

Reincarnated Avatar; I got 2 SSS-Rank Unique Skills

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Chapter 51: Battle against the Demonic Mechanic

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

The moment after he spoke, the battle began.

And the moment that the battle began, it became clear, Azazel was nothing like the other bosses of Demon's Tower.

With a single gesture, the entire battlefield came to life.

BZZZ!

Chains snapped from the walls, gears spinning at blinding speeds even as conveyor belts roared to life, transporting half-formed war machines into the fray.

As for Azazel himself?

He moved like a ghost, yet struck like a war god.

His mechanized limbs unfolded, revealing integrated Aether-powered turrets, energy claws, and a steam-driven war gauntlet that could shatter steel with a single blow!

His eerily beautiful face grinned. "Do try to keep up," he murmured before vanishing, blurring into motion faster than anything his massive frame should have allowed.

As soon as he moved, all hell broke loose.

BOOM!

Azazel attacked relentlessly, testing them and stirring a storm in the process.

Aria clashed with him head-on, her precise movement and mechanics insidious but his counterattacks were brutal, forcing her to retreat.

She was not alone against the terrifying Hell Mode boss though; her teammates supported her but they were not faring much better.

Caleb's summons struggled to make an impact, torn apart by spinning saws and scorching plasma beams.

Genevieve's healing was barely enough to keep up with the unending damage. Azazel just had the right equipment to deal the most damage at any given time, he was lethal in any given situation.

As for Benjamin, his magic storms failed to break Azazel's metallic armor, dissipating against his advanced defensive systems.

And then came the second problem.

The forge itself was his domain.

Click!

With a snap of his fingers, Hellforged Sentinels descended from the ceiling, landing in a synchronized formation. Demonic engineers rushed from the sides, welding their fallen into new, grotesque monstrosities.

Unlike the other bosses of Demon's Tower, Azazel was one that could improvise as the battle progressed.

His raw power was already terrifying enough, but his true lethality laid in his ability to improvise in any given situation, providing a situation with his mechanic ingenuity to better deal with an opponent effectively.

Afterall, he was a scholar, a scientist, a mechanic.

That was why he was called the Demonic Mechanic.

This was a war of attrition, one that Noah's team would lose.

Noah's mind raced.

They weren't just fighting Azazel, the Leviticus Demon, rather they were fighting a self-sustaining war machine.

And since it was in Hell Mode, everything was amplified, made much more difficult. This was an uphill battle.

Noah's eyes flicked to the walls. 'Power conduits..., Control panels..., Cooling pipes...'

His eyes widened. 'This...!'

That was it!

An idea materialized in his mind almost instantly.

"Benjamin! Overload the forge!" Noah barked.

Benjamin grinned, catching on immediately. Afterall, this was a teammate that had fought alongside Noah in the arena for 10+ years.

Quickly activating a high level Elementalist skill, lightning surged from his fingertips, arcing toward the machines instead of the boss. Suddenly, the battlefield stuttered, flickering as the forge's systems struggled to compensate.

The Sentinels faltered; the repair systems slowed.

Azazel paused, glancing at the failing machines, his amused smirk suddenly fading. "Hmph. Adaptive thinking..., acceptable."

This Demon Lord raised his hand... and tore the battlefield apart!

BZZZ!

The floor itself collapsed, dropping them onto a massive circular platform suspended over a pit of molten steel.

Azazel no longer relied on his minions.

He became the machine.

His war gauntlet morphed into a massive pile-driver, striking with enough force to send shockwaves through the battlefield.

KABOOM!

Noah and his teammates scattered, barely escaping annihilation in one hit by this terrifying Hell Mode floor boss.

His turrets deployed autonomously, launching concentrated Aether blasts.

His entire body whirred and shifted, his movements becoming even more fluid as the A.I controlling it seem to evolved, enabling this floor boss adapt to their attack patterns in real time.

And worst of all? He was still faster than them.

Aria barely dodged a devastating pile-driver strike, rolling away as the floor beneath her cracked like glass.

Caleb redirected his summons, using them to absorb turret fire but each one fell before making contact.

Genevieve kept them alive with her Divine healing skills, barely.

Benjamin, ventilating behind his monitor, spoke through gritted teeth through his Avatar. "This guy..., I think we made him mad."

The others had grim looks on their faces.

But Noah grinned. "Yeah, he's mad. Now we just need to kill him."

Noah had spent the entire battle watching, calculating.

From the beginning, he already discovered that just like in the situation against both Lilith, the Demoness of Night and Magoth, the Duke of Hell, they could not win normally which meant that there was a mechanism that they could take advantage of just like the 2 Demons' dispute the last time.

The question was, what was the mechanism to take advantage of?

Noah's eyes flickered.

Azazel was adapting to their strategies. But what happens when you force a machine to process too much at once?

He grinned. 'Overload it!'

"Hit him with everything! All at once!" Noah commanded.

His teammates responded without hesitation, not even caring to understand the rationale behind his command. They had complete trust in him.

Benjamin unleashed a blinding storm of lightning and fire.

Caleb summoned a horde of spectral beasts, overwhelming Azazel's sensors.

Aria and Noah charged in simultaneously, attacking from opposite angles.

Genevieve cast divine light. And in that moment, for a fraction of a second, the Demon was blinded!

Azazel's processors struggled.

His movements lagged, just for an instant but that was all Noah needed.

He took his shot!

With his Spellforged Battle Lance, Noah erupted.

{Kinetic Disruption Strike=}

Noah vanished, reappearing mid-air, his lance glowing with unstable, compressed energy. And then with a single, devastating thrust, he pierced Azazel's core; right through the glowing conduits on his chest.

BOOM!

The impact ripped through the demon, sending shockwaves of unstable energy bursting outward.

Azazel staggered, his systems failing.

Even in this state, just one step away from death, the beautiful Demon chuckled.
"...Efficient".

And then, his form exploded in a burst of light and shrapnel.

---<VICTORY>---

[Congratulations! Your raid party have killed Azazel, the Leviticus Demon!]

[You have cleared the 3rd floor of Demon's Tower!]

[You have been rewarded with XP each!]

[You have received drop rewards!]

[You have received 4th floor key!]

The battlefield fell silent.

Only the sound of cooling metal remained, steam hissing from the wreckage of the once-great machine.

A glowing object floated in the air, the Key to the 4th Floor.

Noah stepped forward and caught it.

Benjamin collapsed onto the floor, exhausted as he looked around at all the destruction.
"Remind me again why we do this?"

Aria smirked, rolling her shoulders. "Because we're the best."

Caleb adjusted his glasses. "And now, we're one step closer to finishing this damn dungeon."

Genevieve smiled softly. "Let's keep going."

As for Noah, he just grinned, eyes locked on the towering gate to the next floor. "Next stop..., Beelzebub."

Chapter 52: Beelzebub, son of Lucifer, the Lord of the Flies

Dealing with Azazel, the Leviticus Demon took a lot out of Noah's raid party, leaving most of them at low health.

But with Genevieve in the raid party, they always stood a chance.

With Nightingale's funding, Noah and his teammates equipped themselves in full-clad A rank gear, some of which massively increased Genevieve's Misty Rose Avatar's MP capacity and mana recovery speed.

In any dungeon raid, a skilled Cleric was important but the gear was also important. Afterall, it affected a lot of things.

This time, they took over 40 minutes to clear the 3rd floor of Demon's Tower.

In that time, Genevieve consumed her large reserves of MP healing them but at the end of the dungeon, out of combat, in-game Avatars were free to use recovery potions that they carried into the dungeon.

Noah didn't just use Nightingale's funding to clad his raid party in A rank gear, he also bought important recovery potions for the dungeon raids.

In dungeons that take hours to clear, when aiming for a dungeon clear record, elite raid parties also take recovery time in the dungeon into the equation.

