

Mystical 871

Chapter 871: Fila 1

As for resonance degrees, or several years of painful endurance, he did not truly believe that he would be held back for so long without breaking through.

Since he had the Nameless Training Method, his own side-project– the Hellfrost Peacock Technique, and even the help of his potential points, he did not believe he would be stuck there.

Van Doe looked at Garen, and seemed to have noticed how he did not appear to believe it.

“But that’s fine, Level Four Willpower is enough for you to get some things done already. You can accept missions only elite students can take, to earn credits and Quest Points. Those can be used to exchange for skills or ingredients you require.”

“I understand.”

“Good.” Van Doe took a small white item from his drawer, and tossed it casually. It fell right in front of Garen, who caught it precisely.

“That’s your Elite ID Tag, make sure you don’t lose it. The competition between elite students is a lot crueler than you imagine. There is no name on the tag, so if it was taken away, you would lose your status as an elite. If you don’t get it back within a month, you will be chased out of the Inner Courtyard.”

“Chased out of the Inner Courtyard...” Garen had not known about that rule.

“You know the three most important professors of the Inner Courtyard, they’re the principal and vice principals. They don’t have many students, but all their students are very powerful, even the weakest is at Half-Moon Level. Don’t provoke them. Other than that there are students of the Inherited Level instructors and professors, Red Whale and Rain Veil. Just make sure you don’t get on their bad side. The others are fine, you can treat them however you like. Of course, on the condition that you can beat

them.” Van Doe picked up his pipe and took a sharp puff of it. “The rules of the Inner Courtyard state that you can hurt each other during battles normally, but you can’t kill anyone.”

“I understand.”

Garen replied respectfully.

“Well, now you’ve understood the gist of it. Every five days, I’ll have a lecture about the Crouched Eagle Talon, and your senior brothers and sister will rush back for it too. When they come back, you can meet them. For now, leave,” Van Doe chased him away.

“Yes.”

Garen lowered his head and retreated out of the room.

The huge space inside the Inner Courtyard was just like the real world.

There was a bright and dazzling sun in the sky, as well as orderly streets and rows of properly-arranged buildings of different heights. He could vaguely see the yellow and white lines marking the grey roads between the buildings.

The flow of traffic and pedestrians moved at different speeds down the roads.

Compared to outside, however, it was much quieter in here.

Coming out from Professor Van Doe’s house, Garen lifted his hand and glanced at his wristwatch. He had received some messages just now, but he had temporarily turned it to Silent, so he had just felt a slight vibration.

The Caller ID on the watch indicated that it was Celine.

“How’s it? How does it feel to enter the Inner Courtyard?”

“I don’t feel anything in particular. This place is very large, it looks just like another separate reality. The surroundings they created here are very realistic,” said Garen as he casually walked towards one of the streets.

After walking for some time, he found a spot, and sat down on a long bench. The bench was at the crossroads, so it was close to the point of highest traffic.

Garen talked to Celine disinterestedly while he observed the passersby here nonchalantly.

“As expected of the Inner Courtyard, any random stranger just walking around here has Level Two Willpower at the very least. On average, most of the people here are at Level Three,” sighed Garen, his eyes fixed on the people walking past him.

“Of course, the monsters in the Inner Courtyard are all the elites of the elites, carefully chosen every year. Even the two of us did not make it in the beginning,” Celine chuckled. “At first I was making preparations too, to get into the Inner Courtyard beforehand, but I never thought you would be so far ahead of me. As expected of someone with military credit, I’m starting to wonder if I should go and get some for myself.”

“Go ahead, your powers are pretty much there. Just go and patrol somewhere, catch some terrorists a few times, and it won’t be hard for you to create some military credit,” said Garen approvingly. “Now that the White Light has declared war, many terrorists in the area are just raring to go. It’s the best chance for you guys to make a name for yourselves.”

“True. I feel like I’m going to breakthrough my level soon. It should be this month or next, then I’ll be in Level Three too,” said Celine very frankly.

“Congratulations.” Garen felt speechless. If he did not have the help of the secret techniques and potential points, there was no way he could have reached Level Three so quickly. Celine truly was a real peak-level prodigy, she was already on the verge of Level Three just like that.

“After a while, we plan to work together to buy some Lamda Alloy, you interested?”

“Lamda Alloy?” Garen knew about that, it was a main material used in creating high-level Mechs, its specs were very good in all aspects. It was one of the best materials to make close-range Mechs.

“Yeah, we gotta start prepping now, right? The most basic materials for making Mechs, engine skills, quantum brain skills, and kinetic frames, those are the four most important foundations. These things are definitely resources required for battle strategies, don’t even think about finding them lying about the market. Even on the black market, you could only buy a bit of these for a ridiculous price. At the most, they can only be used for repairs. If you really wanted to get some, you needed to barter through your connections. If you’re interested, you can start buying with us as well, I’ll put your name in, it’s on me.”

“Is that okay?” Garen knew that the inner circles of Celine’s main family branch had some of the quota on these precious skills and materials. If he added his name to Celine’s, that meant he was taking away her already-limited Mech quota.

“It’s fine, it’s all thanks to you that my ranking could rise, you’re my teacher, y’know!” Celine chortled. This girl, she looked pretty good, and had a good body too, but that laugh... was even manlier than a man’s, completely carefree and with none of a girl’s self-awareness.

“Well, okay then.” Garen felt slightly guilty. The last time they intercepted the White Light’s Shining Mech, Red-White, Celine had not gotten any benefits from it at all. She had taken such a huge risk for nothing, and now he had to rely on her again.

But right now he really did not have channels to buy rare materials, perhaps he should look around the Blue Narcissus’ place, apparently they had channels especially for this. Only he did not know if he could buy such high-grade stuff.

Actually, Garen did not harbor many hopes, If it was that easy to obtain, Celine would not try so hard to find any channel. After all, it was a simple matter to get a member of Blue Narcissus to buy something for her.

“Okay, then you send someone over. I’ll get someone from this side to meet you,” Celine said shortly.

“I’ll send Kendall over to discuss with your man, as for the general details...” Garen’s voice stopped suddenly, his gaze sweeping over a slightly familiar figure, and his eyes abruptly narrowing.

That was a woman’s figure, long and slender, with some very long legs by proportion. She wore black leather clothes, her long golden hair let loose over her shoulder. She had curves in all the right places, and gave off an intensely sexy, well-trained aura.

This woman walked out from a convenience store on the street, holding a plastic bag in her hand, with some vegetables and fruits in it. Yawning, she walked towards a large black bike by the roadside.

“...I’ll call you back later, something urgent’s come up,” said Garen to his watch, and then he cut the connection. Standing up, he strode straight towards the woman.

But his gaze was trained on a small alley beside the woman, as though he was a passerby who wanted to walk into the alley.

The woman turned around, glanced at him, and yawned again. Her eyes were the perfect peach-blossom almond-shape, her pupils were scarlet red and very beautiful.

“It’s her!”

Garen had already remembered, this woman was that person dressed in black who had suddenly barged into his hospital room, back when he had first come to this world and was grievously injured. Her eyes, and her basically unchanged body proportions, all immediately reminded him of the situation back there.

This was the woman who nearly ruined this body’s eyes, and even worse, she nearly destroyed one of his Soul Seeds when he just arrived in this world.

Back then Garen had already decided that he would definitely find her again, and repay her properly for what she had done. However, he had never found her again, until he just stumbled into her in the Inner Courtyard.

The blonde-haired, red-eyed woman looked to be no older than twenty. Right now, she had none of the sharp edge she had back then, she just looked like a regular beauty who was extremely mentally tired.

She gave Garen a strange look, and put the bag into the bike's carrier at the back. Lifting one of her long legs, she got onto the heavy-duty bike.

With a 'vroom', the engine kicked into gear. The bike moved slowly, and was getting ready to take off.

Just then, Garen reached less than a meter away from her, and reached out his hand abruptly.

Psst!!

His hand, arched like a claw, seemed to tear through the wind, making a hissing sound as it grabbed for the woman's weakest area, her neck. With this claw, Garen had used 30% of his power. If a regular person was grabbed by him like that, they would surely be unable to resist. All the power in their bodies would be jolted away, and they would be helpless. If they tried to resist him face-on, with Garen's vitality and strength, even regular weapons would not be able to block this move of his. As long as they were not peak-level weapons, stuff like blades would just be broken in half.

This grab was evidently completely out of the woman's expectations, both her hands were on the motorcycle handlebars, and it was too late for her to react when she saw his claw coming.

"You!!"

Her pupils dilated abruptly.

Boom!!

A transparent jolt exploded around her.

The huge force sent both the woman and Garen flying. The heavy-duty bike was sent flying diagonally, and crashed hard into a wall, making a dull thud.

The woman was evidently fine, and she began to run as soon as she got up. In her hand, she held a small item like a white jade, and it was still dimming slightly. Evidently, it was the source of that explosion just now.

Turning around and glancing at Garen, she saw that he was getting up from the ground, completely unharmed. The woman's heart grew colder.

"He's fine!? He took a hit from my Heavenly Water Blast and he's completely fine! You gotta be kidding me..."

She said nothing else, but ran even faster.

Garen shook his head, the impact just now was equivalent to a small hand grenade. But with his terrifying Vitality stat, that was nearly at five points, and the Hellfrost Peacock Technique's automatic Frost Protection, not a hair on his head was harmed.

Still, he could not block the force of the impact, and was sent flying.

Looking up, he saw that the woman had run quite a distance. He snorted coldly, and began to give chase.

"Trying to run, are you!"

Within a few seconds, Garen was already no more than several meters behind the woman. He reached out his large hand, and grabbed at her abruptly.

Psst!

A white laser shot past Garen's claw. It landed on the wall but did not leave any mark except for a wisp of black smoke.

“Stop!”

A young man in a black suit rushed over, and he was somehow running at the same speed as Garen. Facing Garen, he smashed his forearm at Garen’s head. Strangely, his forearm had bolts of blue lightning coming from it, giving Garen a sense of immense threat.

Chapter 872: Fila 2

Garen turned over, and pushed his opponent’s elbow with the shoe. With a thump, he used the strength from his opponent and moved back a few steps, staring at this man who suddenly appeared.

“What’s wrong? No one said that it’s not alright to seek revenge between Elite Students, did they?”

“I don’t care if you’re seeking for revenge, but blatant use of Range Blasting Weapons on the streets is a violation of rules!” The man stared coldly at Garen. “Let’s go, come with me to the Administrative Bureau!”

“The Administrative Bureau?” Garen knew that the Administrative Bureau was the department in charge of the Inner Courtyard’s security. What he didn’t know was that he would be meeting them under these circumstances.

“Come with me!” The man reached out to grab onto Garen’s arm as sparks danced on the tip of his fingers. “It would be an assault if you resist. If you don’t want to be jailed up for about a year, you better be honest with me!”

“It was that woman there, just now, who used the Blasting Weapon. Surely you can’t blame me for that?” Garen argued.

“I don’t care. You’re the one with the biggest threat here.” The man did not bother, grabbing Garen by the arm.

How could Garen submit to an arrest like that? So with one step back, he dodged.

The man closed in with every step, but Garen continued to dodge. The both of them twisted and turned like a game of catch. In a short few seconds, they had exchanged more than ten moves.

“Many thanks, brother!”

From the distance, he heard a woman’s voice thanking him.

Garen’s face sunk. He instantly knew that this man was on her side. But as he looked at the shield of the Administrative Bureau’s on his arm, and he was indeed a real Police Officer. However, the Administrative Bureau here was not like the officers from other places, who were merely laypeople with the strength of Level One or Two. These team of officers was formed with the Inner Courtyard’s Elite Students. Most often, these officers would possess the quality of Level Two or Three. There were many masters of Level Four and Five as well, but more so, there were also masters of the New-Moon Level and Half-Moon Level.

He suddenly had a plan. As he took a step forward, he crossed over from the side of the man, like a phantom, and quickly chased after the woman.

“How dare you resist arrest!” The man’s eyes widened. This was the first time some had escaped from him so easily.

Though unfortunately, when Garen showed revealed his true strength, his speed was much faster than the man’s. In a few steps, he had caught up with her, few meters behind.

“At first, you almost killed me in the hospital. It was hard enough catching you this time, and you think you could escape?” Garen said with a straight face.

Only then did the woman recalled what was going on here, her eyes revealed a fierce stare.

"If I would have known, I would've gotten rid you little bastard!" She gritted her teeth, but she did not stop in steps. From the fleeting exchange they had a moment ago, she felt that her opponent's close combat skills far exceeded hers.

If he was caught, he would be facing a situation with only death involved.

"If you knew? If that is just mere empty talk, then you will die here today!"

Before he could finish his last word, Garen fiercely rushed forward in a ghost-like manner. His palm was directed towards the woman's chest.

No wind, nor whistling sound could be heard from the punch, only a black shadow flashed past. The heart of Garen's palm was almost touching the back of the woman's leather clothes.

As if she could feel a chill running down her back, she felt a strong dangerous instinct that enveloped her whole body. From the reflective mirror that was on the street in front of her, she could clearly see Garen's movements behind her.

Immediately, her scalp went numb, and she knew she was in trouble.

Bang!

A wave of blast once again exploded around her as she violently shook away the palm that Garen hit her chest with.

"Brother, save me please!" She screamed out loud.

The blast wave shook Garen back for a few steps, but the same moves didn't affect him much. He too had prepared for this explosion and that's why he wasn't blasted too far away. As he took a step forwards, he rushed towards her again.

