

Earths GMagus 511

Chapter 511: 3 Generation

Now that Emery was already out of the cultivation mess he got himself in, added the fact everyone had gathered and stopped their training for the same reason, the group decided to take a little break from their cultivation to have a discussion with the two esteemed elders.

After seeing Emery's skill and transformation, Fjolnir appeared to be more excited than before.

"This third generation is much better than I thought." said Fjolnir, nodding as his eyes locked on Emery.

Apparently, Fjolnir had been staying in the temple for the last three months not just to teach Chumo his skill, but also because he was interested to know the strength of Emery and the others, or rather, the so-called third generation acolytes.

Gathered and sat under the sacred tree in the temple, the two elders began asking them questions about the Magus Academy, to be exact, how they passed their lives there.

Discovering the entire group had managed to gain enrollment in the elite class certainly gave the two elders a huge surprise. Even the calm Abbot suddenly became more talkative, as question after question came out of his mouth.

"All five of you managed to enter the elite class?! Really? How is that even possible? I remember it was impossible to enroll in the elite class without help... Unless the rule has changed." said the Abbot quickly, looking at Emery and the others, while saying the last sentence. "Is my guess right?"

Emery explained it was actually with the help of Lord Izta, who was supposed to be the first generation acolyte from Earth, that they managed to do so.

Hearing that, a look of surprise appeared on the Abbot's face. It seemed he didn't expect the mighty Gilgamesh to become an instructor in the Magus Academy.

Unfortunately for him, Lord Izta hadn't become an instructor yet 1000 years ago. Otherwise, things would probably end up differently with him and his brothers.

This fact and comparison left Emery and the others feeling very fortunate and grateful to those who have helped them on their journey to date. Having Lord Izta as their mentor back at the Magus Academy and now the Abbot helping them; they realized how lucky they were.

Hearing about Lord Izta, Fjolnir's expression also changed. He actually became quiet when the discussion hit this topic. His odd behavior made Emery and the others realize the man was able to follow their discussion on the academy, which should be impossible because of the restriction imposed upon those unrelated to it.

Faced with the inquisitive look coming from everyone except the Abbot, Fjolnir eventually decided to reveal his part of the story.

2000 years ago, the first generation of acolytes chosen from Earth were: Gilgamesh, Enkidu, the Eastern Sage, the Western Beast King and the Northern Shaman.

Fjornir told the story with a nostalgic expression on his face, as if he was among them at the time, which was strange in the eyes of Emery and the others. After all, the man was the known king of the Scyfling kingdom and the descendant of the Northern Shaman. There was no way he was there at that time, right?

Hence, the next words he spoke completely shocked the group.

"It was I, Fjornir, the one known as the Northern Shaman."

This revelation meant the man sitting in front of them was of the same generation as Lord Izta. However, that was difficult to believe, because the man was only at rank 9. How could a rank 9 cultivator manage to live up to 2000 years old?

Knowing what kind of thoughts were going through the group's mind, Fjornir added.

"The West Beast King, Enkidu, and me, the Northern Shaman, died 2000 years ago."

This new information only brought the group into another cluster of confusion instead of out of it. Imaginary smokes even appeared above Thrax's head, as he gradually found himself unable to comprehend anything.

"That's right, I already died 2000 years ago. Fortunately, I am a Vanir, a descendant of the old god and master of the spirit realm. I was able to reincarnate back to a new body right in the middle of the war happening 1000 years ago."

For Emery and the others, reincarnation was another concept they honestly could understand, but found very hard to believe. However, it appeared the man in front of them was one such exception. Besides, the Abbot didn't seem to deny his story.

"Unfortunately, when I reincarnated, I also lost a few fragments of my memory. My cultivation also dropped together with it. Hence, the reason for the current situation."

Fjornir then continued on his story. Apparently, out of the first generation acolytes, the Eastern Sage had created the Xia dynasty before going missing.

As for the Beast King, Fjornir turned to Emery and looked at him with a stern gaze.

"I can see that you are his descendant. The Fey Beast is the Beast King of the West. He was the guardian of the western sacred tree and his descendants were able to create a protection spell that secluded them all. I assume you know exactly what I mean, don't you Emery?"

Emery nodded his head at the question. The Forbidden Forest had always been secluded from the outside world and had just opened itself again a hundred years ago. Hence, they had been secluded for 1000 years or more, which was consistent with the timeline Fjornir said.

This was the first time Emery could relate the history of his bloodline with the Magus Academy. Then, he wondered why the High Priestess seemed to have no knowledge about this at all.

Seeing the affirmation, Fjornir then said, "Emery, you should come with me to my kingdom. I definitely have something that you need."

"Something that I need?" Emery asked, confused as to what he might be referring to.

"That's right. The legacy the Beast King left behind for his descendants; it's there in my kingdom."

This was actually something that intrigued Emery, very much. Although he really wanted to continue to deepen his understanding of the Divine Dao Technique, he didn't actually need to be in the temple to do that.

Besides, he realized the last time his cultivation went awry and this time just now - all of them caused his transformation to go out of control. This could be said as proof that his bloodline had many things to do with his cultivation.

Thus, he looked at Fjolnir and said,

"Yes, I am very much interested"

Chapter 512: Warned

It was then decided Emery would follow Fjolnir returning to his kingdom. He was inwardly excited by the prospect of visiting the renowned kingdom and finding out the legacy of his ancestor.

As he had seen the world map, Emery knew the kingdom that Fjolnir ruled over was located just far east of Briton. Hence, he could actually pass by the place on his trip heading back home.

The first thought that came to his mind was the fact he had to gain 400 plus spirit force before the next recall, which was in a little over a year from now.? The best way he could think of was no other than the Khaos space that was completely suffused with spirit energy.

That would be the best plan in Emery's opinion: following Fjolnir to see the legacy of his bloodline, and then returning to the Khaos space to continue his training.

Perfect.

While he was thinking about this, Emery noticed Klea was staring, no, glaring at him.

"You are thinking about that princess again, aren't you?" A glint passed through her eyes, sending faint chills down his back.

"Whaat?! No! I was not..." Emery quickly said, vehemently denying her accusation. Unfortunately, the sharp gaze Klea threw at him made him so nervous so much he stuttered his words. "I... I really wasn't!"

Emery took a long sigh. He really didn't think about what he was accused of, but the Egyptian Queen's words once again reminded him of that girl, Gwen. Recalling her image in his mind, he became unsure of his decision to return to Briton. She actually now became his reason not to return.

Klea unexpectedly nodded her head in satisfaction. It appeared her spirit reading was good enough to sense he was not lying, but she still decided, rather, determined to come along with him.

Her declaration brought Emery out of his thoughts and surprised him, he didn't realize Klea would come all the way back to Briton again. The confusion in his once more shown.

"Wow! You really don't want me to come with you, don't you?!"

"No. Of course not, Klea. I'd be happy if you could accompany me" said Emery, smiling wryly inwardly.

"Yes! You must realize by now that you needed me, Emery"

As for the three boys, Julian, Chumo and Thrax, they decided to stay in the temple. They needed every leverage they could have to reach a higher cultivation realm. They were, after all, not as monstrously talented as Klea.

After deciding their next plan, the Abbot seemingly had an important message for them.

