

# Mystical 811

## Chapter 811: Rising Wind 3

"These injuries will probably take about half a month to heal. Just lying here all day is quite boring, do you have any ideas?" Celine asked while humming cheerfully.

"Ideas?" Garen was about to speak, but the ward door suddenly burst open. In came Instructor Hamm and a yellow-haired man with a neatly shaved buzz cut.

"If you're bored, why not go on the Battlenet?" The yellow-haired man said.

"Coach, you came?" Celine looked at the yellow-haired man. It wasn't a look of pure and utter respect, it was more like a look one would give a friend.

"I went to your ward earlier but you weren't there. After asking the nurses, they told me that you transferred to another ward. It was at that moment I knew that you were definitely after contestant Nonosiva over here," The yellow-haired man shrugged nonchalantly.

On the other hand, Instructor Hamm had a worried look as he stood at Garen's bedside. Following closely behind him was Mina and Aier, and also a few others from Garen's class. They were all here to visit Garen.

"Instructor," Garen turned over while trying to stand up, but he was stopped by Instructor Hamm. Hence, he had no choice but to lie back down on his bed.

"Rest well, don't think too much about formalities right now," Instructor Hamm patted him on his shoulder. "You already did amazingly well and now it's time for you to take a break."

"If it wasn't for meeting you, I would've breezed straight through to the top 3," Celine chimed in from his side.

Garen ignored her words and asked the instructor about the situation regarding the tournament. As expected, after they had taken their leave, the tournament progressed to its final stage and the final 3 were decided. Unsurprisingly, Merseus got first place, almost one-shotting Bally, who was in second place, with his Level 3 Double Magnetic Field Line Cut. As for the third place Caus, this kid knew his own limits and didn't even attempt to challenge Merseus for his first place. Thus, the rankings for this tournament were decided.

The spectator team at the judge's seat came to the decision of accepting the three as Elite Students on the fly, allowing them to enter the council and choose their own specialization for their training.

"They're currently holding the closing ceremony for the finals, but a lot of people have already left earlier. So, we decided to come over to visit you guys," Mina said with a smile on her face. "Nono, this time you've really came into the limelight. To be able to suddenly get such a huge leap in rankings, our class getting 9th rank was all thanks to you."

"Well, I can rest easy now knowing that you guys are doing fine," Instructor Hamm laughed. "Mina is right, the academy will reward prize money for getting 9th rank. However, since the judge's panel unanimously agreed that your strength and potential was on par with 4th place. Thus, although you won't get the treatment of the 4th ranked student, the amount of prize money awarded to you is equivalent to that of a 4th ranked student. So that's some good news for you."

"How much is there?" Garen was suddenly energized at the mention of prize money. He was truly in need of money right now, mainly because the impure White Peacock Stones required to learn the Peacock Technique were burning a hole through his wallet. As he progressed deeper and deeper into this 'hobby' of his, the accumulated requirements got increasingly higher. If he already needed so much money at this point in time, surely he would need even more in the future. If he didn't start saving up now, he'd definitely go bankrupt.

Instructor Hamm and company paid no mind to it, after all, Nono was from a poor household, so him being excited about prize money was, of course, completely natural.

"Eighty thousand!" Instructor Hamm answered with a cheeky grin, showing off his pearly whites.

Eighty thousand, for a normal household, would be approximately a year worth of household income or even more. Now, just by getting the 4th place in a tournament, he'd managed to get his hands on this gigantic sum in the form of prize money.

Garen felt as if he was relieved of a great burden, as the prize money solved his current worries for now. The third batch of white Rainbow Stones was in sight.

‘However, directly purchasing these Rainbow Stones isn’t worth it. All the high-energy fuel powder I obtained can be covertly resold off, I just need to find an anonymous trading service. This eighty thousand can be used to purchase a small laboratory. Using that as a cover, I can bleach the fuel powder and sell it off.’

Garen started thinking of different alternatives. On the surface, he was still casually chatting with Instructor Hamm, Mina, and Aier, and also thanking his classmates for their thoughts and prayers. However, the only thing Garen had on his mind at the time was the question of how he could bleach the fuel powder he had on hand.

Based on his prior research, in the current market, the high-energy fuel powder he had was currently, even in its most impure form, worth about 120 thousand universal Units per thousand grams. Of course, that was only the retail price, and if he sold it in large quantities, the price would no doubt be slightly cheaper. However, even if he only charged 100 thousand Units per thousand grams, he would still make a killing.

Garen thoroughly calculated the amount of powder he’d obtained from absorbing the White Peacock Stones from the start. The first batch was some stone powder that cost him 1000 Units, and the amount of powder that remained was approximately 2 kilograms. That amount managed to completely fill a bottle. This powder was also very dense, and it also had a bit weight to it. The second batch was the powder that remained from his previous absorption, it was easily 20 kilograms in weight and had cost more than 10 thousand Units.

In other words, if the degree of purity could hit the standard, his investment of 1000 Units would easily net 200 thousand Units in returns. This was an insane 1:200 rate of returns!

“The current problem now is the question of how to solve the anonymity issue. With this huge amount of profits, there would be plenty of people investigating me and my methods in a fit of jealousy. What kind of cover can I use to prevent that?” Garen was still a bit unfamiliar with these sorts of schemes.

After staying with Garen for a little longer, Instructor Hamm and company finally left to give Garen and Celine some time to rest.

"Hey, Celine," Garen called out to the green haired girl.

"What's up?" this girl suddenly opened her eyes, as if she was a cobra that had just awakened. For a young girl to be able to give off such a vibe, it was obviously the results of the intense training of her willpower attributes.

"Normally speaking, if you were to obtain a batch of chemical raw materials from an unknown source, how would you go about exchanging it for money?" Garen asked directly, not even trying to hide anything. This kind of training techniques wasn't something that others could learn anyway since the Life Secret Technique was something that only a person with a soul seed could learn. In this world, except for him, it was impossible for anyone else to have the second seed for the Hellfrost Peacock Technique. Even if thieves stole the powder from him, he could easily just create even more from his training.

"Chemical raw material from an unknown source?" Celine was amused by the question. She had no idea how this topic suddenly came up. Now that she thought about it, Nonosiva must've gotten his hands on some sort of stuff and is trying to earn some money from it.

As she was quite fond of Garen and wanted him to teach her in the future, she felt that there was no harm in giving him some aid.

"You can just hand it to me, if the amount isn't too much, I can directly exchange it for Universal Units. This way, you don't have to worry about anything in the future," she said in a carefree tone.

"How are your guys going to go about doing it?" Garen questioned on.

"I have friends from various professions that deal with different types of illegal items and undocumented assets and valuables. They will have their means to settle this. Why do you ask? Do you have some goods you need to settle?" Celine looked over at Garen with suspicion. Based off of his looks, he seemed to be from a simple and innocent background with a completely clean record. Why would he come in contact with these kinds of stuff?

"What if I can provide a long-term source for these types of undocumented valuables?" Garen continued on.

"If that's the case..." Celine started to frown. "I'm not very interested in these kinds of stuff, but if you're really keen on doing this I can introduce you to some of my connections. He should be more familiar with these sorts of topics, this issue should be trivial to him."

She looked Garen in the eye and said, "However, you have to guarantee that the source of the goods won't cause trouble."

"That's not a problem," Garen nodded.

"Then I don't think there'll be any issues. I'll give you his number so you can contact him directly. I'll give him a heads up in advance," Celine nodded.

Garen continued on with his queries about this issue. When he hit on the issue of the laboratory, Celine was suddenly shocked.

"This project of yours, at a larger scale, would cost tens of millions or even up to a billion. Even at a smaller scale, it would at the very least take tens of thousands of Units just for attaining the laboratory itself. It's common sense that no matter how amazing the facilities and equipment are, if you do not have a decent human researcher, it wouldn't yield any good results. On the other hand, if you have a good researcher, but you only have mediocre equipment, you'll still manage to yield decent results."

She suddenly realized something as she looked over at Garen once more.

"You cheeky bastard... Did you come up with some sort of new technique or skill?"

All these teenagers who were talented enough to hold the title of genius or prodigy weren't people to be taken lightly. Especially for people like Celine who was from a huge influential household, they grew up surrounded by all sorts of big-shots. Naturally, their mental responsiveness was very high, and they were usually able to piece together everything accurately with just a couple of clues.

Garen also felt that there was no point in hiding anything.

“Yes, I developed a new technique. The goods produced from it are worth quite a bit, but it should just be mere pocket change for you.”

“What stage is it at?” Celine got more curious.

“Do you want to become a shareholder?” Garen chuckled. “If you help me settle the underground issues, I’ll give you 10% of the shares. Think of it as my gift to you, you don’t need to do anything except for helping out once in a while during key stages of the project.”

Celine was seriously considering his offer.

“Alright, this is such a blatant bribery-based relationship though!”

Garen was very calm about this. He knew that if he took all the profits for himself there would be a lot of trouble. With such a large cash flow, it would be near impossible to hide from the rich and the powerful. For an average person like him to have such a high yield technique, he would definitely be viewed as a sinner. Rather than having to deal with the pressure from other forces in the future, it would be easier for him to just start strengthening relationships right now to protect him.

In this case, for someone like Celine who is from a rich and powerful household, she was definitely a prime candidate to form a strong connection with. There was no such thing as too much money after all. Even if Celine wasn’t too mindful her wealth, there was still no reason to refuse.

“How much would the approximate income for this project be?” Celine lowered her head, seemingly deep in thought. She then raised her head and continued, “To be honest, I truly just want to become your friend, I’m afraid that you’ll still have reservations about teaching me.”

“The monthly income should be at least 100 thousand Units,” Garen didn’t dare to promise too much, so he gave a conservative estimation.

“100 thousand Units per month... That’s still somewhat acceptable, count me in.” Celine nodded after a brief moment of hesitation. For her, this amount nothing much at all. In her current position, even if she took only her own assets in her household into account, the number of funds she could liquidate within

a year would easily be over a few million. If Garen's monthly income was around 100 thousand, giving her 10% of it would be approximately 10-20 thousand per month, it was just pocket change to her.

"I meant that your income would be 100 thousand Units per month," Garen noticed that she seemed to misunderstand his statement.

"!?"

Celine was completely shocked, she could only stare at Garen in disbelief.

#### Chapter 812: Rising Wind 4

"There's no mistake. For 10% of the shares, if everything goes smoothly that month, your income for the month would be easily 100 thousand Units," Garen said casually. Observing Celine's look of disbelief, he helplessly let out a sigh.

"Go on, keep on blowing your trumpet," Celine scowled as she grabbed a date and tossed it into her mouth.

"Why would I want to lie to you about this?" Garen said seriously, "This technique is something only I can achieve, there's no one else who is able to do it, so I don't mind telling you about it." In reality, no matter how he calculated, this was already an extremely conservative estimate. However, as per Garen's hypothesis, at this level of cash flow, to someone as rich and powerful as Celine, although it wasn't too much, it was enough to lure her in without attracting too much attention from the higher-ups. With someone like Celine as his shield, it was the option that presented the least risk and the safest option available to him.

"You better not be scamming me," seeing Garen's seriousness through his statements, Celine's facial expression started to soften. She started to suppress the concerns in her heart and said with a very serious tone, "If your project will really rake in such a huge amount of profits, I can help you get in contact with a couple of my connections."

“Of course, I wouldn’t joke about something as big as this,” knowing that he’d managed to lure her in, Garen nodded seriously.

After thinking for a while, Celine continued to inquire more about the details of the project.

Garen responded to all her queries assuredly. He was once a top class specialist back in the various regions of the Totem World, and his knowledge had reached the absurd level of even being able to conduct a heart transplant and alter the genes and souls of others. Dealing with Celine was nothing more than just throwing out a couple of new theories to impress her.

It was just a matter of changing the names of the existing theories from the Totem World and attaching a prefix and suffix to the theory itself. This made the theory seem even greater and mind-boggling. With this simple method, he’d completely stunned Celine.

After the explanation of 3 core theories, Celine started to understand the message behind Garen’s technique a bit more. With this, she confirmed that he wasn’t just tooting his own horn. With her newfound trust towards Garen, she started to connect him with her own circle of friends.

Nonosiva was a genius from a normal household and a future mech pilot, and even just being a genius within Blackboard Academy would’ve given him a promising future. For him to make his way up the ranks of the military wouldn’t be a surprising thing. Now, if he could garner enough funds, resources, and support, his future opportunities would be limitless.

