

I Regenerate 10,000 Times Faster

#Chapter 1: Awakened - Read I Regenerate 10,000 Times Faster Chapter 1: Awakened

Chapter 1: Awakened

Within the depth of the cosmos, at the edge of chaos itself. A large Crystal Palace floated amidst the swirling storm of time.

A young, handsome man in an exquisitely hand-made, darkdiamond-threaded suit, sat on the throne, composed completely of mythical beast bones, extremely rare gems, and divine artifacts.

His eyes were closed but his crown which emitted thousands of divine rays made one unable to see his holy visor.

Seated beneath his throne, by his legs were thousands of insanely beautiful ladies, all of whom had charms of their own. Most importantly, he recognized.

His eyes suddenly burst open, filling the entire 100,000-meter square Palace with a piercing gaze that shone coldly like the luminous sun. His voice rumbled like thunder as he spoke to a random lady.

"Serve me, Keisha!"

"Shit, we are late! Wake up!"

Tyrian's world suddenly started collapsing and his face changed as his palace started collapsing.

"No! Not again!"

A loud thump echoed as his entire body landed on the floor. He had actually been shoved out of his bunk bed by his roommate!

Tyrian opened his eyes and was absolutely livid. He had been awaiting this dream for months!

"It's 9:30!" Harry said hurriedly as he struggled to wear the cheap combat boot he and Tyrian had bought at the market for a third hand.

The fuming Tyrian was so livid he remained speechless for a second before angrily getting to his feet and saying. "Y-you woke me up to tell me the time!?"

Harry froze and he stared at Tyrian in disbelief. "Uhm, today's the entrance examination!"

Tyrian's face turned blank but then his expression changed drastically. "Shit!"

He hurriedly went to the bathroom which was just a meter away from the tiny room. Roughly washing his face, hands, and legs with water. He angrily turned to Harry and glowered.

"Why are you just telling this to me now!?"

He hurriedly grabbed at a random shirt, putting it on, and his only dirty blue trouser.

Harry snorted, coldly retorting. "Apologies your highness but fuck you!"

Combing his hair smoothly, he opened the door and smirked. "Bye."

Tyrian's face changed. "Wait! Just a second!"

Harry chuckled and left him! magic

"That bastard!"

Not bothering to comb his hair, he only cleaned his dirty trousers with a little bit of soap and water before he also left the dorm, taking with him the official student coat of identification.

* * *

It had been 40 years since the exposure of DUST. The world underwent earth-shattering changes as people beasts and beings consumed and absorbed dust to activate their cells and birth different powers called Traits.

Animals, transforming to evo-beasts, man gaining incredible ability to control their cells and generate intense heat and coldness that takes form and shape along with other variables.

At first, humanity was excited at the prospect of gaining near superpowers, but then came the revival of the ancient, the emergence of dimensional realms colliding and overlapping with the planet.

Ancient races, temples, and organizations both good and bad started popping out from various dangerous locations. Creating dimensional zones, warped worlds, and alternate mini-verses. Chaos ensued.

* * *

Within a massive coliseum, thousands of recruits gathered in the seats around the coliseum. Their expressions were grave as they zeroed their eyes on the ten stages below.

The ten stages were demarcated into ten equal parts by large and thick iron cages, made of specially tempered steel.

With each stage about 400 meters wide, enough space for a decent battle.

At this moment, intense life-and-death battles could be seen in each of the ten stages.

The ten students with their lives on the line, each combating different meta beasts of different species maniacally. The meta-beast had one thing in common, which is, that they are huge.

The shortest reaching a height of two meters while the biggest within the colosseum was at least six feet tall, radiating monstrous waves of ferocity.

Within this academy, each examination was a fight to the death. At this point of their training, each student has stimulated and activated at least 60 percent of their cells, granting them speed, and strength, and coupled with enhanced, superior intelligence, facing ordinary meta-beasts shouldn't be hard. At least that was what the Instructors said.

Some of the students watched with ashen faces, their hearts thumping with fear. Even though they'd had three entire months of training, they'd never experienced a fight to the death before, not to mention fighting off a ferocious meta beast.

Meta-beasts are mutated life forms. The three-meter-tall tall dwarven-lion is only an ordinary meta beast and yet it has such frightening destructive powers. What of the stronger meta-beasts then?

Before the absence of dust, human cells generated very little strength. Even during Olympic competition, when athletes managed to break records time and again, the human cells' potential had never been fully tapped into, reaching a limit that one could never hope to surpass.

Just like the human brain, where we only use a small part of it. Without dust, it was impossible to unleash the full potential of the cells, reaching 100%.

Altered beings were ranked from levels one to seven, and the difference in strength between each level was huge. Above the Altered beings were the Legends and above that was Transcendent!

They can also be considered supernatural beings and were scary strong, unafraid of atomic bombs, and could reach speeds faster than the speed of sound.

They were considered walking atomic bombs, and we're the pillars of organizations, keeping each other in check. The more Transcendent powerhouse an organization or country has, the stronger they are.

They were split into three main states, and they were the strongest state among humankind.

The battle quickly ended with the death of three students, four grievously injured with another three killing their beasts with only slight injuries.

The stages were rearranged by numerous servants as they prepared the stage for the upcoming battle.

Soon, a robotic voice boomed within the entire stadium as it called the next ten examinees.

"No. 132480!"

"No. 132481!"

"No. 132482!"...

"No. 132490!"

Immediately, nine students fell out. Both male and female all rushed out nervously from their seat to the stages glowing their ID number overhead.

While some of them were panicking, two individuals had calm expressions on their faces, revealing their confidence as well as a hint of arrogance.

Recognizing that the tenth person wasn't here yet, the robotic voice boomed once more.

"No. 132490!"

Instantly, the entire stadium fell silent.

Chapter 2: Nine Soaring Dragons Technique

"No. 132490!"

Still, the tenth student everyone was awaiting didn't show up. It was as though he was dead or something.

Within stage 6, Wade sneered.

"Don't tell me he ran away?" Wade: one of the top first-year students. He usually didn't see eye to eye with Tyrion and didn't waste this opportunity to cause trouble for him.

"Everyone knows the consequence of missing the examination is instant death, he's not that stupid."

Another participant murmured obviously.

"That's true, even escaping isn't possible. The implanted remote detonator will instantly kill him once he's a hundred meters away from the college."

The other students began to murmur in low breaths, their whispers climbing to a crescendo that rumbled within the entire stadium.

"Silence!"

"Rumble!!!"

The voice struck forth like thunder and a phantom image of a roaring dragon reverberated within the entire stadium as a scorching wave of heat blasted outwards in all direction.

Instantly, the thousands of students felt their heads explode as a ringing sensation echoed in their brains, buzzing their ear drums.

A student who had only stimulated and awakened 30 percent of his cells couldn't take it and had his ears bleed out, dripping down his neck.

The cells in his ears hadn't been stimulated and reinforced yet therefore, very vulnerable hence the blood. The young man seeing his blood flow couldn't take it and screamed.