"I need to tell you all something about the Nephilims."

The Abbot reminded them to be very careful of the Nephilim faction. From Emery's story about Lord Izta sacrificing his 2000 years being in service of the Nephilim, he now understood the reason why the Nephilim tended to leave them alone other than taking the Heavenly Fruit's harvest away.

But despite that, the Abbot told how the Nephilim helped to ignite the war that killed millions of lives a thousand years ago.

"The Nephilim were willing to break rules for their goal, hence again, please be really careful about them."

Emery could guess it was probably because they felt threatened by the five brothers. If there was no such war 1000 years ago, Earth might be a much different world, the Abbot wouldn't be hurt and the four brothers might still be alive.

The Abbot reminded them that, unless they could make sure they would graduate from Magus Academy with the potential to become a Magus, he hoped they didn't make any trouble with the faction.

Hearing that, Emery decided to tell the Abbot about the Headmaster's plan to petition Earth's right of caretaker to return from the Nephilim faction to the hands of the Earthlings, which in this case, Lord Izta.

Although the latest news was that the Headmaster was captured by the Elves, Emery still hoped there was a way it could still be granted. There was also a possibility the headmaster already returned to the academy when they were back.

Fjolnir and the Abbot seemed doubtful when they heard this piece of information from Emery, as if they weren't sure if the plan would be successful.

"Even if there was such a plan, the Nephilim would not leave Earth without giving a fight."

The Abbot looked at Emery and smiled, "And do you know why, Emery?"

Emery gave the question a little thought and found the answer when his gaze landed at the sacred tree behind them and recalled what it could do.

"It's Gaia, isn't it?" answered Emery.

The Abbot nodded and explained that Gaia was a rare resource of great value. In the eyes of the Nephilim, its value even exceeded the billions of lives on the planet.

Emery has heard about how the lower rank world would be a resource point for the Magus Alliance, but he didn't realize how significant that information was and how important Gaia was until now.

Hearing this, Thrax once again became emotional and said that now they were here, they should not be afraid of the Nephilim anymore.

In response to that, Fjolmir told the group he knew there were at least a dozen magus under the Nephilim. There might even be more, so even if all five of them managed to become Magus, they might still not win in direct confrontation.

Fjolnir words quickly sent the passionate Thrax into silence, but it was Julian who unexpectedly looked even more annoyed by the news.

The Abbot looked at the group and said, "I was not going to say this as I wasn't sure, but I believe Gaia is changing. I have the feeling time is running out for us."

The words spoken by the Abbot were similar to what the High Priestess said to him. Emery wondered if it had anything to do with the visions he received from Gaia.

The Abbot was about to add something, but he seemed very reluctant to do so. In the end, he only said these words.

"Just focus on your training and achieve the best result during your time in the Academy." The Abbot said with a gentle smile on his face. He then looked at the group and added, "Most importantly. Don't die."

Afterward, the Abbot stood up and left the room, heading to his own secluded place leaving the group still questioning what was the Abbot was about to say earlier.

Fjolnir, who was left with the group, could only raise his hands when he saw that everyone's attention was on him.

"Don't ask me. I can't ever understand him. Him being a monk proves my point."

Before leaving, Emery asked the group about the Heavenly Fruit they received. Klea and Chumo had no opinion on the matter, but the other two seemed to have the need to catch up on their spirit force after their recent breakthrough to rank 8.

Hence, after confirming it was possible to share the Heavenly Fruit from Fjolnir, they decided to just cut the fruit into five equal pieces and everyone received a portion.

Klea, Julian, Thrax and Chumo decided to immediately swallow their share because nothing wrong with more improvement. Meanwhile, Emery decided to store his part in the spatial storage, keeping it for future apothecary projects he might do with it.

The result of consuming one-fifth of the Heavenly Fruit was immediate, as everyone received an average increase of about half a dozen spirit forces between each of them. Such a number for only one-fifth of the fruit could be considered amazing.

Emery realized all the Heavenly Fruits taken by the Nephilim for the last hundred years could be extremely useful for the Earth's cultivators, such as the two Han sword masters and the others.

Earth might even have produced several magus-level figures already if the 10 Heavenly Fruits harvested every ten years weren't given to the Nephilim.

With sour feelings left in the mouth because of the realization, Emery and Klea finally said their goodbye to the other three. They all separated with more determination to achieve massive improvement on each other when they met later in the academy the next year.

Emery also took the time to create a stone formation in this place. He would definitely like to come and visit the temple again sometime in the future.

Now that everything was set, Emery and Klea quickly followed Fjolnir as they exited the temple.

"So, how do we go there? Should we get a horse?" Klea asked Fjolnir.

Fjolnir shook his head and said, "Why need a horse when there are better alternatives?"

The man proceeded to create another summon out of pure energy, but this time, it was an enormous bird.

He quickly climbed it and looked back at Emery and Klea who were staring at him in stupefaction.

"I hope none of you are afraid of heights!" He said with a massive grin on his face.

Chapter 513: Vanaheimir

A strong wind blew towards them as they glided through the sky on the back of the glowing bird that was just summoned.

The Elder turned around, looking towards the pair intensely, squinting against the rush of wind. "Hang on!!!"

The bird flew so quickly against the direction of the wind that it threatened to blow them away. Fortunately though, both Emery and Klea had enough upper body strength to grasp the glowing bird's feathers tightly enough to hold them in place.

The truth is, Emery felt a little uncomfortable flying at such a height, but Klea, ever the adventurer, surprised both him and the Elder by screaming in excitement, an elated look plastered on her face.

She even began to sweet talk the Elder, trying to convince him to teach her how to summon one of her own.

As it was going to be a day-long journey at the very least, the Elder was forced to explain to the two how the spirit realm worked, albeit with an exasperated tone of voice.

The skill required the caster to summon the soul of the animal and make some kind of a contract.

This, combined with a specialty in the path of conjuration, Fjolnir was able to summon a variety of creatures besides weapons and tools, for his own benefit.

This only lit a fire beneath Klea's curiosity even further.

"Oh, can I learn how to do it, Elder? Please?" Begged Klea with her eyes gleaming.

The entirety of the day-long journey eventually faded into hours and hours of Klea's constant pleading, until finally, the Elder gave in and promised to teach her. But only after her persistent requests had given her two travel companions a migraine.

When they finally descended upon their destination, landing on a snowy plain in between the crests of two mountains, the Elder turned to face them. "We have arrived."

Looming before them was a castle on top of a snowy hill.

Surprisingly enough, the location was completely secluded, with no other structures in sight. As the bird began to fly down towards the middle of the castle grounds, Emery could see that there were no more than 100 residents there to welcome them.

"The king has returned!"

The moment they climbed down, the bird immediately dissipated. It dissolved into the cold, swirling air around them.

Fjolrin turn toward them and said;

"Welcome to Vanaheimir, the home of the Vanir... Or at least, it used to be..."

As Fjolrin walked towards the direction of the castle, the 100 residents bowed deeply in respect, with their foreheads touching the ground with such reverence and admiration, as if they were bowing down to God himself.

They walked into the building, and although it had seemed so from its exterior, its interior was nothing like a castle Emery had ever seen. It was almost as if the inside of the building operated as one large hall.

"Welcome to the Great Hall of Vanaheimer."

