

## Bloodline 581

Chapter 581 Don't worry, it will be your turn soon

The many individuals dressed in robes, seated by the mermaid statue, were a bit startled when suddenly, within one of the many projections lighting up the sky, a name shot up at lightning speed to claim the top spot in that projection.

Old Hal furrowed his brows with a serious expression because the battles hadn't even properly started; how could someone gain so many points so suddenly?

"What's happening?"

He blinked when he read the name that had just shot up to claim the top spot.

"The nature's favorite?"

Instantly, his eyes scanned the numerous stages in the center of the towering walls to find the human he had seen days ago. All the people behind him did the same.

Just like the people in robes, the two shadow generals, who were bored after spending so many days doing nothing, also noticed the abrupt changes in one of the projections lighting up in the sky.

Will raised his brow.

"This title looks kind of familiar..."

He and Ceano both glanced down and started searching for the human as well. However, no one could prepare them for what they witnessed and heard when they finally found the silver-haired man.

Kyle's hand was tightly wrapped around the woman from the dark race's neck when he locked eyes with the shadow generals. His lips curled upward as he exerted enough force to break all the bones in her neck and used his spiritual energy to separate her soul from her body before muttering towards the shadow generals.

"What are you watching, huh? Don't worry, it will be your turn soon."

Ceano's eyes flickered with a touch of anger, but he averted his gaze with a disdainful snort. In contrast, Will's eyes grew cold at the human words. The third shadow general chuckled and muttered in response with a sinister expression.

"Well, well, it looks like someone has successfully caught my attention. Let's see if he can handle the repercussions."

Kyle tossed the lifeless body in his hand outside the stage and moved toward the demon who had lost consciousness after he slammed the latter's body to the ground. With nearly no emotion on his face, he severed the demon's soul from his body as well. The illusionary figure landed next to Kyle as he kicked the demon's lifeless bodies off the stage.

The atmosphere around stage 199 was silent as the illusionary figure declared the silver-haired human the winner. Old Hal closed his eyes with a sigh, and the people behind him all wore stunned expressions as they watched Kyle leave the stage to move towards the audience seats.

The other eliminated participants floating around the stage cleared the space in front of him with solemn expressions, and many others in the audience who had witnessed him win the first round in less than half a minute were now gazing at him with awe and a touch of trepidation.

Zron, Bia, and Nox, who were cheering for Yue after finding that her stage was nearest to them, were stunned when Kyle sat down beside the old dwarf.

His pure white shirt held not even a speck of dust or blood as he held out his hand toward Bia and Nox so the two beasts could climb onto his shoulders.

Zron glanced at him with a disbelieving expression. No way, the young man couldn't have defeated all his opponents in such a short time...? Or did he?

His mouth hung open, and Bia and Nox glanced at each other. The two beasts nodded at each other with a knowing look that they should never get on Kyle's bad side before they quickly climbed onto his shoulders to watch Yue's battle.

Kyle's gaze shifted to the beautiful elven woman battling on the stage. Whether it was fortunate or not, Sebastian was also present on Yue's stage.

"Well, it appears he will be eliminated in the first round by none other than Yue."

An amused gleam flickered in his eyes as he observed Sebastian dashing around the stage with a terrified look, being pursued by a woman from the nightkin race wearing a malevolent smile.

"Why doesn't he just admit defeat?"

He glanced at Yue, who was battling a demi-human and swiftly dominated her opponent. She then raised her bow, and Kyle hissed as she thrust the sharp edge of the bow into the demi-human's stomach before kicking him off the stage.

"That must have stung."

Bia rolled her eyes.

-"Like you haven't punched and kicked your opponents off the stage. I didn't see it, but I bet you were brutal."

Kyle's eyes widened at the accusations.

"What? How can you blame me when they're the ones too weak?"

Nox hopped down from Kyle's shoulder and settled on his lap with a smirk.

"Of course, little crimson phoenix, how could you fault the strong one when they are the weak ones."

Bia's eyes dangerously traveled down to the two-horned lynx and Nox flinched when he sensed a ominous gaze upon himself. A flash of anger flickered in the phoenix's eyes before she asked with a laugh.

-"What the heck did you just call me, you little piece of-!"

However, before the phoenix could speak more and swoop down to attack the lynx, who had darted off towards Zron with a fearful expression, Kyle grabbed her with a speechless expression.

"Just where on earth did you pick up so many curses, huh? I know for sure it wasn't me who taught you that."

Bia let out a loud huff and struggled to break free from his grasp. Her keen eyes remained fixed on the lynx, who seemed to be considering making a quick exit and leaving the area for a while, even though it was risky to wander alone in the crowd.

Kyle chuckled and gently caressed her small head to calm her down. His gaze wandered below the numerous hovering platforms where the combatants were fighting, and a smirk crept onto his face as he observed how the ground beneath was slowly but surely absorbing the excess divine and spiritual energy in the air.

"I wonder which brilliant mind crafted the Gladiator Arena. They designed it in a way that everything in this place stays alive with the natural divine and spiritual energy in the air. This means no one needs to use their strength to keep it powered up..."

Zron hummed when he heard his somewhat out-of-place words and glanced around to once again marvel at the massive arena he was seated within.

"Why do you want to know? It's not like knowing would benefit us in any way."

Chapter 582 That's straight up cheating!

Kyle played with Bia's feathers as he listened to the old dwarf sitting beside him.

"Just curious..."

He glanced to the side as another person arrived and sat down beside him. It was Alec. The man with blue hair had wrinkled clothes and was panting heavily. Surprise flashed through his dark eyes when they met Kyle's gaze.

"You...? It's only been a few minutes? How are you back already?"

Kyle let out a chuckle.

"So, did I win the bet, huh?"

Alec sighed with a smile.

"Yeah yeah, I practically bulldozed everyone in my stage and tossed them out, but even after that, I'm second. Who do you think would be next?"

A pensive look crossed Kyle's face as he narrowed his eyes to survey the numerous floating stages ahead. Yue's stage was the closest to him, and after a moment, he found the others in the crowd as well.

His gaze briefly lingered on Nine's form. The brown-haired man wielded dual swords in both hands, courageously confronting opponents stronger than him. Kyle's gaze flickered with curiosity when he noticed Nine's injuries healing on their own.

His eyes gleamed as he focused completely on the blue glow that always enveloped Nine's skin whenever the latter sustained even the slightest injury.

'He has got a powerful healing skill...'

He looked away from Nine when the latter suddenly turned his head with a puzzled expression, likely feeling his stare. Kyle observed Regius, Mia, Carcel, and the others' fighting styles before focusing on Sinon and responding to Alec.

"I think Sinon would be next. Being a demi-human with wings, he's quicker than the rest. If he has a powerful skill, he can easily win by tossing his opponents out of the stage in one go."

Alec, who had just leaned back in his chair to catch his breath, shook his head with a dry smile at Kyle's words.

"No, not Sinon. Like you said, he's fast, but all his strong skills are water-based. So, even though he's good with them, he can't exactly flood the stage and overwhelm his opponents by drowning them in water."

