned onto the wall to catch some rest after he came out from the Mech. He watched as the damaged white Mech got carried away and a new white Mech walked in again from the inner Warehouse. Rays of repair lights hit the surface of the Mech's body. There was no one around, he was the only one there. Everything else was the automated facilities. But he could clearly feel that the surrounding monitoring equipment was placed in every corner, constantly monitoring everything that goes on in here.

“Only the first opponent and it was already such a troublesome one...”

After letting out a harsh sigh, Garen closed his eyes to repose his energy.

If it would be unpredictable, then he would need to face two strong opponents later on.

Both of Fervale’s eyes were already squinting from the sweat that was dripping downwards. He did not dare to wipe it off, he could only try his very best to keep it open. He fixed his eyes on the white Mech who was wrestling him.

The two Mechs on the Arena tightly smashed into each other, with their elbows tangled up. They constantly fought like a bull that exerts its force from its horns.

When the Mech’s capabilities are the same, the only thing that would determine a win or a lose was the Mech Pilot. The strong or weak strength Mech Pilot’s Willpower, or whether the posture taken was favorable, would be the key to winning.

Fervale did not know how he had ended up in this wrestling position, but he knew that this was the position that would benefit him the most.

“Don’t waste your energy,” a light tone came from the Mech opposite of him. It was a girl. “Since we were young, when have you won? I did not switch schools his time to waste my time on you.”

“I will win!” Fervale did not speak much. All he did was mobilized his Willpower and continued to inject it into his Mech’s input port.

“It’s useless.”

As the white Mech’s knees hit forwards, directly breaking into Fervale’s chest, a series of sparks ignited.

The two of them were now separated by a little distance. It was at this moment, the white Mech suddenly dashed forwards. Her elbows and knees quickly burst outwards, like a thunderstorm heading towards Fervale.

Bang bang bang bang bang!

Fervale reluctantly shielded himself one time after another, but his whole Mech body was constantly pushed backward.

“Damn it! Why, why, why! Why can’t I win this time!” Hia face was becoming more and more ferocious. As if he did not care about his life anymore, his Willpower wildly entered input port with all that he had.

But to no avail, the Mech lost its balance and violently flew backward. Immediately after, the white Mech’s arrows chased after him and it was directly aimed at his elbow.

Thump!

Fervale felt a huge force pulling him out.

“I lost...”

He knew it was the rescue capsule.

“Such weakling...” He lowered his head. Through the glass, he could see his opponent, the green-haired girl’s arrogant expression.

‘Class of C2’s Celine won!’ The electronic voice rang out.

Fervale closed his eyes. He had once again lost to her. As they were growing up, he had never won once. Even if it was only once!

Celine was the family's genius. No matter if it was the family's inner competition, or for the future inheritance for her father's hard-earned business, if no one could beat her in the end, then the inheritance would only go to Celine, according to family tradition.

Whereas his inheritance rights would be taken away by Celine because of his incompetence. The family would only allow the strongest person to be the successor; there would not be any exceptions.

Celine is unbeatable...

That girl not only has Level 2 of comprehensive strength, she even has the full details that would enable her to challenge Merseus and Bally!

Chapter 807: Celine 1

"He lost? It seems like this fellow will not be able to face me now," Caus simply said as he looked down at the Arena.

A few boys crowded around him and laughed at what he said.

"Should we give that guy a little more seasoning since he dared to beat my younger brother up the last time?" Someone said.

Caus looked down at Nonosiva's tired face. Suddenly, he did not know what struck him but he felt a slight boredom. How would he, someone who was destined to be one of the top three competitors, waste his energy on such a nobody?

"That's funny. My opponents should be Merseus and Bally. Even with that role, he still did not get into the finals. If he can win this round, then we'll talk about it again."

He looked at the black-haired guy who was walking towards him from the other side.

“Did you get the information I wanted?”

“I got it, but it’s not very detailed. No one really knows all of Bally’s true cards and I have also put in all my effort only to find out one trick of his,” the black-haired man shook his head slightly.

“One trick is good enough,” a hint of surprise flashed across Caus’s eyes.

“Let me deduce it this time for you.”

“Thank you.”

“No need. Just don’t forget us once you’ve entered the elite,” the black-haired man smiled gently.

“Of course not!” Caus solemnly nodded his head. He simply took a glance at Nono who was below and faintly inclined his head to say a few words to the people beside him.

“Go and give Celine a tip on that bastard’s weak spots. I don’t have time to waste on this bastard.”

“Understood,” a young one by his side nodded his head.

Blackboard Academy, in the Upper-Level Control Hall of a huge Battleship.

The black arched hall was densely inlaid with silver gemstones. Four tall black seats were suspended in the air by strong magnetic force and it each occupied 4 different positions, forming a square. Virtual three-dimensional figures vaguely flickered on top of the seats; there were three older people and one middle-aged woman.

The middle-aged woman's face did not show the slightest trace of aging, but everyone who knew her knew that she was the oldest among all the other Deans in the Academy. Cruz von Shaw was now two hundred and fifty-nine years old. Since she took on this position as the Dean, she had now been in charge for a solid seventy-nine years.

This elder who had survived for two centuries did not show signs of aging because of her strong Willpower. She had thus been the most powerful Strategic Level Mech Pilot when it came to repressing the Blackboard Region. She had also been awarded the Three Star Honor by the Mother Planet Federation. She had destroyed tons of local Mechs on the battlefield and her impressive reputation spreads throughout the battlefield.

