

Mystical 821

Chapter 821 - Empire Novel

Evening, in the second largest town in the Blackboard Region, Nocto City

The many tall buildings were like pencil blades stuck into the ground, straight as an arrow. The buildings would occasionally sparkle with white or green, yellow lights, and there was the vaguely of music as well.

Between the buildings, there were many suspended bridges connecting them, and these flowed with a constant stream of levitating cars. The car lights were like a river of neon lights, from afar, it looked like a sparkling string of pearls.

A row of wild geese lined up in a row neatly, slowly flying through the gap between buildings. Crossing over the bridges, flying over the cars, they flew slowly over a few patrolling white mechs.

Whoosh.

A humanoid white mech raised its head and glanced at the geese.

“What is it? Cady,” another mech beside it asked.

“Nothing. I just saw some wild geese, and that always reminds me of the situation back home. I wonder what it’s like back there now,” the white mech replied softly.

“Go see it if you have time, after all, once this martial law period is over, the higher-ups have said we get a week off,” his companion said with a laugh.

“True, I do plan to go back for real this time,” the white mech laughed as well.

Whoosh!

Suddenly a spot of white light flew across the sky above the city.

“What’s that?” The two of them looked up and noticed the white light.

“Don’t know, a signal glare?”

“Scan it.”

“It seems to be a firework that was reflected back.”

“A firework? Is it one of those new types? It’s so bright.”

“Forget it, let’s keep walking, once we complete our mission today we can go back and have a feast.”

The two mechs slowly continued to fly towards their determined destination.

Meanwhile, the white dot landed in a very normal pitch-black alley somewhere in the city.

The white light floated in the air lightly for a while, and then it landed onto the ground slowly. With a whoosh, the air twisted and turned transparent, then somehow a whole man’s body began to appear above the white dot.

He wore a white skin-tight suit, and there was a red line of light that kept flowing on his body, from his head down his back, blinking and twinkling continuously.

“I have arrived safely,” he smiled, the corners of his lips curving. Glancing around his surroundings, he found that the alley was completely void of people, and there was only a stray dog sprawled on top of some rubbish cans.

“Is everything okay? Ace,” a woman’s icy-cold voice came from the man’s collar.

“No problem, everything’s going swell. This degree of security is no threat at all, their scanning is too lame!” the man replied relaxedly. Unzipping the skin-tight suit he wore, he revealed a T-shirt and black leather pants. He pressed the suit lightly, and it instantly and automatically shrunk, turning into an ornate thick silver belt. Wearing it casually around his waist, the man instantly became a normal young person living in the city. He gave off a fashionable and wild feeling.

“I have to say, these clothes are pretty good, Six Flowers.”

“Thank you for the praise. That is an affirmation of my taste,” the icy lady replied. “I graduated from fashion design, after all.”

“Now that’s a surprise.” The man smoothened his hair, spiking up all of his short deep blue hair, so that it looked like a burning blaze reaching upwards. He also completely revealed his face, so handsome it was slightly devilish.

“Alright, I’d better explore this place properly, it looks like this Blackboard Region is doing pretty well for itself.”

“I hope you have fun, sir, but please don’t forget your mission.”

“Of course.”

“We will handle the search for the Black-Clothed General, please don’t worry about that.”

Turning off his communicator, the blue-haired man chuckled and strode out of the alley. As he passed, that sprawled stray dog suddenly had a fit, and fell down sideways, its whole body shaking. Blood flowed out of its eyes, and with two popping sounds, the wild dog’s eyeballs exploded.

“The optical nerves will also retain some information...” the man murmured, as he quickly melded into the crowd down the street.

The Blackboard Academy, in a large lecture room

A white-haired lecturer in a black suit was talking his tongue off in the front, never once stopping. Most of the several hundred students at the bottom were seriously writing notes, while others were simply recording video and audio.

Only the lecturer's voice echoed through the classroom.

The seventy-eight-year-old lecturer, Andre was one of the few people in the Academy who fully supported the Deadlight Cannon Crossfire Web, he believed that once the Deadlight Cannon Fire crossed enough times, and was concentrated enough, then even the strongest close combat mech would be helpless when fighting in a small area.

"As for the claims that close combat mechs will be countered by the large battleships, right now, close combat mechs are countered by the large battleships, whereas large battleships are countered by long-range shooting mechs. And long-range mechs are countered by close combat mechs. They are all interconnected, this is the fixed rule that we concluded from many wars."

In a corner of the classroom.

Garen held his notebook and was very seriously doing his notes. Somehow a bunch of rich and powerful heirs had gathered around as though it was natural, quite a few of them had decent backgrounds, and were top of the grade as well. They were all sitting next to him, some were taking notes and listening to class properly, and some were talking and joking with the only girl in the group.

The rumors about Britney's praise of Garen had finally completely come out. As the person who held the true power in Blue Narcissus, Britney was already the Head of the academy's Logistics Department, and she was also in charge of Blue Narcissus' finances. The power of her family was terrifying, and although she had never met Garen officially, she was already very obviously on his side.

Vera and Kell also sat beside Garen, both of them looking very close to and reliant on him. They could also feel the contemptuous and jealous gazes from around them, so they felt slightly cocky. After all, the early bird caught the worm.

“Nono, that guy’s here too?” a boy beside Vera, called Monty, said suddenly.

“What?” Garen paused slightly, and looked at him for a moment before following his gaze to find a somewhat familiar figure.

Short blue hair, earrings, a tall figure. That boy was currently noting something down, his head lowered.

“It’s the young brother of that Cor who put you in the hospital last time. Last time he brought people over and wanted to teach you a lesson, remember that?” chuckled Monty.

“That incident, huh...” Garen frowned.

“It was not just that, this guy came looking for trouble during the finals as well, trying to trip you up. I heard that he spread the rumor saying that your weakness was your Willpower wasn’t strong enough,” said Monty with a cold laugh. He was Mondo’s younger brother, and his older brother had specifically told him to approach Nonosiva, so this was the best opportunity to show up. Others were afraid of those siblings, but Monty’s family was not intimidated by Cor and Caus. Even if they had the Thousand Year Tree and Black Rose behind them, he had the Blue Narcissus behind him too, so he was not scared of their background. Besides, they were more than a level beneath him in the organization, why would there be anyone willing to cross him for their sake.

“What do you want me to do? We’re bros, so just say the word and I’ll get them on it.”

Garen spun the pen in his fingers.

“It’s all in the past, this way the grudges will never end, so just forget it.”

“You sure are generous,” said Monty with a laugh.

“Nono was never a calculative person,” Vera said softly, as though she was part of the family.

“Fine, fine, fine.” Monty threw two boys a glance, and the two boys sitting behind Garen stood up with a smile, walking out of the classroom. One of the larger guys was working his fists, making loud cracking sounds.

Garen sensed it, but he pretended not to, and he lowered his head and continued to write notes.

Monty laughed.

“I’m going to the loo.”

“Mm-hmm.”

Bam!!!

In a dark corner of the corridor outside, a red-haired boy was hit by a ferocious knee jab, crashing into the wall as blood leaked out the corner of his mouth. His whole face was white, and he was in so much pain he could not even straighten up.

The two large boys pulled him up hard.

“Isn’t he a tough guy, that Caus? He dares to play tricks on my friend, hehe... I wanna see if he would dare to leave the room for his friend.”

Monty crossed his arms over his chest, leaning at the exit and he stared at the red-haired boy, laughing coldly.

“You’re one of Cor’s best friends, and you’re pretty close to Caus too recently. I’ve informed that guy, let’s see if he dares to show his face.”

“Monty... We never provoked you!” said the red-haired boy, his voice muffled.

"You provoked me, alright." Monty spat on the ground and rubbed it with his foot. "Caus still hasn't come out? It's only a dozen seconds by foot from the class, looks like he's forsaken you and ran off on his own."

"What are you trying to do? This has nothing to do with me..." The red-haired boy's heart was growing cold, he knew that these people were so domineering in their grade that even the lecturers could not control them. Their backgrounds were so powerful that no one would say anything even if they permanently disfigured a student or two. To them, it was just a matter of money.

"You're looking for me, right?" Caus suddenly walked out from a corner and stood behind Monty. Looking at the red-haired student's blood-covered face, his expression darkened. "Monty, what on earth are you trying to do?"

"Yo, yo... If it isn't Caus, our newly promoted elite student? That won't do~~ Elite students are impressive, what are we normal students to do from now on? Master Caus is a future star... Smack!!"

There was suddenly a loud and crisp sound.

Everyone was frozen, no one had thought that Monty would suddenly lash out without warning. Monty was also an expert in fighting, especially in close combat. For him to lash out suddenly, even Caus could not react in time.

He slapped Caus straight in the face, and laughed brutally.

"How is it? Mr. Elite? Fight me?"

Smack!

There was another slap, and the other side of Caus' face began to swell.

"Why aren't you fighting back? Aren't you the inner school's powerful elite student, why aren't you resisting?" Monty said eerily. "What do you mean by not fighting back?"

Smack!

Smack! Smack! Smack! ...

The slaps landed on Caus' face one after the other. He continued to stand there quietly, not making a move to fight back, but his previously handsome face was already completely swollen.

In the classroom, Garen raised his watch, and looked at the video sent to it. Seeing that Caus had no intention of fighting back, he remained expressionless, turning off the connection, and continued to listen to the class.

Chapter 822

In some pale yellow plains on the outskirts of Nocto

Three black mechs landed slowly on the wild plains, covered with wilted wild grass.

"According to our sources, the signal first showed up around here," the first black mech with bull horns on its head spoke first.

"With the intel department's outdated techniques? I bet they were played with again," another mech, this one holding a huge scythe, said grumpily. "Do you have any real info or not, Matthew? Running around like this all day is tiring too."

"That depends on Allie." Matthew sat in his mech, looking as gentlemanly as ever. "Boris, how did you feel about that mech you finished off last time?"

"How did I feel?" The mech with the giant scythe paused. "Should be Level Five Willpower, I might not be able to finish 'em off myself. But with Allie's interference, and your long-range shooting, it was still very easy. One hit K.O.! Hehe!"

"According to the latest intel, that guy was just someone who had fell behind the pack, you better pray that we don't meet the main team before that big sister arrives here," Matthew said helplessly. "Level Five, huh... I wonder how long it'll take for me to get in there."

“We’re still young, what are you so worried about?” Boris tsked. “As long as we get into Level Five, we get to become Black-Clothed Generals, and then we can enjoy a life of luxury, hehe...”

“Someone’s coming! Watch out!” Allie, who had been the only one keeping silent, spoke suddenly.

“Which direction?”

“North-east, the actual location is unknown, it’s coming fast, very fast!” Allie said hurriedly, and then she suddenly jumped back, retreating. “Standard dodge!”

The three mechs were like birds caught by surprise, they instantly bounced more than ten meters away.

Boom!!!

A white meteor crashed in the distance. The meteor showed itself, and it was actually a huge white-and-red mech, crouching in the middle of the deep crater in the ground, sharp thorns forming a shell like that of a tortoise on its back.

“Go! Kill him!” Matthew yelled abruptly, turning around and running.

Boris and Allie split up suddenly, the two of them dashing at the white-and-red fiercely.

“Dammit! I fricking found the big fishes as soon as I landed!” the white-and-red mech cursed, splaying open both of his palms and revealing the pitch-black cannon barrels on them.

Hah!

Intense electricity spewed out of the cannons.

Without them noticing, a large group of countless white mechs had rapidly appeared in the distant sky, all of them marked with the logo of the Blackboard Region, and then they began to fly towards the area of the conflict.

“Oh... oh... Just like that! Just like that!! Oh~~~~!! It’s coming out!!”

Clint Beza looked on speechlessly as a large piece of metal shrapnel flew out of the river in front of him, landing slowly beside the riverbank. All he could hear was Red Moon’s disgusting shouting.

“It’s so wonderful, how many years has it been? How many years have I not felt what it’s like to have a body... Tsk-tsk,” Red Moon’s voice was full of joy. “This alloy sure is good, I never thought we could find such wonder alloy material in this trash region, looks like it’s not good for nothing after all.”

“Are you happy, Master?” Clint watched as the metal corpses piled up behind him.

“Sure I am, after fishing for more than ten days, I only managed to gather these few things, guess I gotta be happy for now,” Red Moon replied quickly. “Hurry up, hurry up, don’t dally around, you gotta get ready to combine this!”

“Put it together? You want me to put it together?!” Clint’s mouth fell open. “How am I going to combine it? I have no idea!”

“What are you afraid of, I’m right here!” Red Moon said with disdain. “Combine them and then we can go look for more resources!”

“But how do I do that!” Clint was finally at the end of his rope, grabbing his hair hard.

“You still don’t feel it?” Red Moon’s voice took a rare, serious turn.

“What?”

“Your body, your body’s hidden Willpower, it’s finally been activated.”

