

## Earths GMagus 781

### Chapter 781 - Law Of The Sword

Even though Emery had clinched the victory against Vizla in their previous duel, it was clear for him that the man was better skilled at him in weapon fighting.

"Are you ready, Emery?" Vizla stared straight into Emery's eyes and smirked. "It's time for a payday!"

The man spoke in a confident tone before he picked up two wooden swords from the rack and walked to the center of the courtyard. Seeing that, Emery's gaze turned serious as he quickly took his fighting stance.

"Here I come!"

Vizla laughed vivaciously as he said those words. A second later, his figure shot towards Emery with his two swords brandished together.

Tak! Tak! Tak!

Three consecutive sounds resounded in the air when Emery blocked the three attacks Vizla aimed at both his arms and body in rapid succession. The next instant, their positions shifted several feet away from their original positions with their swords touching each other, shaking from the clash of powerful forces.

Their figures disappeared and reappeared again at the same time, and their clashes continued fiercely.

Vizla did not necessarily have a better technique compared to Silva, but how the man utilized such technique was in a completely different style from his sister. While Silva's swordsmanship was really fast and rapid like lightning, Vizla's swordsmanship was heavy and loud like thunder.

In addition, the double swords also made things more complicated for Emery.

Even though he was somewhat suppressed by Vizla's strong momentum, Emery was not disheartened. In fact, he considered moments like this as a chance to once again further refine and perfect the 36 variations of his [36 Dao Divine Sword Technique].

"Silva, sword!" Hearing his shout, Silva immediately grabbed a random wooden sword from the rack and threw it to Emery.

Emery caught the sword flying through the air with ease, and now he was about to try and see if he could dual wield his new technique.

Because of the unfamiliarity, things didn't go as smoothly as Emery initially thought. As a result, Vizla was able to get his revenge.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Loud dull sound continued to reverberate through the air as various parts of Emery were continuously hit by Vizla's swords. However, the former didn't mind at all. In fact, it only caused him to be more committed in finding a solution to his predicament immediately.

Two swords, two-strike, two variations.

It was as if Emery needed to break and separate his concentration in two; his soul needed to handle two very taxing tasks at the same time. Realizing this, Emery couldn't help but feel that this practice was somehow similar to when he trained and tempered his soul.

Bam! Bam! Tak!

Some time had passed and the sound of Emery's body being hit was suddenly cut short, replaced by the familiar flat sound of wood clashing against wood.

Tak! Bam! Tak! Tak!

There was still the occasional sound of a body being hit, but it gradually diminished before it finally disappeared completely.

Tak! Tak! Tak!

A wide smile was clearly visible on Emery's face at this time. He was very happy because this second fight with Vizla turned out to be the most exciting fight he had ever experienced.

Vizla, seemingly noticing Emery's change, increased the intensity of his attacks. It seemed the man finally had no plan to hold himself back now. Meanwhile, even though he was caught off guard by the sudden change in tempo of the battle, Emery quickly recovered his demeanor and welcomed it with open arms.

The fight between the two raged fiercely, and an hour passed without them noticing. However, there is still no conclusive ending for the two of them.

Both Emery and Vizla were so immersed in their fight that they didn't even realize that Master Atika had arrived in the courtyard. Regardless, she walked towards the edge of the courtyard and stood right next to Silva.

This time, the grand magus simply stood quietly and watched the ongoing fight, which could only mean that she was interested.

The spar between Vizla and Emery fell into a stalemate so long and stubborn that the former eventually became too emotional and rage-quit the fight.

"No!" He said. "I am not in the mood anymore. We shall do this again later."

This lackadaisical attitude Vizla showed naturally earned him a round of scolding from his sister. On the other hand, Emery ignored the bickering of the two siblings and turned to his master. He approached her and gave her a respectful bow before opening his mouth.

"I have completed the 36 variations, Master."

Master Atika nodded. "Very good. Much faster than I expected. It seems that you do have some talent in the way of the sword."

Emery was happy to be complemented by a sword grandmaster. His elated expression was caught by the latter, and a slight crease suddenly appeared on her face.

"Alas..." She sighed. "It's truly a pity that you will never become a master."

The words that came out of Master Atika's mouth completely shocked Emery. Silva and Vizla, who were still nearby, overheard this and both of them were dumbfounded by it.

Repressing the shock he currently felt, Emery gave another respectful bow to Master Atika and carefully asked, "Please guide me, Master. What did I do wrong?"

The female grandmaster, unexpectedly, let out a sigh. Emery didn't have the chance to ponder the possible meaning of the sigh because she had opened his mouth.

"Simply because... you will never form your sword aura successfully."

Master Atika lifted her finger, and suddenly it shone brightly. The light formed into the shape of a sword, and she swung it towards a big rock in the courtyard. The sword-shaped light shot forward and was able to split the rock in two in an instant.

Ignoring the awe in Emery's eyes, Master Atika continued her words. "That, just now, is not an elemental spell; it's the sword aura. In order to be able to form it, you must first understand the law of the sword." She sighed again. "Unfortunately, unless you break through into the magus level, you can not learn the law of the sword or any law at all.

Emery was taken aback when he heard this, and he was somehow able to guess where this conversation was going.

Master Atika looked him straight in the eye, pity evident in her eyes. "I'm sure I'm not the first person to tell you this; you can't be a magus, not with such a messy spirit core."

And just like that, the bitter memories flowing back to him. Emery's mind replayed the words that were said by Headmaster Altus.

"Anyway, you don't need to be so discouraged," said Master Atika when she saw the blank look on Emery's face. "This 36 variations of yours is an extraordinary achievement already. This will definitely help you become a top sword expert, but that is the maximum you can achieve."

Master Atika seemed to have finished what she wanted to say and she turned her body. Emery, however, quickly stopped her from walking away.

"Master, if that's the case, then why did you accept me as your disciple?"

Not even turning back, Master Atika answered the question.

"I was amused with your technique, and as I thought it does indeed help me reach the next stage of my law of the sword. So for that, I am thankful. Find me if you somehow manage to become a magus, and I will definitely teach you more. As for now, I have nothing else to teach."

Finishing her piece, Master Atika then immediately walked away and left the courtyard, leaving Emery clenching his fist in despair.. The two siblings, who were still on the spot, both looked at him with concern.

Chapter 782 - Cheer Up

Emery wasn't feeling down or anything of the sort hearing such words from Master Atika. He had heard such words before and, probably, would hear them again in the future. So he quickly learned to not be negatively affected by it.

Every time people discovered his spirit core was one that was considered a failure by the general masses, they would immediately feel pity for him because they thought of how unfortunate he was.

However, instead of being pressured and regretting his decision at that time, those people's reactions only left Emery with more questions; about being a magus and about his condition.

None actually ever explain what had happened to him and why exactly the existence of his spirit core would bar him from becoming a magus.

All this time, Emery kept this question at the back of his mind because Killgragah the Dragon once told him that he knew a method that would allow him to do exactly that - a breakthrough to the magus realm.

But this time, Emery decided to not deliberately close his eyes and ignore the matter anymore. He decided that he would try and find a way of his own, instead of just solely depending on the dragon who definitely has its own agenda.

Having made up his mind about this significant decision, Emery finally realized that the two siblings were still standing by him. Both of them looked at him with concerned gazes.

It was clear the two's behavior came from the fact they overheard Master Atika's sharp words. Hence to make the situation less awkward, Emery smiled and said,

"Don't worry about me. I've heard those kinds of words before. Nothing new, actually..." He clenched his fist tightly. "I will definitely find a way."

Then, much to his shock, it was Vizla who suddenly became emotional. Tears seemed to be starting to appear on the tough-looking young man, making Emery flustered.

Vizla approached Emery and said, "I didn't know about this, bro.. I.. I thought that you are one of those entitled prodigy bastards!"

Emery was taken aback by such harsh words that he couldn't help but ask. "Why do you think so?"

