

Earths GMagus 251

Chapter 251: The Queen

Emery thought there was no way an acolyte could control all of these little creatures with their own prowess alone.

Hence, he guessed there must be something that helped the acolyte control these little creatures. He assumed there must be a leader or commander amongst them. Emery also remembered from the observation he did during his childhood days ants were basically slaves to their superior.

Therefore, based on all these deductions and information, Emery knew it was likely there was the leader type of these creatures somewhere in the arena.

As he was being cornered by the creatures earlier, Emery tried his best to locate the so-called queen. Looking at the open arena, he couldn't see anything that could be of use as a hideout for the queen. And then, it hit him.

Emery recalled the creatures were basically coming out of Molt's sleeves and seeing the clothes he wore, he realized there was more than enough space for one little creature to hide beneath it. Hence, the plan.

At that exact moment, the time when the ant queen flew away from beneath Molt's clothes, Emery quickly teleported over and caught the flying creature in his palm before it could run away.

In an instant, all the creatures that had been surrounding him stopped simultaneously.

Unfortunately, or fortunately for Emery, some of the acid fluid apparently also splashed towards the creatures around Molt, causing them to screech loudly in pain.

Molt, on the other hand, seemed to descend into panic when he saw the ant queen had been captured.

"Please, please, please... Don't hurt her... Don't hurt Letta, please!" Molt frantically said, earning him a weird gaze from Emery.

Emery was surprised to see Molt's attitude change so instantly and drastically. If the previous him could be described as a maniac, the current him looked like a worried parent. Truly a stark difference, worlds apart.

Even though Emery could see Molt gritting his teeth, probably due to the pain of his skin burning, he seemed to not be concerned about his body, but more towards the creature in Emery's hand.

"Y-You... You can do anything to me, but let her go... Wait, there's a better deal. I give up! you win. Please let her go."

Seeing Emery seemed to not believe his words, Molt swiftly turned around and shouted to the audience, "I give up! I give up!"

The moment Molt shouted his surrender, a notification immediately appeared in his mind.

[Congratulations! You have won the fourth match!]

After receiving the notification and examining it two more times, Emery surely had no more reason to hurt the little creature and let her go.

The released flying ant quickly flew towards Molt and the spiky-haired acolyte welcomed the creature into his embrace like a mother receiving her long lost child. Honestly, it was quite a weird sight.

Emery didn't know how to feel when he suddenly saw a different side of the acolyte he previously hated, a side he never expected Molt to have. It appeared there would always be a story behind everyone's actions and this acolyte's behaviour of torturing humans must have something to do with his love for his pet. Maybe...

Molt looked like he didn't seem to care he had lost the game. He gave Emery a mixed gaze and then took out two small objects that looked like the cubes he saw at Lord Izta's palace, but in the shape of a sphere. He threw the two spheres into the air and a bright light appeared, before all the ant-like creatures were sucked into the spheres.

Emery reckoned those must be the special artifacts or equipment a beast tamer used, just like the cauldron and other stuff the Apothecary Path had.

Either way, Emery had won the game. When he walked out of the arena, he felt as if his whole body was crumbling apart and about to shut down. Unfortunately, it wasn't a mere feeling, as Emery lost his footing and his body immediately hit the ground the moment he went down from the arena.

Emery's now unresponsive body was then quickly carried back to the medical facility and returned to the strange pod in haste.

Emery, who was still conscious, could only sigh inwardly, as he knew his body already broke through its limit. Now he truly needed to recuperate.

The only unfortunate things about being treated in the pod was that he was unable to watch the game. Realizing he could only stare at the ceiling, Emery quickly dived into his mind, as he began reflecting his actions on the previous fights.

Out of four matches he went through, Emery obtained one loss and three wins. Two of the wins came from his opponent surrendering to him. It didn't look like an amazing result, but a win still a win and Emery was thrilled waiting for tomorrow's last match.

Suddenly, Emery thought about his friends, who might still be fighting their fourth match, Silva and Klea. An interesting thought abruptly emerged into his mind.

Emery wondered which one between the two would have better chances to make it through the second day. Naturally, he wished both of them would succeed in their endeavor. However, Emery just couldn't help it and began to unconsciously compare the two with each other.

Therefore, he began to start a series of monologues.

"Klea has multiple elements..."

"...but Silva has her bloodline."

"Klea is very talented and her spells are amazing..."

"... but Silva is very smart, though. I am sure she has many tricks prepared for this game."

"Klea is not a pushover as well. She's tough..."

"Well, both of them are amazing girls."

"... Yeah. They are both beautiful in their own way."

"..."

"Wait, seems like I forgot some-... Why am I comparing them again...?"

Before Emery could solve this century-old question, the pod he was in suddenly made a sound and its door slowly opened. Seeing that, Emery swiftly forgot about everything earlier.

"Aahh, that's faster than I thought."

However, when the door opened, Emery didn't realize a beautiful girl was already waiting for him. It was Klea.

"Emery!" she shouted, her eyes teary.

Emery was startled and looked towards Klea with a surprised and confused gaze. When he stepped out of the pod, Klea immediately hugged him.

"Klea? What's wrong...? Did... did you lose?" Emery slowly asked, as he was unsure about the situation and Klea's sudden cry.

She immediately released the hug and stepped back, "Of course not, you silly! I won!"

"You won? Then, why are you...?"

"That's me worrying about your condition, Emery!" Klea's sad face quickly morphed into an annoyed one. "Huh! Sometimes I wonder if you are really smart or stupid!"

Receiving Klea's chiding, Emery could only scratch his head awkwardly, "Hahaha... Sorry, Klea. Hehehe..."? Emery said, even though he wasn't really sure what he was apologizing for.

"Stupid! Stupid! Huh!" Klea said with an annoyed tone. "I will call the others first. You, wait here."

Emery could only watch as Klea left the room in a hurry. Sure, he wanted to follow her, but somehow his body couldn't move properly yet. Emery then finally realized his right hand had regrown already.

It seemed the thing he was put into was really amazing. Still mesmerized by his regrown arm, Emery suddenly felt an alarm. There was something approaching him, fast.

When Emery turned around to see who it was, he suddenly was punched in the stomach and something was forced into his mouth, making him unable to shout.

Moments later, Klea returned with the others only to find Emery was already gone.

Chapter 252: Kidnapped

Emery could feel himself being dragged by something. Judging from the size of the thing grasping him, whoever or whatever was taking him away must have been something or someone quite big. His restraints were locked on tight and his mouth felt like it was stuffed with cotton, making him unable to scream. Then, he felt himself being tossed inside a cold, metallic space probably some kind of a box.

With time to himself, Emery wondered who would do such a thing. Taking a participating acolyte in the middle of a game, with a huge crowd gathered. The incident would risk so many witnesses and the getaway should not be easy.

Was he being taken so he would be unable to participate in the final match? That was certainly a possibility, if he was a top champion or a strong contender for the title. But, as much as it pained him, he knew he was a nobody. No one would go to such lengths to keep him from the match.

Emery decided to try using his [Immortal Gate] in order to force his restraints open, but it did not budge. After a few tries, he decided to use his Fey Transformation.

[Current Status: Weakened]

[Bloodline transformation unavailable.]

"Dammit!"

Emery cursed, his rage echoing around the thing he was put into. Not only was he trapped in an unfavorable situation, his bloodline still retained its weakened status. Wasn't his injury supposed to be healed already? Why would he still be stuck in the weakened state?

Emery felt movement around him while he was thinking. Within minutes, he came to a slow, before stopping completely. It seemed he had arrived at whatever destination his abductor decided to take him. He was taken out of the box and seated in a chair with head still covered.

But his ears were able to pick up the noises of people talking.

"Brother... Brother, I finally managed to take him..."

