

Earths GMagus 771

Chapter 771 - Giving Up

"Urrggghh!"

The poison smoke made him dizzy and out of breath very quickly. Not only that, but the smoke also caused his spirit force to turn chaotic.

Emery swiftly rose to his feet and jumped a few meters backward, just as his consciousness was about to begin to fade from his grasp.

His gaze was fixed on his opponent, while his arm was already in the process of activating the [Nature Blessing] to remove whatever it was his opponent had done to him.

The man, on the other hand, strangely decided to not chase after and end him while he was vulnerable.

Instead, Vizla took a few steps back and slowly, a smirk Emery knew too well etched on his lips.

"Haha... I have to confess that poison is not exactly my innate ability, but I am sure the referee understands..." The man looked at the magus referee in glee and the man nodded letting his act come to pass.

"That attack of yours was amazing. For that, I will give you 5 minutes to recover... or of course, you can always give up."

Emery was annoyed by these damn snake clans and their poison.

His spirit force might have been in a very chaotic and erratic condition, but giving up would not be an option for him.

Unfortunately for Emery, the magic resistance his shaman form provided could not help him with poison, and therefore made things worse. Through the activation of his [Nature Blessing], he could tell this particular poison was similar to the black pill they had given and he had consumed before.

The amount circulating in his body wasn't as much of a dose as the black pill, because he just inhaled a small amount of the smoke, but Emery could still feel its detrimental effects on his spirit force.

With the poison affecting his spirit force, plus given the fact that his 5 minutes time limit of transformation was also coming to an end, Emery decided to deactivate his [Shaman Transformation] and go back to his first transformation.

"Hahaha, are you giving up!?" His opponent tried to tease him, evidently to see if he would falter or not.

Emery turned his back on him. He did not really pay attention to whatever the man had to say to him. He casually walked toward the one sword he had plunged deep to the ground and pulled it.

"Hahahaha still want to fight? Amazing!"

At the moment, Emery had to refrain from casting his spells lest it further intensify the chaos his spirit force experienced, hence he could only depend on his battle power to survive this situation.

Closing and opening his eyes, Emery took a deep breath and prepared to fight. He believed at the very least the previous consecutive [Shadow Edge] attack he had sent should have wounded his opponent and had some effect on him somehow.

However, before he could finish his thought, Vizla smiled and once again trembled before the green scale once again appeared on his body and his armor to be reformed once more. Emery was startled before grim returned to his face.

"Don't worry, you should be happy that you managed to hurt me... and now I am gonna hurt you."

Despite the fact Vizla had no other swords in his possession, he calmly raised his arm and slowly a large bone-like blade emerged from the inside of each of his arms. The large bone coming out from his arm reminded one of a snake fang, but much bigger. It became his new weapon to fight against Emery.

"I never like using this... but you tell me if you like it!"

Wosshhh!!

Vizla charged toward Emery at breakneck speed and swung his arms down, while the latter did everything in his power to fight back. These two powerful men were fighting against each other fiercely, with neither showing any signs of retreating or backing down.

Clankk!! Clankk!!

It wasn't that Emery was weak, but rather because his opponent had exceeded the usual standard of what a rank 9 capable of. Due to the fact that Vizla was not just royalty, but also part of a snake clan, he must have been injected with various different kinds of booster to help him reach his peak physical fitness and strength.

For the time being, Emery could only depend on the battle skills in his repertoire, which included [Weeping Phantom], [Heroic Smash], [Hidden Blade] and [Chain Strike].

Even though he was currently engaging in a battle with an opponent whose toughness and endurance was far superior to the average, Emery was determined to fight him till the end to see the limit of his ability.

Clank! Clank!! Splatt!

Every third strike that landed on his body would make a cut to his [Jade Skin], while all of the ones he managed to parry would just cause waves of numbness surge in his palm.

Emery knew he needed to dodge even faster and to hit with even greater force, as what he had done apparently did not cause enough damage to Vizla.

Out of desperation, Emery returned back to his [Dao Divine Technique]. Now that he had gained a new understanding of Dao on the island, he might as well now try to push his sword technique past its boundary during this duel.

Clankkk!!

After a while, as the duel continued on, Emery's movement gradually changed. Instead of blocking, he began to welcome the hard strike with a soft parry, and when the enemy dashed, he started to use the enemy's strength to bounce himself like a feather.

"Hahaha, what are you doing there now?! Interesting!"

Emery started to take advantage of this chance to once again restructure the sword technique he used, while also gradually gaining a new understanding of the Dao.

Previously he had learned that what he needed to do was about achieving balance, but now it was also about gradually changing.

Day into night and returning back to day.

Emery quickly grasped the concept into the sword technique, as he continued to fight Vizla.

He was able to dodge Vizla's attacks more effectively as a result of the sublimation of this concept. Unfortunately, he just did not have the necessary strength nor speed to match his opponent.

"Urrghhhh!"

Vizla's elbow managed to hit his face and Emery spit out blood.

Even though he continued to improve, Emery still got constantly hit once every few attacks. Wounds started to pile up on his body as blood began covering every inch of his body, causing him to become gradually weaker.

Vizla raised both of his arms and surprisingly he could even perform a battle art with it.

[Whirlwind Strike]

Splatt! Splatt!

Emery couldn't dodge the powerful battle art Vizla did even with the help of Dao. The attack went through the [Jade Skin's] defense, and as a result of it, he received multiple cuts at once.

"Hahaha, still not good enough!" Just give up now!" Vizla mocked him, after seeing how much effort he put into fighting him.

Emery, on the other hand, ignored him. The truth was Emery had already forgotten about why he was fighting or whether giving up would do anything for him or other people around him at that point.

He had gone too deep in his understanding of Dao. At the same time, the urge inside had been knocking for each hit he received.

He was really tempted to unleash the urge and just make chaos.

At the moment, he just followed his body as if Dao had taught him another level of balancing his spirit core, he felt that instead of releasing the Khaos Energy to the urge like before, he manage to flow it at a much slower rate

He had fallen to the urge many times - this time it could be the way to control it.

With it, Emery gradually changed. The current silver hair first stage fey transformation was continuously changed into the black fur

[Night Wolf Transformation]

Chapter 772 - Endurance

Clankk!!

The two clashed and exchanged attacks with each other again, but this time the result was different than before. Instead of pushing Emery once again, Vizla was the one who took a step back.

Emery then started his gradual transformation; seeing that, Vizla, who was about to attack, stopped in his tracks and watched his transformation curiously.

"Oh? You still have something else up your sleeves!" Vizla crossed his arm together, his tone full of amusement. "Show me! I will wait until you finish!"

Unknowingly, Emery actually really needed a few seconds to gather his bearings and stabilize his transformation. This was, after all, the first time he managed to really grasp the Night Wolf Bloodline. Hence, he became very careful to avoid any severe repercussions.

At the moment, Emery's body was shaking violently from the pain that ran throughout his body. The transformation had become more painful than usual. He felt as if he was being burned from within, his blood running amok like a wild beast.

Slowly but surely, pitch-black fur reminiscent of night appeared all over Emery's body. The moment it stopped surfacing signaled the end of his transformation, signaling Emery had completely transformed.

Emery felt a similar feeling he felt in his first year, when he first grasped the Fey Bloodline within him.

"Aaargghhhh!"

[Analyzing genes...]

[Your blood has gone through a purifying process]

[Night wolf gene essence percentage increase to 8%]

Shockingly, Emery's Night Wolf Essence had been doubled in an instant.

Seeing the notification, Emery could not help but think this would only make the side effect of his transformation worse, but then he was shocked to discover that wasn't the case.

Even though the primal urge that kept on whispering to him the desire to bring destruction to everything was still there, he was still able to be in control of it. The flow of Khaos Energy that Emery had been continuously channeling had finally achieved its purpose, as his blood had been completely incorporated by its existence.

[Battle power increased by 40]

[Battle power 152 (244)]

Howwwlll!!

Emery snapped his head towards the sky. He couldn't hold himself from letting out a howl as he currently felt an indescribable level of power. He then threw the sword in his hand to the side, because at the same time, he could feel something emerging from both his knuckles.

