

## C Immortality 231

Cursed Immortality

Chapter 231: Senior Grandmaster Gunsmith Test (2)

Those Senior Grandmasters' faces were a sight to behold as they watched the newcomer taking his sweet time coming toward them.

Just when was the last time when someone disregarded them like this? Only someone like the Senior Grandmaster Magic Smith could act like this in front of them.

But who was Jacob? He was a nobody from the Common Plains who had used his lifetime of luck on getting that 'inheritance.' At least, that is what most of them thought.

"Cough..." The Old Elf, name, Bart cough lightly to announce their presence.

Jacob dismissively averted his eyes from the equipment and finally looked at those five Senior Grandmasters.

Rita squinted her eyes when she saw Jacob's eyes were as tranquil as a lake. There wasn't even a ripple when he saw her.

Bart smiled amiably as he spoke, "Young Friend, Jack, let me introduce you to these Seniors. We will be judges of your test. I have already introduced myself. I'm a Senior Grandmaster Pill Alchemist, Bart."

He then pointed at a pale-yellow goblin and introduced, "This gentleman is Senior Grandmaster Apothecary Boone."

Boone had this strange interest in his eyes as he was looking at an experiment subject.

But when met with Jacob's icy glare, Boone felt like he had met with a predator. He quickly hid his real thoughts and nodded with a forced smile, "Good Luck. I'll be one of the judges of your test. I look forward to your performance."

Jacob nodded back and coldly uttered a single word, "Certainty."

With his sharp instinct, he had already detected the malicious intent of that goblin, and he didn't have a good impression of the goblin race, to begin with. So, he instantly put this guy on his 'food list.'

If he tried something, not even his bones would be found!

Bart then pointed to a dwarf with a golden potion vile badge and introduced, "This is Sir Otto, a Senior Grandmaster Potion Alchemist."

Otto had a short gray beard on his old face, and the moment he was introduced, he laughed heartedly and loudly said, "Although you little follow are somewhat arrogant, I like your eyes. Even if you fail, you can come to my place, and I'll treat you to one of my best wines, personally concocted by me."

"It seemed you're in luck. You should know even those Dark Nobles didn't have such a courtesy to taste wine Sir, Otto's personal collection." Bart couldn't help but look somewhat envious.

Otto snickered disdainfully, "You, elves, didn't have a high tolerance for alcohol. You can just get drunk by sniffing some random third-grade ale."

Jacob couldn't help but look at the 3'9 feet dwarf with some interest. It was his first time meeting a dwarf, and he had to admit he was just as rumor described them to be, straightforward and alcoholic.

Even in stories, Dwarfs were described as such.

But was this really the case? Because, for some reason, Jacob felt somewhat uneasy about Otto. Not even that Goblin could give him such a feeling, so Jacob didn't let his guard down even a bit.

However, he couldn't slap a smiling face, so he politely greeted him back, "I will definitely consider it, Mr. Otto."

Bart then glared at Otto for his previous comment, but this wasn't the place to start bickering with his old friend, so he quickly introduced the fourth judge, who was a Kobold with light blue scales and a fierce face. There was a golden scroll badge on his chest.

"This is Senior Grandmaster Spell Crafter, Lawrence. You may never hear of a Spell Crafter before because this profession is rather peculiar.

"In general terms, a Spell Crafter can seal a Magic Spell into a scroll, and then that magic spell stored in that scroll can be used by anyone at any time. Even those without magic can easily use it.

"The magic spells stored in a scroll are called Magic Scrolls, and we normally don't sell them to the common public since they are too hard to make and are very dangerous if fall into the wrong hands."

Jacob's eyes flashed with surprise because it was also his first time hearing about this profession, and it was as interesting as the Magic Smith and Rune Artificer. But unlike these two professions, Magic was compulsory for this Profession.

Furthermore, by Bart's description, he mused that those magic scrolls' prowess would also be driven by the person who made them.

Still, these magic scrolls were like bombs, and if someone didn't know about them beforehand, they could easily fall into a dangerous situation, especially if there was a far higher-level spell stored in a magic scroll.

Just like Jacob, who had no idea such a thing even existed, it was probably his good luck that he hadn't come in contact with someone who had this magic scroll, or he might've had to learn it the hard way.

So, Jacob secretly decided to learn more about these magic scrolls for safety purposes.

Lawrence, on the other hand, coldly grunted at Jacob with a somewhat hostile gaze. It was clear that he didn't have a good impression of Jacob.

But Jacob didn't even care about his feeling and didn't even bother to reply to that granting sound and pretended he didn't hear anything.

Lawrence's anger nearly burst because of Jacob's behavior, and was about to berate him when Rita, who had been silent all this time, finally spoke in her mellow voice.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Senior Grandmaster Gunsmith, Rita. Unlike these four judges, I'll be your Invigilator and the test setter, while the four Judges will make sure I'll be fair with my test.

"Now, if you didn't have any questions, shall we begin?" Rita smiled gracefully as she walked toward Jacob, flaunting her perfect hourglass figure.

Jacob looked at the graceful elf, who could easily take someone's breath away with a dismissive gaze, and nodded, "Please, the sooner we start, the quicker we can finish."

Rita's lips curled into a cold smile when she heard it. She stopped a meter away from Jacob and looked right into his eyes as she wanted to see through them but, alas, failed.

But she didn't flatter and spoke, "I like your confidence. Let's see if you have the skills to back it up.

"My test for you is bullet crafting!"

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Chapter 232: Senior Grandmaster Gunsmith Test (3)

"Bullet crafting?" Jacob cocked an eyebrow as he looked at the ravishing elf's cold smile.

Rita nodded with a charming yet cold smile, "Easy, right?"

Jacob shook his head mildly, "Nothing is easy when it comes to gunsmithing. Every component is essential, and even a small mistake can easily turn your craft into your own death kneel. Especially when it comes to bullets."

Rita narrowed her eyes when she heard this unexpected response from Jacob and couldn't help but reevaluate this masked man in front of her.

As for the four old men behind, they were just silently observing as judges, and they won't interfere unless they suspected foul play.

Rita then nodded, "Indeed, gunsmithing is far more dangerous than some people think it should be. Bullet crafting is the most dangerous part of Gunsmithing, and in the old ages, when we never had appropriate equipment, many Gunsmiths died while in process of creating a perfect bullet for a gun.

