

# **Strongest Necromancer Of Heaven's Gate**

## **- Chapter 225 - 256**

### **The Biggest Threats In The Second Round Of The Tournament |**

#### **Chapter 225: The Biggest Threats In The Second Round Of The Tournament**

Nine people were gathered in a VIP room which overlooked the arena.

They were believed to be the nine strongest members of the young generation and were also known as the Four Kings and the Five Overlords.

Naturally, all nine of them were vying to become the Champion to let their prestige spread far and wide. Although not all of them were head over heels with the blue-haired beauty who was hailed as the Princess of Barbatos Academy, becoming her fiancée would allow them to form connections with her father, who was one of the handful of Saints in the Eastern Region of Solais.

"That skinny teenager wearing a bamboo hat in Arena 4 wasn't half bad," a young man with blonde hair and blue eyes said with a smile. He had sharp features, which made it hard to say whether he was good looking or not.

Although a smile was on his face, an intimidating presence leaked out of his body, which could make any Apostle below Grade C shudder.

"What about the Summoner?" a black-haired teenager asked. "What do you think about him?"

"Him? I don't think he is a big deal. Even though his Rock Golem is strong, I can easily knock him out without any problem."

Nero, who was part of this group of prodigies nodded his head in agreement. Although the creatures under a Summoner's control were strong, all of them would disappear the moment their Master was taken out.

"There were other interesting individuals in the other arena as well," a green-haired boy with pointy ears said with a smirk on his face. "It seems like this year's tournament won't be as boring as I originally thought it would be."

"Still, I didn't see Iris' step-brother's name in the list of participants," a young man with gray hair, who was around two-meters tall, said as he crossed his arms over his chest. His muscles were bulging on his body, making him look like the Barbarian he really was. "I was hoping to see him fight so I could laugh at him when he gets eliminated."

"That Half-Elf?" the green-haired teenager snorted. "Pathetic half-bloods who only rely on our Elven ancestry to look a little bit decent, but that doesn't change the fact that they are born defective. According to an insider, Alicia might have made arrangements to register him in the tournament under a different name."

"Oh? So, he's wearing a disguise?" the gray-haired barbarian asked. "Hmph! He must be afraid to show his face. I'm sure that he didn't want to look pathetic in front of Iris."

The blonde-haired young man with sharp features shifted his attention to Nero, who was looking at a list of names that he had acquired not long ago.

"Nero, do you have any news as to that Half-Elf's identity?" the blonde-haired teenager asked. "Why don't you share the information you have with the rest of us? I'm sure that you already have your suspicions, right?"

Nero raised his head as he glanced at the Prince of the strongest kingdom that supported Barbatos Academy. In his eyes, this Prince was his greatest rival in the tournament, so had made every effort to know more about his fighting style and habits.

"I have some names in mind, but they number over a hundred," Nero replied. "I believe that he's wearing some kind of disguise. I don't mind sharing the list with all of you, but you have to promise that once you find him, you will share the news with everyone."

"Hmph! No matter what kind of disguise he wears, his pathetic self will show up the moment he faces someone stronger than him." the Barbarian scoffed. "Still, it will help narrow down the suspects if we have a list in our hands."

Nero already knew that his peers had influential backgrounds, compared to him who was born as a commoner. This was why he would sometimes feel inferior when he was around them.

"Let me look at that list," the green-haired teenager said. "I will create copies for everyone."

Nero nodded as he handed the list of names of those he thought to be suspicious contestants in the tournament that the Half-Elf might have used to hide his identity.

The Elf boy chanted as he held the scroll in his hand. A moment later, several scrolls appeared in the air and flew in the direction of the other people inside the room.

The Elf then returned the scroll to Nero as he took his own copy so he could read the names written on it.

"As expected of you, Nero," the blonde-haired teenager said. "This list is quite comprehensive. How about we divide these people among ourselves to make the task of identifying him easier?"

"I have no objections."

"I agree with this proposal."

"This will save us a lot of time."

"Good thing I have one of my family's artifacts with me. This should help me find out if that bastard Lux is hiding among these names."

The nine teenagers glanced at each other before deciding which of the contestants would be assigned to them.

While this was happening, Lux was resting inside his room and absorbing the Beast Cores in his storage ring. Although he knew that he would end up using most of the cores in his possession, he decided to upgrade his Special Body Constitution once.

Due to their battle earlier, he was able to get a rough estimate of the average strength of the contestants that he would be meeting in the next round of the Qualifying Matches. Although he believed that he could fight them without

problems, he decided to upgrade his Body Constitution to give him an edge in the next set of matches that he would be participating in.

Just as he was about to absorb another Beast Core, the Half-Elf glanced at the wall of his room. Immediately, he hid the Beast Core back inside his storage ring as he looked on the wall with anticipation.

A moment later the wall parted, revealing the mature beauty, Alicia, who was smiling at him.

"You surprised me earlier," Alicia said as she walked towards the Half-Elf who was seated on the couch. "Now I know why you decided to join the tournament."

"Haha, I was just lucky that my opponents are weak," Lux replied. "Did you visit me just to congratulate me, Alicia?"

"Of course not," Alicia stated. "I am not that free. I only came here to give you this."

Alicia handed Lux a scroll, and the Half-Elf accepted it with a confused look on his face. However, his confusion disappeared as soon as she saw the information that was written on the scroll.

Lux read the scroll quietly, While Alicia sat on the couch beside him. The mature beauty allowed the Half-Elf to digest the information that she had given him for his next match in the tournament.

"This is indeed very helpful," Lux said in a grateful voice. "Thank you, Alicia."

"No need to thank me," Alicia commented. "Do you have any questions? About your opponents tomorrow? I listed all of their skills and special abilities that they have used during the tournament. With this, you will be able to prepare for your next match, and see the people who you need to be wary of."

Lux stayed silent for a minute as he once again looked at the names on the scroll before shifting his gaze to the alluring woman beside him.

"In your opinion, who is the biggest threat on this list?" Lux asked with a serious expression on his face.

Alicia pondered for a bit before pointing at two names in the list.

"Rol Mordosk," Alicia said. "He is the younger brother of one of the Four Kings among the young generation. He is a Barbarian, and some say that his strength is almost equal to the strength of his brother. If possible, do not have a direct confrontation with him in the early stages."

Alicia's finger then moved to the second name in the list.

"Gerhart Cenele," Alicia stated. "The Headmaster sent an invitation to him to enroll at Barbatos Academy because of his amazing control over the element of wind. During the Qualifying matches, he created a hurricane that almost eliminated all the participants in Arena 2. He is a force to be reckoned with, so you should be on your guard against him."

"There are a few more notable contestants on this list, but none of them are as dangerous as these two young men. Just like your earlier battle, this will be another Royal Rumble and only twenty participants will remain. As long as you play your cards right, you can easily be one of those who will proceed to the next round."

Lux nodded his head in understanding before thanking Alicia for sharing her thoughts on the matter. After seeing the information inside the scroll, he knew that the woman who had taken good care of him and Iris in Barbatos Academy was doing her best to help Lux in any way that she could.

"Although tomorrow is going to be a very busy day, I'll come and see you again if I have the time," Alicia said as she walked towards the part of the wall that was left open. "Goodluck in your next matches."

"Thank you," Lux replied. "I will do my best."

Alicia gave Lux a smile before walking back through the passage. A moment later, the wall sealed itself shut, returning to its previous state.

Lux didn't initially know that the room that was reserved for him had a secret passage known only to Alicia. In the end, he could only admire the secretary's thoroughness in her effort to help him.

"I'm glad that Alicia is on my side," Lux muttered as he shifted his attention back to the scroll in his hands. "Rol Mordosk, Gerhart Cenele... I wonder how I will fare against these two."

Lux read over the information that was written on the scroll one more time, and committed it into his memory. Since Alicia had made an effort to pass the scroll to him, the least he could do was return the favor by winning the second round of the tournament.

'I wonder if Nero and his gang are already looking for my whereabouts,' Lux mused after placing the scroll inside his storage ring. 'Well, goodluck to them. Let this little game of hide and seek commence!'

Lux chuckled as he took a Beast Core out of his storage ring. For now, he would just focus on upgrading his Special Body Constitution to prepare for his match tomorrow. Whether his identity would be exposed or not, he planned to just leave it to Fate.

The only thing that mattered to him was passing the final Qualifying Round in order to have the opportunity to fight the strongest members of the young generation. That way, he would be able to measure just how much he had improved ever since he had the opportunity to enter the wonderful, yet dangerous world of Elysium.

## **Chapter 226: I Hate You**

"Brother, hurry up!"

"We're going to leave you if you're slow!"

"Alright, just calm down. I'm coming," Sid said as he let his two sisters pull both of his hands. They were going to head to Aspiration Plains to pick the herbs Grandma Annie needed to make potions.

It had been several days since Sid returned to Leaf Village, wanting to stay with his sisters for a little while before he embarked on a journey to strengthen himself.

His Master, Lux, had told him that he would be gone for several months in order to fool Twilight Rain into thinking that he was really out of the picture, and allow Scarlet to gain the full support of the Dark Guild in order to become one of their Slayer Candidates, and eventually a Ranker.

Sid thought that his plan was excellent. If Lux were to be seen by the Dark Guild in Elysium while Scarlet was in the middle of acquiring her resources, things might get a bit complicated. In order to prevent this from happening, the Half-Elf even planned to go to the territories where Wildgarde Stronghold was in Elysium first to get a better understanding of what it was like to stay in those territories.

Of course, he would only go there after the Tournament of Barbatos Academy, because Iris' happiness was at stake.

'Master, I think you have started an unusual trend here in Leaf Village,' Sid thought as he gazed at the two baby slimes that were perched on top of his sisters' heads.

Ever since Lux had been recognized as the Eternal Guardian and Hero of Leaf Village, most of the Dwarves and foreigners who arrived there from Solais had decided to raise Slimes as their Beast Companions.

His sisters were no exception and, for the most part, he could only allow them to follow this unique tradition.

"Ei!" The slime on Laura's head, whom she had given the name, Cora, suddenly made a sound, alerting its Master that it was sensing the herb that they were looking for.

"You already found a herb? You are amazing, Cora!" Laura said in a happy tone. "Where is it?"

The baby slime jumped off Laura's head and immediately crawled in the direction where she sensed the herb that they were looking for.

Sid's little sister ran off to follow the baby slime in a good mood. Not wanting to lose to her twin, Livia ran behind her, leaving Sid to watch the two of them go, a smile forming on his face.

The handsome Dhampir had noticed that both of his sisters had become more lively after they arrived in Leaf Village. In fact, not only were they full of life, they were even healthier than before.

Unlike the Orphanage where the little girls had very little to eat, Grandma Annie made sure that Laura and Livia were eating enough and properly. Also, she would give them plenty of snacks whenever the two helped her with the

chores and looked after the shop whenever she was busy concocting pills and potions for the villagers.

The appearance of the two girls brought color to Grandma Annie's lonely life, so the Old Lady had poured her love out on the twins, spoiling them completely.

"Ah! That horned rabbit stole our herb!" Laura exclaimed when a Horned Rabbit suddenly appeared, detached the herb from its roots, and ran off with it before she could pick it. "Cora! Punish it!"

"Nora, don't let it get away!" Livia also ordered her baby Slime to help her twin catch the Horned Rabbit.

"Your baby Slimes won't be able to catch that Horned Rabbi—" Sid wasn't able to finish his words because he saw the two baby Slimes fired a stone and water bullet at the same time, hitting the Horned Rabbit, and making it collapse on the ground twitching.

"Bad Rabbit!" Laura took the herb that the Horned Rabbit had dropped and put it inside her basket.

"You shouldn't do that, you know?" Livia admonished the Horned Rabbit who was still in a daze after getting hit by the two magical attacks. "Stealing is bad."

When the Horned Rabbit recovered its senses, it gave the two girls a glare before running away. Clearly, it didn't intend to listen to their words, and returned to its usual routine in the Aspiration Plains.

"Cora, good job!"

"Nora, that was great!"

""Ei!""

The two baby Slimes lightly jumped off the ground after hearing their Master's praise. The twins happily picked up their Beast Companions and kissed their cheeks, making the baby Slimes' jelly-like bodies jiggle in happiness.

Sid, who was standing not far away from the two, could only scratch his head in disbelief.

"I guess the Slimes here in Leaf Village are built differently," Sid muttered. He had no choice but to admit that the Slimes that were being raised in Leaf Village were not like the common Slimes he had seen in the past.

The Dhampir then remembered the baby Slime that was always perched on his Master's head and pondered if Eiko had something to do with why the Slimes in Leaf Village were different from the rest of the Slimes in the Kingdom of Gweliven.

'It might just be coincidence,' Sid thought. 'Yeah. This is just a coincidence. How can ordinary Slimes be that powerful?'

This was the same question that would plague the adventurers in the other villages, towns, and cities of the Kingdom of Gweliven, when the young Dwarves from Leaf Village went to other places after becoming Apostles.

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Meanwhile somewhere in the Kingdom of Gweliven...

"You did well, Scarlet," the Elder, who was also the red-headed Dwarf's grandfather, said with a smile. "With this, you are now officially a Slayer Candidate. You've made me and our clan very proud."

"I'm glad to have become of great service to you, Grandfather, and to our guild," Scarlet replied with a respectful bow.

"The Guild Master had tasked me to bring you to the Slayer Training Camp tomorrow," the Elder stated. "You will also gain resources there. I hope that, after a year, you will be able to show me great improvements in your strength. There are very few Rankers in our family, so having a future Ranker like you gives us hope. Continue to excel, and climb the ranks of Twilight Rain."

"Everything will be done according to your will, Grandfather," Scarlet vowed.

A few minutes later, Scarlet returned to her room to rest. After making sure that the door was locked, the red-haired Dwarf laid down on the bed and looked at the ceiling.

"Climb the ranks of Twilight Rain...", Scarlet muttered. "Just as that Half-Elf expected, things are proceeding smoothly on my end."

Scarlet sighed in her heart as she thought of her Master, who had promised that he would make himself scarce for half a year to allow her to train and accumulate the resources promised to her that would allow her to become a Ranker in a short period of time.

There was no doubt that she hated Lux, but it was also a fact that she couldn't disobey him. Her life was in the Half-Elf's hands, and if the latter thought that she was no longer useful, he could make her disappear with just a thought.

Although Scarlet thought that it was humiliating, she had no choice but to accept her current circumstances and follow Lux's orders to the best of her abilities.

"At least he kept his promise to make me a Slayer Candidate," Scarlet muttered as she closed her eyes. "I just hope he won't order me around like a slave and ask me to perform unreasonable requests."

Scarlet had just turned nineteen years old, and her future as an assassin was very bright. She was hailed as the greatest prodigy that their clan had produced, and she took great pride in this fact. If not for the fact that Lux had turned the tables on her, claiming her life, she might have been able to live her life the way she wanted to.

However, that was no longer possible. She lived and died for Lux now. This was the sad reality she found herself in.

'Maybe I can negotiate with him to buy my freedom back,' Scarlet thought as she laid on her side, looking at the dagger that she had embedded in the table in her room. 'I guess I'll have to wait until he returns in order to talk to him about this matter.'

For Scarlet, her freedom was just as important as her life. When Lux died then, she felt her body slowly disperse into particles of light, making her feel anxious.

It made her realize that she could no longer live the way she wanted to, because if anything untoward happened to Lux, she would disappear into nothingness, and everything she had worked hard for would disappear without a trace.

This was a very scary thought for her, but there was nothing she could do about it.

"Lux Von Kaizer," Scarlet said softly. "I hate you."

Yes. She hated her new Master, but also feared and admired him at the same time. That night, Scarlet slept and dreamed of the day she regained her freedom.

In that dream, she saw herself standing on the peak of a mountain and staring down on all of creation.

She felt so alive, so fulfilled, and so happy, that for a brief moment, she felt that becoming Lux's subordinate wasn't as bad as she originally thought it to be.

## Chapter 227: Hey, Are You Lux Von Kaizer?

"Grandma, will Big Brother be fine?" Iris asked with an anxious tone. "I saw the list of contestants who will be in the same arena as him, and several of them are no pushovers."

"Don't worry, Lux will be fine." Vera assured her anxious granddaughter who had a worried look on her face.

"Pa!" Eiko, who was perched on Iris' shoulder, said with a confident tone.

Clearly, the baby Slime had full faith in her Papa, who she thought would easily win the tournament if he went all out.

What Eiko didn't know was that Lux didn't plan on summoning Diablo, Ishtar, Pazuzu, and his skeleton minions to fight with him for the duration of the tournament. The Half-Elf only let Orion out because he planned to be recognized as a Summoner, and not a Necromancer by his competitors.

"I'm still a bit worried," Iris looked at the chubby young man who was now standing inside the arena alongside the contestants that would participate in the second round of the Qualifying Matches. "Grandma, how strong is Big Brother, currently?"

Vera chuckled after hearing her granddaughter's question. Seeing how anxious she was, the old lady decided to answer her question as honestly as she could.

"Right now, I can say that Lux is on par with the Four Kings, and Five Overlords," Vera replied.

"Really?!"

"Yes. However, he is placing certain restrictions on himself. But, even if that is the case, knowing Lux, he will not allow himself to be at a disadvantage. Have more faith in him, Iris. He will be fine."

"Pa." Eiko nodded, agreeing with her great grandma's words. Lux had taken more than half of the Beast Cores that Eiko's slimes had collected in order to strengthen his Body Constitution.

After experimenting a bit, Lux had found that he could increase the number of points he could gain from a Beast Core if he just focused on adding points to his Body Constitution.

Usually, when Lux absorbed Beast Cores he would gain a specific number of points.

Rank 1 Beast Cores = 10 Points in Stats, 10 Points in Body Constitution.

Rank 2 Beast Cores = 20 Points in Stats, 20 Points in Body Constitution.

Rank 3 Beast Cores = 30 Points in Stats, 30 Points in Body Constitution.

Rank 4 Beast Cores = 40 Points in Stats, 40 Points in Body Constitution.

Rank 5 Beast Cores = 50 Points in Stats, 50 Points in Body Constitution

The Beast Cores of Alpha Monsters' had double stats. For example, a Beast Core that came from a Carbuncle, a Rank 2 Alpha Beast, would give 40 points in Stats and Body Constitution instead of the typical 20 points in stats and 20 points in Body Constitution.

Some might say that this point distribution was unfair, especially for Rank 3 monsters and above. However, what the higher-leveled Monsters lacked in points, they made up for with the Skills that one could learn from them once they have absorbed their Beast Cores.

For most people, the Skills that they could gain from the Beast Core were more important than the Stats.

The stronger the skills were, the better their offensive and defensive capabilities would be.

In Lux's case, he had recently discovered that he could convert Skill Points into Constitution Points.

For example, if Lux used a Rank 2 Beast Core that gave him 20 Stats points and 20 points for Constitution Points, he could just convert the 20 Stats points and pool them with his Constitution Points, raising the overall points to 40, instead of 20.

This tradeoff was something that Lux was able to discover because the rewards he had gained from raising his Body Constitution had helped him increase not only his strength, but his abilities as well.

The Immortal Dragon Conqueror's Legacy was truly one of a kind, allowing Lux to wield the power of Dragons. He believed that if he was able to upgrade his Body's Constitution rank to the next level, a new set of amazing rewards would be waiting for him.

Iris giggled after hearing Eiko's complaint about her Papa borrowing her Beast Cores. Because of this, Iris gave Eiko a hundred low-ranked Cores, so that she would stop pouting.

Eiko was naturally happy with these unexpected gains. For her, the more Beast Cores she had, the better.

"The battle is about to start," Vera said as she looked at the timer that was displayed in the center of the arena.

Iris and Eiko focused their attention on the projection that was displayed on the wall of Iris' room.

Even if the Half-Elf were to lose, as long as he was safe, Iris would still be happy no matter the result. She had grown up with him and knew how weak his body had been in the past. Even with the new changes she had seen in his Soul Book, Iris was still worried that her step-brother's previous illness would return at some point during his battles in the arena.

"Brother, goodluck," Iris pressed her hands together in front of her chest and prayed for Lux's victory. Deep inside, the only thing she wished for was that Lux wouldn't be hurt in the tournament.

Five minutes before the timer started in Arena 4...

Rol Mordosk, the younger brother of one of the Four Kings, glanced in the direction of the chubby boy standing in one of the corners of the arena.

Her brother had told him that there was a possibility that his love rival had disguised himself as one of the participants in the tournament. The chubby boy's name was one of the people suspected to be Lux's hidden persona, so his older brother had asked him to give the chubby boy a beating.

Although the chances of the Summoner being Lux were small, he was still considered as one of the threats in Arena 4, so it went without saying that Rol Mordosk would eliminate him as soon as possible, even without his Older Brother's reminder.

"Hey, are you Lux Von Kaizer?" Rol asked as he gazed down at the chubby boy whose head only reached his chest.

"Lux who?" the chubby boy replied. "Is he famous?"

"More like infamous for being a weakling. So, are you him?"

"Huh? Do I look like a weakling? Do you want me to clobber you later?"

Rol snorted after hearing the chubby boy's reply. He had seen that weak and pathetic Half-Elf several times when he had visited Barbatos Academy in the past, because his older brother was one of Iris' suitors.

For him, the Half-Elf was trash, especially since the latter couldn't even enter Elysium, making him the laughingstock of those who were pursuing the blue-haired beauty of Barbatos Academy.

"Good, at least you have guts compared to that weakling," Rol stated. "If you beg me later, and vow to become my subordinate, I will only beat you half dead. If you refuse, I will beat you until you're just a step away from dying. Make sure to choose wisely."

Instead of answering, the chubby boy chuckled as he looked up at the Barbarian teenager whose bulging muscles reminded him of the body builders back on Earth. In his mind, if he couldn't even beat the little brother of one of the Four Kings that represented the young generation then he should just pack up and leave the tournament.

Rol frowned after seeing the chubby boy's response and decided to give the other party a light push. However, before he could even do that, Bruno appeared and held Rol's wrist, preventing him from hurting the chubby boy.

"Do you want to get disqualified?" Bruno asked. "It is stated in the rules that fighting before the countdown starts is foul play. Tell me, should I call the guards and escort you out of the arena for breaking the rules?"

Rol shook Bruno's hands off before giving the chubby boy a glare. He then walked away to return to where he was standing a short while ago and leaned against the wall with his eyes closed.

Clearly, getting disqualified was not part of his plan. If he were to get really kicked out of the tournament because of something petty, his Older Brother, as well as his family, would be disappointed in him.

This was something Rol didn't want to happen, so he decided to hold himself back until the timer started. Smashing the chubby boy's face in as punishment for being cocky could wait.

Bruno snorted before flying upwards. He then glanced at the contestants who were paying attention to the tension that was happening inside the arena.

"Rulebreakers will be punished!" Bruno declared. "I don't care who you are, where you are from, and who your daddy, grandpa, or great grand daddy is. If you break the rules of the tournament, you will be punished accordingly!"

Bruno scoffed before flying towards the raised platform that acted as the Judge's seat of honor. Since he was the presiding judge over Arena 4, he had been given full authority to dish out punishments at any given time.

This was why Alicia had made sure that Bruno knew that the chubby boy was a VIP. As long as Bruno was the one overseeing the battle, Lux's safety was assured.

"Make your last minute preparations," Bruno stated. "The battle will begin in two minutes!"

As if waiting for that cue, the countdown timer appeared in the center of the arena. The contestants immediately formed groups, while solo fighters backed into the far corners of the arena.

They already knew that this would be another Royal Rumble, so they couldn't take any chances.

Lux crossed his arms over his chest, as Orion, and one more Rock Golem appeared on his other side, defending him from anyone who wished to harm him.

Rol glanced at the two Rock Golems with ridicule. He was confident that he would be able to smash his fist into the chubby boy's face before his summons could even react to him.

What Rol didn't know was that, aside from him, one more person was paying close attention to Lux, and it was none other than Gerhart Cenele.

He was the other person that Alicia had warned him about. The clothes of the young man who held the power to control the wind element, started to flutter as he slowly released the power inside his body.

His gaze never left the chubby boy, as those who were beside him backed away in a hurry. A powerful gust of wind swirled around Gerhart's body, making him look like a human tornado that was about to unleash a natural disaster on those around him.

Bruno looked at this scene with a calm expression on his face. Although he was told to ensure that Lux wouldn't die in the tournament, he wouldn't act until the very last moment to save the chubby teenager's life.

His reason for this kind of mindset was due to the subtle pressure that Lux was emanating from his body.

As a Ranker, he could tell that the chubby teenager wasn't someone simple. He was looking forward to seeing what the young man, and his summons, could do against other participants whose abilities were said to be nearing the level of the Four Kings and Five Overlords, who stood above the warriors of the young generation.

## **Chapter 228: Next Time We Meet, I Will Show You No Mercy**

"Battle Start!"

Bruno's shout, after the timer hit zero, sounded across Arena 4 and the contestants inside it instantly took action.

The most high-handed of them all was none other than Rol, who decided to attack Lux the moment the timer hit zero, ignoring everyone around him. The Barbarian was confident that he could take out the summoner in just two minutes, eliminating one of the candidates that were preventing his brother from winning the tournament.

"Time to die, chubby boy!" Rol roared as he summoned a War Axe and brandished it towards Lux, who had his arms crossed over his chest.

Lux smirked at the approaching Barbarian, who he expected to single him out the moment the countdown ended.

"How about, No?" Lux replied as he sneered at the young Barbarian whose eyes were locked on his body.

However, before Rol could even activate one of his powerful abilities, he suddenly found himself moving against his will. The next thing he knew, he was face to face with a rocky fist, which faintly glowed as a sign of a skill's activation.

"Jackhammer!" Orion shouted as he slammed his fist into the Barbarian that was planning to hurt his Master.

Rol hurriedly used one of his life saving skills which allowed him to endure one blow that could potentially end his life once a day.

Although he believed that the Rock Golem's attack couldn't potentially kill him, getting seriously injured at the start of the match was something he didn't want to happen. Not only would it reduce his chances of winning, the other players might decide to attack him while he was injured, giving him a lethal injury in the process.

A mini-shockwave erupted where Rol stood as Orion's fist smashed into his chest, sending him hurtling through the air like a kite that had its strings cut.

Einar Mordosk, Rol's older brother, clicked his tongue as he watched the battle from his VIP Seat. Seeing that his Brother had used his life saving ability so early in the tournament made him feel disappointed. However,

because of this incident, he now knew that the chubby boy's Rock Golem had a skill which could force people to exchange blows with it.

'According to the list Nero gave me, this guy is one of the participants that could be that Half-Elf in disguise,' Einar thought as he looked at the chubby boy in the distance. 'Although I highly doubt it, there's no harm in eliminating him early in the tournament.'

Aside from his younger brother, there were two other people that Einar knew in Arena 4. He had tasked them to support his brother during the fight to ensure that he would pass through the next round safely.

Although Rol was only a half-brother, who was born from a different mother, he was still close to the other person and wanted the younger Barbarian to at least reach the semi-finals of the tournament.

As Einar gazed at the battlefield, the battle between the participants intensified. After seeing the Rock Golem's incredible might, the other contestants stayed away from Lux and focused on the other participants.

Orion's punch had sent Rol hundreds of meters away from Lux, landing where the battle for survival was particularly intense. Because of this, Rol had no choice but to defend himself from the blows that were coming from his left, right, front, and back, giving him no room to advance to where Lux was currently standing.

Suddenly, a group of six people unleashed a barrage of ranged attacks towards Lux's direction, forcing Orion, and the other Rock Golem to step forward and use their bodies to tank the attacks aimed at their Master.

It was also at that moment when three individuals charged at Lux from the side. Two of them were wielding swords, while the last one held two daggers in his hands. They were part of the group that attacked Lux, and their goal was to eliminate the Summoner as soon as possible in order to decrease the number of strong fighters in the arena.

Lux, who saw this, summoned the sword Blood Moon, as well as its new counterpart, Blood Shield.