In the next instant, three blade-like bones about 30 centimeters long shot out from the skin of Emery's two knuckles. At glance, they looked very menacing.

Now that he was ready, the addictive taste of power brought so much unstoppable emotion, that he smiled wolfishly at Vizla and opened his mouth.

"I will make you regret your decision not to attack me when you had the chance!"

Instead of being deterred, Vizla turned amused more than ever. "Is that so? Then prove it to me!"

Without saying anything else, the figures of both Emery and Vizla disappeared from where they were. They shot towards each other at great speed and launched attacks of their own. Vizla with his huge fangs on his arm and Emery with his blade-like protruded bones.

CLANK!!

The two of them were pushed a few feet away from each other, as neither of them was stronger than the other. This naturally fueled their fighting spirit and quickly brought them to another round of furiously exchanging attacks.

Clannkk!! Clankk!! Clank!!

With every hit Emery managed to connect, cracks would appear in the crystal-like scale armor covering Vizla's body. On the other hand, each blow Vizla managed to land on Emery's body would cause bruises and blood to splatter around.

It might seem like Emery was still at a disadvantage, as he continued to accumulate injuries, while his opponent only had his armor destroyed. However, that was not the case at all, because in a few seconds, the bloody wounds on Emery's body would quickly heal and look as if nothing happened to it.

Vizla couldn't help but be surprised when he saw this. "Wow! Such a high regeneration you have there!"

The man still had the guts to speak, even though he was locked in a fierce battle.

Emery didn't respond to his opponent's remark and just smirked inwardly, thinking that would be the reason for the other party's downfall.

Right now, the battle between Emery and Vizla could be described as a brawl between the two top-rank bloodlines, dark fur wolves and crystal green serpents. It had turned out to be such an riveting and extraordinary spectacle that the audience raised their cheers, not only for Vizla, but for Emery as well.

Many wounds appeared only to be healed in the next moment, crystal-like scales broken only to regrow afterwards. The duel had become a battle of endurance. Unfortunately, this was something Emery lacked.

Ten minutes had passed since Emery had turned into Night Wolf. It was much longer than he thought he would get, and the primal urge had once again developed to the point it would already have taken control had it not been for him holding it in.

As much as he hated losing this fight, Emery hated the fact he would soon not be in control of himself. He had to end the duel immediately, so that was exactly what he was planning to do.

Crack! A crisp sound was heard as Emery finally managed to crack open Vizla's armor. Unlike before, he could see that it wasn't recovering fast enough. Knowing he barely had time left, Emery decided to ignore Vizla's next attack.

Splat!

Blood splattered, as Vizla had his fang penetrate through Emery's chest. The man looked gleeful as he said, "I win! Hahaha, I wi-

However, his quirky smile quickly froze, as he realized the gritted teeth Emery had turned to a faint smile. Before he could even do anything, Emery extended his two arms and struck towards Vizla's chest as well.

Splllaaaatt!!

"Argggghh!"

Vizla pulled his hand and separated from Emery. Blood dripped profusely to the ground, as he moved away from Emery. On the other hand, Emery's situation was no better. He fell to its knees and he coughed out blood, but once again he stood up and shouted at his opponent.

"Come on! Fight me!"

His opponent, however, quickly raised both of his hands. "No! No, I give up! I have enough already. Urrggh... You win! You win!"

It was a surprising turned and made Emery stop in his tracks.

Emery was supposed to be happy as he finally got his hard-fought win, but the urge within him caused him to lose his rationality and so he was ready for another charge.

Vizla couldn't believe it when he saw the ferocious look on Emery's eyes and what it implied. He immediately became terrified and quickly shouted.

"No! Are you crazy?! Stop! Wait! Think about Silva!"

Silva's name was enough to make Emery stall his steps. At the same time, the referee magus who was standing at the side immediately came in between them and announced the end of the duel and, simultaneously, Emery's victory.

When he heard that, Emery quickly tried to suppress the urge and take back control of his body. As he gradually returned to his human form, the gaping wound on his chest also started to close up.

Emery stood firmly at where he was, while Vizla who was still in pain coughed and said,

"You crazy... Good! Crazy good! Congratulations on your win!"

Emery actually didn't care much about his victory over the duel, but rather the deal they had agreed on beforehand.

"Just keep your word."

"Of course..." Vizla said those words with a small wicked smile on his face, causing Emery to feel uncomfortable.

He ignored the man's antics and turned around to exit the arena. However, he noticed that a familiar person was approaching their location. It was Silva's uncle, Duke Syre. Emery didn't expect the grand magus had been watching the duel.

The man briefly looked at Emery, before turning his gaze towards Vizla, "You had your fun already, young master. Your mother is now ready to talk with both of you."

The words Duke Syre spoke caught Emery off guard.

Young master? Mother?

Unaware of Emery's thoughts, Vizla quickly tried to stand up but struggled to do so. Then, he turned to Emery with a grin on his face.

"I haven't properly introduced myself, haven't I? I am Vizla Ouraboros, the heiress's, Silva older brother." The man had his signature smirk on his face once again.

Emery became speechless. Now that he thought about it, Silva and this infuriating young man did have some resemblance with each other. Moreover, their names were actually almost the same.

Now that he finally connected the dots, he turned to wonder what the guy was trying to do to him these last few days.

Chapter 773 - The Silver Serpent

After Grand Magus Syre walked into the arena, things progressed so fast that even Vizla did not have a chance to chatter his mouth out.

Emery was swiftly led outside of the arena, where he saw another vehicle had been waiting for him. It immediately rose into the sky making its way towards the architecture vaguely visible in the distance.

As they got closer to their destination, Emery saw what would probably be the most grandiose building he saw on this planet. It was definitely the palace where the Serpent Bloodline's royalty resides.

Just moments before they arrived, Vizla who had been silent since Duke Syre's arrival suddenly nudged Emery and opened his mouth. Emery turned with a questioning look on his face.

"I just want to say sorry that I tricked you." Emery saw how Vizla scratched his head with a sheepish look while saying those words. He was about to consider the man's apology when a smirk once again appeared on his face. "But at least we had fun, didn't we?"

"..." The man apparently did not sorry at all.

Oblivious to Emery's opinion of him, Vizla laughed and continued talking. "Hahaha, you really should have seen your face when I said that I was my sister's fiancé back then. It's hilarious, I tell you!"

Emery just kept silent, as he was determined to no longer entertain the man's antics.

Duke Syre, Vizla, and Emery - the three of them immediately got off the vehicle the moment it landed and made its way into the palace. They walked up the grand staircase and arrived at the great hall.

Inside, Emery saw two figures that he immediately recognized. first, a stern-looking man with short dark hair and masculine features, Magus Heorgar; and second, a woman with short brown hair, Enforcer Magus Michela.

As soon as Emery entered the hall, Magus Michela immediately approached him. From her face, Emery clearly saw how she was clearly trying to hold the turbulent emotions within her.

Emery quickly turn anxious knowing what she wanted to ask about.

"Is it true what I heard?" Magus Michela asked hesitantly. She was asking about the fate of her companions and her captain.

Inwardly sighing, Emery nodded with difficulty. "Yes. It's true, senior. I am sorry."

Magus Michela had a smile on her face, but he could see the emotions threatening to break out of her. The sorrow in her voice couldn't be masked as she told Emery that Magus Garnet also didn't make it.

Magus Laban died under the half-blood goat Magus Jigow, while Magus Jasper died horribly with his head blown off in outer space. Last but not least, Magus Leon also didn't make it as he chose to sacrifice himself for them to escape.

All the members of the five-man magus enforcer team all died, except the one standing in front of him.

Realizing this, Emery could not help but recall what Klea said to him - how this mission would be really dangerous. Taking a deep breath, he thought that he would really have to listen to her more next time if he made it back.

Magus Michela, whose smile was on the verge of crumbling, looked at Emery and said, "At least you are alive, Emery. After all, you are also part of the team."

Hearing that, Emery couldn't help but be silent. Even though what she said was somewhat true, he feared that any words of consolation that came out of his mouth would hurt her even more.