“Hah?” Clint did not understand, “Willpower? Since when did I have Willpower?”

“You idiot! If you didn’t have Willpower, how would you be able to carry out so many things?!” Red Moon howled, as though wishing he would grow up. “Your Willpower’s attribute is moving material things! Idiot!”

“Hah?”

“Hah, your ass!! Now get moving!” Red Moon was utterly incensed.

“But this is so big... Could I go back and get someone to help...” Clint scratched his hair in frustration, saying in a small voice.

“Go and move it! The heck ’bout getting anyone else!” Red Moon was even more pissed now, “You got me, the universe’s number one Forbidden Mech core, helping you, so what the hell are scared of! Get moving!”

Clint was completely helpless, if he did not go help, he would surely be electrocuted again. He was sick and tired of that seizure-like feeling, so he had to go up obediently, and look for the lightest piece to carry.

Aiming for the black shard the size of a face basin, he rubbed his hands and went up to grab the edges, pulling it up fiercely.

Whoosh!

The shard was surprisingly light.

“Eh?” Clint was stunned, weighing the metal shard in his hand. “It’s so light...”

“Light, my ass! It’s because you got stronger!” Red Moon continued to scold him. “Do you fricking think that I’ve been electrocuting you and wasting my energy all this time? Grow some wits, won’t you!” Now that they were closer, this guy’s real personality was completely revealed. At first he still pretended slightly, but now that he was sure of Clint’s weak personality, he could not even be bothered to pretend anymore.

“But why would Willpower be like this?” Clint may be dumb, but that did not mean he had no general knowledge at all. Willpower would not be this strong as soon as it was activated. “Shouldn’t Willpower be very weak in the beginning, and it can’t be used on material things and people, right?”

“Do I look normal to you? Let me tell you, I’m so great that even my piss smells good, what’s more the secret techniques I taught you!” Red Moon was slightly full of himself now.

“If it was just normal middle- or low-level Willpower activation, it might end up like what you said, but if I’m the one doing things, do you really think it would be that sort of garbage?” he chuckled. “The Nine Mega Cannon training method trains up Willpower to match my electric healing, so the effect is really impressive! Tripling your strength is a small matter!”

“If your talent wasn’t so trashy, if you could learn my Milky Way Extinction, I guarantee you could become Superman in a second!” Sensing the shock on Clint’s expression, Red Moon got even cockier.

“So cool....!”

“Of course, who do you think I am? Back then, all on my own I swept through... Uh, let’s forget about that, hurry up and combine them! This is the combination blueprint! Remember it closely!” Red Moon changed the topic, and sent him a blueprint straight through his brain.

“In accordance with your wishes, you can choose your support members, so the first one you decided on is Darby, and the last one is Baylon?”

“Yeah,” Clint nodded solemnly. “I’ll ask him last.”

“Why the heck woulda ask!”

But this time, Clint actually decided to ignore Red Moon for once. Seeing how quickly and resolutely he turned on his Watch Terminal, Red Moon also did not scold him for once.

Soon enough, the call to Baylon went through, and on the opposite side, Baylon's handsome smiling face appeared on the screen.

"Where'd you go, Clint? It's really busy in the shop, how could you not come help?"

"Lon. There's something I want to ask you." The more time Clint spent with Red Moon, the more mysterious and complicated he felt to Clint. He did not know if it was right for him to bring Lon into this either, but he had a feeling that once he went down this road, perhaps he really might not be able to turn back later."

"What's the matter? Tell me." Seeing Clint look so serious, the smile on Baylon's face froze slightly as well.

"If you have a chance so that you could become a true pilot, and drive your ideal mech into battle, but in return you need to face many dangerous and troublesome things, would you choose to take that chance?" asked Clint carefully, choosing his words with caution.

"I would!" Lon paused for a moment, and then replied with determination. He lowered his head, but from behind his hair, his eyes shone with the light of desire for his dreams. "I want to catch up to my brother... I... Becoming a pilot... has always been my biggest dream. Isn't it natural to face danger in battle?" His voice weakened, but his eyes grew brighter. "But this is all just a hypothesis, alright, forget it and come back to help. Owner's getting angry," he laughed again.

"I understand." Clint severed the connection suddenly. "I've decided, the last person is Lon."

"You sure?"

"Positive!"

“Although that guy’s no good, he’s much more talented than you, hmm... The confirmation imprint I gave him includes the Bright King Jisaiya’s training method. Since you’re positive, I’ll activate it now, got it!?” Red Moon asked again.

“What do you mean by activating the imprint?”

“That means I’ll send the training method into his mind, and at the same time I need to activate his body’s potential using the electricity I gave him last time, so his Willpower will reach Level One. That’s the thing you guys call Level One Willpower,” Red Moon explained.

“We can reach Level One that easily?” Clint was completely dazed. “Then what about me?”

“You’re already Level One.” Red Moon was at a loss for words. “Of course, without my activation, if you had gotten a normal training method, you could be training for several dozens of years before you could enter Level One.”

“But I’ll warn you in advance, that kid Baylon? Something’s odd about his body, so there might be some strange changes after his imprint is activated, you better be mentally prepared for that.”

“What changes?”

“I don’t know for sure either. After this, you had still better continue practicing the training method properly every day, just like I taught you before. Find some heavy things and carry them around, that training method is the one with the lowest requirements for talent, all you need to do is work hard. If all goes well, you can definitely reach seven or eight levels.”

“Got it... It’s just... isn’t this unfair to those people who had to train so many years just to reach Level One Willpower...” Clint said as scratched his head.

“Unfair?” Of course they’re different from you,” Red Moon explained, his tone turning gentler. Your Willpower was upgraded and activated with the help of my imprint, unlike them, your Willpower has one large flaw.”

“Flaw? What flaw?” Clint was starting to get worried.

“Half of your Willpower comes from you guys, and the other half belongs to me, so when you use it, if I don’t agree, you won’t be able to control your mech as freely as they can. Also, after leaving the mech, your Willpower will be halved. In other words, no matter what you do, you must make sure your opponents don’t find out who you are. If they catch you when you don’t have your mech, your Willpower will only be half of what it usually is, and the result, hehe, you know what will happen.”

“Is that it? I can deal with that, is there any way to savage it?”

“No, you should be glad you have Willpower at all, now go do your work.”

“Okay...”

Seeing Clint start to carry and transport the shards obediently, Red Moon pressed the activation switch for an imprint in his own core. That was the switch to the imprint hidden in Lon’s body beforehand.

In an instant, a few invisible signals crossed a large distance and landed in Lon’s body, just as he was busying about in the bakery so far away.

Lon placed the plate on the table, turned around and walked towards the counter. Suddenly, his whole body stiffened abruptly, and in an instant, he froze on the spot, not moving at all, as a mysterious numbing feeling spread from somewhere inside his body. He vaguely felt as though there was something new in his brain, something that looked very complicated and very high-class.

Chapter 823

Bang!

Caus crashed against the wall violently. His nose was bruised and his face was swollen while his body was covered in dirt from the floor. He pushed himself up off the ground and looked at Monty and the others, who were sneering at him coldly.

“How is it? Does it feel good?” Monty stepped forward and pinched his cheek.

“Frankly, I’ve been annoyed at you for a long time. First Seat of the first grade, you’re truly something.”

“Are you done?” Caus lowered his head and spat out blood and saliva while his face remained expressionless.

When Monty noticed Caus’ persistent cold gaze, his heart trembled slightly for unknown reasons. “Still holding up?”

He furiously kicked his foot outwards again.

Bang!

The pointed end of his shoe struck Caus’ lower abdomen and caused him to bend over even further. The pain forced him to curl up like a dried shrimp before he fell onto the ground sideways.

Caus remained silent and held his head quietly without even sighing. His behavior made Monty feel extremely uncomfortable. Meanwhile, the red-haired male student who stood on the side had become dazed long ago after witnessing everything, as he’d never expected Monty to act so harshly.

“That’s enough, Monty. This is pretty extreme,” suddenly, the voice of a young man echoed from the corner.

Monty turned around and looked before noticing a tall but otherwise normal looking male student standing in the doorway suddenly. This fellow had tanned skin and looked extremely simple and plain. Furthermore, there were no prominent features on his square face. However, he gave off a composed and resolute air when he spoke.

“Hey~ It’s Nicholas, the Elite Student,” said Monty cynically.

“Show me some respect,” Nicholas calmly glanced at Caus who was still lying on the ground.

“Show you some respect?” Monty sneered but did not refuse him immediately. Although he did not fear Nicholas, he was still wondering whether it would be worth offending a strong individual with a good future just for Nonosiva’s sake. Therefore, he was merely judging if his actions were worth the repercussions.

After hesitating for a moment.

“Alright, this matter ends here because of my respect for you,” he waved his hand so that his other friends would release Caus and the red-haired male student.

“Many thanks,” in reality, Nicholas had been somewhat anxious earlier. Monty had a lot of support from the other Elite Students who were also advanced, highly-skilled Mech Pilots. Therefore, he was usually arrogant. Nicholas had never expected that Monty would actually respect him. Clearly, the person who was receiving his blows earlier was not very significant.

He walked over and helped Caus. Once he saw Monty and his group of people leaving slowly, Nicholas could finally feel his heart relaxing slightly.

Inside the classroom

Garen lifted his watch and observed the situation above him while remaining expressionless. However, Vera and Kell, who were beside him, were somewhat displeased.

“You’re just going to let him off lightly? Aren’t you making it too convenient for him?” Vera could not help but say.

“It’s no big deal, just pay attention in class,” Garen did not express it openly, but the animosity between Caus and himself had been settled completely at this moment. However, this was probably Monty’s main goal, forcing him to rely on the other party’s background strength even more.

This matter was settled just like that. After a full day of class, Garen did not see Caus return to the classroom either.

When he returned to the dorm, another student who was walking with him informed him that Caus had been taken away by his older brother. There was nothing else after that, as his older brother Cor did not express anything. It was clear that he merely planned to endure everything.

The stormy winds calmed down.

Garen's life became a series of daily routines. He would spend a few hours practicing his Training Methods daily before spending some time with Monty, Vera, and the others, especially Vera and Kell. Due to their personal conditions, both of them came into contact with more people and had a wider source of information. Furthermore, their figurative short-sightedness made them a suitable and definite source for Garen to receive information. Meanwhile, Monty and the others seemed rough but were actually more pessimistic individuals who were unsuitable for intimate friendships. Most of the time, their information was not timely either. However, Garen continued to maintain good ties with Monty. Of course, these people were not useless either. With the help of Monty and the others, Garen was gradually able to become one of the main tyrants in his grade that no one dared to mess with, despite not having this intention at all.

The second-grade course was really dull.

Theory classes took up a large portion of their days while practical classes were mainly focused on experiments of accelerated gravitational forces. Therefore, they would need to sit inside the narrow Mech simulations and practice continuously to adapt themselves to higher levels of accelerated gravitational forces and inertia. They were training the adaptive abilities of their bodies to get used to more intense Mech Piloting in order to prepare themselves for actual practice. In order to become a true Level One Mech Pilot, one would need to be equipped with comprehensive fighting abilities. Therefore, subjecting themselves to intense acceleration and inertia was a vital part of their training.

After the acceleration adapting training, it was rumored that there was a simulated battle environment to help them adapt to radiation and a tactic simulation experiment to develop different areas of their brains, besides other actual combat courses. These things were mainly determined by the different levels and types of Willpower that humans used to adapt to different environments.

Most of the time, Garen would cut class right after grasping these things quickly. He would either practice his Training Methods in his dorm room or go and discuss sales with Celine and the others.

Each day, time passed slowly until more than half a month went by in the blink of an eye.

Katak.

The pale green pool ball was hit by the white cue ball lightly before it rolled slowly towards the hole at the corner after the collision.

Beside the pool table, Celine got up and used a cloth to wipe the cue while happily watching the green ball roll into the hole.

She was dressed in a white shirt and a little black vest over trousers and shiny leather shoes, which gave off a fine and mature air. At first glance, it was uncertain if people would be able to notice that she was actually a girl. Moreover, she was only a young female student who was not even twenty years old.

Garen stood on the side while dressed in a black shirt. Both of his hands were twirling the cue unenthusiastically while looking on as Celine continued to hit the balls.

The bright but soothing light cascaded downwards from above. There was a black 'L' shaped bar counter on the side while soft slow music played. Meanwhile, a female bartender was dazzling them with her techniques before she finished shaking the cocktail quickly. The colorful alcoholic drink formed bubbles of various pale shades when the rays of light reflected against it.

Both of them were currently inside one of the underground cellars that Celine's family owned. This place was located within a short distance from the academy and was used as a temporary residence when Celine made special purchases.

"How are the recent business sales?" asked Garen simply in a bored manner when he noticed that Celine was about to clear the table in one go.

