

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 491 - Yadras

Initially, they believed that Jason was joking at first, but one look at his face told them that he was serious.

"That is not a joke, right? You don't look like you're joking at all!" Fasro was utterly dumbfounded, but even after scanning the baby girl with his mana fluctuations, he couldn't see that anything was off.

Lusan did the same, but instead of staring at the girl, he looked at Jason in confusion, who asked,

"Have you guys heard of the Yadras race? The memories I saw mentioned that race quite often, and I think she had been one of them before...but I'm not sure.."

Confused, Lusan was about to scratch the back of his head in confusion, when he heard 'Yadras race'

His eyes widened as his gaze flicked from Jason to the baby in his arms.

"The..Yadras race is one of the races you can't put into a normal racial ranking....It's difficult to explain and I doubt that you will understand it right now, but being talented to cultivate is even more important for them because they're born with three different cultivation veins!"

"Three cultivation veins?" Jason stared at Lusan dumbfoundedly, not quite believing his ears.

However, Lusan was not sure how to explain it either because his knowledge was not exactly profound. He was only 25 years old and still learning after all!

"Eh...to put it simply, other than mana, there are two more energies a planet can awaken. On Argos, there is only mana, but I've visited a place with spiritual force, which is one of the other existing energies.

Other than that, there is supposed to be an energy called primordial energy too, but I've never been to a place with that type of energy.

Either way, while everyone belonging to the Elvyr race is able to cultivate with mana, the Yadras race can awaken one of the three cultivation veins. If it awakens none, they're incapable of absorbing any energy.

Thus, they have to be fortunate to awaken a single, or even multiple cultivation veins at once! Even then they're not powerful because their innate talent plays a huge role too!"

Jason's head was already struggling to come to terms with everything that had happened during the Great Argos war and that mankind was insignificant, but now there were multiple cultivation energies too? It made his head spin.

What kind of stupid bullshit was that?

Fortunately, Fasro intervened as he said,

"Jason, you don't have to worry about that for now. The most common energy that exists is mana, and none of the three cultivation energy is superior to another. It will only be slightly more complicated if one is able to cultivate multiple energies, but to figure that out one will have to be tested first! That's not possible here, nor on a normal planet as all three energies have to be present and channeled into the necessary tools to test one's cultivation veins and if they accept multiple energies!"

In the beginning, Jason was glad that Fasro had intervened, but after listening to the young Ariyor, he couldn't help but feel the urge to strangle him.

As such, Jason decided to let the topic about three cultivation energies rest, and instead, he simply asked,

"So, the Ydras race cannot be ranked because of their unique constitution, and they might be the strongest, or even weaker than us as they can't cultivate at all?"

Lusan nodded his head, and Fasro was about to say something when Jason raised his hand.

"I don't think more information will help me in my current circumstances! It will only confuse and distract me. The most important right now is Argos and how I can help protect as many people as possible!"

Fasro was grumbling about being denied the chance to provide his insights as he mumbled, "I just wanted to say that they look exactly like you humans...there are quite a few races that look similar to humans, to be honest..."

When Jason heard this, he rolled his eyes as he faked a faint smile before he teased, "Being considerate is not one of your strengths, right? That is exactly the confusion and distraction I wanted to avoid..."

After that, Jason could only sigh as he asked with a trace of curiosity,

"Alright, now that you've already said it, do you know why there are many races that look identical?"

However, instead of providing him with a satisfactory answer, both Fasro and Lusan only stared at him dumbfoundedly which left Jason with more questions than answers.

After talking to them for a few minutes about topics like how the Ariyor and Elvyr race could help the best, they decided to stay on Canir, patrol throughout the kingdoms, prevent fights and help if required.

There were not enough members of the Ariyor and Elvyr race to look after the Archipelago too, thus, Jason could only hope that the big clans that had survived would pay attention to it, now that the Great Argos war was over.

He was only hoping that someone would help him venture to Astrix and take care of the matters there, and Jason pondered if he should just go there and try to placate the situation.

Yet, after reconsidering the high possibility that the Drake clan would just reclaim Astrix city because of the large mana vein, Jason had to dismiss this idea.

At the thought of the Drake clan, he was reminded about Greg, Malia, Mr. and Mrs. Fler, who were probably somewhere inside the Drake Kingdom, enslaved by the Drake family.

It caused Jason's mood to plummet and he decided to pay the Drake Kingdom a visit as soon as possible.

With his current capabilities, he was confident to disguise himself, and only his eyes would remain the same!

However, he had to ensure that nobody of the Drake clan and family would be able to associate his golden-silver eyes that had crimson outlines with young Jason and his distinct golden eyes!

Thus, as long as he was paying attention to maintaining a low profile, he should be fine!

In that case, he might as well be able to take Anna with him. He could turn into a refugee, at the Lowest Lique stage, who had saved her after her parents had been killed.

The more he thought about it, the more he believed that it was not a bad idea, and hiding both his stigma and aura should allow him to be seen as less powerful than he originally was!

Even though Petri would complete his evolution soon, Jason did not think that it would increase his strength enough to allow him to fight at par with a Prismar stage.

As such, he would have to pay attention to not offend them, yet.

Jason would've loved to beat up a few people to a pulp, like the entire blood sect, but finding the Flers was his priority right now!

The murderer of his mother wouldn't run away, and if he'd died during the last battle of the Great Argos war, it would be disappointing, but exactly what he deserved.

He felt that the murderer was still alive, and in such cases fortune was on his side!

Other than looking for the Flers, he also planned to look out for Seron, whom he hadn't seen for more than two years.

This was astonishing, and Jason hoped that Seron was becoming a great leader after witnessing how devastating a soul contract with foreign races could be!

There was something else both Fasro and Lusran had told him with a tinge of pride in their voices.

"Almost all soul contracts made by common races had been terminated after we pressured them a little bit. The punishments were not really harsh on the human race, to begin with, and only the My?Idra race seems to be a greater problem...well...and those humans who made a personal contract with the foreign races to become stronger.

I think those races with personal contracts will continue luring other humans into their traps, but if your race should have learned something from the Great Argos war, it would be that being cautious of soul contracts and strangers is important."

Jason just nodded his head with a shrug that seemed to say "I sincerely hope so", but he couldn't suppress his worry.

It was not difficult to perceive how self-centered most races were, and as long as they didn't exploit other races, making an individual soul contract without too many restrictions might as well prove to be beneficial.

In Jason's opinion, this didn't even have to necessarily be a downside if one were to look at it rationally. Not all races were shrewd and some contracts wouldn't force anyone to do something against their will.

Everything boiled down to the clauses stated in the respective soul contracts!

As such, stereotyping others was not how mankind was supposed to interact with other races or even humans who had accepted soul contracts.

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 492 - You....are?

Just staying vigilant and paying attention was enough; there was no need to hate all foreign races because only a few had attacked Argos.

Even then, Jason had started to realize that not every single of the foreign races was the same, and they were divided into different factions too!

This made it more difficult for him to figure out who initiated the Blood eclipse, and which faction or authorities of the My?ldra race had coaxed the Drake family to initiate the Great Argos war.

The same applied for the Ifrytor race, and Jason began to wonder how to exact revenge on them.

Since the silver divine light had forcefully ejected his hatred and anger, Jason had learned to control his emotions much better than before, and it was easier to stay level-headed too.

'The Ifrytor race should have sent a small part of their newly established army to Argos...that means their highest authorities were the culprits...but how do I find the proof for that? Mindlessly killing everyone would make me no better than them!'

Jason's mindset was slowly adapting to everything that had happened to him during the last few years, and everything was finding the place it belonged to.

Whether it were memories, emotions, ethics, morale, his innate characteristics, and how everyone around him influenced him, all of it culminated into whether it transformed Jason into a better or worse person.

With that altered mindset, he couldn't help but sigh and think that it would be easier to simply wipe out entire races instead of bothering to separate the wheat from the chaff.

However, at that thought, he shook his head as he mumbled, horrified with himself.

"Did I really think that this is the best solution, right now?... How disgusting!"

Fasro and Lusan had already left Jason on his own as they had more pressing matters to attend to.

