

## Earths GMagus 761

### Chapter 761 - Grew Closer

Right now, Emery was sitting in the lotus position on the shore, a mile away from the stone house. Accompanying him was the sandy beach, the occasional crab passing by and the sound of the waves rolling ashore.

He had been practicing all day. Finally, along with a drop of sweat, a notification popped into his mind.

[Spirit force increased]

[Spirit force: 966]

Three weeks had passed since the time they killed the beholder and with it, Emery had gained another five points of spirit force. It was an impressive result compared to what he attained in the past for the same span of time.

Emery gained the first four points of spirit force with the help of the remaining [Spirit Foundation Pills] he had. Without them, it took him an entire week depending on his [Nature Grasp] and employing it unceasingly before he got the awaited notification.

However, although he didn't get that much of improvement in spirit force after his supply of [Spirit Foundation Pills] depleted, Emery had gained quite an understanding of his [Soul Tempering Book Two].

For the last three weeks, Emery had been simultaneously cultivating and training using the soul tempering practice written in the next. He had been practicing by blindfolding his eyes and covering his ears.

He turned off the two most important senses he had and also his other senses to train and acclimate himself using his spirit reading ability, to make it his new sense.

The result Emery had to achieve was not just using spirit reading to sense the energy signature of other beings, like what he had always been doing.

Rather, he needed to take the information that spirit reading picked up for him and made use of it to form a mental image of his surroundings. The moving and rolling waves, the way they react when they hit the shore; the little fishes that swim in the sea, other creatures that from time to time walked past and came out of their burrow; the gentle sea breeze that blew and caressed his body.

Slowly but surely, Emery was able to get the gist of it and form in his mind a complete picture of them without using his normal senses.

Emery was sure that sooner or later, with more practice, he would reach a point where what spirit reading showed him would not lose to the way he normally saw things.

In addition, he believed that, with his increased practice of the spirit soul, he could further maximize how he utilized the spirit force flowing in his body.

Emery had been training nonstop. When the sun was high up in the sky, sharing its brilliance over the entirety of the island, a figure was seen approaching the shore where Emery was from the deep sea. The figure resurfaced together with the rolling waves, as if the waves were their retainer.

It was a beautiful girl with luscious fiery hair and an exotic body accompanied by seductive curves.

Emery could 'see' her entire figure, without even opening his eyes.

Annara, who had just finished training in the sea, approached the blindfolded Emery in her swimwear. She then casually sat down next to him, unperturbed by the fact she was wearing what some would consider minimal.

"Are you really still practicing this?! You are so boring." That was the first sentence that came out of her mouth.

Even though she clearly saw Emery had no intention of replying to her, Annara continued on, "Arrghh! It's been nine weeks now, let's go and do something else please?"

Unfortunately for the beautiful girl, the young man still ignored her. In fact, he even used her tantrum as part of his training, to see if he could still be completely focused and not be bothered by anything.

Realizing the young man sitting next to her was as steadfast as a cliff, Annara muttered some words under her breath and then lay leisurely on the sandy shore. Her actions naturally displayed her seductive curves even more, but she clearly didn't care and allowed her body to be bathed in the sun.

Annoyed at being ignored, Annara glanced at Emery and casually said,

"I wonder if we will be stranded on this island so long that we even have to start making babies."

Emery's body trembled when he heard that. The words quickly took all the concentration he mustered and swept it away like a hurricane.

Knowing his meditating state had been ruined, he stopped his training and took off the blindfold.

Looking at what Emery was doing, the girl couldn't hold her giggle and burst out laughing.

"Hahaha! I got you there, didn't I? Hahaha!" Annara smiled cheekily, "It's good, right? Now you know your problem and have more motivation to train harder. Hahaha..."

Emery didn't say anything. He just stared at the girl who was still giggling.

Then, the attention of the two were diverted, when they both noticed a figure coming out of the stone house. A mile distance was not a problem for a high-rank acolyte like them.

It was Silva. They saw how the girl only gazed in their direction. As if reading the other party's mind, Annara swiftly stood up and said to Emery.

"It's Silva's turn to cook today. Finally." said Annara excited "Let's not made the lady waiting"

Emery nodded and stood up before leisurely walking towards the stone house. The three went on and had lunch. Their actions and gestures looked so natural that people might think of them as a family, if they didn't know any better.

Ever since what happened three weeks ago, the two girls Annara and Silva only grew closer to each other. As for Emery's relationship with the white-haired girl, she had not intentionally ignored or avoided him, but she still just spoke single words to him.

A good thing Emery could be glad about, however, was the fact the last three weeks he never saw the girl angry anymore - like never. Still, the very differential treatment he received still made him feel uneasy.

Fortunately, Annara would always be able to somehow alleviate the situation with her antics, making the last three weeks easier for them to get through.

Today, however, Silva had become more talkative than usual. For Emery, who had received a kind of silent treatment the past three weeks, he couldn't help but feel a strange yet also happy feeling.

The white-haired girl suggested sparring with each other and even hunting together, both ideas which the other two quickly agreed on. Therefore, the small group immediately went on and did what Silva suggested after lunch.

Several more days passed; the three youths grew even closer together.

However, this therapeutic routine of them was disturbed, when a few days later - when they least expected things to happen - a loud sound rang out from the sky. The three of them, without notice, immediately stopped what they were doing and gathered outside the stone house.

"Something is coming!" Annara said, which instantly caught the attention of the other two.

They all looked up at the sky and saw what looked like a spaceship.

However, they did nothing to attract the attention of the people on board. Since their luck had been going bad, the three of them would definitely not think the ship was a good party right away.

There was actually no place to hide on this island if the spaceship threw its scan across. The reason they returned to the house was only for one thing.

Magus Heorgar, whose health had slowly improved in the last few days. Unfortunately, the man still hadn't woken up from his slumber.

The sound of the spaceship was clearly heard passing through above the stone house as the three were inside and he can get a glimpse of multiple magus level figures in it. In such a situation, Emery couldn't help but shout at the still unmoving magus.

"Senior... Someone has come... Whatever you are doing, you should finish it now"

Seeing there was no reaction from the wolf magus, the red-haired girl became anxious and spoke to Emery. "Just let's go outside and see our luck. There's no point in depending on him."

Emery couldn't find any reason not to agree with her. He took a last glance at the unconscious magus, before following Annara and Silva who had already left.

The three walked to the shore. At the same time they saw a ship coming towards them from the sea. From the looks of it, it seemed the spaceship circled around the island before returning to where they were.

The sea water and sand that scattered violently in the air covered their eyes as the spaceship drew closer to them. Emery could sense the ship, but he couldn't recognize its origin.

Due to this, he knew he could only depend on the two girls who had much more knowledge than him, so he quickly opened his mouth.

"So what is it? Is it friendly or foe?"

### **Chapter 762 - Who Is It?**

The ship flew towards the island at speed and stopped right above the shore, several meters away from the stone house. The intensity of sand that flew to their faces lessened, as the spaceship toned down its engine and slowly descended to the ground.

Emery decided to take precautions and prepare for the worst by immediately employing all the skills that gave him buffs.

However, at this exact moment, Silva suddenly shouted something that made him stop his actions.

"Wait! The spaceship is my clan's, the Oroboros."

The words that came out of Silva's mouth certainly had the intended effect, giving a sense of relief for the two nervous people and ending the tense atmosphere between them.

When the ship finally landed its keel on the shore, the door on its back opened and a total of three people came out of the spaceship. Every single one of them was a magus-level figure, who wore a green-colored uniform with what appeared to be the Oroboros family crest.

However, when this group of people finished their sweep and was about to approach the three youths, an undulating wave of powerful energy suddenly could be felt by everyone. The unexpected was, it wasn't from the ship, but from the direction of the ordinary stone house.

Roaaaarrrr!!

Following the ear-deafening roar, the stone house bursted from inside and was instantly destroyed as a dark figure, covered in black fur, came out and charged towards the group while roaring in an unbridled rage.

The black figure was obviously none other than the Demon Wolf, Magus Heorgar, who for some reason had woken up from his coma. If that wasn't unpredicted enough, the man had also appeared in his highest, most powerful transformation form.

