

Mystical 881

Chapter 881: Planning 1

Garen sized up these two people. They were obviously newcomers who had not experienced any battle or endeavors. They might not even have an understanding of the environment and the competition system in Blackboard Academy itself.

Slightly revealing a smile, Garen's line of sight shifted to his senior sister, Galafil.

"Tomorrow should be the time for teacher's lecture. Do you know if the other two senior brothers will come?"

"Maybe yes, but one of them went to the annular meteorite belt. It might be a long time before he comes back," Galafil said casually and sat down with the two newcomers.

Garen did not mind and sat down.

"Alright, Hill, let's continue our trade from just now."

"No problem, no problem!" the smart hub, Hill, answered quickly.

Soon, a transparent light screen appeared before Garen. There were countless densely-packed numbers and lines flowing on it. They then quickly stopped and only showed two lines of words.

"These are the energy machinist training methods you wanted. They are the latest training methods that anyone can practice though it may take a little longer time..." Hill laughed.

"A little longer?" Galafil, who was watching coldly from the side, interjected with disdain, "Not even one percent of progress in a year is still called 'a little'?"

Obviously, she intended to remind Garen that it was a pit that he would not be able to come out from once he jumped in.

“Just because you couldn’t do it doesn’t mean others can’t,” Hill retorted. “I can see that Nono is clearly not an ordinary person and maybe he really does have the composition of an energy machinist. Once you become an energy machinist, there would absolutely be no problem living it up!”

“Wasn’t that the same thing you once told me?”

“That is because your own aptitude couldn’t succeed, who can you blame? I had always reminded you and hinted you since the beginning but in the end, you...”

One person and one core started quarreling with each other.

Garen could not be bothered about the argument between the two but simply glanced at the description above.

‘Energy machinist training method — NIS: An orthodox school founded by the ancient Elsie Republic’s grandmaster, Neer. They have the most standard advancement progress of an energy machinist. Their level of fusion of machinery and biochemistry was second to none. They were mainly famous for the manufacturing of flying-insects type of energy machinery.’

‘Training method special skills: Each level enhances the experimental platform to produce energy machinery with 0.5 level of basic defense, 0.5 level of speed.’

‘Energy mechanist training method — Laura Wireless Control: a cumulative training method created by the mystery grandmaster energy machinist, Laura. The most special characteristic of the experimental platform is its cumulative nature. It will naturally create a high intelligence combat energy machinery every other year and their numbers will depend on the level of the platform. Energy machinery does not impose any Willpower burden on the energy machinist. It is an automated intelligent control but the defect is that it may be affected by possible electromagnetic influences. If there are enough materials and energy resources, then it is easy to create an army of energy machinery. The prerequisite is, of course, a sufficiently large platform control.’

'Training method special skills: Each stage can increase the upper limit of the mechanical capacity of the platform by 1 (all the energy machinist's energy machinery have an initial upper limit of 1) and each level can reduce the consumption of energy machinery manufacturing by 5%.'

'Take note: The above training method may consume more time and more resources.'

Looking at these two types of energy machinist training methods, Garen also roughly understood that the main strength of an energy machinist would be coming from the energy machinery and that the manufacturing process of energy machinery required a lot of resources and energy.

"This is a job which only wealthy people can afford. Even if it is a rich person, spending too much energy on the energy machinist training method would not yield a good future all the same," Galafil was watching by the side. She sounded casual but was in fact, reminding Garen.

"Are energy machinists able to extract the materials themselves?" Garen suddenly asked.

"Of course," Hill replied quickly. "Any energy machinist can purify or synthesize materials like metals. Of course, he would need an energy furnace."

"Then I want... NIS," Garen chose this as his attempt.

He did not forget that he had acquired a similar training method, Glowing Radiance, from the Honorable Nobles.

That training method was very bizarre. It only emphasized the design of the biochemical modulation pool.

"No problem!" Hill was instantly joyful and giggled. With the sound of a ring, all the quest points in Garen's account were swept away.

The NIS training method also appeared in the database of his wristwatch. He lowered his head and began to look it up slowly.

For a moment, the people on the sofa slowly quietened. Galafil and the duo also noticed this change. There was nothing to say. They began chatting in a small voice, their volume lowered by a lot.

Garen quickly glanced through the NIS training method and found that it was not very similar to Glowing Radiance Training Method. However, there was something in common. Both mentioned a very important object, the biochemical modulation pool.

The mainstream of an energy machinist was to concentrate on creating a variety of energy machinery with semi-Willpower control. Whether they were auxiliary type, combat type or logistics type, each type could have a great application. Many of these creative technologies could even revolutionize the technology of the entire industry. They were the top-level scientific research talents.

Of course, the basic learning knowledge required was also enormous. Besides the basic sciences which had about twenty-something fields themselves, there was also advanced high-level learning, high-energy mathematics, magnetic field research, energy-saving magnetic materials, nano-electronics, nano-biotechnology, cyclical fusion energy bases... and all sorts of research sciences.

Even though there were training methods to improve brain intelligence, many things had simply reached the level of pure aerial. One had to establish a model from physical reality, calculate and find the formula patterns, use these formulas to infer new formulae and then use them to calculate all kinds of physical phenomena to derive a new physical model. Building on this foundation, quantum computers were then used for the accumulation of phenomena or the qualitative transformation of phenomena to form the ultimate desired state... A primary state...

This was the process that a primary target state needed to reach. In the midst of it, it involved numerous basic constants, basic calculations and various types of complicated work. There must also be a sufficiently powerful quantum computer, otherwise, it would not have the capabilities to calculate and deduce.

The primary state may be the most common application environment parameter on many energy machinist's platforms. Tens of thousands of parameters were always needed on the platform.

When understanding up to this point, Garen finally understood why energy machinists were so rare. It seemed that the degree of complexity involved in all this was far from the perception of those pilots who relied on natural talent to have their way.

However, there was a slight advantage to be an energy machinist. Its training method could be learned by anyone. The government never restricted this aspect of content. It did not require any kind of identity or the likes to be able to learn it. But even so, without a vast accumulation of knowledge, resources and wealth as reserves, it was impossible for an energy machinist to develop even a single hair.

“True enough, what a burning-money industry...” Garen sighed.

“If you have tons of money, you don’t have to be afraid of anything. Of course, there are too many people with too much money, but the possibility of becoming an energy machinist is only one in ten-thousandths,” Galafil took up the cup of coffee delivered by the smart hub and sipped it.

Garen silently nodded, sorted out the information obtained and returned directly to his room. He did not have any intention to communicate with the other two newcomers.

Milo stood up and tried to stop him but Galafil pulled him back and shook her head slightly. He could only watch as Garen entered his room, closed the door and made a locking beep sound.

“Senior sister, why didn’t you let me...” Milo sat down, confused, and looked at Galafil. He knew that the other person had a good heart and was not like that kind of person who deliberately did bad things.

Nehri, who was beside him, was also puzzled and looked over. Obviously, she had also had this doubt in her heart.

Galafil put down her coffee.

“The guy is not an average person. He has killed people.”

What...

In two exclamations, both Milo and Nehri were frightened. They were new students who had just entered the academy, chosen because of some special relationship and was brought in by Professor Van Doe, not due to achievement but relations.

“Don’t provoke him,” Galafil said bluntly. “There is a kind of people who, on the surface, can speak gently in conversations and looks very good-tempered. But once the tables are turned, he can eat you up in an instant without leaving any bones.”

“That person is also a freshman, right?” Milo’s face paled as he asked. Killing someone? Never mind killing someone, he even had never used a knife to kill chickens before. Seeing others fight would also terrify him.

Nehri, who was beside, was similar. She clutched at Milo’s arm tightly.

“There are also big differences among freshmen,” Galafil shook her head. “It will be alright if you don’t provoke him in any way.”

As time passed, Garen had spent eight or nine days at Teacher Van Doe’s place. It was time for the appointment with Anda.

Every day, he merely stayed behind closed doors in the villa and studied the newly acquired training method while accumulating enough potential points to spare.

Galafil and the other senior brothers were here. As expected, both of them had Level Five Willpower. At the same time, their Resonance Degrees were at New-Moon level and they had their own Mechs. The two even had a space button; this sort of thing was a space object that could instantly store and release the Mech. This was an eye-opener for Garen. It was the first time he had seen space storage technology that he had only seen in novels previously.

Then, there was teacher Van Doe’s lecture.

Without any intention of waiting for the progress of Garen and the two newcomers, Van Doe talked on and on for an hour. Various kinds of parameters and conventional formulae needed to be remembered. Many formulae further produced even more complex formulae. Overlapping one another, they finally formed a complex Willpower resonance skill — Sand Eagle, which was a combination of hundreds of complex theoretical theories and numbers.

This was a true resonance technique that was summed up by Van Doe using Crouched Eagle Talon. He continuously deduced Crouched Eagle Talon, which had only five levels, and finally, after years of calculation, he had finally gotten this resonance skill, Sand Eagle, which could increase resonance degree.

This resonance technique was rather strange. At least, it seemed so to Garen. This was because as long as it was constantly practiced, it would slowly increase Crouched Eagle Talon Willpower and the Mech's resonance degree. This resonance technique was not used for fighting at all but for cultivation instead.

Furthermore, it could not be replaced by computers. Each time, one had to calculate from scratch and simulate it in the brain. From this kind of simulation calculations, the Willpower would produce different calculation fluctuations and affect the Mech's core. The specific principle involved resonance theory. This world's resonance theory had far surpassed the foundation of Garen's own research and exploration in the Totem World and had reached a very high level.

During these days in the villa, Garen continuously absorbed these highly sophisticated knowledge systems. With his collection of the broadcast knowledge systems of several worlds, Garen actually felt that it was very difficult to cope with these things. He had only managed to deduce Sand Eagle to around 60% on his own before he was stuck. He was able to break through the previous techniques, but the later parts involved further various types of calculations. Even when he calculated until his brain felt like exploding, it was still not clear. Many times, he would feel dizzy as the calculations went on and on.

During this time, the two newcomers Milo and Nehri finally experienced the cruelty of the inner courtyard.

From the few days that they went out, they would return with swelling faces, many bruises on their bodies and sometimes even with limps. Galafil did not interfere. After all, the two had to stand independently in the inner courtyard sooner or later. If she intervened as she pleased, it would be very bad for their growth.

Moreover, the most important thing was that in the inner courtyard, veterans like them were not invincible. Professor Van Doe had old students. Other mentors also had old students. Everyone had their own troubles and opponents, and problems as such.

The two children also seemed to have integrity and were unbending. They insisted on not seeking help from their senior sisters or brothers when they came back but suffered alone.

Fortunately, although they all came back with injuries every day, each time they would recover quite well. The treatment conditions in the villa were still not too bad. Dealing with these kinds of external injuries did not take too much time to resolve. The people who bullied them also seemed to know to weigh their actions. There were no serious injuries that would cause sequela. After draining the pool to get the fish[1], they knew that there was no more income for them.

Creak!

Milo was sitting in the living room while Nehri was helping him bandage his calf. He turned his head and saw that Nonosiva's room door had opened, after days of him not coming out.

Chapter 882: Planning 2

Garen walked out the door. He saw that Milo and Nehri were covered in injuries but his face remained expressionless. He just calmly found Hill the smart hub, asked about something, then strode out of the living room door and walked towards the door.

"Be careful! There are people guarding outside!" Milo saw an unsuspecting Garen heading out and quickly shouted to him kindly. "There are a lot of people out there guarding and waiting for us to go out!" his face was red from embarrassment, having to admit that those people were all here because of them.

Since they could be easily bullied and robbed, this had caught the attention of more and more people. Everyone wanted to come and have a share.

Nonosiva was also a newcomer. If he was robbed due to their own affairs, Milo would feel very guilty.

"I'm not the same as you," Garen said without looking back.

Stepping out of the door, when his footsteps had just landed on the ground of the street, a group of vicious-looking students came up from both sides of the villa and encircled him.

None of these students had the elite temperament that they once had when there were selected to enter the Inner Courtyard. They had been completely transformed by the brutal competition system of the Inner Courtyard.

“You guys... are obstructive!” Garen looked around and roughly estimated the level of the people here. There were fifteen people in total, a mix of males and females, but the most powerful force field was only of Level Three.

“Boy, what are you talking about?! We do remember the old students of this villa. With this face of yours, you still want to pose as an old man and scare us? Wake up!” a fat woman with a scar on her face sneered.

“Hand over your quest points and your Universal Units!”

“Don’t make us use our fists!”

A group of people snickered.