"Ahhhh!!!"

In that instant, the phantom image of the thousand-meter tall crimson dragon flickered, dense killing intent exuded out from within its incorporeal body as it roared with the sounds of a thunderstorm.

"Roooooar!"

The sound waves shrank as they shot forward with intense speed at the youth who had screamed.

"Bang!"

The youth's head instantly exploded to smithereens. Blood, tissues, and bone fragments splattered across the faces of the nearby students.

The thousands of student's faces paled with widened eyes, but they dared not say a single word as fear, terror and clouded their faces. Judging by their reaction, it was obviously not their first time seeing this.

Everyone's eyes locked onto the image of the dragon. It appeared incredibly lifelike! Its wings flapping through the air, the incredible detail of its patterned scales as well as its three legs, are the same as in the legends! The students couldn't help but be in awe while terrified.

"Shit! Tyrian's done for!"

Harry who had just arrived had a drastic change in expression and couldn't help but glance at the person who had performed the Nine Soaring Dragons technique.

She was at the high table, along with other cold-looking instructors. She was the Dragon demoness - Instructor Keisha. The woman was a monstrously powerful lady, with skills that surpassed the other instructors.

Head instructor Keisha stood on the stage donning skin-tight blazers, showing off her supple breasts and making it seem as if they would burst out of her clothes.

Her long and slim legs were strong and straight, and her red hair paired with her attire only made her look even hotter.

But no one dared to look directly at her.

Dragon demoness Keisha was the Head instructor for the first year and was known to be very cruel, her methods, were merciless, treating the students like they were livestock. Once defective, she kills and dumps them elsewhere!

The stifling silence was suddenly interrupted by a pale, dark-haired youth. "I- I am here."

The youth was drenched with sweat and his face pale as he panted heavily. No one knows if it was from fear or because he had been running here all this while.

The youth was of course Tyrian! magic

He had just arrived therefore, Tyrian hadn't witnessed the implosion of the student's head. Therefore

He panted heavily from exhaustion as he had been running with all his might after hearing his ID name from the speakers outside.

"You are here?"

A soft-sounding voice, echoing like the symphony of a thousand sirens tickled Tyrian ears.

Tyrian looked upwards and his gaze fell on the head instructor, his eyes lit up and he secretly swallowed his saliva. It is indeed the beauty that he had coveted for a long time.

Whether it be appearance or figure, she was a first-class existence. It was actually the head instructor! The source of his wet–

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted as the same sweet voice spoke to him. "Tyrian right?"

Tyrian almost fainted with glee and his previously pale face flushed red as he nodded frantically. "Y-yes!"

She actually took the initiative to speak to him!

Instructor Keisha tilted her head and her red long earrings as well as her fiery hot hair fell to the side of her neck, revealing a long sumptuous raven. Her crimson pupils narrowed. "Hmm? You came 43 minutes late to the exam, don't you think you need to be punished?"

"D-definitely!" Tyrian replied almost unconsciously. It was as though he had suddenly become a valiant man as he said righteously.

The incorporeal crimson dragon floating above suddenly trembled and an intense wave of pressure enveloped the arena.

"What immense amount of power." A fellow instructor had a drastic change of expression.

It was at this moment Tyrion noticed something was wrong. Before he could clear his mind, a searing heat collided with him with intense speed.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Tyrion's screams reverberated throughout the quiet arena as he was blasted into his own stage.

Everyone felt chills up their spine witnessing this. They couldn't help but shake their head. The demoness definitely wá) didn't just want to kill the kid, she burnt his entire skin to make him suffer and sent him to the arena as food for the beast.

She really was a monster.

"Release the beasts." As her voice dropped, the stages closed up, trapping the students within.

"Rumble!"

The entire colosseum shook and rumbled as a wall of each of the ten stages opened up, revealing ten different types of beasts.

The meta-beasts within thumped out slowly. Another round of life and death battle!

On the high table, Instructor Keisha's eyes suddenly narrowed.

Almost at the same time, a male voice spoke. "That kid is still alive? Interesting. Seems like your fire isn't as grand as the rumours." The voice was that of a devilishly handsome instructor seated right beside Keisha and the other instructors.

Almost at the same time, a devilishly handsome instructor seated beside her said with a chuckle.

Instructor Keisha gave him a sidelong glance and sneered.

"Release one more meta-beast in Arena 10." Her sweet voice commanded at the Colosseum automaton.

If she wants someone dead, who dared to stop her?

Chapter 3: God-level Healing Factor System Activation!

Pain, overwhelming pain. That was what Tyrion felt the instant the darkness faded.

The smell of burning flesh engulfed his senses as he came to.

"Is this how hell feels like!?" Tyrion tried screaming but he realised his throat didn't seem to be part of his body.

Seeing the notification panel within his line of sight, he couldn't help but ponder how something like this was in hell. Maybe it was normal.

In the next moment, an influx of fragmented memories engulfed his thoughts and Tyrion felt as though he had lived another life. He would have thought it

was a weird first-person-mode movie but he had experienced the person's exact feelings, thoughts, and wishes, down to his fantasies.

Something which Tyrion absolutely wish to forget. This guy was simply wishing to die. Wasn't he scared of the lady demon? He even had a damned poster on the top of his bunk bed so when he sleeps, he could see her and... use her.

Tyrion suddenly noticed that the pain seemed to have reduced by quite a lot and the intense burning sensation also had faded, replaced by an intense itching feeling that overwhelmed his entire body.

He could feel his entire skin rapidly closing up and healing.

"Suuu!"

Rushed air gushed inside his mouth as he inhaled desperately like a man who hadn't tasted air in ten years.

"Cough! Cough! Cough!"

A terrific dry cough escaped his throat and it seemed as though he was about to cough his entire intestine out. magic

Finally, his cough reduced and only a searing pain could be felt on his chest.

His eyes opened and immediately, rays of sun gathered as his iris absorbed some and deflected some.

Tyrion squinted as confusion clouded his brain. "Where am I?"

"He's actually still alive after being cooked by the demoness dragon flame technique!" Someone gasped in disbelief.

"Talk about being an unkillable cockroach. This guy didn't actually die." The spectating students were shocked once they noticed Tyrion's blackened body move to a sitting position.

The memories kept surging up in his brain, stunning Tyrion. 'I was killed when the entire ruin collapsed on me. Don't tell me I really reincarnated.'

A HUD suddenly appeared within his line of sight.

[Activation requirements fulfilled]

[Congratulations, God-Level Healing Factor System Initiation concluded]

[Ding! First stage unlocked; Peak human regeneration]

[10,000× regenerative ability acquired]

[Upgrade system to unlock more abilities]

'W-what the hell?' Tyrion hadn't finished when another display appeared within his vision.

