

Earths GMagus 651

Chapter 651 - Eliminated

The sight of numerous piles of the creatures' dead bodies filled the area and slowly dissipated into motes of light made the spectators who watched this unfolding scene on the screen dumbfounded and stunned by its sheer ridiculousness.

The grand tier 5 spells worked harmoniously together as they created an untold degree of destruction, killing more than a thousand creatures within the hordes and putting a slight stop to their advance.

Right at that moment, Klea's body fell from the sky as if her strings had been cut off. This made both Emery and Julian scream at the same time.

"Klea!!"

The two of them both moved, but it was Emery with his [Blink] who managed to catch her falling body. He spun around to disperse the momentum she brought while also placing her safely in his embrace.

Subsequently, he carefully checked on Klea's condition and what he discovered didn't make him happy at all. The girl's face completely lost its color while her body was trembling.

She stared at Emery, her eyes glazed as she slowly opened her mouth and said, "How... did it go..? ..Did I... do good?"

The latter nodded his head at her words while his eyes kept looking into her eyes. "Yes. Yes.. You did amazing."

A beautiful smile bloomed on the girl's youthful face. She seemed to want to say more, but couldn't because her mouth once again spurted out a mouthful of blood. This startled the others who now had surrounded the two.

Even though the Magus Game took place in the virtual arena, all the sensations they received were very palpable. Not just for Klea, but also for Emery whose chest was now painful as he saw her sickly appearance.

Out of worry, Emery cast [Nature Blessing] on the girl. He wanted to quickly heal and return her back to her prime self.

Thanks to the root-like energy of his nature spell that entered and slowly restored her condition, Emery could clearly feel the entire situation of her body, from the almost completely broken spirit core to the dozen number of meridians that were partially and totally wrecked.

However, what surprised him the most weren't those things; it was the huge bleeding gash on her back.

Emery quickly but gently pushed her body forward, allowing him to clearly see the wound. Looking at the three straight red lines that were still bleeding, he concluded that they were caused by the wyvern's sharp claws.

Apparently, Klea had been injured since the last battle but no one seemed to notice because of the chaotic situation just now. Furthermore, it hadn't fully healed when she decided to cast her destructive spells again. For her to force herself like this, made Emery extremely emotional.

The girl, however, still had her wide smile as she met his gaze. She then whispered weakly, "What... I did... was it... good enough for you?... was... I..?"

Her words suddenly brought Emery back to that fateful day nine months ago, to the mean things he had said to her at that time. The boy had just realized that the girl was more hurt than he thought that day.

He recalled how he rejected her that day and told her to focus on training, for the sake of reason that it would be better for their future.

At that time, did she think that he thought less of her? Was this the reason why she had been so angry with him? Emery's heart was beating furiously as those questions swirled in his mind.

Klea vomited blood again, waking Emery from his thoughts. The latter had given his best to heal her injuries, but despair slowly devoured him as he could feel her body continuing to break apart from within.

In the meantime, the hordes of monsters had reorganized themselves and were already closing in which prompted the others to start their fight again, against the seemingly numberless sea of enemies.

Julian glanced at the situation of the two with a mixed feeling and ended up venting all his emotions at the rows of enemies before him, smashing champions, ogres, and trolls without discrimination. The Roman began his second chapter of carnage in this Magus Game.

Emery noticed that the girl seemed to be starting to lose consciousness as her eyes gradually lost focus. He shouted, in an attempt to stop her from doing so.

"Stay with me, Klea.. Stay with me!!"

The light on Emery's hand intensified as he poured spirit energy to his nature core, increasing the potency of the [Nature Blessing] spell. He grabbed her hand with his other hand and muttered, "I am sorry.. I am sorr-"

Unfortunately, before he could finish the sentence, the girl had closed her eyes and her figure gradually turned to motes of light. He could only watch as her body slowly faded and eventually dissipated.

[Your team Kleopatra has been eliminated from the game]

Emery remained there, kneeling on the ground as his eyes remained fixed on where Klea had been before. The sensation of Klea dying in his embrace felt so real to him that he was unable to comprehend what had just happened for a moment.

Then when his mind finally finished processing it, he suddenly snapped.

Emery punched the ground, creating cracks on it. He then stomped his legs and jumped into the air. His face was red, enraged by her death. He decided to vent his anger entirely into employing his strongest skill.

[Shadow Edge]

Swish!

A massive jet-black sword energy materialized and rapidly shot forward, heading in the direction of the creatures on the ground. It only took seconds for it to cut through dozens of enemies, leaving a gory trail of blood and dead bodies behind.

However, Emery didn't stop there.

He proceeded to employ another [Shadow Edge], unleashing another deadly sword wave toward the sea of monsters in rage.

Klea's spells were actually very effective against the goblins and orcs as they were instantly annihilated without being able to do anything. However, it didn't have that much of an impact against the strong ones, which now causing the frontmost enemy to be the elites, such as the Orc Champions, Ogres, and Trolls.

Emery's [Shadow Edge], on the other hand, was able to one-shot them indiscriminately. The spell could even kill two or three of them while also severely injuring a dozen others around.

Simply put, it didn't matter which one they were, they would be guaranteed a one way trip to death's embrace as long as they were hit directly by it.

"Way to go, Emery!! Kill them all!!" shouted Thrax excitedly while laughing. Looking at the sight of his friend rampaging amidst the enemies made his fighting spirit kindle again, his body engulfed with energy.

Once again, Thrax showed his unique capability to boost himself at the peak of the battle. It was also at this time that a notification appeared in their mind, bringing a slight pause to their passionate actions.

[10 minutes left]

"There is no more tactic!! Do you hear me, Thracian?! Just fight, and fight till our last drop of blood!!" The Roman shouted those words emotionally, to which the gladiator champion laughed.

"Damn right, you Roman!! Let's take as many of them as we can to the grave!!" replied Thrax as he swung the glaive horizontally, sending the few ogres before him to their brethren in wounded state.

Chumo didn't say anything, but it was clear that Klea's elimination had gotten to him. This was proven by the fact that the twelve clones escalated their assault and overwhelmed their respective sides of the battlefield.

A few minutes passed and the four youths could still be seen fearlessly battled against the endless waves of bloodthirsty creatures. Miraculously, none of the monsters managed to break through the circular formation. All of their attempts were repelled by the group.

Emery was now seen employing [Shadow Edge] relentlessly, discharging them without care of the world. Even though his attacks managed to decimate the rows of enemies in front of him, this deed had also destroyed all the tier 3 swords his master gave him, leaving him with only one last weapon - the tier 4 sword.

At the same time, he saw that all Chumo's clones had disappeared while his two other friends were exhausted. They were dyed red, due to the bloody wounds all over their bodies.

[5 minutes left]

Thrax's legs were trembling violently. He looked as if he was about to lose his ability to stand. Even so, his fighting spirit hadn't diminished yet. In fact, it grew even stronger and apparent. Alas, his body condition wasn't able to support it.

Splat! The Thracian gritted his teeth when a saber struck his chest, inflicting a gash as big as the saber tip itself.

"Aargghh!!" Thrax couldn't hold his legs from taking a few steps back. Still, he quickly stopped and proceeded to launch a counterattack.

This feat dumbfounded the spectators who watched. After all, those who paid attention to him mostly worried whether he would be able to dodge the next attack, but then here he was swinging the glaive with a power none knew where it came from.

Among the four who were still fighting fiercely, it was Chumo who fell and lost his side first. With one side exposed, the difficulty the group had to face had just risen to a new level.

"Arrgghh! We just need a few more minutes!!" shouted Julian exasperatedly.

After saying that, Julian suddenly threw the hammer toward the line of monsters before him and used the last bit of his energy to cast a spell that he held on until this last possible moment.

[Fire Aegis]

A wall of fire emerged from the void and surrounded the group, protecting them from the onslaught approaching their way. Unfortunately, it was so thin that it could probably only last a few seconds.

Even so, these mere seconds were very important to them.

"Emery!!" cried Julian, "Take them away from here! Some of us have to survive!! We have to show those privileged assholes that the Earth acolytes can pass this level!!"

What Julian's spell gave the group other than temporary protection was the few seconds needed for Emery to cast his [Spatial Gate] and move to another place with the other two.

