

Earths GMagus 621

Chapter 621 - Together

Right now, the magus was giving Emery and his friends some space, so they could converse with just the five of them.

Klea and the others were at a loss on how they should react. All of them knew about the fact that Emery had some kind of secret regarding his meteoric-like strength, but this was the first time they really gained knowledge of it.

An ancient existence called Primordial Wisp which was in solitary stage; that's the name the Magus Universe had bestowed to the source of power Emery had. A kind of power that is strong enough to make a Grand Magus level individual to go crazy over.

The five of them were silent. It seemed neither of them would open their mouths until they had finished trying to process the new information they had just heard.

"So... this.. Being.. has been on Earth all this time..?"

Emery shook his head at that. "No... Remember about the incident in our first year?"

He reminded them that the event was, in fact, involved the enemy of mankind. The elves hence it was better for all of them to keep this information to themselves.

Emery couldn't help but worry that there was something even problematic behind the source where Khaos came from.

Meanwhile, Klea could be seen busy tinkering with the holographic cube that is currently hovering above her palm. Her eyes glazed as her mind searched for the information that they all wanted to know.

"I can't seem to find anything notable regarding Primordial Wisp in the academy database. However, here it is stated that it was considered as the being that brought evolution to the universe.." Klea drawled her words as a thoughtful expression appeared on her face.

"I wonder what this means.." She added as an indistinct glint passed over her eyes.

On the other hand, Thrax looked a little irritated because he couldn't really keep up with the situation.

"What are you guys worrying about? If one enemy comes, then we fight them. If one hundred arrive, then we shall fight them fearlessly. If one million-"

Julian quickly interrupted the Thracian "Yeah.. yeah.. We understand there, champ!"

Emery then noticed that Chumo looked a little restless than usual. He was guessing knowing the fact about grand magus Zenoia worried him even more. He, after all, spent a lot of his time at the Darkness Institute.

Understanding the situation, Emery closed his eyes and took a deep breath. When he opened them again, a determined yet pained look flashed across them. He said

"It's probably for the best if you guys take your distance with me.." Emery said in a calm voice. "I really hate if you guys are troubled later just because of your association with me."

Thrax immediately became annoyed by Emery's words, but it was Klea who beat everyone and was the one who scolded him.

"You!" Klea said loudly. "Did you still not get it? It's no longer just about you Emery!. As long as it still exists on Earth, this isn't just your problem. It is Earth's problem. Our problem." "So stop facing this on your own!" Klea exploded, not in anger but in annoyance.

She took a deep breath and then added "You should share this burden with us, that's why we are here!"

Even though she was scolding him, Emery surprisingly felt his emotions being lifted up as he heard those harsh yet truthful words. He himself knew that it was wrong for him to bear all of this responsibility alone. Even so, he still insisted.

Letting a small inaudible sigh, Emery firmed his determination and said, "I'm really sorry guys... I will definitely try my best to deal with this matter as soon as possible."

"See? You are only thinking about yourself again?!" Klea scoffed. "Huh! You really can't be helped!" She turned her head away from Emery, annoyed by the latter's attitude.

Julian decided to intervene. "Alright, we all know that the situation about Emery is dire, but we have a lot on our plate. So I think we should do this one problem at a time." With serious determination, he continued. "At first, we should focus on the upcoming game and make sure Emery passes level five no matter what it takes."

"Huh, Roman! I thought that you had another team to suck up with!" Thrax mocked. "So you want to join us now.. Huh, shameless!!"

The others saw Julian's face gradually turn red. It was clear that the latter tried his best to handle Thrax's strings of curses.

Taking a deep breath to calm his almost exploding temper, Julian spoke. "Yes.. The truth is I was asked by the Harlights to join their team. I even tried to convince Klea to join the Kaleos team.."

The Thracian quickly became angry when he heard what Julian said, but Emery immediately gave the former a look as he wanted Julian to finish what he had to say.

"Yes. As I said, I'm thinking about the big picture. Now that we know that our planet is in such a dire situation: the Nephilims and that Grand Magus Zenonia, then we are also in dire need of allies!"

"Don't you get it?! Earth was just a tiny little planet that could be crushed by any of them."

A serious expression could be seen on Julian's face as he spoke his next words.

"So yes. It's true that I curry favor with those families and I'm not going to deny that. But I did all that because I was trying to get their support or whatever could give us better leverage against what will be waiting for us in the near future."

He then turned to Thrax and stared at the latter straight in the eyes as he said, "Do you think it's easy to bow your head to someone like them..? Do you really think I enjoy doing those things?!!"

Emery quickly approached Julian who turned emotional and grabbed his shoulder. Thrax, on the other hand, surprisingly remained silent and didn't reply to the latter as he usually did.

After making sure his Roman friend was fine, Emery asked softly. "So what do you think we should do? Should we each go to a different team?"

Emery's words quickly made Chumo tense up, but he relaxed when he saw Julian shaking his head.

"No... We should be in one team for this game."

Emery was surprised by that. He couldn't hold himself from asking.

"Why?"

Julian glanced at Emery, looking at the latter as if he was an idiot.

"What else do you think Emery? With you going to privilege class, this will probably be the last time we fight together as a team, so we should make the best out of it.!"

He then turned to others and said, "Our friend here belongs to the privileged class. So let's give him the best goodbye gift by making a memorable record in the game. What do you guys think?"

Thrax immediately lunged for Julian and embraced his shoulders. "My man!! That's more like it!"

Julian could only smile helplessly as his body was rocked back and forth by the Thracian's hug.

Emery looked at the only girl in the group waiting for her answer.

Noticing the look given to her, she said, "Of course I'm in. Without me, you guys will not pass even level one!"

The group burst into laughter with Klea's arrogant remarks.

Meanwhile, Chumo sneakily turned his head to the side. Without anyone realizing it, Chumo was moved by the situation.

Julian's helpless smile, Thrax's rambunctious laugh, Klea's proud smirk, and Chumo's heartwarming tear; A beautiful smile bloomed on his face as Emery looked at the four people around him and thought this might be one of the moments they would remember for the rest of his life.

Chapter 622 - Preparations

Now that it was decided the five of them would be in one team, Emery and his friends would not waste any more time and began their preparation for the upcoming game. The group huddled together, as they started discussing what they lacked.

"I think what we direly need is high tier equipment." Emery said in a serious manner.

Like the previous first game which they had participated in, each acolytes would be forced to provide their own equipment upon entering the game. Apparently, the reason this practice was carried out was to see if the acolytes had the capability to meet the minimum standards of requirements for any battle.

From the information Klea and Julian gleaned from the Harlight and the Kaleos teams, tier 4 equipment was the limit for this first game - which was really a disadvantage for their team considering their current state.

Other than the [Moon Dagger] and [Gungnir], which Emery and Klea owned, the group only had one set of standard tier 3 weapons and tier 2 common equipment as spare. Their lack of good equipment was also exactly the reason why their previous battle against the pale man was so difficult.

Remembering about the pale man, Klea gleefully asked. "Have you checked the spoils we got from him?"

What Klea actually meant by spoils was the storage ring that belonged to the pale man. Emery had taken off the latter's ring when he captured him. And after the man killed himself in the spectacular way, his storage ring lost the slight trace of its owner and became accessible.

Before the gaze of four pairs of eyes, Emery opened the storage ring, finding quite a number of items.