Milo saw this scene from the living room and instantly felt anxious. He wanted to rush out to save the man but was suddenly held back by a big hand. Looking back, it was big sister Galafil.

“Senior sister, you!”

“Don’t be noisy! That new student is not a rookie like you,” Galafil looked solemnly at the back of Garen. “Watch closely. Even as a newcomer, what a great difference there is between you two. If you want revenge, there is still a long way to go!”

Milo was stunned.

Boom!!

At this instant, a frantic storm suddenly rolled across the outside of the villa. When he turned his head around to look again, there was only Nono left. He was holding a person's head with one hand and dangling him in the air with that person hitting his arm frantically.

Bang!

The man was randomly thrown out by Nono and slammed into a hovering car that just happened to be driving past on the road. The hovering car diverted violently and almost caused a car accident. The owner of the car did not even dare to let out a fart. He made a turn and quickly accelerated to leave. The man rolled down and laid on his back. All the passing vehicles went around him. He seemed to have fainted.

Most of the people from the group who had previously surrounded Nono were seriously injured and unconscious; some had broken arms, some their ribs had collapsed and some had warped thighs, but most of them were bleeding from their nostrils and mouth. Just by one look, one could tell that those serious injuries were directly caused by powerful Willpower.

"All of them were injured by Willpower, and the technique was very precise. There is no one dead, but without recuperating for ten days up to half a month, they shouldn't even think of getting out of bed. Tsk tsk... how vicious," Galafil sighed.

"So... so strong!" Milo's jaw dropped wide open.

"Super..." Nehri clutched Milo's arm tightly; even when her nails were about to leave marks on it, the two did not notice.

"That guy... has actually helped you cleaned up your mess," Galafil shook her head. "I was thinking of letting you guys have more training."

Milos lowered his head, feeling slightly ashamed. He had originally thought that senior sister completely did not care about them.

“Why... He is also a newcomer, why is he so much better than us...!”

“Yeah, similarly a newcomer, but why? Think about it.” Galafil turned and returned to her room, leaving Milo and Nehri to their own thoughts.

When they looked up again, Nonosiva was no longer visible outside the door.

Inner Courtyard Library No.1

A bustling crowd was continuously going up and down the hundreds of stone steps in the library. Everyone was unconsciously keeping a safe distance from others. Though the steps seemed wide, the people behind would rather wait for others to go first, unwilling to get too close together.

There were pairs of black humanoid statues on each side of the steps at every interval of a certain distance.

Garen wore a newly-bought black trench coat and his whole body was thoroughly covered up. He was standing behind a statue of a woman holding a harp, singing with her head down. This suit of clothes had cost him all of his remaining Universal Units. Everything in his account had been spent on these clothes.

It seemed to be just ordinary clothing, but it was a powerful body-fitting armor material with Level Two defense. The most important function was that it could cut off all careful force field detection and search that were below Inherited level so that others could not figure out his level of Willpower.

Even for Inherited level, the salesperson vowed that it would still provide a certain concealment effect. However, according to Garen’s own deduction using an instrument, the most conservative estimation of dealing with Inherited-level Willpower was that its concealing effect would be useful if the other party scanned on a large scale. But, if they paid a little attention, then it would be of no use.

Having suffered such a big loss, he did not feel happy as he did not test it out before leaving.

Pilots and Secret Technique practitioners were different. Once they were unable to respond, they would just be ordinary people who were more powerful than the average person. Garen's coming here was due to the information obtained from Anda about Fila's recent work and rest schedule. It had cost him about twenty thousand Universal Units, not cheap at all.

Library No. 1 was a key database for the Inner Courtyard to store orbital particle data and they could not be borrowed away. One could only read the information by entering the library area and using the wireless connection to connect to the database. Upon leaving the library, all information would be deleted automatically. There was a number of administrative staff who would be supervising visitors to prevent copying.

Fila had recently been searching for information about orbital particle data and would come here every day.

Garen quietly leaned behind the statue. There were many people like him, and he looked just like one of those students out for revenge and thus was inconspicuous. This kind of scene was everywhere in the Inner Courtyard. Every day, there were people who were waiting to get their revenge.

Beside him was a pair of a young female and male who were smoking cigarettes. The female's hair was multicolored but her face and body shape looked good. She glimpsed over at Garen.

"Hey buddy, are you also looking for someone?" she approached with a casual look.

"Yeah, you guys too?"

Garen smiled, looking gentle.

"My sister was beaten up by someone. This time, I found the guy who did it and purposely came to keep watch," the girl puffed on the cigarette and said bluntly. "Fire Snake, you know him? It was that lad who actually dared to touch my sister."

She was observing Garen's expression out of the corner of her eyes, trying to spot a surprised look from the other party. However, Garen was still smiling plainly and seemed to not know the person Fire Snake at all.

"You don't know Fire Snake?" the boy beside could not help but ask. "Forget it. That person should be reaching soon. Don't talk to him, pay attention. Crewe's people are also here."

Soon, two more males came over and whispered something to that boy, as if discussing something.

A few people took out their ray guns and the atmosphere instantly became tense. The ray guns had a destructive power of Level One. There would not be a problem dealing with ordinary Level One armor and Willpower Level Three students.

Garen took two steps back and gave the crowd enough space. He watched them preparing their weapons, sharp knives, firearms and even a single laser cannon with Level Two power.

This group of people looked like they were ready for war. Using these weapons to deal with Level Four Willpower would not be a problem too. That single laser cannon could completely penetrate the Willpower field formed by Level Four Willpower. The Willpower field was something that could be stimulated individually, but to stimulate it while driving the Mech, that would need Level Five Willpower.

Garen shook his head slightly. This time, he was also well prepared. In order to cope with the Fila's possible tricks, he had spent millions and even tens of millions of Universal Units. He had also robbed more than a dozen people and used their quest points to buy some decent equipment.

Looking at these people in an undisguised manner, it was obvious that they did not intend to keep it a secret. The other party probably also knew that they would be keeping watch outside.

Just then, a slender and capable figure finally walked out the door of Library No.1.

Fila was in a black tight-fitting outfit and was still wearing a short cloak behind him. The weird thing was that he actually had four eyebrows. There was a pair of long, red eyebrows growing on top of the two eyebrows of an average person.

Behind him were three people who seemed to be bodyguards. Each was emanating the fluctuation of Willpower fields.

The group walked out of the library. All the passers-by around made way and did not dare to be too close to the group of people.

“It’s Fila!”

“Fila who ranks top five. Tsk tsk. I heard that he was challenged by Reyla, who ranks at ninth place, today. They should be going to the battleground now,” a group of people who were keeping watch beside Garen discussed in whispers.

“Britney personally entered the Inner Courtyard some time ago and talked with Fila for more than ten minutes. Don’t know if it’ll have any impact on the North District.”

“Who knows? If whatever that was discussed by the top-levels could be randomly guessed by us, it would be peculiar.”

A group of people discussed in low voices.

The multicolored-haired girl sighed as she listened to the group’s frivolous chat. Unwilling to say much, she was bored and shifted her gaze back to her side.

“!!!”

Garen was assembling a single combined missile silo here!

A six-meter tall missile silo was almost completely assembled by this guy! And the direction of the aim...

The girl looked back and immediately felt her heart slowed down by half a beat. It was aiming at Fila’s group!

“You, you, you, you, you!!!!” she pointed to Garen and for a moment, she could not even speak clearly.

In an instant, she saw Garen taking out one thing after another from underneath his clothes.

High-powered explosives, a high-energy radiation gun, disposable biochemical acid bombs, an orbital field generator that was at least Level Five power and worth ten million! This terrifying range of weapons, with the lethality of minimum Level Four, was casually brought out by Garen.

The other people here were suddenly attracted by the things laid out by Garen. They were all dumbfounded.

These things, without tens of millions of Universal Units and hundreds of quest points, were nearly impossible to acquire.

Using tens of millions of Universal Units to smash someone...

If these things were to be used outside, they could destroy more than half of the city!

Chapter 883: Sneak Attack 1

“I... I... F...!!” the multicolored-haired girl could not close her mouth and was utterly shocked.

All kinds of mass-destructive weapons and powerful bombs that were only used against air battleships, so many of these were being brought out by this guy at one go!

Such a big move was naturally unable to be completely concealed. Exclamations were just heard at Garen’s side when Fila looked over here. At first sight, the two’s vision instantly locked onto each other.

With a boom, the six-meter-high silo suddenly fired a white stream of light. It made a perfect circular arc as it was accurately aimed at Fila below, racing towards him.

The two were hundreds of meters apart. The stone steps of the library were very wide, roughly more than two hundred meters. At this time, it was too late too to dodge. Fila's pupils instantly constricted.

"Spread out!"

He only had time to yell.

Several people behind him their faces immediately changed. They promptly separated and leaped away but were still a step too late.

A mass of blinding white light exploded, covering a hundred meters area of the entire flight of steps. Many innocent students were also caught up in it.

The more than five-meters-high aurora missile, with its instant high heat explosion, could destroy a Level Five Willpower field more than a dozen times in a flash. Even so, it could be neutralized if there were more Level Five Willpower fields because it would level out the power of the missile.

Intense light and heat burst forth, and Fila could only feel a scalding sensation. His clothes were singed and burned instantaneously. Everything around him was pale white and nothing could be seen at all. He let out his Willpower field in the form of a great snake but was still hit by the huge blast, and blood spurted out from his mouth.

"Damn you!!!"

He hollered. It was the first time in his life that he suffered so much damage. He forcefully withstood the energy field of the aurora missile and darted towards Garen, who was not far away.

But just then, he saw that Garen had just released several automatic tracking-type radiation bombs, which were flying over. The bombs were like small fishes that were being released, creating circular arcs from all directions and surrounding here.

“Good luck,” Garen lifted his hand to his forehead and he flicked it lightly. He smiled and turned around to leave.

Blazing light and heat erupted again. At that moment, it was as if there were numerous birds shrieking at the same time. The large number of bombs and horrific weapons released by Garen, with their automatic tracking devices, all hit the target at the same time. The explosion caused Fila to be shaken to the core and his Willpower field had not been stabilized yet. At this instant, the pilot’s Willpower was out of control and could not be controlled.

A thick black smoke broke out behind. Harsh sirens could be heard all over the city.

Garen made several jumps and swiftly landed on the top of a hovering car. He stood up and turned his head back to look at the scene he had made.

At the entrance of the library, a pillar of smoke continued to rise to the sky. It was also mingling with Fila’s unwilling angry roars but he was entangled with the energy field generator and so, was unable to get out.

“True enough, there sure is a difference in using a huge amount of money to buy a force field generator that can immobilize battleships. The effect is so powerful.” Garen touched his chin and pondered. “Including this set of clothing, all the money that was robbed from others and this month’s income had all been used up.”

He looked at his wristwatch and there were three hundred and thirty-one Universal Units left.

“This is the power of wealth...but I have to prevent others from dealing with me the same way.”

Nonetheless, Garen knew that others could not have had such terrific actuarial power like him, who could calculate Fila’s counteractions against some of the explosive force of the weapons and how much damage the remaining destructive force would cause.

This scene that Garen made, its power seemed horrific and even Level Five energy fields without a New-Moon Level resonance degree would also perish. However, after Fila’s full resistance, the residual

lethality was, in reality, not as terrible as imagined. At the most, it would heavily injure Level Three and Two ordinary students. This did not violate the regulation of no killing within the monitored area.

Garen had used more than a dozen small binding force field tools to lock all the power within a certain range simultaneously. At the moment of explosion, these binding force field tools would detonate together. As one-off props, they would offset a part of the explosion power and at the same time, blow away those who were unrelated. This was the real reason that the death of other students had been avoided.

Explosive range, possible blasting points around the lethality parameters, possible responses from Fila, and the timely use of the force field generator to prevent Fila from running around and causing the tracking blast to impact others.

All of these had been designed by Garen through multiple simulated environments and computer modeling several hundred times before he'd come up with a perfect action plan.

"This is the terrifying part about high IQ crimes..." looking at his own hands, Garen himself felt that he was terrible.

"I don't know how the situation of that Fila guy is. He should be expected to be either seriously injured or crippled. I've spilled part of the strength of his energy field," Garen smiled and looked in the direction of the library. It was only a shrinking cube at this time.

"Ah... Ah!!!!!"

Boom!!

A statue was broken by Fila and it flew out tens of meters.

He was surrounded by thick black pythons and looked like an ancient deity, except that his clothing was tattered, his body was blue-black here and there, and more than half of his hair had been burned off,

like a featherless rooster. His original display of powerful force and his prestige were all lost with this ridiculous image.

