

Earths GMagus 501

Chapter 501: Magus

The figure descending from the sky brought an immense pressure to everyone there, not even the audience was able to do anything besides standing and staring at it

A man clad from head to toe in shining golden armor floated just above the ground, right at the center of the group.

The magus looked thin and short, but the power radiated by his presence spoke louder than his appearance. Several magical artifacts floated all around him, while his helmet and boots had a pair of ornate, golden wings that sparkled in the light.

Emery and the others stared at him, trying to guess who this Magus really was. Were they truly part of the Earth, just like the Abbot and the king in front of them, or were they something else.

But, his question was answered right as the two's eyes met, the hostility in their eyes was a clear answer of where their allegiance lied. In other words, they were not on friendly terms.

Right as the two stared at each other, the monks' chanting suddenly stopped altogether.

The magus, still hidden beneath his covered helmet and armor, asked the audience, his voice echoing in the silent arena.

"Anyone wishes to challenge me for it this time? Will you try again, Fjolner?"

Emery could see barely restrained annoyance from the stare of the large man, but he shook his head and said while gritting his teeth. "No, not today."

The magus grinned and everyone felt the urge to challenge him right then and there, were it not for his overwhelming presence. "Good choice, as long as you cannot break through and become a magus, it would be best if you just stood down."

Fjolnir snarled, it was the last straw and he unleashed his rage. Blue tattoos started to shine all over his body, with each one that lightened up, Emery could feel the huge man's power improve by a lot.

However, the Abbot walked next to the man and touched his shoulder. Immediately, the man's anger dissipated, his expression calmed down. The Abbot looked at the magus and nodded. "No, no one will challenge you for it."

The magus was surprised for a second, but then he said, "Yes, please do not hate me, for I am merely the messenger. You know how things are."

The Abbot turned towards the tree, walked closer to it and stared at the tree for a while before raising his arm high. A thin trail of energy came out of his arm like a string and picked up all 10 of the pearl-like glowing fruits one by one and placed them onto his right arm.

"Here are the fruits from the Harvest this time," the Abbot said.

The man in golden armor waved one of his fingers, all of the pearl-like glowing fruits disappeared into what appeared to be a storage ring, leaving only one fruit. The man gave the fruit to the Abbot and the Abbot bowed in respect.

The magus spoke, condescension evident in his tone.

"Remember, this one fruit is more than a blessing for a lower world such as yours,"

Watching the event that transpired in front of him, Emery started to understand what the Heavenly Harvest Ritual actually entailed.

The magus turned around and was about to leave, satisfied that his task there was done, but when he saw Emery and his friends, he stared at them in slight surprise and said,

"This year's candidates seem to be much stronger than before and they are still young too..." The magus stared at them intently. "Ah, yes, 1000 years have passed, they are the third generation, aren't they?"

The magus walked over, scanning Emery and the others one by one, and said.

"Interesting, you all might exceed your predecessor after all, but I will warn you now, do not follow their path."

The magus spoke in such a condescending manner, to the point that, if they weren't warned by the Abbot beforehand, Emery and his friends definitely would have spoken up.

"Hope this time you all learned your lesson," The magus said and stared at the Abbot, before flying back into the sky. The clouds parted for his departure, a display of his massive power.

Just like that, everything ended. It was far too quick for anyone to react.

Silence reigned over them for a few seconds and Julian was the one who broke the palpable pause between them. "Elder, what is going on? Who is he?"

The Abbot spoke calmly, despite what he must have felt.

"It is Gaia's will for you all to see what is happening here." answered the Abbot.

Emery had spoken up to everyone about his purpose for coming to this place, and thus, they all knew a little bit about what Gaia was, but the Abbot's next words surprised them even more.

"I believe that with your current strength, you all have passed your second year in the academy, haven't you? Then, you must have heard something about who that magus truly is... If not, I will tell you. He is known by many names, we call him Narada, the Romans call him Mercury, and the Greeks call him Hermes. He is one amongst the many Nephilim magus tasked to oversee our planet."

The Abbot's explanation was not only direct and to the point, he was even able to talk freely about the Magus Academy without having any restrictions.? Emery quickly proceeds with his second question.

"Abbot, how did you know about all these things?"

The Abbot did not answer, but he raised his arm;? Emery and his friends looked at the arm. All of them knew what the mark truly meant.

The mark was a bit faded, but it was enough for Emery and the other to know it was the same symbol as the one etched on his palm.

This would only mean one thing, That the Abbot were also part of the magus academy.

Chapter 502: Heavenly Fruit

What just unfolded before them came as a surprise to Emery. He had come to this place to chase the meaning of Gaia's vision, but he did not expect to find something so astonishing.

Within one day, he found a temple filled with strong cultivators and spearheaded by a figure as powerful as the Lady of the Lake. It was to be expected, for the place had its own Gaia tree and was related to the Forbidden Forest in some way.

But, he did not expect the place to have a direct connection with the Magus Academy and meeting an Earth Magus Academy acolyte just like them and Lord Izta in this world could be considered another matter entirely. Not to mention the sudden arrival of the Nephilim magus to demand the treasures that should rightfully belong to them.

What just happened made him and the others worry even more. It raised a thousand questions that none of them could answer from with what little information they had.

The Abbot started by explaining the concept of Gods, as known by ordinary men on Earth. For more than two thousand years, men have been worshipping the same group of gods. Although accounts and stories about them may differ, there was a core similarity spread across them, that could be seen from the legends and stories of each culture.

Each of them may have named the gods differently due to language differences, but from Roman Gods, Greek Gods, Sumerian Gods and Hindu Gods, all of them were the same people and were actually magus.

"They have served as our caretaker and protector," The Abbot explained.

As soon as the Abbot said it, the man in fur clothes grimaced in disgust and narrowed his eyes.

The Abbot confirmed there were at least a dozen of them, magus who the human called gods. They rarely showed themselves, let alone got involved directly with the people on Earth. There was no way to know the intent behind their action or their decisions to not get involved in conflicts that had taken thousands of lives.

"Elder, my apologies," Emery interrupted, glancing at the angry man and asked, "Tell us, what is with the Heavenly Fruits? Why did they take them? And what did he mean by challenge?"

Upon hearing the mention of the fruits, the Abbot's expression turned bitter again. He looked at the group, took a deep breath and said.

"Gaia, our Mother of Nature, produces 10 heavenly fruits every ten year, the Nephilim decided to challenge us for it. If we could defeat them in a fight, they would not take any of the fruits. Unfortunately, none of us has been able to defeat them, hence for hundred years, we have only been given one fruit"

Hearing that explanation made Thrax slam his fist in anger. They all knew much about the Nephilim from Lord Izta hence it's easy for Thrax to feel emotional about it

"Why did you let them have it without a fight, then?! Why! Are you two chickening out because he's a Nephilim?! We five should have fought him for you!"