Blood Shield was a Unique Weapon that Lux had crafted personally. He had used a small portion of the Red-Eyed Terror Mantis' exoskeleton, as well as Mithril and Steel, to create the best equipment that Lux had crafted to date.

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(A/N: Just in case you guys forgot the ranking for equipment, here are the rarity ratings. Common weapon, Rare Weapon, Unique Weapon, Mythical Weapon, Legendary Weapon, Demigod Weapon, Divine Weapon.)  
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Blood Shield had two passive Skills which Lux believed were perfect for All-Rounder fighters.

One of them was Shield Boomerang. This was similar to Shield Throw, except this Skill had an additional advantage which would make the shield automatically return to its owner after it hits its target or reach its maximum flight range.

This Skill had a high chance of stunning its target if the attack hit the target's head.

The second Skill of Blood Shield was called Shield Retaliation.

This ability was a charging type skill that stored 5% of the overall damage that was dealt in a single blow.

Meaning, if the shield bearer successfully blocked an attack, the shield would absorb 5% of the total damage of the blow and store it. The stored damage could be stacked up to 20x, which could then be unleashed as a form of AOE energy attack that had a range of five-meters around the shield bearer.

Originally, Lux planned to let either Diablo or Pazuzu wield the shield since both summons used shields when they fought. But since he couldn't summon his two Named Creatures in the tournament, he decided to use the shield for the time being.

Just as Lux was about to engage the three attackers in close combat. Several wind blades descended from the air, catching them by surprise.

Cries of pain escaped their lips as they were hit by the razor-sharp wind blades that attacked them from their blindspot.

A moment later, a powerful gust of wind lifted the three warriors in the air before smashing them against the barrier of the arena. The deadly

combination knocked them unconscious, which forced the Mages, who were monitoring the battle, to teleport them outside of the arena.

Lux stared at the green-haired teenager who was floating in the air. He recognized the latter as Gerhart Cenele, one of the two people that Alicia had warned him about.

The Half-Elf didn't know why Gerhart had helped him, but before he could even call out to him, the green-haired teenager spun around, creating a hurricane in the very center of the arena.

Soon, shouts and curses of panic and frustration could be heard in Arena 4 as several contestants were sucked up by the hurricane which was getting bigger with each passing second.

Orion, and the other Rock Golem, stood firmly beside Lux, acting as his support, preventing him from being sucked up by the fierce winds that had grown to an unbelievable size.

Rol, who was near the center of the arena, decisively threw his War Axe to the far end of the battleground. A few seconds later, he disappeared from where he stood, and reappeared where he had thrown his Axe.

The young Barbarian then smashed his Axe into the ground, using it as an anchor to prevent himself from getting sucked by the hurricane.

The audience, as well as those seated in the VIP rooms, watching the spectacle, could only admire the deadly hurricane that single-handedly sucked up almost all of the contestants in the arena. Those that were sucked up by the hurricane found themselves at the mercy of nature as the winds shredded their armor, as well as parts of their bodies with every passing second.

The mages who were carefully monitoring the condition of the contestants were frantically using mass teleportation spells to save the individuals who they deemed were in mortal danger.

Ten minutes later, the hurricane stopped.

Gerhart glanced down at the ground and saw that Lux and Rol were the only survivors in Arena 4.

He had eliminated all other contestants, leaving only the other two behind.

Rol stared at the floating youth in the air with a hateful expression before shifting her glare to the chubby boy who was clinging to his Rock Golem's leg.

His mission was to eliminate the chubby boy, but after his failed attempt, he no longer had the opportunity to carry out the task assigned to him.

"Lucky Bastard," Rol muttered as he glared at the Half-Elf. "Next time, I will make sure you get eliminated!"

Without another word, Rol left the arena without even giving Lux a second glance. Now that only three of them remained, it was impossible for him to attack the chubby teenager because the battle was now over.

Gerhart was about to go as well, but a call from the ground stopped him in his tracks.

"Why?" Lux asked as he looked up at the green-haired teenager who had stopped the attacks that were aiming for him.

"The boar you saved is one of my Sworn Brothers," Gerhart replied. "Now, I have repaid his debt in full. The next time we meet on the battlefield, I will not show you any mercy."

After saying those words, Gerhart flew out of the arena under the cheers of the people who watched the battle.

Lux could only scratch his head. He didn't even need any help to deal with the people who attacked him. In the end, he decided to just let it go and treat it as his good karma for the good deed he had done the other day.

As he walked towards the exit of the arena, he felt several appraising gazes pass over his body. The Half-Elf ignored them and just walked as casually as he could, while waving at the audience like a wrestler who had just won his wrestling match.

"It's not him," Nero muttered as he looked at the chubby teenager using a monocle that was capable of seeing through disguises. "Just where is that blasted Half-Elf hiding?"

Although Nero had handed the list to his other acquaintances, he was a very thorough person. He believed that if he wanted things done right, he should do them himself.

Because of this, he personally scouted the people in the list he had made. By now, he had gone over a fifth of them. Nero left Arena 4, feeling disappointed, because he strongly believed that the chubby boy was Lux in disguise.

Now that the person he suspected as Lux had been cleared from his suspicions, he decided to visit the other arenas, and see if the other people in his list would be the Half-Elf that he was itching to give a beating to.

## **Chapter 229: Lux's Next Opponent**

On the third day, the last Qualifying Matches were held and, to Vera's and Iris' relief, Lux had successfully made it onto the list of the last 32 contestants, which included the Four Kings and Five Overlords.

These 32 contestants would now fight one-on-one battles which would allow them to reach the semi-finals and get the opportunity to be hailed the Champion of the Lionheart's Tournament

The victor would also gain amazing treasures that were personally prepared by the Six Kings, as well as the Headmaster of Barbatos Academy.

Alexander had already declared that the Champion of the tournament would gain the privilege of becoming his daughter's fiancé, which had caused Iris' countless suitors to take the tournament seriously in order to get the chance to marry the blue-haired beauty that was also referred to as the Princess of Barbatos Academy.

Lux looked at the Big Magical Board where the names of the Four Kings and Five Overlords were separated in different brackets. This was to ensure that none of them would fight each other early, which made those that had passed the Qualifiers cry foul.

However, since this was the will of the organizers, there was nothing they could do about it.

The final groupings were divided into four. Each group had 8 contestants inside it. The Nine Prodigies who stood above the rest were arranged in a manner that they could only fight each other after fighting two times.

Meaning, the organizers had arranged for the final battle in each Division to be the Kings and the Overlords fighting against each other.

At least, that was what they assumed would happen when they made this setup. They didn't believe that those who passed the Qualifying Matches would be able to beat the best prodigies of the young generation.

'Well, I guess this also works to my advantage,' Lux thought as he gazed at the groupings on the giant board. 'Nero is in Group A, while I am in Group C. It seems that we won't get a chance to fight each other until the Semi-Finals. Assuming that he doesn't lose his matches.'

Lux rubbed his chin as he looked at the matchups for tomorrow.

'The Boar will be fighting against Rol, while Gerhart will be fighting against one of the Four Kings, who also specializes in the Wind Element,' Lux mused. 'What a setup, Barbarian versus his prey, and Wind User versus another Wind User. If I remember correctly the so-called young King is a Prince from an Elven Kingdom.'

'I guess those who bear the title of King are members of Royalty, while Overlords are those with noble backgrounds or lower, like Nero.'

Lux looked at his opponent in the Rank C tournament and saw a familiar name, which made him chuckle.

'Looks like I'm up against that Barbarian who has been courting Iris for years,' Lux thought. 'Einar Mordosk, nineteen years old, Middle Grade-A Apostle. Stat wise, he is stronger than me. He is a pure combat fighter that specializes in swords, and axes. He also has the Rage Skill, which is similar to Berserk, but with no side-effects. He is going to be one tough cookie to crack.'

Lux had to admit that his first opponent was quite a powerhouse.

Einar was one of the Four Kings of the younger generation, and was the second eldest son of the Barbarian King, Amastan Mordosk.

When people think of Barbarians, they immediately imagine brutish warriors who only had brawn and no brains.

Unfortunately, this was not the case with the Barbarian King. He was a very wise ruler, and had ushered in a new era for his people, making them one of the most powerful Kingdoms within the Eastern Regions of Solais.

His Son, Einar, may not be as wise as his father, but he could be considered as someone who had a good head on his shoulders. Some even said that he was one of the top 3 strongest individuals who represented the younger generation.

As for whether he was really in the top three, top two, or top one, no one really knew.

All they knew was that he was someone they couldn't afford to mess with because Einar was someone that didn't show mercy to his enemies.

While Lux was about to check who Nero's opponent was, a shadow fell upon his body.

Lux casually looked behind him to see who was blocking the sunlight and saw a man who was over two-meters tall and looking down on him with a calm expression on his face.

It was none other than Einar, who was also Lux's next opponent.

"So, you are my opponent in the next match," Einar said as he looked down at the chubby teenager, who was shorter than him. "I already saw through your disguise, Lux Von Kaizer. I will make sure that I cripple you for good in our battle."

"You're not the first person to call me by that name," Lux frowned as he looked at the man that towered over him. "There have already been three others aside from you, and I am starting to wonder if you guys have a crush on this Lux Von Kaizer or something."

Instead of answering, Einar grabbed Lux's face and scratched the side of his face with his fingers. It was as if he was trying to remove a mask or something, but his attempts didn't yield any results.

"Just what do you think you're doing?!" Lux shouted as he pried the Barbarian's hand away from his face. "Are you trying to injure me before our fight has even started? Is this how you Barbarians do things?!"

His loud shout caught the attention of people in the arena, which made them look in their direction. Bruno, who was paying close attention to Lux, started to walk in their direction. Seeing that one of the officials of the tournament was coming their way, Einar scoffed before leaving.

He had attempted to see if he could remove the mask that the chubby teenager was wearing to confirm whether he was really the Half-Elf they were looking for.

In truth, Einar just said that he had seen through the chubby teenager's disguise in an attempt to see his reaction. However, contrary to his expectations, Lux only gave him a fed up look, which made him execute his Plan B, which was to forcefully remove any disguise he might be wearing.

Lux watched the Barbarian go, while sneering in his heart. No one could remove the Mask of a Thousand Faces unless the one whom it was bound to removed it themselves.

This artifact was also immune to other artifacts that could see through disguises. The maker of the Mask had made specific adjustments when crafting it to prevent any type of discernment, and identification spells from penetrating through his disguise.

This was why the Mask could only record two faces at a time, because adding more would make its anti-detection skills weaken.

With this mask on his face, Lux was confident that no one would be able to know his identity. He had also practiced not reacting to people calling him Lux, while wearing the mask, which had foiled the plans of the Iris' suitors to try and learn his true identity.

"Are you alright?" Bruno asked as he stopped beside Lux. "Your next opponent is very strong. If you feel that you can't keep up with him, make sure to surrender as soon as possible. The mages will immediately take you out of the arena."

Lux smiled and gave Bruno a nod of acknowledgement. "Thank you. I will keep that in mind."

The chubby teenager then shifted his attention to the board to see who Nero's opponent was.

'An unfamiliar name,' Lux thought. 'Well, not that it matters. I'll just watch his battle before mine tomorrow.'

Everyday there would be four matches held in the Grand Arena of the Coliseum. The betting system would also open, which was something that Lux intended to capitalize on in order to gain money, and of course, Beast Cores, which would help him increase his strength for future matches.

He had upgraded his Special Body Constitution to Grade D, and the rewards he received were worth all the Beast Core he had sacrificed for his upgrade.

Although he didn't know exactly how strong Einar was, he believed that with the Trump Cards he possessed, he would be able to give the Barbarian Prince a run for his money.

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"Oh no, Big Brother's next opponent is Einar!" Iris, who had just seen the latest match ups, exclaimed. "This is terrible. Big Brother might not win against him!"

Vera, who was handfeeding Eiko a meatbun, glanced at her panicking granddaughter who was walking back and forth inside the room.

"Calm down, Iris," Vera said. "Lux entered the competition knowing that he would be facing strong opponents. It makes no difference if he faced Einar sooner or later. In the end, only the strong will become the champion of this tournament."

Iris sat beside her Grandma and leaned her head on the old lady's shoulder, acting spoiled.

"I know, Grandma, but I can't help but worry," Iris replied. "I love Big Brother so much that thinking of him getting hurt because of me makes my heart ache. Maybe the two of us should just elope and hide somewhere in Elysium. What do you think, Grandma?"

"Believe in him, Iris," Vera commented as she wrapped her right arm around her granddaughter to give her a hug. "Lux is strong. Perhaps stronger than both of us think."

"Do you really think so, Grandma?"

"Of course. I was the one that took care of him since he was a baby. Naturally, I know how determined he can be when faced with adversities. I know that you are worried because you haven't seen Lux fight, but I have."

Vera pressed the side of her head against the top of her granddaughter's as if trying to make a point.

"Lux no longer needs my protection," Vera said softly. There was a trace of sadness in it, but her words also contained a sense of pride. "I believe that someday, he will be the one protecting others instead."

"Including me, Grandma?"

"Of course."

"Ma!" Eiko commented after she finished eating the meatbun in Vera's hand. "Protect Ma!"

Iris giggled as she picked up the baby Slime who had just said that she would protect her.

"Okay, protect me too, Eiko. Make sure that your Papa and I live a happy life together."

"Ma!"

The Baby Slime nodded her head in affirmation. Eiko gave Iris a confident smile, which made the latter smirk and made Eiko's cheeks jiggle when she rubbed her hands on them.

Vera watched this scene with a smile as she thought of the future where she would hold her great grandchildren in her arms.

Lux had already opened up to the idea, and the only one that was blocking her happiness was none other than her son, Alexander, who was also the Headmaster of Barbatos Academy.

'As long as Lux wins this tournament, Alex will have no choice but to abide by his own words,' Vera mused as she looked at the mother and daughter pair who was fooling around together.

The reason why Vera was not making her move was because she believed that Lux would win the tournament.

By doing so, it would remove all kinds of obstacles, including his son's opposition, which would pave the way for her, and her granddaughter's, happiness.

## **Chapter 230.1: Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon [Part 1]**

The day that those that had passed through the Qualifying Rounds would begin their one-on-one battles had arrived.

The Coliseum was packed with people, and when the countdown for the start of the tournament ended, the lights inside the Coliseum disappeared, leaving everyone in complete darkness.

However, before everyone could panic, a booming voice spread in the surroundings, and a spotlight was shot towards the floating platform that hovered at the right-side edge of the arena.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for coming to the Lionheart Tournament!" Bruno's voice spread across the entire Coliseum. "Are you ready to see some exciting battles?!"

""We're ready!""

"I can't hear you!"

""We're ready!!!""

Bruno smiled as he raised his hand to tell everyone to allow him to continue his speech.

"Today, we are going to witness the strongest warriors of the young generation," Bruno said. "First of all, let me introduce the referee that will facilitate today's battles. Everyone, give a round of applause to Judge Dredd!"

Suddenly, a giant fireball materialized at the center of the venue, making everyone gasp in surprise. A moment later, the fireball transformed into a phoenix that flew around the Coliseum, making the crowd cheer, and clap their hands in delight.

With a resounding screech, the Phoenix dove down at the center of the arena, exploding into a shower of sparks.

It didn't take long before a good looking, chubby man, who seemed to be in his early thirties, appeared in front of everyone. He was wearing a red robe, and yet he looked so fine, and dandy that some of the younger ladies giggled after seeing him.

""Judge Dredd!""

""Judge Dredd!""

""Judge Dredd!""

""Judge Dredd!""

Judge Dredd smiled and bowed at the audience, making them give him another thunderous round of applause.

"Everyone, it is my great honor to serve as the judge for today's contestants," Judge Dredd said in a light-hearted tone. "Well then, without further delay, let me introduce the two contestants that will fight for supremacy. On my right corner, the Barbarian Prince of the Vado Kingdom, and one of the Four Kings that represents the Young Generation, ladies and gentlemen, please welcome..."

"Einar Mordosk!"

The lights of the arena then focused on the young man who was two-meters tall, and was wearing nothing on the upper part of his body, leaving the tattoo of what seemed like Tiger with its maws opened wide, bare for all to see.

Everyone saw the bulging muscles of his body and was awed by the intimidating presence he was radiating.

He was none other than Einar Mordosk. The second son of the Barbarian King, as well as one of the strongest members of the young generation. Many had tried to dethrone him from his position, and claim his title, but all of them had failed, almost losing their lives at the hands of the man who could break boulders with a single punch.

After stepping into the arena, Einar pointed at one of the VIP platforms in the Coliseum.

There, an old lady, a blue-haired beauty, and a red-headed teenager sat.

"I dedicate my first victory to you, Iris!" Einar shouted. "When this tournament is over, you will become my wife!"

Iris, who had become the center of everyone's attention, only hugged the red-headed teenager beside her, and the latter hugged her back.

Seeing the familiar Half-Elf sticking close to the young lady he had been courting for many years, Einar could only smirk in ridicule because Lux was no longer a threat to him. Since a Saint had made a declaration, he was certain that even if the red-headed teenager cried a river in protest, Alexander's words would remain firm.

"Wow! What a chad!" Bruno shouted after hearing Einar's declaration. "The Barbarian Prince had already declared that he is going to be victorious in his first match. Since that is the case, Judge Dredd, please, introduce his opponent!"

The chubby judge nodded his head and pointed his finger towards the right side of the arena and read the card in his hand that contained the information of the challenger who would fight Einar.

"Hailing from the Southern Regions of Solais, our contender has managed to pass through the Qualifying Matches with flying colors and show everyone, including me, that he is a force to reckon with.

"No matter how high the mountains, or how deep the sea, this man will cross it and gain victory! Everyone, please welcome... My Daddy!"

The crowds that were about to applaud the next contestant glanced at the referee in the arena with disdain.

All of them knew that this was a battle for the younger generation, and yet, the Judge who facilitated the match had chosen to call his daddy to fight teenagers?

How shameless!

""Boooooo!""

""Boooooo!""

""Boooooo!""

The sounds of booing spread across the Coliseum as everyone, as a flabbergasted Judge Dredd double checked the card in his hand to make sure that he didn't read wrongly.

Iris, who sat at the topmost VIP room giggled and hugged "Lux", while Vera could only shake her head helplessly.

When Lux was choosing a name that he would use for the tournament, he wanted to play a prank on everyone. Because of this, the name he chose was someone that would be remembered by anyone that heard it.

"Um, I'm not talking about My Daddy," Judge Dredd said as he tried to pacify the crowd who was booing at him. "The name of the contestant is none other than My Daddy, I am not making this up!"

Suddenly the spotlight shifted to the right side of the arena, highlighting a chubby boy that was standing with his hands behind his back.

His robes fluttered in the breeze as if he was an expert warrior who had seen the peak of the world, and had endured thousands of tribulations.

Orion, whose head appeared above the ground, was blowing air towards his Master, in order to make him look cool. Since the head of the Rock Golem was not being hit by the spotlight, it created the perfect illusion that the chubby boy was someone quite intimidating.

Bruno, Judge Dredd, as well as the other Rankers in the arena, including the powerful officials of the Six Kingdoms, couldn't stop their lips from twitching because they could clearly see the shenanigans that were happening in the background.

In the end, they didn't say anything because they were thinking that this was the chubby teenager's last hurrah. Since he wanted to show off before his defeat, they would just turn a blind eye on it for the sake of everyone's entertainment.

A minute later, Lux stepped forward, and Orion rose up from the ground to meet him. The chubby boy then sat on the shoulder of the four-meter tall Rock Golem, and allowed himself to be carried into the arena where his opponent was waiting for him.

The Rock Golem continued to walk until he was standing only a meter away from Einar, who looked up to the chubby boy that was seated on the Golem's shoulders.

"That's right, look up to me," Lux said as he looked down at the Barbarian who towered over him a day ago. "Take a good look at the true victor of this first match. When this match is over, I'll let you have the honor of calling me Daddy as well."

Lux was doing this as payback for what Einar had done to him the other day. Since the Barbarian had looked down on him, it was now his time to look down on him by sitting on the shoulder of a giant.

""""Whoa!""""

The audience cheered after hearing Lux's declaration. They didn't think that someone would be daring enough to tell Einar that he was going to lose to his face.

Einar sneered after hearing the chubby boy's words. For him, this match was already a done deal.

The only thing he needed to do was smash his fists into the chubby boy's face, teaching him that in the face of absolute strength, all tricks were meaningless.

Just like two boxers that were about to fight, both fighters sneered at each other. This faceoff made the crowd cheer in excitement because both fighters seemed hell-bent to win.

What the crowd didn't know was that Lux and Einar were thinking the same thing, and that was that, at the end of the battle, the one that would stand victorious in the arena was none other than him.

## Chapter 231.2: Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon [Part 2]

"Before we start the duel, let me tell you the rules," Judge Dredd said as he stood beside the two fighters, who were still gazing at each other.

"Both of you had signed a waiver that even if you die, the other party will not be at fault," Judge Dredd stated. "However, we would like to prevent anyone from dying as much as possible, so when your opponent surrenders, or loses consciousness, the battle will come to an end."

"Also, I have the right to interfere when I think that the other party is no longer able to fight. As much as possible, I will hold back in exercising this right, but if I see that continuing the battle is pointless, I will stop it with the authority I have as a judge."

"Lastly, I and everyone here today wants to see a good fight. I hope that the two of you will not break our expectations."

Lux, who was seated on the Golem's shoulder, smirked.

"As long as my opponent doesn't croak early then you guys can expect a good fight," Lux said with confidence. "You won't croak that easily, right?"

The chubby boy sneered at the Barbarian who was also sneering back at him.

"Weaker dogs bark more," Einar replied in a voice filled with ridicule. "Make sure to not die from a single punch."

Lux snorted. "How can I die from a punch coming from you? Just look at your body. You look so skinny that my grandma can easily slap you silly."

Judge Dredd, Bruno, as well as a few of the audience couldn't help but glance in the chubby boy's direction in disbelief.

'Bruh, are you blind? Can't you see how buffed up this guy is and you call him skinny?'

That was the collective thought of everyone in the Coliseum, with the exception of Iris, who was holding her belly with her left hand and covering her

lips with her right. Unfortunately, she could not prevent her entire body from shaking no matter how she desperately tried to stop herself from laughing out loud.

A loud laughter echoed from the stands, as the Barbarian King, Amastan Mordosk, laughed without a care in the world.

"Good!" Amastan shouted. "I like this kid. He has guts."

"Father, he is brother's opponent," a young lady, who seemed to be around seventeen years old, gave her father a disapproving gaze. "We came here to support Brother, not to praise his opponents."

Amastan chuckled as he looked at his beloved daughter, Fiora, who was his pride and joy.

"I believe that your brother is strong, but he's not necessarily the strongest," Amastan said in a firm voice. "There will always be someone stronger, a mountain above a mountain, and a heaven beyond the heavens. Such is the way of life."

"Father, who do you think is Big Brother's greatest threat in this tournament?"

"Threats? I am looking at one of them right now."

Amastan's gaze never left the chubby boy who was seated on top of his Rock Golem.

As a High-Ranker, it was fairly easy for him to discern the boy's strength. A single glance was enough for him to know that although his son, Einar, was stronger than his opponent, the presence of the chubby teenager surpassed his son.

As the Barbarian King, he had faced many strong opponents and had overcome adversities through sheer strength. Because of this, his intuition had been developed to such a high degree that he could tell that his son's foe was not as harmless as he looked.

'Einar, be careful,' Amastan said in his heart. 'This boy might be masquerading as a pig so that he can eat the tiger.'

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After Bruno's explanation, both fighters backed away until they were dozens of meters away from each other.

Everyone watched with bated breath as both fighters took a fighting stance and waited for Judge Dredd's signal to start their battle.

"Battle Start!"

The moment the signal for the battle began, Einar summoned two throwing axes and threw them in Lux's direction.

Orion was about to step forward to block it, but Lux ordered him to stand down and summoned another Rock Golem to block the two axes instead.

When the Rock Golem appeared and attempted to block the two projectile weapons, the axes swerved, completely evading the Rock Golem and continued to head in Lux's direction.

Orion no longer hesitated and attempted to swat the two throwing axes with his rocky hands. However, as if expecting his action, the two axes re-positioned themselves and slipped through Orion's fingers, before they continued to head towards the Chubby boy, who had a calm expression on his face.

The moment the two blades were about to hit him. Several spinning blades materialized out of nowhere and collided with the two throwing axes, stopping their advance.

Having been repelled successfully, the two flying axes flew back in Einar's direction where the young Barbarian caught them in a firm grip.

'For a barbarian, he sure uses his head well,' Lux thought.

In the beginning, the Half-Elf assumed that Einar would come charging at him like what his younger brother, Rol, did in his fight against him. It seemed that Einar had observed Lux's match with his younger brother, and no longer treated him as an ordinary opponent.

'He's probing my abilities and my Golem's reaction speed.' Lux thought, assuming that this was the Barbarians's plans. He believed that he wasn't wrong in his assumptions.

Einar, once again, threw the throwing axes, but this time, they were faster than before. Lux already knew that there must be some kind of hidden trick in the thrown axes, but he was unable to ascertain them at this point in time.

Instead of defending, he ordered Orion and the other Rock Golem to charge in Einar's direction and engage him in close combat.

With one mighty roar, Orion charged as he activated his Duel [EX] to force his opponent to exchange a blow with him.

While this was happening, Lux stepped forward and summoned Blood Moon and Blood Shield to deflect and block the throwing axes that were flying in his direction. To his surprise, the axes were properly dealt with, and both of them fell on the ground motionless.

The Half-Elf was now assuming that Einar was remotely controlling the two axes, so he decided to do an experiment. After the Barbarian was forced to face Orion, his connection to the two throwing axes were cut, leaving them unable to perform the maneuvers they did earlier.

"Jackhammer!" Orion shouted as he smashed his fist on the Barbarian's body with the intention of turning him into meat paste.

However, to everyone's surprise, Einar didn't back down and also threw his punch towards the Rock Golem's rocky fist, facing it head-on.

Contrary to what everyone expected, it was Orion who was sent flying by the exchange of blows, which made even Lux's eyes widen in surprise.

After dealing with the opponent in front of him, Einar unleashed another punch at the other rock golem, completely obliterating its sturdy arm in the process.

Without missing a beat, the young barbarian spun his body around and delivered a spinning kick, hitting the rock golem's waist, its body instantly shattering in half.

The crowd cheered loudly after seeing such a spectacle, but Einar didn't pay any attention to their cheers.

With one powerful stomp of his right foot, he lunged at Lux and roared like a tiger. The young barbarian's hands slowly transformed until it became the claws of a tiger, with its sharp nails extended in full.

"Tiger Claw!" Einar roared as he extended his hands in a clawing position with the intention of ripping off the chubby boy's head from his body, and put an end to the enemy who dared to look down on him, once and for all.

## **Chapter 232.3: Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon [Part 3]**

"It's over," Fiora muttered when she saw her brother lunge at his opponent with the ferocity of a wild tiger.

Amastan, who was paying close attention to the match, didn't reply. Instead, he narrowed his eyes and waited for the chubby teenager's next move that would decide whether he would keep his head on his body.

He could tell that his son was serious in ending the latter's life. As Einar's father, he knew that once his son had decided on something, he would not stop until he succeeded in his endeavor.

Judge Dredd, and Bruno, had raised their senses to the limit. Just like Amastan, they also understood Einar's intention. However, their hands were tied.

They didn't know if Lux was able or unable to fend off the attack. If they blocked Einar's attack, they would have no choice but to declare him as the winner. On the other hand, if the match was stopped in this manner, Lux might tell them that their help was unneeded, so both of them were in a pinch.

Alicia had given both of them an order to protect Lux's life no matter the cost. But they were unable to decide if the one they needed to protect needed their help or not.

Fortunately, before the two judges could decide, Lux made a move.

Instead of dodging, or running away, what the latter did surprised both judges.

Lux stomped his right foot forward, and also lunged at his enemy with his own claws extended.

"Dragon Claw!"