He vented by smashing the statues around him ferociously and his body was releasing black smoke. He looked more like a refugee who had fled here from somewhere.

A few of his men around him had also been hurt but apparently, they were in a much better state than he was. This bombing attack was obviously targeted at him alone. All the lethality was restrained by the force field binding device in a small range and he took about 80% of it.

This horrific calculation and accuracy made Fila felt uncomfortable at this moment.

The most important thing was that the other party's use of such brutal measures had not yet triggered the participation of the city Administrative Bureau's automatic management mechanism. Thus it was clear that such a method had not even cost the life of an ordinary student except for heavy injuries at the most. In this era, as long as there was enough money, one who was heavily injured could be restored or even have their limbs replaced.

"This is the terrifying part..." after Fila had vented for a while, his heart gradually returned to its original calmness. The colorless silver-streaked internal armor on his body slowly lit up and continued to flow. This was also the main reason he had not been seriously injured in the sneak attack just now. Such a high-tech internal armor had counteracted most of the lethality, but it also looked like it had to be scrapped.

"...accurate to this point, it seems that the one who did this is not an average person..." Fila pulled off his tattered top and internal armor and swept his eyes across the onlooking students. The surrounding people felt as if they had fallen into an ice cave and swiftly retreated. There were not many people who were watching the excitement, to begin with. They were afraid that they would be dragged into it. After being frightened by him, everyone scattered like birds and animals and there was not a silhouette left to be seen.

His three men moaned as they crawled up from the ground. One had his arm blown off while half of the body of another was almost scorched. The last person had lost his hearing.

Looking at the terrible condition of his men, Fila was furious. He was suddenly attacked and even his own men were also tragically hurt.

“Find out!! Go find out!! Find out that guy’s identity, patronage, find it all out!!” he roared, unable to suppress his rage.

The thunderous roars echoed non-stop. Fila’s terrifying Willpower field continued to fluctuate like a turbulent river. Ordinary people might not see it, but a powerhouse on the same level could see that he was not lightly hurt.

Tens of millions of Universal Units had been burned at the same time and could destroy most of the city in the outside world. Now, all of them were gathered together at one point for him to bear it all. Even if this guy were to have countless of life-saving props, the energy field was so powerful that it was enough to confront the Red-White Shining Mech’s pilot. At this time, he was also dazed by this money-laden surprise attack.

“Tsk tsk tsk... how awkward...” at the bottom of the steps, a tall man in a green trench coat led a group of people out of the car and walked up the stone steps. The leading man was like a natural leader. There was a peaceful yet depressed feeling of heaviness. He had exquisite facial features and skin. People could not help but wonder if he underwent plastic surgery.

“The ranking changes every day. It seems that today, I, Reyla, can pick up a good bargain,” the man in the green trench coat snapped his fingers lightly and all of a sudden, all around him were crowds of people. One by one, Level Three and Level Four students slowly came out of hiding. There were a total of twenty or thirty people, all wearing green badges, obviously the subordinates of the man in the green trench coat.

“Reyla, you think you can win against me because I’m injured?” Fila’s bronze-colored upper body was naked as he stared straight at the man below.

“Win against you?” the contemptuous man shook his head slightly. “It took me so much of effort to get so many people here. It’s not to win you, but... to kill you!!”

Before his voice had faded away, all the green badge students around glowed green at the same time. With a bang, a huge green net was agglomerated. It instantly enclosed Fila and his men with the speed of light.

“This is! Dimensional ion defense field!” Fila’s expression finally changed.

“Yeah yeah, it’s that. I managed to acquire some of its wreckage sixty-five years ago, spent tons of money to deduce and perfect it. Please don’t disappoint me...” Reyla grinned, his eyes flashing with a fox-like radiance.

A total of more than thirty people’s Willpower had been gathered together at the same time to form a huge torrent energy field, suppressing Fila’s group of four in it.

“Break through!!” with a fiery roar, Fila no longer held back. His whole body’s Willpower resonated and a seemingly rhythmic pulsing black light spread out in circles of powerful force field, which counteracted the pressure from the surrounding energy field.

His entire person was like an arrow released from the bowstring. As the explosion under his feet produced a huge driving force, he charged towards the front where Reyla was at.

“How spectacular...” looking far into the green reticle erected in the distance, Garen gently jumped down from the top of the hovering car. He twisted both his feet, directly counteracting the inertia force and landed lightly on a bridge above the road.

In the direction of Library No.1, clouds of green smoke rose and a giant bowl-shaped green reticle was clearly visible. However, the strange thing was that there were no vehicles of the Administrative Bureau moving towards that side. Obviously, the guy who made his move later on also had a powerful background. Under such circumstances, the Administrative Bureau could only choose to turn a blind eye and simply stand neutral.

“I say, no wonder those weapon bombs were sold to me so easily. Now it seems that someone had planned it. This guy is very calculating and even wanted to drag me into it. Luckily, I left in time,” Garen

put his hands into the pockets of his pants and took out a pair of sunglasses. The moment he put the sunglasses on, his entire face had begun to have a slight change. His body contours and features began to give off an obscure feeling. Although his body's strong muscles were still in shape, he now looked completely different from the previous image.

Chapter 884: Sneak Attack 2

"But so many lethal weapons actually could not kill him!" Garen frowned slightly. The strength of Level Five Half-Moon level had exceeded his expectations. It even could increase the force field to this extent. This kind of defense field, would it be comparable to the average Level Five Mech?

The weapons he had used in one breath, although their power was diffused, should not have been able to be withstood by the human body.

"It seems like that there is some kind of life-saving defense on him, similar to Goldfish."

He was not afraid of the other party coming to his doorstep. Prior to the fact that Fila wanted to get rid of him, both sides had already bred enmity. As a Secret Technique practitioner himself, alertness was at its peak at all times. He was not afraid at all of others' secret attacks because he was much stronger in this area as compared to other pilots.

As for the involvement of relatives, such things might be left unattended in the Outer Courtyard. However, in the Inner Courtyard, especially the conflicts among powerhouses, no one would do such a stupid thing. Each powerhouse was of either Level Four with resonance degree, Level Five or even Level Five with resonance degree. These powerhouses, if pushed too far and lurked as assassins, no common guard on the outside would be able to withstand them. One had to know that in the outside world, any pilots with Level Three or Level Four Willpower were able to lead a very good life. The cost of hiring was extraordinarily expensive. It also depended on the hirer's qualification and whether the pilots were willing.

Once the rule was broken and powerhouses with Level Five Willpower or with resonance degree lurked as assassins or terrorists, this kind of lethality, just by looking at the previous Red-White Shining Mechs, one would know that with just a few people, they could destroy an entire big city. This was in fact, a

result of a direct confrontation. If it were to happen in the dark... That was why the fight between powerhouses primarily targeted the opponent itself. Only the pilots who really had no scruples would use the means of dying together.

Putting aside all these, Garen recalled the energy field that Fila had released just a moment ago. That split-second outburst of energy field force was definitely his true level, and he compared the gap with his own energy field.

He held out his hand and strands of invisible, soft energy field gradually covered the back of his hands as if they were made of water, seemingly without any big defensive force.

“The restorative power from the training method given by Red Moon is strong enough, but it does not have any defensive force at all. It should be part of a certain type of combination training method,” he guessed. “There must be another part of the training method that specializes in defensive attacks.”

The more he practiced during these times, the more he had the feeling that this training method had been split up.

Looking up again at the quivering green and black lights in the direction of the library, it was clear that the guys that showed up later had engaged Fila.

“Should I go and have a look?” Garen rubbed his chin.

The quivering became stronger and suddenly, the black swelled sharply, instantly occupying the upper hand. This made Garen’s eyes narrowed slightly.

“Looks like he has used another hidden card... He’s certainly a baron who had lived for so many years. There are so many cards up his sleeve that can be used,” Fila’s appearance seemed to be, if not less than half, one-third of his actual age.

Garen carefully calculated. Although he did not remember specifically how long he had lived, he might be estimated at four or five hundred years old. Tallying up his years from a few worlds, it had unknowingly been this long.

Fila's data did not explicitly mention his age, but it could also be roughly estimated that he should be two hundred years old. His appearance looked young but he was actually an old man.

The enhancing of life through the means of science and technology, plus a resonance degree, was enough to ensure a person who had authority and money would easily live past two hundred years old.

Seeing that Fila had regained the upper hand, Garen gave up his thoughts of going back to the watch the battle and slowly walked down the bridge. A few guys from the Administrative Bureau had rushed in front of him, hands holding high-energy ray guns.

"It's this area, how come it has disappeared!!? It should be here according to the route of that car!"

"It may be around! Find it!"

One of them grabbed Garen's clothes.

"Hey! Did you see this person passing by here?!" he straightaway turned his wristwatch and pulled up an image of a familiar face while yelling at Garen.

Garen looked at it. It was actually the image of his disguised face earlier on.

He shook his head.

"No, I only saw a dark shadow flashed past and disappeared... Officer, is this person a wanted criminal?" he had a calm, fearless, but somewhat curious mien.

Such a demeanor was common in the Inner Courtyard. Some geniuses with a bit of capability would always have this kind of expression.

Seeing Garen responded calmly, that person also eased up and shook his head, obviously afraid of offending someone inexplicably.

“Not a wanted criminal, just a person who had messed with someone he shouldn’t mess with... It’s misfortunate for this boy. Alright then, thanks a lot, buddy.”

He relaxed his arm and walked away. Together with the few other members, they quickly found a direction and ran towards it, disappearing on one end of the flyover quickly.

Garen silently watched those people leave and walked off the bridge from the other end, slowly heading towards the Professor Van Doe’s villa.

In front of the library

Fila bent over with both hands on his knees. His sweat, a mixture of blood and water, was dripping slowly from his hair to his chin and to the ground.

His original youthful skin was now slowly wrinkling and slackening to that of an older person’s.

“The expenditure of Willpower was too much...” he touched his facial skin. “It has been a long time since I last fought to this kind of degree...”

All his men were unconscious and there was a whole pack of people lying around; all were the men brought by Reyla.

Most of them were seriously injured. No one was killed. After all, even with their statuses, killing elite students in front of everyone would also cause a huge trouble. And so, the two had also restrained the scope of the affected area.

Reyla was half-kneeling on the steps not far away. There were bloody holes three-fingers-wide upon his body and the edges of the wounds appeared charred.

“Still, to have such great strength despite being injured... Indeed, it’s Fila,” he braced himself to stand up. “No wonder I’ve been suppressed by you for so many years. It turns out that you...”

A black line suddenly flashed and fiercely hit Reyla’s body. It flung him away with a thud and he flew into the center of a building behind him that stood opposite the library. He went through the glass and shot into the interior of someone else’s house.

“Go!” Fila yelled. Several black shadows appeared by his side out of thin air, simultaneously carried the unconscious men on the shoulder while helping him rapidly to the hovering car not far away.

The green reticle at the top of the head had been extinguished previously without them noticing.

Fila was fighting back the feeling of fainting. After holding out until he was inside the hovering car and seeing the white-haired old man who was driving, he was finally relieved.

“Return to the residence!”

“Hurry! Reyla being thrown off by Master in one shot is only temporary!” the old man was serious-looking. He could see that at the position where Reyla had been thrown towards, a green translucent tentacle had suddenly popped up, like a marine monster. A huge green octopus with a diameter of four or five meters waved countless of tentacles and wormed through the holes in the building. In the center of the mouthpiece was Reyla, laid spreadeagle. His hair was flying while his face was covered in blood, and his lower body was completely integrated into the octopus.

“Fila! I want you dead!!!”

“Resonance skill? How terrifying!” the old man was shocked at Reyla’s appearance. He looked back at the unconscious Fila and continued to accelerate. “Master shouldn’t have lost to him initially. If it weren’t for that killer... That kind of professional skills, it wasn’t like a regular rookie, definitely a veteran of veterans. The Administrative Bureau actually had nothing on him.”

As for the high-level killings of Reyla and Fila, the Authority Bureau was powerless. Both sides had a vast network of forces behind their back, offsetting each other. What was compared in this kind of situation were their individual strengths.

The old man kept on driving and frantically speeding up until he could not see Reyla's octopus form. Only then did he slow down.

"While in the state of activated resonance skill, the individual is lacking in speed. Without the help of a Mech, he wouldn't dare to simply give a chase. It's still okay, still okay," he let out a long breath.

"Uncle... Have we got away?" Fila's somewhat weak voice came from the back.