[Name: Methuselah Tyrion]

[Specie: Human]

[Innate Trait: 10,000× regenerative cell(lvl:1)]

[Damaged Points: 3000](Damaged points can be earned, depending on how grave the physical damage/injuries received)

[Life Level: Cell Activation]

[Level of Cell Activation: 18%]

[Dust Absorbing Technique: Seven Injection Method]

[Combat Arts: Nine Saber Styles(0.7%), [Tactical Retreat(99.1%)]

[Occupation: Open pervert]

[Remark: If there was an award for trash...]

"I reincarnated and even came with a system?" Tyrion's heart thumped and his face darkened.

"Doesn't it mean my life will be full of hardship and no matter how strong I become, there will be someone stronger than me that I have to defeat?" Tyrion gnashed his teeth in anger.

"The endless cycle of a fvcking popular ?" He had just thought about this when an explosive roar thundered from right above him.

"He actually has time to be in a trance right now?!"

"Even if he survives, there's no point in it since he will soon be killed by the winged python." Another student shook his head in pity.

All eyes were on Tyrion, ignoring the battle of the other nine students. None was as interesting as Tyrion's even though the ending could be determined, they love the struggle.

A cold chill enveloped Tyrion and his face turned pale with fear as he abruptly glanced upwards.

"ROOOOOOAR!!!"

A 3-meter-long flying python as thick as a forest tree roared angrily after seeing its prey ignore it.

While ordinary Meta-beasts have low-level intelligence, they still know when they are being ignored, spat or disdained.

The winged python had been trapped for so long, only being fed once a week with ordinary cold corpses of ordinary animals. Only once a year does it get its feel of real bloody warm food.

It was the time of the year for it to have a decent meal but it was instead being disdained by its prey.

The winged python's eyes reddened as it went berserk. Letting out a furious roar, it dived for the kill.

"Roar!"

Tyrone's mind instantly went blank and he muttered.

"Python's can fly and roar?"

The python overshadowed Tyrion's body like a giant and with a swoop, its mouth opened wide as it bit at Tyrion. Its entire mouth swallowed more than half of Tyrion's body.

"Crunch!"

His waist instantly snapped, but wasn't completely severed in half.

The python flapped its wings, letting out a gust of air as it took to the skies.

Throwing its head back, Tyrion's body flew into the air like a broken dull and as gravity pulled him down, the winged Python swallowed Tyrion's body in one gulp. It's throat muscles constricted and undulated as it gulped down its food with a satisfied hiss.

Settling on one corner of the stage, it coiled it's slimy body around and covered its body with its wings as it began digesting its prey.

"As expected, there's nothing he can do against a flying opponent."

"In his next life, when he encounters the lady demoness, he would know to come early." The spectating students whispered amongst each other in low voices.

Meanwhile, outside Arena 10, two of the nine members had died in arena 4 and 7. One was impaled by the Rock-rhino's horn and the other student had her brain plucked by a white vulture, along with her scalp.

The other five were still struggling against their m?ta-beasts while the remaining two had defeated their opponents, displaying astonishing prowess.

Alicia and Wade were two individuals who had activated their cells beyond 50% and had actually reached 70% cell activation!

They were what one called geniuses amongst geniuses and of the recruits, they were ranked 2nd and 3rd in the rankings, respectfully.

Just as the other students were feeling envious of Alicia and Wade, something incredulous happened on Arena 10!

Chapter 4: Maxing Out : Nine Saber Styles Technique!

On Earth, various scientists have experimented and still experimenting on various subjects such as the mystery behind sneezing, and how yawning could be contacted through sight or sounds.

One of such made an actual research to determine the pain of the spinal cord snapping in half and compared it to the same sensation as when the thumb breaks.

But why does Tyrion feel as though his soul has been snapped into two!?

The moment the beast chomped down at his waist, Tyrion felt as though an explosion had gone off in his head as he screamed miserably in the mouth of the beast like a slaughtered pig. He immediately lost all feelings in his legs as blood splattered from his waist.

Then came the darkness as the winged python swallowed him whole!

[Major injury +999]

Tears streamed down Tyrion's face as he felt the skin on his legs corroding while the python kept on swallowing him, its throat muscles constricting around his body, pulling him deeper into its stomach.

[Flesh wound +1]

"Why am I so unlucky!?" Tyrion's face was devoid of blood and extremely green. He couldn't help but cry out loud in frustration!

Why did he reincarnate right at this unfortunate moment!? He had died a few seconds ago, only to die here again. Was he that unlucky?

[Flesh wound +1]

His attention was then attracted to the floating notification above him. Frowning, he checked his status and surely, he realized things had changed within it.

[Name: Methuselah Tyrion]

[Specie: Human]

[Innate Trait: 10,000× regenerative cell(lvl:1)]

[Damaged Points: 4012](Damaged points can be earned, depending on how grave the physical damage/injuries received)

[Life Level: Cell Activation]

[Activated Cells: 18%]

[Dust Absorbing Technique: Seven Injection Method]

[Combat Arts: Nine Saber Styles(0.7%), [Tactical Retreat(99.1%)]

[Occupation: Open pervert]

[Remark: If there was an award for trash...]

[Major injury healed, get another.]

Tyrion's face turned into a deeper shade of green. 'What get another? It would over his dead body he would willingly get another such injury.'

But then, he was startled. ' Wait, why can I move? I healed already!?'

He couldn't help but feel shocked over his regenerative abilities. 'Isn't this regeneration more faster and scarer than 10,000× regenerative speed?' Although it's called 10,000 times regeration speed, it's more than 10, 000 times faster! Doesn't it mean he was a living walking immortal?

Suddenly, he shook his head. 'The system only stated healing and didn't say I couldn't die. There must be limitations to this thing.'

At that moment, he felt a suffocating feeling starting to overwhelm him.

Tyrion's face changed slightly. The oxygen within this place was starting to wane as he was being dragged down by the snake's throat muscles.

Even if he could now regenerate 10,000 times faster, it seems he could still die from being suffocated to death!

"No, I can't just sit still and die again!" Tyrion's face hardened and he began thinking of a solution through the memories of his predecessor.

His eyes suddenly brightened. He remembered that all students always had a combat knife on them, within their official college coat. The coat was made of special materials and can handle several degrees of coldness or hotness which is why it was able to resist Instructor Keisha's destructive flame dust.

He wanted to reach for the inside of his coat. The knife was located on the side of his ribs but he couldn't reach for it him as well as his arms were tightly restricted by the throat muscles therefore, he couldn't move at all.

He couldn't help but mumble, 'This is not how I wanted to be depthroated!'

Suddenly, he caught of the system interface and an idea came to him, he hurriedly shouted. "System, increase my cell activation level!"

[Error! Damage points cannot affect host's physical properties]

Tyrion's brows furrowed. What's the use of the system and its damage points if he cannot even use it to increase his strength? He needed to act fast as the oxygen wouldn't last another minute.

Gazing at his status, his eyes locked into the combat art sectional, the [Nine Saber Styles].

"Increase the Nine Saber styles."

[100 Damage points to increase Nine Saber Styles from initiated to level one]

[Nine Saber Style (1.1%)]

[Nine Saber Style (1.2%)]

[Nine Saber Style (1.3%)] ...