His attention was immediately locked by a leather bag filled with dozens of yellow colored spirit stones. From a quick scan of his senses, he discovered 55 yellow spirit stones in the bag, which valued a total of five thousand five hundred spirit stones.

Keeping that wealth in mind, Emery proceeded onto the next items stored in the ring. He continued the scan as he saw a few pieces of clothes as well as other miscellaneous things which he selectively ignored.

Then, he was attracted by the daggers artifact that the pale man had used against him.

Emery quickly took out one of the daggers from the ring and analyzed it with the symbol on his palm.

[Crimson Thorns - Tier 4 Weapon Set Artifact]

[A set of 9 flying daggers]

[Weight 0.5 kilograms, length 30 centimeters]

[Spell - Bleeding Hex]

[Causing the wound inflicted by this weapon to bleed abnormally]

Emery's face couldn't help but light up when he read the information the symbol had about the dagger. Unexpectedly, it was a Tier 4 nine-dagger weapon set and with a unique skill attached to boot!

Unfortunately, these daggers were specifically made to be used as a flying weapon. They were not suitable to be used as daggers for stabbing. This could be seen from the handle of the daggers, which was made not to be held by hand.

Emery decided to give the daggers to Klea, who had the best mastery in spirit control among them. However, she rejected it with a simple reason "Nope! Not gonna use it... it's too scary and doesn't look good on me... I don't want it."

This left Emery with the only option of selling it, as no one in the group was interested in or possessed the necessary abilities to wield this weapon.

If he was lucky enough, he might be able to sell about fifty or sixty thousand spirit stones.

"So I guess we need lots of spirit stones!"

Emery's words were quickly understood with each of his friends checking out their storage rings and from each of their expressions, other than Klea, they really didn't have much wealth on them.

At this point, the group realized they didn't have enough spirit stones to completely gear themselves from head to toe.

Fortunately, Emery still had a large amount of contribution points that were far more valuable than spirit stones.

He then quickly offered his 90.000 plus contribution as a way to buy the equipment for the team.

Klea and the others naturally turned down Emery's offer, as they also knew how valuable contribution points were. There were many better uses of the points than to buy equipment.

They were about to split up and go their own way to hunt for some equipment when several figures came and said,

"You guys don't need to buy any equipment!"

Emery and the others turned their heads toward where the voice came from and saw Magus Silica, Magus Xion and Yuria approaching them.

"Lord Izta has already prepared the equipment you guys need for the upcoming game." Magus Silica said to the group. "Let's go. You guys should come with us."

This news definitely brought a smile to all of them. Emery felt reluctant to accept the offer, but Lord Izta himself had treated them like his own brothers. Therefore, the group eventually accepted.

"Compared to what the other elite class acolytes have, what Lord Izta can offer is considered the bare minimum, just make sure you use it wisely."

The group followed their three seniors, as they were led to the large building situated next to the palace. The place was the barrack of the Terra Knights.

After walking past an area where Emery and the others saw hundreds of people training and practicing with each other, they were quickly taken to the armory.

As soon as the metal door was opened, the group was immediately treated to a sight of hundreds of weapons. There seemed to be so many different types of weapons available in the armory, as far as the eye could see, only their imaginations limited what types of weapons they could find here.

But unexpectedly, Emery and the others were led past this spectacular array of weapons and taken to a different room.

In an instant, Emery quickly realized the items in the room they were currently in were far superior when compared to what they had just seen. The mesmerizing glow as well as the aura that these items exuded told the group they were tier 4 or equivalent tier artifacts.

"These are all tier 4 artifacts we have, normally reserved only for the captains, but of course as family, you all should accept the best.

Yuria said calmly. "You guys may choose and take anything that you like."

At first, Emery and the others were surprised. And then, they were exhilarated. It didn't even take a second longer for them to start picking up and trying out the items in the room.

Like always, Emery picked a sword, while Julian chose a sword and shield that took his fancy. On the other hand, Thrax grabbed a fierce-looking spear from its stand and a small round shield, while Chumo approached a bow that caught his eyes the moment he entered the room. As for Klea, she decided to pick a magic staff.

All of the weapons they chose were tier 4 artifacts, each with its own distinct boost.

[Increase Strength], [Increase Speed], [Increase Durability] and there were even a few with unique skill just like the [Crimson Thorns] and the [Moon Dagger].

Everyone was so excited about being given new tier 4 weapons. However, Magus Silica didn't look too excited as she watched them play with their new toy.

"Did Lord Izta ever guide you about weapons?" She asked with her eyebrow raised, as if there is something wrong with the weapon they choose.

The magus couldn't help but shake her head and said, "Let me see how far you guys have mastered the weapons of your choice."

Chapter 623 - Combat Puppets

Silica was not just an ordinary Magus. She was one of Lord Izta's trusted generals, her expertise in weapons had earned her the spot of being the one in charge of the Terran army training.

As of now, she carried a hundred years' worth of experience in training thousands of the Terran soldiers. Even before that, she was a renowned combat magus and a fighter that has fought in countless wars.

For her to see Emery and his friends' skills in weaponry, there was no other method that was more effective than battling using combat puppets. Fortunately, as an ex-combat institute instructor, Lord Izta kept several of those puppets within his domain.

Emery and his friends were led into the lower level of the Barracks. It had an area of a similar size to the palace courtyard. It was divided into several sections, each housing a puppet similar to the one in the combat institute. Although to his surprise among the wooden puppets, there were a few that were made of a black, shiny material that looked close to rubber.

Seeing Emery's curious stare on it, the magus explained that the wooden puppet was limited to copy the strength up to the rank 7 acolytes. As Emery and friends already passed that level, they would need to train with the advanced combat puppets.

Emery could quickly guess the advanced puppets were not easy to come by or probably very expensive, as despite the size of the place and the dozens number of the wooden puppets, in comparison there were only three advance black puppets available for use.

"You shall start first!" The Magus pointed at Emery, her gaze full of interest. Emery was chosen to get into a privileged class under a special condition and she wanted to see what it was.

Emery walked toward one of the arena and accessed the panel on the side.

[Choose your weapon]

"Sword."

[Choose type of swords]

[Short sword, long sword, one-edged sword, broadsword, rapier, great sword, ...]

Without hesitation, Emery chose, "Long sword."

The last time Emery fought these puppets, he managed to win against the level 6 challenge. But this time, he had to start with new puppets. Hence Emery had to go from the first level all over again.

Within seconds, he was able to finish the level 1 to 5 challenges, but sadly, this time his wins gave him no rewards.

A voice could be heard from the puppet, indicating level 6 was about to start.

Emery's battle power has increased double since he fought this level. But this doesn't mean it will get easier, and as expected, the level 6 puppet proved itself to be much faster and stronger following his increased battle power.

He had to resort to using multiple [Blink], coupled with various battle arts, in order to finally beat the level 6 puppet again.

As the puppet fell down crumpled on the ground, it was time to fight the level 7 puppet. A noise could be heard from the fallen puppet as it got up again, as good as new.

The battle was rough and Emery was forced to take the fight much more seriously.

Fighting this level means that everything he learned in the past three years was being tested, and just like last time no amount of battle art skill could help him. Fortunately, Emery still has a trick up his sleeve.