With the HP and MP recovery potions, they spent a few minutes recovering before stepping into the 4th floor of Demon's Tower.

The transition from Azazel's brutalist, mechanical inferno to Beelzebub's grotesque hive was instant and nauseating.

The air itself was diseased, thick with the overwhelming stench of decay and stagnant filth. Noah and his team stepped through the ominous gateway, their boots stinking slightly into the pulsating, fleshy ground.

Chitinous walls loomed around them, covered in writhing, twitching veins.

Massive hive structures pulsed in the distance, spewing swarms of nightmarish creatures into the sky like a festering wound vomiting its infection into the world.

The buzzing... That endless, infernal buzzing.

It filled every inch of the space, vibrating through their bones, an omnipresent sound of countless wings flapping in synchronized malice.

Standing in this world, Aria grimaced, gripping her sword tightly. "This place is disgusting," she spat.

Benjamin coughed, waving a hand in front of his face. "I love Warstar for being hyper realistic, but this..., this is extreme even for my standards". He chuckled.

"I swear, if I inhale one of these bugs, I'm quitting life".

"Stay focused," Noah gave a timely reminder, his eyes scanning their surroundings. His gut told him they weren't alone.

And he was right.

BUZZ!

The first attack quickly came in a wave, a swarm of Pestilent Drones, their grotesque, fly-like forms blotting out the sickly yellow sky. Each was the size of a full-grown man, their swollen abdomens dripping with corrosive venom.

The second they spotted Noah's team, they shrieked, descending in a chaotic storm of gnashing mandibles and stingers.

Caleb, ever the tactician, reacted first.

Bzzz!

His summoning circle quickly flared to life beneath him, a pack of spectral wolves lunging upward, tearing into the incoming drones.

The beasts fought with ethereal ferocity, but the drones were relentless.

Then came the Carrion Reapers; half-decayed monstrosities, their elongated limbs ending in jagged, serrated scythes.

They moved with an unnatural, twitching speed, their hollow, echoing screams filling the air like a cacophony of souls.

"...!"

The normal player would freeze at the mere sight of this but Noah didn't hesitate. His Spellforged Battle Lance crackled with energy as he surged forward, piercing through the first Reaper in a single, clean motion.

But even as its carcass fell, another took its place.

Genevieve chanted, her healing magic radiating like a soothing beacon amidst the filth, keeping them alive as they carved their way through.

And then came the Hive Lords; massive lumbering insectoids, their bloated bodies birthing fresh waves of drones with each passing second.

Their deaths were even worse; explosive ruptures of bile and larvae, forcing the team to retreat or be consumed.

"Yeah, that's disgusting," Benjamin said in a deadpan tone before setting a hellstorm of fire upon them, incinerating the writhing masses before they could birth more horrors.

Unlike in the previous floors where they fought intense and loud battles against the minions of the floor boss, this time, it was like fighting against pests and demonic insects with insecticides.

Just that the pests were tougher and much more terrifying than normal.

A lot of factors in this floor would have offset the momentum of any other raid party, but Noah's raid party progressed with professional enthusiasm.

They didn't like what they saw, but all the more reason to lay waste to everything!

After what felt like an eternity of relentless slaughter, the hive walls themselves parted before them, revealing a massive, open chamber.

The air hummed with malevolence.

And at its center, seated upon a throne woven from the corpses of his own kind was Beelzebub, son of Lucifer, the Lord of the Flies.

His form was grotesque yet strangely regal; a towering, gaunt demon with insectoid features, his elongated fingers clicking against the armrest of his throne.

His compound eyes gleamed, reflecting their every movement. A sickly grin split his mandible-lined mouth.

Unlike Azazel, the Leviticus Demon who was modeled after a Mechanic, the son of Lucifer was modeled after 2 different main classes!

From his name, he was a summoner, a demonic Summoner but not just that, he was also a Gunner!

He rose with eerie grace, his wings unfurling behind him, casting a twisted shadow across the chamber.

"Well now," he murmured, his voice a horrible mixture of reverberations and clicking tones, as if thousands of voices whispered in unison.

"I wondered how long it would take before the next fools wandered into my nest". He cackled in the same eerie voice. "Humans... are fools!"

He laughed then gestured lazily and the hive walls shuddered, birthing more horrors in the thousands, ready to devour them whole.

"But don't worry," Beelzebub said, his many eyes gleaming with amusement. "Your deaths will serve a greater purpose. You'll be reborn in my swarm". A familiar sick grin split his mandible-lined mouth.

In response to these words, Noah smirked, spinning his lance in hand.

"Ben, do you remember what Grand speech the last Demon Lord gave before dying to my blade?"

"Nada!" Benjamin grinned, shaking his head.

Noah chuckled, looking straight at the grotesque demon. "Cute speech. Let's see if you can back it up".

Beezebub said no more, instead responding with action.

And with that, the battle for the 4th floor began.

Chapter 53: Titanic battle against the Lord of the Flies

BUZZ!

The hive walls trembled as Beezebub spread his grotesque, multi-jointed arms, his wings buzzing with infernal malice.

The Lord of the Flies lifted one clawed hand, and the entire chamber responded in a nightmarish symphony of chittering, screaming, and flapping wings.

"...!"

The cacophony of sounds hit the players like a mad chorus of dying souls but as professional players, they held their nerves, staying at alert.

And then from the cavernous hive ceiling of this domain, Pestilent Drones rained down like a living storm, ravaging through everything in sight!

Carrion Reapers scuttled from the walls, their bladed limbs reflecting the sickly light. And the Hive Lords, bloated and grotesque vomited forth endless, squirming reinforcements that quickly filled the battlefield.

It was a war of attrition.

Noah lunged forward, his Spellforged Battle Lance crackling with arcane power as with a single thrust, he pierced through an incoming Reaper, the kinetic explosion sending it spiraling into its own kind.

The force of his attack parted the swarm momentarily, but more horrors surged in to fill the gap.

Aria, a relentless whirlwind of steel, cut through the horde with brutal efficiency. Her Blademaster's footwork was flawless, each strike cleaving through chitinous flesh and severing insectoid limbs.

Benjamin, cackling madly, unleashed a storm of elemental devastation.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Fire, ice, and lightning erupted in chaotic bursts, all his doing; scorching the hive walls and sending smoldering, twitching husks to the floor.

Caleb's summons fought in perfect synchronicity.

A shadowy chimera ripped through the enemy ranks, spectral wolves harrying Beelzebub's minions, while a titan-like Golem crushed swarms of the monstrosities under its massive fists.

And at the center of it all, Genevieve shone like a beacon of light in darkness, her healing magic the only thing keeping them from total collapse.

Her barrier spells flickered against the relentless onslaught, her staff glowing with divine radiance as she reinforced her teammates.

But Beelzebub was not just a Summoner. He was a Gunner.

And suddenly, from beneath his tattered robes, the floor boss drew forth twin firearms; ancient, infernal relics pulsating with demonic energy.

And then with a manic grin, he fired.

Bam!

The first shot, a black bullet of pure decay tore through the battlefield, turning an entire section of the hive floor into festering rot.

Bam!

The second shot, a searing crimson bolt, pierced through Caleb's golem, detonating it in a violent explosion that sent the Summoner crashing backward.

Caleb's eyes widened. 'Not good...!'

And then, Beelzebub moved.

He wasn't just a towering monstrosity, he was fast, extremely fast!

Whoosh!

In a blink, he was among them, his claws lashing out, his wings carrying him in unpredictable, erratic movements like a drunk monstrosity.

The son of Lucifer was a chaos incarnate; a demon whose mere presence disrupted the flow of battle.

Noah barely managed to parry a claw strike, the force of impact sending him skidding across the flesh-covered ground.

Even for veteran Warstar players of their caliber, this clash against Beelzebub, son of Lucifer, the Lord of the Flies was pushing them to the edge.

