

## GOD'S EYES

### Chapter 471 - Negotiation

It was not like Jason adored mankind or would give his life for them, but his masters had always wanted him to help find back to the right path!

Shane's last words were also about mankind and that he shouldn't abandon them.

As such, in order to honor and repay the debt Jason thought to own his masters, he wanted to become what both Shane and Dalia wished him to be.

That was to become someone who protected the weak and helped mankind surviving the Great Argos war, and the tumultuous future that laid ahead!

Jason was not even sure how many innocent people have died during the last two years and the number was likely to be in the billions.

The situation on Canir should already be dangerous, but what about the Archipelago? Were the islands able to defend themselves, or did all of them become desolate as it happened with Astrix?

He sincerely hoped that this was not the case, and Jason couldn't help but feel restless.

Yet, Jason was aware that the Burane race's assassination was just considered as the first attack of the Drake alliance!

The number of foreign races on Argos was unknown, but it was evident that their young prodigies' numbers were minuscule.

Furthermore, the Elvyr race embassy might have the smallest number, but their cultivation rank was the highest, by far!

Jason had only seen the Owl-bear that was even stronger than the Elvyr race embassy, however, that was because it had broken through thanks to his primal bloodline awakening.

The Owl-bear had resided on Argos since the mana awakening and emerged from one of the first temporary world bridges that were a lot more stable than the permanent world bridge through which the Elvyr race had emerged!

This was because there was a distinct difference between a temporary -and a permanent world bridge, which was in fact the time they were destined to remain intact.

Yet, Jason's mind was focused on something different. The Owl-bear's appearance might be interesting under normal circumstances, but there were more important things to take care of right now!

The few Evlyrs that had waited for him looked at Jason emotionlessly as if he hadn't said anything.

This was not the case at all, and he was fully aware of this as his mana eyes were able to detect faint fluctuations connecting the Evlyrs with each other.

'Are they transmitting their thoughts through the mana currents?' Jason wondered which led him to release a paper-thin thread of mana.

He controlled it and lead it towards Fasro with a slow, yet, steady pace. It was only when his mana thread came in contact with Fasro that he issued a faint [Hello?] within his mind.

Fasro's liquefied quicksilver body suddenly jolted and he turned towards Jason as if he was in shock he made exactly the same as Jason did, only much faster.

A paper-thin thread of mana shot towards Jason as Fasro asked

[You have already learned how to use voice transmission? Since when?"]

Fasro had been in shock way too often during the last few hours, and it was already too much for him to digest that Jason was a halfling from the Celestia race!

He had never heard something so ridiculous but Jason was the living evidence that nobody tried to fool him.

Nevertheless, Fasro knew about Jason's capabilities and how strong he was if one were to exclude the fact that Jason seemed to be able to unleash his bloodline for a few seconds as it happened during the Blood eclipse.

As such, he knew that Jason had been unable to execute voice transmission before!

[Just now. It's extremely beneficial and nobody can listen to our conversation without revealing one's mana fluctuations!?! Quite convenient!]

With that being said, Jason severed the connection to Fasro but instead of waiting for the Elvyr to come to a conclusion, he decided to intercept their secret conversation.

He controlled his paper-thin mana thread precisely and cut in their conversation which allowed him to hear.

[Celestia Yaldra said we shouldn't force his son to follow us! As such, we can simply record what the youth said and leave. There is no need for us to create hostility with the Burane and My?ldra race! We might be stronger, but that doesn't mean we should offend every single weaker race...]

This sounded logical, and instead of eavesdropping any further, which was not something Jason had planned to do, he simply transmitted what he wanted to say

[Sorry for joining the conversation just like that, but I wanted to remind all of you that you can simply speak to me. I don't care about my background, heritage, or anything like that. If the embassy of the Elvyr race doesn't want to help, that's fine too.

I don't really know my father, but I can tell that offending two higher races is insignificant if a Celestia were to owe your race a favor! Yet, if you guys were to leave me behind in a death zone like Argos, wouldn't that make Celestia Yaldra angry?

Furthermore, there is not a single foreign race that had been able to emerge on Argos with the same cultivation stage as the Elvyr race embassy has! As such a single Evlyr with nine small solidified prismatic crystals should be stronger than the army of several common races, or a few dozen powerhouses from the higher races!]

Jason knew that he was playing with words but at the same time he could tell that it was necessary to receive the Elvyr race embassy's help.

What he had said was not even a lie, and he was sure that his father must have offered something in return for their help, otherwise, it wouldn't make any sense!

As such, Jason thought that he could as well exploit this and make use of every possibility.

The entire human race was on the brink of extinction, or facing lifelong enslavement, either way!

After he had finished his words, the paper-thin thread of mana dispersed, and Jason felt extremely weak out of a sudden.

He almost puked blood and tasted the smell of iron on his tongue.

'I need at least two or three months to recuperate completely...fuck!' He thought, sighing deeply as he perceived that the faint mana fluctuations of the Evlyrs had been severed.

After that the Elvyr, Jason presumed to be the leader of their embassy, stepped forward.

"We can help you, but there is one condition you have to fulfill!"

Before, Jason expected that the Elvyr race would try to leave, thinking that the benefits were not enough to outweigh the dangers of offending two higher races.

However, this seemed to have changed after Jason's short dialogue that sounded logical in the embassy's opinion.

Nevertheless, in the past, there had been stronger races that promised the Elvyr race something, only to have been lied to! In the end, they had been exploited while saying that they were lucky that they had not been annihilated.

This was labeled as their reward and the same happened with many races, which was something Jason couldn't know.

As such, he simply nodded his head when he heard that the Elvyr race had a condition, thinking that it was something common to happen, only to squint his eyes at the exact content of the condition.

"You will have to sign a soul contract with the Elvyr race, with one clause stating that you owe us a favor that is equal to your life! At the same time, only Celestia Yaldra will be able to dissolve your favor by signing a soul contract that he owes us a little favor!"

Jason was not sure whether the Elvyr had thought about this in detail, and it might be due to his inexperience, or that he had not been prepared to help the human race in fighting against two higher races.

Nevertheless, Jason couldn't help but smile, thinking that he had gone insane as he asked

"Don't you think that will enrage my father...at least the part 'equal to your life'? Have you ever considered that your words might cause your entire race's annihilation?"

He never assumed his father to be a good father or anything like that, but what Jason could tell was that his father was a prideful being, which was to be expected from a race that was consistent with divine beings!

Would his father really allow the Elvyr race to force him to do something that might tarnish his reputation?

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Chapter 472 - The Tides Have Changed

"Don't you think that will enrage my father...at least the part 'equal to your life'? Have you ever considered that your words might cause your entire race's annihilation?"

When the Elvyrs heard this, their eyes widened for a moment, and Jason's assumption about their inexperience and ignorance was evidently proven correct.

As such, Jason turned serious as he said

"I can understand the reason for demanding something like this from me, but I can't promise anything about my father because I have never really met him.

The only thing I can promise and sign in a soul contract is that I will return the favor I owe. Other than that, I won't sign a contract saying that I owe you a favor equal to my life or anything like that.

Take it or leave, but understand that your decision might as well decide over the future of your entire race! Be responsible about the decision you will take and live with the consequences!"

At that moment, Lusan, who was only 25 years old and still considered a child in his race, couldn't help but think that Jason was like their race's elders.

Despite being younger, Jason had experienced much more than Lusan, let alone the other Elvyrs that followed Lusan to Argos.

The Elvyr embassy was trained in combat, but their diplomatic skills had yet to be developed.

In the end, it was the Elvyr race's higher authorities' fault to think that the mission, Celestia Yaldra had given them, would be easy to solve.

Not sure what to do, Lusan tried to think of the best solution that allowed them to reap the most benefits without possibly endangering his entire race.

Whether it was creating hostility with two higher races or displeasing, if not enraging a being from the Celestia race, Lusan wanted to avoid both scenarios at the same time.

