

I Regenerate 10,000 Times Faster

#Chapter 21: Let Me Borrow Your Points, Please - Read I Regenerate 10,000 Times Faster Chapter 21: Let Me Borrow Your Points, Please

Chapter 21: Let Me Borrow Your Points, Please

Suddenly, Tyrion frowned.

Stepping sideways, time slowed down as he moved gently to the side, turning into a series of afterimages. In an instant, he had shifted his body a meter away from his previous position.

"BOOM!" magic

A booming sound was heard as the ground in his previous position caved in and a crater opened!

"Eh?"

An awfully raspy voice rang out in slight surprise.

Denman let out a surprised sound as Tyrion evaded his attack by a sudden bodily movement.

He had attempted to stomp Tyrion out of his way, but his attack missed.

"Interesting." Chuckling slightly he gazed at Tyrion for a moment out of slight interest, after which he ignored him.

He had his eyes on someone else, he wasn't willing to waste a single second.

The points earned by the Legend of the first-year class; Tyrion was his and no one would snatch it from his hands.

Tyrion frowned gently when he saw the dark-skinned youth leave. If he didn't have Phantom Leg Art and his Cell activation level was still 30%, then he might have been injured by the youth. Ultimately, he didn't say anything so as

to avoid revealing his identity now that everyone seemed to be looking for him.

Adjusting his coat over his head, he kept his head down and turned to leave when his expression turned cold as he snorted in anger.

"Whoosh!"

He twisted his upper body sideways as a fist rushed right by him! His shirt fluttered ceaselessly!

"Fvck off!"

He let out a muffled growl of anger.

With the twist of his waist, he countered, subconsciously using the first style of the Nine Saber Styles; Solar strike.

His muscles expanded, and veins popped out from his body as they seem to vibrate in a unique frequency.

His right hand formed a knife shape as he slashed towards the shadow!

Upon seeing this, the figure's expression couldn't help but change as they let out a yell!

With the limited time, the figure managed to cross their hands together!

"Whoosh!"

The air shrieked.

"Bang!"

The figure was instantly blasted backward. Their feet dragged 5 meters backward!

Letting out a muffled groan, the dust cleared, revealing a young lady. She was an incredibly beautiful golden-haired woman with a delicate face and figure.

But currently, her expression was extremely serious as she stared at Tyrion. That knife hand had almost broken her bones.

The force had shaken her organs and disrupted her blood circulation as it was in disarray because she wasn't prepared for it. She needed time to quell down her blood, gather and circulate them again which would take a few seconds.

Tyrion was also pushed back due to the resultant force. But it was immediately nullified as he stomped his feet hard to the ground, negating the force.

Tyrion stared at the figure, as the dust cleared, and he saw the figure, his angry expression calmed down slightly. But still, he was annoyed.

A tender voice filled with grievance escaped her pink lips "Don't you think you are a bit too rough to a lady?".

Tyrion stared at the golden-haired lady, knowing who she was: Seraph.

She was always coming third of the class but this time, during the actual entrance exam from recruit to first-year students, she had taken fourth place which was entirely due to Tyrion occupying the first place of the list.

Tyrion's brows crumpled together as he stared at her. "You attacked first, do you expect me to sit still and let you injure me?"

Seraph's expression darkened by a bit. She nodded "You are right, I apologize. I came specially to ask you for a favor. I was hoping you could lend me the points you earned from the reward center." She put on a hopeful and teary expression. Twisting her body quite seductively. She was hoping to distract him, just a little.

If it were the previous him from before, he would have caved in as the open pervert in the system's evaluation wasn't for show.

However, Tyrion only glanced at her coldly as he snickered "And I would just relinquish my hard-earned points to you just because you said so?"

Her eyes became more teary when she heard that. She sobbed softly "C-can you do this one favor for me? I really, truly need it and I promise to return the points after a week."

Tyrion's frown deepened as his expression turned cold. How could he not know what she was trying to pull? Did she expect him to be the fool and transfer his hard-earned points to her? Dream on!

Noticing his unmoving expression, she knew just talking things didn't walk.

At this moment, Tyrion was incredibly wary of her. She had taken the first style of the Nine Saber Styles from him but could remain fine without even a broken bone nor was there anything indicating she had been affected in the slightest.

Even if it wasn't the Ultima style, one must know that at his level of comprehension, every style of the Nine-Saber Styles was devastating.

With his 40% cell activation level, the first strike was similar to the strike from an individual with a 50% cell activation level.

Tyrion shook his head, he replied in a flat tone." Not gonna happen. Sneaking an attack on me was quite a despicable move. You should apologize and I will consider letting this go."

Seraph stared blankly at Tyrion wondering if he was joking, after a few moments to her surprise, she saw that he wasn't joking, and she abruptly burst out laughing as if she had heard the funniest thing in the world.

In that instant, Tyrion's eyes revealed a sinister look, this was the moment he was waiting for.

Within that time, he revealed his remarkable grasp of the Phantom Leg Art.

His body turned to a blur, forming into a thin thread that elongated towards her.

In the blink of an eye, he had appeared before her in the blink of an eye.

Not hesitating at all, he activated the fifth style of the Nine Saber style.

His muscles bulged slightly as he erupted with the entirety of his 42% cell level!

All of a sudden, he punched out! His fist screamed towards her head like a bullet!

Chapter 22: Quake Fist!

Seeing Tyrion who was clear 10 meters away suddenly appeared before her shocked her but the reaction speed of an 70% cell activation level individual wasn't slow in the least.

Clearly not expecting the sudden attack. Her face changed slightly but she sneered.

Clenching her fist, she also punched out with inconceivable speed.

The air crackled as though it was being compressed by an invisible force.

She was playing in a contest in Strength.

"BANG!"

The muffled sound of flesh rang out.

Ripples of airwave dispersed as hundreds of kilograms of flesh collided.

Tyrion felt pain as an incredible vibrating force traveled from his fist through his arm attempting to crush his organs. His expression couldn't help but change slightly.

'Strong!'

He gasped inside as he stared at the girl before him.

"BAM!" "BAM!" "BAM!"

Tyrion was pushed several steps backward, attempting to dissolve the strength.

