

Mystical 861

Chapter 861: Military Rank 1

Clint carefully scraped the green moss off the sewer pipelines into the small dish in his hands. Immediately, there was a smile on his face.

“There will be more ingredients for tonight’s dinner.”

In the dark and gloomy sewers, there was an underground river that flowed rapidly on the right side. At times, there was some white and yellow floating debris drifting by. Most of it was a layer of thick oily sludge that stank from afar.

However, Clint had gotten used to it. He looked around for more spots with such moss and scraped off the only bit of moss in the sewer into his small dish.

During these few days in the sewers, he had encountered multiple instances of underground pursuit. They were not by the pilots above ground but by mutated rodents that lived in the depths of the sewer and would appear in big groups every few hours. These rodents with glowing red eyes could gnaw through any objects. In order to conserve the mech’s energy, Clint did not dare to misuse the mech. It was a rigged-up mech in the first place. The power furnace was an old model and lots of its energy had been used up. A majority of what was left of the energy had been used for Red Moon’s recovery while the final bit was reserved for the opening of the hatch door.

Thinking of this, Clint sighed. Putting away the moss, he touched his stomach and it still felt a bit sore to the touch. He looked at the time, turned around and headed back to his hiding spot.

“Ten more minutes until the group of rodents appear. There should be enough time.”

After walking for a distance, he quickly wormed his way into a narrow crevice that was located in a small space between the pipelines. There was an indistinctive white light shining from the inside and a wet glaze was seen when the light reflected off the floor of the sewer.

Clint walked in and saw Baylon roasting a dried rodent. Both of them had been living like this for the past two days. They were only left with eating this as they had finished their dried food supplies. Luckily, Baylon's Bright King Training Method could eradicate most diseases and infections; otherwise, eating this unhygienic stuff would cost both of them their lives.

The light came from the electric wire of a Mech. It was not very bright since it had to be used conservatively.

"How is it? How's the situation outside?" Baylon looked over with wide eyes. She had now completely transfigured into a female, or to put in another way, she was a female all the while. It's just that the training method helped shed off the epidermis layer.

Sitting on her knees by the fire, Baylon's face was red and she looked rather worn out.

"Fortunately, no one seems to be coming after us," Clint nodded and smiled helplessly. "Maybe this is part of the radiation area, so they don't dare to chase us down? Their bodies could acquire the radiation disease after staying in a radiated area for a long period of time."

"Yea..." Baylon nodded and lifted her arms. Grey spots faintly appeared on them as if the skin had shriveled.

"I heard that it is hard to treat radiation disease..." her eyes dimmed, "once a person has the radiation disease, there's no way to live in the regions anymore..."

"Don't worry, there has to be a way when Lord Red Moon wakes up!" Clint was always full of hope and confidence even though he himself did not know where this confidence came from, "If I myself have no hope, then there really isn't any hope at all."

"Yea... Lord Red Moon is very powerful. There sure is a way to solve it," Baylon relaxed slightly. They had constantly viewed Red Moon as all-capable. Even though he had a foul mouth, he could always think of a way to resolve any matter. As compared to that, radiation disease did not seem like a big issue.

Both of them quietly worked together to clean the moss with filtered water. They then boiled some soup with the dried rodent meat and moss. This food had been their main sustenance.

After boiling for some time, a booming roar thundered from the outside of the passageway. It sounded as if it came from afar.

The look on Clint and Baylon's faces changed. They swiftly got up and blocked the only access to this small and narrow space using a piece of the shattered alloy plate from the mech. The alloy plate fitted in nicely to conceal this place. Clint braced both of his hands against the alloy plate in fear of it being knocked down.

On the other side, Baylon quickly extinguished the fire, leaving only a little material for starting a fire and covered the soup before spreading out clothing on top of it.

Not long after, there were several thudding sounds outside of the alloy plate, as if there were numerous little things ramming against the alloy plate non-stop. Clint had started to sweat and was exerting great effort. With his Level One Nine Mega Cannon Training Method, his strength was several times that of ordinary people, and yet, he still felt remarkably strained.

One could only imagine how great the impact coming from the outside was.

After an unknown amount of time had passed, the ramming sounds began to weaken. The blue veins on his forehead started to subside and he had sweated profusely.

He let out a long sigh and slid down onto the floor after the last ramming sound had died down.

"Hoo... hoo... hoo..." the sound of huffing and puffing as intense as a racehorse could be heard.

"Come, drink some water..." as there were no cups, Baylon filled the indented part of a small piece of alloy plate with water and brought it over.

"Thanks," Clint took it and gulped it down.

"Did you hear something?" Baylon suddenly asked warily.

“What? Heard what?” Clint was stunned.

“I... I think I heard the sound of someone shouting on the outside...” Baylon replied uncertainly.

“There’s someone?!” Clint stood up, his eyes filled with worry.

Both of them lightened their breathing and Clint could hear it too.

“Carl!” “Carl, where are you?”

“Captain Carl!” “Big brother Carl~”

It did not sound like a person but a group of people with male and female voices looking for someone named Carl.

Clint carefully removed the alloy plate and poked his head out. He saw that at the end of the passageway where the rodent group had wreaked havoc, there was a group of people with fire torches approaching. What was most surprising was that these people were not wearing any radiation suits in this radiation area.

There were males and females, and all of them were more or less wearing nail plates made of metal on their bodies; some on their shoulders; some as helmets; but mostly on their arms, chests, and abdomens.

In the group of more than a dozen people, many of them wore torn clothing and some of their faces had radiation scars that could not be covered up.

“So many Radiation people...” Clint instantly knew that these were ordinary people with radiation disease, just like them.

He suddenly did not know what to do. In the absence of Red Moon, their safety was in their own hands. They would be lucky if this was a group of kind-hearted people. But if they had any bad intention... then he and Lon would...

“Who’s there?!” the leader of the group, a woman in a red shirt, shouted suddenly and looked over in his direction.

Clint jumped in shock and fell onto the floor, making a louder sound.

This group of people hurried over in an instant. Baylon quickly helped Clint to get up. Both of them huddled together and gazed at the access point. Soon, a husky, muscular man cautiously made his way inside. He was somewhat stunned when he saw Clint and Baylon.

“Chief, it is two kids!” he shouted loudly.

“Are you joking? How can little kids survive in this place?” the redshirt woman walked in and was surprised as well when she saw Clint and Baylon. “You guys... This is the region’s sewer’s dark maze, with radiation poison and mutated rodents everywhere. You guys actually...”

“Hel... Hello...” Clint forced a smile and greeted them.

Blackboard Region Police Agency Mobile Hall

“This is the report,” Garen submitted the paper report in his hands. He was standing at the center of the large hall with the deputy director of the Agency seated in front of him. He was a bald, middle-aged man who had a small patch of yellow hair at his chin, making him look stern.

“You are part of the military and the academy. Being able to strike dead the terrorist in a kamikaze style with Level Three capability even though he was heavily injured, this combat record still exceeds the capability spectrum of an ordinary student,” the baldy browsed through the document and nodded his head while commenting.

“As is customary, the police bureau will hand over all your state-of-the-battle records and someone from the military will award you for your merit. Please wait patiently.”

“I understand,” Garen nodded his head.

“However, you must be mentally prepared,” the baldy looked up at Garen. “The mission this time had exceeded the scope of your assignment. No one would have thought that you could defeat a terrorist and it was only hoped that could stall the opponent, but...” he paused. “Well, I won’t say any more unnecessary things. The elite team that was in charge of this matter are rather disgruntled at you, so be prepared for the handing over of the mission as you might encounter some provocation.”

“Is it from the elite students?” Garen asked rhetorically.

“It’s good that you know,” the baldy seemed to admire Garen as he smiled and nodded. “Alright, you may go now. The military will send out the notice of military credit very shortly, so don’t be anxious.”

“Understood.”

Garen nodded. He gave a salute with the back of his right hand pressing against his left cheek and bent over slightly to give a bow.

He then stood to attention, turned around and left.

Garen let out a breath as he exited the hall of the Agency. The deputy director of the Agency was definitely a powerhouse with hidden depths. He was most certainly be a Level Five pilot, though not one who practiced any ordinary training method; the wave motion of the willpower energy field emitted by him gave off an intangible pressure.

This kind of feeling was many times stronger than when that of the Red-White Mech.

“He could fight against two at least,” Garen estimated in a low voice. Two of the Red-White Mechs might not even stand a chance against the Deputy Director. As expected, powerful and respected people in Blackboard Region had made it to a point of reality.

Capability determined everything. With capability, you could occupy important positions, while without enough capability, it would be impossible to be raised to a top position regardless of how knowledgeable you were. This was also the result of a single mech soldier’s capability of turning the tide.

Leaving the police agency, the guard stations were right next to it. A few of the guards who happened to pass by saw Garen from afar and greeted him warmly. These were the police members of Garen’s patrol area.

After exchanging some general pleasantries with them, Garen learned of the current situation and had some ideas in mind. He then immediately took a cab home.

His parents and sister were all at home. Due to the brother’s disappearance, everyone was feeling down and waiting for Garen’s latest news.

As he entered the room, his father who had been sitting on the couch instantly stood up.

“How’s it? Nono? Lon’s situation...”

Chapter 862: Military Rank 2

Garen shook his head a little. In reality, he had only pretended to inquire around about his brother’s situation. He did not dare to tell the truth but buried it deep inside his heart. After all, this involved the Forbidden Core, and his family would not be able to bear the consequences at the present moment. Revealing the truth would only bring disaster.

The parents' hearts immediately sank as they saw Garen shaking his head. Amy, the mother, lowered her head and began to cry.

Only the sister, the youngest one, had an appearance of nonchalance. She was still chewing on bubblegum, eyes revealing indifference.

"Look at all of you. Isn't he just temporarily missing? If it can't be done in the light, we could do it under the table. There's got to be a way for sure. Cry cry cry. Can you get back the person just by crying?!"

Ker the sister commented impatiently. She was now extremely different from before. Wearing a white short skirt with a crop top, she had applied bright red lipstick, thick foundation makeup, and dark eyeshadow. She had on a pair of huge silver earrings and was sitting on the chair with one leg crossed high, unbothered about whether her underwear would be exposed.

"How could you speak like this?!" Rondo the father stood up and reprimanded.

"So what?! Want to beat me? Just go ahead! Beat here!" the sister stood up, pointed to her own face and responded loudly, "You didn't manage to beat me to death the last time, why not you just do it this time! I'm sick of living anyway! There's no point staying in this house at all!"

"Ker..." Amy the mother opened her mouth to speak but was cut short by the sister right away.

"In any case, I am no good at all besides bringing shame to you all. Just come. Beat me to death. I have no intention of living anyway," Ker's voice grew louder. When she saw that her father could not give any response, a pleasant expression instantly appeared on her face.

"That's enough!"

Garen bellowed.

It was entirely silent in the house. The sister Ker gnashed her teeth tightly and dared not speak anymore. Ever since young, she and Baylon had always been fearful of Nono. Despite the fact that she had 'seen the world' outside, she was still afraid of him.

The father slumped into a chair, lit another cigarette and sucked on it fiercely with his head down.

For a moment, there was only the sound of the mother sobbing.

Garen's face looked black as he sat down and looked at Ker.

"From now on, you will go out and mingle lesser. Do you hear me?!"

Ker pursed her lips tightly and turned her head away.

"Look at the way you dressed! What do you look like when you're on the street?" Garen softened his tone, "Regarding Lon's situation, I have a little progress. I know that he is still safe even though I couldn't find him yet. Pa, ma, you don't need to worry."

"Sigh..." Rondo, the father, exhaled deeply. "It's all my fault. I shouldn't have agreed to let him work..."

"This is nobody's fault. None of us could have expected that this was going to happen," Garen replied in a low voice. "Alright then. Everyone continue to go to work as usual. I will handle this matter."

"Is Lon really alright?" the mother, Amy wiped away the streak of tears on her face.

"Really," Garen knew that Red Moon, this Core, had lots of tricks up its sleeve. There should not be any jeopardy while under his care.

"Nono, you must find your brother and bring him back. You must!!" the mother cried, distressed, as her eyes filled with tears once more.

"I will..." Garen nodded.

Garen left his house with a heavy heart.

