

Just call me Thor #Chapter 56 A Mage charging at a Warrior? - Read Just call me Thor Chapter 56 A Mage charging at a Warrior?

Chapter 56 A Mage charging at a Warrior?

When the Berserker instructor called Mike's name, he stepped forward from the back of the line, cooperating with the gear check and making final preparations for the combat.

In the surveillance room on the second floor, the Dean, along with several other instructors, stood beside Blaze, observing the afternoon's combat tests.

"Blaze, my student James has long admired you..."

"Quiet!" Blaze Morrow interrupted impatiently. He hadn't even heard of James. Even if he had, an A-level talent was nothing extraordinary. Over the years, Blaze had encountered at least 10,000 A-level talents.

A-level talent, so what?

Blaze Morrow had set aside other important matters and taken time out of his busy schedule to come here primarily for Jessica, and partly for this young man—Mike.

Pointing at Mike on the screen, Blaze commented, "That kid looks as handsome as I did when I was young. I find him quite appealing."

"He's Mike, in the same class as Jessica, but... just a D-level talent," the Dean said, pulling up Mike's information to show Blaze.

Blaze didn't even glance at it, standing up to head downstairs. "I want to see this kid fight in person. Handsome folks tend to attract each other."

Turning back to the Dean, Blaze instructed, "I prefer to watch alone. No referees, no priests should be present."

"But this combat..."

"The outcome of the fight will be judged by me. Is that a problem?" Blaze looked up slightly, his tone dismissive, "Or do you suspect I would cheat for this kid?"

"Of course not!" The Dean quickly apologized, "We'll do as Blaze Battle Chief says."

After all, Blaze was a genuine peak Battle Chief. Although his methods were sometimes domineering, he had a reputation for fairness and integrity. Even when his own family members broke the law, Blaze never showed favoritism.

"Also, if Jessica participates in the combat, let me know. I want to watch that too."

Without another word, Blaze headed to the combat room prepared for Mike.

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"Stay calm, stay calm. He's just a D-level talent and a mage. I have a great chance of winning!" The curly-haired boy took deep breaths to steady his nerves.

"Gear check complete!"

"Status check complete!"

"Identity verified, you may enter!"

The doors on both sides of the combat room opened, and the curly-haired boy and Mike entered from opposite sides.

"Hey, where's the instructor?" The room was empty, no referee, no priest in sight.

Thud—

The door shut automatically.

An aged voice came from the speakers overhead, "You may begin. I will act as both referee and priest for this match. Fight freely, without any reservations."

Although the procedure was unusual, the curly-haired boy forced himself to focus on his opponent, recognizing him immediately.

"Are you that Brute?"

"Rumors, all rumors," Mike waved dismissively, "I'm quite gentle, I even repent after stepping on an ant."

The curly-haired boy's expression shifted slightly. Gentle? He must be joking.

Internally, the curly-haired boy cursed, "I was too focused on class and talent when picking my opponent. Why does the name Mike sound so familiar? It's this guy..."

Feeling intimidated before the fight was not a good sign.

He quickly adjusted his mindset, "Don't panic. He's just physically stronger. Since entering the Tower of Truth, I've reached level 9, and my Strength attribute is as high as 45. He has lower talent, a lower level, and his class is countered by mine! In a fight between a Warrior and a Mage, I have the advantage."

Unaware of his opponent's thoughts, Mike felt standing around was a waste of time. "Shall we start?"

"Yes!" The curly-haired boy nodded, bracing himself.

"He's a mage; he'll want to keep his distance. Once the fight starts, I need to close in fast. Once I'm close, I've won."

He quickly formulated his strategy.

Action!

Both moved simultaneously.

The curly-haired boy had just taken a step forward when Mike also sprinted forward.

Wait! What is he doing?!

The curly-haired boy's pupils dilated, unable to comprehend what was happening.

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Before he could react further, Mike was upon him.

So fast!

Mike grabbed his arm and swept his right leg downward, flipping him over his shoulder.

The curly-haired boy hadn't even processed what happened before the world spun around him. He lost his balance and crashed heavily to the ground.

Thud—

His face hit the floor first.

Buzz—

The impact was severe, stars danced before his eyes, his head felt like mush, likely concussed.

Beep—beep—

A shrill alarm sounded as the curly-haired boy struggled to his feet, his vision blurry.

He looked down at his gear, flashing red lights, his face draining of color.

"I... I lost?!"

"I'm a Warrior, how could I lose to a mage in close combat? What just happened?!"

Everything had happened too fast.

Mike's charge, his move, the throw, the follow-up damage breaking the gear... all in less than 5 seconds.

He had given his opponent no time to react!

A flash of fire from above healed the curly-haired boy's injuries.

He regained clarity, but his face remained defeated, unable to accept his loss.

With such an advantage... why did he lose?

The aged voice spoke again.

"Mike, wins!"

A door opened, and the curly-haired boy walked out dejectedly, while Mike waited for his next opponent.

During the wait, Mike glanced at the speaker.