"Every new gun required a new type of bullet that could perfectly match it and bring out its deadly potential. That's why today, for your Senior Grandmaster Rank test, I want you to craft me a bullet perfectly suitable for this gun!"

Rita then flipped her slender hand, and a white gold ring on his middle finger suddenly shimmered in a golden glow before a beautiful silver handgun with a long golden muzzle appeared in Rita's hand.

However, Jacob's attention was drawn by the golden ring on Rita's hand, and he instantly guessed what that ring was, 'A storage ring!'

It was his first time seeing this ring being used despite possessing the Wight Minister's Storage Ring. He simply couldn't open it without magic, and this was not something he was proud of.

Now, seeing Rita using the Storage Ring, he felt flustered.

Rita naturally noticed Jacob's burning gaze at her ring and took it wrongly.

She pulled an entralling smile filled with pride as she said, "Oh, I forgot you never had seen these little things before, right? This is a Common Storage Ring which have a 1-cubic-meter of storage space.

"Only a single person in the entire Rare Plains can make it, and that is Senior Grandmaster Magic Smith. However, they are expensive and even rarer than extraordinary treasures.

"But as long as you are a Senior Grandmaster, you may buy one from Senior Braylon. He has always prioritized his peers." Rita's voice was filled with respect and some adoration when she mentioned this Braylon character.

However, the Judges behind her had this unusually pained expression when she mentioned the purchase of the Storage Ring.

Because these rings were simply too expensive to make, not to mention buy them, even someone like them had to pay over half of their fortune to buy these Common Storage Rings from Braylon.

While Rita got it as a gift from Braylon when she earned herself the rank of a Senior Grandmaster, that's why she didn't know those men's pain.

Being a beautiful woman naturally had its own perks!

Jacob, on the other hand, instantly lost interest when he heard about '1-cubic meter space' because this was just too small for him, and he already had the Infinity Pendant, not to mention a Rare Storage Ring, so he didn't need a common one.

He was only frustrated because he couldn't open that damn ring because he didn't have magic.

As long as he started learning the Magic Smiting and got the blueprint of a Storage Ring, he could make as many as he wanted. He was pretty sure the epic plains would have an ample amount of these rings.

Rita then finally returned to the matter at hand as she showed Jacob the Silver Gun and stated, "This is a Basic-Type-1 Gun, created by me, and I call it Silver Death.

"But I have yet to craft an appropriate bullet for Silver Death. Since it's a Basic-Type-1 level Gun, the bullets should also be Basic-Type-1, or it won't do this Gun any justice. So..."

But before she could continue, Jacob spoke first as he looked at Silver Death with scrutinized gaze, "So, you want me to craft a Basic-Type-1 bullet for this gun?"

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but according to my understanding, the 'Type Rank' represent anything related to mech and complex technology.

"Type-0 (Basic, Intermediate, and Advance) Rank cover Common (Basic, Intermediate, and Advance Rank) Rank. At the same time, Type-1 should cover the Rare Rank.

"Since this Gun is a Basic-Type-1 Weapon and because of its size, its appropriate bullet size should be around 10-caliber or 12-caliber maximum. But this size of Type-1 bullets is impossible to make without a Type-1 Gun powder. That is where your problem lies, isn't it?"

Rita's eyes finally went wide when she heard Jacob's appraisal because he instantly pointed out the crux of the matter without even her explaining it to him. This naturally gave her a big surprise as she finally took Jacob seriously.

'He might be able to solve this problem!' Her eyes shimmered with hope since this was the biggest hurdle she had been facing for decades.

Just as Jacob said, the type-1 gunpowder was too precious, and even with her current wealth, she couldn't buy its formula from the main branch, so she could only research herself.

But the experiment with gunpowder is not a joke, and she once nearly blew an entire floor during her research. Although she escaped without any serious injuries, she still had to pay for the damage she did.

Afterward, she always goes outside the dark city in the wilderness to conduct such experiments. But she always ended up blowing the facility whenever she was about to succeed.

This had become a sore spot in her heart.

She only bought that up because she wanted to teach Jacob a lesson and take him down a peg.

But to her surprise, Jacob easily saw through the problem which had plagued her to the point she started to lose interest in gunsmithing which she once loved even more than her life.

A hint of rare gentleness surfaced in her eyes as she looked at Silver Death and softly said, "As long as you can make this Gun whole, you pass my test as well as you will have my sincere gratitude!"

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Chapter 233: Discussion Of Seniors

Jacob, as a fellow Professionalist, could easily feel Rita's frustration and hidden resentment toward her own incapability of not to be able to make her creation reach its full potential.

But he also looked down on her because of that exact reason, because it was also quite clear she had given up on it and had lost her vision as a true Gunsmith.

As someone who had devoted his life to perfecting the Killing Weapons and never stopped moving forward no matter what kind of problem he encountered, he abhorred those who just gave up too easily.

At least, he had this kind of mentality when it came to Gunsmithing. It was his obsession that never left him, even after he was reborn. He still wanted to improve it further and try numerous ideas, which he couldn't because of the technological difference between his world and this one.

Furthermore, now he was doing it for himself, not for others or for wealth, but just for himself, which gave him even more motivation. The Titan Sniper Rifle was a small proof of it.

Rita's matter was not even worth contemplating over for him, and this test was nothing but walk in part.

He coolly asked, "Where will I find Type-1 materials?"

Rita didn't hesitate and said, "Just list out what you need, and we will provide it for you. As long as you can pass the test, I will bear all the costs of those materials."

Jacob's lips curled up as he said something in an extremely low voice that could only be heard by Rita, and those old men won't notice a thing.



Rita's eyes suddenly widened in disbelief when she heard those words and looked at him with squinted eyes as her glossy lips moved, but there was no voice.

Jacob easily read what she was saying and replied in the same low pitch.

Rita's eyes were filled with disbelief and somewhat doubtful, but she still decided to gamble it as she merely nodded before she spoke, "Write down what you need."

Jacob didn't delay, and a projection formed over his wrist, and he wrote what he needed on that projection screen of the star watch.

Rita instantly remembered everything before she told him to close the projection.

Those old men were all clueless as they only watched silently with great interest since they could tell Rita was being unnaturally cooperative toward this new guy after he voiced out the problem with the Silver Killer.

Boone spoke in a low voice, "Do you think he will blow up this place like Lady Rita?"

