

Mystical 841

Chapter 841: Fog 1

Potential points could rapidly reduce the time needed, as long as he had a strong enough spirit, he could improve in the shortest time with no side effects. Some weaker, lower level techniques could even be forcefully upgraded using potential points.

Garen's eyes flashed slightly, as though he was holding the staff and examining it carefully, but in truth, he was feeling the constant flow of that refreshing air into his body.

Only when he caressed the gem on the staff slightly would that refreshing air appear, this is how it was different from the Antique of Tragedy from before.

Looking at his attribute pane, he saw that after such a long time, the potential power pane finally began to move slowly.

'Nonosiva Lin – Strength 3.1, Agility 3.0, Vitality 4.7, Intelligence 2.1, Potential 10%. Soul limit 40.'

Just a few seconds of caressing gave him 10% potential value. Although it was not fast, it was still better than nothing. He had used up a lot of potential value and potential points when he was drifting in the Mother Stream, if he could have kept some of it, he would not have been so lost in this world for so long.

Carefully examining his skill pane, Garen chose the skills that could be upgraded with potential points. Unsurprisingly, the low-level Willpower training method, Crouching Eagle Talon, just happened to be forcefully upgradable using the potential points.

"Is it equal to a middle-level secret technique, huh? Two points to increase one level. Looks like it's not too low-level once it's related to supernatural powers."

Garen calculated how many potential points he needed, and came up with a comparison.

In the Secret Technique World, low-level secret techniques needed 1 point to upgrade by one level, middle-level ones needed 2, and high-level ones needed 5. High-level ones also needed to fulfill certain special secret technique training requirements. The Crouching Eagle Talon needed two points to level up once, so it seemed to belong to the same level as middle-level secret techniques.

Finding the hope to leveling up quickly, Garen began to investigate the staff in his hand meticulously, trying to find the source of the emission of potential power.

When he just grabbed the gem, there was no power coming out. But he just had to caress the gem lightly, and a few refreshing wisps would appear. It would not work if he rubbed it too hard either, so it looked like he needed to use the right amount of force to touch and caress it, so that the potential power would reach its maximum value.

He stopped caressing it and found a small knife instead, trying to scratch the red gem on the tip of the staff lightly.

Amidst the scratching sounds, he actually managed to scratch off tiny bits of powder. He did not know what the gem was made of, it was not very hard, and seemed instead like a normal piece of concrete.

After he scratched off a bit of the surface, Garen used his finger to lightly rub the place that was shaved off.

Psst...

A large gust of potential energy surged into his body abruptly, as endless as a river And strangely, this surge was slowly weakening as time passed by.

"I knew it! This thing has a self-regenerating ingredient." Garen noticed that the surface of the crystal had somehow become smooth again, the scratches he had made with the knife disappearing in a flash.

His potential value shot up from 20% to 83%, and then it started to slow down.

102%... 111%... 137%... 144%... 150%... Finally, it stopped at 153%.

“Why has it stopped?”

Garen used the knife to scratch the crystal again, and then touched the place that was shaved with his finger. However, there was no longer a huge surge like before, the speed of increase just sped up ever so slightly.

After that, he constantly tried many other ways, shaving off a lot more powder from the crystal gem. These powders would naturally evaporate and disappear into the air, while the gem on the tip of the staff no longer exploded with power like the first time. Every time he scratched it, the flow would only grow slightly bigger, and then it would not really move anymore.

His initial hypothesis was that the gem on the Staff of Ultimate Yin was probably a treasure that could generate potential power on its own. This treasure would gather some potential power inside it, but it could not store much, and the power would also be slowly released and wasted. That was why there would be a small surge like before.

Garen quickly found details about the Staff of Ultimate Yin from the Internet.

He discovered that the staff had always represented life, reproduction and activeness, it was the symbol of the Mother Planet Federation’s Tree Root Elder. No one knew how many there were, but they were extremely rare and valuable.

Within two hours, Garen had finally collected 200% in potential value, meaning he had two potential points.

Without hesitation, he poured the potential points into the Crouching Eagle Talon.

The moment the potential points took effect, his arms made a cracking sound, as though there was a rope or something tying Garen’s arms up tightly. Round and round, they seemed to suffocate him.

“It’s so tight...”

Garen raised his arms, feeling like back then when he cultivated his Golden Statue Technique. His arms were very tight.

“Too bad I’m not in the same universe so I can’t cultivate the Golden Statue Technique, but I can make up for it by training the basics of the Crouching Eagle Talon.” Garen could feel his Willpower increasing again slowly. Under the effect of the potential points, it was moving towards Level Three. Relaxing in his heart, Garen began to wonder how he could strengthen this training method.

Based on his martial arts that had once reached the top and approached Army Level, and his experience with secret techniques, it was very easy for him to patch up a low-level training method like this, and reach the point where his body and Willpower were in sync.

Soon enough Garen modeled an easier path in his heart, taking apart everything he could use from the Divine Statue Technique that was once his strongest, and melding it with the Crouching Eagle Talon. Without changing the part of the Crouching Eagle Talon that cultivated the Willpower, he made up for its shortcomings in upgrading his arms instead.

Secret techniques trained the general qualities, such as the resilience of the body cells, whereas Willpower was a deep-level living force generated from the cells, the two of them should work together pretty well.

Garen checked a lot of information, and it was because the strength of the body had an effect on Willpower, so that there even used to be a school of pilots who trained their bodies to the extreme. Eventually, however, it was lost because it could not spread far enough.

“Since I’ve found a direction, I can try to merge it for a bit.”

With the effect of the potential points, Garen was no longer worried about his improvement speed, but rather about the direction he should advance in. His own level was enough to reach a very high level, but if he did not grasp the direction right, he might restrict his own development, or end up in a dead-end, delaying himself.

Blackboard Region, Blackboard Academy

Under the quiet tree, Vera slowly walked up to the boys' dormitory building.

It had been a few days since Nonosiva left, and his student card was getting slightly magnetized, so the school issued him a new one. Instructor Hamm noticed that Nono and Vera were close, so he passed it to her to pass to him.

Along with that girl from before, Vera kept sticking to Nonosiva like glue recently. She used to be just a very normal pretty girl in the class who just happened to be slightly more innocent-looking, but after approaching Nono, even if he was not very close to her, she had still earned the respect of many of her classmates. Some students from the other classes even treat her as though she was Nono's girlfriend.

Vera particularly enjoyed the feeling of kowtowing and envy from among girls, she believed that she was naturally meant to enjoy life.

Holding the student card, Vera openly walked into the dorm building. Some of the students who were familiar with her greeted her with smiles.

Vera walked to Nono's dorm door, and hesitated for a while, before lightly inserting the student card into the scanning machine at the door.

Boop-boop.

The scanner lock made a few sounds, and then there was the smack of the door opening automatically.

"I'll leave after I put this student card down, when Nono comes back, he'll renew the information and change out the old ones," she thought, walking inside and placing the student card on the table in the room.

She turned around and was about to leave, but there was an unbearable itch in her heart, and she just could not take that step.

“Nono’s not here anyway, so I might as well see what secrets he’s hiding... How could he get those princes from the Blue Narcissus to place so much emphasis on him...”

Vera’s heart was slowly starting to burn.

Closing the door lightly, she looked around her, and then drew the blinds.

First, she looked in the bedside drawers, after flipping through them, she found just plain clean underwear, socks, and the like. There was nothing really else.

Then came the desk, she opened each of the drawers that were lined up. The first held study notes and materials, the second electronic components, chargers, and so on. As for the third drawer, Vera yanked it hard, but somehow could not open it.

“Could it be the secret in this drawer?” Her heart burned, and she looked around the room, but she could not find a key. Finally, she tried waving the student card at the lock.

Boop-boop... smack!

It was unlocked.

Vera was instantly overjoyed, and she pulled open the drawer quickly.

Inside, there was a thick stack of white documents.

“What’s this!?” She picked them up and flipped through them casually. “Contract for high-energy fuel powder...? Signed by...Nonosiva... Vivienne... Celine...”

Hiss... Suddenly she took a sharp intake of breath. On the document, she saw a large string of numbers spelling out a gargantuan sum.

That was almost a million Universal Units! And that was just for one month!

“The document says that all the contractees will earn according to these percentages... Nono himself will get this much! That’s... that’s practically free money!” Vera was in complete shock, feeling as though her eyes were sparkling with gold.

She took out all the documents quickly, and found large stacks of cash at the very bottom. The pale green notes were all the largest denominator, a thousand units, and such a thick pile would probably mean several hundred thousand units.

“So much money...!” Although Vera’s family was very rich, they were also rather strict with how much pocket money they gave their kids. The children would not get more than ten thousand a month, and her family was only average compared to others in the school. Outside, she might be considered a princess or a rich young miss, but here, she was completely unassuming.

Under these circumstances, the power relations and money struggles between girls became the way to measure the standard worth of the pretty girls.

Vera often found herself with less than enough money every month, after going to so many of those high-end consumer places, she always ended up with nothing. But compared to some other girls, some of them may not even be able to buy a bag.

She had secretly looked for ways to earn money everywhere, but unfortunately, she did not meet with much luck. Several times, she had to resist the urge to find a sugar daddy. She held back in the end, though, because she believed that with her conditions, she would surely be able to find a rich and powerful guy someday.

“So much money...” Now there was so much cash right in front of Vera’s eyes. Looking at the messy bundles of cash, it was obvious to her that their owner did not take them seriously. He had just tossed them in carelessly, and there was even a smattering of smaller change underneath the huge notes.

“Nono would surely not care about the money in this drawer, he gets a cut of more than two million every month... This tiny sum must surely just be a pittance for him...” Vera gulped. “If I take a bit... just a bit... Surely he would not notice...”

Greed surged in her heart. Such a thick wad of cash, if she simply pulled out a dozen or so notes, that would surely not make an impact at all, surely she would not be noticed...

Such thoughts kept echoing inside her mind.

After hesitating for a while, Vera finally reached out her hand, and expertly pulled seven or eight thousand-unit notes from the stack.

“Just this... Nono wouldn’t notice, for sure.” She closed the drawer with a whoosh, feeling her heart pound extremely quickly.

Stuffing the notes into her wallet anxiously, she got up and arranged her hair.

She put everything back the way it was, opened the blinds, and opened the door. But Vera’s heart kept replaying that terrifying sum on that document.

She paused for a moment, but in the end, she still turned around quickly. Closing the door, she found that document again, and she quickly took several pictures of it with her Watch Terminal.

“I might be able to sell this for a pretty sum...”

She smiled, satisfied, and finally closed the drawer again, leaving the room reluctantly.

In the Blackboard Region, Caesura City

The huge cylindrical chimneys were dyed a yellow-red by the twilight rays.

There were many skyscrapers and streets between the chimneys, but compared to the size of the chimneys, these buildings were as small as toys, like the uneven grass on a lawn.

Between the streets, there was a constant flow of levitating cars, as though they were the pulse of a city that flowed with fresh metallic blood.

Boom!

Suddenly, there was a large explosion of crimson flames at the bottom of the largest chimney. It was a high-end residential area that was lavishly decorated, and the two mansions in the very center were completely engulfed in flames, turning into black scraps in an instant.

Thick black smoke floated out from the burning remains, and soon enough, the sirens of ambulances, police cars, and fire engines arrived at the scene. A large crowd of people alighted from the cars, and quickly began to secure the area.

Beside the burning remains, the crimson firelight dyed everything within a ten-meter radius bright red.

Ker-chak! Ker-chak, ker-chak...

Buddy quickly took a few close-range shots with his high-quality camera, his expression somewhat somber.

There were a few more reporters from the news agency behind him, but unlike him, they looked extremely excited.

“Hehe, this is big news!” said someone in a soft voice.

“We’re lucky, we got here at the first opportunity, and got first-hand information,” the other person said excitedly. “My aunt’s husband just happens to be the inspector in charge of maintaining order here, otherwise we would still need about ten minutes of source investigation.”

Buddy was not in as good a mood as the two of them, though.

“Such an explosion could instantly override all the defense systems, and destroy all the Energy Barriers. Only a strong enough pulse wave bomb can do that...”

“Isn’t that perfect? We can just call this explosion the Pulse Wave Incident.” The reporter behind him hurriedly noted down the headline.

“But very few people know that one of the previous Three Black Rain Generals, the strongest veteran pilot under the last generation’s Black Star, Bordo Miserman lives here,” said Buddy in a somber voice.

“The Three Black Rain Generals?! Buddy, are you kidding me? The Three Black Rain Generals are the three strongest pilots under Black Star, even if they have retired, they still enjoy the privileges of Great Generals here in our Blackboard Region!” The reporters’ expression changed immediately, a regular terrorist attack and a pointed attack were two completely different things.

“I’m sure of it, I came here for a special interview before, interviewing General Bordo’s grandson.” Buddy looked at the fire quietly. The fire brigade sprayed pillars of water at the fire hurriedly, and the smell of dry fire-extinguishing powder, as well as oxygen-absorbing liquid, proliferated everywhere.

“No way, the Black Rain Generals should be enjoying their retirement in Blackboard Academy!”