"Who do you mean...?? Wait, is that him?!"

"Yeah, brother... Yeah, I succeeded!" The first figure coughed and wheezed for a bit before talking. "I managed to take him with no trouble, am i great or what brother?"

"You... Argh! ..What have you done? Did you really listen to anything I said?! I told you to invite him, invite! Not take him like that!"

Emery can hear the two arguments clearly, The first figure's voice sounded heavy, but his words, along with the giggling in between each word convinced Emery the first figure was a little boy. Meanwhile, the second voice sounded more mature and carried the dignity of a leader, but, more importantly, Emery was more concerned with the fact the voice sounded familiar. Where did he hear the voice before?

"Uuuu..." The little boy's voice sounded disappointed "I don't understand, brother... Didn't you tell me I shouldn't let his companions know what we're doing?"

"Well, yes, but... You know there are a myriad of ways to accomplish that without resorting to kidnapping him, right...? This is why I told you to wait for Tatjana before doing this..."

"But sister Tatjana... She's taking too long and I didn't want you to wait, brother..."

The distinct sound of a lock being opened could be heard, along with a series of footsteps approaching closer. It seemed someone else came into the room and, judging from the reaction of the other two, the new arrival was their ally.

"Tatjana! Where have you been?"

"I was... Umm.. I was just taking my beauty nap." The woman who just came into the room replied. Unlike the other two, she did not seem to give too much attention to the unknown person lying inside the room.

"Have you seen what Andrei did here, Tatjana? He really did kidnap the guy!"

"Did you really, Andrei? Ah, I'm so happy to hear that! Keep up the good work Andrei, you're really the best! Thanks for finishing the job for me!" The woman praised.

"Yes Sister, i am happy.. happy"

"Argh, you two really are the same!" The leader scratched his head and sighed. "Tatjana, dammit, take this more seriously!"

They argued back and forth for a bit, before Emery heard someone walked closer to him and yanked off the covering on his head.

Right as the covering came off, Emery squinted and adjusted his eyes to the light, before squinting at the three figures standing before him.

"Hello... I am Andrei." Emery looked at the source of the childish voice. To his surprise, he did not see a little boy. He saw a tall, muscular guy more than 2 meters tall with hair covering all over his body. The dissonance between his voice and his figure made Emery shudder a bit.

"Hello Emery! My name is Tatjana... Nice to finally meet you." Emery looked at the woman standing right next to the huge muscular guy. She was a brown-haired pretty girl with a bright and cheerful smile, with her long hair tied up into a single ponytail resting on her shoulder. Her appearance and demeanor almost made Emery fail to notice the furred tail wagging behind her, together with furry ears on her head moving around in vigilance.

Emery looked at the remaining person and realized why their voice sounded so familiar. Their leader was Brutus, the wolf bloodline acolyte he had met before in the Bloodline Institute of Zodiac City.

From what he saw, Emery realized his kidnapers were all acolytes with the wolf bloodline.

Emery opened his mouth to say something, but Brutus stepped it and said.

"First of all, Emery, I would like to apologize. My brother used a rather... extreme method to take you here. If it helps our case in any way, I want you to know we did not intend for this to happen."

Emery let out a sigh, it appeared he was not in any real danger.

"Alright, if you're really sorry, can you guys release me now?"

However, there was a moment of silence between the three. Both Andrei and Tatjana stared at Brutus, waiting for their leader to give an answer.

Brutus gave a small, sheepish smile and rubbed his head. "Well, actually... While you're already tied up, maybe we should ask you a few questions first."

Even though Brutus was smiling, Emery was able to feel the atmosphere change from friendly and fun to stifling and uncomfortable within the span of a few seconds,

"Alright, Emery. I'll get to the point. What is your relationship with Grand Magus Zenoia?"

Emery stared at them in confusion. Yet again, he was surprised.

"Relationship? Do elaborate, I don't really get what you're talking about."

"We are asking, are you involved with her?"

"What do you mean 'involved?'"

Emery saw the brown-haired girl walk closer and sniff him. Their distance allowed Emery to smell her unique, alluring scent and he recalled exactly where he had sensed the scent before. It seemed she was the mysterious figure who was following him and Magus Xion several days ago.

"Brother Brutus... no mark on his neck.. and he smells.. so good, I think he's, fine" the pretty girl said with a smile.

Chapter 253: Contempt

"Ah, I see... Good to hear that." the girl named Tatjana nodded in approval. "Andrei, you can release him now. He's no threat to us."

Emery stared at them in confusion. It was certainly odd that with just one sentence from the girl, they immediately released the binds tying up his limbs.

"You're going to release me just like that?"

The brown-haired girl nodded and grinned before she decided to help Emery get rid of the heavy chains still surrounding his body.

"Ah, well... How do I say this, Tatjana has the best sense among us, if she says you're alright, then you're alright."

While helping to release the binds, Tatjana still sniffed around him. "Emery, you smell really good. You must be a very kind person."

Emery stared at her for several seconds with mouth agape and an awkward silence followed.

"... And you gleaned all this information just from sniffing me?" Emery's expression of disbelief made all three of them laugh simultaneously, breaking the awkward silence that ensued between them before.

"Hahahaha" Brutus clutched his stomach and let out a boisterous laugh much louder than the other two. "Of course not Emery, Tatjana here only checks if you are actually under the influence of that old hag spells."

"Hey, brother Brutus! you shouldn't really talk about our honorable Grand Magus like that." Tatjana reprimanded and shook her head. "We may have a personal dislike towards her, but we shouldn't forget our manners."

"Ah, right my bad.. Though... Emery, don't be lax. Just because you're not under the influence of her spells. You could possibly be already ensnared by her traps."

So far, Emery felt that, while the three of them were a fun-loving and kind bunch, he couldn't shake the feeling of dislike forming in his heart for the way they talked about Grand Magus Zenoia. The woman had helped him twice already and seeing her being disrespected like that made him feel uncomfortable.

"What is your history with the grand magus? What's with all the contempt?"

Emery's question made the three of them turn their heads to look at him at the same time and yet again, the atmosphere became serious. Brutus looked at the other two for a second before looking back at Emery to explain. "Emery, your senses must've already told you we're all from the same wolf bloodline, right? We're all practically family here and we want what's best for us all. I strongly advise you against trusting her."

"But why?" Emery asked, expecting a serious answer. Despite what they said, nothing could change the fact they just met a little while ago and they met not under the best of circumstances. Surely, Emery could not accept such an accusation without proof or explanation.

Emery's reaction made Brutus furrow his brows in confusion and ask Tatjana. "Hey, Tanja... are you one-hundred percent sure he's not currently being affected by any spells?"

Tatjana simply gave her charming smile and shook her head.

"Well, she's from the mythical bat bloodline and that's good enough reason. No members of that bloodsucking freak can be trusted."

Emery sighed and rubbed his head. He was thinking about some possibilities of what the Grand Magus could possibly have done, but it appeared it was a classic dispute between two sides of the bloodline. Or at least, that was what he could conclude from the limited information he had.

"You really should take a bit to learn the history of what happened between our two races..." said Brutus

Emery decided he wanted no part in the dispute between them, especially with his limited information. He asked the most important question he had right now, aside from the dispute.

"Okay, that aside... what do you want with me?"

"Ah right, about that... Actually, our chief told us to pick you up and help you after you won that second game, but we kinda interrupted as you went straight to our enemies instead of finding us, your own kin."

"You were with them all the time!" Tatjana added and shook her head."

"Then, we thought.. Probably you don't need us after all"

"Yes! Me and my brother bet you will lose on the first match"

"You see it becomes troublesome when you loose badly to that dragon kid"

"Yes! we got scolded by the chief!"