Emery seemed to also notice this as he nodded his head. He knew he had no time to waste in hesitation. Therefore, he quickly created the portal at one further corner where the elite orcs and trolls at the minimum.

As soon as the portal opened, Emery immediately grabbed the exhausted Chumo and beckoned the other two to follow along from the other side. Alas, things didn't go as he expected.

Julian shook his head with a smile while Thrax only gave a glance before returning his attention to the enemies. The latter even had the energy to speak, "Hahaha, no way I'm gonna let a Roman take all the glory! I'm staying!"

The last thing Emery saw before the portal closed was the sight of the [Fire Aegis] spell extinguishing and the two rivals battling the waves of creatures that crashed into them, overwhelming them from all directions.

[Your team Julian has been eliminated from the game]

[Your team Thrax has been eliminated from the game]

[3 minutes left]

Chapter 652 - Last Minutes

As soon as Emery's right foot stepped out of the portal, he was immediately greeted by sight of hundreds of goblins and orcs turning their heads in his direction. It didn't even take a second for the horde to start swarming over him with bloodthirsty intent that was very palpable.

The elite orcs and trolls might still be far from reaching Emery at the moment, but the same couldn't be said to the pack of wyverns in the air. They had proceeded to follow the aggression led by the orcs and were currently plunging toward him at breakneck speed.

Savagery was evident in their crazed eyes as their bodies continued to descend. Their sharp claws had opened wide, ready to tear Emery's body into shreds.

There were three minutes remaining, but Emery only had a small amount of spirit energy in his body. Moreover, the difficult situation he was currently in clearly did not allow him to rest and recover his condition.

However, what concerned him the most was not those things. It was the heavily wounded Chumo.

The Asian Prince was struggling to open his already closed eyes. He subconsciously gritted his teeth due to the excruciating pain wreaking havoc in his body. Looking at the serious look on his friend's face, he whispered what he wanted to say. "Emery.. Just.. leave me..."

Emery was silent when he heard that. A second later, he shook his head gently.

While it was true that he might be able to last three minutes under the flood of monsters by himself and that it would certainly not be easy if Chumo was still on his shoulder, Emery would rather not pass the level at all than to leave his last remaining friend to the monster's jaws.

Looking at the monster hordes that were quickly approaching, Emery decided to use the last bit of his spirit energy to cast [Granite Wall]. A wall quickly emerged from the ground and surrounded the two people as he grabbed Chumo off his shoulder and put the latter down.

Chumo's reaction to this was unexpected, to say the least.

"What?!! ..I don't expect you are really going to leave me here!!" cried the Asian Prince pitifully as if Emery's action quickly brought his energy back. "Emery, I have misjudged you!"

Emery couldn't hold himself from rolling his eyes at his friend's exaggerated reaction.

Unfortunately, he was mistaken as Emery didn't plan to give up just yet.

He proceeded to use his last resort, a card of his that had no need of spirit force.

[Fey Transformation]

[Second Stage]

Emery induced the power of the bloodline dwelling within his being. His appearance rapidly changed under its strong influence, transforming him into an embodiment of savage beast.

His body grew and became four times its initial size, silver furs began to surface on his skin, while his nails and teeth turned into sharp claws and fangs. After the transformation was completed, he released a loud, ear-deafening howl.

HOOOOWWWWLLLLLLLL!!!

[Battle power increased 30 points]

[Battle power increased 10 points]

[Battle power 180]

The howl he unleashed shook the cover the two currently in, manifesting cracks all over its surface. Thanks to that, the goblins and orcs didn't have to do much to break the wall down. However, they quickly stopped in their tracks when they saw the figure in front of them.

Emery's current appearance looked extremely menacing. As a matter of fact, he seemed so dangerous that the orcs were hesitating whether to continue their attack or not.

It was not just the hordes, actually, the Asian young man who was currently sitting on the ground was also as terrified as soon as he saw Emery changes to this from

"NOoo..! No! Man.. You should have just let me die back there!!"

Colors drained from Chumo's face as he imagined how his friend would go on a rampage and he would die under his hands. He threw himself to the ground, the expression on his face clearly showing resignation to his destiny.

However, to his surprise, the uncontrollable monster that couldn't differentiate between ally and enemy he imagined never appeared.

Emery only stood there and fixed his gaze on the sea of creatures before him. Even though he lost his ability to speak, he still maintained his clear consciousness. This was only possible thanks to the necklace he received, the [Beast Pendant].

Emery grabbed his terrified Asian friend with his furry hand and placed him on his back, carrying him like a sack of potatoes.

"...What the? Emery..?" said Chumo in a doubtful voice. A moment later, he finally connected the dots when he saw Emery didn't do anything to him. "Ohh! You can control your ability!!"

The revelation brought an untold amount of excitement to the usually calm youth.

"Hell yeah!! Go wolf- I mean, Emery!! Kill them all!!" Chumo said while laughing energetically.

HOWWLLL!

Losing his ability to utter words, Emery responded with a similarly energetic howl as he glared at the horde with his glistening eyes.

With his newfound 180 battle power, no troll nor ogres could stop Emery as he charged forward and crashed into the horde. The figure of the silver fur wolf flickered across the sea of monsters, making a scene of destruction in its wake.

Many corpses began to be seen lying on the ground. Weak goblins died with wounds that looked like footprints, while Orcs could be seen flying in all directions as they were kicked around like one would to trash. Emery decimated these creatures like slaying rats.

A wyvern tried to attack from behind, taking advantage of the fact that he was busy killing. Unfortunately for it, Emery was more than ready to welcome it.

The wyvern extended its sharp talons that could easily tear flesh as it swooped down, but Emery dodged the attack without looking back. He then turned around and grabbed the wyvern's leg, causing it to flap its wings frantically.

Unfortunately, it was too late to try to escape. Emery tightened his grip and slammed the wyvern onto the ground before proceeding to tear its wings off and smash its head into an unrecognizable mush.

It was a killing spree. A gruesome massacre.

Emery continued killing and killing the creatures in front of him until he discovered that he had become numb to it. Eventually, the notification the duo had been waiting for came, stopping the former from its spree.

[Congratulation on clearing level five]

[You are awarded 100.000 contribution points]

[Total number of acolytes: 19/692]

"Yeahhhh!!! Emery!!!" shouted Chumo excitedly, his body was still on the wolf's back. The two of them watched as the tens of thousands of creatures around them began to disappear into specks of light. The scene was memorable, to say the least.

"We did it, Emery!" Chumo said while patting his back passionately. "We did it!!!"

Emery's appearance had begun to return to his human form, but the Asian Prince seemed to refuse to get off his back.

"Hahaha, I am sorry," said Chumo. "You know, piggyback is really a thing to my people."

Emery decided to sensibly ignore such a remark and instead said, "Is this over?"

He wondered if they had reached the end already, as he honestly could not imagine having another level with their current condition. However, right as he finished speaking those words, his eyes caught something. In the far corner of his eyes, he saw a door had appeared and was slowly opening.

[Proceed to the door in 5 minutes]

Chumo seemed to also notice the door's existence as his expression turned serious. The two best friends looked at each other, unsure whether they should be thrilled or not. Even so, they did not immediately reject the challenge.

However, that also did not mean that they would enter right away. Instead, the two took their time to catch their breath back as they made their way toward the now fully open door.

When they passed through it, Emery could see that they were now in a huge, cave-like chamber.

Chumo, who had become talkative now that there were only two of them, started saying jinx-like things like the place looked like a dragon's cave.

Upon hearing that, Emery gave his best to suppress the urge to smack this friend of his in the head. There was no way they could win against a dragon, not with just the two of them.

Then suddenly, Emery noticed a figure approaching their location. He immediately took out his tier 4 sword, his body was tense as it was now ready to move whenever needed. However, he was taken aback when he heard his name being called.

"Emery!! Is that you?! You have made it too!"

The figure got closer, allowing the two to get a closer look. In addition to his extremely familiar and friendly voice, Emery finally put his sword aside because he knew who it was.

"Gerri!!"

"Just the two of you?! Where is your beautiful girlfriend?" asked Gerri

From the reaction, Gerri quickly understand that the other doesn't make it

"Yeah... my girls also didnt make it... well at least I still have this one big buddy of mine with me"

Emery realize that Igor the half-blood was there behind him, but this time Ivar was not. It seems Aiko the jade flash and Okoye also didnt make it past level 5.