He truly did not know if he could find Baylon. Even if he could, there was still no way of telling whether the family would accept her current self.

He was not discriminating against transsexuals. It was just that in such a life, one would have to face countless discriminations and setbacks. Moreover, there were too many people who were over-subjective and who looked at others with preconceived ideas.

Since he had now become this person, Nonosiva, and had received the favor of his parents, it was only natural for him to be responsible for taking good care of his family.

Leaving his home, Garen made a trip to the patrol station. The only life that was lost had been replaced with a naïve looking, short red-haired girl who seemed to have a strong sense of justice.

Alexander, who had been allocated a new Mech, was commended and officially became a Second Lieutenant in the military. This guy was boasting to the other teams about the newly added black stripe on his shoulder. His face was beaming with pride.

Not only him, all the members under Garen's leadership had been commended as well and were given a Sergeant's rank. As they were Level One pilots, this ranking among the Mech's troops would cause them to be one level higher than the other teams. This made everyone super excited.

"Assemble!!!" Garen stood with his hands behind his back. As he was already in a bad mood, seeing this bunch of happy people made him felt sullen.

When he was in a bad mood, he would want others to feel the same as him.

After a loud roar, the dozen of team members in the field trembled and hurriedly ran to form a line before him.

Shoo!

Couldn't say that it was a tidy salutation.

"Team leader!" their voices sounded in unison though.

Before Garen had any say, Alexander could not hold back and decided to speak.

"Team leader, the award notice of your military credit has arrived!"

"Mine came too?" Garen had been ready to take it out on the team members until he was distracted by what he heard.

"It's this!"

Alexander carefully took out a tiny silver circular board from his pocket and threw it on the ground.

The circular board immediately released silver halos, forming a one-meter-wide silver light board. A middle-aged female military officer dressed in black military suit gradually appeared on it. The two stars on her shoulder meant that she was actually a Colonel level military officer.

"Holographic projection?" Garen was stunned and immediately gave a salute next.

The other party rapidly returned the salute too.

"Second Lieutenant Nonosiva Lin, due to your outstanding gallantry during the terrorist attack, you are commended for a first class-merit award. The military staff have decided to confer on you the Captain rank. You can search the military web to be aware of all your privileges."

Garen knew that his provisional rank initially was Second Lieutenant due to the benefits of joining the military with willpower Level Three. Currently, he had been promoted by two levels instantly to the level of Captain just because of a one-time military procurement.

It was said that at the Captain level, one would acquire lots of benefits. As for the higher field ranks, that would be the stratum where its members held true power in their hands. Every field rank in Blackboard Zone had to have a minimum of Level Four capability and either brilliant combat records or a powerful curriculum vitae. These were the backbones that held the power of the military and their numbers did not even reach one thousand. Since the numbers were so few, the ranks would not be granted easily.

“Besides that, the patrol unit that you are leading at the moment will be your permanent team from now on, so there would not be any more changes to the members. You have your own appointing rights. All that’s needed is just a report to the staff department later on.”

After the female Colonel made her brief announcement, she gave another salute before the image vanished.

Garen returned the salute and his face showed that he was deep in thought.

“A small permanent unit and my own appointing rights.... Doesn’t this mean that I can build my own company? Looks like my performance has attracted the attention of the higher-ups. Even so, are they thinking of training me or are they simply observing me?”

Ever since he had leveled up that nameless Forbidden Training Method, he’d felt that his body and mind were constantly being restored. After using Secret Techniques to examine, he was surprised to discover that all the hidden injuries sustained from his previous practices were being repaired through the vibration of the Willpower from this training method. It followed the most natural and harmonious way of blending into the body to become as one.

It was like bringing along medical equipment so that even the minor wounds could be treated anytime.

He did not rush to advance to Level Two because if he were to practice and advance with his own efforts, there would not be any indications. However, using potential points to advance would also be a waste because the training method level this time was a little higher, which had surpassed Crouched Eagle Talon and reached the level of high-level Secret Techniques or even a higher standard. If a mid-level Secret Technique needed two points to upgrade one level, then high-level Secret Techniques would need five points. As for this training method, it actually needed as many as ten points to advance one level.

Garen did not have much left in stock. Every day he could only accumulate two points, which was why he planned to focus on advancing the Living Secret Technique; in order for the Living Secret Technique to spur on the advancement of Crouched Eagle Talon and this unknown training method. The overall efficiency would be higher this way because it would be advancing all three at the same time.

The Living Secret Technique had begun to advance slowly under the plentiful supply of White Peacock Stone. Garen's Hellfrost Peacock Technique leaped over the highest level of the foundation stage, which was Level Five. The level after this would be leaving the foundation stage and formally entering the practice phase. The Hellfrost Peacock Technique would also start to manifest its power as time went by.

Then again, when Garen had persisted in following the Living Secret Technique to train his body, he did not notice any trends. The effects of White Peacock Stone had weakened immensely and so it was apparent that it was only beneficial for the laying of the foundation, but other times...

Now he finally acquired potential points. With the Staff of Absolute Yin in his possession, Garen could accumulate two potential points every day. The initial number of points at twelve had currently risen to twenty in just a few days' time.

"Alright, dismiss," Garen's mood had been turned around because of the promotion of rank. He waved his hands to dismiss everyone.

Only then did the team members disperse and vanish quickly, as if they were amnestied. From afar, you could still hear a group of people with bent arms around one another's shoulders suggesting to drink and eat at a restaurant.

Garen could not be bothered about these scoundrels. Except for Alexander, the rest were all useless. You couldn't even see their shadows during crucial times. Among those he'd summoned, only Alexander had taken the initiative to come without the fear of danger and was almost annihilated by the terrorist.

"The reason I could win this time depended on Cold Chaos of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique. This thing is simply a bug. It can seep into the Mech and affect the body of the pilot. For those who do not have a strong will, it can also act as a big killer weapon by muddling up their minds," Garen reckoned in his heart. If it were not for Cold Chaos, he probably would have gotten seriously injured and might not have been able to make the opponent stayed put. Victory would definitely not have come this easily.

“Previously, there was a lack of White Peacock Stones to advance the Living Secret Technique. Now that this condition has been met, I should be able to utilize the potential points to advance and bypass the accumulation of time, shouldn’t I?”

He surmised.

His gaze fell upon his Attribute pane and he focused on the Living Secret Technique Hellfrost Peacock Technique.

‘Secret Technique — Hellfrost Peacock Technique: Living Secret Technique, Level Six, Completion rate of Level Six at 1%.

‘Natural Ability Obtained — Devour Level One (Devours innumerable living things to restore the body).’

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

‘Natural Ability Obtained — Cold Chaos Level Three (Causes fluctuations in time and space and releases cold air naturally within an area of 20 meters to create a chaotic low-temperature area with the lowest point at zero degrees. Simultaneously, there is a small chance of muddling up the enemies’ mind, causing them to attack randomly)’

‘(Five foundation levels and three levels in derivative level, totaling up to eight levels in the whole technique) Achieving each level will cleanse the blood of the body to gradually acclimate towards the Hellfrost Peacock’s constitution and eventually reach its highest form with its limit at Army Level.’

There were still twenty potential points left.

Garen attempted to add the potential points into the Living Secret Technique. Regretfully, it did not work. The Living Secret Technique was still the same as before. It would not accept the advancement brought forth by the potential points.

He realized, however, that the potential points seemed to be able to advance the three additional natural abilities from the Peacock Technique.

The three abilities advanced according to the standard of high-level Secret Techniques. Each level would require five potential points.

Garen hesitated; he could use the potential points to advance these natural abilities or to use them on new training methods. He was unsure of which move to make.

The effect of the natural ability Cold Chaos was very strong and it could have a sudden effect of clearing the site. Its training method equated to inner force, which was the source of the formidable force in all moves. It would be very useful when facing a powerhouse one-on-one. However, the subsequent training method was in the hands of the Forbidden Core.

Chapter 863: A Sudden Turn of Events 1

He hesitated for a moment and decided to invest in the training method since it was the root of all things. In this world, the difference in the level of training method had an effect on status, power, etc.

Even though his Level Four Crouched Eagle Talon seemed to be at a high level, it was actually only parallel to the Level Two of other people's top training methods. The only edge he had was a greater amount of Willpower and nothing else.

His sight fell on the Attribution pane. After gazing for a number of seconds, the Unnamed Training Method ability blurred for a moment. When it became clear again, it had leaped to another level.

It jumped from Level One to Level Two.

'Forbidden Training Method: Level Two achieved (a total of five levels, Incomplete), Reflexes advanced to Level Two, Endurance advanced to Level Two, Self-repairing advanced to Level Two. Involving the back, both legs, and the head.'

Garen felt the changes of the attributions after they had advanced, not just from those that were indicated, but also from those that were not marked out. A whole new Willpower had condensed in his inner body core within the Willpower of Crouched Eagle Talon. It was slowly moving in a circular flow by itself, like the nature of rivers.

“I don’t think Level Four of Crouched Eagle Talon can be concealed as it would be noticed by many of the practitioners who are above Level Four. But with its Willpower enveloping the forbidden Willpower, the latter should be able to remain hidden,” Garen knew in his heart that because there was no conflict in this nature of enveloping, the force field emanated by the Forbidden Training Method willpower could be kept hidden. People would think that he had the outer layer Crouched Eagle Talon willpower and neglect the other willpower on the inside.

Five potential points had vanished due to the advancement.

Garen looked at the remaining fifteen points and decided to use them all up in a go. He pored over the Forbidden Training Method.

Hiss...

The icon of the training method instantly blurred. This time, it did not clear up even after a number of seconds but remained hazy.

After half a minute, the icon of the training method finally became visible once more. It was not the former pitch-black patch anymore but a fluttering four-winged bird. Similar to an eagle, the four-winged bird had sharply curved claws and looked as if it was diving to catch something.

Garen gazed at the progress.

‘Forbidden Training Method: Level Five (a total of five levels, Incomplete), Reflexes, Endurance, and Self-repairing Level Five, resulting in special derivative strength: Heart of Endurance – greatly improving the effects of Self-repairing, level of amplification reached level one. The strength of Self-Repairing is now at Level Six standard.’

“Heart of Endurance?” Garen frowned a little as he thought of a vague possibility. “Does this mean that for better quality training methods, arriving at a certain level would yield this kind of derivative strength?”

Due to the lack of information in this area, he could not compare it with other higher level training methods. Nonetheless, the power shown by the training method given by the Forbidden Core had surpassed his expectations.

If this training method focused on one of these attributions: explosiveness, speed, or strength, reaching this level would be terrific because the force produced together by three Level Fives was unimaginable.

After standing on the training grounds for some time, Garen let out a small breath. Around him, there was a sudden burst of faint air-waves. If someone were to inspect closely, they would realize that those were not air-waves but a pure energy field that was spreading out towards the surroundings. This could only happen when the Willpower had reached a certain level of purity. It was also the hallmark of a Level Five pilot. Someone at Level Four might be able to master the energy field and spread it out all over their body surface to fight against the enemy. However, it was a different case for Level Five. The most formidable strength of the Level Five pilot was that the energy field could be dispersed through the mech. Every type of Willpower Energy Field had its own unique special effect, just like Internal Force, where both had exclusive corrosive power. And so, when used by itself, even the gentlest Willpower would have an effect on the enemy although its properties would be different.

Garen paid close attention to the feeling of the flow, immense amount and purity of Level Five Willpower.

After releasing it for a while, he swiftly collected it back and enveloped it using Level Four Crouched Eagle Talon’s Willpower.

To advance from Level Four to Level Five, the common pilots would usually need a couple of years to break through to another level because this involved the matter of will. Garen, however, did not need to worry about it because from the Soul Will point of view, Garen was still stronger than the common pilot in this area even though he was not of the same system.

“Looks like I’ll need some time to adjust to this new strength,” Garen opened his palms. There were still strands of willpower force field that he could not contain emanating from the edge of his palms. This was due to the unconscious dissipation of the sudden spike in Willpower.

It was just like when a person gained Herculean strength all of a sudden; when he lifted a cup with the same amount of strength he usually used, the cup would instantly be shattered.