The wall was filled with bones of animals, there were some that Emery had never seen before. Even for the all knowing Klea.

As it was already quite late by the time they had arrived, the king told them to take their rest, and that they would have plenty of time to talk tomorrow. He also needed time to call a few of his people first, to ensure that they would be present for their discussions tomorrow.

Both Emery and Klea were given one of the empty houses within the sprawling castle yard to spend the rest of the night.

When they entered the small house, they were met with the sight of a cozy living room with one single bed. At this, Klea smiled slyly to herself.

"I should probably ask for another place... Or a bigger one," Emery remarked, looking around with a rather perplexed expression on his face.

"No No!" She cut him off rapidly, waving her hand in the air. "Emery, didn't you see how small this place was? My worry is that the king had to evacuate some residents to make this house available for us in the first place, I wouldn't want to cause more trouble for them when they've been so kind to us."

Emery was a little confused as to why a famous king that had been alive for 1000 years had such a small, secluded castle in the first place, but the Egyptian queen has the answer for that.

"The Scyfling were mostly nomads, after all..."

Klea told Emery that it was well-known that there was no true, real king among the northern tribes, as Fjolrin never announced himself as their leader. This allowed for the northern tribes to be a democratic nation of sorts, being led by hundreds of Jarls.

They were currently divided into two large groups that existed which constituted the northern tribes. There was the Horse Tribe to the east, the Seafarer Tribe to the west.

After being taught enough lessons about the kingdom that they were staying in now, Klea began to check around the house. She found that many ingredients had been prepared for them. After gathering the materials she needed, she then started to put together a meal for them inside a cauldron that was set in the corner.

Through it all, Klea kept teasing Emery about how this would be some kind of trial for them to live together.

The two ate dinner together, next to a fireplace with a dark snowy night outside the room. It was as if the two were the only ones living in this world.

When the night came, Klea climbed into the bed and asked Emery to join her.

"It's cold, come, let us warm-up together."

As they are now, it's almost impossible for them to get cold with weather like this, especially Klea who is now learning ice element spirit.

Emery politely rejects as he wishes to return to his [nature grasp] training.

The Egyptian princess was both irritated and amused seeing how much of a gentleman Emery was.

"Alright then. Good night Emery"

While doing his training, Emery saw the beautiful girl sleeping in front of him with a mixed feeling. There was a certain warm feeling with the situation they are in now which gives him a smile, but a thought came to mind if he would ever feel the same way he had felt with Gwen.

The next morning, they were summoned by King Fjolrin. There were a few men that were gathered there.

"Alright, Emery, are you ready to see the burial grounds of your ancestor?"

Chapter 514: Norse

Emery and Klea arrived at the great hall. The first thing they saw was Fjolnir, the northern king, conversing with some people and reading a stack of parchments.

It appeared the king had been gone for far too long, considering how many people came to ask for his counsel the moment he arrived. From the bits and pieces of conversations they could pick, it appeared the king had to deal with matters related to the other kingdoms.

The two of them listened intently without bothering the king, for they too were curious to know what he was currently doing.

Right when the king was in the middle of a conversation, a messenger from a tribe on the south walked in bearing a scroll. The king quickly read the contents, it seemed the Rheik of the tribe asked for support in the war against Rome. When the king asked, the messenger explained Rome had become more powerful, and at this rate, the whole Germanic regions would fall under its might without the king's help.

However, despite the messenger's best attempts at convincing him, the king was unshaken and casually rejected the request, as if he didn't care about such matters.

Right as the messenger bowed to the king and walked out, another messenger came in wearing the outfit of the western kingdoms. The warmongering Dane kingdoms asked for the king's blessing to expand their conquest across the sea.

Emery came to the realization the people who were raiding Briton's eastern shores were those very same people.

As if listening to what he was thinking, Fjolnir gave Emery a quick glance and asked. "Emery! What do you think about this matter?"

Surprised for being asked for his input, Emery took a moment to think, shook his head and said. "I donk know... i have no opinion on such matters."

King Fjolnir barked a loud laugh and said. "Hahaha! Don't you worry! Even if you want me to tell them to stop, there is no way to. It's ingrained in our Northern blood to be thirsty for battle, for that way we shall die with honor and go to Valhalla!"

An hour has passed, Emery and Klea intently listened to the king as he finished the problems both within and outside his kingdom. If it wasn't because of the king's carefree nature, the affair might have taken a whole day to finish.

"Alright, we shall go now!"

This time, they were accompanied by a few people. One of them appeared to be very old and stick thin, while the others were warriors bearing heavy weapons. The old man looked so frail he seemed like he could collapse at any moment.

But, that impression was quickly overturned when the old man climbed up onto his horse. All took their own horses and went riding for an hour. They rode down the hill, crossed a gleaming, frozen river, finally landing at a massive hill, where they circled around and stopped at a small, well-hidden door.

The king jumped down and took the keys, while the old man and the warriors prepared their torches. Emery and Klea, even Fjolnir, seemed to be just following the passages.

Emery could smell the smattering of dust and neglect in this place, mingled with the sound of distant water moving in the tunnels. The rocks were smooth, likely ground down by nature, as it went through years upon years of neglect.

A few minutes passed inside the caves, before they finally arrived in front of a massive door. It was carved from brilliant white and black stones, engravings depicting various kinds of animals, weapons, humans and objects littered all around its surface.

Just like the door that was made to keep Excalibur, Emery was unable to feel anything beyond this door.

The king touched the door, closed his eyes and started to chant. His words echoed within the enclosed tunnels and, before long, the door started glowing. He pushed the door lightly with the tip of his finger.

The door finally opened without a sound.

While the warriors were ordered to sit and keep watch outside the door, the three of them and the old man with the torch stepped inside.

Inside the door, there was a wide tunnel with engravings on the walls. Unlike the ravaged stones in the previous passage, the drawings were intact and still visible, like even the passage of time couldn't touch them.

The old man started to speak about the engraving and their origins.

It began with the story of human civilization known as the Asgardians. They lived on the planet and flourished, until the elves came and brought war for territory with them. The blood spilled culminated in a massive war, known as "Ragnarok" that killed almost all Asgardians. In order to ensure the safety of the people, thousands of Asgardians, the Vanir tribe, went into a portal and arrived in this world.

The tunnel was made atop a big opening, where they saw dozens of broken black stones and ruined criss-crossing of marks. One stone still stood high and intact, bearing the marking of a soaring bird of prey.

"This was the broken portal, our ancestor used to escape with." The old man said.

Emery and Klea were very much surprised, evidence points that some of the Earth's human ancestors actually hailed from another planet. They have seen humans on other planets and universes, as evidenced by their time in Magus Academy, but it was still strange to see Earth as one such place.

Suddenly, he had a thought and asked. "Then, can the portal be fixed?"

Fjolnir smiled in excitement and answered. "Perhaps you can find clues on how to fix it in the academy, Emery!"

The king was right, but still, Emery had no idea where to start. He decided to check the stones and organize the broken markings the best he could, before committing all the shapes he could see to memory. Then, he stood up, walked to the elder and asked.

"Then, Elder, what about the legacy of the fey beasts?"

The old man nodded and took them to the other side of the tunnel. Unlike the previous carvings, more beasts than humans were depicted here.

