

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

### #Chapter 81: Guild war [9] - Read Reincarnated Avatar; I got 2 SSS-Rank Unique Skills Chapter 81: Guild war [9]

*Chapter 81: Guild war [9]*

"Let's do it".

Noah's voice was cold, absolute.

Without a moment's hesitation, Caleb sent the coordinates, the precise weak points in the Canyon's structure, the culmination of his perfect calculations that had taken him so long to finalize.

One strike from each of them, that's all it would take.

Caleb didn't just do math this time, taking from crucial theories of Physics, the 'stress point' theory.

The 'stress point' theory in a solid object refers to the concept that at any given point within a material, there exists a state of stress characterized by a combination of normal and shear stresses acting on different planes passing through that point.

It effectively describes the internal forces distributed across infinitesimal areas within the material when it is subjected to external loads.

This is often visualized using the stress tensor, which mathematically represents the stress distribution at a point across various planes.

What this meant was that no matter how big, how sturdy, how strong, every solid object in the world has a stress point.

And when hit at the right place with the right amount of force, even a mountain could be made to crumble in one hit.

It was an impractical application though because the calculations required to identify the stress point and the right amount of force to use was just too much.

But before a genius, sometimes, impossibilities are made possible.

Caleb calculated the impossible!

As soon as they received the coordinates, they moved.

Noah, Aria, Benjamin, Caleb, and Genevieve moved in tandem, using their last legs to unleash their final, cataclysmic assault.

CRACK!!!

For a moment, the world collapsed!

The Canyon of Ruins screamed.

Explosions, cracks, shattering stone...

A chain reaction of destruction rippled through the battlefield.

The walls fractured, sending down massive boulders the size of houses.

The ground split apart, creating bottomless chasms that devoured everything.

The very air trembled with the weight of collapsing destruction.

The allied army barely had time to react. One moment, they were organized warriors, pushing forward with confidence.

The next?

They were insects beneath an avalanche.

"...!"

Shock, horror, silence, then...

"RUN! GET OUT OF HERE!"

"THE CANYON IS FALLING APART!"

"SOMEONE, SAVE ME...!"

No one could save them.

Hundreds of players were crushed instantly, dozens were swallowed into the abyss. Magic shields failed; defensive skills shattered.

The once-mighty army became a swirling chaos of panic and death.

It wasn't a battle anymore; it was an extinction event.

Night Razor stared in horror, at the world collapsing around him.

He had fought, survived Noah's hunt against all odds, pushed himself beyond limits, and still...

It wasn't enough?

"No... NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!"

He activated every movement skill he had left, sprinting, dodging..., but Noah was still there, even in the midst of the chaos of destruction.

A shadow against the storm.

Watching. Smirking. Waiting.

And when Night Razor made his final leap to escape, Noah moved.

BZZZ!

Noah's Aetherforge ignited, glowing with abyssal energy.

One precise, merciless strike.

The tip of the lance speared through Night Razor's back, through his heart, pinning him to the collapsing canyon wall.

Night Razor's vision blurred. His HP hit zero.

And in his final moments, as the rockslide swallowed him whole, he realized..., he never stood a chance.

Silence.

When the dust settled, the Canyon of Ruins was unrecognizable.

What was once a battlefield was now a graveyard.

The Allied Army was gone, wiped out in a single act of untold devastation, the likes of which have never been seen outside the Heavenly Domain.

The survivors? Scattered, broken, fleeing.

And in the midst of the wreckage, Noah and his team stood victorious.

Five players.

Against an entire army, they had won.

Yes, the Canyon of Ruins collapsed on them alongside the allied army but Caleb was not the type to settle for half-baked calculations.

Even as he calculated the weak points in the structural design and integrity of the Canyon of Ruins, even as he calculated the stress point, deducing the right amount of force to dent it, he also calculated the safe points if the structural collapse that he intended succeeded.

Those corners, beneath rocks, those places that were guaranteed to survive the collapse due to their strategic location.

Caleb also sent their coordinates to his teammates.

This was why Noah and his teammates all survived.

Aria already died once in the battle, but after using her Sacred Requiem, Genevieve cast a normal Revive skill to bring Aria back to life.

"..."

"..."

".....!"

Above the already collapsed canyon, thousands of spectators watched, reeling in shock, feeling like they were going insane.

Well, the public chat was actually going insane.

~~~~~

{Holy sh\*t!}

{This isn't real..., this CAN'T be real...}

{HE DESTROYED AN ENTIRE ARMY! MY FREAKING ABS, IS THERE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD MORE COOL THAN THIS?!}

{I THOUGHT HE WAS A PK GOD. HE'S A FREAKING WAR GOD!}

{All hail Lord Doom!}

{All hail Lord Doom!}

{All hail Lord Doom!}

{All hail Lord Doom!}

{Lord of the 11th server, 1st of his name, destroyer of armies!}

~~~~~

Even Meng Wu Ya, the most composed of them all, was speechless.

He had seen Noah's brilliance.

But this?

This was beyond human.

This was history.

And as Noah and his team walked through the ruins, unscathed, undefeated, only one thought echoed across the entire Warstar community...

Lord Doom was untouchable!

...

As the dust settled and the world struggled to comprehend the unreal destruction Noah had orchestrated, one man wasn't stunned into silence for long.

Rather, he was thrilled.

His blood boiled; his battle spirit ignited.

Meng Wu Ya had watched from the sidelines long enough.

Watching Lord Doom had been like watching a myth take shape, a legend being written in real-time.

And now?

He wanted to be a part of it.

The impulse to challenge a God..., if that was the right word to describe it.

Meng Wu Ya always thought of himself as the God and he was not wrong, but today, his eyes were open to see that the world was not as narrow as he thought it was and the realization excited him.

Behind his monitor, his hands tightened around his mouse.

His heart raced with anticipation.

Lord Doom had just annihilated an entire army.

He had ripped through their strongest commanders, outplayed a master strategist, and reshaped the battlefield itself.

And yet...

When he walked out of the ruins, his expression was calm.

Not arrogant. Not smug.

Just completely, utterly unfazed.

As if this wasn't the most ridiculous upset in Warstar history.

As if this was just another day for him.

Meng Wu Ya grinned behind his monitor; that's what made it exciting!

He didn't hesitate.

His alternate account Avatar, the Blademaster descended from the spectator's perch atop the rubble of the canyon ruins.

The wind carried his figure as he landed gracefully before Noah and his team.

The world froze.

The chat exploded again.

~~~~~

{WAIT. WAIT. WAIT. IS SOMEONE REALLY FOOLISH ENOUGH TO CHALLENGE LORD DOOM AT THIS POINT IN TIME?!}

{That brat is just courting death!}

{Or maybe he's just asking for an autograph?}

{I don't think so, look at him, that fool is really challenging Lord Doom!}

~~~~~

Meng Wu Ya smirked, eyes burning.

His blade gleamed.

"Lord Doom".

His voice carried across the battlefield.

"Fight me".

"Free for all, no rules, no limits".

"Let's see if you're as untouchable as they say".

*Chapter 82: A clash of Gods; Noah vs Meng Wu Ya!*

"Fight me".

"Free for all, no rules, no limits".

"Let's see if you're as untouchable as they say".

Noah stopped.

Silence.

His team tensed, recognizing the aura of an apex predator.

Aria was the first to react, recognizing so many things about this unassuming Blademaster immediately.

She frowned. "Noah, he's the real deal".

"I can tell". Noah nodded.

Even as Aria said that, so many questions flew through her head. 'Who is this guy? Where did he come from?'

'Why do I feel so much pressure just standing before him?'

She snorted. 'Ridiculous!'

Noah smiled, looking at this unassuming Blademaster, measuring him.

And then, he grinned.

An excited, bloodthirsty, exhilarating grin.

This guy was serious.

And Noah?

He never turned down a good fight.