“Very few people know that Bordo didn’t actually enter the academy, and instead he lived alone as a normal person, with his family. It’s not just him, several other important officials did the same,” said Buddy quietly.

Instantly, their hearts began to feel heavy.

“So you’re saying... this explosion, it was aimed for General Bordo?” someone asked.

“It’s very likely,” Buddy nodded. “If it really was an attack aimed at him, with General Bordo’s skills, to think that he could still be destroyed so calmly...Then the enemy’s powers must be...” Suddenly, he felt a chill down his spine.

“This just in, there was a terrorist attack in the city of Caesura yesterday. A pulse wave bomb blew through two houses in a high-end residential area. Fortunately, because of the peak-hour traffic from the end of office hours, there were very few people in the buildings. The number of casualties and fatalities were few, including about a dozen members of the elderly and children...”

Accompanied by the sound of the television news, Clint was sprawled onto the table in his room, wolfing down his food. There was a plate with an entire kilogram of seafood fried rice, with some octopus, lots of shrimp shells, chunks of fish, strands of seaweed. He poured all of it into his mouth, as though that mouth was an endless abyss.

“One more portion!”

Smack!

Clint smashed the empty plate onto the table and yelled.

“You’ve already eaten three portions...” Baylon said helplessly beside him, wearing an apron. She was the one who made the fried rice, having rushed out to buy ingredients and trying it out blindly after some studying. Personally, he(1) felt the taste was so-so, but Clint ate it like it was a delicacy.

“He’s a pig, ignore him, and fill your own stomach first,” Red Moon’s voice rang out slowly.

“I can’t help it either!! I just never feel full, there must be something wrong with that training method you gave me! I didn’t use to be like this!” Clint cried out in defense.

“Sure, the Nine Mega Cannon training method increases your appetite, but not to this extent. The more you eat, the more that means your energy efficiency is low, you waste too much, so you need to absorb a lot more energy to make up for your Willpower consumption.”

“What’s that mean? I don’t get it...” Clint asked honestly.

“It means you’re too stupid, that’s why you eat so much,” Red Moon stated mercilessly.

“Oh! Don’t blame me, there must be something wrong with your training method!” Clint finally knew how to resist, after accepting a brand new plate of fried rice from Baylon, he continued to dig in.

“That idiot.” Red Moon was utterly speechless, and turned his attention instead to Baylon, dressed in a white apron.

After this kid’s Willpower was activated, perhaps as a result of the training method, but mostly because of his own body, Baylon had somehow quickly become such a sweet, pure, and pretty figure.

Slender, weak, tall and long, curves in all the right places, large watery eyes that looked like they were about to cry at any moment. Long hair hanging loose, matched with fair and supple skin, gave off a gently beautiful impression that just begged for love and pity.

“As expected, you fail as a boy, it’s better to be a girl and find someone to take care of you,” Red Moon said exasperatedly. “It’s unnatural. Tsk-tsk...”

“The more I train with that Bright Queen Jisaiya method, the more I feel my body change. What’s up with that...?” asked Baylon, embarrassed.

“It’s normal, that’s the training method inherited from the legendary Bright Queen, it’s a Three-Only type, and it can evolve, allowing the pilot’s body to advance together with it from the very beginning,” Red Moon explained.

“What do you mean by Three-Only attributes?”

“It means what it says, in the whole world, only three people can practice this training method, because the Bright Queen Jisaiya only left behind three imprints. If you have the chance to reach the peak, you’ll enter a race to obtain the imprints, and achieve the actual, complete main imprint. But it’s still far, far too early. That woman, the Bright Queen, died too soon, and she was a picky one too. If it weren’t for the fact that her training method was still kinda decent, I wouldn’t wanna get close to her.”

Red Moon seemed to have a very bad impression of the Bright Queen.

“Lon! One more bowl!!”

Beside them, Clint had somehow finished a large plate of rice in such a short time, slamming the plate onto the table and yelling again.

“There’s... There’s no more...” Baylon was utterly shocked, seeing how Clint still looked unsatisfied, she began to panic... “You ate it all...” She was about to cry. She had made seven people’s worth of food, and this guy finished it all, even she had not gotten a chance to eat yet.

“Urk...” Clint noticed that he had eaten too much as well, and scratched his head awkwardly. “Um... Uh... Ah!!” Suddenly, he screamed.

“Careful! Something’s coming!” In an instant, Red Moon hit Clint hard with a bolt of electricity, making him cry out in pain.

“Everyone, hold your breaths!”

Suddenly, the lights in the room went off, and everything was plunged into darkness. There was only the faint smell of fried rice lingering in the air.

Outside the room, in the garden, a tattered tall black shadow slowly appeared outside the wall.

“The Forbidden...” A deep male voice came from within the shadow. “Found it, right here...”

Smack!

Suddenly, a beacon of light was turned on, shining onto the shadow and revealing most of its body. It was a tattered and broken-up white-and-red mech, six meters tall!

“Do it!!”

Amidst the shouts, a similarly huge humanoid shadow jumped out from the house, crashing straight for the Red-White Mech. Underneath the illumination of the light, they saw that this black shadow was actually just a broken trash mech made up of assorted parts.

“Fool!”

The Red-White Mech did not give way at all, crashing its arms forward.

Bam!!!

The two crashed into each other.

“Eh? What tremendous strength!” A surprised voice came from inside the Red-White Mech. “But if all you have is strength, you’re still just a piece of trash.”

Waving him away, the Red-White Mech swept with its leg, and hit the opponent’s waist with a clang, sending him flying out and crashing into a large portion of the wall at the side.

“Clint!!” cried Baylon worriedly from inside the room.

“Hand over the Forbidden Core, and I will spare your life,” the Red-White Mech chuckled, stamping on his body so that he could not get up.

Clint felt weak all over, he could not use any strength at all.

“Idiot! I let you drive mechs so that you could run errands, not to fight! You idiotic moron, don’t you understand human speak!!” Red Moon scolded madly beside his ear.

“What to do...?”

“What to do my ass! Run!!”

All of a sudden, Clint’s mech found a huge burst of energy. He stood up abruptly and ran away as fast as his legs could take him. When he passed Baylon, he picked up Baylon lightly, and then ran into the distance even more madly.

After this full-strength crash, the Red-White Mech’s engine nearly exploded. He was already at the end of his rope, his mech was nearly collapsing after his battle with Red-Eyed Medero, so he did not dare to exert too much force at all.

And now a tiny Level One minnow had managed to escape from him, that really pissed him off.

Amidst the roar of the engine, he quickly gave chase. The two mechs, one after the other, soon disappeared into the night.

Chapter 843: Eagle’s Nest 1

It was not easy, switching to the Crouched Eagle Talon training method. After Garen was sent straight to the borders of the Blackboard Region by the Flying Saucer, he came down using one of the single-person flying machines His Highness Mingway gave him. Without much delay, he arrived back inside the Blackboard Region directly.

Just as Garen expected, the security and scanning were the same level as they were back in the Blackboard Academy. So he had been scared for nothing, he could cheat his way through with just that little Moonfang.

The whole Blackboard Region was currently in chaos thanks to the White Light, it had been proven that the Pulse Wave Incident was the terrorist organization White Light's doing. The policemen and army squads from all over began to move out in earnest, and for a moment there the whole region was being rocked by the reaction.

On the way back to the Academy's Blackboard City, Garen could see new notices and declarations by the police all over the place, such as how to save oneself in the face of a terrorist attack.

After two days on the road, he finally returned to Blackboard Academy. Upon replying to the greetings from his friends and fellow students one by one, he went straight back to his dorm.

Ker-chak!

The door opened, and the first thing Garen saw was the student card on the table.

"A new card? Someone's been in my room." He reacted quickly, and looked around to see if he could find any clues.

The position of the curtain was not right, that was probably tampered with before. There was a slight mark on the thin layer of dust on his desk, that someone must have messed with it.

Garen bent down and wiped the handles of the drawers lightly, then he brought it to his nose and sniffed it. All three handles had a faint smell of perfume.

"It's a woman. Perfume like this must be a fairly young woman."

His expression was calm.

"It should be the girl who brought the student card here, seeing as there was no one here, she could not help but mess around a bit. If the higher-ups let her bring the student card here, she must be someone who seems to be closer to me in the eyes of the public, and a member of the school as well. And in this school, the ones who seem to be closer to me are the likes of Vivienne, Celine and the rest."

Garen's brain turned slightly, and he quickly came to a conclusion.

"Celine does not like perfume, and Vivienne always uses the most expensive and trendiest brands. This perfume smells like the type those innocent-looking girls like, but it's not too expensive. If it's not that valuable, it can't be Vivienne. In that case, it has to be those people, Kell or Vera."

"I just have to ask who helped to send me my student card, and I'll know."

He pulled open the last drawer. The notes and documents were exactly as he left them, but the wad of notes seemed to be slightly thinner.

"As I thought, I need a more private room."

Standing up, Garen shook out his joints.

Now that he had reached Level Three Willpower, he felt as though his base was not too steady, and his Willpower was not solid enough. It was evidently because he progressed too quickly.

After the Willpower in his arms was activated, before he even learned to control them properly, he had already reached the next level, Level Three.

The Level Three Crouched Eagle Talon had very powerful malleability and general accessibility, but Garen had advanced too quickly. As soon as he reached Level Two, he went straight into Level Three. He did not have time to get used to controlling it at Level Two at all.

"I need to spend some time on stabilizing my power." Garen was aware of this problem as well.

After washing up, he began to spend time in his room training his body in correspondence with the Divine Statue Technique. Adapting it with his battle experience that went even beyond King of the Century, he began to slowly create an even more perfect version of the Crouched Eagle Talon. Most importantly, the Crouched Eagle Talon used to be a very normal Level Five training method, one that could not reach Level Six inheritance. Under Garen's changes, however, it seemed to be moving to a

new level. He could not be sure if he was right about the deductions regarding the training method after this, but it was vaguely moving away from the original path.

He trained and tweaked it a bit in his room, and then he practiced the Waterbird Fist that he was most familiar with in the previous world. Due to the difference in universe and space, the Waterbird Fist required a makeover before it could be used again. Out of the Waterbird Fist Profounds, only the purest and most powerful Profounds could be isolated away. Using his Willpower as well as his body, he could use the Final Profound, Flight, with up to 90% of its original power.

Garen rearranged the pure combat techniques from the Totem World. Other than the Living Secret Techniques, the only things he could still use from the Totem World were the Ten Thousand Mammoth Battle Skills. The Ten Thousand Mammoths Battle Skills were actually a complete set of fighting skills that he crafted from his foundations in the Secret Technique World, and it was basically a head-on fighting style.

Meanwhile, Flight used the pinnacle of skill, so the two were completely different.

Combat skills were combat skills, the purest combat skills had nothing to do with secret techniques or methods, but certain combat skills had different methods at the core driving them, so naturally, they would have wildly different powers and styles.

Garen figured out everything he could use in this world, and spent three days in his room, completely isolated. He even turned off his Watch Terminal, so that he could concentrate properly on perfecting it. From his own martial arts, from the Demonic Book martial arts, from the Seven Star Life's Secret Point, he collected and gathered them all.

He cut out all the parts that could not be used due to the different world setting. Vaguely, he noticed that after his Willpower grew stronger, the ideas his mind came up with also seemed to be more perfect, as though there was a second brain helping him out with thoughts and calculations. For many questions, as soon as he started thinking about it, he could instantly and clearly get his intended answer. The simple logical processes in the meanwhile were all solved in an instant.

He brought out all the pure combat skills, the things he could use in this world. He filtered them through these past three worlds, assessing them with different rules. Many of them looked strong, but Garen threw away the parts with many limitations.

Three days later...

A brand new form of martial arts finally began to take shape in his hands.

Garen renamed these martial arts the Ten Thousand True Technique. It was a very simple and very plain name. Ten Thousand meant many, and True meant true nature and thusness(1), it could mostly be used limitlessly even across universes.

Actually, the Ten Thousand True Technique was not just a normal external martial arts technique, it was also a method that could temporarily stimulate his body's explosive power.

Garen used all the secret methods he knew, taking away the limited parts and then continuing to model and derive the usable parts, finally forming the Ten Thousand True Technique's Nine Level Body System.

This Nine Level Body System was related to the Seven Star Life's Secret Point, but it was not as ridiculously powerful. Instead, it was gentler. According to Garen's calculations, this would be more adaptable to other universes as well.

After running his techniques past so many rules from so many worlds, it was equal to him straining the impurities off his martial arts, revealing the smooth surface underneath.

The Ten Thousand True Technique represented Garen's aim for his future position.

No matter what power system it was, as long as he was in human shape, as long as he had his basic organs, the Ten Thousand True Technique would work.

After melding his own fighting techniques into one, Garen began to train the Ten Thousand True Technique anew. His roots were strong, and he had long achieved the nine levels of state of mind required, so he very easily reached Level Three. After that, he needed to constantly train his own body.

The Academy's physical fighting training area was a special place that the Blackboard Academy had designed especially for students who liked to practice their actual combat. It was as large as five football fields, and there was a transparent ceiling of reinforced glass above them. The sunlight came shining down, and the high-powered air ventilation machines around them kept buzzing lightly.