At the moment, Cruz's both eyes revealed a rare tension as she silently stared at the rotating silver spherical model that was in the middle of the hall.

"What do the three of think about this?" She suddenly said, after observing the sphere.

The other three elders were the Academy's older professors who were highly respected. They were all strong Mech Pilots, but their ranks were a notch lower when compared to the Dean.

Similarly, the three of them looked carefully at the rotating silver sphere that was in the middle. Their faces revealed a dignified expression, especially when the white light flashed continuously on the surface of the sphere.

"I do not know the source of the rumor, nor where it came from," a bald-headed old man with a head full of wrinkles said in a deep voice. "But it does not matter if this rumor is true or false, it is not a good thing for Blackboard Region."

"Why isn't it a good thing? The bigger the risk, the more benefits we'll get. If we could get one component of the Forbidden Mech, then it would elevate the quality of our entire Academy!" Another old woman argued.

"Then we would need to have the ability to be able to bear the risk!" The old man frowned as he looked the other person in the eyes.

“Have you become a coward?” The old woman sneered.

“It seems to me that you’ve gone crazy from your pharmaceutical research.”

The both of them were at each other’s necks with their disagreement and they were not willing to compromise.

“Quit arguing. Didn’t Karfi bring back a surviving child from that attack?” Lastly, a white-haired, but radiant-faced professor spoke up; both his eyes had a faint sense of sharpness. Obviously, he was another careerist who did not like being left out — his name was Sims. To date, he was named one of the two strongest Mech Pilots in the Academy’s history. He was the next best, after the Dean who had not shown her skills for many years. At the same time, he held the position of the Academy’s Vice Dean. He was wise and a firm advocate of the theory of force.

“What about the child that Karfi brought back?” It seemed like Dean Cruz had thought of that too. Karfi was one of the Academy’s strongest Black Star out of three, and he was the old woman professor, Baba’s inheriting disciple. Within the Academy, there were only three Level 4 elite students.

“The Black Star has left for the Polar Region. In such a short time frame, we could only estimate to allow these three boys to represent us. It is also a form of training,” Professor Sims simply said.

“What do you mean?” Dean Cruz looked at her old friend whom she had known for many years.

“It can be said that this kid, Black Star Diofie is the strongest talent that our own Academy has brought up. He is destined to surpass all of us,” Sims smiled. “But even tigers who live alone in the mountains will not be able to beat a pride of lions. Even the most powerful people need their own forces — they need to have their own people to help. That’s why we had to allow Medero and the three of them to truly become Diofie’s right-hand assistants.”

Cruz frowned slightly.

“Will there be any danger?”

“If the nested eagles never fly out from their mother’s nest, they will never really spread their wings,” Sims maintained the same smile.

“I agree with this point,” The old-woman professor, Baba nodded her head.

The last person just kept his mouth shut, neither agreed or disagreed.

“Behind this time’s Forbidden Mech issue, there must be a relatively larger organization to promote this, just as it was twenty years ago. But if it’s only within our Region, I will still have the confidence that would ensure the three kids’ personal safety.” After Sim said those words, he did not speak again.

Dean Cruz let out a long sigh.

“Alright then. I’ll pass on this Forbidden Mech issue to the trio of the Black Light to go ahead with the investigation.”

“That’s good too. This case is now settled,” Baba nodded her head. “Then what about the little Kid who was saved?”

“He and the Forbidden Mech must be related. His family was destroyed and it seems like his enemy is looking for something too. If it’s possible, ask him clearly on the valuable items his family possess for their opponent to be making such a big thing out of it — whether it includes having a component of the Forbidden Mech,” Cruz instructed.

“Alright, I will ask Karfi clearly,” Baba nodded her head once again to show her understanding of this matter.

“Then let’s end it here today. Dismiss,” Cruz slapped the button on the chair and suddenly, the three of their virtual image disappeared in a blink of an eye.

‘The second round — Nonosiva versus Celine!’

The mechanical sound rang out. Garen took control of the white Mech and slowly walked out to the aisle, without using the Ejection System immediately.

It gave him a shock when he noticed that his opponent was using two red boxing gloves. The black Mech forgo-ed the weapons in its hands and instead, it was clenched into a fist, wearing a red pair of spiked gloves. By the looks of it, it seemed a little ferocious but it also seemed a little flimsy.

Because other than that, there were no other protective measures.

The opponent stood firmly. It seemed like it wasn’t moving, giving people a hint of energy that it was as stable as the mountain.

Garen’s Willpower had strengthened and upgraded to another level. He could vaguely feel a certain magnitude of his Willpower’s force on his outer body. At this moment, he could too clearly feel the uniquely strong force that was emitting from his opponent’s body. It made him shudder with fear.

“The opponent this time will be very troublesome...” Garen recalled all of Celine’s information. On the top of the message, it showed that his opponent had only just achieved a Level 2 of Willpower. But looking at her now, it seemed like his opponent had hidden the truth from his informant too. This bastard’s standard was above Level 2...

Celine frowned as she stared at her opponent’s white Mech. At first, she had wanted to choose white, but she did not expect her opponent to choose the same color. This made her a little unhappy.

“Ms. Celine, can you hear me?”

Suddenly, a clear voice echoed inside the Mech.

“Madon? What happened?” Celine sat quietly in her seat and asked calmly.

"I just received news. Your current opponent's enemy has sent you his weak points — his absolute weak points. This opponent of yours, Nonosiva's Willpower is..."