His face was slightly flushed as he glared at the girl before him. Although he had dissolved the force, the vibrating strength was still there, he couldn't quell it just by moving backward.

[Injured +100 damage points]

His arm dropped limp to the side as though it was useless. The vibrating force in his body seemed to have locked down the nerves in his arm, making him lose control over it.

Meanwhile, Seraph took two steps backward, the difference in strength was clear.

Seraph glanced at Tyrion while smirking. "Do you know why I still chose to engage you after knowing you've reached the Ultima states in 4 techniques??" her smile grew wider. "That's because even Ultima's cannot bridge the gap between Cell activation levels! I don't know if I should call you stupid or more stupid. "

Her expression morphed into one of confusion as she appeared to be honestly perplexed about the matter. "The reward sure is tempting but do you think you would have the strength to protect yourself? Let's agree and assume the other year won't be interested, do you think I or Wade or other people won't be interested in such an amount of points? " she said with curiosity in her eyes.

Tyrion's frown deepened as he knew everything she said was true but he also honestly wanted to cry too.

How could he know it would be announced to the entire students? He was plotted against by the system!

"Cut the nonsense." Stomping his legs, he dashed forward with incredible speed, his body blurring as he turned into several afterimages.

Seraph smiled when she saw this. As expected, his male ego is not willing to admit who is stronger. 'What a stubborn fellow' she clicked her tongue.

Circulating his blood, his heart, beat loudly in his chest as blood flowed from his vessels to his muscles and bones, especially his legs!

He flashed before her and swiftly lashed two kicks towards her. Seraph wasn't stupid enough to accept those kicks.

She sidestepped the attack and then attacked, attempting to make use of the opening behind Tyrion's back.

Her fist swished through the air. Targeting his back. All of a sudden, Tyrion twisted his body which was in midair. With the momentum, he launched a fierce horizontal kick towards her head! As if he were playing a soccer ball.

The air cracked as his kick picked up the wind with force carrying all of his momentum.

Looking at the leg that had swelled to be bigger than her waist, she turned pale. As if she had no bone at all, she bent her upper body backward, almost parallel to the ground.

"Whoosh!!!"

Her face stung as the kick's wind blew past her face.

Not inclined to let the momentum fade, he dropped to the ground while performing a 360 horizontal sweep towards her legs that were supporting her body! The ground seems to split by the sudden intrusion!

As if she had expected something like that, she executed a backflip!

Since the momentary force of his kicks was evaded by her, he pursued her!

"Get over here!"

He growled as his foot kicked off explosively and akin to an arrow released from a bow he shot towards her!

His left hand shot out in the blink of an eye, reaching to slash for her head!

Seraph's expression turned ugly for the first time. When she came here, she was full of confidence. Thinking it would be an easy win as she had surpassed her limit, activating 70% of her cells, she had not expected that she would be the one at a slight disadvantage!

She did not have time to dwell on such thoughts. She was incredibly angered as her fist was rushing straight at her, causing her eyes to twitch. A slight chill ran through her head! magic

"Quake fist!"

With an angry bellow, she punched both fists at the incoming Tyrion!

One fist aiming at his oncoming fist, while the other was shooting towards his head!

In an instant, an ethereal wave of air seemed to ripple on her fists. Layers after layers of airwaves surged forward with incredible momentum, forming slight air whirlpools from the ferocity of her fist.

"Quake Fist? My god? How did she manage to purchase a tier-2 technique in just one week?"

"A tier-2 fist technique, even if that guy has unlocked twice his current activated Cells, he wouldn't be able to withstand this attack!"

"Good!"

Tyrion said expressionlessly as he planted his legs stably on the ground. He appeared to be as unshakable as a mountain!

He moved his right hand which was supposed to be paralyzed and his left hand, forming a claw with both hands, he grabbed at the incoming Tremor Fist!

"BOOM!!!"

As the two attacks collided, a blast of shockwave, visible to the naked eye shot outwards in all directions, clearing all the dust in the surrounding area which had been generated from their fight in an instant!

"Whoosh!"

The surrounding spectators couldn't help retreating a few steps in shock as they felt as if a hammer had smashed against their skull, making them almost unconscious!

The moment his claw held the fist, Tyrion felt as if he had been hit by a speeding Train! His head felt very faint but he managed to hold out still!

Gazing into her eyes Tyrion lips seem to curl up to a smirk. Seraph immediately began to develop a bad feeling! She swiftly wanted to retreat but her fist seemed to be locked with a force akin to a vice grip!

Chapter 23: Defensive Relic!

[Minor injury +999 damage points]

Not waiting for a single moment, Tyrion erupted with his full might.

His activated cells rumbled from within him as he drew on their full strength.

His body flushed red as his blood flowed to its limits, seemingly like a flood!

His vein appeared to be on the verge of tearing as his heart propelled blood into his system!

In the next millisecond, he unceremoniously constricted his heart! It skipped a beat!

He had long since raised his right foot up as he pulled Seraph towards himself!

42% Cell activation level!

Phantom Leg Art! Ultima Stage!!

The muscles in his right foot momentarily expanded as the Phantom Leg Art activated.

His muscles undulated as an immense amount of power accumulated within his leg!

The pressure they exuded gave one the feeling of horror and helplessness as one looked at it!

With her hands locked in place, Seraph could only watch as her wide eyes opened in horror as the massive mountain of foot descended upon her!

"KA-BOOM!!!"

The sound was akin to a warhead being dropped as visible shock waves spread throughout the surroundings stunning the onlookers with excitement visible on their faces.

They couldn't help but retreat even more steps in order not to get caught in the shockwaves!

Like a kite whose string was suddenly broken, Seraph shot through the air like a cannonball! Her fate, yet unknown.

...

A tyrannical shockwave also flung Tyrion unceremoniously as his body blurred with uncontrollable speed as he bounced to the ground.

It was as though a few grenades had been tossed next to him.

He had used a speed technique as an attacking move, it was simply too inconceivable. This showed just how crazy Tyrion was.

It wasn't until a few seconds, he was finally able to control his body, twisting his waist and finally landing steadily on the ground as the resultant force drifted him backward.

He panted heavily with his two arms limp beside him. He could not feel them nor could he move them. The tremor from the girl's technique had traveled through his arms and disabled his nerves. The bones in his hands had been shaken quite massively as cracks appeared in them.