The spectators watched, holding their breath. For some reason, staring at this Blademaster, they no longer felt he was a fool who didn't recognize the immensity of heaven and earth.

This guy felt like the real deal.

'Seriously?!'

'Are pro level experts just spawning in the 11th server these days?!'

The world held its breath.

Because this battle... was going to be legendary.

The war had just ended, but the battlefield was far from silent.

In the wake of the greatest strategic upset in Warstar history against a literal army of thousands of players, a new storm brewed.

A duel.

Not just any duel, a clash of titans.

A battle between two apex predators.

Noah, Lord Doom, the man who had just shattered an entire army.

Meng Wu Ya, an unassuming Blademaster but one who radiated the unmistakable aura of a top-tier expert of the Blademaster main class.

The spectators held their breath.

They didn't recognize Meng Wu Ya's identity yet. To them, he was just another Blademaster challenging Lord Doom.

But Noah wasn't fooled.

He had fought countless battles, clashed with the best of the best. And he knew an elite when he saw one.



Heck, he had one of the best Blademasters in the world by his side, Aria who he had dueled with countless times in the game. And yet, before Aria, Noah actually felt like this guy was deadlier.

'Just who the hell are you?'

This man was dangerous, and that made it all the more thrilling.

Staring at the Blademaster, Noah's fingers brushed over Aetherforge, his SSS-Rank weapon, before he let it fade away.

Gasps erupted in the chat.

{Wait, he's not using Aetherforge?!}

{Did he just... handicap himself?}

{He's underplaying?!}

Instead, Noah summoned his original weapon, the one he got after he completed his class change quest at level 20.

The A-Rank weapon, Spellforged Battle Lance.

A legendary lance, a relic of his past. A weapon that fused melee and magic into one devastating force.

Noah met the unknown challenger's gaze.

"I won't use Aetherforge".

A pause.

"And I won't use my unique skill".

Silence.

Then, a grin.

Meng Wu Ya's fingers tightened around his sword, he didn't object.

He welcomed it.

Because for warriors like them, this wasn't about power. It wasn't even about victory, rather, it was about the fight itself.

And so, the most intense PK duel in the history of the 11th server began.

The moment the countdown ended, the Blademaster vanished.

Whoosh!

Fast!

Too fast.

Even before the dust settled, a blade flashed.

CLANG!

Sparks exploded as Noah's lance spun up, intercepting the attack just in time.

A normal player wouldn't have seen it coming.

Noah not only saw it, he countered instantly.

His foot pivoted, using the momentum of Meng Wu Ya's strike to drive a crushing lance thrust forward.

Meng Wu Ya sidestepped, blade dancing, his sword redirecting the force at an impossible angle.

The spectators couldn't believe their eyes.

This wasn't a normal duel.

This wasn't just a PK fight.

This was a battle between two war gods.

This was a contest between unparalleled swordplay vs the art of the lance.

Meng Wu Ya attacked like a storm.

His blade never stopped moving, each strike flowing seamlessly into the next, an endless torrent of killing intent.

Every angle, every timing, every movement- perfect.

He wasn't just fighting; he was weaving death itself.

And yet..., Noah matched him.

Step for step. Strike for strike.

His Spellforged Battle Lance blurred, its reach and versatility forcing Meng Wu Ya to adapt constantly at lightning speed.

One moment, Noah attacked from afar with magic-infused thrusts.

The next, he was closing in, fighting at melee range, his battle lance shifting like a living extension of his body.

The battlefield itself trembled.

Neither gave an inch.

Neither faltered.

It was flawless combat, and the world watched in awe.

The spectators couldn't blink.

And again, for the umpteenth time today, the chat exploded, flooded with comments from the flabbergasted spectators.

~~~~~

{WHAT AM I WATCHING?!}

{This is not normal. This is a world-level duel!!}

{My God! This feels like a duel between Van Damme and the Arnold Swarzenegger, or even a duel between Jason Statham and Dwayne Johnson, wtf!}

{How is Lord Doom still fighting like this after that war?! Is he immortal?}

{Who is this Blademaster?!}

{No. Who the hell are both of them?!}

~~~~~

Unbeknownst to many, since this was happening in their backyard and it had been going on for hours already, a few pro players in England already snuck into the game with alternate accounts to join in on the fun.

Now, the pro players watching felt chills.

They understood what they were witnessing, even far more than the casual spectators.

This wasn't just a 1v1 fight, this was a display of absolute mastery.

...

Meng Wu Ya's POV...

Badump! Badump!

Meng Wu Ya's heart pounded.

This...

This was what he lived for.

Every strike, every parry, every exchange of blows, it was exhilarating.

Lord Doom.

His control, his adaptability, his precision, everything was perfect.

Noah had handicapped himself, and yet he was still keeping up.

No..., he was pushing Meng Wu Ya to his absolute limit.

Meng Wu Ya grinned fiercely.

He had faced countless warriors, both in his hometown's Pro Alliance and even in the World Championship.

And yet, in this moment...

For the first time in years...

He felt alive.

...

Noah's POV...

Noah could feel it.

The raw skill behind Meng Wu Ya's blade.

This guy...

He was a monster.

His instincts, his adjustments, his speed, it was all top-tier.

No, it was god-tier.

And Noah loved every second of it.

This was what he lived for.

He had just crushed an entire army, but standing before him now... was a true opponent.

He grinned.

"Not bad".

"Not bad yourself". Meng Wu Ya responded.

The duel raged on.

And the world held its breath.

Who would win?

*Chapter 83: A duel beyond mortal limits*

The battle raged on.

Who would win?

It had already gone beyond the realm of human limits.

Every strike, every parry, every instantaneous adjustment, it was pure, undiluted perfection.

It was like watching art in motion.

The duel was dead even.

The spectators had long lost their voices. The chat had stopped moving. Because no one could type, they couldn't look away.

It wasn't just fast, it wasn't just brutal, it was flawless combat, executed by two peak-level war gods.

It was an unstoppable assault of lightning and steel.

BZZZ!

Meng Wu Ya moved like a storm given form.

His blade never stopped. Every slash came from an impossible angle, a sequence designed to break any defense.

And yet, Noah... was the immovable wall.

His Spellforged Battle Lance twisted and turned, shifting from defense to counterattack with terrifying fluidity.

It was like watching 2 grandmaster artists going about their trade.

A sword met lance.

A storm met a fortress.

And neither fell.

And then came the echo of blades, a terrifying symphony of bloodcurdling battle in the rubble of the Canyon of Ruins.

Steel clashed; sparks flew.

A normal player wouldn't have even seen the fight, just the aftershocks.

Meng Wu Ya closed in, his blade arcing for Noah's throat.

In response, Noah's lance twisted, diverting the force in the last millisecond.

An instant retaliation followed!

Noah spun, striking Meng Wu Ya's ribs.

Meng Wu Ya redirected the impact mid-air; rolling out, twisting, reestablishing his stance in a moment of terrifying skill display.

Tight! Tight! Tight!

Every movement was as perfect as it could be.

Neither side made a mistake, neither side faltered.

And then it happened.

A sudden simultaneous hit.

BAM!

A single strike from both of them connected.

Their HP dropped, into the red.

Gasps exploded across the world.

{RED BLOOD!! THEY HIT RED BLOOD AT THE SAME TIME!!!}

A moment of silence, then...

They kept going.

Faster, stronger, more relentless.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Their health bars kept falling.

Their attacks landed at the exact same rate.

Each dodge was within a hair's width, each counter was by the skin of their teeth. Their HPs decreased together; they were walking a death march.

1%.

Another 1%.

Another 1%.

The spectators felt their hearts stop.

This...

This had never happened before.

Their health bars were identical, it was even, until...

Both of them hit 1HP!

"...!"

A single strike would end it.

A single mistake would decide the winner.

Meng Wu Ya moved first.