"Weak points?" Celine bluntly cut off his sentence, "Does it seem like I would need you to tell me his weak points? Or are you saying that I won't be able to beat him?"

"That wasn't what I meant—"

"I don't want to listen to your nonsense, stupid," Celine stripped him off his ego. "In front of a stronger competitor, the weak point of the weaker competitor is their whole body! If you can't even understand that, then you're really stupid!"

Her communications immediately quiet down and only rapid breathing sounds were heard. Madon was also very enraged. However, although it was obvious, he could only keep it to himself.

'Let the competition begin!' the starting voice suddenly rang out.

Celine coldly shut off all her channel communications and directly focused her attention onto the opponent's body.

Thump!

Both of her Mech's legs violently jumped off the ground. The jet flames on her back spouted disorderly in mid-air. The Mech flew in a strange arc-shaped curve and dived towards her opponent.

Small Arc Leap! It was one of the lowest depletion steps of Level 2. For normal students, it was one of the most difficult steps of Level 2. Whereas for her, it was easy natural as breathing

With three 'pengs', the black Mech was like a flying bat. However, she was flapping her wings much faster than a bat, throwing herself towards the white Mech from mid-air.

The sharp spikes on her fist fiercely scratched two red scars on Garen's head. However, what was even more surprising was that as she did her trick, a gush of inexplicable tremor suddenly spread throughout.

Boom!

Two Mechs had hit each other abruptly. In turn, Garen's white Mech was smashed and it staggered backward. His right shoulder revealed a scar. The Gaussian Gun too flew out of his hand; as it rotated in the air, it hit the protective barrier and fell downwards.

"What is this thing?!" Garen sat in the Mech feeling dizzy. Just now, as his opponent leaped in the air, he had wanted to aim and shoot many times, but his opponent had strangely dodged it. It was impossible for him to aim. More so, the most important thing was that his opponent seemed like she could naturally emit a certain sense of heavy interference power from a single movement. This interference had seriously affected his ability to react. If it wasn't for the strengthening of his Peacock Technique, his vitality was different than before. Under this interference force, he foresaw that he would not be able to hold on to his life until the end.

"Shockwave Killing Fist! It seems like Celine had been practicing the powerful Shockwave Killing Fist, which is almost a Level 3 skill! No wonder she's named the top talent in the family! Celine really deserves it!" The broadcaster's voice rang in the arena, through the speakers.

Chapter 808

Garen felt a shiver in his heart.

The Shockwave Killing Fist, he had only heard of the name of this combat skill before. With every strike and blow, it could create a strong concussing effect on the opponent's willpower, and even those with willpower on par with her's would be affected by these blows, causing their reflexes to be slowed. Unless you had undergone training to strengthen and enhance the stability of your willpower, against this kind of opponent, even if you had a stronger willpower, you may still lose the battle in a David and Goliath fashion.

"Hahaha! How interesting! To think you managed to survive the first hit!" Celine's voice rang from the black mech opposite him. She lunged towards him once again. With her level 2 Dodging Techniques along with the effects of the concussive blow, Garen did not have even the slightest chance of getting his aim right.

On the other hand, close combat required that he get closer to the opponent, making him susceptible to even stronger concussions.

“What a terrifying bastard!” for the first time in his life, he felt a complete lack of confidence. He had always had the upper hand against his enemies, but this was the first time his abilities and strength were weaker than his opponents.

He saw his opponent dashing towards him.

“What can I do!?” Numerous possibilities of countermeasures flashed through Garen’s mind, but even for a Master-level veteran with tons of combat experience, he was rendered helpless against this type technique that combines willpower. All the information he had gathered about Celine could be thrown out the window, as this bastard’s hidden strength was too terrifying, its level was even comparable to Merseus’ strength.

If only Garen wasn’t piloting this mech, but rather fighting with his physical body, Garen would have countless methods to temporarily stimulate his potential as a countermeasure. However, when it came to piloting a mech, his options were very limited.

“I can’t possibly be defeated here by a brat that’s so much younger than me...” as Garen scanned over the Moonfang, he started to feel a sense of adrenaline he hadn’t felt in decades. Only when backed into a corner could a situation be considered a difficult challenge! He hadn’t felt this way in a very long time.

Maneuvering the mech to crouch down, he avoided the two flying fists piercing at his head. Then, with a fierce kick, he propelled himself upwards!

Whoosh! The flames from his thrusters were at maximum intensity!

In an instant, the white mech did an action completely out of anyone’s imaginations.

From a crouching position, the mech’s legs kicked upwards. The sharp bit of the leg’s armor pierced into the cockpit where Celine was in.

“How could this be!!?” Celine started to panic. “His willpower was definitely far weaker than mine! How could he possibly manage to counter-attack with such a swift movement without being affected by my strikes!?” She could not wrap her head around how this could’ve happened. Judging from their difference in willpower, her opponent should have at least a few seconds of input delay when it comes to maneuvering the mech. With that amount of delay, even she would be rendered helpless. However, this opponent she was facing right now managed to not just dodge her attack, but even successfully hit a counterattack of his own!?

“This has got to be a joke...”

From the stands, the two spectators from Blue Narcissus stood up in awe. It wasn’t just them, almost the entire stadium stood up, giving him a standing ovation.

“Did this fellow not get affected?”

“Impossible! Based on his performance just now, he was definitely affected!”

The two stood there in shock over the scene that just presented itself in front of their eyes.

At the judge’s seat floating at the top.

“This is...” Red-Eyed Medero was completely shell-shocked, her vision scanning through the tournament brackets, locating the finals for Grade C. “Even under the suppression of his willpower, this guy managed to do all that...? This fellow...”