Thus, Jason shot up through the air and looked at Anna who was still sleeping soundly.

'Yadras race....three cultivation veins, and two more energies to cultivate that I have no idea about... Do I really want to find out everything right now? A little bit of peace would work wonders for me right now...'

He was tired of fighting and keeping his identity of being a halfling from the Celestia race, a secret from others.

Instead, he would rather openly reveal himself and absorb mana to his heart's content because that was what made him feel alive.

Unfortunately, it was easier said than done, and Jason knew that he would be looked at with a certain degree of wariness, and most citizens wouldn't trust him either.

Thus, he would have to hide some things that made him appear similar to those who had undergone a transmutation after accepting the soul contract of other races.

Ifrys were a good example, and Jason hoped that his stigma would be seen as a similar transformation which most people would remember to determine who was in a soul contract with other races and who was not.

It was annoying, but Jason had no way to solve this issue right now and time wasn't exactly on his side.

Everyone had suffered a heavy setback due to the Great Argos war, not just physically but also mentally.

There was no other option for Jason except to give his utmost efforts to ease everyone's anxious mind.

After the storm had calmed, it would be possible to initiate the next step of his plan to reconcile foreign races with humans. At least, Jason would assess the mindset of the races that had sought refuge on the other continents before determining whether it was a good time to bring them together.

His current strength might not be enough to bring them together forcefully or prevent anyone from fighting against each other, but it was more than enough to survive and help others.

Because of that, he flew towards the Kingdom of the Gier family that was directly next to the one he was currently inside!

Jason had lost count of the names of countries and kingdoms he had visited, but he knew that most would have undergone a drastic change either way. Thus, there was no point in remembering the names of most countries.

More than 10 big families, ancient clans, and sects had been annihilated, and the remaining ones had lost a large number of their strongest forces.

It was not unlikely that new alliances would be forged or that other big clans would use the chance to annex certain lands.

This might come across as being exploitative and cruel, but the strongest were those who used the opportunity to turn the tide in their favor.

Survival and becoming stronger had never been more imperative than now even if it was at the expense of others..

Jason didn't support this kind of behavior, even less after the Greater Argos war had been concluded and the big clans and ancient sects would have to slowly rebuild everything whether it were the cities, islands, or entire kingdoms, let alone the trust of the citizens that had been broken by their own government!

When he entered the Kingdom of the Gier family, Jason was glad to see that the situation seemed to be under much better control than he had expected.

Apparently, the Gier family hadn't sent out every single member of their Clan, leaving the entire kingdom defenseless, which according to Jason, had been a strategic and well-thought move.

Rather Jason had seen quite a few people at the Late Lique stage.

When they had seen him flying through the air with a baby in his hand, they had been momentarily confused, but Jason hadn't released any hostility, and neither did he look like a foreign race member or a transformed human.

Thus, they didn't bother to pay him attention anymore, because they had their hands full!

As such, Jason continued to fly towards the plain area of the kingdom where the capital was located and landed on the ground.

'Till said that I'll find him somewhere around here...I guess?'

It would be easy to find Seron by enhancing his mana eyes further, but the mana left in his second storage was minuscule and barely replenishing as it is!

Due to this Jason was simply strolling through the streets with Anna, who had woken up in his arms.

Flying through an entire country would have taken him longer than two weeks under normal circumstances, however, being able to enhance his pace by circulating mana through his wings had been extremely helpful.

Other than that, he had already been close to the borders, to begin with, and the plains area was not that far either.

As such, the entire journey had taken him less than two days.

The duration was much longer than the time he had taken to fly towards the three capitals that were extremely close to each other. This fact led Jason to the assumption that the three countries they'd fought the final battle of the Great Argos war with, had been in an alliance or something similar to that before.

Most capitals were rebuilt on the remains of once flourishing cities before the mana outbreak had occurred, and it was only because of this, that some capitals were extremely close to each other and some far away.

There had been several hundred countries before the mana outbreak after all!

Jason was not sure how long it would take him to fly through Canir, but considering that he was already faster than most vehicles that mankind used, it should take him less than 2 months with resting periods!

Searching for Seron took him longer than expected, and Jason was not sure what he should say to his old friend, or if he would even remember him.

However, when he perceived Seron's familiar mana fluctuations who was walking through a crowded alley all by himself, Jason approached him with a smile on his face.

"Hey, Seron, how's your earth dragon doing?"

Hearing those words, caused Seron Gier, who had been minding his own business, to be dragged out of his thoughts as a tall, muscular young man with black hair and silver strands within looked at him.

His smile was vibrant, yet the most interesting feature about him were his golden-silverish eyes that were somewhat familiar to Seron.

"Who..are you?"

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 493 - War Matures

"Who..are you?"

The unexpected reaction caused Jason to feel embarrassed, but then it hit him.

The possible reason for Seron's confusion could be his appearance that had undergone a major transformation during the last few years.

However, before he could answer, Anna suddenly chuckled, which made Jason glare at her.

Yet, in a fraction of a second, Jason could see that her eyes had begun to turn teary.

"Please don't cry" He had never looked after a baby, except his newly hatched soulbonds, thus he was not really great at what he was doing.

Nevertheless, he looked at Seron after a short time before he replied,

"You don't remember me? What a shame!! I thought our time on Astrix was valuable enough to be remembered!"

Hearing this, Seron's eyes grew wide as saucers before he released his mana fluctuations to scan Jason's as he blurted out.

"J-Jason? Is that really you???"

While Seron was concealing his mana core, Jason's was revealed to everyone who wanted to see how many drops of mana he had already liquefied.

This caused Seron to look at his old friend in disbelief.

During the last two years, Seron had worked hard on improving his strength to the highest possible degree, but he had yet to liquefy his first drop of mana!

He was only 17, and had a late start to sense mana due to his malfunctioned mana veins after all!

Otherwise, he was pretty confident that he would have liquefied one if not two drops of mana already.

However, seeing that Jason had liquefied almost 40 drops of mana was more than shocking for him.

Other than that, his eye color had changed from his distinct gold to a gold-silverish, and there was a baby girl in his arms.

After the initial shock of seeing his long-lost friend had worn off, Seron could focus on the finer details about the person greeting him. Though, he was still astonished and blurted out.

"...What the hell has happened to you??"

Jason just smiled, happy to see Seron again as he answered,

"Quite a few things actually, but I guess your question was rhetorical."

He chuckled and his laughter sounded alien to his own ears, old memories of their spars back at the Vanguard school flashed before his eyes. It had been...what...four years?.

It felt as if an eternity had passed since their last meeting but now was not the time to take a trip down the memory lane. As such, he continued,

"I think you've already heard it. The Great Argos war is over, it was concluded by the three beasts that suddenly appeared on the battlefield, preventing the war from advancing further. However, the situation is quite bad.

You might not like what you hear next, but I'm not here just because of you! The Gier family's patriarch is said to have returned from the battlefield as one of the first because of a grave injury. Has he already arrived? If so, I would like to meet him!"

While the death toll was alarmingly high, there were also lots of heavily injured humans!

They would either die from the aftermath of their injuries or receive permanent injuries.

In the end, the Gier family patriarch was said to be the latter and Jason knew that Seron was his direct heir.

Thus, the patriarch who had vanished without a trace would have most likely returned to his direct heir, whom he doted the most!

Jason couldn't be sure of this, but it was worth a try.

The Gier clan and the kingdom they governed had received the lowest possible casualties during the entire Greater Argos war.

Though it had been a favorable outcome for them, it had worried the other nearby kingdoms a lot.

Earlier, they had submitted to the Gier alliance, scampering towards them to let them stay safe under the Gier alliance's wing.

These kingdoms had clearly been able to withstand, let alone brave the foreign races' attacks, however, now that the war was over, they wanted to reclaim their old territory and return to the old ruling system.

Jason was not fond of this, but the old system was necessary to regain control over everything.

According to him, it was more of a necessary nuisance, before a better system was introduced, or someone took over the reins and became the strongest, suppressing everyone else.

The latter was definitely not something to look forward to and Jason was planning to follow the first option he had in mind.

