

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 531 - Colosseum

Not every change was bad, and it not only applied to different situations but also races!

This was something mankind had to accept before they would be able to make a treaty with the Olympus federation.

At least, if that was something they were sincerely trying to achieve.

Even Jason had been forced to understand, digest, and accept this fact.

He didn't want to, but this was an undeniable fact and nothing but the truth.

In the end, it would be impossible for him to kill every race, just because a few specific individuals had been responsible for the deaths of someone he had loved.

Rather, targeting specific individuals was the way to go. Jason didn't want the entire human race to be annihilated, as a consequence of a few human powerhouses' reckless actions.

The first step was always the hardest, but those that followed were much easier to take..

With three months left to strengthen themselves and get to know their opponents, it would be the easiest to enter the library in Janur.

Unfortunately, the universal language was not something one could learn within the blink of an eye.

Jason's situation had been different, and he didn't understand how he was able to do half the things he could, if he were to be honest, but others would need to study everything.

If his assumption was correct, it would take around two months for the others to learn the most basic alphabet of the universal language, while constructing simple sentences for verbal or written communication wouldn't be much of an issue.

Forcing everyone to speak with the vendors of other races would further accelerate this, and Jason assumed that this was the easiest way to get to know others.

Unfortunately, studying was not the talent the God's children, or human powerhouses had.

Because of that, the plan he had created during traveling to Janur was blown into smithereens.

In the end, Jason had overestimated their capabilities, while comparing their memory, thinking ability, and all the other traits to his own.

They were at a higher rank than him and should have a sharper mind, but Jason recalled that he belonged to a different race, at least half of himself.

Furthermore, his brain had received two baptisms, the primal awakening of the Celestia bloodline, and an additional enhancement from the divine aura he had devoured and digested.

While thinking about the divine aura, Jason's train of thoughts was diverted to his soulbonds.

Solaris was still at his limit, unable to advance further, while Artemis was happily absorbing and digesting the mana in her surroundings.

She was currently perched on his shoulder like usual, while Petri had coiled himself around his waist.

Looking at Petri, Jason saw once again that he was still undergoing transformation.

His youngest soulbond might have expelled his mana core and the liquefied mana drops, but something else was slowly forming within him.

Now that Petri was only cultivating on the path of primordial energy, he had strengthened every cell inside his body to the limits.

All of that was thanks to Solaris who had shared every little trace of life force it had absorbed, allowing Petri to advance instead of stagnating.

As such, Petri was able to liquefy his first, highly compressed drop of life force. It looked similar to the compressed lifeforce of the Ascron race, but mightier and intertwined with the two curses Petri harbored.

Every cultivation path was different, and Jason couldn't just take the path of primordial energy similar to that of the mana.

This was unfortunate, but the energy within the compressed drop of lifeforce was hundreds of times higher compared to a simple liquefied drop of mana!

Because of that, he would have to study more about the cultivation path Petri was taking.

From the looks of it, his physique had been strengthened to an equivalent of 3,000 drops of mana. However, that was only from the outside, and Jason knew that his little soulbond was still lacking in the internal refinement of his body.

'Maybe he will have to liquefy 3,000 drops of primordial energy? No...probably not...maybe life force drops? Just...less?'

While Jason was trying to make sense of his thoughts, the others were trying to digest every little information they understood.

Even then this was not much, and only Merl Arths was somewhat capable of conversing in the universal language.

Jason had been astonished about his fast learning speed, and it was only now that the old man revealed his full potential.

While speaking to the vendor while translating most things he had understood, they learned about all kinds of things.

This also included the existence of certain highly technological objects they had never seen before.

In the end, there were not many devices superior to mankind's technology, but the mana consumption and other aspects had been drastically reduced, rendering the man-made devices obsolete and useless.

However, instead of focusing on the devices that were mostly empowered by mana, he realised that the auxiliary occupation's skills were much higher inside the Olympus federation in comparison to mankind's.

Not only were weapons with elemental runes sold at every store, but the extent to which most weapons had been forged was extraordinary.

Even Jason, whose forging skills were unparalleled in the entire human race, couldn't help but wonder what kind of ores and technique had been utilized to forge certain weapons.

They were not only sharp, durable, and flexible but they didn't have a single rune inscribed on them.

Jason hadn't paid much attention to these details the last time he had been in Janur. Instead, he had spent most of his time inside the library, improving his knowledge.

Yet, now that he saw the weapons, armory, accessories, all kinds of mythic potions, and unknown runes, Jason could only stare at them.

He wanted to learn how to forge, concoct and inscribe those products too!

The characteristics of the products he perceived through the Emperor Eyes were refined and much better concocted than every single potion Jason had ever held in his hand.

Unfortunately, before he could even think about asking where the vendor obtained his goods from, Betty exclaimed like a little schoolgirl.

"There is an arena!! Wouldn't that be perfect for us??"

It was nothing uncommon to have an arena inside a ginormous city that was governed by multiple races at once.

Minor disputes and scuffles were bound to occur once in a while, and it was a common practice to solve most issues by fighting against each other.

This was the simplest solution, and Jason found it better than simply killing the others mindlessly.

Once the battle was over, the dispute ended in favor of the winning side.

As such, strength was deemed to be an extremely important and deciding factor.

Being clever but weak wouldn't bring anything except pain and an early death if one was naive.

When Jason looked in the direction Betty had pointed, he couldn't help but smile.

"That's the colosseum, not the arena. There is a little difference!"

Even though Jason said so, nobody understood the meaning of his words.

Thus, Jason explained it in simple terms.

"The arena is used for spars and to clear disputes. Apparently, seriously injuring and killing each other is forbidden. Meanwhile, the Colosseum is different, and the activities held inside it focus on entertaining the viewers. There aren't any rules preventing you from killing either. You can also place your bet on the assumed winning side, how high someone's streak will be and so on!

Most strong cultivators hone their techniques and combat experience inside the colosseum while trying to earn a fortune."

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 532 - Broken World

The God's Children seemed excited about the possibility of making a fortune while fighting against others.

Jason had always wondered why mankind hadn't developed a similar system. The big clans had been too full of themselves, while the same could be said about the other human powerhouses.

As such, it would have been a great solution to let powerhouses, and descendants fight against each other.

This was not really important for Jason because he wouldn't have participated in something like that either way.

However, with time, his mindset had changed a lot.. As such, he couldn't help but smile craftily.

"You may not be aware of this, but the reward for achieving a winning streak of 50 is pretty good! I'm quite tempted to participate."

Every victory would reward cultivation resources, and it was only the winning streaks with 20, 50, 100 wins that would result in different rewards.

As a matter of fact, the reward for a winning streak of 20 wins was uninteresting for Jason, but the 50th was quite beneficial for everyone!

Betty stared at Jason, not sure what to think about his words. He was hinting something, and evidently advertising the Colosseum.

It was only when Merl Arths took a step forward that she averted her attention from Jason.

"I guess you want everyone to join the Colosseum and enter the 50th round. How can you be so confident that nobody will fail, or even worse, die?? And what is the reward, to begin with?"

Jason had waited for her to ask these questions, and he couldn't suppress a smile.

Everyone could see a faint glint of determination in his eyes as he cleared his throat.

"If the God's Children can't even beat someone two or to be more precise three ranks above their mana core rank, we should just give up on participating in the liberation tournament. Otherwise, it will be embarrassing..."

