

Reincarnated Avatar; I got 2 SSS-Rank Unique Skills

#Chapter 71: Level 25 Wild Boss- Phantom Deadeye - Read Reincarnated Avatar; I got 2 SSS-Rank Unique Skills Chapter 71: Level 25 Wild Boss- Phantom Deadeye

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A palpable tension filled the canyon as Phantom Deadeye stood still, his glowing blue eyes sweeping over the battlefield like a reaper choosing his next harvest of souls.

The oppressive aura of the Level 25 Wild Boss was enough to make even the most seasoned players hesitate.

For a brief moment, everyone, the hunters and the hunted forgot their battle.

And then Noah grinned.

A feral, knowing grin. The kind that made anyone who knew him realize that someone was about to suffer.

Genevieve, sensing that grin, sighed. "You're about to do something crazy, aren't you?"

Caleb deadpanned. "That's not even a question".

Aria cracked her neck, smirking. "Let's hear it, genius".

Benjamin, still in full troll mode leaned in. "Oh, this is gonna be good, it better have some joke elements too!"

Noah smirked, looking around.

He already had the entire battlefield mapped out in his mind.

Their pursuers had stopped their chase, hungry for the Wild Boss drops. And that was exactly the weakness he needed.

"It's a crazy idea but it'll work!" He mumbled to himself, and then he looked at his teammates.

"Here's the play," Noah said, his voice low and lethal. "We make the boss target them, let it massacre as many as possible, and when it's weakened," his grin widened. "We take it out ourselves".

"So, to be clear," Caleb clarified, rubbing his temples. "We're going to aggro the most dangerous existence on this battlefield, then trick it into doing our dirty work?"

"Exactly". Noah grinned. "SSS-Rank unique skills, SSS-Rank weapons, they mean nothing before the ultimate weapon, a Wild Boss".

Benjamin beamed. "My god, you're evil. I love it".

Aria laughed. "Leave it to you to come up with the crazy strategies," she smiled. "But it's a strategy I can get behind".

Genevieve sighed again, but a small smile played on her lips. "Fine. But if we die, I'm blaming you".

"Fair".

They were about to move when Benjamin raised a hand, stopping them.

They looked at him. "What?"

Benjamin chuckled. "Wait, there's a joke here, there definitely is!"

"..."

"Don't look at me like that, I'm serious. Ok, ok, now listen to this".

He gesticulated with his hands. "The art of War-Star, using a Wild Boss as a weapon".

"Haha," he laughed. "That hit the G-spot!"

Genevieve palmed her face, speechless.

Without saying a word, the others moved.

...

As soon as they moved, their pursuers noticed.

With inhuman speed, Noah led the charge, activating Aetherforge's Rifle Form in one smooth motion.

And then in a single breath, he fired the first shot. Not at the wild boss, but near it.

Bam!

The bullet whistled past Phantom Deadeye's head, not dealing damage but triggering its aggro AI.

A low, guttural growl emerged from the gunslinger's throat as he slowly turned towards Noah. His fingers twitched toward his revolvers, and then...

BANG!

A lightning-fast draw and shot!

Before the boss could fully engage though, with a blink step, Noah vanished.

He appeared behind a cluster of enemy players. And just as Phantom Deadeye's crosshairs locked onto him, he disappeared again.

Instead of chasing Noah, Deadeye's programmed logic dictated that it target the closest hostile entity.

Which just so happened to be..., Cyber Crew's vanguard.

BANG!

A single shot.

HP drained like a running tap...

And just like that, one of their warriors dropped dead.

Instant kill!

A brief silence, then chaos.

The hundred-man force instantly erupted into madness.

Chaos not because of the fact that the Wild Boss insta-killed a player, that was normal for a Wild Boss if the right conditions were met, but the chaos started because it shooting meant the boss fight already started.

Some immediately turned on Phantom Deadeye, desperate for the potential Wild Boss loot that would follow killing it.

Others tried to run, reposition, and re-strategize.

But Wild Bosses were not like normal bosses in Warstar, they weren't designed for fair fights.

Phantom Deadeye moved like a ghost, flickering across the battlefield with impossible speed, his twin revolvers unleashing death in all directions.

Every shot landed. Every shot killed.

Every high-defense tank players crumbled instantly.

This kind of OP offensive ability..., it caught the players off-guard, bringing some of them back to their senses.

"Fall back...!"

BANG!

Another draw and shot.

The shot erased the caller mid-sentence.

Phantom Deadeye's accuracy was God tier.

Someone activated a barrier spell, but Phantom Deadeye simply warped behind them and shot them point-blank.

Caleb whistled. "Holy hell".

Genevieve muttered. "This is actually working".

Benjamin howled. "This is a war crime! I love it!"

Caleb's eyes flickered. Even as he was excited, his mathematical brain could not help but rear its head as he already knew why this strategy was so effective.

These were casual players who played the game for fun.

Against truly skilled players, this strategy would not work but it was the fact that they were casuals that made the Phantom Deadeye so lethal against them.

He threw a glance at Noah. 'Did he account for this?'

'What am I even thinking?' He shook his head. 'He definitely did!'

While all this happened, meanwhile, Noah had already moved on to step 3 of his plan.

While the Wild Boss went on a massacre, Noah's team had strategically positioned themselves to avoid Phantom Deadeye's detection while watching their enemies crumble.

In this situation, their vast game experience dwarfed their pursuers.

Every spell, every arrow, every bullet fired at the Wild Boss in their desperate resistance was wearing it down.

These players vastly underestimated the Wild Boss.

Having realized their mistake already, they were definitely calling for reinforcement from their guilds already but Noah already took that into account in his planning.

As the hunt continued, he kept a close tab on time.

'Just in time'. He muttered.

The last guild player finally collapsed before the Wild Boss' tyranny.

And just like that, a 100-man player party was destroyed.

By the time the last guild player collapsed, Phantom Deadeye was already weakened. Its once-fluid movements were slightly sluggish, its health bar finally dropping into the red.

The Wild Boss was powerful, but not quite powerful enough to solo 100 players. There were 2 reasons why it achieved the feat.

First, Noah and his teammates' interference.

Afterall, they were the ones utilizing the Wild Boss as a weapon.

And second, the group of 100 players was not a cohesive unit. They came from half a dozen different top guilds, and they were all competitors in the game.

They fight for dungeon clear records and in other areas of the game, Wild Boss kills not excluded.

Even as they fought against the Wild Boss, they put some effort into thwarting their neighbours' efforts too. Afterall, if they could not get the Wild Boss kill, the last thing they wanted was their competitor getting the kill.

This was what held them back, emboldening the rampaging Wild Boss.

While they did all that, they forgot about their initial target, Noah's crew. Instinctively, they underestimated the impact that just 5 players could make against a Wild Boss.

Noah took all of this into consideration when making his plan.

And now, it was their turn.

"Showtime," Noah declared as soon as the last guild player fell, grinning.

And then, they struck.

Aria flashed forward, her Blades of Aamon glowing as she unleashed a flurry of slashes at the Wild Boss.

Caleb's summons lunged at its legs, disrupting its footwork.

Genevieve kept them alive with precision healing, countering the boss's lethal attacks with her timely battlefield control.

Benjamin, ever the troll, shouted mid-battle. "HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE THIRD-PARTIED, HUH?!"

Against 100 players, Phantom Deadeye thrived but against just 5 players, this Wild Boss found itself struggling to dominate like before.

Phantom Deadeye fired wildly, its code struggling to adapt.

Noah was everywhere.

He switched Aetherforge rapidly between forms; twin swords to deflect bullets, battle lance for devastating melee combos, shield to block its ultimate attack.

Wild Bosses were terrifying existences in the game, even more terrifying than hidden bosses with ridiculous reserves of HP and MP.

But with the guild players already doing most of the job for them, Noah and his teammates had the tool to complete the job.

And then, after a rapid but chaotic battle where the 5 teammates dominated the Wild Boss throughout, it finally hit the climax.

BAM!

With one last Rifle Form shot to the head, Noah landed the killing blow.

The Wild Boss staggered.

It dropped to one knee.

And then..., it disintegrated.

Almost at the same time, a massive notification appeared.

[Regional Announcement: Wild Boss, Phantom Deadeye has been defeated!]

[You have gained XP!]

[You have been rewarded with drop rewards!]

After the Wild Boss disintegrated, there was a burst of golden light and then a massive black and gold chest appeared. The drop rewards.

Silence.

Only Noah's team remained standing.

A hundred enemies dead, a Wild Boss slain, and not a scratch on them.

Benjamin burst into laughter. "Oh, man, this was beautiful. We just made so many people rage quit".

Caleb adjusted his glasses, impressed. "This entire plan was ridiculous. And yet..., perfect".

Genevieve sighed, shaking her head with a small smile. "I can't believe that actually worked".

Aria wiped her blade. "This," she declared, "was one of the greatest things we've ever done. Turning a Wild Boss to a weapon is next level". She laughed.