There were many ways to introduce a better system, and a democratic system was one way he hoped would ensure that things went as he planned, at least in his mind.

Other than that there were multiple different ways, but fighting for oneself was definitely not the way to go!

Now, they were not alone on Argos anymore!

Seron, who was glad to meet his old friend once again, turned suddenly serious as he asked,

"Why do you want to meet my father, and how do you know that he left the battlefield once the Greater Argos war was concluded? That was a highly confidential piece of information that shouldn't be known by anyone...no offense!"

Jason was glad that his friend had become more mature and rational, despite appearing the same naive kid as before.

On the other hand, Seron had become more vigilant against others, and Jason thought that the Great Argos war had caused this transformation within Seron.

There could also be different reasons, but it was most likely the gruesome war, and witnessing millions of desperate humans trying to survive, just one more day!

Everyone had been terrified of losing their lives, even those from the big clans that could outwardly project a facade of being fearless.

The future had turned from something that was bound to happen given the course of events, to a blank sheet that was waiting to be filled with all types of possible scenarios.

Nothing was set in stone and this was something humans were afraid of, as the thought was clearly unnerving!

They wanted to be led by others, to sleep peacefully in the night knowing that everything was under control, but that was not something anyone could promise anymore!

"I fought in the Great Argos war. Obviously, I know about that piece of information. Your father knows me as well. Just inform him that I've arrived, and he will tell you that it's fine for me to meet him!"

Somehow, Seron found this even more suspicious than before, but he just nodded his head and took out his quantum bracelet.

At that moment, Jason couldn't help but look at his own quantum bracelet that was barely held together by a single steel wire.

Jason traced a finger over his bracelet and it caused him to smile foolishly. Seron's eyes traveled from Jason's face to the bracelet, and when he saw the damage sustained by the bracelet, he couldn't help but halt in his tracks.

'Not even common beasts with liquefied mana drops can destroy a quantum bracelet to make it look...like that...Don't tell me..Did he really fight in the Greater Argos war??'

However, the more he thought about it, the less sense it made, and it was only when Seron reached his father that he explained the situation.

"Do you remember the friend I made on Astrix?...Jason Stella, yes! He is here and says that you know him....yep golden-silverish eyes...Really?? NOW?"

Jason was unable to hear Seron's father's reply, but based on Seron's words, Jason was able to comprehend what was going on.

After Seron had finished the call Jason smiled understandingly as he said

"He'll meet me, right? Where shall we go?"

Seron was still trying to comprehend the situation. He had never seen his father so eager to see someone! Not only did he ask Seron if they were really friends, but his father, the Gier clan's patriarch was overjoyed to hear that Jason was fine and that he had survived the Great Argos war.

However, that was not everything because the most astonishing takeaway for Seron had been hearing his father mumbling.

"He is a monstrous genius and not someone anyone should offend..."

Seron was not sure why his father said something like that, but if he were to know what Jason had done during the Great Argos war, and what kind of powerful beings one of his best friends had morphed into, he wouldn't have acted like this.

"Just...follow me Jason.." They walked in silence for a few minutes, Seron was unable to hold himself back anymore because his curiosity was eating him up from the inside.

"I don't know what has happened to you, but why did you join the Great Argos war and how did you survive with your strength?? You've less than 40 drops of liquefied mana in your mana core after all!"

Yet, instead of answering, Jason just smiled before he replied,

"Let's talk later. There are too many people here!"

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 494 - Favor

It didn't take them long before they reached their final destination, which was a small pagoda in the center of the capital.

Jason didn't expect it to be their destination, and it was only thanks to his mana eyes that he could determine that the pagoda was just a facade to hide something grander.

If Jason had to call it something, the entire pagoda was probably a hidden base of the Gier clan.

He found this to be a little bit over the top because they were literally in the capital of the kingdom governed by the Gier clan itself.

In his opinion, building a hidden base in the center was somewhat of an overkill.

However, who was he to complain? It was always better to be safe than sorry.

Surviving should be everyone's number one priority and Jason understood this quite well!

There were many things he had to pay attention to right now, but Seron, who was staring at him and the baby in his arms, distracted him with a bombardment of questions.

Years before, Seron hadn't been much of a talker, but that seemed to have changed a little bit.

They hadn't seen each other for a year after all, and Jason seemed to have transformed into something unbelievable!

However, thinking that Jason had cut him in between, Seron had turned quiet at the end of their walk.

An awkward silence had fallen around them which caused Jason to start talking about Seron's soulbond; the Earth dragon.

Apparently, it had hatched only a year ago, but its growth rate was still slower than expected.

It had barely liquefied its first drop of mana!

Nevertheless, this was only the beginning and the earth dragon's growth would accelerate after now that the first mana drop had been liquefied

Seron had been lost in thoughts and hadn't realised that they had already reached the pagoda, and upon entering it, Jason was baffled by the interior.

The interior of the pagoda was every bit modernized and equipped with all possible advanced gadgets, complete with an elevator at the end of the large hall.

It was a stark contrast to the exterior view that looked traditional, old, and bland. To say that the pagoda's exterior paled beyond comparison would be a gross understatement.

There was just no scale of comparison and it made Jason marvel at the clan's ingenuity.

Jason had already perceived the Gier clan patriarch's mana fluctuations that seemed to radiate on the higher floor, so he quickly entered the elevator, as he was eager to meet the patriarch.

When he walked out of the elevator, Jason recalled the time he had encountered the Drake clan's patriarch for the first time in his life.

It had been inside one of the Cyro-City's towers a few years ago, and the recollection brought back an unpleasant memory which was not at all comparable to the current situation!

Right now, he could see the Gier clan patriarch sitting on a chair with thick bandages wrapped around his entire body.

His hair seemed to be burned, and he was missing an arm, while his face bore expressions of excruciating pain that he had to endure due to his severe injuries.

The potions he was required to take to reduce his pain and heal him had probably lost some of their efficiency, and Jason pitied him.

From what he'd heard, the Gier clan patriarch might be among the harshest but he was known to be fair.

That was the other second reason for Jason to visit him, while the first was that the Gier clan's combat strength was among the strongest of all big clans right now!

"Hello Jason, how come you visit me so soon? The Great Argos war has just ended!"

The Gier clan patriarch's voice was full of vigor despite his weak appearance and caused Jason to smile lightly.

"Greetings esteemed patriarch. I have multiple reasons to visit you, and one of them was to see Seron. The Great Argos war has brought many casualties and I felt like I had to make sure that everyone I care about is fine!"

While Jason stood opposite Marx Gier, the Gier clan's patriarch, Seron sat down on the king-sized bed, while listening carefully.

Apparently, they were inside Marx's bedroom, but that didn't bother Jason a tiny bit.

"It is great to hear that you share a strong bond of friendship with my son. I hope you won't forget him and give him a helping hand once I'm not there anymore. *Cough* *Cough*

I am not in the best of my health, but I won't die from it. However, I'm still missing an arm and my mana veins have been damaged, which will prevent me from absorbing mana for the time being.

But let's not talk too much about me. I don't think you came here to listen to my complaints! Please tell me, how may I help you?. "

Jason liked how straightforward patriarch Marx was, and he nodded his head to know that there was no need for small talk. He was about to speak when he felt a faint sting in his finger

It was Anna, who had bitten into the finger with which he had been trying to keep her occupied so that he could talk uninterrupted.

Looking down at her, their eyes met and Jason could only faintly realise that she was a transmigrator, and not an ordinary one-year-old baby, despite behaving like one!

It seemed as if the transmigrator had to mould her behavior to that of a baby, or even a part of the deceased's child's soul, traits, and attitude!

Taking out some solid food he had received from the nurses, he fed that to Anna who was nibbling his finger before stating his reason for visiting the capital.

"As you might know, the Gier clan is currently amongst the strongest big clans, if one were to look at the combat strength.

Your clan's soldiers received the least number of casualties and the entire kingdom shouldn't have had too many issues with foreign races.

This seems to be the case if we compare the kingdom's situation to every single other kingdom and country!

I have a favor to ask for and a deal I want to offer the Gier clan!"

