

I Regenerate 10,000 Times Faster #Chapter 31: Poisonous Gene Core - Read I Regenerate 10,000 Times Faster Chapter 31: Poisonous Gene Core

Chapter 31: Poisonous Gene Core

"BOOM!"

The stroke was fast and furious; it was as if it had been practiced innumerable amount of times.

Tyrion's body executed it by instinct.

He saw the huge black shadow pouncing towards him get struck by the saber and felt the backlash from the blade striking something hard. Borrowing the momentum from the huge impact, the long-hilted saber swept away the oncoming black shadow.

"BAM!"

The black shadow slammed into the ground, rolled over a few times, and emitted a pained growl. The torch cast its light onto it now that it appeared in its range.

It was a huge Dark-wolf! Its waist had been cut wide open by his saber!

Before he could think about it further, two other wild wolves pounced towards him from the dark.

His body reacted in the first second by instinct.

Tilting the long-hilted saber leftwards, he blocked one of the wild wolves with its long hilt. Then, with a swing of his body, he threw that wolf onto the other beast.

"Bang!"

These two effortful motions would have left him wanting in strength but with 52 percent of his cells active, he was more stronger now.

The two dark wolves were thrown into the distance, hurt.

Panting slightly and red-eyed, Tyrion lifted his saber and unleashed the Fifth saber style on the nearest wild wolf!

The blade sliced down from above, inclining slightly. His wrists vibrated vigorously – they shook thrice continuously, as per the rate dictated by the mantra.

"Whoosh!"

The piercing screech of the air being torn apart resounded through the air like a sonic boom as a white scar appeared in mid-air.

Struck with fear, the two dark wolves trembled and their movements lapsed by a beat.

At that instant, light flashed across the blade of the long-hilted saber. One of the beasts was beheaded on the spot with a clean saber stroke.

The tip of the saber had also nicked the other wolf's neck, and blood was rapidly seeping out of it.

Tyrion mustered up his strength and struck again. This time, he used his strongest skill, the Ultima state of the Nine Saber Styles.

His forearm vibrated four times, employing a different level of force each time. The strength of his entire body was channeled into the saber.

Star annihilation emphasized more to speed than the other nine styles did, compromising slightly on strength in return.

Nonetheless, its power was extremely frightening as it could even slash through rocks. It wasn't something the fragile neck of a mere rank 1 wolf with 5

20% cell activation rate could withstand.

Before the wolf could dodge, it was struck squarely in the neck by the long-hilted saber that sped up drastically without warning.

"Splat!"

The wolf's head fell to the ground.

Tyrion sucked in huge mouthfuls of air, as he stood motionless amidst the corpses.

The continuous series of big movements had left a layer of sweat on his face.

"HOWL..."

One more Dark wolf remained – the one which went for the bloody meat.

Now, it went around a rock, its two green eyes staring furiously at Tyrion.

Frustration gathered in Tyrion's heart.

Facing the brutality of the Dark wolf, Tyrion's face remained impassive. He understood that when facing off against an Evo beast, one must never back off or show even a hint of fear.

"Eh!?"

Both his eyes opened wide in a stare as he glared fiercely at the wolf.

The last wild wolf focused its stare on him for a moment longer before slowly retreating backward.

The moment it turned its back and was about to flee, Tyrion's figure faded along with the wind like an apparition and suddenly appeared by the side of the dark wolf.

Before it was even able to react the blade dragged a thin white scar on the air, slashing directly at the wolf's neck.

"SPLAT!"

Another wolf's head dropped to the ground just like that.

Tyrion's muscles squirmed as his boiling blood finally calmed.

He then thought back to the battle as he revised his reactions.

'If I had used phantom Leg art along with my combat arts, it would have been more easier to kill them all.' He couldn't help but shake his head.

However, this was still a considerable outcome. Dark wolves could only activate 20% of their cells and amongst other Evo beasts, they are weaker.

Genetic Soldiers with 20% activated cells and experience could easily take care of one Dark wolf therefore it was no surprise he could take care of a group of them.

Tyrion retrieved a square-shaped device that was as thick as a brick and placed it above the arteries of the dead wolves.

With a 'Kacha' sound, a needle ejected from the device, and then with a mechanical sound, a suction force activated as the blood of the dead beast was being sucked and compressed in it.

A few seconds later, the dark wolf had been sucked dry of its essence blood as its body shriveled considerably.

Tyrion repeated this for the other dead beasts until he had sucked them dry.

Taking the torch, Tyrion kept the device in his backpack and hurriedly left the area, choosing a random direction, he continued walking deeper into the forest.

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Currently, Tyrion was squatting on a huge tree and staring at a giant forest lizard below him.

This was the third Evo beast he had met.

And, it was also a peak rank 1 mutated beast!

He didn't know if he was lucky or not. He had hung around for an hour but didn't meet any evil beast. The moment he met one, it was a peak rank 1 Evo beast.

This beast had mutated from a forest giant lizard. Its body was covered with thick and heavy scales, giving off a metallic glimmer. Its claws were as sharp as knives, and its fangs looked like spikes. They were able to pierce through a person in an instant.

At first, Tyrion thought that it hadn't noticed him yet. He had steeled himself and was planning to sneak an attack on it. Nonetheless, this was the first time he met a peak-level evo beast. Hence, he didn't act rashly.

Out of his expectations, the forest giant lizard swung its tail at him. The huge force cut the tree he was using to hide into two.

"BOOM!"

The tree cracked and fell.

"F**k, it's so strong?"

Tyrion hurriedly stomped heavily on the ground and leaped into the air.

Then, without hesitation, activated the Ultima state of Berserk Explosion combat technique as he waved his large blade and exerted strength all over his body. He struck his sword down at the giant forest lizard.

"ROAR!!!"

The giant lizard opened its mouth and let out a growl. It swung its tail again and swept it towards him.

This tail sweep was extremely powerful. Even the air around it gave off short exploding sonic booms as they ripped apart.

Tyrion's eyebrows jumped slightly.

Naturally, he wasn't stupid; he wouldn't receive the attack forcefully. He executed his Phantom art leg to its limit and managed to turn his body in the air.

The maneuver allowed him to evade the attack easily.

Tyrion instantly lowered his center of gravity and landed on the ground. He clenched his fist and thick finger-sized veins squirmed around his wrist.

The air around his fist exploded and immediately, he punched the side of the giant lizard with his fist.

"BANG!"

The strength of 100% activated cells was terrifying. This punch caused the scale armor of the giant lizard to crack open, even hurting the bones underneath.

"Howl—"

The giant lizard howled in pain. It opened its mouth and wanted to pounce on Tyrion. The stinging stench of blood flowed right into his face.

"Hmph!"

Tyrion's bloodshot eyes turned cold and he snorted. His speed suddenly accelerated as he transformed into myriads of afterimages, and he evaded the giant lizard's attack.

Next, he raised the blade in his hand and charged forward like a bullet.

"Star Annihilation!"

"Crack!"

Fresh blood spurted out!

His large blade slashed right through the giant lizard's mouth. It cut off a huge portion of the lizard's head. The next moment, the giant lizard fell to the ground with a thud. It was dead.

"Sigh!"

Tyrion let out a breath and his inflated muscles, cracked, bloody flesh, and terrifying snakes-like veins returned to normal.