[Dao Divine technique]

Emery's movements started to become erratic to the puppets and the puppet this time found it hard to follow. The puppet swung its mechanical arm and attacked with force, but Emery countered it softly and used the puppet's power to propel him away or fuel his attacks.

After a few minutes, and several [Heroic Slash] finally he managed to beat the puppet.

[Congratulations, the level 7 combat puppet was defeated]

[Received 4 battle power]

It was such a good feeling. Emery had the chance to show off what he had learned the last three years and be rewarded for it.

His palm was shining, and as if someone cast a spell on him, he could feel his muscle stiffen as his physique increased to another level. Four points of battle power was not a little amount after all.

The reward certainly encouraged Emery to try another level.

Before accessing the next level Emery took a glance at the magus, but she appeared to be unsurprised with Emery's skill, instead she told Chumo and Klea to hop on into the arena with the other two black puppets.

Trying not to think much out of it he continued his challenge "Level 8!"

Emery gave his all, sweat wetted his brows and hair, but he was unable to overpower the puppet even using his new sword style.

Magus Silica did not show any kind of reaction, it was as if she had already foreseen and anticipated the result. Emery fought against the black puppet for an hour, but it remained standing. He was surprised to find that fighting the puppet felt similar to that time he fought Orycon and the pale man. Although the puppet and him moved at the same speed, he was unable to keep up with it.

It was abundantly clear he could not defeat the puppet the way he was. Emery stopped the fight, accessed the side panel to add a short sword for him. This time he fought with a pair of swords

Clank! Clank!!

Sparks flew between him and the puppet, with weapons on both hands, Emery could feel his [Dao Divine Technique] feel much more refined. Emery and the puppet, both were struggling for dominance. Unfortunately his attempt was met with the same result: failure.

Magus Silica decided to stop him to not waste any time "Alright next!"

Emery walked back disappointed, only to see Klea already waiting. The genius girl was apparently only able to defeat level 6 and stuck at level 7. The fact made him think that apparently there was a limit to her genius after all.? Unconsciously Emery cracked a gleeful smile, but unfortunately for him, the girl realized it.

"Why are you smiling? Are you happy that I failed miserably?"

Her glare quickly scared him, "No, no, i don't mean like that..."

"What is that smile for then...?"

Emery stood still with no answer... and the girl turned her head away saying, "Don't bother answering, I don't want to hear it!"

Emery took a deep sigh, all this training he will learn the next few months, there was one skill that he hoped he could master; the ability to know to say the right thing at the right time.

Chapter 624 - Fighting Result

Emery watched intently as his three friends gave their all, fighting against the combat puppets Magus Silica had provided for them. Simply put, the three fights were equally fierce and exciting. He could even glean some useful things from observing how his friends responded and coped with the stuff the combat puppets did.

Chumo and Julian were fighting against the same opponent, a level 7 combat puppet. Meanwhile, Thrax had already defeated his level 7 puppet, so he went ahead and fought against a level 8 combat puppet.

Even though the difference between their opponents was merely one level, the difficulty of fighting a level 8 combat puppet rose exponentially.

At the moment, Chumo could be seen fighting while using his special skill: he turned himself into six clones and attacked at the same time from different directions. However, the combat puppet was also able to create six clones of itself to match his aggression.

As a result, the twenty by twenty meter arena provided for their fight quickly became crowded, as a dozen of Chumo as well as the combat puppet's clones moved here and there, while they were fighting each other using bow and arrows.

Emery found the fight impressive and eye-opening, not only by how Chumo was able to create so many lifelike clones, but also by the fact he was able to fight using a bow in close combat.

His friend, who hailed from the proud east, was currently showcasing his extreme agility, as he continuously and acrobatically dodged all the attacks the combat puppet launched at him, simultaneously controlling his clones and launching attacks of his own. His movements and actions looked beautiful to the eye, as he flawlessly transitioned between the bow in his hand into a melee weapon.

The battle went on and the glint in Emery's eyes deepened as he continued to watch. In the end, Chumo managed to break through his own limits, allowing him to create eight identical clones of himself, finally defeating the level 7 combat puppet.

Right after making sure the combat puppet couldn't move an inch any longer, Chumo's body instantly fell down lifelessly, as if his string had been cut. He was laying drop dead on the floor with sweat covering all over his body, but the bright wide smile perched on his face portrayed the satisfaction he was currently feeling.

Especially when he received the reward of defeating the level 7 puppets, it was obvious to all when Chumo refreshed with the new and improved power.

While Chumo's fight was exciting to see and full of flair, the same couldn't exactly be said about Julian's. If laymen watched and were asked what word best described the latter's fight, most would probably answer with one word: dull.

Based on appearance, Julian's fight was extremely monotone. Simply put, it was like a game of hitting and blocking, where one needed to best their opponent to win. Unfortunately for the young Roman, the combat puppet just made minimal, if not nonexistent, mistakes and was the worst opponent one could have for this type of combat.

The two were trying their best to overpower their opponent. However, since their strength was identical, Julian eventually found out he didn't have the necessary ability to break through his opponent.

Clank!! Clank!! Both of them block and parry each other's attacks.

Julian had tried everything he could, but it was as if all his moves were easy to read like a book in a library. No matter what he did, the combat puppet would manage to either anticipate or avoid it. Even though he wasn't able to overwhelm it, Julian was still capable enough to deal with the attacks thrown at him.

Clank!! Clank!!

Hence even after an hour, a winner hadn't yet been found in Julian's fight. The young Roman was still stuck at level 7.

Seeing the Roman wasn't able to win against the level 7 combat puppet, the Thracian was seen laughing hard, though he was still fighting his opponent of level 8 combat puppet.

Different from the steady approach Julian adopted, Thrax's style of fighting had always been focused on the offensive, on being aggressive and taking the initiative. This was further proven when Emery saw how the Thracian fought.

When the dummy threw a swing that was likely to seriously injure him, Thrax chose not to immediately dodge by moving away like others might. Instead, he dodged the attack by moving in under the attack so it couldn't reach him and threw a retaliation using his spear until even using his hand or head.

The puppet naturally tried and was able to do the same thing as Thrax. From a glance, it seemed another repetition of Julian's fight but with a different flavor would be unfolding. But then, Emery noticed something interesting as the fight went on.

The fight had been going on for quite a while, but Thrax didn't seem to be feeling exhausted at all. Rather, his attacks only got even stronger and fiercer, while his speed increased. Even though the combat puppet could copy and also increase its stats to match him, there was something in Thrax it wasn't able to replicate: the madness that came with his gradual increase of strength.

Swisssh!! Swisssh!!

Witnessing Julian lose against his opponent only made Thrax even more eager for victory. And eventually, the gladiator champion broke through his boundary and defeated the level 8 combat puppet, attaining the victory he wanted.

Aaaarghghhhh!!!

Thrax screamed his lungs out, as if he had just won a bloody battlefield.

Looking at the sight, his friends had now realized why so many people adore these Thracians. Their fearlessness as well as undying love for battle was indeed very infectious.

The gladiator champion knelt on the ground with one knee, as he received the reward from the combat puppet, Emery could see it was another substantial sum of Battle Power.

Seeing this, the previously jealous Roman set his unhappiness aside and gave his congratulation to the Thracian. With Thrax's fight coming to an end, it signalled the end of the examination.

