

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 561 - Will

"Should I also..? Why not?!"

Jason had seen how the other participants were trying to comprehend the pressure weighing on them in order to enter an enlightened state.

Some of them were trying to understand how the higher-ups had constructed the complex magic circle with its three-layered pressure and how to employ it in different layers.

This also meant that they wanted to understand how to do it by themselves, and how to release only two particular layers of pressure, or what exactly was required to release their own specific pressure in addition to a standardized kind.

It was possible to learn how to regulate the pressure one released to a certain extent by simply observing, but comprehending through direct experience was still much better.

As such, Jason decided that it was time to stop sizing up his opponent's strength and to take care of his own matters.

After slowly retracting his Celestial aura and the stigma's glow, Jason stopped inserting mana inside his eyes.

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His protection layers were slowly dispersing and he even had to actively suppress the instinctive protection mechanism, his Emperor Eyes, and Celestia aura so as to feel the same pressure everyone else was feeling.

It was only when he felt the oppression everyone else had been trying to withstand for the last 10 minutes that Jason smiled as his eyes gleamed in determination.

A moment later, he closed his eyes while trying to focus on nothing else but the pressure in his surroundings.

Droplets of sweat formed on his forehead, slowly trickling down his face, as he absorbed every little piece of information his senses perceived.

Similar to the other participants, he tried to understand how the pressure came to be, what were its prerequisites, and how the runes tied everything together.

The sheer mass of information he had to absorb and digest overwhelmed Jason more than the pressure weighing him down.

His body had no issues with the pressure at all, while his mind had been refined and baptized twice that helped him stay unfazed!

As for his mana veins and mana core, they had been baptized twice, refined several times, and received an amplification from Artemis.

Thus, he could digest the information easier than everyone else, allowing him to comprehend the oppression at a rapid pace.

His mind was working tirelessly and Jason sat down on the ground, cross-legged to focus better.

In the blink of an eye, 15 minutes had passed and only five minutes were left before the second decimator round would end.

There were still around 2,000 participants left which were more than the liberation tournament organizers had expected.

They wanted to further decrease the total count of participants who would make it through round two.

Thus, they instructed the higher-ups who controlled the overlapping pressure on the magic circle to crank it up further.

However, Jason didn't even notice anything around him.

His entire mind seemed to have entered a state in which he only perceived the things he was fully focused on, a state where everything around him turned insignificant.

Jason's comprehension intensified as he entered an enlightened state in which his mind was able to work at more than double its usual speed.

In his mind, the entire oppression had been separated into their individual pieces that were in fact the different kinds of pressures. These had been combined and merged together in order to release a more terrifying effect.

They were multiplying each other, boosting one after another, and received a shared strengthening that increased the pressure in the last crucial minutes of the round to another level.

The amount of mana that was supplied in addition to a few particular runes within the magic circle were only released in order to further enhance the oppression, increasing it exponentially.

Jason had already imprinted every single rune in his mind as they were fortunately not as complex as the world bridges' runes.

That was if one looked at the runes individually which was what Jason had been forced to do in order to comprehend everything at such a rapid speed.

The second round had almost ended, and the number of participants who were fainting continued to increase. Those lying on the floor were carefully picked up by the medic team that had to be at the Prisma stage to enter and leave the magic circle unhindered.

Jason was the only participant who was sitting on the ground with ease, meditating as if he was cultivating, but compared to before, when he'd walked through the crowded magic circle, he didn't radiate any aura.

Meanwhile, his stigma was deactivated, and his eyes were closed without the faintest trace of a golden-silverish aura being released.

Not even mana fluctuations radiated from Jason, clearly showing that he was enduring the pressure like some of them did!

Nevertheless, the mana currents around Jason were swirling wildly as if they were suffocating, subconsciously enlarging the sensation he was feeling while amplifying the effect and area he affected.

What radiated from Jason was neither anything he had actively amplified or empowered by mana nor did it belong to his Celestia bloodline. It was something completely new he had comprehended out of the pressure radiating from the magic circle around him.

However, that had not been all because Jason used his memories about the oppressive divine aura, how he had felt every single time he had released the abyssal effect that had a high degree of intimidation and oppressive aura.

It was only then that his mind began to start to put together the million-piece puzzle of digested information, memories, and what Jason had wanted to create and achieve!

Unbeknownst to Jason, the sealed Celestia aura was seemingly screaming out, only to be held together by the illusionary locks that created a ginormous pattern of something unfathomable, something that could change the fate and predetermined future!

His entire being was releasing a suffocating pressure that was seemingly chaotic, yet organized.

It enlarged slowly, forcing the weakest of the remaining participants to retreat as the oppression caused by Jason intensified further.

Forced to retreat to the outer layers of the magic circle by an unadulterated pressure radiated by someone at the 2nd Lique stage made the participants feel ashamed of themselves.

They had already embarrassed their family, which caused them to grit their teeth and endure the humiliation as the pressure enveloped the entire magic circle.

Nobody dared to leave the magic circle now as only a few seconds were left before the second round would conclude.

Those last few seconds felt like an eternity and once the test was completed, and the magic circle deactivated, everyone who could flee out of the magic circle shot outside, leaving Jason and his chaotic, yet suppressive pressure alone.

This excluded those who had fainted just before the test had finished, and the medic team rushed to help them, piercing through Jason's pressure.

Initially, the medics at the Prismar stage expected that the magic circle in addition to the youth's chaotic pressure had caused a chain reaction forcefully oppressing the weakest remaining participants.

However, after they had entered the pressure released by Jason, their mind turned dizzy as Jason's entire being seemed to change.

It was as if something dark was deep within him, hidden, and in a deep state of hibernation, enveloping Jason's deepest secrets.

The pressure released by Jason caused the medic team to stumble for a moment before they regained their senses. They enveloped their body with a thick membrane of mana, preventing their mind from being deceived once again.

The citizens saw everything, but most didn't know that Jason was doing something extraordinary.

Yet, those who realized what he was doing couldn't help but feel a tiny spark of jealousy igniting within them.

"I wonder what kind of race he belongs to except the human bloodline...to comprehend how to radiate such a terrific pressure without using a single trace of mana..." The Old Ilian, Jason had already encountered before, said to his guest who had come to Argos just to attend the liberation tournament.

The guest had already solidified nine prismatic crystals and had barely been able to use the necessary world bridges as a means of transport to arrive in Argos.

It was only a tradition to attend the liberation tournament and he had only done so because his master had asked him to.

Fortunately, it would be the first and last time he would have to watch the tournament before breaking into the second threshold of the Prismatic stage that would prevent him from returning for the time being.

The guest had already heard about Jason, the being labeled as a halfling, but he had thought that all of this was nothing but gibberish spewed by a drunkard.

This wouldn't be the first time he had heard a baseless rumor in one of the lowest worlds that were known for being nothing but empty talk.

Yet, what he had witnessed for the first time since he had hatched, was more than a little bit shocking, even for a being as he was.

"How can his natural pressure release faint remnants of the chaos attribute???"

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 562 - Debt

"Is something wrong Wisse?"

While the guest on the elevation stared at Jason in shock, the medics were observing the young man in the center of the arena, trying to assess whether he was fine or not.

Even after a few minutes had passed, Jason showed no signs of moving or getting up. The higher-ups were getting impatient and didn't want to wait any longer.

As such, they planned to carry him away to continue preparing for the first combat round of the liberation tournament.

However, at that moment Wisse jumped up from his seat, almost tearing it out of the podium it was built in.

His lengthy red tail that had a few sky blue scales, shone lightly as it swished in excitement.

"Tell them to take a break until this young man finishes his comprehension!!" Though he spoke in a low voice, Old Sadran could gauge from his tone that it was not a request, but more of an order.

