

I Regenerate 10,000 Times Faster #Chapter 11: Berserk Explosion Ultima: Primal Fury, Phantom Speed Ultima: Phantom Force - Read I Regenerate 10,000 Times Faster Chapter 11: Berserk Explosion Ultima: Primal Fury, Phantom Speed Ultima: Phantom Force

Chapter 11: Berserk Explosion Ultima: Primal Fury, Phantom Speed Ultima: Phantom Force

The Berserk Explosion was even more outstanding and demanding. Its summary stated that the first level of this technique is the same as the Ultima state of other Tier-1 techniques! Imagine each of your every casual attack of this technique being the peak power of other Tier-1 techniques, it was insane.

It is said that at the highest level, the Ultima State from this technique can rival that of a normal Tier-3 combat technique! Showing how destructive this technique was.

But the question which made Tyrion confused was why is such a good technique placed alongside other basic tier-1.

Soon, he found the answer. Turns out that using Berserk Explosion while it allows the user to access great reserves of attack power, it sacrifices the body as an exchange.

The internal organs, tissue, muscles, blood vessels, and bones would instantly rupture in just one strike, rendering its user crippled or in the worst-case scenario, dead.

The cells would also rupture and become weakened for a long period of time and might not even be able to recover which is why only those with the intent to die with their opponent ever uses this technique. it's an absolute last resort.

Furthermore, the techniques contain three states. Berserker state which is the first state. Can only be used in one move.

Blood Rage which is the second state. Can only be used to execute three moves.

Feral Demon: the third state. Can only be used to execute ten strikes.

And then the legendary Ultima state... Primal Fury.

Primal fury state, the body would be utilized to the maximum capacity, stimulating and burning every single cell in the body to the extreme limit, generating unbelievable amounts of strength, power, and agility!

At this state, it was said that depending on one's cell activation level, one could rampage however one wished before the body collapses

In the entire history of the academy, only one person had managed to reach the first state whose name was unknown. Though she didn't die, her strength waned considerably.

The second person was the creator of the technique. He had also reached the first state but ultimately died off while practicing the second state.

Even practicing it was deadly as a single mistake could lead to the cells, muscles, or blood vessels rupturing, causing internal bleeding and the like.

Seeing this technique, Tyrion was a bit hesitant. The technique seemed perfectly made for him as he could simply regenerate and upgrade the technique to the highest level. But why should he suffer so much pain just to practice an ordinary technique when he could get a simple Tier-2 combat technique with enough power? magic

His eyes flashed with conflict as he struggled to make a decision. If he chose Berserk explosion, it meant he got to choose another Tier-1 combat technique, saving him credit points to get another as well as time to train it and also increasing his fluidity and versatility in combat and his arsenal, it was simply a win-win situation.

The only downside to this was that he would suffer a lot in the future. Even practicing this technique would definitely bring him pain not to mention the time he would need to comprehend the technique and be initiated into the technique for the system to be able to level it up.

Gritting his teeth, he ultimately decided to choose the technique. With the system, pain was already a part of his life, why struggle against it when he can just embrace it and increase his strength instead?

With his regeneration and his system, there was no point in wasting time to learn common combat techniques. For Tyrion to choose, only the best would suffice.

After selecting the Berserk Explosion technique, Tyrion also decided to choose another Tier-1 technique.

The Phantom Speed Leg art. Another explosive technique that can only be used once to boost and improve one's speed and agility to the maximum state, making ones legs look as though it was a revolving blade.

But this technique was special as it only contains one stage and doesn't possess an ultima state unlike the others as the technique was its own Ultima state; The Phantom Force

The Phantom Force state: Creating your own personal time dilation thereby overclocking the entire nervous system as well as the cells that build the legs, allowing the user to perceive and interact with the world at a higher frame rate for a short period of time.

From the user's perspective time slows down, from an outside perspective the user is moving at superhuman speed. The technique can only be used for short durations because the nervous system and body cells can't take the strain of moving at those speeds for prolonged periods.

But the difficulty of reaching the first state was as high as trapping clouds! Even higher than Berserk Explosion's first state.

Finally deciding, he heaved a breath he didn't know he was holding and chose to click on the submit button.

The instant he chose to submit, an image of an old man projected out of his watch and appeared in mid-air.

Although Tyrion wasn't scared, he still showed a hint of surprise.

The old man was seated lazily in a chair as the Librarian, Tyrion had no idea if he was an AI or human but it was stated in the manual that he was there to guide the students in selecting their manuals and advising them.

"What? The Berserk Explosion?" The Librarian started to frown and tried to persuade Tyrion, "Young one, a journey of a thousand miles begins with a

single step. Never aim too high or too far. Put your feet on the ground and take it step by step. The Berserk Explosion is just a Tier-1 manual but the difficulty of mastering it is almost as hard as other Tier-3 manuals. Even if you successfully master this technique, you'd still end up dead either way. Many students chose not to listen to me and ended up dead. Listen to this old man's words and work steadily, one step at a time, to make solid progress."

Chapter 12: Demonic Blood Cell Activation Tempering Method

Tyrion nodded his head as he listened to the speaker's heart and said, "I've thought about it a couple of times and have decided."

The Librarian remained silent and shook his head, thinking of all the students from before, also once full of confidence, before ending up dead up crippled after months of practice. Such a shame that their confidence was the only thing they had to show.

"Well...never mind. I do not have the right to stop Primes from choosing what they want. My job is to disperse wisdom in hopes that they would realize their abilities, instead of holding on to a fruitless dream."

With that thought in mind, the old man added, "Remember Death Gate Academy rules. You are not allowed to teach combat arts privately without permission, otherwise, you will face death. In more serious circumstances, your family will be decapitated. The manual will be sent to your doorstep within 20 minutes."

"Don't worry sir, I am the least person likely to joke about my own life," Tyrion said seriously.

Looking at the second technique, the old man only glanced at him seriously for a second, convinced this was an extremely arrogant individual who wouldn't learn his errors easily before cutting the connection.

Tyrion sighed slowly. The old man gave him a feeling of nervousness. Soon, he forgot all about the old man and focused on getting a Cell tempering technique.

Tyrion was really excited about this part. He got to select a Tier-2 Cell - tempering method!

Scrolling through the list, this time though, the list of the Tier-2 Cell-tempering techniques wasn't that long and was just about 20 lists.