“What’s wrong?” A guy by her side asked with a weird look. He seemed to have missed the key part of the battle.

“Nothing much, it’s still too early for me to say anything.” Medero started to question what she just saw.

Clank!!

The black mech's arms collided with the legs, causing a loud crash.

Both parties were knocked back by the tremendous force of the impact, flying backward as they lost their balance.

After a couple of flips, Garen rapidly got back on his feet, whilst Celine, in the black mech, used a burst of her thrusters in an attempt to regain her balance.

Staring down her opponent, beads of sweat started dripping down Celine's forehead.

"You... didn't get suppressed?!"

"Who knows?" Garen's calm voice rang from inside the white mech.

He was undoubtedly being suppressed, but at that instant, he predicted his opponent's likely course of action from a combat standpoint, then input the actions beforehand. In other words, even before Celine did anything, he had already predicted her moves.

This was the fearsomeness of a Master-Level martial artist, he could completely see through his opponent's actions. Every one of his opponent's actions was within his calculations.

Even exceeding the Master-Level, Garen was at the level of King of the Century. At this level, they could completely see through all the tricks each other had up their sleeves, rendering all their special moves and secret techniques useless. The deciding factor in such a bout would be a clash of overbearing absolute force. At the level of King of the Century, they could achieve a level where they only needed to rely on open tactics, forcing their opponents to have no choice but to take the initiative and use their full potential in a burst to counter incoming attacks at any moment.

Hence, even though his abilities were restricted when piloting his mech, Garen was not a small fry that could easily be defeated.

“Come on!”

Celine refused to believe that he could completely counter her every move.

The black mech lunged forward once more, the two mechs exchanged blows. Almost as if two humans fighting, with a flurry of strikes and blocks from both sides.

As the fight went on, Celine started to feel worried. It felt almost as if the opposing white mech was covered with eyes on all corners, all of her hidden tricks were completely seen through. What’s even weirder, she had multiple opportunities to deal the killing blow, but somehow in a swift move, the opponent managed to turn the situation around, forcing the battle back into a competition of pure strength.

She felt that her no matter what she did, she was completely seen through by her opponent, almost as if he was peering into the deepest parts of her mind, seeing all her secrets. This induced fear caused her reflexes to slow down, and her strikes were also getting meeker.

“This bastard...” Celine was drenched in sweat. “I’m sure he was being suppressed by my willpower, how is this even possible! How could he still move like that!!?” she was certain that her opponent’s willpower was still being suppressed by hers.

All of a sudden, she hesitated with her actions for just a brief moment. Not being able to react in time, Celine felt a blow on the mech’s legs.

The warning alarm for damaged circuit boards started to ring.

The damaged modules on the leg started to flash red.

At this moment, Celine saw a gigantic fist flying towards her.

Due to her moment of carelessness, she was immediately forced into a corner.

Her feelings of disbelief started bursting out from her heart.

“I am Celine!! I will not be defeated!!” looking at the fist that was getting closer, she had a frenzied look in her eye.

“Go to hell!!”

A piercing sense of willpower suddenly burst out.

Shapeless Needle!

As Garen’s fist pounded onto his opponent’s cockpit, at the exact moment, he felt a sudden strong piercing willpower forcefully passing through the mech, stabbing him in his chest.

Willpower Attack!

He suddenly felt that this was his opponent’s Hail Mary attack.

Unable to dodge or block, Garen could only follow his backup plan, concentrating all of his willpower together, preparing to take the opponent’s attack head-on.

This type of attack that used pure willpower at the cellular level, if he didn’t manage to block it, would directly destroy his willpower at the cellular level. This would cause all affected body parts to lose their functionality, losing their livelihood, almost as if it was an attack on his body matter itself.

Bang!

It almost seemed as if an explosion had erupted in his mind as an immense pain started spreading throughout his body, originating from his chest.

Even Garen, who was unprepared for this attack, let out a long sigh, his face was extremely pale. At that moment, his willpower that had just evolved was almost dispersed, almost turning him back into an average human.

At the same time, at the center of his chest right above his stomach, a black dot started to form on the skin underneath his clothes. The dot started spreading out, almost like a drop of black ink in a body of water, expanding to the size of a fist. All the spots where the skin turned black felt almost like a wilted plant, as it had lost all its shine and elasticity.

The two mechs staggered back a few steps, then stood motionless.

With the last blow onto the cockpit, Celine was bleeding profusely from her eyes and ears and passed out on the pilot's seat. Her appearance was completely ravaged.

On the other hand, Garen was hit by that piercing willpower and his body was permanently damaged. He was also heavily concussed and unable to come back into consciousness for the time being. He took had suffered serious injuries.

The two were both unable to continue their battle and could only remain idle.

'Results of the battle: the two parties are unable to continue the battle. It is a draw.' the result was quickly delivered by the judge's panel. It seemed like the judges did not want to have any permanent damage done to these two unimaginably powerful geniuses just because of a competition like this. Hence, they reached a decisive conclusion as the result of this battle.

"It's a Draw!"

Instructor Hamm and the others finally breathed a sigh of relief. Neither him, Fervale, nor Sara could've predicted that just within one year, Nonosiva could improve so much, reaching such an amazing level. To put it in a more concrete manner, even though his willpower did not strengthen too much, his combat prowess seemed to have had a huge leap after his injury from last time.

