

## Earths GMagus 691

### Chapter 691 - Unrivalled

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Consecutive, loud beating sounds reverberated within Emery's body, as he could distinctly feel his body brimming and burning with seemingly unrivalled strength.

Thanks to this, he managed to deal with the speedster Mahareth easily enough. His muscle movements and casting speed were in such synergy that he successfully trapped and captured his really fast opponent with the right settings and timing, before appearing exactly behind the other party and delivering a full-powered kick to its leg.

CRACK!!

A loud sound of bones breaking was heard through the air, as Mahareth stumbled and eventually fell to the ground. He immediately decided to voice his surrender, when he realized he could no longer feel the leg that was hit by Emery's kick. After all, he would be a literal sitting duck when his speciality was neutralized.

Emery retreated when Mahareth gestured to the referee. His eyes shifted to the latter's broken leg. Emery tries not to feel too worked up about it and says to himself that it doesn't matter as the academy had prepared the best medical team in case of emergencies like this.

Still, Emery couldn't forget what he caught a glimpse of - the terrified expression on Maharent's face. It strangely affected him in an unknown way, but he quickly tried to calm down. He still had more opponents to fight.

As expected, the next two opponents were much harder than their predecessor.

The rank 74th Dayasta and rank 73rd Cenari were both solid weapon experts. The two of them each had their own distinct style that separated them from the rest.

Dayasta's two-handed double edge axe hid a powerful force that created a strong gust of wind with each swing. The man also had a wild ferocity aura similar to Orycon. However, the two were not comparable, as he lacked the agility and flair the latter had.

As a result, he could only watch his ax continuously hit the empty air, because Emery had decided to evade direct confrontation with him. Emery was simply too fast for him. In the end, he fell down to the ground with numerous slashing wounds on his body.

However, the man seemed to have decided not to give up so easily, as he stood up with difficulty and continued his attacks with reckless abandon. Due to that, Emery received a few of his strikes, before silence returned to the arena that was dyed red with Dayasta's blood.

The third opponent Emery had to fight in his climb to the next tier, Cenari, was even harder to fight against. His fighting style was very similar to his, but instead of swords, he wielded sabers, and instead of [Blink], the dual wielding acolyte utilized the [Phasing] spell as his means of mobility.

If that wasn't similar enough, the man also had an impressive battle art that was comparable to Emery's [Weeping Phantom].

In the end, the battle between the two of them became a two-sided cat and mouse fight, where both of them simultaneously tried their best to hit and dodge attacks the other party threw.

After a hundred fruitless clashes and relentless use of mobility spells, Cenari was finally the one to drop first due to his stamina. Again, Emery proved to everyone that he had a much better physical condition and deeper spirit pool than his peers.

This marked the end of the eighth bout Emery has gone through today. So, he made his way to the rest area and started to recuperate his body once again. He really started to appreciate the 10-minute break the rules dictated.

Realizing his natural self regeneration was no longer sufficient to recover his condition fast enough, Emery quickly sat in lotus position and cast [Nature's Blessing] on himself to fill his nearly depleted spirit pool.

At the same time, the announcement of his victory came to mind.

[Your Privilege rank increased to 73]

A few minutes later, Emery opened his eyes and saw the senior staff approaching him and once again asked him if he wanted to continue.

"Yes, I am ready."

[Rank 70 - Vegoth Sage (65)]

The next opponent Emery had to face looked quite different than usual. The man named Vegoth Sage has rather unique braided-style hair and wore many jewelries, too many in fact.

When the referee announced the match had started, his opponent started mumbling words he couldn't fathom. Fortunately, or unfortunately, his questions were soon answered, as Emery started to see glowing marks appear on the arena floor.

One... two... three pentagrams.

Right after, different kinds of arms came out from them. A fleshless bone arm, a muscular arm covered in green scales, a long arm with feathers on it. They all belonged to a skeleton with full armor, a humanoid lizard and a winged creature.

A Summoner!

Knowing the key to the battle, which was to defeat the conjurer, Emery immediately put the majority of his attention onto Vegoth. He quickly cast [Blink] and appeared beside the latter, sending a horizontal slash. However, Vegoth seemed to be ready for his attack, as he immediately blocked it.

Emery was about to initiate his next attack, when he realized the three summons were very close to him. Realizing the trade wouldn't be worth it - as he would be surrounded, while Vegoth only received a wound, Emery quickly backed off with [Blink].

The battle went on, as Emery tried different approaches, but the same thing basically happened and he finally realized what Vegoth was trying to do.

All this time, he planned to only stall him long enough for his three summons to surround him. In fact, it was almost as if he depended on Emery to do exactly that. Apparently, he understood this was the only way for him to win the match.

The situation quickly became a four against one battle, where Emery was besieged from different directions. He was also at a big disadvantage, because each of Vegoth's summons was able to stop his attacks.

As if that wasn't annoying enough, whenever Emery defeated and killed one of the summons, Vegoth would immediately start his chant and then the summon would reappear - as if nothing had happened.

Fighting the three summons controlled by Vegoth reminded Emery of the time he fought the Orc Warchief, but this time there were three of them at once. Not only did they possess at least 150 battle power, each summon fought in a different style, which was really troublesome to deal with. The skeleton showcased a short range defensive specialty with its sword and shield, middle range spearmanship for the lizard, and the unpredictable attack coming from above by the winged creature.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

Emery fought ferociously, as [Weeping Phantom] and [Chain Strike] worked in tandem, countering all attacks the three summons threw at the same time. But as time went on, he found himself gradually becoming overwhelmed.

This was to be expected though, while Emery's skillset was extremely suitable to fight against dozens of weaker opponents, the three summons he was fighting against were not even easy to deal with individually.

Knowing his raw 168 battle power and spirit force at its maximum were not enough, the thought of using his [Fey Transformation] crossed in Emery's mind. However, his hunch was telling him something out of his control would happen if he did that, which was the reason he hesitated.

In his hesitation, the lizard managed to take advantage of the gap and land its spear on Emery's right shoulder, piercing it and sending blood splattering in the air.

"Argh!" Emery cried, as the sharp pain brought him back from reverie.

The spectators were caught off guard by the unexpected development, some were actually cheering, especially one particular acolyte in golden robe.

## **Chapter 692 - Fear**

"Yesss!!! Finally, that despicable person got what he deserved!! A f\*cking retribution!!!"

Armand's voice contained an untold amount of happiness when he saw Emery was injured by the lizard's attack.

Emery snapped his head to the lizard as he grabbed the latter's spear and crushed the shaft into pieces. Immediately after, he took a few steps away from the summons. His right shoulder continued to bleed heavily as he retreated and was chased by the two other summons.

When Armand inadvertently shouted such words in his excitement, the people around him - his Nephilim teammates - looked at him with a weird look. Noticing the gazes he was receiving, Armand quickly calmed the bubbling excitement within him and schooled his expression to normal.

"Ehem.. I mean... it looks like his journey will stop here.." Armand sighed as he turned to Jordi. "It's really unfortunate, Jordi. If he survives, I really want to get revenge for your loss as well as mine. Alas.. fate seems to prepare other things for us. I'm really out of luck this time, I wish he would fall under my hand."

The others nodded their heads in agreement, but secretly wondering why their senior kept changing his words. Of course, there was no way they would directly ask this to the other party as they knew what kind of fate awaited.

Not far from them, a girl with brown hair who has a huge bow and a set of a special quiver and arrows caught Armand's 'magnanimous' words.

She sneered. "Huh! You can only talk big, Armand! I bet you are actually scared of? him, that's why you were so happy when you saw him injured earlier."

Hearing that, Armand immediately turned to the direction of the voice and realized who spoke such crude words to him - Reyne.

The girl was currently rank 68,? the last person that foolish lower realm acolyte had to fight before the latter was finally able to challenge him.

Reyne was also part of Group 7 who worked together in their endeavor of defeating the Bone Dragon. Unfortunately, she was eliminated early because of the Nephilims' devious scheme. Hence no wonder she displayed such strong hostility toward the latter.

