

# Mystical 961

## Chapter 961: Rescue 1

“Reserve food in advance... easily said. Have you calculated thoroughly the amount of food you need? And how long will the aerial Predators be out in the air? Do you know? The Big Wild Wolves will no longer have the opportunity to replenish after I leave. You lose one of it, the number will be one lesser. With such a small bit of strength, can you say that you can be safe?” Garen frowned.

“It doesn’t matter. We have worked it out. If the food is properly stocked, we can hold out for more than a year!” East Perrin nodded and her eyes flashed with a fierce light. “If it is really not enough, we have alternative methods.”

“What methods?” Garen narrowed his eyes.

“Since our current physique has been modified, we could even eat Predator meat...” East Perrin said in a low voice.

Garen was quiet, but he could comprehend it. Now that everything in the wild had been eaten up by the Predators, once the food was not enough, the only thing that could be used as a food source was the Predators themselves. In the radiation belt, there were many cases of people eating people. What was more, Predators were no longer in the category of human beings.

“Are you all worried about the training method and training techniques?” he asked.

“Yes.” East Perrin nodded fiercely. “What you have given to us is too precious. Once people find out about this, it might be more dangerous in the wild. The radiation concentration here is very high so most people would not come here. It is the best natural barrier to completely isolate outsiders’ view.”

Garen pondered carefully. The others did not matter to him, but East Perrin saved him before. He could not completely abandon this debt of gratitude no matter what. He must consider her future moves clearly.

He asked about the arrangements and plans of East Perrin and the others here, the farming situation, and so on. After careful calculations, perhaps they might be able to survive here, provided that there were no accidental, unforeseen incidents.

“Since you have already decided, I won’t stop you then. But, I’m sure to leave. You must understand this.” Garen said quietly.

“We know. From the time you appeared in Leo City, I know that you would not stick with us for long.” East Perrin nodded.

“Sinno can follow me. Her modification has not yet been completed. Of course, this has to be on her own accord. The modification thus far has been successful and she now has a strong resistance to radiation. But, there will also be more risk if we continue it.”

“I have no opinion.” Sinno slowly entered from the outside. The doorway gradually revealed the appearance of others. Clearly, everyone had arrived. This was a critical moment that would decide the direction of their future development. Garen’s departure was a very serious matter. This means that from now on, they would have to protect themselves with their own strength rather than relying on the number of Big Wild Wolves. Of course, thirty Big Wild Wolves were enough for them to protect themselves for a period of time. There would not be any pressure in encountering small scale of Predators.

Garen had long heard their voices outside. He glanced at them and slowly nodded.

“Since all of you have reached an agreement, then I too...”

Boom!!!

Suddenly, there was a thunderous roar in the distance. The whole mountain seemed to shake violently.

Ah~~Ah! ~~~~! !

A piercing screaming-like sound travelled from far to near, penetrating the rock formations of the mountain and drilled into everyone's ears.

Immediately, there was a painful expression on everyone's faces.

A vague music rang in the air, as if many people were singing psalms or chanting. Layers upon layers of choruses kept on sounded non-stop.

Garen's face changed. He rushed up and knocked out everyone. Sure enough, once fainted, the crowd's faces quickly became much more normal. This kind of voice belonged to a mental attack.

He rushed out of the basement, passed through the third and second floor at the fastest speed and jumped out of the exit.

Whoosh! The sound of wind... sound of singing... a sharp whistling sound from the battleships swishing past the in the sky above!

A glaring white light approached and came into view. In the distance was a multi-colored, transparent, illusory huge tree. It was slowly extending into the sky and those layers of ballad seemed to be coming from there.

From far, the tree looked a few thousand meters tall. The thick trunk was constantly flowing with illusory translucent colored energy liquid. It was surrounded by a large number of Mech dots that were tinier than ants.

The eruption of energy fluctuations by these Mechs looked like the size of a fingernail from far. Time to time, some Mech dots would explode in the sky and fall. Fleets of warships farther away were flying towards the giant tree. Countless Mechs continuously darted out of the battleships. At first glance, there were thousands of them, almost covering the entire sky.

"What a spectacle..." Garen suck in a breath of cold air. Looking from afar, the battle situation was divided into three powers: black-white logo, gold line logo, and a completely silver force.

The Mechs and battleships of Blackboard and Polar Region had a black-white round pattern. The black-white symbol on them represented a force.

The combined fleet of Maria Region and Royal Region had gray-gold lines flowing on the surface of their battleship and Mech. Among them were powerful White Light Mechs. The gold line was their signature.

There was also a force that was entirely silver, whether it was the Mech or the battleship. The barrels on their body were far longer than that of others. Just a humanoid Mech would have no less than a dozen large barrels, looking savage like spikes. Among them was a leading Mech with a round silver rotating disk behind its back. On it were full of sophisticated and complicated mechanical structures. It was not known what its usage was.

The strangest thing was that the Mechs of this force was generally larger than that of the two major forces. They gave off a kind of inexplicable, peculiar aura.

The power situation of the three forces was very strange. Both Blackboard and Maria-Royal seemed to have only dispatched ordinary general pilots to fight and exhaust one another, whereas, the real powerhouse were still waiting and watching. There was no big move between them.

Similarly, the silver force was motionless here. Although they had the fewest number of people with only hundreds of them, they seemed to be taken seriously by all.

Garen looked up at the distant sky. The Mechs collided with each other and exploded, bursting out yellow-red flames like the blossoming of flowers in the sky. The sound of the explosion could be faintly heard, but more were the sound of muffled thunder rumbling. That was due to the infrasound vibrations formed by a large number of explosions together.

In the sky, hundreds of Mechs and dozens of huge battleships fired at each other, entangling in battle.

Under the blue sky and white clouds, black missiles fell down like meteoroids from time to time and left deep, empty pits of various sizes on the ground. White laser beams flickered and disappeared, like a flash of the sword which was quickly extinguished instantly.

Only a few laser beams would last for a while. They first gradually became thicker and brighter before they slowly thinned out and darkened.

Garen stood on the edge of the hill. Occasionally, dark colored battleships would break out of the clouds above him and flew towards the battlefield at high speed. At the same time, numerous Mechs would fly out of the battleships. Looking up to the sky, there was not a spot that was not occupied by the Mechs or battleships. The entire sky was slightly dim, even the light was obscured by these war machines.

Nobody bothered about the hills below, not to mention a little person on the top of it. Garen stood on the edge and looked at the battlefield. The leaders of the three forces seemed to be negotiating about something. After a while, the colorful giant tree began to move slowly and swayed its branches around. It seemed like something new had happened.

The three powerful forces suddenly became excited. Garen saw a Mech from the silver force headed straight towards the other two coalition forces.

“Central Sun Scorch, Hunter Whale!” A deafening deep groan burst forth from that Mech.

“Maria, Zero Rifle!” The gold line side flew out a slender, feminine white female Mech. Unmatched with her figure, she carried a huge heavy rifle several times longer than her body, looking anomalous.

After the two Mechs had revealed their names, there was no nonsense and they immediately engaged.

Now and then, Zero Rifle would shoot out beams of golden lines. The strange thing was these rays were actually able to bend and round the corners on their own. Their speed was extremely fast. From a distance, they were like golden nematodes, twisting and turning, constantly trying to penetrate into the body of the silver Mech on the opposite.

The silver Mech seemed to easily wave back and repel the attack of the golden lines. Occasionally, he would take a step forward. Behind him, several of the golden lines would automatically collide with each other and melt away as he closed in step by step. Zero Rifle was easily forced to move back bit by bit.

“How strong...” Garen watched from a long way off. The Mechs appeared as small dots due to the great distance. And yet, the energy attack that they broke out was actually the size of a palm. The proportion

was astonishing. Even as Garen stood here, he could feel a slight sense of pressure, like a strong wind blowing on his cheek.

“Zero Rifle is being suppressed... truly the powerhouse of Central Academy!” It was also Garen’s first time seeing the Mech pilot from Central Academy. All these pilots were gathered together at this time and seemed to be fighting madly for some secret treasure.

At this moment, a branch on the giant tree discharged a spot of white light.

This light spot was like stirring up a hornet’s nest. Instantly, the entire three forces of Mechs had no difference in faction. All of them rushed madly to the light spot tossed out by the giant tree, as if that was an extremely powerful treasure!

Even Zero Rifle who was still battling Hunter Whale, the Central Academy’s Mech, stopped fighting and darted straight to the light spot.

Unexpectedly, the light spot could automatically dodge. It twisted and turned, evading all the Mechs. Not even one of them could successfully seize it.

Pew!

Suddenly, the giant tree spitted out a white light spot again, followed by the third and fourth. More and more light spots appeared, flying everywhere. All the powerhouses were dispatched to catch the light spots.

In particular, the Inherited Level powerhouses. Looking at each one of them from afar, their characteristics could be noted clearly. The ones that were covered with an unmatched Willpower shield and were rampant were of Inherited Level.

They appeared to consciously avoid colliding with one another that were of the same level, and shuttled around the general Mechs to catch the white light spots.

Garen soon found Seventh Divine Wind General from Blackboard Region. That blue long-barrelled gun Mech with its obvious characteristic had a mirror-like outer shell as blue as the sky. There were other similar blue Mechs around him. All of them emitted with a strong force field, directly clearing the site they were at.

Obviously, these were the four great Divine Wind General of Black Flood Party. They all wore the same one-shoulder cloak and a large word, Wind, was written on it.

“Hahahaha!! Black Flood Divine Wind General? Let me see if you are worthy of your title!!” Another acquaintance from White Light appeared in Garen’s vision. Ice Dragon! His familiar tone had always been very characteristic. It was difficult for Garen to forget after he had heard it once, or one could say that it was difficult for anyone who have heard of his distinctive tone to forget it.

A large Great Light Mech from White Light emerged and bolted straight towards the four Divine Wind Generals.

“Ice Dragon! Don’t get in the way!!” A Divine Wind General rushed out. With the two knives in hand, he gave a cross-slash and was entangled with Ice Dragon.

“Four, don’t get caught up with him!” The Divine Wind General leader bellowed, “Six and Seven, go force back that mad lunatic together!”

“I’ll use resonance skill, hurry!” Seventh Divine Wind General shouted. A dark cloud of black mass appeared in his hand and was gradually getting larger and darker. Very soon, it turned into a cloud of black airflow mass and was suspended between his palms.

Sixth Divine Wind General hurriedly darted out without saying much and provided close support. His single-broadsword was slashing out non-stop. The terrifying force field between the Inherited Levels constantly clashed together. Ice Dragon was only at a disadvantage for a moment.

“Resonance skills, Ice Cicada!! Hahahaha!!” Ice Dragon did not retreat but was even more fanatical. He seemed to be in full excitement and hysteria.

His Mech suddenly spewed out four white insect-like objects. The four things automatically turned and pierced towards two Divine Wind Generals. The speed was so fast that the two could not react. It was just a moment and those things were already in sight.

“Six, Four, don’t get entangled!” The Divine Wind General leader roared.

“Resonance skill. Black Dragon Sword!!” Seventh Divine Wind General incorporated the long spear pike in his hands with black mass and brought up a large gust of black wind. A huge force field power distorted the airflow, whirled and emerged before him, and then madly...struck the back of the Divine Wind General leader who was beside him.

Boom!!! Black gas tumbled all over.

The Divine Wind General leader’s body was pierced through from the back and the sharp tip of the spear pike penetrated the cockpit at the chest. The huge force thrust his whole body forward.

“You...!”

He looked down at the tip of the spear pike unbelievably.

## Chapter 962: Rescue 2

“Third brother!!!” Sixth Divine Wind General’s eyes widened and his jaw dropped when he looked back and saw this scene. Wanting to turn around to rescue him, his back so happened to be hit by Ice Cicada. His whole Mech was covered with white frost and his action became slow.

At this moment, Fourth Divine Wind General who was having a close combat with Ice Dragon suddenly spun around and struck Sixth Divine Wind General’s back with his two knives.



He acted extremely fast. Despite being hit by Ice Cicada, it was as if nothing had happened. Needless to say, it must be some kind of trick that he and Ice Dragon were playing.

Bang!

Sixth Divine Wind General forcefully raised his arm to use a backhand with his armor and deflected the blade and avoided the danger of being cleaved at the cockpit. But because of this, one of his arm was also cut off by the two knives. He crashed to the ground like a kite with a broken string.

Meanwhile, Third Divine Wind General, who was pierced through, slowly and silently disintegrated into a mass of black particles. It seemed that there was something weird about the weapon used by Seventh Divine Wind General.

At this time, the giant tree discharged several white light spots again. Numerous Mechs were snatching it madly. The situation became increasingly chaotic.

Fourth and Seventh Divine Wind General exchanged a look with Ice Dragon in the sky.

“Don’t bother about him. Grabbing the thing is more important!”

Fourth Divine Wind General spoke in a low voice.

The three broke up and darted straight towards three light points.