Whereas it was a different case for the woman herself — she was blasted dizzy. After that, she slowly struggled to stand up.

Bang bang!

Suddenly, a pair of arms with electricity fiercely grabbed into Garen's shoulders.

"I've caught you!" All these while, that Administrative Bureau man was taking the opportunity to catch him. It was unclear what tricks he used, but there was not a single sound was made as he was pressed onto Garen's shoulders.

He then looked at the woman who was getting up, and a harsh look flashed across his eyes. When his knee jerked and slammed onto Garen's vest, the area that was hit formed a black spark of electricity. This was the explosive current that came from the Traceless Personal Mech that he wore. Usually, it is only used for capturing criminals with heavy crimes. No matter how strong his body was, this hit would have given any other Mechs a huge hole, let alone a human. The metal would have made him physically disabled!

Seeing as his favorite junior was forced into a corner by this guy, he was immediately enraged. With one knee, he fiercely smashed it forwards.

At the same time, his Level Four Willpower rushed forward with a loud crash.

Spike!

For a moment, the Willpower turned into a sharp prick that was stabbing towards the back of Garen's brain.

Sensing danger, Garen's expression turned cold. His body was suddenly startled, and he broke free from the opponent's grip. His body twisted and turned. In the end, he escaped the Willpower's stab and punched the guy with his backhand.

"How are you assault me!" The man yelled.

Swosh!

The punch was a meter away from his face, and it stopped there. It scared him until he started sweating profusely.

Garen lifted his head to look at the monitoring camera that was placed on the top of the corner of the street. He let out a cold snot. He could say that he was seeking revenge when he was chasing the girl before this because that was still within the rules of the Inner Courtyard. However, if he had hit this Administrative Bureau's officer, then he would have committed a crime.

Garen glared coldly at the sluggish man, turned around, and quickly chased after the woman. Unless his Willpower far exceeded his Level, then if not, there would not have been a Mech Pilot in this Mech. In his eyes, that was good-for-nothing; there was no difference between him and a normal person.

The man touched the wrinkle on his face that was agitated by the strong winds. He was lifeless for while, but then he roared out loud. From his waist, he pulled out a Laser Cannon and aimed it towards Garen's vest.

"Die!"

Chi!

This time wasn't the same as the safe white laser before, its effects weren't much. This time, the laser carried a tint of silver, as if it immediately hit Garen's vest the moment it shot out.

This was not the Authoritative Bureau's standard Laser Cannon. Instead, it was the man's own High-Energy Destruction Gun. This was an individual combat weapon that would only be used to tackle small battleships! It can even penetrate through armored alloyed plates.

The silver laser was like a silver line that was behind Garen in an instant.

In a flash, a strong sense of danger crept into his mind. There was no time for him to turn around, and so, his left foot took a step to the right.

Bang!

His whole body suddenly tilted and turned around to face the side, maintaining his standing position. At the same time, a powerful radiating field violently spread, and distorted the air density around the body for a moment.

Hiss!

It was a close call, but the silver laser did not hit the vest after all. Instead, from Garen's back, it slanted slightly downwards and brushed outwards, away from him. It hit a rubbish bin not far from where they were, and penetrated in. Nobody knew how far down the ground it went.

However, Garen's back was dug out by the laser, giving him a bloody wound. A red line stretched vertically across his back. His blood was dripping down, wetting the edges of the shirt that was burnt.

Garen grunted, as his muscles relaxed. It was activated in one second and then relaxed the next automatically, just like a worm that was trying to wriggle its way. Under his skin, the muscles naturally goes through peristalsis to replenish the blood from the wound. Once it recovers, just like closing a door, the wound would close into a red scar.

This terrifying individual combat weapon was not designed to oppose human, it was designed to attack battleships!

Even though he was proud of his physique, he was vulnerable under these weapons.

Although he avoided a fatal blow, just because of the blasting force that erupted when he was trying to dodge, Garen tumbled hard and fell on top of the rubbish bin.

With a bang, a rolled down from the top of the bin. He leaped down immediately with the help of one hand.

He did not chase after the woman. He lifted his hand, feeling as if he broke something. However, he quickly turned around and dashed towards the Authoritative Bureau's man who was behind him.

That man's face was evil. To one's surprise, he still wanted to continue to fire, but before he could aim, he saw Garen's distorted wondering. His figure was traveling in a completely irregular pattern as he rushed forward. A claw was silently directed towards his neck.

At that moment, the shadow of death loomed upon him.

A hint of fear finally surfaced on the man's face. However, as it was already night time, the claw was almost at his neck. He could feel the sharp nails already on the skin of his neck.

Boom!

At this moment, a huge surge of Willpower suddenly rushed in from the side. It was as if this entire street was distorted with Willpower; even the light in the air was vibrating slightly.

The impact of the huge surge of Willpower was transparent and colorless. As it formed into a snake-like shape, it coldly rushed towards Garen's presence.

The impact of the giant snake's Willpower was quite fast. It was even faster than all the pilots that Garen has ever witnessed. That speed was instantaneous. The next moment, it was in front of him.

As Garen lifted his eyes, it seemed like everything had slowed down. His frantic Level Five Willpower in his body was aroused with a crazy sympathetic response. It wanted to broke out to defend this terrifying Willpower.

But in the end, he did not make it.

Rumble!

A loud noise echoed in his brain, causing Garen's whole body to roll out, and was pushed away.

This surge of Willpower was exceeding Level Five, and it had achieved a strange degree of change. Even though the impact was from afar, all of Garen's defenses on the surface of his body was instantly shattered. It was as if his body was attacked by a baseball that was shot at a high speed.

At this moment, not only did Garen's wound that was just healed burst out with blood, all the organs in his body felt as if an invisible hand was squeezing them hard at the same time. It was like it wanted to tear all of it to shreds.

That surge of terrifying giant snake Willpower suddenly broke through his defense, and went into his body, wanting to tear all his organs in his body.

Ouch!

He couldn't control it as he spat out a mouth full of black blood. Garen's vision went black. This opponent's aim was to kill him after all, not leaving any chance for mercy. If it was any other Pilot, the ones without the right physique would definitely die!

Without the slightest hesitation, Garen held onto the heavy damages on his body. After he was pushed outwards, you used a similar technique like the Gecko Wall technique the moment he was about to hit the wall. As he slid towards the wall, he channeled it into an upward momentum, and with a few movements, he disappeared on the wall.

From a distance, he heard the Authoritative Bureau's man's voice shout in surprise.

"Captain Fila!"

"Fila!"

Garen remembered this name while he moved at an accelerating speed. He bore the horrible pull of Willpower in his organs, and head towards his Inner Courtyard's Master's place.

The places where the major professors were, in the Inner Courtyard, absolutely did not allow fights. Between Elite Students, they were not allowed to kill each other. At most, it could only cause them injuries, but the rules were the rules. With the cruel and evil personalities of each Elite Students, as long as it was a non-monitored area, killing duels of sorts would often happen. There were even people who would use an aircraft to bombard and kill. Just as long as they weren't caught, it would be fine.

This was also the reason why the Authoritative Bureau man was carrying with him a High-Energy Destruction Gun.

Chapter 873: Resonance Degrees 1

In the alley, a young man wearing grey army uniform walked in. He took a look at the girl on the floor, and then another look at the Authoritative Bureau man by his side who was scared from the shock. In the end, his eyes fell upon the monitoring camera on the wall that was broken by something. That was the camera that Garen smashed just now.

"You two are useless! You couldn't get rid of the new student even with the Destruction Gun."

He wore a thick greyish-black cloak on this back. The cloak wasn't long, it just completely covered his entire back. On the top, it was as if it was animal fur; it shone in a glossy luster. A blood colored sword pattern in the center was wrapped between two concentric circles, making it seem like the blood red color was aiming at the star-shaped pattern, and giving off a luxurious and mysterious feeling.

"Brother Fila! He... That guy before this! He wanted to kill me!" At that moment, the Authoritative Bureau's man's face became pale as he cried out loud. In that split second just now, he almost thought he was going to die. That terrifying claw did not give him the chance to react. Even if his Level Four Willpower had greatly improved his response speed and strength, he still would not be able to defend himself under that claw.

"Goldfish," Fila ignored him. Instead, he looked at the woman on the floor, "if it wasn't for your brother, I would not even be bothered with your personal enmity." There wasn't a single hint of warmth and emotion in his eyes. It was as if he was a real snake, even his pupils were vertical.

“Thank you, Senior Fila,” Goldfish seemed a little afraid of this man as she stood up and answered with her head down, and low voice. Her body was also shaking a little, uncontrollably. Her eyes glanced at the formal clothes in which Fila was wearing. Her heart was pumping.

Fila was ranked as the best expert under Red-Eyed Medero. In the whole of the Inner Courtyard, he ranked fifth. Although he was a level lower compared to Red Eyes’ and others’ Full-Moon Level, for an average student, he was far more powerful than the top three of the preparatory three.

The reason was that his character was always the same, neither happy nor angry. He was just moody.

Yet in his formal clothes, it was obvious that he was prepared to attend a formal ceremony. So she was the one who ruined his mood... Although this account did not seem like a big deal, Fila would definitely make her brother remember this!

Only then did Goldfish felt a cold breeze. Fila’s greed was infamous throughout the Inner Courtyard. Almost everyone who had dealt with him has suffered.

This time, she really hated that new guy that attacked her so much, that she gnashed her teeth. However, she could imagine that her brother might not have known how much it would cost to settle this Fila.

The Authoritative Bureau man suddenly thought of that as well, and his face became darker.

Slowly walking into the small courtyard of Professor Van Doe’s villa, Garen lifted his head to let the detection device core scan his pupil.

“Poor Student Nono, you look like you’re suffering from a serious injury. Do you need me to arrange a treatment for you?” The villa’s detection device had the sharp voice of a middle-aged man. It was this villa’s central management intelligence — Hill.

“No need. I will not fall for your poor quality drugs,” Garen laughed as if he had no injuries, and then he slowly entered the front courtyard. However, his pale face still could not hide the huge amount of energy he lost.

The strong Willpower was still tormenting his body. If it wasn't for this physique, that was stronger than most people, there was no way he could have defended himself from the pulling of that Willpower.

The Level Five unknown Willpower was constantly resisting the remnants of the opponent's Willpower. But it was obvious that their levels were very far apart, as if with one touch and he would collapse.

“Why are you calling it poor quality drugs? The injury in your body is an invasion of Willpower, and it is not an ordinary trick; it is a Half-Moon Level Master's Willpower. More so, it is one of those who is about to break through,” Hill giggled. “You really don't need my help? If you're not careful, do you know this is a fatal injury?”

As a Knowledge Core, he was not any other normal intelligence. Instead, he used to be a human. Furthermore, he was an experiment that surprisingly survived in Van Doe's experiment. His memories were washed away, but he became the biochemical brain that manages this place.

Over hundreds of years, it probably had seen many Students that had High Level Willpower invade their bodies. With this kind of injury, there usually isn't any professional expelling devices. Only a small number of students were able to make the medicine using their own secret medicine. Without drug assistance, most of them would either end up disabled, or helpless because of the dysfunction of the internal organs.

When Garen came here, the first thing he did was understand the various commodity price lists provided by this intelligence. With comparison to the price out there, this was simply the world's top profiteer. Originally, the prices in the Inner Courtyard had to be twice as expensive as the outside world. However, the prices in here were double the price of the Inner Courtyard's which was absolutely a death trap.

Listening to Hill's grumbling behind his back, Garen walked back to his room as if nothing had happened. As a Student of Van Doe, he had to pay a learning fee of one million Universal Units every year. At the same time, he had to assist the Professor by carrying out at last three experimental jobs. What he got in return was a shelter from the Professor, as well as the rights to purchase special goods that are not available elsewhere.

One should know that even though Hill was greedy, he still had good things that could not be bought elsewhere. Many of them were Hill's private stuff.

Moreover, another benefit he had was having a small room for him to live in.

As he entered the room, the walls of the bedroom were white. There was a bed, a chair, a table with a lamp, and nothing else.

Garen shut the door, and it gave a beep-like sound of the door locking.

Only then did he let out a harsh breath. The wound on his back was burning with pain, and his internal organs were still entangled with his Willpower. However, this Willpower given by the Forbidden Core, Red Moon seemed to be very powerful. Although the Levels weren't that far apart, it was still able to hold on for two seconds, unlike the destructiveness of the eagle's claw Willpower. In this constant consumption, one would be able to constantly use that touch of unrooted Willpower.

"That bastard is amazing," Garen harshly spit out a breath. This was still him. If it was someone else, their organs would have exploded in the very beginning. There was no way they could have lived.

"Fila..."

From his own suitcase, he took out his tablet and typed quickly. Once he was online, he started searching.

A red virtual keyboard was projected downwards onto the table. Garen quickly extended his hand and a knocking sound of his typing could be heard.

With the knocking sounds of the keyboard, all the information regarding the Inner Courtyard's Fila quickly appeared.

A photo of a handsome man with a slight trace of blemishes showed up. He was dressed in a military uniform, with the silvery colonel ranking Silver Star sat on both his shoulders.

'Fila Remington — ranked fifth in the Inner Courtyard, a top talent from the Remington Family. The Chief of the 105th Senior Students of the Inner Courtyard. Age: ? . Captain of the Special Forces in the Inner Courtyard's Administrative Bureau. Commander-in-Chief of the Third Military Mech Corps of the Military Command. The year of 78, he achieved first in the battle of special pilots between three regions. The year of 52, he achieved third place in the Task Force Competition of the Central Academy. He got a special engine as a reward. He has served as the Director of Central Reporting's Special Service Department in the Blackboard Region, Vice President of the Hualian Commerce Association, Managing Director of Annier Group..."

