

Mystical 851

Chapter 851: Patrol 1

“War Academy? Is that the academy in the Egret Block?” asked Garen while looking at the Level Two individual.

He had a kind and sincere face, slightly tanned skin, and looked very serious. However, a look of concealed dishonesty was faintly seeping out of his narrow eyes.

“Reporting, sir! My name is Alexander!”

“Regardless of what you were called previously, you will be given new serial numbers and code names now. Choose the name of an animal to be used with your allocated number. Come up with the names on your own,” Garen raised his wristwatch and pressed it gently. A rustling noise could be heard as the serial numbers of the fifteen members and himself were distributed quickly.

Seconds later, the serial numbers were determined and transmitted to them respectively.

His animal prefix was “lion” and his group was known as the lion’s pride while Garen was called Lion No. 1. Meanwhile, the other members arranged themselves according to their power rankings until No. 16.

While looking at the row of soldiers who were standing in front of him, Garen was not completely sure how to arrange them as he had never actually been enlisted in the military before. However, he only needed to achieve his aim and the priority of this task was to complete the patrol and hunt down the enemy that would probably appear. The territory had already been confirmed and this entire area, as well as its surroundings, was their responsibility now.

“Listen up, in busy areas and places where there are endless streams of people, you are not authorized to collide with others carelessly at high speeds in order to avoid accidentally injuring the masses. All of you have Magnetic Cords, so cast them outwards when you encounter the enemy and lock them down while waiting for support. Do all you can to avoid injuring civilians!” Garen followed the first criteria and began assigning the tasks. Although the people before him were aware of this already, he was still obligated to emphasize certain things once again. In the event that an innocent bystander was hurt, he

would still be partially responsible even if the damage was not caused by his own actions, but by one of his subordinate members.

The rules comprised of not injuring the common people, not destroying buildings carelessly, and not leaving the patrol grounds without permission. They would also need to report before leaving the group. He was prepared to move the group at any moment when the alarms at various positions sounded.

More than ten minutes had passed before every single rule had been listed out.

“Everyone, assign yourselves to your fixed territories now and report to me immediately if you encounter any situations!”

Garen passed the maps which had been marked with the specific areas to each of his fifteen group members. Other than himself who would be patrolling from place to place, the others would guard a fixed area within a certain range. They would report and communicate with each other after a fixed duration of time to indicate that there were no problems.

On the drill grounds, once the fifteen Mechs were assigned to specific territories, they rose into the sky and dispersed, flying in all four directions.

Garen stood on the drill grounds and single-handedly pulled out a broadsword that he had prepared earlier before waving it around casually.

“Although it’s not that smooth, it was still made with pretty good materials.”

This was his first task. If he completed it successfully, his collaborations with the military would gradually increase in the future. He would even be able to get a job and wages in the military much earlier without even having to graduate. This was also one of the main ways for the military to win over the students of Blackboard Academy.

Although the military and the Academy had a relationship of subordination, the military had actually been under the command of a different ringleader all along. This ringleader represented a large group of Elites that had previously left a specific faction of the academy. Even though their high-end powers were

no match for the Academy, their numbers exceeded the Academy's greatly. Therefore, the military had high hopes for these exceptional individuals.

"The students who practiced the Crouched Eagle Talon would probably be influenced by certain Training Methods, causing them to become belligerent and aggressive. This would be in line with the military's style. Therefore, both sides would be able to work well with each other. If this task was given to another organization other than Eagle's Nest, the other groups would not necessarily be able to obtain a patrolling task like this."

When Garen's mind finally comprehended everything, he sheathed his broadsword and glanced at his communication device and noticed that his group members had almost arrived at their respective patrolling spots.

He only needed to wait for his team members to report their situations at any time. After that, they would change their patrol areas slightly after a certain period of time.

After resting on the drill grounds for more than ten minutes, Garen piloted his Mech and soared into the sky. He flew towards the area where the first member, No. 2 was currently patrolling.

He passed over a street where there were bustling crowds. He could occasionally see white spider-shaped super-miniature Mech policemen. These human-controlled miniature Mechs were entrusted to solve issues pertaining to public security. Each of these white spiders was more than three meters tall and were Mechs that constantly patrolled at the sides of the streets while moving slowly.

There were two sidewalks closer to the center that were filled with clusters of office workers and vegetable vendors. Elementary and junior high school students on their way to class could occasionally be seen mixed in the crowd. Closer to the middle where the center of the road was located were streams of different types of vehicles. There were little push carts, electric motorcycles, and most of all, bicycles, followed by the scooters that were mostly used by the working class.

The cacophony of beeping and honking noises of car horns filled his ears and students squealed and joked loudly while electric bicycle bells chimed, motorcycle engines roared and vendors argued loudly. The noises mixed with one another and formed a picture of the daily life on this entire street.

Students would occasionally cast gazes of admiration at the Mechs that flew past them. Meanwhile, deep looks that indicated a strong sense of security could be seen in the eyes of the people that were walking down the street whenever they saw a Patrol Mech by the road.

The Black Mech that Garen was piloting flew in front of a building on the right side of the street slowly. His silenced engine would not make awful noises as long as he was not using the highest power output.

Blue flames shot out of the back of the black human-shaped Mech as it moved forward along the street slowly.

There was a stretch of motley people and cars below. Instantly, the Black Mech which was wielding two knives in its hands appeared within Garen's field of vision. On the custom heavy landing platform at the side of the street, Alexander, who was also known as member No. 2, was placed in a large, chaotic area where the foot traffic was highest because he was a professional whose strength was only second to Garen.

When he saw Garen approaching, Alexander made a deep bow. He straightened the palm of his right hand and placed it sideways against his left shoulder in a brief yet energetic manner.

"Sir!"

"Yes, always guard the Mechs with your full attention. You can relax slightly. Don't be too anxious because our unit is set to guard this place for an entire day," Garen reminded him.

"Understood," Alexander smiled. "Sir, someone came over and gave me some bribes earlier but I don't know..."

"Bribes?" Garen was shocked but reacted immediately. They were merely the patrol team and the Spider Mechs of the garrison would be here to solve problems that were out of their domain. However, they were nominally at a higher level than the garrison. Therefore, it would be really easy for them to find the instigator who was trying to create trouble for the garrison.

"Did someone from the garrison send it over?"

“They’re local thugs. Unlike us who come here occasionally, they’re always here...” giggled Alexander. “There’s a pretty good massage parlor below. Sir, if you don’t want to...” this fellow began to laugh excessively.

“This...”

“I heard that their pretty boys are not bad...”

Garen’s emotions were slightly aroused at first. He could have gotten a massage and soaked in a warm bath to relax his body for a while. However, the last sentence made him feel cold aversion the moment he heard it.

“You go on your own, I’m going to continue patrolling. Just make sure not to be too presumptuous.”

The probability of them encountering terrorists within the district was extremely low. Individuals who were allowed to accept tasks within the district would not only be physically strong but would also come from pretty good backgrounds. After all, patrolling the busy areas was a lucrative job. Garen did not want to offend these people.

He controlled the Mech and left the busy area. There was a large clear river in front of him that resembled a winding ribbon. White steamboats of various sizes sailing across the glittering surface of the river.

In the morning sunlight, Garen piloted his Mech slowly and flew towards a heavy landing platform by the river before docking there. When he looked over at the opposite side of the river, the Blackboard Region’s symbolic suspended Garden Trade City stood upright on the other side.

The buildings throughout the entire trade city resembled sharp pencils that protruded out of the ground. They were more than a thousand meters tall and fully white. Neons signs and billboards of various colors filled the area while publicity airships flew around and circled the area while scattering advertisements occasionally.

Compared to the liveliness by the river, the trade city was much noisier. It seemed as if an exciting ceremony was being held there as the sound of music and singing would drift over at times.

Garen looked over from afar and saw the crowds who stood shoulder-to-shoulder like a pile of black sesame seeds. He could only see the tops of their dark heads.

Faint morning sunlight cascaded on the surface of the water, appearing like a river of sparkling diamonds.

Garen decided to stop temporarily. He sat cross-legged on the heavy circular spot and rested quietly. Once he had turned the Mech off and pushed the engine button, everything fell into a state of peacefulness.

After all, he was still waiting for Celine's intelligence reports. The other members would probably be unwilling for him to close in on them while the patrolled the area anyway. Therefore, as long as there were no issues in this area, everything would be fine.

He reached his hand outwards and pressed a button near the lower front part.

Whoosh...

A soft noise could be heard before the Mech's cockpit raised itself outwards and upwards slowly like an egg with a half-opened shell. Garen, who sat in the driver's seat, was soon exposed.

He removed his helmet and got up from his seat in the cockpit immediately. He controlled one of the Mech's arms and lowered it to the ground before walking down that arm and standing at the side of the platform. The pleasantly cool breeze by the river blew at him as he breathed in the fresh air.

The sound of moving cars from the street, conversations of the pedestrians, and noisy chatter of the elementary and junior high schoolers could be vaguely heard behind him.

Garen combed his hand through his hair. Unknowingly, his hair had almost reached his shoulders while the sleek black locks had begun to shine as well. The radiation of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique gave it a faint bluish tint.

He lifted both of his hands and observed his white and blue skin. It had become almost transparent and completely smooth as all of his previous scars and blemishes had disappeared completely.

“Beautification is definitely one of the Living Secret Technique’s best uses,” Garen could not help but laugh at himself while unzipping his piloting uniform. Once the tight black clothes were slightly loosened, his shirt collar became a straight collar that touched both sides of his neck. His strong muscles and contours were soon exposed.

After he had switched bodies and practiced the Hellfrost Peacock Technique, Nonosiva’s previously slender and skinny body was completely gone. It was replaced by a strong and muscular physique instead. He had gained the perfect upside-down-triangle-shaped muscles on his upper body while his arms were taut and strong. He stood on the side of the heavy platform and draped his black clothes over his body.

Perhaps Garen’s soul was another reason why there was a faint glimmer in his eyes despite his seemingly normal external appearance. Even through his hair, his piercing gaze gave him an astute aura.

The corners of Nonosiva’s mouth had already been pointing downwards previously. It gave him a threatening air that made others think that he could flare up at any moment, making it even more difficult for people to approach him throughout his life. People who were the slightest bit weaker than him would not even dare to meet his eye when they stood in front of him.

His imposing physique, cold expression and somewhat glimmering and piercing eyes were features that made him seem like a suppressed volcano that could erupt any moment. However, Garen himself did not even possess those traits...

Nonetheless, these signs caused him to appear as his current state, which also happened to be extremely fierce.

Chapter 852

Pfoo...

Garen took a deep breath before exhaling it slowly.

“Come and look quickly, that’s a Black Cloud Level Advanced Mech!!” the sound of joyful childish squeals echoed behind him suddenly.

“Hmm?”

Garen turned his head and looked at a group of passing school children on the road who were looking fervently at the gigantic Mechs here now. All of them were clearly fanatical Mech enthusiasts.

However, their initially enthusiastic expressions froze instantly when they saw him turn his head suddenly.

A few elementary school students who were carrying their bags took a few steps back when they were scared off by his “fierce” face.

“So... So cool!! No wonder he’s the man who can pilot the Black Cloud!!” said a little boy loudly while pointing at him.

“Little guys...” Garen opened his mouth and smile. However, his smile clearly made him look fiercer, vaguely making it seem as if he was sneering ferociously.

“Run, quick!!” the group of school children scattered and disappeared without a trace instantly.

Garen stroked his face wordlessly. No wonder Vera had shrunk so fearfully even though he had just said a few words to her. Apparently, he had grown an extremely deterrent face without even realizing.

“I should continue patrolling...” Garen exhaled and got into his cockpit again.

Time ticked by slowly. His Potential Points continued to accumulate but Garen did not plan on using them. His greatest problem now was his lack of a solid foundation. After completing his tasks every day, he would hone particular aspects of the Crouched Eagle Talon’s Training Methods as well as the functions and means of response to their various Techniques.

His patrolling days passed day by day. Every day fell into the same old schedule and he would inspect the condition of his team members' tasks. In reality, Garen would just choose the patrol areas of a random team member to observe. He would be too lazy to visit the others. Therefore, most of his time was spent on the heavy platform by the river where he would rest and enjoy the cool breeze while breathing in the fresh air.

The elementary and junior high school students who passed by when they were either going to or leaving school daily would always give him a calming atmosphere.

As time passed, Garen's understanding of the Crouched Eagle Talon's abilities allowed him to catch up to the other advanced students in the Eagle's Nest quickly. The initial lack of foundation that was caused by his speedy upgrades was offset quickly.

More than ten days passed in the blink of an eye.

The weather gradually turned colder. Although the faint morning sunlight was still present, the temperature had definitely lowered. The sunlight could not be felt even when it was shining down on his body directly.