"That's because of your four elements and the fact that you use them so skillfully in combat."

Emery was once again shocked by the words that came out of Vizla's mouth. How could he, the Prince of Ouroboros, even say such things? Shouldn't he, with his sky-high status and domineering attitude, be considered as the most entitled of all entitled people?

Vaguely guessing what Emery was thinking from his expression, Silva smiled wryly and explained.

"My brother is actually considered untalented. He, unfortunately, had no affinity with every element, hence the reason he has been spending the last 10 years stuck on rank 9. So in a way, he understands how you feel."

Hearing those words and looking at the teary man, Emery immediately had a much better impression of Vizla than the first. He didn't know how, but he could feel there was a bond created between the two of them. As if their unfortunate fates connected and made them see each other in a new light.

It took Vizla some time to calm down his unsettled emotions. Afterward, he put his arms on Emery's shoulders and said, "Don't worry! I have talked with many experts before, and I'm sure we'll find a way for you.." He patted Emery on the shoulder firmly. "Trust me! Your big bro has you covered!"

B-big bro..?

Before Emery could say anything, Vizla had put his arm around his shoulders and dragged him towards the exit. "But for now, you are coming with me! I am going to cheer you up!"

Silva, who saw her brother's antics, said and did nothing. She just smiled and followed them from behind as they left the courtyard.

Vizla certainly dragged him out of a good intention, hence he decide to follow him. He could only hope that the man would not take him to another of those bathhouses again.

The Prince of Oroboros this time decided to take him to a crowded and bustling district in the city. The place was located in one of the prime locations there, and it was supposed to be a place to eat - a restaurant.

It was certainly a grandeur place, with great interior, excellent entertainment such as music and dancing, and as expected of the place Vizla liked to visit - women.

To be precise, beautiful young women in a state that Emery could only think of as half-naked. They still wore clothes, but those clothes provided little to no cover.

Several women began to enter their private room and serve various kinds of exquisite food and beverages. However, Vizla ignored the food and mostly brought the glasses containing various drinks in front of Emery. It was clear that the former wanted the latter to drink his worry away.

After 10 days of non-stop training, Emery thought that it would probably be alright to have a good time once in a while. Therefore, he randomly grabbed one of the glasses that have various different colors and sip its content.

"Urgh."

Emery couldn't help but slightly groan as the strong sensation hit his throat. He never liked liquor before, but today is a new day in his book and it was probably time to receive some changes in his ordinary life.

"Drink!!" Vizla loudly shouted. "Cheer up, man!!"

The beautiful waitresses quickly moved and surrounded Vizla as usual. They began to feed and entertain the man. As for Emery, none of them could be seen around him. They did not even dare to get close within a meter of him.

This was because of the white-haired girl that was sitting next to him. She sent and deterred every waitress that was about to approach Emery with her gaze alone.

When the day went by and it was already late, the three of them finally exited the restaurant with a happy feeling and a satisfied stomach. The two siblings sent Emery back to the luxury residence provided to him.

All the servants immediately greeted and helped him. While Emery enjoyed his bath, they prepared his bed and clothes to change.

Among these people was the brown-haired girl, Ginette.

"Do you need anything else, Master?" She asked, handing a towel to Emery who just got out of the bath.

"No, Ginette. It's all perfect," said Emery with a smile. "Please don't call me master, I'm not your master.. I am not anyone's master."

Emery's words seemed to catch the girl off guard as he could see her calm expression crumble

"But, you are close friends with the prince and princess of the clan, hence you are my master.. Master."

This time, it was Emery's turn to be surprised. He didn't expect the word of friends. Thinking about the two, he smiled and said, "Yes, they are my friends. But no, don't call me master anymore."

Even though she was still confused, the girl finally nodded her head and said nothing more before bowing respectfully to him and leaving the room.

In the morning, Emery woke up with a heavier head than usual. The hangover from all the drinks he had yesterday struck him hard. But before he could do anything, his bedroom door opened and Silva came in bringing him vegetable juice.

After making sure Emery drank the juice to the last drop, Silva placed the glass on the bedside table and said, "Let's go!"

"Where?" asked Emery who couldn't help but wonder where they were going so early.

"My uncle's place! We are going to see him today. I'm sure he can provide some insight about your condition."

Silva's words immediately caused Emery's mind to recall that figure, Duke Syre.. Not only is he a grand magus, but the man is also a darkness element magus who cultivates both laws of darkness and the law of the sword.

## Chapter 783 - Becoming A Magus

In order to become a magus, one first needed to form their foundation and become a rank 9 acolyte. This rank was considered the peak of the mortal stage, and reached the so-called saint realm - the transition phase one had to go through to step into the illustrious magus stage.

Afterwards, one had to strengthen their foundation by successfully erecting the nine pillars in their spirit core. When all the pillars had formed and one reached the peak of rank 9 acolyte, that's when one's spirit core was ready to become the dwelling for the soul - becoming a magus.

It was only when one successfully combined their soul with their spirit core would the core turn into what was known as Spirit Soul. This entity was what defines whether someone was a magus or not and the source of magus' immortality.

Immortality was what made a magus powerful and, at the same time, a necessity to have. After all, the endeavor to reach the subsequent realms would only become harder. This was where the hundreds and thousands of years of life expectancy could come in handy.

Currently, Emery was sitting in front of a white-haired middle-aged man. Duke Syre, someone who had become a grand magus - a realm most magus dreamed of becoming, but would never attain in their entire lives. If there was someone who could tell what the solution for his problem was, this man might be the one.

However, at this time, there was only silence between them. This scene naturally made the two siblings sitting at the back anxious.

The silence was the result of one question that Emery hesitated to answer.

"How did you manage to form the dark core?"

This question would need Emery to reveal his deep secret to the Duke, about the existence of Killagragah and Khaos. Considering how a notable figure with similar status - Grand Magus Zenonia - was willing to go as far as kidnapping him for the secret, Emery really needed to think matter deeply. Otherwise, the consequences could be something he couldn't afford to bear.

A minute passed and Emery was still contemplating. Seeing this, Duke Syre let out a sigh and said, "If you are not willing to tell me the truth, I can not help you. Helping you without knowing where the root of the problem lies will only have unforeseen consequences, which could kill you at worst."

Silva's face changed when she heard this. She quickly leaned forward and whispered to Emery, "Just tell him, Emery. You can trust him."

The expression on Emery's face turned complicated. It wasn't that he didn't want to speak, but he feared another round of troubles would appear in his already troubled life.

In the end, Emery gritted his teeth and decided to just take the plunge. The worst scenario that could happen was that Duke Syre's reaction would also be the same as that of Grand Magus Zenonia, coveting his secret. If that really happened, perhaps the Duke could even solve the dilemma of Zenonia for him.

Of course, another factor - the main reason, even - that pushed Emery to do this was the assurance from someone who has done so much for him. He decided to trust Silva's judgment.

"It's a Primordial Wisp. A solitary one, is what helped me create my dark core"

The moment Emery finished his words, the calm Duke clearly became a bit startled. As if he didn't expect such an answer.

In order to avoid any misunderstanding, Emery told the man about Gaia's existence as well, the story of how his dark core got blocked and how Gaia helped him by creating another core which led to his second core, the nature core.

The startled look on Duke Syre's face had turned to one of unsettled by the time Emery finished recounting his story.

"Two dormant Primordial Wisps on one planet... One even in a solitary state. A lower realm at that..." The facial expression the man currently had truly pictured how many emotions he truly felt.

Duke Syre proceeded to comment that such a thing would lead a disaster to his world, any lower realm world. Emery nodded in response and was about to mention the Nephilims, but the man quickly stopped him, as he didn't want to know anything about it.

"I had enough trouble in the matter with the wolves," said Duke Syre calmly. "Enough to occupy me the next one hundred years." He added while giving a little smile to Silva.

