

BloodLine 941

Chapter 941: Great news

From MC's Perspective:

I watched them carefully, waiting for their response, knowing that the revelation of my other two elements had shifted the entire conversation.

I could feel the weight of their scrutiny, but this time, it was laced with respect.

My chances were high now; I could tell by the way Clinton and Sally exchanged glances.

Shock and surprise flickered in their eyes as they processed what they had just learned.

They had called me here to test my talent, but now, they were uncovering the depths of my abilities.

Beyond the essence practice, they had realized something even more significant-my bone practice had also reached the Peak of the SS-ELITE Rank.

A feat that wasn't just rare-it was nearly unheard of at my age.

The path of bone refinement was grueling, a test of not just talent, but of perseverance and willpower.

Few ever reached such heights, and the fact that I had was a testament to the discipline I had honed over years of pushing myself to the limit.

"What do you think, Sally?" Clinton's voice broke the silence.

Sally glanced at him before responding, her gaze still fixed on me.

“Zack Lockwood is an extraordinary warrior.

Triple elements, and not just any elements-rare ones.

It’s almost as if he was born for this,” she said, her tone filled with a kind of reverence.

“You’re right,” Clinton nodded in agreement, his expression softening.

Then, turning his attention fully to me, he continued, “We initially brought you here to gauge your potential, Zack.

But after discovering your other two elements, and especially learning that your bone practice has reached the Peak of the SS-ELITE Rank, there’s no need for further testing.”

His words hung in the air for a moment before he added, “Star University will be honored to have you as one of our students.”

The moment he said those words, a wave of relief washed over me, like a heavy burden I hadn’t realized I’d been carrying had finally been lifted.

I had prepared for a grueling evaluation, but instead, I had exceeded their expectations.

My shoulders relaxed, and I let out a quiet breath, feeling the tension drain from my body.

As I basked in the satisfaction of their recognition, Sally turned to one of the Federation officers.

“You can have Federation Ben return,” she instructed calmly.

With that, it was official-I had passed, and I was on the path to becoming something more.

Something greater.

Federation Head Ben walked back into the office, his footsteps soft as he approached the room's center.

With a polite nod, he took a seat beside Zack Lockwood, feeling the tension in the air had eased.

He couldn't help but notice Zack seemed much more relaxed now, almost calm, which in turn allowed Ben to settle down as well.

There was a quiet confidence in Zack's posture, and it made Ben wonder what had transpired in his absence.

"My Lords, what are your thoughts?" Ben asked, his voice measured and respectful, fully aware of the weight their opinions carried.

Clinton was the first to speak, his tone authoritative but laced with admiration.

"Zack Lockwood can enter Star University.

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His talent is extraordinary, far beyond what we initially anticipated.

A warrior like him shouldn't be wasting his potential in this less developed region."

Clinton paused for a moment before continuing, "It's best that he comes with us to Star University.

I'll personally recommend him to some of the powerful elders there.

If even one of them selects Zack as their disciple, his status will soar.

He'll have access to resources and training that would be unimaginable here.

It would greatly accelerate his development."

Ben's eyes widened in disbelief, his heart nearly skipping a beat.

He had come into this meeting with expectations-hoping Zack would at least make it as an outer member of Star University-but this?

This was beyond anything he could have predicted.

Being recommended to the elders was an honor reserved for only the most exceptional, those whose talents shone brighter than others.

The shock quickly sank deeper.

The elders.

He knew just how powerful they were, far beyond his own abilities.

The elders of Star University weren't just prestigious; they wielded unimaginable strength, capable of dispatching even Gold Rank warriors like him with a mere flick of their fingers.

For Zack to have the chance to become one of their disciples meant far more than just gaining a powerful mentor.

It meant having an unshakable backer-someone whose influence and protection could elevate Zack to the heights of power in ways that Ben himself could only dream of.

And with Zack under their protection, the Federation would indirectly benefit from his rise.

Having a direct connection to someone with such backing could change the entire dynamic for them.

The thought of future political and strategic advantages danced through Ben's mind, filling him with a renewed sense of excitement and hope.

A bright smile broke across Ben's face, his earlier concerns evaporating.

This development was far better than he had hoped, and he could already see the ripple effects it would have on the Federation.

With Zack poised to rise in power, the future suddenly looked brighter-not just for Zack, but for all of them.

"That's right," Sally said with a warm smile, her eyes gleaming with approval.

"If an elder selects him as their disciple, no one would dare question his current strength rank.

His potential alone speaks volumes.

And, let's not forget-the world energy in the Tier-4 region is on an entirely different level.

With his talent, this kid could experience a breakthrough in just a few days."

Hearing her words, a surge of happiness coursed through me.

All the hardships and struggles I'd faced up to this point-the long hours of training, the constant battles-suddenly felt worthwhile.

The recognition from these high-ranking warriors validated everything I had worked for.

Even more, they saw the value in all three of my elements.

It was clear now that I had to deepen my mastery of my other two elements.

If I wanted to stand out at Star University, I needed to hone not just one aspect of my strength, but all of them.

Ben, too, seemed elated.

A smile stretched across his face, a look of pride and joy shining in his eyes.

“Thank you, my Lords.

I have no doubt that Zack Lockwood will become one of the best warriors to ever walk the halls of Star University,” he said, his voice brimming with enthusiasm.

In that moment, it seemed like all his earlier concerns had melted away.

The troubles plaguing the Federation, the uncertainties of the region-they all faded into the background.

Zack’s acceptance into Star University wasn’t just a personal victory; it was a triumph that outweighed the importance of 300 other warriors gaining entry.

Zack’s future, tied to such powerful figures, promised to reshape the Federation’s standing in the world.

Clinton, his eyes still fixed on me, smiled with a look of quiet satisfaction.

“Zack, do you have anything you need to pack up?” he asked.

“We’ll be leaving after we pick up the other 300 warriors.”

I nodded, my mind already racing to what I needed to do before departing.

“I’ll need to inform my teacher, Lowell.

He’ll be incredibly happy to hear the news,” I replied, unable to keep the excitement out of my voice.

The thought of Lowell brought a wave of emotion over me.

He had been there from the beginning, guiding me when others doubted my potential.

He’d always believed in my ability to rise above the limits placed on me.

Telling him about this incredible opportunity was the least I could do after everything he had done for me.

Clinton nodded in understanding.

“Go ahead.

Make sure to inform him.

But don’t take too long—we leave soon,” he said, his voice carrying a hint of finality.

As I rose from my seat, I couldn’t help but feel a sense of pride swelling within me.

The future had never looked brighter.

My journey had just begun, but for the first time, I felt like I was truly on the path to greatness.

“Good, go ahead and speak with your teacher,” Clinton replied with a nod, his tone firm but approving.

Then he turned his attention back to Ben.

“Federation Head, I want the 300 selected warriors to be assembled here without delay.

I don’t intend to waste any more time.”

“Understood, my Lord,” Ben responded quickly, his tone respectful and energized by the urgency of Clinton’s request.

“I’ll inform them immediately and make sure they are ready.”

Sally, who had been quietly observing, now chimed in.

“Very well, then.

In the meantime, show us to our room.

We’ll take some rest before we depart.”

Without hesitation, Ben rose from his seat, eager to please.

“Of course, my lady.

Please follow me,” he said, gesturing toward the door.

His movements were quick and precise, as if driven by the weight of the significance this moment held for the Federation.

As they left, I turned and walked out of the room, my mind buzzing with excitement and purpose.

It was time to tell my teacher, Lowell.

He had been my teacher, my guide through the treacherous journey of my training.

I could already imagine the pride in his eyes when he learned I had been accepted into Star University- not just as a regular student, but with the potential to be taken under the wing of an elder.

Chapter 942: Dark Shadow University

From MC's Perspective:

I took a deep breath and made the call to Teacher Lowell.

As I listened to the ringing tone, I felt the familiar stir of nerves in my chest.

Then the line connected, and the sound of his voice came through, steady and reassuring as ever.

"Zack, what happened?" he asked, a tone of concern coloring his words.

A smile tugged at my lips.

His voice had that effect on me-grounding and steadying my thoughts.

I began to explain slowly, recounting the events that had brought me to this moment.

As I spoke, I could almost hear the gears turning in his mind, processing every detail with that sharp intellect of his.

A few minutes passed before the silence was broken by the unmistakable sound of his laughter-rich, full, and full of joy.

“Ha...Ha...Ha!” His laughter echoed through the line, and I couldn’t help but feel a weight lift from my shoulders.

“Zack,” he began, his voice softening with nostalgia, “when I first saw you in that remote town, that barren outpost on the edge of nowhere, I knew you weren’t just another frog in a well.”

His words took me back to that fateful day-when I was just a boy with big dreams trapped in a forgotten corner of the world.

“Not only have you come out of that outer post, but now you’re headed to a Tier-4 region from the inner post.

No one has made a leap like this in recent history,” he continued, his voice growing more contemplative as old memories resurfaced.

I felt a surge of pride and gratitude well up inside me.

“Thank you, Teacher.

If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have made it this far,” I said, my voice quiet but sincere.

And I meant it.

Yes, I had acquired the ancient blood drop, a priceless gift that changed the course of my life before meeting the Teacher.

But none of that would've mattered if I hadn't left the outer post and pursued strength.

Teacher Lowell had paved the way for me, making my journey that much more bearable.

I had also come to understand the power of having someone strong in your corner.

I learned that when those two envoys from Star University offered me an opportunity I never dreamed of.

"Good, you deserve it," Teacher Lowell replied, his tone warm with approval.

"A rare triple-element warrior like you is bound to attract attention.

It's only reasonable."

