

Earths GMagus 271

Chapter 271: Instructors

When Emery and the others stepped their feet inside the room, the atmosphere instantly turned a little bit colder. Even more so, the moment Emery's group locked eyes with those who had bad experiences and not-so-good intentions towards them.

This particular, distinct hostile aura felt much deeper and stronger from one person: the maniac Lodos. Emery, who realized the aura was completely directed towards him, stared at the man calmly, utterly unfazed by it.

However, it looked like his Thracian friend did not think the same as him, as he complained in a loud voice, "What is his problem?!!"

Gerri, who knew exactly what the problem was, could not hold it anymore and chuckled, "Hahaha! Just imagine! Imagine! Being the number one on the class and then almost being thrown out to regular class because of our Emery here. If you are the one, will you not be angry?" Gerri said, asking the last part to Thrax.

However, Emery cut him off before Thrax could respond to Gerri's question, "Wait a minute, that's not accurate."

"You also helped, Gerri. So why am I the only one to bear the brunt here?"

Hearing that, Gerri laughed and pointed his finger at the black-faced Lodos, "That's right! Don't worry, Emery. You are not alone! Didn't you notice the guy gave me the same weird look he gave you?"

Emery only chuckled lightly in response.

Thrax who finally remembers who Lodos was said, "Ahhh! I remember who he is! But... isn't that guy not supposed to be in this class?! He lost in the game!" Thrax commented, which caused Lodos' face turned even more ugly when he heard that.

"Is he receiving the same privilege as us?" Thrax continued, while turning his head to Emery for confirmation. The problem was, his voice was too big. As a result, several gazes landed on Thrax, curious about what he meant.

Gerri, who was also curious, led the pack as he asked the question, "Privilege? What privilege?"

Realizing the bull would spill the beans, Julian quickly intervened, "Shhhh... Yes, very good, Thracian. Why don't you just tell everyone? Just tell the world about our special privilege and let's see how friendly? they are gonna be with us!" Julian said, while pulling the bull and whispering the last part.

Julian and Chumo both glared Thrax with a death stare, because he blabbered about the privilege he received. After all, the two of them also received the same privilege from the headmaster.

Gerri and some of the elite acolytes approached and introduced themselves to Emery and the others. They would be classmates from now on and forging friendly relationships would always be better than hostile ones.

Evidently, the acolytes' main interest were Emery and Klea, as one could see the two of them getting swarmed by the others' introductions. All this happened due to the fact that the two managed to reach the final stage of the Magus Games.

"Hello, beautiful. You can call me Gerri and I am at your service." Gerri shamelessly said, while grabbing Klea's hand and kissed the back of it.

Unexpectedly, Emery noticed it was Anas who was bothered by Gerri's extremely bold act. After thinking it for a moment, Emery realized the man had been eyeing Klea since the first day of academy, after all.

Looking away from Gerri's unscrupulous act, Emery scanned the entire class and realized there were only 50 acolytes here. It meant an elite class only had half the number acolytes of a regular class.

This time, it looked like it would be easier to get along with the class as Emery and his friends already had a reputation of their own. Their current situation could truly not be compared to the first time they entered the Magus Academy. They were a nobody back then.

Of course, there were still people who eyed them with hostility. In response, Emery could only shrug his shoulders and ignore those people, as one could not really get along with everyone. It was simply an impossible matter, no matter how good and perfect a person was. Emery was sure there would always be people who did not like him and find his existence as an eyesore.

Afterwards, a few figures walked into the room. All of them exuded the same aura as Magus Minerva, which meant they were probably magus-level instructors. However, Emery was attracted to one of them in particular, the person who stood at the front, a dark-skinned burly man with many scars visible on his face that gave off an even greater aura than the rest.

When the group arrived, everyone in the room immediately turned quiet and Magus Minerva began to introduce them.

"Everyone, this is Grand Magus Aimon, he is this Class head instructor." Magus Minerva said, pointing at the burly man.

Grand Magus Aimon nodded his head, "Welcome to the Elite Class 7. First of all, congratulations for being chosen to enter an elite class. You all will be instructed by me and these magus beside me for the next 2 months."

Minerva gave Aimon a piece of parchment and the grand magus looked at it for a while before saying, "50 acolytes, with 15 of them being upgraded from regular... This is a new record."

Grand Magus Aimon then tore his gaze away from the parchment and said, "Before we began, I have to say something and I will only say this one time."

Everyone unconsciously straightened their backs as well as perked their ears when they heard the esteemed magus wanted to say something.

Sweeping his sharp gaze through the room, he said, "I don't care where you come from nor who you were before. When you are in my class, I only care what you will become tomorrow. I want to see progress. Do you all understand?"

"Yes! We understand!" everyone said together, except Emery and the other regular acolytes who only said yes. From the looks of others, Emery guessed they probably already knew about this grand magus before.

Fortunately, the grand magus did not seem to mind their lack of answer.

"Now for those who are new here, I will introduce your instructors."

"Magus Nayla will be your Spirit Reading and Control Instructor."

"Magus Rommy will be your Combat Instructor."

"Magus Clio will be your Universe Lore Instructor."

"Magus Minerva will be your Ethic and Principles Instructor."

Even though Emery and his friends were quite excited to have 5 magus as their instructors, they could not help but be dumbfounded hearing Magus Minerva would be the one who taught the ethics.

"Over the next 60 days, the schedule will be divided into ten days of rotation, during which you will all first go through the compulsory 5-day training led by us in this facility. After that, you are free to do whatever you want for the remaining five days."

"That means all of you will have 6 meetings with each of us, meetings I don't want you to miss! Do you all understand?"

"Yes! We understand!" Everyone shouted, this time louder as Emery and the others ex-regular acolytes followed the mass.

"Now, to make sure all of you are motivated, I will give out several of this to the most outstanding acolytes." Grand Magus Aimon said, taking out an object from his ring, an object that Emery was very familiar with, a Spirit Foundation Pill.

Emery could clearly see the eyes of many acolytes glistening with anticipation. After all, the pill was the most effective method to increase the realm after reaching rank 7.

"Now, all of you will follow me. I will let you all see the facilities the academy has provided for the elite class."

All 50 acolytes quickly followed the grand magus, walking through a hallway that was guarded by dozens of knights. They continued to walk until they finally came out of the building and stepped into a big balcony that provided a view of the whole island.

"This island, Island 7, will be your home for the next 60 days."

Emery then realized there was a group of acolytes, about hundred, on the other side of the balcony. They were wearing a slightly different uniform compared to him. He then realized they were third year acolytes.

Chapter 272: New Home

Their new home was located in an island paradise. All around them, there were only works of nature that seemed to be unsullied by human hands. Trees grew and formed dense forests stretching like a lush green carpet, hills stood proud in the horizon and the distinct sounds of the ocean waves could also be heard. Sometimes, refreshing winds also carried the scent of salt from the sea.

Minerva spoke next, "There are 50 estates all over the island and the place you will stay in will have your name. You don't need to worry. All the estates will be heavily guarded, so you don't need to think about anything except your own training."

Emery looked at his surroundings, taking in the view of this so-called secret base. It seemed the beautiful living area and the full-time security were to let them focus exclusively on the training. It was part of the privileges granted to those in the elite class.

