

Earths GMagus 211

Chapter 211: Escape

Five elite acolytes in the front and ten in the back. It was actually quite shocking for the others, especially for those who personally knew Roran, to discover he had such support from so many elite acolytes.

The 5 meter high metal wall that spanned a hundred meter across the treeline should not be easy to break. Moreover, they would still need to take care of the five acolytes standing in their way.

At this kind of moment, the more time passed the more dangerous it would be for them, Julian as their leader needed to be decisive, lest all of them perished here. Hence, he swiftly let out an instruction, "Split up!"

Right as Julian's voice faded into the air, the 20 regular acolytes separated right away and went towards three different directions. Okoye and her teammates headed to the right, Dopa and several other acolytes dashed towards the left side, while the rest who were sure they could leap across the wall decided to do so.

The reason Julian chose to split the group was because it would be easier for them to escape. Although this would lower their combat prowess, it would also increase their movement adaptability regarding the situation. Moreover, with them scattered around, it also made the five elites in front of them split up.

Unfortunately, Emery's [Blink] spell couldn't take effect if he couldn't see the location he would blink into. Hence, he could only blink up and appear near the top of the wall instead of directly blinked near the elite acolytes.

When he arrived in mid-air, Emery immediately blinked once again to the top of the wall and appeared behind the elite acolyte who created the metal wall.

With his two swords brandished in his hands, Emery swiftly swung them towards the metal acolyte.

Clank! Clank!

Sounds of metal hitting hard surfaces were heard as Emery's swords struck the acolyte. Apparently, the metal acolyte had turned his whole body into silvery metal, thus he was able to block all of Emery's slashes with only his bare hands.

Even though his first attempt was a failure, Emery didn't become discouraged, as he quickly pulled his swords back and swung them once again, this time even faster.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

Continuous loud sounds resounded, as Emery repeatedly struck the metal acolyte as if he was on drugs. Although his effort looked futile, the purpose Emery wanted to achieve had been achieved.

The reason Emery kept attacking the metal acolyte wasn't to defeat the man, but to create an opening for his teammates.

"Go! Go! Go!"

One of the regular acolytes, who was a lightning acolyte, noticed the opportunity created by Emery and swiftly casted [Energize] before he sped up and leaped to the top of the stone wall.

Alas, there was still another acolyte out of the five who stayed in that place. This young acolyte held a large sword in his hand. The sword was so huge it almost beat him in height!

When he saw the lightning acolyte was on top of the wall and was about to strike his teammates, he casted a battle art skill and dashed forward. Flashing a faint smile, the acolyte swiftly swung his sword upwards in great speed, the poor regular acolyte was instantly split into half. The stunned expression which was still etched on his face showed the lightning acolyte wasn't even aware of how he died.

The shocking sight made the others who were on top of the wall stop in their tracks.

Meanwhile, Emery was having a hard time facing the metal acolyte, as he began to throw a flurry of punches using his bare hands. As Emery parried the acolyte's blows, he almost let go of his swords due to the extraordinary power contained in them.

Realizing he was in a predicament, Emery tried to counterattack by using the [Heroic Slash] skill. Faint luster materialized on Emery's blade as he swung his sword towards the elite acolyte. At the same time, the metal acolyte also used his own battle art skill and launched a straight onto Emery.

An explosive sound occurred as the two strikes met each other. The clash was a draw, but it threw Emery down the wall. Before he crashed into the ground, Emery swiftly did another [Blink] in the air and landed smoothly. On the other hand, the stone acolyte stood firmly in his place, as if he didn't feel anything from their previous clash.

Right as the lightning acolyte died and his body dissipated into light particles, everyone still in the game received a notification from the symbol in their hand.

[100 participants remaining in the game]

[Survive until the last 50 to receive the 10.000 bonus points]

The arrival of the announcement was something Emery had expected. However, the situation they were in right now only made Emery and other regular acolytes more anxious.

The group of acolytes, who were held back by Julian's trap, had also begun to close in their distance from the back. Some of the elites in that group even threw multiple long-range spells upon them, while the other split up and went towards Dopa and Okoye's direction.

Julian, who was standing firm at the back of the group lifted his shield and positioned it in front of them. Immediately after, he casted his new ability he had always hidden from the other acolytes.

[Aegis Shield]

A shield battle art skill with a fire element prerequisite. When casted, it would create a flaming barrier that would obliterate any incoming spells and burn anyone who tried to cross it.

While Julian was doing his back holding the attacks from their back, Thrax and Chumo were fighting against the elite, who used the huge sword. Emery glanced at their direction. It appeared their fight was quite intense.

Seeing the huge blazing flame behind him, Emery knew Julian had casted one of his defensive trump cards. Therefore, he truly needed to think of something to deal with this mountain-like stone acolyte before Julian's barrier ran out.

Looking around, Emery located Klea, who stood not far from him. A hesitation appeared on Emery's face, but it was quickly replaced by determination. He then dashed toward Klea and quickly hugged her body, tight.

"Emery! W-What are yo..!"

Unfortunately, before Klea could say anything more, Emert cut her off, "Hang on tight!"

After he said that, Emery immendiately casted [Blink] and teleported both him and Klea right next to the metal acolyte on top of the wall.

"Klea run!!!"

While Klea was still confused by Emery's questionable words, the metal acolyte did not remain still as he immediately launched his fists towards them both. But, instead of blocking the incoming attacks or launching his own attacks, Emery did the unexpected as he dashed and tackled him.

Grabbing the metal acolyte's body real tight, Emery immediately casted [Blink] again and poof. In the blink of an eye, both Emery and the elite acolyte were now on the ground beneath the standing wall.

While the metal acolyte was still disoriented by the sudden blink, Emery quickly dashed away from the guy. There was no way he would waste his time defeating this troublesome, hard-to-kill acolyte.

"Run!!!" Emery shouted again, when he saw Klea just stood there watching.

Emery had no time to think of what Klea would do, whether to run away or not. But, with the fact that she was basically no longer in danger, Emery felt the weight on his shoulder became much lighter. He could also see Julian gave him a nod of approval, while his face was pale and his body was covered in sweats, the result of maintaining his skill.

Next, he needed to take care of the acolyte with the huge sword, as Emery could see Thrax and Chumo were having a difficult time against him. However, before he could blink over to help, another notification appeared from Emery's symbol, which really shocked him.

[90 participants left in the game]

"!!!"

The notification caused Emery to throw his gaze towards the direction of the other two groups, Dopa and Okoye who each took different paths. When his eyes projected the sight to his brain, Emery's face turned pale.

It was a bloodbath. Apparently, all the other elite acolytes decided to finish them all first. Alas, before Emery could tell the others, another notification came out at the same time.

[One hour till the game ended]

[Arena border will get smaller in 5 minutes]

This was another bad news for them. It also confirmed why most of the other elites went towards the other two sides. As the time mentioned in the contract had come, Emery could see the mark of the soul contract slowly disappeared, until it left nothing behind.

While Julian, who finally couldn't hold his skill anymore, saw Roran and his 30 acolytes walking towards their direction.

Chapter 212: Buying Time

No matter how special Julian's [Aegis Shield] battle art was, in the end, he was only a rank 6 acolyte with limited amount of spirit force. Hence, when his barrier was faced against multiple salvo of long-range spells, there was obviously only one outcome that could happen.

CRANK!!!

A sharp, piercing sound, like that of breaking glass, resounded in the air. The barrier was finally shattered apart. The destruction of the barrier also made Julian flung backwards a dozen steps.

When Julian finally got his feet on the ground again, his feet felt wobbly, he nearly couldn't stand. Glaring straight at Roran and the others, who were making their way slowly, Julian's body suddenly bent over and he threw up blood, startling Emery who was watching him.

However, Julian only laughed when he was done throwing up. Wiping his mouth coated with his own blood, he said, "Damn! The pain surely feels so real."

At the same time, Thrax who was on top of the wall shouted on top of his lungs and attacked the sword-wielding acolyte with a sweeping slash. The acolyte, surprised by the sudden attack, could only place his sword on the trajectory of the spear, while he used his other hand to support the sword brace the impact. As a result, the sword-wielding was pushed several meters away by the sweep.

The acolyte was about to dash in again and continue the fight. But before he could do that, the metal acolyte stopped him in his tracks by shouting from the ground below the metal wall. "Heyy!! You already got two opponents! Share one with me!"

Disbelief was apparent on the sword-wielding acolyte, as he truly didn't believe how shameless his teammate was, "HUH?! Your own stupidity made your own opponent escape!" The sword-wielding acolyte shouted from above.

"It's because of space magic! No one told me there was a space magic user among the regulars!" The metal acolyte rebuked loudly, as if it wasn't his fault his opponent escaped from his grasp.

Thus, with the two of them arguing, the fight suddenly came to a sudden stop, with Thrax and Chumo only staring dumbfoundedly at the squabble.

While Emery rushed to Julian and helped him, a few figures came towards the two of them from left and right. From the right side, it was Okoye and three of her Akamba warriors, while Dopa was by himself, his body heavily wounded.

Excluding Klea, who managed to run away, her whereabouts unknown, eight of them were the last remaining on the ground. And now, they were completely trapped and surrounded by Roran and his men.