He paused briefly before adding, "And don't concern yourself with the Blood Shadow Force, Giant Tower Academy, or Eclipse Academy.

They won't be a problem."

His words gave me a sense of security.

Those organizations had crossed my mind more than once, and knowing he had faith in my safety eased my worries.

"When are you leaving?" he asked, shifting the conversation to logistics.

"Most likely today," I replied.

“The Head is gathering all 300 selected warriors.

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Once everyone’s here, we’ll be on our way.”

“Alright,” he said after a moment of thought.

“Jonathan and I will be there shortly.”

Before I could respond, the call ended.

He was always a man of action, wasting no time.

I could picture him already on the move, determined to see me off before my journey to Star University began.

I hadn’t expected the envoys to leave so soon, but in a way, it felt right.

The future was calling, and it wouldn’t wait.

...

Meanwhile, across the vast and sprawling Federation, a ripple of tension surged through the Families, Clans, and organizations under its banner.

The source?

A brief yet powerful message from the Federation Head, Ben.

His words were simple but carried immense weight: those selected from their ranks must appear at the Federation Headquarters immediately, or they would miss the rare opportunity to enter the coveted Tier-4 region.

It was the kind of message that sent shockwaves through the upper echelons of power.

In an instant, the entire inner post region was thrown into a state of high alert.

Conversations halted, and plans were disrupted as the implications of the message settled in.

The forces from the Tier-4 region were no longer just rumors or distant figures of power-they were here, walking among them, making visits to organizations directly connected to them.

From the infamous Bloodline Clans, with their ancient legacies, to the formidable Academy Institutions, who held sway over generations of warriors, everyone had the same goal: ensure that their best and brightest warriors earned a place within these Tier-4 forces.

The stakes had never been higher.

The prestige and influence that came with such a placement could shape the future of an entire family or clan for generations to come.

For these organizations, the urgency of the message from Federation Head Ben could not be understated.

Within moments of receiving it, warriors whose names appeared on the sacred name list were summoned with haste.

These were not just ordinary individuals-they were the cream of the crop, chosen for their exceptional skills and potential.

The families wasted no time, dispatching them with the swiftness of a well-oiled machine.

Inside the Federation Headquarters, the air was thick with anticipation as warriors began to arrive one after another.

The Teleportation Platforms, connected to major cities and the homes of the most powerful families, hummed with activity.

One by one, the selected warriors materialized within the grand hall, their expressions a mixture of excitement and determination.

Each arrival represented another piece of the puzzle, another contender for the highly sought-after positions.

As the minutes ticked by, the Headquarters steadily filled with the presence of these

warriors, ready to make their mark.

The atmosphere was electric-whispers of speculation filled the halls as the warriors sized each other up, mentally preparing themselves for the journey ahead.

Everyone knew this was more than just a call to arms-it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to ascend beyond the limitations of the inner post and claim a place in the powerful Tier-4 region.

And for those who failed to appear in time?

They would be left behind, watching as the future unfolded without them.

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Meanwhile, the Blood Shadow Force, a fearsome organization feared across the inner post, was being visited by the envoys from Dark Shadow University.

This was no ordinary institution-it was one of the six prestigious universities in the Tier-4 region, known for producing warriors of unparalleled strength and cunning.

Though its official name was Dark Shadow University, most referred to it as Blood Shadow University, and for good reason.

The Blood Shadow Force was merely an extension of the university's infamous reputation, acting as its lethal branch, specialized in assassination, combat, and merciless discipline.

The distinction between names didn't matter to the other forces-whether you called it Dark Shadow or Blood Shadow, the university was known for one thing above all: its ruthlessness.

The mere mention of its name sent chills through even the most hardened warriors, as it was synonymous with killing and survival of the fittest.

Now, its envoys were here, scrutinizing the Blood Shadow Force's talent with cold, calculating eyes, searching for candidates worthy of ascending to the Tier-4 region.

Amidst the activity, Rupert, the leader of the Blood Shadow Force, stood in silent contemplation.

He wasn't focused on the inspections, not entirely.

His mind was elsewhere, consumed by thoughts of a particular name: Zack Lockwood.

Rupert had been keeping an eye on Zack for some time now.

The kid's potential was undeniable-rare even among the most elite warriors under the Federation's banner.

And Rupert knew better than anyone how quickly raw talent could turn into a powerful threat.

Word had reached him that envoys from Star University, another Tier-4 powerhouse, had also visited the Federation.

This news gnawed at him.

Star University was no ordinary institution-it was the pinnacle of education, attracting the most talented warriors from every corner of the region.

If Zack Lockwood were to catch their eye, there would be no stopping his rise.

Star University's resources, training, and knowledge would sharpen Zack into a force Rupert wouldn't be able to contend with.

He clenched his fists at the thought.

There had been plans-silent, subtle ones-to eventually target Zack.

To eliminate him before he grew into a problem that the Blood Shadow Force couldn't handle.

But now?

If Zack secured a place within Star University, all of Rupert's ambitions would fall apart.

The kid would be untouchable, protected by one of the most powerful institutions in the Tier-4 region.

Rupert's mind raced with possibilities, but deep down, he knew that if Zack made it to Star University, it was over.

He would have to let go of any notions of controlling or eliminating him.

The shadowy world of the Blood Shadow Force thrived on fear and dominance, but even they knew their limits.

And if Zack Lockwood became a part of Star University, he would be beyond theirs.

Torn between duty and skepticism, Rupert pondered whether to inform envoys about Zack Lockwood.

He'd previously sent intel, but their past disregard for inner post region's talents made him doubt their response.

His personal journey, however, had led to a newfound respect for Zack's abilities.

Chapter 943: Black and White Envoys

Blood Shadow Force:

Rupert, the Gold Mark Warrior, had finally decided it was time to remind the envoys of the Dark Shadow University about the overlooked talent-and potential threat-of Zack Lockwood.

His footsteps were heavy with purpose as he made his way toward the two envoys, his mind racing with the implications of what he was about to say.

He knew the delicate balance of power at play and understood that one wrong word could bring trouble upon him.

Ahead, the envoys stood, their robes rippling in the slight wind, their expressions grim as they exchanged words in low, serious tones.

"Harumph," the white envoy spat, his voice tinged with disdain.

“There aren’t many talented candidates this time.

Should we even bother taking these...

trashes for the trials?”

Beside him, the black envoy folded his arms, his lips curling into a sneer.

“We don’t have much of a choice.

We need numbers to meet the quota for the trials.

If we return empty-handed, we’ll face the wrath of our superiors.”

“Yes,” the white envoy said, his tone resigned.

“Let’s gather these pitiful warriors and leave this barren region before we waste any more time.”

Their conversation was cut short as they both felt an approaching presence.

They turned in unison, their eyes narrowing as they identified the figure drawing near.

It was Rupert, leader of the Blood Shadow Force, and a Gold Mark Warrior of some renown.

The black envoy’s eyes flashed with annoyance, his voice sharp.

“What are you doing here?”

Rupert froze under their combined stares, feeling the weight of their authority pressing down on him.

For a moment, his heart seemed to falter, but he quickly steadied himself.

He knew he had no choice but to speak up, despite the risk.

“My Lords,” Rupert said, bowing slightly in deference, “I have something important to share with you.”

The black envoy raised an eyebrow, his curiosity piqued despite his obvious disdain for anyone below his rank.

“Speak, then.

What is it?”

Rupert swallowed hard.

He was well aware that the envoys cared little for Gold Mark Warriors or anyone of lesser stature, but he also knew that if he presented the information correctly, he might catch their interest-and possibly even their respect.

“Lord, it concerns the incomplete mission of our Blood Shadow Force,” Rupert began, his voice steady but laced with tension.

He knew he was treading on dangerous ground.

“Our target...

he’s still alive.

Worse, he may be planning to join Star University.”

“What?” The white envoy’s voice rang out, sharp as a blade.

His expression shifted instantly from passive irritation to raw fury.

“You failed to complete an incomplete mission?”

What kind of trash are you?” he spat, his eyes burning with disdain.

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The Blood Shadow Force operated under the strict and unforgiving protocols passed down from the Dark Shadow University.

They mirrored their parent institution in nearly every aspect, including their mission structure.

An incomplete mission was a disgrace, a black mark on their record.

But at Dark Shadow University, such failures came with a time limit.

A week.

One week to finish the job, or suffer the consequences.

There was no room for leniency, no space for excuses.

The Blood Shadow Force, however, had dragged this mission on far beyond that deadline.

And now, standing before the envoys, Rupert could feel their seething anger-a fire he knew could consume him if he wasn't careful.

The white envoy's rage intensified with each passing second.

"You've allowed this disgrace to fester for how long?

The target still breathes, and now he might align with Star University, of all places?"

The black envoy's face darkened, his expression a twisted mask of contempt.

He had long suspected the warriors of the Blood Shadow Force were incompetent, but now, it seemed their leadership was equally inept.

"This is beyond negligence," he muttered, his voice icy.

"It's incompetence at the highest level."

His gaze hardened as he turned fully to Rupert, the weight of his words pressing down like an executioner's axe.

"It appears we need to reevaluate the leadership within the Blood Shadow Force.

An incompetent Head only produces incompetent warriors."

Rupert felt a cold chill run down his spine.

He knew where this conversation was heading, and it wasn't a place he wanted to go.

“You’re tarnishing the reputation of the Dark Shadow University,” the white envoy continued, his voice low and dangerous now.

“Your failures reflect on all of us.

Perhaps it’s time we cleanse the Blood Shadow Force...

from the top down.”

The air around them seemed to grow heavier, thick with the threat of consequences.

Rupert knew that unless he found a way to salvage this, his position-and perhaps his life-was on the line.