Noah? He simply stretched, smirking.

"Tch. Too easy".

Chapter 72: Public enemy No. 1

As the dust settled, there was the drop rewards of Phantom Deadeye, the Wild Boss in a treasure chest. But there was something else.

The drops from the player kills.

In Warstar, there are consequences for an Avatar dying in the game. Apart from losing a part of XP, players also drop items after being killed.

There's a randomized percentage of an Avatar dropping items after being killed, the higher the grade of item or equipment the lower the drop rate.

After the stunt that Noah and his crew just pulled, in the aftermath, apart from the Wild Boss' treasure chest, a sea of loot stretched out before them.

Glowing weapons, armor, accessories, potions, and gold, all spilled across the canyon floor like the aftermath of a battlefield scavenger hunt.

This was another reward that pushed Noah to conceive the crazy idea.

"Bad habits die hard". Aria glared at him on noticing his smirk.

"What? Me?" Noah laughed. "My PKing days are behind me".

"Hmm, lies".

While the 2 bickered like usual, Benjamin whistled, eyes gleaming as he took in the sight. "Well, well, well..., looks like our dear pursuers really dropped the ball on this one". He chuckled.

Caleb groaned. "Shut up".

Finally ignoring Noah, Aria kicked a discarded helmet aside, snorting. "Forget the ball, they dropped their entire inventory".

She looked at Noah again, grinning. "I bet you must be enjoying this. The almighty Stinger of Doom entering the game to PK and pick drop items, it would tarnish the reputation of Cyber Squad's God Avatar, so they never let you".

"But with Lord Doom..., you're free".

"Must be liberating, right?"

Noah no longer remained modest. "Hahaha, I enjoyed this!"

Aria laughed.

Meanwhile, Genevieve covered her face, sighing. "Are we actually looting a hundred people? This feels... wrong".

Benjamin clapped a hand on her shoulder. "Genevieve. My dear, sweet, moral compass, now let me introduce you to the concept of spoils of war".

Familiar with what was to follow after, Genevieve waved a hand, indicating that she was not interested in Benjamin's lecture.

"Tsk, you're missing out on wisdom".

Noah, standing at the center of it all, smirked as he looked at Genevieve. "There's nothing to feel bad about".

"They wanted to ruin our game experience. Instead, they just became our personal loot pinatas".

Benjamin grinned. "That's the spirit! Now, let's get to picking up the pieces of their failure!"

Caleb sighed but immediately began sifting through the rare drops. "I hate that joke, but I love this loot".

Thinking of something as they picked up the loot, Genevieve looked at Caleb. "Do you think they'll come back for revenge? Afterall, we literally just killed 100 members of their guild".

Caleb looked at her, hesitated for a moment in thought and answered. "From my hypothesis and data extrapolated from past precedent, there's an approximate 88.3% chance that they'll come back for revenge".

Aria groaned. "Was that .3% part really necessary? Huh, genius?"

Noah laughed. "I guess we're now public enemy no. 1".

"Has a nice ring to it, huh?" Benjamin also laughed.

Noah looked into the distance. "Let them come, we'll welcome them".

...

In a darkened war hall, a council of power-hungry guild leaders sat around an obsidian roundtable, their Avatars cloaked in regal armors, ominous robes, or magical cloaks, depending on their guild's aesthetic and Avatar class.

The air among them was tense and awkward, a mix of shock, irritation, and disbelief hanging between them as they reviewed the battle footage.

Despite the chaos of the situation, one player had the presence of mind to switch on his recording function which captured the unforgettable moment.

"Unbelievable," muttered a guild leader clad in heavy crimson plate. "They flipped a goddamn Wild Boss into a nuclear warhead and wiped out a hundred of our players!"

Another, draped in midnight-blue robes snorted. "Correction, your players. My guild didn't send anyone, I knew something like this might happen".

"Have you watched him fight in the arena at all? That Reckless Storm too".

"Lord Doom isn't just any player; he's a nightmare in human form".

That earned a round of chuckles and sneers, all directed at Cyber Crew's guild leader, Shattered Star, the ring leader in rallying them against Lord Doom and whose alternate avatar had been among the hundred casualties.

"Tsk". Shattered Star blushed behind his computer, feeling embarrassed.

'These bastards...!'

"So, tell me," one leader grinned mockingly. "How did it feel getting obliterated by your own greed?"

Cyber Crew's guild leader scowled, still hovering in ghost form above his corpse. "Tch. Laugh it up. That bastard played dirty". He said shamelessly. "Nobody expected him to pull something so absurd".

Another guild leader, a Berserker grinned. "What? You thought the most famous player killer in the 11th server was going to fight you fair and square?"

A woman in sleek, futuristic armor leaned forward. "No, what's absurd is that a five-man squad just turned the biggest guilds in the server into loot dispensers".

"At least we'll get to retrieve our dropped items!"

Shattered Star said, but then...

Cyber Crew's guild leader froze, still in spectator ghost mode in his 2nd computer where he controlled his alternate account.

The Avatar would remain like this in its death spot till the controller used the respawn function of the game to respawn at his designated spawn point.

At this moment, in the other computer, his transparent avatar hovered over the battlefield, watching a sickening sight.

Lord Doom and his crew stood atop a mountain of loot, laughing, joking, and casually picking through their spoils like bandits dividing treasure.

The female Cleric hesitated, guilt flashing in her eyes.

The unassuming Summoner sighed but kept looting.

As for the infamous Blademaster, Reckless Storm, she scoffed as if mocking the foolishness and incompetence of their pursuers.

The Elementalist?

That damn pun-spewing clown whistled and made another joke.

"...!" Shattered Star coughed blood.

Something snapped inside.

Cyber Crew's guild leader's ghostly face twisted with rage; his fingers clenched into spectral fists.

"Those arrogant... miserable... INSOLENT TRASH!"

"THEY DARE!!!"

His furious roar shook the war hall. The other guild leaders turned to look at him, brows raised in a silent question.

His voice was filled with hatred and humiliation as he explained the situation.

"..."

When he was done explaining, the other guild leaders were speechless.

Shattered Star continued, his voice pure venom. "We gave them a chance to join us. We tried diplomacy".

"Now, not only do they spit in our faces, but they humiliate us?"

His form flickered violently as he seethed. "You want war? WE'LL GIVE YOU WAR!"

A hush settled over the war hall.

Then...

A smirk spread across the Berserker's face. "Heh. War, huh? It seems brother Shattered Star is really angry this time".

The futuristic-armored woman cracked her knuckles. "It's been a while since we had a proper guild war".

The midnight-robed mage chuckled darkly. "I was getting bored, anyway. Besides, one way or another, this Lord Doom needs to be put in his place".

"If it continued like this, newbies would begin to think that the top guilds are easily bullied".

Cyber Crew's guild leader grinned viciously, his ghost form fading from the battlefield as his real avatar prepared for all-out revenge.

The verdict was unanimous.

They were not hiding it anymore, the top guilds declared war on Lord Doom.

Lord Doom and his crew were now public enemy number one.

...

The moment the declaration of war spread across the game's networks, the entire server erupted into chaos.

Guild forums, faction channels, livestream broadcasts, all flooded with one name..., Lord Doom.

Yes, that same Lord Doom.

The man who made an enemy of the entire pro scene.

At first, disbelief.

"Wait, what? All the top guilds are mobilizing... for five players?"

Then mockery.

"LMAO, Lord Doom really thinks he's a one-man raid boss?"

"Dude played one too many single-player games".

"Arrogance has consequences. These idiots should've joined a guild like everyone else, what's so special about them?"

But soon, as the scale of the mobilization of the top guilds became clear, mockery shifted to awe.

"Holy shit! The guilds aren't just sending elites, they're emptying their reserves, wtf!"

"This isn't a player hunt anymore; this is a f*cking war!"

Excitement surged.

The Warstar community had never seen anything like this.

Hundreds of livestreams launched, thousands of players abandoned their quests just to spectate, millions tuned in from outside the server.

All eyes locked onto a single battlefield...

The Canyon of Ruin.

A natural deathtrap; narrow ravines, winding rock formations, towering cliffs perfect for ambushes.

It was where Lord Doom's crew was last spotted.

And it was where the guilds would wipe them out.

In guild fortresses and hidden strongholds, war horns echoed.

Top guilds activated their war protocols.

Cyber Crew, Nightfall, Steel Legion, Nightfall, Tyrant Legion, Dragon Fang, Black Thorn..., all names that commanded respect and fear in the Warstar community.

And now, they poured everything into this.

Main raiding parties deployed; elite squadrons received emergency summons.

Guild vaults unlocked reserve arsenals, legendary weapons and consumables usually saved for endgame raids. War tactics devised by pro-level strategists.

War banners unfurled.

The message was clear, this was no ordinary guild battle.

They were using Lord Doom to send a message.

Defy the top guilds? Get erased!

And they had the numbers to make it happen.

