

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 451 - Everything At Once

Jason knew that he had no time to waste because the Doom Crawl he was faced was much stronger than he thought it would be.

He utilized his mana eyes' abyss ability and Petri's petrification curse in order to intimidate the Doom Crawl for a short moment.

At the same time, he exerted the race specific weakening curse to its fullest extent by using a majority of his stored mana.

This weekend the Doom Crawl's physical strength by a large margin.

Only a moment later, Jason's stigma and the transmuted Celestia aura were fully unleashed as he used up every little trace of mana within his mana core to enveloped Byakur with Solaris' compressed black flames.

By utilizing every trump he had, at once, Jason was able to take on the Doom Crawl by surprise.

It had already been astonished that Jason's long-range attack could injure it, but at the same time, the Doom Crawl had thought that it took a large margin of Jason's mana!

This was the biggest mistake it had made as it was caused by underestimating Jason's strength, just because he was a human!

Jason never expected that nobody was able to perceive that he was a halfling and not a pure human being, but this was great to know!

The stigma didn't release any particular mana fluctuations that would allow anyone to figure out that he was a foreign race.

It was only the glow and how the stigma's look that would attract some attention, while Jason's Celestia aura had been transmuted, preventing anyone from determining that he was a halfling from the Celestia race.

One might figure out that his aura was not that of a human, but in order to comprehend this, one had to look everything up from closer!

Thus, only when Jason had emerged right in front of the Doom Crawl, did it understand in what kind of dangerous situation as a faint "Halfling?" escaped its mouth.

However, before the Doom Crawl could say anything else, Jason had already cut through its neck, targeting the area with the fewest mana currents that protected it!

After that, the Doom Crawl screamed out in pain before it tried to push Jason away.

Yet, instead of allowing the Doom Crawl to touch him, Jason jumped back, only to look at the dying Doom Crawl without any pity.

When its body went limp he took its spatial ring before he picked up the injured Ariyos after reassuring that he was fine.

Having used up all of his mana, Jason felt extremely exhausted.

Instead of joining the fray to continue fighting, he decided to take care of the injured Ariyos and humans while collecting every single dead corpse.

He didn't distinguish between humans, Ariyos, or one of the four races they were currently fighting.

Jason had multiple reasons to do so, but the biggest reason was that he wanted to take the humans and Ariyor with him in order to give them a proper funeral while collecting the four race's corpses was much easier than taking their spatial ring with him.

This was because the corpse would vanish inside his spatial ring, while the other race's spatial rings would fall on the ground or be drawn to Jason.

The latter was only possible because he used some of his replenished mana to envelop the spatial rings to pull them towards him.

He just stored them inside a large pouch that hung on his belt without caring what he might find inside the spatial rings.

At the same time, he brought the injured Ariyor and humans back to the quickly established infirmary Jason found in the back of the battlefield.

The infirmary was already overflowing and Jason wanted to help out, however, he was more a burden than a great help with his capabilities.

There was nothing he could do except rescue everyone that had been injured.

At the same time, he tried to avoid fighting against others as his whole body was aching from having used every trump at once!

This was not something he should do lightly and it was better to recuperate instead of overestimating his strength once again.

With that in mind, several hours passed before the battle had ended with a more shocking result than expected!

The Lyran race that had been overwhelmed by the small four-race alliance was able to retaliate when the Ariyor race and five big clans had ambushed the alliance!

This allowed the Lyran and the Greil clan to fight against a smaller number of opponents at once.

The more time passed the more obvious the disadvantage of the small four-race alliance and their morale began to plummet.

In the end, they had overestimated their own capabilities, only because they had been an army of 500,000 members!

It was unknown if there were other more armies of the small four-race alliance, but Jason and the others were confident that they had inflicted major damages to the small alliance!

What Jason had not known was that they had just rescued the Greil clan, from which Till Greil hailed!

This astonished him a little bit and Jason wondered whether Till or maybe even Seron was there!

With the number of spatial rings in his large pouch, Jason was sure that he wouldn't have to pay attention to collecting more cultivation resources.

However, that was not important right now.

He wanted to figure out whether Till Greil or Seron Gier was in the Greil clan!

As such he manifested Artemis' wings on his back and flew towards the Greil clan headquarters that looked more like ruins than the magnificent building complex it should have been before!

While flying towards the Greil headquarters, Jason extinguished Solaris' flames around his head.

Jason retraced his Celestia aura and the glow on his stigma too which allowed him to look like a normal youth.

That was if one were to disregard his natural confidence, the masses of blood that had drenched his combat clothes, and the fact that his stigma looked like a large golden-silverish-colored tattoo!

It didn't take long before he had arrived within the destroyed building complex as he took a look around.

He could see many injured humans and there was a foreign race he had never seen before.

The Lyrans were bipedal beings that looked similar to humans, just that their entire being was glowing in a faint white glow.

Other than that, there was a faint halo around the Lyrans' heads, and from the outer appearance, they looked extremely strong.

However, Jason could easily decipher that they were at most on par with the Ifrytor race that was among the weakest foreign races Jason had encountered until now!

If his assumption was not wrong, the Lyrans were even weaker than the Ifrytors, because their number was much lower compared to the Ifrytors.

This might be wrong, but Jason had other things to take care of, and he didn't want to bother thinking about the Ifrytor race!

As such he activated his mana eyes in order to search for familiar mana fluctuations.

He found Fasro and Shane's mana fluctuations but other than that he was unable to perceive anyone else he knew.

That was until five minutes had passed and the last combat unit of the Greil family returned.

Jason's eyes lit up as he perceived familiar mana fluctuations and he couldn't help but shout

"Teacher!....Till!!"

He waved to Till, who was confused when he saw Jason.

'Do I know him?... WAIT? IS THAT JASON???'

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 452 - Desperation

If Till had been unable to sense Jason's mana fluctuations, he wouldn't have recognized him at all!

It seemed as if everything about Jason had changed.

Except for his mana fluctuations, only the golden-colored eyes that were mixed with a little bit silver were similar to how he had looked before.

Nevertheless, Till Greil couldn't help but dive towards Jason before he disintegrated the wings on his back as he hesitantly asked

"You...are Jason, right?"

When Jason heard this, he couldn't help but smile as he said

"Obviously, I'm Jason! Who else could I be? How are you doing, and where is Seron? Is everything fine with him and his family too?"

Till was glad that it was really Jason, who stood in front of him, however, the question he was asking caused him to ponder for a moment.

"You can already see that I'm alive, but that's everything I can proudly say...the whole clan seems to be on the brink of destruction and not even the Lyran race is able to overcome the attack of the small four-race alliance!

About Seron, he shouldn't have too many problems, and it would be weird if he were dead. The Gier family told him to return right before the war broke out, but I haven't heard any bad news about the Gier clan!

Rather than that, they seem to have established a large army with all human powerhouses that survived until now!

Are you with the Shaibi clan? Shane should be here too then! He should be careful with the Drake clan! They're becoming crueler the more time passes... it's just disgusting!"

Jason had heard about the Gier family's army, but he hadn't been sure about Seron's whereabouts at that time.

However, when he heard Till's warning against the Drake family, his lips twitched.

"Jael Drake has already visited the Shandra country once and knows that Shane is not only alive but also that he has killed Old Drake..."

Till's eyes widened for a moment before he mumbled

"That's bad...the Drake clan and My?Idra race are not to be taken lightly..."