The reward is pretty simple. We receive the permission to enter a dimension or to be more precise the part of a destroyed world that sustains itself with mana. There is a world bridge leading to that place, and the mana density and purity are said to be a few times higher in comparison to what we find here!

Gaining combat experience, and knowledge of our opponents before increasing our strength and cultivation base for the remaining two months would be perfect, or not?"

He knew that he hadn't really explained how the Colosseum worked, but it was pretty simple.

In the first 10 rounds, one would fight against opponents at the same mana core rank as their own.

After that, post every 10 victories the difficulty would increase by one level.

The dangers of a level were correlated to the bet one had made. Without placing a bet, one wouldn't receive lots of rewards from the colosseum. However, at the same time, a 'level' increment was only equal to around half a rank.

With 1000 liquefied drops of mana, the opponents in the 1st-9th fight would have roughly the same strength, while the opponents in the 10th to 19th fight would have around 1500 liquefied drops of mana.

In the end, this meant that Jason wanted the God's Children to attain a winning streak of 50, meaning that their final opponent would normally be 2 and a half rank above their own mana core rank.

However, this was not the case due to the special reward one would receive with a winning streak of 50. The difficulty would increase a little bit, making it a total of 3 ranks above their own mana core rank!

Jason didn't want to reveal this to the God's Children because they would be able to comprehend that the colosseum was nothing but a child's play to them!

Their mana core rank was not high, but the same couldn't be said about their combat prowess!

For example, Betty, the youngest among the God's Children, was only at the Peak of the 2nd Lique stage. Yet, her strength was already comparable to that of an average 8th Lique stage!

All of that was because of her terrific soul-awakening, and the soul amplification of 25% she received.

Jason's Emperor Eyes could clearly see that her body was on the brink of tearing apart, but it seemed as if the Nature affinity was the only factor holding everything in place.

This was only a temporary solution, but more than enough for their current circumstances. As long as Betty didn't bind another soulbond or allowed her soulbonds to improve their strength, there wouldn't be a problem.

From the looks of it, the other God's Children were facing similar problems, and all of them were using one soulbond to forcefully hold their vessel together.

In the end, this was a clever tactic, but also unhealthy for their body as it would have to endure breaking apart and being tied together.

He was still wondering if that soulbond was also helping them to ease the pain they should have felt, but Jason's queries about the same had always been ignored.

As such, he tried to conduct his own investigation, with the use of his Emperor Eyes.

However, right now, they had to solve something else.

Jason was only smiling at the God's Children, while hinting at a few things about the colosseum.

"As long as you don't place your bets on anything, I'm confident that everyone will be able to attain a winning streak of 50!"

The human race's soul world was just too much of an advantage in the colosseum, and Jason assumed that they would quickly try to find a solution to eradicate the loophole in their system, once a human was to exploit it.

Who would have known that Jason was planning to do exactly the same?

Unfortunately, for that to happen, the God's Children had to achieve their winning streak of 50 first. Otherwise, he might accidentally encounter them, which would obstruct the plan Jason had in mind.

Looking at Merl Arths, he just smiled a little as he shared his final hint,

"Don't forget what sets humans apart from other races! Facing opponents at the same rank is not what God's Children are afraid of, right?"

After he uttered those motivating words, realization dawned upon Merl and even Betty who finally understood what he was talking about. This caused Betty to exclaim.

"Do we have to fight opponents at the same mana core rank?? That would be perfect!!"

Jason just smiled as he nodded his head,

"The opponent's increase of strength every 10 fights is not too high either. At least if you don't want to place your bet on anything.

I propose to achieve a winning streak of 50 during the next few days. After that, spending around two months inside the broken world dimension should be the best to improve our strength before we return to hone our techniques.

Is everyone fine with that?"

Somehow, Jason had turned into the leader of the entire group. It hadn't been a planned move, but he was evidently the only person who could fluently speak, read and write the universal language.

Furthermore, his knowledge was vast in comparison to the others.

It might seem like a disgrace to the human powerhouses that were at least two centuries old, but Merl Arths, one of the old ones, begged to differ.

Rather, it felt like a refreshing change and Merl approved of Jason's plan that seemed to be well thought of.

However, when he heard Jason's next words, Merl couldn't help but frown.

"Let's go shopping!"

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 533 - Wrong Perception

"We can't enter the colosseum looking like our true selves. It would be best to hide our identity too. There are many humanoid races. Simple masks shall serve the purpose!"

Jason wanted them to refrain from exposing themselves before the liberation tournament.

If he were to be honest, it would be best if they could hide most of their affinities too, and only fight with one, imitating one of the other races.

By using several affinities that were normally not compatible with each other, they would only attract suspicion, which was something they had to avoid at all costs.

His own situation was slightly different because he had a stigma, and the Celestia aura, making it 'impossible' for him to pass on as an ordinary human.

Rather, others would suspect him to be a spy or a troublemaker if he were to enter the colosseum.

As such, hiding his stigma was the bare minimum he ought to do..

Staying lowkey was what they had planned in the beginning. Because of that, hiding their identity was only logical.

At the same time, the God's Children had also been told that they shouldn't summon their soulbonds during the liberation tournament.

Nobody knew how the Olympus federation might react.

As such, using their fortified soul conjunction would be their last resort, if things came down to it.

The sole reason for this might have been the Olympus federation, but Jason found this fact to be a little bit exaggerated.

It might be safer, but both Petri and Artemis were able to stay by his side.

They might be in their smaller forms, but there were more than enough other beasts that had been tamed by other foreign races, used as means of transport or as pets.

However, Jason also understood that it might be too much of a shock to allow several soulbonds to suddenly appear out of nowhere. The battles that would be held in the combat arena were likely to be observed by all kinds of unknown races all of whom had varying temperaments.

The liberation tournament was important for everyone. As such, the tension and the excitement would be palpable.

In the end, they bought simple masks, other weapons, and clothes suitable to the Olympus federation's richly diverse culture.

As such, only their mana fluctuations were seen as quite problematic.

Hiding them was possible under normal circumstances, but not during a fight, which meant that at least their opponents would be able to remember them.

That was only if they had enough time to take a proper look at their mana fluctuations. Normally one wouldn't scan and memorize someone else's mana fluctuations, and it required a huge amount of concentration to do that.

Only beings like Jason, or every member of the Heaven's Eyes sect had it much easier to tell apart mana fluctuations and see easier whether they knew someone or not.

His Emperor Eyes saw everyone's mana fluctuations even if he didn't want to.

This was annoying in some cases but was the easiest way for Jason to tell whether he knew someone or not.

Thanks to that, others were unable to disguise themselves in front of him without completely concealing their entire mana core.

His eyes were just too powerful.

In the end, the other God's Children didn't say much after they had comprehended what Jason was trying to achieve.

Nothing serious had happened during the few weeks they had known him.

On the contrary, they had observed him and seen how kind Jason was to others, and that he didn't have any prejudice against other foreign races.

There were only a few times he had heard citizens of the Olympus federation gossip about the foreign races that had suddenly invaded Argos, only to disappear two years later.

Some individuals seemed to have stayed back on Argos because of different reasons, and it was only when Jason heard something about the Ifrytor, My?ldra, and Burane race that a tinge of hatred flashed in his eyes.

It was similar to when their small group had been talking about Argos' situation, and how to prevent the Drake family from doing something stupid.

In the end, Jason didn't have to hide anything because it was already a well-known fact that he had lost Scorpio, his dear soulbond, along with his masters during the Great Argos war.

