

Earths GMagus 681

Chapter 681 - Died

Within the walls of the body tempering facility, a dwarf could be seen walking left and right. The look on his face was in pure panic, as if something disastrous had happened.

"Why is he not here yet?!" The dwarf hissed to himself, as he clenched his knuckles in anger.

Right after he said that, two of his staff were seen walking into the room, carrying a motionless body on a stretcher. Seeing that, the dwarf finally stopped walking here and there.

"Just put it on top of that table, and remember, not a word to anyone!"

"Yes, Master." Knowing the other party's temper, the two staff walked away in a hurry after doing as they were instructed.

"This can't possibly be my fault, right?! Yes, yes..." muttered the dwarf to particularly no one.

"This is the kid's fault... Darn it! How should I explain this?! I need to think quickly, or else my fate is doomed!"

The dwarf slammed his fist onto the table, causing the body lying on it to shake.

He kept on thinking, racking his brain in search of a solution for quite a while. All of a sudden, he heard the footsteps of someone and looked over. There, he saw that he had a visitor. It was another dwarf with an overgrown beard.

When he saw the dwarf, Master Dulin's expression turned into joy for a moment, but as soon as the latter came close, he cried in despair.

"Brother. Quick help me, brother... I am in trouble... a big, big trouble."

The other dwarf gestured to ask what exactly happened, hence Master Dulin quickly explained the situation. After he was done explaining, his face changed drastically when he saw his 'brother' could only shake his head.

"Well, you were not doing anything out of the ordinary, right...?"

"Errr... Actually..."

The other dwarf erupted when he finally knew the entire picture of what had happened. "You stupid pigtroll! How could you think of doing experiments on a privileged class acolyte?!"

"Brother, please, help me! I can't lose my master title!" Master Dulin cried out in tears.

"Dulin, you know as well as I do that we dwarves will never get a fair trial. You would be counted extremely lucky if your body does not get cut shorter by a head because of this!"

The red-bearded dwarf's face turned pale with the thought of punishment pictured by this brother of his.

The latter pinched his forehead and rubbed it together, frustrated by the mistake the former had made and by the possible consequences. "Okay, did you check the family he was from, then?"

"Ah, yes, yes I did, brother! He is from a lower world, no one important! I think no one would miss him."

"What are you on about?!" He shouted in anger. "There is no such thing as an unimportant person in the privileged class!"

The red bearded dwarf was confused, but there was no more use listening to his brother. In fact, he had already thought of a way - a brilliant one in his book.

"You are right, brother. I think we should just destroy the body. That way, no one will know what happened here!" Master Dulin said happily, as if the problem was solved, before he rushed towards a shelf at the corner of the room.

Seeing that, the other dwarf became even angrier.

"Dulin, you bumbling moron! I never said that!"

The red bearded dwarf had already climbed onto the shelf and was now holding a bottle of red-colored liquid that smelled like metal. It was a powerful poison that could destroy any kind of substances, especially suitable for disposing of corpses.

The brother quickly rushed over to stop his foolish sibling from making this already bad problem even worse. After confirming the latter had put the poison bottle on the shelf again, he then took a look at the table.

It was this time he finally saw the corpse's face, his eyes suddenly widened in shock.

"This... this kid..."

Confused by his brother's reaction, Master Dulin turned his eyes to the body and asked, "What is it, brother? Is he famous or something? I thought you never cared to find out about human activity at all!"

The long-bearded dwarf took a deep breath, looked at his brother and said.

"This kid, not only was he the two-time magus game champion... He is... He's also my official disciple!" He yelled.

"....."

The red-bearded dwarf's face paled, and his face turned awkward. He was barely able to keep himself from trembling in fear of what his mistake truly meant.

"Hahaha, good one, brother Grom..." The dwarf let out an awkward laugh, as his eyes darted to the corpse on the table, in hopes that it would stir at any second. "You are just joking, right...?"

"Why would I joke at a time like this?!" Master Grom yelled at his brother. "This is Emery Ambrose, he is a rank 3 apothecary acolyte under my care. You just killed my disciple!"

"Well... I am sorry... It was unintentional! Really...? Fortunately you never really care about your students, right...?"

"Darn it! Now, not only Minerva will kill me, the most important thing is, me as his master being here now would just look like I forced my disciple to take part in my brother's foolish experiment! Now both our heads are going down. All because of your stupid mistake!"

The sheer shock made the red-bearded dwarf suddenly tear up like a little kid frightened by a ghost story.

Master Grom, however, was undaunted. He walked towards his disciple's corpse, examined it for a bit and said.

"What a sad fate, you were my student and you died by my brother's hand. And now you dragged me into death along with you..."

"Brother, what should we do?!"

"What else can we do?! Burn the body and leave no trace!"

"Alright then, I shall do that!" Dulin said passionately, as he picked up the poison from the table yet again.

"What do you think you are doing?! Dammit, I cannot leave this to a moron like you!"

Master Grom picked up the body and was about to hoist it onto his back, right as he felt something was strange with the body.

Turning his eyes to his foolish brother, Master Grom opened his mouth.

"Dulin! How long ago did you say he died?"

"Ah, erm..." The dwarf glanced at the body. "Right now, it's been almost three hours."

"Are you sure?" Master Grom asked again, to which Master Dulin nodded. "Then, why is his body still warm?!"

The two looked at each other, and Master Grom quickly shouted. "Bring him into the tube, now!"

As if afraid, Master Dulin quickly helped prepare the unique apothecary chamber and hoisted the body inside. As blue liquid filled the chamber, the two masters rushed to run various tests onto it.

"You bumbling moron! How can't you tell that he is still alive?!"

"Brother, that cannot be! He... His heart and brain, both of them have already stopped! I am sure of it, I even checked it myself!" Dulin answered in panic, as he realized what he had just planned: kill someone who was still alive.

"You are right, he died in the sense that his soul was severed from his body, but..." Master Grom fiddled with the apothecary tube controls and looked into the body even closely.

"This... There is no other explanation. His consciousness is still there, protected by the core!"

"But brother! He's only a rank 8 acolyte... How could he manage to separate the soul and not die!"

"Huh! How would I know! Bring out all your best potions! We must not let this kid die, for both our sakes"

Chapter 682 - Soul Tempering

Where am I?

Did I die?

Those were Emery's thoughts as he found himself slowly drifting in seemingly endless darkness. He didn't know where he was exactly going nor had any control of his destination. It was like flying through a vast void.

There was nothing, but his lone thoughts that kept echoing throughout his mindspace, doing his best to keep what probably proved him still alive. He could perceive the time, as he could still count seconds and minutes, but none of his senses would tell if he was in fact still alive.

A few moments later, as Emery continued on experiencing this ethereal-like state, he started to feel some kind of energy appearing on his left and right side respectively: one was shining brightly full of life, the other let out pitch black glow and had a completely opposite feeling to its counterpart.

Seeing the two forms of energy floating next to him, Emery finally understood where he was.

'These are my two cores,' Emery muttered to no one in particular.

Upon further recollection, he finally remembered he had once felt this kind of feeling. It was like when he was entering his cores with the help of Killgragah, only that this time he couldn't feel the connection to his body - it was like the tether between them had disappeared.

At the moment, Emery could clearly feel how his two cores were gradually refilled. becoming stronger with every passing moment. Slowly but surely, he could finally sense something, but not through his ears or other bodily senses as one would expect.

Knowing very well what it was, Emery swiftly got into a lotus position and started to concentrate his mind on Spirit Reading. The process was awfully difficult and the result was mediocre. He could only perceive some faint noises and a blurry shadow of a figure moving around him.

It took him what felt like hours of trial and error, before he could roughly sense what his situation was.

'It seems my consciousness is severed from my body, and from the way it looks, I am stuck inside my spiritual core,' concluded Emery, after getting the gist of the situation.