"Now that you are in the final, we were made sure to reach you"

Emery currently not sure how to feel about these people, they were both amusing and annoying to him. He decided to focus on the help they implied they have.

"So, what are you going to help me with?"

"Here, the chief asked us to give you something."

Brutus took out a wooden box from his storage ring. The box had similar carvings and style as the reward he received for being the best in the apothecary institute's exam. Would it be another spirit foundation pill? Emery mused in his mind.

When he opened the box, instead of a pill he found a small blood-red vial filled with liquid of similar color. From the looks of the vial, he recognized what it actually is.

"Yeah, this is the reward from the bloodline institute for your achievement of being in the top 500."

[Legendary Blood Elixir]

"Haha Do you like it, Emery? This might be the key you need to succeed in your final match!"

When Brutus took out the vial, both Tatjana and Andrei seems to gleam with excitement.

Emery received the potion and looked at it. He was surely grateful, but while he stared at the vial, he realized something and decided to ask Brutus.

"So, wait... you were saying that you're supposed to give me this 10 days ago?"

"Hahahahaha... about that..." Brutus took a few steps back and looked at Emery with a panicked expression. "Brother, we want the best for you and if you got this from the beginning, you wouldn't put as much effort into practicing, am I right? Hahahahaha...."

For the umpteenth time that day, Emery shook his head in disbelief.

"So do I just drink this like that?"

"Yes you should."

Before drinking it, Emery was concerned about his [weakened state] if it would affect the elixir, but apparently it was normal for all the wolves bloodline to receive the drawback after transforming. The stronger the transformation, the longer the drawback will be.

"For rank three, normally the drawback will be a couple of days, its different for each of us, but don't worry this elixir will definitely help you speed up the process"

Emery stared at the small vial and all three pairs of eyes watched him in anticipation.

He drank the whole thing in one gulp.

Chapter 254: Genes Purified

Emery uncorked the potion and drank the liquid in one gulp. The liquid was tasteless, it felt similar to colored water when it went through his throat.

After consuming the vial, he noticed the three people in the room staring at him in anticipation.

The awkward silence continued for several seconds, before Emery felt a slight tingle all around his body. The tingling was followed by a warmth radiating from his core. His body temperature kept increasing by the second, making Emery feel like someone shoved a hot coal into his insides.

The heat quickly became too much and his vision started to blur. Out of the corner of his sight, he saw the room darken even though nothing was happening. The darkness started to emit smoke and the smoke gathered together into one, forming an odd shape he could not identify. The only thing Emery managed to see was a pair of two large eyes glowing in greenish color staring at him.

The gaze of the mysterious creature evoked a huge pressure and mixed feeling of fear and respect within Emery. Before he could identify any feature relating to the creature, the smoke started to dissipate and he found himself back in the room. Sweat covered his skin and dampened his clothing, exhaustion racked through his body. However, Emery was far too focused on the notification in his mind to care.

[Bloodline Gene – Fey Wolf]

[Gene Classification – Legendary Bloodline]

[Bloodline Limit : Rank 6]

[Current Rank]

[Rank 3 -The Fey Warden]

[Calculating ancestor blood essence percentage...]

[16% fey wolf essence found]

[Your bloodline just went through purifying process]

[Genes purified]

[Fey Wolf gene essence percentage increased to 20%]

[Weakened state removed]

[All wolf bloodline abilities increased]

[Sense sharpness increased]

[Stamina increased]

[Regenerative abilities increased]

[Fey wolf innate skill gene imprint found]

[New innate skill – Shapeshifting]

Emery stared at all the notifications, reading them one by one to make sure he absorbed each bit of information correctly. However, Tatyana called him and snapped him out of his concentration.

"You just had your first awakening, right? Hey, did your rank go up? What skills did you get? Tell me!"

"Rank? Skill?" Emery didn't have time to read all the information he saw and the barrage of questions from the girl only left him even more confused.

"Hey, Tatja, cool down a bit with the questions. He's new, and all your questions will just confuse him." Brutus patted the girl's right shoulder and said. "Emery, I saw your genes in the institute. You're a rank 6, right? What is your wolf gene called?"

"It's called... Fey wolf."

"Fey wolf... I've never heard of that particular type of wolf gene. But still, it's rank limitation is one rank higher than mine. I have a Dire Wolf gene."

"Meanwhile, Andrei here," Brutus gestured at the tall man standing next to him. "He may be huge, but his bloodline limit is rank 5 Wing Wolf gene. For Tatjana... She's also a legendary rank 6 just like you, but she's not really a wolf."

"Yeah, I have a six-tailed fox gene, Emery." Tatjana added with a smile. "My gene still classified as a wolf family, though not too close... To make it easier for you, just consider my bloodline as something like a cousin to the wolf family bloodline."

Brutus nodded and explained. "As for what you just received... It's a elixir for bloodline awakening. From consuming it, we each would get a glimpse of our ancestors and from the brief vision we would receive a decent boost in our stats and sometimes a special skill."

Upon hearing the word 'special skill', Andrei gazed at Emery with excitement twinkling in his eyes.

"Hey, brother Emery, what skill did you get? Tell me... Tell me..."

Emery concentrated his mind and tried to read the notification again. When he saw the name of the skill, he furrowed his brows.

Detecting his confusion, the symbol on his hand glowed and another notification appeared in his mind.

[Shapeshifting]

[Fey Wolf innate skills, enables the caster to change their body into the likeness of any living being.]

[Level 1 – Change limited to facial features and skin]

"Give it a try brother!"

Emery closed his eyes and concentrated, urging his bloodline to try and perform the skill while he focused on picturing Brutus' facial features. Slowly, his face changed and he became a smaller version of Brutus, with similar face, hair and skin but still looks different enough for the others to tell that it was Emery.

The skill was surely unique and could be useful in certain situations. However, the magus final match was definitely not one of those kinds of situations.

The three saw Emery perform his newly acquired skill and they all gave a loud laugh.

"Hahahahaha! I'll be honest, Emery, that skill was probably the worst bloodline skill I ever saw... Or even, will ever see!" Brutus closed his mouth and tried to stifle his giggles.

Despite their joking about the skill, Emery still thinks this skill could be very useful for him, especially back home in Briton with him being a wanted man.

"But Emery don't fret about it too much. I hope you'll get better skills in your next upgrade."

"Next upgrade?" Emery asked.

"Hmm... Basically, we half-bloods can increase our strength with bloodline advancements. We all start with a certain percentage of ancestor essence and the bigger the percentage, the more power we would acquire. The closer we are to our bloodline limit, the stronger we will be." Brutus explained. "So, in your case, if you reach 99% gene essence, your transformation into a full rank 6 fey wolf would be complete."

"Each bloodline has different percentage requirements and even those within the wolf family have different rank limits. But usually, for rank 6 bloodlines, the requirement goes like... 5% for rank 2, 15% for rank 3, 30% for rank 4, 60% for rank 5, and 99% for rank 6"

"The essence purity would mature during age, sometimes emotion could stimulate them but for later stage we half blood really depends on those precious elixir you just drank"

Emery decided to remember all the information Brutus provided to him. The explanation answered a lot of the questions that bothered him, but while he was glad to put a rest to a part of his curiosity, he still had tomorrow's match to worry about.

"So uh... That aside, do you guys have any pointers to help me win tomorrow's match?"

Chapter 255: New Skill

"So uh... That aside, do you guys have any pointers to help me win tomorrow's match? Anything would help." Emery said.

"Of course we'll help." Brutus nodded. "What's a family for, if not for helping each other, right? Haha!"

"Yeah, we'll try our best to help." Tatjana smiled and nodded.

Emery did not know what to feel about this. Just hours ago they kidnapped him and had their disagreements. Now, Not only these three willing to help him, all of them even seem so enthusiastic about it. Emery really considers fixing his previous negative first impression towards them.