Kyle was surprised by his words.

He started watching Sinon, but a mix of emotions crossed his face when Alec's words proved right. Alec held back a laugh at his expression and yelled loudly at Sinon, even though he knew the demi-human couldn't hear him from that far.

"Come on! Submerge them all!"

A speechless expression appeared on Kyle's face as he heard Alec's words.

In the meantime, Sinon, who had just started floating after defeating one of his opponents and was about to unleash his most powerful water-based skill to flood the entire stage, paused for a moment.

He narrowed his eyes when a sudden thought crossed his mind that someone was talking behind his back. However, after realizing no one was looking at him, he casually shrugged, glanced down at the battling figures below, and smirked.

"Taste the power of the ruler of skies!"

A chuckle escaped his lips as a massive wave of water, tinged with violet currents and swirling vortexes, surged behind him. The illusory figure floating beside the stage swiftly retreated, and a barrier rose to cover the stage as the water wave crashed down, submerging all those battling below.

Curses filled the air, yet Sinon remained undeterred, his eyes sparkled with a white gleam as he tightly clenched his hand. In an instant, the water filling the stage began to heat up, forming bubbles on its surface. The violet currents and swirling vortexes grew larger and more violent, slicing through everything in their path.

Those caught within the water swiftly moved away from the powerful currents and swirling vortexes. Some of the fighters quickly ditched their opponents and rushed towards the demi-human at lightning speed to deal with that jerk first. However, they were caught off guard when Sinon raised his fist. With a swift motion, he brought it down towards the bubbling water, causing it to split in half and forcefully ejecting everyone floating within off the stage.

Sinon flicked his hair with a smug look as he watched the water exiting the stage.

"Now, that's what we call a swift finale! Haha, I think I should switch my title with Nine... the sea overlord fits me better-!"

He stopped as he noticed that after the water drifted off the stage, two individuals had somehow managed to grab onto the stage in time, ensuring parts of their bodies stayed above the hovering platform, and surprisingly, both of them were women.

As the two women climbed the stage, one of them, who was from the demon race, spat out the water in her mouth with an extremely unpleasant expression. Her hair was a mess, and her clothes were soaked. She glared at the flying demi-human and gritted out with pure fury.

"You bastard!"

Sinon gazed down at the demon woman and let out a dry laugh. His eyes shifted toward the other woman who was from the human race as he mumbled quietly.

"Oh, it appears the battle isn't over yet..."

He swiftly turned his head towards the illusionary figure outside the stage.

"Woah, hold up! Weren't they supposed to be eliminated? I mean, more than half of their bodies were off the stage!"

The illusionary figure shot him a passive look and shook their head, signaling that the two women weren't eliminated since they were still holding onto the stage.

"That's straight up cheating!!"

Sinon leaped in the air as the demon woman lunged at him with her sharp nails. His expression turned serious as he maintained his balance mid-air.

"Alright, it's time for me to end this! I can't be the last one, can I? I still remember the bet I made with my friends!"

A mace appeared in his hand as he pointed the blunt end towards the two women who were now hovering in front of him, ready to take him out. He clicked his tongue disapprovingly at the human.

"What? Now you gonna side with a demon? What if she kills you later?"

Hesitation flickered in the human's eyes, but she shook her head and chose to deal with the demi-human alongside the demon first. She planned to handle the demon later since she believed she was stronger.

Sinon let out a sigh, leaped forward, and engaged the two opponents in battle. In the audience, Carcel also joined Kyle and Alec. The golden-haired man's eyebrow twitched when the other two didn't even ask about his well-being and just showed him their three figures, indicating he was third.

After Carcel, it was Nine who returned to the audience seat with a tired expression. Kyle glanced at the faint blue light on his exposed skin and, even though he wanted to ask about the man's healing skill, he refrained because he understood that, just like him, Nine would prefer to keep some of his powerful skills concealed.

"You are good at physical combat."

Nine chuckled and rolled up his sleeve with a self-assured look.

"Absolutely! It's because I have trained tirelessly day and night under an old lizard! If my body isn't tough as steel by now, then I don't deserve to curse that old lizard. Now that you have witnessed my

awesomeness, how about a one-on-one match? It's been so long since we have tested each other's skills in a friendly spar."

Kyle arched a brow, but before he could consent to a friendly spar, Jian, who had just arrived at the scene, abruptly shouted.

"Wait!"

All gazes shifted to the red-haired man, who hastened towards Nine and whispered in his ear with a grave expression.

"Bro, not physical combat... I have seen what you haven't. Please think it over. I truly don't want to lose you."

Alec and Carcel, who were just about to follow Nine's footsteps because they also wanted to spar with Kyle to assess how strong the silver-haired man had become, fell silent upon hearing Jian's words. Nine lifted his head and looked at Kyle. He understood, after observing Jian's intense expression, that the red-haired man had witnessed Kyle's physical combat.

"Kyle, I believe we shouldn't spar with each other. As friends, we should unite to battle enemies, not each other, right?"

He hushed his voice.

"Anyhow... I was curious, what are your strength and agility stats? It's fine if you prefer not to disclose. Absolutely fine."

Alec, Carcel, and Jian's ears perked up at Nine's inquiry, all fixing their eyes on the silver-haired man. Even Zron showed some interest as the old dwarf leaned in to listen to Kyle, who looked back at them with an amused expression. Bia shifted on Kyle's lap and gazed at everyone with a smile dancing in her eyes.

"How about I spill the beans?"

After grabbing everyone's attention, she cleared her throat and shot a quick look back at Nine, who had narrowly avoided a serious thrashing because if he had a friendly spar with Kyle, he might have lost an arm or two, even if Kyle used only ten percent of his strength.

The phoenix wanted to speak out loud, but upon recalling the many eyes fixated on the silver-haired human at that moment, she communicated directly into Nine's mind.

"His strength is at the late stage of transcendent rank, and his agility just broke through to the supreme rank."

Nine's eyes widened a bit, and he let out a disbelieving laugh.

"No way, tell me you are lying!?"

Alec and the others, who had just witnessed the interaction between the phoenix and the brown-haired man, swiftly turned their attention to Nine, who took a deep breath and communicated directly into their minds because Bia had warned him that the shadow generals were monitoring Kyle.

Alec released a breath and patted Jian's shoulder, who was shocked after Nine informed him about Kyle's strength and agility stats. As Jian looked at the blue-haired man, the latter shot him a grateful

look; otherwise, not only he but all of them would have been in big trouble just for wanting a friendly spar.

Chapter 583 So, it was him?

As everyone pondered how Kyle had enhanced his strength and agility so significantly while still at the divine rank like all of them, Yue joined them after securing victory on her stage. Following her, Regius, Mia, Lara, Susan, and Yon also returned after excelling in the first round. Sinon was the last to arrive because, upon witnessing his water-based skills for the first time, the two women who were his final opponents skillfully evaded all his moves. So, it took him quite some time to defeat them.