Lawrence snorted disdainfully, "You're thinking of him too highly. I think it was just a fluke, nothing else. He'll fail and humiliate himself. Do you think the standard of Type-1 is so easy to reach?"

Otto also nodded with this peculiar smile on his beard face, "This youngster is promising, no doubt there. But his knowledge seemed to be flawed.

"He was taking Type-1 (Basic, Intermediate, and Advance) akin to Rare Rank (Basic, Intermediate, and Advance). However, he didn't know only the Basic Type-1 Rank is equivalent to Rare Rank (Basic, Intermediate, and Advance).

"While the Intermediate Type-1 fell into the category of Extraordinary Rank (Basic and Intermediate) and the Advance Type-1 Rank is for Advance Extraordinary Rank.

"That's why we used Type Ranks rather than these typical strength ranks in the guild, and only to raise prices, we rank the items with these Strength Ranks."

Bart nodded in agreement, "Only the Type Ranks are the correct measurements for knowledge, materials, treasures, and such. At the same time, the ranks for Strength are totally different things."

"The three hegemonies deliberately do not let this common knowledge spread to the common public because this is bad for business, and the Rare Plains are not under their entire control as well because of those so-called freedom lords."

"As for this brat, he still has a lot to learn. Let it be a learning experience for him. The Dark City is the biggest opportunity he could have. He might draw Lord Braylon's attention and earn Permanent Member just like that cunning brat in the Light Nation."

Otto couldn't help but smile mysteriously at Brat when he heard it and chuckled, "You guys have no idea what is going on in the Freedom Plains, do you?"

"Why would we have to pay attention to that barren place? We didn't pay such a steep price to come in this just to keep an eye on it." Lawrence snorted with a hint of hatred.

"But we do know about the commotion and war going on there right now, and it seems the livings are in huge trouble this time. But that had nothing to do with us since we live in this place, and the dark city in the freedom plains has already withdrawn as well. So, what's your point in bringing freedom plains up?" Bart narrowed his eyes as he looked at Otto.

Otto coolly said, "Nothing much. I was just wondering if those permanent members of each branch will come to the dark city as well. Despite our long years of service, we were never able to become permanent members. I was just envious of the little guy who will rise above us all soon."

No one refuted this since they knew the criteria for becoming a permanent member of the Alchemy Guild was even harsher than the Zodiac Warrior Alliance. Because in the Alchemy Guild, the only thing that mattered was complex skills while in the Alliance; strength.

That's why even these Senior Grandmasters didn't have the luxury to enter the main guild despite their lofty statuses in Rare Plains.

Only Braylon has a Permanent Member status among all the Senior Grandmasters, and he was very close to leaving the Rare Plains as well. Seeing Jacob was like seeing another Braylon, and Jacob was even more brilliant than Braylon when he was Jacob's age.

While these old men were discussing in extremely low voices, which couldn't be heard by anyone, not even Rita, they had no idea every last bit of word was clearly heard by someone else, like he was a part of their conversation.

Jacob dismissively glanced at those old men, especially Otto, and his lips curled into a cold smile, 'Interesting!'

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Chapter 234: Inferior Friction Killer

After the materials listed by Jacob arrived, he didn't waste more time and got to work.

Making a bullet was easy as well as difficult.

Easy because there are only five parts involved in a typical complete bullet, the cartage casing, the Primer, the projectile, the wad, and the gunpowder.

Difficult because selecting the suitable materials and amount for the aforementioned components and even a tiny mistake can result in either the bullet turning dud or turning it into a small bomb which will blow up your hand or, in some rare cases, the face!

In Silver Death's case, the Gun was completely capable of firing a Basic Type-1 bullet, even an Intermediate Type-1 bullet. In the former case, the Gun will have a long life period, while in the latter, it will only last for four or five rounds, just like the very first titan sniper rifle Jacob had ever made.

That's why it was so important to have perfect ammunition for a firearm, and it was the gunsmith's responsibility to make it happen.

After getting Rita's permission, Jacob started to use the equipment available in the workshop while Rita followed him like a ghost as she observed his every movement.

Those judges were also paying close attention to him without speaking.

Jacob first made the projectile with a basic type-1 material called the Lava Gem Stone and then the case with another type-1 material called the Cold Hack Metal.

However, the Primer and wad were made with intermediate-type-1 materials which somewhat made Rita frown because the combination was simply not going to work because the bullet might blow up before it could fire.

Furthermore, she also noticed the Primer created by Jacob was somewhat special since it didn't look like a typical primer she was familiar with. Still, she didn't disturb him and only watched.

In half an hour, Jacob had already made the four components, and what was only left was the gunpowder which was going to be the real factor.

For safety's sake as well as to not divulge his own formula, he asked those judges to leave the room and let Rita observe him.

Lawrence only snorted in disdain but left, as well as the other three, without raising any fuss.

They all knew just how dangerous making type-1 gunpowder was, and since Rita herself wasn't able to, they were quite assured that there wasn't any chance of cheating as well.

However, when only Rita and Jacob were left in the workshop, he stopped what he was doing and looked at Rita.

He asked, "What do you think about my previous proposal?"

Rita narrowed her eyes as she looked at this mysterious fellow. She couldn't help but remember their early secret discussion.

Jacob had asked, "I can give you the Basic-Type-1 Gunpowder Formula, and I only need a small favor."

Rita was in disbelief at that moment, but from his tone, Jacob didn't seem to be joking, and she knew just how expensive that formula was, so she still decided to take her chances since it would become apparent in this test.

She replied by only moving her lips, "What kind of favor?"

Jacob simply replied, "I need access to the Magic Smith facility in this building for one month. Think about it. You can reply to me when I was going to formulate the gunpowder!"

Afterward, everything went normal until it reached this point.

If Rita was doubtful before, now she wasn't after she saw Jacob's efficiency in making all four components in half an hour.

Those four judges were only here to judge while they had no idea about Gunsmithing. That's why Rita was the invigilator, and she knew even she might not be able to handle those Basic-Type-1 materials as well as Jacob did.

So, now she was curious about why Jacob needed access to the Magic Smith facility. But one thing was quite clear. This man wasn't simple at all, so it was better to be friends with him than obstruct his way.

Besides, he was already offering her something irresistible.

"Can you tell me why you need to use Magic Smith Facility? Although there are floors with Magic Smith Facility. But they are still under the control of Senior Braylon.