Brutus gestured for Emery to stand next to him before instructing.

"Alright, we'll start with the main basics of the wolf bloodline's abilities. Are you ready?"

Emery took a deep breath, realizing that he was about to receive a piece of important information, and nodded. "Yes, I am ready."

Brutus looked up at the ceiling, took a deep breath, and shouted.

"Hoooouuulllll!"

It was not just an ordinary shout, there was a certain rhythm forming a sort of twisted melody that went on for several seconds. Emery realized Brutus was howling, just like a real wolf.

After a while, he stopped and turned to look at Emery. "Now, let me hear your howl." Brutus said.

"Yeah, brother... I want to hear your howl too." Andrei begged. For his size, he acted oddly cute. He looked at Emery with a wide innocent gaze usually seen on little children.

"I'm sure your howl would sound nice, too," Tatjana added in an attempt to encourage him.

Meanwhile, Emery stared at them in stunned silence. He has no idea how to howl at all.

"Don't think about it too much, Emery. Just shout your heart out." Brutus added.

"Alright, I will try."

Emery took a deep breath, mimicked Brutus' earlier howling stance and shouted on top of his lungs.

"Hoooooowwwwwwwuuuuuooooooo!"

The other three winced upon hearing Emery's attempt. Right as he stopped, Emery could tell from their facial expressions the result he gave them was not as expected.

"What the hell is that? That sounded really bad." Brutus scratched the back of his head. Andrei and Tatjana also gave him a judging stare. Realizing how they said it was important, Emery decided to look up at the ceiling and try again.

"Hooooooouuuuuwwwwlllll!"

"Hmm... Still not good, but that's a little bit better." Brutus nodded. "Oh well, these things come with practice, after all. Alright, now repeat after me..."

The howling practice continued on for a few hours and before he realized it, it was almost midnight. Even though he had been howling with the three of them non-stop, Emery was no closer to understanding what they would achieve with the seemingly pointless activity.

Brutus finally nodded in approval at Emery's last attempt. "Alright, I think your howl strength and rhythm are good enough for now. Next, I will teach you how to combine it with the spirit core"

Brutus took the same stance again, but this time, he used a channeling technique to empower his voice before he howled.

Emery decided to do the same. He focused on his dark core and channeled power into it before shouting.

"HOWL!"

[You have learned a new innate skill, Howl!]

"That's exactly it! That's one very good howl indeed, we all can feel it. Well... At least, it's pretty good for a newbie, haha." Brutus praised.

When he heard Brutus finally praised him, along with Andrei and Tatjana's expressions, Emery decided to ask.

"Alright, thank you, but... I don't really get this howl. What is it supposed to do?"

"Ah, my apologies, I forgot to cast it first. Let me give you a demonstration, you'll understand after you see this." Brutus said, before letting out a powerful howl.

Right as he heard the melodic rhythm of Brutus' howl, Emery could feel energy stir within his body.

[Your battle power has increased by 3 points!]

"Amazing, right? It's a really useful skill in a group fight, but unfortunately, I'm only a beta-rank wolf. If an alpha did this, the effects will be much better. If a chief did this, it'd be even better... Oh, can you imagine if the patriarch did this? We'll be unstoppable in a large-scale war!"

"Yeah!" Tatjana exclaimed in excitement.

"The power we'd get would be amazing!"

"Aaa... I want to hear the chief's howl, too..." Andrei sulked.

Upon listening to the explanation, Emery's mood turned sullen again.

"No offense to all of you, but... I wonder how is this skill going to help me in tomorrow's match? It's not like you guys are going to be there other than maybe for emotional support..."

The three of them fell silent after hearing Emery's question. It seems they have realized the same thing.

"..."

"Yeah, you're right."

"..."

"That's true..."

"Ah dang... If we could join the fight, this skill would be so useful..."

"..."

Emery stared at them, unable to believe they made him waste a few precious hours learning such a skill. Though he had to admit the skill could be useful in a variety of situations, it would be no help to the match that was growing closer by the minute. It seemed every single thing he obtained in his encounter with them could be useful for literally anything beside the imminent match.

Nevertheless, he took his decision to reevaluate their initial impression back.

Brutus apologized and insisted on teaching him another skill. Knowing what just transpired mere moments ago, of course Emery was about to reject the offer. However, before Emery could answer, among Brutus' explanations, he found something that interested him.

"Brutus... What did you say? Partial transformation?" Emery asked in the middle of Brutus' explanation.

"Yeah... Don't tell me you don't know about partial transformation, Emery?"

"No, I don't know, actually." Emery shook his head.

"Ah... That's actually a very important bit to know." Brutus answered. "Alright, first things first, you need to know about the difference between full and partial transformation. The first stage of all transformations is considered as a partial transformation, while the second stage is considered a full-body transformation.

With partial transformation, you can just change a part of your body. For example, if you need more strength, you can just change your arm or maybe if you need speed you can change both your legs."

Hearing it gave Emery a new insight. Though it sounded trivial, it was a very important skill that could help Emery increase his power and his chances of winning.

During his fight with Zach the dragon boy, he felt that his transformation only hindered his spell-casting. The decrease of spell-casting speed contributed to his defeat, as he was unable to blink away from Zach's strikes.

Emery used the last few hours before sunrise to learn how to balance his bloodline transformation and his spells. For such a difficult skill to master, he managed to get the hang of it within a few hours.

Morning came and though begrudgingly, Emery finally gave his respect to his newfound 'family' of sorts.

While lying tired on the ground Emery said "Thank you guys... this will be very useful for me"

"Glad we could help Emery"

Tatjana approached him real close and said. "Emery don't forget next week there will be a Moon Rave Gathering and you Must Must come"

"What's that?"

"It's our quarterly gathering of all the wolf bloodline. You will learn more about us there... and you will also be able to meet the patriarch. You have to come, Emery."

Brutus added. "And Emery, especially if you win today's final, you will surely be the honorable guest."

"I see I will definitely come then."

"One last thing Emery, I need to warn you again about the grand magus and your master, magus Xion."

Emery startle hearing it

"Magus Xion is a half blood as well? I don't think so"

"No, but magus Xion is her most trusted follower and you must know your magus has a very dark past."

Emery remember the magus mention about his regretful past therefore he's not really worried hearing the information.

Tatjana added, "Emery you must know, when I came to follow you last time? The Magus told me to leave you alone"

"!!!"

Now Emery became concerned, he remembered the magus told him he didn't see anyone, why did the magus lie to him?

Unconsciously, the question created a small doubt in his heart, Emery remembered what Granny and the Bagdemagus did. It would be too painful if the magus also has a hidden agenda towards him.

Emery surely would not tell about this to the group and decided to put it in the back of his mind. He then left quickly, as the game would start shortly.

Emery quickly returns to Lord Izta's palace. Right as he arrived, he faced murderous glares from his friends.

Chapter 256: Third Day

The sun had risen from the eastern horizon when Emery arrived at the entrance to Lord Izta's palace. All of his friends had gathered near the entrance, their glares intense enough to drill a hole into Emery's skull. Lord Izta and Magus Xion were also there among them.

"What the hell, Emery? Just where did you go?" Julian started to question him. Though his actions were fueled with rage, Emery could tell they all gathered here out of worry for his well-being, especially Klea.

"All of a sudden you went missing and all of us were worried." Klea added.

With all the scolding by his friends, deep in his heart, he felt the warmth of a familial bond. The people in this room were all part of his found family.

Emery could offer no excuse, he just nodded and apologized to his friends. Although the wolf acolytes hoped to be secretive about this, especially with magus Xion in front of him, Emery still decided to tell everything that just happened. He couldn't believe his master had any ill intent towards him.