Old Hal observed the group with an intrigued gaze as they conversed with each other, wearing carefree expressions. They paid no heed to the fact that both the shadow generals were observing them or that everyone in the audience had marked them as ones to steer clear of, especially since the whole group returned within ten minutes after defeating their opponents.

The others in robes behind the old man were now also keeping a close eye on the silver-haired man and his group. Even though they missed Kyle's battle, once his name surged to claim the top spot in his projection, they quickly found the others in his group and watched their battles, and they must say, they were quite surprised. It seemed like the group of friends who had given themselves exaggerated titles somewhat lived up to those claims.

If these young ones, who had displayed such formidable abilities in the first round of the Gladiator Arena, were given the chance to enhance their skills, everyone behind Old Hal was confident they could accomplish something remarkable. But it was regrettable that they all exuded such arrogance, as history shows that conceited people rarely meet a good fate. Moreover, the group had already made enemies with the two shadow generals, lowering their odds of surviving the Gladiator Arena. Even if they managed to pull through, the dark side would be on their trail.

Kyle closed his eyes and began absorbing the divine energy from the air. Despite him and his group finishing their battles, others in the Arena were still engaged. They had to wait an entire day before the first round of the Gladiator Arena concluded.

Sinon sighed in boredom and looked at everyone else seated around him, only to find half of them sleeping without a care. After another hour when all the participants were finally done with their battles, some of the people sitting in front of the mermaid statue began to float.

Vexana looked over the sea of faces in the audience. Those who emerged victorious beamed with joy, while the defeated ones wore dejected expressions. She refrained from providing any words of comfort or hope and officially declared the conclusion of the first round. After all, she understood that the next Gladiator Arena wouldn't open for another century, so who knows if the individuals who lost this time would have the opportunity to participate again.

Ned tapped Vexana's shoulder, and she stepped back in mid-air with a nod before he captured the attention of the audience.

"Just as we mentioned earlier, the time taken by the winners to defeat their opponents in the first round will be recorded by the Arena, and now we will unveil the final list of top participants."

He joined Vexana, and one of the many projections lighting up the sky descended before the duo. It immediately enlarged in size, showcasing the top winners of the first round to the audience. Ned smiled and declared with a booming voice.

"I congratulate the top hundred on this list who have received additional points and are one step closer to their ultimate goal!"

But instead of loud, boisterous cheers in return, all he received were shocked gasps and countless disbelieving whispers. Ned blinked in confusion and quickly glanced at the projection to understand why the crowd was becoming agitated rather than happy after seeing the results. His eyes widened a bit when he noticed the points the Arena had awarded to the first name on the list.

In the audience, Nine and everyone else stared at Kyle with dry smiles upon seeing his name at the top of the list before Jian asked with a shake of his head.

"Just what the heck did you do? How did you manage to get so many points?"

Kyle shrugged.

"Maybe it's because I defeated my opponents in less than a minute."

He pointed at the projection.

"Look, I can see Alec, Carcel, and Nine's names in the top hundred as well."

No one looked over there because, even though Alec, Carcel, and Nine's names were listed in the top hundred, the point difference between the first name and the rest was simply enormous. The nature's favorite got a whopping 100 extra points added to his total score of 10, whereas everyone else in the top hundred only got 10 extra points each on top of their initial 10 points from winning the first round.

Ned swiftly sent the projection in front of him upward towards the other projections with a perplexed look before the audience began to question the authenticity of the results. He had never heard of someone getting a hundred extra points in the first round before, so how was it possible for someone to achieve such a feat?

His gaze shifted towards the silver-haired man seated in the audience, and it seemed as though the silver-haired man had been watching him all along, as Kyle locked eyes with him, sporting a faint smirk.

Ned furrowed his brows and looked away, signaling Vexana to announce the rules of the second round promptly. However, he and all the others in robes mentally agreed to observe the silver-haired man and watch his battles closely to understand why the Gladiator Arena awarded him so many extra points. What on earth did he even do to achieve such a remarkable score?

Kyle, who was still fixated on Ned, ran his hand over Nox's body as the lynx lay on his lap, looking content.

'So, it was him?'

Nox nodded and began to drift off at the cold sensation moving across his body.

'Yes, it was that bastard... who said I wasn't deserving of reaching a rank higher than the divine rank before Yue, Jian, and I entered the Gladiator Arena.'



Vexana, who was floating in the midst of the towering walls, clapped her hands.

"The rules for the second round are pretty straightforward as well. Each participant will battle in 100 matches back to back without a break. Your opponents could be any of the other participants. For every win, the victor will earn a point towards their total score. At the end of this round, the winners will be those who have achieved the most victories out of the hundred and have accumulated the highest points."

She paused for a moment.

"Just like in the initial round, at the conclusion of this stage, the top hundred participants with the most victories will also receive additional points. However, remember, the goal is not to kill but to emerge victorious. Therefore, if your opponent concedes defeat or if the illusory figures intervenes to cease the fight, you must halt your actions at all costs. Failure to do so will result in your elimination from the Gladiator Arena. Now, without further delay, examine the back of your hands; the mark will lead you to your stage and adversaries. Best of luck!"

Vexana, Ned, and the others in robes floating behind them quickly returned to their seats to watch the upcoming battles. Numerous participants died in the first round due to the dark side and because they were simply too weak, yet their remains were promptly taken care of by the illusory figures to clear the arena grounds.

The friends and guardians of the deceased were saddened, yet none of them dared to voice their grief, fully aware of the dangers they had embraced by participating in the Gladiator Arena.

Kyle seized Bia and Nox, positioning the pair on Zron's shoulders.

"A hundred battles, eh? What if I have finished already, and my next opponent is still engaged in combat? The waiting would indeed be quite a bother, I must admit."

A speechless expression dawned on those who heard his words.

Nine rose to his feet and glanced at everyone as he began to levitate.

"Hopefully, none of you are my opponents, at least not in this round."

Sinon and Jian echoed in unison.

"Hopefully!"

The pair locked eyes and burst into laughter. They reminded each other that if one spotted the other as an opponent, they should admit defeat. However, when neither agreed to concede, they just shrugged and swiftly checked the stage number on the back of their hands before floating away to find their designated stages.

Kyle watched their fading figures and then examined the back of his hand to identify the stage number for his first battle. Rising to his feet, he suddenly tilted his head with a smirk to gaze at the two shadow generals and the individuals seated in front of the mermaid statue, all closely monitoring him.

"It seems I should do my best now that so many people are watching me, huh?"

Chapter 584 Thankfully not

Someone softly touched Kyle's back, prompting him to turn around and discover Yue standing there, wearing a smile.

"Don't push it too far; the shadow generals pose a serious threat. Let's steer clear of stirring them up for now since they hold more power than us."

Kyle's expression softened.

"I was simply feeling a bit playful after meeting the others... but rest assured, I'm fully aware of my actions."

His soft eyes hardened as he felt the eyes on him shift towards Yue. Immediately, the corners of his mouth drooped. Despite having everything planned, he doesn't want the shadow generals or anyone else targeting those he holds dear.