Only a moment later he said with little confidence

"I shouldn't worry too much, Shane will be fine...but I would like to meet and talk with him if possible"

Jason could tell that Till tried to hide something from him, but instead of pressuring him to tell him everything, Jason remained silent.

He just nodded his head and summoned Artemis' wings before he soared into the air to fly towards Shane and Fasro.

Till followed him without hesitation while thinking that something about Jason had changed.

'His whole demeanor is different compared to two years ago! Did he lose his youthfulness or did something else happen to him?'

It was not uncommon for someone to change, even less if one was thrown into a war with multiple foreign races that tried to reign over mankind.

In the end, the human race was only seen as a tool to become stronger and everyone whether one was young or old, strong or weak, began to understand this!

Humanity was just too weak!!

Nevertheless, when Till inspected Jason's mana core, he couldn't help but feel shocked as he exclaimed

"There are 20 drops of liquefied mana within your mana core!! Aren't you just 16 years old..maybe a few months older??"

Even though Jason would have felt proud under normal circumstances, he couldn't help but think that he was still not strong enough.

Otherwise, Scorpio wouldn't have to sacrifice his life to save him!

"It's still not enough" Jason thus answered, and Till noticed a glint of sorrow within Jason's eyes.

As such he decided that it was better to stay silent instead of saying something wrong if he had not already done that!

Once Jason had brought Till to Shane, who stood next to the Greil family patriarch, one of the strongest Lyran and Fasro, he wanted to leave.

However, Fasro and Shane told him that he should listen to everything which caused the Lyran and Greil family patriarch to eye him.

"I don't think it is necessary for someone as weak as this young human to listen to our important discussion" The Lyran said, and Jason could tell that he had something against humans or just him as a person.

Yet, instead of telling Jason that he should leave as the Greil patriarch and Lyran were expecting, Fasro turned to the Lyran as he said

"I think you should apologize! Without this 'weak and young human' you and every other Lyran, no less human would be dead by now! He proposed to save all of you after all!"

Jason acted as if he was not listening, but he couldn't help but think that Fasro was exaggerating the facts a little bit.

Nevertheless, both the Lyran and Greil patriarch understood the meaning behind Fasro's words and turned quiet.

They didn't thank Jason, but he could tell that their view of him had changed within a single moment.

After that they had released their mana fluctuations in order to figure out more about his strength, only to see that he had barely 20 drops of liquefied mana within his mana core.

"Weak...as expected.." The Lyran mumbled subconsciously, while the Greil patriarch's reaction was the complete opposite as he exclaimed.

"How old are you???"

Till, who had already occupied Shane in order to talk with him heard his ancestor exclaiming which caused a faint smile to emerge on his lips as he said

"He is not even 17 years old!"

The Greil patriarch eyed Jason in shock and was about to say something, when Jason's mana eyes perceived strong mana ripples.

His calm demeanor changed within a single moment, and he supplied more mana into his eyes as he saw that someone within the crowd of injured and exhausted humans took out something from his spatial ring.

Only a moment later Jason sensed an astronomical amount of mana surging into the item that had been taken out, supplemented by the surrounding mana stones which the middle-aged man had taken out.

It was a rocket launcher, with terrific impact!

The sheer amount of mana that was compressed within the rocket launcher was shocking, but the moment Jason had noticed that something was wrong he had already ordered Solaris' to help him create compressed, high-temperature flames in front of every single finger of his hands.

At the same time, he had already created ten threads of mana which he led to each finger.

He even ignored his injured hand that had barely started to heal after he had gulped down several potions and spread a healing solution over it.

It was unknown whether the others could react fast enough, but Jason was sure that he was the first one to notice that something was wrong as his mana eyes made this possible.

The others had only been astonished when Jason's demeanor changed suddenly, only to notice a middle-aged man behind them cried out.

"CAN'T YOU FOREIGN RACES LEAVE US ALONEE????"

It was a cry in despair which was something, every citizen felt in the recent era of death and war.

However, uncommon was the fact that everyone sensed a sudden, enormous amount of mana gathering at one place as Jason pushed aside Fasro, who was targeted by the middle-aged man that had begun to cry when he pulled the trigger.

There was no time for Jason to wonder what was going on because the ammunition within the rocket launcher that was filled with the entire gathered mana had been released at once.

"Oh F*ck!!" He could barely exclaim, when he instinctively unleashed his stigma and Celestia aura, knowing that it would be impossible to face the rocket that shot towards him at a shockingly high velocity.

At that moment, Artemis transferred every trace of mana towards Jason, while Solaris made use of it!

Just a second later, Jason lifted his hands to the height of his chest and the moment his wrists came in touch with each other, he fired 10 compressed black fire bullets at once.

Suddenly, without him realizing it, a huge black flame shell had formed within the palms of his hands.

It was shot towards the rocket as a huge explosion and the devastation of the surrounding followed suit.

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 453 - You Belong To Me Now!

Jason panted heavily and flinched when he felt that all bones in his hands were breaking.

This happened a moment after he had shot out the 10 black fire bullets, followed by the large black fire shell Solaris' had instinctively created out of Artemis' mana.

Fortunately enough, all of his attacks had been enough to destroy the rocket launcher's attack, whose strength was on par with someone at the late Lique stage!

His mana eyes had perceived that the middle-aged man who tried to kill Fasro with the ambush had yet to enter the Lique stage which was probably the reason for everyone to be off guard against him.

However, Jason found the whole situation to be extremely weird, and instead of paying attention to his hands that had gone limp, he utilized Artemis' wings in order to catapult himself towards the middle-aged man that was still crying.

"D-Did...I kill it??" Jason heard him mumbling, however, there was neither happiness nor joy in his voice.

Only a moment after Jason had reacted, the others who had already solidified prismatic crystals began to move.

It was astonishing that Jason had been faster than them, at least for those who were unaware of his mana eyes.

Thanks to the mana ripples he had sensed before anything had even happened, Jason could act much faster than the rest.

This had, most likely, also saved the middle-aged man's life because Jason had already emerged in front of him.

His golden-silverish eyes that had been supplied with a faint trace of mana stared straight into the man's eyes that were filled with fear, desperation, the desire to live, to not be suppressed.

Jason was not sure if he understood the glint in the man's eyes correctly, but he was unable to perceive any anger or the intent to kill anyone.

This was weird, but when he was able to sense the middle-aged man's sorrow and his trembling hands whose grip around the rocket launcher had loosened, Jason couldn't help but sigh.

In the end, Jason was overly familiar with the sorrow the middle-aged man radiated because he had been the same only two months ago.

'Does he want to take revenge on the foreign races for taking someone he loved dearly?'

At the moment he thought this, Shane, the Greil family patriarch, and Fasro had already emerged next to Shane with their mana fully utilized, ready to kill the assassin.

However, just as they were to take the middle-aged man's life, Jason took a step forward, hindering the others in their approach as he said

"Stop" His voice was quiet and without much willpower, but everyone was able to hear Jason.

Not sure why he would tell them to stop, they instinctively halted in their tracks before their mana was retracted.

Only a moment later, Till, who had been slightly slower than the rest had emerged next to Shane, only to look at Jason's hands.

"Ugh...that looks painful...." He just said before he summoned his soulbond.

The greater blessed wolf that emerged next to Till immediately started to release its holy light affinity that begun to envelop Jason's hand.

Jason, who had ignored the pain in his hands with his utmost efforts, couldn't help but sigh as he looked at them for the first time.