After all, a few of the young generals in the past in the military had similar humble beginnings. It was completely possible for Nono to become a general in the future.

Unconsciously, Celine’s impression of Garen started to change. For a genius like him with enough potential, along with an offer with enough profit, these two conditions allow this person to be able to negotiate with her on equal standing. At the very least, she no longer underestimated this person’s capabilities.

After a hanging up from a call, Celine slouched back with a look of exhaustion.

“Luckily you already proved your worth to the higher-ups in the academy. Otherwise, your background would’ve been too lacking in credibility. There would be no way for you to be able to retain this amount of profits.”

“Have you set the time for the meeting?” Garen overheard a portion of her conversation earlier.

“Yeah, after we get discharged, we’ll have a look at your goods. They want to inspect the quality of the goods before agreeing to anything. If the fuel powder quality is decent enough, there won’t be any issues,” Celine nodded. “I’ve contacted a few people, there were two that were quite keen on this deal. They will come view the goods together at a later date. One of those guys come from an even more influential background than me, so you should take care not to offend him. Otherwise, there’ll be a lot of trouble coming our way.” she cautioned him.

“I understand,” Garen nodded his head with a smile. He knew there was hope in achieving his goals. With his current identity as Nonosiva, he was nothing more than an average person in the eyes of the others.

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Blackboard Region Border

Noon, Sunny

The green hills looked as though they were covered by a gigantic green rug which stretched all the way to the horizon.

Shoo shoo shoo!

A fleet of black humanoid mechs with circular discs imprinted on their chest plates was engaging in a battle over the hills against numerous red and white mechs.

“Who the hell are you guys!? Don’t you guys know that we’re the stationed troops over here at the Blackboard Region Borders!?” one of the black mechs loudly roared. The response to his question came in the form of a white steel trident being stabbed through the cockpit at its chest.

“No...!” Bang! The black mech exploded in a ball of flames. The white and red mech that stood right in front of him pulled his trident back, seemingly letting out a few chuckles.

“Open fire!”

The remaining black mechs readied their double-handed cannons and started firing in the direction of the white and red mechs. Light orange cannon shots started raining down through the sky, but somehow none of the shots managed to land anywhere close to the white and red mechs.

“Too slow! Too slow! Hahaha!” one of the white and red mechs burst out in laughter, easily dodging the cannon shots coming its way. With a swift flick of its trident, it managed to slash through another black mech’s chest.

Bang!

Another one burst into a ball of flames.

Meanwhile, the remaining black mechs had their backs against a wall. Comparing the pilots’ skills or the mechs, the black mechs were vastly inferior to the white and red mechs on both aspects. At this point, their frontlines have almost been completely annihilated.

It was at this moment that a huge black mech started rising up from below.

“How dare you invade my Blackboard Region!” this black mech clad in a Viking helm roared out loudly. With a sword in one hand and a shield in the other, the mech charged straight towards the white and red mechs above.

On his way up, he passed by an out of position white and red mech. With a flash of silver light, a clean cut appeared across the cockpit of the white and red mech. After a couple of sparks, the entire mech exploded as it crashed down to the ground.

“Invaders! Go to hell!” the mech in the Viking helm let out another hoarse roar. Raising up his shield, he aimed the pointed edge on the center of his shield at the leading white and red mech and charged straight towards it.

“Finally, someone who’s somewhat decent appeared,” the white and red mech let out a chuckle. With a flip, it started lunging downwards while throwing his trident towards its opponent. At the same time, the mech’s mouth started to turn slightly red as it opened its mouth.

Whooo!!

A bright red laser was fired from its mouth, directed towards the Viking helm mech.

“What? A laser from the mouth!?” the Viking helm mech was surprised. “But this kind of particle doesn’t stand a chance against my shield! Moron!”

What he failed to notice was that the particle beam wasn’t aimed at him to begin with. It was aimed at the handle of the trident that he’d thrown earlier with utmost precision, creating a huge explosion.

Bam!

In a puff of smoke, the trident was propelled by the explosion, causing it to accelerate to tremendous speeds and even break the sound barrier. In an instant, it hit the side of the black mech’s shield.

Clank!

The Viking helm mech’s shield was flung away and a large chunk of his right upper shoulder was ripped away by the trident, revealing the malfunctioning circuit boards.

At the last moment, he'd managed to steer the mech away using high leveled piloting skill, narrowly escaping death. However, this near-death experience definitely left him drenched in cold sweat.

Hearing the sound of the trident crashing to the ground, the Viking helm mech no longer underestimated his opponent. He raised his two-handed sword up as he glared at his opponent with absolute concentration.

"Oh? You managed to dodge that. You're not half bad," the leader of the white and red mechs had a glowing green gem embedded in its chest plate, looking slightly different from the other red and white mechs. Although the voice from inside the mech had been heavily altered electronically, from that monotonous line, he could sense the mocking tone the opponent had.

"Who the hell are you people!?" the Viking helm mech shouted loudly, "I am Commander Bender of the 7th Squad of the Blackboard Region Borders Stationed Military! Name yourself! Invaders!"

"Your level should almost be at around Level 4, not bad," the white and red mech laughed coldly, "but that's as far as you'll go."

"We've wasted enough time, Milu," out of nowhere, another black electric ball appeared next to the white and red mech. From inside the ball, out came another white and red mech with a similar green gem on its chest plate, with the same electronically altered voice. "The leaders are gonna be here soon, let's stop wasting time."

"Understood! Understood! I rarely get to come out on these expeditions, so I had a little too much fun."

The Viking helm mech started to feel like he was in danger.

"Another one!?" He frantically pressed the emergency report button in the mech cockpit.

Woo... Woo... Woo...

For the first time in years, a piercing alarm sounded from below.

“Let’s finish this quickly!” the second green gem mech said coldly.

“Stop nagging!”

The two mechs suddenly lunged down at high speed, far exceeding their movement speed from earlier as well as the reaction speed of a Level 4 mech pilot’s willpower. The movement left a streak of green across the sky.

The two green trails intersected right at the location of the Viking helm mech which was attempting to escape. After the exchange, the two mechs appeared once again.

Bang!!

The Viking helm mech immediately burst open and was engulfed in flames as it crashed towards the ground.

At the same time, the other black mechs were also being picked off one by one, exploding into balls of fire.

A few of the white and red mechs moved to the ground to collect the remains of their fallen allies. After collecting everything, they charged towards the Blackboard Region. After a short while, the sky was once again filled with countless silhouettes of mechs. All of them were the white and red mechs, with one of leaving a trail of green light as it moved. They formed a huge “Light” character in the sky, standing out a lot.

“Pick up your paces. Once we’ve approached the target, everyone will scatter and move individually. We will regroup once again at the target location, understand?” the green light mech gave out his orders as they sped through the sky.

“Understood,” four voices echoed one another.

The synchronized answer displayed the amount of discipline this group had.

This team consisted of 4 green gem mechs, all with a glowing green diamond gem embedded in their white and red mechs. If the Viking helm mech who had just been defeated saw this time, he would've been shell-shocked.

The green gem on the mechs symbolized that they were mech pilots who are almost at Level 5. Now, there were four of these people just within this team. However, what was more terrifying was that the one leading this group was someone who's even stronger. It was someone that exceeded even Level 5.

Suddenly, the green light mech turned his attention to his right.

"That was unexpectedly fast," inside the mech, a red-headed male in a white mask said with his head held low. His mech followed suit and went into a fighting stance.

"It's the Blackboard Academy Elites, Sir Guccidor!" the entire team came to an immediate halt as one of the green gem mechs reported.

"They must be the Elite Students stationed at the nearby Academy Branch. Don't get too cocky, these types of enemies are at least Level 3 and above." The leader Guccidor cautioned calmly. "The opponent has a Level 5 Instructor level experts in their ranks. If we do not manage to end this confrontation within 2 minutes, all members scatter and retreat."

"Yes!"

Guccidor was calmly observing the fire red humanoid mech flying over in the distance. On the back of the mech, two wings were spread wide. Its diamond-shaped eyes were glowing in an icy cold green.

"Level 5 expert... Fiery Kaizen! How interesting..." he let out a small grin.

Clank!

A straight alloy knife sprung out from his mech's arm.

## Chapter 813: Woven Web 1

Time flew by, and Garen and Celine had already stayed in the hospital for over half a month. After a few visits from friends and family, the two were safely discharged, as the injuries on their body were almost fully healed even after there was a small hiccup in the middle of recovery. Garen's physique received praises from his attending doctors and nurses, as it was a physique attained by strong athletes, yet it was seen on a normal student.

With an average of 1.5 points increment from normal people's physical attributes, he displayed nearly twice the overall qualities of a normal human body.

Upon his return to the academy, the final match had already ended. The award money was directly transferred to Garen's account.

Life returned to the daily routine of classes and training in the battlenet. However, the two geniuses that had emerged from the finals, Celine and Nonosiva, had slightly prolonged the excitement. These two bastards that suddenly came out of nowhere nearly had the chance to claim the thrones of the top three and drag Caus down by a notch.

Of course, Garen didn't have the time to care for such trivial matters. He was busy attending to the clients Celine had contacted, after all, Blue Narcissus had gained some publicity after this.

Within his dorm, Garen greeted them with his hand extended to welcome them in.

"There's not much for me to serve you, but do sit anywhere as you please."

The two people who just came in observed every corner of his dorm room. These two people were clients introduced by Celine to examine the goods, in respect to Celine, as well as potentially reap greater benefits. The two of them had personally come instead of sending their henchmen to examine the goods.

Among the two, one of them was a gentle-looking man wearing a white shirt and glasses, the other was a red-dressed girl with slightly puffy shoulder-length hair.

“Student Nono, let’s not delay any longer, just show us the goods.” the man was named Wade, and he didn’t mention his surname. Regardless, he was still rich and influential. He adjusted his glasses before returning his gaze to Garen.

“I’ve already prepared the goods, however, it would be impossible to display it out in the open. I shall show it to you immediately,” Garen nodded. He then retrieved a bottle of highly potent fuel powder from the cupboard in his room.

Within the transparent glass bottle he just brought out were powdery, pale yellow shards. Some were still clumped into tiny pebbles.

Garen passed the bottle to the man and then retrieved another one for the girl to examine.

“For the two of you to have personally come all this way, it is obvious that you’re familiar with this thing. Tell me, what you think of its purity?” Garen smiled as he said.

The two lowered their heads, opened the bottle and poured out a little of its contents. They examined it closely.

The girl dabbed her finger into it and gave it a taste.

“Quite good, there are higher amounts of impurities as well,” the girl replied softly. Her name was Vivienne Sina, and apart from her family’s background, she was familiar with chemical productions. Her family business thrived on it.

“A thousand kilograms of these could net a purity around 600 kilograms. The ratio itself is quite good already.”

“I just need to know, how much is your purchase price altogether?” Garen waved his hand, his back leaned against the cupboard and asked with a smile.

“Purchase price... let’s not talk about that for now, we’re much more interested in the methods of extraction for this,” the girl smiled while twirling a few strands of her silky hair around the tip of her finger. “If you can provide information of the extraction methods, I’ll be willing to offer this price.”

She extended two fingers on one hand and formed a fist with the other.

“Two million.” [1]

For a normal academy student, even if he was a bit of a genius, a genius who had not matured bore no significance. To offer two million Units was her giving face to Celine.

“How is it? The price is quite high already,” the girl tossed the bottle back and forth and smiled as she replied.

“High?” Garen anticipated such problems would surface early on, hence he wasn’t provoked, “That bottle in your hand alone is worth more than ten million, yet you’re telling me that you’re purchasing the extraction techniques for two million? If I were to truly intend to hand over the knowledge of the techniques, why wouldn’t I donate it to the academy higher-ups? I’ll be able to attain the higher-ups’ attention as well, maybe even receive closer attention in nurturing me when I become an elite.”

The girl’s smile slowly faded away.

“Two million is already not a small amount... There are some things that can’t even be bought once gone, even with all the money in the world.”

“Oh? Are you threatening me?” Garen remained unfazed. “With just your two master bodyguards standing right outside the door?” he wore a shy smile, like how a normal boy saw his crush.

“Perhaps Celine did not mention to you what would happen to anyone who threatens me within 50 meters?”

“Ho ho ho ho....” the girl nodded and replied, “You truly are formidable in a fight. But no matter how long you can last in one, some things only require one instance to eliminate someone.”