Fortunately, it was at this moment that one of the guards announced the arrival of the Ouroboros Queen, effectively separating them from the heartbreaking conversation.

Magus Michela and Emery smiled at each other before walking to their designated positions in the hall.

Even before the person arrived, the hall was already encompassed with her presence as if she had already arrived. When the queen finally entered with another announcement from the royal aide, formless pressure suddenly manifested and filled the hall.

There, Emery saw a tall woman with very long jet-black hair and very white skin slowly walking in royal attire. Somehow, in his eyes, the queen seemed so massive in size that she quickly overwhelmed him.

It was very clear that the aura the queen was emitting was far more powerful than the grand magus, Duke Syre. As she walked towards her throne and passed the people standing at the side of the hall, everyone including Emery bowed respectfully.

When he raised his head, Emery saw a young woman following just right behind her.

Dressed in a beautiful royal gown that made her look like a completely different person, he swore he almost could not recognize her. Even now, he still hadn't digested the fact that she was the heiress of the Silver Serpent.

The outfit she currently wore, the different hairstyle she had, and even the demeanor and gestures she displayed; if Emery had not seen her with his own two eyes, he would not have believed that the person who had just walked past was Silva.

Emery can't help to think that the girl appears more beautiful than before.

As she realized that Emery was staring straight at her, Silva quickly turned her head away in embarrassment.

Meanwhile, the queen had sat on her throne and started to stare at everyone who had gathered. Her gaze turned to Magus Heorgar, then moved to Magus Michela. But only when she looked at Emery did she pause.

Her pair of deep pitch-black eyes stared straight at him like an arrow, and Emery couldn't help feeling as though she could see through and read everything about him in that instance.

Hence, one could imagine Emery's shock when the queen said, "Let me take a closer look at you."

He couldn't help but be anxious. After all, there were many prominent figures present in the hall - magus and grand magus alike; why was she attracted to him in the first place?

After a few steps, the queen opened her mouth again.

"I heard you kept something for me. Hand it over."

Emery had been waiting for this question for days, but now that the queen had finally asked for it, he wasn't sure what to say.

Fortunately, Magus Michela and Heorgar were present. When Emery looked in their direction for some kind of signal of what to do, the two nodded their heads in unison - a sign for him to give it to the queen.

Upon receiving confirmation, he quickly opened his spatial space and took out the silver jar in which the spirit souls of the two half-bloods were kept. Before he could do anything more, the jar abruptly flew from his hand and floated towards Duke Syre.

The queen said to Duke Syre. "You know what to do with it."

The grand magus nodded and left right away.

In response, Emery turned to Magus Heorgar and saw how the magus seemed not willing to inquire about what would happen to the spirit souls.

Emery was hesitant to ask. However, as Magus Leon and Chief Beowulf had put their trust in him, Emery steeled his determination and asked the question.

"Your Majesty, forgive my insolence, but may I know what are you going to do with those spirit souls?"

Unexpectedly, the queen looked at him with a smile. "I am going to return them to Zodiac City, to King Alduin"

Emery was shocked. The two half-bloods were people sent by Zodiac City, so to return them just like that would mean that everything they did was ultimately for nothing. The death of four magus enforcers, the White Fang members, Brutus, and many others; they died in vain.

Unable to accept such a decision, Emery turned emotional when he asked "Please tell me, why did you do that?"

Emery's unexpected burst caught everyone off guard. They were shocked by his brazenness.

On the other hand, the queen was calm. Actually, she looked amused when she said

"Tell me, what do you have in mind? What should we do with it?"

Chapter 774 - Answer

"What do you have in mind?"

The question the Oroboros Queen asked stumped Emery for a moment, he wasn't sure how to answer it. He could only blame his lack of knowledge of the situation.

Hence, Emery calmed the turbulent emotions within him and decided to speak his thoughts sincerely.

"My apology, Your Majesty, I didn't mean to offend you. I was just thinking about the people who have trusted that item to me. Therefore, I can't help but feel responsible and need to know what you are planning to do with it."

There was a few seconds of eerie silence, as everyone present stared at him without muttering any words. However, this suffocating atmosphere was quickly broken by, unexpectedly, the queen who suddenly smiled and laughed.

"Hahaha... how interesting, brave, honest... and from what I have seen the last few days, you are also an astute young man with integrity. You are also able to give a good lesson to my naughty son."

The queen turned to Vizla with a faint smile and asked her dear son.

"How does it feel to lose to a rank 8 acolyte who is ten years younger and from a lower world?" The queen seemed to be having fun teasing Vizla because Emery could hear her chuckling.

Vizla didn't seem to have expected his name to be brought up in the conversation, therefore he quickly looked flustered. "N-n... No! It's not true... I mean...I didn't give my all in today's duel!"

The queen saw her son's reaction and chuckled. "Don't be a liar. You have much to learn from this young man here."

It was at this moment that Silva, who had been quiet, suddenly shouted. "Will you two stop it!? We are in front of guests!"

Emery couldn't help but be surprised, when he felt the pressure pressing onto him along with the cold demeanor of the queen suddenly disappear afterward.

This instance allowed him to see where Vizla got his character from. Moreover, Emery couldn't help but assume that putting up with the two's antics was what molded and made Silva angry all the time.

The queen once again turned to Emery and said, "Thank you for entertaining us; for that, I will answer your question."

She then started to speak about what she knew about the whole situation and what was actually happening. However, due to the order from the Serpent Clan patriarch, there were some that couldn't be explained.

Apparently, the rumor about a Snake Bloodline clan having proof of the Zodiac city culprit was true. It's just that the Oroboros never got their hands on it. It was solely held by the patriarch and as they never wanted to be involved in the matter, the proof had never seen the light of day. Making the last three years hard not just the Serpent Clans, but also for all 12 bloodlines.

It was the queen's mistake to tell Silva about this matter. Even more when she discovered that her little brother, who was Silva's uncle, Duke Syre, decided to support her endeavor, which led to the events that happened at Kulturmak Planet.

Having heard this revelation, Magus Michela couldn't help but become emotional again. "Your Majesty, this is the reason that you returning the spirit soul to the Zodiac city. You don't actually need another proof, do you? Then this really means those who died on the planet really died for nothing"

The Oroboros Queen sighed when she heard the magus' question. She explained that she would have stopped the mission if she knew the time.

But it was like a blessing in disguise, the action on Kulturmark really stirred up the real culprit and showed their hand. Because of it, now the Magus Alliance had put incredible emphasis on the matter and there would be some significant changes happening soon.

She then asked for Magus Michela and Heorgar to stay in captivity and lay low for now, as many things were moving in the background as they spoke.

"I am confident that everything will be revealed in a few weeks. For that, I sincerely thank all of you for the sacrifices you have made," the queen said with a slight bow.

The two Magus felt relieved, both agreed on the queen's suggestion and decided to return back to their captivity until everything was all over.

With the two satisfied with the answer, Emery also had no reason to be suspicious anymore.

Now that Magus Michela and Heorgar had left the hall, the Oroboros Queen returned her gaze to Emery.

"Returning you will not be as much of a risk as to the other privilege class' acolyte, but I would hope for your understanding and prolong your stay here until it's over"

Emery certainly wanted to return as soon as possible, but he knew a lot was at stake here. Therefore, he really didn't mind staying longer.

"Of course, Your Majesty. But if you don't mind, I have two requests"

The queen raised her eyebrows. "Oh? Go on,"

"Thank you, Your Majesty. First, I would prefer to stay with my wolves brothers and not be treated differently. And second, I would like to send a message about my situation back to the academy."

Hearing this the Queen replied.

"If you mean Headmaster Delbrand, you don't have to worry about it. He knows about your situation already, but he also couldn't talk about it until it's over"

Emery shook his head. "No, Your Majesty. My message is not for the headmaster, but actually for my friends."

Unexpectedly, this time the queen's expression changed and fell silent. Only a few seconds later did she open her mouth again.

"I would suggest not to, but I guess we could send one of our agents to drop a message secretly. However, you must not say anything about the events at Kulturmak or what you have heard here."

"I understand, Your Majesty." Emery smiled. "Thank you."

"Silva will help you with this small matter. However, I must reject your request to be transferred back."