The result of the examination was:

[Thrax level 8]

[Emery level 7]

[Chuno level 7]

[Julian level 6]

[Klea level 6]

Magus Silica stood up and gave an applause to the group. A faint smile could be seen on her face, probably because she was satisfied with what the group could offer.

Now that everyone had finished their fights, all five of them sat around Magus Silica and listened, as she started to explain and elaborate what she saw in their fights.

The combat magus proceeded to explain that no amount of genius could pass level seven with just using talent of memorizing nor predicting the moves the puppets would make. It required an extraordinary combat sense, to see beyond the pattern and the ability to break through the limit of their own skill.

Hence the reason as to why Klea couldn't defeat the level 7 combat puppet, no matter what she tried. Upon hearing this, Julian surprisingly nodded in agreement and seemed to understand his mistake.

Next, Magus Silica explained that in order to defeat the level 8 combat puppet, one would need an extraordinary, almost inhuman combat sense, but also a godly skill to match. This revelation made Emery realize his [Dao Divine Technique] was not complete yet. He probably needs to ask his master more about it.

After showcasing their current capabilities to Magus Silica by fighting the combat puppets, Emery and his four friends were quickly sent to another room where a dozen Terra acolytes could be seen waiting.

Sweeping his eyes all around the room, Emery could see many strange-looking machines. All function to further study the ability of him and his friends.

Chapter 625 - The Stats

Magus Silica was known among her peers as a thorough person. Even though it looked like she already had her conclusion after observing them fight the combat puppets, she still decided that the five of them needed to go through another round of examination. This time, a physical test.

It was a series of tests similar to the one Emery received when they returned to the Magus Academy, so there was nothing extraordinary about it. After doing all the tests and waiting for an hour as their capability was analyzed, the group finally got their result.

It had been a while since Emery last saw his friends' stat, hence he checked them out attentively.

The first one to be shown was their gladiator champion, Thrax. After his successful performance against the combat puppet, he was pretty much feeling really confident with his test. This was apparent from his straightened back and wild smile perched on his face.

[Thrax]

[20 years old]

[Battle Power: 82]

[Fist Strength: 17.250 kg]

[Speed: 270 m/s]

[Spirit Force: 365]

[Aptitude: A]

[Fire Spirit - mid foundation]

[9 Sun Divine - stage 5]

[Acolyte Rank: 8]

As the group read through Thrax's result, they all gradually nodded their heads because it was as expected. Just like always, Thrax possessed a very high physical strength but had the lowest number of spirit force which barely touched the under limit of his rank 8 acolyte.

Magus Silica seemed to be a little disappointed as she looked at it. Apparently, even with Thrax decent A rank aptitude, Thrax had a very poor level of comprehension in the spirit element.

The magus then did a special comprehensive analysis on Thrax's divine skill, allowing the latter to better know of the cards he got. Evidently, the divine skill was the culprit who gave Thrax the explosive-like power to his strength.

When the next result was shown which was the Roman, Thrax evidently got competitive once again. The fighting spirit in his eyes was lit ablaze strongly as his eyes keenly stared at the data shown in front of him.

[Julian Caesar]

[20 years old]

[Battle Power: 65]

[Fist Strength: 14.890 kg]

[Speed: 230 m/s]

[Spirit Force: 434]

[Aptitude: A]

[Earth Spirit - peak foundation]

[Fire Spirit - high foundation]

[12 Golden Bell Divine - stage 6]

[Acolyte Rank: 8]

Julian's stats could be considered as the embodiment of balance, with roughly equal distribution across the board and no apparent weakness. However, this kind of stats was also one without many advantages, just like its lack of disadvantages. Simply put, it could be said as the jack-of-all-trades of the stats.

This kind of stats certainly didn't bode well in the long run to an individual with high ambition and aspiration such as Julian. Even so, the Roman tried his best to maintain his calm and act casual about it.

"Hahaha, at least I am not the lowest in the group!"

The subsequent test Thrax went through also happened to Julian as his divine skill was also quickly tested. The test was specifically designed for his divine skill, by him being told to receive many different types of attacks; physical attack, magical attack, and even poison.

The outcome Julian's divine skill shown brought back a little smile to Magus Silica's slightly frowned face. The former's divine skill had bestowed him various degrees of resistance to every type of attack.

The next person who became the center of attention was Chumo, as his test result came out and everyone huddled closer to see it.

[Chumo]

[19 years old]

[Battle Power: 70]

[Fist Strength: 14.150 kg]

[Speed: 275 m/s]

[Spirit Force: 499]

[Aptitude: A]

[Darkness Spirit - peak foundation]

[Acolyte Rank: 8]

While Thrax's stat was extremely one-sided and Julian's was very balanced, Chumo's stat on the other hand was a bit unique. He had lower battle power and weaker fist strength when compared to the two, but his speed could be considered to be cut-above among the others.

Even though Chumo was merely five meter per second faster than Thrax, this 'slight' difference could very well become the major factor determining who would win the fight.

It could also be safely concluded that Chumo was at the bridge to break through to the realm of rank 9 acolytes when they saw his level of understanding in the darkness element.

[Kleopatra]

[19 years old]

[Battle Power: 55]

[Fist Strength: 11.400 kg]

[Speed: 190 m/s]

[Spirit Force: 550]

[Aptitude: S]

[Water Spirit - foundation established]

[Wind Spirit - foundation established]

[Lightning Spirit - 1 pillars]

[Ice Spirit - foundation established]

[9 moon divine - stage 6]

[Acolyte Rank: 9 - early stage - 1 pillar formed]

Last but not the least, Klea. Her stat was certainly one of the kind, even when one looked within the scope of the abode of geniuses that of Magus Academy.

Magus Silica was confident that the girl's talent could even be considered exceptional when put against the other heaven-defying geniuses of human alliance. Knowing that she didn't have any history of ice element proficiency in the past had added an extra mark for the girl in the magus' book.

Now that the magus had seen their stats, she proceeded to compare it with what she saw when they fought the combat puppets and came up with a statement about the conclusion and what she personally thought.

"Lord Izta is an extraordinary warrior. I imagine he let you all choose whichever weapon you are passionate about." Magus Silica said with a gentle smile on her face. "Unfortunately, I personally believe that in order to win the game. You all need to work as a team where you can all complement and support each other".

The magus was seen to be in thought after she said that. Then, she decided to discuss it with Magus Xion, considering the best path for each of them.

Afterwards the two of them prepared different kinds of training for the group, prepared and tailor-made for your role in the team for the upcoming game."

Magus Silica chose to pick Julian and Thrax and the two were taken back to the armory. Apparently, the combat magus believed that the two were fighting with the wrong weapons.

On the other hand, Klea was being sent toward Grand Magus Ororo which will teach her to further improve her spells.

As for Chumo and Emery, the former was told to follow Yuria while the latter would apparently be training with his master.

Looking at Magus Xion standing in front of him, a smile couldn't help but appear on Emery's face.. He will be training together just like the old times.

Chapter 626 - Sword Master

Very quickly, everyone went to their own respective training with a new motivation etched in their minds: to grow even more powerful. However, this wasn't just because they had to prove themselves in the upcoming Magus Games.

Just before the group split up, they had the opportunity to see Emery's current stats and what they saw left them at a loss for words. Some of them, more precisely, Julian and Thrax turned and looked at Emery with a complicated and intense gaze.

Emery had been showing his abnormal strength during their second year; they knew for a fact his power had improved even further when they saw how he beat the elite class' best acolytes in succession.