This had made the five God's Children have a soft corner for him and they had taken a liking for Jason.

He was extremely strong despite his young age. Because of that, the other God's Children who had only been competing against each other, trying to be stronger than each other, had found a new rival, a new opponent to overcome.

Jason might have been the youngest amongst them, but his talent and combat prowess were unparalleled, otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to send someone, who was a stage higher than he was, to sleep!

His uniqueness was obvious, and also the fact that he was not an ordinary human, but that was not something they worried about anymore.

Knowing how Jason's mind worked was extremely difficult, yet in some subjects easy to figure out. He wanted to leave Argos once he fulfilled his masters' wish.

At the same time, it was not difficult to perceive that something else was holding him back from leaving.

Everyone assumed the reason for him staying behind was to take revenge and to take care of the promise he wanted to fulfill by all means.

However, that was not exactly the case because there was more behind it!

Avenging the death of his masters and serving vengeance to those who deserved it was important to Jason, but nobody knew that he had to rescue an entire family of four, from the Drake clan's clutches.

'After the liberation tournament, I will come and rescue all of you!! Even if I have to force a way through the entire Drake clan!'

His plan was simple, but he needed strength to see it through, and right now, the opportunities were flooding him at the most perfect time.

It was not necessary for him to be afraid of the big clans, or ancient sects anymore. Their era was over and it was his turn to take over the reins and show them who the strongest was.

There was no need to hold back either, and Jason couldn't help but smile radiantly.

The God's Children were nicer than he had expected, and they were only lacking in combat experience as they had mostly been sheltered and asked to cultivate, get to know their soulbonds to form a fortified soul conjunction and practice their body refinement technique.

Only when the Great Argos war had started, had it been impossible for them to practice in their safety nets.

They could no longer avoid fighting, out in the real world and they had gained their first combat experience.

It seemed cruel, but had been beneficial for their personal growth and shaping them both as an individual and as a warrior.

Everyone had changed due to the Great Argos war, and there was hardly anyone who hadn't been affected by the war even remotely.

Whether it was for the better or worse, change was the only constant, and being prepared for the worst-case scenario was what made Jason strive for more and more, every single day.

He had to protect himself, his soulbonds, and those important to him!

Taking a deep breath, Jason looked at the others with ambition flickering in his eyes.

"Let's go, we have to beat up some arrogant folks and earn a fortune!!"

As they entered the colosseum that was ginormous, spanning over several dozen building complexes, Jason could only smile brightly.

His golden-silverish eyes reflected his unwavering confidence that shone brightly from behind the silver dragon mask he was wearing.

Within seconds, every being's strength was perceived and evaluated by Jason and his emperor eyes!

Turning his head towards the reception, where they had to register themselves, Jason smiled deviously. The others would have noticed that he was planning something stupid and reckless, had they been able to see his expression behind the mask.

'Let's make it big. Shall I become Janur's gossip and a legend of the colosseum?'

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 534 - Insane

'Let's make it big. Shall I become Janur's gossip and a legend of the colosseum?'

He was just talking to himself.

But that was the best way to pacify the old human powerhouses' hearts.

They might have traveled with Jason and the God's Children, and expected to encounter new things, however, one didn't have to be over the top.

Otherwise, they might as well die because of a heart stroke!

The furniture inside the colosseum was suitable for its outer appearance, traditional and old. Yet, at the same time, it had a touch of modern times to it which made an interesting contrast in Jason's opinion.

As such, they approached the counter with a few receptionists responsible for the challengers' bets, the registration, possible problems, concerns, and much more.

Jason took care of the God's Children registration which was not difficult..

He was only required to write down the name they had chosen, and the rest would be completed by the receptionist.

They used certain devices that looked similar to the soul-awakening orb and the mana mastery orb in order to determine the exact mana core rank.

This was extremely interesting for everyone, and would accurately determine their prowess.

Owing to that, all of the God's Children got to know each other's mana core rank, with the exact number of liquefied drops of mana.

The letters that emerged on the orb Jason touched to determine his rank showed the sign for the Lique rank in addition to the number [853] which was the number of his liquefied mana drops.

Jason had been wondering whether the orb would detect how compressed his mana drops were, which might alter the exact count.

That didn't seem to be the case.

It was fortunate, but also disappointing because he had hoped so. His interest outweighed the benefits he received from a low number of mana drops.

After everything was concluded, Jason explained what kind of words they had to know in order to request fighting another battle, how to forfeit, and so on.

Fortunately, the God's Children had yet to encounter issues due to their lack of fluency in the universal language but they could run into one soon enough. Hence, it was always better to be safe than sorry.

As such, Jason explained everything to them multiple times until he felt that they had understood him.

It had been a little annoying to repeat things over and over again, but he would prefer that to see them getting seriously injured, or worse, their deaths any day!

He had also explained that they shouldn't bet on themselves because it could increase the difficulty, and they listened to his advice without any ifs and buts.

An apologetic smile appeared on his face because he was about to do the very thing he had told the others not to do.

The rewards for every victory would increase consistently even without making a bet, but by betting, the rewards would increase several times.

In the end, the exact increment was determined by the 'possibility' to win the bet.

One could bet on every victory, on a winning streak of 10, and so on.

The first wouldn't make a huge difference to the standard rewards, but that was not what Jason had planned to begin with!

After the God's Children had requested permission to enter the queue for their first battle, they had left to prepare themselves.

At the same time, Merl and the others went on to search for a good place to observe arenas inside the colosseum.

Only Jason was left at the counter, and he turned back to the receptionist who had already averted her attention back to the stack of files she had to take care of.

Clearing his throat, he tried to get her attention and asked,

"Is it true that the colosseum rules prevent the difficulty from increasing by more than one cultivation rank at every 10th winning streak Irrespective of the kind of bet placed?"

The receptionist was not astonished by this question as she had heard it hundreds of times. As such, she answered him without taking her eyes off from the work at hand,

"The Olympus federation governs every colosseum and supports them financially too. That is not necessary in most cases, but there are still certain rules the Olympus federation has implemented.

The one you are talking about is one of them, and it's true. There will 'only' be an increase of one cultivation rank every 10th round you win in a row. Are you interested in placing a bet, Sir?"

In the end, the receptionist could only ask the question she was ordered to ask, every single time she heard this question.

It was annoying, and she didn't want to exploit the challengers, but the Olympus federation's biggest source of income came from cultivators who were too full of themselves.

The standard rewards were laughable in face of the profit every single fight procured due to the betting addict cultivators and citizens who liked the entertainment provided by the colosseum.

As such, it wouldn't even matter if someone were to make a huge bet and win it.

However, for a cultivator who fought with their life on the line, the standard rewards wouldn't increase by much or be huge, and instead add the terrifying risk factor to the equation.

The first bet worth the effort was to win 10 rounds in a row. Nevertheless, even the receptionist thought that this was not exactly 'worth' it.

Only their most terrific prodigies should dare to make a bet, and at best hope for a win-streak of 20, or if possible win 30 rounds in a row.

Yet, those prodigies already had more than enough resources which they were provided by the federation and their families.

Thus, there had yet to be someone to win a bet with a winning streak of 30 rounds, if one were to exclude the bored prodigies.

What the receptionist hadn't expected to see was Jason's overjoyed expression.

She could only feel his aura that fluctuated tremendously, causing her to sigh, thinking that he was another cultivator who overestimated his strength.