At least, that was part of the [Soul Tempering Meditation] he read before everything happened.

Emery was currently still unable to tell what happened to his body, but he knew that he could not just sit around and let fate work its magic. Therefore, he decided to continue the mediation technique he read before.

However, this time, instead of channeling spirit energy from the head (crown) towards the solar plexus, as written in the book, he had to do it the other way around. From the solar plexus to the heart, then toward the throat before making its way to the crown, after passing through the third eye.

A few hours into the meditation, Emery discovered that his [Spirit Reading], which he had been using since he got himself into this predicament, could perceive a much larger area. It was able to pick up the blurry pictures of two different figures that seemed to be coming in and out. However, he had no idea who they were.

"At least it looks like the meditation is working", Emery thought to himself.

Fueled by the successful result, Emery decided to continue his endeavor in mediation.

After days, he finally managed to feel one of the major spirit points: the heart.

Dum... dum...

It was faint, but Emery knew his heart was still beating; that his body was still alive. At the same time, with a bit of concentration, he regained his sense of hearing through Spirit Reading and was finally able to sense the situation outside.

"Brother, come here! It was faint, but the spirit core had managed to connect to the heart again!"

"You are right, brother. Thanks to Titan's beard, it finally works!"

"To think that all these ingredients we have been pumping to his body finally work. Brother, do you think we can get reimbursement for them?"

"You are hopeless! Don't talk about such matters before we make sure the acolyte is back to life!"

Emery was surprised, because he recognized who the owner of one of the two voices belonged to. It was his apothecary master, Master Grom. Apparently, the other party together with Master Dulin were trying to bring him back again.

"I should not give up either!"

Emery returned his attention to the mediation and submerged himself in it, as he threw aside any unnecessary thoughts. At the moment, in his mind, the [Soul Tempering Mediation] was the only one that existed.

Gradually within days, Emery managed to channel his spirit energy to the other major spirit points. Eventually, he reached his final destination and was about to open up the last one - the crown spirit point in the brain.

By this point, he mustered all the concentration he had, because he knew this was the last point of the endeavor. He could not afford and definitely did not want to fail in the last stretch of his journey.

Emery was so immersed in his efforts that it took him some time to realize a notification had appeared in his mind - this was after he had finally been able to connect to the crown spirit point.

[You have mastered Soul Tempering Mediation - stage one]

At the same time, Emery felt a deluge of spirit energy rushing from his solar plexus to his head and he was finally able to gain complete control over his body again.

All of his five senses returned. Emery could feel everything through the body again, through the skin, the nose, the ears. Every stimulation was coming back into him. When he opened his eyes, Emery found himself submerging in a familiar liquid inside a familiar tube.

It was also at this moment Emery's eyes locked with those of the two dwarves, who were looking at him with joyful eyes.

"We did it!!" Master Dulin exclaimed happily.

"Urgh, finally!!" Master Grom said with relief.

Emery, however, was busy familiarizing himself with his body and discovered he had a hard time attempting to move his body. Even though they had seen the former's struggle, the two dwarves still hadn't opened the tube and let him out yet.

"Welcome back to the land of the living! You stay there for a minute!"

Emery was still trying to feel every part of his body. When the liquid was finally drained, he suddenly felt the strangest feeling he had ever experienced. Alas, he didn't have a chance to ponder what it exactly was, as the tube door opened.

The sight of Emery walking out of the tube would surely remind those who saw him of a baby learning to walk. His body was swaying left and right, while his legs wobbled as they were lifted to the air.

However, from just the one step he had managed to take with great difficulty, Emery felt as if he was filled with an unstoppable power.

Chapter 683 - Upgrade

The two dwarf masters were extremely friendly as they checked his body from top to bottom. Despite their overflowing excitement, they still made sure to check very meticulously.

Soon after, the information appeared on the screen in front of him.

[Skin - 39% (70%) - good]

[Flesh - 51% (72%) - good]

[Muscle - 59% (81%) - superior]

[Organs - 56% (78%) - good]

[Veins - 48% (76%) - good]

The data was so different compared to his previous one that if he had not personally seen the data taken was his, he would have thought it was someone else's.

Emery looked at his reflection in the mirror, feeling the flesh and muscles on his body. It was as if it was made out of metal fiber.

This...

He could not believe what he was feeling right now. Even without any skills or spells active, he could still feel power emitting from his body.

If this is without any spells, then...!

Emery hurriedly checked his body's stats.

[Emery Ambrose]

[Battle Power: 136]

[Spirit Force: 910]

Emery expected to see a pretty good increase, but the result still stunned him. A whopping increase of 28 battle power! There was also that increase of 6 points in his spirit force, but 28!

"This is amazing!!"

He could not help but swing his body around a few times, as he felt the power. He could feel his body was a little stiff, but it did not prevent him from enjoying the feeling of power freely flowing in his body.

It was not only his physical strength, from the energy flow in his body, he could tell he could now channel the spirit force from both of his cores much more smoothly than before.

His nature core and dark core were filled with power. With the beating of his cores, the power in them was pumped into the major spirit points of his entire body. He almost could not believe there were only 6 points of increase in his spirit force.

The moment Emery wondered where the increase in spirit force came from, the answer came to him. It was the effect of the [Soul Tempering Meditation - Stage One] he just mastered.

Seeing the excitement on Emery's face, the two dwarves also felt excited. For him to be so happy, everything must have gone smoothly!

When Emery noticed Master Grom and Master Dulin's enthusiasm, he suddenly realized something.

Because of how happy he was, he actually forgot to pay respects to his master!

"Master Grom!"

Emery hurriedly bowed to his master. Master Grom did not seem to mind him forgetting to pay respects, but when Emery remembered, the dwarf's expression brightened.

Emery turned to look at the other dwarf next to his apothecary master, unsure of what to call him.

Upon making eye contact, Master Dulin noticed Emery's hesitation.

"Hahaha! We are all family here, you can also consider me your master! Hahahah..." Master Dulin awkwardly laughed.

"Thank you, Master. The result was much better than I expected," Emery praised without holding back. He had to admit, although Master Dulin did not look like it, he was, in fact, very capable.

Upon hearing his praise, Master Dulin's awkwardness was quickly replaced by pride.

Emery was about to continue praising the dwarf, but at this moment, he suddenly received a message through his bracelet.

[Hey, Ambrose, I thought you were going to participate in the rank challenge. Don't forget, it's today. Don't you dare say I did not remind you. I'm such a good guide, aren't I?]

Upon checking, he found it was from Magus Ramora.

The message confused him for a brief moment, but he then realized what was going on.

Emery hurriedly turned to look at Master Dulin. "Master, How long have I been out for?"

As Master Dulin thought about it, the previous proud smile on his face turned awkward once again. "19, no... 20 days."

It finally came to him that today was already the 30th day of the month, the last day of the challenge to get higher-rank rewards for the following month.

It appeared he was out for twice longer than he thought.

"I am sorry, Master, but I must hurry to the main building. I will return as soon as I can and pay you what I owe then. I hope you will excuse me."

Emery being in such a hurry caused the atmosphere around them to turn very awkward. The red-bearded dwarf did not want to allow him to leave, but Master Grom stopped his brother.

"I will see you later, Master."

Emery bowed, before quickly running out of the facility. As soon as he arrived outside, he took out his orbiter and quickly dashed toward the Hyperion main building, hoping he would not be late.

He did spend too much time in that facility, but the amount of battle power he received was worth the time.

However, as Emery ran and flew, he felt that there was something off with his body. He was worried there might be a certain problem or side effect of being in an unconscious state for the last 20 days. He probably should have his body checked first before any fight, but then he remembered the building he was heading to had the whole room and full team to check on him.

Might as well check everything there.