"Still alright. With your blessings, everything is going smoothly except that the sales operations are far too relaxed. I feel guilty every time I get one-tenth of the profits," Celine looked at her own results happily and smiled while getting up.

"It doesn't matter. Without your support, more money would be depleted because of many other things. You should rest at ease," Garen smiled.

"Actually, I did not have any sales at all. When news broke out at Vivienne's side recently, a crowd of people flocked over immediately to inquire about the supply and quantity of goods. Dozens of bottles of powder were ordered at once," Celine was extremely satisfied with their collaboration this time. After receiving two consecutive payments, she gradually began to look forward to these collaborations. She gradually warmed up to Garen as their relationship became closer as well. Besides their mutual support for each other, both of them had favorable opinions of each other as well, allowing them to naturally have a close friendship.

"I don't have any problems in that aspect. However, the progress of your combat training is still really terrible," said Garen while shaking his head. "I've used various methods to train and guide you but you're still unable to meet my demands."

"Don't you think that your demands are too high?" Celine asked in a puzzled tone. "I couldn't even meet your demands despite risking my own life."

"Try again during today's training in a little while." Garen was getting impatient. As a high-level martial arts master, he had his own honor as well. If the students he taught merely turned out to be garbage, they would definitely affect his reputation when they went out into the world.

Although he took great precautions to only teach Celine certain unimportant combat theories and general knowledge and made sure that she followed these principles and knowledge to undergo her training, the effects and results were unsatisfactory. However, he had seen Celine's vigor for training. She had an insane passion for it and dedicated almost all of her time in training.

"You really don't see me as a woman..." whenever Celine mentioned training, her thoughts would become somewhat silent. When she thought of Garen's state during training, she often felt that he was strange despite her being a maniac who was always striving to become stronger.

"I should do that," Garen watched as the last ball on the table was finally hit into the hole before a female server walked over and arranged the balls properly again. He snapped his fingers before picking the white cue ball up and placing it in the right position.

“Actually, ball games like these are much simpler. If no one disturbs me, I can usually clear the table in one go. For instance...”

He moved the cue gently.

Pop.

When the crisp noise rang out, the pool balls that were arranged properly on the table dispersed immediately. Next, they rolled calmly and slowly towards all of the holes in the surroundings.

Plop plop plop plop...

Moments later, a series of noises that indicated that the balls were rolling into the holes lingered continuously.

Celine began clapping instantly while a defeated look appeared on her face.

“Despite already knowing that your level of abnormality is out of the ordinary, I still feel unhappy whenever I see things like this. I’ve been playing pool for more than a year but I’m still not as good as you even though you only learned it two hours ago.”

“This is the difference between geniuses and normal people,” it was rare for Garen to make jokes like these.

“Perhaps you’re right,” Celine did not laugh along but shook her head instead. “Let’s go back up.”

“Mmhmm.”

Both of them put away the cues and climbed up the steps that led to the surface from the underground cellar. There was a large majestic hall at the entrance that led to the surface. The large hall was completely golden while various oil paintings depicting happy scenes were hung on the surrounding

walls. Some of the paintings depicted countryside life while others depicted either metropolis scenes or portraits of prominent figures. Most of them were oil paintings of various Mech models.

A few maids attended to them and took them to wash their hands. Next, they drank some natural water before changing into a set of bandage style clothing that was especially worn during training.

One of Celine's main habits during training was her love of wearing different types of bandage style clothing. White bandages could be wound around her chest and other more cumbersome and voluptuous parts of her body to reduce air resistance while increasing the speed of her combat movements. She was a paranoid person who would always notice the slightest bit of inefficiency.

Meanwhile, Garen was different. He changed into bandaged style clothing as well because Celine strongly suggested it but wore special protective tight clothing on top. The white protective clothing resembled a somewhat tighter white windbreaker that was both beautiful and practical.

Once both of them had changed into a new set of clothes, they entered the actual combat hall that they normally used. It was a square hall that was more than one hundred square meters wide. The surrounding walls, ceiling, and floors were covered with a thick layer of black alloy walls. This type of alloy that was known as Issim had a high level of toughness and strong spontaneous recovery abilities. It was mostly used to build the outer shell of Mechs. The true affluence of Celine's family could clearly be seen from their usage of this material to build this room.

Almost seven to eight hundred thousand Units were spent to build a room like this.

Chapter 824: Training 2

Celine had short light green hair. Although there were a few scars on her face, she still possessed a seductive figure and fair, smooth skin. In spite of the bandages wrapped around her chest as a binder, both of her ample peaks continued to protrude distinctively, exposing two extremely eye-catching buds. Long periods of training had streamlined her slender figure and caused her previously round but proportionally long limbs to tighten firmly without a single gap. Meanwhile, her hips and buttocks were merely covered by bandages that were wrapped into trouser-like shapes that only reached her knees while the other parts of her legs were completely bare. From afar, she gave off a wild charm.

However, Garen had seen all kinds of beautiful women. Naturally, his emotions would not be aroused by such a sight. There was only an extremely determined student standing in front of him now.

“After going through so many consecutive classes, your endurance test is finally over. Today’s task is acute awareness train...”

“Hold on,” Celine interrupted him suddenly. “You’ve been training me all this while but I can finally feel that my progress has increased recently. We haven’t personally engaged in actual combat yet, so why don’t we try it properly today?”

“Try it?” Garen pondered for a moment. “That’s fine too. However, are you sure that you want actual trial training?”

“What’s wrong? Is that not okay?” Celine raised her eyebrows and asked determinedly.

“It’s fine, of course. I had this plan in mind earlier as well. I’m merely bringing it forward somewhat now,” said Garen casually.

“So we’re going to do it?” Celine laughed twice and bounced on the spot lightly.

“Pay attention, I’m going to start now!”

Garen raised his hand and looked at his watch, “One minute.”

He then casually told her, “I’ll destroy you in one minute.”

“Wanna try?” suddenly, Celine felt unconvinced.

Pfoo!

She had barely finished speaking and before Garen could even raise his head fully, Celine had charged over spontaneously. She kicked her leg upwards towards Garen's chin violently while her slender leg caused a strong gust to roll up and whistle.

If she had managed to land this kick on a regular person, her victim would already have been admitted to the hospital for serious injuries such as fractured bones.

However, this was not the case for Garen.

He deflected her move with one hand.

Bang!

When the instep of her long leg collided and intertwined with the back of his hand, Garen swayed on the spot lightly while Celine stumbled a few steps backward before making great efforts to stand steadily.

"Use all of your strength. You're too weak," said Garen simply.

"Easy for you to say!" Celine had fought to the point where she was provoked now. She grasped the daggers on the weapons rack beside her quickly before taking a sudden big stride forward and charging over again.

Three whooshing noises could be heard as three knives streaked across, leaving faint gleams of dazzling light. However, none of the knives hit their target as all of them were gingerly evaded by Garen without requiring him to move his footsteps at all.

"Useless," Garen slapped his right hand downwards. He hit Celine's arm lightly before releasing an extremely dull but loud noise that sent the daggers flying.

A banging noise could be heard before the bandages on Celine's arms tore open and dispersed suddenly. A large bloody mess appeared on her arms immediately.

“That was really strong! Again!” Celine did not show any signs of anger but laughed instead. She took large strides and approached while preparing herself for close combat. Her elbows and one of her knees attacked in three different directions simultaneously. She formed a strange pose while the strong winds stirred around her. In her current state, she resembled a fearsome tiger that was about to pounce.

A whooshing noise could be heard suddenly when she leaped directly into the air. However, she had overexerted herself and was struck downwards by the back of Garen’s hand. A tearing noise sounded through the air immediately before the bandages that covered her entire back fell apart and tore completely. The bandages around her chest tore open at once as well while a pair of white jade-like rabbits bounced out immediately in an extremely seductive manner.

“Such quick speed!” Celine did not seem to care at all. She had truly practiced to the point of madness and was completely unconcerned that her modesty had been exposed. Instead, she pounced over immediately. She had placed her hands together closely and interlocked them before stepping forward and closing in on Garen. Her hands were ready to seize the key fibers and muscles at Garen’s weakest points.

Garen had many experiences that would help him counter close combat like this. Moreover, the current qualities of his physical body were greater than those of the average person on all fronts. This allowed him to achieve almost twice the level of a regular strong man. Even though Celine was strong enough, she was still just a woman at the end of the day. Currently, she was still at a young age and had yet to mature fully. Therefore, her strength and speed were still somewhat slower.

Both of them engaged in hand-to-hand combat while facing each other as the shadows of their fists and legs intertwined continuously.

“Spiralling Leg!” suddenly, Celine rolled on the ground before moving her legs in a looping motion towards Garen’s thighs. She was using extremely great force that would cause an average person’s bones to break immediately if they were hit. The continuous sweeping motions of her legs formed a series of circular arcs that approached Garen relentlessly.

Garen lightly jumped vertically, only dodging the hit at the most critical moment.

“Are you just going to dodge?!” roared Celine.

“Dodge?” Garen smiled and swiped his right leg down steadily while immediately kicking his left leg forward swiftly without any other fancy movements.

Bang!

When both of their legs clashed, the bandages around her legs tore open and flew away at the same time.

Garen was lucky. The tremendous force had caused Celine’s tight bandages to tear open at once. Furthermore, all the white bandages on her upper thighs had scattered completely. Her upper body was naked now while the lower part of her body could almost be seen as well.

“Still want to fight?” asked Garen, smiling.

“Of course!” Celine did not have the slightest hint of hesitation. Instead, she charged forward and continued approaching. “I haven’t lost yet!”

Their fists collided constantly with each other’s before the occasional sweeping movements of their legs were added into the mix as well.

Shh!

The fists and legs of both people intertwined immediately again before the last bandage on Celine’s body tore and flew away.

“Stop creating trouble,” Garen stretched out both of his arms slowly before increasing the pace and performing a chain of hammering punches several moments later. Both of his hands formed a large hammer that struck Celine’s right arm so quickly that it was impossible for her to react in time.

Bang!

She took two steps backward.

The second punch slammed against the top of her breasts immediately, causing her to become slightly dazed.

The third punch.

Garen stepped in a circular motion and moved behind Celine before landed three consecutive punches on her. Every punch landed on the back of her waist, releasing dull thunderous quakes.

After the loud bang, Celine was sent flying at once. She hit the ground painfully and stopped moving completely.

“That was ruthless!” she could still speak and even giggle. “This is finally strong enough!”

“Still coming?” Garen looked down at her.

“I haven’t lost yet!” for unknown reasons, Celine’s face was redder now while pink and red flushes appeared on her neck as well. “Keep going!” she had managed to support herself and stand up again after taking great pains to do it.

“This is the continuous Twelve Flying Dragon Fist that I wanted to pass on to you,” Garen tapped both of his fists together gently and made a noise that sounded like two blocks of wood colliding against each other. “Observe carefully.”

Instantly, he dashed forwards like a slender arrow and appeared like a ghost in front of Celine who had just gotten up.

Bang bang bang bang bang!!

His fists rained down upon Celine, bringing countless fragmented shadows with them. His punches landed on her chest and abdomen and when Garen turned, his punches became even stronger immediately when they landed on Celine’s back. The powerful shocks across her front and back mutually canceled each other out, forcing Celine’s body to remain on the spot without moving.

For the final punch, Garen pushed both of his hands forward and clapped downwards.

Boom!

Celine's entire body collapsed, starting from her shoulder. She rolled forwards painfully for more than ten meters while nearly crashing into the wall.

She coughed and spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Haha! That was fun!! Again!!" her voice had become strange.

"Enough. You don't even have enough strength to fight back anymore," said Garen indifferently. He could vaguely smell a strange scent that he could not place. It resembled the bodily odor of a virgin faintly. He glanced over at Celine before noticing that the area between her legs was wet. Apparently, this fight had aroused her...

"Eh? It obviously hurt when you hit me earlier, so why does it feel nice instead now?" Celine could feel a strange sensation just by lying on the ground.

"This person... Don't tell me she's a masochist..." Garen could feel the annoyance forming black lines across his head faintly. He turned his head and looked away to avoid being rude.

"What's wrong with being a little wet? There's nothing to be embarrassed about, it's just a bodily instinct. Isn't this just an orgasm that they talk about in the books? How strange," Celine sat on the ground casually and pointed at Garen while teasing him. "We're just individuals who are pursuing ultimate strength, we don't need to care about insignificant things like our flesh bodies."

Once she had finished speaking, she stretched her legs open without a care and began to inspect the condition of her lower body right in front of Garen without covering herself at all.

This rendered Garen completely speechless. Despite experiencing three different worlds, this was the first time he had encountered such a strange specimen. If this accident had not occurred, he would not have discovered Celine's masochistic nature and her endearingly silly personality.

"I'm going to leave first. This is about basic politeness," Garen was helpless and could only turn around and walk towards the doorway.