'A bunch of bastards... I'm the one provoking them, so they should focus only on me, not on anyone else. But it's not like I can expect them to leave the others alone just because I want them to.'

Yue blinked as he glanced away with a frown, and before she could inquire about what happened, Kyle began to levitate. In that precise moment, Kyle's voice resonated in her mind.

'Let's talk later and give it your all.'

She looked at his retreating figure, and a smile appeared at the corner of her lips. It seems he doesn't want the focus of the two shadow generals to turn towards her.

Lara and Mia exchanged glances with her, and after bidding goodbye to Nox and Bia, who were sitting on Zron's shoulder, she started floating with the two women to locate her own stage where she would encounter her first opponent.

Kyle, who had already found his stage but was still awaiting his opponent, was taken aback when Carcel's floating form halted above his stage. He arched a brow and gestured to the back of his hand.

"Same stage?"

Carcel took hold of his spear and descended onto the stage opposite him.

"Thankfully not."

Kyle shook his head with a faint chuckle when he noticed the relieved look on the golden-haired man's face. He knew his strength and agility stats were high, but it's not like he would beat his friends too badly if they fought with him in a friendly spar. However, as he glanced at the blue spear in Carcel's hand, he felt like the spear in the man's hand was somewhat familiar, so he complimented without much thought.

"Your weapon looks impressive, and I can sense it's quite powerful."

Carcel blinked at the sudden compliment and twirled the slender spear in his hands.

"Of course, it's because I snatched... No, it was gifted to me by a very strong man."

Kyle hummed as he gazed ahead at his opponent who just landed on the hovering stage. It was a middle-aged woman with long hair from the demi-human race.

"Who?"

He stole a glance at Carcel from the corner of his eye when the man remained silent at his question, only to observe a deep frown between the man's brows.

'Did I say something wrong?'

Carcel was about to mention that he snagged the spear from Kyle himself, then learned it was a growth-type weapon, just like Alec's sword that evolves with its user, so he made it his main weapon.

But he kept quiet as his opponent also showed up. However, he couldn't help but wonder why Kyle didn't remember. A sudden thought crossed his mind that maybe there was something wrong with Kyle's memory, considering Kyle's odd behavior when he first met everyone. It seemed too unusual, so he pushed the thought aside and focused on his opponent.

The illusionary figures on his and Kyle's stage told the people on stage to prepare without delay. A smirk crossed his face as he glanced at the silver-haired man casually rolling up his sleeves, unarmed.

"You planning to fight barehanded? I know you are stronger than me in strength and agility, but how about we compete to see who can take out their opponent first..."

He paused for a second.

"I think the difference between us wouldn't be that significant because ultimately, we are both at the same rank."

Kyle's eyes flickered with a mischievous glint as he heard the golden-haired man.

"Oh, why not, sure."

Both Carcel's and Kyle's opponents were ticked off by the duo's behavior, as the two men were busy in their own conversation, completely disregarding their opponents as if they could easily eliminate them. As the illusory figures on both platforms signaled the beginning of the battles, a thunderous boom reverberated through the air. Carcel and his opponent who were still rooted in their spots, were distracted by the sound. But before they could even turn to look at the source of the noise, Kyle's opponent was already hurled off the stage.

A painful cry echoed in the air, startling Carcel and his opponent out of their daze. The duo watched as the illusionary figure on Kyle's stage declared him the winner. A dry smile appeared on the golden-haired man's face... it appeared he had lost even before the competition started.

Carcel and his opponent weren't the only ones affected by Kyle's sudden burst of strength. Everyone on the nearby stages was also taken aback by the swift and victory the silver-haired man secured.

Kyle shot a final smirk at Carcel and floated off to locate his next opponent, hoping for a swift match without much delay and an empty stage for his upcoming battle. In the meantime, all the people sitting behind Old Hal, who had been eyeing Kyle intently this time to figure out just how strong he was to act so cocky and why in the world the arena had showered him with so many extra points, all murmur in bewilderment.

"What on earth? Did he really win... in the blink of an eye?"

"Why is his agility so off the charts?"

"No, it's not just agility; his strength must be insane as well, or he would not have sent his opponent flying with a single punch."

"But he's only divine rank, right? So, how..."

Chapter 585 Did he work on his physique?

Old Hal chuckled at the people behind him and let out a soft hum.

"That's why I always told you all not to judge a book by its cover."

He gazed at them with an amused expression and inquired.

"I reckon some of you might have similar agility stat as him, because his agility stat is equal to that of someone at the early stage of the supreme rank."

Ned and a few others expressed their disbelief at the old man who was comparing them with a divine rank... yet they couldn't help but glance at Kyle's figure with perplexed expressions because even though the human's rank was low, his agility and strength were very high. Just like Old Hal said, it was true; a few of them actually had the same agility as Kyle and were wondering if they could truly dodge if he had a skill to boost his agility.

Vexana checked out the human.

"Did he work on his physique? But seriously, having that kind of strength and agility at the divine rank is unheard of."

Old Hal smiled at her words.

"I'm certain he truly pushed his body during training and endured intense pressure to attain what he achieved today."

At the same time, in front of the demon statue, Will had both of his hands clenched together as he placed them beneath his chin with a solemn expression.

"Did you see what I saw?"

He asked the man seated next to him, but Ceano stayed silent in response, making him a bit annoyed at the man.

"Dude? It's about my reputation. Can that little prick's agility truly be that high when he's just at the divine rank, huh? No chance, I won't buy it! Back when I was at the divine rank, my agility wasn't even close to pseudo-divine rank..."

"Not to mention, I got goosebumps when, before punching his opponent, his speed suddenly shot up for a small movement, as if he was deliberately showing us that if he wants to, he can increase his speed even more. I am sure even if no one else from the people in front the mermaid statue noticed this, you would have, right?"

Ceano snarled at the loud voice ringing in his ears and glared at the man beside him.

"Quiet. What do you want to hear? How many times I need to say it, stop slacking off and increase your rank."

He sighed and massaged his temples.

"No need to fret, his agility stat isn't superior to yours... I saw it; he actually triggered a skill to amplify his speed two or even three times for a brief period. His base agility is at the beginning of the supreme rank, but with that skill, it's almost at the mid supreme rank."

Will didn't show it, but a hint of relief flickered in his ivory eyes. He almost thought the human's agility was better than his. It would have been quite embarrassing if he ended up weaker after challenging the human in front of so many people... but when he looked at Ceano, he sneered.

What was he worried about?

Even though he was only at the middle stage of the supreme rank, the guy next to him could easily wreck the entire Gladiator Arena with just a bit of his strength. Plus, he could always tap into the dark energy in the air to defeat his opponent because it wasn't strength he was proud of, but the darkness that always surrounded him.

Nonetheless, the third shadow general's relief didn't last long because Ceano shifted his words with a serious expression after watching the silver-haired man's next battle. The people in cream-colored robes seated behind Old Hal were also left stunned when they witnessed Kyle using a very familiar and annoying skill that they had seen numerous times on the battlefield.