Together with the exponential increase in strength, Emery also felt a strong desire to fight, something he never really experienced before.

"Let's see how many of those privileged I'll get to beat today!"

Meanwhile, back at the body-tempering facility, the air surrounding the two dwarves was serious.

"Brother, why did you stop me before? We still need to do some tests!"

"Huh! We have no way to test his problems anyway... it's not our expertise. I think fighting with his increased power will be the best test for him. This could be a good thing for not only him, but us as well."

Master Grom's calm response in turn calmed the agitated dwarf a little. However, the red-bearded dwarf still could not put down his worry.

"But... brother... if something bad happens, this could quickly become public!"

Master Grom sighed.

"Yes, but think about it... It won't be too easy to blame it on us."

Master Dulin fell silent. It took the dwarf a moment to cool his head and figure out what Master Grom was thinking.

"Ah! I understand now, brother. You are indeed smart!"

As the serious atmosphere dissipated, the two dwarf masters' mood lightened. However, after a few seconds of silence, the red-bearded dwarf suddenly thought of something.

"But, brother, if the kid dies... who will pay for all the ingredients spent?"

This time, it was Master Grom who fell silent.

Chapter 684 - Arena

Strong gust of wind blew relentlessly onto his body as Emery flew in the air above the thick mist, heading towards the Hyperion centre.

As he got closer toward the C wing of the centre, Emery could sense through his Spirit Reading that there were more people in the centre right now than the previous time he visited here.

When he descended to the ground and walked into the centre, Emery was quickly welcomed by Magus Ramora who seemed to have been waiting for him.

"Wow! Where have you been? You are very late!"

Emery beam an apologetic smile at her. "Yes, I got held up by something. I apologize for my tardiness."

Unfortunately, it seemed like those words were not enough to appease her as Emery could still see the disgruntlement on her face.

"Ambrose, if you are really serious about competing during your time here in the privileged class, then you need to step up your game! There is no excuse to be late, unless you are dead!"

"Well, actually.."

"No excuses, Ambrose. Moreover, we don't have much time. Because you are ranking 99, you will be the one who goes first! Let's hurry up and sign up for the arena!"

Emery wasn't even given a time to go to the lab, as Magus Ramora basically dragged him right away toward the building centre where there was a large arena in sight. She quickly led the former to see one of the senior staff, who proceeded to confirm his identification.

"The first match begins in 15 minutes! You should head up there now!" the senior staff said after confirming Emery's registration.

Hearing that, the blue haired female magus turned to Emery and said, "Alright, Ambrose. Go and show what you are capable of! I am definitely gonna cheer for you from the audience seat! Fighting!"

Emery nodded and entered the door the senior staff gestured to. The moment he pushed the closed door open and stepped inside, he was immediately greeted by the sight of an oval-shaped arena surrounded by rows of seats that could probably easily accommodate a few thousands people.

At the moment, he could see at least two hundred figures had come to watch the upcoming competition. Many were magus level figures, with a few dozen of them were privileged acolytes clad in the privilege class' signature white uniform.

Emery noticed how many eyes turned their attention to him, but what was on his mind right now was the fact that he did not know anything about the rules of the competition Magus Ramora threw him into.

At the same time, the huge holographic screen that was floating above the arena suddenly lit up and showed a list of names, attracting everyone's attention including Emery. He turned his gaze to the screen and saw that his name was at the very bottom.

[First month privilege ranking challenger]

[32 participants]

....

[Rank 78 - Trish (84)]

[Rank 82 - Jordi Nephilim (85)]

[Rank 85 - Median (79)]

[Rank 86 - Rift Callr (82)]

[Rank 91 - Giovanni (90)]

[Rank 99 - Emery Ambrose (68)]

Emery focused his attention on the few names that were above him. He noticed the number in brackets and it didn't take him long to guess that it might be the ranking results they had gotten in the test he had previously done.

Seeing those numbers, Emery could quickly connect them with his own result. He remembered that Magus Ramora told him that he was allowed to challenge up to rank 68, of which there were currently five of them on the list.

Knowing the next tier of rewards was the top 80, Emery naturally placed his target toward Trish, the first year champion ranking.

However, Emery still had absolutely no clue about how the match would proceed and its rules. As if that wasn't bad enough, he seemed to be the one to fight first. Not wanting to be completely clueless and accidentally breaking some rules he didn't know, Emery quickly willed the bracelet on his arm to show the rules he needed to pay attention to.

As he studied the information the bracelet provided from the database, Emery noticed a group of acolytes walking towards him.

"Well, well, well, well.. If it's not the champ!"

The familiar voice made Emery shift his eyes from the rules he read to someone he really didn't want to see nor get close to, Armand the Nephilim.

Following behind him were three other privileged acolytes, all wearing a similar golden-colored cloak with the Nephilim Faction insignia on its back.

Emery finally turned his attention to the group. He naturally recognized Armand and the other two as they were in the former's team in the previous Magus Game. However, there was someone unfamiliar to him with them, a girl wearing the same attire as the other three.

"This is the one who won the game, isn't he?" said the girl, staring directly at Emery but talking as if he wasn't there.

Unexpectedly, Armand didn't adopt his usual pompous attitude as he answered her question. "Yes, Sister Jinkan. But he's just a lower realm scum, nothing to worry about."

It was obvious that Armand was trying to undermine Emery, but it seemed to have no effect on the girl.

"Ah, yes, yes.. I remember that he's the one who beat you before, isn't he Armand? Hahaha," said Jinkan with a light laugh.

The four then walked away without waiting for Emery's reaction, as if he was so insequential that they didn't need to hear him.

Emery knew he shouldn't be annoyed by their antics as such action was below him, but he couldn't help but feel that the way they acted surprisingly managed to annoy him more than he needed to.

He turned around and was about to throw a jab of his own, when it was at this moment that a figure came and called him from behind.

"Don't mind them, Emery. They act like that even to me. They are just a bunch of clowns."

"Roran!"

It was the Harlight protege, Roran, who approached Emery with a smile on his face.

Now that Roran was here, Emery asked the former about the upcoming competition and the always knowledgeable man quickly gave him a crash course about the matter.

First, apparently, not every privileged acolyte would come to the arena as most of them preferred to spend their time on training and improving themselves. Those planning to enter the competition, on the other hand, would usually come to study their competitors and watch their potential opponents first, unlike Emery who jumped in head-on without knowing anything.

However, there were also some who came because they were being challenged by those ranking below them. The best example of this was Trish who had high real ranking, but low test ranking.

She was also on the border of the next tier of reward, hence the four others on the list came for her position.

With this, she was forced and had to be present to defend her rank. But with them participating in this month's arena, which was the last day of the month, they would also be forced to defend their rank against those ranking below them.

Now that all of these people were present, Emery, being the lowest on the list, had the chance to fight all of them without even issuing a challenge.

As for the match, its format was pretty much the same as the third Magus Game of previous year; it was a duel held on real not virtual arena, with tier 4 as the maximum limit of weapon and equipment.

Because of this, there were magus and dozens of staff stationed to keep an eye on the arena, in order to prevent real casualties to the acolytes.

This was the arrangement prepared to make sure the acolytes would have the best mentality in a fight but also to make sure the young prodigies could still have a safe battle.

"Also Emery, you are not allowed to challenge those ranks on top of your ranking test result, but they are still able to challenge you.. So I am hoping to see an interesting match today, " Roran said with a smile.

Roran's words seemed to expect that Emery would not just fight those at his rank, and honestly, Emery truly was fired up for a fight hence he didn't refute the former's words. In his opinion, the more the merrier.

"Emery Ambrose! Please enter the arena!"

The judge announced Emery's name loudly, and he quickly went up to the arena. There, his opponent was already waiting for him/

"The first match of the day will be Emery Ambrose versus Giovanni!"