By the time their forces neared the canyon, their numbers swelled past a thousand, turning it into a tide.

"Jesus Christ, this is overkill".

"Five players are about to get deleted from existence".

Yet despite the overwhelming certainty of Lord Doom's demise, the world couldn't look away.

Because deep down, everyone knew...

This was Lord Doom, Lord and owner of the 11th Warstar server.

Destroyer of Hell Mode dungeons, owner of SSS-Rank equipment and SSS-Rank unique skills.

And if anyone could make the impossible happen..., it was him.

Could he do it?

Chapter 73: Guild war [1]

Shanghai, China...

In a luxurious high-rise apartment overlooking the neon-lit skyline of Shanghai, a storm was brewing.

Inside a soundproofed personal gaming chamber, an ergonomic black gaming chair reclined slightly as a figure sat comfortably, his long black hair tied in a loose ponytail, a few strands falling like drifting leaves over his sharp, regal features.

His dark blue eyes, deep as an ocean, reflected the holographic interface before him.

On one screen, live Warstar feeds.

On another, forums exploding with hysteria.

(Lord Doom vs the Top Guilds in England!)

It was the trending topic in global Warstar forums.

An entire warzone for five players.

Yes, the news transcended borders, also getting to China.

Since the first Warstar RPG World Championship was played, Warstar truly transcended international borders, making the different national Warstar communities interconnected.

The game had become a truly global battlefield. No longer just a national pro scene, happenings in one country's mini server rippled across continents.

This was why the news of Lord Doom's situation spread globally.

Even China's top eSports organizations took note of this bizarre war unfolding in the English borders of the 11th server.

And now, so did Meng Wu Ya.

He exhaled softly, tapping his fingers on the polished wooden desk beside him. "Heh..., interesting".

A smirk touched his lips. Meng Wu Ya wasn't one to be easily intrigued.

His SSS-Rank unique skill, Chrono Dominion, made him a living nightmare on the battlefield, a nightmare that he was getting used to.

He stood at the peak of Warstar's professional scene.

And yet, this Lord Doom...

There was something about him.

Something that made a God-level player like himself... curious.

"Well, let's see if this legend lives up to the hype".

With a lazy flick of his wrist, he entered a secure marketplace portal, purchasing an alternate account.

Apart from the Heavenly Domain where the game becomes unified, merging all parts of the game into one limitless map, beginner villages and starting domains are usually unique to Warstar-playing countries.

England's beginner village and starting domain was different from China's beginner village.

This was why to get access to England's starting domain and its Canyon of Ruin; Meng Wu Ya bought an English-registered 11th server Avatar.

A level 20 Avatar spawned into the 11th server.

The moment he logged in, countless players flooded past him, all rushing toward one direction..., the Canyon of Ruin.

His smile deepened.

"Time to spectate a massacre..., or witness history in the making".

And with that, Meng Wu Ya vanished into the shadows of the digital battlefield, joining the countless others who came to watch this guild war.

...

Canyon of Ruins...

The battlefield was set.

The entire 11th server seemed to have converged on this one location, a storm of players from the top guilds filling the canyon like an unstoppable tidal wave.

Thousands of players.

Guild banners flying high.

Battle formations set.

It was an overwhelming force, a show of absolute dominance from the ruling elite of Warstar in the English scene.

Against them... stood five.

Lord Doom, Reckless Storm, Misty Rose, Captain Batman, Enlightened Flame...

And they would fight this war alone, or so they thought.

...

London, a private lounge...

Under the dim glow of gold and crimson neon, Nightingale's fingers flew across his holo-keyboard. His rose-colored eyes, mesmerizing enough to captivate millions were locked onto the live feed of the impending battle.

Warstar had always been a passion for him and his crew, but more than that, they were fans.

And above all, they were God Noah fans.

This wasn't just some random event.

This was history in the making, but Noah's crew was outnumbered. Severely outnumbered.

Nightingale felt an unnatural feeling of rage simmer in him today. 'These bastards! Do they even know who they're going up against?!

'I'm pretty sure that a lot of them see God Noah as their idol'.

'The nerve of them!'

Nightingale's heart pounded; they had to do something!

He fired off a private chat.

{Deadly Musician: God Noah! We're watching! What do you need? We'll fight with you!}

A moment later, the reply came.

{Lord Doom: No, this is our fight.}

Nightingale gritted his teeth. 'Damn it, Noah!'

But then, another message popped up.

{Lord Doom: If you want to help though, do one thing. Bring supplies, potions. As many as you can carry.}

Nightingale froze. That was it?

No desperate plea for backup? No calls for reinforcements?

Just potions?

A small chuckle escaped his lips.

Of course, this was Lord Doom.

Even facing the entire world, the only thing he asked for was the means to keep on fighting.

Nightingale took a deep breath, then turned to his crew.

"We have a job to do".

...

Canyon of Ruins...

The guild armies before them were an unshakable wall, their sheer numbers almost suffocating.

Noah's team stood on the rocky ridge of the canyon, their eyes scanning the battlefield. From the very start, they knew it would be bad.

But even they didn't expect this level of aggression.

Aria scoffed, gripping her Blades of Aamon. "Damn..., they really want us dead, huh?"

Genevieve, calm as always, merely sighed. "I hope everyone prepared their wills. Well, I warned you guys".

Caleb adjusted his Summoner's Grimoire, calculating odds in his mind. "Mathematically speaking..., we should be dead by the end of this".

Benjamin however, was grinning. "Taking on the world, huh?"

"I guess this is when they saw we poked the hornet's nest, right? Haha".

Then, he raised his magic staff dramatically, striking a ridiculously heroic pose. "Watch me guys!" He laughed.

"If the heavens defy me, I shall cleave through the heavens!"

Silence.

Aria immediately punched him in the shoulder. "Shut the hell up".

But beneath their casual banter, their fighting spirit burned brighter than ever.

For 10+ years, they've fought in the Pro Alliance, taking on multiple different pro players with different overbearing and insidious playing styles.

They've fought in hundreds of map locations, pushed their capabilities to the maximum against talented and immensely skilled players.

They've played in Warstar RPG Champions league finals; they've won many and lost some.

And yet, in all of that, never have they faced a situation where they needed to fight against a thousand players.

This... was a new challenge even for them.

But when have they ever given up?

Even when they lost to Gabriel's Phoenix Rising, till the last moment, they never gave up, they kept on going, trying to turn the situation around.

This time was no different.

Noah took a step forward.

His Aetherforge shifted, forming into its Rifle form, glowing with ethereal light. His voice was calm, almost amused, but clearly excited.

"Come on, then".

...

A few minutes later, in the game...

They arrived silently, like ghosts in the canyon.

Beneath the chaos, in the shadowed recesses of the canyon, a second operation unfolded out of sight.

While the guild armies gathered on the ridges and floodplains, bracing for battle, four figures moved like wraiths through the rock formations; silent, precise, and unseen.

Nightingale and his crew had arrived.

Nightingale's in-game Avatar, Deadly Musician was modeled after his real body but since it was a game Avatar, it would take his most avid fans to recognize him inside the game

His golden hair was wrapped in a dark cloth, dimming its radiance in the moonlit canyon. His Blademaster, Deadly Musician moved with a dancer's grace, each step calculated to avoid detection.

Behind him, Walter, his fellow Blademaster, Silky Strings kept pace, his black hair blending effortlessly into the shadows.

Freeman, the bald Elementalist, Death Note was eerily silent for once, his eyes flickering with quiet excitement.

And then there was Thalia, small, light on her feet. Her Cleric, Healing Melody moving with an almost ghostly presence.

Her deep black eyes darted nervously at the massive army above them.

"This is insane!" She whispered.

"Do they seriously think they can fight this?"

Nightingale didn't answer, he wanted to know that himself.

And then, they finally found them.

They found them on the far edge of the canyon, tucked into a jagged outcrop. Noah's team stood in the darkness; weapons ready.

Even though they knew Nightingale was coming, their posture remained alert, eyes sharp like they were back in the pro scene.

This was a battlefield, after all.

Nightingale smirked.

They weren't nervous, they weren't afraid, rather they were clearly exhilarated. This was a good sign.

The potions and supplies were exchanged quickly, no wasted words.

Healing Melody stepped forward, her delicate fingers glowing as she summoned a few soft, green orbs of rejuvenation, pushing them into Genevieve's hands. These cost her quite a fortune.

"Extra healing reserves," Thalia muttered. "For emergencies".

Genevieve nodded in thanks, but her calm eyes carried undeniable confidence.

They didn't plan on needing them.

Freeman exhaled, shaking his head. "You guys are actually doing this".

Walter folded his arms. "Against thousands of players, with just five of you".

Nightingale chuckled, staring at Noah. "I have to ask..., how exactly do you plan on surviving?"

Noah took the last crate of potions from him, barely sparing a glance.

"You'll see".

His voice was steady, assured, as if victory was already inevitable.

A shiver ran down Nightingale's spine.