Behind that was a series of his various titles.

Garen swept his eyes across that bunch of titles, completely ignore a huge chunk of useless information, and looked at the evaluations at the end.

'Strength evaluation: Level Five of Half-Moon Level; could break through to Full-Moon Level at any time. As the older group of the Inner Courtyard's Elite Students, Fila is famous for his Shapeless Snake Training Method. However, he was always suppressed by the top four, causing him to not improve further. He does not make a breakthrough by suppressing his own strength might be because he wanted to lay a better foundation in order for him to defeat the top four experts.

"Half-Moon Level," Garen sighed. He could feel the Willpower in his body was gradually consumed by his own Level Five nameless Willpower. Only a little of the battling remnants were left, so it should not take much longer until it would be completely gone.

Garen was now much more relaxed.

"No doubt it's the Support Training Method." Garen had also searched for anything related to the results of heavy damages caused by Willpower. Under the circumstances of no professional instrumental treatment, or no medicinal assistance, the results were either ending up a disabled person or death. There were no exceptions. Such injury like the bleeding of the arteries, if it is not treated quickly, the end result would be death.

However, this training method given by Red Eyes allowed him to self-repair to defeat foreign Willpower.

It was also his original plan, that if it did not go well, his only choice was for Hill to take a look at him. But now, he had put away most of his worries.

Fila's name was repeating in his mind. Garen also paid attention to several other of his comprehensive rankings.

In the history of the entire Inner Courtyard, there were 48 people whom he needed to beware of, those Students who had achieved Level Five. Among them, eight people had achieved New-Moon Level, another four had achieved Half-Moon Level, and only three people had achieved Full-Moon Level. However, the surprising thing was that these masters either went to the army or held a position in some other places like Britney who had her name at the top. But in fact, she had left Inner Courtyard at an early age, becoming one of the leaders of the Blue Narcissus.

As for the three candidates of Three Black Rain Generals, they were also in the rankings. Just that they were positioned very far behind. More so, they only had a Level Four of Willpower.

It was obvious that this ranking was old information. Most of the figures above were comprehensive rankings of students who had graduated in the past.

It wasn't the current ranking of the students in the Inner Courtyard.

Again, Garen carefully searched for current information.

A new list appeared on the screen. Though unfortunately, this list represented the current rankings of the masters of the Inner Courtyard. This made him a little disappointed, but Fila's name did not exist on this list.

Ranked as the first was Black Star Diofie. Then among three of them ranked after him were Red-Eyed Medero, and he could not recognize the other two men — Karfi and Narisiss.

After the three of them were the three young people, who were known as Black Light, were honored as the future Three Black Rain Generals. However, the three of them only had Level Four of Willpower, not even close to Level Five. At the same time, there were still in the midst of training their Mechs. Though

the resonance degree tests were very high, and they had a Half-Moon Level. They were masters with high potential.

Then, it was followed by the masters of Black Light. From the fourth ranking to the fifteenth, there were fifteen people in total. These people had special benefits of calling themselves as the Black Light Reserve. However, there wasn't a lot of information on that.

This list was much weaker than the ones before, but only a few names could be found on both the lists. Among one of them was Black Star Diofie, and then it was the three of them from the top — Red-Eyed Medero, Karfi, and Narisiss. They were all masters of Full-Moon Level. Another thing Garen accidentally realized was that status of Medero and the other three seemed a little weird. The information on their Willpowers was labeled as Level Four, though it was obvious that it was because of their special training method.

After he finished reading the information, Garen left his tablet aside and stood up. His fingers were constantly messaging his abdomen area, in a special rhythmic way.

"These both sheets of ranking is a little messy. Figures from previous rankings remained on the current list." He had also heard that Medero had been constantly overlaying and training her Willpower, wanting to break through to the Full-Moon Level, and then into the Double-Moon; she wanted to pace himself with the Black Stars. In fact, she had entered Level Five for quite some years now.

Putting this useless information aside, Garen focused his attention on Fila.

Master of Half-Moon Level. It was needless to say that no matter which rankings, he would be at the front of the top ten masters.

Furthermore, looking at the surprise attack just now, that guy had rich battle experience. The use of his Willpower Field was filled with fire, even his lethality was horrifying.

Coming into this world, Garen had prepared his foundations for situations like this, but this was the first where he was in trouble.

Chapter 874: Resonance Degrees 2

“The Willpowers of the current students are not that strong. The strongest three only had a Level Four of Willpower even though they have a Full-Moon Level of battle power. So the resonance degrees and the Willpower can be trained separately as two targets. Whereas Red-Eyed Medero and more who suppress their Willpower and increase the resonance degrees must have a special secret.”

Garen analyzed it in his mind.

The current three Elite Students were all on Level Four, but their strengths were terrifyingly unusual. They were the most powerful candidates for the Black Star.

Since Fila was an ex-student who had already graduated, he was not in the current rankings. Nevertheless, that ranking list he was in was done quite a while ago. As a result, it was still unclear what his strengths were.

He reorganized the two lists in his head and combined it into one.

There was no debate that Black Star Diofie would rank first,

Behind him would be Medero and the other two, Fila, Britney and the other ex-masters. These people were ranked differently in different lists as there was no battle. He did not know who was stronger, or weaker than the other. To know their strengths, he would need an insider information to understand.

After that would be the Generals of the Black Star Reserve, followed by many other New-Moon characters.

“The reliability of this ranking is quite high.” Using the compilation of various information that Garen had found, he had arranged it into a list. After all, different websites had different rankings. They also had different views on the strength evaluations of these masters.

The key point was that these masters were top talents. They would improve all the time, and so it was normal for the rankings of their strengths to change very quickly. It was also possible for someone to emerge suddenly as a master.

Garen's own comprehensive ranking had maintained itself for many years, and the changes weren't much.

"Fila is actually in the second echelon..." Garen thought about that attack just now — that surge and form of his Willpower, the Shapeless Snake. "Moreover, this is a situation with no Mechs. If he had a Mech, I have no idea how strong his Willpower will get!"

He had to admit that he was a very strong opponent. He was a prominent figure who was on the same level as one of Blue Narcissus's Higher-Level, Britney. So compared to him, Nonosiva, who had just entered the Inner Courtyard as an Elite Student, their differences weren't huge.

Garen had not started cultivating his Resonance Degrees. As he did not even have a Mech. there was no need to mention anything about achieving New-Moon or Half-Moon Level.

Sitting with his legs crossed on the bed, he began to sink his Willpower into his body.

The Level Five of nameless Willpower had already removed the Shapeless Snake Willpower in his body. When the Level Five's strong healing ability played its part, along with the five points that were close to his physique, the damages of his internal organs were quickly repaired.

Getting close to the five points were classified as non-human. Even with this injury, his self-healing ability was very terrifying.

Garen's Willpower could see the slow recovery of the wounds in his organs very clearly. A huge amount of blood was surging in his blood vessels, carrying tons of nutrients to each organ at a high speed.

The wound kept healing at a rate that was visible to the eyes.

“The Willpowers of Level Five Masters with high resonance level, what trick do they use?” While Garen urged his body to heal the wounds, he pondered on that question. Even getting close to the five points of the physique could not defend the impact from the attack of opponent’s Willpower Field.

After his injury was stabilized, he took out his tablet to inquire again. As expected, all the information regarding the resonance degrees were wiped off. There was no trace of the disappearance.

However, the internet in Inner Courtyard was terrifyingly safe. Garen had tried to hack it, but unfortunately, there was no effect.

He might as well gave Celine a call.

“Resonance degrees? I might have heard of this...” Celine was a little surprised. “It is said that it is a high-end thing. If you want to break through to Inherited Level, it won’t happen without a hundred percent of resonance degrees.”

“Regarding how resonance degrees will affect your strength, do you know the specific information?” Garen asked in detail.

“I’m not so sure about that. I can look it up in the family’s internal database for you. Hold on...”

Very quickly, the knocking sound of her typing could be heard.

“I got it! Resonance degrees... Once Level Five of Willpower is achieved, one would have to face a parametric. It is a key index to integrate with a Mech which would greatly improve your combat skills. Specific information... I don’t have enough confidentiality,” Celine got a little annoyed. “I’m sorry, my Level is not enough to look at this information.”

Garen had expected it.

“It’s nothing. After all, you’re only at Level Three of Willpower; you’re not qualified to understand. I’ll ask someone else.”

“Alright...”

After he hung up, Garen called Vivienne. Similarly, she did not even know what resonance degrees were. Compared to Celine, Vivienne’s Willpower only differed in one Level...

Garen put down the phone. Maybe in his contacts, only those rich and nobel guys would know about this. Though it was only a friendship where they exchanged benefits once; they had not crossed to a high-level of friendship yet.

“It seems like I can only ask the professor.” He moved his body, and felt that there was nothing serious in his organs anymore. The rest that still hurt was his vitality, which he needed time to replenish slowly. So, he opened the door and walked out.

He went to the second floor to find Professor Van Doe on the phone in his study room. It seemed like an old friend that he had a good relationship with. From time to time, he could hear laughter coming out from the room. Garen did not even understand the language he was using. It might be a minor language used in the Outer Region.

He waited at the door until the Professor was done with his call. After that, he lightly knocked on the door.

“Enter.”

Professor Van Doe replied in his usual indifferent tone.

Garen pushed open the door and entered.

“Professor.”

“Is there something wrong?” Van Doe lifted his eyes to look at Garen. For a moment, he frowned.
“You’re hurt? We will not entertain the clashes between Students. You can only bring your injury upon yourself.”

Garen nodded.

"I hope to understand more information regarding the resonance degrees. I hope Professor can give me some guidance."

"You understand how weak you are in the Inner Courtyard?" Van Doe's expression softened. He then pulled out a drawer, took out a file of information, and passed it immediately to Garen. "All the information on resonance degrees are in there. You had to have your own Mech, only then you would be able to cultivate the resonance degrees. This is a key indicator of Level Five and Level Six. If you decide to change Mechs, this parameter must be recultivated. You should do some studying about it."

"Understood. Thank you, Professor," Garen nodded his head, and was ready to leave after he took the information.

"This information has a fee of 500 thousand Units. Please remember to reimburse Hill. After you're done with it, do not leak it. Otherwise, do not look for me if you're caught," Van Doe's voice came from behind him.

Garen had known that this was the result. He replied as he walked out the room, holding the information.

He looked at the information in his hand. It was just a thin piece of paper with a few pages, and that was worth 500 thousand Units... This was the reason why he did not want to look for Professor Van Doe.

In the Inner Courtyard, anything regarding learning came with a hefty fee. The price of anything here was not something that could be afforded by an average person. But relatively speaking, many good things or techniques were available to purchase here — things that one would not be able to find in other places, even top secret knowledge.

Holding onto the information, Garen was directly headed to the Canceling Room which was a place used to destroy things.

From the second floor to the first, it was only a minute walk. In this period of time, Garen had memorized all the information.

He casually disposed the information along with the contents of the Canceling Room, and into the room.

“Resonance degrees... The New-Moon Level’s resonance degrees could improve the pilot’s strength by twenty percent. This increment includes Willpower as well as a simultaneous increase of Mech amplification field. That meant that when there is no Mech, Willpower will increase by twenty percent. However, on the Mech, the increment would be twice the amount, resulting in an amazing forty percent...”

“After that would be Half-Moon Level. The degree of increment would measure up to around forty percent. No wonder that bastard’s Willpower was so terrifying. Originally he was in Level Five. Though after so many years of accumulation and the weight of his Upper position, he must not be lacking in all kinds of resources. With an increment of forty percent...” The information had recorded down some key points. “Achieving Half-Moon Level would be the first step towards using the Mech Integration Agent. During the initial integration, while the Mech and one’s own body goes through some adjustment, it would naturally create a resonance technique.”

“Full-Moon Level would achieve an increment of around sixty percent. Driving the Mech would double the strength, and the resonance technique would gradually improve. The strength would far exceed any other Pilot.”

“Double-Moon Level would achieve an increment of eighty percent and above. Every person’s Double-Moon Level would be different. That is the key to entering the realm of inheritance. One would need to have perfect synchronization with the Mech and their body to finally head towards the perfect goal. The rest is unknown.”

Each section, regarding the resonance degrees, were arranged in his head.

At that moment, Garen felt that his injuries had healed completely. Although it might have looked serious just now, the physique of his Hellfrost Peacock was not generally strong. And even though it was not as tough as top defenses, the powerful self-healing ability of the Hellfrost Peacock had shown its power.

In legends, the Hellfrost Peacock devours innumerable substances in the battle. While bearing the countless attacks and damages, no matter if it was a soul or physical attack, it would be to quickly respond to an enormous body through a terrifying swallow.

Although it is not as strong as combat power, it is one of the dozens of the largest strategic behemoths. As long as it was still alive, the ubiquitous chaos of radiation and coldness could bring endless nightmare to the enemy.

Often times, the outer damage would not even recover as fast as it does inside.

Garen tried to stimulate his Willpower. Both of the Willpower did not leave behind any aftereffect. This was in the state where he did not use the swallowing ability.

“No doubt it is the Hellfrost Peacock Technique...”

“After this, I should carefully consider the problems of the resonance degrees. Only then should I take a look at the differences between the Elites of high resonance degrees and I.”

He straightened out his clothes, and walked out the huge door of the villa.