As such, he followed the order and told the Olympus federation's representative to stop his people from disturbing Jason and instead announce a short break..

The old dragonewt could only look at Old Sadran for a moment before his gaze averted to the young man who stood next to him.

His eyes glimmered with a trace of fear and reverence before he used voice transmission to instruct the medic team at the ground to stop paying attention to Jason.

At the same time, he cleared his throat and amplified it by mana in order to gain everyone's attention.

"We will take a short break to let the participants recover and enter their peak state. The first combat round will start in...one...no two hours from now!"

Two hours should be more than enough in the old dragonewts opinion, however, the piercing gaze of the young man's yellow snake-like eyes caused him to shiver.

'This time, they have sent an extremely terrifying one...'

Most citizens of the Olympus federation were not aware of this, but there was a particular tradition to be followed every time the liberation tournament was held.

There was always one of the descendants, disciples, or representatives of a certain race, the Olympus federation's ancestors were said to have been rescued in the past.

At least, that's what the higher-ups knew about.

They were too young to know the entire truth, but the oldest beings of the Olympus federation knew about the fairy tales their parents had told them about before the catastrophic conquest had begun.

It had been the culprit in separating most families due to their high difference in cultivation base that prevented them from fleeing through the same world bridge!

Only the young and weak had been forced to immigrate to Argos, while the vast majority of most races the Olympus federation consisted of, had either been killed or found shelter in a different world they had been able to retreat to.

Yet, when the young and weak beings of the Olympus federation had appeared on Argos, they had almost been killed by a ferocious beast.

It had been a ruthless beast that roamed through the surrounding areas, pouncing on anything that dared to venture into his territory. Luckily, the weaklings had been rescued by a young human-like being that had more blood of a dragon than any dragonewt had ever seen.

In fact, the being that had saved them was a young dragon that was able to transform into a seemingly human form.

This dragon had helped them to recuperate from their losses and build the basic foundation of the entire Olympus federation and achieve its present day glory.

Nobody had been able to figure out why the dragon had helped them, and she vanished with the words that someone would return every 10 years and that she would repay the debt she owed!

Since then, centuries had passed and every dragonoid, which was how the race called themselves, visited them at the exact time the woman had told them.

If they were to know that the woman that had rescued them had only been a newborn dragon that had just hatched a few days ago, the Olympus federation would have been utterly dumbfounded and confused.

Fortunately, nothing about that had been mentioned, and the female dragon's debt was something nobody had ever heard about.

It was her own personal secret, but also something she couldn't pay alone as she had been unable to enter Argos with her cultivation that rose rapidly.

Since then, various dragonoids had appeared on Argos, one every ten years, but this time it was an anomaly for an existence like Wisse to appear.

He was a cut above the rest, and the sheer might sealed within him was more than enough to defeat the three Overlords of Argos without any issues.

Yet, what nobody knew was that even such a terrific existence had to pay attention to its cultivation as the foundation was what mattered the most.

Certain races were born with a distinct foundation, allowing them to increase their strength rapidly.

Dragons with a distinct and pure bloodline were one of such rare breeds, allowing them to reach the Ascension stage in their first few years after being born.

Wisse's master was one of the extreme examples as she was the strongest being he had ever encountered.

However, even then, the young man in the center of the arena, who was said to be a halfling, caused Wisse's scales to crawl upwards!

'He doesn't even release any mana, let alone his aura and yet he can radiate a chaos attributed pressure...how?!?'

Wisse was not a pureblooded dragon like his master which raised numerous obstacles in front of him as he had to cope with repulsive energies of the ice and fire affinity.

Thus he was forced to cultivate with a particular technique that slowly altered his cultivation veins as well as his physique to accept both the extremely strong affinities he had inherited.

This may have taken a long time as he was already 20 years old and just about to enter the 2nd threshold of the Prismar stage, yet what he witnessed in front of him, made him forget everything about his slow cultivation speed.

His eyes were fixated on Jason, trying to comprehend who, or rather what kind of existence he was because the chaos attribute was not something even his master could handle in the beginning, despite being born and nurtured by it!

It had taken her a long time, yet what Wisse witnessed was something unexpected, yet oddly exciting!

'I have to tell my master about it...immediately!!'

With that in mind, Wisse disappeared from his position as he rushed out of the colosseum, only to fly further away as huge dragon wings sprouted out of his back.

They were fiery red and intertwined with the sky blue color of his mother, a dragonoid with a dense ice-dragon bloodline.

A single flap of his huge wings was enough to propel him in the air before he disappeared from everyone's sight, only to take out some sort of device nobody on Argos had ever seen before.

It was a complex version of the messenger crystal everyone was using and could be compared to a technologically advanced quantum bracelet.

This made it possible for him to message his master, who was countless lightyears away from Wisse's current location.

Upon activating it, numerous runes began to manifest around the device, and it was only some time later that a faint signal had reached his master, who had answered in confusion.

"Wisse, why are you messaging me? Did something happen on Argos? Don't tell me the Olympus federation has been annihilated...no that shouldn't have happened, otherwise, I would have noticed it!

Is it about the divine aura I sensed on Argos some time ago?....Hello, Wisse? Are you still there?"

Wisse had taken some time to think about what he should respond while waiting for his master to finish speaking.

"There is nothing wrong with Argos, but I found something, or rather someone you might be interested in!"

Unaware of the aftermath the revelation brought, Wisse explained everything to his master as quickly as possible, only to hear utter silence from the other side the moment he had finished his words.

Minutes passed and not even the slightest noise could be heard. Wisse grew worried and wanted to ask his master whether everything was fine with her or not.

He was about to speak when his ears picked a barely audible whisper.

"Such a being is on Argos? How is that possible...even I could only stay on Argos because I had barely been born at that time, and you're unable to unseal your power because you ca-....WAIT!!!"

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 563 - Chaos Attribute

Jason was oblivious to the conversation that happened far away from him and was simply focused on his own situation.

He was not exactly sure what was going on, but the pressure he released felt weird, similar to the time when he had received the Celestia aura without having accepted it then.

However, contrary to that time, there was something in the pressure he was releasing, which shouldn't be inside.

Time had passed slowly and it was only when he opened his eyes that Jason realized that the second round was long since over.

Being the only one left inside the deactivated magic circle, he stood up before walking in the direction in which he sensed the God's Children to be.

It was only then that they noticed the eerie silence around him as everyone was staring at him.

Whether it were the spectators, the other participants, or the Olympus federation's higher-ups, he was the center of attention.

This was uncomfortable for him and Jason took some time to realize that he was still subconsciously releasing the chaos attributed pressure..

It drained him of his energy and Jason couldn't help but feel hungry as the pressure was pulled back into his body.

Taking out a few preservable dishes, he devoured them hungrily while ignoring the surrounding stares.

His train of thoughts lingered around the sensation he had felt earlier because it was something new, and extremely dangerous. Jason knew that he couldn't control any of it yet.

The pressure itself was not the problem and Jason realized that he would be able to control it once he had digested the absorbed information.

It shouldn't be that problematic to radiate faint pressure without the use of mana, but it was a different matter altogether for distinct and attributed pressure!

Jason hadn't even learned anything detailed about normal pressure that was intertwined with mana.

Currently, his memories and what he had sensed was not enough to suddenly release something with an attribute he had never encountered, to begin with.

In fact, it was only because Jason had heard someone talking about his pressure being intertwined with the chaos attribute that he knew what attributes his body had released.

The unknown made Jason more uncomfortable than knowing that something with his body might be wrong that could turn terrifying and might as well mean his death sentence.

At least, he would know that something was going on, and could search for a solution!