Emery looked curiously at his opponent who was standing a few meters in front of him. A large young man with a huge blade resting on his shoulder; at first glance, he looked really similar to Orycon.

Thanks to that, Emery couldn't help but wonder how strong he really was.

Chapter 685 - First Match

Emery took a deep breath to calm his excited nerves and started to regulate the spirit energy in his cores. With him having a smoother process channeling his vigorous spirit force, he could also feel the prowess of his Spirit reading had been elevated as well.

There was not much increase in its range, but the quality of the skill itself was upgraded to an obvious degree.

Previously, Emery could only tell the standard of his opponent's strength in some rough estimation, now he could tell for sure that Giovanni, the huge man standing in front of him with a large blade on his shoulder, was a rank 9 acolyte with six pillars formed.

This was an individual on the same level as the strongest person in elite class 7, Orycon. But this revelation certainly did not worry Emery even a bit, let alone falter him. After all, he was able to stay on par with Orycon without using all he had.

Instead of thinking of the upcoming match as a hard-fought battle, Emery's mindset leaned more towards the thought that this match would be a good practice to pick up what he left off and learn to adapt to his newfound improved strength.

Emery took out his tier 4 sword, before taking his own fighting stance, ready to fight the opponent before him.

"You! New kid! Rank 68?" Giovanni scoffed before he continued his words. "The test result must be wrong! Just go back to where you came from. You don't deserve to be here."

Unexpectedly, Emery felt annoyed by the other party's words. He tried to force himself to calm down, it seemed to have little effect as he replied to the insult.

"Yes, I will... after kicking your ass!"

Veins seemed to pop on Giovanni's forehead when he heard Emery's words, however, he didn't say anything more. Instead, the large man's body was suddenly engulfed by a powerful discharge of spirit force. It bursted outwards and enveloped every part of the former's body, before he stomped the ground and darted towards Emery.

Swish!

The air seemed to be sliced apart as Giovanni swung the blade in his hand. It was a powerful slash that could easily cut Emery's head off the neck and instantly kill him if it landed, however, Emery dodged it with ease by taking a sideways step.

A moment after, the tip of the blade suddenly made a sharp turn in the air like lightning and followed the direction where he moved, making its way to its initial target: his neck.

"Huh? Even his sword skill is as strong as Orycon," Emery thought, as his hand reflexively moved and blocked the blade with his sword.

Clang! A loud sharp sound rang out in the air, as the two metals clashed against each other. Emery's body was sent half a dozen steps backwards, as the force behind Giovanni's strike was a bit much for his reflex reaction.

"Huh?!" Giovanni said, raising his eyebrow. "You are full of shit! Come fight me seriously!"

Emery rolled his eyes at his opponent's blatant taunt. The latter launched an attack so suddenly before and now acted like he was the victim by blaming him for not fighting seriously. He was really lost for words.

For a moment, Emery considered the thought of using his spells to win, but he changed his mind in the end. This was a good time to check the limit of his new physical form after all.

When Giovanni came charging in his direction again, Emery quickly focused his concentration on certain meridian points and used his powerful battle art.

[Immortal Gate - stage 5]

[Battle power increased by 32 points]

[Battle power 136 (168)]

"Arghh!!," Emery cried a little as the battle art took effect.

There was a second wave of pain that appeared, as all the muscles in his body suddenly bulged due to the boost. Even so, such pain was not as significant as the tremendous enhancement he was given.

Seeing the large blade come for him once again, Emery gripped his sword with both hands before brandishing it in front of his chest. He wanted to block Giovanni's strike directly and compare their strength now that his battle power had further increased.

CLANK!

This time, the powerful swing that sent Emery flying earlier was not able to make his feet move a step. It did not even manage to make the hand holding the sword tremble.

At the moment, Giovanni's face was staring down at him. Their faces were so close that Emery could clearly smell the other party's foul breath. This, however, only made him frown a little, not affecting him at all.

"Huh! I guess your power is not bad, but a lower realm like you will never win against a great sword master like me!" Giovanni sneered.

He quickly drew his blade back and retreated. While taking a few steps back, he prepared to launch his battle art, then shouted what seemed to be the name of his battle art out loud.

"Star Revolving Sword!"

In a matter of seconds, multiple purple orbs of lightning materialized all around Giovanni, as he made his stance. At first glance, the battle art felt very powerful. However, Emery wouldn't let assumptions get the best of him. Of course, he would also not underestimate his opponent.

A massive grin was on Giovanni's face, making him look like a maniac for a moment. "Hahaha, accept your surrender... or die!!"

Swish!

The man's figure seemed to disappear, as he dashed at breakneck speed. It was also at this moment that Emery saw the former swing his blade again, but this time, the slash was so fast it looked like there were three blades swinging at the same time.

However,

Clankk!! Clank!! Clankkk!

Emery was able to see through all the attacks and feints Giovanni threw at him, blocking them all with absolute perfection. This extraordinary sight naturally stunned everyone, especially his own opponent Giovanni.

"What?!" That can't be! There's no way you just did that! Where did you learn my skill before?!" Giovanni's voice had turned shrill at this point, disbelief was apparent in it, as he really couldn't believe what his eyes had just seen.

The man became furious and decided to strike again. This time, he seemed to move even faster, as Emery could see four blades coming at him. In response, he quickly used the [Weeping Phantom] steps to dodge and block all of them flawlessly.

Clank! Clank!! Clankkk! Clank!!

Even though his attack once again failed, Giovanni didn't stop like before. Instead, he quickly delivered another round of slashes that Emery gladly welcomed. A faint smile could be seen on Emery's face, as he parried and blocked the former's attacks.

The huge man continued his relentless assault. Several good minutes had passed, but Emery did not see any improvement nor variations in his opponent's attacks. He both out strength and out skill his opponent. His attempt to practice and learn his newfound power was apparently unsuccessful against this particular acolyte.

He shook his head and commented, "This is getting boring!"

Upon hearing such words, Giovanni, being a very proud man, became incredibly enraged. Inwardly, he vowed to make Emery regret saying those words.

However, when he was shouting for the next attack like he always did, Emery already prepared a gift for him. He had mustered all the strength in his body and channeled it into both of his arms. It was as if the current Emery was a bow whose string had been drawn to its maximum and was ready to unleash all its might.

Emery maneuvered his sword around and swung it toward his opponent's chest, smashing Giovanni with his newfound 168 battle power.

BAM!!!

ARGHHHHH!!!

It wasn't even a battle art attack but the strike was so powerful that made Giovanni scream in agony the moment it landed. It sent him flying a dozen steps away and brought the huge man to his knees. The latter's eyes turned red, before he suddenly spurted out a mouthful of blood and fell flat on the ground. His body was twitching violently, as if he was in a seizure.

One of the senior staff immediately rushed to the arena and squatted down next to Giovanni, before examining his condition. After a while, the staff stood up and announced the result.

"The winner is Emery Ambrose!!!"

The result quickly brought surprise to all the other acolytes and magus who watch the match

Right as the staff announced Emery's victory, a notification appeared in his mind.

[Your Privilege rank has increased to 91]

And just like that, Emery won his first match with one hit against a privileged acolyte.

It was such an exhilarating feeling for him, he brought his clenched fist high into the air and opened his mouth.

"Who's next?!!!"

Chapter 686 - Second Match

Emery had won his first battle, but it left him with mixed feelings. On one hand, he was happy with his win, but on the other hand, he was actually not satisfied at all. There was an unusual hunger wishing to unleash.

Giovanni probably could be compared to Orycon when it came to a contest of pure strength, but at the same time, he wasn't comparable, because he lacked the fighting spirit Orycon had.

This led Emery to believe the proud guy probably managed to get into the privilege class with the help of his family backing, or perhaps, thanks to how impressive that flashy battle art looked.