"My body is just too weak to bear the full impact of the black fire bullets, no less the black fire rocket..."

He was just mumbling all kinds of words, but nobody was able to tell why Jason was so easily distracted.

His back faced the middle-aged man, whose legs had already given up as he began to cry bitterly.

When Jason noticed this he had tried to ignore it as well as possible, but this was not feasible, because the Lyran targeted the middle-aged man with his killing intent.

"Can you stop that, please? It's not like you've been attacked or injured, right?"

If the leader of the Lyran race had been fast enough to defend the rocket, Jason would have accepted his anger, but Fasro had been targeted by the middle-aged man and he had stopped the attack.

As such there was no need for the Lyran to act like this.

Jason's words caused the Lyran to stiffen for a moment and he was about to retort how a lowly being like Jason dared to have such an attitude towards him when he saw his bright glowing stigma.

The stigma above Jason's right eye was glowing brightly and it had begun to connect itself to his Celestial aura that had loosened some of the blood-red hue.

As such, the Lyran was able to tell that Jason was definitely not a normal human being!

"You...You are not a--" However, before the Lyran could say anything, Fasro had already shut his mouth as he mumbled

"Say another word and the race he hails from will obliterate your whole race, planet, and everyone close to you!"

Fasro was just saying this because he had no idea whether the other race of Jason's heritage knew about his existence, if they were to do something to take care of him, or if he had simply been abandoned as a halfling.

The latter was unlikely because mankind's soul-awakening was among the best possible soul-awakenings a race could have! Awakening a strong soul world in the soul-awakening process allowed humans to become even stronger than prodigies from higher races.

That was under the condition that their environment was suitable and the surrounding mana not as scarce as it was on Argos!

As such, Fasro was sure that the last reason he had in mind was extremely unlikely, while the former was also not likely to be the cause for him to live on Argos!

There had to be something else, but Fasro could tell that Jason was as ignorant to the truth as he was!

While Fasro and the others were deep in thoughts, trying to figure out what had happened and how they had been unable to perceive the ambush on them, Jason only stared at the crying middle-aged man and the rocket launcher next to him.

He had never seen such a high-technology advanced weapon empowered by mana and made from human hands, and the only similar tools were the soul-awakening orb, the mana mastery orb, and the dome.

Without minding that the man was crying Jason simply asked

"Did you manufacture the rocket launcher by yourself?"

Because he felt that the middle-aged mana didn't want to kill anyone, Jason tried to ignore the fact that Fasro, or in fact he himself had almost been blown into smithereens.

In the end, he was still alive and there might as well be the chance to make us of the middle-aged man's assassination.

Yet, this was only possible, if he had manufactured the rocket launcher, otherwise, the middle-aged man had nothing that could help Jason out.

Solaris' highly compressed black fire bullets were extremely lethal and they didn't even require a huge amount of mana if properly controlled and adjusted according to his opponent's strength.

The crying man thought he was about to die and had already accepted his fate, when he heard that Jason was speaking to him.

He was not even sure whether he even wanted to live or not since his life had been turned upside down since the foreign races had invaded Canir, and killed almost everyone from his family.

Only his sister was left...

However, somehow, Jason's question caused his tears to cease after he had acknowledged being the manufacturer of the mana empowered rocket launcher.

"In that case, you belong to me now!..."

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 454 - Insane

"In that case, you belong to me now!..."

When the middle-aged man and the others around Jason heard his words, they were baffled and even Shane wanted to intervene.

But when he saw determination glimmering in his disciple's eyes, Shane knew that he would be unable to change Jason's decision.

"Huh...but why...and how? Don't you want to kill me? I nearly killed you...and look at your hands...!!!"

The middle-aged man was unable to understand anything. Instead of the harsh punishment he had expected to receive, Jason just smiled at him as he said

"If you are really the creator of these rocket launchers, I want you to work for me! If you don't feel like it, just apologize by helping me out once or twice! At least you almost killed me..or rather Fasro!"

Fasro wouldn't have died, but Jason didn't want to destroy the man's illusion. Despite the pain in his hands, he couldn't help but feel pity.

Ten minutes had passed and the chaotic situation began to ease as Jason had some time to speak with the middle-aged man, whose name was Mike Asdra, alone.

The others stepped back giving them some space, yet, they didn't retreat fully because Mike had just attacked Fasro, who had saved the Greil clan and whole kingdom from the small four-race alliance!

Who knew whether he would do something like this again!

He called himself a simple man who had just wanted to create better weapons that could be used by other citizens without a great mana aptitude or high mana core rank!

Mike had initially begun to manufacture weapons like rocket launchers and certain types of pistols in order to protect citizens from humans with ill-intentions and ferocious beasts that might invade cities and protected areas during a beast tide!

How could he have known that a war was about to start!

Mike had also told Jason that his wife had the most knowledge about mana devices and that he had only learned a little bit in order to create mana guns and other similar devices.

Unfortunately, she and Mike's daughter had been killed shortly after the war of the foreign races had begun, from an individual of a foreign race at that.

As such Mike began to hate foreign races and he could barely accept the Lyran race because they tried to protect the Grier family and kingdom!

In the end, he had attacked Fasro, thinking that he belonged to one of the four races of the small four-race alliance!

As such it was a big misunderstanding caused by the terror the Ariyor race's appearance and mana fluctuations caused to Mike's mental health that was already unstable!

This caused Jason to sigh in relief because it might be better to save Mike than kill him, because of the mistake he had made!

Mike was still not sure what Jason wanted to do when he recalled how he had defended against the rocket launchers attack that was on par with a Lord rank ranked elemental attack!

"I...might say something rude now, but do you want me to manufacture a rocket launcher for you too? If I'm not wrong, your hands are unable to bear the impact of the compressed mana you release at once, in a single direction...If that's the case....I'm...not sure if I can do that..."

It was not difficult to comprehend what Jason wanted from him and Mike's guess was spot on.

If he were to be able to shoot the black fire bullets out of a rocket launcher, rifle, or to be more precise a small pistol, his fingers wouldn't have to bear the impact as the weapon's materials would have to do so!

However, what Jason had not expected was that Mike was reluctant to help him.

He had almost killed him after all!

"Is there a particular reason why you cannot, or maybe why you don't like to help me?"

Jason tried to figure out Mike's issue, but there was not really a solution to it.

Meanwhile, the male from the Lyran race tried to speak to Fasro in the universal language.

He wanted to figure out what Jason was or from which race he belonged.

Yet, instead of answering, Fasro could only sigh

"You should know the answer for yourself. My knowledge about this youth's situation might be broader than yours but he is also a mystery to me! But let me repeat myself. If you don't want anything to happen to your race, or anyone close to you, I can just give you a tip; stay away from Jason, or don't spread any information about him!"

Fasro was not sure why he had even answered the Lyran race, but he felt like he was about to expose Jason's secret right off the bat.

Jason had just retraced his stigma's glow and the aura around him, and it was not difficult to perceive how exhausted he was!

He had deflected an attack at the late Lique stage after all!

This was something that had shocked Fasro and the others greatly, but it was more embarrassing that Jason's reaction had been faster than theirs.

Fasro knew that he wouldn't have died, or even received a severe injury after getting hit by the rocket that had been launched at him, yet, Jason had given his best to protect him.

It might have been unnecessary, but Fasro could tell that Jason would protect others despite being at a disadvantage.

As such, Fasro felt like he had to help out Jason to a certain extent too!

