

## Earths GMagus 261

### Chapter 261: Spirit Reader

The ellipse-shaped objects called Soaring Shuttles were indeed unique items. Their small and modest appearance truly didn't justify the strength they could show. After all, who could ever think objects no bigger than a human arm could hit like an elephant.

At the moment, the golden-haired acolyte, Armand, sent two of them directly towards Emery, while the other two maneuvered from other directions, searching and waiting for an opportunity to land a decisive strike.

Seeing the two incoming ellipse-shaped flying objects, Emery quickly used his battle art technique to match the strength they exhibited as he already had the firsthand experience with it.

[Immortal Gate - Stage 3]

[Battle Power increased by 8 points]

[Current Battle Power : 53]

Clank! Clank!

Two consecutive metallic sounds resounded through the air as Emery deflected the two Soaring Shuttles. His arm that held the sword was trembling violently, showing how heavy the clash had been. Even though Emery was still being pushed back by the shuttles, this time he felt much more confident facing them after successfully deflecting two of them.

Alas, his happiness didn't last long as another round of attack was coming.

The Soaring Shuttles flew in a perfect curve and returned back to Emery. Even though his arm was still shaking, Emery immediately took his defensive stance again, ready to counter the next attack. But then, his instinct blared loudly and he realized something didn't feel right

Because of that, Emery quickly used the buffer time the Soaring Shuttles needed to reach him to cast [Blink] and teleported a few meters back, instead of parrying them like his original intention.

The moment his foot touched the ground again, Emery could see the two shuttles flew in two curves that complemented each other, while one of the two Soaring Shuttle that was hovering around him plunged towards where he was earlier.

Looking at the three Soaring Shuttles he noticed they were actually flying at a speed way faster than before.

The three-pronged attack from two different sides and sky, added with their accelerated speed. Emery was not sure if he could parry them perfectly. Heck, he might not even be able to dodge them if he didn't trust his instinct and teleport away.

As if they were alive, the three shuttles shifted their trajectory and made their way towards the location Emery was currently. In addition, the last Soaring Shuttle also joined its brethren in their pursuit.

Emery immediately casted [Shadow Mist] when he noticed those four Soaring Shuttle coming at him. In the blink of an eye, several mirror images of him appeared inside the mist while Emery wisely chose to teleport once again, as he tried to confuse his opponent.

Swissh, Swissh, Swissh, Swissh!

Within seconds, the Soaring Shuttle had destroyed four of the mirror images. They didn't even have the chance to dodge before getting ripped apart into two.

Due to that, Emery realized those items were not a common weapon at all.

Noticing the incredulous look on Emery's face, Armand laughed loudly, "Hahahaha! Did you just realize now? These are one of the ingenuity products of the human race! But I guess trash from a lower world like you won't understand what I am saying."

Armand swiftly cast another spell that was unknown to Emery with his hand. Immediately after, the four Soaring Shuttle piercing through the air straight at him.

Swissh, Swissh, Swissh, Swissh!

The four shuttles flew together straight at Emery and the multiple mirror images, ripping through them like butter. As a result, they quickly found his real body. Seeing the incoming Soaring Shuttle, Emery was unsure if he would be able to block it. So, he teleported out of the mist.

This time, Emery teleported towards Armand, hoping he could fight him in close combat. Emery appeared in front of the golden-haired acolyte for a split second before he reappeared behind him. The moment he did so, Emery swiftly sent a slash with his sword.

However, when the sword was only a few centimeters away from landing on its target, Emery was stopped by a strong force that held him for a second before quickly pushing him away.

Emery was thrown a few meters towards the unexpected four Soaring Shuttle.

With no time to blink away, coupled with the razor-sharp shuttles looming over him, Emery quickly accessed his storage ring and took out another weapon in a hurry.

Clank, Clank, Clank, Clank!

Despite his body staggering back continuously due to tremendous impact, the four Soaring Shuttle were successfully parried. The shuttle were knocked away and made their way around to him again, Emery stabilized his footing, swiftly preparing his stance again with his sword and dagger technique.

In his right hand, Emery held the tier 3 sword given by his master, Magus Xion. In his left hand, he gripped the pitch-black dagger he got from granny in reverse grip.

Clank! Clank! Clank! Clank!

Seeing that Emery could only defend under the barrage of the shuttles, Armand laughed, "Hahaha! You can't defeat the Soaring Shuttles with your trashy weapon, lowlife! This is the power of a Spirit Reader!"

Spirit Readers were a title of special acolytes who had high aptitude regarding the control of the spirit force. Their practice was normally divided into three categories: controlling objects, like what Armand

was currently doing right now, attacking the opponent's mind directly like what Klea's [Enchantment] spell did and taming other creatures like what Molt, Emery's previous opponent, did with his ants.

When spirit force was used to control a certain weapon like a sword or dagger, its effectiveness dropped into a tenth or a fifth of its actual prowess. That was the reason for the creation of Soaring Shuttle: an item that could be easily and completely controlled by spirit force, while also enhancing its strength and speed.

If Emery knew this information, he would not be surprised to see the ellipse-shaped objects speed to keep gradually increasing.

Even though he utilized his dual wielding technique of dagger and sword, Emery would still be unable to cope with the increasing speed the Soaring Shuttles had.

Splaattt!

Finally, Emery couldn't take it anymore as he was hit from the back by the shuttle and knelt to the floor. Luckily, his special tier 4 spell [Jade Skin] was strong enough to stop the Soaring Shuttle from piercing his body. Emery gritted his teeth resisting the pain and blinked away.

Seeing Emery was panting in the corner of the arena, Armand laughed even harder, "Hahaha! Run! Run away, you lowlife! You are already running away, aren't you?!"

Armand then turned around, confidently giving Emery his back and shouted to the crowd, "Look! He's afraid!!! What a coward!!!"

The crowd was entertained by Armand's conduct and the cheers in the arena became even wilder.

Emery grabbed the opportunity when Armand valiantly bragged himself to take out and use the familiar blue-colored [Strength Paste] on both of his arms and legs. Knowing it still wouldn't be enough to take care of the shuttles, Emery decided to employ his newfound understanding of his Fey Transformation.

## **Chapter 262: Transformation Technique**

Swoooshhh!! Swoooshh!!

Once again, the ellipse-shaped objects emitted multiple blades from their surface. The objects pierced through the air and rushed towards him. Emery knew even one hit from the flying object would cause him massive injury.

[Shadow Root Binding]

He decided to cast the binding spell, but his objective was not to bind the enemy, instead, Emery created some sort of barrier to slow down the object's advance and restrict its movement at least temporarily.

Emery cast multiple shadow roots, but even with all that effort, the spell was only strong enough to change the object's trajectory. Though the result he got was far less than he expected, the spells still helped him to take care of half the objects, while the other half stills depend on his sword and daggers.

A warm sensation spread through his arms and legs, a sign that [Strength Paste] had taken effect.

[Battle Power increased by 4!]

[Current battle power: 57]

The notification appeared in his mind's eyes, signaling it was time for him to begin his transformation.

[Fey transformation - stage 1]

Heat spread from his heart making his blood rise in temperature until it boiled. Emery slowly started to transform, but this time only two of his limbs are seen changing. Grey fur crept out and started to cover both his legs, up from his feet to the area around his thighs.

[Battle Power increases by 5]

[Current battle power: 62]

"Aaaaaarrgh!" Emery shouted, feeling the explosion of energy from his core bursting towards every part of his body.