He then quickly used his [Spirit Reading] and what he sensed surprised him for a moment. There were a total of nineteen people in this dark cave!

At the same time, he could feel something gathering in the middle of the cave.

When a person or a creature died in this virtual arena, they would turn into motes of light and disappear. However, what Emery was perceiving right now was the other way around.

A cloud of specks of light swirled in the center of the cave before spreading everywhere, allowing Emery to see the seventeen other people scattered throughout the room.

Most were familiar faces; the privileged acolytes and a few of the elites he recognized.

All of them, however, focused their attention on the gathering of light specks that gradually coalesce and form into a huge figure. At first, its rough build, then scales began to appear, followed by claws and bones.

Finally, a notification came to Emery's mind.

[Bonus level]

[Bone Dragon - Mythical Beast - level 50]

[Battle power - undefined]

Chapter 653 - Mythical Beast

[Bone Dragon]

[Mythical Beast - level 50]

[Battle Power - Undefined]

Like a mirage, the creature was still forming in front of his eyes, its pure white bone flickered in the low light.

At a time like this, Emery wished Klea was still among them, as she would most probably know some information about the creature standing in front of them.

All Emery could gather from his class was mostly the creature's name and classification, nothing else.

Within the magus academy elite class, he was taught there are four types of beasts: Normal Beasts, Mutated Beasts, Magical Beasts and, finally, Mythical Beasts.

Not only was this creature the top rank among beasts, it was also within the top classification of its species: a dragon. It was no wonder that when Emery stared at the acolytes around the room, both those from the elite and privileged class were staring at the creature with clear anxiety in their eyes.

This was merely facing the thing in a virtual room, and everyone was already trembling in fear. If it was a real battle with lives at stake, perhaps none of the acolytes would dare to still stand in front of it.

As Emery glanced at Chumo, he saw that the Asian prince was clutching one of his eyes tightly. It appeared that using his [Eye of Raven] skill on the creature such as this was painful for him.

Feeling his stare, Chumo grimaced and said. "I can't get a lock on it, Emery. I need a bit more time."

Considering Chumo was also unable to help, Emery glanced at Gerri and Ivar, asking whether they knew any information about the creature in front of them.

"You mean that 'spiky' there? you dont know what that thing is?"

"No Gerri, tell us what is it? how to defeat it"

Gerri answered confidently "Nope... no idea... but that creature is dope!"

Igor standing next to him nodded in agreement

"..."

Emery stared at them, everything he wanted to say drowned out by his bewilderment. It appears asking the two about it would be a futile endeavor, he decided to ignore the two and focus on the threat in front of him instead.

The dragon has almost completely formed, a sign they were running out of time. Emery forced himself to think, to find any possible way to defeat such a monster.

In the cavern, he saw there were 6 or 7 other teams apart from his and Gerri's, all of them separated in the corners of the caves.

He recognized one of them as Roran Harlight's team. From the looks of it, he was supposed to have another team member from the privileged acolyte class, however, Emery could only see Alara, his subordinate.

Not far away from them was the Nephilim team led by Armand, the arrogant Nephilim he faced before, and Annara, the disciple of Grand Magus Zenonia. They both were a full three privileged acolyte team.

Meanwhile, in another corner, Anas of the Kaleos team was staring at the dragon alongside a hulking brown-skinned acolyte from the privileged class.

Then, next to them, Micah and Orycon could be seen, each accompanied by one privileged acolyte.

As for the last person, Emery couldn't really say whether he could classify as a team, as there was only one man left: Lodos. The entire time, the maniac stood not too far from Emery, glaring at him.

From his glare, it was clear, the acolyte was still looking at him with anger.

Emery decided to shake his head and not dignify the acolyte with a response. That guy was still full of hate, as if the losses he suffered merely added fuel to his burning anger.

If he remembered correctly, the maniac had a group with 8 normal class acolytes, and now none of them were left. Emery could imagine just what the guy had done to those poor acolytes.

"Emery get ready! Any second now!" Gerri shouted, snapping him out of his reverie.

The dragon had 'undefined' under its battle power. It meant, Emery could not afford to be careless. He quickly cast the maximum [Immortal Gate] level he could use, along with the first stage of [Fey Transformation] skill.

Right as fur engulfed his body, the dragon was finally formed. The moment it did, it opened its maw and roared.

Rrrrrroooooaaarrrr!

The roar was so powerful it hurt their ears, shook the ground they were standing on and somehow made their spirit core tremble.

A deep primordial fear stabbed their hearts. Emery took a step back while raising his sword.

The maniac, however, laughed seeing his posture.

"Hahahaha, you all cowards!! That thing is not even magical! Now you shall see the power of my gravity spells."

Lodos dashed a few steps forward and used both hands to cast tier 5 spells? [Gravitational Pressure] on the dragon. Emery has tasted the power of this spell before.? It sure was powerful but he doubted such a spell could stop teh dragon.

However, to his and everyone's surprise, the massive creature stopped in its tracks, as if held by invisible chains.

"Hahaha the heavier my opponent the stronger my spell is... and the more pain you will receive! Hahaha!"

Lodos was still cackling mad, but his action quickly awed a few of the acolytes watching the spectacle.

Gerri was one of those who stared in awe. "Ah, so apparently the dragon only looks scary, but has no real bite!"

The violet flame Gerri seemed unable to miss such a chance to show off.? He quickly engulfed himself with his signature violet flames and was about to jump in with his strongest fire spell.

However, a second later, the supposedly bound dragon roar and the ground shook as the dragon released himself from Lodos' spell and dashed with an unimaginable speed toward the startled maniac.

"What the fuck!! No!! it can't be!! No...."

Lodos face instantly turns pale, he quickly turns toward Emery. His terrified face was the last thing on sight before the dragon that was just behind him opened its massive maw and bite his body into two.

Everyone could hear the dragon chew on the maniac bones before his corpse slowly turned into motes of light and disappeared.

[Total number of acolytes: 18/692]

Looking at such horror, Gerri's flaming violet cloak quickly shut off with a hiss, as if water was poured over it.

The acolyte known as the Violet Flame stared at Emery right in the eyes and said.

"We are all going to die here!"

Chapter 654 - Bone Creature

Despite its massive size, the dragon moved much faster than any of them had expected.

Although it was called a bone dragon, it was not a dragon made out of bones like one would expect from its name. It did have bones all over its body, but to be more precise, the mythical creature was a dragon with bones covering its entire body like armor.

The speed at which the bone dragon moved was a big surprise for them to behold.

After it killed Lodos with just one move, it once again tilted its head up and roared. The creature then looked around and swept its sight around. Fear was instilled in whoever met its eyes. Its sharp gaze made them feel as if it was looking for its next victim.

When its eyes went to look in Emery's direction, unconsciously his heart skipped a beat. He was sure the bone dragon was going to attack him next. Fortunately, the dragon decided to charge in a different direction.

Its current target was Micah's team.

When the dragon went toward the arrogant crystal acolyte, Micah was standing next to a woman with long brown hair, a privileged acolyte who was holding a golden bow as a weapon.

The bow appeared to be a normal tier 4 bow, but Emery noticed there was something unique about the three arrows that she was pulling from her quiver.

The arrowheads each had a line of certain writing that glowed when the woman pulled the string. With a quick aim, she swiftly released them, while jumping backwards.

All three arrows dashed like lightning bolts, creating a crackling sound and accurately hitting the bone dragon's head, and surprisingly exploding on impact.

Kaboom! Kaboom! Kaboom!

"Rune stone arrows!" Chumo could not help but exclaim in awe when he saw them.

Rune stone arrows were powerful enhanced arrows that normally cost 1,000 spirit stones each. It was something that clearly could only be afforded by privileged acolytes.

The bone dragon roared again when the explosion occurred, but the arrows only managed to delay its movement for a very brief moment, before it swiftly came out of the smoke and charged toward the archer.

As soon as Micah noticed this, he quickly jumped in front of it and immediately cast his famous [Crystal Barrier] to block the charge.

The arrogant Micah focused all of his spells in front of him creating a double layer crystal to stop the monster.

Crack—

Unfortunately, the famous and powerful [Crystal Barrier] was not the best defense against a powerful physical tackle by such a huge creature. It was instantly shattered into a thousand pieces right after the bone dragon made contact with it, wounding Micah and causing him to be thrown back a few steps. Fortunately, the barrier still managed to delay the dragon, allowing the brown-haired archer to use an agility spell to carry the wounded Micah away and disappear from the dragon's sight.