The man in fur clothes rose up and nodded in approval. "I like your spirit, kid! But, you know nothing about their strength!"

Thrax knew nothing about what the fruits were capable of, but for the Nephilim to ask for most of them, and for the abbot to surrender them without a fight, only made the flames of anger in his heart burn even hotter. He wished he knew what was going on, so he could do something about it.

"You really think you can win, do you, kid? Hah!" Fjolnir glared at the Abbot and said. "Ashaka, please let me give these kids a little lesson!"

The Abbot shook his head and tried to stop him, but the huge man raised his right arm. The pressure in the room immediately became heavy. A beam of light shone at the place Fjolnir stood and a massive spirit axe with blue glow appeared in his hand from thin air.

It was some kind of summoning magic, a very powerful one it seemed, as the slight gesture of the axe could be felt to disrupt the air.

The man in the fur clothes, Fjolnir, was grinning like a maniac, as he shouted.

"This is great! I didn't get to see the fight before! Let me see how strong you really are, please don't you all disappoint me!"

Emery and the others stood up and took their fighting stance. If he could choose, he would have preferred to stop this madness before they came to blows, but the energy gathered on that ax was too powerful, prompting him to be ready to use his spells in self-defense. The others did the same thing.

The man lifted his ax, and when he swung the ax, the unmistakable weight of massive energy weighed onto them. Emery was about to use [Blink] to move his friends, but before the energy could coalesce into an actual strike, the Abbot was already standing between Fjolnir and them. He calmly grabbed Fjolnir's ax with both of his hands.

Clank!

The piercing sound of clashing metal rang through the air.

Emery and the others stared at the rank 8 Abbot, who was able to casually capture the ax with his hand. The Abbot squeezed his fist, and the ax shattered into pieces, its light fading as the weapon disappeared.

"Dammit! Why did you stop me?!"

Although the man was angry, the Abbot didn't seem afraid at all, he even smiled at him, "Don't joke around, Fjolnir, you are only scaring our guests."

The Abbot dusted his robe before turning around to look at Emery and the others. A straight cut marred the sleeves of his robe, but no blood could be seen on his body. Instead, they saw both his hands and chest were glowing in a brilliant golden color.

From the color and the noise earlier, everyone could see the Abbot was a metal element user. But, what interested them was how he, a rank 8 acolyte, was able to stop a powerful attack from a rank 9 cultivator without breaking a sweat. There must be something more to this monk.

He stretched his body, walked to a corner and beckoned at the five. "Please, Emery and all of you, please calm down and sit here. I will tell you as much information as I can."

Chapter 503: 11th century BC

Sometime in the 11th century BC

The story started from the birth of a boy from a Greek king father and an Eastern kingdom goddess mother.

His mixed heritage gave him impure royal blood, placing him last in the line of royal succession, but he never cared for the royal throne.

His early age, as was for any royal boy his age, was filled to the brim with tutoring, from simple etiquette, history, to the royal combat training. He was found, from early on, to be the most talented amongst his peers, even compared to his own brother.

Instead of it being a blessing, however, it only sowed distrust and jealousy within the walls of the royal palace.

His mother passed away when he was young, and the boy, no longer able to bear the cutthroat palace life, decided to leave and take on the mantle of an adventurer.

The last words he heard from his father was:

"You are the son of gods, wherever your path leads, always remember to obey the will of your god."

Growing up, he did not have the chance to discover the truth, but after a while he could feel strength unlike his peers brimming through his veins. The power in his body only became more overwhelming when the boy was suddenly taken to a magical place.

The place was called: 'The Magus Academy'.

Being spirited away to another world was such an unbelievable experience for him. In there, he met four others who were chosen like him, a bulky muscled man, a pretty looking one and a pair of twins.

"You have an S-rank aptitude?! That's unfair, all of us possess only A-rank." said his new friends

Perhaps due to being in a strange world and knowing no one else, the five of them became closer as their time in the academy rolled by. They trained together, solved problems together and fought together.

Time passed by far too quickly and, without him realizing it, it was time for him to return to Earth for the time being. As soon as he returned after his first year, everything became so different for him.

The Xia Dynasty, the biggest and most powerful kingdom on Earth, unrivalled by even Greece and Egypt combined, came seeking for him.

Many died in the process of hunting and capturing him. In the end, he was finally caught and forced to go to a kingdom in the far East.

To his surprise, he found himself being taken there to his four academy friends.

They were brought to see the Xia emperor, a legendary figure known as the Heavenly Sovereign. However, the Greeks knew him as the Eastern Sage.

Before they returned to Earth, they were given a restriction spell, but the sage was able to sidestep it and explained about Magus Academy. He himself was part of the five chosen by the academy a thousand years before.

The sage's purpose was to prepare all five of them to succeed in the academy to the best of their abilities. Each of them were given special, ancient techniques to help them gain an edge against the other students.

Unfortunately, despite going through difficult, grueling training, only the boy out of the five managed to get a spot in the elite class.

They went through their three years in the academy and returned back to Earth with strength beyond what was possible for a mortal. The boy was at peak rank 9, while the four friends were at peak of rank 8.

It took a dozen years before his four brothers joined him on rank 9. The five became the strongest fighters of the Xia dynasty.

Years passed, until one day, for some unknown reason, the sage disappeared, leaving the five to take charge while he was gone.

With the five, the dynasty conquered half the world and they finally reached the shores of Greek city-states once more. Seeing the familiar place, doubt took root in the boy's heart.

He returned to his father, the king, only to see him at his dying breath. Once again, his father's last words told him to obey the will of the god.

With the death of his father, came a power vacuum and the crushing will of the people. It was up to him to take the reins.

When he was contemplating on what to do, something happened in the middle of the night.

That night, everything was quiet, not even the noises of insects and wind could be heard. The place became still and crushing, as if no one dared to disturb the skies and the land itself.

Right as the time struck midnight, the clouds parted and a great light shone from the sky towards one of the temples, creating a beacon that beckoned the masses to wake up and look at it. With a crack of lightning, their god descended right in front of their eyes.

The god came with the clap of thunder, as if announcing he was a great lightning magus.

Not knowing what to do, the citizens bowed until their foreheads touched the dirt.

"Your gods have listened to your prayer." The god floated towards the kneeling masses, each citizen could feel the distinct prickling of electricity on their back. "Now, with my blessing, go forth across the battlefield and defeat the invader!"

Their god was real and alive, that was enough to raise up the spirits of all Greek people in the city.

He saw the god come closer to him, look at him from top to bottom and nodding in approval, before asking about his position in the upcoming war.

"You, you shall be our champion to stop them."

At that time, he was forced to choose a side and decided to follow the will of the gods and stop the ruthless invasion of the Xia dynasty, all for the sake of his own people.

What followed was a brutal battle that went on without cease for 100 years. It was a dark period in human history, such that most of it were stricken away from any historical records. The only surviving parts called it the Dark Ages; it stretched out from 10th century BC to 8th century.