He told his friends he was kidnapped by the wolf acolytes and he stayed to practice his bloodline skills. Though everything that transpired was not really his fault, Emery still decided to apologize for making them worry.

Upon hearing Emery's explanation, Lord Izta nodded and stood up from his seat.

"Hmm, it seems having a good relationship with the wolf bloodline institute will prove beneficial to our cause." Lord Izta touched his chin and he again returned to his mumbling before saying "My friend also thinks the same, he always had a thing with furry creatures."

Magus Xion, who stood next to him, shake his head and said. "Senior, I am not too sure about that. As far as I know, those of wolf bloodline are unpredictable, have no care about anything going on in the

world and would even cause trouble here and there for the sake of their amusement. Look at what they did to Emery."

"Ah, right. I can see where you're coming from, Xion."

Emery glanced at his master. He knew everything his master said made a lot of sense, but somehow he couldn't help but feel uneasy about it. The knowledge he obtained during his time with the wolf bloodline acolytes still gave questions to his heart.

What was the relationship between the wolf acolytes and his master? Was this merely the result of clan disputes going out of control or was there something more in their history?

Lord Izta stopped all the interrogating and scolding and stated: "First things first, we need to focus on today's fights. I believe all of you will do well today. Emery, Klea. Go and make us proud."

"Yes, Lord Izta."

--

Together, the group went to the grand hall. As soon as they entered, they saw massive crowds had formed there. The place felt a bit hot due to the crowd, but the excitement from some of them made the group a little bit more confident.

"Woo! This is crazy packed!" Thrax exclaimed and looked around. "Damn, when they said this was the most important event of the year, they really weren't exaggerating!"

Fortunately for them, those who made it to the final match would receive a special treatment. Out of all the participants, there were only less than 200 acolytes left, so each participant was given their own box-shaped room where they could watch the game below. In that room, they were allowed to bring their friends who came to support them.

When they entered the room, their place was apparently a bit bigger than others. Emery was unable to tell whether this favor came from his connection to Lord Izta or the fact that their group had two participants.

The room was furnished with comfortable seats, chilled beverages and a cube floating in the middle of the room that showed the information of the current match.

Thrax whistled and exclaimed, "Look at this! Now, this is what I call privilege!"

The three others tried to be casual in order to cheer Klea and Emery up. Though their neutral expressions did much to cover their worry, it was clear to the others they were quite tense. It was the final match after all and victory was simultaneously so close yet so far.

True to its scale, the third match started with an even more grandiose display of fireworks, courtesy of Magus Serena. Colors filled the place and sparks formed various shapes in the air, showing off the magus' talent. Right as the fireworks stopped, Magus Serena made an entrance to welcome the audience and introduce the participants of the final match.

The light screens scattered around the arena buzzed to life and showed a picture alongside a short information of each participant.

There were a total of 182 acolytes left participating in the final match.

Out of the ten thousand or more acolytes participating in the game, all of them came out on top for the final match. It should be no surprise the audience was interested to learn more about them.

As it always was every year, all the 50 acolytes who came from the privileged class, manage to join the last round. As for the rest participants, 125 came from the elite class and 7 came from the regular class.

Other than Emery and Klea, Roran was also one of the regular class acolytes who made it into the final match. It was such a feat to be one of the 7 from the total of 10.000 regulars to join the last match.

It appeared even if the worst happened and they lost in the last match, they would still receive recognition from the academy for their efforts.

Among the other participants, the three well-known bloodline acolytes were all here. Zach Talon, the dragon bloodline acolyte, Vida Temari the bird of prey bloodline acolyte and Rofos Tigerson, the tiger bloodline acolyte were all here.

Other than them, there were also Micah, Gerri and Silva on the list. Silva came to the finals together with her two bloodline friends, Igor and Ivar. Lastly, Emery and Klea's names came up at the very end of the list.

Right as the names appeared, Julian, Thrax and Chumo cheered. "There they are!"

Magus Serena reminded them again about the rewards, at the end of the match 100 participants would be selected by their performance to be in the privileged class. They would receive a title, bonus contribution points and, most importantly, official appointment and tutorage as the disciples of a grand magus.

Being a grand magus disciple always meant a guarantee for an acolyte to become a magus. Even an untalented one would be given support and resources to reach the magus level. Therefore the last price was always what acolytes look most forward to.

The opening ceremony had ended and the game was about to start. In the previous matches, the huge arena was split into four sides, but this time it was split into two sides. Two even bigger stages were automatically prepared in the arena.

The list on the screen disappeared, replaced with a blank screen and the names of the first pair.

It was a fight between two bloodlines acolytes. Rofos Tigerson against Ivar. A duel between tiger and goat bloodline. It was a battle of pure strength that wreaked havoc on the arena. In the end, the battle was won by Rofos.

It was such an eye-opener battle for Emery, showing how the bloodline limit could be expanded in such a way. A few minutes later, the second pair was called and the name shown on the screen was:

"Klea Philopator!"

Seeing Klea's name on the list, everyone in the box looked at each other with high hopes. They gave encouragement and well-wishes to Klea. Before she walked out of the room, she approached Emery and stared at him, wordlessly asking for his encouragement, but Emery was clueless.

Emery was about to say something wise, but before a word came out of his mouth, Magus Serena called out the name of Klea's opponent.

"Silva Oroboros!"

Klea had to fight Silva, this news surely made everyone shocked. Silva was a part of the group that helped them in the second game after all.

Upon hearing the name, Emery unconsciously muttered. "Ah.. why her?... This is unfortunate..."

Klea, who stood in front of Emery, suddenly turned annoyed and clicked her tongue. "Unfortunate?! For who? Me? Or your snake girlfriend? Huh!" before stomping out of the room.

Emery stared at his friends, still confused about what just happened. His friends were all speechless too, except Chumo who just gave a huge grin and a thumbs up gesture.

Chapter 257: Girl Fight

"Silva Oroboros!"

In stark contrast to Klea, when Silva heard her name being called out, she was excited for the chance to prove herself. But, when she looked at the screen, she realized her opponent was going to be that girl, Emery's annoying friend who was glued to him like a leech most of the time.

"Alright, Silva... Just calm down, just think of it as a friendly match to see which one between the two of us is better... No need to make it weird, just smile, smile and enjoy the good fight..." She muttered.

Silva gritted her teeth and steeled her expression, forcing herself to smile through her frustration on her way to the arena.

Unexpectedly, the bronze-skinned girl did not share the same idea. She did not look civil at all, let alone friendly.

"Be cool Silva, be cool... This is not worth your time..." Silva mumbled to herself right as she felt her rage bubble up yet again.

Klea, seemingly unaware of Silva's predicament, walked closer with haughty, measured steps and shouted her challenge.

"Why are you mumbling? Do you want to fight or not?!" Klea snapped.

"..."

The anger Silva tried to keep down burst out like a broken dam.

"I was trying to give you the opportunity to save face because I know you're Emery's friend. But now, you are just being rude!" Silva replied in a harsh tone. Though a small part of her regretted the outburst, Klea kept on pushing her buttons, and her control over her emotions was slipping since she saw their names together.

In contrast to the fuming Silva, Klea stood tall with confidence, with both hands on her waist.? She grinned and replied to Silva.

"Hah! Rude? First of all, I'm not being rude. Second, I'm not Emery's friend. I. Am. His. Lover!"

The sudden declaration of the girl shocked Silva and if she could, her jaw would literally drop to the floor. She looked around them towards the audience currently watching and shook her head.

"Damn, you really are crazy and shameless, aren't you?"

Klea laughed at Silva's insult. She looked at the other girl from top to bottom and said.

"Well, now at least everyone knows he's mine. So, don't you dare flirt with him."