Garen stood beside the heavy platform as usual and gazed at the faraway scenery.

Beep beep, beep beep...

The noise of a ringing phone call could be sounded from his watch slowly.

He pressed it to answer the call.

"I've found some information about your little brother," Celine's first words gave Garen a jolt. "Nothing out of the ordinary. He was pulled aside by the big explosion by the river. Also, he may have been involved with the White Light Terrorist Organization so you'll need to be prepared."

"In other words, both of these events are actually the same thing?" Garen furrowed his eyebrows.

“That may be the case. Although the superiors have released the ten of your patrol team members all over that region to capture the Red-White Mech, no one is actually expecting you to seize it. From the information I gathered, you just need to find an extremely dilapidated, pieced together black Mech to find the Forbidden Core.”

“Old black-colored Mech?” Garen repeated. “What about my brother?”

“I’m unclear about the full situation, but I can give you an address I obtained from the information at the intelligence department. The other person’s place of refuge is probably there.”

The information was transmitted over quickly. Garen opened it and glanced through while his gaze flickered.

“From the looks of it, it’s very likely that this place is in the area where I’m stationed.”

“That’s true. Although we don’t know the reason behind it, it’s true that the other person is currently fleeing towards your area,” said Celine certainly. “You should be careful of your surrounding situation at all times.”

“Yeah.”

“Then will be all. I’ll be here to assist you at any time. Call this number during critical moments.”

“Got it.”

After ending the call, Garen’s mind became more solemn. He could now confirm that his little brother Baylon was related to this incident.

“If Lon was really involved in this, there should be an important reason why the culprit would be rushing over in this direction. They would probably be coming here to visit their parents or family. This reasoning is somewhat plausible. Except that... How would they be able to escape successfully in the situation that their tracks are exposed?”

Garen concluded that the other party definitely possessed exceptionally strong escape measures that other people did not know of.

He got into the Mech again. There was a sputtering noise before blue flames were released from the back of the Mech and it flew upwards slowly. He began his investigation along the fixed patrolling roadmap.

Time continued to pass slowly from mid-morning to noon. The place remained calm even after he ate his lunch. However, Garen sensed that something was amiss when he patrolled the fifth district.

The fifth district was filled with factories, warehouses, storehouses and the likes. There were few signs of human habitation while the area was full of tall “alleys” that were formed by the spaces between factories. Cars could be seen passing through this area occasionally.

There were even fewer people to be seen during the late afternoon.

Garen landed on the heavy platform slowly. His extremely acute senses allowed him to detect that something was not quite right although he was still inside the Mech.

Garen furrowed his eyebrows slightly and began to use his senses to carefully distinguish the source of the abnormalities.

Tch!

He opened the cockpit and jumped right out before landing on the ground.

“It’s shaking!”

Both of his eyes were narrowed.

“The ground is shaking...”

These tremors were extremely weak as the sensors could not detect them as well. However, Garen's exceptionally strong five senses allowed him to feel these things clearly. It seemed as if a heavy object was running around underground.

"It's a Mech!!" he figured out the answer immediately. "The sewers!"

He somersaulted instantly and got into the Mech. He piloted it towards the nearest entrance to the sewers. These few days of patrolling and his prior memories of the map of this area had allowed him to be familiarized with the topography here much earlier on.

He quickly obtained the blueprints of the sewers from their website off the internet and tried to memorize it while flying towards the entrance rapidly.

He could already see the entrance to the sewers moments after he arrived there. The cover that was specially provided for the engineering Mechs had been removed. The insides of the sewers were completely dark while a trail of wet footprints was left at the side of the road. They were clearly Mech footprints.

"It's really here!!"

Garen picked up the communication device quickly. He was about to call his group members but immediately halted further actions. Instead, he dialed the number that Celine had given him directly.

"How is everything?!"

"Bring your people over here. Determine my location and hurry!"

"Understood!"

Without saying anything else, the phone call was disconnected.

Garen pursued the footprints carefully with his full attention. The factory area was extremely huge, but no one knew where the guard who had been stationed here had run off to. Hardly anybody was here and even the garrison's Spider Mechs were nowhere to be seen.

Garen piloted his Mech quickly in pursuit before passing through an open area instantly. He made a sharp left turn and entered an alley between factory buildings.

Coincidentally, a damaged black Mech currently had its back to him and was dashing into a different entrance of the alley. Strangely enough, this Mech did not have a flight engine. However, it was almost silent whenever its feet stepped on the ground.

"I've caught you!"

Garen's engine roared suddenly while his Mech charged over at once. Swords appeared in both of its hands instantly.

Clint was scared out of his wits when he noticed the Black Mech charging up behind him through the sensor on his back.

"I'm going to die!!" he yelled loudly.

"I can still help you make a short distance leap! Be careful!" roared Red Moon. "Duck!"

Tch!

The moment Garen sliced at his opponent, the old Black Mech spun and disappeared from its original spot as if it had completely dispersed in thin air. A tornado spun out from its initial position.

Garen's face remained unchanged as he had expected earlier on that his opponent would have troublesome escape measures like these.

His Mech squatted on the ground and used the sensors on its head to listen carefully after prostrating there.

Moments later, the Mech rose up and flew off speedily in a different direction.

Clint fled between the warehouses quickly while panting and sweating profusely.

Bang!

An exquisite Black Mech landed in front of him suddenly and obstructed his path. His violent Dual Blades swept over like two shrouds of silvery grey mist.

“Duck!!” without saying another word, Red Moon flickered and leaped away.

Tch!

Clint was blinded before he appeared in a different alley.

“That guy... Too scary... At least I managed to counter a few of that Red-White guy’s moves. How was it impossible that I didn’t have any strength to resist this guy at all?!” said Clint with a confused look on his face.

“It’s different! The White Light’s Mech didn’t even have a solid foundation. Other than its strength, everything else about it was rubbish. It’s obvious that this current Mech has an extremely solid foundation and exceptionally incredible techniques and combat abilities. It’s completely unlike most of the others that only rely on Willpower abilities,” explained Red Moon quickly.

A shroud of silvery grey mist shot over suddenly and appeared in front of his eyes instantly.

“Be careful!!” Red Moon could not even yell in time.

Clint could only feel a tremor running through the body of his Mech suddenly. His shoulder was directly pierced by a long sword that split it open. After that, the sword crashed violently against the ground behind his body and stabbed into it deeply while releasing a brief scratching noise.

Electric sparks illuminated the Mech’s damaged body. Before he could even think, a black Mech descended from the sky and a sword was placed right over his head.

Clang!!

During a moment when his life was in imminent peril, Clint raised his right arm to block the attack while kicking his right leg outwards towards his opponent’s lower body simultaneously.

“Behold my ultimate move!” Bang!!

The leg of Clint’s Mech separated itself automatically at once and turned into a rocket that shot outwards. It flew towards the fork of Garen’s Mech’s legs. Unfortunately, Garen lifted his knee at the key moment and kicked it towards the other side.

“How is that possible?!! Even Red-White fell for this trick!!” Clint yelled in disbelief.

“Escape quickly! This guy isn’t someone you can handle!!” Red Moon moved and flickered again.

During these dangerous instances, the light that reflected off a silvery grey blade only sliced through thin air.

“You fled really quickly,” Garen sheathed his sword and stood still while red light shined out of his Mech’s eyes.

“Has everyone arrived?” he asked softly while raising his watch.

“Yes, sir. Mistress told us to listen to all of your instructions,” answered the man on the other line.

“Be careful when you disperse and separate from one another. Move out within five hundred meters of my surroundings. That guy could not have leaped much further. His energy is depleting too and his distance gets shorter each time,” instructed Garen.

“Understood.”

The Mech Pilots that were sent from Celine’s household operated super-miniature Mechs to avoid bringing attention to themselves. The military and garrison were the only ones who were allowed to operate Mechs in the districts publicly. Therefore, Garen was able to use his status as part of the military to patrol openly.

Chapter 853: Track 1

“Moving on, let me see your powers... little guy.” Garen lifted the Dual Blade from the ground. A scraping noise could be heard when the two surfaces rubbed against each other. Meanwhile, the red light inside the eyes of Garen’s Mech grew more intense.

Whoosh!

A thunderous noise echoed from the Mech while Garen rose into the sky again and flew towards another location that was resonating.

The Mech that Clint was piloting dashed across the ground as if it was flying. The speed of this Mech was extremely fast and it did not look as heavy as its outer shell. There was a faint crack on its arm from blocking Garen’s sword. The leg that it had released earlier for its sneak attack had automatically flown back as well, further proving Red Moon’s adept Mech modification abilities.

Most of the alleys in the factory area were large and broad. They were completely suitable for Mechs to run through at high speeds. Clint's Mech did not make any footstep noises at all. Its electromagnetic induction was even bound by a specialized Energy Field that prevented it from leaking at all.

"What do we do now?" asked Clint while panting violently. When the Mech ran, the Mech Pilot themselves would bear the exhaustion.

If the mysterious Nine Mega Cannon Training Method had not allowed him to achieve extremely powerful physical qualities, a Mech Pilot unlike himself would have been out of breath long ago. After all, this damaged Mech lacked buffering equipment. Therefore, after engaging in a few highly difficult actions for more than ten seconds, Clint's entire body would experience disproportionate blood flow and become dizzy because of the inertia when the Mech moved.

"What else can we do? Run!" said Red Moon impatiently. "Look for an opportunity to escape into the sewers below!"

"We're going there again..."

"What else do you plan on doing?"

"O... Okay..." Clint was helpless. The sewers were excruciatingly smelly and if he had a choice, he would not go down there a second time. Unfortunately, the current situation left him no other option.

The damaged black Mech resembled an abnormally nimble disabled person who could run and jump down the entrance of the nearest sewer instantly.

"Look out behind you!!" yelled Red Moon suddenly.

Clint rolled forward quickly. This move had allowed him to escape from the Red-White Mech many times. He used the strength of the Nine Mega Cannon to roll forward quickly while exerting a large amount of force. The further he traveled, the faster he moved. This move was truly worthy to be an ultimate move for escaping and saving one's life during a battle.

Bang!

A deep sword mark appeared on the ground suddenly where Clint had been earlier.

A Blackboard Mech descended from the sky behind him and stood there with one knee on the ground. This Mech was actually the one that Garen was using previously.

“He’s here again! Damn it! Go as fast as you can!!” panic filled Red Moon’s mind. Every Jump would deplete his energy sources that had been accumulated over many years. “Curses! If only I hadn’t consumed so much energy during the explosion previously...”

Clint took a big step and leaped forward after hearing those words. He had barely dodged the blade that had come at him directly from behind.

“Still thinking of rolling away?” a cold voice echoed behind him while another gust of chilly wind blew over. At this moment, a second blade came flying at him again.

“This speed is amazing!!” yelled Red Moon while summoning his last bouts of strength. “Blink!!”

Tch!

Clint moved instantly and was blinded suddenly. He did not know where he had landed in the blink of an eye. However, it was clear that he had not entered the sewer successfully.

“Ugh... Blegh!!!” When he was finally unable to hold himself back, Clint sat in the cockpit and barfed violently. These continuous Jumps and Blinks had finally taken their toll on his body. It seemed as though the gates to the dam that was his stomach had finally opened, causing him to vomit everything out messily. Yellow, white, and brown substances blended with one another like sticky Chinese congee.

The cockpit was instantly filled with a disgusting sour stench.

“Don’t get it on my body, you disgusting smelly kid!” yelled Red Moon furiously.

willpower

The Mech continued to roll forward. It got up and took big steps before running forward again. Clint was unable to tell which direction he was going in anymore and just ran around carelessly.

“Found you! Bastard!” a terribly battered Red-White Mech appeared behind him suddenly. The Mech’s entire body was thrashed and seemed to be in even worse conditions than Clint’s Mech. More than half of the light green crystal that was embedded in its chest was broken, making it seem dim and lustreless.

“It’s that Red-White guy! We’re dead!” Clint was exhausted from puking and could barely run forward while the distance between Red-White and himself grew closer.

“Don’t be afraid, I’ve prepared a secret weapon for you!” said Red Moon hurriedly.

“What secret weapon?!”

“Touch the small of your back for a bit!”

Clint followed his instructions and immediately touched that area.

Shh...

A large object that was thick, huge and dark bounced out and landed in Clint’s hands suddenly.

“So... So huge...!” while looking at the large item in his hands, Clint could not help but exclaim in shock.

“Like hell it’s huge! Hurry up! Turn around and hit him!” Red Moon roared.

Clint held the Gigantic Club in his hands tightly. This club was almost half as thick as his body and he did not know how it had been stuffed there. Clint did not think twice and rolled on the ground instead. He was looking upwards initially but when he rolled backward suddenly, he ended up colliding directly into Red-White who was behind him.