Savage Therapy, Corpse Dwell technique, Demonic Blood method, Lightning tempering method, Wind tempering method, fire tempering method, Ice tempering method, Earth tempering method, ...

The so-called lightning tempering method, wind tempering method, and others with elemental names is utilizing that specific attribute to temper the cells. Like the Fire tempering method, one would have to go to the Training hall and enter a training room containing fire made up of 'dust' particles to temper the cells thereby increasing cell activation percent and increasing strength.

The same goes for the other elements. Lightning to the Thunder training room, wind to the Storm training room, etc.

One thing to note is that each Cell-tempering technique has its own benefit. They said at the highest level of the Fire-tempering method, one's attack would actually contain a burning effect, capable of scorching one's foe.

For techniques that required him to go out, Tyrion didn't really like them and felt that although they were simple to learn and increased one's cell activation method, they still required him to head out to the training room.

With the amount of people that wants to deal with him right now, it was simply not a good idea to head out in a while.

The corpse-dwell method demands one to enter the body of a fresh corpse, using its essence to release the gene lock and increase cell activation level. It was a bit disgusting.

Hence, he directly chose the Demonic blood method. Bathing in the essence blood of Meta beast, his cells would be constantly tempered by the intense amount of poison within the blood. If he actually wanted to take it further, he could buy a tempering pod along with the Demonic blood method, it would drastically improve his rate of tempering!

And at the Ultima state, there was a chance to transform into the beast whose blood he had absorbed. The higher the blood level is, the more powerful his genes and cells would become.

Tyrion was infact really interested in the Lightning tempering method but when he saw Ultima state of the Demonic Blood tempering method, he was immediately excited.

"Alright, I will choose you!"

Afterward, he checked his account details and wasn't surprised to see 10,000 credits in there. It was one of the perks of being a prime.

Without hesitation, he checked through the materials page and started looking for a suitable muta-beast blood essence to buy for his Demonic blood cell tempering method.

There, he saw various beast blood such as the Horned-Panther, the Winged Serpent, and the Double-fanged Snail.

Tyrion frowned. What he wanted was a powerful blood essence to be able to transform into. Like a dragon, A Holy Winged tiger, or a Griffin.

It was then he noticed that they were all 55-starMutabeast and above.

Curiously looking at their price, Tyrion froze when he saw them.

Name: Holy Winged Tiger

Type: Blood Essence

Grade: Rank 5

Price: 500,000,000/gram

Name: Amber Dragon

Type: Blood essence

Grade: Rank 5

Price: 700,000,000/gram...

Quietly setting the filter to 1000 credits and below, the page refreshed as a list of affordable blood essence appeared before him.

Name: Horned Panther

Type: Blood essence magic

Grade: Rank 1

Price: 1000/gram,

Name: Ringer Demon Tree

Type: Blood essence

Grade: Rank 1

Price: 2000/gram,

Name: Saber-tooth Tiger

Type: Blood essences

Grade: Rank 1

Price: 3000/gram(Contains a trace of the holy-white tiger's bloodline)

Name: Black-Turtle

Type: Blood essence

Grade: Rank 1

Price: 5000/gram (Contains a trace of the holy-white tiger's bloodline) ...

Staring at the numbers and the list that appeared before him, Tyrion immediately frowned. These blood essences were very attractive especially those with traces of bloodlines in them. Unfortunately, they were simply too expensive!

It was stated that one can only use one gram per week as the potent and condensed energy of the blood essence could practically rampage through the veins, destroying blood vessels, muscles, and tissues.

But Tyrion wasn't limited by this condition. The damage done to his body would simply heal. In fact, the more damage it does, the more he earns from it.

Therefore, he had planned to use the technique every day but now, it seems as though it would be simply impossible.

Blood essence requires a lot of credit points to purchase and Tyrion only had 10,000 Death points, given to him by the academy as the Prime of year one.

"I guess I will just find ways to earn more points after I've used up this one," Tyrion muttered as he purchased the Blood essence of the Fury-tiger.

Name: Fury-Tiger

Type: Blood essence

Grade: Rank 1 (Rumored to contain a hint of the Winged Tiger bloodline)

Price: 1000/gram

[Note: Only a speculation, it's never been confirmed]

Chapter 13: Absorbing Giant Tiger Blood Essence

"Knock! Knock! "

The package had arrived. The one who arrived before him was a young man putting on a clerk uniform as he delivered a box to him.

"Here's your package. Please place your finger here to register that it has been delivered."

Tyrion nodded and followed his instructions, placing his fingers on the transparent rectangular-shaped device.

A blue light scanned through them and Tyrion felt a slight tingle run through the tips of his fingers.

Once completed, the young man handed over the box to him and left in a hurry.

Although curious as to how he managed to gain access to the mountain, Tyrion was too excited to question him.

He immediately headed to the room he had cleaned and sat on the sofa as he unwrapped the box.

There, three manuals and ten bottles were unraveled before him. Inhaling deeply, he picked up the books and an old murky scent of wood and old books wafted into his nose.

Excited, he picked up a crimson-red book. Its surface has a rigid structure that seems to depict something of ripped flesh and blood.

It was the so-called Demonic blood-tempering method.

Opening its cover, Tyrion began scanning through its content. As time passed, his eyes couldn't help but widen with each minute he spent reading the manual!

It was really eye-opening. It turns out the manual utilizes the potent energy within the blood essence, guiding them through specific blood vessels and exposing them to the cells, using the energy from the blood, the technique used the violent energy to forcefully temper the cells and increase Cell Activation level.

But that wasn't the main reason why it was considered barbaric. The main reason was that one would have to cut 108 wounds on the body on every practice, called Blood node! magic

Not only was it difficult to learn, it was an insane technique that encourages self-infliction!

Tyrion's face changed slightly upon seeing this. 'Why wasn't this stated in the summary of the manual?'

With a darkened face, he glanced at the ten bottles containing blood essences and discovered there was only a single drop inside each bottle.

Heading to the training room, he had already prepared warm water in the bathroom tub.

Tyrion gritted his teeth and opened the top of the bottle containing the Giant-wolf blood essence, pouring the only drop Inside the tub.

As though an entire whale had been killed inside the tub, the crystal water immediately turned crimson and an intense stench of blood cascaded the entire training room like a flood!