"Huh! Reyne, if you are still upset about the past, then I have to tell you that it's nothing personal really.." Armand chuckled. "It was just a game, after all. At that time, all of us were only trying to get the best result, and naturally, I did my part to achieve the same.

Upon hearing that, the girl scoffed as if she just smelled garbage. "Are you sure you are a man, Armand? Because you talk like a girl, too many excuses!"

As if the fuse had been lit, the Nephilims around Armand exploded into a crowd of angry and irritated people. The expression on Armand's face also turned cold as he opened his mouth.

"I am ready to fight you after this, Reyne. Let's talk with our strength in the arena!"

"See! Arena is for fighting, not talking!" Reyne said with a mocking tone.

Armand became even more incensed when he heard that. "I am telling you that I'm not just talking! I am ready to fight!"

It was at this moment that the bickering of the two was interrupted by loud cheers from the crowd around them. The two of them immediately turned their gazes to the arena to see what would elicit such a reaction.

Emery, whose body was dyed red all over by the blood bleeding from his wounds, managed to launch a counterattack to Vegoth, employing a powerful sword art. A dark energy blade attack that was able to dispatch the skeleton and the lizard at once.

This naturally left Vegoth with two less meat shields, and Emery didn't plan to let such a golden opportunity. He immediately sprang into action, darting at the former at breakneck speed so that he didn't have a chance to summon the two back.

The winged creature flew to Emery's back as it tried to protect its master. Emery ignored it entirely as there was something more important to deal with. As a result, it managed to bite his shoulder and tore off a chunk of his flesh as its teeth were sharp enough to pierce through [Granite Skin].

The sharp pain forced Emery to drop his sword. Even so, he didn't scream nor cancel his attack toward Vegoth.

He used his elbow to hit the winged creature before tackling Vegoth down to the ground. The two rolled across the ground, Emery positioned himself at the top before he delivered a series of punches to his opponent.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!..

In the air, there was a clear sound of Emery's fists continuously hitting Vegoth's body, accompanied by the latter's screams of pain.

Emery shouted loudly as he continued to hit Vegoth's face until it was difficult to recognize his original face. Eventually, the latter passed out and his summons were all dispelled, signifying the end of the match as well as Emery's victory.

"Emery Ambrose wins!!"

The spectators once again cheered when they saw that Emery managed to win his ninth match of the day. This was an extraordinary feat, especially since he fought consecutively and against young talents of the privileged class.

[Your Privilege rank increased to 70]

While the crowd cheered and applauded their hearts out, Armand on the other hand was dumbfounded at the brutality he had just witnessed. Fear suddenly rose within him as he watched Vegoth's blood drip slowly from Emery's fist.

He was even more surprised when the senior staff announced that Emery still wished to continue and fight.

Subconsciously, Armand turned his head to the next opponent Emery had to face, Reyne. However, the latter was surprisingly also staring at him. A wicked smile appeared on her face when she saw that he was looking at her.

"I surrender!"

She look toward Armand and said "i don't mind waiting for another month, now let me see that brave words you said just now"

Reyne's immediate forfeit meant that it was now Armand's turn to fight. Unknowingly, one of his arms was trembling, and when he realized it, he quickly used his other hand to stop it forcibly.

The people around him, however, seemed to not notice this. They all looked at Armand with hopeful eyes.

"Brother, it's finally your time! It's your chance to beat that scum! Look at him, he's half dead already!!"

Armand was sweating bullets; he was terrified at the lower realm acolyte currently standing in the center of the arena. Still, there was no way for him to back down at this moment unless he didn't want to show his face ever again.

Gulping his saliva, Armand forced himself to speak.

"No.. No.. I- He can't force me to fight... yeah.. I have a higher rank... no.. I mean... it's too humiliating to fight such a half-dead acolyte.. Yes... yes.. I'll be magnemous this time and let him go for now."

His teammates were confused, but his seniority made them afraid to say anything.

Armand was about to relax and heave a sigh of relief when a familiar female voice came from behind.

"You are not going to embarrass the family now, right Armand?"

Chill crawled up to Armand's back when he heard that. He turned around and saw someone he didn't want to meet in this kind of situation.

The 22th rank, Jinkan Nephilim - the second best of this year's Nephilim acolytes.

"Seriously, Armand?" She said with a faint smile. "You are not afraid of him, aren't you?"

Armand panicked, but he quickly tried to hide it. "A-fraid? Who? Me? O-of course not!!"

The referee had called his name, and Armand knew that he had to accept the challenge.

"Yes... I will fight him."

Armand walked down from the audience seats and walked into the arena, his complexion was pale while his body trembled faintly.

"Fight begins!!"

### **Chapter 693 - Nephilims**

Armand Nephilim, the privileged acolyte that he had fought in the final of last year's Magus Game, had once again standing in front of him.

Emery, however, was currently in an unusual situation. It wasn't about the numerous wounds on his body, as the pain he felt from the wounds was the last of his list of concerns.

Moreover, his newfound monstrous regeneration ability had already started doing its job and patched up all those wounds.

His main concern was the feelings that were building up within him which became increasingly more apparent with each battle he went through.

This peculiar feeling became even stronger, rising twofold when he saw the figure draped in a golden robe that was slowly approaching in his direction.

Emery felt his head start spinning, and he barely managed to hear when the golden hair acolyte said something about taking the fight easy as it was just a game.

"Taking it easy? How funny..." was the thought that came to Emery's mind when he heard the nonsensical words coming out of Armand's mouth.

Those words even made him second guess it as he was sure he heard it wrong. Is this really the same person he painstakingly fought to the verge of death three years ago?

Seeing the golden robe fluttering in the air, Emery's mind was taken back to the memory of the two Nephilim gods on Earth, Hades and Zeus. Then he recalled the atrocious things those people had done, the fact they played with real, living people's lives, the fact that they messed with the Abbot and Lord Izta's generation.

Remembering those things, Emery subconsciously gritted his teeth like a wild animal as he glared at Armand. Noticing the look given to him, Armand could feel goosebumps all over his skin, as if a ferocious beast had locked its hungry gaze at him.

"Wait.. there really no need to be so serious about this" Armand said exaggeratedly in an attempt to calm himself.

Emery didn't say anything more, he only kept his glare at Armand. The latter saw how Emery's iris turned yellow and his body unknowingly took a step back on its own.

The crowd started to turn rowdy at this. Armand could see both their surprised and mocking smiles. Thanks to that, his fear was immediately replaced by great shame.

Returning his gaze to Emery, Armand gritted his own teeth and quickly used his best skill.

"I am a proud Nephilim!! I will definitely not lose to the likes of lower real scum such as you!!"

Right as he finished saying those words, Armand's body began to bask in a shimmering golden light. He slowly floated to the air as the Nephilim's secret skill was employed by him.

[Angelic Descent]

This is a powerful Divine rank skill that exclusively belonged to the Nephilim family, and the one that brought their name to the top of elite clans in the human universe.

This Divine skill was so important to the faction that the higher ups decreed it to be kept secret from outsiders and those who leaked it would be sentenced with the most severe punishment.

Emery didn't show any exaggerated reaction as he had seen this skill when Jordi and Armand himself used it against him in the past. Of course, he knew that the smart way to counter this was to attack the other party before the skill fully took effect.

Despite that, Emery remained in his position and only let out a smile as he watched Armand's figure go higher to the air. Inwardly, a sense of anticipation rose as he couldn't wait to see Armand's best and fight against his peak state.

Seeing Emery's nonchalant reaction, Armand was furious because he realized that he was underestimated by the other party.

"YOU!! I swear I will make you regret your act of belittling me! You shall see how much different I have become!" Armand said hatefully while glaring at Emery. "The power of a saint is with me!"

Right after saying those words, instead of a single golden wing, this time a second one appeared on Armand's back. It spread its wings wide in the air, as if it wanted to thoroughly tell the world about its elegance and beauty.

"Now you shall bow to my greatness!!"