From a simple gaze, Emery knew the magus had come out ready to fight anything standing in his way.

"Wait, Senior! They are our allies, stop!"

The word managed to stop the magus for a second, but Emery then realized the Demon Wolf's condition was far from normal. In fact, his current condition was much less similar to him when the Night Wolf

took over: chaotic and uncontrolled, but worse, as the man was at least ten times stronger than him in that condition.

HOWL!!

A loud howl reverberated through the air, shaking Emery and the two girls' eardrums violently. It was the battle cry of a wolf ready for slaughter.

Seeing and realizing what was about to happen, both Silva and Annara swiftly took a few steps back, as they clearly understood this was not a fight that they could be involved in. They could only stand at the sideline, helplessly and unceasingly shouting Magus Heorgar's name in hopes that would awaken the man from his madness.

On the other hand, Emery became very worried and prepared for the worse. He was not sure if this group of three magus could stop a peak rank 7 magus in a berserk state like Heorgar. However, when Magus Heorgar was about to pounce on the group, another figure walked out from behind the three Oroboros magus.

The energy signature that Emery picked up from this figure was even stronger than a magus, clearly declaring their status as a grand magus level figure.

When the three youths saw the figure's face, the concern on Emery and the two girls' faces immediately disappeared. It was quickly replaced by relief, as they knew who the figure was. In particular, Silva's face beamed widely in joy.

In an instant, the figure disappeared from where he was and shot towards the berserking wolf magus at breakneck speed. Then with a spell, he managed to restrain the demon wolf by conjuring a powerful shadow rope that bound the latter completely.

Now that the raging Magus Heorgar had been put under control, the figure then turned to Silva with a nonchalant smile on his face.

"My lovely niece. Thank Oroboros. I am so glad that you are safe."

Silva was so elated that she quickly ran to him and hugged the man. "Uncle Sirye! I'm also glad you are fine."

The figure was no other than Duke Sirye, the grand magus of the Oroboros family that both Annara and Emery had met during the unexpected battle against the elves on Kurtumak Planet.

The man, however, appeared a little shocked to see Silva hug him so tightly. Stroking her white hair with his hand, Duke Sirye spoke.

"What's wrong, niece? I have never seen you act like this since you were seven."

After saying that, the grand magus gently pulled Silva away from his body and looked at her with fondness in his eyes. In response, the girl shook her head and beamed a wide smile at her uncle to assure him she was fine.

Understanding what her niece meant, Duke Sirye did not insist on knowing and just continued stroking her head. While doing that, he also gave an order to the three Oroboros magus.

The group took out a syringe filled with orange liquid, and they quickly approached the restrained Magus Heorgar. From the looks of it, it was clear they were about to inject the syringe into the wolf magus.

Seeing this, Emery moved towards them and quickly shouted. "What are you going to give him? Please Stop!"

Hearing this, the grand magus turned to Emery with an interested look and said, "I believe we know Magus Heorgar more than you kid. So step back and just watch."

Emery could only quietly watch the three Oroboros magus' actions and after the liquid was injected into Magus Heorgar's body, Emery watched as the latter's wolf body slowly turned back to his human appearance.

Then, it took Magus Heorgar a few minutes, before he managed to be fully conscious.

Regaining his clarity, the man looked around to assess his surroundings. When he saw Duke Sirye, he immediately walked towards the grand magus and went to give proper respect to the latter.

"My sincerest thanks to Lord Duke for helping me again."

After waving his hand to instruct Magus Heorgar to stand up, the grand magus then looked towards Annara, "What about the girl? What should we do to her?"

The words were simple, but cold-blooded ones. Emery was sure, depending on Silva's answer, this could be the end of the red-haired girl. Annara was also aware of this and could only be sweating profusely.

Fortunately, Silva spoke for the girl. "She's my friend"

"I see," Duke Sirye responded, while nodding his head, retracting the cold gaze he threw at Annara's direction.

Seemingly unaware of her uncle's actions, Silva spoke. "Uncle, let's go home."

Moments later, Emery and the two girls boarded the Oroboros ship.

As they went inside, the group could see several acolytes were getting off the ship together with a magus. Apparently, they were ordered to stay to take care of the broken ship.

However, Duke Syre had no plan to wait for the group, as he quickly orders the ship to take off and leave. It appeared that for some reason the duke was in a hurry.

Emery could see Magus Heorgar acted very politely towards the Duke, almost to the point of deference. This was actually the same scene he had seen when Duke Sirye asked Heorgar to protect Silva on his stead in Kulturmak planet. It was clear there was a deep relationship between the two people.

"My lord, esteemed Duke, can you tell us what happened to the others? Heorgar asked carefully.

This was a question Emery also very much liked to know.

However, instead of answering right away, Duke Sirye kept quiet for a while. A few moments later, the man finally opened his mouth.

"There are some who returned to Oroboros with us. You will see them there."

Emery suddenly had this feeling that he was not going to go back to the academy just yet.

### **Chapter 763 - Travel**

Upon closer look, Emery found that the ship was medium size, with a crew of twelve people, including three magus individuals and one grand magus, Duke Syre.

He took the opportunity to show his gratitude to Duke Syre for what the latter had done for him while he was on Kulturmak. Moreover, this time he also received another help from the man, as he had saved him from being stranded on a no-name planet.

Duke Syre chose to give Emery a weird look and a slight smile, but he didn't say a word. Instead, the duke simply told him to rest in one of the rooms on the ship for the time being.

There did not appear to be many rooms aboard this ship, since there were probably only half a dozen of them, but Emery was allowed to use one of them.

It was a 5-by-5 room with 2 beds. The room appeared to be clean and comfortable. In addition, there was a small window right between the two beds that allowed him to see the desolate space out there.

Emery's initial thought was that the duke providing him with a room to rest was purely an act of good hospitality, but after a few hours of rest, when he was about to get out to see the others he realized the room had actually been locked, presumably the moment he entered it.

Emery did not mind if he needed to be confined when the situation really demanded it, but he could not help but be worried about what they were planning to do with him.

Not only was he locked up against his will, Emery also did not get any explanation from either the duke or from Silva. At this point, he didn't know anything about the situation.

Finally, for the simple reason he was a guest of someone who had saved his life, Emery decided to give them the benefit of the doubt and just patiently wait as that was all he could do at this moment.

Later on, the door of his room was opened. Emery instinctively stood up and saw that it was Magus Heorgar, who came into the room.

At first, he assumed the magus came because he would have an explanation for him, but it soon became clear p the man was in the same position as him, as the door was quickly being closed and the sound of it being locked again was heard.

What surprised Emery was the fact Magus Heorgar didn't seem to be fazed by this treatment, as he could see the latter just casually walked to one of the beds that had been prepared and plopped himself down to relax. Apparently, the man intended to take advantage of this occasion to give himself some rest while he was at it.

In contrast, Emery felt this situation was quite unsettling, he certainly could not stand the suspense of not knowing what was going to happen, so he inquired to the only person he could speak with at the moment.

"Senior Heorgar," said Emery carefully. "By any chance, do you have any idea what they are planning to do with us?"

Even though Emery had been around Magus Heorgar for almost 3 months, the two never really talked, as they were mostly together when they were in a fight and when the latter was in a coma.

Still, in his relaxed position, the magus spoke,

"We are going to Oroboros planet." Noticing the concerned look on Emery's face, the man continued his words, "Don't worry, Duke Syre is a good man. I am sure he has a good reason for this... Everything will be explained when we get there."

"I see, thank you senior."

Due to the confident tone of Magus Heorgar's words, it was reasonable to assume the demon wolf had some sort of relationship with the Ouroboros, or at the very least with the duke.

When Emery approached the other bed, however, Magus Heorgar suddenly raised his body from the bed and now appeared to be looking at him in a more serious manner than before.

"As you are a white fang member and you did help me in my recovery, I will properly explain."

Hearing such words, Emery immediately turned around and perked his ears to capture everything the magus was about to say.