[Combat Arts: Nine Saber Styles (0.0%), [Tactical Retreat(99.1%)]

An influx of memories surged into Tyrion's brain as knowledge of the first style of the Nine Saber Style acclimated into his body, feeling more natural than even muscle memories.

He couldn't help but feel as though he had practiced this same technique for a few years.

Tyrion's face suddenly darkened. A few years? Level One for a few years, was that how untalented he was?

He continued. "Increase Nine Saber Styles to the highest level."

Just as the Nine Saber Styles Technique advanced to Level 9, Tyrion felt a loud boom go off in his mind as multiple blood cells and brains cells exploded due to the sudden rush of memories.

A splitting headache came upon him and his body began trembling violently as if he was struck by lightning.

"BOOM!!!"

At almost the same time as Tyrion saw the change in status, his flesh, tissues, muscles, and veins boiled without warning!

An immense heat wave emerged within his body out of thin air, gushing tyrannically along more than ten of his meridians.

[Internal Injury +00]

The heat wave scorched and boiled, like a stream of flame flowing within Tyrion's body!

[Internal Injury +00]

He stood rooted, his face reddening and swelling rapidly. Even the skin all over his body began turning as red as cooked prawn shells.

[Internal Injury +00](Self inflicted damage cannot create damage points)

Massive volumes of sweat poured out from his pores, evaporating into white steam and rising into the confined space.

Tyrone's expression changed.

After only several breaths, it had rapidly gone through several cycles within his body, the latter gradually acclimatizing to it.

Although Tyrion's body temperature remained high, it was no longer boiling hot like before.

After which, his healing started to take effect, his tissues and cells merging together on their own, repairing the damaged meridians and organs. magic

A minute passed.

Tyrion's skin finally gradually reverted to its original fairness.

"Phew..."

Even the breath that came out of his mouth was scorching hot.

Not a single part of his body was without pain. All the bones and muscles in his body felt as if they were pierced with needles.

Chapter 5: Killing The Winged Python!

This was a completely different story than when he reached level one. Presently, he felt like he had just been smashed all over his body by a giant hammer.

'Good thing I regenerate 10,000 times faster otherwise, I would have died from advancing too fast.

Feeling his regeneration at work within his body, automatically healing his organs, he heaved a sigh of relief.

Ignoring these sensations, he tightly clenched his fist, and, to his surprise, a practiced muscle memory and intuition that was the result of years of familiarity and practice with saber flooded from his palms into his mind.

The Nine moves of the Nine Saber Styles Technique as well as the ultimate move which is the conversation of all the nine styles into one, had unknowingly become etched into his mind. It was like muscle memory now.

He now thoroughly comprehended the stroke moves, even the hidden subtleties behind every style. Not only that, but he also understood inside out how each style should be used in accordance with his breathing.

"It worked!?" Tyrion closed his eyes, his heart in ecstasy.

[800 death points deducted]

[Name: Methuselah Tyrion]

[Specie: Human]

[Innate Trait: 10,000× regenerative cell(lvl:1)]

[Damaged Points: 3433](Damaged points can be earned, depending on how grave the physical damage/injuries received)

[Life Level: Mortal]

[Level of Cell Activation: 28%]

[Dust Absorbing Technique: Seven Injection Method]

[Combat Arts: Nine Saber Styles(Max lvl), [Tactical Retreat(99.1%)]

[Occupation: Open pervert]

[Remark: If there was an award for trash...]

He didn't think it would actually give him this sensation. As though he had practiced this technique diligently all his life.

Tyrion also noticed that apart from the technique reaching max level, his level of cell activation had increased by 10 percent. His hatred for the system immediately reduced by 10 points.

He suddenly noticed that he couldn't breathe, his breathing was getting stifled and the throat muscles were suddenly pushing him down no matter how he resists it.

He didn't panic and he flexed his arms, stretching the insides of the beast with his new found strength, he could feel the cold-blooded animal's muscles squirming.

While he wasn't able to stretch it enough, it gave him enough space to grab his dagger.

Reaching for the dagger hidden in his coat, he closed his eyes and remembered the feeling of the saber styles and gradually, the multiple figures began jumping erratically, performing the saber styles with ease and ferocity.

"Chi!"

His eyes suddenly flew wide open and he revealed a solemn expression, both his eyes glowing ferociously.

Drawing the combat knife backward.

"Ultimate Saber strike: Berserk Howl!"

Tyrion bellowed, pushing the Nine Saber Style technique momentum to its maximum under the thrust of his full might.

A glint flashed from the blade in Tyrion's hands.

"ROAR!!!"

As the full might of the Nine Saber Style technique rushed through him, the combat blade even clearly emitted the faint, ear-splitting roar of a beast.

The surrounding muscles squirmed and jiggled about.

"CHI!"

The blade instantly pierced through the body of the beast, all the way to the hilt.

"ROOOOOAR!!!"

The beast roared in pain as it began twisting and coiling about like an earthworm in salt.

Tyrone's muscles, veins, and the ligament in his arms instantly ruptured. His body wasn't strong enough to withstand such force.

But in the next second, an itchy feeling overwhelmed the pain, and his hand instantly healed, almost as good as new.

Tyrion ignored the dizzy sensation and changed his grip on the saber in a reverse position. "Third Style: Void slash."

The blade slashed downwards in one swift motion, cutting the body of the beast.

His arms ruptured again but healed that very second.

Holding the blade in reverse, he muttered. "Fifth style; Star Annihilation."

"RIPPP!!!"

The blade zipped back upwards and then flashed as it moved in the shape of a star, ripping the entire throat muscles into shreds.

"ROOOOOAR!!!"

Another maniac roar rippled through the throat of the beast, pushing Tyrion with great intensity.

Tyrion grabbed at the blade and held on, madness clearly seen on his face, and without hesitation, Tyrion grabbed at the star-shaped scar, pushing to create a large enough space, he climbed out from the belly of the beast.

"Cough! Cough! Cough!"

Mucus, spit, and blood foamed out of his mouth as he dragged himself out of the beast. The winged python was at the center of the arena, squirming in pain and ultimately whimpering as strength left its body.

Tyrion was covered in blood and digestive fluids as he desperately struggled to inhale enough oxygen into his body. magic

"Huff! Huff! Huff!"

Looking back at the whimpering beast on its last leg with a smug expression, he chortled. "In your next life, ask for permission!"

It was then he noticed that everywhere was silent. He glanced at his surroundings and was stunned by the gaze of so many people.

'Right, according to my memory, this should be an arena. But why are they not anything.'

The silence was so deafening one could hear a pin drop and it would echo loudly for at least 5 revolutions.

But in the next seconds, the spectating students erupted into an uncontrollable roar.

"H-How's this possible!?"

"Why is he still alive and well after getting burnt and eaten!?"

"I clearly heard his back crack in the maws of that beast!"

"Crazy! Crazy! The world has gone crazy!"

"Does this mean the lowest grader performed a miracle and passed?"