Unfortunately, he had to accept that this was more difficult, maybe even impossible to achieve!

Neither Jason nor Fasro said anything while Lusan and the Elvyrs were pondering about the best possible solution.

Yet, Fasro stared at Jason with interest, thinking that he had utilized his intel greatly, pressing the inexperienced Elvyr prodigy, who was likely to lead his first important mission on a different planet.

As such, it was only obvious that Lusan wanted to get the best possible result as it would most likely be evaluated by the higher-ups, and his teachers!

When 20 minutes had passed Jason suddenly said.

"If you don't want to support us, just because I adjusted the soul contract a little bit, that's fine too, but please make a decision. There are many preparations for the oncoming large-scale war to make and I'm not sure whether mankind will survive this!"

After Jason had said this, he looked at Fasro for a minute before he forced a small smile on his lips.

Jason was relatively sure what the Ariyor race would do if the Elvyr embassy were to leave instead of supporting the human race.

The chances that the employed Ariyos would remain on Argos were nill under the current circumstances, and Jason was fully aware of this!

As such, Lusan, who was under a lot of pressure from every possible side, would have to accept Jason's condition, otherwise, mankind's situation would only worsen.

That was something, everyone knew except the Elvyr race.

Fortunately, the young Elvyr had not expected Jason to act like he was currently doing, thus he said

"Alright, we will help out! The soul contract will simply state that you owe us a favor and we don't even mention Celestia Yaldra. At the same time, we will only stay for half a year, at most!!"

Jason couldn't suppress a faint smile, despite the short time interval the Lusan gave him.

This was a great opportunity and it was only a moment later that a voice transmission from Fasro reached him

[You are quite witted! I think you've already sensed it, but now that the tides have changed, the Ariyor race will also stay for half a year too!]

Despite the worst time mankind was currently facing and Jason's days that were filled with agony and despair, he was able to grasp the faint ray of hope he found right in front of him.

With the help of the Ariyor race and 100 Elvyrs that had nine small solidified prismatic crystals in their mana core, mankind seemed to have gained the upper hand for the first time since the Great Argos war had started!

At least the casualties caused by the Blood eclipse weren't as severely damaging to their combat force as before anymore, and the problem that the Argos alliance had to face two higher races at once had been balanced out.



It was even better than that, and Jason assumed that Lusan and the others would be able to take care of their opponents without too many problems, despite the numerical disadvantage!

Jason nodded towards Lusan who was waiting for his reaction, as he held out his hand.

"We can set up the soul contract whenever you want. But don't think of adding any weird favors! Simple favors have their limits too!"

He knew to some extent how soul contracts worked. His knowledge about them was not perfect, by far, but Jason knew that a simple favor was not something that could be directly forced upon someone else.

It would still be his free will whether or not he would help the Elvyr in the future, at least to some extent.

A favor with certain clauses added was similar to a wish, he would have to fulfill once spoken out!

As such, Jason remained vigilant which was something Fasro praised inwardly.

'It's a wonder that he can stay so calm and think everything completely through despite recently having lost someone close to him!'

Even Jason was astonished that he was able to stay calm, not thinking about anything except a path to drag mankind out of their current pathetic state!

Maybe it was because his masters' last wish was to help and protect the weak and to not abandon mankind.

However, it could also be something completely different, yet, Jason was unable to tell what exactly it was that caused him to strive forward.

The thought about never losing anyone ever again sounded ridiculous to him, and the same applied to becoming stronger in order to protect those he loved.

Both were thoughts he had in his mind since Scorpio had died and Jason had given his utmost efforts to become stronger, only to notice that it had been useless.

Not even his unleashed bloodline had been enough to protect his masters as it had already been too late at that time, and Jason started to question himself more than ever.

'If there is always someone stronger taking something from others...Is there even someone who tries to protect and take care of the weak? What is the meaning of life if everyone can be taken away in a single moment by those who are greedy or jealous of someone else's strength and abilities?'

Jason was aware that his thoughts were one-sided and that he should have included the fact that he had killed thousands of opponents in the last three years.

But even then, the rule of the strongest applied everywhere and Jason was unable to think of a way to make the human race's soul awakenings less attractive to other races.

"Is it not possible to close all world bridges, to prevent anyone from intruding Argos....?" Jason mumbled, subconsciously without any meaning as he heard Fasro next to him.

"If you're strong enough and able to wield elemental runes, you can do that, but that's not something for someone at the Prisma-, let alone the Lique stage to deal with!"

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Chapter 473 - Resolve

'Wield elemental runes...?' While Jason had never heard about them, he understood that elemental runes were most likely the runes manifested out of the purest of transmuted mana he had already seen before.

There might as well be other ingredients required, but Jason didn't know anything about that.

However, instead of asking about the origin of elemental runes and what exactly they were, Jason wanted to set up the soul contract with Lusan first, and finish everything else.

Emily had told him he was unconscious for one month, and the number of liquefied drops of mana inside his mana core had increased to 28 thanks to his passive mana gathering within his sub-area.

It was as if the passive mana gathering in his sub-area had been upgraded since he had unleashed his entire Celestia bloodline, and the same could be said about his soul energy increment cycle!

Both processes hadn't truly changed, and it was more like the sub areas themselves had been reinforced, allowing them to alter slightly.

This enhancement was only small and Jason knew that it would have a bigger effect if his entire bloodline had been fully unsealed.

Nevertheless, it felt like his partial unsealed bloodline was finally completely accepted by every cell of his body, which meant that his sub-area was included.

Thus, the processes inside the sub-area had been accelerated, and his soul energy increment cycle was able to increase his soul energy units by 1.5% instead of 1% a day!

This was great, but the number of soul energy units he received was unfortunately still not enough to turn Solaris into an invincible origin flame that was stronger than every opponent he would have to face!

However, what caused Jason to be a little disappointed was Artemis' current advancement. Her strength increased slower than his own, which was contrary to their earlier days, and Jason thought that he should feed her higher-ranked mana cores.

Even if he was thinking about doing so, there were not many beasts around the Argos alliance, and nobody cared about collecting them right now!

Rather than collecting them, they would be utilized to forge weapons or strong armors!

As such, Jason could only feed Artemis with mana stones which she could also digest.

'I'll have to procure more mana stones....I've used up every single one I had after all!'

He was not sure how long it took before the soul contract with the Elvyr race was finally set up, and Jason was glad that he only owed their race a small favor.

Despite that, he was a halfling of the Celestia race and a small favor from a Celestia was worth far more than Jason could have imagined at that time!

Only when they had finished the soul contract did Lusan do something Jason didn't expect.

He averted his attention to Emily as he asked

"Did you decide whether you'll depart with us?... From the way I can tell, you want to give the lesser typhoon roc the best possible nourishment but there something seems to hold you back on Argos!"

Jason heard the Elvyr's offer for the first time, but instead of being happy or disappointed, he simply looked at Emily without showing any emotions.

He was not even sure what Emily was to him, and the only thing Jason was confident about was the fact that Emily had been loyal to Dalia, who had been her master.

This was enough for Jason, thus he looked at Emily, who seemed to be reluctant to answer, without saying anything.

"I..I'm still in debt to someone..." She simply said, and Lusan, the only Elvyr able to understand her smiled because he thought that this was the only reason that held her back.

"If it's a debt, we can pay for it! The human race should be in a dire need of funds, weapons, or to be precise...everything! As such, resources shouldn't be a problem, and we can pay the debt, which will allow you to follow us to our planet once we depart!"

Emily was thankful for this offer, but she could only shake her head as she said

"It's not a debt about something materialistic, but I owe my life to someone..."

When Lusan heard this he frowned, as Jason suddenly said

"You mean the soul contract that you will be thankful to me for your entire life? Is that what's holding you back?"

She just nodded while looking to the ground.

"You know that I did everything on my own accord, and the same applied to my masters...They would never want you to be restricted, neither do I! Just do what your want to do. That's the best Dalia could have wished for..."

"But..I want to help you....it's just that I'm too weak...!"