"Do as you please. If you can't even free yourself from these worldly bindings, how are you going to pursue the ultimate sources of power?" Celine's taunts echoed behind him. "I never thought of you as someone who cared about worldly customs initially, but now I see that you can't even let go of such things. How unfortunate."

"This strange person..." Garen stumbled. It was truly impossible for him to understand the type of environment that this person had been brought up in.

"Remember to bring me some tissues back if you're going out. It's really uncomfortable to be wet down here."

The moment he opened the door, Garen heard some noises behind him immediately.

The maids who were standing in the doorway had heard as well while dazed expressions appeared on their faces suddenly.

"You... Both of you..."

"Go get tissues!" Garen's head was filled with unexpected rage and slight exhaustion. Perverts like Celine had no sense of shame. If this was the true meaning of being free of all moral bindings, then he would rather...

"Oh... Under... Understood..." the little maid had suffered a great shock. Her face turned as red as an apple at once but she sneaked a quick glance into the room before running away and leaving hurriedly.

Garen saw that there were other maids inside the hall whose faces were also flushed. They were other students from the academy who were hired as help. Most of them were young girls who had yet to experience real life. Therefore, their faces turned completely red at once when they heard people speaking about such topics.

Moments later, the maid who had dashed away earlier returned and lowered her blushing face before speaking softly.

“Would... Would you... need this as well?” she took out a transparent little sheath shyly and passed it towards Garen who stood in front of her.

“I just need some tissue...” Garen scratched his head and said softly. “Frankly, there’s nothing between Celine and I. You must understand, an accident happened during training. You know what I mean...”

He explained patiently but it seemed as if the maid had misunderstood something as a look of comprehension flashed across her face suddenly.

“Oh... I understand. It’s that thing, is it...”

Just then...

“What are you doing?! You haven’t brought it yet and you’ve caused it to drip across the entire floor!” Celine’s loud yells echoed from within the room again. Her voice was extremely loud, allowing the entire hall to hear her words clearly...

Garen felt an impulse to raise his hands towards the sky and utter a long cry. As he looked on at the hall full of shocked faces, he knew that it would be impossible for him to get rid of their suspicions no matter what he did.

He took the tissue paper for Celine quickly. When he saw the mischievous look on the girl’s face, he knew immediately that she had done everything on purpose.

"This is the power of worldly customs. Watch, hehe," she sat on the ground and laughed. Frankly, this girl was not bad looking and was actually quite pretty. She had a good figure and face despite her fierce personality. She liked fighting and was crude. If she had not undergone the latest scar restoration surgery, it would not be a problem for her to pass off as a man who had more than seven scars on his chest.

When Garen remembered the cartoon that he had once watched on earth, the same black lines of annoyance formed on his head again.

"Keep sitting down if you want to die!"

"I'm just sitting here and you're already threatening to hit me~~" Celine's face deserved to be slapped. "Lucky for you, I haven't had enough fun yet."

"I...!" Garen was speechless.

Chapter 825: Destiny 1

After leaving the room with Celine and changing their clothes, the girl continued to smack her lips while relishing the feeling from earlier.

Both of them sat in a separate room in the little restaurant and were personally served cups of hot tea. They lifted the cups and drank from them slowly.

"The new batch of goods has almost arrived. Should I get the convoy to send it directly to your factory or should they be sent somewhere else?" Celine took a big gulp of her tea before placing the cup down slowly and asking her question.

"Sending it to the factory will be fine. I'm taking the blended solution there to solve the issues," Garen nodded and said. He had taken the effort to look for an experimental solution that seemed mysterious

but was actually just a normal mediator to conceal the process of his Peacock Technique absorbing the compositions of the Peacock Stones.

Fortunately, the absorption process of his Peacock Technique could not be seen by most obstructed auras. The numerous blue lines that seemed extremely distinct could not actually be seen by most people. This applied to those with strong Willpowers as well. Garen had secretly looked for one of Celine's bodyguards once to test this out. This man had Level 3 Willpower and although he was supposedly just a bodyguard, he was actually an individual that Celine really respected as those who possessed Level 3 Willpower were considered as high-level individuals. Even though he could not surpass the Level 3's in the army who were skilled in actual combat, those in his level could not simply be hired easily.

After testing it out with him, Garen discovered that the blue lines could not be discovered by most people.

"That will be fine too," Celine raised her arm and looked down at her watch. The convoy would arrive soon.

"That's good. I'll go get the goods. Will they be at the same place?" Garen stood up.

"Of course. Should I just add today's tally to your account directly?" Celine asked casually; she was too lazy to get up and send him off.

"Up to you. Or you could just deduct it from my account. Frankly, we don't have to be so concerned about this sum of money," Garen waved his hand and turned around before exiting the little hall. He passed the teacup in his hand to the maid outside the doorway.

After leaving Celine's villa and walking out of the main door of the white flower garden, Garen saw two young girls walking into the villa from the side door coincidentally. They looked like Celine's friends.

"That girl has normal female friends too? How weird."

He rearranged the collar of his shirt and walked out of the main door of the garden. The car that Celine had arranged for him earlier was waiting outside now. It was a fully black streamline Casipa sedan car

that he liked. It looked like small-scale flying fish model interstellar airship. Surveillance cameras and lights were installed all over the body of the black car while the exhaust opening at the back resembled numerous cannons.

He pulled the car door open and sat inside. The driver looked like an earnest middle-aged man.

“Same place?” he asked in a low voice.

“Yeah, sorry for troubling you again, Uncle Carway.”

“What are you talking about?” the driver laughed as the car started moving slowly.

He sat inside the car and watched the scenery outside the car disappearing past. The pedestrians on the side of the road moved past the car window occasionally while his car sped past a few Hover Cars as unhappy drivers honked at him from behind.

They traveled from the academy, which was also where they’d left Celine’s residence. They went down the road around Blackboard Region and passed through a long stretch of student residential areas. Students who did not wish to stay in the academy would either buy or rent houses in this residential area. Next, they passed through the Commercial District where the number of cars and people had gradually increased greatly.

There were many traffic lights in the Commercial District. They had to wait for five or six traffic lights consecutively. Although more than half an hour had passed, they had barely passed through the Commercial District to enter the actual ring road that bordered the city.

There were fewer cars on the ring road and Garen was soon overcome by boredom. He decided to send a few text messages to Nono’s family to ask about their recent situation.

Nono’s parents’ new work positions suited them very well and they put all their energy into adapting to their work. They had spent many years working at the lower levels before being promoted to new positions that were neither too high nor too low. These positions were just right for them and allowed them to develop themselves to their fullest potentials.

After gradually communicating with each other more frequently, their tone of speaking became more confident and cheerful, unlike their previously silent manners. Frankly, they were unaware that everything was due to Garen's efforts. Instead, they assumed that their quiet contributions were finally properly noticed by their company which had decided to promote them to their new positions.

After knowing the gist of his family's situation, Garen was satisfied and decided to ask about the circumstances of his younger siblings.

"Your younger sister has gotten herself into a bad society with a scoundrel named Ansel. She won't listen to us no matter how we urge her! She starts smashing things and throwing temper tantrums for the most trivial reasons..." when she spoke of her youngest daughter, his mother spat out all of her bottled-up grievances and feelings of helplessness. As she lamented, her previously cheerful tone disappeared at once.

"The last time she came home was a week ago. We nearly made a police report because we thought that she had gone missing. In the end, she ran home suddenly and we only realized that nothing was wrong when we found her asleep at home. I'm too afraid to even ask about her personal matters now. There was even an instance where more than ten scoundrels came to our doorstep to invite her out to dinner..."

His mother sighed heavily, "It's fortunate that your younger brother is still very obedient. He's working at that bakery while attending night classes. According to him, all of his coworkers are gentle and he likes working there. He won't leave that job even though our circumstances at home have improved slightly."

"I offered to let him attend a regular school once. What did he say about that?" Garen raised his eyebrows slightly and asked.

"He felt that he wouldn't be able to catch up in a regular school or integrate into it properly after delaying it for such a long time. He's fine with attending night school because he can just take regular exams later," replied his mother.

"It's good that he made his own decisions," Garen nodded.

"Recently, however, your father and I have discovered that something is not quite right with your brother," said his mother after hesitating for a while.

“What’s wrong?”

“I feel like he’s always hiding something. I don’t know what he’s doing and his voice has become extremely quiet. His entire body seems paler while his chin has become sharper. If I didn’t see him daily, I would have assumed that he was someone else,” said his mother with an uncertain look on her face while speaking on the Terminal screen. “He won’t say anything even when I ask him and I’ve started to stop worrying just like I have with that girl.”

“Is that so...? I’ll go and look for him to chat when I’m free. Perhaps there is something that’s bothering him but he’s just too uncomfortable to talk about it,” Garen smiled faintly. “Don’t worry, it shouldn’t be a serious matter.”

“Yes, it’s fortunate that you’ve grown up, Nono. You’ve become wise...” said his mother while looking at him with a relieved expression on her face.

Unconsciously, during this short period of time, Garen had gradually become the backbone of this family. He was also their main pillar of support.

He turned off the Terminal and stroked the screen on his watch gently while feeling its cool smooth surface. He remained silent and merely sat there quietly while pondering something.

The driver Uncle Carway glanced at him through the rearview mirror but remained quiet to avoid disturbing him.

The car drove across the ring road quickly. They finally reached the delivery location, an old abandoned factory, after ten minutes.

Their surroundings were completely devoid of people. Only stray cats and dogs could be seen passing through the area occasionally before vanishing into the nearby undergrowth here.

Two little white trucks were already waiting at the entrance of the factory. A young man in white clothes stood beside the vehicle and walked over automatically when he saw Garen get down from the car on the other side.

"I apologize for troubling you with having to personally check the goods this time."

He shook hands with Garen while smiling enthusiastically. This fellow had sunken cheeks and the air of a soldier around him. He had actually served in the military service before.

"I wanted the goods, so it's only right that I come over and take a look at them," Garen nodded without wasting time on unnecessary chatter. He walked over to the back of the truck and pulled the trunk door open with a 'clang' before looking inside.

A large wooden box was placed inside the dark boot of the vehicle. After jumping on top of the car, Garen opened the box quickly. The box was filled to the brim with white Rainbow Stones that were the size of a fist and were clearly of good quality.

"Don't worry. All of these are fine objects that we picked out carefully. None of them are unsatisfactory!" said the skinny man outside the car.

Garen picked up two random stones. It looked as if he was rubbing the white Rainbow Stones together and checking their quality. However, he was actually using his Peacock Technique to test the stones secretly.

"They're truly not bad," after checking them for awhile and confirming that these stones were of sufficient weight, Garen put the stones in his hand back down and closed the box before jumping off the truck again.

"You can send them to the Factory Number One directly. We've taken over the goods so you can return and report on your task now."

The skinny man nodded and smiled. He was not one of Celine's people. Instead, he and the other person who had driven were Vivienne's people who were also members of Blue Narcissus. Garen had hired them over as temporary workers just to perform minor tasks.

After receiving the goods successfully, Garen sat inside a truck with a new driver and returned on the same road.

The road was not as congested this time, allowing them to return to Blackboard Academy within twenty minutes.

Without any delay, he jumped out of the car and returned to his dorm room to take the solution that he had prepared earlier before entering the truck alone and getting the driver to take him to the factory immediately. He stayed in the car alone without allowing anyone else to enter.

Inside the dark car, Garen could vaguely feel some swaying movements from the car. He ignored them and raised his head to look at the surveillance cameras inside the car. He reached his hand outwards and covered it directly until the corners. Next, he placed a little hat on it that he had specially prepared earlier to cover the range of its line of sight.

Once all of his preparations were completed, Garen sat down and crossed his legs while looking at the whole box of white Rainbow Stones in front of him.

“This is a critical moment that will impact my absorption...” he murmured quietly while looking at the Attribute Pane at the bottom of his vision. There was only a distance of approximately twenty percent before his Peacock Technique could reach Level 4. This box of white Rainbow Stones would definitely help him surpass his limitations to truly reach the first grade of Level 1 Willpower.

“Begin... Truly break off the little Moonfang now and enter Level 1 Willpower... Obtain the true strength that belongs to you...”

He took a deep breath and outstretched his hand to open the lid on the box.

Beside Blackboard River

Pfoo... Pfoo... Pfoo...

Clint's forehead was beaded with sweat. He bent his waist and panted while supporting himself with his hands on his knees.

While looking at the large pile of black Mech pieces in front of him, a strange sense of accomplishment stirred in his head suddenly.

"How... How is it...? I went through great pains to piece together a complete... system..." as he looked on at the pile of odds and ends, although they looked extremely miserable, he knew that these items were sufficient as the basis of the first step to establishing the detection abilities that would allow them to distinguish and determine enemies.

"What 'how'? You're just using your basic physical body to live, so what's the big deal?" said Red Moon impatiently. "Don't disturb me. I'm still investigating the original documents regarding the links of the interior circuits."