"Managed to. We have to immediately counteract the other party's subsequent arrangements. Reyla's Deep-sea Organization will never let us leave so easily. He had arranged a large number of measures in this duel," the old man nodded.

"How careless of me. I didn't expect the killer from the beginning to actually have such a strong simulation actuarial power that he would dare to use so many weapons of mass destruction. And still, he did not kill any elite students!" Fila rubbed one side of his head, both eyes slowly leaking tears of blood. This was the result of excessive use of his Willpower and the aftereffect from the outburst of resonance skill.

"If it weren't for the first wave of attack that had exhausted at least one-third of your Willpower, you wouldn't be beaten by Reyla to this state." The old man nodded.

"What did leader say?" Fila closed his eyes, found a paper towel in the car and wiped away the bloody tears.

"To have you go to the Outer Courtyard and stay away, or perform a simple task and go out to have a walk. Deep-sea has shed all pretense of cordiality and will not stop hunting you," the old man replied.

"What's the attitude of Black Rose?" Fila blew out a breath, picked up a bottle of water that had automatically appeared before him and drank a sip, gargled, and spat it out into the retractable trash can in front.

"Similar as Thousand Year Tree, to maintain neutrality. We can't change their stance since we're a foreign organization. They have no reason to care about the killings," the old man replied.

"A group of scum!" Fila fiercely punched into the seat's real leather. "When leader finishes the plan, all of them will have to die sooner or later!!"

"Master, aren't you already aligned with Blue Narcissus?"

"That group of vampires just thinks of money, money, money all day long! The details are not yet completely settled, but they are already thinking of money!" Fila said crossly. "It takes too much to reach the target and their appetite is too big."

"Remember the Willpower of the killer from the sneak attack? This type of high IQ killer must be dealt with as soon as possible, otherwise, it will be very troublesome later on," The old man remarked in a low voice.

"Remember, but although that person does not have a resonance degree, his combat awareness is very sophisticated."

"What level of Willpower?"

"It should be around Level Four or Five."

"Should I inform the three Masters?" the old man took a look at Fila from the rearview mirror.

"Since he is a killer, just hire their old rivals to start with it. Give a reward of one hundred million. Best to capture alive, halve it if he is dead. Put it up on the Exterminet." Fila gritted his teeth.

"Exterminet? The top killers there only have Level Five Willpower, can it be done?"

"It's okay. The price floor of Exterminet is too high. We have to keep the money to negotiate with Blue Narcissus, that group of vampires. It is not enough to use that much. Exterminet is sufficient. Moreover, if they cannot do it alone, don't they know to partner together?"

“Alright then, I will put it up once I get back.”

Chapter 885: Black Flood 1

One punch out.

Garen quietly felt the flow, changes, and the regularity of his own fist.

Retracting his fist again, with a swish, he struck an Axe hand blow.

He was studying a Mech combat technique, the special skill from the Crouched Eagle Talon course. The Willpower combat technique of the Eagle Stream learned in the Outer Courtyard could not be compared to the one from the Inner Courtyard. Because of that, Professor Van Doe specially taught him a type of powerful skill — Black Wind, which could allow the Crouched Eagle Talon’s Willpower to burst forth for a short while.

This skill was the result of Van Doe’s decades of research, developing the powerful skill of Crouched Eagle Talon’s Willpower to the greatest extent. It could burst out the most powerful Willpower force through both arms in an instant. The principle was very complicated and one would need to feel and distinguish the finest vibration regularities and frequency of change to trigger an intricate chain reaction.

Garen punched out once again and made an exploding air blast in the air, like a firecracker.

“Mech combat techniques are divided into four steps: footwork, technique, killing move, and resonance skill. Footwork can influence the speed of evasion, et cetera. Technique is a conventional battle mode while resonating skill is a special battle trick. These are the strongest points of a pilot.”

“Unfortunately, it is impossible to have resonance skill without owning one’s own Mech. Without resonance skill, it is impossible to defeat Fila...”

Garen knew that the feud between him and Fila was deep-seated. Even if he did not take any action, he himself would make his move. This was an issue of sooner or later.

“The main problem now is to build my own personal Mech, so the energy machinist ability will be crucial... I can extract the materials by myself and even own a small-scale concentrated processing plant.”

Garen practiced the Mech combat technique while alternating between one hand and the other. The depth and precision of Black Wind were far beyond his imagination. Each move had to be accurate to a certain extent, or a careless, subtle error would lead to the emergence of chain errors and in the end, it would not be shaped.

The strength and uniqueness of this Killing Move also gave him great inspiration. At this time, he also integrated it into his own concept of martial arts.

“From the task I’ve agreed upon with Anda, I will be able to obtain Lamda Alloy. This type of material is used to make the main body of the Mech. The index is excellent in all aspects, and it can be considered within the upper-middle tier. After that, it’s the engine skill, kinetic frames system, and Willpower connection system. The main things are the material and engine. Everything else can be bought with money.”

Garen had worked it out. The most important thing in making his own Mech was the material and engine skill, to build up the main body of the shelf first before anything else.

These precious materials were not allowed to be sold on the market. As a medium-high-end Mech material, a type of metal like Lamda was a scarce resource that could not be purchased at all. Everyone would keep it in their own hands.

If you wanted to buy, it would be calculated in terms of millions of Universal Units.

As he experimented with the subtle manipulation of Black Wind, Garen was also constantly pondering the next arrangements within his heart.

Currently, he was aiming to upgrade his Living Secret Technique. But before the needed Red Peacock Stone arrived, he could only start with his personal Mech first. Regarding the area of energy machinist, he could only use his potential points for the time being. With a few points, he could only be considered as beginner level since he had not even reached Willpower Level One. The training method of the energy machinist appeared to be of high level. Without wanting to waste potential points, Garen intended to see whether the advancement of the Living Secret Technique could enhance this Willpower training method together.

If it could be done together, it would save a lot more resources and effort.

With the advancement of the Living Secret Technique, attaining the upgrade of the primary Crouched Eagle Talon, unnamed Willpower and the sub-Willpower of the energy machinist simultaneously and enhancing all three would be of exceptional value to him.

As for the extra potential points, he intended to use all of them to improve his body constitution and the various professional knowledge systems needed in the other aspects of being an energy machinist.

“Black Wind!!”

Suddenly, Garen bellowed as his arms trembled, sending out a black, visible flow of air. It flew in all directions and the black gas vanished within a distance of less than a meter.

However, Garen did not control it well and it almost met him.

Quickly moving sideways, he gave way to the oncoming Black Wind, but his clothes inevitably came into contact with it.

The black training clothes that he had originally put on were instantly destroyed into powdery grains that sprinkled on the ground. A metal button had also been turned into powder.

“Terrific!” Garen narrowed his eyes. “What kind of energy is this? Even metal alloys are so easily destroyed.”

Although the skill he displayed was through the steps given by Teacher Van Doe, he had not figured out the specific principles himself. After all, this thing was only produced by professors of high-end intellect such as Van Doe after decades of research. Furthermore, the scientific and technological level of this world far exceeded those of other worlds that Garen had experienced. For this kind of annihilating phenomenon, Garen was not very clear about it.

Seeing this scene, the initial him who had not been very invested into this skill was now suddenly full of interest in it.

“That kind of energy seems to be very powerful. Try again!”

Garen made an open stance and slowly started to concentrate on following Teacher Van Doe’s instructional steps. Bit by bit, he combined the vibrations, Willpower frequency and a certain amount of mental will guidance. Spirit, Willpower, blood flow and his own movements; these four parts began to gradually combine and condense into a form of invisible symbols and vortexes. These symbol vortexes began to further assemble and formed little pyramids.

A total number of three invisible pyramids, arranged in a triangle, was suspended in front of Garen.

“Black Wind!”

Whoosh...

A subtle black air flow appeared and the three pyramids collapsed at the same time, turning into a black wind, blowing towards the front sector in a fan-shaped cone.

It was billowed in an area of more than a meter before the black wind slowly disappeared.

Garen opened his mouth and suddenly, his vision went black and his body staggered, nearly falling to the ground. Luckily, he quickly reached out and grabbed the chair by his side.

“What a great exhaustion..!” he was secretly shocked. “With my current body constitution and the internal Level Five Willpower, I was actually unable to cope with it after releasing the skill twice. My body was drained and the blood loss is terrible!”

Only after a few minutes of rest did Garen ease back and recover his strength. He wanted to try to release Black Wind once more but unfortunately, without enough blood and spirit, there was no way to use this skill anymore.

In one full day, all of his interest was captured by this skill taught by Professor Van Doe. He began to diligently study it, trying to find out what the mystery of this skill was.

The second floor of the villa

Van Doe was holding a tobacco pipe and slowly smoking it. From time to time, smoke rings were puffed out through his nostrils. They were well-formed, one linked to another, and they gave off a slight satisfaction. Sitting alone in the study room, there was a semi-transparent circular screen on his desk. The image of another person was displayed on it. He was a white-haired old man dressed meticulously in a black suit.

“Still studying the structure of Glass Fire?” Van Doe asked casually.

“Isn’t it the same as you wanting to further your Annihilating Wind?” the old man in the suit answered lightly. “These three stages of Black Wind, Death Wind, and Annihilating Wind, your Crouched Eagle Talon should have reached the peak of the Two-Moon level, right?”

Van Doe smiled.

“It’s a pity... If Crouched Eagle Talon can break through to Level Six and you use it to promote Annihilating Wind, the power will surely rise to a point of terror. The compatibility of the two is really too high.”

"You still haven't given up after so many years, otherwise you could have reached the seventh Non-falling level," the old man in the suit said calmly. "In those years you claimed to be invincible within two meters, the close combat of Annihilating Wind defeated the whole academy. Apart from the three big professors, no one was your opponent. But now, look at how many people who were not as good as you were, who are slowly reaching your level and even surpassing you."

"...Do you still want to persuade me to give up?" Van Doe smoked the tobacco pipe deeply and the smoke at the end of the pipe lit up.

"I have said it too many times. I'm too lazy to say anymore," the old man in the black suit sighed. "The materials you requested have arrived at the Inner Courtyard warehouse. You can pick them up at any time. In them are some Star Stones that I have toiled to find."

"Thanks a lot," Van Doe smiled. "All these years, I've been relying on you to help me collect the Star Stones. Whatever trouble you may have, feel free to let me know. Don't mind it. Although these old bones of mine are not as good as they used to be, they still have some capabilities."

"If Annihilating Wind Van Doe had no use, then no one in the Inner Courtyard would dare to say that they are still useful," the old man in the black suit laughed. "Nothing much. Have you received the two kids I sent over?"

"Mm-hmm, they're the last bloodline of that family?"

"Yeah... I was still a step too late... Similar to the child from the last rubble, everyone else died due to the fragments of Forbidden Mech incident... This time may really require you to go into action during critical moments. My sect's degree of control in the radiation belt is not as strong as yours. There are a lot of variables in the radiation belt surrounding Blackboard Region recently."

"Go ahead. Just know that my Black Flood Party will always stand behind you. Don't worry about it. At the most, I will go to the Polar Region again to look for my seniors," Van Doe said while laughing.

"Truly, it's Inheriting big sects like you that are easy-going... Never fighting alone..."

The black suit old man sighed.

The two old men suddenly could not help but laugh.

“Well, this will be it. I have something to deal with here. As for those two children, I’ll be counting on you. They have good talent, which was why I chose them and sent them to you. After all, your conditions over there are much better than here on my side.”

“Got it.”

The screen was instantly turned off and the light also dissipated. It was the projection of a virtual screen.

There was still a smile on Van Doe’s face when all of a sudden, it changed and the smile on his face instantly vanished. He seemed to have noticed something.

“Just now... it seems that someone had released the force field of Black Wind? Could it be Galafil?” his Inherited Killing Move was never covered up because the difficulty of merely releasing it was far beyond the imaginations of ordinary pilots. The calculations and spirit, blood, Willpower, and movements involved required a very sophisticated coordination. Even if it were to be put out in the open for the pilots to cooperate and learn, there would be no way of releasing any bit of Black Wind force field, not to mention the substance of Black Wind.

Van Doe frowned slightly.

“Doesn’t she know that using Black Wind in the villa could easily destroy the building?”

Chapter 886: Black Flood 2

“Connect me with Hill,” he said plainly.

“Dear master, Hill is here for you,” the smart hub slowly formed a fuzzy black human form on the desk.

“Are Galafil, Kaneer and Ernst all back?”