It was as though thousands of beasts had died, forming a vicious and intense stench of blood that spread outward.

The blood water in his tub suddenly started to bubble up as though it was being boiled!

His clothes dropped with a slight thud and he began cutting his skin until he felt the blade touching his blood vessels his face instantly paled as he grunted in pain.

Then using the clips provided along with the technique, he used it to keep the injury from healing.

This went on for almost an hour. By the time the final clip was inserted, Tyrion was dripping with cold sweat and his face was as white as paper.

He almost couldn't believe he was taking the initiative to wound himself.

"You won, but my name isn't Tyrian anyways but Tyrion." Tyrion laughed at his inside joke before proceeding into the bathtub, sinking into it.

"BOOM!!!"

Tyrion felt as though he had been hit by thunder! His entire body shook violently as he felt his inside Boil!

Blood essences weren't just ordinary blood, had a special characteristic, and that was that their energy was violently almost endless. Its resiliency and vitality were powerful to an incredible degree.

As the blood entered his body, Tyrion felt a flow of tyrannical and brutal energy surge into him, flooding through his meridian channels, bloodline, and acupoints, and impacting his entire body!

Tyrion had already expected this situation. After all, he was suddenly absorbing a great deal of blood that contained 'Dust' particles and the blood had an extreme amount of vitality left within it.

After entering his body, the blood would not be resigned to allowing itself to be assimilated. Thus it tried to resist, hence the beginning of the pain in his body.

Tyrion felt his body becoming increasingly hot as if he were placed into a giant pot of boiling water. Although this heat was far from being comparable to real flames.

But even still, the heat was directly swelling up within Tyrion's body.

A Genetic Soldier's physical body didn't have too great an ability to resist high temperatures. Even though Tyrion had managed to reach 30% Cell Activation, he wasn't that much different either.

His entire body began to drip with sweat. Because of the blazing heat, even his thoughts became slow.

Tyrion took great breaths of air, and every time he breathed out, Streams of heat would follow. All of the acupoints of his body expanded, and faint red steam flowed out from his body, nearly gushing out due to the amazing heat.

Tyrion shouldered the agonizing pain but it was just too much and he felt as if his entire body were about to explode.

Suddenly, a brutal energy tore through all of his meridians and blood vessels. Even though his veins were far tougher than normal, they still couldn't withstand such an overbearing and ferocious blood force.

"Pptf!" "Ppft!!" "Ppft!!!"

The veins, meridians, tissues, and flesh all over Tyrion's body instantly ruptured, spraying out blood like a tap. His skin ruptured, causing crimson streams of blood to flow out.

In this current situation, the pain of his skin cracking apart wasn't anything much right now. The true pain came from the blood essence that burned within his body, rampaging through his internal organs, smashing them to mush as they regenerated, only to smash them apart.

If it wasn't for his regeneration ability to regenerate, he would have undoubtedly died or in the best case scenario, crippled.

And if it weren't for the fact that he had experienced true pain in his previous life, his consciousness might have collapsed by now.

Chapter 14: Tiger Beast Morph!

"Szzz....."

A thick burning sensation spread all over his inner body and swiftly permeated his five bowels and six viscera.

'Let's begin,' Tyrion shut his eyes and leaned on the tub. "Status."

With a swish, the status screen appeared before his eyes.

His gaze went through the listed Attributes and his gaze fell on the "Demonic Blood Cell Tempering" magic

'Upgrade Demonic Blood Cell Tempering method to Level One,' Tyrion declared in his mind.

Instantly, the screen blurred, and the status display jumped from "Initiated" to "Level One".

"Szzz....."

A faint sizzle entered Tyrion's ears. He looked down into the tub to see the purplish-red liquid turn clear at a visible speed.

At the same time, a hot flush radiated out from inside Tyrion's body, burning him from inside out as his cells became overly stimulated, increasing his cell activation level.

Blood spilled out from the corners of Tyrion's mouth. His injury this time was twice as severe.

His body was like a chaotic river, the demonic blood rampaging@ through him like a tempest, destroying his internal organs as well as his cells but the moment an injury took place, it was quickly healed by his regenerative abilities.

Tyrion endured it purely by his constitution without serious repercussions.

'Looks like I was right, my regenerative ability allows me to absorb as much demonic blood as I want, stimulating my cells as well as increasing Cell activation level.' Tyrion sighed in relief through the pain.

'Typically, the upgrade of the cell Tempering method requires repeated stimulation, for about ten years from the blood demonic method to improve and upgrade the level of the technique but with my system and my astonishing regenerative method, it is quite easy for me to upgrade it as I wish!

'Reaching the ultima level is only a matter of damage points!' Tyrion's eyes shone widely.

He carefully sensed the traces of numbness circulating across the surface of his skin and muscles.

Instead of the blood circulating via the internal viscera, it traveled on the surface of the skin and muscles, forming a network all over the body's surface like a web of steel chains.

Tyrion all the bottles of the demonic blood and absorbs them himself in the tub.

"Let's begin... System,' Tyrion delayed no further. He summoned the system.

A pale blue square frame surfaced.

There were levels to his cell tempering method. According to records, the full mastery of this technique could produce a full evolution effect on the body cells, transforming the body into the shape of the most demonic blood absorbed.

In the next second, Tyrion felt his cells' energy depleting completely while his own body seemed to have inflated a great deal. Gradually, the swelling of his body caused the onset of an intense ache throughout his body.

The square frame of his system blurred rapidly. When it resurfaced, it had altered the Demonic Blood Cell Tempering Method to Level two, its special effect not revealing any signs yet.

The ache from his body swelling all over continued to grow more intense and sharp.

'Could it be that my fleshly body is also nearing its limit?' Tyrion wondered in shock. However, he could distinctly sense that there was still room for him to upgrade. This was vastly different from the very apparent limit of his cells.

This sort of pain from his body's swelling was more like the kind that resulted from his body's inability to adapt to the new transformation.

Inside the large room, in the tub, Tyrion's physique gradually swelled and ballooned at a visibly alarming pace. He actually didn't increase in height, but the muscles all over his body expanded a great deal.

Chunks of muscles bulged out furiously, twisting and turning like the tumors on an old tree's branch. They packed tightly on all parts of Tyrion's body as if he were wearing a layer of flesh armor.