He explained that these engravings tell the story of what happened after they arrived. Emery was surprised to see one of the carvings showing a drawing of a massive size wolf devouring people and leaving trails of blood in their wake.

The old man explained the wolf was known as 'Fenrir'.

Chapter 515: Fenrir

The story depicted in the stone walls started with the disaster 'The Ragnarok' that spelled the end of the Asgardians, as the massive wolf Fenrir killed many of the gods including the all-father himself, Odin.

Fenrir's rampage practically destroyed the world and heralded the end of an era. Even when the creature was finally slain under the blade of Vidar, one of the Ashgardian gods, the myriad of gods who died meant that the age of gods had finally ended. After the death of the wolf Fenrir, it was then the birth of the wolf's curse was mentioned.

The old man started to read the writings on the wall.

"The Giantess, old and frail, spoke from within the Ironhood. In the east, the brood of Fenrir was born. They shall walk amongst humans, only to shed their guise and show their monster form before devouring the sun."

On the walls, there were carvings telling the story of how the Asgardian gods were able to defeat Fenrir, only for the wolf's immense hatred to birth the curse of the twin wolf offsprings. Skoll, the night wolf who chased the sun, and Hatii, the day wolf who chased the moon.

When the thousands of Vanir came to Earth, a few brought the night wolf's curse within them. Unable to control the curse, they would transform into beasts at random intervals. It quickly became a problem for the people of Earth, which lead to a battle between the ones with the curse and the Asgardian survivors.

It was at that time, the drawing showed the marking of a large tree, the sacred Tree Gaia that intervened. It was by the grace of Gaia that they were able to be cured. With their beast abilities, they would later repay the favor by being the protectors of Gaia itself. It was among them that the Beast King was born.

Thanks to the story, Emery found out the legacy of his feywolf nature came from the outer world. He let out a long, tired sigh. Even the patriarch of the wolf bloodline had very little knowledge about the fey wolf. This was quickly becoming more concerning. How would he learn more about himself?

At least now he gained some clues of new names to search for: Fenrir and the two twin wolves: Skull and Hati, the night and day wolf. Something to look into when he return to the magus academy.

Fjolnir, who was thinking about the old times, suddenly commented.

"I remember there were rarely any men to be seen among the fey people. I only saw the Beast King once, but he was always surrounded by women."

Klea, who had been silent so far, suddenly piped up. "Hey, Emery, I guess there's no mistake! They are indeed your ancestors!" teasing Emery who also had so many women around him.

Emery knew better than to try and justify himself, so he just ignored Klea's remarks and continued this line of inquiry, asking a different question.

"Then, does that mean we are blood related, Elder?"

The elder laughed and said. "Yes, we are, and a few million people in the world, too. It's been 3000 years since a thousand of us came here, after all."

The king added that a few people, who were blessed with pure Ashgardian blood, would have a similar power as their ancestors. They would be able to increase their innate power, shown by tattoo markings appearing all over their body.

It reminded him of the Akavi Warriors back in the Forbidden Forest, who could invoke their power to increase their strength, shown by black markings appearing on their bodies. As for Emery, he was either fortunate or unfortunate, as he inherited the 'night wolf curse'.

All of a sudden, he thought of a question.

"I wonder if there was any other man who had the 'curse' in the last 2000 years?"

"No... Not for two thousand years." The king shook his head. "The only known remains of the night wolf curse bearers and the Beast King were the fey people who locked themselves in the forest."

Emery took a deep sigh. He was hoping the king would know where he could start looking, so he might be able to find another sample for his bloodline research. Luckily for him, the king didn't stop there.

"Ah, right, there were these reports about sightings of a fey wolf a dozen years back, I didn't give them any attention, but it appeared the report was credible."

Emery turned around and asked in surprise. "Who? Where was it?"

"The identity was unknown, but the sightings were at the town of Bergen, on the easternmost shore of this island."

The location made Emery's eyes lit up in recognition. He had heard the town in passing before, for it was used as the hub to connect those sailing across from Briton and vice versa.

"As a matter of fact, Emery, the town was close to the site of the first incident between the Vanir and the cursed ones 3000 years ago. If you want to head there, I will send word of your visit. I'm sure the Jarl there will take good care of you."

Emery nodded gratefully. "Thank you elder."

His hope to find something there was reignited.

Klea, on the other hand, had a disappointed expression on her beautiful face. "So, we are leaving Venaheim soon, then?"

Emery nodded. "Ah, yeah, that is right. Is something the matter, Klea?"

"Well, I thought we could stay a few days here first. I really wanted to learn the bird summoning spell, after all."

On one hand, Emery wished to be able to head to Bergen right away, but on the other hand, Klea had helped him so much on his way here. So, he chose to wait for her. Anyway, he could use some time to cultivate the [Nature Grasp].

"Well, I guess we could stay here for a few days first, if the king doesn't mind."

The king smiled. "Don't you know? People say that we have the best traditions related to welcoming guests." The king took a quick glance at Klea and stopped for a second. "But, if you think you can learn the magic in a few days, you need to wake up. It's not possible"

Klea took the king's teasing in stride, as she smiled and said. "Well, many said that I am pretty talented. It may be time to put that to the test, right?"

Emery turned around and thought about leaving, but the king touched his shoulder and said.

"Where are you going? I haven't shown you the main reason I brought you here."

Ah, that's right. In his excitement from learning more about his origin, he had forgotten that the king invited him here to give him something.

Fjolnir glanced at the old man, who he walked towards the other end of the room before raising his hand. The seemingly empty wall cracked, light from glowing marking spilling out from the broken rocks, before the rocks tumbled down to reveal a secret door.

Emery and Klea walked through another empty tunnel and finally, they saw a room full of skeletons. The skeletons weren't haphazardly placed. They seemed to be laid carefully stored in the walls of the place with their weapons still held tight in their long decayed hands. If they still had any flesh left, they would look like mere sleeping guards.

The room was no slouch either. It was decorated with beautiful statues and littered with treasures, creating a wondrous sight to behold.

Klea, as brave as she was, was still a little taken aback by all the bodies, tightly holding Emery's arm as they walked through the pathway cutting the middle of the room. Or maybe it was all just an excuse to cling to Emery's arm.

"These are the tombs of our ancestors and our great warriors." The king explained.

Emery looked around, it was clear there were literally hundreds of skeletons lying there like what the king said, all waiting for the time they would be reborn and roam this world once more.

They went through another door, stopping in a room with shiny stone walls. Slight wisps of light seeped out from the walls every so often, before fading as Emery touched it with his fingers.

Aside from the door, the place was filled with hanging weapons and armor. He expected the weapons to be lost to the ravages of time, but everything was intact. Each shone with a metallic glint, as if it had been polished mere minutes before they came.

The shape of the weapons and armor vary wildly, from simple spears, swords and shields, to more strange things. Emery even spotted a massive metal ball propped with chains and carved with images of the howling winds, but the strangest of all were several weapons resembling musical instruments.

"This is an arsenal!" He said in awe.

Chapter 516: Arsenal

Emery could not believe the sight that was presented before him at the moment; the inside of the room that King Fjolnir showed to him. His eyes moved around rapidly as his gaze flew back and forth throughout one's end of the room to another, slack jawed by the extravagance that existed in front of him.

