

## Reincarnated Avatar; I got 2 SSS-Rank Unique Skills

### #Chapter 61: Demon King challenge completed - Read Reincarnated Avatar; I got 2 SSS-Rank Unique Skills Chapter 61: Demon King challenge completed

*Chapter 61: Demon King challenge completed*

----<Warstar>----

[Congratulations! You have completed Unique Skill Challenge: Demon King Challenge]

[Calculating individual challenge rating..., please wait...]

...

This time, it didn't appear immediately as it seemed like the game system experienced a slight lag, giving Noah the time to look around at his teammates.

They didn't even have time to gawk at the crazy drop rewards that they got when this notification appeared before them.

And unlike the general dungeon notification that hovered in the air, informing them of completing the dungeon raid, this one was a personal notification.

Looking at his teammates' Avatars though, Noah knew that they got the same notification that he got.

He inhaled deeply. 'I guess it's finally time'.

It was just a few weeks ago since he got reincarnated into the game, got accustomed to his new situation and raided the Pork Labyrinth dungeon, completing his first unique skill challenge and getting an SSS-Rank unique skill.

'I wonder what my rating will be this time'.

'After such a hard challenge, surely the rating has to be high enough right?' Just as he thought this, he was broken from his thoughts as more notifications appeared before him, drawing his attention.

...

[Unique Skill Challenge rating calculated successfully!]

[Unique Skill Challenge Rating: SSS-Rank]

>Description: You challenged Hell Mode of Demon's Tower, a unique skill challenge that the developers themselves labeled as impossible to complete. And yet, you did it with your teammates. You led as the raid party leader. Apart from leadership, you had your clutch moments and led with admirable skill<

[Developer Evaluation: You and your teammates achieved the impossible, led by you, and an impossible achievement deserves to be rewarded with that which others deem impossible!]

[You have received a reward!]

[You have been rewarded with an SSS-Rank Unique Skill: Versatile Avatar]

>Description: After the class change at level 20, high level and awakened level class skills are only available to characters of that specific class. With this unique skill, you can learn and use high level and awakened level skills of all 5 main classes<

[Congratulations! The high level and Awakened level skills of all 5 main classes are now available for your perusal!]

[NOTE: In Warstar, every main class have weapons that are designated for their use. E.g, Combat Mages=Battle Lance; Blademasters=Swords. Due to this reason and the nature of the SSS-Rank Unique Skill, Versatile Avatar comes with an accompanying SSS-Rank Weapon.]

[You have unlocked the SSS-Rank Weapon: Aetherforge]

[Equipment Name: Aetherforge]

[Equipment Type: Weapon]

[Weapon Type: Battle Lance]

[Weapon Rank: SSS]

Level: 20 {Upgradeable}

Durability: 100/100

Physical Attack: +180

Magical Attack: +180

[Passive Skill: Aetherforge]

\*Forged with an iron will in the depths of a dying star, the wielder is able to manipulate this weapon into different shapes and forms corresponding to any weapon available in Warstar.

\*5 base forms are currently available in the Ether. More forms can be unlocked when the Aetherforge is upgraded.

[Available Forms: Battle Lance; Twin Swords; Daggers; Rifle; Shield]

[NOTE: There is an awakening test for any additional form after the Aetherforge is upgraded.]

[NOTE: Every 10 levels, there's a level up test where the wielder fights against manifestations of all forms of the Aetherforge. The price of defeat is losing the weapon. This is the weight of holding an SSS-Rank Weapon.]

>Description: A weapon forged for Daemons and Gods<

...

[NOTE: After the server update, 5 SSS-Rank, 10 SS-Rank, and 20 S-Rank Unique Skills are now available in the game. Of each of these 3 exalted ranks, the unique skills have a ranking order based on value.]

[NOTE: Your SSS-Rank Unique Skill, 10x Skill Points is ranked 3rd in value among SSS-Rank Unique Skills.]

[NOTE: Your SSS-Rank Unique Skill, Versatile Avatar is ranked 1st in value.]

----<Warstar>----

"..."

"..."

".....!"

Despite coming with expectations, despite his expectations increasing due to the sheer difficulty of surviving Demon's Tower at Hell Mode, still, Noah's expectations were blown away and exceeded by what he saw.

'What... the heck!'

The magnitude of the reward that Noah stared at was so crazy that even him with his 10+ years of game experience could not believe what he was seeing.

He inclined his head, looking at his teammates.

He saw a slightly relieved but neutral look on Caleb's face, but on the others' faces, he saw bright smiles and on Benjamin's face, a look of astonishment.

'They likely got great rewards too, but what's with that look on Benjamin's face?'

As the team stood amidst the spoils of their hard-fought victory, a rare moment of silence settled over them.

The atmosphere was heavy, not with tension, but with the sheer weight of accomplishment. They had conquered Hell Mode Demon's Tower, a crazy feat, a feat no one else had ever achieved.

But then, one last thing, the fact that this was a unique skill challenge.

They completed the challenge and now, each of them had received powerful, one-of-a-kind abilities. However, no one wanted to be the first to reveal what they had gotten and so they stood, looking at each other.

A silent standoff.

Then...

"Hohoho," Benjamin, ever the disruptor chuckled, clearing his throat. "Well, since we're all just sitting on a pile of gold, waiting for silver linings, and hoarding our treasures like dragons, let me break the mold..."

He grinned. "...by plundering the spotlight".

Silence.

Genevieve let out a groan. "I hate you".

Caleb rubbed his temples. "I actually felt my soul take damage," he chuckled, saying it first. "I only got an A-rank unique skill, not only I guess".

Aria looked at him. "Really?"

"Damnation!" Benjamin exclaimed, shocked. "That's... plunderwhelming".

Aria didn't say anything, looking at Benjamin instead with a scowl. "Can we kill him? Just one time? For sport?"

Noah, arms crossed, exhaled through his nose. Then, a smirk.

"Alright," he said, amused, throwing a brief glance at Caleb. "Since Benjamin's so eager to reap what he sowed, he can go first".

Benjamin blinked.

"Wait..., hold on, I wasn't even serious!"

"Too late," Noah cut in. "Out with it".

Benjamin sighed dramatically, then puffed out his chest. "Fine, fine. Since you insist... behold, my Unique Skill!"

"I got an SS-Rank Unique Skill!"

*Chapter 62: Rewards*

'Benjamin, an SS-Rank Unique Skill?'

His teammates stared at him, skeptical until he showed it to them.

----<Warstar>----

[Unique Skill Challenge rating calculated successfully!]

[Unique Skill Challenge Rating: SS-Rank]

>Description: You played your role as the jester in the team, calming nerves with your unique sense of humor, and when it mattered, you came up clutch with your skill as an Elementalist. Also, you were part of the 2 last men standing<

[You have received a reward!]

[You have been rewarded with an SS-Rank Unique Skill: Element of Surprise]

>Description: You are an enigmatic Elementalist. With this unique skill, you can infuse your magic with humor, launching unpredictable attacks that deal damage based on the pun delivered. The ability randomly cycles through elements (fire, water, air, earth) while delivering a joke related to that element. The more groan-worthy the pun, the greater the chance of a critical hit<

[Examples of Effects:]

\*Fire Pun: "You're fired up for this one!" – Launches a flaming projectile with a chance to ignite the target.

\*Water Pun: "You're in deep water now!" – Drenches the enemy, reducing movement speed.

\*Air Pun: "This attack will blow you away!" – Summons a powerful gust, knocking back enemies.

\*Earth Pun: "You've hit rock bottom!" – Creates a small earthquake, stunning nearby enemies.

[Special Mechanic:]

>If an enemy audibly groans (a special sound cue), they take additional psychic damage from sheer embarrassment<

>When triggered, it also helps allies. Allies within range gain a morale boost, temporarily increasing their critical hit chance<

----<Warstar>----

"..."

"..."

".....!"

Noah and the rest of his teammates were so shocked by what they saw that their jaws were left hanging. 'What the...!'

Reading their thoughts despite the fact that their monotonic in-game Avatars didn't have much facial expressions like Noah's reincarnated Avatar, Benjamin felt it. Definitely, there was a joke hiding here, somewhere.

He grinned. "Ya'll didn't believe in me?"

"Well God did," he chuckled. "Even the game server believes in this big brother's sense of humor, you all need to grow up".

Caleb stared at him, totally impressed. "I didn't see that coming".

Noah stared at him with wide eyes. "That..., that's crazy!"

"Lucky bastard! Even I didn't get an SS-Rank unique skill". Aria grumbled.

Staring at Benjamin as he basked in all the attention that suddenly went his way, Genevieve shivered, horrified. "To think even the game endorses your silly jokes..., the world has gone crazy!" She exclaimed.

"Even when it was not endorsed, you never stopped". She stared in horror. "God! I'd die from cringe at this rate".

Benjamin chuckled. "Come on baby girl, don't be like that".