Multiple [Soaring Shuttle] came out of his ring and darted around his figure. Emery counted and found out that there were now sixteen of them, twice the number compared when he fought Jordi. In addition, each of those ellipse-shaped artifacts were zooming through the air at great speed and gave off a powerful spirit force.

Knowing very well Emery's style of fighting, Armand immediately initiated his attack at the other party. He sent half of [Soaring Shuttle] that he controlled to commence bombardment of attacks while ordering the other half to circle around him to defend against any surprise attack Emery might deliver.

Swish! Swish! Swish!..

The air seemed to be sliced apart by these shuttles as they flew and zoomed around in an attempt to injure Emery. Unfortunately, eight of them were apparently not enough to catch up on Emery's newfound speed combined with the [Blink] spell.

Even though he could see that his attempts failed again and again, Armand was not stupid nor daring enough to send his remaining shuttles to attack Emery. If he did that, he would be left defenseless and certain that his fate would only be like Jordi's.

Emery, however, was not calm nor patient enough to let this battle go on and waste his time.

He quickly took out his second weapon - Magus Xion's forged tier 3 blade, before he decided to stop dodging the shuttles and started parrying them as he made his way towards the Nephilim acolyte.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

A series of loud metal clashing sounds resounded clearly in the air as Emery slowly but surely approached Armand. Under the amazed gazes of the onlookers, his hands continued to move so fast and agile as he flung every shuttle that came his way.

15 feet.



12 feet.

Even though he wasn't that fast, Emery continued walking towards Armand in a steady manner and nothing seemed to be able to stop him.

Seeing the sight of Emery unwaveringly advancing despite the relentless onslaught his [Soaring Shuttle] did naturally made Armand nervous, but the Nephilim actually hoped that the former kept coming closer to him.

Not only could he control the shuttles more easily and adeptly the closer they got, he could now safely use all of the shuttles to defend and attack at the same time.

When Emery reached the distance of 10 feet away from him, Armand smirked as he knew it was the time.

"Now!!"

In an instant, all 16 shuttles gathered together and formed into a wall of moving shuttles that continued to rotate in all directions around him. The sudden increase of shuttles attacking him became too much for Emery, but at this point he wasn't fighting with his brain anymore but with his instincts.

Clank! Splat! Clank! Clank! Splat!..

The [Soaring Shuttle] started to inflict wounds and deep gashes on Emery's body, but he kept moving around and blinking continuously as he tried to break through Armand's 16 shuttles defense that floated creating a ball shape in the air. However, the closer he got to the latter the harder it became.

8 feet.

The numerous wounds and painful sensations throughout his body started to make him a little bit slower, but Emery still persistently wanted to break the seemingly impregnable defense.

Clank! Clank! Metallic sounds continued to echo, blood dripped all over the arena

"Why can't you just die already?!!"

Just as he said those words, Armand saw something that gave him a bad feeling.

Emery's power gradually increased.

### **Chapter 694 - Challenge**

There were probably a few ways Emery could think of to handle the Nephilim's offense and defense situation. In fact, there was no need for him to sustain so many wounds by charging head-on to the seemingly impregnable wall of [Soaring Shuttles].

However, there was something inside him that stirred him to do this suicidal-driven attack.

It was as if his body screamed loudly, desperately begging him to unleash all of the bubbling strength hidden within, to let loose the culmination of the combined prowess of his muscles and spirit cores - all in order to warm up for what was coming.

Even though he had been employing countless [Blinks] and parrying a staggering number of attacks, coupled with the fact the muscles in his body had been strained to the limit by the numerous dodging maneuvers he did. Emery still felt as if his whole body brimmed with inexhaustible energy. Instinctively, he knew it needed to be unleashed.

Therefore, he didn't hesitate anymore and proceeded to activate his transformation.

[Fey Transformation]

This was the usual command he sent to his mind, so that his transformation ability would take effect, however, other than the usual increase in power and the excruciating pain of straining his muscles even further, Emery discovered the transformation did not happen.

This anomaly naturally caught him off guard a little bit, costing him a few more hits on the body courtesy of the [Soaring Shuttle]. The extra amount of stinging pain didn't affect him though, as Emery quickly recovered on his feet and continued on his reckless advance.

There wasn't the usual emergence of silvery fur, nor apparent changes on his facial, only the intrinsic tattoo appeared on his body, which was then followed by a notification that came to his mind.

[Unknown essence has spread throughout your body]

[Corruption has entered your blood]

The message contained within the notification did worry him, but Emery knew he was currently in a certain trance-like state where he could not stop.

As he advanced and the onslaught of the [Soaring Shuttles] continued, Emery could feel his body kept building up this mysterious power, allowing him to react faster and faster against the shuttles coming his way.

[Battle power is increasing]

"Argghh!" Emery roared, as he had never felt a sensation as strong as this, and it still did not stop. It continued to strengthen, becoming stronger as his body heated up like an active volcano ready to erupt.

CLANK!

An incomparably clear sound of metal clashing was heard in the air, as Emery once again parried one of the [Soaring Shuttles]. But this time, the swing of his sword had become so much stronger it not only parried the shuttle out of the way, but also forcibly sent it flying tens of meters away.

Armand, whose attention was completely on him, was shocked beyond belief when he saw this sudden change. What he saw next could only be described as his worst nightmare.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

The same sound resounded rapidly in the air, as Emery continued to swing his sword, sending the shuttles away one by one and creating a visible gap between the tight defense.

As Emery continued to move closer, Armand started flying backward in his attempt to maintain the 10 feet distance between them. Alas, the former's exponential increase in strength coupled with increased

pace of his [Blink] spell started to crumble the 16 [Soaring Shuttle] formation and tear a wide hole in them.

A look of pure horror appeared on Armand's face. At this moment, he truly wished he could have an extra pair of wings, so he could fly even faster.

"What are you?!"

With the [Soaring Shuttles] out of the way and the extra speed he gained, Emery finally cleared an opening heading straight to Armand. Without any hesitation, he immediately jumped forward and darted at his prey with his weapon in hand.

Swish!

In that split of a second, Armand could clearly see the sharp glint of Emery's sword slowly approaching his neck. Terrified by the prospect of dying, he immediately made sure to use everything he got to move out of the way.

Splat!

Thanks to his strenuous effort, Armand managed to force his body into a short burst of speed, causing Emery's attack to only deal a scratch to his neck. However, he knew if the cut went even a centimeter deeper, he would definitely be drenched with blood by now.

"Argghh! He's trying to kill me!"

Armand screamed loudly like a girl. He was truly afraid for his dear life he quickly commanded all of his [Soaring Shuttles] to retreat and surround him, not letting Emery send another swing.

In the meantime, Emery returned to the ground and lifted his head towards Armand. The grip on his sword strengthened, as he glared at the latter. The intense gaze he gave off was enough to break the latter's courage completely.

"I surrender! I surrender!" Armand screamed hysterically, shouting those words as loudly as he could for fear the referee would not hear him.

With his life literally put on the line, shame was the last thing that existed in Armand's mind.

After declaring surrender, he didn't even wait for the referee to announce the end of the match and immediately fled the arena. The senior staff was dumbfounded, as he watched all of this happening.

"Emery Ambrose wins!" the referee announced, breaking the atmosphere.

The final result was very disappointing and anticlimactic for everyone, especially Emery.

He was still standing there in the arena, unmoving even after he was announced the victor. His body was still burning. He knew that he needed more. He needed something else to push his body to its limit one more time.

[Your Privilege rank increased to 64]

[Rank 64 - Emery Ambrose (68)]

However by this point, Emery already passed his test ranking, which meant he wouldn't be able to fight anymore, as he was not allowed to challenge anyone ranked above him, unless those people were the one who challenged him.

There was a voice of reason in his mind, telling him to stop at this point and examine his unusual condition. But it was quickly swept away by the sudden temper present in him.

So, Emery stood in the center of the arena, his eyes looking around the audience seats. He swept his gaze at each and every privileged acolyte present and then shouted loudly.

"I am willing to fight anyone! Who here dares to fight me?!"

