

Reincarnated Avatar; I got 2 SSS-Rank Unique Skills

#Chapter 41: A Combat Mage - Read Reincarnated Avatar; I got 2 SSS-Rank Unique Skills Chapter 41: A Combat Mage

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[Equipment Name: Spellforged Battle Lance]

[Equipment Type: Weapon]

[Weapon Type: Battle Lance- Hybrid of Spear and Staff]

[Damage Type: Hybrid- Physical & Magical]

[Weapon Rank: A]

[Special Trait: Adaptive Arcane Fusion]

Level: 20

Durability: 100/100

Physical Attack: +58

Magical Attack: +58

[Special Effects: ...]

Looking through the stats of his new weapon a second time since he could not believe what he saw the first time; Noah was beyond amazed. "These stats..., that's at the level of S-rank equipment already!"

"Alas, it's just a level 20 weapon". He sighed, feeling regret.

Noah was pretty confident that the fact that this weapon was just a level 20 weapon, and the fact that it could not be upgraded was why it was rated by the game system as just an A-rank weapon.

Afterall, all the S-rank weapons that have appeared in the video game are all level 100 weapons.

He was pretty sure that in the new server, at level 20, no other weapon was as formidable as this battle lance, not even most S-rank weapons if their level was ever reduced to level 20.

At level 20, this battle lance was unrivaled.

Besides, it was not just powerful; it was also aesthetically pleasing to the eye.

The Spellforged Battle Lance is an elegant yet terrifying weapon, its length forged from arcane-infused metal that hums with latent power.

The shaft is inscribed with ancient runes, constantly shifting and glowing in response to the wielder's magic.

The blade-tip is not fixed, instead, it shifts forms depending on the spell infused into it. Sometimes a gleaming silver spearhead, and other times a pure crackling mass of arcane energy, burning with raw, unfocused power.

It was a massive upgrade from the battle lance that Noah used previously.

"This time, I really struck it big". He chuckled.

The effects of the class change quest is directly proportional to your performance. And from history, the performance parameters are calculated based on combat performance, player I.Q, and the length of time required to complete the class change quest.

Considering the fact that Noah completed this quest in just less than an hour, something that takes others weeks and months to complete, getting an overpowered equipment like the Spellforged Battle Lance was normal.

At the early levels, Noah's Lord Doom Avatar was proving unrivaled.

Not even his Stinger of War Avatar at level 20 had a weapon this overpowered. Afterall, then, the game mechanics were not as developed as now.

Besides, he didn't have this same level of experience, limiting his performance when he completed his class change quest then.

Noah grinned. "I'm on the right track to creating an unrivaled Avatar".

Yes, he felt endlessly competitive again after a long time.

Yes, he was spurred on after listening to Meng Wu Ya's Autumn Rain in action; Noah wanted nothing more than to prove himself against the best of the best.

And from the look of things, Meng Wu Ya was the best of the best.

Having faced off against the best that England had to offer for a decade plus, Noah was now eager to face off against the best that the world had to offer.

And finally, he left the Ruined Sky Temple.

As he left, he accessed his Avatar game status.

---<Warstar>---

[Character Name: Lord Doom]

[Level: 20]

[Class: Combat Mage]

[NEW! Passive Abilities:]

*Arcane Warrior: Increases weapon damage and reduces cooldowns of hybrid melee-spell skills.

*Mystic Endurance: Reduces mana consumption and increases resistance to magical attacks.

[Attributes:]

Strength: 28

Intelligence: 27

Vitality: 24

Spirit: 24

[HP: 100/100]

[MP: 100/100]

[Skill Points: Reset successfully]

[Unique Skills: You have 1 locked SSS-Rank Unique Skill]

[SSS-Rank 10x skill points: Skill points are awarded through various means in the game. With this unique skill, every awarded skill points that you gain will be multiplied by 10!]

[Equipment: Spellforged Battle Lance...]

----<Warstar>----

After completing his class change quest, this was how Noah's Lord Doom Avatar status looked like.

In Warstar, the Combat Mage main class has only 4 passive abilities.

Normally, after the class change quest, most in-game Avatars get only 1 passive ability, with some luck getting 2 more at the Awakening stage at level 60.

Even Noah's Stinger of War got only 1 passive ability after his class change quest but due to Noah's ridiculous performance today, he actually did it, getting 2 passive abilities at just level 20.

If he continued on this trajectory, at level 60, he may just go on and get all 4 Combat Mage passive abilities.

Besides, after the class change quest, he got bonus attributes; +5 intelligence, +5 strength, and +2 for the two other attributes.

Combat Mages were known as the jack of all trades in the world of Warstar. They were all-rounded and in the hands of a master, a Combat Mage has no weaknesses, known as jack of all trades.

This was why unlike other main classes; they get bonus attributes to each specific Warstar-character attribute.

After the class change quest, since intelligence and strength were the main attributes of the Combat Mage class, every level up gives +2 stat points to the 2 main attributes and +1 stat point each to the other attributes.

After leaving the Ruined Sky Temple, the first place that Noah went to was the Hunter guild in the Beginner village.

After his class change quest, all the skill points that he already got before now and spent were reset, giving him more options to get new skills. Besides, as an official Combat Mage now, he could finally purchase high level Combat Mage skills.

At the Hunter guild, Noah spent all his reset skill points.

[You have learned high level Combat Mage Skill: Gravity Well]

[You have learned high level Combat Mage Skill: Arcane Chains]

[You have learned high level Combat Mage Skill: Elemental Surge]

[You have learned...]

...

Minutes later, Noah looked for his friends only to learn that they were also already at level 20 and were pursuing their various class change quests.

"Tsk, that was fast". He chuckled.

"That means I have some alone time". Noah's eyes gleamed.

Since entering the new server, Noah had been so focused on farming dungeons and leveling up that he barely had time to do any other thing.

And now, with his class change, he got ideas.

"It's time to visit the Arena..., and PK!"

Chapter 42: The Arena trembles; Lord Doom, the King of PK

[Lord Doom has entered the Arena]

[Lord Doom has joined a lobby...]

The Warstar Arena is a battleground where reputations are forged and shattered. A coliseum of relentless duels, where only the strongest thrived.

And today, it bore witness to something unprecedented.

Noah had arrived. And he wasn't here to participate, he was here to dominate.

The rules of engagement in the Arena could be randomized or customized by the 2 players in a lobby, setting their rules of engagement, including involving handicap rules, any type of rules for the game.

The moment that Noah stepped onto the main Arena, he was met with skepticism. A newly changed Combat Mage?

Noah was not the first to complete the class change quest.

Yes, he leveled up fast but his speed was still not compared to that of the main guilds whose main accounts were leveled 24/7.

Besides, the guilds had numerous accounts in their disposal. If one account failed the class change quest, while that one waited 2 weeks, they could use the experience from that one to play in other accounts.

This was why there were a few accounts with main classes already.

Yes, Lord Doom was famous in the new server but to swagger into this specific Arena of experts so arrogantly, no one took him seriously until the first match started.

His opponent? A level 21 top-ranked Spellblade, known for his devastating counters and relentless aggression in the PK Arena.

And yet he lasted just twenty seconds.

"..."

The crowd barely processed what happened.

Noah's Spellforged Battle Lance moved like an extension of his will, dancing between spell and strike so fluidly that his opponent never had a chance.

One perfect feint, one precise Rift Lunge, and the duel was over.

The next challenger, a Berserker with a reputation for tanking entire guilds rushed in, laughing, eager to put the infamous Lord Doom in his place.

Noah shut him down in ten seconds.