The change of events here was only a small one among the three forces. Not only here, there were also powerhouses from Polar Region who rebelled. Under the circumstance where several of the Inherited Level powerhouses were unprepared and did not completely activate their force field, they were sneakily attacked by their own powerhouses, injuring and killing many.

Even Black Star spun around and battled with Medero and the many powerhouses from the same region. He seemed to be at ease as he strolled about, clearly a traitor in this operation!

More than half of the powerhouses in Blackboard Laser Coalition rebelled and fell apart.

The battle situation in the sky was chaotic.

On the top of the hill, Garen narrowed his eyes slightly and looked at the direction in which Sixth Divine Wind General fell. With a thought in mind, a Big Wild Wolf slowly stepped out from behind and knelt beside him.

Reaching out, he gently stroked the head of the Big Wild Wolf.

“Sixth Divine Wind General...that’s him?”

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Below the giant tree, nearby the Seventh Ruins.

Wreckages of battleships and Mechs of all sizes were scattered all over the ground. Pits of different sizes were formed as they crashed into the ground. Some places still had fire burning slowly. Occasionally, there would be a loud blast caused by the explosion of the kinetic furnace.

In a larger dark pit, a dark blue humanoid Mech with its right arm broken was lying silently in it.

Du...

The Mech cabin opened automatically and a human body wearing a black combat suit and a helmet rolled out from the inside. His entire body was bundled up tightly and there was a white word, Wind, on his shoulder.

He weakly rolled over to the bottom of the pit, unable to move at all. He forcefully turned over and looked up at the complex battle situation in the sky. His vision gradually began to blur.

'Body health index dropped to twenty, warning, warning! Peripheral nerves damaged in large areas, Willpower cannot control the body, Willpower core is seriously impaired. Please send a distress signal immediately. Please send a distress signal immediately!' The built-in intelligence of the combat uniform continued to sound.

"Hehe... Can't control?" He smirked. The sharp pain in his body came wave after wave. That sneak attack and direct hit from Ice Dragon's Ice Cicada had heavily injured him completely. His consciousness became more and more blurred and unclear at this time.

'Warning! Warning! Please send out a rescue signal right away. Sixth Divine Wind General, Your Excellency, your physical condition is very bad. Failing to get help in half an hour's time will lead to permanent paralysis!' The sound of built-in intelligence kept on ringing.

But he could not hear it clearly anymore. The voice in his ears seemed to be getting farther, and farther...

Send out a distress signal? Now the people of Blackboard and Polar were being hunted down. It was already difficult for them to protect themselves. Who would come and help him? Could help him? Sending out a signal would only draw the enemy.

"Not-falling Level..." He finally managed to raise his hand and with his last effort, pressed the intelligent system switch on the combat suit to completely shut down the system. The noisy warning sound disappeared completely.

His eyelids continued to drop and become heavier and heavier, heavier and heavier. The light in front of him was also increasingly dimmed.

"Finally... found you..." Vaguely, he heard someone talking.

Is it the enemy? This thought flashed through his blurry mind.

The view before him moved, like someone was helping him up.

Pap pap! Pap Pap.

A few slaps on the cheeks, but no pain was felt.

“Still alive? That’s good!”

His eyelids finally closed completely. This sentence was the last sound he heard.

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No idea how long it had been...maybe a day, maybe two days or maybe more.

He began to awaken and his body felt warm. The sun was shining on the skin of his body.

“Sun? How can there be sunlight shining through the protective clothing onto the skin in the radiation belt?” His brain was still somewhat chaotic.

“You’re awake?”

A man’s voice sounded around him.

At the third floor of the basement in a gray-black single stone room, Garen hands were in his pockets. He had changed his clothes at this time to the ones stripped off from the Mech pilots who died in the battle. His previous clothes were tattered since long ago. So he grabbed a few more sets back during the chaos in the battlefield. Unfortunately, there were a number of others who were also searching the corpses like he did. The rest of the Inherited Level corpses were seized by others. Since he was now physically injured, his strength was too weak. Being able to bring this guy back was considered good enough.

He looked at the guy on the sickbed who was wearing a tight-fitting black combat suit with a big word, Wind, on his shoulder. His head was wrapped in a helmet and there was no way to see what he looked like.

In order to avoid any misunderstanding from the other party, he did not touch anything on this guy's body, not even his clothes.

"Have something to eat." Garen gestured with the fish soup in his hands. It was just cooked and was emitting steam and aroma. The thick fish soup had fish and dissolved fishbone in it, making the whole soup a pale white.

Sixth Divine Wind General tried to move his arm but there was no response.

"It was you who rescued me?" He asked in a small voice.

"Who else?" Garen shrugged and placed the fish soup on the stone table.

"Let me introduce myself. My name is Garen, the newbie who was once rescued by you, the one who offended Seventh Divine Wind General and was almost gotten rid of. Remember?"

Six immediately recalled that he had indeed rescued a beginner-level genius. His name was Nonosiva?

He looked at Garen, eyes puzzled and alert.

Garen smiled.

"Nono was my name. Now, I'm called Garen."

Six nodded after a moment of silence.

"I remember you."

“Things will be easier then.” Garen laughed. “Since you have regained consciousness, is there a good way to treat yourself? You are a Divine Wind General, Inherited Level top pilot! You would have some means, right?”

“...”

The smile on Garen’s face could not hold out any longer.

“You don’t have? You’re Divine Wind General! Inherited Level top pilot? Don’t tell me you don’t have any first aid treatment method!?”

“...”

Garen was baffled. Looking at the silent and pitiful Sixth Divine Wind General, he sighed.

“About your physical condition, you should be clear about it, yea? Same as mine, being injured by residual Willpower. Most of your Willpower had to be used to resist the opponent’s Willpower. If you want to recover, the duration has to be counted by years.”

“I know.” Six nodded. His head was the only part that he could move freely for now. “The entire body’s nerves had broken down, the body and Will had been separated and most of the Willpower is being suppressed. I am basically a useless person now. My strength is not even half of what it was during my peak period.”

Garen was speechless. This guy knew everything and his situation was even worse than himself back then. At that time, he was only hurt by the little Willpower released by Inherited Level. This guy was attacked by the enemy who wanted to completely kill him. If it were not for his powerful Willpower, the general person in his condition would have exploded and die any minute. He was simply a human bomb.

The Willpower remained in his body was constantly trying to blow him up from the inside so that he was in a kind of internal tearing pain at any moment.

“What are your plans for now?” Garen asked. “I saved you merely because you have saved me back then. One for one.”

“One for one?” Six repeated and did not speak.

Time passed slowly. He did not speak for a long time. His eyes looked misty and he seemed to be recalling something.

“They won’t let me go. They will definitely come here to search for me. It is better for you to throw me out. Otherwise, even if it’s in the radiation belt, you will also die.” Six said plainly.

“I certainly know that powerhouses like you will not be easily let go, different from me back then.” Garen said naturally, “So I intend to leave immediately. From the looks of it, Blackboard and Polar are bound to be chaotic.”

“You can’t escape.”

“I have my way.”

“The strength of the regions is not what you can imagine. Even in the radiation belt, you and I can’t run. We are dead,” Six said plainly.

“No, we’re not. My way can definitely avoid them!” Garen said assuredly.

“What do you know...? You’re just a little guy who hasn’t even touch the barrier...” Six sighed. “In the five levels of Inherited level, the third Non-falling Level powerhouse’s strength is beyond your imagination. No matter how we escape, we are sure to be dead. It is only a matter of time.”

“Little guy? What right do you have to say that I’m a little guy?” Garen laughed and was not angry. The way of Energy Machinist could not be simply leaked out so naturally, the other party was unclear since he did not know.

"I have lived for more than 500 years. You tell me, do I have the right?" Six answered calmly.

"500 years old!" Garen was shocked. Even though he had now travelled through a few worlds, but whether he was 500 years old was still in question. From this point of view, besides having richer experiences than the other party, this guy truly had the right to call him a little guy.

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"Alright, even if you are more than 500 years old and are older than me, what about that?" Garen exhaled. "The key question now is, what are your plans for the future?"

"We will not have a future." Six faintly closed his eyes. "I advise you to better leave this place immediately. Stay further away, then perhaps there would still be chance of living."

"Can high radiation levels prevent their search?" Garen suddenly asked.

Six opened his eyes and gave a puzzled look.

"Don't you feel any difference in the environment here?" Garen smiled.

Only then did Six felt that something was amiss. The radiation concentration here was denser than that in the outside world, at least twice as much as outside.

Garen did not elaborate but let him sense the situation here quietly. He went out and started packing. High radiation concentration could indeed cut off various searching signals, but this was not certain. It could only extend time. The key now was to arrive as quickly as possible at the secret region where the Energy Machinists were located. That was where outsiders could never enter.



Six Divine Wind General had once saved his life. Repaying any debt of gratitude he owed was Garen's principle. It was impossible for him to give up and flee on his own. Therefore, the most urgent thing now was to prepare to leave as soon as possible.

The distance to Secret Region from here was not close.

He kept the Biochemical Pool away properly, took some food packs and placed them on two Big Wild Wolves.

East Perrin and the others from the top floor of the basement were waiting at the entrance of the second floor. They had already helped Garen packed some necessary equipment, such as a one-time toxin detection capsule, which was used to detect poison in water sources and food to identify whether they were consumable. They did not use it when they came here so it was given to Garen.

There were also some remaining low-radiation pieces of meat and water from the base. This was what Garen specifically wanted for Sixth Divine Wind General. He did not need it for himself.

In addition, some miscellaneous small things were also being packed by the crowd.

"You...really want to leave?" East Perrin approached him and asked in a low voice.

Garen signalled to Sinno to pick up the bundle and nodded.

"This time, all of you staying here must utilize the high radiation concentration to hide yourself. Do not expose yourself. The next Predator Wave will be more violent. Be careful."

"Yes, we will." East Perrin nodded. The rest of the people were in a tacit understanding and did not disturb the two. East Perrin liked Garen and everyone felt it. But now, she could not go with him.

Truth to be told, at the bottom of her heart, East Perrin wanted Garen to ask her, but...she could not leave behind these last few people of Leo City. There were also two children and she was the strongest powerhouse here. If she were to leave, their survival rate would be very low even with the Big Wild Wolves here. Moreover, them staying here was the best way as compared to going away with Garen.

After all, there were many people in that Secret Region. Once the training method skill they acquire was exposed, it was hard to predict the consequences.

After carefully consideration, as long as this place was hidden properly, it was entirely possible to build a small, self-sufficient base in the hills. Living on for many years would not be a problem. It would be much safer to wait until years later when their training method had reached a certain level before going out again.

“Alright, Sinno. Let’s go.” Garen patted East Perrin’s shoulders. During this period of time here, he had successfully managed to avoid the threat of Predators by borrowing the strength of Leo City. Of course, he had also helped them to survive and preserved a remnant. As all good things must come to an end, it was time to leave now.

Sinno carried the bundle and walked behind Garen. They returned to the room where Sixth Divine Wind General was lying in and put him on a simple stretcher placed on the back of a Big Wild Wolf. Garen and Sinno each rode a Big Wild Wolf.

They headed towards the exit of the second floor of the basement.

Sixth Divine Wind General also saw this strange group of people. He was surprised that they were all doing fine in this area of high radiation level. However, the people’s attention were all focused on Garen and Sinno.

The three people rode the Big Wild Wolf to the second floor. Others also followed to the second floor. Upon reaching the exit of the first floor, the basement slate was pushed upwards and the three Big Wild Wolves went out one after another. Their movements were slow and steady.

“Will you still come back?!” East Perrin suddenly shouted after Garen from behind.

Garen waved his hand.

“If it is destined.”

He went down along the hill. East Perrin and the party stood on top of the hill and looked down at Garen the three who were slowly descending. Malone clutched East Perrin's hand tightly.

"He is just a passer-by. This place is just a brief stopover in his life. We...are two different kinds of people..." Malone sighed. He had witnessed too many separations in his life. He was clear that although East Perrin had an excellent aptitude, she could only advance to the vertex of Level Five and at the most five. This was the limit in radiation belt. Without a Mech, even the strongest talents could not break into the resonance level. What was more, he had repeatedly checked that the aptitude limit of East Perrin was indeed at Level Five. This is a limitation by the genes.

About Garen's aptitude, he was not able to see through it. Although he did not check it, the future of Energy Machinist could only be known by the Energy Machinist themselves. From the look of Garen's various performances, Level Five would not be his end.

East Perrin looked at the three people below from far. The three Big Wild Wolves gradually could only be seen as little spots.

She felt a little melancholy. But with Garen gone, life had to go on still. She also had to lead the last remnant of Leo City to kick-start and regenerate into a new and stronger Leo City!

Fanny stood behind the two. Watching the firmly-forward moving Sinno, he sighed softly. He had always treated this girl as his own sister. Now that his sister was leaving, he could no longer continue to follow her back and protect her...

Pat.

One hand rested on his shoulder. The middle-aged woman, Shangrella looked at him with a comforting gaze.