However, nothing seemed to be wrong with his body, and the Chaos attribute neither harmed him nor was it something that felt as if it belonged to him.

After he had stopped releasing the pressure that had been easy to control, Jason felt how his body was slowly more exhausted and tiredness overwhelmed him.

Unfortunately, he couldn't simply sleep right now because Betty, who had been the first to recover from the shock of seeing Jason achieve yet another spectacular feat, had told him that the first combat rounds would start soon.

As such, he would have to fight at least one opponent before he could rest for a few hours.

The liberation tournament was not only held to determine the strongest prodigy of the new generation, but also to entertain the citizens of the Olympus federation.

This was also the reason why everything had been recorded with the help of a recording device that streamed it on the small crystalline devices every citizen of the Olympus federation had.

Because of that, Jason got an idea.

'If everything was recorded, I should be able to rewatch what happened after I focused on comprehending the surrounding pressure!'

With that thought in mind, he looked out for Jarid as he was one of the few people he knew out of the small batch of remaining participants.

That was if he were to leave out the God's Children because they didn't have the device he was looking for!

What Jason hadn't realized until now was that every single member of the God's Children had passed the second round while the total number of participants who had made it through was now just 1200!

This was extremely good, and even if they were to be defeated in the first combat round by being matched against the strongest combatants, it shouldn't be that bad.

There were several thousand participants hailed as prodigies who had failed in the second round miserably.

Contrary to them, the human race's embassy had fared well so they had gained some attention from the surrounding.

Overcoming the first round was something the human race was ought to pass owing to their soul worlds and the intel the Olympus federation had known about.

However, the second round was solely based on one's determination and will to advance further in the liberation tournament and to face stronger opponents.

Fortunately, the God's Children had received lessons not just focussing on the body but also the mind since a young age.

This was something almost every prodigy who had awoken their mana senses at a young age had received, as they were likely to become future prodigies as long as their soul-awakening was not catastrophic!

Jason hadn't received these lessons, but his obstacles had been different as well as his path had been unique.

Because of that, neither the God's Children nor the human powerhouses had doubted that Jason would advance to the third round.

Nevertheless, the pressure he had released without utilizing a single trace of mana was something that had caused them to feel suspicious.

'Is that something he learned from his other race, or he already knew how to release pressure without mana? But then...why is there the chaos attribute? Is he hiding another soulbond from us?'

All kinds of questions raked through the minds of humans around him, but even Jason wouldn't be able to answer their unspoken questions as he himself had no idea as to what had been going on!

It was time for the first combat round to begin, and they were only waiting for one specific person to return, which caused Jason to look in the direction in which Wisse had been seated before.

Since the beginning, Jason had known that Wisse was special and definitely not someone who should have been on Argos.

Yet, because nobody else seemed to bother about it, he decided to remain silent about it too.

Apparently, he was the liberation tournament's guest and when Jason had finally found Jarid, he wanted to ask him about that as well.

That was after he received the card-shaped device to figure out something!

"You need my Hologra because you want to watch the second decimator round?...Fine, but to be honest, did you hold back during our fight?"

Jarid had been as astonished as everyone else when Jason had suddenly begun to radiate a distinct pressure.

However, he had been able to stay relatively calm while facing Jason, only to look at him with disappointment, thinking that he had been too weak to force Jason to give his all.

"That's not it. I have simply no idea what this pressure was. By the way, who is that guest? Nobody seems to care about him!"

Jason saw that Wisse had returned, and seated himself on his chair. Thus, he had asked the question while pointed towards him, making Jarid turn around.

At that moment, Jason and Wisse's eyes met which greatly shocked Jarid as his eyes grew wide as saucers.

"Don't look into his eyes!!" Jarid exclaimed as he turned Jason's head around to face himself. Then, he quietly added, "This time the dragonoid guest is quite unique, and he has a big temper!!"

Jason didn't understand what Jarid wanted to say, but he could only respond,

"What kind of bullshit are you talking about? He is more of a true dragon than anything else, what dragonoid?!?"

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 564 - Lesson

Wisse had heard Jason's words which caused him to be astonished.

He hadn't expected that someone else would figure out what exactly he was.

His existence as a Dragonoid was known by almost everyone who was well-versed with the Olympus federation's past as there was only one race that traditionally visited the liberation tournament.

However, Jason had exposed his identity!

Wisse was a halfling of a true red dragon and an ice Dragonoid with a high blue dragon bloodline, turning him into a red and blue dragon with both affinities.

Thus, he was bestowed with certain characteristics and abilities only Dragonoids have.

The repulsive energies of his fire and ice affinity prevented him from advancing at a rapid pace as his lineage would normally suggest.

But even then, his cultivation speed was everything but slow, and it was rapidly increasing!

Once he entered the Ascension stage everything would change either way, and he had already been looking forward to that time..

Because of this, his mood had been extremely bad as his master had told him to waste his precious time and attend the Liberation tournament.

She hadn't even given him a proper reason and had just said something about divine aura and that he should look out for anomalies.

Earlier, he hadn't believed that the mana scarce planet called Argos was worth anything, but the human race that lived on Argos was more interesting than it initially seemed, while Jason's existence was even more so.

His scales were still crawling up, and despite being at a much higher cultivation base, he sensed that Jason was not someone he should take lightly.

Even his master had told him to be careful after she had heard the entire story Wisse had recited.

While on one hand, she had been happy of her assumptions being correct, on the other hand, she had been shocked about the Chaos attribute in the natural oppression Jason had learned to radiate.

Even more astonishing was the fact that he was a halfling, from a visibly strong race as he had already created a natural stigma.

If the human race's soul awakening were to be considered interesting, Jason was Wisse's main attraction.

Even for others, Jason was a topic of interest, yet also someone they should either become friendly with or stay away from.

Old Sadran remained silent when he had heard Jason and only looked at Wisse's face to see if he gave any reaction.

However, Wisse gave away nothing, thus he told the Olympus federation's representative to continue with the tournament.

Meanwhile, Jason was becoming more tired with every second, barely listening to Jarid's explanation of the Olympus federation's past in addition to the reason a Dragonoid was present.

Had Jarid known that Jason didn't even know the difference between a dragonewt and a Dragonoid, he would probably want to strangle Jason.

As such, he remained silent, simply making up some sort of explanation for himself.

'Let's just say that a dragonewt has a little bit of dragon blood in their veins, while Dragonoids are dragon-like existences with a higher bloodline!'

The arena had already been moved around with the help of the mechanism installed in the colosseum, allowing the arena rings to be installed again.

There were only around 10 arenas that were used at a time to allow the spectators to pay attention to one of the ten fights without being forced to divert their attention to a total of 50 arenas which was the maximum capacity limit the Colosseum had!

When Jason saw the 10 arenas, he couldn't help but feel enlightened.

"With the remaining 1200 participants, I should be able to take a good rest before it's my turn! Hopefully, the fights would take some time to be completed."

Jason was simply using the 60 rounds the 10 arenas had to be used, taking an average of five minutes for every round to roughly calculate the time for which he could rest.

Because of that, he was ready to lean his body against the pillar that lifted the elevation while telling the five God's Children and Jarid to wake him up once it was his turn.

Yet, contrary to his expectations, the first rounds were just about to start and as the first set of participants were called,? Jarid said,

"You're matched!"

This caused Jason to frown because he had just wanted to take some good rest.

However, the moment he saw the Klarir he was about to fight, his exhaustion was washed away as a bright smile emerged on his face.

"How can my luck be so good?"

Jason was matched against the Klarir who had tried to embarrass him before, and he entered the assigned arena without wasting any time, brightly smiling at his opponent.

He could tell that this was a perfect opportunity to show the Klarir that he was not someone who fought with words, but his strength, that it was not necessary for him to show off to others as his every action along with his performance spoke for him!

