

## **Bloodline 481**

Chapter 481 We should resume training

Kyle's eyes glazed over for a moment as he locked his gaze on the man standing in the doorway. Hubert stepped back towards him after tossing the chair aside.

However, Kyle's eyes stayed focused on the man in the doorway until Hubert covered them with his hand because the old man noticed... he noticed they were losing their light and getting dull due to the amount of anger and hatred within them.

Hubert whispered slowly and noticed that his voice wavered in the middle.

"Don't... it's okay now."

Kyle's breathing turned uneven, but even with the hand covering his eyes, he didn't close them. He tried, he really tried, but he couldn't forget the empty eyes of the man who watched him being devoured by the monsters.

The very eyes that are watching him right now. His ears buzzed with the noise of the monsters who crowded his body from all sides just moments ago. But for some strange reason, instead of beating loudly in his chest, his heart rhythm began to slow down, even slower than usual.

Hubert noticed it as well how Kyle's body quivered for a few seconds before it stilled under him. The old man closed his eyes and sucked in a deep breath.

He couldn't believe something like this happened right under him, and he wasn't able to get to the scene in time.

The old man's pupils started to shine as he turned his head to gaze at Aze, as blue scales started to appear on his face.

"I SAID LEAVE."

His voice thundered in the air. It was so loud that it echoed through the entire village or maybe even further. Immediately, the air around him began to quiver under the weight of the powerful pressure that radiated from his body, wholly directed at the man standing in the doorway.

Azazeal tilted his head with an unbothered expression, unfazed by the pressure. He raised the notebook in his hand and ignored the old man before speaking directly to Kyle because he knew the silver-haired human could hear him loud and clear.

"This plain notebook... I believe it's yours. You probably dropped it a while back."

Kyle's body tensed on the bed, and even Hubert noticed it as he still had his hand on the human's eyes. Kyle wanted to check his clothes because he remembered that he always kept the notebook in a pouch hidden within his clothes. However, it was as if his body failed to listen to his command and stayed still in the bed, even though he so badly wanted to move. Not to mention, his mind failed to process the fact that his clothes were torn previously, and right now his upper body was completely bare.

Hubert had reached his limit. He withdrew his hand from Kyle's eyes to seize the notebook because he understood its importance if it belonged to Kyle.

However, before his fingers could even touch the book in Aze's hand, a chilling voice whispered beside his ear.

"Stay out of this."

Immediately, the old man collapsed to his knees, his expression betraying his shock. He already suspected that Aze was more powerful than him... but to what extent that he couldn't even raise a finger? How many individuals in the universe could match his strength... he knew the count was limited, not to mention those who surpassed him.

Azazeal gazed at Kyle, who returned his gaze with a much calmer expression this time. However, Azazeal could clearly see the hatred and anger concealed within those green eyes as he held the notebook higher in his hand for Kyle to see.

"You want it back, don't you? But unfortunately, you can't take it from me right now due to your condition. So, how about we make a deal?"

The book in his hand disappeared, and an image formed above his palm. It showed the same celestial spirit that he and Kyle had encountered just a short while ago.

"You recognize this entity, right? I'm sure you do, and I trust you won't forget it since you acquired this memory within the No Mana Land, not outside.

The image faded as Azazeal's lips curled into a forced smile that seemed unsettling due to his vacant eyes.

"This is a celestial spirit. Get me just one of them, and I will give you back the notebook when we meet next time. I believe that you can easily find the spirit because of the thing within your body."

"But Kyle don't you dare to absorb it... because your body is too weak and it would burst if you consumed the spirit before reaching the supreme rank. Moreover, I am placing a mark on you so the moment you found the spirit I will know."

Azazeal's body began to fade as he glanced at Kyle one last time with a fake smile that had no happiness whatsoever. He saw the human eyes and noticed that they were slowly but surely resembling his.

"So, farewell until our paths cross once more..."

"My friend."

Kyle's eyes trembled, and after the man's figure vanished, he finally lost control of his emotions and let out a loud scream that echoed through the whole house.

Hubert closed his eyes as he grabbed his knees and stood up from the ground with a solemn expression. He didn't intervene to stop Kyle from releasing all his pent-up emotions through screaming.

'I need to find that man... if not, at least I need to know who he is and where the hell he came from. Did he just come here to make Kyle miserable...?'

The old man raised his head and let out a deep sigh. Then gazed back at Kyle, who had stopped screaming and was now staring at the ceiling in a daze.

"Kyle... just close your eyes and rest for a while. Your injuries are healing due to the strange ice around your body, but your mind need plenty of rest."

Hazel entered the room with her husband and glanced at Kyle.

The duo heard the commotion, but a layer of curtain stopped them and the other people who had gathered outside from entering. Only now that everything has turned silent were they able to enter.

Hubert stepped back when the old woman approached Kyle to check on him. But even though she asked Kyle repeatedly if he was alright, he didn't respond for a long time and just stared at the ceiling with a vacant expression.

She glanced at Hubert, who shook his head to signal her not to force it. After a whole day, Kyle finally spoke up, but the words that came out of his mouth were different from the ones everyone wanted to hear. He gazed directly at Hubert and spoke in a voice that accepted no refusal.

"We should resume training."

Chapter 482 Just how powerful is he

Hubert told Kyle that he should rest for a few more days because even though his body had healed quickly due to the strange ice, his emotions... they weren't stable. But Kyle shook his head and said he was fine. The old man let out a sigh as he gazed at Kyle, noticing a significant change in him, as if the young man had grown up a lot in just a day, and he agreed reluctantly.

The moment Hubert agreed, Hazel began insisting that Kyle had to visit the village once every month, even if he was busy training, because she was concerned after seeing his condition.

Kyle stared at the old couple and nodded when Hazel glared at him.

Then he put on a sweater to cover his upper body as he stood up from the bed to follow Hubert, who grumbled under his breath.