Windy, whooshing noises could be heard suddenly when he smashed the Gigantic Club in his hand towards his opponent. Instantly, the tip of the club twinkled for awhile and appeared behind Red-White's body immediately.

"You're asking to die!" the Red-White Mech sneered coldly and tried to seize the Gigantic Club single-handedly. Although its Level Five Willpower had sustained serious injuries, it did not have to exert much strength on a Level One small fry. He would exceed the Level One greatly even if they were fighting recklessly.

Bang!! Caught off guard, he ended up grasping at thin air instead as the tip of the club had apparently disappeared a meter in front of him. Next, Red-White could only feel pain in the back of his head. His sensors became fuzzy instantly.

A brief hissing noise could be heard as Clint disappeared before his eyes again.

"Oh... Sh*t!!!" Red-White flared up.

"Just now... What was that? It was awesome!" asked Clint as he ran frantically while enduring the pain with great difficulty.

"It was the Gigantic Magnetic Club and Small Area Spatial Extension Technique. They are fatal moves that are used during critical moments! If you had not destroyed the skin of my Mech, we would have gotten rid of that Red-White who's hot on our heels earlier on," replied Red Moon furiously.

"In front!" Clint stopped in his tracks suddenly when a few super-miniature Mechs with Blackboard symbols appeared in front of him. These super-miniature Mechs were only the height of an average person and wore fitted uniforms on their bodies like steel soldiers.

The one similarity between them was the Willpower forces that lingered on their bodies, which were all much stronger than Clint's.

"You could escape for such a long time despite the captain's pursuit of you? Stop right there!"

The leading soldier outstretched both of his arms before vibrating Willpower forces shot out of its body suddenly and crashed towards Clint.

Hum...

The distorted Willpower forces resembled a comet. It was colorless and scentless but moved extremely quickly. Three consecutive waves of these forces connected and formed a line that rushed towards him. The floors and walls seemed distorted by the forces as they turned into soft substances that vibrated constantly.

"It's that guy's subordinates! Retreat!!" a hint of tiredness could be heard in Red Moon's voice. "Duck!"

Clint felt as if his body had turned numb to these illusions that were happening now. He was already immune to the strong distortions caused by Dimensional Jumps.

When his vision was blinded suddenly, he appeared in front of the gigantic Black Mech again.

"Eh... What a coincidence..." Clint's face was deathly pale. He smiled and opened his mouth to speak. "Blegh!!"

He vomited violently again suddenly. The rest of his breakfast came tumbling out, mixed with his yellow bile juices. He remained slumped in the cockpit seat while his entire outfit from the chest downwards was covered in a layer of vomit.

Whoosh!!

A ray of silvery grey light that was reflected off his blade slashed downwards from above.

Clint reacted by swinging the Gigantic Club in front and smashing it this way instantly. The tip of the Gigantic Club disappeared within moments as if it had pierced through thin air before it appeared at the back of the Black Mech's head.

Clang!

Moments later, a silvery grey machete appeared in front of the Gigantic Club and blocked it. It was barely able to deflect this sneak attack.

"This move is useless against that guy! Damn! Move!" roared Red Moon angrily while Clint was blinded again.

Whoosh whoosh! Two rays of light that were reflected off the blade illuminated Clint's initial position and left two bright scratch marks there. It was only a moment too slow.

Garen stood on his initial spot quietly while sheathing his sword slowly.

"He can't run far. Keep pursuing him."

"Yes," a few replies echoed from his communication Terminal.

While glancing at the sensory map inside the Mech, he noticed that the red dot was now nearby. Garen continued to breathe more steadily.

"This is your final struggle against death."

He sat down in the alley while sticking his Dual Blades into both sides of the ground.

"Oh... Blegh..." Clint puked up more large mouthfuls of vomit. There were obvious traces of blood floating around in the rancid puddle. They were signs that the inside of his stomach was bleeding. "I... I can't do this anymore..."

"How dare you, as a man, admit that something is impossible!! You stupid kid, you never listen when I tell you to practice more often and now you think you know everything! Hurry up and run! You can't stay here!" yelled Red Moon.

"I can't... I really can't..." Clint felt as if his surroundings were spinning. He could not handle these many Jumps despite the foundation of his Nine Mega Cannon Training Method. His body collapsed limply while his eyesight had become slightly fuzzy, making everything look blurry.

"What's wrong? Did it not work just now...?" Clint could barely run while asking about the previous situation.

"That guy's reaction speed is way too fast and his basic combat skills are terrifying. People like these are typical cases of exceptionally talented fighters! Most people have secret moves and can attack sneakily but things like that are completely useless against professionals like this!" explained Red Moon quickly. "I'm going to prepare an ultimate move with the last third of my remaining energy. Hopefully, it'll help us overcome this hurdle. If we're unsuccessful, we'll be truly dead this time. With less than two-thirds of my energy left, I will fall into a coma. If that happens, you'll lose all hope of fleeing and staying alive if you're left with nothing but your own powers!"

"How much... Time... Do you need?" asked Clint with great difficulty. He did not continue Jumping to allow his body to recuperate slightly. "I can't do this anymore. I'll really die if I keep Jumping!"

"I know, your bodily systems and cycles will collapse instantly if you Jump another two times. There won't be any way for you to survive if you can't find a way to heal yourself!" replied Red Moon. "Escape this way! The last entrance into the sewers is in front. We will win have the battle once you enter the sewers!"

"I feel like I'm about to die..." Clint was unbearably weak.

"Little Lon is waiting for you at home!! If you don't want to die just fight for my damn sake!!"

“I...”

“Move!!” Red Moon Blinked immediately before the Mech charged forwards instantly. It leaped across a distance of a few dozen meters before appearing in another alley where the entrance to the sewers lay in front.

The dark black drain cover was like a dreamlike angel now. Through Clint’s eyes, it resembled the most beautiful and perfect bride in the world. He outstretched his arms while hot tears flooded his eyes and charged towards it.

“Ahh~~~ Drain cover!!!” right now, his eyes were brimming with tears.

It seemed as though time had slowed down instantly. This beautiful moment became slower and slower.

Suddenly, a Black Mech walked over slowly and used its strong, tall body to block the drain cover completely while obstructing the path in front of him.

At this moment, the happiness and joyful tears in Clint’s eyes dried up and vanished.

“No~~~!!!”

Chapter 854: Track 2

“This is the fugitive that our captain has been pursuing for half a day?” a male voice filled with disdain echoed from the Black Mech. This Mech was slighter smaller than Garen’s Mech and did not look as strong or powerful as Garen’s. Its body was muscular but clearly slimmer and slightly weaker. It held the exact same long silvery grey swords in both of its hands tightly.

If Garen's Mech resembled a typically powerful and threatening swordsman, this other Mech was simply an unconventional boorish knife wielder.

"This isn't the previous guy! You have a chance!" yelled Red Moon. "Bl... ink!!"

Shh!!

Clint's vision became blurry while his own Mech appeared behind the Black Mech. The perfect drain cover appeared in front of him again.

Alexander was both angry and shocked. His opponent had actually disappeared in front of his eyes instantly. When he had just stopped belittling him, he heard an alarm behind himself. He turned around quickly but noticed that Clint was now by the drain cover that was more than ten meters away from him. Clint was currently reaching towards the drain cover.

"You!!"

A ray of white light shot towards him suddenly and struck the waist of Clint's Mech. The banging noise made him somersault before he was sent flying for quite a distance.

Soon after, a ray of white light that was as thick as a water pipe shot over and hit the cockpit of Alexander's Mech accurately. Boom!!!

The Mech exploded at once and turned into a fireball from which countless metal fragments burst open.

Alexander catapulted himself out of the cockpit during this moment of imminent danger.

"A Willpower-amplified exploding particle bomb!! He actually dared to use such a dangerous plaything in the district!!" beads of cold sweat had formed on his body while he was flying through the air in a frightened state.

At this moment, Clint was still fine enough to flip himself over and start running immediately. The Red-White Mech continued pursuing him and prepared to open fire. However, it was obstructed by the forces of a shapeless magnetic field instantly.

With Clint as the center, numerous shapeless magnetic field ripples were distributed throughout the surroundings of the Mech suddenly.

“I’m going to lose everything this time!!!” roared Red Moon. “Strong Magnetic Field Shock, Glow!!!”

Screech!!

The magnetic fields around Clint’s Mech were instantly amplified greatly while the range of ripples spread towards all four directions quickly like the waves in the sea. It restrained the Red-White Mech behind it forcefully, making it temporarily unable to move.

The intense magnetic fields caused temporary magnetization to appear throughout more than half of his Mech’s components, seemingly paralyzing his Mech.

Strangely enough, although Clint’s body was in the center of the magnetic field, he was not affected by it at all.

“Run!!” before Red Moon could even finish speaking, Clint lowered his head and ran frantically as if it was a conditioned reflex.

He collided with the wall of a factory with a ‘bang’ and passed through an empty warehouse. He burst out of another wall and crashed into a different alley after that.

“Oh, sh*t!!!”

While Red Moon cursed angrily, Clint stopped suddenly. He froze on his initial spot at the center of the alley.

A drain cover appeared within less than a hundred meters in front of him. Unfortunately, a Blackboard Mech was quietly sitting in front of the drain cover with its legs crossed.

Garen sat inside the Mech quietly in the alley and glared at the damaged Black Mech that Clint was piloting. Red light illuminated both of his Mech's eyes while he remained unmoving like a sleeping lion.

Kachak.

The Mech stood up slowly. An indescribably oppressive feeling drifted out of its body and spread towards his surroundings faintly.

Clint stood in the alley as well but did not dare to move. Droplets of cold sweat dripped down his temples and the tip of his nose. The frightening aura that this Mech was emitting was much more intense than the damaged Red-White Mech that he had encountered earlier.

"This guy again... He's part of Blackboard Academy's patrol squad and at least Level Three!" Red Moon's tone was both serious and angry. "This is troublesome. Get ready to Blink for a short distance. Can you take it, Clint?"

"...!!"

Clint wanted to cry but did not have any tears left and wanted to vomit but could not do that either. He looked at the magnificent and strong black outer shell of the other person's Mech that had detailed and exquisite silver patterns. When it stood there, he knew that it was a superior product at first glance. However, he looked at his own Mech and saw a body that was filled with dirty stains and four legs that had missing chunks in some places and numerous dents in others. When he compared both of them, his own Mech merely comprised of odds and ends.

He glanced at the exquisite shiny silvery grey Dual Blades in his opponent's hands and looked at the dark club that he held. The feelings that were felt by a poor dwarf when he encountered a tall, rich, handsome man resonated within his heart clearly.

"Give me the Forbidden Core and I'll let you live," Garen held the Dual Blades and crossed them in front of his chest calmly while making crisp clinking noises.

“Blink!!” hollered Red Moon suddenly. The crippled Mech became distorted suddenly and disappeared on the spot instantly. When it appeared again, it was already more than ten meters behind Garen’s Mech.

Garen remained silent and leaped backward instantly. He flipped around while swinging his machete outwards. He had managed to catch up to Clint within a short period of time.

Bang!!

Moments later, a silvery grey machete cut through the air and stabbed the back of Clint’s Mech’s head violently. The attack caused him to stagger before he took a few quick steps forward suddenly. His head crashed into the side of the wall and formed a large hole in the cement.

“What’s going on? Didn’t I transmit it already?” yelled Clint. Electric sparks glimmered and filled the cockpit. The Mech had suffered serious injuries while the sensors had been sliced through and damaged instantly.

“That guy... isn’t an average Level Three!!” said Red Moon seriously.

“Then what do we do now?!” Clint could hear the heavy footsteps echoing behind him now. The crippled Red-White Mech from the White Light Organization was catching up to him again.

“Don’t panic, just wait for a while first. Things will definitely turn out for the better...” Red Moon lowered his voice. His mind was anxious as well as his initial surefire escape plan was suddenly stopped by a team captain from Blackboard Academy. Numerous fatal flaws had appeared now and he needed to find a way to fix them!

“Where’s the Forbidden Core?” Garen’s voice rang out again. “For a weakling like yourself, possessing treasures that exceed your abilities is an omen of death.”

He took a step forward. “Come, give it to me.”

Clint's Mech took an involuntary step backward. One hit had fully damaged the sensors in his head. Would he be completely dead after another attack?

Sweat continued to bead on his forehead and drip down his cheeks before falling on his collar and chest. Some of the vomit that had dried up earlier had become moist and sticky again.

"What do I do? What do I do? What do I do....!!!" his mind was a chaotic mess. Clint did not know what to do at all. Red Moon had formed a link with him, but once he was gone, Clint would lose his own life as well. This link was formed by a complete fusion in his body's genetic level and was not the usual Mech contract.

"Turn left!!" Red Moon's thunderous roars echoed beside his ears immediately.

Clint operated his Mech and made a left turn by using his conditioned reflexes.

Tch!!