It was such an arrogant words that came out of nowhere, but Emery strangely didn't feel even a hint of regret. He really and desperately wanted to fight more.

Roran, who was standing to one side, tried his best to get Emery's attention. He wanted to tell him to stop, that it was enough. Annara and her group of friends, on the other hand, seemed to be amused when they heard Emery's words.

The beautiful girl looked at the messy golden-haired young man beside her and said with a mischievous smile, "There's your chance to take the Savage title, Diyoo. Are you going to take it?"

Diyoo, however, unexpectedly showed a disinterested expression.

"No! I'm not going to embarrass myself by fighting against someone who's already fought eleven matches in a row," Diyoo said with a nonchalant tone. "Why don't you do it?"

A thoughtful look appeared on Annara's face for a moment before she shook her head.

"I want to, but my master would not be happy if I accidentally kill him."

Diyoo let out a snort when he heard that. Ignoring his reaction, Annara turned to the other person beside her.

"How about you, YunXiao? You want to fight him?"

The quiet spearman was actually very interested in the offer. He had been wanting to fight Emery ever since their meeting in the Game, but his honor wanted him to fight the other party in prime condition and not in the state of exhaustion he was in now.

While he was hesitating, someone had already jumped from the audience seats into the arena accepting Emery's challenge. The sight of this acolyte accepting Emery's challenge left everyone present in surprise. Immediately after, murmurs spread throughout the audience seats.

Diyoo showed an amused expression when he saw who it was. "Hahaha! This will definitely be something good to watch!"

Someone nearby, who heard Diyoo's words couldn't help but comment, "Do you really think so? If you ask me, I'm sure that cocky guy down there will not last a minute against him. After all, the guy is as strong as a magus already!"

Unaware of the chatter going on in the audience seats, Emery glanced at the person walking into the arena, surprised himself.

His four limbs seemed to be made of solid metals, even part of his face resembled that of a machine. Emery wasn't even sure if the man was human.

As soon as the man stood across from him, Emery immediately looked up to see the screen, which would display information about his upcoming opponent.

[Rank 36 - Atlas III (30)]

### **Chapter 695 - Machine**

A few minutes ago, Armand was retreating frantically for his dear life into the corner of audience seats where the Nephilims were. Alas, the only thing waiting for him was the scornful gaze of the 22th rank Jinkan Nephilim.

"I.. I am sorry, Sister Jinkan. I... He's-"

Before Armand could finish saying his words, he suddenly felt his body extremely weak and thus fell to his knees. It was such a strong spirit attack, that even a capable acolyte like Armand could not afford to resist. Struggling to lift his head, he looked at the woman standing in front of him.

Jinkan looked down coldly and opened her mouth.

"Such an embarrassment to the clan, so weak even with your second wing formed." She sneered with great disdain. "If it weren't for the fact that you were able to form the second wing, the higher ups would not mind even if I killed you right here right now; Do you understand what I mean?"

Armand who pitifully knelt on the ground nodded his head weakly. Afterwards, Jinkan waved her hand and two Nephilim acolytes swiftly took him away to be punished.

Jordie who watched all of this was scared that he would be punished as well. But after seeing Jinkan didn't do anything else, he heaved a sigh of relief. Then, he asked in a hesitant tone.

"Will you fight and avenge us, sister?"

Hearing the question, Jinkan coldly cast his gaze at Emery's figure standing in the center of the arena challenging anyone to fight him. After a while, she finally opened her mouth.

"That kid must die, but I can't kill him with my own hand." She then turned her gaze toward an acolyte that had been sitting not far from them. This particular person was wearing a cloak that covered his entire body completely.

"Atlas... It's a good time for you to repay what the family has given you."

The acolyte didn't say anything when he heard that. He just stood from his seat and removed the robe covering his body before walking towards the arena. Just as he took a few steps, Jinkan's cold voice sounded again.

"Remember, I want him dead."

For a moment, this acolyte called Atlas stopped in his tracks. He nodded his head and then continued walking towards the arena.

[Rank 36- Atlas III (30)]

[Rank 64 - Emery Ambrose (68)]

If Emery managed to win this match, he would literally soar to the heavens as it would be an increase of 30 ranks at once. However, he would certainly not have an easy time as this acolyte has a higher test ranking than his real ranking.

This showed that the opponent he was about to face was someone with an extraordinary raw stats.

However, Emery was in no condition to stop right now. The bow had been drawn, and every single muscle of his body was demanding to fight!

As usual, a ten minutes break was given to Emery and he utilized this precious time to properly channel spirit energy to and from his double core, recuperating his body condition to the best it possibly could.

As much as he wanted to fight again, Emery clearly didn't want this to have any harmful effects on his cultivation. Throughout the ten minutes of peacefulness, he tried to keep in check the strong desire within and prepared the very best for the difficult fight that was about to come.

Corruption is entering his blood, was the message Emery received in his mind.

This gave him a hint of what was actually happening to him at the moment; An unknown kind of essence had somehow entered his heart and subsequently corrupted it.

After a thoughtful contemplation, his best guess would be the side effect of the [Lycanthrope Corruption] that he found in the three claw island. After all, he did consume a large amount of it despite not knowing its origin.

Emery took the chance to cast [Nature Blessing] on himself to analyze his own body. A few moments later, he could perceive that the corruption was not only spreading throughout his body through his blood, but also having some kind of reaction to his spirit cores.

It tried to make its way into his spirit cores, but when it came close, the two cores immediately rejected and blocked its progress - as if it was some kind of bane. No wonder his [Fey Transformation] was unable to take effect; As his two cores rejected the corruption, the spirit energy necessary for the ability to active also became unavailable.

It didn't take long for Emery to conclude that this is the same bloodline that affected Morgana, the one that King Fjolrin said was the curse from the outer planet.

Afterwards, Emery turned his attention to his stats and realized that there was a new change.

Battle power 136 (180)

The 32 point of battle power boost from his [Immortal Gate] has another 12 added into it;

This certainly surprised him, 12 points was a pretty high number. No wonder he felt much stronger. Perhaps, this boost would be more than enough for his next fight.

The 10 minutes break time was almost up, and except for his still chaotic heart, Emery newfound self regeneration combined with his unusual [Nature Grasp] has allowed him to completely heal the wounds on his body. Although there was still some degree of natural fatigue from successive battles, he was still ready for another one.

It was time to focus his attention on the opponent.

Apart from his unusual limbs that seemed to be made of metal, the man standing several meters in front of him had a youthful arrogant appearance with messy yellow hair. One thing that immediately caught Emery's attention was the other party's eyes - a pair of eyes with gleaming red light.

This out of the ordinary appearance made him wonder if this man was really a human or just a construct. Either way, the man would be the next opponent to see how far his newfound strength would allow him to go.

After just standing in silence for the last 10 minutes while he was recuperating, the man finally moved his body. He calmly walked a few steps closer to him and then said,

"Emery Ambrose, I am here to eliminate you." Such words were said in a very serious manner.

In fact, the serious look and stern tone the other party used gave credibility in the words, showing the latter was determined in what he just said. Emery's face turned serious as he realized this fact.

At the same time, the senior staff signaled that the 10 minute break was over.

"The fight begins!"

Right away the hundreds of spectators start to cheer toward the fight.

Without another word, Atlas immediately mounted his fighting stance. There were some strange noises coming out of him before his body suddenly emitted some smoke, and then there was an explosion following his figure shooting towards Emery at breakneck speed.

Emery was surprised to see Atlas approaching him very quickly.

"He's really fast!!"

The man has roughly similar speed to the speedster Emery had fought before, but when he tried to block the knee that was going to his stomach, Emery could feel a momentum of power that was stronger than any attack he had ever received from his peers.

BAAMMM!!!

His feet slid a few steps back across the ground as his newfound 182 battle power was unable to completely neutralize Atlas's attack.

Emery narrowed his eyes as he saw the unique face that was before his eyes. The man definitely has higher physical strength than him.

With his arm still numbing after the block, Emery started to use his battle art as well

"Fight!!"