Being cornered with no real plan, Emery could only do whatever he could in the current situation. Therefore, he quickly casted [Nature Blessing] on everyone that still remained, especially those who were injured badly like Julian and Dopa. Naturally, he also kept his eye on the opponent's next moves lest they died without knowing what happened.

It appeared the 15 elite acolytes were debating about who should be the one to take the kill. Looking at their relaxed state, they all probably thought that there was no other option for Emery and the others beside dying in their hands.

Meanwhile, Roran and the rest of his 30 acolytes were just standing there without saying anything.

While Emery was trying to think of a solution that could get them out of their current precarious situation, Julian suddenly vomited more blood. It seemed his wounds were heavier than they looked. There was probably something about the battle art skill he used that caused too much burden for his body.

Julian, still panting because of his injury, stood tall, stepped forward and shouted, "Roran! You fool!! You have trade my trust... Our trust!! For a bunch of useless bastards!!"

Roran was unfazed by Julian's words. He then calmly said, "Julian, your effort for the alliance was really commendable and I appreciated that. But in the end, this is a game, a competition. To be more precise, with how the points were prepared, this second game is a war game. What I was doing is exactly what a good commander or tactician will do in any real battle."

Upon hearing that, Julian clapped his hand, "Amazing Roran! Truly amazing! You are a good commander indeed! But let me see if your fighting ability is as good as your strategy. Let me see if you are a fighter or a coward hiding behind your bitches!!"

Julian then raised his sword and shouted, "I challenge you! You! Me! To a duel!"

Everyone, without exception, could see how Julian's body was still trembling, while he said those words. Evidently, he was in no condition to fight.

However, Julian's heroic-like stand and all his words made Roran unable to reject him. Otherwise, even if he managed to enter the elite class after this game, he would definitely be looked down and mocked as a coward by the others.

Taking a deep breath, Roran answered, "I accept!"

Emery was really concerned with Julian's condition. Hence, he quickly stopped him and said, "Julian, let me do the duel."

Turning his head around, Julian went closer to Emery and whispered, "No, Emery. Actually, I am only delaying for time. Looking at our situation, this is the best strategy I can think of. While I am fighting that bastard, you can help the others to recover their condition. Besides, I am sure that coward Roran will not dare to fight if you substitute me."

Julian then grabbed Emery's shoulder and continued, "If I don't make it... You need to make sure the others can make it. Don't let my sacrifice be in vain."

Julian fell silent for a second, and added, "Well, If you can't save that buffoon Thracian, I understand."

After saying that, Julian proceeded to take his shield that laid on the ground and walked forward. Despite his shaky steps, the conviction in his eyes was clear as day. Meanwhile, Roran also stepped forward.

Roran was armed with the same gear as Julian, a sword and shield combination. Thus, their garb made the duel not look like a magic battle at all. Instead, it looked like a fight between gladiators, that Julian shared before.

When the distance between them was only a few meters, Julian swiftly used his [Immortal Gate] battle art skill and dashed towards Roran. Roran, who saw Julian was coming for him, arranged his shield in front of him.

A loud bam occurred when Julian's sword hit Roran's shield. He then continued by delivering a downwards slash to Roran. Seeing the incoming slash, Roran shifted his shield, while he ducked, causing the shield to block the sword again.

And then, without even using any spells, Roran was able to easily manage everything Julian threw at him. By blocking, parrying, dodging; none of Julian's swings could hit the rank 7 acolyte.

While Emery was focused on their duel, he realized Thrax, who was standing next to him, clenched his fists.

"Roman!! Don't you dare lose! Only I can kick your ugly roman ass!"

Alas, Thrax's 'encouragement' couldn't possibly help the situation. Everyone could see there was no way the heavily wounded Julian would be able to win against Roran. After a dozen seemingly futile clashes, Julian was knocked to the ground and laid there, unmoving.

That was when Roran grew arrogant and made a mistake. Julian took the opportunity when Roran paid no attention to him and stabbed his foot and took a quick punch to his face.

BAMMM!!

Roran threw out a few steps back while screaming, shouting to himself, "Yes, yes, yes! Very good, Julian! That's my mistake!"

Roran finally decided to end this pointless duel. He quickly casted [Blessed - Tier 3 Light spell] on himself. Immediately after, streaks of lights appeared around his body and covered him, causing him to look like a gallant knight. He then charged towards Julian, who still tried to stand up.

Clank!!

Roran's sword was stopped by another sword, but it wasn't Julian's.

Apparently, Emery had blinked next to Julian and blocked Roran's sword with his own sword and was about to counter with his knife, but Roran's shield was faster than he thought, while his other hand held a knife pointing towards Roran, "You have won. Now get back!"

Emery was taught the honor of a chivalrous knight since he was a child and disturbing a duel was against it. He himself didn't realize why he did it. The constant betrayal and not being able to see his friend hurt in front of him apparently had outweighed the precious knight honor taught by his father.

Roran pulled his sword back and retreated. While stepping back, Roran said, "Let the battle begin. Kill them all boys!"

Immediately, the forty five acolytes who surrounded the eight acolytes ferociously charged towards them, the expression on their face clearly showed their desire for points.

Right as they began to move, a loud sound could be heard from the direction where the metal wall was. When they looked over, the metal wall was already obliterated by two monstrous, beast-like figures. There, where the metal wall stood just a moment before, two 4-meters tall giants with two swirly horns on their heads were now standing.

The scene was truly unbelievable that everyone's eyes were staring towards the figures and the hole on the metal wall.

As the scattering dust settled, from behind the two monstrous figures, two girls could be seen walking towards Emery and the others' direction. A pale-looking white haired girl and a bronze beauty. They were Silva and Klea.

"Guys, I brought reinforcement!" Klea said, panting.

Pointing her finger to Klea, Silva said, "Your girlfriend here told me the situation. Foolish Emery. Haven't I told you to not trust these people?" Emery could only smile wryly when he heard those words.

Silva then patted the two figures' back and said, "Igor! Ivar! You can kill everyone here, except those in the middle." Klea nudged Silva and sneakily pointed, "Ooh, yeah. Don't forget the ones at the back are friendly as well."

From the other side, the pyramid building to be exact, a dozen familiar faces came out. They were Anas and the Kaleos' group, with Zana and the three Zaiueo acolytes. The acolytes of class 77 were all here.

Chapter 213: No More Bet

Grand Assembly Hall

When the final hour of the second game was approaching, more and more people began to fill the arena where one could spectate the ongoing game. There were so many people that the entire seating was packed to the brim. Looking at it from the sky one could even feel cramp.

Nearly a hundred of thousands of spectators from all the institutes and guests from outside the academy came to watch this once in ten years event. After all, the second game with its renowned battle royale format was the most exciting to watch.

Magus Sarena, who acted as the host of the game, ceaselessly entertained the audience with her beautiful figure and outgoing personality. Thanks to her, the already exciting second game became even more enjoyable.

However, despite her attracting presence, the objects mostly taking the attention of everyone were the 10 screens flying above the arena, making them clear to see from every direction.

Everytime an acolyte was defeated and sent out of the virtual arena, they would be spawned into the center of the arena hall. Moreover, their appearance would also be followed by the comments from both the magus and the audience.

Most of the audience generally didn't care when a Lucky class acolyte was defeated. However, every elite acolytes did bring their utmost attention. One could even say the regular acolytes were ignored by the masses, while the elites were the focal point of the game.

On the second floor, where all the magus instructores were seated, a group of magus could be seen discussing the game. If Emery could see this group of magus, he would definitely recognize who they were.

Xion, Darius, Carla, Minerva and a sulking Magus in all-white robes, Urix.

The reason the white-robed magus sulked was because, not only did he lose a big bet against Xion and Minerva during the first game, the elite acolyte his faction was interested in and supported was defeated early in the second game.

Said acolyte was mentioned to be the best in his class. He had the best talent among his peers. However, such 'talent' was defeated by an unknown rank 6 acolyte. And, as if the wound wasn't enough, Urix felt as if someone poured salt into it when he realized this unknown acolyte was from the group responsible for his previous lost bet.

Unfortunately, as someone once said, "Another person's bad luck can be someone else's fortune."

The more Urix became sulky, the wider the smile on Xion's face. And surely, the prouder he was with said acolyte. On the other hand, Minerva was joyful with her gain from the last bet and tried to persuade Urix to do another one.

"Huh?! Another bet?!! I don't want to hear anything about group 7 anymore. You said please? No! No bet!"

Despite the rejection, Minerva kept pushing the magus. After all, it was a rare chance to annoy the sulky magus and the best part was he couldn't do anything! If he was provoked, then the bet would happen. If he didn't, then he could only be annoyed by her persistence. Knowing that, how could Minerva stop?

The acolytes from all 10 groups in the 10 arenas were all currently fighting to the best of their abilities and giving their all to reach the top 50. However, an anomaly happened in group 2, who received the open field arena. The game ended way faster than everyone expected .

In less than two hours, all the 300 plus acolytes inside were defeated. Only one figure could be seen through the screen. He was standing tall among them all, Zach the dragon bloodline. The open field arena was the only silent witness of the bloody massacre and the elite half-blood was the reason for it.

"Other than that dragon boy, the other nine groups are boring!" commented Minerva. "Well, except my group 7 of course." She added, glancing towards the still sulky Urix.