Emily sounded desperate and her voice was seemingly in pain.

This astonished Jason and only now did he realize there were other people who had lost someone close to them because they were too weak too!

In the end, she had spent even more time with Dalia than he did, and Jason couldn't help but call himself selfish.

He had thought that only he lost someone he had loved, but that was not the case and it had happened to everyone around him too!

There were so many humans that had died during the last two years, and Jason could only sigh deeply as he overcame himself

"It's not your fault to be weak...neither is it mine to be too weak either...That's just how it is...we will have to strive for more and continue to advance to ending the Great Argos war and preventing it from ever happening again!"

Somehow, his words gave Jason the vigor he seemed to have lost before.

Even though he was weak, if he were to give up, he could have also died during the Blood eclipse!

What difference would that make?

Was giving up even an option?

There were still people he wanted to protect...

Even if his masters had died, would they want him to give up, at the most crucial time?

If he were to give up his life, they would be disappointed because they had wanted him to stay alive!

Jason knew this, and it gave him a little bit strength, thinking that he shouldn't throw away his life like that!

There were still humans that were much weaker than he was, in an even worse state, filled with desperation, struggling to stay alive even if it was only one more day!

He recalled the situation on Astrix that was devastating and began to ask himself, what he had been doing until now.

'There are weak and untalented citizens struggling to survive, overcoming everything with their utmost efforts, and here I am...cursing my own weakness, despite being stronger than the vast majority of all of them...'

Even without unleashing his entire bloodline, which was something Jason didn't know how it worked, his strength was comparable to that of the average person at the low Lique stage with 200 drops of liquefied mana inside their mana core.

Other than that, there were still his new weapons that had allowed him to defeat Dana, who had almost 1000 mana drops, and it had not even been a difficult fight!

Jason's resolve to stop complaining and work for his beliefs became firmer again, and he told himself that he would give his utmost efforts to make Scorpio and his masters proud of him!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 474 - Soulbonds

After everything was completed, they went their own way.

Emily was not sure where to go right now, pondering whether she should follow Jason, only to realize that it might be inappropriate for them to stay in a single tent together.

Furthermore, Jason wanted to focus on recuperating from his weakened state which was something everyone said to be the most important right now.

Even if the Elvyr embassy had decided to reinforce the Argos alliance, this didn't mean that the rest were allowed to slack off.

There were only 100 young Elvyr after all, and even their strength would be depleted at one point!

As such, Jason, who didn't want to rely on anyone to survive, either way, felt like he had to recuperate as fast as possible while strengthening himself.

The further and quicker, the better!

With that thought in mind, he grasped the three spatial rings that had belonged to his masters and the Burane race's assassin.

He was reluctant to look at his masters' spatial rings thinking that it was too soon, however, thinking about the dangers he and the entire Argos alliance would have to face soon, Jason overcame his inner shadows and accessed all spatial rings at once before he transferred the content into his own spatial ring.

The Burane race assassin's spatial ring was larger than he had expected and the content inside was more promising than he could have imagined before.

'To think that Assassins take their entire belongings with them. Wasn't that too arrogant?'

Jason couldn't smile, even at the sight of several tens of thousand high-grade mana stones, several weapons that had powerful runes inscribed in them, and much more.

There were even potions and other vials that radiated a stronger aura than the medical solutions mankind was able to produce.

As such, owing to his mana eyes, Jason was able to determine that they were high-grade nutrition solutions!



Other than that, there were several other things that had been transferred into his own spatial ring that was overflowing with things.

Thus, he decided to put on his masters' large spatial rings.

Jason was unable to throw them away, either way.

With that in mind, he might as well make use of them!

Jason started to distribute the content of his overflowing spatial ring in the three spatial rings he was now wearing

One spatial ring was used to store all cultivation resources, while the others would be used for his auxiliary occupations, their tools, ingredients, and the masses of books his masters had collected throughout their life.

Other than that, all kinds of weapons he didn't use would be safely stored in this spatial ring too!

Meanwhile, the last spatial ring was the one, Jason stored beast or even foreign races carcasses, food, and equipment he was currently using!

The manuals he obtained were simply stored in the second spatial ring, and Jason would either discard or simply burn the ones he had duplications from.

'Well, maybe I can need them for later...' He thought, choosing to continued storing them inside the spatial ring. There was still more than enough space and it wouldn't hurt to store a few manuals more or less.

"At least I can recuperate and absorb as much mana as I want without the need to adjust my mana absorption!"? Jason mumbled, thinking that the number of high-grade mana stones was more than enough for him to cultivate for a few months.

Now the only thing he had to do was to find the new tent he had been given.

This was not difficult and took him less than 30 minutes.

It was only a small tent, yet the interior looked like a huge apartment that would allow Jason to scatter a large number of mana stones within.

However, this was not possible, because he saw two, almost two-meter tall dryads standing in the center of the tent, waiting for something, or rather someone.

Jason was unsure what had happened to his masters' soulbonds other than the silver origin flame.

Yet, seeing the two dryads caused him to smile faintly, while a pained glint could be seen in his eyes.

Shane's soulbonds seemed to have disappeared, however, Dalia's dryads had remained, waiting for Jason.

He was not sure what they wanted, but Jason knew that they were not looking for a new master!

Binding one's soul to someone was a unique process and the Dryads had a fortified soul conjunction with Dalia according to his information.

As such it should have been extremely painful that Dalia died.

Maybe it was even worse than it had been for Jason!

Jason knew how it felt to lose a soulbond that had a thick fortified soul conjunction with him.

What he felt, the emptiness and the guilt had caused him to doubt whether he wanted to contract new soulbonds or not.

It was unlikely that this would stay because he knew that his soul world was destined to bind living beings.

At least that's what he felt and Jason had to prepare himself mentally for such a case!

Suddenly, the dryads in front of him began to released their mana that was intertwined in their natural healing traits.

It enveloped Jason, who had just entered the tent, and he was able to feel how his body was slowly being invigorated.

His mana veins and the mana core were still in a bad condition, but other than that, his entire body began to heal from the millions of tiny wounds that had been caused by unleashing the Celestia bloodline.

Come to think of it, Jason began to wonder if that was truly his entire strength, once he was to become a Celestia, or if there was something else behind the fact that he was a halfling of the Celestia race.

Even though he knew nothing about the Celestia race, he knew his body the best.

The strength he had released was something his body could barely contain. This caused Jason to question whether he had subconsciously released as much of his Celestia bloodline as his body could handle, or if there was more behind!

Seeking the truth was important, but Jason was also aware of the fact that questioning the Ariyor or Evlyr race shouldn't be as helpful as he was secretly hoping.

Midra, whom he had already talked to before had answered many questions, yet at the same time, every answer she gave led to multiple questions.

Jason's foundation was firm, but that was only the case if he were to take the human race's knowledge into account.

In the perspective of other races, he required a complete rebooting and the input of information the youngest children received!

However, Jason didn't worry about this because Midra told him that he was pretty fast in memorizing and understanding everything.

As such, he could focus on the dryads that were trying to accelerate his recuperation process.

Jason was not sure why they were doing so, but he assumed that they were the remains of Dalia's consciousness telling the dryads to heal him.

At least that was the only reason he could think of, and considering that the dryads had a firm bond with Dalia, this was not unlikely either!

He didn't say anything to the dryads and simply nodded his head before he scattered a large batch of mana stones in his tent, allowing the dryads to increase their mana consumption.

At the same time, Artemis emerged on his shoulder before she jumped into the small bulk of mana stones.

Devouring a few, she disappeared again, and Jason could only shake his head.

"Greedy fella" He mumbled with a faint smile on his lips.

However, only a moment later he turned serious as he sat down in the center of the room where no mana stones were placed.

Once he had thanked the Dryads for their help, he took a deep breath before he initiated the healing process of his mana veins and the mana core.

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 475 - Calm Before The Storm

Recuperating from his weakened state took less than two weeks owing to the Dryads' seemingly inexhaustible energy they had utilized to tend Jason.