The tremor didn't stop at that, it was traveling towards his heart and his internal organs with stampeding force, attempting to destroy it. If the tremor wasn't taken care of quickly he might turn into a bloody mess.

Tyrion's expression soured as he thought 'Vicious'

Although it had been written in the guide that killing was allowed in death academy, there are a few rules that came hand in hand with the killing.

Tyrion didn't think she would use an attacking technique when she obviously had the upper hand in the fight. It was as though she wanted to take his life!

At this moment, Tyrion felt his body loosen a bit.

"Hm?"

He had activated a few thousand of his billions of unactivated cells, increasing his previous 42% cell activation level to 43% percent.

The saying was true, fighting helps to loosen the lock and increases cell activation level.

His blood rumbled like a small river as his heartbeat quickened. His muscles trembled as he grew stronger in the process.

At this time, an itchy sensation overwhelmed his hands as though thousands of ants were crawling within them.

By the time all these things had happened, his crippled nerves, cracked bones, torn ligaments, and useless arm began healing and in the next second, he was able to feel his arms again.

The Quake Fist had crippled his arm effectively. And was supposed to remain so until he sought medical assistance but it had all been healed in the blink of an eye.

...

Seraph was absolutely livid.

On a normal circumstances, she wouldn't have performed the technique with both hands but she was maddened at that moment, and she thought Tyrion's arm was temporarily useless, she was incredibly mistaken.

She had let down her guard which had cost her greatly as she hadn't expected Tyrion to have the means to heal his arm, and that fast in fact.

Frankly speaking, if he hadn't healed up, his wounded arm, it was almost certain he would be the one with the most injury.

'My regeneration ability is really useful a battle.'

Tyrion's lips curled up as he thought.

"Hu!"

He breathed out a sigh as he thought. ' I need to leave here fast before the other catch up to who I am.'

Thinking up to here, he stood up on his feet, and turned towards the direction of the Legend mountain, ignoring the astonished crowds, he started walking.

"You are quite the tenacious one aren't you?" He hadn't walked three steps when the familiar tender voice spoke out. magic

Tyrion froze.

"You are quite the tenacious one aren't you?" He hadn't walked three steps when a familiar and tender voice spoke out.

Tyrion's body froze visibly in surprise. Strange lights flickered in his eyes as he heard the voice sound from behind him.

He turned around slowly and looked towards the voice.

Seraph stood up unsteadily from the floor. Her current situation was quite pitiable as blood flowed down her lips.

Her hair was in disarray, and the slight makeup she had on her was messed up as dust and sand had settled on her face.

Her expression right now was ugly, borderline sinister.

Most importantly, her shirt had been blasted into oblivion by Tyrion but, to Tyrion's surprise, she wasn't naked as he expected. No, quite the opposite!

She was wearing an inner vest!

And her inner vest was unharmed from the attack!

Tyrion could see a slight silvery metallic substance fading back inside her body.

He could guess a few things and concluded that it was what had protected her from his phantom Leg Stomp.

If not, she would have at least ended up with a sunken stratum, a row of broken ribs and bones.

Tyrion waved his hands indifferently.

"A defensive relic. Must have cost you an entire fortune to purchase one." Although Tyrion's expression was nonchalant, his mouth trembled as the information about relics flashed through his mind.

Chapter 24: Trouble

With the evolution of the world, and the creation of 'DUST', numerous Ancient Zones and temples from the time before ripped through the ground, in numerous locations, creating some sort of dimension zones.

The temples were strange and heavily guarded by ancient monsters, legendary beasts, and mythical beings.

Not many could pass through the high-level Ancient zones without incredible strength.

But the low-level ones were quite easier and had been cleared and those who managed to clear them would receive rewards known as 'RELICS'.

Weapons heavily dependent on 'Dust' that could create devastating attacks way above one level of strength.

Relics as such are expensive to purchase and would cost an ordinary family their entire fortune to loan one.

Even Tyrion hadn't had the opportunity to see one before but currently, Seraph was putting in a defensive relic which shocked Tyrion.

"If that's the case then, Berserk Explosion first state!"

He rotated his blood to their limits and his heart beat wildly like the roar of a primordial beast.

His activated cells surged and his physical body was strengthened to its limits.

His muscles bulged by quite a bit as he grew much more bulky, appearing taller by a few centimeters!

Blood patterns appeared all over his skin as veins the size of pinky fingers expanded through his head, his neck, all the way to his face.

The winds seemed to be stirred up by the pressure! magic

His current expression was quite savage as berserk energy rippled through him.

His eyes turned red and it was as though he was a prehistorical beast looking down at his prey as he stared at her!

He wanted to see if her defensive relic could withstand his Berserk Explosion and his Nine saber styles.

Seraph was so angry that she smiled sinisterly when she heard him.

But as if she had remembered something, her gaze flickered with a strange light as she glared at him with hatred.

She recalled the legend she had heard about the Berserk Explosion technique and her eyes couldn't help but flash with hesitation.

From the looks of it, Tyrion could activate the Berserk Explosion technique and if he went all out, he would make sure to perish with her.

She was currently weak and although her activated cells had reached 70 percent, judging by the pressure Tyrion was exuding, their powers were almost quite at the same level.

If she forcefully tried to fight him, she would get injured which would set her back by a few weeks as she would need to recuperate.

She hesitated, she had no idea if he she was been tricked and Tyrion was only putting on a facade by forcefully rousing his blood but Seraph couldn't tell for sure.

She stared intently at him, wanting to figure him out. In the end, she gave a hateful glare that was enough to chill any heart down his way.

"Bastard! I will take the Legend position from you by any means, you just wait and see!" Stomping her foot in anger, she turned away and with a few leaps, she had vanished from sight.

Exactly four seconds later, Cough! Cough!!

Tyrion's body crumbled to the floor as he coughed out a mouthful of blood. He was incredibly weakened.

Just a few seconds of activating the technique his internal organs were severely injured. Singlets of tears had appeared in several positions in his veins and blood vessels, they were on the verge of rupturing.

But it wasn't worth mentioning as he could just recuperate in a few seconds.

Tyrion suddenly smiled 'That was a good fight.'

He had been hoping to spar with someone to see how strong 40 percent activated cells were.