## Chapter 696 - Superior

A half-machine privileged acolyte with superior agility and strength.

Despite Emery's 180 points of battle power, his unusual-looking opponent still had the clear advantage over him.

Jinkan, who was watching the battle from the audience seats, looked at Emery with disdain. In fact, she inwardly scoffed when she saw Emery chose to fight head-on instead of moving out of Atlas' trajectory.

It was only natural that he did not stand a chance.

After all, Atlas III was the result of peak human ingenuity in combining great talent with the most advanced technology available.

The man was transplanted with High quality Metals comparable to tier 4 artifacts crafted by famous artisans. As if that wasn't enough, he was also equipped with top-of-the-line sensor, advanced processor, powerful energy source, and other devices that pushed the living acolyte past the peak of its potential.

Bam! Bam!

Atlas swung his feet forward and then threw a seemingly endless barrage of punches, forcing Emery to pull the sword towards him. Afterwards, the half-machine acolyte jumped back a few steps.

"Take out your weapon," Emery said.

Atlas, however, did not take out anything. Instead, he only stretched his metallic limbs and switched to a different fighting stance.

Looking at Emery with eyes that reflected no emotion, the man said, "My whole body is a weapon."

This act might look like a provocation to some, but Emery knew the half-machine acolyte was serious. From their previous clashes, it was clear his body was not made out of anything ordinary.

Understanding his opponent's superiority in battle power, Emery swiftly transitioned to continue the fight by using spells.

[Blink] for mobility, [Granite Skin] for defense, [Shadow Root] for blocking, [Shadow Mist] for evasion; the four spells were cast by Emery simultaneously or consecutively depending on the situation as he attacked Atlas.

Multiple spells went through his veins, working together with his sword art in creating an opening for Emery to counter his opponent's advance.

Swish!

To Emery's surprise, the half-machine acolyte did not even bother to dodge. Instead, he used his metal limbs to block the tier 4 sword heading for his stomach.

Clank!!



What surprised Emery even more was how his arm was strong enough to block the sword. He didn't even see a scratch mark on it; it was as if Emery was hitting something made of the same material as his weapon.

Unwilling to give up, Emery quickly took out his second sword and used his [Weeping Phantom] battle art to restart his assault. His figure flickered as he shot towards Atlas with his swords brandished.

In response, Atlas unleashed a similarly swift movement as he utilized every part of his body from top to bottom as a means of attack.

The two began clashing relentlessly.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

As the battle went on, the shock in Emery gradually grew as he observed his opponent. Not only could the half-machine acolyte perfectly follow his advanced battle art, the other party was even able to find an opening to counter.

Then all of a sudden, Atlas pointed his open palm at Emery.

"Incinerate!"

Following that, a flash of light came out from his palm. Seeing that, Emery's hunch told him that it was a great danger, and so he quickly stepped aside following his instincts. There were many times where his hunch saved his life, and Emery wouldn't be a fool to ignore them at times like these.

Buzzzz—

At that instant, a high-tier fire spell came out. Even after dodging a foot away, Emery still felt a searing pain from the remnants of the flames that managed to touch his skin.

Atlas had no intention of letting him escape. He instantly dashed forward to give chase. His figure reappeared a meter away from Emery, and he immediately lifted his feet and sent a kick at the latter.

The moment Atlas swung his leg, an explosion suddenly appeared on the back of its leg, giving the acolyte a significant boost to his kick.

This time, Emery could not dodge.

Bam!

He managed to put his arm in front of him and block it at the last moment, albeit barely. But the initial impact of the kick still made him groan in pain.

Crack!

Emery was thrown a dozen feet with his [Granite Skin] completely destroyed and his arm broken. Surprise was apparent on his face as he looked at his damaged arm.

It was an arm of a superior body, yet it was easily broken by the kick. If Emery had not upgraded his body, Atlas might have already crushed his arm like a tomato.

"You're not getting away," The half-machine acolyte coldly said while aiming his palm at Emery again.

This time, an instantaneous lightning blast came out of his palm. Even though Emery had started to move the moment he saw Atlas' hand move, he was still hit by the blast. It swiftly engulfed him, electrocuted and burned his inner body.

Fortunately, the bolt of lightning quickly dissipated. Emery stood back up, as Atlas slowly closed in on him.

This rank 30 acolyte was certainly not a joke. Superior physical power and instant casting of spells as powerful as tier 5; no wonder this man was able to reach such rank.

However, Emery did not feel an ounce of fear. On the contrary, the pain and the thrill once again made his blood boil and the energy inside him churning.

His mouth involuntarily curved into a smile.

"This is what I need!"

Emery touched his broken arm with his other hand that was glowed green with [Nature's Blessing]. Within seconds, his broken bone was fixed and returned to its original state as if it had never been broken.

With two swords brandished, Emery once again charged in.

Swish! Clank!

Swish! Clank!

Emery initiated a relentless onslaught of sword slashes; he could not accept that the half-machine acolyte's metallic limbs were stronger than his sword. If ten swings were not enough, a hundred swings should be able to do the job.

He constantly dodged and attacked with his blades, while Atlas used different techniques to perfectly counter his assault. Whenever Atlas blasted his instant spells, Emery blinked away just in time.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Once every three slashes, Emery would get hit by Atlas' punch or kick. However, even after a hundred hits, Atlas' body remained basically unscathed, while Emery had bled enough to dye the arena red with his blood.

Emery would have stopped if it were not for his high regeneration and stamina, but because he had them, he continued his attacks and even became more wild.

More! Faster! Stronger!

His nature core constantly supplied his body with healing energy, while his dark core boosted his [Blink], making it faster and faster.

Thump! Thump!

The more pain and wounds he received, the more Emery could feel his blood forcing its way through the layer of his spirit core.

But something was blocking it.

BAM!

It had been two hundred hits, yet the half-machine acolyte remained standing strong. The latter still maintained the indifferent expression on his face as he continued to counter and neutralize the attacks Emery threw at him.

Emery gritted his teeth, but he still had a hint of his previous smile.

'There's no going back now.'

Eventually, he decided to give it his all and use [Heroic Strike] continuously with both swords.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

Crack!

After all those clashes, surprisingly it was his tier 3 sword given by his master that broke first.

Thanks to that, Emery came into an abrupt stop. He stood there in disbelief, as he watched his sword break in front of his very eyes yet he could not even leave a visible scratch on the other party.

Sensing danger once again, Emery quickly snapped out of his reverie and let go of the broken sword to hold his tier 4 with both hands.

Upon seeing the half-machine acolyte charging at him once again, Emery swiftly dodged away and retreated a few steps back. At the same time, he channeled all of his dark power into one powerful blast.

"Now!"

When the perfect moment finally came, Emery used [Blink] to appear right next to the man and swung his best battle art move.

[Shadow Edge]

With how close the distance between them was, there was no way Atlas could dodge. And as expected, he did not.

Instead, the half-machine acolyte put both of his palms together, blasting both lightning energy and fire energy instantaneously to receive Emery's gift.

Kaboooooomm!

A massive explosion occurred in the arena, and the strong gust of winds generated resulted in Emery being thrown back a few feet receive the blow by the explosion

As he stabilized his body midair and landed on the ground, Emery could not believe it.

Just like that, his best attack not just been stopped but also lost in the battle of strength.

Both in physical and spells Emery was inferior to the half machine acolyte.

## Chapter 697 - Mutation

As time passed by and the battle went on, it became increasingly apparent to the people watching that the Savage Acolyte was losing the fight, and rather badly at that. Seeing how the battle progressed, it was clear the half-machine acolyte was stronger in both physique and spell prowess.

As he continued to be bombarded by his opponent's attacks, Emery gritted his teeth in an attempt to endure the excruciating and sharp pain emerging all over his body. If only he could use his [Fey Transformation - Shaman Form], then he was confident that he could threaten his opponent with his [Shadow Edge] spell. Alas, that was not the case now.

As he got to his feet after being blasted away by the aftermath of the explosion, Emery once again attempted to access his [Fey Transformation] ability. But again, he failed on the endeavor, as the bloodline was still blocked by his spirit cores.