In his explanation, Magus Heorgar first stated that he had a good relationship with the Ouroboros for quite some time, and that the Ouroboros had recently been helping him breakthrough to his rank 7 demon wolf.

Thanks to that past relationship, he was also the one who convinced Chief Beowulf to go along with the coordinated plan on Kulturmak with the clan. Despite the fact he might not look anxious at the moment, he was actually very nervous. He could not help but be concerned about how many white fangs were still alive because of him.

Emery was taken aback when he heard this information. He was about to ask more, only to see Magus Heorgar had laid down on the bed once again and closed his eyes. From this, it was clear the man had no intention of explaining further.

Thus, Emery was left pondering about what he had just heard.

It was a five-day trip, so it gave Emery plenty of time to get to know the demon wolf magus better along the way. Apparently, both of them would be able to get along quickly with one another.

Emery took advantage of this chance to discuss the legend of the god wolf Fenrir with the magus.

"Fenrir is one of the primordial rank 8 wolves, as for the two sons legend must be a certain local folktale."

That was the initial assumption of Magus Heorgar, however, the peak magus went out of his way to check Emery's bloodline and found many similarities between his Demon Wolf gene and his Night Wolf gene.



"I might speak too soon, but I am sure the Ouroboros can help your genes as they did mine. I see you are also very close to the Ouroboros princess."

"Princess...?" Emery appeared to be perplexed by the magus' statement, which surprised the latter a bit.

"Yes, Silva Ouroboros, the Kemoyin silver serpent heiress,"

Emery had heard Silva had quite a huge background and came from a prestigious family, but he had no idea how extensive her past had been until now. Hearing it came out from such a figure gives him the impression that it must be a big thing.

As time went on, the ship came closer and closer to finally approaching a green planet.

"It seems we have reached our destination," said Magus Heorgar, as he cast his gaze to the only window in the room.

The ship was shaking as it descended. Afterward, Emery could see a wonderful green planet full of trees and swamps, but in a strange way, it did not appear to be a wilderness at all. It was unusually beautiful.

It was even more surprising to see a modern city standing in the middle of it. Who would have thought that there was a contemporary metropolis out in the heart of the wilderness?

When they finally made it to the landing strip, the door was opened and one of the magus walked in,

"We are going out. First, eat this"

The magus asked him to swallow pitch black pills. It was certainly a suspicious pill and every fiber of his body told him not to consume it, but upon seeing that Magus Heorgar took it without hesitation, Emery followed suit.

After swallowing the pills, however, suddenly he felt his body was weakened and a notification came to mind.

[Your power has been greatly restricted]

### **Chapter 764 - Detained**

In just a matter of seconds after taking the suspicious-looking pill, Emery could feel waves crawling down his body. A prominent sensation of weakness permeated every inch of his body to such a degree that his knees almost failed him.

If that wasn't bizarre enough, the spirit energy coursing through his entire body also suddenly felt as if it was drained away. At this exact moment, Emery was sure that if someone were to attack him, he would not be able to do anything.

[Your power has been restricted]

[You have been greatly weakened]

[Emery Ambrose]

[Battle Power: 152 (51)]

[Your body is unable to channel spirit energy]

Whatever it was he just ate had cast such a powerful restraint, to the point he discovered he couldn't cast any spells at all.

The Ouroboros magus added.

"Now, you will hand over your items."

This kind of treatment certainly startled Emery. It was all he needed to know that he was definitely being detained at the moment. After all, there was no way a guest would be given something that basically rendered them powerless. Right?

Still, knowing he had no way of fighting off the many potentially hostile magus, Emery did as he was asked and gave the magus his storage ring, the privileged class' bracelet, the gold bracelet hanging on his wrist - which was Klea's [Bracelet of Anu], and lastly the fang-shaped ornament hanging on his neck - the [Pendant of The Beast].

If only he had known this was what was going to happen, Emery would definitely take a precaution and would have placed his items inside his [Spatial Storage]. That way, even though he wouldn't be able to access them with his spells restricted, at least he could be sure they would be safe and stay with him.

Emery and Magus Heorgar were led to the back of the ship where the two immediately saw Annara and Silva, who seemed to already be waiting for them.

Currently, the usually cheerful and cheeky red-haired girl's face was twisted in annoyance. It was clear to everyone she didn't take the treatment well.

The white-haired girl, however, didn't seem as troubled. In fact, she looked more awkward than ever as Emery and her locked eyes.

Emery entered the room and when the two of them got close, the girl whispered to him.

"I am really sorry, Emery," was what Silva said in an apologetic tone. "Right now, I'm in trouble as well. But don't worry, I will try my best to sort it out, just be patient... ok" - adding with a serious glance - "Trust me."

The definitive vibrations underneath their feet told them the ship was landing. A quick glance to the outside informed them that they were landing on a balcony of some sort in the middle of a big, bustling city.

Right after the back door of the ship was opened. The group could see hundreds of people in uniforms, led by someone dressed in luxurious attire, were already waiting outside. From their appearance, it was clear their leader was some sort of royalty.

Emery stared intently at the people currently surrounding them, and saw they consisted of mostly magus level and saint level individuals. Seeing the way they were dressed, how they carried themselves in a formation and the glint of focus in their eyes, he guessed they were bodyguards or something of the sort.

Immediately after, Silva and Duke Syre walked forward and they were welcomed by the group of people waiting there.

In front of the group, there was a well-dressed young man with sleek, short pitch black hair. He wore a luxurious robe lined with gold. As Silva approached, he gave her a gleeful smile.

Emery couldn't hear what they were talking about, but from the expressions he saw on their faces, it was most likely about something disturbing. As he felt even more curious, however, the young man turned and looked at him with a certain smile.

Before Emery could try and comprehend the meaning of the smile the young man flashed at him, Duke Syre turned around and walked towards them before speaking to Magus Heorgar.

"Heorgar, it appeared things have escalated. I will need you to lay low for a while, i hope you understand"

Emery had no idea what the man meant by laying low, but it seemed Magus Heorgar fully trusted the man, as he could see the demon wolf nodding his head without hesitation.

However, before he could think of what could possibly be the matter they were talking about, he heard an enraged voice from right beside him.

Annara, who had a face as if she was enduring thousands of grievances, shouted as loudly as she could. "I am Annara Vermont of the bat clan! I would not accept such treatment! I... I demand a..."

Before Annara could continue speaking, the grand magus exerted a little bit of spirit force, rendering the already weakened Annara unconscious. With a wave of the former's hand, one of the guards stepped forward and quickly carried her away.

Emery could only shake his head and follow the man along with Heorgar, walking towards a different path from Silva. As they walked away, Emery could see Silva steal a glance at him. He was unable to discern her expression, but the gesture only made him more nervous.

Both Emery and Magus Heorgar were led to enter a vehicle that looked similar to the flying vehicles he used in Golden City, only it was bigger, enough to contain all the magus and their saint level guards.

The vehicle quickly whirred to life and went into the sky, flying through the middle of the huge city. Along the way, Emery saw many tall buildings and beautiful landscapes, as well as skyscrapers made of glass that pierced the sky. With the breathtaking scenery, the city had to offer, Emery couldn't help but be amazed once again.

After feeling satisfied with the scenery, Emery walked away from the window and towards Magus Heorgar.

Noticing him approaching with an expression that clearly questioned what was really going on, the magus beckoned. The man finally started to explain why he thought the Ouroboros was treating them almost like criminals.

"Like all the serpent bloodline clans, the Ouroboros is also trying to stay neutral in the war. It appears our little plan really caused trouble for their plans."

The magus then went on to express his opinion that considering the way they were treated just now, the serpent bloodline clan was trying to show some gesture to the elves.

"What kind of gesture?" Emery asked

"Most probably a friendly one."

Emery was certainly surprised. He was anxious this meant the serpents really considered betraying the magus alliance.

As the vehicle flew and time passed on, Emery did not realize that one hour had passed. They finally exited the town to a less crowded area and passed through nature for another hour. They eventually arrived in a palace.

However, the palace looked less like a luxurious home and more like a fortress. Thick walls surround the place, with hundreds of powerful saint warriors patrolling the vicinity.