Rooooaaaarrrrr!

Having lost sight of the one who shot those arrows at it, the bone dragon once again swept its sight around to look for another target.

However, unlike before, they were more prepared. Orycon, who was near, knew he would be the next target. When the dragon moved toward his team, he instantly jumped toward the dragon's blindside and attacked the creature with his large tier 4 broadsword.

Clank!! Clankk!!

Emery knew just how heavy Orycon's swings were combined with that greatsword, but it appeared his swings were unable to create scratches on the monster's body.

The dragon was about to launch a counterattack, but Emery saw a beam channeled toward Orycon from the privileged acolyte that was part of his team. In that instant, the huge guy was able to move twice as fast as he normally could.

From the looks of it, that beam was a high-tier buff spell, a combination of the lightning and wind elements. It was a rare spell that not many could cast.

Not only was Orycon strong and had great techniques, but he was also smart. Despite the dragons roaring with speed and each hit would severely wound him, Orycon bravely kept his distance close around the back of the bone dragon's head. The best spot to hit and dodge such a creature's attacks.

However, a moment later, the dragon's sharp bone tail swiftly swung at him from behind. The guy was barely able to dodge its ruthless attack, unfortunately, his shoulder was torn apart from the blade-like dragon tail.

A large chunk of his flesh was gone. Orycon was forced to retreat. It would only be suicide if he forced himself to fight in this condition. Despite his attempt, it appeared he was not fast enough as the tail quickly charged at him once more.

Everyone could see, it was probably the end of him, however at the last moment just before he was about to be crushed by the dragon, a space behind him was distorted and a portal was opened followed by an arm pulling him into it.

Right after, the wounded Orycon laid wounded on the ground just in front of Emery.

He was a little surprised by Emery's action, but he did not dwell on his surprise or injuries and quickly asked Emery to transport his teammate that was left near the dragon,

He was a bald, skinny man, who was apparently Orycon's twin brother, Orion. As soon as he arrived with Emery's spatial gate, he quickly cast a powerful healing spell on the wounded Orycon.

One big and one skinny, The two did not look alike at all, but it was not the time to talk about such a matter. As Emery's group had become big, it became the center of the dragon's main attention.

Even from afar, the dragon's eyes could clearly be seen looking at him. It opened its wing trying to head towards him.

However, before it could fly toward him, a bright flaming chain-like whip suddenly swung toward its wing, restricting the dragon's movement from behind.

It was Annara's group. She smiled at Emery as the two made eye contact before she pulled another fire whip that swiftly bound the dragon's other wing. Following her move, her team quickly charged at the dragon.

Emery also thought about helping them handle the bone dragon, but someone stopped him before he could make a move.

It was Roran Harlight.

"You really don't change, do you, Emery? Always such a good guy, However, if you really want to beat this dragon, you should follow my advice."

Chapter 655 - Tactics

At the moment, the bone dragon was fighting against what seemed to be the two strongest teams.

The first was led by a charming young woman with long, luscious red hair, while the other one was spearheaded by a long-haired young man, who wore a golden robe that exuded elegance.

Annara's team and Armand's team.

Their team configuration and condition were basically the same. Both were a three people team, still in their full strength, consisting only of privileged acolytes.

Annara was currently using a powerful whip artifact, utilizing her spell and the artifact's ability in tandem with one of her team members. Their actions caused the ground beneath the dragon's feet to turn into a wide puddle of sticky mud, hampering its mobility slightly.

In the meantime, the last member of her team dashed forward and leaped into the air toward the hindered dragon, while brandishing a spear in his hand. The spear was gleaming a brilliant glow, announcing its identity as an exceptional artifact.

As for Armand's team, all three of them were apparently spirit readers, as evidenced by the sight of the established [Soaring Shuttle] artifacts moving around under their orders. This was a surprising revelation. After all, spirit readers were somewhat rare.

The bone dragon was being bombarded relentlessly by those golden shuttles right now. Dozens of them were flying around its massive body like annoying flies, striking any part of its skeletal frame whenever the opportunity arose.

Emery naturally wanted to join the fray when he saw such a sight. However, the protege of the Harlight family, for some reason, decided to stop him from doing exactly that.

Raising his eyebrows at the hand that was grabbing his shoulder, Emery asked, "Why? What do you want?"

It was only natural that Emery behaved like this toward the other party. After all, the last time they worked together, Roran had chosen to betray them in order to get ahead. This time, he definitely would not easily trust the man.

Roran of course understood the reason behind Emery's attitude. Still, it didn't affect him, as he calmly opened his mouth.

"I will share important information with you for free, as a friendly gesture to you."

Roran began to quickly explain his so-called 'important intel'. He told Emery that, even though Bone Dragon had no magic capabilities and was considered one of the least dangerous dragons, it was the creature with the highest battle power among its kin.

"...monstrous strength and speed. In addition to that its bone armor has a toughness comparable to a tier 5 artifact." said Roran, ending his long explanation.

Upon hearing this, Gerri who was next to Emery suddenly spat out curse words.

"Dammit! Tier 5, you say?! We have a tier 4 cap limit for this game!! What the hell is the academy planning to have us against an enemy of this level?!"

Emery turned his eyes to Gerri, his expression was odd. "Gerri, you are an unarmed fighter aren't you? Why are you getting so worked up?"

"..."

"Erm, I mean, I am... angry at the injustice they did to you guys!!"

"..."

Once again, Emery decided to ignore the fire guy.

Returning his attention to the Harlight protege, Roran added another piece of information that apparently, when he checked the dragon's status now, he would see a number below its name - something that wasn't there before the dragon formed its body completely.

[Bone Dragon]

[967/1000]

"Is that...?!" Emery quickly realized what it was

Knowing the other party had come to the same conclusion, Roran nodded his head. "That's right. The bone dragon's total health."

A look of disbelief could be seen on Emery's face. This meant that all the attacks thrown by Lodos, the arrow barrages from Micah's team, everything that Orycon's team had done, including the bombardment currently commenced by the two privileged teams only took away 3% of the monster's entire health.

"Do you see the problem now, Emery?"

The dragon not only has a monstrous combination of strength and speed, that would one hit any of them, it also had superb endurance and defense that made all types of attacks seem futile before it.

"Winning is impossible, unless we work together." Roran continued with a serious face. "Even if we did, there would only be a chance at most, not certainty."

Roran proceeded to explain more, that not one person or even one team would be able to defeat the monster single handedly. The only possible way was for all of them to work together. Even so, their chances were slim.

Afterwards, he quickly spelled out how exactly they were going to do it. Apparently this was the reason why he stopped Emery from attacking the dragon before.

As soon as Roran finished his long detailed explanation, Emery and the others agreed with the proposal. They would be working together for one objective, defeating the seemingly undefeatable Bone Dragon.

The group didn't immediately enter the battle. Instead, they focused their attention on healing and recovering their condition, while also waiting for the right moment.

Ten minutes later, the opportunity they had been waiting for finally arrived.

[Bone Dragon]

[924/1000]

The two teams who were fighting against the dragon, Annara's and Armand's, had begun to look tired. It was evident they had exhausted a considerable amount of stamina and spirit force.

"It's not possible!! Get back!!"

Annara shouted those words, as she withdrew her restriction, telling her two teammates to do the same. This action swiftly enraged the Nephilim team who were still struggling with the dragon. "Why did you pull back already?!"

The reason they protested so hard was because without Annara's team restraining the dragon, it was now heading toward their direction. The massive skeletal build was running across the cave, malevolent intent was apparent in its eyeless eye socket.

It was at this moment that a figure shot in the air above the dragon and screamed loudly.

"FLAME ON!!"

[Pyroblast]

The signature tier 5 fire spell of the Purple Flame that generated a massive, purplish-colored ball of flame hit the dragon's back squarely. The spell was so powerful and hot, it immediately scorched the area where it landed black.

"Come here, you ugly bastard!!"

Gerri spoke those brash words in his attempt to provoke the dragon. Even though the monster was incapable of speech, it seemed to have understood the taunt as it turned toward the former's location and unleashed a rage-filled roar.

ROAR!!!

