

Mystical 911

Chapter 911 - Empire Novel

“What! Is someone making a move on Sir Garen’s Mech?!!”

In a pub somewhere in Flying Batoid City, Vendant expression changed drastically as he pushed away the beautiful woman at his side and stood up in shock.

“Didn’t I tell you guys to not let anyone know that Sir Garen’s Mech Body is under repair?!” Vendant felt a chill rushing to the back of his mind. His back was soaked in cold sweat.

The expression on Sir Garen’s face when he instructed him was very clear how important that Mech was. This was the body that a Blackboard Academy’s elite pilot regarded with high importance!

If anything happened, 10,000 of his lives were not even be enough to appease Sir Garen!!

Vendant’s shocked expression also affected the subordinate who reported to him. His face paled too as he did not expect the consequences would be so serious. Looking at Vendant’s face, it seemed as though the sky was about to fall!

Vendant paced back and forth in a corner of the pub.

“Notify the City Master immediately! I will assemble the miniature Mech team!” Vendant was decisive and immediately instructed his subordinate to contact the leader of Flying Batoid City.

“But...there’s...there’s still Master Vecil...”

“Damn your but!!!” Vendant kicked his subordinate mercilessly. “If he is enraged, even Vecil will die!!”

He roared loudly and bolted out of the pub, running towards Garen’s dwelling.

At the courtyard, Garen was quietly practicing what was once the most basic set of secret technique. It looked ordinary and does not seem to be different than those which was generally practiced for wellbeing purposes. However, as he moved around slowly, a faint flow of air around him started to gather and pick up speed.

It was very tranquil in the peaceful Flying Batoid City. The people here were satisfied as long as there was enough food in this radiation belt. What they yearned for was to live a life inside the regions but due to the radiation, they could never return to the region ever again. The only possible exception was their children.

Children born from radioactive people had a chance of not having any radioactive sickness. These babies appeared to produce some kind of antibody due to their radioactive parents, causing them to be immune to certain radiation sickness.

It is the parents' greatest hope that the people from the region would select their children. Henceforth, their children would soared high with their ambitions and became part of the region's people.

This was why there were always a lot of people gathering outside the courtyard where Garen was staying. Even with the guards, people still crowd around and most of them were young parents with their children. Some of the children seem be newborns, whereas some were a few years old. There were even children around the age of 11 or 12 who were brought there. Surprisingly, the children had no traces of radiation on them.

These people looked on hopefully at Garen in the courtyard. They hoped that Garen would take a liking to their children. Those who were immune to radiation also had naturally good talent. Training their Willpower would generally yield positive results.

However, even if that was the case, the radioactive people were commonly discriminated against. Adding on to that, those who were able to bring people inside the regions all had very strong background with pilots. That was why the last time Garen and the others were here, these people did not gather around.

But it was different this time. The people found out Garen and the others' identities from the guards.

The inner court elites of the Blackboard Academy!!

The Blackboard Academy's name itself was already an awe. 99 percent of the students who gathered there were children of the wealthy and powerful. They all come from strong backgrounds and forces, which helps to add on to their identity as Mech pilots. Although most people would not understand what does 'inner court' means, but they at least understood the meaning of elite.

Noble status, elite Mech pilot. Subconsciously, they all started to form such an impression on Garen.

"Sir!! Sir!!!"

Just then, a guard riding a black horse-like creature from afar rushed down the streets, knocking down a lot of people in the process while crying out loud.

The door of the courtyard that Garen was in was actually opened. In fact, he did have the intention of picking a few of these kids and bringing them into the region. He noted a few of those who are talented when they were practicing secret techniques. It was sad to know that these talented ones were not noticed, and learning more from the guards, some of them who were more than 10 years of age also missed the chance the previous two times when a pilot was there. What a pity.

Most importantly, the children here have lots of life experience, and even though they were young at age, they are all very matured and sensible. They knew how to read people's expressions and moods and were street smart. They could be treated as adults even if they were to be brought into the region. For him who lacked confidants, they could be his subordinates.

Hearing the guard's cries and rushing in, Garen frowned and stopped his practice.

"What's the matter?"

The guard rushed down from his ride and panted heavily. He rushed up to Garen and whispered in his ears.

Garen's expression changed.

“Let’s go!! Bring me there!”

He pulled up the guard and strode out the courtyard.

Inside the Mech Maintenance Hangar

Vecil had somebody to tie the black Mech to her Body. The cockpit of the black Mech was so cold that she could not endure for long with her physique. However, if the Mastery Energy Ore was cooled, it was likely to release high temperature and melt down. In order to avoid any accident, Veci decide to tie the black Mech to her own Mech.

She was instructing the worker to use the semi-automatic robotic arm to firmly tie the two bodies together.

Soon, both Mechs were bounded tightly.

“Let’s get out of here now!!” Vecil glanced at both of her companions and winked.

Both of them could not keep the the smile off their faces any longer. After knowing that there were so much Master Energy Ores, their whole world was shaking as if a huge pie dropped out of the sky. It took them awhile to react to their findings.

The three of them split up and went to their respective Mechs.

Under Vecil’s orders, the little fat man and the others were nervously keeping a look out so that no one could enter.

“Wait!!!”

Suddenly, a loud growl came from the hangar's entrance.

It was Vendant at the slope of the entrance gate of the underground hangar. He bolted in angrily and was unsteady on his feet and fell. He picked himself up quickly and continued to run towards Vecil and the others.

"Master Vecil!! You cannot touch that Mech!!!" He shouted as he ran faster. His voice was hoarse from his shoutings, and he sounded as if his mother has passed away.

"What? I cannot touch?" Veci was surprised.

"That Mech belonged to somebody important from the Blackboard Academy!! You must not touch it under any circumstances! Or else the whole Flying Batoid City will be in trouble!!!" Vendant roared loudly as he ran.

"Blackboard Academy's Mech?" Veci's heart shook. Her academy was ranked third, naturally she knew how terrifying the number one Blackboard Academy was inside the region. If there were 100 elite pilots, then 80 of them must be from Blackboard.

"What do we do now, Big Sister!?" The young boy was also nervous. He was just still living his fantasy moment but now he was panicking. Robbing a Blackboard Academy's Mech inside the Blackboard Region, needless to say, it was definitely a capital punishment!

"What Blackboard Mech!! Trying to scare me! Don't even think about it! Let's go!" Veci suddenly roared. "How could it be so coincident? We met a Blackboard's pilot going through their maintenance the moment we go out? We can't even f***** meet a few pilots in Flying Batoid City in a year!! It must be fake!"

She turned around and rushed into her cockpit even faster. As long as she got into the cockpit and started the Mech, not even a Level Five pilot could catch up with her Level Four Mech at their own speed. Without a body, the difference in speed between a pilot and a Mech on the same level was vast.

Her two companions also came to a realization that with this wealth, even if they could not stay in Blackboard Region, they could still live as they like at Maria Region or Royal Region! There was no need to care about Blackboard Region!

After hearing Vendant's words, they ran even faster.

Chasing from the back, Vendant wanted to cry but there were no tears. For the sake of confidentiality, he did not tell anyone that Sir Garen's Mech was being maintained here. This was also Sir Garen's orders. He never thought that V Academy's Vecil and two others would be blinded by their greed. This was truly uncalled for.

He thought that the moment he yelled out Blackboard's name, those three would stop. He never expected that they would actually be more decisive and ran away faster. They were obviously planning to escape with the things they robbed!

Seeing the three of them were fast approaching the lift platform, Vendant knew he had to make a choice. Whatever the stuffs are that made these three pilots so greedy to the point that they are willing to forsake everything, it must be extremely valuable and priceless. Needless to say, even if he sold off his whole family up to his ancestors, he may not even still be able to compensate for the losses. And for somebody with such riches...there was no need to even think, his status is surely higher than the City Master!

If they really managed to escape with the valuable items...not only his whole family will die, all the people here and those related to them would get convicted and killed off by the City Master!

Vendant roared again, waking up all the maintenance workers and the little fat man to their sense. "Do not let them get away! Otherwise it will be genocide for us all!!"

At this moment, the little fat man finally reached his senses. His mouth trembled and he wanted to say something, his heart was beating so fast that he did not know what to say or do.

"Shoot them!!!"

A cold hum resounded throughout the hangar.

Chi Chi Chi!!

Numerous lines of green rays aimed and shot at the three persons who were still running to the lift platform. One of them glared and three, small triangular blue shields floated in mid-air and shielded off the shooting rays.

“Shoot them, shoot them, shoot them!!” The little fat man finally reacted and shouted instructions too. Knowing that he had gotten himself into deep trouble, his complexion was green, and sweat was forming and streaming down his chin and neck non-stop.

All the ray guns used for repairing and maintenance were now directed and shot at the three convicts. Unfortunately, the guns were not powerful enough as they were all used for engineering works and were too short-ranged. Those who were closer managed to shoot but were all blocked by the shields.

The three of them managed to escape into their respective cockpits and close the lids.

“Let’s go!!” Veci shouted.

Chapter 912: Alliance

Suddenly, the three Mechs soared into the sky and their backs shot out blue flames about one meter long. The thick ropes that were stuck on their bodies snapped off and the sheer force of it caused it to whip two other people. They bled all over their bodies and crashed into the wall before falling to the ground, dead.

The Mechs forced open the ceiling of the hangar before flying out.

Garen who had just arrived at the hangar narrowed his eyes, staring at the middle Mech. His black Mech was precisely tied to its back.

He glanced over the area with his eyes.

Shua!!

He did a series of backflips and left behind vivid after-images and arrived at a huge piece of black metal, one meter thick.

“Up!!” he growled and picked up the piece of metal so easily as if he was uprooting a willow tree before rotating his body like a spinning top.

Amid the sound of wind, the piece of metal let out a shrill sound, hurting the ears of all the people in the hangar.

The spinning top then suddenly stop.

‘Boom!!!’

The sharp end of the black piece of metal was thrown out by Garen like a railgun, straight for the blue Mech that was turning.

Clang! A loud sound was produced.

The metal did not pierce through the Mech’s armor and bounced off.

“Idiot!” Veci was startled inside the Mech but now that she saw this scene, her heart relaxed.

Just as everyone below were disappointed, something changed.

The black Body that was tied to the back of Veci's Mech suddenly slid and fell. It turned out that the black metallic rope that was tied around her was broken.

Garen's expression remain unchanged. Looking at the black Body that fell down from the sky, he took a few steps back, giving the Body some distance to land.

With a loud sound, the black Mech crashed down on top of the hangar by the edge of the entrance and then tumbled down through the opening and rolled towards the crowd of people.

Peng!!

Little fatty and the others did not even managed to react before they were crushed into pulp, leaving only traces of flesh and blood on the ground. Blood kept flowing out from under the Mech.

Garen was expressionless. He did not even look at the blood by his feet before slowly walking forward and slipping into the cockpit.

In the sky, Veci saw this scene unfold and was totally dumbfounded. Adding to that, her two companions were as dumbfounded as she was.

He could precisely throw up a piece of metal weighing a hundred kilograms with flesh and blood, accurately smash apart the metallic rope tied around the Mech. Although the armour of the Mech had been tampered with to ensure its toughness was stronger than any normal metal, the metallic rope that was found hastily did not have the same toughness.

"Weng..."

The eyes of the black Mech on the ground lit up. A strong and terrifying aura spread and the Level Five Willpower and Field activated.

The black Mech pushed the ground with both its hands and jumped upwards with its thrusters releasing blue flames behind it while charging towards the three in the sky.

“L-Level Five Pilot!?!?” Veci’s eyes showed traces of fear. “Run!!”

She roared. There was no will to even resist it in her heart so she directly activated the largest output of the thruster and flew away.

The talent of a pilot also had its limits. This talent decided not only the speed but also the upper limit of the training method.

Those with a normal talent had a limit to their willpower. Even if they spent their lifetime in training, they would only be able to reach a certain level of their own limit, which was Level Four.

Only excellent pilots could reach Level Five in their lifetime and it was the level of those who were instructors and professors in academies.

Veci herself was one of the most outstanding people in the V Academy. She naturally understood what Level Five pilots signified.

The talent of a pilot was the innate limit of the body. The body was like a fixed basin and the amount of water the basin could hold was fixed from birth. Normal people were limited at Level Four and outstanding ones could become Level Five. The world of Level Five pilots was different from normal people. They did not seek wealth, but instead something ethereal like Resonance pilot and Inheriting pilot.

Due to the fact that the limit of a human body was Level Five, only with the help of Exclusive Mech with a resonance degree could they gradually improve their talent and improve even further.

Veci was already thirty years old and was close to graduation but had barely entered the initial stage of Level Four. If she did not earn some money now, she would not be able to enter and exit the radiation belt with the academy’s name. She would also lose the method which would enable her to earn a lot of money.

However, the change that had happened was something she had never thought of.

Without another word, the three Mechas flew away with full power.

“One Level Four and two Level Three. This kind of trash dares to meddle with my Mech?” Garen sat inside the cockpit and moved his Willpower.