"Despite the fact that he didn't live here anymore, he still has full control over those floors through his old apprentices. I have a good relationship with Senior Braylon's apprentices, so I can get you access, but I need to know if you're doing anything that put my own reputation at risk." Rita candidly explained.

Jacob coolly said, "You don't have to worry about it. I know my limit. I just need the equipment in that facility, nothing else. Likewise, I'm not experimenting with Magic Smiting."

Rita looked deeply at Jacob, but no matter what, she couldn't see through his intentions.

In the end, she gave up and bitterly said, "As long as you uphold your deal, I will uphold mine."

'It was far easier than I thought. This woman naturally knows how to flaunt her charm, so making a deal with her was the better option than those old men. Besides, in one month, even if someone finds out about me using the magic smith facility, even this Braylon guy...' Jacob's lips curled up into a devious smile.

Without wasting more time, Jacob got to work. He started to handle the chemicals while he also explained to Rita how to mix them and how much she needed to mix for one bullet.

Rita solemnly listened as she was also recording the entire process. Of course, she got Jacob's permission to record it.

Over an hour passed, and it was only because Jacob explained to Rita he would've done it much faster. There was now inky black sand like gunpowder was resting within a small vial.

Rita mumbled in disbelief, "Is this really a Basic Type-1 gunpowder? It was too...too easy!"

Jacob scoffed, "You were simply looking at it in the wrong direction. You were probably focusing on increasing its might and ignoring the fact about how to subdue that might."

He didn't bother to explain any further and started to assemble the bullet, which was glittering golden when it was done, a perfect match for Silver Killer.

Jacob placed the bullet on the table and coolly said, "This bullet is called Friction Killer. Now you can call those Judges and test it yourself!"

Rita's eyes were affixed on the golden bullet as if she couldn't wait to test it!

Chapter 235: Senior Grandmaster Gunsmith!

At the west of the 55th floor of Alchemy Guild was the Shooting Range to test the firearms.

At this moment, Rita, followed by four judges and Jacob, entered a private area within the shooting range to test his final product.

While Rita's eyes were shimmering with anticipation, those four Judges were not so optimistic as they only thought it was finally coming to an end and thought all kinds of words they would use as 'advice' for this arrogant youngster.

Rita, without waiting for a second, pressed a button on the control panel of the shooting range before a white mannequin emerged from the slide opening in the floor of the shooting range.

Those Senior Grandmasters' eyes lit up when they saw the white mannequin while Jacob was dismissively looking at it without any interest. He just wanted to get it over with since he had already achieved what he wanted.

Rita looked at everything and explained, "Gentlemen, as you all might've already guessed, that dummy is Tier-2-Extraordinary Rank, physically. If Grandmaster Jack's bullet is really basic type-1, then it can easily penetrate that Tier-2 Exaradian dummy.

"Now, I want your permission as four judges to start the final evaluation process. Do I have your permission? Or do you want to check the bullet crafted by Grandmaster first?"

Rita coolly showed the golden bullet in her hand, which was the inferior version of the Friction Killer Jacob once created for his first titan sniper rifle, but no one knows that.

Those old men closely scanned the bullet, and after making sure it was the same one they saw Jacob creating, they all nodded.

"You may proceed with the recording!" Bart stated with a dignified look.

They all had to record every final evaluation process when it came to a Senior Grandmaster test.

Because even if the person in question passed their discreet eyes, they still had to send the recording to higher command for the final assessment, and only then the Senior Grandmaster Rank will be issued.

Rita also didn't delay after getting their approval and opened the recording function of her star watch before she loaded the golden bullet into her Silver Killer Gun.

After taking a deep breath with great expectation, she pointed her beloved gun toward the dummy, and all the others looked with knowing expressions.

They were all guessing that this bullet would completely bounce off the dummy... until the trigger was pulled.

'Boommm...'

A small sonic boom suddenly rang, which could be heard on the 55th floor, and one could only imagine the reaction of those judges as they nearly went deaf by that deafening sound.

However, Rita didn't care about the sound as her eyes were wide open when she looked at the dummy as if she had seen a ghost.

Noticing Rita's expression, those judges who were about to complain suddenly looked toward the dummy as well, and their eyes went wide as well.

Because right now, the dummy's head was completely gone, shattered into fragments all over the private shooting range, and not only that, but they could see a bullet hole in the metal wall behind.



Although the bullet didn't manage to penetrate the thick metal wall all the way to the other side, the fact remains that the bullet hadn't aimed at that wall at all. It had penetrated the dummy first before it went into the wall, which means the bullet velocity was already more than half exhausted when it hit the metal wall!

This means that bullet could even headshot a Tier-3 or even Tier-4 extraordinary, and it was just a Basic-Type-1 bullet.

They all felt chills in their spine, and they stiffly turned their head toward the creator of this bullet, who was still nonchalant about the deadly weapon he had just created.

This also made another fact clear to them as well as Rita.

The reason why a Type-1 bullet formula was so expensive was not that the guild was being petty but because it is truly worth that much!

Just imagining someone holding a gun filled with type-1 bullets, even those mighty tier-6 extraordinary experts had to dread that person, much less if an entire army was equipped with these types of guns and bullets.

Do they still need magic anymore when the technology could do far better than complex magic, which was limited to one's potential?

This question was really worth mulling over.

But right now, they all had this dreadful yet respectful expression as they looked at the masked man who had created this terrifying bullet and made them think in this direction.

Rita finally snapped out of her daze and couldn't help but tremble when she thought of how Jacob had already traded this bullet's formula with her, and she had already watched how he created it.

She had profited from this big time!

"So, do I pass?" Jacob coolly questioned as he looked at those Senior Grandmaster's pale faces.

He was now wondering if he should've toned down the bullet a bit more after seeing their astonished and fearful expression.

But he didn't care much since the guild was selling these formulas. Then this means there's no harm in showing it to them or even trading it for his own growth. He no longer cared about this simple knowledge anymore.

Bart stiffly smiled and nodded, "O-of course, Mr. Jack, you really are worthy of Senior Grandmaster Rank, and we have underestimated you before. Please don't take it personally. We were simply too ignorant."

As an old wily fox, Bart would be a fool to offend Jacob since he had just achieved something that even Braylon couldn't when he was Jacob's age.

Jacob was now officially the youngest Senior Grandmaster in the history of Rare Plains, and he could create deadly weapons that could be used by anyone and might change the hierarchy of power if they were made in mass.