There were rows of punching bags and alloy pillars lined up closely, and every so often there were even cube-shaped three-story buildings. The buildings were made completely of glass walls, so everything outside could be seen clearly.

In the afternoon, there were still many people sweating it out in the training arena, training relentlessly. They trained in alone, in pairs, even in groups surrounding one person. There were also those doing health exercises... boys and girls as well, including some middle-aged people or members of the elderly.

There were also some professional athletes. Track, endurance, sprint, hurdles, they were all there. Many people came here every day to train their bodies, all the equipment was free to use, and it was very close to the canteen as well, so it was very convenient.

Garen changed into some black gym clothes, wearing a black belt around his waist. Walking into the training field, he heard the yells of a group of people playing football in the distance, while on the other side, there was also a group of girls practicing aerobics. Other than the mech course, there were also many other students in the other courses.

Although piloting was indeed a very important and prized profession, that did not mean everyone wanted to be a pilot. There were students majoring in battleship command, or art, or languages, or engineering.

On the field, there was an uproar of shouts. In the large area in the center, there were several dozen students dressed in different clothes and running sparsely from each other, while two coaches count the time at the side.

Alone, Garen walked to a row of training equipment that no one was using. The equipment was very old, and there were even some sweat stains left over on them. Evidently, someone had just finished using them.

The area in front of this was a small plastic training field. Several boys and girls were gathered in front of a female teacher as she taught them to dance, while there were things like double or single bars beside them.

From here, he could just see the situation on the running track diagonally ahead. The athletes were all running round and round at even speeds. Although they looked to be sweating a lot, their breathing was still even and rhythmic, clearly showing that they were very experienced runners.

Garen pulled back his inquisitive gaze, and walked up to the heaviest black sandbag.

Bam!!

The heavy black metal sandbag was hit by Garen's forearm, and was sent rocking wildly out.

Garen took off his shirt, revealing his well-defined muscles. He put black gloves on his hands, and all his skin was slightly dark. Among those on the training field, he was considered average.

He came here just to get used to the changes in his body, in his Willpower, and to sort out the conglomeration of his martial arts. By going into the Third Level Ten Thousand True Technique straight away, his body had improved by three times that of others. This was also the change brought by the Hellfrost Peacock Technique, but this change was not something he had controlled and built up over time. So if he wanted to utilize his most powerful potential smoothly, he needed to get used to his own level.

Bang bang! Bang!

Garen began to punch the target again and again. He did not put a lot of force into every punch, but he tried to keep it in a very small and precise area, carefully sensing the waves and tremors in his body.

Using tremors to understand his own body, that was a special martial arts that only Garen had, it was one of the training methods from the Secret Technique World.

There were no special movements, he just let loose punch after punch, occasionally unleashing a side-kick, knocking the heavy sandbag into swinging back and forth, as though it was going to snap and fall at any moment. It whooshed loudly, the giant swinging metal sandbag giving off a very unstable and dangerous feeling.

After showcasing all of his basic fist techniques, Garen carefully felt his own power level, and the minute changes in his body. At the same time, he used the Ten Thousand True Technique to use the different levels of vibrations from all over his body to strengthen and open up his body from a very deep level. Unlike training methods, this started from the outside and worked inwards. In some manner of speaking, the Ten Thousand True Technique was one of the most balanced external techniques. Especially after merging with Garen's Seven Star Life's Secret Point secret method, each level had some of the power as though he had permanently opened one of the secret points, hence permanently activating his body's potential and increasing his body's quality. It was not by much, not too exaggerated, but it had also lost the Seven Star Life's Secret Point secret method's terrifying backlash effect, becoming gentler and safe.

The Divine Statue Technique trained one's body, but merging the Divine Statue Technique with the Crouched Eagle Talon, he could strengthen his Willpower, and he could strengthen his arms and body to a certain degree as well.

Together, the two of them trained his body and his Willpower at the same time, balancing it out as they progressed together.

Chapter 844: Eagle's Nest 2

After completing his set of fist techniques, Garen was starting to sweat slightly as well. It was not tiring to practice his punches, but it took quite a lot of mental energy to slowly adjust the vibrations. Different areas required different frequencies of vibrations so that they could be unearthed properly, these were the Ten Thousand True Technique's strict requirements. To the outsider's eye, it looked like a very simple, very standard fighting method, but only Garen knew that the various vibrations inside were the truly difficult part.

With a smack, he steadied the sandbag that swung at him. Only then did Garen notice that someone had been standing next to him and watching him. He looked like a well-mannered, fair and clean boy. He did not say anything, just smiling at Garen, then he walked to the side and started taking off his clothes. This

revealed the tight white singlet underneath, followed by the fair but powerful and well-defined muscles. It looked like he was here to train as well.

The boy shook out his joints a little on the spot, and then found another sandbag and started practicing as well.

Garen watched him nonchalantly. This person had very good basics, and was very serious in his training, his attention fully focused on one point.

He could not be too bothered with others as well, so Garen rested for a while and then began his next round of training.

Time ticked by, and Garen took another short break. He picked up the saltwater he brought and drank a few sips from it, wiping the sweat from his body.

All the students were gathered on these large drill grounds, there were too many students from the other courses, so not many people noticed that he, the mech genius, was training his body here in the corner. It ended up being pretty quiet.

He used the heaviest metal sandbag, so the boy training next to him gave him occasional glances of envy. He was evidently very surprised at Garen's strength. To think Garen could move several hundred kilos worth of a metal sandbag.

Soon enough, it seemed to be time for group training. More and more people arrived to train hitting and punching with their arms.

Garen sensed that one small team was here specifically to train the Crouched Eagle Talon training method. The Crouched Eagle Talon was a very accessible training method, like Outbreak of Rain and Wind Words, it was a Level Three version of the training method that was available in the market. These few types of training methods were very popular in the academy, because they had higher worth for the money. So out of the mech school students, 90% of them used one of these training methods.

After that, only the poorer students used the Blackboard training method, that was something only students who could not afford any of the other training methods at all used. Any students with just a

little bit of fortune would choose training methods like Outbreak of Rain, Wind Words or Crouched Eagle Talon. Compared to the free Blackboard training method, these training methods were slightly better, and had that slight edge when it came to building foundations. As their levels increased, the difference would become huge by the end.

This was the reason you must not fall behind at the starting line.

Garen himself cultivated the Crouched Eagle Talon, so he quickly noticed that group of people among all the students, because they were all cultivating the Crouched Eagle Talon. There were other teams who all practiced Wind Words, or Outbreak of Rain. Students who used the same training method would instinctively gather together, so that they could discuss their problems.

These students were mostly all just Basic Level, the slightly better ones were only Upper Level One. But there were many older students who looked like they were in their third or fourth year, leading the team as they answered the others' questions.

Garen had experience with aura, so it was very easy for him to sense their level through their spirits.

Since they all trained with the Crouched Eagle Talon, Garen was very intrigued by this world's own matter of cultivation. Everything he learned was from the Internet. The textbooks only spoke about the Blackboard training method.

Wiping the sweat from his body, Garen picked up his clothes and bottle, walking towards that group.

The small group was standing in the middle of the large field, forming their own little circle like everyone else. Every so often, some people would leave, but others would join.

"...When you enter Level One from the Basic Level, there would be a small leap. Your Willpower would make a small leap. It sounds very abstract, but in truth, that feeling is like going up a step. After taking one step upwards, if you turn around and look back again, you'll be seeing a world from a higher perspective. Following the same logic, the Crouched Eagle Talon is better than most training methods at training the arms, and this shows in your control of the mech..." The only older girl was explaining the basics of training to her juniors and freshmen, dressed in a white blouse with puffy sleeves, and dark blue faded long jeans. She looked simple, clean, and professional.

Garen walked over and looked at the circle of juniors, sighing slightly in his heart. Not long ago he had been one of the freshmen as well, but now he was a senior to these students.

This group of students all had young and innocent faces, their eyes full of curiosity and patience. Evidently, they had full confidence in their training method paths.

“Before coming into contact with training methods, everyone dreams that they might be that prodigy, one in ten thousand, but reality is cruel...” Garen shook his head slightly. Standing at the side quietly, he listened to that senior explain the process of training, and compared each step to his own process. He also noticed a lot of things he had missed out, as this senior mentioned some little ways to use the Crouched Eagle Talon in battle that also opened Garen’s eyes. He was pretty impressed, these were evidently the special tricks passed down through generations of students, so they were naturally unique in their own ways.

“Hey, handsome, do you practice the Crouched Eagle Talon as well?” A young girl with curly black hair patted Garen’s back lightly. “What bulging muscles...!” she exclaimed.

“They’re okay, my basics aren’t that strong,” Garen nodded. “What’s that senior sister’s name? I didn’t know so many girls liked the Crouched Eagle Talon.”

“She’s Sofia, a fourth-year senior in the mech course. Her Crouched Eagle Talon is really powerful, and she’s in the top ten of the Eagle’s Nest in her grade. She and Senior Soron take time out of their schedules every two days to teach everyone here on this field,” explained the girl softly.

“What’s the Eagle’s Nest?”

“It’s the group society formed by all the students in the academy who cultivate the Crouched Eagle Talon. The Wind Words, the Outbreak of Rain Club, they’re all like that. You actually don’t know?” The girl seemed slightly shocked. “No wonder your basics aren’t good, we need to communicate with our fellow students a lot if we want to progress together. If you’re free, come attend class from now on, or you can join our Eagle’s Nest too.”

“Are there a lot of strong fighters in there?” asked Garen.

"Of course, I hear that a Level Five instructor would occasionally come and teach the inner members and higher-ups too. No one else gets this treatment outside," said the girl dreamily.

"Level Five instructor..." Garen's heart twinged. He had risen too quickly, so his roots were not strong. This might just be his chance to learn from everyone's experience and skills.

"Whaddaya say, tempted, right? I'll talk to them for you," said the girl without waiting for a response, hurriedly dragging Garen into the crowd.

Soon enough, the two of them reached a table that was set up inside.

"I brought a newbie for registration! Hurry, hurry, don't delay!" the little girl yelled, smacking the table.

The table was placed inside the crowd, and when everyone was blocking it, even Garen did not notice it. Only when he walked in did he see that there were two young people sitting behind it. It was one boy and one girl, the boy was handsome and gentle, while the girl was pretty and cute. They were clearly walking ads here to recruit newbies.

"Come, my friend, register your name, class, and Willpower level." Seeing that it was a boy who arrived, the cute girl stood up and began to greet him, handing Garen a form.

"This is so..." Garen felt something in his heart. In the previous world, he had joined the combat club, but now he was joining the Eagle's nest in this world instead. It gave him a strange sense of familiarity.

Filling up the form quickly, he handed it over.

The girl glanced at it, and her eyes immediately lit up.

"Oh, so it's Nonosiva. I never thought that you would switch to the Crouched Eagle Talon. You're the First Seat prodigy from the freshmen ranking competition!" The girl was slightly excited. "Come, come, let me introduce you to Senior Sofia!"

The little girl who brought Garen here was slightly surprised as well, she did not think that the person she just randomly dragged here would be the First Seat of the freshmen last year.

The boy who had been sitting got up as well, smiling.

“Welcome, Nono, to the Eagle’s Nest. We’re one of the most populated clubs in the academy, because a lot of people chose the Crouched Eagle Talon. I didn’t think that you would choose the Eagle Talon too.”

The two of them shook hands, both very friendly.

Garen could sense that this guy was a fourth-year senior as well. His Willpower was slightly hidden, as though something was blocking it, so he could not tell what level the boy was just based on his spirit. But Garen could tell that he was at least Level Two.

The Crouched Eagle Talon advanced very quickly, and was very easy to learn. The first few levels were all relatively doable, so it was the most normal and commonly-used among the accessible training methods. It was equivalent to the Iron Skin technique or the Tongbeiquan from martial arts novels, the skills everyone knew. Since it had a naturally low level, it would always be slightly weaker than other training methods that were slightly stronger, even at the same level of Willpower.

“It’s last year’s First Seat of the freshmen, Nonosiva!”

“Even he’s chosen our Eagle’s Nest, the Crouched Eagle Talon must have its strengths!”

“Yeah, it must be good since the most people chose it, otherwise why would so many people choose it?”

The students around him were getting excited. Nono’s reputation was considerably widespread, even those who did not watch the competition felt as though they had to look up at him once they heard the title of Freshmen’s First Seat. Instantly, Nono’s image was rapidly magnified. Once they heard Nono’s level, they were even more shocked.

He was only in second-year, but he had already reached Level One, the standard people achieved at or after the fourth year. Level One was already the minimum requirement for graduation, but of course

Blackboard Academy's students all had more ambition than that, so most of them aimed for a higher level. This was equivalent to normal undergraduates and Masters students or Ph.D. students. The higher you studied, the stronger you were, and naturally the treatment you received after graduating was vastly different.

In academies, it was very common for first-years to be at the Basic level, most of them studied and trained properly. A majority of the students studied just so that they could pass the semester exams. Only a few of them really pushed hard, and never stopped working. Just imagine, how many people could earn enough credits to graduate within the first year? It was practically a miracle.