Hearing the scolding from the two envoys, Rupert felt a wave of cold terror wash over him.

His mind froze, his body stiffening as if he had been turned to stone.

The weight of their authority bore down on him, and for a moment, he couldn’t comprehend why they were reacting with such venom.

After all, he had already reported the situation to his superiors, and they hadn’t chastised him nearly this harshly.

His thoughts raced.

He had to say something to calm the situation before it spiraled out of control.

Gathering his wits, he quickly bowed again, his voice trembling slightly.

“My lords, please forgive me.

I've already reported the situation to the Superiors.

They assured me they would look into it and handle it accordingly."

The tension in the air seemed to ease slightly as the words sank in.

The white envoy's furious expression softened, and even the black envoy's stern gaze wavered.

If it had been reported to their superiors, they knew it meant the matter was out of their hands for the time being.

The higher-ups must have had their reasons for not intervening yet.

"Very well," the black envoy said after a long, calculating pause.

His voice had lost its sharp edge, replaced with something more thoughtful.

"If that individual enters the Tier-4 region, we'll handle it personally.

There's no need for further concern."

The black envoy's gaze flickered over Rupert, and in that brief moment, Rupert realized that the envoy had seen through him.

The envoy understood that Rupert had come seeking their help, but also that Rupert wasn't as confident in handling the situation as he tried to appear.

Perhaps out of some small mercy, the black envoy chose not to press further.

He knew how delicate the situation was, and there was no need to make Rupert's life even more difficult.

"Thank you, my lord," Rupert said, forcing a smile of gratitude.

The relief in his voice was palpable.

He could feel the tension melting away from his body, like a great burden being lifted off his shoulders.

For the first time in days, Rupert allowed himself to relax.

The incomplete mission was no longer his concern.

More importantly, he wouldn't have to resort to the drastic step of seeking assistance from the Eclipse Academy, an academy institution that would only complicate things further.

For now, at least, he was safe.

"Alright, go and bring the selected warriors.

Don't waste any more of our time," the black envoy commanded, his voice cold and dismissive.

Rupert quickly bowed, masking his relief with a forced smile, and hurried away.

He could feel their eyes on his back as he left, but the weight of their judgment seemed to lift slightly now that the conversation was over.

At least for now, he had escaped further scrutiny.

His pace quickened, eager to leave the tense atmosphere behind him.

As Rupert disappeared from sight, the white envoy let out a sharp breath, shaking his head in disdain.

“The current Head of the Blood Shadow Force is a waste.

He couldn’t even manage a single incomplete mission.”

The black envoy’s eyes narrowed, but he waved a hand dismissively.

“Forget it.

The Tier-4 region isn’t an easy place.

People from this backwater region won’t survive the competition there.

It’s a matter of time before they’re wiped out.”

His voice was laced with quiet frustration, not just at Rupert but at the apparent apathy from their superiors.

If the incomplete mission had truly mattered, the targeted person would have been eliminated long ago.

It seemed the higher-ups didn’t view the matter with the same urgency, and that alone explained the survival of the target.

“Let’s leave it be.

The superiors must have their reasons,” the black envoy added, though he still found it hard to accept.

“Agreed,” the white envoy muttered, though his expression remained sour.

“Let’s go and rest.

There’s nothing more to deal with here.”

The White Envoy wants to take rest right now.

Without another word, the two envoys turned and walked away from the desolate spot, their flowing robes trailing behind them like shadows fading into the distance.

The matter of the incomplete mission, for now, was left hanging in the air, a forgotten task in the grander schemes of power.

Chapter 944: Envoys’ departure

Inner Post Region:

As time passed, the atmosphere in the inner post region began to shift.

The Tier-4 Forces’ envoys, who had been stationed here for one day, started to make their departures, each leaving with their newly recruited young warriors in tow.

It had been a critical period for these recruits, the start of a journey that would soon test their mettle and shape their futures.

The warriors recruited by the envoys would face their Trials soon, each within the respective organizations they had been chosen to join.

These Trials, however, were not uniform.

Each organization had its own unique method of testing and training recruits-some harsh, others brutal.

But all served the same purpose: to mold the warriors into formidable forces, worthy of standing among the elite.

Some envoys had more success than others in recruiting.

The big organizations-the ones with deep influence and vast resources-managed to attract more young warriors than most.

Institutions like the Academy, Parazam Hunter League, and the Federation have contributed over 100 promising recruits to the Tier-4 Forces.

For these warriors, their association with such prestigious names already put them on a path of power and prestige.

Their numbers were high, and their potential vast.

In stark contrast, the top-tier families and Bloodline Clans, known for their guarded traditions and selective recruitment, sent only a small number of their own warriors.

For them, it wasn't about numbers but about quality.

Each warrior sent by these clans carried a legacy, trained from birth to uphold the family's honor.

These warriors were already considered elite, and their talents often far surpassed the average recruit, even if their contributions were smaller in comparison.

Meanwhile, the Black and White Envoys from the infamous Dark Shadow University left just as quickly as they had arrived.

Their recruitment had been cold and dismissive, handpicking warriors they considered worthy while discarding others with an almost disdainful attitude.

To them, many of the recruits were mere fodder-trash in their eyes-unworthy of the dark arts the university specialized in.

Yet even their harsh selection had filled their ranks.

As the Dark Shadow University envoys vanished into the horizon, the other forces' envoys began to follow.

Carriages, airships, and other means of transport began to mobilize, carrying the warriors toward their new destinies.

One by one, the envoys departed, until only a few stragglers remained.

Among the last to linger were the envoys of Star University.

Unlike others, Star University had a reputation for taking their time, carefully considering every recruit and leaving no room for haste.

Their warriors would undergo trials that emphasized intellect and potential just as much as raw power.

They remained patient, watching as the region slowly emptied, knowing that the ones they had chosen would soon embark on a journey far more challenging than any they had known before.

And so, as the inner post region began to settle into quiet once more, it was clear that the next phase for these young warriors was about to begin.

The Trials would be unlike anything they had experienced, and only the strongest, smartest, and most cunning would emerge ready to face the real challenges that lay ahead.

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From MC's Perspective:

Federation HQ

The air in the Head's office was tense, but not with hostility-rather, it was charged with expectation.

Everyone had gathered for one reason, and the weight of that purpose was felt by all present.

Clinton, the Head of the Federation, sat calmly behind his imposing desk, his sharp eyes assessing the man standing before him.

Beside Clinton stood Sally,

her posture relaxed but her curiosity evident in her gaze.

They both listened intently, as Lowell, Zack's teacher, stood before them, maintaining a respectful composure.

Clinton leaned back slightly, his expression unreadable, though there was an undertone of interest in his voice when he finally spoke.

"So, you are the one who discovered Zack," he said, his voice measured.

"You're his teacher?"

Lowell nodded respectfully.

“Yes, my Lord.

I found him in a remote town in the outer post region.”

Clinton and Sally exchanged a brief glance, the same look of astonishment crossing their faces.

By now, they had thoroughly reviewed Zack’s background, piecing together his past, and the more they uncovered, the more intrigued they had become.

Before arriving at Federation HQ, Zack had been nothing more than a name to them-an unknown rising talent, whispered about in certain circles.

But since discovering the true nature of his abilities, specifically his rare mastery over three elements, their curiosity had deepened.

They had begun asking more questions, delving into the specifics of his origins.

What they learned left them both astonished.

Zack didn’t just come from some obscure town in the inner post-he hailed from the outer post, a region considered even more desolate and resource-deprived.

It was a place known for producing little more than struggling survivors, far from the bustling cities where young prodigies typically rose to prominence.

“To think,” Sally mused aloud, unable to hide her amazement, “Zack Lockwood walked out of the outer post region.

It’s practically barren.”

Clinton nodded, the revelation still fresh in his mind.

“It’s almost unheard of for someone with his level of talent to come from there.

And yet!”

Their expressions softened with a mixture of awe and excitement.

This discovery only solidified their belief in Zack’s potential.

The fact that he had climbed from such a disadvantaged region to gain the attention of Star University and the Federation itself was no small feat.

It also reaffirmed their decision to recommend Zack’s name to a certain powerful elder-an endorsement that could change the young warrior’s life forever.

Meanwhile, I stood quietly in the corner of the room, listening to their conversation.

My heart swelled with pride.

Everything had worked out better than I could have hoped.

Both Clinton and Sally seemed genuinely impressed with my story, and more importantly, they showed nothing but respect toward Teacher Lowell.

There was no arrogance in their demeanor, no condescension, and that, in turn, made me respect them more.

Behind Lowell, Jonathan stood awkwardly, his face betraying a mixture of excitement and nervousness.

He wasn't supposed to be here-this was a private meeting, after all-but the Head had allowed him to stay, recognizing the significance of the moment.

After all, this was more than just a simple farewell; it was a pivotal moment in Zack's journey, and everyone in the room could sense it.

Federation Head, for his part, could barely contain his happiness.

He had always known Zack had potential, but seeing the Federation take such interest, knowing that their relationship with Star University would only grow stronger because of Zack, filled him with pride.

This moment marked the beginning of something larger than any of them had anticipated.

As the conversation continued, he couldn't help but feel a surge of anticipation.

Zack's future was now intertwined with the Federation and Star University.

He was about to step into a world far more dangerous and challenging than anything he had faced before.

But with the backing of these powerful forces, and the belief that they had in him, there was no doubt in my mind that Zack would rise to meet whatever came next.

On the other hand, Jonathan stood frozen in a state of shock, still trying to fully process the rapid chain of events.

It hadn't been that long since Zack Lockwood had first arrived in the inner post region.