Meanwhile, the Klarir who made fun of Jason before, couldn't help but feel that he should have kept silent.

What he had sensed during the second round was more than enough to tell him that Jason's will and determination were not only much stronger but that his overall talent was incomparable to his.

The chaos attributed pressure Jason had radiated would already be enough to decrease his combat prowess by a large margin.

Because of those thoughts, the Klarir was turning less determined to fight Jason as he assumed his own life to be on the line.

Nevertheless, he had to fight, otherwise, his family would deem him as a useless coward who didn't even dare to fight a human.

As such, the Klarir could only gnaw his teeth and give his best. The moment the battle began, he enveloped himself in a thick layer of highly corrosive poison that clung tightly to his body.

A faint membrane of poison transmuted mana was put above the thin poison, turning it into a double-layered poison armor that was further strengthened with the faintly released mana.

Only a moment later, the young Klarir had been able to avert his focus and exert his martial art technique, allowing him to push towards Jason with a combat prowess comparable to a 9th Lique stage!

This was something he could be proud of, and more than most of the prodigies would be able to make use of under normal circumstances.

The Klarir's defensive capabilities were extremely strong, as they corroded everything that was weaker than the utilized mana!

At the same time, it allowed the Klarir to enhance the strength of every attack he launched as he was a close combat fighter that used his razor-sharp claws.

Unfortunately, Jason was not an ordinary opponent, and he could have just used Byakur and Solaris to sever through the double-layered poison armor, cutting through the Klarir too, but that was not something he wanted to do.

Showing how mercilessly he could destroy the possible relationship between the Olympus federation and mankind was out of question.

As such, he couldn't simply kill everyone as he pleased.

Furthermore, humiliating his opponent after he tried to humiliate him was something that was even better to look at than an unnecessary death!

As such, Jason had allowed Petri to enter his mana core while manifesting his golden scales that were intertwined in a vein-like pattern of golden stripes as a three-meter long tail grew out of his coccyx

His entire body was covered in scales, including his head that turned more snakelike than it was before.

Many spectators exclaimed to witness his transformation and most of them belonged to the Demi-humans, or to be precise the Lizr race!

They were comparable to human-like lizards and sensed that they would witness something grand about Jason.

Out of instinct, their entire focus was trained on Jason, who began to sense something that was similar yet different as it had been with Artemis.

'It is not the time yet...? I see!'

Jason had wanted to advance his and Petri's progress allowing them to fuse together.

Unfortunately, this didn't work and it would probably take some time before their fortified soul conjunction would be ripe.

With Petri occupying his mana core, Jason's physical strength increased to the peak of the 8th Lique stage.

This meant that he should be weaker than the Klarir who had attacked him.

Unfortunately, Jason also had other means to defeat his opponent, and he had yet to teach the young arrogant Kalrir a lesson!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 565 - Chaotic Void Of Darkness

Even without using any mana to circulate through his body or the exertion of a single martial art technique, his strength rivaled that of an average being at the peak of the 8th Lique stage.

This was an amazing feat, but instead of doing exactly the things he was supposed to do, like using a martial art technique to defend himself against the young Klarir who had already neared him, Jason simply stared at him.

His bright and glowing golden eyes were fully trained on his opponent as he spoke in a faint voice.

"Back off!"

At that moment, Jason released the race specific weakening curse in order to decrease the Klarir's combat prowess, distracting him for a moment only to initiate the second wave of attacks.

As such, he released the petrification curse through the Emperor Eyes, only to further paralyze the Klarir in his place before Jason used the last step of his three-layered attack by utilizing the remaining mana he had stored within his mana core.

The abyssal ability of his mana eyes had been released at once, sweeping through the Klarir who had barely been able to keep himself from panicking!

The poor Klarir was caught off guard, and fell right into Jason's trap, sealing the Klarir into a prison of endless darkness.

Trying to understand where he was, the Klarir looked around but it was like he had been transported to an eternal void of nothing save empty darkness..

That eerily silent darkness made a chill run down his spine while time continued to run ceaselessly, brushing past the imprisoned.

He was alone and helpless, trapped in that suffocating space. At least he assumed so, only for an unfathomable being to manifest at the end of the horizon, radiating an ominous, and horrifying aura, paralyzing the poor Klarir with numbing fear.

This was something that happened every single time Jason used his abyssal ability.

However, this time something was different than usual! There was no escape, and the gigantic being's grasps enveloped the young Klarir.

The form of the gigantic being was revealed, yet, it changed every moment making it impossible for the Klarir to make sense of anything at all.

A few seconds passed and Jason was already fully prepared to punch the young Klarir out of the arena, only to notice that something was wrong.

The Klarir's mana had begun to recede and everything crumbled in front of him as his eyes turned pitch-black just like the endless darkness his mind had entered.

"Fuck...I overdid it!" Jason exclaimed in a voice loud enough to resound through the entire colosseum.

He was not sure what was going on, but it was definitely something bad, and Jason could only turn towards the medics as he shouted.

"He needs help!!"? The last thing Jason wanted was to let the young Klarir die, but the medic team didn't move a single inch.

Instead, they looked at the Olympus federation's representative who seemed to be unbothered.

"If you call for the medics it will be your loss!"? That was the answer Jason received, and he couldn't help but frown and was about to curse at this stupid rule as he looked at the young Klarir.

Approaching him, he touched him lightly with his hand.

Based on what his Emperor Eyes perceived and what he sensed about the Klarir's body, his mind was currently sealed in a separate space, leaving his body alone.

This was something that had never happened before so Jason was clueless as to what could be the reason for the sudden occurrence or how to pull the Klarir out of that zone.

'Nothing about me changed, did it?'

Jason tried to think of the solution as he remembered something he had heard from the Livestream about the liberation tournament he had looked at with Jarid's Hologra!

[Is that a Chaos attributed oppression?]

Even though Jason was not sure who was the owner of that voice, it was evident that the speaker had been astonished.

Despite having barely been able to hear it, Jason could tell that it was something from a higher up, or even the guest who was looking at him with a glint of interest.

Jason knew that he had to figure out what had gone wrong, or rather what had changed.

As such, he decided to not use the Abyssal ability again, at least not with the vast majority of his mana!

Instead, he would have to choose his other trumps to overwhelm strong opponents.

There were more than enough weapons in his arsenal Jason could choose from after all.

Nevertheless, as of now, he had to fix something.

Touching the Klarir he activated his stigma that glowed lightly before releasing the Celestia aura.

The stigma and the aura merged together while Jason could only try to infiltrate the young Klarir with it.

He tried his best to break the shallow membrane that enveloped the Klarir's mind, preventing it from returning to the dark place he was caught at.

Even though Jason could have thrown the young Klarir out of the arena, it was as if he could feel that the others wouldn't be able to help.

There was only the dragon who might know a solution to the problem that had just occurred, but Jason could tell that the guest was not inclined to help either way.

This was only something Jason could assume from the way the dragon looked at him instead of the Klarir.

He had only thrown a single glance at the Klarir before his gaze had returned to Jason with the glint of interest intensifying several times.

Because of that Jason knew that the dragon-like existence could help, but simply chose not to for reasons unknown to him.

Meanwhile, the Olympus federation's representative was bombarded by several Klarirs who requested for the battle to be ended.

Yet, instead of doing anything, the dragonewt remained silent, turning a blind eye to the complaints and pleadings as if they didn't exist, in the first place.

He was simply following the rules which made him recall a certain painful scenario which he voiced out.

"Did you guys forget what happened in the liberation tournament 50 years ago? If not, let me help you recall it.

Your prodigy killed a dragonewt who had already been lying on the ground, incapable to continue fighting, but the fight continued. Why? Because of the tournament's rules!!