There were very few Levels Ones in second year as well, but by then there would be individual elites. Still, they would rarely even reach Level One. Even now, Garen did not actually meet the graduation requirements. Even if his Willpower was at a high enough level, he still needed to meet the mark with many other subjects.

Only in third year would you find some students who had accumulated enough credits. Garen had also planned to complete all his exams and subjects by third year. Students studied at Blackboard Academy for eight years in total, and to obtain enough credits by third year, you needed to take many, many subjects. It would total up to more than a hundred and ten subjects, and you had to reach Level One in all of them. Many subjects had overlapping study hours, which was also why it was very hard to gather enough credits.

Chapter 845: Actual Battle 1

The group of people parted like the red sea, revealing Sofia, who was giving a lecture at the front.

She raised her head and looked over in his direction.

"I've heard everything, Mr. Nono, last cohort's freshmen's First Seat. I never thought that you would've improved the Crouched Eagle Talon Technique as well," Sofia's voice was soft and gentle and it had a mesmerizing effect.

“The reason I joined the Eagle’s Nest was that I hoped to learn more from stronger fellow practitioners. Of course, I also wanted to exchange knowledge with my fellow practitioners regarding the theories and concepts behind the Crouched Eagle Talon Technique,” Garen sincerely expressed his intents.

“That is to be expected. Everyone who joins the Eagle’s Nest has the same intentions. Only through these sorts of exchanges there would be clashes in schools of thought, and only then can we see improvement. As compared to the mindset of those who have just enrolled in the school, having access to the combined experience and abilities of everyone here from both the present and the past will allow us to make the most out of our training methods,” Sofia articulated.

“If you don’t mind, I would like to go and view the Eagle’s Nest immediately,” Garen said. He started to feel that his foundation for this technique was not concrete enough and this Eagle’s Nest might be able to solve his concerns.

If he did not have a concrete foundation, it would make it harder for him to progress to the next level. It may even lead to him facing more trouble when up against an opponent of the same level, especially when it comes to a battle of Willpower.

“Sounds like a plan,” Sofia was also a very straight-forward person. Despite her gentle appearance, she was actually exceptionally fervent in her interests. Seeing how direct Garen was, she too loosened up.

“Peach, bring Mr. Nono to the headquarters and give him a tour of the place. There are many seniors stationed at the headquarters, feel free to direct any questions you have to them.”

When facing a genius, naturally he was allowed some form of special treatment. Furthermore, the method of choice for the Eagle’s Nest was to allow everyone to progress at their own pace and not interfere too much with the students. This did not apply only to Nono; it was also the case for the genius from last year, Klaibe, who has since been promoted into a senior of the elite Black-Clothed Generals, with the title of Demonic Shadow Duncan. This was all part of their tradition.

“Since this is your first time in the headquarters, I should tell you this. If you’re interested in challenging any seniors over here, you can select one senior to challenge daily. Take note that this refers to Close Quarters Combat and not a mech battle,” it was almost as if Sofia had already seen through Garen’s character, and not wanting to beat around the bush, she went straight to the point.

“Alright.”

Garen nodded.

The surrounding students started to mumble aloud, challenging seniors was everyone’s right after all. Once you’ve entered the Eagle’s Nest, your ranking here is determined by your actual potential and abilities. Challenging stronger opponents was key in this type of ranking system.

However, these ranks would not give you too much of an advantage, it mainly allows you to access journals and notes on the Crouched Eagle Talon Technique left behind by seniors of the past. These archives of information were all from the masters who had trained in the Crouched Eagle Talon Technique in the past and contained information from the various methods and the different aspects of mastering this technique. However, if you failed to reach a certain level with these techniques, it would have adverse side effects on your body, so it’s better not to fly too close to the sun.

The two’s conversation was short and concise with no small talk in between. Just by looking at Garen, she knew that he would be interested in these challenges and archives. Most people would have already understood that Garen was interested in the archived records of the Eagle’s Nest. For a technique to be practiced after such a long time, yet still remain unparalleled in strength, naturally, it must have had its own unique complexities and theories behind it.

The young girl known as Peach, who was also the cute girl that was in charge of the new members earlier, stood up and guided Garen towards a nearby bus station. Following closely behind them was a group of students, all curious about the developments of Garen, leaving only a handful of students in Sofia’s class.

Looking at this situation, Sofia helplessly let out a sigh. She might as well just bring everyone along at this point.

With that, a whole class of students boarded the academy’s bus, leaving the drilling grounds as they headed towards the direction of the Eagle’s Nest.

The Eagle's Nest was a medium-sized den-like structure in the Blackboard Academy. It looked like a gigantic eagle's nest on the surface, but in actuality, it was constructed from reinforced metal alloys.

The inside of the building was separated into a few different sections, one of which was the training hall.

Above the white ground of the training hall was a transparent glass ceiling. At this moment, the hall was surrounded by various students stationed at the Eagle's Nest, most of them being second-years and third-years. A lot of them were casually chatting while spectating the two people below.

Following Sofia's lead, Garen was brought to the side of the hall, looking down at the two below.

"Today's challenge is between the two below. Katja, who is ranked thirty-second, is challenging Seris, who is ranked twenty-first," Sofia softly introduced the two to Garen.

"These two look like they're quite strong, otherwise, the people who followed us just now wouldn't have left their positions to observe the battle themselves," Garen nodded.

"That's no surprise. The Eagle's Nest serves as a gathering place for all students practicing the Crouched Eagle Talon Technique. Just the Level Five experts would already amount to more than fifty people, with a lot of them being instructors or Black-Clothed Generals. Some even attained high ranks in the military and take up important positions throughout the Blackboard Region. Although our Crouched Eagle Talon is no match for students of the same level practicing other skills, we have the advantage of numbers!" Sofia proudly exclaimed. "We don't have the strongest technique, but the value of mastering this technique is definitely comparable to even the best techniques, it is one of a kind."

"That's true," Garen nodded once again.

"There are numerous geniuses within the Eagle's Nest, and some of them were even in a situation like yours; people who just barely missed the opportunity to become elite students. It might be worthwhile for you guys to interact and befriend each other in the future," Sofia suggested.

Garen agreed and continued to watch the battle happening below him. The two stopped talking and the surrounding spectators also quietened down, closely observing the bout that was about to start.

Ding!

With a loud ring, the two people below sprang into action.

Their movements were almost in sync, making wide hand motions with every step. At the same time, they were rapidly striking at each other. Although it looked like completely normal strikes, it gave off an ever-changing strong aura.

Smack! The two crossed arms. To everyone's surprise, they were using the exact same move on equal grounds.

"I see that your training on the Eagle Wing Strike has gone well!" the ranked twenty-first Seris said loudly.

"I'll definitely defeat you this time!" Katja loudly roared as he lunged forward. His arms were like sharp blades, slicing towards the opponent repeatedly. The action was almost on par with an actual completed Secret Technique, with very few flaws when it came to both attacking and defending.

This sent a shiver down Garen's spine.

"Their actions are all meticulously calculated and simulated with a quantum calculator, down to every slightest movement. Every possible flaw that they find will be countered with intense training for the scenario. This is the greatest advantage of combining technology with traditional training. In the Eagle's Nest, you also have access to a huge bonus. You can use the Martial Arts Servers passed down from the seniors to undergo countless simulations to improve your own martial arts," Sofia explained to Garen. "These simulations will use countless variables to intricately calculate and pinpoint the biggest flaws that your techniques and errors may present within the shortest amount of time. With proper utilization of this, it would produce results equal to ten years of personal training."

"With these forms of strict training, there shouldn't be many people who managed to achieve it, right?" Garen asked softly.

"Of course not. There were only three people in the entire history of the Eagle's Nest who managed to complete the Martial Arts Server's training fully. The best possible combat style for the Crouched Eagle

Talon is not something that can be easily achieved,” Sofia looked at Garen in amazement; she didn’t think he would be able to understand this much just from her brief introductions.

“The Martial Arts Simulation Servers have every noteworthy technique, experience, and information since the creation of the Eagle’s Nest up till now saved in its memory bank. It can calculate the best way to maximize one’s potential through an analysis of one’s physical and mental capabilities. Of course, this requires some authorization. We call this the ‘Flawless Martial Arts’ technique, and it requires a higher level of authorization for the members to access this technology.”

“That’s understandable,” Garen nodded.

The two stopped talking once again, closely observing the battle occurring right below them.

In the training hall below, Katja was starting to get pushed back by Seris, forcing him into a corner. The two were both using Flawless Martial Arts, but he obviously had more flaws than his opponent. In a battle with both sides having equal speed and strength, he would undoubtedly be in a disadvantageous position.

Almost as if he was dissatisfied with himself being forced into a disadvantageous position, Katja turned around, his arms suddenly turned completely red. It wasn’t the red you saw from swellings, but rather a red comparable to the color of fresh blood.

“Don’t get too cocky! Swooping Eagle Slaughter!!” a twisted form of Willpower started to boil from Katja’s body, creating vortex-like cones of wind that wrapped around his arms. It almost looked like two electric drills was attached to Katja’s arms as he lunged towards Seris.

“A Willpower secret skill? Do you think you’re the only one who can use something like that?” Seris laughed. “Extreme Pierce!”

He pointed out his index fingers, each finger pointing at one of Katja’s arms. The fingers rapidly turned black as they swelled with blood, to the point where they looked like they had become gigantic blood clots. The air surrounding him started to whirl up like a hurricane.

“Katja has lost,” Looking at the stage, Garen exclaimed.

“Oh?” Sofia looked at him curiously. “You have really great eyesight huh?”

“Is going down for the challenges the fastest way to raise your rank and gain authorization?” Garen wanted to experience what this Flawless Martial Arts simulation room feels like. After all, it was his first time seeing such high-tech martial arts training.

“The Flawless Martial Arts system is most effectively utilized for finding your own flaws, but only the top fifty in the ranks are authorized to access this technology. Don’t look down on this ranking,” Sofia reminded, “The three geniuses I’ve trained in the past, they all started off arrogant just like you, challenging the seniors immediately after they entered. However, none of them managed to win their first two battles.”

“It’s fine,” Garen shook his head as he started walking towards the stage. “I’ll give it a shot.”

He wasn’t just interested in the Flawless Martial Arts, but also the Willpower secret skills the two had used just now. The feeling those skills gave off, it felt like they were using their Willpower in similar manners to how people use their internal energy in wuxia novels.

Moves utilizing Willpower would be much faster and stronger, and they could even enter the opponent’s body and cause pure physical damage to the body. Through his observations, he noticed that the two had the capabilities to release their Willpower from long ranges, but they did not attempt to do so. This meant that the techniques they used weren’t that high leveled.

Katja was knocked down on the floor, his face completely flushed red. Other than that, he seemed to be fine. Seris walked up to him and helped him up.

At this moment, Garen had entered the training hall from one of the entrances, closely assessing the two from a closer distance.

He didn’t feel anything from afar, but with a closer look at this distance, he realized that these two were both Level Three experts! No wonder they were in the top fifty of the Eagle’s Nest, they weren’t just some random characters.

However, after pondering for a bit, There were hundreds of Level Five professors and instructors within the whole Blackboard Academy, it wasn't surprising that there were even more Level Three or Four reserves present. After all, this was the place with the strongest people in the Blackboard Region.

This two seemed to already be at the level of the fifth-years, having already gone through half of the eight-year education system of the Blackboard Academy. However, being able to attain Level Three at this stage was still a great feat.

No longer paying attention to the interactions between the two, Garen walked towards the white stone plaque erected at the side of the hall. The plaque displayed the rankings of the members of the Eagle's Nest, listing everyone in the top fifty.

The first person on the list was someone called Sajeena, with Level Five Willpower. This was recorded two years ago, when she was a sixth-year, it should be nearing her graduation soon.

At this point, Sofia had finally caught up to him. Following behind her were a group of youths that seemed interested in what was happening over here. They all gave off a strong aura with their Willpower; it seemed that all of them were very skilled students.

"You want to challenge someone now?" Sofia looked at this genius who had just joined this group. Geniuses were all the same after all; he had the same mentality as the other two geniuses she brought in before. When they saw someone who was stronger than them, they were unable to resist the urge to challenge them, hoping to become stronger.

"The students of our Blackboard Academy take pride in their strengths, and wanting to take on challenges is only natural. Take your pick; if the name is glowing, it means that they are currently present in the Eagle's Nest. Of course, those selected have the right to reject three challenges a day. Furthermore, no grudges should be held if anyone is injured in the battle," a proper-looking bespectacled young lad next to Sofia said in a soft voice.

"My name is Anjay Terin, ranked fifteenth. I heard the freshmen's First Seat had just joined us, so I came over to have a look."

"Nice to meet you," Garen shook his hand. "What's the minimum authorization required to use the Flawless Martial Arts simulations?" Garen was no longer overly prideful. This world was not one where

he could simply mess around in. These Willpower experts were quick-thinkers, had amazing battle senses, had more experience in the mysterious power form manipulating their Willpower, and could often have a terrifying explosiveness when it comes to their strengths. Seeing as his own Willpower manipulation was still very limited, he felt that it was best not to be too full of himself.