Despite being totally shocked by the first reveal, in the end, they managed to calm down, focusing on the next.

Aria went next, showing them her reward from the unique skill challenge.

Unlike Benjamin, she only got an S-ranked Unique Skill but it was a sufficiently powerful one, one suited for combat and her playing style.

----<Warstar>----

[Unique Skill Challenge rating calculated successfully!]

[Unique Skill Challenge Rating: S-Rank]

>Description: You played your role to perfection as the frontline attacker, one of the main DBS Avatars in the team. When it mattered, you came up clutch, forming a devastating attacking combo with your Combat Mage teammate<

[You have received a reward!]

[You have been rewarded with an S-Rank Unique Skill: Last Stand]

"People think you're human. But in truth, you're a monster too, a boss".

>Description: A berserker's defiance given form. When you are on the verge of death, you become an unstoppable war goddess, gaining immense power and refusing to fall until you're either victorious or every last ounce of your strength is spent<

[Effects:]

\*Activates automatically when your HP drops below 10%.

\*Gains Super Armor (cannot be stunned, knocked back, or interrupted).

\*50% damage reduction and 50% damage increase.

\*50% attack range increase, making melee strikes deadlier.

\*Immune to all crowd control effects.

\*Lasts for 15 seconds or until you die.

[Special Mechanic:]

\*If you land the killing blow while Last Stand is active, you extend the duration by 5 seconds.

\*If you somehow survive the skill duration, and you're left with exactly 1 HP, your next attack is guaranteed to be a critical hit.

[Drawback:]

\*Once the skill ends, you suffer debuffs: 50% reduced movement speed for 10 seconds and healing received is halved for the next 30 seconds.

[Remark: You are a Blademaster turned Berserker, a berserk Blademaster!]

----<Warstar>---

Despite the fact that Aria didn't get an SS-Rank unique skill like Benjamin, clearly, what she got was unique.

Afterall, players were not supposed to enter red blood state.

What she got was essentially a Warstar boss inheritance.

Trust Benjamin, making another pun joke to make the reveal suddenly awkward, forcing Genevieve to almost attack him if not for a timely Caleb intervention. In the end, she revealed her reward next.

Just like Aria, Genevieve got an S-Rank Unique Skill.

To put this into perspective, S-Rank Unique Skills are not candies that are just found along the roadside. They were the pinnacle of Unique Skills in Warstar before the recent server update.

The previous team Cyber Squad had only 1 Avatar with an S-rank unique skill, Noah's Stinger of War, but now his team already had 2 S-Rank unique skill holders and an SS-Rank unique skill holder.

Genevieve's S-Rank unique skill was also an OP one.

----<Warstar>----

[Unique Skill Challenge rating calculated successfully!]

[Unique Skill Challenge Rating: S-Rank]



>Description: You played your role to perfection as the protector of the team. Despite how exhausting it was, you were always a reliable Cleric. Most importantly, you defeated death in a moment of God-like skill to escape death<

[You have received a reward!]

[You have been rewarded with an S-Rank Unique Skill: Sacred Requiem]

>Description: A divine hymn passed down through the ages, allowing the Cleric to turn fallen allies into temporary holy revenants. Instead of reviving them permanently, they reawaken for a short duration in a state of divine overdrive, with enhanced stats and immunity to status effects, before ultimately fading back into death<

[Effects:]

\*Revives all dead party members for 15 seconds.

\*Revived allies gain +50% attack speed, +50% movement speed, and +20% lifesteal

\*Immunity to stuns, silences, and knockbacks while active

\*After 15 seconds, allies die again unless they receive a proper resurrection skill

\*Cooldown: Once per battle.

[Special Mechanic:]

\*If an ally lands a killing blow while in the Sacred Requiem state, you gain a Holy Buff, reducing the cooldown of your next healing skill by 50%.

[Drawback:]

\*The revived allies will instantly collapse once the duration ends, so if they don't finish the fight before the time runs out, the party could be wiped out immediately.

----<Warstar>----

Genevieve stared at them, amused at their reactions. "So, basically, my job is still keeping everyone alive, except now I get to bring people back just to let them die again. Wonderful".

"Sensational!" Benjamin chipped in with a chuckle.

With almost all their rewards accounted for already, they could not help but pay attention to the last of them, Caleb even as his words the other time replayed in their heads.

Was Caleb maybe just joking?

Unfortunately, he was not. Caleb showed them his reward.

----<Warstar>----

[Unique Skill Challenge rating calculated successfully!]

[Unique Skill Challenge Rating: A-Rank]

>Description: You played your role in the team as the Summoner. Your summons helped in defeating the dungeon, acting as appropriate support for your teammates. But sometimes, you got too comfortable supporting. You were overshadowed by your teammates<

[You have received a reward!]

[You have been rewarded with an A-Rank Unique Skill: Forbidden Equation]

>Description: A mathematical spellcraft that allows the Summoner to calculate and predict an enemy's next attack, creating a one-time counterplay based on probability. However, the skill is unreliable as its entirely based on the accuracy of the calculations which means at a miscalculation, the effect could be completely useless<

[Effects:]

\*Analyzes an enemy's next move based on skill activation algorithms, allowing you to predict and preemptively dodge or counter it.

\*If prediction is correct: You gain 50% movement speed for 3 seconds and next spell is cast instantly.

\*If prediction is wrong: You receive a self-inflicted debuff where your next spell takes twice as long to cast.

\*Cooldown: Variable, based on accuracy.

[Special Mechanic:]

\*If your math is absolutely perfect (less than 0.1% margin of error), you gain a one-time chance to instantly break an enemy's cast animation, interrupting a skill no matter what it is.

\*But... if you overcompensate or round your calculations wrong, you might trip over your own summon circles instead.

----<Warstar>----

The others finally reacted, understanding why Caleb only got an A-rank unique skill. It was subjective.

In the hand of any other player, indeed, this unique skill was properly useless, the weakest A-rank unique skill ever. But in Caleb's hands?

Noah shuddered. 'This...!'

'The math genius just got wings to fly!'

### *Chapter 63: Aftermath*

Birmingham City, England...

The soft hum of a kettle filled the air as the scent of freshly brewed tea mixed with the faint aroma of takeout. Benjamin's 2-bedroom apartment was cozy, a contrast to the warzones they had just left behind in Warstar.

In the sitting room, stacks of game cases, a few scattered books recently bought by Caleb, and an absurdly large collection of pun-themed novelty mugs lined the shelves.

It was already 3 days since the Demon King challenge.

And since then, a lot of things had happened, both in the game and outside.

Genevieve sat cross-legged on the couch, idly flipping through her phone. Aria was sprawled out on the floor, one arm draped over her face, groaning at the mere thought of moving.

Caleb, the neat freak was wiping down the coffee table, muttering about how Benjamin lived like a Barbarian. "How can your house be so dirty and you're so comfortable about it? Absolute bogus!"

Benjamin himself, wearing a t-shirt with a terrible joke about elements in the periodic table was stirring sugar into his tea with a smug look.

For the first time in what felt like forever, they weren't fighting for their lives.

No monstrous demons, no hellfire, no impossible bosses. Just four players, decompressing after what was probably the greatest achievement in Warstar history.

The only blemish was probably Noah not being with them at this moment.

"Alright," Benjamin exhaled dramatically, setting his tea down. "Don't you think it's time we talk about the walking game-breaking phenomenon that is Noah?"

"Do we have to?" Aria groaned from the floor. "I still feel like my soul is in the Demon's Tower".

She had to do a bit of sweet talking before she was able to convince her boyfriend on coming today to relax with her friends, so the last thing she wanted was talking about that bastard who was stuck in the game.

Genevieve chuckled. "That's what happens when you get obliterated third".

Well, that got Aria up and active.

"Excuse me?" She shot up. "I lasted way longer than Caleb!"

Caleb, still wiping down the table, gave her a flat look. "I was targeted first, that wasn't even a skill issue. That was a 'boss wants me dead first' issue". He shrugged.

Benjamin smirked. "Yeah, yeah. But back to Noah's situation," he leaned forward, hands clasped together. "Two SSS-Rank unique skills. Two!" He raised 2 fingers for emphasis.

He sighed. "At this point, I really don't know if that guy is just lucky or he's just that annoyingly good".

"Those 2 unique skills in themselves would be ridiculous, but you know the most ridiculous thing?" He laughed. "Those skills being in that bastard's hands!"

"I mean, in Noah's hands?" He let out a low whistle. "This game's never gonna be the same".

Genevieve nodded. "10x Skill Points was already ridiculous. If any other top player had that, they'd dominate. But Noah? He knows how to use every skill to its absolute peak efficiency".

"He's not just an insane fighter; he's a perfectionist with an obsession for mastery". She scoffed. "While we're here relaxing, if I was to guess, I'd say he's in the game working his ass off to master his new OP weapon".

"He doesn't know how to relax and enjoy life at all". Genevieve sighed, exasperated.