Peak-level rank 1 evo beast were harder to deal with than he had imagined. However, it was still a piece of cake for him.

His boy began to heal rapidly as he walked towards the giant lizard and absorbed its blood essence.

A few minutes later, he suddenly stopped and faced a direction.

"People are fighting over there!"

Following the sound, Tyrion rushed there quietly. Pushing back the branches, Tyrion found a forest scene with human figures and a huge growling Evo beast.

When he was thirty steps away from the battlefield, Tyrion jumped up onto a big tree to watch the fight from above.

In the woods, there was an emptied grassy field about fifteen meters long. In that field, there were five teenagers holding weapons in their hands surrounding a huge Evo beast. Its body was about three meters long and looked like a tiger with black shiny hair, panting as its long bloody tongue dripped with purple liquid, its mouth was filled with huge sharp teeth and its claws were sharp and angled, measured about a meter long.

It was a peak rank 1 Poison Saw-Toothed Tiger, its power was equivalent to a Genetic Soldier with 90% activated cell. Its teeth carried a deadly poison that, once touched, would cause your skin to fester and can only be cured by a single antidote, otherwise once the poison spread to your heart, even a Super would find it difficult to deal with the poison.

The twin brothers suddenly laughed brightly as they harvested the Evo beast, "This time we got really lucky! This Evo beast condensed a poisonous gene core!"

"A poisonous gene core?" Both the blue-cloth young man and the black-clothed man looked surprised.

The twin brothers nodded in excitement, "Yes, an actual gene core. It seems to have been formed only a couple of months ago judging that it is no larger than a walnut." magic

A peak rank 1 Evo beast could sell for about 10,000 death points. After dividing it five ways, everyone would receive two thousand silvers.

However, a gene core from the Evo beast's body could sell for 10,000 death points by itself.

And even though it was only formed months ago, a gene core the size of a walnut could sell for at least 20,000 death points.

This was because the poisonous gene core came from the accumulation of 'Dust' and pure concentrated gene from its genome.

Gene core was simply the condensation of the evo beast's bio-energy, adrenaline, and gene cells compressed over the ages and richness of 'DUST' in its body. The result was a gene core that formed from layer upon layer of energy slowly wrapping together and becoming larger.

It's like a second heart evo beasts could tap into when cornered, almost like the latent talent of humans.

Gene core could be for many things. Can be used as medicinal ingredients or used for training one's poison arts.

The red-clothed girl stared with big eyes as she reached out to touch that incredible rare black gene core with her hand before the blue-cloth young man stopped her immediately, "Don't! don't touch it! Poisonous gene cores are condensed from the poison from the Evo beast over many years. It is extremely toxic, it can even melt through iron not to mention what would happen if you touch it!"

"Hmph!" The young girl quickly retrocede her hand but then stuck her tongue out at the blue cloth man.

The blue-robed teenager took out a metallic box made of special material from his bag and said: "A wooden box and an ordinary iron box would not be able to contain this core, only one made of special materials like emerald box could safely seal in the poison."

The boy struck out his palm near the beast's heart. Immediately, the force traveled through the entire body and the gene core popped upwards.

Without actually touching it, the Young man kept the core in the box, carefully sealing it inside.

By the dead beast, the twin brothers had already begun to cut away parts of the evo beast's body parts before storing them into a golden backpack.

Chapter 32: Killing The Poisonous Saw-tooth Tigers

After everything was done, the eldest of the twins frowned as he spoke. "We've spent so much time and effort to kill this one evo beast. Back in the cave, we saw at least three beasts, one of which was extremely massive."

The red-clothed girl walked forward and suggested: "Perhaps we would go back and ask for help."

"What if other people get there first?" The other twin frowned.

The teenager in black rolled his eyes, "How is that even possible? Thousand Vines forest is at least a thousand miles long, and with its complex layout, it's incredibly rare to find another group this deep in the forest."

The blue-robed young man shook his head, "Did you guys notice? This should be the period the Bio-genesis poisonous plant is to ripen."

"Hmm? What does that mean?" The red-clothed girl could not understand.

The young man in black looked a little bit distracted and also a little bit embarrassed as he said: "Once the plant is ready, its smell would attract the attention of poisonous evo beasts and they would rush out to consume it."

The blue shirt young man made up his mind, as he said in a low voice: "We can handle normal Poisonous Sawed-Tooth beasts, but that extremely large one is definitely out of our league so let's give it up! Otherwise, there is a huge chance that we would all die."

Everyone fell silent reflecting on those words, it was not worth losing their life over this.

"How about I tag along?" A bright voice rang out in their direction.

"Who are you?!" The teenager in black spun around brandishing his sword, posed to attack.

Tyrion walked to them very slowly "Calm down, calm down. I'm not here to steal anything. I was just walking past when I saw you guys."

The man In black sneered, "You just so happened to walk past at this very moment? Lies! You heard our conversation!"

"Be calm, we are students of the same academy." The blue-robed young man gave him an annoyed look as he took a step forward, blocking the three men behind him. He asked: "Who are you? It seems like we haven't met."

Tyrion shrugged, "Thusel, an ordinary first-year student. I was out hunting when I heard your fight so I came to have a look. I mean no harm."

"I see." The blue-robed young man did not doubt Tyrion. The Evo beast was quite strong, so it was quite probable for others to hear.

The young man in black observed Tyrion carefully, he sarcastically replied, "Did you say you are a first-year student? Which means you've barely activated 60-70% percent of your cells. How can a weakling help us with anything?"

Tyrion glanced at him, then said to the blue cloth teenager: "If my guess is right, that large evo beast should be a rank2 beast and should be roughly equivalent to a Super soldier which could be very hard to deal with, but I have a plan to deal with its movements."

"Oh? What's that?" The red-clothed girl seemed to be interested.

Tyrion knew that he would not be able to convince them if he did not prove at least some of his ability, so he unsheathed his steel blade. Seeing him reaching for his blade, they all narrowed their eyes as they tightened their grips on their weapons in case he suddenly decided to attack them.

Who could tell one's intention when faced with a gene core worth at least 20,000 death points?

Tyrion took a deep breath as he turned around to face a large tree before suddenly slashing his blade towards the tree.

The air shrieked and exploded as a small spark flinted off the edges of the blade, like the explosion of a mini star.

"BANG!"

The tree's trunk had the width of two grown men and was easily sliced through without any restraints by Tyrion like a hot knife to cheese.

The blue-clothed young man looked surprised, he said quietly, "Star annihilation! The final style of the Nine Saber Styles He had actually mastered the Nine saver styles technique to perfection. What talent!"

Nine Saber style arts is a basic technique distributed by the academy to the recruits to measure their skills and talents. Very few people would continue to practice the technique and a limited amount of people would consume their precious time in order to train a low-level saber skill to perfection.

Even then, a very small percentage of students were able to comprehend the mysteries of the Nine saber styles.

To be in the final style of the technique, star annihilation was unheard of! The blue-clothed young man shook his head in defeat as he witnessed Tyrion pull off the final move, he couldn't help but admire him. Definitely a genius, no doubt about it he thought.

Tyrion turned around and said: "Poisonous Sawed Tooth Tigers are quite dangerous to kill due to their extremely swift movements paired with their high defense. But if we could break through their armor and cripple one of its legs, then we can take it down."