Unexpectedly, he had been given a chance to make a rough comparison.

Wiping the blood off his mouth, he hurriedly left the place. From limping to jogging and when by the next second he was fully healed, he went on a full sprint, not daring to remain there any longer than necessary.

From the time Seraph attacked him, up to this moment, just two to three minutes had passed.

"Congrats on winning your first forced Duel. The title of Legend will temporarily be protected for a week, unable to be snatched even after being defeated. After which, the protection would expire. Good luck!"

The cybernetic voice faded into thin air.

Although stunned by the message, Tyrion didn't stop using the Phantom Leg Art until he caught sight of the large legend mountain.

By this time, quite a few students were gathered at the entrance of the mountain.

Amongst them was Wade, the usual second in the ranking list but third this time.

It had been a week but Wade had changed drastically. His body exuded a malevolent wave of energy as he stood loftily on the path up the Legend mountain.

Undoubtedly, he had grown even stronger. He had likely unlocked and activated about 85% to 90% of his cells. making his body muscles, skin, and body ripple with immense energy.

Tyrion immediately knew that things were bad.

While Wade's strength gave him pressure, Tyrion was confident in his ability.

With the Berserk Explosion, phantom Leg Art, and the Demonic Blood beast morph, he should be a match for Wade.

But if Seraph, who was only 4th on the ranking list could own a Relic, who's to say Wade wouldn't have one?

Not to mention his hatred for Tyrion, he would most likely use it to attack him once Tyrion activates the Ultima state of Berserk Explosion.

At this moment, Tyrion's eyes flashed and he didn't pass that route, choosing to circle around a longer route instead.

About half an hour later, Tyrion finally reached his building.

Tired and exhausted he started to undress as soon as he walked into his building, heading for the bathroom.

He had just tossed his pants in a different direction in the sitting room when he noticed something weird.

Just as he was thinking what it was, a voice suddenly spoke.

"Didn't I ask you to meet me after settling in?"

Chapter 25: Sudden Meeting With The Demoness

Tyrion froze instantly like a statue, his brain was as though it had been dipped in ice for thousands of years as he stood still for what seemed to be a decade.

By his sitting room was a mature, crimson-eyed lady, lips as red as blood itself, body so hot it was almost comparable to fire but with a cold face that cooled her smoking hot body, making anyone who looked at her disperse any thought they previously had of her.

In the entire academy, there's only one person with deep crimson eyes and nails and that person was, the demoness, Instructor Keisha.

Her pupils lifted from the magazine in her hands and landed on the currently naked Tyrion who had stripped off everything on him including his underpants.

Her expression didn't change for a single moment as she stared at Tyrion as though she was looking at a dead man or an ordinary statue.

"If you were a little bigger, I wouldn't mind staring for a while longer, unfortunately..."

"

As her voice dropped, Tyrion immediately came back to his senses but once his head wrapped around what she had just said, his face instantly turned red from embarrassment.

A man can handle anything, including being tossed into a burning pit of fire and waiting for a chance to avenge himself but being called small... It was an emotional and psychological damage even the strongest man might commit suicide from!

"I-I— can make it bigger." Not knowing how to counter that, Tyrion immediately activated the ultima state of phantom Leg Art, time slowed down incredibly as he turned into a series of life-like afterimages and ran towards the corridor, hiding as he wore his clothes with embarrassment clear in his eyes. magic

A few minutes later, Tyrion was standing respectfully with his head down in his living room like a good student.

Seated on the sofa a few meters away from him was Instructor Keisha. Her sharp, long nails tapped rhythmically against the sofa's armrest.

Staring deeply at Tyrion, her crimson eyes seemed to glow, seemingly scrutinizing him as though she was staring at a new breed of creature on Earth.

When the Tyrion was starting to feel free and really uncomfortable, the demoness finally spoke.

"You really know how to make a lady wait, don't you?"

Tyrion's head lowered ever slightly as he cursed deep in his heart. 'Sh*t! If I knew the demoness would personally visit me, I would have gone to meet her. Now I'm in deep trouble!'

Knowing how ruthless Instructor Keisha was, she would never let anyone off. During the recruitment training, she had killed off at least five students just because they interrupted her while speaking and had killed another five students because she found them unpleasant in her eyes.

For disobeying her, just what sort of punishment do you think she would inflict?

Tyrion's eyes couldn't help darting left to right as his brain thought of how to get through this predicament.

"I-I thought I was hearing things and due to the concussion of being attacked by your flames and two different monsters with 50% cell activation level," Tyrion replied with a low voice

Keisha's eyebrows lifted and her eyes glowed as she stared at him with what seemed to be a shade of a smile on her lips.

"You're saying it's my fault then?" She asked as her red lips parted, revealing slightly her two pointed fangs.

Although Tyrion shook his head, he didn't make any attempt to deny her conjecture.

The room descended to silence and the atmosphere seemed to stiffen. At that moment, tension began to rise as a chill from nowhere overtook the warmth of the room.

Tyrion gritted his teeth as a formless pressure landed on him. It was as though the gravity within the room had increased by five times.

Tyrion immediately felt his waist emit crackling noises as his bones released cracking noises with his knees buckling.

[Minor injury +9 damage points]

Using all of his might, he endured desperately, beads of sweat forming on his forehead as his clothes soaked in them.

Suddenly, the pressure seemed to vanish entirely, making Tyrion finally able to breathe as his cracked bones started to heal until he was fully healed.

"You truly did wake the regenerative Trait and it's even more powerful than I previously thought." Keisha's voice suddenly sounded.

"From now onwards, you will make sure not to reveal to anyone about your Trait and if anyone knows about it, make sure they are read first. I will inform the other instructors and the students that you cheated by using a legendary Restorative pill which had been your family heirloom."

"Since it's your ability to own something like that, your title as the Legend of the 1st-year class will not be revoked."

She suddenly stood up and walked towards the stunned Tyrion.

While she appeared a few inches taller than him, she was like a walking behemoth, set to devour her prey.

She raised her hands and her index finger touched underneath Tyrion's chin.

"I can do all this for you for just one favor."

The breeze from the window blew and her fragrant scent enveloped Tyrion. Tyrion felt as though he was at the beach, basking underneath the sun as the cool breeze person of the ocean tickled his nostrils.