The dragonewt was unable to lose his consciousness and the Klarir prodigy didn't even think about throwing him out of the arena, ending the battle!

As such, we will follow the rules, UNDERSTOOD?"

When the old man belonging to the Klarir race heard this, they recalled the incident that had almost caused a civil war to occur, only to remember something else.

'The dragonewt that was killed 50 years ago was the representative's only son!!!'

Thus, gritting their teeth, they could only turn away, trying to think of a way to save their prodigious descendant from dying a painful death.

"Is it really necessary for the youth to do something like that? Was it not an accident..? Can't the human throw out Yhas so that we can help him?? Were the human's words a lie?"

It was one of the Klarir race's higher ups who complained, as a familiar voice resounded behind him.

"It's not that he can't, but you guys are incapable of helping your descendant!"

Turning around, they saw Old Sadran who stared at them with an apologetic smile.

"The young man is already trying to calm the situation, it's just extremely unlucky what happens right now!"

At that moment, Wisse, who had been focused on Jason remarked,

"It's not unlucky, but more that the youth is unaware about his own power, where it came from, what it does, and how to restrict it. It's almost as if he never noticed anything about it!"

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 566 - Secrets

It didn't take Jason long before he had been able to break through the darkness seal he had accidentally constructed within the Klarir's mind.

The moment the darkness had cleared, the Klarir had momentarily stiffened before his body had loosened up.

The pain and the pressure had been overwhelming for him and he began to cry out loudly.

Foam dripped out of his mouth, and Jason could only hope that the aftereffects wouldn't kill him.

The ominous aura around the Klarir had dispersed and Jason could finally drag him out of the arena, ending the battle.

After that Jason simply left the arena while trying to figure out what was going on with his body.

While the Klarir was surrounded by the Medics, he was stared at by thousands of spectators that couldn't comprehend what they had just witnessed.

When even Jason was unable to understand anything, how should the others comprehend what exactly had occurred in their fight?

Wisse, who had observed everything intently had already noticed that Jason's control over his own strength was extremely high if he were to exclude everything about the chaos attribute.

With that thought in his mind, Wisse could comprehend several scenarios which led him to tell Jason something through voice transmission.

[Hey Halfling, what the hell are you doing with the chaos attribute within you?! Don't you realise that you'd almost killed your opponent because you couldn't control your power?]

Through the Emperor Eyes, Jason was able to see the faint mana thread Wisse had released.

As such, he stared into his eyes with confusion apparent in his own.

Exhaustion overwhelmed Jason, but he ignored it while connecting himself to Wisse's mana thread as he also used voice transmission.

[Sorry if I come across as rude, but who are you? Throwing insults at me is not really helpful if I don't understand them either.]

Stifling a yawn, Jason could barely keep his eyes open to look at Wisse, who just sighed before he introduced himself.

[My name is Wisse, and let's just say that I'm a dragon who can transform into a humanlike form too, alright? That's not important either way. More important is that you can't control the chaos attribute within you.]

To be honest, I have no idea what kind of race you are, or what is going on with your body. However, you radiated the chaos attribute while comprehending and releasing your manaless oppression!

Just what are you?! And don't give me a tight-lipped answer of 'I'm a human']

Jason was not sure what Wisse was playing at, let alone if he could trust him.

However, on the other hand, everyone knew that Jason was a halfling as it was evident.

Furthermore, the dragon didn't seem to give off any bad vibe. Instead, it was the pure thirst for knowledge and Wisse's curiosity that seemed to radiate from him.

[My name is Jason Stella and I'm a halfling, belonging to the human race and another race of which I don't know a lot about myself.

Without knowing whether you're my friend or foe, I won't tell you everything, which you can probably understand. At least, I hope so.

Unfortunately, I have no idea what this chaos attribute is and I can just tell you that it feels like I'm subconsciously lending someone's power without being aware of it!]

Even though he had wanted to refrain from telling Wisse too much, Jason knew that he was the being that would be the most knowledgeable about the chaos attribute that he was struggling to understand.

Jarid had told him that the traditional guests that come to take a look at the liberation tournament originated from a place far away from Argos.

Apparently, they had to use several world bridges to arrive inside the Broken world that could be used as some sort of intersection to a dozen or more worlds with common races!

This was interesting, but something Jason could pay attention to later!

Right now, his exhaustion, which stemmed from accidentally utilizing the mysterious chaos attribute was draining him from focusing on the fact that he had unlocked a new attribute he knew nothing about!

'Does the Celestia race have something like a chaos attribute??'

Jason didn't know, and he could only try to appraise his own body with the last traces of energy that prevented him from falling into a deep slumber.

Wisse, who initially wanted to convince Jason to tell him more about his other heritage, perceived his current condition and held back from probing further.

As such, he made a mental note before saying,

[Let's talk after the tournament is over, but if you don't want to kill anyone, try to prevent the reckless release of your chaos attribute!]

Somehow, he felt ridiculous telling someone else what he was supposed to do or not while knowing that his knowledge was far from that of his master.

He was only 20 years old after all.

Fortunately, his teacher had told him a few things he had to pay attention to with Jason, which allowed him to give him a few tips about how to control his chaos attribute despite being able to actively sense it.

Jason could barely hear the tips Wisse gave him before his mind that had appraised his body, sensed something extremely faint in the deepest pits of his stomach, enveloping the Celestia race's seals he hadn't been able to see before!

It was something dark that made him assume that it was the darkness affinity.

Yet, when he focussed all of his mind on gauging it, he realised that it didn't belong to the darkness affinity but was something new and alien to him.

Unable to understand what it was, Jason only knew that it had prevented him from perceiving the Celestia race's bloodline within him earlier.

He had only been able to faintly perceive the Celestia race's seals when he had liquefied his first drop of mana in a desperate attempt to save his masters and when he had wanted to take revenge on the races that had caused his pain and losses.

It had been his desperateness that had led him to unleash his shackles!

Other than that, they had never been perceptible, but this veil was seemingly lifting as he was drawn into a deep slumber, by something that was hidden deep within him.

The moment Jason closed his eyes, he found himself in an endless darkness, void of anything.

At least, that was what he had presumed.

While in the real world only a few seconds had passed before he fell asleep, eons passed inside the darkness as he found himself in front of a massive structure.

It was shaped like a helix, two massive strands with different colors were intertwined with each other, connected at countless positions.

This caused Jason to believe that the object he was looking at was a replica of his DNA!

Somehow, this made sense as thousands of locks could be seen suppressing the DNA strand he presumed to be his Celestia heritage.

A few locks had already been broken open, telling Jason that the seals he had broken were more than one.

However, it was only the interlink that had been unlocked too, merging the two strands together.

The strand representing the human race was filled with all kinds of weakly glowing colors, showing the awoken affinities of his soul world that was in fact the versatility the human race had.

Merging together, the Celestia's strand that was brightly glowing in a divine silver-white color, both strand's foundation had changed, accepting each other.

This was something Jason had expected to be the case as he had already accepted belonging to both the Celestia and the human race.

He didn't abandon any heritage and stuck with both as they were both important fragments that made him whole.

Despite the interest Jason had in the massive strand that was erected right within him, he wondered how his mind had entered the deepest part of his conscience.

Normally this shouldn't be possible, and would only be possible if one was strong enough to control every cell in one's body.

However, Jason was far from having attained the cultivation base that was required to make such a feat possible!

As such, he could only think of the Chaos attribute and the feeling that had drawn him inside a deep slumber.

Out of a sudden, a moment after he had thought about this, Jason heard a faint noise from the depth of his conscience, ringing throughout his entire being.