"Do you think I care? Let's see if you can even stand on your feet after a few months because I am going to increase the difficulty!"

They walked out of the house as Kyle stared at the old man's back. He could feel Hubert's concern for him, but he found it challenging to stay still and relax because he knew that with every passing moment, he was losing the memories he had created before he arrived in the No Mana land.

The memories of his friends and family who are waiting for him.

Now that he no longer has the notebook to remind him about those memories he feared, once he forgets them all... all that would remain inside his head would be those empty, obsidian eyes that bore into him as he suffered through hell.

He checked his body to feel his bloodline. After actively healing all his injuries and creating a thin layer of ice around his skin that no one noticed except him, it has become dormant once again.

Maybe it's because the bloodline ensured he stayed alive and healed his body very quickly, but he could sense that it wouldn't wake up for at least a few months.

'It was always hiding inside my mind space in his presence, but now it's sleeping quietly while circling my heart, which has strangely slowed its pace. The essence is asleep but not hiding in my mind space. Don't tell me it's because he left this land?'

'I never imagined even something with celestial in its name would be afraid of that man. Just how powerful is he?'

'I need to know...'

Kyle glanced at the stalls and shops surrounding him and Hubert as they made their way outside the village on foot. He noticed the old man lowering his pace so he could walk behind him slowly under the bright sky.

'I need to know how strong he is if I want to retrieve what he took from me.'

'The notebook and... I want to see how it would feel if he also went through the same hell and I watched from the sidelines.'

Kyle grabbed the collar of his sweater and shook it slightly to make the ice around his body disappear, but it persisted, so he let it be and checked his stats, but nothing had really changed.

After they left the village, Hubert stopped in his tracks among the trees that lacked their usual vibrant colors.

The old man glanced back at Kyle with a serious expression before he clasped his hands behind his back and took a step back from the young man.

"Kyle, it's been three months that I have been training you, and I have to say you know how to work hard, even though you grumble a lot. Up until now, you have been able to complete all the tasks I asked of you better than my expectations."

Kyle listened attentively as Hubert started moving back and forth opposite him.

"At first, I assumed as a human, you would take more time to adjust to my training since I am from the dragon race, and I have only ever trained individuals from my own race. Dragon bodies are naturally stronger compared to others. But after the first month, I noticed that you can adapt to the situation easily and think of ways to complete the tasks."

"Just like when I threw you into the tunnel and asked you to climb, you learned to use your hands and feet fingers in a way that would help you climb instead of relying on your agility to run on the walls."

Kyle raised his brow. The tunnel was too deep and dark... but can he really run on the walls? As if noticing his interest, the old man nodded his head.

"You can run on the walls no matter what they are made of or how large they are after you learn how to use your agility in the most efficient way."

Hubert rubbed his chin.

"I noticed you drawing symbols on the ground with your finger several times. I have some knowledge about arrays, but the symbols you drew were quite complex. It seems you are quite proficient in arrays. It's uncommon to encounter someone so young with such deep expertise in arrays. That is why I hope you make sure to practice them regularly, or else you will forget what you learned."

Kyle nodded solemnly. He was already aware of this, which is why he made sure to practice drawing the complex symbols that would jog his memory about arrays whenever he had time.

"My first master taught me how to draw symbols. I can't... really remember his face, but he was an expert in arrays."

Hubert's expression soured when he heard the human mention his first master. He had been aware of this since Kyle referred to him as second master, but he still felt a tinge of bitterness knowing he would always be the second!

"Huh... must be someone strong if he had such vast knowledge about arrays."

Kyle nodded, even though he didn't remember much except the name Han, who he was sure would fade from his memory soon.

"Yeah..."

#### Chapter 483 The essence of swordsmanship I

Hubert changed the topic because he had no plans to hear about how strong and awesome Kyle's first master was.

"I remember you said you use a sword as your main weapon, right? Show me some basic moves."

"That way, I can gauge how much mystery you have over swordsmanship and see how far you have come with it."

"I usually prefer to fight with my fists, and my main focus has always been on spearmanship. But I have also trained extensively in swordsmanship and many other arts of combat. So, I can guide you because pushing your body to extreme limits all the time without proper balance can lead to harm rather than strength."

Kyle stared at the old man as the latter waited for him to perform the basic sword moves. He furrowed his brows.

"How can I show you the moves when I don't have a sword?"

Hubert smiled as he moved and snapped a tree branch from a nearby tree, causing the gray leaves to cascade over his head.

"It seems you have always used high-rank weapons for your swordsmanship, huh? I wonder how many weapons you have changed and broken until now."

"Kyle, you should learn how everything around you has the potential to become your weapon."

He gazed at a falling leaf and performed a basic swordsmanship move, a slash, in front of Kyle with a deliberate yet graceful manner.

Kyle's eyes narrowed as he watched the leaf being cleanly cut into two pieces before the pieces fell to the ground softly. He observed every move of Hubert, noting how the old man used the branch to slice the leaf, capturing not just the cut but also the essence of the moment.

Clearly, the old man used not even a speck of mana or any other type of energy in that move, nor did he exert much visible effort. However, Kyle was fascinated by the speed, precision, and grace it displayed. It was just a basic move, but Kyle sensed the power behind that slow movement that

sliced the leaf. He was certain that Hubert's mastery of swordsmanship had reached a level far beyond his own.

He couldn't help but wonder if Hubert was so good in swordsmanship, then how much better would the old man be in his main art, spearmanship?

Hubert noticed how Kyle's eyes were still fixed on the fallen pieces of the sliced leaf. He cleared his throat to grab the human's attention before tossing the tree branch toward Kyle, who grabbed it without a second thought.

"Kyle, remember, the real essence of swordsmanship doesn't solely rely on the weapons themselves but in your ability to adapt your moves to utilize any object in your immediate surroundings. It's not the weapon that defines your skill, but how you wield it with precision and ingenuity."

He paused when Kyle took a step back with the branch held horizontally.