Emery was surprised that such a simple matter was rejected, but the Queen explained with enthusiasm.

"First, you are a privileged class acolyte and second you are my daughter's special guest. Moreover, we have prepared a reward for you that will be hard to do if you are staying in the prison with the others."

"Reward?" Emery was genuinely puzzled.

"Yes, we understand that being from a lower world, your time in a privileged class must be very precious.. Therefore, as thank you for helping the Serpent Clan and making up for the time you will be wasted here, we would like to assist you in your development."

Chapter 775 - Reward

Emery was taken aback by what he just heard. He was actually not sure why he was being awarded, but the queen sort of insisted her way through by saying he should really give himself more credit.

An acolyte from the privileged class, who was willing to be involved in their matter, was to be complemented with.

That's what the Oroboros Queen last said, before she left Emery with the siblings.

As Silva walked toward him, Emery, who was still not used to seeing her current appearance, couldn't help but get a little nervous.

With an apologetic look on her face, Silva said, "I am sorry, Emery. This is the best I can do." She smiled wryly. "My mother is set on not letting you back yet. I hope you understand."

"It's alright, Silva. I understand and thank you for your help."

Silence then fell between them, as they looked at each other. The two couldn't help but be awkward with each other.

Fortunately, it was at this moment that Vizla approached and patted Emery's back. "Alright, Emery. I genuinely enjoy our time together, so you should find me if you like to have a spar again. You can also go to me if you want to blow some steam off, if you know what I mean." He winked.

Emery agreed to Vizla's offer for another fight, while wisely ignoring the man's last sentence. Deliberately taking no notice of his sister's glare, Vizla patted Emery's shoulder once again, before leaving the two of them alone.

The moment Vizla disappeared from the hall, the fierce look on Silva's face immediately disappeared and was replaced by nervousness. Even though Emery also looked as nervous as she was, he couldn't help but be spellbound by her because it was just something she didn't usually do.

Silva also seemed to realize this, as she quickly turned her face away. She then beckoned him to come with her, something about the reward the queen just said.

The two walked out of the palace and Emery saw a flying vehicle waiting for them. They quickly entered it along with the two magus, who drove the vehicle for them.

"I am sure you are going to like this, Emery." Silva said after she took her seat in the vehicle.

A confused look appeared on Emery's face. "What is it? Where are you taking me?"

"Not telling." Silva cheekily smiled. "It's a surprise, after all."

Emery saw how she seemed to be in a good mood and couldn't hold himself from smiling. It was as if all the things that happened on the island had passed by and her worry had been completely lifted off.

Naturally, he was happy to see her happy.

Alas, Emery didn't realize his next words would change her expression again,

"Silva, about the message to send to the academy..."

Upon hearing that, the girl's expression distorted slightly, before returning to calmness a moment later. Still, she reached for her spatial ring and took out a small scroll before giving it to Emery.

"Here, you can write what you want and we will send it to the academy," said Silva calmly.

"Thank you, Silva."

He was glad that he could finally send some news, as the message was mainly to no other than Klea.

[I am safe and will get back soon. I'm sorry for making you worried - Emery]

To ensure the contents of the message were as her mother had ordered him to, Silva opened the scroll and checked it after Emery gave it to her. Looking at the rows of sentences written inside, she couldn't help but click her tongue.

Silva lifted his eyes from the scroll and looked at Emery, as if she was looking at a hopeless person. "You... are really bad at this, aren't you?" The girl sighed when she looked at the confused look on his face. "You should add that you miss her, and at least say that you are well."

Hearing that, Emery realized what she meant. "Aah...? No... I don't think that's necessary"

Silva stared at the young man sitting in front of her silently. For a moment, she couldn't help but wonder why she could fall for him. "...Yeah. Like I said, you are bad at this. Like, really bad."

After rolling and binding the scroll again, she quickly stored it inside her spatial ring, while also not forgetting to assure Emery that she would definitely deliver it over to the academy.

"But I haven't even told who it is for..." Emery said.

Silva glanced at Emery as if he was an idiot. "Huh! I got it... I am not stupid, of course I know who it is for, Cleopatra of the elite class, Earth Planet 1002, right?"

"Err..." An awkward expression was visible on his face. "Yeah."

"As I said earlier, I got it."

The letter Emery wrote for Klea had apparently made the awkward atmosphere surrounding them disappear. They finally were able to talk comfortably with each other like in the past.

As the two of them got lost in their conversation, they didn't realize their vehicle had arrived at a complex that lay in the middle of a massive forest. Even though it did not look glamorous, like the palace or magnificent like the prison, the place was tightly guarded. Emery could vaguely see many armed people patrolling around the area.

The vehicle stopped right above a wide clearing and slowly made its way towards the ground. When it finally landed steadily, Emery and Silva quickly walked out and were welcomed by a dozen people in white coats waiting for them.

Surprisingly, Emery recognized one of the figures standing before them. A short green-skinned figure with two bulging eyes and a wide mouth. The other party also seemed to recognize him, as he flashed a grin at him.

"Wolf boy, finally we meet again."

"Mr Bob! You are here!"

The figure Emery recognized was no one else but Bob the Frog whom he met at the gene store in Zodiac City.

"What are... I mean, what is this place?"

Bob laughed when he saw the confusion on his face. "Hahaha, wolf boy, this is the Oroboros gene research center!"

After the words entered Emery's ears, it took him a second to understand what Bob's words implied. Upon realizing it, he turned to Silva and saw the girl giving him a smile and said "Research center."

"That's right. We hope to fix that weird gene of yours."

Needless to say, Emery was elated when he heard this piece of news. His wolf gene had always been a problem for a long time and Emery had no way of dealing with it, as he didn't have either the resources or the help to do so.

But now, there was a chance that this dilemma of his would soon be resolved once and for all. Furthermore, knowing that Bob the Frog was the one who helped him last time, Emery certainly couldn't help but turn hopeful.

"Come, come!" Bob said excitedly. "I can't wait to start."

Under the lead of the group of researchers, Emery and Silva entered the main building of the complex. They walked through the corridor and stopped at the main room, where Emery could see various kinds of instruments and apparatus that he had no idea what they were for.

There, Emery was prepared for the operation, as a dozen people in white coats fiddled with the equipment and checked his overall condition. He watched dozens of tubes filled with liquid with different colors and several instruments placed nearby, ready to be injected to him.

Bob approached Emery and smiled. "Let's see how much your genes have changed since the last time we met."

Chapter 776 - Bloodline Gene

The room looked very similar to the one Emery had seen in the privileged class facility, but was more spacious and had more equipment in comparison. Currently, Emery was being injected with mini tubes in various parts of his body.

However, instead of laying on the floor, Emery was actually told to stand on a platform. Silva and a few other people in white coats were staring at Emery from behind the glass window in front of him. Meanwhile, Bob and the rest of his colleagues were busy doing various kinds of tests and checks on him.

Not long after, Bob stopped in front of Emery and said, "Alright, we've got all the basic data. Now we will go ahead and test your physique."

He told Emery to be ready for what was about to come. A few moments later, he could feel a strong gravitational force from the platform he was standing on, threatening to pull him down.

"10 times gravity!"

Under the watchful eyes of everyone present in the scene, the intensity of the gravitational force Emery experienced increased exponentially, going from 10 times to 50 times normal gravity in a matter of minutes.

During this entire process, Emery was told to turn into his first transformation and then to his next transformation: the shaman form. He was also instructed to cast the various spells he knew during the transformation.

This continued for 10 minutes, the time limit of the shaman form after which the primal urge usually arose Emery was about to resist the urge as usual when Bob told him not to.

Hearing this instruction, Emery naturally wanted to reject the idea, because the consequences would be dire if he lost his consciousness.

However, Bob seemed to have anticipated this, as he quickly stretched out his hand, showing a vial filled with red liquid lying there.

"We have successfully multiplied your gene suppressor serum, so don't worry and just unleash your strongest potential."

Emery looked at the white-haired girl behind the glass and realized that Silva must have given the last serum to Bob. Still, he couldn't help but wonder about some things.