“I will kill you first before that happens,” Garen narrowed his eyes.

“You’re quite mad!”

“You may try.”

The atmosphere suddenly froze, as a red electronic key appeared in the girl’s hand. Her thumb rested on its red button, ready to press it at any moment.

Garen folded his arms across his chest, silently staring down his opponent as a sliver of killing intent oozed into his stance. For such a thing as killing intent, which bore no visible shape, it was more like a physical display of determination. From a person’s actions and gaze, along with various subtle movements, one could determine whether or not that person truly intended to kill. A true killing intent, when released through spoken words and the body’s base capability, could completely and truly manifest as an intent of desiring death upon another. This form of biological electric field could generate subtle effects on another being. This was what most people could interpret as a killing intent.

Perhaps other wouldn’t be able to tell the difference, yet the man with the glasses at the side secretly exuded already. He was able to tell, that Garen really would kill without hesitation if they can’t come to an agreement! This sort of killing intent was the kind that he would commonly see on his master bodyguards.

“Alright, alright, everyone, take a step back, each of you take one step back,” the man hurriedly stepped between the two to mediate.

If a fight really broke out, Blackboard Academy’s law and security system would arrive on foot within the vicinity in thirty seconds. Under the cooperation of a squad of various genius masters, it could be assumed that anyone would be caught to face trial before even escaping through the academy gates.

With the strengths of Blackboard Academy, no one would care whether you were a normal student or an influential disciple. The patrol squads upholding academy laws consisted of elites from the inner

academy. In a situation where they monitored everywhere, even if the person had any viable connections, he or she could only bring them up after being detained.

And once detained, the elderly shareholders within the inner academy court couldn't be persuaded with valuable riches. They would stick by the judgment even if it was execution by firing squads, regardless of identity or background, in the name of equality! The only exception was if the person in question was a genius in the academy, then he or she may be looked upon with a more positive light.

As such, Garen had bet on them being unable to fight on academy grounds. Only then did he dare to threaten his opponent without wavering.

"Actually, as long as we don't demand the extraction techniques, then there will be many agreements to be made. We all seek to profit together, yes?" he smiled, as he took the initiative to warm the atmosphere.

The girl's eyes darted around before she smiled as well.

"My sincere apologies, it was merely a joke just now. I wanted to see how big of a determination you have in safeguarding your techniques. You should know that if we were to cooperate, and others came in to scour your techniques, one misstep could waste all our invested time and money. So I decided to test you beforehand."

She changed the topic.

"But truth to be told, I do have thoughts of purchasing the extraction techniques. Although I was joking just now, if student Nono really does decide to sell it, remember to contact me first, alright~" the girl twirled a few strands of her hairs as her body leaned forward, suddenly closing the gap between her and Garen. Her body was releasing a perfumed scent mixed with her body's natural scent, which permeated Garen's nostrils.

"I will definitely remember you. Student Vivienne," Garen replied without a change in his expression.

The two smiled at one another. The sensation of readying themselves to draw blood from before had vanished completely.

"I've brought a contract regarding our cooperation, it entails the terms and conditions for our joint business. Take a look," Garen took out several white sheets of information he'd prepared beforehand from below his study desk. He separated them into two piles for each of them to see.

The two received and read through them as doubt and suspicion lightly flashed across their faces.

In the contract, it was stated that the two of them shall contribute in two parts, improving purity levels and trade marketing. Each of them shall reap in ten percent of the profits. This treatment... it wasn't bad, rather, it was too good.

"You certainly drive a crude bargain here..." the man with the glasses, Wade, exclaimed slightly, "if we go according to your calculations, when we reach the expected return for a month, with each of us receiving ten percent of the profits, there will be at least ten million Units to be gained from dividing it all. It would total up to over hundred million units in a year! What we want to do, however, can be handled by anyone else which we could easily find, as the demand for highly potent fuel powders now is high everywhere."

The red-dressed girl, Vivienne, kept quiet and remained motionless.

"Though it's easy to talk about it, for us to be responsible for the aspects of sales and trading, we'll definitely be targets of investigation for the source it all. And when that happens, there will be a lot of problems coming our way. This contract is not enough."

Garen remained unchanged in his expression.

"So what Miss Vivienne suggesting is?"

"Without our protection, your goods can never be distributed. The risks are too high. I guarantee that there are many who wish to interfere. You alone reaping seventy percent is too much," Vivienne calmly objected. "I primarily handle sales and trading, so I bear the highest risks. I want an additional thirty percent."

Additional thirty percent!

The heart of the man with glasses skipped a beat. Although he was familiar with Vivienne's personality, he always knew that her appetite knew no bounds. She was used to extravagant personal spendings and thus had accumulated a huge debt. But for her to immediately ask for forty percent of the profits upon investing in a trading post? Even this condition was slightly over the top for the most overbearing of influential individuals to demand of.

And with so much likely interferences from others? Business would only net around less than two hundred million in a month. Though it would still be acceptable in the eyes of children, such amounts were paltry in the eyes of masterminds.

"I cannot allow thirty percent. Truth to be told, Miss Vivienne, setting yours and Celine's cut aside along with following the example figures, twenty percent is accounted for profit turnovers and tax payments. Moreover, the remaining fifty percent does not belong to me entirely," he replied honestly.

"Oh?" Vivienne was stunned, "Tell us, who else is there? Perhaps this person will be willing to show face to the Sina Family," she replied without a change in her expression.

"Thirty percent of it will be donated to the Blue Narcissus public funds. It will act as shared funds for everyone belonging to the organization," Garen shared a much more shocking statement with an unfazed expression.

"The public funds of Blue Narcissus!?" this time, even Vivienne's heart jumped greatly.

For the first time, she carefully stared and measured this boy from a commoner background with her very eyes. His name was Nonosiva, yes? She recalled this person's name. Such daring confidence! To easily donate away thirty percent of profits which amounted to more than thirty million units a month, all to contribute towards the Blue Narcissus public funds.

From what she knew.

All donations would be openly displayed on the public screens of Blue Narcissus. This sum would be distributed equally to every single member. Although it bore no huge effects on an individual scale, it would certainly address a few problems.

## Chapter 814: Woven Web 2

Firstly, the family influence of the head of finance in Blue Narcissus, Britney, stemmed from the inner circles of the academy. Her power capabilities stretched out far and wide, yet she could only be described as a scrooge. If any money, once pocketed by her, was requested to be refunded, it would be the end of her! As a member of the Sina Family, although Vivienne herself possessed a wide reach of connections and power in Blackboard City and several nearby cities, when compared to the Britney Family which was truly on a high level, it was on a completely different tier altogether.

The Family companies within Blackboard City were all powerful in their own right. Their influences could be broken down into four levels overall: small-sized, medium-sized, large-sized, which was capable of altering the balance of the city's economy, as well as the heavy-sized, which completely dominated the seats of leaders! Vivienne's Sina Family belonged to only the large-sized power group. Britney's, however, belonged to the heavy-sized group. Those who belonged to the heavy-sized power groups were all closely interconnected with those with power.

Secondly, in order to withdraw money donated to Blue Narcissus, such an action will need to be publicly announced on screen. This was financial transparency. Moreover, every member would naturally receive an email notification regarding it as well. Following human nature, in regards to one's financial assets, the more the better. Nothing could go wrong with increasing numbers, as it would always be a delight to see.

The moment people heard that their assets were lowered, however, people would start feeling uncomfortable. They would certainly mind, especially when there's a decrease out of the blue.

More than ten million Units of income, all of it could be divided to each member as a small gift or bonus every month. For Vivienne to barge in and snatch away this part of the profits would mean going against everyone in Blue Narcissus. It would still be acceptable if she was a member of Blue Narcissus. The problem was, she was a member of Thousand Year Tree.

Blue Narcissus housed two thousand influential disciples, including but not limited to princes and princesses. If this group of people was ever displeased... Vivienne gave up the notion of that train of thought.

Truly a man who's aware of his own strengths and weaknesses in situations! There could only be gains if you were willing to lose, anyone can understand the meaning of it. However, only a rare few could successfully integrate it into their actions.

She carefully stared at Garen, as if she was trying to engrave the person in her memory.

"No offense is intended, but if I were you, I couldn't possibly do what you suggested," she'd finally wholly recognized the person before her as an equal to discuss dealings with. She saw from the person before her a towering demeanor and presence similar to that of her father's.

"For things like money, the bigger the hunger, the more profits one can consume. So long as one refrains from being too greedy, that is," Garen chuckled.

"Yeah. Not too greedy," Vivienne had considered herself to be a bold and cunning person already. Never did she imagine that she would encounter someone greater than her at the same age. "Nonosiva, let us proceed according to your contract's terms then. For the first shipment of White Rainbow Stones, do you need my help in finding a channel?" this time she gave in for real. This fellow before her had gained the attention of the academy's higher-ups, even more so within the sights of the prince and princesses within Blue Narcissus. All of these were enough weight for her to speak with him on equal footing.

"There will be no need for your help in the matter, I've already found some channels. I am just in the middle of selecting the most optimal one," Garen politely rejected.

"How about this then. Here I have some contacts for enquiring information. If you have need of their services, you can just directly contact them. Give them my name, and they will definitely give you face," Vivienne nodded. "Regarding the shipment teams, however, I will not be involved in the matter. That would be the strength of the Celine Family."

"May our partnership lead to great wealth," upon seeing the atmosphere shift to warmth, the man with the glasses, Wade, finally let out a sigh of relief and extended his hand.

Garen and Vivienne extended theirs as well. The three of them placed their hands on top of one another, signifying their mutual agreement.

After further discussing the details and dates of their partnership, Vivienne and Wade bid farewell and left, bringing with them their bodyguards outside.

After traveling a few hundred meters away, Vivienne hung her head in silence as she tread forward, so low that she didn't notice her family's hover car. If not for the bodyguard's reminder, she would've walked straight past it.

"Still thinking about that Nonosiva?" Wade could see through her thoughts.

"Yeah," Vivienne nodded, "this person is very impressive. He didn't seem like someone who's yet to reach his twenties," she recalled that Nonosiva had been calm and collected from the beginning up to the end, without a stutter nor any sign of shock throughout. That pair of deep blue eyes appeared like pools of calm water, unmoving and untampered. She took in a small breath of cold air as she thought about him.

"That fellow.... It felt as if the entire flow of the discussion went accordingly to his expectations. He displayed his determination and ruthlessness, then revealed his true intentions in the end with the backing of Blue Narcissus acting as his shield. He was both harsh and gentle.... Facing him made me feel like I was facing my grandfather."

"The old man?" Wade was stunned.

"No, I meant his presence," Vivienne instinctively shook her head, "his methods and speech skills were not considered amazing. However, he gave off this sensation whereby he'll act as he soon as he spoke about something with no wavering hesitation. That once he makes a decision, no outside forces will be able to change what he sets on... This person is really impressive! Now that I think about it, I'm slightly afraid of him even."

Wade was somewhat surprised. This was the second time Vivienne had praised him with the word 'impressive'. It was obvious that Nonosiva had left a very deep impression on her.

Upon seeing Wade's somewhat confused look, Vivienne huffed. She knew that he had little to no experience in dealing with these methods of deceit, as his mind was not sensitive enough to these sort of matters. She then explained to him.

“You only look at one point. From the beginning till the end, we could say that none of our objectives were achieved. Not a single bit of progress was made. Everything from this document of information and terms of the contract were all prepared by him beforehand. In other words, our trip here has led us to return with empty hands.”

With that said, Wade was slightly astonished as well.

“So you’re saying, that before we even reached there, he already knew how it would end?”

“Not that he knew how it would end, but rather having it ended according to what he wanted,” Vivienne’s gaze grew distant. “He’s so young, probably eighteen years old this year...”

“Don’t think too much about it, Vivienne,” Wade smiled bitterly.

“I’m not overthinking, it’s just... Forget it, not going to talk about it.” Vivienne knew that she matured faster than most, and boys and girls of the same age had no idea on how to have fun with her. She’d integrated herself into the society of adults way too early, while Wade was different.

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Inside the dormitory.

After Vivienne and Wade had left, Garen locked the door. He opened the computer terminal in his watch and looked through the list of contacts.

What he said to Vivienne were not lies. True enough, before his period of stay in the hospital, he’d contacted the people of Blue Narcissus to transfer the information he had along with plans for the donations. A recently joined member of the organization came before Vivienne and Wade did. This Blue Narcissus member came earlier to examine the products and left with a contract detailing the thirty percent profits of the deal.