Jonathan had envisioned a much different path for Zack-one where the young warrior would spend several years honing his skills, slowly climbing the ranks to eventually become a Black Mark Warrior, one of the most respected positions in the region.

But the turmoil that had erupted in the region had changed everything.

The normally aloof and arrogant Tier-4 organizations, who once paid little attention to the inner post, were suddenly scrambling to recruit new talent.

The power vacuum, created by recent upheavals, forced them to look for fresh blood, even in areas they had previously ignored.

For years, they had dismissed the inner post as a backwater, but now they were desperate to replenish their forces.

This desperation had opened doors for warriors like Zack-doors that had been closed to him just weeks before.

Jonathan couldn't help but feel a swelling sense of pride as he thought about it.

Zack had risen above the chaos, catching the attention of not just any organization, but the Federation itself, a force that was known to be one of the most powerful and influential in the entire inner post region.

The fact that Zack had secured such a formidable backer filled Jonathan with a deep satisfaction.

He had always believed in Zack's potential, but even he hadn't imagined things would progress this quickly.

A slow smile spread across Jonathan's face as he considered what this meant for Zack's future.

With the Tier-4 University behind him, Zack's safety would no longer be a constant concern.

Jonathan had spent sleepless nights worrying about the dangers that lurked in every corner of the inner post, but those worries were beginning to fade.

The Tier-4 University was not only powerful, but it had influence that stretched far beyond the inner and outer posts.

Under their protection, Zack would have far fewer enemies willing to challenge him, and even fewer who would dare to attack.

Chapter 945: A huge space ship

From MC's Perspective:

As I listened intently to their conversation, a silent understanding passed between the two Envoys.

Their eyes met, confirming something unspoken.

"It's time," Clinton said, his voice grave.

The friendly tone had vanished, replaced by a solemn demeanor.

"You can come with us, Zack," Sally said, her voice carrying the authority of a University elder.

Their sudden shift in demeanor sent a jolt through me.

I turned to Teacher Lowell, Jonathan, and the Federation Head.

"Don't worry, kid.

I'll take care of your friends in the Outerpost region," Lowell assured me with a reassuring smile.

He knew what was troubling me.

As a Tier-4 region resident, I was concerned about the safety of my friends.

Any organization in the Inner Post region that dared to harm them would face severe consequences.

“Young Master Zack, we’ll be fine,” Jonathan added.

He had more to say but chose to remain silent.

This was not the time for idle chatter.

The Envoys were preparing to depart.

“If you need anything in the future, don’t hesitate to contact us,” the Federation Head said.

I nodded, my heart filled with a mix of excitement and apprehension.

I followed Clinton and Sally, unsure of their exact power ranks.

We exited the Headquarters Building through a secret passage.

As we walked, I couldn’t shake a growing sense of unease.

Despite my worries, I was also filled with anticipation.

A new world awaited me, promising adventure and growth.

Soon, we reached an open expanse devoid of buildings.

My gaze was drawn to a colossal black spaceship, surrounded by three hundred warriors.

I gasped, my breath caught in my throat.

The sight was awe-inspiring.

The warriors looked like tiny ants compared to the massive spaceship.

As we approached the spaceship, the three hundred Federation-clad warriors fell silent.

Their eyes were fixed on me, filled with envy and jealousy.

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It was as if they couldn't wait to tear me apart.

"Who is he?"

"How can he be walking with the Envoys?"

"His face looks familiar."

"I know him!

He's Zack Lockwood."

"He's Lord Lowell McClain's student, the Silver Mark Warrior."

Clinton and Sally could hear the murmurs echoing through the crowd.

“Hmph,” Clinton snorted, his voice a thunderclap that reverberated through the ranks of the three hundred warriors.

Their ears rang, and some winced in pain.

Fear etched their faces as they realized the true danger they faced.

We stepped forward and stood before the aircraft.

“Stay with us,” Sally instructed.

“Yes, Elder,” I replied.

The warriors heard our words and their hearts filled with envy once more.

But they were not foolish enough to provoke the Envoys.

Clinton’s gaze swept across the crowd, his eyes piercing through their hearts like sharp lights.

The three hundred warriors lowered their heads in fear, none daring to meet his gaze.

A sense of satisfaction washed over Clinton.

He wanted to teach these warriors a simple lesson, to dispel their foolish fantasies.

“Listen closely, everyone,” Clinton said in a chilling tone.

“The Tier-4 region is not a playground.

If you carry the same arrogance there, you'll be dust before you know it."

"So, before the Trial begins, I suggest you refrain from any unnecessary actions," he added.

The three hundred warriors nodded, their fear palpable.

They ranged from SSS-ELITE Rank to Black Mark Warriors, but not a single SS-ELITE Rank Warrior was among them.

My heart pounded with each word Clinton uttered.

I had no clue about his strength rank, but his voice was commanding and persuasive.

Watching the warriors' submissive behavior, I couldn't help but scoff internally.

Clinton stood tall, his sharp eyes surveying the warriors and crew members.

He let out a quiet breath, the unspoken urgency hanging heavy in the air.

"Enough time has been wasted," he said firmly, his voice cutting through the murmurs.

"Board the spaceship in an orderly manner."

The warriors began to move, their boots echoing against the metallic ground as they approached the massive spaceship.

It stood like a silent titan, its sleek exterior gleaming under the dim light.

Ancient symbols, faintly glowing, etched its dark hull, hinting at the powerful technology within.

As the last warriors boarded, Clinton turned to me.

His cool, assessing gaze met mine.

“Come with me.”

I nodded, feeling a mix of curiosity and apprehension.

Stepping into the spaceship, I was struck by the contrast between its sturdy exterior and spacious interior.

It felt like a small city tucked away in the stars, easily accommodating over 500 warriors.

“Is this...

some kind of space element involved?” I muttered, surprised by the ship’s otherworldly feel.

It seemed as if space itself had been bent and expanded to fit this grand design.

I noticed various rooms lining the walls, each marked with symbols indicating their purpose.

This was more than just accommodation.

Some rooms were clearly meant for training, equipped with advanced technology that hummed with energy.

I could almost feel the raw potential of the warriors who would train here.

As we continued deeper into the ship, the hum of machinery and faint chatter of the crew echoed around us.

This was more than just a transport vessel; it was a fortress in space, a floating base designed to keep its warriors ready for anything.

Clinton led me to a larger chamber, the walls adorned with glowing control panels and complex displays.

This was clearly a command center, where key decisions were made.

The air felt heavier, charged with purpose.

My footsteps echoed slightly as I followed Clinton inside, my mind racing to keep up with everything I was seeing.

The warriors silently boarded the ship, their movements swift and efficient.

In the blink of an eye, all three hundred warriors had settled into their places within the vessel.

10 minutes later,

Meanwhile, Sally, the ship's expert pilot, strode confidently toward the cockpit.

As she reached the controls, the ship seemed to come to life, vibrating softly beneath our feet.

The engines let out a low, resonant hum, signaling our imminent departure.

The space outside the viewports shimmered, the stars barely visible against the dark expanse.

Soon, this ship would break through the atmosphere, leaving the inner post region behind.

Whatever lay ahead was unknown, but the vastness of space, now within reach, held an intoxicating sense of possibility.

Clinton's voice broke through my thoughts.

"Stay close, Zack.

Things are about to move quickly."

I nodded, my gaze lingering on the ship's systems, my thoughts already racing ahead to the journey that awaited us.

Shortly afterwards,

Sally methodically activated the autopilot settings, her fingers gliding over the holographic controls with practiced ease.

The hum of the ship's engines intensified, signaling the ship was ready for its long journey through space.

With a soft sigh, she turned on her heel and exited the room, her boots making a dull thud on the metal floor as the doors hissed shut behind her.

As she emerged into the main deck, a sense of unease settled over me.

My brow furrowed instinctively.

I had expected the journey to feel instantaneous, like the teleportation we had used so many times before.

Instead, there was a palpable sense of time passing, the subtle vibrations of the ship suggesting movement through space.

Something was different.

Noticing the confusion etched across my face, Clinton, who had been leaning casually against a console, stepped forward.

His expression was calm, almost amused, as if he had seen this reaction countless times.

“We’re taking a specific route,” Clinton explained, his voice steady and reassuring.

“It’s a safe passage.

If we traveled through a regular route, we’d risk running into a space crack.”

“Space cracks?” I repeated, my voice faltering as a cold shiver ran down my spine.

I had heard of space cracks before-ruptures in the fabric of space-time that could tear ships apart without warning.

They were unpredictable, deadly, and often left no trace of their victims.

The very thought of encountering one made my stomach churn, yet Clinton spoke of them with casual indifference.

“Yeah,” he said with a shrug, “but don’t worry.

This path avoids them.

We'll be fine."

I nodded, though the uneasy feeling didn't leave me.

Sally glanced at me and instantly noticed the fear etched on my face, my attempt to mask it failing miserably.

Her gaze softened, and she stepped closer, her voice low and soothing as she tried to put me at ease.

"Don't worry, Zack," she said, her tone confident but gentle.

"This safe passage isn't something just anyone knows about.

It's only accessible to those connected with Star University.

No one else can even chart a course through it."

Her words were meant to reassure, and I nodded as though I believed them.

But despite the logic behind what she said, a lingering fear continued to gnaw at me, deep in my chest.

The vastness of space and the unpredictable dangers lurking within it weren't easily brushed aside.

No matter how "safe" this passage was supposed to be, the idea of hurtling through the black void was enough to keep my heart racing.

Clinton, sensing the tension, broke the silence with a calm, authoritative nod.

"Alright," he said, "you can head to your room now.

Get some rest before we get any deeper into the route.

We've got some time."

I met their gazes and forced a weak smile, trying to mask the apprehension still gnawing at me.