By the time he reached his fifth consecutive win, the entire Arena had gone silent even as the viewership for every game voraciously increased.

At first, the spectators were stunned; then came the murmurs, then the whispers.

"Who the hell is this guy?"

"Is he for real?"

"A combat Mage playing like that? That's not normal bruhh, the f*ck!"

"Is he freaking God Noah? His dominance reminds me so much of the King! Sigh, I miss him, the Pro Alliance is now boring without the King!"

Even as the regular guild experts raved about the infamous Lord Doom's skill level, worshipping him at every subsequent dominating victory, the true guild insiders arrived at a frightening realization.

'This Lord Doom..., his skill is at the professional level already!'

'Or wait, is he a pro player already?'

'Impossible! If so, what the hell is he doing in a beginner server?'

'He should be in the Starry Domain where the top-level experts are, not here, in a new server, in a beginner village'.

'But what if that is exactly why he's here? To just play and enjoy himself'. The guild leaders' eyes widened as numerous thoughts went through their head.

'Should we recruit him?'

'NO, I think this is already beyond us, we should involve the main guild in the Starry Domain. And maybe even the club'.

'This guy..., we can't see his depths at all!'

'Our club has to recruit this guy before another club beats us to it!'

'We must be fast!'

Unknown to Noah, while he was in the Arena, PKing and enjoying himself, undercurrents already started as the big names in the new server tied to big clubs quickly started recruitment preparations.

While all that happened, in the Arena, the rave reviews grew crazier.

The realization spread like wildfire, the acceptance that he was unrivaled in the PK Arena.

And he wasn't just winning, he was erasing everyone who dared challenge him. And worst of all, he taunted them as he did.

"Haha, train harder and you may stand a chance next time".

"That's your best? Damn! You can't even lace my boots".

Noah was in a good mood and it showed through his taunts and words.

'This bastard...!'

It wasn't about strength alone. It was the way that he fought; absolute confidence, brutal efficiency, and impossible skill.

His Spellforged Battle Lance never stopped moving, his spellstrike execution so seamless that his opponents never knew whether they were fighting a spearman or a mage.

It didn't matter; they lost either way.

"I challenge you!" Another voice said the next moment.

Noah inclined his head to look at the new challenger.

From the reaction of the spectating crowd, Noah guessed that this guy was popular. Yes, he was indeed popular, a Grandmaster ranked Warlock, one of the highest-rated duelists in the new server and an expert of one of the big guilds.

The spectators were suddenly excited. To many of them present, this match would decide if this Lord Doom was truly the King of PK in the new server.

The battle started.

It was longer than the others, but only because Noah let it be. He was absolutely enjoying himself.

He toyed with his opponent, evading spells with pixel-perfect movement, countering with precisely-timed Runebursts, keeping the Warlock one step behind at all times no matter how much this guy tried.

The audience watched, spellbound, as Noah made a top-tier player look like a newbie struggling through a tutorial.

It was tough to watch, but also strangely exhilarating, to watch such an infamous Grandmaster be reduced to such an object of helplessness.

And then, with a final Rift Lunge, Noah pierced straight through the Warlock's last-ditch defensive spell, decisively ending the fight.

The screen flashed.

---<VICTORY>---

And then the arena exploded with reactions.

"HE'S A MONSTER!"

"The King!"

"Unrivalled! Absolutely unmatched!"

"This is insane, he just claimed the throne like it was nothing!"

Noah turned, keeping his weapon in his inventory with an almost bored expression, but there was a strange gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

He didn't need to gloat, his performance had already said everything.

He walked off the stage, leaving the stunned crowd behind.

His reign had begun.

And from this moment on, one truth became undeniable..., Lord Doom was the undisputed King of PK in the new server.

But then..., a voice interrupted his epic walk off.

"Not so fast pretty boy..."

It was a familiar voice, Noah paused.

She grinned. "...one last obstacle to be crowned the King".

Aria walked into the stage. "Let's PK!"

Chapter 43: Lord Doom vs Reckless Storm- The PK King's ultimate test

[Avatar "Reckless Storm" has joined the lobby...]

The female Blademaster gallantly joined Lord Doom in the lobby.

The Warstar Arena had seen countless duels that day, but this? This was something different entirely.

Noah's Lord Dom stood in the center, Spellforged Battle Lance resting casually on his shoulder, exuding the effortless confidence of a King.

Aria was definitely no easy opponent, after all, this was a Blademaster that had won the MVP award of the English Pro Alliance once before. But before her, Noah showed no signs of apprehension.

It irked Aria as she stepped into the lobby.

Aria's Reckless Storm, the newly ascended Blademaster stood opposite him, her hand on the hilt of her twin blades. She was grinning, no, baring her teeth like a wolf ready to rip into her prey.

"Alright, hotshot," she sneered, "You've been running your mouth all day, thrashing nobodies. Time to see if you can handle me".

Noah's smirk widened. "Oh?" He chuckled. "Finally finished your little quest? Hope it was worth it, because this is where you learn your place".

Behind her monitor in real life, Aria's eyes twitched. 'This bastard...!'

The spectators held their breath as the countdown started.

[3..., 2..., 1... FIGHT!]

BZZZ!

Aria's Reckless Storm vanished, a Blademaster's speed burst activating instantly.

Just like Noah's Lord Doom, with her class change, she finally spent her reset skill points to purchase high level Blademaster skills.

She closed the gap faster than human reflexes should allow, her twin swords slashing at Lord Doom's throat, but...

CLANG!

Noah already read her.

His Spellforged Battle Lance snapped up, intercepting her attack with inhuman precision. Sparks erupted as steel met arcane metal, and for a moment, it seemed like a deadlock.

But then Aria twisted.

Her off-hand blade curved around Noah's guard in an impossible arc, aiming straight for his ribs.

Noah smirked.

{Runeburst=}

A shockwave of stored kinetic energy detonated between them, blasting Aria backward. She skidded across the arena floor, but she wasn't done.

Showing her precise control and spatial awareness, in mid-air, she flipped, landing with a snarl. "Alright, you're fast," she acknowledged. "But let's see if you can handle this!"

"...!" The spectators were mortified.

In this short exchange, no matter how low their skill level was, they could tell that these 2 players were miles more skilled than they were.

'Just who are these guys?'

This duel was only going to turn more intense.

As soon as Aria spoke, her swords glowed red.

{Warpath=}

She activated Warpath, a Blademaster high level skill that stacked speed and power with each consecutive hit and then..., she vanished again.

Bzzz!

Aria became a storm of flashing steel.

Each strike faster than the last, her movements completely unpredictable as her blade strikes formed a harrowing symphony that lingered in the air.

Standing his ground, Noah's Spellforged Battle Lance spun in response, deflecting, dodging, and countering but Aria was not slowing down.

Every clash made her faster, stronger, more ferocious.

She feinted a frontal attack, then flickered behind him in a blur.

Noah barely turned in time but it was too late; her blade bit into his side, drawing blood from Lord Doom.

"...!"

The crowd gasped; the first hit landed.

Aria grinned. "Gotcha".

She lunged again; her momentum now unstoppable.

The narrative of this battle seemed to have shifted, the indomitable Lord Doom now put on the backfoot but as Aria's Reckless Storm lunged towards him again, Noah's eyes narrowed.

Then suddenly, he stopped dodging.

Instead of backing off, instead of evading, he did the one thing Aria never expected..., he charged straight at her.

"What...?!"

In an instant, their roles reversed.

Aria was no longer attacking; she was being forced to defend.

Noah's Spellforged Battle Lance became a blur, his relentless pressure unraveling the rhythm of her attacks.