Disbelief, shock, surprise, anger, jealousy. Different emotions surged violently within the students like a rampaging storm!

It was simply too inconceivable! They watched as was burnt to a crisp, almost snapped in half, and even swallowed! Yet, he still managed to survive, how can the students sit still after witnessing something like this?

On the high table, the seven instructors overseeing the examination were surprised and their eyebrows furrowed as they tried to guess and determine how Tyrion managed to survive.

"Could the kid have used some drugs?" One of the seven instructors suddenly said.

"No, I don't think a student could own such high-level serum." Another shook his head and argued.

"He might have tapped into his latent talent." A short male instructor suggested.

Chapter 6: Ultimate Berserk Howl Vs The Horned Panther

The devilishly handsome man seated by demoness Keisha's side held his chin as he joined in on the chat.

"If it were just the burns, then it can be explained that he tapped into his latent talent and healed but an injury to the spinal cord..." Instructor Fabian, one of the seven instructors for the first year tried to decipher.

"Unless he had awakened some regenerative sort of Trait, and a high-level Trait, it's almost impossible to heal that quickly."

The seven instructor's eyes widened and they were slightly stunned, seriously pondering the in-depth meaning of his words.

What are Traits? There are hidden abilities in the depth of one's genes.

Naturally, Dust crested a whole new era to man kind, increasing ones physically strengthen by activating ones dead cells but if one could awaken a useful trait, it would be like adding fuel to a fire, the person's strength would soar.

For example, if someone awakened Flame Traits and then proceeded to practice an absorbent technique of fire attribute, the strength would be increased by more than two times.

The same could be said for wind traits, imagine your speed so fast you move along with the wind, even your opponent wouldn't be able to hit you if you stand still. Who can actually trap wind with strength?

Demoness Keisha's face was expressionless, her jeweled fingers tapping rhythmically against the table, no one knew what she was thinking.

Suddenly, her fingers stopped and she waved her hand.

"What are your commands instructor Keisha?" A robotic voice echoed from her wrist plate.

"Release the second beast." As her cold voice dropped, the stage automaton seemed to have been expecting this. magic

"As you wish."

A rumble resonated throughout the entire field as Areana 10 shook intensely.

"RUMBLE!"

"Keisha? What are you doing?" The handsome instructor, Fabian tilted his head and asked with a meaningful smile.

The other instructor also turned to face her, their expression looking not too good.

"That's a candidate with the ability to awaken a bloodline limit, do you want to kill him off?" The short male instructor glared as he spat coldly.

"Alex, lockdown the beast of Arena 10 and announce the kid as the winner." Another instructor with glass on his face and greenish eyes coldly stated.

"Apologies, Authority 7 cannot be overwritten by Authority 4." The automaton replied.

"Keisha, call it off before I inform the Dean!" Another instructor threatened.

Instructor Keisha only let loose a sneer before ignoring them to focus on the stage below.

Seeing this, Instructor Fabian chuckled while the remaining instructors shook with fury and anger, along with frustration!

Because her authority was the highest, they couldn't override her command.

At this time, the other matches have been concluded and the results were actually good.

Three of the students taking the trial died while six came out alive. There was only Tyrion left on the stage, still taking his own trial.

It was during that moment the spectating students noticed the rumbling stage 10.

"W-what's happening?"

"Don't tell me another beast is going to be released?"

"How's that possible? It would no longer be a test for recruits anymore but for second-year! "

That very second Tyrion was feeling smug, the wall behind him opened up.

"Eh!?"

He stood up and stared curiously at the opening gate, scratching the goo off his head with the combat knife. "I don't think that's the way out."

"Boom!"

The door slid wide open and a humongous panther with a sharp horn on its forehead exited out from within the void.

"That's a Horned-panther."

"A deadly beast to encounter at close range."

"A master at hunting and with its unrivaled soundless speed, it's the ultimate assassin. "

"Even if it has just 50% demon cell activation, it's still stronger than an ordinary human with 50% cell activation!"

"He's finished." The students discussed amongst each other, as they sighed in pity.

Wade's brows were furrowed. He was an arrogant person and didn't like Tyrion's laid-back character therefore when he saw Tyrion survive disasters time and again, he didn't feel too good and right now, he felt something weird might also happen.

He turned to the others and asked. "Don't you guys feel there's something wrong with everything?"

Those who had passed the exam turned towards Wade and listened while Lucia asked "What do you mean?"

Meanwhile, Tyrion felt his leg go soft and his head dizzy. He took back his words, his hatred for the system didn't decrease but increased instead.

Within the golden-colored eyes of the Horned Panther, a superior apathy along with a hint of scorn could be seen. Perhaps, to this beast, killing a human this weak was not worth mentioning. The ill-smelling, enormous, bloody mouth had already come before Tyrion's eyes.

He was still in a trance when he heard the spectating students scream at him. "Move!"

"Whoosh!"

The panther moved, transforming into a black blur that elongated towards Tyrion.

Tyrion was awakened by the scream of the students and he managed to regain his composure. His face hardened and he held the combat knife before him, taking in a deep breath, his eyes flashed with ferocity and he muttered.

"Ultimate Saber strike: Berserk Howl!" Tyrion bellowed, pushing his entire body to the limit as his activated cells were squeezed off their energy and 'dust'.

N

ine Saber Style technique momentum rose to the maximum as it erupted with force.

Previously he was within a tight space, therefore he didn't have the space to use the Ultimate Strike properly but now, things are different he was using it in an open space.

His muscles inflated and bulged as they twitched. His veins became terrifyingly large, like snakes squirming over his face, neck, and chest, making him look like a human-shaped monster as heat generated from his cells produced steam from the top of his head.

A glint flashed from the blade in Tyrion's hands as sunlight reflected off of it.

Under the full might of the Nine Saber Style technique, along with 28% cell activation and the familiarity of the technique coursing through his veins.

His veins started to explode as he overexerted his cells and his body to the extreme, but Tyrion didn't seem to care. His combat knife was raised high up.

"Hold,"

"Hold,"

"Hold,"

"NOW!"

His knife headed towards the big bloody mouth and slashed!

"Howl!"

A faint saber howl echoed as the combat knife released a clear silver glare.

"Shiiiiing!" "BANG!"

The moving Horned-panther's sharp horn instantly collided with Tyrion with a loud cracking sound. Its horn impaled him with a Puchi sound as it continued moving forward with the intent of smashing him against the wall.

Just as the Horned-panther had dragged the impaled Tyrion through the ground for a hundred meters, it suddenly staggered, disorientated, and then dropped to the ground with a loud thud.

Chapter 7: Regenerating Severed Spine In 5 seconds!

Ultimas, they are similar to myths. They are said to be the accumulation of experience, hard work, and time with 1 percent luck!

They said to practice one move for ten years and you shall move mountains.

What if you practice one technique for a thousand years?

* * *

Perhaps Tyrion had been lucky he gained insight at the moment of life and death. No one will know for sure since he's dead.