This situation elicited a mixed feeling in Silva's heart. On one hand, her first thought was to deny the accusation and her attraction to Emery, but on the other hand she felt a weird feeling when she tried to voice her denial.

"I don't care whatever you are to him. Just do what you want!"

"Ah? Glad to hear we're in agreement, then." Klea grinned.

Seeing the cocky grin, Silva felt something was strange. What is the girl trying to achieve by bringing up his connection to Emery. Around Klea, bits of pink mist swirled before disappearing into the air, a common indicator of a mind-altering spell being used. From the looks of it, it seemed Klea managed to cast [Enchantment] during their conversation.

"That slimy bitch really wants to play with my mind, huh?" Silva muttered again.

Thanks to her half-blood status, Silva has a good resistance against mind spells and thus she was not as affected as she could be considering the duration the spell must have been going on while they talked.

Silva decided to stop playing along with Klea and concentrated to cast the opening spell for the battle.

[Leaves of Steel]

Energy coursed through her spirit core and dozens of leaves started appearing in the air all around her. The leaves glowed in green energy and glinted under the light of the arena before dashing towards Klea at high speeds.

Seeing the leaves rushing towards her, Klea decided to cast the tier 1 wind element spell she mastered recently.

[Wind Walk]

Energy swirled around her and covered both of her legs with a light breeze. With the help of the spell, her speed was increased significantly, allowing her to dodge all the leaves at the last second.

"I thought you're just my opponent for Emery's love, but you're doing sneak attacks now? You're a shameless bitch!" Klea shouted.

"What...? Me? You're the one who started the attack, you crazy hag!" Silva no longer cared about the audience watching. It was clear that the two were incompatible since the first time they met. This was the inevitable conclusion.

"Not only you're shameless, but you still dare lie to my face, you rude whore!"

[Lightning Bolt!]

Klea raised her hand, letting blue sparkles form right above her. The sparkles made the air tingle with static before she sent the bolt towards Silva. The blue bolt whizzed past her like an arrow too fast to follow with the naked eye.

Silva raised her hand and casted [Wall of Thorns], causing spiky plants to grow through the arena and twirl together into a wall that protected Silva. Some of the spiked vines did not go into the wall and instead flailed in the air for a while, before all of them dashed towards Klea from all directions.

"Bitch, you have crossed the line!" Silva said, while moving her hands to direct the thorns.

With the aid of her [Wind Walk] spell, Klea managed to dodge the slower-moving vines. Even though [Lightning Bolt] was a decently powerful spell, it was relatively slow, thus allowing Silva the chance to dodge. Knowing this, she decided to change tactics and used another spell.

[Chain Lightning]

Each flash of lightning formed with this tier 3 spell was less powerful than the one created with [Lightning Bolt]. However, in order to compensate for the weakness, it had a wider area of effect and a form of attack more unpredictable than a fast arrow moving in a straight line.

Bolts of blue lightning spread around the arena and attacked Silva from all directions with such speed her [Wall of Thorns] was unable to keep up.

"Damn, that's one quick spell. She really is a talented acolyte." Silva muttered to herself.

The longer the battle rages, the more she was backed into a corner. It was clear that when it came to speed, Silva was slower and her position was much worse. She decided to cast her special innate skill [Poison Spores] in order to counteract her speeds. Within moments, green bubbles surrounded her and glided towards Klea.

Klea jumped back in order to create some distance from the spell and she even casted [Gust of Wind] to blow all the spores far away for good measure. From the way she reacted, it was obvious she had seen the spell in use before.

Though her strategy to counter it was good, Silva kept on creating more and more spore bubbles. She was intent on trapping her within a barrage of poisonous bubbles.

A few of the spores passed the [Gust of Wind] spell Klea used and Silva smirked. She was sure that the tide was turning in her favor.

Unfortunately, Klea was not out of tricks either. She waved her hand and torrents of water appeared from the arena floor before spinning all around her like a fierce downward stream. Just like a cloak, the water covered Klea in all directions, ensuring the poisonous bubbles were broken before reaching its target.

[Water Cloak –Tier 4 Water Element]

The barrage of spores disappeared and Klea dismissed the spell before landing back on the ground. "Do you have any more spells you want to try against me?"

It was clear that spells alone couldn't lead Silva to victory.

Knowing this, she decided to use the power bestowed by her bloodline.

"Ye, My Queen Dowager, hear your subject's humble plea and grant me your power!"

[Keymoline Serpent Transformation – Stage One]

[Battle power increased by 10]

[Current Battle Power: 50]

Green, shiny scales crept up from beneath Silva's clothing, covering most of her limbs and parts of her face. Right as the transformation finished, she took out a blade from her ring and dashed forward in confidence, supported by her newfound strength.

Klea was still unperturbed. She casted a battle art skill to increase her strength, before taking out a staff from her own ring. The two of them met halfway in the arena.

Clang!

A piercing metallic sound resounded, but none of the two were pushed back, showing they seem to have a similar power level.

Clang! Clang!

The two of them exchanged blows. Klea used both sides of her staff to deflect Silva's blows, while Silva kept on looking for an opening by slashing in all directions. The more they fought, the more Silva realized the other girl was able to go toe-to-toe against her in close combat even in her transformed state.

Minutes ticked by and the effects of Klea's battle art started to fade. Silva was able to slowly overpower her and drive her into a corner.

"Alright, girl. You win that one. Nice moves." Klea complimented casually.

"I'll admit you're not bad as well." Silva returned the compliment.

"Consider this an honor, you're going to see my strongest spell." Klea raised her hands and smiled at the other girl. "Are you ready?"

"Bring it on!" Silva shouted with confidence and gripped her sword tight before taking a defensive stance.

Klea gripped the air with both hands. When she opened her palms, the crackle of lightning element floated on her right hand, while torrents of water spin on her left hand. The power of the spell was palpable. Perhaps, Klea did not realize it, but her feet had started to leave the ground, creating an ethereal image of a floating goddess about to rain down judgement.

[Storm Haze]

Silva instantly recognized the technique. The spell was a combination spell, a technique done by combining multiple elements for the cost of massive amounts of spirit energy. Granted, she had seen

the spell in action in the Magus Games, but this time, she could feel the spell was much stronger, considering the crackles of static tickling her skin and the cold she felt just by looking at the torrents of water.

Storm clouds started gathering right above the arena and heavy rain started to pour.

Unbeknownst to them, the audience was cheering. Witnessing such a spell from an acolyte was a rare spectacle.

Chapter 258: Now or Never

Even though Klea managed to keep up against her opponent in close combat, in truth she was barely able to stand due to the continuous use of spells in this battle. Her spirit energy was running out, and she won't be able to cast spells soon, leaving her open to the other girl's attacks.

Within a short span of time, Klea was forced to use multiple tier 3 spells and her newly learned tier 4 spells. The rapid use took its toll on her, considering water spells were the hardest spells for her to master.

In addition, the opponent she is currently facing is far too slimy. Everything she tried to attack her ended up being dodged and left no effect on her at all.

When the snake girl took out her sword to fight in close combat, Klea was secretly relieved. This was the perfect opportunity to switch to using battle arts for a while and let her spirit energy charge up in the meantime.

Unfortunately, even as Klea used the third stage [Immortal Gate] to boost her abilities and add 8 more points to her battle power, it was not enough to overpower the snake freak. If she thought of the immortal gate as her trump card and did not do her combat puppet training, she would have lost within seconds.

Each blow and movement from her opponent felt like a building descended upon her, quickly pushing Klea to her physical limits. However, regardless of what she felt, Klea still has to put up a tough front.

"I will not let you beat me!"

The current situation has forced her hand, and now her only real option was to use the special spells she had learned from her time in the Combat Institute's Destruction Path. Even though she was not able to perfect the spell in time, this was a time as good as any to test it.