After that, another month had passed and he hadn't even realized that the Dryads had vanished!

Jason had expected that this would happen, but he was still sad.

Now, the only thing reminding him of his masters were his memories, their lifestyle occupation tools, Byakur, his mana sphere, and the minimized conservatory, that had long since been watered.

When Jason awoke after cultivating for more than a month in which he had used every means to increase his mana absorption rate, he flew towards the nearby river to fill the water tank of his minimized conservatory.

Artemis' wings had increased in size and their wingspan was more than 12 meters if unfolded completely.

Her entire length had increased to more than 4 meters and Jason was glad that she was able to switch between her small form and the large state.

Otherwise, he would have quite some problems squeezing her on his broad shoulders.

Since the Blood eclipse, two and a half months had passed and it was already summer.

It had already been around two years since Argos was overthrown by the foreign races but mankind had yet to be defeated!

However, what astonished everyone was that nothing had happened since the Blood eclipse!

Not even a single foreign race was seen fighting against each other, and even the news about the islands in the archipelago was too good to be true.

This state was known as the calm before the storm, and the expected storm was said to be the worst possible!

If Jason's thoughts were not completely wrong, there would only be one last, yet, gigantic fight of the Argos alliance against the Drake alliance!

What would happen afterward was an unknown and blank future.

Nobody knew whether the foreign races would leave Argos, or only Canir, if the Argos alliance were to come out victorious, while the worst case was the Drake alliance's victory.

At the same time, Jason couldn't be sure how useful the Elvyr embassy would be if they came out victorious.

Would they support mankind to rebuild the destroyed cities and everything else until the six months they've promised to support mankind elapsed, or would they simply leave?

Even if the war would be over that didn't mean all problems would magically vanish into thin air.

As such, Jason could only hope that the issues were not as problematic as visualized them.

Despite that, his strength had increased by a large margin too!

While Artemis had liquefied her 100th drop of mana, Jason's had been able to liquefy his 38th drop of mana, which was an increase of 10 drops in the last one and a half months.

At the same time, his liquefied mana drops were more compressed than the others and had the amount of mana others would require for three drops of mana within them.

Thus, solely from the number of mana drops within his mana core, Jason's strength reached the threshold that other prodigies with more than 100 drops of liquefied mana in their core had!

Other than that, his physique had been further enhanced.

While his primal bloodline awakening had enhanced his physique by around 80 drops of mana, he received a strengthening in his physical strength from the Netherworlds fort technique equal to 21 drops of liquefied mana.

Meanwhile, his soul world's amplification increased the size of his mana core and strengthened his physique further.

In the end, Jason's pure strength was comparable to that of someone with more than 250 drops of liquefied mana in their mana core!

This was without him utilizing his stigma that was the main reason for his high mana absorption rate, the Celestia aura, his mana eyes, the curses he had, Solaris' powerful ability, or his weapons!

To put it simply, Jason was the most powerful human prodigy, who was soon to become 17 years old!

His strength had increased so rapidly that not even his friends had been able to cope with him!

Thus, he was subconsciously drifting away from his friends, in fear that they would be implicated in his mess, and in the end be killed too.

Their strength was insignificant to the foreign races' most basic soldiers, and they were unable to face a single opponent!

After he had filled the water tank, Jason decided to take a look at Mike, and how much ammunition he had manufactured.

It was more than Jason expected, and only then did he find out that the young citizens he had hired to copy the neutral body refinement manual, had continued to work during the last two and a half months.

The copies had been sold to Merl Arths and the exchanged goods were brought to Mike, who became popular as Jason's weapon manufacturer.

Others had asked him to manufacturer a weapon for them to, but Mike simply said that Jason's situation was special and that it was better to focus on the youth's weapons and ammunition.

He stated certain requirements that had to be fulfilled before he would manufacturer a gun for those who want it.

Unfortunately, only a few fulfilled the requirements, yet Mike had also told everyone clearly that Jason would remain the top priority to manufacturer weapons and ammunition for.

Thus, Merl Arths had sent the ores and other goods that had been used in exchange for the neutral body refinement techniques to Mike, who gladly used everything he could grasp!

When Jason received the astronomical number of mana stones and other goods, Mike didn't need, he couldn't help but smile drily, thinking that it was much easier to make money by selling copies of the translated refinement manuals than expected.

However, what wondered him, even more, was the fact that nobody tried to copy his copies and sell or distribute them!

This was something Jason had expected to happen after some time, but nobody seemed to have figured out what exactly he had done to the translated manuals!

As such, he lowered the price for the copies further, while paying his copywriters more to work even harder.



Exploiting either side for too long would be bad and not what he should focus on.

Furthermore, the more powerhouses refined a stronger physique, the less pressure he would have on the battlefield.

As such, it was a win-win situation, and Jason could only hope that everyone was diligently increasing their strength as he did.

Mike had asked him whether he was able to increase his flame's strength further before the Blood eclipse had happened.

It was only three months later that Jason had returned to Mike, who had painstakingly tried to increase the impact of his weapons and the bullets he was manufacturing for Jason's desert eagles!

Jason's soul energy had reached around 840,000 units which was extremely high, considering that he was only 17 years old.

Even this that, Jason was still not content.

If Solaris were to absorb all of that, without being nurtured by the Ifrytor's Creado flames, its soul energy would only increase by 150,000.

The highest known soul energy for beasts at the peak of the Lique stage was 10 million units!

Thus, Jason didn't bother distributing a single soul energy unit to Solaris as it would burn three units in order to annex a single one!

This was too wasteful and instead of bothering about increasing Solaris' strength right now, it was much better if he were to do that while devouring the Ifrytor's life force and Creado flame!

Petri, who had already been evolving for several months now, was still not done and it looked as if the petrification serpent was waiting for something.

At the same time, Petri had transferred lots of mana from Jason's mana core into his own, and Jason could only hear a faint voice transmission complaining about the lack of life force he provided.

With that in mind, it was obvious that Petri required Solaris to absorb life force for him, while Solaris itself had to absorb the Createo flames to nurture its mana core, allowing more soul energy to inhabit it.

The black origin flame was still too difficult for Jason to comprehend, and he was always wondering how much of a miracle it must have been to find Solaris!

Nevertheless, the complexity of his palm-sized flame was what made Jason believe that there are more secrets left behind on Argos than one might think!

Otherwise, how would it be possible for Solaris to appear on a newly awakened planet, in an unawakened state at that!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 476 - News

Because he had been absorbing mana for more than a month, Jason hadn't heard many news from the surrounding.

It was only when Mike gave him a new type of ammunition for Kumo and Degar, that he had also heard new information about Argos' current situation.

The bullets he received were called 'Dark blazing death bullets' which forced Jason to use his entire willpower to not laugh out loud.

He didn't want to be rude to Mike, who had given his best to manufacture a new type of bullet that was perfectly suited for extremely high temperatures.

Most runes would be activated once mana was inserted into a bullet, but not the Blazing bullets, how Jason decided to name them for himself.

The Blazing bullets' runes would only be activated once the temperature around and within the bullet had reached a certain threshold.

Yet, this activation was said to be a sudden outburst of the accumulated mana at once.

As such, the impact was much higher in comparison to the other bullets he used.

Unfortunately, in order to activate all inscribed runes, the heat had to reach an astronomical high degree, which was the reason for Mike to ask Jason about his fire affinity's development capabilities.

Jason, who had been unaware of this, couldn't help but think greatly about Mike's insights.

As long as Solaris' was growing and becoming stronger, he would be able to use the blazing bullets' entire mightiness that was already exceptional in its current state!

The amount of mana he had to utilize was smaller than the armor-piercing bullets, yet, increasing the black flame's temperature to its highest possible increased the total mana consumption once again.

Thus, he could use both the blazing bullets and armor-piercing bullets to take care of every opponent at and below 1000 drops of liquefied mana in their mana core!