The next set of four ellipse-shaped flying objects rushed towards Emery and he used his newfound power to dodge. With the increase in battle power, he was able to dodge the barrage without issue.

The next attack from the 'Soaring Shuttles' came as quickly as the last one. Thanks to his transformation, however, he became fast enough to get away from the attacks even without relying on his [Blink] spells.

The objects moved to chase after him, but with his increased power, Emery became more confident. He stopped moving around and parried some of the ellipses while dodging the rest.

This was possible thanks to the new technique he learned from his time with the wolf acolytes.

"Battle Power" was an all-encompassing term that was used to refer to a person's physical strength. Physical strength consisted of the combination between speed, strength, bone density, and muscle hardness.

Emery fey wolf transformation specialty was its speed, by only transforming his two legs, Emery still got the full benefits of speed without actually affecting his dexterity in using both hands for sword and spells.

Now emery able to solve the problem with the flying object by dodging, he no longer needed the swords and dagger.

His main priority is now matching the spell that Armand used to push him back before. Hence he needs a spell to tackle it.

Emery put both weapons back on his storage ring and cast his strongest spell [dark matter]. He runs around dodging the flying object while channeling his dark core spirit power into one powerful attack. Black smokes gathered into his arm and form into a black sphere of dark energy.

It was now or never, this powerful attack would be his chance to end this battle before the situation worsened.

When Emery felt the spell reaching its maximum power, he used [Blink] to teleport right in front of Armand. The acolyte was shocked for a split second, but the shock quickly turned into fury.

"You dare to even consider trying to outmatch me with spells? Keep on dreaming!" Armand shouted. It seemed he had expected the incoming attack.

Emery pushed the black orbs towards Armand while his opponent did the same, causing a back-and-forth between the two of them. In contrast to Emery darkness spell, Armand used a bright light element spell

The clash of the two spells was reminiscent of an unstoppable force meeting an immovable object. Two powers, both with strength that couldn't be scoffed at, crashed into each other in a show to determine the power of their respective beliefs.

Strong wind currents and sounds of massive explosions resounded throughout the arena, causing the ground to shake slightly the longer their battle went on. All the spectators stood in awe, watching the exciting clash of powers.

It had now truly turned into a battle of strength between the spells. Two opposite spells in black and white, darkness and light, both meeting at a standstill with no current winner in sight.

Sweat started to wet the two clashing acolytes' bodies. Their spirit cores were overextended to their limits and beyond. However, the standstill did not last long. Armand's light started to be engulfed in darkness. For an instant, Armand's face showed a puzzled expression.

The boy from the lower world had a stronger spirit core than his.

"No... this is not possible!" He shouted

Emery gave a small smile of satisfaction upon seeing the carnage from their clash. Seeing Armand being trapped was a feast for the eyes.

"I can do this!" Emery muttered to himself.

However, his train of thought was broken by another mocking laugh.

"Hahahaha you must have thought you had a chance of winning, didn't you?? Hah! Now you shall see the real power of the Nephilim family," Armand smirked.

Armand's eyes began to glow in dim golden light and a powerful aura began emanating from him. As his aura got stronger, Emery was able to see light particles starting to form behind him and turning into a wing made of light energy. The wing looks similar to an angel's, but it has a translucent quality to it, casting a rainbow reflection to any surface the light touches.

At the same time the force of his [Dark Matter] spell was suddenly pushed back against him. The strength of his enemy spell just increased twofold.

**BAMMMMM!!!**

The clash of two energies ended with Emery on the losing end. He was thrown away dozens of meters to the ground until he hit a wall. He slumped down as he tried to lean on the wall for support, and ended up spitting a glob of blood.

Emery was not going to give up yet, and he fought through the pain wracking his body to stand up and fight once more. Right as he hardened his resolve, he saw more Soaring Shuttle objects float around his opponent. This time, there were 8 of them circling around an angelic figure.

### **Chapter 263: Golden Champion**

Upon seeing Armand's transformation, the audience became rowdy with thunderous cheers. Some even hit their thighs and stood in admiration. It was clear everyone was cheering for him and Armand's expression of pride was clear as day to Emery.

A golden haired youth, floating in mid-air supported by a single golden glowing wing on his back. Emery could not deny it was indeed a wondrous sight, the golden light bathing Armand and following his every movement was reminiscent of a divine being and something about the sight made people want to kneel before him.

"Witness the divine power of the saint and kneel!" Armand shouted. Cheers of adoration resounded throughout the arena. That transformation had earned him the eyes of all the audience.

All around the floating acolyte were 8 Soaring Shuttles, all glowing in the same golden light as his body. The shuttles spun around him once before rushing towards Emery.

Emery realized this fight would possibly be the hardest fight he had ever faced. But he held on with only his belief keeping himself standing. He was ready to cast his spells and he gripped both his sword and dagger until his fingertips hurt.

"AARRRGHHH!"

With a battle cry, he charged forward, meeting the eight pieces of Soaring Shuttle rushing towards him head-on. While running, Emery kept on casting [Dark Root] and [Shadow Mist], creating traps to slow the advance of the shuttles, using the figures made of dark mist as decoys.

Every time Armand's attacks destroyed them all, Emery kept on recasting them. Meanwhile he used the speed from his partial transformation to both dodge and parry the rest.

Clank! Clank!

All 8 Soaring Shuttles curved in the air before returning to Emery with even greater speed and strength.

Faced with the attack from every direction, he dashed around and dodged some of them and parried the rest, using his dual wielding technique and the [Blink] spell to complement his speed.

His footwork and technique attracted the attention of the crowd and the audience all cheered in response. Judging from their reaction, this fight was the most spectacular one yet.

One could consider the fight as a clash between a young boy raised in a lower world against an acolyte from the privileged class who was expected to come out on top in the Magus Games. Both stood steadfast, strong and unyielding, both fueled by their opposing beliefs.

Clank! Clank!

The more seconds ticked by, the more annoyed Armand felt. At first, he thought the battle would be over the moment he casted his family special divine skill. However, reality said otherwise. The lower world acolyte he saw as no more than dirt beneath his feet still persisted.

With an annoyed expression, Armand rubbed his ring, took out a shiny yellow vial and drank its contents in one gulp. The potion was something that would help enhance his spirit force ability, increasing the speed and strength of the Soaring Shuttles and boosting all his parameters to the maximum amount.

On one hand, Armand realized using such a potion for an opponent like Emery was such a disgraceful act, but his pride would not let Emery stand on this arena for a second longer.

BAAAMM!! BAAAMM!!

The flying objects started to attack with increasing speed and strength, causing Emery to lose in the struggle. He started to take hits from the shuttles and each hit would crack his powerful tier 4 [Jade Skin] spell, sending pieces of green crystal to the ground.

BAAAMMM!!

Another strike landed and Emery was able to feel the tremendous force behind it. With his protective energy depleted, he started to spew blood from his mouth.

BAAAMMM!!

Another strike connected yet again, a full-impact hit absorbed by the layer of glowing green jade on his skin. Though most of the force was absorbed by the spell, Emery could still feel a part of his bone breaking from the impact.

Emery pushed through the pain and gritted his teeth before continuing his performance. The only thing keeping him on the ground was his desire to not let his belief be crushed by Armand.

BAAAMMM!! BAAAMMM!!