The competitive young man in black sneered: "Hah, words are cheap. Do you think Evo beasts are trees? They won't wait for you there to slowly cut off their legs."

Tyrion grinned, and then his figure faded through the air like a cloud of smoke.

But then, his figure condensed back.

"Whoosh!"

"Bang!"

It was during this time the air gave off the sound of being pierced through as a sonic boom echoed through the atmosphere.

When the teenager in black was just about to sneer again, he saw a piece of black clothing within Tyrion's spread palm

It belonged to the shirt of the young man in black.

Everyone gasped, such speed was comparable to a 90% cell-activated genetic soldier!

Being able to do this underneath everyone's gaze was extremely terrifying!

Even those below the top 200 of the 2nd-year rankings shouldn't be able to move that fast right?

The blue-cloth young man took a deep breath, he smiled, "I am Hector, a second-year student. This fellow in black here is Grant. And these two twins

are Peter and Paul. And this is Julia." Hector pointed at the four people as he introduced them, finally confident of Tyrion's abilities.

Tyrion nodded and replied humbly, "Nice to meet you guys."

Peter chuckled: "Are all 1st year students this strong?"

Grant replied quietly, "Preposterous..."

...

In the forest, a slope could be seen by itself, it was about ten meters high and more than a mile in length.

"Thusel, about a hundred steps further and you will see the cave. If nothing has changed, there should be two ordinary rank-1 poisonous Sawed-tooth Tigers equivalent to at least 70 percent cell activated being, guarding out front and the huge one would be inside." magic

Those five people had all had incredible leg art and could walk without any sounds at all, like a group of ghosts.

Tyrion nodded as he whispered: "Do you have a plan on how to draw one out?"

Hector smiled, "Those Poisonous Sawed-Tooth Tigers love to eat poisonous plants. I have captured give Bleeding-scorpions, and although they are not as exquisite and attractive as the bio-genesis poisonous plant, they should work. In fact that's how we lured the previous beast out before."

Shortly after, the group could see the dark cave and the two evo beasts about ten meters away. They all sucked in their breath and held it for a moment at the sight.

With everyone nervously staring, Hector took out a long metal box from his bag and opened it. Inside was full of poisonous purplish scorpions that had two stingers and four claws.

They smelled somewhat fishy as they squirmed in the box!

Holding one carefully in his hand, Hector explained: "This poisonous scorpion smell spreads very quickly. Once an Evo beast catches a whiff of it, we will

have to immediately depart, otherwise, we risk being swarmed by other evo beasts."

As Hector was talking, the evo beast near them suddenly raised its head, flaring its nostril.

"It's coming!" Julia's eyes gleamed in excitement as her body tensed for action.

It was almost as if they were playing a game, when the evo beast took ten steps forward, they took thirty steps back; then the evo beast walked forward thirty steps, and they backed out another hundred steps.

Chapter 33: Rank 2 Evo beast

Looking at the two Poison Sawed Tooth Tiger's corpses on the ground, Hector took a deep breath, "One last evo beast to go, hopefully, everything will go well."

Tyrion calmly replied, "No worries, everything will be alright."

In the battles before, the red-clothed girl Julia did not contribute much because Tyrion was just way dominating with his blade. With an overeager face, she asked, "How did you train your blade arts to such a level? Could you perhaps teach me?"

Hector frowned at Julia's forthrightness, and said immediately: "Don't be naive, how could you ask something so personal?"

Even outside of Death-God academy, no instructor would willingly give out their secret to training their arts, not to mention two strangers who just met.

However, they did not expect Tyrion's answer. "Actually, there really isn't much to teach. If you practice the basic blade movements a hundred times a day, you will see the same improvements I had in a month."

"Really?" Julia didn't believe him. How much energy, time, and effort would it take?

Tyrion gave her a smile and did not bother to explain.

It was up to her to believe him or not, he didn't really care all that much, he just needed their help to kill the early rank 2 beast and extract its blood essence for his cell tempering.

In the cave, that Poisonous Saw-Tooth Tiger was shockingly huge, even the size of its head was as big as a vehicle.

Its huge bright eyes locked onto the intruders with a bloody murderous intent.

"Now!"

The blue-robed Hector rushed forward, throwing four sudden palm movements toward the monster.

The air convulsed and his hands started to turn bright red.

With a shout, 'DUST' erupted from both his hands, and in the next moment, flames combusted from his two hands, like a raging tide, covering every inch of his palm as they slapped forwards.

An Intense heat erupted as the temperature of the surrounding fires forest increased dramatically.

Like wildfire, the flames convulsed midair, above his palm as they poured irresistibly out like a tide and landed on the beast's body.

The monster grunted with pain from Hector's attack as it was forcefully pushed backward.

The beast snorted in anger at being forced to retreat, as it suddenly belched out of its mouth a large cloud of purple poisonous smoke sparking with flames.

Hector's eyes widened as he was caught off guard, he immediately tapped into his body and his activated cells went into overdrive.

The activated cells in his palm produced massive waves of energy and in the blink of an eye, a massive heat wave erupted as a screen of blurry flames condensed in front of his hands.

The purple poisonous smoke roiled and exploded once it came into contact with the fiery heat wave.

"BAM!"

Hector grunted as he was pushed seven steps backward by the concussive force of the explosion, his hands started to numb from poison and the resultant force.

Seeing this, the rest of the group stood still, frightened out of their mind.

Hector was the strongest amongst them having activated 90% of his cells. Moreover, he was practicing the Revolving Flame palm technique which was a Tier-2 combat technique that could rival even low-grade, tier 3 combat moves. This revealed just how impressive his strength and talent was.

Yet, his strongest attack couldn't do much damage to the beast and he had even been forced back by seven steps.

Without hesitation, the teams turned around and immediately fled.

However, at this moment, Tyrion suddenly appeared before the beast like an apparition.

Stunned, the beast wasn't able to comprehend what had happened when a bright spark ruptured from Tyrion's blade as he struck out.

The wind screeched and screamed as a piercing sound whistled through the air like a siren.

The dark steel blade, accompanied by the spark of a star, swung toward the monster's still-open mouth. The tip of his blade seemingly slowly cut open the monster's head as easily as cutting a piece of cheese.

The monster never expected such a sharp blade, as it suddenly realized the danger, it tried to retreat quickly but it was too late. Its divided head tilted, swinging blood and brain matter to the air. It dropped to the ground and its body twitched slightly, it was dead.

"It died?" When Hector saw that Tyrion didn't follow the plan of stopping its movement by attacking its leg, he thought Tyrion must have forgotten about it. But he truly did not expect with just one blade movement of Tyrion would have slain the monster. How ridiculous was Tyrion!

After shaking the blood off the blade, Tyrion slowly sheathed his blade and said: "Thank you. When the monster ejected that poisonous cloud, it delayed for a second, and in addition, it had a huge inherent flaw.

In its mouth, there is a place the size of a pebble that connects directly to the brain. Once damaged, the beast can easily be killed."

The rest of the group had already come back after seeing the death of the giant evo beast. The twin brother Peter was impressed, "That really is quite amazing that you could find the deadly flaw after killing just two poisonous saw tooth monsters."

Tyrion replied humbly, "It's only due to luck, otherwise the beast wouldn't have died just like that."