Crouched Eagle Talons’ explosive force burst and a circle of white gas bloomed and slowly spread out.

Comparing explosive force in limited range, the Crouched Eagle Talons was comparable to those training methods that were quite good!!

The black Mech became a black line and his standard was a level higher than the other three. Those three Mechs were branded Mech that could be found in the market and was similar to Battlenet’s Mechs, which used civilian technology. Compared to the military’s Blackboard Captain-class Mech, they were inferior and no to mention that Garen himself had a skill that allowed him to speed up his flying.

Garen’s Mech shot out as fast as lightning with both arms open like a large black bird. One of his arms got around the neck of Vici’s Mech and in a flash, he had all three Mechs by their necks in his arm. He mercilessly slammed them down onto the ground which caused a gust of wind to pass.

Peng! Boom!

The three Mechs that were caught in his arms like slices of bread were smashed violently onto the ground, causing the whole Flying Batoid City to tremble.

One of the Mechs who would not bear the impact exploded into flames and fragments, causing the other two Mech pilots that were to scream in panic. Due to the close proximity, both Mechs were greatly damaged and burnt.

“Don’t kill me, I beg you!”

Sounds of cries and screams came from inside Veci’s cockpit. This woman was on the verge of collapse and the moment of greed caused her endless remorse. She had always had a careful attitude, even

when she was out in the radiation belt so that she could avoid disaster again. She never thought that one time of greediness could cause such a consequence.

Garen pulled out a sword from the waist of one of the Mechs and stabbed the cockpit of another Mech by his side. A subtle sound came from inside and then blood started flowing along the sword. The armor that was heated up by the explosion then evaporated the blood, which caused a fishy smell and a hissing sound.

While ignoring her pleading cries, Garen tore off the sensor on Veci's Mech, along with other things he needed like scabbard. Within a flash, the sword in his hand chopped off all four limbs of the blue Mech. The strong armor of the Mech was no different to tofu under his sword skill. This was not the only difference in their Mechs' specs. Although it was only a common, standard sword, it had transformed into a weapon of God in Garen's hand. His understanding of the gaps in the Mechs' Body allowed him to cut through them easily.

"No!!!" Veci seemed to have noticed her end and her body jerked.

Chi!!

The tip of the sword pierced through the cockpit without even a hint of hindrance.

Her voice stopped.

Garen stood up and stowed the blue sword in his hand. This came just in time as both his swords had corroded and now, he had obtained another weapon to use.

Opening the cockpit, he started inspecting the bodies on the pilot. One of them were completely unrecognizable due to the explosion and nothing much remained while the other was penniless and had nothing valuable.

As for Veci's body, he found a V Academy's eighth year student card and a silver-white identity card. He brought them both back to his Mech and read the information inside. On the identity card was written something like Namu Clan.

“Such a small clan and yet she dare rob them?” Garen helplessly said.

The Mech went back to the hangar where all the workers had already gathered. With Vendant in the lead, they were all kneeling with their heads hanging down and did not dare move a muscle. There were pieces of debris that had flew and fallen at their side with the edges covered in blood. Vendant and the others’ heads and backs were covered in blood and wounds. Apparently, the debris had fallen on them and caused those injuries.

Other people were gathered at the side with bewildered expressions on their faces.

“Find out who helped those three pilots and get rid of them”, Garen said. The Mech slowly fell and Garen came out of the cockpit and jumped down. He got out of the hangar while ignoring the people who were kneeling. This allowed Vendant and the others to sigh in relief.

In radiation belt, the most worthless thing was human life. They thought they were going to die for sure but did not expect that Garen would spare their lives. If it were other people in the radiation belt, they would have been executed at the first sign. There were too many people that were implicated in genocide due to the failure of important tasks they were in charge of. There would also be people ready to join Flying Batoid City out there.

Garen had not gotten far away from the hangar before there were cries pleading for mercy. Unexpectedly, just as he returned to his small courtyard, he saw the crowd standing outside, staring at a figure in a black cloak.

All the radioactive people only dared to stay outside the courtyard but this man dared to stand in the middle of it and he seemed to be waiting for Garen to come back. As though sensing his line of eyesight, the man turned around and revealed a face covered by a silver white mask.

“I’ve been waiting for you.”

Chapter 913

“Who are you?” The black cloak chuckled.

“Waiting for me?”

Garen froze. He had left Blackboard Academy not long ago as it was under absolute secrecy. Moreover, no one knew of the route and time of his return. So, how did this person find him here?

There was doubt in his mind, so he separated from the crowds and walked over to the man.

"A few days ago, we found some abnormal energy reaction from somewhere in this area"

The man's purple lips under his cape did not move and yet, his voice passed perfectly into Garen's ears.

Garen noticed that the crowd around him did not give any attention because no one else heard this person speak.

"We'll talk more when we get inside," the man said while he strode into the courtyard. He then waved his hand and the for of the courtyard was instantly shut, blocking the view of the outsiders.

Regarding his Mech, the incident just now was a trivial matter. It would be considered not bad if there were a few people who would come here the whole year long. No pilots in the inner region were willing to come here and take the risk of contracting the radiation disease. Most of them could do other tasks to earn money. Although it may take more time, safety was a priority.

The previous incident of snatching Master Energy Ore was a one in a thousandth percentage.

Garen however, was not worried. His cabin was completely locked and unless someone was a high-level with decrypting talent, they would not be able to open the door unless they move the entire Mech away. However, this was his teacher's Black Flood Party's patrolling site. Even if they ran away, he could contact the patrolling powerhouse anything to get it back. Furthermore, White Light's people would not dare mess around within an area of ten thousand meters.

"There's no need. Here will do," the man said as he flung his arm. A black shadow shot out accurately at Garen and his hand caught it.

Garen looked and saw that in his hand, was a pitch-black metal key. It was simple and antique-looking. It looked like any ordinary key that had been used for a long time, except that there were very few notches on its side, only a single one.

“This is one of the identities of an Energy Machinist. You have succeeded in becoming a Level One Energy Machinist and are eligible to enter the energy trading market”, the black-cloaked man said with a deep tone.

“Energy Machinist?” Garen was surprised. He had never told anyone about his breakthrough to Level One Energy Machinist Willpower. He did not expect the other party to find him that quickly and pass him this so-called key.

“Who are you guys?” Garen asked with narrowed eyes.

“Federation of Energy Machinists. You will understand when you enter the market, but please do not expose the location of the Energy Market even though it will shift once in a while”, the man chuckled.

“Alright, young lad, see you when I see you.”

He flapped his cloak, turned around and headed towards the small garden of the courtyard. As he walked between the flowers, his body started to fade and become increasingly transparent until it completely vanished.

“What means is this!?” Garen was shocked in his mind. He had never seen such a hand even in Secret Technique World and Totem World. As he thought around it, this was the era of great cosmic science and technology and any kind of technology suddenly appearing was not impossible. It could be invisibility or some other kind of powerful skill, no one could know for sure.

“Energy Market...”, holding the key in his hand, Garen felt for the first time that this world was not as simple as he had imagined it to be. Pilots were probably only one of the segments here.

Garen was not very bothered because the other party did not seem to have any bad intentions, so he carefully tucked away the key.

It had been days since Veci and the others of the V Academy had been killed. Garen continued to stay in Flying Batoid City as he waited for the return of the team sent out by City Master to look for Clint and others. At the same time, he was also collecting materials for the making of biochemical pool in Flying Batoid City. The outgoing search party finally returned after seven days and brought some not-so-good news with them.

The whereabouts of Clint and others had been tracked down, but they seemed to be pursued by White Light's people.

"Pursued?"

Garen sat in his own courtyard. The hand that was flipping the pages of an old book paused momentarily.

"What is the strength of those who are pursuing them?"

The one reporting was Vendant, who still had a white gauze on his face. He bent over to answer.

"We do not know much about their exact strength, but as we observed from a distance, they were at least Level Three elite Mech soldiers. Shining Mech seems to be involved as well."

"Oh?" Garen was dazed. Shining Mech was the level of the Red-White which he killed off last time in the inner region, Level Five. It also relied on special Mech ability and its capability was very strong. Of course, not all Shining Mech were of Level Five only. There had to be a powerhouse with resonance degree.

But what astounded him was that resonance degree could only be stimulated with an Exclusive Mech. So how did the Shining Mechs coordinate and stimulate it? Was it relayed over to the person to adapt to the Mech's body?

"What is the situation of the people who were being pursued?"

“Unclear. However, the Shining Mechs were roaming around and should still be searching on a vast scale. It’s very likely that they have not been found yet. Our people dared not to get too close in fear that we might be killed by the other party”, Vendant replied softly.

Garen lightly put down the book in his hands and began to deliberate.

He had to make sure that Baylon was alright before he could bring the news back to his family. After all, he needed to construct the main frame of his Exclusive Mech which meant that he would head back for a long time before being able to come out again. Although not all the materials had been found, some of the less important parts could be bought with Universal Units nonetheless.

“No, no”, a voice suddenly rang in his mind.

“Red Moon?” Garen immediately responded. He waved off Vendant and at the same time, passed him the tech information that City Master needed and let him take it away. It was remuneration for helping him search for the materials of the biochemical pool.

After Vendant had left the courtyard with the others and shut the door, Garen had Little Bitch sit on his lap, reach out his hands and caressed freely while conversing with Red Moon in his mind.

“That’s right. It’s me. Finally, the signal is clear. The radiation interference is too strong.” Red Moon let out a heavy breath. “Looks liked you should be very near to where we are. You must come over right away to rescue them.”

“Rescue them?”

“Clint is dying and Lonnie can’t hold on much longer as well. If you don’t come, they will all die!” Red Moon briefly said.

“What’s the matter? How much longer can they hold out?” Garen’s gaze became serious.

“Three days. If you don’t come, then there really is no hope. I can only cover for them for three more days at the most. My energy is running out”, Red Moon said helplessly. “Lonnie has contracted radiation disease and it’s quite serious. Her whole body has wilted and she has become extremely skinny. Clint is also heavily injured and his wounds are seriously infected. In order to seize some medication to slow down Lonnie’s radiation disease, he...Sigh, you will know when you get here.”

“Specific location”, Garen said with unrest in his voice. He had achieved one of his goals of this trip. As long as they were not dead, with current science and technology means of treatment, they could still be saved.

“I will point out the direction for you! It’s not far from Flying Batoid City, but be careful of White Light’s Shining Mech! They have dispatched many elites in search of the core!” Red Moon said solemnly. “Don’t bring anyone else. Our situation is very dangerous! Whether is it White Light or other people from the region, they are all seeking us!”

Disconnecting, Garen could clearly feel Red Moon’s Willpower leaving rapidly.

Pushing off Little Bitch, he got up, pushed open the door and instructed the two soldiers who were standing guard.

“Prepare for me the anti-injury and anti-radiation drugs. Two standard sets!”

“Yes, sir!” The two guards looked at each other. One of them quickly ran to the medical center in the city. Since all the expenses were reimbursed by City Master Quarters, just recording it directly in the bookkeeping would do.

Soon, two standard medical treatment packages were placed in front of Garen. The small, white, square packages contained anti-inflammatory drugs, large portions of anti-radiation drugs, bactericidal water, gauze tape for dressing, blood test device, some oral medicine and more.

After examining them, Garen took them and headed out of Flying Batoid City alone.

Inside a concealed small cave in the underground hundreds of meter away from Flying Batoid City.

Clint was straining to carry Lonnie's body and walking deeper into the cave one step at a time.

He had found the anti-radiation medicine, but the amount the Shining Mechs had with them were far too little. Although it was stolen by Red Moon, the dose could only be used to prevent mitigation. It was not much of a help for Lonnie's condition.

After the two miraculously stole the medicine from the Shining Mechs, in their moment of exhaustion, they finally managed to make one last leap and fled away.

"Almost there. It's right in front." Deep in the cave, a dark-skinned girl with many little black braids was walking in front of Clint. She held a fire torch and her body had the obvious odor of radiation disease. In the midst of the burning sound of the torch, it reflected her thin and slender body and face.

It was this girl who had rescued them when Clint had fainted and helped them from being found by White Light's patrolling searching-soldiers.

"Lola, how much longer to arrival?" Clint did not have a trace of blood on his face. His lips were cracked and his skin was as if it had been soaked in water, white and blistering. It gave off a feeling of puffiness and his entire body had expanded. Some places even appeared swollen and purple.

"Soon, soon. We usually live in the underground of the city. All the people there are those who could not survive on the ground. They are either wanted criminals, or the resisting strength that are being hunted down everywhere", the girl revealed her white teeth as she turned back and said smilingly.

"Resisting strength? Resist what?" Clint's voice was a bit hoarse as he asked.

"Of course it is against those who caused us to fall to this point. Regions, each big region, all the people of the region are our target of resistance", the girl said in a low voice. "Some called us the Underground Rebel Army."

"Underground Rebel Army?" It was the first time Clint had heard of this term.