His blade ignited with his final burst of power.

A perfect killing blow; fast, precise, undeniable.

Noah... did nothing.

For a fraction of a second, he did nothing, and then...

He stepped forward.

A half-step.

A move so subtle, so insignificant, it shouldn't have mattered.

But Meng Wu Ya's blade trajectory was already committed. His strike was absolute, it was already locked in.

And in that half-step, Noah's lance twisted at an impossible angle.

The Spellforged Battle Lance didn't block.

It guided Meng Wu Ya's own sword just half an inch away from its target.

A half-inch, that was all it took.

And in that instant... Noah's lance found his chest.

BAM!

A single, clean, unavoidable hit.

Meng Wu Ya's blade missed.

Noah's didn't.

And the world froze.

The game system notification rang.

[You have slain a player: Hot Blaze!]



'This is the battle of the century!'

Amidst the chaos, a single notification appeared.

---<Warstar>---

[Hot Blaze has logged out.]

---<Warstar>---

Noah exhaled, flicking his lance downward.

He looked at where Meng Wu Ya had vanished.

Then, he grinned.

"Not bad".

And with that, he turned, walking away...

Leaving the entire 11th server in absolute, stunned silence.

...

Shanghai, China...

The room was silent.

Meng Wu Ya leaned back in his chair, his fingers still hovering over his keyboard.

His breath was slow.

His heartbeat, however, was still pounding.

The battle replayed in his mind; every attack, every dodge, every instant decision that he and his opponent made.

He had never fought a battle like that before.

Even now, his fingers twitched, unconsciously tracing the final sequence in the air.

The half-step, the impossible angle.

The difference between victory and defeat.

Meng Wu Ya exhaled sharply and let out a low, amused chuckle. "That bastard".

If his teammates heard their captain say this or even hear him chuckle, they would be shocked shitless.

Meng Wu Ya never chuckles!

He looked straight at his monitor.

He didn't chuckle out of frustration though. It wasn't anger either, rather, it was out of excitement.

Pure, burning combat intent.

Noah had earned that victory, but next time?

Next time would be different.

Meng Wu Ya cracked his knuckles and reached for his mouse.

His lips curled into a grin.

---<Warstar>---

[Logging into Warstar...]

...

The world flashed before his eyes, and the familiar virtual landscape of the 11th server came into view.

He didn't waste time.

[Private Chat- Lord Doom]

{Hot Blaze: I'm waiting for you at the World Championship. You better make it.}

There was no need for flowery words.

No need for trash talk.

Both of them understood.

This wasn't the end; it was just the beginning.

A moment later, he added one last message.

{Hot Blaze: Next time, I won't lose.}

Then, with fire in his eyes, he closed the chat.

And the countdown to their next battle began.

*Chapter 84: Game recognizes game*

---<Warstar>---

[Hot Blade has logged out.]

---<Warstar>---

The battle was already long over and yet, still sitting down on his gaming chair, Meng Wu Ya rocked the chair as the sequence of the battle kept on replaying in his head like a movie scene put on repeat.

Every scene, from the first moment that sword and battle lance clashed, it replayed till that unforgettable half-step at the end.

And then, a question replayed in his mind.

'Who is Lord Doom?'

This was a question that he had been asking for a long time already, from the moment that he first learned that Lord Doom was the one to get the highest valued SSS-Rank unique skill.

And to think that he didn't just get one, but two SSS-Rank unique skills.

Knowing the difficulty he had to pass through to get his own SSS-Rank unique skill, this was why he was so interested in the Lord Doom.

And this was why he didn't hesitate to buy an English alternate Warstar account to log into the England server to watch Lord Doom in action.

After watching Lord Doom, what was his verdict?

Well, he challenged him to singe combat.

Since he entered the pro scene, quickly establishing himself as the best player in China's pro scene, Meng Wu Ya had never challenged any other player, not even the God level players of China before his rise.

He saw everyone else as beneath him, till Lord Doom. This was the greatest compliment he could give any player and it was also his verdict.

And to think that he would actually lose.

He still couldn't wrap his head around it.

At first, you would think losing would hurt his pride, pushing him into a negative cycle of rage and hurt but instead, Meng Wu Ya learned from it.

And he also made a realization, Lord Doom's true identity.

It wasn't really hard. Afterall, game recognizes game.

He already faced against the so-called best that England had to offer in Gabriel, the guy who controlled the Paladin, Dain Ironvalor.

Gabriel was difficult, but just that, not a true daunting challenge.

At least, this was what Meng Wu Ya thought after his PK with England's captain during the individual battle during the clash between England and China.

But playing against this guy..., this Lord Doom, Meng Wu Ya felt a pressure and thrill that he had never felt playing against any other player in the game.

And that brought a question. 'Who can be this talented in England?'

When he thought of it, only one name came to his head, 'The Godfather of Warstar'.

Just as before the World Championship, players in England have heard of his Autumn Rain, so also did he hear rumors about the so-called Godfather of Warstar.

To Meng Wu Ya, it was all just rumors, till today.

'This is the Godfather of Warstar?'

'This... Lord Doom?'

'What happened?'

As soon as he asked the question, he went online, searching and he got his answers, about what truly transpired.

He read about the sudden retirement of Noah and his close friends.

It would not take a fool to deduce the truth at this point. "That Reckless Storm is Aria..., Misty Rose is Genevieve, Enlightened Flame is Caleb, Captain Batman is Benjamin, while Lord Doom is Noah. Then what of Marcus?"

Meng Wu Ya didn't think deeper into Marcus' situation though. All that mattered was that, he finally learned the truth about Lord Doom's identity.

"Retired?" He finally stood up from his gaming chair and scoffed. "That guy doesn't look like who's tired, he's retired but not tired".

"Let's meet at the World Championship stage".

With that, he quickly retrieved his main account, went back to sit down and logged in into the game, China's server with his main account.

The adrenaline of the duel may have died but Meng Wu Ya's blood was still boiling and he wanted to let off some steam.

---<Warstar>---

[Autumn Rain has logged into the game!]

---<Warstar>---

Just as the storm in England came to an end, a storm brewed in China as Autumn Rain, the no. 1 Chinese Warstar Avatar entered the arena and made a single declaration.

"Challenge me".

The Chinese God, the Sword Saint was actually open to challenges!

Challenges flooded in, and Meng Wu Ya let loose in the Arena.

It was holiday period but hearing about what happened, Meng Wu Ya's club panicked, wondering what happened as they tried to contact him to no avail.

"WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON TODAY?!"

...

Noah and his teammates escaped from the Canyon of Ruins.

After arriving at a safe location, Noah yawned tiredly. "I'm exhausted, I want to go and sleep". He said.

Aria hesitated slightly before looking at him. "That Hot Blaze, were you able to get his real identity?"

Noah looked at Aria. "You already know so why ask?"

Game recognizes game. From spectating the duel, Aria was able to make inferences about the skill level of that Hot Blaze better than anyone and this was why she was able to identify him immediately.

In the global world of Warstar, Aria only knew only one Blademaster that could possibly be this skilled, and he was the Sword Saint.

Genevieve took a deep breath. "That was really Meng Wu Ya?"

"What is he doing here in our server?"

Caleb looked at Noah. "He obviously came for him, though it was likely motivated by the commotion we were causing in the game".

Thinking of something, Noah smirked and looked at Benjamin. "Remember when you asked who'd win if I fought against him?"

Benjamin quickly raised his hands in surrender. "Yeah, yeah, I know, you won".

"Bastard!" He suddenly cursed. "You arrogant prick, one of these days, one of the people I recommend will show you your place".

"In Warstar...? Nah". Noah chuckled. "I'm the best".

"It's because he didn't use his main Avatar".

"Whatever'll help you sleep you better at night Ben".

"...!" Benjamin glared at Noah.