This was no act, Noah truly believed it.

...And now, so did they.

No more words were exchanged. Nightingale's team disappeared back into the shadows, retracing their silent steps out of the canyon.

Thalia cast one last glance over her shoulder, watching as Noah and his crew stood against the impossible.

She exhaled. "They're insane".

Nightingale smiled. "Maybe".

Then, in the distance...

The first war horns sounded.

The guild war had begun.

Chapter 74: Guild war [2]

The war horns screamed across the canyon, the first war cries echoing off the jagged cliffs as the top guilds charged in unison.

Thousands of players, elite forces from the most powerful factions surged forward with absolute confidence.

Five players.

Just five.

The casual players spectating from the stream networks had already written Lord Doom's crew off. Some watched in morbid curiosity, others simply waited for the inevitable.

After all, how could five players hope to stand against thousands?

And then, it happened.

Very few saw it coming until they moved.

Like a whipcrack, they moved. No hesitation, no retreat.

Noah and his teammates had a basis for their confidence though. In a game where physics mattered, where the environment was a weapon, they had something their enemies did not.

Brains, and experience.

They didn't derive all their confidence just from their skill and experience though, it was mostly because this was Warstar.

This was a revolutionary video game with perfect setting, coding, and graphics. This was a video game where players can't overlap and run over each other, which meant there was a limit to what overwhelming numbers could do, especially in tight places.

Besides, an important feature of Warstar and why it was so realistic is because the environment is not just some decoration.

If smart enough, players can actively fight with their environment and terrain.

And the Canyon of Ruins was a perfect battlefield to show casual players the difference in I.Q between pro players and casual players.

The Canyon of Ruins was not an open field.

The elite guild armies expected an overwhelming stampede, an inescapable tidal wave of bodies crashing down on five helpless players.

But they weren't fighting on an open plain.

They were fighting in a canyon; a maze of natural chokepoints, narrow paths, unstable cliffs, and deadly verticality.

And Noah's team knew exactly how to use it.

The first wave poured in through a narrow gorge, a hundred players charging to overwhelm the five.

At the very front, Aria stepped forward.

Her Blades of Aamon gleamed, her stance relaxed, as if she was merely out for a stroll and not currently facing overwhelming numbers in battle.

The charging players saw only one target.

They thought she was alone.

Maybe the others ran? But they were wrong.

The first row of attackers lunged, and in that instant, Aria moved.

Like a ghost.

Whoosh!

She sidestepped, her blade flashing, a perfectly calculated strike sending a Warrior crashing into the narrow walls.

Then another.

And another.

In mere seconds, with her twin blades flashing repeatedly, the frontline collapsed into chaos, the cramped terrain turning their numbers into a curse rather than a blessing.

They couldn't maneuver.

They couldn't swing freely.

All they could do was trip over each other, a bottlenecked mass of warriors becoming a perfect target.

And that was when Noah stepped in.

With Aetherforge in Rifle Form, Noah aimed at the canyon walls above the trapped forces, and then...

{Piercing Shot=}

A low-level Gunner skill that fires a high-velocity round that pierces through multiple enemies.

KABOOM!

A single charged shot.

A blast of pure kinetic force, shot at just the right angle and stress point.

The entire cliffside cracked.

And then, it fell.

Hundreds of tons of rock came crashing down, sealing the entrance, burying dozens of players alive, and turning the narrow pass into a mass grave.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Noah's Lord Doom was assaulted with a pile of notifications.

[You have killed a player...]

[You have killed a player...]

[You have killed a player...]

Just like that, the first wave of attackers was annihilated in seconds.

"..."

"..."

".....!"

For a moment, the spectators surrounding the canyon could not believe what they just saw, but this was only the beginning.

The guild armies didn't stop, rather, becoming more riled up even.

With overwhelming numbers, they pushed deeper into the canyon, determined to crush the five no matter the cost.

But they weren't fighting fair.

They were fighting in three dimensions.

While the guild forces rushed forward, Noah and his team moved upward, expertly showing incredible mouse control to scale the cliff walls.

And then from the rock formations above, Caleb and Genevieve rained death.

Caleb's summons struck from unexpected angles, monstrous spirits hunting down players down through the winding canyon paths.

Genevieve, instead of healing, played bait, taunting melee fighters into dead-end passages where they were ambushed and eliminated.

And then..., the master of chaos struck, fishing in troubled waters.

With a wild grin, Benjamin expertly leaped between cliffs, casting devastating elemental barrages.

His fire spells ignited dry brush, turning the canyon into a fiery inferno.

His wind magic created violent drafts, sending archers stumbling off ledges to their deaths.

And as players screamed, confused, and panicked, falling left and right, Benjamin cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted.

"This is what happens when you put a hundred I.Q players against a thousand I.Q players!"

Then he dodged a flying axe and snorted.

"Fine, fine. Eight hundred I.Q against zero, happy now?"

The guild players gritted their teeth.

The guild forces realized too late. They weren't hunting Noah's team; they were being lured.

Corridors collapsed, rockslides triggered, fire and lightning tore through their ranks at far too frequent intervals.

They weren't fighting a fair battle.

They were fighting in Lord Dom's domain.

And in the end, to the shock of thousands of spectators, the once unstoppable army of thousands was being massacred.

Not by raw power, not even by stats, but by superior intelligence.

It was as if Lord Doom's group mocked them, saying. 'You're still too green to confront these old masters'.

It was humiliating.

And as the rest of the world watched in stunned silence..., they finally understood. This wasn't just a battle.

This was a lesson.

A demonstration of what it meant to be truly elite.

A war of brains against brawn, and only one side was winning.

...

As the slaughter unfolded, as thousands of their elite members fell like cattle, the guild leaders of the attacking factions found themselves in an exclusive voice chat, a private council of war.

What was supposed to be an overwhelming victory had become a humiliation.

The chat exploded.

"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!" One of the guild leaders, Gale Striker roared into the chat.

"We sent thousands! Against FIVE PLAYERS!"

"Are you all blind?! It's the damn terrain! They turned the canyon into a killbox!" Another guild leader, Iron Tooth cursed.

"Whose bright idea was it to rush in like brainless idiots?!"

"Oh, don't look at me! Shattered Star, your people charged in first! You led the damn charge, and now we're all paying for it!"

"EXCUSE ME?!" Shattered Star, Cyber Crew's guild leader snapped.

He may be in his Shattered Star Avatar now but his alternate account had been one of the first to die even before this war, and he was still fuming from the humiliation. "YOU ALL AGREED TO THIS STRATEGY!" He raged.

"I DIDN'T AGREE TO GETTING MY PEOPLE KILLED FOR NOTHING!"

"ENOUGH!"

A cold, commanding voice cut through the chaos, the voice of Night Razor, one of the most respected strategists among them, Flame Phoenix's guild leader.

Flame Phoenix was the guild representing the pro club, Phoenix Rising.

Night Razor glared at them. "Bickering won't win this battle. Face the reality, we're losing".

A heavy silence fell.

Losing, the word stung.

Their pride as top guilds was being shattered in front of the entire world.

And worse, they had no one to blame but themselves.

"This is the cold, hard truth," Night Razor continued. "We charged in like fools. We thought numbers would be enough, well, we were wrong".

A long sigh came from Bladestorm, the guild leader of Crimson Fang, one of the strongest guilds. "Damn it, we underestimated them".

"No," Night Razor corrected. "We underestimated Lord Doom".

The name alone sent a chill through the group chat.

Lord Doom.

In just a short time, that name had become a nightmare.

A name that had just made a mockery of the most powerful guilds in the new server.

"We can't keep throwing bodies at them," Bladestorm admitted. "If we keep fighting like this, we'll just keep feeding them kills".

"So what do we do?" Iron Tooth growled. "Retreat? Accept defeat?"

"No".

Night Razor's voice was calm, firm, and full of conviction.

"We fight smarter.

And then he dropped it. "We need a real strategy".

The statement hung in the air.

They couldn't brute force this. They had to play Warstar as it was meant to be played, a battle of skill, intellect, and precision.

For the first time, the guild leaders set aside their egos.

"We need an army commander," Gale Striker finally admitted. "One person to take full control of the war effort, direct movements, and counter their tactics".

Silence.

Then a name was spoken.

"Night Razor".

There was no argument, no protest.

But deep down, they all knew; if there was anyone who could bring down Lord Doom, it had to be him.

A new war had begun.

One fought not just with numbers, but with strategy.

Chapter 75: Guild war [3]

A new war began, Night Razor's march...

The canyon, once a battlefield of chaotic slaughter, now became an arena of precision and ruthless execution.

With Night Razor now at the helm, the top guilds had finally abandoned their brute-force approach. They finally realized and accepted the shocking reality; they could not beat Lord Doom with numbers alone.

In a sense, they admitted defeat.

Gone was the blind arrogance of raw numbers, in its place was the terrifying discipline of a true war machine.