As an elite, they bore the burden of future generations and the safety of the universe of men. The heavy security was not only done to allow the elites to train and focus, it was also done to prevent infiltration by the enemy.

Besides the luxurious villas reserved for students and the dozens of training grounds scattered throughout the place, there were also several buildings made for weapon practice, filled with all kinds of weapons from the entire universe.

One of the most important buildings was the virtual training facility. With the machines they provided, Emery had the chance to practice against any kind of enemy, just like the orcs during his first game or the duel in the virtual environment in the second game.

For duel training purposes, that's where the third year acolytes were involved. There were 100 third year acolytes available for duel, all part of the facility. Most of them were tier 7 acolytes, some were even tier 8 acolytes.

It was the acolytes' duties to be the elite class practice match. When the elites gave them a challenge, they were forced to accept. Although these third years were also at rank 7, they had more experience making them ideal for practice.

Anas saw Emery look at those third year acolytes and explained. "When you're too content with yourself to grow more and pass your limits, this is what will happen. All those acolytes are those who have the lowest progress among the third years, and their fate is to become a plaything of the strong. They are little more than training objects here."

Grand Magus Aimon called for their attention, and all the eyes turned towards him in curiosity while the talking noises quieted down. When he was sure everyone was paying attention, he began to explain about the terms for receiving spirit foundation pills as reward.

"I am sure you are all already familiar with this pill." Grand Magus Aimon opened a small, beautifully carved wooden box, revealing a tiny white pill inside. "If you want to get more than one, you can do it through duels."

The Grand Magus explained that during the period of 60 days, duel challenges could be made. If an elite acolyte could beat 10 of the third year facility acolytes, they would be eligible to receive one pill. If they beat 50 facility acolytes, they would receive a second pill and a third pill for defeating them all.

"The second way to get the pill was by doing really well in the written exams" added the grand magus.

The acolytes did not react when the Grand Magus talked about dueling, but when the topic shifted to written exams, shocked gasps and murmurs could be heard from them.

Emery listened to the explanation and steeled his heart. Indeed, all the challenge options were not easy, but it was understandable as the spirit foundation pills were very precious and obtaining one of them should be worth the effort.

Emery remembered again his low spirit aptitude rank. He really needs these pills more than the other acolytes. Determination welled up in his heart, his desire to catch up and even surpass all his peers was strengthened even more.

The explanation was done within minutes and the learning schedules were distributed. Grand Magus Aimon bid his farewell and went away, letting the other four magus be in charge of the island.

4 magus and a grand magus, all in charge of overseeing the training and progress of 50 elite acolytes. For comparison, in the regular class, there was only one magus to oversee 100 regular acolytes. It was such a stark difference, even more in the privileged class who was said to have a supreme magus as instructors. Thinking about privileged class, Emery was reminded of Silva and Roran, who had managed to get in.

The class gathering was over and some of the acolytes had started to walk away to their personal estate, while others decided to stay and discuss about trying out the virtual machine for duel. Some talked about wanting to try dueling the third year acolytes as soon as possible.

Emery himself also thought the same, his last few opponents are just so strong, and he really has an itch to fight someone else to compare. Emery was about to choose his opponent when a figure approached him.

"Don't you dare fight anyone else before fighting me first." A familiar voice called out from behind. Concerned, Emery tilted his head slightly.

It was Lodos the Maniac. His eyes still reflected his insanity, but this time, it was mixed with anger instead of glee.

"You! I challenge you to a real one-on-one duel, right here and right now!"

Emery gulped when he saw the rage reflected in Lodos' eyes. He knew if he did not accept, Lodos would never leave him alone. It would be better for him in the long run if he accepted the challenge.

"I accept!" said Emery in confidence

Lodos was one of the hardest acolytes he ever fought and previously the only reason he won was with the help of Gerri and Silva. He wishes to see how much has he improved since.

Chapter 273: Progress

"You lower realm scum." Lodos smirked, extended his index finger and motioned for Emery to come closer. "If you dare, fight me in a real environment. No more of that virtual bullshit like in the games!" He shouted.

The commotion caused all the other acolytes still around to look in their direction and gather around them. Everyone seemed to think this would be the start of a very interesting fight.

Before the second game, Lodos was known as the strongest acolyte among them. Now, thanks to winning the game, Emery could actually be considered the new champion among the elites. He was even supposed to be the privilege class after all.

"Kekeke, interesting! We're getting a first-grade entertainment show on our first day!" One acolyte from the crowd sneered.

When Emery was about to open his mouth and announce his decision, Julian squeezed his shoulder and shook his head. "Don't. He is trying to rile you up and you are allowed to refuse a non-virtual challenge."

Emery sighed. He was certainly not afraid, but what worried him was the fact that losing or winning this sudden challenge would just add more hate than what was already directed towards him, that alone made him reluctant to accept. In addition, he wasn't sure how the instructor would react to this kind of fight.

Seeing Emery's hesitation, Lodos started taunting again. "I knew it. You're just a coward who doesn't deserve the title of champion."

All of a sudden, a figure appeared out of thin air in between them. Magus Rommy, the instructor of combat, stood before the two, causing both to take a step back. The magus looked at the two of them before announcing. "You are not allowed to fight outside the virtual simulation..."

The announcement made some of the gathered acolytes sigh in disappointment and some even turned around to leave, knowing the interesting fight would not happen anytime soon. Unexpectedly the magus has not yet finished his words.

"... Unless there is a magus around to oversee your fight." Magus Rommy gave a wicked smile. Right after he said that, the acolytes who started to leave turned back and cheered.

Magus Rommy stood aside, looked at both Emery and Lodos, and announced. "However, you both have to remember, no killing! A good acolyte must be able to control their powers when they fight and both of you must understand when to stop. If your opponent dies, you will be expelled from the academy, do you understand?!"

Emery only nodded without answering, before preparing his defensive stance.

Lodos gave a wicked grin that seemed slightly too wide, causing some of the acolytes to look at him with an unsettled expression. "I definitely won't kill you... But by the time I'm done, you'll wish you died right here."

It was their second fight and Emery knew from experience that going after Lodos directly would be detrimental. He quickly used [Shadow Mist] to let a dense black fog cover the area, before using [Blink] to avoid Lodos' signature gravity spell, [Pull Down].

As expected, the confused Lodos gritted his teeth and shouted. "Argh, you damned slippery bastard!"

Lodos gripped the air hard and the range of his gravity spell increased. The whole fifty meters area cleared for their fight was affected by the spell, causing Emery's whole body to feel like a heavy rock was

attached to him. Moving his limb even a little felt like such a herculean task and he found himself slowed down considerably.

Just like Emery, Lodos' experience in their first fight taught him to not play around when battling against Emery. While Emery tried to shake off the pull of his gravity spell, Lodos cast [Shadow Needle]. Dark energy started to gather and coalesce up on the sky, before splitting to form a dozen pitch black needles oozing a dark fog with its every movement. Lodos lifted his hand up and pointed towards Emery.

Like rain upon stones, the needles all dashed down towards Emery from all directions, his trapped state made him an easy target for the fast-moving needles. Lodos merely stared at his handiwork, ready to savor his victory against the lower realm acolyte who dared to defeat him before.