So, it was far better to befriend such a person than offend him, especially when he will get the position of a permanent member as well, whether Braylon likes it or not.

Everyone had the same thought, but they had no idea that Jacob was already had joined the Zodiac Alliance and was only a step away from getting rid of his reserve member status!

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Chapter 236: The Alchemy Guild's President

A garden filled with the thick smell of herbs was currently tended by a middle-aged man with purple skin in white robes as he was watering a golden color flower with red gem-like branches with a peaceful smile.

Suddenly, he felt something as he said, "What is it?"

An electric voice rang from his wrist, "President Nelsen, a call from Lady Vice President Ellie!"

Nelsen's blue eyebrow raised when he heard the name of the caller and muttered under his breath, "How rare. The little girl would never distract me after I gave her all the authority of the Guild."

He said gently, "Receive the call."

A melodious voice replaced the electric voice, "I have a situation to report, President!"

Nelsen pursed his lips as he retorted, "Do you forget how to call your old man after you achieve some status, or do you think it's embarrassing for your status?"

Ellie's respectful voice instantly turned into an annoying one as it sounded, "Dad, I'm being serious here, and since this a matter of Guild, we need to be formal!"

Nelsen sneered and refuted, "I don't care one bit about being formal or informal when I'm talking to my precious daughter. Will someone dare to voice out their opinion?!"

"You're such a pain, Dad!" Ellie retorted without caring about Nelsen's status as her Dad or as one of the three most terrifying and influenced being on the plains!

However, Nelsen instantly smiled gently, "See, that's my fearless daughter who I loved."

"Alright, stop your rambling. You can ramble all you want when you decide to leave your precious lab. I'm here to tell you about something important." Ellie stated.

"What is it? Do you finally found a man you want to introduce to me? Oh, your late mother would be so happy that her precious tomboy..."

"Geezer!"

Nelsen was instantly shut up by Ellie's shrillness, filled with embarrassment and rage. He could even hear her teeth grinding together.

However, Nelsen's smile widened as if he was enjoying teasing his daughter and making her angry. But knew when to stop unless he wanted her to go on a rampage within his lab.

"Alright, enough playing around. Tell me, what is it?" He said with a chuckle.

"You're the one playing around!" She instantly retorted in exasperation.

But she knew her dad too well to start arguing with him. She knew it would only make him tease her more.

So, she quickly got to the point before Nelsen had a chance to say something unscrupulous again.

"A new Senior Grandmaster Gunsmith has appeared in the Rare Plains Dark City's Branch, and he's less than 30 years old as well. Lastly, he first registered in Common Plains as a Basic Gunsmith less than four years ago."

A hint of surprise flashed past Nelsen's sky-blue eyes as he said, "Interesting. It seemed a rare breed had appeared in those backwater plains, or he simply lucked out. Tell me his race and blood force?"

"Race is still unknown as for blood force, it is 900,000, and it might be more since this is the limit of any blood force measuring device at that place." Ellie seriously revealed.

Now, even Nelsen's expression turned serious when he heard the blood force, "He's probably a rare breed with extreme intelligence. So, you should just send him the invitation to the guild and get it done with. Do you need to ask me even that?"

"That's where the problem lies!" Ellie sighed as she said in a gloomy tone, "The thing is, he's already registered with the Brainless Alliance, and I can't send him an invitation!"

"Oh? What an intriguing guy. Since he can join the Alliance of muscle brains, then he might be not just intelligent but strong as well, which could earn him the invitation from them." Nelsen uttered.

In reply, Ellie's serious voice rang, "That's what I'm worried about because his blood force potential is extremely close to turning him into a true Alchemist. Someone like him is rare in even Epic Plains. He will only be wasting his potential when he can earn us huge profits and rise up to the ranks of our main guild as long as we invest in him."

"Heh, that's my money-loving daughter there. Always think about how to become rich. Sometimes, I wonder if you're mine or that vixen's daughter..."

"Geezer, I will really cut ties with you if you called me that Old Vixen's daughter!" Ellie yelled, full of resentment and hatred as if someone had compared her to her mortal enemy.

Nelsen teasingly asked, "Haha, alright, I know what to do. I'll contact Grumpy Gunner. Wait for my good news. Tell me this person's name who attracts my little money grabber's interest."

Ellie's gnashed her teeth on the other side but endured and hissed, "His Star ID name is Faceless Ancient. Make it happen in an hour, or you can forget about your Ale collection!"

Done threatening, she instantly cut the call with a huff, clearly not wanting to entertain the shenanigans of her Dad anymore.

However, she would be shocked if she was here to watch Nelsen's expression after he heard 'Faceless Ancient.'

Because Nelsen's easygoing smile had vanished, replaced with a dumbfounded expression as if he heard the name of some ghost.

But he quickly regained his calmness, but the atonement in his eyes couldn't be more apparent.

"Faceless Ancient? Isn't it the name of the Rare Plains champion?" He muttered before a realization dawned upon him.

"Now, it makes perfect sense. That time, we discovered he was a reserve member of that gummy guy's alliance, so we simply let him handle the process of bringing him here.

"He was also affiliated with the mercenary and the guild branches, but we didn't pay much attention. But it seemed we had all underestimated him, and he might not be as simple as we thought of him.

"If he's a Senior Grandmaster Gunsmith or even an Elder Grandmaster Rank, then it made perfect sense he got rid of all those corpses and cleared the trial in less than a year.

"He can't be left in that muscle brain, arrogant idiot's care. I need to do something to make him kick that little guy out of the alliance without letting him find out that the target of our interest is probably an Elder Grandmaster Rank Gunsmith."

Nelsen's eyes shone in wiliness, "My little money grabber really hit the jackpot!"

Cursed Immortality

Chapter 237: Double Agent?

Dark City, Alchemy Guild 132nd Floor,

Otto was sitting in a closed room, and this room was completely soundproof and unassessable to anyone beside him because it was a private room of Senior Grandmaster Rank.

Otto didn't have his previous friendly demeanor as he was completely emotionless with a cold look in his eyes. At this moment, he opened his Star Watch UI and found a peculiar contact before he sent a call request.

A tuneful, emotionless voice sounded, "You have 10 seconds!"

Otto didn't waste any time and uttered after putting on his best respectful face, "I want to report the appearance of a Senior Grandmaster Gunsmith below the age of 30, and he's also from the common plains to boot!"

"Star ID?" The woman's voice remained completely emotionless, without any hint of interest or dissatisfaction.