It was surely an interesting situation when an unknown acolyte managed to defeat two elite acolytes in a row, especially when one of the two was the expected number one of the group, Lodos.

"Huh?! Please! He had reinforcement, alright?" Urix snarled, when he realized Minerva's glance on him.

Even though he previously said he didn't want to talk about group 7, he still followed all the things Emery did inside the game. His mood became increasingly worse when he saw Emery manage to defeat another acolyte.

Hence, when he saw what Roran did to Emery and the others, he could not help but jump from his seat and laughed loudly.

"HAHAHAHA!!! That's what you got for challenging the big guy! That's Harlight's youngest son, isn't he?"

The screen showed Emery's precarious situation made Magus Xion worried. On the other hand, Minerva took the chance and offered an 'olive branch' to the excited Urix, "Come on, Urix. Another bet, do you dare?"

Alas, the excited Urix suddenly turned calm and said, "That boy already killed three elites. Thus, there's a big chance he will get accepted to the elite class. So, no deal." It appeared the sulky magus didn't want to bite the bait.

"Aaa... You are no fun, Urix."

"However, I will bet that he won't reach the top 10 highest points. How is that? Hahaha!" Urix smiled widely.

Upon hearing the ridiculous bet, Minerva commented, "Are you crazy? There are 50 other elites and he is only a rank 6 acolyte! The odds are too lopsided!" Turning her head away, she added, "Huh! Just say if you don't want to bet. Coward."

Ignoring the last word spoken by Minerva, Urix turned towards Xion, "Hehehe, what about you, Xion? Do you want to bet on your favorite boy over there?"

"No, no... You see, I'm quite short of silver." Xion said, while waving his hand.

"Alright! It doesn't need to be silver. What about artifacts? We will bet with artifacts, then. I heard you obtained quite a good life-saving artifact from your last mission." Urix said with the smile of a greedy merchant.

Before Xion could say anything, Minerva intervened, "Don't accept it, Xion. Look at that, they are ambushed and there are only nine of them left."

However, against all odds, Xion instead said, "Alright, I will bet my artifact. But if I win, I want your family to sponsor him. How about that?"

Upon hearing Xion's words, Urix's face changed to disbelief, "What?! We never took a regular acolyte!"

"Duh! Urix, you are being stupid again. Think! If you win the bet and he really is untalented as you said, you will receive my artifact for free! But if I win the bet, that means he managed to enter the top 10 and he isn't a normal regular acolyte that will waste your resources! It's a win-win situation for you."

"Ahh..." Urix was contemplating Xion's words deeply, as he didn't want to be fooled by him. "Huh! Tell me! What's your agenda with this..."

"Nothing." Xion said, while returning his attention back to the screen. This time, an incredulous expression clearly plastered on Urix's face.

"I just want the best for him and your family can do exactly that. Why do you want to support Lodos when you can get the one who defeated him."

Pondering again for a while, Urix then nodded, "Alright then. The bet is on!"

Right as Urix finished saying that, the situation shown in one of the screens suddenly changed again, attracting everyone's attention. The whole arena was in awe as they saw the screen displaying the group seven.

There, the metal wall was destroyed and more people joined the fight. The seemingly hopeless situation underwent a sudden 180-degree turnaround, causing everyone to get excited.

Meanwhile, Urix was pissed off, again.

Chapter 214: Chaotic

The countdown finally reached its last hour and the period where the most chaotic battle would reveal itself finally arrived. As the game almost reached its end, the battle zone had been reduced and the previously 20 kilometers diameter area had now turned into 2 kilometers in radius only.

If one could look at the battle zone from the sky, they could notice that 2 kilometers in radius wasn't that big. It only reached around the outskirts of the center building, just a bit further in the treeline.

Various deafening and ear-splitting sounds could be heard within the area as spells met each other, wherever one looked there were explosions of fire and weapons clashing with each other.

Silva and her two half-blood teammates, who already made their 'flashy' entrance into the battlefield, swiftly made their move. The two half-blood acolytes, whose figures appeared to be the result of a transformation of a mythical goat bloodline, stomped the ground and darted forward.

The two of them charged towards Roran and his 30 regulars at breakneck speed. The look in their expressions was as if they were at an all-you-can-eat feast. Truly bloodthirsty.

Naturally, Roran and his lackeys immediately dispersed, as they saw the two massive figures coming at them. Some of them would choose getting 1,000 points by killing regular acolytes in Emery or Anas' team, rather than take their chances with the half-blood freaks.

Not wanting to be less showy than Silva, Klea swiftly flew up to the air and began casting her best tier 4 magic, [Storm Haze].

This spell was the fruit of her last few days training in the Destiny Path's Institute of Destruction. [Storm Haze] was a tier 4? lightning element spell that needed both wind and water element affinity to master. The perfect spells for Klea triple affinities. If being casted successfully, it would form thunderclouds at its user's command.

Immediately, right as Klea finished her chant, explosive thunder resounded in the air, while the sky suddenly turned bleak. In the blink of an eye, storm clouds formed in the air and sent multiple thunderbolts on the location where Roran's team gathered.

As a result of Klea's spell, several acolytes were lightly and severely injured by the sudden thunderbolts coming from above them, two of the regular acolytes even turned into light particles.

A few acolytes tried to jump and reach Klea to stop her. However, a volley of bullets fired by Zaiueo's firearm quickly stopped their endeavor. The battle was so chaotic each minute an acolyte would be killed and dissipated into particles.

As Emery's group was in the middle of the battlefield, they were the best target for the opponent to earn points. Moreover, most of them sustained some kind of wound and they were surrounded on all sides.

All of a sudden, a raging flame came from the left side of Emery's group. The attack was so abrupt that Dopa, who was standing at the left side, didn't have the time to react and as a result, the flame successfully engulfed the wounded Dopa and turned him into ashes.

Thrax, who noticed the flame still coming to the group, immediately dashed to the left side and slammed his shield into the ground. The flame hit the shield, causing it to scatter to the side before dissipating completely.

However, before Thrax could let a sigh of relief, another raging flame rapidly came towards him. A loud boom issued as the blazing flame crashed into Thrax's shield. Even though his shield managed to block it, the flame also managed to melt the shield down, leaving it unusable.

When he saw that the shield basically couldn't be used again, the elite fire acolyte, who threw such a powerful spell, was about to send another one at Thrax. Alas, he was rammed by the half-blood giant and thrown several meters away. When his body hit the ground, it quickly dispersed.

On the other hand, half a dozen enemy acolytes, both elites and regulars, were attacking the half-bloods with their own ways. Some of them unceasingly threw various long-range spells at them, while the others attacked them up-close. Unfortunately, their efforts seemed to be unable to stop them from rampaging through the battlefield.

Silva herself didn't remain still. She sneakily went where most of the enemy acolytes were and immediately casted her own unique spell, [Poison Spore]. Numerous translucent small bubbles materialized in the air and drifted towards the acolytes. The sudden appearance of an unknown bubble startled those who saw them. Some even tried to destroy the bubble using their weapons.

Unfortunately for them, the bubbles that were hit immediately popped and released poisonous gas, making those who inhaled it immediately throw up blood. Alas, before they could even take a step, the

bubbles exploded themselves and quickly enveloped the area they were in. The spell caused a few acolytes to drop to the ground due to excessive blood loss.

Meanwhile, Emery dashed toward the kneeling and heavily wounded Julian. When he reached him, he immediately casted [Blink] and teleported with Julian in his arms. Emery laid Julian on the ground in the middle of the group.

With Julian in the middle, Emery, Chumo, and Thrax created a triangle and put their back against each other as they blocked all the incoming spells from all sides.

As the battle in the center raged on, a notification appeared on everyone's symbol. However, those who were still fighting decisively ignored it as a slight carelessness in the battle could cost them victory.

[80 participants left in the game]

At this last chaotic hour, the acolytes generally divided into three categories.

First, the acolytes who felt they had gathered quite a lot of points and didn't want to risk it by joining the chaotic battle. Therefore, they chose to stay in hiding and wait until the game was over.

Second, those who were worried about not having enough points even if they managed to enter the last fifty, like Roran and Anas' team, who would choose to participate in the final battle. Some of their members had less than 10,000 points, a few of them even only had 2,000 and 3,000 points.

Last, the acolytes who already felt they had enough points, but were still confident to join the battle or just came for the thrill of battle. These kind of people were the half-bloods brought by Silva plus the figure who just came crashing down from the sky like a fallen meteor.

"Violet Flame Gerri is here! I am not late, am I?" Gerri said, while throwing several purple fireballs to the place where the most acolytes were.

As the chaotic battle went on, Emery, Thrax and Chumo were caught in a pinch because they didn't have any good defensive skill like the one owned by Julian. Therefore, they could die anytime if they weren't careful.

Emery noticed the metal acolyte he previously fought and the sword-wielding acolyte were looking in his direction. Both of them swiftly charged towards him.

Thrax who also noticed the approaching acolytes decided to cast his last hidden trump card. After all, he couldn't hold himself at such a critical time. The trump card was the only tier 3 fire element spell he painfully learnt, the one he spent several days on.