"Okay," I muttered, my voice barely audible.

Chapter 946: Adapting to the new environment

From MC's Perspective:

A few hours later,

The black spaceship slowed as it approaches its destination, its powerful engines humming a steady, almost ominous tune.

A sudden call from Clinton echoed through the comms, pulling me out of my thoughts.

I stepped out of my quarters and into the corridor, feeling a strange sensation the moment I crossed the threshold.

My senses sharpened as I stepped further out, and I couldn't help but notice subtle changes in the atmosphere.

Something was different here.

"You ready?" Clinton's voice broke through the silence, pulling my attention to him.

“Yes, Elder,” I responded, steadying my voice, though I could feel a rush of anticipation building inside me.

Clinton’s eyes gleamed with anticipation of his own.

He couldn’t wait to witness the reactions of the warriors.

None of us had ever been to this region before, and the energy here this world energy was on another level entirely.

Unlike the inner post region, this Tier- region’s energy was of a much higher, purer quality.

“The world energy here is exceptional,” Clinton began, his voice deep and commanding.

“I’ll ask everyone to step outside the ship and take their places in the open field ahead.

It’s important for you all to absorb the benefits this environment offers.”

My pulse quickened, the truth of my suspicions hitting me.

I had sensed it the moment we arrived.

This world energy was on par with the experience I had when I first traveled from the outer post region to the inner post.

The energy here was thick, almost alive with potential.

I remembered how that shift in energy had brought me to the brink of a breakthrough.

Could this place offer me something even greater?

Shortly afterward, the ship's door hissed open, revealing a vast open landscape beyond.

One by one, the warriors began stepping out, their faces a mixture of curiosity and awe.

I followed them out, and as soon as my feet touched the ground, the air itself seemed to press down on me.

The world energy here was so dense, it felt like it was squeezing my chest, constricting my lungs.

I struggled to catch my breath for a moment, my body straining under the weight of the energy.

I glanced around and noticed I wasn't the only one.

The expressions on the faces of the other warriors mirrored mine struggling to adjust to the intensity of the environment.

Some looked on the verge of collapse, while others, like me, were determined to push through.

As I fought to steady myself, I saw Clinton and Sally step out of the ship.

Their presence immediately drew everyone's attention.

They stood tall, their eyes sweeping over the gathered warriors, assessing us.

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"The world energy here is indeed dense and pure," Sally said, her voice calm but firm.

“Find your spot in the field and sit.

Begin to slowly adjust your essence.

There’s no rush.”

Her words struck like an order, and all 300 of us quickly moved to obey.

I watched as warriors hurried to find a place in the sprawling open field.

Without hesitation, I made my way to a far corner, away from the clusters of others.

There, I found a quiet spot and sat down, my body sinking into the earth.

The energy swirled around me, thick and potent, and I closed my eyes, letting it flow into me.

Now, it was time to see what this place had to offer.

I closed my eyes and began to circulate the lightning scripture, feeling the familiar pulse of energy build within me.

Deep in my consciousness, the lightning rune flickered to life, glowing with a faint, electric hum.

Its presence was always a source of power, but what happened next took me completely by surprise.

In an instant, I felt the surrounding lightning energy respond fast, almost violently so.

It was as if the energy was waiting for me, eager to be absorbed.

My eyes would have snapped open in shock had I not already been so deep in concentration.

Normally, it took several minutes for me to connect with and draw in elemental energy.

But here, it rushed toward me like a storm, too quick for me to fully comprehend.

The sheer richness of the lightning energy was astonishing, almost overwhelming.

Not only was it more potent than anything I had encountered before, but it also carried a sense of raw power and danger.

I could feel its destructive potential vibrating in the air around me, ready to unleash chaos at the slightest provocation.

The realization sent a shiver down my spine if lightning energy here could be harnessed, it could also be catastrophic if mishandled.

The energy didn't wait for me to adjust.

It surged into my body, filling my veins in an instant.

The sensation was unlike anything I had experienced before crackling, electric power raced through me, making my muscles tense and my heart pound.

Every inch of my body felt charged, alive with thunderous energy.

But with that power came pain.

The lightning surged so quickly, it felt as though my veins were straining under the pressure, as if they might tear apart at any moment.

Cold sweat broke out on my skin.

Panic flashed through me.

If I absorb this energy too quickly, it could destroy me from the inside out, I realized.

The very power I sought could turn against me, ripping my veins apart like fragile threads if I wasn't careful.

I forced myself to slow down, to breathe through the storm raging inside me.

Steady control it, I told myself.

I knew I had to absorb the lightning energy gradually, to let it flow smoothly rather than forcing it.

Yet, even as I tried to regulate it, the lightning rune in my consciousness acted like a magnet, pulling more and more of the energy toward me, far beyond what I had anticipated.

No matter how slowly I tried to absorb it, the energy poured into me in torrents, the rune drawing in vast amounts of lightning like a bottomless pit.

It was too much too fast.

My heart raced as I realized I had underestimated the rune's power here.

This wasn't like my usual training sessions.

The density of the world energy in this region was amplifying everything, pushing my limits to their breaking point.

Caught off guard, I struggled to regain control.

The energy inside me crackled with intensity, a living storm that threatened to consume me.

But I couldn't afford to let it.

I need to master this, I reminded myself.

I need to survive this.

With every ounce of willpower, I focused on guiding the energy, channeling it into my dantian, slowly but steadily.

The danger was real, but so was the opportunity.

If I could withstand this, it would be a breakthrough like no other.

As I began to channel the potent lightning energies using the lightning method, something remarkable started to happen.

The energy, now coursing through me in a more controlled flow, wasn't just entering my body it was transforming it.

At first, the changes were subtle, a tingling sensation deep in my cells.

But soon, that sensation intensified.

I could feel my very cells humming with power, each one vibrating with the crackling force of the lightning energy.

It wasn't just surface level.

The energy was sinking deep, saturating every fiber of my being.

My organs were the next to respond.

I could feel them absorbing the energy, each pulse of lightning making them stronger, more resilient.

My heart, which had been pounding from the intensity of the energy, now beat with a steady, thunderous rhythm, each thump more powerful than the last.

My lungs expanded with greater ease, drawing in oxygen like never before.

Every breath I took seemed to fill me with more life, more strength.

But the most dramatic changes were happening to my bones and flesh.

My muscles, stretched to their limits from the surge of energy, began to feel denser, each fiber hardening as the lightning power fortified them.

My skin prickled as if alive with electricity, but beneath the surface, I could feel my bones becoming tougher, more durable.

It was as if the very structure of my skeleton was being rewoven by the energy, turning brittle bone into something akin to tempered steel.

My meridians, the pathways that carried energy throughout my body, were also changing.

Usually delicate, they were now being fortified, widening and toughening to withstand the fierce lightning energy flowing through them.

My veins felt more resilient, less prone to the strain I had feared earlier.

With each passing second, I could feel them adapting, becoming conduits strong enough to handle even more powerful currents of lightning energy.

Despite the overwhelming sensations, I kept my focus, continuing to channel the energy according to the lightning method.

I could sense that I was on the verge of something monumental.

Every inch of my body was being tempered, forged by the lightning coursing through me.

It wasn't just a power boost; this was a transformation, one that would permanently strengthen me.

Minutes passed, but I pushed on, guiding the energy through every corner of my body.

My mind was clear, sharp, and despite the immense power flowing through me, I remained calm, riding the storm instead of being consumed by it.

Eventually, the intensity began to subside, and I sensed that the transformation was nearing completion.

The once-wild torrent of lightning energy now flowed smoothly through me, no longer chaotic but fully under my control.

The strengthening process came to an end, leaving me sitting there in the field, my body humming with newfound power.

I opened my eyes, feeling the weight of the transformation settle into me.

My entire body felt...

different.

Stronger.

Tougher.

More alive.

Chapter 947: Part 1: Star University

From MC's Perspective:

As the Essence Transformation drew to a close, I felt a surge of power ripple through my body.

The process had been intense, but now, with it complete, I turned my focus to the Blood Element Method.

With each breath, I guided the blood energies into my veins, feeling them flow like a river of molten heat.

As the energy circulated, I continued running the method, carefully manipulating it through the intricate channels of my body.

A strange sensation settled into my bones, an undeniable sign that they were becoming stronger.

It wasn't just a physical change; something far more profound was happening.

Small runes began to etch themselves onto my crimson skeleton, one by one, as if being inscribed by some ancient force.

The runes pulsed with an eerie rhythm, each pulse sending a wave of energy through my body.

It was as though they were in tune with my very heartbeat, but the sensation was unsettling, like a constant thrum of danger just beneath the surface.

I could feel that the threshold of a breakthrough was close.

Every cell in my body hummed with energy.

If I continued this intense practice for just a few more days, I might finally break through to the SSS-Elite Rank.

The power of my blood cultivation was nearing its peak, but my lightning essence cultivation wasn't far behind.

It was almost as if the two elements were racing each other, pushing me toward evolution.

While I was absorbed in my practice, I could faintly hear Clinton and Sally discussing the other warriors.

They were keeping a close watch on everyone, monitoring how the warriors were adapting to the intense environment.

I opened my eyes briefly to take in the scene.

Most of them were struggling but enduring.

Some, the quicker ones, had managed to adjust without incident.

But others were not so fortunate.

A few had misjudged the process and now coughed up blood, their faces pale with the strain.

Clinton's face tightened with displeasure as he observed the weaker ones.

His sharp eyes scanned the group before he shook his head, his tone grim.

"I don't know if these warriors have the potential to become the next generation of strongmen," he said.

His voice held a mix of frustration and resolve.

The weight of their world's danger was on his shoulders.