He approached one of the walls that were covered by myriad kinds of weapons, where one sword in particular attracted his attention. Turning his head around, Emery asked King Fjolnir if he could get a feel of the weapon.

The man showed a calm smile and gestured with his hand, allowing him to do so.

Receiving the approval, Emery swiftly got into action. The blade was definitely an artifact from out of this world, and thus, he acted careful despite his haste.

As soon as he touched it, the symbol on his palm immediately lit up and showed a notification to him.

[Crescent Sword - Tier 1]

[90 centimeters long, 13 centimeters wide, weighs 12.5 kilograms]

Emery's hand also reached for the armor hanging beside the sword, checking its attribute.

[Brukish Plate - Heavy armor - Tier 1]

[A set of body armor, weight: 33.5 kilograms]

These equipment were tier one weapons and armor that used a material similar to the one he received from the dwarf elder in Magus Academy. Even though they were only tier one, it was unquestionably a better quality than the level of weapon and armor Earthlings currently had.

Klea was also surprised by the revelation, deciding to check a few of the equipment hanging on the wall herself to be sure. Meanwhile, Emery turned to Fjolnir again and asked with a curious tone,

"Elder... What are all these items doing here? Where did they come from?"

He expected the other party to answer, but it was Klea who answered his question.

"The tomb and the weapons... These are the weapons of the old Vanir warriors, aren't they, Elder?"

Fjolnir was seen nodding his head in satisfaction, acknowledging Klea's answer.

"That's right! As expected from a smart girl like you. Right, come and follow me. There is still more to see."

The elder was beaming with a proud smile as he showcased the room, which actually looked more like a tunnel. Numerous gasps of surprise came out from their mouths, as Emery and Klea walked through the seemingly endless room filled with rows and stacks of weapons and armor.

"There must be at least hundreds of them that we've seen, and there's still more of them." muttered Emery in a low voice, which didn't escape Fjornir's ears who walked at the front.

The man laughed boisterously and said, "They are a little bit more than that."

Looking at the expression the elder had in his face, Emery couldn't help but wonder what exactly the other party meant by a little bit more. As the sight of the end of the room was nowhere to be seen, he started to believe there were actually more than a thousand of these weapons around, which was mind-boggling.

Eventually, they arrived before another door which sent them into the next room, only to be welcomed by a slightly more neat collection of weapons. There, a few dozen weapons and armors were stored properly.

With a glance, Emery could tell this group of equipment had a completely different quality than the previous lot. To be sure of his guess, he proceeded to touch one of them, using the symbol to check its stats. Once again, the two were surprised by their findings.

[Round Shield]

[Shield - Tier 2]

[One-handed shield, weighs 12 kilograms]

[Special effect - Extra resistance]

[Light Armor - Tier 2]

[A set of body armor, weighs 13.5 kilograms]

[Set item - Flame resistance]

This time, they were all tier 2 artifacts and there were even a few dozen of them here.

Emery's thoughts suddenly recalled about the meeting he had with the king before, about how that one report stated on the kingdom being invaded by Rome. He was sure that if the king allowed them to take a few of these items, things might turn very different for them.

Unfortunately, he couldn't linger longer on this train of thought, as Fjornir beckoned him and Klea to keep going. The group continued on their walk, Emery could see a few more weapons and armor that he suspected were tier 2 as well.

When he thought they had finally reached the end of the tour, King Fjornir actually still brought him to another room. This time, the old man who followed them till this point was not allowed to do so anymore.

Fjolnir touched the gate-like door, just like before, an intricate symbol appeared on its surface and glowed brightly before the door opened itself. Without further ado, they entered the room that should have been the last.

This time, instead of rows of weapons and rows lining up at the sides of the room, six human-like statues were seen around in the room.

Each of them were made out of ordinary polished stone, but what was amazing was the fact that one set of artifacts was placed in front of these statues.

They were put properly on top of an exquisitely carved slab, as if they were the most treasured object in the world.

One statue had a dagger and a horn placed in front of it.

[Horn of Warcry]

[Instrument - Tier 3]

[Diameter 60 centimeters, weighs 4 kilograms]

[Special skill - Warcry: Increases the war strength of all troops. The area of effect and the affected number will depend on the power of the wielder.].

Another set of artifacts placed before the statue had a sword colored entirely in black, but gleaming under the light emitted from above it.

[Sword of Blood - Tier 3]

[90 centimeters long, 13 centimeters wide, weighs 12.5 kilograms]

[Special skill - Devour: Increase the sword sharpness and resistance the more blood it devours]

Seeing that Emery was trying to test the Sword of Blood's skill himself, Fjolnir immediately stopped him from digging his very own hole.

"Watch out! Stop! Don't you touch that! It's very sharp and we will have a hard time when it tastes blood and wants more of it."

An admiring glint was seen in his eyes, as he couldn't stop appreciating these artifacts before him, especially those that were into the sword category.

In this room, there were actually a few swords displayed, other than the Sword of Blood he just put down, two of the others were placed in front of a female and male statue situated next to each other.

Noticing where Emery was looking, Fjolnir smiled, "Those two swords belong to my real parents, the leader of the Vanir. They have no special ability in them, but they were made of Valerian steel." The smile on his face became gentle, as he remembered the images of his parents.

"They're very strong, I guarantee that."

For Emery, who was raised as a knight since childhood and been practicing swordsmanship for a while, he really looked amicably toward the two swords, like they were the most beautiful things in the world. He really wished to try those two swords compared to the Reunite Sword made by Master Xion.

In all honesty, the fact that all these precious artifacts became only a mere display in a deep, hidden, secluded tomb really pained his heart. He really wanted to ask for them, but remembering how these special artifacts were once the hero of the other party's people made him hesitate to do so.

But apparently, the same couldn't be said for Klea.

"Elder, why don't you give me one to keep?" She asked with a smile. Pointing her dainty finger at the unassuming-looking spear leaning against one of the statues, she added. "That is a lightning spear, right? I have been learning some fighting techniques using polearm, so that will be the perfect weapon for me!"

The elder laughed loudly, as he followed where Klea's finger was pointing at. He looked at her and said, "That's one of the 10 little Gungnir spears given by the Allfather god, Odin, himself. Are you sure you want it?"

An elated expression appeared on Klea's face. "Yes! Elder, please give it to me!"

At her enthusiastic reply, Fjolnir seemed to be hesitating for a while before saying, "Hmm... Alright, you can have it. I didn't really like the previous owner, anyway."

"Yey! Thank you so much, Elder!" Klea said as she cheered in happiness, skipping her way to the spear.

Not wasting any chance, Emery also quickly asked for himself. However, the elder unexpectedly stopped him.

"No, Emery. Sorry." Fjolnir said firmly. "These aren't just weapons, they are pieces of history. I am very, very uncomfortable handing them out without the approval of their previous owners."

The king then started lecturing about his reincarnation again quoting the reason why. Apparently, he was already quite uncomfortable having given one of them to Klea.

Emery was speechless at the one-sided treatment he just received. He then noticed Klea was smiling wickedly at him.

"That is why... You have to be decisive, Emery. Being a man, one must be decisive or they will lose an opportunity. Hehehe... Hope you learn your lesson this time." She said, as she swung his newly-gained weapon around, clearly showing it off to him.