Kyle, who had no idea that his instant teleportation skill had caused a stir among the powerful people watching him, blinked and vanished from his spot once more to toy with his second opponent a bit, who belonged to the dark race.

He had to wait a long time with the illusionary figure hovering above the stage, supervising the ongoing battle below, as his opponent was still engaged in his first battle, and the stage designated for their fight was taken up by two others. Hence, he aimed to prolong the fight a bit to evade an extended wait for his next opponent.

Kyle's form materialized at various points on the stage at the same time as he utilized instant teleportation many times within a second, creating a trail of afterimages. But after a minute, he grew bored and delivered a decisive punch to his opponent's face, ultimately extinguishing the man's life and separating his soul from his body.

Old Hal's expression was nonchalant as he watched Kyle. The silver-haired human had yet again killed another of his opponents. In that moment, Ned glanced at Kyle with astonishment and exclaimed.

"Just how the hell does he have this skill? Could he possibly be the secret child of James and Elizabeth?"

Beneath the people sitting in front of the mermaid statue, the woman in the blue hoodie, who had been keeping an eye on Kyle and the others and wanted to recruit the group for James, spat out her drink when she heard Ned's words. An extremely speechless look crossed her face, which quickly turned into suspicion.

"Wait... don't tell me James betrayed me, and this silver-haired youngster is his secret kid? He does somewhat look like James."

She shook her head with a laugh.

"No way, that old coot wouldn't dare; he knows I would kill him if he even looked at another woman. So, who's this kid that has somehow acquired his teleportation skill?"

Her pale violet eyes shook slightly as she turned her head and looked once more at Zron, Susan, and Yon, the three old folks accompanying Kyle. Suddenly, the woman's old memories, somewhat obscured by time, were stirred, and she finally recalled where she had seen the trio before, grasping why they seemed so familiar.

Chapter 586 Should I concede defeat right away...?

"Ah... no... it can't be possible. Is that small planet still holding its ground?"

A disbelieving laugh escaped from Elizabeth's lips as she gasped at her own words. Her planet, the very place of her birth, was still standing? Even after many years had slipped by beyond her count.

"I thought it would've been destroyed just like the other nearby planets by the shadow generals after we left to fight in the war but it's still alive. Now I understand why James was suddenly feeling giddy a few years ago when a piece of his soul returned to him. That bastard didn't tell me... I'm totally going to pick a fight with him!"

As she fetched a communication crystal from her mind space to contact the man in question and inform him about seeing some familiar faces from the blue planet, Old Hal coughed at Ned's words. He wasn't the only one surprised after hearing what the man had to say. The other individuals in robes also gazed at Ned with speechless expressions as he furrowed his brows.

"What? You all know that instant teleportation is James' signature skill. Given his nature, he wouldn't readily share it with just any stranger unless the human is somehow related to him."

Vexana let out a sigh.

"Let's set that topic aside for now and concentrate on the fighters. We will find out once we meets the man since only James can explain how his skill ended up in someone else's possession."

All the people around her agreed with her words, but their gazes couldn't help but drift towards the silver-haired man. They were curious to uncover what more the young man could show them.

Does he possess another potent skill akin to instant teleportation? Also, is he solely skilled in physical combat, or does he wield a weapon too? If yes, what kind of weapon does he use, and is he proficient with it? A lot of questions swirled in their minds, and all of them knew they could only obtain the answers by keeping a close watch on the silver-haired human who had given himself the title of the nature's favorite.

At the same time, Kyle who was declared the winner of his second battle as well by the illusionary figure, swiftly checked the back of his hand. He then leaped off the hovering stage to find the stage where his next battle would occur, only to discover it was occupied by two other fighters.

Kyle released a sigh and grabbed a chair from his mind space to settle outside the stage for an extended wait next to the quiet illusionary figure, who paid him no heed. While he waited, his next opponent also appeared outside the stage, and a mix of surprise and amusement danced in his green orbs upon seeing the man. And behold, it was none other than Carcel.

Carcel paused in mid-air with a solemn expression as he glanced at the illusionary figure overseeing the battle unfolding on the stage below him and Kyle.

"Should I concede defeat right away...?"

He was contemplating his words with a serious expression because there was no way he could match the silver-haired man's agility... but then Kyle fetched a sleek silver spear from his mind space and rested the shaft on his shoulder with a subtle grin.

"How about a friendly spar? I know you, Nine, and the others wanted to. I won't use my speed and strength against you, only the spear. I'm curious to see how good you are with that powerful spear of yours."

Carcel glanced at the silver spear in Kyle's hand and a look of surprise crossed his face. When did Kyle start using a spear? As far as he could remember, the silver-haired man had always wielded a sword in battle. A pensive expression appeared on his face because even if Kyle had learned to use a spear during their time apart, mastering it in just a few years seemed unlikely. After a few seconds, Carcel nodded at the man with a serious expression.

"A friendly spar, alright, but I will admit defeat immediately if you use your strength and agility against me."

Kyle raised an eyebrow as he caught a glimpse of a subtle challenge in the golden-haired man's expression. The silver spear in his hand hummed softly as he released it, and it began floating behind him, emanating a stunning shade of grey that exuded sophistication and charm.

Carcel's eyes trailed toward the spear. It was truly beautiful, and he wondered just how Kyle got his hands on it. Unaware that the silver-haired man had stolen the spear from an old dragon, and it was a lot more powerful than the spear in his hand.

The duo hovered in mid-air, waiting for the stage below to clear so they could engage in combat. After a few minutes, the two fighters on the stage were finally nearing the end of their battle as one of them was severely injured. However, the injured fighter's persistence and refusal to admit defeat irked Kyle, even though the latter had nothing left to secure a victory.

Kyle was very tempted to kick one of the fighters off the stage secretly due to the growing annoyance. He even tried to approach the shield enclosing the stage to act on his thoughts but clicked his tongue when he was halted by the illusionary figure, who gave him a deadly stare.

Carcel stifled a laugh when he saw Kyle quietly and swiftly return to his place under the illusionary figure's stern gaze.

After another minute, the battle on the stage below the duo finally ended with the injured individual securing the victory by surprising his opponent with a powerful skill. Kyle promptly landed on the stage as the shield enclosing it lowered.

"Finally, it's our turn..."

The illusionary figure gazed at the silver-haired man and then at Carcel before instructing the duo to prepare for the battle. When they both held their spears tightly, the illusionary figure left the stage and shouted for them to commence the match.

Chapter 587 He can't be left breathing

The moment the illusionary figure commenced the battle, Carcel dashed towards Kyle, who stood at the far end of the hovering stage. The silver-haired man keenly eyed his speed for a split second and promptly synchronized his own movements to match Carcel's pace.

Kyle glanced at the gleaming tip of the ordinary-looking yet powerful blue spear wielded by the man opposite him as the latter swung it towards him, prompting Kyle to deftly maneuvered his spear to deflect the impending attack.

Immediately, a sharp metallic clang reverberated through the air, accompanied by a thunderous roar as sparks of fire and electricity lit up the stage when Carcel's spear connected with Kyle's.