It was quiet outside; no many people were passing by. In the distance, a small red shuttle-like spacecraft was flying around. Around it, laser cutters were firing out from two black Mechs that were formed into one.

Most of them on the road were young faces. A few stopped to watch, whereas the remaining ones had on an expression as if it was nothing new. They just went on with what they were initially doing.

Bang!

Sometimes, the small aircraft would suddenly land on the ground, and burst into a ball of fire. The wreckage would hit the buildings around. However, it then activates circles of ripples that does not harm the pavement.

The two Mechs in front were hacking each other up for a while. Regardless of the flames, a green-haired girl was pulled out from the wreckage of the aircraft and they flew away.

“This is so destructive...” Garen rubbed his belly as the pain of the pulling of his Willpower was still fresh in his mind. A flash of bright light flashed across his eyes, so he turned around and slowly walked towards that direction.

Chapter 875: Real Inner Courtyard 1

The Inner Courtyard was made up of three libraries, sixteen training grounds, thirty-six wrestling rings, and the residential houses of numerous professors, instructors, and Elite Students.

It was also a fully Gothic city. The flow of people there and their consumption demands required shops to be built there. The presence of the stores then produced sparse differences in the rate of foot traffic there.

Garen walked a full circle around the periphery of the Inner Courtyard carefully and ensured that his tracks would not be discovered by Fila and the others. There were surveillance cameras everywhere, but most of them had been damaged by other people. The areas that were not covered by cameras were completely covered in traces of fights among students. Blood stains could even be seen on certain walls.

This was the Inner Courtyard, the real Blackboard Academy where the weak were the prey of the strong.

Fighting was prohibited in the department headquarters cum administration building in the center of the area. However, they could fight in the other places that were monitored by the cameras as long as they did not kill others. Meanwhile, no one would care about their actions within the unmonitored areas.

This place prioritized the survival of the fittest and weaklings would be eaten from the first moment they stepped foot inside.

When Garen was walking over, he saw many groups of students that were actually part of organized factions. There were also Mech fights everywhere while Willpower contests resembled frequent fireworks explosions.

He had gained many legitimate benefits after entering the Inner Courtyard, such as specialized training grounds.

These training grounds were equipped with first-class technology that could create battle simulations with any opponent. The entire Inner Courtyard was only able to maintain such great momentum despite cutting themselves off from the outside world because of these ruthless mechanisms.

After Garen had carefully evaded a few brawls and scuffles that were occurring on the streets, he finally arrived at a black rectangular multistoried building.

This building was perfectly straight and strong, and it stood out from the crowd of silvery white buildings as it looked abnormally eye-catching.

A circle of thin dark-red crystal-like rings was suspended in mid-air around the buildings. They were surprisingly beautiful.

Garen raised his head and admired the power and influence of the rings. He could vaguely feel immense Willpower forces coming from above that were way beyond the abilities of an average person. He felt as if the Willpowers of numerous people were being gathered in one place to form a terrifyingly powerful Energy Field.

There were dried blood stains on the steps in front of the training grounds. There were faint cracks in certain places while it was impossible to form holes in other areas even if they were struck by airborne explosions. He had not expected to see any sign of damage on the steps.

Garen glanced around briefly and noticed two middle-aged people passing him from behind. Without even looking at their surroundings, they took large strides and entered the training grounds before disappearing behind a large pitch black door, as if they had been teleported instantly.

A group of blonde, nonconformist youths walked out of the black door together with solemn looks on their faces and blood stains on the corners of their mouths. If they tied white silk scarves around their heads, they would have looked like the master martial artists portrayed in the daily papers, who had held fatal grudges during the era of the Republic of China.

None of them paid any attention to Garen. Those who entered and left this place would only have either exhausted or solemn expressions on their faces.

The training grounds and library were special benefits for the Elite Students. These were the most important part of the other benefits were for their family members. Although there were monetary allowances, they were never sufficient for the expenses within the Inner Courtyard.

From an outsider's perspective, the students of the Inner Courtyard received unimaginably large allowances. However, every single one of them was actually extremely poor.

Many students who had reportedly been sacrificed themselves during missions had actually died because of the vicious fighting within the Inner Courtyard.

Garen thought of the things he had seen on the way and the information he had obtained by using his watch to access the internet in the Inner Courtyard. He exhaled firmly.

"This is the real Blackboard Academy..."

He took large strides and walked into the black door.

Bang!!

Moments after he stepped foot inside, he saw a human figure being flung across the room violently. The figure was plastered against the large arch-shaped wall on the left side before it slid down slowly seconds later.

The person who had been sent flying was not that old. He looked to be about twenty years old and was a man with a face full of bruises. His Willpower seemed to be around Level Three.

The attackers who stood on the right side were a group of four to five people. Their leader, who had short black hair and wore black leather gloves, was currently doing wrist exercising movements.

“Anything else you want to say?” Black Gloves asked casually while looking at the young man on the ground. “You weren’t my opponent three years ago, and you’re still completely hopeless three years later.”

The man on the ground tried to crawl up determinedly even though his body looked terribly injured. He had suffered serious internal injuries and could only lie on the ground weakly after numerous attempts to get up.

A few curious onlookers were scattered around the area while Garen stood on the edge and eavesdropped for a while.

The attacker and the victim had once been good friends who had, unfortunately, fallen out after falling in love with the same girl. They had initially planned to use peaceful measures to compete with each other, but their friendship ties were severed at once when the girl had died in an accident while trying to save the current victim of the attack.

Garen stopped and looked for awhile before turning around and walking towards another arch-shaped passage on the left side. That passage was one of the two entrances to the training grounds and rooms.

He had not gone too far along the passage before he saw two males clashing with each other against the wall. Both of them had terrifying looks on their faces while their lips were right next to each other’s ears as if they were whispering something. Suddenly, the male who was pinned against the wall suffered a blow to his stomach and spat blood immediately.

The male who had attacked cast a threatening glance at Garen but remained silent as he continued with his own business.

Garen furrowed his eyebrows; he realized that the chaos here was worse than usual.

After walking further inside for a period of time, he saw a boy and girl who were badly bruised and clad in nothing but their underwear. They were in the middle of a circle of people who were constantly pushing them around. It was clear that they were being bullied.

Garen glanced at the room. The information above stated that the degree of the simulations here could only reach Level Two Willpower. Therefore, they could only simulate opponents with Level Two Willpower. Garen continued to walk deeper.

Along the passage that began to spiral gradually, Garen could see various acts of bullying, fighting, and quarreling happening after a specific distance. If he had forgotten that he had actually entered an Inner Courtyard of Elite Students, Garen would have suspected that he had walked into a completely chaotic fallen city.

People were being robbed, chased, beaten, charged with protection, confronted by other factions, and even raped. Anything that was imaginable could be seen here.

“Save me!” while walking past a group of people, a badly beaten up female student in the middle of a crowd reached her hand towards Garen and begged for help.

Garen could see that she was about to be beaten to death as she was wearing a fifth-year student’s uniform despite only having Level 2 Willpower. Mediocre individuals like herself who did not have any natural talents and possessed lower than Level Three Willpower would always be the easiest bullying targets here.

Ignoring the chaos here, Garen quickened his steps and soon arrived at a place where there were fewer people scattered about.

The information on the doors to the rooms gradually increased to Level Four and Five Willpower simulations before the Resonance Degree divisions slowly appeared after that.

There were very few people entering and leaving this place except for a few whose expressions were advising him not to enter this place. Some of them furrowed their eyebrows lightly when they saw Garen walking inside. However, they remained silent when they felt the Level Four Willpower wafting out of his body.

Willpower forces were the best way to display one’s own identity and level here. There were only a few Elite Students within the Inner Courtyard who had achieved Level Four. Moreover, if they had not achieved their Resonance Degrees, those with Level Four Willpowers could not be compared to regular Level Three’s or Four’s as they were merely middle ranking individuals within the Inner Courtyard.

Garen chose a random room and noticed that most of the rooms here had Level Four Willpower simulation abilities and New-Moon Level Resonance Degrees.

He picked a random room and walked inside.

He moved his hand backward and closed the door firmly. The inside of this room was snow-white and completely empty without any furniture. The floor, walls, and ceiling were completely flat and bright.

‘Welcome to the simulation training grounds. Please choose your fight simulation.’

‘1 — Regular simulation, undergo daily training, consumes 1 Quest Point every hour.’

‘2 — Strengthening simulation, undergo fighting simulations with other students, consumes 10 Quest Points as payment for challenging the opponent.’

‘3 — Vicious simulation, fight a simulation of the current record holder, consumes 20 Quest Points as payment to avenge the record holder.’

‘Rankings will be formed after each challenge according to one’s combat power. These rankings will be integrated within the rankings of the entire Inner Courtyard.’

A cold but neutral computerized voice echoed beside Garen’s ear.

‘Selection method is voice-controlled, please choose.’

“Select simulation 1,” said Garen calmly.

‘Simulation 1, regular, simulated opponent is being formed. Level Four Willpower, New-Moon Level Resonance Degree. Fighting method: bare-handed.’

A distorted transparent figure was gradually formed ten meters in front of Garen. It rose from the ground quickly before parts of its silhouette were speedily formed. A beautiful girl with bountiful, bright red curly hair was formed there.

‘Opponent has been formed. The strongest New-Moon Level competitor in this room with Level Four Willpower, Havana. Fight- begin.’

There was a brief beeping noise.

The red-haired young lady’s gaze was stern when she moved both of her legs at once and leaped forward suddenly like a tiger that was flying over. The cries of a large tiger could be heard around her body vaguely while a transparent, blurry, tiger-shaped Energy Field enveloped her entire body.

Garen leaped forward and countered her with one direct punch.

Boom!!

His fist and her tiger claw clashed with each other, forming a strong cyclone. Their flesh bodies did not come into direct contact but both of their Energy Fields collided with each other directly before forming a whirlwind-like Willpower explosion.

“Tiger Lightning Whip!!” the girl spun around and swung one leg over. Crimson light flashed across her thigh.

Her whip-like leg formed a crimson after image that hit Garen’s left inner arm at once.

There was a quick banging noise and Garen took two steps backward as the tremendous collisions that were far beyond Level Four Willpower crashed against him. His gaze stiffened when he realized that this person was definitely not using normal Training Methods.

It was impossible for his Level Four Crouched Eagle Talons to counter it. He would need to adjust the Level Five components of his body to offset the impact of this Willpower.

Havana began moving quickly as both of her legs swept continuously, each time faster than the last. However, it was obvious that the level of her Vitality was far from Garen's in close combat. Nonetheless, this girl's strongest ability was enveloping her body in an Energy Field. She was not afraid of strong collisions and possessed terrifying explosive force.

Garen was always able to block off her attacks during the most important moments. Time passed slowly before his opponent's rhythm became quicker and more frantic unconsciously.

The thing that shocked Garen the most was that the Willpower inside his body had been shifted to counter his opponent's speed, which had increased gradually. This involved his Level Four Crouched Eagle Talon and the nameless Level Five Willpower inside his body.

"Faint Resonance Technique: Red Lotus!!"

Suddenly, Havana spun both of her arms as numerous red electric currents appeared around her body. They bloomed instantly like crimson electric flowers and made crackling noises while covering more than ten meters of the surrounding area.

These electric currents swept around her surroundings like a whip.

Garen was instantly hit by one of the exploding electric currents. He was forced to take a few steps backward before rolling over and dropping to the ground far away. Only then was he able to dodge this explosive move.

"Amazing... I think I know Resonance Degrees affect and amplify Willpower now..."

Garen could clearly feel that the New-Moon Level Resonance Degree Willpowers possessed their own awareness. They soon felt like continuous dynamite-like explosions when they crept into his body. When the Willpower inside his body was unable to counterattack and destroy them in time, they exploded to cause even more damage.

When he detected that he had suffered some internal injuries, Garen vaguely understood the terrifying effects of Resonance Degrees and realized that they could produce special abilities from within one's Willpower.

On the opposite side of him, it seemed as if Havana's ultimate move had ended and she had run out of Willpower. She disappeared slowly after that.

'Times up. The fight has resulted in a tie so there will be no rewards or penalties of Quest Points. Please exit the room,' the computerized voice spoke again slowly.

Without another word, Garen walked out of the room and entered a different one under the indifferent glances of other people. He entered a room with Level Five Willpower and New-Moon Level Resonance Degrees this time.

He underwent the same process and selected the same options before fighting an hour-long battle again.

A strong naked man with a dark green sun tattoo on his chest appeared this time. The records in the computer stated that his name was Conbasque.

"Barbaric Strength..." the hefty fellow swept his right hand in front of his chest before a frighteningly bloody wound appeared on the skin there suddenly. The holographic image of a black bear appeared beside him and began to circle his body before disappearing slowly.

The man then took long strides towards Garen.

Garen did not want to show any signs of weakness and decided to use his Level Five Willpower to face him head on and seize him in one go.

His opponent swung his arm over in a scratching motion as well. Both of their palms came into contact momentarily.

Roar!

The roar of the bear could be heard from the strong man's body.

Garen staggered and was forced to take more than ten steps backward when he was hit by the tremendous quake.

"What powerful strength!"

Shocked looks appeared in his eyes but he was not afraid at all. Unlike these genetically strengthened Mech Pilots who only possessed Willpower, his biggest advantage was his hidden Secret Techniques and his strong physique.