They were led inside and down a few levels, into an underground facility. One of the guards opened a door to a room that was obviously used as a prison.

The room was divided into several huge rooms, with glowing runes on the walls illuminating the area.

Annara was taken somewhere else, while Emery and the demon wolf were taken to a room where several people were already waiting.

Emery was surprised to see familiar faces. It was the people from the White Fang clan and their chief sat among them.

"Chief Beowulf!"

### **Chapter 765 - White Fang Chief**

The place where the Oroboros Clan kept the members of the White Fang Clan might be a prison, but its entire appearance was anything but what the word usually resembled.

The prison was not a dirty, gloomy, and narrow dungeon-like prison that Emery would find in any of Britain's seven kingdoms.

Except for the fact that there was simply nothing but a flat empty space, it was actually a pretty good place to stay with how clean and spacious the prison was with a ceiling that illuminated through the interior that created a soothing feeling to the place.

Instead of metal bars, the place was surrounded by transparent walls with several rune markings seen on its surface.

As soon as Emery entered the place, he could feel the undulating waves of anti-magic radiating from those walls and knew that he would not be able to use any magic to escape from this place.

With his previously suppressed strength gradually returned to him, it occurred to Emery that the pill given to him earlier must have been a security measure put in place by the Oroboros Clan, in order to keep their captives in check until they reached the prison.

Currently, the Demon Wolf was kneeling right before a white-haired old man that Emery knew very well. The leader of the White Fang Clan, Chief Beowulf.

Other than the chief, the two pack leaders of White Fang, Anna, and Beatrice, were also with the former; along with a dozen other members of White Fang that Emery had seen fighting together and valiantly on Kulturmak Planet.

However, it didn't take long for Emery to realize that the atmosphere of the room was a bit queer. Instead of being happy that they could meet again after going through that uncertain circumstance, everyone's mood was oddly depressing.

There was definitely something wrong, but he couldn't really put his finger on it.

Moments later, Magus Heorgar and the other wolves suddenly stared at Emery and beckoned him to get closer. As he walked closer, Emery finally realized what had happened, or rather, what had caused this miserable atmosphere.

It was the Chief of White Fang; the mighty Chief Beowulf looked much older than when Emery had last seen him. In fact, the man looked so frail and weak that it became extremely concerning.

Unfortunately, Emery didn't have more chance to ponder about the chief's abnormal condition as the latter gave him a question.

"You are our member who is still in the academy, aren't you?"

Even though Chief Beowulf currently looked as though he was on a deathbed, a certain weight in the words the man spoke was still present and quickly affected Emery. He, after all, was still bonded by the bloodline as a member of the White Fang Clan's packs.

As a result, Emery felt an emotional feeling hearing the chairman's words as if he was talking to a father figure.

"Yes, Chief." Emery nodded. "I am Emery Ambrose, currently in my third year at the academy."

Chief Beowulf looked at Emery with a look of satisfaction and faint smile on his face. "I have heard about you, and your achievements... The one Wolf who entered the privileged class the last few hundred years."

The man laughed boisterously as he said the last sentence before looking back at Emery with fond eyes. "Very good. You've done very well."

Emery was about to respond to the chief's words when all of a sudden, the latter appeared to be dazed for a second and muttered under his breath. "You have much, much better talent than Brutus.. Unfortunately..."

Chief Beowulf stopped his words halfway, seemingly lost in thought and continued

"Hahaha, how I wish I had the time to teach you things, young one." Chief Beowulf let out a long sigh of desolation. "Unfortunately, the White Fang has fallen to such a miserable state."

The words spoken by the chief made the other members of White Fang Clan emotional, even Magus Anna let out tears on her face.

Although Emery was completely clueless at first as to what was going on, it quickly crossed his mind the possible reason for this situation, that the chief must have been seriously injured or worse.

He was just about to confirm the conjecture he had made when Magus Heorgar said.

"The kid has kept the spirit soul of the bloodline traitors with him."

Hearing this, Emery's reminded that the reason they were all in this situation was because of trying to prove Wolf's innocence.

"Yes, Chief. Their spirit souls are with me," responded Emery with a nod. "Unfortunately, I can't exactly take them out right now."

"Yes, young one. I know and I understand. I hope you will keep it safe, the others here shall also help you keep it safe."

Emery nodded respectfully at the chief and a small smile crossed Chief Beowulf's lips as he looked at Emery again. A few moments later, he turned to Heorgar and said something that made every member of White Fang Clan bite their lips.

"This is the time, Heorgar; for you to assume the chief position in my stead."

Magus Heorgar, however, threw his gaze away from Chief Beowulf's.

Seeing this, the chief laughed again. "What's wrong, Heorgar? I know that you've been wanting this position for so long. And now, when you are actually stronger than me, you suddenly decide you don't want it anymore?" said the chief with a little chuckle.

The Demon Wolf turned and looked at the chief. He was silent for a while before saying, "Later. We will talk about it after we all get home, Chief."

Seeing the firm look in his rival-slash-brother's eyes, Chief Beowulf smiled. "Sure, if that's your wish. But.." The chief turned and looked at the others sharply. "..I know that I won't be able to get back the way I was, hence our pack is at risk for not having a leader."

"White Fang, hear my order!"

"Yes, Chief!!" All the members of White Fang Clan responded simultaneously.

"All of you will now obey and follow Heorgar as if he were the chief of the clan, and he will take the position of chief in the event of me being incapacitated. Do you all understand?!"

"Yes, Chief!"

Again, Emery could clearly feel the weight in the orders Chief Beowulf said. It was at this moment that he gleaned and understood more about the intricate bond between those of the bloodlines.

The chief closed his eyes and there was a certain hummed song by the chief and quietly followed by the pack. It was a gloomy tune but Emery can feel comfort and strength within. It reminded him of the rave he went to last year. Such a brotherhood bond teaches him how to lead his own pack someday.

Afterward, Chief Beowulf retreated and returned to rest, leaving both Emery and Magus Heorgar to catch up with the others.

Emery approached Beatrice as he wanted to know what happened after they separated. The female magus then told the story of how they were barely able to escape from the elves' encirclement and the fact that if it wasn't because Chief Beowulf decided to burn his spirit core to create a very powerful spell that stopped the cruiser ship, they would definitely not be able to escape.

This news reminded Emery of magus Leon who actually did similar things. Thinking about this, Emery asks about the Enforcer who went with them.

Apparently, as soon as they escaped they met an Ouroboros ship and had been locked up ever since that day not knowing about the others. A total of ten weeks has passed waiting for the Serpent Bloodline's decision on their fate.

Emery once again let out the umpteenth sigh he had let out since he left the Magus Academy, as he wondered when he would finally be able to return. However, just a day after Emery and Magus Heorgar joined the other wolves, an Ouroboros magus came and mentioned his name.

"Emery Ambrose, come with me, you have been summoned"

### **Chapter 766 - Mistreatment**

Emery was so caught off guard that he couldn't help but ask again if what the magus said was true.

To be honest, he did not expect to be the only one being summoned.

On the other hand, the wolves believed the reason Emery was summoned was because of the spirit souls he had on him. Chief Beowulf even went ahead and told him not to be fooled by whatever the Snake Clan tried to do.

Magus Heorgar added that if he was not sure about something, he could ask Duke Syre for advice. From this, Emery once again saw how much the Demon Wolf trusted the Duke.

Before stepping out of the magic-layered prison, Emery was once again given and told to eat the pitch-black pill. Even though he really didn't want to experience that feeling of weakness again, he knew he had nothing to say about this matter.

Thus, he could only swallow both his grievance and the pill in silence.

The Oroboros magus took Emery out of the fortress-like building where the prison was and using the same vehicle that was used before, they flew toward a different complex not too far away from this one.

The place was also heavily guarded as the prison, but in contrast to the latter's plain outer appearance, it looked very elegant and resplendent with its magnificent architecture. Upon closer look, Emery guessed this place must be the palace or the royal residence.