As he quietly practiced the control of Willpower, Garen was able to hold in the force field of the new Willpower. People generally would need years of work to arrive at this step but Garen did not have this issue.

A few days passed by in a flash.

Garen completed his patrolling assignment. Since he was conferred with the rank of Captain, it came with many privileges such as being presented with special commodity facilities not just for him but his family as well. Formerly, he and his family were unqualified to purchase these things but now they could do so. There were products such as gene enhancement fluid, all kinds of nutritional fluid and mixed essence to prolong lifespan and boost the body's constitution, a platform for repairing mechanisms and... he could purchase his own Mech!

Garen's life became a routine of going to the academy for a while every day and spending most of his time at the provisional encampment to train the members. He would send some of the members off one after another because they were still students and would not stay here permanently. There were also some who came from lower-level academies and poor family backgrounds, and they would persist in signing the agreement of joining the military service formally; thus, becoming a member of the unit.

Garen also officially gave a name to the unit. Since the mechs were generally configured as a double-edge type of humanoid Mech, he succinctly named the unit as Double-Edge Unit.

The remaining five members were not a patrol unit tasked with patrolling anymore but had become a standalone special unit that could accept independent assignments. This was also the main type of teams in the Blackboard Region.

Many of the scholars would use this way to accumulate military credits after they had graduated. The military would give out assignments and various parties would go and complete them. Later on, members who had performed outstandingly and served for a period of time would be chosen to join the military's Black-Clothed General Army.

Everything went smoothly for more than half a month without any problems.

Besides training the five members every day, Garen would practice familiarizing himself with his newly obtained training method Willpower and take note of the whereabouts of the Forbidden Core through various channels.

The everyday training caused the five members to complain about the hardship. Alexander, who liked to shirk work, contrasted sharply with that short red-haired girl who would complete the training tasks more than necessary. The other three who did not have a good family background and came from the lower quality academies in Blackboard Region were randomly assigned to be here. Even though every day they would cry out in misery, they would still complete the training tasks without slacking.

Garen was satisfied with this development. Since the higher-ups had bestowed upon him the authority over this unit, he wanted to build this team and made it into his own force. He followed Celine's method by halving their training so that they could really develop their battle skills and improve their combatting achievements. Though they were unable to reach the level of elite in this short amount of time, at any rate, there would not be any incident like the last time where only Alexander responded and acted rashly.

At least in terms of boldness and discipline, these five were not rookies anymore.

More than half a month had passed in the blink of an eye.

The Eagle's Nest martial arts computer simulation that Garen had applied to use had finally been approved and a timetable had been drawn up. In order to avoid clashing with other people's time, he was scheduled for the weekend, on Sunday afternoon.

Garen had always wanted to have a look at the Eagle's Nest Simulation Computer. After receiving the notice, he hastily arranged everything on hand and hurriedly drove over to the Eagle's Nest headquarter on Sunday afternoon. He had not been there for a long time.

The Eagle's Nest appeared to be as deserted and quiet as it was before. It looked like a silver bird nest from afar. There were not many people going in and coming out of it since it was a weekend. Most scholars either had some business to attend to or they would go home to spend time with their families and rest. Some would be working, so there were not many people who would come here to train.

After all, there were designated places for training. The only thing to be done here was to refine one's martial arts through simulation, interact with other Eagle's Nest members and receive external assignments.

For the first two items, there would only be a greater number of people at specific times. Regarding the external assignments, there would not be suitable ones available all the time.

Garen got down from the school bus and hurried towards the Eagle's Nest.

The gatekeeper on duty was a retired old man who smiled and greeted him.

"I haven't seen you for a long time, Nono," the old man was sipping a rich wine, sitting with his legs crossed. He knew all the famous scholars in Eagle's Nest. This old man had once been a member of Eagle's Nest when he was young, but he'd gotten into an accident and broke his leg. He'd become depressed even though he had a prosthetic leg. That was one of the reasons that many Eagle's Nest scholars, who prided themselves as elites, looked down upon him.

But Garen did not discriminate him in any way.

"It's been long, Abel," he smiled and waved. He had always felt that this old man did not appear as simple he seemed to be. No one had ever seen him drive a Mech in the past few decades he had been a gatekeeper.

As he entered Eagle's Nest with big strides, the inside was rather empty. Only a dozen or so people were leisurely training with one another in the training hall located at the center. The simulation combat rooms were also vacant with hardly anyone inside.

Only the entrance to the Assignment Room had some people. There would always be someone waiting there so that they could snatch away any high-value assignments that became available.

The top battling teams in Eagle's Nest would usually send someone to keep watch here. The model of these teams was akin to the model of Garen's current unit whereby the teams were established after they had completed assignments and performed deeds of merit.

Garen headed over there and had a quick glance.

Hornet Battle Team, Stinger-net Battle Team, Bell Ring Battle Team, Love-me-leave-me-not Battle Team...

These four were the strongest among the Eagle's Nest teams. Their capabilities were not known but it was said that there were elite students in all of them. Those elite students who could resonate strongly with their Mechs were rising stars and had great hopes of attaining Level Five and above. Naturally, they would have powerful capabilities.

The top four battle teams would station themselves in the Assignment Room all year round. Inside, there was also a counter to recruit people at the same time.

Garen's presence attracted the attention of a few as they recognized Garen's identity. This Nonosiva, who had created a commotion when he had first joined Eagle's Nest and was once the Freshmen's First Seat, had naturally acquired quite a reputation for himself.

Nono did not pay any attention to them but walked past the Assignment Room and headed towards the martial arts simulation room on the utmost left. He swiped his student card and opened his eye wide.

Two red lights moved slightly, aimed at his pupils and flickered for a split second.

"Appointment found. Student Nono, wishing you a pleasant abuse," the female computer voice sounded in a mischievous manner.

The door slid open without a sound.

Garen entered slowly.

It was an average-sized cylindrical room with silvery grey walls that had pipelines all over them.

In the center of the room was a huge silver ball of light formed by countless silver strands.

If you looked carefully, you would see that there were numerous data formula symbols circulating within the silver ball. There was also something that looked like planetary rings moving in a reversed flow.

Garen approached it. Uncountable minuscule white laser light bulbs suddenly lit up from the floor and shone at the ceiling above, forming several thin white beams of light.

Garen stopped in his steps and observed the laser lights on the floor.

Hiss... The countless laser light beams instantaneously distorted and formed a silver humanoid.

This humanoid had the same height and size as him but without any facial features, skin, hair or clothes, as if it was a fluid robot made out of molten silver.

“First stage of simulation begin...”

The female computer voice sounded from above.

Garen’s pupils constricted. In just a split second, the silver humanoid was charging at him in long strides, causing the ground to quake.

He suddenly felt an immense pressure coming down on him, suppressing his strength constitution to an ordinary person's level and his Level Four Crouched Eagle Talon Willpower to Level One standard.

The silver silhouette's arm bent forward and ferociously elbowed Garen's face.

Boom!

Silver fluid splattered as Garen blocked the elbow with a single arm. A storm of attacks followed. The silver humanoid's violent way of attacking was, in fact, his most frequently used attacking style.

Elbow tip, palm knife, side-kick and forward stomp. Every move was a basic combat technique, but when chained together, they gave off a wild and ferocious feel.

Boom boom boom boom!!!

Numerous deep explosive sounds reverberated. Garen and the silver humanoid exchanged more than ten strokes. Both parties took a few steps back and charged towards the opponent without any hesitation, attacking continuously.

Fist against fist. Palm knife against palm knife.

Garen's face did not change. He paid close attention to his own style of attack and began to comprehend how this martial arts simulation could help correct his flaws.

The way this simulation quantum computer worked was by creating another self so that one could observe the exchanging of strokes and learn the pros and cons of one's martial arts.

Both of them exchanged a flurry of blows. Not a single one showed any flaws. Garen's martial arts had been thoroughly refined and tempered endless times, and so there would not be any loopholes. Since the silver humanoid was a computer simulation, the machinery would not show any weak points as well. It was a draw state as two flawless powerhouses competed with each other.

“Without flaws... this is my martial arts?” Garen gave another blow to the silver humanoid, “Wrong. My martial arts can’t be this shallow... I can create flaws despite there being none!”

He bellowed as both of his arms warped like spirals and transformed into dozens of fictional and real palm shadows.

Twelve Flying Dragon Fist!

Because he did not want to expose the true depths of this combat technique which he had taught Celine, he could only use this type of ordinary technique.

The silver humanoid was not tricked by the fictional moves and instantly produced many phantom fists. In the midst of all the phantom images, two fists collided with precision.

Bang!

The returned seismic energy caused both of them to be unsteady and forced them to fall back a number of steps.

Garen’s Crouched Eagle Talon willpower exploded abruptly. The air shook. With arms like a hawk, he suddenly charged forward and struck the silver humanoid’s epigastrium with a punch.

Splash...

The humanoid disintegrated and vanished completely.

“This is martial arts simulation? Battling with a flawless silver humanoid to grasp where my weaknesses and strengths are? Still, it was only a virtual figure simulation. Just a simple simulation as such is not enough to build combat awareness. Countless plots and schemes are needed as well.”

Garen let out a breath and felt that he did not gain anything.

“Second stage of simulation, begin...” the female computer voice sounded again.

The silver humanoid reappeared with a different look. He seemed stronger this time.

A punch came swiftly accompanied by the sound of whistling wind.

Garen still had the body constitution of an ordinary person. Staring at that fist, his heart skipped a beat. This humanoid had twice the attributes of an ordinary person. He himself was suppressed and was forced to fight with someone who was stronger than him!

His mind promptly spun and he made a similar punch. Halfway through, he changed his fist to a palm move and cut at the edge of the silver humanoid’s fist to make it go sideways.

Though in an instant, the counterpart abruptly released a mighty Willpower which struck the edge of his palm where it met the fist.

That was Level Four Crouched Eagle Talon Willpower as well, and it rushed out from their contact point.

Garen mustered up his Willpower to confront it. The power technique of high-level martial artists, Quake, was fiercely launched.

After several buzzing sounds, the silver humanoid’s Willpower broke off and it collapsed into a puddle of mud.

The power of Quake, a high-level technique that Secret Technique practitioners must practice, was not something that could be easily simulated. This was because it involved extremely complicated coordination control of the spirit and the body.

The computer did not have a spirit. The simulation of Willpower was programmed by someone beforehand because otherwise, it would not be able to produce even the slightest bit of Willpower. That was why this kind of simulated Quake was incapable and could only be defeated.

“Second stage finished. Would you like to enter the third stage? Willpower is advanced by one level, and the physical body by two levels with an additional Mad-blast attribute. Please take note, extreme attribute, the third stage would be to simulate the practitioner’s theoretical strongest form,” the female computer voice sounded again.

“Oh? My theoretical strongest form?” Garen was piqued. “Come on then.”

He was getting a little excited.

The silver humanoid formed once again. This time, it had a unique, half-transparent fluid body.

Whoosh... An explosive willpower energy field burst forth all of a sudden. It was Level Five. The humanoid’s body randomly made some hand-strokes and it tore the air instantly, creating ear-piercing sounds.

“Come on!” Garen smirked and initiated the attack, “Twelve Flying Dragon Fist!”

Dozens of fist shadows were sent forth in a barrage of fists. But in a flash, a violent and forceful energy field spread out. Without any movement, the humanoid simply stood on the spot, lifted his hand and flicked it at Garen.

Boom!!

Everything was wiped out.

Garen suddenly opened his eyes.

He was still standing in front of the huge silver light ball. There was nothing else around. No silver humanoid, no countless laser lights. It was as if he had just entered and fallen asleep standing.

“Silent hypnosis... or illusion system?” Garen closed his eyes. Scene after scene of what just happened clearly appeared in his mind.

“What a fascinating technology...”

“Congratulations on passing the second level. You are rewarded with Intelligent Robot Beginner Skill.”

A tiny half-transparent virtual chip appeared before him. Garen reached out his hands and lightly touched it. The chip immediately disappeared to becoming countless black lines which wormed into his terminal watch.

“Martial arts simulation correction ended. Evaluation result – Your martial arts are perfect without any loopholes. Martial arts simulation correction is not of much use to you,” the female computer voice concluded.

“Em... Besides me, how many have made it to the second level?”