Genevieve chuckled, looking at both of them. "It feels nice to see you like this, this is exactly how you make me feel with those silly jokes of yours".

Hearing that, Benjamin suddenly smirked, looking at her. He opened his mouth...

"Oh please! Stop, please, just stop, ok?"

Benjamin chuckled. "Come on, baby girl".

Noah waved at them. "I'm off".

And with that, he rushed to the nearest inn, entering and quickly falling asleep.

His teammates also left.

### *Chapter 85: Reaction of the pros*

The battle of the Canyon of Ruins already came to an end since hours ago, but the incredible event in the game continued causing a ripple effect, spreading through news channels and Warstar forums.

Afterall, what just happened was unprecedented.

More players speculated about Lord Doom's identity.

Who exactly was Lord Doom? Why has no pro club in England poached him yet? If he is so skilled, why is he not playing in the Pro Alliance?

While the explosion continued outside, the aftermath also extended to the England Pro Hub, a private chat group for professional Warstar players in England.

It was a group chat containing oldies like Noah and the likes, including long retired pro players and newbies.

Roles are assigned in the group chat to distinguish old from new pro players.

Old players have the Veteran Pro role while new pro players in the English Pro Alliance have the newbie pro role.

~~~~~

[Group Name: England Pro Hub]

[7:45pm]

[James (Newbie Pro- Stormhound):]

\*Holy sh\*t, did you guys see that match in the Canyon of Ruins? I went there and watched it in person, that Lord Doom soloed an entire elite guild like it was a public lobby.

[7:46pm]

[Chris (Newbie Pro- Nightblade Raven):]

\*Yeah, and he barely even broke a sweat. Who the hell is that guy anyway? No way he's just some random top player in the game, even I can't beat him.

[7:47pm]

[Leon (Veteran Pro- Ironclad Cloud):]



\*Lol. Y'all really don't know?

[7:48pm]

[James:]

\*???

[7:48pm]

[Ryan (Veteran Pro- Frost Reaper):]

\*You're seriously clueless, huh? Lord Doom isn't some no-name grinder lol, that's Noah.

[7:48pm]

[Chris:]

\*...Noah? Noah who?

[7:49pm]

[Leon:]

\*Of course, the Noah. Noah "Stinger of War".

[7:49pm]

[James:]

\*No f\*cking way! No way! You mean... the NOAH?! Noah "Stinger of War"? Holy sh\*t!  
The Battle God? Godfather of WARSTAR?!

[7:50pm]

[Chris:]

\*That's gotta be a joke. He retired months ago! He left the pro scene!

[7:50pm]

[Ryan:]

\*And now he's back. Or at least, causing a ruckus in the game.

In that moment, a notification lit up in the top right corner of the group.

[Gabriel (Veteran Pro- Dain Ironvalor) is now online!]

The conversation continued though, turning into an explosion of speculations as the pro players expressed themselves in the group chat.

[7:51pm]

[James:]

\*What the hell is he doing then? Just trolling high-ranked guilds for fun?

[7:51pm]

[Chris:]

\*Or is he planning something bigger?

[7:52pm]

[Leon:]

\*That's what we're all wondering. He just destroyed the top-tier guilds without a team in the new server. That bastard, doesn't he know that he's disrupting the game experience for normal players? If he wanted to return to pro play, he'd already have an offer lined up.

[7:53pm]

[Ryan:]

\*The dude just retired, and now he's out here stomping everyone like he never left. I guess news just has they way of following him anywhere he is. I think he's gotta have a plan though. Maybe a new team? Maybe he's just flexing?

[7:54pm]

[Gabriel:]

\*...or maybe he's proving a point.

[7:55pm]

[James:]

\*Point?

[7:55pm]

[Gabriel:]

\*Noah doesn't do things randomly. If he's making this much noise, its for a reason. We just don't know what it is yet.

[7:56pm]

[Leon:]

\*Which means someone should ask him directly.

[7:57pm]

[Ryan:]

\*Lmao, good luck with that. Who wants to DM the Grim Reaper of Warstar? That guy's more shameless than my f\*cking 80-year-old grandma, I'll be a fool to trust anything he says.

[7:58pm]

[Leon:]

\*But still, we all want to know, so who'll dm him for us?

[7:58pm]

[Chris:]

\*Not me.

[7:58pm]

[James:]

\*Not me.

[7:59pm]

[Leon:]

\*Well, not me too.

[7:59pm]

[Ryan:]

\*F\*ck all of you!

[7:59pm]

[Gabriel:]

\*...Fine. I'll do it.

[7:59pm]

[Leon:]

\*Captain Gabriel stepping up.

[8:00pm]

[James:]

\*G.O.A.T!

[8:00pm]

[Chris:]

\*Respect. If he doesn't delete you on sight, let us know what he says.

[8:00pm]

[Gabriel:]

\*Hehe, I'll like to see him try. I already beat him once, remember? Anyways, no promises. I'll be using my alternate account. If I disappear, assume I died trying.

As soon as Gabriel closed the chat, he exhaled and pulled up Noah's contact, sending a single message.

[Gabriel -> Noah]:

\*We need to talk.

After waiting a few seconds and seeing no reply, he clicked on Lord Doom's Avatar interface only to freeze.

[This player is currently offline.]

"F\*ck!" He cursed.

He went back to the group chat, informing the others as they gave up and went about their different activities.

While everyone seemingly forgot about the conversation that they had in the group chat, Gabriel remembered it as he kept paying attention to Lord Doom's DM.

He didn't watch the guild war live but he watched recordings of what Lord Doom and his crew did in the game after.

Now, he was also curious, he wanted to hear from the horse's mouth.

Gabriel waited 2 more hours before he got a reply.

[Private Chat: Gabriel -> Noah]

**[8:03pm]**

**\*Gabriel:** We need to talk.

**[10:08pm]**

**\*Noah:** Damn, Gabriel. Thought we broke up already.

**[10:09pm]**

**\*Gabriel:** Didn't know we were ever together.

**[10:10pm]**

**\*Noah:** So cold. You beat my team in the championship, forced us into early retirement, and now you wanna chat?

Behind his monitor, Gabriel froze. 'This shameless bastard...!' He typed...

**[10:11pm]**

**\*Gabriel:** First of all, that wasn't personal. Second, you're the one causing a global uproar by destroying top-ranked guilds solo. We just want to know what you're playing at.

**[10:12pm]**

**\*Noah:** What I'm playing at? Warstar, obviously. What else?

[10:12pm]

\*Gabriel: Noah.

[10:13pm]

\*Noah: Gabriel.

[10:13pm]

\*Gabriel: Can you be serious for five seconds?

\*Noah: Unlikely, but you're welcome to try.

Behind his monitor, Gabriel exhaled, rubbing his temple

He should've expected this. Noah was a legend of the English Pro Alliance, but he was also the most shameless player in England.

Still, he was persistent.

[10:14pm]

\*Gabriel: Alright, let's cut the bullshit. You're making waves in the game, tearing apart elite players like they're NPC mobs. You've been retired for months, so why now? Why come back like this?

[10:15pm]

\*Noah: What can I say? I missed the smell of virtual blood.

[10:16pm]

\*Gabriel: Noah!

[10:17pm]

\*Noah: Fine, fine.

A pause.

And then, for the first time, Noah dropped the act.

[10:18pm]

\*Noah: You ever wake up one morning and realize that something was stolen from you?

[10:19pm]

\*Gabriel: ...You're talking about your sudden retirement?

[10:20pm]

\*Noah: Ding ding. You win a prize.

Another pause.

Noah's next message was different.

[10:21pm]

\*Noah: Look, I didn't quit because I wanted to. My team and I..., we got screwed. You beat us fair and square; I'll give you that. But what happened after? That wasn't fair, and you know it.

Gabriel fell silent.

At that point, he finally understood, that all of Cyber Squad's publicity, sugarcoating Noah and his crew's retirement was all a white lie.

He didn't need to hear more to know the truth.

For a brief moment, Gabriel felt rage simmer inside of him. 'The nerve of them...!'

'This is a legend!'

'I hate to admit it, but he's my idol too!'

Gabriel knew Noah wasn't just playing for fun now, he was proving a point.

[10:23pm]

\*Gabriel: So what now? You're trying to claw your way back to the pro scene?

[10:24pm]

\*Noah: Maybe, maybe not. Maybe I just want them to know they made a mistake. Or maybe I just want to taste the top one last time.

[10:25pm]

\*Gabriel: You know they won't make it easy for you right? They wouldn't want to tarnish their own reputation, they'll try to suppress you with everything.

[10:26pm]

\*Noah: Good. Let them come.

Gabriel sighed.

This was classic Noah, but he also respected it.

[10:27pm]

\*Gabriel: Alright, I get it. But one last thing..., are you coming for Phoenix Rising's throne?

[10:28pm]