“We have been observing you for a long time. The hut where you previously lived in was one of our temporary strongholds. It was our people who planned to rest there but unexpectedly found you two there”, the little girl, Lola, briefly explained. “Then we found out that you are newcomers who have just came out from the region and are being hunted and struck everywhere , and did not even have the awareness of basic self-protection. It was extremely miserable. Even our children are better than you.”

The girl Lola’s words made Clint speechless and his face flushed.

‘Uueehh!’

His throat had a sudden itch and he vomited a mouthful of blood.

Purple blood with tiny black worms that were vaguely seen crawling in it.

“This... This is...” Clint saw that there were actually worms in his blood. His heart instantly became cold and he was terrified. Standing on the spot with his face looking defeated, “Lord... How much longer can I live...?” he asked tremblingly in his heart.

“If all goes well... three hours.” Red Moon paused for a moment before replying in a low voice.

Chapter 914: Rescue 2

“These are bloodworms!!” Lola who was in front, heard the commotion and looked back, she was instantly taken aback. Looking down at the blood and spotting the worms, she was so frightened that she immediately took a big step back.

“You!”

She looked up shockingly at Clint and the dry body that he was carrying by his side which looked more like a dead body.

After being parasitized by bloodworms, people could not live for more than five hours. This was common sense in the radiation belt. Thinking of this, Lola looked at the disastrous-looking face of this young man and her heart sank.

“Looks like I’m going to die”, Clint sat down on the floor, too demotivated to continue the journey. He was going to die anyway, continuing the journey or not would end up with the same result.

“I’ll go get you medicine! There is a way for blood filariasis!” Lola gritted her teeth and swiftly ran deep into the cave, but she understood that it would take at least six hours to go to and fro. This amount of time was not enough at all. Furthermore, the medicine for bloodworms was an extremely expensive drug in the Underground Cave Rebel Army.

“I’ll tell uncle. There may be a glimmer of hope!” Lola made up her mind and quickly sped up, running deep into the cave.

Clint sat down at the side of the cave hole and looked up at the surrounding cave walls. There was a faint green light on the wall. It was the only lighting in the cave.

He touched his right rib, where a fist-sized blood-hole wound was. The flesh on the edge had rotted and there were many tiny bloodworms growing there. These black, earthworm-like bugs were constantly worming in and out of the flesh and blood. Yet, Clint did not feel pain because the nerves were already paralyzed.

From the blood hole of this wound, he could even reach in with his hand to touch his internal organs.

The stench that he was emitting was growing stronger.

“This time will really not work...” Clint sat down helplessly. There was deep fear and panic in his eyes, so much so that his voice was trembling.

“Hold on!” Red Moon encouraged. “There is still hope! Believe me!”

“I wonder what my sister is doing...” Clint blankly stared in front of him, but his consciousness had drifted off elsewhere.

He did not even dare to look at his own body because it was so unbearable that it made him contemplate taking his own life.

Lonnie had been in a coma for a long time. Although he had given her radiation drugs, the dose was not strong enough and her situation was still deteriorating. Perhaps it would not take long for her to die like him.

Time went by, minutes and seconds.

Garen sprinted across the grassland. He had a simple miniature-Mech on him. His body was almost floating on the ground. Every time his feet touched the ground, he had ran approximately seven or eight meters. It was very scary, almost the same as the average Mech’s low-flying speed.

Suddenly, he stopped in his track and dropped onto the edge of a deep pit in the grassland.

This pit was obviously the remnants of a bomb blast. Some fragmentary components of the Blackboard Mech’s body were faintly visible inside. Clearly, there was a confrontation between Blackboard patrols and White Light soldiers.

‘Whirrr...’

A white Mech flew at a low altitude and was rushing towards Garen. Without any inquiries or speech, it gave a slash of the knife, as if to cut Garen into half.

“The hell with you!!” Garen looked up and thrust out a strong Willpower Pierce.

With a loud bang, the white Mech fell to the ground, rolled a few times and there was no more movement.

An ordinary Level Three Mech soldier, even with the Mech's outer armor, was no opponent to Garen's single Willpower Pierce. Without reaching Level Five, even with the Mech, one would not be the opponent of Level Five in close range. Once the moves were seen through, a Willpower Pierce within a range of ten meters would end the battle.

Therefore, pilots of Level Five and above were very dangerous. They generally used long-range focused attacks.

The Mech rolled on the ground. Garen approached it and wanted to pull the cabin door open but the door was tough and the switch could not be easily destroyed by him. He could only let it be, so he jumped off the Mech's body and rushed towards the direction pointed out by Red Moon.

Clint's death would have a very troublesome effect on him. It would cause him to lose the Willpower.

Fortunately, as he dispelled the nameless Willpower, the Willpower that this imprint could affect would only be Crouched Eagle Talon. It would not have any effect towards the Energy Machinist Willpower that was acquired later on.

Obviously, this imprint was aimed at the previously accumulated Willpower. But for the part that was completely re-cultivate later, there was no way to implicate it.

"That is, if I completely break off the connection with Red Moon and destroy the last layer of the nameless Willpower, then the imprint will be destroyed and the Level Four Crouched Eagle Talon will be affected and completely destroyed as well, leaving only the residual remains of Level One."

Garen thought about it while dashing. He was not one to be controlled by others.

"For other people, this loss is huge, but for me, it is not a big issue. As long as there is potential, re-cultivating is not a big problem!"

“It’s just that this connection with Forbidden core may be useful in the future. It’s a pity if it’s broken”

He made up his mind that this imprint could serve as the key to connecting with Red Moon. Clint and the group did not look like they would easily die off. Red Moon, this mysterious Forbidden Core, was definitely not a simple character and might be of great use later on.

Unconsciously, the location that was established with Red Moon gradually appeared in his field of vision.

Suddenly, Garen made a leap and easily hid in a grassland radiation ditch by the side. He laid flat on his body and soaked his entire body in the ditch, masking the temperature and the color of the miniature-Mech.

Three White Light soldiers roared past overhead and held a rifle-like weapon in their hands.

Two of them had two horizontal lines engraved on them while the other only had one. Judging by the Mech’s Willpower force field, it was apparent that they were two Level Two soldiers and one Level One soldier.

After waiting for the three Mech soldiers to fly away, Garen jumped up and rushed forward with a spray of water.

Very quickly, he evaded the White Light patrolling soldiers a few more times and finally came to the location where Red Moon had pointed out.

Opening a camouflage mud-board on the ground, the deep black tunnel below was exposed. Garen jumped into it and closed the lid with a backhand.

The moment he hid inside, Garen felt the horrifying vibration of Willpower exploding on the ground outside.

The ground shook violently, like an earthquake.

“This is...!!??” Garen hid in the ground and did not immediately go down. He stopped in his track and carefully felt the movement on the outside.

Suddenly, there was a frantic laughter outside and it seemed like it belonged to a man.

“Hahahaha!! Run! Still want to run?? After killing the people under my command, you actually dare to run!”

Boom!!

Another violent wave of vibration came and the earth seemed to tremble.

Garen tensed up and felt that someone was fighting outside.

“Karfi! Don’t go too far!! This is our White Light area!” Another man shouted angrily.

“What about it! If I want to chase, I chase. If I want to kill, I kill!!” Karfi said coldly. “Double-end Robbing! Die!!”

“You... actually broke through Inheriting level...!!”

Before the voice fell off, a fierce wave of force field once again shook the entire ground.

Even Garen, who was hiding in the ground, felt a numbness in his body.

“This... is Inheriting level!”

Garen looked up as if to see through the mud and watch the battle on the outside.

He now noticed this wave of force field. Similar to the Red Whale's battle he had watched, this was also of Inheriting level!

"Karfi... the existence of Three Marshalls and One Star, similar as Medero, is terrifying. Some time ago, there was news that Medero had broken through to Level Five Twin Moon Level. After suppressing himself for so long, he finally reached the peak of Twin Moon in one-shot. Unexpectedly, the same Three Marshalls Karfi also broke through Inheriting level. Truly the top talent of this era!"

Garen mused. The progressing speed of these geniuses were horrific. Some accumulated non-stop while some were not known. If it were not for coincidentally coming across Karfi battling White Light's high-level pilot here, he probably would not even know that Karfi had already broken through Inheriting level.

"Master Nottingham would not let you off! Retreat!!" There seemed to be someone else. After that, the friction of the beam cannons with the air produced strange tearing sounds.

In Karfi's mad laughter, it seemed that he had killed some of White Light's people. Then, it was completely quiet on the outside. Finally, it was the sound of the Mech flying away.

Garen slowly walked and headed towards the deeper parts of the cave silently. He did not expect that the so-called task of Three Marshalls would be coming directly to this outer region field to hone themselves. The progressing speed of these geniuses was extremely scary. Perhaps in less than a few years' time, there would be a qualitative change.

Among Medero the trio, he wondered who else had broken through Inheriting level, whether it was a recent breakthrough, or had already made a breakthrough long ago but stayed hidden.

After all, the trio had become Three Marshalls for many years.

Taking a deep breath and throwing off these thoughts, Garen sped up.

"After dealing with all these issues, then it's putting all the effort into creating my Exclusive Mech! I must step into the resonance level as soon as possible!"

There were still some potential points that were sufficient for the time being. The main thing was to improve his strength first, so that he could be better emboldened to compete for resources and at the same time, have better capability to collect the new Staff of Absolute Yin!

Accelerating his pace, Garen took the medical package and quickly ran towards Red Moon's location point. His speed was getting increasingly faster!

Soon, a glowing light red dot appeared in front of Garen's view.

Clint's disastrous face was facing him and he was already unconscious.

"Hurry! Clint is going to die! It's blood filariasis!" Red Moon's voice sounded panicky, but it was also very weak. "My accumulated energy was used to forcibly jump once. I can't hold on any longer. Everything up next will depend on you!"

"Got it!" ,Garen nodded. That little red light finally was unable to hold out and completely extinguished.

Garen lifted Clint's eyelid and examined his eyes. He quickly took off his jacket and saw the terrible wound and the black tiny worms that were worming in and out of the blood vessels near the wound.

"Humph!"

Garen placed his hand on Clint's chest. The Secret Technique was a practitioner's high-level technique and Quake, was initiated. Due to his power in reaching the peak of Martial Arts realm, Garen was able to precisely control the vibrations to kill all the bloodworms inside of Clint's body.

These worms were much more fragile than flesh and bones and so, they were all killed instantly.

Garen reached out and gave a hard smack. Clint instantly vomited a large mouthful of blood and the floor was covered with the corpse of worms and it was all black.

Pulling off a halved-worm from Clint's mouth, Garen quickly examined his physical condition. His fingertips gently stroked the wound under the ribs and a large piece of rotting flesh was cut off.

In Totem World, Garen was a leading biochemical expert who could perform a heart fusion transplant on himself, not to mention this kind of common emergency surgery.

After stopping the blood using a vein-cutting manner, he then opened the medical bag and took out the drugs. Quickly feeding Clint the drugs to kill the worms in the body, he disinfected, sutured and dressed the wound. Garen then looked at Lonnie who was by the side.

Baylon was already emaciated. The entire person looked like a patient suffering from muscular dystrophy for a long time, delicate and fragile. Her skin was somewhat transparent and she was unconscious as well.

First, she was consecutively given three doses of anti-radiation drugs. Then, Garen quickly took off her clothes and began a full body examination for the spots that had the most serious accumulation of the radiation germs.

The parts underneath the skin that had the most radiation germs could be clearly identified through the color of the skin.

There were too many radiation germs on Lonnie's body. Even the bloodworms in Clint's body did not dare to worm in.

Large chunks of purple-black skin resembled one huge black mole after another. Lonnie's entire body was shrivelled, like being soaked in water for a long time. The skin was completely inflexible and apart from the black moles, it was terrifying white and pale, completely unrecognizable as a human.

Using fingernail instead of a scalpel, the severely infected skin of Baylon was cut off and covered with artificial skin. After suturing, Garen quickly looked for a blood bag and began a blood transfusion for Baylon.

Two bags of blood flowed into the body rapidly under his fingering method.

Baylon's heart was instantly filled with new vitality and gradually began to recover. The anti-radiation drugs also started to show its effect. Most of the radiation germs began to vanish as they were killed.

Like a miracle, Baylon's body seemed to be like a blown-up doll. The thin body shell slowly recovered in a speed visible to the naked eye and returned to its normal appearance. The over-whiteness of the skin was completely gone and the soft-breasted chest on the body also began to slowly rise.

When Garen saw this scene, he was stunned and slightly displeased. Some of the emotions originating from Nonosiva affected him and caused frustration. A good brother actually underwent sex reassignment surgery and became a sister!

But looking at that pair of plump breasts, Garen did not see any traces of surgery. This made him somewhat puzzled and stretched out his hands to squeeze it. The feel was very natural!

"What?"

After all, parts of Nonosiva's memories in Garen were still somewhat worried about his younger brother and sister. Although he had always looked down upon them, they were still this body's only family in this world.