When did they start to research it, to the point they were able to reproduce it? It should have been three days ago when he arrived on this planet, but if that was the case, the Oroboros Clan's research capability was incredibly advanced.

Either way, knowing there was a safety net for him to land on, Emery no longer showed any hesitation. After all, inwardly, he also would like to repeat what he managed to do during the duel against Vizla, so Emery slowly activated his [Night Wolf Transformation].

The excruciating pain was still there, wrecking through his body. Of course, Emery gave his best to resist it. The silver fur that covered his body gradually changed into pitch-black color; along with it, Emery couldn't hold himself from letting out a howl.

Looking at Emery's battle power rapidly increasing like a spaceship taking off, Bob immediately told his colleagues to increase the gravity pressure. At the same time, he also told Emery to hold on to his consciousness as long as he could.

12 minutes and 20 seconds was the limit before the data finally showed that Emery's consciousness was affected. Immediately after, Bob injected the gene suppressor serum into Emery's body.

A few minutes later, Emery regained his consciousness and was brought to another room.

There, Emery waited for around an hour to calm his spirit core before Bob with Silva came to give the result of the tests he went through earlier.

[Bloodline Gene - Fey Wolf]

[Gene Classification - Legendary Bloodline]

[Bloodline Limit: Rank 6]

[Current Rank - Rank 4 - The Fey Shaman]

[Fey wolf gene essence - 32%]

[Night wolf gene essence - 8%]

Other than the four percent increase in his Night Wolf gene, there was actually nothing unusual about Emery's result.

"I can see that you have improved since the last time we met. Looks like you also have successfully created your own version of gene booster. Do you still have some of it with you?"

Emery nodded and gave Bob the [Fey Gene Booster - Tier 1] that he had painstakingly created using the mix of Caracas Flower's poison, the essence of Gaia and the corrupted liquid. Without the heavenly fruit, this was the best he had specifically brought from Earth so he could continue working on it in the Apothecary institutes.

After receiving the vial, Bob gave it to one of the white coats and they quickly poured it out of the vial.

Looking at the data of the gene booster, Bob nodded and muttered to himself. "It's what he was looking for, but..." He drawled and asked for the recipes.

Emery realized what Bob actually was looking for. His mind quickly dove into his spatial space and took out another item. It was [Corrupted Lycanthrope], the liquid Emery had collected from the Three Claw Island.

The group ran a test on the liquid. Bob watched the rows of data that kept appearing, the expression on his face gradually filled with relief.

"What happened, Mr Bob? Is it good news?"

"It is. Fortunately, your Night Wolf gene has many similarities with the Demon Wolf gene. This discovery will certainly speed up our process."

Waves of questions rolled in his mind, but Emery could safely conclude the group Bob the Frog was part of was the same that helped Magus Heorgar breakthrough and reach his rank 7.

Oblivious to the torrent of questions in Emery's mind, Bob continued to speak. "However, there's also one major difference. The Demon Wolf is what we call a pure breed. While yours... are a completely different kind..."

"What do you mean, Mr Bob?" Emery asked, deeply confused.

"It might be too soon to say, but this thought has been at the back of my mind in the last three years since I studied yours. Can you imagine it? Three years of dedicated search, and I still can't find an identical wolf bloodline to yours."

Emery was taken aback by what he had just heard, but then anxiety quickly replaced his surprise.

"Please explain."

"I believe your bloodline is in a different category altogether and is what we call a mutated one. It's something that was actually born from a very... I mean, a very powerful being... this is so exciting!!"

A sound of gulping was heard, but Emery's thoughts were too occupied to care about that. "This... is good... right..?"

"Yes, definitely... but only if we manage to understand what it really is. So, give me some time with it and we will find you when we're done."

Bob turned around and looked like he was ready to start this new project. But then, he suddenly remembered something. "Ah, yes. I almost forgot."

One of the white coats brought a transparent box and within he saw a familiar item. It was his [Beast Pendant] that was said to be missing.

Mr Bob's words afterward surprised him

"I need your permission to use this item as one of the ingredients."

"An ingredient? This necklace?" The question caught Emery off guard. Never once in his mind did he imagine the [Beast Pendant] would be an ingredient for something.

"Yeah." Bob nodded. "My niece has told me how this thing helps you stop your transformation when it gets out of kontrol. It's certainly not a koincidence, don't you think?"

Afterward, Bob showed data explaining that the claw-like item hanging on the pendant was a remnant of a certain powerful wolf creature. The most important thing was that it reacted with his bloodline, he was pretty sure it held the key to the secret of his bloodline.

As if he got a new insight, Emery took out the book given by Klea - the book of Fenrir and its two offsprings the Day and Night Wolf. He then gave it to Bob in the hopes that it would help advance the research.

After skipping through the book, Bob said, "Yes, yes... This will definitely help put some kontext on the matter."

Now that he really wished to start his project, Bob told Emery to leave. It was apparent that the frog man was too excited and couldn't wait to start working on his mutated bloodline.

While making his way out of the place, Silva asked.

"So what do you want to do while waiting for the result?" asked Silva. "Do you want to go and see around the city?"

Even though interested in such matters, Emery currently was in no mood for it. He really had to continue with his training. It had been almost three months since he had left Magus Academy. He hoped not to get left behind too much by the other, when he returned. He wondered how his friends were doing.

While he missed the important Magus Game because of this mission, it's very important that he would be able to take the mid-year exams, which should be held in two months.

So for that, he shook his head and told his plan to return for more training. The girl nodded as if she had expected his answer. "Alright, I can help you with that."

Chapter 777 - More Training

Now that Mr. Bob was unavailable, Silva took Emery somewhere else.

The two made their way to another complex this time over the hill near a cliff surrounded by trees.

The place was exponentially bigger in size, and was surprisingly filled with a lot more strong individuals roaming around.

Through his spirit reading, Emery could clearly feel the presence of thousands of acolyte level individuals, hundreds of saint level figures and dozens of magus with at least two grand magus.

At first, Emery was confused as to what kind of place would house this level of fighting force. But then, as soon as he arrived, he immediately realized the place Silva had brought him to.

The sight of hundreds of people with acolyte level of cultivation practicing together at the yard basically gave Emery a clear idea as to what kind of place this was.

"This... is an academy?" Emery asked, slightly doubting his guess.

"Not quite." Silva smiled when she saw the rows of people swinging swords in harmony, "This is a Dojo."

A puzzled look appeared on Emery's face when the new term went into his ears. Apparently, there was no exact translation, but Silva simply explained that this place was essentially like the Combat Institute of Magus Academy, where people trained and practiced fighting with various kinds of weapons.

"Most importantly, our Dojo is famous for our sword style. So, knowing that you prefer to use swords, an opportunity to learn here should be really beneficial for you."

Emery was certainly elated as he looked at these people practicing with all their heart.

They all wore the same outfit - a unique-looking uniform consisted of a white top and black bottom - as they continued to train with clear discipline following one certain form.

To his surprise, even watching these acolytes practice basic foundational moves was very insightful to Emery.

As the two of them went deeper and entered the inner court, Emery began to see several more advanced and freestyle techniques practiced by those with saint level cultivation. Seeing how fascinated Emery was, Silva decided to stop and let him watch these people for a while.

However, their attention was quickly diverted not long after.

A group of people could be seen walking towards them. All of them exuded magus level cultivation. Emery watched quietly as they arrived and respectfully greeted Silva.

"Greetings, Princess." They all said in unison.

Silva nodded her head and said, "Is Master Hirasi available?"

"Yes, Princess." One of them answered. "He is expecting you."

Hearing that, Silva asked them to lead the way, while beckoning for Emery to follow. The group of magus swiftly led them to a building that seemed to be made entirely of an exquisite wood.

Thanks to his spirit reading, Emery now knew they were approaching the strongest figure in this place.

The moment they entered the building, Emery's gaze was immediately transfixed on the two figures sitting on what appeared to be a wooden platform at the far end of the room. One was an old man with long white hair, another was a female with a scar on her cheek. He could clearly perceive the grand magus level of cultivation emanating from the two of them.

Silva, who noticed Emery's behavior, nudged him and gestured to follow her.