“Up ’til now, one thousand two hundred and eighty-six people.”

“How ’bout the third level?”

“The third level is a theoretical battle model. Only one has made it through.”

“Alright...”

Exiting the simulation battle room, Garen did not receive any suggestions from the computer. Usually, when people left the room, they would receive suggestions from the quantum central computer regarding the strengths and weaknesses of their martial arts. The conclusion for him, however, was perfect and flawless.

Nonetheless, Garen was concerned about the third level because there actually was someone who made it through. Despite the huge difference in Willpower and the body, someone managed to break through this level. What a rare sight it is.

This was a pure power suppressing technique. And so, it was no longer an issue of technique. When a person could not even approach the opponent, what kind of battle method could he employ to win?

The Willpower in the third level had reached the peak of Level Five. When the energy field was dispersed, you could not even go near the body. Garen could not think of a way to defeat that state of himself.

Walking out of the simulation room, he still tried to ask.

“Could you tell me the name of the person who passed the third level?”

“A hundred and twenty-four years ago, Gero Kavis.”

Gero Kavis?

Garen repeated this name in his heart. This was the first time he realized that there was someone who could beat him in martial arts combat.

Fighting against a stronger opponent was never his way of martial arts. Yet, he admired the ones who could make it on this path.

After exiting Eagle’s Nest, a call came in.

“Nono, this is the latest news. The Great Light Mech of White Light Organization had declared war against Blackboard Academy at East Fate City. They have announced that they will take over East Fate City and have dispatched dozens of Shining Mechs. All of them are Level Five pilots! How imposing! What’s more, the capabilities shown by those Great Light Mechs surpass half of the Level Five pilots! They have defeated dozens of Black-Clothed Generals!”

“Doesn’t that mean this is an act of war?!” Garen was shocked.

"I'm afraid so. An instructor from the academy had set out with a team. It's an Inheriting instructor, Thomas Andrew of Genre Red Whale. This is the first time an Inheriting pilot has been dispatched. I am already prepared to go and watch the battle. Are you going or not!?" Celine spoke quickly, "If you're coming then come to Yellow Rose area, elevator-platform number four."

"I'm coming now!"

Garen replied promptly.

"Remember to bring your Mech! This time, it's not going to be peaceful."

"Understood."

Garen nodded.

As he finished the call, there was a trace of complicated emotions in his eyes.

"White Light dared to declare war against the whole of Blackboard Region. With this kind of capability, there surely won't be just one Great Light Mech!"

A battle at Inheriting level... Regardless of everything, this was the top level battle strength of this world. He had to go and see for himself. This was a one in a million chance!

Chapter 865: Watching the Battle 1

East Fate City

Looking down from a high altitude, the extensive dark grey city grounds below burst into a cluster of blue lights.

These bright blue flames rose into the sky without spreading. They merely burned in small areas of the city, unleashing eye-piercing blue flares. Thick white smoke billowed upwards through the flares and formed a vast greyish-white smoke cloud over the entire city.

Swish!!

A blue light beam descended from the sky and crashed into a grey high-rise building in the city. The blue ray instantly destroyed the center structural layer of the high-rise and penetrated straight through it.

With a thud, the entire high-rise collapsed into a pile of rubble.

“Warning again! Warning again!! All East Fate citizens, please immediately hide and flee the city. All citizens of East Fate, please immediately hide and flee the city to avoid injury,” Unfeeling announcements came and went, playing from a huge blue-black battleship hovering over the city.

These battleships looked like beetles that had been magnified many times and had spiking mouthpieces. Blue lights were spewing out from these mouthpieces.

Dozens of large battleships floated over the East Fate City and moved slowly, constantly scanning and capturing the ruins of the empty city below.

The residents of East Fate City who could hide had already hidden and those who could run had already fled, leaving an empty city.

The dead bodies and casualties over these days were not being precisely calculated anymore. Perhaps it had passed ten thousand, twenty thousand, or even a million.

In a huge beetle battleship, Garen and Celine stood together behind a group of commanders. Like many of the other youngsters from big businesses and huge households who were watching the battle, they did not make a sound. They were quietly listening to the big boss and commanders conversing at the front.

Standing in front of the crowd before a giant floor-to-ceiling window were three top pilots wearing a major general-ranked military uniform. An intense force field of Level Five Willpower was emanating off them without any restraints.

They were the supreme commanders and the tactical logistics team who were here this time to deal with the White Light Great Light Mech.

“If the real Great Light Mech appears in area A, His Highness Red Whale might not be able to arrive in time. We will need to resist the other party for at least ten minutes or more and hold him down regardless of the casualties. That is a result we cannot afford.”

“But the other party is in the dark and we are in the light. The key to campaign battles is in intelligence. They do not know which areas our main deployment are at. We also do not know which area their raids are hiding in,” the other man frowned.

“All the representatives of the major households here can raise up any suggestions you have. If it is indeed valuable, our military department and the academy will give out great rewards,” a long-eyebrowed Major General shifted his gaze over and looked in the direction where the wealthy youngsters were whispering among one another.

The reason why these people were called here was to make use of the power of the various households. Maybe there would be many unexpected channels in these households that could come into play.

This was also the practice of repeated battles.

“For the defense alert in the twelve areas of East Fate City, I think our Bane household can contribute,” a chubby young man raised his hand and said. “A new type of jamming device developed by our family can locate the enemy’s specific position in jamming mode, which is equivalent to the enhanced bat fighter system. We are willing to contribute a hundred sets for free.”

“The Bane household right? Thank you for your support! How are the specific settings and moving condition of this type of jammer...”

“The specific parameters are as such...”

The two began to carefully discuss the layout plan.

The rest of the crowd were still whispering to one another. Garen and Celine stood at the back where they had deliberately walked to.

“Where’s your Mech?” Celine whispered.

“In the battleship’s Mech depot, why?” Garen asked.

“Take note, we are now really entering the battle zone. My Mech is a high-grade good brought out from the household. I can jump and leave at any time during crucial moments. Yours is just an ordinary good. If there is any problem, you will be in trouble,” Celine whispered.

“I know,” Garen nodded. “But benefits and risks coexist, don’t they? Being able to watch an Inherited level battle doesn’t come easily. The last Inherited-level battle record was a few decades ago. It was even classified as the highest level of confidentiality. We have no way to access it. Now that there is this opportunity, it would be a waste if we do not take hold of it.”

“If we can find the key to Inherited Level, it will be very helpful for our advancement in the future.”

Minutes and seconds passed by. Garen and Celine conversed softly. Like everyone else, the two appeared to be inconspicuous in a group of rich youngsters who were dressed in fancy clothes.

After some time, a Shining Mech figure finally appeared.

A Shining Mech suddenly leaped and appeared in front of the battleship, wielding a dagger as it dashed towards them in an attempt to pierce through the thick armor with its lone strength.

“Kill him!”

The commander waved his hand and several Blackboard Mechs flew out to meet it.

All of them were Black-Clothed Generals. They stood directly before the Shining Mech in a group.

The second batch of Blackboard Mechs flew out next. When they were about to lay siege to the other side, they encountered another Shining Mech.

Under the gloomy clouds, the Mechs could only be seen as interweaving red and white firepower in the air.

Suddenly, a beetle battleship exploded a distance away. Huge red flames spread across the sky, engulfing an area of hundreds of meters in the city below.

Two black and white humanoid Mechs flew out of the fireball. One of the Mechs was black with striking red eyes and two huge red scythes in its hands.

The other Mech was fully white, and both hands clutched a giant machete that glittered brightly. It was pursuing and hacking at the black Mech.

"It's Master Red-Eyed Medero!!" someone who recognized the black Mech called out in the battleship.

"Go and call for backup!" someone shouted.

"No! That's the strongest no.5 Shining Mech under the Great Light Mech. I have seen the records before. None of us can be its opponent! Even Master Medero would not be able to hold out. We will only die if we go out!" someone opposed.

"Yes, and they're too close to each other and are entangled in close combat. If we can't keep up with their rhythm, we'll be doing a disservice!"

A group of people quickly concluded. The three commanders did not voice out and were calm and steady as if they already had a plan for this situation. However, some people were already feeling a little scared. A similar beetle battleship had been blown up, indicating that their side was not guaranteed to be safe.

“With the presence of Master Red Whale there won’t be a problem!” someone said confidently. This statement slightly calmed the worried crowd. After all, this ship of theirs was different from other ships. This ship was carrying important figures and the defense force was also more than three times stronger.

Medero dragged the No.5 Shining Mech and left the area speedily, heading towards other areas. Very soon, they were out of sight.

Over on this side, the victor and the loser of the battle between the Shining Mechs and Blackboard Mechs of the battleship had also emerged. One Shining Mech had exploded while the other had fled; the Blackboard Mechs had lost two and a third had to be written off and could not fight again.

“Have you ever wondered why these White Light Mechs chose East Fate City for their declaration of war?” Garen looked at the Shining Mech that was fleeing away further and asked in a low voice.

Celine shook her head.

“I’ve never thought about it. But, the household analysts have analyzed that the real reason should be to attract attention and actually seek other purposes.”

“It’s possible. But the biggest possibility is that they are trying to figure out how much combat power Blackboard Region can currently deploy.”

Garen conjectured, “From the previous pulse wave incident to the current formal declaration of war, perhaps there will be a greater action later on. I feel that such a huge price and action is no longer for the purpose of getting something.”

Celine thought deeply.

“Indeed. This kind of move should not be simply for that. If it is only for that purpose, they could have done it secretly. There is no need to make such a big fanfare. Too much power is spent here on direct confrontation.”

“So I’m guessing that it is likely that White Light itself is tangled up with Blackboard Region in something else,” Garen whispered.

“Other aspects of the entanglement?” Celine thought about it.

At this moment, there was a sudden sound of an explosion from the battleship.

Pewwww!

An ear-piercing harsh noise came from above.

The entire observation window of the battleship immediately became red. It was blinding and more than a dozen people’s eyesight were affected in an instant. They screamed as tears flowed from their clenched eyes.

The battleship shook violently and returned to its calmed state.

“It’s Master Red Whale’s Bright Eyes!!” one commander shouted, “Don’t worry, Master Red Whale has made his move. I believe it will soon be a success!”

Pewwwww!

Suddenly there was a shrill cry again. The floor-to-ceiling window turned red once more.

Garen did not close his eyes but looked straight at the vast red light. Such brightness was nothing to him.

But from the cries of these two voices, he had a bad feeling.

While everyone was closing their eyes to avoid the red light, he promptly held Celine's hand and swiftly moved backward, running towards the Mech depot. Their footsteps were silent and no one actually realized when they entered another passageway.

"What are you doing!?" Celine shook off his hand and asked loudly.

"I'm afraid there's a bit of danger," Garen explained as he walked. He quickly came to the Mech depot and took out his special permit. He brushed it in front of the guard and got permission.

After the electronic door opened automatically, he pulled Celine inside.

"Find your Mech right away. We may have to flee here quickly."

"What do you mean? How could it be!?" Celine said unbelievably. "We actually have a troop of thirty-two Black-Clothed Generals escorting our battleship. It's impossible to have any problems!"

"Of course it is unlikely that something will happen now. But what if His Highness Red Whale is defeated?" Garen said plainly.

"That... shouldn't be possible!" Celine looked a little sluggish.

"There's nothing that's impossible! I'm not here just to simply go one round around the city and then head back. Wouldn't you want to watch an Inherited Level battle up close? The battle should be happening above our heads right now."

Garen enticed.

"You're crazy!" Celine's eyes widened. "Both of us, Level Two and Level Three brats go up close to watch a life-and-death battle of Level Six Inherited Levels?"

"I'm not crazy. If you want to go then get into your Mech!" Garen went straight to the front of his Mech and stepped onto the elevator platform.

Wuuu...

The elevator-platform sensed the arrival of the owner and slowly rose.

Celine clenched her teeth and spoke no further. She quickly ran to her own elevator platform.

Her Mech was a black double shield humanoid with silver borders. Her two shields were weapons of destruction with sharp serrations at the edge, not just for defending.

At this time, Garen had already jumped into his own Mech and sat in the cockpit. He hit the activate key.

Duuu...

The Mech glowed all around. Blocks of floating light curtains and strips of white data flowed and surrounded the body.