Once his Living Secret Technique and Hellfrost Peacock Technique had fused within his physique, there were two main abilities that had formed there. The first one was his terrifyingly powerful regenerative abilities; injuries that were normally considered serious among other Mech Pilots could be healed within a short period of time when they were inflicted on Garen. This was how the Peacock's body strengthened him. The next effect was intense Cold Radiation. This move was used as a trump card. However, he would always need to get rid of those who witnessed him using this move, as it would be his own fault if he was chased out of the inner region after being mistakenly identified as one of the Radioactive People.

"Again!"

Garen used the Ten Thousand True Technique secretly and shaped his hands into fists before turning his body sideways and charging over in that direction. The Ten Thousand True Technique had its own set of specialized skills that were extremely amazing and could utilize three different moves when he used it with all of his strength.

In other words, although it was impossible for practitioners of other battle skills to use different moves once they had used up all of their strength, Garen was different. When he was not using these specialized moves, the Ten Thousand True Technique was his strongest close combat skill that was also the greatest accomplishment of his martial arts.

His opponent let out a bear's roar once more before clawing at him again.

Clap!

Garen relaxed his fist and opened it into a palm suddenly, before claspng his opponent's wrist from the side and snapping it brutally.

Crack!

A crisp noise could be heard from his wrist but it was not completely broken yet.

At this moment, a terrifying, thunderous Willpower explosion occurred beside Garen's ear.

The explosion that was caused by this move would have caused the ears of any other Mech Pilot to bleed from the vibrations and become extremely dizzy. However, Garen was only dizzy for a moment before returning to his normal state at once.

His powerful regenerative abilities could be seen immediately.

"Exceptional!"

Upon realizing that he could not break his opponent's wrist with one hand, Garen outstretched his other hand at the same time and used both of them to pull downwards.

There was a clapping noise before the hefty fellow swung his other arm downwards and attempted to slap Garen's cheek. Snake-like hissing noises could be heard when his palm came crashing over. It was obvious that it was possessed by a certain creature's Willpower.

The slapping motion resembled a snake even more closely when it used its quick speed to move even faster than before.

The hefty fellow let out a fierce roar and took one step forward before the neighs of war-horses could be heard. They stomped on the ground loudly and the entire room shook for a moment. His Willpower turned into the shape of a warhorse in the blink of an eye.

As an experienced veteran, Garen was naturally unafraid of surprise attacks like these. Garen positioned his elbow horizontally and dodged the snake-shaped palm. Meanwhile, he turned his body sideways and casually dodged his opponent's colliding stance.

His basic attributes were still weak right now and he did not have many advantages as compared to these other Mech Pilots that had used genetic adjustments to strengthen themselves. The amplification of his opponent's Willpower by his Resonance Degree was alarming. Moreover, amplified Willpower would also strengthen the Energy Fields around one's body as well. Therefore, he was able to form extremely powerful and terrifying short-term combat abilities.

Essentially, the short-term explosions in this world were extremely amazing. This was another advantage of Willpower. In other words, these attacks were like firearms that were already loaded with bullets. As long as the bullets had not run out yet, these weapons would greatly surpass the combat strength of average people.

If an individual's basic attributes were at least ten points each, they would definitely be able to defeat opponents of these levels. However, his current Vitality attribute was unable to affect his Willpower greatly and he was merely slightly faster, stronger and had better regenerative abilities in comparison to the average Mech Pilot. He could not compare his own abilities to the advantages of using Willpower Energy Fields.

If he was fighting with an opponent who was also a practitioner of the Crouched Eagle Talon, they would be able to see that Garen had Attribute Points and advantages that were worthy of pride. However, the strongest opponent in this room that he was currently fighting used first rate and rare Training Methods and Willpower. Therefore, Garen's assumed advantages were not as prominent anymore.

Garen fought with his opponent while experiencing the effects of his Resonance Degree carefully. He was forced to painstakingly counter his opponent many times which injured his body in the process. It was clear that Level Five New-Moon Level individuals were not opponents that he could take on right now.

As he still did not possess sufficient knowledge of Level Five opponents, after the match ended in a draw again, Garen decided to find another room that did not have a Level Five Resonance Degree opponent.

His next opponent was a walk in the park, which made him feel that they were much weaker than the previous New-Moon Level opponents. It was also obvious that their actual combat strength was not even half of that of the earlier opponents.

Garen was able to suppress his new opponent easily. When he used all of his Level Five Willpower, the few advantages that he possessed within his physical body began to appear as well.

He entered a few more rooms with Level Five Willpowers without Resonance Degrees. Garen was gradually able to understand the current rankings of his power clearly.

He was currently between Level Five and Level Five of the New-Moon Level. He could not defeat New-Moon Level individuals directly but could hold them off for a certain period of time.

The sky had already darkened as it was already past ten o'clock at night when he finally walked out from the training rooms.

There were slightly fewer people around him now as numerous students with Level Four Willpower were entering and leaving Level Five rooms. There were about ten rooms around him that were empty while the rest were lit up with red lights above their doors, indicating that they were occupied.

Garen looked down on these students who only possessed Level Four Willpower. Moreover, the students that were entering and leaving around him did not look like students at all. There were middle-aged people, old people, and even a few dwarves who were even shorter than average.

Garen felt that they resembled a large gathering of freaks rather than students.

He could not understand why there was so few Level Four students in the ranking list when he could see so many other Level Four candidates here. This Inner Courtyard continued to give off an abnormally chaotic feeling.

The Outer Courtyard was a haven in comparison to the Inner Courtyard. It was no wonder that the Elite Students in the Inner Courtyard would not leave unless they were going out for quests. If a ban had not been set in place, there were definitely other measures that confined them here.

“Hello, you must be the new student that came in from the Outer Courtyard, right?” suddenly, a gentle voice echoed over from beside Garen while he was observing his surroundings.

He turned in that direction and saw a white-haired youth with round-framed glasses looking at him and smiling. He was dressed like a model student and wore clean and neat clothes. He was surprisingly normal-looking and made Garen feel as if he had momentarily returned to the Outer Courtyard.

“You are?” he furrowed his eyebrows. In an environment like this, normal people like this person were definitely the most abnormal.

“My name is Anda. I’ve been observing you here for a long time now. I never expected that you would enter so many rooms consecutively and still have any energy to spare afterward. You made it look extremely relaxing. It seems that you’re not a normal Outer Courtyard student, huh...” he pushed up his glasses and smiled while flattering him.

“It was alright. I merely entered to take a look. It’s not like I actually did anything. I mainly did not expect that the people inside would be so amazing,” said Garen while smiling gently. He was disguising himself as well. He was previously born in a family of aristocratic territorial lords and had to make sure that he did not seem lower than the other person.

“Disregarding your hour-long foray is being too humble. After entering the Inner Courtyard, you probably saw the environment here. We jokingly say that this place is equivalent to the second wasteland and is comparable to an actual radiation wasteland. The only difference is that the food and drinks here are slightly more abundant,” said the bespectacled Anda softly. “Walk with me?”

“Okay.” Garen was looking for someone to chat about the situation here anyway.

Both of them walked through a passage that led outside. Strangely enough, Garen realized that the bespectacled Anda’s reputation seemed to travel far and wide. Fearful looks appeared on the faces of the people in their surroundings when they saw him. They would give way and form a path for him wordlessly.

While they were walking, Anda briefly introduced the situation, general knowledge, as well as certain important things that happened here while speaking to Garen.

Garen multitasked while listening. He was pondering about how he would face that girl Fila later.

Since he could not fight Level Five New-Moon Level individuals, Half-Moon Levels would be even harder to counter. Meanwhile, that girl Fila was almost at the Full-Moon Level by now. After spending all of the resources that he had accumulated throughout the years on his Mech, he was currently at the critical breakthrough point. Therefore, he could surpass himself greatly at any time.

Garen thought about his advantages carefully.

He had two advantages. One of them was his Living Secret Technique and his trump card, the Cold Radiation from his Hellfrost Peacock Technique, which was his upper hand against the other Mech Pilots. He also had Devour and powerful regenerative abilities that were his hidden strengths that were longer lasting and greater than the abilities of other Mech Pilots.

His second advantage was that his body's Attributes were able to utilize Potential Points to upgrade itself constantly. The Staff of Yin allowed him to accumulate two Potential Points daily. Therefore, he would be able to grow consistently as long as he had enough time. As long as he was able to achieve at least ten points on average for his physique, he would be able to fight opponents with Level Five Willpower directly.

Furthermore, his Ten Thousand True Technique had fused with his Seven Star Life's Secret Point. Although they could not be used interchangeably because the laws of their respective universes were different, there were still certain pressure points that possessed amplification effects. Perhaps it could not do certain things, but increasing his combat ability by twofold was definitely not a problem.

He could not utilize the Seven Star Life's Secret Point fully because the bodily components of the humans here were different. However, the Ten Thousand True Technique's greatest advantage meant that he would not have to get used to different bodies next time. This External Technique used large parts of the universe and was formed by some of the principles behind Garen's Living Secret Technique. Therefore, although it did not possess as much strength, it was impossible to find compatibility like this with any other Secret Techniques.

There were two paths in front of him now. The first path required him to upgrade his Living Secret Technique, which meant that his Hellfrost Peacock Technique would definitely undergo impressive qualitative changes in the future. However, this path was slightly more difficult.

The second path would need him to upgrade his Attributes and use the Ten Thousand True Technique to improve himself.

Chapter 877: Ruthless 1

Although the effects of Garen's martial arts environment were much stronger than those of other people's, the desire to achieve a great advantage with martial arts within the foundation of the perfect fight simulations and practices in this world was merely a pipe dream.

Once the martial arts environment surpassed the King of the Century level, Garen would then obtain great advantages that came from being on the same playing field. He would be able to grasp opportunities in a more precise manner than other people. He could also do things without hesitating or wasting any of his combat energy. Furthermore, his combat strategies and instincts would undergo shocking improvements.

However, this meant that only his martial arts would become strong. When he encountered situations with enemies that possessed exceptional Willpower techniques and belonged to high levels, it would be completely impossible for him to anticipate all of his opponent's various abilities. Therefore, he could only take the most conservative approach to achieve the highest probability of winning reliably.

He was only able to progressively display the true strength of his martial arts environment once he had gradually learned more about Willpower techniques through numerous reports, information, and experience.

The only thing that Garen could use now was his combat strategies. However, these strategies could not help him at all if he did not practice and perfect his martial arts and combat skills, as these things relied on an individual's own selections and style.

Once he had arranged the information in his mind, Garen decided to upgrade his Living Secret Technique immediately. After all, this ability could improve his physical Attributes and even his Willpower level.

As for the methods of using upgrades that required Potential Points, Garen chatted with Anda leisurely while secretly thinking of ways to add his Potential Points to the Hellfrost Peacock Technique. As expected, there was no way to upgrade the Hellfrost Peacock Technique in one go. It seemed as though its progress had been paused because something was lacking. However, a few of his Potential Points had disappeared, making it clear that some of them had been consumed.

Garen furrowed his eyebrows slightly and used his Willpower to activate the Living Secret Technique core inside his body. A series of information flowed out.

"I need both the Red Peacock Stone and the White Peacock Stone to enter the next stage?" Garen recalled the ores that he had seen previously. The White Peacock Stone was a variation of the Rainbow Stone while the Red Peacock Stone that was described by the Living Secret Technique was actually the Red Rainbow Stone. However, the production rate of these stones was much lower as compared to the White Rainbow Stone and they were sourced from different places as well.

His Hellfrost Peacock Technique had almost reached the Level Six stage. However, its progress rate had been stuck at 5% all this while without moving at all.

"...We've almost arrived at the battlegrounds, do you want to go in and take a look? This is an impressive place," he had not noticed when Anda had started talking about the battlegrounds beside him.

Garen's mind snapped back to reality and realized that they were very far from the training grounds now. They were now walking in front of a huge circular ashen building in the Inner Courtyard. This place was completely tranquil as there were only a few people who were leaving and entering. Most of them were rushing inside with furious looks on their faces.

"This is a place to settle grudges, whether fatal or not. Of course, there are only a handful of people who actually come here to duel while most of them are here to watch the mutated beasts fight. This place hosts major gambling tournaments and is also the biggest place to select and purchase mutated beasts.

Most of these mutated beasts can help with quests when they are brought outside to the radiation belts,” Anda smiled while explaining.

“Mutated beasts?” this was the first time that Garen had heard of people keeping these playthings as pets.

“Wanna go in and take a look? You can occasionally find good things inside the battlegrounds,” Anda smiled.

“Alright, just be frank,” said Garen while glancing at the edge of the battlegrounds. “What were you planning to do when you reached out to me personally? Don’t just say that you wanted to chat because you were bored.”

Anda pushed his glasses.

“Naturally, I wanted to get some people to join my quest unit. I’ve already gotten three people to join but I need two more suitable candidates. You’ve caught my eye.”

“You’re certain that I’ll be useful even though I’m merely a new student who just entered?” said Garen calmly.

“You managed to escape Fila’s grasp and survive despite just entering this place. Moreover, it seems like all your wounds have healed in less than half a day. You may be a newbie but you’re not a regular person...” Anda smiled again.

Garen was shocked. This fellow’s information sources were extremely active. He had just healed and come out to understand his circumstances, yet the other person had been able to obtain detailed information about him instantly.

“You are certainly well-informed.”