Even without his guns, opponents with 500 drops of liquefied mana in their mana core, shouldn't be problematic for Jason if he were to utilize every means.

This excluded unleashing his Celestia bloodline which was extremely dangerous, and Jason felt that his body would tear apart if he were to do the same once again.

In the end, he didn't even know how to repeat the same step, either way!

His body had already been exhausted during the last two years because he had never been able to relax and take a few weeks off in order to recuperate completely, and one could say that releasing his Celestia bloodline gave Jason's body the last kick.

Nevertheless, Jason tried to stay positive, telling himself that everything could only become better.

Right now, it felt as if his mood was slowly becoming improving, but his thoughts were still lingering around Scorpio and his masters, how they had died, and what their last thoughts and words were.

It was devastating, and comparable to his mothers death.

"After everything is over, I will take care of one matter after another..."

First, the Drake family should be destroyed. Afterward, he would take care of his mother's murderer!

The foreign races that caused all of this could wait and Jason knew that the only thing he required was patience and strength!

Jason was not sure whether he wanted to take revenge on the entire My?ldra race, but the direct culprits were the Ifrytor and Burane race.

They should learn what terror, fear, and agony truly were!!

Jason wanted them to feel as desperate and empty as he had felt when Scorpio and his masters had died.

At that moment, his stigma and Celestia aura that had recuperated from being overexerted were glowing in a falling dark-crimson color.

Lusan and Fasro, who were looking for Jason, and had just come from his tent where he couldn't be found, noticed this.

"Found him!" Fasro said while Lusan frowned

"He shouldn't do that...why is he provoking a metamorphosis like this?...."

Fasro was unable to comprehend what Lusan meant, and even Lusan's understanding about what he saw was not great. He knew only partially what exactly he was talking about.

The information he had obtained from his master, who had directly been instructed and informed about everything necessary by Celestia Yaldra's subordinate, was shallow.

Even his master was not exactly sure how one could prevent turning into an Infernal Celestia!

It was not even sure what exactly this meant to the Celestia race, or if it had any consequences.

Was it really important to control one's emotion to such a precise extent?

That was what Lusan had thought in the beginning, but only now was he able to comprehend that Jason might be more dangerous than one could think.

'I hope he won't go insane, berserk or something like this...'

When Jason noticed familiar mana fluctuations above him, he retraced his aura and stigma that had stabilized as greeted them politely.

Both Fasro and Lusan saw Jason for the first time after he had gone into seclusion to recuperate from his injury that was severe enough to make even the higher races tremble.

Yet, now that one and a half month had passed since then, they couldn't help but stare at Jason for a moment as Lusan mumbled

"I thought he would take longer to simply tend to his injuries...who could have thought that he could also absorb mana at the same time... Did he really just undergo the primal bloodline awakening??"

Fasro could only nod, and despite not knowing much about the Celestia race, whose strength was unfathomable for higher races to even imagine, he couldn't help but think that Jason's recuperation was too fast.

Nevertheless, he didn't say anything about that and greeted Jason before informing him about the movements of a large army at the center of Canir!

At the same time, Fasro mentioned that the oceans surrounding Canir had begun to move as if something within was awakening from its deep slumber.

When Jason heard this, he couldn't help but voice out his confusion

"Does that mean there could be a beast at the Mid, if not Late Prismar stage??"

The Owl-bear was already a beast that could change the life of every being inhabiting Argos, but now there was something else in the ocean? Was that a bad joke?

"To be honest, we don't know, but it's not unlikely.

Fortunately, most Prismar stage beasts that flee to newly awakened planets are mostly placid and desire peace..."

'How reassuring...' Jason thought sarcastically.

"With that being said, before something worse can happen, the Great Argos war should have ended. Otherwise, if there really is a peak Prismar stage beast inside the oceans of Argos, it will probably start acting once its peaceful life has been disturbed!

The Drake alliance should have noticed the same, which is the reason for them to act so suddenly..."

Jason listened carefully and once he digested all of it, he simply said

"That means, the entire Great Argos war will come to an end with one gigantic battle which we have already expected?... Both sides will have to go all-out, whether it is to survive and force most hostile foreign races to retreat, or be conquered by the Drake alliance..."

It was not difficult to comprehend that the worst period of the Great Argos war was about to start, and Jason could hardly control his trembling hands.

He was not only nervous but wrath could be seen in his eyes only to be overwhelmed by his excitement to take revenge on those that had taken the lives of those that had been important to him!

His pupils' outlines turned crimson, while the golden-silverish color remained the same, and Lusan could only hope that this change was everything that would happen to Jason, otherwise, Celestia Yaldra might as well obliterate him.

After all, he didn't prevent Jason from turning into an Infernal Celstia, and supported them in waging war...

'Am I really doing the right thing?'

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 477 - Moving Out

A few days flew by and everyone had prepared themselves for the last devastating battle of the Great Argos war!

There was nobody who could prevent being scared or nervous about the unknown future that was right in front of them.

Nevertheless, mankind's situation was not as bad as it was ought to be after the Blood eclipse.

This was all thanks to the Elvyr race's embassy with their high mana core rank that was much higher than the mana core rank of the other foreign races.

As long as they had enough mana, their strength should be enough to defeat every possible opponent of the Drake alliance.

The only unknown factor was about how much mana they would have to use to fight against the Burane race, how versatile their combat styles were due to their young age and whether the unknown beast inside the ocean, whose existence had been confirmed, would act up!

While the others were extremely nervous, Jason decided to spend some more time with friends in order to calm himself down.

Even though they wanted to help, they didn't join the last battle because their death would be certain.

On one side they were jealous of Jason because he was able to defend himself, however, on the other hand, he had lost so much despite being strong, that it was wondrous how Jason was still able to have enough strength to stand back up.

In the end, Yune, Milan, and Isga hadn't lost anyone during the last two years in which their parents had severed the soul contract with the foreign races, and even the Blood eclipse brushed past them too!



This was fortunate, but it didn't mean that nothing was to happen to them in the future.

The number of casualties was destined to be in the millions, and there had yet to be a side at the upper hand.

If someone would have a much higher combat prowess, it was not unlikely for the other side to give up, but as if it was destined, both sides were evaluated as equally strong.

As such, the only way to figure out which side was the strongest was to go on the battlefield!

Yune, Milan, and Isga decided that they would console Jason if he were to be in fright or desperate.

However, he didn't need to be consoled or motivated to fight against the Drake alliance, instead, he told his friends something important.

"Once the Great Argos war is over, you guys should tell your parents and the entire clan to stop colluding with foreign races.

Furthermore, it would be better for the slave market to never appear again!"

From Jason's behavior, they noticed that he was serious.

Thus, the others just nodded despite knowing that their authority, inside the big clan they hailed from, was currently insignificant.

Milan was likely to become the next patriarch of the Jule clan, but that was only the case if he were to be strong and retain his great potential.

Nevertheless, everyone felt the need to agree with Jason because they knew that it was important.

Furthermore, they could tell from his stance, that these words were more like a warning, and not a request!

Jason had changed since losing his dear soulbond and masters, thus the three friends knew what he would do if the big clans wouldn't listen to him.

He might not be strong enough right now, but who knew how long it would take for Jason to become strong enough to face the heads of the big clans and sects?

The rumors labeled Jason as someone god-like, able to defeat a big clan prodigy who had almost broken into the Lord rank with barely 20 drops of liquefied mana in his mana core!

There were only a few people that believed this rumor, but Yune, Isga, and Milan were one of the few people that did.

This was also because of their parents that told them the truth about the incident, thus they knew that Jason was not only the gentle and calm youth he had been before!

He had overcome many threats and his mindset had forcefully been altered.

At that moment, an announcement resounded through all camps.

"Attention please! Attention please!"

Everyone who will join the big clans and sects on the battlefield, please gather in your assigned groups! The Argos alliance will depart in two hours! Dying is no option, only surviving and never stop striving for more!"