Even if it was only an increase of one rank, the young man in front of her would have to fight against someone at the peak 2nd Lique stage in his 10th round!

If he wanted to make a risky bet, which was what the receptionist assumed Jason to do, he would have to fight someone with several thousand more liquefied drops of mana in their mana core!

This was not something one could easily overcome.

However, even worse than she had expected, the man with the silver dragon mask seemed to have lost sanity as a faint golden gleaming shone through the small slit that allowed Jason to see.

"I bet everything inside the three spatial rings. There should be a few thousand Lique and about a hundred Prisma stage weapons inside, a huge bulk of nutrition supplements, several hundred manuals at the Terra Intermediate rank, and lots of materials and tools from the three basic auxiliary occupations!"

The receptionist could only stare at Jason in bewilderment, as he took off his necklace and bracelet.

"This bracelet can store a huge amount of mana, and the necklace is in fact a conservatory, in which you can grow all kinds of plants! Please include them in the bet!"

In the end, Jason had bet everything he had, except the clothes he wore, the weapon he had sheathed inside the scabbard that hung down his waist, and Byakur that was safely stored inside his soul world.

Because of that move, which others would see as nothing but sheer insanity, the receptionist couldn't help but stammer.

"S-s-SIR!! Are you sure?? We won't give anything back, If an heirloom or anything important is inside, please take it back!!"

However, all hopes of him regaining his supposedly lost sanity seemed to shatter when he merrily added,,

"Ah..I forgot to mention. My bet is for a winning streak of 50!"

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 535 - Clown's Children

Jason left the reception only five minutes later with a ticket and the three spatial rings he was not allowed to bet according to the receptionist's words.

The content of the rings was already more than enough to rob the colosseum if he were to win 50 rounds in a row.

She didn't expect that to happen, but it was possible. Because of Jason's ridiculously high-stakes bet, she informed her superior too, but instead of taking her seriously, the superior didn't bother about the bet, thinking that it was impossible for the young man to win.

Somehow, despite thinking the same in the beginning, the receptionist felt that Jason had been too calm as if he had already calculated everything through before placing the bet.

"Insane people wouldn't ask about the colosseum's rules..." She was just mumbling to herself, but her colleagues heard her which made them wonder what was going on..

However, instead of giving them an answer, the weary receptionist merely gaped at the things Jason had handed over to her.

"Where did he even get so many weapons from...the techniques employed to forge them are different as well as the inscribed runes and elements that look unique too..."

This could have multiple meanings, but the forging techniques were unknown to her while the same applied to the martial art techniques the silver dragon masked man had given to her.

Everything pointed out that Jason had fought against multiple different races that did not belong to the Olympus federation.

'Had he joined the war on the human race's side?'

She was extremely close to the truth, but did not realize that Jason, and the others, in fact, belonged to the human race!

It was only because of this that Jason and the rest could remain hidden from the federation's eagle eyes.

If the Olympus federation were to know that the human participants of the liberation tournament had already arrived in Janur, with a great plan to exploit the colosseum and reap the benefits provided by the broken world they wanted to enter, they wouldn't be as calm as they were right now.

Based on the detailed inquiries and research, it was evident that mankind's world bridges were more dangerous and less beneficial than the ones the Olympus federation had found.

Other than that, their talent was said to be much worse, and it was only their soul world that could be said to be an uncertain factor.

However, most importantly, the reason for them to invite the human race to the liberation tournament was Jason and the golden-silverish pillar he had summoned before!

This pillar had been intertwined with a faint, almost untraceable divine aura, only a few individuals had been able to sense!

Jason had been oblivious to it, and even if he would have known the same, he would have been unruffled by the revelation.

There were certain things that couldn't be avoided, and instead of retreating in fright, facing them head-on was the only way one could keep living without regret.

While the others had already queued up to find an opponent to fight, Jason decided to wait for some time.

Not only his first few, if not dozen opponents would be defeated without an issue, but the same could be said about the opponents of the God's Children.

Jason was confident that the five God's Children were much stronger than the Ariyor race had assumed a high-quality soul world could become.

As such, those five could be compared to individuals of higher races! He wasn't aware of any grand races yet and knew that his father's race was much more than that.

Because of that, he couldn't decide whether the God's Children were comparable to the younger generation of the grand race or not.

It was obvious that not a single human could compare to the other races' high mana core rank, but that was mainly because they had a better environment, more resources, and cultivation techniques!

Mankind didn't even have a proper cultivation technique everyone could use, let alone a good environment to cultivate in.

Jason knew that these reasons were not the only ways to determine someone's strength, but the external factors were as important as an individual's innate talent.

Otherwise, poor prodigies would have never accepted signing a soul contract with big clans or ancient sects that had much more resources, martial art techniques, and connections.

This was how the laws of the jungle worked. The weak had to obey the strong, or die!

Several hours passed and Jason was still seated as if he was a curious spectator. He did only look at his new friends' fights, trying to figure out how high their combat experience and proficiency with their martial art technique was.

Other than that, the accuracy of the sole affinity they used was also important. The latter was much better than Jason had expected, but the God's Children's combat experience was lower than everything he had imagined.

It might be because the cultivators from the foreign races were strong, experienced, and tactically versatile, exploiting every single weakness they could find, but even Merl and the other old powerhouses couldn't help but sigh.

Jason stared at the masked old men without saying anything.

They felt his stare through the silver dragon mask as a faint golden light shone through it.

"Please don't tell me that you guys had planned to enter the liberation tournament with these clowns who have NO experience whatsoever in fighting against combat veterans, or me as a means to support everyone not only in translating but also pushing them forward?!?"

"Would anyone have even thought about entering the colosseum, let alone force them to get to a winning streak of 50 rounds?"

He couldn't help but feel as if mankind had wanted to make a fool of themselves.

Thankfully, he had decided to join their small group, otherwise, there was no way to figure out what would have happened at the liberation tournament.

If Merl were to be honest, he had never seen the God's Children before and had only heard news about them. Their mana core rank was extremely high for humanity's standards, and there was no need to even mention their high combat prowess.

It was no problem for them to defeat someone several ranks higher than their own mana core rank after all!

However, after standing on the outer ring of the colosseum's spectator platform, Merl learned the bitter truth.

"They can't even use half of their strength properly...."

Even if one had an extremely bad physique, executing 70% of one's strength was still possible. However, the five God's Children, Jason would now love to call 'Clown's children', were not even able to do that.

Their physique could be said to be perfect, and there was nothing wrong about their mana circulation, their affinities, and so on.

The problem they had was something else and obvious for everyone to see.

'We would have been humiliated if these five were to execute the exact same strength!'

Everyone thought the same, and it was the most shocking for the five ancestors who had followed their descendants.

According to what they'd seen so far, they hoped it wouldn't be that bad!

They knew that their descendants weren't the most versatile in their combat style, let alone experience, but it had never been that bad.

It got even worse, when half a day had passed, and everyone fought the battle for their 20th winning streak.

Obviously, they won, because their soul world allowed them to have the strength comparable to several ranks higher than their own mana core rank, but it was embarrassing.

"They're really the Clown's Children..."

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 536 - How It's Done

Everyone heard Jason's statement that was filled with disappointment, but the so-called prodigies' performance had left no room for anyone to retaliate.

It might have come off as a snide remark, but even to the ancestors, the five God's Children, seemed to be more like pushovers that were only strong due to their soul world, soulbonds and affinities.