'Let's try again!' Tyrion ignored the changes to his body; there would inevitably be costs incurred in his quest for greater power. It was merely a change in his physical form that could always be altered back in the future.

'Upgrade Demonic Blood Tempering Method to the Third Level!' He again called out inwardly.

"Szzz. "

Instantly, the screen blurred for a moment, before the Demonic Blood Tempering Method came back into focus again.

[Demonic Blood Tempering Method: Level three]

Before Tyrion could focus on the changes that had occurred, he could already detect the muscles on his chest inflating rapidly.

Concurrently, a cuticle-like layer gradually cloaked the originally frail skin tissue on all the vulnerable parts of his body, including his crotch, throat, eyelids, and ears.

He raised his hand to rub his throat. There was now a layer of hard and tough film that had grown on the surface of the skin there. Then, he touched his eyelids; they too had grown extremely tough. As soon as he closed his eyes, he could feel a strand of hot current that flowed from within him into his eyelids, which reinforced their strength and sturdiness.

Tyrion was a bit startled but it wasn't shocked. The changes were to be expected as the higher one goes in the Demonic Blood cell Tempering techniques, the more one's cells would acclimate to the genes of that blood.

'According to the information, no one had actually reached the highest level of this technique, which means I won't know if there's something wrong with the technique or not but with the system, there shouldn't be much problem with it.'

The Demonic Blood technique was only a Tempering method, but in reality, it is actually a combat technique!

The strength of his body had actually multiplied many more times compared to previously!

'I've expended a bit of damage points but I still have more than enough to upgrade it.' Tyrion looked at the last row on the Modifier.

He promptly pressed on the selection for the Demonic Blood Tempering technique.

"Szzz..."

This time around, the screen blurred for a full five seconds of time before it slowly refocused.

'Blood Tempering Technique: Max, Special Effect(s): Beast Morph.'

However, all around his body, Tyrion could detect that he had abruptly broken through an ineffable layer of resistance.

Chapter 15: True Monster

"KA-CHA!" magic

He could faintly hear the sound of something being ruptured into smithereens inside his body, producing crisp sounds similar to shattering glass.

He extended his hand and looked at his palms which were previously little were now larger than even those of a bear.

The joints on the top were thick and large, with gray veins patterning his now distorting muscles.

It didn't resemble a human hand but was rather beginning to look like the claws of some ferocious beast. It even caused him to recall the ancient white tigers he had once seen in the movies.

From the looks of it, his body was beginning to change and his palm was starting to look like the paws of a fierce white tiger.

'This is a change in substance...' Tyrion shut his eyes, feeling as if his body had been freed from some sort of shackles.

A faint sense of wildness and a domineering freedom act according to his heart's desire coursed through him like a raging storm.

He sat unmoving in the tub for a long time.

"Sz... Sz... Sz..."

Suddenly, the strange sounds of something being twisted and agitated started to extend out from his body, like the stirring of a mire.

Under the shade of the room, Tyrion's massive physical form was beginning to change, little by little.

It was almost as if his genes were being altered and his muscles oscillating with bulging veins twisting and morphing all like snakes underneath his skin.

The hundred-plus metals plugged within his flesh to stop him from healing shot outwards like bullets, as white furs extended out from his pores.

His physique expanded as he grew twice his previous size. His face began morphing as it took the distinct shape of a tiger.

Blood dripped from his lips when his teeth elongated and his canine transformed into ten-centimeter-long fangs.

As though that wasn't enough, his fingers elongated, forming thick and sharp claws as furs spurted around his transformed paws.

The transformation took almost an hour and by the time his body stopped morphing, the thick crimson water within the tub turned even clearer.

After staying in the tub for a long time, Tyrion finally opened his eyes.

The corners of Tyrion's mouth curved upwards as he looked down at both of his hands, which were almost unrecognizable.

"BAM!!!"

He abruptly clenched his palms into fists. In that split moment, his five fingers squeezed the air around it, causing an explosion not unlike a muffled thunder.

Looking at his white paws, he sensed that his body had reached a frighteningly powerful state that was stronger than before by leaps and bounds.

Finally unable to contain it any longer, Tyrion lifted his head to the sky and laughed madly to his heart's content, his laugh resounding like the roar of a wild beast.

He looked at the status on the screen.

[Name: Methuselah Tyrion]

[Specie: Human]

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

[Damaged Points: 16,832]

[Life Level: Cell Activation]

[Cell Activation Level: 42%(+20%)]

[Dust Absorbing Technique: Demonic Blood Tempering Method]

[Combat Arts: Nine Saber Styles(Max lvl), Tiger Beast Morph(1.0) [Tactical Retreat(99.1%)]

[Occupation: Open pervert]

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

The special effect of the Demonic blood-tempering method was truly shocking.

Apart from adding 20% cell activation level to his genes, Tyrion didn't expect it to actually transform the entirety of his genetic structure.

Upgrading the Cell Tempering method to the highest level created an entirely new combat skill called the Beast Morph.

With the beast morph combat technique, he could transform into the tiger form.

He stood up on his two legs. His thighs that was as thick as a grown man's waist stomped heavily on the ground as he went ahead to the full-body mirror.

He couldn't help but be startled seeing the soul-stirring, pure-golden slit pupils staring back at him as though wanting to suck his soul.

His body had expanded and his muscles were twice as big as before, not to mention the two sharp fangs protruding out from his lips, the white furs that sprouted out from his pores covered every single bit of his skin including his legs.

Right now, Tyrion was a mix between a tiger and a human and everything seems to have increased. Thankfully, there weren't any major changes like him unable to stand on two legs and his voice being unable to form words.

His eyes swept all over his body and inadvertently stopped between his gigantic thighs.

"He-he." Tyrion couldn't help but grin evilly as his thoughts ran wildly, a particular crimson-eyed woman flashing in his mind.

Suddenly, a sense of exhaustion overwhelmed him and a dizzy sensation overcame the fullness of strength.

Tyrion frowned and the feeling got extreme as he staggered backwards. It was as though his body was telling him to let go and let go he did.

In that instant, his body began compressing like a deflated ball as his muscles squirmed and his bones condensed together to their original form.

His white furs, long sharp fangs, and claws retracted as though squeezed together by some form of invisible hands as his paws reformed, becoming just pure human hands and his junk reducing, going back to its previous size, something Tyrion sighed in regret.

He was once again human and his body very well naked.