"Haha... well, it doesn't matter, we have killed all of the poisonous saw-tooth tigers now." Julia chuckled.

Tyrion brought out the blood extractor device and pressed it against the massive beast's neck arteries.

A suction force occurred as the beast was rapidly been drained of its blood. Within a few seconds, its body was entirely shriveled.

"Thanks," Tyrion said as he kept the device in his backpack. The others nodded and didn't refute him. Since he was the one who killed the beast, he had every right to decide what to do with it.

Thankfully, even if it was shriveled, its body was still important and cost massive amounts of death points.

After harvesting the evo beast, they began to explore the cave. The cave itself was not that deep, only measuring about thirty meters. With a bright torchlight in his hand, Hector gasped at what he saw, "It is actually not a bio-genesis, not Poison Plant, It is an Extreme Bio King plant!"

"What? Extreme Bio King plant? Hector, are you sure about this?" Peter turned in surprise.

Hector nodded his head firmly. "Bio-genesis poisonous plant is supposed to be a deep purple color like an orchid. But the Extreme Bio-King plant is black,

the tips of each leaf were tangled together and spread out like the Crown of a king. I am sure!" magic

After hearing Hector, even Tyrion who was usually quite calm couldn't help his heartbeat quicken.

Chapter 34: Intruders!

Although the bio-genesis poisonous plant was very valuable and was quite helpful for some warriors as a rare medicinal ingredient, it could only be sold for about 20,000 to 30,000 death points.

In comparison, the Extreme Bio-King plant was much more rare, mere genetic soldiers like them would not usually be able to see such a plant. Not only was it a crucial ingredient to many miraculous medicines or extremely beneficial to poison art training. But most importantly, there was a poison cell Tempering art called "Thousand King Physique" which could drastically increase one's cell activation!

It was even more domineering as it could Mutate and temper one's cell, granting immunity to low-level poisons and also transforming one's physique.

But this art requires the Extreme Bio-King plant to practice it. If any genetic soldiers knew they had it, they wouldn't hesitate to hand over at least 100,000 death points, and of course, they were more likely to kill for it. magic

Julia's nervous voice rang out: "Hector, here is too dark, I cannot see anything."

"Right, let's go outside."

Hector carefully dug out the Extreme Bio-King plant and walked out of the cave.

In the brighter environment, the group finally saw the Extreme Bio-King plant for the first time.

The plant was about seven inches tall, with seven leaves in total, its stalk was ink black and faintly reflected the light. The stalk intertwined along with its branches and vines forming an half circular shape and then the seven leaves elongated in each segment, looking like a crown made of plants.

"This is the Extreme Bio-King plant? It's really something else!" The twin brothers commented.

Hector seemed to remember something, "When I first joined the academy, I was lucky to witness a senior receive an Extreme Bio-King plant just like this one, I never expected that I would hold one myself one day."

Grant stared at the plant and licked his lips, said: "One Extreme Bio-King plant could sell for at least 100,000 death points, split between the six of us is ten thousand six hundred and sixty-six points each which is more than half of my yearly income."

The statement shook Hector out of his reverie as he turned and said to Tyrion: "Tyrion, it might a while to successfully sell the materials from the poisonous saw tooth tiger and the plant, how about I just give you your share of the money now?"

Tyrion was actually not interested in the Extreme Bio-King plant and readily agreed with Hector's idea.

"Great, those two normal poisonous saw tooth tigers have valued about two thousand silvers, that huge one would value ten thousand and five hundred death points, plus another hundred thousand for the Extreme Bio-King plant, equals one hundred and thirty thousand five hundred death points, after splitting between the six of us would be twenty thousand, two hundred and fifty death points. Here is twenty thousand one points for you.

"Grant, twin brothers, and Julia, you guys get the rest of the money for Tyrion now."

The rest of the group spent a lot of effort but they were still short of 500 points, so they had to use some of the body parts from the monsters instead.

Receiving the notification from his watch, Tyrion smiled in satisfaction and was about to speak when his ears flickered.

He turned to the others and whispered silently: "We have company."

Hector put away the jade box which contained the Extreme Bio-King plant, he yelled: "Who dares hide in the dark? Aren't you afraid of being struck dead? Reveal yourself this instant!"

"Haha, students from Death God Academy are really arrogant aren't they?" There were noises coming from the bushes, and a bunch of muscular men came out of the forest, the leader looked very ugly with a small half of his scalp missing, extremely horrifying.

"I am arrogant, so what?!" Grant sneered, his expression cold as he gazed at the intruders.

The ugly man suddenly looked even more scary, full of murderous vibes.

Hector knew they didn't come in peace, they were probably a group of wanted criminals that came here by chance, his face didn't look so good at that moment, "Why do you want to?"

"Haha, we are a bit tight with money lately, it would be nice if you guys would show us some respect if you know what I mean."

Hector frowned, he knew his team was definitely at a disadvantage therefore, he was willing to compromise. With a short, he replied, "How would we bring that money to a hunting ground?"

"If you really need money, we could give you the evo beast body, which should be worth a few thousand silvers!" He couldn't be sure about the percentage of their activated cells, but if he was right, the leader should be at least a peak genetic soldier with 100% of his cells activated. If they were to fight him, no one would survive, not even Tyrion.

The ugly man was furious, "Are you deaf or blind? Do we look like beggars? A few thousand dollars!? Leave the Extreme Bio-King plant plant and get out of here now before I change my mind! Oh right, and that little girl too, I need something to relieve my anger."

The men started to laugh.

Julia instantly turned pale turned pale, her teeth were biting the lower lips.

Hector tried to retrain his anger: "You do know this is Death Gate Academy hunting ground right? The academy would hunt you and your family down until you are all extinguished from this planet!"

"Hehe, so what? I am counting to ten, if you don't do what I ask, then don't blame me for what happens next." The ugly man grabbed the blade on his back.

Hector was furious, his face immediately reddened: "Cut the bullshit out! If you want to fight, then let's fight!"

The ugly man sneered: "It is not like I hate you guys, but if I decide to fight, none of you will be able to leave with your lives. Of course, I will give you time to change your mind...ten, nine..."

Grant stopped smiling, his voice sounded emotionless and cold: "Are you really going to do this?"

Chapter 35: Eight Style: Phoenix Blaze Blade Strike!

Five, four...." The ugly man didn't reply, instead, he looked at the group of teenagers as if they were already corpses.

Tyrion and Grant shared a look, they understood what they had to do.

"Three! Fuck it, kill them!" He hadn't even finished his sentence before the ugly scarred man had already taken out his huge blade and jumped towards the group.

The group was startled as they expected that the enemy would count to one and then attack.

But that was exactly the bandit's underhanded trick that worked every time because people were always caught off guard by it

The scarred man, was originally from an evil organization called the Ancient X-men terrorist.

They are a group of terrorists and evil maniacs that had taken the wrong steps to evolve.

They didn't practice their bodies, nor did they temper their cells to unlock their hidden potential. Instead, they grew stronger by directly grafting the gene cores and flesh of powerful Evo beasts monster to forcefully alter their genes, giving them more power they could tap into.

Usually, the process of grafting gene cores and genetic materials of evo beasts into the body was extremely painful and impossible.