[Fire Aura]

A cloak made by fire swiftly encompassed Thrax's body, as it gave him a substantial boost of strength and speed. He then directly confronted the broad sword wielding acolyte with only his spear. Thanks to the spell, Thrax could hold his ground against the rank 7 elites. It quickly became a fierce battle of sword versus spear.

As for the acolyte metal acolyte, as Emery was still currently healing Julian, Chumo stepped in.

While he ran, Chumo casted his tier 4 spell, which was a summon spell, [Summon Night Raven]. As the summoning pattern materialized, a night-black bird one third the size of a human came out of it.

The raven immediately flew at breakneck speed and lunged towards the metal acolyte. As the raven hit the acolyte, each of its strikes would inflict a curse on the acolyte and weaken him. The spot where the Raven hit became the weak spot.

Swiiishh!!

Chumo's arrow was able to half pierce the metal body. With the help of the raven, coupled with his [Shadow Self] and [Shadow Step] skill, Chumo was able to make the metal acolytes panic.

In the meantime, Emery became the last stand of defense, as he had the best movement spell. He casted [Nature Blessing] on Julian and casted [Shadow Root Binding] to help Chumo and Thrax whenever they were cornered.

With both hands casting spells. Emery could only helplessly watch as Okoye and her teammates were defeated one by one.

After Okoye's team and Dopa's were out of the game, there were only 5 of them left standing in the center surrounded. Hence, the situation became worse as more acolytes charged towards them.

[70 participants left in the game]

Chapter 215: Twenty More

[70 participants left in the game]

[Regular acolytes: 49/320]

[Elite acolytes: 21/50]

Within the last hour of the second game, only one elite acolyte was defeated, while the remaining of it were all the regular acolytes. This statistic truly showed how distinct the difference between a regular and an elite acolyte, regarding their combat prowess and survivability in chaotic battle, where one could die anytime due to carelessness.

As chaotic as the battle it looked, in the end, these acolytes were fighting for points, for the chance of getting into the next stage. In this kind of situation, where everyone was doing a battle royale with each other, where everyone pointed their claws at anyone who was weak, the rule of the game once again dictated the way the battle was going.

An elite acolyte had no reason to fight against another elite, as they wouldn't receive any amount of points defeating them. Moreover, it didn't bring them any benefits besides endangering themselves, as the aggressor would be considered as a target by the other elite acolytes.

On the other hand, the regular acolytes were left with two choices, attacking the elites or their own peers. Considering the risk, difficulty and outcome they would get from each option, attacking their own peer looked much more feasible than attacking the elites and risking getting obliterated.

Therefore, the regular acolytes were the main target by both the elites and other regular acolytes. The most ironic thing was: this was actually the only logical thing to do due to the rules, especially for the regular acolytes.

-

Emery and the others remaining in his group only needed to hold on and survive until 20 more acolytes were defeated. If they managed to do so, they would receive 10,000 extra points that could make them enter the elite class successfully.

However, the remaining 70 acolytes were all the best out of the best, as they managed to survive until the last hour. They were the acolytes who managed to stand out on top of the 10,000 acolytes of the 10 classes in group 7. Evidently, they were either very strong, had an extraordinary life-saving skill or possessed amazing teamwork among their group.

Casting his gaze right in front, Emery could see that not far from him and Julian, Roran was being surrounded by a dozen of his acolytes and his two vice Lymord and Malara.

Malara, the red haired beauty, was an earth element acolyte who specialized in using sand and stones as her medium of defensive and offensive spells. Meanwhile, Lymord, the brawny figure, who didn't look at all like a 16 years old due to his countless scars covering his entire body, was apparently able to transform himself into half human and half tiger. In short, he turned into a tigerman.

Both of them were rank 7 acolytes and could be compared to the elite acolytes, who generally had reached rank 7 as well.

Looking at how much planning Roran had prepared for this second game, Emery wouldn't even be surprised if both of them were already offered to be in the elite class, but refused the offer in order to become Roran's bodyguards.

As much as Emery wanted to blink over and finished off Roran with a slash from his swords, the [Blink] spell wasn't that easy to cast, especially when his mind was split between protecting Julian and keeping his eye on Thrax and Chumo, who were still fighting. Emery still had much more to learn regarding his control of spells.

An acolyte was about to charge towards Emery after killing the last Akamba warrior. Fortunately, jet-black roots emerged from the ground and entangled the acolyte's feet, immobilizing him.

With one of his hands placed on Julian's body and casting healing spells, what Emery could do was very limited, as he couldn't move lest someone attacked the still wounded Julian. Currently, Emery could only depend on the [Shadow Root Binding] to block and restrain the acolytes who attacked his teammates.

As he lay on the ground, Julian suddenly coughed another mouthful of blood, startling Emery who observed the ongoing battle around them. Despite his shaking hand, Julian gestured Emery to come closer and said, "Brother, I... *cough* am fine... Just f-focus on getting... more points."

Upon hearing that, Emery shook his head and smiled wryly, "Still acting tough, aren't you? Just be quiet and quickly recover. The second I leave your side, your awful state will attract more of them here like packs of wolf sniffing blood out in the open. Just hang on!"

Julian chuckled when he heard Emery's rebuke, "Haha..ha.. You..re.. Truly.. surprising, Emery... D-Don't you...dare not...making it... to the elite...class."

Emery nodded his head to show he understood.

While Emery and Julian had their heartfelt conversation, Thrax was almost on his last leg fighting against the sword-wielding acolyte. As his [Fire Aura] nearly reached its limit, he was getting pressured by said acolyte. Moreover, his [Immortal Gate] technique was also at its limit.

Slowly but surely, Thrax was being pushed back by the sword-wielding acolyte, until he was forced to adopt a defensive stance and received the acolyte's beating.

When Thrax stumbled on his steps due to the momentum of a slash, the sword-wielding acolyte quickly casted a battle art skill. A faint luster could be seen on his broadsword's blade, he immediately swung it downwards towards Thrax. A huge piece of steel was descending from above, causing whistling sound in the air.

Seeing the impending sword, Thrax, who didn't have time to dodge the slash, immediately raised the spear in the air. Supporting the spear with both of his hands, Thrax braced himself for the incoming clash.

Clank! Splat!

Loud sound resounded as the spear got broken apart by the slash, followed by blood splattering into the air. It appeared the spear wasn't enough to stop the slash delivered by the acolyte.

After splitting the spear into two, the sword proceeded on its way and cut deep into Thrax's shoulder down to his chest. When the sword-wielding acolyte was about to do another slash to finish Thrax off, a root suddenly pulled him back.

Seeing his almost dead prey dragged away, the elite acolyte screamed, "Argh!! That's my prey!"

The sword-wielding acolyte then charged towards the three of them. As there was no one else he could rely on, Emery had no other choice. He drew his sword and dagger and immediately casted [Blink].

In the blink of an eye, Emery had appeared next to the running acolyte.

Clank! Clank!

Emery sent two slashes towards the sword-wielding acolyte, but he could parry both slashes.

From the clash, Emery could tell the elite acolyte in front of him had a much higher battle power than him, even with him already using the stage 3 Immortal Gate technique.

However, the most troublesome aspect of this acolyte wasn't his extraordinary strength nor impressive speed. It was the simple yet intricate techniques he demonstrated.

The sword-wielding acolyte skillfully used all parts of the broadsword. It didn't matter if it were the blunt surface, the sharp surface, the handle or even the swordguard. This elite acolyte used all of them as means of attack. In conclusion, this guy was a pure combat style acolyte.

If it wasn't because of his [Blink] and [Granite Skin] spells, which allowed him to outmaneuver the acolyte and withstand the attacks, Emery would have already been cut all over, bleeding on his entire body.

Meanwhile, just like what he had expected, the moment Emery left his spot, leaving not one, but two badly injured regular acolytes laying on the ground in plain sight, everyone's eyes were attracted to that spot, becoming their main target.

The acolyte who was previously restrained by Emery's roots was the closest with Thrax and Julian, thus he was the one who jumped in the fastest.

When he noticed the acolyte, Emery was in panic. Alas, he was slammed by a huge sword as he was about to cast his [Blink] spell, causing him to kneel on the ground with a loud boom.

"Huh! You are tarnishing this fight by distracting yourself! Focus and face me seriously or die!"

In the meantime, the two wounded acolytes were trying hard to stand, as they realized the incoming threat.

"Roman!, you.. can't fight.. anymore huh! "you..look like shit!"

"You.. smell the.. same Thracian"

"I guess.. This is..it.. Roman? Good.. enough?"

"No! ..Not yet!"

The closest acolyte lunged at them with a spear in his hand. Thrax was still unable to move due to piercing pain on his shoulder. However, Julian had been receiving a few rounds of healing spells from Emery, so he was the one in a better shape between the two of them.

Julian swiftly picked up his shield, ignoring the pain coursing through his body and smashed it towards the incoming spear. When the shield got in contact with the spear, a vague glow appeared on it as Julian used his shield battle art, causing both the spear and the shield to drop.

Next, Julian immediately dashed towards the acolyte and tackled him with both of his hands. Using his third stage Immortal Stage technique, Julian tightly held the acolyte, making him unable to move.

"Thracian, do it! I can't hold this guy for long."