It seemed Fjolnir also realized how unfair he had been to him, thus he said.

"Don't worry. I have the things Beast King left for you. I'm sure you will need it more than what is here."

He grabbed his shoulder and led him into one of the corners of the room. This was the real reason he brought Emery to this place. There, a pendant in thin black string and a claw hanging on it was seen lying peacefully on a cushion that rested on a stone carved lectern.

As soon as Emery took hold of it, he felt his blood stir vigorously.

"What kind of pendant is this?"

Chapter 517: Spirit Summon

Emery touched the pendant warily, and felt a small tingle on the point of contact, similar to a magical static shock. After a few seconds, the electric-like feeling faded, replaced by a warm, soothing feeling that reminded him to when he was sitting in front of a warm fireplace while snowstorm raged outside.

"Emery, are you okay?" Noticing his sudden weird expression, Klea asked in concern.

"Nothing to worry about, Klea," Emery answered.

He held the item with one hand and used the symbol on his other hand to examine the item.

[Pendant of the Beast]

[Artifact – Tier ???]

The information his symbol gave him was minimal and absolutely useless. Hence, he decided to ask the Elder the function of that pendant.

"I know that pendant was precious to the Beast King. If I remember correctly, he mentioned about it being custom made in the academy. I believe its purpose was to make sure you wouldn't get berserk as you did back in the temple."

Emery stared at the large claw that was almost as long as his palm and he did feel the claw seem to react to his blood. If it really could give him control over his sudden transformations, it would really be useful. The last thing he wanted was to endanger the people around him.

"I guess that's all, let's return to Vanahaimer."

The king had finished showing them the Arsenal and gave them each one item. They quickly turned back to the door to leave the place.

Before they could get out, however, Emery swallowed his pride and asked for a pair of lower-tier swords. The king allowed him, but he could only take two of the tier one swords.

If it wasn't for the incredibly useful pendant he obtained, Emery would have complained about the injustice he received.

They walked out, met the warriors outside and rode back to the castle.

The ride was short, but they used the time to enjoy the soft breeze and the feeling of freedom that comes from riding through the snowy plains. On the way, Klea was unable to hold her curiosity, so she decided to ask.

"Why would you lock those weapons and not use them? I think with proper training, anyone could use it to help the people of this world."

Fjolnir smiled at her question, even laughed a little and said. "Aren't you all being taught about this in the academy?" He look toward Klea and continues "Without the strength to hold it or the wisdom needed to wield it safely, those weapons would only herald destruction. I have seen it, witnessed what

such power would do to people, hence I decided to collect the ownerless weapons and keep them to use at the right time."

He gave an appreciative glance at both Emery and Klea, nodded and said. "I have the feeling I won't have to wait too long for that, though! Hahaha!"

The king rode faster, the voice of his boisterous laughter reverberating through the hills.

They arrived not too long after, as promised, Fjolnir decided to teach the animal summoning spell to Klea.

First, they dismounted their horses and returned them to one of the king's retainers, then they were led to a wide yard with a wooden totem in the center. The totem was as tall as one of the castle pillars, each side carved with various faces of different spirit animals.

An old shaman dressed with colorful robes sat meditating at the base of the pillar. She looked similar to the old woman who came for the heavenly ritual.

As they came closer, the king's voice caught the woman's attention. Together they began to explain to Klea the basics of the technique. First, the caster would have to forge a pact with a certain animal of their choice. The woman pointed at the totem and explained that each one would serve different purposes and it would be wise for the caster to forge a pact with something that suited her needs.

The choices were bear, deer, eagle, goose, raven, wolf, fish, serpent, otter and owl.

While the king and the shaman explained, Emery listened intently. He was certainly interested to try too. However, before he could say anything, the king shook his head.

"This technique can't be used by a half-blood like you. The same thing applied to the beast king before. Well, to be honest, I only had that to go, but if you want to try it, do go ahead."

Emery still decided to try nonetheless, at least, until he learned the ritual would require the person to drink a very questionable drink.

The old woman took out a wooden bowl the size of his palm filled with a pitch black liquid that seemed to stick every time it was shaken. The unmistakable pink and red guts floating on it, along with a bit of hair, made him barely able to hold his breath.

Curious, he decided to use [Analyze] on it. The liquid seems to be a potion designed to enhance the connection with the spirits; it was made from a combination of two dozen ingredients. Honorable mentions among those include male bear piss, bird spittle and a pinch of beard from a woman.

The king, seemingly noticing what he did, also mentioned that after drinking the concoction, the person would be sick for a few days. Emery decided against giving it a try right then and there.

Meanwhile, Klea seemed unfazed, she took the bowl and poured it into her throat without a comment. Afterwards, she sat in a lotus position and followed the shaman's chanting.

She decided to make a pact with the eagle spirit.

The ritual took half a day. Emery was able to notice the effects of the liquid on Klea. Her chanting seemed to be a bit slowed down from usual, her lips sometimes trembled, like she was trying to suppress the urge to empty her stomach's contents. His suspicion was only confirmed when she stood up on shaky legs.

Emery helped her walk and took her to rest in the small house prepared for their use. He gently laid her on the bed where, right as her head hit the pillow, she fell asleep.

From what he heard about the ritual, she was supposed to encounter a messenger from the spirits in her deep sleep.

For a few days, she stayed asleep. Emery took care of her, He would also spend the rest of the day continuing his training.

Chapter 518: Dreamlike

There was a kind of strange, indescribable situation happening between Emery and Klea at the moment. They were currently living together in a small house out in foreign snowy land. It was a small cozy place with a wooden interior warmed by the small indoor fireplace. An experience that was truly one of a kind.

Ever since Klea drank that questionable potion, which proceeded to make her body suddenly shutting down itself, she spent most of the time in bed, asleep due to the extreme weakness.

Not only so, it also looked like she was having dreams - the never-ending kind. Many times, Emery would catch her whispering something while sleeping, as if she was doing some kind of quest.

When she was awake, Klea would discover she was too weak to stand and, in a few minutes, she would fall into the dream's embrace again. Her complexion was truly something that caused Emery unable to leave her side at all.

This was already the third day, Emery had prepared her some hot soup to eat. He never really cooked before, but her condition made him push himself to try and venture into uncharted territory.

At first, Emery's confidence was at an all-time sky-high due to his own substantial experiences in apothecary. However, reality soon sent him a beatdown as he found out cooking was a different matter altogether.

The minute differences between sugar and salt would always be successful in fooling him. The two appeared the same to his eyes!

Moreover, what exactly did the recipes mean when they said 'put salt and pepper liberally'?

Was that even a general unit of measurements?

Anyway, Emery certainly had the time of his life as he adventured through the realm of cooking.

After three days, and a few failed attempts in the art of cooking, Emery finally braved himself to give the result of his hard work to the half-asleep Egyptian Queen.

With her feeble body, Klea took one spoonful of the soup presented before her, Emery could instantly see her face turn alive with bulging eyes the moment the spoon entered her mouth.

'This is a good sign, right!?' She's getting better!' Emery thought to himself.

With all the remaining strength in her body, Klea opened her mouth. "D-Did you cook this, Emery?"

Apparent nervousness was seen on Emery's face as he nodded his head. "Yes, I am actually... So, how was it?"