"Come on, uncle!" Silva said pitifully. "Please tell me you have a way to fix him."

Duke Syre didn't say anything and closed his eyes. All of a sudden, Emery felt as if deepest darkness appeared from behind the duke's body. Even though he knew it was the manifestation of the other party's aura, he couldn't help but be intimidated due to how real it felt.

The darkness swiftly formed into a smoke-like substance and shot into Emery's body. In an instant, Emery felt an intense sensation as if hundreds of bugs were crawling and exploring his insides. To be exact the dark core within him. He quickly closed his eyes and concentrated his focus to endure the sensation.

After a few minutes of suffering, Duke Syre finally retracted his aura from Emery's body. Realizing the unpleasant sensation had subsided, Emery opened his eyes, just as the Duke opened his eyes too and saw the man sigh.

"Unfortunately, I can't."

Emery took a deep breath and so did Silva who was now wearing a downcast expression.

Duke Syre then proceeded to explain to Emery why those who knew his situation would immediately become hopeless of his chance becoming a magus.

It required a pure spirit core for the soul to successfully reside in. Normally the elements or any other essence would stay out of the spirit core, however as Emery successfully merged the essence of darkness at this particular one was Khaos, he pretty much made it almost impossible to merge the soul within.

To make matters worse, Emery also had two cores within, which would only decrease his chance of success.

The duke told him that being a magus was not just about reaching the peak of cultivation, but there was also a fortune involved, there were many cases where talented acolytes failed to form their spirit soul and ended up remaining saints for the rest of their life.

Just now, the duke tried to get rid of the Khaos' power, but he ultimately found he couldn't do it without breaking his core. The energy of the Primordial Wisp was already incorporated too deep within that, even if he could, he needed a powerful figure with a high understanding of nature laws to help him get rid of the other tainted core.



The Duke's words brought much clarity but also a burden to his heart.

Seeing Emery's expression, the Duke said "However", which brought a breeze of hope to him.

The grand magus explained that many cases with tainted spirit cores occurred due to accidents, be it an unexpected accident in training or being hit by a certain law without control of one's body.

"While yours, it was there by intent. The Wisps are intelligent beings, and from the looks of it, they are planning something for you. So, your best chance to become a magus is through them or through another similar entity"

By the end of the explanation, Emery did get to know more about his condition. However, the reality was he just did a loop and returned back to square one with no other solutions except through Khaos and Gaia.

At the end of the day, Emery left Duke Syre's place with complicated feelings. Fortunately, his jumbled heart was soon distracted when Silva received a piece of good news.

"Emery, your gene booster is ready!"

#### Chapter 784 - Bloodline Mutation

As soon as Emery arrived at the Gene facility, a group of a dozen people in white coats welcomed him with much anticipation shown on their faces.

Just like the previous time he was here, Emery was quickly led to the main room, where he was put into a large pod-like chamber. Afterwards, half a dozen long tubes were quickly pierced into all four of his limbs, one through his mouth and the last right into his heart.

Before the people went with the procedure, Emery asked about the details of the process.

Bob the Frog was actually impatient and wanted to start right away. Silva, however, quickly stopped him with her words.

"Uncle, you better explain first!"

Bob glanced at her and saw a serious look. He grabbed his head and groaned. "Arrgghh! Alright! I will explain" A vein seemed to pop up on his forehead when he saw a satisfied nod from Silva.

It was as he explained before, Bob had now confirmed that the Fey bloodline was a mutated bloodline. It probably was a result of powerful primordial level magic that created the species.

However, either because the magic was incomplete or that there was a decline with the passage of generations, the Fey bloodline Emery possessed was actually a downgraded version from how it was originally.

Referring to the book about the Fenrir wolf, Bob believed the Fey was meant to be created based on the God Wolf Bloodline. However, it based its gene from the Night Wolf bloodline, hence the uncontrollable chaos and madness as the night wolf was one side of the two parts of the God wolf.

Fortunately, the [Beast Pendant] Emery had contained an actual remnant of the Night Wolf's sibling - it contained the genes of the Day Wolf, which was able to neutralize the chaos.

With the help of the other gene specialists, Bob was able to create a booster that would hopefully perfect the mutation and fulfill the purpose the Fey was created for in the first place.

"Hopefully?" Silva said in worry.

"Well it's all just a theory until proven" Bob replied with an awkward frog smile.

"However in my deduction, this Fey is definitely meant to be a mythical bloodline, a bloodline upgrade! It's worth the risk! Imagine the breakthrough we could achieve!"

The frog half blood certainly had an agenda of his own, but as long as it helped him, Emery didn't mind being used as an experiment. This man was one of the best in the field and Emery would never get a better chance solving his problem than this, so he couldn't waste it.

Especially after all the depressing news he heard from Duke Syre, Emery finally received something that cheered his gloomy mood.

Before Bob closed the see through the chamber, signaling the start of the procedure, the man leaned closer to Emery and spoke in a voice only the two of them could hear. "I don't want my niece to know, but I honestly put all my passion in this baby of mine. So, however painful it may be, you must endure... You got me?"

The man's words were so serious; Emery nodded his head firmly as determination rose within him.

The moment the lid was shut tight, Emery could immediately see liquid enter and drown the chamber. It didn't take long for the chamber to be fully filled, with him completely submerged in the liquid.

Silva, who saw Emery floating inside the chamber, turned to Bob and asked, "What is that liquid, uncle?"

"Erm... it's just a concoction of a hundred different herbs to make sure he's strong enough for the procedure. Simply put, a healthy tonic." Seeing her dubious look, Bob added, "Well, it is actually a super tonic. That young man would need it."

Silva couldn't help but worry, as her eyes turned to Emery again. She didn't need to hear all the details, but she knew what Emery was about to go through was not the usual practice of the facility. That was also probably why the whole team and her uncle were being so unusually excited.

Slowly but surely, the tonic liquid seeped into Emery's skin and immersed every organ within. This process lasted for an hour, before Bob fiddled with the instrument and a crimson liquid appeared and made its way through the 5 tubes that were injected into his blood vessels.

Under the enthusiastic but serious gazes of Bob and the other researchers, it slowly mixed within Emery's body. A few minutes later, the chain reaction they seemed to have expected finally happened.

The two blood, new and old, were actually fighting each other within their abode - Emery's body, this naturally made Emery feel an excruciating pain that he had never experienced before.

"Arrgghh!!!" Silva could clearly see the twisted expression on Emery's face and could faintly hear his groans even though he was in the chamber.

Over the course of a few minutes, Emery's body unexpectedly began to gradually shrink. This development continued to the point where it left him in a literal state of skin plastered on the bones. It was as if all the liquid and moisture inside his body had been eaten by the blood.

Seeing this, Bob quickly shouted. "It's going at a much faster rate than we initially thought! Quickly replace the liquid and increase the dosage!"

Meanwhile, Emery's body continued to tremble violently as he kept feeling as if his insides were being burnt by blazing fire.

After all the fights and challenges he experienced since the first time he started this journey, Emery thought he knew what pain was. However, it seemed he was still too naive. Even the burning cauldron on the body tempering facility was not this painful.

Actually, this was because the pain didn't originate from outside the body; it was coming from within the body - the organs that were known to be much weaker - which made it exponentially more painful.

"Aaarrggghh!!!"

Unable to watch Emery suffer any longer, Silva turned to his uncle and shouted, "How long will this go on, uncle?!"

"As long as it needs." Bob clenched his fist as his eyes fixed at the panel showing Emery's status. "As long as it needs."

...

Dum, dum, dum...

These were the sounds that came to his mind. It was the sound of his heart pumping really hard, working trying to process the blood that was being purified continuously.

Emery could feel each drop of his blood breaking apart into pieces into tiny cells, reforming and breaking again, continuously unable to keep the form.

As time went on and the excruciating agony continued, Emery felt he should not have been able to endure this experience were it not for the notifications that kept popping into his mind.