Lux's hands transformed into red Dragon Claws, and clashed with Einar's Tiger's Claw, creating a powerful shockwave that sent strong gusts of wind blowing away from their bodies.

With both hands firmly gripping each other, the two raised their knees and kneed their opponent at the same time.

Due to the height differences, Einar's blow hit Lux's chest, causing the chubby teenager to feel a stinging pain on his chest from the blow's powerful impact.

The chubby teenager, on the other hand, was shorter than the barbarian, so his knee directly hit Einar's balls, making the latter grunt.

(A/N: Lux hit Einar's Family Jewels. If you still don't know what the Half-Elf hit then you need to return to your anatomy lessons, my friend.)

Both repeated their attacks over and over again. The first one to break free was Einar, who jumped back and landed several meters away from Lux.

As soon as both of his feet touched the ground, he immediately crouched down. He was biting his lips so hard that blood already started to stream down his chin. Clearly, the injury he received was not something he could brush off like if it was nothing.

Lux, who was kneeling on the ground and clutching his chest, spat a mouthful of blood. Einar didn't hold back and delivered blow after blow of punishment to his chest, breaking two of his ribs.

If not for the fact that he had upgraded his Body Constitution and acquired the passive skill, Dragon Scales [EX], and Dragon's Heart [EX], he might have suffered fatal injuries and would have also been forced to surrender to his opponent.

-----

< Dragon Scale [EX] >

- Makes your skin as hard as dragon scales.
- Greatly Increase Physical and Magical defense as if you are wearing a set of armor that covers your entire body.
- Reduces Physical and Magical damage by 50%

-----  
< Dragon's Heart [EX] >

- Increase your Health by 30,000 Points
- Increase Health and Stamina regeneration by 100%
- When facing an opponent stronger than you, Health and Stamina regeneration will be boosted to 200% Health and Stamina regeneration.
- Gain Selective Lesser Immunity passive ability. You may only choose one Lesser Immunity Passive. Once you do, you can no longer change the passive immunity that you have chosen.

-----  
< Selective Lesser Immunity >

- Greatly gain increased resistance to chosen Lesser Immunity.
- Chosen Lesser Immunity will automatically decrease the damage you will receive from the chosen option by 30%

< Chosen Lesser Immunity: Physical Attacks >

- All damage acquired from physical attacks will automatically be decreased by 30%

-----  
Thanks to these two skills, Lux was able to survive the punishment that he received from Einar's merciless attacks that could have ended his life if it had been a few days ago.

Although Lux was not completely immune to Physical Attacks, his passive abilities allowed him to mitigate a great deal of damage, making him a decent meat shield against physical fighters like Einar.

'Sh\*t that hurts,' Lux thought as he gritted his teeth. 'Still, I'm sure that he is hurting more than me.'

Lux didn't hold back and repeatedly kneed Einar's balls silly, making the Barbarian unable to sire any children if he didn't receive medical treatment as soon as possible.

"Bastard!" Einar shouted as he tried to stand up, but the damage he received to his family jewels prevented him from doing so. "I'll kill you!"

"You already tried," Lux replied with a sneer. "But you failed."

Although he could taste his blood inside his mouth, and was suffering from pain, the Half-Elf felt great because, even if Einar's balls weren't crushed after receiving his beating, it was definitely on its way to becoming a scrambled egg.

Einar's eyes turned bloodshot as his body grew bigger. Thick fur covered his entirety before he transformed into a giant White Tiger, with a pair of white wings behind his back.

His current form was similar to the four-meter tall flying tiger that he had seen in the Beast Tide during their defense on Whitebridge City.

The only difference was that the Flying Tiger in front of him was a White Tiger, who was known to be a Legendary Creature, and was well-known as one of the most ferocious tigers in the world.

An emblem appeared on the White Tiger's forehead, which was recognized by everyone as the word for "King".

This was also one of the reasons why Einar was one of the Four Kings, who stood at the peak of the prodigies in the younger generation.

"I can't believe it," Fiora muttered as she looked at her brother's Beast Form. "Brother actually used his Trump Card before the semi-finals."

Fiora knew that this was her brother's ultimate ability. He would only use this when he was facing a strong opponent as a last resort.

Seeing the Flying White Tiger in front of her, the young lady, who was also the Barbarian King's only daughter, finally understood that her brother had been backed to a corner and was left with no other choice but to go all out against a stranger that she had only seen and heard for the first time in her life.

## Chapter 233.4: Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon [Part 4]

'Looks like holding back is no longer possible,' Lux sighed internally as he looked at the four-meter tall flying tiger that was eyeing him with a ferocious gaze. Clearly, he had pushed Einar to the edge, after having his balls crushed by him.

He was very tempted to drink a healing potion, but potions were no longer allowed for use in this stage of the tournament. They were only allowed to use them after the battle was over, or get one of the clerics to heal their injuries.

Just like Einar, Lux didn't think that he would be showing his trump cards so early in the tournament. Even so, he was up against one of the Four Kings, who stood above all the other geniuses in the current generation.

Lux simply had no choice but to fight with everything he had for a chance to advance in the tournament.

'I only have one shot at this,' Lux forcefully swallowed the blood that was rising in his throat, as he stood up to prepare for one final attack.

Orion stepped in front of Lux, allowing his Master to lean on him.

"Doppelganger," Lux said through gritted teeth.

Immediately two clones that looked exactly like the chubby teenager appeared beside him.

Both clones held onto Lux's shoulder, supporting him, while Orion positioned himself behind the three and took a fighting stance.

Einar, might have taken the form of a Flying White Tiger, but the injury he received from Lux was still there, making it extremely hard for him to move, he was only using the strength of his Bestial Form to stand straight, as he prepared to unleash his strongest attack.

The Giant White Tiger opened its mouth wide and a silver orb of light appeared in front of it. Einar was gathering a huge amount of magical energy

before unleashing his special ability, Hyper Blast, which was just as powerful as a Dragon's Breath.

This was a trump card that Einar was saving for the final match, but was forced to use it now as a last resort.

"Enjoy your stay in the afterlife!" Einar shouted via telepathy as he unleashed his strongest attack. "Hyper Blast!"

The powerful silver beam of light shot out towards the three chubby teenagers, who had also opened up their mouths and were preparing to unleash their strongest attack as well. In truth, Lux could have ordered Orion to use his Duel [EX] to cancel the Barbarian's attack.

However, a part of him wanted to face Einar's attack head-on, proving that he was no longer the weakling he once was in the past.

""Dragon's Breath!""

Three red beams met the silver beam that Einar had unleashed and a sight that had never before seen in the tournament flashed in front of everyone's eyes.

As the two colors of light pushed against each other, the barriers that surrounded the arena started to crack.

Alexander, who sat on the main seat of honor, stood up and pointed his finger to the arena.

Immediately the cracks disappeared, and several layers of barrier reinforced the existing barrier, preventing it from falling apart.

Slowly, but surely, the silver light was starting to get pushed back by the three red beams that were ganging up on him.

With one ferocious roar, Einar unleashed all of his magical energy at once, trying to push back the attack that was nearing his location.

In the end, a loud explosion took place as the energy beams reached their limit and detonated against each other. The arena trembled, but the shields protecting the audience held firm, preventing any magical energy from leaking out.

When the dust cloud cleared, Einar, who was still in his Flying Tiger form, could be seen at the edge of the arena in a very sorry state.

Lux, and his clones, on the other hand, were all caught up by Orion. The Rock Golem had used his body to prevent his Master, as well as his clones, from being blown away.

Judge Dredd, who had created a barrier for himself was fine, but his clothes were now all covered up in dirt, making him look like a beggar.

"Orion, finish him," Lux ordered.

With a loud shout, Orion charged at the Flying White Tiger who was struggling to prop himself up from the ground.

The Rock Golem pulled his hand back, making the ground tremble under his feet. When he was only a dozen meters away from his target, Orion leapt up to the air and prepared to unleash his strongest move.

"Gaia Smash!"

Einar looked up at the Rock Golem with unwillingness in his eyes. He no longer had the strength to dodge, or block the attack that was coming straight at him from above.

However, before the Rock Golem could unleash his full-powered blow, a hand held his wrist, preventing him from completing the punch.

The one who stopped Orion was none other than Judge Dredd, who was still covered in dirt.

"This battle is over," Judge Dredd. "Winner! My Daddy!"

Fiora, who was seated in the VIP Room reserved for their family, stood up from the couch in shock as she stared at her brother's sorry state. Although the Flying White Tiger stood tall and proud, its eyes had already glazed over.

Einar had lost consciousness while standing up, prompting Judge Dredd to stop the match before the young Barbarian received more injuries from his opponent, who had decided to deliver the Coup de Grace.

A few seconds later, a deafening cheer erupted from the audience as those who watched the battle applauded the two fighters for showing them an unforgettable match.

The Clerics, as well as other Medical personnel, rushed towards the young Barbarian who had now reverted to his original form.

Blood could be seen staining his pants, and the Clerics focused their healing abilities in that area because they knew that this was where Einar was injured the most.

As for Lux, only a single Cleric went to check his condition.

"That was an amazing fight," the Cleric said before placing his hand on Lux's chest in order to stabilize the injury. Only a High-Ranking Cleric was able to mend, or reattach damaged bones, but they were currently too busy gathering Dragon Balls for Einar in order to create a miracle.

(A/N: Gathering Dragon Balls to make a wish for Einar to regain his balls kekeke.)

Right now, the young Barbarian no longer had the balls to continue because they were literally crushed during his exchange with Lux. if not for the presence of a High-Ranker Cleric, he would have been damaged for life.

Fortunately, it didn't end in the worst case scenario or else the Mordosk Family might have declared a Blood Feud against the chubby teenager, making him their public enemy number one.

The next match was delayed for half an hour so they could ensure that Einar's condition was stable.

The young Barbarian was a Prince, so they didn't have the leisure of treating him as an ordinary contestant, or else, things might get messy with the Barbarian Kingdom who backed him up.

As Lux was carried away from the Arena, the remaining three kings, and the Five Overlords, watched him from afar.

However, they were not the only ones that paid close attention to Lux. The other influential factions, noble families, as well as the Royal Families of the Six Kingdoms that supported Barbatos Academy were also watching.

These powerful individuals had immediately ordered their subordinates to investigate the chubby teenager's background.

If they were to make such a promising youth their subordinate then they were willing to pay any price to bring him under their wing.

Nero, who had a frown on his face, once again used the monocle to look at the chubby teenager.

'The results are the same,' Nero thought with disappointment. 'He is not Lux.'

He then shifted his attention to the VIP platform where Iris was seated. There he found her hugging the red-headed Half-Elf as she jumped alongside him, creating a weird, yet funny, scene.

As if sensing his gaze, the Half-Elf that was hugging Iris, glanced in Nero's direction and gave him a mischievous grin.

It was a grin filled with many hidden meanings, and one of them was contempt, which Eiko felt for those who were aiming for her Mama's hand in marriage, which she didn't, and would never approve of.

## **Chapter 234.1: The Pride Of An Elf [Part 1]**

While Lux was recuperating from his injury, news of his performance spread throughout the other Six Kingdoms like wildfire.

The various Information Guilds, Merchant Guilds, as well as the Underworld Guilds, scrambled to put an identity with the chubby boy's face, who had appeared out of nowhere, and won against one of the Four Kings of the young generation.

The high officials of the Six Kingdoms that backed Barbatos Academy had decided to recruit the young man to their side by giving him the most tempting offer. Naturally, in order to do that, they must first know his background.

This was the first step to understanding who this person was, and what his goals were. As long as they were able to provide those for him, the possibility of gaining a future powerhouse was already in the bag.

The Four Princes, and the Five Overlords had been recognized by everyone as the strongest among the young generations. Anyone who was able to beat any of them would naturally gain popularity because it also meant that the balance that had long been held in place had now been shaken.

The commoners, nobles, high-ranking nobles, as well as the members of the Royal Family no longer looked down on the remaining contestants, who had stepped into the top 32 of the Lionheart Tournament.

If one more rough gem could be unearthed from this group of people, they would certainly profit immensely if they were able to bring them to their Domain and make them one of their loyal subordinates.

Iris wanted to visit Lux so badly, but Vera told her that going there would only raise suspicions. Now that Lux was no longer an ordinary chubby teenager, all of his movements, including those who visited him would be scrutinized by those who were trying to discern his identity.

One wrong move and the Half-Elf's plan would be ruined, so the blue-haired beauty had no choice but to remain in her VIP seat, and watch the next three battles that would also take place in the Main Arena.

Rol, who was devastated by his brother's loss, had gone all out in his match. But, since he wasn't in the right state of mind during his battle, the Boar, who was his opponent, didn't miss the opportunity and won the match by a very small margin.

Amastan, and Fiora, sighed in disappointment at Rol's performance. Both of them knew that if the young Barbarian had calmly dealt with his opponent, the victor of the battle would have been him, instead of the boar who was feeling very smug at the moment.

"Father, you should let Rol take the Trial of the Ancestors when we return home," Fiora said. "He can still participate in the next tournament, so we can just treat this one as a minor setback."

Amastan smiled. As the Barbarian King, he knew that losing wasn't something to be depressed about. As long as you learned from your mistake and strived to be better, a better and improved warrior would be born from the ashes.

Unfortunately, Einar and Rol still didn't know this fact.

The Barbarian King wanted to know just how far his sons' determination was. If they were not able to recover from this setback then it meant that they were never meant to do grander things, which required many hardships, and could only be accomplished through sheer determination.

'Fortunately, they are still young,' Amastan thought. 'There is still plenty of time to correct their mindset. Still, that boy, My Daddy, is quite an interesting fellow.'

When Amastan thought that he was calling a teenage boy his daddy, he forgot what he was thinking about and laughed, which made the young lady beside him think that he was laughing at the failure of her brothers, making her pout.

"Father!"

"Calm down, Fiora. I know. When we return, I'll take good care of your brothers, okay?"

Fiora nodded her head and shifted her attention to the next battle. Now that her brothers were no longer in the tournament, her interest in it had waned greatly. However, the next match rekindled the flames of curiosity in her heart after two fighters, who both specialized in the Wind Element, faced each other in the arena.

"Enlil Neifion, the sixth Elven Prince of the Elswyth Kingdom, as well as one of the young Kings of this generation," Fiora muttered as she gazed at the handsome, green-haired elf who was smiling with great confidence as he waved at the audiences that had come to watch him.

Since her brother, Einar, was of the same ranking as the Elven Prince, there had been plenty of opportunities for her to meet with the Elf, who looked down on the other races, except his own, and with good reason.

Elves were superior when it came to wielding the power of the Elements. They also excelled as Rangers, Magicians, Bards, Beast Tamers, Druids, as well as other professions that had something to do with nature.

They were also long-lived, which allowed them to learn more than the other races, as well as steadily gain strength throughout their long lifespan.

"His opponent is Gerhart Cenele," Fiora stated. "A wandering Half-Elf that cut ties with the Elswyth Kingdom, and has lived among the Nomadic Rowan

Tribe that moves along with the seasons. Both of them use the Wind Element. In this battle, the one with the higher Mastery of the Element will win. Isn't that right, Father?"

"Yes." Amastan rubbed his chin with great interest. "But, I believe that the one whose determination is the strongest will win this battle."

"What makes you say that, father?"

"Just a hunch."

Fiora quieted down as she shifted her attention back to the arena where the two fighters were facing each other.

Gerhart had a serious expression on his face, while Enlil had a relaxed smile plastered on his face. Clearly, the Elven Prince didn't take his opponent seriously, even though the two of them were Wind Elementalists.

"Half-Elf, I admire your luck for coming this far, but this is where your luck ends," Enlil stated. "A defective creature like you is a stain in this competition. I will make sure that your journey ends right here, right now."

Gerhart didn't reply and simply removed the cloak that covered his body. Pointy ears that were similar to a Human's framed his face. His green-hair wasn't as green, or as lustrous, as Enlil's, but his eyes, which were as clear as the blue skies, stared at his opponent fearlessly.

The girls looked at the two handsome young men in the arena and giggled, while the boys wished that both fighters would kill each other in the match, so the world will have two less handsome boys that might become their rivals when it came to wooing the women's hearts.

Just before the match was about to begin, Lux appeared on one of the platforms reserved for the contestants of the arena. He had wanted to watch Rol's and the Boars' fight earlier on, but his broken ribs took some time to get patched up.

"Gerhart!" Lux shouted. "Defeat him using the strategy we talked about earlier!"

Gerhart glanced up at the stands and gave Lux a brief nod. However, deep inside, he was saying "What strategy? I didn't talk to you earlier. We're not even friends!"

The smile on Enlil's face disappeared as he gave Lux a side-long glance before shifting his attention back to his opponent.

Although he half doubted the chubby teenager's words, Lux was still someone that managed to defeat his acquaintance, Einar.

This meant that he needed to be careful when fighting against opponents who might have collaborated with each other in order to make a strategy that worked against him.

'I can't lose here,' Enlil vowed in his heart. 'I can't ruin the reputation of the Four Kings, just like that dumb Barbarian did.'

The contestants who were also in the same platform as Lux, looked up at him with admiration. Although they didn't want to admit it, they aspired to be like him and defeat one of the Four Kings and Five Overlords, who had long lorded above their heads for the past few years.

It was at that moment when two people stood on Lux's left and right side.

One of them was a blonde teenager, with blue eyes and sharp features.

The other was a good looking boy, with light-brown hair and eyes.

The one that stood on his left side was Gilmore Faisal, the Third Prince of the Axton Kingdom, and one of the Four Kings.

The one on his right was none other than Nero, who carried a strong grudge against Lux, because he had everything he ever wanted in life.

"Who do you think will win?" Gilmore asked while looking at the two fighters in the arena.

"Do you even need to ask?" Lux answered without even bothering to look at the blonde Prince, who suddenly decided to stand beside him. "The one who will win this tournament is me. All of you can just fight for second place."

The contestants who heard Lux's declaration sucked in deep breaths. Clearly, the question that Gilmore asked was who would win between Gerhart and

Enlil. However, the chubby teenager didn't care and simply declared that he will be the one winning the tournament and everyone can just fight for the second spot.

"Interesting," Gilmore stated. "I think the one who will win THIS match is Enlil. After all, ants who think too highly of themselves are easily crushed by someone simply stepping on them."

"You must be talking about common ants," Lux replied. "I know a few ants in Elysium that can easily step on a king and turn him to meat paste. Hah~ ignorance is truly bliss."

Nero, who had kept his silence on the side, suddenly spoke out loud. He felt irritated about the chubby teenager's witty comments, which reminded him of the Half-Elf whom he hated with every fiber of his being.

"You are quite eloquent with your words," Nero commented. "It reminds me of a certain pathetic Half-Elf who got lucky in life."

The ridicule in Nero's tone was quite scathing, but instead of getting annoyed, Lux found his words very funny.

"Well, I don't know who that Half-Elf is, but it's not his fault you got born with a baboon's butt for a face," Lux chuckled. "Better luck in your next lifetime. Make sure to do good deeds so that you will have good karma in life. Maybe, just maybe, you will be reborn and, just like that pathetic Half-Elf, get lucky in your next life."

Gilmore and Nero suddenly had the strong urge to slap the chubby teenager at the same time for turning their words against them.

Both of them were already starting to regret their decision to stand beside the chubby teenager, whose tongue was sharper than both of theirs combined.

## **Chapter 235.2: The Pride Of An Elf [Part 2]**

"Battle Start!"

Enlil smirked as he rose up from the ground and high to the air.

As a Wind Elementalist, he planned to use his ability to the fullest and show everyone that was watching that his "King" title was not just for show.

Gerhart hovered above the ground as well and flew high in the air to face the Elven Prince, who looked down on Half-breeds like him.

The two stared at each other for a few seconds before both of them unleashed a barrage of wind blades.

Their attacks met mid-air and canceled each other out, showing that they were almost equal in strength.

Well, almost equal in strength.

A moment later Enlil sneered as he summoned a few more wind blades, and Gerhart did the same. However, when the wind blades they unleashed met each other, Gerhart's Wind Blades dispersed, as they were overcome by Enlil's attack.

Gerhart had no choice but to dodge the attacks that were flying in his direction, but as if reading his thoughts. The Elven Prince whistled and summoned a Giant Eagle in the arena.

With a resounding screech, the eagle unleashed a gust of wind that held Gerhart in place, preventing him from dodging the Wind Blades that were headed in his direction.

Left with no other choice, Gerhart summoned a Wind Barrier in order to protect himself from the incoming Wind Blades that were all as sharp as razors.

Enlil, who was standing from far away, wasn't idle either. He summoned a luminous green bow and pulled on the string. Immediately, a green arrow, that was radiating a green light, materialized out of thin air and its radiance grew brighter the more Enlil pulled on it.

"Exterminate!" Enlil declared as he released the string to unleash one of his strongest attacks.

"Wind Reaver!"

A green arrow that shone in radiant light flew straight and true towards Gerhart, who was being besieged on all sides.

Enlil had timed the attack perfectly, leaving his opponent no time to block his killer move, which he had shot to end the Half-Elf's life. He wasn't someone like Einar, who liked to take chances. If there was a way to defeat his opponent as swiftly, and elegantly as possible, he would execute it without fail.

Gerhart, who had known Enlil for quite some time understood what the latter was trying to do, so he decided to go all out in order to protect himself from the impending death that was now flashing right in front of his eyes.

In a desperate attempt, Gerhart took out what seemed to be an ornamental dagger from his storage ring and raised it above his head. A moment later he spun around like a top, creating a tornado that rose towards the sky.

Putting his life on the line, he charged at the barrage of Wind Blades, dispersing them with the power of his own attack.

The tip of the tornado was shining in a silver light, as the dagger that was firmly held by Gerhart pierced through the attacks like a knife cutting through butter.

When the green arrow and the tornado collided, an ear rending screech that was similar to nails scratching a blackboard spread inside the Coliseum, making the audience, as well as the other contestants, cover their ears.

Lux, whose hearing was sharper than most, gritted his teeth as he covered his ears with both hands. Even though he felt great discomfort, his eyes focused on the tornado that was fighting Enlil's attack head on.

After several seconds, the green arrow lost its luster and exploded in a shower of green sparks, which were absorbed by Gerhart's tornado, turning it into a luminous green tornado that was now headed towards the Elven Prince, whose expression contorted in rage.

"Bastard!" Enlil shouted as he mounted the back of his Giant Eagle in an attempt to escape the green tornado that was flying straight towards him. "Why do you have Kinslayer?!"

When he saw the dagger in Gerhart's hands, he thought that he was just seeing things. But after it had successfully diffused and absorbed his skill, Wind Reaver, Enlil finally confirmed his suspicions.

The ornamental dagger, Kinslayer, wasn't just an ordinary dagger but a Heirloom of the second King of the Kingdom of Elswyth.

Just as the name implied, it was a dagger that was used to kill the First King of the Elven Kingdom, which ended his rule thousands of years ago. The blade had remained in the safekeeping of the Royal Family, and was said to have been sealed in an unknown location to prevent it from being used to endanger the lives of the current members of the Royal Family.

Because this was part of their history, all the members of the Royal Family had seen the replica of the dagger, which hung in one of the rooms of the palace that was reserved for the artifacts that could only be viewed by the Royal Family.

Gerhart didn't answer Enlil's question and just continued to approach his target, like a hunter going for the kill.

Enlil urged his Giant Eagle to fly high in the air before commanding it to descend towards the green tornado, creating a tornado of its own.

"Sky Fury!" Enlil shouted as he imbued his Beast Companion with the power of the Wind Element.

The two tornadoes collided like two green dragons fighting for supremacy. Sparks of lightning erupted at the center where the two tornadoes were confronting each other.

"Pierce through!" Gerhart roared. "Kinslayer!"

The blade of the dagger in his hand turned crimson red. Not long after, the luminous green tornado turned into a crimson tornado, making it look more deadly and intimidating.

Slowly, but surely, the green tornado was being pushed back, as the power of the dagger that killed the Elven King showed its might.

A resounding cry of pain spread in the surroundings as the red tornado pushed through the green tornado, dispersing it completely.

A giant, severed wing fell on the ground, which was followed by a second pained cry as the rest of the Giant Eagle crashed on the ground.

Enlil nimbly jumped off his Beast Companion before it fell. He was unscathed because he had used his Beast to take the brunt of the attack, allowing him to avoid a direct hit.

The Elven Prince looked up at the Crimson Tornado as it slowly decreased in size until it disappeared completely.

"I don't know how you got Kinslayer, but that blade doesn't belong to you," Enlil said in a voice that reeked with venom. "I will give you two choices, concede and return the artifact to me and I will no longer pursue this matter. Or..."

"Or you can just shut the f\*ck up," Gerhart shouted as blood dripped off the tip of his blade. The blood didn't come from the Giant Eagle that he had almost slain, but his own blood.

Kinslayer required its user to pay the price of using it, and that was to feed it with the user's blood.

Several steel spikes had emerged from the handle of the blade, piercing the palm of Gerhart's hand, drawing blood, which also gave the blade its Crimson color.

The Elves who were watching the battle glared at Gerhart and labeled him a thief who had stolen something from the Royal Family.

The Elves that belonged to the Kingdom of Elswyth didn't know that, in the hands of others, Kinslayer was only an ornamental dagger.

However, in the hands of the members of the Royal Family, this blade could unleash a power that threatened those who shared the same blood as them.

Enlil knew this, but he chose not to recognize the identity of the opponent in front of him.

Because by doing so, he would be forced to acknowledge that the Half-Elf in front of him was a member of the Royal Family, whose blood was just as royal as his own.

## Chapter 236.3: The Pride Of An Elf [Part 3]

Gerhart could feel himself getting dizzy because Kinslayer required a lot of his blood in order to activate. That also meant that he needed to end the battle as soon as he could, or else he would faint due to loss of blood.

Taking a fighting stance in mid-air, Gerhart pointed the tip of the dagger towards the Elven Prince who was glaring back at him.

"Sigil of Wind," Gerhart said softly as he imbued his entire body with the power of the Wind Element.

"Blood Rage."

The blade in Gerhart's hands glowed eerily as red mists rose up from its blade.

"Blood Rite."

The sharp spikes that had dug deep into his palms grew longer, piercing right through the skin in his hands, drawing more blood as it increased the potency of Gerhart's final blow.

"Blood Mist."

This time, red mist rose from Gerhart's entire body, making him look like a red Demon that was out to seek vengeance.

"Life Break!" Gerhart roared as he descended towards the ground like a red comet, trailing a deadly red trail in its wake.

Seeing the red comet descending towards the ground. Judge Dredd knew that even he, a Ranker, was in grave danger.

"Get me out of here!" Judge Dredd's voice spread in the surroundings. "I don't want to die!"

Immediately, one of the Mages forcefully teleported the referee outside of the arena as per his request.

Enlil, who was the target of Gerhart's attack, took out his own Ornamental Dagger and stabbed his chest where his heart was located, drawing blood.

"Mark my words, I will hunt you down!" Enlil pledged as blood flowed out from his body. "This isn't over!"

Enlil's body was immediately covered with a red light, before it disappeared completely from existence. He didn't ask to be teleported away by the Mage because Kinslayer would attack its target without fail as long as it was within a mile-wide radius.

Since Gerhart had designated him as a target, he needed to get as far away as he could in order to prevent himself from losing his life. The ornamental dagger he used was a life-saving item that would teleport him back to the Elven Capital back in the Elswyth Kingdom.

Just like Kinslayer, the ornamental dagger that Enlil used required his Heart's Blood, in order to fully activate.

A second later, a red comet descended on the place where Enlil was standing and exploded.

"Brace!" Bruno shouted as he raised his hands to reinforce the barrier.

The other mages also did the same, and cast layer upon layer of barriers around the arena.

One by one, these barriers broke apart, proving how strong Gerhart's kamikaze attack was. In the end, Alexander was forced to take action as he, along with the other high-rankers, personally ensured the safety of the people.

Red flames that seemed to devour everything could be seen through the transparent shield that Alexander had summoned to contain the destructive power of Gerhart's attack.