Two more strikes. Emery felt a painful stab on his lung, his broken rib stabbing the delicate organ. Even breathing felt like such a labor, let alone fighting.

"ARRRRGGGGHHHH!!!!"

Emery let out a battle cry and continued resisting.

"Hah! Don't you dare give up now!" Armand shouted and laughed, mirth dancing in his eyes as he witnessed what he saw as a futile struggle.

Armand waved his hand, causing each Soaring Shuttle to attack in pairs. The gesture increased the strength of the attack.

Clank! Clank!

Emery's hands felt numb thanks to the attacks. The force behind both of the items was incredibly strong and Emery was forced to use [Heroic Slash] with both of his weapons in order to stop the attacks.

Clank! Clank!

CRACK!

Emery stared at his hands in disbelief as he saw his sword break apart. The special sword given by his master... Before he could recover, more Soaring Shuttle hit his chest and back, while another one hit him on the hips. In an instant, his leg was broken, forcing him to drop on one knee, hurting and bleeding all over.

"Hahaha! That's more like it! Bow to me and accept your inevitable defeat!"

The eight Soaring Shuttle all returned to Armand, hovered and spun in the air, like a pack of birds ready to finish its prey.

Emery did not respond, not even a trace of fear was visible on his expression. Instead, his gaze was one of despair, staring at the broken pieces of the sword given by his master. Just like the sword, his spirit was broken apart as well and Magus Xion's words about losing the fight echoed in his heart.

Will this be the end of the fight?

"It's about time you give up!" Armand taunted.

Emery looked up, seeing the condescending glare from his opponent up above. Anger bubbled in his heart, but it was not directed at his opponent. It was directed at himself, as he was not strong enough to defend his beliefs. His opponent outmatched him in every aspect and he was running out of energy. There was no way to win.

The cheers of the audience started to fill his ears and make his head numb. Time seemed to pass at a snail's pace, his own feelings seemingly slowing down his perception of time.

With his surroundings slowed down, Emery was able to pick out voices he recognized from the crowd.

He stared at one particular box among the hundreds, the place where his friends were waiting and cheering for him. Julian, Chumo and Thrax, and even Klea... Every single one of them placed their hopes on him.

It was a reminder this fight was not about him anymore. This fight was dedicated to his friends, the friends that failed to make it.

Though they were far, Emery could see them cheering for him clear as day. Their voices were like a small spark of flame igniting what remained of his spirit, letting it burn, letting Emery once again stand and give his all.

"AAAAAARGGGH!"

Emery shouted and stood up, even though one of his feet was no more than a stump.

"Fool! You should have stayed down!" Armand boasted.

Emery shouted with all his strength and he felt something unlock in his body as he struggled to walk forward.? A part of his meridians was unlocked and energy started to course through his whole body.



[Immortal Gate – Stage 4 Unlocked!]

[Battle Power increased by 16!]

[Current Battle Power: 70]

Emery no longer bothered with the partial transformation and called upon the full power of his bloodline. His ears sharpened, turning into canine ears resting atop his head, while his teeth sharpened and both his arms transformed into wicked claws. All his legs and arms turn into grey fur.

[Current Battle Power: 75]

This was the maximum percentage of physical transformation he could achieve without losing his mind and fully succumbing into the instincts of the bloodthirsty beast. Seeing his advance, Armand directed the eight Soaring Shuttle to once again charge forward, but Emery did not bother dodging. He deflected a few of them with his arm and just rammed the rest with his body. He ran on all fours and roared like a wild animal.

The Soaring Shuttles returned back towards Emery hard from all directions, causing his limbs, his face and his body to bleed and stain the arena floor with red. The gaze of madness and bloodthirst Armand saw in Emery's eyes made him unconsciously step back.

"You... You are Madd...!"

Emery stopped running and leaped forward and the panicked Armand was unable to dodge, he didn't even get a chance to cast another spell. Caught off-guard, Armand was easily pinned down to the ground.

Although his arm still bled, Emery did not seem bothered. He raised his bleeding furry arm and slammed his fist down on Armand's face!

BAAAMMM!!

Armand was hit square on his face, causing an audible crack to echo throughout the arena. The once cheering audience had gone quiet with bewilderment. The fight did not go as they expected.

BAAAMMM!!

Once more, Emery slammed down a punch on Armand's face, and the audience started to murmur amongst each other.

BAAAMMM!!

The third punch made Armand spit something out to the side. Few of his teeth were broken from the hit and his pretty face was ruined.

BAAAMMM!! BAAAMMM!!

There were no sounds of cheering and the murmurs quieted down. All that could be heard was the golden champion's painful scream echoing throughout the arena.

Finally, a notification appeared in Emery's mind.

[You have won the fifth match]

### **Chapter 264: Reward**

Emery stood still, numb with pain and ignoring the tiny rivers of red seeping from his wounds and dripping on the arena floor. He felt neither agony nor fear of death. He simply stared at his opponent lying unconscious on the floor. The overwhelmingly strong opponent he managed to defeat with his efforts.

He took a few moments to relish in the excitement and relief as the crowds cheered for his name. His name was spoken with excitement and wonder.

Voices started to blur together. Some of the audience called him by his name, while others called him by his title: 'The Savage Acolyte'.

Without Emery realizing, the spectators considered the title fitting for him. It was not only a reference to his wolf bloodline and the prowess he displayed in the fights, but it also showed how in their eyes Emery was a real savage, a lower class uncivilized animal who originated from a lower world. An acolyte that should have stayed out of sight at the bottom of the food chain and had now shaken the world that once belonged to the elites.

A bottom class acolyte, yet still able to reach the top, of course he became an overnight sensation amongst the audience. Some of the lower class people even started to consider him an example to follow.

Unfortunately, the fame came with hatred. Emery's win had garnered the dislike of those coming from the opposite side. They hated the fact people like Emery managed to become champions.

While Emery was basking in his victory, discussions started between the various groups who witnessed the match from the closed confines of the Grand Magus area.

In particular, headmaster Altus Dreyden seems to have mixed feelings about the situation he was currently facing.

With a slight limp, Emery walked back to his box. Right as the door opened, his friends gathered close and helped him walk.

"Emery, you did it! Congratulations, you really managed to do it!!"

All four of his friends gathered around him, all excited from the results of the match. Even Lord Izta was not immune, as he flashed a small smile to Emery.

A moment later, they heard a knock from the door. One of them opened the door and let a medical acolyte come in. As Emery was still conscious, they did not take him to the treatment room and immediately started the healing process on the spot.

Emery sat on the corner while the acolyte treated his wounds. Meanwhile, his friends and master were all busy preparing food and drinks to celebrate this achievement.

The previously quiet and serious atmosphere turned loud and rowdy with genuine laughter.

Meanwhile, Emery himself still had a difficult time accepting the fact he managed to win the match. Though he did win, it was partially through luck and the mistakes of his opponent. His friends gathered and convinced him to accept this win before returning to prepare food and drinks for the celebration.

They talked, laughed and enjoyed the food.

A few hours passed and all the final rounds matches were finished. After a short recess, all the participants who won at least 4 times in the third game were all called. Altogether, there are 105 acolytes who managed to achieve that and Emery is one of them.

Magus Serena greeted them and requested for the audiences' cheers and applause to mark the start of the most awaited part of the games. Among more than 10.000 acolytes, 105 were chosen as the winners.

Right as Magus Serena started the announcement, Emery received a notification in his mind.