“Those who are able to prosper eternally in the Inner Courtyard definitely have their own strong suits,” Anda stood still and patted nonexistent dirt off his clothes. “Don’t worry about Fila and the others. That

girl is arrogant, but she will not look for you again if she didn't kill you the first time unless you provoke her on your own. She's currently facing a critical moment in her life and is about to face a great enemy. Once she releases the strength that she has accumulated, there is a high probability that she will be able to enter the perfect stage of the Full-Moon Level. When she stands side-by-side with Red-Eyed Medero, she will have the chance to fight him for a place in Black Star."

"Other than Fila, I offended two other people as well."

"Don't worry about those two. If you don't have enough strength to defeat them, it will make no difference if you die by their hands or if you die during the quest," Anda smiled while saying these cold words.

"You don't sound like a twenty year old guy at all," spat Garen while furrowing his eyebrows.

"I'm so sorry. I'm actually 108 years old this year," said Anda with an indifferent look on his face. "After spending more than forty years in the Inner Courtyard, I even managed to unearth a few top class prodigies in the beginning."

More than a hundred years old?!

Garen was astonished because this guy did not look as if he was over a hundred years old.

"You don't have to act so surprisedly. Forgive me for going through your information, but I discovered that you were born in a normal family. Therefore, it is natural that you would not know many of the higher level Mech Pilot's hidden secrets," smiled Anda. "Do you know why so many Pilots in the Inner Courtyard view Resonance Degrees so highly?"

"It's rumored that only individuals with the highest Resonance Degrees will be able to enter the Inherited Level," answered Garen calmly.

"That is only one of the reasons. There's another reason that nobody can evade. It is also the reason why everybody suppresses their own strength and Willpower in every possible way. It is the main reason why they are constantly trying to break through their Resonance Degrees," Anda raised a finger. "That reason is their lifespan."

“Lifespan?”

“Yes, lifespan,” a strange look glimmered in Anda’s eyes. “In theory, an individual can use certain measures to improve themselves and enter the Inherited Level once their Resonance Degrees have achieved the Full-Moon Level. This level is called Full-Moon to indicate that it is full and perfect. The main reason why numerous Full-Moon Level individuals have painstakingly suppressed themselves in vain to enter the Two-Moons Level before promoting themselves naturally is for the sake of their lifespans. Once they have entered the Full-Moon Level, their lifespans will increase by ten years every time their Resonance Degrees increase by 1%. This is the general consensus of the secret that those of the higher levels are hiding.”

“Those with Resonance Degrees of less than 90% are already part of the Full-Moon Level, so the 10% gap between the Full-Moon Level and Two-Moons Level would allow them to increase their lifespans by a hundred years?!” Garen was slightly shocked as well.

“Yes. It’s like this, although the current Genetic Adjustment Technology and Biochemical Technology are extremely advanced, things like lifespans depend on things that happen by chance. Those that belong to the Inherited Level and the levels below that only have one chance to increase their lifespans. Therefore, no one would be willing to give up on something like that. Why do you think Red-Eyed Medero refused to enter the Inherited Level for such a long time? One reason was that her tutor did not give her Inherited Level Training Methods. However, the main reason for her refusal to enter the Inherited Level was because she wanted to lay down her foundation and be well-prepared,” Anda explained matter-of-factly.

“An individual’s Resonance Degree is like a magnifying glass that can increase the foundation of one’s strength. If the foundation of your Willpower is too weak, it will naturally remain weak even when it is amplified. However, if the foundation of your strength is strong but you failed to increase it sufficiently, you will not become any stronger. Both of these factors need to increase proportionally for it to work best,” said Anda calmly while rearranging his glasses.

“So what kind of help were you hoping gain after coming all this way to find me?” Garen asked the most important question. He did not believe that the other man would be so kind as to come here specially to help him clear his doubts.

“I need your healing abilities,” the glow from a nearby light source reflected off Anda’s glasses. It was a bright, snowy light.

“Healing abilities?”

“You managed to heal your deadly wounds in one afternoon. Do you know if you can use this ability on others?” asked Anda honestly with a sincere expression on his face.

“My healing abilities can be used to backup and support other people. However, the effects will not be as strong as when they are used on me,” nodded Garen. His nameless Willpower did have healing effects on other people. However, it could only restore their physical wounds and did not seem to have any effects on the restoration of their Willpower. This Willpower was mainly used to heal Mechs instead. However, it would probably not have any healing effects on Mechs than belonged to levels that were lower than the Inherited Level.

“I guessed so too,” Anda nodded and smiled. “Our unit is coincidentally lacking a support member, so we’ll leave this to you.”

“Don’t tell me you don’t have medicine or things like that?”

“Of course we do. However, the distance of our quest is too great and our expenses for medicine will be too burdensome as well,” answered Anda. “Have you heard of the Mingchuan Snowy Mountain?”

“Mingchuan Snowy Mountain? The large snowy mountains on the border of the radiation belt? You’re not afraid of going there despite the hordes of mutated beasts?” asked Garen. He had seen some information about that place once. His upgraded Intelligence gave him a photographic memory that greatly surpassed the abilities of regular people. Although the information had been vague, he still had some impressions of it.

“The traces of the radiation belts that were left behind on the Mother Planet are everywhere. Although they are dangerous, the risks and rewards are acceptable. Naturally, our main plan was to accept the quest because we would gain Quest Points no matter where we went while obtaining certain things that we were looking for. Unless you decide to join us, we cannot simply leak any more information.”

Garen quietened down for a moment and began to consider his gains and losses.

“Can you give me a hint about what this is about?”

“Of course I can. It has to do with the Mech materials that both you and I desire,” nodded Anda.
“Moreover, they are materials for the main parts such as the frame systems.”

“I’ll need to return and consider this for some time,” Naturally, Garen would not agree so easily when he did not know anything about this quest.

“Let’s exchange contact details. If you don’t contact me personally after ten days, I’ll assume that you’ve declined,” Anda tapped his watch against Garen’s to exchange their contact details. “I’ll leave first then.”

“Alright, thank you for providing this information,” Garen thanked him sincerely. The other man had actually given him a lot of information. Although he did not know if it was truly reliable, at least he had a rough idea now.

“Fila is just part of a neutral party. There are three main parties in the Inner Courtyard and you can check the others as long as you don’t interfere with these three. Go back and investigate them properly,” Anda waved without turning around and entered one of the battlegrounds in front immediately.

Garen watched him leave the area and enter the battleground before he turned around and walked in the other direction. He wanted to go to the library now as he could probably find more information there.

“Clint...”

“Clint... Clint...”

“Wake up now... Wake up...”

A voice that was calling out his name echoed beside Clint's ear continuously. It seemed as if it was drifting over from an extremely far place and was somewhat fuzzy and unclear.

Clint woke up from his deep slumber slowly.

It seemed as if he had fallen asleep on a huge bed. The room was pitch black and the silhouette of a man could be seen sitting beside the bed while smoking.

"Awake?" the man's voice was very hoarse as if his throat had suffered serious injuries. The sound of leaking air could be heard when he spoke.

"Where am I?" Clint tried to raise his body while he was still dazed but soon realized that his entire body was stiff and completely immobile. "Where's Lon? Lon..."

"Are you talking about that girl? She's sleeping next door," said the man before taking another puff of his cigarette.

"You... Were you the one who saved us?" asked Clint carefully. He realized suddenly that his body was completely naked! He became frightened immediately.

"Yeah. I happened to be carrying out a vendetta against that shop when I saw both of you being taken away. I decided to save you just because I was there," when the man stood up, the lines of his taut muscles could be seen vaguely.

"I would have ignored you if you hadn't looked like someone I knew. Hurry up and get out of here once you've rested. I'm going to leave now too."

The man walked out of the door while he was still speaking. Once the room door was opened, blinding golden sunlight cascaded inside and illuminated the entire room at once.

Clint could feel that his eyesight was somewhat blurry. He could only squint his eyes shut while the man walked out and disappeared on the other side. Red Moon's voice began to echo in his mind again.

“How was it? Did you get any rest?”

“Lord Red Moon!” Clint could not stop the tears that were brimming in his eyes which had almost overflowed. It seemed as though he had found his birth mother suddenly.

“Don’t cry, don’t cry. I used your Willpower to hypnotize that man for a while before he agreed to save both of you. Isn’t everything all right now?” it was rare for Red Moon to speak gently like this.

“But... But...” this was the first time Clint had cried so pitifully.

“Don’t worry, Lon is fine. That man wasn’t interested in her at all. He didn’t even touch the clothes on her back,” consoled Red Moon.

“But... My backside really hurts...” Clint began to cry loudly.

“...”

Red Moon was unaware of what had happened because he had used too much strength. He was unaware of the frightening things that Clint had undergone after he fainted again. After looking at the expression of inconsolable grief on Clint’s face, he vowed not to ask about his experiences during these dark moments of his life ever again.

Chapter 878

In a different room.

Baylon hugged the blanket tightly and curled into herself on the bed while taking in her entire surroundings.

After fainting from intoxication, she had woken up and found herself lying on this bed. There was no one around her and the room door was locked shut.

Suddenly, a familiar cry echoed from the next room.

"It's Clint!!" she was happily surprised at once. She crept over anxiously and leaned against the wall closely while listening carefully.

"Clint!! Is it you?!" she yelled loudly.

The cries from the next room softened at once. Half a second later, a timid voice drifted over.

"Lon?"

"It's really you!" Baylon's mind was freed of anxiety immediately.

"Alright, little girl. You're all right now. I've examined the area and both of you are currently in a place that is almost a thousand kilometers from the previous shop. You'll be staying at this inn temporarily," the sound waves of Red Moon's voice were transferred into her mind.

"Clint. What happened to Clint? Why is he crying so sadly?" Kind Baylon was concerned about her friend immediately.

"He's fine... He just encountered one of life's minor obstacles..." Red Moon did not know how to explain this either. The things that were supposed to happen had occurred already...

"Is he really okay?" Baylon was still worried.

"Don't worry. A man will definitely be able to get over a small pain like this," consoled Red Moon. "The person who saved you has left. It's best that both of you get up immediately to check your surroundings and geographical conditions. This place is just a temporary residence so other than yourselves, there aren't any other living things, food, or even water here. If you don't hurry up and find a way out, don't blame me if you end up starving to death here."

These words echoed in the minds of these two people simultaneously. Both of them had been able to distinguish when Red Moon was being honest or lying long ago. Now, they could clearly tell that Red Moon was speaking the truth. They crawled out of bed immediately while Clint looked around for clothes that he could wear.

He pushed the door open and walked out.

Bright, burning golden sunlight cascaded inside and spread across his skin, leaving a painful burning sensation there. Their surroundings were primarily a stretch of barren wilderness that included yellow-green plains and a little winding stream could occasionally be seen. Strangely enough, the water in the stream was green while thin shrouds of green mist would rise from it faintly.

The entire place was deathly quiet and there was not even a single fly to be seen.

Baylon looked into the distance. Near the horizon, a man in an eye-catching leather jacket could be seen riding his motorcycle speedily into the distance faintly. Strangely enough, the motorcycle was silent.

"That man saved you. This place was initially just a dilapidated hut that he turned into a temporary resting stop," explained Red Moon softly.

"What should we do now?" Baylon felt suddenly thirsty.

"Think of a way to survive," answered Red Moon solemnly. "You can't drink the water here because it's toxic. Since there are no other living things, it means that there won't be any pieces of radioactive meat for you to eat either. It's a good thing that I had brought some edible supplies with me in my space knob. I can support you for a period of time, but if you don't find a way to solve your food problem within a week, you will definitely starve to death in this radioactive wasteland."

"This is the radiation belt, huh..." this was the first time Baylon had felt the brutality of the radiation belt. First, it was the betrayal of the supposedly kind Big Sister and Yellow Bearded Uncle, and now they were in a situation where they had nothing to eat or drink. At this moment, the lack of food and water had become a life-threatening issue.

"Think of it as a form of self-training," Red Moon sighed. "This is one of the main reasons why most people in the radiation belts don't live past seventy or eighty years. They can't preserve their health whenever they drink water, and their food sources are limited to a few plants and mostly the flesh of mutated beasts with lower rates of radiation inside their bodies. Most of the time, they are only able to consume a fist-sized amount of meat from mutated beasts that are the size of buffalos. After risking their lives to kill these animals, the food they get is usually only enough for one person."

While listening to Red Moon's explanations, Baylon suddenly understood the brutality and hardships that were part of the radiation belt wastelands.

"What would my big brother do if he was here?" she murmured softly.

"Your brother... I guess he would be at ease here," Red Moon recalled the man whom he had judged wrongly. "That guy... has an extreme ruthlessness in his bones..."

After circling the Inner Courtyard a few times, Garen realized that it was impossible for him to encounter that male student from the administration office again. There were no traces of that female student nicknamed Goldfish either. Meanwhile, he heard from others that Fila had gone to participate in some ceremony.

Once he had visited the library and read up on more of the general information here, Garen finally understood the makings of the entire Inner Courtyard properly.

To put it simply, the Inner Courtyard was the true, ruthless side of Blackboard Academy, while the Outer Courtyard was merely a place to train military and government personnel. The Outer Courtyard was mild and gentle while the Inner Courtyard was where the savage fights took place.

Quest Points were needed for everything. They were needed for training, purchasing items, duels, and everything else. Of course, one could pay with Universal Units instead if they were wealthy. However, the prices of the items here could hardly be borne by average multi-millionaires, as the goods here were twice the price of their normal rates outside. Moreover, the more valuable items here were easily priced at millions of Universal Units while they were actually much cheaper when they were bought with Quest Points instead.

It was obvious that life throughout the entire Inner Courtyard revolved around Quest Points.