"To think he truly got something like that Versatile Avatar," Caleb added. He put down his cleaning cloth and folded his arms. "The one skill that lets a player break the class system entirely".

"High-level and awakened skills from all five main classes? That's blasphemous".

If people from Caleb's previous work place saw him talk so much, they'd be truly shocked.

In truth, he doesn't speak much though he opens up at times around his friends. But still, the situation pushed Caleb to speak.

"I'll be real," Aria admitted, sitting up. "I was skeptical when we first saw the skill description. Like, theoretically, it's busted. But I didn't actually get why it was this busted until I thought about it more". She sighed.

"Because of Noah?" Genevieve asked.

Aria nodded. "Exactly. Think about it. Most players who specialize in one class already struggle to optimize their build and class skill tree".

"Switching to a different class? Learning a new playstyle? Learning a whole different skill tree? That's a nightmare, but that guy?" She shook her head. "He was already mastering other classes before he even had the skill".

"Do you remember when we just started? 11 years ago, the first time I met him before he even created his Stinger of War Avatar in the game, that guy played as a Berserker!"

"He's probably the only player alive who could make full use of it without tripping over the complexity".

"Ladies and gentlemen, I feel my old bones tingling in excitement!" Benjamin chuckled.

Caleb adjusted his glasses. "The pro scene is going to implode when they realize what this means. The moment he enters ranked play, no one will be able to counter him effectively".

"If you prep for his Combat Mage playstyle, Noah can just swap to Blademaster. If you try to beat him with attrition, he has Cleric skills".

"And if you try zoning him, he has Summoner abilities. It's unfair".

Benjamin grinned. "The developers tried to fix Warstar's balance, and instead, they created their worst nightmare".

Genevieve shook her head, smiling. "More like they just handed the most talented player in the game the most broken toolkit imaginable".

"Let's be honest, if anyone deserves to have Versatile Avatar, it's Noah. Who else could actually use it to its full potential?"

"Anyone else would fumble it," Caleb agreed. "Noah's the only one with the mechanical skill, tactical awareness, and sheer obsession with the game to push it beyond what even the devs imagined".

Aria crossed her arms. "Yeah, yeah. He's the best, I get it, you don't need to shout it to my face".

"I...,"

"It's fine, I get," she laughed, interrupting Caleb who tried to explain himself. She sighed. "I just hope he's not too smug about it when he finally logs out".

Benjamin sipped his tea, smirking. "Oh, he absolutely will be".

"Because then," he grinned. "We'd be World Champions!"

They were sitting in Benjamin's messy apartment, talking about the future of the game itself.

All of them knew one thing for certain, Warstar was about to change forever.

Thinking of something, Aria suddenly asked. "What of that Meng Wu Ya? Surely, he went for some unique skill challenge too, right?"

Well, Aria just had to jinx it.

An hour later, the Warstar developers had an interview broadcast.

*Chapter 64: Warstar International Interview- the rise of the SSS-Rank Players*

It was not just any interview broadcast; it was a publicity interview.

The interview was broadcasted live to millions of Warstar players and eSports fans worldwide who were excited after hearing the theme of the interview.

Afterall, the theme was the rise of SSS-Rank players in the video game.

In every entertainment sport, fans tend to love superstars who they can look up to, follow, and idolize. The same thing in eSports.

Just like football had characters like Cristiano Ronaldo, Lionel Messi, Kylian Mbappe, global superstars who are above others, Warstar wanted to officially create and recognize their own global superstars to further enhance the popularity of the game.

They believed that this was the key to taking Warstar's popularity to the next level, and it was the main reason for the interview broadcast.

...

The sleek Warstar Studios stage was bathed in neon blue and gold, the colors of the game's logo.

Screens behind the host displayed dynamic footage, players in combat, legendary moments from past tournaments, the World Championship and most notably, the Demon's Tower Hell Mode clear that had taken the global eSports community by storm.

The hype surrounding the latest server update and the introduction of SSS-Rank unique skills had turned this interview into a global spectacle.

Seated across from the host were 2 of Warstar's biggest names, Meng Wu Ya, the reigning World Champion, and Ryuji Sakamoto, the captain of Team Japan.

Their expressions were poised, professional, but even they couldn't hide the weight of the announcement they were about to be part of.

The host, a charismatic figure with sharp eyes and an eager grin leaned forward. "Warstar has always been about skill, strategy, and dominance".

"And now, with the introduction of SSS-Rank unique skills, we are witnessing the birth of true legends in the game".

"It is not unfair. Afterall, they claimed it through their own efforts and skill".

"And yes, this interview is because majority of the 5 SSS-Rank unique skills have already been claimed by worthy players in the game". The host grinned.

"4 of the 5 SSS-Rank unique skills has already been claimed, and today, we finally reveal their holders".

"Let's start with the reigning champion, the master of Warstar himself, Meng Wu Ya". He inclined his head to look at the champion with a big smile on his face.

Responding in kind, the camera zoomed in on Meng Wu Ya, China's greatest esports prodigy, his calm gaze unwavering. With a voice as steady as his playstyle, he spoke.

"I triggered a unique skill challenge after I hit a specific multiple hit combo milestone when fighting a final boss in a level 100 dungeon".

"The unique skill I got is indeed overpowered, but so was the challenge".

"Later, I heard that my SSS-Rank unique skill is the one with the 2nd most value in the game".

In that moment, the screen changed, changing from the interview and focusing on the game instead, showing a scene from Meng Wu Ya's in-game Autumn Rain Avatar's POV.

They showed his SSS-Rank unique skill to the world.

----<Warstar>----

[SSS-Rank Unique Skill: Chrono Dominion!]

>Description: Grants complete dominion over time within a controlled space. The user can accelerate, decelerate, or briefly stop time within a defined zone. The higher the mastery, the wider the radius and the longer the effect<

----<Warstar>----

Not letting the audience digest the bombshell that the world just saw, the excited host chimed in. "According to the game developers, at full potential, this unique skill allows for reversal of minor past events within combat, making it the most terrifying skill in competitive play".

He quipped excitedly. "A player already considered the most disciplined and mechanically perfect, now wielding a skill that lets him alter time itself?"

"It's an absurd advantage". He laughed. "Brother Meng's ability to predict, correct, and manipulate fights is now borderline omnipotent".

"Maybe counters will be devised against him in the future as time goes on, but to me, Brother Meng is the best in Warstar!"

The audience at the interview scene exploded in reaction.

Some cheered in awe, others were already speculating if Chrono Dominion had just broken the game itself.

Meng Wu Ya simply nodded. "It is a tool, like any other. Victory in Warstar still depends on skill".

The host chuckled. "A tool that lets you erase mistakes? I'd say that's a little more than a tool".

Meng Wu Ya's lips twitched into the faintest smirk. "Only if one makes mistakes".

The crowd lost it.

"That's my Meng Wu Ya!"



"Best in the world!"

"The G.O.A.T!"

Sometime later, the host turned to Ryuji Sakamoto who in Meng Wu Ya's oppressive presence had been relegated to a side character since.

Team Japan's fiery Combat Mage Captain had an unmistakable intensity in his eyes. Japan had been overshadowed in the last world championship, but everyone knew that they were planning a comeback.

And now, with an SSS-Rank skill finally in their arsenal, their goal felt closer than ever before.

"They say mine is the 5th most valuable unique skill in the game".

Just like in Meng Wu Ya's time, the screen also changed, showing the POV of his in-game Combat Mage Avatar.

----<Warstar>----

[SSS-Rank Unique Skill: Stormcaller!]

>Description: Allows the Combat Mage to seamlessly fuse elemental magic, generating cataclysmic storm-based attacks that automatically adapt to an opponent's weaknesses. With mastery, Stormcaller lets the user override traditional elemental limitations, bending magic to react dynamically to combat situations<

----<Warstar>----

For some reason, perhaps to emphasize his relevance, Ryuji Sakamoto did not let the host explain, rather doing the explanation himself.

He had a fiery look on his face. "Before, Combat Mages had to commit to a specific elemental specialization. All other element skills are weakened".

"Now, I can weave fire, lightning, ice, and wind into a single relentless assault with the same lethality. None is weakened. With this, nobody can counter my Avatar when I'm coming".

Ryuji exhaled sharply, the competitive fire in his eyes burning bright. "I will only say this," he stated. "Japan is coming for the next world championship".

That arrogant declaration sent shockwaves through the esports community.

With Stormcaller, Japan's aggressive playstyle had just become deadlier.

The next world championship was still more than a year away, but still, fans could not help anticipating it already.

The viewership of this interview kept on rising, already shattering records.

The host leaned back; his excitement barely contained. "And now, the moment the entire world has been waiting for. The highest-ranked SSS-Rank unique skill, the best-valued unique skill in all of Warstar".

The tension in the room was palpable, this was what most of them came for.