Tyrion unconsciously inhaled even more, his eyes a bit wary as he asked. "What favor?"

He wasn't able to enjoy it when her next words dropped. "Nothing much, I only require a bit of your blood."

Tyrion's face immediately turned pale as he stepped back, retreating from her.

He thought she came here to ask how he had reached the Ultima state of 4 techniques.

He didn't expect her to actually come here for his blood instead! What was the world turning into? And what up with the fangs on her lips? Was she a vampire or something? Moreover, who asks for blood as a favor!?

Tyrion immediately shook his head and without even thinking about it, he replied.

"Not gonna happen!"

Chapter 26: Are You Sick!?

Tyrion's words fell on deaf ears.

"You can't escape from me anyway. The lecture will formally start in two days"

She waved her hand, withdrawing a large 150ml glass syringe out of nowhere, she continued. "Therefore, you have to be prepared to collaborate and consolidate my story."

Tyrion's face turned increasingly grim. "I said, no deal!"

As though she hadn't heard him, her fingers tightened the piston, making sure it was tight as she spoke.

"If there's even an inch of a lie, be prepared to meet yourself opened up in some sort of secret laboratory. The military is interested in potential Triats like yours that could further increase their troop's strength. The more powerful it is the more excited they would be."

As he heard her words, Tyrion choked on his own words and suddenly, his expression turned incredibly cold.

Was this woman actually threatening him? He had acted as his predecessor would have reacted given the situation and had even given her the respect and fear she deserved as his instructor but after all the acting, she actually wasn't even willing to give him face and was even threatening him.

Like a candle on fire, Tyrion's fearful face melted, only to be replaced by a cold smile filled with chilliness.

"Are you sick?"

Instructor Keisha's hand that was holding on to the large syringe froze and suddenly, the atmosphere turned incredibly cold.

Without warning, her figure vanished as though she had been erased from existence, only to appear before Tyrion in 0.1 seconds, like an apparition.

A scaled palm covered in intense red flames so hot the air sizzled and fried collided with Tyrion's chest like a moving train.

"BOOM!!!" magic

Like a boulder dipped into a still lake, the nearby atmosphere rippled violently as seven visible fiery shockwaves blasted out toward the surroundings.

The furniture within a meter radius was instantly reduced to smithereens and ash as they drifted outwards along with the rippling shockwaves.

Tyrion felt as though he had been hit by a moving missile. His chest undulated along with his flesh and in the blink of an eye, his chest caved in and suddenly exploded.

Fragments of Flesh, muscles, blood, and bones scattered in all directions but before they could reach anywhere, they were burnt to ashes by the incredible temperature.

Tyrion's body soared through the air as the wind screeched, colliding into his living room wall, creating a five-inch depth, human-shaped hole within the wall.

It was at that time the sonic boom of instructor Keisha breaking through the air barrier with her incredible speed sounded out.

"KA-BOOM!"

Incredible pain shot from Tyrion's chest to his entire body. Tyrion felt as though his body was about to collapse like a jigsaw. His head felt incredibly dizzy as he teetered on the edge of unconsciousness but even then, Tyrion managed to hold on with sheer will.

His eyes opened up and one of them had somehow exploded into pure meaty flesh and dangling veins, he could only see with his left eye and even that was on the verge of collapsing, filled with swelled blood vessels that had burst.

From a spectator's point of view, there was a huge, gaping hole on Tyrion's chest which had strangely been cauterized. Thankfully, the hole was mostly on the right side of his chest, nowhere near his heart.

Half his face and neck had their flesh peeled off, leaving just pure white bones as he was stuck helplessly in the wall like a helpless step-brother.

[Major injury +9999 damage points received]

Instructor Keisha expressionlessly glanced at Tyrion, cleaning her hands with a handkerchief that had appeared from nowhere. It was as though she had only just stepped on an ant!

Her red heels clicked on the ground like the beating heart of a dragon as she walked forward.

Blood, foam, and a piece of his flesh and organs spilled out of Tyrion's mouth as he opened them to speak.

"I-I knew y-y-y-ou don't dare to kill me. I-if y-you want something from me, beg for it!"

A devilish grin graced his half-peeled face, bleeding face, making him look demonic as he stared coldly at the instructor. Since she wanted something from him, she would need to beg for it!

Acting all high and mighty, who are you kidding? Tyrion was sure he was twice. sure her age in his previous life.

'A kid, daring to forcefully make a deal with me? Keep dreaming!'

Instructor Keisha said nothing, and only brought the syringe, stabbing it into Tyrion's veins, withdrawing a large pole of blood.

By this time, Tyrion's throat had healed and he was able to speak probably. He let out a wicked laugh.

"It's useless, those blood don't contain even a hint of my regenerative Trait. Not until I activate them, you won't be able to get a single shred of my Trait!"

Tyrion had asked the system about this, and the system had replied that he could control his Trait as he wished. This was the main reason why he could act so unbridled before her.

Keisha's eyes immediately turned incredibly frosty. This was the first time a student actually dared to challenge her this way.

As though he was enjoying her change in expression Tyrion's smile widened.

"You don't believe me, go test the blood out then and see."

Then with another laugh, he immediately activated his Trait and in that, his body collapsed chest began healing.

Keisha froze as though she had seen something truly surprising.

The edges of Tyrion's hollowed-out chest wounds began wriggling as his burnt cells started to revive, duplicating, and like an over-fed, genetically engineered algae, his injury started to heal rapidly.

Starting from his shattered bones. They began to recreate, reconstruct, and grow rapidly as though a synthetic 3D printer was constructing them.

In the blink of an eye, the entirety of his broken and collapsed ribs had been reconstructed, then his internal organs started to heal, after which, his muscles, tissues, and veins started forming over the newly created bones then his flesh covered them up.

Within a few seconds, a sure death, life-threatening injury had been fully healed!

Chapter 27: Fine...

The dragon demoness's eyes which had been through various situations and had seen through the vastitude of this world to consider her an older generation, opened wide in surprise.

She couldn't help but be stunned seeing his regenerative Trait in real-time. It was one thing to hear something and it was another to see it.

Of course, she had witnessed regenerative Traits before and even possessed one herself.