"Sigh..." Clint felt slightly discouraged as he'd initially expected that he would receive Red Moon's praise instead. "What are we going to do next?"

"Keep assembling the parts. Follow the blueprints the same way I taught you earlier and link the parts to form the shape I want," Red Moon explained. He sounded somewhat distracted when he spoke and it was obvious that he was busy with something else.

"Understood..."

Clint's hair was constantly blown backward by the river breeze, making him seem like a child's shaggy toy.

When he walked over to check some parts that he had picked up, Clint was about to move his hand to shift a piece when he suddenly saw a person walking towards him slowly from the far end of the river bank. This person's figure was very familiar but also slightly strange. They were dressed from head to toe in black clothing and had covered themselves up fully even on a hot sunny day like this. They even wore a baseball cap and large sunglasses that shielded more than half of their face.

Chapter 826

"Lon?" Clint pursued him and yelled loudly.

The other person was looking around initially as Clint had been blocked by the pile of parts here. Once he heard the shouts, he noticed Clint there immediately and ran towards him.

“Is it really you, Lon?!” once the other person had approached him, a surprised look appeared on Clint’s face when he finally recognized the figure in black clothing. “Why are you dressed like this when you’re not even a big celebrity? You look like you’re afraid of meeting someone you know.”

Baylon stopped walking and rested while panting lightly.

“Clint, do you know what happened to my body? After you spoke to me that day, I felt as if my mind was suddenly filled with many unknown things while my body seems to have become weird and different.”

He couldn’t explain it but Clint had always felt that Lon was somewhat strange, as if something was not quite right with him.

“It’s not a big deal actually, hehe... I met with a minor accident and I need your help... One of my friends...” Before he could finish speaking, his eyes widened suddenly while his gaze drifted behind Baylon towards the further end of the river bank. “What’s that?”

He had barely finished speaking before the little white dot in the sky above the river bank flew towards them suddenly.

It was actually a large pure white blood-sucking mosquito that was as smooth as a mirror on the surface. He could tell that it was a technologically advanced object at the first glance. Its most prominent features were its blood red eyes and sharp blood sucking mouthpart that was a meter long. It looked abnormally fierce.

The mosquito noticed Clint and Baylon instantly.

‘Suspicious targets have been discovered. Preliminary steps to approach them are in progress. Willpower force field sampling...’

This mosquito was at least two meters long and two meters wide. It looked like a normal blood-sucker that had been enlarged numerous times. Its wings were currently vibrating and making buzzing noises as it flew towards Clint and the other boy.

“Target is being verified... One of the pieces has been determined. It has not been expanded yet. Will begin attacking and attempting to retrieve it,” a cold mechanical noise echoed from within the mosquito’s body.

Moments later, its cold blood red eyes glared at Clint and Baylon instantly.

“Eh... This is...? Damn! It’s a colony of drones!!!” said Red Moon suddenly when he recognized them and was shaken from his thoughts in a flustered manner. “Someone has discovered me! Escape quickly!!”

“Eh?” Clint stood on the spot in a daze without reacting.

Hiss...

Two noises that sounded like air jets could be heard as two of the white mosquito’s sharp skinny legs broke off suddenly. It spurted towards Clint and Baylon instantly and flew towards them.

Both of its fine legs carefully sprayed murky red flames outwards. Shockingly, both of them were actually two disguised targeting missiles!

Clint and Baylon were both shocked and could not react to their current situation at all.

“It’s a condensed missile!” Red Moon’s voice rang out suddenly.

Instantly, Clint understood.

It seemed as if everything that Red Moon had said was true. The supposed Forbidden Mech and unknown forces that were pursuing him and the potential dangers he would encounter in the future... Everything was true.

Regarding these matters, he'd initially assumed that the other person was just joking, teasing, kidding! Things like this only occurred in novels and would not happen to him for no reason. Although he had always done things according to Red Moon's instructions, he had never believed any of these things deep inside his heart.

However, while looking at the two condensed missiles that were flying quickly towards him now, Clint suddenly understood everything at once.

At this point, the missiles had only been flying here for less than two seconds after they were launched. Despite the short span of time, Clint had already thought about many things within these two seconds.

As the missile approached closer, everything seemed as if it was being shot in slow motion. His mind became completely empty as he'd never encountered a situation like this before. What was he supposed to do? Hide? Where would he go to hide? What kind of place would he hide in? How would he hide? What would he do? He did not know anything. Unfamiliar feelings of helplessness flooded his mind.

"That's right! Lon is still here!!" suddenly, he thought of Baylon who was in front of him. "I can drag him into this too!!"

"You can't involve him!!"

Clint felt a strange strength stirring in the depths of his heart suddenly.

He reached his hand out and used his mightiest strength and fastest speed to push himself in front of Baylon's body in one quick movement.

"You should stay out of the way! Why do you care whether other people live or die??!!" scolded Red Moon loudly while hiding inside his mind. When he noticed suddenly that something was not quite right with the directions of Clint's movements, he made some quick calculations before his mind nearly exploded with anger.

"You idiot! Go left! Left!!!! My God!!! For God's sake, why are you so stupid?!!"

They could have definitely have evaded the dangers easily if Clint had not made it into a fatal situation. Coincidentally, the direction in which he threw himself towards and later pushed Baylon was where the missile was actually headed...

“Forget about it, I’ll take matters into my own hands...” desperate times called for desperate measures, and Red Moon had no choice but to take action and interfere with the flying missile’s tracking to deflect it towards two other sides.

Sure enough, once the interference signal was released, both of the missiles instantly flew towards two separate sides. After two explosions rang out, everything became peaceful again.

“Pfoo...” Red Moon exhaled heavily. “You’re going to scare me to death sooner or later if this continues.”

‘Target discovered. Self-destruction sequence in progress...’ suddenly, a beeping mechanical noise could be heard from one of the white mosquitos on the other side.

“What?” Red Moon was dumbfounded.

Clint who had just breathed a sigh of relief was stunned as well.

They watched the mosquito shrink its body into a ball before deconstructing and assembling itself into a silvery white sphere. There was a glimmering pale red layer shining off its surface.

“Damn! It’s a freaking Fuel Air Explosive!!” Red Moon could not help but curse.

It was a weapon of mass destruction with a range of two hundred meters! The Fuel Air Explosive was so powerful that people who were hiding underground would suffer the repercussions and die as well. It could remove all the air and oxygen in the area within moments too.

“To hell with your...!!”

He could not even finish cursing in time. The only thing they could hear was thunderous...

Boom!!

At that moment, a white light shined brightly and exploded within seconds. It turned into a thin white cloud that dispersed in every direction.

A white mushroom-like cloud rose from the side of the river bank and reached ten meters above it. It covered more than two to three hundred meters of the grounds in the surroundings.

The Mech pieces were blown away by the explosion, causing most of them to fly away. There were only a few sharp pieces that remained in their original locations because they had been stabbed in the ground earlier.

The intense cloud explosion blew all of the bits and pieces in their surroundings away. The terrifying impact force tore the steel to shreds and lifted the muddy water from the river bank. The force crashed into the ground, exposing the black mud that was hidden many meters below.

At the center of the white clouds, fiery red flames had begun to burn, covering a range of over two hundred square meters within moments.

At this moment, a dark red dot lit up where Clint was located suddenly. Its redness was as deep and dark as blood. It was also dense and sticky like a liquid droplet that coagulated after puddles of blood had evaporated.

"Red King..." a low voice that could be heard indistinctly echoed from the sky.

Pfoo!!

Numerous blood-red clouds floated out of the blood droplets suddenly. The bloody clouds formed a large sphere that contained wandering nebulae, a glimmering Milky Way, and countless twinkling stars.

Within the endless galaxy, an unimaginably large scarlet Mech floated above the center of the nebula quietly.

The humanlike red Mech had an extremely long tail that was coiled around its body like a snake.

Ka...

The Mech raised its head slowly as if it was looking at something in the sky or the universe.

Boom!!

The blood clouds exploded suddenly and formed a red circular ripple. The exploded red cloud immediately canceled out the impact of the flames of the Fuel Air Explosive that were sweeping over.

Simultaneously, a strange vibration passed through their surroundings in that moment... It traveled further and further away...

At the bottom of an abyss

A pure white Mech that was immersed in lava opened its eyes suddenly before the third golden eye on its forehead too opened.

“Forbidden... Hahahaha... I’ve finally found it!!” the sound of deep, strange male laughter echoed from inside the Mech.

The white Mech was more than sixty meters tall and beginning to float out of the lava slowly. It exposed its elegant and fine airframe before two large white pauldrons extended from its body sideways. From afar, they seemed like a second pair of arms.

A red glowing line of lava flowed downwards from the center of the Mech's body while the numerous red lines formed a gigantic star symbol.

Within the surroundings of the abyss, two other white Mechs with the exact same symbol on their chests in glowing green lines stood upright. They were the Great Light Mechs that had trespassed into Blackboard Region.

Blackboard Academy

Hall of the Power Holders

The positions where the virtual images of the three head professors were located lit up clearly. The three figures appeared here one by one.

"These forces are..." the Dean gripped the armrest of the chair lightly.

"Forbidden..." Vice Principal Simis answered softly. "Finally... The legendary Forbidden Core has appeared here... Can you sense the hidden messages in the forces there?"

"Red King... Is this an opportunity... Or a catastrophe..." the old woman's eyes were downcast.

"In any case, we have to find the location of that item immediately! Holders! We may decide to either protect or capture them, but everything is still too early now," said the Dean, making the final decision.

"We have no choice but to request for Black Star to return."

"There's no need for that, there aren't many people who can detect these forces. Getting Medero to sort it out will be fine," said Vice Principal Simis, shaking his head. "Black Star's hasty return will only make people more suspicious. They may even focus their gazes over here."

“Alright.” Dean Cruz von Shaw reached her hand out and tapped the area in front of her lightly before a virtual display floated out in front of her. “Fortunately, this force can only be sensed by those around us. If the other regions find out, the outcome will be inconceivable. We must set up an interference for the force immediately.”

Inside the car

Strangely, Garen felt as if some of his Willpower forces were scattering faintly. He was unable to sense these forces at first, and could not detect this strength as well if his soul was not much stronger than most and if he did not possess a few Soul Seeds.

“This is...”

He stretched his hand out and pressed it against a white Rainbow Stone. He was planning to absorb some of its Peacock Stone properties. He could sense the different types of information inside these subtle forces.

“It seems like some major changes have occurred...” Garen’s Soul Seeds could detect the general situation of the world. He had previously used this ability to determine where the protagonists in the worldly situations were located. Once again, his Soul Seeds were clearly experiencing these feelings again.

After hesitating for a while, he cast aside the distracting thoughts in his mind.

“No matter what changes have occurred, they are not something that my current self can grasp. Only by ensuring that I am strong enough will I have the right to gain benefits.”

He focused his mind and pressed one hand downwards with great force before closing his eyes.

Shh...

Numerous blue lines stretched out of his palm slowly before piercing through the white Rainbow Stones inside the box.

Chapter 827: Destiny 3

The large pile of White Peacock Stone fragments was absorbed by the blue lines before flowing into Garen's body continuously.

On the Attribute Pane inside his vision, the changes within the Hellfrost Peacock Technique had gradually occurred.

'Secret Technique — Hellfrost Peacock Technique: Living Secret Technique, origins unknown. Level Two Heart Reformation uses the Hellfrost Peacock's blood as the standard for the Heart Reformation to achieve the aim of strengthening the physique of the entire body progressively. Reformation time: completed.'

'Level Three Stomach Reformation has been completed. Peacocks possess great swallowing abilities and their stomachs can digest almost any substance. Once it has been integrated with Heart Reformation, it will create the Devour ability.'

'Natural ability obtained: Devour (The Queen of Peacocks' basic but strongest talent). Produces Distorted Seeds.'

'Completion rate of Level Four is at 78%.'

From 78%, it slowly crawled to 80%, and then jumped to 90... 100%!

The moment it reached the one hundred percent mark, Garen suddenly felt a cold sensation surging out from his heart and flowing towards the various parts of his body. It felt as if he had suddenly jumped

into an icy pond on a hot sunny day. It felt really nice at first until the temperature grew colder and caused his entire body to ache!

“Mmm...” Garen could not help but make a noise. However, he had yet to notice that many special changes had already occurred in his body while he sat cross-legged in the car.

It felt as if his entire body was pulsing like a beating heart. Meanwhile, a thin blue icy layer had covered the surface of his body. This icy layer was constantly extending itself towards his surroundings. It extended from the floor inside the car towards the other objects around it.

His hair was gradually turning somewhat blueish as well. It seemed as if his Secret Techniques were beginning to modify his physical body and its properties progressively. The color of his pupils was darkening to an extremely dark blue.

The icons on his Attribute Pane were currently transforming from blurry images to clearer ones, and changes had begun to appear throughout the information and messages regarding the initial Hellfrost Peacock Technique.