However, at the same time, they began to wonder how much experience the Cultivators who fought in the colosseum had gathered.

"Now that everyone has noticed how versatile the combat styles of the colosseum's participants are, figure out your problem and make up for the flaws.

We won't go into the Broken world before this bullshit is solved!!"

Jason knew that he was needlessly annoyed, or even pushing it too far, but the God's Children's confidence was slowly crumbling.

They were starting to wonder whether their entire strength originated from their soul world, or if they had a say in that too.

In Jason's opinion, the God's Children were not weak, but that they were just oblivious to their opponents' versatile tactics, variety of combat styles, and ability to adjust fast enough.

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Despite that, they were unlikely to lose before making a winning streak of 50. Betty's opponent in the 50th round would only be at the peak of the 5th Lique stage.

Meanwhile, her soul world allowed Betty to fight against common opponents at the 8th Lique stage!

In comparison to Jason, the God's Children had already bound four strong soulbonds that were on average at the 7th Lique stage.

With a total of four soulbonds that everyone roughly had, they were at an advantage in comparison to Jason.

At least, that was what it should be like.

By using their fortified soul conjunction, everything should be fine with the God's Children achieving their previous goal of winning 50 rounds in a row.

However, that goal was now changed!

At that moment Merl stepped forward as he proposed something.

"First, we should gain permission to enter the broken world. After that, we can stay in Janur for another week to improve everyone's combat experience and learn to study our opponents before entering the world bridge. If I heard correctly, the broken world is a place that is connected to a permanent world bridge, right?"

Merl was not sure if he understood everything correctly, but he hoped so. It would solve many problems if the God's Children were to improve their combat experience before cultivating for two months, only to further train in becoming stronger and more versatile.

Jason wouldn't interfere in anyone's decision, but one thing was sure! He wouldn't waste his time staying one week in Janur, if he could enter the broken world before that!

Right now, his mana core rank was the lowest by at least 1000 drops of mana. At the same time, his soulbonds' amplification was lower than the others too because only two out of his three soulbonds shared their strength with him.

Meanwhile, only Artemis enlarged his mana core as Petri increased his physical strength!

He and Artemis could improve a lot inside the broken world in addition to the resources the colosseum would have to give him for winning the bet.

Furthermore, he could trade mana stones with pry stones, allowing Petri to cultivate too!

"I think that is the best path for you guys. However, I have a different plan. Right now, my biggest weakness is my low mana core rank as well as that of my soulbonds."

Merl and the other human powerhouses looked at Jason, and it seemed as if they wanted to say something.

But instead of pretending to be oblivious to their dependence on someone who could translate and help them overcome the struggle of a language barrier, they realized that they couldn't rely on Jason every single time.

He had his own plans, and it was already more than enough that he'd taught them for the last few weeks.

Furthermore, Jason wouldn't stay with mankind forever.

This was something he had already announced more than once!

Their knowledge about the Olympus federation and the universal language had improved tremendously, and it was possible for them to communicate while using the simplest sentences.

As such, Merl just nodded his head as Jason turned towards the stairs that led him to the reception where he could queue up for his first fight.

"Combat experience might not be everything, but being able to know what your opponent will do, or how much strength you have to employ to overwhelm them is important.

Right now, experience is what you guys are lacking the most, followed by your proficiency with the martial art techniques I've translated.

The next few weeks will be the most important to fix the flaws, otherwise, the liberation tournament will end for the God's Children before it even starts."

He was crude, but Jason's plan seemed to be working out perfectly fine.

The five young prodigies' mana fluctuations grew unstable due to his statement and they were clearly annoyed and hurt by the way he spoke.

However, now that he'd said everything necessary, it was time to show the God's Children what true dominance truly was!

With that thought in mind, he left them to request his first battle.

There were many young men and women at the 1st Lique stage, and Jason didn't even have to wait before his name was announced for his first battle.

Coincidentally it was to be fought right in front of the elevation where the God's Children and human powerhouses were still standing.

This was great, and Jason couldn't help but smile lightly.

He was not even considered to have entered the peak of the 1st Lique stage as he had less than 900 drops of liquefied mana, yet his drops were compressed and equal to thrice the common liquefied mana drops.

Because of that, it was not even necessary for Jason to take the first 20 rounds he would fight seriously.

The others didn't know that he had made a bet, increasing his difficulty further, but that was something they would notice soon enough.

Jason's first opponent was a Klarir, a race with a humanoid body, a long lizard tail, razor-sharp claws, and eyes that were dark green.

There was not even a trace of white left in those deep emerald eyes, and Jason couldn't help but feel that the young man in front of him looked interesting.

'Humans with a fortified soul conjunction could look similar, if not exactly the same as this man!'

He had a poison affinity and the razor-sharp claws seemed to release some type of poison too.

Despite thinking that this was interesting, Jason couldn't help but be bored with everything else.

His opponent was only at the peak of the 1st Lique stage, what was he supposed to do? Twiddle with his thumbs?

It was not even necessary to be arrogant to tell that his strength was poles apart from the Klarir.

As such, he could only sigh deeply as the battle began.

Nevertheless, instead of playing around, Jason went all in, demonstrating what it meant to fight seriously and to give his best in every single battle!

Showing mercy was not one of his strengths, and it was already lenient enough that he'd refrained from using a weapon!

The Klarir saw this as an opportunity to use his razor-sharp claws as a superior weapon, only to notice that everything was futile!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 537 - Dominance

Cracks spread through the combat grounds like vines, created by the force Jason had used to catapult himself towards the Klarir.

His Celestia aura and stigma were fully utilized, increasing his strength in addition to the acceleration he received by exerting the Floating sky movement technique.

At the same time, Petri had already entered his mana core since the beginning, enhancing his physique tremendously.

Because of that, his pure physical strength increased to the standards of a common 7th Lique stage.

Within the blink of an eye, Jason emerged right in front of the Klarir, who could see Jason's eyes piercing through the small slit in his silver dragon mask.

The young man, who had just planned to increase his combat experience while gaining some pocket money, could see his entire life flash before his eyes.

Only for a moment, he noticed that it was difficult, and something made it almost impossible for him to breathe as the dragon-masked man seemed to distance himself at a rapid pace.

'No...it's not he who distanced himself...but I??' This was the last thought the young Klarir had as he was flung into the area that was a couple dozen meters away from his initial position.

Jason had simply used his flat hand to push his opponent away with every ounce of strength he could utilize.

He didn't want to kill the Klarir because they had no enmity with each other, but teaching him a lesson was a great way to demonstrate that death was always around the corner if one wasn't careful.

If Jason had used his fist to punch the Klarir, he could have accidentally damaged several organs, which was why he had used his flat hand.

Having utilized Petri's strength felt amazing, but at the same time, Jason couldn't help but lament that his vessel was still not strong enough.

It felt as if his body was tearing apart every single time he utilized Petri, however, it was necessary to adjust his body to this feeling.

He couldn't always injure himself severely while utilizing every means to defeat his opponents.

That was simply not feasible and even more dangerous than others might think.

Slowly adjusting himself to the overlapping curses and the abyssal effect of his emperor eyes had already been difficult.

Yet, slowly but steadily, it had been possible to control the lethal attack that could be used versatilely. He knew that his control was not perfect, but far from that.

Nevertheless, it was better than nothing.

Thus, Jason wanted to learn how to use his fortified soul conjunction with Petri without injuring himself.