"This guy is insane!" Benjamin shouted, no longer able to joke as he narrowly avoided a barrage of venomous projectiles.

"We need to cut him off from his summons!" Genevieve called; her voice strained as she poured more healing into the group.

Noah's mind raced.

Beelzebub's strength was in his swarm, his overwhelming numbers. If they kept fighting like this, they'd be buried under sheer attrition.

Unless...

"Benjamin! Set the whole hive on fire".

The Elementalist froze. "You're joking..."

"Now!" Noah growled.

Benjamin didn't question it a second time.

He raised his staff and with a magic grin, full of faith in his captain, he conjured an inferno that roared to life.

And then, the entire hive ignited.

KABOOM!

Beelzebub screeched; his swarm frenzied as their nests burned.

The Pestilent Drones fell from the air, their wings catching fire, their bodies bursting in sickening pops.

Carrion Reapers spasmed as flames consumed them whole. The Hive Lords collapsed, their bloated forms rupturing in violent explosions of bile.

Ordinary Warstar players would be consumed in this terrifying explosion that was caused by their own hands, even most veteran Warstar raid parties would succumb to the flames and it was why Benjamin voiced his concern in the first place but they all reacted, improvising.

Afterall, this was no mere Warstar veteran raid party, this was God Noah's raid party.

In the chaos, they all improvised, using their 10 years plus experience to navigate through the flames, keeping themselves alive through different means.

And in that moment of chaos, that was when Noah struck.

Fishing in troubled waters...

Bzzz!

His Spellforged Battle Lance suddenly flared with blinding radiance.

He launched forward, piercing through Beelzebub's chest with unstoppable force. The impact sent shockwaves across the battlefield, the Lord of Flies shrieking as his body began to unravel.

The son of Lucifer had a truly mind-bending HP capacity, but having been chipping at it since, slowly, it already dwindled a lot till now.

Besides, when Noah struck at the climax, he always went with a killer move.

His 10x skill points SSS-Rank unique skill gave him the privilege to learn multiple high-level skills of the Combat Mage class, and this gave him an edge when hunting down powerful and terrifying bosses.

The demon gasped, his mandibles clicking in disbelief.

"Impossible...!"

Not paying the floor boss any attention though, Noah ruthlessly twisted his lance. Beelzebub's body shattered into ash.

---<VICTORY>---

They had won.

The 4th floor boss had fallen.

The key to the final floor, Asmodeus' domain was theirs, but where was the key? Where was their drop rewards?

"...!"

They felt a bad premonition.

And then..., the world suddenly went silent.

The flames still burned. The hive still trembled. But suddenly, there was no sound.

No more buzzing. No more screaming.

Not even the crackle of fire.

Genevieve's eyes widened. She tried to scream, tried to warn them, but her voice was gone.

And then, a dagger, impossibly fast, pierced her back.

"...!"

A delicate hand twisted the blade, and Genevieve collapsed, her lifeblood spilling onto the scorched ground.

A shadowy figure emerged from nothingness, stepping over Genevieve's twitching body.

A woman, tall, impossibly graceful, her every movement unnervingly precise.

Dressed in midnight-black robes, her face obscured beneath a hood, only a pair of cold, silver eyes shone from the darkness.

She withdrew her dagger with slow, deliberate intent. Genevieve's blood dripped from the blade, onto the silence-covered battlefield.

Then, she finally spoke, her voice, a whisper that cut through the unnatural hush like a blade.

"That was sloppy".

Noah's breath caught in his throat. This wasn't a normal enemy; this wasn't even a hidden elite.

This... was something else.

Kali, the Demoness of Silence, the 2nd hidden boss of Demon's Tower!

A hidden boss so feared, her very existence was debated in Warstar's forums.

And she had struck at the very heart of Noah's team. Genevieve, their Cleric, their lifeline, was down.

And for the first time since entering Demon's Tower...

...Noah felt real danger.

Chapter 54: Kali, the Demoness of Silence

Genevieve's POV, moments before the assassination...

She had felt it, the shift in the air.

One moment, victory was theirs. Beelzebub had fallen, the hive lay in ruins, and the key to the final floor awaited them.

The next... silence.

Not just a lack of sound, the absolute absence of it.

Her instincts screamed; something was wrong.

And then... a blade.

It sank into her back, sharp and absolute, carrying the finality and absolute stillness of death and silence, draining her HP.

Her breath hitched; her body froze.

Pain, white-hot and searing tore through her very being.

Genevieve could not feel it, after all, this was just her in-game Avatar, Soft Mist but with her headsets on and so immersed in the game already, she could sense it, the pain of her Avatar.

Her knees buckled, the world spinning around.

And as she fell, everything blurred.

Noah's voice. A flicker of movement.

Her teammates, stunned.

Then, darkness.

One move... was all it took to end her life.

...

Genevieve's POV, in the void...

She should be dead.

She was dead.

Everything around her was black, a vast emptiness that swallowed everything.

Yet, her fingers twitched.

She could still feel her staff.

She could still feel... her magic.

No.

She wasn't gone yet.

Genevieve had played Warstar for over a decade, she knew the mechanics of death in the game like the back of her hand.

And she knew she had just enough time to act.

Maybe a fraction of a second, maybe a second, maybe 10 or more, but that was enough, right?

Her mind raced.

Her stamina was nearly depleted, her mana reserves drained.

But she had one option.

A high-level Cleric skill, one that very few could activate at the brink of death.

Why? Simply because the input to activate it was elaborate.

Revive.

It wasn't auto-cast. It required willpower, precision, and every last ounce of her focus to type in the input for the skill.

Ten seconds..., that was all she had before oblivion took her.

9...

Her time was already counting.

Back in reality, in Benjamin's room in Birmingham City, England...

If the others didn't cover their ears with their headsets at this moment, too immersed in the game to be distracted, they would have been startled by the sudden and rapid eruption of hand speed as the beautiful delicate girl furiously typed on her keyboard.

Clack! Clack! Clack!

She forced her magic into the spell. Misty Rose's hands trembled.

8...

Her consciousness flickered. The void tried to claim her.

7...

She refused. She was not going to die like this!

6...

Kali had caught her off-guard, that was her specialty but Genevieve had no intentions of letting that be her end.

She was ready to fight death if that was the needed requirement to stay in the game and support her teammates..., and support Noah.

She was defiant.

5...

Her magic formed a fragile thread, wavering, threatening to collapse.

4...

Almost there.

3...

A pulse of warmth, and then, the spell took hold.

2...

She grabbed onto life with everything she had.

1...

Light!

...

Genevieve's POV, the return...

With a gasp, Misty Rose's body jolted.

The world rushed back in a storm of sensations; pain, exhaustion, and the lingering chill of death.

Genevieve felt it all like she was living life through the lens of her in-game Avatar, it was too realistic not to be true.

She collapsed to one knee, drenched in cold sweat. Her health bar, barely a sliver. Her stamina, crippled.

But she was back.

And then, she saw what had happened while she was gone.

Her breath froze.

'No. No. No. NO!'

Kali stood at the center of the battlefield, calm, absolute.

The Demoness of Silence, and Necromancy.

Just like Beelzebub, the Lord of the Flies was a dual-class floor boss, she was a dual-class hidden boss. She was modeled after the Assassin class and the variant of the Summoner class, Necromancy.

And behind her was Beelzebub.

But not as they had slain him.

His body, reborn in grotesque mockery.

His flesh, stitched together by tendrils of dark magic.

His mandibles twitched, his grotesque wings flaring once more.

Beelzebub, the Lord of the Flies, had returned.

And this time, he was hers.

"Oh... no". Benjamin's voice was barely a whisper, the humor completely gone.

There was definitely a joke here, somewhere! A dark, utterly terrifying, and despair-inducing joke.