Jason smiled lightly when he heard the message as he mumbled

"Surviving and never stop striving for more...is that so..."

After that, he stood up from the chair he had been sitting before he bid farewell to his friends.

They wished him good luck before they dispersed too in order to search for their family whom they wanted to wish good luck too.

When he left the tent, Jason manifested Artemis' wings on his back as he flew towards the direction of the Nua and Eara clans' meeting point.

Less than half an hour passed before he arrived and Artemis' wings dispersed as she appeared right next to him.

Her stigma was spreading on the surface of her pitch-black horns, highlighting them even more.

However, nobody was paying attention to Artemis, who was in her small form, squeezed on Jason's shoulder.

Rather than that, everyone was busy paying attention to themselves, trying to disperse the fear within them, while taking a last glance at their weapons.

Everyone knew their task and so did Jason. As such he didn't approach anyone, and simply waited while eating high-nutritious food.

He didn't know when he would be able to eat for the next time, as such, it was better to have eaten his fill.

It was only when he had eaten several plates of premade food that he had stored in his spatial rings that Jason decided to look out for the Nua clan matriarch.

Apparently, she had survived the Blood eclipse which was not the case for the Eara clan's patriarch, and some of their clan members at the Prismar stage.

This was unfortunate, however, it was great that the rest of the clan didn't separate, but that they continued to fight against the Drake alliance!

Only a few minutes passed before his mana eyes found the familiar mana fluctuations of the Nua clan matriarch.

However, when he saw how many higher authorities were standing around her, asking all kinds of questions, Jason couldn't help but sigh.

Since many big clan heads, their representatives and lots of higher authorities of big clans and sects had been killed, it has become more difficult to have everything under control.

This was clearly noticeable right before their departure, and instead of increasing the Nua clan matriarch's pressure further, Jason decided that it was enough for him to know that he had to take care of every single Ifrytro and Ifry with less than 1000 drops of liquefied mana in their mana core.

He might have to rely on the others to protect him from those at the late Lique- and Prismar stage, but Jason knew that everyone was fully aware of this.

Not only was this announced several times, but Jason seemed to have turned into the most important asset against the IFrytor and Ifry race since he had demonstrated how powerful he and his weapons, Kumo and Degar, were.

Other than that there were many big clan heads that knew from which direction the divine light, which had saved many humans when the Blood eclipse occurred, came from.

As such, they assumed that it might have been Jason who caused this divine light to appear as the Elvyr race's embassy seemed to be focusing their attention on him too!

These were only assumptions, but connecting all dots allowed me to understand that Jason was not as simple as one thought!

Jason didn't even know how fast time passed, as everything had been settled.

However, what astonished him greatly was the fact that four Prismar stages had been deployed to stay by his side.

This was something unexpected and it was only when one of the bodyguards next to him told him that the Nua clan matriarch said that Jason's fire ability and weapons were too important to lose that he understood what the matriarch was trying to achieve.

'Am I turning into some sort of asset?'

Jason was teasing himself, but despite doing so, he had realized that the matriarch was able to overcome the pressure weighing her down, much better than he had expected!

She could think rationally, and determine that Jason was important to protect against the Ifrytor, even if she probably disliked him for defeating Dala Nua in front of everyone.

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 478 - Encounter

Jason was not sure how large the Argos alliance's army was and neither did he know the exact number of opponents they had to face.

However, what he was fully aware of was that the number on both sides was in the millions!

With Artemis' wings, he flew towards the final destination at which they were to face off the Drake alliance, and Jason couldn't help but gulp when he saw the massive crowd of humans and foreign races all around him.

He knew that most of them wouldn't survive the next few days, and this thought was scary.

Yet, in order to remain free, not being shackled down from the Drake clan and foreign races that would treat them worse than trash, everyone was going to give their utmost efforts to fight and defeat the Drake alliance, even if that meant sacrificing themselves.

There might be big clans, sects, and ancient clans that had been suppressed and annexed by the My?ldra race, and even citizens that had been forced to obey the Drake family with a soul contract.

Unfortunately, one couldn't pay much attention to them because a single moment of hesitation could directly lead to death!

Jason was fully aware of this and his mind lingered around Greg and the Fler's as he was flying in the sky.

'Two years have passed...Greg might have barely reached the Lique stage, and Malia should have broken into the Lique stage too...but their strength should still be weak. Allowing them to participate in the last large-scale battle should be a burden to everyone, instead of reinforcement!'

This was Jason's last hope!

Being a burden during a fight meant that they were better off by not participating at all!

In the best case, the entire Fler family was still alive, and both Greg and Malia were currently trained to become the replacement of those powerhouses that would die today.

He sincerely hoped that this was the case because there was nothing else Jason was able to do for them right now.

Even if he encountered them, would he be able to save them? They had been enslaved, and it was unknown what kind of clauses the Drake family's soul contracts had.

Thus, trying to help might as well cause the complete opposite effect, and worsen their situation.

A few hours had already passed since they had departed, but there was still no sign of the Drake alliance's army.

The more time passed, the deeper spread everyone's fear of the unknown.

It had already spread throughout their entire body, but unbeknownst to the majority, there were a few that could barely contain themselves from excitement.

Amongst them, was every member of the blood sect who was able to increase their strength by absorbing the blood of those they had killed.

This allowed them to nurture the innate affinity of those fortunate ones that had been able to awaken the blood sect's specific blood affinity through unknown means, while the others were cultivating a bloodlust accumulation technique they had procured a long time ago.

During the last few hours that had passed, Jason's mana eyes evaluated every single member of the Blood sect and those that had awakened or inherited the blood affinity that was innately connected to them.

Even with his mana eyes, Jason couldn't tell whether the blood affinity was something some humans of the Blood sect had innately awakened, or if it was something their body annexed when they had inherited the blood affinity from one of their soulbonds.

Both scenarios would be extremely weird, and something Jason had never heard before.

However, rather than focusing on this, Jason's eyes were trained on a small number of young men that seemed to have the innate blood affinity!

Out of the information he had received from the Cerus family, his mother's murderer didn't even have liquefied 100 drops of mana more than 7 years ago!

Even if the blood sect was known for their ridiculously high pace at which they liquefied drops of mana, which should stem from the fact that they absorbed the energy and mana from their opponents, Jason

doubted that someone with less than 100 drops of liquefied mana had broken into the Prisma stage in only 7 years!

Even 1000 drops of liquefied mana were difficult to liquefy in a matter of 7 years under normal circumstances, but normal was something that couldn't be used in one sentence with the blood sect!

They were everything but normal!

As such, Jason had been able to achieve what he was unable to do prior; He narrowed down the suspects that might have killed his mother!

Right now might not be the time to take revenge, or even find his mother's murderer, but Jason had been unable to hold himself back from narrowing down the suspects.

It was the perfect timing after all!

He was not about to start a war in his own rows, and his revenge could be postponed for days, weeks, months, or even years if necessary!

As long as he would be able to get his revenge and let others feel how he had felt from losing those he had loved, everything was fine with him.

Jason was aware that this might be the wrong approach, but did that really matter anymore?

Nobody cared if they took the lives of his loved ones, why should he do then?

With that thought, Jason continued to do what he wanted to as he had already prepared everything for the large-scale battle against the Drake alliance.

Byakur was still resting in Jason's soul world, while both desert eagles, Kumo and Degar, were holstered.



The only thing that had changed was that Mike had attached one small storage device the size of a small marble to each desert eagle.

Inside those storage devices were magazines filled with ammunition which allowed Jason to simply store the used-up magazines before he could replace them with magazines that were filled!

This was the easiest way to use his guns consistently, and only a large amount of mana was required.

Fortunately, this wouldn't be a problem because Solaris would not only devour the Ifrytor race's life force but also the Createo flame and a part of their mana core that would nurture Solaris, and replenish the mana he had used up!

Petri was still not awake and it would take a while for him to finish his evolution owing to the fact that it required more compressed life force.