Emery's friends shouted in concern, knowing that such a powerful attack would be dangerous to him.

Splat!

Emery was unable to dodge, and all the needles successfully pierced Emery's body from all directions. Even through the dense fog, Klea was still able to see Emery being turned into a human pincushion and she shouted in anguish.

"Hahaha! As I thought, you're just the champion of trash! You can't even take one attack from me without the help of others, huh?" Lodos boasted and savored the sight of Emery being covered in needles. The wound from the needles dripped some blood on the ground.

With the black fog limiting his vision, it took Lodos a few seconds to realize that, even though Emery was turned into a human pincushion, there were only droplets of blood on the ground instead of a puddle.

As if to answer his question, a shout resounded from behind the black needles.

"Aaaaaarrggh!"

Battle art [Immortal Gate: Stage 4]

Cracks started to form on the black needles, before every single one of them broke and dissipated into nothing at the same time. The broken needles revealed the green layer from the [Jade Skin] spell Emery used at the last second.

Emery had greatly improved since their last fight. The tier 4 [Jade Skin] he used to defend was a level higher than the [Granite Skin]. Though Lodos' needles were still able to wound him, this time they were not enough to pierce his defense entirely.

In addition, with his new stage 4 battle arts, Emery had enough strength to break through Lodos' gravity spells.

"Impossible...!" Lodos shouted and pushed both of his palms together. The pull of his gravity spell increased and once again, Emery found himself pinned to the ground, unable to move.

If the previous spells made Emery feel like there was a heavy boulder on his body, this one made him feel like his shoulders were magnetically pinned to the ground and nailed down with bolts. But, despite the hopeless situation, Emery did not panic. He started to get up with all his strength, walked a few steps closer and gripped his wrist with his left hand to cast his strongest spell.

[Dark Matter]

Lodos screamed in frantic rage upon watching Emery starting to stand up. He casted more [Dark Needles], raining down more attacks on Emery, but Emery was unperturbed and continued to walk closer towards him.

"No! No fucking way!"

Seeing Emery still able to walk, Lodos started to panic. He casted [Pull Up] and slowly floated away from the ground.

Emery didn't want to just let him fly high. He used his bloodline ability [Fey Transformation Stage 1] to both of his feet, causing gray fur to start appearing all over both of his legs. The boost in speed and strength was enough for Emery to break out of the gravity spell. Not wanting to waste the chance, Emery casted [Blink], appeared right above Lodos' head, and crashed the black energy ball in his hand right towards Lodos.

Crack!

With just one hit, Lodos' strong defensive spell was destroyed. Emery followed through his attack with a strong punch to Lodos' face.

Bam!

Lodos was thrown back to the ground, spitting out blood.

Before he was able to move, Emery landed right in front of him with his sword pointed towards Lodos' neck.

"Stop the fight!" Magus Rommy clapped his hand and declared. "The winner is Emery!"

Emery sighed upon hearing the announcement, sheathed his sword and offered his hand to Lodos to help him get up.

However, Lodos slapped Emery's hand hard before jumping back up by himself.

"I can't accept this result! Magus Rommy, let me have a rematch."

"Request rejected. You'll just repeat the same result." The magus shook his head. "Lodos, your opponent here is not the same opponent you faced in the second game. He has trained himself between each fight and has improved progressively, while you... You are too proud to practice, to realize you haven't improved at all since your last game."

Lodos was stunned. Before the game, he was proud of his status as the strongest acolyte. So he never felt the need to improve as his spells were enough to dominate everyone else. He was unable to say anything in retaliation and he decided to give a silent nod to the magus before leaving the arena.

Afterwards, Magus Rommy approached Emery, looked at him up and down, and said. "Emery, your spirit core is probably the best among all the rank 7 acolytes here, but your poor aptitude and dark core is detrimental to you. If you can't keep up with your progress, in the third year Lodos would be able to overpower you easily. Do you understand, Emery?"

"Yes, Magus. I understand." Emery nodded.

Chapter 274: Estate

The short yet impressive fight between Emery and Lodos surely had quite the impact among the other acolytes, causing several amazed praises. He himself felt a little bit happy when he managed to defeat the damn maniac by himself.

However, Magus Rommy's words quickly poured cold water on his smugness, as his words reminded Emery of his problem, a problem that cast stormy clouds over his head.

After the rematch against Lodos, Emery was honestly a little bit exhausted. It was probably caused by the sudden boost he used in the fight, which his body still was not accustomed to. Hence, he decided to take a quick rest in the luxurious estate assigned to him.

All four of his friends decided to do the same. The group approached one of the senior acolytes in charge and asked for the location of their allocated estates. Fortunately, all five of them received estates close to each other.

Before they were able to leave for their new accommodation, the senior acolyte offered them some kind of transportation device.

Emery said his gratitude before he proceeded to check the object in his hand. It was a rectangular-shaped object, looking like a stepping mat and made of an unknown metal. Moreover, it was able to float in the air by command!

"This is so amazing and weird at the same time!" Emery muttered. At the moment, he truly wanted to break the object apart, to see what made it float like that. However, Emery swiftly dumped the ludicrous thought away, as he believed what awaited him would only be failure and scraps of metal.

All five of them swiftly climbed up the mat-like device, one device for each of them. They flew on top of the object through the air, enjoying the refreshing breeze blowing at their bodies together.

Of course, they did not let go of this chance to race with each other. Thrax was the only one who could not control it properly, which earned him a generous amount of teasing from the others along the way.

The moment they arrived at their destination, the five of them immediately separated and went towards their own estate.

Emery walked through the brick road that gave off a rustic feeling, until he reached the place where his estate was supposed to be. Lifting his head, he saw a large houses about five times the size of the previous accommodation provided for him during his time in the regular class. There were also a few small houses around it. It was the whole complex for himself.

Emery stood there, unmoving, his mouth opened. Once again, he was dumbfounded by the sheer bias the academy showed. Suppressing the indignation inside his heart, he walked into the estate with the goal of checking his new place.

He once tried to guess the facilities and amenities the academy would provide for their 'exceptional' elite acolyte, but at the moment, Emery knew his estimations were still low, he totally underestimated the academy.

The moment his eyes saw the front door, Emery noticed there were four figures standing in front of the door, as if waiting for someone. Surprisingly, the academy had given him two guards and two female attendant.

Emery was quite overwhelmed when the four bowed and greeted him with such fervor. The two guards have an aura that doesn't seem weaker than him, while the two females attendant although doesn't seem like a fighter, they are both beautiful.

Not sure what to do with them, Emery walked through the front door and looked over the window across him, he noticed there was a large courtyard in the back of the estate. He made a round through the estate. He was amazed by the extravagance the academy provided for its elite acolytes.

Supposedly, the two guards and female attendants had their own room in the estate, which would allow them to help his every need during his time in the estate. Hearing that, Emery truly did not know what to say anymore.

One of the female attendants smiled brightly and emphasized the word 'every need' when spoke while the other also nodded in reprise. Emery only shook his head, unwilling to comment on the matter.

He was about to dismiss them when a female attendant gave him a box. Giving the attendant a questioning gaze, she only answered with, "It's the elite acolyte welcoming package."