And then, he saw it.

A 0.2-second delay in her step. The tiniest moment of imbalance but for players of Noah's level, that was all that they needed.

Bam!

Noah's lance struck like lightning.

The air rippled.

Noah's Rift Lunge activated, space itself bending as he phased through her last desperate counterattack and impaled her clean through the chest.

{CRITICAL HIT!}

The entire arena erupted.

Aria's HP dropped to zero, her body disintegrating into pixels.

---<VICTORY>---

The familiar victory screen flashed in the arena. Noah won, again.

And now, the PK King of the 11th server was truly crowned.

"..."

After the initial eruption and cheers, the sounds slowly died down, turning into stunned silence as the battle replayed in the heads of the spectators.

"My God!"

"What did we just witness?"

"These guys..., are they human?"

"That is already at the level of pro players!"

...

Bzzz!

Aria respawned outside the arena, arms crossed, glaring at Noah.

Noah just grinned. "Still think I can't handle you?"

She scowled. She wanted to accuse him of cheating that it was because of the advantage of his SSS-Rank unique skill, but then it didn't matter.

After a pause, she smirked back at him. "Fine. You win, for now".

The others, Genevieve, Caleb and Benjamin watched from the sidelines, having also completed their class change quests and heard about the commotion that was happening here.

Benjamin whistled. "Well, that was intense. Guess Noah really is the PK King now".

Caleb pushed up his glasses. "Tch. I hate to admit it... but yeah. That was absurdly well played".

Genevieve just smiled softly, looking at him. "Looks like our team has a real monster leading it".

Noah tilted his head back, basking in his victory. "Of course we do. It's me," he grinned.

While they conversed, the spectators looked at them, their gazes alternating between all of them.

"How long did it take them to complete the class change quest? I heard they got to level 20 only today". They whispered.

"Really? Jesus!" They exclaimed.

"Monsters...!"

"Absolute monsters!"

At that moment, among the spectators, a familiar Blademaster waved. "Boss, it's me, hehe," he grinned. "I completed a special quest and got a thousand-year-old mystical wine as a reward".

"Do you care for?"

Noah looked in that direction.

It was Nightingale.

Chapter 44: Final preparations

"Boss, you guys level up so fast!" Nightingale felt like crying.

"It's just been a month but you all are already level 20!"

"How are casuals like us supposed to save any face if you continue leveling up at such a crazy speed?"

Noah chuckled. "Work harder then".

"..." Tears streamed down Nightingale's face.

At this moment, they were all complete. The initial group of 4, Nightingale's crew that played the Pork Labyrinth dungeon with Noah, completing the unique skill challenge with him, including Noah's friends.

After hearing of the commotion that Lord Doom was causing at the arena, Nightingale and his crew rushed there where they were able to witness the extraordinary skill of God level players first-hand.

It took some getting used to, but Nightingale finally accepted the fact that he really was interrupting with God-level players of the English Warstar Pro Alliance.

He was not sure about the others but Noah and Aria were definitely God level players of England's Warstar eSports scene.

Afterall, not every pro player could boast of an MVP award.

It took some time before Nightingale was able to let go of his fanboyism a bit to start interacting with them normally.

At this moment, they were inside an inn with their in-game Avatars, enjoying a treat that Nightingale sponsored.

Nightingale did indeed complete a special quest that rewarded him with a thousand-year-old mystical wine.

In Warstar, mystical items don't just have an aesthetic value, they have tangible benefits attributed to them, including this wine.

It improved certain attributes of a Warstar Avatar.

[+2 Spirit Attribute]

[+2 Vitality Attribute]

It was while they idly ate with their in-game Avatars that Nightingale brought up a conversation. "The new Pro Alliance season is starting in less than 2 months".

"Yeah". Noah idly nodded.

"The teams that will be competing in the new campaign are already finalized".

"Yeah".

"..."

Nightingale truly felt like crying. 'Can't you say more? Say more! Say more! What's yeah? Am I an NPC?'

In the end, with a sigh, he finally decided to go straight to the point.

"Boss, don't you guys intend to return to the Pro Alliance?"

Noah finally looked at Nightingale. "Yeah, why?"

Nightingale sighed. "You know, it's less than 2 months to the start of a new campaign yet your new Avatars are still just level 20".

He looked at Noah. "How do you guys intend to do it?"

"We're not joining this new campaign".

"Huh?"

Noah chuckled. "Our initial rush was because at first, I thought the Warstar World Championship will be played every year".

"Our main goal for deciding to come out of retirement is for the World title".

"If it is played every 2 years, that gives us more preparation time and to me, that's win-win in my books".

"While the new campaign starts, we'll focus on building our in-game Avatars into the ultimate competitive version".

"Our new team will join in the 2027/2028 season".

"Oh! Wow," Nightingale's Deadly Musician looked at him. "I finally understand". He took another sip of the wine.

"What of a sponsor?" Nightingale looked at him. "Creating a new pro team from scratch is not an easy endeavor, you need to have a sponsor".

Hearing that, Noah smiled, shamelessly looking at him. "I heard from Vivi that you're a rich musician in London".

"Do you perhaps want to be our sponsor?"

"Ahem...", Nightingale cleared his throat, making Benjamin chuckle.

The older fellow looked at the musician. "I'm telling you boy, sponsoring a future championship team has to be your Goodluck fortune".

He sighed. "I never had the privilege".

"Once, I wanted to sponsor a championship team, but they said my funds weren't goal-den enough". He shook his head. "Too pitiful, just too pitiful".

"Umm, I'll think about it". Nightingale eventually said.

But in his mind, his heart said something else entirely. 'Yes! Yes! I actually did it, I actually got the opportunity to sponsor God Noah's new team!'

'I can't believe it!'

At that moment, Noah smiled mischievously. "Since you're going to think about it, why not give us certain privileges of being sponsored by you".

"Afterall, you have to prove to us that you have the means".

Nightingale was confused. "Privileges like?"

Noah nodded. "Well, actually, we've been preparing for some time for our first level 20 dungeon raid and we're almost done with our preparations".

"Really?" Nightingale was excited. "Can I join?"

"Sorry, it's a 5-man party level 20 beginner village dungeon".

"Oh!" Nightingale sighed in dejection. "So?"

Noah responded like he's been waiting for this question all along. "We've completed majority of our preparations, except one," he raised a finger up for emphasis. "And that is fully gearing our in-game Avatars up".

Noah smiled mischievously. "We need a full set of A-ranked gear".

"..."

Nightingale's face fell as he finally understood. 'I've been scammed!'

At this stage of the game, there are no S-ranked equipment, making A-ranked equipment the pinnacle available to players.

Special quests and circumstances are needed to get an A-ranked equipment.

They were incredibly rare to get but at just level 20, their drop rate was significantly higher than when it is high level A-ranked equipment.

To get a complete set of A-ranked equipment to fully gear up Noah and his friends, that was going to put a dent in Nightingale's bank account no matter how rich he thought he was.

In the end, despite feeling that he was scammed though, Nightingale didn't argue much about it. He paid for it.

And with that, about an hour later, Noah and his friends' final preparations was complete as they became fully-gearred in level 20 A-ranked equipment.

After leveling up for most of the day, leveling up to level 20, from there going to complete their class change quest and then fighting in the arena, they've expended a great deal of energy already.

For the dungeon raid, Noah wanted himself and his friends to be fresh mentally, ready to give their best.

"Let's go rest".

"Let's meet up in 7 hours".

"By then, you all should be fully rested".

Nightingale and his friends also went to rest.