Because of Jason's earlier words, Marx Gier could already imagine what his request would be.

However, before he could interrupt, Jason continued to speak.

"I know it might be too much to ask for, but I hope that the Gier clan can build an alliance with other big clans in order to restore Canir to its former glory.

Most big clans around the adjacent kingdoms have suffered a lot and might have been conquered by other big clans, ancient sects, or even other new forces, and I don't think something like this should happen.

Especially not right now! I might not have much I can give in return, but I believe that conquering the other countries is one of your plans, patriarch Marx. It doesn't seem to be...for now at least.

In exchange, I would like to propose my deal. You might not be aware of this, but I am the person who translated the neutral body refinement techniques of the Doom Crawls. I can do the same with the Floating sky movement technique..."

Marx Gier hadn't planned to conquer the surrounding countries yet, but there was no reason for Jason to know this.

Nevertheless, when he heard about Jason offering to translate the entire Floating sky movement technique, he almost jumped up, only to be held back by the pain he was feeling.

"You translated it? How...Shane shouldn't have been able to teach you the universal language! I cannot even speak it correctly, let alone write or read because it's too difficult..."

Jason was confused that the Gier family patriarch didn't know the reason behind this as he had thought that it was already a well-known fact. Thus, he said something he hadn't openly acknowledged before.

"Oh, I'm a halfling hailing from another race, you didn't know that..I forgot!"

Others would have called this move of Jason stupid, but there was a proper reason behind his revelation, and he wanted to use it efficiently!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 495 - Thought Through Scheming

"Oh, I'm a halfling hailing from another race, you didn't know that... I forgot!"

While Seron choked on his saliva, Marx Gier's entire attitude transformed from that of an injured, almost dead man to that of someone who would fight against the foreign races with his life on the line.

When Jason saw this, he released his Celestia aura, while his stigma began to glow brightly.

His golden-silverish eyes began to release a calming, yet radiant glow, and it only took a few seconds before the three traits began to merge.

Jason's body was enveloped in a golden-silverish hue, and his entire demeanor changed in a matter of seconds as he asked with an ice-cold voice.

"Did I fight with or against the Argos alliance?"

There was no need for him to mention that the Elvyr race had only come to take him with them, or what race his father belonged to.

If Jason had to be honest, he was not even sure what kind of existence his father was because both Fasro and Lusan didn't know the exact answer either.

They had only told him that the Celestia race was like gods to them, but how should Jason know, what exactly that meant?

There were many unknown things he had yet to figure out, and even more that attracted his interest.

Nevertheless, now that mankind had to face one of its biggest crises, there were other things to pay attention to.

Marx Gier was too injured to fight against Jason and he was fully aware of this.

If he wanted to, he would have to simply take out Degar and shoot one of the blazing bullets. It would be enough to end the patriarch's life!

He might have to overexert his mana and fill it with every single trace of mana he could absorb and Solaris' fire affinity had to be strained too, but it was evident how unstable the Gier patriarch's current condition was.

One wrong move and he might die.

Because of that, Marx Gier had to calm himself, while Seron had already jumped up to soothe his father's anger before he averted his attention to Jason.

"So....you are a halfling? How...and why and ...I don't understand anything...!"

Jason could fully understand Seron's confusion because he was as helpless as his friend.

Smiling ruefully, he retracted his aura that had enveloped Anna, who was still in his arms.

He put her on the ground before carefully holding her arms to pull her up in a standing position in order to help her adjust to her new body.

At the same time, Jason wanted to ease the tension that permeated through the entire room.

Nobody could escape the cute antics of a baby, even less if it was a beautiful baby girl!

It was still unclear what he should do with the baby girl who had a transmigrated soul in her body, but it was evident that he couldn't leave her alone.

The world was way too dangerous and Jason was not sure where a baby, and an orphan at that, would be sent to!

She might be in constant danger while being with him, but that was the case everywhere around Canir, and Jason thought that it was safer to keep her with him than someone else.

He was at least trying to help, in his own small way.

Marx Gier had calmed down after hearing Jason's words because they were certainly true.

After that, he recalled the other foreign races that had fought with the Argos alliance.

With that in mind, it was difficult to stereotype Jason as someone dishonest, and the Gier patriarch began to see Jason's honesty as an attempt to receive his trust!

This certainly worked because nobody with the slightest trace of sanity left within them would openly reveal that they were a halfling belonging to the human and another race!

Even less in times where everyone loathed foreign races and those that colluded with them.

There were certain exceptions and quite a lot of them at that, but the vast majority of humans wanted to live a quiet and peaceful life and be left alone.

Human minds were simple. Their greed knew no bounds but letting others, those that were stronger control them was no problem as long as nothing interfered in their daily life!

Unfortunately, this was exactly what had happened through the Great Argos war and Jason assumed that Marx Gier and his entire clan was his best bet to calm down everyone, and retain harmony.

In the end, it was not the most important to avoid the big clans from clashing with each other, but more to prevent the enraged citizens from starting a civil war.

There might not be many strong powerhouses amongst ordinary citizens, but from what Jason understood, Mike was not the only weapon manufacturer, and neither the best!

Those were his own words, and Jason knew that everything would become even more chaotic than it had been during the Great Argos war if other weapon manufacturers were to sell their guns and ammo for a cheap price.

"If the Gier clan won't cooperate it's more difficult to reestablish peace, that's for sure. However, at the same time, I can already tell you that the Nil, Unda, Olia, and Melar clans are willing to form an alliance too....I wonder who will become the most likely threat to them? That is if they're trying to annex other big clans, which nobody can say for sure in the current state of anarchy!"

The information about the four big clans was news to him, which Jason had learned about by accidentally eavesdropping on them.

However, it was also known that all four clans had suffered huge losses which made it unlikely for them to attack the Gier clan that had the lowest number of casualties.

Despite it not being dangerous, knowing that four big clans were willing to form an alliance meant that the other, weakened big clans would follow suit, in fear of being annexed.

As such, Jason's argument to form an alliance before anyone else held some merit. There was no need to conquer other lands, and simply restoring the lands while clearing the regions around cities of beasts at the peak Lique stage would be enough to avoid the biggest issues.

Other than that, the Great Argos war had also brought lots of new manuals and books from all kinds of foreign races to the forefront!

All that was required now was a skilled translator, and it might be possible to mass-produce body refinement manuals, exactly like Jason had already done before.

"I understand...I'm sorry if I don't know how to treat you right now, but at least your reasoning is right...My current position as patriarch is endangered due to my injury, and every move of mine will be observed carefully. One mistake and others might drive me out from my current position..."

Is that why you want to translate the Floating Sky movement technique in exchange for establishing an alliance with the surrounding kingdoms?"

Marx Gier was definitely worthy of the patriarch's position because he'd gauged Jason's reason to offer to translate the Floating sky movement technique within minutes.

To put it simply, distributing the fully translated floating sky technique to the key members of the Gier clan would lessen the pressure on patriarch Marx, which was exactly what Jason had planned to do.

However, instead of acknowledging that Marx Gier had been able to figure out his reason, Jason smiled as he shrugged his shoulders while playing with the little girl who was trying to wriggle around with all her efforts.

"Maybe, I just want to imprint the translated version of the floating sky movement technique and use it for myself, who knows!"

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 496 - Disguised

Under normal circumstances, big clans wouldn't allow translators from other clans to look at the techniques and manuals one had received from foreign races.

However, so far nobody had been able to translate the techniques they had received completely, which meant that the Floating Sky technique's full potential had yet to be unlocked!

Marx Gier was fully aware of this, and he could already tell that the translated Floating sky technique would not only allow every member who practices it to become much faster, but also increase their entire combat prowess.

This increase of strength would prevent other clans from trying to conquer them as well as nullify the threat of getting conquered by the other kingdoms that would join the alliance Jason had proposed.

Other than that, it would allow him to have an additional safety net and the members of his clan would no more try to take over his position as patriarch.

The neutral body refinement technique Jason had translated and sold to other big clans before selling it to Merl Arths was already an indicator that he was capable of achieving everything previously stated.