"Celine... Draw..." Fervale stared at the screen displaying the results with a complicated expression. He couldn't believe that the undefeatable Celine was almost defeated by Nonosiva, who he had always

seen as inferior to him. To put it bluntly, for someone who was utterly defeated by Celine earlier on, it was a complete mockery of himself.

“Don’t think too much of it. After all, Nono is also one of the members of our class,” Instructor Hamm patted his back to comfort him.

“I understand.” Fervale nodded while taking a deep breath.

On the Arena

Numerous ambulances and technical crew rushed to the scene. They were each checking on the condition of the mech and the pilots.

Garen was carried out of the mech. Looking at the black patch of dead skin on Garen’s chest sent a shiver down the paramedics’ spines. This kind of wound caused by the sheer force of willpower was the hardest to deal with. To their surprise, Garen was still conscious; although his forehead was drenched in sweat, he was definitely still conscious. He tilted his head over to look at his opponent Celine who was being dragged out of the mech right opposite of him.

Celine’s body was completely covered with blood as she was being dragged out, and her body was as stiff as a plank. The paramedics immediately attached an oxygen mask to her and rushed her stretcher to the ambulance.

Swiftly, the two were carried onto the same ambulance and transported out of the arena, leaving a trail of ambulance sirens. The technical crew also started towing the two mechs off the arena.

This was the worst injury Garen had sustained in this body to date. The damaged parts of his chest were not the problem, but the traces of Celine’s willpower around those parts were troublesome. These traces was what was left from Celine shattering her own concentrated willpower, the remaining power. All of these traces were a portion of the power from the strike earlier, preventing his body’s recovery system from repairing his injuries.

There was a pair of doctors and nurses next to each stretcher attending to them to monitor their condition.

“You’re too good!” Celine said through the oxygen mask.

Chapter 809: Rising Wind 1

“Are you praising yourself? It was you who beat me up into such a state,” Garen said calmly. He intentionally squirmed a bit to mimic being in pain, pretending~ to make an agonized expression. Truthfully, this kind of pain was almost commonplace to him. If not to appear more normal, he could even sit up and move about. Furthermore, he could even treat his own wounds, but that would not fit his appearance as a kid who hadn’t even hit his twenties.

“To tell you the truth, I was aiming to get into the Top 3 to become an Elite Student,” Celine thought back to the feeling she felt earlier, almost as if her entirety was being seen through. It left a bitter taste in her heart.

“What a coincidence, I was thinking the same thing,” Garen ‘forcefully’ let out a chuckle.

“Oh?” Celine turned her head towards him. “And here I thought there were a lot more experts like you over here at Blackboard.”

Garen remained silent. He continued lying there letting the nurse wipe off his sweat.

“If there really were so many experts, then my dreams of getting into the Top 3 would be impossible,” Celine continued.

“What was the name of that pure willpower attack that you used at the end?” Garen already knew that the tournament was already over for him, but he managed to show his true potential. Gaining the attention and respect from Blue Narcissus shouldn’t be an issue now, so he might as well focus on the stuff he was interested in in the meantime.

“It’s Shapeless Needle, a skill that I can only use once,” as Celine was speaking to an opponent of her level, she has completely lost the prideful air she had earlier and looked a lot calmer. “Pure willpower-based techniques are extremely difficult, even I only managed to learn two types – Willpower Concussion and Shapeless Needle. In addition, most of them require a lot of self-exertion.”

She paused, “You, on the other hand, even though you were being suppressed by me, how did you manage to initiate that strong counterattack?”

Garen laughed, although Celine could be foulmouthed at times, she wasn’t necessarily a bad person; she simply just has a desire to attain more strength.

“That was purely just my offensive instincts, I could predict your actions,” he didn’t hide anything from her, as even if he revealed this to her, there was no way she could easily learn this. This was something that can only be obtained from large amounts of experience in combat and a high level of physical prowess. Otherwise, with the countless amounts of martial artists present in the Secret Technique World, there wouldn’t only be a couple of King of the Century level experts.

Unsurprisingly, Celine also understood that point.

“What are you talking about, this level of proficiency can only be achieved by the likes of the Inheriting Pilots. How old do you think you are?”

“Well, your offensive tactics weren’t that advanced either,” Garen responded.

“Err...” Celine was left speechless. It was true that if the opponent were much better when it comes to such tactics and strategies, this would not be impossible.

However, Garen managed to read in between the lines of what she was saying.

“Do you mean that there really have been people who managed to achieve that high level of proficiency?”

That had to be a joke, out of billions of people, barely a handful could be considered at the King of Century level. How could there easily be such a person here?

“Of course, Inheriting Pilots are all experts in battle strategy, this degree of offensive instinct would only be the foundations of their skills,” Celine naturally replied.

Garen pondered a bit more, this was indeed nothing too surprising.

The King of the Centuries of the Secret Technique World were hailed as kings, but in that world, the number of people who practiced secret techniques was only a few million. Out of that number, there was a one in a million chance that they would become a King of the Century. On the other hand, in this world, taking the entire planet as a unit of measurement, this planet contains easily billions in population. Learning to pilot mechs was also one of the most mainstream paths and out of the billions of people, at least tens of millions would pursue a career in mech piloting. There were countless students from institutions and academies all aiming to become a mech pilot, aspiring to be the one-man-army of the heroic legends.

With this ratio, having more King of the Century level people would not be strange at all.

Celine did not notice Garen’s pondering look as she continued to talk to herself.