[Unknown essence entered and corrupted your bloodline]

[Your bloodline just went through a purifying process]

[Genes purified]

[Unknown essence enter and corrupted your bloodline]

[Genes purified]

The notification kept repeating itself every hour, giving him some solace in all the pain he had been in and continued to suffer. The revelation he just received about his spirit core also gave him the extra motivation to persist through this ordeal.

Emery already had so many problems with his spirit core. Therefore, he needed to make sure he didn't have any hidden problems left in his bloodline. So for that, he had to persevere no matter how much pain he had to feel.

A full day passed and Emery's misery continued.

Day two came and went - Emery's misery was still not over.

The third day arrived and Emery found out how much pain he was actually capable of enduring.

Meanwhile, for the past three days, Bob and the other researchers didn't just stay idle. They continued to observe Emery's condition and maintain the dosage that supported Emery's body, which was on the verge of complete failure.

After three days of unceasing torment, Emery suddenly looked as if he was not in pain anymore. He didn't scream in pain anymore and became silent, as if he was dead which instantly made Silva panic again.

Bob quickly spoke to calm the panicked girl. "Don't worry, niece. He's still there."

"How is the procedure, uncle? Why isn't it finished yet?!"

"Be patient, niece." Bob responded calmly, as if he had expected her reaction. "It's not as simple as pushing the bloodline for a breakthrough like we did to Heorgar. This is actually something on a completely different scale. We're trying to upgrade his bloodline."

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Another three days passed. Finally Emery's body began to show a different reaction. The skeleton-like appearance from before started to dissipate, as his muscles gradually returned. Meanwhile, Emery, who was in a semi-conscious state, finally received a different notification.

[Analyzing genes...]

[Your Bloodline went through extreme changes]

[Bloodline Mutated - classification - Mythical bloodline]

[Bloodline limit breakthrough]

[Rank 8]

Chapter 785 - Mythical

"Reinforce it now!! Hurry!!! Reinforce! Activate the extra layer!!" Bob the Frog said frantically as the data showed rows of numbers. The instrument detected powerful waves emerging from the figure inside the chamber.

"Uncle Bob, what's going on?" Silva asked, a bit panicked.

Bob turned his head towards Silva for a second, saying there was nothing to worry about. He then immediately turned his gaze back to the control panel in the next second. Sweat could be seen forming on his forehead, telling the onlookers that there was definitely something amiss.

"This number?! Amidst the chaos, Bob's voice was heard again. This time, colored by surprise. Rank 8!! Two levels!! A two-level upgrade!"

At this moment, the half-blood frog's expression was both frightened and excited as his eyes were firmly glued on the panel which kept displaying new rows of data every second. This sight, naturally, made the already anxious Silva even more anxious.

At the same time, a loud sound resounded in the air as the metal chamber was reinforced with another layer of metal. It swiftly covered the transparent glass of the chamber, barring everyone from seeing what was going on inside.

Then, the room emitted freezing cold steam before another layer of metal appeared and covered the room once again, overlaying the previous layer of metal and trapping the freezing steam within.

This was the precaution Bob and the other researchers had prepared for this procedure. This safety measure was a maximum isolation to ensure no leakage of energy that has accumulated in the chamber.

After the second layer of metal finished covering the chamber, Bob finally let out the breath he'd been holding back from the start. He turned to his niece and said, "We've done everything we can. Now, it's all up to him."

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Inside the chamber, Emery had lost track of time to the point where he didn't even know how long he had lost control of his body. It may be days, weeks, or even years.

After all the painful suffering he had to endure, at one point Emery was forced to separate his consciousness from his body - just as he did during the body-tempering accident. Otherwise, he would go crazy and completely lose his mind.

He had to stop fighting back and let his body do what it was supposed to. Meanwhile, he needed to calm his tumultuous emotions from going through such terrible pain. Emery really had to thank the second stage of soul tempering, because thanks to it, he found it easier to do this feat.

Emery was actually still able to know what was going on with his body, even though he had temporarily cut off his connection with his physical body which resulted in him losing all five senses.

After the blood cells in Emery's body went through the same process of breaking apart and forming together thousands of times, his original corrupted blood and the booster Bob had made could finally fuse in harmony.

And with that, Emery could feel a faint yet at the same time strong intent entering his consciousness. Before he could do anything about it, he found himself falling back into illusion once again.

His vision began to blur rapidly. Dark spots began to gather in the edges of his vision while the space around him began to darken before darkness eventually completely encompassed everything.

Emery could only watch as, from within the darkness, two wisps of smoke seeping out and starting to gather into two odd indistinct shapes. The shapes gradually solidified before turning into two large wolves.

One was a wolf overwhelmed by emerald green; its long fluttering tail, wide back, and four legs seemingly painted with that color. The metallic brass muscles of its thighs contrasted sharply with the large silvery mane it had, as its glowing emerald eyes darted back and forth.

The other wolf stood on its hind legs and had a wild-looking, pitch-black fur that covered its entire body. Sharp spikes protruded out of his body, while its large razor-sharp claws clenched together. Its similarly glowing electric blue eyes, on the other hand, stared straight ahead.

The dark wolf opened its mouth widely and bit down the next moment, as if trying to swallow everything. The word 'devour' immediately crossed Emery's mind upon seeing this. Meanwhile, the emerald wolf was the embodiment of 'life' capable of constantly feeding its counterpart.

The two of them strangely created a synergy of power, but the situation was far from that as the two were fighting each other chaotically. The space shook whenever the two wolves clashed with each other, leaving Emery frightened even though he knew this was just an illusion.

It was at this moment that a third wolf appeared. A pure white wolf that looked exactly like the living amalgamation of snow with a stroke of gold on its head, bright as a sun. When it arrived, the chaos between the two wolves quickly calmed down. And with that, the three turned into one harmony.

[Your Bloodline went through extreme changes]

[Bloodline limit breakthrough]

From the harmony, came power. And it was as if life itself was being restarted, Emery found his consciousness sucked and forced to return to his body that was currently trying hard to keep it from tearing apart.

[Analyzing gene]

[Calculating ancestor blood essence percentage...]

[32% Fey wolf essence found]

[8% Night wolf essence found]

[Bloodline Mutated]

[Night wolf gene essence percentage decreased to 0%]

[Fey wolf gene essence percentage increased to 40%]

The genes were being combined; the Fey gene, the Night Wolf gene, and the booster which contained the Day Wolf gene. At the last second, before everything became one, there was an illusion of the two wolves - just like the pictures in the book Klea had given.

The night who chases the sun, and the day who chases the moon. The two magically met in the middle of their endeavor, creating a beautiful majestic glow of the twilight.

[Bloodline limit breakthrough]

[Bloodline Gene - Twilight Fey Wolf]

[Gene Classification - Mythical Bloodline]

[Bloodline limit - Rank 8]

[Your body has gone through major changes]

Finally, this was the result Emery was waiting for. His essence had successfully combined, followed by the two unexpected yet welcomed two-level limit upgrades.

At the moment, as his consciousness returned to the body, Emery never felt so powerful, so unstoppable in life. It was as if he was currently a thousand year old volcano that needed to release everything that had accumulated in that span of time.

The surging waves of power that grew on Emery's body began to build up, until it finally reached the point where it exerted tremendous pressure on the chamber he was in. Without him even touching the surrounding metal, cracks began to appear rapidly. Until finally, he broke free.

"AAARRRGGGHHH!!!"

The metal layers tore apart and exploded, and Emery was out of the chamber. Afterwards, his body started to form. Just like when he activated his [Night Wolf Transformation] ability, dark fur began to appear on all four of his limbs. However, unlike usual, there was something else going on, stirring inside.

[Your bloodline just went through a condensing process]

[Fey wolf gene essence percentage decreased to 35%]

[Fey wolf gene essence percentage decreased to 30%]

[Fey wolf gene essence percentage decreased to 25%]

The notification made it seem as if something detrimental was happening. In reality, however, Emery felt even stronger with each passing second. The power buried within was being refined to its maximum potential.