He could not help but reach out and carefully rub again, looking for signs of surgery left, right, up and down. And yet, there was no sign of the slightest.

Garen's eyes narrowed and felt that something was off.

Suddenly, he reached out, grabbed Lonnie's trousers and pulled it down.

Baylon's pants were taken off together with her panties.

The entire lower body was completely exposed in front of Garen.

"This!!" He scrutinized. It was totally a girl's construction.

“It’s not sex reassignment surgery! Even if this world’s biomedical technology is powerful, there would still be traces of it! This was not something that can be caused by surgery!”

Garen quickly put Lonnie’s pants back on and stood up.

“Was it the influence of the training method?” He suddenly thought of a possibility, silently watching the two lying on the ground.

Chapter 915: Two Years 1

Whether it was the effect of the training method or not, it was likely to be related to Red Moon.

A glimpse of understanding flashed through Garen’s mind.

The origin of Red Moon, this Forbidden Core, was very mysterious. No one knew how it came to Mother Planet, or how he was involved with Clint.

Pushing aside these thoughts, Garen reviewed the injuries of the two. Now he was faced with a dilemma, should he bring them back?

“People with radiation disease were not allowed to enter the inner region at all. This is unavoidable... Once discovered, they will have to be executed immediately.” Garen knew about this rule. “But if I don’t take them back, there are battles everywhere on the outside... Security is also a big issue.”

After contemplating in his heart, Garen squatted down and still did not choose to take the two away. With Red Moon here, both of them should not have too many problems. Since they had overcome difficult and dangerous situations before, what might come next would just be a little hardship at the most.

Furthermore, when he had just checked, he discovered that the Willpower of both of them had actually broke through to Level Two. And in the light Level Two fluctuations, there vaguely was the general pilot's Level Three or Four. It simply was terrifying.

"Indeed it's Red Moon, the existence of Forbidden Core... In this kind of in-defiance-of-nature training method, advancing one level is equivalent to other people advancing two or three levels." While being astounded at the same time, Garen cautiously left some medicine and necessary pure drinking water behind. Eventually, he chose to leave.

Staying in the radiation belt now with the care of Red Moon, perhaps this was the greatest training for them.

Radiation disease might affect the body's immune system, life expectancy, and body constitution, but even so, there was Red Moon. To live past fifty or sixty years was definitely not a problem. Even seventy or eighty years was not impossible. This guy's means seemed to be endless.

It was also said that when the pilot's Willpower reached Inheriting level, there would be physical reincarnation, which would remove most of the symptoms of the disease.

After carefully inspecting for dangerous creatures around and determining that there was no danger, Garen chose to leave quietly.

He could not have any ties with Clint and the other two at this stage and must not allow others to know of this relationship. Both Blackboard and White Light were currently searching for them both and the temptation of Forbidden Core was simply deadly for a pilot's force.

Garen quickly returned following the original way he had come from. He believed that Red Moon would handle the situation well. This was White Light's patrol area. If he did not hurry to leave, the battle just now would definitely attract a large number of high-level White Light pilots and that would only make it harder to leave.

As he opened the mud-board at the entrance of the tunnel, Garen quickly rolled over and rushed out, speedily leaving and heading towards the way that he had come from. The mud-board slowly fell back into place and before it had touched the ground, his figure had already disappeared at the end of the plain.

In the underpass, depths of the tunnel beside the unconscious Clint and Baylon, subtle footsteps could be heard.

In the darkness, an ordinary middle-aged man dressed in brown leather slowly emerged and was whistling. Suddenly, he saw Clint lying on the edge of the tunnel.

“What?”

His eyes flashed and he instantly fixed his sight on Baylon among the two. Fair-skinned, beautiful facial features, high chest, and slim waist; this was simply the highest grade kind of young girl to radiation people.

Gulp. The man swallowed his saliva, quickly walked over and squatted down.

“Hey, wake up”, he pushed Baylon’s arm.

No response.

“Still alive? Wake up, wake up!” He continued to push Clint’s arm. Seeing that there was no response from the two, the man’s throat bobbed even more. He reached out his quivering hands towards Baylon’s towering breast.

Pap.

Suddenly, something seemed to roll down from Clint’s body just as he moved.

His line of sight moved towards it, but he could not withdraw it again. Even the sight of Baylon that had attracted him previously could not cause him to return his gaze.

“Water, it actually is pure water!!”

It was a transparent glass bottle filled with clear water. That type of clear-color water, at a glance, could only appear in at least grade two or higher grade pure water!!

In the radiation belt, the lower the radiation level of pure water, the better the water quality and the more effective it was for radiation people to detoxify.

Consuming true pure water without radiation in large amount could discharge the radiation viruses out of the radiation people's body and result in the lowest one percent of radiation constitution. This kind of radiation constitution could greatly enhance life expectancy. The general body constitution of radiation people had about fifty percent degree of radiation. This was the counterbalance achieved between the body's immune system and the radiation virus. The lower the degree of radiation, life expectancy and what not would increase.

It was said that the highest one percent of radiation constitution could even live longer than those in the inner region. Perhaps the long-term radiation variation had changed the constitution of the people in the outer region so that they became more robust. As long as there was enough pure water, they could exceed the weak body constitution of the inner region people who were like hothouse flowers.

Gulp...

Another greedy bobbing sound from the throat. The middle-aged man's claws reached out and with lightning speed, grabbed the bottle of pure water. He dared not open it hastily as he was afraid of polluting the water.

Then, he quickly found some anti-inflammatory drugs, anti-radiation drugs, and other things left behind by Garen beside Clint.

These things were basically expensive items in the radiation belt. The middle-aged man who quickly collected the good things, could not suppress his excitement. When he looked at the two people, a murderous look flashed in his eyes.

"If I kill these two people, then these things will all be mine..."

This idea continued to turn over in his mind.

He slowly extended his hand and bit by bit, stretched it out towards Clint's throat.

"Whoo..."

A strong wave of Willpower force field suddenly spread out. Clint made a sound and so happened to slowly regained consciousness.

A pair of eyes directly met the middle-aged man.

He blinked and realized that his injuries were much better. He looked at the medical bandage and other objects that were in the man's other hand.

"Was it you who saved us?" he asked blankly. After examining Lonnie who was beside, it seemed that her situation had also improved by a great deal.

The man was just an ordinary person with Level One Willpower. At this time, his face was a little stiff. Feeling the force field of Level Two with its amplitude actually exceeding that of a Level Three pilot's force field, his heart trembled.

He managed to squeeze a smile.

"These bandages, these medicines..." Clint's eyes widened and instantly got up. "Thank you so much!" He bowed his head low. "If it weren't for you, who knows what would have happened to my companion and I!"

Looking at the unabashed, pure gratitude on Clint's face, a flash of doubt appeared in the eyes of the man.

Was this guy not aware of the existence of the medicine?

“What happened to you guys? How come you’re here?” He tried to make himself smile more naturally and asked gently.

“My partner and I were seriously injured. There was no other way. When we arrived here, we were completely unconscious. We haven’t had water and food for two days.” Clint said with a wry smile. Through this journey of experience, the originally-somewhat-naïve-him had become a little serious now.

“It’s alright now that you’re fine. It’s alright.”

“I really can’t thank you enough”, Clint knew how important the medicine and water were in the radiation belt. His eyes were full of gratefulness. “If it weren’t for you, we would probably really have died here.”

“It’s nothing, it’s nothing. Seeing you is like seeing my younger brother and sister.” When the man had confirmed that the person before him really did not seem to know anything at all, he was overjoyed. At the same time, he also began to play pretense.

“My name is Clint. She is Lonnie. And you are?”, Clint introduced himself.

“This is where the Underground Rebel Army is. I am a member of it. How did you come here?” the man asked.

“We came in with a girl named Lola. If it weren’t for her, we would already be...” Clint said helplessly. “She had previously said that she would go and take some medicine for us. She should be back soon. ”

“So, that’s how it is.” The man’s eyes flickered. “I’m Ning’en. I have lived here for four years. If you don’t have a place to go to, just come with me. At least I can lead you the way.” He was now completely certain that the two individuals in front of him were indeed unaware of the medicine and water on them. Otherwise, they would not have said that Lola had gone to get some medicine for them.

Although he was unclear of what was going on, it was impossible for him to give up such a large sum of wealth. He had to secure these two people first before anything else!

He also knew Lola, that child, who was relatively well-known in this area. She particularly liked helping people and could be considered as an unusual being among the radiation people. She was still willing to continue helping others no matter how much losses she had suffered.

“Really thank you so much!” Clint immediately rejoiced.

“Come with me. I will inform Lola”, the man smiled and his facial expression was much more natural.

Upon returning to Flying Batoid City, Garen went to the City Master’s material warehouse and exchanged some of the required radioactive materials with the little remaining drinking water. Although the main material of the biochemical pool was not found, other auxiliary materials were available and they were all prepared in many portions. After all, he was also afraid of failure. Novices naturally had to prepare more.

For the rest of the time, he either cultivated his Willpower or went to the hangar to look at how the repair of his Mech’s outer shell was progressing. It just needed a little covering of an outer layer shell. Regarding the Mastery Energy Ore inside, after the last incident, the people here were now keeping a strict watch. The City Master had sent a large group of miniature-Mech soldiers to stand guard and at the same time, changed a maintenance point for Garen, which belonged to his personal maintenance ground. This greatly enhanced the security.

Nobody here knew what the Mastery Energy Ore was like. Without Garen unlocking the cabin himself, unless the cabin was forcibly broken into, no one could open the door to see what was on the inside. This was because Garen learned his lesson and had filled the inside with lots of yellow smoke gas, completely covering all of the Mastery Energy Ore. At the same time, the transparent cabin shell was painted black so that people could not see the things that were on the inside.

After taking such measures, adding to the protection of City Master, the safety factor rose greatly.

There would only be a few pilots flying through Flying Batoid City in a year. Under normal circumstances, no pilots were willing to deal with radiation people too much. Therefore, the last situation was really a result of Garen’s poor luck.

After a few days had passed, the materials had been bought back, and no more new types of radiation materials had been found, only then did Garen decided to leave. Although he did not reach the final destination of this trip since he was intercepted and had to turn back halfway, the overall goal was still achieved and the material used to construct the Mech's body had been found. The auxiliary materials for the Energy Machinist's biochemical pool were also at hand. However, what was troublesome was that many of the materials for the biochemical pool had a shelf life. Some of them could only last a very short period of time, just a few days. Garen's use of cold storage could only extend their shelf life to half a month.

After rearranging and checking the situation of the Mech's body, he supplemented and traded some energy batteries. Finally, he took off and left Flying Batoid City, flying speedily towards the direction of Blackboard Region.

This time back, he must build his Exclusive Mech and create a biochemical pool. The way of Energy Machinist should be the best path for him to develop his Living Secret Technique.

It did not matter back then since he did not know the special nature of this profession before and could only take the single route of being a pilot. But now that he knew of it, naturally he could not deviate from the main theme.

Garen intended to create his own Exclusive Mech while carrying out the transformation of the biochemical pool, developing both sides together. If he could do it, maybe the course of Energy Machinist would be his main direction.

Time flew by and in the flash of an eye, two years had already passed.

The battle between Blackboard Region and White Light went into a stalemate. In relation to Maria Academy challenging Blackboard Academy, no one could actually fight. After twenty-three consecutive wins, the friction between the students of both academies began to intensify.

Later on, one of the Three Marshalls and One Star, Karfi, continuously went out to hunt and kill the members of White Light. Once, he actually caught a Maria Region pilot mixing with White Light. Naturally, a war broke out.

There were continuously large and small-scale battles between the two sides. Maria Region publicly supported White Light, but the confrontation of Inheriting-level was not many. It seemed that both sides were constantly accumulating and suppressing their own strength, like two spring fists, constantly pushing back in order to erupt a powerful moment.

On the other side, Royal Region was involved with Central Academy of Mother Planet. All kinds of friendship exchange students' activities and so on were constantly being done as if taking the stance of sitting on the mountain and watching the tigers fight.

But everyone knew that this region must also be the source of support behind White Light Organization.

Polar Region, on the other hand, had an outbreak of civil war. There was a frictional conflict between the royal family and the territorial and aristocratic alliances. A large-scale civil war broke out and it had been surging for a time.

It seemed that the peaceful state that had been going on for decades would once again revert back into war.

As for Garen, after he returned to the region, he never went out but instead put all his effort into creating his Exclusive Mech, not giving Fila any chance to retaliate. It was a calm and peaceful period for him.

Chapter 916: Two Years 2

Somewhere in the underground space in Blackboard Academy, a simple Mech which only had its skeleton built was quietly erected inside the hangar. Unlike the surrounding black standard Mechs, this Mech's body was entirely made of the most advanced middle-grade material, using Erm Alloy Steel as its skeleton system. Through the empty skeleton, one could see the heart of the engine flashing a white light.

The entire Mech was like a giant's skeleton frame, but with a vibrant heart.