A beam of pure white light swept past the side of his Mech's body. The laser beam that was initially shooting towards his back hit Garen who was in front of Clint by accident.

Puff!

The laser beam did not hit him but collided with his silvery grey long sword instead and formed shrouds of green smoke there.

During this life-threatening moment, Garen raised his machete and used it to blocked the area in front of him. He was able to accurately deflect the laser beams that were passing through and coming towards him.

"Who!" Garen lifted his eyes and glanced at the other side of the alley behind Clint.

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

The sound of violent exhausted panting echoed from there. A Red-White Mech stood on the other side of the white light and held a white Laser Gun that was more than two meters long in its hand. White smoke was faintly wafting out of the barrel.

“I’ve got you... Stupid kid! Let’s see where you’ll run this time!” the Red-White Mech sneered. “The Forbidden Core is mine...!”

“The Red-White Mech? You’ve arrived at such a good time!” Garen crossed his Dual Blades and moved his feet slightly while a fearsome and offensive aura dispersed from his body faintly. The engine at the back of his mech revved slightly and spat out small blue flames. These flames seemed delicate but could actually explode in a terrifying manner at any time.

A crashing noise rang out when he charged forward suddenly. He soared high up into the sky and swung his blades over while the incredibly sharp swords formed ear-piercing shrieks when they tore through the air. Most of the air currents rolled around the alley endlessly as piles of dust were blown around by the blades, forming a strange scene. It seemed as if the empty space within the entire alley had been frozen by the movements of his blades.

Bang!!!

Both of the Mechs collided harshly. The guns in the hands of the Red-White Mech were instantly split into two halves while the Mech stumbled a few steps back and could barely stand up steadily.

“You?!!” only then did the Red-White Mech look towards Garen’s Black Mech. “The team from Blackboard Academy? You’re just a Level Three...”

He dared to taunt him but remained frozen on his initial spot as he was too afraid to make any rash movements. He had been in a good state initially and perhaps had previously assumed that a Level Three individual was not a threat. However, things were different now. Almost eighty percent of his Mech had sustained damage while he was gravely injured as well. A mere Level Three was standing in front of him, but he gave off a threatening air faintly for unknown reasons.

“True Technique — Destruction!!” roared Garen softly. The frequency of his explosions increased within a short span of time and his Mech charged forward suddenly again. Its speed had almost doubled.

Clang!!!

His Dual Blades split into two waterfall-like parts suddenly and sliced towards both sides of the Red-White Mech separately. The light from the blades resembled two muddled ribbons that flitted through the alley and cut the Red-White Mech's chest and head accurately.

"What the hell?!" the Red-White Mech could only take a step back as thin ripples appeared throughout its body. It managed to slow down the piercing light slightly, allowing its body to barely evade the two blades. However, the cockpit at the front of its chest was still inflicted with a cut that was a few centimeters thick. The cracking sound of damaged electric circuits could be heard, filling the area with the sound of static.

"You bastard...!!!"

It seemed as though the two Mechs had switched places when Garen turned around quickly. He glanced at his own right thigh where a deep cut wound had appeared there suddenly.

"External manifestations in the Mech Energy Fields? As expected of a Level Five expert of White Light."

When he crossed his Dual Blades, Garen could feel the distorted Willpower Energy Fields that were flowing in his surroundings and wrapping themselves around him. These Energy Fields slowed the movements of his whole body down constantly. It felt as if his entire body was trapped in mud, forcing him to deplete a lot of energy whenever he moved.

"Get lost if you don't want to die!!" roared the Red-White Mech angrily.

The corners of Garen's mouth curled and he laughed. The body of his Mech bowed slightly as if he was a tightly-coiled spring that was brimming with a strength that kept growing more frightening.

The Dual Blades were held parallel to both of his arms while the Black Mech itself resembled a crouching male eagle with wings that were slowly being spread.

A bluish-white aura rose from Garen's body slowly.

Pfoo!!!

The aura dispersed suddenly and caused everything around it to freeze slowly. White frost began forming on the ground while intricate ice crystals appeared on the walls gradually.

Clint stood on the side and shivered from the chill.

"Retreat quickly! It's Frost Radiation!!" Red Moon reminded him loudly while hints of shock could be heard in his voice. "How is this possible?! Frost Radiation should only appear at the Frozen Lake, so why would it occur here?!"

Clint piloted the Mech backward by several steps for more than ten meters before feeling slightly warmer. However, a thin layer of ice had formed on his body. It was suffocatingly cold.

"No... I can't do this... I'm going to die..." the vomit that covered his body had frozen and stuck to his body. It seemed as if illusions were appearing in front of his eyes.

"You...??!!" the Red-White Mech was pushed backward by the cold Energy Fields while he looked at Garen in shock.

Garen stood up slowly as bluish-white cold air dispersed throughout the area with him at the center. It seemed as though the cries of a small child were trapped in the cold air. It was strangely horrifying.

Chapter 855: Turning Point 1

The battlefield was in a frozen state as the Hellfrost Peacock Technique finally revealed its true strength for the very first time in public.

With Garen's Mech as the epicenter, a thin layer of frost was created within the radius of at least ten meters. The air turned cool and the strange cry of a kid could be heard everywhere as if it had appeared out of thin air.

"What sorcery is this!!" the Red-White Mech immediately took a few steps back. Although the Mech would be able to maintain its core temperature, the strange child's cry couldn't be avoided.

Garen stretched the Mech body as if he was one with the Mech.

"Now that your Energy Field's been deactivated, what else can you do?"

Before he even finished his sentence, he'd pounced forward and attacked with two slashes which formed blades of light.

Boom!!

The two Mechs collided with each other together as both swords clashed against the spear, leaving two markings that were at least ten centimeters deep.

A huge amount of frost started to propagate from the spear towards the Red-White Mech.

"Go to hell!!!" the Red-White Mech shouted as it released all of its Energy Field at full force while retreating at full speed. The Advanced Mech had finally revealed its terrifying potential as its speed was so fast that even Garen wasn't able to see its afterimage.

What could only be seen were red and white shadows moving about and in that instance, the dagger in its hand was speeding towards Garen's cockpit. Strangely, it took three turns to actually inflict a blow; it avoided Garen's block twice before it pierced into Garen's left shoulder with great precision on its third swing.

Thud!

The dagger pierced deep into Garen's left Mech shoulder, snapping off one of the most crucial joints.

Gared scoffed as he moved his knee forward, snapping the cracked spear into half and throwing it towards the cockpit in front of him.

The Red-White Mech attempted to evade his attack only to realize that its hand which was holding onto the dagger was grabbed tightly by Garen and he couldn't move at all. If its body were in a good condition, perhaps it could overcome him with its Mech's strength which was higher than Garen, but that was not the case here.

Boom!!

A huge amount of Mech debris in white and black spread everywhere. The debris spread everywhere between the two Mechs as both of them suffered serious damage.

Garen couldn't care less as he released his opponent with his only functional hand. As he attempted to elbow him, he grabbed his blade in reverse and manipulated the edge of the blade with five of his extremely agile Mech fingers and pierced it into the opponent's cockpit.

With these two unavoidable attacks, both Mechs were glued to each other once more.

Debris started flying everywhere once more as the Red-White mech managed to marginally avoid the attack. However, its waist was seriously damaged

Both Mechs were in a seriously damaged condition and the icy blue frost had already spread out so much that the Red-White Mech's legs were already frozen, seriously affecting its movement.

For the second time, the Red-White Mech's pilot felt that death was knocking on his door. He had experienced this when he fought against Red Eye Medero, where he could do nothing but run for his life. However, it was different this time.

"You're merely a Level Three Mech....!!" he sat inside the Mech with his face blocked by his hair as he raged and trembled. "Just a mere Level Three...!!"

Garen's expression remained the same as red alarms and sirens kept ringing in his ears while his Mech's condition worsened by the second.

The red lights flashed directly onto his face but he was completely unaffected by it.

"The last hit."

Willpower started rippling around his body.

"Crouched Eagle Talon... I'm going all out..."

Bursts of Willpower kept gathering in both his hands and the Mech's hands at the same time. As one of its arms were already damaged to the point where it could no longer move, the invisible wave only appeared in one of his hands.

Hah!!

As the light flashed, his black arm immediately raised up and the machete in his hand looked like a silver line slashing down from above.

"Reflect!!!"

The Red-White Mech shouted as loud as it could.

As the tip of the machete came in contact with the Red-White Mech, the tremendous amount of energy was instantly absorbed by the Mech in an instant, as if the surface of the Red-White Mech was an endless abyss that took in all of the energy.

At the same time, a huge force bounded out from the Red-White Mech that closely resembled the afterimage of the machete. It was a half transparent afterimage that was made out of pure Willpower!

Garen's pupils shrunk in that instant as the Willpower surrounding him was dispersed while a stronger Willpower overwhelmed him. However, he was fast enough to evade the speed of the incoming Machete's afterimage as the afterimage hit onto his right leg.

Clank!!

The afterimage cut off the Black Mech's leg, and after piercing through its leg, it slammed into the wall just beside Clint's Mech. Its force was so strong that the wall sunk in, leaving behind a deep indentation.

This made Clint, who was completely worn out, started sweating all over his body.

"This is the infamous Reflect?!" Red Moon was able to understand the ability's theory clearly. As a fellow Mech, even he couldn't help but squeal at such a unique ability.

"The Dimensional Reflection Technique. I can't believe it has been made possible on a non-Inherited Mech... What kind of..." Red Moon didn't know what word he should use to describe the genius who had invented this ability.

"We should leave as soon as possible... while these two crazies are fighting to their deaths..." Clint who was placed in a series of shock was so mentally exhausted that even his words felt weak.

As Red Moon was about to speak up, he suddenly felt a new wave of energy from the battlefield.

"Fuck me! A Level Four!! A Level Four's signal!!"

"What Level Four?" Clint asked weakly.

"That Blackboard's Captain had an unexpected breakthrough during this deathmatch and he is now a Level Four elite!" Red Moon had the urge to spew vulgarities out of his mouth. Upon closer observation, "We're good. He's using a training method called the Crouched Eagle Talon that is easy to advance further. I've heard of this training method before, where its increment for each level up isn't huge and

can only be considered a below average training method. It's only advantage is that it's easy to level up."

"Does the training method play such a big role?" Clint could barely hold the Mech up as he started walking away slowly from the battlefield.

"It plays a very big role. A Top Inherited training method, such as the Nine Mega Cannon's one level up can allow you to reach a Mech Level of Three. Every Mech is categorized into its standard Level by its worst condition to the limits that can be theoretically achieved. The categorization would be fixed to the standard and this is the most crucial information that needs to be published the moment a Mech has been announced." Red Moon explained quickly. "On the other hand, the difference in training methods will show itself by using a Mech of the same Level. You're Nine Mega Cannon is currently Level One, which increases your strength by about three levels. On the other hand where your opponent uses a typical training method, its typical level up would increase its strength by one level or slightly more. In comparison, there would be a two-level difference in each level up, a four-level difference in two level up, and if you level up three times, the difference would be six levels apart. The further you level up, the more drastic the difference. This is just based on simple calculation without any change in factors. Realistically speaking, the Top Inherited training method would improve in all aspects instead of just one."

Red Moon was very wary of the condition of the battle.

"That Captain operating the Mech should be using the Crouched Eagle Talon. Hence a level Four increment would equal to a Level Four power, which was used on the Mech's arm to instantly increase its power. This gives a huge boost in hardening its arm, which is his training method's effect."

"What about that Red-White guy?"

"He should be using a slightly better training method. Judging from the looks of it, it should be an above-average tier. With one level up, it is able to increase its speed and duration of the power source by one level. This is also the reason why even though his Mech is eighty to ninety percent damaged, he could still chase him for a long period of time. If it were a typical Mech, it'd been no longer operational a long time ago," Red Moon stared at it closely. "The Red-White is a Level five pilot, so his increment, by right, should be at Level five as well. However, with the pilot seriously injured, the Mech is unable to perform at its full potential. Since he has exhausted his Willpower as well, his current Level is at most Level Four. In addition to all of these, his opponent's melee combat skill is extraordinarily good to the point where he can predict his moves and attack or defend in advance, resulting in the current stalemate situation..."

“Be careful!!” he started shouting.

Clint paused instantly and a thud could be heard as a huge stone slammed into the wall in front of him like a cannon, indenting the wall by a considerable amount of depth. It was a stone that had been sent flying from the battle behind.

He was so shocked that cold sweat leaked from his body profusely. With his Mech’s current condition, this huge boulder would’ve taken away his puny life if not for Red Moon’s Protection Field.

“Alright, let’s keep moving,” Red Moon ordered.

Clint turned his head back to look at the battlefield.