As the realization hit them, goosebumps spread over both Seron and Marx Gier's body as they stared at the young man, who was playing with the little girl.

He seemed inconspicuous right now as Jason's stigma was hidden by some makeup, but they recalled how Jason had acted only a minute earlier.

Suddenly patriarch Marx averted his gaze to Seron as he mumbled,

"Are you sure that he was weaker than you before?... Even I feel weird looking at him as if a ferocious monster is lurking behind that outwardly gentle appearance!"

After that, he continued hastily,

"To think that he was able to comprehend the most efficient way to retain a balanced state on Canir in such a short time. There will be lots of problems, but his plan should prevent the worst-case scenario... That is, if the Drake clan and other greedy clans can be restrained, while the citizens have to calm down too..."

Jason hadn't overheard their conversation, and it was only when Seron approached him with a tattered manual in his hand that he diverted his attention from the baby girl in his arms to look up at him.

Seron seemed to be looking at Jason with vigilance, but at the same time, he remembered the time they had spent together.

It was not that Jason had changed but it was more that time had changed him!

From what his father had told him, the Great Argos war had been utterly devastating, and many had died, turned into cripples, or suffered from mental issues.

There were also stories his father had told about a golden-silverish-eyed young man, but Seron could have never have imagined in his wildest dreams that this man had been Jason.

'So...the story of the incident in the Yasl?rn caves and the Blood eclipse caused him to change?'

Seron could not easily trust someone, however, Jason was one of the few people he did trust.

Despite him having changed, Seron felt that beneath the outward serious and powerful personality, his heart had still retained the kindness Seron had associated him with.

The fact that he cared about the Gier clan, or the weakened big clans was a testament to his reasoning

His father had given him the floating sky original text a few seconds earlier which he was now handing to Jason.

However, contrary to patriarch Marx and Seron's expectations, Jason didn't stop playing with the little girl who was laughing out in joy, while being torn inwardly.

On one hand, she felt like a small child right now, happy to be playing around, but on the other hand, she was cursing herself for behaving like a little baby.

Even if she felt weird, Fortuna had to be on her side, because Anna couldn't fathom how else she could have encountered Jason at such a time.

He was definitely someone from a race that was at a high rank, but without being able to sense mana, there was no way for her to figure out the truth.

While taking the Floating Sky manual from Seron, which was in fact a Terra-Advanced technique with the correct translated name, Jason continued to distract Anna.

Reading through the first few pages, Jason was able to employ his knowledge about the weightless steps movement technique that was a sub technique of the translated part of the floating sky technique.

Afterward, his reading speed slowed down.

It was still fast owing to his refined brain, and mana eyes that perceived everything neatly, but it took him around four hours to finish everything.

"I got it." Jason simply said as he looked at Anna, who was now sleeping in his lap, her head resting on his leg after he had decided to sit more comfortably on the ground.

Turning his head to Seron and the patriarch who had been talking with each other and sending messages through their quantum bracelets, Jason said,

"Seron, can you write fast? I can do two different translations! One word-to-word translation, or the version I've comprehended. It's based on the weightless steps technique and the movement sequence that I copied from you.

Which one do you want to do first? Or do I just need to translate the former?"

Seron was staring at him in confusion, not sure what Jason wanted from him. Thus, he slowly turned his head towards his father for an answer.

"I think both versions would be better....but SON..I think you've forgotten to explain something to me! What about the copied sequence of the floating sky technique?"

While trying to ignore the latter part, Seron took out a bunch of papers and a pen.

"Let's do both."

Using paper and a pen was much better than saving everything on the quantum bracelet that may as well be hacked by others. This was also the reason why most big clans liked to use hand-written manuals without worrying about even a single word about their unique techniques getting leaked over Skynet or anywhere else.

Jason found this logical and didn't expect Seron to utilize the quantum bracelet to write down the translations, to begin with.

The entire day had passed until they had finally finished everything, and Jason sighed in relief when they were done.

It was more annoying to explain certain things, that required basic common sense according to him, but it was better to be meticulous in some explanations than being too hasty and undetailed.

If the techniques were not explained in a clear and precise language, the reader ran a high risk of injuring himself or herself in an attempt to practice such martial art techniques by following the instructions of the manual.

As the translated part of the Floating Sky technique was imprinted into his mind, he could try practicing it without any issues.

However, in order to master it correctly, he required lots of time, which he didn't have right now.

In the end, there were many things he had to do, but the most important for Jason was something different than maintaining peace!

After ensuring Seron's well-being, while completing some important missions on the way, Jason decided to infiltrate the Drake kingdom.

He was uncomfortable carrying Anna with him everywhere he went, but there was nobody he trusted enough, except Fasro and Lusan, who had lots of things to do as it is.

Till Greil was busy too, and he couldn't leave a transmigrator inside a small child with Emily alone!

That might even be worse than handing over Anna to the government, who had more than enough to do with different tasks.

Jason was already hopeful to hear Anna talking for the first time, and despite not knowing how long it would take, he couldn't help but hope that her being a transmigrator might help.

Not only would it be possible for him to alter his plans with possible information from her, but he might as well leave her on her own once she was able to talk.

At least, Artemis could look after her too instead of him doing everything alone.

It had been unlike Jason to randomly pick up a baby on a whim but after seeing the baby all alone, defenseless, and with an interesting former life, he had failed to muster the courage to leave her to her fate.

He just couldn't bring himself to leave her alone! Something had prevented him from doing so!

Once everything was concluded, Jason spent another day in the capital of the Gier clan's kingdom before he left Seron once again.

While flying to the kingdom for almost two weeks, he had altered his facial features with Solaris' new ability, while covering his stigma and retracting his aura.

Other than that, Anna was his final means to disguise himself!

Nobody would expect someone infiltrating a hostile kingdom with a baby after all!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 497 - Observance

Stepping through the borders of the Drake kingdom had been a piece of cake, to put it simply.

There were not many members of the Drake clan patrolling the borders. It almost looked like Jael Drake had regained his senses because the main focus was on controlling the higher-ranked beasts that had left their habitat to wreak havoc.

Protecting the cities seemed to have the highest importance for every country and kingdom Jason had passed through, which was a good sign because the population was more important to protect than the surrounding lands!

Yet, contrary to what he had expected, most citizens didn't riot. They were only voicing out their complaints, but that was already everything.

This was weird and something Jason couldn't understand. During the entire Great Argos war, citizens had been the least priority to the big clans, yet, they had easily reclaimed their position as governor of their lands.

Even if they had been forced to abandon their lands before, the vast majority of citizens seemed to act as if they were glad to see the big clans returning.

In the end, this was only because ordinary citizens had been unable to solve the issues with the surrounding beasts at the Lique stage!

As such, it looked like the citizens were glad that the big clans had returned, however, they continued to harbor their hatred of the big clans deep within them, which was as distinct, if not firmer than that to the foreign races.

The latter had always been enemies of normal citizens, but that was not the case with the big clans.

Earlier they had been naive enough to believe that the big clans were safeguarding and protecting them, but now, everyone knew the truth.

Once something were to happen, there was nobody they could rely on.

With that thought seeping into the mind of every citizen, their behavior seemed to change slowly.

During the few days Jason spent in all kinds of cities inside the Drake kingdom, he noticed these subtle changes which caused him to feel uncomfortable.

His disguise was well thought out and nobody would dare to assume that the youth with a baby in his arms was a spy or something similar.

Even if citizens were to know that, they would rather reveal some secrets pertaining to the Drake family to him rather than blow his cover.

While most big clans were already deemed as evil by most citizens, this was even worse when it came to the Drake kingdom.

Most of the citizens wouldn't hesitate to murder Jael Drake with their own hands if they ever got the chance to lay their hands on him but that was not possible.

Instead, it was almost as if the Drake clan patriarch's strength had increased by a large margin during the last few months.

Nobody knew for sure whether this was because his soulbond had matured, or if there was another reason.

There were rumors about his cultivation technique having allowed Jael to increase his combat prowess to the extremes, and Jason thought that this was likely.