The ear-deafening roar of the enraged dragon once again was enough to shake everyone's spirit core from within. This effect was of course multiplied on Gerri, who was the main target, as the latter's face turned pale.

Without further ado, Gerri swiveled in his heels quickly and dashed in the direction of his group.

"HELP ME NOW!!!"

The dragon furiously chased after Gerri and eventually entered the domain the group had prepared for it.

At the same time, Emery cast [Shadow Root] to hinder the monster's movements. Amara, Roran's subordinate, also helped in by casting her sand magic.

When the deed was done, Igor proceeded to transform into his beast form and stand in front of the monster. Meanwhile, Gerri, Orycon, and Chumo began their assault from the sides.

Roran and Orion stood at the back of the group, used their spells to fill any gap and provide enhancement buffs.

It was a great formation to hold the dragon down. However, they knew that they would also not last more than 10 minutes against it. In order to defeat the dragon, the group would need Annara's and Armand's team to take over their place, like what they did just now.

Maintaining his firm control on the roots as well as the overall situation, Emery wondered if those two teams would agree to help when the time came.

Chapter 656 - Acknowledgment

Grand Assembly Hall

Tens of thousand spectators were present and seen cheering at the exciting Magus Game shown on the screens floating throughout the arena. A hubbub of laughter, shouting, and screaming was happening all over the hall.

This was especially so when level four was over, when all ten divisions in the game only had an average of fifty acolytes each left fighting against the waves of goblins and orcs.

The level five challenge that came after it was evidently harder than the last year's, making those who were defeated on this level still received some degree of acknowledgment from the audience.

"Who is that young man! He flooded the whole arena! Isn't that a tier 6? How is that possible!!!"

"Look at that girl!! She could continuously use those powerful spells as if they are nothing; water, wind, lightning.. And even ice!!! That's amazing!!!"

"That girl summoned that many beasts!! 40 high level beasts!! That is crazy!!!"

"A group of Titans bloodline!! They make things look easy!"

With the privileged class acolytes joining the competition, many new favorites appeared among the masses. This sparked many discussions on whether the previous champions would be able to defend their throne or some new ones would overthrow the old ones and seize the glory.

In the midst of this new wave of favourites, there was one person from Group 2 who was always brought into the audience discussion.

Zach, the Dragon Bloodline.

After three years, the youth was no longer a boy. Thanks to this mythical bloodline's miraculous capability, the slender body of the young man had completely developed, turning into a muscular build with dragon-like scales seen sparsely on his skin.

The man had brought countless exclamations and gasps, when even by himself he could survive the thirty minutes long onslaught of endless creatures. Of course, he didn't escape unscathed. The sight of him standing alone covered in red was bloody yet memorable, to say the least.

When level 5 finally ended and the bonus mission began, the masses that had calmed down once again became passionate. They were very excited to see what kind of opponent the academy had prepared for these acolytes who had proven themselves to be the cream of the crop.

"Bone dragon!!! Hahaha, they will not win!! This is a last-man-standing kind of stage!!"

"No! I think you're wrong! I think this is a competition to see who will get the most points!"

"Yes, I somewhat agree with you. It will be the one who hits the most or the one who gives the most contribution, I guess."

On the second floor, within the seats specifically reserved for the magus-level figures, a group of magus who previously made a bet about the game was currently watching the said game attentively.

"Your Earth team should be happy to pass level 5 at all. But now, with only two of them, they certainly will not be able to compete with my Nephilim team."

That was what Magus Castor of the Nephilim said in a calm voice, but only he himself knew the truth. His heart was currently racing furiously, not in excitement but in rage. He couldn't believe those lower realm scum, existences that were nothing in his eyes, manage to reach level 5.

Urix was also extremely anxious inwardly, but he pretended to keep his calm - to be as cool as possible.

"You should know that my team has been showing so many surprises before, and I'm sure they will continue to do so. In fact, your acolyte Armand should know better of this!" retorted Urix calmly.

Upon hearing such things, Castor became even more annoyed.

Seeing this, the other magus around quickly tried to stop the two from further bickering. Except magus Minerva who cheekily enjoys the show from the sideline.

Meanwhile, in the VIP area, Headmaster Delbrand was also watching the progressing game intently. Internally, he hoped the Magus Game would run smoothly as he wanted.

"How many teams are still fighting in the bonus level?"

While Headmaster Delbrand watching the moving images appeared on the screen, his aide who stood next to him was busy cross checking the data.

After a while, he went closer to the former and said, "all teams in Group 5 and 10 have been wiped out. Group 4 only has one team left, same as Group 2."

The group 2 mentioned by the aide was, in fact, only one man left, but that single man was fighting the bone dragon by himself.

Delbrand showed an amused look when he heard that. Then, he suddenly thought about a certain interesting person he offered a chance into the privileged class.

"How about Group 7?"

"Headmaster, actually Group 7 is currently the group with the most number of acolytes still surviving."

"How many?"

"18 acolytes."

A surprise look flashed on the headmaster's face. "Hmmm, it's already been an hour since the bonus level fight began. That is unusual indeed"

Headmaster Delbrand quickly accessed the screen by himself and focused on the fight in Group 7, and what greeted him brought no small amount of surprise. He saw the dragon had already lost more than half of its health.

Seeing how the acolytes from Group 7 were fighting, he quickly realized what had happened.

Group 7 managed to put aside their rivalry for the time being and teamed up against their enemy, taking turns on tackling the bone dragon.

He nodded in satisfaction, it was extremely rare to see the proud privileged acolytes work together, especially with the other acolytes they had always considered below them.

He quickly analyzed the overall situation and found out that the acolyte named Roran who was directing the attack. He then remembered that it was also this acolyte from Harlight family who made the impossible accomplishment during the last year's game, where the group of regular acolytes managed to defeat the elite acolytes on the second game.

He wondered what this acolyte was trying to prove this time, and what about him that caused people to willingly follow him.

While he was thinking about this, Delbrand suddenly noticed the lower realm acolyte that he offered a ticket to privileged class was standing next to Roran.

He then thought that it was probably not a coincidence. This acolyte named Emery might have had something to do with this feat as well.

Thinking about this, Headmaster Delbrand smiled once again.

"They might be able to work together now, but let's see what happens next.."

"Especially when that thing has started.. yes This will definitely be interesting to watch."

Chapter 657 - Cooperation

[Total number of acolytes: 18/692]

One full hour had gone by, but none of the acolytes in Group 7 were eliminated, despite fighting the mystical-level creature Bone Dragon. The battle was intense and cutthroat, where one mistake would immediately spell their doom.

This resulted in severe exhaustion and mental burden for these eighteen young acolytes, evident from their expressions and sweat dripping all over their bodies. Even so, there wasn't a trace of resignation in their eyes nor faces.

This sight made Group 7 become one of the most cheered groups still left in the Magus Games.

If only Lodos could see this very clamorous commotion. Being the only one who died within the first few minutes of the battle, he would definitely meet the death god one more time just from the sheer rage and shame.

There were seven teams left within group 7, but they were separated into three different sides.

A large group of eight people consisted of Emery, Chumo, Gerri, Igor, Orycon, Orion, Roran and Amara on one side. A group of s was a collaboration between Annara and Armand's teams that was exclusively made up of privileged acolytes. The last but not least, the temporary alliance between Micah and the archer girl named Reyne, together with the Kaleos acolyte Anas and his quiet, brown-skinned fighter named Sigurd.

Despite having only four people in the team and only two of them being privileged class, this last group that Micah entered was able to hold on and fight back as long as the other two groups. This noteworthy accomplishment was all thanks to the Kaleos brown-skinned warrior named Sigurd.

"Titan's bloodline!!", exclaimed someone knowledgeable within the crowd who recognize a marking on Sigurd's forehead.

Sigurd was apparently a descendant from a special human bloodline. This bloodline of his granted him extraordinary strength, making him much stronger than the other acolytes.

The man could hold the dragon back with his two arms, showing a level of strength comparable to that of Igor's Beast Transformation. Moreover, the force behind his every strike was also as strong as Orycon's attacks.

When he activated his inherent bloodline, Sigurd's overall stats would increase exponentially and become a monster of his own. He was Kaleos' proud secret weapon.

When it was their turn to fight the bone dragon, Sigurd would immediately charge forward and stop its advance with his huge ax, while Micah would do his part to obstruct it by creating several large ice crystals on the dragon's feet.