“No, master. Galafil went to the training ground to teach the two new children. Ernst went out to have a drink with friends and might come back late. Only Kaneer is in the villa now,” Hill replied honestly.

“It’s him. Forget it, he has always been steady and has a sense of proportion,” Van Doe nodded and said no more. As the basic assessment criteria for the official entry into his Inheriting Sect, the difficulty of Black Wind was very scary. Even a Level Three disciple would not use this skill so easily. Presumably, Kaneer had his own thoughts.

As for the other new students in the villa, those students could only be viewed as trainees in the eyes of Van Doe, still under observation. Did they want to use Black Wind? Then they would have to wait for another eight to ten years to see if there would be any chance. At the outset, he himself, as a genius, had to spend three months before unleashing the first Black Wind, and after that, he had fainted on the spot.

For the in-villa trainees, because both parties only had a transactional relationship, so long as they could release the force field of Black Wind, they would be regarded as his entry student. As for such people, even after decades of experience, he had only acquired three people, which were these three disciples. Moreover, they did not originate from Blackboard.

As a large Inheriting sect that spanned across several regions, Black Flood Party had many powerhouses, as numerous as the clouds, even the other major regions would not dare to belittle them. In this area, it was a top ranked powerful sect that was second to none. As long as Black Wind could release a force field albeit, without the real substance, one would be regarded as a disciple of Black Flood Party.

In Black Flood Party, one would be a real top-end genius if one could release the force field of Black Wind within a month. That person would be a top elite who would immediately be qualified to go through the Sect Master assessment. So long as there were no major moral problems, becoming a Sect Master or Divine Wind General was nothing more difficult than nailing a nail into the door panel [1], with nothing more to say.

Soon, another wave of force was poured out. This wave of movement was very subtle and only top powerhouses such as Van Doe could feel it. This time, he laughed instead. The force field of Black Wind was much weaker this time. Indeed, Kaneer had his own sense of proportion.

Tapping the table, he was planning to look at the monitor of Kaneer's training room. Each disciple and student has their own independent training room. But after giving some thoughts to it, he decided to respect his disciple's privacy.

Looking at the color of the sky on the outside, the artificial sun showed a subtle yellow glow.

"It's time for afternoon tea. Hill, arrange for a visit to the tea restaurant."

"Understood. The transfer has been arranged," Hill answered quickly.

Van Doe got up and took down his black coat from the hanger and put it on. The door opened automatically. He strode out and walked to a small single room near the second-floor stairs. Inside the room was a cylindrical silver cylinder and inside the cylinder, there were dense electrographic blue-ray lines. In the center of it was a pattern similar to a blue eye, slowly turning around.

Van Doe went to the cylinder.

Swish!

A burst of blue current flashed.

Whoop-whoop! Whoop-whoop!

Suddenly, a sharp siren rang in the villa.

"What's the matter!?" Van Doe was still not sent away. His face sank. "Hill!" He felt the force field of Black Wind again.

"It was Black Wind that had destroyed the superconducting circuit environment in the wall!" Hill quickly emerged beside him.

“Kaneer, this boy...” Van Doe frowned and strode out of the transfer room.

Before he had stepped down the stairs, he saw Kaneer coming upstairs with a strange look on his face.

“Teacher...” the blond man with a seemingly calm appearance opened his mouth and saw Van Doe with his dark face.

“How many times have I told you, pay attention to the area when using Black Wind, take note of the range, you...”

Whoosh!

Suddenly it was a flash of Black Wind force field again.

Van Doe’s face froze, Kaneer’s face expression was also instantly still.

The two men blinked and looked at each other.

“Just now, was it you who used Black Wind?” Van Doe softened and toned down his voice and asked carefully.

“Wasn’t it Teacher using it?” Kaneer’s expression was interesting. Perplexed, curious and surprised; this handsome young man had a completely puzzled expression.

“Then... are the two of them back?” Van Doe frowned, thought for a moment, and continued to wonder.

“No, I just went to both of their training rooms. Nobody was there, so I came up to see if it was Teacher...” he could not continue with his words. His eyes met with Van Doe’s and instantly, they made from each other’s gaze a guess that was closest to the truth.

“Hill!!!” Van Doe shouted.

“Here!!!”

Hill was frightened and quickly appeared beside the two.

“Which training room was being occupied just now, take me there! Hurry!” Van Doe could not care about anything else at the moment and commanded hurriedly,

“Yes... Yes!!!” Hill was scared and hurriedly floated downwards.

The two, master and disciple, quickly followed behind. The speed of the three almost left behind afterimages.

In a few blinks, they came to the door of a training room.

“The door is locked!” Kaneer pushed the door but failed to open it.

Bang!

Van Doe kicked the door.

The door immediately opened wide. Hill stood by the side and stared blankly at the two who rushed inside and shouted.

“No one move! Raise your hands!!”

Van Doe rushed in and yelled. At first sight, he saw a strange figure standing in the middle of the training room, staring blankly at the two people who had just rushed in.

He instantaneously shifted his vision and it fell on the slowly dissipating subtle force field on the man's hands.

"That is... Black Wind force field!!!"

"Damn!!"

The expression of the two people was a wonderful one. Kaneer, who had always been steady, could not be calm and mouthed off a profanity.

"The force field... Just now! ...was released by you!?" the sound of Van Doe was quivering. He felt that human language could no longer express his excitement at this time.

Garen stared blankly at the two, his head nodded slightly up and down.

Thump!!

Two big hands smacked onto his shoulders. Then, he saw his always boring-looking teacher looked at him affectionately.

"Damn...!"

Thousands of words, all condensed in this one swear word.

After an hour of questioning...

Van Doe and Kaneer, master and disciple, both brought Garen to the encrypted meeting room, sealed off all the possibility of sound leakage, and finally, completely figured out the reasons for the incident.

It turned out that Garen was really just trying to release Black Wind. He did not expect it to be more powerful than he had imagined, so he began to study the specific response time and see the minimum threshold of how much time he would need before being able to use Black Wind again.

Who knew that the subsequent attempts were unsuccessful and he could only release the basic, weak force field. He had not been very concerned about this kind of vague force field and thought that the power was weak. But he did not expect this wave of force field to contact the wall unknowingly, eroding a large hole and even damaging the various blue-light-emitting circuit lines inside.

After that, it was the process in which Van Doe the two were stunned.

After asking everything, he looked at Nonosiva, who was sitting on his seat with a rule-abiding face. This boy, even the fluff above his mouth had not even grown thick yet. There was a mixed feeling within Van Doe and Kaneer.

The throats of the two people bobbed, but no words came out of it.

After a bit of pondering, Van Doe finally opened up with some difficulty.

“Are you sure you have never been exposed to the Black Wind Killing Move before?”

“Yes, teacher,” Garen nodded. “You could easily check it out from my home background.”

“Yeah... Yeah...” Van Doe looked at this calm-looking young man, recalling the pain and struggle he had when he was training Black Wind, even often getting headaches at night and being unable to fall asleep due to the overuse of his brain. Looking at this kid again, his face relaxed, there was nothing much to say about releasing once, but releasing a second time! And in the course of a day, he even attempted the third time, the fourth time!! The entanglement of Van Doe’s heart was like thousands of llamas dashing past [2].

Looked at his disciple, Kaneer, by the side, this guy was rubbing his temples intensely, his eyes shut with a painful expression.

“Are...you still able to release Black Wind now?” Van Doe asked softly.

“I’m afraid I can’t do it. This move is too much for my body,” Garen shook his head.

“We don’t need substance, as long as there is a little force field. The exhaustion for that is very small,” Van Doe responded cautiously.

“No problem with that.”

Garen stood up and his fingers began to twist and overlap to make rapid, accurate and complex gestures. At the same time, his Willpower was released in a filigree winding form. Synchronizing with his blood and spirit, they began to gather together. The four combined to form a kind of strange rune.

One by one, the symbolic runes were produced continuously. These runes were all optimized combinations of modeling after multiple calculations, one linked to the next. As long as one was not shaped well, it would affect the construction of the next one. Then, the effort would be wasted.

Over time, the first pyramid appeared.

A few minutes later, the second pyramid also appeared, followed by the third.

The moment the third pyramid was about to be completed, all three shattered. Traces of transparent Black Wind force field scattered away.

Van Doe opened his hand and a shapeless Willpower enveloped this wave of Black Wind force field. He gently pinched it, wiping it out.

He gazed at Garen with a complex feeling.

“Who would have expected... that I would still be able to meet such a talented student in my remaining years...”

“Hahhh...” Kaneer, on one side, could not help but sigh deeply. Compared with this junior brother, his qualifications were no different from dog’s poop. It took him many years before releasing the force field successfully. The gap between the two was greater than the hardness difference between a stone and tofu.

At this time, Garen could almost guess the teacher’s focus through his series of expressions. The difficulty of Black Wind was indeed very high. He had expected it to probably cause some commotions. However, he did not expect it to result in such a huge aftermath.

“Are... you willing to formally join my Black Flood Party?” Van Doe settled down, and officially, solemnly asked Garen.

“Black Flood Party?” it was the first time Garen had heard the name of this faction.

“This world seems to be divided into and ruled by regions, though in effect, there is also the division according to groups of factions by a collection of force,” Van Doe explained in detail. “Inheriting Sect. This is a strong force that is truly terrifying. In any Inheriting Sect, the worst pilot is also of Level Six. This is because to be able to be an Inheriter, only Level Six pilots have the right to be called Inheriting Level.

“Is Black Smoke Party an Inheriting Sect?”

“Yes, it is the second largest super-party in Blackboard Region and Polar Region. Our powerhouses in the Black Smoke Party are as numerous as the clouds. There exist powerhouse of Level Six and even above. Sect Master was the top stratum of the seventh Non-falling level many years ago, owning a corresponding Black Star Mech. Moreover, he is not yet our strongest Inheriting pilot. You will know these things later on. You just have to be clear that the power of our sect is second to none in Blackboard Region and Polar Region. Basically, nobody dares to disrespect us,” Van Doe said with a slight pride.

“Aside from Black Smoke Party, are there other factions?” Garen asked.

“Yes, but these two regions are our main sites,” Van Doe waved his hand. “The sects mostly exist in the form of academies. Blackboard Academy in Blackboard Region is, in fact, a mechanism for us and the Blackboard sect to select top disciples. After screening them in the Outer Courtyard, they are brought to

the Inner Courtyard. After the brutal competition in Inner Courtyard, the strongest group can become the successors of the Inheriting level once they enter Level Six. Of course, geniuses like you are an exception.”

Chapter 887: Depart 1

“Prodigy?” Garen frowned. “You might have been mistaken, Teacher, my talents might not be that great...”

“As long as you’re not utterly hopeless, you can be built up with resources. For our Black Flood Party, the hardest part is that resonance skill killing moves are too difficult. Many of those so-called talented prodigies can’t manage a single one, anybody who can finish learning Black Wind within a year would already be considered highly worth cultivating. I know what your talent is like, it’s not that great, but we can still build you up with resources,” said Van Doe nonchalantly, waving his large hand.

As expected of a rich school, they had the funds for anything.

Garen’s heart calmed down slightly.

“I have a question, Teacher.”

“Speak.”

Garen sorted out his thoughts.

“It’s about matching training method Willpower with Mechs. One type of Willpower can only be matched with one Mech, so does that mean the other sub-types of Willpower would be useless? They can’t reach Inherited Level?”

“Exactly, you can only achieve resonance with one Mech. A Mech can also only match one type of Willpower, that’s something that cannot be helped. If you want to change your Willpower training method, you must then also change the makeup of your Mech, so that you can adjust your resonance

degrees,” said Van Doe, nodding. “Our Black Flood Party’s strongest Black Flood’s Wind Training Method is just like that, it can only fit our school’s Black Flood Style Mech.”

Only then did Kaneer recover, staring at Garen with a complicated gaze.

“Back then, Teacher invented the Crouched Eagle Talon just so he could find a training method that suited the Black Flood’s Wind Killing Move better.”

“Teacher was the one who invented the Crouched Eagle Talon?!” This time, Garen was truly shocked. Just how old was this geezer... They say the Crouched Eagle Talon showed up more than two hundred years ago, and back then, the prodigy in the Crouched Eagle Talon’s quantum computer, those simulated fighting techniques...

Perhaps he was the same age as Garen...

Garen glanced at the old man secretly, and did find some things strange, just like he thought. The old man’s skin was slightly stiff. Somehow, he could not see a heartbeat in the old man’s chest, and even his breathing seemed overly rhythmic.