\*Noah: Oh, absolutely, you think I'll let you freely gun for my 5-times champion throne? You better win it this new season, because next season you won't.

Gabriel smirked.

[10:29pm]

\*Gabriel: Good. It'd be boring otherwise.

After ending the chat, Gabriel leaned back in his chair, staring at the screen.

Noah was back.

And he wasn't here to play nice.

He pulled up the England Pro Hub group chat and typed one message:

[10:31pm]

\*Gabriel: Boys, it's official. Noah isn't just messing around. He's coming back for real.

The chat exploded.

#### *Chapter 86: Night Razor's conviction*

It was already weeks since the battle of the Canyon of Ruins, and yet the entire 11th server was still in a state of shock.

After the Guild War in the canyon, every guild leader who had participated in the war was scarred, not just by defeat but by the sheer brutality of their loss.



They literally went with thousands, only to lose to five.

But none suffered the trauma more than Night Razor.

As the Paladin commander of the allied army, he had led the allied guild army with courage, precision, tactical brilliance, and inbuilt confidence, only to watch it all crumble to dust in minutes.

Noah, Lord Doom had torn through them like they were nothing.

His strategies were unraveled with such ease that he seemed like an 8-year-old child playing a game of chess against an adult.

And the worst part?

Night Razor had never felt so powerless in his life.

For days, he replayed the battle in his mind.

For weeks, he analyzed and trained in silence, trying to understand what went wrong.

For what felt like months to him, he avoided talking about it, pushing himself harder, trying to escape the humiliation.

But no matter how much he tried, one truth remained; he had been utterly, completely outclassed.

And that truth haunted him.

If this was an Eastern Fantasy world, this would be called cultivation demons and it stuck to Night Razor, a painful reminder of that unforgettable day.

One evening, as Night Razor was grinding ranked matches in silence in the Arena, a message popped up in his chat.

[Dain Ironvalor -> Night Razor]

\*We need to talk.

Night Razor blinked.

Dain Ironvalor? Gabriel? The captain of Phoenix Rising?

Night Razor may be famous in the game, mostly in the Phoenix Flame guild but compared to the existence that just messaged him, he was like a frog stuck in a well who did not know the immensity of heaven and earth.

Dain Ironvalor was the modern-day idol of enthusiastic Warstar fans.

He was the current face of modern-day Warstar in England, he was the one who toppled Stinger of War and his Cyber Squad during the last Warstar RPG Champions League final in Wembley Stadium.

He was the first captain after Noah Harrington himself, the Godfather of Warstar to have led his club to 3 consecutive Warstar RPG Champions league titles.

Night Razor's fingers hesitated over the keyboard before he typed back.

[Night Razor -> Dain Ironvalor]

\*What about?

He thought about a lot of ways which he could reply, including gushing and being all over Gabriel, telling him that he was his idol and was the best pro player in the whole world but in the end none of it fit his personality.

And so, Night Razor replied so.

Gabriel replied back almost immediately.

[Gabriel -> Night Razor]

\*About you. About the pro scene, about what you really want.

Well, that made Night Razor pause.

And for the first time in weeks..., he felt his heartbeat quicken.

...

A few days later, they met in a private voice chat.

Gabriel started the conversation, trying to sound as inviting as possible. "I heard what happened in the Guild war. You took it hard".

Night Razor gritted his teeth and replied. "I... don't need pity".

"Good, because I'm not here to give it".

Night Razor fell silent.

Gabriel's voice was calm, yet firm. Experienced.

"I've seen your matches. You're good, really good. Young, talented, full of potential".

Behind his monitor in his 1-room apartment, Night Razor clenched his fists. "But not good enough".

Gabriel chuckled.

"No one's ever good enough when they fight someone like Noah".

The name hit like a blade to the gut.

Night Razor paused for a long time, and when he spoke, his voice was full of shock. "...Lord Doom".

Gabriel answered. "No. Noah Harrington. Stinger of War, the same guy who retired because the system kicked him out".

A beat of silence.

Night Razor's eyes widened. "Wait, you're telling me..."

"Yeah. The monster you fought in the Guild War? That was him".

For a long moment, Night Razor couldn't breathe.

But then..., his eyes widened.

'Yes!'

It all made sense now.

The impossible reflexes, the flawless positioning, the impossible game strategies that always left him lagging behind, the mind that seemed five steps ahead of everyone.

Of course it was him. Of course.

Night Razor clenched his fists.

For two years, he had avoided the pro scene, convinced that he wasn't ready for the life of a celebrity.

He loved playing in the game.

Away from the spotlight, away from the controversies, away from the politics of big clubs and all the fan service.

He loved his comfort zone. He was satisfied with flaunting his superiority before less talented players, amazing them with feat after feat.

But now?

Now, he knew the truth.

He didn't want to run anymore, rather, he wanted to fight.

And not just fight, he wanted to WIN.

Gabriel let the silence stretch, allowing the youngster to fully take in the big revelation that he just revealed before finally speaking.

"Join Phoenix Rising".

Night Razor snapped his head up.

"You have what it takes to be a pro Razor," Gabriel continued. "And I think you know that, too".

Behind his monitor, Night Razor could feel his heart pounding.

"Why me?"

"Because I see that fire in you. And because I know, one day, you'll get that rematch that you want".

Night Razor's eyes ignited with fire.

A rematch!

Yes, a second chance to fight Lord Doom.

Night Razor exhaled slowly.

Then, his lips curled into a determined smirk.

He took a deep breath and answered. "Fine, I'm in".

That night, a fire reignited in his heart.

He had two big goals now; 1, rise in the pro scene and 2, defeat Noah Harrington.

And this time, he wouldn't lose.

Before they ended the voice call, Gabriel asked. "Razor, what is your name? Your real name".

Night Razor hesitated slightly before answering. "My name is Ethan..., Ethan Graves".

...

2 weeks later, Phoenix Rising announced the contract signing of a new pro player in their squad, Ethan Graves, a new Paladin.

A few days later, Ethan went to London to join the rest of Team Phoenix Rising in their headquarters building.

After a long holiday, it was already 2 months.

And finally, the 11th English Warstar Pro Alliance season was about to start.

*Chapter 87: Return of a new season*

Birmingham, England...

The sun poured through the half-open blinds, casting warm streaks of light across the living room.

Benjamin's apartment today was cluttered but still comfortable; snacks on the coffee table, game cards strewn about, and an untouched stack of dishes in the sink that nobody had bothered to clean in the kitchen.

Genevieve sat cross-legged on the couch, lazily sipping tea from her favorite mug, while Caleb occupied the single armchair, adjusting his glasses as he scrolled through his phone.

He was likely reading another Chapter of that Shadow Slave.

Genevieve spied at him. 'Is the book that interesting? Maybe I should really give it a try'.

"Shadow Slave?" Caleb looked at Genevieve, showing a rare passionate smile. "Let me clear your doubts now, it's far beyond interesting, it's a masterpiece!"

Genevieve was startled. "H-how...?" She stammered. "How did you know what I was thinking? Do you read minds?"

Caleb chuckled. "It was written all over your face".

Genevieve sighed, feeling bored. "If I get into it and I find out its not as interesting as you say, what will you do to compensate me?"

Caleb smiled at her confidently and replied without hesitation. "I will buy you the latest Gucci bag in the market".

Genevieve's eyes widened. "You're that confident?"

"Of course". Caleb nodded in a matter-of-fact manner.

Genevieve sighed, scrolling through her phone. "I guess let me download the NovelBin app first. This better be worth it".

While the both of them conversed, Benjamin?

He was sprawled out on the floor, chin resting on a pillow, half-dozing after another late-night gaming session.