‘Double Blade Captain, proceed with armor charge?’ the battleship central computer enquired.

“Of course,” Garen sat up straight, his eyes sparkling with excitement. He took out a small black box from his pocket. It was obvious that the surface of the box had been disguised so that it looked ordinary.

He pressed the box to the console and the entire box melted directly into the inner parts of the Mech.

“Double Edge No. 1, all set to go.”

“Combat readiness system complete by default.”

“Combat readiness system complete by default.”

“Ejection device ready!”

“Ejection device ready!”

“Set off!”

Boom!

The Double Edge Mech lit up at once. The gigantic body blasted off and launched through the opening of the spiral pathway above.

Chapter 866: Watching the Battle 2

Just a split second behind, the wolf shield from Celine’s Mech also flew out. Two Mechs shot out of the battleship leaving a long trail of white smoke behind them. They flew straight up into the skies above.

At this moment, there was also a large number of different types of black and white Mechs flying up into the sky besides them. For a time, it was like many missile-shaped fireworks had flown into the sky.

The entire airspace of East Fate City was densely packed with numerous Mechs.

Up high at several kilometers’ altitude, two Mechs, one red and one white, were entangled in a high-speed battle.

The red Mech had circles of scarlet chains floating at its back that was constantly looking for a chance to bite like a poisonous snake. The whole body also exuded traces of Willpower ripples.

Pointed sharp knives extended from the white Mech's fingertips. Each of them was half the length of a Mech's body and they looked ferocious. They formed a storm of twisted metal blades with the white Mech as the center point.

As Garen and Celine came up, they were not the first group of people to do so. Several Mechs were already hovering around, watching from far.

"This is the Inherited-level battle? It doesn't look any different from our kind of fight?" Celine doubted.

"The difference is huge," Garen murmured, "watch their actions."

Celine was reminded and began to watch closely every subtle movement of the two Mechs.

"This... This is..." not only did she see with her own eyes that something was wrong, the detection equipment carried by her Mech itself also issued a warning signal. "Each time they clash, they have an average of fifteen Level Five pilots' amount of power!? Isn't this too exaggerated?!"

"This is Mech Resonance," Garen had noticed the clues. "They are resonating with their own Mechs and have reached a very high level. At Level Six, the Mechs themselves are already equivalent to a living organism. They also have a potential explosion mechanism similar to that of a human body. It is Resonance that is able to take what was burst out from this kind of potential..."

"Watch out!" Garen pulled Celine's Mech all of a sudden and retreated in a rush.

Pewwwww!!

Horrifying red lights suddenly flashed across the sky.

Red Whale and the Great Light Mech simultaneously burst into action.

Countless shadows of chains suddenly appeared behind Red Whale, hurling and whirling towards the other party.

The outbreak at this moment was way beyond the previous conventional battle. Each chain carried along a terrible impact and variable frequency magnetic field. They stabbed towards the Great Light Mech in an overwhelming manner from all angles like serpents.

“Red Whale Contend!”

An aged and low-pitched man’s voice rang through the sky.

“Old man! Your move is antiquated!!” a raging man’s voice came from the Great Light Mech.

“Pool of Radiance!”

The Great Light Mech suddenly erupted. Copious amounts of white liquid light dripped down the Mech’s legs and floated in the air, forming an oval white pool.

The red chains came into contact with the white light pool and everything was submerged in red and white light. Nothing could be seen.

In the midst of the silence, a huge tornado formed by the turbulent flow of red and white energy was slowly taking shape.

Garen once again tugged Celine and hurriedly retreated a few kilometers. Only then, did they break away from the hurricane’s traction.

Some of the Mechs who were watching the battle were one step slower. Several Mechs with Level Four and Level Five force fields were dragged into it and instantly smashed into pieces. Seeing this chilled the hearts of the others and they flew far away once again to keep themselves safe.

The red-white tornado stood at the center of East Fate City. It slowly spun and absorbed everything around it that could be absorbed. Looking into it from far, Garen’s eyesight could barely distinguish the silhouettes of the two Mechs. They were still confronting each other!

“This kind of power...!!!” although Celine’s main household also had an Inherited Level pilot, his status had not reached such a high level yet. This was also the first time he had seen a battle between Inherited Level pilots.

“I am finally understanding a little why pilots are the strongest players in the universe,” Celine licked her dry lips as her eyes were filled with irrepressible amazement.

Garen also felt the same.

Although the density quality of this level of destructive power was not too high, the scope of this destruction... He speculated that to physically fight against this level of destruction power, his physical constitution had to be at least more than 30 points. Even still, there was still a possibility of getting hurt.

This level had reached the terror level of the last battle in the Totem World.

And this was only the capability of Level Six. According to the training method given to him by Forbidden Core, after it, there were still Level Seven and Level Eight... maybe even Level Nine...

In all fairness, though Garen had always focused on Secret Techniques, such a level of relying on individual strength to destroy the planet was beyond even the power of Demon Lord Class. Ancient Endor’s Demon Kings might have been able to be invincible across the time and space of the surrounding parallel universes, but they were still inferior to the top Mechs in terms of pure destructive power. Although they might be able to achieve similar destructive effects through other methods, they would definitely not be so straightforward.

“Then again, there’s no need to belittle oneself. The merits of the Demon Lord Class is that its strength lies in other aspects. Its true soul is immortal and the demon can never die and will reincarnate. Even if the true soul is destroyed, as long as Mother Stream does not vanish, it can have a chance to make a comeback. But, it is almost impossible for the Mech to achieve this level. Although they are powerful, they cannot completely destroy the Demon Lord Class,” Garen was slightly relieved, though he still had a slight worry in his heart. He did not have the qualification to see the highest level Mechs. Perhaps there could be new top technologies and capabilities appearing.

The huge tornado slowly spun, connecting the earth and the sky. This terrorizing scene also caught the attention of all the troops around.

The battle between Inherited Levels had once again shown itself to the world after several decades.

This was no longer the level that quantity could make up for.

Garen quietly piloted his Mech and looked at the tornado from far. However, he was looking for a way out in the comparison of Secret Techniques and the Willpower system of the Mech.

He was seeking for a way to absorb the civilizational advantages of this system and integrate it with his own strengths.

Boom!!

The tornado collapsed. Two figures burst out of it and crashed into the ruined city below, creating two huge pits.

There was a distorted black light in one of the pits, from which the Great Light Mech jumped out and escaped. The spatial lockdown device that came after was one step too late.

In another pit, the Red Whale Mech flew up again, wobbling slightly. Obviously, he had been seriously injured. There was a huge crack in the Mech's chest and abdomen. What flowed out from the inside was not the same type of components as the ordinary Mechs but a type of liquid silver mucus.

The Red Whale Mech was quickly led away by a special Mech medical team.

Garen and the group of watching pilots also left and returned to the original battleship.

Unlike the general pilots, on the surface, he appeared to have Level Four Crouched Eagle Talon Willpower but in fact, he had Level Five Forbidden Willpower on the inside. This training method given

by Forbidden Core seemed very advanced. Although it did not look like the type that focused on battle, its level must be far greater than a general training method like Crouched Eagle Talon.

Garen could feel that the quality of the Forbidden Willpower had surpassed Crouched Eagle Talon's by at least three times the density. Now that it had reached Level Five, even though it had been forcefully advanced using all of his potential points in one breath, it could somehow derive a special ability to increase self-repair by one level. That was already extremely abnormal on its own.

"It's presumable that the Forbidden Core would never have thought that I could rush to Level Five in such a short period of time," Garen thought. "The White Light Organization officially had declared war. Obviously, there can't be just one Great Light Mech in place. There definitely should be a countermove. But now that no countermove has appeared, perhaps their main attention is really on the Forbidden Core. Could it be that I was thinking wrongly about it previously?"

He was puzzled. He stared at the distant sky towards the direction of East Fate City, where the White Light Organization had set up their defense area.

"Nonosiva."

Suddenly a loud call rang out in his mind.

Garen stiffened. He did not discern how the sound had been transmitted to him.

"I am the Forbidden Core that made a deal with you, Red Moon. You could actually break through the training method levels in such a short time. Your talents are truly beyond my expectations."

"So, it means that you really did some tricks to the training method?" Garen's face darkened.

"Certainly. But surely you would have checked it many times, didn't you? There were no dangerous changes."

"Breaking through one level was the basis for you to be able to contact me?" Garen asked.

"This training method which I have given you is called Big Phantom Sound. It came from an ancient Inheriting sect that used to be glorious for a while. Their pilots used tones as their attacking weapons. At the same time, what was more outstanding about them was that they could achieve long-distance resonance communication technique even at this kind of low level," Red Moon simply explained.

"Is there really such a powerful means of communication?" Garen did not believe it. The other party did not even know where he was, but the voice could cross over numerous disturbances in between the distance and still be heard clearly. Just a simple explanation of Big Phantom Sound would not sit well with him.

"Of course, there is a little bit of assistance," Red Moon was not embarrassed to be seen through. "That idiot Clint has to make me worry about everything. There was no other way. I separated an imprint of mine and told him that there were only two imprints can be used."

"What's this imprint that you're talking about?" Garen's face looked a little darker, faintly feeling unsettled.

"Of course, it's the inherited imprint of the Forbidden Mech!" Red Moon simply answered. "This, in effect, is the usage rights of Forbidden Mech that many had attempted but failed to seize. Only those who have a Forbidden Inheriting imprint can qualify to participate in the final battle. Of course, a Mech can only pick one pilot and the others are sub-imprints, all of which is to assist and ensure the existence of the main imprint."

"Are you joking with me?" Garen's expression changed.

"You thought I was joking with you? Let me tell you, boy, once you get into my boat, you can never think of going back!" Red Moon's true form was beginning to show. "Once you abolish this level of Willpower, it will also affect all the Willpower you've had before and destroy them all! All the years of your hard work being destroyed instantly, heheheh..."

"You want me to assist the main imprint?" Garen suddenly smirked. "What a naïve idea you have."

"The main imprint has absolute suppression on the sub-imprints. It would be useless even if you wanted to bring harm to it," Red Moon chuckled sinisterly. "Once you make your move, your Inherited Mech in the future will completely disintegrate in one go and directly explode!"

“Merely an imprint?” Garen was too lazy to talk nonsense with him. “You really think that I couldn’t get rid of it?”

While talking, he had already begun to examine his entire body. He quickly found a floating object like a dandelion seed inside the unknown Willpower.

Truly, there was no way to move this thing using Willpower. But, Garen sneered and switched to the means of Secret Techniques. Blood flowed inside his body and numerous Living Secret Technique blue lines spread out and rushed toward the seed imprint.

Chapter 867: Changes 1

Numerous blue lines rushed at the object that looked like a dandelion seed from all angles like a living creature and surrounded it.

Garen slowed down and became more and more gentle. Who knew what else the Forbidden Core had placed inside? If something went wrong, it would be very troublesome. After all, it was inside his body.

“Are you vainly attempting to remove the imprint? Just stop your wishful thinking. This thing cannot be handled by a low-level guy like you,” Red Moon laughed.

Before the voice had faded away, there was a light cracking sound.

The large number of blue lines that Garen had manipulated had wrapped around the seed completely. As they tightened and shrunk non-stop, they actually crushed it savagely.

There was no reaction. Garen had been ready to deal with any trouble and problems that might have arisen. However, after the seed was crushed, no unexpected changes occurred.

He gently manipulated the blue lines to draw the seed into the palm of his hand and formed a cluster of blue lines.

“Be fractured.”

As his voice sounded, the Living Secret Technique lines that were connected to the rear of the cluster of blue lines suddenly tore and broke. The cluster of lines independently formed a single ball and flew out of the Mech through the Mech’s nacelle.

Boom!

The cluster of lines suddenly shattered and turned into countless blue light spots. Bits and pieces of the seed fragments inside were clearly visible.

“Oh...?” the voice of Red Moon promptly became a bit surprised. “You actually removed the seed...”

He did not seem too surprised.

“I did not expect you to have reached the point where you can eliminate the seed imprint on your own... But, the real core part is not what you can imagine...”

“You really think that your imprint can be planted on anybody? That’s rather unbelievable?” Garen sneered.