[How come you've already awoken me, brat? Couldn't you've waited for a few more centuries....how can you be as impatient as Mina...Like mother like son *sigh*]

It was a voice Jason had never heard before. It was definitely not of his father's and felt different too.

However, the being that had spoken to him just now didn't radiate any hostility, and he had spoken about his mother too!!

Despite these facts, Jason couldn't help but feel worried about the voice as it radiated exactly the chaos attribute he seemed to have used earlier!!

'Just what is going on?!'

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 567 - Life's Debt

Jason's frustration was visible, and he turned in all directions to see if the being that spoke was within his body, or if it was something like the mana imprint he had from his father. As if on cue, the voice answered tonelessly.

[Below the structure.]

It had become monotonous, but that was not what caused Jason to feel affected.

What affected him was the fact that he found a huge imprint of something extremely profound that caused Jason to gulp nervously.

Under the profound imprint, or whatever it was, Jason was able to see crimson eyes piercing into his being.

Behind the crimson color was a lattice composed of faint strands of gold, Jason found extremely familiar, but he couldn't focus on that as he stumbled backward.

[What are you afraid of? Don't you belong to the mighty Celestia race? If you're already afraid of a soul's fraction, you shouldn't even think of leaving Argos!]

Jason calmed himself, noticing that there was no hostility radiating from the being that spoke to him..

His curiosity and thirst for knowledge overwhelmed him as he blurted out

"Soul's fraction? So...there is a fraction of your soul within me?!? How does that make sense? Why??"

If Jason had been just confused earlier on hearing the voice for the first time, now he was thoroughly rattled to hear the voice. It was evident that he didn't understand everything that just happened.

[Didn't Mina inform you about everything? She is always impatient, how can she not have told you about everything yet?? Maybe she changed while I was hibernating..?]

Through these words, Jason realised that the being whose fraction of a soul was sealed inside his body was on friendly terms with his mother!!

The memory of his mother brought forth mixed emotions; a dry smile along with a tinge of sadness.

"My mother died more than 10 years ago, murdered by a descendant of one of the big families on Argos...."

Jason didn't like mentioning it, but he knew that staying secretive about this was not what he was supposed to do.

He was still overwhelmed with what was going on and understood less than before as everything turned even more complex for him.

Out of a sudden, the profound imprint that gleamed in a black light expanded as a terrific pressure was released.

It oppressed Jason, making it almost impossible for him to breathe. While he gasped for air, he noticed that his entire surrounding turned into a torment stream of dark blue energy that spread through the endless void.

A thunderous roar resounded within Jason.

At that moment, the torment energies within Jason broke through the endless void, seeping out of his body, tearing open his skin.

Terrific pressure filled the entire colosseum, incomparable with the shallow oppression Jason had released earlier.

Nobody was able to breathe properly, and it felt like a monstrous being had emerged from within the shadows.

Even Wisse was unable to move his body, let alone breathe properly as his mind was running wild.

'Who the hell is this youth?!?!'

Only a few seconds later the pressure disappeared, releasing everyone, and returning to Jason as if it had never existed in the first place.

The same occurred within Jason's deepest part of the conscience as he was still asleep, unaware of the chaos he had created outside.

Somehow, the being had calmed down, or at least it seemed so as it asked him.

[So...Mina is really dead?] The voice sounded pained which caused Jason's pain to resurface.

He just nodded his head unsure what to say as he couldn't just question the mysterious soul's fraction about everything while it was processing the death of someone it had held dearly!

Jason knew how it felt to lose someone you wanted to hold close, and it was a hard process to get back on your feet and continue, but a necessary step to overcome the pain.

At that moment, Jason heard something that caused him to squint his eyes in confusion.

[Maybe she knew it from the beginning, from the time she had to sever the connection with her soulbonds, and destroy her cultivation to return to Argos...]

If the being's words were to be true, it would mean that his mother had been extremely strong. It also meant that she had been forced to use every means to decrease her strength, only to use the world bridge...to safely bring him to Argos!

But why? Was there an important reason to do this, or was it just that his mother had wanted him to live in peace without anyone reducing him to the halfling he was?

The being could perceive the thoughts Jason had as its soul's fraction had merged with the young Jason, allowing it to understand certain things.

Thus, it decided that it was time to explain a few things to Jason, instead of dragging everything for longer.

It didn't have much time to converse with Jason anymore as they had wasted enough time already.

[To put it simply, your mother was hunted due to certain circumstances, and even your father couldn't do anything about it. This was mostly because he was the only Celestia who accepted your mother into their rows, while the others tried to shun her.

The details would take too long to explain. To put it simply, when your mother noticed that she was pregnant with you, she searched for me and requested my help. She just wanted to return to Argos, where you could grow up without any problems.

Apparently, this seemed to have worked partially because you are still alive which is the good news...I guess. As for the soul's fraction within you....I'm only here to repay my Life's debt because your mother's eyes helped me when I had been in a perilous situation.

Nevertheless, she was a good woman, and someone who didn't deserve dying like that...the time I spent with her and her parents was truly something I will never forget...]

The mention of his grandparents made a thousand questions swirl through his mind once again.

Unfortunately, he was unable to find the right words as he sensed the soul's fraction piercing him with its gaze.

[Brat, my debt is also the reason I used a small fraction of my soul to save hers! How do you think a human with the bloodline of a Celestia was able to be birthed by an ordinary woman? A mere mortal whose strength had aggravated to that of the Mortal stage at that!

Don't underestimate your own race, and believe me if I say that you shouldn't forcefully remove more seals than you can handle!!

I was only slowly awoken from my hibernation because I noticed that the Soul fraction's power was drained when you had almost turned into an Infernal Celestia!

Fortunately, your father was not completely helpless and assisted you, otherwise, it would have become ugly to save you while ensuring that the seals stayed intact!!]

'You've sealed my power?' Jason wanted to blurt out, but at that moment, he noticed that he was drawn out of the depths of his body as his eyes flew open to see the God's Children looking at him curiously.

There were only a few last words that resounded in his mind.

[Don't even dare to use more of my power if it's not necessary!! I'll return to my slumber, and don't think about touching my imprint either!! Just behave, will you?!?]

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 568 - Power Is Everything

Jason was not sure what exactly the being inside his body was, but it seemed to not have lied about his mother having asked for its help to enter Argos.

There was no reason, let alone evidence for Jason to believe the mysterious being, but Jason's memories clearly recalled how sickly his mother had always been.

Furthermore, she had never told him anything about her past, her soulbonds or anything else.

The soul's fraction within him didn't bother Jason much, rather it was helpful as it sealed the Celestia bloodline.

At least, if the being had been true to its words.

Since he had found out about the seals inside his body that were different from the awakening of his bloodline, he had always wondered how it had even been possible for him to be born in the first place.

At the same time, Jason wondered when the first seal had been removed.

'Was the start of everything, when I began to sense mana, or when I gained my eyesight?'

.

Somehow, Jason felt as if it was the latter because he found it weird that one accident after another happened from that time onwards.

Maybe it had been his misfortune or something else that made him attract others, irrespective of whether they were friends or foes.

In the end, Jason had just accepted the fact that he was not a complete human, and that his other half hailed from the Celestia race, but now his body harbored another secret, while his mother's past was something mysterious and unknown.

'What about my grandparents then? Are they still alive?' There were more questions Jason had in mind than he could answer, and his only hope was that the future could tell him answers to the questions that continued to torment him.

Suddenly, Betty, who had been standing in front of him, grasped his shoulders and shook him violently. She continued to shout his name, which made him regain his senses.

"Sorry, what happened? Is it my turn to fight again?"

He stood up nonchalantly, only to notice that he was bleeding from several spots at which his skin had burst open.