"Sinno will live well, even better than us, because she followed Mr. Garen."

Fanny nodded heavily and did not speak but only sighed deeply.

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Night fell. A red moon hung in the sky. Beside it were two blue and white satellites that were smaller in size. They were releasing a faint light in the night sky.

On the grayish black grassland, the three persons rode the Big Wild Wolves and headed steadily towards a direction in the grassland.

The three Big Wild Wolves were arranged in an inverted-V formation. The one Garen rode was on the front. Sixth Divine Wind General was tied on a stretcher with a rope to prevent him from falling. However, the continuous undulating back of the Big Wild Wolf was not suitable for lying down, making him extremely uncomfortable.

Sinno's gaze was steady as she followed behind Garen. She was constantly alert of their surroundings and its movements.

The grey-black grassland looked endless. The wind blew through the grass from time to time and made a buzzing sound.

"Where do you want to go?" Six asked in a low voice, but the sound was clear enough for both to hear.

"Can't say for the time being, but you can be assured that I will do my best to protect you." Garen answered without looking back. He was not only moving forward currently. At the same time, he was working on the calculations of Energy Machinist Level Four. Big Wild Wolf already had the direction to the destination in its mind. He only needed to sit firmly on its back.

"Was that Willpower transmission?" Garen noticed that the voice just now was unique.

Six nodded.

"This is a simple skill that can be used once Willpower achieve resonance skill. Some talented ones do not even need resonance level." He sized up the Big Wild Wolf underneath his body. "You are also an Energy Machinist. I overlooked that."

“This is the basic reconnaissance unit that I developed myself. How is it? Not bad, right?” Garen knew that the other party was well-informed and probably also knew much about Energy Machinists.

“I don’t know much about your profession, but I have seen some reconnaissance cannon fodder creatures. Yours can sustain for a very long duration. As a reconnaissance force, it is almost the same as the regular Level One combat army unit.” Six nodded slightly and gave a good evaluation. “The speed of some Level One combat army unit, like the more powerful poisonous bees, eagles-type, or leopards-type, is just like yours. Combining with other qualities, this wolf can be considered as medium-low class of Level One. Considering it is only a reconnaissance unit, this is very good.”

“Oh? Just medium-low?” Garen looked back at him. “Then what’s considered as medium and high class?”

“I have not come across many. Most of the Energy Machinists stay on their own sites. The average person would not provoke them. This group of people is known to be notoriously difficult to deal with. They deal with radiation a lot and are feared by many. Generally, they also won’t randomly go to other pilots’ places.” Six shook his head slightly. “But I’ve heard that only Level Four Energy Machinists are capable of creating the official combat army units. Official combat army units. The Level One combat army elite units developed by some Energy Machinists who took the elite path could fight with Level Two pilots. That is terrific. Some who took the group route are able to nurture a multi-headed combat unit. Their joint attack and array tactics are all very strong. If the same level Energy Machinists can hid properly, they would be invincible. If they can’t win, they can flee and escape once the situation turns bad.”

Garen nodded. He had also found out about these from Mincar’s internal network, but they were not as clear as Six’s systematic description.

“Also, some Energy Machinists are part-time pilots. Although they are not strong, they are not without combat strength. Utilizing some group-influence props is of no problem. Of course, this kind of prop is expensive, but Energy Machinist is not a profession that lacks money,” Six calmly said. “I can probably guess where you are headed.”

“Oh?”

“Is it Secret Region?”

Garen smiled and did not deny it.

“If it is Secret Region, indeed it is possible to avoid the other party’s search. However, the premise is that we can get there.” Six looked up at the night sky. “They are here.”

Whooooom!!

A red meteor suddenly descended down from the sky and flew in the direction of Garen them three. Even though it was a few kilometres away, the powerful and terrible energy field was so apparent that Garen and Sinno could scarcely breathe.

“Inherited Level again!!” Garen’s face stiffened. The last scene in which he was suppressed by Seventh Divine Wind General once again came to mind. In this moment, the situation was completely the same with back then, except that the place had changed to the grassland in radiation belt.

“It’s Four...he is still a few kilometers away, He had only preliminary sensed my direction but hasn’t really found me yet. Go quickly!” Sixth Divine Wind General calmly instructed.

## Chapter 964: Departure 2

Garen nodded hard, and ordered the slightly panicked Big Wild Wolves to pick up the pace and run as though their lives depended on it.

“What on earth are they doing to determine your location!?” he roared without looking back.

“Willpower, we Divine Wind Generals are connected to the Black Flood Holy Pillar by our Willpower, it will give us a larger boost in power, but it will also be able to track our general location.” Sixth’s expression remained impassive as he looked up at the red shooting stars in the distant sky. Right then, the three of them turned to the left and spun rapidly, slowly leaving the direction that the shooting star was coming from.

Only then did Garen and Sinno heave a sigh of relief.

The two of them realized that their hearts were pounding extremely quickly. In that moment just now, Garen even felt as though he might have to use the trump card that he had been saving to keep himself alive. All this time, in order to increase his chances of survival, he had created a single trump card according to the standards of the Energy Machinists. But this thing was single-use only, once he used it, it would be gone. He had modified it based on the Instantaneous Paper Box that he had used up back then, although its function was gone, its shell and materials remained. These were all precious materials, so Garen used the Energy Machinist's internal network to find a small tool that could accumulate Willpower. He inserted the Willpower that he had accumulated for a long time inside it, it was probably ten times as concentrated as his current Willpower by now. If it weren't for the resilience of the Instantaneous Paper Box's materials, such a small tool would have been destroyed a long time ago.

But precisely because of that, Garen could barely just make a small item with great single-use explosive power. If he could ignite that Willpower once, it would form a short-term Impact Storm. Its power would probably be considerable, but he really could not be sure against an Inherited Level.

He just had to pray that the Cold Radiation coming off from him would be enough to hide their scents, and could influence the Inherited Level's sense of direction to a certain extent.

If the opponent really caught up to them, their imminent doom was almost certain.

Although they would very likely die if he caught up to them, the Sixth Divine Wind General had saved Garen before, so he did not give up or abandon him in his time of need, and the results were very clear.

The Divine Wind General knew that as well, that was why he kept asking Garen to leave him and save himself.

"If you have any tricks you can use to save yourself, better get them ready now," said Garen without looking back. He did not believe that the Sixth Divine Wind General would have nothing of the sort.

"I've already used it," replied the Sixth Divine Wind General calmly. "Look above you."

Garen and Sinno instantly looked up, and saw a slightly black semicircular defense shield covering the tops of their heads. This shield was translucent and barely there, vaguely hanging above them, and moving as they moved.

“This Willpower Barrier should be able to block off our scents to a certain degree, but I can’t hold it for long,” said Sixth softly.

He seemed to treat everything with indifference, no matter how serious the matter, he still used this calm and cool tone.

Be it losing the most precious thing to a pilot, his personalized Mech; his own grave injuries, to the point of paralysis; or the fact that he was running for his life, and could die at any moment. He did not seem to have many variations in his emotions, as though he was forever this calm and collected.

“How long can you hold it?” Garen asked in a low voice.

“Twenty minutes, I need to rest for half an hour in between.”

“That’s enough!” Garen calculated the rough distance, and found that it should be fine.

He looked up, and saw the red shooting star crash into the ground hard from the distance. Even the plains were shaking slightly, making a loud wailing sound.

Garen turned around, and looked at the Sixth Divine Wind General.

“I have one last plan, I can rapidly heal your injuries, but without Mechs, the chances of us surviving aren’t high. The only way is to go Berserk, but there’s a high chance that you’ll become something like us, and your mind will be under my control. If there’s no choice...”

He let the Big Wild Wolf approach Sixth, and stuffed a handful of something blue at his left chest.



"If you really have no choice, then release the automatic Willpower protection over your heart. But when that happens, there will be no more turning back. You must remember, unless you're desperate, don't use it," Garen kept reminding him.

Sixth looked down at the thing in front of his chest, it looked just like a plump blue ball of flesh, fist-sized, completely blue, and covered with tiny blue tentacles that twitched slightly. Strangely, as soon as it touched his chest, it immediately attached itself to him, as though it had a mind of its own.

"It's very odd, but also a very fascinating power." For the first time, there was surprise in his eyes. Even with his level of Willpower, he still could not analyze what this thing was made of! And this was coming from an Energy Machinist who could not even reach Resonance Skills.

This kid...

For the first time, he began to have a bit of faith in his young friend, Garen. At first, he thought that with the ambush and betrayal to him, as well as the murder of Third Brother, the Black Flood Party and Blackboard were more or less done with. He thought it was over, and there was nothing left but inevitable death, but he never thought there might still very well be a chance here.

He was just lucky, to be saved by the young one he had saved once before. Just like that, he escaped the misfortune of being caught by the enemy at the first chance, and now he might actually have a hope of escaping this completely.

An Energy Machinist with merely Level Three Willpower...

He looked at Garen in front of him again, a ray of hope finally rising in his eyes.

Suddenly there was a flash of red, and a group of Predators appeared from underground abruptly, pouncing straight at the three of them, who were still running.

Roar!

Garen flicked his fingers several times in succession, and with a few soft whooshes, his powerful physicality meant that the sharp stones he had shot out as secret weapons nailed themselves into the Predators' heads, wiping most of them as soon as they were in sight.

"They're just Level One Predators! Don't delay!" he roared, and drew a long sword that had been hanging beside the Big Wild Wolf. Bending over and slashing once, he cut fiercely at a Predator right in front of him following the Big Wild Wolf's assault.

Sinno also learned from him, and blocked one of the Predator's pounce attacks with her sword.

The three of them hastened up and quickly left the few remaining Predators behind, rushing forth without even looking back.

Although Garen's current Living Secret Technique, the Hellfrost Peacock Technique, was not the type for head-on attacks, he still had his foundations from his original fighting techniques, as well as his own Ten Thousand True Technique, a summary of everything. If he just relied on his foundations in secret techniques and was not hit face-on by Willpower impact, even a Level Five pilot would die if Garen ambushed them. But if it was a direct confrontation of Willpowers, he would only be able to take a Level Three pilot's impact at the most.

The head-on fighting power of the seventh grade Hellfrost Peacock Technique was really not that strong. After all, he mostly created forces such as his squads, in the world where secret techniques were everywhere, practitioners of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique were mostly targets to be protected...

Kekkekkekke...

A piercing laugh came from ahead, and a pale grey shadow quickly pounced at Garen, who was at the very front. It was very fast, much faster than most Level One Predators, so it had to be at least Level Two.

This Predator had waited for the other Predators to rush out as scouts before it made a move itself, so it evidently had the makings of sentience.

It wore grey rags on its body, and they could tell that this was probably once a woman with a decent body. But now its nails were sharp, just like knives, and it somersaulted in mid-air as it clawed at Garen. If these claws landed, even the external armor of a Level Two Mech would crack.

Naturally, Garen's body was nowhere near as hard as Mech Materials, but his speed was not something Level Two pilots could match.

He watched the claws come at him, this was his first time fighting a Predator above Level One himself, without relying on the Big Wild Wolf, and just purely using his own fighting power and the quality of his Living Secret Techniques.

"Eagle Stream!" Garen barked, and used the move he was most familiar with from the Crouched Eagle Talon, his arm accurately diverting the claws from the side, and then both arms blocking the Predator's two claws tightly.

Die!

He suddenly used his explosive force, and actually jumped up from the Wild Wolf's back, charging into the Predator's waist and hitting it with his knee.

His knee just happened to smash upwards from the Predator's knee, ker-chak!

Amidst the intense noise, the Predator opened its mouth in silent agony, its waist almost broken in two. It crashed hard into the ground beside them, and was motionless.

Garen floated lightly back onto the wolf's back, his knee bleeding slightly. Although he has used the hardest part of his body, his knee, to hit the softest part of the enemy's waist, the hardness of a Level Two Predator's body was still beyond his expectations, so he still hurt his right knee.

But he had also objectively tested his current fighting power, using his own abilities and quickly finishing off the opponent in the instant before the Level Two Predator could use the Void Mind Force to attack. If the opponent used that power, however, he might be in trouble. And as for Level Three Predators, unless his body was strengthened up another notch, and he could also get the first advantage, there was no other way for him to break past the surface of a Level Three Predator's defensive skin.

Thankfully, the Hellfrost Peacock Technique was the best at recovering from injuries, and add that to the help from the potential points, it meant that as long as Garen was not dead, he would be able to heal from even the severest wounds on his own. However, when it came to injuries in Willpower, the secret techniques and potential points would be powerless to help, this seemed to be a completely different thing.

“Nice technique!” praised the Sixth Divine Wind General from behind him. “Your fighting skills look like that of an expert, not a bit more and not a bit less, precise and accurate.”

“You flatter me. No matter how strong my fighting skills are, if my Willpower can’t even break past others’ force fields, it’s all pointless,” replied Garen with a laugh.