He didn't manifest his armor or any other body part yet, but that was not necessary, to begin with.

In the end, the strongest opponent he would have to face was likely to be at the 7th Lique stage, and that was only in the 50th round.

As such, there was no need for him to worry about anything.

Rather, Jason wanted to showcase his strength in order to scare the colosseum's operators.

Without being able to fight against strong opponents, he wouldn't be able to give his best.

In return, this would mean that he couldn't work on one of the three reasons he wanted to join the colosseum.

The other two reasons were well known and in fact the bet he had made and to gain permission to enter the broken world.

While the young Klarir was taken away by a medic team that was always on stand-by, Jason was thinking about ways to improve the others' combat experience.

The affinities the God's Children had released were easy to control, and it seemed to be second nature to them.

Because of that, Jason could tell that they had utilized them quite often.

Unfortunately, that was everything they were extremely good at.

Suddenly with that thought in mind, he got an idea.

Using a faint mana thread to shoot it towards Merl, Jason used voice transmission to tell him what he wanted the others to do.

[Tell the others that they're not allowed to use any affinity. Furthermore, the mana they use is to be restricted to empower their martial art techniques and nothing else. Not even their fortified soul conjunction! If you think that's too harsh, it's fine with me too. Just go with whatever you think is the best for the God's Children!]

In the beginning, Merl didn't know who had been speaking to him but realized a moment later that it was Jason.

He had yet to learn voice transmission which was something the Ariyor race had told them to learn as soon as possible as it was extremely helpful.

It was unsurprising that Jason was proficient in using it which allowed Merl to remain calm.

The idea Jason proposed was certainly good and Merl told the God's Children what they had to do.

However, instead of fully restricting everything, Merl explained that they were allowed to use their fortified soul conjunction, if something were to happen.

Even though it was important to learn to fight while risking their life, dying was still forbidden.

The powerhouses were not allowed to intervene in the colosseum's battle, and would be punished severely, with the possibility of being beheaded if they were to do something.

As such, the God's Children had to protect themselves.

This wouldn't be much of a problem, but it was always better to be on the safe side!

Meanwhile, Jason had remained inside the combat arena, which automatically added him to the queue.

There was no need for him to rest after every battle.

Instead, his sub-area that passively absorbed mana from the surrounding was more than enough to replenish the mana he had utilized within a minute.

While Jason had forbidden the God's Children to use their fortified soul conjunction, he was continuously switching Artemis and Petri inside his mana core, testing several things.

Though Artemis' amplification was much lower due to her weaker cultivation base, she amplified both his physique and mana core!

However, by comparing the physical enhancement he received, he realised that their quality was entirely different.

Jason didn't even have to take a look at the quantity, as it was obvious that Artemis' physical enhancement would be lower than Petri's solely due to their different cultivation paths.

This was exactly what caused Jason to be so interested in the difference between his two soulbond's physical amplification.

It should be a ginormous difference, and as a matter of fact, this was the case!

Unfortunately, Petri had explained that he will have to rebuild his entire foundation as it had been constructed with mana. This was also the reason he had only constructed a single compressed drop of life force!

Petri's foundation was extremely shabby in comparison to what it should be, but Jason was already shocked about the physical enhancement he received.

This showed him how strong the path of primordial energy was, and that every cultivation path had its own perks.

In the end, this made him only more curious about the path of spiritual force! Unfortunately, he had yet to encounter someone, who had practiced in this cultivation path, and it only motivated him to leave Argos once he had completed every necessary step to ensure that mankind would stay safe for a very long time!

Jason was not sure how much time had passed, but the next few battles were quickly completed without the need to utilize much mana.

He was still in his form and as calm as before when his Emperor Eyes detected the receptionist staring at him from the elevation.

There was a holographic image in front of her, and a middle-aged man from another race seemed to be looking at her through the screen.

'Is that a Video call?' Jason wondered.

However, instead of minding that, he smiled lightly.

His face was covered by the silver dragon mask he was wearing but Jason couldn't help but feel that his aura was exposing his teasing smile.

As such, he raised his hand and showed the receptionist the peace sign which caused her to flinch.

She had been extremely careful in her attempt to take a proper look at him.

Not only had he defeated a total of 15 cultivators without any issue, but even the highly experienced warriors trained by the colosseum to forcefully end someone's streak were failing miserably.

"He is definitely not someone ordinary! Use the alpha unit to fight him. If he continues to win, switch to the Olympians in the 30th round!"

Jason was unable to understand anything the middle-aged man was saying, but from the shocked expression the receptionist showed, it had to be something interesting.

As such, he couldn't help but reveal more of his aura to show his spirit to continue fighting!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 538 - Olympian

It didn't take Jason long to notice that the subsequent rounds were becoming more dangerous, but that couldn't be considered a problem.

Even after a total of 25 wins in a row, Jason had yet to break a sweat.

His mana consumption was as low as before, while he was still fighting with his bare hands.

The receptionist had been told to continue watching Jason's battle, but what she saw was something she couldn't comprehend.

After receiving the orders, she had used the alpha unit to ensure that Jason had a hard time.

Compared to normal cultivators, their combat prowess, experience, and techniques were at a much higher level.

To put it simply, a member of the Alpha unit at the peak 1st Lique stage was strong enough to defeat those common cultivators at the 2nd Lique stage!

Unfortunately, that was not enough to defeat Jason, who could do this with a flick of his finger.

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With a winning streak in the 20s, he had to fight opponents at the 3rd Lique stage, with a combat prowess of the 4th Lique stage.

The game had just turned interesting, but Jason was still only using his physical strength.

Because of that, the receptionist had been deceived to believe that he belonged to a race that didn't have an affinity and was solely focusing on their physical strength.

As such, she could sigh in relief, thinking that it wouldn't take long before Jason would lose.

It was not that she wanted to take everything from the silver dragon masked man, but it was her job to follow the instructions she had received.

Furthermore, the young man had been too confident in his abilities to bet everything he owned on the 50th round!

Now, as she watched his combat prowess she believed that the silver dragon masked man was strong enough to make it to the 30th, maybe even 40th round if he were to use his utmost efforts.

However, fighting in the 50th round meant that his opponent was at the peak of the 6th Lique stage, in addition to an Olympian!

Comparing an Olympian with ordinary participants of the colosseum was taking it too far, and even the members of the alpha unit would only retreat in fear if they had to face one of them.

When Jason had his 30th fight in a row, his Emperor Eyes immediately detected the difference in his opponent's strength.

There was not even the need for someone to announce that the 30th opponent was extremely strong or that he belonged to a different unit because it was evident!

Despite that, Jason just smiled as he looked around.

The others had long since returned to fight against other colosseum participants.

They had noticed that Jason's opponents were much stronger than their own and that the experience they showcased was different.

Because of that, they could only think that Jason had done something that caused the Colosseum to assign more experienced and dangerous opponents to fight him.

This assumption was proven correct as they noticed the receptionist who had registered them. She had been staring at the combat arena in which Jason fought for the entire time.

Intrigued and at the same time frustrated by the thought that Jason was casually defeating opponents they would take more than a minute to knock out, the God's Children had returned to the arena.

Without using their affinity, let alone fortified soul conjunction, they used their physical strength to suppress their opponents.

At the same time, they observed the subtle movements of every foe they were fighting. It was important to figure out what they were lacking, otherwise, it would become more difficult to improve.

Paying attention to their opponents, learning their fight stance, and devising ways to defeat them was one way to achieve that. Another way would be that someone would teach them directly.