Shaking her head slowly, she answered, "This is the worst soup I ever tasted."

Emery was stunned speechless by the directness of her reply, but what Klea did next surprised him more. She grabbed the bowl and poured its content into her mouth, finishing the soup he made in one go before she once more laid her body on the bed.

"Thank you, Emery... I like it."

Emery, of course, realized the meaning behind it. Since that day, he decided to quit trying to be a cook altogether and ask for some food from the castle instead.

While Klea returned to her dream, Emery continued on with his [Nature Grasp] spell.

After three days of cultivating, he only managed to increase his spirit force by two points, and it even took him five days to gain the third one.

[Spirit force 538]

The current progress that Emery showed was actually much better when compared to the previous him, but this was still not enough. He needed a lot more spirit force to gain before the next recall came.

Emery counted the remaining days and realized two years had passed since his return to Earth, which meant there was only one year left. This was truly bad news, because he still had 462 spirit forces to gain.

Emery really needed to return to the Khaos Space as soon as possible. Otherwise, he would be damned when the recall came.

Fortunately, on the sixth day, Klea finally was able to get up from her bed and spoke clearly.

At the moment, Klea was looking at Emery with both a happy and embarrassed expression, as she realized the latter had been patiently waiting and taking care of her the last few days.

"Thank you, Emery." Klea's eyes stared directly at him, while a smile blossomed on her lips. Even though her complexion was still a bit pale, it was the most heartwarming smile Emery had ever seen from her.

Looking into her beautiful eyes, Emery felt his heartbeat at a quickening pace; unfortunately, King Fjolnir came through the door and broke the moment between them.

The man immediately decided to visit Klea when he heard the news of her recovery; Klea told the former about the dreams she experienced. A surprised expression gradually appeared on his face as he listened to Klea narrate her experience.

When asked as to why he was surprised, Fjolnir coughed and said, "It seems she has managed to unlock an extraordinary animal spirit."

Unfortunately, according to Fjolnir, the ritual and dream were only the first steps of the process. She would still need more time to finally be able to summon the said spirit.

Emery, who listened to the two's conversation, became curious and asked, "And how long would it take, Elder?"

"Normal spirit animals would usually take days or weeks the longest, while a special one like what Klea experienced in her dream will probably take months"

Unfortunately, Klea will need the animal totem and the help of a shaman to guide her, especially with the special animal spirit she got in contact with. Hence, the king recommends not leave this place for a period of time.

Emery's face showed a complicated look when he heard Fjolnir's explanation.

Klea saw his expression and was astute enough to know he had other important things to do than accompanying her. It was just, she was having one of the best times of her life in this place, just with the two of them.

It took her a few more fun days, before she was finally willing to let him go.

"When my summon is ready, I can quickly find you, Emery. You should go with your training now. Don't worry about me." Klea said with a smile.

With it Emery made another stone formation mark at the place. He knew he would come to visit this place again in the future, just like all the previous places he had marked.

Afterwards, he took a horse and made his journey west, toward a town called Bergen, which was located just across the Briton Sea.

"I'll see you later, Klea," Emery said before his figure disappeared into the western horizon.

Chapter 519: Viking

Emery rode through the Northern Plains, passing through the mountain peaks valiantly as he shielded his face from the harsh winds. It was a difficult journey, as he trudged through thick snow, frozen lakes and steep mountains. After a full week of travel, Emery could see the horse was steadily weakening, so he eventually let the horse return and continued on foot.

With Emery's current level of strength, this weather did not pose much of a problem for him. In fact, he was actually able to travel at a faster speed, using [Spatial Gate] to cross a mountain and using his psyche to run at an accelerated rate. Surprisingly, despite the extreme weather, Emery was still able to enjoy the journey.

Once a few days, he would take a rest on top of the highest mountain around, feeling the snowflakes and the cold wind brushing his skin. And the best part of it was that, during the night, he was able to see rainbow clouds emerge among the stars in the dazzling night sky. Out of his expectations, the breathtaking experience aided him, allowing him to use [Nature Grasp] more proficiently.

The map provided by the king was really too vague. Not only was it lacking in information, but it wasn't very accurate either. Fortunately, Emery still had his spirit readings to help him with the journey. From what he could observe, he was simply tasked to go west until he reached the sea and then travel south until he found the nearest fishing village to ask for directions to Bergen Town.

After three whole weeks of travel, Emery was finally able to see the sea he was tasked to reach. He walked towards one of the tallest snowy hills, trudging to the peak and stared at the shore. Splayed out in front of him was the wide, dark blue expanse of the sea, stretching out far into the horizon.

Now that he had arrived and the sun had fallen in front of him, Emery decided to take a break from his near-constant walking and have a little nap on top of the hill. The shimmering stars above him and the sound of the waves gently lulling him to sleep.

When the morning came, he was awoken by his spirit reading. It warned him of a few figures steadily approaching his position.

Realizing the power that these individuals had, Emery decided to pretend to be asleep. Soon after, he could feel one of the figures nudging at him with a wooden pole.

"Mister... Are you dead, Mister?"

In response to his inquiry, Emery slowly opened his eyes. To his surprise, his sight was met with a group of five kids, all of which were no more than 10 years old, consisting of a girl and four boys. Although they were considerably young, their builds were quite large, especially when they were enhanced by the massive fur mantles they wore. A pang of nostalgia struck his heart: these kids really reminded him of his 5 friends.

Feeling that they harbored no ill intent towards him and were of no threat, Emery played along, filling the role of a traveler from the far east. Fascinated by his stories, one of the boys invited him to come to his village. The boy called himself Torfinn, he lived in a small fishing village with just over a hundred families.

Emery followed them with the intention of asking for information about Bergen Town, but the villagers were so enthusiastic to accept him with warm hospitality he felt it was too hard for him to refuse their goodwill.

Most of these people lived off the fish they caught from the sea or by herding sheep. Emery could tell they didn't have much to give. Yet, despite their situation, they were still more than happy to share the food they had with him.

At noon, he saw two dozen kids the same age as Torfinn playing a battle with wooden swords and wood polearms. Many of them got hurt, but none of them cried despite their injuries. And just before the night fell, the kids took him to listen to the town elder tell tales about faraway lands.

That dusk, the elder told a tale about a long voyage through the ocean to find the green and fertile lands of the east, where they would be able to farm and grow anything on the fields. It was something the people of this village lacked, a fertile land for farms.

The story the elder told was heard by dozens of the villagers. It appeared to be a common story that went around every other week, even so, they all intently listened to him regardless, listening to him every time without fail.

Some of the stories even involved gigantic monsters of both the land and the sea trying to stop the warrior's adventure. But in the story, the warrior would always win, even when he had to fight against the sea dragon Jormungand. The faces of all the kids and even some of the adults were filled with fascination as they listened to the warrior's story.

Emery found these people, the Danes, to be very interesting. Their love for battle and seafaring was deeply rooted in their culture and manifested even from the youngest children.

When night fell, Emery could see a group of men approaching the village from afar, a dozen of them. From what he heard the villagers say, they were the village's strongest men, who had just returned from hunting. From the distance, Emery could see two men carrying the body of a white bear.

"Father! We have a visitor!" shouted Torfinn, as he ran towards one of the men in the group, introducing Emery to who seemed to be his father.