“I hear that there are powerhouses among the Energy Machinists who strengthen their own bodies, they absorb martial arts powerhouses, and if they can withstand the strengthening, their future potential would be boundless,” said the Sixth Divine Wind General, shaking his head. “Of course, you’re also an Energy Machinist, so naturally you would also know that.”

“Yes, I do know a bit about that, but that form of strengthening can only be done by oneself to themselves, if you modify someone else, that’s illegal.” Garen nodded. Of course, he was not worried about his modifications of Sinno, because radiation people had no rights... and were not protected by the law. By that he meant normal people, those without radiation.

“Illegal? Stuff like the law depends on who decided it. Haven’t you heard of a rule called special treatment? The law changes according to special situations as well,” said Sixth meaningfully.

“Are you saying that according to the law, certain people can be modified by other Energy Machinists?” Garen asked. “True, this stuff happens all the time, it’s no surprise.”

“But there must be a high standard of selection for fighting skills like that, right?” Beside them, Sinno spoke softly for the first time in a while.

“It’s a very cruel selection, I hear only one out a thousand gets chosen. The thousand of them must be free from any previous genetic strengthening, and they’d all be thrown into a ring to kill each other. Only the final survivor can receive the special treatment and be modified,” said Sixth calmly.

“What if the last two kill each other?” asked Sinno.

“Then they wait for the next round.”

For a moment, all three were silent. Even Sinno never thought that there would be a group of people even more tragic than the radiation people. Only one survives out a thousand, such cruelty evidently could not be on the right side of the law.

The rest of the journey was relatively safe, after the three of them avoided a large group of Predators and the Search Mech team occasionally scattered around the sky, they quickly realized that the many Search Mechs were starting to retreat, while the number of Predators just kept increasing. Sixth decided it was because the Flying Predators would be here soon, and once they appear, the advantage the Mechs had in the sky would be instantly reduced to nothing. In order to avoid too many casualties, the Mechs had to retreat quickly.

And they just happened to use that short period of calm to finally reach the Secret Region of the Energy Machinists on Garen’s map. And when they saw this region, none of them could have guessed that this place actually looked like this.

## Chapter 965: Close Call 1

There was an oppressive flock of black flying birds in the sky, with eagles, gulls, and even tiny sparrows, or strange-looking colorful birds. There were countless translucent strings connected to the bottom of the birds, and these strings were all connected to a huge, enormous shadow at the very bottom.

It was a giant oval-shaped platform, like a silver moving castle made of silver. It even had some things that looked like chimneys sticking out, constantly spewing black smoke.

Garen and the other two rode on the Big Wild Wolves, looking at the huge moving castle platform in the sky ahead of them. They were all kind of stunned, and completely at a loss for words to describe that big guy, which was at least several thousand meters large.

“Just those few birds would actually be able to move such a big thing?” Sinno murmured, she could not believe that merely several thousand birds would be able to tow such a terrifying castle. It had to be at least several thousand tons, and it was made of metal to boot.

“It probably has an anti-gravity device, the birds might just be there to lead the way,” said Sixth in a deep voice, it was also his first time seeing the Energy Machinist’s Secret Region. He glanced at Garen, and noticed that the key-like item in front of his chest was glowing slightly. That was the logo of the Energy Machinists, without that thing, they would not be able to see that large thing even if they were even closer by. The whole Secret Region only showed itself automatically when Energy Machinists approached, or rather, it was always in an invisible state to start with. Only those who were shielded by the force field of the Energy Machinists’ key deserved to see that huge castle.

“I know we can already see it, but in truth it’s quite far away. That’s because the Region itself is too huge, and the weather is good today, without any fog or clouds, that’s the only reason we can see the whole thing clearly. Alright, let’s continue on our way, it should still be about an hour away,” said Garen softly.

The other two nodded, and the three of them rested slightly, towed by the Big Wild Wolves, before they continued to rush towards the gigantic flying castle.

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“Damn it!! You sure run fast!”

Barroom!

There was a huge sound accompanied by an explosion of red light, and a dark blue humanoid Mech holding twin swords slashed at a decently-sized hill in front of it, as though venting its anger. The red light and energy virtual attack shattered the hill into pieces, earth and grass flying everywhere. But before the spray could get too far, it was rapidly melted by the black smoke, turning into ash and vanishing.

“Lord Fourth, according to the test results, they probably did not get far. The Sixth, Masanra, was grievously injured, and he would surely be unable to move unassisted, so someone must be helping him!

Not only did they rescue him from the battlefield afterward, they should still be taking him away from the area through the night, wandering around everywhere,” a soft voice said from one of the two slightly paler blue humanoid Mechs standing behind the Fourth Wind General, it was the one on the left.

“What do you suggest? Sixth has the Willpower barrier that can prevent tracking, Illusory Light. Even in the whole Blackboard Region, his Illusory Light is among the best skills to block Willpower. Even I can’t track him,” Fourth asked with a cold snort.

“It can block Willpower waves, but it won’t be so easy to block other signals,” said that subordinate darkly.

“Aura and Biological Radiation don’t work well in the radiation belt,” said Fourth coldly. “Lingering Willpower will also be blocked off by the barrier.”

“Not those usual ways, I mean... deduce it using the highest possibility.” The subordinate chuckled. “My lord, think about it, the Flying Predators will be coming any time now, and at this point, even we have to retreat into the regions to defend ourselves. And there are so few of them, so if they want to survive, they only two possible choices.”

Fourth’s eyes instantly lit up.

“You’re right, I’ve been relying on technology too much, I forgot that even basic deductions could lead us to clues. Not bad, you!”

Fourth nodded, his tone becoming considerably more gentle.

“If they want to avoid the Flying Predators, one option for them is to find a place and hide themselves completely, hiding their scents and falling into deep hibernation, so that they would have a certain chance of avoiding the Predators. And the other option, would be to hide in a secret area that’s even safer.”

“As expected of my wise lord!”

Fourth laughed coldly.

“And now we have people guarding all the large regions, plus they’re too far from here. They’re in a rush, so they would not possibly choose somewhere too far away, it has to be somewhere nearby. And there are just two safe spots around here, both belonging to the Underground Rebel Army.”

“The Underground Rebel Army’s secret spots have already been closed down completely,” said the other subordinate softly.

“Oh? Are you sure?” Fourth looked at his other trusted aide.

“Certain!” replied the man steadily.

“Then this might be slightly troublesome...” Fourth touched his chin in the cockpit, deep in thought.

“My lord... There might be one more thing that you seemed to have forgotten,” the subordinate who had spoken first said again, a hint of a smile in his voice.

“Oh? Do you mean...” Fourth paused slightly. “The Energy Machinists’ Moving Castle? Could the person he rescued be an Energy Machinist? Is it really such a coincidence? Energy Machinists are few and far between, at such a critical moment...”

“According to our observations, there weren’t any footprints or similar trails left behind, but we found many marks that looked like they came from a pack of wolves. Evidently, there might be surviving groups of some wolf-like creature around here. If the opponent is an Energy Machinist, they always have had many tricks up their sleeves. It would not be impossible for them to temporarily tame a few Wild Wolves to help them escape using chips. After all, these Wild Wolves are no more than Level One creatures at best,” said the man with extraordinary confidence. “Besides, according to my observations just now, among the wolf tracks, three of them were headed straight for the general direction of the Moving Castle, without any hesitation. This, together with your general sense of direction from before, sir...”

“Let’s go! No matter how unlikely it could be, let’s go to the Moving Castle!” Fourth humphed coldly. The Mech leapt from the ground, blue flames shooting from its back, making the cape on the Divine



Wind General's shoulder flap in the wind. He flew like the wind towards the direction Garen and the others had run in.

The other two followed closely, leaving only the debris and chaos as a result of his venting behind.

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The Moving Castle moved slowly. From afar, one could only see how slowly it was floating, and as they grew closer, the details of the Moving Castle began to gradually appear in front of the three of them.

Silver-white walls, complicated carvings that looked like electric circuits, blue electricity pulsing through it, and the occasionally buzzing vibration.

As they got closer, underneath the huge Moving Castle, there was a projection of a translucent, illusory green pillar of light. The pillar of light was like an empty cylindrical pillar, as though a green stick had descended down from the underbelly of the Castle and embedded itself into the ground, becoming the connecting apparatus for others to enter the Castle.

When Garen and the others were about to arrive, even from a distance, they could see at least several dozen people, some with more followers than others, lining up to enter the Moving Castle.

There was a large clock counting down on the green light pillar, indicating that there were only 32 minutes left, and the number kept decreasing.

The people lining up all wore different clothes, but they all had one thing in common, which was they all had an Energy Machinist key, either in their hands or hanging conspicuously somewhere on their bodies. They all had at least a few followers standing next to them, most of the followers were dressed neatly, and many of them had outstanding appearances or body figures. The male Energy Machinists were mostly surrounded by extreme beauties, and the female Energy Machinists had beautiful or handsome men standing around them. But the thing that surprised Garen the most was that these followers mostly had strangely dazed gazes, giving off a feeling of dispirited despair. They even wore black dog-like collars around their necks.

Garen's arrival was not eye-catching at all, two more Energy Machinists had arrived at the same time, also rising a panther and a lion respectively. Jumping off the Wild Wolf, Garen lined up at the very end of the line, slowly waiting for his turn to enter.

The person in front of him was a fatty, who was currently lowering his head to play what looked like a high difficulty counting game on the small game console in his hand. Two other thin and tall people lined up behind Garen's group, their eyes dark. They each wore a red bangle, one on the left hand and the other on the right, and it seemed like they were brothers.

The wind grew stronger, time passed slowly, and people entered the pillar underneath the Moving Castle one by one. After each one entered, there was a short waiting period, presumably for registration and verification of some information. It was not going very fast.

It was also Garen's first time seeing other Energy Machinists in the real world, and as he observed the others, he found that most Energy Machinists dressed completely differently, and there was no rhyme or reason to them.

The fatty in front of him looked like a rich merchant, all meaty like that. He seemed to have noticed that Garen was watching him as well, and turned around to give Garen a friendly smile. His followers were two extremely seductive and beautiful young ladies, even if they wore long white robes, Garen could still vaguely see their sexy bodies and beautiful faces.

And the two brothers behind had their arms crossed in front of their chests, closing their eyes and resting, acting arrogantly as though ignoring everyone. They did indeed have the right to be arrogant, their Willpower forces seemed to be Level Four, the panther and the lion they were riding were both half-machinized elite units, which meant that they were evidently rich enough to own an experimental platform. Only by owning the other necessity besides the Biochemical Pool, the experimental platform, would they be able to properly modify a cannon fodder creature in depth, so that it would not disappear immediately. Other than lasting longer, its fighting power and other abilities would also be greatly increased.

The two of them also noticed that Garen was watching them, and the one that seemed to be the older brother opened his eyes coldly. He glanced at Garen, and then his gaze instantly locked on the Sixth Divine Wind General, who was lying on the wolf's back. A hint of wariness flashed past his eyes.

"Hmph!" With a cold harumph, he closed his eyes again and ignored them. Evidently, the Sixth Divine Wind General's Willpower forces made him exceedingly wary.

Garen knew that his own Willpower was too weak, so he would be noticed if he stared, so his eyes stopped wandering. He just stood quietly in line, waiting his turn.

Time passed slowly, and soon two more Energy Machinists joined the line. No one said anything, they were all here to leave their followers, those without followers could have left a long time ago.

“You have to fulfill your promise!” Suddenly, a cold woman’s voice came from the back of the line.

There was a young girl with one of the newly-arrived Energy Machinists, she had pitch-black skin that looked just like coal, and her body was unnaturally seductive and sexy. Even so, she was not the type that Energy Machinists here would go for. It was practically a miracle that the Energy Machinist took her in as a follower.

The Energy Machinist had a tiny black goatee, a bit like a middle-aged academic scholar from the ancient Hua-Xia dynasties, his aura calm and collected.

“Do not worry, I will naturally keep my word,” he replied to the girl’s question calmly, his expression unchanging.

The girl hmped coldly, as though disbelieving, but she had no choice but to let it slide.

The Energy Machinist who looked like a middle-aged scholar also only had Level Three Willpower, like Garen. And he did not have any cannon fodder creatures with him either, having apparently arrived here through other means.

## Chapter 966: Close Call 2

Garen looked at the duo a little longer, and that middle-aged scholar turned around to smile at him, his expression gentle and extremely amiable.

After waiting for a little longer, there were only ten people left in front of them in the line, but just then, a giant White Snake-Necked Dragon came flying from the distant sky. It had large meaty wings like a bat, and was completely white, its long and graceful snake-like neck occasionally making some clear and slightly hoarse roars.

There were five or six people sitting on the Snake-Necked Dragon, all dressed completely in black, wearing black metallic helmets on their heads, and overall looking very mysterious.

The Snake-Necked Dragon, more than ten meters long, landed on the ground, and automatically began to shrink with a whoosh, turning into a ball of white light that flew into the ring of the leader of the black helmets.