[Congratulations for winning the Magus Games!]

[For winning 4 matches, you have received 40.000 contribution points!]

[For winning the third game, you have received 30.000 contribution points!]

[70.000 total contribution points received]

He read through all the notifications with a grateful smile on his lips. Absentmindedly, he wondered what items he could get with this much contribution points.

"Now, to the most awaited part of the ceremony, I know all of you have been waiting for this!" Magus Serena clapped and smiled, mimicking the excitement most of them probably felt. "It's time to see which Grand Magus will accept them as their disciples!"

Emery had been briefed on the details of this particular reward before. There were more than 50 Grand Magus all standing on a podium in front of them.

Each of the 105 winners would be called and they would receive offers from the Grand Magus interested in them. Some might get a few, some might get plenty of offers. But in the end, each acolyte could only choose one as their master.

This practice was made in order to let each acolyte choose their own master as a reward.

Each name was called, and on average an acolyte would receive three offers. Normally, the offers would come from the elemental institute the acolyte was proficient in, from the destiny path institutes and sometimes a Grand Magus from a huge faction might add an offer if they were interested.

Although, an event where Grand Magus fought over a talented acolyte was unusual, actually obtaining a talented acolyte among the winners would be a huge boon for them in the long run.

Famous names, such as Zach the dragon boy, received more than a dozen offers from Grand Magus representatives from different factions. In fact, most of the 50 previously chosen privileged acolytes all received at least half a dozen offers.

"Silva Oroboros"

Emery saw Silva step forward and after a few seconds of appraisal, four Grand Magus raised their hands. Silva looked over each of them before choosing Yvere, the Grand Magus from the Plant Institute.

"Roran Hartlight."

On Roran's turn, two Grand Magus raised their hand. He chose a Grand Magus representing the destiny path of War.

One by one, each acolyte was called, and finally, Emery's turn came.

"Emery Ambrose."

Emery stepped forward. He felt worry and doubt starting to creep into his mind. He knew he was one of the least favorite acolytes among the 105 winners, but he still held out hope one of the Grand Magus present would accept him as a student. Perhaps the Grand Magus of the Darkness Institute, Zenonia, would take him in or perhaps Yvere, the Grand Magus from the Plant Institute.

A few awkward seconds passed, but there was no offer.

It was then he realized, none of the Grand Magus present would take him.

"Why... Why?" He muttered, despair evident in his voice, though it was drowned by the palpable silence.

Magus Serena, sensing the situation, finally stepped in to save him. "Well, now this is truly an awkward situation..."

Emery was sidestepped from his reward while he tried to figure out what happened. The Magus Games finally ended with a fanfare, the Headmaster's speech and another show of fireworks, a jubilant celebration contrasting Emery's disappointment.

## **Chapter 265: News**

After the Magus Game ended, the depressed Emery returned to Lord Izta's palace accompanied by his friends. The mood that should have been celebratory because of Emery's win turned into a sour one due to the mistreatment he received.

All because of the fact that there was no one from the fifty-plus grand magus present at the arena, willing to take Emery as their disciple. None.

The moment they arrived at the front of the familiar hall, Julian immediately launched the question he had held since earlier, "Has this ever happened before, Lord Izta? How could they do that to Emery? That's so unfair!"

Unexpectedly, Lord Izta, the one who was normally very emotional at this kind of situation, was eerily silent. He himself was speechless. Seeing Lord Izta was lost in his thoughts, Magus Xion proceeded to answer Julian's inquiry, "It does, actually. But it's a very rare occurrence."

Thrax screamed on top of his lung, releasing all the anger he felt. He then said, "What the hell! Why would this happen in the first place? Emery won the competition but didn't get the reward? What a joke of a competition!"

Emery grabbed Thrax's shoulder and tried to calm the fuming bull. Actually, he could understand why Thrax behaved like this. But in all honesty, he did not really care about this matter too much.

Thinking about the situation he was in, Emery was fine if he didn't get picked by the grand magus. After all, he had been blessed by several masters already.

Lord Izta had taught him about combat technique and its application in real battle. Magus Xion had attentively guided him through his study on his elements, training him to increase his spell control and power. There was also Grand Magus Zenoia, whose contributions were not less than the former two.

All in all, Emery did not think he really needed another master at the moment. He already had enough and he still hadn't learned all the things he had been taught. He only wanted to know why, what was the reason none of the grand magus chose him.

"Why, master? What could be the reason? Was I not good enough?"

Upon hearing Emery's question, Magus Xion thought he was disappointed no one took him. But when he saw the calm expression on his disciple's face, Magus Xion knew he was overthinking it.

"No, Emery. Your spell prowess was pretty decent, you also have exceptional combat skills. Most importantly, you have shown your tenacity, which was the highlight of your last match."

"Then, why? Is this about my bloodline, master? Is that the reason? Well, I did think I still depend too much on my transformation."

Magus Xion waved his hand and shook his head, "No... you do well on that, Emery. You didn't just completely depend on your transformation. On the contrary, it complements well with your spell repertoire."

Julian stepped into the conversation and spoke his guess, "Is it a political reason, then? They won't let us, 'lower realm people', to ever get into the privileged class, aren't they?"

Upon hearing Julian's words, Klea immediately said, "Well, Emery still got into the privileged class, right? He just didn't get a grand magus master, right?"

"Yes he should be" said Magus Xion

Seeing all his friends concern, Emery voice his thought "Friends, don't you all worried, I don't really need a new master, I already have Lord Izta and Magus Xion for that"

Hearing what Emery said, Magus Xion breathed a sigh "Emery.. it really is much different being a disciple of a magus and a grand magus, even more, an official appointed one... I really surprised my master did not take you in... maybe if I talk to her..."

While the debate was still ongoing, Lord Izta and Magus Xion's expression suddenly changed. They abruptly jerked their head upwards, looking toward one particular side of the sky.

Emery and the others were confused at first when they saw the strange behaviour the two esteemed magus showed. Fortunately, their confusion was quickly answered as they suddenly felt a strong pressure coming from their left.

"What is that?"

Before Emery and the others could say more words, they saw both Lord Izta and Magus Xion went to their knees facing towards the west. At the same time, some kind of powerful force made Emery and his friends kneel to the ground.

Lifting their heads, Emery and the others saw two figures coming from the west sky and slowly making their way to the group.

One of them was a woman with long white hair that flowed down till her back and dark glossy skin. The woman's eyes were as sharp as those of an eagle. Her figure was exuding a strong lightning element. Emery and the others could vaguely see lightning currents swirling around her body without her casting any spell. This woman was definitely a powerful lightning magus.

As if the first figure was not shocking enough, the second figure who was only a step behind the woman was even more so. A figure known to all people of the Magus Academy and probably all across the human-controlled universes.

An old man with a long white beard and a wooden stick in his hand, the headmaster of Magus Academy, Altus Dreyden.

"Welcome Headmaster Altus, welcome Grand Magus Ororo." Lord Izta and Magus Xion together said with respect.

"Izta, Xion... you two can raise." the headmaster said, as he walked closer to Emery and his friends. With every step he took, the five young teenager's hearts beat faster and faster.

Even though Headmaster Altus looked like a simple old man at first glance. The person walking towards them was the head of all the magus in the academy, one of the strongest supreme magus of humanity.

With a slight movement from him, Emery suddenly found his body forced to stand. The headmaster approached him and looked straight into Emery's eyes.