Even so, the number that was shown in front of their eyes still managed to dazzle them into oblivion.

[Emery Ambrose]

[19 years old]

[Battle Power: 104]

[Fist Strength: 20.550 kg]

[Speed: 328 m/s]

[Spirit Force: 904]

[Spirit Core of Darkness – Stage 5]

[Spirit Core of Nature - Stage 5]

[Acolyte Rank: 8]

[Bloodline Gene - Fey Wolf]

[Gene Classification - Legendary Bloodline]

[Bloodline Limit: Rank 6]

[Current Rank - Rank 4 - The Fey Shaman]

Thrax was evidently brought into silence when he saw Emery's battle power that was much higher than his. Furthermore, he and the others knew that number could be further increased, as Emery still had his transformation ability.

This still didn't consider Emery's spirit force, which was honestly beyond the common boundary of their expectations. Other than Klea, who Emery had informed about this personally, and Chumo, who had his

special eyes, his two other friends didn't even imagine in their wildest dreams that his spirit force would be almost twice as much as the known genius in their group.

The comparison was mind-boggling to say the least.

There wasn't really much to say as they saw Emery's stats. Emery could see his friends seemed like they had a lot of things to say, but no idea how to express them. In the end, they silently went to their personal training, leaving Emery standing there with his master, Magus Xion.

Now that there were only the two of them, Magus Xion quickly beckoned Emery to follow him to the arena. Arriving at the location, Emery saw his master take out a sword from his storage ring.

Seeing his master holding a sword brought a smile to Emery's face. He was quickly reminded about what his master had promised to him last year.

"Master, I have reached rank 8 and last year you promised to teach me your sword skill." Emery said with a wide smile.

Magus Xion, however, didn't say anything and just threw the sword in his direction. Even though he was surprised by what his master did, Emery could still react and catch the sword flying toward him with one hand.

The moment his eyes landed on the sword he just caught, Emery immediately knew what it was. It was one of Magus Xion's self-created dark blades. He wanted to tell him he still had the one Magus Xion gave before, but he noticed that his master seemed not in the mood to talk, as he immediately drew his own sword and took his fighting stance. He was ready to fight.

Emery turned serious. Unlike the previous training he went through, he realized there would not be any pleasantries, nor even a seat to enjoy some hot tea. This time, it was serious.

"Let's see if you can beat me first." Magus Xion said calmly.

Emery didn't even have a chance to complain about how his master once again withholding his own promise, as the latter already charged toward his direction. He had to deal with his master swiftly and precisely, unless he wanted to be sent flying through the air to the ground.

Clankkkk!!!

Emery positioned his sword in front of him, parrying the downward slash Magus Xion threw at him. The attack managed to send him backwards skidding across the ground half a dozen steps.

"Show me your sword skill!" Magus Xion sternly said with a serious expression on his face.

Upon hearing that, Emery took a deep breath and thought to himself. "Alright. I'll definitely show him my best!"

He knew his master would match the strength he exerted with the amount he had for this fight. In addition, it seemed any buff skill he used wouldn't be able to overpower his master. But then, Emery understood that in order to really show the other party his best swordsmanship, he would need to be in his utmost prime condition.

[Immortal Gate - stage 5]

[Fey Transformation - stage 1]

[Battle How!]

Emery activated every skill that could increase his prowess, whether dramatically or slightly.

These buffs were more than enough to allow him to showcase his pinnacle strength, and with it, Emery quickly launched his retaliation and struck back.

Clankk! Clankk!!

Magus Xion only gave Emery a short time for warming up as his actions gradually intensified. Several minutes into the fight, Emery could now feel that every strike his master threw at him was increasingly much stronger than the latter.

Spllaattt!!

Emery lost his focus for a second and he immediately found his shoulder receiving a cut. It was a shallow one, but a wound nonetheless. Several drops of blood slowly seeped out the wound. If he didn't know better this was a test, he might even think his master was trying to kill him right now.

Realizing his current power was still not enough, Emery quickly utilized his [Dao Divine Technique] to fight Magus Xion. A remarkable divine skill that allowed him defeat the level 7 combat puppet.

Clank!! Clankk!!

Following the activation of the skill, Emery began to feel and move in an unusual state of flow. If one took a closer look, they would realize he was fighting Magus Xion by not clashing directly in strength and redirecting the attacks away or back to the latter.

Alas, this method seemed to only work for a few minutes as Magus Xion quickly changed his pace and approach as well and once again overwhelmed Emery with his astonishing advantage in swordsmanship, pushing the latter to a literal corner.

It looked like Emery had forgotten the fact his master was as much renowned as a swordsman as he was as magus instructor. It wasn't a wonder that his expertise was far beyond the masses.

Spllaatt!!!

Emery once again received quite a wound on his body. By this point, he really thought his master had indeed gone insane.

"More!! Is this all you've got?!!!" Magus Xion shouted, as if he was possessed.

Realizing Magus Xion seemed to ignore his wounds, Emery quickly took out his own sword. He now wielded two swords in both hands and once again focused on deploying his technique to fend off the storm-like relentless attacks coming from his master.

The Dao was all about balance. Emery would have to once again concentrate on his master's movement. He would feel the flow of his strikes and counters.

Clank! Clank!

But then, Emery quickly realized he was still unable to follow his master's steps at all. He understood where he should go, but he couldn't move fast enough and would always be stopped by his master.

When he was finally forced to resort to using [Blink], Magus Xion decided to show his true power and struck him hard.

CLANKKK!!!

Emery's body basically shot into the air like a bullet before landing heavily on the ground. A cloud of dust was raised to the air, as Emery could feel his body receive another batch of bruises.

Seeing Emery lying on the ground, Magus Xion retracted his sword back and stared at him as he spoke. "Whatever you are showing just now... it's not a sword technique."

Chapter 627 - Sword Art

Magus Xion explained that even though it had some applications in swordplay, the new technique Emery had and utilized was not a sword technique. His master was a renowned magus and a sword expert, so there was little doubt about the information.

"What you have shown me just now is more akin to a concept. It was not a sword art."

Master Xion was able to quickly guess that the technique Emery used was his own creation, and that he did not learn it from someone, which was partially true as although he did come up with his own variant, he still based it off from the swordsmanship the two Han swordsmen displayed.

It was as his master stated, it was a skill made up from his observation and his understanding of the Dao. Therefore, calling a concept wasn't exactly inaccurate.

After unerring the error and misconception Emery had regarding a sword technique, Master Xion then proceeded to explain that a proper sword technique would require a variant that could connect between the sword hand, the steps, and the cultivation method.

What Emery has so far right now was just the cultivation, incomplete sword hand variant, and almost none of the steps. The result was, although he was talented enough to have the combat sense to use what he accumulated in live battle, as the consequence for the absence of the steps, he lacked mobility. Simply put, his so-called sword technique was still half complete.

His master's words directly hit the spot of what has been troubling Emery's mind so far. He stood there frozen like a statue as his mind comprehended the things he had just heard.

Afterwards, Emery bowed towards his master and said with a pleading, sincere tone. "Master, please give me your guidance."

A smile appeared on Magus Xion's face as he walked forward and said. "I will now teach you the sword techniques I have been developing all these years and hope this will help yours. Watch and learn!"