Genevieve was bored since she was once again the only girl in the apartment after Aria left to meet her boyfriend a few days ago.

It was a miracle how her boyfriend tolerated her staying away for so long.

Thinking of Aria's boyfriend, Genevieve shook her head. 'I still can't believe she's actually dating now'.

'And they actually don't have problems yet!' Her eyes widened.

As the 'NovelBin' reading app downloaded on her iPhone screen, she continued soliloquizing. 'If even Aria is dating now, what am I waiting for?'

She stared at Caleb, then Benjamin and grimaced. "Nevermind".

Benjamin looked at her with his half-asleep eyes. "What?"

"Nothing!" She quickly said. "Like I said, never mind".

It was a normal morning.

That is, until 10am struck.

While Benjamin continued doing God knows what, and Caleb continued reading his Shadow Slave with a happy smile on his face, Genevieve grabbed the remote and flicked on the television.

The screen blinked to life, revealing a familiar sports network.

The headline was immediate and explosive.

>THE ENGLISH PRO ALLIANCE ANNOUNCES THE RETURN OF A NEW SEASON<

The studio panel of pundits appeared, all of them buzzing with excitement.

"After a two-month long holiday, the English Warstar Pro Alliance is officially back!"

"This weekend, the greatest teams of England will once again clash in the biggest stage of Warstar".

Benjamin blinked.

Caleb lowered his phone.

Genevieve tilted her head.

For a second, none of them said anything.

Then...

"HOLY SHIT!" Benjamin shot up from the floor like a firework, rushing in front of the television.

"I KNEW IT WAS SOON, BUT THIS WEEKEND?!"

"That was... fast," Caleb muttered, his usual calm demeanor cracking just slightly as he started counting with his fingers.

"It still feels just like yesterday when Vivi suddenly came to meet me at the club where I worked to tell me of Noah's situation".

"Since then, it's been 2 months already?"

Genevieve let out a small laugh, placing her mug down. "Well, it makes sense. Playing Warstar can easily make you lose sense of time".

"Besides, two months is a long time in the pro scene. The fans must be dying for it already, most especially after all that Noah went and stirred up in the game this time". She grinned.

On-screen, the pundits continued their discussion.

"With the new season officially starting, the question on everyone's mind is, who will dominate this year?"

"Will last season's champions defend their title? Or will a dark horse emerge to shake the rankings?"

"In recent times, Phoenix Rising are in a period of their purple reign".

"Fans said it before but now, I guess its official, they're the new Kings in London. Winning the Warstar RPG champions league 3 times in a row and being the first English club to represent the country at the world stage, no other club in England has all of these feats attributed to them".

"With the form that Gabriel is in currently with his Dain Ironvalor, and their new signing, Ethan Graves, they have a high chance of aiming for that 4th title".

"If they do manage to do it, they'll be just 1 title from Cyber Squad's national record of most wins with 5".

"And by doing it in a row too, Gabriel will be able to match Noah's legacy!"

There was excitement in the voice of the pundits as they spoke about this particular topic, it was the talk of the town in recent weeks.

"And let's not forget the massive shake-up in the player market. Transfers, retirements, and the mysterious return of some legends, this season is looking to be the most unpredictable one yet!"

"What about that Lord Doom?"

"There are rumors that a pro club already got his signature, but there's no confirmation yet. There are also rumors that Lord Doom is God Noah".

"But he just retired, so those have to be just rumors, right?"

"No one can tell, that Lord Doom is too skilled to be a newbie".

"It's a wonder how none of the pro clubs have managed to snap up his Lord Doom Avatar yet, or even that overpowered SSS-Rank weapon".

"Well, as the season unfolds, we'll see".

Benjamin stretched his arms behind his head, a smug grin creeping onto his face as he watched the screen.

"Ah, nostalgia," he sighed dramatically. "It's like an old save file. You load it up, and suddenly, you're right back where you left off... except now, the game's harder, and half the NPCs have been replaced".

Genevieve rolled her eyes but couldn't hide her smile. "That was actually not bad".

Caleb, ever the skeptic, adjusted his glasses. "I give it a six out of ten".



Benjamin scoffed. "Come on! That was at least a solid eight. Maybe even a nine if you're feeling sentimental".

Caleb smirked. "I'm not".

Benjamin groaned. "Tough crowd".

Genevieve chuckled, shaking her head. "Well, get used to it. Something tells me we're going to be seeing a lot more 'old save files' loading up this season".

Benjamin's grin widened. "And if Noah has anything to do with it... well, let's just say some of those 'NPCs' might not like what's coming".

"Talking of Noah," Genevieve looked at them. "Don't you think we should tell him?"

*Chapter 88: Level 35*

---<Warstar>---

[Captain Batman has logged into the game!]

---<Warstar>---

Benjamin logged in, his character materializing in the bustling city plaza.

He stretched his virtual limbs, shaking off the real-world stiffness before opening his friends list.

Noah was online, of course. But instead of idling in town, his status read.

>In Dungeon: [Forgotten Abyss] (Solo)<

Benjamin whistled. "Level 35 dungeon? Solo? Classic Noah".

He figured he had some time before Noah finished, so he made his way to the usual spot, a quiet corner of the plaza where the noise of the city didn't interfere with voice chat. He sent a message to Noah.

A few minutes later, just as he got comfortable, a system notification flashed.

[Lord Doom has exited Forgotten Abyss...]

But before that, inside the level 35 dungeon...

...

It was already a few weeks since the Canyon of Ruins, and in that time, Noah and his teammates never stopped leveling up.

Of course, he was the most diligent of the 5 since he literally lived inside the game. Noah had all the time in the world to immerse in the world of Warstar, adventure and explore to his heart's content.

And now...

Noah strode through the dimly lit corridors of the Forgotten Abyss, his footfalls echoing against the ancient stone.

The air was thick with an eerie, unnatural stillness, broken only by the distant groans of unseen horrors lurking in the darkness.

This was the final level of the dungeon, where the most dangerous creatures resided, and he was alone.

When he still played with his Stinger of War Avatar, Noah was no stranger to soloing dungeons but even that had a limit. Afterall, there was only so much 1 Avatar could do in the game.

Every main class in Warstar had its unique and important role in the game.

But with his Lord Doom Avatar and his SSS-Rank unique skills, things a veteran of Warstar like Noah never thought possible till a few months ago, Noah could do more alone now in the game.

BZZZ!

Lord Doom's Aetherforge gleamed with an ominous blue glow, the weapon adapting to his every movement as he pressed forward.

The dungeon was designed for a full party, but Noah had cut through it solo, his Versatile Avatar ensuring he always had the right skills to handle any encounter.

Besides, compared to the beginning when he just unlocked the Versatile Avatar unique skill, weeks of using Aetherforge already made him adapt to the dynamic intricacies of the revolutionary weapon like a fish to water.

Ahead, the hallway widened into a cavernous chamber lined with jagged obsidian pillars, twisted and malformed like the skeletal remains of a forgotten civilization.

The boss waited at the far end, a Desolation Wraith; a towering specter shrouded in shifting darkness, its many arms grasping spectral weapons that flickered in and out of existence.

"Intruder detected..., prepare for annihilation!"

The Wraith's voice was a whisper and a roar at the same time, reverberating through the chamber.

Noah smirked. "Annihilation? Let's see who's left standing".

As he said that was when he got a notification.

Ding!

[Private Message:]

[Captain Batman: I'm waiting for you outside the dungeon, make it snappy.]

Seeing that, Noah chuckled and sent back.

[Noah: You make it sound like soloing a level 35 dungeon is easy.]

Benjamin replied immediately.