Caleb clenched his fists, even he had no words.

Aria's grip on her blade tightened. In all her years of playing Warstar, over a decade, she had never looked this uncertain.

Noah, their unshakable leader simply watched. His golden eyes narrowed, calculating.

And in that moment, a thought Noah had never entertained before now flashed through his head. 'As a Warmonger, a reincarnated Avatar in the game, if I die in the game, what happens?'

'Do I get to revive like normal players..., or I die?'

Kali tilted her head, her silver eyes gleaming in amusement. "You truly thought you had won?"

That... was a slap to the face.

Her voice was soft, elegant but laced with malice.

"Beelzebub was a tool," she continued. "And now, he is mine".

Beelzebub let out a shriek, a sickening, unnatural wail. The entire battlefield shuddered.

And then, he attacked.

Beelzebub charged first, his twin infernal pistols blazing.

Tatatatata!

Bullets of dark magic rained down.

Caleb's summoned beasts crumbled in an instant.

Aria barely dodged, a shot grazing against her shoulder.

Benjamin raised a shield of ice, only for Kali to appear behind him in a whisper of movement like a ghost.

A dagger slashed across his back.

He stumbled forward, blood splattering against the hive floor.

Kali did not stop; she was everywhere.

A step. A blur.

Another strike.

Another.

And another.

She was death itself, an assassin that could not be tracked.

And Beelzebub, was now unstoppable.

Doom.

That was the only word that fit.

They were going to die here, all of them.

Genevieve's breathing shuddered; her hands trembled.

Her team, her friends... were being slaughtered and she was barely standing.

Yet, something inside her refused to break.

She was a Cleric, a healer, the one who kept them alive. On the battlefield, keeping them alive was her sole duty, keeping them alive long enough to find a solution to win any given battle.

And she was still here.

Genevieve forced herself to move.

"Noah!" Her voice, strained and desperate.

The Combat Mage turned sharply, meeting her gaze.

And for the first time since she had returned, she saw something in his expression.

Not fear, not doubt, but rather recognition.

She had a plan, maybe.

His lips curled, forming a small smirk. "Good," he murmured. "About time you woke up".

They were outmatched, outnumbered, but they were not done yet.

And if Genevieve had anything to say about it. 'We're not losing today!'

Chapter 55: When Legends are forged

Doom.

That was the only word to describe it.

Genevieve's return changed nothing.

It may have given the team of pro players a mental boost but nothing tangible came from it, nothing changed.

Not the sheer disparity in power.

Not the hopelessness that threatened to crush them.

Not the fact that Kali and Beezebub were unbeatable together.

Her revival only adjusted the death count, from four targets to kill... back to five. At least, to Kali.

And their deaths was still an inevitability.

The air grew colder.

Kali stood poised, her lethal daggers gleaming with the absence of light itself. The Lord of Flies, her puppet, loomed beside her, his rotten wings pulsing with cursed energy.

It was over.

Aria knew it; Caleb knew it; Benjamin knew it.

And yet, Noah didn't move.

He stood there, calm.

Unshaken.

He exhaled, and then something changed.

The flow state..., what was it?

Flow in positive psychology, also known colloquially as being in the zone or locked in, is the mental state in which a person performing some activity is fully immersed in a feeling of energized focus, full involvement, and enjoyment in the process of the activity.

In essence, flow is characterized by the complete absorption in what one does, and a resulting transformation in one's sense of time.

Flow is the melting together of action and consciousness; the state of finding a balance between a skill and how challenging that task is.

In essence, a state of ultra-instinct.

...a state where impossibilities are made possible.

And yet it wasn't something that could be forced.

Not something that could be trained.

It was a phenomenon, something that happened only in the rarest moments.

Precedents?

When pressure reached its peak.

When failure was certain.

When the brain had no choice but to abandon hesitation and become one with action..., the melting together of action and consciousness.

It happened in sports.

It also happened in eSports.

And right now, Noah entered the flow state.

Bzzz!

His world slowed to a crawl.

Every movement, every breath, every flicker of motion, every shift of weight, everything became a calculation.

There was no fear, no doubt, no hesitation. Only clarity.

Not everyone noticed the sudden state that Noah entered, only 2 noticed. Afterall, having played with him for over a decade, in a way, the way he felt inside the game during tough battles was infectious.

Aria's breathing steadied; Benjamin's hands stopped shaking.

They followed him.

Their minds entering a state of hyper focus, their bodies instinctively sharper.

"...!" Kali's eyes narrowed; she noticed it.

Beelzebub's wings flared; he also sensed it.

And then... they moved.

Whoosh!

Noah vanished.

Not literally but in terms of perception, he might as well have.

One second he stood still, and the next, he was behind Beelzebub.

His Spellforged Battle Lance ignited, pulsing with pure, volatile energy.

BAM!

In one smooth motion, he thrust, straight for the base of Beelzebub's skull even as he activated a skill to accompany it.

The Lord of Flies jerked back, but too late!

A golden blast of impact magic detonated at point-blank range.

Beelzebub reeled, shrieking. His form staggered, but Kali was already retaliating.

Her dagger flashed straight for Noah's heart but then, Aria was there.

Her blade met Kali's strike mid-motion!

Precision at 1 million percentage!

The shockwave rippled outward.

Blademaster vs Assassin!

Speed for speed; lethality for lethality.

Kali's silver eyes flickered. Aria's counter wasn't just fast, the precision was borderline diabolical.

She was... keeping up.

No.

She was surpassing the Demoness.

Kali hissed; for the first time, her expression twisting into something other than amusement in this battle.

And then, Benjamin struck.

There was a fine line between luck and brilliance, and in this moment, Benjamin blurred it effortlessly.

While Noah and Aria handled the demons, he did what he did best, he calculated from the shadows, looking for loopholes to exploit.

In the original team Cyber Squad, Benjamin was not part of the starting V in team battles, he was a reserve player. And as a reserve player, he learned the art of being an impact sub, observing battles long enough to find loopholes where they don't exist to others.

Kali was an Assassin and a Necromancer; Beelzebub was a Summoner and a Gunner. Which meant they were incredibly lethal, but...

They had a fatal weakness.

Both classes were glass cannons, paper classes.

Kali and Beelzebub had high burst damage, but their stamina and sustain? High due to Hell Mode but still it was a resource game.

And Benjamin knew how to starve them.

While Kali and Beelzebub pressed the offense, Benjamin set the battlefield.

{Cryo Collapse=}

A high level Elementalist skill, an area-wide frost magic field that siphons stamina from movement.

Every dodge, every step, every shift, Kali and Beelzebub would start bleeding resources with every move.

Beelzebub visibly slowed; Kali's movements dulled.

And then, Genevieve struck.

Genevieve's reaction wasn't anything fancy. She wasn't as fast as Noah, nor was she as fast as Aria, neither was she as precise as Benjamin.

But she was the backbone of this raid party.

With her returned presence, the team had a chance even if it was impossibly small.

She healed, she shielded, she kept them on their feet.

And slowly, ever so painfully slowly, the tides began to turn.

They had no business surviving for this long but somehow, fueled by a sheer defiant will not to lose, the tides began to turn.

BOOM!

After another terrifying explosion in this world of rotting flesh, Beelzebub staggered, his necrotic resurrection faltering.

One more push!

"Benjamin, detonate!" Noah's voice rang out.

Benjamin's hands immediately moved in a blur, a chain of ice runes igniting at once as he activated another high level Elementalist skill.

{Cryo Explosion=}

KABOOM!

The battlefield shattered, the frost magic erupting even as Beelzebub's form cracked, split, and tore apart.

And finally, he fell.

Dead.

For the second and final time. Now, only Kali remained, and she was alone.

She breathed sharply, her stamina flickering as she stared daggers at them.

No more necromancy, no more back-up, no more tricks; just her.