‘Secret Technique — Hellfrost Peacock Technique: Living Secret Technique, Level Four. Completion rate of Level Five is at 7%.’

‘Natural Ability Obtained — Devour (Devours various living things to restore body)’

‘Natural Ability Obtained — Distorted Seed (Creating chaos is the Hellfrost Peacock’s favorite pastime)’

‘Natural Ability Obtained — Cold Chaos (Causes fluctuations in time and space naturally and releases cold air naturally within an area of ten meters to create a chaotic low-temperature area with the lowest point at ten degrees. Simultaneously, there is a low probability that it will trigger confusion within the minds of its enemies, causing them to attack randomly)’

“It seems like Cold Chaos is the ability that I gained after completing Level Four. I get new abilities even before completing new levels. This is pretty good,” Garen examined his abilities carefully. Strangely enough, each ability that was formed by the Living Secret Techniques had corresponded with his body

completely like the Natural Abilities. When he used them, it felt the same as using his Attribute Abilities. It felt as if he had been born with these talents.

“They are truly mystical Living Secret Techniques,” he turned around and looked at his surroundings. Everything around him, including the floor of the car, was releasing gloomy cold air faintly. Moreover, the source of this cold air was his own body.

“The effects are not that great but they would probably be very useful in the Secret Technique World instead. Since this is a powerful world with Mechs that can destroy planets, these abilities are not as significant anymore.”

He studied the dispersing cold air carefully. It did not consume a large portion of his energy as it was almost the same temperature as his own body. He tried to suppress and restrain this cold air slowly.

“A range of ten meters. If I suppress it for some time before it’s released suddenly, perhaps it can be used to scare others. After engaging in a fierce battle for a long time, releasing it will probably affect my opponent’s bodily temperatures as well. This is not bad.”

Although there were temperature cycle systems inside the Mechs that would help them remain at constant temperatures, these objects require specific resources. Meanwhile, Garen’s chill could seemingly pass through the Mech’s materials. Moreover, there was a low probability that it could affect his opponent’s minds as well. Therefore, these abilities would have unimaginable uses during large scale battles if he developed and strengthened them properly.

Garen sucked the chills back into his body and investigated the other changes that he had undergone. The most important part was his Willpower.

‘Willpower — Lower Level One, (Obtained an additional level of strengthening and increasing abilities from the Living Secret Techniques)’

(Training Method: Blackboard Manipulation, Blackboard Academy’s free Training Method. Continuous training weakens its effects and its progression speed has been set at every twelve years for each level) The highest level is Level One.’

“Finally...” Garen was extremely emotional at this moment. He had been constantly anxious about relying on the Moonfang all this while because he was worried that someone might see through him. Moreover, he could not fight for extended periods of time because the Moonfang would collapse and stop working after exceeding a certain time frame.

Now, however, he had finally been able to achieve the true standard of Level One!

At this moment, he was truly standing on the same starting line as the other geniuses in the Academy. Although he had a late start and was slightly slower, it was still better than when he could only disguise himself and use the Moonfang previously.

Lower Level One was where most of the Elites in the classes of the Academy were located. The first three seats in each class would rightfully be placed in that position. The First Seat was not achievable right now, but he had definitely surpassed the standards and levels of most students already. If he needed to retake certain subjects to reach his standard, it was also possible for Garen to request for graduation exams now as well.

While looking at the box full of high-energy fuel powder, Garen poured the solution that he had brought with him inside and stirred it for a little while to conceal the traces of his absorption.

He had not reached the factory yet but Garen was not anxious at all. He continued to sit inside the car and began to check the upgrades that had occurred in his Peacock Technique this time and the changes to his physical body.

He had memorized the initial data clearly.

‘Nonosiva Lin — Strength 1.7, Agility 1.5, Vitality 1.8, Intelligence 1.5, Potential 0%. Soul Limit 40.’

His gaze shifted to check his current data.

‘Nonosiva Lin — Strength 2.1, Agility 2.0, Vitality 2.7, Intelligence 1.9, Potential 0%. Soul Limit 40.’

“Strength has increased by 0.4, Agility by 0.5, while my Vitality has increased by a maximum of 0.9. That’s certainly expected of a living creature that consumes Vitality. Finally, my Intelligence has increased by 0.4. My qualities seemed to have increased evenly except for the emphasis on Vitality.”

Garen stood up and felt the sensations throughout his vastly improved body.

His physical qualities had already reached his peak levels in the Secret Technique World. Most bullets and weapons would be ineffective towards his current self. However, it was different that time. The Secrets Techniques that he’d practiced previously were Golden Statue Techniques which were widely known as Defensive Secret Techniques that were used for guarding. Once he had entered the highest realm, he realized that they were completely different from the normal grade levels. Therefore, the current qualities of his physical body had not necessarily achieved the actual combat abilities that he had previously possessed in the Secret Technique World yet.

“In other words, my Living Secret Techniques do not have any specific combat or attacking experiences yet. Perhaps an inclination towards one of my body’s physical qualities during training or a certain aim is improving my Vitality levels,” Garen murmured when he’d suddenly thought of this point.

The Hellfrost Peacock Technique continued to deepen and upgrade continuously because of his training, while some vague development towards reaching inhuman levels had also appeared. Garen had noticed this point as well.

After gathering his thoughts, he took care of the high-energy fuel powder quickly and closed the lid of the box. This thing was as precious as gold.

The car had begun to slow down as well. It was a sign that they had almost arrived at their destination.

After a short while, Garen felt the car jolt suddenly before finally rolling to a stop. He got up and took the cover off the monitor.

“We’ve arrived, Mr. Nono,” the driver’s voice echoed from the monitor.

“I know.”

Garen opened the car door and got down while carrying the box that weighed more than a hundred pounds and walking directly into the nearby factory.

This place was a desolate area that was surrounded by fields. There was not a soul in sight, and the lonely factory sat a short distance from him.

Four to five bodyguards got down and encircled Garen before accompanying him towards the factory.

It was important to note that the box that Garen was holding was worth millions of Universal Units. Therefore, extremely strict guarding measures were naturally important.

They had only taken a few steps before all of the guards inside the factory came out. There were more than ten of these men and each of them had laser guns and knives at their waists. Their bodies exuded powerful vibes.

They were obviously professionals who had previously seen blood.

There were no incidents during the handover as Celine and Vivienne's subordinates were among these people, and people from Blue Narcissus were observing them as well. Their surroundings had seemed desolate but there were actually many hidden individuals who had been stationed there secretly.

After receiving profits of hundreds of thousands several times, all three parties had started to value this business because there was still a possibility for it to increase continuously.

The factory manager's name was Geen and he was a young man with blonde hair. He was dressed in a suit and leather shoes when he walked out to greet Garen. He observed every single person around Garen carefully as if he was trying to discern something.

"Mr. Nono, although our personal relationship allows us to somewhat talk personally despite being strangers, as you are a major shareholder that controls four layers of profits, I think that you should look for bodyguards."

“Where’s Kendall? I will consider this aspect,” Garen nodded. He had already thought of recruiting some subordinates to guard his personal safety. He had an income of over one million Units each month and a business that was constantly improving. It would mean bad news if he was targeted by others. The weapons in this world were not as simple as those in the previous worlds. Who could be sure that an unknown, extremely powerful weapon wouldn’t appear suddenly?

“Mr. Kendall had left for Sicalia earlier, but he should be on his way back now.”

“Yes, I was the one who asked him to go there. But since he hasn’t returned yet, could he have encountered some problems on the road?” Garen nodded.

“It seems that the garrison had cordoned the road off temporarily and delayed his return.”

“In regards to bodyguards, do you have any good suggestions?” Garen asked directly. He knew that this man was from foreign lands and previously had social connections to elite talents. This man had sought refuge with six different forces before finally leaving with his own. He was the type of person whose heart could not settle down. The most important aspect was that he was not one of the three main cooperative forces.

“Speaking of candidates, I actually have a few,” Geen smiled and walked into the factory while being guarded by a separate group of people just like Garen.

“The Giant Shark Mercenaries hail from the Maria Region. They have twenty members and are rumored to possess the strength of forty people in a terrifying net of firepower. There is also the Charm Mercenary Troop that is filled with only the finest and most beautiful mercenaries of a high standard. They have six members and if each of their beauties is worth their price... You should know what that means...” Geen cast a perverted gaze at Garen.

“I’m only looking at their strength and cost,” said Garen while his expression remained unchanged.

“In terms of strength, both of these groups are first-rate mercenaries. Their average strengths are at Level Two while their Commanders and Vice Commanders are at Level Three standards and possess their own unique skills. As for cost, it’s good timing that they’re off-duty now and living casual and relaxed lives. Therefore, they won’t be expensive to hire. The Giant Shark Mercenaries cost two hundred

thousand each month excluding food and living expenses. Meanwhile, Charm costs one hundred and forty thousand each month,” Geen clearly had some connections with both of these mercenary groups.

Chapter 828: Fate 4

“I’ll pick Charm then. They’re cheap and I get to see some beautiful girls. I’ll have eye candies and the expenditure isn’t huge as well since I have to maintain their Mechs, right?” Garen did his research on this aspect.

“Indeed. The Mech’s maintenance cost is within the tens of thousands per month bracket and that isn’t considered expensive at all. I knew that you would have chosen Charm. This is a newly formed mercenary group and they’re cheaper because they aren’t that well known. Furthermore, they are willing to do their best to get their name out there,” Geen started smirking.

“Hey, didn’t you just say that they’re on vacation here? And now they’re a newly formed group?” Garen felt that he was being cheated.

“Don’t worry about it. They definitely have the quality and you’ll get to see the pretty girls. Isn’t it a win-win situation? The Charm mercenary group consists of pure, charming enchanting, busty girls. There’s a variety of them~~” Geen said enticingly.

“This...” Garen acted as if he was in a dilemma as this was the kind of his reaction that he should possess for his puberty age.

“Believe in me. It’ll be fine!” Geen held onto Garen’s shoulder as he said with a smile on his face.

“What’s most important is that they’re seriously lacking male populations in the Maria Region. One of the main reason they came here is to find an outstanding male to leave his seeds for them. Do you know what I mean?” His smile became even more perverted as he continued.

Leaving his seeds...

Garen had heard of such a rumor where the population of male to female ratio in the Maria Region was one to nine. There were very few numbers of males in the region, so much so that the whole country was governed by females. There were also a lot of rumors in the Maria Region that the girls didn't wish to be married and yet wished to enjoy life and give birth to offsprings. Hence such a behavior had sprung about.

Once they had found an outstanding male, they would spend some time with him and lead a 'breeding' lifestyle. Once they had obtained the seeds they would return back to their country.

"Are you saying that this mercenary group..." Garen's eyelid started twitching.

"You're correct. Their other motive is what you're thinking right now..." Geen started smirking.

In order to maintain their population count of Maria Domain, the seeding phenomena were very common among the females from the Maria Domain. However, it was rare for a group of beautiful women to seek a breeder together.

Furthermore, rumor had it that the women from that region were very dominant and initiative. If they were to get married to a man, the man would be fated to stay at home and do the house chores, taking care of the kids and supporting the woman from behind...

There were even unrestrained women who liked prostitution where they would find handsome men from foreign countries to have a go with them...

However, it was for the best...

Frankly speaking, Garen wasn't even interested in the strength of the mercenary group. These maids could only be used to run some errands at best. In case he encountered any trouble, he could push the blame to the mercenary group to avoid any unnecessary trouble as well.

With his current physical strength, he could kill everyone in the vicinity with ten steps or less, including the elites who possessed level three Willpower. Garen's martial arts were so great that they wouldn't even have the time to activate their Willpower before dying to Garen's attack.

However, once there was a distance between them or he was fighting against a Mech, he would be powerless as he would be seriously threatened by just pure Willpower alone.

Furthermore, there were all sorts of protections on a Mech as well. Fortunately, there were very few people permitted to operate a mech in the Blackboard Region so it wasn't much of a concern.

"I guess it's decided then. I'll rely on you to get them here when the time comes," Garen had determined that money was just a number to him at this point. He had managed to purchase the level three training methods that he wanted within a short amount of time. Furthermore, money wasn't required for him to train his Peacock Technique and the main purpose of him hiring mercenaries was to protect his family and cover himself up.

The mercenary group's purpose wasn't just as simple as accepting every protection mission, he would also need them to fight against that technique as well... He simply needed to react to the situation rather than having to protect himself against any ambushes.

"I'll handle it!" Geen patted his own chest.

Clang!

Clint dug himself out from the ruins with difficulty as he pushed aside the metal scraps above his head. Dust was floating about in the air and he couldn't see his surroundings clearly.

"Lon!!"

He started shouting.

There was no reaction...

Clint was completely covered in dirt and had small wounds all over him. His shirt had been torn into scraps and it looked like a ragged cloth.