The instructors, apart from Fabia sent bone-chilling glares at the dragon demoness.

But she, she was staring at the stage, slight surprise at the depth of her eyes.

* * *

Blood pooled down the fallen body of the beast and the spectating students shook their heads in pity. It was to be expected, there was no way Tyrion would have survived being impaled by the Horned Panther.

That beast was just too deadly to deal with.

Although they couldn't see Tyrion's situation as he was buried under the huge body of the beast, it was easy to guess the situation.

"Guy almost became a living legend. Pity though."

"True, surviving the demoness attack is enough for him to live a fulfilled life."

The students discussed the situation in a whisper, not daring to shout out loud in the presence of the demoness.

* * *

"Pfft!"

Tyrion woke up in agonizing pain. This time, things weren't fun at all. Almost all the bones in his body had shattered and as for his ribs, they had fragmented within him.

The most grievous injury was the one to his stratum. The horn pierced completely into his chest, pinning him to the ground. Luckily, he changed his posture on impact otherwise, his heart would have also been pierced through.

While he still didn't know the limitations of his regeneration, the heart was the most important of organs. Therefore, needed to be protected.

In the next few seconds, he could feel his bones moving inside him, fragments of bones connecting back together like magnets, piece by piece. It was like a scattered puzzle, containing millions of shards arranged back to their previous position by some mysterious force, now increase the speed by ten thousand times.

Popping sounds of his bones being put back in place sounded out from within him like the muffled sounds of popcorn.

"Hmmp!"

Tyrion had to bite the disgusting flesh of the Horned Panther to stop himself from screaming out loud.

Then with gritted teeth, he pulled himself out from the horn impaling him, falling flat to the ground with a loud thud.

One could see a huge fist-sized hole in his chest. Rapidly, the hole within his chest started closing up as he healed. First was his backbone.

The two severed halves began growing rapidly, meeting each other in the middle as they connected and merged with each other, forming a newly intact spinal cord.

Next were his intestine, tissues, and veins. They very rapidly began to grow as the cells in his body regenerated ten thousand times faster.

With speed so fast it was almost impossible to see, his bones, tissues, muscles veins, and flesh as well as other various internal parts regenerated back to the way they were.

As though the time domain acting on his body had been reversed.

Witnessing this scene, the entire stadium descended into a terrifying silence.

"H-How's that possible?"

"How's he still alive?!"

"Look at the blood on the floor! The Horned Panther is dead!" magic

"D...dead?"

"The Horned Panther was killed? When was it killed?"

"What happened, how did the panther just die?"

The stadium once again erupted with the noise of disbelief, shock, and awe. Everyone who thought Tyrion had been done for a moment ago now had shocked expressions on their faces.

They couldn't make heads or tails of what had happened.

"No. 132490 had passed passed with the highest score." Instructor Keisha's seductive voice bounced off the walls as she announced.

The remaining six participants were walking towards the high table under the command of the Head Instructor.

But they immediately froze once the message settled in them.

The students were stunned. "P-passed?"

"How?"

"Instructor Keisha has spoken!"

"She almost got Tyrion killed multiple times, now she's giving him full honors!"

"Even if she is the Chief Instructor, she can't be so blatantly biased with him. It is obvious he used something to survive this long!"

Everyone looked toward head Instructor Keisha and saw that she was no longer seated on the high table but was standing instead.

Her eyes twinkling with a hint of surprise. The other instructors too were all stunned, including Fabian.

They couldn't see how Tyrion managed to survive being impaled to the chest as the huge body of the Panther had completely covered him.

The head instructor gave no further explanation on the matter, leaving quite a few students dissatisfied with the situation but they dared not voice their complaint.

"I... finally survived!" Tyrion took in big gulps of air, as escaping from death's clutches had brought on an enormous rush of adrenaline and happiness. And straight after that, he collapsed on the floor from sheer exhaustion. To kill the Horned panther, not only had he put himself in danger, but had exhausted his mind body, and heart. Thus, he was spent. The medical team on standby immediately came and carried him out.

* * *

Another hour passed and finally, the new students were standing at the center of the stadium.

Instructor Keisha was at the high podium, a red snake slithering between her voluptuous breast and neck. Her seductive voice resounded amidst the silence, causing soft echoes.

"Congratulations to you all on becoming a true student of Death Gate Academy. Your coat, new student ID as well and resources will be delivered to your new rooms."

"Check your Neon watches for information on your new rooms as well as rules and regulations you must adhere to in this academy. The top three will be given private housing."

"Furthermore. As newly admitted students, you will be granted a chance to obtain free Tier-1 techniques of any kind from the school archive and a single weapon from the treasury within 3 days or it will be non-existent. This is also with the exception of the top 3 students as they will be given rewards based on their rankings."

Saying this, her red-painted nails parted as her dainty fingers reached for a black thumb-sized device.

Turning it on, a holographic image of a list appeared before her.

"Now, the announcement of the result."

The students immediately became both excited and nervous.

Chapter 8: FIGHTER: Demon Fighter State

Head Instructor Keisha's stare was deep and sharp as she looked at them and said strictly, "Only the top ten performers will be announced by me. The useless ones, by my fellow colleagues.

"Nathaniel Bones, total score 65 percent - Tenth place."

...

"Seraph Jobs, total score 81 percent - Fourth place."

"Wade Frunze, 92 percent - Third place."

"Alicia Moxie, 97 percent - Second place."

"Tyrion Meth, 180 percent - First place"

The entire crowd of students wasn't shocked by this news but we're very dissatisfied.

Wade who had always been second place previously, was especially hostile when he looked at Tyrion, as if he had snatched something away from him.

"Head Instructor, there must have been a mistake! How could he be in first place?" Wade said, moving forward and pointing at Tyrion, unwilling to accept the result.

While he hadn't always been first due to Alicia's undeniably astounding talents he had always been second and was used to looking down on his peers.

In his eyes, Tyrion, who had always scored badly for the actual combat sessions, was trash among trash and he would not usually even spare him a glance.

"Instructor, I too refuse to accept this decision!" Seraph said as she stepped forward, maintaining her dignified disposition. "Tyrion's actual combat scores

were never as outstanding as ours, so why is his score higher than ours now?"

"That's right, I am unwilling to accept the results, too!"

"The first time was because he was lucky the Winged Python swallowed him without crushing him thereby giving him the opportunity to escape, killing it. The second time was simply luck! If it were out there, he would never be lucky enough to have survived. Why are his scores even higher than ours?"

The others were also unwilling to accept the results, and their faces said it all. During the assessment, it was a lot easier for the top ten to have killed the Horned Panther and the winged python than it had been for Tyrion.

Particularly Wade who managed to kill his opponent within ten moves and escape unscathed. In comparison, Tyrion fight could only be described as immense luck.

Tyrion's eyes glinted and he remained silent, as he did not know how to respond to their argument. Was he supposed to say he almost died but healed up to strike a fatal blow?