But Otto's eyes glow instantly because the other party is asking for the ID, which means they are hooked.

So, he didn't beat around the bush and revealed, "Faceless Ancient!"

"1,500 ZC will be transferred to your account shortly."

Without uttering any further word, the woman disconnected the call as if Otto was nothing but a worthless swine and didn't worth any extra second of her time.

However, Otto wasn't fazed by such treatment since he knew just talking to him for over ten seconds was already that woman's generosity. On the contrary, his eyes were shimmering in elation when he heard '1,500 ZC.'

He had no doubt that the payment will delay or that woman won't deliver.

So, while waiting for his payment, he opened his Star ID and made a caller request without hesitation.

But his respectful demeanor had instantly changed into an arrogant one. He was changing his demeanor like drinking water, and this kind of skill clearly can't be learned just from some books.

This call was also connected, and an annoying voice rang, "Skull No. A-2, you better not be disturbing me for more resourcing again. As I said before, I already have my hands full with those dead bastards and these hateful ants!"

Otto snorted and said with a somewhat teasing voice, "Boss 0, what do you take me for? I know Society is going through some tough times, and it all happened when you finally managed to pull the impossible. What a shame, sigh..."

"Skull No. A-2, if you call me to spit on my face, then I don't mind requesting the higher-ups for your 'help' here, and then we can try this conversation again face to face." No. A-0's voice was filled with killing intent as he 'suggested.'

Otto snickered silently but didn't dare to taunt him anymore and said with a friendly tone, "Boss 0, you and I are old friends. Is there a need to be so distant from your old friend? Since I call you, I naturally call you to give you good news, and you might be able to quench the higher-ups' anger after the trial incident. Who knows, you might even redeem yourself completely from the cannibal plan incident as well."

No. A-0 fell silent for three seconds before he said, "I know you, Skull No. A-2, better than anyone. Bark, what do you want? As long as you really have what you claimed to have, I won't mind throwing you a golden bone!"

Otto didn't mind being called dog indirectly as his wily smile covered more than half of his face, "Oh, you will give me more than a golden bone, Boss 0 when you hear the name of my good news."

"Now, I'm really interested. Bark away." No. A-0 sneered without any hint of interest at all, as if he didn't have any high expectations at all.

Otto slyly chuckled, "I'm glad. The good news name is 'Faceless Ancient!'"

"What did you say?!" No. A-0 yelled in disbelief.

Otto snickered, "See? You're truly interested. So, heard my price first, and it is not negotiable. I want to be promoted to No. A-1 and 1000 ZC!"

"Motherfucker! Why not go and rob the fucking zodiac bank! Do you think I'm so desperate to find that prick? Besides, since you suddenly brought him up, then I'm sure he's in the dark city. How's that for being an idiotic dog?" No. A-0 finally dropped the act and started to curse.



However, there wasn't a sliver of anger on Otto's calm face, as if he was listening to calm winds.

After No. A-0 was done cursing. He spoke again with the same calm yet arrogant tone, "Of course, I expect nothing less from Boss 0. But if you search for him in Dark City, it's like searching in a haystack for a needle.

"However, if you complete my little requests, I will not only give you accurate information about him, I can even assassinate him in a heartbeat. I'm 'that' close to him. But I would naturally charge extra for an assassination fee since I'm putting my neck on the line here."

Otto smiled slyly, "So, what do you think, Boss 0? Although you know my location, you don't know my accurate position, and I know I'm not obliged to tell you at all.

"Of course, with your 'intelligence,' you can easily use the authorities to force me to reveal my position, but then I will also come in contact with 'them' and have to tell them about my valuable information. If that happened, you and I both know they will..."

A-0's voice, with the mixture of grounding his teeth, rang, obstructing Otto's praises, "Alright, bastard, I get it. Just tell me where that prick is, and we have a deal!"

Otto's smile widened, "Boss 0, you know I have utter respect for you and your straight character, but I'm a little insecure by nature, so..."

"Skull No. A-2, do you think I'm a pushover?" No. A-0's voice was now icy cold, filled with killing intent.

"How dare I? You're our valiant leader, and I have nothing but deep respect and absolute loyalty toward the society." Otto innocently uttered, "That's why I'm giving you credit for detaining one of the most wanted targets of Rare Plains in returned for your sincerity!"

No. A-0 gnashed his teeth so hard their eerier voice could be heard as if he was on the verge of losing it.

In resignation, he cursed, "Alright, you motherfucker!"

## Cursed Immortality

### Chapter 238: Settling Down

While the name Faceless Ancient was getting all kinds of attention in the first two hours after passing the Senior Grandmaster Rank test, the person in question was now strolling in a Gunsmith Workshop on the 54th floor with the graceful elf Rita.

"So, what do you think? This workshop is as good as mine, and from now on, the 54th floor will be under your care. Your identity badge with perks will arrive in six hours, and then we will announce your instating." Rita stated with a beautiful smile as she glanced at Jacob's still-masked face and hooded head.

After the test, those judges excused themselves after congratulating Jacob, and they also had a report to submit while Rita took Jacob to the 54th floor for a tour since it would be his very soon.

Furthermore, Rita no longer looked at Jacob as a junior but as a fellow peer and even respected him.

Jacob nodded and coolly said, "I appreciate it. But this workshop will be sufficient, and I don't want any authority. You can do what you have been doing in the past, don't mind me."

Jacob was telling the truth since he wasn't here to take over some measly floor and get cozy, but he was here to increase his craftsmanship and create weapons before bouncing off for good.

Although the Senior Grandmaster has many duties, he knew Rita was more than capable of covering them for him, and he would only be needed if an incident happened again, like his appearance. Which he was pretty sure would not be going to happen anytime soon.

Rita grimaced when she heard Jacob's cold reply without even looking at her, and she started to wonder if she wasn't pretty enough to draw his attention.

'He's not one of those who are obsessed with their work, right?' She wondered and almost reached a conclusion.

She pursed her lips and said, "Alright. If you change your mind, you can tell your assistant to look for me on the 55th floor or..."

"I don't need an assistant as well." Jacob instantly cut her before she could finish. He would be a fool to allow someone who he didn't even know to observe what he was doing.

Rita curled her lips, "Don't worry, I'm not talking about work assistant. I'm talking about the floor assistant who normally manages the floors, and his lab is fifty meters south of yours. He won't disturb you, but you can look for him any time you want."