The moment the two managed to successfully contain the dragon, Anas and Reyne would use their ranged attacks to deal damage to it. The latter would use her speciality by sending a relentless barrage

of arrows, while the former used his new speciality to strike - one of spirit readers' weapon of choice, a blade almost comparable to Armand's [Soaring Shuttle].

With this configuration, where they would take turns every five to six minutes, each group would have more time to recover their stamina and spirit force, which allowed them to keep doing this for a long time. As a result, the Bone Dragon's health had been reduced by 40 to 60 points every turn.

[Bone Dragon]

[321/1000]

The supposedly mighty dragon had been facing each group in turn for more than an hour by now. This all thanks to Roran's achievement, who managed to be convincing enough when he invited the other two groups to take part in his plan.

Everyone had some degree of belief, when he said the longer they survived and the more they contributed in this so-called bonus challenge, the higher the final points they would receive. The only way to do that was by working and cooperating with each other.

Of course, his status as the Harlight family's protege played a decisive role in making his voice heard. After all, there was no way these proud individuals would be willing to listen to the words of someone they considered below them.

After they managed to cross the 300 health points, everyone was elated. It seemed it was actually something feasible to defeat the Bone Dragon.

However, their happiness was cut short, when they saw things gradually heading in a bad direction.

The group realized the longer they fought, the stronger the fatigue would appear, which in turn shortened their rest time, as they had to take the place of the other team, who were already exhausted.

As if that wasn't disastrous enough, they currently were only able to shave off 30 to 40 points of the monster's health each turn. A striking contrast when compared to their earlier performance.

This only proved that all of his acolytes had finally reached their breaking point, that rest and healing didn't have that much benefit for their condition anymore.

[200/1000]

Another milestone reached, although the acolytes found this collaboration to give benefit to them all, most of them knew better than to think they would work together like this until the end. They all knew this fragile cooperation of theirs could be shattered at any moment. It only needed that one spark to trigger it.

In the end, this was a competition and all of them understood the one who managed to defeat the dragon in its last moment would get a better result one way or another. Because of that, the closer they got to the dragon's demise, the more tension and wariness they had toward the others than the dragon itself.

"Switch!!!" Armand shouted loudly, asking for Roran's side to take his place.

The young Harlight was certainly annoyed by this, as the six privileged acolytes, who proclaimed to be the strongest, only dealt a precise amount of thirty points off the dragon's health, before they asked for a switch.

[193/1000]

"That Damned Nephilim!" Gerri cursed harshly at those people's antics.

Meanwhile, Roran quickly suppressed his annoyance, maintained his calm and ordered the team to take over. After all, they couldn't just spoil the hard work and efforts they had put in just because of this.

To be a good example, Roran decided to jump to the front and fight directly with the Bone Dragon. This time, using his large shield which was then followed by everyone in his team.

Clank!! Clank!! Clank!!

The sharp sound of metal clashing with other hard materials rang out, as Roran defended against the dragon's attack.

He wasn't as strong or talented as the others, but he had come completely prepared with top-of-the-line equipment, such as tier 4 shield, armor and sword. Moreover, the equipment he used was one of those enhanced versions, that cost three times more than the normal tier 4 artifacts.

Still, Roran knew he couldn't overestimate his ability, as those items had their own limits as well.

All eight people worked together to fight the dragon, giving their best to contribute. Roran stood with Igor side by side, deflecting the dragon's attack, while Emery used both his [Shadow Root] and [Shadow Mist] to hold and distract the dragon. With the dragon movement being contained by the three, the rest would comfortably give all they got to rain multiple attacks to the bone creatures.

[152/1000]

This pleasant development continued until suddenly Roran's shield could not withstand the dragon's assault anymore and broke apart, causing the former to be hit and thrown back injured.

An opening appeared in the team's formation with Roran being flung like a worthless rag. Fortunately, Igor managed to cover it up before it could lead to worse consequences.

The half-blood acolyte then took the vanguard position until the half-conscious Roran shouted.

"Switch!!"

Now it was Anas's group's turn to take over, but at the same time, a few people secretly smiled, as they knew the moment had finally come for the final blow of the bonus stage.

Chapter 658 - Game

ROOARR!!

An ear-deafening roar overflowing with indignation and rage resounded loudly through the air, as the Bone Dragon suffered under countless attacks.

Dozens of rune-carved arrows rapidly flew through the air and exploded right on the dragon's head, blasting it to the side, while also inciting another anger-filled roar. Unfortunately for the mighty dragon, its agony hadn't ended yet.

The arrow barrage sent by Reyne was quickly followed by the Titan's Bloodline holder, Sigurd, who stomped the ground with his feet. His figure flew into the air like a bullet, as he brandished the huge axe in his hand.

[Soul Shaker]

This was a powerful battle art that utilized the entire feature of his huge axe by rotating it ad infinitum, unleashing a rapid succession of seemingly unstoppable attacks.

Clank!! Clank!! Clank!!

Loud sounds rang in the air consecutively, as Sigurd clearly showcased the prowess of this battle art to all. There must be at least twenty strikes landed successively on the bone dragon. Even more surprisingly that one attack itself had taken out a whooping 12 points off the dragon's health.

It was, so far, the strongest single attack dealt to the dragon by anyone from Group 7. The only one who could match this feat was probably the combined bombardment from Armand's team of three spirit reader acolytes. Even so, they could only take eight, at most ten, points off the dragon's health.

"That guy has reached the peak of rank 9, with eight pillars formed. No wonder he is so powerful." Chumo whispered to Emery, as the two of them rested their exhausted bodies after their earlier turn.

In reality, using Chumo's [Eye of the Raven], he could tell that those who came from the privileged class had all reached the high stage rank 9 with at least 6 pillars formed. While Sigurd led the pack with 8 pillars, the next one after him was Annara and Armand who both had formed 7 pillars.

Even Orycon, who was known to be the strongest in the elite group seven, only had 5 pillars formed. No wonder the difference between them was so apparent. But it was just like Roran said before, none of them could fight the dragon on their own.

This was proven by how just after four minutes, Sigurd, the strongest among them, was finally down on his knee.

"Aaarrgghhh!!"

[119/1000]

Fortunately, the group had managed to shave 30 points off the dragon's remaining health. Therefore, Anas quickly shouted lest Sigurd be accidentally eliminated by the dragon's attack.

"SWITCH!!"

However, no one from Annara's or Armand's team reacted. They were still focused on recovering their condition, as if they didn't hear the loud scream from Anas.

ROOAAARRR!!

The dragon attacked and sent Sigurd crashing into the wall. He didn't move an inch as his body fell heavily on the ground. It was unknown whether he was still conscious or not.

This left Micah by himself, to be the one who held the huge creature with his [Crystal Barrier]. The young man exerted everything he had till his face turned visibly red.

"SWITCHH!!", desperately shouted the usually indifferent Micah. By this point, he was literally begging for help, as he couldn't hold the dragon any longer.

However, Armand still didn't move and only replied with, "Hold on!! Give us 30 seconds!!"

Micah's expression turned completely pale when he heard that. Even though 30 seconds wasn't that long of a time, for him who was in this precarious situation, every second could easily determine the difference between his life and death.

He was enraged by those privileged acolytes' attitude and inwardly swore he would definitely give them his payback in the future. But now, he had to do everything he could to last for 30 seconds. Left with no options, Micah decided to use his lifesaving treasure.

After taking out a crystal ball that emitted a soft blue light, Micah swiftly clenched his fist and broke it into pieces. Immediately after, similar blue light enveloped his body and the former quickly felt his crystal spell being enhanced.

Without further ado, Micah cast another spell that generated a wall of crystal, quickly encasing him, Reyne and Anas together into a frozen ice block. At the same time, the crystal barrier that held the dragon down finally shattered.

BAM!

The dragon, as enraged as Micah, brought its skeletal paw high to the air and down to the ice block that protected Micah and the other two. The ice shook violently from the attack, but fortunately, it remained intact.

Realizing that the chunk of ice didn't break, the dragon became even more furious.

BAM!

The second attack came upon Micah and the others, and it managed to create a few cracks. This greatly startled the trio within. Alas, there was nothing they could do but watch, as the third attack descended.

BAM!