However, this would only mean that they had to rely on someone else to become stronger.

At the end of the day, it was important for the God's Children to learn that they had to become independent and that it was necessary to create their own way.

The God's children had always received help or guidance from their ancestors so now they were struggling much more than anyone had expected, and even their ancestors had to acknowledge that.

Only by learning from mistakes was it possible to fix them and improve, which would help them attain perfection.

Nobody was perfect but there were those who tried to become a better version of themselves.

Even if it was only a minuscule, almost intractable improvement every single day, or even week, the final result was worth every single ounce of effort!

This was what made standing up after every fall and never giving up so important and the difference between real prodigies and those that inherited talent!

All of them were hard-working in their incessant efforts to find flaws in their own techniques, mindset and to fix them.

The Olympian in front of Jason noticed his nonchalant behavior which enraged him. This forced Jason to return his attention to the young man who had been standing in front of him.

It was a Dragonewt with traces of dragon blood in his veins. Jason had heard about them, and interestingly many different types of Dragonnewts existed.

Apparently, dragons could change their form, and turn into bipedal beings once their cultivation base reached a certain standard.

Jason found this interesting, but even more so was the fact that dragons could procreate with many more races than one could have ever expected.

When he had read about that a few months ago in Janur's library, Jason had been astonished, wondering if dragonewts that shared a bloodline with the human race existed.

If his own existence was possible, so could be that of a human blood dragonewt.

Because of that, he had asked himself whether they would awaken a soul world because of their human bloodline, or if they would simply receive the awakening of an affinity according to their dragon bloodline.

Maybe it was also a soul world with the affinity from the dragon bloodline's side, but that was uncertain.

Jason found this very interesting, and the same could be applied to his own soul world.

He had always wondered why he had awoken all affinities within his soul world. The only logical explanation was that the Celestia bloodline had been the cause for this ability.

This would however mean that the Celestia race was able to make use of every existing element, which was unlikely.

At least, Jason assumed this to be unlikely, yet, at the same time, it was more logical than a human awakening hundreds of different elemental affinities!

Nevertheless, the dragonewt in front of him had just a fire affinity and a slightly enlarged mana core.

The Olympian was at the peak of the 4th Lique stage, but Jason assumed his strength to be at par with the peak of the 5th Lique stage, notwithstanding his combat experience.

Adding his affinity's strength that seemed to be exceptional too, Jason could only nod his head, approving that the young dragonewt was strong.

Unfortunately, he encountered the wrong person. Even without using Solaris to dominate his opponent's fire affinity, Jason's fire resistance was superior.

Other than that, he had yet to figure out Petri's defensive capabilities after his scales were manifested!

In Jason's opinion, it was finally time to test his newest soulbond's strength, originating from the path of primordial energy!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 539 - Worthy Opponent

Jason had his feet firmly planted on the ground, unmoving, and looked at the dragonewt that belonged to the Olympians without a trace of fear.

Meanwhile, the dragonewt was rushing towards Jason with extremely fast strides.

His wings were tightly pressed on his scaly back as he smiled lightly.

Despite having observed Jason's earlier battles, the dragonewt assumed that Jason's sole perk was his terrific, high physical strength.

As such, he wanted to approach Jason's while summoning two highly compressed balls of fire into his hand.

They would explode upon contact and were considered one of the secret weapons the dragonewt had created. By throwing them towards Jason, the dragonewt hoped that it would most certainly end his life or turn him into a cripple.

However, Jason's unruffled expressions and his cool demeanor visibly enraged his opponent who had expected him to show signs of nervousness.

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As such, he manifested a dozen of those highly compressed, explosive balls of fire.

This drained lots of mana out of him, but he couldn't care less.

If Jason were to survive the barrage of explosive fireballs with severe injuries, he would have learned his lesson; to never underestimate an Olympian.

Upon coming in contact with Jason, the multitude of fireballs exploded, creating a huge cloud of smoke that enveloped the entire arena.

Nobody could see what happened, or what was going on inside the thick smoke.

Suddenly, without any warning, a huge, red body was catapulted out of the arena and crashed into the wall. It already bore numerous cracks and holes due to the opponents Jason had defeated earlier by flinging them towards the same wall.

It was slowly starting to crumble, as rubble rained down upon the being that had been thrown out of the arena.

Jason had never faced an issue with figuring out what kinds of attacks were to hit him, and the dragonewts attack was nothing noteworthy.

Under normal circumstances it might have been enough to make him feel pain, but not after he had summoned Petri's armor!

His entire body was covered in black scales that had golden, vein-like patterns engraved within. Jason had even manifested a small tail that had grown out of his coccyx.

There were many things he wanted to try, and he had hoped that the dragonewt was more than just empty air!

Unfortunately, the compressed explosive balls of fire were equivalent to light scratches, while its physical strength was incomparable to the drastic enhancement provided by Petri.

After the smoke cleared, Jason could only stare at the receptionist before he sighed deeply.

She seemed to be utterly shocked and turned to the device that had been used to call the old dragonewt before.

Jason assumed that the old dragonewt was in charge of the colosseum.

This might have been interesting for others, but Jason just wanted to fight.

His physical strength might be high, but he had yet to fight someone who would draw out more than the brute force from him.

Even for his physical strength, Jason had yet to find someone he could learn something from.

He had wanted to give himself the same requirements as the God's Children had.

However, his final goals were different!

His fortified soul conjunction with Petri was still new, and there were many things both had yet to learn from each other.

Furthermore, he had yet to perfect the Floating sky movement technique! This was essential and something Jason wanted to achieve before the liberation tournament would begin.

As such, Jason had told himself that he would only focus on his physical strength, Petri's fortified soul conjunction, and the martial art techniques he wanted to learn.

Using Solaris' fire ability might have been advantageous to defeat every single one of his opponents, but taking the easy way was not the correct path for him if he wanted to improve.

In the end, an easier path would only make him rusty, and be less helpful to improve himself.

Nevertheless, the 30th opponent was not yet enough for him to practice his martial art techniques!

The pressure was not yet high enough!

Time passed slowly and Jason had yet to find a worthy opponent. After the 30th battle, it took much longer for Jason to be matched against others, even though he knew that they were just waiting to fight him.

Jason could tell this because there were more than two dozen people standing around the receptionist, seemingly waiting for their chance to fight him.

All of them were staring at him like hyenas, but Jason could only stare back.

The golden light originating from his eyes swept through the slit of his silver-dragon mask, turning his appearance more intimidating than it already was.

Slowly, but steadily, the news about the Olympians fighting against a single individual and getting defeated spread through the city, attracting new onlookers that were rapidly filling the colosseum.

More and more spectators entered the colosseum, starting to make bets on the Olympians that had a great reputation for their superior strength.

Nobody had ever heard of the silver-masked man, and even though his appearance was scary, everyone was certain of the fact that he wouldn't be able to defeat his 50th opponent.

Even if they acknowledged that he was stronger than most common Olympians after a few battles, the most important fact according to them was that Jason would be unable to win his bet.

That was what the spectators had betted for; Jason's defeat, and what the manager of the colosseum wanted to see as well.

Jason had already tarnished the Olympians' image by defeating 9 of them in a row.

He was just about to make the 40th challenge in a row when he noticed that his body was slowly heating up.

One of the God's Children was currently challenging his 50th opponent, but Jason couldn't help but stare at his opponent.