“Everyone within the top fifty will receive authorization to access it, but the amount of time allocated to you would also vary with rank. Those at the top ranks are even authorized to organize competitions and tournaments with the other clubs. So what do you think? Want to give it a shot?” this guy had a gentle and polite tone, but he seemed to be a battle-loving individual underneath the surface.

Interestingly, it seemed that everyone Garen had come across in the Eagle’s Nest seemed to have this sort of personality. They all seemed to be very passionate about battles and have a strong desire to improve themselves.

Chapter 846: Actual Battle 2

“Why not?” Garen replied with a cheeky grin, revealing his pearly whites.

He turned his head towards the plaque and looked at the glowing names on the list. Randomly, he picked the guy at the forty-eighth rank.

The light flashed momentarily, symbolizing that the fellow had rejected his challenge.

Picking another person, he selected the one at rank forty-two this time. Once again, the light flashed briefly, showing that his challenge was rejected.

“At this rate, it seems like no one would want to face me. I guess it’s because I’m still a nobody who has no rank, so they probably see me as just a small fry,” Garen frowned at Sofia and Anjay Terin.

“I have an idea,” Anjay smiled, his smile gave off a sly vibe. “I haven’t pwned noobs [1] in a long time. How about I personally come on to let you try?”

“You?” Garen calmly looked him in the eye. His heart was starting to fill up with a sense of adrenaline, it was the feeling of his Willpower flowing through his arms as if the Crouched Eagle Talons itself had the “battle-loving” attribute.

“Senior, are you not afraid of being overthrown?”

“It all depends on the person claiming they can overthrow me,” Anjay Terin started to chuckle as shapeless waves started to ripple from his body. It turned out that he was a level four expert.

This sent a chill up Garen’s spine.

“Get onto the stage! Newbies tend to have an air of arrogance when they first join. I still remember the first day where I was dissatisfied just like you when I was being wrecked by my seniors. If you’re dissatisfied, then get up on the stage and give it your all!” Anjay Terin took off his clothes and walked up to the stage. The other two from earlier had already left the stage and the surrounding spectators also prepared to take their leave. However, as they saw the ranked fifteenth Anjay Terin walking up to the stage preparing to fight, most people stopped and turned back. A few people started asking around about what’s going to happen. Meanwhile, Sofia and company, who were the only ones who knew about the situation, started receiving countless notifications from their watches.

Garen’s vision flashed for a moment as he also walked up to the stage. Stripping off his clothes he threw it down the stage, miraculously hanging it onto the clothes rack at below the stage.

He had already adapted to the basics of the Crouched Eagle Talon technique. Along with his training for the basic Divine Statue Technique, he had managed to vastly increase the hardness of his two arms. Although he hadn’t faced off against a Crouched Eagle Talon user of the same level yet, he was confident that he wouldn’t be weaker than someone of the same level.

Garen felt that he was like a new expert who had just started training his Internal Energy, whilst the Eagle’s Nest was a large established Martial Arts Sect that was filled with countless skilled elders, all with their own experiences and battle capabilities.

As the two got onto the stage, the surrounding chatter got louder and louder. More and more people learned about the identities of the two on stage right now. One was a veteran expert, whilst the other

was the debuting freshmen First Seat who had just started training in the Crouched Eagle Talon Technique.

Just based on the difference in Willpower, most people wouldn't even blink an eye at Garen. Although the entire academic break has passed, approximately 6 months have passed since the tournament, but at the time of the tournament, Garen had only displayed a Level One Willpower. He did not engage in any Willpower counterattacks, so at best, he would only be at a Level Two.

At this Level of Willpower, going up against a Level Four Willpower expert, undoubtedly he would be utterly destroyed.

Of course, as he stepped onto the stage, he started to feel something awry. The man standing on the opposite end, Anjay Terin, had almost no weak spots on his body, and the only two points that seemed flawed looked like a bait for the enemy. This would've lured in the average youth, but for someone like Garen, he could easily detect the legitimacy of the weak spots.

"Ranked fifteenth... so this is what Level Four Willpower feels like? The Eagle's Nest is amazing!" Garen exclaimed in excitement.

"Come! The strong shall stand tall! Let's start!" Anjay Terin seemed to be hyped up by the momentum of going onto the stage, his eyes were opened wide as his body slowly emitted a strong energy field.

"Alright!"

Garen felt as if he was back in the Secret Technique World where his aura had been unparalleled, and he started to feel his passion rising up within him.

In his first step, he chained a few stomps off the stage, propelling him towards his opponent. It wasn't any special technique, it was just a simple strike. He was not using the Ten Thousand True Technique, he even suppressed his own body's abilities, reverting himself into the level of an average human being, all of this just to fully experience the true potential and ability of the Crouched Eagle Talon Technique.

"You've got guts!" Anjay Terin laughed out loud, his right arm transforming into a claw in response to the incoming attack.

Without any fancy tricks, the two clashed.

Clunk!!

The two of them were both knocked back by two steps, both glaring at each other with a sense of amazement.

“Great Eagle Claw! Once more!” Garen coldly huffed, his two arms smoothly raised up like a giant eagle, lunging fiercely at his opponent. Strangely, his feet were repeatedly kicking as he was in the air, these kicks seemed to cause a small gust, allowing him to manipulate his direction in the air. The two claws were slashing through the air, creating a loud screech. If these were real claws, they would be able to easily slice through even the hardest metal boards.

The spectating students were completely stunned, and those who had originally looked down on Garen started to change their impression on him. This freshmen First Seat had far exceeded their imaginations.

“It’s Level three! This degree of strength and hardness is at the very least Level three. Look at the color of his skin, it has a glow unlike other people, it’s obviously strengthened using some form of genetic potion, or else there’s no way it could have this sort of change. However, what sort of genetic potion did he use to be able to increase the hardness of his flesh to such an absurd level?”

Sofia could tell just with a glance that Garen’s arms were not normal, this was not something that could be achieved purely through the use of one’s Willpower.

“What a fearsome strike, Anjay Terin might have to use his full potential,” another boy started to nod in agreement.

“That might be true, but I can’t help but feel that there’s still something up that Nono’s sleeve,” Sofia shook her head.

At this point, the tides of the battle had started to change.

Garen had already changed his direction mid-air thrice now, and even Anjay Terin was taken aback by this strange move, though he still managed to immediately respond to it. Without a second thought, he stretched out his arms, creating two black slashes through the air, almost like an eagle's claws awaiting the incoming attack.

"You think I'd be afraid of you!?" he roared loudly. Using his Willpower, he increased his movement speed to the extreme, to the point where a trail of his silhouette was visible, lunging straight towards Garen.

"Eagle Dragon!!"

With a loud pant, Anjay Terin's claws made contact with Garen's palms.

The two collided briefly, creating a huge crash. Garen was flung back, furiously stomping on the ground to stop the momentum and leaving countless deep footprints on the ground.

What was weird was that his palms had started to emit some white smoke as if he had just been scorched by something, and his skin was still red hot.

"Nono isn't the only one who can strengthen himself with a genetic potion," a few of the students at the side of the hall started laughing.

"It's Anjay Terin's Fire Snake Strengthening Potion! So that's the awesomeness of a potion that can only be obtained with a huge sum of cash!"

"That Nono isn't bad himself, if it was just another Level three, he would have been critically wounded by that one strike just now!"

The surrounding crowd started to make more noise.

Garen remained expressionless as he moved his palms around for a bit. The white smoke from his palms started to dissipate, the high temperature leaving no damage on his palms at all. This left the opposing Anjay Terin completely stunned.

“Was that a Willpower secret skill?” Garen asked.

“Of course not! This was just a gene strengthening potion, if I use my Willpower secret technique, it would cause a huge mess, you’re just a newbie after...”

“It’s fine,” Garen interrupted. “Your other moves shouldn’t have any effects, I’m only interested in your Willpower secret skills.”

Being interrupted was supposed to be something rude, but Anjay Terin seemed to reveal a hungry smile. Although he looked like a gentle person, in actuality, he was someone who loved to battle and fight. Seeing someone like Garen who liked to talk with his fists, he felt completely refreshed.

“I’ll let you have a taste of my Willpower secret skill then!”

Just as he finished his sentence, he raised his arms up high, leaving a silhouette in front of his body.

“Blink!!!”

In an instant, Anjay Terin seemed to have disappeared into thin air, leaving an ear-piercing boom in the air. In that instance, his speed was raised to an extreme degree.

At this speed, almost within a blink of an eye, he could leap a few meters in distance. Even with Garen’s amazing reflexes, he wouldn’t be able to respond in time. It felt like his opponent had disregarded air resistance and his entire body was engulfed and supported purely with Willpower. In a blink of an eye, he had already been hit.

At that moment, Garen felt the same feeling that he had felt when he fought with the Nine-Headed Dragon Queen Nadia.

With a loud bang, Garen was sent flying. Even though his arms had reflexively put up a guard and blocked the blow in front of him, it still connected. With this hit, he flew through the air as if he was a human cannonball, crashing into the wall surrounding the stage.

This was the fearsomeness of a high-level Willpower, it could largely strengthen and support the pilot's physical body, and in the process, create terrifying explosive power. The strength of the Crouched Eagle Talon Technique lay within this terrifying explosive speed and the strength and sturdiness of the arms. For an expert who was ranked fifteenth, this used up almost half of Anjay Terin's power.

"It's the end."

That was the one notion all the spectators had in their heads.

After being hit by a direct hit from Anjay Terin's Willpower secret skill, even just the impact from the Willpower was enough to have Nonosiva kick the bucket, but now with his arms under influence of the genetic strengthening potion, he wouldn't even stand a chance.

However, to everyone's surprise, a low laugh started ringing from inside the walls.

"Heh... Hehehehe..." Garen couldn't help but laugh, "Not bad... this type of enemy... This era..."

The fearsomeness and explosiveness of Willpower attacks, this let Garen finally understand why there were no secret techniques being developed in this era.

The reason was that the humans of this world have already found another path that led them to a similar strength.

If one were to see secret techniques as a way of enhancing oneself with the goal of evolution, then Willpower secret skills would be creating a whole new power with the goal of changing oneself.

If the two were compared, it would be like the contrast between a warrior and a wizard. A warrior would be able to maintain his strength at all times while having a strong aura, while a wizard could obtain an explosive strength for a short period of time, having an immensely high offensive output, but low vitality.

If this hit had landed on any other Level Three Willpower student, he would undoubtedly be severely wounded. However, Garen was different; he had 3 times the vitality of a normal person in addition to the amazing regenerative properties of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique. This strike was merely a scratch on someone like him.

However, judging from this strike, this Anjay Terin had at least half the level of his actual offensive prowess.

Licking his lips, Garen felt a sense of passion and excitement he had never felt since he had entered this world. In his last world, he had no worthy opponent; he had already been unparalleled in strength from the moment he was born, and standing at the top without a rival was an exceptionally boring feeling. However, in this world, there were existences which could destroy even stars, and he had also experienced the potential power of a Willpower secret skill.

Garen could finally afford to be serious...

Looking at Anjay Terin who seemingly started to tremble slightly, Garen let out a smile. His body started to emit a monstrous beast-like aura.

Crack... As he walked out from the dent of the wall, rubble started to fall off from behind him. Amazingly, there wasn't any sign of wounds on his body, and even that light wound from earlier had already completely recovered.

"Be careful," before he even finished the sentence, Garen had completely vanished. "Ten Thousand True Technique, Destruction!"

A clear white airwave sliced through the air, heading towards Anjay Terin.

Anjay Terin steeled himself, his body once again bursting with the strong shapeless energy field from earlier.

"Blink!!"

With a loud roar, he aimed his claws as he lunged towards his opponent.

Chapter 847: Difference 1

Their arms clashed and created a shockwave that rippled through the hall, sending the surrounding dust flying all over the place.

Garen and Anjay Terin were having a fierce bout. As their arms collided at high speeds, they gave out loud clunks as if two pieces of metal were hitting against each other.

Without using any other techniques and purely the abilities within his arms, Garen managed to force Anjay Terin into a corner within just a few seconds. Using only just one arm, he could block his opponent's two-handed attacks. With each swipe, he could completely parry his opponent's attacks.

His other hand reached into the space between them and his palm struck Anjay Terin directly in the chest.

Bam!

With a strike on Anjay Terin's chest, his face immediately turned pale. Backing up a few steps to regain his stability, he looked at this freshmen First Seat. At that moment, he had no idea what to say as his pale face had patches of red. Seeing this sight, the whole training hall fell silent.

Bit-by-bit, Anjay Terin started to feel that this freshman Nonosiva's martial arts were almost as flawless as his. More importantly, his every action and skill gave off an indescribable sense of suppression. This type of feeling wasn't the bloodlust you felt from the top-ranked students who were experts in actual battles, it felt more like... an indescribable fear-inducing feeling.

"For you to reach this Level at this age... I've underestimated you," Anjay Terin clutched at his chest as his face turned even paler.

"You're not bad yourself," Garen shook his head slightly. "Continue?"

"I..." Anjay Terin wanted to say something, but he was interrupted by another voice.

"Leave this to me, Anjay."

Nearby, a man with long black hair jumped up to the stage with a flip. Taking off his black jacket, he threw it towards his friend.