A screen behind them flickered, showing footage of the Demon's Tower dungeon clear, the impossible feat that had cemented Lord Doom as a living legend in the new 11th server in England.

The host turned back to the camera. "The most valuable SSS-Rank unique skill in Warstar belongs to Lord Doom. A name that, just three days ago, meant nothing".

"But now? Every top club in England is trying to find out who he really is".

"That is the true conundrum, who is he? Who is Lord Doom?"

"He seemed to have just popped out of nowhere".

The screen finally displayed it.

----<Warstar>----

[SSS-Rank Unique Skill: Versatile Avatar!]

>Description: Allows the user to wield high-level and awakened level skills from all 5 main classes. Comes with an accompanying SSS-Rank weapon, the Aetherforge, a weapon that can freely transform into different Warstar weapon forms<

----<Warstar>----

"...!"

Seeing the reaction of the crowd, the host grinned.

This was the kind of reaction that the interview broadcast was organized to elicit among the fans.

"This," the host said, his voice carrying the weight of the moment. "Is not just a game-changing skill. This is a Warstar-changing player".

"This is a Warstar-changing Avatar".

"And 1 more thing, Lord Doom has more than 1 of the 5 SSS-Rank unique skills".

"What?!"

The crowd erupted.

Who the hell was this Lord Doom?

Who was this mystery player?

In just an instant, Lord Doom surged to popularity, becoming the most searched name in global Warstar forums and the most popular Avatar in the game.

Meng Wu Ya's eyes narrowed. 'Lord Doom..., who is he?'

*Chapter 65: Aetherforge*

While the rest of the world paid attention to the interview that was organized by Warstar, somewhere in the game, inside a dungeon...

ROAR!

The final boss let out a deafening roar as Noah plunged his Aetherforge Battle Lance straight through its core, twisting the weapon as an explosion of energy rippled through the cavernous dungeon.

The monstrous Wraithlord of Cindermoor, a towering specter clad in molten armor, wielding twin soul-forged scythes convulsed, its glowing red eyes dimming as its body began to disintegrate.

---<Warstar>---

[System Announcement: Dungeon Boss Defeated!]

[Dungeon Cleared: Solo Completion- Ultra Hard Tier Achievement Unlocked!]

[Congratulations! Your drop rewards have doubled!]

---<Warstar>---

It had been 3 days since Demon's Tower already.

After getting over the shock of their unique skills, mostly the shock of his 2nd SSS-Rank unique skill, the excited group finally rummaged through their drop rewards with gusto.

Since none of their in-game Avatars was a Berserker, the class that wielded Great swords and Battleaxe, Noah temporarily held the Battleaxe of Asmodeus.

Every S-Ranked weapon was an absolute treasure in Warstar.

If they decided to sell it, they would undoubtedly get filthy rich overnight since there were people ready to pay big for any S-Ranked equipment.

Professional Warstar clubs especially were ready to pay big to get any equipment that could further strengthen their pro players' Avatars for the Pro Alliance, so the Battleaxe of Asmodeus was basically an invaluable treasure.

Noah and his teammates had no intention of selling it though.

They were experienced, they knew that selling it was wasting its value.

If they were casual players who played the game for fun, they would have undoubtedly decided to sell the S-Ranked weapon for the money but they were not.

Rather, they were forcefully retired pro players who aspired to make a comeback to the professional scene.

They didn't need the money, they needed something even better, a compatible S-Ranked weapon.

This was why Noah held onto the Greataxe.

Instead of selling it, Noah wanted to batter it in an exchange for another S-Ranked weapon, one that fit the needs of anyone of his teammates.

He doubted if he could batter the Greataxe now in the new server, but he was not too worried about this. This was because after getting to level 60, players in new servers become eligible to take on the Heavenly Challenge.

If they complete it, they gain access to the Heavenly Domain, a much bigger map that was the true revolutionary world of Warstar.

It was filled with multiple new maps, multiple new dungeons, multiple new bosses, but most importantly, the best and highest leveled players in the game all reside in the Heavenly Domain.

There, Noah was sure to meet someone that would batter for the Greataxe.

And if not, he still had certain connections among pro clubs in England.

As for the other drop rewards, Aria naturally took the Blades of Aamon. Her previous Blademaster Avatar in team Cyber squad also had an S-Ranked weapon, Aria was excited to get her hand on one again.

As for Hell's Key, Caleb took it since it was an item that fit a Summoner more.

After distributing the main rewards, his teammates logged out of the game, going on an extended absence as they recuperated from the grueling Demon's Tower dungeon challenge.

As for Noah though, he didn't have such luxury.

He was stuck in the game. Not that he hated it though.

With his teammates gone, after he paid gold coins to rest in an inn and recover, he rested some more to recover his mental exhaustion before quickly continuing the grind.

He wanted to make his comeback to the pro scene as soon as possible, and he needed to work hard for it.

Besides, he was excited by his new and first ever SSS-Ranked weapon, Aetherforge. Not even his old Stinger of War Avatar had an SSS-Ranked weapon.

From the description alone, Noah knew that mastering the use of his new weapon was not going to be easy.

This was why since then, his schedule became sleep in an inn, rest, recover, and then solo dungeons to test out his new abilities and weapons.

Demon's Tower was not the sole level 20 dungeon in the new server, it was the sole level 20 dungeon in the beginner village.

After Demon's Tower, Noah finally left the beginner village.

3 days later, here he was.

Noah exhaled sharply, lowering his lance.

Even for him, Aetherforge was tricky to master.

The SSS-Rank weapon demanded more than just raw skill. It required adaptability, quick thinking, and an almost instinctual understanding of its form transitions.

In this fight alone, he'd switched between Battle Lance, Twin Swords, and Rifle multiple times, each form uniquely suited for different attack patterns.

The Battle Lance had allowed him to control space and land heavy blows.

The Twin Swords had been necessary for fast-paced counters against the boss' teleporting strikes.

And the Rifle? It had been invaluable in dealing precise long-range damage when the Wraithlord took to the air.

"Still not perfect," he muttered, glancing at the weapon in his grip.

Aetherforge pulsed faintly, its metallic surface shifting subtly as if recognizing his progress.

He'd come far in understanding it, but he was yet to master it.

Even so, his SSS-Rank Unique Skills had made a frightening difference. 10x Skill Points meant he was accumulating power at a monstrous rate, while Versatile Avatar was outright game-breaking.

He was already incorporating high-level skills from other classes; things no other player should have access to. And this was only the beginning.

This time, he truly was creating a broken in-game Avatar.

"Alright, PvE testing is done".

His gaze shifted towards the exit of the dungeon.

If he wanted to truly understand how effective his skills were, there was only one place left to go.

The Arena.

There, he'd face real opposition, players who thought fast, adapted, and had no predictable patterns.

Warstar was a game of war, and the best way to sharpen a weapon was through battle.

As he began making his way to the Arena though, his interface lit up with an incoming message.

{Genevieve: Noah, meet up with us in the game. Choose a location, there's something we need to discuss.}

Noah raised an eyebrow but didn't hesitate. If Genevieve was calling him, it had to be something important.

With a flick of his wrist, he dismissed the dungeon interface and altered his course. Whatever this was about, it could only mean one thing.

Something big was happening or likely already happened.

### *Chapter 66: Changes*

A few minutes later, Noah arrived at the designated meeting point- a secluded, picturesque cliffside within the game.

The sea stretched endlessly before them, its digital waves lapping against the distant shore under a sky painted with a golden sunset.

His teammates were already there, lounging on rocks, while Benjamin making a distinction from the others stood near the cliff's edge as they were deep in discussion.

'Always doing crazy things'. Noah sighed at the sight of Benjamin.

Genevieve was the first to notice him. She offered a calm smile, but there was an undeniable excitement in her azure eyes.

Aria, arms crossed, smirked knowingly like she'd been waiting for this moment. Benjamin, always relaxed, had an unreadable expression while Caleb looked slightly irritated in his presence, though not in an unusual way.

Noah, as always got straight to the point. "So? What's the big news? Hit me".

Genevieve wasted no time. "The Warster Devs held an official interview today, which is officially 3 days after our dungeon run".

She looked at him. "The world now knows that four of the five SSS-Rank unique skills that were designed have been acquired".

Noah nodded, not surprised. That much was expected.

Afterall, Warstar wasn't just a game, it was a full-blown eSports empire. The introduction of SSS-Rank skills was bound to change everything.

Benjamin brushed back his long black hair. "You should've seen the reaction mate. Hehe," he chuckled mischievously. "The whole damn pro scene is losing their mind".

Caleb scoffed. "Of course they are. Four out of the five SSS-Rank unique skills are already taken, and yet no pro player or Avatar in England has 1 yet".

"Theoretically, no one knows if Lord Doom is from England yet".

"There's just one SSS-Rank unique skill left. Every top player is going crazy trying to figure out how to unlock it".

Noah's expression didn't change, but internally, he processed the implications. Warstar had just shifted dramatically.