If Jael Drake's ice transmutation had reached a higher degree, his ice affinity must be on a whole new level compared to what one would normally be capable of.

Jason was also interested in cultivation techniques because he was still using a basic mana absorption technique!

Even his passive mana gathering technique required a complete renewal because he had already reached the highest possible absorption rate with it!

After his primal Celestia bloodline awakening, his passive mana gathering technique had even broken through its limitation, which was something unheard of.

However, this was still not enough.

It was unfortunate, but most higher-ranked mana gathering and absorption techniques required certain affinities, while similarly restricting other affinities.

The same applied for cultivation techniques as it was the case with body refinement techniques!

In the end, Jason had many ways to improve his combat prowess, but there was no need for him to actively search for a mana gathering and passive mana gathering technique!

The surrounding mana was too shallow after all.

Jason's absorption rate had increased exponentially, comparable to that of ordinary individuals of higher races, and there was not even the need for him to activate his stigma.

Even if others were confident about the mana permeating the air on Canir, Jason had to use a huge bulk of mana stones in order to reach his limit.

The costs were exorbitant and the efficiency that he received in return was less than what he had hoped for.

Nevertheless, it was good that he had been unable to practice a cultivation technique until now as it would have changed his mana fluctuations faintly, refining them.

If the higher authorities of the Drake clan were to perceive this, not even Anna as his perfect cover would be enough anymore.

Anna, who was forced to stay with Jason for the entire time, was already trying hard to say even a single word. However, her body had yet to be developed enough to share the transmigrated soul's thoughts and desires with him.

Jason had helped her learn to walk a little bit, and despite her weak and frail legs, the willpower of an old transmigrator was on a completely different level than that of a small baby without any goals or desires.

He didn't think that it would take long for Anna to start speaking. Thus, he had already revealed all kinds of things she should be unaware of.

Anna had transmigrated to a different race after all! Their race's appearance might be similar, or maybe even the same, but that should have been the only similarity.

It was still difficult to comprehend the existence of three different energies, with mana being only one, but that was something Jason could learn and digest slowly.

Meanwhile, Anna required more information about Argos' current state, what exactly had happened, and the perks of being a human.

In the end, she had voiced her astonishment with a loud squeal while Jason had carried her through the crowded street.

A soul world was just too much of an advantage to ignore, and Anna's initial dejection of being born into a weak and suppressed race was slowly subsiding.

Jason was still not sure how she had reincarnated, but his gut feeling told him that she was neither a bad person nor someone who would hurt those around her.

Other than that, she seemed to be foolish and naive because it looked like she was trusting him too much, considering that they had just met.

There was no way for her to understand whether he wanted to help her or use her knowledge for his own selfish interests, yet, instead of showing any reluctance while interacting with him, Anna behaved as if she was just waiting to start speaking and reveal everything to him.

In the end, that was exactly what she would do, and Anna knew that this might be seen as foolish.

However, at the same time, it was evident that Jason had rescued her, while his persona radiated a certain enigma that made her feel that he wasn't supposed to exist on such a small planet.

Normally she wouldn't know anything about Jason yet, but after he had told her about him being a halfling from the human and Celestia race, the little girl's excitement knew no bounds.

Both Jason and Anna seemed to have forged a thin bond with each other, and Jason didn't feel the need to hold back information from her.

Jason wanted Anna to tell him as much information as possible, while Anna had yet to figure out what she wanted to do with the second chance she had received!

Go in back, staying on Argos, taking revenge? Everything was possible, but it was evident that her current strength was insignificant to even start thinking about something like that!

After spending an entire week in detailed observance of all kinds of cities within the Drake kingdom in absolute dedication, Jason had heard countless rumors.

While most were exaggerated or simply baseless, there were multiple rumors that relayed the same message.

The Drake clan had reaped benefits from the Great Argos war instead of losses. While many of their powerhouses had died, the My?Idra race had already sent them cultivation resources, body refinement manuals, and even shallow translated combat techniques!

Adding the loot from the opponents they had defeated to their wealth of resources, the Drake family had constructed a large nurturing field for all talented youths they had forced under a soul contract!

Jason had figured out the rough location of this training ground which he had approached during the last few days of his observance. It was only a matter of time before it would be possible for him to find a good opportunity to enter the fortress-like academy!

'My strength has increased during the last three weeks despite not being able to actively absorb a lot of mana. Presenting myself as a challenger to the Drake clan's younger generation won't work... What else is there that I can use as a means to enter the academy?'

As he mulled over the possible options, he suddenly felt Anna was tugging at his sleeves. His eyes traveled from one of her little hands seeking his attention to the other pointing out in a certain direction.

Jason suppressed his excitement but he couldn't help but exclaim.

"You...You're a little genius!!"

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 498 - Simple Is Best

Anna was pointing towards a small building complex with a golden dragon embedded in its sign.

It was a trading company, and Jason didn't take long before he comprehended what Anna wanted to tell him.

She might have a different idea than what Jason's mind was forming, but he couldn't help but grin at the thought.

Without wasting any time, he cooked up a plan to be able to enter the fortress-like nurturing grounds.

Taking out the translated version of the neutral body refinement technique that had once belonged to the Doom Crawls, Jason smiled lightly.

In a shrewd move, he deliberately altered the content of a few paragraphs so as to? prevent others from refining their physique further than a certain threshold without causing any issues to the practitioners future body refinement

This threshold would allow the user to barely reach the first stage, but wouldn't allow advancing any further.

The Drake family shouldn't have obtained the translated neutral body refinement technique yet because the big clans had been careful in storing them away.

They had been extremely expensive to procure due to the ginormous price Jason had set up for his manuals, and it looked like this decision had opened a great opportunity for him.

Walking inside the golden-dragon trading firm, he noticed a young saleswoman approaching him with a bright smile.

"Good morning Sir, how may I help you?"

Jason smiled back before he took out the manual he had translated.

"I heard that there is a nurturing ground for young prodigies of the Drake clan nearby. While fleeing from the last battle of the Great Argos war, I had many near-death experiences. Even so, I was able to procure something valuable! What I'm holding is one of the legendary neutral body refinement techniques that had been used by the Argos alliance!"

The saleswoman looked at him with a mixture of disbelief and frustration as she calmly replied,

"We have encountered many people trying to sell fake body refinement techniques to our trading firm. With that being said, you will have to prove that it's genuine!"

She awaited Jason to panic, but contrary to her expectations he just nodded his head and suggested,

"Copy the first five pages and practice it if you want. There shouldn't be much improvement in your physical strength with only one body refinement session, but you should be able to tell that this manual is not a fake copy"

Handing the dumbfounded woman the technique he added,

"Even if I sell the neutral body refinement technique, I have a condition. There are two members of the Drake alliance that I want to meet! They seem to have recently joined the Drake clan, but I can't simply show up and enter the fortress...even less with my little girl!"

As long as the neutral body refinement manual was original, paying whatever price demanded wouldn't be a problem. It was possible to copy translated body refinement techniques after all!

There was no imprint of one's soul required to open the manual or any other restriction!

However, when the saleswoman heard the condition, she was shocked for the second time since meeting him.

"I'm sorry sir...but I can't really do anything about the Drake clan's policy..."

Jason just looked at the saleswoman as if he had expected her reply and said,

"Just relay my condition to someone who has enough authority to approve of my condition after evaluating the body refining manual.

The Drake clan should be able to fulfill such a small favor, otherwise, I won't sell the neutral body refinement technique. There is no loss for them, and I only want to see how my family is doing."

Before the saleswoman could reply, Jason heard the doorbell behind him ring as the automatic door opened behind him. The saleswoman bowed deeply to the person who had just entered the golden dragon trading company.

Turning around, Jason, who was holding Anna in his arms, saw a middle-aged man with the Drake clan's emblem embedded in the uniform he was wearing.

Scanning through the middle-aged man's mana core, Jason noticed that there were only 2,000 liquefied drops of mana inside.

As such, he could maintain his composure in front of the man, while bowing lightly, but was completely ignored by him.

"Did you acquire the information I wanted?" He asked the saleswoman who was still holding the translated manual of the Doom Crawls in her hand.