Somehow, Jason felt pity for Ben, the God's Child, who would lose the battle against the purple-skinned, humanoid race with two pitch-black horns that protruded out of his forehead.

The race, he assumed the young man with a trained body to be called, was Illians. Not only was their flexibility superior, as well as their highly trained body, thanks to their excellent metabolism, but there were other perks.

These perks were a high mana conductivity that was a great combination to the terrifying thunder affinity Illians had.

Jason had always been interested in getting another lethal affinity he could use to increase his combat prowess.

However, after being injured way too often and losing those close to him, Jason thought that it might be best to wait until he could find a soulbond with extraordinary healing capabilities.

Nevertheless, before a new soulbond would enter Jason's family, lots of time had to pass!

He and the others had to prepare themselves mentally.

Yet, instead of focusing on that fact, right now it was important to focus on the opponent Ben was fighting against.

The Ilians were one of the Olympians who didn't want to wait for Jason any longer.

As such, he wanted to fight those that were deemed as the next strongest.

Unfortunately, Ben was only at the 4th Lique stage and had the weakest soul amplification boost from his soulbonds.

Furthermore, he was eager to become stronger and ignored the threat in front of him.

Because of that Ben avoided using his affinity, let alone fortified soul conjunction, against the opponent who was more than just one rank stronger than his mana core rank indicated!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 540 - You Are Strong

Jason could only look at Ben with pity. He had been hardly beaten up by the Ilian, who was named Jarid.

However, while Ben was being beaten, every member of the human group noticed that the young member of the God's Children had to control himself to not use his affinities, fortified soul conjunction, or too much mana.

He wanted to defeat the Olympian Jarid by only using his physique and the martial art techniques he had learned.

If Ben would have achieved this, nobody would question his combat experience ever again.

Unfortunately, he had overestimated his capabilities, turning him into a living punching bag to Jarid, who was using his thunder affinity to play around.

At the end of the battle, Jason could only shake his head, thinking that Ben was still oblivious to the dangers lurking inside the colosseum.

Fortunately enough the Olympian Jarid didn't kill Ben even after he had been defeated.

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Jarid had simply thrown Ben out of the combat arena once the battle was over.

However, shockingly enough for the God's Children, Jason and the human powerhouses, the spectators all around them, began to cheer loudly demanding blood.

"FINISH HIM OFF!!"

"Jarid, since when did you become so soft-hearted???"

"KILL HIM!!!"

"We want to see blood!!"

Jason couldn't help but frown when he heard all of that, but it seemed to be common for the spectators of the colosseum's fight to behave like that.

They sought the entertainment provided by the colosseum as a means to relax after spending a stressful day at work. Watching the glorious life-and-death battles seemed to be enough to release their tension.

If that didn't work, causing a commotion would do the job, which was exactly what was happening.

However, instead of listening to the spectators' words, Olympian Jarid just turned to Jason, who's next fight was just about to begin.

He stayed quiet and only his mouth twitched a little as if he wanted to say something.

Jason understood the message he had wanted to convey and just nodded his head.

[Remember, I didn't kill him!]

Whether this was a threat or a statement didn't matter to Jason.

In the end, it was clear that Olympian Jarid wanted to tell him that he wouldn't kill his companions as long as Jason didn't kill the other Olympians!

At least, that was what Jason assumed Jarid wanted to convey.

It was not difficult to figure out that he and the God's Children belonged to one group. This interested the receptionist and even the colosseum's manager grew curious about Jason's group.

Four out of five had reached the 50th round without many problems, and they simply continued to advance.

Even though they had obtained permission to enter the broken world, it was as if the four masked men and women were the least bothered by it.

Since Jason had given them the restrictions to fight with, the God's Children had to cope with much more pressure than before.

However, instead of being discouraged by that, they were slowly getting excited as the adrenaline was kicking in.

This, in return, excited Jason too as his emperor eyes had perceived the joyous hue around them.

He hadn't planned to kill anyone inside the colosseum, to begin with, but that was not something others had to know.

Only winning the bet, and fighting against worthy opponents was important right now!

Nobody at his mana core rank was strong enough to fight at par with Jason which was a little discouraging.

However, at the same time, the number of opponents he could fight on Argos was becoming fewer with each passing day.

It was simply demotivating, and frustrating.

His opponent had already arrived, but Jason didn't pay much attention to the young Olympian, who hailed from the Klarir race.

Jarid was holding a Warhammer in his hands and rushed towards Jason the moment the battle had started, only to see him simply stare at him.

This enraged the Klarir as Jason was noticeably ignoring his existence.

The silver-dragon masked man was just at the peak of the 1st Lique stage in comparison to him, who had a mana core rank of the peak of the 5th Lique stage.

With his martial art techniques, equipment, distinctly refined body, and strong affinity, even ordinary opponents at the 7th Lique stage were weaker than him.

Unfortunately for the young Olympian, Jason was everything but normal, and his physical strength alone was already at par with an ordinary being at the Mid-7th Lique stage.

Though Jarid was charging at him, Jason simply stared at the Olympian whom he found to be more interesting than the Klarir who had emerged in front of him.

Staring straight into the green eyes of the Klarir, Jason smiled lightly as the golden glow radiating from his eyes shot forward through the silver dragon mask's slit.

Followed by the golden glow, Jason released the petrification curse his Emperor Eyes were harboring.

The Klarir was oblivious to the terror Jason was about to unleash upon him and he simply brandished the Warhammer at the unmoving Jason as something eerie enveloped him.

Suddenly, without a warning, the silver dragon mask's slits seemed to bore into him, freezing the Klarir in place.

Jason was not strong enough to petrify his opponent, but that was not what he had wanted to achieve, to begin with.

The Klarir in front of him was paralyzed, and the gravitational force did its job, forcing the young Olympian to be pushed to the ground.

A moment later, Jason picked up the Warhammer before he threw it out of the arena as if it was a simple toy.

"You're certainly strong and much better than the previous group I fought against. I'm just a little bit special, don't be discouraged to use your potential!"

Somehow, Jason felt bad when he saw the desperation in the Klarir's eyes. Because of that he felt obliged to grant him his wish and Jason effortlessly pushed him out of the arena.

Everyone observing the battle felt weird to see that the Olympian they had betted for had just been turned into a statue.

This was something new, nobody had ever seen before. At least, not to that extent.

Jason was only at the peak of the 1st Lique stage after all!

Not minding the spectator's opinion about Jason, he turned towards his friends and could only see that they were staring at him as if they knew what was going on.

Despite their faces and expressions being concealed by the masks, Jason could tell what they were thinking because it was evident from their body language, as all of them were squirming in their seats restlessly.

Having seen him defeat a powerhouse at the Initial Prismar stage with similar means was enough to make them believe that they knew what Jason did.

This was, in fact, not the case because they were oblivious to his abilities, but making them feel like they knew something was an interesting sight.

When Jason defeated the Klarir Olympian, the other Olympians could only frown.

Jason was being way too nonchalant, making everyone believe that he was simply playing around.

"Is he really only at the 1st Lique stage...? How is that even possible?!?"

Even the Olympians couldn't believe it, let alone the receptionist, who was just about to make another call as she saw that Jarid had returned.

"He is definitely at the 1st Lique stage. I scanned his mana core...well it was more like he allowed me to scan through it..."

'He allowed it??' The same question echoed in everybody's mind before their thoughts went blank at Jarid's next question.

"Can I go all in?"