[Captain Batman: It's easy for you, right?]

[Noah: Nah, but I'd win.]

At that moment, the Wraith moved.

Whoosh!

The Wraith lunged, twin shadow-forged blades slashing through the air.

In response, Noah pivoted, dodging with a calculated step as he spun his lance, the weapon seamlessly shifting into a spear form for precise thrusts.

He countered with a rapid succession of piercing strikes, each blow igniting with energy that dispersed the wraith's form like ripples in water.

The boss screeched, vanishing into the shadows before reappearing behind him, its multiple arms swinging down at once.

But Noah was already one step ahead.

{Ethereal Shift=}

A low-level Psychic skill.

With a flicker, Noah phased out of existence for a fraction of a second, passing through the attack entirely.

As soon as he reappeared, he twisted his lance and activated 'Kinetic Backlash', channeling the force of the missed attack into his next strike.

The moment the Wraith solidified again, Noah's weapon exploded forward, the impact sending the massive specter crashing against the carved wall.

BOOM!

The sound reverberated through the dungeon at damaging decibels.

Noah squinted.

The boss roared in defiance, shifting into its final phase.

The room darkened as chains of pure void magic erupted from the ground, seeking to bind him. A death sentence for most players.

But Noah? He smirked.

In that moment, he accessed his inventory, storing Aetherforge and bringing out his Spellforged Battle Lance in a single fluid move.

There was a slight lag in between switching weapons, but it didn't matter.

Noah already accounted for it.

As soon as the Spellforged Battle Lance appeared in his hand, he moved.

{Rift Lunge- Spatial Breakthrough=}

Reality cracked.

In an instant, he warped past the chains, appearing directly in front of the Wraith.

His Spellforged Battle Lance morphed, its blade expanding as he unleashed one final, devastating thrust.

CRACK!

The Wraith shattered into fragments of darkness, its scream fading as it dissolved into nothingness.

DING!

[FINAL BOSS DEFEATED!]

[You have received drop rewards!]

[You have received +1 level 35 Legendary Item, +??? XP, and a skill scroll (amount unidentified).]

Noah exhaled, rolling his shoulders. "Not bad".

He was excited to get even more skill scrolls, it was an extremely rare reward that almost never dropped from dungeon raids.

The first thing he did was pick the skill scroll and crush it, sending skill points into his in-game Avatar even as his unique skill's effect came into play, multiplying the skill points that he got by 10.

Noah grinned. "Not bad at all".

But then he looked at the Spellforged Battle Lance, a melancholic expression on his face.

Alas, it was just a level 20 weapon.

At level 35 now, the Spellforged Battle Lance was becoming obsolete. Noah prepared himself mentally to retire the weapon soon.

Without another thought, he exited the dungeon, stepping back into the open world. As soon as he arrived, he saw Benjamin.

Benjamin looked at him. "Oi, you done flexing yet? Got something to tell you".

Noah smirked, shaking his head.

"Flexing? Its not my fault the mobs weren't strong enough". He looked back at Benjamin. "Ok, spill it. What do you want to tell me?"

"Season 11 is here".

Silence.

*Chapter 89: Season 11*

"Season 11 is here".

That was all Benjamin said but that was actually all that Noah needed to hear to understand why he came all the way to the game to seek him out.

From the very inception of the English Pro Alliance, Noah and his friends had been there. They were there even before the pro scene became a thing.

Noah and his friends were one of the first adopters of Warstar.

All the way from the 1st season of the English Pro Alliance, they were there, growing, creating stories alongside the league as the league matured.

But now, they were no longer there.

For over 10 years, Season 11 was the first season of the English Pro Alliance where Noah, Aria, Genevieve, Benjamin, Caleb, and Marcus were not in the scene and among the promotional banners.

And for the first season since the creation of the club, Cyber Squad which was usually synonymous with Noah Harrington would have another pro player at the helm as the captain and controller of the legendary Avatar, Stinger of War.

Noah experienced a rush of emotions.

...

As Noah settled in, he listened through the same setup that he and his team had used during the World Championship broadcast.

The voices of the English Pro Alliance pundits filled his ears, their discussion now shifting to the main course of the program, the official introduction of the 20 clubs set to compete in the new season.

"Welcome back, folks! Now, let's get into it, the 20 clubs that will be battling it out in this season of the English Pro Alliance!"

"Like usual, the first in the list is Cyber Squad, the London Club. One of the oldest and the most decorated clubs in England".

"Unfortunately, this season, there will be no Noah Harrington".

"But don't be discouraged, fans because this season, Caster is the controller of the Battle God Avatar, Stinger of War".

"The best rookie winner of the past 2 seasons finally gets his due, inheriting the most legendary Avatar in the English Pro Alliance".

"Can Caster live up to the legacy of the Battle God?"

"We'll find out as the season progresses".

"Caster is also the captain of Cyber Squad for the new season. That is a lot of responsibility on his young shoulders, but if the past is any precedent, Caster already shows that he's mature enough to take on a lot of responsibility".

"Cyber Squad fans are hoping on him to lead a new-look Cyber Squad team to the top of England, reclaiming their throne as the RPG Warstar champions league winners come season end".

"Apart from Cyber Squad, it's a no-brainer that the other club to pay attention to this season is Phoenix Rising".

"Also London-bred, the club is chasing their 4th consecutive title".

"After signing the newbie, Ethan Graves, and with Phoenix's core still intact, do they have what it takes to tighten the distance to Cyber Squad?"

"The 3rd club in the season list is Scarlet Rose. 1-time champion club, the pride of Leeds. This season, they're also gunning for the trophy".

"And then there's Juggernaut, also 1-time champion. Like Scarlet Rose, the Birmingham City club is gunning for the trophy this season".

"There's Oblivion Knights of Leicester, Nightfall of Bristol City, Imperium Tyrannus of Southampton, Pendragon Esports of Nottingham City, Midnight Revenants of Liverpool, Lionheart Legacy of Manchester, Shadow Dominion of Bradford, Blazing Gryphons of Coventry..."

"...Avalon Sovereign of Plymouth, Cerberus Core of Portsmouth, Exo Genesis of Peterborough, Steel Bastion of Sheffield City, Phantom Vortex of Norwich City, Helix Nova of London, Titan's Ascent of Cambridge, and Stormborn Esports of Manchester, the club making its debut in the Pro Alliance for the first time".

"This season, London has 3 clubs in the English Pro Alliance".

"Maybe the trophy will be lifted in London again".

Excitedly, the analysts went down the list, highlighting each club, their strengths, weaknesses, and squad changes during the off-season.

Some had kept their core rosters intact, while others had undergone massive rebuilds, banking on new talents and fresh strategies. Cyber Squad being the big example of this.

Of course, they also spoke about the 3 pro clubs that were relegated after the previous season and the 3 that made it to the Pro Alliance this season.

After going through all 20 teams, the pundits zoomed in on the clubs to pay close attention to this season.

"First up, the reigning champions, Phoenix Rising! After dominating last season, they're still the team to beat, most especially in God Noah's absence".

"With Dain Ironvalor leading the charge, they remain a terrifying powerhouse".

"Next, we have Cyber Squad. They made some massive roster changes, but with their aggressive playstyle and the addition of Caster as Stinger of War's new controller, they might be the dark horse this season!"

"Don't forget Juggernaut, the eternal contenders. They've reached the playoffs five seasons in a row, but can they finally win it all a second time?"

"And of course, Scarlet Rose. Always dangerous, always unpredictable. With their ever mysterious and eccentric captain leading them, who knows what tricks they have up their sleeve?"