After the vehicle stopped and landed on a specially prepared clearing for landing, Emery was led to walk outside and saw that there was a group of people near the landing site, apparently waiting for him.

He could see the group consisted of roughly the same number of men and women. All of them did not seem to be half-bloods, as he could sense their spirit force was low.

Emery was quickly distracted by one particular person, who he assumed was leading this group of people. A peerless beauty with long brown hair that stood out more than the others. She bowed her head at him and said, "I am Ginette. Please follow me."

Ginette and the others led Emery into the palace. They walked through a corridor with many beautiful and exquisite artworks. Various kinds of paintings hang on both sides of the walls, while statues and sculptures could be seen every tens of meters.

A few minutes later, Ginette finally stopped in her tracks, which meant they had arrived.

To Emery's complete surprise, the place they took him in was actually a room - a luxurious kind that even the kings and queens back in Britain couldn't imagine having.

With just a glance, Emery could see the room had been specially prepared beforehand. It had an aesthetically pleasing interior with a large bed placed right beside an arched window that lead to a balcony, which had a beautiful view of the lush garden.

Emery stood there at the door, his gaze fixed on the room in sight before him. It was also at this moment he realized the people escorting him were about to leave him.

"W-Wait!" Emery shouted, causing the group to stop. "What am I doing here? why am I here?"

The others remained silent, it was the beautiful girl Ginette that answered his inquiry.

"You are a guest of this villa, which means you are our master. We are all here to serve and take care of your every need, so feel free to contact us if you need anything."

Emery did not know how he should react to her words. He was so confused and taken aback by the sudden change of treatment. He was about to speak again, when he suddenly perceived a distinct energy signature approaching.

It was not the level of intensity a magus radiated, but whoever it was approaching them was at least a peak rank 9 acolyte. Emery shut his mouth and swiftly turned his head towards the direction this person was coming from.

A few moments later, Emery finally saw who it was.

The figure was the young man with pitch-black hair, who had been present to welcome them, when they had arrived on this planet.

With a gesture of his hand, all the male and female attendants including Ginette swiftly bowed before leaving the place.

The young man looked at Emery with a friendly smile and said, "Hello, Emery Ambrose. My name is Vizla. The queen asked me to welcome you here to our guest villa. You are now our honored guest."

Even though the young man had a friendly smile, the way he spoke his words was oozing with hints of hidden arrogance.



Throughout his entire life, Emery usually saw only people with status acting that way. In an instant, he guessed the other party must be royalty or at least a high-ranking figure in the Ouroboros.

Emery stood there, quiet as his questions remained unanswered. Realizing his guest's confusion, Vizla opened his mouth again.

"It's nothing to be confused about, actually. It just came to our knowledge you are someone from the privileged class of the Magus Academy. Hence, we apologize for the mistreatment you received before."

The explanation given could be a good reason, but there was no way Emery would just believe it right away. The Ouroboros might be trying to smooth him up by providing this lavish treatment for the spirit souls in his hand. Therefore, although he acted courteously, he still remained cautious.

Vizla only smiled when he saw how Emery's face had not changed much.

"The queen may only have time to see you tomorrow, so please enjoy the accommodation we have prepared for you. Meanwhile, we must ask you not to go anywhere." He smiled. "For the sake of both of us."

That was the last thing Vizla said, before leaving Emery alone.

Even though he was still skeptical, Emery knew he couldn't do anything lest his actions endanger the others who were still imprisoned. Thus, he listened to what he was told - enjoying the things prepared for him.

Without him saying anything, a group of attendants would knock on his door and enter with either food, fruits or other kinds of stuff. If that wasn't special enough, these people did it every hour.

In the afternoon, Emery, who was still distressed by the waves of attendants coming to his room, was distracted by the light coming from the symbol on his arm. A second later, a notification appeared.

[Weakening effect is wearing off]

As he saw the notification, Emery could feel his battle power return to his body and his spirit force once again becoming accessible. With this, Emery could cast [Spatial Gate] to easily escape, but of course, he would not do such a stupid thing.

He might be able to sneak out his way and maybe try looking for a portal that could send him back, but then he could not just leave when many things were still unclear and without explanations. The White Fang, the items they took from him and also Silva asking him to wait and trust her; hence Emery would not try to escape before he received some answers.

Making up his mind to be patient, Emery then went to the balcony and sat in the lotus position. He breathed in the air, as he tried to calm himself and delved into his training session.

When the night arrived, Emery heard a knock on the door. He had a resigned look on his face as he opened it, because he thought it was the attendants again, but to his surprise it was Vizla.

The young man didn't seem to be affected by Emery's expression as he said the purpose of his arrival.

"The queen will be available tomorrow morning. So for now, I must insist you go and take a bath."

Emery didn't want to, but Vizla basically forced him by saying it would be considered ill-mannered to the queen. The man even went as far as accompanying him for the bath.

"Let's go."

It didn't take long for Emery, who was dragged by Vizla, to arrive at a large hot bath located in the basement of the residence. The place looked really luxurious with its custom-made interior. Moreover, it was completely filled with white steam and a certain aroma that gave off a calming feeling.

Emery went into the pool and sank his body on one side, while Vizla was already relaxing on the other.

"It's nice, isn't it?"

Seeing Emery nod his head, Vizla suddenly clapped his hands, and a moment later, half a dozen beautiful women stepped in and entered the bath in half-naked condition. These women quickly entered the pool without saying anything and approached the two of them.

While Emery was dumbfounded by the unexpected development, Vizla had a massive grin on his face.

"Now it's perfect."

### **Chapter 767 - Ouroboros**

Six beautiful women entered the bath wearing minimal - if not nonexistent - outfits.

Three of them swayed their bountiful bodies as they went towards the half-blood Vizla, while the other three came towards Emery with a lascivious smile on their faces.

Seeing these women step into the pool and were about to arrive in his close proximity, Emery calmly waved his hand to cast a spell. Immediately after, all three women were gently pushed away by rolling waves of water.

"No, thank you. I like to bathe alone," Emery firmly said. With what just happened a few weeks ago, Emery would rather not test his limit.

Vizla wasn't offended by Emery's reaction. In fact, he laughed boisterously and flashed a smirk. "Hahaha, suit yourself then. More for me, it is!"

Seeing the three beautiful women who were being swept away by the waves, Vizla quickly pulled them towards himself. Thus resulted in him being attended by all six.

At first, Emery actually decided to stay longer in the bath in order to inquire about his situation with the young man. However, seeing the young man start to do all sorts of indecent stuff to the six women, Emery swiftly discarded his initial idea and decided to cut his bathing time short and leave early.

Emery promptly returned to his room and to pass the time he continue his soul tempering training

A few hours later, the dazzling sunlight starts shining through the horizon. It was also at this moment that he heard a knock on his door.

He got up and walked to the door to open it. The face of the young man he bathed with last night appeared on the other side of the door, It was probably time to go, however, Vizla said.

"I am sorry, the queen seems to be very busy today... She told me to tell you that she will see you tomorrow. As for today, you will come with me."

Even though he was a bit annoyed by the news, Emery did not show it on his face. He looked at Vizla with a nonchalant face and asked about the important thing. "Where are we going?"

"I will show you around the city. Just come with me, I am sure it will be worth your time," added Vizla calmly when he saw the hesitating look on Emery's face.

Emery was silent for a moment, as he contemplated the offer. Eventually, he nodded his head which made the young man smile.

"Great! Let's go!"

The reason Emery accepted even though he could use the time to practice was that he thought that going with Vizla would be better than staying cooped in his room. Learning more about the city would be a good help if he, somehow, decided to escape from this place.

When they were about to leave, Vizla stopped abruptly and said, "Ah, yes. I almost forgot."

The young man threw two objects at him. One was his storage ring, while the other was his privileged class bracelet.

Receiving the two items, Emery immediately asked about the other two items which were much more precious than these two, but Vizla shrugged his shoulders and said he didn't know anything about it.

"That's all I got. But don't worry, I will go and make some inquiry later."

Emery nodded in response and said his thanks before they went on their way. However, he knows this can't be a simple misplace, someone definitely messing with him.