[Battle Power increasing exponentially]

[Spirit force increasing exponentially]

[Analyzing genes]

[Fey Wolf Bloodline rank evolved to rank 5]

[Rank 5 - Fey Guardian]

[You have just activated new innate ability]

The best part that Emery discovered was the fact that he was in complete control during the transformation process and when in his transformation form.

The excitement didn't just happen to Emery either. Even though the place had turned into a complete mess, every pair of eyes looking at Emery was smiling and cheering at the success of the procedure.

From behind the reinforced glass, Bob the Frog said, "Kongratulations on your sukcess. Now we will prokeed with konducting the tests!"

#### Chapter 786 - Training Ground

A figure was seen rushing through the thick forest, clad in a unique looking metal vest. On its four limbs, oversized bracelets rested tight, adding considerable weight to its body and four limbs.

It jumped rapidly across tree branches and ran through the swamp, when a voice of a familiar girl was heard coming from a small device on its ear.

"Get ready, Emery. They will increase the difficulty to level 2."

"Okay!"

The figure was no other than Emery. A few hours ago, he had just successfully managed to upgrade his wolf bloodline. After he underwent some mental and physique check-ups, he was now testing his new strength.

As he passed through the Ouroboros training ground, Emery discreetly checked out his new stats.

[Emery Ambrose]

[Battle Power: 152(175)]

[Spirit force: 966(994)]

[Bloodline Gene - Twilight Fey Wolf]

[Gene Classification - Mythical Bloodline]

[Bloodline Limit: Rank 8]

[Current Rank - Rank 5 - The Fey Guardian]

[Fey wolf gene essence - 25%]

He still couldn't understand why the percentage of his Fey wolf gene dropped. However, his stats had basically blown out of proportion and rose through the sky. Regarding the boost that came with the upgrade, he gained a total of 23 battle points and 28 spirit force.

It was not an easy matter for Emery to get an increase in battle power at his current physical strength. And if that wasn't amazing enough, spirit force was usually difficult to increase at the peak of a cultivation realm. The fact Emery was able to gain both, and such a big amount, could be considered an extraordinary fortune.

"Level two is on," Silva said through the device attached to Emery's ear.

Right as the words left her mouth, the bracelets on his limbs and the metal vest turned heavier than before. Even though he knew what was about to come, Emery was still caught off-guard by the abrupt change of weight, causing him to almost fall.



Level two had a five times multiplier; with it, Emery was now running with about 500 kilograms of weight on him.

He quickly stabilized his body and composed himself, before continuing to run. Although the weight did affect his agility, it was still not enough to stop him. His steps felt heavier, but he could still run in a somewhat perfect manner.

A few minutes passed, until Emery saw a warning sign from one of the trees. A quick glance showed him a sign with a picture of a lizard or some sort attached on it.

As soon as he passed the tree with the sign, Emery's attention was immediately distracted by a group of creatures that seemed to be waiting for him.

Their bodies were covered by multiple jagged spikes and they had jaws similar to that of an alligator, but they stood taller on all four of their limbs. As the creature opened its mouth, Emery got a good look at their wicked fangs. It was clear that these creatures were not friendly.

[Green Drake]

[Beast level 70]

[Battle power 85]

There were several dozen of those high-level beasts in front of him, because they were native to this habitat. Thanks to their home advantage, they were also fast enough to keep up with Emery.

Normally, this type of creature wouldn't bother him at all. But right now, Emery had a total of 500 kilograms of weight strapped onto his chest and four limbs. Shaking them off wouldn't be an easy feat.

Emery decided to try his best to dodge every attack the creatures made. When an opportunity presented itself, he would naturally return the 'courtesy' shown by these creatures and counterattack using his fists and feet.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

As Emery became entangled with the pack of Green Drake, the jungle quickly turned rowdy.

Just as Emery leaned his body backwards to dodge a lunge and kicked one of the Green Drake away, a voice came from the device attached to his ear. "It seems this is still too easy for you. We are going to increase the level in a minute."

"Okay!"

After he heard this, Emery quickly prepared himself. It would be bad if he ended up in a dangerous situation and lost his balance when the weight increased.

"Level three is on." Silva said through the device.

The weights on him increased to 1000 kilograms, enough to slow him down yet still not enough to give him any real trouble.

Regardless, Emery only needed a few moments to adjust himself to the new weights, before he continued to hit all the creatures that tried to stop him. He kept running and saw another sign hidden amongst the foliage, a sign that told he had passed through the next zone.

Almost immediately after he entered, Emery could see the drakes in this place looked and were different.

[Swamp drakes]

[Beast level 100]

[Battle power 120]

At the same time as he saw the creatures, the voice said. "Level four is on."

"Huh, that's so fast?! You are not trying to kill me, are you?!"

"Actually, I am! You're getting stronger too fast, you better die in my forest or else!"

Despite her rough demeanor, her words brought a smile to Emery's face. The girl had returned to her usual self, considering what had happened in the past, her harsh words sounded downright much more friendly.

2000 kilograms were enough to cancel out his speed. The creatures started to get some scratches on him. Before he could do anything, he was quickly surrounded by those high level creatures.

He was about to concentrate and transform, but the device on his ear rang out again. "Don't transform just yet! Use all your other skills first!"

Right after he heard those words, Emery felt as the weight of one of the drakes landed on him. However, it was not enough to hurt him. He gripped the creature's jaw and threw the 500 kilogram drake a few meters away like throwing garbage.

As Emery stood up and dusted himself, his face spoke into the device.

"I thought you were just joking! You really wanted to see me die, didn't you?!" Emery said in a stern tone, but a smile could be seen on his face.

"No, of course not... I didn't want you to really die, I just wanted to see you suffer."

Emery only chuckled at her dispirited tone and said, "Well then, I am sorry to be a disappointment."

[Immortal Gate - Stage 5]

[Battle power increased by 32 points]

[Battle Power: 177 (209)]

Even without the aid of his bloodline transformation, Emery was able to pass the battle power of a standard magus. Right after he used the technique, the boost made the weight on his limbs much easier to handle.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Dozens of drakes were still giving their best to attack him, but they were all incapacitated in one hit or even killed thanks to his immense strength. As the onslaught of drakes died down, Emery stared at the pile of creatures briefly,

"You breed these things for training, don't you? That's kinda cruel..."

"No, no... We bred them so they feast on despicable people!"

"That's even worse!"

He kept running, after a few hundred meters, Emery passed another sign, a sure signal that a stronger creature was waiting for him. Right as he did, the girl said from the device. "You can use your first transformation now."

"Phew, finally!"

Emery was hyped, as it was finally time to test his newfound power. With a wide grin on his face, he activated the much awaited ability.

[Fey Transformation]

Chapter 787 - Innate Ability

[Fey Transformation]

As soon as Emery willed for the transformation, he could feel the bloodline flowing in his body stirring. It blended with his spirit force, indicating that the transformation had been completed effectively.

However, unlike before, there had been a small change to his transformed physical appearance, with the limbs turning just a little hairy. In addition, a tattoo appeared on his chest, neck, until the one under his eyes that had the shape of a fang.

Hooowwllll!!!

The first transformation was completed. However, despite the fact that the transformation was very minimal, Emery received an unexpected notification which made him a little bit surprised.

[Battle power increased by 30]

[Battle Power 175 (237)]

As his battle power had increased and with the 32 from his [Immortal Gate] as addition, Emery could feel a significant increase in strength. With this boost, however, his speed became the most obvious upgrade after the enhancement.

Emery's new transformation allowed him to move much more quickly through the swamp as his speed had highly increased. His senses also became sharper; not long after that, he became aware of the arrival of the next group of creatures chasing after him.