“Even within our Blackboard Academy, there are these types of experts. Dean Cruz and Vice Dean Sims are both top-level experts. Combining their expertise with their willpower, their strength is almost comparable to the fearsomeness of the one-man-army from the legends.” Celine’s eyes were full of admiration.

“Alright, let’s change the topic. Since we got a tie in our match, I wonder what arrangements they would have for us,” Garen asked.

“There are no arrangements. We won’t be able to continue on in the tournament. Damn! If I didn’t have to face you, I could’ve easily beaten Caus. I might’ve even stood a chance in a heads-up battle against Bally,” Celine had a dissatisfied look on her face.

“Save your strength for healing your injuries. If you’re dissatisfied, just go back to challenge them in the future,” Garen lazily said.

Celine suddenly felt like a deflated balloon, glaring daggers at Garen. She helplessly just turned her head and went to rest.

Caus was seated in the contestant area, discussing the previous bout with instructors.

“Those two fellows...” beads of sweat started to form on his forehead.

“If you were the one facing off against them, do you have the confidence to win?” the instructor asked in a low voice.

Caus wanted to answer but he still had his own dignity, and the answer wouldn’t change anything anyway. Disregarding everything else, merely with the Willpower Concussion technique, he would’ve been utterly defeated, or even just one-shotted.

“Let’s just focus on your preparations for the next match,” the instructor sighed. “Don’t think too much of it. Since they have already left the battlefield, let’s just consider that your fortune. There are only 3 top spots after all.”

Caus let out a long breath.

“Understood.”

However, one thing continued to linger in his mind, since when had Nonosiva possessed such a strong potential and strength? If he continued on with their grudges, was it really worth it? It was something he had to take into consideration. Luckily he wasn’t the one who directly confronted him back then, he was only supporting his juniors in their actions. He could push all the blame onto them and start over with a clean slate.

When faced with an opponent that you cannot easily escape, especially if the opponent was one that constantly grew stronger, under these conditions and the constraints of a legal system, no matter what grudges one had before, the first thing anyone would think of wouldn't be how to defeat the opponent, but rather how to solve this issue.

Only a dumbass would continue on under these conditions.

Caus had already planned out his strategy to win over Nonosiva. The guy was from a poor background, giving him some small benefits should be enough, this shouldn't be too big of an issue.

Garen was forced to withdraw from the tournament as a result of his draw with Celine. Although they didn't manage to advance to the final stage, they managed to show off their true potential and extraordinary abilities. The top brass should give some sort of acknowledgment.

After settling the placings for the tournaments, Instructor Hamm, Fervale and company rushed off to the hospital after the ambulances. Mia and Aier also followed them.

From the spectator stands, the two Blue Narcissus spectators were exchanging their opinions.

"Let's just report it as it is, we'll just leave it to the people in charge of Grade C to decide."

"I think they should pass, they have the makings of an Elite Student."

"However, the fact is that they still didn't pass, I think..." the two didn't continue on, they genuinely felt sorry for Garen's misfortune. "They definitely had the potential to be Elite Students, what a waste."

"Yeah."

The tournament did not come to a halt just because of Garen and Celine's withdrawal. The tournament continued on as scheduled after a wave of discussions at the judges' seat. Regrettably, they still remained inconclusive and they decided to focus on the upcoming matches in the meantime.

However, the recordings of Garen and Celine's battle were leaked out, and their reputations as prodigies started to spread. Whether Garen or Celine, the battle had proven their abilities as pilots. Although both of them were heavily injured in the match and were forced to withdraw from the tournament, their final battle had left a lasting impression on everyone who saw it.

As Merseus, Bally, and Caus made their way into the Elite Council, Nonosiva and Celine also became the strongest First Seats in every Grade C student's heart.

Especially mid-level students like Fervale, they were mostly students who had Upper Level 1 willpower, they were far weaker as compared to Celine who almost reached Level 3 willpower. They were also the ones who fully understood the difference in their strengths. Regarding Nono who managed to hold his own against Celine, linking it with his past winning streak, they naturally also regarded him as a perceived Level 3 when he combines his general abilities.

Who would've thought that an expert like Nonosiva was still at a Level 1 willpower? If Celine had started off the battle with her pure willpower attacks, it was unlikely that Garen would have been able to attain this result.

At the same time, all throughout the Blackboard Region, all eyes were on the Qualifier Match of the Academy. The matches sent shockwaves through the outer areas of the Southwest region of Blackboard.

Southwest of the Blackboard Region

The sky was a stretch of clear blue, without a cloud in sight.

Hiss!!

Suddenly, a twisted black ball appeared in the sky out of nowhere. The ball was engulfed in glowing black electric discharge, making a crackling sound. The ball started off at the size of a soccer ball, but it rapidly expanded.

Bang!

With a loud noise, the ball burst open, revealing a damaged black and red mech. The mech was in humanoid form, and half of its head had been sliced off by a sharp object. Its right arm and leg were covered with some sort of cast in an attempt to keep it in one piece. It was holding a long black curved knife, but the knife was full of chips and had various dents and blunt edges on it as if it had been used to block strikes.

Just as the black and red mech appeared, it started nosediving straight towards the ground. Although it was trying to stay afloat using its thrusters, it could barely slow down the fall.

"I'm... not done...!!" from inside the mech, a voice shouted in agony.

Crash!!

The mech collided with a hard rocky cliff and exploded into countless bits and pieces. The yellow and red flames formed intersecting light rings, slicing through everything it came in contact with. Only after spreading a few hundred meters did it slowly fade away.

All the areas that were sliced through by the two light rings were perfectly cut through.