The third one landed directly at the ice crystal block and almost shattered it into pieces. Their situation became grimer as time passed, but Micah was seen smiling because he calculated that his lifesaving treasure would be enough to buy the 30 seconds he needed.

Alas, his smile was dashed from his face when he looked toward the other side and saw that they didn't budge at all. The Nephilims acolytes still sat there, closing their eyes. It was at this moment that Micah knew he had been fooled.

The crystal block was finally destroyed by the dragon's fourth attack. Micah spat out a mouthful of blood as the backlash hit him. Looking at how pale the former's face was, Anas snapped his head at the privileged acolytes' direction and screamed, "Switch, dammit!!"

Alas, the only thing he received from those people was a smile, one filled with mockery.

Emery, who was on the other side, was quickly concerned. He was about to rush forward, wanting to help the Kaleos' team, but Roran once again stopped him by grabbing his shoulder.

"No!! Wait!!"

A second later, the dragon opened its jaw that was filled with sharp teeth wide and bit Micah, separating his upper and lower part of body. After throwing the now lifeless body to the side, it turned its head to Anas and Reyne, ready to attack both of them.

The two watched in fear as the massive paw approached closer. At the very last second, Sigurd arrived and stopped the dragon's attack.

"AAARRRGGGHHH!!" Sigurd screamed.

It was at this time that Armand the Nephilim finally made his move. He ordered their [Soaring Shuttle] to fly toward Anas' side, however instead of targeting the dragon, the dozen golden flying weapons headed towards the three of them.

"You Nephilim bastards!!", was the last word Reyne said, as she was the one they targeted from all sides. Her body slowly dissipated into motes of lights, signaling her elimination from the game.

[Total number of acolytes: 16/692]

Next, the Soaring Shuttles made their way toward Sigurd, who was still battling the dragon.

Splat! Splat! Splat!

The Soaring Shuttles hit every part of Sigurd's body, leaving no spot untouched. Even so, the man was still standing firm, holding the dragon at bay with his huge axe.

The dozen of Soaring Shuttles circled around, as they wanted to make another attack. At this moment, Emery was ready to open his [Spatial Gate] to help. However, Roran still didn't let go of his hand on his shoulder.

The next attack by the shuttles would kill Sigurd for sure, or at least that was what Armand expected.

At the last moment, Anas made his move and held on a few of the shuttle back with his own flying weapons. Alas, his efforts were simply not enough.

Anas stood with his back against Sigurd's back. The two continued to struggle, the former with the Soaring Shuttle, while the latter with the Bone Dragon.

Emery never really liked the Kaleos guy, in fact, they behaved arrogantly and made his first year in Magus Academy extremely difficult. Even so, he was still annoyed for not helping someone in need when he actually can do something about it.

"Why?!" Emery said coldly, as he turned and looked at Roran straight in the eyes.

Facing the question, Harlight's protege answered in a calm voice. "Emery, you have to remember that this is just a game! If you help them, it will be us next who get attacked by the dragon! We should attack once the dragon was aiming for the Nephilims!"

Emery's mind was troubled and when he saw Sigurd's axe finally fell to the ground, he then finally decided.

"Like you said Roran, this is just a game, if we can't even save them in-game, I don't think we will ever save them in real life."

Emery instantly arrived with a [Blink] next to the two dying acolytes and quickly created a [Granite Wall] to hold both the dragon and the [Soaring Shuttle] attack.

Within seconds the granite wall was destroyed, but the three of them were no longer inside.

A space was distorted and a spatial gate was opened but to Roran's surprise, it wasn't on his side, but right next to the Nephilim acolytes instead.

Emery look toward the shocked Armand with a grin and said

"You dont mind we came to visit... right.... friend?"

Chapter 659 - Fallens

The situation happening with Micah's team was actually something to be expected. All of them knew this event would occur and that the only question they didn't know the answer to was, who would be unlucky enough to be abandoned by the other teams.

It was clear the task of defeating the Bone Dragon was impossible for any team to complete alone. The chances of success were not even certain with two teams collaborating together in tackling this great challenge.

Even the cooperation between Annara and Armand, two teams composed of all-star privileged class acolytes, were not enough. Hence, the reason for the collaboration of every acolyte in Group 7.

One had to know that Group 7's acolytes were barely managing, as they battled the Bone Dragon and whittled its health bit by bit. They cooperated because they all wanted to beat this challenge. However, things were not the same anymore the moment the dragon's health approached the 10% mark.

It was because each team was now confident they were able to defeat the dragon by themselves. Thus, all pretense of cordiality was immediately torn off when matters of glory were placed upon the table.

It wasn't that Micah nor the Kaleos didn't realize this. They just didn't expect the Nephilims would start when the dragon hadn't even reached 10% of its health. This slight from their part become their biggest mistake and cause of their tragedy.

Unfortunately, at the last moment, no one would ever imagine that one acolyte would go against expectation and meddle with Nephilims' plan by saving the Kaleos. As if that wasn't enough, the acolyte even brought the Bone Dragon to their steps.

This instantly enraged the Nephilims. They retaliated by throwing all of their [Soaring Shuttle] toward said acolyte.

The said acolyte, Emery looked toward Anas and said, "That is my cue. Good luck."

Right after he said that, Emery cast [Blink] again and disappeared from their side, leaving the Kaleos to deal with the Nephilims themselves. His figure reappeared at where his friends were.

Emery didn't agree with what the Nephilims did and even loathed them, but he had no responsibility to help the Kaleos either. After all, his act of kindness could easily complicate his group in a bad way, endangering them. Hence this was the best method he could think of.

When he returned and stood next to Roran, the man showed an amused look on his face.

"Hahahaha, that is indeed a way to deal with this matter!"

From the distance, they could clearly see and watch how the Kaleos managed to get their revenge. Sigurd transformed into a literal beast, as he ran amok one more time and disrupted the Nephilims' group, turning them into a crowd of headless chicks.

But by then, the Bone Dragon had graced them with its presence and quickly bit one of the Nephilim acolytes, eliminating him from this bonus challenge. Watching how their companion could do nothing but face his demise, the faces of Armand and the other Nephilim turned ugly.

They were forced to use their special ability, lest they suffered the same fate. A pair of glimmering golden wings appeared on their back as their figures rapidly flew away from the area, leaving the furious dragon alone with the two Kaleos.

Turning its attention to the two nearby preys, the Bone Dragon spun its body and utilized its tail to attack. Caught off guard, Sigurd was whipped away by the tail and sent flying dozens of meters through the air, crashing to the wall.

His body fell lifelessly onto the ground as he lost his consciousness. His entire body was completely covered by his own blood. As for Anas, he knew he couldn't even last one second with his condition and without Sigurd's assistance.

Knowing he would not be able to shake away the dragon that was chasing after him, instead of using his flying weapon on the dragon, he decided to send it toward the two Nephilims. This was his last act of retaliation.

Splat!

It managed to hit Armand's companion, making him lose his balance and fall to the ground. The dragon was only a meter behind Anas when the latter just decided to dash toward the fallen man. Anas was laughing madly in satisfaction, before he and the Nephilim were both smashed by the dragon's claw.

[Total number of acolytes : 13/692]

In the meantime, Armand placed his entire concentration on running as fast as he could toward Annara's team. A fearful look could be seen on his face, as he knew the Bone Dragon had turned its attention to him and was chasing just behind him.

"Help me!!!" Armand shouted desperately.

His face lost its color when he saw Annara had a smile he knew all too well, the same one he just gave to Micah before. Realizing his fate was sealed, Armand threw a hateful glare at her and screamed loudly.

"You damn bitchhh!!!"

BAM!

A booming sound rang in the air, as Armand's figure slammed to the ground. Accompanying it was the distinct sounds of many bones being broken.

The Nephilims were indeed great long range fighters. Unfortunately, when their formation was broken and with no one to help them fend off the enemy, they were simply unable to defend themselves.

[Total number of acolytes : 12/692]

After Armand's body dissipated into motes of light, Roran quickly told everyone to charge at once.

"This is it!! The last fight!", Roran shouted passionately. "Let's go! Don't hold back and muster everything you have!!"

[110/1000]

The Bone Dragon only had 11% of its initial health remaining, while the acolytes still had twelve people on their side. The two remaining groups swiftly focused their firepower, using everything in their repertoire to take the last points away and bring the dragon down as quickly as possible.

Clank! Clank!!