[Rage Drakes]

[Magical Beast Level 60]

[Battle Power 140]

Seeing how the creatures ferociously charged at his direction, Emery now understood why Silva told him to transform before entering this zone.

Even though there were only half the number than the previous packs, each drake in this pack seemed more terrifying than its predecessor. The creatures had sleek armored bodies that allowed it to move fast, as well as sharp protruding spikes and blade-like claws.

Swiiisshhh

With a total weight of 2000 kilograms on his body, which caused him to be somewhat restricted in his movements, these dozens of red creatures were the perfect opponent for Emery to test his newfound strength. It might be a little difficult for him at this moment, but he would still try his best to deal with them all.

It didn't take long for the drakes to arrive and surround him. In response, Emery swiftly dodged, punched, kicked, and tackled his way out of the encirclement. He had to do this over and over again in order to defeat the red creatures.

A number of creatures started to be defeated; 10... 15... until 20 creatures fell under his hands. However, fighting these magical creatures on his own naturally caused him some injuries. Right now, Emery had several open wounds on his body as a result of being slashed by the creatures.

While fighting with the number of beasts that relentlessly attacked, Emery was still making his way into the center of the zone. He kept going, leaving trails of defeated drakes in his wake.

Silva's voice could be heard once again.

"We have the data required for this first transformation. Can you try the next stage?"

"Sure," Emery answered firmly, dodging a Rage Drake lunging from behind.

Emery had been impatient to try the next one, and as soon as he came to a complete stop, all of the drakes who had been chasing him were finally able to close in. From all sides, dozens of the red creatures were charging at him with their jaws wide open. Meanwhile, Emery ignored their existences and closed his eyes before activating his new transformation.

[Night Transformation]

The furs on his limbs immediately darkened to the pitch-black, which was then followed by his body changing again, growing almost twice its previous size. His muscle had been retracted and now he had sharp claws, fangs, ears, and tails. His cheeks turned furry, and his two brows had closed in on each other.

[Battle Power Increased by 40]

[Battle Power 175 (277)]

Emery's battle power was boosted once more, and the moment he received the explosion of power, it was followed by a roaring howl.

[Battle Howl]

[Battle Power Increased by 15]

[Battle Power 175 (290)]

It's almost 300! Emery's current battle power was so close to reaching the standard battle power of Half-Moon magus. Such prowess was certainly unimaginable to a normal acolyte as they even struggled to reach half of that number.

The moment after Emery activated his [Night transformation], the drakes sprang into action and pounced at him from every direction possible. However, as he had received additional increases to his battle power, Emery's eyes were calm as he eyed the pack of creatures heading in his way.

For the current him, it was not troublesome to fight the creatures once more. His newfound strength enabled him to hit the oncoming drakes with great ease and end their existence with a single punch.

Bamm!! Bamm!!

One punch or one kick was more than enough to broke the drakes bones and send the beast crashing into trees and kill it instantly. It suddenly turns into a drake slaughter-fest.

However, It took him too long to realize that the creatures were too many, More and more came to charge at him. As a result, his body was scratched and bitten to the point that the drakes were even able to tear part of it.

"Emery, it seems you were unlucky, there are more drake gathered than usual!!" shouted Silva, who appeared to be concerned. "We are going to turn off the weight back to level one!" She suggested as she started to worry to see Emery's current situation.

Emery, on the other hand, refused to follow Silva's instruction and shouted. "NO!!"

Due to the fact that this transformation had given him an increase in battle power, it seemed that it had also given him a fighting spirit that intensified his will to fight.

In an instant, several blade-like bones came out from the tips of his knuckles. There were three on each arm which came out automatically just like flicking a finger.

[Innate Ability - Blade Claws]

Swwisshhh! Splaltt splalttt!

In the blink of an eye, the swamp turned into a scene of bloodbath. This new transformation of him had made Emery become even more powerful than he had been before. Added with sharp weapon at hand, he was able to quickly kill a massive number of drakes without them being able to do anything, and their body parts splattered all over the swamp.

Howlllll!

With only a few minutes passing, the dark wolf form was the only one standing on the bloody swamp. Meanwhile, the dozen remaining drakes took a few steps back, terrified with the scene in front of them.

As Emery took a deep breath brandishing his new weapon, another notification came to mind.

[Innate Ability - Undecaying Flesh]

As soon as it came to mind, all of the wounds on his flesh started to heal and he was reformed back to his prime state.

Moments later, another new batch of drakes had arrived filling in their depleted numbers. Even though there was slight fear in the eyes of those who survived, these creatures were ready for another fight.

As he felt that his newfound power was way more powerful than before, Emery gave a wicked smile and roared, "Come Fight me!"

20.. 40... 60... drakes corpses were dropping filling on the ground in a short period of time.

The Night Transformation was the embodiment of the second transformation that Emery always had, but in a more reformed state. At the moment, Silva had already called him to stop as they had already completed the data they needed, but Emery didn't want to stop. It seemed that he was hungry for more.

"There is no need to fight more. Come return to the facility! Uncle Bob can't wait to give your body some more tests," said the girl.

Emery, on the other hand, shook his head and said, "I am not done."

Normally, the majority of bloodlines only had two transformations, and Emery had already shown two of them. However, it appeared that Emery still had something to experiment with because he was not quite finished with his transformation.

It was at this point that he turned to smile and activated it, revealing another transformation he wanted to show.

[Day Transformation]

Chapter 788 - Night And Day

[Day Wolf Transformation]

With the transformation, Emery was returned from his enlarged body to his human size. His muscles retracted and all of his dark fur gradually changed and began to turn silvery-white, while his tattoo glowed vividly in emerald green.

[Battle power reduced by 40 points]

[Day Wolf Form has increased your spell power.]

[Day Wolf Form has increased your magic resistance.]

With the rapid changes of the body, at first glance, it appeared as if the transformation was much similar to the shaman form, but it's not exactly the same.

This [Day Wolf Transformation] had given him a surge of energy in his spirit's core that had replaced his battle's power.

with the weight of 2000 kilograms still holding him down, the loss of 40 battle power, manages to affect his movement, hence before these wolves charge toward him, Emery decides to act first.

Emery swiftly channels the overwhelming surge of the spirit energy within his body into his two hands.

First, he touched the ground, to quickly make emerald-colored walls to rise as the [Jade Wall] spell activated. 5 meters tall wall circling around him in 50 meters radius.

This wall separated the red drakes into two groups, with approximately three dozen of them still within the wall where Emery was.

As a result, Emery was able to diminish the possibility of being overwhelmed by numbers, while also taking advantage of this situation.

"Now I will deal with your bunch first," Emery said, while facing at the creatures roaring at him

Separated from their pack and trapped together with Emery would become these drakes' greatest doom, as Emery calmly raised both of his hands and started to cast [Shadow Binding Root].

All the trees and the ground inside the walls began to shake violently as soon as he casted the spell. This time, as a result of his enhanced spirit force, Emery managed to channel massive spirit energy into his spell.

The multitude of dark roots that shot out like venomous snakes quickly rendered the drakes immobile and unable to move. They all naturally struggled to break free, but to no avail.

Now that the drakes had basically fallen under his hands, Emery was free to do anything with them.

The situation made his mind suddenly think of one spell he had not used for a while and with a small swiveling motion of his two palms, dark blades were formed in front of him.

[Enfeeble Blade]

The spell resulted in two crescent-shaped blades being created that hovered in the air. Seeing the low-tier spell, Emery suddenly had an epiphany. A way to enhance this particular spell.

He could take advantage of this situation to the fullest, by utilizing these drakes as guinea pigs.

Confident the drakes wouldn't be able to break free from his shadow root, Emery swiftly jumped into his plan.

His mind was filled with his recent practice of the sword. The two swiveling crescent blades reminded him of the principle of sword slash attack.

A fast-moving swing that sharpens an attack.

With that in mind, Emery made multiple rotations with his palm as he gradually channeled more energy into his spell, turning the spell sharper and more refined.