Taking out a purified potion, he gulped it down as he noticed that everyone stared at him in shock.

"What happened? You almost killed all of us with the pressure you released in your sleep!! Fortunately, you didn't radiate it for long, and it dispersed as suddenly as it had emerged!"

It was Jarid, who said this and he had just approached Jason with a tinge of reverence and fear in his eyes.

Jason seemed to have grown much more than he had expected. At the same time, it looked like he had more secrets that even he didn't know himself.

At least, that was what Jarid could comprehend by looking at Jason's confused expression.

Meanwhile, Jason only knew that he had regained full control over his body once again.

Other than that, he was also able to perceive his seals better than before.

By simply entering the depths of his conscience with his mind, he could clearly see the two strands that were intertwined with each other, forming a helix.

The lowest part of it was already fused together and had the same color, while the locks on the strand belonging to the Celestia race prevented the complete fusion.

Apparently, the primal awakening of one's blood unsealed shackles that every pure-breed would naturally generate upon birth, and the seals created by the unknown being whose soul fraction was inside his body had been artificially created.

This suppressed the Celestia bloodline, allowing Mina Stella to give birth to Jason without dying from the sheer mass of nutrition and mana a common Celestia newborn required.

Jason recalled that the being had said that he shouldn't underestimate the Celestia race, but he was not sure what exactly this meant.

Did this only include their strength, mana mastery talent, or everything else too?

'Just how did Mom encounter the Celestia race?!' Jason wondered, unsure what kind of obstacles his mother, and grandparents had overcome!

They were said to have disappeared according to Nathan, the Heaven Eyes sect's patriarch, while his father had told him that his mother had been sacrificed by some race as a tribute to the Celestia race.

As he trusted his father more than Nathan, who had evidently lied to him when they had talked with each other. Some part of him believed that Nathan had caught, or even sold his family to the race his father had been talking about.

Nathan's motives to do this would probably have been his greed and fear of being overthrown as the Heaven eyes sect's patriarch, but even then the final result made no sense.

'If mom and my grandparents had been sold to another race, most probably a higher race, but even then they shouldn't have been able to meet the Celestia race!'

Everything kept becoming more confusing, and Jason could only give his best to calm down as he stood up.

What Jarid had probably meant was the mysterious being's pressure that had suppressed him within his own body too.

As such, he simply smiled at Jarid as he said,

"Well, to be honest, there are things I don't understand about myself either, but I've regained control over my body again. How far have we made it into the combat rounds?"

Jarid understood that Jason didn't want to continue speaking about what had happened.

Thus, he turned away and said, "Once everyone has calmed down, we're continuing, but it will take some time before the second round will start."

When Jason heard this, he just nodded his head before turning towards Wisse who stared at him with even more interest than before which caused him to sigh deeply.

"This will be a hassle." He mumbled, only to be heard by Jarid who smiled drily.

The God's Children were still shocked about what had happened to Jason, while the other participants stared at him with a mix of curiosity and apprehension.

Initially, they had assumed Jason to be strong and talented, but unfortunately as he was extremely young in comparison to the other participants.

However, this had now changed and everyone took him seriously!

Due to this, Jason wanted to focus on the liberation tournament because this had been his highest priority since the beginning, only to hear a voice resounding in his head.

[Did you figure out your issue?]

Wisse, who had also been suppressed by the aura Jason had radiated for a short moment, asked while looking at the young man, who was even younger than him!

He was merely curious and didn't have any hidden selfish motives in being friendly with Jason who was hands down the most interesting young man he had encountered in a long time.

However, seeing that Jason wanted to ignore him, Wisse was slowly growing agitated, doubting whether he was being too nice to the young man, who was barely at the 2nd Lique stage!

[I don't even know if it's an issue] Jason answered, as an idea struck him!

The Dragon had just begun to talk to him, questioning him about his origin and other personal things. Though Jason had no intention of doing the same, he realised that he could also figure out something else he was even more interested in.

He had yet to find out how to override a soul contract after all!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 569 - Soul Pact's Solutions

If Jason were to be honest, he didn't really care about the dragon's origin or the exact reason why Dragonoids, dragons, or whatever race had implemented the tradition to spectate the liberation tournament.

There could be countless reasons, but as long as it didn't turn into an obstacle to his own path, Jason would let the others live peacefully!

Nevertheless, now that the dragon, Wisse, had questioned him quite a lot, showing his interest in the specific things Jason had revealed, he thought that it was possible to ask questions in return.

As such, he decided to lure the dragon into his trap before turning the tides!

[It may not be an issue, but more like something I have yet to figure out about my origin. I know almost nothing about my other race!

But there is something else I'm interested in. Do you know a way to override an advanced soul contract? I need to figure out how this is possible for something. It's very important to me.]

Wisse knew that he had yet to gain Jason's trust as he was always talking around the bush, never directly answering the questions he had asked.

Despite that, Wisse could tell what the young man was doing..

Both he and Jason may be young but they were equally crafty which was the reason Wisse decided to accept the unconventional approach Jason seemed to offer.

'If I answer your questions you'll trust me a little bit more which will in return make you answer truthfully? Is that so?'

Thus, he decided to answer some of Jason's questions before he hoped to receive some more details about Jason in order to relay the acquired information to his master.

She seemed to be very interested in Jason, or to be precise in the fact that he had been able to release pressure intertwined with the attribute of Chaos!

That was extremely difficult and rare to see, and as such even more interesting to sense in a mana scarce world like Argos where beings like Jason shouldn't even exist, to begin with.

Jason had hoped that Wisse did exactly as he hoped, and it was evident that both had reached a compromise in order to gain more information.

Torturing Jason was not really the way forward for Wisse as he was not sure what exactly the young man was hiding.

That was even more dangerous because his distinct dragon senses told Wisse to be careful of Jason, and that it would be better to stay on friendly terms than the other way around.

If other Dragonoid, let alone dragons were to hear that he had to act nicely in front of a being at the 2nd Lique stage, they would ridicule him as the way of the dragons was dominance and pure strength.

Normally, he would overwhelm Jason and force him to reveal everything, but that was something even his master had told him not to do.

In the end, Wisse didn't care how others perceived him, but if his master said that the young golden-silverish eyes youth was someone he had to be careful of, this was most certainly the truth!

As such, he thought about the question Jason had asked him before he answered.

[If this concerns you, or someone close to you, I guess you are not talking about an advanced soul contract.

There are several types of soul contracts, but beings below the Ascension stage can only manifest the lowest type of soul contract. This can be done by loosening a thread from their soul to manifest a pact that involves only those beings connected to the soul threads.

I've heard a little bit about the tumults that seemed to have happened during the last few years, and if rumors are to be believed, there shouldn't even be an existence close to the capabilities to manifest an advanced soul contract, let alone the necessary materials.

The most someone could create is a soul pact, which is what the lowest type of soul contract is called. Through this, one can add several clauses and include the oppressed individuals that have already formed a soul pact with one of the two parties to create another soul pact.

However, in order to add the submissive parties, their prior soul pact must have already turned them into slaves, or subordinates that have to pay heed to the orders they receive without fail.

As such, an entire clan could be forced into a single soul pact, turning everything a little bit complex.

Now, how do you overwhelm, or overwrite a soul pact? This differentiates according to the given clauses, but the easiest would be to kill the beings in control of the said soul pact.

Based on your expression, I believe this won't be very helpful, as such you probably need a way to figure out a solution to let someone walk free out of a complex soul pact, unscathed if possible.

If you don't care about them being unscathed, shatter the majority of your soul and piece it together by utilizing heavenly resources...

Despite requiring lots of resources, which you can't find on a planet that is even remotely similar to Argos, that would be the easier solution if I were to be honest.