The human then closed his eyes for a few seconds and replicated the exact move he had demonstrated a moment ago.

Hubert's eyes widened with surprise because even though Kyle couldn't fully tap into the move's essence, he replicated it so perfectly with the branch that it seemed like he had done it countless times.

At the same time, Kyle looked at the fallen leaf pieces after slicing it like the old man. However, he noticed with a frown that the leaf's cut edges were uneven, not smooth like the old man's.

"It seemed easy, but it's a bit tricky. I think I need more practice to make my move resonate with the air around me."

Hubert cleared his throat but he was a bit shaken inwardly. It's true, the move was basic, but he used a branch to show that the essence of swordsmanship lies in the person, not the weapon. And reaching that level required a long journey. Using an ordinary object to tap into the essence of swordsmanship isn't easy. That's why only a few choose to learn it, while others focus on mastering their sword arts after mastering the basic moves of swordsmanship.

But... Kyle just went ahead and simply copied it! Luckily, Kyle didn't fully replicate the actions, and the human move lacked true strength.

Otherwise, Hubert wasn't sure what he would be feeling now.

'I never expected him to be so adept at replicating and comprehending what he saw just once with his eyes.'

It was to be expected because all Kyle ever did was train his body under his guidance. So, how would he know the human would be so good at learning?

Hubert wanted to ask about what type of sword art Kyle had learned because they were quite famous everywhere. But before he could, Kyle started demonstrating the other basic move of swordsmanship with the branch held in his hand.

The old man focused his eye on Kyle's as the human thrust the branch forward in a stabbing motion before slashing it in a sweeping cutting motion.

Kyle then stepped back and, with a swift movement, held out the branch in front of him in a defensive move as if to parry an attack. Only to lunge forward in the next moment in a sudden movement to attack before he slowly lowered the branch just like a sword in a graceful manner.

Hubert barely managed to keep his jaw from dropping because with each move, he could clearly see that Kyle was picking up what he taught the human.

How many times did he demonstrate that move again!? He only showed that move once, just one frickin time!

'Don't tell me I somehow... got a genius disciple who is made for swordsmanship?!'

He schooled his expression and glanced at Kyle with a smile as if just a moment ago the human didn't give him such a big surprise.

"I can clearly see you are good with the basics. Kyle, I believe you have learned a sword Art? They are available in almost everywhere."

The old man paused for a second.

"Do you remember your Art moves? It's been three months since you arrived on this land, and I believe you have forgotten a lot of things."

Chapter 484 The essence of swordsmanship II

Kyle pointed the branch in his hand down and wrote a few words on the ground with a concentrated expression.

He knew he would forget the memory he created before he arrived in this land. That's why, even though he couldn't practice his art due to the lack of a weapon, he made sure to go through the memory of his art again and again in his mind. He even outlined it in his notebook, but now that the notebook was gone, he needed to write the art in another place as soon as possible.

"I remember..."

Hubert glanced at the character Kyle wrote on the ground and raised a brow.

"Void Shattering Strikes...?"

"You are saying it's a 3-star Art? But why does the name sound so powerful to be just a 3-star Art?"

The old man rubbed his chin.

"I know Arts are divided into 1 to 8 stars, with 8-star being the highest... And I'm sure the name of the art you wrote is definitely not a 3-star. Instead, it gives off a feeling that it's a higher star Art."

Hubert's words reverberated in Kyle's ears, who suddenly remembered a line he read when he first got the art.

"I just recall there was a note at the end of the art book I got that stated the star of the art can be increased after the learner achieved perfection in all the moves included in the art."

The old man let out an 'Oh' with an interested expression.

"And how far have you come in those moves? You are skilled with the sword, and your comprehension ability is also great, so I am sure you have already achieved perfection in all the moves, right?"

However, Hubert never expected to hear the words that came out of Kyle's mouth next, who scratched his head with an embarrassed expression.

"There were only four moves in the art, but... actually, I neglected the art after I acquired a powerful skill, blue flames. The flames were stronger and always killed the enemies faster, so I just got used to using them instead of my sword. I remember a little that I did use my sword in between but not to the point of completely mastering the four moves. To be truthful, I just mastered the first move perfectly. The second and third moves had not reached perfection yet... and I never even used the fourth move, not even once."

Kyle's expression remained unchanged as he explained to the old man how he had neglected his art, causing him to miss the moment when Hubert tightly clasped his hands behind his back to refrain from smacking him on the head.

The old man's eyes flashed with frustration. He couldn't believe the human neglected the talent he was most proficient in just because of a powerful skill?! No matter how powerful the skill was, Kyle should have never neglected his sword!

All of a sudden, he finally noticed that the young man never mentioned the fact that he ever practiced swordsmanship. Kyle only mentioned that he stopped focusing on his art after acquiring a powerful skill.

Hubert narrowed his eyes sharply.

"Kyle... tell me. Just how much time have you given to practicing swordsmanship? Don't you dare lie, tell me truthfully."

Kyle raised his brows with a thoughtful expression. He remembered not entirely but a vague memory of himself practicing with the sword in the academy for a while where he was surrounded by many people he barely remembered.

Then he practiced his swordsmanship a few times afterward in the secret realm as well, but Kyle had no recollection of himself practicing the sword or his art extensively... like the man with blue hair who appeared in his memory as he thought about the academy and sword.

He opened his mouth and let out an 'ah' as he remembered how he never asked for help from someone else while practicing the sword. After understanding his art, he didn't think he needed help.

'Now that I am looking at myself from the perspective of someone who is trying to recall his memories like images... why do I feel like I was being an arrogant prick?'

'Don't tell me I was proud of my ability to grasp the art easily when others my age could not. I was, was not I?'

'I want to beat up my past self.'

He let out a sigh inwardly and evaded Hubert's sharp gaze before sidestepping the topic.

"Master... I can not recall clearly as my memory is hazy. Maybe I did practice the sword art for a brief period?"