“Space Equipment!” gasped an Energy Machinist from inside the line.

Garen was shocked too.

Among the Mech pilots, only Inherited Level pilots could use Space Equipment. The standard was naturally high for Energy Machinists as well, unless you were a Level Five Energy Machinist, you could forget about using one of these. And even among the Level Five Energy Machinists, only the rich and powerful could afford one of these.

As soon as this group descended, they did not even line up, and walked straight towards the round pillar entrance.

“Are you trying to cut the line?!” roared an Energy Machinist in the line who had been intercepted.

“Scram!” One of the black-helmeted people glared, and an invisible force field immediately exploded, sending someone flying out from the line.

“This force field!” Garen’s eyes dilated slightly, this force field reminded him of the Mind Force Field that Level Two Predators used the most often, the two were extremely similar in quality!

“You guessed right, the formation of the Predators might have something to do with Energy Machinists...” said Sixth, talking to him through Willpower.

“Don’t tell me that the Predator Tide was because of Energy Machinists...” Garen guessed.

“A lot of people have that conjecture, but be it on the Mother Planet or the other galaxies around, Energy Machinists are the most powerful, this is not a world revolving around pilots. The pilots’ territory is near the edge of the war with the Finite people, there are too many elites and peak-level pilots there, or even Regent Level ones. This is the inner region, it has always been Energy Machinist territory. So even if people are guessing that they have been experimenting on radiation people, nobody is willing to provoke the Energy Machinists,” explained Sixth calmly.

“Are we Energy Machinists very powerful?” Garen was not very sure about how peak-level pilots looked at Energy Machinists, so he asked somewhat curiously.

“Very powerful?” Sixth shook his head. “You’re not very powerful, you’re extremely powerful! You guys made the Mother Planet radiation belt, and not just here, but the radiation belts on other planets and in other galaxies, they were all once experimental sites for you Energy Machinists. In recent years, especially, with the Regent Level pilots falling one after the other, the Energy Machinists have been developing with unstoppable momentum, and with no balance or restriction. They’ve been getting terrifyingly strong, and exceedingly brazen.

“Then why haven’t I seen many Energy Machinists before this?” Garen said with a frown.

“That’s simple, because this is the territory of the Academies Union, but it’s still only a small piece of land. Once you leave it, you’ll find that Energy Machinists are king, every merchant fleet has an Energy Machinist in charge. An Energy Machinist of the same level is equivalent to several pilots, and powerful pilots also need Energy Machinists to fix and maintain their Mechs. That’s why the position of Energy Machinists aren’t threatened at all, and instead, most of the pilots will even protect them for sure. This is reality,” replied Sixth calmly. “The strongest ones on the Mother Planet are the Level Ten Perpetual Motioners, and at least half of the Perpetual Motioners are closely related to the Energy Machinists, in fact sometimes they are Energy Machinists themselves.”

“Perpetual Motioners... Level Ten...”

It was Garen's first time hearing about even higher levels among pilots.

"Be it pilots or Energy Machinists, after a certain level, they will reach the point where their fighting power is unaffected by numbers. And after we break past Level Five, and go through the Resonance stage, that's Level Six. The so-called Level Seven is what we call the Non-falling level, this is a drastic and fundamental change. Non-falling means that, in a war, when these fighters appear, they practically will never fall. Their power is strong enough for them to just bulldoze through, if an army has just one of these level fighters, unless the opponent has a powerhouse of the same level, they'll just have to retreat. Non-falling Levels are absolute powerhouses even among the Inherited Levels.

Sixth explained it to Garen patiently.

"Of course, you're just merely Level Three now, all this is way too far away from you. Level Ten... Perpetual Motioners might even live up to a thousand years. They are one step away from Regent Level, and that's practically a living legend, living history... You have to understand, Non-falling Levels are already kings of an area, with one hit, they can easily destroy the balance of a planet, or a huge battleship. The rest is too far away from us, so there's no need to think about it."

Garen was quiet inside. Undeniably, forget Regent Level, even the Non-falling Level was way past the highest point he had ever reached. The Non-falling Levels could boss their way through space, and had already surpassed the peak-level destructive power he had in the Totem World. It was common to destroy a large battleship or the balance of the planet with just one hit. So it seemed that the Ancient Endor civilization might actually lose to how scary this world is. In any case, they could not match this world in terms of pure destructive power.

"The Non-falling Levels can destroy the balance of nature, so won't it be easy to destroy all life on a planet?" Garen asked.

"It's very simple, but with Energy Machinists around, they can fix and maintain the balance. Stronger Energy Machinists can even repair a planet. Non-falling levels usually were not allowed to fight on the surface of the planet, so most people went into space. Alright, let's talk about something, it doesn't matter even if you know now, so just treat it as listening to a story." Sixth smiled, the Non-falling level had always been his life's dream, and it was once right in front of his eyes, but now there was no more hope left for it. Even if the kid in front of him now had that potential, he still did not know how much he would have to go through to make it possible. If he was lucky, he might be able to see a glimmer of hope after a hundred years. If he was unlucky, even if he lived several centuries, it might be decent for him to have even reached Inherited Level.

As you went higher up in levels, the harder it got, and the larger the gap between stages, it was beyond the imagination of normal people.

As they chatted, they were soon at the front of the line, with only one person left in front of them.

Psst!!

Suddenly, a long crimson arc shot out from behind them.

“Sixth, where are you trying to go? You left on your own without telling your Big Brother, did I do something to offend you?”

An icy cold voice full of killing intent echoed through the sky.

Sixth’s and Garen’s expression changed drastically, and they turned around to see that long crimson arc headed straight for the three of them.

“He actually chased us all the way here!”

“Is that your enemy?” The fatty in front of them turned around and saw the long crimson arc as well, his gaze looking shocked. “Well I’ll be, it’s the Divine Wind General... An Inherited Level powerhouse, you boys sure know how to get in trouble!” His eyes turned, and he made way to the left.

“Hurry, you first! This is a matter of life-and-death, it is!”

“Go!!”

Garen blanked out for a second, but then he immediately picked up Sixth with one hand and Sinno with the other, rushing towards the pillar ahead without another word.

“Thanks, friend!” Garen quickly tossed him those words. “I’ll be waiting for you on the inside!”

“No problem! I’ve made friends with the five biggest troublemakers so far, and they’re all talents! Haha!” Strangely, the fatty patted his round belly, and laughed in a frank way. “You, brother, are the sixth!”

When Garen heard the last bit, he felt slightly exasperated too. He was lucky to have met such a wonderfully weird one, otherwise it would not be so easy, he would surely get into a fight if he tried to cut the line.

The fatty watched Garen and the others rush into the pillar, his eyeballs turning everywhere.

“Hehe, he dares to provoke a Level Six powerhouse even though he’s only Level Three, that guy must surely be a talent as well. If those boys and girls got together, then that would be really fun, they’re all troublemakers, and they’re all dastardly characters. With such a long line of enemies lining up behind them, they’re all people with big and powerful people out for their blood.”

“What do you mean by calling us characters, that sounds awful. We’re prodigies, prodigies, you hear me!?” A small and slender hand appeared at his waist, it was the pretty young girl that had always been on his left who had reached out and pinched his waist hard. She had also disguised herself as a Follower to escape with the fatty.

“Yes yes yes, prodigy, prodigy! You are the most dazzling prodigy in the Mother Planet, no, the whole galaxy! Beautiful, majestic, unrivaled, even your fart can kill off the best of the elites just by how good it smells!! No one else can, I mean, they don’t have the right to be mentioned in the same breath as you...” The fatty hurriedly flattered her against his will.

“You sure got a sweet mouth on you, but I like it.” The girl pulled her hand back. “You said it so well, does that mean you want to smell my fart?”

“Urk...” The fatty was shocked too, he did not think this girl would have no sense of shame at all.

“What? Are you telling me everything you said just now was fake?” The girl laughed coldly.



"I wouldn't dare... I... I..." The fatty began to sweat, even if the lady was a beauty, that was still a fart! Who the heck would be willing to smell someone else's fart? But he knew that this lady was never one to go back on her word, if she said she could do it then she would. What if...

"Are you trying to run!!"

All of a sudden, the Fourth Divine Wind General behind them yelled unabashedly, his Mech running straight for the green pillar. Inside the cockpit, his eyes were cold.

"Do you think I can't get to you just because you went into the Teleportation Pillar?"

"Damn you! Who the heck do you think you are!! You dare interrupt me just when I'm building up the mood here, do you have a death wish!" The fatty turned around decisively and swore, changing the topic.

The Divine Wind General could not be bothered to reply, the Mech pulled out a long sword from mid-air, and directly swung it at the fatty. There was roiling black smoke on the blade, just a touch, and unless you had an Inherited Level defense protecting you, the only fate awaiting you was instant death.

"This is the Energy Machinists' Moving Castle! It's not your Black Flood Party's backyard, Fourth Divine Wind General." An old, white-haired woman appeared out of nowhere behind the fatty, and she stuck out her tongue, her bright red tongue instantly lengthening and shooting out like a sharp sword. It morphed into a metallic thorn, which crashed into the Divine Wind General's long sword together with an immense Inherited Level force.

Bam!

The sword and the tongue collided, the blade swerving and losing its mark before it was pulled back into its sheath by Divine Wind General, as fast as lightning. At his level, he did not hesitate at all in attacking or retreating, and his every movement was as smooth as water.

"Inherited Level modification?" said the Fourth Wind General coldly.

The old woman was hunched over, looking so weak it was like she already had one foot in the grave. She stood in front of the fatty protectively, not saying a word, and just took out a small and delicate pale golden insignia, showing it off. It was like a pale golden patterned badge, hexagonal in shape.

When the Fourth Divine Wind General saw this badge, his expression changed slightly as well.

“Sir...” His two trusted aides behind him also saw it, and the smarter one reminded him softly.

“I know!” Fourth nodded slightly. “Sixth is useless now, he won’t be able to recover without more than ten years rest, so it does not really matter to the bigger picture if we kill him now or not. With a powerhouse from that family protecting him... I bet the Boss won’t blame me either.”

“A wise decision, my lord.”

Fourth narrowed his eyes, and was silent for a moment. He locked gazes with the old woman for a while, and even through the cockpit, it was as though he could sense that terrifying bloodlust, like a wild beast or a flood, hidden under her seemingly old and weak exterior.

Although she should be slightly weaker than him, it was still not worth it to offend that faction of power for someone like Sixth, who did not affect the bigger picture.

“Let’s go!!”

He turned around without another word, leading the two of them away quickly, turning into a long arc again and vanishing into the distant sky.

Inside the pillar, Garen and Sixth finally heaved a slight sigh of relief. They knew that this time, they were probably safe for real now.

When the situation took a sudden turn for the worse, the fatty's mysterious offer of help also confused Garen, Sixth, and Sinno slightly.

Even if he had a powerful background and protector, it should not be enough for him to offend an Inherited Level powerhouse for a complete stranger.

Inside the pillar, a person dressed in black robes, his face covered, stood in the middle quietly, looking at Garen and company coldly.

"If you want to go in, hurry! There are still people waiting behind you!"

"Alright." Garen also knew that this was no time to talk, and he nodded at the other man, taking out his key.

That person reached out his hand and pointed at Garen and company.

Suddenly, there was a burst of bright light, and there was an intense white light everywhere. This phenomenon only lasted for less than two seconds.

By the time Garen and the others recovered, their surroundings were slowly growing dimmer, and returning to the regular level of brightness.

They were surrounded completely by a large semicircular barrier made of a blue membrane, and the floor was made of a grey-white metal. There were many semicircular bunkers all over the place, all squeezed together. These bunkers were like tumors growing on the ground, all of different heights and sizes, but they were all uniformly black hemispheres, with different titles and names hanging outside.

The three of them glanced across and saw that it was completely empty around, with not a soul in sight, and only the occasional blue line streaking across the sky above them.

"Moving with teleportation alone, how lavish!" The Sixth Divine Wind General sighed slightly. "Energy Machinists are rich and powerful indeed."

“Welcome to the home of Energy Machinists, please walk forward to the teleportation point, you and your Followers will be teleported to a bunker room that was automatically assigned to you. In there, you can do your everyday living and exchanges, but if you wish to go to the battlefield to earn military credit and crystals, you’ll need to take three steps back. Thank you for your cooperation, this is Surveillance and Management: The Fifth Energy Machinist Star Tower.”

There was a sweet and lovable voice coming slowly from the sky.

“Let’s go.” Garen led the way out of where they had begun, leaving the Big Wild Wolf behind, because it would follow them back by itself. Sinno, on the other hand, struggled to carry the Sixth Divine Wind General, following closely behind Garen.

The three of them took three steps forward, and suddenly their vision blurred. In an instant, they had arrived in a pitch-black hemispherical room, and the ceiling above was made of a hard material that looked like stone. It was another meter above the tops of their heads, and underneath it, there was a secret trapdoor on the floor that led underground. Evidently, there was more space underground.