Thousands of players, once an unruly mob, now moved with purpose, coordination, and deadly intent.

Like a symphony of war, siege specialists took up formation, long-range spellcasters positioned themselves at optimal vantage points, and melee units formed ranks in an unbreakable phalanx, tightening the noose around Noah's team.

In just an instant, the battle in the Canyon of Ruins transformed.

Night Razor transformed it completely.

The battle had shifted from a chaotic brawl to a meticulously orchestrated hunt and kill.

This was no longer a clash of amateurs; this was a war.

And Noah's team? Five against thousands, just like Leonidas and his 300 against the impossible Persian horde.

It transformed into a battle of Gods and Monsters.

Led by Night Razor, the moment the new assault commenced, the canyon erupted into a maelstrom of fire, steel, and death.

This time, instead of each player running haphazardly in hopes of killing Lord Doom first, Night Razor cleverly arranged them guild by guild in a way to utilize their best traits to devastating effect.

Tyrant Legion, one of the top guilds in the game is the guild representing the English Pro Club, Imperium Tyrannis.

Imperium Tyrannis is notorious for its ruthless, dictatorial leadership and strategic discipline. Their players are known for their control-heavy playstyle, exceling in area denial and siege warfare, mostly playing as tanks like Paladins.

In Night Razor's formation, the players of Tyrant Legion were the sledgehammer in his war machine.

They formed an iron tide, marching forward in perfect unison, each shield raised, each blade gleaming with deadly intent.

As for Oblivion Order, another top guild in the game representing the pro club, Oblivion Knights, just like the pro club their players are known for their aggressive PvP style and relentless pursuit of dominance.

They thrive in high-stakes wars, wars like this.

As soon as the march started and they clashed against them, Oblivion Order's assassins became shadows in the dust, flickering through the chaos, striking like venomous snakes before vanishing.

Dragon Fang, another guild of elites representing the pro club Pendragon Esports also shone in Night Razor's formation.

Named after King Authur's legendary sword, this club embodies skill, honor, and calculated aggression, using a unique style of play in the pro scene.

The main players in Pendragon Esports controlled a Blademaster and a Summoner. The Summoner summons a Hell Horse that the Blademaster rides, a player-dependent skill that can be learned by any player.

It was the trademark of team Pendragon Esports. The Summoner and Blademaster combo was easy to learn, but hard to master.

But in the game, Dragon Fang players loved and also utilized the playstyle.

In Night Razor's formation, Dragon Fang's elite knights composed of Blademasters and Summoners rode forth like thunder given form, their cavalry charge shaking the ground itself.

Another important element in Night Razor's plan was the guild, Black Thorn, the guild representing the pro cub, Midnight Revenants.

It is a club shrouded in mystique, famous for its stealth-based strategies and ambush tactics. They are infamous for their rogue and assassin-heavy class composition, striding hard before the enemy even knows what hit them.

The same thing applied for their players in the game.

In Night Razor's formation, while Tyrant Legion's warriors marched forward in perfect unison, Oblivion Order's assassins flickered across the battlefield and struck like venomous snakes, while Dragon Fang's elites rode forth like thunder, Black Thorn's ambush squads lurked in the cliffs above, raining down death like a storm of daggers.

"...!"

For a brief moment, to the spectators, it felt like Lord Doom's end.

There truly was no escaping this, right?

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

It rained destruction.

Noah's team stood atop a natural choke point, a narrow passageway that prevented the army from fully surrounding them.

This was the only reason they hadn't been overwhelmed instantly.

And yet, they did not falter.

The sudden change in the ways and movement of their opponents surprised them, catching them off-guard but still, Noah, Aria, Benjamin, Genevieve, and Caleb stood together, facing an army that could wipe entire cities off the map.

And instead of despair, they fought.

"...!"

Noah didn't see this coming, but the suddenly increased difficulty only made him more excited instead of making him feel despair.

BAM!

His Spellforged Battle Lance cleaved through waves of enemies, every thrust piercing armor, every swing warping space itself.

Most times, a player's skill is dependent on the level of their opponents.

Just like it was theorized that Usain Bolt could have beat his own world record if he had better contenders during his peak.

At this moment, with the sudden increase in difficulty due to Night Razor being at the helm, Noah and his teammates' true skill started showing.

While Noah went berserk, Aria became a whirlwind of steel, her Blademaster's dual swords moving so fast they blurred, cutting down foes like a demon of war.

Benjamin's Elementalist magic turned the battlefield into a nightmare, ice, fire, and lightning raining down upon the opposition in a display of apocalyptic destruction.

Genevieve's Cleric abilities shone like a divine beacon, healing wounds, purging curses, and reinforcing their dwindling endurance.

Caleb, the hidden trump card, wove the battlefield into his own masterpiece, his Summoner class bending otherworldly creatures to his will, holding back entire battalions singlehandedly.

They fought against overwhelming odds, standing valiantly...

...but even gods could bleed.

For every ten they killed, a hundred more advanced.

For every clever maneuver, Night Razor had a counter.

The storm was closing in.

And still, they refused to fall, but they were teetering dangerously close on the edge of a cliff.

Chapter 76: Guild war [4]

The virtual world of Warstar had never witnessed such a spectacle.

From all across the 11th server, players tuned in, whether through live broadcasts, player streams, or in-game observation from nearby cliffs.

The Canyon of Ruins, once a mere hunting ground had become the arena of legends, where five players stood against an entire coalition of top guilds.

For the past hour, Lord Doom's crew had defied logic, turning a thousand-player siege into an unimaginable slaughter.

The sheer skill, the flawless terrain usage, the overwhelming momentum; they had all convinced the world that perhaps, just perhaps, these five were not human. That maybe, just maybe they could actually do the impossible.

But then, everything changed.

The once-chaotic army of the top guilds suddenly moved with terrifying efficiency as if under the leadership of a new democratic regime.

Instead of rushing in blindly, they adjusted their formations, seamlessly adapting to the geography of the canyon like some veteran General was behind them, leading them from the shadows.

Siege weapons rolled forward, spellcasters bombarded escape routes, ambush squads repositioned, and melee fighters stopped wasting lives in reckless charges in a vain pursuit of glory.

For the first time in this battle...

Lord Doom and his team were on the defensive.

Well, the player chat exploded, again.

~~~~~

[Public Chat:]

\*"Holy shit, they finally stopped being idiots!"

\*"That Night Razor guy..., this is pro-level leadership".

\*"No..., this is beyond pro. This is military-grade strategy, I heard he was once scouted by Phoenix Rising's own Gabriel but he refused. I think he said he apparently loves playing in the game more".

\*"Damn, he must be filthy rich in real life".

\*"But damn! Lord Doom's team is insane, but even they can't win if the enemy actually used their brain, right?"



\*"Look! They can't just keep slaughtering now..., they're getting cornered!"

\*"Is this it? Are they finally doomed?"

~~~~~

A suffocating tension spread across the Warstar community. What had once been a battle of gods versus mortals had suddenly become a true war.

Could five players truly stand against a well-led army?

The excitement was unbearable.

...

Shanghai, China...

In his luxurious gaming room, Meng Wu Ya leaned forward in his chair, fingers steeped in thought as he looked through the eyes of his alternate account Avatar that was now in England's LAN server.

As the undisputed top expert in the Warstar World Championship, his analytical skills were second to none.

He had watched every single second of this battle with keen interest, appreciating the flawless execution of Lord Doom's previous strategies.

Everything until now had been remarkable, but still within the realm of possibility for a top-tier player.

But now...

Now, even he couldn't see a way out.

"This is different," Meng Wu Ya mused to himself, his sharp eyes scanning the battle. "Lord Doom and his crew aren't just fighting strong players anymore. They're fighting an army led by an actual tactician".

He glanced at Night Razor, the Paladin at the back of the rampaging army of thousands that now wanted to raze Lord Doom and his team to the ground.

"That guy is good..., really good".

With Night Razor commanding the entire battlefield, Lord Doom's team was losing its advantage.

Their terrain control was being countered.

Their hit-and-run tactics were shut down.

Their pacing was being dictated by the enemy now.

Meng Wu Ya exhaled slowly, eyes narrowing. "No matter how skilled you are, no matter how inhuman their execution," he stared. "Five people just don't have the raw numbers to keep this up forever".

His fingers drummed against his desk.

"So what now, Lord Doom? How will you handle this?"

He couldn't deny it.

He was excited.

...

Team Noah's POV...

The Canyon of Ruins had changed.

No longer was it a chaotic battlefield of reckless guilds throwing bodies at them. No longer did Noah and his team hold absolute control over the terrain.

Night Razor had done it, cleverly regaining control from them.

He had restored order to the enemy ranks, weaponized formations, and cut off their ability to dictate the flow of battle.

Noah felt the difference immediately.

His attacks, once devastating and unpredictable were now being countered.

His team's movements, once free-flowing and lethal, were now being restricted. They were getting hunted, and it was working.

For the first time, his team was forced into the defensive.