Xion picked up his sword, took and maintained his battle stance for a while before he started moving. Emery had seen his master's movements before and even experienced it firsthand, so he could quickly realize that his master was moving at half his actual speed.

The speed of his steps were halved, but the movements of his sword stayed the same. As a result, each of Master Xion's movements looked like it was slow at first glance, but at closer inspection, it was really fast. As the final strike cut the air, the distinct shing of metal could be heard in the air making a shrieking sound.

"I named this the Weeping Phantoms!" he said as he drew back his sword. "This is the first variation!"

Emery's gaze did not leave his master at all as Magus Xion performed the first variation to the sixth. In fact, he didn't even dare to blink his eyes for fear of missing out and losing the details of the actions.

The first three variations covered less ground but with more strength and number of strikes, while the last three prioritized movements and speed at the cost of power. It seemed that the first half of the sword technique was aimed to fight a single enemy, while the second half was aimed to fight multiple enemies.

"I will show it one more time! Watch the steps carefully!" His master then moved once again while reminding him to watch how he took his steps.

Emery was still a bit confused, but did as he was told, and quickly the reason why Master Xion showed him this style became clear to him. Just like his Dao style, the technique used a combination of two seemingly separate concepts and a flowing motion particularly similar to the former technique.

"Now, watch this carefully!"

Magus Xion repeated the demonstration for the third time, and unlike the previous two, as the final strike drew closer, the sword in his hand was overflowing with dark light. Right as he unleashed the last attack, a sound similar to a shriek could be heard, and the black light left the sword into a crescent shape as he continued to swing the blade downward.

Swwiiissshhh!

The dark light unleashed by the sword was similar to the [Enfeeble Blade] spell that Emery usually used, but much more refined than the crude style the former had. Its movement was fast, and the moment it hit the ground, a crack tore it into halves.

Emery was familiar with that skill, it was his master's signature battle art, [Shadow Edge].

He was elated and impressed with his master's skill, but before he could say anything, the next moment his master fell kneeling to the ground and spat out some blood.

"Master!!"

Emery quickly approached the latter, but Magus Xion quickly stopped him by raising his hand. As he slowly tried to stand up, Emery could clearly see his feet were still wobbly and the hand holding the sword was shaking.

Seemingly not noticing Emery's worried gaze, Magus Xion finally got to his feet again and touched his storage ring. From there, he took out two scrolls and then handed them to Emery. "Take this, I have prepared this for you..."

Even though he was still worried about Magus Xion, Emery accepted the two scrolls when he saw the serious look on his master's face. Right as he touched the scroll, the symbol on his palm lit up and a notification appeared in front of his eyes.

[You just receive a new skill]

[Weeping Phantom sword art]

[Shadow Edge sword art]

Right as he saw the notification appear, a bunch of information akin to a gushing river entered and flowed into his mind. Now, he was no longer an observer, and he could feel himself move using the same techniques as his master did, along with the cultivation method to allow him to use both arts.

Emery quickly tried to kneel in gratitude toward his master once again, but Magus Xion quickly interrupted him and told him to stand up.

His master's face was pale. It was clear that his wound was not yet healed, but he still strained himself to teach Emery the technique he needed.

Realizing that, Emery once again moved by how much his master did for him.

His master then walked toward the side of the arena to sit down in lotus position and quickly control his breath to heal. He then slowly said

"Emery, I need to treat you a bit harsher from now on, as you will face many challenges..."

Seeing Emery stat once again made him realise how much khaos energy was within him and it made him more concerned for his disciple future.

He let out a huge sigh and said, "I remember it... That day, on the first time we met in front of the stone origin room.. I already felt something off from you... I should have inquired further that time.. If only I found out that khaos was with you at that time.. then things probably wouldn't get this far..."

His master has seen his ability and believes soon enough he won't be able to help him much.

"When my master comes out from her training I will do whatever in my power to convince her.. I am sure she will listen to reason"

Hearing that, Emery once again expressed his sincere and deep gratitude to Magus Xion. All his master gave as a response was a tired nod.

Looking at the sight of his wounded master once again gives him strong resolve and determination deep within Emery's heart.

Emery bowed to his master who had closed his eyes before turning around and walking toward a nearby combat puppet.. He quickly tried his newfound sword skill.

Chapter 628 - Weeping Phantom

With the knowledge he obtained from the scrolls that entered his mind, Emery executed the techniques he had just learned against the level 8 combat puppet.

Of course, having the knowledge of a technique was not the same as actually knowing how to perform it. Emery tried to execute the [Weeping Phantom] as best as he could, but his attempts? ended in failure.

He lacked practice. One wrong move would ruin the flow of the technique, whether it was his steps or the sword variation. Due to that, his attacks failed so many times, and Emery was defeated over and over again.

Meanwhile, Master Xion was just sitting on the side of the arena floor in a lotus position, gradually healing his wounds, while occasionally opening his eyes to glance at Emery's current progress.

After a dozen attempts, all ended in failure, his master told Emery to stop, rest and meditate. He should learn from his losses while recuperating his body.

Failure and practice went hand in hand in mastering any new technique, and this technique didn't appear to be a normal sword art at all.

"There's no need to rush it... my Weeping Phantom is rated as an A rank battle art. If you could even come close to mastering it in 5 days, you would already be considered a sword genius."

Emery decided to heed his advice, sit on the arena floor in the lotus position, and start to meditate. He cultivated his spirit using the method that came with the two techniques his master had bestowed him. As Magus Xion had explained before, a real technique required the combination of three things.

First was the cultivation method. It involved breathing techniques that would help him channel his spirit force into the right nerve points, thus allowing him to successfully cast the skill.

Second was the sword hand mastery, that involved him memorizing all the 6 variations of movements and using them in the right time, depending on the situation.

Third were the steps, particularly the skill specialty. It enabled the user to move to its target with a pace and speed. For this particular skill, it was able to create a shadow mirage. The part of the skill that made up for its name.

Shiingggg!

The noise his sword made as it was drawn from Emery's side was distinct. Each time he attempted to use the final strike of each variation, the shrieking sound could be heard. As he practiced more and more, Emery was starting to get the hang of the technique, but he was still unable to defeat the puppet.

Emery kept practicing, but not even once did he manage to beat the combat puppet.

24 hours passed since he used the scrolls, so Emery decided to take a longer break and access the second skill he had just learned, [Shadow Edge]

It was a battle art skill along the lines of his [Heroic Slash] and [Hidden Stab]. However, unlike those two that only required sword skills, this one had as prerequisite the mastery of the darkness element spirit. After all, it was an elemental sword attack.

With the aid of the symbol on his palm, Emery reviewed the information he received, comparing it to his master's movements before. Eventually, he found out the base concept of the skill was similar to the [Dark Infusion] a spell his master had taught him before.

However, unlike the previous technique, [Dark Infusion], which was a pure spell, for this sword art Emery would need his blade to perfectly execute the technique.

The best blade for the skill was a one-edged sword, as it was optimized to perform a strong slash attack.

Right now, he already had the perfect sword at hand. The sword given by his master.

Emery stopped resting, took his blade and stood up. He raised both his blades in the air. He concentrated the best he could, as he followed the channeling technique required for the skill.

The moment he managed to get it right, his dark core thrummed with energy, as his spirit force moved onto the blade, engulfing its surface with darkness energy.