Thrax was shocked when he realized what Julian was asking. Julian's body was in the way, the only way he could attack the acolyte was to pierce through him.

As if he sensed Thrax's hesitation, Julian continued, "Grab the spear and do it! Consider this as the payment for the points I took from you before!"

Obviously, the tackled acolyte didn't remain still and waited to be stabbed. Hence, he began to struggle, trying to escape.

"Thrax! Hurry! I cannot hold on!"

The acolyte was struggling for freedom, but that only rewarded him with a headbutt from Julian.

"You Thracian dog! Do what you are ordered to do!!"

Thrax took the spear on the ground and swiftly thrust it through Julian and the acolyte. The spear went through the two acolytes' body. The two of them slowly began to disperse into light particles.

Looking at the dissipating figures, a drop of line appeared on Thrax's face, "Fuck you Roman for making me do this! These points are barely enough!"

The thing Julian did for him really burned his spirit. Thrax slammed the spear into the ground, as he forced himself to stand and cast a tier 1 fire spell [Heat Touch]. As his hand glowed a red light, Thrax proceeded to burn his own shoulder. When his wounds had been sterilized, Thrax lifted his head and shouted in rage.

Chapter 216: Sword Fight

Julian was turned into light particles, sending him out of the game. Emery and the others thought it meant Julian wouldn't make it into the elite class. After all, he had the lowest point to start with, without the extra 10.000 points he would not make it. Their dream of entering the elite class together had been ruined.

Emery was frustrated with the situation, as his grip on the sword hilt was tightened even more. Turning his head towards the smirking sword-wielding acolyte, something inside Emery seemed to break as he began to ferociously attack the acolyte.

Swing after swing, Emery continuously swung his weapons, as he poured all his feelings into the slashes. In response, the acolyte deflected, parried and blocked the slashes again and again. He even managed to injure Emery.

Emery caught a glimpse of Thrax, who was violently fighting against the other acolytes like a wild animal. Fortunately Klea came to the rescue. As much as Emery really wanted to help them, he knew he couldn't do so, if he couldn't kill this acolyte in front of him.

The acolyte sent a heavy swing towards him, Emery barely able to parry with both his sword and dagger, even so, he still got pushed. The opponent's strength and speed were superior to his, this was probably an elite acolyte chosen mainly for his combat skills and battle powers. He wouldn't be able to overpower the acolyte before him without any strategy.

Taking a deep breath and calming his raging heart, Emery casted the [Infusion] spell on his two weapons. The battle then continued, as Emery began concentrating on the technique he had learnt from the combat puppets.

Clank! Clank!

The long reach and terrific power of the broadsword against the versatility and flexibility of sword and dagger. If he decided to fight against heavy broadsword directly with his current weapons, Emery would definitely fall into a disadvantageous situation sooner or later. Therefore, he decisively changed his approach.

He casted [Shadow Mist] and focused on his mobility as his means of attacks. By doing so, Emery wouldn't face the broadsword's advantage of strength. Instead, he would exhibit the advantages his

weapons had. Within seconds, multiple mirror images of Emery quickly appeared around the sword-wielding acolyte, making him confused and distracted.

Clank! Clank!

"This is it! This is more like it! An acolyte who possesses several element spells and a decent swordsman! You deserve to fight me, Orycon!"

Emery ignored the blabbering and concentrated fully, as he couldn't be distracted now. His mind didn't even think about his friends' current situation. After all, the fastest way to help them was to defeat this acolyte named Orycon.

'How to defeat him the fastest?'

Emery fought against Orycon, trading clash after clash, it looked like his decision to take advantage of his mobility was working. However, it wasn't fast and decisive enough. Seeing the sword and dagger couldn't do the work that well, Emery tried to change his tactic again.

He quickly casted [Blink] and reappeared behind Orycon. This time, Emery substituted the dagger in his hand to another sword. Currently, he was holding a longsword in both hands. Immediately after, Emery swung his swords toward Orycon with a solemn look on his face.

While the swords descended on Orycon, sparkling luster appeared on the swords' surface as Emery used the [Heroic Slash] skill technique.

Alas, despite the diversion of mirror images, the battle-hardened Orycon could easily guess Emery's aim when he saw Emery casted his [Blink] spell. Turning his head around and seeing the two incoming swords, Orycon let out a sneer as he swung his broadsword.

"Fool! How dare you use strength against me!"

CLANK!!!

Loud piercing sound resounded as the two swords hit the broadsword. Seeing that his attempt failed, Emery didn't become discouraged, as he hurriedly jumped back to evade Orycon's counterattack.

While still making use of [Shadow Mist]'s mirror images, Emery flickered around Orycon and launched the heavy [Heroic Slash] technique on his opponent. However, this time he no longer tried to find an opening in Orycon's defense. Instead, he swung his swords as hard as he could and struck as much as possible.

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!

Emery pushed himself beyond his limit, as he used the [Immortal Gate] technique to its maximum. He utilized multiple battle art techniques and the [Blink] spell without restraint. As a result, pain began to wreck over his body and Emery felt his entire body slowly burning. Even so, Emery still delivered his slashes with even more fierceness.

CLANK! CLANK!

Orycon was puzzled when he realized the slashes became heavier each time they hit his broadsword. The clash between the three weapons continued until finally, Emey jumped high and swung both of the swords downward with all the power he could muster.

CRAACKKK!!!

Both weapons in their hands couldn't handle the stress due to continuous contact anymore. Hence, the three weapons all broke apart at the same time. This was exactly the plan Emey had been trying to achieve.

Because all the weapons obtained during the game were practically identical, he was betting that clashing the broadsword with his two swords ceaselessly would definitely break both weapons. Finally, his efforts bore fruit.

As the plan paid off and the two of them lost their weapons, the moment Emey had been waiting for had come.

Orycon was still stunned by the sudden loss of his weapon, when Emey casted [Blink] one last time and used the [Hidden Blade] skill. As if a streak of shadow passed by, Emey appeared behind Orycon and thrust the dagger he had previously taken out.

SPLATT!

The blade successfully pierced through the acolyte's back. Orycon woke up from his stunned state due to the pain. Realizing his current situation, he growled and struggled to get away. But there was no way Emey would let this opportunity go.

When Orycon tried to attack Emey with his fist, hoping the punch would make Emey retreat. Alas, Emey swiftly shifted his head, successfully evading the fist. While doing so, Emey pulled back his dagger and sent it towards Orycon again, this time aiming at the acolyte's neck.

Blood splattered, the dagger cut Orycon's neck, but he was still alive. It looked like Orycon managed to move his body at the last second, causing the resulting wound to be less deep.

Orycon grimaced in pain while gritting his teeth when the dagger cut through his flesh. When Emey swung his dagger one last time, trying to end his life, the travelling dagger stopped in the air as Emey's arm was grabbed by Orycon.

"Urgh... good move! I... admit defeat! But... you.. are going... down with... me."

Emey could tell Orycon still had one last move up his sleeve, so he immediately tried to get away. However, Orycon unexpectedly used all his remaining strength to hold on to Emey's arm.

Orycon's eyes turned shining bright as he raised his other arm to the air and casted [Call of Thunder]. Immediately, streaks of lightning appeared in the sky. And then, a lightning strike descended and struck Orycon's raised arm.

BOOOM!!!

The lightning currents quickly rushed to Emey's arm, he felt a powerful jolt coursing through all his veins. The two figures immediately flung back as the lightning struck them. Emey's body was swiftly

thrown 10 meters away and fell to the ground. He lay motionless, as half of his body was charred. If it wasn't for [Granite Skin], Emery would've certainly died.

[Congratulation you have defeated an elite acolyte]

[You receive 5000 points]

[Your total points 20000 points]

[You are now rank 15]

[60 participants left in the game]

A notification informing him he had killed an elite appeared on the symbol, but at this moment Emery was on the brink of death. A figure of the girl quickly approached Emery. One could clearly see the shocked expression on her face as the girl put Emery on her lap and called him, "Emery!"

Chapter 217: Ten More

Unexpectedly, the freakin broadsword-wielding acolyte was apparently a lightning acolyte. The fight against Emery was the first time he had shown his spell and it was such a powerful one.

Thanks to Orycon's action, half of Emery's body was scorched and he stood on the line between life and death.

At the moment, Emery was laying in Klea's lap, his condition unknown.

As Emery didn't show any response to her call, Klea immediately casted on him the tier 4 water spell she recently learned, [Restoration]. The spell was a level higher than [Soothing Mist] and much more effective.

A cyan-colored glow swiftly encompassed Emery's body. The spell's effect was apparent in the eye as Emery's wounds began to heal.

Another girl approached Emery, "Is the fool dead?"

Klea didn't answer and silently cast the spell. It looked like the tier 4 spells needed a lot more energy and concentration to cast. But in return, Emery's charred and peeled skin swiftly healed and returned to its previous healthy condition. However, Emery would still be in pain until his internal injuries were healed.

As his external wounds were getting healed, Emery muttered Thrax's name with difficulty.

When Silva heard that, she couldn't help but rebuke, "Start thinking about yourself, you moron! The guy is in better condition than you!"

"Hey! Be quiet! He's still in shock." Klea said, gesturing with her finger.

"Yeah, right. Let's hope the shock makes him smarter." Silva commented, before turning her head away.