But was Noah afraid?

Not even remotely.

Instead... his blood burned with excitement.

This was Warstar. This was a battlefield. And he was Noah.

He chuckled under his breath. "Night Razor, huh? He's sharp," he grinned. "The real deal".

Aria, who had just cleaved apart a squadron of melee fighters flicked blood off her sword and scoffed. "Sharp? He's got us on the back foot, Noah!" She raised her voice. "I don't like it".

Genieve who was busy healing Caleb nodded. "This is different from before, it's controlled now. We can't just keep fighting like this, we'll be suffocated".

Caleb, ever the numbers guy let out an annoyed sigh. "At this rate, we'll burn through resources too quickly. Even with Nightingale's potions, we'll run out before they do".

Benjamin, of course made a joke. "So we're the 300 Spartans and they're the Persian army, huh?" He groaned. "Man, I'd rather be the Persian army. They have better food".

Noah smirked. "Why settle for 300 Spartans..., when we can be the guerrilla warlords instead?

Silence.

Aria narrowed her eyes. "You've got a plan?"

Noah turned to face them fully, and his smirk grew. "I do". He paused. "But it's completely shameless, unapologetically unscrupulous, and downright brutal".

Benjamin grinned. "I like it already".

Caleb adjusted his glasses. "We're listening".

Noah's voice lowered. "Then tell me one thing, are you ready?"

His teammates didn't hesitate, they looked at each other then back at him and answered. "Always ready".

Noah's eyes gleamed. "Good".

And then, he unveiled his plan...

A chaotic, relentless, unbridled campaign of pure guerrilla warfare.

They wouldn't fight the army head-on, not when they're suddenly this organized. No, they'd destroy them from the inside.

Noah looked at his teammates. "This is the plan..."

Chapter 77: Guild war [5]

"This is the plan..."

Noah took a deep breath. "We'll split up and strike from the shadows".

He looked at Aria, then Genevieve. "I'll like to call the 2 of you the unstoppable and the immovable object. I want to both of you to team up; Aria you as the executioner, while Genevieve will keep you alive".

"Try to stay below 10% HP". He chuckled before looking at Genevieve. "And Vivi, try to keep her alive at below 10% HP".

"..."

They stared at him speechlessly.

Noah continued, looking at Benjamin and Caleb. "While Aria and Vivi teams up, the both of you will also team up".

"The both of you have always been good together, even in the pro scene, surely you can do it against players in the game".

"Also," he focused on Benjamin. "Use that Element of Surprise right. I've always believed in your jokes man, go out there and put those pun jokes to use!"

Benjamin shuddered. "This...", his lips curled into a crazy grin. "Hahaha, Noah you shameless bastard, you know all my idiot buttons!"

"Hahaha, I'll do it though!"

"Let's go pun-crazy!" He grinned.

"This is it?" Aria looked at him.

Noah smiled at her. "I'll be going solo. Because if I am going to be Lord Doom, then I have to be everywhere and nowhere at once".

He gesticulated, counting with his fingers. "Split up and strike from the shadows, lure groups into dead zones and ambush them with terrain kills".

"Turn their own formations against them by targeting their supports, leave false trails and attack from unpredictable angles. The Canyon of Ruins is big enough".

"Spread misinformation in enemy chat to cause confusion".

"And lastly," he looked at his teammates. "Let's create the illusion that there are more than just five of us".

"..."

"..."

".....!"

Silence reigned as the 4 others processed what they just heard.

Genevieve's eyes widened as she processed the plan. "Spread misinformation? That's..."

Caleb smirked. "Absolutely disgusting".

Aria's lips curled. "Completely underhanded".

Benjamin laughed, slapping his knee. "Downright evil! But bastard, I love it!"

Noah's smirk sharpened. "Then let's go".

And with that, they vanished into the Canyon of Ruins.

Once again, the real war had just begun, but that wasn't enough.

While the others left hiding to engage the army already, Noah stayed in the dark. This was because he needed a wildcard.

And he knew exactly where to find one.

[Private Message to Nightingale:]

*Noah: I finally need your help.

*Nightingale: Oh? So even the great Lord Doom knows when to call for backup? I'm honored.

*Noah: Spare me the theatrics. I need you to spread misinformation into the enemy chat.

Silence.

Clearly, Nightingale was thrown off balance by that.

*Nightingale: Seriously? I mean, oh ho? Interesting. You're confident this is possible?

*Noah: For some reason, yeah. Something tells me you have influence in ways I don't fully understand. And I don't care how you do it, I just need chaos in their ranks.

Nightingale: Hah! If I hadn't confirmed you were God Noah, I'll really think you're an imposter right now. How shameless!

Noah: All is fair in love and war. I do whatever it required to win.

Noah: So?

Nightingale: I love it, I'm in.

A moment after...

[Private Message: Nightingale to Thalia, Freeman, Walter]

*Nightingale: Boys and girls, we have a job.

And just like that, the dirtiest psychological warfare in Warstar's history was about to begin.

...

In the Canyon of Ruins, there were a lot of places to hide and lay ambush.

So when Noah and his teammates suddenly disengaged, retreating due to the pressure from them, Night Razor ordered the army not to be impulsive and hasty, taking a careful and measured approach.

This approach allowed Noah to come up with his devious plan.

As soon as Noah finalized his plan, even as his teammates were already moving to execute it, they all understood what this meant.

This was beyond difficult.

This was a suicidal strategy that demanded perfection every step of the way. One mistake, one misstep, and it was all over.

But they weren't scared. Rather, they relished the challenge.

Aria cracked her knuckles, grinning. "Finally, a real challenge".

Genevieve signed, adjusting her staff. "Noah and his ridiculous plans..., will this really work?"

Aria didn't answer, only decisively leading the war forward.

Another phase of the war already began.

...

While Noah and his went ahead, about to execute chaos back to the suddenly cohesive army, Nightingale and his crew worked from the shadows.

Nightingale, Thalia, Freeman, and Walter were not just famous musicians, they were masters of influence.

And influence, in a war like this, was a weapon.

Step 1 in Nightingale's plan was creating a web of lies.

He didn't just spread random misinformation though, rather, he crafted a story. He had Thalia infiltrate the enemy's general guild chats with well-placed insider leaks.

There were few things in the world that money can't buy.

And money? Nightingale had a ton of it.

Buying accounts in the middle of a war, even high-level account holding top positions in top guilds could be bought. With the right price, anything could be purchased.

Freeman and Walter posed as anonymous tipsters, feeding commanders fake intel about Noah's supposed hidden reinforcements.

Nightingale himself worked on demoralization, planting fabricated messages from defecting players about how hopeless this battle really was.

It was an insidious process, slow and damaging.

But the effects showed.

The enemy's communication channels became a mess.

Where was Lord Doom?

Who was fighting where?

Did he really have more reinforcements?

Did other players really have the confidence to oppose so many top guilds allying together?

Or... were their own people betraying them?!

Uncertainty, then slight panic.

Sensing the panic, Nightingale struck while the iron was still hot to amplify it. Next, he and his crew weaponized real-time battle confusion.

Noah and his team already started acting, like untraceable ghosts striking much more insidiously now.

And every time Noah and his team struck, hitting from the shadows, using terrain, picking off key players, Nightingale's crew twisted the narrative.

~~~~~

\*It's not just five of them! There are more! They have allies!

\*Those guys from Cyber Crew killed me just now! Are they turning on us?! You bastards! I thought we were fighting together!

\*What bullshit! People from my guild didn't kill anybody!

\*What?! Why'd you kill me?!

\*You killed my people first!

\*Retreat! We're getting flanked!

\*What?!

\*Our formations are compromised! Someone leaked our strategy! F\*ck! Who's doing this?!

~~~~~

The enemy army, once a mighty cohesive force started hesitating, second-guessing.

Night Razor was sharp. He saw the cracks early, he was trying to deduce the origin already, create an algorithm to troubleshoot the problem.

But then, it was spiraling too fast, out of his control.

Some began retreating out of fear.

Some started accusing each other of betrayal, starting brawls immediately.

Some just froze, unsure of what was real anymore.

And in a battlefield where hesitation meant death, Noah and his team capitalized, like experienced hitmen with 10,000 kill count each.

Aria and Genevieve became an unkillable duo, Aria butchering squads while Genevieve denied death itself.

Benjamin and Caleb on another side turned every narrow pathway into a death trap, elemental destruction forcing panicked players into perfect ambushes.

Noah? He was everywhere and nowhere.

Assassinating commanders, breaking formations, striking fear...

Insidious, like a drug, poisonous like a snake's venom.

Chapter 78: Guild war [6]

Once again, the Canyon of Ruins turned chaotic, far more chaotic and full of life than ever before.

The massive allied army, once a unified war machine Night Razor's command was now existing in a fragile semblance of order due to Nightingale's insidious machinations motivated by Lord Doom.

Night Razor was losing control but for now, he still retained a semblance of it, the army was yet to lose it totally.