Hubert narrowed his eyes and, after unclasping his hands, he made a pinching motion with his fingers, leaving a small gap between his thumb and index finger.



"How much brief?"

Kyle blinked as he observed the old man's action before grabbing the latter's fingers to make them move a little further away from each other.

"A little more maybe?"

Immediately, Hubert smacked him on the shoulder, and Kyle hissed with furrowed brows while rubbing his shoulder. Even though Kyle's expression remained passive during their talk, the old man noticed that his body had become less tense.

Hubert clicked his tongue and gestured for Kyle to follow before they started walking toward the mountain that overlooked the village. Once they arrived at the old man's house, he entered inside and retrieved a weathered, dusty wooden sword. Hubert brushed the dust off the sword and tossed it to Kyle with a solemn expression.

"Starting today, you are going to pick up your sword again. I expect you to practice the basics every day before you go to bed."

"But first and foremost, jot down everything you remember about your sword art so I do not have to find a new art for you. Our new routine will include physical training in the morning and afternoon, and refining your swordsmanship skills at night."

Kyle gave him a nod and took the pen and plain notebook Hubert handed to him. He also voiced his concern when the old man began explaining more about the sword.

"But... this land lacks energy. Except for the first move of my sword art, the rest of the moves require mana or any other form of energy, and without it, the moves won't be able to show their true power."

"So, will I be able to reach the perfection stage in the remaining moves?"

Hubert grinned.

"So what? Achieving perfection isn't about making your move deadly and forceful. It's about mastering its form to the extent that you can effortlessly perform it with muscle memory alone, and it's possible without relying on mana or any other form of energy."

Chapter 485 I didn't teach him that!

One year later, the night sky above the No mana land was starless and moonless as usual, but the air was illuminated by the shimmering grey flowers scattered throughout the land.

It was a quiet night, yet Hubert's eyes snapped open as he caught a faint noise coming from outside the house. He closed his eyes again with a yawn and decided to go back to sleep, thinking the noise belonged to a passing monster.

But as he turned his head, even in the darkness, his blue eyes shimmered slightly when his gaze fell upon the empty bedding on the floor, a short distance away from him, inside the house, which consisted of only one large room and a bathroom with just the essentials.

"What in the world? Don't tell me Kyle went out to train so late at night again."

"I know he has made progress and can pull all-nighters, but continuous training isn't healthy for his body."

He grumbled because even though his student was diligent, he didn't appreciate that diligence at all. Throughout the year, his life had become too busy, and he didn't even have a single quiet moment because Kyle would finish every task he gave him without any complaints and immediately come back to ask for another task.

Hubert tossed the blanket aside and stood up from the bed to search for something to wear on his feet before leaving the house with big strides and slamming the door loudly behind him.

"Just where is that training maniac? I told him to take a break for a few days because his body needs time to adjust to the power imbalance. Even though his physique had reached the divine-rank, he still has not broken through to the divine-rank because this land lacks divine energy."

He scanned the area, all set to drag Kyle back to rest as soon as he spotted him, but he soon discovered that the noise that had woken him up was actually coming from a monster that had somehow climbed the mountain. It turned out to be a wild goat, the kind that usually stayed behind the mountain and rarely came up.

Slowly, he crept toward the goat and captured it before tying its limbs to ensure a good meal for tomorrow. After throwing it toward the house, he started descending the mountain to look for Kyle.

"I'm going to make him stand upside down on his hands for a whole day to at least keep him in one place for a while. He really knows how to get on my nerves."

Hubert let out a sigh as he recalled how, in just a year, Kyle had achieved perfection in the first three moves of his art and was on the verge of reaching perfection in the last one without the use of mana and any other type of energy. Not to mention, the young man effortlessly mastered the concept he shared with him in just a few months and became adept at using everything in his surroundings to display his art with precision and grace.

"He has also been giving his all to enhance his physique. Sometimes I feel like he's not human because even a dragon's body can't bear this much pressure."

The air was chilly, and he noticed that the further he descended the mountain, the colder it became.

Hubert furrowed his brows with a serious expression because it was unusual for the temperature to drop so drastically, and no one could describe his shock as he paused above a wide protruding rock in the middle of the mountain and saw the half-

naked man, who was supposedly his disciple, sitting cross-

legged on another protruding rock a little further away on his right.

Kyle's eyes were tightly closed, and he seemed to be meditating. However, what shocked Hubert wasn't the man himself but the thick layer of ice enveloping the land around. The icy landscape was glistening under the dim light radiating from the gray flowers in the surroundings, similar to Kyle's silver hair, which had grown long enough to reach his shoulders in just a year.

His hair was tied in a ponytail, with only a few strands gently swaying around his serene face, giving the impression that he had entered a state of concentration.

There were many scars on his exposed upper body, a testament to his hard work and persistence.

Not to mention, Kyle's muscles had grown more defined, glistening under the layer of ice that had slowly crawled up from his torso, now reaching his neck and steadily advancing towards his face.

Hubert noticed the iron sword that was stabbed into the ground behind Kyle. He had been the one to give the sword to Kyle after the wooden sword broke. But when he gazed at the deep slash marks that scarred the landscape beneath Kyle's spot, he took in a deep breath because he noticed that many of the sword marks on the land exuded a hint of... spiritual energy.

'No way...! Did he learn to grasp the spiritual energy? When? I didn't teach him that! Also, where did the ice come from?'

'The ice is not emitting spiritual energy and the land clearly doesn't have mana or divine energy either-!'

Hubert's eyes widened slightly as he remembered that this very same ice had healed Kyle's injuries before, but he couldn't help but narrow his eyes at the ice to know just how it is spreading on Kyle's body and the land around him without any type of energy.

In the distance, Kyle opened his eyes and exhaled a chilly puff of smoke after his bloodline obediently went to encircle his heart under his command. It had been doing whatever he thought after that incident, a memory he was certain would forever remain fresh in his mind. But now, even though he used his bloodline from time to time to increase his strength, he never relied on it completely.