But the Ancient X-men had found a way to stabilize the fusion, making them even more tempting for those who crave immense power.

However, Klient had been chased out of the organization due to reasons unknown.

The group was badly startled by the surprise attack and only Tyrion was prepared. It had nothing to do with experiences because he didn't have any. It was only because he sensed Iron Skull's intentions through his small shift in position in preparation for spring while counting.

Activating all his cells, he accumulated power from his activated cells to the maximum.

Tyrion immediately activated the third level of Berserk explosion as he tilted his body, holding his large blade in both hands, he began to trace the fifth style level of the Nine Saber art.

"Void serpent"

Iron Skull was surprised and a little bit unprepared for any kind of reaction, he definitely did not expect that this group of youngsters would be able to resist him at all.

Suddenly, sparks lit up as bright as the fire from the collision. Tyrion's great steel blade slightly shifted and slid past Iron Skull's Saber like a true coiling, slippery python.

"DING!" "Shiiiiing!!!"

With a burst of sparks, Iron Skull's waist was scratched with a blade mark, and a little bit of blood slowly leaked out from the shallow cut.

Everyone who witnessed this just could not believe their own eyes: A mere genetic soldier with just 50% activated cells had wounded a super soldier with just one movement. It was just impossible.

No one would know that Tyrion himself was actually a little bit disappointed.

'If Iron Skull didn't react as fast as he did, my movement and would definitely have injured him badly; or, if his strength was not as high as it was, his blade would not be able to resist my attack, and the blade scar should be at least two-inch-deep. But still, I guess it's pretty good that I almost killed him.

Iron Skull got a scare as he stared at Tyrion whose muscles had inflated and terrifying thick veins squirming underneath his reddened skin like pythons.

He couldn't help but curse. "Damned brat, you actually activated a forbidden technique!"

"It was right not to underestimate a true Super soldier that had activated all of their cells..." Tyrion ignored the man's words and whispered to himself.

Seeing his first attack failed to create a huge impact, Tyrion controlled the momentum of the blade and with the flick of his wrist, he delivered his second attack – the sixth blade movement "Reverse Star Reaper"

All of a sudden, the blade shifted a little and the surrounding sparks in mid-air seemed to gather at the edge of the blade.

The darkness illuminating the forest was temporarily lifted as that single bright light speckled light like that of a true star being created.

It seemed like the surrounding air had turned into cosmic particles, rushing towards a single point to birth a true star.

"Shit! This brat is actually quite skilled and is not afraid to die!"

Iron Skull had a horrible look on his face. How could he not know of forbidden techniques? He just didn't expect someone as young as Tyrion would possess a forbidden technique, not to mention using it.

Forbidden techniques are more like scare tactics and are only used mainly as a deterrence when meeting with stronger foes. But this brat actually used it immediately without fear of being killed by the technique, Iron skull was wary. magic

His blade raised like it was about to slice the sky, the sword flashed as it sliced towards the center of Tyrion's blade strike like lightning.

Iron Skull wanted to destroy Tyrion's blade momentum, otherwise, he knew he would be in trouble if Tyrion kept executing the Nine saver styles and continued to increase the momentum with each saber movement.

"Swish!"

Iron Skull's attack was domineering and extremely powerful but surprisingly his blade failed to hit its target!

Iron skull was shocked, his blade cut through Tyrion's blade attack, but it was as though had slashed through shadows, a flimsy illusory shadow as Tyrion's blade turned to several afterimages.

Overwhelmed by the fast movement, Iron Skull immediately jumped back, hurriedly retreating from his opponent.

Tyrion's eyes flashed as he expected Iron skull to retreat.

Not wasting a single second, his muscles inflated and blood spurted out from his exerted flesh as his veins exploded and his flesh cracked like hot clay.

His thighs expanded to twice their previous size as he stomped his legs to the ground.

The ground immediately shattered, forming uneven spider-web shaped cracks as he activated Phantom Leg art, appearing before Iron Skull in the blink of an eye.

Tyrion's blade flashed as he changed his blade movement to the eight-style "Phoenix Blaze"

"SCREEEEEE!"

Chapter 36: Mutated Super Soldier

[Bonus chapter at 50 powerstones]

As the blade twisted momentum and slashed through the air, the cry of a phoenix seemed to resound through the void as an intense heat emanated from the blade itself.

The wind stirred as the air behind Tyrion's blade exploded. A red blazing phoenix seemed to have come to life as it dived in with insane speed, swallowing Iron skull whole!

Iron skull's eyes flashed with murderous intent, he stimulated the gene core in his body.

Within him, the gene core erupted, and in the blink of an eye, Iron Skills body shook as his back squirmed and inflated as though it was giving birth to something.

At that moment, two coiling scaled tentacles ripped out from his back, spraying blood and amniotic fluid into the surroundings.

"Sonic Drill!"

The two sharp-scaled tentacles suddenly coiled together and spun rapidly like a drill, producing massive waves of intense force as they stabbed suddenly at Tyrion

"Damned brat, go to hell!"

"KA-BOOM!"

A mutant wasn't so easily killed. The drill tore through the air, shooting towards Tyrion with the speed of a bullet blowing away Tyrion's body as it collided with his blade.

Tyrion's body flew through the air, 50 meters away, before it lightly landed like nothing happened, as if his body was as light as a feather.

Tyrion's bloody face crinkled his brow as he stared at the two tentacles surrounding the panting Iron skull.

"You're actually a mutant!" Tyrion coldly spat out.

Iron Skull grinned coldly. "What? Are you scared now? If you kneel down, like the dirt under my feet, and beg for mercy, I might consider letting you live with one hand intact. Your body wouldn't hold that forbidden technique for long, so you need to decide fast."

The scaled tentacles floated behind him as Iron Skull let out a cold chuckle, his expression condescending as he stared at Tyrion like a dead man.

Tyrion felt the skin on his chest tear as blood spurted out.

Feeling the rampant force of his rapidly bouncing and overly excited, Tyrion stabilized his center of gravity and slowly lifted his blade.

"Primal Fury!"

"BOOM!"

Suddenly, a horrifying momentum began to form as a terrifying pressure the weight of a mountain descended through the void.

"Phantom Force!"

The ground underneath his huge legs began to quiver and his thigh muscles undulated with immense power.

"BOOM!" "BOOM!!" "BOOM!!!"

One by one, his veins expanded and exploded as his heart rapidly pumped in torrential flow of blood throughout his body. The sound of his heart pumping blood was like the beating of a war drum.

"THUMP!" "THUMP!!" "THUMP!!!"

By this time, Tyrion's humongous body had been dyed red by his blood. Muscles the size of tumors squirmed underneath his skin, giving Tyrion the terrifying look of some old monster. magic

His thick throat rumbled as he struggled to speak.

"Stellar... Arc."

"RiiiiiiP!!!"

"KA-BOOM!!!"

The entire world darkened as a single light appeared within that darkness.

Its body leaving trails like a shooting star as it arced forward with astonishing momentum and speed.

The void seemed to have been torn apart by the Stellar arc as it went through the slowed-down bandit and came out from the back of his scalp.

It was then time resumed and Tyrion's figure could be seen standing before the bandit.

It all just happened so quickly that no one was able to react, as though time itself had paused.

A mutated Super soldier, who had activated all of his cells was killed by one blade stroke.