Two Mechs, one black and the other white, were entangled together as waves of powerful Energy Field and cool air spread out, distorting the environment and air in the surrounding. It was so great that even light waves were started to distort faintly and he could only see two Mech silhouettes fighting against each other.

Both Garen and Red-White were fighting to their deaths.

Although Garen’s fighting instincts were very overwhelming, the opponent was stronger with his short bursts of Level five Willpower. In combination with the difference in Levels between their Mechs, he could only match the opponent’s strength even though he had used his potential points to attain the power of a Level Four.

It was especially true towards the reflective technique which he couldn’t understand, as he’d finally experienced the trouble in dealing with these White Light Mechs firsthand. He truly was an elite that could avoid being caught within Blackboard Region for such a long time.

However, even though his opponent was strong and had a powerful Level five Willpower Reflection technique, he was able to see through his opponent’s intention with his Ten Thousand True Technique Battle Skills so that he could defend himself beforehand while attacking his weak points. He was able to fight toe to toe with him even though the opponent’s Mech was stronger than his in every aspect.

The Hellfrost Peacock Technique was barely able to cancel out the opponent's Level five Willpower's Deceleration Force Field as both Mechs' reaction speeds were lowered down to an observable level. However as the Cold Chaos's level was slightly lower, he was slowly being restrained by the opponent's Energy Field.

Garen could feel that the strain towards the Mech and his body was stronger over time.

As he had a very strong body, he wasn't really affected by it, but it was not the case for his Mech as it was a standard Level Three model of the Academy. In addition to this, his Mech was far inferior as compared to the Level five Mech and the strain was worse with the interference of the Energy Field, to the point where moving had started to prove difficult. The chances of him winning were fluctuating up and down.

The person inside the Red-White Mech was worse off as the strange cry of a child kept echoing in his ears. No matter how much he tried to filter out the noise, it kept disrupting his thoughts and mentality. It was so annoying to the point where he started to feel uncomfortable and his consciousness started turning muddled.

Deep down inside him, he had an urge to release all of the stress that was welling up inside him.

However, he controlled himself from doing so as he knew very well that if he were to act impulsively and go all out without caution in this deathmatch between two Level Four's, he would be, without a doubt, the one that would be instantly killed!

However, the more he tried to control himself, the stronger his urge became.

He started to feel annoyed as he couldn't find his opponent's weakness even after fighting with him for so long, as he seemed to be extremely experienced in melee combat. It was as if he was a veteran that had just come out from a dead volcano. He had even used a few techniques in order to trick his opponent, but the opponent seemed to see through his intention in an instant and countered him. Even his most confident Duplicate Chain had been seen through, and he had no choice but to fight against him without any tricks.

Chapter 856: Turning Point 2

“Damn it!!!”

A typical Level Three or Four would have made a mistake within ten moves and he would have used the opportunity to finish him off, unlike the current situation. While he still had the upper hand in terms of speed, he had no choice but to fight the opponent without any tricks, especially against that hardened arm that had obviously been enhanced through a training method to the point where it rivaled his Level Five body. Both Mechs' conditions worsened as their battle continued.

With his Mech that was on the verge of breaking, if this continued...

Both of them were fighting to their deaths, and at this point of the battle, the two things that would change the tide of the battle were stronger will and Willpower.

Garen remained expressionless even though one of his Mech's legs and arms had been torn off and he could only fight with his remaining hand and shield himself with his crippled hand. With his sword-wielding hand, he was able to set up a layer of defense in front of him. Although he was a master in fist technique, he also had some experience in sword techniques. With a sword as an extension of his arm, he could still fight on the same level.

One could say that Willpower resembled the Mech's internal energy. As both Mechs fought against each other, it increased the hardness Garen's arm and strength for a short amount of time whereas it increased the Red-White's speed and stamina.

While it increased their physical capabilities, both of their Willpowers were clashing against each other in its most primitive form.

As Garen's Willpower was weaker by a Level and didn't possess the same quality as his opponent, he had to deactivate it within two seconds or else his Willpower would gradually be reduced. Once his opponent had infiltrated his body, it would spell his defeat.

Clank!!

The dagger and machete from both Mechs clashed against each other as the blades started to chip away slowly. In this high-level battle, even their weapons were unable to withstand the impacts and had started to break down even though they were enhanced with Willpower.

As the Willpower's Energy Field clashed with radioactive coolness, it formed an absolute isolation barrier within an area of several tens of meters. The frost that had just formed on the ground immediately shattered and the flow of the frost was slowed down by the Energy Field as it was gradually overpowered by it. However, the strange cry of a child wasn't affected at all.

One of the Red-White Mech's leg and two of its hands had been unevenly damaged. As it separated from Garen's Mech, it leaned its back against the wall as panting could be heard from the cockpit.

The Red-White pilot was started seeing illusions as he kept seeing spots of red light resembling Mars moving about in front of him and obstructing his vision. He rubbed at his eyes in an attempt to clear his vision, but the number of red spots was increasing, to the point that it was starting to affect his vision.

After all, he was a Level Four pilot that was boosted to Level Five too quickly. His foundation wasn't solid enough due to the sudden level up. In addition to that, his Willpower wasn't strong enough as well. As he had lived and worked under oppression and fear within White Light, the Cold Chaos had finally found its way into affecting his spirit in this hopeless situation.

"Hehe... Mother... I see you, mother... Where are you? Don't go..." his consciousness was starting to become muddled as saliva started dripping out of his mouth while it was wide open. Hallucinations started to visualize in front of him as well.

He opened his arms wide as he attempted to hug something though there was nothing there.

Garen walked towards him and stared at the Red-White Mech which had already slumped onto the ground.

"Mother... Don't leave me behind... Don't throw me away..." the effect of the Cold Chaos became stronger as the Red-White pilot's consciousness was thrown into utter chaos. He seemed to have submerged himself into his deepest memories.

“Sob... It’s hot... so hot...”

Garen raised his long sword.

Chop!!

Clint leaped as he maneuvered the Mech to avoid a chain of cannons. Under Red Moon’s instructions, he had managed to escape from a group of Miniature Mechs with his agile mobility.

“Quickly!!!”

Red Moon kept urging him.

“I’m doing my best!!” blood started trickling out from Clint’s eyes, ears and nose as he evaded a sudden ambush with a high-difficulty maneuver. As he kept jumping to run for his life earlier, it had put a serious strain on his body over time. Although his internal organs were protected by a top class training method, Willpower Protection, large areas of his organs had started bleeding profusely after so much exertion.

“I...” as he tried to open his mouth to speak up, a mouthful of blood obstructed his throat and he couldn’t voice out at all.

“You!!” Red Moon could sense how serious the situation was.

Sizzle!!!

The Mech stopped moving abruptly.

The Blackboard Mech eventually caught up to him in front of the alley in front. He stood at the entrance of the alley as he waited for Clint.

Compared to Clint who didn't have a suspension system, Garen basically flew instead of running on the ground as it was much faster this way.

"It's over," Garen threw the head of the Red-White Mech which he was holding onto the ground, and it rolled solidly to the side of Clint's Mech.

The Miniature Mech's Pilots slowly stepped back as they only attacked within the shadows. They couldn't be discovered by everyone else. They had given a valid excuse to the other households that they were helping the Blackboard Region with its public order. They had achieved their objective, which was to delay the pace of Clint's Mech so that he would slow down. Their objective was never to destroy him as that mission should be completed by Nonosiva himself.

Gradually, signs of activities around the alley cease to exist, leaving only Garen and Clint facing each other.

"The Forbidden Core," Garen reached out his hand. "Give it to me. You're still a child, and you shouldn't be living a life of fleeing every day. You should be in school enjoying your youth, friends, and romance. You're not supposed to run for your life in a dirty sewer."

He tried to use his words to affect Clint's mentality.

He, too, was afraid that Clint would destroy the core out of determination. No one knew if the forbidden core was solid or fragile because no one had really seen the item before. It could be of any shape and state.

However, he knew that his opponent was just a kid as he didn't cover up his voice while speaking.

"I..." Clint took a step back as the horrifying battle between the Black and Red-White Mech kept replaying in his mind. The opposing party had managed to win against the Red-White Mech and he knew that he couldn't defend himself against him.

Kachak...

Garen's Mech moved towards him slowly as he managed to temporarily fix the broken parts with his backup supply to the point where it didn't affect the Mech's normal activity. With it functioning perfectly, this had increased the fear and pressure in Clint's mind so much so that he started shivering.

"Your heart is seriously damaged. You'll die within two hours if you don't accept any treatment," Garen applied more mental pressure to his opponent. He was able to clearly sense the opponent's concealed heart with his extremely strong senses.

Clint was on the verge of crying... It wasn't that he didn't want to hand it over to him, it's that he would die too if he handed it over.

"Between death and your treasure, are you still confused as to which one is more important? Perhaps the forbidden core had formed a connection with you to the point that you were unable to hand it over to me?" Garen guessed calmly.

Clint shivered as Garen was able to come to a logical conclusion that was closest to the truth by just observing his actions. This terrifying manifestation...

"Is this the strength of a Level Four and Level Five pilot??" he was traumatized.

Boom!!

Within the loud explosion, Garen pounced towards him and punched Clint's cockpit on the left which sent the Mech flying away. The Mech crashed into the wall on the side. Garen followed tightly and stepped onto Clint's chest with his foot. He then raised his machete up high as the tip of the blade glistened.

His action was so fast that Clint had not been able to react in time at all. He was still in a mentally shaken state and in addition to that, his body was so seriously injured that he didn't have any energy left to evade. He could only tell that his vision had immediately turned muddy and the sky had started spinning about. The next thing he knew, he was already down on the ground and the Machete which was held high up and about to pierce down.

His mind was totally blank, as he stared at the sharp edge of the knife.

Tsk!!!

“Brother! No!!”

In that exact moment, a familiar voice shouted at Garen from his side.

However, the sword had already pierced into the cockpit.

Blood was slowly flowing out from the cracks of the cockpit.

A similar Black Pieced-together Mech entered the alley, appearing beside Garen. The cockpit cover opened up slowly, revealing an elegant girl sitting inside it.

Garen looked over. Although he was sure that he heard his brother’s voice...

He moved his lips as he looked at the elegant girl whose face was stained with tears. Although her hair was black and she had a pair of almond-shaped eyes and small lips with a pale skin tone, the mental state was clearly...

“Brother...” the woman cried hysterically as she shouted.

Garen pondered for a while as he finally put together the beautiful girl in front of him and the man he recalled in his memory.

“You... You’re Lon?!”

Baylon bit her lips as she nodded her head.

“Clint, he’s my friend...” for the very first time, she dared to look at Nono in the eye. She had never dared to look her brother in the eyes since young.

However, this time could be the only time in her entire life she had ever done so. Perhaps it was the training method that had changed her, or perhaps it was because she was worried about Clint.

Even Garen didn’t know what to do in this situation.

Clint’s Mech made a ruckus as it rolled about after pulling the sword out of itself. He rolled to the other side of the wall, leaning against it as Clint panted loudly inside the cockpit.

His left thumb had been chopped off and his left leg was almost completely amputated by the machete. He was very fortunate that Red Moon had twisted the trajectory of the machete with his Manipulation Field at the very last second. If he had not done so, he surely would have died to this attack.

However, every sacrifice came with a price; Red Moon had exhausted the very last bit of his energy and had fallen into a coma.

“It’s fortunate that I called Lon here. Don’t worry, you’ll be fine. Lon’s Willpower is best at healing wounds... I will need about ten days to replenish my energy, so if you don’t have anything to do, go sunbathe or something...” Red Moon parted with his final words as he went into a comatose state.

Garen was still looking at Baylon as she struggled.

Baylon immediately pulled Clint up as she stared at Garen sorrowfully while holding Clint up. She then brought him along and disappeared into the entrance of the sewer with her face dripping with tears.

Garen moved the Machete in his hand but didn’t pursue them any further. The Mech standing still within the shadows was like a sculpture.

A Black Mech then landed just beside Garen.

“Captain! Are you just going to let them go like this? Even if she’s your sister, you...”

Clank!! Buzz...!!

Garen immediately cut the Black Mech in half as he slashed his blade downwards.

Boom!!

The Black Mech immediately exploded and turned into a ball of flame.

The fire bathed Garen’s Mech in red light as he put his blade away. He stared in the direction which Baylon had left and walked away in the opposite direction.

Chapter 857

“What’re you going to do?”

Inside a silence room within Celine’s household, Garen and Celine were sitting facing each other as they casually ate deer jerky as snacks.

“To think that you’d kill one of your patrols, isn’t it hard to explain it to the higher-ups?” Celine looked at Garen lazily who sat opposite her.

“Indole died while on duty as he fought bravely against the terrorist. It was unfortunate that he died as he attempted to protect me,” Garen casually responded.

“Do you really think the higher levels will believe you?” Celine curled her lips.