He absent-mindedly held out his hand and opened them again. There were other clusters of blue lines gathering in the palm of his hand.

“Fracture...”

Clusters of blue lines broke off and flew out of the Mech.

“What!!” Red Moon’s countenance finally changed. “You...!??”

Garen stretched his hand towards the clusters on lines in the air and gently made a grasping movement.

“Wait! Don’t!!”

Red Moon suddenly yelled anxiously.

Crunch!!

Almost at the same time, all the clusters of lines burst together, turning into numerous blue light spots, slowly dissipating and faded away between heaven and earth.

In that instant, Garen’s face went pale. He bent down and vomited a big mouthful of blood.

“You!!” Red Moon’s voice broke off abruptly and disappeared instantly.

Garen was faintly aware that something was amiss. This separation seemed to have stripped off most of the imprint restrictions. But, there were still some remaining parts that could not be completely isolated. These parts seemed to be the most crucial points but they were deeply connected to his heart and brain.

He could clearly feel that a slight wave of force field was constantly emanating from a distant place. It was not the force field of a human, but a kind of an irregular pulse, sometimes fast and sometimes slow.

Without any reason, he knew in his heart that it was Red Moon’s pulse.

“Is this the main source of the imprint?” Garen was suddenly enlightened. As a master of the body’s soul manipulation, he was able to keep abreast of the slightest changes in himself. Although he did not know the means by which Red Moon had planted the imprint on his body, at this moment, he could still clearly feel the remaining functions of the imprint.

The parts that restricted him had been forcibly eliminated using Living Secret Technique. However, the remaining part was Red Moon's most fundamental source-of-life imprint. This thing could not be eliminated because it did not bring any harm to the body itself but had great benefits instead.

If an ordinary person thoroughly integrated this source-of-life imprint, he or she might be able to instantaneously stimulate Willpower and gain a level. The activation of potential was the function of the imprint.

Garen's body did not have any rejection towards anything that did not harm his body.

There was basically no way to transfer this remaining part. It had already been deeply connected to the heart and brain and had begun to slowly release its own energy.

Garen closed his eyes slightly. He did not realize that this imprint would be so difficult to deal with. Absorbing the source of this imprint would undoubtedly benefit him greatly. However, it would also covertly create a direct connection with Red Moon. If he chose not to absorb it, on the other hand, it would leave crippling injuries to this body because it was already connected to the heart and brain. After removing Red Moon's limitation control, there was only one choice left at all.

"Forbidden imprint? Since there are only parts that are good for me, then why should I not accept this gift?" Garen opened his eyes and there were blue traces washing over them.

Waves of Living Secret Technique blue lines emerged from the Secret Technique core inside of his body and quickly wrapped around the remaining sources of the imprint.

Radiation area

On the deserted grey-yellow grassland, Clint, who was slowly following a convoy, suddenly trembled.

"What happened to you? Clint!" Baylon asked worriedly when she saw his abnormal reaction.

The two were closely following the team of people they had met in the sewers. This team was a small group in the radiation belt, an outgoing search team affiliated with a survival site. They specialized in hunting for edible mutated living beings and water sources with a low level of radiation. At the same time, they were also tasked with clearing all the hidden dangers of the surrounding areas.

“All right? Clint kid,” a yellow-bearded uncle at his side patted Clint’s shoulder. He was the only chemist in the team and could use a variety of radioactive materials and mutated biological plants to combine and mix together into an agent called poisonous mist. It could dispel the radiating poisonous fog in many places for a short time.

“I’m... I’m okay,” Clint drew back his body and lowered his head. His face, however, showed an unexpected joy.

“Watch your path carefully. You both just came out from the region. The danger of the radiation belt is not what you can imagine. Many times, even a small scorpion that suddenly appeared out of the ground can kill you easily. We can’t afford any antidotes and serum at all,” the uncle said earnestly. “Even if it’s an ordinary cold, it will quickly weaken a strong man as well. The viruses in the radiation belt are far more powerful than in the regions and drugs are even more expensive than gold and diamonds!”

“I understand, uncle,” Clint nodded wearily and looked at the tightly bundled-up Baylon. Unlike these Radiation people here on the outside, their skins had not been exposed much and seemed a lot more tender. Under the gentle reminder of the convoy’s big sister, Baylon quickly covered up her face and body.

In the radiation belt, even beautiful women could attract unprecedented disasters.

Seeing that Clint was alright, Baylon continued to hurry along while slowly twisting together the rattans of radiation plants in the car. After soaking this kind of entwined rattan in oil and tanning them, they could be woven into durable pouches. These pouches could not be pierced through by the fangs of mutated living beings. They made the best carrying bags and could be exchanged for some basic food items and drinking water in the team.

There were more than a dozen people in the convoy. Everyone had to work in order to obtain grade three filtered water and food. These food contained radioactive toxins. Eating them would result in more severe radiation sickness and finally, the body would rot and die. However, as long as it was not consumed continuously, drinking some water with the purity level of grade two and above would allow the body to self-detoxify without any serious problems.

As for drinking water that was less than grade two, the residual toxins would result in more ulcers and radiation spots on the body. So long as they did not eat it at frequent intervals, there would be no problem.

The team gradually calmed down.

Clint suppressed the joy in him and began to communicate with Red Moon in his heart.

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“What! Radiation belt!?” Red Moon felt a little irritated after learning of where they were.

“You guys actually entered the radiation belt?! Even the food here is poisonous and the water source is filled with bacterial viruses and radiation toxins. Surviving itself is an issue if you don’t have filtration equipment! It’s worse than in the desert!” Red Moon seemed to be familiar with the radiation belt.

“Yeah...” Clint had some understanding of it during these days. “In the radiation belt, Big Sister told me that the most important things are pure water filters and medicines. Any team without a pure water filter cannot survive for more than three days. When facing any trouble, antibiotics and anti-inflammatory drugs will be the key to saving lives. Previously inside the region, we could buy a pile of these easily in the stores. Outside here, I did not expect it to be...”

He became silent. Those who had not been to the outside of the region would not have any idea that there existed a world out there which was arduous to live in and that this world was actually the main environment of the entire mother planet.

“You’ve finally found out? You all used to be little kids that lived in a greenhouse. In the radiation belt, anyone, pay attention, anyone would do anything just for a small piece of food or a vial of high-grade pure water. Women would sell their bodies, men would toil like beasts of burden and fight desperately with mutated beings. Anyone who can live above fifty years of age is blessed,” Red Moon seemed to be deeply moved. “What bad news...”

“So what do we do now?” Clint was at a loss.

"It's okay. I have found a foreign aid for you. But it's a pity that he can't help you for the time being... Hey!!" Red Moon suddenly screamed in pain in the middle of the conversation. "That damn freak! How did he get rid of my imprint!" his voice turned into doubt.

"What's wrong, Lord?" Clint asked cautiously.

"Nothing, it's none of your business. Go and make sure you train your Willpower!" Red Moon replied impatiently. Comparing Nono whose talent had been overlooked by him the first time with this trash-looking maggot, his anger rose.

"Oh..."

Red Moon was distracted just now. He was simultaneously talking to Clint and Nonosiva, who was far away. But, the result was that there was a forced disconnection from that side. The outer layer that was mainly the means of his imprint control was actually eliminated and left with the source alone. This equaled to peeling off the shell from a shell-enveloped sweet and consuming the sweet itself.

"But it won't be all lost if it's eaten..." Red Moon said to himself.

Looking at the silly-faced Clint again, Red Moon's heart was filled with sadness once more. If it wasn't due to not having any other way and having to pick this trash as the main heir, choosing a real one-in-a-million talent like Nonosiva would certainly have restored some of his glory by now; maybe already even reaching the standard of Level Five.

Chapter 868: Changes 2

"However, I am quite clear about the temper of that guy over there. I have to go along with him. Otherwise, things will backfire. Over on this side, I can use the way of the wolf..." Red Moon was sulking due to the Nono incident. He looked at Clint and suddenly gave a sinister smile.

“Clint!”

“Ah... Eh?” Clint was just about to get into the state of training his Willpower but was jolted awake. He opened his eyes and had a blank look on his face.

“From today onwards, I will arrange training tasks for you every day. If they are not completed, there will be various punishments. In order to improve your strength and combat awareness as quickly as possible, this is the only way we can do it. After all, we are now in the radiation belt. There are dangers here everywhere and if you do not increase self-awareness, you may not even know how you died.”

“Oh... Oh... I see, I’ll work hard!” Clint nodded his head with seriousness.

“That’s good. You have to know that once you don’t finish the task, I will punish you by forcefully taking over your body. You have to be clear about this. Well, for the first task of the day, engrave the first layer of the Willpower imprint once again!”

“Ah??” Clint was stunned. Engraving Willpower imprint was the way to training Willpower. Each different training method would have a different imprint and each layer of training method would also have an imprint in increasing complexity which had to be engraved on different parts of the body to activate the Willpower of the cells in that part.

This was also the main method for training Willpower; repeated engraving would deepen the traces. This was the way to continuously progress in the training method.

In the past, it was possible to engrave an imprint once in four days under his normal state. This was considered to be very good for Clint, who had been forcefully advanced to Willpower Level One. Yet now, Red Moon actually asked him to engrave once a day!

“Lord... this...”

“If you cannot do it, you will go for a naked run! Or go show your little wee-wee[1] in front of the convoy’s Big Sister and shout three times, “I’m a scum!”” Red Moon grinned slyly.

“F*ck...” there was absolutely no way he was doing that!!

Clint’s head immediately went numb and he had goosebumps all over his body. Quickly, without saying anything else, his whole body and mind went into the state of Willpower training.

He knew that Red Moon would walk his talk. In the event of such a terrible incident, his reputation would be sullied for the rest of his life!

Garen walked into the academy. The number of students in the academy had decreased significantly as many students had received tasks of patrolling in the city, similar to the tasks he did before, as there was a lack of manpower.

Besides Blackboard Academy, other academies in the region were also doing the same thing. The higher-ups of Blackboard had officially entered into a war with the White Light Organization. With East Fate City as the frontline, both sides had invested large numbers of standard Mech units. The Blackboard army and the Ray Print Mech of White Light had been killing each other. There would be a big scale battle every three days while every two days, a small-scale one. The death toll on both sides was increasing.

The White Light Organization had shown more than just the strength of a terrorist organization. East Fate City was located at the border and back of the Maria Region. It was impossible that this situation did not have the acknowledgment and support of the other two regions.

Blackboard was now dealing with the issue of the forbidden core as well as the implication of a possible inter-region war.

Garen paced slowly on the sidewalk of the academy. The green belt beside that was planted with safflowers had been trimmed neatly. Looking ahead, there were maglev circular displays the size of washbasins playing the news.

‘In recent days, the Polar Region and our military have been conducting joint military training. The newest submarine-launched missiles have been revealed. According to relevant sources, the new missiles have not only enhanced the scatter-tracking on the foundation of the Nightingale models, they

have also been equipped with a special erosion-type force field generator on their warheads. It can effectively carry out powerful interference attacks on high-level pilots...”

The news broadcaster smiled and spoke confidently as if local high-level pilots could completely overpower the terrorists with just a new type of missile.

Garen strolled past the display as he observed the increasingly tense atmosphere in the Blackboard Region. The atmosphere of the war had already seeped into the academy, where soldiers in military uniforms were often seen entering and leaving the campus.

“My uncle was involved in the research of the new missile. The actual power is not as imagined...” a few passing students shook their heads while discussing among one another.

“How is the situation in East Fate City?”

“Not sure. We were only responsible for the periphery cleaning.”

“If you are an elite student, you will certainly receive an inner job.”

“Some did receive it, but the casualties were quite severe. I heard that even Senior Red Eyes was seriously injured.”

Several students discussed while passing by on Garen’s right. They all looked like senior students, each emanating the force field of Level One Willpower. The senior-level eight-petaled flower silver logo was also worn on their chests. Eight years of schooling was the normal level of most students. For the tens of thousands of students in Blackboard Academy, ninety percent of them were actually at such a level. They made up the majority of ordinary people in the academy.

Even if the students were studying at home, they were also talking about the war.

For elites like Garen who could achieve Level Three Willpower, many of them had a lot of military ranks and they could officially enter the battlefield as military soldiers.