"Barry?" Anjay Terin stopped talking and he opted to leave the stage as instructed. Right before he left, he gave Garen a word of caution, "Be careful, this fellow is ranked seventh, and he has a bad temper."

Garen nodded, accepting his opponent's good intentions. He shifted his sight towards the man who had just arrived on the stage. This Barry guy seemed to be surrounded by a black mist, giving off a mysterious vibe.

"Rank seven... He looks different from the others," he felt that his opponent's mental will was almost like it's not from just one person, but rather, a culmination of two people's wills.

"Level 3 Willpower. To be able to utilize it to this level was solely due to your physical body's capabilities," Barry's line of sight seemed as if it could scan through everything, almost as if his eyes were faintly flashing with a white dot of light.

Garen felt a chill in his heart. He remained silent, glaring at his new opponent.

"Your vitality is terrifying. It should either be from being submerged in a strengthening potion or from some genetic altering ray. However, that doesn't matter," Barry smiled. "All of these are irrelevant. Although your vitality can increase your body's defense and speed, only pure Willpower suppression stands above all."

"Pure Willpower suppression?" Garen raised his guard, as he was still not very familiar with the true Willpower secret skills and he could only base his reactions on his observations. His opponent was an expert who was ranked seventh. Out of all the people practicing the Crouched Eagle Talon in Blackboard

Academy, he was among the top ranks of the pyramid. Looking at his age and aura, he didn't seem like a rookie when it came to actual killing. This kind of opponent was enough for him to actually fight with full seriousness.

"As a fellow genius from the Eagle's Nest, let me show you some pointers...!!" before the word "pointers" even finished, Barry waved his right arm. His arm was like a sharp blade, slicing through the air, shooting forth a bloody and sweet aura. A shadow of an arm started forming in the air, almost like a snake, slithering towards Garen.

On the ground, all things touched by the arm's shadow started losing their color as if they were starting to rot. This displayed the terrifying power of the shadow's toxicity, as something as durable as the alloy ground had started to rot just within an instant, if it was human skin, the person would be instantly disintegrated.

"Poison!" Garen frowned as he immediately jumped back, dodging the shadow's pursuit. However, a poisonous mist had started to engulf the opponent in a few meters' radius, and there was no way for Garen to enter.

Barry stood at the center of the stage like a curled up porcupine; there was no way to get close to him.

Bam!

The shadow of another arm struck Garen from behind. Although Garen managed to dodge in time, there was still some black mist sticking onto him. This black mist felt as if it has a mind of their own, slowly moving around on Garen's skin as it pleased. With a shake, Garen managed to get it off of him.

The two continued on in this cat and mouse battle, with one on the offensive while the other remaining on the defensive. Unconsciously, Garen was completely suppressed.

Even though he had not released the restraints of he placed on his body, his opponent still managed to suppress him using Willpower secret skills. This gave Garen a sense of excitement; if a rank seven fellow was able to unleash this amount of battle potential without a mech, it showed how fearsome Willpower support could be.

For a pilot with a strong Willpower, even without his mech, he would still have the battle prowess of an expert in internal energy, and so defeating an average person would be completely effortless. The development of their own cells had reached an absurd level.

Thinking of this, Garen finally started to loosen the restraints on his body. At the end of the day, these people had a stronger Willpower than him, but their vitality was not that much different from an average person's. Take Barry whom he was currently facing for example, based on his reflexes and physical strength, he had at most 1.2 or 1.3 times the vitality of an average person. In other words, he was only that much stronger than the average person. This also displayed how Willpower training could only support your capabilities for a brief moment. Without the support, his capabilities were no different from an average person's.

After Garen made sure of the difference between secret techniques and Willpower secret skills, without uttering a single word, he lunged forward, straightened his palm as if it was a knife, and fiercely struck forward.

Whoosh!!

With a screech, his palm created a shapeless air flow, dispersing the poison mist in front of him. Taking advantage of the poison mist being dissipated, he immediately charged, throwing a fist at Barry's direction.

"Poison Pond!" Barry opened his mouth as the Willpower in his body started bursting out. That wasn't a Level Four Willpower, it was Level Five!

A strong Willpower started to flow out in all directions as a formless energy field, almost like a huge wave, that crashed towards Garen's body.

He was flung back and his legs skidded along the ground, leaving long black marks; even the soles of his leather shoes had been completely burned through.

Garen's body was completely engulfed in his own Willpower in order to protect him from the damage caused by the opponent's poison mist. However, he started to feel a searing pain in his mind; it seemed like his Willpower had been damaged, and it would need some time to heal.

A Level Five against a Level Three, as expected, the difference was still quite a large leap. If not for Garen's monstrous vitality, he would probably have been knocked out cold.

Silently standing in the same spot, Garen could hear the shouts of amazement from all around him. Most of them were in admiration of Barry's terrifying poison technique, but there were also a few that were praising him. For someone who had just entered the Eagle's Nest, even as the freshmen First Seat, he'd managed to hold his own against so many attacks by Barry, who stood at rank seven.

Garen had restrained his own physical capabilities to that of an above average human. Even so, he did not expect that even with his myriad of battle experience, he would be forced into a corner by an opponent to the extent where he had his Willpower damaged. This was obviously the result of his unfamiliarity of his opponent's abilities. That last Willpower wave was something that could not be dodged. It was a wave that spread in all directions, and the only counter was hard defense.

Squinting his eyes, Garen simulated the battle if he had released all his restraints. The end result would've been a tie, leaving both parties heavily damaged. His opponent's poison techniques were dangerous, but he could still take on the poison damage if he dealt a Hail Mary attack, heavily damaging his opponent.

This gave Garen a sense of exhilaration; he had almost reached the epitome of power in the Secret Techniques World, but here, he was already being suppressed by a pilot without his mech. Although he no longer had the monstrous Divine Statue Technique, just with his body's diverse battle experiences, he could only reach such a level. If that was the case, how strong would the pilots of an even higher rank be?

However, his current physical capabilities were still small, it was only 3 times the average person, and he was still far from his actual level back in that world, much less his level in the Totem World. This result was expected.

Garen was in shock on this end, not knowing that Barry on the other end was even more shocked.

"This bastard... This bastard is a bloody monster!!" although Barry remained calm on the surface, he was trembling on the inside.

“Out of all the Level Five pilots, I have the best physical capabilities! From reflexes, vitality, strength, to speed, all of it had been strengthened using special potions, and I’d even been through multiple genetic alteration rays. My physical capabilities should have far exceeded the average human’s! I can unleash my body’s full potential up to 100%! Even those military experts who had undergone special training shouldn’t even be a match for me!”

Barry’s mind was in complete turmoil.

“Only those martial artists who have spent their lives practicing purely martial arts should have better physical capabilities than me! How can this freshman...” Barry’s pursuit to strengthen his physical capabilities was something that even most traditional Level Five pilots could not attain.

There weren’t many pilots who would focus so much on training their physical bodies because their strength lay within their mechs. No matter how strong their physical body was, when up against even the weakest mechs, they would still be completely destroyed. Rather than spending time on their physical bodies, most people would spend more time training in their respective mechs.

This had caused most people to pursue strength by focusing solely on their Willpower. When it came to physical capabilities, Barry was already considered among the cream of the crop.

Barry was someone who had participated in countless combat tournaments in the Blackboard Region, even winning two gold medals and a silver medal! He had also worked part-time as a tutor for a few generals and their combat training before. He was someone who had crawled back from the depths of hell itself.

Suppressing his trembling heart, he cleared his throat.

“How long have you trained in combat?”

The two were no longer in battle, they just stood opposite each other. Hearing his opponent’s question, Garen felt that both sides had no intent to continue.

“I started when I was young. Why do you ask?”

This opponent's reflexes were even faster than Anjay Terin's from earlier. He also had great battle senses, and he'd chosen an extremely appropriate timing to activate his explosive Willpower. He was a worthy opponent.

The white dots in Barry's eyes started to light up once more. He carefully scanned Garen once more and started to frown.

"You chose a wrong path... No matter how strong your body is, you still stand no chance against a mech. A pilot's path relies on Willpower, over-strengthening one's body is a waste of time and energy and will cause one to lose focus. You should have been able to progress even faster."

"My Willpower is already fast enough..." Garen lightly shook his head.

Barry let out a sigh.

"How meaningless. Your physical capabilities are strong, and you are able to stand on equal grounds with me in this current situation. But, once we step into a mech, believe me when I say I will be able to destroy you in one hit," he calmly said while pointing his index finger at him.

Garen's heart trembled slightly. His sharp five senses could tell that everything his opponent said was the truth. There was no sign of any joking or mockery, it was a sincere statement.

Chapter 848

Barry shook his head.

"No matter how amazing your martial arts are, you will never be comparable to even the weakest Mech. The legendary strongest martial artist Cheng Xingyao from the Mother Planet Federation two centuries ago was rumored to have been able to break a boulder with a strike and kill a rhinoceros or an elephant with a fist. However, his body was barely on par with a Level Two radioactive mutated creature. That is the extent of the human body, regardless of any trick you use. On the other hand, a Level Two creature can easily be defeated by a Level Two pilot in a Mech. Two Level Two Mechs will be able to defeat a Level Three creature, while Master Cheng Xingyao died in the claws of a level Three creature."

His speech was extremely blunt as there was nothing for him to hide. Countless Eagle's Nest students around them also nodded in agreement with his statement. All of a sudden, the chattering of

discussions filled the hall; this topic that Barry had brought up had sparked the conversation between students about the topic of what was the healthy balance between Mech training and physical training.

Barry sincerely looked at Garen.

“Let me give you a word of advice, a pilot’s strength lies in his Mech. A high Leveled Mech can destroy the world, as such, only a high leveled pilot can reach the piloting requirements. With every level, the increase in strength of the Mech is something that far exceeds what a human alone can achieve. On the other hand, even if you forgo training for just a day, your body will start to become weaker. Think about that!”

He turned around and jumped off the stage. Grabbing his jacket, he walked out of the training hall with his friends who were accompanying him from earlier.

Garen had not uttered a word since the very beginning; he was listening silently to him.

He understood that his opponent had good intentions, they were fellow Eagle’s Nest students after all. They were both Crouched Eagle Talon practitioners and, in the eyes of outsiders, from the same group. His opponent honestly hoped that he could carefully think about this problem.

However, what they didn’t know was that his Willpower was raised solely just by having the Life Secret Technique. Giving up his pursuit of secret techniques would mean giving up his own growth, causing the growth of his Willpower to come to an abrupt halt. Even the slightest improvements would take a minimum of 10 years.

“Unless you can hold your own against a Mech, a human’s strength alone is nothing but an illusion,” as Garen jumped down, Sofia too gave him some advice.

Anjay Terin also nodded in agreement,

Garen became silent.

“Can you show me the actual difference?”

The two looked at each other.

“Allow me,” Sofia nodded. His performance on stage earlier had already fully displayed Nonosiva’s innate talent as a genius, surpassing even the likes of other Elite Students. Managing to reach a Level Three Willpower when he was still a second-year, it was enough for her to invest her attention in him.

“Follow me.”

Half an hour later...

The three of them, followed by a group of curious students, arrived at the simulation battle area.

Countless Battlenet stations were neatly arranged in this area. Every pair of stations were placed opposing each other as if symbolizing a duel between the two.

“This is where most duels take place. Go on, battle simulations don’t cost anything, and it’s the safest method,” Sofia explained as she entered the cockpit on the right and laid back.

Garen followed suit and entered the left cockpit.

Closing his eyes, the Nerve Link Equipment connected itself to his head.

Shooop!

He opened his eyes to a pitch black scene. Suddenly, a line of text flashed in front of his eyes.

‘Welcome to Eagle’s Nest Battlegrounds. Please enter your name.’

“Nonosiva,” Garen answered softly.

‘Name verified. Ranking unknown. Please wait shortly while initializing background...’ the text changed and disappeared after a brief moment.

After a while, a bright light flashed in front of Garen’s eyes. After his eyes adjusted to the sudden change in brightness, he observed his surroundings.

He was standing in the middle of a wide silver and white hall with a floor that was smooth and flat and seemingly made entirely from alloyed metal. On his right was a black wall with a metal emblem of a black sword and shield embedded at the center. On his right was a huge glass window pane, revealing a beautiful sunset. There were even a couple of airships and battleships slowly drifting through the sky.

‘Virtual background initialization complete. Please select your Mech,’ an electronic voice rang in his ears.

Garen moved his body around and noticed a rectangular screen that had appeared in front of him. The screen displayed the silhouettes of the different Mechs available.

There were Mechs ranging from Level One all the way to Level Five, but due to his Willpower Level, he was limited to only Level Three and lower Mechs. Directly tapping on the image of the Level Three Mech, Garen started to read the details of each of the Mechs.

After perusing for a moment, Garen selected the Mech that he liked the most.

‘Wings of Freedom: Level Three Strength-Type Mech. A standard issue Mech used by the Erlan military. Firepower Level Three, Speed Level Three, Defense Level Two, Strength Level Two. Special Equipment Skill: Heart of Freedom. Gains explosive speed for a short period of time. Increase the user’s speed by one level. When this skill ends, decreases the user’s strength by one level for ten seconds.’