She laughed. Softly at first, then louder.

"Oh," she murmured. "That was unexpected".

She rolled her shoulders, flipping her daggers.

Then, she grinned. "Very well," she said softly. "Let's see if you can do it again".

And with that, she vanished.

BZZZ!

Beelzebub was dead, the second time, incredulously.

Noah and his teammates had no business surviving this long not to talk about killing the Lord of the Flies a second time, and yet, here they were, in an ultimate showdown to the death against the Demoness of Silence.

There was no hesitation..., it started.

Chapter 56: The silence before the storm

The battlefield was a ruin of chaos and death.

Beelzebub's undead husk had crumbled, his bloated, rotting corpse burned to ash. The Lord of the Flies was gone.

But Kali, the Demoness of Silence, remained.

No allies, no distractions, no mercy; just her and her daggers.

Her form was wreathed in shadows, her daggers pulsing with death magic so pure it twisted reality itself. The necrotic aura around her deepened, warping the air, turning the battlefield into a void of pure despair.

Yet in the center of that despair..., Noah stood.

He was calm.

The flow state had settled into him completely, and the world around him had slowed to an intricate puzzle of motion, light, and death.

To others, it was just a game, but to Noah at this moment, it was a life and death battle.

At this moment, every attack, every dodge, every spell, all the intricacies behind them, he saw everything.

And then he smiled.

Because at this moment, he was untouchable.

But then...

BZZZ!

Kali vanished.

A flicker, then twelve shadows rushed in at once, each an afterimage of death as the terrifying Assassin Demon went all out.

A normal player would have died before even realizing they were under attack in this situation, but Noah?

He danced.

He laughed. "Let's dance the dance of death!"

His Spellforged Battle Lance spun, shifting between melee and ranged forms mid-motion. He parried, he countered, he stepped into the storm and turned it against her in a devastating display of skill and sheer brilliance.

A downward slash?

He sidestepped, hooked her wrist, and drove his lance into her ribs all the while as his teammates supported his rampage at this moment.

A teleporting feint?

He twisted, deflecting her own momentum to send her crashing into a summoned wall of flame.

A final, desperate shadow strike?

He met her head-on, their weapons clashing in a shower of sparks that split the battlefield apart.

At this moment, Noah seemed to have achieved future Sight. The world seemed to move a few seconds slower in his perception before reality.

He was in such a state of mind that everything he did touched on perfection.

This wasn't a fight.

No, it was a humiliation.

Kali, the Demoness of Silence, and Necromancy.

She was a menace, widely feared in Demon's Tower. Countless players have died to her hand, many more traumatized by her means, both in old servers, and of course in the 11th server.

She was a terrifying existence on her own, but by jumping into Beelzebub's tower, turning the Demon Lord's corpse into her own soldier, from simply terrifying, she became utterly unstoppable.

She became unkillable.

But somehow, Noah and his teammates did it, about to kill the unkillable.

By depriving her of her greatest support in Beelzebub, that was what opened this battle up, allowing Noah's genius to shine in the flow state.

Noah's dominance against this hidden boss freed his team.

Aria matched Kali's agility, intercepting her movements with sword strikes so fast that they left aftershocks behind.

Just like him, she was in a state akin to the flow, so immersed in this battlefield that her fingers moved, typing her keyboard and moving her mouse even before she realized what she was doing.

...

Birmingham City, England...

Clack! Clack! Clack!

Clack! Clack! Clack!

At this moment, if they didn't wear headsets, just listening to the harrowing symphony that was being created by their fingers rapidly typing on their keyboards would have amazed this group of 4 pro players.

But alas, nobody stayed to bear witness to this legendary moment.

This sound, this symphony, it was destined to be lost to history in all the action that now went on behind those monitors.

...

Noah's dominance was key.

Aria matched Kali's agility, while Benjamin's magic flooded the field, countering the Demoness' necrotic domain with raw, unfiltered elemental destruction that spread wantonly through the battlefield.

Caleb finally re-summoned his army after being suppressed since, overwhelming her mobility with sheer numbers.

Genevieve, alive by sheer willpower, kept them all standing, restoring health, purging curses, and locking Kali's deadliest moves with divine interference.

Kali was trapped.

And for the first time..., she realized it.

People generally say the calm before the storm, but at this moment, Kali realized..., it was the silence before the storm.

And the storm was now!

BZZZ!

The air crackled with magic as Noah lifted his lance. Its spellforged core glowed, the culmination of everything; every counter, every dodge, and every mastery of the battlefield.

Kali moved to escape but it was too late.

BAM!

Noah thrust his lance forward.

A single, perfect strike...

Faster than light, faster than sound, faster than death..., it pierced her chest.

Silence.

Then...

The Demoness of Silence screamed.

For the first time, in her final moment, she made a sound.

And then..., she was gone, almost as if she was never there if not for all the destruction she caused serving as evidence.

---<VICTORY>---

The victory screen flashed again as the battlefield settled.

The oppressive silence lifted, and with it the 4th floor of Demon's Tower was finally cleared in Hell Mode.

[Congratulations! Your raid party have killed Beelzebub, son of Lucifer, the Lord of the Flies!]

[You have cleared the 3rd floor of Demon's Tower!]

[You have been rewarded with XP each!]

[You have received drop rewards!]

[You have received 5th floor key!]

...

[Congratulations! Your raid party have killed Kali, the Demoness of Silence, and Necromancy!]

[You have been rewarded with XP each!]

[You have received drop rewards!]

[You and your teammates have each received the title: Demon Slayer!]

*Effects: +20% damage when fighting demon race enemies

Hovering in the air was the final key of Demon's Tower.

Unlike the previous keys, this one was massive, nearly the length of Noah's forearm. Forged from blackened obsidian and molten gold, its surface pulsed with hellfire sigils, constantly shifting and rewriting themselves in an ancient, infernal language.

The very air around it warped, heatwaves distorting reality itself.

At its center, embedded like a cursed heart was a blood-red gemstone that flickered like a haunting, sinister glow, as if something inside was watching, perhaps the final boss of Demon's Tower?

The key's jagged, demonic edges were shaped like gnarled horns, each one curling with malice, each a symbol of dominion over hell's legions.

Unlike the others, this key wasn't just a passageway.

It was a warning.

A declaration that beyond the final gate lay something far worse than anything they had faced before.

It wasn't just a key.

It was the seal to the final domain.

Noah, standing at the center of it all lowered his weapon, his mind slowly emerging from the flow state.

He had done it.

No, they had done it.

Against impossible odds, they had won.

But again, the final challenge awaited them on the fifth and final floor.

Asmodeus, the King of Hell.

Chapter 57: Into the final floor

The gate to the 5th and final floor of Demon's Tower loomed before them.

Unlike the previous ones, which were ominous yet structured, this was a monolithic gate of blackened steel, its surface carved with thousands of screaming, writhing faces, frozen in eternal agony.

They didn't move immediately.

They took a moment to catch their breath.

Fighting against both Beelzebub and Kali at the same time pushed them to their limits, and now, even this team led by a God level player was exhausted.

Noah and his teammates were exhausted, both in terms of resources and mentally. That struggle against both Demons in this floor pushed them to the edge, testing their limits and perseverance.

They took their time, healing their Avatars and restoring their MP even as they also used the opportunity to recover mentally.

The 5th floor of Demon's Tower was not going to be a walkover.

Theoretically, it was supposed to be the hardest and so, they took their time, preparing for the final and ultimate showdown.

After a few minutes of this, they were done.

The moment Noah inserted the key in the Gate of Hell's Crown, the key melted into the gate like blood seeping into an open wound.

A deep, guttural groan echoed through the tower as the doors lurched apart, revealing the abyss that lay beyond.

They stepped forward, into Hell itself.

The descent into Hell's Throne began...