As the two walked out of the residence, Emery noticed two Half-Moon magus standing right outside the place like a statue. When Vizla walked past them, the two people gave the former a bow before following closely behind.

Emery was led to a small flying vehicle that could only fit two people in it. Vizla was the one who personally operate it. As the vehicle took off to the air, the two magus also flew and followed a few meters behind them.

Along the way, Vizla went on a streak and nonstop talked about how great and magnificent the Ouroboros Clan was. Emery, who did not hold any interest in such things, only half-heartedly heard the man's ramblings, until the latter pointed at a large golden statue of a man that they pass by.

"There! Did you see it? That is our ancestor, the supreme magus Fenlier."

Vizla took him to a place in a certain corner of the city, and to his surprise, it was a shop with a plaque written on it, [Gene Shop].

Seeing the surprised look on Emery's face, the young man smirked. "You know about this, right? Come! Let's get in!"

What Vizla said was somewhat true; the place reminded him of the shop Bob the Frog had, but this one was certainly not the same. Upon entering, Emery was immediately greeted with rows of shelves containing many different kinds of ingredients from low to high tier.

The moment he saw these many ingredients, for a second, Emery could feel his apothecary fetish start to rise up - threatening to be sated. Therefore, he went ahead and started checking on the price while comparing it with the red spirit stones he had inside the storage ring.

Emery was about to go and pick those he wanted and needed when Vizla suddenly said, "If you see anything that you like, just point at it and I will buy it to you."

"..."

Vizla's words immediately poured a bucket of cold water on his fiery passion, causing the excitement he was feeling to dissipate like smoke.

"No, thank you."

Emery would definitely not owe anything to anyone, especially to someone he just met one day and didn't know at all. Never.

The young man, however, insisted. "This is one of many branches that I own. So don't worry, it's not a big matter."

Emery once again firmly rejected the offer. Vizla was trying to hide it, but Emery knew he was irritated by his rejection. Still, he acted as if he didn't know about it.

Vizla then brought him to a few places in the city that he thought to be interesting for a visitor like him, but Emery was certainly in no mood after what happened back at the shop. The only thing that made Emery don't label the trip as a waste was the single information that he got.

Apparently, the portal gate of the Ouroboros Planet was currently deactivated. Hence, the only way to go out of the planet was by ship.

This certainly made things exponentially much more difficult for Emery if he really wanted to go through with his escape plan. He probably needed to think about saving someone who can operate a ship like Annara, if he wanted to escape.

He took the chance to ask about both Annara and Silva, but Vizla strangely displayed much more interest in Annara.

After a few hours of driving around the city, Vizla took Emery back to the residence.

"I will see you tomorrow then," was the words Vizla said before he left.

With this, Emery just needed to be patient for another day and hopefully would meet the queen tomorrow. However, when the morning came and a knock was heard from the door again, Vizla once again arrived with another piece of bad news.

"I am truly sorry, but the queen is once again unavailable today. Therefore, you will be stuck with me again today."

Annoyed by this, Emery decided to say, "No, I will have to refuse your offer this time. Other than seeing the queen or Silva, I would rather wait back with my White Fang's clan"

Vizla became visibly amused when he heard Emery's words. He chuckled lightly before opening his mouth. "I am telling you that the queen is busy. As for the princess... hahaha, I can't allow you to see her."

Emery raised his eyebrows at the young man's words. "Can't allow? Who are you really?"

A haughty smirk appeared on Vizla's face when he heard Emery question his identity. It was as if he had been waiting for him to do this thing.

"I am Vizla, the princess fiancée and the future ruler of Ouroboros. The Kemoyin Heiress is mine, so unless I said so you will never see her!"

### **Chapter 768 - Manipulation**

Emery couldn't help but feel a mixed feeling when he heard what the young man spoke. It wasn't because of the arrogance clearly laced within, but because of its contents.

He understood he had no right to get involved in Silva's personal matters, but recalling how the man casually displayed and did such 'expertise' in the bathhouse, despite having a fiancée of such an amazing girl like Silva irritated him.

Still, he tried to hold his distracting thoughts and focus on what was important.

"I just need to speak to Silva or whoever is in charge about my captivity here." Emery said with the calmest tone he could muster. "I need to at least know what you guys are planning to do with me and my friends."

When he heard Emery's words, Vizla looked at the latter and said with a smirk.

"You are actually free to go, if you wish."

Emery couldn't believe what he just heard. Although it was clearly seen that he had been given a lot of freedom, he was not that naive to think he could just leave.

"What are you really trying to do here!?" Emery's expression was grim. "What do you want?"

Vizla burst out laughing at Emery's reaction. "Hahaha. Suspicious much, aren't you?"

Shrugging, the young man spoke to Emery with one of his hands raised. "I am really telling you the truth. You are free to go if you really want to. After all, you are not like the rest of the wolves."

Emery looked skeptically at the man, to which he responded with a smirk.

"Well, what I said wasn't a lie. But to be more specific, you may leave on one condition."

Hearing this, Emery's mind immediately assumed Vizla would ask him to handover the spirit souls in his spatial space. But what he said next caught him completely off guard.

"I need your confirmation that there is nothing between you and my fiancée... preferably in writing."

"..."

Those words confused him at first, but after comprehending and finally understanding what they meant, Emery got a little angry. Either the man was joking and toying with him, or he was mocking about the thing he and the White Fang did on the Kulturmak Planet.

It was very unlikely that Vizla didn't know about the spirit soul he kept. Why would they imprison the white fang, but let him go with the spirit souls? Did they not care how many people died to get them?

Emery's emotions were clearly shown in his expression, causing Vizla to look as if he had received enlightenment. "I know! It's true, isn't it? There was really something going on between you and my Silva!"

Emery was once again startled. The other party seemed to misunderstand something here, but he couldn't really refute him by saying there was nothing between him and Silva. As what happened between him and Silva was complicated, Emery had no plan to tell Vizla even a bit about it.

"Just let me and my friends go, will you? You have no right to keep us here!"

Unexpectedly, Vizla laughed, as if he had heard the funniest joke. It took him a while before stopping.

"Actually, we do. This is our planet, we are the rulers here and we can do anything we want."

Emery was irritated. By this point, he was sure the other party was definitely toying with him. He believed, for some weird reason, Vizla was trying to get him angry.

Realizing this man was nothing but troublesome, Emery felt he really should just return to where his White Fang was.

Knowing Emery was not willing to comply with him and his whims anymore, Vizla suddenly said:

"Huh! You are no fun! Alright how about a bet?"

Emery, who was about to close the door on the man's face, stopped his actions when he heard that. What the other party proposed was something that gave him a certain interest.

Seeing he was interested, Vizla pressed on. "You will fight with me, a fair duel!" He smirked once more and continued his words. "If I win, you will not bother my fiance ever again. Meanwhile, if you win, you can leave this planet and bring your captive friends as well! I might even send you a ship to entourage you back! What do you think?"

Looking at the smug expression on the man's face, Emery was certain he was somehow being manipulated. However, between two options of rotting in prison for who knows how long and fighting for his freedom, Emery would definitely choose the latter.

If the man was really that desperate to play games with him, then Emery would let the former experience what defeat tasted like.

"Alright! I accept it!"

Vizla became gleeful when he heard Emery's confirmation. "Great! We'll do the duel at noon. For now, I'll go make preparations!"

The man didn't say anything else after that, as if everything he wanted to do from coming here had been accomplished. Emery just silently watched the man leave the room happily.

Now that it was decided he would have a duel at noon, Emery knew he better be prepared. From what he could glean, he was sure Vizla was a peak rank 9 acolyte with all nine of its pillars formed. The man was just a step away from entering into the magus realm.

However, with the level of strength Emery currently had, he believed there were not many people under the magus level who could defeat him. Of course, to be on the safe side, he still prepared his body and mental state for the upcoming duel.

A few hours later, right when it was noon, one of the attendants knocked on the door notifying that someone had come to pick him up.

Emery was brought back to the city via the flying vehicle. To his surprise, the vehicle descended on a particular building located in the center of the city. The place looked like a stadium of some sort, and from above, he could see tens of thousands of people had filled its seats.