It was simply unprecedented.

Tyrion's bloodied face grinned as he finally understood his own power level and fighting skills and best of all, he realized just exactly how powerful his techniques were.

Pulling the blade out and shaking off the blood on it, Tyrion tried not to think about the fact that he just killed a person. He looked around and found the two groups were already fighting against each other: Eight burly men were attacking Grant and the group in a circle. The sounds of weapons colliding against each other were continuous and seemingly endless.

"Piss off!" Grant who had the highest power level among the group roared angrily. He threw a couple of punches that rolled in a row and four burly men were blown away.

However, one of them had only been pushed back three steps, and even though the clothing over his chest were all ripped apart, but he wasn't hurt at all.

Seeing that, Grant's pupils narrowed, "...Armor skin Arts!"

The guy had a square face and a huge mouth. Standing at two meters tall, his back was always hunched. His massive chest muscles were like two high mountains raised up from the ground and strong like iron. It also seemed to flash a vague dark yellow color, no where close to a normal human body.

"Haha, I specialize in the armor skin arts. Years and years of rubbing and soaking in medicinal alcohol every day caused my skin and bones to be as

tough as bronze and iron. As long as my cells aren't exhausted, I am invincible!"

"Die!"

It was from Hector. He waved his spear around in a circle to force back those people who were attacking him. Then, he turned his body the other way and stabbed his sword towards the opponent.

The giant man dared not to risk his life, he knew no matter how well he mastered the Armour skin, his body would never become as strong as actual iron. Even if he could protect himself from normal blunt blows, he would suffer injuries and die from any sharp weaponry.

With Hector's powerful spear movements and his die-hard attitude, his spear could cut through even an iron armor.

With his hands put together, the giant man grabbed at the air and immediately caught the spear at once. He would not let it move an inch.

Grant who had been secretly paying attention saw an open opportunity and dived behind the giant man, his palm gently pressed against his back.

"THUMP!"

Chapter 37: Killing A Mutated Super Soldier

"THUMP!"

A sound that was like an iron hammer hitting a piece of thin leather rung out and you could see there were drops of blood leaking out the corner of the giant man's mouth. And if you look closer there was also a slight bloody bruise on his chest.

In that moment, two ferocious men jumped forward and attacked Grant.

Grant saw them coming but he realized that he was stuck in a powerless situation. Although his attack wounded that giant man, he couldn't react fast enough cause his hand had gone numb from the attack

Seeing his friend almost getting killed, Hector felt powerless as he was being crazily attacked by the men whom he had wounded before. He was forced to retreat step by step, barely dodging their attack.

Only Lucia and the twin brothers seemed to be fine as they only had one opponent each.

Grant's eyes dimmed as he thought his death had arrived when a dark blade suddenly appeared. It twisted and turned twice in mid-air with fast blurry strikes and suddenly two heads fell on the floor as blood started pouring out from their neck. Then, their bodies fell back and hit the ground.

After his successful attack, Tyrion didn't stop at all. Using phantom Leg art, he stabbed another man in the chest which saved Hector from his predicament.

"Thanks!", gratefully said Grant who felt like he had escaped from hell's gate. His face still looked a little bit pale from before.

Tyrion nodded, "It can wait. Let's kill them all first."

Actually, after Iron Skull's death, the men's fate had already been decided, it was just a matter of time.

Shortly after, other than the man with the armor skin art, the rest were all dead; And on Tyrion's side, besides Grant and himself, the rest were all wounded more or less.

"Where do you think you are going?" Hector sensed that the giant man planned to escape, with a sharp sound, he threw out his two-meter spear.

"Swoosh!"

The giant, experienced man tilted his body and avoided the halberd by inches.

However, he couldn't run away from his fate even if he tried. Tyrion waved his blade smoothly when he was distracted and with one move, the armored skin defense gave way.

The blade slid easily into the chest of the giant man and back out leaving a giant bloody hole.

Hi guys! Hopefully, you guys liked our tsunami of releases yesterday! Sadly, my exams are out to start and we will not be able to sustain that amount of releases and we will be returning to our two chapters/day schedule.

...

The crisis was finally finished. Grant and the rest of the group let out a large sigh and finally relaxed from all the tension.

Slowly they began to pale as they were aghast when they realized Tyrion just killed a mutated super soldier and a peak-level genetic soldier trained in Armor skin all by himself.

They finally realized just how strong that man really was, even the people in the top 100 of the second-year rankings could not replicate such feats; even those who are in the top 50s probably could not do it, and even if they managed to do it, it would have been impossible to be completely uninjured after fighting such opposition.

But Tyrion, a first-year student, had just done all that.

"Thusel, I have never truly admired anyone before, but today, I admire you!" Grant said seriously.

Tyrion wordlessly smiled.

The random encounter with bandits had brought them an extra income of dead Evo beasts of about thirty thousand death points. Divided evenly, everyone received about five thousand death points which slightly compensated those life-threatening fights.

"Well, I guess this is where I part ways." With more than enough blood essence and death points, Tyrion didn't want to continue with adventuring with a large group and decided to go to the Thousand Death forest by himself.

Grant said: "Alright, we also plan to head to our hall. Take care of yourself." magic

They were all about to leave, Julia just could not help herself anymore and said: "Thusel! Remember to visit us!"

Tyrion nodded, "If I have time, I shall see."

Soon, the group disappeared from Tyrion's sight. Tyrion thought, I have only been adventuring for so long yet I had already gained 20,000 death points.

With this amount, I can afford to buy some things to further increase my strength.

Sadly I will have to pass on being able to buy those DUST serum stones for improving DUST in the body which cost about 100,000 death points each, I could not even afford half of the serum...

Despite all that, what surprised Tyrion the most was that it was his first time killing someone, but he actually did not feel much reaction to it... Maybe it has something to do with the previous owner or our fused soul power.

Shaking his head, Tyrion really could not figure it out.

The Thousand Death forest covered about a thousand miles in which lived countless evo beasts. As far as Tyrion knew, in the outer range of about a hundred miles, only rank 1 and early rank 2 beasts were found, the chance of encountering a rank 3 beast was really low. That relatively bigger poisonous saw-tooth tiger was actually not a true rank 3 monster, it could only be counted as a rank 2 evo beast that was half a step into rank 3. However, past the outer range, was the inner range of about 200 to 500 miles which was labeled as the danger zone, evo beasts rank 3 to rank 5 could appear any time, and with Tyrion's current power level, any one of those beasts could insta-kill him.

Beyond 500 miles was the forbidden zone. About ten years ago, a large group of super soldiers was sent to retrieve some rare valuable medicines. Unfortunately within the forbidden zone, they had encountered the rank 7 beast – Spectral Techno Bull, and among the hundreds of people that had been gathered, only one person had escaped and made it out, but sadly he too died a few days afterward. His death was because there was too much residue energy from the evo beast left in his body which caused him to go crazy which killed him eventually. After that incident, no one dared to even step foot in it.

Over the next ten miles, Tyrion killed three beasts, two rank 1 beasts and one early rank 2 beasts after taking a few blows. After gathering the valuable parts of the evo beasts, Tyrion stopped venturing deeper into the woods and started to walk parallel to the border of the danger zone so that he would not have to face any evo beasts of rank 2 and above Rank.