A year ago, no one even knew SSS-Rank unique skills existed. Now, the landscape had been flipped upside down.

"And Meng Wu Ya?" Noah asked, because he already knew this was the real discussion.

The moment his name was mentioned, everyone's expressions turned serious.

Genevieve's voice was steady. "Your Versatile Avatar is the most valuable right? Well, Meng Wu Ya acquired the second most valuable SSS-Rank unique skill".

Aria grinned, but there was a hint of tension in her eyes. "He got something absolutely insane, Chrono Domination".

"Dominion dummy!" Benjamin trolled.

Aria glared at him, but then a brief silence fell over the group. Even for Noah, that name alone carried weight.

After the effects of the unique skill was explained to him, Noah let out a short, quiet breath. "That's insane".

Aria nodded, her expression a mix of awe and challenge. "The man can literally fight in a different flow of time than anyone else. He already had godlike reflexes, and now?"

"If he lands a hit, he can stockpile energy and rewind damage?"

Noah looked at her. "He can do that too?"

"Well," Genevieve explained. "People like us tend to get more information than normal Warstar fans. Just like your Versatile Avatar, not all information about your SSS-Rank unique skill was released to the public".

"Afterall, a unique skill is supposed to be a unique Avatar secret, a trump card".

She looked at Noah. "But there have been rumors, rumors that there's more to Meng Wu Ya's Chrono Dominion".



"Apparently, plus the time control, every landed strike from his swords stores kinetic energy which can be released to reset cooldowns or reverse damage taken in the last 3 seconds".

Caleb scoffed, crossing his arms. "It's the most broken duelist skill ever conceived. He was already a world champion before this, now, he's practically untouchable in a fair fight".

"Not against me though". Noah chuckled.

This time, Benjamin had no comeback to troll him, only glaring at him spitefully. "Showoff!"

Noah's reaction to all this? A slow, predatory grin.

"Fair fight?"

Benjamin laughed. "Exactly".

This was the key difference. Meng Wu Ya was a duelist, a god of one-on-one combat. His skill made him a nightmare in any direct engagement.

But Noah?

Noah didn't play fair.

War wasn't about who was faster or stronger, it was about who dictated the battlefield. Besides and most importantly, Warstar was not an individual game.

It was a team game.

"In a 1v1, my money is on Meng Wu Ya winning though". Aria commented idly, staring at Noah with a look that said 'yeah, I said it, what can you do?'

Noah chuckled. "Get ready to be left bankrupt then".

Genevieve watched him carefully. "You don't seem concerned".

Noah shrugged. "Why should I be?"

Yes, Meng Wu Ya was stronger than ever. Good. That just meant Noah would crush him at his absolute best.

At least, that was what he believed.

"And the 4th SSS-Rank unique skill?" He asked.

Caleb's expression darkened slightly. "Team Japan's captain acquired it. He's a Combat Mage just like you, it's called Tempest Regalia". He explained the power of the unique skill.

After Caleb's explanation, Noah considered it. "So, he's a walking natural disaster?"

Benjamin nodded. "Pretty much. He starts fights slow, but the longer the battle drags on, the more terrifying he becomes. If he gains momentum, basically, it's over".

Aria smirked. "Japan's already calling it their best chance at claiming the world championship".

Noah wasn't impressed though.

The unique skill was powerful, no doubt. But it had a flaw, momentum. Tempest Regalia needed time to ramp up.

Noah didn't give his enemies time.

Aria leaned in, eyes flashing with anticipation. "And what about you, Lord Doom?"

Noah smirked. "What about me?"

Genevieve's eyes narrowed slightly. "What have you been doing these past few days?"

Noah shrugged. "Nothing much".

Caleb scowled. "Be serious".

"Fine," he grinned. "I've been soloing dungeons, I wanted to test Aetherforge".

Silence.

Then, Benjamin burst into laughter. "Of course you did".

Noah continued. "It's tricky as hell to master. The form switching is seamless, but optimizing it mid-combat? Different beast entirely".

Aria smirked. "So what now?"

Noah's grin widened. "I take the experiment to the Arena".

The reaction was immediate.

Aria's eyes gleamed with excitement. "Finally".

Benjamin raised an eyebrow. "You're going to test Aetherforge against actual players?" He hesitated. "Is that not bullying?"

Genevieve sighed, but there was a trace of amusement in her voice. "I suppose we'll watch over you, then".

Caleb adjusted his glasses, looking intrigued. "At the very least, it'll be entertaining to watch you crush some fools".

But Aria's smirk turned sharp. "Not just watch, I'm fighting you!"

Noah turned to face her; his grin predatory. "You think you're ready for that?"

She drew her Blades of Aamon, their dark edges pulsing with violent energy. "Never been more ready".

The rest of the team exchanged glances before following after them.

Noah's first true test with Aetherforge was about to begin.

*Chapter 67: F\*ck! Lord Doom is back!*

The Arena lobby had never been this packed before.

The moment the system announced Lord Doom's arrival; it was like a meteor crashing into a lake. The ripple effect was instant; millions flooded in, scrambling for spectating slots, pushing the lobby servers to their absolute limit.

The entire 11th server was buzzing, and watching.

Lord Doom was back.

And this time? He wasn't just the King of PK anymore.

This time, he had an SSS-Rank unique skill. Heck, 2 SSS-Rank unique skills!

Also, this time, he wielded an SSS-Rank weapon.

Not just that. This time, he wasn't just here to dominate, he was here to practice and refine.

The Arena lobby was a roaring coliseum of Avatars, their usernames stacked on top of each other like a wall of neon graffiti.

In the lobby chat, there was a chat explosion.

~~~~~

{GhostFury: F\*ck! Lord Doom is back!}

{YourDaddy: WTF! LORD DOOM IS BACK???

{RagingBlaze: No way! Lord Doom is in the arena now.}

{AxelCrest: Man, a literal Avatar with 2 SSS-Rank unique skills. I feel like I'm bearing witness to history, damn! Wait, can I ask for an autograph?}

{SilverHand: And an SSS-Rank weapon. This server is done lol.}

{ImperialGuard: We're witnessing history!}

{...}

{...}

~~~~~

Everyone had one goal now.

Get into the Arena, watch the legend work.

And Lord Doom?

He gave them a f\*cking show.

...

Noah stepped onto the battlefield.

The Arena matched him with the highest-rated players online, but it didn't matter. He crushed them.

Not because they were weak, they weren't.

They may not be at the level of pro players in the Pro Alliance, but among casual players, some were ranked pros from other servers, experts who had built their names on their mechanics.

But they weren't Noah.

They weren't Warstar's true Godfather, and they didn't have Aetherforge.

His SSS-Rank weapon; it was a weapon like no other. A shapeshifting masterpiece, a living extension of combat itself.

Aetherforge currently had 5 forms; Battle lance, twin swords, daggers, rifle, and shield.

Each form was flawless. Each transition was seamless.

And Noah?

He was learning to dance with it.

Against him, one by one, they fell.

A legendary Assassin? Deleted in 30 seconds.

A ranked duelist? Didn't last a full minute.

A God-tier Tank with crazy defense? Noah broke him in two combos.

It wasn't just dominance, it was education.

Noah wasn't fighting for the win. Rather, he was testing, tweaking, and refining his own proficiency and comeback style with Aetherforge.

He was evolving.

Meanwhile, the Arena lobby was in a frenzy.

~~~~~

{BloodiedKing: Dude! Dude! Dude! This Lord Doom is sick! He's using that Aetherforge like its second nature, literally no breaks in his movement and transitions, do you even fathom how sick that is?!}

{DivineFist: Did you see that shield parry into battle lance double stab? This isn't fair!}

{Hyperion: Damn..., this isn't just PK. This is a f\*cking LECTURE!}

{VoidHunter: Everybody gangster till Lord Doom pulls into the Arena.}

{...}

{...}

~~~~~

The crowd watched, stunned.

But Noah?

He wasn't done yet.

Because there was still one fight left, the one that everyone had been waiting for ever since seeing her among the spectators in the lobby.

They called it..., the Ultimate Rematch.

Noah stood in the center of the Arena. The ground glowed beneath him, the remnants of a hard reset.

And then, a single notification lit up the system.

[A challenger has entered the battlefield!]

The crowd held their breath.

And then..., the name appeared.

[Reckless Storm has entered the Arena!]