The dizzy sensation soon left him and he was finally able to regain his bearing.

His face was a bit gloomy. He was in that form for only about ten seconds which meant that he could only use this combat form at the most crucial time.

Moreover, from the lack of energy he was feeling and the weakness he was currently feeling, after morphing into the tiger-hybrid form he would be weak for some time and wouldn't be able to attack.

It was a kill-or-be-killed skill, but not to him.

After wiping himself dry, he went out for a cold shower again.

Chapter 16: Testing Berserk Explosion Skill

The next day, he arose and went outside.

The Legend Mountain was filled with condensed Dust, soaking up the entire mountain and saturating all those who lived in it. The most shocking thing about it was the largeness of the mountain, it was really big

Tyrion carried his saber and walked deep into the mountains. The mountains had a height of three thousand eight hundred meters, the top half of the mountain covered in a perpetual mist.

Far away from the secular world and civilization, it was quiet, calm, and relaxing.

Except for the expressly forbidden areas belonging to the seniors and some core students, most of the space in this forest was open to all for practicing.

Tyrion spent around an hour in the mountains before choosing a remote cliff.

The cliff was around two to three meters high, the three sides filled with white mist whose form was ever-changing, sometimes it was thousands of horses, sometimes it became a violent ocean, and sometimes it was just mist, expanding and contracting with no discernable pattern.

"Although the many wondrous views of Earth were quite breathtaking, it somehow just lacks a hint of mysteriousness," Tyrion said. In his opinion, this was the perfect place to practice combat techniques and also ponder on the depth of the technique without any distractions.

Taking a deep breath, Tyrion took out the Berserk explosion book and took in the old murky smell before reading the manual.

Feel the dust. Breathe. In. Out. Breath. Breath. Move the heat. One step after another, continually directing the body's blood flow, moving his muscles...

It took an entire day, for the system to recognize the technique.

By that time, Tyrion was already feeling sore, exhausted and hungry. magic

[Berserk explosion; Initiated]

[Combat Arts: Berserk explosion (Initiated) Nine Saber Styles(Max lvl), Tiger Beast Morph(lvl. 1) [Tactical Retreat(99.1%)]

"Finally!" Tyrion heaved a sigh of relief. He could finally upgrade the combat skill with his damage points.

"Upgrade Berserk explosion to the max level."

His danger points instantly decreased by 1600 damage points. 100 points for the first level, 200 for the second level, 300 for the third level and 1000 for the ultima state.

There was no explosion, and neither was there anything that indicated the level of berserk explosion had been upgraded.

"Why was there no reaction?"

Confused, Tyrion stared hard and a line of text appeared within his vision.

[Combat Arts: Berserk Explosion (Ultima)Nine Saber Styles(Ultima), Tiger Beast Morph(1.0) [Tactical Retreat(99.1%)]

"I guess I will have to personally test the combat technique for myself."

Tyrion took in a deep breath and regulated his breathing according to the secret technique. In the blink of an eye, a surging storm began building up within him.

His body shook and his muscles undulated as though a sleeping dragon was about to be awakened.

Gradually, his breathing began letting out steams of hot air as his entire skin started to get a deep shade of red as though he was being boiled alive.

The surrounding temperature rose drastically as steam began to exit from the top of his head.

"ROAAR!!!"

A savage pressure began undulating within him as though his body was about to erupt.

His skin began expanding and like a piece of paper, his flesh started to tear apart.

"BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM!!!"

Greenish veins the size of two fingers squirmed from underneath his neck, head, and chest like pythons!

That wasn't all, an extremely violet rage of power erupted from Tyrion and Tyrion felt as though he could destroy the world with just a single fist.

"Pppft! Pppft!! Pppft!!!"

Little blood vessels burst from underneath his torn skin coating his body in blood and his bones popped and crackled underneath the building pressure within him.

It was as though his cells, potential, and genes were burning to grant him that one-time extra-ordinary power to conquer his enemies at the stake of his life.

But Tyrion didn't care about all the danger his body was taking at all, neither did he care about the breaking down of his body nor the explosion of his internal organs.

What was on his mind was the overwhelming strength he was currently feeling. He felt as though the earth was only a fist away from being ruptured.

[Cell Activation Level: 42%(+42%)]

Without warning, he stomped his feet on the ground and the ground cracked as though it was made of glass.

Tyrion's figure faded as though he was being erased by some power as he flashed towards the cliff wall 50 meters away from him.

"KA-BOOM!!!"

The cliff wall exploded, shattering to pieces as dust, rocks, and debris flew out in all directions like bullets.

A thick cloud of dust erupted 50 meters high into the air, enveloping the skies as well as the entire cliff as the ground and entire mountain seemed to shake.

Time passed and within a few minutes, the dust cleared away from the mountain breeze and the sound of gouging rang out within the cliff.

"Cough! Cough! Cough!"

Tyrion's voice echoed from the human-shaped hole as he broke out from the human-shaped hole he had mistakenly created by slamming into the cliff wall.

He had miscalculated his strength and speed, inadvertently colliding into the wall and getting buried deep within the cliff wall.

Reluctantly, Tyrion stopped the activation of the skill and in the blink of an eye, his torn flesh and cracked skin began closing up as though time was being reversed.

His internal organs also started to heal up and his bones popped back in place. His cells were also the same as they replicated, replacing the dead and damaged cells and in the blink of an eye, Tyrion was already fully healed.

His reddened body also returned to normal and his veins hid back underneath his skin. It was as though the past two minutes had never happened.

"Can't believe I knocked myself out with my speed." Tyrion chuckled as he remembered what had happened.

[Major injury +0000]

[Info: self-inflicted injury cannot produce damage points.]

Tyrion instantly sneered at the system. "Not promoting self-infliction injuries, aren't you a godly one now?"

Chapter 17: Second Year Student; Lucia

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"Can't believe I knocked myself out with my speed." Tyrion chuckled as he remembered what had happened.

[Major injury +0000]

[Info: self-inflicted injury cannot produce damage points.]

Tyrion instantly sneered at the system. "Not promoting self-infliction injuries, aren't you a godly one now?"

Too hungry to practice the Phantom leg art, Tyrion left the cliff and headed back to his house.

It was already dark but the mountain was still ever bright as neon lights filled the mountains.