Nodding her head, she put the manual on the table in front of her before taking out several handwritten files.

There had to be important information, but Jason was not interested in it.

The middle-aged man seemed to be relatively young because he had the Drake clan's elite emblem instead of an ordinary emblem on his uniform.

When Jason noticed this, he figured out that this was probably the best chance he would've received.

"Do you really think that it will be impossible for me to meet my younger cousins in the nurturing fortress? I haven't seen them in years, and I doubt that the possibility of obtaining a fully translated neutral body refinement manual would be enough for you to permit me!"

He could have come across as rude due to his sudden interruption, but Jason didn't bother about that right now.

Instead, his eyes were trained on the middle-aged man, who had just noticed him before his eyes flicked towards the body refinement manual on the table.

Picking it up, he read through the first few pages, without being able to stop for a single second.

Only after 20 minutes had passed did he lift his head to take a good look at Jason.

"Slightly more than 40 drops of liquefied mana...not bad. How old are you and where did you find this manual?"

Jason was overjoyed on the inside, but on the outside, he remained calm as he answered,

"Despite looking young, I'm already in my mid-20s. Before the Great Argos war, I used to live on Astrix, and my talented cousins were allowed to enter the Drake clan. Unfortunately, my low-star soul awakening prevented me from following them.

As for the manual, I found it on a dead body of a powerhouse from the Argos alliance while fleeing from the last battle of the Great Argos war. I couldn't actively participate in the battle because I'm responsible for someone after all!"

Only now did the middle-aged man take a proper look at the little girl in Jason's hand before he nodded his head.

After that, his attention diverted to the neutral body refinement technique before he scratched the back of his head.

There were many things he had to pay attention to, but the most important was that the higher-ups had told him to nurture the new generation with his fullest capabilities.

The body refinement manual in his hand was one means to accomplish this, and Paul, the middle-aged man, asked himself whether he could trust the words of a stranger or not.

However, after considering that the young man had barely 42 drops of liquefied mana in his core and a baby girl in his hands, that was happily playing with him, he fell for Jason's trap.

Anna didn't show any signs of being abducted and Jason's technique looked genuine enough to him.

Thus, he couldn't pin Jason to the act of wanting to infiltrate the nurturing fortress, hence, Paul nodded his head in affirmation.

"I think that's not too much to ask for...All of us suffered because of the Great Argos war after all. Even if it might not look like that, not everyone wanted war..."

Despite looking cold, Jason thought that the middle-aged man was warm and kind.

In the end, he was just someone who had suffered as much as others, being used by the stronger.

Pain and agony were something everyone had witnessed through the Great Argos war as billions of beings had been victims of it!

Now, after the Great Argos war, they were even labeled as devils. Sadly, they couldn't retort anything to that accusation because it was nothing but the truth!

'How did the Drake clan only end up like that...it had been magnificent and a place one could be proud of...'

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 499 - Reunited

Jason was nervous to meet his old friends once again. It had been more than two years, and he couldn't help but feel worried and apprehensive.

'I hope they don't think that I've abandoned them!'

He doubted that they had much time to think about this, but Jason was more worried about how their behavior and attitude might have changed than other, more necessary stuff.

The Drake clan could have manipulated them which was something that had to be expected.

As such, the nearer he, Paul, and Anna, who was in his arms, came to the fortress that was used to nurture the Drake clan's new generation, the more nervous he became.

He was feeling guilty to have left them abruptly, while Shane's thoughtless act of bringing the Ice Dragon towards Canir had resulted in the chain reaction that had led Jael Drake to lose his sanity.

At least, that was what Jason thought, and he couldn't help but feel sorry.

If possible he would take care of the issues his master had caused, but that was hardly possible right now.

Jason just hoped that the Flers and everyone else who had been forced into a soul contract were treated well, and not tortured.

Otherwise, he wouldn't know how to bear the responsibility his master had given to him.

'Considering that Paul is willing to let me see Greg and Malia, there shouldn't be much of an issue! Calm down!!'

He cursed himself in his mind, and it was only when they found themselves standing in front of the gigantic gate of the metal forest that Jason's mind that had been filled with worry was cleansed.

It was as if he had switched off his mind, preventing useless thoughts from distracting him.

Thus, Jason was able to observe everything down to the finest detail.

His mana eyes had been very helpful to accomplish this feat, but he didn't dare to insert too much mana into them, for fear that he might be exposed.

This would not be problematic for him, but the Flers.

Because he had to tell Paul who he wanted to specifically meet, a connection between him and the Flers was evident.

As such, he was walking on eggshells at the moment. Even a single mistake of his, or his identity being exposed might cause lots of issues for those he loved.

The Flers were not related to him by blood, but without their help, he wouldn't have been able to come this far. If he could call anyone his family apart from his soulbonds, it would be the Flers and his later masters.

This was something Jason knew for sure.

With that in mind, he acted like everything around him was astonishing and extremely interesting to him, putting on a good show of how he was bewitched by the scene in front of him.

It was imperative that nothing about Jason should attract someone's suspicion, and he was of the opinion that his acting was pretty good.

Paul, who was one of the instructors of the new generation, seemed to be gentle and kind.

He spoke a lot to him and explained many things, such as the living conditions of the students who attended the academy, that had been in fact the nurturing ground.

Other than that, he mentioned their training program, what they usually ate, the cultivation resources they received, and much more.

Jason was astonished about Paul's behavior because the young man seemed to trust him a lot.

This could have been due to him having a child in his arms, or that Jason seemed to love his family enough to visit them in exchange for handing out a fully translated neutral body refinement technique.

Despite their agreement, Paul told Jason that he would still receive a large fortune in exchange.

However, instead of accepting it, Jason just told the young man to redirect the funds to Greg, Malia, and their parents as they were in more need of resources than he was.

All-in-all together, Paul noticed how much Jason cared about his family, and he told himself that in no way could such a doting young man with a child be devious or a trickster.

Thus, Jason was not considered a spy!

His sole purpose was to meet Greg and Malia, at least for now!

After they entered the fortress, it didn't take long before he was led into a small, yet comfortable office.

Jason sat down on the small couch before he began to play with Anna as Artemis, whose jealousy had shot through the roof, stared daggers at him.

She had squeezed her way between Jason and Anna which caused both of them to laugh out loud.

Meanwhile, Paul, along with a young, bulky man with short brown hair and a young woman with long, silky brown hair that cascaded down her back, entered the office.

Artemis was annoyed with the way Jason paid attention to Anna.

She meant to glare at Anna but failed to do so as the baby looked at her with innocence and curiosity. Anna blocked most of her appearance to the new entrants in the room as they could only see white feathers. Jason smiled at Greg and Malia, who were unable to identify Jason and clueless as to why a stranger was smiling at them.

His smile and eyes were somewhat familiar, but his facial features had been altered through Solaris' new ability.

As such, there was no way they could detect Jason without scanning his mana fluctuations.

However, their gut feeling told them to not do it as it would attract unwanted attention and suspicion. Thus, they resisted the urge to do so.

Jason's smile reached his eyes when he saw his old friends and a single tear streamed down his cheeks as he asked

"How have you two been?"

This confused Greg and Malia even more, and they exchanged puzzled glances with each other. When they returned their gazes back to Jason, they could see Artemis' head peeking out from behind the baby girl.

When Artemis felt Jason's emotions and saw the cause of it, she screamed out before flapping with her wings as she jumped out of Anna's embrace.

Anna's one-year-old part of the soul felt sad to see Artemis leave her side and she was about to cry, but Jason managed to calm her down.

He stood up, holding her in his arms as he approached the siblings who were more than familiar with Artemis' appearance.

"Artemis!!" Malia screamed out as she hugged the little owl that was shooting towards them.

Artemis was still in her small form, and it was only when they realised who the owl was that they understood who was the person standing in front of them.

Their responses were inarticulate in the beginning, their brains too tired and exhausted to process what they were witnessing in front of them.

They couldn't issue a word first, as tears streamed down Malia's eyes before Greg mumbled in a small voice, "I'm sorry..."