This was no longer an attack that belonged to an Apostle Grade warrior. It was an attack that was capable of killing a high-ranker.

Five minutes later, the flames subsided.

When the barrier was removed, the arena was no more, and a giant crater that was dozens of meters deep appeared in front of everyone.

At the center of it, a person, who looked like a dried up husk while holding a dagger in his hand, could be seen.

"Take him to the Intensive Care Facility," Alexander ordered. "Alicia, make sure to place High-Rankers to guard the boy. He cannot be killed on the grounds of the Academy."

"Yes, Sir," Alicia nodded as she contacted the High-Rankers of Barbatos Academy to take Gerhart into custody. This matter was an issue between Gerhart and the Elven Royal Family, and Barbatos Academy had no interest in involving themselves in their dispute.

After the Rankers had taken custody of Gerhart, who was still holding Kinslayer firmly in his hand, an announcement was made by the Academy.

The next match would be moved the next day, so they had time to repair the damages that were caused by the battle between the two warriors.

The audience left the arena with disappointed looks on their faces. Even so, they understood that the next match couldn't be held with the current state of the Coliseum.

However, as soon as they left the venue, word spread about the exciting battles that had happened during the first day, which instantly sparked the interest of those who hadn't watched the battles in the arena.

Although Lux's and the Boar's battles were overshadowed by Gerhart's suicide attack, their names were still mentioned from time to time, especially Lux who had also defeated one of the Kings in the tournament.

Although Enlil didn't experience a crushing defeat, he was forced to teleport away from the arena. A loss was still a loss. Gerhart had staked his life to take the Elven Prince's life, and the latter chose to preserve his life, rather than risk it to fight the Half-Breed he hated with every fiber of his being.

Now that two of the Kings had been defeated, the invincibility they projected towards the younger generation had shattered. The awe and respect vanished, and all that remained was a shadow of their former glory.

If they were mentioned and talked about in reverence in the past, they were now treated as common prodigies who were slightly better than most.

This new realization of the masses made the two remaining Kings, as well as the Five Overlords, feel like their reputation had been tarnished.

Even so, they couldn't refute the fact that Einar was defeated by the chubby teenager, My Daddy, and Gerhart had unleashed an attack that was capable of killing even a High-Ranker, forcing Enlil to escape.

With two losses under their belt, the prestige that had been built around their identities, had crumbled just like a sand castle that was swept away by a wave, forcing everything to revert to how it once was.

## Chapter 237: League Of Extraordinary Gentlemen

"What do you mean he's not here?" an High-Ranking Elf Official asked after he was stopped at the infirmary where Gerhart was taken after the battle. "If you don't give me that brat, I promise you that you will not like it.

"You can't get what we don't have," Alicia replied. "If you really are so adamant in looking for him, I will not stop you, but, know this, angering three Saints is not a good idea. Next time, be careful with your words in case you are unable to take them back."

Alicia's words made the Elven Official's face become pale. Due to what happened in the tournament, he had completely forgotten that Barbatos Academy didn't only have one Saint, but two.

Also, the Nomadic Rowan Tribe, that traveled all over the Six Kingdoms, was led by a Saint.

In the Western Regions, where the Six Kingdoms, and Barbatos Academy were located, there were only five Saints remaining. Most of the powerhouses in the region were killed during the Hundred-Year War, which greatly weakened the military power of the Six Kingdoms.

Two of those Five Saints were in Barbatos Academy, and the third one belonged to the Nomadic Rowan Tribe.

The two remaining Saints were Hermits, who preferred to live alone and not mingle with the political framework of the region. Because of this, the Saint

that was more active within the six kingdoms was none other than Alexander, who was the current Headmaster of Barbatos Academy.

"Forgive me, Lady Alicia," the Elf Official apologized for his rash actions. "I got too emotional after knowing that someone had stolen one of the Relics of our Kingdom."

Alicia nodded. "I will turn a blind eye to your outburst this once. Go and see for yourself if the person you are looking for is there, but I warn you to not disturb the other patients in the infirmary."

"Of course," the Elf Official promised before he was escorted, along with his entourage, inside the Infirmary where several contestants of the past Qualifying Rounds of the Lionheart Tournament were still recovering.

As Alicia looked at the back of the Elven Delegation, a frown appeared on her beautiful face.

'This is going to be a bit complicated,' Alicia thought. 'To think that Gerhart has such a background. Looks like the Elf Royal Family of Elswyth will have no choice but to post a bounty on his head in order to reclaim their Sacred Relic.'

When Gerhart was brought to the Infirmary to receive treatment, the Ornamental Dagger in his hand, Kinslayer, suddenly shot up towards the sky and flew towards West. A moment later, Gerhart's almost dried up body vanished without a trace, leaving the Clerics, as well as the other medical personnel, in shock and disbelief.

Clearly, Gerhart had made preparations before the battle, should he ever use the power of Kinslayer. Since he would be exposing himself to the world, he made a plan that would instantly allow him to leave Barbatos Academy, to prevent himself from getting captured by the Elf Royal Family.

Several minutes later, the Elf Envoys left the infirmary in haste. They planned to return to the Elven Capital and share the news of what happened in the tournament.

What they didn't know was that the moment Enlil teleported away from the Arena, he had escaped to the Inner Palace of the Elven Kingdom, where members of the Royal Family would appear once they used the life-saving artifacts that were given to them by their family.

After having his injuries treated, Enlil narrated everything that had happened in the tournament, including Gerhart who now possessed Kinslayer.

The Elf King, who heard this, had a calm expression on his face and told Enlil that he would handle the rest, and the Prince should just rest and recover from his injury.

On that same day, the different Elite Forces of the Elswyth Kingdom departed from the Elven Capital with two goals.

One was to visit the Rowan Tribe, and negotiate for Gerhart's surrender to them.

The other was to look for traces of the artifact in the off chance that Gerhart didn't return to the Rowan Tribe to seek asylum.

While this was happening, the arena was being repaired for the next battle that would be held the following day. After a first day of exciting battles, the audience was quite excited for what would be waiting for them when morning came.

"It seems that your sworn brother is on the run right now," Lux said to the Boar who refused to return to his original form, and kept his transformation up all the time.

"Hmph! Those pointy-eared elves will not be able to catch Gerhart even if they mobilize their entire army." The Boar snorted.

"Oh? You sound so confident."

"Of course I am confident. No matter how arrogant they are, they will not do anything to annoy Grandfather. If that old man got angry, even the Elven King would have no choice but to get down on his knees and beg for forgiveness."

Lux gave the smug-faced Boar a side-long glance before looking at the arena that was being repaired by Earth Mages.

"I forgot to say congratulations for beating Rol," Lux said. "Although I wasn't able to watch it, some said that it was a close match."

"I admit he got me in the first half," the Boar replied. "But, that was because I was taking things easy. If I unleashed my full powers, I would have killed him with just a single glare, you know?"

"Really? I didn't know you were that powerful. Last time we fought together, you were almost turned into Boar Stew during the Qualifiers."

"That is because I don't think it was worth it to show my trump cards so early in the battle. I am saving them for the final match."

Lux glanced at the delusional boar with an amused look on his face. "Has anyone told you that you have thick skin?"

"Yeah," the Boar replied. "My Sworn brothers and Grandfather always tell me that, but they also know that when I go all out, even Saints will have to run for their lives. I am that good."

Lux turned around and left the Boar to his fantasies. He was afraid that if he stayed longer, the Boar's delusional tendencies would rub off on him.

"Oi, where are you going?" the Boar asked as it hurriedly followed the chubby teenager who was leaving him behind. "Isn't this the part where you will say 'Oh! You're so amazing! Please make me your sworn brother!'. Fortunately, I like you, so I don't mind making you my sworn brother. How about we share some good food and wine as we pledge our brotherhood?"

"Not interested," Lux replied without even bothering to look at the boar, who was walking by his side and doing its best to convince him like a door-to-door salesman.

"How come? Don't you want to become part of the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen? If you join now, I will share with you the recording of Lady Iris when she performed a ritualistic dance when she visited our Tribe a year ago."

"... You, do you want me to turn you into roast pork? Why do you even have Iris' dance performance?"

The Boar thought that Lux was just being shy, so it decided to continue trying to make him a member of the group that he had established alongside Gerhart.

"Are you interested now?" the Boar said with a smug-look on its boarish face. "Unfortunately, the recording crystal is a prized possession of our organization. If you want to see Lady Iris dancing in her Celestial Robes, you need to join us first and become my sworn brothe—argh!"

The Boar wasn't able to finish its words because Lux started to beat the crap out of it until it squealed like a pig being slaughtered. The arrogant boar begged for forgiveness over and over again, and was only released from its suffering after it had surrendered the recording crystal that had the video of Iris dancing.

After taking the crystal from the boar, Lux gave it one last kick in its belly, sending it rolling across the ground while crying "murderer!" and "fatty boy".

Since the battle wouldn't start until the next day, Lux decided to return to his room to rest.

"I haven't been around Iris much for the past two years because I was busy training for the entrance test for Elysium," Lux muttered as he played with the recording crystal in his hand. "I remember last year, Grandma asked me if I wanted to accompany Iris in the Rowan Tribe for their annual celebration. I guess this is where the Boar got this recording from."

Lux decided to activate the crystal to see Iris dance.

The crystal shone and transmitted a projection in front of him. In the projection, Iris was wearing a colorful dress that seemed to be a traditional attire of the priestess of the Rowan Tribe.

As the tribal ladies played their musical instruments, Iris spun slowly as if addressing everyone before she started to dance.

Her graceful movements, accompanied by her beauty was enough to mesmerize those who laid their eyes on her.

For Lux, Iris was a symbol of Luck.

He believed that her Luck Stat was so high that if she stood in the center of a group of people, and bird poop rained down from the sky, everyone else, aside from her, would get hit by it.

'Perhaps this was why she was invited to their annual festival,' Lux thought. 'The Tribe Chief might have thought that if she were there, she would bless their tribe with her Luck, allowing them safe travels because of their Nomadic Lifestyle.'

When the dance ended, Lux felt refreshed as if he had just been given a buff for clarity of mind and a cure for minor injuries.

Iris' performance was simply that good, that he couldn't help but feel happy, and regret at the same time.

Happy because he was able to see her sweet smile as she danced. Clearly, she was enjoying what she was doing, which also brought happiness to those who were watching her.

Regret that he wasn't there to accompany him and watch the performance live, alongside the Rowan Tribe, that had been blessed by her luck.

"I hope that Eiko is behaving herself properly," Lux muttered. The day before, Eiko had taken his form and appeared beside Iris to make those who were looking for Lux think that the chubby boy and him weren't related.

Also, it might also make them think that he had lost in the Qualifying Matches, allowing them to lower their guard. For them, Lux was their greatest Love Rival, because Iris had kissed him in front of everyone in the past.

News of this had spread like wildfire making those who wanted to make the blue-haired beauty their fiancée, wish that they could strangle the red-headed teenager, and feed his remains to the fishes.

'Tomorrow it will be Nero's turn to fight,' Lux mused. 'I bet that he will take this battle seriously and defeat his opponent in a spectacular manner in order to regain the dignity of the Four Kings and Five Overlords. Unfortunately for him, this will be a useless endeavor.'

Lux knew that, even if Nero won in a flashy way, the prestige they once enjoyed was a thing of the past now.

Only if one of the Kings or one of the Five Overlords were to win the tournament then and only then would they be able to salvage their reputation.

'I hope his opponent is strong,' Lux thought. 'That way, I will be able to see some of the aces that he has been hiding.'

For the Half-Elf, the brown-haired teenager was someone he would like to meet personally in the arena. However, he was not delusional enough to think that fighting Nero would be easy.

Lux understood Nero, probably more than anyone else.

He knew that Nero would keep his aces close to his sleeves, and only use them at the right time, to turn the situation around, making him a tricky opponent even for the Half-Elf who had gone above and beyond all means, to fight the person who coveted the blue-haired beauty that loved him so much.

## **Chapter 238: Nothing Personal, Okay?**

The next day, the crowd gathered in the arena once again.

The coliseum was filled to the brim, to the point that those who were unable to get in had no choice but to watch the battle on the projectors that were placed in various places of Barbatos Academy, so that everyone could watch the battles unfold in real time.

Nero stood in the arena as he faced his opponent. A confident look was displayed across his face. The battle should've been yesterday, but because of what had happened during Gerhart's and Enlil's battle, his match was postponed and moved to the next day.

As soon as Judge Dredd gave the signal to start the fight, Nero and his opponent charged towards each other.

A moment later, his opponent collapsed on the ground, unconscious.

"Winner Nero!"

The audience wasn't able to react in time, not expecting the battle to end so quickly. All it took was a single exchange for the good-looking brown-haired boy to win his match, without even breaking a sweat.

Nero turned around and walked steadily out of the arena. He was projecting an expert's attitude, which made the audience remember that he was one of the Five Overlords, who wouldn't just lose to anyone.

'Well played, Nero,' Gilmore, one of the last two Kings, mused. 'We definitely gained a bit of our dignity back after this quick win.'

Yesterday, the two remaining Kings and the Five Overlords had met and discussed a strategy for how to regain the dignity that they had lost.

It was Nero who proposed that they should end their battles as quickly as possible so there would be no room for doubt that they were truly the strongest members of the young generation.

His proposal gained the agreement of everyone present, so all of them decided to end their matches as quickly as they could.

As Gilmore was thinking that they had regained a bit of their fame, a gloating laughter that was magnified by a special artifact spread in the surroundings.

"Hahaha! He managed to win so fast because he was facing a weakling!" the Boar said with arrogance. "If I was the one who faced him in battle, that brown-haired wannabe wouldn't even last five seconds!"

"Hah? What crap are you talking about?" a chubby teenager asked. "If that was me, before the match can even start, I would have immediately kicked him out of the arena!"

Judge Dredd, who was standing in the arena, glared at the two clowns that were saying a bunch of bullcrap in his presence.

Beat Nero in five seconds? You barely passed the Qualifiers, yet you, stupid Boar, dare to say that you can beat Nero in five seconds?

Utter nonsense!

Kick him out of the arena before the match even started?

Do you want to get disqualified? That's foul!

Do I look like a joke to you?

Just as Judge Dredd was about to tell the two to shut up, the stupid Boar raised its voice and made a stupid declaration.

"Hmph! Remember this, members of the Four Monkeys and Five Baboons!" the Boar declared. "The moment you face me in the arena is the day that all of you will know what true strength is!"

"Um, I applaud your boldness, but you made a mistake. It's not Four Monkeys and Five Baboons. It's Four Clowns and Five Buffoons. Please apologize to all the Monkeys and Baboons in the world. Having them compared to those weaklings brings shame upon their good names."

"You're right! Um, sorry dear Monkeys and Baboons. I didn't intend to bring shame to your good names! Please forgive my ignorance."

As if waiting for that cue, a Monkey Beastkin stood up from the audience and shouted.

"On behalf of all the Monkeys in the world, I accept your apology," the Monkey Beastkin said. "Make sure to not make the same mistake again."

"I also accept your apology." A Baboon Beastkin stood up and made his presence known. "Being compared to them brings shame upon our race. Can't you see how handsome we are? We're the ones losing out from being compared to them."

"That's right!" the Monkey Beastkin nodded his head in agreement. "They just can't compare to our awesomeness!"

The Boar and chubby teenager praised the two Beastkins who suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Clearly, this was not part of the script. This unexpected combo attack almost made Nero slip as he walked towards the exit of the arena.

A second later, the boar's neck and the chubby teenager's neck were grabbed by Bruno whose face had already turned beet red due to anger.

"Are you two going to shut up first, or should I shut you up personally?" Bruno asked.

The Boar nervously chuckled as he handed the artifact that magnified its voice to Bruno who took it with a grumpy look on his face.

"I'm watching both of you," Bruno stated before releasing the two troublemakers, making both of them land on their bums.

The audience roared in laughter after seeing the two's comedic act, and had completely forgotten Nero's dominating performance. The prestige that they had tried so hard to regain turned into a joke, which made the Boar and the chubby teenager Public Enemies Number One and Two for the two remaining Kings and Five Overlords, who were still in the competition.

"You're up, Norman," Gilmore said while facing one of the Five Overlords. "End the battle as fast as you can."

"You don't have to tell me; I know what to do," Norman snorted as he jumped towards the arena from the contestants platform like a Madlad.

His next opponent was none other than the skinny swordsman, who had been with Lux and the Boar during the Qualifying Matches.

The skinny teenager calmly walked towards the arena, while Norman looked down on him with his arms crossed over his chest.

"I don't know who you are, or where you are from, but I will end you quickly," Norman declared as soon as the skinny teenager walked up in the arena. "Nothing personal, okay?"

The skinny teenager nodded his head and stood in place, waiting for Judge Dredd to start the match.

"Are both of you ready?"

Norman raised his hand with confidence. "I was born ready!"

"Yes," the skinny teenager replied.

"Battle Start!"

As soon as the battle started, a soft, yet resounding clinking sound spread in the arena.

A moment later, a cry of pain, followed by a shower of blood was heard and seen in the place where Norman stood.

His arms, and legs were cut off from his body. The young man, who was one of the Five Overlords, found himself lying helpless on the ground, with blood spurting from the severed limbs of his body.

"Nothing personal, okay?" the skinny teenager said before turning around to leave the arena under the dumbfounded gaze of the audience who couldn't believe what they just saw.

The skinny teenager didn't even bother to wait for Judge Dredd's declaration of his victory. In his eyes, his opponent was simply too weak for him to consider him as a serious opponent.

"Nice!" the Boar said with a smug-look on its face before turning to the chubby teenager beside it. "Do you think we can invite him into the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen? He has what it takes to be my sworn brother!"

Lux rolled his eyes at the shameless, thick-headed boar, who would pester strong people for them to join its organization.

He had long known that the skinny swordsman wasn't simple.

His performance alone was enough to shut up all opposition, leaving Gilmore's and Nero's group of elite prodigies, unable to stop themselves from treating the mysterious swordsman as a serious competitor in the tournament.

## **Chapter 239: You Dare to Chop Me?**

"Are you sure that guy isn't Lux in disguise?" One of the Five Overlords asked Nero and Gilmore who both had serious expressions on their faces.

The skinny teenager who wore a bamboo hat was one of the suspicious people that Nero had listed as a possible candidate for Lux's hidden identity.

"I have double checked and that's not him," Nero replied with a frown.

Gilmore also nodded his head. "I also used an artifact just after the match ended, and it is certainly not him."

"Then could Lux possibly be that boar? Just looking at it irritates me."

"Yeah! That boar deserves a good beating. I'll make sure to turn him into a pork chop when we fight."

Nero and Gilmore weren't paying too much attention to the discussion as they're still bothered that they couldn't assess how strong the swordsman truly was.

Both of them were Grade A Disciples in the middle-ranks, so they had a hunch that the skinny teenager was about the same as them, making the other party a serious opponent that they couldn't afford to ignore.

"He is in group B," Nero said as he glanced at Gilmore. "If nothing unexpected happens, the two of you will be fighting each other at the final match of your division."

Gilmore nodded. "I will watch his next matches in order to better understand his abilities."

Deep inside, Nero was thankful that he wouldn't be facing the skinny swordsman in his division. He was certain that the mysterious swordsman had the ability to force him to bring out his trump cards, which he only planned to use in the Final Match.

'I'll also better take a look at his matches later,' Nero thought. 'Right now, he is the biggest threat in the tournament, next to that chubby teenager.'

After their latest loss, the Elite Prodigies were no longer in the mood to discuss other things with each other. The only thing they wanted to do was to ensure that they would win their next fights in order to avoid becoming laughing stocks.

The high-ranking officials of the six kingdoms also took note of the mysterious swordsman and immediately launched an investigation. Right now, Lux's and the skinny teenager's backgrounds were being dug up, so the officials could better understand their identities.

The next three matches were also quite entertaining to watch. Gilmore, as well as two of the Five Overlords defeated their opponents without too much problem, leaving a decent impression on those who were watching the tournament.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the Academy...

"Stop following me, you're annoying," the skinny teenager wearing a bamboo hat said to the Boar who was chatting beside him as if the two of them had known each other since they were kids.

"I will stop following you if you join the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen," the Boar said. "If you join, I will become your sworn brother. With me by your side, you can walk unhindered anywhere."

"I already said no. Stop being persistent."

"Is that a Yes?"

"Are you deaf? I said no."

"Yes, right? Great! Now you just need to sign this contract and we're good to go."

"... I'll chop you."

The Boar snorted and raised its chin arrogantly. "You dare to chop me? Fine. I will stand here. I dare you to chop me! Let's see if you can live peacefully afterward!"

The skinny teenager was really tempted to slice the boar into pieces. If not for the fact that he would be disqualified from the tournament and become a wanted criminal, he would have done it already, even disposing the body as sneakily as possible.

"So, are you going to join?" the boar asked as it continued to walk beside the irritated teenager. "We have freebies as well. Do you know the legendary sword called Excalibur? I have it in my room. If you join, I'll give it to you as a freebie."

"Not interested," the skinny teenager replied as calmly as he could. However, the trace of frustration and annoyance was clear in his voice.

He was nearing his limit, and if he didn't get to his room soon, he was afraid that he would really throw caution into the wind and hack the annoying boar into pieces.

"Oh, then how about Gram? This sword also goes by the name Balmung. Are you interested?"

"No."

"I also have Arondight, Durandal, Harpe, Kusanagi, Caliburn, and many other swords. I'll give one of them to you for free if you join my group."

"I said no!" The Skinny Teenager finally entered his room and slammed the door in the Boar's face. He had done his best to prevent himself from using violence because his Master had told him that violence wouldn't solve anything.

The skinny teenager sighed in relief. Now that he had finally entered his sanctuary, he thought that the Boar would leave him alone.

Unfortunately for him, a knock on his door shattered this hope, which almost made him take out his sword from its sheath to hack the boar into pieces.

"Hello? What kind of sword do you want?" the Boar's annoying voice, which resembled a persistent salesman, reached his ears as it continued to knock on his door. "Just name it, and I'll give it to you. Have you heard of Caladbolg, Dainsleif, and Ascalon?"

"If you join now, I'll give you not one, not two, but three swords free of charge. I'm so generous, right? Do you want to join now? Hey! Are you there? Knock knock! Um... if you join within the next five minutes..."

On that day, one of the strongest competitors in the tournament conceded and joined the Boar's League of Extraordinary Gentlemen, in fear that he would develop aneurysm if the Boar kept on knocking on his door until he was driven crazy.

The Boar left and happily hummed as it walked in the hallway after managing to add one more member to his group.

It was still doing its best to add Lux to its group, but the chubby teenager was someone who didn't bat an eye, not scared of using violence against it, forcing the Boar to beg for forgiveness after receiving a one-sided beating and escape with its tail tucked between its legs.

## **Chapter 240: The Boar That Gets On Everyone's Nerves**

The Lionheart Tournament continued with four matches being held everyday.

On the fifth day, only four participants of each Division remained and they would fight until only two remained.

On the sixth day, the final two would fight, and on the Seventh Day the remaining participant would enter the Semi-Finals.

A one day break would be held before the Semi Finals to allow the participants to fully recover their strength before their final matches.

The next day, the Elite Four would fight until only two remained, who would then fight in the Final match.

The winner would of course become the Champion of the Lionheart Tournament and receive the prizes that would make him the envy of every member of the young generation. Of course, the Second Place opponent would also receive some decent rewards, but it was nothing compared to the Grand Prize, where Iris' happiness was at stake.

Today was the Fifth Day of the Tournament and Lux easily defeated his opponent without breaking a sweat.

The Boar got lucky and managed to defeat an opponent who received a terrible injury during his previous match and had entered a comatose state. Because of this, it won by default, allowing it to proceed to its next match without even lifting its hoof.

The skinny swordsman also won his match. If one of the two Kings, Gilmore, didn't make any blunders, the mysterious swordsman and him would fight at the Final Division Match. This was a match up that everyone was looking forward to watching.

Nero had also successfully won his battle, and would face the last member of the Four Kings. If he managed to overcome this obstacle, he would become the Division Winner, and advance to the Semi-Finals, alongside the other Semi-Finalists.

"You know, having come this far, I realized one thing," the boar said as it ate some bacon. "If we all win our respective matches, we will enter the Semi-Finals and fight each other. If one of us becomes the Champion, then that

means that it is still the win of the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen! I'm so excited."

"I'm not a member of your League of Extraordinary Gentlemen," Lux replied in an irritated tone as he watched the boar eat the bacon that he had ordered for himself. "Also, why are you here? Can't you let people eat in peace?"

"One moment, I'm still eating," the Boar replied. "It's not all the time I get to eat free food paid for by others. But, when I do, I make sure to eat everything."

"Excuse me? I didn't give you permission to eat my food."

"Please don't disturb me while I eat. Didn't you learn good manners and proper conduct?"

Lux sighed as he waved for the waitress to get another order.

"Can I have another bowl of bacon?" Lux asked. "And one bowl of stir fried noodles."

"I'd like to have some pork chops please," the Boar said to the waitress. "Also, add some ham on the side, thank you."

The waitress smiled and bowed her head before leaving the two alone.

"Swordy will definitely beat that wimpy blondie and become the Division Winner," the Boar said as it waited for its order to arrive. "I'm worried about you. It is certain that the winner of tomorrow's match will be one of the Five Overlords. That means that you will have to face someone strong before you become the Division Winner."

"Just worry about yourself, okay?" Lux snapped. "You just got lucky that your opponent was in a coma. If not, you wouldn't even be standing here right now."

The Boar chuckled before wagging its hoof at the chubby teenager, who was fighting the strong urge to stab the boar's nose with a fork.

"He got lucky," the Boar stated. "If he fought me, he might not even be able to keep his life. So this is a blessing for him."

Lux rolled his eyes at the shameless boar, who he was certain would immediately be defeated after it faced the winner of tomorrow's match for its Division.

Right now, there were two matches that he would like to see, and they were none other than Nero's fight with a King of the young generation, as well as the mysterious swordsman's battle with Gilmore, who was the Prince of the Axton Kingdom, and was said to be the strongest member of the Four Kings.

It was at that moment when Nero, Gilmore, as well as the rest of their Elite Group entered the restaurant that was reserved for the contestants of the tournament.

The moment they saw the chubby teenager and the Boar eating together, they decided to walk in their direction to give the two a greeting, and a bit of intimidation.

"Well, well, well, look who's here, it's the chubby gang," Gilmore said in a teasing tone. "Having your last meals before you lose in your next matches?"

The Boar gave the blondie a side-long glance before shifting its attention to Lux.

"The loser of tomorrow's battle is talking to me," the Boar said. "What should I do? Should I give him my autograph so that he can keep it as a memento after he loses to Little Swordy?"

"Good idea," Lux replied. "I'm sure that he will treasure it and make it his family heirloom. After all, it was signed by one of the Final Four that will enter the Semi-Finals."

Although Lux knew in his heart that the Boar couldn't possibly enter the final four, he couldn't possibly ignore it after their rivals were talking smack about them.

"Good idea," the Boar took a small scroll from its storage ring and placed it on top of the table.

There were some words written on it, but Lux wasn't too interested to take a look at it. The Boar then dipped its hoof in one of the sauces that Lux had ordered beforehand and stamped it on the scroll.

"Here you go," the Boar said as it handed the scroll with its hoof print to the blondie whose expression was similar to someone that had eaten a fly. "I don't mind if you make this your family heirloom. You should be honored that I even took the effort to give you my autograph."

Gilmore didn't accept the scroll that the Boar was offering to him. Instead, his pupils changed color for a brief moment.

Immediately, the scroll on the boar's hooves burst into purple flames, which made the latter squeal in shock.

"You're lucky that you're not in my division," Gilmore stated. "Otherwise, I would have already turned you into roast pork."

"Stick and stones may break my bones but words will never hurt me," the Boar replied after it had regained its composure.

Before Gilmore could even retort, Bruno, the High-Ranking judge of the tournament entered the restaurant.

When he saw the Boar, he immediately approached it with a scowl on his face.