Only a few more minutes had passed before Jason and Mike came to a conclusion.

Mike had been unable to decide whether he wanted to help Jason because he was not sure whether Jason would use the weapons he created against humans as he might have been manipulated by other foreign races, or if he were to use those weapons against humanity's enemies.

Jason found this reasonable and at the same time a little bit ridiculous, he had just fought against the small four-race alliance with his life on the line after all!

There was also another reason for Mike to be unsure whether he was capable of creating a useful weapon for Jason or not.

He didn't know anything about Jason's capabilities, strength, the weapon he wanted to have manufactured, and so on.

As such he had said that he was not sure about it.

Unfortunately, even after speaking with Jason, Mike was unable to tell whether or not he was able to manufacture the weapons as Jason wanted!

'His fire's ability is constantly becoming stronger, and he wants a gun he can handle with one hand? At the same time, this weapon should be able to shoot out attacks on the same level as someone at the Sovereign rank? How is he supposed to handle the recoil and what the hell is he trying to do?'

Mike had already been confused why Jason did not kill him yet, but from the looks of it, Jason's mental state was even worse than his own!

'He is definitely insane! How should I create the weapons he wants?'

"Can you handle it?"

Yet, when? Mike looked into Jason's eyes that glimmered with ambition and determination, he couldn't help but gulp.

'He is definitely serious about every single word he has said!!'

"I....I'll give it a try..."

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 455 - Manufacturing

Two weeks had passed since the five big clans and the Ariyor race had defeated the small four-race alliance.

They had rescued the Lyran race and the Greil clan, whom they brought to the Shandra country.

During the last two weeks, Jason's strength increased by a small margin, with three new liquefied drops of mana.

Other than that, Petri had received the life force Solaris had absorbed which thickened the white evolution cocoon around his body.

The cocoon enlarged, but Jason was aware that this was just Petri increasing in size.

He felt that Petri's curses were changing too, and it was more difficult to utilize them during the metamorphosis they seem to undergo.

However, it was still possible, and Jason practiced his martial art skills while utilizing every means he had at hand to become stronger.

Since he had barely defeated the Doom Crawl that had 400 drops of liquefied mana in its mana core, Jason had become more careful about the utilization of all of his abilities at once.

He had to, otherwise, it was likely that he had to suffer a lot!

A single mistake could decide over life and death!

Thus, Jason wanted to be perfectly prepared, knowing what he could do, and what he had to pay attention to.

Nevertheless, he had stopped practicing the Devious Swordmaster martial art technique because he noticed that it was filled with flaws.

It sounded ridiculous to himself, but the Tier-2 martial art technique had become child's play to him.

At least that was how it felt since he had awoken the Celestia race's bloodline within him.

The only technique he wanted to improve was the weightless steps technique which was probably because it was the cloned, yet flawed version of the Grier family's Floating sky movement technique!

This movement technique was a technique belonging to a foreign race and more profound than any technique the human race had ever made.

Unfortunately, Jason did not get his hand on this technique, and there was only one sequence he remembered about it.

Nevertheless, the last two weeks were extremely interesting for Jason in other aspects too!

He had forged lots of different alloys and all kinds of small objects he had never heard about before.

Yet, they seemed to be important in order to help Mike in manufacturing the weapons according to Jason's needs!

There were many things Mike had to pay attention to, however, the most important was the amount of force it could execute.

After Jason had explained how he shot the black fire bullets and that it was essential for him to involve his black fire affinity into every single of his bullets!

There was no need for him to use ammunition, but Mike told him that it would reduce his mana consumption.

At the same time, this made everything easier about adjusting the amount of utilized mana according to his opponent's strength as he would use unitary bullets that were customized for him.

Mike had manufactured two weapons for him and both were desert eagles.

One of them was black in color, looking like a normal desert eagle if one were to disregard the numerical runes inscribed on it while strong mana currents radiating from the desert eagle's materials!

Meanwhile, the other desert eagle had a wider barrel than the first one and was red in color. The number of runes inscribed on it was higher while the mana currents radiating from it were denser.

In the beginning, Jason was not sure what exactly the difference between those weapons had been, but the results by testing both desert eagles out were shocking!

The black desert eagle used the smaller bullets that required less mana than the second type of large, armor-piercing bullets the red desert eagle could utilize.

While summoning a compressed black flame at the barrel's mouth, he inserted some mana into the desert eagle's ammunition before shooting them out.

Because he had already faintly utilized Solaris' black flame affinity while filling the ammunition with mana, the compressed black flame at the mouth of the barrel ignited the ammunition that was enveloped in a faint membrane of mana.

While manufacturing the desert eagles and ammo for them, Mike and Jason had to plan out several scenarios and it was the most important to prevent any accidents from occurring.

However, what they hadn't expected was that they created devastating weapons that were strong enough to kill most opponents Jason would have to face in the near future.

While he could use Kumo, how he called the black desert eagle, in order to shoot several times in succession, without the need to use up too much mana, Degar, the red desert eagle, was for the stubborn opponents with high defense capabilities!

Both weapons were made out of the best materials Jason could procure from the big clans and he just had to exchange mana stones or body refinement techniques with some translations within them.

He translated them by himself which allowed him to receive huge amounts of resources and everything else he required in exchange for the translations!

To most big clans it didn't even matter how compatible their descendants were to those body refinement manuals.

This was because everyone had started to become desperate and Jason's translated body refinement manuals were a safe path to become a little bit stronger within a short period!

If there hadn't been a war, Jason would have refrained from translating the body refining manuals he found within the spatial rings of the deceased foreign races, but mankind's stance against the Drake clan and M?lydra race was worse than he had initially expected.

Furthermore, nobody knew that he had translated the manuals because there were only a few that knew about his capabilities! He had just used the Ariyor race to find a scapegoat for his lie and everything else had been perfectly fine!

Two weeks had passed and the M?lydra race alliance had already annihilated three more big clans and races on their conquest through Canir!

Weirdly enough, it seemed like the My?ldra race wanted to save Shane, the six big clans, the Ariyor race, and now the Lyran race for the end!

This gave them enough time to prepare themselves which was the weird point!

Why would the My?ldra race even allow this?

The only somewhat feasible answer was that Jael Drake wanted to take Shane and the rest down when their last ray of hope had been extinguished.

However, how could Jael Drake, who had been manipulated by the My?ldra race comprehend that this decision was what would make him suffer even more!

Standing on the shooting range he took a look at the two types of ammo Mike had already manufactured for him.

One type of ammo was for Kumo to use in order to shoot several bullets in short succession without losing out strength that was comparable to a mid Lique stage, while the other ammo required a huge

amount of mana, however, it was strong enough to pierce through materials that were said to be as strong as a Lord rank, or late Lique stage would be.

Right now, Jason was unable to use both weapons for too long because his mana consumption was still too high, but the sheer impact caused by the desert eagles was enough to be astonished.

The bullets he used would be enveloped in Solaris' black flames, immediately after they left the barrel.

Burning through the mana membrane surrounding the ammunition, Jason and Mike had only perceived that the bullet pierced into its target before it had exploded!

This had astonished both, but Jason's mana eyes had perceived what had happened!

The moment after the bullets pierced into the target, the mana weakened mana membrane that had been burned by Solaris' flame had completely vanished.

This caused a chain reaction and the used ingredients to construct the desert eagle's ammo inflated and exploded!

Literally everything about those two desert eagles was expensive, but the price was definitely worth the results he obtained.