Garen went down for a look and found three more rooms, a large hall, and a washroom there. There was something that looked like a quantum computer in the hall, a large black metal shelf installed beside the computer. As Garen approached, words of welcome appeared on the computer screen, and the metal shelf beside it beeped twice before opening automatically. Inside, a mechanical table offered them fragrant dishes. Fish, meat, chicken, duck, vegetables, fruits, there was everything you could ask for.

There was even the option to choose what kind of food you wanted on the computer screen.

“This place is not bad,” Sixth said with some admiration.

“You might have to stay here for a while.” Garen nodded in agreement, this place was pretty good, the Energy Machinist Region was in charge of food and drink, and the living area was well-hidden enough. Even they did know which bunker they lived in, there was a teleport option on the computer, so everyone could come and go using just teleportation, which made things very convenient.

This also proved that most Energy Machinists stayed at home, cooping up at home to research things was evidently their favorite pastime, otherwise this place would not be designed like this.

“Most Energy Machinists are researchers, of course, if you meet a Modified Berserker, that is the direct opposite,” said Sixth softly. “They are the only group of Energy Machinists who like to fight, they feel that war is the most basic motivation for the evolution of creatures. Among the Energy Machinists, they have at least more than half of the power.”

Garen nodded.

“Alright, you guys go rest for now. Sinno, take better care of Sixth, I’ll go look for that little fatty who helped us.”

“Mn, okay. If possible, try to make friends with him,” Sixth told him quietly.

Garen nodded and stood in front of the computer in the underground lab, choosing the option to get teleported out.

With a swoosh and a blurring of his vision, he was instantly back on the platform he was previously on, and it was still quite empty around him, with no one sight.

The little fatty that helped him just now seemed to be waiting for him purposely, standing at the teleportation point as he chatted to the person beside him, grinning widely. When he saw Garen appear, the little fatty instantly approached him with a laugh.

“Gad.” He stretched out his hand.

“Garen.” Garen stretched out his hand shook Gad’s. “Thanks a lot for your help just now, or else I could have been in danger.”

“It’s no big deal, I just waited a little longer, that’s all, it’s nothing. I’ve always admired young people with potential who can get in trouble!” the fatty said with a chuckle. “So you don’t have to worry about it.”

“You helped me, and I’ll remember that,” said Garen calmly. “Tell me how to contact you, maybe next time I’ll have a chance to help you.”

“Aw, it’s no fun to say it like that.” The fatty waved his hand. “My favorite thing to do is make friends, my logic is that if anyone who can get in trouble and not die, then they are surely elites who can stand the trials of life.”

“That is a very interesting theory you have there,” Garen chuckled.

“Alright, let’s go, no more delaying,” said one of the pretty girls next to the fatty.

The fatty seemed to be slightly scared of this girl, and he nodded quickly.

“Alright, I’ll be on my way, you do whatever you need to,” he said softly.

Garen could tell that he had no intention of getting too close to Garen, and he would not even give his contact details, his helping Garen was a spur of the moment decision. So Garen did not say anything more, and gave way to let the three of them pass.

Together with the two beautiful girls, the fatty took a few steps forward, and they quickly faded and vanished with a whoosh, instantly transferring into the bunker and out of sight.

Garen stood on the spot and looked around him, and indeed, he did not see anyone else come out. Everyone stayed in their own bunkers, the whole area under the light blue protective barrier was completely quiet. Evidently, even the bunkers were soundproof, so that the whole place appeared to be deserted.

Garen stood on the teleportation point and looked around. There were countless bunkers around, squeezed together, at least several hundred if not a thousand, by rough estimates.

With a whoosh, that tall and thin middle-aged scholar showed up this time, and he still had that girl with coal-like skin beside him. The two of them maintained a strange distance, they were not too close, but neither were they too distant, so Garen had no idea what their relationship was.

As soon as the two of them appeared, they saw Garen next to them. The scholar smiled at him politely, and quickly took a few steps forward, disappearing from the spot with a whoosh.

Garen watched a few more Energy Machinists who were teleported there, each of them had Followers, and quite a few of them looked troubled, their expression dark. They were all evidently the type to consider every possibility, but at the same time they could maintain the basic pretenses of manners on the surface, and put on blatantly false masks.

He examined his surroundings for a while, and tried to walk out of this small teleportation point, but unfortunately it did not seem to work. The teleportation point was about five meters in diameter, and it was not a very large area. As soon as he stepped out of this area, he would be instantly sent back to his bunker. Garen did not dare to step back recklessly, and kept stepping forward instead, walking in circles. If he stepped back, that would mean going to the battlefield to earn military credit. He was not going to just rush into the battlefield without any prior knowledge of the situation there.

Since he had gotten all the information he could here, Garen went back to his own bunker, he just had to simply walk forward and out of the five-meter diameter to do that.

There was a computer in the underground room for searching information, and this computer was very strange. It was connected to a teleportation drawer, he just had to choose what he wanted on the computer, as long as it fell within the free one crystal range. Converted to the standard currency, one crystal could be exchanged for a hundred thousand Mother Planet Universal Units. A hundred thousand Universal Units was enough for an Energy Machinist to live here on the bare necessities for several years, given that they did not simply waste the money, of course.

Garen checked his account, the computer had been automatically connected to his own account. This one crystal was a free gift from the Energy Machinist Secret Area's Fifth Star Tower to all the Energy Machinists who entered here, but other than this one complementary crystal, he had also earned a bit in the shop. After all, after entering Level Three, his status had changed. A Level Two Energy Machinist earned two hundred crystals in salary every week, and Level Three Energy Machinists earned five hundred crystals. Garen had just paid off the debt he owed for the advance payment of the Energy Machine Imprint, and now he still had three hundred crystals left.

“Three hundred crystals left, that’s enough.” Garen took out two hundred crystals directly, and put them into his designated account in this bunker computer. He was going far away, into the special ability space, and it might be a long time before he could come back. On the other hand, the Sixth Divine Wind General needed to heal his wounds, so he had to stay here to avoid the dangers outside. These two hundred crystals would be enough for the two of them to live here for a long time, after all, this was equivalent to twenty million Universal Units outside, as long as they did not buy things without thinking, it would be enough to last them several decades or even a century.

“You’re leaving?” Sixth was laid down on the black leather sofa in the hall by Sinno, quietly. He turned his head, and his eyes behind the black metal helmet stared straight at Garen, who was sitting in front of the computer.

“Yes, I need to know more about the way to progress from here as an Energy Machinist, my training method only goes up to Level Five, and I’m still missing a lot of basic prerequisites, it is way too hard to be self-taught in this field,” replied Garen determinedly.

The Energy Machinist’s Secret Area was only a temporary resting point for him, but to Sixth, this was the safest hiding spot. The Energy Machinists were unbelievably powerful, even the powerful factions among the pilots would never be able to oppose the Energy Machinists in this part of the galaxy.

“I will find a chance to take you with me,” Garen told Sinno. “But I can’t do it now. If you take care of Sixth here, though, he might be able to give you some tips.”

Sinno always had plenty of faith in Garen, and when she heard that, she looked at Sixth. Along the way here, she had also noticed that this mysterious Sixth person was evidently very powerful. When he was in full health, he had even saved the mysterious Garen, anyone who could do that was basically untouchable and so high above her in her eyes. Now she had the chance to be taught by him, this was naturally an unprecedented opportunity for her!

“After you leave, I’ll have to rely on her to take care of me. Don’t worry, I’ll help teach this child, but you better move fast. I’ll be fully healed in ten years at the most, and if you don’t return before then, I won’t wait for you,” said Sixth calmly.



“Feel free to leave once you’re recovered, that way we’ll be even,” replied Garen calmly. “I’m only helping you because you saved me before, anyway.”

“That’s different, back then I didn’t go all the way to save you, so I still owe you one.” Sixth was very calculative in this respect.

“Whatever, it’s up to you how you want to think about it.” Garen turned around to look at Sinno. “But if you really feel like you owe me, then help me teach this child. Although she has no talent in terms of Willpower, her own determination and battle instincts are both extraordinary.”

When Sixth heard that, he properly looked at Sinno for the first time. “That is your request? If I train her properly, I’ll have returned the favor?”

“Yes.” Garen nodded in affirmation.

“No talent in Willpower... That is indeed a tad difficult, but as long as she’s not a complete Insulator, any so-called lack of talent is merely a fallacy. Most people can’t do it, but that doesn’t mean we Inherited Levels can’t,” said Sixth with a hint of pride. “Within five years, I’ll have her on the path of Willpower.”

As soon as he said that, Sinno was utterly shocked, but even Garen was slightly surprised. If he dared to say it so decisively, that meant that Sinno definitely had a chance of breaking past her limitations, and truly becoming a practitioner of Willpower!

“I— I can actually—!!!?” Sinno instantly stood up in agitation. She had previously been completely silent, but now even she was abnormally flushed and agitated.

“If I say you can, you can!” Sixth replied evenly. “Do not doubt it, just follow my instructions, and I guarantee that you will be able to break past your limits within five years.”

“Great, then it’s settled.” Garen was smiling slightly as well. Rather than have him undergo to modification and the mutated organ transplant, Sinno was better suited for this path. He was also happy

for this strong young girl. And once he settled matters with this young one, he could properly focus on entering the Central Metropolis.

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Several days later...

Energy Machinist Region, the Follower Registration Tower

The tall black tower was surrounded by faint wisps of white clouds, and above it was the pale blue barrier. Outside the barrier, there were large flocks of countless flying birds.

There were many people going in and out of the black tower, and now, at the registration counter on the second floor.

In front of the black wooden table, a few Energy Machinists were standing and writing their departure time as well as their Followers' approximate time of residence on the virtual screen, using their fingers in place of pens.

Garen quickly wrote down how long he planned to let his Followers stay here, it was about a hundred years. The free accomodation here stopped at ten years, and for every decade after that, it cost ten crystals in fees as a form of rental.

Although he had not anticipated that there would be rental fees here, the two hundred crystals he left for them would still be enough for them to use.

In the end, Garen took out his black key, and pressed it hard against the end of the completed registration form.

With a buzz, the key left an impression of its shape on the screen, and a complicated wolf-shaped image appeared on the screen as well.

As for the place of contact that he was leaving for, Garen directly wrote down the City of Nagadako.

“My friend, you’re going to the City of Nagadako too?” a slightly familiar voice appeared beside him.

Garen turned around and saw that it was that plump and fair fatty. He had approached Garen before Garen knew it, and there was a white screen floating in front of him as well, the words City of Nagadako written there as well.

“That place is the haven for learning modifier techniques, I’m very interested in modifying myself, so naturally I would want to go there.” Garen nodded. “What about you?”

“My home is there, I’m just going back.” The fatty scratched his head. He had changed into an intricate and bright red long robe, and he wore seven or eight gold and silver jeweled rings on his fingers, looking a bit like a villager who struck it rich. The blonde hair on the top of his head had been braided into many tiny braids, but the very middle of his head was completely bald, without a single strand of hair.

“I say, is this your first time going to the City of Nagadako?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Then don’t forget to visit the Star Core Plaza!” the fatty said, licking his lips.

“Star Core Plaza?”

“There’s the stone monument left behind the Regent Level at the very top there, and there’s a Royal Area as well, with the Nilan tree left by the Milky Way Empress there. The Selection Plaza underneath Nilan tree is specially dedicated to selecting talents for low-level Energy Machinists in the main city, and countless people participate in the selections there. A lot of the different sects, big and small, have people stationed there all year long. If you want to get the best and most legitimate Energy Machinists education, you have to join a sect,” explained the little fatty quietly.

“I have to?” Garen was slightly perplexed. “I’ve searched it up online before, the City of Nagadako should have libraries and teachers for a fee, right?”

"Of course there's that, but there's no way those self-taught independent Energy Machinists can progress as quickly as those cultivated in parties. And most importantly, only the sects have the two most crucial materials," said the fatty mysteriously.

"What materials?" Another Energy Machinist who was filling up the form beside them also approached them, looking very interested. Evidently, not many people knew about the things the little fatty was saying.

"I mean the Star Cores and Set Secret Tactics!" the little fatty chortled.

"Star Cores and Set Secret Tactics?" It was Garen's first time hearing about these two things.

"Most people don't really know why the Energy Machinists in the sects usually have their own powerful abilities, and be it their own fighting power or that of their cannon fodder, they're all much stronger than average Energy Machinists. They can even take the normal ones three-to-one easily. And the key behind all this is the Secret Tactics."

"Then what about the Star Cores?" asked the Energy Machinist beside them, frowning.

"The Star Core? That is a necessary item for entering Inherited Level." The little fatty raised a finger and wagged it. "Without it, no matter how talented you are, you won't be able to reach Inherited Level. This is a natural resource, only sects have it, and if a regular civilian Energy Machinist wants to reach the Inherited Level, they only have one choice, and that is to join a sect."

He reached out his hand and patted Garen's shoulder.