The head of finance in Blue Narcissus, Britney, was extremely happy. She even took the initiative in calling him when she joined a ball. She encouraged him and gave him the contact of the deputy head of

the department. She told him that if he contacted the man, he would always be ready to assist his needs.

Garen had predicted as such and thought as much. The one thing he couldn't foresee was that... the public screens of Blue Narcissus did not display any new entries of assets.

"No doubt Britney has taken everything for herself...." Garen smiled bitterly.

This was favorable as well, however. Compared to dividing it for every single member whereby nobody would bat an eye, it was better for all of it to be given to Britney. His goals were achieved anyway. Besides, this outcome reeled in a greater impact.

Britney's family possessed a tremendous influence over Blackboard Academy and the entire Blackboard City. Her family was one of the two most powerful families in the entire Blackboard City. They kept close or indirect connections with two of the three highest ranking professors in the academy.

The aftereffect of his 'tribute' being entirely consumed was that Garen had reeled in an even bigger fish than he'd originally intended.

"No matter, the outcome is all the same anyway," he looked at the list of contacts. He'd already figured as much. If the income was rapidly realized into fruition, then his network of special relations would rapidly expand. Only then could he truly root himself into interwoven connections and link all of it into one tremendous power. Right from the start, the matter of income hadn't concerned him at all and it was alright as long as he had enough to spend. With tens of millions as profit, it would be sufficient for his businesses to flourish. More importantly, a higher purity level of highly potent fuel powders required him to gather White Peacock Stones. As such, his most crucial goal would be achieved. As long as these influential disciples aspired to reap in fortunes, then he'd have access to an endless supply of free White Peacock Stones. That way it wouldn't attract unwanted attention due to an overflow of shipments, nor would it be stolen by interfering outsiders due to trading divisions' application of highly potent fuel powders.

If not for the fear of raising suspicions, Garen would've set aside ten percent for performance shares instead of the current forty percent.

Thirty percent had been given to Britney, and another thirty percent divided between Vivienne, Wade, and Celine. The remaining forty percent was for him alone.

As he pondered, Garen rubbed above his lips and felt a slight growth of mustache on him.

“It is still a little too much for me. I can still divide it out, just to avoid drawing attention to myself. But who should I divide it to?”

Britney of Blue Narcissus was already not bad, as she would be able to keep this small business under wraps. Then the next step would be seeking out those influential disciples who were keen on splurging, in debt or aspiring to start up a business of their own. It would be slightly risky to invest in just one city as well. It would be best to build a network in the city which supplied White Rainbow Stones.

As he pondered carefully, Garen didn't have any potential candidates. He set aside that notion for now.

If this worked out successfully, then his greatest profit would be the endless supply of White Peacock Stones and the grand network of connections.

Two million Units worth of income was just an initial estimation. As the Hellfrost Peacock Technique further developed in growth down the line, the demand for White Peacock Stones would continually increase. Profit would snowball more and more as well. When that happened, this stream of small income for influential disciples would gradually garner more and more attention. As for Nonosiva (Garen), he would become a key figure who was respected by all through this extraction technique.

As for the risks of the technique being stolen, however, until that time came, Garen was confident that he would have completely matured and his potential would have transformed into that of formidable power. He'd then gain the ability to speak terms with influential disciples on even grounds.

The network of special relations as of now would become a shield for his life. Whoever decided to threaten him would be going against everyone within this beneficial network. Anyone would rethink carefully and weigh the consequences before they would act against him. This was his actual goal.

“Next, time to see how things are with Kendall,” Garen dialed the number for the old driver, Kendall. Ever since this fellow had shipped over those White Rainbow Stones, he’d returned home to rest. Now, he presumed that Kendall was waiting anxiously.

### Chapter 815: Woven Web 3

Inside the Blackboard Academy courtyard.

In a corridor within the battleship navy base with silver walls and ceilings, a young man in black with a red disc insignia on his back walked slowly down the corridor. His tall, slender figure, calm expression, and shiny black hair tied in a ponytail gave off a sophisticated air.

As he turned around a corner, the young man reached a fork in the path. The right corridor led down a pitch black path while the path forward was a long-winded silver corridor, with only a couple of light bulbs blinking on the walls.

Ssst...

Suddenly, a white screen extended out from atop the ceiling at the corridor in front of him. The electronic screen expanded automatically and unfolded from one screen to three which aligned with one another, in a similar fashion to unfolding paper.

All three screens suddenly blinked to life, the middle screen revealing a face of a platinum-haired beauty.

“Blacklight 11, please directly head towards the meeting room. The three professors are in a discussion regarding the newest intel,” the beautiful girl spoke to the young man in a lowered voice.

“I understand,” the young man nodded, “Can you guide me please, I am unfamiliar with the newly configured layout.”

“Not a problem.”

The beautiful girl smiled. She pressed a few buttons on the control panel before her. Suddenly, the silver metal flooring below the young man rose panel by panel automatically. These panels reconstructed themselves into a curved-shaped, mini silver hover car. The young man was then lifted up by it.

“Careful with your words, my grandfather is not in the best of moods,” the platinum-haired beauty gently reminded.

“I know, I know,” the young man with the ponytail smiled and waved his hand. He was carried by the mini hover car and traveled deep within the corridors at high speed.

As he swiftly traveled in the empty and quiet battleship corridor for half an hour, white light beamed out from the front of the hovercar and lit up the dark corridors.

The ponytailed youngster observed the changes in his surroundings.

“Why is there a need for headquarters to be this big? What is this? A labyrinth? It’s about the size of a city!”

Soon, the hovercar reached a crossroad. As he exited from the path he traveled, two hover cars exited from two other paths simultaneously. Both had passengers onboard as well.

A black-haired girl and a brute, both wearing the same black shirt with red disc insignia.

“Borus, it’s been a while,” the young man greeted the brute.

“Ah, Matthew and Allie. For all three of us to be summoned, wonder what kind of mess we will be tasked to handle? A rare occasion indeed,” with mane-like yellow hair and a small yellow beard below his chin, he bore a wild appearance.

The black-haired girl remained unmoved; she seemed to be the quiet type.

The young man with the ponytail chuckled. He waited till the three hover cars had converged and entered the wide corridor in front of them before speaking again.

“I heard there was trouble at the borders. Heard anything?”

“Oh.. trouble? What kind of trouble? I’ve been spending most of my time on the battlenet lately,” Borus took out a piece of chocolate out of nowhere and popped it into his mouth.

“A rather irksome one. There’s a military camp in the outer plains, and all of its members are former elite students. If they can’t even handle this, then it’s obvious as to why we’re all summoned here,” Matthew nodded. “Enough chatter, we’re almost there.”

Their hover cars soon entered a ring-shaped, silver grand hall.

A halo of yellow light glowed above them and crimson crystal lining was spread across the floor, resembling a vast completed circuitry.

The halo directly lit up the ring region below, which consisted of three hovering seats levitating high above the ground. A thin layer of light from a white screen surrounded it. A seated person could be seen through the screens.

“You’ve arrived?” an aged voice sounded from beyond the screen. “Please be seated.”

The way to the corridors around the grand hall was automatically sealed shut and replaced by sturdy metallic silver walls.

Boom!

After the walls had descended, the surfaces of the grand hall pulsed with a vibrant layer of silver light, disappearing as quickly as it appeared.

“To have urgently summoned you all this time around, the purpose is to address the attack from unidentified forces in the outer plains,” the old man spoke in a lowered voice.

Matthew looked at the three hovering seats before him. The three seats were positioned ten meters away from one another in a circular formation, yet they only took up a tenth of the grand hall’s entirety. Located in the central area of the grand hall, it had a vast and chilling atmosphere.

“Unidentified forces in the outer plains? Is there any updated intel?” he adjusted himself and answered.

“Although I’m aware it’s not good to bother any of you on your days off, only the three of you are the closest to that point,” the old man sighed.

As the meeting started, the entire flooring of the grand hall had lit up unexpectedly, emitting a slightly dazzling light which shone through the circuit-like crimson linings.

A moment of hissing sounds passed before the entire flooring then transfigured into a huge display screen. A view of towering mountains and rivers was revealed before the three people.

Between the intertwining lush ravines, two human-shaped mechs, one red with white and one red, soared in a high-speed pursuit to kill. Gauss rounds and red laser beams were fired all around the area. A gigantic ax weaponry and wings lined with chainsaw blades on the red mech continuously clashed with the opponent, inducing piercing sounds upon impact.

Boom!!

A grenade was lobbed from the person below the engagement, leading to a sudden explosion. It engulfed a large, ten-meter area in a sea of flames.

Matthew instantly recognized the red-winged mech.

“Fiery Kaizen Zabrook, a graduate from the previous batch. Who could possibly be a match for him at this level?”

“That’s Phantom Steps, alright,” the yellow-haired brute at the side rubbed his small beard and said. A glint of interest in his eyes. “Just as I couldn’t find a worthy opponent, then this fellow came along? How convenient....”

“Your mission is to stop this assault mech which has entered my borders. They all share the same red and white distinction in appearance,” the old man’s voice resounded through the screen.

“If possible, ascertain their origins,” another old lady answered from beyond the lit up screens, carrying a note of concern in her voice.

“I have no problems with killing, but I’ll be leaving the fuss of gathering intel to Allie,” the yellow-haired brute plucked a strand from his beard and fidgeted with it.

“Not a problem,” the black-haired girl finally voiced out.

Matthew remained silent. He continued to spectate the combat between Kaizen and the opposition with his head lowered.

“Did you just say the opposing ‘squad’? How many people are there overall?”

“For strengths of this caliber, there should be three people at least.”

“Three, eh? Should be around four or five if that’s the case. I can have some fun this time around. Hehe...” the yellow-haired brute snickered.

“From the looks of things, they still have an ace leader in their ranks. I’ve already dispatched Medero.”

“Huh? Medero...”

As the three of them heard this name, the yellow-haired brute reacted the most strongly.

“Not to worry, Shadi. The opposition is fairly strong. The three of you alone wouldn’t necessarily be enough to handle them,” the old man assured them.

“Booooooriiiiing! There’s no need for us now with Medero sent out!” the brute, Shadi, clutched at his hair in frustration. “Damn it, I might as well return to the battlenet!”

“There will be opportunities for us, I’m sure,” Matthew gazed at the intense battle visualized below and spoke in a lowered voice. “The opposition is no ordinary force...”

“Do not underestimate your enemies. Go now,” the old man ordered. “The mission points amount to fifteen million, following level three protocols.”

“Aww yeah! This I like!” Shadi shouted aloud.

Matthew couldn’t help but whistle in response. Allie, however, lowered her head in silence with fists clenched.

Rumble!!

In that instant, in the screen below, Fiery Kaizen in his red mech had finally found an opening and fired a merciless strike at the red and white mech. It directly struck the red and white mech at the chest region.

In the end, it was a tie with both suffered severe damage. The two mechs fell from the sky, thick clouds of smoke following their descent.

This instant suddenly caught everyone’s attention. The three individuals within the grand hall were astonished at what had transpired.

“What happened!? Wasn’t that last hit supposed to be Senior Kaizen’s opportune strike!?” Matthew said in a lowered voice.

“This is where I’m asking you all to be wary of.” The old man answered in a lowered voice, “Best if you could salvage the wreckage of their mechs. This can be considered a training for all of you. It can’t be helped, but your instructors are needed to be dispatched.”

“Understood.”

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“It’s a pleasure meeting you, I am Carlos Raymundo Bojack Mishka. This is my full name, and as you can see, I am noblemen from the Angela Kingdom.”

In Garen’s watch terminal, the screen displayed a curly-haired man dressed in a golden-brown, extravagant garment. The man in his extravagant robe wore long socks of white. His head of curly golden hair gave off the impression of a golden retriever.

Even more cringe-worthy, however, was the immediately obvious, fake and distasteful smile on his face.

Such a distorted smile completely ruined his initially dashing appearance. He resembled a hilarious, comedic clown.

“Pleasure meeting you. I am Nonosiva, your current long-term contract business client,” Garen replied with the same manner of speaking, a calm smile on his face.

This must be a minor person of territorial nobility that took great lengths in establishing contact with him. The White Rainbow Stones production sites in his territory were conveniently much more profitable in terms of cost performance index and transport costs.

Earlier, Garen had looked him up through the information provided by Kendall for a clearer understanding of the man. He then immediately called the man’s number.