He knew the Top Powerhouses of the Tier-4 Region were watching closely, and it was their responsibility to keep producing stronger warriors.

This time, however, they were forced to select warriors from the inner post region, far from the elite ranks of their regions.

Clinton understood that this would be a monumental challenge, not only for the warriors but for the future of their world.

Beside him, Sally sighed, worry etched across her face.

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Her concerns mirrored Clinton's, though her eyes held a deeper fear for the future.

But as her gaze shifted across the group, her eyes caught on me, and something changed.

Suddenly, her expression lit up with surprise.

“Zack...” she whispered to herself, clearly intrigued by what she saw.

She tried to inspect him more closely, and she was probing him.

Her eyes narrowed as they fell on the purple lightning essence within him.

It was dense and strong, the kind of essence that was far beyond the ordinary.

She could see its distinct color a dark purple, the characteristic of the rarest and most powerful lightning essence found in this region.

But what really caught her attention was my blood-red skeleton, now glowing with a deeper shade, as more ancient runes etched themselves across it.

The Blood Element Method he was cultivating was not a common one.

It had roots in something far older and more mysterious than the techniques most people knew.

Clinton noticed Sally’s gaze lingering on me and followed her line of sight.

When his eyes landed on me, he raised his eyebrows in surprise.

His typically stoic expression softened for a moment, replaced with a look of acknowledgment.

“Do you think they’ll let him accept the inheritance?” Clinton asked quietly, his tone suddenly more serious.

Sally’s eyes widened in shock.

She knew Clinton had high hopes for Zack, but the idea of me receiving the inheritance was startling.

Inheritance wasn’t something handed out to just any genius; it was reserved for the absolute cream of the crop.

The most talented among the talented.

“I’m optimistic about his future as well,” Sally replied, regaining her composure.

“But don’t you think that’s too far off for him?”

He still has a long way to go before he even reaches the Black Mark Warrior Rank.”

Clinton’s lips curled into a knowing smile, one that suggested he saw something beyond what others could see.

“Our university is not lacking in resources, Sally.” His voice was filled with quiet confidence.

“If he becomes a personal disciple of one of the elders, he’ll have everything he needs to grow.

With that kind of support, it’ll only be a matter of time before he touches the Black Mark Warrior Rank.”

Clinton’s gaze flickered briefly, as if thinking of what might come after.

“But reaching Black Mark is only the beginning.

The real difficulties await him after that,” he said cryptically.

Sally didn’t respond immediately, her eyes drifting back to Zack.

Whatever Clinton saw, she couldn’t deny that my progress was unlike the others.

But inheritance or not, the path ahead would be filled with trials, and she wasn’t sure what awaited him at the end of it.

Meanwhile,

For now, I focused on my cultivation, knowing that each day brought me closer to a power I was only beginning to understand.

About two hours later, the final pulses of transformation subsided.

My body, along with the other 300 warriors, had undergone a fundamental change.

I could feel it in my bones, muscles, and even my blood the essence that had entered me was now a part of my very being.

As we rose to our feet, there was a collective sense of both relief and newfound power, though the intensity of the process still lingered in the air.

Each warrior’s expression reflected a different story: some appeared invigorated, while others looked like they had barely survived.

We moved in unison, making our way back to the space ship that had brought us here.

Its sleek, metallic hull gleamed under the soft artificiality of the training area, reflecting the energy from the surroundings.

As the last of us boarded, the ship's doors slid shut with a quiet hiss.

Swoosh!

The faint hum of the engines soon became a steady, powerful roar as the ship lifted off the ground and soared into the sky.

Through the large windows, I could see the vast landscape below shrink rapidly as we ascended into the air.

The green terrain was quickly replaced by an expanse of stars and clouds, but my mind was elsewhere processing the changes that had just occurred inside me.

The runes, the lightning, the blood energy, all of it felt more intense, more alive, like a reservoir of power waiting to be unleashed.

One hour later, we entered the airspace of Star University, and the view from the ship took my breath away.

The university was unlike anything I had ever seen.

It stretched across a massive expanse of land, covering thousands of miles.

Towering sky-rise buildings dotted the landscape, each a marvel of architecture, their sleek, futuristic designs gleaming in the sunlight.

Between the buildings, I spotted vast gardens filled with lush greenery, trees, and vibrant flowers that seemed to glow with an ethereal light.

The beauty was almost overwhelming, and it contrasted sharply with the harsh, grueling training we had just endured.

Scattered throughout the university were numerous lakes, their waters crystal-clear, reflecting the sky like enormous mirrors.

The serene beauty of these lakes was a stark contrast to the power coursing through my veins.

It felt strange to be in a place so tranquil after what we had just experienced.

There was a sacred aura that seemed to hang over the entire campus, almost as if the air itself was imbued with the accumulated wisdom and power of generations of

warriors.

The aura wasn't just something you felt, it was something you breathed in, a calming force that reminded you that this was no ordinary place.

Star University was a bastion of knowledge and strength, a place where only the most talented and determined could thrive.

From the outside, the university looked peaceful, almost idyllic, but I knew that beneath this calm exterior lay a place of incredible challenge and competition.

Those who lived here were not just students, they were warriors, and geniuses, all vying for power, status, and survival.

This was a place where strength was not just encouraged, it was demanded.

As the ship slowly descended, I felt a mixture of excitement and unease.

Star University was beautiful, yes, but it was also a place where only the strongest would rise to the top.

There would be no room for weakness here.

Chapter 948: Part 2: Star University

From MC's Perspective:

The spaceship descended slowly, a massive shadow stretching across the ground as it approached the Main Gate.

The hum of its engines faded, and with a faint hiss, the door opened.

From the darkened interior, warriors began emerging one by one, their gleaming armor reflecting the cold light of the distant stars.

Each of them moved with silent precision, their faces stern and unreadable.

Three hundred warriors.

Each step they took resonated with purpose, their boots echoing against the stone courtyard.

I stood at the ramp's edge, taking in the sight, feeling the weight of the moment pressing on my chest.

To my right, Clinton and Sally moved ahead without a word.

As I descended the ramp, I could feel all eyes on me curious, evaluating, perhaps even suspicious.

I knew what they were thinking.

I was different, someone not yet defined but clearly significant.

I ignored their stares, keeping my gaze fixed ahead as I followed the two elders.

Clinton, walking with an unhurried but commanding pace, spoke without turning.

“Everyone, follow me.”

At his words, the warriors fell in line behind us, their movements synchronized like a well-drilled unit.

We approached the towering Main Gate, an ancient structure of black stone etched with glowing runes, and with a deep rumble, it opened as if welcoming us in.

My pulse quickened as the gates parted, revealing the vast expanse of Star University for the first time.

I inhaled sharply.

The place was unlike anything I had ever seen.

Massive buildings loomed in the distance, their peaks lost in the clouds, seemingly built by giants.

Their sheer size made me feel insignificant.

Some structures were sleek, made of shimmering materials I couldn't identify, while others appeared to be ancient, carved from colossal slabs of stone that radiated an aura of power and intimidation.

“Damn...

what kind of place is this?” I whispered under my breath, my heartbeat quickening as the enormity of it all began to settle in.

The 300 warriors behind me were no less awestruck, their gazes darting around, trying to take it all in.

But the place had a way of silencing even the boldest among us.

The oppressive grandeur demanded quiet reverence, and none dared speak.

After what felt like an eternity of walking, we arrived at the central square.

In its middle stood a towering vertical arch, intricately designed with symbols and shimmering with energy.

From it, three distinct paths stretched into the unknown one to the left, another to the right, and a third straight ahead, leading deeper into the heart of the campus.

I expected we would continue forward, but suddenly, Clinton and Sally stopped and turned to face us.

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Clinton's gaze swept over the crowd, his eyes sharp as he took in each of the warriors standing before him.

He smiled, but it was the kind of smile that carried weight, a smile that came before something important was said.

"Now that you are all here," Clinton began, his voice steady, "let me explain some basic things about the campus."

I could feel the tension rising in the air as everyone leaned in slightly, eager for information.

Clinton's words were like a key unlocking a door to this mysterious place.

"First of all, Star University is located in the heart of the Star Area, one of the most prominent regions in the Tier-4 zone.

The Star Area spans thousands of miles.

Apart from the university's grounds, there are numerous cities large and small spread across this region."

A murmur rippled through the crowd, a collective intake of breath.

I had expected something grand, but not this.

A single university overseeing entire cities?

The scale of it was mind-boggling.

If Star University controlled so much, what else existed in this Tier-4 region?

Clinton continued, his voice growing more serious.

"You will have the opportunity to explore these cities, but only if you survive the Trials."

Gasps filled the air.

Even I couldn't suppress the jolt of shock that ran through me.

Of course, there would be something standing between us and freedom.

But to hear it confirmed sent a ripple of unease through the ranks.

My mind raced with possibilities.

If this university held sway over so many cities, then surely other universities did the same.

Was this Tier-4 region truly so vast that it dwarfed everything I had known?

I shook my head slightly, trying to calm the storm of thoughts.

Assumptions wouldn't help me now.

I needed to see everything for myself.

Clinton's voice broke through my thoughts.

"Now, let's focus on what's immediately in front of us at the University."

Everyone's attention snapped back to him.

We hung on his every word.

"Our University is divided into several Halls," Clinton explained, his tone authoritative.

"First, we have the Outer Hall for those below the Black Mark Rank.

Next is the Inner Hall for Black Mark Warriors, then the Core Hall for Silver Mark Warriors, and finally, the Legacy Hall, reserved for Gold Mark Warriors."

He paused, letting the information sink in.

“Above them all are the Legacy Elders and the Dean.