The two of them walked towards the platform and stopped a few steps away. Immediately after, Silva bowed which Emery quickly followed.

"Greetings, Master Hirasi." She turned to the other person and said, "Greetings, Grand Magus Atika."

Even though it seemed typical at first glance, the different way Silva used when addressing the two people clearly told others what their relationship was. One was Silva's own master - who personally taught her, while the other was simply a form of address that formally befit the other party's status.

The two people, however, just nodded their heads accepting the bow.

"This is Emery." Silva said. "The queen hopes he will be trained under your care during his time here."

The two people were strangely silent for a moment. Emery noticed this, but didn't open his mouth because he knew it wasn't appropriate to do so. Now, He just needed to wait for these two to make their decision.

Moments later, Master Hirasi finally said.

"We will comply with the queen's request. However, as an outsider, we could only give pointers to the young man and could not accept him as a formal disciple."

Silva readily nodded his head, as if he had expected such a response. "I understand, Master. I'm sure the queen will understand."

Even from a glance, Emery could tell these two were weapons masters, moreover, both of them possessed grand magus cultivation. As such, it would be a fortunate matter for him to be taught by them. Even if it was just a day or two.

While Master Hirasi didn't seem to mind the idea of teaching an outsider, Grand Magus Atika, on the other hand, didn't seem so happy.

"We will definitely teach you, but for us to be able to give any pointer, it really depends on how deep your understanding of the sword is."

Silence fell into the room after Grand Magus Atika spoke those words.

Reading between the lines, the grand magus' words could be interpreted as: unless Emery has the talent, they will not teach him anything.

Seeing that Emery was silent, Silva quickly leaned over and whispered to his ears. "What are you doing? That's your cue! Show them your best skill!"

The grand magus gave a sign to one of the magus present in the room. Immediately after, the man stood in the middle of the room with a sword in his hand.

Emery naturally understood what this meant. Therefore, he swiftly went and stood in front of the man while also taking out his own sword.

"You should strike first." The magus said with a smile. "I will adapt to your strength."

Emery nodded to show he understood. After giving the man a bow of respect, Emery immediately began. His figure disappeared from where he was and shot towards the magus.

Throughout his journey, Emery never really had any formal sword training. He had several days worth of swordsmanship with Magus Xion and a few days battling against different levels of combat puppets - that was it.

Therefore, it could be said Emery's style of swordsmanship was considered unrefined, this fact was quickly noticed by the two masters. The sight of him employing battle arts like [Weeping Phantom] and the others didn't really excite nor impress Master Hirashi and Grand Magus Atika.

Realizing this, but without anything else to show, Emery eventually decided to try his luck with his [Dao Divine Sword] - something his master Magus Xion said was not a sword technique.

The moment he displayed the technique, Emery could see that the two grand magus were startled. Grand Magus Atika even abruptly stood up and decided to jump in, replacing the magus as his opponent.

"Show me more!"

Things progressed so unexpectedly Emery didn't know what to do for a moment. But a few moments later, he calmed down and continued what he had been doing - displaying what his technique was capable of.

Clank! Clank! Clank! Clank!

Emery showed what his [Divine Dao Sword] was, but just as they exchanged strikes ten times, Grand Magus Atika suddenly stopped and lowered her sword. She walked back to his seat ignoring Emery's bewildered expression, but her next words caught everyone off guard.

"I will take him." Sitting down, Grand Magus Atika stared at Emery and said, "You are now my outer disciple"

Emery just stood there, unresponsive, completely stunned. His mind was still processing what had happened when Silva suddenly hit him on the back.

"What are you doing!? Accept it, you fool!"

Chapter 778 - Sword Master

Grand Magus Atika, or as Emery now called her, Master Atika, was a grandmaster level sword specialist. A title and prowess many dreams to achieve, but never accomplish in their entire life.

Throughout the universe, there was an actual category and titles for those who mastered the discipline. Such titles were: sword expert, sword master and sword grandmaster.

Unlike its impressive-sounding title, sword expert was a self-proclaimed title that was used mostly by those who were able to defeat high-rank combat puppets in swordsmanship. However, they couldn't be compared to the other two titles.

The other two, sword master and sword grandmaster, were titles given to those who achieved an actual stage in sword mastery. One needed to attain something known as sword aura to be recognized as a sword master, while for a grand master was to comprehend the highest stage of understanding - the sword intent.

There actually existed one more title that people didn't often talk about, the Sword God.

This was because the number of people worthy of this title in the whole universe was so few it could be counted by hand. Of course, these people were an object of reverence to sword practitioners in general.

Those were the things Emery learnt during the Magus Academy's classes. Now that he was unexpectedly accepted as a disciple of the Oroboros Clan's Dojo, he might finally have a chance to learn firsthand about the two enigmatic and extraordinary attainments every sword practitioner dreamt to achieve - sword aura and sword intent.

However, three days had passed since he was accepted as Grand Magus Atika's disciple, and Emery was only told to do three different moves and nothing else.

Slash, thrust and strike without worrying about defense. Furthermore, instead of fighting against a combat puppet that could react and retaliate, Emery was told to constantly hit only a particular wooden pole with a wooden practice sword.

If Emery didn't know any better, he would have thought he was being humiliated by being asked to do this kind of training.

Tak! Tak! Tak!

Rhythmic sound resounded in the air as Emery relentlessly struck the targets on the wooden pole. There were a total of 12 different targets on the massive pole and each target had their own specific way to be hit - whether strike, thrust or slash.

Tak! Tak! Tak!

Even though it was a tiresome and repetitive task to do, Emery still did the job beautifully. Being capable of delivering one hit per second, he managed to score about approximately one hundred thousand hits a day.

Emery only stopped his continuous actions of hitting the targets about twice throughout the day, when Silva came to visit and bring him food to eat during the morning and noon. Those were also the only breaks Emery took during his so-called training.

When the third day passed and the fourth day of training began, someone suddenly visited Emery in the morning when he was in the early hours of today's training.

"Yo! My bro, Emery!" The figure arrived with a grin on his face. "I've heard of your unfortunate fate. The instant I heard the news, my heart immediately decided I definitely had to come and see it for myself."

The figure who spat out infuriating words upon arrival was none other than Silva's brother, Vizla. Unfortunately for the man, the only response he managed to receive from Emery was a brief glance, before the latter proceeded to ignore and continue his training diligently.

Vizla was about to speak more when Grand Magus Atika suddenly entered the courtyard provided for Emery. He shut his mouth and only watched as the other party checked her disciple's progress. She turned around and left the place after only observing Emery for a few seconds and saying two simple words: "Do More."

When the grand magus left, Vizla once again threw some 'motivational' words laced with mocking tone in an attempt to tempt Emery to take some hot water break.

The man still continued his antics so persistently that Emery was about to lose his temper and explode, if it wasn't for Silva who luckily came. Understanding what the situation was, she immediately made a rescue and kicked her brother out of the courtyard.

During Emery's rare occasion of break, Silva told him about how eccentric Grand Magus Atika was. Talking about the latter, she also told Emery how his master was the Oroboros Clan's best sword practitioner, even stronger than her teacher Master Hirasi.

Emery actually didn't mind his master treatment at all. He was sharp enough to roughly guess the intentions of Grand Magus Atika giving this set of routines.

If he wasn't wrong, his master was trying to refine and perfect the basics of his swordsmanship. And the truth was, after doing 300.000 hits, Emery could now tell there was a difference in how he swung the sword.

At a moment of silence, Emery actually had something in his mind that he wanted to ask Silva. It was about her clan.

"If you don't mind, can I ask something about your clan?"

Silva seemed to be startled by his words. Still, she nodded her head. "Sure, go and ask anything!" Actually, the white-haired girl was inwardly a little anxious. She was caught off guard by Emery's interest that seemingly came out of the blue.

"You know I am from a lower realm, right?" Emery asked, to which Silva nodded back. "I don't have people who can teach me; not even a magus, let alone a grand magus. But I saw that your family has several of such figures. So, I can't help but wonder why your clan still sends their descendants to the Magus Academy."

Emery was curious about how clans like Silva's worked and the grand scheme of things revolving around them. He wondered about her interest to study at the Magus Academy, despite all the facilities and resources she already had.