On the other hand, Atlas did not let Emery have a chance of respite, he folded his legs before stomping the ground with the strength he mustered up. His figure shot forward at breakneck speed and struck Emery hard on the stomach, sending him flying into the air again.

Emery could only watch a blur before he saw Atlas' figure already in front of him again. Unexpectedly, the half-machine was moving fast enough that he had been waiting for him in the air from above, swinging his two metal arms downwards towards Emery's head, pushing the latter even faster to the ground.

**BOOM!**

The arena floor cracked as Emery's body crashed into it. A painful groan escaped his mouth. He felt a few of his bones breaking. This still didn't include the nauseous feeling in his head that was spinning like crazy.

Emery's body looked like it couldn't take it anymore, as it didn't move no matter what he did. It was as if his body rejected his command entirely.

At moments like this, most people would definitely give up, as it meant they would only become a punching bag for their opponent. However, Atlas didn't seem planning on giving Emery that chance, as his figure fell from the sky and slammed Emery with his feet, turning the cracks in the floor around Emery into a small crater.

He then stepped on Emery's shoulder before began to cast a spell. In an instant, lightning and fire materialized and rapidly engulfed Emery's body.

"Stop the fight!" Roran shouted from the side, when he saw Atlas' action. Alas, the senior staff ignored him.

Emery experienced excruciating pain, as his body was burned and electrocuted at the same time. He tried to get up, but was unable to do so because Atlas pinned him down with his feet.

The two striking yet destructive spells worked in tandem and managed to cover Emery's entire figure, causing the staff to be unable to see Emery's condition.

Atlas was doing exactly as he was ordered to: killing Emery in this match.

The staff approached closer to check, he could see that Emery's nature spell was still resisting the spells Atlas cast. Hence, he walked away after throwing a glance at Atlas.

The combination of Emery's [Nature Blessing] and his newfound regeneration working harmoniously and unexpectedly managed to keep him alive for a while, but eventually the spirit energy in his spirit pool was completely depleted, especially his nature core. After that he only felt pain, pain, and more pain.

Emery now literally depended his life on the regeneration ability of his bloodline; as if answering his plea, it quickly churned. The weakening of the spirit force, coupled with the turmoil of the blood caused the corruption to force its way through his solar plexus and subsequently the spirit cores.

It was at this moment Emery realized it was his nature core all along who blocked the corruption from the spirit core. Now that it was completely spent, the corruption had a smooth sailing journey, as it entered and went directly to its target - the dark core, or more specifically, the Khaos energy stored within.

BAM!

All of a sudden, a deluge of power surged within the spirit core and brought about a spirit explosion so strong it pushed Atlas a dozen feet away and caused smoke to rise. This sight immediately surprised everyone. Most of the audience suddenly stood up to take a clearer look at what was happening.

The smoke started to dissipate. From within, Emery's figure could be seen slowly standing up. The charred flesh on his body started to regenerate at a speed visible to naked eye, but it didn't return to his human form.

The muscles stretched and grew, jet black fur started to cover his body, followed by multiplied notification that continuously popped into mind.

[Analyzing genes...]

[Fey gene bloodline is mutated]

[Mythical wolf bloodline found]

[New gene dominating]

[Analyzing new genes..]

[Transforming into the new gene - Night wolf]

[Battle power increase exponentially]

Emery let out a deafening beastly roar. He was in no position to analyze the series of notifications he received. So, he just followed the primal feeling within his being.

HOWL!

Unrivalled power seemed to be rising following the growth of his body. His muscles continued to expand, forcing Emery's figure to bend a little. The fur was growing wildly and marking its territory from hand to shoulders, only leaving the central part of his body exposed with a strange distinct black tattoo.

Claws and sharp fangs began to replace Emery's nails and teeth. This time there was even a furry tail followed by another roar that shook the entire arena together with the people present.

[Battle power increasing]

[Analyzing...]

The numerical value that usually appeared after the notification didn't appear this time. However, Emery didn't care, as he just immediately shot towards his opponent ferociously.

Atlas once again stretched out his palms towards Emery and blasted another two instant spells in the latter's trajectory, but the wolf-figure Emery avoided the attacks at the last second with mind-boggling agility, moving past the two spells effortlessly and eventually reached his target.

BOOM!

A loud sound resounded in the air, when Emery tackled the half-machine acolyte. He then firmly pinned him down onto the ground utilizing his entire weight, the scene almost felt like a direct retaliation of what Atlas did previously.

The wolf figures Emery howls before proceeding to use his furry arms to pull Atlas' metal arms, while pushing its chest.

CRACK! Splattt!

One of Atlas' powerful arms was taken apart like disassembling a toy.

### **Chapter 698 - The Beast And The Machine**

"Atlas! From now on, you will be known as Atlas the Third!"

It's the story of two talented boys who grew up together.

Cousin in blood and rival in spirit, the two grew up in one of the most prominent families in the universe.

Unfortunately, cruel fate changed their bright and brilliant future when one of the boys' fathers fell from the throne of grace, and the whole branch of the family was punished to the severe punishment of death.

In the blink of an eye, everything crumbled in front of his very eyes.

The young talented boy, being a one in the million talent he was, was the only one who was spared. However, his fate wasn't exactly good either because he was let alive only to be subjected to the clan experiments.

Time passed, and the pitiful boy eventually found himself opening his eyes again.

"The experiment was successful. We shall test it out!"

The two boys met again in the arena like they used to. However, the fight was short; the pitiful boy who had lost his entire family lost terribly. He couldn't even express how he felt at that time. The experiments had changed him. There was a certain image that was attached to his mind.

His rival's utter disappointment after defeating him.

"How could you call that a success?! He was worse than before!"

"Please, I can make him even better! I promise you with my life! Just give me more time!"

"Disassemble him! Take out and change anything useless!!"

Those were the last few words he heard before he closed his eyes and fell into bottomless darkness again.

"You are so fortunate, boy; The Nephilims are willing to spend so much on you. You shall be loyal to them forever!"

"You are now Atlas the Third!"

[Atlas III]

[Privilege acolytes member ID: 831918560]

[Average stat comparison]

[Battle Power 201 S]

[Strength 188 - S]

[Agility 212 - A]

[Endurance 203 - S]

"The boy has the physical quality of a magus already! It is just his spirit core that was still unable to fully adapt to the reactor."

"Let us see how far he can go!"

[Physical score 9835 - rank 5]

[Mental score 7830 - rank 62]

[Your final test rank is 30]

This was the result he had obtained, after years of being constantly exposed to inhumane experiments that would make the general population shudder when they even heard a glimpse of them.

However, after three years at the academy, he was still unable to chase him; Eshoo Nephilim, the 3rd rank of privileged class, the strongest Nephilim of the current generation

In addition, instead of a warm welcome one's kin did when they met each other after a long time, he was being treated like an outsider - a slave for the family, to be exact.

This treatment continued even today when he was ordered to kill an unknown kid coming from a lower realm. Even so, he could not disobey such an order. Especially from Jinkan Nephilim, the first order of the Nephilim clan.

Hence the battle started, the objective was the death of his opponent.

Atlas was superior in strength and technique, he has hundreds of battle art techniques stored in his memory and the other devices that enable him to access and counter any moves.? However, the opponent in front of him has something unusual about him.

No matter how overwhelmed, the other party refused to give up and would always rise again; even when he already viciously beat him into a pulp and made him go through an agonizing baptism of fire and lightning.

However, the abnormality didn't stop there; right now, his opponent was turning into something that was bizarre in his eyes, and for a moment he was at a loss.

[Unusual pattern detected]

[Unable to find a proper solution]

[Warning! Opponent's speed exceeds the norm]

BAM!!

His mechanic eyes shook as he was tackled and pinned down by such monstrous strength. Even stronger than a magus!

He was still trying to understand what had just happened when he heard and saw something he never expected to hear in this battle.

CRACK!!