But don’t concern yourselves with that for now.

Your priority should be passing the Trials.”

At the mention of the Trials again, a wave of gasps surged through the crowd.

This time, it was louder, more frantic.

I could sense the fear and anticipation tightening like a noose around us.

I could only imagine what these Trials would entail, but one thing was clear: failure was not an option.

Before the murmur of the crowd could grow any louder, Clinton’s voice rang out like a clap of thunder.

“Silence,” he commanded, his tone carrying an unshakable authority that reverberated in the air.

The effect was immediate.

The growing noise evaporated, leaving an eerie stillness that made the hair on my neck stand up.

I stood there, frozen, my mind racing to process the avalanche of revelations.

Silver Mark Warriors, who I had always believed were the backbone of any major organization, were merely students here.

Students of the Core Hall.

And that wasn't even the most shocking part.

Above them, there existed the Legacy Hall, where Gold Mark Warriors resided.

Gold Mark Warriors, who were considered the leaders of entire regions in the inner post, were reduced to the status of students here.

I couldn't wrap my head around it.

This place is too powerful.

My heart raced as I whispered to myself, "Damn, any one of these warriors could wipe out the inner post region without breaking a sweat."

I struggled to keep my composure, my thoughts a whirlwind of fear and awe.

If Gold Mark Warriors are just students, what kind of monsters are the Legacy Elders?

Or the Dean?

I could only imagine the kind of strength required to hold a position like that.

They must be warriors of unimaginable power, far beyond anything I had ever encountered or even dreamed of.

My gaze flickered to Clinton and Sally, standing calmly before us, the weight of their presence suddenly much heavier.

A chill ran down my spine.

Could they be Legacy Elders?

The thought struck me hard.

They had been leading us, speaking with a level of authority and knowledge that was undeniable.

If they were even a fraction as powerful as the warriors in the Legacy Hall, I was standing before giants.

I swallowed hard, my throat dry, as the enormity of my situation began to sink in.

This wasn't just another training ground, and these weren't just warriors.

This was a realm of titans, and I was a mere ant, standing at the edge of an ocean whose depths I couldn't yet fathom.

Clinton gave us a few moments to absorb the magnitude of what we had just learned.

The silence that followed his command was filled with tension, as everyone stood in quiet contemplation, trying to come to terms with the daunting reality of Star University.

I could feel the weight of the information pressing down on me, the hierarchy, the Trials, the halls filled with warriors of unimaginable power.

It was almost too much to take in.

During that brief pause, both Clinton and Sally stood patiently, their eyes scanning the horizon as if they were waiting for something, or someone.

The atmosphere felt charged, like the calm before a storm, and I found myself on edge, wondering what would happen next.

Suddenly, from a side path, a figure emerged.

The ground seemed to tremble slightly under his heavy footsteps.

He was a massive man, easily towering over the rest of us, with a muscular build that made him look like a walking mountain.

His skin gleamed in the light, and his presence alone was enough to command attention.

Yet, as soon as he spotted Clinton and Sally, his demeanor shifted.

With a fluidity that belied his massive size, the man bowed deeply.

His voice, though deep and powerful, carried a tone of reverence.

“Elder Clinton.

Elder Sally,” he greeted, his respect clear in every syllable.

Clinton nodded, his face impassive.

“Good,” he said, his voice returning to that cool, authoritative tone.

“These are the new recruits.

Take them to the trial grounds.”

The giant straightened and gave a slight nod, his eyes scanning the gathered warriors as if already evaluating us.

I felt a prickling sense of anticipation as he prepared to take us to the next phase of our journey.

Chapter 949: Part 1: Meeting Dean

From MC's Perspective:

The 300 warriors stood in a tense formation, awaiting the signal to begin their journey toward the Trial.

Their faces were a mix of determination and anxiety, each one knowing what was at stake.

Among them, I felt the weight of anticipation heavier than most.

“Zack, you come with me,” Elder Clinton’s voice cut through the tension like a knife, echoing across the training grounds.

His words startled everyone, especially Vernon, the towering, battle-hardened warrior standing nearby.

His eyes widened in surprise as he turned to assess me, curiosity etched across his face.

Vernon, massive and formidable, furrowed his brow.

He tried to probe my strength, but his gaze faltered when it collided with the protective magic of the silver ring on my finger, obscuring his ability to see through my aura.

“Who is this young man?” he muttered under his breath, frustration evident.

To be singled out by Elder Clinton was no small matter.

“Yes, Elder,” I responded quickly, keeping my voice calm despite the growing tension.

Without hesitation, I stepped forward, closing the distance between us.

Clinton, unflappable as ever, turned to Vernon.

“Vernon, take the others to the Trial.

I’ll be taking Zack to meet the higher-ups,” he said, his tone leaving no room for questions.

Vernon, though still intrigued, nodded obediently.

He glanced at me one last time, his eyes burning with curiosity.

He wanted to know who I was and why I was chosen, but duty called, and there was no time for speculation.

“Understood, Elder,” he said, his voice firm.

He turned back to the group, masking his thoughts behind a stoic expression.

The 300 warriors murmured amongst themselves, casting envious glances my way.

Their eyes flickered with a mix of awe and jealousy, knowing that being handpicked by Elder Clinton was a sign of something significant.

They whispered in hushed tones, knowing that Zack Lockwood, the seemingly unknown figure among them, was destined to rise above the rest.

But the Trial awaited them all, and now, their focus had to shift back to survival.

Vernon, sensing the unease, addressed the warriors.

“I don’t know who the young man is, but it’s clear he’s special.

Still, your priority should be the Trial.

Fail, and you’ll return to the inner post, stripped of rank.

Succeed, and you might carve your own path.” His voice carried a heavy weight, reminding them that the only way forward was to prove themselves.

With that, he let out a sigh, turning to lead the group to their fate.

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Meanwhile, my own journey was about to take a drastic turn.

Elder Clinton placed a firm hand on my shoulder, and before I could register what was happening, the world around me shifted violently.

Everything blurred, colors and shapes swirling in a disorienting whirlwind.

Swoosh!

Sally, the ever-watchful observer, trailed closely behind us.

Her eyes glinted with the same curiosity Vernon had shown.

It wasn't every day that someone like him was chosen by the Academy's upper echelon, and she was eager to see who would take him as their disciple.

She knew that once word spread about this moment, it would ripple through the Academy like a shockwave.

A few seconds later, the blur subsided, and the world snapped back into focus.

I found myself standing in the center of an enormous hall, its towering ceilings and expansive walls stretching out in all directions.

The stone floors beneath me gleamed in the soft glow of enchanted lights, giving the place an eerie, mystical quality.

I instinctively swept my gaze around the room, expecting to see some of the Academy's most powerful figures.

Yet, to my surprise, the hall was empty completely devoid of life.

Not a soul in sight.

Elder Clinton and Sally stood beside me, their expressions unreadable.

The silence was thick, almost oppressive.

Why had we been brought here?

What was the significance of this vast, empty hall?

And who were we waiting for?

The anticipation gnawed at me, but I kept my composure.

Something big was about to happen, and I could feel the weight of it pressing down on me.

Just as I was lost in thought, trying to make sense of the vast emptiness of the hall, Clinton's voice cut through the silence, startling me.

"Dean, we've brought a special seed from the inner post region," he announced, his tone formal yet confident.

"A warrior of triple element: Lightning, Blood, and Healing.

He's less than 20 years old."

My breath caught in my throat.

He was talking about me.

I quickly turned toward Clinton, confusion swirling in my mind.

But what really threw me off was that he wasn't speaking to me or Sally he was addressing the empty main throne at the far end of the hall.

A sense of unease washed over me as I tried to process what was happening.

Sally, standing beside me, wore an expression far different from her usual composed demeanor.

Her face was solemn, her posture respectful, as if she were in the presence of someone or something far greater than I could understand.

“What is happening right now?” I asked myself, my heart pounding.

The air felt heavy with anticipation, like the calm before a storm.

Then, without warning-

Boom!

A brilliant white light erupted from the main throne, bathing the hall in a blinding glow.

My eyes instinctively squinted against the sudden flash, and my pulse raced as a deep, resonant voice echoed from within the light.

“A special seed,” the voice rumbled, each word vibrating through the room with an authority that sent shivers down my spine.

“It’s not rare for us to encounter a special seed.”

The voice was so powerful, so commanding, that I could feel it in my bones.

It was as though the very hall trembled in response.

My heart skipped a beat, and I felt a surge of fear so intense that I nearly lost control of myself.

For a brief, terrifying moment, I thought I might actually faint.

But then, through the haze of panic, I glanced over at Clinton and Sally.

To my surprise, neither of them seemed fazed.

Clinton stood tall, his expression steady and unshaken, while Sally maintained her serious demeanor.

They had expected this.

The realization hit me hard: whatever or whoever that voice belonged to, it was something they knew well.

I, on the other hand, was entirely out of my depth.

“Dean, we recruited him from the inner post region,” Clinton continued, his voice unwavering.

“But this young kid was originally born in the outer post region.

It was only later that someone from the inner post region took him under their wing.”.

The white light surrounding the throne pulsed again, as if in contemplation.

I could feel the weight of the Dean’s attention shift toward me, as though I were being scrutinized by something far greater than myself.

It was an unsettling feeling, like having your soul laid bare under an intense, all-seeing gaze.

I stood there, frozen, trying to steady my breathing.

Whatever was about to happen, I knew it would change my life forever.

“What, he’s born in that forgotten area?” a voice, thick with surprise, echoed through the vast hall.

It was the same deep voice that had spoken from the throne, but now it carried a sharper tone of curiosity and disbelief.

Suddenly, before I could fully grasp what was happening, a spectral figure materialized in the main throne.