No historical accounts survived that period of slaughter and bloodbath, but two stories spoke of several critical moments within the war. One was written by the Xia dynasty as a book called Mahabharata and the other was written by the Greeks. A well-known story of their greatest greek hero who leads them to victory against the invaders across the sea, the hero's name was Achilles.

Chapter 504: Purpose

"Achilles?! You are the famous Greek warrior, Achilles?" Klea asked the Abbot, disbelief apparent in her voice.

It seemed the queen of Egypt could not believe that the legendary warrior was still alive and well. Even more so when she discovered the man had become a monk.

It was no wonder the Abbot didn't even have the appearance and resemblance of a monk at all.

"Abbot, how exactly did the battle end at that time? How did you come here and become the king Ashaka?"

The Abbot took a deep breath and exhaled the air slowly. Emery and the others could clearly see the regret on the former's face, as he tried to continue the story.

At that period of time, the war between brothers had gone on long enough. The battle was completely colored by myriad skills and countless spells of rank 9 cultivator. In short, it had become a constant and relentless duel between brothers.

Then, when the Greeks were almost eradicated and wiped off the board, he managed to break through into the magus realm. As a result, the enemies were successfully pushed back by the absolute power of the magus rank.

This war, a battle that involved millions of lives from each side, had wrecked and totally destroyed all four civilizations. The Greek, Egypt, Anatolia and the Xia Dynasty itself; neither of them managed to escape unscathed, which eventually led to their downfall and complete collapse.

While Emery and the others were drowning in their imagination of what was happening in that period of time, they noticed the Abbot suddenly stop in his explanation. Therefore, their eyes turned to him.

They saw the agony clearly displayed on the Abbot's face. It seemed he was so immersed in grief, it made him unable to continue. Seeing this, Fjolnir decided to continue the tale.

"After the Greeks won the battle at the city of Troy. However, my dear friend here was betrayed by the Nephilim and lost his immortal body"? Fjolnir look toward the Abbot and said "Was it a magic arrow? Anyway, it took him hundreds of years just to return to his condition right now. You all can see it yourself. He can not even reach rank 9 without hurting himself in the process."

Afterward, Fjolnir start to look proud of himself when he said

"It was me, who finally save him and his brother, dragged the five brothers to know Gaia and also beat some sense into them. Eventually, they realized they had been used by the Nephilim all along."

Fjolnir himself apparently was not part of the Magus Academy, as Emery and the others had assumed. He was something else, a descendant of the five first-generation Earthlings that were chosen into the Magus Academy.

In the end, the five brothers knew and were well aware they were not strong enough to defeat the Nephilims. On the other hand, they had found their purpose after knowing Gaia. Hence, the reason for the creation of the temple.

Since then, they became the guardians of Gaia, while continuing to increase their cultivation as well. They bided their time, waiting for the most opportune moment to avenge what the Nephilim had done to them.

In the 3rd century BC, the Greek had the famous king, the one known as Alexander the Great and conquered the realm. This man knew the secret of the tree, and thus, he decided to send his troops to invade the old Xia Dynasty's territory.

Not willing to let history repeat itself, the Abbot who has recovered with his new body. Took the role of Ashaka and defended against the Greek invasion. He rule the kingdom of Maurya for dozens of years, and after he successfully repelled them,? he rebuilds the temple and once again returns to seclusion.

Hearing about this, Emery turned to the Abbot and asked, "Elder, what about your brothers? Where are they now?"

The Abbot was silent for a while,

"I was fortunate enough to be able to breakthrough to magus level. The immortal body gives me a long life, Unfortunately, my brothers... As rank 9 cultivators they have their limitations. They never reached more than 500 years. They're all gone now"

The? Abbot one more gave a long sigh, Emery cant imagines if he and his friend would end up like them five. It must have been such a big regret.

"I am truly sorry to hear that, Elder.", while the others also showed varied expressions. This revelation certainly made the atmosphere turn gloomy, as everyone subconsciously became silent.

The Abbot, on the other hand, clasped his hands together and prayed one more time before saying,

"We created the Bodhi temple to cultivate and find new talents, hoping to find talented individuals to hand over our hundreds years of knowledge. We hoped we could exist long enough to finally meet you all, the third generation."

The Abbot then brought out the Heavenly Fruit and showed it to Emery and the others.

"So, who among you will take this fruit? This will definitely give a tremendous boost to your spirit force."

At this, Emery, Klea, Julian, Thrax, and Chumo were looking at each other. They weren't sure what they wanted to do.

There was only one Heavenly Fruit available, while there were five of them here. Each of them evidently wanted it, but all of them were reluctant to take it. For Emery his thought about the fruit was only in the hope it can be the solution of the seed in his spirit core.

Emery then told him about his situation and Gaia's vision which told him to come here.

The Abbot response startles him

"I am afraid The heavenly fruit will not solve your problem. You are not here to see Gaia. No, you are here to see me. You all are here to continue what I and my brothers were unable to finish."

Chapter 505: Ancient Cultivation

"As promised, I will now hand over the ancient cultivation technique to you." the Abbot said, as he got to his feet. "Follow me."

The Abbot led them to the back room, behind the tree. Its door was covered by the tree's massive trunk, which was the reason why Emery's group had just realized there was a room there.

After entering the room they noticed yet another door. The Abbot opened it and they saw what seemed to be stairs leading to a tunnel. Emery was sure they led quite a bit down at the basement of the temple and, as the temple was built on a hill, the place they were currently at must be inside the hill.

Walking through the tunnel, the group eventually arrived at a room that seemed larger than the scale of the temple outside - a massive hall. Estimating how long they had walked earlier, Emery assumed this place was situated exactly beneath the temple.

This hall, or rather, the basement of the temple, was constructed right beneath the main temple and the four sub temples. It spanned across the entire foundation of the five buildings above. In the center, the root of Gaia dominated the entire space.

The Abbot led Emery's group through the hall, they could see there were five smaller rooms in this place. Noticing where they were looking, the Abbot opened his mouth. "Those were our training rooms"

When he heard the Abbot's words, Emery finally realized the position of those rooms paralleled the five temples above.

The Abbot led them to one of the rooms, they could see there was only one flat-surfaced stone slab placed in the center of the room and nothing else.

Even so, their eyes were quickly caught by something scattered around the room. The wall was covered by writings.

Curious, Emery and the others quickly examined them. Thanks to their recent visit to the Great Library, they were able to recognize the language used by these writings was Old Sanskrit - a language only a few people on Earth were proficient in.

Fortunately, the symbol on their palms was able to translate it for them. Perusing over them, Emery realized these writings were notes and annotations of a cultivation method.

"What kind of cultivation technique did the person who used this room possess, Elder?"

A hint of reminiscence flashed in the Abbot's eyes when he heard Emery's question.

"This room was used by one of the twins. There are several martial art techniques, but the one he was known for, the one he learned from the East Sage. The..."