The edge of the rocky cliff also started to crumble, as if the light ring had sliced off a huge portion of the cliff.

Chapter 810: Rising Wind 2

It was at this moment that a black ball of sparks appeared in the middle of the sky once again. The ball exploded, this time revealing a white and red humanoid mech.

The mech was more than 10 meters tall with a lean and elegant shape. However, its arms inspired a sense of curiosity from everyone who looked at it. One of them was holding onto a snowy white alloy sword that looked like a straight letter opener while the other didn't have a hand structure; instead, the arm was in the shape of a cannon barrel. There were some symbols and patterns carved in dark red at the area around the cannon lip and muzzle, giving it an antique vibe.

However, the thing that stood out the most about the mech was the soft green fluorescence shining from all the gaps on its chest and shoulder plates, almost as if a neon green liquid was flowing through all of these crevices. These glowing green crevices seemed to naturally form a single character: Light.

"How dare he attempt such a stunt even after being so heavily damaged? Serves him right!" a cold and hoarse voice sounded from inside the mech.

All of a sudden, numerous white humanoid mechs appeared behind this mech. All of them had the white-red color scheme, but none were as intricately designed as the mech leading them. They all had a simple green diamond-shaped gem embedded in their chests.

"Go down there and retrieve the parts," The leader said emotionlessly.

"Understood."

Out of the 5 mechs that just appeared, 3 of them nosedived downwards while the remaining 2 started circling the area as if they were patrolling.

"Based on your potential, to be able to force me, the Great Light Mech, to personally take action, you should be proud," the leader mech sneered as he looked down at the remains of the exploded mech.

Almost immediately, the results of the search were reported back, neatly organized on the mech's quantum computer. Pieces of black machine parts start popping up on the computer screen.

“The next target is...?”

Inside the Great Light Mech, a young man in a white mask quickly opened the email that he had just received.

Swiftly scanning through the contents of the message, the man’s sharp eyes squinted slightly, showing a hint of surprise.

“There’s also a fragment in the Blackboard Region? Well since I’m already here, I might as well go get it.”

Blackboard City South District

Inside a bakery with the sign “One for All Bakery” at the corner of the street.

The interior of the building was dimly lit with a warm yellow light, creating a warm and cozy atmosphere even during the day.

Clint Beza was seated on a chair in a lazy, half-asleep state, looking almost like a droopy slime. Saliva was slowly flowing out from the corner of his lip, dripping down his chin. The saliva was dangling from the side his face, creating some sort of thin saliva thread.

Whew...

With a slight breeze, the dangling saliva thread swung towards Clint’s shirt collar, creating a damp dark stain.

Slurp...

Clint sucked up his saliva, then continued to sleep with his head tilted to the side

“Oh my god!!! Ohmygodohmygodohmygod! Goddammit! We’re screwed! This time we’re screwed!” out of nowhere, a loud shriek rang out in his ear. The loud sound made Clint feel a sense of numbness throughout his body and it immediately woke him from his slumber.

Clint looked dazed. After taking a moment to regain his composure, he cupped his ears and started roaring loudly.

“What are you doing! My ears! Ears...!”

“You’re screwed!” Red Moon answered concisely.

“Why?” Clint asked. “Why am I screwed?”

“You’re dead!”

“Why?” Clint asked on with a confused look.

“You are an idiot! Dead! This time we’re dead!” Red Moon continued to shout.

“Oh my god...” Clint held his head as he cried out in agony.

After 10 minutes of forcefully resisting the intensely loud shouts, Clint went to attend a few customers before finally getting an opportunity to use the washroom.

“Lord Red Moon, what the heck are you going on about this time! I can’t take it anymore, I really can’t take it anymore! If you continue on my sanity levels will definitely go down, really!”

Pulling down his pants, he sat his ass down on the toilet and let out a long sigh.

"I have unfortunate news to tell you," Red Moon angrily answered, "We've been found out!"

"Found out? What do you mean?" Clint was once again confused.

"An expert is now on the hunt for my parts, and they're already here in the Blackboard Region," Red Moon said in a serious tone, "I'm not joking around this time. If we get found, we'll be dead meat. I'll get reformatted, and you will definitely be silenced!"

Clint felt a cold sweat drip down his forehead.

"S-Silence... You don't mean... They're going to kill me???"

How could this kind of television drama progression happen to himself in real life?

"You better believe it," Red Moon replied coldly. "I'm telling the truth. My original body was once known as the Forbidden Mech by your people, one of the strongest tiered mechs in space. Even if it's just one of my parts, it would be considered a valuable treasure worth a small fortune to the average person. For an expert to come and collect my parts is no surprise. The only thing out of my expectations was that they somehow managed to find out about my existence. Is it really a coincidence?"

"Forbidden Mech..." Clint swallowed hard, feeling as if he was getting dragged deeper and deeper into this hole he dug. "Lord Red Moon... You're just joking with me right...?"

"Do you think I'm in the mood to play around with you?" Red Moon directly interrupted his thoughts. "We need to find a way to escape our pursuers!"

"Oh my god... Ohmigod... Oh, God!" This time Clint started gasping.

"The most important thing right now is to avoid being found by our pursuers. I can feel that my part is nearby this area, though I don't know whether they can pinpoint our exact location right now. However, just in case, I'll switch into a power-saver mode to reduce the signal reception," Red Moon rapidly reported the situation. "After this I might not be able to sense their location, but the same can also be said for them. You shouldn't have to worry too much for now. This is Blackboard City, the center of the

entire Blackboard Region. It is surrounded by Blackboard Academy's most elite mech division, so they wouldn't dare to try any funny business over here."