"Oi! Where is the scroll that the Headmaster gave you?" Bruno asked. "Didn't he tell you that it was something that was supposed to be passed to me before the match began because it was something important?"

The Boar suddenly said "Ah!" before it rummaged through its storage ring.

Gilmore suddenly had a bad premonition, so he decided to walk away while he still could. However, Bruno saw a part of the burnt up scroll on the floor and his face became extremely serious.

The stamp of the Headmaster could still be seen at the corner of the remaining part of the scroll, which made Bruno's face turn livid.

"You burned the official document of the academy?" Bruno said in a tone that reeked of bad vibes. "You dare?!"

"Um, it wasn't me that burned it," the Boar pointed at Blondie who was almost outside the door of the restaurant. "It was him that burned it."

Bruno turned around and saw the Prince of the Axton Kingdom casually walking out of the restaurant as if he was just taking a stroll.

Before Gilmore could even take a step outside of the restaurant, a large hand rested on his shoulder, holding him in place.

"Gilmore Axton, how about you and I have a little talk?" Bruno asked. "Don't worry. We will settle this matter before your match tomorrow. Come with me to the Headmaster's office."

Bruno didn't even give Gilmore a chance to explain his side of the matter before he teleported both of them out of the restaurant.

Nero and the other members of their Elite Group made themselves scarce and left the Boar and the chubby teenager alone.

They had a feeling that if they remained longer, the Boar might do something stupid again and involve them in the mess that it created.

Lux chuckled when he saw Nero and his comrades retreat far from their location. Even though the Boar was irritating, it managed to bring trouble to their opponents, which was a plus in his book.

In truth, he sensed that Nero and Gilmore were using some kind of appraising tool to check his, and the Boar's bodies. Naturally, he knew that they were trying to confirm whether he was the "Half-Elf" they were looking for or not.

Fortunately, the Mask of a Thousand Faces wasn't a simple artifact and no matter how many times they tried to use their anti-illusion artifacts, the results would always be the same.

"Here's your order," the waitress arrived a few minutes later and delivered their orders.

Lux ate his meal in a casual manner, while the Boar ate like a pig, leaving nothing behind. After it finished eating, it immediately left without saying a word, which left the Half-Elf dumbstruck.

It was only after Lux was about to pay for the meal that he realized what the Boar had done. Clearly, the Boar was a Dine-and-Dash type of creature, which made the Half-Elf wish that the one he would be facing in the next

match, was the chubby Boar that was quite good at getting on everyone's nerves.

## Chapter 241: I Just Want Peace

"Keane, someday, you will find your reason for living," an old man wearing a robe that had seen better days said. It was old and ragged, and yet, it couldn't hide the majesty of the person wearing it. "Right now, you just live, for the sake of living. Life shouldn't be lived like that."

"Master, isn't being alive enough?' the skinny teenager replied. "I eat when I'm hungry. I drink when I'm thirsty, and sleep when I'm sleepy. I am content with what I have right now, I don't want anything else."

"Keane, contentment leads to stagnation," the old man commented as he stroked his beard while eyeing the young man in front of him. "Just like a sword that is forever inside a sheath, it is unable to show its true potential. It is merely a decoration, having lost its true value."

"But, Master, isn't being a decoration enough?" Keane inquired. "Wouldn't peace be better than war?"

"Peace is always better than war, but have you ever thought that in order to keep the peace, someone must have the strength to prevent it from collapsing? If bandits were to descend on a peaceful village to steal their livestock, money, and women, what could being peaceful do?"

"If Beast Tides were about to trample on everyone, and everything you hold dear, does living peacefully make them go away? The answer is No. Only those with power can protect the peace of the world. A decoration may look pretty, but that is all it is. A decoration. It cannot carry the sky when it falls down on your head. Remember this Keane, and remember this well.

"Only those who have the power to protect the peace, are the one that keep the peace and safeguard the people from their suffering."

The skinny teenager didn't reply right away as if pondering something inside his head. A moment later, he looked up at his Master and said.

"Master, I have no desire to argue with anyone," Keane stated. "I choose to walk away because I just want peace."

The old man smiled and nodded his head in understanding.

"Keane, travel the world, and see with your own eyes if you can find the peace you are looking for," the old man replied. "Also, I have signed you up for the Lionheart Tournament that will be held in Barbatos Academy. Maybe, by interacting with people the same age as you, you will see things you have never seen before. Experience feelings, you have never felt before."

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A young man sat in the lotus position with his sword resting on his lap. He was breathing steadily as he meditated in order to cleanse his mind before his match that would be happening in two hours.

He didn't know who his opponent was, nor did he care. His Master had told him to see the world, and his first stop was Barbatos Academy. Even though he didn't want to admit it, he felt as if he had glimpsed the meaning of his Master's words, about the true meaning of peace.

Suddenly a loud knocking sound was heard from his door. A familiar voice, which made Keane's heart tremble and his skin crawl, reached his ears.

"Hey! Little Swordy, are you awake? Your fight will begin in a few hours!" the Boar's voice shouted from outside the door. "Have you eaten? Did you go to the comfort room? Want me to help you bring your breakfast? Ah, they are having lamb chops for breakfast, should I order two of them? I don't mind eating with you because you always look lonely..."

Keane opened his eyes and exhaled deeply.

"Master, the outside world isn't peaceful at all," Keane lamented. "I want to go back to the mountain."

Unfortunately, his Master wasn't there, so Keane had no choice but to fend for himself, and try to settle the matter with the annoying Boar that was knocking on his door in a peaceful manner.

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"Listen, Little Swordy, your opponent today might be weaker than me, but you mustn't underestimate him," the Boar said as it walked beside the skinny teenager and escorted him to the waiting area of the Coliseum. "He is one of the Four Clowns and Five Buffoons. Although they are a bunch of d\*cks, they are still stronger than most."

"I understand. I will not underestimate him," Keane replied.

"Good. as one of the members of the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen, you mustn't lose to him and uphold our honor."

"I understand. I will do my best."

"This is what I like about you, Little Swordy," the Boar said as it glanced at the skinny swordsman with satisfaction. "You're very easy to talk to."

"Thank you," Keane replied.

Right now, he was just talking automatically like an answering machine. He had long understood that the Boar would just prolong his suffering if he denied, or disagreed with its words.

"Well then, this is as far as I go," the Boar patted Keane's waist with its hoof. "Go break a leg. Rather, go slice a leg."

"Okay." Keane nodded as he went to the hallway that would lead him to the arena.

As soon as he appeared, the cheers and applause of the audience descended on him like a tide. He was one of the crowd favorites to win because of his mysterious identity, as well as his one move, insta-wins.

In truth, many of the young warriors who were watching the matches in the arena had aspired to become just like him. Even the young ladies found his unique style quite intriguing, making them want to know more about him.

They just couldn't understand how he managed to do it. The moment a clinking sound was heard in the arena, his opponents arms, and legs, would be cut off, preventing them from continuing to battle.

He was using the Sword Art that his Master had created and its name was "Grand Void".

His attacks were so sharp, that the severed limbs could easily be reattached and healed without problem.

It was a Sword Art that only the most powerful individuals within the Six Kingdoms were aware of. Without even fully drawing the sword, one could effectively slice a mountain in half.

Keane's Master jokingly said that when Keane was able to draw the sword out of its sheath and execute the final form of the Grand Void Sword Art, he would be able to slice the void, which would allow him to travel through the void, where space and time flowed differently.

The moment he stepped into the arena, Keane was finally able to see his opponent. One glance alone was enough to tell him that the blonde teenager in front of him was not like those people that he had defeated in the past.

'He's the real deal,' Keane thought as he rested his left thumb on the hilt of his sword, ready to strike as soon as the referee gave the signal to start the match.

The skinny young man hoped that after this match was over, he would be one step closer to the peace he desired, so he could return to the mountains where his Master was patiently waiting for him.

## **Chapter 242.1: Peace Will Never Be An Option [Part 1]**

Gilmore looked at his opponent with a serious expression on his face.

His casual smile could not be seen anywhere, and it was replaced by a solemn look that he rarely showed to anyone.

This just proved that the person standing in front of him was someone that he couldn't afford to look down on, or he would suffer a terrible defeat at the mysterious swordsman's hands.

After watching the skinny teenager's battle, Gilmore had finally understood how the Swordsman was able to execute those deadly attacks that were able to slice off his opponent's limbs in an instant.

Gilmore was also a Swordsman. As a Prince of the Royal Family, he had been trained by only the best swordsmen of the land. Some even said that he was the next candidate in line to be able to bear the title "Sword Saint" when he grew up, but Gilmore knew that he was still far from achieving this prestigious title.

He might be arrogant, but he wasn't delusional. Gilmore knew that he was meant for greatness, but it would take him a long time before he could finally reach that peak where the Masters of the Worlds stood, looking down upon the mortal lands like Gods from their heavenly thrones.

"Are both of you ready?" Judge Dredd's question broke Gilmore out from his daze, as he refocused on the opponent in front of him.

"Yes," Gilmore replied, as he unsheathed the sword in his scabbard.

He knew that if he didn't take out his weapon now, he wouldn't have a chance later on.

The skinny teenager, on the other hand, nodded his head, signaling to their referee that he was ready to fight as well.

Judge Dredd nodded and raised both of his hands high in the air.

"Battle Start!"

As soon as the signal for the start of the battle was announced, Gilmore disappeared from where he stood and reappeared two meters away from the skinny Swordsman.

He had used the skill "Flash Step", which was similar to a blink ability that allowed Swordsmen like him to close the distance to deliver an attack against their opponent.

Gilmore's sword strike was like a blur that struck his opponent, but the skinny teenager was prepared to meet his attack as well.

A metallic ring reverberated inside the arena as two swords clashed against each other. Both Swordsmen had calm expressions on their faces as if they had already expected this outcome.

Gilmore knew that he couldn't distance himself from his opponent because his one-slice-attack was a long-ranged one. As long as he engaged him in close combat, the skinny teenager wouldn't be able to use the technique that had allowed him to progress this far in the tournament.

As they continued to exchange blows with each other, they got a better understanding of their opponent's abilities.

The audience roared and cheered for both fighters, despite the fact that they could only see two blurs moving around in the arena.

All the contestants were paying close attention to the battle, especially Lux, Nero, and the Boar, who stood beside the Half-Elf.

"Little Swordy is at a disadvantage against his opponent," the Boar commented. "If he can't gain enough distance to execute his attack, he will lose in a prolonged battle."

Lux continued to look at the battle with great focus. He didn't affirm or deny the Boar's words. The Half-Elf didn't know the skinny Swordsman enough to judge whether he could fight a prolonged battle or not.

All he knew was that a single mistake from either fighter would end this match in a heartbeat, and he was waiting for that small gap to better understand his future opponents.

Lux arched an eyebrow when he noticed something peculiar in the battle.

Whenever Gilmore executed a slash, the Half-Elf could see two slashes instead of one. The slashes happen in very quick successions, making him understand how deadly Gilmore's attack was.

It was like a hammer, hitting a nail twice. These attacks done in quick succession would greatly sap his opponent's stamina due to the power of two blows combined.

This was a passive skill that Gilmore had learned in Elysium which was called "Double Slash", allowing him to do double damage with a single slash.

However, the skinny Swordsman's counter to this ability was more interesting. After blocking Gilmore's attack for the first time, he would skid his sword downwards until it reached the handle of Gilmore's sword, before using the

momentum to counterattack by moving his sword in a hacking motion, forcing his blade to descend on Gilmore's shoulder.

Whenever this happened, Gilmore would take a step to move to his right, in order to allow the blade to pass briefly by his side, dodging it completely.

A minute later, both of their swords started to shine, infusing their magical abilities to them, making them sharper and increasing the power of each blow they delivered.

Lux was also a Swordsman, but he had to admit that compared to the two fighters, his sword skills were mediocre. If he didn't have his crippling disability when he was young, he might have mastered the Kaizer Family's Sword Art, allowing him to stand toe to toe with the young Swordsmen of his generation whose way with the sword had surpassed most of their peers.

"Omnislash."

As soon as the name of this skill left Gilmore's lips, his body blurred which made the skinny Swordsman lose sight of him for a brief moment.

A second later, he felt a stinging pain in his back as Gilmore hacked him from behind. A moment later, another slash was delivered to his left shoulder.

If not for the fact that he had somehow managed to take a step back, Gilmore's sword strike might have severed his shoulder completely. Even so, a centimeter deep cut still ran down from his shoulder to his elbow, causing Keane to grit his teeth, as he blocked the consecutive attacks that followed afterward.

All in all, Gilmore delivered six attacks that were too fast, even for Keane to follow. Only his instincts as a Swordsman allowed him to barely block the third up to the sixth blow, avoiding serious injuries to his body.

When the blonde Swordsman finished delivering his devastating attack, he reappeared in front of Keane and delivered a sword thrust aimed on the skinny teenager's chest.

A metallic ringing sound spread throughout the surroundings as Keane's sword deflected Gilmore's attack, forcing the blade to pierce his left shoulder instead.

The blonde Swordsman was planning to deliver another deadly thrust but his instincts screamed at him to put some distance between them.

Gilmore immediately stepped to his right and backed away in a hurry.

A second later, a three-meter deep cut sliced the arena in half and made the Boar, who was watching from the stands, gasp in shock.

Gilmore, as well as the audience, stared at the Swordsman, who was standing straight and holding his sword in his right hand. Its tip was pointed at the ground, right where the deep cut started.

His left arm was a bloody mess, but his gaze was still as calm as the surface of the lake, untouched by the elements of the world.

For some reason, everyone looking at the skinny teenager felt as if his aura had changed. Right now, the presence that Keane was radiating was so sharp that everyone looking at him could feel their skin tingle.

Gilmore gave the deep cut on the ground a side-long glance before shifting his attention to his opponent. He had already known that his opponent was strong, but he never expected that the skinny swordsman's mastery of the sword to be able to cut the arena cleanly in half.

"So, you finally decided to get serious," Gilmore stated.

Keane shifted his attention to him as a bitter smile appeared on his face. He had done his best to hold back, but doing that against an opponent as strong as Gilmore was a stupid thing to do.

"I guess ending this battle peacefully was never an option," Keane replied. "I still have a long way to go before I reach my ideal."

Keane sighed in his heart as he pointed his sword towards his opponent.

'Forgive me, Master,' Keane thought as he prepared to fight with the Sword Skills that had been engraved in his body through constant training he had received from his Master since he was young.

'It seems that I still have many things to learn about how the outside world works.' Keane mused as another sigh escaped his lips. "I need to find my

version of peace, and in order to do that I must first sweep away the obstacles that block my way. That's right, I need to start with you first."

"You're being quite talkative for a duel to the death," Gilmore replied. "Didn't your Master ever tell you not to do that?"

The blonde Swordsman took a step and reappeared in front of Keane, who moved his sword to meet his attack as if he had predicted where Gilmore would strike him.

"You're right," Keane replied as he gazed at his opponent who was hell-bent on striking him down. "My Master taught me a lot of things, and one of them was... in the face of someone who wants you dead, Peace will never be an option. Since that is the case, I will no longer try to settle this matter peacefully."

Yes. He no longer wanted to settle this match peacefully. Since his opponent was someone who was determined to win, he could only answer his determination with his own, and teach him that even someone as peace-loving as him, knew how to draw his sword with the intent to kill.

## **Chapter 243.2: Peace Will Never Be An Option [Part 2]**

Grand Void.

This was the sword skill that Keane's Master had perfected over the years.

The first form of this skill was called Splitting Trees. The moment that his thumb pushed the hilt of his sword up, and allowed his blade to peek out of its sheath, trees would be split apart in half.

The Second Form of this sword skill was called Splitting the Land.

When the blade left its sheath, a deep gash, that ran dozens of meters in length and several meters deep, would appear in the ground in front of him.

The Third Form was Splitting The River. With a single, quick slash, the raging water of the river would be cut in half, creating a passage that would allow anyone to traverse it.

The Fourth Form was Splitting a Hill, this attack would effectively slice a hill in half, in any way he'd like to have it cut.

These were the four Basic Forms of the Grand Void Sword Style. What followed next were the advance forms namely, Splitting the Clouds, Splitting the Mountains, Splitting the Sea, Splitting the Firmament, Splitting the World, and lastly, Splitting the Void.

Keane's Master could do all of these, which had allowed him to walk the lands unhindered, even though he was only a High-Ranker and not a Saint.

His Master had also earned a title among the High-Rankers. His peers called him "The Void", out of respect and fear for his insane sword skills.

When this powerful individual chose Keane to become his disciple, he was amazed because not only was the boy a genius in the way of the sword, he was also capable of analyzing any sword art and fusing it to his own.

Keane had even formed his own sword style which he called "Universal Peace."

Keane said, with as much seriousness as a seventeen-year-old could muster, that the moment he perfected this Sword Style, a Universal Peace would fall upon the world.

Keane's Master had no doubt that his disciple would surpass him in the future. A part of him was even looking forward to the completion of this Sword Style, which would usher in a new era of peace upon the territories that were under Keane's protection.

"Let me give you a warning," Gilmore said. "My sword has the chaotic attribute. I know that you are now feeling its effects, which dampens the circulation of your mana and blood flow. Even though it's not life threatening, it can still put you out of commission for several months if you have a weak constitution.

"So, if you plan to go all out, now is the right time for it. In a few minutes, I will assure you that you will be unable to raise that sword that you wield in your dominant hand."

In all honesty, Gilmore didn't have any obligation to tell Keane one of the attributes of his Pseudo-Legendary Weapon. The reason he told his opponent this was because he had recognized Keane as a Master Swordsman.

As someone who was also treading the path to become a Sword Saint, Gilmore didn't want his opponent to think that he used dirty tactics to win against him. A sword was just a sword. It was a means to an end, and it was a weapon bestowed upon him by his father, the King, on his eighteen birthday, as recognition of his strength and abilities.

"Thank you," Keane replied. "I will also give you fair warning. I am going to get serious. I will apologize in advance if I accidentally kill you."

Gilmore smiled and nodded his head. He knew that Keane wasn't lying. This was another reason why he recognized him as an opponent that he wanted to defeat using all of his might.

Keane's vision was starting to become blurry because of the chaotic mana flow and blood flow that was rampaging over his body. He was hurting all over, and he understood that he needed to end the battle in one swift strike that would defeat the strong opponent in front of him.

The skinny teenager returned his sword inside its sheathe in a quick, and elegant manner, like he had done countless times in the past. His aura surged around his body, making the ground under his feet shatter, causing dirt, and rocks to rise upwards.

Gilbert held his sword with both of his hands and took a striking pose. He also unleashed his aura and prepared for one last strike that would end this battle.

The blonde Swordsman's sword style was called the Azure Sky Sword Style. It was a sword style that relied on quick and deadly attacks to end his opponent. Seeing that his opponent wanted to end the battle with his finishing move, Gilmore decided to pit his own finishing move against Keane's, to prove to himself that he was stronger than him.

The audience quieted down as tension filled the air. No one dared to disturb the two fighters who were about to end the battle any moment from now.

Even the chatty boar had closed its lips as it focused its eyes on the skinny Swordsman, whom it called Little Swordy.

Judge Dredd, Bruno, as well as the other Rankers and High-Rankers in the Coliseum watched with great interest for the final outcome of the battle between two peak Swordsmen of the young generation.

Lux took out a coin from his pocket and flicked it towards the arena. For some reason, he felt like the two swordsmen were waiting for a signal to unleash their attacks at the same time, so he decided to be the one to give them what they wanted.

As soon as the coin fell on the ground, Keane unsheathed his sword, while Gilmore slashed down.

"Brilliance!"

"Spectral Slash!"

The moment these two attacks were unleashed, the entire arena was covered in a blinding light, forcing those whose Ranks weren't high enough to see through the radiance to cover their eyes.

The Boar and Lux reluctantly covered their eyes because the brilliance was too piercing, even for them. Both of them felt that if they continued to look, even a moment longer, a sword would stab their eyes and make them go blind due to how sharp and powerful the two attacks were.

When the light receded, only one young man stood in the arena, while the other was on the ground, lying in a pool of blood.

With a silent victorious roar, the young man raised his sword towards the heavens, as if declaring his victory.

On that day, two swordsmen fought, and only one emerged as the winner. It was a battle that would be remembered as one of the greatest highlights of the Lionheart Tournament for many years to come.

## **Chapter 244: Easy Peasy**

Judge Dredd approached the young man who had raised his sword towards the heavens to declare his victory.

"Winner! Keane!"

Cheers rang out from the stadium while the skinny young man released a deep sigh before collapsing in Judge Dredd's arms.

The Clerics who were waiting at the scene immediately rushed to treat the two Swordsmen who had awed everyone with their superb swordsmanship.

Even those who thought badly of the Four Kings didn't say anything bad towards Gilmore, who laid unconscious on the ground. He had fought wonderfully as one of the strongest members of the young generation, and no one would fault him for losing in such an amazing match.

"I'm so proud," the Boar wiped the tears in its eyes. "I was the one who raised Little Swordy since he was young. This fight makes me very satisfied as a parent."

The contestants who heard the shameless Boar's statements couldn't stop their lips from twitching. Clearly, someone was taking credit for something it obviously didn't do, making everyone who heard it despise the Boar, who claimed that it was the one who raised the Mysterious Swordsman, who had successfully become one of the Elite Four that would enter the Semifinals.

Today was the last day of the intra-division battles, and whoever won their matches today would immediately advance to the Semifinals.

"My match is next," the Boar said in an arrogant tone. "Watch me win this match easy peasy."

"I will light a candle for you and put a flower on your grave," Lux replied as he watched the Boar walk down the platform that led towards the arena.

The Boar didn't even bother to turn its head because it didn't want to hear any bullsh\*t before its match.

The audience laughed when they saw the Boar coming up on the stage. In truth, none of the audience expected this creature to advance to the Final Division Battle due to its lackluster performance.

Its opponent was one of the Five Overlords, but it looked at its adversary fearlessly with the "Never Say Die, and Never Surrender" expression on its face.

Judge Dredd glanced at the two fighters, and asked them if both of them were ready.

"I was born ready!" the Boar declared as it arrogantly raised its snout towards the sky.

Judge Dredd nodded his head before looking at the Boar's opponent.

"How about you?" Judge Dredd inquired. "Are you ready?"

"I concede this match," the young man who had several tattoos plastered on his body said with a firm and steady voice.

The audience, who was waiting for a good fight, thought that they were mishearing things. This match was important since the winner would immediately become one of the Elite Four, yet one of the Five Overlords, who was one of the seeded participants, conceded to the Boar, who was clearly no match for him.

"Um, are you sure?" Judge Dredd asked just to be sure. "Since the fight hasn't started, you can still change your mind."

"I will not change my mind," the young man replied. "I will concede this match."

Without another word, the young man turned around and left, leaving a dumbfounded Judge Dredd behind.

The Boar, who had just won its match because its opponent conceded, sighed.

"He understood that he didn't stand a chance against me, so he decided to concede as soon as he could," the Boar said with a smug look on his face. "Such an admirable warrior. I'm sure that the heavens will bless him. Um, referee... can you declare my win now? I mean, there are still other matches, right? I don't want to get blamed by delaying their fights..."

Judge Dredd glanced at the Boar before shifting his gaze at Bruno who was seated in the Supervisor's seat of honor.

Bruno could only shrug, which meant that he didn't see anything wrong with the fighter's decision to concede.

"The winner for this match is Cai!" Judge Dredd announced, making the Boar walk out of the arena with its snout raised high.

Lux, who was standing on the platform with the other contestants, was just as confused as everyone else. He didn't know why one of the Five Overlords would forfeit his match against the annoying Boar, whose only redeeming points were its appetite and chatty mouth.

A few minutes later, the said Boar returned to the viewing platform with a smug expression on its face.

"Maaaaan, I told you I would win my match easy peasy," the Boar bragged as soon as it stood beside Lux. "I'm so amazing, right?"

"Right," Lux replied as he glanced at the chubby boar, who was humming happily beside him. "Did you bribe your opponent? Did you threaten his family? What kind of black magic did you use against him?"

All the contestants' ears perked up after hearing Lux's questions. They also felt that the outcome of the match was very suspicious, so they decided to eavesdrop on the two chubby comrades who were seen together all the time.

"Bribe? Threatened? Used Dark Magic?" the Boar asked with disdain. "Do you really think I'm that rich, intimidating, and magically blessed to make my opponent concede without even fighting me? Just who do you think I am?"

"A thick-headed, shameless pig, who only knows how to eat pork dishes."

"Absolute slander. Isn't that cannibalism? Hey, I'm a vegetarian. I only eat healthy foods like vegetables and potatoes. Clearly, my opponent knew that I was superior to him, so instead of being hurt and humiliated by me, he decided to cut his losses short and admit defeat. This is a very noble thing to do, and I can understand his hesitation to fight me. I mean, I'm that awesome, you know?"

Lux rolled his eyes at the shameless braggart beside him and just focused his attention on the next match.

It was Nero's turn to fight, and Lux had always been interested in seeing how his rival fought, so he could observe his fighting styles and abilities.

'He is going to fight the last King that belongs to their group of elites,' Lux thought. 'I hope that I will see some of his trump cards before we clash in the Semifinals.'

Lux firmly believed that Nero would not lose his match, even if he was fighting against one of the Kings of the younger generation. That was how highly the Half-Elf thought of his opponent, who had looked down on him ever since they had gotten to know each other.

As if waiting for that moment, Nero entered the arena, bathing in the cheers of the people that had come to watch him fight.

His walk was calm and steady, and he was radiating a confident aura from his body. Clearly, he was sure that he would emerge victorious from this battle. After stepping to the center of the arena, he raised his head to look at the platform where Iris was currently seated.

He didn't say anything and simply stared in the young lady's direction for half a minute before shifting his gaze to his opponent who had entered the arena.

The brown-haired boy who had come from a commoner's household now stood on the greatest stage meant for the strongest individuals in the six kingdoms. This was the thing that he had strived for the past few years of his life so, now that he was here, he had no intention of letting others take the spotlight.

"Showoff," Lux muttered as he narrowed his eyes on the young man, who was trying to score brownie points with his step-sister, who only had eyes for her step-brother.

Lux knew that no matter what happened, he must win against the young man who now had everyone's attention.

He would fight and win not only for the blue-haired beauty whom he cared deeply for, but also for his past self, who had long longed to stand on the same stage as the brown-haired young man that stood before him.

## **Chapter 245: Overlord Versus King**

Nero looked at the young man with curly dark-brown hair and green eyes, who was also looking at him with a calm expression.

He was none other than the last King of the younger generation, Ackley, who was proficient in using the Earth Element.

Just like Gilmore, he was also a member of a Royal Family that belonged to one of the Six Kingdoms that supported Barbatos Academy.

"The moment I saw your name on the list in my Division, I knew that the two of us would meet in the final match," Ackley said.

"I had the same thought," Nero replied. "I knew that you would be my last opponent before I stepped into the Semifinals."

"You're that confident in winning, eh?"

"But of course."

Ackley smiled because he had known Nero for a very long time. He knew that the young man in front of him had the qualifications to be arrogant, even if he was up against a Prince from one of the Six Kingdoms.

"Well, then, I hope you will give me a good fight," Ackley stated.

Nero didn't reply and only smirked. Words no longer mattered, and only their fists would do the talking.

Judge Dredd, who was officiating the match, glanced at the two fighters who seemed to have finished their little chat.

"Are both of you ready?" Judge Dredd asked.

"Yes."

"I am."

Judge Dredd nodded and raised his arms. "Battle Start!"

Ackley stomped his right foot on the ground and immediately, his entire body was covered in a rocky armor that increased his defense many fold.

Nero, on the other hand, slammed his fists together, creating a powerful spark that enveloped his entire body. A moment later, a silver-blue armor set with tendrils of lightning crawling all over its surface could be seen on his body.

Ackley stomped the ground a second time and several rocks, the size of an adult's head, flew towards Nero.

Judge Dredd, who was watching the match from the side, sighed internally.