"...Nine Sun Divine Technique."

Upon hearing this, Thrax immediately jerked his head upwards and looked at the Abbot. It was apparent he was interested in this technique.

"Nine Sun?! Is it a fire element?!"

The Abbot looked at Thrax, a faint smile could be seen on his face. "Yes, it is."

Thrax didn't have the chance to celebrate yet, as what the Abbot said next brought surprise to the group, completely shocking them.

"This cultivation technique does not merely enhance the prowess of your fire spells and battle power. It bestowed its practitioner an exceptional regeneration capability, especially for inner wounds like the one you are having right now."

Faced with Thrax's disbelief expression, the Abbot nodded his head and said, "Yes, Practicing this cultivation technique will allow you to quickly recover from the injuries you suffered."

He had known about Thrax's injury when he saw the latter fight previously. Meanwhile, Thrax himself was still in trance, as he didn't expect this cultivation technique would be the answer to his current dilemma.

Without wasting any more time, Thrax immediately leaped onto the stone slab in the middle of the room, sat in the lotus position, beginning to read and comprehend the cultivation technique written on the walls.

"Good luck, Thrax!" Everyone said in turn, before they left the room and headed for the others.

The moment they arrived at the room adjacent to Thrax's room, they immediately saw the exact same room with the same view of writings seen on the walls. However, the group knew it was a different technique even from a slight glance.

"This room should contain the Nine Moon Divine Technique."

From the name itself, they knew this cultivation technique was the complete opposite of the previous one. The Abbot told them this cultivation technique was mastered by the other twin and, just like what they thought, this one was an ice element cultivation technique.

Hearing that, Emery and the others sighed in disappointment, as neither of them had any affinity to the ice element.

They were about to leave the room and go to another room when the Abbot suddenly turned his gaze to Klea and said, "How about you? I can see that you have the affinity for the wind and water element."

Klea was so caught off guard by the Abbot's words she couldn't say anything for a while.

"Huh? Me?!"

"Yes, Those two elements you have are the exact primary elements for secondary ice element affinity. I'm sure that learning this cultivation technique could enhance both of your elements and, with your level of talent and existing elements, you might create your own fourth affinity."

Upon hearing the confirmation, as well as the future prospect she would have if she learned this cultivation technique, Emery and the other two boys swore they could see flames blazing in Klea's eyes.

Well, this reaction of her was to be expected, since this must be something the genius girl would be interested in. A new challenge.

"Oh, and also, the Nine Moons Divine Technique is the best cultivation technique for increasing the power of your spells." added the Abbot, which should certainly nail the deal if it hadn't already.

With a beautiful smile on her face, Klea went to the stone slab and sat there. Without further ado, she began to comprehend the cultivation technique written on the wall.

Seeing that his two friends had received cultivation techniques suitable for them, Chumo couldn't help but say, "Wow, I really wish there will be one that suits me."

The next room they went to apparently belonged to the strongest among the brothers. From the words the Abbot spoke about this person, Emery imagined this person as a warrior with a body twice the size of a normal human.

After looking around the room and not seeing anything significantly different from the other two rooms they had visited earlier, Emery, Chumo and Julian simultaneously turned to the Abbot, waiting for the latter's explanation again.

"As for this one, he was renowned for the cultivation technique he possessed. The Twelve Golden Bell Divine Technique."

The Abbot told the three that this cultivation technique was the hardest to master among the others.

"Mastering all twelve stages of this cultivation technique will make your body impervious, even to high tier artifacts. Unfortunately, I don't think any of you can cultivate this since it's a metal elemental cultivation technique. So-"

Julian quickly cut off the Abbot's words. "Me! I can! I have the fire and earth element affinity!"

Previously, Julian didn't have the chance to showcase his strength because of a certain person. Therefore, the Abbot hesitated because he wasn't really sure of the former's capability. In addition, he could tell Julian's aptitude was not as strong as Klea's.

"You are an A aptitude, I assume? Honestly, I am not sure if you can succeed. But yes, of course. You can try."

Although it was clear the other party doubted his possibility of success, Julian would definitely not give up an ancient cultivation technique without trying it. Moreover, something seemed to fit his fighting style perfectly.

If he could master this cultivation technique, Julian was sure he would not have to fear being surrounded on the battlefield or against any opponent. With this thought in his head, Julian immediately jumped to the stone slab.

At the moment, three people had found what they were suitable with, leaving only Emery and Chumo. Immediately, the Abbot led them to the next room, where he was silent for a while before opening his mouth.

"This room belongs to Arjuna, the most famous among us. He was a skillful archer and this cultivation technique of his was the opposite of the previous. Something that was the softest among all, but in my opinion, this cultivation technique is the greatest of the four. Howe-"

With great enthusiasm, Chumo spoke. "Me, me, me! I'm an archer! What elements are needed for it?"

"Actually, this one has no need for any elemental affinity."

"Perfect!" said Chumo excitedly as he zoomed for the stone slab. "This one is definitely for me!"

Unfortunately, the Abbot still hadn't finished his sentence.

"It only has one requirement. The practitioner has to be a... virgin... and keep being one or it will kill them."

Chumo's rapidly advancing body instantly stopped in its tracks as his head slowly turned towards the Abbot.

"....."

Chapter 506: The Cultivation Origin

"This ancient cultivation technique was perfect for a monk, though. Will you be interested?"

The Abbot asked Chumo with a serious expression.

"No, no... No! Thank you," The Dongboyou prince stammered. As grateful as he would be if he received a new technique, he just managed to finally get out of his curse of being unable to talk to women. He would not waste his newfound freedom to be for a new skill. If he had to choose, he would rather quit being a magus than having to be a virgin forever.

The Abbot nodded, before looking back at Emery. But, before the Abbot managed to say a word, Emery quickly refused.

"Unfortunately, that is the last ancient cultivation technique we have. The others we possess would not be comparable to the ones you will find in the Magus Academy."

The answer made Chumo feel downcast. Not so much for Emery as he still had Killgragah's help and the Nature Grasp problem he needed to deal with. Right now, he had too many things on his plate to spare a moment for thinking about new cultivation techniques.

Seeing their expressions, the Abbot smiled. "Do not despair," he walked toward Fjornir who has been following them quietly, and said.

"This one has similar skills to Behei. You can probably teach him your spirit summon technique."

Chumo recognized Behei as the one he fought before the one who could create many clones of himself. The large man looked at Chumo intently with squinted eyes. "Alright, but I will test you first. Come with me."

Fjornir walked further inside, while Chumo followed dutifully. Now, only Emery and the Abbot were left there.

He looked at Emery and gestured. "As for you, follow me."

"Yes, elder."

Emery was now left all by himself with the heavenly fruit on hand. None of his friends claimed it, hence he decided to keep it for a while. Perhaps, he would try experimenting with it later; maybe he could make a good potion out of it. For now, he decided to put the fruit inside his spatial storage.