Though they won't be participating in the dungeon raid, they wanted to be alert and active when Noah's team entered a level 20 dungeon the first time.

Surely, a new clear record was going to be set.

With that, they all left.

Chapter 45: Level 20 Dungeon- Demon's Tower

There is only one Level 20 Beginner village dungeon in the 11th server.

It being a Beginner Village dungeon did not mean it was inferior to other level 20 dungeons though in terms of difficulty. In most cases, it was even superior.

The level 20 dungeon of the Beginner village is called Demon's Tower.

It is a gigantic structure in the middle of nowhere like Sukuna's temple with 5 floors. Each floor was occupied by a Demon Lord.

To conquer Demon's Tower, every Demon Lord was meant to be defeated since each of them held the key to the floor above it.

There were no shortcuts, a clash against demons was inevitable.

Demon's Tower was by far the hardest Beginner village dungeon.

...

7 hours later after Noah's crew went to rest, they all met up in the game again, this time brimming with energy and anticipation.

And together, they went to the level 20 dungeon.

The entrance to Demon's Tower loomed before them, a monolithic structure of black stone and crimson glyphs, pulsating with eerie light.

The moment that they stepped inside, a system message flashed before their eyes, pushing them into the deep end.

[You have entered a Dungeon: Demon's Tower!]

[Special requirements have been met:]

[Unique Skill Challenge Activated- Beware, dungeon difficulty has been increased to Hell Mode!]

BZZZ!

A wave of crushing mana pressed down on them, an invisible force making even the air heavier. The entire team felt it immediately even as their in-game Avatars notified them of debuff messages.

Benjamin, ever the jokester let out a strained chuckle. "Okay, hehe..., we're gonna die. Cool, cool, cool, but why are we even here in the first place?"

Genevieve's eyes flickered with worry, but her voice remained steady. "We expected this, stay sharp".

In truth, they expected this.

With the announcement of the appearance of SSS-Rank and SS-Rank unique skills, Noah expected some changes to happen to the game compared to his first unique skill challenge and it happened just like he expected.

He just didn't predict what exactly the change was going to be. But despite this, Noah was unperturbed.

Standing at the front, he cracked his neck. "Dying? Not happening, at least not under my watch".

His eyes gleamed. "I came here to win!" His Spellforged Battle Lance hummed in his grip, pulsing with power.

And then with a single step forward, the doors of the first floor slammed shut behind them.

They plunged into the deep...

...

[You have killed a Lesser Hellhound- Aamon's Demon Minion!]

[Abilities:]

>Infernal Pounce: Leaps at prey with explosive force, attempting to pin them down<

>Hellfire Claws: Slashes enemies with burning claws that leave lingering fire damage<

>Demonic Howl: Lets out a piercing scream that buffs nearby demons and momentarily disorients players<

>Dark Resurgence: When slain, has a chance to reignite and resurrect, making them deceptively difficult to wipe out completely<

Lesser Hellhounds are the basic monsters of the Demon Tower's first floor.

The Lesser Hellhounds are four-legged beasts that serves as Aamon's frontline attackers on the first floor of Demon's Tower.

These demons are flesh-forged from hellfire and shadows, their bodies covered in cracked obsidian-like scales, with molten veins glowing beneath the surface of their scales.

Their eyes burned like embers, and their fangs dripped with acidic black saliva that corrodes armor on contact.

Despite being classified as basic minions, these creatures are fast, relentless, and incredibly aggressive.

They move in packs, using coordinated pack tactics to harass and overwhelm intruders before Aamon himself engages in battle.

In most cases, random raid parties don't even make it past the Lesser Hellhounds before they experience a party wipe.

Meeting the first floor's boss was a luxury.

And in Hell Mode? Noah was pretty sure that no other raid party had played this dungeon in hell mode, they were the first.

Originally, Lesser Hellhounds have only 2 abilities but due to the Hell Mode difficulty caused due to the unique skill challenge, not only did these Lesser Hellhounds have 4 abilities, they also have enhanced intelligence, and they were capable of adapting mid-fight, even executing coordinated flanking maneuvers.

The A.I for Hell Mode was on a whole other level of difficulty.

The moment that a player lets their guard down, these beasts strike with lethal precision but the opponents that they were up against this time were special.

Noah's crew was made up of monsters themselves.

As soon as the dungeon raid started, the party of 5 didn't stay back or hesitate as immediately, they started showcasing their genius.

Playing Warstar was what they did best, it had been their occupation for over a decade. It was their specialty.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

They fought their way through this dungeon, killing the Demon minions with ruthless skill and efficiency.

They dared not stay complacent. Knowing that this unique skill challenge would only come once, they fought cleverly.

Despite their individual skills, they didn't lose cohesiveness as they stayed in a compact formation as if playing a team battle in a professional game. This party of 5 players stuck together, advancing and defending as one.

It was almost beautiful to watch as they massacred the demons.

Another facet of Demon's Tower was that unlike most dungeons, the duration of time needed to complete it was truly ridiculous.

Most parties spend between 7 to 8 hours before barely managing to complete the dungeon, and that was after they hit higher levels.

There were thousands of the Lesser Hellhounds in the first floor alone.

But persevering through it all, keeping their focus and never making any mistake, they soon cleared all the minions in this floor, and then it happened.

[WARNING!]

[You have intruded into the lair of Aamon, the Grand Marquis of Hell!]

The first boss of the Demon's Tower dungeon, the Grand Marquis of Hell, Aamon was waiting for them.

Aamon stood at the far end of an obsidian chamber inside the first floor, a colossal figure clad in nightmarish armor, his four curved horns wreathed in hellfire.

His burning gaze locked onto the intruders as soon as they appeared.

"Mortal filth," his voice echoed, deep and thunderous.

"You dare defile my domain? You will suffer for eternity!" He raged, and then...

BOOM!

A mighty shockwave erupted as the Demon Lord slammed his flaming greatsword into the ground. Runes flared to life and immediately, countless demonic entities emerged from the darkness.

The full description of this Demon Lord was Aamon, the Grand Marquis of Hell, controller of 40 legions of demons.

Noah's smirk sharpened. "Finally, a warm up".

His teammates didn't smirk like Noah but they were just as fired up as he was staring at the mighty Grand Marquis of Hell finally engage them.

The demons rushed forward in a mad tide of claws, fire, and malice.

Watching them, Benjamin reacted first as raising his staff, lightning crackled. "Alright, let's turn up the heat!"

BOOM!

They clashed.

Chapter 46: Battle against Aamon, the Grand Marquis of Hell

{Chain Lightning=}

A high level Elementalist skill.

Chain Lightning unleashes a bolt of electricity that leaps between multiple enemies, dealing diminishing damage with each jump.

As the demons rushed forward towards Noah's group in a tide of claws, fire, and malice, this was the first move that Benjamin made.

As soon as the Elementalist raised his staff, lightning crackled.

"Alright, let's turn up the heat!"

BOOM!

He unleashed a storm of flame and thunder, directly disintegrating the front ranks of the legion of demons.

The residue from the lightning still crackled in the air when Aria dashed into the fray, her Blademaster moving gracefully, her twin swords turning into a whirlwind of destruction.

Like a hurricane, she swept through them.

Every kill amplified her momentum, turning her into an unstoppable force of nature and she was not alone.

Behind her, Caleb finished the complicated input on his keyboard, completing the skill activation combination to summon a massive Infernal Beast.

The Infernal Beast roared loudly before rampaging through the enemy lines, crushing demons like insects. The Infernal Beast was just one of Caleb's summons, but his calculations made every summon placement lethal.