“Lon! Where are you?” he shouted as his face started to turn anxious.

“He... Here...” suddenly, a fragile-sounding voice came from behind.

Clint immediately turned around and saw a person whose face couldn’t be recognized and was as dirty as him under the ruins.

He recognized that it was Lon’s voice and immediately went forward and pushed the junk away from him.

“You alright?”

“I’m fine... Just some slight injuries,” it was a miracle that Lon hadn’t been seriously injured and was able to live from that explosion.

“That explosion earlier...” Clint recalled what had transpired just a moment ago.

“Was a fart! Run for your life!” Red Moon’s voice came from beside him.

“Master Red Moon!” Clint was very happy to see him. “Did you protect us?”

“Naturally! Pack up and let’s scam out of here! Your boss has just used all of his accumulated strength to protect you, but we’ll all be dead even if a mosquito decides to attack us!” although Red Moon spoke arrogantly, a faint note of fragility could be heard in his tone.

“The Mech Assembly is fine. Please take this,” as Red Moon finished speaking, Clint saw a red vortex suddenly appearing in front of him. Then an item flew out of the vortex and dropped into his hand.

This red item resembled a nail clipper yet at the same time, it looked like a clamp. It was the length of half a finger and there were numbers and symbols which was almost worn off as they looked very faint. It seemed to have existed for a very long time.

“What is this?”

Out of curiosity, Clint tried to figure out what it was.

“How can you be so dense! Do as I say, quickly! We need to gather up all the stuff that we have obtained. Take only the good ones and ignore the rest! Quick!! Trouble is just around the corner!” Red Moon scolded.

“Did... someone speak?” finally, Baylon who was standing at one side finally spoke up. “Is it a communication device?”

“You idiot. Help me this instant! You’re Baylon, right? I’ve sacrificed a lot for your level one Willpower. If you’re useless in this situation, how are you supposed to warm the bed up for Clint!” Red Moon didn’t care if Baylon had accepted any of this as he directed his anger towards him.

“Huh?” after hearing what he’d said, not just Baylon, even Clint was stunned.

“This guy is a fake. He’d returned back to his original form after his Willpower was modified. Stop acting as if it was a strange thing!” Red Moon replied unhappily.

“A fake...” Clint then stared at Baylon with his eyes wide open. “Master Red Moon. Do you mean that... Lon... Lon is a girl!!” He increased his tone.

“Don’t worry about it. She’s a beauty,” Red Moon said with a perverted face. “It’s been a while I’ve watched an adult video. You guys should do the deed in front of me after this. Entertainment these days are truly boring!”

Both Clint and Baylon started blushing as they stood still in the ruins, not know what to do.

“You idiots. Start packing the stuff and run! Why the f*ck are you still standing there!” Red Moon couldn’t hold back and started spewing vulgarities once more.

“Okay... okay..” two of them replied immediately.

That small item was stupidly easy to use. One just had to aim at the item that one wanted to pack and gently press onto it. The items would then vanish as if it was swallowed into another dimension.

The packing was finished in a very short amount of time. After picking up the well-conditioned goods, both of them ran towards a deserted river bank and called Clint’s sister with the Watch Terminal at the same time so that she could send someone over with a new set of clean clothes.

Bam!!

A pair of white and black Mechs collided strongly against each other. Wielding a sword with only one of its arms, the Black Mech lightly gestured with its right hand and a black frisbee suddenly appeared in the sky, flying forth at high speed. It spun as it tried to cut through the White Mech. It formed a black line as it came down from the sky, but it was instantly sent away by the opponent’s attack.

Surrounding them was the wilderness of the Blackboard Doman’s outskirts. Not far away from here, there was another Black Mech aiming at the White Mech and attempting to snipe it. Both Black Mechs had a Blackboard emblem on them

“Matthew!” the Black Mech which was engaged in the battle shouted as it immediately backed off.

Boom!!

A clear laser cannon was shot and landed on the back of the White Mech, which made it stagger. However, it was very strange as there were no signs of injuries on the White Mech as if the cannon had been completely ineffective against it.

“With my Weakening Field activated, all long-range attacks will never be able to leave a scratch on my Mech. How can you still not get it after trying so many times?” The White Mech said as a green diamond-shaped crystal could be seen on its front. The crystal was faintly reflecting the sunlight, giving off an illusion that it was glowing.

“Even if it’s ineffective, at least it can exhaust your Willpower and Mech’s Power Source,” the Black Mech which was in close combat replied.

“How foolish. Both of your strengths are level four at best. Even if you had perfect coordination, you could only delay me for that little bit. Can’t Blackboard send a stronger person than you to fight me?” the White Mech looked around. “Oh right. Where has that cute little girl run off to? I love my girls to be under eighteen heh. Furthermore, she’s pretty good looking too. If you’re willing to hand over her to me, I’ll consider letting you guys live.”

“Go to hell!”

Matthew fired off another cannon shot from afar and hit the White Mech’s head. However, there was no effect and only a small wisp of white smoke drifted from its head.

“What kind of monster is he!! Even the level five instructors in the academy aren’t this powerful!” Boris stared at the red white Mech as despair started to overwhelm him.

His close combat skills were overwhelmingly powerful and long-range attacks didn’t work on him as all incoming projectiles within an area of a hundred meters would be slowed down, decreasing its energy source and its potency.

Chapter 829: Lurk 1

“Did the instructor send us here so that he can humiliate us?” Boris cracked his occasional cold joke and it was obvious that his opponent didn’t appreciate it.

The Red-White Mech started chirping loudly as it immediately leaped forward while spinning its body at high speed. With swords in both of its hands, it looked like a top spinning at high speed.

Straight gouges were left in the ground as the sword slashed the surface.

“Quentin Slash! Hahaha! Go to hell!!!” a twisted laughter came from within the Red-White Mech.

The rotating slashes were moving towards Boris, who didn’t have the time to evade at all. He then grabbed the Blackboard Frisbee and stabbed it into the ground in front of him.

Clank!!

White sparks could be seen as the swords clashed against the frisbee.

Boris took a few steps back as half of his Mech was completely chopped off. It was fortunate that the Cockpit located at the chest was unharmed so he could still move.

On the other hand, a long dagger could be seen on the Red-White Mech. The dagger had been pierced deep into his back. It almost pierced through the cockpit and this made the pilot of the Red White Mech sweat coldly.

“Who’s there!! Show yourself!?” he turned around immediately as he knew that this person, who was able to overcome his Weakening Field, was definitely not the same guy who could only hide from afar and shoot at him.

Within the sands and dust that floated in the air, a pair of red eyes glowed faintly as a huge black object walked towards him slowly.

Bam.

The black object casually threw aside a red white Mech's head as it slowly walked out from the sandstorm. There were still markings and electric arcs sparking from the bottom of the head. It was obvious that it had been ripped off from a Mech just a moment ago.

Hiss...

With the black Mech as the epicenter, the air blew in all directions and trembling could be felt in an area of several hundred meters.

"This is.. the Willpower Field... Hiss...!" the Red-White Mech inhaled deeply. "No! This doesn't make sense! You... How can you gather a Willpower Field at such a young age!? How is that possible!?"

"It's Sister Red-Eyed Medero!!" Boris finally recognized that person. "Big sister! How's Allie?!"

"I've saved her so she's fine. Originally I'm supposed to be here as an insurance but I didn't expect the opponent to be this strong," Medero responded calmly. "You guys can retreat now because I alone will be enough to handle him."

"Understood!" Matthew and Boris had already given up on fighting this Red-White Mech monster a long time ago as long-ranged attacks were completely ineffective against him and he was overwhelmingly powerful in melee combat. He was obviously an opponent of a different class.

Two Mechs immediately flew back to where they came from.

They could see the remains of many Mechs along the way back, including those of the Red-White Mechs in small amounts. Some Mech soldiers that had, fortunately, survived the attack had gathered together and helped their allies as ambulances from the city swarmed to their location.

As both of them landed, they were immediately surrounded by multiple ambulances and were taken out of their Mechs.

Matthew was drenched in blood and sweat and these fluids had completely soaked his shirt. While he looked like he was seriously injured, it was just a phenomenon where his blood vessels had burst due to the immense stress from operating the Mech.

“What the current situation? What’s the death count?” it was the first thing he asked the moment he got out of the Mech.

Only one out of four Adjutants had managed to survive and she had survived because she had been shielded at the last moment. Her eyes were so swollen that it was unknown how many times she’d cried.

“It’s terrible... The opponent’s Mechs are too powerful... They could reflect everything we threw at them back to us and around thirty Pilots have died from this welcoming gift.”

“What about now...” Boris laid onto the stretcher. Both of his arms were broken and blood kept flowing out from his face. This was the results of fighting against a level five Pilot.

“Forty-two pilots out of two hundred are left,” the adjutant responded softly.

The surrounding medical officers couldn’t hold in their emotions and started crying, as most of the participants were their friends and relatives. They had volunteered to be here so that they could obtain the news firsthand as they were worried about the status of the war, but...

“Have we found out who our enemies are?” Matthew calmed down as an oxygen mask was strapped to his face.

“The enemies claimed to be the Shining Mech. Each of them possessed the strength of a level five and if it weren’t for lord Medero arriving in the nick of time...” the adjutant couldn’t speak further.

Level five!

Each and every one of them possessed the strength of a level five and they were fighting against these powerful people as their enemies...

Matthew couldn't help but shiver at the thought of it.

What sort of concept did the level five represent? Within the Blackboard Academy, which was the most luxurious academy in the Blackboard Region, those who managed to achieve level five were all instructors and there were only a total of hundred plus of them. Furthermore, they were all aged thirty and above. Only these people were able to serve as teachers and guests everywhere and under any power. Their salaries were at the very top and they were very well treated. There was no need for them to go on the battlefield on their own to kill one another. Then, there were those enemies, whose weakest forces possessed level five strength...

"What kind of monsters are they?!" Boris couldn't hold in his emotion.

"The White Light terrorist organization. Their Shining Mech was just a common grade Mech... They had an even stronger Mech called the Great Light Mech," Matthew said quietly. "The situation is above what we are able to handle. There's no point in dragging more people into the battle as it will only increase our death counts. We need the support of stronger Pilots!" Matthew stated calmly.

"Level Five pilots are the academy's war preparation grade resources. They wouldn't be mobilized if it wasn't a battle between regions unless even big sister isn't able to handle the situation," Boris shook his head. "Once Black Star is back, all of them, including the Great Light Mech, shall die!"

"Yes, we still have lord Black Star!" Matthew nodded in agreement. Black Star, who was famed to be the strongest first seat in the academy, would definitely handle the situation the moment he returned.

"Red Eye Medero! One of the most talented people in Blackboard."

At this side of the battle, Medero's Black Mech was surrounded by three Red-White Mechs. All three of them had a green crystal from the Shining Mech in the middle of their chests.

“Be careful. This woman is very hard to deal with! Although she’s not a level five, she’s still going to give us a hard time!” the Mech who had been fighting alone against Medero was trembling as half of his Mech was surrounded by a black electric current.

“It’s the Paralytic Power. Be careful and don’t let her get near to you!”

The three Mechs that were surrounding Medero started to fly up as they formed a triangular formation.

“If it wasn’t for me wanting to surpass Black Star, you typical level five fools wouldn’t dare fool around in front of me...” Medero sat inside the Mech, and her eyes were red to a point they were turning purple and were on the verge of bleeding. This was her unique Willpower Training Method — Red Eye. Its special effect was to be able to instantly see through her opponent Mech’s weak points. It was truly a terrifying unique Willpower.

“Thunderwhip!”

Medero attacked out of nowhere as both of her hands were now wielding a pair of purple electric whips.

Kashak!

The purple-red whips lashed out, forming a circle chain of electric arcs which landed around two of the Mechs in front of her.

Without any delayed action, an electric stream burst out from behind Medero and appeared in between the two Mechs instantly, and she swung her hands.

Boom boom!!

Two of the Red-White Mechs each had one of their arms torn off, dropping to the ground.

“It’s the Acceleration Field! Retreat! Her speed is too fast!” the only functioning Red-White Mech missed his shot as he shot at where Medero had originally been standing. By the time he reacted, two of his teammates had already been defeated. If he weren’t a pilot with a level five Willpower, he wouldn’t be able to react in time. If he were a slightly weaker pilot, he would’ve instantly exploded in that instant.

Medero’s Field Characteristic was speed, where she was able to increase her speed by up to a horrifying thirty percent in a short amount of time, which was about her Mech’s limit. A typical pilot wouldn’t be able to handle this technique, nor even these Shining Mech Pilots...

Without any word, these three Shining Mechs turned around and split up into three different directions.

“Don’t think you can run away from me!” Medero clapped her hand and formed a more intense purple-red arc.

With a sizzling noise, a purple light flashed and two of the Bright Mechs were split into halves at their waists and exploded in mid-air.