Most of the professors and instructors in the Inner Courtyard were aloof and detached. They usually stayed within their own domains and hardly left; perhaps one wouldn't even notice if they went out.

The students were the only ones who were active in the Inner Courtyard. The professors and instructors would never involve themselves in the fights between students and would be sent home if they died or became useless. Perhaps they would even be placed in simple positions if necessary.

The students in the Inner Courtyard were distributed into three main parties; the Black Star Party where the Black Star was the head, the Black Rain Party that was led by Red-Eyed Medero and three others, and Leo that was led by the exchange and transfer students.

There were many other smaller and larger organizations and many strong drifters like Fila. Garen understood that there were others like Anda who formed temporary groups and quest units. Most of them did not have close relationships and would only work together on quests. There were probably twenty groups like this in the Inner Courtyard.

Batches of students in higher grades such as Fifth-year and Sixth-year students would enter the Inner Courtyard yearly because this was the only place that contained information about Resonance Degrees that could surpass Level Six Inherited Levels. Therefore, many people continued to rush over continuously for a chance to find a rare opportunity despite being aware of the abnormal dangers here.

The life of an Inner Courtyard student was very simple.

There was nothing but quests. They would constantly accumulate the necessary resources for their Mechs, various techniques, and Training Methods. Other than quests, they needed to complete specific durations of training sessions during public classes. They would use up a lot of Quest Points if they failed to complete these training sessions. When their Quest Points were insufficient, they would be kicked out of the Inner Courtyard and all of their memories regarding Resonance Degrees would be wiped completely.

The two main things were their quests and public classes. These public classes were supposedly classes but were actually more like tests. They were used to get rid of batches of students that could not meet the mark while quests were used to continuously train the students' progress.

The tutors and even outsiders would constantly release quests for the Elite Students of the Inner Courtyard. Students that were able to survive in this environment would definitely surpass the even first-rate cream of the crop of the Outer Courtyard.

Quest Points meant everything here. They could be used for business transactions, payments, punishment, and could even be used to purchase various techniques and materials that people of the outside world had never even heard of.

Meanwhile, the relationship between the students and tutors here were more like business partners that traded in technical knowledge rather than merely students and teachers. The tutors were like sellers who peddled various technique knowledge while providing the students with secret, high-grade information.

The students would trade technique knowledge among themselves as well while the tutors would turn a blind eye to their actions. Therefore, they would be able to purchase technique knowledge from certain powerful or high-level instructors and professors. Moreover, they would be able to gain even more Quest Points if they traded this knowledge. This would also show the key difference between high and low rankings.

Garen thought of his own Professor Van Doe. He was considered to rank in the middle of the Inner Courtyard but was actually concealing the depths of his powers. However, most of the instructors and professors here would hide most of their true strengths. On the surface, Van Doe only belonged to Level Five of the Twin-Moons Level. In reality, no one knew the true extent of his strength. There were twenty to thirty other professors like him in the Inner Courtyard that had indistinguishable powers.

Once he had understood the initial parts of this information from various aspects, Garen began to gain a brief understanding of life in the Inner Courtyard.

As for Anda's invitation to join his quest, Garen had gathered some information from the quest section of the library. He learned that they would truly need to travel for a long journey and would need to pass through the radiation belt and even pilot Mechs. They would also need to pass through a vast terrain along the way. The entire quest would take at least half a month up to a whole month to complete.

Garen had thought of visiting the radiation belt as well. Red Moon had previously informed him that they had already entered the radiation belt and he wanted to see if he could find Clint and the others.

He would also need time to purchase the Red Peacock Stone.

Upon returning to the tutors' villas and entering his own room, Garen contacted Kendall's external phone number immediately.

"Boss! Tell me your instructions!" after relying on Garen, Kendall had become the boss of a larger than average company. His main business was arranging the transport of Rainbow Stones. Once he had gained Garen's trust, his daily life was completely smooth sailing. His face on the screen of Garen's watch was currently rounder and chubbier like a smiling Buddha.

"Purchase Red Rainbow Stones on the market immediately. It's best if you find a stable goods supply channel."

"How much do you need?"

"Get two tonnes from the market and just store them first. Separate ten percent of the profits and purchase them slowly once you've found a channel. Send me a report of the revenue and expenditure accounts once every two months," said Garen in a straightforward manner.

"No problem, this will be easy. Numerous clients have chased me previously to ask if I needed anymore Rainbow Stones of other colors," Kendall's eyes became two slits when he laughed. Then, he happened to think of something. "Boss, there are more of the other colored Rainbow Stones but their purity levels are lower. Their prices might be slightly more expensive than White Rainbow Stones too..."

"Don't worry about the expenses, just be as quick as possible," Garen pondered for a moment. "Buy two tonnes of the other Rainbow Stones and kept them in the warehouse as well in case we need to transfer them suddenly."

"Understood, it will be done in less than two months! However, it will probably take a longer time for them to be sent over. After all, the red ones are scattered within a wider area and their production rate in a single area is very low." Kendall sounded extremely confident when he spoke. It was clear that he had obtained the channels of many clients previously and knew the necessary information like the back of his hand.

"No problem. It'll be fine as long as you can do it. I'll be waiting for your good news."

“I swear that I won’t let you down!”

Garen exhaled slowly once he had disconnected the phone call.

“It’s time for me to solve the problem with Goldfish and that guy...”

Chapter 879: Take Action 1

On the top floor of the multistoried building, the strong wind tousled Garen’s hair and clothes. He stood at the edge of the floor, allowing the gigantic billboard to block more than half of his body while he lowered his head and looked downwards.

On the street below that stretched between two tall buildings, among the people on the pavement, a young man and woman walked out of a building and walked along the street together towards a few parked motorcycles.

Through the corner of his eye, Garen saw that the red-haired girl who was currently chatting with two males was actually Goldfish whom he had seen previously.

“Apparently the information I received from Anda was pretty accurate,” that guy named Anda was clearly an information trader as the information that he received from him for one hundred thousand points was extremely reliable.

Garen raised his watch and glanced at his own Quest Points.

“I only have three points left after going to the training room even though I had twenty points in the beginning... Looks like I’ll have to get some Quest Points soon or it’ll be troublesome during the examinations.”

He lowered his head and stared below at Goldfish who was saying goodbye to the two boys and walking with another girl back to her motorcycle. He turned around and rushed downstairs but Goldfish had already gotten on her motorcycle and left the building area once he had reached the bottom floor.

Garen had fully memorized the terrain of this area clearly a long time ago. He used the alleys and shortcuts to follow Goldfish closely. After modifying his body, he was almost able to match the speed of the motorcycle when he ran at full speed.

While following her closely from behind slowly, he saw Goldfish arriving in front of an ashen, pointed multistoried building a little while later. She stopped her motorcycle, switched off the engine and got down.

Garen glanced at the name of the owner of this large building that was marked on the side.

“Von Anise. The information states that this person is one of the instructors in the inner domain but this place looks very unassuming...”

After hesitating for a moment, Garen walked out of the alley and took large strides towards the doorway of the building that Goldfish entered.

Goldfish was pushing the revolving glass door that led to the lower floor of the building when she saw a figure behind her that was reflected by the glass suddenly.

“It’s that person from that day!” she was shocked. “He actually followed me all the way here! How did he find me!” she had begged her seniors to help her find information about the man but they had yet to give it to her even until now. She had never expected that the other person would be slightly faster than herself.

Fortunately, she could still use that item for a third time.

Goldfish reached into her pants pocket and grasped the item inside her pocket tightly while steadying her mind.

She turned around and faced her opponent head-on while getting out of the way so that other people could come and go.

“Should we step aside and chat?” the voice of the other man drifted over. Goldfish furrowed her eyebrows and looked at him. He had short black hair, dark blue eyes, and pale skin. He looked vicious even though the corners of his mouth were curled when he smiled which made it seem as if he was sneering cruelly. His body was muscular and he gave off an oppressive atmosphere faintly when he stood there.

“Do you always move so quickly?” Goldfish teased.

“It was just luck,” Garen smiled.

“What do you want to talk about?” Goldfish observed her opponent’s actions and stance carefully. After suffering terrible injuries the last time, she knew that this man was strong. However, should she really be fighting right in front of the building where her tutor was staying?

While looking at this man cautiously, Goldfish made a mental note to be extremely careful.

The other person smiled.

“I still remember the first time I was in the hospital. You came into my room at night, ambushed me, and almost mauled me. I’m here to repay you.”

Goldfish recalled everything immediately. He was the strange young man whom she had encountered that night, the same person she had met suddenly while carrying out her mission. Her memory of him was still so vibrant even though a long period of time had passed since then.

“What are you planning to do?” fear began to fill her mind. She looked on as the other man continued to smile calmly as if he had no intention of taking action against her at all. However, she could not understand why she felt terrified while standing on the opposite side of him.

“The compensation for that night and the injuries that Fila inflicted on me previously will be part of your debt to pay. How many Quest Points do you have now?” asked Garen calmly.

“I have two hundred and sixty-three points and I’ll transfer all of them to you! Don’t come back and bother me!” Goldfish took a step back and tried to increase the distance between herself and the other person. Fila had just happened to pass by coincidentally when she saved Goldfish and her seniors that one time. However, it was impossible for her to have such good luck every single time.

“So few points,” Garen twisted his neck.

“What do you mean ‘few points’?! We only managed to accumulate these Quest Points after doing many difficult quests over a long period of time!” Goldfish’s voice had become slightly higher. However, she tried her best to suppress it immediately. “How do you plan on letting me off then?! I still have more than a million Universal Units and I can transfer all of them to you too. I also have a few techniques on me that I can give you too!”

She knew that she would have no way to live if she did not solve this problem properly now. Her opponent was not someone that a Level Two individual like herself would be able to defeat.

Initially, Garen had come over to try and understand the situation better and planned to find an opportunity to kill his opponent later. However, he had never expected that this woman would be tactful enough to admit defeat immediately. This made it difficult for him to go on with his original plans.

Just as he was hesitating, Goldfish opened her mouth again.

“Tell me your requirements. I have some girls in my downlines that I can let you play with, including myself if that’s what you want. As long as you stop looking for me and giving me trouble. Anything is fine.”

“What are you...” Garen was slightly shocked.

“That’s right. Why do you think I have so many Quest Points?” Goldfish brushed her long hair away from her forehead. “I’m the one they call ‘Thorn’, so wouldn’t it be natural that I have so many beautiful roses around me?”

The supposed ‘Thorn’ was actually a female pimp who engaged in the flesh trade while the female students below her merely nicknamed her with this euphemism.

Garen understood at once when he heard everything.

“Thorn? No wonder you have so much savings and tricks despite your low level.”

“Since I’ve already admitted defeat, you can either kill me or dismember me now,” Goldfish stretched both of her arms open and raised her ample bosom intentionally.

“If it’s going to be like this, we have certainly solved our problems quickly,” Garen smiled. “Tell me the information about the person from the Administrative Bureau who made a move that day then...”

Tch!!

He charged forward suddenly and curled his finger upwards like a hook before stabbing it in front.

A popping noise could be heard before a wet, bloody eyeball was gouged out of Goldfish’s eye socket. While she screamed in pain, Garen used his palm to hit her lower abdomen swiftly.

Goldfish’s entire body was sent flying before she collided with the glass door behind her violently. The glass did not break from the collision but the impact caused her to bounce back right after she hit the door.

“This will write off our previous grudges,” smiled Garen while walking over. He stomped downwards and cracked Goldfish’s right thigh bone in one movement.

Ahh!!!

The latter let out a blood-curdling cry instantly.

None of the surrounding passersby came forward to stop them. When they witnessed the violence happening right in front of their eyes, most of the people who were entering and leaving the building walked around the pair instead and hastened their footsteps to leave the area quickly.

No one would be willing to intentionally start a fight with a Level Four pilot here in a low-level territory like this. Therefore, most of them just evaded him and left.

Goldfish wailed painfully and pressed one hand against her thigh while using her other hand to cover her eye. Every single trace of her beautiful disposition had disappeared, leaving nothing but miserable howls. Large puddles of sweat that had formed from the intense pain drenched her entire body and soaked through most of her clothes. Next, dark patches appeared where they were dirtied by the dust on the ground.

Garen shook his head faintly.

“Remember to pass me the information.”

“I... I will!” Goldfish ground her teeth and trembled when she spoke. The pain that was coursing through her body made it almost impossible for her to focus her attention.

“And about the Quest Points, transfer two hundred to me. Forget about the Universal Units,” said Garen casually.

After forcing Goldfish to transfer her Quest Points and give him the information about the person from the Administrative Bureau, Garen leisurely left the area.

“I’ll come and look for you again if I need to,” he waved at Goldfish with his back towards her and left in a relaxed and happy manner.

Goldfish’s soft curses echoed behind him from afar.

“Don’t think I didn’t hear that~” Garen’s single sentence was enough to scare Goldfish into shutting her mouth tightly.

Reagan’s mind felt somewhat disturbed when he exited the Administrative Bureau.

He had just received news that the ‘Thorn’ Goldfish had been ambushed outside the doorway of her own home. One of her eyes had been blinded while one of her legs had become lame. Her opponent was violent and cruel and there was no way to fit her with new artificial parts yet. It was rumored that he had used special measures to completely destroy the edges of the parts that could be used for artificial implants.

Goldfish had almost lost her own life as well. The scariest part was that her opponent’s moves were as precise as surgical operations as there had not been much bleeding. Instead, most of her bleeding was internal.

Goldfish was completely quiet when they saved her life. She remained silent and left the hospital immediately after paying the treatment fees.