But no matter how powerful it was, if it cannot hit anyone, what use does it have?

After the match, there was a 10-minute break to let the participants prepare themselves for the next challenge. Emery walked down from the arena and saw someone waving his hand at him. On closer look, it was Roran who was calling him from the sidelines.

Emery nodded and nonchalantly made his way toward the man.

"Emery! How unexpected of you! I mean, I knew you could beat him, but I didn't think it would be in one hit! Hahaha, amazing!" Roran laughed so freely, as if he was the victor.

"Thanks." Emery gave a simple answer.

"I expect you will go all the way to the top 80, right? Those four acolytes above you are no match for you, I'm sure. I know they are a bunch of privileged class acolytes who entered the class with the power of their family connections, after all."

Upon hearing that, Emery couldn't help but glance at him and comment, "Just like you?"

Emery's answer was so curt, sharp, to the point, even he himself was as surprised as Roran was. Somehow, Emery felt as if he was just looking for a fight

However, Roran wasn't bothered at all, in fact, he was amused.

"Haha, of course not, I refused such treatment from my family, don't you remember? I entered this class with my strategy and your help, hahaha!" Roran laughed for a bit, before he continued his words.

"Anyway, I just wanted to tell you to save your energy, because there are still many fights ahead of you. I want to see your rank rise up high!"

"Thanks."

"One more thing, your next opponent's specialty is spirit attacks! So don't go in unprepared."

"Thanks. I appreciate the warning, Roran." Emery nodded again, this time with a faint smile.

Emery walked back to the arena and prepared himself for the next fight.

[Rank 86 - Rift Callr (82)]

His opponent this time looked more like a bobblehead doll than a human. His body was skinny, yet his head was much bigger than the rest of him. It was like all the fat his body had was sent upwards to his head.

The arena staff gave the two of them a sign, before he counted down and shouted.

"Fight begins!"

Because of Roran's warning, and the fact that Emery knew he was lacking in spirit defense, as soon as the fight started he immediately used his [Immortal Gate - Stage 5] and dashed towards the enemy.

Swisshhh!

However, instead of a straight trajectory, Emery decided not to charge directly at his target. Instead, he ran in a curve to confuse his opponent and attacked from the side at his highest speed.

The skinny acolyte was shocked by Emery's speed. Therefore tried to run away in a hurry.

"You are not getting away!"

Unfortunately for his opponent, in his current state Emery could run almost twice as fast as him. He did not even need to swing his sword. Instead, he put all his battle power in his fist, before cocked it backwards and launched it forward.

The acolyte was unable to dodge, as Emery's fist was upon him.

Swiish!

However, right as he felt his fist connect, Emery realized he only hit empty air. Looking around, he saw that the acolyte's figure had somehow disappeared and reappeared two steps away from him.

"Is it a battle art that allows him to move in a sudden burst of speed?" Emery muttered to himself. "That can't be!"

Without further ado, Emery chased the acolyte again. The moment he caught up, he immediately launched the same attack. Surprisingly, the same thing was repeated in front of him.

In the meantime, the acolyte's expression was still one of panic, as he tried to get away from Emery.

Realizing there was something amiss, Emery stopped for a second and started to analyze the situation, trying to think of possible reasons. As he watched the acolyte's movements, he quickly realized it was a spirit attack that distorted his senses.

Emery closed his eyes, concentrated on his two cores, and found the anomaly that bothered his senses.

At this moment, the panicked expression on the acolyte's face disappeared, as he stopped and looked at Emery.

"Hah, you are quick on the uptake! Hehe, I know, I have seen you show your strength, with that kind of power you should be in the top 30 or 40 in physical strength. however, your test rank shows 68. As I thought you are very weak at spirit defense! Haha, you will not beat me!"

Emery tried to ignore this guy and focus on his spirit core instead. He carefully perceived his spirit energy circulate into his 7 major points. Gradually he now manages to see the two images of the acolyte.

"I see you're not that weak! But let's see if you can handle my full power!"

The acolyte placed his fingers onto the sides of his massive head. Emery instantly felt as if someone was hammering his head with a boulder from within. His head spun and sharp pain throbbed from inside, just like what he had experienced in the test room.

He watched as his opponent's images turned to 10, before all of them took out a dagger and charged towards him.

He was able to dodge with just using his speed, but right now it would be a folly to trust his senses. He countered an attack and took out half the illusions, but in the next few seconds, they had doubled again.

Emery knew the reason he was still standing right now was because of his soul tempering practice that allowed him to filter his opponents' spirit attacks. He knew his spirit defense had increased as well, but this time, his enemy was a privileged class acolyte specialized in spirit attacks. This battle would not end that easily.

He took a deep breath, stood still, and controlled his spirit cores' energy. He might not have the capabilities to quickly find his opponent's real form, but he could faintly sense the real one was a mere five meters away from him.

With that information, Emery decided to once again put all his strength onto both his arms, before swinging both arms downward.

Baaaaammm!!!

The entire 10-meter radius arena shook instantly. The tremble of the air and the stones falling helped him to detect the exact position of his opponent.

The skinny acolyte's face turned pale, as Emery grabbed his uniform and aimed his fist towards him.

"Aaaa... I give up! I give up. Please don't kill me..."

The expression seen on the man's face was pure horror and he looked like he was about to wet his pants. It took him a lot of willpower to pull his fist not to hit the man.

A moment later, the announcement came.

"Emery Ambrose wins!"

[Your Privilege rank increased to 86]

With this Emery already won two matches, he wondered what kind of person the one he would fight next,

[Rank 85 - Median (79)]

Chapter 687 - More Matches

Emery took a 10 minute break to calm himself down. Right now, he very well understood his spirit defense was too weak, so anyone specialized in that would be the most annoying opponent for him to face.

Fortunately for him, he did manage to upgrade his spirit defense. Now that the [Soul Tempering Meditation] book was proven useful, Emery made a mental note to buy the second volume after the arena battles were over.

He spent the ten minutes of allocated rest by meditating and recovering his strength. A quick glance revealed his next opponent was merely a rank above him.

[Rank 85 - Median (79)]

Even though they almost shared the same rank, Emery had no idea of his opponent's power. Hence, he decided to be cautious.

From the other side of the arena, a good looking man with long white hair walked in. He entered the arena with a casual expression and started to casually walk towards Emery.

When they were right across from each other, the referee called out.

"Fight starts!!"

Immediately, the white-haired man took out a pair of black fingerless gloves decorated with a pattern of vines and with a white lotus in the center. As he put them on, he said. "I wonder if you don't mind sparring in hand to hand combat?"

The question certainly made Emery turn suspicious, but after a thought later, he denied such possibility. After all, this was just a simple ranking battle. An acolyte in the privilege class would not embarrass himself by cheating, where everyone could clearly see, would he?

"I'm not going to force you, though! Anyway, here I come!"

The man moved fast, throwing sand and dust in his wake, quickly throwing an unarmed attack, a jab directed straight at Emery's face.

Emery decided not to waste his time and energy by giving him any thought. He opened his maximum [Immortal Gate] and met the man's fist head-on.

Bamm!! Bamm! Bamm!!

A flurry of punches and kicks were exchanged between the two individuals fighting in the arena. Overall, it was a solid fight. But, both of them knew that, unless the white-haired man had something else under his sleeve, there was no way he could defeat Emery in a contest of strength.

After a dozen exchanges of attack at each other, Emery felt it was finally time. He raised his fist before his chest and took his stance, ready to end the fight. Right as he was about to land the final strike, the man suddenly raised both of his hands.

"I give up... I give up!"

"...."

Emery stared at him with an incredulous expression on his face, his fist stopped in midair thanks to utter shock he was currently experiencing.

"Haha, why are you looking so surprised? You are clearly stronger than me. Even the audience knows that."