[Right arm damaged - required immediate solution - system error - danger]

The next thing he saw was a pair of furry arms coming straight towards his face, but he couldn't do anything as his body was restrained by the other party.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Loud consecutive sounds resounded in the air as his face was smashed again and again by his opponent. Soon, another notification appeared in his field of vision.

[Memory damaged - immediate repair required]

The unrelenting damage and pain suddenly brought a feeling that he had been missing for so long. The fire seemed to burn within him once again, illuminating the very darkness residing within his cold mechanic heart.

Now he must survive not for the clan, not for order, but for himself.

"Command: Initiate Reactor Efflux!"

[Warning! The command would overcharge the reactor, leading to severe consequences]

"Do it! confirmed!"

In an instant, his spirit core churned and fluctuated violently as a sudden deluge of power surged throughout his body, providing the necessary power for his arm to break free and catch his opponent's attack.



BAM!!

\*\*\*

Emery was half-conscious at the time, but he had never been so excited in his life as he is now. A feral grin subconsciously appeared on his face as he saw the prey in front of him was still able to resist, even with only one arm.

Without further ado, he sent another punch at his opponent and when he saw he failed again, he sent another punch until he succeeded.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

The fight suddenly turned into a cutthroat brawl between the two acolytes who tried their hardest to hit and block the other party.

A showdown between a beast and a machine.

The machine appeared in front of the beast and sent a round of instantaneous blast at the beast. Not only was it unleashed at point-blank distance, the machine was able to get a boost to its powerful spells.

As a result, the blast instantly burned the latter's arm to the shoulder. But in a matter of seconds, the self regeneration had done its job and mostly healed the severe injury.

The beast howled loudly, and its agility seemed to be increased once again, which was evidenced by the fact that the machine's 200 points of agility couldn't keep up with the relentless barrage of punches the former sent.

The next second, the beast's figure appeared unexpectedly out of the sensor and smashed through his chest, revealing the insides of his core. Gritting his teeth, the machine did consecutive powerful kicks that once more pushed the beast away.

ROAR!

Emery roared again upon seeing the injury he had inflicted. Meanwhile, Atlas was still standing despite the critical situation he got himself in; the half machine acolyte showed no intent to back down. It was as if he couldn't.

Atlas took his fighting stance again, but the black half-wolf was a step faster.

Bam! Bam!

There were a dozen more punches and kicks being thrown, a sight which was exciting for all the audience to see.

But all of them could see that the ferocious wolf acolyte was the one dominating the fight, especially after the beast managed to grab its opponent leg and smash it continuously to the ground.

At this point, everyone thought that the winner was basically established.

Atlas, however, still struggled to stand up despite multiple broken parts and blood coming all over him. He was still preparing for another battle stance when suddenly an explosion occurred from within him that made him fall to his knee.

Seeing such a scene, Emery still didn't stop. Instead, his primal instinct kicked in to end the fight the most efficient and brutal way possible.

He was in a trance-like state when he unconsciously dashed toward the obviously defeated acolyte. His two beast-like hands had grabbed its opponent's head, cracking it before ready to pull it apart from its body.

But at the last moment, a group of people jumped to the arena and quickly worked together to restrain Emery to the ground.

"Emery Ambrose! Stop! Restrain yourself! You have won!" said a magus who dashed in together with the staff, trying to stop Emery in his transformed state.

When he realized that the latter was unable to hear him, the magus decided to put him down by force. It took multiple of them to finally stop the beast and with this, the fight was finally over.

Atlas managed to survive from death's clutch, but he had to accept his defeat.

"Emery Ambrose wins!"

[Rank 36 - Emery Ambrose (68)]

\*\*\*

There were a few more challenges happening that day until the monthly arena event concluded.

However everyone in the audience knew that the highlight was stolen by a newcomer from a lower realm who was able to achieve something that was arguably extraordinary even in this sea of geniuses - jumping straight from the 99th rank to the 36th rank by defeating twelve of his peers in a row.

Once again, the name of Savage Acolyte became known throughout the academy.

## **Chapter 699 - Disciple**

A magus dressed in black attire was sitting anxiously on a moving capsule. The capsule rapidly moved through a long metal construct, heading towards the yellow planet of Hyperion, where all the privileged class acolytes were staying.

A few minutes later, the capsule he was in finally arrived at its destination and opened its door. As he walked out, a blue-haired female magus clad in grey formal uniform was already waiting for him.

"Nice to meet you, Magus Xion. I'm Ramora, the one who contacted you. Please follow me."

Magus Xion nodded and gestured with his hand. The two then walked towards the lab facilities that were provided for the acolytes. Magus Xion grew more anxious when he saw they were completely ignoring and walking past all the empty rooms, heading to one particular corner.

"Please be warned. He's currently handled by the best experts the academy provided to the privileged class."

The words of warning only made the anxious Magus Xion feel ballooned even more.

After taking a deep breath to suppress the growing anxiety within him, Magus Xion opened his mouth.

"Just let me see him."

Seeing the serious look on Magus Xion's face, Magus Ramora nodded her head and led the way. The door was opened and the two quickly walked inside. What was presented in front of Xion's eyes greatly surprised him.

There he was, his disciple, currently in his unique wolf form, but he had been placed against the wall by metal chains attached to all four of his limbs. With much concern, Magus Xion subconsciously approached his disciple in a hurry.

"Emery!" Magus Xion said before Magus Ramora stopped him in his tracks.

He turned his head towards her and was about to argue, when the half wolf figure being held against the wall suddenly awakened and started screaming wildly, trying to break free from his restraints.

Magus Xion saw his disciple in pain, but he could tell Emery was not in control of his body.

The people stationed around the wolf figure went on to temporarily defuse the situation, one of the staff quickly approached Magus Ramora and asked, "Should we sedate him again?"

She looked at the figure on the wall for a while, before returning her attention to the staff and replying.

"No, later. Give it a few minutes."

Magus Ramora then approached Magus Xion, who was still surprised by his disciple's behavior,

"Magus Xion, this acolyte has no Grand Magus assigned to him, so no one here took care of him... And being from a lower realm, we have none to reach to. You are his unofficial master, I heard?"

Magus Xion, whose gaze was still fixed on that particular figure, shook his head and said,

"No. He is my disciple and I am his master. Tell me what's wrong with him."

The answer took Magus Ramora by surprise, but she quickly recollected herself and continued.

"He has been like this for the past 24 hours, unable to return to his normal form. I realized this was a completely different form to the one he had shown before in the game. Do you by any chance have any knowledge about this?"

Magus Xion seemed to be pondering about something, before he opened his mouth again.

"This is obviously because of his bloodline. Do you not have any data about it?"

An awkward look appeared on Magus Ramora's face when she heard that.

"Well actually, with the complicated things happening with the Wolf Bloodline, we have no one directly available at this time."

Hearing this, Magus Xion let out a sigh and added.

"He was completely fine before he came to this planet. Did he encounter any creature on any other dangerous thing on this planet?"

Magus Ramora shook her head. "No, I don't think so. The records stated that he only went to one place the whole time before the match."

A glint passed over Magus Xion's eyes when he heard that.

"Where?"

Upon hearing the question, Magus Ramora turned around and pointed at the two people standing a few steps away from them. Moving his gaze following her hand, Magus Xion finally saw who they were.

He was so anxious about Emery's condition he just realized there were actually two dwarves among the half dozen staff present in the room.

The two people quickly noticed Magus Xion's attention on them. When they saw Magus Ramora standing beside him, they immediately knew who he was.

"Ehem... Yes, he was with us, but he was fine when he left our facility," the dwarf with a red beard said, hanging on his chin.

Before Magus Xion could ask more, Magus Ramora interjected.

"Master Dulin has been here to explain and help examine your disciple's condition since yesterday. The gentleman here, Master Grom, on the other hand, is Emery's master in Apothecary."

Even though the two artisans were dwarfs, they were still famous and respected experts, hence even Magus Ramora talked to them with respect. Magus Xion, however, was so concerned about Emery's condition he didn't care much about such matters.