The Mech's body was seven meters tall, with a long tail like a Tyrannosaurus rex hanging behind it. Although the main body material had not yet been filled in, it had already given people a strong sense of terror.

Around the body were a large number of thick black cables connecting to it, as well as large and small robots that were constantly going up and down, working on the details. There were several engineers below executing remote commands.

The Mech's body was facing a white semi-circular observatory platform which extended from the wall. Although it was enclosed with thick, high-strength glass, the condition of the Mech could be clearly seen from the inside of it.

At this time, a few people were standing in the observatory platform.

All of them were wearing dark-black military uniforms and they were tall and striking. A tight black belt was pulled diagonally from the shoulder and buckled at the waist to give off a concise and capable temperament.

"Captain Nono, your Mech's body has been built for two years with an investment of 1.8 billion. The major systems are all in place, except for the last one. Filling in the main material will complete it all. I was wondering, if you are satisfied with the engineering process of our White Dragon Base?", a middle-aged man with short white hair asked with a faint smile.

As one of Blackboard Region's Black Flood Party in-house Mech manufacturing base, he had personally led his students and vice-president to oversee this Mech for two years, giving serious attention to this young man.

Using two years to build a Mech from scratch, especially an exclusive Mech, was not considered a long time. However, having half of the base concentrating on processing just one Mech, it was extremely shocking.

White Dragon Base manufactured hundreds of units of standard Mechs every year. Now all of them were discontinued in order to give way to this huge investment of exclusive Mech.

All this was due to the terrific strength of the young man in front of him.

Thinking of this, the man's heart could not help but trembled.

He looked at this strong, lion-like man standing in front of himself.

He was probably twenty-two years old but was already able to create his own Exclusive Mech... Such a genius was undoubtedly rare even in Black Flood Party. After all, a Level Five pilot, who was also this rich, was hard to come by, what more such a young one.

Hearing his question, the young man in front chuckled.

"Don't say that. These two years were all dependant on the full support of Major Baylor to reach this level of progress. If it were the normal manufacturing speed in other places, don't even think about it without at least three to five years. Many things could not be that easily arranged even with a lot of money."

"You are very modest, but for the next filling material, we will need you to prepare it as soon as possible. According to your plan for the Mech, the filling material must be of higher grade. For the best kind of materials to be used in a Level Five Mech, I'm afraid the cost..." Major Baylor didn't finish his sentence, but everybody knew what followed.

Such high-grade materials could not be bought with Universal Units.

Garen smiled and looked at the white shimmer that was wrapped around the engine of his Mech's body. In it were vague traces of blood. It was the special luster of Blood Silver.

In the past two years, he had sold most of the Mastery Energy Ore through his teacher and had gotten lots of the materials for the manufacturing of Exclusive Mech. However, because the materials he needed were too high-graded, it was very difficult to find all of them even through the exchange with his teacher. Therefore, after spending so much time, he had barely managed to gather most of the things. Now, he only lacked one thing, the main filling material of the Mech's body.

“The filling material must first meet the conductivity of Willpower. Then, it is the hardness index, tenacity index, memory metal index, corrosion resistance, radiation resistance, temperature tolerance, et cetera. I have carefully selected. The best one should be Ring Light Silver”, Garen replied.

“Ring Light Silver? This is a rare metal that is difficult to find even in the whole of Blackboard Region...” Baylor frowned slightly. He was only euphemistically reminding him, but he was speechless on the inside. Ring Light Silver was a type of precious metal that the general pilots could only manage to buy small portions of to fuse into their own Mech’s body for the purpose of enhancing the performance of the Mech’s body. Nonosiva actually wanted to use Ring Light Silver to completely build the entire Mech’s body. This was no different from building a house with diamonds! Luxury to the extreme!

“I’ve got some prospects in this matter”, Garen did not say much.

With the full support of Blackboard Academy these two years and the full support of Teacher Van Doe, everything was going well. However, the only thing that made him unhappy was that Fila had advanced again and he seemed to be ready to break through to Twin Moon Level.

As one of the top geniuses that had emerged in recent decades, the recent progress of Fila was getting increasingly faster, probably triggered by Medero.

It was said that within a month’s time, he would be able to reach Twin Moon Level.

Garen himself was still at Level Five without the slightest improvement. Instead, he had familiarize himself with a variety of skills in the area of Energy Machinist. His Energy Machinist Willpower had entered Level Two. The Energy Machinist’s computing power advancing method was very strange. The Willpower imprint did not exist in the body at all, so that even with potential points, the existence of the Energy Machinist imprint could not be found.

This made Garen very surprised. In the case that the pilot’s training method could not be advanced, he chose to focus on the area of Energy Machinist. After raising the intelligence attribute to eight points, his computing power had leaped a big step and successfully entered Level Two. However, there was bit of trouble with Level Three. The required computing power actually rose a lot which made Garen faintly sceptical that he seemed to lack a very important thing of an Energy Machinist. He did not believe that all the Energy Machinists in this world could have much stronger computing power than he had now.

After talking to Baylor about the details of the Mech's body processing, Garen left White Dragon Base and returned to his villa that was on a mountain nearby.

In these two years, his parents had opened a construction company and used the ties that Garen pulled to acquire projects, earning with much joy. Every year, they would easily earn millions of Universal Units.

After the disappearance of his brother Baylon, the family slowly got used to life without Baylon, whereas the only sister of Garen did not go outside and mingle around much anymore. Instead, she was hooked on gambling. She would mix with some so-called princesses' clique all day long in the name of Garen and was living it up.

Garen was too lazy to bother about her. Now, he was already the eighth grade elite of Blackboard Academy Inner Courtyard. After continuously jumping grades and passing the assessments easily, he had successfully become Teacher Van Doe's not-very-outstanding, but also not-a-mediocre disciple.

By virtue of the reputation and influence of Black Flood Party and the conflict with Fila, he also had minor fame in Inner Courtyard and had actually entered the top 100 in the overall rankings.

Inside the villa, Garen had just entered the door when he saw a familiar figure sitting on the couch in his hall, boringly clicking on the TV.

"Celine, no training today?" He smiled and walked over, taking took off his coat and handing it to the maid. Someone beside sent over a warm natural juice.

It was handed to Celine but Garen took it and drank it himself.

Celine was dressed in a tight-fitting, white leather suit with a little dark golden flower logo on her shoulder. It looked somewhat mysterious.

Glancing at Garen, she grinned.

“Is your Mech completed? Running over there every day, you think it’s a junk battleship that could be completed in such a short time?”

This girl kept shoulder-length hair, but also seemed to have dyed her hair, the same black as Garen’s. Her body was getting hotter, her front and back protruding, waist slender, legs slim and powerful. She had one of her leg crossed and both arms laid out on both sides of the sofa. It was very chic and gave off a strong and powerful feeling like that of a leopardess.

“It is still lacking the last material, Ring Light Silver”, Garen sat down, grabbed the remote control board next to her and changed the TV to a military channel.

“Damn, still fighting to watch TV with me. How old are you now? Already a captain yet still snatching the TV from me, an ordinary student!” Celine retorted.

“You broke through?” Garen smiled and sized her up. The Willpower force field had already reached the zenith of Level Four. Indeed, this girl was from a big household. There was no shortage of resources and her talent was not-too-bad. It seemed that she could use her own Exclusive Mech before the age of thirty.

“Although I’m not as abnormal as you are, I could still manage to advance.” Celine nodded arbitrarily. “Black Flood Party’s top talents like you cannot be compared with me, this type of small household. Tsk tsk. Look at you. Ring Light Silver. Although I have guessed that you are very ambitious, yet using Ring Light Silver as material...” She put her thumb up, indicating that she was incomparable with him.

“Does your side have a way to source this?”

“I can find some of it. How much do you want?”

“Five tons”, Garen lifted up a hand.

“I can only provide you with half of it”, Celine frowned. “The household also has a great demand for Ring Light Silver. It is priced according to the internal procurement. With my authority, I could give you half price.”

“Thanks a lot then. This can also save me a lot of money”, Garen smiled.

“Why don’t you just go and die! With tens of millions of income a month, you would have made at least a thousand million in these two years! Talk about saving more money!” Celine scorned.

Garen himself however, had a clear understanding in his heart. The absorption of White Rainbow Stone was of no use to him anymore and the progress of Living Secret Technique was extremely slow. It had already been two years but, it was only eighteen percent complete. From the original two percent till now, it seemed that there was a direct resistant to the Rainbow Stones. The advancing of Hellfrost Peacock Technique Level Six seemed to be harder than all the previous levels.

Most of the Mastery Energy Ore that he obtained had been sold to acquire nearly three billion worth of materials. Most of them were spent on the Mech while the leftovers were used to purchase some materials and technologies for the Energy Machinist’s experimental platform. He did not have much left now.

However, fortunately, the cost of the Ring Light Silver should not exceed one billion, and so the money at hand could still cover it.

“There will be an auction very soon. Although this item, Ring Light Silver, is rare, but the annual output is also very large. The main reason is that its expense is huge, so the shortage of output leads to a high price. The finale of that auction is a piece of four-tons, natural Ring Light Silver. The purity is said to be very high. If you are interested, you can go and have a look”, Celine mentioned briefly.

She then added another sentence.

“Fila is also said to be going.”

“Fila?” The corner of Garen’s mouth ticked up slightly. “This guy recently had been snatching the Rainbow Stone mine source from me and putting a lot of effort into doing it.”

“What are you going to do? That person is probably a Twin Moon Level powerhouse”, Celine was suddenly piqued.

“So what? As long as I don’t go out of the region and if he dares to touch me in Blackboard Region, my senior brother would also dare to take action against him in the open”, Garen was not worried about this at all even though Fila took him seriously. His Black Wind, which could only be released once an hour originally, could now be released dozens of times without any problem. He could even release a plume of the more advanced black smoke. This was the powerful capability that could only be used by the Divine Wind General and it belonged to a more purified Black Wind. Although it took a longer time to build a superimposed pyramid, it could already reflect his terrific savvy. It did not matter if the body constitution was slow, his understanding of Black Wind was unattainable for anyone.

A Divine Wind General’s strength was that wherever one went, black smoke would fill that place. Just with a horrific automatic territory-liked attack, it could easily destroy any lower-level pilots.

Chapter 917: Energy Machinist 1

After chatting with Celine in the hall, Garen sent her away. When he had finished his meal, he went back to his room to cultivate his training method. Currently, all that he was cultivating was the Energy Machinist’s training method because Crouched Eagle Talon could not be progressed as it required an Exclusive Mech to produce resonance degree.

He lived this lifestyle for nearly two years. Every day, he would calculate the Energy Machinist’s Level Three training question bank.

Sitting cross-legged alone in a cultivating room, Garen meticulously calculated a large number of computational models displayed on the wall while constantly using Willpower to repeatedly stack them. In this horrific process of complex computation, he could feel that his Willpower had gradually changed and become better in calculating. The Willpower that emerged from the Energy Machinist Imprint was completely different from that of Crouched Eagle Talon’s Willpower.

Crouched Eagle Talon was entrenched in the arms, almost like two groups of cold Blackboard air current. Using his inner vision, Garen could easily identify it.

The Energy Machinist’s Willpower was a kind of vague air mass in which its shape was indistinguishable. Sometimes, it was round and other times it was a square. However, more often, it was a distorted,

irregular air mass which was transparent on the inside. Without looking carefully, its presence could not be noticed at all. Moreover, the Energy Machinist's Willpower was located in the void at the back of the head and not in the human body at all.

This totally overturned all the knowledge that Garen had previously learned about Willpower training method.

In the white room, Garen sat cross-legged and closed his eyes slightly. Behind the back of his head were two seemingly transparent spiky masses which were floating about. They were emitting a faintly transparent gas that was drifting upwards.

"Intelligence has reached eight points. From henceforth, to raise every one point will need sixty potential points. Currently, the remaining thirty points are not enough. I must find the Staff of Absolute Yin as soon as possible!"

He had been searching for the whereabouts of the Staff of Absolute Yin in recent years. Through various channels, he managed to find a clue. However, because he had to get his Exclusive Mech done for the time being, he could not spare his time to go look for it.

With the ongoing war between White Light and Blackboard Region, there could be extremely dangerous encounters everywhere in the radiation belt which made it far more dangerous than before.

After practicing calculating for a while and feeling a little increase in the Energy Machinist Willpower, Garen was satisfied and opened his eyes. But he realized that time had flew past and it was almost eight at night. It was already dark outside. Looking through the window, he could see a black shuttle-shaped battleship patrolling in the sky not far away. Its surface was covered with a lot of flashing lights.

Garen let out a breath. He took out a black key from the pocket of his shirt. There was only one tine on the key. No matter how he looked at it, the key was too simple and did not look like it was used to open a door. What kind of door could be opened with just one tine? That would not be able to keep the thief out at all.

Every time he finished practicing calculating, he would take out this key to carefully check and scrutinize it. Intuition told him that this key was not a simple object.