Manufacturing the weapons took the longest, but even the ammunition was not easy to produce.

As such Jason was told to be careful when using it.

However, how should Mike have known that Jason was not known for being careful or stingy when it came to fighting against his opponents!

If it was helpful, Jason would use hundreds of bullets in order to attack and kill his enemies as long as he was able to survive or rescue someone!

This was just how he was.

Despite being seen as extremely young and weak, Jason knew better than anyone else that the number of liquefied drops of mana within one's mana core was only one of several indicators to determine one's strength!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 456 - Hopeless

Everyone had returned to the Shiabi clan headquarters that was slowly becoming too small to accommodate six big clans and two foreign races!

As such, they had to expand their camps a little bit.

However, other things had to be taken care of!

While Jason had begun to translate the body refining manuals, he noticed a few things he had not realized earlier.

Excluding the information about some races, there was also information about those that were eligible to learn the manuals he translated and those that were not compatible with the techniques!

As such, he was able to tell that the Ifrytor's body refining technique was not incompatible with humans as long as one was unable to procure life force through other means.

This was interesting, but even more so was the fact that the Doom Crawls had a neutral physical body refinement technique!

It was compatible with everyone which was interesting to know, and one was fortunately not required to be cursed.

With that in mind, Jason had begun to translate and copy his translations at a rapid pace.

If it was possible to strengthen everyone equal to a few drops of liquefied mana, this would be a great achievement.

As such, the price for his translated body refinement techniques began to decrease and he had even requested help.

He wanted to hire someone copying his translated parts word by word.

They had to be bound by an advanced soul contract because Jason didn't want that his identity would be exposed, but that was no problem.

As such, with the manufacturing process of his weapon, the translation of body refinement manuals, forging, absorption of mana, refinement of his physique, and adjustment of his body to every single ability he had, Jason did not sleep a single minute.

However, that was not required and instead of doing something needless, Jason was determined to make use of every minute of the day!

Unfortunately, this was not enough to accomplish everything he had wanted to before news about the army from a small four-race alliance arrived in the Shandra country.

Initially, Jason and the others had thought that they annihilated the Doom Crawls, Thudra race, Ganasia race, and Malidar race!

Yet, that didn't seem to be the case and the army they had defeated had to be a small part of those that had fled!

Nevertheless, the news about the army of the small four race was not enough to shock Jason and the rest!

Instead, it was the news about the Drake clan, My?Idra- and Burane race suppressing and annexing multiple big clans and races!

This was the worst that could happen and the whole Drake alliance seemed to have become a huge army with millions of soldiers!

Most of them were humans at the Lique stage, but they were not considered a threat!

The real threat were the foreign races at the Prismar stage!

Even though the Ariyor race was superior to the most common and even higher races because of their combat experience and prowess, there were too many opponents and the My?Idra race was even stronger than them!

As such, the Ariyor race's morale plummeted while everyone started to become desperate.

Jason had even heard some Ariyor that started to debate whether they should retreat to their own world or not.

It was only obvious that they valued their life as every living being would.

Because of that Jason was able to understand that the benefits the Ariyor race obtained from the Shiabi clan were not worth the death of several tens of thousand Ariyos!

Yet, Jason was still able to see a ray of hope!

That was at least until Fasro had approached him as he said

"I..don't know what you want to hear right now, but it's a fact that we can't win against the Drake alliance! Even though we have six big clans and two foreign races, this would be barely enough to fight against the My?ldra race and Drake family!

We, the Ariyor race, and the Lyran race might be strong enough to face the My?ldra race together, but what about the Drake family? Are the six weakened big clans strong enough to fight them head-on?

According to the information we obtained, the M?lydra race utilized every means to support the Drake family and their equipment is on par with the Elite units of common races!

Furthermore, they have practiced Terra-Advanced body refining techniques to a high degree which means that they had prepared everything for a long time.

In the beginning, we were still hopeful that we might be able to help the Shiabi clan, but this war has already been lost!!

...If you want we can take you and everyone important around you with us...but I don't think the Ariyor race will stay much longer on Argos!"

Fasro's words struck Jason like thunder, and his last ray of hope seemed to shatter into smitherness.

Jason's mind repeated the words one after another, several times before he was able to look at Fasro as he said

"So...there is really no hope for Argos left?"

He had already felt that the My?ldra race would be extremely difficult to defeat, but Jason never wanted to accept that their chances were that bad.

It had hit everyone hard, when news about the Drake family and the My?ldra race colluding with another higher race, but the fact that this small alliance had even begun to suppress and annex the other races that tried to reign over Argos was shocking.

This was out of everyone's expectations and nobody of the Ariyor race would have thought that this might happen.

The My?Idra race was arrogant and didn't title themselves as the strongest higher race only to accept the help of weaker races.

Because of that, the Ariyor race had already been confused that they colluded with the Burane race, which was deemed as weaker than the My?Idra race.

Nevertheless, the Burane race was still a higher race and not one of the common races they had annexed!

This should have been a disgrace to the My?Idra race and not something they would normally do in order to conquer a lowly planet that had yet to awaken its mana heart for millennia!

There had to be an instance that caused the My?Idra race to change their mind about their behavior, but neither Jason nor the Ariyor race knew what kind of situation could have created this mind-changing behavior!

Jason felt gratitude towards Fasro because of his great offer.

However, he was sure that his masters wouldn't follow him to the Ariyor race's world!

Furthermore, Jason did not plan to leave them for now. He didn't want to lose someone important to him anymore, even if that meant that he had to become a Devil, massacring millions of living beings!

Solaris was his chance to become stronger and by utilizing enough mana, absorbing its opponents' life force, and digesting it, he might increase his chances to survive.

Nevertheless, they would remain infinitely close to 0!

Jason was fully aware of this and he was torn back and forth as he reluctantly asked.

"When.... Are you and the Ariyos departing?"

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 457 - Will You Be Okay?

Fasro gave Jason one week to think about what he wanted to do, and even that was already a lot.

If it was up to him and his siblings, they would have already departed, however, their mother, one of the Ariyor race's elders had decided against this.

It seemed that their mother had yet to give up on Argos. There could be something that made her confident in Argos' future, but nobody living on Argos was able to see that yet!

But, without knowing what exactly this could be, everyone's morale had begun to plummet.

Even if the Ariyor race had not announced their departure to the six big clans, it was clear that mankind's situation became worse with each passing day.

Two days had passed and Shane, who had departed a few days earlier in order to figure out something, had returned with the first good news!

"The Gier clan and most ancient clans and sects have come to a consensus! They want to team up against the Drake alliance! We have been asked to merge our alliance with theirs, and I think this might be the best we can do for now!"

When Shane had said so at the meeting in which the six big clans, the Lyran and Ariyor race and a few others, including Jason were present.

Shane's news sounded good, but Jason couldn't help but feel a little bit uncomfortable with Shane's gaze that brushed past him way too often.

It seemed as if Shane was trying to make eye contact with him while avoiding him at the same time.

There had to be something wrong, and when the big clans inquired about the names and numbers of the big clans, ancient clans, and sects that colluded with the Gier family, Jason's eyes turned cold.

"The Blood sect?" Jason had refrained from speaking at the meetings with the six big clans in order to avoid attracting too much attention, but he had subconsciously blurted out what he had on his mind.

Fortunately, he was able to calm down before he said more and his ice-cold eyes that leaked killing intent reverted back to their normal state.