They were still surging like a tidal wave towards their suddenly scattered enemies even amid the suspicion of them having allies.

And that was when something strange happened.

A part of the allied army charged towards a specific direction of the canyon but standing at the forefront of that tsunami, unshaken, fearless, and reckless beyond reason were two figures, Aria and Genevieve.

'They finally came out'.

After Night Razor took command, leading the allied army to pressure them, they no longer fought them head-on.

Staying in the shadows and using hit-and-run tactics.

Did they finally come out to die?

Aria's Blademaster armor gleamed in the dying sunlight, her twin swords gripped tight. Beside her, Genevieve's Cleric robes billowed, her serene expression betraying no fear.

Against an army of thousands, the two of them held their ground.

The spectators held their breath.

Were they insane?!

Night Razor himself frowned. "What are they thinking now?" His eyes narrowed. "Or what are they planning?"

He couldn't think more though, because the clash began.

"...!"

The spectators watched, tensed.

Was this a death sentence or the ultimate gamble?

With a roar, hundreds of warriors charged. Spellcasters rained fire and lightning from above, archers unleashed a storm of arrows, and warriors sprinted forward with swords, spears, and axes raised high.

They still maintained a semblance of Night Razor's formation of guilds, making them utterly formidable but instead of dodging, Aria ran straight into them...

...like she had been doing all her life.

Like she had been doing all along for 10+ years in the pro scene with her original Avatar, Arcane Edge, reigning as the PK maniac.

BZZZ!

Her twin blades danced like a whirlwind, cutting down everything in her path. She moved like a crimson comet, each attack faster, deadlier, more vicious and reckless than the last.

Every second, her HP dropped lower against the number's superiority of her opponent, but she didn't stop, she pushed harder.

Damage after damage, kill after kill, she dominated in a crimson haze of red.

Genevieve stood behind her, staff raised, but she didn't heal her.

"WHAT ARE THEY DOING?!" One spectator screamed.

Aria was getting slaughtered.

Her health plummeted.

40%..., 30%..., 20%..., 12%...

10%...

And then...

{LAST STAND=}

A blinding crimson aura exploded from Aria's body.

Her muscles tensed, visible despite the lean shape and muscles of her Blademaster Avatar. Her attacks doubled in ferocity, and a new system message appeared in the enemy logs.

[WARNING! Blademaster Avatar 'Reckless Storm' has activated her S-Ranked Unique Skill: Last Stand!]

This was why Noah and his teammates refrained from using their unique skills.

They always knew Noah was the freakiest of the freaks, which put all the attention on him, amplified by the interview that was organized by the game developers of Warstar.

With all the attention on him, people tend to ignore his teammates. Nobody knew that they had S-Ranked and SS-Ranked unique skills.

But after today, it would no longer be a secret.

"NOW!" Genevieve yelled.

Grinning like an Asura from hell, Aria became an unkillable demon.

'Ahh..., this feeling..., I've missed it...' she felt like moaning in pleasure.

In the flow state already, she moved, like a specter, a ghost in a shell.

BZZZ!

She carved through the enemy ranks like a scythe through wheat, her attacks covering double the range, cleaving multiple opponents in single swings.

Warriors that had surrounded her were instantly erased, spellcasters obliterated before they could cast, and archers cut down where they stood without even knowing what hit them.

'The heck!' They wondered, flabbergasted.

It was carnage, pure savagery.

But then..., her time ran out.

Her buff flickered, the 15-second limit reached.

Her health dropped to 1 HP, about to bottom out and just as the enemy's swords closed in, timing it to perfection, she moved...

BAM!

Genevieve struck the earth with her magic staff.

{SACRED REQUIEM=}

At first, it was a melody, a strange divine hymn spreading its symphony through the air as a transmission medium, ringing a tone as if it was an ancient melody passing through ages and time itself.

And then, a holy shockwave blasted outward, bathing the battlefield in a brilliant golden light, stunning all those who saw it.

And again, while they were stunned, they received another notification.

[WARNING! Cleric Avatar 'Misty Rose' has activated her S-Ranked Unique Skill: Sacred Requiem!]

[WARNING! All slain party members have been temporarily revived for 15 seconds.]

[WARNING! Blademaster Avatar 'Reckless Storm' has been revived and returned to full strength for 15 seconds!]

They didn't even get to celebrate the Blademaster's death.

'What in the name of...!'

Aria's eyes snapped open, and she grinned.

"Round two, bastards!" She bellowed while laughing like some Divine Shadow laughing while going on a killing spree in the shadows.

The real slaughter began.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Aria went on a rampage, an unbridled slaughter.

A haze of red blood was ever-present around her, evidence of the unbridled slaughter as she butchered through players like she was not there.

The Queen of PK was here, and she was not on a leash!

...

"..."

Above the canyon, spectators watched it transpire, stunned and speechless.

BOOM!

The world exploded.

Forums, livestreams, and chat rooms across Warstar erupted in pure chaos.

~~~~~

\*Holy freaking Christ! What kind of broken combo is this?!

\*They baited them into killing her just to let her kill them again?! Jezz..., is this still Warstar?!

\*No! No! NO! This is not normal! This is f\*cking abnormal!

\*GENIUSES! THEY'RE FREAKING GENIUSES!

\*To think both of them also have S-Ranked Unique Skills, damn, what a legendary cohort! I feel I'm watching Broken Sword and his legendary cohort in action, damn!

~~~~~

In the midst of the chaos, on the edge of his seat, Meng Wu Ya's expression darkened. "This...!"

"...Unbelievable," he murmured. "They're actually making this work?"

The allied guild leaders screamed in rage as their forces were annihilated by the combined work of just 2 players, 2 freaking players!

The once mighty army was already cracking from within, and with Aria's rampage, the mighty army collapsed under the unrelenting assault of one revived monster and one untouchable Cleric.

And this... was just one part of Noah's plan.

Chapter 79: Guild war [7]

Nightingale and his cohort already sowed the seeds of chaos, creating cracks in the originally stalwart allied army led by Night Razor.

Aria and Genevieve fed on those cracks.

And now, another group was about to take it a step further.

It was time for the symphony of chaos, the entrance of the mad jester and the calculated genius.

If Aria and Genevieve's rampage was the detonation of a war bomb, then Benjamin and Caleb's assault was the precision-guided explosion that shattered the army from within.

The allied guild forces, still reeling from the massacre wrought by Aria, suddenly found themselves assaulted from a completely different direction.

Hit it while the iron was still hot!

That was currently the mentality employed by Noah and his cohort.

The allied army had no time to regroup, and then suddenly...

It rained fire.

Not just fire, water twisted into monstrous waves of destruction.

Gusts of wind howled like laughing demons. And with every devastating spell, a horrible pun followed.

Benjamin, the mad jester had arrived.

BOOM!

A fiery explosion engulfed an entire squad of warriors, sending them screaming and rolling across the ground, flames licking at their armor.

Benjamin grinned like a madman, twirling his staff.

"What do you call a fire that refuses to share? Hehe, a selfish blaze!"

{CRITICAL HIT=}

The allied guild chat was flooded with debuff notifications.

~~~~~

[WARNING! Elementalist Avatar 'Captain Batman' has activated his SS-Ranked Unique Skill: Element of Surprise!]

[WARNING! You have taken additional psychic damage from Captain Batman's pun!]

[WARNING! You have taken an additional additional psychic damage from just reacting to the name 'Captain Batman']

[WARNING! You are experiencing extreme embarrassment! -5% morale = -5% spirit attribute!]

[WARNING! You have been inflicted with the status effect: Mental Collapse!]

~~~~~

The spectators who watched from above howled.

"WHAT?!"

"PUN DAMAGE?! What the actual HECK!!!"

"I can't believe they're getting killed by wordplay!"

"But come one! Pun jokes?! How do you even defend against jokes? This is just illogical and diabolical, what the f*ck!"

At the back, Night Razor was losing his mind.

"ARCHERS! FIRE AT HIM!" He bellowed.

A rain of arrows shot toward Benjamin.

But in the very moment the first arrow left its bowstring, Caleb's Forbidden Equation activated, his eyes gleaming with cold calculation.

Just like you love reading novels, you love watching thriller movies, adventure movies, so also did people love other things.

And in Caleb's case, so did he love mathematics.

Numbers raced through his mind.

The precise arc of every arrow, the milliseconds between cast spells from the allied mages, the delay frames in each warrior's charge.

The equation solved itself.

And Caleb moved.

One step, and he vanished.

BZZZ!

The arrows struck only air.

The warriors swung at a ghost.

The enemy's next spell, interrupted before it even completed.

Just like Aria, Caleb was also already in the flow state where everything he did and touched turned to gold.

It didn't matter that his unique skill was just an A-ranked one. With his sheer mathematical ability, it was a weapon of untold possibilities.

Caleb reappeared behind the casters.

His Summoner's grimoire flashed and a storm of summoned spirits erupted into the battlefield, tearing into the vulnerable spellcasters.