But just as he was about to throw the improved [Enfeeble Blade] at one of the drakes, now that the blades has turned in the movement of a sword, his mind suddenly thought of his best sword attack that his master Xion thought, [Shadow Edge]

Slowly but surely, the spell Emery had cast began to change, turning into a completely different one. [Enfeeble blade] form as the base, sword attack as its movement, and the channeling of a [shadow edge] as the strength. In comparison, the current [Enfeeble Blade] was multiple times sharper and more powerful than before.

Excitement was evident in his eyes, he turned to the bound drakes and immediately threw it at them.

The crescent-shape blade spun around inside the wall swiveling rotating at speed a few times.

Splatt! spalltt!

The spell was so powerful it was able to cut and pass through the entire group of the drakes within the wall like cutting butters, decapitating them all.

It didn't take long for all the drakes trapped within and bound by [Shadow Binding Root] to die and be chopped into pieces. In fact, it only took him a minute to defeat all of the three dozen drakes.

After performing such a powerful spell. Emery purposely crumbled his [Jade Wall] in order to let the rest of the drakes outside come through.

Emery was excited to repeat the same newly created spell over and over again. He wanted to refine the spell even further. Two more crescent blades flew above his palm as he casted the spell once again.

As it spun rapidly in the air, the blades were like a group of grim reapers as they continued to slice through the incoming drakes with great ease. The drakes simply couldn't put up a decent fight.

This scene of one-sided slaughter continued until, without Emery noticing, no more drakes attacked him. Apart from those being killed by the crescent blades, the remaining drakes still alive went missing all at once. They had fled into the deep forest.

Emery stood on top of more than a hundred corpses of the lizard creature. Apparently, the swamp of blood as a result of the battle earlier had scared and deterred the red drakes from going forward.

There was only silence, no drakes in the vicinity to bother. This was precisely the moment in which Emery started to feel the energy within him once again.

Standing at all that blood, Emery knew there was still something within that had yet to emerge, but currently there was nothing around him to fight with. Emery decided to take a deep breath to calm himself down.

Silva's voice once again could be heard as she said, "This training place is no longer suitable for you. Just get back or no one can ever use this place again."

It took him a few seconds to return to himself, but throughout that time period, there was neither the urge emerging nor pain within. He was in full control of his transformation.

It was clear the bloodline upgrade had managed to make him able to balance the transformation completely, eliminating the problems that came with it.

When he returned to the facility, Bob the frog and Silva looked elated. All the figures in white coats quickly took out his unique metal vest and took him for another test.



"We are going to test how powerful your last transformation actually is."

#### Chapter 789 - The Comparison

Emery made his way towards a different chamber that looked more like an enclosed room inside a room. If the previous room had a lot of chemicals this room was full of runes written all over its wall. Must be some kind of detection formation of the sort.

The moment he entered, he was immediately asked to activate his [Day Transformation] inside the chamber. Once again, from behind the reinforced glass, a group of researchers, as well as Bob, could be seen observing; they were ready to test the prowess of this new ability of his.

However, in contrast to the previous tests, in which he was equipped with metal bracelets and a vest only able to measure his physique, his third transformation was fully focused on the spirit force. Hence, a completely different equipment was required.

The first was a test of control in which Emery was asked to cast and try to control his [Shadow Root] by manipulating them to form various kinds of shapes in a limited amount of time. After that was done, came the second test.

The second was a test of power, where he needed to break things apart or cut through things with his spells. As a result, a flurry of destructive spells occurred within the chamber, as Emery cast every offensive spell in his repertoire.

As for the third test, it was to test his special magic resistance. Emery had to endure multiple rounds of mental attack, so that the researchers would be able to find out the differences between before and after he used his [Day Transformation].

The final was the test of his spirit pool. This was something that Emery had shown an interest in seeing.

Before the corruption incident happened, Emery could only hold his form for 30 minutes. Then, as the corruption flowed within his body, that duration was slashed to 12 minutes, after which the urge would emerge and threaten to take control.

However, now that this dilemma was resolved, Emery discovered that he could maintain his spirit pool for up to 85 minutes, before he felt completely drained and had to deactivate it.

A massive grin could be seen on Emery's face. Because of this wonderful news, his [Night Transformation] and [Day Transformation] would be his main choice of skills for fighting in the future. Emery couldn't help to think about the best strategy for his future fights.

After a few hours, Emery finally finished all the tests Bob wanted him to go through. Now it was time for the reveal. Eagerness and expectation shone in his eyes as he accepted the test results Bob had shown him and the man began to explain.

First was the result of his physical test.

Bob showed the data from each stage of Emery's current strength: under normal circumstances, when using the [Immortal Gate], [Fey Transformation] and then [Night Transformation], all in a column.

[Average stat comparison]

[Battle Power 175 - 207 - 252 - 292]

[Strength 155 - 187 - 217 - 328]

[Agility 188 - 220 - 295 - 300]

[Endurance 192 - 222 - 252 - 256]

Looking at the data, Emery's normal state had great endurance and agility, but lacked strength. This was something he had known since the academy.

The second row was the one when he used his [Immortal Gate] skill. It was a skill that increases all three stats proportionally, hence all the stats were still the same only 32 points higher.

The third row was His [Fey Transformation] combined with his [Battle Howl] skill. This boost allowed Emery to reach a physique of a crescent moon magus with most distributed toward agility, which gave Emery a super speed close to that of a Half-Moon magus.

Finally, the last row was the [Night Transformation] data which showed almost 90% of the total 40 battle power boost to strength, a massive leap of 100 points all toward strength. A full upgrade from a crescent magus strength level to pass to a full moon magus with 328 strength. No wonder those drakes didn't stand a chance against him.

The overall data shown meant that throughout the activation of his [Night Transformation], Emery had the necessary power to fight toe-to-toe against a normal Half-Moon magus in terms of strength and agility.

Just short on the endurance stat, which means that his flesh, stamina and bones did not have the same level of tolerance. Luckily, his [Undecaying Flesh] provided him with a terrifying healing factor that could make up for the difference.

Bob the frog do the last check up on his body with much satisfaction

"A rank 8 acolyte whose stats is on par with a Half-Moon magus!" Bob exclaimed in awe. "How amazing is that?! This is the power of someone who is only rank 8! Amazing!"

Of course, Emery's fantastic stats didn't mean he was definitely capable of fighting a bonafide Half-Moon magus. After all, this was just the result of a pure physical test without considering any magic involved.

After Bob finished his explanation of Emery's physical test results, it was finally time for the latter's magic test result. Bob gave him another piece of data that compared his results before and after using [Day Transform] with the stats of average acolytes.

[Spirit Force - 996]

[Spirit Power - rank 9 mid - Crescent Magus]

[Spirit Control - rank 8 peak - rank 9 mid]

[Spirit Pool - rank 9 peak - rank 9 peak]

Emery's eyes couldn't help but widen when he saw the result. He had not expected the boost he had received would be so significant, to the point that the power of his spell managed to be on par with that of a Crescent-Moon magus.

Even though the transformation didn't have any effect on his Spirit Pool, Emery was still overjoyed when he saw that it helped his lacking control. With a substantial improvement in Spirit Control, Emery was able to cast his spells more efficiently which, in a way, still affected his Spirit Pool beneficially.

"There is also that magik resistanke," Bob added. "This transformation ability of yours is truly an amazing one. The instrument detekts your body's magik resistanke has basically doubled. It's as if your body was given another layer of defense."

Bob the frog showed the data how his mental defense was upgraded exponentially: from having weaker, compared to the rank 9 acolytes, to almost as strong as crescent magus mental defense.

The mixed-blood frog was talking incessantly, raving about the stats. Finally, Emery stopped him and asked about a problem that had confused him - why his gene percentage had dropped lower with his upgrade.

According to the frog, other than his double rank bloodline upgrade, this percentage turned out to be a fairly normal occurrence.