She then told Emery the box would need his palm to be opened. Hence, he did so.

Emery placed his palm over the box cover and it immediately opened with a clank. Inside, he saw a set of new uniforms and a small wooden box he could recognize with a glance.

Emery opened the box and smiled when he saw its content, a Spirit Foundation Pill. This probably was the one mentioned by Magus Xion, the reward given to those who entered the elite class. As for the uniform, it was apparently not just a uniform, it came with a protective barrier just like the protective artifacts.

He closed the box and went into his personal room. Emery then sat in a cross-legged position, staring at the box. His mind was full of thoughts.

Recalling Magus Rommy's words, Emery knew he had to plan his remaining time in the academy efficiently in order to reach his maximum progress.

5 days of mandatory training and 5 days of free training for the next 60 days.

Emery quietly gathered his thoughts, and finally decided what he had to do for the next 2 months.

First, Emery would go to the Moon Rave Gathering held by the Wolf Bloodline during his free training days this week. After that, the next important thing he needed to take care of would be the Apothecary Exam for his Rank 3 advancement, which would be held next month.

Other than that, Emery also planned to meet Magus Xion, training his spells and combat abilities. As for the remaining time, he would be training in the origin stone room, trying to increase his cultivations.

Glazing over the plan in his mind, Emery nodded his head. It seemed to be a solid plan to spend his 60 days.

Emery then remembered that there was still the item Killgraga wanted him to find, which he still had no idea where it was at the moment. He would need to ask around about it later, without raising any suspicion. After all, the last thing he needed were eyes watching his every move.

After making up his mind, he finally got out of the room and noticed the sun was about to set. Hence, he wished to rest his somewhat exhausted body. However, he suddenly heard a knock from his front door.

Emery walked over and opened the door, only to find Klea in her nightgown. He was startled by the sudden visit.

"What is it, Klea?"

Chapter 275: Night Visit

"Hey, Emery! I came to see your new house." Klea flashed a smile and explained.

"Huh?" Emery glanced back to the room behind him before answering. "I thought everyone gets the same-..."

Before Emery could finish his words, Klea pushed the door open and walked into Emery's residence.

"Aw, come on, let me have a look around, will you?" Klea walked inside and teased. "I can't believe you're such a bad host!?" With each measured step, she glanced at random directions as if searching for something.

Emery was still dumbfounded, but he decided to stay silent and just follow her around. After she stopped, Emery gathered the courage to ask. "Why are you here, Klea?"

Klea turned her body to look at him, winked, and answered. "I am here to check if you are being naughty and played around with the pretty attendant."

"..."

The only answer Emery was able to give was a stunned silence. He took a deep breath, sighed, and looked around the room. "Of course I'm not going to do that... You can see with your own eyes, no ones here..."

"She's not? Then, you wouldn't mind if I check your bedroom?" Klea asked. Though there was a playful edge to her question, her eyes conveyed nothing but seriousness. Emery found himself unable to answer yet again.

Emery was not someone who would exploit anyone below him just like that. He'd like to believe he did not break any of his personal moral code during his time in this place. However, before he could say anything to defend himself, Klea had already rushed to his room, opened the bedroom door, and walked inside.

Emery chased her through the door and said in a slightly more irritated voice. "Klea, really, no one is here-"

Before he could finish, he saw Klea already sitting cross-legged on the edge of his bed. Klea wore a simple white nightgown with nothing underneath and her sitting position gave Emery full view of her thighs. She was only covered with a short, almost transparent dress...

Emery gulped, trying to calm his nerves, and said.

"You... You see? There's no one... here..."

"She isn't here right now, right? But Emery, people are calling you the famous savage acolyte." Klea smiled and bit her bottom lip. "What would you become at night, I wonder?"

Emery felt like his throat seized up and he decided to shake his head as an answer against the accusation. He took deep breaths, calmed himself and asked. "Then, tell me, how can I make you believe me?"

Klea smirked. It seemed Emery finally asked the right question.

"It's decided then!" Klea said. "I'll be here staying with you."

For the umpteenth time that night, Emery found himself being stunned into silence. Aside from the sudden proposal, Emery was worried about her being too forthcoming. Deep down, he had considered this possibility and he knew the answer, but he still found himself stuttering.

"Klea, no... That is... Not appropriate... I can't allow it..."

Klea frowned and glared at him, before jumping down from the bed and walking closer. She was a bit shorter than him, but Emery found himself suppressing a shudder coming down his spine from her stare.

"Emery, we've been so busy with the game... I am sure you already have big plans prepared for tomorrow and you'd be occupied again for who knows how long, right?"

"Y-yeah... that is true..." Emery could feel his heartbeat going faster with each second. His heartbeat felt like it was echoing right inside his ear and his hands started to dampen from sweat. Klea's gaze was unrelenting and resolute.

"Tell me, Emery... When can we finish our discussion, then?"

Klea's emphasis on 'discussion' made Emery gulp, his thoughts flashing back to the time they were so close and got interrupted. There was also the time she was drunk. He reminded her soft, cherry lips touched his, how her soft hands caressed him... Was this one more of her teasing, or was this really what she wished for?

Of course, as the son of a low-ranked noble, Emery was educated in the matters of relationship, but while he had the theory down, he had no one to explain it to him in detail.

In other words, his knowledge was incomplete and he has no experience.

He had heard of noble kids talking about their first time, even though they were much younger than him. Though he had felt a little bit jealous, he always considered himself too young for such frivolities and he would prefer to wait until he had his future secured.

Emery's wandering thoughts allowed Klea to come closer and now her face was merely inches away from him, allowing Emery to feel her breath tickling his face.

"Silly Emery, what are you thinking?" Klea smiled, her lips conveying glee and mischief. They were so close now and Emery could smell the alluring scent from her skin. Before he managed to control himself, Emery looked down the skin of her neck down to her breasts.

It was clear from afar the nightgown did not cover much of her. But now that they were close, Emery was able to see how flimsy the fabric covering her was.

Emery felt his blood boil, his face started to burn and he tried to gulp again even as his mouth felt as dry as a desert. The desire flared up from his heart, sending warmth down to his groin and urging him to take advantage of this moment.

Though a part of him was happy, another part of him screamed.

This was scarier than fighting the mightiest dragon.

Klea pulled him closer and whispered to his ear. Her hair tickled Emery's skin and her hot breath fanned his ear.

"Emery, do you want to know a secret?"

"Yes...?"

Emery cursed himself. His self-control was slipping away.

"I've never done it before... I want you... to be my first time."

Klea stopped pulling him down, took one step back and closed her eyes, allowing Emery full view of her body. With gentle movements, she touched her shoulders and removed the straps of her nightgown.

It was then, Emery realized, they had reached a point of no return. Nothing and no one can save him now

Chapter 276: No Turning Back**

Emery could not deny that Klea was a gorgeous woman and her standing naked right in front of him, with both her hands teasingly covering her private areas made his blood boil.

He was trapped in a moral dilemma, his body no longer responded to his commands. This felt way worse than when he was bound and made unable to move by Lodos' powerful gravity spells. How could such a gesture be more powerful than magic?

A few palpable moments of silence passed and the situation was getting even more uncomfortable.