'I am never going to put hope on it when I need help... because it can simply run away to hide inside my mind space to save itself.'

Kyle let out a faint snicker as the bloodline attempted to comfort him with a refreshing sensation that coursed through his body.

'It took a lot of time to wake up after that incident. I suppose it also needs rest to sustain itself.'

His green eyes were shining faintly in the darkness, not completely lacking their luster, but one could clearly see they had turned a lot colder and detached, unlike before, almost as if he had started to not care about his surroundings.

## Chapter 486 Two new skills

Kyle raised his hand and gazed at the light that gathered above his palm. The light was purely white with a hint of gold and grey in between. His nose twitched when he caught a familiar scent in the air.

'Master is here?'

Although he sensed Hubert's presence through his scent perception skill that had developed significantly in the past year, he didn't turn around to acknowledge the old man's presence.

'I'm sure he's going to ask too many questions, especially about why and how I can use spiritual energy. So, how about I let him see to reduce the number of questions?'

Kyle closed his palm, and the light seeped out through his fingers to disperse in the air. It had been a while since he started sensing spiritual energy in his surroundings, thanks to Hubert, because whenever the old man used spiritual energy in front of him, he observed keenly and did his best to understand the process.

Regardless, getting a hold of spiritual energy was the hardest challenge he had faced so far. It took him a full six months just to sense it in his surroundings. Another six months to learn how to harness it, and even now, he could only absorb a small amount into his body. The quantity was so meager that he could barely conjure a fireball with it.

He let out a breath, and the ice enveloping his body started to crack and fall away to the ground. Kyle gazed his body and saw the scars fading.

'At least the ice is quite useful for healing. I just used it since I acquired two new skills from the bloodline six months ago. I guess the ice is also one of the reasons my body can handle so much pressure.'

He shook his head and glanced at the image that showed his stats from the corner of his eyes.

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Name: Kyle

Race: Human/Semi Celestial

Bloodline: Celestial

Soul rank: Transcendent

Rank: Pseudo Divine

stats:

Strength: Divine-rank

Mana: Divine-rank [Paused]

Divine energy: Final stage (Elite) [Paused]

Spiritual energy: (F)-rank

Agility: Divine-rank

Current physique rank: Divine-rank

Talent: Celestial

Luck: S+

Unique ability; Nature's favorite.

Unlocked due to (S+)-Rank luck.

Skills;

##Bloodline ability; Encasing Ice; (Celestial)-Rank:

The user can envelop themselves in a layer of ice that heals all their injuries. However, this ability can only be used once every six months since it doesn't draw energy from the atmosphere but rather directly from the ancient essence within the user's body.

##Bloodline ability; Arcane Visions; (Divine)-Rank:

The user can activate it to see the potential paths they could take in the upcoming minute that hasn't occurred yet, but only with enough spiritual energy.

--->The skill might activate on its own if the user's life is threatened due to specific paths they are meant to take.

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Kyle groaned inwardly after seeing (F)-rank in front of his spiritual energy stat because he had a nagging feeling at the back of his head that he had this same rank in other stats before as well. But he didn't remember much now.

Also, he was still a pseudo-divine rank because his divine energy stat had been stuck in the Final stage — elite. Only when he absorbed divine energy would he jump to the next rank. After all, to reach the true divine rank, one needs to gather enough divine energy.

Kyle found out about it later from Hubert, but almost all the villagers had only ever achieved strength in their physiques.

He was a little surprised because he sensed through his scent perception skill that many people in the village had reached divine rank. However, after hearing the old man's explanation, he realized that his skill did not track their ranks but rather sensed their physiques, giving him the impression that they had reached divine-rank.

Also, they were all dragons and could transform into their true forms if they were able to tap into spiritual energy.

Kyle rose to his feet and seized the iron sword he had stabbed in the ground.

He ran his fingers along the blade and assumed a normal stance before slashing it forward. Immediately, the air around the blade rippled, even though he had just used pure strength in that move before the slash traveled and left another mark on the land across from him. Then he displayed the same move again, but this time with all the spiritual energy in his body to satisfy the old man watching him.

After he was done, he sensed Hubert approaching him. Kyle finally moved his gaze to look at the old man, who leaped and landed softly before him with a serious expression. But he could clearly see the joy flickering in Hubert's eyes as the latter cleared his throat.

"So, Kyle, my dear pupil... if I ask how you learn to use spiritual energy, would you tell this curious old man?"

Kyle raised his brows. It was very rare for Hubert to ask something so politely, as the old man would usually just smack him if he wanted to get something out of him. But it seems Hubert didn't want to pry because he completely overlooked the ice that is still glistening beneath their feet and only asked about how Kyle learned to use spiritual energy.

"Of course, I learned it through observation whenever master used it in front of me."

Hubert gave him a nod. He already knew Kyle's comprehension ability was top-notch, but he never expected Kyle could use the same comprehensive ability for other things as well!

"Good, very good! I also wanted to teach you how to sense spiritual energy as it is extremely important for your growth after you pass the transcendent rank."

"But you are human, and it's quite challenging for humans to understand spiritual energy compared to other races. Plus, since you want to leave this land as soon as possible, I thought it would be best for you to first achieve the transcendent rank in physique. I never thought you would learn it just by watching me use it!"

Chapter 487 The passage of time here is different

Kyle gazed at the excited old man who asked him about the rank of his spiritual energy stat with an eager expression. He opened his mouth with a serious look.

"It's just showing (F)-rank."

Hubert nodded.

"It's to be expected. Of all the energies in this universe, spiritual energy is the most powerful, and understanding it is the most challenging. Just like the mana stat, spiritual energy is also categorized into various ranks. To attain a higher stat in this, one must put in a great deal of effort!"

Kyle thought for a moment, and his curiosity got the best of him.

"Master, what is the rank of your spiritual energy stat?"

Hubert raised his brow and waved his hand in a dismissive manner.