Jacob thought for a bit and nodded, "Sounds simple." He then finally looked at Rita and emotionlessly asked, "When will I expect you to deliver your part of the deal?"

"Tsk, ts. You didn't even get appointed yet, and you're already in a hurry to get into the magic smith workshop." Rita pursed her lips as she looked at Jacob's deadpan eyes, and she finally gave up, "Fine, give me three days. Add me on the star network so I can contact you. I was about to suggest that before when you cut me in the midst. This is a more convenient method to keep in contact."

Jacob finally averted his gaze and pretended he didn't notice the faint blush on Rita's cheeks when she bluntly asked for his contact info.

Still, he wasn't going to reject it since if Rita searched for his ID, she would not be going to find it as long as her privilege wasn't at his level, which might raise some questions.

So, it was far better to add her since he would be going to need it. As for others, they can think as they want, but he was not going to add anyone else.

"Tell me your ID, and I'll send you a friend request." Jacob coolly stated.

Rita's eyes lit up and quickly said with a tingle of redness, "Gun Beauty328. This is also my private server ID in the guild. If you need anything, you can contact me. If I'm free, I'll help you."

She quickly stole a quick glance at the end, but to her dismay, Jacob looked the same without any kind of emotions, which made her somewhat resentful.

Jacob didn't mind the name or Rita's free pass to contact her anytime. He just wanted to get it over with, so he could get some alone time.

"Is there anything else? If not, I would like to retire for today." Jacob uttered.

Rita puckered her lips again in anger, "Your living quarters are connected with this workshop. Look, that's the door, and you can go yourself. I'm not free to as to think I am. Hmph!"

Without waiting for his reply, she huffed and turned around, and stomped toward the exit while still having some expectation that Jacob would stop her because of her sudden outburst. But alas, she was thoroughly wrong because Jacob couldn't be gladder!

Before leaving, Rita turned around and was flabbergasted when she saw Jacob was already opening the door to his private room without even caring about if she had left or not.

She gnashed her pristine teeth and cursed under her breath before leaving with a bang, "Asshole!"

For some reason, Jacob's indifference was getting under her skin, and this was a new feeling she had never experienced.

On the other hand, Jacob closed the door, and he even heard Rita's curse, and his lips curled up slightly, "The more beautiful you are, the more you are used to attention and admiration. Heh, I don't mind blowing off some steam before leaving, but right now..."

His expression went sharp as he looked at a large apartment, which was like a modern 3-room apartment with two bedrooms and a personnel lab, an open lounge, and a kitchen.

After Jacob made sure there weren't any surveillance devices hidden in this place, he finally relaxed and bit and headed toward the bathroom to take a shower. He finally reached his destination and acquired a place to settle down in the Dark City.

Now, it was time to study his gains from Dark Ruins since the language was no longer a barrier!

Cursed Immortality

Chapter 239: Fantastic Insects

Jacob looked at two items on the table. They were none other than the gray tatter cover book and the parchment made of beast skin he got from the dark ruins when his very first condition.

He was too busy learning the languages, so he put the appraisal for later when he entered the dark city.

Now that he was finally free, he was going to see what these two things were and their uses. As for the gray metallic cylinder, he still has no idea what it is, and he might be able to find out once he studies the Universal Magical Materials encyclopedia.

Jacob first opens the tatter cover book, and he can finally understand the title of the very first page, which instantly draws his attention.

"Legends and Basic Information of Top 100 Fantastic Insects!"

Jacob's expression darkened when he read the title because this was by far what he was expecting. He expects this book to be some sort of secret magic manual, but it turns out to be some insect storybook.

Still, since this book could survive so long, he was interested in the information, and he could always sell it to SAAI. He already knew its price.

As he turned the page, there was an introduction.

"Fantastic Insects are the rarest breed of insects that ever to exist in the universe, especially the top 100 hundred.

"The Fantastic Insects in the top 100 are born in extremely harsh environments and at the very first stage of their evolution (Common Rank) because they could bring ruins to worlds if they were born in their true form and almost impossible to kill if they reached their final form.

"The universe is fair, and that's why despite giving these insects unbelievable abilities, they needed to grow to use them, and they are just like any other insects at their first three stages of evolution.

"Only after they cross into their fourth stage of evolution will they start to awaken their true abilities. Because of this exact reason, just finding a single one is nigh impossible, not to mention controlling them.

"The only way to control them is when they are at the very first stage of their evaluation (Common Rank). There is no other way around it.

"In this book, there is very basic information and some legends that I've collected in my entire life on the top 100 fantastic insects and the only method that can completely enslave a Fantastic Insect at its first stage of evolution.

"The method is written in the Blood Insect Enslavement Ritual Array."

Jacob's eyes contorted when he read at this point, and something instantly came into his mind as his eyes darted toward the beast skin parchment, 'Don't tell me?'

Without hesitation, he opened the beast skin parchment, and he completely ignored the runic array design as his eyes were affixed to the information on top.

"Blood Insect Enslavement Ritual Array Design and Materials Requirement!"

It was written in crimson wording which made his expression ugly.

"What the fuck am I supposed to do with these two things?" Jacob was really perplexed as he fought his urge to burn these two useless things.

Still, he put the array design down and decided to read the information on those fantastic insects even though it was clearly written just how rare and dangerous these insects were.

But if somehow he got his hands on one of these insects, he would be able to completely enslave them because he had both their information and the only method to control them as far as this book described it.

It was a long shot but still, who knows, he might get his hands on one of them someday, and this information could also be used in multiple ways.

As for who wrote this book or designed this array, there was no name, and Jacob wasn't one to care either.

So, after reading the two-page introduction on these fantastic insects, he flipped the page, and a rough sketch of a strange flea appeared with a tentacle-like cavity between its wings.

There was a small information section below it.

'Fantastic Insect: Rank 100

'Name: Light Speed Flea

'Introduction: Able to Fly at the speed of sound on birth. Legend has it; in its final form, it can move through space even faster than the speed of light, and nothing can catch it as it can pass through anything.'

Jacob cocked an eyebrow when he read the legend, 'If even a fragment of this is true and this flea is only ranked 100, then what about the number 1?'

Intrigued, Jacob looked at the picture below; it was an ant with triangular wings and a long needle stinger.

'Fantastic Insect: Rank 99

'Name: Venomous Trooper Ant King

'Introduction: According to some legends, once an Infant Dragon was killed by a Venomous Trooper Ant King. There is not much information about it.'