Jason ignored the other big clan heads that looked at him annoyed, as he stared at Shane, who looked at him apologetically as he nodded his head faintly.

Yet, instead of seeing complex emotions that caused Jason to be torn back and forth, he just smiled.

This caused Shane to feel as if something bad were about to happen, but he remained silent.

'Finally, I can search for my mother's murderer!!!'

It was obvious that killing someone who was important to the Blood sect in the current times would be the stupidest thing he could do, however, being able to figure out more about his mother's murderer was important.

Until now, he only knew that he hailed from the Blood sect and that he had a race inherited ability from the blood sect too!

Furthermore, he knew that his strength should be roughly at the low Lique stage with approximately 100 or more drops of liquefied mana in his mana core!

It might as well be higher, but Jason didn't think that the man he was searching for was stronger than he was!

Excitement could be seen in Jason's eyes and his Celestia aura leaked subconsciously.

At the same time, the blood-red color that had receded backlashed, and Fasro, Midra, and the representative of the Lyran race noticed this with a tinge of fear in their eyes.

As such, Fasro quickly said intervened before something unpredicted was about to happen

"If we were to collide with the Gier family, there should be a temporary truce with everyone...I think the Drake alliance is the biggest issue everyone has to face right now! The other feuds can be solved after that, right?"

Shane lifted his eyebrow when Fasro said this, and from the way the Ariyos and Lyran had looked at Jason before, it was as if they were able to sense something, he was unable to perceive!

However, before he was able to think about this some more, the Shiabi patriarch suddenly asked

"Does that mean that the Ariyor race won't depart? You said 'we' after all!"

This caused Fasro's whole liquefied body to stop moving for a quarter of a second as he said

"If the chances to face the Drake alliance are not close to zero and we receive the order to stay here, we will do so! Other than that, I won't promise anything, and I guess the same applies for the Lyran race, but that's not something I can or will decide!"

The representative of the Lyran race just nodded his head and didn't say anything while eying Jason with the corner of his eye.

When Jason noticed this, he retracted his Celestia aura almost immediately before he acted as if nothing had happened.

Nevertheless, his mind was still filled with the thought of his mother's murderer and the fact that mankind was about to create a huge army in order to fight the Drake alliance!

The Gier clan's alliance was consistent with more than 10 big clans, the majority of ancient clans and sects, and a few common races that had decided to support the human race if they were to make a deal.

This deal was similar to those soul contracts that already existed. However, compared to before, it was not a forced agreement and one that benefited both sides!

Those common races demanded to receive the humanity's criminals that received the death sentence because of the crimes they had committed, and exchanged those with low-grade manuals and resources!

Furthermore, the contract they were to sign was not forced and could be severed from both sides without the need to pay attention to a punishment!

There was almost nobody that bothered about the lives of those that were sentenced to death either way, and even Jason had to acknowledge that he didn't care about what would happen to them as long as they were guilty.

As such, he didn't say anything to the Gier alliance's behavior.

Instead, he sensed that the combined forces of the Gier clan's alliance and the Shaibi clan's alliance might be able to take care of the Drake alliance.

That was at least if the only higher race were to be the My?ldra race!

The Ariyor race had not much information about the Burance-race, but they knew was enough to frustrate everyone!

Apparently, their cultivation talent was not that great, but that was balanced out by their strong ice and water affinity.

Meanwhile, their combat prowess was said to be high too!

When Fasro had listened to every piece of information he had received, he was could tell that the chances to fight against the Drake alliance were not zero anymore.

Their combined forces should be enough to fight head-on with the suppressed big clans, common foreign races, the Drake family, and even the My?ldra race.

However, the Burane race was a different matter!

There was no information about their number and strength. It was as if they were the hidden forces of the Drake alliance.

Thus, they had to estimate their strength and number which meant that they had to exaggerate.

This was to prevent underestimating their opponent.

In the end, the discussion took several hours, but Jason had already stopped listening to it after he had heard the news about the Blood sect.

As such, he had only realized that it was over when everyone stood up to spread the next steps they were about to take to their clans!

At this moment, he saw that Shane approached him with a faint smile as he saw Jason's eyes that were emotionless.

When Shane perceived this, he couldn't help but forget the final decision the big clans and two foreign races had found as he asked

"Will you be okay? I mean...you'll have to encounter and probably live near the sect of your mother's murderer after all...."

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 458 - Moving

"Will you be okay? I mean...you'll have to encounter and probably live near the sect of your mother's murderer after all...."

Jason wanted to nod his head, but he couldn't do so. It just felt wrong.

"To be honest, I don't know. Even if humanity's situation is extremely bad right now....I might be unable to hold back... As long as I find out who my mother's murderer is, I might trail and take care of him...but I guess that this would cause more chaos than it might benefit me!"

He sighed before looking at his master who seemed unfazed.

"You can do whatever you want, but I hope you can take care of this after the war has ended... At least mankind's future is on the line"

Jason didn't say anything and it felt as if he hadn't heard Shane, but he knew that Jason was fully aware of the importance the next few months had to mankind's future!

"When will we depart?"? He asked after a minute of silence, and Shane, who was about to leave answered

"In the evening after everyone packed up their equipment. Bring Mike and the others too! We might need their help!"

Jason knew that Shane was speaking about the fact that Mike manufactured his ammunition while the others he mentioned were probably the stuff he had hired to copy the translated body refining manuals.

He hadn't realized how important it was to translate and copy the Doom Crawls body refining manual before the big clans had started to request the Ariyor race to provide more of them.

Their 'requests' felt more like desperate pleadings and when Fasro had to ask Jason what he had done, Jason was forced to reveal that he had used the Ariyor race to cover his ability to read in the universal language.

Fasro didn't mind that, and instead, he told Jason that he could continue to do so.

The fact that everyone's combat prowess would increase during the next weeks was extremely beneficial to everyone, except the Drake alliance, who were their enemies.

It might only be a small margin, but that could already be a deciding factor in the entire war!

As such it was a great idea to distribute the neutral body refining manual of the Doom Crawls because it was suitable for everyone, without exception!

Thus, Jason was able to earn lots of mana stones and materials from the big families that had only a few body refining manuals for their most talented descendants.

Thanks to that he wouldn't have problems absorbing mana to his heart's content, and it was only when Jason realized that he shouldn't reveal the glowing stigma to attract the attention of even more races that he became serious.

"The Ariyor and Lyran race are aware of my secret...at least to a certain extent...Will it really matter whether or not I'll reveal the stigma or not?"

At that moment, he remembered what common races had signed the unconditional contract with the Gier clan alliance as his eyes widened.

He realized something that caused him to be dumbfounded.

"Wait...how can that be possible? The Shadow walkers decided to combine their forces with us? Weren't they the reason why everything had begun in the first place?? Are we really that desperate?"

This confused Jason a lot, but there was nothing to do about it.

In the end, mankind's situation was just too tricky and dangerous.

Even if they didn't like or even hated the races they combined their forces with, there was no other way out of their miserable situation.

As such everyone had to accept the Shadow walker race as their comrades.

It might be only temporary but everyone had to calm down and stay level-headed.

Otherwise, the grain of hope some humans were able to perceive would disappear before it could blossom.

Jason didn't feel like there was much hope in their current situation. That was at least the case after Fasro had explained in a detailed manner how high their chances were.

Without the Burane race, they might be able to fight the Drake alliance on par, but the unknown factors about the mysterious race were just too many!