For example, fighting and competing to be enrolled in the privileged class would grant an acolyte a grand magus teacher. Meanwhile, in Silva's case, she actually has several of such figures to choose from in her clan.

Hearing such a question, Silva was silent for a while before giving Emery the answer.

She told him it was all about getting more resources and earning better recognition and prestige through the younger generation. All of this would, in the end, leverage her entire family higher among the other clans of Snake Bloodline and simultaneously among the entire body of Magus Alliance.

The white-haired girl also explained how her Oroboros Clan, like almost all bloodline families, was considered a family faction. Apparently, it took them two thousand years to finally become a grade 2 faction, with the patriarch of the family at that time being the sole supreme magus of the faction.

"...When my mother finally has her breakthrough to the supreme magus realm, we will reach grade three and subsequently things will be easier for us."

Emery's horizon was once again broadened, as he continued to listen to Silva speak. He could imagine a clan like White Fang, if they had an opportunity and fortune could one day become a faction themselves.

Unfortunately, Patriarch Lucius had gone missing and with the tragedy that happened to Chief Beowulf and the others, it would be hard for the remaining members of White Fang to hold on and continue existing, let alone reach this sky-high goal.

Emery also couldn't help thinking about his own. Other than his four close friends, Emery also had his small fey sister's pack. Hearing the achievement of Silva's ancestors, he wondered if there would be a time when Earth or the Fey could ever build and have their own faction.

After she finished with his explanation, Silva suddenly seemed to turn a little nervous.

"With the war and conflicts that are happening right now, it's always a good idea to join a family or faction." Silva said nervously. "For example... You see... the White Fang..:"

Emery turned to Silva at the mention of White Fang, but she swallowed her nervousness and continued on. "They... could join us... The Oroboros... Also you... it would be great if... you can join us.."

He recalled how Silva had once asked this question in the past. Emery smiled at the girl and said, "I am honored with the offer, Silva. Truly..."

Hearing Emery's words, a smile quickly bloomed on the white-haired girl's face. However, Emery still had not finished his words.

"Unfortunately, I can't accept it. After all, I have my planet that I need to take care of." Seeing the confused expression on her face, Emery proceeded to explain to her briefly about the Earth's situation with the Nephilim. After hearing it Silva seemed to turn really emotional.

"What!?" Silva exclaimed, standing up. "They don't have the right to do that! Those damn Nephilims!!"

Emery was surprised by Silva's sudden burst. Still, he quickly woke up from his stupor and calmed her down. After she calmed down, Silva looked him in the eye and said, "You know, Emery..."

"...joining the family means that your planet's problem will become ours too. That way, we can help you fight the Nephilims." Emery was silent when he heard this. As if she had expected such a reaction, Silva didn't press on with her offer and only said, "Just promise me that you'll think about this."

Emery was still silent. It was only a few seconds later did he respond.

"Alright, I promise."

...

After finishing the meal Silva had brought for him, Emery immediately returned to his training..
Meanwhile, a certain white-haired girl left the courtyard with a feeling of joy she had never felt before.

Chapter 779 - Sword Technique

Tak! Tak! Tak!

A week had passed since Emery started his tedious kind of training - hitting the targets on a wooden pole. By now, the young man had long since passed the milestone of 700.000 hits and was on his way to a record of 800.000.

Throughout the week, he had been patiently and diligently hit all the 36 targets according to what Grand Magus Atika told him on how they were supposed to be hit.

Emery had done many repetitions of multitude variations of strike, slash and thrust. The numbers he did for each basic move amounted to well over hundreds of thousands.

And finally, today, Grand Magus Atika arrived and told him to stop.

With Emery's current physique and cultivation level, completing about 700.000 hits continuously would certainly have taken a toll on his overall condition. In fact, he was slightly out of breath and some throbbing pain appeared in his arm. However, Emery would definitely do whatever training his master would give him.

The female master took one of the wooden swords and walked to the center of the courtyard where Emery was currently at.

"Come. Spar with me."

Although he was surprised for a moment, Emery nodded his head. "Yes, Master."

He knew the time of a renowned figure such as Grand Magus Atika was invaluable, so he immediately gripped the sword in his hand and shot towards her, employing the technique that landed him under her tutelage, Dao Divine Sword.

Emery's steps as his figure darted towards his master were as soft as a floating leaf, but how and the momentum his sword swinging was furious and forceful like a raging wave. What Emery showcased at the moment was the culmination of his understanding.

TAK!

A familiar dull, yet slightly softer sound reverberated in the air when Master Atika received Emery's attack with a soft parry. She received and redirected the force his sword carried and subsequently delivered a counter attack.

The sequence was so fast that, before Emery realized and could do anything, the wooden sword had appeared right next to his neck.

"Again!" Master Atika said, as she withdrew the sword.

After all the grueling practice he went through, Emery was confident his swings had been refined. However, reality struck and presented the harsh truth right before his eyes - in the face of a true master, the perfect swing in his eyes could easily be stopped with a simple parry.

Tak! Tak!

"Again!" said Master Atika calmly, after striking the opening Emery showed.

Tak! Tak!

"Again!"

Tak! Tak!

"Again!"

Emery was obviously trying his best, but he found that, no matter what he tried to do, he was still unable to stop and counter the attacks that his master sent him. And if that wasn't bad enough, Master Atika didn't seem to have any intention of telling him what he was lacking in his moves.

The woman with a scar on her cheek just kept saying 'Again', while beating the helpless Emery one-sidedly!

After a few clashes, Emery who was thinking hard about finding a way to break through Grand Magus Atika's seemingly impregnable defense suddenly noticed something similar in the way his master was fighting now.

He immediately put everything in his mind aside and focused all his attention on his master's movements. Then, Emery realized why he felt a sense of familiarity

How her arms and her feet moved, her every stance. It was definitely the steps of [Weeping Phantom] in combination of the sword moves that follow the concept of Dao - Coalescence of soft and hard, slow and fast.

Tak! Tak!

However, knowing what his master's moves did not necessarily mean he could actually follow them.

Emery kept getting his sword bounced and repelled back and forth by his master until she finally stopped and lowered her sword.

"Enough."

To be honest, Emery was currently feeling really embarrassed he couldn't keep up with her at all. His master was a sword grandmaster, indeed. She could easily do his moves better than himself.

"I will show you the first six. Watch closely."

While Emery was shocked by the unexpected words and still tried to comprehend, the female sword grandmaster had already started showing a mind-blowing combination of sword hand movements and footwork technique.

It was a six simple-looking movements that embodied a perfect harmony between basic strike, slash and thrust with the dodge, parry and block moves of the [Weeping Phantom]. Emery was completely stupefied, as he witnessed firsthand what he strived to achieve.

"Master, this..." Shock was evident on his face. "Isn't this...?"

"I can only give you 6 moves. All the insight came from my observation of you, therefore the creator of this technique should not be me." She said calmly. "Come look for me when you have managed to make 36 moves out of them."

Grand Magus Atika threw the wooden sword aside and left the courtyard without even waiting for Emery's response, leaving him alone who was still trying to process what had just happened.

Immediately after, he dropped to the ground as he sat in the lotus position. Closing his eyes, he quickly focused his thoughts and recalled what he had seen, trying to make sense of the insight he had just received.

A set of six movements, which Emery had to understand and subsequently develop to 36 combinations of attacks, integrating the [Weeping Phantom]'s steps and the concept of Dao.

Time flowed and hours passed, without realizing it Emery had been meditating all night.

It wasn't until the next day when Silva arrived with a basket of food that Emery awoke from his deep contemplation. He slowly opened his eyes and looked at Silva's figure who was approaching him.

"Silva, come spar with me."

"Eh?" Silva saw Emery walking over to the rows of wooden swords. "Alright!"

He grabbed a random wooden sword and threw it at her. Now that the two were armed, they walked to the center of the courtyard.

Looking at the beautiful girl in front of him, Emery's gaze was calm. "Let's start."

Swish!

Their figures shot forward at almost the same time and quickly began to clash against one another.

Tak! Tak! Tak! Tak!