As if to jolt Emery out of his dumbfounded state, the referee loudly announced his name as the winner.

"Emery Ambrose wins!"

[Your Privilege rank increased to 85]

The white-haired man approached Emery and said.

"Man, you are the real deal... Rank 86 and still this strong. I am not gonna embarrass myself by continuing the fight, really. Besides, you are going all the way up to fight Trish and everyone else, right?"

The fight ended with Median talking about his plan not to injure himself at all to have a shot at challenging the tired Trish to get the top 80 spot. Then, he told Emery about his faction, the "White Lotus Sect".

Despite the name, it was not an official clan at all, it was more of an organization that sought to make new friends.

"Come visit us anytime," Median said with a friendly smile on his face.

With this fight, Emery had taken care of three privileged class acolytes. The next one he had to fight was from his favorite clan, the so-called "Nephilims".

From the corner of his eyes, Emery could see Armand and his two sidekicks were glaring daggers at him. Their expressions were twisted in great hatred, as if he had killed their entire family without mercy.

He watched as Armand leaned close to one of them and whispered some things, most likely some pep talk. Afterwards, the one who had to fight him walked to the arena.

[Rank 82 - Jordi Nephilim (85)]

The man was wrapped in golden robes. Emery remembered he was one of the Nephilims who fought together with him against the Bone Dragon.

At the moment, the man's expression was full of restrained rage. It was not a surprise he held a grudge against Emery. After all, he did send the Titan's bloodline holder Sigurd towards them, causing their formation to break apart and eventually leading to their elimination.

For a moment there, Emery felt a little bit sorry for what he did, but then he remembered what the Nephilim did to his planet, and every bit of the remorse quickly disappeared like smoke.

"Fight starts!!"

As he expected, the Nephilim did not even hesitate to take action. He swung his hand and started strong by taking out all of his [Soaring Shuttles]. Those strong artifacts circled rapidly around his body and looked extremely menacing.

Right afterwards, the Nephilim cast his special power, forming a glowing golden energy all around his body. A moment later, a light shaped like a wing came out of his back, as he started floating in the air.

Suddenly, eight spherical-shaped constructs gathered around him and shot towards Emery, so quickly they were almost invisible.

In response, Emery took out his two swords and blocked the artifacts coming his way one by one.

Clank!! Clank! Clank!!

The [Soaring Shuttles] were the most advanced weapon created by humans and were made to be used by spirit readers. Each was light and sharp, designed in such a way to maximize one's spirit force and increase its striking power. In addition, it worked by designating a target and using the user's spirit energy as fuel to dart towards the opponent.

This time, a rank 9 spirit reader with 6 pillars formed was the one who was using such artifacts. Therefore, no wonder each attack were so fast and powerful that they forced Emery to use his [Immortal Gate - stage 5] right away.

The Nephilim acolyte's Soaring Shuttle flew toward him vigorously like there was no tomorrow, he didn't even give Emery a chance to attack. Even though he was strong enough to block the attacks, the intensity the shuttle came at him made no opportunity for Emery to counter.

A few minutes passed, and the relentless onslaught still continued. By this point, Emery had somewhat guessed what the acolyte was trying to achieve by unceasingly bombarding with his Soaring Shuttles.

It was clear that Armand, who seemed to be their leader, merely wanted to tire Emery out, so he would fail in the next fight. This was proven by the fact that this Jordi Nephilim had not even once tried to give a decisive strike and been playing his card carefully all this time.

Not willing to be played by them, Emery decided it was time to stop restricting himself. He started using [Blink] all over, making his opponent's shuttle unable to follow him.

With their low-level defense capability, Emery really was the bane of the spirit readers.

The combination of Emery's new speed with the blink spell, allowed him to bypass the spirit reader defense. During the confusion, he sneaked behind him and knocked the Nephilim out.

"Emery Ambrose wins!"

[Your Privilege rank increased to 82]

Armand and his gang watched as Emery was quickly able to defeat one of them and nonchalantly walked off the arena, not paying any attention to them as if such an act was not worth his time.. Armand, in particular, narrowed his eyes and stared at Emery with pure rage.

Chapter 688 - Genius

The crowd turns rowdy knowing the new privileged acolyte managed to defeat 4 opponents continuously and now enter to fight the fifth one. Emery however just concentrated to calm his spirit core, preparing to fight the next opponent.

The screen display in front of his eyes shows the name of his next opponent.

[Rank 78 - Trish (84)]

It was apparent the test ranking showed that this acolyte actually had a higher real rank than her test rank. Therefore, no wonder many people lined up trying to challenge her.

However, unlike those privileged acolytes, Emery had heard her name before and knew her prowess.

In the first week, Emery came to the Magus Academy. In fact, Trish was somewhat a renowned name among the regular acolytes at that point in time.

During the time he was painfully trying to reach rank 2 acolyte, Trish was already a household name with her rank 5 cultivation. Her name was shown on the last day ranking only under the Dragon Boy Zach, as the second most talented regular acolyte.

She was one of those acolytes, who improved themselves and climbed step by step from regular class to elite class, before eventually reaching the privileged class. And until now, she was still proving herself.

Emery could sense she was still in the fourth pillar of rank 9 - a sight that could be counted as rare among the privileged class' acolytes. It was no surprise that her test result was not that high.

Now, the genius girl hailing from a middle realm stood in front of Emery. The two of them finally standing in the same arena.

The young girl with short black hair and shiny bronze skin didn't have any weapon with her. The only thing that barely resembled a weapon were the two bracelets on her arms. Emery couldn't help but be taken back, when he noticed this.

Oblivious to Emery's surprise, Trish looked at him and nodded with respect, hence Emery quickly did the same. For some reason, Emery always felt this kind of people who respected their opponents were not someone to be underestimated.

Hence, as soon as the referee announced that the match began, Emery immediately activated all his buffs and raised his vigilance to the maximum to allow him to immediately cast spells when needed.

It was clear he planned to hold nothing back in this fight.

His opponent Trish, on the other hand, was seen moving her body and arms around in a circular motion. A moment later, a body of water materialized and was floating between her two arms.

Seeing that, Emery couldn't help but comment, "A water elemental acolyte?"

Emery rarely saw a pure water element combatant among the top ranking, as the element was known to not be that suitable for combat. At the same time, this also made him wonder what kind of ability Trish had, that allowed her to enter the privileged class.

The girl started taking some kind of martial art stance, while the body of water was moving around her body in beautiful and mesmerizing motions. It almost looked like an ethereal dance of water.

Before Emery knew it, he saw the body of water rapidly enlarge within his vision; Trish had pushed it forward. The water churned violently, as it swiftly flowed through the air, heading towards him.

Amused, Emery quickly moved out of the way while casting [Whiplash], a tier 1 water spell that looked really similar to what Trish just sent to him.

Splash! Loud sound of water splashing was heard, as the two bodies of water clashed with each other.

However, unlike what Emery expected, his body of water was entirely obliterated, while hers remained the same. In fact, it suddenly swerved halfway after it destroyed his spell, heading his way again.

Seeing that Trish's attack was quickly approaching, Emery quickly cast [Blink]. His figure disappeared and reappeared a few meters away. Now that there was some distance between them, this time he decided to cast [Steam Lance] - a more powerful, pierce-type water spell, sending a spear-shaped water body to the incoming attack.

It didn't take long for the two bodies of water to meet and collide with each other.

Splash! Similar sound rang in the air, Emery observed how his [Steam Lance] got completely obliterated by Trish's attack, just like its predecessor. It was evident that even his tier two water spell empowered by his enhanced nature core was not enough to stop Trish's attack. The body of water kept charging towards him at full speed, as if nothing had happened to it.

This time, Emery decided not to dodge and instead shot towards his opponent.