Jason stole a quick glance at Paul, hoping that the young man would leave. However, that was apparently not the case and it made things a little bit more difficult than Jason had hoped for.

Nevertheless, he was glad to see that both Malia and Greg seemed to be fine.

There was nothing more he could have wished for at the moment, and he hugged Greg firmly while asking,

"What are you sorry for? It's not like there was anything we could do!"

Patting Greg's broad back reassuringly, Jason released two paper-thin threads of mana from his body which he shot towards the two siblings.

They were overjoyed to reunite with their old friend, whom they had thought to have lost through the Great Argos war as devastating news continued to pour in through all parts of the planet, making them feel less and less hopeful of him being safe and sound with each passing day.

Despite that, they still noticed something connecting them, as Jason transmitted a single thought to them.

[Don't be astonished, it's just me. With your instructor around, I can't talk freely, just behave as if you don't notice anything]

Because Malia was hugging Artemis, and Greg was being hugged by Jason, Paul, the instructor didn't notice them stiffening for a short moment.

It didn't take long for them to regain their composure and Jason didn't waste any time either.

He hugged Malia as well and heard Greg muttering under his breath in a teasing voice.

"Since when do you have a daughter?? We haven't seen each other for a few years and you've already settled down?"

Greg was trying to hide how emotional he was right now, but it was hardly possible.

Jason just smiled as he said,

"This little girl is called Anna, and she is not my blood-related daughter. To put it simply, her parents died and I didn't want the government to take her in. They're already overflowing with orphans, and a one-year-old child would definitely be neglected."

[There are other reasons too, but I can't explain them without enough time]

He didn't like lying to his close friends, thus Jason tried to stay as honest as possible with Paul watching them.

Paul, the instructor had already expected the little girl to not be Jason's child, because their facial features and other characteristics were different.

However, to hear what Jason had done was remarkable and it restored his faith in humanity.

"How have you two been? After the Drake family took you in, many things must have happened!"

[I know roughly what should have happened, if possible, provide me with as much information about the soul contract clauses as possible! I'll find a way to take you two out of this mess!]

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 500 - Don't Dare To

The three friends ignored the instructor's presence completely, but that was not something he minded.

Instead, he was listening carefully to Greg and Malia's words that were expected of him as a part of his employment with the Drake clan. He was duty-bound to follow their rules.

Jason, Malia, and Greg had decided to sit down before telling their story.

Many things had indeed happened since their last meeting, and Greg explained everything slowly, while Jason instructed Malia and showed her how to transmit her thoughts to him.

This was easier said than done, and it was only after 20 minutes that she got the hang of it.

In the end, this was faster than Jason expected, and he was glad that Greg's storytelling was as slow as it had been years before.

This worked in his favor as Jason was able to multitask, and he didn't show any outward signs of doing something other than listening intently to Greg's recitation of the things they had faced since their last meeting.

Apparently, they had been treated well, and there were not many accidents that had happened after they had voluntarily decided to join the Drake family's clan.

The resources they received were not bad, and Malia had already broken into the Lique stage, while Greg estimated that he wouldn't need more than a year to achieve the same.

This was great to hear, and from his friend's body language, Jason was able to tell that everything except 'voluntarily decided' had been the truth!

Everyone knew about the truth, and the instructor was also aware of the fact that Jason would know what had really happened.

Nevertheless, it was also evident that the young man with a child in his arms couldn't just say, "Please take me to those your clan has forced into submission. With a soul contract that is no better than enslavement!"

Paul was similarly disgusted by what the Drake family had turned into, and his soul contract was less demanding and its clauses less exploitative than that of those the new generation had to sign.

Nevertheless, his contract had still been harsh, and he had been forced to sign it at a young age because his family situation had demanded it.

Otherwise, Paul wouldn't have become who he was!

After Malia had comprehended what to do in order to transmit thoughts to Jason without letting others notice, she released a thin thread of mana that was unstable and crude, yet enough to do what it should.

It was slowly moving towards Jason as Greg finished his story-telling.

There were many things both the siblings and Jason were curious about, but Greg knew that asking Jason with Paul hovering around them would be disadvantageous and risky.

Thus, he asked simple questions Jason could answer by cooking up a story.

Only a few minutes had passed when Jason thought that it was time for him to ask another question.

"I would like to meet Aunt and Uncle too, how have they been? Do you know where I can meet them later?"

Hearing his question made Malia stop transmitting her thoughts midway, but it took her only a short moment before she continued to explain every single clause the Drake clan's soul contract had stated.

[I know the contract is harsh and nobody would sign it under normal circumstances, but they had killed several families to demonstrate what will happen if we disobey!]

Malia's thoughts sounded enraged and frustrated at the same which was completely understandable.

Nevertheless, she returned to state the other, more unique clauses only talented youths had to do.

Apparently, exactly as Jason had expected, both Greg and Malia were forced to obey everyone in the Drake family, and even the higher authorities from the Drake clan.

There were only a few things they didn't have to obey, which was the only thing that prevented the young prodigies from killing themselves.

As a matter of fact, nobody was forced to satisfy the sexual desires of the clan members, which was something Jason had been worried about.

If Malia had been violated throughout the last two years, her will to live would have been completely shattered by now.

Fortunately, the Drake family was more focused on nurturing a combat force and not interested in raising slaves to satiate carnal desires.

Meanwhile, Greg told Jason that their parents were able to roam through the Drake kingdom freely after he and his sister entered the nurturing grounds.

Apparently, this was some sort of reward the youngest generation had received, and it was already fortunate that they hadn't been killed after the enslavement-like soul contract had been signed and put into effect.

It was similar to encouraging the young prodigies to become stronger in order to protect their families that seemed to be scattered throughout the entire kingdom.

As such, defending the entire kingdom had become a necessity.

Jason couldn't help but think that it was an extremely clever tactic employed by the Drake clan.

The young generation had a reason to become stronger; to protect their family, which meant that they had to protect the Drake clan and kingdom!

After Malia had finished explaining every clause of their soul contract, she also told him where exactly their parents had gone.

Their location could have changed, but Malia doubted it.

Jason was glad to hear that they were alive and not restrained in any way, but he didn't dare to meet Mark and Gabriella right now.

Somehow, he felt too guilty about the entire mess that had been created because of his master, and himself.

There were multiple ways to opt out of a soul contract, but most of them were not feasible for the soul contract Greg and Malia had been forced to sign.

'Terminating the contract is not possible, dying is not an option either!... But annihilating the entire Drake family and clan is not something I could have done either...even if I were strong enough.'

In the end, there were more humans who had been forced to obey the Drake clan than those who had followed Jael Drake of their own will.

Thus, the three options Jason had in mind were not feasible.

He had a few other ideas in his mind, but he couldn't just test them right now.

If something were to go wrong, it would be devastating and would blow his cover.

As such, both Greg and Malia would have to endure everything a little bit longer.

This wouldn't be a problem as long as they were not sent to participate in a civil war or somewhere dangerous, where it was likely for them to sustain injuries or even die!

Fortunately, both Greg and Malia were too weak to attend dangerous missions, and it would probably take a few years before the first really dangerous missions would be allocated to them.

Knowing this, Jason was able to retain his composure for now. A few years were more than enough for him to figure out a solution and save his friends.

'If the simple ways don't work, I'll have to experiment with solutions to overthrow the Drake family's soul contract!'

The options were endless and he was in no rush to test their efficiency.

As long as the Drake kingdom wouldn't cease to exist by getting attacked and conquered by others, the Flers would be fine too!

This complicated lots of things, but Jason knew what he had to do.

Canir had to exit this state of anarchy and enter a state of complete power balance without him intervening too much, allowing Jason to become stronger, as fast as possible!

Unfortunately, Jason knew that this was a far-fetched dream, and for now he could only enjoy the time he could spend with his friends for as long as possible.

The Great Argos war might be over, but that didn't mean the dangers had ceased to exist!

Everybody was oblivious to the fact that the enemies lurking in the shadows had started to move, and nobody knew who was going to make the first move.

Was the Great Argos war only the starting line of Argos' doom, or the beginning of something new, something beautiful that brought forth a bright future everyone could look forward to?