The floodgates exploded.

~~~~~

{Skybreaker: HOLY SH\*T!!! IT'S HAPPENING!}

{TyrantFang: Lord Doom vs Reckless Storm Rematch, LET'S GO!!!}

{PhantomCore: Have you seen her weapon? It's an S-Ranked Weapon! WTF! What's the identity of this Reckless Storm?!}

{JoeBoy: The Blades of Aamon vs Aetherforge, history in the making.}

{KillingSpree: This will be the best fight of the new server!}

{PumpkinMaster: Have you guys even realized? These 2 guys, their skill already transcends the level of casual players like us. And their experience, I don't believe they're talented newbies. I have a theory guys, Lord Doom and Reckless Storm are pro players! They have to be, I'm sure!}

{...}

{...}

~-----~

In the chat explosion, one of the players, PumpkinMaster finally made the great deduction and realization but no one got to pay attention to his message though.

First, it was because of the sheer number of messages that popped up in the lobby chat every single second.

And most importantly, it was simply because the spectators were too hyped by the confrontation that was taking place before them.

They were too hyper to pay attention to the ramblings of some theorist.

Who cared if they were pro players?

What mattered was that now, they were about to bear first-hand witness to a legendary battle between 2 extremely skilled players.

Their eyes were fixated on the battlefield.

And then, it happened.

Across the battlefield, a figure appeared.

Reckless Storm stood there, her twin blades pulsing with chaotic, cursed energy.

Aria's avatar was as fierce as ever.

She wore a battle-worn black and violet combat suit, sleek but reinforced, built for speed, power, and relentless assault.

Each segment of armor had lightweight plating that didn't hinder her agility, allowing for explosive, unpredictable movement.

Her eyes glowed amethyst, a stark contrast against the dark markings that ran along her arms and neck, a sign of the curse she had embraced for power.

Her twin swords, the Blades of Aamon, pulsed with raw demonic energy. Their edges were jagged, serrated, and ever-shifting, leaving behind a faint trail of violet sparks as she moved.

They weren't just weapons, they were an extension of her rage, her unyielding defiance.

Her stance was never still; a panther ready to pounce, a storm waiting to erupt.

Unlike Noah's imposing stillness, Aria radiated untamed, volatile energy.

She was the final challenger, the Storm Queen of the Arena.

She was the calamity that no one could predict.

On the other side of this battlefield stood an Avatar that was no less imposing, Lord Doom.

He was the embodiment of dominance and intimidation.

Unlike Reckless Storm, his armor was a masterpiece of black and crimson, a perfect blend of sleek war-forged plating and eerie, shifting aether.

It wasn't just protective, it radiated an overwhelming presence, like standing before the executioner's blade.

His helmet was gone now. Instead, his face was revealed; a cold, emotionless mask of supremacy.

His deep, piercing eyes shone like embers in the abyss, locked in a state of perpetual focus.

His cape, tattered yet regal, fluttered behind him, stitched with battle scars from the countless victories he had claimed.

Every part of his presence declared a single truth; this was the final boss you never wanted to meet.

And when these two forces collided..., the Arena would never forget it.

Aria smirked.

"You ready, Lord Doom?"

Noah smirked back.

"Let's give them a show".

The countdown began.

3...

2...

1...



FIGHT!

*Chapter 68: An unforgettable rematch; Lord Doom vs Reckless Storm*

The Arena was packed to the brim.

Millions of players, some from the 11th server, some who had transferred all the way from other servers just for this moment had gathered, their eyes locked on the battlefield.

The air was thick with anticipation, the collective tension crackling like a storm waiting to explode.

Lord Doom vs Reckless Storm..., the rematch.

The return of the PK King.

The Arena's countdown began.

3...

Reckless Storm tilted her head, cracking her neck.

Her fingers twitched over the hilts of her twin swords, a smirk tugging at her lips. She had been waiting for this.

It was just a week ago or so but it felt like forever to her already.

For the first time in forever, she was up against an opponent that made her blood sing a bloodthirsty symphony.

2...

Lord Doom stood still. No stance, no theatrics.

His Aetherforge hovered at his side, shifting forms at random; one moment a Battle lance, the next Twin Swords, a Rifle, a Shield, and Daggers.

It was unpredictable, untamed. A weapon still being mastered.

Noah's eyes sharpened.

1...

The entire crowd held their breath, then...

FIGHT!

BOOM!

Reckless Storm vanished.

A blur of violet lightning, her twin swords howled through the air, a direct assault with absurd speed.

Lord Doom tilted his head back a fraction.

His hand flicked, and Aetherforge shifted into a shield.

CLANG!

Reckless Storm's swords clashed against the shield, sending shockwaves across the arena. But she didn't stop; her body twisted, an instant follow-up strike from below.

And then, Aetherforge morphed again.

Twin Swords!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

A rapid exchange; their weapons blurred, sparks flying in every direction.

The sound of metal against metal rang in the air like war drums, a symphony of death composed by two titans.

But then...

Lord Doom sidestepped sharply, his twin swords vanishing.

Aetherforge became a Rifle.

BOOM!

{Bullet Storm=}

Activating a Gunner skill, Aether-infused bullets tore through the air.

Reckless Storm barely managed to twist mid-air, a bullet grazing her shoulder. She hit the ground, skidding but..., she grinned.

"This thing is insane," she muttered. "But you haven't mastered it yet, have you?"

Lord Doom didn't reply; he didn't need to.

His Rifle flickered, Aetherforge shifting back to the Battle Lance Form.

He charged.

Reckless Storm laughed as she met him head-on.

BOOM!

Their clash shook the entire Arena.

It wasn't just a battle; it was the early return of a legend.

This was not just any duel; it was a duel of monsters.

By this point, the crowd had long since stopped breathing.

The rematch between Lord Doom and Reckless Storm had eclipsed all expectations.

Aria's Blades of Aamon were a whirlwind of death and deception. Her movements were as erratic as they were precise, striking from unpredictable angles, forcing Noah to constantly shift Aetherforge's form just to keep up.

Her offensive pressure was suffocating.

But Noah was Noah.

And that meant even against a monster, he was the bigger one.

Bzzz!

Aria flicked her wrist, pretending to slash at his head.

Noah instinctively raised Aetherforge in its shield form, but it was a trap. Aria's attack was a feint.

At the last moment, Aria's attack vanished..., her real strike coming from behind instead.

A perfect feint. A deadly execution.

She was fast, too fast, but...

Noah was faster.

His entire body twisted mid-air, an impossible contortion that would have required an out of this world mouse control, his shield shifting to daggers in the blink of an eye.

CLANG!

Aamon's blades met Aetherforge's daggers, sparks exploding as they clashed at point-blank range.

Aria's eyes widened in shock. 'To think he blocked even that..., he only managed because he accounted for the weapon range and switched to daggers. This decision-making speed, this bastard...!'

She gritted her teeth but this was only the beginning.

Aetherforge changed again, now twin swords.

His counterattack came in a flash.

A devastating upward slash that Aria barely blocked. She was sent skidding back, her boots tearing through the arena floor.

She exhaled sharply. 'Shit! That reaction speed was insane!'

She didn't stop.

Aria was a genius. Her adaptability was unrivaled.

In an era dominated by Noah, she won the MVP award of the English Pro Alliance for a reason, though only once.

She started chaining attacks even faster, her mind working at absurd speeds to find a gap, an opening, anything.

But that was the problem.

There wasn't one.

Noah was a wall.

'This freak...!'

Every time she changed her approach, his Aetherforge changed with her.

Bam! Bam!

She attacked with rapid slashes only for the Aetherforge to become twin swords again. He matched her, blow for blow.

She tried a deceptive retreat, preparing for a counter only for the Aetherforge to become a Rifle, Noah firing without hesitation.

She lunged in to break his rhythm only for the Aetherforge to become a shield. She crashed into an immovable force.

And then...

BZZZ!

She blinked.

Aetherforge was gone.

'What?!'

Noah had dismissed it entirely.

He was going unarmed!

"Are you...?!"

Before she could even finish her sentence, he was already in front of her, suddenly free of the weight of his weapon.

Bam!

A punch!

No weapon. Just sheer, brutal force.

It slammed into her gut like a battering ram.

"Gah...!"

Her body rocketed backward, slamming into the arena barrier, just in time for Aria's HP to go below 10%.

Her S-ranked unique skill triggered, but this was exactly why Noah went weaponless all of a sudden. That extra speed boost.

Noah already calculated all that he needed to neutralize her.

In Warstar, there is another class, one that specialized in unarmed combat, physical dominance, and relentless aggression.

The Brawler class.

Brawlers could either use combat gloves or go bare-handed.

By dismissing Aetherforge, in that moment, Noah became a Brawler. Afterall, with his 10x skill points giving him enough skill points, he already got some Brawler high level skills some time ago.

{Godbreaker Barrage=}

A high-level Brawler skill. A rapid-fire combo of ten devastating strikes, each blow increasing in power. The final hit releases an explosion of kinetic force, dealing true damage and ignoring armor.

{Titan's Wrath=}

Another high-level Brawler skill.

Titan's Wrath unleashes a world-shaking punch that sends a concussive shockwave in all directions. Deals massive AOE damage and knocks back all enemies within range; can break through terrain and barriers.

Noah activated 2 high level Brawler skills!

"...!" Aria's eyes widened, her last action in the arena.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Like a hurricane of blurred fists, Noah slammed into her, unleashing a rapid-fire combo of ten devastating strikes that rapidly ate through her HP.

Aria tried to improvise, but too late.

Titan's Wrath!

KABOOM!

Noah punched right through Aria and the arena barrier, disintegrating both into motes of light in a display of devastating might and savagery.

Silence, and then...

"FUCK!!! LORD DOOM IS BACK!"

"He wins again!"

The arena exploded.

The duel was over, and Noah had won, again.

But...

After being revived by the Arena algorithm, Aria sat up, wiping blood from her lip. Looking at him, she grinned.

"Alright, I'll admit it..."

She pushed herself up, shaking her head. "Your Aetherforge is bullshit".

"No, you're bullshit".

Noah smirked, rolling his shoulder. "You almost had me a few times".

"Tch. Don't lie to me". She scoffed, but there was no bitterness in her voice. Only excitement.

Because she knew, this wasn't the end.

She looked at him. "Next time, I'll win!"

"You can try". Noah laughed.

#### *Chapter 69: Recruitment*

As the dust settled in the arena, silence reigned for a split second before the entire spectator lobby exploded in chaotic cheers.

Lord Doom had won, again.

He truly was the PK King.

Still on the arena, while Aria and Noah had their usual back and forth talk, Aria vowing to win in their next duel like usual, their teammates were already screaming in chat.

{Caleb: Unbelievable. Even after that ridiculous battle, he still comes out on top. Mathematically, Noah wasn't even at his best yet with the Aetherforge.}

{Genevieve: That was... beautiful. The way they fought, Aria, you were amazing too! Don't let his shameless words get to you.}

{Nightingale: God Noah! My heart was in my throat the whole time. That... was like watching a damn anime fight!}

Yes, Nightingale and his crew kept up with God Noah's team.

They may not be there during every record-breaking moment that this team was trailblazing in the 11th server, but they were never far, always in the shadows, following them, excitedly bearing witness to their legendary run.

Watching such experts in action so closely was a joy.

While the others chatted in the group chat, Benjamin, however, couldn't resist. With a mischievous grin behind his computer, he leaned back and typed.

{Benjamin: Welp, looks like the Storm just got weathered by Doom.}

{Caleb: ...}

{Genevieve: ...I hate you.}

{Aria: Benjamin, I swear to God!}

{Benjamin: What? It was a shocking fight, but Noah just had a thunderous finish. So, my joke fit, right? Come on, don't be shy, it fit!}

Genevieve sighed, facing Benjamin's Captain Batman in the lobby as she spoke. "Benjamin, stop, please".

Nightingale also looked at him. "You've been waiting to make that pun, haven't you?"

Benjamin grinned. "I regret nothing".

Noah chuckled, amused at their reactions.

Meanwhile, the arena chat was still going wild.

Like expected, immediately after his victory, Noah got a new flood of friend requests and messages flooding his dm. He ignored them all as alongside his teammates, they finally left the arena.

...

After exiting the arena, Noah and his teammates alongside Nightingale's crew found themselves back in the bustling main plaza of the city.



The city streets were alive with activity, players rushing to and fro, some still discussing Lord Doom's latest Arena massacre.

Players bustled around, but something felt off. A group of armored figures stood on their path, blocking them.

Their insignia was unmistakable, it was Cyber Crew's guild emblem, the in-game player guild representing the England pro club Cyber Squad.

It was the guild backing the pro club responsible for forcing Noah and his teammates into early retirement.

At the center of the group stood a flamboyantly equipped player, a tall Combat Mage dressed in ornate platinum armor.

His helmet was tucked under one arm, revealing sharp, calculating features and a pair of piercing silver eyes that gleamed with confidence.

His name floated above his head.

{Shattered Star- Guild Leader of Cyber Crew Guild}