Every one of them utilized their different attributes to support each other, making them perform at a level far greater than the direct sum of the parts.

This was Caleb's signature; he was Team Cyber Squad's hidden blade.

This is what happens when a genius mathematician develops interest in video games, choosing a class that is highly scientific and requires calculations.

With Caleb's summons going on a rampage, this raid party was able to perform at its best, containing the legions of Aamon, the Marquis of Hell.

Genevieve, ever the pillar of support kept the team alive.

Fighting against so many demons with a powerful Demon Lord lurking at the corner was not easy. Her divine barriers blocked lethal strikes, and every blessing she cast made her teammates faster, sharper, and deadlier.

But the demons were endless.

And Aamon was yet to move.

When the last of the lesser demons fell, Aamon laughed. "Amusing, you all actually have some skill".

"Now, mortals, BURN!"

He raised his sword, and the entire battlefield erupted into hellfire!

Flames rained from above, the floor split apart, and volcanic eruptions forced the raid party onto the defensive.

In that moment, Noah's eyes flashed.

{Blink Step=}

Bzzz!

With a blink step, he phased through a firestorm, using Rift Lunge to dodge midair before driving his lance toward Aamon's chest..., but Aamon predicted it.

With a single backhand strike, the Demon Lord sent Noah crashing into the far wall, a massive crater forming on impact.

"Noah...!" Genevieve's voice rang out in worry.

Aria roared. "You overgrown demon! Fight ME!"

"Vivi, focus! You really think that bastard would bite the dust to a level 20 boss character?"

While speaking, she lunged with blinding speed but again, Aamon showed technique and speed that was not supposed to be possible at this level of the game.

The Marquis of Hell caught her with a gauntleted fist, and slammed her into the ground so hard it cracked.

The team was scattered, wounded, and outmatched.

But then from the rubble, Noah laughed.

Benjamin turned, confused. "What's so funny, you bastard?"

Noah looked straight at the Demon Lord. "Just like I expected, those software developers really tightened the game difficulty this time".

"No level 20 boss should move like this".

He chuckled. "Getting another SSS-Rank unique skill is not going to be easy".

Benjamin rolled his eyes. "Genius, what did you expect?"

In that moment, staring at the Marquis of Hell, Noah grinned like a predator, and then, he moved again.

This time, it was clear that something about his movement changed.

The air shifted as he moved.

Mana exploded from Noah's body, his Spellforged Battle Lance pulsing with unstable energy as the pressure of the battlefield warped around him.

At this moment, if Noah was seated behind a computer, his APM would have absolutely exploded!

Benjamin blinked. "Uh oh..., that's bad, or good, which one? He's going serious".

Aria, still groggy from the impact to her Avatar groaned. "Finally".

With one step, Noah vanished.

Bzzz!

Aamon barely had time to react before Noah reappeared, above him.

The Spellforged Battle Lance gleamed, now thrumming with a newly infused spell. A devastating fusion of kinetic force, spatial magic, and raw destruction.

"Checkmate".

Noah drove the lance down.

Aamon raised his sword to block, but it was too slow.

The impact ripped through the battlefield like a supernova. The entire floor of the chamber collapsed as shockwaves ripped through the tower.

When the dust settled, Aamon was on his knees!

With the sheer number of skills that Noah stacked in that attack, against any other boss, it would have been a one hit one kill, but this was a boss in Hell Mode!

"ROARRRR...!" Aamon roared as he immediately entered a Berserk state.

Aamon's red-blood special effect was it entering the Berserk state.

Due to its ridiculous HP, it did not get to red-blood state immediately but the sheer damage that Noah dealt in that one hit was alarming.

This was what triggered the game algorithm, pushing this Demon Lord to enter the Berserk state ahead of time.

But unfortunately for this boss, Noah's squad already switched on.

Fully focused, they contained this powerful boss.

Noah, Aria, and Benjamin were the main DPS members as they spammed attacks on this boss, chaining incredible combo moves together.

While the 3 of them went head-on, giving the Demon Lord hell, Caleb did a good job in helping them keeping Aamon contained while Genevieve provided support.

The HP of the Marquis of Hell was truly ridiculous but slowly, one damage at a time, this raid party was chipping at it.

A few minutes later, Aamon finally hit red blood state.

Nothing new happened since it was already in Berserk state.

Noah and his teammates held and fought a Berserk state Aamon for minutes! This was absolutely crazy.

In the end, one final attack from Noah claimed the kill.

BAM!

Noah drove his lance through the fiery heart of the Demon Lord as a mighty shockwave exploded with the impact.

This time, when the dust settled, Aamon was gone.

Only Noah remained, standing at the center of the destruction, weapon resting on his shoulder.

---<VICTORY>---

[Congratulations! Your raid party have killed Aamon, the Grand Marquis of Hell!]

[You have been rewarded with XP each!]

[You have received drop rewards!]

[You have received 2nd floor key!]

Bzzz!

Aamon's broken form flickered, his essence dissolving into code. And from the remains, a golden key emerged.

Caleb picked it up, adjusting his glasses. "One down, four to go".

Genevieve exhaled. "This is just the first Demon Lord," she shook her head. "That was way too close".

Benjamin clapped Noah on the back. "You f*cking cockroach, you just refuse to die. I don't think I've ever seen you die in the game once".

Noah smirked. "Damn right".

Ahead of them, the staircase to the second floor loomed.

The Demoness of Night was waiting.

Chapter 47: 2nd Floor- the Realm of Eternal Night

Noah and his teammates cleared through the 1st floor of Demon's Tower at record time, just 30 minutes and this was despite playing it at Hell Mode.

This showed how superior this raid team was to any other raid team in the Warstar 11th server.

If they continued at this pace till the end of the dungeon, they were on course to break the existing clear record for Demon's Tower that was held by the main raid party of one of the big guilds in the game.

After defeating Aamon, the Grand Marquis of Hell, ahead of them, the staircase leading to the second floor loomed.

At the end of the staircase was a golden gate covered in shimmering runes.

The moment that they stepped through the golden gate, the team felt an immediate shift in atmosphere.

Unlike the scorching, hellish heat of Aamon's domain, this place was cold. Unnaturally so.

A twilight mist blanketed the air, limiting their vision, and the walls seemed to be made of endless shifting darkness, twisting and contorting like living shadows.

A game notification appeared, hovering before the 5 players.

[You have entered a new location: The Night Queen's Labyrinth!]

[Warning: Illusory hazards detected! Mental fortitude required!]

The players tensed up, something changed.

The 2nd floor of Demon's Tower was widely known as the Realm of Eternal Night. The Night Queen's labyrinth? That was new, and illusory hazards definitely don't show up till they meet the Demoness of Night herself.

This was most likely because they were playing this dungeon in Hell Mode.

"Great, a maze". Benjamin let out a low whistle. "This is definitely not how I wanted to spend my afternoon".

"Stay focused," Caleb muttered, already scanning and analyzing the environment. "Everything here is designed to deceive us".

Noah twirled his Spellforged Battle Lance, stepping forward without hesitation. "Then we break the illusions before they break us".

They advanced.

They didn't have to wait long before the first attack came.

A whispering chill slithered through the air, then out of nowhere, a clawed hand burst from the darkness.

A Shadow Wraith!

It materialized mid-strike, tendrils of cursed energy lashing toward Noah's back but the party leader was composed and alert.

Without even turning around, Noah whipped his lance in a perfect arc, the blade accurately slicing through the Wraith's form.

It let out a distorted screech as it dispersed into nothingness.

"Figures, they're fast". He mused, unfazed.