This skill had three main steps. He had to master all of them to successfully execute it. First, he needed to know how to generate spirit force and put it into a weapon just like [Dark Infusion]. Second, he needed to measure how much power he could gather and channeled into the blade just like his [Dark Matter] spells. Last but not least the third step, the one he was unable to do.

The ability to release the force that had gathered within the blade.

Emery tried swinging the blade downward with all his might multiple times, but he could not grasp how to properly release the gathered power.

Every time he did, the energy gathered in the sword dissipated into mist before disappearing.

He tried again and again, until he could feel his energy almost completely depleted. Still, there was no result.

Impatience started to bubble in his heart, as he gripped the sword tight and swung it aimlessly.

"Damn it!!"

As he released his anger, he glanced at his master a few times, but Magus Xion remained unmoving. He couldn't really tell whether his master was too wrapped up in his healing, or he just did not want to give Emery any tips.

Hours passed with no sign of improvement. Even after Emery emptied his spirit core of energy, there was no result. As he was dejected and ran out of energy, he had to take another hour of rest.

After he felt his spirit energy refilled, Emery grabbed the sword again and channeled the spirit force into the sword. This time, he forced his dark core to fill the sword with as much energy as he could.

"Let's just push it to the max!!" Emery thought to himself

A large amount of energy had filled up the sword, making it thrum with the sheer amount of darkness energy. Satisfied, Emery decided to quickly swing it forwards as required by the technique.

Right as he did, Emery felt something happen to the sword. He started to crack a victorious smile, but right as he did, a small crack appeared on the blade, before the crack expanded and the blade broke into shards of metal.

Craackkkk!!!

Emery looked at the broken remains of his sword, then turned to look at his master with a wry smile. He had just broken another one of his Master precious swords

"..."

Well.. at least he got his attention now...

Chapter 629 - Shadow Edge

Time passed very quickly as Emery deeply immersed himself in practicing the sword technique Magus Xion had imparted upon him. He took the practice and what he had to do very seriously, cautious of any possible mistake.

After all, the last thing he wanted to do toward his master's trust and care was to waste it by achieving nothing at the end of his training period.

After two days of training, Emery finally saw his master wake up from his meditation after he broke the sword. The man stood up from his cross-legged position and approached Emery.

Currently, Emery was still standing with both of his arms raised in the air holding the second sword Magus Xion had given him.

Just like what he had always been doing for the past two days, Emery channeled the darkness spirit energy within his body into the sword in his hand. However, he seemed to have reached an absolute impasse because he couldn't unleash its power like what Magus Xion demonstrated to him no matter what he tried.

Magus Xion seemed to also realize this as he quickly told him to remember about his practice with the leaf, that he needed to control the flow of spirit on the sword while channeling it.

Upon hearing his master's advice, Emery couldn't help but inwardly curse in his mind. 'Err.. I did think about that! It's really not as easy as how you casually say it, Master!'

He naturally couldn't lash his bitterness at Magus Xion. The only thing he could do was to silently listen to his master's instruction and tried harder to not fail again.

Without further ado, Emery once again channeled his darkness energy into the blade while repeating the movements Magus Xion had shown him. And then, when he tried to successfully replicate the third step once again, cracks suddenly appeared on his second tier 3 sword.

He didn't even have a chance to think about what could be the reason as the sword was shattered to pieces in the next second.

Emery stood there like a statue, dumbfounded as his eyes were totally fixed at the remains of the sword scattered on the ground.

An instant later, he jerked his head upwards and looked at the direction of his master. His face completely lost its color because counting his second year, this was the third sword of Magus Xion that he had broken.

Emery could clearly see that his master was trying his best to maintain his calm as he took out another identical sword with similar initial engraved on the base of the blade. The man clearly forced the smile on his face as he said, "Don't worry too much, Emery. I.. I understand..."

"Otherwise, why do you think I have so many of these swords..? The [Shadow Edge] indeed puts a very heavy burden on the sword used.. Although it usually can be used to unleash the skill a dozen times before it breaks apart.."

"I'm sorry, Master. I really do." Emery didn't know what else to say besides apologizing. "And, I understand. Thank you, Master."

Emery attempted to practice the skill again. This time, even more carefully than his previous attempt. Even so, it didn't take long for him to break it apart once again.

"..."

The duo of master and disciple was silent as they stared at what was left of the third sword and looked at each other. Both of them seemed to be at a loss for words.

However, while Emery was indeed flabbergasted by what he had just managed to do, Magus Xion was silent because he found the situation to be more than strange. He quickly told Emery to try one more time with a new sword.

This time, he didn't just watch how Emery performed the steps but also focused his attention on sensing the flow of energy that coursed in throughout the sword. And when the sword shattered apart one more time..

..he sighed.

Emery looked at his master with a look full of expectation because he knew the latter had discovered something.

Noticing the look Emery gave him, Magus Xion sighed one more time as his fingers massaged his wrinkled forehead. "Emery, I believe this is the effect of your dark core."

Upon hearing that, Emery's face immediately changed. He quickly worried that he would not be able to use the skill he had always thought about for three years.

He wasn't given the opportunity to ask what exactly the issue was as Magus Xion told him to take out the tier 4 sword he got from the Terra armory before.

Even though puzzled, Emery still did what was asked.

Seeing Emery holding the tier 4 sword, Magus Xion nodded his head. "Try doing it again."

The sword wasn't a one-edged sword like the sword Magus Xion had, but it is a tier 4 sword. Therefore, it should be much more durable.

At first, Emery was hesitant for fear of destroying his newly-gained sword. But remembering that it was a tier 4 weapon, he decided to trust his master's instruction and quickly got into action.

Emery once again channeled the energy from his dark core into the tier 4 sword, and he soon discovered that it required a lot more power to fully 'charge' the sword. He quickly turned to Magus Xion who was currently nodding in understanding.

"..Looks like my guess was right. Although you are a rank 8 acolyte, your spirit force is comparable to that of rank 9. Furthermore, coupled with your volatile dark core, you should have a spirit force as high as a peak rank 9 acolyte. The tier 3 sword simply couldn't withstand your power. Especially hard when you are not used to the skill"

And as expected, Emery finally managed to cast [Shadow Edge] after a few more tries.

As he made the final motion of swinging the sword downwards, a line of jet black shadow blade shot out and leaving a clear, straight cut trail on it.

Looking at the destruction that the skill managed to do, Emery understood that currently he still couldn't channel his power efficiently. Just now, perhaps only one third of his power that managed to be unleashed in the strike. Even so, this meager result was still enough to bring a smile to his face.

His success was evident when a notification popped up in his mind along with the activation of the skill.

[You have learned Shadow Edge]

Now that the skill was in his grasp, Emery immediately went back to the place where he could fight the combat puppets. It took him another day to get used to using both skills [Shadow Edge] and [Weeping Phantom].

It was another day, until another notification arrived in his mind.

[You have learned Sword Art - Weeping Phantom]

And along with that, Emery finally had the ability to finally overcome and defeat the combat puppets that stopped him in his tracks.

[Congratulations, the level 8 combat puppet was defeated]

[Received 4 battle power]

At the same time, Emery also received another notification.

[Received one battle art of your choice]

Seeing the notification in his mind, Emery was overjoyed. Magus Xion was also glad knowing that it only took him four days to master both skills and utilized them to win against the level 8 combat puppet.