Seeing this, Emery shook his head, this man named Vizla really liked to make a commotion out of something trivial.

Emery was quickly led to a room to prepare for the duel. There were a few people attending all his needs, asking him about his preferred choice of weapons. After answering them, he swiftly received two tier 4 swords and tier 3 protection armor.

Then, he was told to wait as the duel would begin shortly. Moments later, Emery was surprised by the loud sound of festivity resounding from outside. He knew this meant the main event was about to happen.

He swiftly stepped out when he heard his name being called. The moment Emery walked out, he was immediately welcomed with tens of thousands of loud cheers. As for his opponent, Vizla was showered in so much glamor that his eyebrows couldn't help but twitch.

Once again he shook his head in confusion,

"What did I just agree on doing here!?"

### **Chapter 769 - Duel**

Emery calmly stood in the middle of the arena, while tens of thousands of people watched from all directions, shouting and cheering.

The stage was nothing compared to that of the Magus Academy, as there were probably only thirty to forty thousand people in the audience. But what surprised and impressed him the most was the fact that this arena was apparently prepared only for this duel.

Emery only agreed to this duel less than 3 hours ago. To make tens of thousands of people come within such short notice showed how influential this man named Vizla really was. Therefore, Emery could only assume he was really what he claimed to be.

"Vizla! Vizla! Vizla!"

These people continued chanting his name, even if he hadn't appeared yet, so imagine how louder they became when Vizla finally came out from his corner. If that wasn't enough to tick Emery off, the man came out surrounded by a dozen of beautiful women in unbecoming outfits.

Thanks to that, the so-called duel did not have any resemblance to that of a duel, but more like a show for the entertainment of the masses.

By this time, seeing these women surrounding Vizla, touching the man in an erotic manner, made Emery dumbfounded rather than annoyed. In the end, he couldn't help but think such actions might be a normal occurrence for the Serpent Clan and maybe he should not judge their culture with prejudice.

Unaware of the thoughts swirling in Emery's mind, Vizla nonchalantly walked towards the center of the arena, approaching him, while raising and waving his hand to the audience which was welcomed with more ear-deafening shouts.

"Can't you give them a little smile? ...A little wave maybe?"

Unfortunately for the man, Emery didn't feel like humoring this farce Vizla tried to pull.

"Let's just start and get this over with," Emery said in a calm tone.

"Why are you so serious?" Vizla groaned as he said those words. Then, his gaze turned sharp.

"Well, so be it then. Let's start the duel. Remember, if you lose, get the fuck away from my fiance!"

Emery was unfazed by the glare the man gave him. "You better keep your end of the bargain if I win."

"I certainly will, Can't you see? I have a reputation to uphold here." Vizla said, while giving another wave to the audience.

Moments later, a middle-aged man, who gave off the same level of energy as a magus, walked into the arena. Seeing how he was dressed, Emery guessed the unknown person was the referee for the duel. His guess was proved correct when the man proceeded to announce the rules of the match.

"These are the rules of the duel: killing is prohibited, no using weapons or artifacts beyond those given, going out of bounds is deemed to have lost the duel, and lastly, you must immediately cease all action when the opponent announces their surrender."

The announced rules were basically the standard rules, which Emery had no problem with. After both of them nodded to show their agreement, they were told to walk to their respective corners.

At this moment, Emery took the chance to once again sweep the area with his spirit reading and discovered that, even though there were dozens of magus figures around, none that of grand magus caliber was present.

Actually, he was hoping to find Silva among the masses, but reality seemingly decided to say no to his face, as he couldn't sense her energy signature on the audience.

"Are both of you ready?"

Emery returns his attention to the oncoming duel and when the signal was called upon, he immediately employed his buffs.



[Immortal Gate - stage 5], [Fey Transformation - stage 1] and [Battle Howl] were activated in rapid succession, exponentially increasing his battle power and overall strength.

[Battle power 152 (204)]

Currently, Emery did not need his second, nor his third transformation to reach a level of battle power that surpassed the average magus' standard. This showed how far he had come in his journey.

As his body was brimming with seemingly unstoppable power, Emery swiftly brandished the two tier 4 swords given to him earlier and took his usual fighting stance. Gone was the usual atmosphere around him, replaced by a serious demeanor.

Meanwhile, Vizla who was standing a few dozen meters away also adjusted his attitude, when he saw how Emery's expression had changed. The wide smirk that had previously appeared on his face gradually faded as he said, "Privileged class, huh... Not bad... But sadly, you won't beat me."

Vizla's body violently shook as gradually his skin turned to scales, his muscles retracted and contracted as his body grew larger in size. After that was the increase in the aura that the man gave off.

Emery could clearly feel how his opponent's power was increasing to such a high volume, as his green scales turned crystal-like and covered his entire body like armor except for his face.

Another thing that surprised Emery was the choice of weapons that Vizla chose, which was the same as him - two swords. The man wielded two short broad swords seventy centimeters long. Looking at the demeanor the other party boasted, Vizla was definitely a peak stage rank 9 combat specialist acolyte.

"Fight begins!"

Swish!

The moment the duel began, Vizla's body immediately disappeared from its location, as he shot towards Emery at a speed worthy of a peak rank 9 combat acolyte.

In response, Emery quickly cast [Blink] and also disappeared from where it was. His figure then appeared right in Vizla's running trajectory, his swords swinging downwards to strike the latter.

Vizla dash was stopped halfway, but still able to fend off the surprise attack that Emery tried to pull over him.

CLANK!

A loud metallic sound resounded in the air, as the swords clashed against each other. Emery was forced to take a few steps back from this exchange, showing that he was actually a level behind in terms of strength.

Before Emery could be surprised by the strength Vizla displayed though, the latter had come charging at him, while swinging both swords in circular motion. Feeling the strong gusts of wind that blew over his face, Emery knew Vizla was currently using a battle art technique.

[Whirlwind Slash]

Clank! Clank!! Clank!

Emery welcomed the attack with multiple [Heroic Slash] and dodged away some with [Weeping Phantom], within just a dozen strikes his hand started to tremble from all that powerful clash.

It turned out that the man wasn't just all talk.

Evidently, to be such a figure on this rich planet must have its own privileges and it was clearly shown now.

Vizta had better strength and even better technique than him. Emery quickly found himself being overwhelmed by the former, so when he saw an opportunity his figure immediately disappeared again and tried to attack from a different side.

[Hidden Blade]

Using the battle art with a sword wasn't as effective as when it was used with a dagger, but it still has its merit for a sudden attack. Combined with the [Blink] spell that made it possible to position himself behind Vizta, Emery managed to find an opening and unhesitatingly thrust his sword forward.

Clank!

Instead of the sound of flesh being torn apart, what Emery received was the sound of his sword crashing into something extremely hard. He didn't expect the green scales that covered Vizta's entire body to be that hard, more than he thought before.

As a result, his sword enhanced by [Hidden Blade] only managed to create a dent.

If that wasn't bad enough, Emery didn't realize Vizla had another limb following his transformation - a tail, able to strike his chest, sending him flying half a dozen feet away.

His chest would definitely have been pierced through, if it wasn't for the tier 3 protective suit he wore. Even so, an excruciating pain throbbed in the affected area and made it difficult to breathe for a while.

Emery's eyes narrowed and his face turned grim when he saw the remaining energy of his tier 3 protective armor.

[Protective energy 210/300]

That one strike managed to immediately consume 30% of the armor's energy and even penetrated through the armor's defenses to leave Emery in pain. The man was definitely frightening.

Vizla, who didn't chase Emery after successfully counterattacking, looked at him and said with a smile.

"Come on, privileged class acolyte. Stand up."

"Don't let me down so soon."

### **Chapter 770 - Impenetrable**

The man is a real deal - this was a fact that Emery has come to accept. Despite the other party's frivolous and vulgar characteristic, the strength and overall aura Vizla radiated had somehow reminded him of that prodigy, Zack the Dragon Bloodline.