“Does it matter whether they do or don’t?” Garen couldn’t care less. “Regardless, we have sacrificed a lot in the battlefield. One of my men died in the line of duty, a Mech was destroyed and I myself have suffered serious injuries. Ultimately we still managed to detain the terrorist of the White Light. The result is more than enough. Furthermore, the majority of the people do not know about the Forbidden

Mech, so the outsiders would only view this as a battle between the terrorist group and the patrol team.”

“How do you plan to deceive your way out of this?” Celine wasn’t convinced at all.

“What do you mean deceive?” Garen frowned as he picked up a glass of red fruit wine and lightly sipped it. “I did my best and defeated a Level Five Red-White Mech. Although the enemy was seriously injured, it’s still a feat that could only be done by a few. Furthermore, didn’t your men handle the rest while I took care of most of the small fries?”

“You can’t deceive the higher levels with such an excuse. It’s still acceptable if you plan to deceive them in the short term, however, the beans will spill in the long term. Even I can’t guarantee that things won’t leak out even though I’ve gathered so many men,” Celine glanced at Garen and felt that this man was cruel to the core as he was able to kill his partner that he’d just teamed up with. He was completely different from the typical student and was the type of person who would not stop at anything once he had snapped.

“Don’t worry about it,” Garen smiled. “The most important thing is that I won by a slight margin, the Forbidden Core had escaped and is not in my hand. Everyone will definitely set their eyes on the Forbidden Core. Furthermore, the White Light’s Mech definitely has a technological instrument that is able to track the Forbidden Core. As long as we have that instrument, the most they would do is to not credit the whole thing to me.”

“Seriously?” Celine didn’t think of this at all. “As long as we have the tracking device, we will definitely be able to track the location of the Forbidden Core and you’ll definitely be cleared of suspicion. If that’s the case, then the most dangerous period is the buffer period we’re in right now. Even so, with your identity, Britney and a bunch of us around you, and that man from the Polar Region, the higher levels will definitely have second thoughts about killing you.”

As her thought process chained up to this point, she finally let out a sigh of relief.

“Since you know about this, wouldn’t it be the same if you let the core escape? The moment the higher ups get their hands on the Red-White Mech’s tracking device, they would mobilize the majority of Blackboard Region’s power and then finding these few people won’t be too hard of a task,” Celine puzzled.

“Does that matter? If they can’t survive this little obstacle, it’s better for them to just die,” Garen shrugged nonchalantly.

“Seriously...” Celine was hopeless. “Whatever, whatever. Thinking of all these is give me headaches. Let’s go! Let’s have a match!” she immediately stood up. “If you make me worry again, I will beat you up for real!!” She raised her fist and said angrily.

“That’s fine since you can’t beat me, to begin with,” Garen continued sipping his drink slowly without any change in expression as if he was asking for a beating.

“You...!”

In the warehouse area.

It was the battlefield where Garen and the Red-White had fought to the death. A man and a woman had come to the area with a mechanical arm-like instrument. The police force had already locked the entire place down; the police car’s lights kept spinning and as it shone onto the people within the area, it revealed their strange expressions.

Both of them walked through the blockade and as they arrived at the barrier, they gently placed their hand on the barrier.

“Beep... Verification of the Special Detectives is complete. Please enter.”

A beautiful woman’s voice rang out of nowhere.

The officers inside the area turned their heads around and looked at the newcomers. The bystanders too turned their attention towards them.

“Special Detectives?”

Among the crowd, a middle-aged man who had a mottled beard tipped his hat and looked at them through the gap as well.

“Even the Special Detectives have arrived for this terrorist attack. I heard that the government would only send these officers to the scene if the situation is extremely serious,” a civilian whispered.

“What actually happened here to the point where they had to make a huge scene and lock down the whole warehouse area?”

“I heard that there was an intense battle between the terrorist and the patrol team. Ultimately, the patrol team won by a slight margin but they had lost three Mechs and one of the academy students died in the line of duty”

An uncle laughed, “It looks like a scandal. This has never happened in the past. However, ever since the assassination of that military officer, trouble started to appear everywhere.”

“What trouble?”

The bearded man questioned him, acting as if he was a bystander as well, “Do you mean the assassination of one of the Three Black Rain Generals?”

“I’m afraid not, as that incident had already spread out. The assassin has yet to be caught and is on the wanted list everywhere. The higher-ups have tried to suppress the incident multiple times but to no avail, and it has been spread about everywhere. Perhaps the Pilots from the White Light Group have infiltrated everywhere in this region and have been carrying out their activities in the dark,” The uncle continued chuckling. “I migrated here as I heard that it would be safer here in the Blackboard Region, but...” he shook his head.

The bearded man pondered for a while and quietly left the crowd after listening to them for a while. He then took out his Watch Terminal, called a number and reported the news over.

Inside the alley.

Two Special Detectives were squatting down at the center of the alley as they examined the area thoroughly.

“There’re traces of strong Willpower in the area and it’s obvious that it’s a Level Five Energy Field,” the male Special Detective murmured. “It should be from the White Light Group’s Mech of the report. Have you discovered anything over there?”

The female Special Detective frowned as she reached out her finger and touched the layer of white stains on the wall. Her blue irises started rotating as if her eyeballs were rotating together and it looked very inhuman. However, it only lasted for a moment before it returned back to their normal state.

“Surprisingly, there’s a trace of Cold Radiation... Although someone tried to eliminate it on purpose, I could still sense a slight trace of radiation left behind.”

“Cold Radiation? Is it from the Quick Frost Grenade?” the man asked softly.

“I’m afraid... According to the report, this is the location where the Blackboard’s top student fought with the terrorist. One of them most likely possessed a secret weapon,” the woman shook her head.

“Officer, we’ve found something! Come take a look!” the police force’s captain called as he walked towards them.

As both of them walked over to him, they saw that the captain was holding a small exquisite white stone sculpture in his Traceless Glove. The stone looked like a man was squatting down or sitting on his knees, and its face and attire were unclear to the point where it looked like a stone that was shaped naturally. As to why it was exquisite, the back of the stone’s head was etched with a detailed and complicated circular texture which looked to be a magical formation of overlapping circles.

“What’s this?”

“I’ve found it on the body of the terrorist. I can’t believe this thing is still intact after that explosion. Even our researcher isn’t able to detect what this item is made from,” the police captain said as he walked

towards them. This man, who was known for his sharp observation, was a muscular man who had climbed up from the bottom of the ladder to become an elite pilot.

“This is...” the female detective took the item and examined it closely. “This is an ancient tracking device...”

“Perhaps...?” the male detective seemed to have recalled something.

At the same time, the female detective had thought of something as well and they exchanged glances with each other.

“Let’s report it immediately!”

“What about the remaining traces of radiation?”

“Ignore it. The most important thing now is that we need to find out is if this is what we think it is!”

In the sewers.

It was dark, cold and smelly.

Two scraped-together black Mechs walked slowly as they moved forward.

Clint’s wound had been healed by Baylon’s Willpower. Although it wasn’t a complete heal, it was able to prevent his injury from worsening.

Time passed by.

After running for a considerable amount of time, both of them felt safer when they arrived at a place deep the sewers, which Red Moon had arranged earlier. This place was narrow but it was big enough to fit two Mechs.

“Sigh...” Clint opened up the cockpit and walked out from it. He was extremely dirty as he laid on the ground. He was fortunate that Baylon didn’t mind how dirty he was at all as she carried him along.

“Your injury is very serious, so stop moving about!!” Baylon felt relieved when she saw Clint’s wound; her Willpower was able to release a Life Field that would supply life force to Clint. At the same time, it would cast a layer of absolute protection which prevented bacteria from invading his body.

“Lon... How did you know that that was your brother?” Clint tried his best to put a smile on his face as this pain was nothing compared to Red Moon’s daily ‘teachings’... No, Red Moon’s classes were much more painful than this, which was the reason why he was able to endure the pain for a long period of time.

“It was uncle Red Moon who told me about it,” Baylon responded as she found a grooved metal piece that she could use to pour some water on him. Although the water in the sewer was dirty, it could still be used to wash one’s body after filtering it with the Mech’s system.

“Red Moon said so? What’s going on?” Clint wasn’t able to move at all from the moment he relaxed. He started to feel dizzy, and he could only lay down and wait for death even if he were to be placed in the same dangerous situation he had just experienced. As he calmed down and gave the biggest sigh of relief in his life, his body switched to recovery mode.

This was similar to someone wanting to sleep after too much training. However, as Clint was afraid that he might never wake up if he fell asleep, he tried to stay awake and kept finding topics to talk about. Most of the movies he had watched had people who slept and passed away peacefully, which had traumatized him deeply.

“He told me to rush over as you were in grave danger. He even told me that my brother... my brother, he...” Baylon looked at Clint’s missing left thumb and his left leg that had been on the verge of being amputated. Although the wound had stitched up together, it was still shocking to see the red flesh and she was very guilty about it.

"I'm sorry Clint. It's my fault. I only wanted to go home and see my parents, brother, and sister. I didn't expect... expect everything would unfold like this..." she couldn't help herself but to cry once more.

"Don't blame it on your brother. I believe he has his reasons," Clint tried his best to act that he didn't care at all as he patted her hair. "I'm a person who has done many good deeds and good karma will definitely come back for me. See, I didn't die, right? If your brother didn't evade at the very last second, I'm sure I would have died from it."

He didn't know that it wasn't Garen's error but Red Moon's handiwork; he had twisted the space to save Clint's life. As Red Moon didn't mention anything about this to him, he really believed that Garen had decided to not kill him at the very last second.

"But your finger..." tears kept rolling down from Baylon's red eyes.

"Didn't Master Red Moon said that I will be fine? Don't worry about it. This isn't something you should bear alone as I wanted to go back and visit my sister as well. Stop feeling bad about it, I didn't die, right?" Clint comforted her clumsily.

"Did Red Moon really say so?" Baylon continued crying as she asked skeptically.

"Definitely. Although I'm not sure why I'm sure he has his reasons," Clint nodded. "Your brother is a good person, it's just that he doesn't express it. In fact, he's the type of person who would act coldly on the outside but feel emotional on the inside! Trust me on this, for I have never judged people wrongly with my experience!" he smiled as he revealed his set of white teeth.

"You really don't blame him for this?"

"Yes. Really."

Baylon pondered for a moment as she bit her lips.

"Then... can I send some of the items to him? Now that I've become like so, no one should know except for you and me..."

Clint was helpless as the situation changed too quickly.

Chapter 858: Clue 2

At noon, Garen and Celine were sparring again in the training room. After correcting her flaws and mistakes and training her hard, Garen left Celine's place as he sat in the Levitating Car which had come to pick him up.

The Charm Mercenary group's leader had personally driven the car to fetch him.

The captain of the group who had shoulder-length golden curly hair was none other than Inari.

This elegant captain who was in the driver seat kept looking at Garen who sat beside her. She seemed to have obtained intel of his battle in the alley.

"What are you looking at, Ms. irresponsible Captain?" Garen glanced at her coldly. "You didn't finish a single one of the tasks I'd assigned to you. I feel that it's pointless to hire you guys."

Inari was slightly frozen as she didn't expect Garen to scold her the moment he opened his mouth.

"Sir Nono, please don't be mean to us. We are doing our best. You have to understand that the White Light's Mech was overwhelmingly powerful. We're just Level One and Two Pilots. How could we ever hope to fight against those Level Five elites?"

"Then what's the point of me hiring you people?" Garen adjusted his hair which had been blown around by the wind as he looked at the view through the windshield while they sped along the highway.

“We weren’t just sitting there and do nothing, Sir Nono,” Inari smiled. It was the very first time that she had worked with a man that treated them equally as a mercenary. In the past, all their employers were just men who kept staring them as if they were some sort of meat instead of mercenaries.

This time around, she felt a sense of respect from Garen’s attitude. It was a respect that she had been yearning for a long time.

“Let’s hear about it. What can you guys do?” Garen asked softly.

Inari smiled again once more.

“I assume you’ve heard of the pulse wave incident, right?”

Garen nodded as he had just received intel on it from Kendall that the special detectives that had been mobilized by the higher-ups had focused their attention on the tracking device. They were too busy to pay heed to his radiation and the death of his team member. Even the portrayal of his immense talent and battle sense were neglected. It was obvious that the Forbidden Core was so important that the higher-ups were willing to ignore the rest.

He was happy with the results as well. If he were to obtain the core and hand it over, he might have been silenced by them as well. After all, no one could be sure that he hadn’t obtained any mysterious intel from the core. He would be dead the moment there was the slightest suspicion towards him.

This result was the best for him, where the higher-ups managed to obtain the tracking device. When he returned back to his team, he had purposely stabbed his Mech to make it seem like he was seriously injured from the Reflection and was too weak to chase after them. This was to prevent him from being suspected.