In a minute, Emery finally regained control of his body again. As he opened his eyes, Emery could see Thrax and Silva were covering for him. He could see the arrows and spells that were coming towards them were being blocked by the two of them.

Not far away, Chumo was still in struggle fighting the metal acolyte. Currently, he was being helped by Okoye.

Emery tried to stand up, but he felt his whole body screaming pain as he took a step. Hence, he quickly became paralyzed and fell to the ground again.

"Just stay here and heal your wounds quickly, Emery." Klea whispered "I am sorry about Julian. I should have come sooner..."

Sighing helplessly in the heart, Emery could only watch as he saw his friends protecting him. They were working together, hand in hand, to resist any incoming acolyte. Glancing towards his symbol, Emery noticed they only needed to hold on for a few more minutes. However, the number of dropped acolytes was moving really slow.

It looked like, since only the best acolytes were left in the game at this point, the fights became more stagnant as their strength was almost the same.

Actually, if one did a quick glance through every group in the area, Emery's group at the moment was probably the weakest among them and the best target to get points. Throwing his gaze towards Roran's direction, Emery could see him who played safe at first by hiding behind all his acolytes had finally buckled up his courage and was coming towards Emery's direction with all his lackeys.

To Emery's surprise, a pitch-black hammer suddenly dropped right in front of Roran. If Roran took another step forward, the hammer would have definitely pulverized his head. Roran threw his gaze around, trying to find the culprit. Then, he noticed a group coming towards his direction. It was Anas and his Kaleos group. They quickly intercepted Roran's group. A battle immediately ensued between the two groups.

Receiving Emery's inquisitive gaze, Klea went ahead and explained the matter, while still casting her healing spell, "Yeah... I did send him a message about our situation, and he agreed to help us. Something about him hates them more than us."

When the battle was going on, there were a few of Roran's acolytes who managed to pass through Anas' group blockade. These acolytes were led by Roran's right-hand man, the half-beast acolyte, Lymord.

Silva, who was still in her prime condition, swiftly confronted the group when she saw them coming for Emery. "That guy is on the wrong side!" Silva said, as she released poisonous smokes at the group.

The smokes were able to stop the group's advance and Silva immediately rushed in and wreaked havoc amidst them. After all, who did not want more points?

Hence, the still injured Thrax was the one who was on guard, while Klea healed Emery's wounds. As the fight continued, Emery could only watch without doing anything. Thus, he constantly checked the symbol in his hand.

[Regular acolytes: 36/320]

[Elite acolytes: 20/50]

[56 participant left in the game]

[54 participant left in the game]

Emery heaved a sigh of relief, as he knew they only needed to hold on for a few more minutes.

But then, Emery suddenly heard a familiar voice getting closer him "Where's that Julian? Is he gone already? Ahhh, it's too bad then!"

Turning his head to the source, Emery spotted Micah and the two elites who had retreated earlier. Currently, they were charging towards his direction.

"Watch out!"

The familiar crystal-like ice shards rained down on them. Thrax swiftly moved and tried to defend with the spear in his hand. Fortunately, Thrax was able to crush and parry all of them, albeit barely.

The three elite acolytes were approaching and this could only mean trouble. Ironically, they just had to hold on a little bit more. If they were defeated now, their effort, Julian's sacrifice. They would all be for naught.

"Ahhh... You all are still resisting like disgusting cockroaches!"

Klea decided to join the battle when she saw the two elites ganging up on Thrax. Numerous lightning bolts rapidly streaked across the sky towards the incoming acolytes.

The fight between the two elites against Klea and Thrax had started. At first, Klea and Thrax managed to halt their advance, but slowly yet surely, both of them were struggling to resist the ferocious attacks launched by the two elites.

As he watched the battle, Emery was raging inside due to his inability to do anything.

Even though he could feel his spirit core had become more chaotic and his whole body felt very heavy, Emery forced his injured body to move.

Hands shaking, legs trembling, pain wrecking; but Emery didn't stop. He just had to hold out a little bit more.

Micah casted half a dozen more ice shards trying to hit Klea and Thrax, but, before he could throw them, Emery used [Blink] next to him and [Hidden Blade] again. Unfortunately, the attack was easily stopped by the ice barrier, which instantly formed around Micah.

"Ahhh. I have seen your fighting style from afar. Although it's pretty amazing, it quickly gets predictable and boring."

Much to Emery's surprise, the barrier suddenly crept onto the dagger. It then successfully frosted his hand, still not stopping its progress. Emery couldn't stop it in his current condition, so he could only watch helplessly as the crystal-like ice inched toward him.

A few moments later, the whole ice started to encompass Emery's whole body. In the end, a block of ice formed next to Micah; Emery was trapped inside it, unmoving. However, one could see Emery's eyes were moving, signifying he was still conscious.

"Now, now... As a payback for killing my teammates, you will see me kill yours. Isn't that fair?"

Micah returned his attention to his ice shards and was once again about to throw them towards Klea and Thrax. Seeing that, Emery struggled even more to break out from the ice. Alas, the ice wasn't the general ice used by other acolytes. Especially with his current condition, Emery didn't have the strength to do anything.

That was when Emery saw a few shadow figures appearing next to Micah. Arrows were shot, followed by [Shadow Steps] to get close and accompanied by a night-black bird swooping from above. A perfectly executed pincer attack from air and land.

However, instead of throwing the shards towards the shadow figures, Micah launched his shards towards another side. The ice shards hit and pierced another shadow hidden in that particular side.

Splaattt!!

Blood splattered into the air as the acolyte was hit by the ice shards. With it, both the approaching shadows and the incoming bird were dispersed like smokes. It looked like Micah managed to find the acolyte's real body.

Emery saw Chumo staring at him with several holes in his chest, pierced by the ice shards Micah sent. Then, he swiftly dispersed into light particles.

[52 participant left in the game]

"Nice! Just two more to go! Hmm, which one do you like better, the boy or the girl?"

At the moment, Emery completely forgot it was all just a game. His inability to do anything and the sight of his friend dying in front of him reminded Emery of his deepest regret.

The memory of his father being murdered in front of him was flashing through his mind. The time where he just froze as his father, that he always looked up to, was killed, while he was incapable of doing anything.

That was when something inside of him snapped and shattered into pieces. Emery suddenly felt his entire body turning boiling hot. Something inside him was growing, howling, trying to break out of his body.

While still encased within the ice block, Emery's whole body was miraculously restored, power filled his entire being.

[Fey Bloodline - evolving]

CRACKK!!

Loud sound resounded, attracting Micah's attention. When he turned his head towards the source, he was stunned to see something that shouldn't be possible.

An arm fully covered with grey fur was coming out of the ice.

Chapter 218: Evolved

[Analyzing genes...]

[Fey Wolf bloodline rank evolved to rank 3]

[Rank 3 - Fey Warden]

[Battle power increase by 15]

As the notification appeared, Emery felt a surge of overwhelming energy coursing through his entire body. Not only did all his wounds rapidly heal and close themselves, his previous erratic bloodline condition was also gone. It even evolved into rank 3!

With the newfound strength he received, Emery once again struggled to break free. Finally, one of his arms managed to smash through the crystal-like ice, allowing it to touch the air again.

Looking at his now-free hand, Emery only needed the extra push, the little push that would free him from this ice prison. With the current precarious situation he was in, Emery didn't care about his limit anymore. Hence, he forcefully used his battle art technique even though it was already past its cap.

[Immortal Gate - stage 3]

[Battle power increased by 8]

[Battle power 61]

CRAAACKK!!

The enhancement that [Immortal Gate] brought gave Emery the last push he needed to break the ice prison apart.

As he walked out of the now broken ice block, Emery could finally watch himself from one of the crystal-like chunks, his current appearance in its entirety.

The transformation was just like his first transformation with the familiar black tattoo on his chest. But this time, his four limbs were completely covered by grey fur. Despite the somewhat more animalistic transformation, Emery surely could feel how much more powerful his current transformation was compared to the previous one.

Turning his head to the side, Emery saw the blue-haired acolyte Micah looking at him with an incredulous expression, "Y-Y-You are one of those disgusting half-blood!!! Screw you!! You have no place within the elites!!"

Right after Micah said that, he immediately launched dozens of ice shards towards Emery. These ice shards flew very close to him. So close they should have been troublesome before. But now, Emery could feel that his body was much stronger and lighter than before, thus he decided to dodge the incoming ice shards. Although the ice shards were already inches away from him, the moment Emery moved his body, the ice shards that should've hit him, hit only empty air instead.

As Emery dodged the first ice shard, he didn't stop; he continued shifting his position and body around. In the end, he dodged all the ice shards perfectly, without a single one landing on him.

It was as if all the extra battle power Emery gained from the evolution was wholly distributed into his speed stat.

Micah was shocked when he saw Emery was unscathed. Emery stared at the shocked Micah with a gaze full of hostility, causing the acolyte to feel shivers running down his spine. Emery then dashed towards Micah at breakneck speed, only to crash upon the formerly [Ice Crystal Barrier].

Seeing the thing that encased him into a block of ice, Emery punched the barrier a few times, but with no results. Instead of breaking it, Emery's hand once again began to turn into the ice by the crystal-like barrier.