This Mech was completely blue, and it seemed to be a Dragonlance wielding slender knight. It had a pointy helmet, revealing only the nose and the mouth below the eyes. It gave off a mysterious charm.

He tapped on the image of the Wings of Freedom. Immediately, Garen felt his surroundings shift. In the blink of an eye, he was now seated inside a blue cockpit, and there was a bright circular screen in front of him, displaying the situation outside.

On the surrounding blue walls, there were countless lines connected to the various controls and lights.

“You’ve finished selecting your Mech? The Wings of Freedom, huh?” on the opposite side of the hall, a dark red Mech appeared out of nowhere. It was also a humanoid form, but it was dual wielding a pair of rapiers and lightly tapping them together to create a crisp clanking sound. That Mech didn’t have any outstanding features, giving off a very plain vibe.

“My Mech is the lowest tier Level Five Mech, the Red Fish,” Sofia introduced. “I purposely selected the worst Level five Mech to demonstrate how the difference in Willpower levels can have a terrifying difference in strength when it comes to manipulating a Mech.”

Garen did not answer. He manipulated the Mech to move its limbs around a bit.

“Ready?” the Red Fish raised one of its rapiers.

“Okay,” Garen responded.

“Be careful. What I’m going to use is the Red Fish Mech’s most basic move, the Rushing Cross Slash. It is a basic move that any Level Five pilot will be able to use,” Sofia responsibly explained her next move.

“Understood. Come at me!” Garen readied his Mech. At Level Three Willpower, he could already completely stop relying on the Moonfang, allowing him to freely control the Mech. The agility, speed, reflexes and strength stats of a Level Three Mech shocked him. This Level Three Mech had an equivalent to the combined stats of two Level One Mechs. This was not just a simple equation of “1+1=2”. In an actual battle, one Level Three Mech would be able to defeat ten level One Mechs at once.

“Careful!” Sofia once again warned. “Rushing Cross Slash!”

The lights at the Red Fish's feet started flashing red, and its two rapiers were held close to the two sides of its body, their tips before the Mech's face.

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Vroom!!

A loud engine ignition sound rang loudly as the Red Fish Mech suddenly had an explosive burst of speed, moving hundreds of meters with just a leap. Thrusting the two rapiers forwards, it left a trail resembling a red cross in the air.

This speed had far exceeded that of the Level Three Mech. Leaping hundreds of meters in an instant and charging straight towards Garen's Mech, this kind of explosiveness didn't even allow room for Garen's Willpower to react and maneuver the Mech away. He had no choice but to forcefully raise his lance up, attempting to use the opponent's momentum to pierce through it.

Within that short time, it was the best he could do.

However, what exceeded Garen's expectations was that even at that explosive speed, the Red Fish could still manage to make adjustments to its movements. Leaning the Mech slightly to the right, she managed to catch the Dragonlance right below the Mech's armpit, allowing her to continue charging forward. As she made contact, the rapiers in her hands fiercely slashed through the body of the Wings of Freedom Mech.

Despite Garen already using the skill Heart of Freedom to momentarily increase his speed, he was still far slower than his opponent. In an instant, the chest region of his Mech was slashed through by the rapiers.

His vision suddenly turned to black. Whoosh! Everything surrounding him disappeared, leaving him in a pitch darkness.

'Pilot Sofia Wins!' the electronic voice rang out loud once more.

Pshhhh...

The cockpit automatically opened up.

Garen slowly stood up and walked out of the cockpit. Sofia was already a step ahead of him, silently looking at him. The surrounding students who followed him here, including Anjay Terin, were all here. The students started chattering amongst themselves, but Anjay Terin showed an unsurprised look.

“How was it? Were you able to feel the difference now?” Sofia softly asked. “My actual Willpower is only at Level Three, but I was able to use my authorization to alter it and pilot a Level Five Mech. Even though it was the weakest Level Five Mech, you should be able to understand the difference in strength between the levels of the Mechs now. I was also once like you, and I got completely thrashed by a Level four Mech in the past as well.”

“Why is the difference so big?” Garen thought back to the scene at the battlegrounds just now. He now understood that the difference between Mechs had far exceeded his imaginations.

“This is the strongest point of a will-powered Mech – the internal speed-change system. It allows the nerves of the pilot themselves to speed up, and this speed boost will increase based on the Level of the pilot’s Willpower. In the eyes of a pilot, the world after the speed boost will become an extremely slow world, and every action, if not above a certain speed, would be seen as a normal person’s slow movement, almost like the slow-motion effects from movies,” Sofia explained.

“Furthermore, this was only an average level. A high-leveled pilot would even be able to manipulate the Mech to emit an energy field. If the opposing Mech is not at a high enough level, it wouldn’t even be able to get close to it,” Anjay Terin continued solemnly. “For example, the Magnetized Energy Field can create a strong magnetic field that can affect the balance of both the pilot and the Mech. Unless you’re piloting a non-metal Mech, you’d have no hope of even getting remotely close to the opponent’s Mech. You would then be at the mercy of your opponent’s long-range attacks. There’s also the Reflective Energy Field, this is the forte of the White Light Organization. According to the information we have, apparently all Mechs of a lower level than the user, no matter how strong their attacks, would have it reflected right back at them. It’s straight up an unbeatable noob pwning [1] machine!”

Garen started to frown even more. The difference between the Level of Willpower could be greatly amplified by the Mech, increasing it to such a degree. Needless to say, he had underestimated the terror of the will-powered Mechs by a longshot.

“Looks like only a Mech can defeat a Mech... Unless he has an army of people who have mastered secret techniques, or if he reaches the level of a demon lord, he would still be no match for the destructive prowess of a Mech,” Garen finally understood the different levels of the Mechs in this world.

He did use its full potential in that bout just now, but even if his physical capabilities were stronger, against that Mech’s attacks, unless he has reached an impossibly high level, the human body could never withstand the impact of that strike. That strike packed at least a few hundred tonnes of force, and that was only taking into account the physical impact of the strike; it did not factor in the damage from the opponent’s Willpower.

Chapter 849

The difference caused by Mechs.

After leaving the Eagle’s Nest, this was the only thing on Garen’s mind.

The entire atmosphere of the Eagle’s Nest had a very upbeat and crazed feeling to it as the members inside were all extremely passionate, though albeit prone to violence. Garen started to faintly feel that this had something to do with the Crouched Eagle Talon training method.

It was even the same for him; he too was starting to be slightly affected after starting to train this technique.

According to Sofia’s description, other training methods would also bear similar side effects. For example, for the Trails of the Wind technique, regardless of the practitioner’s temper, as they mastered the technique, their attitude would have a certain degree of change. They would become more adaptable, agile, varied and quick-thinking.

Another example would be the Brutal Hammer; its practitioners seemed to develop a certain type of attitude. They would become more inclined to use violence and torture, have bad tempers and were overall maniacal.

In comparison, the practitioners of the Crouched Eagle Talon would only become stronger and be more prideful of their strengths.

In the upcoming days, he went to the Eagle's Nest daily and trained with the experts there. With the help of the Staff of Absolute Yin, he also managed to accumulate more and more potential points. However, before completely mastering his foundations, Garen decided to hold back from using these potential points. There was no meaning in increasing his strength that way; as someone who had trained in secret techniques before, he fully understood the importance of establishing a strong foundation. If the foundation was not stable, even when facing an opponent at the same level, one's weak point could be easily exploited into an effortless defeat.

In lethal combat, every flaw could be a fatal one. As such, if one did not have a strong foundation, it would cause one to have numerous flaws.

As the days flew by, half a month had passed in a blink of an eye.

In the canteen, at the noisy dining hall.

"What? Baylon is missing?" Garen exclaimed as he looked at his watch.

"Yeah. We had always thought he was working as a live-in full-time worker at that bakery. He would usually contact us every fortnight. This time, when we called over, they said he had left for home a long time ago. But we haven't even seen Lon in ages!" from the watch screen, he could see that his mother Amy had a worried look on her face. "We've tried everything we could, but there were no results. It's all up to you now!"

Garen reminisced about his impression on Lon. He was a bashful, gentle, introverted fellow, always had long hair, and was the type who didn't dare to raise his voice. This type of person wouldn't intentionally cut off all contact with his family. Judging by his personality, something must have happened that prevented him from contacting home.

"What about dad?"

"He's still busy working on some stuff at his office, and he also has an urgent meeting this afternoon. He is probably preparing for it now," Amy looked extremely fatigued. "Recently, your grandma fell sick again and she also has some problems with her leg, so your dad is also busy taking care of her. Furthermore..." at this point, Amy's face was once again filled with concern.

“Furthermore what?”

“Furthermore, the police came by this morning for some investigation. They say your brother, he’s... somehow related to the terrorist attack case, so they needed to come in to do some investigations.” Within one day, his mother Amy had gone through so much bad news, it was surely extremely taxing on her body.

“Terrorist?” did they mean White Light?

Garen frowned. Ever since he had received Blue Narcissus’ endorsement, his family’s financial status had become much better, but new problems had started to pop up one after another. At first, when he had selected Nonosiva, it was because the Soul Seed felt that he had a different aura from others. However, after such a long time, there still weren’t any major changes. On the contrary, now his brother Baylon had such a problem befalling him...

“Apparently it also had something to do with the younger brother of the bakery owner. Now that the warrants are out, what should we do? Your younger brother had to live a bitter life alone ever since he was young... If something were to happen to him...” as she spoke, his mother Amy started to sob intermittently.

“Don’t worry mom, I’ll try to use my connections over here to do some investigations on the issue,” Garen comforted her. “Alright, I’ll go get some people to help, I’ll report back to you tonight.”

“Okay, try to be as fast as possible! If something were to happen to your brother...”

Hanging up, Garen took a deep breath. The soul seed started to have a slight movement; it seemed like it was possibly something big this time.

After thinking for a bit, he started calling up people from his network.

“Is this Celine? I need a favor, my brother might be in trouble. I’ve no idea of the circumstances, so can you help me dig up some info? Alright alright, I’ll treat you to dinner sometime soon, bye.”

“Vivienne, I have something I’d like you to help me investigate. My brother is in some sort of trouble, he went missing around half a month ago, okay, alright, thanks!”

“Kendall, is the Charm Mercenary Troop available? Can you get them to investigate what’s going on at my brother’s side? Give them the mission to protect my little brother at all costs. Of course, I mean now! Why do you think I pay you guys so much every month? Alright, thanks! Buck up! Alright.”

After countless calls, Garen slumped down while deep in thought. The Nutritious Meal in front of him was only half-finished, but his eating speed became slower and slower and suddenly came to a complete stop.

“What’s up? Is there any trouble? I heard you make a few phone calls earlier,” Sofia walked up to his side. She was carrying a tray with a small portion Nutritious Meal and a glass of apple juice.

“Oh, it’s Sofia,” Garen politely gave her a greeting, though he was still frowning. Baylon had always seen him as his idol and aspiration. He was a kind young lad, giving up his opportunity to go to school to Garen, his older brother. Although Garen wasn’t actually his brother, since he was occupying his brother’s body, he had to at least do his part.

“There’s some trouble that popped up back home. My younger brother went missing.”

“Looking for people is my specialty,” Sofia nodded. “If you don’t mind, let me help you out.”

“Then I’ll have no choice but to trouble you, senior,” Garen didn’t hold back; it was only natural to help each other with favors, this was a part of human communication.

“It’s nothing much. Wait for my update, I’ll have a report sent to you latest by tonight,” Sofia smiled.

“Alright, enjoy your meal, I’ll take my leave first. I have to settle some issues at the academy,” Garen stood up.

“The Eagle’s Nest is currently giving out investigation missions, it’s all high-level missions given in the name of the military. All pilots who are Level One and above can take up the missions. Coincidentally,

there were a few missions regarding the rumors of terrorist activity within the city. If you don't mind, you can take those up. Maybe you can get some more information from the military side regarding this situation," Sofia suggested.

"Oh? I'll take a look in a bit, thanks for the info," Garen nodded

Without even slowing down, Garen headed directly towards the Eagle's Nest. After asking for directions from a few members, he arrived at a small room. One of the walls inside was replaced by a huge display screen. The screen listed the missions given by various parts of the military from all over the region to the Eagle's Nest and the associated rewards.

Amongst these, were things like investigating the mysterious Mech outside the city, night time security patrol, training accompaniment, fire department support, Mech beta testing, and more.

Tens of missions were listed on the screen, with the list being refreshed every few seconds. Sometimes, new missions would appear, while at other times a mission would be displayed as cleared as the entry slowly faded away.

There were a lot of students here picking their missions. As Garen walked in, he was recognized by many people. Ever since his battle at the training hall last time, he had gained a small amount of fame. For someone at his age to have already attained Level Three Willpower, within the Eagle's Nest, he was easily ranked within the top three hundred. Furthermore, he had even joined the Blue Narcissus as an elite chosen by Britney. Although he did not become an elite student, if not for his bout with Celine, both of them would have undoubtedly entered the ranks of the elite students without a hitch. In addition, he had managed to improve his Willpower from Level One to Level Three just within the short timespan of half a year. His potential was unmeasurable.