Emery, on the other hand, suddenly felt as if something, some kind of energy probing through his body until it stopped at his dark core.

"Dark core... Hmm... It's true then." Headmaster Altus murmured. He then sighed deeply, "Such a pity..."

He then turned towards the others and disclosed the reason for his arrival, "I am here to congratulate our talented acolyte and also bring unfortunate news."

Headmaster Altus once again set his gaze on Emery, "Emery Ambrose, it's my regret to tell you that even though you succeeded remarkably at the magus game, the academy unable to let you in the privileged class."

"!!!"

Dozens of questions immediately gushed into Emery's mind, not only because of the news itself but also because the headmaster himself had come in person to tell him the news.

**Chapter 266: Reason**

The words spoken out from Headmaster Altus's mouth made the already tense atmosphere turned uncannily silent. The statement directly delivered by the highest authority in the Magus Academy definitely brought extreme shock to everyone at the present.

This meant that, not only did Emery not get the reward of being a grand magus disciple, but he also didn't get the privileged class entry he deserved. Then, did not this mean all the efforts Emery had put in: the sweat and pain during the training and the severe injuries during the competition, before finally winning it, were all in vain.

Emery was overwhelmed by the news, one he wished he did not hear. His calm demeanor he was almost broken. He wanted to know why.

Emery was about to ask the reason, but Lord Izta beat him to it. A spectacular outburst was coming out of Lord Izta, "Headmaster, why?! Why?! What is going on here?!!"

After releasing the anger he held inside, Lord Izta quickly regretted saying it out loud. In addition, to the headmaster of Magus Academy.

Fortunately, Headmaster Altus didn't look offended by Lord Izta's careless conduct. He calmly approached the now silent Lord Izta and grabbed his shoulder signaling him to calm down.

"Dear all, it has come to my attention what you all have been doing here." Headmaster Altus said while walking around Lord Izta. He then suddenly stopped and stared at Lord Izta, "You have not been your usual self, Izta."

"Yes... headmaster... I..."

Before Lord Izta could finish his words, the headmaster continued his speech, "I have seen good things from these young acolytes. Not just Emery, but the others as well. It was indeed exciting and fulfilling to see that others were doing really well despite them basically being raised from a lower world" Headmaster Altus said, looking at the others beside Emery one by one.

"I understand what you all are feeling when I told you that Emery lost his entry to privileged class. A reward that indeed should have been his. Hence, I am here in person to make sure all of you didn't get the wrong idea."

Emery and the others were holding their breath, waiting for the real reason to be unveiled.

"The reason young Emery here will not be accepted into the privileged class is not because he is from a lower world or because he is a half-blood. Neither of the two was the reason."

Headmaster Altus directed his gaze to Emery and looked him directly in the eye, "It's purely because of his current situation, or should I say his cultivation."

Emery saw Headmaster Altus took a deep breath before saying the words he had been waiting for, words that would clear up the confusion in his mind, "The reason was because none of the grand magus would accept a disciple who is guaranteed unable to advance to the magus realm."

"!!!" The others were shocked by the unexpected and unimaginable reason.

"G-Guaranteed to not...? What do you mean, headmaster? T-There's no way, right...?" Emery asked Headmaster Altus after he processed the words.

Alas, when Emery's eyes met with the headmaster's and saw the seriousness in them, he fell into despair. All of a sudden, his entire body felt lifeless. Everything instantly became dark and Emery felt lightheaded, as if his soul was flying out of his body. The next thing he knew, the headmaster's voice went into his mind.

"Young Emery, you have ruined your spirit core by going to the wrong path. Most humans who chose your current path of cultivation will not survive their breakthrough."

Headmaster Altus then showed Emery how he saw his body from the outside. The headmaster demonstrated how his spirit energy flowed in and out of his dark core.

Headmaster Altus then continued his words, "Someone has been helping you to successfully cultivate so far and that's your fortune. Just like others who once followed such a path, you have a much stronger spirit core compared to those of the same rank, hence your stellar achievement in the Magus Games."

"However, in the end, none of those people managed to become a Magus. And that was exactly what will happen to you, young Emery. I believe that even with continuous fortuitous encounters and events, you can only reach at most rank 9 acolyte in your life."

When Headmaster Altus finished his words, Emery felt as if his souls was sucked back into his body and regained his consciousness. He absentmindedly looked at the headmaster, only to find the man stared at him.

"Do you understand, young Emery?"

Even though his heart was devastated, Emery still nodded his head, albeit with difficulty, "Yes, headmaster. I... I understand..."

At the moment, Emery's mind was filled with what Killgraga had told him. Could that dragon really want to ruin him?

On the other hand, Lord Izta and Magus Xion were dumbfounded with all this revelation, especially Magus Xion who was completely oblivious to this.

"I will repeat what I said earlier one more time just to be clear. To make it more simple, the Magus Academy cannot and will not spend its limited resources on an acolyte who is destined to not become a magus. I hope this answers all your questions."

Unexpectedly, Lord Izta knelt down in front of the headmaster, his head lowered, "Please, headmaster! If there's anything you can do, help him, Gi-Give this kid a chance! G-Give my world a chance..."

Headmaster Altus sighed, "Yes, Izta. I know. I understand what you are trying to do with this young boy. And I am telling you, young Emery getting into the privileged class would not solve anything and would only bring more problems than benefit later down the road."

Just as despair filled Lord Izta's face, Headmaster Altus continued, "But rest assured, I am here to help you."



Headmaster Altus then shifted his gaze toward the woman who came with him, "Master Ororo here is impressed with the young girl and wanted to take her as her disciple."

Upon hearing that, Klea was startled. She then saw Grand Magus Ororo smile at her.

"Are you willing to be her disciple?" Headmaster Altus asked, looking at Klea.

Klea glanced at Lord Izta at first and saw him quickly nod his head, signaling that she should accept the offer. She then quickly bowed and said, "I am honored to be your disciple, grand magus."

And then, when everyone thought that Headmaster Altus was done, he didn't. He looked towards the three remaining boys, Julian, Chumo, and Thrax, "I saw how you three fight together during the second game and I am quite impressed. For that, I will let the three of you join the elite class."

This probably the most wondrous news they all heard yet.

Headmaster Altus flashed a faint smile when he saw how everyone was excited. He then returned his gaze to Emery and said, "As for you Emery, I have spoken to the Patriarch of the Wolf Bloodline and he agreed to help you learn and understand more about your bloodline. Unless you can somehow break free from the problem your core has, this is the path I recommend to you to go through for now."

Emery nodded his head again and bowed, to give his gratitude and respect for the attention and care the headmaster gave him and his friends. Headmaster Altus nodded his head and clapped his hand, attracting the attention of everyone.

"Now, can all of you give me some privacy with your Lord Izta?"

Before leaving the palace, Emery saw Lord Izta seemed to be really anxious, more than usual.

## **Chapter 267: Agenda**

Emery and his friends left the room. Now, only the magus, Grand Magus and the Headmaster remained.

Xion had thought of leaving, considering the headmaster only called for Lord Izta. So, he quickly asked permission to go. However, the headmaster shook his head.

"No, Xion... Stay here, as you are a part of this as much as Izta is." Headmaster Altus said with a grave tone.

The tension in the air instantly thickened, the two were able to sense the seriousness of the situation. Magus Xion had sensed something was up back when the acolytes were here, and what the headmaster said quickly confirmed his suspicion.