Chapter 38: Prelude To The First Lecture

Time went by quickly. After ten more hours, carrying a huge leather bag, Tyrion headed back to the academy.

He soon reached the true academy and headed directly to the academy's Exchange center.

Soon after walking into the Exchange Center, Tyrion began to frown.

The store was crowded with people, most of them were first-year students loaded with gear and well-dressed young men from rich families.

But there were about one or two people that Tyrion could not see through which signified that they should at least be super soldiers of second year or above.

He walked up and put a huge bag of beast parts onto the counter.

"Hello, I am selling Evo Beast's parts." magic

The one behind the counter was an elder wearing a black cloth with glass trimmed in gold. With a calm and kindly countenance, he took the bag and opened the leather bag.

As he was counting the parts, he calculated the prices as well, "Poisonous Sawed Tooth Tiger parts valued five thousand and two hundred silvers, Enchanted Luna Wolf parts valued 8500, Berserk Bull parts valued three thousand and eight hundred, ... in total it is sixteen thousand five hundred death points."

Tyrion nodded and agreed with the man's calculations.

Asking the workers to put away the beast parts, the worker opened his watch and made a few hand gestures. With a swipe of his fingers, he flicked his fingers at Tyrion who immediately received ten funds via his watch.

"The funds have been sent, please verify the total."

Tyrion took a glance at his watch. he had revived the notification and nodded. Then his focus shifted and landed on the products behind the counter, next to the old man

Working in the sales industry, requires great observation skills of potential buyers, the elder smiled and said: "Young warrior, is there anything else I may assist you in?"

Tyrion replied: "I need something to boost my body strength, could you please give me some recommendations?"

"No need, let me get you a list of body tempering serums that summarize the effect of each serum and the price of each one."

"Sure."

The shopkeeper handed over the list and then went back to handle new customers, leaving Tyrion with one very thick piece of paper in his hand.

Nexus Hardening serum

Nebula Blood Patterned runic serum

50,000 thousand death points per vial.

Bull strength action serum

Berserker's Psyche serum

Thirty thousand and five hundred death points per vial.

Cosmic burst serum

20,000 death points per serum.

...

After reading for a long time, Tyrion shook his head. These body-boosting medicine are way too expensive, they cost at least twenty to thirty thousand death points. Counting everything I own, I could only afford one of them, which only lasts three days which is not ideal for use in a long period of training.

With all those thoughts in his mind, Tyrion started to envy those young people from rich large families.

They received the best training from the time they were born drank expensive serums and ate medicine and Evo meat like candy.

After a few years of this, the money spent on them could probably fill up a house, of course, they will have rapid improvements! Of course with all those medicine, even an ordinary talent would become extraordinary.

Tyrion shook his head and dropped the list on the counter, eventually leaving the Exchange Center and heading back to his apartment.

...

Whoosh... whoosh...whoosh...

The morning sun started rising from the east, illuminating the legend mountain, and creating a beautiful scenery enough for tourism.

In a little corner of the Legend Mountain, in a square courtyard, a human figure was seen practicing fist art on a thick sandbag while seated in a horse stance.

The wind howled with every fist he let out, blowing the surrounding dirt and leaves around like a tornado.

"Hea!"

After one movement, the punches suddenly got stronger. Two punches in a row had landed on the huge waist-sized post before a sudden sound.

"Bang!"

The sandbags could not handle the force of the punches and snapped in two at the middle, the top part was blown at least seven meters into the air, before breaking apart into shreds.

"Hu!"

"That was satisfying."

It was only two hours before the start of the lecture. The idea of slacking off with the excuse of resting never occurred to Tyrion, as he focused on training with all of his heart.

He could feel and combine the power coming from every inch of his body which created a higher level of explosive power.

Although he didn't know any fist art, every punch of his was done to the utmost perfection.

Tyrion laughed and shook his head as he walked towards the metal table nearby.

On that square table were 10 bottles of blood essence.

Pop!

He unplugged the bottle and turned it upside down towards the tub he had moved to his courtyard.

The previously transparent water started to turn crimson, releasing a strong bloody scent.

Taking off his clothes, Tyrion slowly cut his skin 108 times according to the Demonic Blood tempering art and plugged in the clip to stop himself from healing and make the liquid sink into his body.

"Ah...so relaxing..." Shortly after, Tyrion could feel a burning sensation that slowly soaked into his skin and then into his muscles, blood, and bones. It almost felt like ants were crawling into his body, itchy, and a bit tingly.

Looking down, he could see that his body was outlined with muscles like a furious cheetah, a streamlined body shape that looked extremely powerful, that did not resemble a sixteen year old boy in any way. But, compared to Lucia's extremely fit body, which was able to explosively burst forth, Tyrion was still miles away.

After soaking in a bit, the crimson water turned transparent as he absorbed the essence within.

Tyrion soon got up and headed inside his house. He wanted to take a bath. Today was the official lecture day and Tyrion wanted to look really presentable for it.

Chapter 39: Mad Instructor

Today's meal was especially sumptuous.

Tyrion had never tasted such a succulent meat in his entire life! He had no idea what the meat was made of or how the meal was prepared, but he couldn't care less!

The food was just too tasty and he finished them all, leaving the array of synthetic plates sparkling clean.

Gulping down another bottle of sweetened water, Tyrion burped and sighed in relaxation.

His treatment as a Legend was great, almost treating him like an honored elder.

This made him wonder how building-1 would be treated, like royalty. Thinking of this slightly dampened Tyrion's mood.

He didn't feel comfortable that others were being treated even better than he was being. But it didn't matter, it was only a matter of time before he retrieved what was meant to be his.

"Sh=t, I'm almost late." Tyrion quickly cleaned himself up and dashed out of his building.

The entire ground of Death Gate Academy couldn't be seen as the school was so large it would take several months to circle around it. Which is why there are public transport within the university.

Now, public transport is divided into various levels. The ordinary, first class, and Imperial class.

Tyrion didn't dare enter any one of them as he currently wasn't willing to spend his money.

Which was why he left two hours before the start of the actual lecture. His smart-watch had calculated it would require him an hour and thirty minutes to arrive at his destination.

Tyrion wasn't the only one with this thought as about fifty other students also exited their dorm with the same plan in mind. While the ordinary students had received 1000 death points for passing the entrance exam, some of them were not willing to spend it on public transport.

Tyrion had seen about half of the students and seemed to recognize them. But the one that stood out to him was this particular young man; Reinhard Throne.

He was one of the few individuals whose talent had exploded during the one-week growth break.

It was said that he had grown from 40% activated cells to an actual 80% percent activated cells. That was double his previous activated cells in one week!

His talent is just too astonishing

Not feeling like speaking to his fellow teammate, Tyrion picked up the pace and started to leave. The journey was a long one as there were several places where new students weren't allowed to intrude therefore, he had to circle round the region to get across.

Even with the gloomy sky and the cold morning, the academy was still as warm as ever. It could be due to the presence of DUST perhaps or due to the 10,000-meter-high volcanic mountain towering over at the side of the academy.

Using the map, Tyrion finally got to his destination after about an hour and forty minutes. And to no one surprise, the hall was already filled with students. They most likely took the public transport.

The lecture hall was large and warm, filled with Dust that made the environment cozy.