At first, he thought that this man would be the same as the graceful nobles in the Totem World. He didn’t expect to meet this sort of character.

Looking at the man's appearance, it felt like he was trying to mimic someone's composure, yet never quite managed to bring it into effect. In the end, the result was a look of giddiness and that of a complete fool.

Did all minor nobles of the Angela Kingdom act in this manner?

Garen had rated him very poorly in his mind. Judging by the man's getup, he was most likely someone who thought highly of himself.

The Angela Kingdom was actually the Polar Region in the outer borders of Blackboard Region. Famously known for their aurora residue production, various Rainbow Stones were byproducts of aurora residue borders, similar to how soot was produced from burning fuel. Due to costly chemical production methods, their value of application was fairly low. As such, they were treated as mere trinkets and accessories by conventional businessmen.

Rather than a constitutional monarchy, the Polar Region still followed the imperial preference ruling system. The king belonged to the highest nobility with absolute command over the militia and the lands of the kingdom.

“Regarding the issues of White Rainbow Stones... could you lower the price on your side a little more...?” after affirming the man's identity, he began to flex his silver tongue.

Carlos acted as such on the opposite end as well. The business deal this time around was different from past dealings. In one month, the interest rate within the entire territory would rise by fifty percent. The White Rainbow Stones were small stones scattered all around in their area. As they were in abundance, they had little to no value. From Carlos's perspective, he would gain this pile of money in exchange for nothing from this deal.

The negotiation price between the two individuals fluctuated up and down as the duo began their long-winded battle between silver tongues. Both listed out various reasons and the difficulties they had to face, trying their best to steer towards the most beneficial outcome for themselves.

Half an hour soon passed. The terminal on Garen's watch chimed; the first batch of highly potent fuel powders had been sold. A total of ten bottles were in this shipment, and each bottle weighed around a thousand grams. They were sold not in accordance with market value, but through a channel found by Blue Narcissus. As it was a test batch and sold in small quantities, Garen released the first batch. Costing ten million Units per kilogram of highly potent fuel powders, as he expected, did not have many transactions.

He used his hacking skills to scour for the value differences on the internet. He ran simulations in comparing prices to ensure that both sides would gain profits without suffering too much loss on his end.

As he glanced at the figures displayed on his watch, he'd obtained a hundred million units of profit in total. Forty million Units were transferred to his account, and more than thirty million remained after tax deduction.

"Money sure does flow around quick...."

With more than enough leverage, Garen's foundation suddenly became more than enough for his means.

"For the first batch, we need five hundred pieces. Shouldn't be a problem, yes? All of them must adhere to the previous large sizes with no inferior qualities," Garen straight up demanded five hundred pieces. "This will only be the initial quantity. May our partnership be a successful one, as we may increase our orders in the future."

"Five hundred pieces...." Carlos gulped. These stones would at most cost additional labor fees, and the rest would purely be profit since these stones were everywhere. He was so broke to the point of being unable to sustain himself. Previously, he'd taken the initiative to seek out Kendall. Setting aside his dignity to act truly produced a different outcome.

“I’ll give you a rounded up price. In accordance with our previously negotiated price, it will be three Units per piece. The total amount will be a thousand and five hundred Units, including labor fees,” Garen happily transferred a thousand and five hundred Units over. “This is just the initial order. If our partnership goes well, we may increase the quantity in future orders.”

This amount of money was nothing to him. With more than thirty million just transferred into his account, a little over a thousand Units was mere rain droplets in his eyes.

“You are simply too generous,” Carlos was excited beyond words. He was actually a minor noble that had declared bankruptcy. Although the territory he’d inherited from his family was quite vast, there wasn’t an abundance of valuable resources. With the White Rainbow Stones, he could still manage to profit off them a little. In the past, he’d barely scraped by each day. Each shipment would only be around ten pieces or more, and it would take a long time to sell them all out before a second batch was needed to restock.

After living life with a tightened belt until recently, the only servant left in his family was an old butler. Not a single residence remained on his land, as no one was willing to stay long-term in a godforsaken area. Even hiring people to gather rocks required him to travel a long distance to another small town.

The garment that he had on him now was the only one he could get his hands on. It was a garment for the leader of the household passed down from his grandfather. The long periods of dire lifestyle had left him breathless, but now he’d finally seen a turning point!

“Sir Carlos, from what I gathered from my assistant, Kendall, I understand your predicament. Our previous partnership had led to great success for both of us, and this following deal will solidify the foundation of our partnership. If we can reach a long-term direction in our partnership, I believe it will be a huge help to the development of your kingdom,” Garen answered through the terminal.

“Long-term partnership...” Carlos gulped.

The two further discussed the overall details of the shipment, ascertaining the deal.

Carlos requested for three days; he’d definitely be able to successfully deliver the goods in three days’ time. After hearing that Garen was a Blackboard Academy student, he was especially confident that things would work out. Most of the students in Blackboard Academy were extremely wealthy, and a

little over a thousand Units wouldn't even bother them. Perhaps a single meal for them would cost as much. A big spender client like this needed to be kept close!

Upon resolving the issue of resources, although it was only a spoken agreement, Garen felt quite assured as he was aware that sources of White Rainbow Stones could be found everywhere. However, this particular family was more willing to deal than most. His partner's attitude was great to work with as well. He considered the man as the most suitable business partner for this.

Moreover, it was better to provide help to someone in dire need of it as compared to going extra lengths to sweeten the deal. If he could find an even more reliable business partner in the Polar Region, it would be much more favorable for him.

Garen decided to get some rest in his dormitory since he had continually managed matters one after another. He was mildly fatigued too. He sat on his bed and practiced on his training methods but as always, there was little to no effects for him. It seemed that this method truly didn't match with his traits.

"Guess I can only hope that absorbing high-grade White Peacock Stones will increase my Willpower," Garen heaved a sigh as he laid down.

"Next, I'll test out the power of absorption, Devour."

Concerned that the hospital staff would find out his secret, he had no chance to use this power as his body condition was constantly monitored during his stay in the hospital. Now that he had returned to his dorm, he didn't need to worry as much anymore.

"How do I activate Devour? What should I devour in order to produce effects?"

Garen picked up a glossy red apple from the table, which emitted a mild fragrance. With it in his grasps, he felt a minor chill seeping into his palm.

"Devour!"

Garen gently lifted up the apple as his inner body activated the Hellfrost Peacock Technique.

In that instant, countless thin, blue lines emitted from his palms without a sound. The lines acted as if they were piercing a balloon, surging into the apple's core. Garen's Attribute Pane blurred slightly before it returned to normal with no obvious changes. It was clear that an apple provided too little help to his body.

However, his stomach oddly felt full.

Garen's eyes gleamed as he recalled the message implied in a secret technique from his past life.

He then picked up the alloy pen stand from his study table. The pen stand was entirely coated in silver and molded into a statue of the world's most brilliant physicist, Larz. Now in Garen's hand, however, it was gradually enveloped by the same blue lines which were as thin as hairs, slowly reforming it into a blue firefly.

Minutes and seconds passed as the blue firefly slowly shrunk and became thinner.

As Garen held the blue firefly, he felt a thin stream of sticky residue seeping into his palm. The countless blue lines then spread throughout his body, and the wounds on his body seemed to be recovering slightly.

After another half an hour had passed, the blue firefly finally ceased shrinking, and remained still.

"It's still being devoured, only at an extremely slow pace..." Garen furrowed his brows. "Based on the speed of devouring, it would take a few months to finish the process. Perhaps it was true that nothing can't be devoured, only the rate of the process would differ."

A thought came to his mind. He relaxed his grasp on the blue firefly, revealing the unrecognizable pen stand. The pen stand looked as if it had been melted at high temperatures and transformed into an unidentifiable metal object. Its surface was unusually smooth to the touch.

Next, he dug out rubber, pure copper, pure steel, water, cotton, and various other materials to test out the technique.

“This devouring power produces different effects with different materials. It’s likely that ninety percent of materials provide nothing more than effects of sustenance and healing. These alone are impressive enough though, as I’m only at the most basic level of using it. If I raise it to higher levels, I may produce even greater effects.”

As he’d imagined, the Hellfrost Peacock could devour a variety of things to recover from any damage taken in an instant. From here, he knew that this would be complicated to figure out.

“Metals provided healing to wounds, food can provide sustenance, while cotton had no effects. For objects of too little density, I could barely supplement my body structure with essential elements. What about highly potent fuel powders then?”

Garen suddenly thought of the wastes produced by White Peacock Stones, this stuff was a fuel that would produce a large amount of heat upon burning.

He quickly found some leftovers of the powder in his dorm cupboard.

With the powder in his palm, Garen activated Devour once more.

Once again, a large number of blue lines stem from his palm. As if they were countless tentacles, they vigorously enveloped the pouch of powder.

Sizzle....

The reaction was different from the other objects. When highly potent fuel powder was devoured, noises of crackling explosives were produced.

A reenergizing heat wave surged into Garen’s body. This heat wave produced no effects. But after encircling his body, it quickly converged in front of his abdominal area, forming a spherical object.

Garen gave a mystified look at it. He felt as if it formed into a ball of meat, slightly moving about.

“This is...” a thought suddenly came to mind. “This thing, could it be a contaminated power waste produced by Hellfrost Peacock? A Distorted Seed?”

A Distorted Seed was radiation material naturally produced by the Hellfrost Peacock. This radiation would distort the state of surrounding beings, corrupting them into bizarre, non-sentient battle machines. The Hellfrost Peacock Technique mimicked this power and produced this kind of radiation, which was able to converge into Distorted Seeds. When planted in an enemy’s heart, it would turn them into a mindless and formidable killing machine. Body quality stats and other characteristics would be multiplied by 1.5 times of their base power through the radiation.

“Not entirely. This is probably the partial product of Distorted Seeds,” Garen determined. “To think that highly potent fuel powders could churn out Distorted Seeds. This seems to be normal though. The Hellfrost Peacock is categorized as an ice lifeform, so naturally, it would not need heat energy. Instead, it would transform heat energy into Distorted Seeds, able to harm others while expelling waste formed in its body.”

“Perhaps I can find a chance to test out the effects of the Distorted Seeds. If this thing can be modified according to my will, rather than a mindless killing machine, it can be used as a quick buff and provide power to others. That would be great,” Garen was getting excited at the thought.

Even if a Hellfrost Peacock couldn’t control the Distorted Seeds, with its highly rigid blood veins capable of suppressing the Distorted Seed parasites and its potential threat intimidation, it wouldn’t rule out the possibility of it being a way to buff the Hellfrost Peacock’s powers. If he could retain his will and be able to control the unsheathing of its fangs, then...

An idea struck Garen’s mind.

The scientific technology in this world was too advanced. The research and development of human willpower rivaled to that of divine spirits. A grand scale war could even wipe out entire planets. As for the development of strengths of the human body, however, it had not been developed to the same degree of advancement.

Chapter 817

The southern region of Blackboard City.

City outskirts.

By a vast and mighty river, at a remote spot by the riverside.

A black-haired young man, slightly over ten years of age, kicked away pebbles with each step, casually walking around along the riverside. He didn't seem to be over the age of sixteen appearance-wise. The young boy's face was filled with helplessness.

He saw there was no one in his immediate surroundings, and couldn't help but speak out.

"Master Red Moon, did you find the thing you were looking for?"

"Hush now! What's the rush?" an irritated voice scolded next to his ear.

"But we've been walking around for half an hour. What about returning home? We're definitely going to be late again," the young boy felt even more helpless now. He looked at the bakery uniform he was still wearing, "I heard in recent news that many thugs run amok here. It would be troublesome if we encountered them!"

"What's there to fear? You have me around!" Red Moon flared up. "Hush now, I'll strangle you if you make any more noise! F\*ck, you made what I'd sensed just now disappear!"

The young boy quivered and immediately went quiet.

This young boy was the junior manager of One For All Bakery, Clint. In a white servant attire, him treading along the riverside was an odd sight.

A surge of river water stirred by strong gusts of wind vigorously splashed against the muddy riverside in waves.

Suddenly a rushing wave rose up and collided with the riverside.

Splash!

Large sprays of water were abruptly stirred up, soaking Clint entirely. He couldn't react in time when it happened. His entire uniform was soaked in an instant, drenching his person as well.

"Ah!!! My uniform!" he shouted out loud. He miserably patted down his wet uniform. A gust blew by, and he sneezed immediately after.