He smiled smoothly, his gaze landing directly on Noah. "Lord Doom. Or should I say..., PK King?" He chuckled. "We need to talk".

Noah crossed his arms, expression unreadable.

His teammates tensed slightly behind him; their posture wary but not surprised. They were wary because this was no longer the beginner village.

Outside the beginner village, in cities, PKing was allowed.

Yes, they were experts, unparalleled in the 11th server but they didn't want to make enemies out of a whole guild.

Top guilds in the game had tens of thousands if not millions of players, that was not something that Noah and his teammates wanted to antagonize.

The reason why they were not surprised was because of recent developments. Since Noah got his first system announcement, he entered the eyes of top guilds in the 11th server who wanted to recruit him.

Noah and his teammates had been ignoring all of them, but that was no longer sufficient, not after their recent achievements.

Conquering Demon's Tower in Hell Mode changed everything.

They already knew what this guild leader was here for.

"If you want to talk, then talk". Noah looked at him.

Shattered Star's lips curled into a polite, knowing smile. "Straight to the point, I like that".

He took a single step forward, his silver eyes analyzing Noah as if trying to see through him.

"Cyber Squad wants you". His tone was casual yet firm, like a merchant offering a once-in-a-lifetime deal.

To normal players, this was indeed a once in a lifetime deal.

Afterall, this Shattered Star didn't say Cyber Crew wanted him, but rather Cyber Squad which meant it was the pro club itself that wanted him.

This was a chance to upgrade from being just a casual player to play as a pro player. Which player wouldn't be flattered by that? Maybe only Noah.

His friends too.

Shattered Star looked at him, slightly perplexed at the lack of a reaction but he cleverly masked it.

He continued. "After what you've done in the 11th server, you've proven yourself as the most valuable player here".

"With your 2 SSS-Rank unique skills and that monstrous SSS-Rank weapon, you've proven that your skills are beyond anyone else here".

"Your skills are already at the professional level. Right now, you're still green, all you need is professional mentorship which our club has".

"Lord Doom, I'm giving you an offer to join the Pro Alliance".

"Join us, and I can guarantee, no, personally ensure that you'll have everything you could ever want". He grinned, gesturing grandly. "Exclusive sponsorships, the best training resources, global recognition, a lot of money".

"Cyber Squad's influence in England is limitless, you should know this better than anyone if you have any knowledge of the Pro Alliance".

"We're the best club in the country; we're the only ones to have won the Warstar RPG Champions league a record-breaking 5 times!" He said proudly.

"So think about it champ, what is your reply?"

Noah didn't react. He remained perfectly still, but his teammates weren't as restrained as he was.

Aria scoffed. "You've got some nerve. You really think he'd even consider..."

Shattered Star raised a hand, cutting her off.

"...!"

In that moment, Aria truly wanted nothing more than to unsheathe her Blades of Aamon and cut this bastard to pieces.

Who did he think he was?!

Shattered Star, meanwhile never took his eyes off Noah.

Seeing that nothing changed, this player's expression changed. "Now, you're really forcing my hand".

"You being so good has really caused us problems," he said. "Don't you know that your skill is rotting away here in the game?"

"How can you be so good and don't want to play professionally?"

Silence.

He sighed. "I take it that if I ask you to sell your account to us, you won't accept too, right?"

Silence.

"What of just the Aetherforge, your weapon? We'll pay handsomely".

Silence.

Noah's repeated silence was finally touching a nerve, and then subtly, the atmosphere changed.

Shattered Star looked straight at him. "You're different," he said, his voice dipping into something calculated.

A beat of silence later, he continued. "You understand what it means to be at the top. And you understand what happens to those who refuse to adapt".

The shift in tone was subtle, but it wasn't lost on anyone.

Noah finally smirked. Not out of amusement, but the kind of smirk that sent a chill down spines.

How was he even able to make such deep facial expressions in the game?

"You're right," Noah said. "I do understand".

He took a deliberate step forward, standing just within Shattered Star's space, meeting his gaze without an ounce of fear even as he ignored the guild members that followed him here.

"And that's exactly why I'd never join Cyber Squad".

The air instantly turned heavy.

The background noise of the city seemed to fade, as if the very game world was holding its breath.

Shattered Star's expression didn't change. But there was something in his silver eyes, something sharp and unreadable.

"You sure about that?" His voice was lower now, the weight behind it unmistakable.

Noah tilted his head slightly, his smirk deepening as he stared at him. "You don't seem to understand how this works. You're trying to recruit someone who's already above you".

Silence.

"Savage!" Benjamin broke the silence, trolling.

Shattered Star chuckled, and then he exhaled through his nose, shaking his head. "You really are something else".

He stepped back, flashing that same smooth smile, but now there was a distinct edge to it. "Cyber Squad always gets what it wants, Lord Doom".

"One way or another".

With that, he turned on his heel and walked away, his guild members falling in step behind him.

Noah watched him leave, his smirk never fading.

Benjamin folded his arms. "Cyber Squad being Cyber Squad, predictable".

Aria clicked her tongue. "Tch. What a joke. Like Noah would ever need them".

Genevieve sighed. "That... felt like a threat".

Caleb cracked his knuckles. "Because it was. We're talking about SSS-Rank unique skills and weapons after all, no one can control their greed when it's that".

Caleb looked at his captain. "Noah, this smells like trouble".

"Not just Cyber Crew, all the other top guilds will start getting restless too. I'm sure the pro clubs behind them are even directing them this time".

"The new Pro Alliance will start soon, they want upgrades, desperately".

Noah simply turned back to his team; his expression unreadable.

"Let them

*Chapter 70: Chasing the wind*

Creak!

The stone doors of the Abandoned War Factory groaned as they creaked open, dust swirling in the dim glow of the dungeon exit.

Noah and his teammates stepped out, their armor and weapons still coated in the grim of battle inside the dungeon.

The level 25 dungeon had been brutal, a gauntlet of automated war machines, berserk constructs, and trap-laden corridors that had pushed them to their limits even with their experience and achievements.

And yes, they were level 25 now, weeks after completing the level 20 Demon's Tower dungeon in Hell mode.

"Finally out," Aria exhaled, stretching her arms. "That dungeon was a nightmare".

"I dunno," Benjamin smirked, wiping imaginary sweat from his forehead. "I thought it was a constructive experience".

Caleb groaned. "Must you talk? Shut up before I construct a grave for you".

Genevieve chuckled, shaking her head. "You were always the calm one, but these days it seems like you get even more irritated by his jokes than I do".

Caleb shook his head. "It's too much".

Benjamin chuckled. "That would have broken my heart, but it's tough love I guess, right?"

"Afterall, what are friends for?"

Genevieve shook her head again, ignoring him. "We should move; we're still in contested territory".

Noah had just opened the map when his sharp gaze caught movement in the distance. Shadows flickered along the canyon ridges, a lot of them.

And then, a notification flashed.

[Warning! Hostile players detected nearby!]

This..., was a notification that only appeared after you've engaged in battle multiple times against a specific group of players, even killing some in the process.

After such encounters, the game algorithm uses its machine learning technology to update its data, taking the opposing set of players as enemies.

As soon as the notification appeared, Aria's eyes narrowed. "Don't tell me..."

A whistling sound cut through the air. A crossbow bolt slammed into the ground inches from Noah's feet, quivering from the impact.

"Yep," Caleb muttered. "It's those desperate bastards again".

Across the rocky terrain, a flood of players emerged. Cloaked figures, armored warriors, spellcasters with staves crackling with magic.

The insignias of Cyber Crew, Steel Legion, Oblivion Order, and half a dozen other top guilds gleamed under the sunlight. And now, a wall of hostile players blocked the canyon exit.

"There they are!" Someone shouted.

"We warned you, Lord Doom!" Another voice rang out. "You should've joined us when you had the chance!"

"Guess we hit the guild jealousy bingo," Benjamin mused, already stepping back. "What's next? They spam us with duel requests?"

A fireball ignited in a mage's hand, while a rogue disappeared into Stealth. Warriors raised their shields, preparing to engage.

Noah sighed. "Tch. Annoying".

Well, this was what they had to deal with for the past week.

It was already 1 week since Shattered Star, the guild leader of the top guild Cyber Crew blocked Noah and his teammates after they left the Arena.

Since then, other top guild leaders in the 11th server secretly messaged Noah and his teammates, at first showing their modest side and trying to recruit them but later battering for their overpowered weapons and yet, Noah and his teammates never responded positively.

They didn't give up, trying over and over till they became frustrated.

Well, in Eastern Fantasy settings, they'd say, don't refuse a toast only to drink a loss.

Since Noah and his teammates decided to be so unreasonable, all the top guilds combined their forces and decided to teach them a lesson.

They decided to use force. They wanted to show Noah and his teammates the immensity of heaven and earth.

You think you're skilled?

Well, what can skill do when you're outnumbered 10 to 1?

In the game, top guilds rule.

Pooling their resources together, an information gathering unit was created whose sole purpose was to gather information about Noah's group and their movement so they could hunt them efficiently.

They stalked them, monitored them when they entered dungeons, waiting to ambush them after they come out.

Since then, they've clashed with this group multiple times already.

But this was where the crazy part comes.

Since they've been going after them, not once have they managed to kill one of them, rather multiple players of their guilds dying in the hunt.

Those guys, numbers seemed to mean nothing before them.

This only riled the guild leaders up even more though.

'These bastards...!'

It was no longer a question of recruitment, but now pride. How can the top guilds in the game pool their manpower and resources together and still fail to capture a group of just 5 players?

If casual players hear about it, they'd think they're weak.

This was why they didn't give up, tracking them down and hunting them relentlessly for almost a week now.

There were almost a hundred players now blocking the canyon exit.

Aria turned to Noah. "Fight or run?"

"We just burned through all our potions," Caleb pointed out. "We fight, we're gonna be fighting exhausted".

Genevieve agreed. "And with this many numbers, they'll just keep coming even if we drop some of them".

"Running it is, then," Noah decided, already shifting his grip on Aetherforge. "Let's go".

And then, the chase began.

The moment they bolted, chaos erupted. Arrows, spells, and projectiles rained down, kicking up dirt as they sprinted through the canyon.

Fireballs exploded behind them, and a massive warrior with a two-handed axe charged forward, only for Aria to casually vault off a rock and kick off his helmet mid-air.

"Too slow!" She taunted.

Caleb summoned spectral wolves to slow their pursuers while Benjamin, the team's resident troll, turned his head mid-run and cupped his hands around his mouth.

"Damn, is this all y'all got? This is why y'all keep losing the pro scene!"

In response, a lightning bolt narrowly missed him.

"Woah!" Benjamin yelped, laughing.

"Oi!" Caleb growled. "Maybe don't antagonize the people trying to kill us?!"



"What? It's fun!" Benjamin cackled, leaping over a rock. "Also, they deserve it, they already want to kill us".

Well, there was no flaw in his argument, Caleb was tongue-tied.

Despite their pursuers' aggression, Noah's team had better mobility and coordination. They dodged, weaved through terrain, and used environmental obstacles to block attacks.

The ambush that was set by their opponents was meaningless in the face of actual skill and combat experience.

10+ years of fighting in the English Pro Alliance, fighting against much more skilled and devious opponents made this look like a walk down the park for Noah and his teammates. A minor inconvenience.

As they sprinted through the canyon, expertly dodging spellfire and arrows from their pursuers, Benjamin's voice continued ringing out, filled with his usual mocking bravado as he left their pursuers incredibly frustrated.

In the history of the English Pro Alliance, Benjamin had the most yellow card record for foul and offensive trash-talking and it wasn't without basis.

"Damn, y'all need aim training! My grandma dodged better than this, and she's in a damn wheelchair!"

"..."

A player messed up his control on hearing that, collapsing into a heap as his teammates stomped over him.

"Oops!" Benjamin laughed.

"Shut up and run!" Aria barked.

"Come on babe, running is for cowards! I prefer the term tactical relocation!"

They turned a sharp corner, only to skid to a sudden halt.

This was because they encountered a lone figure standing in the middle of the dusty, wind-swept canyon, his coat billowing like the reaper's shroud.

Draped in a tattered black duster, his face obscured by an old-world gunslinger mask, glowing blue eyes burned behind the cracks.

Twin revolvers, their barrels engraved with sinister runes rested at his hips.

A rusted sheriff's badge, cracked down the middle gleamed against his chest.

And then, a notification flashed.