Through the tines of a variety of sophisticated instruments, Garen realized that the material of this key was very solid and basically, there was nothing that could destroy it.

Holding the key repeatedly in the palm of his hand, suddenly, Garen froze. He held the lower end of the key and put it upright in front of his eyes, examining it carefully.

Every detail of this key had been fully engraved in his mind in these few years and he was extremely familiar with it.

But now, this key actually had an additional super tiny black diamond pattern, only the size of a grain. It looked complicated, making him dizzy.

Garen gazed at this pattern carefully. It looked like many flower patterns superimposing on one another. It also looked like a lot of weird symbols combined in a pile, giving a mysterious and ancient feeling.

As he focused his attention on this pattern, suddenly, a white light burst out from the pattern. It split accurately into two beams and shot into Garen's eyes.

Woom...

Garen felt a kind of inexplicable dizzy feeling in his head. His vision went white and he only felt a spinning sensation in his head and his upper body became very heavy.

His eyes were covered with white light and nothing could be seen. Only his ears could hear the subtle sound of the air tearing, as if he was flying at a high speed, but his skin did not feel any real airflow.

After he had slowly adapted to the spotlight caused by the white light in front of him, he did not know what was going on but found himself standing in front of a small white wooden door. There was a flower-like intricate pattern carved on the wooden door, except that Garen had never seen this flower before.

"Welcome to the Federation of Energy Machinists", a crisp girl's voice sounded from the door.

“This is the place where Energy Machinists can communicate with one another. The area you are at is Mother Planet a54 area; the number of people is 789. You are the 790th newly added official Energy Machinist. Please keep your identity key well. If it is lost, please go to the Central Academy Energy Machinist Division to replace it. Thank you for your cooperation and I wish you a pleasant time.”

The female’s voice faded.

The door in front of Garen opened with a bang.

Outside, a somewhat lively square with a fountain pool appeared in front of him. The people coming and going were dressed differently. They did not look like they came from the same place but looked more like a mixture of different ethnic groups of various nationalities. Their skin complexion varied from white, black, yellow and red with a variety of shades. Garen even saw two human beings with two lizard tails, squatting at a stall and bargaining with the stall owner.

A burst of lively voices flooded the door, making him a little surprised.

As he attempted to walk through the small door, Garen tucked away his key and looked at the sky and the surroundings.

The sky was a very ordinary blue sky with white clouds, but there was no sun. Still, it was very bright but he could not tell where the light came from.

Around was a medium-size circular town structure, surrounded by ordinary single-storey houses that were neither too high nor too low. Beside the houses hung different patterns of gray-brown cloth, fluttering slightly with the breeze. What was very strange was that when Garen looked at these fabrics, he could recognize the meaning of the fabric patterns. These fabrics were the names of various shops.

“Can you not block the road?”

A voice sounded from his right. It was a dark-skinned woman with a white headscarf. She was tall and thin and looked emaciated, almost comparable to a mummy.

Garen was stunned and made way for her, watching the woman walk through him and head towards a shop on the left.

He just so happened to be standing at the left side of the stairs to this shop.

“Is this place an illusion or...” Garen frowned and carefully distinguished his body.

Soon he discovered that the core of Living Secret Technique was missing from his body. His Soul Seed had also disappeared. It was apparent that this place was purely a virtual community.

“Real illusion simulation?”

He began to imitate other people and went one round past the circular shops of the town. There were many people entering and exiting the shops, but the flow of people was even greater at the street vendors. The fountain square in the middle of dozens of shops was densely packed with little stalls. It seemed that over time, there were more and more people setting up stalls.

Garen tried to walk towards the main door of a shop.

However, he found that a transparent barrier was blocking him. A bald man beside him strode up the steps and gave a contemptuous look at him.

“You have no money and still want to enter the shop?? Stupid.”

Garen was not angry, as if he had not heard him, but continued to explore everything here.

He began experimenting with all the dozens of circular shops around the square but found that he could enter none of them. And over time, some shops would suddenly disappear in a flash. After that, other shops would automatically move closer to one another like wooden blocks to expand themselves and fill in the gap left by the previous shop.

“How magical”, Garen tried to break the corner of the wall of a shop but found it to be extremely hard and could not be damaged. It seemed that the rule imposed here was firmly regulated so that it could not be destroyed.

“This brainless man is still here, how retarded. He actually wanted to pull off the wall stone here?” That bald headed man just happened to walk out of the shop, followed by a beautiful woman with a charming face. The two were cuddling tightly together, almost like they were merging into one.

Garen gave him a glance and ignored him.

“How does the Federation even have this kind of country pigs? How annoying to look at.” Baldhead started to curse arrogantly.

Another thin red-skinned man was about to enter the shop at this time, but was pushed to one side by him.

“Go away. So f****ing frustrating to see Red Ghost.”

The red-skinned man was silent and did not dare to reply.

Baldhead swaggered his way out and headed towards another shop.

Garen looked up at the cloth of this shop, Intelligence Point.

Obviously, a place to sell intel.

He tried to go in but regretfully, that transparent light screen blocked him.

“Don’t waste your energy. Without money, you cannot enter the shop. This place will automatically detect the money you have on you.” The red-skinned man who had been pushed away just now, smiled bitterly and told Garen, but he did not enter. Instead, he walked over to the side of the steps to the shop where Garen was at.

“Are you here for the first time?” His Universal language accent was very standard. Clearly, there was some kind of language translation system here.

“Yeah.” Garen nodded. “May I ask, what is this place actually?”

“The more you come, the more you will know.” The red-skinned man whispered. “This is a small trading market of the Federation of Energy Machinists. It is a virtual market that only trades knowledge and technology, known as a knowledge market. However, there will be an item market that will be held in real time. There will truly be many people at that time and you can directly trade real items there.”

“Knowledge market? Item market?” Garen frowned. “Is this place convened by that Energy Machinists whatever federation?”

“Of course, all Energy Machinists will be automatically issued a guide key from the guide to enter this virtual world and conduct various transactions. This is where the true secret of Energy Machinists lies. Only Energy Machinists are able to enter here. There isn’t any way for others to get in and out.” The red-skinned man explained softly, “This is your first time in here and you didn’t even have your tutor with you. Be cautious when you trade so that you don’t get cheated.”

“Who are the people involved in the market here? Are they from the same area?” Garen continued to ask since it was difficult to meet someone who was willing to answer him.

“No. The people here could be from anywhere. Some of their appearance may not even be true. There are expensive face-changing tools that can allow people to modify themselves. The people here might be from nearby planets, star regions, or even Energy Machinists from space ships caravans who are passing by. Anything is possible.” The red-skinned man shook his head and said.

“Thank you for your explanation. I haven’t asked for your name yet.”

“Olse, my name is Olse. There is still a long list of surnames behind it but there is no need to bring it up. I’m an Energy Machinist of a caravan that is passing by here, only Level Three.” The red-skinned man smiled ruefully. “Level Three Energy Machinist is considered the lowest degree of level here.”

"I'm Garen. It can't be true. Level Three is actually the lowest level?" Garen said. He had worked hard to practice calculating for two years and until now, he was only Level Two, not even close to Level Three. And this person in front of him actually said that Level Three was the lowest level at the bottom.

"Indeed, it's like that. What to do? I do not have a good Energy Machine Imprint. The one I am using is the lowest grade Wasp Imprint. Its auxiliary calculation is only three times and it can only create the lowest level of Investigating Wasps", Olse smiled bitterly again. "The higher grade Energy Machine Imprint is too expensive. Our caravan gathered all the funds and only managed to buy me such an ordinary imprint. Energy Machinist is simply a money-burning profession."

"Energy Machine Imprint? What is that?" Garen heard about this for the first time.

"What? You don't even know what Energy Machine Imprint is!?" Olse's expression this time instantly turned bizarre. "What kind of tutor did you really have? Without the support of the Energy Machine Imprint, don't even think that that our Energy Machinist's computing power could enter the third level!"

Garen was slightly shocked. Sure enough, he had always felt that he was probably missing something. He did not expect that the facts had completely confirmed his conjecture. Indeed, what he lacked seemed to be something that was absolutely indispensable to an Energy Machinist – an Energy Machine Imprint.

"Come come come. Let's go and have a drink first. I really admire you. Your tutor didn't tell you about the basic knowledge before letting you in here", Olse shook his head helplessly.

The two went in front of one another to a tavern-like shop at the edge. Olse paid for Garen so that he could finally enter the shop.

Inside the tavern was very large. A vast area like that of a football field was filled with white tables and chairs of the same size. They were sparsely occupied as the people sat far apart, even their voices were not heard. Clearly, there was sound insulation.

The two found a seat by the wall and sat down. Olse then knocked on the table.

"I want two ale. Hot."

With a whoosh, two hot cups of light brown ale immediately appeared before the two, all of which were large cups and there was a lot of bubbles overflowing out of it. When the bubbles were about to drop onto the table, they immediately disappeared.

“Thank you.” Garen nodded. There was no waiter here so it seemed that there was an automatic program controlling everything.

Chapter 918: Energy Machinist 2

“Its okay, back then I was abandoned by my teacher as well, and had to come in here to explore on my own. I know how much you have to go through to reach the beginner level if you start off exploring without any real knowledge.” Olse drank a gulp of the ale, and sighed, “That’s why every time I see a rookie come in, I’ll help them however I can.”

“Could you tell me what the Energy Machine Imprint is?” asked Garen in a low voice.

“The Energy Machine Imprint is a mysterious, magical piece of special equipment that you can embed into your Willpower Imprint. It can improve our calculation skills, simplifying a lot of those complicated, repetitive methods. With it, we just need to find the calculation method, and calculate it once. After that, the Energy Mech Imprint will record down the calculation method, and then it can calculate that way every time, greatly reducing the burden on we Energy Machinists,” Olse explained.

“It’s like my Yellow Wasp Imprint.” He snapped his fingers, and a piece of metal in the image of a yellow wasp slowly appeared behind him, suspended in mid-air and glowing with a faint yellow light. “He can more or less triple my calculation speed and ability, and this includes counting statistics. In real combat, it can automatically control the Biochemical Pool to create more Yellow Wasp Surveillance Soldiers. These surveillance soldiers work well in space, and can spray out particles to help them move at high speeds. They have no offensive power, and can only move quickly or share their vision with you, that’s why they can only be surveillance soldiers. As the lowest-level Yellow Wasps, mine can only scan a radius of fifty kilometers, and is only active for half an hour. If you get the material, you can use it for the re-synthesis next time, you’ll only lose 50% of the materials that way.”

“Can’t I store it in the Biochemical Pool to start with?” asked Garen.

“You can’t, it won’t work. The Biochemical Pool can only make on-the-spot ones, longer-lasting ones can only be evolved through the experimental platform, so that they acquire new functions. And the longer-lasting ones require many expensive materials, it’s just like creating a Mech, the skills required are very troublesome too,” Olse said helplessly. “Just how hopeless is your teacher? They didn’t teach you anything properly.”

“Uh... To be honest, I’m self-taught, I don’t really have a teacher,” replied Garen honestly, and also slightly exasperatedly. “I didn’t think that the path of an Energy Machinist was so complicated, at first I had thought it was about the same as regular training methods, but I didn’t know it was this troublesome.”

“Well, of course, you were self-taught— What!” It seemed that only then did Olse react, and he stood up abruptly, his expression full of shock as he stared at Garen. “You’re self-taught?!”

“Yeah...” Garen nodded.

“H-How long did you spend?” Olse’s voice was trembling slightly.

“Urk—Six years.” Garen thought about it, and decided not to say two years, so he tripled it. Looking at the way this guy was reacting, it seemed that the fact that he was self-taught was already a miracle in itself.

“Six years, huh... No wonder.” Olse heaved a long sigh of relief, and sat down. “I was saying that you’re still so young, if you were self-taught and still managed to become a Level Two Energy Machinist within three years, then that would be truly terrifying. But even so, without a teacher, you are still rather exceptional to reach Level Two in six years.”

“I see...” Garen nodded.

“I don’t really know about the Energy Machinist parties over here, but I advise you to find a decent party and apply for the recruitment test to join, it is impossible for you to advance in this line without a

teacher, because there are a lot of things you simply won't come into contact with if you're self-taught," advised Olse sincerely.

"Join a party? How do I join?" Garen was interested.

"Most of the Inherited Level pilots from the pilot parties would have Energy Machinist parties working together with them, it's very common for the two sides to help each other fill the gaps. So you just need to find a powerful Inherited Level faction, and you should be able to find a corresponding Energy Machinist party. If you can learn so much yourself, you can totally try out the test."

"Yup, I will." Garen instantly thought of the Black Flood Party. He was in the Black Flood Party now, and they might have an Energy Machinist in their ranks too.

"Alright, I'm headed off now too, the ships are going to leave this region soon, and the signal will grow weaker and weaker. I'm from the Tidal Thunder Planet, you can come by for a vacation if you have time, I'll show you around," said Olse with a smile as he got up.