"Brother, since your face is basically saying you're clueless, I suggest you search it up on the Eliminet."

With that, he turned and walked away, carefree, the form in front of him completed a long time ago.

That Energy Machinist who looked just as clueless as Garen exchanged a glance with him, and both of them clearly meant to go back and immediately search it up on that so-called Eliminet.

Garen returned from the Registration Tower, but he did not go back into the bunker, and went straight into the special ability space instead.

And finally, he got a reply to the message he had sent Celine through the special ability space. Everything was fine on Celine's side, since she was growing stronger by the day, her family had retrieved her from the Blackboard Region ahead of schedule. In order to avoid the ensuing chaos, Celine had used her special rights to fetch Nono's parents and younger sister away too. It was a stroke of fortune amidst the misfortune that they managed to avoid the chaos of the battle in the Blackboard Region now.

Garen quickly gave her a reply, telling her where he had been, and at the same time, he told her that he was going to the City of Nagadako soon.

Then, he arranged all the things he had prepared in advance.

He still had a hundred crystals on him, and since he could not increase his Living Secret Technique without the Red Peacock Stones, he decided to put that aside for now. It would take a long time to reach Energy Machinist Level Four, so he had no hope of that for now. Right now, the only way he was stronger than other Energy Machinists was in terms of his close combat skills, as well as the strengthening effect his Distorted Seed had on the Imprint Creatures.

It was the same creature, but Garen could use the Distorted Seed to strengthen it to three times its original power. In every other aspect, he was pretty much the same as Energy Machinists at the same level, and in fact, he was much farther behind many of the richer Energy Machinists. But the regular cannon fodder that had been tripled in strength would be enough to power up the elite creatures that could only be produced for the experimental table. This would give him an immense advantage. If used well, he should be able to gather a large number of resources quickly.

Upon hearing that little fatty's suggestion, Garen went onto the website called the Eliminet. Its main business was in assassination and intel, and it was very easy for him to log on using the Energy Machinists' intranet, but it would not work through the internet outside. There was a lot of information on it, and Garen bought a few things according to his needs. He did not spend too much, just over ten crystals.

After all the preparations were complete, he was without any worries for now. Garen sent a message straight to Mincar.

More than ten minutes later...

In front of the clear white door of light, Mincar had his hands tucked into his wide sleeves, standing there, straight as a pencil and as quiet, as he watched Garen.

“Are you all ready?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Once you get there, there are a few paths you can take. Firstly, you can join the selection and get the opportunity to join a sect, but that’s still too early for you right now. Secondly, you can find a place to work part-time, to earn your living fees, which are extremely high in large cities like this, so you should be mentally prepared. And once you go, it won’t be so easy to come back,” Mincar advised him.

“I understand.” Garen nodded. He had to go, if he kept messing around here, he may not be able to return to his original peak power of Level Five even if he did wait another few years. Unless he went to a large place, he would not be able to get more resources. And then finishing off the Seventh Divine Wind General and Fila would just be a foolish dream.

“In that case, I wish you the best of luck,” Mincar said softly at the end. He gave way, and took out a pink crystal gently, tossing it lightly into the door of white light.

Boom!

A beam of intense white light burst forth, turning into an illusory white image that gently moved forward to envelop Garen, who was in front of the door, into its embrace.

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Outer space, on the surface of a desolate pale yellow planet.

There were many tall brown-yellow volcanoes standing on the surface of the planet, all of them glowing with a metallic sheen, thin and sharp. Beams of clear white light kept shooting out from the peaks, rushing into the sky like so many white pillars.

On the surface of the ground between the many volcanoes, many brown-yellow buildings were stacked up like pieces of junk, scattered without any rhyme or reason. Some were skyscrapers shaped like rectangular pillars, and many others had roofs shaped like scythes. There were also many airships of different colors and sizes ascending and descending in the sky, or else flying forward slowly.

Throughout the whole city, there were many white lights sparkling. When each light lit up, someone somewhere appeared or disappeared.

A long flow of people rushed out from the airship that had landed, while others walked out from the elevator at the bottom of the volcanoes. As soon as they came out, the many cab drivers waiting there would pounce. Each of them entered their respective cabs.

On the wide pale yellow road, the levitating cars flew away with their passengers, and more cabs took their place, offloading their passengers.

At the bottom of one of the metallic volcanoes, inside the huge yellow arch-shaped door, another wave of arrivals walked out of the large black door that looked like a veil of water.

These arrivals were all dressed differently, as though a large group of actors had mixed together before they could change out of their costumes. Some looked like rich merchants, others like students, there were workers, soldiers and commanding officers, some that looked like housewives, and even those who looked like beggars.

Of this crowd, among those on the left near the main door, there was a well-built young man dressed in a white skin-tight pilot's costume, his long black hair falling over his shoulders, and his eyes constantly observing the situation from behind his hair.

His hair had covered up most of his face, and he looked disheveled. As he walked with the crowd, he was soon targeted by a cab driver as well.

## Chapter 969: Star Core Plaza 1

“Good day sir, to where are we headed?” Asked the driver as he squeezed over, looking particularly brawny.

Garen looked at the filthy street around him, it was completely unlike the urban main city which he imagined, instead, it felt more similar to the time when he was going to the train station during the New Years back on Earth.

The street ahead of him was an unorganized mess. It was completely fenced up by a light silver metal bar, forcing those who wished to leave the street to go through two big inspection gates.

All the people within the fence were seemingly squeezing against each other. Shoulder-to-shoulder, Garen was completely surrounded by the crowd. It wasn't just the energy machinists who had come out, but also a lot of taxi drivers who squeezed their ways in along with them. These drivers were abnormally passionate, some even doubled as a tour guide.

The man on his left was excitedly and loudly introducing the attractions of the city while simultaneously guaranteeing that he offered the best prices around as he pounded his chest.

However, there were multiple others doing the exact same thing all around the area, all with the same weird accent, as if they were reciting a badly translated script.

The comparably wider street ahead was even more chaotic. There were some people frantically sorting out their luggage, some holding their children's hands outside while waiting for someone. There were even a few of them speaking on the phone through a holographic screen projected right in front of them.

The people in the crowd were moving all around, most of them were using a hovering trolley to port their luggage. Some had a scrolling screen floating above their heads as they moved, exhibiting some seemingly illegible red texts.



A cacophony of shouting could be heard. They were shouting out names, calling for their family members, yelling to maintain the order of the place, and much more, all blending together to form a disorderly mess.

It gave off the feeling as if he had arrived in a distant world.

Garen narrowed his eyes. Leaning on the door as support, he narrowly avoided being squished by the moving crowd.

“Bring me straight to the Star Core Plaza.”

The burly driver nodded, revealing a bright smile.

“Star Core Plaza? You must be one of the people taking the Selection Test, right? Coincidentally, I am going to bring two others just like you over there. Follow me, dear customer, we can take the express pathway over there.”

Garen followed the driver as they squeezed through the crowd, swiftly maneuvering themselves through the masses, exiting the street over the gap in the metallic alloy bar. There was an old-looking taxi parked over there. The car did not have any tires, but it was visibly spurting out a white flow of particles.

The driver opened the door and sat in the driver’s seat as if it was his second nature, Garen followed suit as he opened the door to the backseat. As he motioned into the car, he saw two others already seated inside, they were a boy and a girl. Both of them looked very young, looking no older than 20 years old.

The boy looked seemingly average. He looked meek and wore glasses, giving off a nerdy and frail vibe, despite having a more tanned skin tone. He seemed to be the introverted, silent-type.

The girl looked even younger, she was at most 17 years old. She looked extremely pretty and had a thin, lovely figure. Wearing a female white silk T-shirt, a micro mini skirt, and a pair of high denier black leggings, her chest perked up into two bulges under her shirt. Along with her pale and blemishless face, and her clear, watery eyes, she gave off the impression of a pure and beautiful young girl.

Looking at Garen who just sat in the car, her eyes suddenly brightened up. Quickly tidying up her hair, she had her hair styled in a short ponytail and long arched bangs that dropped down to her chin level, making her appear even more charming.

Without a doubt, even if Garen's hair was even messier, his well-toned body figure and sharp facial features would completely blow the other guy out of the water. In addition to that, in this world, Nono was barely in his twenties, he was still extremely young. His neat combat attire only served to complement his charismatic aura.

He immediately gained the attention of the girl.

"Since you're all going to the Star Core Plaza, y'all don't mind if I grabbed one more passenger, right?" The driver chuckled as he turned his head over to the passengers in his backseat.

The three of them had no objections.

Once again, the driver left the car and started soliciting for customers. It seemed like he tweaked the translation system, for the language in which he was shouting happened to be one which Garen could not understand.

After a brief moment, he brought over a bespectacled girl. This girl did not utter a word, she merely looked at her watch and moved to the front seat of the taxi without even glancing at the three other passengers seated behind her.

"Alright, let's head out!"

As the driver went back to the driver's seat, he turned back and said out loud, "Let's just get this out of the way, I'll charge all of you a fixed price of 2 crystals each for the one-way journey."

"No problem." The glasses girl nodded, while the other two agreed as well, implying that the price seemed reasonable. Naturally, Garen nodded in agreement as well. Based on the reactions of the other passengers, this was a normal rate.

As the car slowly started to move, the green symbol next to the drivers' window turned red, signaling that the taxi was no longer accepting passengers.

"The distance of the trip is 442 km. The fare is monitored by Flying Traffic Management. Please direct all complaints to the company support site along with the number plate of the taxi." A sweet sounding female voice rang out loud.

Garen looked out to see the buildings they were passing by. Most of the buildings were constructed with a combination of light-yellow bricks and metal. As they moved further and further away from the volcano station exit, he could only see the vague shape of the huge volcano and the light pillar coming out from it.

Along the way, no one spoke a word. The girl was fiddling around on her phone, whilst the guy was doing some light reading.

As time passed by, they started to feel sleepy, all of them started to yawn. Only Garen was still completely energized, showing little to no sign of fatigue.

Bang!!

The car suddenly started to shake violently. A strong magnetic field suddenly passed by, one strong enough to disrupt the willpower energy field of the passengers.

In the midst of the screams, the passengers in the car got knocked into each other.

The people in front weren't affected too heavily. The bespectacled girl knocked her head on the car door, causing some slight red flushing on her face.

Unfortunately, the people in the back were not so lucky. Garen was still fine, even if he lost control of his willpower, he still had his abilities as a martial artist. This amount of disruption and shaking was not enough to knock him off balance. However, although he maintained his balance, the girl by his side desperately grabbed on to Garen as a pivot point. Pulling his wrists with both her hands, her entire body limped onto Garen.

As the car stabilized, the driver in front started apologizing to his customers. He said that it was due to the magnetic storm in the air, he had no way of avoiding it. It was a natural disaster that would range from a few days to a couple hours. It was a very common occurrence in this area.

"I'm sorry..." Realizing that her body was stuck onto Garen's, the girl suddenly flushed red in with embarrassment.

"No worries." Garen gently smiled.

The girl let go of one of her hands, her face still blushing. Looking like she was still a baby, she frantically used her free hand to tidy up her mini skirt, whilst still holding on to Garen's wrist tightly with her other hand.

Just as she let go of her other hand.

Clang!

With a loud sound, the car started to shake again once more. It was a second wave of the magnetic storm.

The inside of the car suddenly fell silent.

The girl screamed out once more. This time, Garen did not manage to maintain his balance fully. The magnetic storm seemed to affect a human's balance as well. If he was alone, he should have no problem maintaining his balance, but now, one of his arms was being pulled by the girl, throwing off his center of gravity. With a tug, Garen felt his body being dragged off-balance to his right.

Garen exerted strength with both his arms, but he noticed that his muscles were losing strength. Looks like a magnetic storm was not something to be underestimated, it did not merely affect one's willpower. However, as he started to lose strength, his life secret technique started to kick in within his body. His arms suddenly felt a surge of strength, flailing around looking for their respective centers of gravity, stabilizing his body at once.

“Ahh!” At this moment, a feminine moan sounded from his side.

Garen felt something wrong. Looking to his right, he immediately felt embarrassed.

As it turned out, while trying to maintain his balance, his right arm, still being held tightly by the girl, fell directly onto the girl’s thigh right below her mini skirt. He could feel the gentle warmth her thigh was emitting. As that was happening, the girl frantically pulled onto her skirt with her other hand, trying to push away Garen’s hand. However, unexpectedly, as she was trying to cover herself, it made it look like Garen had reached his hands under her skirt, touching her between her legs.

“Err...” Garen quickly pulled back his hand. As someone who has lived as long as him, this was the first time he had accidentally taken advantage of someone else in this manner.

No one noticed the scene that just happened between the two. Everyone else was busy trying to sort themselves out. The silent bespectacled boy was in a corner holding onto his head in pain, panting out loud. The driver in front was swearing out of frustration. The bespectacled girl took out a hand mirror and was touching up her make-up.

“Sorry...,” Garen muttered softly.

“It... It’s okay.” The girl shyly lowered her head.