The golden-haired man's eyes widened when he saw Kyle holding his spear with just one hand. Carcel's expression hardened as their gazes locked, with Kyle's faint words of praise reaching his ears.

"Not bad..."

Carcel sighed and swiftly jumped back, ready to launch another attack.

"Just not bad, huh? Well, just from that single clash, it's clear you are more skilled with the spear than I am..."

Kyle maintained his speed and synchronized his movements with Carcel to uphold his commitment. A contemplative hum slipped past his lips upon hearing the golden-haired man's words.

"Don't sell yourself short. When I say not bad, it means you have already exceeded my expectations. Plus, it wouldn't be entirely fair to compare our spear skills since I have had more experience training with the spear than you."

Carcel chuckled as Kyle firmly gripped his spear shaft, swiftly moving to unleash a precise strike towards him. He tilted his body and blocked the attack.

"I'm pretty sure I have put in more hours with the spear than you because even back in the Royal Academy, you only ever trained with your sword... So, why do you think your experience with the spear is higher?"

Kyle's eyes flickered with a hint of emptiness as he heard his words because the moment he thought why his experience with the spear was higher than Carcel, he remembered the face of the man he didn't want to recall... not until he was strong enough to finish the latter with his own hands. Carcel noticed the strangeness in his eyes and instead of attacking again, backed away. He was surprised when the silver-haired man opposite him spoke in a tone entirely unfamiliar, a monotone, almost devoid of emotion.

"It's because I have had way more time to train than you... at least a few decades."

Carcel furrowed his brows at his words, but before he could grasp their meaning, Kyle stepped forward and launched an attack. He blocked the attack and glanced at Kyle's face but didn't find the emptiness he had seen in the man's eyes a few seconds ago, as if it never existed in the first place.

The stage pulsed with a whirlwind of energy, resonating with intensity as the duo clashed repeatedly without utilizing any skills and their spear arts.

Their strikes were swift and precise, each blow sending ripples of force through the atmosphere. However, it was clear that Kyle was restraining himself as he effortlessly blocked every attack sent his way by the golden-haired man. Not to mention, each time he noticed Carcel being pushed back, Kyle would retreat momentarily to give the man a chance to catch his breath.



Many in the audience noticed their battle and began watching in awe as the two fighters engaged in a mesmerizing display of combat, their spears leaving trails of light and energy in their wake. The stage beneath them shook with each impact, and the air crackled with the raw power unleashed by their weapons.

Will glanced at Ceano, who wore a serious expression, and whispered softly.

"Why are you watching them so intensely. It's just a normal spear fight, right?"

Ceano glanced at the man and then locked eyes with Old Hal, who was seated in the distance in front of the mermaid statue.

"It looks like the old man caught on too. The silver-haired man's mastery with the spear has soared to heights even a centuries-old expert can't match."

Will's ears perked up at the faint murmurs that slipped from Ceano's mouth.

"What are you saying?"

Ceano closed his eyes, but his next words twisted Will's expression into a grimace.

"After keeping an eye on the human for a while, I can now confidently say that even though he's only at the divine rank, there's a fifty percent chance he can chop off your head and end your life."

"That's why he can't be left breathing. Handling James and the other freaks with the man is already challenging; I don't want another anomaly joining them."

Will's eyes chilled, but he sneered.

"Do you even know what you're saying? He's just at the divine rank!"

A paper filled with eerie dark symbols materialized in Ceano's hand.

If Alec had seen it, he would have recognized it right away. It was very similar to the dark contract he signed, the one that made Alec's life difficult.

"It doesn't matter how powerful he is... What truly counts is that we must take him out before he becomes a serious threat. If he's already this strong at the divine rank, what havoc could he wreak at the supreme rank or even higher?"

Ceano carefully rolled the paper, enclosing the symbols within the folds, and then passed it to Will.

"This is a special contract that doesn't require a signature to make someone your slave. Just a drop of blood will suffice. Give this to our people who are battling in the arena and tell them to get the blood of the man known as nature's favorite to make him yield to us. If they don't succeed, I will kill him after the Gladiator Arena closes."

Will glanced at the folded paper and smirked wickedly before leaving his spot.

"Well, having a powerful slave wouldn't hurt. If he had the power to harm me, then I also had the power to make him my slave."

As he eyed the silver-haired man, laugh slipped from his lips. In the next moment, a few more contracts appeared in his hand, but the ones he took out from his mind space were a bit different from the one contract Ceano gave him. They were enclosed with pure dark energy.

"Not just him, though... the others with him aren't too bad either. I am not sure whether to be pleased or not that one of them is already a slave, haha."

Chapter 588 Whose blood does he want?

After a long hour, Kyle paused at the opposite end of the stage as a surge of energy erupted around the silver spear in his hand. He glanced at the panting man across from him.

Carcel clicked his tongue and wiped his sweaty forehead with his sleeve. He was a bit annoyed that even after pushing himself to his limits to fight the man opposite him, the latter didn't even break a sweat, not to mention, his pristine white shirt remained immaculate.

"That's not fair at all... what on earth did you consume to gain such immense power in just a few years. I also underwent intense training in the Sacred Divine Land, so why is the gap between us now so vast?"

He muttered quietly under his breath and straightened his body only to speechlessly gaze at the three familiar figures clustered outside the hovering stage. They were none other than Alec, Nine, and Regius.

After their battles ended, instead of advancing to their next stages, they joined the audience upon noticing Kyle and Carcel in the middle of their duel. The illusionary figure, whose vision was obscured by the three floating figures watching Kyle and Carcel stage intently, gently tapped Nine's shoulder. However, Nine simply shrugged the figure's hand away and remarked.

"Kyle is very strong, but he's even more powerful with the spear... now I really get why Jian was scared of losing me, because if I had sparred with him, I would probably have been beaten in the end."

Alec nodded with a serious expression.

"Indeed... but I was hoping to witness Carcel land at least a single blow on Kyle. Oh well, who am I to complain."

Regius noticed Carcel's darkening expression and spoke with a slight smirk playing at the corner of his lips.

"Guys, we should just be thankful that Carcel's precious body remains unharmed even after enduring so much-!"

His words were abruptly cut off when the golden-haired man lunged towards him with his spear, sporting a fed-up expression. But he swiftly dashed in the opposite direction before the man could grab him.

Carcel huffed at the elven man's diminishing figure as he left the hovering stage boundary and glared at Alec and Nine, who fell eerily silent. On the stage, Kyle chuckled at the group and shook his head.

He watched as the illusionary figure brushed past both Nine and Alec, swiftly landing on the stage to declare him the victor after Carcel's left the stage.

Kyle's eyes flickered with a hint of a smile, but the warmth soon faded as he scanned the area and realized one of the shadow generals had vanished from his spot.

His gaze grew icy as he searched the surroundings for the man and eventually spotted Will among the people from the dark side in the audience seats, finally allowing his body to relax.

'What's he up to?'