But the air was strangely stifled, palatable tension in the air. It was apparent the cruelty of the academy was still fresh in the student's mind but even then, they were still teenagers.

They began whispering to each other about rumors, legends, and theories.

"Isn't this ridiculous? Even after being enrolled into the academy as a student, we still need to fight for resources. I didn't think things would be this difficult when I chose Death Gate!"

"Did you know that within the Central Continent, our academy is considered the most demonic, even more than military academies?"

"I heard Instructor Keisha possesses the bloodline of a true dragon and possesses a Legendary Trait!" Another student responded.

"Who do you think will lecture be today?"

...

Just as the students were busy whispering to each other. The walls before the podium slid open. Instantly the entire student including Tyrion tensed up!

Each of them has had bad experiences with walls opening as it seems to signify the appearance of an evo beast. magic

They couldn't help but question themselves if this was another test set by the academy. If it was, they were ready to flee at any time.

Within the darkness of the opened door and under the throat-gripping silence of the large hall, the sound of footsteps reverberated through the entire hall.

It might seem light, but to the students, the footstep was like hammers pounding directly into their hearts as it got closer.

Tyrion was no exception either! He was forcefully calming his nerves which is why he didn't reveal any signs of panic.

In the next second though, the figure emerged from within the darkness as the light rays curved and reflected off the body of the figure, finally revealing who it was.

It was an astonishingly beautiful lady in a very provocative dress. Her top revealed a smooth and delicate neckline with clear brown succulent skin. The straps hung by her clear bronze shoulder as the top stops right above her navel, showing off her tummy with flat but defined abs.

She wore a shirt that revealed her thick curvy legs which were so alluring most of the boys and girls in the group forgot to breathe. Her beautiful face was small and delicate and her eyebrows were perfectly streamlined. She looked more like a drawing than real life with her beauty which spiked the jealousy of the many female students.

Her eyes were deep grey and they seemed to transform to a light green color as she focused on the tablet before her. She didn't seem to be old as she

appeared to be in her early twenties, but the wisdom in her eyes said otherwise.

The entire class had gone silent at this point. The lady finally looked at the students before her but her eyes contained indifference as though she had done this a thousand times.

The wall behind her closed and a transparent screen with a few words appeared on it.

'Biology Of A Genetic Soldier And How To Break Through .'

"Call me Mad Instructor, and let's begin the lecture." Her voice was soft like twinkling stars, shimmering within the heart.

Chapter 40: Human Grenade!

"First is Cells; What are cells? Ignore what you've heard in the past and scar this into your mind."

"When talking about Cells, while they are the subatomic particles that made up your genetic structure, but they are also the shackles preventing humans from evolution. We don't control cells, they control us. They are the prison to which we happily stay locked up in for millions and millions of years, getting stronger and more difficult to breakthrough the gene shackles. But things didn't stay that way for long."

"Under the presence of 'DUST', cells become overly active and will begin to transform. Ordinary unactive cells are like programmed nanobots which controls our body, mind and state of awareness but once all the cells are introduced to "Dust", they will be reborn, activated and will only listen to the mind of the host."

She flicked her fingers and the structure of a cell being introduced to a foreign dust like particles. The moment the reddish cell touched the particles, its orbital body began to spam and shake, convulsing until its entire structure transformed into a purple orb with millions of vein like tentacles spreading towards other cells.

"With cells under our command, imagine all the things you could do." Mad Instructor lifted up her right hand upwards.

"With the your single command..."

Her finger snapped as they instantly turned incredibly orange as though it was about to explode, releasing steams of smoke and...

"Snap!"

Her fingers instantly burst into flames, covering the entirety of her hand without affecting her skin.

"... you can produce flames."

The students were immediately stunned, totally in awe by her actions.

The instructor smiled as she asked.

"Who is willing to give it a try?"

Not even half a second had passed when, about 20 students raised up their hands in excitement.

Really eager to try and also gain an advantage over their fellow students, they happily wished to be chosen.

Tyrion's brows furrowed but he didn't raise his hands as he was always one to sit at the back of the class and not involve himself in matters like that.

Putting her hands on her lips in thought, she pondered and hesitated on who to choose before her eyes lit up.

"Yes, you. Come up and try."

Although sceptical, the male student excitedly went up to the podium. While he was excited about the prospect of learning a supernatural technique, his eyes were entirely focused on her huge breasts as he went forward.

"I am Jester and have activated 69% of my cells!" Jester elegantly stated, an expression of pride clouded his face as he pushed his chest out.

"Good." Mad instructor gave him a rare compliment.

The young man smiled brightly, his cheeks flushed red in the process.

"Now, the secret to the flame combustion technique is to imitate how flame reacts and recreate it using the activated cells one could control."

She waved her hands and a large video projection appeared in mid-air.

The video zoomed in on flames on a microscopic level, revealing how the atoms of the flames collided rapidly together, vibrating to heat up and then give birth to flames.

"Do you understand?" Mad instructor asked.

The young man named Jester stared seriously at the projection for a few more seconds before nodding his head in affirmation.

"Yes!"

"As expected of a genius." The instructor praised.

"Now begin."

The moment her voice landed, Jester closed his eyes and took in a deep breath.

The entire hall went silent as seconds tick one after the other. In about 50 seconds, Jester face began turning bright red.

This made the students gasp. They didn't think Jester would grasp it immediately, and that included Tyrion.

In the next few seconds, Jester's body started to also turn bright red like a shrimp, increasing rapidly until it felt as though there was a bright torch inside him.

Within that moment, his body burst into flames.

"Instructor! I'm doing it! I'm really doing it!" Jester's excited voice rang through the entire hall, making the instructor chuckle at his childish behavior.

But within her eyes, a trace of scorn, expectation and pure evil could be seen as she nodded here head.

Tyrion's brows furrowed deeply as he saw the young man burst into flames. The body didn't have any sorcerer of energy to convert into flames and a

Genetic Soldier could barely contain vast amount of DUST therefore, how is the flame being fed?

Just as Tyrion was pondering this, his expression changed drastically. He wasn't the only one. Jester's face started to contort and his skin started to burn up from within him.

"I-instructor, how do I stop it? It's starting to hurt a bit." The young man asked anxiously, trying his best to calm himself down as an instructor was here to handle the situation.

"Oh, I forgot to say. Without Dust, it is suicide performing this technique."

Before her words could finish, Jester screamed in pain as he was being fried from inside out.

He couldn't endure it as his piercing scream tore through the atmosphere, ringing in the ears of every students.

His body then rapidly turned bright, becoming blindingly bright and then...

"KA-BOOM!"

Burnt flesh, fried intestine and medium rare brain matter splashed all over the podium.

An Invincible wave of power contorted before the Mad instructor, preventing human filth from touching her. magic

As the explosion subsided, the instructor covered her mouth and said.

"Ops! Let's try that again shall we?"

"Ehonis willing to give it another go. I promise this time, I will try to stop you from going overboard. Hm? No one? Not even the Legend of your set?"

She pursed her lips in disappointment. "You all are spoil-sports. The last set was more fun than you guys. Anyways, let's continue the lecture."

"The cells can do anything under the influence of Dust but without Dust to protect and fuel the cells... That happens." She pointed directly at the ground where Jester had been previously standing. Now, only his military boots remained in place