On the way back, his ears twitched as he heard grunting from a distance. Even though it was at least five hundred meters away, he still could hear it very clearly, as if the sounds had been pressed together and all occurred at the same time.

"What a loud noise! The body to produce this kind of sound must be wondrous indeed! And from what it sounds like, it seems to be a woman..." Unable to quench his curiosity, Tyrion carefully approached.

After crossing a few thorny bushes, he arrived at the back of a huge rock.

He stuck his head out and he saw a small forest and a wood cabin with a small pond beside it. Four lotus leaves drifted peacefully in the pond causing the whole place to have a poetic feel.

At the edge of the forest, there was a teenage girl who looked to be about sixteen years old. Wearing white combat gear, she was practicing a fist arts which caused her to continuously grunt with a loud sound that could frighten one's soul.

She was a petite skinny girl who looked so weak that she might be blown away by the wind. But each punch and kick of hers gave off such a terrifying aura that one would think it would be able to rip through anything.

"It's the second-year student Lucia...so this must be a forbidden area?"

After seeing her, Tyrion realized something.

The Prime Instructor of Death Academy, and each of the elders, had their mountains for practicing, and if the others wanted to train their combat arts, they would have to find a different place.

However, this mountains belong to the Legends of each year. And although the Mountain was huge, there was still a chance the students would meet each other.

So usually, the elders and students would get to pick the good places first and mark them as their own territories.

If anyone tried to break in, it was viewed as incredible disrespect, and they would be definitely attacked or even killed if it was a serious situation.

Lucia who was looking at was one of the top-ranked students of the second year in Death Academy, ranked at 23.

Her cell activation level had reached 99.9% percent and just needed the right Super-Cell to implant into her and she could break through the Cell-activation level. This shows just how extremely talented she was.

Lucia continued taking steps. Between the movements of her fists and legs, she pressed her tongue on the back of her teeth, gathered the dust inside of her body together in her lower abdomen, and grunted repeatedly, all of which increased the power of her fist art.

After a few rounds of punches, her power seemed to have reached its peak. All of a sudden, she jumped up in the air, her fists moved fast like lightning, murderous, like a tiger attacking its prey. The next second, she threw a punch right on a massive branch of a big tree.

Pow! Pow! Pow!

Something unexpected happened... Out of nowhere, there was a gold light shooting right out of Lucia's fists that was so bright it could almost blind anyone who looked at it. Soon, the bright gold light turned into something solid and caused the big tree, and the directly adjacent trees, to explode without any visible effort... its powerfulness was frightening. magic

Tyrion squeezed his eyes to a slit. A long-range attack? How's that even possible?

Does this mean she could actually condense dust and push it out using her technique?

When a Genetic Soldier was able to convert the dust in their body into real genetic energy, it meant that he (or she) had officially reached the Demon Fighter level. Not only was the power of their attack largely increased, but the dust was actually pushed out of the body and attack people through the air.

"Still not going to come out?" Lucia had already noticed Tyrion's arrival a while ago. And now, she stared sharply in the direction of his location.

Tyrion swallowed and revealed himself as requested.

"You are a first-year." Lucia squinted her eyes.

"Yes."

"Why are you spying on me practicing my fist art?"

"I've heard your voice from far away, and came to have a look out of curiosity." Tyrion shook his head.

Lucia studied Tyrion carefully, his confident attitude made her curious, if it was any other students, they would normally already be stuttering speechlessly in fear before her, but he spoke with logic, in a calm and confident manner. She couldn't find any deceit in his bearing, but doesn't that mean he is worse than those who show their real colors?

Lucia calmly said, "Please leave now, and don't return unless you want to want to see your headless corpse."

"Okay."

Leaving the place, Tyrion let out a breath.

When facing Lucia, he had felt an immense pressure, one that he hadn't felt from other second-year students. It seemed that there would be some changes in the ranks of second-year students soon.

Tyrion chuckled.

"If it was before, I would probably have had a hard time putting a sentence together in front of her like a perverted old man. It must be because I can now control my emotions and hide my thoughts.

But the most memorable part of encountering Lucia had to be her personality. She was so cold and unfriendly and yet had such fierce and powerful martial arts, that she was very easy to remember

Chapter 18: Phantom Leg Art

Tyrion got home and clicked on the bell. In the next few minutes, the aroma of food permeated his room as the servants brought them in.

Like a ravenous beast, he devoured the food as though he was a pervert seeing a young naked girl.

The night left and the morning came. Tyrion started by practicing his cell Tempering method and then went to the cliff.

He started off by practicing the Nine Saber styles. From the first style to the ninth style

Smoothly moving from stance to stance, the light flashing from the Sabre was just like the light reflected off a river under the moonlight.

As for its combat prowess, it had exceeded its simple one-tier rank and had reached the early stages of tier-2 and was Tyrion's strongest move at the moment.

On that steep cliff, a human figure waved a broad blade and pointed towards the huge rock on the other side. magic

A light shone from a blade just like a mirror reflecting sunbeams.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!...

The huge rock was pierced like a piece of cheese leaving behind countless marks; each mark had a depth of more than three centimeters.

"Finally." Out of breath, Tyrion's head was full of sweat, but he did not seem to care at all. The marks on the rock caused him great satisfaction.

The ninth style was many times harder than the eighth style, but its power was also many times stronger. Some people spend at least a year to master it, but for him, it took less than a second.

But because of this, he had no experience using the technique and had to personally train and familiarize himself with it along with his other combat techniques.

During this period, the dust inside his body had become more pure and intense and moved faster and more easily than before, not as slow as before and even his level of cell activation had increased by 2 percent during the past hour.

Tyrion let out a deep breath. Today will officially be the day he would start to practice the hardest manual – the Phantom leg art.

It had only one stage and was extremely difficult and dangerous to master.

After going through the script, Tyrion understood the broad idea of the manual and even sensed an indescribable realm behind it.

Once he was able to master the ultima state, killing those weaker than him would only take an instant, and when facing those who were stronger than him, they won't ever be able to catch up to his speed.

* * *

A week passed by quickly.

The ocean beyond the cliff roared, and the clouds overhead flowed on ever-changing. Upon that cliff, a teenage boy was wearing a white singlet and blue jeans and holding a broad blade.

He jumped up and down and moved forward and back, making his saber flash with gleaming intense force that seemed to tear apart the air.