While Emery was still considering his choice of battle art skill, his friends returned from their respective personal training. Julian, Thrax, Klea, and Chumo; all of them walked toward Emery with fresh expression on their faces - one that had a certain confidence in it.

Emery was curious about what had happened to them. Unfortunately, he wasn't given a chance as Magus Silica also arrived at the training area with hundreds of Terra Knight following behind her.

"You all have two days for final training before the game. Time for the real training began!"

Chapter 630 - New Weapons

Emery, who had been constantly training since day one, wasn't even given the chance to take a rest, as Magus Silica apparently had prepared another training regime for them. Quickly storing the tier 4 sword in his [Spatial Storage], he and his friends were brought to another room within the building by the combat magus.

The room was located next to the armory where they received the tier 4 weapons. The aspect of this room looked similar to the armory, but this time instead of rows of tier 4 weapons greeting their eyes, they saw many black-colored combat suits hanging around the room.

Emery's eyes were immediately fixed on the shiny black battle clothes, looking at them in admiration. His trance-like state was broken when Magus Silica said something that surprised the group.

"Each of you will take one. Now, you will be trained while wearing this outfit!"

Emery and the others quickly grabbed a black-colored combat suit of their own. When he touched one of the suits, he was immediately surprised by the information shown by the symbol on his hand.

[Combat Armor X series - tier 3]

[Medium armor]

[Weight: 5.8 kilograms]

[Protective Energy: 100/100]

There were several types of protective armor available in the market. The magical ones could provide considerable enhancement to its user's speed, strength, or even spirit force.

However, the most commonly used type of protective armor was those that provided a protection barrier that allowed its wearer to withstand several direct hits and save their lives, before the enhancement's effect wore off.

The protective armors Emery and friends had at the moment were those Klea bought before the Magus Game last year. However, those were merely the light version tier 2 protective armors. Instead, the ones which were currently presented before their eyes were the upgraded version - what they had couldn't even be compared to these extraordinary items.

The group knew the price of tier 4 weapons would hover around forty to sixty thousand spirit stones range, which was an astronomical sum for them. The protective armor, on the other hand, were on

another level altogether. Although they were a level lower, they would usually cost more than a tier 4 weapon and could go up even more, if it was enhanced items like this one.

Hence, the reason why the group was really hesitant when they were given such suits. After all, the total cost to completely gear all five of them would go as high as two hundred thousand spirit stones.

Unfortunately, or fortunately for them, Magus Silica quickly said something that stopped them from returning the suits to their stands.

"This is the least that you, elite class, must have or you will not even pass the initial stage of the game."

Even though they were still a bit hesitant, the group understood they really needed this standard of equipment to be able to compete with other elite acolytes, who were certainly supported and sponsored by their respective factions or families.

"Magus Silica, we are really grateful." Emery said, as he tightened his grasp on the suit. "We will definitely pay back this kindness in the future."

Magus Silica shook her hand. "As I said before, you are our Lord's siblings, hence we are basically family. Besides, you all will be needing this for facing the difficulties laid upon your future path."

Emery nodded readily, his gaze determined. The same could be said for others, whose eyes lit up as their resolve to give their best burned strongly.

The group start wearing the balck suit that covers all over their body with a few padded armor on the shoulder and chest.

When everything was set. They all making their way to the arena, Emery and the others were immediately greeted by the sight of hundred Terra knights, who were ready with similar suits as them, but the ones the other side were using was the lower tier one.

Seeing that the group finally arrived, Magus Silica opened her mouth. "The first Magus Game is all about defending against waves of enemies and surviving as long as you possibly can. Therefore, this time you guys will practice your teamwork to get the best formation and arrangement to hold on as long as possible."

"Finally some real action!" Thrax shouted in high spirit, startling Emery and Julian who were in front of him.

Emery turned around and looked at his friends. They, on the other hand, all nodded in agreement. They were ready for the challenge.

Magus Silica noticed this and hence she shouted, "You have five minutes to prepare!"

Without further ado, the group quickly made their way to the dedicated spot prepared for them, where a steel pole with a red flag was positioned.

The objective Magus Silica told them was to stop the Terra knights from successfully snatching the flag. If the other side managed to do so, that meant they failed the training.

Upon hearing that, the five close friends huddled together right away, as they went ahead and chose what strategy they wanted to use.

A while later, the group finally decided their arrangement in this training. Starting with Thrax and Julian at the front acting as the vanguard, while Emery was positioned at the middle of the formation thanks to his versatility. As usual, Klea would be placed at the back together with Chumo, who was tasked to protect her from flank attacks.

This was the same strategy they had during the last game.

Seeing the group was ready, Magus Silica immediately gestured her hand. "Start the attack!"

As soon as her voice resounded in the air, twenty Terra knights advanced as the first wave. It consisted of two squads, each led by a golden-armored, tier 8 warrior and followed by nine silver-armored, tier 7 warrior Terra Knights.

The two squads immediately launched a frontal attack at the same time. The ground they stepped on rumbled loudly, as they swiftly made their way toward Emery and the others with their weapons brandished.

With Chumo's [Eye of the Raven], it was confirmed that none of them were acolytes. They were all purely combatants.

Silver warriors [40-50 battle power]

Golden warriors [60-70 battle power]

Welcoming the quickly approaching squads was Thrax, who slammed his right foot on the ground while shouting his battle cry. Immediately after, he used his stage five Immortal Gate and took out his tier 4 weapon.

The moment it was out in the open, Emery and the others except Julian were surprised by Thrax's new weapon picked by Magus Silica. It was definitely a polearm, but it wasn't a spear he usually used.

It was a glaive, a huge one at that. Its pole was 2 meter long and had a 70 centimeter curved blade at the end of it. An intricate pattern was seen all over its surface, while its blade emitted a faint yet intense glow to its immediate surrounding. A streak of vague red lines appeared in the air, as Thrax made a series of moves with the glaive.

Swiisshhhh!!!

With a single sweep of the glaive, Thrax managed to throw three silver warriors and instantly broke the protective barrier of their suits. The three unlucky people were sent flying through the air and fell hard to the ground.

The rest came charging at Thrax, but Julian was ready to intercept them. He proceeded to throw his shield towards them. The shield rapidly flew in the air and hit one of the silver warriors, who didn't expect him to throw it.

When the shield bounced and went high to the air, Julian jumped to grab it mid-air, while his other hand took out his new tier 4 weapon. A short, one-handed weapon that surprised the others. It was a hammer.

Taking advantage of the momentum the gravity gave him, Julian rapidly descended and smashed the ground with his hammer, sending the half a dozen warriors in front of him in all directions and dropping their knees.

Seeing the opening, Thrax swiftly followed up with another swing of his glaive. Those who didn't fall because of Julian's strike tried to stop him, but he didn't even show an ounce of hesitation as he continued his swing.

As his glaive successfully struck three more people and sent them away from the arena, several flying arrows suddenly appeared and hit those who were trying to stop Thrax. It was Chumo, who acted as a support and sent a volley of arrows.

Within just a few seconds, ten people had fallen to the ground and lost their protection barrier, deeming them disqualified from the battle.

Seeing that only 10 were left, Magus Silica swiftly made a gesture. As a result, thirty more Terra knights made their move and advanced towards Emery's group. The situation turned to five against a whole company, with one of the captains leading the other side - a tier 9 saint level figure.