Seeing that the students dared question her, Instructor Keisha's demonic pupils flashed coldly and the temperature began to rise as the air undulated due to pressure.

The students immediately broke out into cold sweat. She wasn't going to kill them all, is she? Does she even have the authority to do that?

"Hehe." Instructor Fabian's chuckle suddenly broke the tense atmosphere. His perfectly symmetrical lips curled up as he spoke.

"The scores were decided by the Arena's Automaton. If any of you refuse to accept them, according to the rules of the academy, you can challenge Tyrion in a week to take back the title of Legend. "

The students immediately sighed in relief, not daring to say another word. Moreover, they were satisfied with the words of instructor Fabian, all but Wade and Seraph.

But with the unreasonable Demoness overseeing everything, it was best not to argue in order to live.

Head Instructor Kiesha expressionless stared coldly at the students. Finally, she spoke. "Dismissed."

It was as though they had been given a new lease at life. The 5 thousand students immediately rushed out of the stadium like a flood of ants.

Tyrion had only walked five steps when a voice as sweet as the hymns of a thousand sirens metered his ears. magic

"Come see me after you are done settling in." Tyrion froze and his expression changed slightly.

It was actually the voice of the demoness! With an ugly expression, he rushed out of the stadium with the other students.

* * *

"Killing students as though they were chickens, who exactly do you think you are, foreigner!?"

On the podium, one of the seven instructors, the short male instructor, Mr Meddleton spoke as he faced Kiesha, glaring at her coldly.

Instructor Kiesha glanced at him from the corners of her eyes and waved her hands as though he was an annoying fly.

"You!..." Instructor Meddleton was livid. The frustration of past and this present one pushed him to the edge.

"Wù! Wù! Wù!"

The air behind howled as it distorted and a grave pressure suddenly descended within a 20-meter radius. Instantly, the air shook and a phantom image of a ferocious one-eye giant condensed behind him.

Its single eye locked into instructor Kiesha and an overwhelming brutality and viciousness exuded from it.

He was also a Demon Fighter and at the beast phantom level at that.

Noticing this, Keisha's crimson eyes that were previously glued on the information of Tyrion moved as it locked onto Mr Meddleton.

In that instant, a shiver ran through the latter's spine. Keisha's lips curled up to a smirk and then proceeded to ignore him as though he was empty air.

Mr Meddleton's fear seemed to have vanished as anger consumed him. "I've had enough of you."

He immediately punched downwards.

"ROOOAR!"

The air shook as shock waves rippled with great intensity. The surrounding space seemed to distort and contract as the one-eyed beast also punched its fist down at Instructor Keisha.

Dust rippled out of him like a dam as the wind shrieked from too much power.

"That's enough Meddleton."

Suddenly, the phantom image collapsed as though it was made of smoke, and the condensed strength as well as the accumulated moment faded.

"Who!?" Instructor Meddleton glared sideways only to see Fabian smiling at him.

Instructor Meddleton was a bit stunned and wanted to refuse but then he remembered his great-one-eyed fist had been easily dispelled by the other, he nodded his head reluctantly.

Giving a glare towards Instructor Keisha's way, he spat out.

"You don't deserve to be the head instructor, neither will you ever become one of us."

With that, he turned around and left.

The other six instructors glanced at Kiesha with complicated expressions and they also turned to leave to make their own preparations with the exception of Fabian.

"You know you've used up your death quota for this set right?"

For the first time, Keisha's expressionless face changed as she sneered. "Hypocrite!"

Chapter 9: Prime Tyrion Lives On A Mountain

The students eagerly rushed towards the direction of their new place, shown in their Neon-watch, their jittery voices resonating excitedly in discussions.

Furthermore, this was their first time truly entering the academy and they were like village bumpkins seeing the city for the very first time.

The instant the students caught sight of the inner academy, their breathing shortened and a magnificent sight appeared before them.

This entire academy seemed endless and was as massive as an entire city. Gigantic mountains towering over to the skies as well as massive buildings a few thousand meters pierced through the skies like world-holding pillars.

There were even sky bridges interlinking the skies as various connecting vehicles moved on them. As though that wasn't enough, the place was surrounded by trees, large gigantic trees some of which were more massive and more robust than some of the buildings.

Just at the distant far end center of the academy, a peculiar mountainous structure shot viciously into the clouds its peak seemingly reaching space as it was shrouded by endless clouds and shimmering energy waves.

Evidently, the building seems to be a very important part of the University.

The students were in awe as they felt waves of thick and condensed energy radiating off the building even from that distance. It was then they realized the clouds surrounding the tall structure weren't actually real clouds but extremely condensed DUST that covered the peak of the building, shrouding the skies.

They could feel their cell chains loosen and their cell activation levels increasing bit by bit the closer they were to the center of that peculiar structure.

"Dust Facility." One of the students muttered in disbelief while the others immediately gasped as they realized what the building was.

Dust, a special type of particle when exposed to the cells through special methods and conditions, strengthens it and even unlocks hidden inmate Traits within the genes. magic

Now, an ordinary human exposed to too much 'dust' would cause death which is why one has to first tamper their cells with it, activating their body to its true potential before attempting to accumulate 'dust'.

Seeing a Dust Array Facility shocked the students because it was just too expensive to buy one!

They walked for about thirty minutes straight and then they soon arrived at a particularly large expanse of land with thousands of houses inside.

The houses in this region aren't as tall as compared to the ones they had previously seen, standing at a few hundred meters in height but it was manageable to some degree.

It was worth noting that the thousands of houses in the area spiraled around a particularly tall and large mountain about 500 Meters high and a few kilometers wide. It was like an entire new world up there.

After a few glances and observations, quite a few students were able to notice the air seemed to contain even more 'dust' particles, emitted from that particular building. It was a mini 'Dust' array encompassing the entire mountain!

Those who reside in the building with close proximity to the Dust Array would enjoy bathing in 'dust' daily. Their gene-lock would loosen considerably and their cell activation would undoubtedly increase without even practicing.

Imagine if one practice, half their effort would yield twice the result!

Seeing this, the thousands of students immediately got excited but didn't dare to reveal their excitement, keeping it a secret as they eyed the first building.

"This mountain is mine!"

Wade was the first to move. He didn't waste any time more time and instantly shot towards the mountain. His speed was fast and not many were able to catch up to him.

"BAM!"

He had placed half a foot on the mountain when a transparent barrier appeared and he collided with it, rebounding backward with a bleeding nose and ashen face.

"Prime students only, please step back."

A robotic voice echoed throughout the field.

The other students quieted down when they saw this.

After which, their expression darkened as they turned towards the Prime student of their set - Tyrion.

Under the jealousy and hatred-filled gaze of everyone, Tyrion calmly walked towards the mountain.

A foot in,

Two steps,

Three steps,

There was no deterrence.

"This isn't fair!" Someone couldn't help but cry out loud. Tyrion was always the last at everything, combat, weapon studies, meta-beast knowledge, and fighting tactics. He had never surpassed the last.