“Alright, kiddo, first I’ll tell you the general situation right now. Since you’ve joined our Black Flood Party, you can more or less ignore most of the powerhouses in the Blackboard and Polar Regions. Publicly, at least, you overpower them, but there are still some people who you can’t cross for now.”

Van Doe’s smile grew deeper.

With a whoosh and a tap of his finger, a large map appeared on the table between the three of them. The map was made out of countless blue lines, forming a large picture of the four regions, the Blackboard Region, Polar Region, Maria Region, and Royal Region.

The mountains and rivers on the map were very clearly pictured, they looked very realistic and detailed. If it were not for the fact that they were all blue, it would be no different from actually looking down at a three-dimensional sandbox from the sky.

Van Doe pointed at the center of the map.

“This is the Blackboard Region, where we are.”

With a buzz, one part of the map lit up in red. The word ‘Blackboard’ appeared on it.

“This one, slightly further away, is the Polar Region.”

He pointed again.

A part that was just slightly connected to the Blackboard Region stretched out, and lit up another oval-shaped area. All of it was red.

“The Blackboard Region had their Three Marshalls and One Star. That means the three Great Professors, those immortal geezers controlling the whole of Blackboard, and the Black Star. You can’t cross these people. Pay attention now. Especially that punk, Black Star Diofie, he’s pretty strong, and really cruel too. He jokes with you on the surface, but secretly he’ll stab you faster than anyone else.”

Garen nodded, showing that he understood.

“In the Blackboard Region, these are the people you shouldn’t cross, the others would give me face to some extent,” Van Doe said.

“And then, the Polar Region.” His finger slid across the map, moving to the Polar Region.

“This is where our Black Flood Party is based, you need to pay attention to two things. First, the Twelve Divine Wind Generals. Divine Wind General is the title given to the strongest fighters in the Black Flood Party, some of them are even stronger than the Party Leader. Don’t cross them, there are factions inside the Black Flood Party as well. You gotta understand, as long as there are people, there will be cliques. That’s especially true once there are more people, there will also be larger divisions among humans, perhaps in principles, perhaps in personalities, or maybe even in interests or hobbies. The social distances as a result of that will naturally differ.”

“And then, when there’s the occasional conflict, they would naturally split into different factions,” Garen continued from where Van Doe left off, showing that he understood.

“As long as you understand.” Van Doe nodded in satisfaction. “Of course, there are factions among the Twelve Divine Wind Generals who favor us as well, one of them being my teacher Osiris.”

“Understood.”

Garen nodded. The Blackboard Region’s Three Marshals and One Star, the Polar Region’s Twelve Divine Wind Generals, they all seemed to be forbidden existences. Their own power was enough to suppress most problems and conflicts. That was what Teacher Van Doe was trying to tell him.

“And then there’s the Maria Region, they have the Zero Pistol Sue-Anna. If you meet them, just run. They have a seven-man Anthem Brigade, every single one of them is crazy, they’re famous for being completely unreasonable. Don’t provoke them unless you’re Inherited Level. In the Royal Region, be aware of the party called Spiral Tower, no one else matters. The people in this party are all religious fanatics, they’ll self-detonate anytime if they can’t beat you. Compared to those White Light people, I think the Spiral Tower are more like terrorists. The others are all just normal school or party members, nothing much to be worried about, you should be fine seeing how experienced you are.”

Garen memorized them one by one, Blackboard Regions Three Marshals and One Star, Polar Region’s Twelve Divine Wind Generals, Maria Region’s Zero-Pistol Sue-Anna, and the Royal Region’s Spiral Tower.

These were all things he had to be wary of.

Van Doe was in a very good mood, so he took out his pipe, lit it, and started to smoke.

“Of course, you don’t have to be too careful either. It’s rare for these people and factions to make a move once in a few years, because once you reach a certain level, like Black Star Diofie, you’ll need to search everywhere for materials and techniques that suit you. You would be constantly consuming them to evolve your own Mech. After all, Level Six Inherited Level is when you start your foundations. At that level, their schedules are vastly longer than regular people’s. Although it seems like there’s a lot of them, it’s very common for them to only communicate without showing up for a dozen years or so, unless something extremely serious happens.”

Garen nodded in understanding.

Beside him, Kaneer added,

“Anyway, even after so many years of being Teacher’s student, I’ve still only encountered one of Maria’s Anthem Brigade members in the past decade or so, and even then, we just exchanged a glance from a long distance away before separating. The more active ones in the regions are the Outer Courtyard’s elite students and a few people from the Inner Courtyard. The ones who are active in the radiation belt tend to be the true Inner Courtyard elites from the different regions, they’re something like the Black-Clothed Generals. People like us, higher-ups from the Inner Courtyard, only tend to stand guard at the places that are more strategic in battle.”

“In other words, people at your level, Senior Brother, tend to be generals standing guard at important fortresses?” That was what Garen understood of it.

“Yeah, this level is mostly at Level Five New-Moon, that’s the lowest.” Kaneer nodded. Suddenly, he received a message on his watch, and lowered his head to glance at it, frowning. “There’s an assassination order for you on the Exterminet? Nono, did you offend someone important?”

“Exterminet?”

“Yep, it’s an assassination website, I do some part-time work for spare change there too.” Kanner nodded. “We don’t know who set it up, but the bounty is ten million Universal Units, that’s quite a sum.”

Beside them, Van Doe looked displeased.

“Exterminet?” he began to say something, but then he instantly thought of something, and calmed down. “Right now, we’re the ones who should not reveal Nono’s background, before he has his own Mech, it’s far too dangerous.”

“Teacher, are you saying that some people might try to make a move?” Kaneer frowned deeply as well, his expression solemn. Evidently, some people are not so easy to deal with, or at least they would be a lot more troublesome than the ten-million-unit bounty on the Exterminet.

"It's very likely, maybe they don't want our party to get stronger. Even if they turn hostile, as long as no one knows, they still have nothing to fear." Van Doe stood up and started walking around the room, pacing back and forth.

After a few minutes, he suddenly stopped.

"We cannot reveal Nono's talent, just give him the status of a normal disciple. However..." He flipped his palm, and a translucent cube that looked like plastic appeared in his palm.

"Take this."

He stuffed the translucent cube at Garen.

"This is..."

Garen accepted the cube. It looked just like a little palm-sized brick, and was slightly heavy, but it was not hard either. Instead, it was extremely soft, if he pinched it slightly, his finger would sink inside.

"Twinkling Cube," said Van Doe solemnly. "I left an Inherited Level Willpower blade in there, it's equivalent to Level Six without resonance, and you can use it three times. Against an opponent who isn't Inherited Level, you can use this thing to turn the tables on them, it's slightly weaker than a Level Five Two-Moons Level using all their power to activate a resonance skill. It's enough to keep you safe."

Garen nodded heavily. This thing was evidently very precious, or else Van Doe would not have considered for some time before taking it out. He could tell just by looking at his Senior Brother Kaneer's expression of envy.

"Thank you, Teacher."

"If it weren't for the fact that this thing can only keep Willpower that strong... Sigh..." Van Doe let out a long breath. "Alright, now let's test your condition."

“How are you going to test?”

Before Garen even finished speaking, there was a blur in front of his eyes, and he was patted lightly on both his shoulders and his back, three times in all. With his reflex speed, he still could not keep up, and by the time he reacted, he had been hit three times.

He saw Van Doe reappear in front of him.

It was a very strange feeling. He could clearly feel that Teacher Van Doe had patted him three times, but no matter what he just could not pinpoint exactly when those three hits landed. It felt as though they were all completed at the same time, but when he thought about it carefully, it felt as though Van Doe just walked over, not too quickly or slowly, and just patted him three times casually.

Chapter 888: Depart 2

“It’s a deceptive effect caused by Willpower, because the difference in Willpower is too great, so there seems to be a time difference.” Van Doe smiled. “My Willpower is too much higher than yours, overwhelming yours, and creating a deceptive effect, such that your reaction speed and awareness of time are made several dozen times slower than reality. In other words, you became slow, and I became fast.”

“There’s an effect like that!?” Garen’s heart felt slightly cold, the difference in Willpower could somehow restrict his sense of the passing of time. That way, no matter how powerful his reflexes were, when they were slowed down to such an extent, he would still be several times slower than he should be!

“This is the effect of more than a complete level’s worth of difference in Willpower. Of course, the difference in the quality of that Willpower influences it as well, so at a high level, the difference in Willpower can allow peak-level pilots to take on a hundred people at once. This is the principle behind that. To normal people without Willpower, they might even be slowed down several hundred times. But of course, this suppression cannot last long, it’s a universal skill from among the explosive resonance

skills. You can only use it after you reach Inherited Level, and it's very impressive if you can maintain it for half a minute," explained Van Doe.

"Half a minute... It doesn't have to be that long, just a second of that suppression can make up for almost all other disadvantages... No wonder..." Garen ran through all the heroic legends about peak-level pilots in his heart. Most of them could turn the tables on others who were stronger. At the most critical moment, in the middle of raging battlefields, they won by taking off the enemy general's head. With such an explosive resonance technique, even a pig can become a super pig...

"I hear that you plan to go into the radiation belt with some others to look for Mech materials?" Van Doe asked again. The old man did have impressive intelligence channels.

Garen secretly thought that he never mentioned that to anyone, but the old man still found out anyway.

"Yes. Lamda Alloy."

"Lamda Alloy is not very good. At your current level, it would be better for you to use Lunar Alloy. It's slightly pricier, but it can grow, so it would be decent for the main body of the Mech before you reach Inherited Level. If you use Lamda Alloy, you'll need to upgrade again by Half-Moon Level, so it would be more troublesome," said Van Doe thoughtfully. "I have some Lunar Alloy here, but it's not enough. I'll give you more later. It's good for you to go to the radiation belt too, we won't openly declare your identity for now, so you can still wander around freely. Once you go public, you might not encounter some smaller problems, but once you do meet a problem, that would be a life-or-death one."

"I understand, the stronger I become, the stronger my enemies will be as well," Garen nodded.

"As long as you understand. Other than Lamda Alloy, the place that you're going has one more thing, you can go get it as well." Van Doe flipped a small piece of dark red metal out of his pocket.

"Blood Silver. At your level, it's perfect for the heat-insulating shell outside the engine. With this, you can use a lot of engine skills later.

“But you must remember that this thing expires very quickly, and there’s no real way to preserve it for a long time. If you don’t bring it back within two months and work with it to fix its shape, you’ll just have to go get it again.”

“Around where should I get it?” Garen carefully observed the Blood Silver’s external characteristics.

“There’s a base there, report my name once you get there. One of our Black Flood Party’s pilots stationed there will immediately pass it to you. This thing is really precious, remember not to show it to anyone. That bit is also one of the few precious things I have left...” Van Doe instructed him carefully. “Powerful engine techniques and the potential to grow in the future are all related to the materials making up the Mech, Blood Silver is a treasure that you won’t stop benefiting from, so you must remember to use it before its expiry date once you get it. Otherwise, it’ll be a huge waste!”

“Understood.”

Garen nodded solemnly.

The public radiation zone, between the Polar Region and the Blackboard Region.

It was twilight, the sun slowly setting in the red sky. Most of it was obscured by thick black clouds, and only a small portion of the light landed on the ground beneath.

The huge black mountains rose from the earth, rising and falling, forming many sharp peaks that were sparsely decorated with greenery.

The mountain peaks stood on the black earth, like so many black trees growing on the ground. Some even had branches, with pale yellow lights twinkling on them.

Several windows of different sizes had somehow opened up on these mountain ‘branches’, dim yellow lamplight shining out from within.

The taller peaks were several hundred meters tall, with the occasional red or yellow lights. Others were only several dozen meters tall, with defense cannons stationed at the top.

On the ground between the mountains, there were many scattered black or grey buildings, looking like wooden blocks that were just simply tossed there. They were of different sizes, and had no order to them at all. Around the buildings, there were patches of green farmland, with thick lush greenery growing within. The breeze constantly blew ripples into the emerald plants.

On a cliff not too far away from this housing area, four tall black humanoid Mechs were slowly landing, standing lightly on the thick and moist black soil on the cliff.

One of the Mech moved its large foot casually, and squashed a black two-tailed scorpion.

The four Mechs were all completely inconspicuous, their bodies painted to look old and damaged. There were even some broken parts here and there, revealing the old grey circuits inside.

Complete Mechs were very rare in the radiation era, and here were four of them. Although they were all extremely damaged, it was still more than most factions could afford. In a normal village of a hundred or so residents, just one of these would be treated as something of a guardian god.

Brr...