"Nothing to boast about, but I have just reached the divine-rank in that stat."

Kyle let out an 'Oh' and gazed at the dark, starless sky. He already knew the old man was strong because in the time they had spent together, he had seen Hubert battle countless manaless beasts effortlessly.

Nonetheless, Kyle had reached the divine-rank physique, but achieving the transcendent-rank physique wasn't easy.

Including the divine and transcendent rank physique, Hubert had already shared all the necessary knowledge with Kyle regarding the divine and transcendent rank.

Just like in the pseudo-divine rank, where accumulating sufficient divine energy and progressing through the four stages - zero, low, average, and elite - is essential to move to the divine rank, the divine rank follows a similar principle. The moment someone breaks through to the divine rank, their divine-energy stat, which is at the Final stage - elite, resets to zero.

After reaching the true divine rank, they gather more divine energy in their bodies, this time twice the amount they previously did in the pseudo-divine rank to progress through the same four stages again - zero, low, average, and elite.

However, breaking through to the transcendent rank is tricky because the universe needs to accept their divine existence and shower them with its power to make their bodies eternal. This means that even if they lost their bodies, they could reconstruct them.

Moreover, one had to go through a significant trial to enter the transcendent rank after passing the divine rank. The details of the trial were unknown because each person had a different experience, and not many shared their trials.

Regardless, the ranks don't affect the physique, and building a strong physique was quite different. To achieve it, a person simply needs to undergo extreme pressure that would strengthen their skin

and bones. This way, if someone is just reaching the transcendent rank in their physique, they don't have to undergo the universe's trial.

Only when someone breaks through the confinement of the divine rank and enters the transcendent rank do they have to face the trial. Similarly, even if one breaks through to the transcendent rank, they won't be able to achieve a transcendent rank physique if their bodies don't undergo extreme pressure.

Kyle stretched his neck and picked up the leather shirt he had thrown on the ground a while ago. He put on the shirt and grabbed the sword to practice a bit more. It was only then that Hubert remembered why he had come to find Kyle! The old man snatched the sword from him and narrowed his eyes.

"Didn't I tell you to rest? Your body needs time to adjust to the imbalance since you just reached divine-rank physique."

Kyle blinked and nodded, although he desired to practice a bit longer. They ascended the mountain together. Along the way, Kyle hesitantly spoke up and asked what was on his mind.

"How much longer will it take me to achieve the transcendent physique? It's already been a year, and I have only reached the divine rank physique. Time is passing too quickly, and I wonder if anyone will still be waiting for me when I leave this land?"

"I believe they would have forgotten all about me... and moved on with their life."

Hubert stopped in his actions after he heard Kyle's words. The old man thought the human was feeling down, believing that his progress was slow.

But if Hubert had to give his opinion, he would say that Kyle's progress had been ten times faster than all the people he had trained up to that point.

"What are you saying? They would be daft to forget someone in just a month or two! Considering the time difference here and in the outside world, they would have barely spent a little over a month without you."

Kyle froze in his spot after processing the words that echoed in his ears, and his eyes widened slightly as he stared at the old man across from him.

From his expression, Hubert quickly remembered that when he was explaining the time difference between the No Mana Land and the outside world to the old couple, they left his side even before he completed his words.

"Those darn oldies... Ugh, I'm old as well."

He scratched his head and noticed Kyle's focused gaze on him. He let out a sigh, realizing he couldn't blame anyone else as he himself had forgotten about it later.

"I think I forgot to mention it. The passage of time here is different from the outside world. Ten years here equals a year outside."

Kyle sat down on the ground and let out a heavy breath. He really had no idea.

"You could have told me a little sooner..."

Hubert raised his brow.

"Why, would you not have worked hard then?"

Kyle grabbed his knees and stood up straight before he resumed climbing the mountain.

"No, I would have worked just as hard as I am doing right now. But at least I would have known and been relieved that even if I forget them, they won't forget me."

Hubert walked beside him. It usually takes countless years for someone to achieve the transcendent-rank physique, but he thought if it's Kyle, maybe the young man will reach it earlier than expected.

Chapter 488 Spiritual energy Cavern

Hubert stretched out his hand, feeling the limited spiritual energy in the atmosphere. The quantity was minimal in this region.

'Hmm, now that Kyle can absorb spiritual energy, he needs an environment rich in spiritual energy.'

Abruptly, he halted in his steps as he remembered the spiritual energy cave he had found in this land a couple of years back while exploring methods to cultivate mana plants in this mana-deprived land.

'How could I have forgotten about that location!?'

It was a vast underground chamber surrounding the planet core that had been sustaining this land, a heaven for those who could harness spiritual energy.

'But... the last time I passed through that place, it was filled with manaless beasts, not to mention...'

He thought for a second and decided to let Kyle make the decision.

"Hey, Kyle?"

Kyle turned back. They had reached the mountain's top and were standing outside Hubert's house.

"Hmm?"

Hubert let out a sigh as he saw Kyle's eyes drooping due to tiredness, yet he still had the audacity to practice so late at night.

"Why don't you enter the spiritual energy cavern? It's quite far from this place, but now that you have learned to use spiritual energy, it will be advantageous for you."

"It will also help you enhance your physique. But... once you enter the cavern, you won't be able to leave until you reach at least (SSS)-rank in spiritual energy. So the choice is up to you because it can take many years for you to just step out from that place."

Kyle blinked twice to shake off the sleep and noticed the old man's blue eyes gleaming in the darkness.

"A cavern?"

Hubert nodded.

"It's a vast underground space filled with manaless beasts and spiritual energy. Also, I can accompany you because I can exit that space at will since I have already surpassed the threshold required to pass through the layer of energy surrounding that place due to the planet's core. This way, I can easily check on the village while training you simultaneously."



"Kyle, in that place, you can boost your spiritual energy stat. I think it's the ideal option for you at the moment. But as I mentioned earlier, the decision is up to you if you want to go or just continue what we are doing right now, as you already know gathering spiritual energy is difficult."