The Abbot brought him further back, to the last room. It has all the same similarities as the others, but certainly, this one has a different marking

"This one used to be my training room," The Abbot said before he walked to the top of the stone panel and sat on one side, before beckoning Emery to sit on the other side.

They sat in a lotus position facing each other, raised both palms, and pushed them both together following the Abbot instruction.

Gradually Emery felt a little energy leak out from the Abbot's hand, before his body did the same and connected their energies with something like a thin string. The Abbot furrowed his brows and concentrated on Emery's meridians, he can feel the energy went to explore his body.

The process went on for half an hour. Afterwards, the Abbot opened his eyes and said.

"I see, the seed and your dark spirit core were fighting against each other. I am sure you were advised to destroy the seed, but then if you do, you will lose your connection to Gaia, am I right?"

The Abbot's question was accurate and as Emery had no reason to lie, he nodded.

"Yes, Elder. I really need to solve this matter soon. As of now, I only have one and a half years left until the start of the third year."

The Abbot went silent for a second.

"Don't worry, Emery, I have a way to solve this problem, it's just that... I am still amazed by the strength of your dark core. How could it become so powerful at your age? The answer eludes me still. The only explanation I can think of is that you had some help from a magus in the academy."

"That is right, Elder." Emery nodded.

Emery didn't lie, Magus Xion and Grand Magus Zenoia did have a role to play in his current strength but he didn't tell the truth as well. After all the alternative was telling the Abbot about Killgragah, something he preferred not to do with someone he just met. After all, he still had no way to gauge the monk's true motivations; trust shouldn't come that easily.

"Alright. One thing you need to know is, the situation with your spiritual core could be a blessing or a curse, depending on your talent."

Emery nodded. "Please, Elder, guide me."

"You can always take the safer way and wait until the seed blooms before you try ranking up to peak rank 8. Afterwards, you can use both to create the foundation for rank 9. The two spirit cores will make a stronger foundation and reduce the bottleneck. But with your talent, this could take you maybe five to ten years."

Emery fell into silence. He didn't have that kind of time.

"Then, what is the other way, Elder?"

"The other way is, use the energy from your dark core to accelerate the seed's growth."

It sounded easy, but Emery knew it wouldn't definitely be that simple.

"Elder, that should be nearly impossible, right? I mean, the dark core and the seed have opposite energies."

In fact, that was why his cultivation became disrupted in the first place, he was left at the mercy of the dragon to fix it up.

"Yes, Emery, it will not be easy, but as I said, you were destined to come here." The Abbot stopped for a moment and said "Did you realize that the four ancient skills bestowed to us by the Eastern Sage all are opposite to one another?"

The four ancient techniques; the scorching nature of the sun which is opposite to the icing cold of the moon. The hardest unbreakable metal and the softest untouchable cultivation. All four were created from one original source, the Dao.

The Abbot then added.

"You have seen a little demonstration of that today. It was the same principle used by the two Han swordsmen."

He remembered the fight and quickly realized what the Abbot was trying to tell him.

"Yes. Emery." The Abbot smiled, as Emery's eyes lit up in realization. "It was your destiny to come here, as the solution of your problem can be found within the understanding of Dao. Find the balance between the two opposites and you will be able to solve the problem of your dual spirit core."

The Abbot then show the marking on the room and handed him [The Dao Divine Technique]

Chapter 507: Dao

[The Dao Divine Technique]

"It was not as fierce as the 9 suns, nor as powerful as the 9 moons. It's neither hard nor soft. It's all about the balance"

50 years ago, the Abbot bestowed the secrets of the technique to the two Han swordmasters. Within a few years, the two of them managed to adapt the technique and create the Dao sword art, but originally the technique itself was a way to cultivate one's body and spirit.

There are 8 Dao stages and 32 movement variations involving the channeling of spirit energy throughout the 12 main meridians in the human body.

The Abbot demonstrated to Emery how to understand the Dao, before leaving him to practice on top of the stone slab.

The initial stage of the technique involved the understanding of the Dao itself. The Dao could be roughly considered as the Flow of the Universe, or in other words, the understanding of the essence and patterns that govern the natural world. This concept plays a vital part in keeping the Universe balanced and ordered, as well as the energy that moves during action and existence.

The Dao is an expression of the void that is inextricably linked between the existences of multiple objects. The natural dynamic balance formed between opposites would lead to zero. It can be thought as, if one object has a positive-aspected energy, while another has an equal amount of negative-aspected energy, it would lead to inaction.

It seemed complicated at first, but the more Emery read the more his understanding of the marking on the walls grew, he felt like his mind was wide opened.

It took him a whole day before he could fully grasp the meaning behind it and, surprisingly, Emery was able to feel the difference. A moment later a notification came to his mind.

[You have obtained a new understanding of Dao, stage 1]

Emery was glad he was able to understand the principle quickly. He felt his spirit core refreshed and, with it, he now had better control over his spirit core when he cast [Nature Grasp]. It felt as if there was no waste when he absorbed the energy around him.

He also realized the place had a slightly thicker spirit essence. He believed it's the result of cultivating close to the Gaia sacred tree. It's still far to compare with the origin stone rooms or the Khaos Space, but to have such a place was surely beneficial to him and his friend.

Now that he reached the first stage, it was time to move to the second stage.

The second stage was about recognition, to be able to identify between two opposite forces that lied within him. For him, the two opposites were his dark core and his spirit seed. the darkness element and the nature elements of plant, water and earth.

The principles of Dao taught him to recognize the flow of energy when it was radiated outwards and inwards. He needs to balance the energy emanated by both cores.

Emery used his [Nature Grasp] and tried to feel the energy of nature from within the seed and together with the outside energy he channel his dark core also to follow the flow of the nature energy.

As expected, he felt a massive force pushing him back, as the spirit energy from his dark core was extremely overwhelming. To compare, the energy from his seed was a refreshing breeze, while the energy from his dark core was akin to a massive whirling tornado.

To solve this problem, Emery suppressed the energy from the dark core extensively. On his first attempts, it kept leaking out whenever he tried to suppress it, but after a few hours, he managed to suppress the energy to a very slight trickle that could be connected to the spirit seed.

To balance the opposite, Emery had to learn to restrain the dark power until a friction one of a thousand of its actual power. With it, he could finally balance the two opposite strengths and create a connection. It was still very subtle, but he could only maintain the connection for a few minutes each time, stil, he had managed to connect the two.

The connected energy from the two cores started to flow inwards and upwards, like a stream of circular, never-ending flowing river. He spent a full week to understand it, before he was finally able to create a stable thin string. With it, a new notification came to mind.

[You obtained a new understanding of Dao, stage 2]

Now, it was time to advance to the third stage. The connection has been established, but it still had to be channeled into the 12 meridians spread all around his body. For this stage, Emery stood from his lotus position, warmed up his body and followed the first 8 movement variations. Each movement would stimulate a set of different meridians.