Perhaps it was just an illusion, perhaps it was the environment, but the scene of the young man waving his saber gave one the sense that, he was a one-man army with a broad blade, looking arrogantly down over the crowds of his enemies.

His broad machete rested on his tightened grip.

One by one, he moved from stance to stance, starting from the first

Style and advancing to the ninth style.

After moving through the nine styles, the young man's gaze became sharp, cutting right through the air.

He stomped his feet and suddenly, time seemed to stop. A thick long straight line extended out, connecting him to a rock nearby.

Another figure of the youth suddenly took form behind the rock as though he had been there in the first place.

"Star Annihilation!"

A small spark appeared.

The next second, half of the rock was scored with a horrifying twenty-centimeter-deep mark. It was clean and neat, yet aggressive and cold-blooded.

Returning his broad blade to its scabbard, the young man stared at his phantom which was still standing in his original position and was just now, fading as he mumbled to himself: "No wonder the Phantom Leg art is considered one of the hardest art out there. It turns out that this Phantom Leg art was not just some simple tier-one manual. It actually contains profound skills, making its actual rank much higher than what the manual had been listed at. Only these truths were not explained in the manual."

"One entire week just to get initiated in the skill. Just how long would I need to reach level one them without the system?" The young man shook his head, a bit dejected by his talent. If it were other students, he didn't know how long it would take them to get initiated to the skill but it shouldn't be as long as him

This young man was Tyrion. Over the past week, he had been training the Phantom Leg technique only to reach initiation level where the system can barely recognize the skill.

Fortunately, Tyrion had the system, upgrading it to the ultima state immediately.

Imagine having the power of comprehension and just training a single technique for a hundred years to the extent you understand the heart and the soul of the technique and realize the true essence and what it meant to activate and even upgrade the technique to a new height, that was the Ultima state.

"It's time! I should go and return the books and accept the rewards for reaching the ultima states of these techniques." Remembering the reward system of Death Academy, Tyrion did not want to waste a second, he immediately started to head back.

Tyrion arrived at the Library.

The old librarian looked up from his desk and recognized Tyrion instantly, he spoke up, "How was it?... you failed to master that Berserk Explosion, right? It's not too late for you to choose another art since you're the legend of your set."

Tyrion smiled, "there's no need, I came to return the script."

"Okay, just sign here."

Chapter 19: Reward Center; 4 Ultima Stages!

After signing, Tyrion turned to leave.

Looking at him, the man asked curiously: "Only a month to go, then it will be the challenge of Reward Placements, you sure you are not going to try something else?"

The reward placement is a challenge held once every six months in Death Academy, the contestants are mostly first-year disciples. If you do well, it means your combat skill is very high; and if you fail, then you will know your skills are lacking.

"I imagine the first level of Berserk explosion should be of a high enough level for me to pass that." Tyrion thought that if he could train his cell activation level to 50%, even if he didn't make it into the top one, his rank should still be fairly good, but it is a fact that he hadn't been in actual combat yet, so he's still not too sure about his combat skills.

But if he went all out and threw in all his trump cards, then he should be able to gain the title of number one.

The librarian nodded subconsciously, then he looked up with full surprise, "You mean you've mastered Berserk explosion? How is that even possible?"

"More or less, I guess." Tyrion replied.

I wonder what he would think if he knew that I have not only mastered Berserk Explosion but also reached the ultima state.

Tyrion did not want to disclose too much, so he walked out of the hall.

After he left, the hall master couldn't believe what he had just heard. He knew that Berserk Explosion was impossible to master since it was created by the third prime Instructor of Death School during a moment of epiphany.

Because he died using the technique, he was unable to complete it.

With only a rudimentary explanation on the technique, it was almost unattainable to grasp it.

"The students nowadays are way too full of themselves." The old man shook his head. It was obvious that he didn't believe what Tyrion said at all.

* * *

Tyrion departed the hall and walked towards the Reward Center.

The Reward Center building wasn't as tall as Tyruon had expected but it was really really wide.

It was a simple bungalow with just one large door. Tyrion hesitated for a few seconds and wondered if he was in the right place because the building looked really new and barely used.

After a few seconds of pondering, he decided to enter the building.

The building had about a few hundred rooms within, some of which were already taken.

Without hesitation, he walked into an empty room.

The moment he entered, he was blinded by the whiteness of the room.

"Place your fingers on the transparent platform to scan your profile."

Michael tore his eyes off the pure white walls and walked towards the half-meter tall platform in the middle of the large room.

Placing his palm on the transparent platform, a mechanical voice rang out.

"Welcome Legend Tyrion. Please input the technique with which you've made an achievement with." magic

A holographic image of a keyboard appeared before him. Only a bit stunned by the hologram, he first inputted the Nine Saber Styles technique.

"Please display your comprehension of the Nine Saber Styles Technique and let the system analyze your level."

As the mechanical voice dropped, the entire room rumbled as the platform retracted back into the ground, leaving the room empty.

"Uhm, okay... "

Grabbing the large machete from his back, Michael took in a deep breath.

"First Style: Solar Strike "

"Second Style: Lunar Dance "

"Third Style: Void Flash"

"Fourth Style: Reverse Void Flash"

"Fifth Style: Void Serpent"

"Sixth Style: Star Reaper"

"Seventh Style: Reverse Star Reaper"

"Eighth Style: Phoenix Blaze"

"Ninth Style: Star Annihilation"

Tyrion's face turned incredibly serious as he held on to the machete with his two hands.

"Ultimate Move: Berserk Howl!"

The entire air shook as his muscles squirmed. The blade hummed and oscillated. It was as though it was a beast trying to escape from his grip.

"Whoosh!" "BANG!"

The edge of the blade moves in mid-air and a star seems to explode at the tip of the blade. The air suddenly combusted as a clear white scar appeared in mid-air before it faded after a while.

"Evaluation: ultima level."

"As the first first-year student to have reached the ultima state of the Nine style Saber Styles, 10,000 points have been awarded."

Tyrion's eyes lit up seeing this and without hesitation, he inputted the Phantom Leg Art and immediately displayed his comprehension level.

"BOOM!"

The world seems to slow down to a halt, blurring into a shade of shadows. It was as though he had been dumped into an ocean, everything including air resisting him.

It was as though Tyrion had been thrust into a whole new world as he walked forward.

The moment he took a step forward, he felt the extreme resistance from the air as he moved.