It was the phantom of an old man, perhaps in his sixties, his form slightly translucent but exuding an aura of immense power.

His long silver hair cascaded over a robe adorned with arcane symbols, and his eyes sharp and piercing radiated wisdom beyond centuries.

...

The moment his gaze landed on me, I felt a cold rush sweep through my body, like I was standing naked before a fierce storm.

There was no hiding, no shielding.

Everything about me—my strengths, my weaknesses, my very essence was laid bare under his eyes.

I could feel his gaze probing deep into my soul, unearthing the secrets I had barely begun to understand myself.

In an instant, the old man saw through everything: the raging purple lightning element that crackled within him, the mysterious blood element pulsing with raw, ancient power, and the soothing, regenerative healing element that hummed quietly beneath it all.

Each of these elements was incredibly rare on its own, but for them to coexist in a single person it was unheard of.

I could feel his scrutiny intensify as he continued to probe deeper, verifying every detail with the precision of a master examiner.

His eyes flickered with a strange light as he assessed the interplay of my elements, his expression unreadable yet focused.

Then, finally, a glimmer of approval crossed his face.

“Good,” the old man uttered, his voice softer now but filled with satisfaction.

The weight of that single word struck me like a lightning bolt, as if the entire world had shifted beneath my feet.

But that wasn’t the end of it.

His eyes narrowed, and I could feel him extending his focus further past my elements, deep into my bones.

I stiffened, unsure of what he was doing, but then I realized he was checking my bone age.

“Less than 20 years old,” he muttered under his breath, almost as if he couldn’t quite believe what he was seeing.

The revelation clearly shocked him, even though he had undoubtedly encountered countless prodigies in his lifetime.

The young man’s bone age, combined with the sheer power of my three elements, was something beyond rare it bordered on the impossible.

Chapter 950: Part 2: Meeting Dean

From MC's Perspective:

The old man dean, after a moment of contemplation, spoke up, his voice deep and decisive.

"You, kid, qualify to be a special seed.

I don't have any issue with that.

You can find any interested elder to take you on as a disciple."

His words hung in the air like a lightning strike.

Clinton and Sally exchanged quick glances, their eyes lighting up with excitement.

I could see it written all over their faces this was a big deal.

Being labeled as a "special seed" wasn't something handed out lightly.

It was a path that led to immense potential, but also immense responsibility.

"Boy, listen carefully," the dean continued, his gaze sharp and unwavering.

"You'll have a strong backer, but don't think that means you're exempt from competition.

The elders won't interfere in battles between students."

His words hit like a warning bell, and I straightened my posture, feeling the weight of his gaze.

“So you’ll have to be smart,” he added, his tone carrying the authority of someone who had seen countless students rise and fall.

“I will be careful, Dean,” I responded, my voice steady, but beneath the surface, the gravity of the situation was starting to sink in.

I couldn’t afford to slip up.

Not now, not ever.

The dean’s eyes softened just a fraction, a rare sign of approval.

“Then, good luck,” he said simply, before disappearing into the air like he had never been there, leaving nothing but silence in his wake.

Clinton and Sally turned to each other, their expressions triumphant.

I could tell they were already several steps ahead, planning what was next.

“Let’s go.

We’ve got approval from the dean.

We can start looking for the elders,” Sally said, her voice brimming with determination.

Clinton nodded, already thinking ahead.

“Alright, I have someone in mind.

Let’s meet him first.”

I glanced between the two of them, sensing something unspoken.

There was a knowing smile on Sally's face, and I realized they were already moving within the lines of their faction.

I was about to be introduced to their world whether I was ready for it or not.

They belonged to a faction, and it was clear that their first stop would be the elders from their own ranks.

Whether that was a good or bad thing for me, I had yet to figure out.

The undercurrents of this academy ran deeper than I had thought, and I was wading right into them.

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As we stepped out of the building, the air felt different charged, like the calm before a storm.

My mind raced with possibilities.

What were Clinton and Sally planning for me?

Who were the elders they were going to introduce me to?

Would I be caught in their faction's power plays?

I had to be cautious, but for now, I would follow their lead and see where this road took me.

Meanwhile, back in the hall, the dean's image flickered back onto the throne, a faint smile tugging at his weathered face.

"There seem to be quite a few special seeds lately.

Let's see if any of them survive long enough to claim an inheritance," he mused to himself, his voice heavy with the weight of years and unseen trials.

And then, with a soft swoosh, the image vanished once more, leaving only shadows behind.

As we walked, I noticed that Elder Clinton was leading me toward an unfamiliar part of the academy.

The surroundings shifted gradually, the buildings growing more numerous and clustered, resembling a small, isolated campus.

The atmosphere here felt different, quieter, more focused, as if this area was reserved for something important.

Clinton's pace slowed slightly, and I caught a flicker of something in his eyes like he had made a decision.

"Zack, do you know the levels of cultivation within our ranks?" he asked, his tone casual, but the weight of his question hung in the air.

I was momentarily stunned.

I had some knowledge, bits and pieces gleaned from my teacher back home, but nothing as in-depth as what Clinton seemed to be hinting at.

Clinton didn't wait for him to respond, his voice taking on a more serious tone.

"In order to become a Black Mark Warrior, a warrior must first accept an inheritance.

There are various kinds of inheritance, some tied to elements, others to bloodlines or the lifetime experiences of certain supreme warriors.”

His words pulled at fragments of memories from past lessons, but now, with the context of this academy, it felt more real.

More immediate.

“Once the inheritance is accepted, the warrior enters Inheritance Stage 1, becoming a Black Mark Warrior.

If they manage to reach the Silver Mark Rank, they enter Inheritance Stage 2.” Clinton paused, giving me time to absorb the information.

I nodded, feeling a flicker of anticipation.

This was important.

The levels of power in this academy and the world beyond ran far deeper than I’d realized.

“Gold Mark Warriors are in Inheritance Stage 3,” he continued.

“Above that are Purple Mark Warriors-Inheritance Stage 4.

Our Legacy Elders are all Purple Mark Warriors.

Then, there’s Inheritance Stage 5: Red Mark Warriors.

These are extremely rare, even in the inner post region.

Our dean,” Clinton added, his voice dropping slightly, “is a Red Mark Warrior.”

The weight of that revelation settled heavily on my shoulders.

The dean’s power was far beyond anything I had encountered.

And yet, Clinton hadn’t finished.

“After Inheritance Stage 5, there are further stages,” Clinton said, his eyes narrowing slightly as if weighing how much more to reveal.

“But those are confidential.

Only Legacy disciples learn about them.”

Sally, walking beside, raised her eyebrows in surprise.

It seemed even she hadn’t expected Clinton to share this level of information with Zack so soon.

Outwardly, I wore a mask of astonishment, but internally, my mind was racing.

I recalled something my teacher had once mentioned in passing something about what lay beyond the fifth stage.

At the time, I hadn’t paid it much attention, but now the pieces were starting to fall into place.

My teacher had spoken of a level related to something called the Quasi-God stage, which came after Inheritance Stage 5.

Could that be the next step?

“Zack, what happened?” Clinton’s voice broke through my thoughts, his sharp eyes assessing me.

I blinked, shaking off the haze of memory.

“I’m sorry, I was just! shocked,” I admitted, trying to keep my voice steady.

Clinton smiled faintly, but there was something unreadable in his gaze.

“Good.

You’ll need to keep that sense of awe.

The path ahead is difficult, and knowledge is power.

But remember, the competition here is fierce.

Even with a strong backer, you’ll need more than just raw talent to survive.”

I nodded, feeling the weight of his words settle in.

This wasn’t just about strength.

This was about navigating a complex web of power, alliances, and ambition.

And now, more than ever, I realized I had only scratched the surface.

Sally, who had been listening quietly until now, decided to chime in with her own perspective.

Her eyes took on a more serious tone as she spoke, clearly wanting to drive home a point.

“Zack, it’s not easy to advance beyond the Black Mark Warrior Rank.

Even with an inheritance, there are restrictions.

Only by obtaining a truly powerful inheritance can you hope to reach the level of a Purple Mark Warrior or higher.”

Her words carried weight.

The path to the upper ranks wasn’t just a matter of training or time, it was about unlocking something much greater, something ancient and potent.

I couldn’t help but feel a flicker of excitement deep inside.

I had already sensed something dormant within me.

Inheritance?

I thought.

I’ve already got something sleeping inside me.

But I kept that thought to myself.

Still, I needed more answers.

“Elder,” I asked, looking toward Clinton, “how do I get an inheritance?”

Clinton glanced at him, and for a moment, his expression softened as if he respected the ambition behind his question.

“Each organization in the Tier-4 region has its own inheritance,” he explained.

“These inheritances are passed down through generations.

But there are also secret places scattered across the Tier-4 region places hidden from the world that contain lost or ancient inheritances.

However, Zack,” he said, his tone growing stern, “those things are far beyond your reach right now.

Don’t get distracted by dreams of hidden treasures.

Focus on what’s in front of you.”

Sally nodded in agreement before adding, “Right now, your primary focus should be on reaching the peak of the General Rank within a year.

Only then can you survive the competition here.

This academy doesn’t favor the weak, even if you’re a special seed.

Strength is everything.”

Her words hit hard.

Within one year?

The timeline was tight, and the pressure was immense.

My heart twisted in turmoil for a moment.

Could I really reach the peak of the General Rank in that short span of time?

But as I glanced around at the academy, at the countless resources and opportunities waiting to be tapped into, I knew it wasn't impossible.

This place, with its unique environment, could push me far beyond my current limits.

I clenched my fists, feeling determination surge through me.

One year.

I would make it happen.

I had to.