Aria's Reckless Storm stared at Lord Doom, at his battle lance. "That lance of yours, the f*ck! How high is its damage stat?"

"How can you one-shot a Shadow Wraith in Hell Mode without even using a skill? Give me that battle lance!"

"Come take it if you can!"

Even in the middle of a dangerous dungeon, playing at Hell Mode, Noah and Aria still had the time to bicker between themselves.

The both of them were fond of bickering with each other.

They didn't get to bicker idly for long though because the next moment, more figures emerged from the shadows; dozens of them.

In the Realm of Eternal Night, 3 different minions under the Demoness of Night's army attacked challengers.

There are the Shadow Wraiths that flicker in and out of sight, launching unpredictable, phasing attacks from the darkness.

Then there are the Dusk Stalkers that darts between the team from the shadows, using their four enchanted daggers to go for vital points.

And then there are the Nightmare Gorgers who like the others are terrifying humanoid demons that lumbers forward, their very presence warping reality and filling the air with visions of terror.

Unlike in the 1st floor against Aamon's Lesser Hellhounds who were more or less basic monsters with higher stats, HP, and MP, the minions in the 2nd floor were much more intelligent and terrifying.

Precision and swift decision making was needed to survive their assault, something that thankfully, this raid party had in abundance.

Afterall, they were pro players with 11 years of Warstar-playing experience.

They fought their way through the horde of demons, not just that, against the illusions that were also conjured in this world. Sometimes, they may not see anything but it was just an illusion, a Dusk Stalker hid there.

Though it was tricky at times, pushing them to their limits, they persevered, pushing through.

As the team struggled through the shifting illusions of Lilith's domain, Benjamin chuckled mid-flight and quipped. He could no longer hold it in.

"Looks like this demoness is really nightmare fuel, get it?" He chuckled again, but paused on getting no response. "Night plus nightmare? No? Tough crowd".

Genevieve grimaced.

Aria dodged a Dusk Stalker's blade and growled. "Ben, if you don't focus, I swear I'll make sure your next illusion is thinking you survived this fight".

"Ok, ok, pretty lady, that's going too far". He chuckled again.

A few minutes later...

Genevieve clenched her staff, looking forward at the slightly mutated demons now before them. "These things..., there's something corrupting our minds!"

"My psychic protection won't last for long!"

Caleb clicked his tongue, summoning a Spirit Wolf to hunt down the Stalkers. "Those Gorgers are mutated, kill them fast before we lose control".

Benjamin quickly hurled a firestorm into the air.

The flames exploded outward, revealing the true form of the illusions and forcing the Wraiths to remain visible.

Aria dashed forward, weaving between Stalkers, her swords cutting through their misty forms in precise, lethal strikes.

It was chaos, a battle against both shadow and perception. But Noah's team wasn't just strong; they were brilliant too, including their teamwork.

With Genevieve's divine light exposing the illusions, Benjamin raining fire down, and Caleb's summons locking down the battlefield, the Nightborn forces of the Demoness fell one after another.

The final Nightmare Gorger roared, attempting one last mind-breaking scream but Noah didn't let it.

Bam!

With a single thrust of his Spellforged Battle Lance, he pierced its core, releasing a burst of kinetic magic that tore it apart from the inside.

Silence fell. The minions were all dead.

Just as the last demon crumbled, the labyrinth shifted.

The darkness peeled away, revealing a grand throne room, a floating platform of midnight stone suspended over an endless void.

At its center, seated upon an obsidian throne was Lilith.

Her form was ethereal yet terrifying. She was a woman of dark beauty, draped in flowing robes of shadow, her skin pale as moonlight, eyes shimmering like endless voids.

"How interesting," she mused, her voice a sultry whisper that echoed through the chamber.

She slowly rose from her throne, a swirling grimoire of cursed spells levitating at her side.

Yes, every boss in Demon's Tower was modeled after one of the main classes.

Aamon, the Grand Marquis of Hell was modeled as a Spellblade and a Summoner but as for Lilith, the Demoness of Night? She was a Warlock.

"You survived my pets. How... unexpected". She chuckled evilly.

The air grew heavy and suddenly, the darkness around them moved, as if responding to her very will.

Aria tightly gripped her swords. "I want to say I don't like this," she said, her face twisting in thrill and excitement as she stared at this floor boss. "But in all honesty, I do love a good battle!"

Caleb adjusted his glasses, frowning. "She's already preparing a spell; the fight starts the moment we move. Stay alert".

Benjamin exhaled. "Sigh..., what a beauty turned demon, those developers are bastards! This would have made such a good joke!"

Noah's reaction? He just stepped forward, grinning. "Lilith, right?" He spun his lance once, resting it on his shoulder as he taunted. "You talk too much. Let's get this over with".

Lilith's lips curled into a smile.

"Oh darling... you have no idea what you've just stepped into".

'These A.Is are becoming really advanced!' Noah was amazed but the next moment, he had to focus because...

With a snap of her fingers, the Demoness of Night plunged the world into utter darkness, and then she moved.

The battle... had begun.

Chapter 48: Lilith, the Demoness of Night

Darkness.

Unrelenting, suffocating darkness.

BZZZ!

Lilith's power engulfed the battlefield, drowning them in a world where sight was meaningless and fear took form.

Whispers slithered in the void, ancient incantations of despair, each syllable grating against the mind like rusted blades.

The graphical design and implementation of Warstar was revolutionary.

Despite the fact that Genevieve and the others played from behind a monitor, with their headsets on, they experienced all the sensations in this moment almost at the same level of realness that Noah experienced it inside the game.

Noah's grip on his Spellforged Battle Lance tightened.

His instincts were razor-sharp, but even he felt the oppressive weight of the Night Queen's domain.

Noah knew that the difficulty of each floor boss would rise the higher they climb the Demon's Tower, but still, was this jump in power not too much?

"Hold formation!" He barked, his voice cutting through the void.

After managing to stay alive against her onslaught for some time, they finally learned the rhythm of her attacks; the way shadows pulsed before a strike, the subtle shifts in the air before a curse landed.

All of it was complicated but they learned fast.

In that moment, Aria finally moved.

Whoosh!

Her Avatar, Reckless Storm dashed through the darkness, her blades gleaming with fleeting light, carving through Lilith's summoned specters.

While she moved, Benjamin's Captain Batman ignited the battlefield with infernos, the fire providing brief windows of clarity in the darkness, revealing the twisting nightmare that they fought in.

Caleb's summoned spirits formed a protective vanguard, warding off hexes and intercepting Lilith's shadow constructs even as he directed more energy towards protecting Genevieve this time around.

Most times, though they had more HP and MP, pro Warstar players preferred brute-force type bosses to intelligent and cunning ones.

Aamon, the Grand Marquis of Hell was a brute-force type boss.

But the Demoness of Night? As a Warlock, she was insidious and deadly.

With the others all working hard, Genevieve also did her part as she weaved her divine magic through the battle, mending wounds, purging curses, and illuminating the battlefield in bursts of radiant energy.

As for Noah?

He was everywhere at once!

Against a terrifying and insidiously dangerous opponent like the Demoness, he dared not hold back.

His lance was a streak of piercing destruction, each thrust not just an attack but a ripple of kinetic force that tore through illusions, forced the darkness to part, and left Lilith with nowhere to hide.

The Demoness of Night shrieked in frustration.

"You wretches! You dare bring light into my realm?!"

With a gesture, the void around them collapsed inward, forming a colossal, writhing maw of pure darkness.

This was the Demoness' ultimate spell, a high-level Warlock spell.

=Eclipse Devourer!