Behind him, afterimages of his former self remained as though he had split into multiple parts.

He even went ahead to touch his afterimages but he only touched air.

In the next few seconds, he walked around and eventually stopped the technique and an extreme feeling of fatigue overwhelmed him.

"BOOM!"

The world shattered and collapsed as the whiteness came over.

"Evaluation: ultima level."

"As the first first-year student to have reached the ultima state of the Phantom Leg Art, 10,000 points have been awarded."

In a giddy state of excitement, he displayed the three stages of Berserk Explosion.

"First level; Berserker state."

"Boom!"

His entire body crackled and reddened as he punched the air.

"Second level: Blood Rage!"

His skin began to crack as his body flushed red.

He immediately punched the air three times.

"Boom! Boom!! Boom!!!"

The air trembled and crackled as it compressed tightly.

"Third Level: Feral Demon!"

Veins popped out of his reddish skin as his muscles squirmed and bulged as though his body had been inflated.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The air seemed to collapse in that moment as it distorted, creating visible shockwaves in mid-air that spread outwards.

The power he released was even more than those with cell activation level of 50% percent.

"Ultima State: Primal Fury!"

Blood spurted out from his finger-sized veins as his muscles expanded. His height increased from 1.89 meters to a terrifying 2-meter tall monstrous beast.

Blood pooled down his oscillating body as his flesh literally tore, revealing a whitish membrane underneath as well as squirming yellowish muscles.

"KA-BOOM!!!"

Chapter 20: 80,000 Points!

The air shattered and exploded into pieces as though the entire training room was about to collapse.

Underneath his one single punch, his body released massive waves of steaming heat, three visible shockwaves rippling through the air like a stone being dropped in a still lake.

Stopping the skill, his body instantly healed and his skin closed up as though being glued together by an invisible force.

"Evaluation: ultima level."

"As the first 1st-year student to have reached the ultima state of the Phantom Leg Art, 10,000 points have been awarded."

Tyrion sighed in relief.

"Exhausting, time for the big guns." He licked his lips at the amount of points he was going to get this time.

"You have selected the Demonic Blood Cell Tempering Method, please display it to evaluate your comprehension."

Michael removed his clothes took in a deep breath and exhaled.

The moment he exhaled, his bodily structure began to change drastically and he transformed into a half-human, half-tiger monster.

"Evaluation: ultima level."

"As the first, first-year student to have reached the ultima state in Demonic Blood cell Tempering Technique, 10,000 points have been awarded."

Tyrion grinned, satisfied with the amount of points he currently has.

Wearing his clothes, he exited the room.

Immediately, a notification rang out within his holo-watch.

[Important Notification]

"Ding! Congrats to Legend Tyrion for reaching the Ultima states in four techniques, You've been awarded 40,000 points."

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Tyrion's smile instantly froze.

Important notification meant that it had been sent to all students, from the first year to the fourth year!

Seeing the message, Tyrion knew he was in a whole new world of trouble.

Not even the 40,000 extra points could change his mind!

"Which bastard set this sinister trap up!? Do not let me catch you!"

Tyrion cursed in deep seethed anger and without hesitation turned around to leave the Reward Center.

He could imagine how many students who would hunt him for the number of points he currently possesses. He could even hear the sounds of doors opening in the reward center. Luckily he had reacted quickly enough.

Pulling his coat of identification over his head, He immediately left the vicinity of the Reward Center in a hurried walk.

* * *

Seeing the important notification from the academy pop up in their holographic image, the entire school seems to have woken up.

It was as though an ancient beast was awakening in the entire university as the students revealed various expressions and began gossiping.

To be honest, it really was a shocking notification.

While Tyrion wasn't the only person to have reached the Ultima state since the start of the university as there had been several others, it was still too shocking when one calculated the speed at which he was used.

Never had there been a first-year student, reaching the ultima state in four techniques, all within one week.

Tyrion hid his face with his coat throughout the entire way to the Legend Mountain.

Several students were hurrying towards the opposite direction and Tyrion made sure to avoid them while keeping himself from being recognized.

He could only imagine how bad his situation would be once he was caught.

Naturally, he wasn't scared of his fellow first year, but his seniors whose cells had been activated to the maximum level and those that had broken through the Cell activation state made his spine tingle and his hair rise. magic

His speed increased even further.

Their speed fast as they fade in and out of existence from the second-year estate.

That's right, even second-year students were interested in his 40,000 points as within Death Academy, credit point is everything.

With credit points, there was no limit to one's future as they could purchase serums to increase their cell-activation rate or even break through the cell activation stage.

Among those rushing from the first-year dorm, Tyrion noticed one that was quite eye-catching among them.

He was a burly figure with a huge shape. He is incredibly tall, standing at 2.2 meters tall. His skin color was as dark as the night sky but his hair made him worth quite the second look as it was green in color.

What made him quite eye-catching wasn't the fact that he had no shirt on and his upper body was quite naked.

He was also pretty handsome with chiseled streamlined muscles rippling with force.

But the fact that he was literally jumping his way through buildings as though he had springboard as legs was quite shocking.

He ran a few meters on the ground and although the floor he stepped on didn't cave in, his footprint still tattooed the ground, dragging up quite the dust.

Then, Boom! He shot towards the air like a cannonball!

20 Meters!

He had crossed 20 Meters in a single leap!

Tyrion could hear the booming sounds as the ground quaked. When he saw the shadows flickering, he knew things were going wrong. But at the sight of the jumping figure, his expression changed slightly.

From the figure's physique, it was obvious he was practicing a strength-enhancing technique. Which implies that speed wasn't his forte, strength was.

But surprisingly, he was jumping 20 meters at a distance. It was an incredibly frightening sight to behold.

'Dammit, it hasn't even been a month, and yet, freaks like this already exist.'
Tyrion cursed in his mind.

He wasn't the least bit intimidated by any of them though, he was just surprised there were people like this within just one week of entering Death Academy.

Placing both his hands in his trousers, he lowered his head in his coat by a bit as he walked towards the 1st-year student estate like an ordinary student.

At this moment, he wanted no trouble to himself and only wished to get to his house at the mountain, training his body till everything died down.

He just wished he had an earpod to listen to a few music, distracting himself. It would be pretty amazing. Tyrion smirked at the thought and proceeded to fast walk.