He realized the human organs each have different reactions to the spirit energy and it also follow with the concept of Dao.

Six yin meridians that are located in the inner region of the arms, legs, chest, and torso. The six yang meridians are located on the outer region of the arms, legs, head, and torso.

After another week of cultivating while following the 8 variations, he was able to feel the connection strengthen. The balance he tried to attain could now be felt throughout his whole body.

When he checked both his cores, he noticed that the dark core had successfully channel his spirit energy towards the seed. This time, although they were opposites, the two energies didn't fight each other. The massive dark core spirit force started to help nurture the seed but still only in a friction one of a thousand portion of the energy.

Hours turned into days, days into weeks. Emery felt the spirit seed was nurtured by both the nature energy and the flow from his dark core. He felt gradually the dark core could adapt and the channel was

able to widen a bit. But unfortunately, there were still no signs of breaking the seed nor growth. One thing was for sure, the things he was doing right now were working much more effectively.

He decided to spice up his training and took out two swords from his [Spatial Storage]. Emery pictured the techniques used by the two Han masters and imitated it to the best of his abilities.

It was as if his body and his spirit all worked together to nurture the spirit seed, and after a few more days another notification came.

[You have obtained a new understanding of Dao, stage 3]

Emery smiled triumphantly upon reading it.

Chapter 508: Little Monk

Emery managed to learn the Dao Divine Technique up until the third stage in a month or so. Ever since day one, he had been cooped up inside the training room, never even taking a step of it; that was the only reason he was able to reach this accomplishment.

Every day, a monk would come and put a bowl of rice with some vegetables on top of it in front of the room, a gesture Emery really appreciated from the Abbot. Even though it was common sense that food didn't have much impact on cultivators anymore, he would still preferred to eat anyway.

On this particular day, the same monk came to bring rice once again. It was the little monk, and this time, instead of ignoring the other party, Emery decided to call him to have a conversation.

"Hi, thank you for the food, I'm Emery, what's your name?"

The little monk unexpectedly gave him a slight bow of respect and said, "I am just a little ordinary monk. My name is not important."

Hearing this, Emery couldn't help but think. 'Little, yes. But ordinary? Far from it. A ten years old rank 4 cultivator is not something normal at all.'

Emery was about to ask the little monk about his friends, but eventually decided not to, because the little monk apparently would deliver rice for them as well. Therefore, he walked out of the training room and took a look at them himself.

First, they went to the room where Thrax was supposed to be. When the little monk opened the door and the scene inside was shown to them, Emery's eyebrows couldn't help but to twitch.

He found, or rather, saw Thrax sitting in a very weird position. He didn't sit cross-legged like one would expect from someone cultivating. He placed one arm on his back, while the other was holding his leg that was lifted up to the back of his head and perched on it.

Truly, without a doubt, Emery considered it the weirdest cultivation position he had ever seen.

Surprisingly, it seemed the little monk could recognize what position Thrax was in.

"That's the second stage of the Nine Sun Divine Technique, Heart Acupoint."

Thrax was sweating and his body was seen burning, but through his [Spirit Reading], Emery could tell that Thrax's cultivation had gradually returned. Even though he still hadn't returned to his peak, he believed the legendary gladiator would be able to get back on track eventually.

Leaving Thrax's room, Emery and the little monk made their way to the second room. The moment the door swung open, they were immediately hit by a strong gust of cold wind.

The place was extremely cold, chillingly cold.

The temperature was so cold the water vapor in the air cooled by it, allowing Emery to see his breathing. The room, on the other hand, was entirely covered with a layer of ice. The walls, the floor, the ceiling - none were spared.

Shifting his gaze to the stone slab in the middle of the room, Emery saw Klea sitting inside a block of ice. The sight stunned him for a moment, while his mind tried to comprehend the scene in front of him.

As soon as she realized he was coming, Klea smiled at him, but didn't move to greet him for obvious reasons.

Emery returned her smile, meanwhile the little monk replaced yesterday's rice with the one he brought.

When he looked at Klea, he opened his mouth. "The third stage of the Nine Moons, how amazing!" Turning his gaze to the bowl in his hand, he added, "Although she hasn't touched her food at all in a month."

From what the little monk said, it seemed the Egyptian Queen had been training relentlessly and rather extensively too. Not wanting to bother her any further, Emery only whispered good luck, before he left with the little monk.

The third room they visited was Julian's. Opposite of Klea, who gave no mind to even eating, Julian was seen sitting on the stone slab with a troubled expression on his face. When the little monk opened the door, he immediately stood up and quickly grabbed the bowl from the former.

The little monk smiled and said, "How are you doing, senior?"

Julian, who still didn't notice Emery was also there, quickly said, "Not very well. This ancient technique really is no joke. I have reached fourth stage, but I still haven't perceived any metal element on my body at all."

Surprise appeared on Emery's face when he heard what Julian said. 'Stage 4?'

The Roman talked non-stop about his problem, while continuing to fill his mouth with rice. When he finished, he finally noticed Emery. Despite that, he only greeted him briefly before returning to the stone slab.

As he walked out of the room bringing the empty bowl, the little monk spoke. "He's not doing so well."

Hearing that, Emery showed a confused expression. "Why is that? What do you mean by that? He has already reached rank 4!"

The little monk unexpectedly shook his head at Emery's words.

"For [Twelve Golden Bell Divine Technique], the first four stages are the easiest, while the last four are the hardest. I heard the Abbot took only one week to reach rank 4."

The words spoken by the little monk made Emery shake his head, because it was apparent he was very knowledgeable about many things. They walked toward the last room, while Emery brooded over what the little monk just said.

Finally, the room where Chumo was.

When he entered, Emery was surprised to see 5 Chumo in the room. One sat in the center, while the other four were on the four sides of the room; everyone was focused on cultivating.

Emery turned to the little monk, waiting for his evaluation of Chumo.

Seeing Emery's gaze filled with expectation, the little monk bashfully said, "This senior is learning the Mystic Art of the North, something that I know little about. Hence, I cannot say anything specific."

Emery was about to ask the little monk to say anything in his mind, when he saw one of the Chumos stood up, took the rice bowl and started eating.

He tried to ask a question to this Chumo, but the latter didn't reply. He wondered if this was Chumo's old habit returning to him, but apparently, that wasn't the case, as he saw the Chumo who was eating before him dissipate.

Together with it, the three Chumo spread around the room also dissipated, leaving only the one sitting on top of the stone slab.

The real Chumo stood up, walked toward them, "Hi, Emery, you came to see me?" Chumo then looked at the little monk and said "Where's my rice?" Which quickly startled the other.

It suddenly occurred to Emery that Chumo had been working hard on maintaining his spirit shadow, the clones. He even managed to reach the point where the clones were able to do something beyond what the original would know, but probably something that followed basic instinct like eating. When his clones were able to think independently Chumo would definitely be much stronger.