As such, Fasro had told him that he shouldn't be too hopeful.

Instead, he should be prepared for the worst-case scenario!

In the evening, the six big clans and two foreign races departed, and it took the slowest almost two days before their soulbonds which they rode arrived in the complex of several dozen camps.

Every big clan and race had their own camp in order to prevent creating any disturbances, and Jason couldn't help but think that this was great for the overall situation, but disadvantageous for his own plan.

Even if he did not plan to kill his mother's murderer directly, he had wanted to find him as soon as possible.

Unfortunately, this didn't seem to be as easy as he had expected.

As such he had to be patient and wait for the perfect moment to occur.

'At least I can absorb mana while revealing my stigma and the Celestia aura in our camp!'

With that thought in mind, Jason was able to remain calm.

After every big clan of the Shiabi alliance had arrived, the two forces started to prepare a grand meeting with every important authority.

Both Shane and Dalia were invited too, which meant that their hidden identity had been figured out by everyone.

However, that was not problematic and Dalia used her silver origin flame to revert the changes she had done within her and Shane's faces.

As such, everyone would be able to tell who they were, as long as one lived for more than 50 years.

This was because their faces had spread in the news after Shane had annihilated the Shore clan.

Jason didn't really think that this was important because they had other things to take care of.

He had wanted to use his freetime during the grand meeting in order to meet up with Mike and the others whom he had hired to copy the Doom Crawls body refining manual.

But, before he knew what was going on, Midra and Ysla had appeared in front of him.

Jason was not sure what was going on, but Midra told him that he had to attend the grand meeting too.

Initially, he didn't want to do so, however, one simple sentence convinced him to attend the meeting!

"The Ifrytor race has been suppressed and annexed by the Drake alliance! If you want to claim your opponent to take revenge, you'll have to do that today!"

Jason was not sure why Midra had told him this, but he was glad that she did as his bloodlust and the desire to kill the Ifrytor intensified.

His Celestia aura had leaked for a second and for a quarter of this second, it had been fully intertwined with the blood-red color that bothered every foreign race.

'What kind of race can change one's aura according to their exposed emotions?' Midra wondered as she stared at Jason's aura that had manifested as fast as it had vanished.

Because it was a formal meeting, Jason had to change his clothes which took only a few minutes.

After that, he manifested Artemis' wings before he followed Midra and Ysla.

They attended the grand meeting too, and it was only when Jason saw that the center of the camps was a huge building complex, he knew where the meeting would be held.

With his mana eyes activated he was able to perceive every little detail within the building complex as more than a hundred mana cores came into his sight.

'So..those are the important people that might be able to change mankind's future?'

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 459 - Stand-off

His mana eyes could only perceive a few mana cores that were at the Lique stage. Other than that everyone was at the Prisma stage.

Because of that, it was obvious that the majority of big clans had brought their highest authorities to the grand meeting.

If Jason was not wrong, every big clans' patriarch should be there, in addition to some important guests.

Shane was strong but unfortunately not powerful enough to be on par with the big clans that had more than 50 years to absorb mana while he had to escape from a few clans' pursuit.

Furthermore, they weren't deemed as important enough to attend the grand meeting.

As such, they were considered anomalies, and it was only because of the special stance they had in a few big clans that Jason's masters had been allowed to attend the meeting.

However, Jason shouldn't have thought too much about the reasoning of his masters attending the grand meeting because he entered the hall at which the grand meeting was held completely unprepared.

He had only changed into a set of formal clothes and couldn't even comb through his short hair that had only regrown a little bit.

Nevertheless, his appearance was still superior to the majority of guests, and there should only be a few that looked better than him.

This would be mainly because they wore better clothes or had a better hairstyle, but Jason couldn't care less.

His already good appearance had further improved after the primal Celestia bloodline awakening, and there was no need to hide his looks.

Yet, instead of attracting the attention of the others through his looks, Jason received the most attention due to the fact that he entered the grand meeting with two individuals from the Ariyor race.

Fasro had requested to postpone the meeting for a few minutes and the reason was none other than Jason!

As such, everyone stared at him. His golden-silverish eyes and the tattoo above his right eye highlighted his appearance further, making him interesting.

Other than his appearance, most clans and sect patriarchs and matriarchs focused on investigating his combat prowess.

"More than 20 liquefied drops of mana and he should be less than 20 years old, not bad I guess!"

There was only one comment, and it was loud to be heard by everyone.

Except for this comment, nobody dared to say anything and it was only when Shane pointed at the chair next to him that Jason had also stopped investigating everyone's exact combat prowess.

At the same time, he had wanted to figure out who the Blood sect patriarch was.

He had to investigate his arch enemy's strongest force after all!

Jason took the seat next to Shane and the Shiabi clan patriarch, who smiled lightly before he averted his attention back to the grand meeting.

There were only a few gazes that stayed on him after his mana core rank had been evaluated.

However, those that looked at him were more interested in other things than his mana core rank!

Only one gaze bothered Jason extremely.

It was that of a middle-aged man with brown hair, a mana core with three solidified prismatic crystals, and transmuted mana that looked similar to that he had seen during the big-three school tournament!

'A psychokinesis affinity?' He mumbled inwardly before he stared straight into the middle-aged man's silver eyes that seemed to try figuring out every single detail about his entire existence.

At that moment, goosebumps covered his body and Jason instantly knew what the person sitting on the other side of the huge table was doing!

'He is scanning my mana core's size and fluctuations!'

Jason was able to notice this pretty easily because the mana fluctuations around one's eyes were, under normal circumstances, balanced and similar to the rest of the body.

However, mana eyes were naturally attracting mana, accumulating more mana around the eyes than the remaining body.

Adding the fact that the person opposite him was evidently utilizing more of his mana to circulate it through his eyes told Jason that a person similar to himself was sitting in front of him!

The said person was as astonished as Jason had been, because Nathan Silver, who was the leader of the [Heaven's Eyes] sect had never seen anyone with eyes like Jason had.

'They should be at an even higher grade as my superior grade mana eyes are!' Until now, there had only been three people with greater mana eyes than he had and Nathan couldn't believe that he encountered the fourth person!

A trace of the guild could be seen in his silver eyes, but this dispersed quickly as he told himself that everything had been a necessary deed.

Jason noticed that something with the silver-eyed person was different from others as his mana eyes seemed to have undergone an adverse metamorphosis.

At least that was what Jason was able to tell when he saw the tiny mana veins within the middle-aged man's mana eyes that were thicker than others.

This might as well have been an attempt to strengthen his mana eyes, but Jason was relatively sure that something must have gone wrong.

However, before he and Nathan could continue staring at each other, Jason saw something out of the corner of his eyes that attracted him.

The grand meeting might have already started but Jason was sure that nobody would bother about his existence, let alone ask him about his opinion.

That didn't mean he would refrain from voicing out his opinion if the other big clans were trying to do something foolish.

Yet, this shouldn't happen because there was a reason for the big clans to survive the mana outbreak and other incidents!

"I'll only claim the Ifrytor at and below the Late-Lique stage!!" He mumbled towards himself which was heard by both Shane and the Shiabi clan patriarch.

This caused both of them to look at him and Shane could only shake his head thinking that his disciple was unreasonable.

The Shiabi clan patriarch recalled Jason's behavior after the Ifrytor had tricked them, and it was only obvious that Jason wanted to take revenge!

However, it looks like he was overestimating himself!

Nevertheless, instead of saying something, the Shiabi clan patriarch remained silent.