He continued to stroll forward. It was already late afternoon. The sun was rather dim, though it still shone on his military uniform. The black belt strapped diagonally to his shoulder reflected the light and dragged out a long shadow behind him.

The gap between students was vast sometimes.

Garen sighed in his heart.

All of them were students and yet, some barely met the graduation criteria. They only had Level One Willpower and could only serve as foot soldiers. Some, in reverse, could serve as one of the main players in the middle stratum.

This was just like the universities of Earth. Some students would be approached by top companies offering them high salaries while they were still schooling and had even built their own businesses with billions in net worth; whereas, some of them were still wasting their lives away and had to submit resume after resume to seek for a minimum-wage job after graduating.

Some had been able to leave their names in notable research papers while some could only plagiarize from elsewhere for their dissertation.

With a sigh and some stirring in his emotions, Garen quickened his pace and rapidly moved toward his destination.

The students he encountered on the road all showed signs of envy as they saw the Captain-rank military uniform on him. Being able to achieve the rank of a captain at such a young age, it was obvious that it was either someone in the family or he himself must have served with distinction. His future prospects were limitless. As long as one had reached Willpower Level Four, being a field officer was certain. If one were lucky enough to advance to Level Five, one could attain the general level.

Some first and second-year juniors and third and fourth-year seniors all thought that Garen was at least a year five student. They could not help but gaze over.

Garen kept his gaze straight and walked directly towards his destination.

A white mountain-shaped building stood more than one hundred meters away. There was a stone monument inserted on the edge of the green belt. The upper part was engraved with the words: Academy Main Building.

After adjusting the collar of his shirt, Garen strode towards the white stone staircase in front of the building.

Pap.

The jade-colored stone paperweight was slowly lowered and made a crisp sound on the redwood table.

“You want to apply for a jump in levels?” in the red office, the head of the department, Ansader, sat in his chair and calmly looked at the student in front of him who had submitted his application. This was the fourth student he had met today requesting a jump in levels. He had not been surprised.

But what really astounded him was that this student was able to attain the rank of captain when he was just a second-year student.

He looked down at the paper report.

“The reason you gave is that you have already reached the graduation standard in the academic subjects and you hope to formally join the military to become an official member. I have already received the test results. They were really good,” Ansader carefully considered his words.

“Thank you, chief,” Garen stood upright and looked straight ahead. It was a standard officer’s posture.

“Although your request completely complies with the standards, your application is indeed very difficult for me,” Ansader murmured. “No one had ever jumped across such a large span in one go. You want to jump from the second year straight to graduation. Do you think that you could finish eight years of schooling in just two years?”

“Chief, according to my investigation, there were indeed some precedents. Four people from the Black Rain Generals have had such a cross-level record. Black Star, Red Eyes, and five others have also made such a big leap,” Garen answered truthfully.

“You did your homework well,” Ansader rubbed his temples. It was not the first time he had encountered this kind of genius who thought he was the best in the world and would mention Black Star and Red Eyes at every turn. In fact, this happened quite often. Geniuses were always proud, thinking that they could be compared to any great celebrity and that the world’s successful powerhouses were only a little bit luckier than they were.

“Well, you were last year’s freshmen’s First Seat. Although you couldn’t get into the elite, it was due to the accident between you and Celine which caused you two to fight too early. Not being able to continue in the competition was an accident as well,” to tell the truth, Ansader still admired this genius Nono, who had worked hard with his own efforts and climbed up step by step. Seeing such a genius would always remind him of his past self.

“I will write a letter of recommendation for you. You can take the letter and go to Professor Van Doe in the inner courtyard. He is a good friend of mine and the leading master in the Crouched Eagle Talon Training Method. He has been exploring the feasibility of Level Six Crouched Eagle Talon in the inner court.”

It was not the first time that Ansader had done this. In any case, several geniuses could be found in each semester and he would send them to his old friends. Professor Van Doe was famous for his superb Crouched Eagle Talon Willpower. It was just that he had faded out from people’s horizon a hundred years ago which was why he was not known in the eyes of the juniors nowadays.

“Professor Van Doe?” Garen did not expect this result. “If I enter the inner courtyard, would I get the qualification to accept tasks that go out to the radiation belt?”

“Radiation belt? You want to go out?” Ansader’s eyes suddenly sharpened.

“Yes! I know the truth about the radiation belt,” Garen said frankly, his voice became smaller.

Both their vision met and Garen did not avoid it.

Chapter 869: Resonance Stage 1

"The radiation belt is an inevitable region between the regions," Ansader withdrew his gaze and sighed.

"Since you wanted to go, I will talk to my old friend. However, you have to understand that once you have radiation disease, you will never be able to return."

"I know," Garen nodded.

"If you know it, then..."

"I have a personal business that I need to attend to and it can only be resolved at the radiation belt. Actually, I have been there once before," Garen did not hide his intention.

"Is it?" Ansader naturally could find out the record of Garen leaving the region but he was pleased with the frankness of him.

He quickly wrote down the relevant approval documents and then sent a message to his old friend. There was a prompt reply after waiting for a short while.

"Alright, you can go now. It's the inner courtyard mural area no. 13, Van Doe Manor."

"Understood," Garen nodded, stood to attention and turned around to leave.

"Let Fire Spirit in."

The voice of Ansader came faintly from behind.

Blackboard Region, East Fate City Emergency Action Center

In a black, dark base, numerous black buildings looked like black plates that had been inserted into the ground upside down. They had a unique design and stood up to several hundreds of meters in height.

At this time, various small, black spaceships with dimly sparkling sapphire-like lights were flying out of these plates continuously.

Black Mechs slowly rose from the ground, ready to storm the frontline.

At the bottom of the building, an outdoor balcony protruded from part of the building. Two young men in white uniforms were standing together at this moment.

“The Shining Mechs that were deployed by White Light have emerged in the battle zone. Their purpose is very obvious, charging straight into the radiation belt,” said a white long-haired man with glasses. He had a slender figure and a gentle temperament.

He was an emergency responder of the Blackboard Special Operation Team and a member of the team that was dedicated to assisting Red-Eyed Medero.

“What is the intention of Master Medero?” another woman with short red hair and a provocative look randomly asked as she stood by his side and scratched her short hair.

“If Master Phoebe can free up her hands and make a sudden attack while His Highness Red Whale and the other party’s Great Light Mech are wounded at the same time...” the man said in a low voice.

“Their purpose is very obvious. It is the forbidden core that escaped from the sewers,” the woman nodded. “So, Master Phoebe had already begun the chase. At the same time, most of our special teams have been dispatched. I was specifically left behind to exchange information and contact with you.”

“You all have a specific position of the core?” the man was stunned.

“There may be some clues,” the woman replied. “Three minutes ago, Master had contacted once saying that they would be arriving at the target location.”

“That’s great,” the man smiled.

Somewhere in the vast grasslands of the radiation belt

Jade-white shuttle-looking battleships slowly took off; some from the ground while some directly emerged from the underground.

Groups of flying spaceships like flew up like white bees from the ground and rushed out of the clouds. They flew straight towards the sky, appearing like an inverted rain.

Boom!

In the midst of such an overwhelming army, a jade-white humanoid Mech with horns slowly descended and looked up at the magnificent skies around him.

“Found the place where the core is. Boss asks you to go in person,” a voice came from behind the Mech.

“Understood. Boss was severely injured in the battle with Red Whale. Now is the time for us to shine,” Red Jade Horn Mech responded. It was a calm voice of a woman.

“Maria will send someone to assist you. Rest assured, with their traction light, you can always jump off and leave,” whispered that voice.

“Huh! These hypocritical people of the inner region only dare to move out in the name of our White Light,” Red Jade Horn sneered. Blue flames spewed out behind her and she flew into the distance.

“Twin Pole has already gone ahead. This time the problem should be easy to manage. Red Bud, you should go too. Be sure to stall the guys from Blackboard. The forbidden core must fall into our hands. Be careful not to be found out by Royal’s side. The motive of the people from Royal Academy is not that simple...” the voice whispered.

“Understood.” two white fighter jets took off slowly and chased after Red Jade Horn.

“If possible, kill all observers except for the core. The information must be contained and prevented from spreading out.”

Somewhere else on the grasslands of the radiation belt

In a grassy village that looked like a grey spot, an old and rusted large-size Mech stood in the center of the village. It was surrounded by a variety of shabby and crude-looking cabins and buildings. They were built in the simplest ways using obsolete cement.

Between the buildings, figures wearing dilapidated clothes came out one after another. There were men and women, young and old. All of them were all pale and they had rough skin. Some were leaning against their doors, watching the outsiders who were entering the village.

Some of them sat at the front door and kept grinding their knives. Their eyes followed the outsiders. Even the children who were playing were holding dead scorpions and dead snakes in their hands, their eyes staring at the team.

Clint and the group slowly followed the convoy and walked through the village, constantly feeling the hairs all over their bodies stand up as they were stared at by these people.

The entire convoy of more than a dozen people each looked relaxed. But beneath that, the atmosphere was much more nervous than usual, forming a condition in which the external appeared calm while the internal was on edge.

“Anyone in the village may take your life at any time. Everyone wants a better life, better food, better water and more beautiful women. These are the guarantee and the premium resources for a village to continue to prosper,” one of the big sisters named Wu Dan whispered to Clint and Baylon, explaining some information to be kept in mind.

“What do their need of resources have anything to do with us?” Clint asked innocently.

“Because it is lawless in the radiation belt. The strong are respected, and whatever you want requires power. This kind of power does not rely solely on capability but also here,” Big Sister pointed to her own head.

Looking at the crowd with their staring eyes filled with defensiveness and greed, Clint’s heart felt unbearably oppressed.

If he had not come out and had a look in person, he would not have thought that there was such a cruel world outside of the region.

“If there really is no food, even human flesh is often eaten. As such, the population is not just a good use of labor and reproduction tool but also as food stocks,” big sister Wu Dan said lightly. “So even if you guys have nothing and are going to starve to death, you must be careful of a good-hearted person who offers you a meal. This is because your flesh and bones may be viewed as resources in their eyes.”

Baylon covered her mouth, feeling nauseous.

Clint also felt repulsed, goosebumps raising all over his body.

“This is the radiation belt. For many years, there have not been any changes regardless of which planet it is,” Red Moon’s voice sounded in his mind. “Human lives are worthless in the radiation belt. Every day, many people will be killed or wounded; killed for revenge, for love, for no reason, or out of loathing. The ordinary people here who are powerless are at risk of death at all times. You guys must be careful. As

the activator of the forbidden imprint, the biggest drawback is that without the Mech, you are just an ordinary person and you cannot use Willpower,” he cautioned.

“Isn’t there still strength?” Clint tightened his fist.

“It’s useless. No one will fight with you on the front. Here, just a bit of poison could knock you to the ground. Poison is the most abundant thing in the radiation belt,” Red Moon said coldly.

Looking at these villagers’ eyes, Clint suddenly felt a fear of solitary and helplessness. Unconsciously, he clung to Baylon’s little hand and the two were walking closer and closer to each other.

Wu Dan smiled slightly at the sight of this and did not say anything more. The original second team leader had died on this trip. However, she had not expected to acquire two little guys coming from the region. It was a pleasant surprise. If she could get all kinds of useful knowledge and intelligence about the inside of the region from them as much as possible, then it would also be of a great help to the team.

The convoy had now slowly driven to the front of a cabin with a dome. Wu Dan got out of the car, took out the key and jiggled it in her hand.

“Let’s go. Everybody check the equipment. All those that need to be modified, report them to me!” she raised her voice.

Woo-hoo!!

Everyone in the convoy cheered. The fatigue they felt on the way had suddenly been reduced by half.

“Come, let’s go and have a drink together,” the yellow-bearded uncle patted Clint and Baylon on the shoulder and laughed.

“We... We don’t drink...” Clint’s face reddened and he waved his hand. Baylon hid behind him and didn’t dare to speak up.

“How can you not know how to drink?! Men who do not drink are simply wimps plus idiots!” the yellow bearded uncle chuckled, “Let’s go, let’s go. Come and accompany uncle, I have a good drink!”

“But we really don’t know...”

“How would you know if you don’t drink at all?!”