"How can I be so unlucky!!"

"I told you to not scream! Or else I'll give you a beating!" Red Moon scolded harshly.

The young man felt helpless. He could only scan left and right. Luckily, no one had appeared to see this sorry sight, otherwise, he would've been very embarrassed.

"You can't even withstand a small issue? Then wouldn't you go crazy if you encounter that bunch of people?" Red Moon commented in a contemptuous manner.

"I'm just an ordinary guy, I have nothing to do with any mech wars or whatever. That would be a job for the police," the young man, Clint, wrung out some water from his clothes. He felt that he was having the worst luck today.

"Even if you were an ordinary person before, the moment you picked me up, you were no longer normal. Do you understand this?" Red Moon calmly spoke in a much warmer tone than usual.

"But the Blackboard City military is tremendously strong. There's no need for us to worry about that group you mentioned," Clint helplessly replied.

“You sure do enjoy relying on others, huh? Always deciding on letting others handle the troubles? Have you never thought of turning it all around and becoming someone others can rely upon?” Red Moon asked in return.

Clint fell silent. Although his core personality was weak, it didn’t mean that he couldn’t differentiate between good and bad. He desired to repay and take care of his sister, as well as finding his biological parents while helping his close friends.

“Did you forget about Darby?” his dream was to become a dashing mech pilot. Did you forget about Baylon? His dream was to no longer be a burden to his family and brother. And your sister, her biggest dream was for you to become truly independent, to become a mature man! Not someone who only knows to cower behind others’ protection, and shrink yourself away into your own pathetic shell the moment trouble arises.”

Red Moon had never properly lectured anyone before; this was his first time doing so.

Clint remained quiet. He was well aware of his family’s wishes and the dreams of his friends, and so he, too, had aspired to contribute to making them a reality. However, wanting to act and really starting to make them come true were two entirely different matters.

“Tell me, are you a selfish person?” Red Moon asked in a loud voice, “If your answer is yes, then I will just look for another compatible person, just so I won’t waste any more time on you. You should just live the rest of your life as a good-for-nothing coward.”

Clint lowered his head and continued to remain silent, took him awhile before he voiced out.

“But... but...”

“But what!?”

Sizzle!

Abruptly, an arc of blue electricity lit up on Clint's body. After the crackling of a few electrical sparks, Clint knelt down on the ground as small wisps of smoke wafted from his body. His body then began twitching.

His pupils dilated and his eyes widened without blinking.

"This painful sensation stems from abdominal injuries," Red Moon's voice ringed in the boy's ears. "Aren't you scared of pain? Then allow me to have you get a feel for it."

Sssss...!

After another wave of electric current sounds, Clint dropped down onto the floor. His body went through spasms, resembling an out-of-water shrimp.

"This is the sensation of mutilation, have a taste of it."

Sssss...

"This is the pain of ruptured organs."

"Aaarghh..." Clint uncontrollably drooled and it dripped onto his clothes and the ground. He wanted to close his mouth, but the agonizing pain going through his body had left his mind went blank and his body unresponsive.

Clack!!

"This is the pain of having your neck snapped," Red Moon's cold voice rang in the boy's ears. "Had enough?"

Clint had no way of replying anymore. All he wanted to do was just lay down on the ground. Sweat poured out from all over his body, soaking his clothes and leaving a person-shaped wet spot on the ground.

He felt something lodged in his throat, preventing him from making any form of sound. He could only make unintelligible sounds.

“Can you feel it? These are the possible pains you can feel in war,” Red Moon laughed coldly, “Whatever you’re terrified of or have a fear of are all of these things. Can you feel it?”

Clint had no idea what went wrong with him. Once he’d truly experienced these pains, he suddenly stopped being afraid of them in his mind.

A feeling of “what I was afraid of was just that?” washed over him.

“How about now? Are you still scared!?” Red Moon continued to ask.

Clint felt surprised when all of the pain disappeared from his body like flowing water.

He straightened up his body, knelt, then quietly stood up from the ground. A feeling of rebirth washed over him.

“This was what you feared of all along, terrified of even,” Red Moon giggled. “Don’t you have the feeling of ‘that’s all there’s to it’?”

Clint wiped away the sweat and tears from his face and nodded slightly.

“A little...”

“Damn you, you idiot! Don’t you know how to fight back?” this was not what Red Moon expected to see, but instead, a rebellious spirit awakened by the torture the boy had received! A person without bloodlust would have no way of going against the various endeavors and enemies he would face in the future. He had intentionally tortured Clint, hopefully ridding him of his fears, and another goal was to hopefully trigger his rage and wrath, producing a will to fight back.

“I know you’re doing this for my sake, Master Red Moon,” Clint answered seriously.

“You imbecile!” Red Moon flared up in response. “Is your brain full of dog turds? You’re not even the least bit enraged at me torturing you? Can you even consider yourself a man? Dog turd! Idiot, imbecile! Buffoon!! ...Forget it, I’m done with you. Today’s objective was partially achieved. Next time when you get into a fight or whatever and you feel these kinds of pain, surely you won’t be afraid of them anymore, right?”

“Ma...maybe...” Clint scratched his head, unsure of himself.

“The next time someone decides to bully you, punch him!” Red Moon replied straightforwardly.

“Why? I don’t like to fight,” Clint replied honestly.

“Forget it, forget it. Let’s no speak of it any further. Looking at you infuriates me!” Red Moon was irritated once more.

Under Red Moon’s guidance, Clint continued to tread along the river bay. Before he could walk far, he was already ordered to stop.

“Right here!” Red Moon shouted, “Pay attention, it’s right here. Stay back a little, be careful! I’m going to make my move!”

“Huh?” Clint carelessly didn’t react in time.

Suddenly, he saw a humongous shadow slowly rising from within the river. The shadow was about two to three meters in diameter and length, and rapidly rising from the bottom of the river.

Splash!!

Amidst torrential splashing, a black, metallic wreckage broke through the river surface. It hovered in the air and then soared directly towards Clint’s direction.

“Woah, woah...!” Clint couldn’t resist shouting out loud.

“Enough gawking!” Red Moon flared up, “Hurry and get out of the way, I need to put this thing down! I’m tired as hell!”

Clint then snapped back to his senses and hurriedly dodged to the right.

The giant metallic wreckage slowly descended from where it positioned itself. The wreckage was entirely pitch black, and a partially intact black disc logo still remained on its surface.

“What is this?” Clint walked over and encircled it for inspection.

“Blackboard manufactured mech wreckage.”

“Why are you bothering with this, master? What’s the use of a wrecked junk?”

“I did this for you, you imbecile!” Red Moon flared up once again.

“Oh...”

Red Moon’s voice had carried a note of fatigue.

“Alright, you should return home for today. That’s it for now. People normally wouldn’t bother taking this away once it’s dumped here. We’ll come back tomorrow.”

“Oh...”

“Fortunately, the Blackboard Region had no areas for selling salvage. Otherwise, this thing would’ve been lifted away to one for sure,” Red Moon seemed really tired. “Move on now, go back and rest. We need to accelerate progress, or else it will really be futile to fight back when that group comes along.”

“With Blackboard Academy around, they definitely won’t come. You can relax, master,” Clint attempted to comfort Red Moon.

“Don’t tell me to relax, you idiot!” Red Moon felt that this pig-like companion really deserved a beating. If there were two opponents, it might as well be a ‘one against three’ scenario!

No one was fully aware of how powerful that group was. Through the intel obtained from documents, he was quite aware of what they’re capable of.

Their ordinary pilots were all at the standard of level four willpower, the stronger ones being level five, and to reach that degree... Furthermore, their mechs seemed to be of the odd variant. He recalled the last sound phenomenon produced by the mechs.

“Great Light Mech... damn it all... If not for the fact that my mechanical body was utterly destroyed, you small fries wouldn’t even stand a chance against me!”

“What Great Light Mech?” Clint said in confusion.

“That is the opponent we’ll be facing soon. Be sure to remember this name.”

“Oh... relax, the Blackboard army is really impressive.”

“I want to beat you up again!” Looking at Clint’s face, Red Moon was infuriated once more.

“At 4 am yesterday, the remains of a white mech were discovered in the South Plains area. According to investigations, it was probably a wandering mech that entered our borders without permission, and was therefore shot down by our pilots stationed there. Now, three of the militaries Black-Clothed Generals have already moved out, and are practicing military drills, while they completely eliminate threats and search through the area. Would unrelated personnel please evacuate the area as soon as possible...”

Garen stood in the bathroom, allowing the hot water to wash down his head, wiping the sweat stains off his body as he listened to the news being broadcasted in the living room.

The whooshing sound of water mingled with the sound of the news, and gave off a strangely peaceful feeling.

“Black-Clothed Generals?” His expression changed slightly. Others might not be so aware of it, but he had recently been using his hacker skills to search up information regarding pilots, so he was particularly sensitive towards these sorts of information.

“The Black-Clothed Generals are another name for the Academy’s Black Light Squad, in other words, it’s an umbrella term for the elite students. Some of the elite students are stationed outside, so they’re called the Black-Clothed Generals outside, they all have the military title of major general. Here are at least fifteen powerful pilots under the command of every Black-Clothed General, and these pilots are not your average pilots. To think they brought out three teams at once this time...”

Garen turned off the water, yanked down a dry towel hanging beside him, and covered his head with it, rubbing his hair dry.

Wiping the water off his body, he walked out of the bathroom and put on his clean underwear that was warmed in the dryer. Then, he walked straight into the living room and sat down in front of the computer.

“Did something happen again? How troublesome...”

He glanced at the images on the news nonchalantly, pressing Previous and Pause. The picture of the white-and-red mech remains was especially eye-catching.

Turning off the news, he picked up his Watch Terminal and looked at the time.

“It’s almost time.

Ding... ding...

There was the sound of the bell from the door.

“Please enter.”

Garen pressed a button on the computer, and the house door opened automatically, making a crisp smacking sound.

The door was pushed open, and a large, tall boy walked in. His skin was dark and his hair short, his aura giving off a sharp and stormy feeling.

“You are Nonosiva? I’m Mondo, from the second year. I’ll spare the long introductions, let’s get straight to business.”

“Sure,” Garen nodded and stood up. “Please sit, do you want some tea?”

“No. This is your proof of membership card, please keep it carefully.” The boy Mondo evidently had a decent impression of Garen, he did not seem to look down on Garen because of his family background at all. Instead, he spoke to Garen as though they were complete equals.

“Also, because of your excellent performance at the finals, the management team has decided to give you full Level Two support. As for what that entails, you can use the card to check the website, it’s stated there.

“Understood.” Garen accepted the silver-white card. There was a black V on it, and some delicate patterns like vines on the sides. It looked very intricate and extravagant.

“Also, if there’s anything urgent, you can call this number directly. He’s Lady Britney’s direct disciple, he can easily settle any normal problems, such as that kid you offended.” Mondo pressed around his Terminal, and sent Garen the contact of a third-year boy called Gurs.

Mondo gave Garen a friendly smile.

“Lady Britney really likes you, and she told us to take special care of you. Otherwise I wouldn’t be the one here today, it would be a regular worker instead.”

“Then I owe my thanks to Lady Britney,” Garen smiled as well, his Terminal moving slightly.

“As long as you understand,” said Mondo with a satisfied smile. Seeing the more than ten thousand units that had suddenly appeared on his watch, he was in an extremely good mood.

He patted Garen’s shoulder.

“If you have any problems from now on, you can come look for me. There’s no need to bother Lady Britney and Gurs with everything. As a senior, it’s expected of me take care of my juniors.”

“I won’t forget you, senior.” Garen nodded, in a good mood as well.

“I won’t forget such a generous and direct new member either!” Mondo had a very good impression of this Nonosiva.

The two of them quickly exchanged their contact methods, as a third-year student, Mondo had evidently started to dabble in society, so he was pretty familiar with haggling. The two of them exchanged their respective limits, so Garen knew what kind of problems he could go to Mondo with, and which problems he should not trouble him with.

99% of the members in Blue Narcissus were rich and powerful, but there was no such thing as too much money. And Mondo's family was very strict, so he did not have much allowance. That was why he placed more emphasis on this money-making method, constantly telling Garen to come to him in case of trouble. His grandfather, who was in charge of the family, was a boss of the Blackboard Region army, and was also one of the academy's lecturers, so it was easy for him to mobilize of the city's defense corps. It was even possible for him to hire one of the elite students, the Black-Clothed Generals.