Kyle stared into the air for a moment. He thought about the people waiting for him, but not many faces came to his mind. If it had been a short time ago, he might have turned down the old man's offer. But after knowing the fact that the passage of time in the No Mana Land is different from the outside world, his mind just said that he should go.

"So, worst-case scenario, I would spend a few decades in that place, right? But it's fine I guess... now I don't need to worry about being forgotten by those I know because, unlike me, only a few years will pass for them. They will remember me, and if they do forget me in just a few years, then that means I was not someone significant to them. I shouldn't get too emotional about this because it can be stressful sometimes."

Hubert furrowed his brows when he saw the same expression of nonchalance he would see on Kyle's face from time to time after that incident. It was rare, but Kyle's eyes would also turn detached for a split second now and then. He snapped out of his thoughts when he heard Kyle open the house door before heading inside to sleep after sharing his final words.

"I'm not even sure where or who I'm going to search for once I leave this place... Let's head to that location tomorrow morning because it's important for me to become as strong as possible since I want to make someone stronger than me suffer."

Hubert stared at the closed door for a second before gazing up at the sky with a solemn look.

"I shouldn't have made this suggestion. It would have been better for me to focus on training him so he could leave this land as soon as possible. This kid, he's becoming numb at such a young age, I can see it... I hope his loved ones can help him find himself again..."

The next morning, Kyle packed multiple sets of clothes and essential items even before Hubert woke up.

Once the old man was ready, they set off for the spiritual energy cavern, a vast area teeming with nothing but monsters and plants that had lost their color.

After they found a secure and secluded spot within the cavern and arranged their living space, Kyle's routine remained the same as before.

He would engage in physical training in the morning and afternoon, fight the manaless beasts and other monsters, and refine his swordsmanship under Hubert during the night before sleeping under the dark sky.

Though it took a lot of time, Kyle also managed to make his body actively absorb the spiritual energy in the air without needing to sit down and concentrate to allow the energy to enter his body.

Hubert would leave the cavern from time to time to check on the village and his people after advising Kyle not to act recklessly.

But when the old man returned, he would always sense a significant decrease in the number of manaless monsters. Moreover, Hubert had to keep his cool and prevent his jaw from dropping at the abundance of spiritual plants that Kyle claimed to have stumbled upon accidentally during his training and walks.

Unbeknownst to him, Kyle hated the sight of manaless beasts. So, the moment he would leave, the human would have the freedom to go on a killing spree while using his scent perception skill to find as many treasures as possible from the cavern.

Not to mention, after Hubert spent a few more years with Kyle, the old man had to admit with bitterness that the human's luck was unbelievably high for him to bear. How on earth can someone find a treasure just because they went to bathe at a nearby lake??

#### Chapter 489 Planet Luminara

One year later, in the outside world, far away from the No Mana Land. Inside a colossal and one of the largest planets in the universe, distinguished by a massive and expansive tree that dominated nearly half of the planet's surface. The tree stood so tall that its branches had surpassed the layer of clouds and could be spotted from outside the boundaries of the planet.

But regrettably, its leaves had begun to wither, showing signs of darkness creeping through its branches, a consequence of the ongoing war between the elven race and the demon race that had persisted for an extended period on that planet. The demon race wanted to corrupt the tree, known as the 'Tree of Fate', that bore the 'Fruit of Fate' every thousand years.

It was because their current leader desired the tree to produce the 'Fruit of Darkness' instead of fate to help her reach the final stage of Supreme-rank. This achievement would secure her the esteemed title of the sixth shadow general.

On the other hand, the elven race valiantly protected the same tree as it has been guiding them with its pure spiritual power over generations. Moreover, every time a child was born in the elven race, they would receive the tree's blessings and would undoubtedly awaken high talent.

That's why the elven race believed in the sacred significance of the 'Tree of Fate', and the precious 'Fruit of Fate' it produced was protected by them with their lives. Still, neither the elven side nor the demon side was winning because both sides had powerful figures fighting for them.

However, as time passed, the ongoing war had begun to affect the tree, causing it to lose its strength. Not to mention, the time for the tree to bear the fruit of fate was approaching, so the demon race had started to fight with even more vigor. This was because their current leader had started to become impatient, fearing that the fruit would be lost.

This was indeed worrying for the elven race, but it was manageable because the elven race wasn't weak, considering that 'Planet Luminara', the very planet that housed the tree of fate, was their main planet. That's why their population was high, and many powerful, old elven residents could resist the demon race and safeguard the tree.

Amidst all this, who could have imagined that a shocking news would reach the ears of the elven race while they were already engaged in constant battles.

The news revealed that the first shadow general had fled from the war occurring on the other side of the universe after a supreme-rank individual from the human race severely injured him. Now he also wanted the fruit of fate to heal his wounds and enhance his power.

To discuss this very news, a meeting was held among the many strong elf leaders who had returned after overcoming another wave of the demon race, intent on destroying a portion of the tree of fate. The meeting took place in a spacious room furnished with numerous chairs surrounding a round table.

They discussed about the first shadow general and the need to implement safety measures by recalling all their powerful fellow elves who had left the planet to join the war occurring on the other side of the universe. After the discussion concluded, everyone started to leave the room.

Among them were females and males, old and young elves, but they all shared a common feature — the insignia on their clothing that showcased a graceful tree with intricate branches and leaves.

After a while, only two elven woman remained in the room. One was a middle aged woman seated at the end of the round table, and the other was an older woman with features that seemed to indicate she was in the final stage of life, occupying the authoritative seat at the table.

The middle-aged woman let out a yawn as she gazed at the older woman.

"My Queen, what's the matter this time? Why did you stop me when everyone had left? I already told you I'm not joining the war for a while. I'm close to a breakthrough and aiming for the next rank."

The older woman sighed and gazed at Glacia, who was one of the strongest warriors of her race. She was the current Queen of the elven race since her husband, the king, had passed away.