"So does this mean that I'm safe?" Clint's face was as white as a sheet, he was so terrified.

"You're safe for now. All we can do now is to bet everything on this. If they can find us even after I cut off all connections, then it'll all be down to our luck," Red Moon explained.

"What if I just throw you away right now?" Clint suddenly thought of an idea.

"Too late!" Red Moon laughed coldly. "Your body already has my mark, and anyone who comes in contact with me will be tainted by a sort of aura. This type of radiation-based aura will be easily recognized by them. With such an obvious trace, they will definitely kill you off."

"No!!" Clint shouted with his head in his arms. Luckily everyone else had all left for lunch, he was the only one left in the shop.

"Lord, please have mercy on me. I'm only a normal 16-year-old teen, I'm not some prodigy harem protagonist from those works of fiction!!"

"Just accept your fate, effortlessly leaving this up to luck is actually a great option for you. You're nothing more than a useless waste of space anyways," Red Moon scoffed. "Sooner or later, everyone connected to you will also be dragged into this ordeal. Your sister, your parents, your only friend Darby, Baylon, all of them will also be killed. Their only mistake was being related to a piece of shit like you."

"You must be just scaring me," Clint suddenly calmed down. "That's definitely it, Lord Red Moon, you have always liked to scare me. Making this time's attempt so realistic must be all part of your plan, it's my loss. Well, I'll be on my way, I need to get back to watching the shop."

"Scaring you? Are you in denial?" Red Moon was speechless.

"Sis and the others are going to be back soon, I should hurry back, or else I'll be scolded again," Clint felt almost zen-like. He stood up and flushed the toilet.

“So not being able to handle reality forced him into a shell of his own delusions huh...” Red Moon had nothing left to say. Looking at the image from the parts, their opponents weren’t shady characters. They will definitely attempt something big. Well when it really becomes a problem, that’ll give this guy the wake-up call he needs.

“This is my second time being hospitalized just within this short semester,” Garen said as he laid back in the upper-class intensive care unit as he carefreely conversed with Celine.

These two were admitted this time due to mutually inflicted injuries. Taking into account their stellar performance, the council acknowledged their abilities and potential, so these sorts of medical arrangements were mere trivialities.

The doctors and nurses had just come in a while ago to re-apply their medication. They had then left to allow the two to get some rest.

One of Celine’s legs were wrapped with a white cloth and elevated by a stand. She was completely bandaged up like a dumpling, only revealing her eyes, nostrils, and mouth.

“It’s only your second time?” it was by Celine’s request that she was transferred to this shared ward. She was quite interested in this fellow Nono. Even if he was a prodigy student, he was still just from an average household. How did he manage to get so strong in combat capabilities that he could manage to fight on equal footing against herself, who was using willpower techniques? This was undoubtedly a miracle.

“I would get hospitalized once a week, at the very least,” she casually said.

“Every week? Why?” Garen was feeling bored anyways, so he might as well have a chat with this person.

“Assaults, challenges, and all sorts of troublesome stuff would all lead to injuries. Every so often, I just found myself in a situation where I need to be hospitalized,” Celine said thoughtlessly. She looked over at Garen. Other than a bandage across the chest with some applied medication, he looked no different

from other average patients. Looking at his rosy face, an average person wouldn't even believe that he had sustained an injury.

"You have quite a sturdy body don't you, must be all the combat training paying off."

"I'm still doing decently," Garen crossed his legs, shifting into a more comfortable position. "By the way, you specifically requested to be transferred to my ward, anything I can help you with?"

No matter how much Celine lacks in femininity, she was ultimately still a girl, an 18-year old young teenage girl. Transferring into his ward like this, rumors about the two would surely spread.

"I feel that even my private coaches are no match for you when it comes to combat abilities. I want to learn the art of combat from you," Celine said in a straightforward fashion.

"You have no qualms about being injured so badly by me?" Garen was surprised by her request, as he didn't expect this girl to have such a personality.

"I do mind... but that's why I want to learn the basics of combat from you!" Celine answered sincerely.

"I will charge you," Garen frowned.

"Just state your price," Celine answered ostentatiously. "How do ten thousand Units per day sound?"

"My training is very harsh," Garen actually started to consider it, as he'd been lacking in funds recently.

"Harsh training is not a problem. As long as my limbs are still attached, I can take it," Celine answered without hesitation.

Garen was speechless, just what kind of training had she previously undergone? This level of commitment was mind-boggling... It felt like a matter of life and death.

“Oh right, what’s going on between you and that guy Fervale?” Garen asked directly. He felt that Celine was quite pure-hearted to be honest, she purely wanted to get stronger. Her battle philosophy was completely different from Fervale.

“That guy is completely useless. He’s too weak. Even after wasting so many resources, he only grew by that insignificant amount. I was born stronger than him, that’s why the household chose me as the heir. After losing that position to me, he probably felt jealous. That’s most likely why he always had a grudge against me,” Celine casually explained. “I originally thought that this grudge would serve as motivation for him to get better, but he’s always caught up with impure thoughts. He has lost his focus on improving himself to pursue that business force or whatever. What an idiot.”

Thinking back about that guy Fervale, Garen could definitely feel that he was too narrow-minded. His heart was filled with impure intentions, unlike Celine who was completely pure. Not being able to focus on one thing at a time, how could he ever surpass a training junkie like Celine? Him being left in the dust was no surprise at all.