The two of them knew quite well about each other's strength, as they had countless spar during their time on that desert island. At that time, the only way Emery could defeat Silva in swordsmanship was through overwhelming her with strength or spells.

This time, however, Emery put those two things aside and completely focused on fighting with a new sword style.

Tak! Tak! Tak!

In just a mere six moves, Emery was able to put an end to the spar by bringing his sword on Silva's neck. Unknowingly, Emery repeated the scene of himself and his master Grand Magus Atika.

"Impressive!" Silva said with a smile. There wasn't the slightest hint of irritation in his voice. In fact, because of this defeat, a fighting spirit has ignited within her. "Again!"

Emery nodded his head as he also wanted to further test his limits. Hence in the next second, their figures disappeared again as they swung their swords at each other.

Tak! Tak! Tak!

Tak! Tak! Tak!

The two fought and the fight ended almost as fast as the first one. This second round, however, it took Emery 10 moves to checkmate the girl. The subsequent round took him 20 moves and then in the fourth round they somehow were on par until Emery was defeated a minute later.

The reason Emery kept losing his ground before being finally defeated was because he had a limited number of moves. To be exact, only 6 of them and he had no other combination. Therefore, anyone who had met and tasted his move would be ready to overcome them in the next round.

"Thank you, Silva, for sparring with me." Emery looked into her eyes, his expression serious. "I'm sorry to say this, but I was wondering if you could do me a favor."

"Err... Yes, of course... what do you need?"

Emery's eyes gleamed when he heard that.

...

An hour later, the courtyard where Emery trained was filled with dozens of the Dojo saint-level disciples.

Tak! Tak! Tak! Tak!

The moment they arrived, Emery went ahead and fought them one by one. The duration of the fights was roughly between 5 to 10 minutes each.

Thanks to that, at the end of the day, Emery managed to fight them all. A total of 50 saint-level swords experts, hundreds of fights and a loss in all of them. He had been defeated constantly, but Emery seemed more elated than before he started his losing streak.

When the night arrived and the disciples were about to leave, Emery approached Silva with a wry smile and said, "You are a princess, right? I... err.. Can you ask some of them to stay and practice with me all night?"

"..."

Chapter 780 - 36 Variations

Emery could be seen lying on the lush grass in the courtyard, panting heavily for breath. Sparring definitely was more tiring than just continuously hitting targets on a wooden pole.

All of the saint level sword practitioners Silva called upon possessed a solid level of swordsmanship, both in technique and comprehension. In fact, some of them had even studied the discipline of the sword for nearly 50 years.

Just like when he sparred with Silva, at first Emery managed to beat these people easily in a matter of a few moves.

However, after winning once or twice, the situation quickly changed and tilted away from his favor, as his opponents were finally able to understand his moves and read them like an open book in the next fight.

With only a total of six variations available to use, Emery truly experienced firsthand how limited it was for him to launch an attack and counter his opponent's attacks, when they basically knew everything about his card.

Of course, if Emery was willing to fight using his combat instincts and adapting to his opponent's techniques and skills, he would not be defeated so easily.

However, his main goal in fighting against these people was not to win against them but to experiment and test things around with his newly-created technique.

He wanted to experience different scenarios against various opponents and see how his technique would fare against them, to discover what aspects were lacking and could be improved upon.

Therefore after fighting with around 50 saint level individuals and losing ninety percent of them, Emery walked away from the center of the courtyard and finally took a break.

He walked over and sat under a shady tree, before closing his eyes to reflect on all the losses he had suffered in the past two days. At the same time, he gathered all the insights he had gleaned from the relentless losing streak and tried to create 36 variations of his own.

Emery initially thought that developing this technique starting from the sixth moves to the seventh moves, the eighth, ninth and so on would be the best course of action. But after long and deep thought, he realized this train of thought was in the wrong direction entirely.

Emery contemplated again and discovered the trick was hidden in what Master Atika had told him.

It was one of the words that she said - Thirty-six. Emery had to take each of the six variations and develop each of them to six distinct new variations, bringing the total to 36 variations.

Understanding what he had to do now, Emery immediately began to take his first steps by gathering all the insights he had accumulated to date. Starting from the 6 moves that Master Atika had shown, the continuous battles for the past two days, the experience he had amassed over the past two years using the technique, even returning to the memory of the two Han sword masters who had first shown off their technique to him.

The two Han sword masters also obviously had a similar strategy to what Emery was about to adopt. Emery's technique would be divided into 6 stages - three offensive moves and three defensive moves - each form having six variations different to each other.

Thrust, it's the fastest move among the three moves, but had the least amount of targeted area. Strike, the most powerful move, delivering extreme destruction at the cost of relatively less precision. Slash, the move that incorporates both aspects of both in a harmonious and balanced way.

Parry, the defensive move that was best used when there was a chance to launch a counterattack, but worst when the goal in mind was defense. Block, the move that most embodied the word 'defensive', allowing to negate most attacks. Dodge, the exact move one used when they knew both parry and block couldn't cut it.

6 forms, 3 offense 3 defense, six variations each, totaled 36 variations. With all the ideas for the variations, Emery decided to divide the final technique into six stages of difficulty. Stage 1 would be the 6 basic variations shown by Master Atika, which naturally made Stage 6 the most complicated one of its 36 variations.

This was such an epiphany that Emery didn't idle any longer and swiftly stood up to start practicing the 36 variations - from Stage 1 to Stage 6.

As Emery submerged in his enlightenment-like moment, he didn't even realize the night had completely passed and the next morning had arrived. It was only when Silva came with another batch of disciples did he wake up from his state.

Emery didn't wait and went for a spar with the saint level disciples. He couldn't wait to see the result of his hard work.

Loud sounds continued to echo through the air as two wooden swords clashed and struck each other.

Unexpectedly, it took 30 minutes for the first disciple Emery fought to voluntarily surrender. The next fight also ended in roughly the same way at almost the same amount of time.

Emery looked exhilarated, as he continued to test the 36 variations against the different types of sword techniques the disciples possessed. In all his fights, he would not stop attacking until he found the most efficient way to deal with each move of his opponent's technique.

That's why at the end of the day, instead of fighting 50 different opponents, Emery only managed to fight twenty people.

The same thing happened on the fourth and fifth day of the sparring. Just like solving a puzzle, Emery ended up defeating all the saint level disciples that Silva had brought and subsequently managed to refine his technique which he now named [36 Dao Divine Sword Technique].

The moment he struck down his last opponent, Emery lowered his sword and sank into deep contemplation, crystalizing all the gains he had got over the past few days. He was so lost in thought that he didn't even notice that Vizla had arrived and was standing on the sidelines with Silva.

"I want to give him a try too!" Vizla said with a big smile, staring at Emery's drenched figure.

However, Silva stopped her, she grabbed a wooden sword and then walked towards Emery, taking the chance to fight him first.

"Fight me!"

Emery, who was woken up by her words, turned and nodded his head. "Alright."

The two of them didn't say anything else and immediately went on the offensive.

Tak! Tak! Tak! Tak!

Swords swung in the air, exchanging attacks with each other. Both Emery and Silva moved around the courtyard as they attacked their opponent without pause. The fight between the two was equally beautiful and cutthroat, where one mistake might spell the end of it.

For more than half an hour, the two had fought and exchanged hundreds of attacks. However, Emery still could not solve the 'puzzle' of Silva's swordsmanship. Therefore, he subconsciously gritted his teeth.

The girl however knew very well how much Emery had improved in the span of days.

Excited by Emery's achievements, Silva accidentally made a mistake. Emery, whose mind was so focused naturally, didn't miss this. He instantly shot at the opening, causing her to fall to the ground and her sword to fly into the air.

"I'm sorry, Silva. Are you okay?" Quickly approach to help her stand.

"Yes... I'm fine." The white-haired girl glared at him and clicked her tongue. "Huh! I hate that you're improving so fast!"

Emery was about to respond when at this moment the black haired man standing at the side suddenly shouted in an annoyed tone. "Hey! How long are you lovebirds going to let me wait!?"

Without even waiting for a response, Vizla jumped and landed right in front of the two.

"Come on, Emery.." He smirked. "Now you fight me!"