Noah's response?

He charged straight at her.

The moment that the spell was unleashed, he struck, his lance glowing with spellforged energy, tearing through the darkness like a comet piercing the abyss.

The impact shattered the Eclipse Devourer, sending terrible shockwaves through the battlefield.

Lilith stumbled, her HP plummeting to below 10%, entering red blood state.

Lilith's red blood state transformation was that she gains the ability of unlimited teleportation when inside darkness and shadows.

Against any other raid party, such a sudden change would most likely result in a party wipe but this was no ordinary raid party.

This was a raid party of ex pro Warstar retirees.

With Noah leading the cadence of the battle calmly, everything went according to plan as she was contained.

Victory was within reach, but then, everything suddenly changed.

"Muahahahaha...!"

A deep, guttural laugh rolled through the chamber.

The walls shuddered, and the oppressive darkness of Lilith's domain was suddenly drowned out by something even worse, something ancient, something significantly greater.

Then, the world split open.

"...!" Noah's eyes widened.

BZZZ!

A colossal rift of molten fire and hellish energy erupted in the middle of the battlefield, and from it emerged a figure of pure malevolence.

Magoth, the Duke of Hell.

"This...," Benjamin muttered, stunned. "What gothic timing!"

As the only level 20 dungeon in the Beginner Village, just like other dungeons, Demon's Tower also had hidden bosses apart from the 5 floor bosses.

There are 2 hidden bosses in Demon's Tower, the first being Magoth, the Duke of Hell and then Kali, the Aura Demoness.

Noah and his raid party just encountered Magoth at the worst timing possible, when Lilith, the Demoness of Night was still in her red blood state.

Magoth...

His towering form, clad in obsidian armor laced with runes of infernal power radiated an aura so suffocating it made even Lilith's presence feel insignificant.

His horned helm cast shadows over his burning, pupilless eyes. And in his gauntleted hand, he wielded a jagged, flaming greatsword the size of a small house.

The Duke of Hell was absolutely gigantic.

"Ahh... Lilith, you always were a failure," Magoth mumbled, his voice causing the very air to tremble.

The soundtrack, sound effects, and graphics were all topnotch, giving this cutscene a perfectly realistic feel.

The Duke of Hell looked at his wounded counterpart. "To think mere mortals have you on your last breath..., how pathetic".

Lilith hissed, staggering back. "You dare interfere in my domain?!"

Magoth sneered. "Your domain? You are but a pawn, a shadow of true power". He lifted his greatsword, pointing it at Noah and his team. "These mortals have proven themselves worthy. It is only fair that they are granted a warrior's death," he paused. "By my hand".

Then, he swung his sword.

A wave of hellfire erupted outward, consuming everything in its path.

BOOM!

Noah barely had time to react.

"Move!" He bellowed, throwing up a defensive kinetic barrier just in time to absorb the brunt of the attack.

The sheer force accompanying the attack still sent the team skidding back, their HP bars flickering dangerously.

Lilith snarled, her once-arrogant composure replaced by sheer fury. "You dare steal my prey?! I will not stand for this!"

For the first time in the battle, the boss was no longer focused solely on them.

Now, it was a three-way war.

"..."

Noah and his teammates were perplexed. 'W-what?!'

'What the hell are we seeing here?'

Every single one of them had 11 years of Warstar-playing experience and in all that time, this was the first time that Noah saw 2 bosses fighting themselves.

'Holy..., is the game that advanced already?'

In hindsight, it made sense.

No matter how powerful they were, taking on the Demoness of Night and the Duke of Hell at the same time in Hell Mode was a recipe for disaster.

Most likely, the system initiated this algorithm to level the playing field for the players, to see if they had what it took to fish in rowdy waters.

But still, it was a crazy change.

Noah grinned despite the overwhelming odds. "Well, this just got a whole lot more interesting!"

Chapter 49: The Duke, the Demoness, and the Humans

A battle of hatred, ambition, and sheer tactical brilliance erupted at the heart of the Demoness of Night's domain.

Never had 2 bosses in a dungeon ever been involved in a dispute.

But taking advantage of that tiny element that the game system put, the dispute, Noah led his raid party on an ambitious path aiming for victory.

BOOM!

Magoth, the Duke of Hell was a walking cataclysm, every swing of his molten greatsword carving the battlefield apart, hellfire consuming everything.

Just like Aamon, Magoth, the Duke of Hell was modeled after a Spellblade but his power was even more terrifying.

As for Lilith, the Demoness, despite being weakened and seething with rage refused to cower, retaliating with dark sorcery that twisted reality itself.

For the first time, the bosses weren't just targeting Noah's team.

They were fighting each other.

And Noah? He watched with a smirk, his mind working at a speed beyond human limits.

They called him the Godfather of Warstar for a reason and in this moment, the Godfather saw a silver lining, a plan in a desolate plain, an ambitious plan that could lead to victory against a floor boss and a hidden boss in Hell Mode.

"Stick to the plan," He said. "We don't fight them, we let them fight each other".

His teammates obeyed his orders without complaints.

Afterall, it was what they were used to doing for over a decade already. They had trust in their captain.

When the going gets tough, Noah always finds a way to keep on going.

CRACK!

The clash of titanic forces shattered the chamber as Magoth's hellfire met Lilith's abyssal curses in an explosion of chaotic energy.

For normal raid parties, the residual energy from the clash between these 2 demons alone would have caused a party wipe.

But Noah and his teammates were different.

They may not be involved in the scuffle, but they were in the fight as they focused on cleverly dodging the clash of titanic forces being unleashed by the 2 bosses who were embroiled in a battle to the death.

It was intense and utterly terrifying.

Lilith summoned thousands of shadow specters, but Magoth obliterated them with a single sweep of his greatsword.

Magoth unleashed a lava storm, but Lilith's illusions bent reality, causing it to rain down upon himself.

Their pride and bloodlust consumed them, and Noah exploited every second of it.

"Caleb, summon defensive constructs". He gave orders.

"Genevieve, focus on purging debuffs".

"Aria, wait for my signal".

"Benjamin....," Noah grinned. "Get ready to blow this place up".

As the battle neared its climax, Magoth's blade drove through Lilith's chest, causing a flood of shadows to emit from her body like black blood.

She shrieked, her body convulsing as her HP plummeted.

Now was the time.

"Benjamin! NOW!"

Benjamin raised his staff, his mana flaring, a tempest of arcane destruction swirling around him as he activated an Elementalist high-level skill.

He grinned. "I hope you demons like puns, because you're about to have a BLAST!"

BOOM!

A chain reaction of explosions detonated across the battlefield, fire and lightning weaving together in a cataclysmic storm.

The force sent Magoth reeling, his defenses shattered just as Lilith in a final act of spite unleashed a cursed explosion point-blank at the Duke of Hell.

The attack hit the Duke with the force of an avalanche.

Magoth roared in agony as the combined attacks of both Lilith and Benjamin ripped him apart.

In an instant, both bosses were at death's door.

The commotion briefly stopped.

Lilith, battered, broken, and desperate turned towards the team.

"You..., you insects..." she growled.

But Noah was already in motion.

From the beginning, as soon as the 2 bosses turned on each other and started fighting fueled by their pride, Noah arrived at a conclusion.

'No matter what happens, one of us must deal the final blow!'

'We can't waste achievements and let them kill each other!'

That was what drove him in this moment as with a single calculated lunge, he drove the Spellforged Battle Lance straight through the Demoness' heart.

Her eyes widened in horror as the magic-infused weapon pierced her very essence, dispersing her in a final wail.

And just like that, the Demoness of Night was no more.