He was barely able to suppress the issue as this issue itself could be serious on its own. He was fortunate that he had been in good relationships with the higher-ups and Britney had tried to speak on behalf of him. In addition to that, Celine had sent people to tend the matter along with the Honorable Noble. Hence, the higher-ups had stopped going after him and focused their full attention on the Forbidden Core’s tracking device.

As he came back to his senses, Inari had already started her explanation.

“The main culprits of the pulse wave incident were the elites from the white light group,” she said softly. “It wasn’t one of their members that you’d faced but their actual elite!”

“Oh?” Garen felt worried now; he had to reveal his trump card to fight, and even so, he had barely been able to kill a typical member who was in a seriously injured condition. If he were in perfect condition, Garen would’ve been the first one to run away.

It was similar to a young trainee who had encountered a legendary elite. Their skills were not of the same rank and they weren’t even just a level apart. Garen could’ve died from his internal energy alone.

If the person and his Mech were in a good condition, he wouldn’t have been able to move from his Energy Field and he wouldn’t be able to use any battle skills at all.

“The White Light Group has the Shining Mech, which was the one you’ve encountered. The one who had performed the assassination was a Great Light Mech, which is considered a leader who manages the Shining Mech. He possesses incredible strength!” Inari said seriously. “Also, I’ve heard some intel regarding the Great Light Mech.”

“How is that related to me?” Garen questioned back.

“Since you’ve killed one of their Shining Mechs, regardless if he was a traitor, you’re the main reason the Blackboard Region’s higher-ups have obtained the tracking device from the Mech. The opponent will definitely hunt for you when they fight against the higher-ups,” Inari was very direct with a slight sense of ridicule in her tone. “When that time comes, no matter how gifted you are, the result of fighting against a few Level Fives and an even stronger pilot in the perfect condition would spell...”

“That is my issue,” Garen narrowed his eyes.

“So? Do you know how important we are now?” Inari smiled as she continued driving. Suddenly she felt something crawling up into her white T-shirt from below which went straight to her breasts. Her bra was taken off and both of her breasts were squeezed tightly and all she felt was an immense pain.

“You!!” her face blushed. Since she was driving on the road at high speed, she didn’t dare to take her hands off the wheel else she would risk being in an accident.

Inari felt that her breasts were being fondled with as though they were just toys. This made her very embarrassed.

“Even if you’re useful in this aspect, so what?” Garen casually responded as he felt the soft sensation on his hand without changing his facial expression. “Everything else is just an excuse if you don’t perform your duty.”

Inari suddenly felt that her T-shirt was being pulled upward. The side windows of the car were transparent. Without the cover, everyone on the streets could’ve seen her body the moment her shirt was taken off.

“Don’t you dare!!” Inari gritted.

“I am only giving you a warning,” Garen gently tapped on her body and a cold item came out from his sleeve and stuck lightly onto the underside of Inari’s breasts.

It was a light blue ball of meat. As it stuck onto her skin, it naturally opened up like a crumpled paper attempting to return back to its original shape. It soon became thinner and thinner until it was completely attached to her skin. Then, it started assimilating into the skin.

However, Inari didn’t seem to realize at all as she squirmed her body about embarrassingly, trying to get away from Garen’s hand.

The Distorted Seed...

Garen had created the seed of the Hellfrost Peacock which could create monsters. He then gently placed it into Inari’s heart. As long as he willed it, it would instantly explode and turn Inari into a chaotic radioactive monster.

Garen put away his hands without any change in his expression as if he had done nothing at all.

"If you like this kind of foreplay, I'll let you play with Julie and the others when we get back instead of fooling around on the highway! Please hold yourself back!" Inari scolded in embarrassment.

"I'm not satisfied with your attitude," Garen reached out his hand and pinched Inari's chin.

Crack!!

"Ah!!! You...!!!" Inari felt an intense pain in her chin, so strong that the sound of bone cracking could be heard. Her inklings of pride and contempt were immediately replaced by a sense of fear.

"A decoration has its own uses," Garen moved his hands away calmly.

"Are you still a man! How dare you touch me when you can't win verbally!"

"Of course, isn't this what men do best?" Garen questioned her back.

Inari was speechless.

"Alright let's stop fooling around. Drive the car safely," Garen had a sudden interest in releasing his Distorted Seed's parasite into her. He wanted to try out how effective it is and would activate it when the opportunity arose.

He decided on Inari as his subject because he had the right opportunity and this girl seemed to be very mysterious as well. She also seemed to have a rich amount of intel and channels, and hence she could be his ears.

He suddenly realized that he now had a lot of sudden urges to fool around, unlike back in the days where he kept fighting for his life. All this time, his life was about fighting and nothing else.

“Is this the effect of having more Soul Seeds?” he touched his chin as he listened to Inari’s complaints. It seemed that Inari wasn’t completely rejecting his ‘sudden ambush’. This was most likely because of his battle strength and his wealth, which gave this materialistic woman a good impression.

After putting away all these nonsensical thoughts, Garen recalled the scenario where he had let Clint and his brother escaped.

As his sword was bent in that instant, he had heard a voice from the cockpit, or one could say that the voice had been directly transferred into his consciousness.

“What you really need is a truly powerful Willpower Training Method. With your talent, you’re burying it by only using the Crouched Eagle Talon,” this voice immediately pointed out his weakness.

Garen stopped moving as he stood still. Although Baylon was speaking beside him and Clint was moving, he focused his attention on the voice.

“Who are you? What are you trying to tell me?” he tried to question back in his mind.

“I want your core, are you interested in doing a trade with me?” the voice continued asking.

“Trade? Can you give me what I want?”

“Naturally.”

After exchanging information.

Garen moved his machete and chose not to chase after Baylon and Clint who were running away.

He had originally planned on persuading the person who had the core to pursue what he needed, but he didn’t expect that the opponent had thought of working with him as well.

What he didn't expect the most was that his own brother had turned into that appearance. Furthermore, he seemed to be in a good relationship with the man who possessed the core.

He didn't plan to kill Clint as well and followed along with the flow when his machete was diverted. He wanted to observe in detail how different a person who could shock the Soul Seed was as compared to the rest.

In the end, both of them were satisfied with the results.

However, the only thing Garen was unsatisfied was to see that his brother Baylon was dressed up like a girl, or perhaps he had a transsexual operation, as it didn't make any sense for him to turn into that state. Fortunately, he had killed the only witness and no one knew that his brother was related to the person who possessed the core.

Chapter 859: Line of Sight 1

Fortunately, the core had given him a training method that seemed to be rather unique.

After the warehouse incident, Garen had downloaded the confidential document that was transferred via the core to him from the Mech's computer. He then proceeded to wipe off all traces of it once he had done so. Once he had reached home and recovered the data, he made sure that he did not leave behind any loopholes multiple times before he deleted all the records. He even destroyed the hard disc and used a new one in order to prevent any leaks.

"After this incident, I should start analyzing the training methods that I obtained," according to Garen's estimation, this training method was no ordinary training method as it was at least a Level Five. However, he had no intention of retraining himself. If he were to abandon his Crouched Eagle Talon, it would be extremely difficult as his Willpower had already taken to its shape. Similar to a stone sculpture, it would be difficult to change it to another shape once its external shape was formed. He would have to exhaust more material and time if he were to start over.

As Inari kept driving along the road, Garen was thinking of a way to further perfect his Crouched Eagle Talon.

He didn't plan to abandon this training method at all. In fact, he planned to improve it.

This was because the new training method was completely irrelevant to the Crouched Eagle Talon in terms of the involvement of body parts. The three main body parts involved with the Crouched Eagle Talon were the hands and chest.

On the other hand, the new training method involved his head, legs, and the back, which was the most important part. There were a total of four body parts and they did not overlap with the Crouch Eagle Talon. This seemed to have been considered by the Core.

Two training methods could be overlap and not interfere with each other. This was equivalent to wearing two sets of equipment and utilizing one of them whenever needed.

Unfortunately, the Crouched Eagle Talon could only go up to Level Five. Naturally, he could go the Eagle's Nest and spend his Quest Points or Contribution Points to obtain the information for all five levels. However, the price wasn't cheap as it was at least equivalent to hundreds of thousands of Universal Units.

Even so, the Crouched Eagle Talon was still a high-cost performance training method to the public since there were very few training methods that could reach Level Five.

Garen had realized that the strength of his Crouched Eagle Talon was just a mere Level Three. This was probably because he would need a military identity to reach Level Four. Before taking on the mission, he would have had no opportunities to be qualified to possess such an identity. However, after contributing to them with his strength, it was slightly easier for him to obtain a military identity and it should not be a problem for him to obtain all five levels of the training method.

Beep beep... Beep beep...

As Garen was lost in his thoughts, his watch started beeping.

He raised his wrist to eye level to find out that it was a new message.

'The Merit Awarding Ceremony will be held at the second military division. The time will be tomorrow at 16:00. Please arrive beforehand.'

"Where is the Second Military Division located?"

Garen casually asked.

Inari who had been messed with by Garen didn't dare to mess with him anymore and decided to be very honest with him.

"It's just beside the Empire State Building in the Magical Rose District. Why do you ask? Are the upper levels going to award the merits?"

"Yep. You're good guessing these kinds of stuff, no?"

Garen glanced at her as he knew that this girl possessed a great amount of intel.

Inari didn't dare to speak further as she displayed the location of the place clearly on the vehicle's map. They didn't speak further after Garen copied it into his Watch Terminal.

They encountered a few red lights along their journey back to the Blackboard Academy.

The sky gradually turned dark while the number of cars increased as the peak hours were approaching. Red cars and buses started appearing more and more and their speed gradually slowed down.

A few motorcyclists in helmets and sports enthusiasts who had passed by Garen's car would whistle and laugh loudly when they saw Inari in the driver's seat.

"These kids!" Inari scoffed.

“You grew up around these people,” Garen casually laughed.

Inari didn’t refute as she seemed to be traumatized by Garen’s ambush.

The traffic jam became worse as everyone had just got off from work. Occasionally, honks could be heard from the front and back.

The traffic jam was terrible and the vehicles could only move at a snail’s pace. The VIP lane which was three meters above the ground was empty as usual. Since the cars at the bottom did not have the authority and the capability to rise up to that level, they could only move slowly at the bottom lane.

By the time they arrived Blackboard Academy, the sky had already turned dark.

Garen immediately went to report to the academy, called up his instructor and a few good friends, and took his dinner before going back to his dorm.

As he reached his dorm, he immediately looked around in an attempt to uncover any hidden cameras or bugs in every suspicious spot. Garen even used specialized scanning devices to ensure there was no spying in the area before tidying up the training method that he had obtained.

It was a nameless training method and the information that might have names involved were edited. It was obviously the doing of the Forbidden Core.

However, these were not important. What was the most important was that this training method showed signs of being capped at Level Six.

Although there were only five levels given by the Forbidden Core, it was obvious that there were signs of Level Six at the end of the information. It was something Garen could easily spot from the training method’s information.

“Planning to use this to negotiate with me, eh?” he managed to guess the Forbidden Core’s intention to use such a high-level training method as its offer. In addition to that, he’d even planned to rope him into this troublesome situation with his brother Baylon.

“However, this is fine by me as well.”

Garen was willing to take a step back as the training method that was given by the other party was incredibly powerful. According to Garen’s estimation, it was most likely the legendary Inherited Level.

Only training methods that could reach Level Six were considered an Inherited Level. There was one major distinction between an Inherited Pilot and a normal Pilot, which was that the latter was much stronger than the former. The drastic difference was comparable to that of an elite from the sacred martial art academy and a typical martial artist who lived by the streets. Their strengths were simply not in the same realm.

However, the most important take here was that the weakest Inherited Pilot was a Level Six.

He had temporarily named this training method as the Forbidden Training Method, which came from the very idea that it was a training method that was forbidden.

The main parts involved were the back, legs, and head. With each level up, it would increase the Mech’s Reflex, Endurance, and Recovery by a level each.

Reflex was a skill that temporarily increased the Pilot’s sudden movements by increasing the response of the Pilot’s nerves. This would increase the reaction time of the Pilot and Mech as a whole.

On the other hand, Endurance was similar to what the Red-White Mech had showcased, where it would increase its lifespan by reducing its energy lost via energy channeling. It would increase the lifespan of the reserved energy and hence Endurance. This meant that it could ensure the Mech retained mobility for as long as possible.

As for Recovery, it was the core of the training method. Before this, Garen had never heard of a training method that could heal on its own.

This unique ability was exclusive only to the Inherited Mech. The Inherited Mech could be best described as a Mech that had gained life. As long as it had energy, it would have the ability to slowly regenerate itself.

This training method surprisingly had the Recovery ability from the very beginning, which was to say that it was the most powerful aspect of the training method.

Garen could also feel that the reason why the Forbidden Core had given him this training method was that it would not clash with his Crouched Eagle Talon.