Behind the headmaster, grand magus Ororo stood still with her usual stern and cold look, but Xion's attentive gaze caught a slight smile gracing the woman's lips.

He was sure. They had a stern scolding coming their way.

The headmaster stared at the two, sighed and shook his head. "You two really are in over your head."

As if on cue, both Lord Izta and Magus Xion kneeled again.

"What were you thinking, Izta? Are you trying to undermine the Nephilim faction and replace them with those kids?" Headmaster Altus scolded.

The two realized at the same time, the headmaster had caught wind of their plans and connected the dots between what he knew and what they did.

"Headmaster, I... No, we are not afraid of-"

Headmaster Altus rubbed his forehead, sighed again.

"No, you two, this is not about being afraid of them. This is a matter of billions of lives. There is a reason the Nephilims were chosen as the caretaker. Do you think a couple of 16 year old kids are up to such a monumental task?!"

"With all due respect, headmaster, I believe we should prepare for future possibilities. They have the potential to-"

The headmaster scratched his head, released a long sigh and touched the still kneeling Izta's shoulder.

"No, Izta. What you are doing now is ruining their future. You have done well in guiding them, that much I will admit, but you should not put in their heads that the Nephilims are their enemy."

Izta gritted his teeth and shuddered, attempting to calm his emotion.

"Izta, I know what the Nephilim did to you, but... Whatever happened in the past, we all need to remember our primary mission is to guide them, to bestow them the knowledge they need to choose their own future, how to achieve their best self and find their own resolve... not to be the vessel of yours."

Lord Izta bowed his head lower. Even if it was painful, he could understand where Headmaster Altus was coming from.

"The same thing applies to you, Xion."

"Yes, Headmaster."

"You are also forcing your own agenda towards that kid, didn't you?"

"No, Headmaster. I did not do such a thing."

"Well, if you aren't involved... It's probably all your master's, then."

Xion did not answer. He searched through his memory and remembered what he heard when he was present during his master and Emery's conversations. He could see his master did give an unusual amount of attention to the seemingly ordinary kid.

"Xion, I'm sure your Master knew a lot about Emery's dark core limitations, knowing that why would she still helping him open up the blockage? Fortunately, she didn't kill the kid in the process."

Xion bowed even lower, upon hearing the headmaster's question.

"To be honest, those kids from a lower world... They have amazing potential and they will surely give me more headache in the future... But you two need to keep in mind that first and foremost, we are an

academic institute, we present the vision of learning, and adding politics into this would just be detrimental to that objective. They can choose anything they want and do whatever they want after they finish their study, but for now, they are in our care, and it's our duty to guide them. Do you understand?!"

"Yes, Headmaster." Xion said.

Meanwhile, to Xion's surprise, Izta still did not say anything. From his clenched fists, Xion could see the lord was still bottling up his emotions.

"As for you, Izta." The headmaster called, and the combat champion looked up from his kneeling position. Izta's eyes betrayed his true emotions.

"I will help you about this matter with your world...? Next month, at the coming council meeting, I'll sponsor the proposal for your planet to be returned to you and those acolytes. How is that?"

Izta sighed, feeling the raging storm in his heart calm, and closed his eyes, causing a single tear to spill from the corner of his eye. "You willing to do that? Thank you, thank you, Headmaster"

"That shouldn't be too much of a problem, considering your planet is just one of the hundreds they were assigned to, but..."

The word instantly made Lord Izta listen attentively.

"Izta, I will need you to step down from your position as the protector of the Combat Institute"

The sentence instantly shocked Izta. Though he was glad for the favor offered by the headmaster, he has had this position for hundreds of years. Of course he would be hesitant.

"But why, Headmaster?"

"One, this is a punishment for what you did to these kids, but mostly this would appease the people complaining about this incident."

Xion could guess that either the Nephilim faction or some other high noble factions were barking like mad dogs about a combat magus champion supporting a group of lower realm acolytes so much they managed to take the position of champion in the games.

"I understand that it is for the best, Headmaster. I will accept this punishment gladly." Izta said.

"To be honest, I agreed with this plan because I really need your help," Altus added.

"I will do anything, Headmaster. Tell me." Izta answered solemnly. It seemed the promise of his planet being returned was enough to calm him down and restore his spirit.

"I have had reports of increasing troubles in the frontlines and I need you to represent me and see the current situation. This way, you can help me gather information and you can stay far away from all this until those nobles cooled down their rage and forget all about this incident. I am thinking a few years' time and after that, you can have your position back in the academy again, What do you think?"

The part where the headmaster mentioned the mission would take years concerned him. He was not too concerned about the length itself, he was more concerned that this mission would make him miss

much of the kid's development during his time in this academy. However, as much as his heart screamed, Izta knew he was in no position to reject such an offer. With a heavy heart, he accepted.

"That's great, Izta" Headmaster Altus nodded. "As for those kids, you don't need to worry too much, Xion and Ororo here will guide them. After all, they got into elite class and they'll surely be busy with their training"

### **Chapter 268: Terra Kingdom**

The news about one of the five Combat Magus Protectors stepping down from his position spreaded through the Magus Academy real fast, bringing countless shock and confusion throughout the acolytes and magus' circles.

The next day, the said champion's palace was quickly locked down by the academy, and would continue to be locked until the new protector assigned to the empty post.

After hearing the news, Emery and his friends immediately knew who the person was. Hence, they quickly went searching for the said combat magus champion. However, Lord Izta was nowhere to be found.

"What's going on, Emery? Where's Lord Izta?" Julian asked.

The five teenagers were so anxious, they would go find the headmaster themselves if they could. They wanted to see the bottom of it. But then, a figure suddenly approached them from the shadows, startling them.

Emery was about to cast his spells when he realized the figure was Yuria, the masked woman, Lord Izta's trusted subordinate.

Yuria did not say anything and just gestured to Emery and the others to follow her. Realizing her intention, they quickly followed the masked woman who was already far in the distance.

Emery and the others were brought into an unknown swirling portal. Even though they hesitated for a moment when Yuria entered the portal, they immediately steeled their resolve and went into it.

The moment they walked through the portal, they arrived at a planet that felt very similar to Earth. The blue sky, the lush prairie, the verdant forest. At the moment, they were standing atop of a cliff.

Emery and the others quickly looked around, observing their surroundings. Their attention was caught by a city in the distance, with a magnificent palace standing in the middle of it.

Emery realized Yuria was standing beside them, "Where did you take us? What is this place?"

"This is Terra Kingdom, Lord Izta's home."

Emery and the others once heard Lord Izta was given a land and title on this Magus World, but this was the first time they actually ever saw it. Seeing the city with a grand palace in it, they could not help but be amazed.

The group quickly followed Yuria, who had already started walking, and made their way towards the city.

As Emery and the others walked past the city gate and entered the city, they found out this city was nothing like any normal city that they had ever seen. Almost, if not most, of its citizens looked and felt like capable fighters.

The reason Emery could arrive at this conclusion was because of their figures. They all had the figure of a warrior and almost all of them carried a kind of weapon on them, despite their casual attire. No matter if they were male or female, they were all the same.

With Yuria walking at the front leading the way, all eyes that looked at Emery and the others were filled with respect.

When they reached the majestic palace they saw from the distance, Emery and his friends were surprised and shocked to see hundreds of fully equipped fighters in golden and silver armor gathering in the middle of a massive courtyard.