"Come on, Emery, be a man! Act like it!" He muttered to himself. He wished he could borrow a little bit of power from his bloodline, if only he let himself go and followed his instincts to ravish the beautiful creature offering herself in front of him.

Oddly, instead of being angry, Klea moved her arms and started helping Emery remove his own clothes.

He felt her trembling arms on him and realized Klea's confidence was decreasing by the second. Though he had no experience, Emery knew he had made the terrible mistake of making her feel even more embarrassed.

When Klea was halfway through helping him take off his clothes, Emery grabbed her arm, picked her up with both arms and slowly laid her down on his bed.

There was no turning back now.

Emery mustered as much confidence as he could and took off his clothes before moving on top of her.

Klea closed her eyes, their faces were just a few inches away from each other.

Emery started kissing her earlobe, giving it a gentle nibble, before going down and kissing the pulse of her neck softly and lovingly.

He caressed her body, feeling the soft skin under his touch.

As much as he tried to keep his composure, Emery's face started to redden the more he heard Klea's moans and he decided to kiss her on her cherry red lips. When their lips met, it was as if a spark connected the two of them and their tongues intertwined with each other in a dance for dominance.

They continued the kiss until they could barely breathe.

When they finally separated from each other, a trail of saliva followed them.

For Emery, this was like exploring an unknown territory. However, instead of fear, what he felt was admiration for the woman below him and overwhelming happiness and excitement for himself.

Emery gathered his courage and started caressing Klea's body again. His deft fingers played with her fingers, while his right hand touched her cheek. Klea let out a trembling moan in response-

"Stop!"

In an instant, the spell was broken.

The shocked Emery winced and removed his hand away from her.

With a mix of shock and burgeoning guilt, he looked at her and asked. "What...? Why?"

Klea turned around to the side, covered herself with the bedsheets and trembled. Her breathing sounded uneven and she bit her lip to calm herself before she managed to answer.

"Wha... did... did I do wrong?" Emery asked again, but Klea refused to look at him and he felt the pang of guilt in his heart intensify even more. Though he felt the abrupt loss of the connection they shared in that moment, he was more concerned about the woman in front of him, the beautiful woman he counted among his friends.

Finally, Klea looked at him and gave out a strained laugh, tears sliding down her face.

"Hah.. Silly Emery... How do I know If you did right or wrong?" She wiped a tear from the corner of her eye.

"Then... Tell me, why?"

Klea took a deep breath, closed her eyes and shook her head before answering. "I... I'm sorry, Emery... I don't think... I am ready."

Emery was stunned into silence.

"No, uh... I'm sorry... It's not you... I'm really bad at-." Klea stuttered. It was rare for the usually confident woman to be stunned like this. "I'm sorry, Emery... Please, don't be mad at me."

"No, Klea." Emery shook his head. "It's alright... I am not angry."

"Again, Emery, I am sorry... It's just that... I want it to be with you, but..."

"What do you mean?"

Klea calmed herself down, took a few deep breaths and began to explain her story.

She was the daughter of the pharaoh, and though she grew with everything she would ever need within her beck and call, she had to live with some expectations put on her since her birth. Most recently, her father had forced her to do her duty, marry her brother and provide a new heir for the dynasty.

She had agreed to marry her brother, but she had been avoiding the second part of the duty since then. She knew that when she returned, she would not have the chance to avoid it again.

Tears started to run down her face.

"What a crazy family... Isn't it, Emery?"

Emery patted her head and wiped the tears from her face with his fingers.

"Emery, I really like you and I want you to be my first... not that stupid brother of mine... But, I can't help but feel like we are doing this for the wrong reasons... Are we, Emery? Please, tell me what to do," Klea continued.

Emery could only hug her and stroke her hair. As much as he wished for the answer to come to him, it won't change the fact he knew nothing about her exact situation.

But, he was a noble. He knew and even experienced some of what Klea told him.

"Klea, remember... You are beautiful, you are strong, you are an amazing girl. People can force you to do something, but in the end, you can choose to do or not do it. You are the only one who can decide your own fate," Emery said.

Klea looked down without answering, but after a few seconds, her gaze started to brighten a little and her body stopped trembling. She looked up, met Emery's gaze and said.

"Thank you, Emery... I know what I should do now." Klea smiled and kissed him on his cheeks. "As for what happened just now... I feel really bad, if you... if you really want to, let's continue,... Err what do you think...?"

Emery let out a long sigh, kissed Klea on her forehead and rose up from the bed to retrieve his clothes on the floor.

"It's okay... Have a good night, Klea."

Emery put on his clothes and started to walk away from the room.

"Wait!" Klea called out. "Though we're not doing it... I am still going to live here with you!"

"..."

Emery forced a smile before going out of the room and head to the other bedroom

Chapter 277: Lectures

Emery kept finding himself being stirred awake during the night thanks to his thoughts running wild.

Before he managed to calm himself and drift off to a peaceful sleep, the sun rose and the birds outside started to sing. In his partially-awake state, he heard the noises of plates and sizzling oil from right outside his bedroom.

He rubbed his tired eyes, stretched his body and jumped off from his bed. Though he still felt tired, he forced himself to stay awake and peek outside.

He saw Klea setting a few plates on the kitchen table, while two pans wafted an amazing aroma throughout the room. It seemed she was preparing breakfast for him.

Sensing someone staring at her, Klea turned around and saw Emery peeking out from the bedroom door. When she saw Emery's tired face, she smiled and said. "Morning!"

She turned off fire from the machine, walked closer to Emery and pulled him out from the room before leading him towards the dining table. "Come here and sit, I'm cooking breakfast right now... Actually cooking from scratch, mind you, not like that artificial thing. Sit down and wait, I got this."

Emery picked the chair on the left and sat while watching her serve some food from afar. He knew that Klea was trying hard to act like nothing happened last night. Even though his curiosity was urging him to bring it up, he shook his head to get rid of the thought. It was probably for the best.

While he watched her, a few voices shouted from outside and Emery looked at the window. Right as he stood up and decided to look for the source of the voices, his attendant walked into the kitchen and told him some guests were looking for him.

"Ah, right! Emery, I invited the others here. Enjoying good food with friends is the best!"

Emery nodded at the attendant and she walked out to open the door for them. Julian, Chumo and Thrax all came barging in. When they saw Klea busy preparing breakfast, they looked at Emery and practically grinned from ear to ear.

"Come on, everyone, sit down and enjoy." Klea said, while walking with two plates on hand. She walked back to the kitchen two more times and sat after everyone got a plate in front of them.

The smell of the food made them even hungrier, but it seemed Thrax's curiosity overpowered even his hunger. He sat next to Emery and touched Emery's shoulder. "So! Tell us, are you two a thing now?"

Chumo's eyes practically bulged out from its sockets. Though the question shocked him, it was clear he was thinking about it since before the three of them walked in.

Emery had no answer and unconsciously he looked at Klea for help. Klea walked towards Emery, hugged him from the back, and answered. "I'm afraid not... Emery here was being a gentleman though, he let me stay here."

Klea gave him a soft kiss on his cheek before returning to her seat.