"...!"

Magoth, on his knees, barely clinging to life growled in defiance as he stared with rage-filled eyes at the puny human challengers.

Noah stood over him, his lance spinning effortlessly.

He smirked. "You fought like a beast. You died like a fool".

In one final brutal thrust, Noah ended the Duke of Hell.

After that final devastating thrust as the Duke of Hell faded into motes of light, like an earthquake was imminent, the tower rumbled and the darkness faded.

The battle was over.

---<VICTORY>---

[Congratulations! Your raid party have killed Lilith, the Demoness of Night!]

[You have cleared the 2nd floor of Demon's Tower!]

[You have been rewarded with XP each!]

[You have received drop rewards!]

[You have received 2nd floor key!]

...

[Congratulations! Your raid party have killed the hidden boss, Magoth, the Duke of Hell!]

[You have received bonus XP each!]

[You have received drop rewards!]

...

As the dust settled, the team stood victorious, the last ones remaining in this domain of night as they stared at the drop rewards before them.

There was no single overpowered equipment, so they simply picked and stored them in their inventory to be catalogued later after they complete this dungeon raid.

Apart from the drop rewards, a key materialized before them, glowing ominously. The path to the 3rd floor of Demon's Tower had been unlocked.

Genevieve sighed in relief. "That was... beyond insane".

Aria scoffed but could not hide her smirk. "Tch. Took us long enough".

Caleb, dusting off his robes, adjusted his glasses. "Tactically speaking, we just survived an absolute statistical nightmare".

Benjamin grinned from ear to ear, slinging an arm over Noah's shoulder. "And what did we learn today, folks?"

Noah smirked. "That demons are predictable, and that I'm still the best damn player in this game".

"Shameless!" Aria trolled.

Laughing, they marched onward to the 3rd floor.

Chapter 50: Azazel, the Leviticus Demon

It took them 30 minutes to defeat Aamon, the Grand Marquis of Hell at record time, progressing to the 2nd floor of Demon's Tower.

Against Lilith, the Demoness of Night and the hidden boss, Magoth, the Duke of Hell, they took longer time to clear the 2nd floor, approximately 45 minutes.

It was almost the same time that the current record holder of Demon Tower's dungeon, one of the raid parties of the big guilds had.

But considering that Noah and his teammates took on this 2nd floor on Hell Mode, theirs was even more impressive.

And then, they progressed.

The gateway to the 3rd floor loomed before them, a towering construct of blackened iron and molten runes, pulsating like a living thing.

Unlike the eerie, shifting veil that led to Lilith's realm, this entrance was solid, industrial, an engineered masterpiece of demonic craftsmanship.

The double doors stood thirty feet high, each side adorned with intricate engravings of suffering souls, their forms twisting and writhing within the metal itself. The centerpiece was a massive, glowing sigil inscribed in demonic scripture, radiating a searing, blood-red light.

Gears clanked within the walls, the sound echoing through the chamber as if the entire tower was adjusting itself for the next trial.

The scent of burnt metal and sulfur thickened, filling their lungs with an oppressive heat even as it gave a hint to the Demon Lord that resided higher up.

At that moment, a deep mechanical voice rumbled from the gate itself, emotionless yet filled with authority.

"Input: Flesh. Output: Perfection".

"All who enter the Infernal Crucible shall be reforged in the fires of Azazel".

The sigil flared, and with a deafening clank, the doors split apart, revealing the hellish forge beyond.

Noah exhaled sharply, stepping forward.

Following behind him, Benjamin chuckled. "Looks like we just walked into the devil's workshop".

BZZZ!

The air changed the moment that they stepped through the gate.

Gone was the suffocating twilight of Lilith's domain, replaced by an infernal, mechanized nightmare.

The floor beneath them clanked, no longer stone, but obsidian metal laced with pulsing veins of molten energy.

A cacophony of whirring gears, clashing metal, and hissing steam filled the space, drowning out all else.

The walls themselves seemed alive, shifting with intricate mechanisms that ground together like the insides of a colossal, demonic machine.

High above, massive iron chains dangled, swinging over a blood-red sky, illuminated by the glow of distant furnaces. Conveyor belts snaked through the battlefield, carrying grotesque constructs in various stages of assembly.

It was a factory of war, a nightmare forge.

And somewhere within it, Azazel, the Leviticus Demon waited.

They didn't get far before the first wave hit.

With an ear-splitting screech, the Hellforged Sentinels activated; monstrous humanoid war machines standing at over ten feet tall, their torsos cracking open to reveal spinning buzzsaws.

Flamethrower breath erupted from their maws, filling the air with blistering heat.

"Machines now?" Benjamin grumbled. "You'd think demons would have a little more class".

"Tch". Aria drew her blades. "Seems like the Leviticus Demon is modeled after the Mechanic class. Who cares? They die all the same".

They charged.

Aria became a blur, weaving between the Sentinels' massive strikes, carving deep gashes into their metallic bodies.

While she moved, Caleb unleashed his summoned creatures, using them to clog the conveyor belts, cutting off reinforcements.

Then the Screaming Gears swarmed.

Autonomous, razor-sharp gears infused with demonic consciousness came spinning out of the walls, latching onto their armor, trying to rip through them like ravaging sawblades.

"This is why I hate machines!" Benjamin groaned as he lit up the battlefield with a storm of lighting, frying the constructs mid-air. "Persistent bastards!" He cursed.

As for Noah?

He watched all of it happen, calculating.

They weren't just fighting demons; they were fighting against a war machine that repaired itself.

And then he spotted them, the Desecrated Machinists.

The twisted, part-demon, part-machine engineers were sifting through scrap, welding new constructs in real time. If left alone, they'd keep rebuilding the minions of the Leviticus Demon's army indefinitely.

They were the true menace.

"Caleb, focus fire on the engineers!" Noah ordered.

Caleb nodded, sending a horde of summoned beasts barreling toward the machinists, ripping through their malformed bodies.

One by one, the enemy ranks fell.

It took time, it took persistence and perseverance, it took patience, repeatedly spamming the same skills time and again, grinding the machinists and the mechanic abominations that they created to death over and over again.

It was tiring but having played Warstar for the best years of their lives, these 5 pro players were sufficiently equipped to engage in these monotonous actions.

They continued, never stopping till the factory floor suddenly grew silent.

The battle... was over?

Yes, but the true battle was only just about to start.

At that moment, the voice of the 3rd floor's boss echoed through the chamber.

Clap! Clap!

A slow clap rang through the battlefield.

And then from the shadows of a towering furnace, a figure emerged; Azazel, the Leviticus Demon..., the Demonic Mechanic.

He wasn't monstrous like Aamon, neither was he ethereal like Lilith.

Instead, Azazel was beautiful.

His form was sleek and refined, an unnerving mix of grace and cruelty. His obsidian-black exoskeleton gleamed under the hellish light, intricate engravings of demonic scripture glowing along his arms.

His crimson eyes shimmered with amusement, studying them like an artist examining raw materials, or rather a mad scientist examining test subjects.

A slow, confident smile curved his lips.

"Fascinating". His voice was smooth, rich like purified oil sliding over steel. "Your efficiency... is admirable".

He raised his mechanized arm, and with a single clench of his fingers, the gears within the factory rumbled to life again.

"I am Azazel, the Leviticus Demon. I am the artisan of war. And you...", he gestured at them lazily. "...are imperfect specimens".

The ground shifted beneath them.

Machines reassembled, weapons unfolded from the walls, and he forge itself prepared for war.

Azazel smirked. "Let's begin the real test, shall we?"