However, this short time frame had given the last Mech an opportunity to escape from her grasp.

Medero’s gaze was extremely focused as she formed another arc. Another purple light was shot up and landed on the back of the Bright Mech, which was a few thousand meters away from her.

Unfortunately, the distance was too great and her opponent was a level five pilot as well. At the most critical moment, he released a stream of white light and diverted the direction of the electric arc. However, this wasn’t without any cost as half of the Bright Mech was burnt. It looked like an empty can from afar as its waist sunk in.

The Bright Mech instantly disappeared as a series of black lightning balls appeared.

“Dimensional Jump?” Medero put away her electric whips and allowed it to move about freely in her hand.

“What a strong body for it to be able to escape safely after taking an attack from my Thunderwhip. No wonder even General Xin was unable to hold these people back. There are so many level five pilots... the White Light Group...”

Medero sat inside the Mech as she pondered.

The vibe she had from these level five pilots was that they weren't nurtured in the traditional way, but were half-baked products from some sort of potential excitation. All of them were hysterical and she couldn't sense any hope in them. However their Mechs' characteristics were very powerful and it even had a unique Willpower ability, namely the Rebound.

To be able to rebound an attack of a certain caliber and also possess an even stronger ability to teleport about, these abilities would be very effective if used at the right moment.

“I need to investigate further.”

“Lord Medero,” a few Black Mechs slowly landed from the sky.

“Black Shirt General? How's the other location?” Medero asked softly as she deactivated her fighting form, shrinking her Mech down a considerable size.

“There's a total of 23 places that were ambushed in the whole region and all of them occurred within an hour. All of the opponents were just like those Red-White Bright Mechs. Including you, there were a total of twenty-three squads that moved to the front lines and the current situation should be under control now,” the other guy responded seriously.

“Are there any instructions from the teachers?”

“Principal Simis hopes that you can investigate the whereabouts of these Great Light Mechs that have infiltrated the Blackboard Region. The enemy was very powerful as he was able to escape under the attack of three squads.”

“Oh? Even three squads weren’t enough to stop him?” Medero’s tone turned heavy as even she would feel seriously threatened when fighting against a squad, never mind three. That was a squad consisting of ten Black Shirted Generals, and it was the strongest in the Blackboard Region excluding the military squad formed by the instructors! The weakest members were at least level three and the leader of these Black Shirted Generals were all elites of the academy who possessed the prestige of level five.

Chapter 830: Lurk 2

“According to the latest intel, there are two stronger ones among the Bright Mechs which possess similar strengths to those of the Black-Clothed Generals. Furthermore, the Great Light Mechs possess a much stronger strength that could possibly be categorized in the realm of level six. Even the academy was considering mobilizing the Instructor Squad to attack them.”

“Level six...” Medero lowered her head. “Promoting from level five to level six has a very crucial threshold. It would be impossible to attain level six without inheriting a Mech, and if that were the case, the opponent’s body and Willpower definitely plays a huge role.”

“Indeed. We are currently taking steps to gather more intel. An Inherited Mech would have involved a lot of regions and it’s impossible for them to appear out of nowhere.”

“Update me as soon as you have any results.”

Even Medero had lost her cool as the Inherited Mech was involved, as that was a demarcation line for a Pilot. Any pilots who were level five and below were just Model Mechs where the Willpower and Pilots were separated. After attaining level six, the Pilots would merge with the Mech and fuse into a terrifying state, and the differences in strength would be drastically far apart.

“Even though it looks like it’s only one level apart, only people of our level are able to understand the difference in strength and the difficulty in attaining such strength. We’re lucky that the Great Light Mech decided to not go on a killing spree. Did he not show his full strength? What’s the point of that then? There’s definitely a huge motive for them to infiltrate into Blackboard Region!” Medero was lost in her deep thoughts.

“Twelve Flying Dragon Fist!”

Garen punched with only one of his hands. Many afterimages of his fist landed on Celine’s elite bodyguard.

Twelve holes were punched through the bodyguard’s white suit by these densely packed punches, revealing his undershirt. He was able to render the bodyguard helpless with pure air pressure as he fell unconscious to the ground.

“Twelve Flying Dragon Fist!” a similar roar could be heard behind Garen. That was Celine. This girl didn’t seem to behave like a girl at all as she sprinted towards Garen in her high-strength alloy wire clothing as she mimicked Garen’s battle skills.

She took the opportunity to flank him while Garen was dealing with the bodyguard.

Garen turned around and countered the punches with his other hand.

“Too slow, and you lack strength!”

Boom boom boom boom...

The punches clashed against each other and Celine was pushed back, sliding on the ground as if she was a deflated ball...

“The essential of the Flying Dragon Fist is that it can react to the course of the battle at any given moment. Once the opponent has lost his momentum to any of the punches, you can turn these feint punches into actual punches. This same concept can be used on Mechs during battle as well, which is also the basis of my teaching to you.”

Garen walked towards Celine confidently and reached out his hands as he attempted to pick her up.

“An opening!!” Celine laughed as she released her Twelve Flying Dragon Fist, where all twelve punches were aiming at Garen’s weak point, the armpit.

“It’s pointless.”

Garen gently moved to the side as he easily avoided these afterimages. However, Celine unexpectedly changed her course of attack and slapped onto Garen’s waist.

Slap!

“Interesting,” Garen was stunned that he was touched by a beginner when he’d let his guard down. Although it was an ambush, it was a very rare event.

Although he wasn’t very adept in the arts of evading and quick reaction, he was still a top-class martial artist.

“Fuck! It’s so tough! It’s hurts!!!” Celine immediately felt that something was wrong when she hit Garen with all her might. Her palm was swollen and red immediately. “How do you even get this kind of tough body!”

“I’m your master. Don’t you think I should have something hidden under my sleeve?” Garen laughed. “According to our promise, I will only teach you the basics of martial arts and Twelve Flying Dragon Fist. How you develop in the future will depend entirely on you.”

Combining his physical attributes, which were twice as high as a typical person’s, and the simple theory of Qigong, he was able to harden his skin to a certain degree to easily counter against Celine’s futile attack.

“Skills under your sleeve? I like it! I want to learn!” Celine’s eyes were glowing. This person was a martial arts fanatic and would immediately hop up and down the moment she heard something that interested her. In an instant, she pounced to Garen’s side. “Teach me! Just let me know what you want in return!”

"These things are useless in Mechs. Why do you want to learn them?" Garen said hopelessly.

"That's true..." Celine was disappointed. "Whatever. I think I'm more suited to the Willpower Martial Art."

"Willpower Martial Art is the strongest battle skill for a pilot," Garen nodded.

"However, the good bits are the abilities that are derived from the Willpower itself. If their martial arts are of equal level, then these abilities will decide the victor of the battle," Celine shook his head.

"While Willpower Abilities are very powerful, you shouldn't look down on martial arts," Garen frowned as he felt that Celine's concept was rather wrong.

"There are many strong pilots with powerful Willpower Abilities such as Frozen Wing, Fiery Storm, and even Phantom Superimpose, Prediction. Furthermore, rumor has it that there are even stronger ones, such as traveling through space and attacking or defending against their opponents with dimensional shards," Celine looked in another direction.

"Travelling through space..." Garen was stunned as well. As Nonosiva's level was too low, he didn't have information regarding the scenarios above him. Now that Celine had told him about their prowess, he finally understood the true strength of the Willpower arts.

"These things are too far away from us so let's not think about them. What else do you have that can be applied to Mechs. Teach me, teach me!" Celine was holding onto Garen's hand as she kept shouting. Since she was in her tight body attire, her breast and slim waist were sticking tightly onto Garen's body, as if she was a spoiled child.

Their positions looked rather sexual as Celine's height was only slightly shorter than Garen. Even the bodyguard had quietly left the training room as he closed the door.

"My path is different than yours so there are very limited theories that I can teach you, and even fewer can be applied to Mechs," after Garen had achieved level one Willpower, he was thinking if he should increase his absorption rate. However, this would naturally bring some trouble to him. There would definitely be someone who would try to pull him down once his techniques had further improved. On

the other hand, Celine's household would be a bridge to the outer world, where he could complete his breakthrough.

Celine herself didn't place money as her first priority. When interacting with her, she seemed to be very interested in martial arts and this meant that there shouldn't be any issue with cooperating with her.

Garen was considering if he should deepen his partnership with her.

"Celine, I have a feeling that I will have a breakthrough in Willpower so I feel like traveling about outside, but..."

"What's wrong? If you want to go out, just go. There's nothing to worry about," Celine released Garen unhappily after realizing that he had changed the topic.

"Ever since there's been a new breakthrough in my technique, I've felt that I've too many shares on my end. Hence... I plan to reduce the shares in my hand. Can you help me find a suitable candidate?" Garen said softly.

If he were to increase his production of this high energy powder, Garen knew that he would not be able to hold on to forty percent of his share.

"This might be a problem," seeing that he'd decided to discuss an important matter, Celine had become serious as well. "We, the Veron Household, may be able to absorb this. How much more can you increase your production?"

Garen knew that the Veron Household had networked themselves to the upper levels without any issues as they held a considerable amount of authority. During this period of interaction with Celine, he'd suspected that the Veron Household might possess an Inherited Mech, which was a level six elite. It wouldn't even be a problem for them to live well over hundreds of years. According to Celine, the pilot would fuse with the Mech once they reached level six. Their body would evolve together with the Mech and enter a completely different realm. Hence the stage a level six pilot stood upon was vastly different from those below, as their life, lifespan, physical attributes would all increase tremendously.

After calculating the production rate in detail mentally, Garen estimated the amount that he needed to exhaust. Now that he was able to stand firmly and could improve his strength at a faster pace, he made his decision.

“Approximately ten times or more than the current production rate!”

“Ten times!” Celine’s eyes were opened wide. “That nets you tens of millions per month! What the fuck!! That’s my annual expenditure!!!”

“Your expenditure is that huge!?” Garen was stunned as well.

“Yes. During this period of learning martial arts with you, I’ve returned last month and eliminated a branch household’s candidate so our ranking has increased. Heh.” Celine was very proud of herself.

“Your household has branches?” Garen couldn’t help but feel that the Veron Household was quite mysterious.

“To be precise, we are the branch household and the main household is one of the fifteen households of the Mother Planet Federation,” Celine said with a slight degree of arrogance. “This profit is too huge and I don’t dare to take up your offer as this involves a change in the market and will affect the original values of the share market. We alone would not be able to absorb such a huge amount.”

“Then who do you think is able to take up such an amount?” Garen asked softly.

“The Blackboard Region will definitely be affected, as this production rate would definitely catch the attention of the higher-ups. After all, these are military resources,” Celine had gradually calmed down. “I think... you’re not on the right path. Perhaps you can communicate with the higher-ups of the academy with this technology since you’re already on the academy’s radar. Someone has already caught wind of your technique.”

“Communicate with the higher-ups? Who should I contact? Minister Britney?” Garen wasn’t familiar with these people. After knowing how troublesome this issue was, he was considering if he should go to the rainbow stone’s production area alone to absorb everything at once to avoid all the complicated issues. However, this would attract everyone’s attention after leaving behind all the high energy

powder. In addition, this was a good way to earn money as well, so he didn't want to throw everything down the drain.

He didn't need to force himself to improve drastically in such a short amount of time as it wasn't bad for him to improve at a steady pace as well.

"I know of an honorable noble in the Polar Region. He has slightly more authority there and great influence as well. That person likes martial arts as much as I do too. However, I'll give you a heads up that I'm not too close to him and I'm only in contact with him purely because of martial arts. We stand on equal footing and neither of us is better than the other," Celine explained. "Their Mech's strength is as good as ours. As long as you're okay with it, I can introduce him to you."

"Honorable noble..." typically in the Polar Region, only the nobles from the royal bloodline were able to be crowned as an honorable noble. These people often had strong backgrounds and shouldn't be messed with. Naturally, they possessed tremendous power and would be ranked higher than Celine or even Britney. This person was indeed a big shot and those who were able to contact him were definitely very important people as well.

Naturally, there were very few of these people.

"I'll wait for your good news then," Garen decided after some thought. "I heard that if one has a good network, one can also become a noble in the Polar Region, right?"

"That's true, but there's an annual limit and you'll be able to obtain a very small amount of land. The cost is very huge and there will be a rental period as well. Why do you ask? Do you have such an intention?" Celine questioned. "Well, you can just buy yourself into nobility once your income has increased."

"It is my dream to have my own land..." Garen acted as if he was looking forward to it, but in actual fact, what he wanted was to find a land that could give him a huge number of Rainbow stones. This way, no one would be able to interrupt him as he absorbed all of them in peace. This was the reason why he wanted a plot of land!

Furthermore, there were a lot of things and experiments that he wanted to keep off the radar. He didn't dare to fool around in the academy grounds as there were a lot of surveillance and powerful people around.