'Why do you kids always have to destroy the arena? Don't you know how much it costs to always repair it every time your battles are over?'

In the earlier match, the Earth Mages had to work together in order to fix the stage that had been cut in half by Keane's sword slash. Fortunately, the cut was quite clean, so the mages only needed to fill the gap with Earth Magic, and reinforce it several times, before it got Bruno's, who was the final decision maker of the matches, approval to be used again.

Despite Judge Dredd's woes, his gaze was still fixed on the two fighters who were fighting inside the arena.

Nero was moving around, evading Ackley's attacks, while the latter stood firmly in place, unleashing a barrage of Earth Magic at his opponent.

Several lightning bolts descended upon the Earth Magician, but the latter only summoned rocky pillars to block the barrage of long-ranged attacks that Nero was hurling at him.

"Earth has very strong defensive properties, while Lightning has a very strong offensive power," Lux muttered. 'Right now, Ackley has the advantage, but his attacks aren't able to touch Nero due to his quick movements.'

Nero tried several times to get close to Ackley, but whenever he did, several three-meter Earth Spikes would shoot up from the ground, stopping him in his tracks.

Glancing at his surroundings, Nero started to increase his speed, going around Ackley and trying to look for his blindspot.

Ackley knew what Nero was doing, so he decided to use one of his Trump Cards called "One with the Earth".

The young man that was covered with rocky armor merged with the arena until he disappeared completely. At that exact moment, a giant hand made up of rock materialized in the air and swatted down on Nero from his blindspot.

As if sensing the attack behind his back, Nero cloaked himself with lightning and shot towards the sky like an arrow in flight, completely evading the giant hand behind him.

Nero hovered dozens of meters above the ground and raised both of his arms. Dark clouds appeared and blocked the clear, blue sky from view. Clearly, he had summoned a lightning cloud to aid him in his battle.

The High-Rankers, who were observing the battle, frowned when they realized that the lightning they saw flashing amidst the dark clouds was black. This was no ordinary lightning, and those who had seen it in the past looked at Nero with a nod of satisfaction.

A moment later, a loud thunder clap reverberated in the surroundings before several black lightning bolts descended upon Nero's body.

"Abyss Lightning Bolt!" Nero roared and a giant black lightning bolt descended on one specific point in the arena.

A few seconds later, Ackley emerged from the ground. With a glance, everyone could tell that parts of his armor were destroyed, and his left shoulder had a big, black burn mark on it.

The smell of burning flesh reached Judge Dredd's senses, making him frown.

'Abyss Lightning from the Abyss Monsters,' Judge Dredd thought. 'That is one nasty ability.'

Most Abyss skills could penetrate through the hardest defenses and deal significant damage to their foes. While Nero's black lightning bolt could bypass any defensive abilities, the damage that it could deal to its target would be reduced by half.

Even so, he could easily rain black lightning bolts on his opponent until they were burned to a crisp with his long-ranged attacks.

Lux, who had experienced how strong Abyssal Monsters were, now had a serious expression on his face. Since Nero had acquired this Abyssal ability, it also meant that he had fought against one of them.

The Half-Elf was right in his assumption. During one of Nero's expeditions, he had stumbled upon a Rank 4 Abyssal Creature who specialized in casting long-ranged lightning bolts.

After much hardship, his guild managed to defeat it and acquire its Beast Core, which was prized for the amazing skills that one could acquire from them.

Since Nero was the Guild Master, he was able to get the Beast Core without too much resistance from his guild mates, allowing him to learn the skill, Black Lightning, which complimented his other lightning based attacks.

Lux observed the battle with a critical eye and paid extra attention to the intervals at which Nero could fire his lightning bolts consecutively. He was looking for any kind of loophole that he could exploit, but after five minutes of observation, he wasn't able to see anything that he could use to his advantage.

After the match had dragged out for another twenty minutes, Ackley finally surrendered after being repeatedly attacked by the Black Lightning, which rendered his defense useless.

Nero landed on the ground and gave a salute towards Iris' VIP platform before leaving the arena.

The crowd cheered and applauded the winner of the battle, and some of the girls even giggled after seeing the good-looking-teenager's performance of saluting the young lady, who was hugging the handsome Half-Elf beside her.

In terms of looks, Lux was clearly superior, but when it came to fighting prowess, Nero reigned supreme. At least, this was what Alicia thought as she glanced in the chubby boy's direction, who was going to fight in the arena next.

Keane, Cai, and Nero, had now entered the Semifinals.

Only one spot remained, and Lux would be able to claim that last spot, only if he won his match against the last of the Five Overlords, who was said to be as strong as Nero.

## Chapter 246.1: Deadly Beauty [Part 1]

Lux gazed at the blue-haired teenager who was not as handsome as him.

Although he was fairly good looking, the Half-Elf felt that his opponent was a bit of a narcissist because he kept on admiring himself in the mirror, while combing his hair in the middle of the arena.

"Um, can we start?" Judge Dredd asked the blue-haired teenager with an impatient look on his face.

"Just another minute," the blue-haired teenager said with a smile. "I'm almost done."

Judge Dredd sighed, as he gave Lux a glance. The blue-haired teenager had been combing his hair for five minutes, and some of the people were starting to get impatient because of this.

Lux only shrugged after seeing Judge Dredd's gaze, which meant that he didn't mind even if his opponent took a little longer to prepare his hair before they started to fight.

Vallaki Meitar, Vall for short.

This was the name of Lux's opponent, and one of the Five Overlords. He had seen his battle once, and Lux assumed that Vall's battlestyle was somewhat similar to his Grandma Vera's.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," Vall said as he faced Lux with a confident smile on his face. "We can start the battle now."

Lux nodded, and Judge Dredd raised both of his hands to declare the start of the battle.

"Battle Start!"

When the order for the battle started, Lux summoned his two golems, Orion and another Rock Golem, at the same time.

A moment later, the second Rock Golem charged at Vall, while Orion pressed his hand over the arena to make the ground shake fiercely.

Vall calmly observed this as if he was just a spectator and not a contestant fighting inside the arena.

Even though the arena was shaking badly, he remained standing as if his feet had been nailed on the ground, preventing him from losing his balance.

When the Golem was only a few meters away from him, Vall waved his hand and the Rock Golem came to a complete halt.

Silver strings had wrapped around the Golem's body, restricting its movements and preventing it from moving.

"Ugly things are not worth my time," Vall declared. A moment later he made a cutting motion with his right hand, and the Rock Golem was sliced up into dozens of pieces by the silver strings that were as sharp as adamantium swords.

Vall then smirked before running towards Lux and Orion, who was still manipulating the arena to make it shake.

As if he was skating on ice, Vall traversed the arena with ease, waving his hands fluidly and elegantly, like a maestro directing an orchestra to play a masterpiece.

"I have been paying close attention to you, My Daddy," Vall said as he circled around Lux and Orion with a smile plastered on his handsome face. "Even after displaying several powerful abilities, I have a feeling that you still have many aces under your sleeve. Care to show them to me?"

Lux didn't answer, and ordered Orion to smash his fist on the arena, causing Earth Spikes to jut out of the ground, forcing Vall to distance himself from them.

"How rude, I was just asking questions," Vall commented in a teasing tone. "No matter. I will see it for myself, isn't that right, Mr. Orion?"

Lux, who was paying close attention to Vall's movements, suddenly jumped to his right side and rolled on the ground.

A second later, a loud smashing sound reached his ears, as his Named Creature, Orion, tried to smash him with his fist.

Before Lux could even take a breather, the Rock Golem roared as it tried to stop himself from attacking his Master, but his body wasn't cooperating with him.

"Nice set of skills you have here, Mr. Orion," Vall stated. "Now, let him have a taste of your Gaia Smash!"

Orion jumped into the air and prepared to unleash his strongest attack on his own Master, who was looking at the blue-haired teenager with a serious expression on his face.

When the Rock Golem's fist was about to hit the chubby teenager, he instantly vanished in the air as he was forcefully unsummoned by his Master.

Now that the Rock Golem was gone, Vall could no longer manipulate anything to attack Lux, or so he thought.

Without any warning, Lux's right hand moved by itself and punched his face, making him grimace in pain.

Vall chuckled as he waved his arms left and right, controlling Lux's left and right hands as he manipulated them to continuously punch their own body's face.

"How does it feel to get punched by your own two hands?" Vall inquired as he continued to manipulate Lux to give himself a beating. "Are you enjoying it?"

Lux didn't answer, instead he kept on punching himself repeatedly, making Vall chuckle in amusement.

However, the smile on Vall's face disappeared when he felt that something was amiss. Lux just kept on punching himself repeatedly, and yet, the latter hadn't uttered a single word since the battle had started.

Vall's ability was to conjure strings. He could extend them for several miles, and use them to shred, slice, hack, bind, and even manipulate his opponents as long as the right conditions were met.

Even Nero was very wary of Vall's ability because once he started to infuse his mana into his strings, they turned invisible, preventing anyone from seeing them.

One could even say that Vall was every Summoner's, or Beast Tamer's, nightmare. Once he had attached his strings to their creatures, their Masters could only helplessly watch as their own creatures would attack them without any mercy.

It was at that moment when a rocky hand grabbed Vall's leg from the ground and held it in a vice grip.

The blue-haired teenager didn't panic and simply waved his hand in a slicing motion, cutting off the rocky arm with the strings in his hands.

A second later, he felt himself moving uncontrollably towards his right, where Orion had materialized.

The Rock Golem had used its taunting skill, Duel [EX], to force Vall to exchange a blow with him. Naturally, the Rock Golem planned to use one of his strongest attacks, and it was none other than the Jackhammer, that could easily smash giant boulders with ease.

"Impertinent creature!" Vall shouted as he made a crisscrossing gesture with his hands.

Orion's hand was cut off from its body, preventing it from dealing a devastating blow to his opponent. But, before Vall could even celebrate, the hair on the back of his neck stood on end as a powerful Dragon Breath collided with his back, which slammed him against the barrier of the arena and held him there until the duration of the attack ended.

Lux emerged from the ground, with smoke rising up from his mouth. He had timed his attack perfectly, hoping that it would put an end to his opponent, but it was not enough to defeat the blue-haired teenager, who had wrapped his body with the silky threads that were as tough as the strongest armors.

"You almost got me there, chubby boy," Vall said as he wiped away the blood that had seeped out of the corner of his lips. "Good thing, I prepared my String Armor just for you."

The smell of strings burning permeated the arena, as Vall endured the pain on his back. Although he had survived Lux's sneak attack from behind, the armor that he had weaved a day ago was burned to a crisp.

Fortunately for him, he was also wearing additional armor that mitigated most of the damage he received from Lux's Dragon Breath.

"I see, so that one is only a clone," Vall commented as he looked at the clone that was still punching its face left and right. "Well played. But, you have wasted your only opportunity to defeat me."

Vall raised both of his hands, and the entire arena was covered in a dome made of strings that looked just like a spiderweb.

The handsome teenager's face started to contort before his entire body was wrapped up in a silver cocoon.

A few seconds later, the cocoon broke apart and a giant, Alpha-Ranked Elegant Golden Jumping Spider, appeared in front of Lux.

The three-meter tall Alpha Spider emitted an ear-piercing shriek which showed how much the chubby teenager had infuriated it.

The handsome-blue haired teenager was gone, and what had replaced him was a monstrosity, which would give anyone a nightmare the moment they laid their eyes on it.

Vallaki Meitar.

One of the Five Overlords, and was said to be just as strong as Nero, had finally shown his true colors.

The Boar, who was watching from the platform, shuddered as it looked at the colorful, yet deadly, Jumping Spider, which was a Rank 4 Alpha Monster.

It was a creature that had long been recognized as something that a Grade A Apostle couldn't possibly fight on his own.

Nero, who was watching from the contestants platform, sneered as he looked at the chubby teenager who was facing death directly in the face.

The brown-haired boy admitted that if he was the one fighting Vall, he would have no choice but to use everything in his power to beat him in his spider form.

'You should have defeated him while you still had the chance,' Nero chuckled internally as he looked at the giant Jumping Spider encircling the chubby boy, while spewing silky spider threads in the surroundings.

He knew that unless Lux had a way to overpower his opponent, his chances of beating Vall once he completed his Slaughter Domain was as good as zero.

That was how powerful Vall was in his Beast Form, and even the Kings of the Younger Generation, didn't want to mess with him and left the narcissistic, and handsome, blue-haired teenager alone.

## **Chapter 247.2: Deadly Beauty [Part 2]**

After getting hit by Lux's Dragon Breath, Vall immediately took on his Arachnid Form in order to recover faster from the injuries that he had received.

The Half-Elf gazed at his opponent with a serious expression on his face, somewhat regretting turning off the effect of his newly acquired skill, Abyss Touch.

As much as possible, Lux didn't want to kill anyone in the tournament, so he hesitated using strong attacks like Dragon Breath, while under the effect of Abyss Touch.

If this ability of his had been active, there was a high chance that Vall would suffer grievous injuries or, in the worst case scenario, die due to his last attack.

'I guess it's time to get serious as well,' Lux thought.

Immediately, Lux's body was covered from head to foot with dark-green armor. It was none other than the Favonius Legacy, which had been bestowed upon him by Cedwyn before he left Leaf Village.

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< Favonius Legacy, The Heirloom of the West >

(Degraded Pseudo-Demigod Armor)

Rarity: Mythical (Degraded)

Requirements: Must gain the recognition of Favonius' Will.

- This armor was once worn by a Saint. However, due to the passing of hundreds of years, the armor has degraded to the Mythical Rank.
- After its rank degraded, the stats of this armor also degraded. In order to restore the armor to its former glory, you will need the help of a Saint-Ranked Blacksmith.
- Only those that had been recognized by the will of Favonius can wield this armor set.
- This armor is Soulbound to Lux Von Kaizer.
- This armor can be worn by any Creature under your command.
- +20 to all stats
- +300 to Defense.
- 50% Resistant to Wind Element
- While this armor is equipped, the wearer will gain the ability to fly.
- While this armor is equipped, the wearer will gain the ability to use the skill "Sky-High Rush".
- While this armor is equipped, the wearer will gain the ability to use the skill "Gale Storm."

Active Skills: Razor Wind, Acceleration Charge.

Passive Skills: Levitation, Auto Fit

Title: Favored by the Wind.

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### < Razor Wind >

(10 Mana)

- Send razor-sharp wind blades at your target that deals +100 Wind Elemental Damage.

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### < Acceleration Charge >

- Increase flying speed by 100%

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### < Levitation >

- The wearer of this armor can hover up to two meters above the ground.
- This passive skill can be turned on and off.

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### < Favored by the Wind >

- The effect of Wind Elemental Damage, or skills, will increase by 20%
- Thrice a day, you may cast the skill, Healing Wind.

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### < Healing Wind >

- Restores 20% of the Maximum Health Points of everyone that is within a two-hundred meter radius of the wearer of this armor.

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'This is not enough,' Lux thought as he turned on his passive skill, Tempest Fury, that he had disabled before the start of the battle.

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< Tempest Fury >

(Can be switched On and Off at any given time)

- Any weapon that the user wields will be enchanted by the wind element, making it sharper, and able to deal additional Wind Elemental Damage.
- This Skill is applied to unarmed combat as well. Punches and kicks will be imbued by the power of wind, and deal additional Wind Elemental Damage.
- This Skill is also applied to ranged attacks, including arrows, throwing knives, throwing axes, darts, or any projectile weapons that the user wields.
- Adds +100 Wind Elemental Damage to all attacks by the user.

-----  
A gust of wind blew around Lux's body as invisible threads of wind swirled around his arms and legs.

The High-Rankers amongst the audience in the coliseum could faintly see something similar to small tornadoes swirling around Lux's arms and legs,

This passive skill was a perfect pair with the Favonius Legacy Set because anything with the Wind Element was empowered by the Mythical Armor.

The Boar, Nero, as well as the other contestants, looked at the chubby boy's armor that they were seeing for the first time.

"So, you still have a few tricks under your sleeves," Nero muttered. "But will that be enough against your opponent? I highly doubt it."

Vall, who was paying close attention to Lux's movements, was unfazed by his armor. Although he could tell that it wasn't something simple, he firmly believed that no one could overpower him inside the arena as long as he was in his Arachnid Form.

The Giant Jumping Spider then began to jump around the Arena, as it weaved a silky web of death around the chubby teenager who had dared to hurt him earlier.

The near-invisible threads criss-crossed against each other before descending upon Lux. Seeing that his opponent was hell-bent on cutting him into ribbons, he hastily levitated above the ground, barely evading them by a hair's breadth.

The razor-sharp threads then sliced up the ground around the chubby teenager, turning it into cubes, making those who saw it gasp in shock.

"Acceleration Charge," Lux stated and his flying speed increased, allowing him to evade the countless silky threads that were being weaved around him by the Jumping Spider, whose movements had also increased dramatically.

Left with no choice, Lux flew towards the sky in the hope to evade Vall's dogged attacks.

Suddenly, Lux felt something tug at his foot, preventing him from flying higher.

When one of Vall's silky threads managed to grab hold of the chubby boy's foot, he used this opportunity to drag the other party back towards the ground with a vengeance.

"Razor Wind!" Lux made a slashing motion with his hand, and a wind blade cut off the thread that bound his leg, allowing him to break free from Vall's hold.

After distancing himself from his opponent, Lux was planning to unleash a barrage of Wind Blades towards the persistent spider when he noticed something bizarre.

The Jumping Spider was jumping in the air, using the silky threads as a means to propel himself higher. Clearly, he didn't want to let Lux have the advantage in aerial combat. Vall lunged at Lux with his jaws open wide.

His movement was almost like a blur, but thanks to the power of the Wind Element, Lux was able to predict where Vall was going to hit him, so he managed to evade the attack just in time.

Unknown to him, this was part of Vall's plan in order to gain a higher altitude than Lux so he could initiate one of his Trump Cards.

After emitting another ear-piercing shriek, the Giant Spider unleashed a torrent of silver threads, encapsulating the entirety of the arena in a dome-like

structure. This special ability was something that Vall used to permanently trap his opponent, so he could slowly whittle them to death.

Only people who had stepped into the Initiate Rank could break past the deadly dome that he just created. The threads covering the entire arena were more than capable of slicing anything that went through it like knife cutting through butter.

Vall stood at the very top of the spider's web, while looking down on the chubby, flying insect, who was doing his best to not get tangled up in his spider webs.

Nero, who was watching Lux's futile struggle, laughed in his heart, knowing that this was the same move that almost defeated him when he fought against Vall several months ago because of a conflict in Elysium.

The only reason he managed to escape was due to his inherent lightning abilities that allowed him to flee the moment he realized that he was about to be put inside a silky cage, whose owner was known for his narcissistic and sadistic tendencies.

As the minutes ticked by, Lux finally understood that the more he delayed the battle, the thicker the cage became. Right now, the audience was having a hard time seeing what was happening inside the arena because of the thick webs that blocked their view.

'Fine, since you are so adamant on going all out, I'll do the same,' Lux thought as he stood at the center of the arena.

A faint crackling sound spread in the arena as Lux activated the skill, Abyss Touch [EX].

Since his opponent was doing its best to keep him inside the cage, then he would just attack the cage and its Master at the same time with one of the most deadly attacks in his arsenal infused with the Abyss Touch skill.

"Dragon War Art Ninth Form!" Lux roared as an image of a Red Dragon appeared above him. "Draco-Meteor!"

## **Chapter 248.3: Deadly Beauty [Part 3]**

"Dragon War Art Ninth Form!" Lux roared as an image of a Red Dragon appeared above him. "Draco-Meteor!"

The Giant Spider, that was resting on the top of the Spider Web, felt the hairs on its entire body stand on end. A moment later, several fireballs materialized from above, then descended upon its silky home.

The moment the fireballs made contact with the spider threads, they were immediately ignited, and the red flames started to spread like wildfire.

A pain-filled shriek reverberated in the arena as the flames reached the Giant Spider's Body, breaking past its defenses, and burning it from within.

The smell of burning flesh and threads reached everyone's nose, as thick smoke spread across the coliseum, covering everyone's sight.

Alexander, who was standing at the highest seat of honor, stood up and waved his hand.

Immediately, the smoke dispersed, and everyone was able to see the giant spider, whose entire body was burning like crazy. Its shriek, which was filled with pain, anger, frustration, and unwillingness, was like music to Lux's ears.

The flames that were burning its body, as well as its spider web, were made up of flames infused with the power of the Abyss Touch. After a minute, its giant body crashed down to the ground like a burning meteor.

Judge Dredd and Bruno, who were the official judges of the battle, immediately appeared in the arena and extinguished the flames on the Giant Spider's body.

"Medics!" Bruno shouted. "Emergency Aid, now!"

As if finally broken out of their daze, the Clerics, as well as the other healers of Barbatos Academy, rushed towards the arena and simultaneously cast their healing spells on the twitching spider, who seemed to be just a step away from going to the afterlife.

Lux, who was responsible for this scene, could feel the beads of sweat that were forming on his forehead. He didn't expect the Giant Jumping Spider, who was as strong as an Rank 4 Alpha Monster, to almost turn into a barbecued spider, after receiving one of Lux's strongest Draconic Attacks.

'The Abyss Touch is something that I should use in moderation,' Lux thought as he stared at the spider who was being treated by all the Clerics and Life Mages that belonged to Barbatos Academy.

Judge Dredd and Bruno glanced at each other before shifting their gaze at the chubby teenager who was still covered in his dark-green armor.

Neither of them could believe that someone had been able to deal this much damage against Vall who clearly had the advantage in the match. As High-Rankers, they were familiar with the skill, Dragon Meteor, because it was an ability that Elder Dragons, especially Red Dragons, used whenever powerful trespassers entered their Domain.

'Is he a Dragonborn?' Judge Dredd asked Bruno using an artifact that allowed them to talk via telepathy.

'I don't know, but whoever he is, he will definitely be in everyone's crosshairs from this moment onwards,' Bruno replied. 'Dredd, it is time to announce the winner of this match.'

Judge Dredd nodded and walked towards Lux who was standing not far from them.

"Winner! My Daddy!"

Right after Judge Dredd announced the winner of the battle, the audience stood from their seats and applauded with all of their might. Their resounding cheers descended upon the arena, causing Lux to break out from his daze.

""My Daddy!""

""My Daddy!""

""My Daddy!""

""My Daddy!""

The audience chanted Lux's alias repeatedly, making Iris and Eiko, who was currently imitating the Half-Elf, join the chant as well.

The Boar's eyes sparkled as it looked at the chubby teenager on the arena. In truth, it had decided that Lux had lost the moment the entire stadium was covered with spider threads.

It didn't expect that those same spider threads that had trapped its friend would only serve as the fuel to barbecue the Giant Spider, who had now reverted to his original form.

The Clerics immediately carried the unconscious, and naked boy, who had suddenly turned bald after being exposed to the searing flames that burned his entire body, away from the arena.

Nero, who was watching this scene, clicked his tongue in annoyance. Just like the boar, he had also labeled Lux as the loser of the match. However, beyond his wildest dreams, the latter was able to reverse the situation to his advantage and win the battle, advancing to the Semi-Finals.

'No matter,' Nero thought as he gave Lux one last glance before leaving the arena. 'I will crush anyone that gets in my way. The champion of this tournament will be no one but me.'

-----

Half an hour after Lux's victory in the arena...

"You didn't disappoint my faith in you," the Boar said as it patted Lux's waist. "It didn't cross my mind for even a second that you would lose the match. As a member of the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen, the three of us did well."

"How many times must I tell you that I am not a member of your League of Extraordinary Gentlemen," Lux retorted as he walked towards the restaurant to have an early dinner.

"What are you talking about? We're friends, right? Since we're buddies, it is only natural that you are now part of my organization."

"What kind of logic is that? I have human rights, you know?"

The Boar chuckled, walking beside Lux as if it was the latter's best friend. The other contestants that were in the hallway, stepped aside to allow the two of them to pass.

Although it didn't look strong, the Boar had still managed to become one of the Elite 4, who would fight in the Semi-Finals.

Nero, Keane, Cai, and My Daddy.

These four individuals were now hailed as the four strongest members of the young generation, whose prestige now exceeded the previous Four Kings, and Five Overlords.

In Solais, the strong were revered, while the losers were forgotten. Such was the way of the world, and now, these four individuals were now under heavy scrutiny by the high-ranking officials, nobles, and ruling families of the Six Kingdoms that supported Barbatos Academy.

"Too bad, Little Swordy is still unconscious," the Boar stated. "Otherwise, the three of us could celebrate together."

Lux had given up on trying to break free from the Boar who wouldn't stop acting chummy with him. He understood that this was its personality and the more someone tried to push it away, the more it would stick to that person like glue.

Since that was the case, he no longer bothered and accepted its chatty company.

"Fortunately, we have been given a one-day break to recover," the Boar said as it sat on the ground, while Lux sat on a chair. "I hope that he wakes up after a day. I'd hate it if he ended up sleeping until the Final Round."

"You should worry about yourself," Lux stated. "Tomorrow, we will be drawing ballots. You already know that, regardless of who your opponent will be, you're not their match, right?"

"Huh? You're looking down on me?" the Boar asked as it tapped the top of the table with its hoof. "You really think I'm a pushover, huh? Just you wait. Make sure to pray that I will not be your opponent in your next match, or else you will understand how to spell the word Defeat."

"... Just where are you getting your confidence from?"

"Hehehe. That's a trade secret. Only members of my Secret Organization are able to learn this secret skill of mine."

Lux scoffed at the thick-skinned boar, who had called for a waitress and ordered pork chops and baby back ribs. It was planning to order more, but it stopped after receiving Lux's glare.

"I'm not going to pay for your meals like last time, okay?" Lux said. "If you Dine and Dash again, I will come find you and beat you up."

"... Um, Waitress, you can forget my order of extra fries, and chicken nuggets," the Boar stated. "Just pork chops and baby back ribs will do."

The waitresses had already gotten used to the Boar's tendency to order meat dishes, especially pork, whenever it was in the restaurant.

"Understood," the Waitress replied. "How about you, Sir?"

Lux was about to tell the waitress his order when his gaze landed on Nero, who had also entered the restaurant to eat. The two of them held each other's gaze for a brief moment before minding their own business.

They knew that this was not the place to settle their disputes. Whatever grievances or grudges they held against each other would be settled in the arena in two days time.

## **Chapter 249: I'll See You In The Arena**

"Little Swordy, don't die on me," the Boar said as it looked at the sleeping skinny teenager in the infirmary room. "I'm still waiting for you to treat me to food at the restaurant after you wake up. I'm out of money now and can no longer eat pork chops and baby back ribs. I have to settle for steak instead. Oh, the horror~"

"Um, excuse me, but can you not be too noisy inside the infirmary," a Cleric commented. "You might disturb the other patients."

"Oh. Sorry~"

"It's fine. As long as you understand~"

Lux helplessly shook his head after seeing the Boar get reprimanded by the Cleric inside the infirmary. The Boar had been pestering him to accompany it to visit Keane, A.K.A Little Swordy, to check his condition.

The doctor said that most of his physical injuries had already recovered and there was no danger to his life. It was just that he had overexerted himself in

the previous battle and he was emotionally and spiritually exhausted to the point of collapse.

However, the Head Cleric had already given him some rejuvenation potions to help him recover faster. According to the one assigned to look after Keane, his vital signs were improving at a rapid pace and he should wake up tomorrow before the match starts, making the Boar quite happy.

"Let's go," Lux said after giving the skinny swordsman one last glance. "We still need to head to the arena for the drawing of ballots."

"Right," the Boar replied. "I almost forgot about this. I hope that I can fight that Nero boy, so I don't have to fight against my friends. I'm sure that I can send him flying."

The Half-Elf could only laugh in his heart after hearing the Boar's words. If Cai really ended up fighting against Nero, it was certain that the Boar would leave the arena as a roasted Boar once the brown-haired teenager was done with it.

Lux gave the Boar, who was humming beside him, a side-long glance. Clearly, he didn't have much hope of the Boar winning any of its matches. Still, being in the Elite Four had given it the confidence to brag at the other contestants whom it acted chummy with.