This was the part that really shocked Garen.

The title of Black-Clothed General was a military position that the elite students had to reach Level Five at least to obtain, and this inconspicuous boy in front of him could actually reach such a level. He had to appreciate the power of the members of Blue Narcissus here. It was no wonder that even though so many new students joined the academy every year, the number of Blue Narcissus members had always been maintained at several thousand members. This was more than one in a hundred, it was one in a thousand, or even ten thousand. Because many of the Blue Narcissus' higher-ups were actually students who had graduated, and they had fifty- or sixty-year-olds in key positions as well. With a web of connections like that, they represented what was basically ultimate power.

After Mondo left, Garen closed the door, and arranged his connections in his heart.

“Now that Department Head Britney's side is slightly more stable now, as long as it was not too troublesome, it would be easy for me to borrow some influence now. In that case, the Blue Narcissus' Department Head Britney, Mondo, Gurs. On Celine's side, there's Vivienne, Wade. The Blue Narcissus has more influence on department checks, as well as the backgrounds and powers inside the Blackboard Region, they can also influence some small-scale military mobilizations. From the results of my investigations, I should be able to mobilize a team of about ten Level One pilots. In other words, my connections with the Blue Narcissus are mostly to help increase my actual power in the Blackboard Region.”

He balanced the weight of the favors he had bought with the money this time.

“And then there's Celine and Vivienne, they mostly lean towards a wide reach of influence. Celine's family business spans the different regions, so they can get news and intel quite easily, plus it's easy for them to buy all sorts of supplies as well. They have a certain amount of influence in the other regions, and Vivienne's family seems to be involved with the black market and high-interest loans as well, so I should be able to get some forbidden items as well. For example, high-level training methods that even the Blue Narcissus would not dare to sell out in the open... as well as hiring outside mercenary groups for jobs. They're a lot more complicated than the Blue Narcissus' side.”

He analyzed the meaning of each side's relationship with him, and how to borrow power. Now, when he was at his weakest, it was key that he borrow power and influence so that he could develop quickly.

“But the foundation and core of all these connections is still my own strength and development.”

Garen released a breath. He was going to reach the peak of his training method very soon, the Blackboard training method could only reach Level One, and after that the academy would not provide any more higher-level training methods for free. At the most, they would only provide the right to train with higher-level training methods, after all most people were not allowed to obtain Level Three or above training methods without a certain background. But if he wanted to get the actual content, he would need to work for the school, or simply use money to buy it, or he could sign a contract to become a lifetime worker for the academy. Only then could he get the training method to continue training.

“Without a training method, no matter how much stronger the Peacock Technique makes me, I still wouldn't know which direction to go. I need to find a training method that fits my Willpower ASAP.”

The Peacock Technique's strengthening as it levels up was actually a forceful push as he advanced down the path with his training methods. If the path ahead was unclear, it would also naturally appropriate that power for some other uses, and not to strengthen his Willpower.

“I don't know enough about Willpower right now, if I had enough information and intel, maybe I could try to invent a Willpower training method of my own, but unfortunately I need money and position to get a higher-level one.”

He brought out the website that led to a market selling training methods again.

Each training method was shockingly expensive, and they only sold a maximum of Level Three ones on the market. If you wanted anything higher, you needed a proof of identity. Unless you were from the military or a core member of some faction, you were not allowed to buy it, no matter how much money you offered.

Garen's ambition went way further than Level Three, the way he saw it, many of these training methods were all just abridged versions, if he wanted to create his own complete version, it would take too much time and energy, so it was not worth it.

“Looks like I still need to settle with the connections from Vivienne and Celine. A slightly higher-level training method... can't be cheap.” He looked at the prices on the site that started by the ten thousands, and these were just the Level Three ones. The higher level ones were not allowed to be sold, so their prices should be a lot more astronomical than these ones.

“Forget it, I'll slowly accumulate money, and get a Level Three one first.”

He began to browse the site.

It was not quite the same as what he saw last time, and the prices had changed as well. Many of the training methods were different too, some had evidently sold many copies, so the prices were lower. Some were on a limited-time sale too, with signs indicating that it was recommended by the website, or endorsed by some XXX famous pilot, some XXX famous training method, the fastest training method, and so on.

Glancing through it, Garen set his gaze on four training methods.

‘Herculean Warhammer — increases the power of Will-powered mechs, the degree with which increases by level. At Level Three, the increase is at 200%. This training method has a special effect with regards to Willpower defense, it has very effective defense against Willpower techniques of Level Three and below... Each level is sold at 380000 Universal Units.’

‘Wind Words — increases the speed of Willpower control, allowing you to play with your opponents like the wind, and grasp victory in your hands easily. At Level Three, the mech's speed will be increased by 35%. At the same time, it also speeds up Willpower manipulation to a certain extent. Suitable for speed-type pilots. Each level is sold at 400000 Universal Units.’

‘Galaxy Glow — training method that allows control of several mechs, allowing your Will to split up, and carefully control several units at once to attack. The number of splits depends on the level, Level One allows one split, Level Two allows two, Level Three allows three. Suitable for fortification-type pilots. Each level is sold at 260000 Universal Units.’

‘Sword of the Sun — training method that adds on an effect, it adds a layer of high heat to the mech's fists, allowing it to burn and melt the enemy's outer shell, thus increasing destructive power. At the

same time it produced high radiation, and has a certain negative effect on the opponent. Suitable for close combat pilots, each level is sold at 190000 Universal Units. Be warned that this method is very hard to learn, please consider carefully.'

These four training methods were all top quality to Garen, they were very suitable for his fighting style. And most importantly, these four methods seemed to hide the potential to grow, as though they were the abridged versions of some high-level techniques. There was a chance they could be perfected later, and there were many other training methods that looked impressive or cheap, and seemed more worth it, but in truth there was no other chance to advance after that.

## Chapter 819

"So which training method should I use for now?"

Garen glanced at the four training methods in front of him, each had their own pros and cons.

"Since I was going the long-range shooter route before, then I might as well go for long-range."

Eventually, he still decided to continue as a long-range shooter, this was a path he had never taken before. Perhaps this might lead to new discoveries in his martial arts away, because he had always specialized in close combat before.

After making his choice, he moved his cursor to Galaxy Glow, and pressed confirm to buy the first level.

Smack.

'Ding-dong, you have successfully purchased Galaxy Glow, a note from the seller: this training method is slightly harder to level up, if you need a higher-level training method, please go to Thousand Star Region's Thousand Star Academy for further study.'

Garen soon saw the 'Download Complete' notification on his Watch Terminal.

That was a yellow-covered book that looked like a traditional tome. It appeared on the screen of his Watch Terminal, and he pressed it lightly, flipping the pages inside. It was all covered in small and compact letters.

‘The Way of the Thousand Gods, begins with earnestness.’

The first line of the opening was a condensed sentence that seemed like Mandarin.

‘Every part of the human body had its own hidden consciousness, that is the instinctual will in the deepest recesses of the body. Fighting, eating, defending, attacking! Its most direct expression can be seen in the immune system and the natural reflexes. Any cell or tissue in the human body has its own independent and primal will, before they specialize and gather into the other organs, tissues, or cells, they are each the most primal living cell. And what we are trying to do, is to reactivate the instinctual will of these cells once more.’

“Interesting.” Garen glanced at it, and seemed to find this theory somewhat possible. So he continued reading.

‘The cell’s natural reflexes are to absorb, attack, defend, or escape, but all of these have a complete theme, and that is survival. The human body, and other living creatures, are made of countless such cells. Therefore, the most basic instinct at the core of the human body, the strongest instinct, is also survival. The desire to survive is the source of all motivation, it’s the basic reason why people fight, in order to live, in order to have better lives. Everything humans do is so that they can reach this aim. Because this is the collective will of countless cells, the deepest will at the very core of every cell in the human body.’

‘The Way of the Thousand Gods intends to activate this deepest level of consciousness, activating the cells in every part and allowing them to have their own battle instinct. Theoretically, according to the structure of the different cells, many of our prodigious predecessors have experimented and discovered that the most the human body can achieve is...’ And the remainder was wiped away, just plain white with nothing else. Evidently, the person who leaked it out did not want outsiders to see that.

Garen was growing more fascinated, this theory was rather deep, huh. It definitely was not something a mere Level Three training method could cover. He understood that this thing was definitely the abridged version of a higher-level training method, looks like this training method had some history behind its roots.

After the part that was obscured, there was just a tiny bit of the remaining training method left. It only had three levels and three grades. Two of the levels were empty, he could only see them once he bought them.

And now all he could see was the first grade, or the Level One training method. There were also many training videos, lectures, live battle demonstration, and practical applications attached.

Garen looked at it briefly.

He was already at the Advanced Basic Level, and he was this close to properly achieving Level One. When he reached that, he would no longer have to rely on the Moonfang to disguise himself. To him, this was something he had been looking forward to for a long time. He just needed to get through this period steadily.

He immediately practiced once according to the training method he had just obtained. As expected, a slightly higher-level training method was different, he could instantly feel that his rate of progress was unspeakably better than the previous Blackboard training method, where he could not feel anything at all.

If he continued at this pace, he would just need four or five months, and if all went well, he would have reached Level One. But even these four or five months were too long.

“Now I wait for the white Rainbow Stones.”

Garen looked at the light outside the window, it was especially bright at eight or nine o'clock.

“It's been a while since I left the house, maybe I should go for a walk.”

There was something happening outside the academy, because he could hear a constant stream of soothing music, it seemed to be something like a dance tune.

Garen walked up to the window and opened it to look outside first. Through the cracks in the 槐树的, he could see a man-made grassy slope beside the alloy floor. There was a radio on the lawn, and they were having a friendly dance event out in the open, or rather, it was a friendly dance training session.

Some of the students were not very talented, and some did not try very hard either. They came to the academy to meet people and make connections, so there were countless such events.

The person organizing this open-air dance hall was an elegant man with long green hair, he wore the third years' uniform, and stood beside the floor with a smile, holding a glass of jade-green wine as he chatted occasionally with the students around him.

There was a band playing softly in the middle of the dance floor, composed fully of good-looking men and women who would occasionally flirt with the other students.

Garen had also begun to understand the habits of the students here, as long as they fancied each other, the culture here did not really place much importance on virginity. If someone caught your eye, it was common to just rent a room at night and have a one-off thing. And it was very hard to determine if a woman was a virgin or not too, because it was too easy to fix that membrane. And thanks to their Willpower training, there were also many women who resembled young girls in terms of their bodies, looks, and aura, even if they had already slept with many men.

The training of Willpower had improved humanity's genes, so there were more and more good-looking men and women. Even if they were not handsome or beautiful, they could make up for it with their presence, so it was not surprising that things were so open here.

He drew the curtains completely, opening the windows, and allowing air to enter the room.

Only then did Garen wash up, put on his clothes, and walk to the door.

Just as he had opened the door with a clack.

“Hey, Nonosiva, are you going to get breakfast?” Apparently, a girl had moved into the opposite dorm at some point. She looked cute and sweet, with shoulder-length curly light brown hair. She wore a small tight white skirt with a black pattern, it was very short, and nearly revealed the roots of her thighs. Her

legs were very long and round, though, and she wore a thin black silk hose around them, which showed how much thought she put into them.

The girl smiled sweetly at Garen, and she was even holding a pale yellow straw hat in her hands, dotted with small white flowers.

“How do you know my name?” Garen was slightly surprised.

“Over there.” The girl pointed at the wall to Garen’s right with a smile.

Garen turned around to look, and saw his name and classroom hanging on the wall.

“Do you want to go together?” She winked at him. “I just moved here two days ago, do you mind showing me around?”

Garen looked at his watch, closed the training method book, and set up a password on it.

“You’re Lucianne-Kell?” He looked at the sign on her door. “Sure, I can show you around, come with me.”

“I just entered the school recently, so I’m not very familiar with the surroundings, I hope you’ll take care of me, Nono.” Kell was very friendly from the start, she did not seem scared of strangers at all.

“It’s very nice to meet you,” Garen smiled and nodded politely. “What about the person who was staying there before?”

“Left the school, they were advised to drop out because their results didn’t make the mark. What to do, we can’t relax for a moment, even if we’ve managed to enter the school.” Lucianne-Kell shrugged helplessly, holding her palms up, and then she turned her gaze. “I heard that Nono’s in second year now, and you’re one of the Academy’s few First Seats, could you help tutor me when you have time? I’m always kinda scared when it comes to controlling mechs... I never know what to do.”