Hence, no one dared to underestimate him. Upon his entrance, they unconsciously parted like the red sea, all greeting him with smiles on their faces.

Garen nodded to them in thanks. This group of people looked to be at least Level One or Two, and those who dared to come view the missions weren't average students. He proceeded to the spot they created for him and started to look at the missions.

Soon, he found the mission given out by the military, which was a mission of investigating and patrolling around Blackboard City. He immediately called the listed contact number and left his name and student number in the voicemail as identification.

As he was about to leave the room, a muscular man with short blue hair walked in. The two looked at each other face-to-face, noticing the force of the Level Three Willpower engulfing each other.

“Nonosiva?” the guy smiled. “Big Bro Anjay Terin told me all about you, he said you were awesome! I’m Kembe, I guess I’m in luck, to think I would meet the Freshmen’s First Seat in the flesh.”

“I was only lucky, Level Three Willpower is something quite common in the Eagles Nest,” Garen humbly replied.

“This isn’t something you can chalk up to luck,” Kembe shook his head. “Why the rush, did you get an urgent mission? Need any help?”

“Thanks for the offer, but there’s no need. Let’s talk more next time, it’s almost time for my mission to start,” Garen motioned at his watch.

“Ah alright, let’s chat next time, I’m also planning on taking up a mission for fun,” Kembe casually said. “Why don’t we swap our contact info? If you’re free, we can even go grab a drink or two. I heard that even Barry couldn’t defeat you that day at the training hall! That’s awesome!”

“Alright, let’s see when both of us free then,” Garen nodded.

As the two walked past each other, Garen looked at the time once more. While awaiting the confirmation of the mission, he still had a bit of time. After pondering for a moment, he decided to head to class.

The number of familiar faces in the class had decreased by quite a bit. A lot of people had failed to reach the required grades for certain subjects and were forced to retain a year. There were also a few people from other classes that were transferred here to make up the numbers. This was a normal occurrence in Blackboard Academy. Every year, there would be some students dropping out, some students being

retained, some successfully being promoted to the next year, and some classes would be merged if they didn't have enough students left.

Walking into the noisy classroom, he was just in time for the next class. Other than a few elite aces in the class, most of the students went to class as usual, as it was the best way for them to earn academic points. Aces like Garen or Fervale, on the other hand, managed to earn their academic points through attaining the top ranks in various competitions. Even accepting missions from the Eagle's Nest or taking assessments could grant him academic points, which, needless to say, was completely effortless for Garen.

As Garen walked into the classroom, many students' gazes shifted towards him. Some went over and gave him a passionate greeting, while others seem to be silently observing him and gossiping about him. Fervale was also not here; his seat was empty.

Vera and Kell were at their seats busy revising for their test, so they haven't been together with Garen recently. However, upon noticing Garen's arrival they stood up and walked towards him.

"Nono, what brings you to class today?" Kell asked while holding up her long wavy bangs.

"I came to talk to Vera about some stuff," Garen's sight shifted towards Vera, and his calm yet sharp gaze upon her made her shrink away. "C'mon, let's talk outside."

Chapter 850: Investigate 2

"O... Okay," Vera felt goosebumps appearing all over her body. She followed Garen out of the classroom before standing still at a corner.

"Were you the one who delivered the dorm keys to me previously?" asked Garen directly.

"Yes... You weren't here so they told me to send them to your dorm," Vera tried her best to look natural.

“Did you touch the things?”

Vera froze at once.

“What... What things? What are you talking about?”

“The documents in my drawer,” Garen reached his hand out and patted her face. “Didn’t you know that going through other people’s stuff without their permission is actually against the rules...”

“I didn’t! Don’t accuse me!” Vera went to great lengths to plaster an innocent expression on her face but her heartbeat sped up instead.

“Whatever. I don’t have time for silly chats with you. I’m aware of your current situation. You’re not getting enough money from your family, right? Don’t worry, I have money but I’ll need you to help me do some things. As long as you make yourself pretty, I have no qualms about spending tens of thousands on you,” said Garen calmly. “You’re allowed to refuse, of course. But if that happens, I have a recording of you in my hands now and I’ll have no choice but to send it to the Academy for them to screen it publicly.”

He raised his watch. The screen was currently displaying the interior of his dorm room clearly and showed Vera opening his drawers sneakily. She even took some cash from the lowest drawer and stuffed it into her pocket.

“I wonder how the ‘little boys’ who admire you will react once they find out about these recordings. And your best friends as well...” Garen looked on coldly while Vera’s face turned pale instantly. Panicked and helpless looks appeared in her eyes faintly.

“You... I didn’t do it on purpose... I was wrong! Really, it was just a moment of confusion...” Vera was rambling slightly now.

“That’s enough. I don’t care whether it happened in a moment of confusion or not. I’ll look for you when I need you. That’s all.”

Garen pinched her cheeks before turning around and leaving.

At night

Garen sat leisurely on a bench at the roadside of the Academy and quietly flipped through the related information that was sent through various channels.

The whereabouts of his little brother Baylon remained unclear. He had only discovered that his last appearance was in the One for All Bakery, the little shop where he used to work. After the loud explosion occurred by the river, no one saw him ever again.

It seemed as though all the channels had only received the same information, including Vivienne, Sofia, and the others.

Beep beep, beep beep...

“Hey, Kendall? No news? Alright, okay, yeah,” after disconnecting the call, Garen knitted his eyebrows closely together again. His instincts told him that the case involving his little brother Baylon this time was not a minor issue, unfortunately. His Soul Seeds had been trembling faintly until now. Therefore, this was clearly a serious problem that would affect and change the bigger picture.

His phone rang again immediately. The caller was a middle-aged man who was in charge of issuing tasks in the military headquarters.

“Student Nonosiva, I’m so happy that a Level Three student like yourself chose the task that we issued. We have drafted a small group for this task that will comprise of fifteen members with you as the captain. You will lead the patrol throughout certain territories for a duration of one month. You can choose one of the remaining available regions as the location of your task.”

“Understood. A small group of fifteen people. What kind of patrolling method will we be using? What opponents will we be going up against?” Garen continued asking.

“You will be using the Mechs to patrol and counter a broken red and white-colored Mech. Once you’ve encountered your opponent, please inform the headquarters at the first moment and stall it. If possible, go all-out and kill your opponent,” replied the middle-aged man meticulously.

“This is a map with the regions you may choose from,” He was sent a map that segregated the Blackboard Region into smaller areas.

Garen glanced at the map and noticed that it divided the region into a total of more than thirty pieces. The tasks within almost half of these areas had been accepted. Within the remaining areas, he chose the place that was closest to his home without hesitation. Fortunately, that area had not been chosen yet.

“Your map has been determined. Meet with your team members by tomorrow and set your own meeting point. This is your group number,” a group number was given to him by the person on the other line.

Garen nodded and asked a few more questions about some important matters before disconnecting the call.

Moments after the phone call had been disconnected, he received another phone call from Celine. When he glanced at it, he noticed that there were more than ten unanswered phone calls previously, meaning that she had been calling him much earlier.

Just as he answered, the sound of Celine’s heavy breathing echoed from the other line instantly.

“Nono, guess what I’ve found?!”

His instincts told him that something was amiss. Garen sat up straighter suddenly. “What happened? Don’t tell me you’ve made another great discovery?”

“It’s more than just a great discovery!” said Celine angrily. “I went looking for one of my friends in the higher level intelligence departments of the Academy because of the situation with your little brother. Later, I ended up discovering a shocking secret from him!”

“Tell me!” from Celine’s experience, everything was a shocking secret to her. No one could imagine how astonishing this secret truly was. Garen calmed his own breathing quickly and listened carefully to the voice on the other side of his Watch Terminal.

“Have you heard of the Forbidden Mech?” Celine’s first sentence made Garen’s heart tremble.

“Legend has it that it’s a mythical Mech and a strategic war weapon that can destroy planets. It’s the ultimate and strongest existence in the whole universe!” said Celine immediately without waiting for Garen’s reply.

“So how is it related to the secret you discovered?”

“Three hundred years ago, the Forbidden Mech of our Mother Planet Federation was defeated in a crossfire, causing to collapse into many fragments that were scattered throughout various planets. They were known as Forbidden Parts. Our Mother Planet obtained a few of these fragments,” explained Celine quietly. “Do you know why Blackboard Academy dispatched groups of Black-Clothed Generals and Elite Students in such large scales previously? To find these Forbidden fragments! Furthermore, the information that I obtained stated that the large explosion by the river outside the city recently was very likely to be caused by the core component of the Forbidden Mech— the Forbidden Knowledge Core!”

“Knowledge Core?!” Garen was shocked. His emotions were unconsciously stirred. “Are you certain that the Forbidden Knowledge Core is still intact?!”

“The members of the White Light Organization moved out in great numbers because of this. They are currently clashing with the professionals of the Academy and neither party is giving the other any leeway,” said Celine hurriedly. “I obtained accurate information. That Knowledge Core can summon a temporary projection of the Forbidden Mech that will release its Forbidden Abilities for a short period of time. It cannot do this without an intact core!”

Garen became silent. This information was somewhat serious and he needed to digest it properly for a while. This situation was similar to a regular person encountering a fortunate coincidence suddenly. Now that a fine weapon had seemingly appeared somewhere nearby, he would be able to gain tremendous powers if he was able to practice using it successfully.

The Forbidden Knowledge Core was similar in that sense. Garen was in urgent need of a Training Method. Strong, advanced Training methods were usually considered to have reached their peaks once they had achieved Level Five. Any further and they would have entered the Inherited Mech's territory, which had its own strengths and weaknesses. Meanwhile, the Forbidden Mech was considered as the pinnacle of the Star Levels and was a first-rate existence even in comparison to the Inherited Mech.

A Knowledge Core like this would definitely have a lot of exceptionally powerful Training Methods and various scientific information recorded inside its databank. If an idiot obtained those things, particularly the Training Methods, they would be able to change their lives and become extremely successful. They could even seek to dominate the region.

"The people in the higher levels of the Academy are participating in this as well. This is an extremely rare chance!" said Celine in a tempting manner.

"We're too weak. We won't gain any benefits if we join them now," said Garen calmly while returning to his normal train of thought. Although his heart was aroused, he knew that he needed to estimate his own strengths accordingly before moving forward.

"That may be true, but we are still students of the Academy. If we can help the Academy obtain the Core... From what I've heard, the White and Red Mech that you are looking for comes from one of the terrorists in the White Light Terrorist Organization. He hasn't retreated despite his heavy injuries and has been constantly pursuing it. It's very likely that he possesses the Forbidden Core," said Celine quickly. "If we can help the Academy get the Core, the reward won't be too bad, don't you think?"

Garen's face was expressionless but his mind had already started to stir.

"I will begin my patrolling task tomorrow."

"I will report the latest information to you constantly. You can pilot the Mechs within the district and that will still be perfectly legitimate. No one will dare to gossip about you. If needed, I will transfer all of my household's Mech Pilots and get them to move out and help you!" said Celine in a determined tone suddenly.

"Alright."

“That will be all.”

Garen disconnected the line while his gaze deepened. He stood up from the bench and walked back towards his own dorm room.

The next day

Ten black Mechs descended onto a landing field on the border of Blackboard Region slowly.

On the backs of these black human-shaped Mechs were red disc-shaped shields that made it look like they were carrying red straw hats. Their muscular bodies, red eyes, the standardized doubled edged machetes in their hands and their Swordfish Type A Engines were the standard equipment that was allocated by the city.

The morning sunlight cascaded downwards. Moments later, a larger black Mech flew over and landed in front of these ten Mechs.

“Sir!!”

Suddenly, loud cries echoed from the waiting Mechs simultaneously like thunder. The sound was amplified outside the Mechs and caused surrounding grounds to quake because of the noisy hums.

Garen stood in front of these ten people. All of them were a part of a standard battle team that the military had allocated to him. They were individuals that were tasked and sent from other academies. Moreover, they were students that were educated in the other Mech academies in the region. Some of them were also veterans who had performed such tasks before and were very experienced. They were clearly here to be his deputies and warn him about things.

“Hello everyone. I’m Nonosiva from Blackboard Academy. I’m the standard leader who will be in charge of leading the tasks. I hope that we can work together properly for the following duration.”

From his tone, Garen's calm and unflurried emotions could be heard clearly.

The few veterans in the crowd were slightly surprised by this. Although he was an Elite Student of Blackboard Academy, it was abnormal for him to behave so calmly during his first military mission.

"Alright, begin reporting your names and levels now!" Garen waved his hand downwards quickly while the whooshing sound of wind echoed instantly as he pointed at the first Mech on the right.

"Sir!" this Mech belonged to one of the veterans who stood forward and replied loudly while using the standard military gestures. "Ansaro! Level One Mech Pilot!!"

"Carrie! Level One Mech Pilot!"

"Sebatton! Level One Mech Pilot!!"

...

...

Within moments, all of the Mech team members had stepped forward and listed themselves one after another. The thing that surprised Garen slightly was that one of them was a Level Two Mech Pilot. That person came from another academy in the city, War Academy, which was one of the three main Elites.