"Take this and feel the might of my spells!"

Klea closed her eyes and raised her hands, concentrating all the three colors of her elements into her spirit core. Immediately, she felt the strain of using such a powerful spell, but her options were now or never.

[Storm Haze]

She opened both her palms, showing off the torrents of water dancing in her left hand like a fierce stream and the crackles of blue lightning floating just above her right hand. The energy from her spell had caused her to slowly levitate away from the ground.

--

Meanwhile, Silva was having a hard time figuring out how her opponent still had the energy to keep the barrage of spells.

Silva trained since her childhood and she had accumulated battle experience, be it live or practice, for as long as she could remember. Perhaps, she was not the most talented acolyte to come from Oroboros, but she was confident her wit was unmatched.

Even with a quick calculation in the heat of the battle, Silva knew Klea was only a rank 7 acolyte and there was no way she could keep up her barrage of high-rank spells for this long. Their battle should have ended long ago with Klea exhausted on the ground unable to cast spells and her victory.

"That chick issss out of her mind! What the hell iss sshe trying to pull?!"

Silva had had some experience with combined spells like this and she was able to create a maximum ballpark of the power such spells were able to dish out. She decided to cast [Oak Flesh] to bolster the defenses provided by her scales with a layer of wood, while using her [Wall of Thorns] spell for additional protection.

Silva knew the spell [Storm Haze] would work similar to a multiple, quick-cast spell of [Lightning Bolt] and [Chain Lightning] all concentrated in a single area meant to overwhelm the opponent. But the spell had a glaring weakness: the fact it only stayed in a certain area, therefore if the opponent decided to run away from the affected area, the lightning would just strike whatever came in the zone without affecting the intended target.

Unfortunately for Silva, her opponent was able to create a storm cloud enough to cover the range of the arena. In other words, she was forced to stay within the area of the spell or risk losing by getting out of the arena.

"Dammit!"

Silva's only real option was to dodge the bolts for as long as she could, hoping her remaining stamina would outlast the spell.

Silva touched her ring and took out a small vial filled with reddish liquid.

[Bloodline Booster Potion]

This was the same substance she used to defeat the orcs attacking her in Elder's Respite. Without wasting time, she uncorked the bottle and emptied the contents into her mouth.

[Battle Power increased by 10]

[Current Battle Power; 56]

[Skin hardened]

[Stamina increased]

"Bring it on!" Silva roared with confidence.

The first bolt of blue lightning flashed from above. With her newfound burst of power, Silva dodged the attack right as the ground she stood not one second ago was scorched. The smell of burnt material entered her nose, causing Silva to wince a little. There was still the matter of the chain lightning, as well...

"Arghhh!"

Her suspicion was proven correct, as the weaker bolts following the first struck her and sent a tingling heat onto her whole body. She was fortunate her increased physical prowess and the [Oak Flesh] spell she cast beforehand was able to endure the after-effects of the direct hit,

Another lightning bolt struck down and yet again, Silva was barely able to dodge it.

Followed with another one and yet another one. The smell of burnt wood permeated the arena and even with her protective spells, Silva was already panting in a mix of exhaustion and pain due to the effects of the spell.

"How can she still be able to cast her spell for this long?!"

Silva looked up at her opponent levitating in the sky, eyes closed and still casting the spell without a sign of exhaustion. Now that she was able to take a good look at Klea, Silva realized her opponent was not just using her own inner spirit energy, she also called forth natural lightning from the sky and used the excess energy to boost her own spirit energy.

"That's crazy!! Is she really a second year acolyte?!" Silva bit her bottom lip, unable to hide the shock from her face.

Meanwhile, the audience cheered and gasped, following the progression of the match. From their reactions, it was clear that their duel was one of the best they were shown so far.

Chapter 259: Standing

Shazaamm!!

Ear-splitting explosive sound resounded through the arena, as Klea threw her eighth bolt towards the exhausted Silva. The dark blue lightning bolt was zooming through the air, as it made its way to its target.

One could definitely say Klea currently looked like the goddess of lightning, as she was floating in the air and surrounded by countless lightning arcs.

The spell she used, [Storm Haze], was an advanced-level spell that used an exceptional way to gather the natural power of the universe as a catalyst to enhance the spell power. Hence, it was very rare for a second year acolyte to be able to understand the spell, much less successfully cast it.

While Klea was showing off her prowess in the arena, unbeknownst to her, many distinguished people highly praised and thought of her as a really fine example of privileged class acolyte.

Shazaaamm!!

Another loud sound was heard, signifying that was the ninth bolt Klea released. Meanwhile, Silva's speed began to dwindle, which reminded her the boost her bloodline bestowed would soon lose its effect.

Shazaaamm!!

As a result of her decaying speed, Silva was not able to properly dodge the tenth bolt Klea threw at her. As a result, it successfully hit Silva straight on her body.

[Protective Vest - Tier 3]

[Energy Barrier 0/200]

The faint layer that enveloped Silva's body immediately shattered apart when the lightning bolt landed on her. It meant Silva's protective armor provided by her family was already spent. Therefore, if Silva was hit by the bolt, there was nothing that would help her block or mitigate the damage.

Even though deep down Silva wanted to retaliate against Klea, attacking back was unfortunately not an option for her. The reason was because she didn't have a long-range spell strong enough to beat the bolt in her repertoire.

On the other hand, jumping and closing up to her was also not a viable option. Silva would only risk herself being blasted away again if she did so. After all, she already had a difficult time dodging the bolts from the distance.

Silva knew that now the match had turned into a battle of endurance. She understood that when Klea hit her limit and stopped throwing the lightning bolts, she would basically lose. Therefore, she only needed to endure, as long as she could.

...

Shazaaamm!!

That was the twelfth bolt and the girl in the sky still looked like she could keep going at it. Meanwhile, Silva was at the end, on the brink of desperation.

This match was her last chance, as yesterday she fought a privileged class acolyte, which meant her opponent was strong. He forced her to give up the match, earning her the loss. Hence, this was her last hope to have the chance to enter the privileged class and bring honor to the Oroboros Clan.

Part of Silva told her to use her second transformation and not hold back anymore lest she would be eliminated. However, she wasn't willing to do that. Due to a personal reason, Silva just wouldn't resort to that.

Shazzamm!!

Realizing she could no longer dodge the bolts, Silva decided to risk it with one plan that was already on her mind for quite some time. The reason she chose not to resort to it until now was because her calculative mind stopped her from doing it, as the plan was indeed quite risky and could potentially backfire on her.

All of Silva's concentration was gathered, as she timed and aimed for the opportunity that could pass by easily. Then, it came.

The moment Klea was about to cast the next lightning bolt, Silva quickly swapped the sword in her hand with a tier 3 long spear.

When the familiar blue bolt struck from the sky, Silva raised the spear high into the sky. In an instant, the spear became a lightning rod that attracted the bolt and it quickly being blasted. However, before the millions voltage current could come to her, Silva immediately threw the spear at Klea, carrying the tremendous lightning on it.

swish

A luminous blue streak was rapidly zooming towards Klea who was in the sky.

Kaaazzaammm!!

The lightning-augmented spear was exploding in the air upon contact and proceeded to engulf Klea in it. As the millions volt ran through her body, Klea was quickly taken off from her channeling state and fell down.

Naturally, Silva was also not in the best condition after launching such a risky move. It seemed she wasn't able to throw the spear fast enough and her hand was charred black by the lightning.

However, when Silva saw Klea was falling from the sky, she immediately endured the pain and dashed forward, using all the last energy she had and quickly caught her.

The two girls dropped down to the floor side by side... unmoving.

The audience gasped as they saw the event unfolding. All of them wondered if there was no winner for this match.