"Aah. I lost my concentration again." Chumo sighed knowing his clones eat his meal.

"Please call on the real me next time, thank you" Chumo returned back to the stone slab. Moments later, Emery could see 4 Chumo clones reappear.

Walking out of the room, Emery couldn't help but smile. It was evident all four of his friends trained really hard, preparing themselves for the next recall. Therefore, he shouldn't lose to them!

Now that he had finished checking on his friends, Emery was once again interested in talking to the little monk.

"Tell me, little brother. How come you're so knowledgeable?"

The little monk didn't immediately answer when he heard the question. Emery also didn't force him to answer, because he knew it wasn't the right thing to do. If the little monk wanted to tell him, he would do so without coercion. If he didn't want to, so be it.

But then, the next thing the little monk did left Emery dumbfounded. He went on and displayed the basic stages of the four ancient techniques with ease.

Faced with Emery's silence, the little monk spoke. "My master thinks I'm talented because I have an affinity to learn all the ancient techniques. But to be honest, I don't think I am that talented."

This information truly stunned Emery to no end. This little monk could possibly become the strongest person on Earth if he completely matured, after all. This made Emery wonder if he could bring the kid to the magus academy.

"Alright, senior. Regarding your previous question about my name, if you really need to know, my master calls me Damo."

Chapter 509: Imbalance

The basics of the ancient technique seemed quite simple as most of the five managed to break through a few stages in just one month.

The great thing about all these ancient techniques was that they worked as a supplement to the existing cultivation their practitioner had. Each technique would boost its practitioner's understanding toward related elements and also provide a little improvement of certain attributes.

For example, the [Nine Sun Divine Technique] would give its practitioner body regeneration capability, which subsequently made Thrax not exhaust himself as easily, but also improved his self-healing ability in prolonged battle. It was truly an ideal attribute for a battle-crazed person like him.

The [Nine Moon Divine Technique], on the other hand, would give a substantial increase to the spell power of its practitioner and related elements, which in Klea's case, wind and water element. With the myriad list of versatile spells in her repertoire, the improvement in spell power would certainly make her already powerful spells even more overwhelming.

The [Twelve Golden Bell Divine Technique] that Julian cultivated gave its practitioner an increased body durability, muscle hardness and bone density. To put it simply, an overall enhancement in the physique field. This would make Julian almost invincible being at the front.

As for Chumo's technique, it was a mystic art that had not much information about it. And thus, there was also not much he could say about it.

But for Emery himself, he discovered that the [Dao Divine Technique] allowed him to have more control over his spirit core, which was no small matter.

Every day, Emery drew spirit energy from both the [Nature Grasp] spell and his dark core to channel it toward his spirit seed, while giving his all to maintain the balance. With his gradually increased understanding of the Dao, he found out he could pour a larger amount of spirit energy from his dark core to the spirit seed.

His previous - one out of a hundred friction of the dark core - spirit seed had improved to a hundred, which was ten times larger. Even so, there was still a 100 times imbalance between the two.

Emery would stop and take a few hours each day to train in the Dao with his sword. However, the swordsmanship he practiced wasn't actually the two Han master sword techniques. Instead, he chose the swordsmanship he learnt in the Magus Academy as the basis and adapted the Dao into it.

This was the first time he tried to experiment with the creation of his own sword technique. It would be a sword technique using dual swords based on his understanding of Dao.

One sword would appear soft and flowing, while the other was fierce and hard. Sometimes, Emery's sword might look slow, but it would instantly turn into a fierce attack the next instant.

The sword practice helped Emery a lot in increasing his understanding of the Dao, controlling and maintaining the balance of his spirit energy.

Weeks passed, but Emery still hadn't managed to break through the 4th stage of the [Dao Divine Technique]. In addition, it had been more than six months since he had been cultivating his spirit seed, and there was still no visible progress.

Even so, this slow progress of his didn't make him nervous, because Emery knew he couldn't be hasty about this matter. Combining two contradictory forces was no small matter and needed to be done carefully, as the slightest mistake would cause irreversible consequences - something he truly couldn't afford.

Therefore, he kept marching day after day, doing the same thing diligently and constantly.

It took Emery a few more weeks of patience until the awaited notification finally came popping into his mind.

[You have obtained a new understanding of Dao, stage 4]

With the arrival of the notification, Emery could immediately perceive the changes brought by the breakthrough. He felt the channel was multiplying from its previous one to one hundred fractions into one tenth. And with that, he suddenly felt a deluge of energy gushing through the meridians of his body flowing into the spirit seed.

The torrent of spirit energy was so sudden Emery was caught off guard by it. As a result, he couldn't contain the intense flow of spirit energy properly.

He quickly stood up and started performing eight variations of the [Dao Divine Technique], using his entire physical body to help control the flow of energy and maintain the balance that was on the verge of collapse.

However, when Emery put his entire attention to controlling the raging energy inside his body, an unknown reaction suddenly occurred from the spirit seed that caused him to throw up blood.

The situation turned from bad to worse in an instant, Emery knew he had to do something now, before it was too late. He quickly sat down and gave his all to solve the dilemma he was currently experiencing.

However, it only took another minute before the unknown reaction occurred again, causing him to throw another mouthful of blood. The pain drowned out his physical body and Emery felt as if life was slipping out from him.

Understanding the critical situation he had unknowingly jumped into. Emery knew he needed to get his bearings together. He understood he would be beyond helping if he fainted at this moment. Therefore, he gritted his teeth and gave his all, persevering against the pain.

The excruciating pain quickly spreaded through his entire body and then made its way to his brain.

A life and death situation had arrived before Emery. In a moment like this, where he almost accepted the temptation, the image of his father suddenly came into Emery's mind.

He remembered how weak he was and how he was only a stupid, powerless boy when his father died. Ever since then, he had been trying hard to not experience the same feeling the second time.

Emery's eyes shot open, as his will blazed again. He would definitely not let his efforts go to waste like this.

Knowing the spirit flow coming from the dark core was too strong compared to the spirit seed's, Emery decided to stop his attempt of restraining and focused on his [Nature Grasp] spell instead. He wanted to use the spell to increase the nature element spirit energy within him, effectively solving the dilemma. But he quickly found out the spell's input wasn't enough.

The amount of spirit energy that [Nature Grasp] carried was incomparable to the spirit energy currently coursing through his body.

Emery started to lose his sight. Everything was becoming blurry, as his vision was gradually obscured by darkness.

...

Just as Emery was about to sink into the darkness, another reaction occurred in his body. An explosion of natural energy abruptly appeared from the spirit seed and circulated throughout his body.

Unexpectedly, this sudden development also caused a certain reaction to Emery's body. It was suddenly filled with power and gray fur began to appear on its skin.

[Fey Bloodline - Second Stage Transformation]

Emery was barely conscious and therefore had no control over his transformation. His body changed rapidly. Wolf-like fangs and claws appeared, which were then followed by a roar, as he broke the door of his training room.