Clint was dragged into the cabin by Yellow Beard and two other young people.

The cabin looked small from the outside but on the inside, there was an underground passage in the middle of the room. Looking down on the stone steps below, music and laughter could be heard coming out from beneath. It was bustling with noise.

The yellow-bearded uncle tugged Clint and went below.

“Seeing you two guys reminds me of my nephew, who also didn’t know how to drink. But in the end? He also loved this stuff after drinking just a few times!”

“This thing called wine... people who don’t drink can’t understand that kind of feeling. This is the only thing that you can rely on to truly relax and rest in this kind of place,” Yellow Beard brought the two and the rest of the convoy into the underground hall.

Red and green lights shone in the hall. It was a freak dance show with all kinds of beautifully and gorgeously dressed women and bizarrely dressed people everywhere. Some were doing fire-breathing performances; some had fist-sized holes in their earlobes and looked terrifying; some had the word ‘scum’ carved on their faces and weren’t bothered by it. They mocked and jeered at others loudly.

The group of people pushed through the crowd and sat down at the bar. Big Sister was nowhere to be seen. Some of the other team members swarmed in and before long, they had blended into the crowd and were having fun wildly.

Soon, there were only three people, the yellow-bearded uncle, Clint and Baylon.

“Now that we’ve arrived here, we can have a good rest. This is a desert hotel. No one is allowed to start a private fight here. Otherwise, you won’t be giving face to the managing gang of this territory. If you don’t give face to the territory gang, you won’t be able to do anything.”

Pap!

“Same old,” the bartender placed two bright orange-yellow-colored drinks in front of the three of them heavily, nodded at Yellow Beard and turned to handle the other guests.

“Come, drink!” Yellow Beard took one of the mugs and gulped down a big mouthful.

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Clint, on the other hand, went to sniff at it. It seemed to be very fragrant, and smelled like lemons. All of a sudden a large hand reached over, picked up the cup and poured half of the alcohol inside into another empty cup.

“You can’t drink so much on your own, this portion is for the two of you!” Yellow Beard laughed heartily, picking up his own cup again and guzzling it madly.

“Thanks, uncle.”

Clint looked at the cups hesitantly, and reached out his hand to pass one cup to Baylon.

“Are we really going to drink that?” Baylon asked hesitantly.

“Just try a little...” reminded Red Moon softly. “Everything in the radiation belt is very dangerous.”

“Got it.” Clint nodded, and bent down to lick the wine lightly with the tip of his tongue. Instantly, a refreshingly sour, intense taste of alcohol entered his mouth.

Urk...

It was just a little, but his face was already turning red, the things in front of him beginning to sway.

Baylon was even faster. While he was still slightly dizzy, Baylon had simply collapsed onto the bar counter with a thud, and lay there unmoving.

Clint opened his mouth and tried to speak, but his lips felt numb and swollen, and he could barely make any noise at all.

Bam!

He collapsed onto the bar as well.

“Eh?” The yellow bearded uncle looked at them in surprise, and was instantly speechless. “These two kiddos can’t even take that little bit of wine? I’ve been holding back, y’know?”

“You settled it so quickly?” Only then did Big Sister Wu Dan walk to the counter, looking at the two young ones who were passed out. “Them?”

“Too weak, they fell just by tasting some Yellow Lemon,” the yellow bearded uncle shrugged.

Wutan was quite tempted, a hint of struggle flashing through her eyes.

Similarly, the yellow bearded uncle also glanced at her, with a similarly unknown emotion rising in his eyes.

The two of them did not have any ill intentions to begin with, but now, with such a great opportunity...

Wutan clenched her teeth, and turned her head away, reluctance flashing through her eyes.

“Bring them in, Lil’ Four is running out of time, if we have these two...”

Yellow Beard sighed, and glanced at the two young ones.

“Don’t blame us... We had no choice, either.”

He got up and lifted them, one in each arm, before striding towards the small door behind the bar counter.

The bartenders and the other people seemed completely used to it, they had no intention of moving at all.

One of the bartenders glanced at the two young ones who were being carted away.

“Hoho, two fresh ones, one boy and one girl. The girl can be deflowered immediately and sold to the brothel, but the boy is quite a looker too, smooth skin and juicy flesh. Recently there have fewer meat pigs, huh? Such fresh produce is really hard to find now. The last time I had a pie, the meat inside wasn’t all that fresh anymore.” He lit a cigarette and puffed nonchalantly.

“The Boss and the leaders are all here, they should be able to get a good price for that. That woman Wu Dan is going to get rich,” continued the other bouncer with a laugh.

“That’s a matter of luck as well, she walked out and caught two little lambs just like that.”

Clint was picked up and brought away dazedly, but he was not completely out of it, and he had heard their words perfectly clearly. His heart instantly sank.

“The situation’s terrible.” Red Moon’s voice was slightly anxious as well. At first, he had not thought that Clint and Baylon would so inexperienced as to collapse with just a little wine. Wutan and the others did

not really have bad intentions to begin with, so he did not really remind them, but now that the two of them were sitting ducks, the situation was going from bad to worse.

“Clint! Clint! Wake up! Wake up now!!” He kept yelling Clint’s name, trying to wake him up. If he had not fallen asleep because he used his power too much consequently before, and now all his power could only barely maintain his consciousness, he would be able to remove the alcohol from Clint’s body right now with the power of the Forbidden Mech.

“I... I...” Clint was barely conscious, but he was as anxious as Red Moon inside. The only problem was that he could not move his body at all.

Red Moon was boiling over with rage as well, he had lost all his powers, and now thanks to one moment’s carelessness, Clint and Baylon were in such a dangerous state. This was really bad.

Clint and Baylon could not use their Willpower at all when they were away from their Mechs. And he did not have any power at all as well right now. If they were not careful, Clint might become the first inheritor of the Forbidden Mech to be easily killed off by normal people.

Blackboard Academy

The Inner Courtyard was a strange and wide underground space. If Garen did not have someone leading him down here, he would not have dreamed that the school’s Inner Courtyard would be a huge empty abyss several thousand meters underground.

Above them was a simulated sky, with a golden sun slowly shining down on the earth. Unlike normal suns, however, there was a metallic silver ring around this golden sun, like a satellite ring.

Looking at the bright scenery outside, Garen pulled back his gaze, and sat quietly in his seat, waiting.

Right now he was sitting in a meeting lounge that was neither big nor small, and there was a black metal table in front of him. The wooden chair behind had a thick black leather cushion on it.

But no one was sitting there right now.

Ker-chak.

The door to the meeting lounge opened.

A wrinkled old man holding a staff walked in slowly, and then, glancing at Garen, sat in the chair behind the table.

The old man wore something like a long white robe, and Garen could vaguely see a line of deep blue code numbers printed on the right of his neck. They looked like tattoos.

“You’re here because that guy Ansader introduced you. We’ll cut the small talk, I’ll teach you properly. But you need to give me something equivalent in exchange. You get that, right?” said the old man mildly.

“Yes.” Garen lowered his head in a sign of respect.

“I, Van Doe, don’t have many rules, but you must strictly obey all of them.” The old man coughed twice, his tone softening. “You have two senior brothers and one senior sister, they are all experts at the Crouched Eagle Talon as well, and you will meet them later. Now, show me your Willpower so I can see your progress, and then I can teach you better as well.”

“I understand, Teacher,” replied Garen respectfully. He could tell that this old man was far from just Level Five. His own internal Nameless Training Method was already at Level Five, but he could not tell how powerful this old man was at all.

Before coming here, he had already investigated Old Man Van Doe’s reputation. In order to protect him, the prodigious elite, as well as due to the fact that he could reach Level Three Willpower in such a short time, Ansader did not treat him lightly. The teacher he recommended was one of the strongest among the Inner Courtyard’s professors. Actually, the academy had very few professors, most of them were strong fighters among the instructors. The title of professor came from a selection among the instructors anyway.

And Van Doe was one of the best of the professors, he rarely revealed his power, so nobody knew if he was really only at Level Five. Most believed that he had already long surpassed Level Five. There was a large gap between Levels Five and Six, unlike the other levels, there was also a long endurance period between these two levels.

The levels could be divided into four, namely New-Moon, Half-Moon, Full-Moon, and Two-Moons. There was a large difference between the four levels as well, because with different resonance degrees, there was a large difference in the amount of resonance power they could unleash. That was why the peak of elite students and the many instructors actually used these four levels to gauge their strength.

The Inherited Level was not that easy to enter, and once someone entered it, they would have basically surpassed the limits of the human body. It was immensely terrifying, the resonance skills released in battle can reach Army Level straight away. Fighting an army with one man, that is the power of the Inherited Level.

And since ancient times, countless prodigies and elites had tried to enter Inherited Level, but less than 1% of them actually made it. Most of the rest could only stay at the Full-Moon Level, and could not go further than that.

Faced with these four levels, humans matched them to resonance data and levels.

Between Levels Five and Six, there was detailed information about Mech resonance, and this information decided that from 10% to 30%, one would be in New-Moon Level. 30% to 50% was Half-Moon, 50% to 90% was Full-Moon, and finally, 90% up to the people endlessly approaching 100%, that was the final Two-Moons Level.

Only those who truly reached 100% could enter the Inherited Level.

Garen was now just dabbling into Level Five, forget resonance Skills, he did not even have any clue about his own Mech. Without a mech of their own, no matter how strong a pilot's Willpower was, when faced with a true high-level Mech, they would still fall like flies. After all, without the boost of a Mech, the pilot's own Willpower Energy Field could not even penetrate the opponent Mech's defense fields.

A victory by using the power of Willpower alone would only appear in battles against low-level Mechs, Mechs that were Level Four and above all had the ability to increase Willpower and form a Willpower Defense Field System.

Garen looked at the geezer who looked like he had one foot in the grave from the corner of his eye.

At the same time, he slowly emitted his Crouched Eagle Talon Willpower.

“Definitely not a regular Level Five, New-Moon, Half-Moon, Full-Moon, Two-Moons, I wonder what level this old man actually is,” he hazarded guesses inwardly. Unfortunately, once he reached Level Five, it was not so easy to advance anymore just by practicing training methods. Most importantly, he needed his own Mech, only then could he continue to progress. So he had no frame of reference for anything higher than that.

Van Doe half-closed his eyes, as though resting, but also as though he was carefully sensing Garen’s Willpower.

After a long while, he finally spoke.

“Not bad, not bad indeed. No wonder that old boy Ansader recommended you to me so seriously. Level Four Crouched Eagle Talon, and you seem to be practicing another training method as well. You truly have great talent to reach such a level at such a young age.”

He said that, but he did not look very happy at all.

“However, it seems that you did not train your Willpower the normal way. Instead, it looks like you used some external force to forcefully raise it. Although you tried to fix your basics later, you still have too many holes. Once you enter a battle of Willpower, in the long run, you’ll be in trouble.”

Garen’s heart gave a jolt. Although he already had a very high opinion of this old man, he never thought that he could come up with so much in such a short time.

"I don't know how you forcefully upgraded it. There are many ways, and although all of them can only be encountered by luck, that's still your luck, and not that of others." The old man took out a gold-rimmed pipe, put some tobacco into it, and snapped his fingers. He actually managed to light a spark in the air, and used it to light his pipe.

"That's why you don't have to worry that I'll reveal your secret," Van Doe said calmly. "I am always fair to my disciples, but I'm also very strict. If you do not reach my requirements, then do not blame me for not showing you face. After all, your true talents are only slightly below-average, the chances of you making a breakthrough in resonance are minuscule at best."

Only then did Garen understand why the old man showed no fondness for him even after knowing his level.

"Sixty years ago, I accepted a student just like you, he reached a high level of Willpower at a very young age. But when it came to the hurdle of resonance, he spent eighty years before he could just barely make it to New-Moon Level. So my suggestion to you is that you should gather more wealth and equipment now, a good Mech will be very helpful to you in increasing your resonance as well. Although your natural talent is terrible, with a good enough Mech, you might still be able to advance at an average speed. Do not be too disappointed," Van Doe comforted him.

"I understand, Teacher." Garen was slightly relieved, the old man still could not sense his hidden internal Level Five Willpower, that meant that the training method the Forbidden Core gave him was still high enough in level, and mysterious enough to fool him.