Surprisingly, although it could get annoying at times, the Boar was well liked by the other contestants that were eliminated in the competition. Some of them even encouraged it to do its best in the Semifinals, which boosted Cai's determination to win.

Several minutes later, Lux and Cai arrived at the Arena.

Nero was already there with his arms crossed over his chest. Cai snorted in his direction and completely ignored him.

Clearly, the Boar didn't like Nero that much due to the times when the latter and his gang ridiculed it during the Qualifying Matches.

"Good, all of you are now here," Judge Dredd said as Bruno walked beside him, carrying a box with both hands.

"In truth, we only need one of you to be here, but for the sake of transparency, we decided to let the three of you see the result of the drawing of ballots,"

Bruno explained. "Now, I need one volunteer from the three of you. All you need to do is draw one ball from this box. The name written there will become your next opponent. The other two contestants will then be paired against each other. Easy enough to understand, right?"

Lux, Cai, and Nero nodded their heads.

Just like Bruno said, only one of them was needed to draw the ballot to determine who would be paired up against who in the Semifinal Matches.

"I don't care who I fight," Nero stated. "So, I'll give them the opportunity to draw from the ballot box."

Lux smirked after hearing Nero's words. He then glanced at Bruno and made his thoughts known as well.

"I also don't have any problem with who I will be paired up with," Lux commented. "Cai, you can draw from the box, so we can go back and eat."

The Boar raised its snout in arrogance because it didn't want to lose to Lux and Nero who had declared that they didn't want to draw ballots. Since the two of them didn't draw, why should it draw?

It also didn't care who it was going to be paired up with!

"I also don't care who I will be facing in the finals," Cai declared with arrogance. "They can kiss my foot for all I care, so I am not going to draw any ballots!"

Judge Dredd and Bruno suddenly had the strong urge to spit at the Boar who had a smug look on its face.

'If no one wants to draw, then how can we proceed with the match ups?'

That was the thought that the two judges had. Seeing their dilemma, Lux decided to take the initiative to settle this issue peacefully.

"How about this?" Lux said with a smile. "Sir Dredd and Sir Bruno should just draw one ballot each. That would solve the problem, right?"

Judge Dredd and Bruno nodded their heads because this was indeed the best course of action.

"Are you fine with us doing this?" Judge Dredd. "If you are, then we can both promise that we will not do anything underhanded in choosing the matchups for the Semifinals."

"I have no problem with it," Nero replied.

"No worries here," Lux commented.

"I trust the two of you!" Cai stated. "Let Fate decide who fights against who!"

Judge Dredd and Bruno glanced at each other and nodded their heads at the same time. Since the contestants had no problems with this arrangement, they could draw the ballots without any problems.

Bruno was the one that drew first, and Judge Dredd was the one that drew last.

Half a minute later, both of them showed the colored balls in their hands, and the names of two contestants that would fight against each other.

---

Nero.

My Daddy.

---

As soon as they saw their names, Nero and Lux glanced at each other.

'So, it finally happened,' Lux thought as he stared at the brown-haired boy, whom he held a grudge against for a long time.

Naturally, Nero also held grudges against Lux, which made both of them fated enemies in the tournament.

Cai, who was standing beside Lux, sighed internally.

'Um, good thing I am not fighting against these two monsters,' Cai thought. 'Little Swordy is my opponent, but he is currently bedridden. Should I sneakily let him drink laxatives before the match started? I still have some of the potions Grandma gave me that are strong enough to make Mammoths fart like there's no tomorrow...'

While the Boar was still thinking of something diabolical inside his head, sparks were already flying between Lux and Nero, who had just learned that they would fight the first match the next day.

"I'll see you in the arena," Nero said. "I hope you don't disappoint me. I disdain weaklings."

"The match hadn't started, and I already know that I'm going to win," Lux replied. "I'm so lucky that I'll be fighting the weakest among the bunch. You better prepare your coffin before tomorrow's match, since I might accidentally kill you like Spider Boy."

Judge Dredd and Bruno calmly watched the two teenagers trade barbed words with each other. In reality, both of them were quite excited about this matchup and were looking forward to seeing who among the two young prodigies would triumph over the other.

Judge Dredd and Bruno had already asked Alicia about the chubby boy's true identity. Unfortunately, the latter's lips were as tight as a chaste maiden who hadn't known any men. The only thing they got from her was a good nagging, telling them that they should just mind their own business and not pry into other people's privacy!

Alicia, who was standing on top of the platform, looked down at the three contestants with her arms crossed over her chest.

Now that Lux had successfully entered the Semifinals, she wanted to know how the sickly Half-Elf, whom she had known for most of his life, had suddenly become so powerful in just the span of a year.

'Just what kind of serum did you drink to have come this far?' Alicia thought as a gentle breeze made her hair flutter behind her. 'Still, will you be able to overcome the one whom everyone favors to become the champion of this tournament?'

Alicia didn't know the answer to this question. Even so, she hoped that after the tournament was over, Lux's relationship with his step-father, Alexander, would have a little bit of improvement.

'I wonder what his Excellency would think if he discovered that My Daddy is actually his step-son before this is over?' Alicia mused with a smile. 'Goodluck, Lux. I'll look forward to your performance tomorrow.'

The beautiful woman gave the chubby teenager one last glance before returning to her duties. Now that the Semifinals were about to start, she had to ensure that the security in Barbatos Academy wouldn't be compromised on such an important day.

## Chapter 250: Only One Would Have Eternal Glory!

The next day...

"... What do you think you're doing?" Keane asked as he stared at the Boar whom he caught holding a small kettle over his mouth.

He had been sleeping peacefully a while ago, but after sensing a malicious presence approaching him, he woke up to face the danger he was in.

However, when he opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was a boar who was about to pour something inside his mouth using the kettle in its grasp.

"Oh? Did you finally wake up?" the Boar said after it lowered the kettle to the ground. "I was just worried that you are getting dehydrated, so I decided to bring you something to drink."

"... I am indeed feeling a bit thirsty," Keane replied.

"What a coincidence! I brewed this special tea just for you. Now, drink up! Hydrating yourself is important, you know? It keeps your joints lubricated, prevents infections, delivers nutrients to cells, and keeps organs functioning properly. Being well-hydrated also improves sleep quality, cognition, and mood. So, make sure to drink a lot, okay?"

"Okay," Keane said as he accepted the kettle that the Boar had handed to him.

Cai then produced a wooden cup that the skinny swordsman could use in order to drink from the kettle.

After pouring himself a cup, Keane looked at the murky "tea" that the Boar had prepared for him. His instincts were telling him that something was wrong with it, so he decided to do something about it.

He subtly started channeling his aura into the cup to purify whatever diabolical things the Boar had prepared for him. His master was also an expert when it came to alchemy, and had taught Keane plenty of methods to purify poisons, as well as other forms of hazards that could deal serious ailments to his body.

After making sure that the tea had been fully purified, Keane drank it slowly until the cup was emptied.

It was at that moment when a big smile appeared on the Boar's face as it looked at Keane with the "good boy, now prepare to get your anus rekd" gaze.

"It's good, can I have another one?"

"Of course! Please drink as much as you want. Fufufu! This will cleanse your colons and ensure that your body is well and healthy."

A mischievous glint could be seen within the boar's pupils as it poured more tea into Keane's cup. In its eyes, the skinny swordsman's butt cheeks were as good as clapped, and he no longer needed to worry about their match in a few hours.

After emptying the Kettle, the Boar happily left the Infirmary to have breakfast. It even happily greeted everyone it met with a "Good Morning", showing how good its mood was.

'... Master, the outside world is a scary place,' Keane thought as he drank the last cup of tea in his hands. 'Still, Cai is not as bad as it looked. Even though it tried to take advantage of me, there was still hesitation in its eyes. I'll make sure to not hurt it so much during our match today.'

The skinny teenager sighed as he looked outside of the window. His Master had told him to see the outside world and discover the meaning of the peace he was looking for. After experiencing many ups and downs in Barbatos Academy, Keane finally understood that in a world where the only one you could trust was yourself, being strong was a necessity.

'I wonder who will win between Nero and My Daddy,' Keane thought as he placed the cup on the desk beside his bed. 'This is a match that I can't afford to miss.'

Lux slowly exhaled while sitting down in Lotus position.

He had woken up quite early and started to meditate in order to clear any negative thoughts in his head.

His Grandma Vera had taught him this special meditation technique which he used whenever he was feeling faint back when he wasn't cured of his unstable body constitution yet.

This breathing method had allowed him to relax his nerves, and stabilize the flow of blood inside his body. After using the breathing method for half an hour, Lux finally opened his eyes. A faint golden glow spread inside his pupils for a brief second before disappearing completely.

"Grandma, I've made it," Lux muttered before standing up. "After all these years, I am finally able to stand on this stage."

Vera had brought Lux to watch the previous tournament that was held in Barbatos Academy. He had been in awe of the powerful warriors that had participated during the previous battle.

Nero had also participated back then and had reached the Qualifying Matches.

At the time, Nero was only fourteen years old, so he stood out and everyone became aware of his existence.

It was also due to this battle that the Elders in Wildgarde Stronghold decided to nurture him and made him the Guild Master of their Branch Guild in Elysium.

Lux envied him back then.

Nero had everything he wanted.

A strong body, powerful techniques, the recognition of the people around him, as well as the ambition to reach greater heights.

Ironically, Nero also thought that Lux had everything he ever wanted.

A caring family, a powerful background, strong connections with influential people, as well as having a beautiful step-sister like Iris always by his side.

Both of them envied each other, and now, the thing they both wanted was just a step away from becoming a reality.

If they became the Champion, everything that they wanted would finally become a reality.

If they became the Champion, they could finally shed their past selves like a caterpillar that was about to become a butterfly.

As Lux walked towards the arena, everyone that he met along the way stepped aside to allow him to pass. This was not because he was intimidating them or anything, but because of the awe and respect that he had garnered after reaching this far in the tournament.

Lux smiled as he looked at the arena in the distance. He was just waiting for Judge Dredd to call out his name so he could make his appearance.

Nero had already been called, and was showered by the shouts of the people that supported him from the background.

Now, it was now his time to step on the same stage as him, and end this decade long grudge between the two of them.

Only one of them could claim victory.

Only one of them could have Eternal Glory!

## **Chapter 251: One Of A Kind, My Daddy!**

Within the darkness, the light shone upon Judge Dredd, who was standing at the center of the Arena.

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming to the Semifinals of the Lionheart Tournament!"

Cheers and applause resounded all over the Coliseum as Judge Dredd announced the start of the Semifinals.

They had all witnessed the amazing battles so far, and, among all of the battles, they wanted to watch Nero fight against My Daddy in the arena.

Now that their wish was realized, everyone's mood was at its peak as they waited for Judge Dredd to call out the two teenagers who would fight each other for the right to enter the Final Match.

"Our first contender is someone who hails from Wildgarde Stronghold," Judge Dredd stated. "He is someone born from humble origins, and, yet, he has shown everyone that he can stand on this stage today because of his hard work and perseverance."

"An amazing young man, who had earned enough merits to turn his Bronze-Ranked Guild into a Silver-Ranked Guild just a few months ago. Ladies and gentlemen, let's welcome the Guild Master of the Silver-Ranked Guild in Elysium, Storm Dragon."

"Please, give a round of applause to... Nero!"

Several spotlights landed on the left side of the arena where the path which led to the arena could be seen. A moment later, a young man appeared with a confident smile on his face.

A thunderous applause and cheering broke out inside the Coliseum as Nero walked towards the center of the arena with his right fist raised high in the air.

His steps were steady, and his stance was quite obvious for everyone to see.

'I will win!'

That was how everyone who saw Nero that day interpreted his confident entrance in the arena under the ever watchful stares of countless pairs of eyes.

""Nero!""

""Nero!""

""Nero!""

""Nero!""

The crowd chanted his name, as they looked at the young man who was one of the crowd favorites to win the tournament.

Nero's guild officers and guild members had also come to support their Guild Master in his fight. Although he and Lux were like oil and water, the brown-haired teenager was well loved by his Guild because of his competent management as well as his outstanding leadership qualities.

Even the Elders of Wildgarde Stronghold, including Vera, had no complaints about his way of managing things. Through him, the young members of Wildgarde Stronghold had achieved many things, and this pushed the Storm Dragon Guilds to become one of the highly respected guilds in Elysium.

This was similar to how Aina's Guild, Eternal, was treated in the Gweliven Kingdom, who even gained the trust of the Royal Family in the Kingdom where their Guild Headquarters were stationed.

"Nero, would you like to say a few words to everyone before your match starts?" Judge Dredd asked as he handed the artifact that magnified a person's voice to the brown-haired teenager whose presence had wowed everyone in the coliseum.

Accepting the artifact, Nero's gaze landed on the platform where Iris was seated.

"Everyone, thank you for coming here today to watch the Semifinal Matches of the Lionheart Tournament," Nero said. "I feel very privileged and happy, being able to stand on this stage today and show everyone a good fight. To everyone that supported me, especially my Guild Members, thank you. I will do my best to not let everyone down."

Right after Nero finished his speech, another round of cheers and applause reverberated inside the arena. He didn't mention Iris in his speech, but it was clear to everyone who knew him that the young man had decided to let his actions speak for themselves, rather than saying anything. As long as he became the Champion, everything he wanted to say would be conveyed in full.

""Nero!""

""Nero!""

""Nero!""

""Nero!""

Nero's Guild Officers, and Members, shouted with all of their might as they cheered for their Guildmaster.

Judge Dredd smiled and allowed the chanting to continue for half a minute before he raised his hand and asked for everyone to calm their tits.

"Now, let me introduce to you the other contestant that will be fighting here today," Judge Dredd said. "We don't know much about him, and his background is shrouded in mystery. When I first saw him, I even thought that he was just a harmless individual, but, in this case, I was proved wrong."

"He has fought his way up from the Qualifying Matches to the Semifinals and performed well in all of them. All of you have seen him, and I'm sure that no one here today would dare say that he doesn't have the right to stand on this stage today."

"No matter how high the mountains or how deep the sea, this man will cross it and gain victory! Everyone, please welcome, the one and only! My Daddy!"

Suddenly, the song, Natural Playboy, from Bust a Groove! played in the background as the spotlights landed on the right side of the arena.

---

"All the people everywhere,

Everybody wants to hear My Daddy philosophy...

'Cause I look like a star when I'm smoking' my cigar

They wanna be just like me.'

----

A chubby teenager moonwalked out of the waiting area as the music played in the background.

When he was still living on Earth, Lux had a knack with playing musical instruments, so he decided to do a recording, and sang one of the songs from one of the games he played in the past.

The upbeat rhythm, and groovy music, as well as the chubby teenager's moonwalking made the crowd laugh, and cheer for him.

Iris, on the other hand, covered her face in embarrassment upon seeing her step-brother's antics, while Vera, on the other hand, simply shook her head. She knew that Lux had the tendency to do the unexpected, so she easily accepted the fact that the Half-Elf had done what he felt like doing.

Eiko, who was perched on top of Iris' head, giggled as she swayed from side to side, feeling giddy due to the upbeat music that was playing in the background.

---

"In the Taverns or on the streets, everybody that I meet  
wants to learn and play my game...

And they watch the way I move, from my head to my shoes

And all the girls know my name~"

---

""My Daddy!""

""My Daddy!""

""My Daddy!""

""My Daddy!""

The girls who were listening to the song cheered louder, so the chubby teenager waved in their direction. Even the men in the audience couldn't stop themselves from laughing as they watched My Daddy's unusual entrance before his match.

---

"I know in their hearts they wish and dream

That they could be like me...

But if they want to know the truth, it's true!"

---

The spotlights changed color and several colorful fireworks exploded in the arena, making Bruno's and Judge Dredd's lips twitch. Clearly, this wasn't part of the script, but they had no choice but to bear with it and watch the chubby teenager point upwards, hyping everyone before the match.

---

"I'm the natural My Daddy of town,

And I'm blowin' every mind

'Cause I'm one of a kind.

And I'm the coolest daddy around.

The lights are shining down on me

So everyone can see

Their natural My Daddy."

---

Lux finished his performance with a dabbing pose, as several fireworks exploded around him.

The crowd went wild and chanted his name over, and over again, resounding all over the coliseum, and beyond its walls.

"... Dafuk is this sh\*t?" Judge Dredd muttered as he looked at the chubby teenager who was still in a dabbing pose, and being bathed by the loud cheering of the audience, making him scratch his head in helplessness.

Even Nero had no words to say, and he only looked at My Daddy with a calm gaze. Just like everyone, he didn't know that his opponent would make such a grand entrance before the two of them fought against each other.

High above the main seat of honor, the Headmaster of Barbatos Academy, Alexander, sighed before pinching the bridge of his nose.

"You brat. To think that you would create a scene like this," Alexander said softly.

Alicia, who was standing beside him, felt beads of sweat start to form on her forehead.

Although she hadn't said anything to Alexander in respect to Vera's request, she had a feeling that the Headmaster had discovered who "My Daddy" really was after observing his matches over the past few days.

The moment Lux stepped into the arena, he felt as if he had lost several years of his life due to shame and embarrassment. Fortunately, he was using a different face to hide his real identity, so no one could judge him.

Just a day ago, he decided to do one of the things that he hadn't been able to do in his past life, and that was to sing and dance in front of an audience.

Thinking that today was a good opportunity to fulfill that life-long wish, he decided to give it a try, which led to what had just transpired.

'I'm never doing this sh\*t again,' Lux thought as he gazed at Nero with a calm expression on his face, but deep inside, he wanted to dig a hole and bury himself inside it. 'Still, that felt good.'

Bruno, who was still trying to get over Lux's performance, glanced at the two fighters, and asked if they were ready to start the match.

Nero and Lux simply nodded their heads before both of their bodies were covered with the sets of armor that they would be using in today's battle.

Nero held a blue blade, which crackled with tendrils of lightning, as he took a fighting stance, pointing the sword in Lux's direction.

Orion stood behind Lux with his arms spread wide in a protective stance. The chubby teenager, on the other hand, had also taken a fighting stance as he waited for Judge Dredd's signal to start the battle.

Seeing that both fighters were finally ready, he raised his hand and shouted.

"Battle Start!"

## **Chapter 252.1: My Wish [Part 1]**

"Battle Start!"

As soon as Judge Dredd gave the signal, Nero used his skill, Lightning Step, and immediately appeared in front of Lux, slashing him with his sword.

He already knew that the Rock Golem standing beside the chubby teenager had a skill that could forcefully taunt people into attacking it, allowing Lux to use that opportunity to unleash an attack of his own, just as he had done to Vall.

Nero didn't know the exact mechanics of this ability, but having his freedom taken away from him for a brief moment was something that he didn't want to happen, so he decided to take the initiative to fight Lux in close quarters.

Summoners, in general, were weak when it came to close combat, so he believed that he could overwhelm the other party as long as he went toe to toe with him the first opportunity he got.

Lightning sparks flew in every direction as Nero's sword landed on Lux's body.

Everyone thought that the match would be instantly over, but to their surprise, Nero's blade was met with Lux's right hand that had transformed into the claws of a dragon, sending sparks flying in every direction.

Nero frowned, because that single blow alone was enough to tell him that he had greatly underestimated his opponent. He wasn't just fighting against a Summoner, but against someone who also specialized in close combat!

"You have hidden yourself quite deep," Nero said as he backed away a safe distance away from Lux. "As expected of someone that has entered the Semifinals."

"You're faster than I thought," Lux replied as he gazed at his opponent in the distance.

Lux's entire body was covered by a blue set of armor, which was different from the dark-green one that he had worn in his previous battle against Vall.

He had equipped the specialized armor that he had prepared specifically for his fight against Nero, gaining increased resistance against the Lightning Element.

-----

### < Lux's Dragon Regalia >

(Lightning Awakened Form)

Rating: Pseudo-Legendary

Requirements: Apostle Grade D

– An armor that was forged for the sake of protecting someone that was important to him.

+50 to all Stats

+500 to Defense

– 50% Resistance to the element of Lightning

– Has a moderate chance to nullify any lightning based damage that the wearer of this armor will receive.

– This armor can absorb lightning damage and use it to coat its entirety with lightning that deals damage to anyone within two meters of its wearer.

– This Armor is bound to Lux Von Kaizer

Active Skills: Lightning Flash, Lightning Strider, Lightning Body

Passive Skills: Improved Lightning Reflexes, Improved Concentration, Beast Bane, Improved Elemental Resistance, Absorb Lightning, Indestructible, Auto Fit

### < Lightning Flash >

– Create a dazzling radiance that has a high chance of temporarily blinding your enemies.

-----

### < Lightning Strider >

– Teleport anywhere within a twenty meter square radius.

---

< Lightning Body >

- Coat your body with the power of lightning that deals damage to anyone within two meters of you.

---

< Improved Concentration >

- Raises all of your stats by 10 points each.

< Improved Lightning Reflexes >

- Your awareness is raised to a higher level, giving you the ability to dodge blows, as well as execute maneuvers that require fast movement.

---

< Beast Bane >

- When fighting against Beast Type Monsters, increase physical and magical damage by 20%

---

< Improved Elemental Resistance >

- Decrease all Elemental Damage by 20%

---

"Let's dance," Lux declared before using the skill, Lightning Strider, to instantly teleport in front of Nero and deliver a punch to the latter's face.

Nero's fast reflexes allowed him to dodge Lux's attack and launch a counter-attack of his own, which the Half-Elf blocked with his clawed hands.

The Lightning Strider skill was a skill that was highly effective in close combat. It was quite different from Lightning Steps, which allowed someone to move extremely fast in any direction they wanted.

Although both fighters seemed to be teleporting all over the arena, it was only Lux who was using the teleport skill, while Nero was using his Lightning Step to the fullest.

"I thought My Daddy was a Summoner?"

"He also specializes in close combat? I've never heard of Summoners like this!"

"Such crazy talent. He moves so fast despite the fact that he's quite chubby. His speed isn't any slower than Nero's!"

It was a very common knowledge in Solais and Elysium that most Summoners weren't proficient in close combat. This was why when people fought against them, they would first target the Summoner, instead of their Summons in order to end the battle.

Of course, there were exceptions to this rule.

Iris, who was a Beast Tamer, could also be considered a Summoner in her own right. However, because she had practiced the Kaizer Sword Arts, alongside Lux, ever since they were little, she was proficient in melee combat as well.

However, no one knew this. Iris' Summons were always there to protect her, so everyone thought that she didn't practice any form of martial arts.

Lux had only been a Necromancer for a little more than a year, but during his childhood, he had trained as a warrior under Vera's tutelage.

Although he wasn't able to put these powerful techniques into practice due to his weak constitution, their forms and executions had been ingrained in his body, waiting to be unleashed at the right moment.

Two blurs clashed against each other repeatedly, sending sparks all over the arena.

Orion simply stood and watched the battle unfold without interfering in it. Lux had ordered him to not take any action unless he specifically told him to move.

The Half-Elf had spent a lot of time studying the Dragon War Arts that he had learned through the rewards that Keoza had given him. He even subtly

modified them to work alongside the Kaizer War Art that he was more accustomed with, creating a new style that worked only for him.

Lux called this new style Kaizer Dragon War Art, which he was now using against the brown-haired teenager, whose true strength he was experiencing for the first time.

"Dragon Claw!"

"Lightning Slash!"

The ground burst apart, sending dirt, and rubble flying in every direction, as the two powerful attacks collided in the center of the arena.

Lux was about to follow up his attack, but his sixth sense warned him that he should distance himself from his opponent.

The Half-Elf had experienced many life and death scenarios in Elysium, and had learned to take heed to the warning of his senses, so he immediately teleported away.

A second later, black lightning bolts emerged from Nero's sword, decimating the place where he stood just a minute ago.

"Abyss Lightning Bolt," Lux muttered as he landed several meters away from the brown-haired teenager, whose sword had been enshrouded by black lightning.

Crackling sounds spread in the arena as the black lightning bolt from Nero's sword spread into the armor covering his body.

"Abyss Lightning Body," Nero said as lightning crackled around him like living snakes that were looking for something to bury their poisonous fangs on.

Lux took a deep breath as he took a fighting stance. His Abyss Touch [EX] wasn't active because he didn't want to alert Nero of this ability of his from the get go.

He knew how cautious Nero would become once he perceived that Lux had an ability that could get past his defenses. The Half-Elf was looking for the perfect opportunity to activate this skill alongside a powerful attack that would catch his opponent by surprise.

"Tempest Fury," Lux chanted as the wind element circled around his body, bestowing the power of Wind Elements to his attack.

The two fighters gazed at each other before disappearing from where they stood. A few seconds later, loud explosions spread across the entire arena as both fighters unleashed their ranged, and close combat skills against each other, trying to get the upper hand, in a battle that was getting more intense, with every passing minute.

## Chapter 253.2: My Wish [Part 2]

"This My Daddy is better than I thought," Natasha, the High-Cleric of Wildgarde Stronghold, as well as Vera's good friend, muttered. "Summoners that can fight in close combat are very rare."

Gerald, the Leader of Wildgarde Stronghold, and the one who made the important decisions nodded his head in agreement. "Just what kind of rock did this chubby boy hide under until now? With his skills, he certainly doesn't have a simple background."

Nero's Master, Rainer, who was also one of the Guardians of Wildgarde Stronghold like Vera, also reluctantly nodded his head.

As someone who had been guiding the brown-haired teenager until the young man achieved his current strength, he couldn't help but be impressed by the tenacity that the chubby teenager was showing.

"The young will surpass the old," Rainer commented. "A few years from now, these two teenagers will surely become the new leaders of the young generation."

"I don't know why, but for some reason, I feel like I have met this boy somewhere in the past," Natasha rubbed her chin as she gazed at the chubby teenager who was fighting Nero in close combat. "Don't you guys feel the same?"

"Hmm, now that you mention it, I also have this faint feeling that I know him as well," Gerald scratched his head. "But, I don't recall meeting him before."

"Maybe the two of you are just overthinking things," Rainer replied. "I have a very good memory, and I can tell both of you with certainty that this My Daddy isn't one of the children from our stronghold nor the neighboring villages and town."

Just like the Stronghold of Norria, the Wildgarde Stronghold was the Overlord of a region. It was the protector of several villages and towns that paid them a yearly tribute. Also, any outstanding children from these towns were brought to the Wildgarde Stronghold in order to be nurtured by the Guardians before they entered Elysium.

Rainer was one of the people that supervised the yearly recruitment, so he was certain that this was the first time he was seeing the chubby teenager that went by the name My Daddy.

"Maybe you're right," Natasha shrugged. "Maybe I'm just overthinking things."

"True," Gerald commented. "If someone like My Daddy has been within our domain all along, we definitely wouldn't let a talent escape our eyes."

Rainer nodded before shifting his gaze back at the arena where the two fighters were currently engaged in an intense battle for supremacy.

Although he didn't want to admit it, he also felt the same way as Natasha. However, due to his strong memory, he was certain that he hadn't met someone like My Daddy inside the Wildgarde Stronghold and its surrounding territories.

As someone who was in possession of the skill Abyss Touch [EX], Lux fully understood how the powers of the Abyss worked.

Because of this, whenever Nero attacked using his black lightning, he would either dodge it, or meet it with an attack of his own, preventing it from landing directly on his body.

Fortunately, he was someone blessed with the Dragon Scale [EX] and Dragon Heart [EX] passive abilities, so he was able to resist the Black Lightning's effect to a certain extent.

Still, Lux knew that he needed to be careful or else, he would end up like Nero's previous opponent, Ackley, who got seriously injured by the Black Lightning that belonged to the Abyss.

The young man was still in the infirmary and was in a coma. Although his life wasn't in any kind of danger, according to the High-Cleric, it might take Ackley a week or two to regain consciousness.

Nero who had been continuously attacking Lux didn't relent in his attacks and kept on unleashing a barrage of black lightning bolts both in close and long range.