When Emery saw the man, he could tell that this man who went by Torstein was not a simple man at all. He could sense that this man was a warrior no weaker than the knights in the Golden Knights of the Divine Order. It appeared the man could sense something in him as well.

The man unexpectedly invited him for dinner and to stay the night in his home with his family. Emery wanted to reject the offer, but the little boy pleadingly looked at him. With that look, there was no way he would not notice that Torfinn desperately wanted him to stay.

Emery sighed before finally compromising, "I guess I can stay for one night."

He genuinely thought that due to his sudden appearance as a stranger, there would be some inevitable questions about who he was, or maybe even a thorough interrogation regarding his identity, but none ever came. It appeared that what King Fjolrin said was true, the northerners were great hosts to guests, even to a wayfaring stranger like him.

That night, Torstein only discussed the eastern mountains. As he was interested to know the situation beyond the cold mountain pass.

In the morning, when the sun rose, Emery was awoken by the warrior Torstein.

"I hope you will be keen on some morning exercise."

Emery accepted the offer and soon after, many of the villagers came to watch.

While he had expected it the first time they met, the fact that the man indeed had a strength that was at least on par with that of a Silver Knight and a hidden strength that was definitely on par with a Golden Knight. It certainly piqued his interest, as the golden knights required the divine blessing of the sword Excalibur. He wondered if this man was what Fjolnir mentioned about the strength of pure Vanir blood.

The two went and sparred for quite a while, but the man was still no match for Emery's sword skill, even when he was not fighting with his full strength. Even so, the man named Torstein did not feel

threatened. On the contrary, Emery could see that joy clearly illuminated his face. He was elated to finally meet a person who was able to outmuscle him.

While they were still in the middle of their spar, a ruckus could suddenly be heard from the direction of the sea. All the present villagers immediately headed to the shore to check the cause of the commotion.

On the fishing deck, Emery could see a ship. It was a war ship with a dragon head at its hull. On that ship there were around a hundred fully-armed warriors in identical uniforms. All of them were armed with a battle axe and a shield, and donned a grey cape.

The people of the village quickly recognized them, the sight filling them with great awe.

"It's the Jomsviking!"

The people of the village welcome them like heroes. But as his eyes turned to Torstein, Emery saw that contrary to the other villagers around, Torstein seemed to be greatly worried about the arrival of these people.

Chapter 520: Their Culture

The warship slowed to a stop at the port, their presence quickly attracted the attention of the villagers.

The warriors walked to the edge of the ship and jumped down before walking across the wooden port. One by one, they stood in line. Then a warrior who appeared to wear a slightly different outfit came forward.

"We came in the name of Jarl Haraldson to seek Torstein the Mighty!"

The man next to Emery looked at the source of the voice, giving an answer to his unspoken question. Hesitation flashed across Torstein's face for a second, but then, he came forward with confident steps. There was no trace of any worry when he spoke.

The man in uniform instantly recognized Torstein and gave a gesture of respect. The two exchanged a few words and, after a short talk, the JomVikings went back to the boat and sailed away.

As the ship got further and further away, Emery mulled over what he had heard from the conversation with his enhanced hearing. He heard something about a call of arms from the Jarl and Torstein was summoned to bring with him a ship full of men for war. After Torstein agreed with the terms, the JomVikings quickly left.

"The Jarl wished for our presence on the battlefield!" Torstein announced and surprisingly for Emery, it was met with cheers from the adoring villagers.

"Finally, a war!" A bare-chested muscled man shouted.

"I promise I will bring back some gold for us!"

"Maybe we can all bring home a slave to help all around here!"

The whole village was excited at the prospect of an incoming war. However, Emery also noticed the pensive look on Torstein's face. He raised his eyebrows in silent question and Torstein approached Emery before explaining.

"I apologize, I cannot be a good host to you anymore, as we will be busy preparing."

Emery nodded, he could understand that whatever this war was, it took precedence over his problems. But, he noticed Torstein didn't share in the festive atmosphere. Out of curiosity, he decided to ask for the reason.

"They..." Torstein shook his head and cast a weary gaze on the happy villagers. "Our culture truly held wars in high regard, but they are still green. They do not yet understand the terrors they will face in war. I can't help but worry for them."

Torstein added that no villagers would avoid the chance to attain glory in the battlefield. If by some chance one village would refuse, the Jarl would punish the village with the cruelest punishment, that was, shame.

Emery saw a lot of the younger people in the village celebrate the war, He also heard Torfinn's wish to grow up quickly so he could take part in the next battle.

Either way, this was part of their culture and it would not be wise to interfere. Emery decided to say his farewells and leave the village.

He had spent too much time there, so he decided to use [Spatial Gate] to teleport along the shores of the village. By the next morning, he found the place he was looking for.

Bergen City.

Bergen City was a large town built next to a bay that harbored dozens of ships. Even from afar crowds of ships waiting to dock could be seen. Thanks to the thriving sea travel, the market along the streets was thriving as well.

His first impression was that the place definitely looked messier than Lionarch City, the first trading hub city he ever visited. Yet, it was also livelier. Laughter and conversations followed the roads. Everywhere he looked, there were people with various clothes and talking in various languages.

The markets flooded into the edges of the streets, as well. Dozens of shops offering food, drinks, gems, or even luxurious clothing all try to hawk their goods to interested passerby. Among the market lining the streets of Bergen City, Emery saw an unusual sight.

A slave market.

He took a peek. A crowd of people sitting on a tarp each carrying signs. On the makeshift wooden stage, there were dozens of men, women and children each being chained.

It was nothing new. Months ago, he did witness the slave war in Rome and even Luna was also in the business of buying slaves to employ them. However, it was the first time he saw a slave market auction being conducted this openly.

He took a closer look at the slaves and realized they were mostly from Briton, with some coming from Germania and Gaul.

Their wrists and ankles were reddened from the pull of the chains, whip lashes could be seen littering their skin.

Emery barely managed to restrain the urge to topple over the building right then and there. While it would have been justified, he had no way to deal with the aftermath and he couldn't act rashly in the middle of an unknown city.

He looked around, took out his pouch from the [Spatial Storage] while no one was looking and counted the amount of coins he had saved up.

As he rarely bought anything and had much profit from his potion selling, he luckily had enough to buy all the slaves. He entered with the jingling coin pouch and immediately proceeded to mop up the floor with the other auction participants, shocking them into silence.

In the end, he was given a long chain of several meters with the slaves being tied along the length of the chain like livestock. Right as he saw their eyes, Emery realized he might have failed to think this through.

Right now, he had two dozen slaves on his hand and no idea of what to do with them all.

He decided to take them to a corner of the city and thought about setting them free. But when he touched the chains on their wrists, their eyes widened in fear. Even as he did nothing, their eyes were empty, their defiance long beaten out of them.

When he was thinking about what to do, he saw the town guard approach.

"Halt!"

Well, he couldn't exactly fault the town guard, as his actions looked extremely suspicious. If he made the wrong move, this situation might escalate into a huge mess.

Left with no options, he decided to show a scroll with a certain marking on it. It was something King Fjolnir gave to him to see the Jari.

The guard took the scroll and carefully looked at the seal before nodding and gesturing for Emery to follow.