Jason was unable to procure it under normal means, and one could say that Solaris' new ability was miraculous enough to change this, while the Ifrytor race was the livestock he was about to reap!

Nothing except taking revenge on causing Scorpio's death was left in his mind when he thought about the Ifrytor race, and his golden silverish eyes that were outlined by a glowing crimson color were glowing brightly, releasing his killing intent.

When they had departed, the moon had illuminated the dark and ominous surrounding area, only to be replaced by bright sunlights as several hours had passed when the first signs of the ginormous Drake alliance army came into his sight.

The sunrise was magnificent and everyone savored every moment of it before they would have to fight for their freedom and right to stay alive!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 479 - Accumulation

Both sides had a grand plan to counter each other, but unbeknownst to the Drake alliance, a new race had decided to help the Argos alliance.

It was unknown how exactly the Argos alliance had made contact with the Elvyr race, but it was a fact that 100 Elvyr were flying through in the sky, and their mana core rank was the highest amongst everyone!

This was out of their expectations and the Drake alliance's plan, which was simply to overwhelm everyone with their superior strength while preventing being tied down in a fight against big clans with advantageous affinities, had been destroyed.

Since the Burane race had sent assassins to take care of the big clan heads and their highest authorities, not much seemed to have changed.

However, this was not the case, and it was only fortunate that the assassins had returned to share their experience with the divine aura.

Thus, the unexpected scenario the Drake alliance had to face was not as problematic as it was ought to be.

The closer the two armies were, the more movements were visible to one's eyes.

Every big clan was slowly moving, trying to find their assigned opponents in order to take the most efficient path to fight and kill.

Yet, the Drake alliance noticed this too, which made them move around too.

This was deemed as unnecessary by the Burane race, who just wanted to face the 100 members of the Elvyr race.

In the end, the small number of the My?ldra race had to warn the Burane race about the dangers of the Elvyr race, even more so their high mana core!

However, this couldn't stop the Burane race that was known for being patient when it was not required while being impatient, violent, and suicidal during the most crucial times.

Despite their impatience, the My?ldra race could only shrug their shoulders, thinking that the two higher races were the only opponents they had to take care of.

Meanwhile, their numbers and the average combat strength were much higher than that of the Ariyor and Elvyr race.

Thus, the Burane race's confidence was not unfounded and had proper reasoning.

In the end, it was only a small war on an Infant planet that had yet to cross the threshold of having awoken for a whole millennium!

As such, worrying too much might be a waste of time, despite the small number of Prismar stage soldiers their race had sent as reinforcement.

All of them were still training soldiers, but that was the case with almost every race that had entered Argos, otherwise, their strength would have already crossed the threshold to enter the planet in the first place!

While the races and big clans within both armies were moving around, trying to find the best position to fight against their assigned target, Jason was advancing straightforwardly, without paying attention to how the Ifrytor race was moving.

He was observing the entire battlefield intently, trying to enter it at the best possible timing without attracting too much attention.

Jason knew that this was impossible in a long-term project, but it would already be enough if his arrival could be unnoticed for a few minutes.

When the first element attacks were shot over the distance of more than a kilometer, millions of beings perceived this as the sign for the battle to start

As such, they began to circulate mana through their body at the same moment.

While Jason's mana eyes were overwhelmed by the sheer amount of mana fluctuations it was perceiving at a single moment, he tried to make use of every means to find and approach the biggest crowd with the most Ifrytor at the low Lique stage!

This was less of a problem than Jason had expected because the Ifrytor race was combining their Creaoto flame in order to attack stronger opponents than they could handle along and under normal circumstances.

Jason's survival was not known by the Ifrytor race, thus he didn't use Solaris right off the bat.

Rather than doing something obvious, Jason wanted to be within the Ifrytor race's masses before he would start taking his revenge!

That being said, he started to circulate mana through his body and Artemis' wings before he dived towards the ground as the battle began.

Unholstering Kumo, he shot several bullets in short succession with a small, black compressed flame at the tip of the barrel.

Within seconds, Solaris' flames had entered the body of four Ifrytor with less than 200 drops of liquefied mana in their mana core.

Yet, instead of killing them at once, Jason hadn't aimed at the Ifrytors' vital point, lightly injured them.

This allowed the trace of Solaris' flame that had entered their body to devour them from within them.

Their mana, life force, and Creato flame were being devoured, and there was nothing they could do to extinguish the black flame inside them.

They were simply too weak to do anything!

After the first magazine was emptied, Jason quickly replaced it. Yet, instead of rushing forward without a particular aim, he was able to remain cold-headed.

His entire being was screaming for revenge, but he had to stay alive to take revenge!

This was the basic requirement and Jason was fully aware of this!

Nevertheless, without wasting too much time, he had already reached the center of the battlefield.

His feet touched the ground and Artemis' wings disintegrated.

Even so, she remained inside his mana core, and her amplification enhanced Jason, whose combat prowess had reached that comparable of someone with 300 liquefied drops of mana within his mana core.

As such, instead of focusing on taking care of every Ifrytor and Ifry at once, Jason decided that he would start building a foundation for the late game.

Without enough mana and energy to maintain Solaris' flame and the necessary supply of mana Kumo and Degar required to be shot properly, Jason's plan would be for naught.

Due to that, he had to accumulate enough victims to accumulate energy during the first half an hour before he could unleash his strength and Solaris' combat prowess.

This was the mistake he had ignored when he first fought against the Ifrytor race!

He had simply not cared about his mana consumption while fighting against the Ifrytor race.

It had only worked because he didn't have a Kumo or Degar who required more mana at that time, and Byakur was the only weapon he had been using.

Paying attention to his mana consumption against several tens if not more than a hundred thousand opponents was important, and Jason knew that he shouldn't overestimate his own capabilities too much!

With that being said, Jason had unsheathed Byakur whose black tip he had enveloped in a faint layer of Solaris' black flame.

Thus every single time Byakur's pierced through the skin and flesh of an opponent, a fraction of Solaris would detach from the blade's tip to enter his opponent's body to devour the being from the inside.

During the following minutes, Jason was eyed weirdly by his bodyguards because he didn't kill his opponents with the razor-sharp blade he had.

Instead, he was only inflicting minor injuries at the bare minimum, while telling them to ignore the Ifrytor and Ifry he had already been targeted.

It was only after a total of ten minutes had passed that the bodyguards at the Prismar stage began to notice that something about the Ifrytor and Ifry Jason had targeted was changing.

Jason was already aware of this as Solaris had informed him in time.

Thus he returned Byakur back into his soul world,

A moment later he had already unholstered Kumo and pulled the trigger four times.

The bullets shattered the head of the targeted Ifrytors at the Low-Lique stage without showing any signs of resistance.

Only a moment later, thick black flames seeped out of their body, and Jason held out his hand as Solaris manifested inside his palm.

The black origin flame created a vortex suctioning in all black flames that had been exposed allowing it to grow by a small margin.

Solaris' entire mana core was overflowing with mana and life force, which it separated.

The Life force was immediately transferred to Petri, while the mana Solaris had devoured was shared with Jason.

At the same time, Solaris was making use of the Creato flame it had devoured to nurture itself.

When Solaris had devoured the surrounding black flames, Artemis left Jason's mana core, while Solaris replaced her.

Jason's eyes turned pitch black for a quarter of a second before it was reverted to the golden-silverish color with crimson outlines as he mumbled

"That should be enough!"

His entire mana erupted and Solaris was unleashed in its entire strength.

At the same moment, Jason revealed his Celestia aura that was swept through with the desire to kill every single Ifrytor, turning it into a mix of a golden-silver and crimson color!

GOD'S EYES

Chapter 480 - Consequences

Gigantic black wings with a wingspan of over 10 meters sprouted out of Jason's back before a thick layer of black flames enshrouded him tightly.

There was not a single inch without black flames around Jason's body, however, instead of looking like a burning torch, Jason's current appearance was more like a black armored, winged warrior.

It was eerie and Jason looked several times more dangerous than he did before.