"Hahaha! There's no acolytes who can? break my indestructible barrier. Dream on, filthy half-blood!"

As soon as Emery's hand was trapped inside the ice again, Micah yelled at his two elite acolytes. They swiftly broke away from their opponents and immediately charged towards the now immobilized Emery.

As the two acolytes ran towards him, one of them had flames covering his entire fist, the result of his unique spell. Meanwhile, the other brought a massive ax that shone brightly. The two of them charged towards Emery with great ferocity.

Seeing the incoming attacks, a thought of retreating flashed inside Emery's mind.

Retreat?

No!

Emery could sense there was still a hidden power within his new evolved bloodline. Closing his eyes and completely ignoring the imminent threats, Emery focused his mind, as he tried to find this hidden power. Finally, he found it, the skill that previously he had no control of.

[Bloodline skill - Second stage transformation]

[Battle power increased by 25]

[Battle power 86]

As Emery intended his will to activate the bloodline skill, a sudden explosion of power appeared inside his body, followed by rapid growth of muscles twice its previous size and even more grey fur all over his body. Emery's canine turned into wolf-like fangs, while his claws became more apparent and sharp like blades. In the end, a savage wolfman stood where Emery previously was, making the smirking Micah turn pale.

Just as the transformation ended, the attacks from the two elites finally came and struck the grey beast straight on its body, causing the beast to be enraged. The beast roared and stretched out its two hands and grabbing the two stupefied acolytes.

Before even one of them began struggling, the beast smashed the two acolytes against each other, causing their heads to hit each other. The disoriented acolytes were trying to run away, as they quickly used their life-saving skill. Unfortunately, the beast's grip was too strong, denying them any chance of escape.

The grey beast then slammed one of them to the ground and stomped him, causing a small cavity around the acolyte's body. As for the other one, his fate was truly gruesome as the beast opened its mouth and bit his neck.

Blood crazily splattered into the air as the acolyte's head almost separated from his shoulder. It then threw the acolyte's body away like garbage. The tragic acolyte swiftly dispersed into particles before the body reached the ground.

Micah's face turned even more pale as the grey beast tore apart the squirming acolyte under his feet.

If this was not virtual, there would have definitely been pieces of flesh and blood strewn across the ground.

For a second, the shivering blue-haired acolyte was glad he was inside the crystal barrier, separating him from the beast. Alas, his happiness didn't last long as the beast turned its aggression to his barrier once again, punching and slamming it. As if it wasn't enough, the barrier started scraping and cracking with each hit.

"No! No way!"

In fact, his barrier was actually weaker against physical attack compared to magic attacks. But not even once Micah ever thought an unarmed acolyte would be able to break it.

The thought of running away came into Micah's mind, causing a feeling of shame to engulf him. But he was more scared to get out of the barrier after seeing what the beast did to his two friends.

Micah panicked when he saw the barrier start to break apart. But then, a notification made Micah instantly exhale a sigh of relief.

[50 participant left in the game]

[Congratulations! The survivors receive 10.000 points!]

'Finally the game is over.' Micah thought relieved.

[The game will end in 10 minutes. Finalize your points by then.]

"Fucckkk!!!" Micah screamed to the top of his lungs.

When the crystal barrier was finally shattered by the beast's punches, Micah immediately jumped out and was about to run as fast as he could. But when he turned around, Thrax was already there standing in front of him and kicked Micah towards the grey beast's direction using all the energy he could muster.

"This is for Chumo!"

"Noooo!!!"

That was the last thing Micah said before the grey beast bit and tore his body apart. The beast roared after Micah's body turned into light. And now, the grey beast was staring at Thrax with its bloodthirsty gaze.

"Emery! What the fuck! That is so freaking coo-" Thrax said raising his thumb.

Before Thrax could finish his sentence "Wait! Emer... Stop!!!"

The beast leaped towards him with its claw brandished at him. The unprepared and wounded Thrax was killed with one swipe from the beast's claw. With shock and disbelief, Thrax disperse into light particles.

The beast then turned towards the next closest person standing, a beautiful girl with a black hair. Klea.

"Aah... Emery...this is... me..." Klea just stood there frozen, as 'Emery' glared at her. But when the gray beast was about to attack her, a sword was stabbed into its shoulder.

"You!! Moron! Don't use a skill, if you can't control it."

The white-haired girl became the beast's next target. "Come here you stupid wolf!" Silva loudly shouted, while she ran. Seeing its prey was running away, the three meter tall grey beast swiftly followed the running Silva.

Silva, on the other hand, was rushing into a group of regular acolytes, who had been defending the whole time.

"Roran! You two really need to have a talk. Here he is your chance, you can thank me later!" Silva said, still running and waving her hand.

"What...?!!"

As a result of Silva's tactic, the grey beast proceeded to leap into the group of acolytes and wreak havoc. The next thing happened was screaming the sounds of bodies ripped apart turning into light particles.

[The second game has ended]

[Your total points are 41000]

[Congratulation you rank first place]

Chapter 219: Ranking

Grand Hall Assembly

As the second game reached its last hour, it was apparent some groups ended their battle royal earlier than others. However, apart from group 2, which had ended early due to the famous dragon half-blood prodigy Zach, the remaining groups ended around the same time period.

Like one could generally see, the last hour of the game was the climax. This fact was further supported by Magus Serena, who was hosting the game with her charming personality. As the countdown reached its last hour, her enthusiasm and fervor became even more prominent.

Inside the screens floating above the arena, all the remaining groups could be seen fighting fiercely. However, one of the screens showing the fight during the last few minutes of the game successfully made the audience gasp and hold their breath.

Said screen showed the acolytes of group 7. The audience's attention was attracted by the sudden appearance of the grey beast. More and more people watched the group 7's screen, when the beast began killing the elite acolytes left and right. No matter what the acolytes tried to do, only one thing happened to all of them: death.

The audience clamored boisterously, as they watched the massacre happening inside the game. Their eyes couldn't stop watching the brutality, as if someone had put a spell on them. Group 7 caught most of the attention until the game finally ended, leaving the audience in the arena screaming in excitement.

Tens of thousands of audience watched how Emery finished the game in such a manner. Even the beautiful blonde mage herself, who mostly only gave harsh comments on the acolytes, found the scene to her liking, proving how exceptional his feat was.

As the time hit zero, Emery and the other acolytes were teleported out of the virtual arena. It didn't matter if they were still fighting or busy hiding, all of them returned together to the arena when the game announced its end.

When he appeared in the middle of the arena together with the other acolytes, Emery obviously returned back to his normal appearance, as the game itself was virtual.

[Your total points are 41000]

[Congratulations! You are ranked first place]

The notification that he got first place in his group came out, not only in his mind, but also on the screen. Hence, Emery was surprised to see his face on one of the screens, with his accomplishment shown in big golden words.

[First place, class 77, Emery Ambrose]

When he saw his name and the 'first place' prefix before it, Emery rubbed his eyes again, as he couldn't believe what he saw at the moment.

The last thing he remembered was trying to break through the ice barrier in front of him. And when he finally regained consciousness, the game had ended and he suddenly won first place?

Emery was worried, no, he was perturbed. The same thing happened to him when he fought the Knight of Divine Order.

With his bloodline evolution, he was finally able to trigger the skill, so he thought he could finally control it. Unfortunately, he still couldn't. Now, he's quite regretful with what he did.

Before his deep contemplation could end, Emery realized the people who were next to him, especially those who were already here before the game ended, seemed to keep a distance from him. Looking around, Emery noticed all of them were looking at him with sweats on their faces.

"Ooo... What did I do?"

As if the sky answered his inquiry, Emery saw his friends walking towards him. As they got nearer, Emery noticed something strange about them.

Thrax was squinting his eyes and seemed to be angry, but tried to hold it in, Julian was smiling so widely Emery thought he was on drugs, Klea showed a relieved expression making him wonder what she was thinking and Chumo was smiling helplessly and looking at the three.

They were all weird, especially Thrax. It was so unlike him to try to hold something. After all, he was the recognized reckless, crude and straightforward bull of the team.

"Don't worry about it, Emery!" Julian cheerfully said, earning him a confused gaze from Emery. "You indeed are the best! You avenged my defeat by killing that barbarian." Julian continued chuckling.

"I did what?"

"Shitty roman! You are the one who asked me to kill you! How could you... I did you a favor!" Thrax said rapidly, Emery could clearly sense the emotion behind it.

"I don't remember such thing!" Julian shamelessly replied, waving his hand.

Meanwhile, Emery only stared at the two bickering. One could swear there was a big question mark above his head. Seeing Emery was totally clueless, Chumo approached Emery and whispered, "You killed Thrax."

Upon hearing that, Emery was stunned. Unfortunately, Chumo was still not finished, "You almost killed Klea too."

Emery was confused as he didn't remember any of those. He could only stare towards Klea and said, "I am sorry, Klea. I..."

Before Emery could say anything, a white-haired pale-skinned girl cut him off, "What are you sorry for? You did great, moron!" Silva said, while walking closer to the group. "Just make sure you come to Bloodline Institute to learn how to control those skills you have. Anyway, congratulations for winning first place."