~~~~~

[You have encountered a Level 25 Wild Boss: Phantom Deadeye!]

\*Name: Phantom Deadeye

\*Level: 25

\*Class: Gunner

\*Type: Wild Boss

\*Affiliation: The Lost Outlaws

\*Appearance: A towering spectral gunslinger clad in a tattered black duster, his body flickering between physical and ethereal form like a mirage. A rusted sheriff's badge, cracked down the middle is pinned to his chest, a cruel mockery of his former title.

[Lore:]

>Once, he was a legendary gunslinger, a sheriff who protected the frontier. But after death, his soul was twisted into an undead executioner, doomed to endlessly hunt those who dare trespass in his territory<

>Now, he does not protect, he punishes. And there is no escape from the gaze of the Phantom Deadeye<

~~~~~

The Phantom Deadeye stared at the intruders with his eerie glowing blue eyes.

"Draw, partner".

A chilling whisper echoed through the canyon as his fingers twitched.

Caleb exhaled. "Well. Shit".

In that moment, the hundred players who pursued the group of 5 finally rounded the corner, meeting their target and the other existence that they didn't account for.

At first, they were stunned but then one of them recognized him.

"It's a Wild Boss! The Phantom Deadeye!"

"I can't believe it; this is the first wild boss encounter since the new server was launched!"

"We're lucky!"

"We have to kill it; wild boss drop rewards are OP!"

While the players chattered excitedly among themselves, forgetting their original objective, Noah inclined his head to look at them, his eyes flickering as the seed of an idea was conceived in his mind.

He looked at his teammates, smirking. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"