"Master Dulin, is it?" Magus Xion asked in a calm voice. Though he was anxious, he knew being unreasonable now wouldn't help his disciple. "Please tell me what treatment he was having and if there was any abnormality during the process."

Master Dulin explained it was all standard treatment and that there was no abnormality. However, Magus Xion looked unconvinced, as he noticed the red beard dwarf was obviously trying to hide something.

This was supported by the fact that Master Grom was eerily silent, causing suspicion to sprout. In addition, they had been taking care of Emery for 24 hours.

Why do they care so much to hang around the last 24 hours?

Magus Xion turned his gaze at Emery again, seeing his disciple's appearance that looked like a wild beast, he decided to not care about anything else and glared at the two dwarves' master.

"With respect, I don't need to know what actually happened in your facility. I only want to know one thing: can you cure him?"

Hearing such insolent words, Master Grom immediately enraged.

"What are you implying by those words?! Who are you to say such a thing to me?!"

The atmosphere suddenly turned tense and subsequently chaotic when the two dwarfs started defending themselves, while Magus Ramora tried to pacify the situation.

Eventually, both parties calm down.

Master Grom calmly said, "He is my disciple too, but we all know these kinds of things tend to happen to someone who is forcing themselves too far!"

Magus Xion noticed how Magus Ramora was convinced by the dwarf's logic, hence became annoyed. He knew that if Emery came from a prominent family or had a Grand Magus behind him, unfortunate things like this would not happen.

He tightened his fists, as he held the urge to scream of his incapability, but in the end, he decided to calm himself and come with a plan.

"Magus Ramora," he drawled, while glancing at the two people. "...and two esteemed masters, what I am about to tell you is a secret. But I can assure you it's very crucial to our current situation."

The serious expression Magus Xion had on his face as he spoke made the trio nervous, hearing his next words made them surprised, especially the two dwarves.

"Because of this matter, it's very important for this acolyte to return to normal as soon as possible. Otherwise..." Magus Xion deliberately left his words at that point and it showed an apparent result.

Xion's words swiftly made the two dwarves get up from their arrogant attitude, and gave their all in finding a way to solve Emery's current state.

## **Chapter 700 - Recovering**

Magus Xion did not tell an ounce of a lie as he spoke to the three. What he said was just one of the Magus Alliance secrets.

He just told them that Emery would be joining a Rank A classified mission. Magus Ramora, being a guide to such privileged acolyte, could quickly confirm it through her network.

Even though she didn't have the necessary level of authority required to know the mission's details, she could give confirmation that what Magus Xion said was legit.

This information made the two dwarves quickly panic, especially for Master Dulin, whose face could be seen turning pale from the shock. This sight only further increased the suspicion Magus Xion had on them.

On the other hand, the two dwarves recovered slightly from their shock, when they looked each other in the eye. Their concern wasn't much about the mission itself; rather, if Emery wasn't able to participate in such an important mission, his absence could bring an investigation that could lead to the revelation of their lies.

Knowing they couldn't and wouldn't be able to escape the consequences if they were busted, Master Grom quickly talked about how important it was to contribute their part to the mission. He and his brother quickly returned to Emery's side and tried to find a way to fix the latter's problem.

The apothecary master brought two of his senior disciples and a single young disciple Cedric. The junior apothecary artisan, who went helping Emery to create the serum before.

The laboratory room, where Emery was contained, suddenly became Master Grom's private workshop, as he tried to design a solution for the problem. As time went on and failure after failure occurred, the group had wasted amounts of rare and expensive ingredients trying to find the right solution.

While the two dwarves gave their best to free themselves from the predicament they were in, Emery, whose body was confined to the wall, was no better either. Being stuck in the wolf form was an agonizing torture to both his body and mind.

A few times a day, he would find himself locking gazes against two yellow eyes of the wolves in his mind. He even felt as if the longer he was in such trance, the more he would lose himself. Alas, he discovered he could not do anything about it.

With that, time passed by.

One day.

Two days.

Three days.

Four days. That's the time it took for the group to finally be able to awaken Emery from his trance and return him to his human form.

The moment Emery opened his eyes and returned to reality again, he discovered his body was floating inside a familiar tube used for recovery purposes. His eyes immediately swept the surroundings and he was greeted by the friendly faces of his master Magus Xion and his friend Cedric.

"You're finally awake," Magus Xion said with a hint of relief.

Still confused as to why he was in this kind of situation, Emery said, "Master, Cedric... How..."

They proceeded to explain what the bewildered Emery had missed in the last 4 days, from achieving victory in his battle against Atlas, his loss of sense afterwards, and the eventual treatment that Master Grom created.

"Thank you, master; and also thank you, senior."

Emery would also like to convey his gratitude to his dwarf master, but the other party was apparently busy with other things. After all, it had been 24 hours since he recovered from the wolf form and he had been asleep since.

It took Emery a few hours until he was finally able to stand on his feet again. The two people were watching over him all the way through the rehabilitation process, to make sure that there wasn't any problem occurring.

Emery was cleared to get out from the tube within the hour and start stretching his body.

He could still feel the strength he felt during the arena matches and couldn't wait to continue his training.

His master and Cedric were a bit worried when they saw Emery enthusiasm even after going through such an experience. Hence, they told him to take it easy for a few days.

However, even if Emery knew about their concerns, he could only wryly smile and continue to do what he was doing.

He couldn't just idly rest, everyday in this privileged class was very precious, there was also the dangerous mission that was delegated to him, which could come any time soon.

Hence, he couldn't waste time.

While he was still in the main building of the facility, Emery took advantage of this opportunity to test his body and see what he had become.

Arriving at one of the available rooms, where two staff members were already waiting, he decided to start the test.

With his physical condition, Emery decided to start with the spirit test.

Quickly finding himself in a familiar circular dome-shaped room, Emery prepared himself to withstand the intangible pressure emitted by the bright orbs that started appearing one by one.

Thanks to sufficient concentration and effort on his part, coupled by the fact he had mastered [Soul Tempering meditation - stage 1], he managed to pass an additional level and break his previous results.

As for the physical test that he took after, Emery only used his raw battle power and his [Immortal Gate], without using any of his bloodlines and surprisingly still managed to reach level 8.

When the next level started he soon found himself getting overwhelmed.

Now that he was at the limit, he had to try his bloodline transformation. but when he tried to use his [Fey Transformation] to ampily his strength even further, he once again felt the intense rage rise up and envelop his thoughts. Hence, he immediately stopped and allowed himself to be knocked out of the test.

Below are the results that Emery managed to achieve.

[Physical score 86620 - rank 27]

[Mental score 7410 - rank 71]

[Your final test rank is 55]

As for the test details and comprehensive evaluation of him:

[Emery Ambrose]

[Privilege acolytes member ID: 83192008]

[Average stat comparison]

[Battle Power 148 (180) S]

[Strength 126 (158) - A]

[Agility 158 (185) - S]

[Endurance 160(187) - S]

[Spirit force 910 - B]

[Spirit Power? - A]

[Spirit Control - B]

[Spirit Pool - A]

Even though his total battle power after the series of buffs was the same as the second wolf form, Emery felt the difference in raw strength did bring an extra effect on the final result.

He also realized his previous problem of lack of endurance had already been solved. It appeared the battle power he received from the body tempering mostly went to his endurance.

The test results also showed his physique and spirit core had fully recovered.

Now, Emery just had to take care of his bloodline, which naturally needed to be further tested.

Magus Xion, who accompanied Emery, understood his current condition and once again reminded him to take it slow, especially with his situation of not having anyone reliable of the Wolf Clan to give assistance when needed.

Seeing Emery had basically returned to his usual self, Magus Xion decided to leave, as he still had some things that needed his immediate attention. Once again, he wished for Emery's wellbeing and reminded him to be careful during the mission.

Nodding his head at his master's kind reminder, Emery was already thinking about the possibility of meeting anyone of the Wolf Clan or the Snake Bloodline on the upcoming mission. They might have something that could help him with his bloodline problem.

Hence, before the mission started, Emery planned to spend the remaining time available deepening his understanding of his own bloodline.