The discussion then shifted to rookie players debuting this season, fresh talents either scouted from Arena leaderboards, underground scenes, or even from the academy divisions.

"Alright, let's talk about the new blood entering the league! Who are the rookies to watch out for?"

"We've got Mikhail Volkov, in-game Avatar Ghost. The Manchester prodigy has been terrorizing the Arena leaderboards and finally got picked up by Lionheart Legacy".

"Then there's Elliot Hartwell, in-game Avatar Storm Bringer. A former academy star who Oblivion Knights promoted straight into the starting lineup".

"And let's not forget Rachel, in-game Avatar Ember Sinclair, Blazing Gryphon's promising new fire Elementalist. She's got ridiculous mechanical skill for a rookie".

"And then there's Ethan Graves too, Gabriel's newest recruit".

Finally, the panelists made their predictions, debating which teams had the best shot at winning the title this year.

As Noah listened in on the conversation, a small smirk formed on his face.

A new season. A new battlefield.

And unknowingly to the rest of the world, the Godfather of Warstar was watching, as a passerby this time around.



At the end of the broadcast, Genevieve sighed and then she looked at Noah. "Captain, let's talk about our team".

### *Chapter 90: Creating a club*

As the broadcast wrapped up, the atmosphere in Benjamin's apartment shifted. The room was filled with the lingering energy of the discussion; speculation, analysis, and the undeniable electricity that came with a new season's arrival.

Then, Genevieve turned to the computer screen.

"So," she said, her voice calm but filled with anticipation. "What about us? Our own club?"

Her words settled over the group like a stone dropped into still water.

Benjamin raised an eyebrow, grinning. "Ohhh, now this is the real main course".

Caleb, ever the pragmatist, didn't waste a second. He pulled out his phone and immediately dialed Aria on a video call.

"Pick up, you damn lunatic," he muttered.

Benjamin looked at him, slightly surprised.

Caleb looked back at him. "What? You think I don't curse?" He chuckled. "I'm actually excited too for this moment".

"Damn!" Benjamin said, his eyes flickering mischievously, already thinking up another groan-worthy joke. "The original King Julien on this one, you like to move it, move it?"

Caleb stared at him weirdly. "This is not even dumb, that's just... lame".

"Haha," Benjamin laughed. "You wouldn't know".

While Caleb called Aria, Genevieve meanwhile, took charge on another front, reaching out to Nightingale.

She knew this wasn't just about them; their ambitions were larger than just a five-man squad. If they were going to step into the pro scene, they needed more firepower and... money.

The phone rang once, twice, then Nightingale's voice answered. "Genevieve?"

"Let's meet," she said simply. "In London. You, your crew, us".

"We've got something big to discuss".

A brief pause.

Then, a chuckle. "Interesting. Consider it done".

As the arrangements fell into place, stuck inside the game, Noah leaned back, listening.

They were actually doing this.

The time for watching from the sidelines was over.

This wasn't just some casual conversation. This was the beginning of something colossal. And soon, the world would know.

...

An hour later...

Aria was in London, including Genevieve and the others, and a Warstar console that they carried along with them.

They were inside a restaurant.

The restaurant was lavish, dimly lit, and completely empty, except for them.

Nightingale had gone all out, buying out the entire establishment for the evening. No interruptions, no eavesdroppers, just business.

The waitstaff, dressed in immaculate black and white, moved silently, setting down an extravagant spread of dishes before retreating into the background.

Seated around the long table, Genevieve, Caleb, Benjamin, and Aria faced Nightingale and his crew. Including the Warstar console and a monitor.

The atmosphere was a mix of relaxed confidence and razor-sharp focus. They weren't here for pleasantries; this was about the future.

But still, Nightingale and his crew could not help but look at the monitor weirdly where a familiar in-game Avatar currently stood, listening to them.

'What the hell was Lord Doom still doing inside the game in a meeting this important?'

"Umm..., this...!"

"Ahem," Genevieve cleared her throat, smiling apologetically. "Nightingale, I'm sorry but Noah was tied down by certain family matters and can't meet up".

"So, he'll be listening in through the game".

Nightingale stared at the computer screen weirdly again. "Ok..."

About a minute later, leaning back in his chair, Nightingale swirled a glass of wine lazily before smirking. "So, you're serious about this".

Aria, arms folded, met his gaze without hesitation. "Obviously".

Genevieve took the lead. "We need to know exactly what it takes to create a new club in the Pro Alliance".

She faked a smile, slightly embarrassed. "Though we've spent over 10 years in the Pro Alliance, we actually don't know much about the league, all of our knowledge is about the game and the competitive scene".

"Outside, we barely know anything".

Nightingale smiled. "I expected this". With a chuckle, he set his glass down. "Alright, here's what we need".

He raised 3 fingers.

"First, financial backing". He tapped the table. "Running a pro club isn't cheap. You need sponsors, investors, or someone stupidly rich willing to burn money".

Benjamin immediately perked up, grinning. "Well, good thing we have you, then. With you funding us, heh..., I guess you could say we're flying first class".

Aria stared at him flatly. "That was awful".

Caleb groaned. "Read the situation Ben!" He sighed. "We haven't even signed a contract yet, and I already want to deduct your salary".

Nightingale chuckled, shaking his head. "At least he's confident".

He continued. "Second, a team". His smirk widened. "Not just five people".

"God Noah, you're an expert when it comes to the game but when it comes to creating a team, a lot of things have changed compared to when you first started over 10 years ago".

"In a team, you need subs, analysts, staff, even coaches. A full roster ready to compete at the highest level".

"Don't worry, we don't need a coach".

All eyes turned towards the monitor where Noah just spoke for the first time in this meeting. Well, no one objected.

Nightingale continued. "Third, a slot". His tone turned serious. "There are only 20 clubs in the Pro Alliance".

"You can't just create a new one out of thin air. You either buy an existing club's slot," he paused. "Or you fight for it in the promotion tournament, taking the place of one of the 3 clubs that are relegated every season".

Silence settled over the table for a moment as the weight of those words sank in.

Benjamin whistled. "Well damn. That escalated quickly".

Caleb adjusted his glasses. "Buying a slot would take an absurd amount of money".

Aria cracked her knuckles. "Then we fight".

In the game, Noah smirked. "Of course we do".

Nightingale observed them, then leaned forward, intrigued. "You do realize what you're getting into, right? This isn't just some game. This is the pro scene, the real deal".

Silence.

Nightingale realized what he said wrong a little bit too late.

With a smirk outlining her face, amused, Aria leaned forward and looked at Nightingale. "You really just said that to us?"

"Ahem," Nightingale coughed. "My bad". He chuckled awkwardly.

Aria shrugged. "Anyways, we know exactly what we're getting into".

Nightingale studied them for a long moment. "Also, if you guys are to succeed as a pro club, you need a strong guild in the game to back you up".

"Ugh!" Benjamin groaned. "Sounds like more work".

"Yeah," Nightingale nodded. "We need to create our own guild".

Noah spoke again. "This is a lot to take in, but Rome was not built in a day". He chuckled. "I read that in a book once".

"Let's just take it one step at a time and we'll arrive at our destination".

"As for now, have you guys not realized the most important thing yet?"

"What important thing?" Genevieve looked at Noah suspiciously.

His Lord Doom Avatar grinned. "The club name of course!" He laughed.

Nightingale was amused. "I take it that you have a name in mind already?"

Noah's Lord Doom Avatar leaned forward; arms crossed. "Easy".

"Well call it... Doom Legion".

A chorus of groans erupted around the table.

"NO!!!"