Kyle's eyes narrowed at the man who was talking with some demons. Unfortunately, due to the energy curtain covering the dark side's area to keep them from speaking up in between Vexana's speech every time, he couldn't hear what the shadow general was discussing with the group of demons.

He tried to read the man's lips but only caught two words.

"Get... blood...? What is that bastard saying, whose blood does he want?"

Kyle tracked the man's movements with his eyes but shifted his gaze to the stage under his feet when it trembled. Not only did the hovering platform beneath him shake, but the entire Gladiator Arena quivered slightly. A tap of his foot on the stage eased the trembling, and a chilling glint passed through his intense green eyes.

"Well, whatever the dark side is plotting. Does it truly matter now? They won't be able to carry out their plans because... the real battle is finally about to commence."

Unlike him, who knew the cause of the abrupt tremor, all the powerful individuals supervising the Arena were taken aback. Quickly, every one of them, including Old Hal, vacated their positions to investigate what had caused the Arena to shake.

The audience and the fighters on the hovering stages were also disrupted by the tremor, leaving them a bit shaken. The first thought that came to their minds was that the shadow generals and the people from the dark side were trying to destroy the Arena. The crowd panicked, but under Old Hal's command, all the illusory figures quickly started to calm them down.

The two shadow generals, who were blamed for the sudden disturbance, were puzzled by the event. Ceano furrowed his brow and extended his senses to investigate the cause, but as he did so, Elizabeth who was seated in the audience, used her own power to block his senses, fearing he might harm the audience. Ceano was surprised when he detected another familiar presence in the crowd and discreetly withdrew his senses.

"I only wanted to understand why the Gladiator Arena shook, but it seems there's another powerful individual concealed in the audience, so I needn't fret."

"I hope they resolve the issue because I want the Arena to conclude peacefully for me to achieve my goal."

He was the only one who could have figured out what was wrong with the Arena since he was the strongest among them all. But he could not do it because of Elizabeth. He could have easily overpowered her, but he chose not to because he wanted the Gladiator Arena to conclude smoothly, allowing the lost treasure tomb gates to open without any problem.

The many individuals in robes with Old Hal hurriedly inspected all the structures from which they controlled the Gladiator Arena but discovered no issues. So they were confused about what had gone wrong.

At the same time, Alec and Nine, who were still hovering outside Kyle's stage after Carcel left to take a brief rest, landed beside Kyle with serious expressions to witness the sudden disturbance that rippled through the arena. Nine furrowed his brows.

"What's going on? Is it possible that the dark side has sneakily tampered with the Arena? Given their nature, I am certain they are the ones responsible for this abrupt disturbance!"

Alec concurred with Nine, but when the pair glanced at Kyle and noticed a faint smirk on his lips, a sudden premonition struck them. Alec firmly grabbed Kyle's shoulder with a deadly serious expression.

"Don't tell me you are the cause of the sudden tremor...?"

Kyle raised an eyebrow at his words.

"Why? You don't think I can be innocent? I am just a divine rank after all."

Alec's eyes flickered with bewilderment because even though the silver-haired man spoke in an innocent voice, the smirk on his lips indicated otherwise.

"You! I know you are strong, but you can't just mess with so many powerful people! You are not the only one who's going to suffer the consequences!"

There was a touch of disbelief in his voice as he couldn't understand why Kyle would endanger them all. Alec knew, just like him, all his friends want to kill the shadow generals and the people from the dark side, but with their current strength, he understood they stood no chance! Besides, causing chaos in the Gladiator Arena would surely anger the arena overseers, and who knows what they would do to Kyle once they found out he orchestrated it all!

Kyle brushed off the hand on his shoulder. He grasped the blue-haired man's point of view, but the plan was already in motion, and if all went according to his strategy, they could potentially kill both of the shadow generals present in the Arena.

"Do you really think I don't have a plan?"

Alec let out a troubled sigh.

"It's not that I doubt you; it's just that, if you're planning something, I hope nobody suffers any harm."

As Kyle and Alec locked eyes, Nine intervened to stop them. He gripped their shoulders with a serious expression.

"Stop bickering, both of you! Alec, now that Kyle has started something, we must trust him. You know he's the stronger one at the moment. Besides, only Kyle, you, and I are aware that Kyle tampered with the Arena. If we keep this to ourselves, no one else will find out."

He shifted his gaze to Kyle.

"Now you! Tell us, what are you up to before I lose my cool with you!"

Kyle gave Nine a different look this time. But even though his eyes shone with a hint of solidarity because Nine was clearly taking his side, he still roughly pushed the man's hand off his shoulder. Nine grimaced with a click of his tongue but still leaned in when Kyle started speaking.

"I placed a unique array all over the Arena. No need to stress; it won't activate just yet since it requires a bit more divine and spiritual energy. You both should discreetly alert Jian and the rest to get ready because we are all going to fight together."

Chapter 589 Just need two more people

'We are going to fight together...'

That's what Kyle said to the two men who were flying away from him to inform others about his plan. But unfortunately, he didn't want all of them to join him in the battle. He watched the duo's retreating figures and hummed softly.

"I just need two more people to harness the power of the array with me. As for the rest, it's better for them not to participate at all."

He glanced at the illusionary figure standing beside him and flicked his fingers to remove the barrier he had erected around him, Alec, and Nine a while ago so no one would hear their conversation. The illusionary figure's eyes followed him as he checked the number that appeared on the back of his hand. He then exited the stage to seek out the next arena where he would engage in his forthcoming battle.

The chaos that erupted earlier from the sudden tremor in the Gladiator Arena settled down a bit after the illusionary figures and the many individuals in robes scattered in different directions inside the arena to confirm everything was okay.

Once they confirmed the situation was under control, Vexana proclaimed loudly that everything was fine and attributed the tremor to the surplus of divine and spiritual energy in the arena. However, despite the calming of the commotion, the tension in the air escalated significantly.

Kyle stopped in mid-air above the stage where he would have his battle because even though it was vacant, his opponent was nowhere to be found. Amidst the many battles happening around him, Kyle's eyes drifted towards the golden-haired man fighting on a faraway stage.

It was Carcel; it seemed he had moved on to his next battle after a short break.

"Carcel excels in close combat. He will be the second person to wield the power of the array alongside me in battle."

He made the decision in a split second because, after battling with Carcel, he understood the man's capabilities.

"As for the last person..."

His gaze swept the surroundings; he had witnessed almost all his friends in battle. Though each had their strengths, he sought two individuals who could withstand the challenge with him, considering they were preparing to face the shadow generals.

The array he drew all over the Arena was created by him. He combined different symbols to craft a vast array that could enhance or diminish others' strengths. It also had the power to immobilize multiple individuals under his command. So he was aware that no one could destroy it unless their proficiency in arrays surpassed his.

Kyle, who placed the array, was its main master, but he knew he needed at least two more people to share its powers since it's too strong. If he took all its strength into his body, it would not be good for him. Instead of getting stronger, he might end up risking his life if his body can't handle it.

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However, he knew he needs to choose wisely which of his friends will share the burden with him because once the array is triggered and he shares its power with two others, the power bestowed upon them will remain with them until the array remains active... or until they die. Even he himself can't take back the power he gave them.