Apparently, it was surprisingly normal for the gene of a higher rank bloodline to have less gene limit for a breakthrough. Seeing Emery looking increasingly confused, Bob then gave the data of the standard percentage of gene essence required to upgrade.

The first row was for the gene bloodline with rank 6 limits like Emery before, the second row was for rank 7 limit like Heorgar and the third row was for rank 8 limit genes, like Emery's now.

Rank 4 - 30% - 20% - 15%

Rank 5 - 50% - 30% - 20%

Rank 6 - 100% - 50% - 30%

Rank 7 - NA - 100% - 50%

Rank 8 - NA - NA - 100%

"There may be some differences with certain genes, but this is the standard," said Bob.

From this data, it would mean that Emery only needed 5% more to reach Rank 6 Fey Wolf.

"It doesn't seem like much..." Emery muttered to himself.

However, Bob who heard his mutter shook his head and said, "No, no! That 5% for a rank 8 mythical bloodline like you will not be easy to akhieved. However, fret not, we certainly kan help you with that."

A wide smile once again graced Emery's face, knowing he could upgrade even further.

Chapter 790 - Gene Booster

"We actually still have a few gene boosters left for you."

This was definitely another great news for Emery. However, he noticed how Bob gave him an awkward smile as he spoke those words, making him turn a little anxious.

One of the white coat assistants brought over a metal tray in which there were 12 small tubes. Each contained a silvery liquid, and Emery knew those were the gene boosters he needed.

With a smile on his face, Bob finally revealed the reason for his awkwardness.

"It will cost you 50.000 spirit stones for each of them."

Emery's eyes bulged slightly when his ears picked up those words. He subconsciously took a step back, reeling in shock upon hearing such an outrageous amount. It almost made him spit out blood.

Before Emery could do or say anything, however, it was surprisingly Silva who reacted strongly.

"What the fu\*kk, Uncle Bob?!" She glared at Bob and cursed. "It was the queen's order to reward him with the upgrade! How could you say something like that?!!"

Facing such a harsh remark, Bob defended himself. "But she only ordered the upgrade, which we already did free of charge. Do you know how many precious herbs and ingredients were used for what we have done? Let me tell you, it's a lot! If you don't believe me, then ask these people standing behind me!"

In response, Silva quickly shifted her gaze and stared at the researchers standing at the back. As if they had rehearsed it before, all of them without exception immediately averted their eyes from her gaze and hurried over to busy themselves, which of course made Silva annoyed.

Realizing those people were unreliable, Silva turned her eyes to Bob again. "Uncle, if my mother heard this, I'm sure she would say the same thing! So, I ask you to give him every serum that has been made!"

"Niece, please don't make things difficult for us." Bob said calmly. "You and I both know this plake is under the direkt kontrol of the patriarkh. In fakt, I'd give all the serum to the boy right now if you kan konfirm that the queen did agree."

The word 'patriarch' seemed to make Silva's firm attitude waver a little. Still, she opened her mouth. "My words are the queen's words!"

Seeing how strongly Silva argued with Bob for his sake certainly made Emery moved. He felt very grateful already for the help and what Silva, Bob and the others had done to him. He couldn't let her help out any more, especially if it ran the risk of ruining their relationship.

Therefore, he quickly took out all the spirit stones he currently had.

Emery had 10 red spirit stones, which were given when he was accepted into the privileged class. He also managed to obtain another 36 from all the hundred high-ranking beasts he killed during his two months stranded on that unnamed planet.

This meant that he currently had 46 spirit stones worth moot 10,000 each, which brought his current net worth to a total of 460,000 spirit stones.

Not willing to owe more from Bob and Silva, Emery quickly interrupted the argument between the two and showed all the red stones to the half-blood frog.

"This is all I have, Mr Bob. They're enough for 9 serum, I think."

Hearing Emery's words, Bob took his eyes off Silva and looked at Emery's hands. His eyes shone when he saw the glimmering red stones, he was about to accept the stones when Silva once again shot another curse.

However, Emery quickly stopped her by saying, "Stop, Silva. I'm really thankful for your help, but it's okay. Don't worry, I can definitely earn some more in the future."

The half-blood frog accepted the stones, albeit hesitantly. However, with such a deadly gaze coming from Silva even when Emery said it was fine, he eventually gave 5 stones back to Emery, while giving all 12 serum.

Facing Emery's conflicted look, Bob could only laugh while saying, "Hahaha, how silly of me. I forgot about the family discount."

Emery glanced at Silva and when he saw the expression on her face, he realized this was the best compromise and that he should say no more. Therefore, he could only sigh inwardly and deeply thank Bob once again.

Afterwards, Emery returned his attention to the silvery liquid. Looking at them, he had no doubt that these serums were specifically prepared and would be the best for his development. Hence, he wanted to consume them right away. Fortunately, Bob and the other researchers were more than happy to help him in this matter. The best way to consume these serums for maximum efficiency is actually through injection." This information made Emery quite surprised, as the way he had taken a gene booster all this time was through direct consumption.

Bob quickly gave Emery a device. Noticing the confused look on his face, he explained what it was. "It's what you need to inject the gene booster straight to your blood vessels. I can give you one to keep."

'Now, I will show you how to do it properly. Watch closely and carefully, so that you can do it by yourself later: Emery watched intently how Bob meticulously loaded the serum and positioned the sharp tip of the device, before finally injecting it through his skin into his vein.

Within seconds, Emery felt a slight tingling throughout his body. It was as if someone had tickled him with a feather. This sensation was then followed by a warm feeling similar to someone rubbing a warm cloth over his skin.

Then, slowly but surely, the warmth grew. After a few minutes, the heat reached the point where it made Emery's body feel like a makeshift furnace. Every inch of him felt like it was being burned by fire.

[calculating ancestor blood essence percentage...]

[25% Twilight fey wolf essence found]

[Your bloodline just went through a purifying process]

[Genes purified]

[Twilight Fey wolf gene essence percentage increased to 26%]

[Battle power increased]

[Spirit force increased]

[Battle Power 175 (178)]

[Spirit force 996 (998)]

At first glance, a two-point increase doesn't seem like much. However, at the level Emery was at, every point of increase meant a lot. Moreover, one serum could actually help him advance one percent where previously it took several to do the same.

Emery was excited and was about to inject another when Bob hurriedly stopped him.

"Don't. I know you're happy with the results, but it's actually better to give it one day, before you take another for maximum effect."

Hearing that, Emery quickly put down the device he picked up excitedly. Advice from an expert in the field was definitely something that should be heeded.

Hence, he stored the remaining 11 serum inside his spatial space. Then afterwards, Emery suddenly thought of something.

"Mr. Bob, when I have more spirit stones with me, can I buy more of this serum from you?"

There was no way he would let go of this amazing gene booster after tasting its effect once. Hence the reason for his question.

Unfortunately, the answer he got was a shake of the other party's head.

Apparently, even if he wanted to make more of it, Bob just did not have enough materials. Furthermore, Emery's serum was a particular case, where one of the main ingredients was actually the Day Wolf genes that came from the (Beast Pendant).

So in conclusion, if Emery really wanted to have more serum, what he had to do first was to find more of the Day Wolf genes.

Realizing this, Emery took a deep sigh, as he knew it wouldn't be an easy task to accomplish. Right now, he realized his aspiration to reach the maximum rank of his bloodline was still far away.

Emery still had a question he wanted to ask, but he was hesitating whether he should ask it or not. In the end, seeing that Bob was about to leave, he braced himself and threw the question out of his mouth.

"If that's the case, Mr. Bob, I wonder if you can give me the recipe for it." Remembering the last time, Emery quickly added, "Of course, I will prepare the necessary spirit stones for it."

Emery was surprised when he saw the talkative Mr. Bob suddenly turned quiet. The man just stood there, staring at him in silence. It was as if someone had sewn his mouth shut...