The government as well as the military had of course developed their own version of regenerative Traits to strengthen their army and it is impossible to retrieve one as it was only dedicated to the soldiers alone to assist with the battle against EVOs and the cleansing of the various randomly popping dimensions.

But even the highest grade of regenerative Trait the military could produce was only of Silver level, which can increase one's regenerative speed by ten to twenty times.

It was fine healing flesh wounds in a few minutes, healing broken bones in a few hours as well as producing more adrenaline and stamina ten times that of ordinary humans.

As for regenerating shattered bones from scratch? It was simply impossible!

But Tyrion's Trait was even more advanced than the military-created ones!

He could not only create bones from scratch. It took just a few seconds to create them and fully healed.

From what she could witness, his trait could be the rumored Mythic level Trait and as long as half his brain and heart remained activated, he was practically unkillable!

The more she looked at it, the more she realized how powerful his Trait was. If she could get his blood, the chances of healing her hidden injuries would soar and maybe her strength could be restored, returning her to her past glory!

In the next second, her eyes which had lit up previously suddenly returned to normal as she calmed herself.

Her indifferent eyes swept past his baby-skinned chest and locked towards Tyrion's eyes.

she stared deeply into his pure-green pupils which seemed to have three rings in them, containing a hint of madness and savagery, a strange kind of silence enveloped the room.

Suddenly, a shadow of a smirk seemed to appear on her lips but vanished immediately.

"Fine."

With that, Instructor Keisha retreated a few steps backward, stopping a few meters.

"Fine..."

Tyrion who was about to let out another cold laugh, preparing to state a few more cold lines froze.

"What...?"

She said 'Fine?'

He was immediately stunned by the words that had come out of her mouth. He couldn't help but doubt if he had heard her correctly.

A strange expression appeared on his face as he wriggled out from the wall. He had expected more resistance from her and was prepared to earn at least 10,000 damage points from her but why she wasn't going according to the script?

He couldn't help but feel as though she had some sort of nefarious plan that would execute in her head.

"What do you want in exchange for your blood?"

Tyrion couldn't help but scratch his head in confusion. The story development was going a little too fast for him and he was unable to react fast enough.

"Uhm... 100,000 credit points, a tier-3 combat technique, and then 100 bottles of high-level Evo beast's blood."

Instructor Keisha only gave him a single glance before stating. "A single piece of information in exchange for your blood."

"During the start of the lecture, you will be given a group mission to head into the Ancestral Winged-race Temple. The mission is to defeat and kill a 1-star Headless-angel there. Without four people with 80 percent activated cells working together, the chances of dying there is 100%."

She retracted her dragonic scales and her claws back into her body and her arm returned to their fresh supply skin.

"As for you, you have only activated 40% percent of your cells, even with your regenerative Trait, you will surely die since what Headless-angels loathes the most are humans with head, they always make sure to turn them to paste before they are satisfied. You should beg those at the top 100 to form teams with you otherwise, you'd die for nothing."

Tyrion's face changed slightly. She doesn't seem to be exaggerating and he didn't think she was saying those things to scare him. If what she said was true, then he might need to either increase his strength drastically within the next two days or grovel and beg the top 100 students to form a group with him.

But it was impossible. Everyone in the top 100 and even 200 absolutely hates him to the extreme. He had taken the title of Legend despite only activating 30% of his cells back then and had even earned the rewards of four consecutive techniques from the reward center. It wasn't an exaggeration to say they would cook him alive if they got a hold of him.

Tossing the syringe at him. The instructor adjusted her hair and continued. "You are already using the Cell-activating technique suitable for your Traits. I

don't care what you plan to do to increase your strength in two days, just make sure not to die."

With that, she passed by Tyrion grabbed the filled-up syringe from his hand, and left through the broken door.

Before she left, she said spoke. "The academy sells serums capable of increasing your cell activation level. Also, behind the mountain are lots of forests containing low-level Evo beasts. magic

The upper-year Legends don't care for such low-level beasts but for you... "

With that, she vanished. Tyrion's face lit up hearing her words. Since he had about 40,000 death points, he should be able to purchase a few serums that could help with increasing his cell activation level instead of purchasing blood essence and tearing open his skin according to his cell tempering method.

Tyrion took a glance at his living room and his heightened mood dropped. She came, destroyed his room, and left just like that. He certainly didn't feel like he had the upper hand in the deal!

However, he was incredibly lucky. If he was the Demoness, he would have taken him without his permission and tied him to an underground laboratory to milk him for blood.

No matter how headstrong, everyone breaks with time.

Chapter 28: Using The Atomic Serum!

Tyrion carefully held on to a greenish serum with stars glimmering insides, as if holding a treasure. The atomic serum was the main drug used in breaking the genetic chain. It also had the ability to increase one's cell activation as well as increase the odds of a person becoming a Super soldier with a level of 100% cell activation.

Once cell activation reached the level of 100%, the strength of the cells would have reached their limit as well, no longer able to be further enhanced. The only way to get past this would be to break the genetic chain, as genes are the basis of life for all species and contain all of the information about life.

Equally, genes also restrict the growth of all life. Thus, genes are the foundation of everything, but they are also the restricting chain, locking down the evolution of man and every being else.

To evolve, one can only optimize the genes, and with the use of Dust, humans could finally evolve.

Gene's, are ever-changing. However, their rate of evolution was so slow, that it took millions of years for humans to evolve from man-apes to beings with intelligent minds. But now, humans could absorb Dust.

Under Dust, genes are constantly changing, which is also a clear example of the process of evolution. Evolution had changed from passive to active mode! And, the first step in that evolution lay in the genes!

To reach a level of 100% cell activation, one would have to absorb dust, making changes to his original gene structure, and break the existing chain to promote the rapid evolution of the genes. But, this was no easy feat.

Like the evolution of man-apes into highly intelligent humans, this took millions of years. With Dust, millions or even hundreds of millions of years could be shortened to just a few years or decades. Thus, this process was truly miraculous!

Due to its rare miraculous nature, this was exactly why not everyone who reached a level of 100% cell activation could alter the original genetic sequence, breaking the genetic chain and evolving, becoming a Super soldier.

Only by altering the original genetic sequence, could one break through the shackles, and truly embark on the path of evolution.