Now that they were attacking the dragon together, there were no longer any sides. At the moment, everyone just tried to dish out as much damage as they could, while also trying to not get killed by the dragon's retaliation.

However, to be sure, Roran still proposed to do what he did best.

Turning his head toward Annara, he shouted. "Let's make sure none of us attack each other!!"

While throwing her flaming whips at the dragon, Annara scoffed at his words. "Huh?! Roran, you are the worst of them all! Don't think I don't know what you're trying to pull off!! Don't you dare get close to me or else!!"

Even though she said those words, Annara was not so stupid as to reject the help in killing the dragon.

Everyone focused their battle arts, spells, and weapons at the Bone Dragon, bombarding it from every direction. Loud, rage-filled roars were unleashed by the dragon everytime it received critical damage.

[103/1000]

Clankk!! Clankkk!! BOOM! BOOM!

[101/1000]

One hitpoint more and the Bone Dragon would reach its last 10% health. However, it was at this moment that Chumo's [Eye of the Raven] suddenly reacted and showed him information, warning him that it was changing.

Chumo quickly grabbed Emery who was next to him and said, "Something is going to happen. Watch out!!"

[100/1000]

The moment the Bone Dragon reached the mark everyone had been waiting for, cracks suddenly appeared on its armor-like bones. This caught everyone by surprise. They didn't even have the chance to say anything before the cracks multiplied and exploded, sending hundreds of shards in all directions.

The explosion successfully threw everyone off their foothold and flung them away, inflicting various degrees of injuries.

Emery struggled to open his eyes, to see beyond the smoke that arose. The dragon was roaring loudly, appearing even stronger than before.

At this moment, a new notification came to everyone's mind. A notification that stunned all of them.

[Undead Dragon]

[Mythical Beast - Level 60]

[100/100]

[Battle power - undefined]

However, what shocked him next was the notification after it.

[Total number of acolytes : 9/692]

Group 7 just lost three more acolytes.

Chapter 660 - Undead

Without the armor-like skeletons covering its entire build, the previously Bone Dragon looked much smaller. It now looked like a skinned creature with some of its flesh torn and parts of its internal bones exposed.

However, despite its stature reduction and really unbecoming appearance, the dragon actually emitted a much stronger aura than what it displayed before. This naturally made the faces of all surviving acolytes turn awful.

Emery's eyes quickly checked around him, to see who else was actually still in the fight. He instantly became pale when he saw Chumo, who was currently lying not far from where he was with a huge bone shard embedded through his chest.

"No! No, Chumo! Please hang on!" Emery said, quickly approaching him.

Sliding his way toward Chumo, he quickly cast [Nature Blessing] on the latter. Exuberant green lights appeared in his hand, as they turned root-like and spreaded throughout Chumo's injured body, doing their best in healing the damage done.

Emery could clearly see Chumo's body trembling violently, struggling between the thin line of death and life. Hence, he immediately pumped more spirit energy onto the spell in hope of saving and clutching him out of the death's grasp.

While he was busy putting his attention on Chumo's critical condition, a figure came approaching Emery in hurried steps.

"Emery! You're still alive... This is good."

It was Roran, who was already wearing his new tier 4 armor. Emery recalled how the man was seen, as if he could no longer fight without the accompaniment of armor. Now, it was clear all that was just a mere pretense.

But knowing Roran's characteristics, it was to be expected.

The Harlight protege quickly told Emery that his subordinate, Amara, didn't make it through the Bone now Undead Dragon's flurry of sharp bone shards. The same fate also befell the half blood acolyte, Igor.

Not far on his left, Gerri focused his attention on healing the wounds he received, that luckily weren't that serious.

Meanwhile, Orion could be seen kneeling, trying his best to heal his twin brother Orycon, who was currently leaning weakly on the wall. Blood basically covered every inch of his body, telling others that his condition was far from good.

Alas, Orian's efforts were destined to be in vain, as a second later, Emery saw Orycon's body gradually fade and turn into motes of light like everyone else who was eliminated.

[Total number of acolytes : 8/692]

Another one had been eliminated and was sent out of the game. The bad news for Emery was, Chumo might join those people soon enough.

Realizing this, Roran quickly signaled to Orian to help Emery heal Chumo. After all, they really couldn't afford to lose another person.

Fortunately, Orycon's elimination didn't have too much of an impact on Orian. The young man quickly made his way over and did what he was asked to do.

"You have to prepare yourself to fight, Emery. I really have no idea what creature this is. It seems the headmaster has prepared this as a surprise for all of us."

The Harlight protege wasn't just known as someone who was well informed, he also somehow gained insider information about the Magus Games. Even so, this creature named Undead Dragon was not included in the information he collected.

To make matters difficult, what the Bone Dragon had just done was something purely from fantasy, something no normal Bone Dragon could do. However as they were in the virtual arena, everything evidently became possible.

The dragon unleashed a powerful roar, as if declaring to the world that it was ready to fight.

It quickly shot forward, charging toward the two figures that were standing on the far end of the cave-like room. The long-haired beauty Annara and her teammate, a privileged acolyte specialized in spear called Yunxiao.

The Undead Dragon rushed at the two. Emery could tell it was much faster than before. However, the two, as talented individuals chosen to be enrolled in privileged class, were prepared to such matters as they moved out of the trajectory perfectly.

Emery watched as Annara used a skill that made her entire complexion turn much paler, while her eyes went red, as if there were blazing flames inside of them. It looked like the Bat bloodline Transformation he had seen from the attacker that night in Terra kingdom, but more subtle.

The skill improved Annara's overall stats, increasing the value of everything across the board. Thanks to this, Annara gained the necessary speed she needed, while her whip attacks became stronger and fiercer.

Her partner, Yunxiao, was also not to be scorned. The young man was a formidable spear master and an acolyte with lightning affinity, an element that boasted great destructive power.

He swung the spear in his hand as he cast a lightning-based battle art technique. The tip of his spear vehemently crackled with numerous lightning currents, as the illusory shape of a dragon materialized upon it.

The collaboration between the two individuals fiercely bombarded the Undead Dragon with attacks from two different directions and was able to take down some of its health.

[93/100]

Seeing how the dragon wasn't as ferocious as they initially thought, Roran quickly called Emery and Gerri, who had somewhat recovered to join the fray and fight together. The three of them quickly rushed over, charging from the other side opposite Annara and Yunxiao.

Gerri immediately discharged his powerful spell [Pyroblast]. A massive, purplish ball of flame swiftly materialized and rapidly headed toward the Undead Dragon, creating a loud sound and explosion upon impact.

On the other hand, Emery attacked relentlessly with tier 4 sword tightly, while occasionally unleashing [Shadow Edge] when he got the opportunity. In the meantime, Roran increased his vigilance, as he was tasked with protecting the two people who were busy attacking from the vicious retaliation of the dragon's tails and claws.

"Die! Die! Die!" Gerri screamed madly, as he threw his [Pyroblast] like candies.

Each of his purplish fireball managed to take one point off the dragon's health, while Emery's [Shadow Edge], though not as frequent as the former, could shave off a staggering 4 points.

Within minutes, the Undead Dragon had lost 50 points of its health. Seeing this, the group started to feel elated.

"This is nothing much!" Gerri said smugly.

Roran, however, was still quiet and maintained his caution. The same could be said to Emery, who believed there was definitely something else about the dragon. And as expected, it indeed still has something in store.

The dragon suddenly unleashed a roar again. But this time, there was something different about it. It was able to shake their minds for a second. In that split window of opportunity, the dragon charged towards Gerri, who was the closest to it.

"Gerri!!"

Shaking off the awful sensation, Emery quickly cast [Blink] and helped his friend. He was barely able to, as when he reappeared, Gerri had already lost one of his arms and part of his shoulder. Luckily, the two of them managed to get away with their life intact.

"Urgh...", groaned Gerri weakly, while blood kept pouring out the wound like a gushing river.

"Hold on there, Gerri. I will try to heal you." Emery said, as he roused the greenish spirit energy in his body.

Emery was about to cast [Nature Blessing] on Gerri, when he was distracted by Roran's loud voice. He turned his head over and saw the dumbfounded look on the latter's face. Confusion only overtook him for a moment, before he quickly realized the reason.

The health of the Undead Dragon that they had painstakingly reduced had returned to its original state.

[100/100]