Some people said that her attacker was a black haired, muscular man who was tall and looked vicious.

This made Reagan immediately think of the man that he had helped Goldfish get rid of recently. If Fila had not coincidentally inflicted him with critical injuries that time...

“There’s no way that it could be that man...” he shook his head and walked out of the Administrative Bureau. He greeted a few of his colleagues before walking towards the underground carpark.

“That man was badly injured by Senior Fila. He wouldn’t be able to heal his injuries so quickly regardless of the treatment methods that he used. Moreover, according to what Senior Fila said, if that person didn’t die in the fight, he would be crippled at least.” Reagan walked into the quiet and empty underground car park. He walked to the side of his car quickly before pulling the door open.

“Hi, how are you?”

Suddenly, he saw a black-haired man sitting in his own car. This man had dark blue eyes and was currently stretching his hand outwards and greeting him while exposing his pearly white teeth.

“You!” Reagan wondered if he had walked to the wrong car. He was just about to open his mouth and ask when he was suddenly overcome by a bout of dizziness.

He lowered his head in a daze and looked at his lower abdomen. A pale arm had appeared there suddenly and was now stabbing deeply into his stomach. Blood flowed down his pant leg continuously and dyed his shoes red. It dripped on the ground and formed a little puddle of bright red fresh blood there.

Instantly, he looked over at the other man’s hand that was being outstretched slowly. However, there was not a single drop of blood there.

“A favor for what happened during the last few days. Thank you so much for your care,” Garen’s smile was both alluring and vicious.

“You...!!” said Reagan in disbelief while covering the wound on his abdomen. However, the hole there was too big and he could actually see the ground behind him faintly through his stomach.

He knew that he would not be able to leave today.

“My big sister... will not forgive you!!” he staggered a few steps backward and sat on the ground. His face had already turned ghostly pale because of the dangerous blood loss he was suffering.

Vroom... The sound of a car engine could be heard before a Hover Car was positioned towards his body precisely. The car traveled at the quickest speed before crashing into him violently.

A popping noise could be heard when Reagan was smashed in between the car and the wall. He turned into a mess of bloody red bits of flesh before he stopped moving completely.

Garen sat in the driver's seat and turned the engine off and got out of the car. He had turned off the automatic surveillance cameras in the car park long ago and was not worried that any traces of his identity as the killer would be recorded.

"This has been solved as well. The last one is Fila," he took his gloves off and rubbed his slightly cold hands together before turning around and walking out of the car park exit.

Coincidentally, a slender man in white clothes was walking down the slope that led to the car park slowly. He held his car keys in his hands and watched Garen who was walking out. The tip of his nose twitched slightly as if he had smelled something unpleasant. Unconsciously, he glanced at Garen once again.

Garen turned to him and curled his mouth into a smile before walking out of the car park leisurely.

Mech Pilots with strong Willpowers were incredibly powerful when they were prepared. However, their reaction speeds and accomplishments could never surpass Secret Technique users when they were ambushed suddenly. Mech Pilots needed to adjust their Willpower to strengthen their bodies to use both attack and defense moves. Moreover, Willpower could not be used unconsciously and required nerve reactions before they could come into effect.

Chapter 880: Take Action 2

These pilots were like superpowers that were physically weak; or like mages, who were powerful when they were fully prepared, but once they were caught off guard, the previous scene would occur. Reagan could not even react and was killed with one blow in a split second.

Their bodies did not have the protection of energy field. Without gene enhancement, they could not even match some of those trained musclemen.

"In that case, maybe Fila should also be the same case. Perhaps I can go and see if there is a chance to move in," Garen assessed.

The biggest weakness of pilots was that they could not maintain their state of strength at all times like Secret Technique practitioners. Their Willpower was equivalent to the bullets in a pistol that had to be reloaded after opening fire. Therefore, they would not be in a state of preparedness at all times because this kind of state would exhaust Willpower.

In this way, they were not that powerful in their usual daily state. When faced with threats that they could not respond in time to, it would likely be the end of them.

Walking out of the parking lot, Garen looked up at the artificial sun. The sun, which was surrounded by silver halos, was shining unceasingly with its great brilliancy.

He had found the best way to deal with pilots, which was close-range attacks. When the opponent did not even have a chance to react with their Willpower, he would be able to hit them hard.

Pilots without the protection of Willpower Field were, at best, slightly stronger than ordinary people.

They were not like Secret Technique practitioners, who would always have a robust physique defense on par with their own strength.

“Freeze!” suddenly, a man’s voice shouted from behind.

Garen did not care. Yet, he felt a sudden cold at his back and immediately bowed his head. He mustered his Willpower and reached out his hand above his head, making a grabbing movement.

A hard and sharp feeling instantly reached his fingertips and Garen retracted his fingers in the nick of time but was still scraped a little.

Only then did he saw clearly what was passing over his head.

It was a mechanical bee the size of a fist. The bees were made of silvery-white metal while the wings behind were of non-metal materials that were vibrating at high speed. Some parts of the body were

even covered with some kind of flesh and blood, giving the impression of a fusion of mechanical and biochemical science and technology.

Garen looked at his fingers and a layer of skin had been broken unknowingly. Blood was vaguely seen.

"I told you to freeze!" the man's voice rang again.

Garen turned around. He actually completely ignored the mechanical bees that were still flying in mid-air but looked directly at the man in a white shirt who was coming after him.

This man was the man who had just entered the parking lot.

His face clouded over and there was an identical mechanical bee hovering around him.

"Daring to murder in the Administrative Bureau, you sure are bold!"

Garen felt that it was strange that he did not feel any Willpower of aggressive nature on the other party. There was only a layer of protective film like a protective cover overlying the person.

"What murder? No idea what you're talking about, friend," Garen shrugged innocently. "You may have a mouth but you wouldn't want to simply frame a good person."

"Whether it's framing or not, we'll know for sure once you follow me back to the Administrative Bureau!" the man's voice had not faded out.

Garen then felt a strong rush of wind at the back of his head. Without looking back, he lowered his head, stomped the floor and leaped backward like a compressed spring, drawing out a perfect arc. The oncoming bees rushed past him and before they could even respond, he had disappeared around the corner in just a few steps.

"What a terrific skill!" when the white-shirt man saw this scene, his face expression immediately turned serious. "Even the mechanical bees with Level Three speed couldn't catch up with him..." his eyes

flickered. He decided not to get involved in this matter. The opponent this time was not an average person. This response was purely that of a veteran killer, and not someone to mess around with.

Sprinting on the edge of the street, Garen did not sense any tracking behind him. He gradually slowed down and quickly returned to the same posture as the average shopping person, looking left and right.

Although the inner courtyard was very chaotic, there were not many who would strike openly on some of the monitored streets. In many places, once someone began an assault, there would be people who would come over to maintain order. These people who maintained order were not from the Administrative Bureau. Instead, some of them looked like students, obviously the managing gang of the area here.

Whenever an assault occurred, it was natural for the gang and manager of the site to be responsible for the aftermath.

There was no good or evil here, no compassion nor mercy.

As Garen strolled along, he had seen a lot of that. A pure and beautiful young girl with two watery eyes had been lured into the alley by several bad students. After half a minute, it was the shrieking of the few bad students that was heard instead.

Several lovely girls who looked like they were going shopping were quarreling with someone at the entrance of a shop. One of the girls was hot-tempered and she slapped a seemingly strong-looking bald man. Both of his arms were fractured as his whole person flew more than ten meters away.

Of course, not all cases were of this contrast. But throughout the way, all of those people who dared to shop on the streets was not someone to be messed with. They either had powerful capabilities or they had at least some objects for body protection on them.

The inner courtyard was always in chaos. There was no difference even in those street areas that had people in charge of them.

Robbery, fighting, revenge, high-energy gunfire, semi-mechanized armor brawls and small-sized spacecraft chasing battles; for people who were generally weaker without special means, even walking on the street was an extremely absurd thing.

Garen had nearly been affected several times. The horrific strength of thermal weapons was something that even he did not want to experience himself.

As he carefully rushed back, he began to think about the means used by the man he had just met.

At the same time, he quickly checked on his wristwatch, which could connect to the inner courtyard network here and access tons of information that could not be found in the outside world.

Soon, a job other than pilot appeared in front of Garen.

‘Energy machinist — a powerful career that uses various biochemical technology and mechanical intelligence to create bodyguards, tools, experimental platforms, and more. One needs a special kind of Willpower and mastery over a lot of professional knowledge, which is divided into many schools. There are energy machinists who focus their research on warfare and there are the scientific kinds of energy machinists who research on drugs.’

“Energy machinist?” Garen suddenly recalled the Glowing Radiance Training Method, the kind that did not have any combat power. That had been seen during the trade with the Honorable Noble.

“Wasn’t biochemical modulation technology eliminated many years ago? How is it that the inner courtyard actually has energy machinists, such talents who could master biochemical machinery?”

He was slightly curious and continued to inquire.

‘Energy machinists differs from modulation engineers, who used biochemical pools in the ancient times. They mainly rely on mechanical intelligence and used biochemical technology as a supplement. This has a lot of advantages over modulation engineers. The biggest point is that they can have their own research platform and use it to synthesize many materials and components which are needed for high-end Mechs. It can accelerate the repair and treatment of high-end Mechs, improve technology and strengthen their power and other comprehensive maintenance.’

'The numbers of energy machinists in the inner courtyard are extremely few. Often, their own actual combat capabilities are not high but they have a good relationship with many high-end pilots. They are one of the rare talents.'

Garen looked through the data carefully and skimmed through other special rare occupations. He found that besides pilots, there were energy machinists and biochemists, two of the most complex professions. He already had some understanding towards energy machinists. If the role an energy machinist played for the pilot was to concentrate on the maintenance and treatment of the Mech, then the biochemist was responsible for the treatment and maintenance of the pilot.

'Biochemist — a special occupation based on pharmacy, biochemistry, and virology. Many biochemists advanced from the doctors' profession. They are mainly responsible for the high-end treatment of injuries, treatment of congenital diseases, intractable diseases and various troublesome illnesses of high-level pilots. Their status is more sublime than that of the energy machinist and their numbers are extremely few.'

There were no other special and rare occupations worthy of attention anymore.

"Energy machinists are responsible for the repair and maintenance of high-end Mechs. That being said, the general maintenance factories are unable to meet the needs of high-end pilots. In this way, an energy machinist would surely master the secrets of many high-end Mechs. Tsk tsk... What a huge network..." Garen was secretly astonished. "With a talent like this, touching him would equate to meddling with an entire interest group."

"I'm sure biochemists would be similar as well."

Suddenly, he was moved in his heart. With his biochemistry attainments, it should be a lot easier for him than the average person to become a biochemist.

Plus, the potential points might also be able to help. These two kinds of occupations were more suitable for him to build potential background forces and be the main strategy to buy him time to grow up.

"However, both professions need special training in non-combat Willpower. This is a troublesome condition," Garen pondered about the solution while walking towards Professor Van Doe's little villa.

Upon returning to the villa, he approached the smart hub, Hill, right away and asked of the whereabouts of the professor. It was almost time for a lecture. Just a few days after entering the inner courtyard, he had almost forgotten that Professor Van Doe would have a lecture once every five days.

“You’re asking about biochemist and energy machinists? Every student is interested in these two professions. Of course, they’ve all failed,” Hill laughed at him mercilessly. “There are no relevant training methods for biochemists. There are two for energy machinists though. You can choose to buy one and minor in it.”

Sitting on the wooden sofa in the living room on the first floor, Garen sighed with relief.

“What’s the price?”

“I’ll give it to you cheaper. Rounding it up, it is two hundred quest points,” Hill mentioned a random price. This guy was clearly aiming for the two hundred quest points that Garen had just obtained. He could check the account of every student who entered the villa to know how many quest points they have. He really was a profiteer.

“Which two are they?” Garen was not bothered by it. Quest points or whatever, he could go and snatch them if there was not enough. He was never a good person.

“Wow, you really want to buy. But judging by your aptitude, you may be able to do a good job in this energy machinist line. Many genius pilots will choose to minor in this occupation. After all, who is willing to let the secrets of their future high-end Mechs fall into the hands of others? Am I not right? Many of the energy machinists whom I have seen in the inner courtyard have a similar temperament as you.”

“Forget about it, Hill. How many times have you said this to me since the beginning? After coaxing so many people, you’re still trying to coax a new junior!” a woman strode into the living room.

This woman had large bones and was taller than the average person. She looked like a female giant and was more than two meters tall, donning a red dress that contrasted her pale yellow long hair.

Behind the woman were a tender-looking young boy and a young girl. The two were of youthful age, estimated to be only eighteen or nineteen years old. They actually had the symbol of a freshman on their clothes.

"These are the two juniors selected by Teacher this time, Milo and Nehri," the woman introduced to Garen with a smile, "I'm your senior sister, Galafil, born with giant disease. Don't mind it."

Garen smiled and stood up

.

"I'm Nonosiva. You guys can just call me Nono," he got up and the left-over bloody smell from the earlier murder instantly diffused. Galafil squinted her eyes a little.

This guy... was not a simple character...

Galafil had originally thought that this junior, just like the others, needed some guidance before daring to lead a normal life in the inner courtyard. She did not expect this guy to be someone not of good nature as well.

The two freshmen, Milo and Nehri, had a sense of closeness as they looked at Garen. Apparently, their similar identities as newcomers naturally narrowed their distance in between.

Milo was the little boy. He was going to try to talk to Nono but was slightly pulled back by Senior Sister.