The enemy's formation shattered.

And at the same time...

Benjamin stuck again.

The crowd was going insane.

~~~~~

"Can someone just tell me what is really going on? What the hell are we actually watching?!"



"This is Warstar, not Contra 4, not some old 3D game, how on earth are 2 Warstar Avatars able to cause so much destruction?!"

"This is not supposed to be funny but it is, likeeeee, Captain Batman is literally killing people with jokes. Lmao! Come on, I'm a fan of this guy already!"

"Everybody keeps on focusing on Captain Batman's jokes that we're beginning to ignore that Enlightened Flame?! Can you guys see what's going on at all? That guy just became untouchable!"

"HOLY SHIT! Did he just dodge an entire wave of attacks perfectly?! And here I was thinking only Lord Doom was the freak!"

"This is a coalition of freaks!"

~~~~~

Back in Shanghai, China...

Meng Wu Ya leaned forward, his expression utterly serious.

"...That wasn't luck," he murmured. "That Summoner predicted every move down to the microsecond. His accuracy... is frightening".

The more he spectated, the more curious and interested he was. "There's no way a group of experts like this is unknown in England".

"This Lord Doom..., and his teammates, who are they really?"

Back in the Canyon of Ruins...

The allied guild army, already struggling from internal problems and then Aria and Genevieve's assault was now in absolute disarray.

Caleb broke their ranks.

Benjamin broke their will.

And then..., a chilling realization gradually spread through the battlefield.

This wasn't even the worst part.

Where was Lord Doom?!

...

While the battlefield descended into pure madness, Noah remained unseen.

He was never idle.

He watched, calculated, orchestrated.

The allied guild army was in chaos.

Aria and Genevieve's reckless rampage had split the enemy's initial formation. Benjamin's pun-fueled destruction had wrecked morale and disrupted casters, while Caleb's absolute precision had turned every enemy movement into a predictable disaster.

But all of this... was still only the beginning.

Noah's eyes never left the battlefield.

He was looking for something specific.

A flaw, a weakness, an opening, something that casual players have never even heard of and is only known to the oldest and most veteran of Warstar players.

And then, he found it.

His lips curled into a smirk as he privately messaged Caleb.

[Noah -> Caleb]: Have you found it?

It took three seconds before the reply came.

[Caleb -> Noah]: Almost.

Noah's grin widened, because he knew Caleb would figure it out.

He had already seen the hints, and this was the main reason why he recruited Caleb into Cyber Squad all those years ago when all other pro clubs rejected him, citing different reasons for their rejection.

Warstar was revolutionary, not just literally but in every sense of the word.

In the game, everything was useful.

This canyon was no different.

The walls, the terrain, the way the Canyon of Ruins was structured...

It was never just a battlefield.

It was a weapon.

And once Caleb finished his calculations...

The real massacre would begin.

For now, Noah finally deemed that the time was right.

Lord Doom entered the fray.

Chapter 80: Guild war [8]

The Canyon of Ruins had become a warzone beyond imagination.

The sheer devastation from Aria and Genevieve's suicidal rampage, the ridiculous destruction from Benjamin's pun-based sorcery, and the mathematical annihilation orchestrated by Caleb had ripped the battlefield apart at the seams.

And yet, it was still just the prelude.

In the midst of the collapsing formations, amidst the screaming, the panic, the sheer disbelief, one player had yet to move.

Lord Doom, Noah...

But then, he moved.

Like a ghost in the darkness, like a nightmare given form, like the movement of the Divine Shadow of a Shadow God, he emerged.

One moment, he was nowhere.

And the next, he was everywhere.

BZZZ!

Sleek, smooth, unseeable, untraceable, like a shadow...

A Blademaster lunged at an opening in Aria's defense, and his head flew off before he knew what happened.

A Cleric raised her staff to revive fallen allies, but a black spear impaled her through the heart.

A Summoner unleashed a tide of beasts but they were carved apart by slashes that defied reality, untraceable slashes.

Aetherforge had descended into the battlefield!

And Noah was untouchable.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The moment he joined the fray, it was over.

He moved like an unstoppable hurricane heralding death.

Casters fell before they could chant, tanks collapsed before they could raise their shields, agile fighters couldn't even react before their bodies were torn apart.

The battlefield was his.

Not just his mastery of combat, not just his absolute mechanical skill, but his mind, his devious, strategic, insidious, and utterly unbridled mind.

Noah didn't just fight.

He calculated, adapted, and controlled.

Every movement was deliberate. Every attack was precise. Every kill was inevitable, as if it was a law of nature itself.

He was a grandmaster at the art of fishing in troubled waters.

This was one of the cores in his grand and crazy plan. His teammates creating chaos, riding on the foundation built by Nightingale and his crew, and then him expanding it, turning it into an unstoppable avalanche.

The guild army, thousands strong, was reduced to cattle in a slaughterhouse.

And the spectators watching from across the world?

They were silent, dumbfounded.

Because what they were witnessing...

This wasn't just a top player, this wasn't just a pro, this was a legend playing chess while everyone else played checkers.

The legend of Lord Doom.

And while the thousand-strong allied army panicked, thrown into chaos, focusing on what they could see before them, insidiously, Noah finally changed targets, focusing on his real objective.

His real objective? It was the enemy commander, Night Razor.

The man who had turned the tide of this war.

A player whose strategic brilliance had been acknowledged by Noah himself. A player whose command of the allied army pushed Noah to the wall, making him improvise to create this crazy plan.

A worthy opponent.

But now, he was prey.

Night Razor, standing atop a rocky outcrop, barking orders, watching the battlefield with calculating precision even amid the chaos, suddenly felt it.

A chill down his spine.

A feeling of absolute, inescapable danger.

To the casual players, their in-game Avatars was just a tool to enjoy the game but to the experts who've spent hours playing, learning, and mastering the game, the Avatar was an extension of their real self.

Night Razor felt it, the chill, and when he looked...

"...!"

Noah was already there.

Perched on the rocks, gleaming black lance in hand, golden eyes locked onto him like a predator eyeing its kill.

The spectators gasped.

The enemy guild leaders panicked.

And Night Razor?

For the first time in this war, he felt fear.

Not fear of dying, in-game Avatars died all the time, but the fear of despite going all out losing in a war of wits and strategy against the menace of the 11th server, Lord Doom.

'How?!'

'I didn't think of this...! Just how?!'

"...!"

In shocked silence, thousands of spectators watched, tensed, and then...

Night Razor ran.

He was no coward, far from it.

He had been in hundreds of wars, fought countless duels, and outmaneuvered enemies that had outnumbered him tenfold.

But this?

This wasn't war, this wasn't a duel.

This was a hunt, and he was the damn prey!

Noah descended.

A blur of death, a phantom of annihilation.

Night Razor twisted, dodging, just barely.

Aetherforge cleaved the air, a fraction of a second too late, missing his neck by inches.

A teleportation skill fired off, flinging Night Razor several meters away but Noah was already there, having predicted it.

Night Razor's personal guards, elite warriors, and top-class duelists from the coalition of top guilds rushed in to protect him.

But... they were dead before they could even react.

Noah didn't stop moving.

He carved through layers of defense like they were paper.

A Blademaster protector moved in; Noah shattered his sword and pierced his throat in a single motion.

A Shield Guardian charged forward; Noah's battle lance carved through his armor, skewering his heart.

A Shadow Assassin activated invisibility; Noah was faster, striking him down in a haze of red before he could even fade.

It was inescapable.

Noah had decided, Night Razor was going to die.

But Night Razor wasn't weak, he had the instincts of a survivor.

He activated Blade Mirage, a Blademaster high-level skill that split his Avatar into five identical clones, and then he dashed in different directions.

But Noah didn't even blink.

He spun in mid-air, Aetherforge extended, then...

BAM!

Four clones shattered like glass.

The real Night Razor barely dodged.

"I CAN'T DIE!" He roared, forcing himself to fight back, not just run.

He countered with Phantom Execution, unleashing a flurry of sword strikes that could carve through mountains but Noah met every single one.

Metal clashed, sparks erupted, the canyon trembled.

Night Razor fought like a man possessed, desperate to cling to life, using everything in his arsenal.

Stamina regeneration skills, emergency shields, movement-enhancing items, even using his protectors as meat shields, but nothing was enough.

Noah was faster, sharper, better.

But still, Night Razor survived, by a thread, by a miracle.

But then..., the final part of Noah's plan was ready.

"Noah, it's time". Caleb's voice sounded in their private communication channel.

The Canyon of Ruins...

The terrain, the walls, the natural formations, Caleb had been studying them all along after receiving Noah's secret orders.

Looking for patterns, weak points, structural flaws.

And finally, he found them.

He had calculated everything, and now..., he was ready to bring the canyon down upon the thousands of players of the allied army with Night Razor still inside.

The trap was set.

The moment had come.

Noah grinned. "Checkmate".