The Queen didn't mind Glacia's disrespect and had grown accustomed to it because the entire elven race was like a family to her. However, she feared that one day Glacia might regret her behavior. After Glacia's master passed away, she only cared child from and why she hates us so much when we are of the same race."

about herself and had accumulated many enemies over the years.

The Queen shook her head as she had already tried to reason with Glacia to steer clear of trouble, as it could potentially harm their entire race in the future, but her efforts were in vain despite numerous attempts. That's why she didn't mince her words and went straight to the point.

"Just tell me, how's that girl you brought with you a year ago doing right now? Also, you never told me where you got that child from and why she hates us so much when we are of the same race."

Glacia's face reflected nothing as she leaned back in her chair.

"You mean Yue? Well, this little troublemaker has quite the attitude, huh? She doesn't hate the elven race. She hates me because I forced her to come here."

She let out a snicker.

"Does she really think I would have bothered with such a weakling and gone to such lengths to bring her here if I wasn't bound by the promise I made with my late master?"

The Queen rubbed her forehead in frustration as the pair of bronze eyes stared at her with annoyance. She let out a bit of her pressure to make Glacia understand that she was serious.

"Just tell me how that child is doing. I saw her for the first time when she came here, but I have been busy lately and haven't had time to visit her."

## Chapter 490 The rumors

Glacia straightened her posture when she sensed the pressure radiating from the Queen, who had gotten serious.

In contrast to the old Queen, who wore a light green robe with little to no design, Glacia's attire consisted of a flowing blue gown adorned with intricate silver embroidery.

"This old hag... she is still so strong even though she used almost ninety percent of her lifespan to help the tree of fate to clean the dark energy seeping through its branches."

Glacia furrowed her brows when the Queen's coral-colored eyes, which usually remained soft, focused sharply on her body.

"My Queen, that girl is fine. I have visited her a few times. She and the other people who came with her are under the town head's care. So, there's no need to worry."

Glacia's expression soured when she remembered the brown-haired man who willingly jumped into the portal to come with her, but that infuriating man ran off to who knows where the moment he arrived in this land. He even left behind his girlfriend to vanish into thin air.

'And here I thought he would be useful as his eyes contained spirituality.'

The Queen closed her eyes for a few seconds and clasped her hands together, placing them beneath her chin to support her head before she let out a faint smile and opened her eyes that shone slightly in the dimly lit room.

"Dear... it seems you didn't hear the rumors. Well, it's to be expected because you are always busy doing whatever you want."

Glacia's furrowed brow deepened.

"What rumors?"

The Queen chuckled, her wrinkled face showed her amusement.

"That girl... I heard the tree of fate is favoring her for some reason because while she was fighting under the tree with another one of our race, the tree branches helped her so she wouldn't fall down. Almost every maid working for me is gossiping about this, and when I heard it, I have to say I was pleasantly surprised. Just how long has it been since the tree of fate showed its interest in another..."

In a flash, Glacia's expression changed, and she gazed at the older woman across from her with eyes full of disbelief, thinking that the Queen was joking. The tree of fate has its own consciousness, but it had been a long time since it showed interest in someone else.

The last person the tree of fate showed interest in was Glacia's master, who could foresee the future with the vast amount of spiritual energy in her body. That's why she couldn't believe this blatant lie. The rumors were probably baseless!

But when Glacia looked into the Queen's eyes, which held no deception, realization dawned on her, and she understood that the Queen wasn't joking! No, the Queen never joked in the first place.

"How...? No, why! Why would the tree show interest in someone who is not even from this planet-!"

Her words were cut off when the Queen shook her head and stood up.

"I hope you check on that girl regularly... I believe there was a reason why your master left behind such a strange promise to bring an unknown girl to this planet. Maybe she already saw this far..."

Glacia clenched her fists and nodded. She would go and keep an eye on that girl from now on, but the Queen's next words made her blink twice with surprise.

"That girl... I sensed a mark on her body when I saw her for the first time, but even though I knew the mark was used to locate her location, I didn't remove it because the mark was created by someone very weak. So, I hope you haven't made an enemy of someone strong while bringing her here."

The Queen stared at the middle-aged elven woman who had turned silent. After a long minute of silence, Glacia let out a chuckle as the image of a silver-haired man flashed through her eyes.

'Don't tell me...? Haha, did he place the mark on Yue's body?'

She gazed at the Queen.

"My Queen, there's no need to worry because the planet I brought Yue from didn't have any exceptionally strong individuals. Moreover, I believe I know who put a mark on her body, but he's just an ordinary young man, nothing to be concerned about."

The Queen nodded with a sigh. It's not like she could leave the planet just to find out what more trouble Glacia has caused. The light green robe on her body fluttered as she took a moment to think about the recent events happening on their planet.

She did not think much about the man Glacia talked about because she knew he wasn't strong, as the mark on Yue's body barely held any strength.

Glacia glanced at the Queen one last time and stood up to leave the room because things had become much more interesting for her. She wanted to go and see for herself if the tree of fate had truly started showing interest in Yue, not to mention the mark... She didn't sense it, and if the Queen hadn't informed her about it today, she would have never discovered it.

'Interesting... that silver-haired human, I knew he had something peculiar in his body. I should have checked it; now the curiosity is killing me... I won't remove the mark because I want to see him again. I wonder if he would come to find Yue since he seemed quite desperate to stop me when I took her with me. Well, I suppose it would take a long time, considering his strength wasn't even divine rank.'

She opened the door, but before she could step out of the room, the Queen stopped her. Glacia paused and looked back only to see a serious expression on the Queen's face as the latter started speaking.

"Glacia, you are close to a breakthrough, right? I believe you will be staying in one of the elven cities until you successfully reach the next rank. While you're here, train Yue... and if that girl is able to reach the divine rank in three years, include her with the other young elves who are going to compete in the 'Gladiator Arena'."