Klea's actions only made the three of them even more confused, or four including Emery. An awkward silence followed, before Emery forced himself to smile and say. "Hey, everyone, let's eat. Thanks for... preparing the food for us Klea"

The moment they started eating, it was like their questions disappeared into the nether. Julian started talking about his plans for the next 60 days and reminded everyone to always share any information they have and what method they use to progress in their training. In the end, they promised to always meet up at the beginning of each 10-days interval.

The five finished their meal, stacked the plates and went to today's first scheduled class with the flying mat.

They arrived at their first class while the place was still almost empty. They waited and talked a bit while the class started to fill.

Magus Nayla tapped her finger on the table and everyone instantly quieted. The class was about to start.

The lecture for today was about spirit reading and spirit control. According to her explanation, all magus possess the talent to do a spirit reading, but usually those with light element affinity would have the most advantage. Spirit reading could be used to enchant an object to move according to the caster's will or used on a person to let the caster feel the target's power and perhaps even influence them, if they were weak-willed.

The spell could also be cast on an animal or a creature to let the caster control them.

Emery and all his friends listened intently during the two-hour lecture. The lecture was followed with a coaching session where every student could try out their spirit reading capabilities under the supervision of Magus Nayla.

Within one hour, Emery and his friends were all able to lift a small rock using solely the spirit energy without the need to use any earth element spirit. The rock was directed to float around. Among them, Klea showed the most promise. Meanwhile, among the entire class, Anas, from the Kaleos group, attracted the most attention from the Magus, showing great talent.

After half a day of mandatory class, most acolytes would choose to start their duel challenges. On that first day, on average the 50 elite acolytes were able to win against one or two third-year acolytes.

Before they knew it, day turned into night and Klea returned back to Emery's place again. It seemed she was really serious about living with him.

They ate dinner together and talked about their respective homes back on earth. After what happened yesterday, it appeared Klea was able to speak more openly to him, both of them started to feel more comfortable towards each other.

With that, the first day came to a close and the second day had begun. Their class for that day was a lecture on Magus Ethics and Principles and their instructor was Magus Minerva. Just like the previous day, everyone concentrated on her lecture, eager to not miss even a single moment.

They studied examples of what a magus represents to each of their worlds and the difference between a magus actively involved in the society and a passive one, who focused on their personal cultivation growth, and advancement without a care for the world's political directions.

In the last half of the class, Magus Minerva talked about the restrictions placed on the acolytes from each world and explained the dangers acolytes posed to their world without the restriction.

In short, if a world goes through an accelerated evolution, the inhabitants would be exposed to dangers before they weren't ready for, while a natural evolution process would prevent that from happening.

Magus Minerva explained by giving an example of a caveman that was given a projectile weapon. Without the wisdom or restraint on using such weapon, it would only create a bigger catastrophe. The fact was: the wisdom of civilization could only be nurtured through a phase of time.

Hearing magus Minerva's explanation gave Emery and the others a new image toward the magus.

On the third day, they had a lecture from Magus Clio about their roles in the universal order. They talked about the history of animosity between humans and elves, the nine world, and each of their challenges. Most of the lecture was something they could learn from the database in their symbol, but the explanation helped them understand and summarize the information more efficiently.

The fourth day rolled in. When everyone came into the class, they saw Magus Rommy, the supervisor of Emery's match against Lodos several days before, already waiting.

On that day, they did not have any theory-based session. Magus Rommy ordered them to sit along the edges of the room, creating an empty space in the middle. One by one, the acolytes were called and Magus Rommy made each acolyte do a practice combat against him, before teaching them what to improve.

The enthusiasm was palpable. Everyone was eagerly waiting for their turn to receive their own personal coaching and see the faults in their fighting styles in order to improve themselves.

Emery came back tired that day, having done combat practice and defeated two acolytes for their duel challenge.

On the fifth day, they were split into groups and each were given challenges to complete. The class focused on training teamwork, and thus, each acolyte was assigned into a random group.

Emery's group finished the project without a hitch and continued the duel challenge progress by defeating a few more acolytes. Thanks to his hard work, Emery, along with Klea, were able to defeat their first 10 acolytes and receive a reward in the form of a familiar carved box containing a spirit foundation pill. As he already had a plan in mind, Emery decided to store the pill for later.

The sixth day came by. It was time for everyone to continue their personal studies. Chumo decided to train his archery using the knowledge he learned from Lord Izta in the Combat Institute along with Thrax. Julian went to the Harlight's facility to start his tactics training, while Klea went to Grand Magus Ororo's place to start studying advanced spells.

As for Emery, he had a Rave to attend.

Chapter 278: Rave

Emery prepared himself and went to the Zodiac City, where the Bloodline Institute was located.

Right as he entered the city, as per the invitation he received, he went into a small, unassuming stone building decorated with a sigil in the shape of a howling white wolf.

Emery swallowed his doubts and walked inside.

There were only around two dozen acolytes there, but each seemed to be busy talking and laughing amongst themselves. Emery looked around and finally saw Brutus.

"Welcome to the Wolf Division of Bloodline Institute." The hairy-looking Brutus smiled. "It wasn't much but at least it's our own base!"

"Emery, you're late! You know, I really hate waiting." Tatjana pouted.

"Come on, let's go, let's go now!" Andrei said with an excited smile.

Thanks to the kidnapping incident some time ago, Emery ended up being acquaintances with the three wolf acolytes.

Brutus pulled Emery's hand and took him to talk with the other acolytes gathered there. Thanks to Brutus, now Emery knew the six of them were third-year acolytes, while the rest were second-year acolytes just like him. Though all of them possessed wolf bloodlines of various kinds and powers, none of them managed to become a part of the elite or the privileged classes.

Emery thought to talk some more with them, until Brutus suddenly pulled his arm and said. "Okay, now that the introductions are done, let's go! The chief is already waiting for us!"

"Let's go! Party! Party!" Andrei added.

The three of them took Emery to a portal swirling in the corner of the room and they arrived on a different planet. The sun had already set and the darkened skies above the lush forest were dotted with a river of twinkling stars.

There was nothing to see around them, but Emery could hear loud instrumental music being played and motes of light with various colors dancing around some distance away from them, right behind the clustered trees. The ground vibrated from the beating of drums.

"Ah, dang, so they already started..." Brutus muttered.

They walked together towards the source of the music. While walking, Emery saw another group of people passing through the portal. None of those people were wearing acolyte uniforms, but Emery could sense their strong power from behind their friendly demeanor.

They walked for a few minutes, until they arrived in a clearing. A few hundred people had already gathered there, each of their faces bathed in an orange glow thanks to the torches tied to the trees and a huge bonfire blazing right in the middle.

Some were dancing with their chosen partners, while some were busy playing musical instruments or even hitting sticks they found onto drums made of leather. Some talked with their friends and laughed together, while the rest were busy eating the food provided on the stone tables. Emery could see drinks on almost everyone's hands.

It was a late-night party in the forest.

From their clothes, it was clear none of the few hundred people there were acolytes, but something inside him told Emery they were all blessed with the power of a wolf bloodline. Right as the three arrived, a middle-aged man raised his hand and everything stopped.

The music, the dancing, the laughter, all disappeared into the wind, even those who were busy eating looked at the middle-aged man with a serious gaze.

The man looked around, made sure everyone paid attention, then lowered his hand and said.