The incident quickly alarmed everyone, but none of them were quick enough to stop Emery. Even so, there was already a figure standing in front of Emery's training room.

The figure was the little monk, Damo.

Emery, whose consciousness had slightly recovered, tried hard to control his body, but he soon realized he couldn't. His body was currently overwhelmed by the transformation's natural instinct for rage and blood.

Seeing Damo standing in front of his uncontrollable, massive body, Emery wanted to scream for him to run away and seek help, but that only came out as a roar of the ferocious wolf.

Immediately after, Emery's monstrous form charged towards the little monk without the former's control. Emery could only watch in horror as his sharp claws rapidly approached Damo's body, intent on ripping him apart.

Fortunately, a figure shrouded in golden light stopped Emery. It was the Abbot.

There was also Fjolnir, who swiftly summoned a hammer out of nowhere and slammed it into Emery's monstrous figure, pushing him backwards

"So that's him? No wonder he's strong!"

Fjolnir said, as he quickly summoned multiple chains and bound Emery's four limbs. Seeing that, the Abbot immediately followed by jumping towards the restrained Emery and hitting his forehead with his palm.

It was a very powerful strike, but it was followed by a calming energy that gradually made his consciousness blur.

During his semi-conscious state, he could tell that more people were coming and approaching him, which was then followed by a lot of energy being drawn into him.

Moments later, a notification he didn't expect appeared in his mind.

[Spirit seed has been fully nurtured]

Chapter 510: Dual Spirit Core

[Spirit Seed has been fully nurtured]

Emery's mind went blank for a while when those words materialized in his brain. He remained like this for a moment.

When he started to regain consciousness, the first thing that returned was his sight. Opening his heavy eyelids, he realized it was not only the Abbot's palm that was on his back, but also those of his four friends, who had all followed the Abbot's instructions and placed their palms on his body.

As his vision began to clear, muffled voices spoke around him. His head pounded as they chattered relentlessly.

"He's back...!" Exclaimed a voice on his left, that he eventually recognized as his Roman friend. "This is a good thing, right, Abbot?!"

"We thought we lost you just now!" Another person on his right said enthusiastically. From the sheer volume of the voice, he knew it was Thrax.

Aside from them, Chumo and Klea sat in front of him as well, their palms pressed deftly against his chest. His vision was starting to sharpen and return to normal, he saw Chumo's face split into a bright, relieved grin, and Klea's eyes brimming with tears.

Emery parted his chapped lips, about to greet his friends after his momentary slumber, when the Abbot suddenly started to chant words, mantras that were part of the Dao text he had learned. At the same time, he could feel a blend of both warm and cold energies filling his veins, rushing in swiftly and

permeating his entire body. The multiple energies gradually flowed into him, containing both his chaotic and nature energy.

When the balance was reached once again, it dawned on him that what he had been waiting for had finally come.

Emery could now feel his Spirit Seed slowly cracking apart, as if it were a cocoon that was peeling off its layers one by one. As it unraveled, it slowly unveiled the glowing stone that was residing inside it, which was now hovering next to its dark core. At the same time, he received multiple notifications which materialized in his mind all at once. The information he received overwhelmed him.

[Spirit Seed has transformed into a Spirit Core of Nature]

[Your Spirit Force level has increased exponentially]

[You have broken through the upper limit of Spirit Force]

Emery felt as though his spirit had been entirely refreshed, his vigor had returned, and with these feelings, followed a powerful level of Spirit Force. There were now two Spirit Cores hovering inside of him, both of which were radiating immense power, but with energies that ultimately opposed one another.

At the same time, the Abbot told everyone to release their hands. The rest of them complied, taking care to lift their palms slowly. He began to speak again with a small smile on his face, keeping his voice controlled.

"Congratulations, Emery. You have succeeded in creating your second core" said The Abbot.

Upon hearing this, his four friends immediately jumped up, quickly asking what had just happened. Emery nervously checked his palm to refer to his stats.

[Emery Ambrose]

[Battle Power: 72 (55)]

[Spirit Force: 535 (395)]

[Spirit Core of Darkness – Stage 5]

[Spirit Core of Nature - Stage 1]

[Fey Bloodline – Rank 3]

[Acolyte Rank: 8]

When they saw his stats, all four of his friends were rendered completely speechless. His crazy amount of Battle Power was no surprise, as he was a half blood, but the sheer level of his Spirit Force was definitely a strange new addition.

They all knew that 500 Spirit Force points was the limit for Rank 8 cultivators. The fact Emery had gone over the 500 point mark, but was still in Rank 8 was definitely out of the ordinary, something worth taking note of. There was also the unusual presence of the two Spirit Cores.

Unfortunately, none of them, not even the Abbot, could provide a concrete answer for him. Emery could only assume the worst, he believed that with the presence of two Spirit Cores residing inside of him, he would need double the Spirit Force requirements to reach Rank 9.

1,000 spirit force? That was the requirement for a magus, if this really was true he already half regretted choosing to keep his natural elements, he could only hope his strength was also going to increase by having two Spirit Cores.

"Does this mean you can now cast your nature spells again?" Klea asked curiously.

Emery blinked. It had not occurred to him before, so he immediately started casting some of the lowest Tier 1 level spells.

[Stone Skin] [Entangled] [Whipsplash]

After casting them, he realized all of the Tier 1 spells worked just fine; in fact, they were actually much stronger and easier to control than before. Now that he did not have to channel the dark core, his nature spells were no longer in a weakened state.

Unfortunately, Emery was not able to cast any higher-level nature spells that exceeded Tier 1. This surely made him nervous, but his biggest concern were his combined spells.

Emery concentrated on his two cores and started casting [Granite skin].

For the spell to work, it apparently would depend so much on the channel that was created with the Dao. He was so happy to see his stone skin turn harden and dark in color, unfortunately, he only managed to keep it active for a few seconds before he felt the balance was broken and the spell returned to the normal stone skin spell.

It was upsetting, but, honestly, it was to be expected. He was sure he would be able to improve with more training.

"Dual spirit core! It really is something!" Julian exclaimed. "This is amazing, Emery."

"Of course he's amazing," said Klea with a teasing smile.

It was at this moment that Chumo said something which surprised him. It appeared that his [Eye of Raven] picked something up and, as soon as Chumo relayed the message to him, Emery was driven to shock.

Once more, he checked the symbol on his palm, eyeing for a different stat.

[Spirit Affinity: Darkness, Plant, Earth, Water]

[Spirit Aptitude: A]

"A!!" He yelped out excitedly.

This was definitely a treat to his eyes. He was now no longer the weakest member of the pack. He wondered if this was the reason why he had an increased absorption rate in the Khaos space before. It must have had something to do with separating his core. Things had immediately turned better for him, he thought as he smiled joyously to himself.

Right after, Fjolnir approached him and said

"Your transformation from before... You are a Fey, aren't you?"