Realizing Emery's intention, Trish immediately did another movement with her body and this time, another body of water was created in front of her body and completely shielded it.

Even though he saw she used some kind of defensive measure, Emery did not stop his charge. On the contrary, he accelerated even further.

He could not believe such a transparent water barrier would be able to withstand his punch that contained an entire 168 battle power. Still, just to be on the safe side, he cast [Granite Skin] on himself, before he drew his fist back and launched it forward with all his might.

BAM!!!

The water barrier immediately shattered apart into patches of water when Emery's punch connected, its protective prowess was not as durable as he previously thought.

Now that she had nothing to protect her, Trish quickly ran behind her, and of course Emery immediately tried to catch up to her.

After taking just two steps, Emery suddenly felt that something was wrong and his hunch was proven right, when he saw his opponent was smiling at him.

"I got you!!!"

Emery suddenly discovered his body turned as stiff as a rock. His eyes moved around to search for the culprit and he finally found it. The water barrier he had previously shattered that splashed all over his body didn't go away. Instead it stuck to him, making him feel very heavy.

At the same time, due to this unexpected interference, the body of water that had been chasing him since the start of the match had finally managed to land on his body.

SPLASH!

Because of his granite skin, Emery didn't feel much pain when the water hit him, but his whole body was very wet. What's more, it also made his body feel even more heavy.

"What the hell is this!?"

"Heavy water!" Trish said, before she did another movement and sent three more bodies of water to him.

[Blink]

Emery immediately activated his escape card to run away from those waters. Fortunately, [Blink] was a special movement spell that did not need any muscle power. If that wasn't the case, then he would basically be doomed, as he was having a hard time even lifting his arm.

When Emery's figure reappeared quite a distance away from her,

"Darkness, Water and Earth elements, triple elements, impressive!" Said the girl, as she created several more bodies of water, which had already coalesced and turned into a huge wave of water.

Emery knew that if those hit his body again, the situation would be even more troublesome.

The wave of water swiftly headed towards him, Emery was about to cast another [Blink], when he realized he couldn't get his feet off the floor. Looking down, he just realized the entire floor was soaked by that water and it was awfully sticky.

Trish looked at Emery with a smile and said,

"I am sorry, but I can't allow you to advance any further."

Following those words was a rushing wave of water crashing down on Emery.

Chapter 689 - Water Mastery

689

Emery was completely amazed to see water spells could be utilized like this. In fact, he didn't once think of or even imagine such applications, before he watched how Trish skillfully showcased her complete mastery over the water element.

What Trish displayed should be a unique water spell, just like Gerri's signature purple flame. However, this Heavy Water - as she had called it - did seem to have other useful functions, other than just hitting harder, like Gerri's flame did.

Seeing the huge wave of such water threatening to crash into him, while his feet were still stuck onto the ground by the very same water, Emery quickly cast his spell to counteract this attack of hers.

[Granite Wall]

[Shadow Roots]

Both spells took effect at once and worked in tandem to block the incoming wave.

BAM! A loud sound resounded throughout the arena, as the arena ground shook and from it rose a granite wall. Following right after that was the emergence of vine-like roots from the same source. They quickly encroached upon the wall and completely enveloped it with their existence.

It was a defensive measure Emery concocted on the spot - a combination spell between plant and earth element - which should be effective to stop Trish's seemingly unstoppable water spell.

While Emery placed the majority of his focus on his spells, he also didn't forget to keep his attention on Trish. Thanks to that, he noticed how the girl had become a little more panicked than she should have been.

He didn't know the reason that elicited such a reaction, but it was something that intrigued him. However, it didn't take long for him to be given some ideas of it, when he noticed what she was doing next.

Unexpectedly, Trish tried hard to steer the huge wave of water away from the wall Emery had created, causing only half of the spell to hit the nature barrier prepared for it.

In the meantime, Emery was busy with something as well. He used both hands to strike the ground, causing numerous cracks to appear on it and allowing him to get away from the sticky surface that was holding him in place.

The huge wave of water rapidly headed in his direction again, but once again the combination of both spells made her throw the water off course.

Trish didn't seem calm enough to hide her anxiety. This naturally only made Emery try to find the reason why. At this point, Emery already had an inkling of what was really going on.

Trish once again tried to create more bodies of water, with this moment of chance, Emery took the opportunity to use his Spirit Reading and analyze the entire situation. Moments later, as if inspiration bloomed vigorously in his mind, Emery smiled and exclaimed.

"I see now, so that's why!"

Realizing what was going on and the solution to Trish's troublesome water, Emery immediately went into action. He decided to go on the offensive, however, instead of using the two spells, he cast [Entangled], the normal version of [Shadow Roots] spell of plant element.

Emery didn't waste any more time and quickly channeled spirit energy from his nature core, rapidly creating a dozen of plant roots. In an instant, they rose from the ground, as if they had always been there, and swirled their way towards Trish.

Splash! Splash! Splash!

Sounds of water clashing onto hard surfaces resounded, as the plant roots that were hit by the Heavy Water were quickly blown away by it. But, at the same time, they also managed to absorb most of the water. This of course forced Trish to make more of those Heavy Water bodies. However, from the looks of it, she didn't seem able to make too many of them fast enough.

By this point, Trish realized Emery was aware of one of her abilities' flaws. Even so, she actually smiled at the latter, "Don't think that you've already won!"

After saying that, she took out something that made Emery puzzle for a second - a glass vial filled with a gold-colored liquid. Emery didn't have the time to think what it was because she had opened the vial and thrown the liquid into the bodies of Heavy Water she had created. The water started to give off a shimmering golden glow.

The next instant, Trish did another movement with her body and the glimmering water immediately separated and turned into dozens of tiny droplets. They then flew around the arena, following the gestures her hand made.

Emery was confused about what she was trying to do, but soon he was stunned by what he saw.

The water droplets rushed from under, most of which were able to slip through Emery's roots as they continued their way towards him. The droplets swiftly approached him from all directions, ensuring there was nowhere for him to escape.

As soon as he saw they got dangerously close to him, Emery quickly [Blink] into the air. Even though he didn't know what they were, his gut feeling told him that he definitely didn't want those things to come near him.

Unbeknownst to Emery, while his attention was busy paying attention on the ground, the girl seemed to have predicted that he would jump in the air, as evidenced by how she immediately leapt to the air, after she sent those droplets towards Emery.

Noticing a shadow on his face, Emery looked up and saw how Trish was already pulling her leg back like a drawn bowstring.

Emery immediately responded by positioning his hands above his head.

BAMM!!

The next thing he knew was a strong impact striking his hands and sending him straight down to the ground.

Emery's body slammed heavily onto the ground, but he knew this wasn't the worst news yet, when he realized the golden droplets were now all around him. It was at this moment that Trish, who was still in the air, snapped her finger.

In an instant, the shimmering droplets shone brightly, before turning into a violent explosion that consumed its surroundings. A deafening sound resounded through the air all at once as the dozens of droplets around Emery exploded.

BOOM!!!

Under the shocked eyes of the spectators, the part of the arena where Emery was completely destroyed by the explosions. Thick smoke enveloped the area, while the debris that was flung in all directions fell to the ground helplessly.

Trish flew down when most of the smoke had dissipated, there she saw how Emery was lying weakly on the ground. The [Granite Skin] covering his body was badly cracked and peeled off, revealing the bloody skin and flesh beneath.

Seeing his badly injured but still alive state, she couldn't help but comment in awe, "You really have a very strong body. Not many people can withstand the full brunt of my hydrogen chain reaction. In fact, most of them were on the verge of death after they received this."

Alas, her admiration was destined not to stop there, when her eyes caught a glimpse of Emery's body twitching. She wasn't even given the chance to make sure she didn't see wrong, because Emery suddenly stood up. Meanwhile, the wounds on his body began to heal at a speed visible to the eye.