"I will if I get the chance." Garen nodded, and stood up as well.

The other person disappeared with a whoosh, and after his vision blurred for a moment, he also appeared in the plaza outside the shop.

There were a lot fewer people in the plaza now. The stalls had also become sparser, they had evidently either completed their deals, or the vendors had simply left.

Garen continued to walk around the area, looking at the wares sold on the stalls. In the end he realized that they were mostly strange and bizarre materials, some were things he had seen briefly introduced in the Energy Machinist training methods, but most were completely unheard of.

"The wing of a Flying Mantis, it can be installed onto biochemical creatures, it'll be even faster than a Level 2 Mech!"

"The unihorn of a Burrowing Mole increases your sharpness by one level for half an hour."

“The distilled genetic liquid of an unknown mutated snake, it can increase the vitality of mutated creatures from the Biochemical Pool by 0.4 levels for ten minutes.”

“The gallbladder of a Giant Bear, price fixed at fifty crystals, no haggling.”

Some of the stalls had a screen introducing the uses of their wares, while other items seemed to be too common or famous, so there was no explanation, just the prices.

The stall owners did not yell, they just relied on the rectangular screens beside them to show their advertising.

The plaza was not big, and soon enough Garen had finished looking at most of the stalls. He noticed that they were mostly used for the Biochemical Pool, most of them were materials or items used to modify the cannon fodder creatures that came from the Pool.

Only a few of them were used for the experimental platform, but those tended to be very expensive and were sold as soon as they were brought out.

“Scram!”

Suddenly there was a shout from ahead.

Garen raised his head and glanced there, and realized that it was actually those two raucous baldies from before. Right now, the two of them were kicking a young man with rabbit ears, making him fall hard on his butt.

“You dare fight for the stuff that I want? You should consider it an honor to be able to hand them to me! You have no sense of the glory bestowed upon you!” Baldhead was as raucous as ever, but no one around them dared to step up. Someone who dared to be this high-key would certainly have a powerful background.

“But I’ve even paid the money already!” The rabbit-eared young man got up, and started arguing, his expression pained.

“So what if you’ve paid? You’re trash from a backward place, it’s your fortune to be able to stand and speak in front of me, how dare to speak back!” As his girlfriend giggled away, Baldhead slapped the rabbit-eared young man hard.

Garen was completely speechless, he really could bump into such people all the time. That included in the Federation of Energy Machinists, even though it sounded all high and mighty.

But when he saw that Baldhead actually slapped him, and the rabbit-eared young man’s face was even starting to swell, he became slightly surprised.

“You can just start hitting people here?”

“Of course, you can’t kill anyone, but other than that, all the attacks here will cause the same amount of pain and damage,” said a talkative old man who was watching from the sidelines. “That baldy is from the Mother Planet’s Magnetic Field, that’s one of the three strongest Energy Machinist factions, together with Star Cloud and Black Blade. That’s why no one dares to interfere.”

“Magnetic Field, Star Cloud, Black Blade.” Garen quietly memorized these three names.

“If you encounter that baldy, just tolerate him. Most normal people can’t afford to provoke him, that’s a huge faction with an Inherited Level Energy Machinist,” the old man sighed, shaking his head.

“Inherited Level powers, how impressive,” a young man could not help but say sarcastically, his expression cold.

“Shh, you’ll get in trouble if they hear you,” the young man’s companion hurriedly yanked his hand.

Garen watched that baldy over there calmly, he understood the position of Energy machinists now. And as one of the strongest Energy Machinist parties of the Mother Planet, he did not know just how

powerful that was, but he did know it was at least at the same level as the Black Flood Party. It was impressive indeed.

“Baldhead Monba is the most overbearing person in this market, nobody dares to fight him,” said a low voice.

“So what? If he continues on like this, he’ll meet his match sooner or later.”

Garen could not be bothered with this, and turned around to leave. Suddenly his gaze swept across the crowd, and he froze on the spot.

A familiar figure appeared in front of him. Skintight white leather clothes, with some dark gold patterns on the shoulder. That sexy figure, curves in all the right places, and that clear scar on her pretty face that did nothing to hide her charismatic aura, making her seem stronger instead.

“Celine!”

Celine had not seen him yet, and instead she walked up, frowning, until she was behind Baldhead. Then she kicked him hard.

Bam.

Baldhead turned around and grabbed her long leg.

“You dare ambush me!” When Baldhead turned around and saw Celine, his fierce expression instantly turned slightly pervy. “Yo, not bad, what a pretty little lady.”

“Let me go! Or you’ll suffer the consequences!” A hint of coldness flashed through Celine’s eyes. She had not thought that Baldhead would be so good at close combat, and would react so quickly.

“That’s strange. Everyone saw that it was this woman who purposely attacked me first,” said Baldhead loudly, laughing coldly.

“Celine, it has nothing to do with you!” The rabbit-eared young man hurriedly rushed over and tried to separate the two of them, but Baldhead blocked him and then swept him away. He fell onto the ground with a whoomph, and groaned, unable to get up.

“So you two know each other...” Baldhead looked up Celine’s long legs to the place between them pervertedly. “What pretty legs, let me cop a nice feel.” His other hand flew out and caressed Celine’s inner thigh.

“Let go!” Celine’s expression turned cold, and she gave him a hard jolt, but unexpectedly, she could not escape his control. Feeling that hand go past her knee and towards her the inner sides of her thigh, she started to grow anxious.

But for some reason, she felt all the energy slowly leaving her body.

“Celine, you’ve encountered a powerhouse, haven’t you? I told you a long time ago, there will always be someone stronger than you.” Suddenly, a familiar voice came from beside her.

Celine followed the voice and somehow saw Garen looking at her with a smile, walking to her slowly.

Chapter 919: Auction 1

“And what the hell are you?” Baldhead glared at him coldly, staring at Garen as he approached.

“It’s all a misunderstanding, let’s make love, not war, and call it quits, shall we?” Garen said with a smile.

Joy flashed through Celine’s eyes, she knew just how powerful Garen was. While Baldhead was distracted, she gave her legs a jolt, and spun them hard, breaking free from his grip. She quickly took two steps back.

But that sense of powerlessness did not disappear.

“You used poison?!” Her expression instantly changed slightly.

“What do you mean by poison, little pretty?” Baldhead laughed, his eyes narrowed. “Did you think that you can get away unharmed after touching my body?”

“Didn’t you hear what I said?” Garen walked over and stood in front of Celine, facing Baldhead. “It was all just a misunderstanding, let us all calm down, and understand each other better.”

He would not put him and his companion in trouble just for something as meaningless as pity.

Baldhead seemed to have a considerable background and strength, it would truly be troublesome if he provoked a powerful faction just like that.

“I say, who do you think you are? Scram!” Baldhead’s expression turned cold. He actually stomped forward, his large foot aiming hard towards Garen’s face.

Garen tilted his body away slightly, avoiding that stomp, and then he abruptly grabbed Baldhead’s stomping foot with his hand. He released a slight breath.

“Garen, you never were the type to hold yourself back!” said Celine from behind, mercilessly.

“We can’t kill anyone here, so it’s pointless to fight back and forth, we should all try to be more peaceful,” said Garen, his expression calm as he shook his head.

When they heard that, Baldhead and the people around him all paused for a moment, they vaguely felt a hint of cold killing intent from Garen. All their hearts shook slightly.

Looks like this guy was a tough one too. The surrounding crowd knew that now.

At the same time, having been blocked, one of Baldhead's legs was being held in Garen's hands. But as Garen exerted more force in his grip, there began to be a faint sound of bone cracking.

"Let go!!" A sheen of sweat appeared on Baldhead's forehead.

"Relax, can't we all sit down and chat properly?" Garen smiled.

"I'm telling you to let go! Bastard!" howled Baldhead fiercely.

"Let him go! Unless you want to die outside, away from home," the seductive woman beside Baldhead spoke as well, staring at Garen icily.

"Okay, okay... I'll let go." Garen smiled and relaxed his grip lightly, letting go of Baldhead's leg.

All of a sudden, he turned around, and his booted leg became a grey shadow that whipped over. As though it was truly a lightning-fast whip, it even made an exploding sound in the air.

Bam!!

Blood sprayed everywhere. Baldhead's whole head had been blown apart, blood and brain matter spewing all over the place. His body fell to his knees stiffly, and as the woman beside him screamed, he fell forward, and was completely lifeless.

In an instant, his corpse had turned into a large field of white lights that scattered and vanished.

"Tsk-tsk-tsk... See, it's not like I can kill him for real, this will lead to troublesome consequence," said Garen, shaking his head.

"You—y-you!!" That seductive woman could not even speak properly anymore, all the blood had drained out of her face, and she pointed at Garen as she stumbled backward. Suddenly she seemed to trip on something, falling to the ground, but she could not get up again no matter what she tried.

“That’s what I said, there’s no way you could be that kind of soft, weak, useless type of guy.” Celine seemed to have recovered some too, so she walked up to Garen and stood shoulder to shoulder with him. She lifted one leg, and kicked up a metal shard that was on the floor.

The metal shard spun quickly, and nailed itself into the woman’s brow.

With a bam, the woman fell onto her back, turned into many white lights, and vanished.

The people who had gathered to watch were all shocked, these two were unnaturally ruthless, and just seeing how decisively they acted, they surely must be that type of cold-blooded, killing maniac from the real world outside. Otherwise, they would not have simply taken lives just like that in here.

“Alright, everyone, break it up, break it up,” said Garen loudly, waving his hand. “This is just a virtual world anyway, it’s not like they’re really dead, so it’s fine.”

“Young man, you two have done it now!” the old man who had been talking and standing next to Garen just now spoke. “That baldy was from the Magnetic Field, if they discover your location in the real world...” He did not complete that sentence, but they knew the immense severity of it from his expression alone.

“It’s fine.”

Since Garen made his move, he would naturally have been prepared for this situation.

“Are the people from Magnetic Field that big a deal?” said Celine coldly. She had settled some messages for Garen beforehand, otherwise Garen would not have acted so decisively either.

“Let’s go!”

She split the crowd apart, and left with Garen, one after the other.

Bam bam!

After two crisp sounds, the two of them instantly exploded into many white dots, and vanished from that strange space.

In the room, Garen opened his eyes slowly, and lifted his wrist to see the contact request from Celine.

He tapped 'confirm' lightly.

"Nono, that baldy is just the younger brother of some Level Three Energy Machinist in Magnetic Field, don't worry, it'll be fine." Celine's face appeared on his wristwatch. "Last time I went to the main family's ranking competition and won ninth, so I finally reached Level One of that Energy Machinist level I've been keeping a count on. I found one of the elders in the family to be my teacher, but I never thought I would bump into you there."

Garen did not expect it either, to think he could meet Celine in the Federation of Energy Machinists' virtual space. After she learned all those combat skills from him, this little brat's position in the family kept rising as well. From her original place several dozen steps down, she had risen to ninth in the past two years. Even if he had not stepped out back there, Celine would not have gone down so easily, she would surely have her own way of dealing with it.

"Magnetic Field is the weakest faction in the Federation of Energy Machinists, the Star Cloud that I'm in never got along with Black Blade, but if it weren't for the conflict between the two of us, Magnetic Field would not have had a snowball's chance in hell. So Magnetic Field can show off a bit in front of regular Energy Machinists, but to us, even if my family's Energy Machinists aren't all that impressive, compared to small fry like him, hmph..." Celine explained in detail. "Your Black Flood Party has Energy Machinists too, they're also in Star Cloud. When you get back, you can ask if you get the chance. To people with large factions behind them like us, there's no need to worry about trash like that at all, it's good enough that we're not dominating the streets like that."

"You sure are direct." Garen had more or less understand where he stood, and he knew now that after all that mess, they probably had a higher status than Baldhead. The shade under a large tree was wider, after all.

"I always was! If it wasn't in a virtual space, and was in reality instead, I'd have offed him with one shot a long time ago!" Celine was still unhappy.

“Alright, if we have time, we can enter the special ability space together. I don’t have a teacher at all now, neither do I have an Energy Machine Imprint, so it’s not easy for me. Could you get me one?” said Garen with a smile.

“It’s not that easy to decide on an Energy Machine Imprint, if you decide on one, it’ll take up a slot in your Willpower. Two levels of Willpower can only support one Energy Machine Imprint, and once you’ve decided on it, it’s practically impossible to change it, no, it’s more than impossible!” said Celine solemnly. “I heard my teacher say that once you’ve decided on an Imprint, you have to be Inherited Level or higher before you can change it, and even then you’ll need to use up a ton of resources.”

Hearing Celine advise him so seriously, Garen also learned the importance of this, and his intention to carelessly look for one just to scrape by lessened.

“What are the prices of the Energy Machine Imprints like?”