"Everyone, meet the academy pups!" The man announced.

There was a second of pause, before everyone started to approach the three of them. The other two dozen acolytes Emery saw before had arrived as well and just like the three of them, they received a warm welcome.

While Emery was busy talking with some of the guests, he suddenly heard rowdy shouts from the middle of the crowd.

"So, which one of them is the Savage Acolyte?"

"It's the one called Emery! Where's Emery?"

"Emery? He would be... That one!" Emery looked at the source of the voice and saw a red-haired woman pointing at him. Their eyes met and the woman smiled in response.

The woman jumped through the crowds and landed near Emery, before she leaned close to his face and sniffed him.

"Hmm, you are more handsome in person than on the screen." The woman said.

"My name is Anna, White fang pack leader, nice to finally meet you..."

Emery only stared at her in confusion, but all of a sudden, an irritated shout could be heard from behind Emery.

"Anna, you bitch! I saw him first. Are you trying to claim him? Are you that shameless?"

Yet again, Emery looked at the source of the voice and saw a beautiful woman with short black hair that reached the back of her neck. The woman ran towards him, gave Anna an enraged glance and grabbed Emery's arm.

"Such a smooth skin..." The woman trailed her fingers up and down Emery's forearm. "I really like you... My name is Beatrice and I am your future pack leader."

"Get the hell away from him, Beatrice. He's mine!" The red-haired woman shouted.

"He won't even touch you, you bitch!" The black-haired woman retorted.

Emery still did not understand what was happening. All he knew was two gorgeous women are both trying to pull him into their own pack.

"Ahem."

Emery and the two women looked at the source of the voice and saw a middle-aged man with messy long white hair walking towards them. The man seemed to be strong, but he had a huge claw mark on his left face right where his eye should have been.

"Beatrice, Anna, stop it for now. Let's not scare our young one." The man said.

The two women released Emery's arm, nodded with a solemn expression and answered. "Yes, Chief."

From his demeanor, coupled with the sudden behavior change, Emery instantly knew the seemingly thin, one-eyed middle aged man was the chief Brutus was talking about. Though he seems to be rather weak, the aura he radiated was at least as powerful as Lord Izta's.

However, the man's gestures and how the others looked at him made the man feel like a father figure to many.

"Brutus, I'll take your junior from here. As for you all, enjoy yourselves." The middle-aged man smiled.

"Yes, chief." The three of them answered at the same time.

They turned away and joined the crowd dancing to the music. With the chief's permission, the festivities continued on. The beating of the drums resumed, along with the laughter, the clinking of glass and lively conversations. There were even fights going on, wrestling matches among themselves followed by laughs.

Meanwhile, Emery was taken away from the hubbub to be introduced to the other pack leaders.

"Welcome to White Fang clan, young one. Has our Chief, Beowlf, set you up with one of the packs yet? If not, you are very much welcome to join mine."

"You must wait in line brother, everyone wish to scoop in on this talented young pup."

As a wolf bloodline acolytes who managed to get into the famous Magus Academy and win the Magus Games, Emery was really famous among the clans and many wanted him to join them.

The chief explained all the wolf bloodlines would always thrive in a pack and all with the wolf bloodline, who managed to get into the Magus Academy would be assigned under the care of his clan. After finishing their studies, most of the acolytes would return to their own pack back home, but some talented ones would be offered the chance to join one of the greatest wolf clans: the White Fang.

While they were talking, a long howl could be heard in the distance. The howling was joined with multiple howls from other wolves.

"The patriarch has come!" A voice from the crowd announced.

Chapter 279: Rituals

The boisterous festivities, the raucous laughters, the spectacular dance and music were suddenly brought to halt by a loud howl. Everyone turned their head towards the source, only to find a figure standing there, in the air.

The figure said to be the Patriarch was a blond middle aged man with a short beard, wearing a long coat with furry collar. The atmosphere he exuded felt extremely wild, as if a savage animal had appeared.

The Patriarch of Wolf Bloodline, gave the same aura as strong as someone like Grand Magus Zenoia who was already at the peak of her realm.

Chief Beowlf immediately walked towards the patriarch as the man descended to the ground.

"Patriarch Lucius, welcome to the white fang clan!"

The hundreds or so people currently in the place swiftly went onto their knees with their head lowered. The sight of people simultaneously kneeling stunned Emery for a moment, before he quickly followed them.

"Raise, my people."

The sonorous voice of the patriarch gave a chill to Emery. The simple words coming out of the patriarch's mouth gave a sensation of absolute command, causing him to unconsciously follow the,

Everyone swiftly got on their feet again, but still kept their heads slightly lowered. After that, 20 people, both male and female, walked to the front and directly gave their bow to the patriarch.

Emery could faintly see and recognize a few of them, which were important people of the clan. Therefore, he assumed the rest also held an important post in the clan, or were even pack leaders themselves.

"We are truly honored by your presence, Patriarch."

Right after, Emery saw a ceremony was about to be held. He could only look around in confusion, oblivious to the events occurring around him. Fortunately, Tatjana was kind enough to explain it to him.

The first thing that would be held was the appointment of a new alpha of the clan. With the addition of a new alpha, it also meant a whole new pack was approved to be included into the White Fang.

Emery could definitely see the excitement and joyful expression on several people's faces when a man was received as the new pack leader. It was apparent the White Fang Clan was one of the top elites of the Wolf Clan and successfully entering it was an honor.

The ceremony ended with bonding between all the other pack leaders. They all turn shoulder to shoulder before start howling together.

The second thing appeared to be the main event of this gathering, its content in Emery's opinion was quite intriguing. One of the pack leaders was apparently challenging Chief Beowlf for the leadership position.

Everyone created an empty space in the clearing, giving the two people enough space to fight. Music instruments started to be played again, as the two began their brawl.

Tatjana was quite thrilled with the fight, "Chief Beowlf is a veteran rank 6 Ice Wolf while the challenger, his second in command, Heorgar, is a rank 6 Demon wolf. This will be a very exciting fight!!"

Alas, Tajana quickly took her words back, as the battle ended surprisingly fast, with the chief emerging as the winner. From the start until it finished, Heorgar could not do anything, as he was beaten black and blue by the chief using his ice-covered claws.

Afterwards, Emery discovered that this fight could be said to be a yearly occurrence. As the strength he possessed grew stronger as the years passed by, Heorgar would always challenge the chief, trying to become the alpha of the clan

Although Heorgar has been defeated many times. However, the Demon Wolf is a Wolf Bloodline that has the potential of reaching rank 7.? It appears everyone in the clan knew that the chief had been doing this as a way to train Heorgar.

The fierce duel that usually ended with deep hatred, ended with laughs and smiles from both sides. The sight of the bloodied Heorgar hugging Chief Beowlf was truly the adept presentation of heartwarming brotherhood, which could be openly seen by all.

"Next is our cue, Emery."

The chief gave a signal and Tatjana quickly grabbed Emery's arm before he could process anything. His body was being dragged to the front, where Brutus, Andrei and the other 20 acolytes were also called upon.

The patriarch appeared to look at each of the acolytes for a second, as if trying to mark each of them. He continued until his eyes fell on Emery.