It can be perceived as a flaw in the array since he clearly held the master position, but he understood that something of such immense power cannot be flawless. He simply has to choose his friends. After all, even though he had just spent only a few days with them, he knew he could trust them all. So, he doesn't need to worry.

Kyle glanced at Yue, Lara, and Mia. The three of them were also fighting on different hovering stages. But even though the girls could use weapons, they lacked prowess in close combat. Moreover, just as he wished to protect Yue, he knew Alec and Carcel, who seemed close to Lara and Mia, wouldn't want to endanger the two girls. So, he couldn't let them join. Sinon and Jian were eliminated right away because Jian was a mage, and although Sinon excelled in combat, all his skills were water-based. Ultimately, he had to choose the final person from Alec, Nine, and Regius.

Kyle rubbed his chin as he spotted Regius in the crowd and watched as the elven man engaged in a battle with a dwarf.

"His fighting style is somewhat brutal. But I can see he's avoiding harming all the vital parts of his opponent..."

While he liked it, when he shifted his attention to Nine, he noticed that Nine's physique was very strong. Combined with the double sword he wielded, in his opinion, Nine was stronger than Regius overall. Kyle's gaze did wander toward Zron, Susan, and Yon, but for some reason, he just couldn't trust the three old men the same way as his friends.

He was scanning the area when a man from the demon race appeared before him and chuckled loudly.

"Human, so you are my opponent? I know who you are... you are the nature's favorite, right? Are you ready to meet your end at my hands? Though I have not seen your fights or how you got so many points in the first round, I know I have reached the last stage of the transcendent rank. Therefore, there's no way you can defeat me!"

The demon flashed a sinister grin when Kyle glanced at him with a blank face. Just like all others from the dark side present in the arena, he too was tasked with obtaining a drop of blood from this human before him. That's why even though he had never laid eyes on Kyle before, he recognized him as the one who held the title of nature's favorite. But his smile stiffened when Kyle looked away with a bored expression.

"You-!"

He wanted to curse the human before him, but the illusionary figure overseeing their stage instructed them to descend onto the stage and ready themselves for combat.

Chapter 590 Ah... impressive

The demon sneered at Kyle and promptly landed on the stage, but the silver-haired man remained suspended above the stage, casting a glance at the illusionary figure.

"Just a minute. After all..."

He glanced at the demon staring at him with an amused expression.

"... there's no rule preventing me from taking my time outside the stage."

The illusionary figure looked at him with a speechless expression, even though it was made of energy, it had a consciousness to understand Kyle's intention.

Also, it realized there were truly no rules stopping the human from spending time outside the stage where he would fight.

The demon, having just heard his words, shouted at the illusionary figure in protest, and it looked at Kyle, urging the man to land on the stage so it could start the battle. But Kyle looked away and glanced at a distant stage where Alec had just encountered a transcendent rank individual.

'I have observed everyone else's fighting style, but his is the only one I haven't seen. Since he wields a sword, a minute should be enough to gauge his mastery level.'

Kyle's eyebrow arched as he watched Alec wield the sword effortlessly, executing a sequence of complex strikes that culminated in a masterful final blow, leaving the transcendent man incapacitated. Alec's strikes were precise, each movement meticulously crafted.

"That sword..."

His eyes narrowed at the large sword in Alec's hand, and only then did he notice the sword was enveloped in a subtle yet pure golden glow. A sudden realization dawned on him that the sword resonated with joy in the hands of its wielder.

"Just how long has he been using that sword? Most weapons wear out over time, but the sword's seamless compatibility in his grip suggests he has wielded it for years. His mystery over his weapon is quite good too."

Of course, it was somewhat lower than Kyle's usual standards, which were so high that even Hubert, his master, was somewhat displeased... as the sword was a weapon he could confidently declare no one could surpass him with.

He had reached a point with the sword where just holding it was enough to make the air around him tremble.

Unfortunately, he changed his weapons often in the No Mana Land, so he doesn't have a weapon that had spent many years with him, only if he didn't include the sword and spear he stole from Hubert. So, he was somewhat surprised when he saw Alec displaying such remarkable compatibility with his weapon. The illusionary figure floating beside Kyle tapped his shoulder to remind him he had a battle to attend... but the human paid it no mind.

Kyle's lips curled upward when he witnessed Alec using his sword art. The blue-haired man quickly channeled his divine energy into the blade in his hand, creating a vortex of power.

As his sword arced through the air, it emitted a harmonic hum and left behind a trail of shimmering energy, causing a shockwave to ripple outward. The force generated from the strike was so immense that even though the stage beneath him was powerful enough to withstand the impact of a transcendent rank attack, a huge scar appeared on its surface.

'Ah... impressive. I suppose Yue was correct in stating that you are the most powerful among the group. It's evident you surpass Carcel in strength. Therefore, I trust you will be the last person to receive the array power alongside Carcel.'

He chuckled, but the illusionary figure beside him was finally fed up and told him that if he doesn't land on the stage to fight his battle immediately, he would be eliminated from the Gladiator Arena. Kyle clicked his tongue as he glanced down at the demon staring at him.

'What's the point? I would be kicked out of the Arena once the array activates.'

He landed on his stage to fight his battle, but the demon who was gazing at him with an angry and sinister smile began screaming the moment their battle started when he disappeared from his spot and grabbed the latter's neck.

Kyle gazed at the man clawing at his arm as he tightened his grip on the latter's neck. A soft sigh escaped his lips.

"You can't injure me with your nails alone. My skin can normally withstand most attacks without a single scratch. An enemy needs a sharp weapon to harm my body... but I wonder why you are so desperately trying to injure me? Hmm?"

He tilted his head and suddenly recalled the two words he had somehow caught after lip-reading the shadow general who was conversing with some demons.

"Oh, don't tell me the shadow general asked you to get my blood?"

Kyle's eyes chilled when he saw shock in the demon's eyes. A cold smile appeared on his lips as he loosened his grip on the man's neck and slapped his face.

"How about you tell me why? Maybe I will let you live a little longer."

But instead of replying to him, the man shouted toward the illusionary figure.

"I admit-!"

Kyle clamped his other hand over the man's mouth, and the man's white slit pupils widened in agony as intense pain surged through his entire body.

"It's okay if you don't want to tell me. I already know the shadow generals want my blood. So, I will figure out the rest later when I am fighting them both."

He swiftly separated the man's soul from his body and flicked his fingers to conjure water, cleansing the blood from his hands. The illusionary figure floating outside the stage landed beside him and declared him the winner with a hint of incredulity in its somewhat monotone eyes.



Meanwhile, Alec, having just defeated his opponent and now able to catch his breath, scanned his surroundings with a perplexed expression because during the fight, he felt an odd stare fixed on him.

It was a keen, evaluating gaze, not threatening but more like someone sizing up his skills. However, he scratched his head upon realizing that nobody seemed to be observing him closely except a few audience who were watching his battle.

"Did I make a mistake?"