“If I have time, I’ll consider.”

Garen smiled.

As the two of them continued walking, many people greeted Garen as though it was natural. Most of them were people he had met before but never spoken to, and now they were all acting familiar with him, waving and greeting him naturally.

“You’ve finally come out, it’s good for you to come out for a walk when you got time, y’know.” Two boys from his class met Garen and Kell, and smiled at them \*\*ly(1).

“Yeah, it’s really boring to stay in the dorm all day too. I saw them having a ball outside, so I came out to admire it for a bit, and relax.” Garen was not very close to these boys, but at least he knew them a lot better than the others, so his smile was a lot more natural as well.

“I hear Mondo went to your place a few days back, is that for real?” one of the boys came up to him and asked quietly.

“Mondo?” Garen was taken by surprise, he had not thought it would be that guy’s influence.

“Yeah, Mondo is one of the military’s big heirs, he’s pretty powerful in the academy too, and he went to your place personally. Everyone’s talking about that now,” the boy said in a very small voice.

“It’s not much, just about me joining the Blue Narcissus. He just happened to be coming over to give me the membership card, it was on his way.” Garen knew that the fact that he had joined the Blue Narcissus would get out really soon. After all, the other Thousand Year Trees and Black Roses were not going to keep it a secret for him, and besides, it was not that big a deal.

“Blue Narcissus...!” But as soon as he said it, the two boys’ mouths turned O-shaped, and even the pupils of a girl who just happened to be passing by dilated.

As for Lucianne-Kell, who was beside him, her face gave a huge jolt.

The three of them instantly fell silent, they evidently needed time to digest the weight of that news.

Garen felt as though he had underestimated the importance of the Blue Narcissus organization, or rather, its position in the hearts of regular students.

“You mean that extremely mysterious Blue Narcissus, whose members are all heirs and heiresses?” the other boy could not help but ask.

“Is there a problem?” Garen asked in confusion.

“Throughout the whole school, do you have any idea how many people can join the Blue Narcissus every year? It’s less than five per grade! Oh my god!” the boy instantly lost it, looking at how calm Garen seemed, it was as though a stampede had run through his heart. This was such incredibly good news, and this guy did not act like it at all! He was wandering out here like it was nothing!

“Whatever, I’m gonna go get breakfast.”

Looking at the two boys wordlessly, Garen went past them by himself.

Lucianne-Kell stared for a moment, and then hurried to catch up.

Translator’s Notes:

No idea why this was censored?

Chapter 820: Ripples 2

On the way to the canteen, more and more people greeted Garen enthusiastically, and most of them were people he had seen just once, yet they were greeting him automatically like they were the best of friends. Most of these came from families that were not particularly well-off, but not too bad either. In fact, the students with really bad backgrounds did not approach him at all.

When he reached the canteen, he grabbed some food and drink before sitting down. Lucianne-Kell sat down opposite Garen of her own initiative, and within half a minute, some students approached them, greeted Garen, and sat down beside him.

This situation was exactly the same as when those heirs and heiresses showed up. Some of the students sat down as though in awe of the great weather, and then began to talk among themselves. They would occasionally pull Garen into the topic, teasing him. These conversations looked very natural, but in truth all of them were instinctively observing Garen's reactions.

Before he knew it, there were five or six other students sitting around him with Garen in the center, and they had formed a small social circle. This also allowed them to subtly block off the other students who wanted to approach him, so several students who had arrived late left quietly and rather regrettably.

Inwardly, Garen understood the reason.

He had demonstrated his potential, and then joined a powerful group such as the Blue Narcissus. Plus there were rumors that he was connected to Mondo, so of course his future was full of potential. He would definitely become a Field Level Officer or even Major General. To the normal students around him, someone like him should be approached before he fully developed, that was the best time to try and get in his good books.

Most of the students believed that opportunity came to those who knocked on its door, if you did nothing at all for yourself, even the biggest opportunity would eventually come to nothing. Sometimes you had to be slightly more shameless, and then maybe you would obtain a chance that others would need to work for years to reach.

These people truly chased after power, going where the tide did. They were shameless enough to be nothing more than grass by the wall, you could give them some small jobs, but Garen knew that they would be the first to run if anything serious happened.

Still, he could not act too independent in the academy, plus many of these people were also good-looking young men and women. At the very least they were eye candy, so Garen just let them be.

He sat in his seat and ate his mushroom braised chicken at his own pace. The way Garen ate was very strange, he would dip his bread and buns into the chicken soup and eat them like that. He would usually finish one fist-sized bun in three bites, and he never stopped. Within ten minutes, he had stuffed three peoples' worth of food into his stomach.

After that, he picked up the napkin and wiped his mouth elegantly. When he was reincarnated into the Totem World, the combination of his lifelong aristocracy training and huge appetite gave him some strange eating habits. It looked very classical and gentle, but he ate a terrifying amount.

By the time the people around him noticed something amiss, they saw that nothing was left of the pile of things on the table in front of Garen.

"Did you always eat so much, Nono? No wonder you're so good at Mech battles!" Kell, who was sitting opposite, was evidently there to purposely get closer to Garen, and now she asked in a small, tender voice.

"It's not that much," Garen replied calmly. He held up his watch to check the time. "It's getting late, I plan to attend Professor Ser's class on interference."

"I'll go too, I've nothing else to do anyway," Kell said, taking the initiative.

"Me too! You don't mind, do you, Nono?" The one who spoke was a pretty girl from Nonosiva's class, her results were completely average, and her Willpower was only at Middle Basic Level as well, but her looks and her figure were very decent. She had a proper Eastern girl's features, her black hair tied up, her skin fair and smooth. Her large eyes were black and bright, with the textbook almond-shaped eyes and cherry lips. She gave off an impression of a jade-white china doll, and when she sat quietly, she had the aura of a young girl in the spring of youth.

The girl was called Vera, she looked pure and innocent, but she was a well-known bootlicker in the class. Apparently, she was often seen going in and out of entertainment with the rich boys.

“If you won’t find it boring, sure.” Garen smiled and stood.

As soon as he got up, he saw Mina and Aier sitting not far away. Both of them looked at him slightly worriedly, and just happened to meet his gaze.

“If you’re here, why didn’t you come say hi?” Garen walked up to them, smiling. Only friends in need were friends indeed. He split the crowd, and walked straight up to them.

“Well, we saw you were surrounded by so many people, including some pretty girls, so we didn’t want to disturb you.” Mina was slightly unhappy, but seeing that Nono still greeted them the same way he always did, she heaved a sigh of relief inwardly.

“Isn’t that Aier? You guys are here too, sorry I didn’t notice you just now,” Vera said with a smile, walking out from beside Garen. She knew Aier, the little boy who had once written her love letters. He was very pure and innocent, but she had not thought that he would be this close to Nono, so that was a possible breakthrough.

“Vera...” Aier saw Vera standing next to Garen, and dejection flashed across his eyes. He had always had a crush on Vera.

Garen was lazy to bother with these soap dramas, the class was going to start soon. He had nothing to do anyway, studying more would never go wrong. The classes in the academy were all free to join, if you wanted to attend then go, as long as you pass the final test, nobody really cared how you studied anyway.

After becoming famous, a situation like this would also be very normal. There were many people who wanted to approach the powerful, and some students with good connections would surely also have found out that he was praised by the Blue Narcissus’ Britney. That was why this was happening.

After chatting with Aier and Mina for some time, Garen was practically pushed by the group into the students’ lecture area.

Kell and Vera had completely taken over the positions on his left and right. Garen did not really care right now anyway, this way he was no different from the other rich and powerful heirs, so he could use that to disguise himself.

The days passed by.

Soon, the second batch of white Rainbow Stones would be arriving as well, and the teaching time he agreed on with Celine was fast approaching as well.

Garen made some slight preparations, and then he went with Perry, the representative from Blue Narcissus, as well as Celine's representative, Wade, to receive the cargo. This was the first time, so all three sides needed to familiarize themselves with the process. The car sending the cargo was a normal cargo vehicle from Celine's family. There were five hundred pieces in this first batch, they were the first primary materials.

Garen used the several tens of thousands of units he had left after buying the training method to rent a small factory for distillation for a month. There was a fully automated production line to increase the purity of the flammable powders, to achieve the market's minimal requirements.

But this was all beside the point, the main reason for his helplessness was how, after absorbing all of the more than five hundred White Rainbow Stones in this batch, he still showed no signs of leveling up. The progress of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique's fourth grade rose from 11% to 78%, and it did not go any further than that. Evidently, that little bit was no longer enough for it to use up, and he needed more.

On the other hand, the high-energy fuel powder created from these five hundred or more stones was enough to fill twenty or thirty bottles. He had invested 1500 units, and 500 more units went to safe transport of the materials, so his main cost was 2000 units. In return, he obtained 25 bottles of powder, each 25kg in weight. Each kilogram cost ten thousand units at the very least. So his final profit would be about 2.5 million, and considering the split in profits, Garen would obtain 40% for himself, so that would be a million units.

Looking at the number of Universal Units in his watch, Garen finally relaxed as well.

He still owed Instructor Hamm more than a million in surgical fees, so now he finally felt like there was some hope for him to return it all. He would also need a lot of money for the training methods after this, but he needed to be wary of the speed and regularity every month.

Earning money too fast was not a good thing, it would be easy to invite the greed and envy of others.

Garen tried his best to control the speed with which he produced the powder, partly because he was afraid of attracting attention, but also because he wanted to control the demands of the market. As soon he tossed out the refined powders, there were already military factories and research centers taking them, they practically fought for it. This situation made Garen secretly glad that his plan was correct, if he had not first connected with the two powers and had them cover for him, then those waves of commercial spies would already be enough for him to lose big. Just looking at how thirsty those buying powers seemed to be, no one would believe him if he said he did not have any forces suppressing them.

He set his pace at buying five hundred pieces twice a month, it was not too much, and this way he would earn about 5 million each time. 10% of that was 500 thousand units. Celine was not interested in 100 thousand or so, but he had to perk up and pay attention if it was 500 thousand. If he was already like that, as someone from a family of merchants, Vivienne and Wade would be even more so. 500 thousand units in profits every month got their hearts palpitating slightly, then they would think about the 40% Nonosiva had, and both would feel even weaker.

In June, as their first time cooperating, Garen had a total profit of five million. Taking away the change, he paid 20% or one fifth in taxes. Of the remaining four million, he took 40% in profits, and ended up with 1.6 million more units in his account.

He used most of this 1.6 million to pay back his debt to Instructor Hamm, and then he used the remaining 200 thousand or so to pay for the factory's rental and overhead, and he also gave some away as salaries for the people who had safely navigated the purchase and delivery of the White Rainbow Stones. He gave Kendall ten thousand as a bonus so he could send it back to his family, and then he gathered up the remaining hundred thousand units into a whole number.

These hundred thousand units were his true modal for him to set his foundations.

At the same time, as Nonosiva, he had officially entered the second year of university, becoming a second-year student at the academy.

As for his Willpower, as long as he could absorb the White Peacock Stone again next month, he should be able to reach the fourth grade. The Hellfrost Peacock Technique's basics were divided into five grades, the first five grades were just setting the foundations. There were three more grades after that, and that was where its power could really be displayed. Garen had already vaguely noticed that the Peacock Technique was not very beneficial to his body in itself, it mainly increased his special abilities. This also made him look forward to the upcoming fourth grade, because that was a fundamental shift. Once he reached it, his Willpower would be forced to increase, and he would then properly be in Level One, so he would no longer have to rely on the Moonfang. He could be a mech pilot all on his own.

And just then, ripples finally began to spread through the Blackboard Region as well. Some rumors about the White Light terrorist organization began to spread through the region, apparently the White Light Organization's Great Light Mech had already entered the Blackboard Region, breaking past the defense army and Black-Clothed General's barricades.

So the three large states, more than ten provinces, several dozen cities of different sizes, as well as the several hundred villages and towns in the Blackboard Region all began to up their security at the same time. Thankfully, they did not overdo it, they just activated many more surveillance cameras and increased the number of mechs on patrol. Normal people would just find security slightly tighter, only the professionals could sense the subtle undercurrent of chaos in the Blackfield Region.

Nobody knew that the Black-Clothed General had actually already completely lost track of the White Light Mech, and it was already hidden somewhere in the Blackboard Region.