"High regeneration ability as well!" added Trish, observing the healing process.

"You... You are really blessed, Emery Ambrose. Four element affinities and a superior body..." She then suddenly sighed.

"I find it extremely difficult to compete in privilege class coming from a middle realm, but you... A lower realm... I guess fortune beats talents..."

After saying that Trish suddenly threw up blood. She was shaking when she said

"I really want to fight again, but my spirit pool is now empty. So, I... surrender."

In reality, Emery himself was also taken aback by what his body was capable of. In fact, the explosion was so strong he lost consciousness for a moment there. He was as surprised as her. This monstrous regeneration was something he never had before.

Emery raised his right arm and saw firsthand the deep wound there closing in rapid manner.

'Is this because of the body tempering?' thought Emery, confused.

While Emery was busy contemplating the reason for the abnormal regeneration ability that appeared out of nowhere, the referee announced the result of the match.

"Emery Ambrose wins!"

[Your Privilege rank increased to 78]

Emery finally made it into the top 80 and achieved the target he set for himself. However, he was not yet satisfied. Not even a bit. The explosion, the blood, the pain. It was all only stirring him, only making him want to fight more. Emery never felt such hunger before.

What is happening to him?!

The senior staff approached him and asked if he wanted to stop. The question only served to rattle him once again.

He didn't care about the plan anymore, he just wanted to fight

"No, I am not finished.. Send me the next one."

Chapter 690 - Next Tier

Five opponents with different specialties and strengths had to be knocked down before Emery finally made it into the top 80 rankings, a position that secured him the next tier reward of 15 Spirit Foundation Pill.

Emery turned his eyes towards the huge holographic screen floating above the arena and saw the next group of privileged acolytes participating in the rank matches.

[First-month privilege ranking challenger]

[32 participants]

[Rank 64 - Armand Nephilim (71)]

[Rank 68 - Reney (75)]

[Rank 70 - Vegoth Sage (65)]

[Rank 73 - Cenari (76)]

[Rank 74 - Dayasta Diass (72)]

[Rank 77 - Mahareth (79)]

[Rank 78 - Emery Ambrose (68)]

Emery saw the list of names of his next opponents. There were 5 of them he could challenge with his test rank of 68. This meant, even if he could beat all 5. He still wouldn't reach the next tier upgrade.

The smart thing to do was to stop here, as he originally planned. After all, he would still have 11 months to slowly make his way up.

Not only would this ensure a stable progression and a firm development of his cultivation, he would also not attract too many eyes to himself. Because, at the end of the day, the tallest trees catch the most wind - especially those that grow too fast.

However, at this moment, Emery felt his body boiling from within, as if it was an active volcano that wanted to unleash everything that was pent up.

He couldn't stop now, he couldn't think about anything else but to fight. He even ignored Roran, who was calling for him on the side.

The ten minutes break given after the match was on, while Emery was recovering his condition, the destroyed and broken part of the arena was quickly repaired and turned to its original state, as if nothing happened.

On the side, Roran became particularly excited when he saw that Emery managed to win his fifth match. However, he called him over to put some perspective on the latter.

In his opinion, the first twenty ranks from the bottom would not be too hard for Emery. However, the same couldn't be said for the next twenty.

From this point on, the journey would not be a walk in the park, as the strength of the opponents to be fought would increase exponentially.

Roran firmly believed Emery would not be able to defeat them right now, not with his current state of exhaustion, after fighting intense matches in rapid succession.

Therefore, he told him it would be better to stop at this point and continue with the personal challenges he could do weekly.

However, Emery, for some reason, ignored him completely. Even Roran started to sense something weird was happening to Emery.

At this moment, a few figures just arrived at the arena and walked in his direction.

"I told you we came too early!" said a young man with messy golden hair that reached his shoulders.

The man came with two other people, one was a very muscular, serious-looking man that held a spear in his hands, the other was a charming young girl with long luscious fiery red hair that cascaded to her hips.

The young girl turned her eyes to the arena to see who was fighting. She suddenly became excited when she saw the figure recuperating at the rest area on the edge of the arena.

"That's him! Emery Ambrose! Aah, if I knew he was here, I would have come earlier!"

The man with the huge spear seemed interested to see when he heard her words. On the other hand, the golden-haired young man immediately cast his gaze below and searched for the said person.

"What!? That's the new guy from the elite class, isn't he? The one with the title Savage? Huh! If anyone would be called Savage in the privileged class, then that person could only be me, Diyoo!"

The three people who just arrived were the 47th rank Annara Veirmont, the 55th rank YunXiao, while the loud golden-haired young man was the rank 28, Diyoo.

Annara finally noticed Roran standing nearby, so she quickly approached him.

"Harlight! Tell me how that guy's match went!"

It was at this time Emery's sixth match began, as his name was called up. His figure was seen walking into the arena again and stopped just a few meters away from his opponent, the one ranked right above him - the 77th rank Mahareth.

His opponent this time was apparently a speed-type fighter, who could use and combine both spells from lightning and wind element. Unfortunately for the other party, he didn't have the necessary firepower to hurt Emery physically.

In just around five minutes, Emery managed to trap the poor guy with a combination of [Blink] and [Shadow Root]. Simply put, he basically crowded the entire arena with [Shadow Roots] to hinder his opponent's mobility, before appearing right upon the other party with [Blink].

The fight ended with Mahareth being incapacitated, as Emery broke his leg.

"Emery Ambrose wins!" The referee announced immediately, when he saw Mahareth physically unable to continue the match.

Seeing such a sight, Diyoo quickly commented, "Wuhu! That's more like it! Damn, that must hurt!"

Annara, on the other hand, smiled as she spoke to Roran. "Wow, I didn't think he was this ruthless before."

Hearing that, Roran showed a complicated look on his face. "Yeah... me neither."

On a different side, where a group of privileged acolytes with golden robes had gathered, Armand could be seen more annoyed than ever. He couldn't accept the fact his teammate Jordi lost so badly to that detestable person. And now, the man he hated just defeated another one.

"Armand, he's very strong!" Jordi said, when he noticed the irritation on Armand's face.

Alas, this only backfired. "Shut your mouth, you loser!"

While Armand was arguing with the man, Emery kept his seemingly unstoppable streak by defeating another acolyte ranking above him again.

"He wins again!"

"Do you think I can't see that?!" Armand snarled.

"Brother Armand, he's now ranked 73th already."

"Brother, That's his seventh streak!"

Hearing the people around him start talking that way about the person he hated really annoyed Armand. The truth was a bitter pill on his horizon, he could clearly see how strong Emery already was, and knew that, if he didn't try harder, the man could really catch up to him.

Armand understood he had to train harder. However, this didn't stop him from getting annoyed with his team's talk of Emery.

"Don't worry, brother Armand. His test rank is only 68, so he can't force you, the 64th rank, to a fight. You don't need to fight him today."

This was actually the only fact that made him calm, but the way his teammate worded this phrase and what it implied made him uncomfortable.

"What the fu*k are you saying?! I've told you, I'm ready to fight that guy anytime!"

The one who spoke realized his error, as he quickly responded, "Of course, brother Armand. There's no way you are scared of that puny person! Anyway, even if he somehow manages to reach your rank... that's three more matches. I'm sure he will be half-dead by then."

Armand nodded his head when he heard that.

"That's true... It won't be pleasant to fight a completely exhausted, half-dead opponent!"

The people around him immediately sang praises, when they heard Armand's words.

"Brother, you are so great!"

"That's right! How magnanimous of you!"

As soon as those praises resounded in the air, the group heard how the referee declared that Emery had won his match again. By this point, the latter had bulldozed through eight people in succession.

Armand subconsciously looked over the list on the screen and saw only two names left before his, inwardly thinking.

"He won't win the next one... right?"