The Atomic serum was an accumulation of Dust, specifically targeted to loosen the genetic chain and reduce the difficulty of breakthroughs in evolution, which is also the reason why the demand for the Atomic serum had exceeded its supply.

Countless organisms with a level of 100% cell activation would want their share of the Atomic serum.

Although the retail price for a bottle of Nino serum was 20,000 death points, only a legend could truly purchase one as it was too expensive.

Tyrion was only able to purchase the two bottles only because he was a legend. Others wouldn't be able to purchase one except on the black market.

On the black market, a bottle of Atomic serum could easily cost 100,000 death points. So, it was much more expensive than buying it from the academy's page.

If he were a chemist, it wouldn't even cost up to one thousand death points to create one set of ingredients for the atomic serum. Sadly, he had no teacher, and neither did he possess any ability or talent as a chemist.

"Being a Chemist requires a lot of learning and a mentor's guidance. Otherwise, one would only waste tunnel and money and everything could easily go wrong," said Tyrion, feeling helpless.

Chemist was an occupation that originated from biology, with the presence of dust, many things had changed on the microscopic level. magic

The past biology is no longer applicable to the present age. Thus, microbiology soared as an occupation and people began to refer to them as chemists.

Chemist, unlike the search for biological mysteries, was born with the sole purpose of advancing human evolution. As such, every chemist is held in high esteem. But, it is not easy to train as a Chemist.

Tyrion inhaled deeply and without hesitation, he downed one bottle of the Atomic serum.

In that instant, it was as though he had drunk a concentrated amount of glucose. It not only melted in his mouth but as it reaches his throat, the liquid transformed into gaseous form as it escaped the confinement of his lungs.

The gas spread all over his body, melting and combining with his flesh, bones, tissues, and organs as his entire cells became saturated with them.

Like a master key to thousands of shackled doors, his cells began opening one by one with insane speed. His body began to release crackling noises like maize in an oven.

Tyrion could feel his body becoming free and lighter, second by second. It was close to the feeling of holding one's pee for almost half a day and then

finally releasing it. Now, magnify that feeling by more than a hundred times and imagine it happening to your entire body, along with your muscles and internal organs instead of the lower body.

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When the feeling finally subsided, Tyrion still moaned in pleasure and satisfaction. 'Why does this feel even better than masturbating to porn and holding it for hours only to release it and that peak moment?'

He inhaled deeply and was finally able to calm himself down. After getting used to it, he immediately checked his status.

Chapter 29: Ridiculous Talent!

[Name: Methuselah Tyrion]

[Specie: Human]

[Innate Trait (Lvl:1): 10,000× regenerative cells (10,000)]

[Damaged Points: 9,234]

[Life-Level: Human]

[Cell Activated: 48%]

[Dust Absorbing Technique: Seven Injection Method]

[Blood Tempering Technique: (Max lvl) Special Effect(s): Tiger Beast Morph.]

[Combat Arts: Phantom Leg Art (Max lvl), Berserk Explosion (Max lvl), Nine Saber Styles(Max lvl), Tiger Beast Morph(Max lvl) [Tactical Retreat(99.1%)]

[Occupation: Open pervert]

[Remark: You're still trash]

Proceeding to ignore the occupation and the remark, Tyrion drowned slightly. The serum only activated 4% more of his cells. Was his talent that bad?

He couldn't help but be a little depressed. Genes and talent play a massively vital role in cell activation.

Without a good stable gene, you can't alter your cells and activate them, and without talent, the rate at which one could activate the cells will take more than ten times or even a hundred times harder than those geniuses.

Using an Atomic Serum should have increased his cell activation level by at least 10% but he had gotten a 4% percent increase instead!

If his body couldn't absorb and digest the serum, then he would force his body to its limit where it had no choice but to absorb the full effectiveness of the serum.

Tyrion gritted his teeth and downed the second serum.

In the blink of an eye, ten hours had passed by and the Lecture week was less than a day away.

During this period of time, Tyrion didn't waste the Atomic Serum and began exercising like a madman to improve his strength.

With the abundance of exercises he had seen and done on earth, he splinted his focus, doing their basic kinds of push-ups.

One hour for each style of push-up. Not stopping there, he also did pull-ups for one hour, sit-ups using one hour, and an entire three hours in horse stance as well as squatting.

With the assistance of the Atomic serum, he was building his physical fitness, rapidly like a speed train.

At this point, Tyrion could already do 1200 push-ups, and lift a two thousand-kilogram huge rock over his head with only one hand; and with both hands, he could easily three to four thousand kilogram rock over his head.

Besides all the noticeable improvements in his body, Tyrion was finally powerful enough to use his blade arts more fluidly and easily without affecting his movements or making his actions stuff.

His power had reached a new level, he could slice seven falling leaves, cut through a huge thick tree, and leave ten-inch gashes on a huge, thick rock, all in just one single move without any technique.

It's time to move on to battle skills. Tyrion realized he already reached his peak, and improvement would be limited if he kept training just his body with normal training methods.

Instead of wasting his time and energy, he might as well try to gain some experience fighting and new techniques so that he could reach his full potential.

However, real battle skills were hard to obtain. Tyrion was still just a normal student who could not go out into the real world to risk life and death in real battles; even if Tyrion were to open as many cells as those of the second-year students, he would still lose after two or three moves to them. That was ignoring the fact that he could regenerate using his Triat.

That was the difference between having a life-and-death experience or not.

Thankfully, he had fought with beasts and had experienced a little bit of life and death.

Moreover, there were many Evo beasts in this world for that matter. With Dust, a beast could gain sentient and actively train themselves, and when the richness of the Dust-converted-Evo energy inside their body reached a certain level, they would go through a mutation and evolve into the next level.

Since thousands of years ago, the ancient people classified the dimensional beasts into different ranks.

Bronze-level beast is comparable to a genetic soldier who were still figuring out how to fully activate their cells. magic

Iron-level were comparable to Super soldiers who had altered their genetic structure, and broken through their gene shackles to more access more power!

Silver-level beasts, they were comparable to Demonic Warriors while Gold-level dimensional beasts are comparable to FiendGods.

As for Rank Platinum beasts, they were comparable to the legendary Mythical Sythans!