Nobody in the surroundings was able to suppress their primal instincts as they retreated a few steps, but Jason was not yet done!

His Celestia aura and the stigma Jason had unleashed to its highest capabilities were slowly merging with the black flame wings and armor instead of radiating in the surroundings.

Solaris was influenced by his aura, the stigma's glow that ignited its own stigma, and Jason's desire to kill.

The entire surrounding area seemed to change, and Jason, who was aiming with Kumo at the closest Ifrytor, didn't even notice anything.

He simply shot at his arch-enemies while the aura that seemed to further change from that of a common Celestia, continued to merge with Solaris.

At that moment, Jason noticed that his wings were being enhanced, while high skin-tight armor made out of Solaris' flames was glowing in a faint crimson, golden-silverish hue.

However, instead of paying attention to this, he perceived that his mana circulation increased, while Solaris' capabilities seemed to have received an amplification too.



Other than that, Jason did only now release his mana absorption to the fullest which was strong enough to gather the entire mana in his surroundings, obstructing others in replenishing their mana.

Less than two minutes had passed since the Infernal Celestia aura, which was how Jason labeled the mixture of crimson, golden, and silver color, had begun to merge with Solaris.

Every single second that passed caused a tiny change, and his anger, agony, and desire to kill everyone who had taken someone Jason had loved, intensified.

Since he could remember, he had always been forced to suppress his emotions, to endure everything, to accept everyone's harsh treatment and the fact that he was destined to be weaker than others.

Suddenly, when his Internal Celestia aura, both stigma, Solaris and Jason had seemingly merged together, something essentially changed.

Mana from the entire battlefield that spanned several kilometers was drawn towards Jason without warning as an infernal aura swept through the rows of soldiers.

His body absorbed the mana in a single moment before it was instinctively released in the area behind his wings.

Jason was unable to tell what was going on, but his body was covered in goosebumps and turned ice-cold despite the searing hot black flames enveloping him.

Yet, instead of feeling uncomfortable by being drained of his mana, Jason felt as if he had become almighty.

It was completely different from the time he had unleashed his Celestia bloodline, but it was not necessarily weaker!

From Jason's perspective, it was as if his unleashed emotions allowed him to reach heights he had never attained in his entire life, to gain the strength he had been unable to grasp before.

Out of his instincts, he holstered Kumo only to manifest Byakur in front of him a moment later as if it had waited for him.

It was vibrating seemingly excitedly and the moment Jason's hand grasped its hilt firmly, Jason felt like Byakur had merged with him.

The Infernal Celestia intertwined black flames circulated through Baykur, igniting every rune inscribed on the blade's surface as it began to glow faintly before enlarging at a slow yet steady pace.

At the same time, the astronomical amount of mana that enveloped and infiltrated Jason was greedily being absorbed.

In a matter of seconds, the entire battlefield was permeated with the desire to kill which was nothing uncommon, however, everyone was instinctively halting in their tracks as they had sensed the infernal aura.

The battle of millions of beings had stopped at once, with everyone's attention being drawn to the gigantic stream of mana that was forcefully accumulated in the battlefield of the Nua and Earra clan and Ifrytor race!

At that moment, the higher races that had been fighting against each other began to tremble in fear.

Their perception was several times higher than anyone else's and some could see through the flood of mana.

"F\*ck, what is going on?" Thousands of people exclaimed.

"There is...one being from the....I don't know the race...I'm sorry!"? The My?Idra with the highest perception reported to their leader while showing a complex set of emotions.

"Is there another race joining the fray?...But...what kind of race could that be?? There are ginormous gates manifesting behind that being too..."

Suddenly the leader of the My?ldra and Burane race looked at each other in shock as they mumbled before their gaze was drawn back to Jason's direction, or to be precise what was emerging behind Jason!

"Replicas of the Gates of Hell?! How??? A Superior or even Ancient race wouldn't send their newborn to Argos to play around....right?"

While the higher races of the Drake alliance were filled with despair of the unknown, Lusan and the rest of the Elvyr embassy's faces was turning paper-white.

"Let alone reward, Celestia Yaldra will kill us..."

Even Fasro, who had already seen Jason's manifestation of the gates of hell, which he had unleashed only once, couldn't help but gulp in fear.

"How can there be such a huge difference...it is as if I'm standing right in front of the original gates of hell...weren't they only illusionary before, and mere means to intimidate his opponents..."

Ginormous gates, the width of more than two dozen meters and several times that in height began to manifest behind Jason, who noticed that something deep within him was about to change substantially.

Suddenly, at that moment, the imprint inside Jason's body which Celestia Yaldra, his father had employed to message him during his primal Celestia bloodline awakening, began to glow brightly.

A divine, silver hue spread from it, enveloping Jason, whose mind went blank, the Gates of Hell and everything that belonged to him at once as a voice he was familiar with was transmitted inside his mind.

[Jason!!! Please stop!! If you continue to allow your wrath and sorrow to spread and accumulate within your body, you will turn into an Infernal Celestia! The Gates of Hell you've summoned is one sign of becoming one!

You might be unaware of this, but the Celestia race is different from other race, and more special...If you become an Infernal Celestia, you will be consumed by your anger and wrath, by the desire to kill

everything around you....and this won't stop after you take revenge on everyone who took something from you!

Your entire being will be corrupted and you will start slaughtering everything! From eradicating nations, planets, even entire races, only to try suppressing the insatiable desire to kill more as it will only grow...

We are too far apart right now and I can't give you my entire support, but overcome your wrath and agony. Find a different way to solve it, instead of allowing it to accumulate within you!

I don't intend to hold you back from taking revenge, but once you turn into an Infernal Celestia, everyone will start hunting you!

Your entire existence would become too dangerous to be ignored and stay alive!]

At that moment, Jason was shaken heavily, and he noticed that the imprint of his father was slowly disintegrating, while the connection was becoming dimmer with each second passing

[There is not much time left...Fortunately, I was able to send a fraction of my aura to you! Make use of it, and remember one thing!

You might not be a pure Celestia, but exactly this could bring forth many problems, but also opportunities!

The human race seems to be easily manipulated by emotions, but don't let them manipulate your mind. Instead, learn how to manipulate your emotions! With that, there might not be a problem about becoming an Infernal Celestia, even if you summon the real Gates of Hell!

Once your eyes turn completely crimson or worse, black, you know that everything you've painstakingly achieved, and fought for was for naught!

...I don't think we will be able to meet each other during your next bloodline awakening, or sometime soon...From the looks of it, there are many things you will have to solve and accomplish before you might want to come home...

Take care of yourself...and don't let our first meeting outside our mind become our last. Neither I nor your mother would want that!]

Jason's entire being shook as his blank mind was once again filled with the desire to kill, his wrath and agony that had been accumulated for years as he cried out.

However, instead of going along the desire to kill, his wrath and agony, Jason forcefully absorbed the entire silver hue left behind by his father.

It was a soothing sensation and Jason's entire anger, wrath, and agony were released into Byakur that acted instinctively.

At the same time, the stream of mana Jason's had subconsciously attracted to manifest replicas of the Gates of Hell began to disperse.

The outlines of the Gates of Hell that were closed and locked by a huge, black lock were dissipating, leaving behind nothing but a vast amount of unused mana.

Just like that, the entire bloodlust and eerie sensation spread through the entire battlefield.

However, Jason had yet to release everything his accumulated and corrupting anger, wrath, and sorrow as his golden-silverish eyes began to radiate the surrounding radius of several dozen meters.

Mana began to stream towards Jason at a rapid pace, and he instinctively inserted every little trace of it towards Byakur who was enveloped by a thick layer of black flames.

It began to enlarge, and more than two minutes had passed, without anyone moving, as Byakur's length had reached a few dozen meters.

At that moment, everyone in the surroundings sensed that death was approaching them, only to see that Jason pulled back Byakur before he brandished it, creating a massive crescent sword beam that shot towards the Drake alliance's army!