Magus Serena stepped forward "What an amazing fight! But we need to have a winner! Seeing that the two contestants were down, whoever is able to get up first will announce as the winner! Let us count together!"

The crowds immediately counted down the time.

10..

9..

8..

Slowly, one of the two figures was standing up, albeit with difficulty.

It was the pale half-blood girl, Silva.

It looked like with her low battle power, Klea wasn't able to resist the attack and was in a really bad condition, as she couldn't move her body at all.

"Here is the winner! Silva Oroboros!!"

The crowd cheered, giving Silva a thunderous applause. Meanwhile, the medic acolyte swiftly went up to the arena and picked up both girls to be treated.

Emery was about to check up on their condition when his master suddenly stopped him.

"You stay and concentrate on your match, Emery. I'm sure they both will be fine."

Lord Izta, on the other hand, looked irritated, "Aaah, she's so special.. how could this be!"

Everyone in the room knows Kleas is the most talented among them, for she to lost the final fight really make them all feel down

Lord Izta stares at Emery, earning him a confused gaze from the young boy. He seemed to want to say something but didn't say a word in the end.

Emery knew what Lord Izta was actually going to say, it wasn't just him. All the others; Julian, Thrax, Chumo all think about the same thing. It all depends on Emery now.

During the short silence suddenly, the next name for the match was called.

It was no other than himself. And just like what Magus Xion predicted, he would fight against a privileged class acolyte.

"Emery Ambrose will be fighting against Armand Szain!"

When Magus Serena announced who he would be fighting against, Emery noticed Lord Izta and Magus Xion's face changed at the same time.

"Lord Izta, Master? What's wrong? What happened? Is he strong?" Emery asked with doubt in his tone.

"Of course, Emery. He is a chosen privileged acolyte. Of course, he's strong. But... that's not the main problem..." Magus Xion replied.

"Huh?"

Emery suddenly became worried as he saw the ashen look on their face, "What is it, master?"

Lord Izta, who was silent all this time, stood from his seat and said, "Emery, he's a Nephilim."

Upon hearing Lord Izta's words, Emery's brain immediately went into full drive.

'Nephilim? Isn't that the faction that is currently the caretaker of Earth?'

Chapter 260: Nephilim acolyte

"Nephilim?!" Lord Izta abruptly said as he stood up from his seat. He clenched his hand and gritted his teeth. At the moment, Lord Izta appeared so emotional that he wanted to smash the wall with his clenched fist.

Nephilim was the faction which was currently assigned as the caretaker of Earth. They were also the faction Lord Izta currently served.

"What the hell?! Why is this happening?!!" Lord Izta said loudly, attracting the others' attention.

"Senior, please calm down." Magus Xion said, as he quickly tried to pacify the agitated Lord Izta.

Meanwhile, Emery and his other three friends were all surprised and stupefied by the immense emotion Lord Izta showed when the word Nephilim was mentioned.

Looking at Magus Xion, Emery proceeded to ask the question himself and the others wanted to know, "Master, what's with Lord Izta? What does he mean??"

Magus Xion took a glance at Emery, sighing before saying, "Emery... Here's the thing. The opponent you will face against surely is very strong, but that's not the point. What Lord Izta is concerned about is that, even if you somehow win the match, it might bring more trouble for all of you. Isn't that what you're worried about, senior?" Magus Xion explained, while casting his gaze to Lord Izta at the last part of his words.

Lord Izta seemed to be in a frenzy, he walked around left and right while mumbling to himself again.

"Yes... No!... Enkidu... You really think so? ... Yes, yes!"

After a series of incoherent words, Lord Izta finally stopped his loiter and turned around. The esteemed combat magus strangely showed a big smile on his face, "Don't worry, don't worry... This is for the best. If we want to do it, we might as well go all in!"

The sudden and unexpected shift in mood obviously caught everyone off guard.

While the others were still surprised by his change, Lord Izta swiftly approached Emery, grabbed his shoulder and then said, "You! You have to win, Emery! You have to win!"

"Are you sure about that, senior? It is just one game, after all." Magus Xion said, which further confused Emery and the others.

"No, no, no, Xion! This is not just a game anymore! This has now become a statement! Emery, you have to win no matter what!"

Before he could respond to Lord Izta's words, Emery heard his name being called one more time. He had to walk to the arena right now, lest he would be disqualified. Lord Izta and the others also cheered him up for the win. Magus Xion, however, walked him out of the box and whispered to him.

"Emery, I really hate to disagree with senior Magus Izta, but I need to say this... I think you losing this match is not the worst case in this situation."

Emery was startled for a moment. He was smart enough to read between the lines. If this faction really had control over Earth, his planet, his home. It was probably the smart thing to do not to make trouble with them.

While Emery was contemplating, Magus Xion continued, "On the second thought, Emery... I regret saying that, really. Just don't think about any of this and focus on the match. Do your best!"

Emery nodded and climbed up to the arena. As he walked, Emery had a mixed feeling about all of the information he had just heard. He wondered what kind of person this Nephilim named Armand Seinz was.

When he reached the arena, Emery was greeted by the sight of a robust youth who raised his hand to the audience and the crowd responded to the guy's hand with loud cheers.

The audience had begun to vigorously cheer the guy the moment he had stepped into the arena, but Emery was not sure if it was because the guy was an acolyte from the privileged class or probably because of his lustrous golden hair.

When Emery scrutinized the guy closely, he finally realized the young man in front of him was the same person who was staring at him from the podium when the second game had finished.

Emery then noticed the guy gave him a glance, which contained the same condescending look he gave to him the last time.

Emery could only keep his silence, as his expression turned serious when he could feel the strong aura exuding from the youth's body. He perceived a strength level that was second only to Zach, the dragon boy.

Emery couldn't help but click his tongue as he was amazed. This was the first privileged acolyte he met, after all.

After giving the audience the attention they wanted Armand finally shifted his gaze to Emery, "You are... the savage acolyte aren't you?" he said with a thin smile.

Emery was surprised that his opponent knew him.

As if he knew Emery's surprise, Armand's smile widened a little while his eyes narrowed, "There's no need to be surprised. After all, you are pretty famous too."

"The Savage Acolyte, an acolyte from the fortunate class who managed to become the champion of the second game."

Even though the youth in front of him sounded like he was complementing, Emery could tell the youth was actually mocking him.

"It's all possible because of my friend's help, really." Emery answered truthfully.

Unexpectedly, the young man suddenly laughed and his expression turned to that of disgust.

"Hahahaha, yes. Of course. Of course, you did. There is no way a piece of trash from a lower world like you could ever reach this arena without others' help."

Emery calmly took his defensive stance and brandished the sword in his hand.

Oblivious to Emery's situation, the youth continued, "I will let everyone see how fake you are compared to true genius like me!"

Armand immediately took out four ellipse-shaped objects and let them hover around him. Each of the flying objects was about half the size of an arm with both ends was pointy sharp like an arrowhead, all four objects flew and circled around Armand's body.

"From your foolish look, you don't even know what you are fighting against, don't you?"

Without waiting for Emery's response, Armand continued, "Hahaha, good! Feel the wrath of my Soaring Shuttles! A weapon specialized for a Spirit Reader such as me!"

"Spirit Reader?"

Armand raised his hand and casted a spell. In an instant, one of the ellipses hovering around him immediately rushed towards Emery at breakneck speed. Emery was shocked for a moment before he quickly parried it with his sword.

Clank!

Emery was knocked a few steps back due to the attack. Even though the object looked unassuming, the strength behind it was much more than it looked. Emery was extremely shocked to discover an object as small as that could deal such a heavy blow.

"You will wish you never stepped on this arena, low-life."

Right as Armand said that, the remaining three Soaring Shuttle, together with the one who had already attacked Emery, glowing simultaneously. All of them were zooming towards Emery from four directions.