The last solution I can think of right now would be to simply overwrite the soul pact. This may be painful for both sides, but it could be possible if certain small points may have not been clearly mentioned. If that is the case, it would be possible for beings at the Ascension stage to make use of this, and write a true soul contract because their soul is simply stronger!

But even that might not necessarily help you to help someone out of enslavement, if the clauses state even one of the points that you believe might not have been mentioned...]

Jason listened intently, but all of the information didn't seem to truly help. The information was interesting and he could use it in the future. But it wouldn't help him to figure out more about how he could rescue Greg and Malia, who had been enslaved, in addition to Gabriella and Mark, who might have been forced into a similar soul pact!

'Shattering soul....would kill their soulbonds....and even putting it together might not repair their soul world....Ascension stage..strengthened soul? That's too long... overwhelming..how to overwhelm a soul pact else...soul....soul...'

At that moment, Jason felt something within his soul world that distracted him.

All three of his soulbonds, Artemis, Petri, and Solaris were behaving oddly, as if they wanted to tell him something he was missing out on; something extremely simple, yet too simple that it couldn't be the solution he was seeking.

His soulbond's fortified soul conjunction was gleaming lightly and it was almost as if their connection that connected both Jason and his soulbonds with each other was screaming "Idiot" at him.

Jason was so deep in thoughts that he didn't even realise that his mind was slowly finding its way towards the right answer.

Suddenly as if a bolt of lightning had struck his head, Jason's eyes widened as he exclaimed,

"I'm so stupid!!"

Turning towards Wisse, the dragon, he asked for a voice transmission that would change the lives of many humans on Argos.

[Have you heard about our race's soul-awakening? Could you evaluate how strong the soul connection of soulbonds is in comparison to an enslavement soul pact??]

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 570 - True Dragon Manifestation

While Jason was talking to Wisse, the tournament continued, and it didn't take long before the second round started and his name was announced.

Wisse was knowledgeable but even he didn't know anything about the depth and all complexities of a soul contract.

Because of that Jason would have to test out several different situations.

There were multiple approaches to do so, and the easiest would be to try binding a slave of the Olympus federation to his soul world!

If it was possible to bind someone to his soul, despite him or her being under an enslavement soul pact, Jason could test terminating the enslavement soul pact before dissolving the soulbond with the said slave.

Dissolving a soul connection was only possible in the first 24 hours because the binding process would mostly take longer.

Despite that, there were several things Jason didn't know like how much soul energy he would require to bind and control an intelligent foreign race, if it was higher than normal beasts, and if a human with a soul world could even be bound to another soul world!

Soul energy was what Jason had altogether and it would be the smallest issue, and only the latter part about the human race's soul world worried him.

Nevertheless, he had finally found the first clue to rescue the Flers which was everything he wanted to achieve, followed by finding out more about the past of his family..

There were several other things he had to figure out yet, but Jason couldn't focus on everything at once.

Inside the arena ring, he faced a dragonewt with a unique innate fire affinity that seemed to have mutated.

As such, the female dragonewt's strength increased substantially as she enveloped herself in a crimson-red armor of flames.

'Is everyone trying to turn into an armored warlord or what?' This was the only thing Jason could ask himself as he allowed Solaris to enter his mana core.

Despite not gaining any advantage in terms of physical strength or mana core enlargement by letting Solaris occupy his mana core, Jason's control over the fire affinity as well as the pace at which he could circulate mana through his body increased.

At the same time, his mana consumption by utilizing the black flame affinity decreased drastically while the flames' lethality increased in proportion!

All-in-all, Solaris allowed him to turn into a humanoid flamethrower.

That was exactly what he did and conjured more than a hundred spears of black flames.

They were compressed and Jason threw them at the dragonewt who was at the 6th Lique stage. She had reached the peak of the 9th Lique stage thanks to her unique affinity, the body refinement technique she had used, and the cultivation technique the young woman had exerted every single day!

Unfortunately for her, Solaris' strength was at par with a flame at the 10th Lique stage, in addition to owning a mana nullification ability!

Thus, Solaris burned through the crimson flames that spread through the entire arena. While most black spear flames prevented the dragonewt from evading, only a small number of the flames pierced through her arms, legs, and small wings that were tightly folded on her back.

Jason had avoided targeting her vital spots which was noticeable, and the fight seemed to end before it had even truly begun.

Yet, what Jason hadn't expected was that the female dragonewt wouldn't give up even after having been pierced by more than 10 black flame spears.

This caused him to nod his head in acknowledgment, only to hope that his opponent realised that she was burned from the inside.

Weirdly enough, the dragonewt acted as if she was unbothered by that fact, which made Jason recall the Klarir.

'I cannot let another opponent barely escape death....'

His thoughts were mostly focused on the future relationship he wanted the human race to establish with the Olympus federation.

As such, black flames spurted out of Jason's back, creating wings and he simply ascended into the air while looking at the girl who was about to advance towards him as he said.

"Just surrender, you won't be able to defeat me with the injuries you've already sustained, let alone the flames that burn through your insides right now!"

Despite his warning, the dragonewt ignored him. Instead, she glared at him in anger as if he was oblivious to the importance the liberation tournament held to the participants. Seeking to vent out her frustration, she released her entire mana at once.

The dragonewt had been forced to use the technique she had honed for several years much earlier than she had wanted to.

She had wanted to save it as a last resort and use it to win the liberation tournament in the final round but somehow Jason had made her reveal her trump card sooner..

Unfortunately, this was unavoidable as she had been matched against Jason, who had already been an ominous opponent since he had completed the second round.

Nevertheless, according to the dragonewts' estimations, Jason should have used up a vast majority of his mana in order to conjure over one hundred compressed black flame spears!

As such, she sensed her chance to retaliate.

Utilizing her entire mana, she manifested a ginormous head of a dragon around herself as a thunderous roar resounded in the colosseum, shaking the concrete and spectators.

"Is that the secret technique [True Dragon manifestation]?" One of the higher-ups asked the old dragonewts who was seated close to him.

It was another higher-up of the Olympus federation, but the old woman laughed lightly. Before she could answer his question with a bright smile, they heard another laugh next to them.

"True Dragon manifestation??? You don't even know what kind of existence a True dragon is! If this young dragonewt would be able to manifest the replica of a true dragon in the form of her fire affinity, I would personally send her to a true fire dragon!

But don't be fooled, this is nothing but a scam, and even half-fledged dragons are more powerful than what you can possibly imagine.

Just look at the fight!"

Wisse felt ridiculous that the female dragonewt had planned to affirm the old Klarir's assumption which was evident from the expression she had revealed.

As such, he had felt forced to intervene as the pride of dragons was on the line!

However, his words were true. If the young female dragonewt was able to manifest the replica of a true dragon, he would have taken her to a true fire dragon to train her as well!

She was only at the 8th Lique stage, and would need to be extremely talented to show something as mighty as a true dragon!

The old dragonewt wanted to throw a fit at the young voice that had interrupted them but noticed that it was the Olympus federation's guest and the representative of the dragonoids.

As such, she gulped down her anger and simply nodded her head before turning around.

Taking a deep breath, she ignored the Klarir's ridiculing smile as she focused on the fight right in front of her.

Meanwhile, Jason was astonished by the sheer mass of compressed mana and crimson flames that created the replica of a dragon head. It looked similar to the picture he had seen of the Ice Dragon which Jael Drake had defeated years ago.

Throwing Wisse a short glance while using his memories, Jason could roughly understand what the female dragonewt had tried to do.

Despite that, it was impossible for Jason to not give a light smile as he had already scanned through the dragonewts attack.

At that moment, Solaris seemed to erupt inside his mana core, trying to tell him that it was ready to steal the girl's show!