If it wasn't because he had experienced it firsthand, he would not have guessed that such a talkative man would have such strength.

Knowing that he wouldn't be able to defeat the man with only his battle power, Emery went serious and started to use his spells to help with the attack. Plunging one of his swords into the ground so he had one of his hands free, he proceeded to start casting the most reliable spell in his repertoire.

[Shadow Binding Root]

Several pitch-black roots started emerging from the floor and swiftly shot towards the man, entangling him. However, Vizla did not seem too enthusiastic about what Emery did.

He just let the arm-like roots entangle his body from his feet, and then he opened his mouth.

"This.. you are ruining the fun!"

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Dozens of loud cracking sounds were heard as Vizla overpowered the restraint the roots imposed upon him and used his sword to tear them into shreds. Immediately after, his figure shot towards Emery with his sword brandished forward.

In response, Emery quickly put his hand on the arena floor. In an instant, a green polished wall rose from within to put a stop on the man's advance. [Jade wall]

BAM!!!

A loud dull sound resounded in the air as the newly-created wall broke into pieces. Apparently, Vizla was too proud to jump over the hurdle Emery put before him and decided to kick his way through it.

However, when the wall broke apart, Emery had already do another thing, creating multiple figures of himself with his spell, [Shadow Mist].

Vizla, who was walking past the rubble of the wall, saw the scene and his face turned disgusted.

"No, no, no, no! Don't give me this shit!"

When Emery started charging towards Vizla together with the mirror images [Shadow Mist] created, he noticed how waves of energy were building within his opponent's body. Therefore, he immediately stopped and took a step back.

As expected, Vizla had indeed prepared a powerful attack. The moment Emery's fake selves arrived before him, the man swung around, pivoting on his heel, with his two swords held at his sides.

A powerful wave of force quickly swept over and blasted the area around him as a result, enough to nullify whatever Emery's fake selves tried to do and instantly cause them to disappear.

Immediately after, Vizla pointed his sword at Emery with a haughty expression on his face.

"Let me tell you something, Emery. I might only make it to the elite class, but I have been at the peak rank 9 since I graduated 10 years ago!" Vizla scoffed. "You can never beat me. Not like this!"

Emery wisely decided to ignore his opponent's ramblings and once again began to cast his spell.

This time, he displayed what he could do. Green glossy walls rose from the ground in front of Vizla as if they were about to build a fortress, [Jade Wall]. At the same time, numerous pitch-black roots shot from beneath the arena to limit his movement.

Another wave of somber fog swept over the arena and several figures of Emery appeared following suit to take most of Vizla's attention, while the real Emery would occasionally reveal himself using [Blink] and launch a surprise attack.

Even though he was bombarded by Emery's various means of attack, the man was apparently much stronger than he previously showed as he still managed to scold his opponent.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING RIGHT NOW?!! Four elements, but nothing to show for! Such a shame!"

Currently, Vizla displayed and showcased a true embodiment of what the half-blood warriors are renowned of - monstrous physical strength and a special innate ability. The latter, which was the green armor-like scales covering his entire body, was so strong that it was almost impenetrable even facing tier 4 weapons.

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!..

While being relentlessly attacked, Vizla managed to land some hits on his opponent as well, depleting the energy of Emery's protective suit to zero and leaving him down to the protection his [Jade Skin] provide.

This overwhelming scene naturally caused the audience to tilt on one side, as they started booing Emery while cheering loudly for Vizla. The entire atmosphere was as if Emery was pushed to the corner because he had nothing else to show.

Vizla! Vizla! Vizla!

However, Emery ignored the scorn and mockery thrown at his direction as he patiently waited for the right moment.

CRACK!!

A particular loud sound was heard in the air, and Emery knew his opportunity had come. After receiving multiple attacks from him, he could see hairline cracks on the scales covering Vizla's back meaning what he did was not in vain and his opponent's skill had its limit.

With this information in mind, after one more cycle on his [Shadow Mist], Emery decided to stop attacking with his real self and step away from Vizla's sight. It's all for what he is about to do.

[Shaman Transformation]

Emery's body quickly change, his claws, the glowing green tattoos, the facials, and also the special magic buff that came with it.

Vizla quickly noticed the changes in the air and so turned his head towards the direction where the real Emery was. However, by the time he did that, Emery's transformation was already completed and even had cast a spell.

[Shadow Root]

Seeing the arena floor cracked again following the spell's activation, Vizla couldn't help but laugh as he knew what spell his opponent used. After all, he had fought against it the entire time during this duel.

"Are you serious? Not this again! Show me something differ-"

Vizla didn't manage to finish his words as he realized that the roots entangling his feet were different. They were much harder and stronger than their predecessor. In order to be sure, Emery even created [Jade Wall] around Vizla that quickly collapsed, pressing themselves against and holding the man down.

But as expected, both spells that were enhanced by [Shaman Transformation] were still not enough to completely stop Vizla. It only took the man a few seconds to break the burden forced upon him apart. However, it was enough because a few seconds was all the time Emery needed.

By the time Vizla broke free from everything Emery threw at him, Emery had already appeared five feet away behind him - a distance that could be covered in an instant - with his sword charged with dark energy.

[Shadow Edge]

Powerful darkness energy blasted from the sword and squarely struck Vizla's back.

BOOM!!!

[Shadow Edge] is the strongest attack Emery had, and it successfully shattered Vizla's armor-like scales on his back into pieces. Due to it, Vizla's body was sent stumbling uncontrollably half a dozen steps.

The man managed to recover his balance and turn around to face Emery, but the latter had already arrived with his second strike ready.

[Shadow Edge]

BOOM!!!

In his [Shaman Transformation] form, Emery's full charged [Shadow Edge] was not to be underestimated. And it was evident that Vizla realized this fact as this time he used both of his swords to block the attack, sending him sliding back a few more steps.

Unfortunately for the man, Emery hasn't finished yet. After all, he had endured and bided his time, preserving all his spirit force all for this sole moment.

[Shadow Edge]

Another powerful dark energy wave flew towards Vizla. Emery couldn't help but think the man had lost his mind when he saw the crazed look he had when he blocked the attack clashing both of his swords toward it.

BOOM!!!

CRACK!!!

Loud crisp sound resounded in the air when Vizla's two swords cracked apart. It turned out even tier 4 weapons were unable to withstand two consecutive, full charges [Shadow Edge] from Emery.

Vizla drop the two cracking weapons, he was kneeling and most probably hurting, however, the man continued to have a smile on his face.

"Hahahaha! This is more like it!"

Seeing that his opponent was still standing, Emery quickly channeled his energy for another slash. But this time, Vizla had stood up before he finished doing so. The man coughed up blood, but still smiled.

"Come on!"

It was clear, for some reason, the man asked for more. Naturally, Emery graciously bestowed what the other party wanted.

[Shadow Edge]

When the fourth [Shadow Edge] was thrown, at the same time the tier 4 sword on Emery's hand shattered apart. Emery wasn't fazed by it though, as he had expected it. On the other hand, what surprised him was what his opponent was doing.

Vizla crossed both of his hands in front of his chest and used them to block the attack, and with this hit, the scales that covered his body were completely destroyed into small shards.

Emery did it. He finally did it.

It's finally time to dash and send Vizla his final regards to the pits of surrender.

However, having only taken two steps, Emery stopped as he noticed that a figure was still standing amidst the smoke of the shards of dust. The next moment, just like shedding its skin Vizla jumped out unscathed from his broken armor.

Without his armor, Vizla was able to move even faster as if he was a freed animal. Emery however was still gasping from the barrage of powerful spells that he was unable to react as fast. The man pounced at Emery and landed a powerful blow straight to Emery's chest.

BAM!!!

"Urgh!" A gasp of pain escaped from Emery's mouth.

Seeing this, Vizla moved towards him close and the next thing that happened was some kind of black smoke coming out of his opponent's mouth and entering his body.

Before Emery could comprehend what had happened, Vizla struck him once again. The man kicked his stomach, sending him flying a few meters away.

As he felt his body hit the ground hard, Emery saw a notification pop up in his mind.

[You have been intoxicated]