In the sky, three giant mutated black Flying Batoids flew past slowly, casting their humongous shadows. These gigantic creatures looked like electric eels but with two thick fan-shaped wings of flesh that flapped up and down as they flew ahead, dragging their long tails behind them.

Three of the Mechs underneath raised their heads and looked at them, their red eyes twinkling with scanner light.

“Mutated Giant Batoids, they look like kites from a distance. The scenery is pretty good here,” said a low man’s voice from one of the Mechs.

“It’s a kite that can move by itself. That thing is more than ten meters long, and it was born with an anti-gravity organ. When it gets violent, it’s practically inhuman!” another Mech joked.

“It never was human to begin with...” another Mech continued. Inside, Garen took out a water bottle and chugged from it hard.

“It’s so cold... Anda, where do we go now? According to the map, this should be Flying Batoid City. We still need to pass three more locations before we can reach our destination,” a woman’s deep voice asked from the last Mech.

This group of people was Anda and Garen’s team, who had come out to get the Lamda Alloy. Other than material collection, this quest team also wanted to buy facial Lamda Alloy for themselves, the price difference inside and outside the Region was ridiculously large.

Anda invited two people along, one man and one woman. Together with Garen, they were four in total, forming a temporary team for the quest. After finishing the procedure to leave, they flew non-stop to their destination, but because the distance was too great, and the energy winds were too strong, the burden on the Mechs and the energy furnace was too much. So according to plan, the four of them landed at the first supply point, with the intention of replenishing their energy resources here.

“Aves, please scan the area to see if there are any surveillance points around here. Be aware of our surroundings,” said Anda, as he began to delegate jobs.

“No problem.”

“Linda, I’ll leave underground surveillance to you.”

“Leave it to me.”

“Garen, you and I are the strongest, so we’ll stay in the middle and watch the sky, while also supporting Aves. That’s okay, right?”

“Sure.”

Since they went out on the excursion, they all used pseudonyms, and Garen went back to the name he was used to using for the past few worlds.

“They’re perfectly fine Blackboard Standard Mechs, but we camouflaged them to look this beat up. The disguise itself took me five thousand units! If we don’t earn back from this, I’ll have lost big!” Aves complained as he began to fly, advancing slowly in one direction.

Linda stayed in place, taking a long and thin black metal needle from behind her waist. She pulled with both hands, and it instantly extended to a full five meters, which she stuck hard into the ground.

Psst! The thin needle was embedded into the ground, and instantly, a wave of small vibrations spread from it. They scattered from the cliff, following the surface of the earth. Wherever there was soil or rocks, many tiny poisonous bugs were forced out of the ground, scampering everywhere like a particularly nauseating swarm.

Garen crossed his arms over his chest, leaning on a stalagmite as he quietly watched the others prepare to set up camp.

The other two people who had come out with Anda this time were Linda and Aves. One was a young woman with long brown hair, ordinary features, and a normal figure. There was nothing exceptional about her, be it in the way she did things or her appearance. Everything was by the books, and very steady. Her emitted Willpower force field was at Level Four, give or take, but he did not know if she had any resonance degrees.

And the other one, Aves, seemed like a bit of a rash man. He looked to be about twenty-four or five, and always liked dressing up and showing off. He used cologne, and seemed to make a big deal of his appearance. At first glance, he looked like a rich young master who could not handle hard work, but along the way, surprisingly, he did not act spoiled at all, and was instead very experienced in the way he handled things. He was particularly good at surveillance.

Along the way, the four of them had prepared a large amount of food and water. Within six days, they arrived at the first supply point, Flying Batoid City.

“This is the largest radiation city in the public radiation zone near Blackboard?” Garen looked at the rather small town beneath him. It did not have a wall, and even had farmlands instead. The tree-shaped mountains around it were all armed with defensive cannons to some extent, so it looked like it had good security, at least.

“To the radiation people living in the radiation belt, that’s how it is,” replied Anda nonchalantly, as he fiddled with an unknown piece of equipment.

“Flying Batoid City is most famous for having a guardian-like radiation mutated creature act as their soldiers. It’s those Flying Batoids in the sky, as long as you don’t attack them, they won’t attack humans themselves. This place has clean Level One water, Level One food and meat, and good living conditions, with stable security. Only the elite radiation people in the radiation belt have the right to live here.”

“The last time I came here with another team, the food here was very cheap. Just a bit of clean water without radiation is considered Level One Water here, one liter is enough to buy a pretty girl. Although she was a radiation person, but that body and that face... tsk tsk... I got a great feel of that, alright.” Aves had flown back without them noticing.

“What’s the point of touching through a hazmat suit?” said Anda exasperatedly, glancing at him.

“Actually, I nearly wanted to bring her back. I mean, that girl only had one tiny radiation mark the size of a fingernail on her butt, everything else was just like a normal person!” argued Aves. “I bet that even the prettiest leader of the luxury district in the city would only be at that level!”

“You can only enjoy the life of a peak-level noble here in the radiation belt,” said Anda calmly.

“Everyone’s like that the first time they come out here, right?” Aves clicked his tongue.

Garen listened to them bicker, but his gaze had already floated into the unknown distance.

An extremely weak signal was barely touching his Willpower. That was the communication signal from Red Moon, but because of the great distance, it was unnaturally weak.

Garen calmed his heart down, and carefully decoded the message in the signal. It was a very common Rice Code, a message coded through a simple combination of rhythms.

He began to translate and read it carefully.

Chapter 889: Quiet 1

“We... in danger... deal... second half of training method... come quick...” Red Moon’s message was not very long, but its meaning was very simple and precise.

“They” evidently meant Clint, and his younger brother Lon. The three of them were in danger, which clearly meant that they had come across some trouble in the radiation belt.

Garen rubbed his chin as he thought about it. He allowed the Mech’s quantum computer to calculate the distance that the signal was coming from.

“If he came to the radiation belt without a hazmat suit, then he’d really be in trouble. Baylon, that kid...” He was worried that if Baylon really was infected by the radiation, and became a radiation person, no matter how small a radiation mark he had, he would still be forever ostracized from all the Regions.

Radiation disease was incurable, that was a fact acknowledged by all the regions, without exception.

Soon, the computer had calculated the distance.

‘The signal came from a distance of: 235 kilometers, 23 degrees to the North-West.’

‘Warning, warning, insufficient reserves in energy furnace, the battery must be changed now. Power remaining 4%.’

“I’ll go charge my battery first, otherwise I won’t be able to move after several kilometers.”

Garen heaved a long breath, and quickly put on a sealed hazmat suit. Actually, even if he did not suit up, no radiation would be able to infect him, because as a Peacock larva, he was already the largest source of radiation. Nobody could block the cold radiation he emitted, it could even affect their hearts. But he still had to be aware of his identity on the surface.

Inside the Mech, he held a short staff in his hand. It was the Staff of Ultimate Yin. Taking it with him, Garen was slowly sent out of the cockpit, forming a separate cabin on his own. And then the outer door to the Mech opened slowly.

Pfft!

There was a spray of white gas that emanated everywhere.

Wearing a hazmat suit, Garen slowly jumped forward, and landed lightly on the soil beside the cliff.

The other three people also walked out of their respective Mechs in their suits. They were all wrapped up in thick black clothes as though it was winter, but unlike winter clothing, they also had to wear a transparent glass helmet over their heads. The helmet was completely transparent, so unless they looked at it closely, no one would notice that they were wearing something like that. It was extremely well-hidden.

Other than that, not a single patch of their skin was exposed. It was all covered tightly, with black gloves on their hands. They even had a Blackboard pattern on the back of the hands, it looked like an eye.

Anda walked at the very front, looking at the Flying Batoid City beneath them.

“I’ve contacted the City Master already, someone needs to stand watch over the base when we’re charging batteries. The radiation people will send someone here specifically for this, we just need to pay with two bottles of Level One water. Everyone else can go explore and play around. Who’s willing to stay behind?”

"I'll do it." Aves raised his hand. "I can only look and not play anyway, if I get all riled up, I'll still have to finish it off myself. What a pain. I'm not going."

"Fine."

The other three, Anda, Linda, and Garen, all climbed down the right side of the cliff. There was a flight of ninety-degree stairs there, covered with moss. Evidently, they were used often.

The three of them walked down the stairs for several minutes, and soon enough they came across a stone door to a guard station. There was a black person carrying a gun on his back, standing guard there.

"It's the three sires!" The black man snapped a salute at the three of them. Their salute was really strange their right hand pressed against their forehead at a ninety-degree angle. Their accent was just a little flatter than the people inside the regions, their tongue did not curl at all.

Anda nodded, leading Linda and Garen inside.

As they continued down the mountain path, they saw more and more man-made buildings, with railing that was painted blue. Occasionally they would come across radiation people, all of them carrying large baskets on their backs, but who knew what they had come out here to pick.

Garen peeked into one of their baskets, and found that it was full of plant roots and green grass, and there was the occasionally useful herb as well.

All the radioactive people who saw them along the way, whether they were dressed simply or luxuriously, all scattered to the sides in fearful respect, allowing the three of them to pass.

A woman carrying a child even clapped her hand to her child's mouth tightly. No matter how hard the one-year-old child cried, she refused to let go, but some sound still escaped. Anda heard it, and glanced over with a frown.

With a bang, the woman actually knocked out her own child mercilessly, and fell to her knees, dragging the child with her, her head lowered. She dared not say a single thing, and just kept kowtowing on the ground.

“These are radiation people.” Anda’s tone was mild, but it had a hint of contempt. “Forget Inner Courtyard elites like us, they can’t even provoke the regular Outer Courtyard students.”

“Over here, our position is even scarier than the emperor,” Linda said with a sigh. It clearly was not her first time here either.

“What about the ruler here?” Garen asked.

“Just a fatty who sits around waiting to die, he can’t even get up, he’s over four hundred pounds in weight,” Anda said contemptuously. “According to the rules, the rulers here must also bow and show their respect to us when they meet us, but these parasites are at the top, so of course they don’t want to do that in front of so many people. That’s why they find reasons to avoid meeting us, and get their subordinates to greet us instead. It’s a very common thing here, as long as they treat people like us well, they don’t have anything to worry about. Over here, people are worth the least, the most valuable things here are clean food and water, nothing else can match up to these two.”

The three of them walked into the farmlands of the Flying Batoid City beneath them. The green farms surrounded the whole city, but rather than the regular paddy or wheat, they were filled with a strange plant. It had a green stem like paddy, but on top it was a fat, squirming green maggot. The maggot was curled up, tightly hugging the tip of the plant, swaying and swinging in the breeze.

Soon enough, a radiation man with a strong body greeted them up front, getting on his knees and bowing in front of them in the middle of the path between the crops.

“Representing the City Master, Vendant is here to greet the arrival of my three lords.” There were four people behind him, all of them seemed to be teenagers. The two men were handsome and strong, the two women beautiful and pure. They were all subtly dressed to look pretty and sexy.

“Follow the old rules,” said Anda nonchalantly. “Garen, you choose, of the two girls, which do you prefer? These should be the best the city has to offer.”

Garen was speechless, glancing at the two girls behind the man Vendant. Although they were beautiful, while he was dressed in his hazmat suit, he could only watch and touch, so what was the point?

“These people will only act as a guide and warm your bed, we might have to rest here for the night, and leave again tomorrow,” Anda explained simply.

“Then I’ll choose this one.” Garen casually pointed at the long-haired girl who looked purer. She had pitch-black hair falling over her shoulders, like an Asian, with large black eyes, fair skin, and neatly-trimmed bangs in front of her forehead. Her lips were a very decent pink color. Her body was curved in all the right places as well, wearing black skin-tight clothes that looked slightly like a swimsuit. It was very thin, and could not cover any of the sensitive parts of her body. Especially her long slender fair legs, her clothes made her seem as though she was merely wearing underwear, so even if the girl kept trying to pull her clothes to cover the area between her legs, it was still useless. The overly tight clothes made her completely unable to cover the extra parts of her body.

Hearing that Garen choose her, her face instantly blushed with a clear red hue, and she lowered her head in a way that invited pity.

The other was a blonde girl who was also extremely pretty. Not a single radiation mark could be found on her body, but she wore a slave’s collar around her neck, to elicit a man’s urge to conquer her.

Kneeling on the ground, Vendant heaved a sigh of relief. They had hurriedly found these four slaves from the radiation people around here when they heard that important people were the Regions were coming. The slaves were all superior breeds that had less than 10% radiation marks on them, although they were still pretty, they were nevertheless slightly less presentable than the carefully selected ones from before. He was also terrified that the guests would be dissatisfied, plus there were so few of them, so he was even more panicked, but thankfully it seemed that this group was more easygoing.