After those two incidents, the trip continued on without a hitch, the four passengers also found a common topic of discussion. With the topic of the magnetic storm in mind, the four slowly started to open up and chat with each other.

A round of self-introduction occurred. It turned out that, save for the bespectacled girl in front, all three of the backseat passengers were here to participate in the Selection Test.

The girl’s name as Liz, the bespectacled boy’s name was Accord. They didn’t state where they were from, but from the looks of it, they were both at the standard of a Level 3 energy machinist. However, that was normal, participants in the Selection Tests were most commonly Level 3 energy machinists, Level 4s would be considered rare, and Level 5s were almost never-before-seen in these tests. All Level

5s who were aged below 30 would have no doubt gotten themselves a guaranteed entrance, they did not need to bother with these sorts of selection tests.

“There are a lot of participants for the selection every year, but I heard that the judges this year were all veterans of void battlefields, they are from the standard Actual Combat Faction. They most likely will put more attention towards the actual combat prowess of the participants.” The bespectacled guy frowned. “My weakest area is actual combat, this is not looking good for me.”

“I think most people aren’t that well-versed in actual combat either, so we’re all essentially in the same boat.” Liz seemed to have recovered from her flustered self earlier. She continued, “Looking at the past few years, the tests were largely focused on the participant’s abilities in calculation and analyses. From my perspective, a greater emphasis given to actual battles might even make it easier. After all, most people have trouble with actual battles... Most of the participants of the selection test are energy machinists from the theory faction. If we do engage in actual battle, we’d all be on even playing grounds.”

“Logically speaking, that would be the case. It’s just that my Flowerbird’s Prison is still far from perfect yet...” The bespectacled guy said, rather regretfully.

“It’s the same for my Rainbow Chicken as well. How many of us Level 3 energy machinists do you think have fully developed a skill perfectly?” Liz comforted him; it seemed like she was a pure-hearted young girl with a kind and gentle personality. “Don’t worry too much about it. There’s probably some guy out there who’s even more worried than you. Don’t you think so too, Big Bro Garen?”

Garen nodded.

“Actual combat isn’t actually as hard as you guys think. However, if you lack the actual experience, you have no choice but to compensate for it with a stronger concentration. As long as you’re not the one making a mistake, you will win. It’s a slow process, don’t rush it.”

Out of the three, he had the greatest stamina and also a great physical condition. His physical appearance had utterly overshadowed the bespectacled guy. He spoke with sheer confidence, giving people no reason to doubt his words and easily managing to convince others.

“Big Bro Garen, can you give us some tips on which areas we should pay attention to during an actual battle?” The bespectacled boy softly, but sincerely uttered.

As he brought up this topic, the girl Liz also shifted her gaze towards Garen. Although she was still slightly blushing from the incident earlier, it seemed that she had calmed down a lot.

## Chapter 970: Star Core Plaza 2

“For actual battles... The most important thing to focus on would be the weak points. The weak points I’m speaking off aren’t just the simple flaws of a person, but rather, it’s the difference in ability between you and your opponents in different aspects. You may have a high speed, but if your opponent has a faster speed than you, then your speed would still be a weak point in that particular battle. Similarly, if you have enough strength, but your current opponent is still stronger than you, then even if your strength was your best attribute, it would still be a weak point, and vice versa. Thus, in a duel, the most important key is to test out the waters first, trying to measure your opponent’s average stats and how it compares to yours. Then, using this information, you can maximize your advantages over them to target their weak points. In theory, this is common sense, but it’s not as easy as one might think in actuality.”

“True, the theory behind it seems simple enough, but to be able to do that, we must first know how to do it as well as disallowing your opponent to see through you first. In addition to that, there are also issues about hidden abilities and other issues to worry about. How troublesome.” The bespectacled boy meticulously pointed out his concerns as he nodded in agreement.

Garen nodded.

“You’re a sharp one, well this will all be down to the methods and strategies you use against your opponent in an actual battle.” Looking at the earnest attitudes of the two, they definitely were not your average energy machinists. Being able to reach Level 3 at their age, they were undoubtedly geniuses in their own right. Even for Garen, if it was not for his unusually high level of intelligence, he would not have been able to reach the level of a Level 3 energy machinist so fast. Making some friends in this place would not be a bad idea.

He started to teach them some basic and easy-to-understand actual combat tips and techniques based on his experience.

During this trip that barely lasted 2 hours, Garen had answered countless queries from the two. Though the bespectacled boy seemed to be clueless about actual battles, his theoretical knowledge was unbelievably vast. Even for areas where Garen did not have a solid grasp on, he could easily break it down into simple explanations, displaying a strong analyzing capability. The girl was comparably more average, but she would still be considered a genius under normal circumstances.

The three decided to participate in the test together and became friends.

As the taxi continuously moved forward, the crowd density in the street also started increasing; the same could be said about the number of cars on the streets, leading up to a traffic congestion. Looking at the front, the roads were filled with cars closely packed due to the backed-up traffic. However, the driver seemed to be unconcerned by the situation.

“Only slightly more than 10 minutes more till we reach the plaza, that place is full of selection test arenas, with fifty-one big arenas and ninety-nine small ones, to get a grand total of one hundred and fifty arenas each hosted by their respective sects. These sects are spread through the major continents of Planet Naga, where they have an extremely low population and high amounts of resources. The bigger arenas are built by the bigger sects, whilst the smaller ones are built by the smaller sects. Every year, this place would have a huge inflow of foreigners, all coming for the selection tests, creating a strong and prospering consumer chain. There are hotels and inns all around the place, finding a place to stay shouldn’t be an issue. The fees are also quite affordable, considering the ease of accessibility to food and other services which can be found everywhere around the area. There are some shops that even sell selection test preparation booklets.” The driver introduced.

“One hundred and fifty sects. Why are there so many sects on Planet Naga?” Garen just realized the City of Nagadako referred to an entire planet. According to the explanation by Accord, it was located in a two-dimensional space separate from where the Mother Planet was.

“There is more than just that, Planet Naga has thousands of sects. As long as you reach Inherited Level, you will have the right to apply to form a sect. The etymology of the naming for ‘Inherited Level’ comes from this system, the word ‘Inherited’ refers to the permission to let your skills be inherited by the next generation.” Accord muttered. “The ones that were able to build arenas over here are all at least Overlord level sects in at least one aspect.”



Garen nodded. In a blink of an eye, ten minutes have passed, they had finally escaped the traffic gridlock and disembarked from their ride.

They alighted at a crowded street and moved towards the sidewalk on the left. Looking at the direction the taxi drove off in, they saw rows of tall pale yellow buildings on both sides of the road.

In front of them was what seemed like a park surrounded by a black, human-height fence. There was a flashing red light installed on the fence, on top of it was a sign. The sign had the phrase “temporarily unavailable” written on it in five different languages.

Peering in from outside the fence, one could see a few cylindrical structures being erected from the ground, with different patterns and images drawn on top of them. Some were complex and pretty, whilst others were minimalistic and abstract. It gave off a grand, yet at the same time elegant feeling.

There were a lot of people taking photos with their friends in front of the fence.

Garen noticed that in this city, not everyone was an energy machinist, most of the people were just your average joe, with no willpower control at all. Only one third out of all the people had some form of willpower wave emitting from themselves, Garen was secretly keeping count of the ratio as he walked past the crowds. Out of this group, there were approximately half of them who only have the willpower of a Level 1 or 2 energy machinist. The remaining people were mostly Level 3 or 4, with the youths being Level 3s and most of the Level 4s being at least in their 30s. He also observed a few extremely rare cases of Level 5s, with most of them being seniors, with even the youngest one being in his 40s.

“Are there really no younger Level 4s?” Garen muttered in disappointment.

“Of course there are, but most of them would have already been recruited as elites by the major forces. A lot of them would also already have met the requirements to aim for the Inherited Level. These people wouldn’t usually come around these areas filled with commoners. Even if they did, they would at the very least come disguised, we probably wouldn’t even manage to recognize them.” Liz shook her head.

The three walked up to take a closer look, besides the “temporarily unavailable” text, the sign also displayed that the opening day was tomorrow.

“Looks like it’s not open today, why not we come back tomorrow then. I’m going to talk a walk at Figures Plaza, you two want to tag along?” Accord asked softly.

“Figures Plaza? Why not!” Liz nodded. “I’ve long wanted to see the stone plaque left behind by the Regent Level Greats of the past!”

Naturally, Garen did not object to this plan. He had nothing planned for the day anyway, and there was no harm in going over to take a look.

Figures Plaza was located at the right of Star Core Plaza, following the flow of pedestrians along the street through a dark alleyway, they soon arrived at a wide area filled with white plaques.

There was an oval signboard floating in the sky above them, displaying the names of each of the figures and their respective plaque location.

There seemed to be a lot of tourists walking around here, most of them were carrying their backpacks and pulling their luggage, whilst others were like Garen and company, carefreely walking around the area.

Some distance away, there were a few minotaurs in black uniforms around the area as security guards. These minotaurs all had the head of a bull and a body of a man, wielding Mountain-splitting Axes. Their body was completely pale yellow, in a similar shade as their weapons. They stood still without even budging slightly, almost as if they were statues. If not for them slightly puffing up their chest and exhaling a white gas occasionally, no one would even think that they were living creatures.

These minotaurs were all clad in sets of yellow armors, the huge axes they were wielding was at least 3 meters in length, erected on the ground like a pillar. What stood out the most in this scenery was the rows of clear advertisements etched on the side of the axes.

‘Silver Hawk Battleaxes, Ever Triumphant.’

‘This product is fully sponsored by EI Processing Division’

‘Additional Sharpness Level 2 – Sharp-Edged Gazette’

‘Alice-brand Chocolate, satisfaction with every bite...’

Lines and lines of advertising slogans completely ruined the intimidating image of the huge minotaurs standing at a height of more than 2 meters tall.

There were even some people getting close to the minotaurs and taking photos beside them.

There was even a beautiful young girl who went forward and placed her arm around one of the minotaur’s shoulder for a chance to take a photo.

“Look over here, big boy!” She loudly shouted.

The minotaur slightly tilted his body towards the camera, his gaze was sharp. In an instant, his bulky muscles started to tense up, as he let out a small smile.

Snap!

With a flash of the camera, the girl happily gave the minotaur a crystal as payment before running back to her friends.

“This is painful to watch...” Liz said while her eye started to twitch.

“At this day and age, even guards have to make a living somehow...” Accord said as he readjusted his glasses.

The trio followed the crowd as they walked through the entrance guarded by the minotaurs, entering a sea of stone plaques. They were all erected at around five to six meters in height, with little to no blemishes on the surfaces.

Garen was originally quite interested in this, he planned to carefully look through the plaques left behind by the great Regent Level figures. Unfortunately, just as he walked in, he was completely stupefied, he couldn't recognize any of the plaques, and he had could not read anything engraved on them as well. On the other hand, Liz, who displayed a great linguistic foundation, was even able to read a few of the plaques out for the other two.

A lot of other tourists were facing the same problems as the trio. To them, these Regent Level plaques were no different from any random stone plaque, there were no visibly different parts, leaving them disappointed,

A lot of the tourist just swiftly took a few photos before leaving the place.

Garen originally thought that there would be some remnants of the Regent Level figures that he would be able to sense, but after noticing that the stone plaques had remnants of being artificially restored before, he was completely disappointed.

The three also stumbled upon a record stone plaque. According to the records, this place has been destroyed and rebuilt a total of 4 times. It is now used merely as a symbolic landmark for Nagadako, representing the union and alliance between the Regent Levels here back then and the beginning of the Nagadako's golden age in history.

After a tour of the area, the three found their efforts to be fruitless. They just took a group photo and went to the nearby photo-printing shop. After receiving a photo each, they left the area as well.

While they were pondering where to go next, they stumbled upon a tour group that seemed to be checking their headcount. The trio decided to just follow the group to find a place of accommodation.

They soon arrived at a row of small inns a short distance away.

Outside the inn, there were countless colorful flyers posted all around the area. There was also a small group of hover-motorcyclists waiting outside, chatting with each other whilst taking a smoke.

The three of them walked into the inn, Garen decided to take a single room. This showed him how expensive the cost of living here was. Even for a simple and unsightly inn like this one, it cost him 50

crystals a night. He only had 100 crystals left on him at the moment, so after this transaction, he would only be left with 50, and that had yet to take into account his expenses for his meals.

Fortunately for him, the boss gave him a complementary meal consisting of what resembled a braised meat. It was sweet and sour, and did not taste that bad.

The people in the opposite room from Garen's room seemed to be having an argument. The walls lacked a good soundproofing, and so the noise made its way into his room. He could hear various noises, and even occasionally the sounds of babies crying loudly.

Under these conditions, he might as well start on his calculations for his Level 4 model while waiting for the opening of the selection tests tomorrow. He originally did not plan on staying the night in this inn, but he did not expect Star Core Plaza, which boasted to be open every day of the year, to be temporarily closed.