Fortunately, the group could see Lord Izta, who was standing in front of the soldiers and currently giving them instruction. Seeing that Lord Izta was fine, Emery heaved a sigh of relief.

Realizing Emery and the others had come, Lord Izta quickly called them up to the front, showing all of them to these soldiers.

"Attention, men! Fighters of the Terra's Army! These acolytes are my juniors. Therefore, always remember to show them the same respect you have shown me in the future!"

Emery and the others were shocked by the introduction Lord Izta delivered.

Noticing it, Lord Izta chuckled, "Hahaha, you boys and girl are my juniors. Naturally, what is mine is yours. Here, let me show you."

Lord Izta pointed his finger at the group of fighters that had gathered.

"This is my private army, 3000 strong Terra soldiers. The 300 in golden armors are the strongest among the bunch. Every one of them are as strong as rank 8 acolytes. Meanwhile, those that are in silvers are comparable to rank 7 acolyte. Aren't they impressive?"

Emery and the rest were shocked when they heard each and every one of these 3000 men were stronger than they were.

"These Terra men have gone into dozens of wars with me..."

Lord Izta suddenly shouted, "Are you all ready for another battle?!"

"RUUUAAAA!!" the soldiers shouted in unison.

Lord Izta suddenly remembered something, he clapped his hand and 4 figures all wearing masks, similar to the one used by Yuria, suddenly appeared next to him silently.

"You all can open your mask"

The moment they took off the mask that covered most of their faces, Emery and the boys were captivated. All four of them were all females and they all looked beautiful, despite the different traits seen between each of them.

Each had their own unique aura and racial ethnicity. Therefore, they couldn't possibly be related in blood.

"Let me introduce them to all of you. This is Rosia, Sillica, Camila and Grisa. They are my generals."

From them, Emery could feel an aura that was similar to Magus Xion. They must be at Magus level or at least rank 9 acolyte.

"Oh yeah, let's not forget about Yuria. She's the youngest and my favorite."

Before Emery or the others could comment on what Lord Izta meant by his favorite, Lord Izta said something that made the atmosphere turn silent, "The five of them are also my life companions."

"..."

"Life companions?" Emery was still trying to process Lord Izta's words when Thrax abruptly shouted, startling the soul out of him.

"WOW! Lord Izta, you really are my champion! I want to be just like you!"

Julian and Chumo also looked very excited, while Klea was quietly embarrassed.

"Unfortunately, I am still not blessed with a son or daughter. So you five and these people here, you all are my family."

Seeing Lord Izta being so casual, even though he had just been removed from his position, made Emery and the others at ease. However, they still wondered what happened between the headmaster and Lord Izta yesterday. And from the look of it, Lord Izta was preparing for war.

"Are you leaving, Lord Izta?" Emery asked.

"Yes, Emery. I have been assigned to the frontline, I will be gone for a while"

The news was a shock to everyone and before Lord Izta can explain, Magus Xion has arrived at the place

"Oh! Xion is already here. Let's go. All of you must have a lot of questions. Let us talk inside."

## **Chapter 269: Farewell**

Emery and his friends were escorted into the palace. The entire building was made of sturdy yet clean white stones, with multiple weapons decorating the walls. From the exquisite carved details seen on each weapon, it was clear each one of them boasted incredible craftsmanship.

After walking for a while, they arrived in the main hall. The room was decorated with similar weapons as the halls, but with the addition of several skeletons and carcasses from many different kinds of beasts.

After they all entered the room, Lord Izta started explaining what the headmaster told him yesterday.

He did not mention whether he considered his own decisions right or wrong, but the fact remained that due to his actions, some people were targeting them, most likely those from the Nephilim faction. Before explaining anything else, Lord Izta warned them to be more careful while he was gone.

On the other hand, Lord Izta also mentioned that, while he has to go to the front lines, the Headmaster of the academy has promised to help their planet, Earth, to earn its independence. Lord Izta explained he was very grateful. Even if he had to go to the front lines for one hundred years to pay for such a huge favor, he would gladly do it.

Lord Izta looked around the palace, sighed, and said in a sentimental tone. "Ah, I hope after this assignment, I can finally come back home. It's been far too long."

Lord Izta explained to them the importance of being independent. As they all knew, all lower worlds had a restriction law placed upon them. The law was placed to restrict interference of the outside world into a lower realm planet, and one of its main restrictions was forbidding any magus to enter the world. This was done to ensure the lower worlds could each go through a proper evolution process.

Only those in the position of a caretaker could give limited access to any magus who wishes to enter the lower world. Lord Izta hoped to attain said position in order to finally go home.

"How about us, Lord?" Julian asked. From his tone, it was clear that he was very much interested in these matters

"You five, acolytes of the academy, are special cases." Lord Izta answered.

Hearing about this, suddenly Emery thought of something and asked

"Lord Izta, then would it be possible for us to come and go back home any time we want?"

"What do you mean, Emery?" Lord Izta looked at Emery and asked.

"What I mean is, is it possible if I want to go back to earth right away like today...?"

"Why would you want to do that, Emery? Each day you spend in this academy is very precious," Lord Izta replied baffled.

"Hmph! Probably something to do with a girl!" Klea interrupted.

Emery looked at her and Lord Izta, unable to answer that accusation as he certainly was thinking about a certain girl... That was, Morgana, obviously. A month has passed, and due to the circumstances he left her in, he was really worried about her.

"No, Emery, unfortunately not. Our home is on the other side of the quadrant. With the help of the teleportation gate and fast spaceship travel you may be able to reach it within days, or hours with the Headmaster's powerful artifacts, but the restriction placed only allow you the special case acolytes to enter during certain times, like the recall"

Upon hearing the answer, Emery gave a long, heavy sigh. After all, he really could do nothing to help Morgana for now. He could only hope nothing bad would happen to her.

"Anyway, While I am gone, Yuria will be in charge. You can find her when you want to reach me. I will also order 1000 of my warriors to stay behind. If those Nephilim want to make trouble, you have my permission to order them as you see fit. For anything else, Magus Xion, I hope you will follow up on the Headmaster's promise, will you?"

"Yes. Of course, Senior, I surely will." Magus Xion answered solemnly.

"This is the most I can do for you. Other than that, I wish you all good luck. I hope I'll see you all before your graduation. For that, I have prepared a special graduation present for you all." Lord Izta smiled. "Ah, before I go, I have also prepared a party for us all."

That night, Emery and his friends were all gathered around a huge bonfire. The place was packed, almost every citizen of the Terra Kingdom was there to celebrate. Everyone enjoyed the luxurious food while singing and dancing together.

The party was not only held as a celebration for the five's acceptance into the elite class, but it was also a going-away party for Lord Izta and the 2000 men private army.

Though everyone else enjoyed themselves, the five participated in the party with a heavy heart, knowing Lord Izta would have to leave for a few years. They only knew each other for around a month, but the lord felt like a part of their family already and they couldn't help but feel a little sad.

Emery did not even celebrate during this wonderful time. He used everyone else's focus on celebrating to approach his master with guilt.

"What is it, Emery?" Magus Xion asked kindly.

"Ah, Master... I want to sincerely apologize, for I have broken the precious sword you gave me..." Emery bowed and confessed.

"Ah, yes Emery, I saw while it happened, it's alright."

"No, Master. I have broken such a precious gift I do not know how or when, but I will somehow find a way to replace your gift."

"You mean with a sword like this one?" Magus Xion interjected.