As he thought until here, Garen walked into the bathroom, took off his clothes and stood underneath the shower head, naked. He then turned on the cold water and allowed it to drip from his head to his toes.

As he looked over his current status, he felt relieved.

“The Potential Points have accumulated to this amount?”

With the Staff of Absolute Yin in his possession, it had given him an unlimited source of potential points. As long as he rubbed this staff for an hour each day, it would give Garen two Potential Points. It would then wilt but even so, it had given Garen enough cushion to face any problem.

The Instantaneous Paper Box that he had obtained together with the staff was a one-time-use item that could repel the Energy Field. Garen had been keeping it and had yet to use it, unlike the Staff of Absolute Yin which he had been utilizing on a daily basis.

The gem in the Staff of Absolute Yin was a treasure that could automatically generate potential points as it would store a small number of energy points inside of itself. Similarly, it would release them slowly. Hence Garen had to absorb the stored Potential Points inside frequently in order to not waste his time.

However, the effect of it being slow was that he could only absorb a maximum of two points per day. The rate would be greatly reduced afterward.

Even so, Garen was extremely satisfied with it.

Several days' worth of accumulated potential points had been used to increase his Willpower by a level to reach Level Four when he'd fought against the Red-White Mech. After spending two potential points, he had sixteen points remaining.

"Sixteen points... I can use all of them at once to increase this training method. The reason why the Crouched Eagle Talon has no Level Six is simply that the limit of this training method is Level Five. Hence, a lot of people would try to earn more money and buy a better training method once they have reached level five and relearn it again with the Crouched Eagle Talon as their base. It is a viable way to earn money and learn a new training method at the same time," Garen pondered as he started channeling his Willpower slowly into both of his legs according to the forbidden record. This was the first level of this new training method.

It was a good opportunity for him to obtain an Inherited Training Method. If he were to try to obtain an Inherited Training Method through the traditional way in the academy, he would have no choice but to enter a household, pledge a Mech's oath and carve an absolute command order algorithm onto his own Inherited Mech. Furthermore, he would have to abide by a strict restraint on which training methods he could learn and he would not be allowed to leak any of this out to the public.

It would be equivalent to becoming the sect's underling or fighter. Their contract would at least require from them decades of services or else, one would never be able to obtain Inherited Level resources. As these items were strictly controlled, they lived in a different realm from typical Pilots.

Garen didn't want to become a slave to any household. However, he would be capped at Level Five without these Inherited Training Methods and have no hopes of improving further, just like Red Eye Medero.

Medero was not able to obtain the relevant resources and training method because she didn't join any Inherited powerhouses. Furthermore, her academy teacher, who was one of the Three Heads, didn't let them obtain any Inherited Level Training Method for some reason. Till this date, excluding the Three Heads, only Black Rain had obtained an Inherited Training Method. The rest didn't have the opportunity and even among the bunch of instructors, ninety percent of them were capped at Level Five. They had been training themselves at this level for so long and yet there were no improvements.

There was only one special instructor who had managed to breakthrough into the Inherited Level on his own. He then inherited this to the Academy but was not able to improve further than Level Six.

Chapter 860: Line of Sight 2

This was how things were at the moment. It was the same throughout the Blackboard Region, Polar Region, Maria Region, and other surrounding regions where everything related to Inherited Level was under strict control; even Red-eyed Medero could not obtain a Level Six Training Method to reach Level Six despite having served the academy for such a long period of time. Moreover, for huge influential households like the one Celine was from, or elites, there would only be a single digit number of pilots with Inherited Level training methods and Mechs. If Celine herself did not reach the top three in her entire clan, she could only attain Level Five at most.

If that was the case for such rich and powerful individuals, what of Garen himself?

Regarding Inheritance, the teacher would need to make a careful selection and scrutinize each generation. The level of aptitude and will required were extremely high and not everyone could easily meet these conditions.

After learning of these circumstances, Garen immediately set his sights on the Forbidden Core. This could be the only opportunity for him to acquire an Inherited Level training method.

Standing underneath the cold shower, Garen started to recall the Level One content of the Forbidden Training Method.

“...Inherited training methods vastly differ from ordinary training methods whereby the human fuses with the Mech to eventually replace oneself with foreign objects, while the original self would huddle up in the inner core of the Mech, achieving the state of a body within a body. At that level, the original self would exist as the core of life, reaching the theoretical limit of a human lifespan. Every kind of exhaustion and damage will be borne by the Mech’s body. At the same time, foreign objects can be used to recuperate and evolve the Mech’s body whereby their essence would be extracted to feed the original core, prolonging and evolving the levels of limitations of human life. This is one of the basic concepts in the early journey of Inheriting.”

Garen had read this numerous times but was still deeply shaken as he read it again. This kind of means equaled to constructing a truly mighty outer shell with life in it.

“According to the Yin-yang theory and the ways of the Secret Techniques, the source of life, also known as the innate vitality of the body, are fixed since birth, not just in human beings but in all kinds of living things. It cannot regenerate and can only be exhausted. Growth and development will expend innate vitality, while injuries and illness will result in the depletion of vitality for recovery; facing enormous stimulation will also exhaust vitality.”

“Life is like a brand new candle; birth is when the candle is lit while death is when it burns out. This is the essence of life,” Garen contemplated on the matter.

“No wonder some people view life as a journey. The candle is given by parents, by this universe. The parents, coming together under an appropriate circumstance influenced by the universe, will produce offspring and give us flesh. Our flesh results in thinking, which will then evolve into a will that influences the body. There are pros and cons to this type of influence. When the self is not influenced by distracting thoughts and desires will all miscellaneous cravings be altered and meld together for the purpose of feeding back into the innate vitality. Only then can one walk upon the path of evolution. Using the whole of self as a motivation for evolving...”

Combining the universal view and life view of the ways of the Secret Techniques, Ancient Endor, and other philosophies during Earth times, Garen formed his own kind of philosophical theory.

The function of philosophy was to point out a direction and to see the future clearly.

With the merging of the Inherited Mech theory from this world, Garen was able to visualize a whole new path before him.

“Right... If growing causes the exhaustion of innate vitality, why not construct a brand new body since the original body solely acts as a bearing tool? By cutting down exhaustion, growth and development, aging, and illness, it would certainly be possible to achieve a non-deteriorating life pattern under the protection of the mech’s body. In this case, it would most likely prolong one’s lifespan,” Garen nodded and continued reading attentively.

“Perhaps there are still many other schools of thought. Even so, the fundamental direction is as such: living things themselves have adaptability. This kind of adaptability is known as evolving or devolving. Changes occur in response to the environment and the genes of generations upon generations are modified to better integrate into the life pattern of the natural universe. This is inherent. It is an inherent trait for us to blend in with the natural universe as one. Every person of remarkable talent can learn to reflect on the law of nature and universe to quicken this process. Our learning ability can speed up our inherent adaptability, although this kind of adapting will cause the loss of life.”

“Why do living things have such adaptability?”

This question appeared next.

Garen was able to grasp some ideas. He had known about all these things previously but they were not put together like this and had never elicited such a strong emotion in him.

“Because the instinct to seek advantages and avoid disadvantages is incongruous with nature, there will always be friction and resistance.”

“For example, the tree that grows out of the forested area will easily be blown down by the wind, or the animal that eats only a single type of plant will die off when that particular type of plant goes extinct due to natural causes.”

“In human society, if we do not integrate into it, we will be viewed as strange species, be discriminated against and face prejudices. The friction with the outside world will also increase.”

“If the tender skin does not grow thick when it is constantly being blown at by the wind, chilblains will start to develop. If the strength of resisting heat does not increase when constantly being in a high-temperature environment, one will be scalded every day. There are many more similar principles...”

The notes of the training method kept going deeper, and Garen continuously deepened the engraving of the imprint in both of his legs in accordance with the content of the Forbidden Training Method.

“In order to reduce all kinds of friction with the outer world and to prevent the energy of life from depleting, previous wise men have racked their brains and figured out a whole new path, which is the Mech.”

“One will still be affected and have to suffer from the universe and light radiation as long as the person exists in this universe. Although many of the beams are beneficial at the same time, many forerunners have exchanged precious experience and knowledge on how to sift out the beneficial parts and reject the depleting parts. The Mech, as the mechanism of choice, emerged as the times demanded. Combat is actually just one of its additional functions.”

Garen nodded in understanding. This kind of pathway’s concept was way different from the direction of Secret Techniques. The Secret Technique’s concept was to exhaust all of the innate vitality in the shortest amount of time to upgrade oneself. When one reached the level of unending tapping, one would be able to transmigrate and revive even though the body had rotted. What differed was the switching of a bodily shell.

Both differed in their essence.

The Secret Technique was about enhancing the enduring essence of the body and integrating the imprint of the will of life into it.

On the other hand, the Mech used a foreign object as a protective shell to protect the body so that it could endure and prolong its development.

Put simply, that was what it meant.

The focus of Secret Techniques was on afterlife while for the Mech, it was the present life. They were somewhat similar to the philosophies of Buddhism and Taoism on Earth.

Garen’s mind became clearer as he comprehended this. By corroborating the strength systems of countless worlds with one another, he began to see clearly the path he was to take.

“By utilizing the strength of technology, the mech acts as an outer body to strengthen the original body and feed back into the body, thus achieving an indestructible state and maximum lifespan. Building on

this foundation, the toxins and impurities of the body will be filtered out repeatedly while unused functions would be eliminated, leaving purely the source of life and reverting the human body to its primitive state. The substitution of the Mech as the body will turn into a brand new life...”

As Garen looked over the text repeatedly, the current situation he was in dawned on him. He wondered whether the Forbidden Core had come from such beginnings and if it possible that the Forbidden Core was, in fact, the pilot of the Forbidden Mech itself. After all, it was highly unlikely that a body would contain a second consciousness. Yet, the universe was so big that nothing was to be surprised at, even in such circumstances.

Garen put aside his suspicion.

Recalling the situation of Blackboard Academy, he suddenly realized that no one in the whole of the academy had ever made it known that they were Level Six, not even the instructors and professors. Even for those instructors who had made it to Level Six and left a legacy behind, they only stayed in the inner courtyard all year round and no one had ever seen their faces before. As for the big three professors, nobody had an idea of what their statuses were, as not a single person had ever seen them in combat nor had their Mechs ever appeared before anyone.

At this moment, Garen felt his legs getting slightly numb as the engraving of the imprint was half done. The basic level was completed gradually without much complication under his abundant Willpower.

He continued to read on.

“Exploiting all favorable resources by non-stop absorption of foreign objects to strengthen oneself. The pathway of the Mech is essentially the path of exploiting.”

“When at Level Six, there will be a sense of resonance between the human and the Mech to attain the state of fusing into a single entity, while the Mech will also gain the ability of self-healing.”

“Upon reaching Level Seven, the Mech will tentatively begin to fuse with the human body and parts of the body organs will start to degenerate. Some pilots will remain in the Mech so that their nerves will connect with the Mech naturally, whereas in some cases, the Mech will become an enclosed armor that covers the surface area of the human being’s skin. Not only that, it can condense and disintegrate to

fuse into the pilot's heart. The pilot may look like an ordinary person, but in reality, his combatting capability is equal to that of a large-size mech."

"At Level Eight..." it stopped abruptly just like that.

Garen knew that this was the doing of the Forbidden Core. Nevertheless, through the philosophy views that he had read, he now roughly knew the direction he was heading towards.

It was nothing more than the fusion of the body to become the source of life by constructing a new body using foreign objects. This was a step-by-step interchange process just like how a silkworm secreted silk to build its cocoon before emerging as a moth. This conformed to the natural ways of evolution.

"Each unique Inherited Mech demands various specific materials to construct the Mech's outer body. However, they all require a common material, which is Worma Crystal. Originating from the Well of Black Abyss, the Worma Crystal is a type of powerful ore which contains a high purity level of life energy. It does not just replenish the source of life but also is a scarce material that is essential for evolving to a higher level. That is the reason why the Mother Planet Federation and the Galactic Alliance are at war with the Finite people. Generations of powerful Inherited Level pilots engaged in a life-and-death battle with the Finite people's Inherited pilots in order to take possession of large tracts in the Well of Black Abyss. Amidst the great amount of slaughtering and death, the life energy that dissipated was absorbed by the Well of Black Abyss to produce new Worma Crystal. This is the truth of the warfare. Everyone fought tacitly with the purpose of killing the opponent to obtain more resources for growth and evolution. Pillaging, plundering and pillaging again! This is the essence of Mech. At the heart of it, it is to make use of the Well of Black Abyss to produce other sources of life, evolving oneself and head towards the way of eternity..."

Whir!!

A sound rang in Garen's mind. Forbidden Training Method Level One had finally been attained. Two white ray prints appeared faintly on both of his knees before disappearing quickly.