He decided to pay attention to the grand meeting and what Jason would do once the topic about the coming war's distribution of clans and whom they were supposed to fight, would begin.

This was probably one of the most important topics the grand meeting would cover because it was highly likely that the big clans that were supposed to fight against the common foreign races and Drake clan were to receive the most casualties than others.

Meanwhile, the big clans that would fight against other suppressed big clans wouldn't have such an issue because their casualties should be much lower in comparison.

The suppressed big clans were already weakened and their morale was also low! As such it was likely that every big clan wanted to fight against them.

Jason was aware of this and it was obvious that the discussion was the first hurdle for Argos' alliance to overcome!

There were also other topics one had to solve, but almost all of them were about the big battle that would happen soon!

It was not difficult to listen to everyone intently and Jason was trying to find the best solution to the biggest problems they had to face right now!

These problems were the Burane race and the plummeted morale originating from their mysterious existence!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 460 - Grand Meeting

There were many Old Ones that attended the grand meeting, trying to use their knowledge in order to figure out a solution to the biggest problem; the Burane race.

Even though the My?ldra race was said to be stronger, neither the common races in the Argos alliance nor the Ariyor race was sure about this fast.

There was much more intel about the My?ldra race and this was exactly what made them into less dangerous opponents than the unknown Burance race!

Everyone was aware of this but nobody could tell how to solve this issue of the unknown.

Thus, more than one hour has already passed without a single answer to one of the many topics they had wanted to talk about.

This told Jason that the entire grand meeting would be a long and arduous event.

However, instead of being discouraged or frustrated by this, Jason decided that it was beneficial to make a well thought decision rather than being impatient!

Most people attending the grand meeting were in the same opinion, but the person Jason had begun to eye for some time was already leaking some of his bloodlust.

'The accumulated bloodlust in his body is already manifesting, just what kind of ability allows that?'

Jason was sure that the person he eyed was the Blood sects patriarch but what he saw through his mana eyes confused him greatly!

It astonished him that he was able to remain so calm in front of the Blood set patriarch, but he was glad about that. There wouldn't have been many problems otherwise.

The accumulated bloodlust, or at least that was what Jason thought it to be inside the Blood sect patriarch seemed to be alive.

However, more important was that the bloodlust was enhancing the Blood sect patriarch's mana core that was about to solidify the fourth prismatic crystal.

This enhancement accelerates the mana circulation and output of the Blood sect patriarch's mana core, allowing him to use his blood-red transmuted mana faster and with greater efficiency.

Additionally, his whole body had been refined as even his bones, tendons and the rest of his body released a faint bloody aura.

It was not long after that the Blood sect patriarch noticed Jason which caused him to stare straight into his eyes.

His hair and eyes were red in color and somehow, the Blood sect patriarch looked somewhat familiar to him.

'Where have I seen him?' Jason wondered as he tilted his head, continuing to stare into the Blood sect patriarch's eyes.

'What is wrong with this youth? Am I that Interesting?'

Jason tried to figure out where he had seen the Blood sect patriarch, whose name was Daniel Kler. Meanwhile, Daniel Kler was trying to understand why the black-haired youth with silver strands stared at him.

Yet, before both were able to find an answer to their questions, the Grand meeting had switched from rather boring topics to the main topic everyone was here for, today!

"I would like to propose a plan in which I have already chosen the big clans and the opponents they should face. This plan was made from a neutral stance and according to the big clans' main affinities!"

A middle-aged man, who Jason had never seen said with a loud and clear voice.

Jason expected the other big clans to reject the plan before it had been proposed, but on the contrary of his expectations, everyone remained silent.

This allowed him to understand that the middle-aged man that stood up, was someone with great achievements because he was definitely not strong!

He had barely solidified his first prismatic crystal and Jason could tell that he didn't have any soulbonds as he had neither an enlarged mana core nor any transmutation in his mana!

Nevertheless, everyone remained quiet which astonished Jason more.

As he was about to ask Shane, who sat next to him, he only received a finger sign, telling Jason to stay quiet.

Before he was even able to react, the middle-aged man began to lay down his plan.

His explanation was slow, yet detailed and filled with wisdom about every single big clan and ancient sect!

Other than that, Jason figured out that the middle-aged man's knowledge about the foreign races was much broader than that of any other human he had met until now!

This was interesting and showed clearly that the middle-aged man was not to take lightly.

There were things he was unable to understand about the middle-aged man, but his plan seemed reasonable. It covered the basics and after adjusting it a little bit, there shouldn't be any problems!

Thanks to the detailed explanations, Jason was able to acquire lots of information about every single big clan, such as their combat prowess, number, affinities, and whether they had body refinement techniques or not.

When the middle-aged man had begun to talk about body refinement techniques, he had stopped for a minute.

"Someone told me that a neutral body refinement technique that is translated is spreading through the big clans that had belonged to the Shiabi alliance!

If possible it would be best to increase the number of copies and allow everyone to refine their physique! Every ounce of strength can determine whether one will survive or die!

The same goes for the timing. The sooner we will be able to receive those copies, the further one will be able to refine everyone's body!"

As the middle-aged man had finished his words, he diverted his attention towards Fasro, and his sister, who sat next to the Shiabi clan patriarch.

Fasro was already aware that everyone thought that the Ariyor race had translated the neutral body refinement technique of the Doom Crawls.

However, that was not the truth and he couldn't just say agree without consulting Jason.

Thus he sent him a quick voice transmission, only he and Jason were able to hear.

[If you're fine with handing out the copies, I'll accept it. If not, I'll just decline the proposal. They can't do anything against it either way. If they were to attack us right now, it would worsen the situation even more!

Just give me your answer by nodding or shaking your head]

When Jason heard this he smiled faintly, yet, instead of answering by moving his head, he had a different idea.

Barely lifting his finger, Jason made the hand sign for 'exchange' which he had learned some time ago.

It was Midra who had told him a few things about the universal language and their perks of being usable for every race, whether they were blind or deaf!

As such, he had learned a few signs for the worst-case scenario.

Because he was unable to make the hand sign for 'money', he did instead that for 'exchange'.

Fasro barely noticed Jason's hand sign before he answered the middle-aged man.

"Everything our race does has to receive an equivalent exchange, and we won't hand our goods without something in return.

Otherwise, it would be similar to a charity event, and that's definitely not why the Ariyor race is here!"

After Fasro had made his statement, an uproar resounded through the entire hall.

Yet, after thinking about it for a moment, the Ariyor's words were true. They had only come to Argos to take care of the Shiabi clan. If they had wanted to, it wouldn't be difficult to kidnap the master of the curse cleansing ability before returning to their origin planet.

Because of that, it was evident that the Ariyor race wouldn't receive any benefits by being generous.

Thus, most people were able to refrain themselves, while only a few continued to voice out their anger.

Other big clan heads were thinking of copying the neutral body refinement technique by themselves once they were to procure one. However, unbeknownst to them, this was more difficult than they could have ever expected!

If it were to be as easy as they assumed it to be, nobody would purchase the neutral body refinement techniques from Jason! As such, there had to be a trick, and only Jason knew about it.

There was a small trick he had employed to prevent this, and even the Fasro had been astonished when he had heard about this!

Meanwhile, the middle-aged man had just lifted his eyebrow, looking at Fasro as if he had seen something he expected and at the same time something that was unexpected.

'Did the Ariyor just listen to the youth's hand sign??'