But for Rank 6 and higher, they were extremely rare, only appearing in ancient, deep forests, up high in the mountains.

Fighting against a dimensional beast was not as easy as people would expect.

On the contrary, they are more powerful than human beings. If a monster that had hunted countless animals and humans suddenly appeared in front of you, with one look, it would scare and affect you so much that you could reach only five percent of your actual ability.

With that in mind, Tyrion decided to go train in the Thousand Vines area that instructor Keisha had informed him of because there were always some low-level beasts around.

Putting his large dark blade behind him, Tyrion straightened his clothes and walked out of the yard.

Walking down the mountain, he saw quite a few 1st-year and second-year students going up and down the path to the Thousand Vines forest.

Students needed death points to cater for their daily expenses. Apart from that, everything within the school needed money to obtain. For example, Cell-Tempering techniques, combat techniques, serums, assistive serums, items, ingredients, and so on.

No matter what, if you want to increase your strength, you need death points to do so. Moreover, the ratio of cash to points in the academy is 10 to 1.

Therefore, even if you wanted to exchange for death points, 10,000 death points in the academy cost 100,000 relic coins! Most people wouldn't even dream of having this sort of money. This is why everyone was doing their best to grind for death points and increase their strength and cell activation.

Chapter 30: Going Hunting!

Black winds blew among the mountain ridges located along the southwest region of Death Gate Academy.

The sound of wind whistled in the dark night. magic

Tyrion was hurrying in the direction, of the forest, carrying his long-hilted black saber.

He did not intend to reach deep into Thousand Vines Ridge; he merely wanted to find an opportunity to test his saber skills and get a few blood essences from Evo beasts.

The rate at which he needed demonic blood essence was astonishing. With enough blood essence, Tyrion could utilize the Demonic Blood cell tempering method, forcefully stimulating his genes and increasing the percentage of his activated cells.

Without any fear of his gene collapsing since he possesses a power regenerative ability. With enough blood, he could become invisible!

Apart from his regenerative ability, Demonic Blood's Beast Morph and Berserk Explosion were his Ultimate Trump which he did not intend to divulge.

To outsiders, everyone believed him to be an ordinary person of low talent, too weak to even truss a chicken.

Using their prejudice, he could rely on this skill of his to turn the tables on his opponent should he find himself in a dangerous situation.

Of course, all this was dependent on his combat skills and judgment making.

Tyrion wasn't sure where Thousand Vines exactly was, or how far it was from the Legend Mountain.

There was no night curfew in Death Gate Academy.

Tyrion tightened his cloak around him. He changed into simple and plain clothing and then stained his face to slightly alter his appearance. Alone, he dressed in thick clothes and lowered his head to cover his face.

And so, he became just a random student who wanted to try his luck in the forest.

The pitch-black wilderness of the forest seemed like a huge, hibernating beast, concealed in the silence under the moon.

His heart was beating quickly.

Standing in front of the forest, he hesitated but quickly hid.

"Haha, thanks to you Savied, we managed to rack up enough death points to last a whole month..."

A group of students returning in the night was just exiting the forest and heading to the dorm.

The wind carried the sounds of their joyous laughter as they hurriedly headed towards the Mission Hall to exchange the beast corpses.

Tyrion didn't hesitate any longer as Demonic Blood flowing deep in his veins surged through his body, causing his fear to diminish.

This was because the White tiger was one without fear even on such a pitch-black environment.

Or rather, the white Tiger itself was an excellent hunter who could see well in pitch darkness.

30 minutes in, he started to sight some random wild animals.

Normally a Genetic Soldier without 50% of his cell activated would never dare to come to this kind of dangerous place.

Even Tyrion was quite cautious about his surroundings and kept his hands on his blade at all times, ready to react to any commotion.

Silently stalking forward, he walked deeper into Thousand Vine's forest for about an hour before he met his first beast, a rank 2 Evo beast that was wounded.

However, Tyrion lamented his misfortune that his first beast was actually rank 2 and he hurriedly hid in horror.

Luckily, it seemed too distracted by its injury and left quickly. Tyrion wiped an invincible sweat off his face as he sighed in relief.

After walking for a while and killing three normal beasts, Tyrion suddenly stopped and moved all his focus to his ears to enhance his hearing.

The biggest difference between a normal person and a Genetic Soldier was the ability to utilize focus. A normal person could have amazing senses but after a point, they will hit a limit. But a Genetic Soldier, once they've activated and unlocked a part of their cells, their senses would be enhanced by a whole new level.

Moreover, they could zone out everything else around them and increase one part of their senses by blocking off other senses.

Tyrion held the torch in one hand, while the other unhurriedly drew the long-hilted saber from behind his back.

The long-hilted saber was a type of saber derived from a combination of a weapon and a farming tool. It had a very long hilt.

The hilt and the blade of Tyrion's saber were roughly of the same length. When the blade was removed, it could be used as a pole for farming. It was somewhat similar to a small glaive.

He was surrounded by messy heaps of stones in weird shapes and sizes. There weren't any trees around, and thus there was no fear of anything catching fire.

Tyrion stuck the torch in between the rocks and carefully retrieved a paper bag from his combat bag. Inside it, there was a slab of fresh pork he had ordered earlier this afternoon.

He slowly unfolded the grease paper and laid it onto the ground.

There were still traces of blood on the surface of the meat slab. A raw smell of blood soon wafted in the wind, spreading around the area.

Tyrion lifted his saber and hid himself a short distance away, hunched behind a big rock, waiting.

The wind was rather cold.

Tyrion tilted his body, sticking to the white rock that was slightly taller than a person, and gazed in the direction of the meat slab.

Time passed by slowly.

"Howl..."

Soon, the wind brought with it a faint sound, similar to the wind yet reminiscent of the whimpering of some animal.

"HOO!"

Suddenly, a black shadow flashed from the side. The light from the torch reflected in and revealed a pair of lush green eyes.

The black shadow moved with extreme speed. In a moment, it pounced on the meat slab, held the meat in its mouth, and sped away.

Tyrion rejoiced and was about to move.

Suddenly, his back tightened as a gust of cold wind blew against it.

Tyrion's eyes went wide. Lifting the long-hilted saber, he turned around and swung it, delivering a horizontal slash.

"Solar Strike!"