Perhaps the brown-haired teenager had realized that Lux didn't plan on asking the Rock Golem for help in their match, so he no longer worried about its "Taunt Skill" that would force him to exchange blows with it.

After getting used to Lux's speed, and attack patterns, Nero made a feint, which caught the Half-Elf by surprise, allowing Nero to get behind his back with his fist pulled back and black lightning swirling all round it.

"Thunder Punch!"

Nero's blow landed perfectly on Lux's back, which sent the latter flying towards the barrier at the edge of the arena. However, Nero had no intention of letting his opponent get off scot free after managing to hit him once.

The brown-haired teenager used his lightning step to reappear a few meters away from Lux with both of his fists posed to stroke. "Thunder Assault!"

Lux, who was momentarily stunned by Nero's Thunder Punch finally regained his senses and immediately took control of his body to unleash a counter attack.

"Dragon Wart Art Second Form," Lux shouted. "Dragon's Roar!"

A powerful dragon roar erupted from Lux's lips, disrupting Nero's assault and leaving him open for Lux's counter attack.

"Dragon's Claw!"

Lux didn't hold back and activated the skill, Abyss Touch [EX], and smashed his fist into Nero's chest, sending the latter crashing towards the ground.

But before his body could even hit the Arena Floor, Nero righted himself, allowing his two feet to land on the arena, and skidded on the ground for a few meters before coming to a stop.

His right hand clutched his chest as he looked at Lux with a serious expression on his face. Blood seeped at the corner of his lips, which showed that he had received some internal injuries after getting hit by Lux's blow.

If one were to look closely, the armor on Nero's chest was a bit dented, and the mark of Lux's clawed hand could be seen on its surface.

Unlike Lux, Nero didn't have the Dragon Physique that could make his body more sturdy and powerful. This was also why, even though Lux got hit by Nero's attack, the damage he received was nothing compared to what the brown-haired boy had suffered from the Half-Elf's counterattack.

"You are also touched by the Abyss," Nero said as he slowly stood up with his gaze firmly locked on the chubby teenager's body.

It wasn't a question, but a statement. All those who fought against Abyssal Beings could tell if the attacks they received were infused by the power of the Abyss.

Lux didn't answer but simply teleported to the ground taking a fighting pose. Now that the secret was out in the open, the battle between the two of them was bound to rise to the next level.

## **Chapter 254.3: My Wish [Part 3]**

After hearing Nero's statements, a murmur started to spread through the audience area of the Coliseum.

Abyssal Creatures were popular in stories among those who had entered Elysium, because they sometimes appeared as World Bosses that wander around the world.

Although many people knew they existed, not everyone had the chance to encounter these diabolical monsters. The experience points gained in fighting them was quite abysmal, even if you were to fight against an Argonaut or Dreadnaught Rank Abyssal Monster.

The only true prize in defeating one were their Beast Cores, which contained Abyssal Skills, which were far from common in the world of Elysium.

However, today, two teenagers possessing the Powers of the Abyss were facing each other in the Semifinals of the Lionheart Tournament. For an ordinary person, they wouldn't think too much about it.

But, to those in the know, the significance of this discovery allowed them to take a second glance at the mysterious chubby teenager, whose background had eluded all the information guilds, merchant guilds, as well as the other people that specialized in information gathering.

Any person who possesses an Abyssal Skill wasn't an ordinary person.

They were someone who had faced the Abyss and survived to tell the tale.

"Grandma..." Iris glanced at her grandmother, and the latter only nodded her head to confirm Nero's words in the arena.

"He met the Abyssal Beast while protecting a city from a Beast Tide," Vera said softly. "If I'm not mistaken, it was an Argonaut-Ranked Abyssal Beast, and the one who defeated it wasn't Lux, but a High-Ranker in the Dwarven Kingdom of Gweliven.

"I guess the High-Ranker gave the Beast Core to Lux, and allowed him to wield the power of the Abyss. As for what his reason was for doing so, we can ask your brother when the tournament is over."

Iris nodded her head in understanding. She understood that this wasn't the right time to ask her step-brother this question, so she once again shifted her attention to the chubby teenager, whose aura had suddenly changed after activating the power he had kept a secret in his previous matches.

Nero took a deep breath before the armor he had equipped on his body disappeared. A few seconds later, it was replaced by a pure black armor that made Lux arch an eyebrow.

'An armor made from an Abyss Monster's body part,' Lux thought as he appraised Nero's new armor with a critical gaze. 'Does it have Abyssal properties as well?'

Very few blacksmiths were able to work with the body parts of Abyssal Monsters. Lux's Master, Randolph, was someone who didn't have the ability to forge equipment from these monsters. But, within Wildgarde Stronghold, there was one person who could.

'It must be Sir Rainer who forged Nero's armor,' Lux thought.

Rainer was a Grand Master Blacksmith who was rumored to be only a step away from becoming a Zen Master Blacksmith. Lux knew that Rainer was Nero's Master, so it was only normal for the Guardian of Wildgarde Stronghold to forge an armor for his Disciple.

This was similar to how Lux's armors were crafted by his own Master, Randolph, who had made it in accordance with his needs.

Rainer, who was watching the battle from the audience area, sighed after seeing the black armor that was covering his Disciple's body.

'So your hand is forced,' Rainer thought. 'It doesn't matter. Now that the Abyss Armor has made its appearance, this battle is as good as over.'

At least, that was what Rainer, and Nero, thought at that time.

"I apologize, but I can't afford to lose this match," Nero said as he summoned two black swords in his hand. "There is something that I wish to achieve, and I will use everything in my power to grasp it in my hands."

Lux smirked as he looked at his opponent.

"There is nothing to apologize for," Lux replied. "I also have a wish as well, and for that to become a reality, I must defeat you here."

"Good." Nero smiled before the visor on his helmet closed. "May the best man win."

The two both took a fighting stance, while the audience waited with bated breath on what would happen next.

"Go win, My Daddy!"

Cai, who was looking at the battle from the contestant's platform, shouted.

"Bring home the bacon!" Cai shouted. "Pork chop is fine too!"

Just as soon as the chatty boar finished its shout, Lux and Nero charged at each other at the same time.

Lux's Dragon Claws, grabbed hold of the two black swords that had descended upon him with a vengeance, creating sparks of black lightning that shouted out wildly around them, destroying the ground where it landed.

"Lightning Descent!" Nero shouted and a black lightning bolt descended upon him causing his entire armor to crackle with the power of lightning.

Lux, who was holding onto Nero's swords, felt a stinging pain on his body as tendrils of black lightning that were coming from Nero's armor attacked him.

"Spinning Blades!" Lux roared as razor sharp blades circled around him, hitting Nero's armor, sending sparks flying in every direction.

All of Lux's attacks were imbued with the power of the Abyss Touch, while Nero's attacks were powered by Abyss Lightning.

Both of them were losing Health Points at a rapid pace because neither of them was backing down. It was as if they had set an unwritten rule that whoever stepped back from this head-on confrontation would be the loser of this match.

Nero shouted as he kneed Lux's stomach because both of his hands were occupied, dealing lightning damage to his opponent.

Lux didn't stand idly and counter attacked with his own knee as well.

Nero's armor allowed him to resist the power of Abyssal attacks by a huge percentage, which was the reason why he and Rainer had the confidence to think that he would be able to triumph over Lux in this head-on battle.

However, what they didn't know was that Lux's Abyssal Skill wasn't an ordinary abyssal skill.

It was an Abyssal Skill that had evolved, which made it more powerful than its counterparts.

—

< Abyss Touch [EX] >

— The touch of the Abyss ignores all kinds of defenses whether it be physical or magical.

- Any attack you deal to your foes will deal True Damage, regardless if it is physical, or magical in nature.
- This ability allows you to deal 200% Bonus True Damage against Abyssal Creatures of any Rank.
- This skill has a very small chance to inflict Abyss Charm on any monster (including Abyssal monsters) that is similar to your Rank or Below. The condition that must be met in order to trigger this skill is that your target must have less than 10% of its Max Health remaining.
- Charmed creatures will obey your every command for thirty minutes, regardless of what it is. Once the Charm effect's duration has ended, you will be unable to charm that creature again.
- This skill has a very small chance to inflict Fear Status on your opponent.
- This skill has a very small chance to inflict Paralyze Status on your opponent.
- This skill has a very small chance to inflict Diseased Status on your opponent.
- This skill has a very small chance to inflict Weakened Status on your opponent.

—

On Lux's eighth blow on Nero's body, the Weakened Status took effect.

This effect decreased all resistances, as well as all defenses of the inflicted target by 50%.

After Nero's resistance had decreased by Half, the other status effects that had a small chance to activate, suddenly activated, hindering the brown-haired teenager's continuous blows.

With a shout, Lux gave his opponent a headbutt, inflicting the Disease Status to Nero.

This status effect made Nero feel fatigued, and he found his movements started to turn sluggish.

Seeing that his opponent's strength had waned by a good margin, Lux pried the black swords out of Nero's hands and tossed them away.

After that, he gave the brown-haired teenager a punch on the face, making the latter take two steps back. However, Nero was someone who had no intention of backing down, so after getting punched, he immediately counterattacked with a Thunder Punch, making Lux take three steps back in return.

A moment later, the two continued to exchange blows with each other. Neither of them dodged each other's attack. They either blocked, deflected, or got hit by the blows that they unleashed against each other.

Nero's Black Lightning was similar to Abyssal Touch in a sense that it ignored all defenses and dealt half of its original damage to its target. Despite the damage only being half, this was compensated by the lightning's quick and swift attacks, causing its target to be stunned for a second, or two, allowing another attack to hit its mark.

Lux's attack, on the other hand, was infused by the Abyssal Touch, which dealt not only crippling status effects, but also dealt increased damage to Abyssal Creatures of any rank.

Since Nero was wearing an Abyssal Armor, the skill treated the brown-haired teenager as an Abyssal Monster, therefore nullifying the resistance it had against Abyssal based attacks.

All of Lux's blows dealt the same damage as when Nero wasn't wearing any armor, making the latter stagger with every punch and kick that landed on his body.

Lux wasn't faring well either since Nero's attacks were quite fast, and the black lightning would render him numb from time to time.

Suddenly, Nero held Lux in a bear hug as the lightning in his armor intensified, electrocuting the Half-Elf, making him scream in pain.

"Lightning Annihilation!"

Iris, who was watching the scene, covered her lips with a hand because he could feel the genuine pain from Lux's scream that reverberated inside the Coliseum.

Half a minute later, Lux gritted his teeth, endured the pain, and wrapped his arms around his opponent, holding him in a vice grip.

"Have it your way!" Lux roared as he opened his mouth wide. Since it had come to this, he also decided to go all out and throw caution to the wind.

Two clones appeared beside Lux, and both of them held onto Nero's body on his left and right side, making it impossible for the latter to escape.

Magical energy then started to gather inside their mouths as they prepared to unleash their strongest attack at point blank range, no longer caring about the consequences that would happen afterward.

Alexander stood up from his seat of honor as his gaze locked on to the two individuals that were hell-bent on winning this match at all cost.

""Dragon's Breath!""

A loud explosion shook the entire arena, making the barriers around it break one by one. Lux's attack was something that ignored defenses, which also included the barriers that were protecting the audiences from any stray spells and attacks coming from the two combatants.

"Brace!"

The Sorcerer, who was also the leader of the Mages in the arena shouted.

"Don't let the attack reach the civilians!" the Sorcerer ordered. "All hands, reinforce the barrier!"

Bruno and Judge Dredd were a step faster and focused on reinforcing the last barrier that also served as the last line of defense against stray attacks.

Due to the unexpected effect of Lux's ability, the first four barriers broke easily, while the last barrier showed several cracks on its surface.

However, with all the magicians, as well as other High-Rankers who specialized in creating barriers, the worst case scenario was avoided.

A moment later, everyone tensely looked at the dust-filled arena, waiting for the dust to clear up. They wanted to know the aftermath of the two teenagers' desperate attacks and see who among them triumphed over the other.

As the dust cloud slowly dispersed, they saw the silhouette of a person who was lying down at the center of the destroyed arena.

His armor was in tatters, and blood flowed from almost every part of his body, including his nose, ears, and mouth.

Those who saw him all sucked in deep breaths because the aftermath was more severe than they had expected.

A loud scream of horror and pain came from one of the VIP rooms in the Coliseum, which broke everyone out of their daze.

The Clerics who were stationed outside of the arena immediately rushed towards the young man, who seemed to have stopped breathing, whose body lay in the center of a smoldering, hundred-meter-wide crater.

The mask he wore slid down the side of his face, as the power that kept it in place disappeared without a trace.

## **Chapter 255: The Winner Of This Match Is...**

(A/N: Did you feel your heart being squeezed inside your chest just now after reading the title? Kekeke).

As the Clerics rushed to the smoldering crater where Lux's body was lying, the Sorcerer, Garric, who was also the one responsible for preventing the loss of life in the tournament, sighed.

Lying beside his feet was Nero, whose armor was also in shambles. When Lux unleashed three Dragon Breaths, the Sorcerer heightened all of his senses to estimate whether the Guild Master of the Storm Dragon Guild would be able to take it or not.

However, just half a second after Lux's full-powered attack was unleashed, Garric had no choice but to teleport Nero out of the arena as soon as he could to save the other party's life.

Glancing at the youth who was at the center of the crater, Garric had a complicated look on his face. For the sake of victory, Lux had gone all out, even endangering himself in the process in order to beat his opponent.

Life and death battles were a norm in Elysium, so as much as possible, they wanted to prevent the loss of such talented youth in the tournament.

Garric had assumed that Lux would be able to handle the backlash, so he didn't teleport him out of the arena. He didn't know why, but for some reason, he felt as if teleporting the chubby teenager out of the arena was a bad thing to do, so he stayed his hand.

"He's still breathing," the Head Cleric that had arrived beside Lux said with relief. "But, he's not out of danger yet. Everyone, I'll focus on treating the serious injuries. You handle the rest."

""Yes Sir!""

While Lux was being treated by the Clerics, Bruno waved his hand, making the mask lying on the ground fly towards him.

'So, this is the reason why you had repeatedly told me that I should make sure that this brat doesn't die,' Bruno thought as he glanced at Alicia, who was standing beside Alexander.

The beautiful woman noticed Bruno's gaze, and gave the latter a brief nod before shifting her attention back to the Half-Elf, whose identity was revealed for everyone to see.

"L-Lux?!" Gerald, who was the Leader of Wildgarde Stronghold stood up from his chair in shock and disbelief. "He's My Daddy?!"

"Impossible!" Natasha, who was the Wildgarde Stronghold's High-Cleric, and the person who spent the most time among the Guardians checking Lux's condition, gasped in shock.

She couldn't believe her eyes. The Lux who was currently being treated by the Clerics of Barbato's Academy was very different from the Lux that she had watched grow up.

"It's not impossible," Rainer, who was also Nero's Master, commented. "The proof is already right in front of your eyes."

Rainer had been there when Lux took the previous entrance exam that would allow him to enter Elysium. As someone responsible for managing the newly

recruited members of the young generation, he wanted to know if Vera's adopted grandchild was capable of surviving in that harsh world.

Gerald, Natasha, and Rainer, had seen it when Lux didn't hold back during the examination and ended up fainting before even catching the Horned Rabbit. The Lux back then, and the Lux that had taken the persona of the chubby teenager in the tournament, was like comparing a hill to a mountain.

The difference was that obvious, and although they didn't believe it, they had no choice but to believe it.

"Rainer..." Gilbert glanced at the old Blacksmith of Wildgarde Stronghold with a complicated look on his face.

"Let's talk about it after the tournament," Rainer replied. "I'm sure that Vera will explain this to us at a later time. Perhaps she can even tell us how that sickly Lux managed to stand up against the strongest members of the young generation in just the span of a year."

Gilbert and Natasha nodded their heads in agreement. Although they had plenty of questions, no matter how much they tried to think of the answer, the only one who could give them an answer was not with them at the moment.

Vera, who was seated beside her granddaughter, firmly held Iris' hand. She was afraid that if she let her granddaughter escape her sights, the latter would immediately go to where Lux was, and this was something that she didn't want to have happen at this point in time.

"Don't worry about him," Vera said after confirming that Lux was safe. "The Clerics are taking good care of him. He'll be patched up in no time."

Iris nodded, but she couldn't stop herself from worrying. Eiko, who was perched on top of her Mama's head, remained silent.

Just like Iris, she was also worried about her Papa, but as Lux's Beast Companion, her connection with Lux was very strong.

Earlier, she felt Lux's heart stop beating for half a minute. As she was about to fly towards the arena, the Half-Elf's heart suddenly pulsed inside his chest, beating strongly, proving that he was fine.

Eiko also faintly heard a roar of a Dragon from within Lux's body, as if it had awakened from a baptism of fire. Because of this, the baby Slime knew that her Papa was going to be fine. Even so, she couldn't help but feel worried as she focused her attention in the arena that had been reduced to a giant crater.

Ten minutes later, the High-Cleric waved at Judge Dredd and Bruno, signaling them that Lux's life was no longer in danger, and that they would be moving him to the infirmary.

The other Clerics who had been freed of their job went to check on Nero's condition, and started to heal him as well.

Bruno then raised his hand and declared the victor of the match.

"The winner for this match is My Da..."

"No."

A weak, yet firm voice reached Bruno's ears, stopping him from completing his announcement.

"That's not my name," Lux said as he struggled to keep his consciousness.  
"Say my name."

Bruno smirked before giving the Half-Elf, who was now like a candle that was about to lose its light, a thumbs up in his heart.

"The winner of this match is none other than Lux Von Kaizer!"

Suddenly, a clapping sound was heard high above the coliseum.

Iris was clapping her hands while tears streamed down the side of her face.

Vera joined her and clapped her hands as well. A sweet smile could be seen on her old face, showing how proud she was of her grandson's achievement.

Their clapping brought everyone out of their daze as the audience gave Lux a thunderous applause, while others cheered and shouted his name.

""My Daddy!""

""My Daddy!""

""My Daddy!""

""My Daddy!""

""My Daddy!""

Lux, who heard the chants of the crowd, couldn't stop himself from sighing in his heart.

"I said my name is Lux..."

That was the last thing the red-headed teenager muttered before he lost consciousness. Although he looked fine on the surface, the power of the Abyss was still rampaging inside his body.

Nero's Black Lightning wasn't something simple, and it had sapped Lux's physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual strength, making him succumb to his exhaustion.

The Head-Cleric personally escorted him to the infirmary under everyone's eyes. Even after the Half-Elf could no longer be seen in the arena, the crowd still shouted his alias, which they had grown to love and that was none other than...

My Daddy!

## Chapter 256: I'll Stay With You Forever

"The match will be delayed for a few hours since they still have to fix the arena," the Cleric notified Keane who was seated in a wooden wheelchair. "For now, please stay here and wait for your next match."

"Thank you," Keane replied.

The Cleric nodded his head and left the room, leaving the skinny swordsman alone to meditate.

Keane's injuries had healed, but the damage he received from his battle with Gilbert was not of the flesh but of the soul.

Gilbert's final attack had rendered him unable to gather internal energy, which prevented him from using his technique to the fullest.

The irony of it all was after he had purified the insidious tea that was filled with laxative that Cai had given him, Keane had used up most of what little of the Internal Energy had remained inside his body.

Although the Boar's plan to make the skinny teenager spend the entire day inside the bathroom failed, it still managed to cripple his opponent in a manner that even that chatty boar didn't expect.

'I only have enough strength for one blow,' Keane thought as he circulated what little internal energy he had left. 'It is all or nothing in my next match.'

In order to prevent the Boar from further sabotaging him before their match started, Keane asked the officials to bring him to the waiting area located on the right side of the arena. He even didn't go and watch Lux's battle because he didn't want to get distracted, and simply meditated, while waiting for his next match.

He had even requested the staff to not accept any visitors, especially the shameless, and thick-skinned boar, whose mere voice was enough to trigger a PTSD reaction from him.

For the sake of his inner peace, he had made sure that the boar wouldn't be able to come near him before their match started.

While Keane was meditating, his heightened senses heard a disgruntled voice in the hallway leading to his room.

"I'm Little Swordy's best friend! Why am I not allowed to see him?"

"Contestant Cai, you are not allowed to enter the waiting room. Your opponent is currently meditating and asked not to be disturbed."

"Impossible! I was the one who raised Little Swordy since he was a child. Hey! Don't push me! I said don't push me! Little Swordy! It's me! Hey stop pushing meeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

Disgruntled squealing sounds sounded from the hallway as the staff members, who ensured that the Lionheart Tournament wouldn't encounter any mishaps, forcibly kicked the Boar away from Keane's waiting room.

Keane had to cover his ears with his hands because Cai's screaming loud enough to wake up the dead.

Fortunately, after five minutes, the squealing stopped and peace once again settled inside the waiting room.

Two hours later, one of the officials of the tournament informed Keane that the battle was about to start.

Keane took a deep breath as the official pushed his wheelchair towards the arena, where his opponent was waiting for him.

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"Ladies and Gentlemen, we deeply apologize for the delay," Judge Dredd said using the artifact that magnified his voice. "Now that the stage has been fixed and new barriers are in place, we will now continue with the last match for the Semifinals! Whoever wins this round will proceed to the Final Round, which will be held tomorrow!"

The crowd cheered as they waited for Judge Dredd to announce the two contestants that had also reached the Semifinals.

"Hailing from the Nomadic Rowan Tribe, and standing four meters tall, our next contestant had miraculously reached the Semifinal rounds," Judge Dredd announced. "In truth, I never thought that it would make it this far in the tournament because no matter how I look at it, this contestant simply got lucky!"

"This contestant likes to eat pork chops, baby back ribs, pork stew, steak, and pork barbecue! Ladies and gentlemen, make way for the one, and only.... Cai!"

The crowd laughed and clapped after hearing Judge Dredd's teasing voice. Some had labeled Cai as the mascot of the tournament because the Boar didn't look that strong. Just like the referee of the tournament said, they felt that Cai just got lucky in the tournament.

His strongest opponent had conceded before their match even started, allowing Cai to reach the Semifinals without problems. Although many suspected foul play, and blackmail, no evidence that the Boar's opponent had

been threatened or bribed in any way, making the officials who did the investigation decide to drop the case altogether.

The Boar arrogantly entered the arena with its snout raised high, as if everyone around it were mere peasants, and undeserving of its attention.

After climbing the stage, Judge Dredd decided to interview the boar in order to liven up the atmosphere before the match.

"Cai, do you have something to say to our audience?" Judge Dredd asked before placing the artifact near the Boar's snout.

"Two tigers cannot share the same mountain," Cai said with a voice that seemed that it had come from a hermit who had seen the ways of the world. "Although it breaks my heart to fight my friend, this is something that must be done. I just hope that after this match is over, Little Swordy and I can remain friends and continue to face the challenges of the world with our heads raised high."

The audience looked at the Boar as if they were seeing its true colors for the first time. Even Judge Dredd was almost conned by Cai's eloquent words. If not for the fact that he had seen how shameless the Boar was behind closed doors, he would be just like the audience that looked at Cai with admiration and respect.

Not wanting to hear anymore of the boar's nonsense, Judge Dredd walked back to the center of the arena and announced Cai's opponent.

"We don't know much about our next contestant because he likes to keep to himself most of the time," Judge Dredd said. "All we know is that he is an excellent swordsman, and that he is deserving of his spot in the Semifinal rounds. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the mysterious swordsman, Keane!"

Another round of applause and cheering resounded in the arena as the crowd favorite appeared in front of their eyes.

Keane was seated in a wooden wheelchair, being pushed by one of the staff members that had been assigned to him.

Garric pointed his finger at Keane's direction, making the skinny swordsman disappear from the wheelchair, and reappear in the arena.

Keane stood tall, with his thumb resting at the hilt of his sword. This was the pose he had taken in every match, and everyone was already accustomed by it.

As a mysterious contestant, Keane had piqued the interest of the audience, as well as several high-ranking officials, and nobles, of the Six Kingdoms. They were doing their best in order to scout the young swordsman to serve their kingdom, but the latter evaded their approach by requesting the help of Barbatos Academy.

"Do you have anything to say to the audience, Keane?" Judge Dredd asked as he handed the artifact to the swordsman who looked pleasing to his eyes.

"Thank you for having me in the tournament," Keane replied. "I wish everyone a good day."

After saying these words Keane returned the artifact to Judge Dredd making the referee of the match chuckle.

"Well then, are both fighters ready?" Judge Dredd asked as he glanced at the two contestants.

Keane nodded his head. "I'm ready."

Judge Dredd then shifted his attention to the Boar who was looking at Keane with the "Never say Die, and Never Surrender Gaze."

"Before we start this match, I have something to say to Keane first," Cai said.

Judge Dredd nodded his head, and Keane looked at the boar who had forced him to join its organization.

"First and foremost, I applaud you for having come this far," Cai stated. "As a member of your Secret Organization, the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen, you have made me proud by standing on the same stage as me."

The corner of Judge Dredd's and Keane's lips twitched after hearing Cai's words.

What secret organization?

You just announced it in front of everyone as if you are advertising it!

"Keane, I just want you to know that if I lose this match. I will accompany you all your life. I will wake you up every morning, and greet you a good day everyday. During lunch time, I will accompany you to eat pork chops. Um, steak is fine too.

"Whenever you go to the comfort room, I will follow you as well. I will ensure that you can take a dump peacefully without being bothered by anyone.

"At night, I will tell you stories, and cover you with a blanket when you fall asleep. I will repeat these things on the next day until you grow old and become decrepit. I'm sure that both of us will have a wonderful and fulfilling life ahead of us. That is all I want to say."

As soon as Cai finished its speech, several images flashed in front of Keane's eyes.

'Rise and shine Keane! Um, can you wake up? I'm already hungry. What's for breakfast?'

'What are we having for lunch? Do you want to hunt wild boars in the mountains? I want to eat some pork chops.'

'Keane, where are we going next? Let's visit the next town!'

'Um, are you going to the bathroom? Perfect, I feel like going there as well.'

'Keane, are you going to sleep? Let me tell you a story first about this old bandit named James. This old coot is so shameless that even I feel inferior to how thick his skin is...'

'Keane, I'll stay with you forever.'

'Forever...'

'Forever..'

'Forever.'

The images in Keane's head caused the remaining internal force inside his body to disperse as if they were a pile of leaves being swept away by a broom, resulting in him vomiting blood, staining the floor red.

Due to his unstable state of mind, he wasn't able to hear Judge Dredd's declaration to start the battle.

'Living everyday in torment is not worth it,' Keane thought as muddy images emerged in his head. Just thinking of spending the rest of his life with the shameless boar by his side day and night broke what little resolve he had of winning the tournament.

While Keane was still in a daze, the Boar had already charged in his direction using its Wild Charge, colliding with the skinny swordsman who seemed to have lost the will to live.

A moment later, Keane's body was sent flying towards the barrier, before falling towards the ground unmoving.

Cai didn't follow up his attack, and simply stared at its "friend" who seemed to have lost consciousness.

"I wish there was another way," Cai said as a single crocodile tear slid from the side of its face, making it look like it had been forced to hurt its friend. "I didn't want to hurt you too much, so I only used 1% of my strength. Keane, please forgive me. I am simply too strong for you."

Judge Dredd crouched down beside Keane's body to check if the latter was alright. After seeing that the skinny teenager had only lost consciousness, he stood up and announced the shameless victor of the match.

"Winner Cai!" Judge Dredd said with a helpless look on his face. He had seen how Keane had lost the will to fight after hearing Cai's words, but there was nothing he could do about it because the Boar didn't break any rules.

"Hahaha!" Cai laughed as it arrogantly raised its snout to the heavens. It was feeling so good right now as if it had just won the lottery. "Final match, here I come!"

The Boar's unrestrained laughter reverberated in the arena, while the audience cheered and called out its name.

Even though the last battle for the Semifinal match ended in a manner that no one expected, the only thing they could do was applaud the shameless, and thick-skinned Boar, who had broken his opponent's fighting spirit, before the battle even started.