The air was heavy, suffocating, pressing down on them like the weight of an entire world.

The sky was gone.

There was no ceiling, only an endless, swirling void of black flames and crimson lightning, crackling with raw, malevolent energy.

The ground was a battlefield of ruin, a vast, cracked expanse of obsidian and charred bones, stretching endlessly in all directions.

Towering spires of dark stone jutted from the earth, rivers of lava snaking between them, their glow casting monstrous shadows.

It wasn't a dungeon floor.

Rather, it was a domain of war, a place where only the strong survived.

As they stood at the threshold of the final battlefield, the air thick with the scent of war and ruin, Benjamin took a deep breath and turned to Genevieve.

His lips curled into that familiar, infuriatingly smug grin. "So, Genevieve," he began, drawing everyone's attention.

Behind them, she arched an eyebrow. "What?"

Benjamin spread his arms dramatically. "I guess you really put the 'live' in 'Revive' this time around".

"..."

For a moment, silence, then...

Aria groaned, loudly growling. "Benjamin, I swear to every god in existence..., I'll skin you alive if you say anymore of your stupid jokes!"

Benjamin chuckled. "But it was funny.

Caleb closed his eyes and exhaled in suffering. "Sigh..., I should've let the Doom Reapers take me".

Genevieve simply shook her head, muttering. "Unbelievable".

Benjamin chuckled in satisfaction at their reactions.

Meanwhile, Noah, unfazed, undeterred, and completely immune to Benjamin's puns by now gave him a deadpan stare. "Are you done?"

Benjamin, utterly shameless, grinned. "Not even close".

"Then save it for after we kill the King of Hell".

Benjamin sighed, placing a hand on his chest. "Fine, fine. I'll put my talents on hold... for now".

And with that, they turned toward the battlefield, their laughter fading as the true war began.

It didn't take long, the minions in Asmodeus' domain came.

Hellbrutes, this was the first of the minions in this domain.

They were hulking demons, flesh fused with rusted armor, wielding weapons forged from tortured souls, their war cries shaking the ground as they charged.

And then there were the Infernal Warlords, towering figures, their bodies clad in demonic plate, each one a nightmare of muscle, steel, and hate, wielding colossal blades that could cleave the earth itself.

And finally, there was the Doom Reapers. Skeletal Knights, their bones charred black, wielding cursed scythes that harvested life itself, their forms flickering in and out of existence like apparitions of despair.

Each one was an elite warrior, their bloodlust palpable, their strength rivaling the best of the previous floor minions and even exceeding it.

This wasn't just a test of endurance.

This was war.

The first wave hit like a storm.

The Hellbrutes came first. One lunged at Aria, its massive cleaver descending in a brutal arc through the air.

But twisting, her blade flashed, parrying the strike before carving a deep gash into its torso.

The towering Demon didn't flinch. It roared, bringing both of its fists down in a devastating hammer strike.

But before it landed, Caleb's war beast slammed into it, a spectral tiger wreathed in shadows ripping into its throat.

Noah blurred past another, his Spellforged Battle Lance spinning, impaling a Hellbrute through the chest before detonating it in a burst of kinetic force.

Aria severed another's head.

Benjamin called down a storm of white-hot lightning, incinerating three more. Genevieve's divine barrier shimmered, absorbing the shockwaves of their destruction.

They cut through the Hellbrutes like butchers through meat.

But this was just the beginning.

From the ruins ahead, the Infernal Warlords emerged, each a walking fortress, clad in obsidian-black demonsteel, their eyes burning with intelligence and cruelty.

Unlike the Hellbrutes, these weren't mindless beasts.

They were masters of war.

One raised a monstrous Great sword, its edge glowing with cursed runes and swung...

BAM!

The ground split apart beneath the sheer force, a shockwave tearing through the battlefield.

Noah dodged, barely.

The second Warlord thrust its lance at Genevieve. She deflected with her staff, but the force still sent her skidding back.

Benjamin's magic lashed out, but the Warlords weren't like the others. With inhuman speed, one raised its armored gauntlet and the spells shattered against it.

"They can nullify magic!" Benjamin shouted.

"Then we break them apart manually," Aria growled.

She was tired of this dungeon. It had been hours since they started the raid, and every single floor of the dungeon kept pushing them to their wit's end.

Even for a professional of her caliber, she was growing tired and exhausted.

She wanted nothing more than to end the final boss as soon as possible.

But they didn't rush it. They were in no rush to meet the final boss, fighting him was going to be a terrifying endeavor.

So they wanted to take their time, shedding their exhaustion and recovering their edge with the minions long enough before confronting the final boss.

This was going to be a slow, grueling ride.

Chapter 58: Asmodeus, the King of Hell

"Let's manually break them apart!"

After Aria growled, Noah moved first.

His lance shimmered, energy compressing along its length. He vanished, reappearing behind the first Warlord, but it reacted instantly. It twisted, catching his attack on its blade, the impact sending out a shockwave.

Aria clashed blades with another, their swords sparking as they exchanged blindingly fast strikes.

Caleb unleashed his summoned horrors, but the Warlords fought back with surgical precision, severing limbs and cutting through beasts like trained executioners.

Of all the horrors they've faced since climbing into the 1st floor of this dungeon, the demons in this floor were clearly the worse.

They were far stronger than the other minions in lower floors, and the A.I controlling them were also far more advanced.

They caused great headache for the raid party currently facing them, but stubbornly, this group of 5 kept on going.

They would not stop going, they would keep on persevering, till they win.

That... was their creed.

Genevieve, watching everything, whispered a prayer.

BZZZ!

The next moment, a golden light erupted around them, amplifying their speed and power.

A moment later, Noah and Aria moved faster than the Warlords could react.

Blades clashed. Steel shrieked.

And one by one, the Infernal Warlords fell.

As soon as the Warlords were slain, the final wave in this dungeon floor arrived, the Doom Reapers.

They didn't charge. They floated forward, their skeletal figures wreathed in black flame, their cursed scythes humming with death.

No footsteps, no battle cries, only silence.

Then, they struck.

Whoosh!

One appeared behind Caleb without a sound. Its scythe descended with eerie soundlessness and speed when behind him, Genevieve reacted.

She shoved him aside, the blade grazing her shoulder even as Misty Rose, her in-game Avatar gasped in pain.

Another slashed at Aria, but she blocked it too late.

The blade phased through her weapon, cutting directly into her essence.

"They ignore armor!" She hissed, gritting her teeth in slight frustration.

These were even more difficult to deal with than the others.

They weren't fighting physical enemies, rather, they were fighting specters of death itself.

Benjamin changed tactics immediately. He conjured a storm of radiant energy, a burning aura of light that pushed back the Doom Reapers.

Noah, without hesitation, took advantage of the momentary commotion caused by Benjamin's spell and thrust his lance through one's skull, only for it to keep on moving like an eerie zombie.

"Genevieve!" He barked.

She understood immediately.

Raising her staff, she unleashed a divine burst, a shockwave of pure holy energy sweeping through the battlefield.

The Doom Reapers shrieked. Their forms flickered, then burned to nothingness.

Just like all the other minions that this raid party faced since entering this dungeon, they figured them out, discovering their weaknesses and quickly finding the easiest and fastest way to deal with them.

With one final surge, they destroyed the last of the minions.

The battlefield fell silent, then, in the distance, the throne began to rise.

BZZZ!

The world trembled.

And suddenly, from the heart of the battlefield, a massive throne of bone and steel rose from the abyss, its very presence distorting reality.

The throne stood atop a jagged, blackened mountain of corpses, a monument of conquest and slaughter.

And seated upon it was Asmodeus.

He was massive, even while sitting, his form exuding raw, unrelenting power.

Unlike the other demons, he wore no elaborate armor, no royal garments. He didn't need them.