“They’re usually between two to five billion units each, and these are the lower grade ones. Many people want the better ones, and Energy Machinists are all pretty loaded, so once the competition gets heated, the price can vary drastically. At the highest point, a decent Imprint even sold for more than forty billion. As for the even better ones, the peak-level Imprints, don’t even think about them, no one will even sell them. It takes a lot of time and effort to create one of these, to an Energy Machinist, it’s a long and pointless effort. Without up to a hundred years, don’t even think about creating a stable Imprint. That’s why the Imprints we’re using now were mostly the product of our elders’ efforts from more than a hundred years ago.”

Garen was beginning to see how complicated the field of Energy Machinists was.

“Give me a copy of your info regarding Energy Machinists.”

“Sure. I’ll arrange it and hand it to you later.” Celine nodded.

After hanging up, Garen quickly received all sorts of basic info about Energy Machinists. And he had a better understanding of the whole deal with Energy Machinists now too.

Energy Machinists mostly formed units according to the teacher, students, and the workshop, the different numbers of styles resulted in the workshops forming many different parties.

One workshop could consist of just one Energy Machinist, or it could have many, depending on the scale.

Energy Machine Imprints were tools Energy Machinists created to support themselves, at first they were just very normal high-functioning support tools, but after many generations of improvement and distillation of Willpower, the power of the Energy Machine Imprints grew stronger and stronger, and gradually more perfect. That was why Imprints with a longer duration of Inheritance tended to be stronger, and many Energy Machinists who could not afford ready-made Imprints also resorted to creating their own. But those may just be empty white boards, that required using Willpower to carve and strengthen step by step, from the very beginning. These had no strengthening effect at all.

So the longer the duration of Inheritance, the stronger the Imprint. Some Imprints had even become the foundations of many parties.

Energy Machinists did not interact much with each other normally either, they tended to research their own thing, and only gather on specific dates, exchanging knowledge and making deals for items and Imprints through the special ability space.

In other words, the Energy Machine Imprint was just like a pilot's personal Mech, its importance could not be overstated.

The difference was that every Energy Machinist was not just limited to one, they could have multiple Imprints.

In the time after that, as expected, Baldhead, who was killed off, made no ripples whatsoever. He had evidently been suppressed by Celine's power, he was just a small fry from the lower levels of Magnetic Field, compared to the elite of a large family and party on this side, the difference was decided instantly.

The days passed one after the other, and soon, the day of the auction was upon them.

The Ring Light Silver auction that Garen had been waiting for all this time had finally arrived.

Chapter 920: Auction 2

The auction will take place in a remote mansion deep within the mountain forests of the Blackboard Region.

On the surface, it was just a lonely white private vacation home, but five hundred meters underground, there was a huge square underground space.

The space was like a giant opera house, with thick red carpets adorned with gold patterns, and neat lines of white seats arranged compactly. On the two sides, there were many floating box seats, they were just suspended light golden spheres, with the fixed number of each box carved on the outside.

Just then, the lower seats of the auction were almost completely packed with people, most of them properly dressed, the so-called upper classes. There were also others who did not sweat the details and dressed like the normal people on the street. The sounds of whispers and the buzz of voices kept echoing through the whole area.

The important guests on the two sides were also beginning to enter their boxes now.

Garen and Celine appeared at the leaping point to enter the room on the left, and they followed the path, walking towards one of the boxes.

There were quite a few VIPs like them, and all of them were walking along the walls on the sides to enter their boxes now.

“Looks like the organizer of this auction is a pretty big deal.” Garen swept his gaze across the area. The people in front and behind him were all the sort of hotshot characters you saw on the television. There was a constant stream of celebrities and public figures as well.

Some of the young students with considerable backgrounds that they were familiar with were here as well. Of course, he was also one such student with a considerable background, so he was no different from these prodigies and elites.

“Are you going to use your alias Garen, or your real name to bid?” asked Celine in a low voice beside him.

“My real name, I guess, quite a few people know me here.” Garen smiled. These past two years, Celine also knew that his alias was Garen.

“Nono.” Suddenly a voice came from not far ahead, it was a beautiful woman dressed in a black cocktail dress who turned around to smile at them, while standing with two men. The voice came from the beautiful lady.

“It’s Vivienne and Wade.” Garen smiled as he greeted them. These two were the people he worked with for the Rainbow Stone business. At first, they did not get along so well because they were just business partners, but after that, they began to familiarize with each other, and their relationship grew better. Even so, they were barely just normal friends.

Vivienne was pretty calculative for a woman, back when they were haggling prices, she showed that she had considerable business acumen. These two years, she had been developing very nicely as well and was getting hold of more resources and channels within the family.

The Sina family that Vivienne belonged to had wide connections and influences in Blackboard and even several of the regions around it. Although their higher-ups were not particularly powerful, their influence was spread extremely wide. They were a large-scale power, just beneath the peak-level factions.

Garen looked at the last person. He was dressed in a normal grey suit, with short grey hair, and looked like a very young, pretty boy.

“This is?”

“My friend, Penton.”

Vivienne introduced with a smile.

Penton reached out his hand to shake Garen's lightly.

"Nice to meet you."

"Yeah, nice to meet you too," Garen replied with a smile, the latest information instantly appearing in his head. Rumor had it that Vivienne fancied a regular young man with no background despite her family's objections and nearly broke it off with her family members. Looking at it now, this young man called Penton was standing beside Vivienne, and their stances seemed to be hinting that they were dating, so this could likely be that rumored boyfriend.

Although Garen did not know why she would bring a normal man with no background or talent here, he still greeted them politely.

Seeing Garen's actions, gratitude flashed through Vivienne's eyes.

She had already taken Penton to meet several young talents and young heirs from the upper classes, but the only one who treated them equally without contempt was Garen.

"Celine, you are very beautiful today." Vivienne looked at Celine beside him. The whole Blackboard Region knew about the relationship between Nonosiva and Celine, those busybodies mostly arranged the two of them into a couple, and they were considered to be very well-matched. However, the two people themselves had no such intention.

"You're very pretty too, Vivienne," Celine nodded and said with a smile. She was wearing a large white knitted coat, wrapped tightly around her like a jacket, and her hair was plaited into an intricate, elegant lady's style. On one side, her green hair was tied into small, uniform braids and pinned to her head, whereas the other side was a simple bun. Two white pearl studs stood out on her earlobes. She looked magnificent and cold.

"I went to the Polar Region's Wellforest Mountains a while ago, and found a pretty decent project regarding Frigid Stones, are you two interested?" Beside them, Wade never stopped talking about business.

"I think I'll pass, if you're not doing business with Vivienne, I wouldn't dare to invest haphazardly," said Celine relentlessly.

Garen, on the other hand, just laughed.

"Give me the market report after some time, I'll consider."

Wade was instantly overjoyed and began to talk endlessly about his business plan with Garen.

"Vivienne, it's been a while."

They were about turn around and walk towards their box seats when someone else greeted them from behind.

Turning around, Vivienne's expression turned cold.

"Brenforst."

The blonde man behind them held a folding fan in his hand as he smiled, two middle-aged pilots following behind him. Waves of Level Three Willpower spread from them slowly, both of them were actually Level Three pilots.

To normal people, a Level Three pilot was already a very formidable presence, and Vivienne's family was not a peak-level one. Her own bodyguards were only at the same level, so this guy was obviously equal to her in standing.

"I wonder, how are your preparations going for the exchange meeting this time? The man beside you is your so-called beau, right?" Brenforst was a genius among the Blackboard Region's business circles.

Actually, even though the circles were extremely large in the Blackboard Region, the people inside at a certain level were still the same familiar old faces.

“You don’t have to worry,” said Vivienne with a cold laugh. “I won’t disappoint you at the exchange meeting.”

“That puts my mind at ease.” Brenforst smiled as he nodded, and walked past their group. He did not know Celine or Garen, perhaps he had heard of them, but he had never met them in person. Celine and Garen actually belonged in a circle one level higher than theirs.

“The people here are all heirs from powerful families, or else they are elites from large factions with considerable backgrounds. I wonder, this boy that Miss Vivienne has brought today, what right do you have to join our circle?”

Someone else spoke from behind, as they walked out of a leaping point and came out of a room.

The voice made even Brenforst, who was about to leave, turn around to watch the show.

The one who spoke was dressed in a white suit, and his eyes were piercing, giving off a sharp aura.

“Jacht, since when have you had the right to speak in my matters?” said Vivienne icily.

The man in the white suit, Jacht, laughed coldly.

“Vivienne, get that boy to speak for himself, what kind of a man hides behind a woman?”

Vivienne’s expression was freezing cold, and she was about to speak, but Penton, who was standing beside her, reached out his hand to stop her. He stepped out instead.

“And what right do you have to speak to me? Other than your family background, you’re just a piece of trash.”

“Trash?” Jacht’s expression changed.

“How dare you!” A middle-aged man stepped up from behind him, and reached out his arm fiercely, pressing for Penton’s head.

His fingers were sharp, and actually seemed to glow slightly blue, they had evidently been strengthened by some mutated genetic liquid. They even left a sweet fragrance in the air as they sliced through, making those who smelled it feel dizzy.

“Scram!!” Penton did not give way at all, blocking with one hand in front of him. His arm suddenly bulged, his whole hand growing one size larger. Like a monster, his skin turned green-grey, the green veins popping.

Bam!

The two arms crashed into each other, and the middle-aged man was actually forced back, taking three steps back before he could steady himself.

“What strength!” someone gasped in admiration.

Everyone looked towards his feet and saw that the middle-aged man had left three clear footsteps in the hardwood floor. It was evidently the marks left behind by his trying to divert the momentum.

“Martial arts powerhouse!” Jacht’s eyes narrowed. Clearly, he was angry for real this time.

Garen and Celine stood at the sidelines and watched, with no intention of interfering whatsoever. For one, this conflict was completely meaningless, and even boring, in their eyes. Also, Jacht’s own status was not at the same level as theirs.

“Nono.” Suddenly, Celine yanked Garen’s sleeve. “Over there.” She gestured with her eyes and looked towards the opposite direction of the corridor.

Garen followed her gaze, and saw, on the corridor to the box seat opposite them, Fila looking back at them calmly, dressed in white. There was someone beside him, skinny and pale, short in stature. He seemed to be young, and looked like a drug addict, weak and powerless, and completely unenergetic.

This young man frowned as he looked in Garen's direction, and saw Garen and Celine as well. His eyes lit up slightly when he saw Celine, but other than that, he just hugged the pretty woman beside him and walked into the box seat, as though completely disregarding Garen's and Celine's statuses.

"Who's that person next to Fila?" Garen frowned slightly.

"I'm not sure, I'll get someone to investigate right now." Celine sensed something amiss as well. Although Fila did not dare to make a move against Garen directly due to the pressure from Black Flood, that guy had plenty of tricks up his sleeve, so they had to be careful.

The group entered the box seats, and by the time Garen and Celine left, the conflict between Vivienne and Jacht had escalated slightly. That young man called Penton actually went toe-to-toe, not allowing Jacht to get back at him at all, and was somehow keeping his own against the two bodyguards.

Shockingly, this young man was actually a Level Two pilot. Although his Willpower was not very strong, he could still take more than a hit from Level Three Willpower. Add that to his powerful martial arts, and he never backed down, from the start to the finish.

This gave Garen and the others a fairly good impression of him, but it also angered some of the other upper-class heirs that some kid from a regular family would actually look down on them as a whole.

That guy just kept saying that you upper-class boys were all trash! You're nothing without that layer of skin, and he insulted them from all aspects, instantly inviting all of their hatred!

Even Celine, who was sitting beside them, occasionally felt like punching someone. The sounds from outside kept coming through the open door, but soon enough, things slowly calmed down. Vivienne's older brother, her cousin Azeria appeared, and calmed down the conflict between them. Plus, the auction was about to begin, so both sides entered their boxes and said no more. The grudge remained, however.

“Previously Vivienne’s Cina family and Jacht’s Duncan family ran into some arguments regarding economic distribution, and tempers ran high on both sides. That’s why Jacht also wanted to attack them using the unsavory fact that Vivienne was dating a commoner,” explained Celine nonchalantly as she sat down and took a gulp from her drink.

“There have been a lot of changes within the region lately, the military items market keeps on expanding, and our collaborative business is doing better by the day. If it weren’t for the fact that the benefits from her project with you keep increasing, she would surely have been pulled down from the position of manager a long time ago. Looks like it’s all thanks to you,” said Celine with a laugh.

“T’was just a coincidence.” Garen shrugged and pressed a button, the room door instantly closing automatically. “The auction this time might be slightly troublesome, I only have one and a half billion in mobile assets, so I might not be able to get what I want.”

“I can provide a billion on my side, if that’s not enough, I can use my identity to pay a certain portion in advance. I’m just worried Fila will probably try to make things harder for you!” said Celine in a low voice.

“Yeah, I can’t possibly give up the Ring Light Silver, and Fila probably knows that too. We can’t underestimate his intelligence division.”

Pak pak pak!

Suddenly, a row of blinding white lights was instantly switched on outside, shining down on the main stage.

“The auction has officially begun, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Earth’s Heart Auction Center!” A high man’s voice rose suddenly, his tone as though singing.