In fact, they had expected him to die to the mouth of a beast but instead had been lucky, three times at that.

Holding onto his bleeding nose, Wade's eyes glowed with hatred. Lucia narrowed her eyes while Seraph huffed and puffed with intense anger. They had no idea this was the special treatment a Prime would receive otherwise, they would have fought Tyrion to the death.

Alicia turned towards the building and she sped towards the one nearest to mountain.

After which, Seraph and Wade shot off with similar blinding speed. Another twenty of thirty students also followed in their footsteps, confusing the students who were clueless as to what was happening.

But those that had survived up to this point weren't stupid people therefore it took just a few seconds for them to figure out the real situation. The mountain possesses a dust array facility. Therefore, the building closest to it gets to benefit from it.

The closest building to benefit most is house 1 and the person who gets to reside in house 1 gets to make the most out of it, improving their cell activation level even further. How could they not be tempted by this? Thus, chaos ensued.

* * *

Up up, in the mountain, it was a whole new world up there.

He could see large buildings almost as large as mansions stationed about a few kilometers from each other. The larger ones seem to be occupied and there was only a small housing one at the corner of the mountain.

Checking his watch, he was directed into that same house.

The inside of the building wasn't particularly pretty with cobwebs and dust covering every inch and corner of the apartment. But it was ten times more beautiful than the houses he had ever lived in and strangely very tall. For one, there was power running the entire building, and judging by the lack of noise, the walls are soundproofed also.

There was even a roughly created training room that had enough space to contain ten giants.

Remembering that he was now officially a student, Tyrion's lips curved upwards to a smile as he muttered 'Finally'.

There shouldn't have been any hope for him to pass the entrance examination but he not only passed, he successfully became the Prime student!

It was like a dream come true. Soon Tyrion's face turned solemn and he immediately checked his status. Things had changed.

Chapter 10: Selecting Combat Techniques

[Life-threatening damage received, +9999]

[Life-threatening injuries healed. Get another!]

[Cross-level kill x2]

[4000 damage points received]

|-----|

[Name: Methuselah Tyrion]

[Specie: Human]

[Innate Trait(Lvl:1): 10,000x regenerative cell(10,000)]

[Damaged Points: 17,432]

[Life Level: Cell Activation]

[Level of Cell Activation: 30%]

[Dust Absorbing Technique: Seven Injection Method] magic

[Combat Arts: Nine Saber Styles(Max lvl), [Tactical Retreat(99.1%)]

[Occupation: Open pervert]

[Remark: If there was an award for trash...]

Tyrion's face darkened at the remark. Was this system disdainning him? Even after putting him through hell numerous times.

"Hmph! "

He snorted and sneered as he spoke. "If I receive any fatal damage again, my name isn't Tyrian!"

In assurance of his promise, his stomach rumbled and he felt as though he had been fasting for over a decade.

The feeling was so extreme, making him gasp desperately for oxygen. Added with the wind blowing against his skin, causing goosebumps to rise due to the cold.

At that moment, an aromatic scent slapped over his nose like a storm. His nostrils flared as he sniffed, it was actually food. Turning his head around, the scent appeared to be coming from outside his apartment.

Tyrion hurriedly went over and opened the door. There, a slightly older-looking man holding a large tray of deeply roasted, juice-dripping lamb meat stood at the entrance of his door.

Behind him, three other people carried various expensive drinks and an assortment of tasty fruits he had never seen in his entire life with them. It didn't particularly seem to be a feast, but it was definitely a grand meal plan.

With his improved eyesight, he could clearly see what was happening in the building closer to him which was several kilometers away.

What shocked him the most was that in that particular building, there were more than twenty beautiful lady attendants respectfully carrying large trays of food, drinks, and maids with them as they entered into the building. With the careful and elegant demeanor of the attendants, one might mistake the building for the white house!

From speculation, it was as though the higher the rank of the building, the more benefit and respect one would earn! Apart from being close to the center of the mountain which possesses the maximum amount of dust particles, they also get to be treated well, the others would definitely go insane over this.

Tyrion sighed in satisfaction after eating and immediately went to bed without hesitation.

* * *

"... I get to select one Tier-2 Cell Tempering method and two Tier-1 combat techniques or one Tier-2 combat technique for free within the library. Moreover, I also get to pick a 2-star weapon from the armory!"

Tyrion's heart skipped a beat. With a Tier-2 Cell tempering method, he would be able to naturally improve his rate of cell activation ever faster!

Others would only be able to get a Tier-1 Cell tempering method but he gets a Tier-2 which meant he naturally has the advantage over others.

As for combat techniques, he was also above the rest! Doesn't this mean he would be able to catch up with the others sooner or later? Even if he could catch up to them, his techniques should be able to fight some of them head-on without losing!

Combat techniques are techniques that utilize 100 percent of the cells, transforming them into 120% or even 130% depending on your comprehension.

It is said that at the highest level of a combat technique - the Ultima state, one could reach a maximum of 300% of strength and it won't cost much effort either.

Tyrion's heart rate rose noticeably as he was enlightened. There are two important factors of a Genetic fighter's potential: first, one must be blessed with a resilient body and discipline to hone their body, and second, one must have comprehension to allow one to grasp the heart of cell-tempering methods and immerse oneself into the path of combat techniques.

To be blessed with a resilient body allows one to train their cell much faster than the others such as Lucia and Wade, and to have comprehension of combat technique is to be able to easily pick up the physical combat arts and defeat those who seemingly stood above you. After all, being weak or strong depends on individual performance.

Clicking on his neon-watch, a holographic image was presented before him.

"This is nice," Tyrion muttered, gingerly swiping his fingers on the hologram, his smile widened to see it move.

"According to the manual, I need to go to the Archive and filter through by selecting combat manuals and techniques. Once I find the ones I need, they will be delivered immediately."

Although he did as instructed, Tyrion took ten minutes to finally find the page he was searching for simply because he got distracted by the various astonishing items within the Archive.

Soon, he clicked on the combat technique page and numerous tier-1 combat techniques filled his line of sight. His eyes widened and he felt dizzy seeing the endless list of techniques.

"Infinite Shock wave Fists, Thunder Quake Palm, Seven Bullets Gun-skill, Molotov Gun-skill, Berserk Explosion Fist, The Saber Art of stars, The Freedom sword Art, Revolving Blade Leg art... Cloud Soaring Move, Kingdom palm, Seven ..."

For sword and saber techniques alone, there were around forty different techniques, and for the palm, gun, and fist arts there were more than fifty manuals each, twenty-eight different kinds of different leg arts, and only eight manuals in regards to claws.

The Infinite Shock wave palm had a very high requirement, every stage described in the manual was complex and difficult. Each palm was the crashing of waves and after each tide, the next attack would double and stack, accumulating into the body, ready to release at any time.

The Thunder Quake Fist was slightly more in-depth and required a certain level of comprehension; Seven Bullets Gunkill was summarised as an almost murderous technique, each stage was aggressive and bold, very suitable for those with a cold and calm personality.