Thanks to Silva's last words, the cat and mouse quickly stopped their bickering and said, "Oh yeah! Congrats Emery!" Emery smiled at their words, he could also see Klea smile and Chumo patting his shoulder.

"What about you all? Did you guys make it to the top 50?"

The cherry atmosphere immediately turned quiet when the question was asked. Before Emery could ask them again, Magus Serena called upon the crowd to stand.

"Now that all ten groups have arrived, let's give them all a huge applause! Congratulations for the 500 best acolytes from the game!"

Right after that, the symbol on Emery's hand started to shine and multiple notifications rapidly appeared.

[Congratulations! You are ranked first place]

[Your total points are 41.000]

[Converting points into contribution points...]

[You have received 41.000 contribution points!]

[Bonus reward for being in the first place]

[You have received 30.000 contribution points!]

[You have received a total of 71.000 contribution points]

Serena was suddenly screaming in excitement checking on the final result.? "Surprise Surprise! Finally, after 10 years, today we have a regular acolyte group to win a game! Such an amazing feat!"

[Group 7 acolyte ranking]

[#1. Emery : 41.000]

[#2. Igor : 38.000]

[#3. Ivar : 36.000]

[#4. Gerri : 36.000]

[#19. Roran : 31.000]

[#20. Silva: 30.000]

[#21. Klea : 30.000]

[#32. Anas : 28.000]

[#34. Malara : 27.000]

[#37. Lymord : 26.000]

[#44. Micah : 24.000]

[#50. Okoye : 22.000]

[Top 50 total points of group 7]

[Regulars: 27 acolytes : 682.000]

[Elite: 23 acolytes : 674.000]

[Congratulations! All 320 participating regular class acolytes of group 7 received 10.000 bonus contribution points]

With all group 7 acolytes receiving them, that's 3,200,000 contribution points in total. Such a huge reward for winning the game.

With that last reward, Emery received a total of 81,000 contribution points. From the last Magus Game, Emery obtained 9,000 contribution points. This time, he nearly earned ten times that amount!

But Emery's happiness immediately dampened when his eye scanned the list of names. He realized that only his name and Klea's were in the list. This meant, not only Julian, but Chumo and Thrax didn't make it the top 50 too.

"Fuck! I am only 1,000 point short!" Thrax cursed when he saw the points the rank 50 acolyte had.

Thrax, Chumo and Julian. Three of his friends didn't make it to the list, while he became the number one. This really gave Emery such a sour taste in his mouth.

Chapter 220: Applaud

After the announcement of congratulations and the rewards, like the first stage of Magus Games, the event would end with the closing speech by Academy's headmaster, Altus Dresden.

From the main podium, together with all the academy's magi and esteemed guests from outside, the headmaster rose from his seat and stomped his staff again, causing a booming sound throughout the arena.

In the blink of an eye, tens of thousands of spectators and the thousands of acolytes in the arena fell silent, awaiting the respected headmaster's words of encouragement.

Seeing the situation was conducive, the headmaster finally opened his mouth, "The second trial was built to test the acolytes' wits and ability, to see beyond just strength and talent. Therefore, I applaud all of you for participating in this event, and especially those who made it to the top 50 ranks."

The headmaster stopped for a brief moment and glanced at the location where the acolytes of group 7 were spawned, "I also want to give special felicitations for the acolytes of group seven, that managed to succeed against the odds and emerge as the winner. Congratulations. That was a very fascinating and entertaining battle. I hope I can see you improve even more."

Emery was startled when he realized the headmaster was staring directly at him and appeared to stop for a second, as if he wanted to say something to him, but decided not to. A moment later, the headmaster took away his stare and continued his speech, "As for the third and last trial, you will all be tested together with the acolytes from the privileged classes."

The headmaster then raised his hand and pointed to one corner of the podium, causing everyone to turn their gazes towards said corner. There sat a few dozens of youths. As if the headmaster's words were the cue, all of them stood up casually, facing down on the thousands of acolytes in the arena.

Stomping his staff again, the headmaster continued his words, "The final trial of Magus Games will be held in ten days. This time, your personal strength will be tested and let it be the final conclusion of who among all of you are the most talented acolytes!"

After saying that, the headmaster finished his speech with the last encouraging words and swiftly stepped back, gesturing to Magus Serena to close the event. With her ever charming and easygoing personality, Magus Serena closed the event with a boisterous applause.

Meanwhile, Emery kept his gaze on the podium, where those 'privileged' were. Even though those youths were around their age, he could feel they exuded such a different aura, much more different compared to those around him. Emery also noticed the expression of some acolytes in the arena changed as well.

Emery spotted one of those youths staring at him. A golden-haired youth with definite features was staring directly at him, he didn't even try to hide his piercing gaze. Realizing Emery was staring at him, the youth raised his hand showing his thumb and slowly rotated it until it became a condescending gesture.

"Damn... more crazy psychos." Emery thought in his head, sighing inwardly. He truly wondered if fate was playing with him, as it prepared more and more opponents for him.

Shortly after the event ended and the acolytes began to disperse, Emery was still lost in his thoughts, thinking how he could win in the first place. While Emery was still pondering, Thrax came over to him.

"Did you hear what the headmaster said, Emery? This time, the third trial will be a simple duel! I am sure you will win it with ease, with that beast mode you have!" Thrax excitedly said while smiling widely.

Emery once again was reminded how this good friend in front of him didn't make it to the top 50 and it was his fault. As if he knew what Emery was thinking, Julian opened his mouth first before Emery could say anything, "Don't worry, Emery. It wasn't your fault we didn't make it to the top 50. It's that bastard Roran's!"

Swiftly supported Julian's words, Thrax said, "Yeah, the roman is right. Anyway, we are probably not elite class material. So, don't think too much of it, Emery. Just make sure you win the last trial and make us proud!"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, you boys now will not be able to come between me and Emery again." Klea teased, returning to her mischievous behaviour.

At that moment, Julian's expression suddenly changed. Following his gaze, Emery and the others found a group of people approaching them. Their expression also changed when they realized who they were. Roran and his lackeys.

"What do you want now?! You treacherous bastard!" Thrax shouted loudly when he saw they weren't stopping.

Roran's betrayal and Emery's last rampage towards their group should make the relationship between them change from friend to foe. However, instead of being angry or anything sort of, Roran was really calm.

Ignoring Thrax's shout, Roran approached Emery and stopped a meter away from him, "I came to congratulate you, Emery. For getting first place." Turning his gaze to others, "And of course, congratulate all of you too."

The straightforward Thrax was always first to respond in this kind of situations. Holding his seething anger and gritting his teeth, Thrax finally opened his mouth, "You sick fuck! Most of us failed because of your doing!"

Julian coldly looked at Roran and calmly said, "Thrax, let the coward say his words."

Roran calmly responded, as if Julian's words didn't affect him, "We did succeed to defeat the elite mostly because of our preparation, wasn't it? Ask yourself this, would you guys have gained better points without the plan?"

Emery and his friends gave the words some thought. No matter if they wanted to deny it or not, it indeed had some truth in it. His intel, the plan did really help them out a lot during the game. But, they still found the betrayal as truly an unacceptable act.

Seeing that they were silent, Roran then continued, "I can only say the plan was set in motion long ago to ensure me and my team got into the elite class."

Unexpectedly, Klea voiced her thought, "So what do you want? Our forgiveness or something?"

Waving his hand and shaking his head, Roran said, "No, no, no. My betrayal was unacceptable. I truly got it! However, if the event could be repeated and I have to choose between the same options, I will gladly do it again."

"What's your point?" Emery cut him off, as he could see Roran was circling around.

"I just want to say I didn't realize you five are... how to say it... unexpected. So, yes... I actually came here to make peace to all of you. Let bygones be bygones, how about that? My Harlight family will become your good ally or your worst enemy really depends on your choice."

"Instead of peace, that sounds like a threat..." Klea replied with a smile that didn't look like a smile.

Roran calmly replied with a smile, "No. It doesn't sound like a threat, it is a threat. But it depends on your choice."

"Just tell us what you want from us!"

"You sure are one interesting feisty girl, aren't you? Alright, I'll tell you all my intention. We, of course, appreciate talents, especially those who are exceptional. Hence, I wish all of you to join our faction."

Upon hearing Roran's words, Emery began to be more curious about this faction stuff.

Thrax answer angrily "We already say no to those Kaleos acolytes. Why the fuck do you think we will accept yours when there's a grudge between us?"

As if he heard the funniest joke, Roran laughed, "Hahaha.. Those Kaleos can't even compare to our Harlight. But yeah, I have said what I wanted to say."

He then shifted his gaze to Julian, "I'll be straightforward... Julian! I am most interested in your talent. I think you will be a great commander in the future. And with you not making it into the elite class, you will need more support than ever, in order to grow."

Emery and the others were startled. It wasn't Klea or Emery who won the first place that Roran was interested in. It was Julian.

"No. Never!"

"It's alright, remember the offer still stands. You and your friends can join us Harlight. Come see me if you change your mind."

After saying that, Roran swiftly left, followed by his lackeys. When Emery and the others thought the matter was over, another person approached the group.

As they saw the person came closer, Emery and the others were confused before they realized who the person was. They almost couldn't recognize her without the mask and her usual costume.

"Lord Izta has returned and wishes to meet all of you right away."