'Heh.' Jacob sneered, clearly not believing it.

He didn't dare to imagine the power of an actual Infant Dragon since just that infant wyvern's strength was enough to send terror into anyone's heart.

Afterward, Jacob flipped the pages one by one as he remembered the appearances in those sketches as well the very limited information and some unreliable legends.

Nevertheless, Jacob knew if any one of those legends were real, then these top 100 fantastic insects were enough to wreak havoc in Zodiac Plains. This might also be the reason for the limitation implicated on them by the universe.

However, when Jacob was only top 10 insects away from ending the book, his eyes landed on a particular sketch when he turned the page, and shock surfaced in his eyes before it turned into absolute disbelief.

There was a sketch of a centipede colored completely black, with six body segments. It was eyeless, and instead; it had two pairs of antennas on each side of its head and 12 pairs of black legs.

Jacob couldn't be more familiar with that body segment's shape and saw-like antennas. With tightened nerves, he looked at the information...

'Fantastic Insect: Rank 9

'Name: Brain Hunter



'Introduction: There's no information on its actual name as it's simply known by the name Brain Hunter, and there is a very infamous yet terrifying legend about it. Once an entire civilization's brains were consumed by it, and they were all nothing but Brain Hunter's mindless puppets!'

Cursed Immortality

Chapter 240: The 'Thrall'

The information completely gobsmacked Jacob, as he knew it was simply too ridiculous for his luck to be this crazy. But the fact was right in front of his eyes, and he truly wanted it to be true.

'If this Brain Hunter really is Eclipse Alipes Imhoff, then I can have a rank-9 fantastic insect at my complete disposal if this array works.' Jacob's eyes shimmered in ecstasy.

The Eclipse Alipes Imhoff was something he acquired accidentally from Decker, who had used it to control Pig Head's corpse.

After he got the information about it from Immortika, he didn't dare to use it since the method to control it was simply too shallow, and it might come back to bite him if he was careless.

So, to this day, the Eclipse Alipes Imhoff was always in his infinity pendant, and he almost forgot about it because he was busy raising his prowess.

However, now that he has seen this sketch and its familiar name, he can't ignore it because a fantastic insect was simply too terrifying, and if he could tame one, it would be a frightening trump card.

But he needed to clarify it first, and he knew only one thing could help him.

"Cursed Immortality!" Jacob coldly uttered, and the next moment the book appeared.

Without waiting, he said, "You already know what I want to ask you? Just give me a straight answer. Is what I'm guessing true or not?"

Jacob knew Immortika's antics, and if it didn't want to reveal information, he was simply helpless.

Even if he got nothing, he was still going to try his luck by performing this ritual; it was simply not worth passing over.

"Hahahaha... what a turn. I never thought you would get your hands on something like this. Of course, since you already discovered the true background of Eclipse Alipes Imhoff, then I can't deny it."

Jacob's eyes shimmered with ecstasy when Immortika confirmed it.

He inhaled sharply before he said, "So, this is really a rank-9 fantastic insect, and what about the legend? Is any of these legends true?"

"Now, now, aren't we getting ahead of ourselves? But I will still answer this question. The information in this book is 10% correct and 90% assumption. No one had ever seen the top 100 rank fantastic insects.

"Especially the ones in the top 10, those ten are simply myths, and there are various debates about whether they are even real.

"But they do exist. It's just that their traces had been nigh impossible to find, and they mostly died the moment they were born since it was too difficult for them to survive. They are born even more fragile than insects in the top 11 to 100.

"However, if by some heaven-defying chances even one of them survived, hehehe, trust me, you don't want to know what kind of despair they will bring on a cosmic level.

"But these existences are very, very far from you, and knowing about them will do you nothing but give you nightmares. As for the Eclipse Alipes Imhoff's actual rank in Fantastic Insects is 18th. And this is all the information you will get from me."

Jacob inhaled coldly as he was really astonished reading all this unimaginable information.

He didn't ask more since he knew he wouldn't be entertained anymore. Just this much information was quite generous of Immortika to divulge when it could simply remain shut.

'It seemed as long as I know about the basic of some information, Immortika can answer me about it.'  
He thought since it was quite apparent now.

But it still remained to see if his conjecture was true or not.

He asked something else, "Then, can this ritual array really tame Brain Hunter indefinitely?"

Truth be told, he was no longer confident anymore after reading Immortika's reply. Since this book wasn't completely accurate, then there is no way in hell he would believe that the ritual array was accurate as well.

So, what if he had the Brain Hunter? He didn't dare to try to nurture it unless he was absolutely sure if it was under his absolute control.

If there were even the tiniest bit of chance that it would turn on him, he would rather kill it than let it become its enemy who knows about him and probably Immortika as well.

Because Pig Head had seen everything that had happened in Decker's lab, and there was no way in hell, he would let anyone know about it. Cursed Immortality's existence outmatched anything in Jacob's eyes.

Even the 1st Rank Fantastic Insect!

"Hehehe... at least you're not greedy, I must say. Despite getting your hands on such a rare opportunity, you are still rational enough to fight the urge to gain control of a Fantastic Insect.

"Tell me, do you remember the piece of information that I gifted you for completing the second level of Cursed Heart Emergence?"

Jacob squinted his eyes because of this sudden question, but he still replied as he could tell Immortika was implying something, "You told me to 'Nurture Alice into a star-level being,' what about it?"

"Hahahaha... my exact words were, 'Nurture that thrall of yours into a star-level being!' I never said 'Alice!'"

Jacob's eyes instantly dilated as he would be imbecilic if he still didn't understand.

He blurted, "You were telling me to nurture Brain Hunter, not Alice! Fuck!"

Immortika's laugh filled the entire page as if it was extremely pleased with Jacob's blunder.

Jacob's expression was also quite ugly since he knew he was right, 'How could I not think of this? Alice wasn't even in my complete control at that time, and the only 'thrall' I have been actually Brain Hunter. But I simply didn't think too deeply about this and believed what was in front of me. I should've known better to think that this book could put a weak human in its eye.'

"Stop laughing, you could've simply told me straight, and I wouldn't have wasted so much time. Well, knowing you, if I hadn't gotten my hands on this book, you might've still not going to make it clear, right? So, tell me, what changed it?"

Jacob's eyes went sharp as he looked at Cursed Immortality without blinking, waiting for its answer!