His body was a fortress of muscle, veins pulsing with molten fire, his skin dark as the abyss and etched with scarred runes of war.

His hands, the size of boulders, gripped a massive, bloodstained Greataxe, its blade wider than a man's torso, its edge gleaming with the essence of countless lives ended.

And then, he opened his burning eyes.

Twin suns of annihilation locked onto Noah and his team. A slow, menacing grin spread across his face, revealing fangs the size of daggers.

And then, he stood up.

The moment his feet touched the battlefield, the very earth cracked beneath him, unable to bear his presence. A single step and the air itself exploded outward in a shockwave of raw, unfiltered destruction.

No theatrics. No elaborate speeches.

He didn't see them as challengers, rather, he saw them as dead men walking.

Asmodeus, the King of Hell, the final boss of Demon's Tower and the most terrifying of all the Demon Lords.

Aamon, the Grand Marquis of Hell, defeated...

Lilith, the Demoness of Night, defeated..., alongside Magoth, the first hidden boss of Demon's Tower, the Duke of Hell.

Azazel, the Leviticus Demon, defeated...

Beelzebub, the son of Lucifer, Lord of the Flies, defeated..., alongside Kali, the Demoness of Silence, the most harrowing battle that this raid party fought in the Hell Mode version of Demon's Tower's 4th floor.

From the beginning, Noah and his teammates fought against overwhelming odds, odds that were so tipped against them that the only thing it promised was loss and defeat.

And yet, somehow, they passed through hurdle after hurdle, defeated obstacles, Demon Lords, and terrifying scenarios, all to arrive at this moment, the final showdown against the final boss of Demon's Tower.

Like the others, Asmodeus, the King of Hell was also modeled after a class in Warstar. He was not a dual-class like the likes of Beelzebub or Kali though.

Asmodeus, the King of Hell was modeled after a single class, the Berserker class.

With a low, guttural chuckle, his voice rumbled like thunder before a storm.

"You've come far... Too far".

He took a step, the ground trembling beneath his raw might. "Then let me end your journey".

"Come". He spoke; his voice thunder incarnate.

"Struggle. Fight. Die. It matters not".

He loomed over them, his towering form radiating sheer might and power. His voice, like the grinding of mountains echoed through the chamber.

"In the end..., I remain".

The King of Hell tightened his grip on his massive Greataxe, the very air trembling under the weight of his rage.

But then, Benjamin struck.

Not with magic, not with fire, but rather with the deadliest weapon known to man..., his mouth.

He chuckled. "Damn, that's a great ass".

"..."

Silence.

Noah blinked, Aria physically recoiled, Caleb made a sound like his soul was leaving his body. Genevieve looked like she wanted to unlearn language itself.

'The f*ck!'

For a single, cursed moment, even Asmodeus himself seemed... confused.

And then, the King of Hell roared in pure, unfiltered fury, raising his Greataxe high. "DIE!"

Benjamin grinned, completely unrepentant. "Worth it".

Chapter 59: A showdown against the King of Hell

Benjamin's joke lightened the atmosphere, kind of.

It calmed the nerves of this group of players who've spent hours challenging this terrifying dungeon at Hell Mode.

It changed nothing though; they still had a final boss battle to fight.

The battle began with ruin and fire.

Asmodeus didn't move fast; he didn't have to. He was a mountain that crushed all beneath him. Every swing of his Greataxe shattered the earth, every stomp sent shockwaves rippling, every roar burned the air itself.

You would think that unlike against the other Demon Lords when they fought against them and their summoned minions, since it was just Asmodeus this time, it was supposed to be easier but fighting this terrifying demon was anything but easy.

He was a walking calamity.

And Noah's team? Elite pro players. Warstar Veterans they were. But even they, together struggled against the King of Hell.

One on one? No chance.

Even Noah, the Godfather of Warstar, one of the God level players produced by England couldn't match a boss in raw strength not to talk of a final boss like Asmodeus. Skill could only compensate to an extent.

Against Kali, the Demoness of Night, faced against the impossible situation, in the flow state, Noah fought impossible odds to help his teammates turn the situation around but this time was not going to be the same.

But thankfully, this wasn't a 1v1.

This was a team fight.

Having fought against all the other bosses of Demon's Tower already, Noah already noticed a pattern in how the battles progressed.

Using all this information and experience plus his own knowledge of Asmodeus, the King of Hell, as they lumbered through the minions of the Demon King, Noah crafted a strategy and shared it with his teammates.

And now, he led them, his mind ruthlessly efficient, breaking down Asmodeus' attacks like a war machine analyzing an enemy general.

Aria was the frontline blade. She dashed in, striking at gaps in the Demon King's swings before quickly dodging out.

Benjamin was the arcane storm, creating controlled bursts of elemental destruction, shifting terrain to block Asmodeus' footwork.

Caleb deployed his summons, not for damage but to act as meat shields, forcing Asmodeus to waste powerful swings on disposable targets.

They fought together like a well-oiled machine, like a single entity.

As for Genevieve? Like usual, she was the glue holding them together. Healing was limited, but perfectly timed shields, buffs, and cleanses kept them alive when they should have been dead.

They didn't fight as five individuals.

Rather, they fought as one.

Asmodeus was impossibly powerful, with far more raw power than any of the other floor bosses but yet this team ground him down.

Strike by strike, spell by spell, they chipped at his HP.

The King of Hell bled, but he never stopped swinging.

A single mistake, a single misstep or miscalculation would mean instant death and yet in the face of death, these players didn't make a single mistake.

They had played together for years; their synergy was flawless.

Yes, they were tired after playing hours through this dungeon at such an elite level but that was what they did, they were professional players for a reason.

Spending all-nighters playing games was nothing new to them.

Even when they were tired, they've trained their brains through years of playing video games to keep on going till that victory screen appears.

Against the King of Hell, they adapted, they endured, and outplayed him.

Until...

THUD!

Asmodeus finally dropped to one knee.

10% HP left.

The final moment of the battle had arrived, or so they thought.

The instant Asmodeus's health dipped into the red, the temperature of the battlefield changed.

The air thickened.

The ground split apart.

His blood ignited.

And then a primal roar shook Demon's tower.

The Demon King's body expanded, muscles tearing and reforging, his obsidian armor fusing with molten flesh. His golden eyes burned like miniature suns, and his Greataxe doubled in size.

Berserk State!

{Wrath of the Berserker=}

The official Berserker skill was called Wrath of the Berserker.

And it was not just a normal skill neither was it a high-level skill. Rather, it was one of the most powerful skills available to a Berserker Avatar in the game, it was an Awakened level Berserker skill.

After activation, a Berserker Avatar enters an uncontrollable rage, dramatically increasing damage, attack speed, and movement speed.

Also, at max level, it grants temporary life steal during the skill duration.

Asmodeus' Wrath of the Berserker was already at max level, making him an absolute menace to any raid party that runs into him.

At normal level, Asmodeus at red blood state was already terrifying enough, then increase the difficulty even more till it hit Hell Mode.

Noah and his teammates were not just facing a boss monster anymore, rather, they were facing an abomination of a cursed programming code.

In an instant, a certain victory no longer looked so certain after this raid party did their best, persevering against exhaustion to push themselves to the ultimate level to win.

Everything before this?

It was just a warm up.

Asmodeus, the King of Hell, had finally entered the fight.

The true battle began, the Wrath of the Berserker!

BZZZ!

The moment Asmodeus entered Berserk State; reality itself seemed to shatter as he moved with his Greataxe.

His massive form blurred, moving at speeds that should have been impossible for a being his size. The Greataxe blurred with him, becoming a whirlwind of unstoppable death.

Each swing carved through space itself.

Each footstep cracked the battlefield.

His roar wasn't just sound, it was a force of nature, shaking the tower's very foundations.

This was no longer just a fight; it was a storm of destruction.

It wasn't a battle of attrition anymore.