“Then I’ll take the other one.” Anda pointed at the other blonde girl, he was evidently used to this process.

Linda chose a young boy who looked very shy, he was very handsome, and looked just like a girl.

The last boy was slightly disappointed as Vendant sent someone to lead him away.

“It’s a bit rushed this time, and the stock you chose isn’t that great, but we won’t blame you. We’re just here to rest for one night, and we’ll be leaving tomorrow, so hurry and arrange a place for us to rest,” Anda instructed.

Vendant lowered his head and agreed to everything. “Yes, yes.”

The three boys and girls behind Garen’s group were all slightly shocked, after all Vendant was the City Master’s close follower, so he had always been wild and irrepressible in the city. But in front of these three masters, he was just slightly better than a dog.

Walking into Flying Batoid City, Garen finally experienced the true wilderness, chaos, and rot of the radiation belt.

The buildings were white, or black, and the city walls were made of ancient cement, some places dyed with dark red blood stains that no one bothered to clean. It was unnaturally busy on the streets, with radiation people walking their mutated dogs everywhere. Some were huge, tall brutes who were more than three meters tall, but there were also dwarfs who were so small and thin they looked like children. Some had an extra arm on their backs, some had rotting noses, so their whole face was completely flat.

There were all sorts of radiation people, and according to Vendant’s introduction, these people’s various mutations caused their bodies to change in different ways.

Wherever the three of them passed, all of the radiation people were forcefully pushed aside by the soldiers, opening up a wide path. Quickly, the three of them got onto the car that was arranged for previously, it was the most broken-down model that was already out of production in the Regions, but here, it was evidently the highest form of indulgence.

In the radiation belt, the only ones who could afford to use batteries and enjoy life were all nobles among nobles, the VIPs among VIPs.

Garen was arranged in a car with the girl who seemed to be sixteen or seventeen. She was clearly very nervous, but she was also extremely curious, and was unnaturally excited to be sitting in this car.

"You were born in the radiation belt?" asked Garen casually, as he looked at the crowds in the streets outside the window.

"Y-Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Little Bitch, sir..."

"A terrible name." Garen was exasperated, why that of all names?

"Sir... In Flying Batoid City, only the nobles can give themselves names. If we normal civilians want to live, the higher-ups will give us names..." Little Bitch replied, looking depressed. "And we're lucky, compared to the meat people..."

She was indeed pretty, but in Flying Batoid City, there were meat people even prettier than her.

"What are meat people?" Garen's curiosity was slightly piqued.

"People who are reared in pens, they constantly mate in the pens, perfecting their genes like dog pedigrees. Once the mutations caused by the inbreeding are removed, they are made to grow faster using hormones. The pretty ones with good quality are sent out as slaves, the ones with poor quality are made into pigs for meat, and killed for food..." explained Little Bitch in a low voice.

Garen was shocked for a moment as well.

That was treating humans inhumanly, they were even more like livestock than actual beasts.

"In the radiation belt, what is law?" he suddenly asked out of the blue.

Little Bitch blinked in confusion, she did not understand what he was trying to ask.

Garen sighed, and said no more. Leaning his back on the leather seats, he crossed his legs and began to rest.

As the car drove on, Garen did not look at the demonic streets of Flying Batoid City anymore, and he only opened his eyes slowly when they reached their accommodation.

Getting out of the car, Garen saw a large white manor in front of him, surrounded by tall walls. As soon as they went past the gate, there was a large round four-tiered fountain, dark red water sprayed from the tip and flowed down the sides, the blood-like color piercing to the eye.

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There were all many tidily-dressed men and women waiting inside the mansion.

After that, they were arranged rooms, and chose their style of entertainment. By style of entertainment, they meant the surroundings required to satisfy any guest.

If you liked food, for example, they would bring you into an environment made of high-quality low-radiation food. The room was made of chocolate, the bed made of milk candy, and all the plants in the garden were sweet fruits, whereas the swimming pool was filled with milk.

If you liked pretty women, they would also take you to a special place, where all the pretty women around you were naked, and there were sex toys everywhere, so you could just grab a woman whenever and play with them however you liked.

If you were gay, then there were all the best men for you to choose, beautiful ones, handsome ones, strong ones, cool ones, dressed in all sorts of uniforms to seduce you.

In this mansion, whatever you wanted, other than the luxurious Level One food and drinks, everything else you desired could be fulfilled whenever. Even if you liked killing, they would arrange people for you to kill, one after the other, in however many ways you wanted.

This, was the Paradise Mansion, the meat people mansion in mountains!

“Everyone here is a meat person?” Garen walked at the very end of the line, observing the many people lined up in two rows, welcoming him in. There were men and women, young and old, but they all had one thing in common—their eyes were lifeless and dim, only a very few just barely had a hint of consciousness, but the rest had stiff robotic movements.

“Yeah...” Little Bitch replied softly. She was clearly slightly scared, grabbing Garen’s arm tightly, her whole body practically pressed against his. “Everyone here has had chips implanted, they can’t escape at all. Some of them only have the IQ of a seven- or eight-year-old, but some others are slightly smarter, they were once normal people who committed crimes.”

“Seriously...” Garen shook his head, he had learned even more about the cruelty of the radiation belt.

In the hall, Vendant very wisely retreated, leaving Anda, Linda, and Graen standing in front of the choice pillars in the main hall.

“You can choose your style of entertainment here, if they don’t have it, you can describe what you want yourself, and enter it using Willpower. If there aren’t any conflicts with the main system, you can make new entertainment areas to your own liking,” Anda introduced. “I’ve played here a few times, it’s really not bad. Too bad the highest-grade anti-radiation medicine only comes in small shippings for the peak-level people every year, because if you can take off your hazmat suit here to play, that would truly be paradise.”

Anda was evidently a lot more relaxed than before, he looked at Garen.

“This is your first time, Garen, so play to your heart’s content. When you choose an area here, no one can enter without your permission, so you can fulfill any dark thoughts or fetishes here, hehe...”

“Boring,” Garen replied calmly, and glanced casually at the choices there.

Killing, pretty women, pretty men, gourmet food, dog pen, theme park, torture...

There was a long list of entertainment modes, it even covered the whole side of the pillar. There was even a second page, he gave it a glance, and saw at least a hundred options there. There were even categories.

“You have to choose one, this is the Paradise Mansion, if you don’t choose any entertainment, when word gets out, no one will believe you’re straight,” Anda approached Garen and said with a dark smile.

This made Garen, who was going to choose the quiet option, roll his eyes. His finger moved and landed on a random choice, he was too lazy to even look at it. Other than the violent ones, there were even many written in strange symbols he could not understand, and the mode he chose was one of these strangely-coded ones.

“Let’s go.” Garen saw the pillar indicate where he needed to go, and in the midst of Anda’s dark laughter, and Linda’s helpless gaze, he led Little Bitch and strode into a small door that had automatically opened on the left.

Anda carefully chose an option on the stone pillar, and also walked into a small door, hugging the blonde girl.

Only Linda was left, but her gaze flashed a little. She did not pick any option, but instead walked out of the hall, and raised her watch outside the door to project a virtual keyboard. After tapping out a simple code to spell out a secret message, and delivering the mail, she finally returned to the pillar and picked the quiet option, leading the pretty boy into a small door.

Flying Batoid City, City Master Quarters.

At the peak of the tallest mountain tree in town, there was a huge empty hall. At the very top of the large empty black space, there was a huge throne, and a huge bald fat man, seven or eight meters wide, five or six meters tall, lay there.

The fatty was covered in fatty flesh, his layers of flesh falling downwards due to gravity, and piling on top of the flesh underneath that, forming folds like a thousand-layer crepe. From afar, he looked like a large pile of white flesh made into a mountain.

The fatty's two triangular eyes kept blinking, and he bit a long black pipe, half a meter long, in his mouth. There were two naked voluptuous women by his side, constantly massaging his body and head.

"The ones who had come this time are Blackboard Academy's Inner Courtyard elites, you must be extra, extra careful with how you greet them," the fatty instructed lazily, looking at Vendant who was kneeling on the floor beneath him.

"I greeted the three lords with the First-Grade rules, please do not worry, City Master," replied Vendant loudly, his head lowered.

"That's good." The City Master nodded, but his chin was too fat, so the action was not very noticeable. "Pay attention, and see if you can get some techniques regarding Repair Troughs from them. Our own Repair Troughs still lack too many critical techniques, if we can complete it quickly, we can also quickly form the Poison People Division."

"Also, don't let the other City Masters know that the three lords are here."

"Yes."

Vendant got up and was about to leave, but suddenly he touched his earpiece, where his subordinate's report was coming in.

He frowned slightly.

"There's one more thing, Lord City Master."

"What is it? Speak," the fat City Master said calmly, puffing from the pipe.

"One of the three lords wants to borrow our military strength to go out and find some people." Vendant paused. "It is that new lord, codenamed Garen, it should be his first time in the radiation belt."

“Oh? It’s the easiest to get good things out of new lords like that... Not bad, not bad, fulfill his desires. Since he’s looking for people, send the best Panther Squad out, and have them obey his every word.” The City Master waved his hand generously.

“Yes, I will give them the order to mobilize now,” replied Vendant respectfully.

Neither of them noticed that a pitch-black insect was blinking its compound eyes in a dark corner of the hall. Its entire body was made completely out of cold mechanics. Through some invisible waves, the voices here were transmitted to a faraway distance.

Inside the Blackboard Region, in a certain private estate in Blackboard City.

Fila strode towards the second floor of the mansion, his expression dark, and saw a carefree young man watching the TV projected onto the wall, holding a remote control. Behind him, there was a pretty girl carefully fanning him.

That bastard, there was automatic air-conditioning right there, but he just refused to turn it on.

Fila cursed him inwardly.

“Where’s Big Bro?” he asked the young man quietly.

“I don’t know... Five, why do you look so unfortunate? You look like a dead dog, y’know~~” The young man made no attempt to hide his jest.

If it weren’t that he could not beat this son of a... Fila felt as though the veins in his forehead were going to pop.

“It was just an accident.” Suddenly something occurred to him, and he tried his best to reply in a nondescript manner.

“Accident?”

The young man looked just like those regular hooligans on the street, his short hair dyed blonde, and he even left a small lock of white hair hanging over the left side of his forehead, all curled up, as though he thought he looked handsome and flirtatious. His white lounge clothes did not match his dark skin, the clothes themselves were luxury items worth more than ten thousand, but when he wore them, he looked like a backwater bumpkin lord.

“Yes, an accident.” Fila acted as though he did not want to talk about it.

“Interesting.” The young man lifted his watch and checked it quickly. When he saw the process, he was instantly even more interested. “You were beaten up that badly by a newbie?” He smiled, completely hooked. “Interesting, how very interesting!”

“What’s it to do with you?! I’ll deal with it myself, I’m warning you, Ice Dragon, I’ll deal with my own matters! If you dare to interfere, I won’t consider you my brother!” said Fila coldly.

“Five, that’s where you’re wrong...” The young man called Ice Dragon stood up. “You’re all alone, and you only got a few kitties under you. If you don’t come to me, your big bro, when stuff like this happens, people will say that my little brother doesn’t come to me even when he’s in trouble, and then how will I face the world?!” he said loudly, patting his chest. “Relax, and leave this to me! I’ll deal with that punk for you directly!”

“It’s my own—” Fila acted unhappy, but before he could even finish his sentence, he was suddenly pressed down by a heavy pressure. For a second there he was completely shocked, and could not say a thing.

This guy got even stronger...!

Ice Dragon’s hands pressed down on Fila’s shoulders, as he was all smiles.

“We’re brothers, and you still act so distant...” All of a sudden, his expression instantly became icy cold. “Are you really trying to make me lose face...!” Hints of cold killing intent emanated from him, keeping Fila locked down tight.

This madman!

Fila’s heart grew cold, and he no longer dared to provoke this person, so he forced out a smile.

“Of course not...”

“That’s best.” Ice Dragon smiled again. “Recently Big Bro’s men are starting to leave some hints, everything goes according to plan. In just two more months, we can probably successfully obtain that person’s information.”

“So fast!” Fila’s expression changed slightly.

“Get ready, then... Three Marshals and One Star or whatnot, I’ve wanted to meet them for some time now...” Deep-seated killing intent flashed through Ice Dragon’s eyes. “But before that, I’ll go settle the kid that bullied my brother, that’ll be my appetizer...”