Emery suddenly felt a force coming out of nowhere, commanding him to look at the patriarch. The moment his eyes met the two bright yellow eyes, he was stunned. He felt the patriarch's eyes seemed able to see deep into his thoughts.

The next thing Emery saw shocked him. The patriarch lifted his head, staring towards the moon. His body slowly transformed into a golden-furred wolf that emanated supreme aura. The wolf then howled to the sky.

This piercing howl seemed to pierce deep into his mind and, without him realizing, Emery's body started to turn as well. His grey fur, which only appeared when he transformed, began to emerge on his skin. The transformation process continued until his body turned into the familiar grey figure.

While still confused by his sudden transformation, Emery realized everyone without exception was slowly changing into their wolf form as well.

[Fey Transformation]

Emery transformed without his command, although not a second stage transformation,? he still lost control of his body.

Immediately after, all the transformed wolves lifted their heads simultaneously and started howling together, continuously.

The barrage of howling went on for some time until the patriarch stopped and everyone else returned to their former self.

As for Emery, he felt the experience was quite mystifying. Emery could feel there's a change in his body.

He then realized a notification had appeared in his mind.

[You have received the Mark of the Golden Wolf!]

[Battle Power has permanently increased by two points!]

[Increased resistance against Poison, Disease]

"Welcome to the family." the Patriarch said to the new members: the acolytes and the newly joining packs. "Those are my welcoming gift for you all new member of the clan"

Apparently, it wasn't just him, the patriarch just gave all the new members a permanent buff through such a ritual.

While Emery was still in his amazement,? The patriarch turned his gaze to Emery, "Master Altus has told me about you. Come... walk with me."

Emery followed the patriarch into the woods, while the others continued the party.

Chapter 280: Bloodline Imprint

The two walked deeper into the darkness of the woods, with Emery quietly following behind. They walked away until everything became a distant, muffled voice, almost unheard.

The patriarch turned his head and looked at Emery.? "Master Altus told me you are a special kid."

"Ah... Thank you... Patriarch." Emery stuttered not knowing what to say in response to the sudden compliment. For the headmaster saying that about him was quite surprising.

"I've read your profile, and... I must say I am angry with the way they treated you..." The patriarch sighed.

"Angry, Patriarch?" Emery looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"Yes, I am! you not being allowed in the privileged class is really an insult to us all." the patriarch said in a serious tone

"Master Altus must have told you it wasn't about the lower world or bloodline, did he?? I am afraid it is..."

Emery did not know what to say, nor to feel. He did not say anything, he merely followed the patriarch deeper into the woods.

The patriarch stopped at a clearing, where the trees parted and formed a small, circular area with a large stone standing in the center. The patriarch approached the stone and sat, while Emery looked at him.

"Master Altus has been fighting on and on despite knowing this was a battle he couldn't win. Deep down, he realized he was fighting for a lost cause, but he kept on moving forward..."

The patriarch looked at the night sky towards a bright moon before looking at Emery's eyes. "It is human nature to be corrupted by one's desires and we of the wolf bloodline would understand this perfectly, as we are driven by our emotions more than anyone else"

The patriarch looked at Emery for a second before continuing

"Master Altus sent you to me, so you could understand the true reason why you didn't get accepted into the privileged class. Are you ready to know?"

"Yes, Patriarch." Emery answered solemnly.

"Okay, so here is the fact of the matter... All half-blood wolf acolytes possess what we call the ancestor gene imprint. The imprint forces all the half blood to obey the ancestor command unconditionally... do you understand this?"

"I am not sure I understand, Patriarch." Emery looked down and said.

"Previously, during the ceremony... you must have experienced moments where you had no control over your own body."

Emery nodded. His expression looked calm, but his mind starts to race. He remembered how all the patriarch words during the ceremony seems to give a heavyweight on him, and also the time he transforms against his will.

"Currently, I possess a rank 7 wolf gene bloodline and it means I have a much closer ancestor gene imprint compared to all the half-blood wolves below rank 7. Under normal circumstances, all wolves under rank 7 will follow all my commands without fail."

Emery's eyes widened.

"If you wish to resist my commands, you will need to either reach rank 6 or you need to reach at least the level of magus." The patriarch paused for a second, making sure Emery understood his explanation, before continuing. "Your dark core problem ensures you won't be able to become a magus, while your bloodline ensures you are unable to resist me or someone else with high-level wolf bloodline... Do you understand now?"

Emery stared at him in silence.

"Your condition ensures that none of the Grand Magus would be willing to accept you as their disciple as they knew you will never really be loyal to them... This was the real reason why you got rejected."

Emery looked down. Though he wished to refuse it, he somehow knew everything the patriarch said was the truth.

"Please, Patriarch. Tell me what can I do?" pleaded Emery

"There are two ways. One is solving your core problem so you could become a magus. If you can't go down that path, your only option would be to upgrade your wolf bloodline level."

The patriarch stared at Emery, his two yellow eyes a stark contrast to the dark night. Emery felt as if the gaze was penetrating his soul.

"I owe Master Altus for his kindness and I am willing to help you. Unfortunately, even the headmaster knew little about our wolf bloodline."

The patriarch let out a long sigh and said.

"The Legendary Bloodline Elixir, though precious and helpful, would only be able to help those struggling in the early stages of their bloodline. The higher your rank the less it become effective. The best way to increase your ancestor genes is by getting access to a source of pure fey genes. The mythical creatures themselves or their descendants."

The explanation ignited a spark of hope in Emery's heart, but the patriarch's next words plunged him back into despair.

"I have checked the records about fey wolf and unfortunately, it is one of the lost ancient wolf genes. The last record of their sightings dates back over 2000 years ago and there have been no known magus with fey wolf genes since. At least, that is the case within the knowledge residing in the universe of men."

Emery closed his eyes, feeling the hopelessness settle in.

"Boy, do not despair... There is one other way for you... Let me ask you, how about your family? How many other fey wolves are there on your home planet?"

Emery thought of his home and remembered how Morgana and her sisters shared the same ability as him. With them being related to his mother, Emery pretty sure they are also having the same fey wolf genes.

"A few, patriarch." Emery answered.

"Then, you have two ways to increase your bloodline level. The first one is by getting as many 'Legendary Bloodline Elixir' as you could, but as you know, that would be the expensive, resource-intensive way. The second one is, create your own fey gene booster with the help of those few fey wolves."

"How do I do that, patriarch?" Emery asked, feeling his hope returning.

"There is a place in Zodiac City, where a specialist of gene bloodline resides. I'll give word to them, but beyond that, you'll have to hope they're willing to help."

"Thank you, Patriarch. Thank you." Emery said.

"Don't thank me yet, your fate is still uncertain. They are a cunning and fickle bunch, and they might not agree... Other than that"

The patriarch rubbed his storage ring and took out a small scroll made of leather. "Considering your condition, this might come in handy for you."

[Bloodmoon Ritual Scroll]

"If you succeed and manage to reach rank 4, This scroll will help you. With this, you can put your capabilities to the test and it will also help your family."

Emery kneeled in gratitude yet again.

"Thank you, Patriarch."

"That's all I can help you with young acolytes, I have high hopes for your future endeavors."

The patriarch gave Emery one last words before floating away in the night sky, leaving Emery alone with his thoughts in the clearing.