Magus Xion waved his hand and took out an identical sword with identical symbols before explaining to Emery that the sword, though sturdy, was mass-produced for him and the master casually gave another one to replace the broken one.

"..."

Emery did not know what to say.

He had no idea what he regretted more, him worrying about the broken sword so much, or his master making him think that the sword given to him was such a treasured item.

Wouldn't this mean he had worried over nothing?

The party continued all night, everyone seemingly still having enough energy even as the hours tick by. When the party was finally over, the five of them stayed overnight at Lord Izta's palace.

The next day, they all bid farewell to Lord Izta and thanked him before leaving. Right as they walked away from the palace, a notification appeared in their minds at the same time.

[Your Elite Class will start tomorrow]



## Chapter 270: New Class

With Lord Izta's palace being locked, today, Emery and friends returned back to their provided housing, the mountain site where everyone from Class 77 lived during their time in the academy.

The main reason they returned to this place was to say farewell. As of tomorrow, they would have to move to the location reserved for elite class students.

When they passed through the courtyard, some acolytes stared at them with the most unusual gaze.

Most of these acolytes were unable to pass the first game and now among the five of them, Klea and Emery managed to reach the final match. Thanks to that achievement, they became some kind of instant celebrities.

Not sure what would have happened tomorrow, the group decided to hole up again at Klea's place and have a similar party like the one they are having after they won the first game. But this time Emery made sure to remind them not to get drunk as tomorrow is an important day.

The boys were surely disappointed as they were still unable to accept their defeat from Chumo in the last drinking competition. As for Klea, she was the first to agree with Emery's suggestion but Emery somehow can see a trace of disappointment in her expression.

It was a day full of fun and relaxing activities. It was nice to take a good break from all the training they had to do and spend time with friends.

As they say, time flies when you are having fun and late night came just as exhaustion started to settle into their bones. Most have already planned to rest, but Julian approached him.

Julian explain to Emery the reason he joined Roran's faction. The game had taught him that there was something more important than just fighting on the front lines. The first step to gain important knowledge for that still-vague dream was by joining Roran's faction.

"I want to be a great commander Emery, I wish to make a difference to our world...

so we won't be pushed around like now... that's my dream, and I believe the Harlight faction can help me towards that goal."

Emery listened to Julian's story and his declaration to chase his dream with such determination. Without him realizing it, envy started spreading in his heart.

Emery felt that he did not have such a grandiose purpose as Julian. For now, all he had for a purpose was to protect his friends and loved ones from danger. He started to wonder, could this even be called a purpose in life?

Julian's determination to chase his dream reminded him of a certain girl who shared a similar strong determination as Julian. Gwen, the princess of the Lioness Kingdom, the princess bound to her gilded cage, who wished to see the world outside the castle walls. Emery wondered if fate would let them be close again like they used to.

Exhausted by their activities and the rowdy party they just had, they immediately fell asleep, some just barely managing to get into their own bedrooms. Morning came way too quick for their tastes, but everyone gathered together before walking outside.

This would be the last time they walk out of that place as a resident and they couldn't help but feel a little sentimental. Strange as it might sound, those rooms had seen their first meeting, their burgeoning friendship and many other things that made them get closer to each other. Now they had to leave this place behind.

While it was a little bit sad, perhaps it was a sign of their growth.

When they walked out to the main court, the five friends were surprised by a group of acolytes who had gathered, it appeared they all knew this was their last day in class 77. Not sure what these people were trying to do to them, Emery and the others started to feel cautious. But suddenly one of the acolytes started to clap and together they all followed.

"Way to go, Emery!" One student whistled and shouted amidst the sea of clapping sounds.

"Congratulations, Earth group!"

"You made class 77 proud!" One acolyte raised their fist and cheered.

"Give those elites hell for us all!" Another voice joined in.

This was surely one of the weirdest experiences they ever had, after all, these people used to look down on them.

Many of the acolytes in class 77 were those from lower realm worlds and witnessing Emery achieve success even with his subpar ability and lower world origin reignited their spirit. If a lower world acolyte was able to reach the final of the Magus Games with diligence and effort, they could too.

At the end of the line, Emery saw three familiar faces waiting for them. They were Zuna, Zaku, and Zidi, the three acolytes from Zalueo.

Zuna, their leader, came closer to Emery and looked down at the ground before sighing. "You are right. Us deciding not to stick with you five will be my greatest regret in my entire life."

"Me too..." Zaku interjected.

"Me three." Zidi looked away and said.

The three giving them a weird Zaiueo handshake and wishing them luck in their new class.

They have reached the end of the line, but the five of them still looked around, as if searching for something. They looked at each other and laughed, unable to believe they were searching for Magus Minerva among the gathered crowds.

"Why do you even care about that female magus anyway? She never really did anything noteworthy for us." Klea asked Emery.

"Well, you might be right, but regardless, she is still our first instructor. Without her, we wouldn't be able to take our first steps here." Emery explained.

"I can see your point..." Klea answered. "But she doesn't seem to be that competent of a magus. With our transfer to the elite class, we'll find a much better teacher. I can't wait."

The group walked together towards a nearby transportation gate and was teleported to a certain enclosed room. With the exception of the magus hub, this was the first time they were actually transported into a building by going to the transportation gate.

What was more, dozens of soldiers clad in armor stood ready all around the room. They looked as soldiers Emery saw when they first arrived in the Magus Academy. They were the academy knights...

While they checked their surroundings in slight awe and bewilderment, a familiar voice called out for their name in a cheerful tone.

"Aah, my favorite five are finally here! Welcome!"

Speak of the devil and she shall appear. The five of them simultaneously turned their heads towards the source of the voice, only to find the one and only Magus Minerva waiting for them in the middle of the room. When they looked at her, Minerva spread her hand out and said.

"Welcome to elite class! I am Minerva and I will be your instructor. Hehehe! Aren't you all happy?" Magus Minerva introduced herself.

"..."

All five only stared at her in bewilderment.

"Ah, I'm touched! Are you guys so happy to see me and now you can't say anything? Come, come, the others have waited for quite a while."

"The others?" Emery asked.

Minerva did not answer, she merely gestured for the five to follow her. They walked through a large door leading to a slightly smaller room where the other acolytes were waiting for them. When they entered, the others immediately stopped chatting amongst each other.

"Here, they are your new classmates in the elite class."

When everyone turned around to look at them, Emery started to see a lot of familiar faces, most of them he saw in the magus game.

"Yo!!.. Emery my friend we are in the same class now," the young man stared towards the other acolytes in the room saying. "Remember not to make trouble with my homie here. Or Gerri the Violet flame will burn you!"

Another group they knew well approached Emery and said. "Now that you are here, you have proven yourself to stand beside us the Kaleos."

Besides Anas, the Kaleos acolytes and Gerri, there were also Aiko the Jade Flash, Okoye, Roran's two men Lymord and Alara, Orycon the combat acolyte and also the goat half-blood acolytes Igor and Ivar.

Almost all in this class were all the acolytes he competed against in the second game.

Unsurprisingly, Emery also saw Micah and his friend talking and whispering amongst each other while occasionally shooting them a hateful glance. Among them, Emery saw one youth he thought he would never see again. This acolyte was leaning against the wall, he was Lodos the Maniac.

"Dammit." Emery massaged his temples. "Did they really put us all together like this? What are those higher-ups in the academy thinking?!"