The offensive power of Asmodeus skyrocketed after Berserk mode. Noah and his teammates had no choice, they had to kill him faster than he killed them.

Every second counted.

There were only 2 options.

Either they killed Asmodeus..., or Asmodeus killed them.

And he started killing them!

The first to succumb? Caleb.

Chapter 60: The final act; Wrath of the Berserker

Against 6 different total bosses since entering this dungeon with his teammates, through hours, Caleb had survived against overwhelming odds, pushing himself to the limit to keep on going and help his teammates.

But against a Berserk Asmodeus, that cycle was finally broken.

Caleb's summons shattered, his barriers crumbling like paper.

Asmodeus closed the distance instantly, his axe cleaving through Caleb's summoned beasts like they weren't even there.

Caleb tried to blink away but..., too slow!

BAM!

A single, brutal backhand sent Caleb flying, his HP instantly zeroing out.

And this time, there was no saving him.

[Your raid party member, Enlightened Flame has died!]

Caleb was gone.

"...!"

For a fraction of a second, Caleb's teammates shivered at the sight of his character dissolving into motes of light but they refused to falter.

Aria saw it happen, but like her remaining teammates, she didn't falter.

She rather gritted her teeth. "Bring it bastard!"

She was a Blademaster. She rushed in, weaving past swings, her blades flashing, carving deep gashes into Asmodeus's berserked flesh but then again, in Berserk State, Asmodeus was just too ferocious.

Too fast, too powerful...

Aria tried her best but it wasn't enough.

One misstep, that was all it took.

One mistimed dodge, and Asmodeus's axe split through her torso.

That was what they had been fighting against since, an opponent that could end all their HP in one single determined and successful hit.

A Hell Mode and Berserk Mode Asmodeus, the King of Hell.

A final defiant glare from her, then...

[Your raid party member, Reckless Storm has died!]

She was gone.

Trepidations spread through the rest of the team.

Genevieve held her ground, her staff glowing, trying to keep Noah and Benjami alive. But Asmodeus was just too fast now.

He was a flicker, a ghost, a blink.

Too relentless.

His axe swung down.

Genevieve raised a holy barrier.

BAM!

The barrier shattered instantly, the next swing from the Berserk boss crushing her into meat paste under his Greataxe.

[Your raid party member, Misty Rose has died!]

Genevieve was gone too.

And all of a sudden, of the original raid party of 5 who entered Demon's Tower, there were just 2 left standing.

After going through the Grand Marquis of Hell together, the Demoness of Night, the Duke of Hell, the Leviticus Demon, the Demoness of Silence, and the Lord of the Flies, 3 of them met their end.

Just Noah and Benjamin were left.

The Godfater of Warstar, and the goofy Elementalist.

One mistake.

That's all it would take for them to lose.

But they didn't make one.

Noah finally saw it, the opening.

Benjamin saw it too.

Their teammates didn't just die without achieving anything.

Even after Asmodeus entered Berserk State, they didn't back down for a reason, this was because they knew that their only chance of winning was by attacking and that was what they did.

They abandoned defense, Genevieve not bothering with healing spells in those last few seconds as she spammed them with buffs instead.

Increase the DPS..., increase the DPS...

All that wanton attacking led to Caleb sacrificing his life, Aria too, and then Genevieve, all to create this opening for whoever was left standing when it appeared.

There was no guarantee that the opening would appear when they attacked, but hope, and faith was what kept them going.

And now, that faith paved a way for them.

...a beacon of light in darkness.

'Grab it!'

Thinking, they moved as one.

BAM!

Benjamin blasted the ground, using an updraft explosion to launch Noah into the air in the final boss' direction.

Whoosh!

Asmodeus' Greataxe swung at Noah, but harmlessly swept past.

Showing incredible micro-movement and precision, Noah flipped over Asmodeus' strike twisting in mid-air, Spellforged Battle Lance extended, and then...

A single, precise thrust.

Straight into Asmodeus' burning skull.

CRITICAL HIT!

"...!"

Asmodeus froze.

His berserked flames flickered.

His Greataxe trembled, then...

Thud!

His body collapsed.

The King of Hell... had fallen.

Immediately after, there was a worldwide game announcement. Not just in England, the Warstar communities across the world saw it.

[WORLD FIRST HELL MODE CLEAR- DEMON'S TOWER- 5TH FLOOR!]

[Congratulations to the players Misty Rose, Captain Batman, Reckless Storm, Enlightened Flame, and Lord Doom for claiming the first worldwide Hell Mode clear of Demon's Tower dungeon!]

...

Back in the dungeon...

Bright golden light erupted at the death ground of Asmodeus, the King of Hell as the 3 players who died were revived by the game system.

And then, the notifications appeared.

As Asmodeus' corpse collapsed, the demonic energy of the tower surged, swirling into a crimson vortex. The air crackled, the entire 5th floor trembling as if recognizing the fall of its ruler, then it appeared.

A brilliant golden chest manifested before Noah and his teammates, the final drop rewards of their impossible victory, most likely the best.

---<VICTORY>---

[Congratulations! Your raid party have killed Asmodeus, the King of Hell, the final boss of Demon's Tower!]

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

...

[Congratulations! Your raid party have completed Demon's Tower Dungeon in Hell Mode!]

[You have been rewarded with XP!]

...

Immediately after this notification appeared, every single one of them got pop up notifications above their heads.

They instantly leveled up twice!

They rose all the way to level 22.

...

[You have received drop rewards!]

[You have received drop reward: S-Ranked Equipment- Greataxe of Asmodeus!]

[Equipment Name: Greataxe of Asmodeus]

[Equipment Type: Weapon]

[Weapon Type: Battleaxe]

[Weapon Rank: S]

Level: 20 {Upgradeable}

Durability: 100/100

Physical Attack: +150

Magical Attack: +130

*+200 STR, +150 VIT, +20% Lifesteal on Hit.

[Passive Skill: Wrath of the Berserker]

*The wielder enters a berserk state when their HP drops below 20%, gaining +50% attack speed, +40% damage, but losing all defensive stats for 10 seconds.

>Description: A weapon forged for a King. Only the strongest can wield it<

...

[You have received drop reward: S-Ranked Equipment- Blades of Aamon!]

"The Grand Marquis of Hell entrusts these to those worthy of bloodshed".

[Equipment Name: Blades of Aamon!]

[Equipment Type: Weapon]

[Weapon Type: Twin Blades]

[Weapon Rank: S]

Level: 20 {Upgradeable}

Durability: 100/100

Physical Attack: +100

Magical Attack: +100

*+180 DEX, +120 AGI, +20% Critical Hit Rate.

[Passive Skill: Hell's Dance]

*Consecutive strikes increase attack speed and lifesteal, stacking up to +50% speed and +25% lifesteal over time.

>Description: Only those who revel in slaughter can unlock their true potential<

...

[You have received drop reward: S-Ranked Equipment- Hell's Key!]

"The gate of hell is yours to command. Will you rule or be devoured?"

[Equipment Name: Hell's Key!]

[Equipment Type: Item]

[Item Rank: S]

Level: 20 {Upgradeable}

[Special Skill: Hell Legion]

*Grants the ability to summon and command the legions of Hell, including those under Asmodeus and his Demon Lords within Demon's Tower.

*The strength of the summoned demons is dependent on the wielder's power and control.

>Description: An artifact of absolute authority. Not even demons disobey this key<

...

[Additional Drop Rewards:]

*Demonic Essence x5 (Used for crafting high-tier legendary gear).

*Infernal Core (Grants permanent stat boosts upon absorption).

*100,000 Gold

~~~~~

"..."

Silence.

"Damn!" Aria muttered, staring at the twin blades.

"Sensational!" Benjamin grinned.

But then, more notifications appeared, this time more personal ones relating to the unique skill challenge.