"Blaze Morrow? What's he doing here?"

"That sly old man, pinching his nose while he talks as if I can't recognize his voice?"

Mike pondered for a moment. Since Blaze Morrow was watching, he decided to primarily use wind element spells in his next fight.

"I need to solidify my image as a wind element mage."

Mike reminded himself, in the next fight, to avoid close combat initially.

His base attributes were too high; a single punch could shatter the gear. These students, not even level 10, stood no chance against him.

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Mike quickly resolved this fight.

Elsewhere, fierce combats continued in other rooms.

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Next to Mike's room.

"Windstride Slash!"

Cain appeared swiftly behind his opponent, his long sword cleaving unexpectedly.

Taking advantage of the Windstride Slash, Cain launched a series of attacks, dominating the fight.

Finally, he used a Windstride Slash followed by a heavy slash, successfully breaking his opponent's gear and securing victory.

"Cain, wins!"

"Yay!"

Cheers of joy echoed in the room.

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In another room.

A girl looked distressed, muttering to herself.

"It's over, it's over!"

"My luck is so bad, my opponent is James, I'm doomed!"

Her opponent was the renowned James, an A-level talent, the strongest of this batch, and a hopeful for Florida's Rising Star.

Facing James, she stood no chance.

She was so panicked she didn't even hear the referee announce the start of the fight.

"I give up!"

"What?"

She never expected James to concede!

The referee looked at James seriously, "James, you've already conceded once. If you concede again, you'll only have one chance left."

"I know," James insisted, "I concede."

Behind the glass, the Dean and others looked on, puzzled, "What is James thinking?"

"With his strength, there's no need to concede!"

As everyone was confused, James spoke again, "According to the rules, after losing two matches, I can choose my next opponent."

The referee nodded, "That's correct."

Hearing this, several instructors' expressions changed, guessing what James was planning.

The crowd murmured, "Such arrogance! Too presumptuous!"

"Arrogant? He has the right to be. Isn't that what being young is about?"

...

Inside the combat room, James, having conceded, seemed more like the victor, looking slightly upward, "I don't need three chances to fail. From now on, I won't lose a single match until I win them all."

Even the referee, who had seen many talents, had never encountered someone as proud and arrogant as James.

"Choose your next opponent."

James named the one he had prepared:

"Mike!"

Starting with Mike, James intended to show the entire Magic High School what true genius looked like.

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Chapter 57 Truly deleted—in the physical sense

"James, gear check complete!" Before entering the combat room, an instructor who favored James stepped forward, advising, "James, you have a Battle Chief watching this next fight. This is your chance to shine!"

James's eyes lit up. A Battle Chief was watching? For him? While he didn't know which Battle Chief it was, making a strong impression could smooth his path forward. Wasn't his previous overture to Jessica because her grandfather was a Battle Chief? Now, another opportunity was before him, and he was determined not to waste it.

"James, prepare to enter the combat room!" The door opened and then shut automatically behind him. The walls blocked the view of everyone outside, leaving them clueless about what would transpire within. However, in the hearts of most, the outcome was already decided—James would win. James, with his A-level talent, level 10, and A-class Mage, seemed unbeatable. Mike, with his D-level talent, likely hadn't even reached level 10.

Inside the combat room, Mike stretched lazily, yawning widely. "What's taking so long?" After a few more minutes, his opponent finally entered the combat room. "James?" Mike frowned slightly. If he won against James here, could it cause issues? After all, he still had three chances left; the outcome of one fight wasn't critical. Mike pondered how best to lose this match appropriately when James suddenly spoke, "Mike, do you know Cain's secret?"

"What? Cain has secrets?" Mike looked puzzled. Even if Cain did have secrets, they couldn't escape Mike's Eye of Truth. Besides, why would James bring this up?

"Heh, seems like you don't know," James said disdainfully. "I once saw Cain's name deep in Thunder Valley, etched into the ground."

A memorial? That sounded like something Cain might do, likely writing something like [Cain was here]. Mike considered this and then suggested, "Maybe it's a coincidence. There are many people named Cain in the world."

"I checked afterwards; Cain was indeed in Thunder Valley that day!" James continued, "And just now, someone mentioned that Cain seems to have learned Windstride Slash. And you call yourselves close friends, yet you don't know this?"

Mike thought: This is hard to explain. Let Cain take the fall.

"Even if Cain has secrets, what does that have to do with our fight?" Mike tried to steer the conversation back to the matter at hand. "Indeed, it has nothing to do with it." James raised his staff, aiming at Mike. "After I beat you, I'll challenge Cain. I want to see for myself what secrets that kid is hiding."

As soon as he finished speaking, James stiffened for a moment, and the temperature in the combat room seemed to drop, filled with a deadly aura. Mike's demeanor also changed drastically, no longer lazy or languid but dangerously sharp, like a hunter eyeing his prey.

"I'm telling you, don't cause trouble for others," Mike said. Then, unexpectedly, he charged at James! Although he had originally planned to deliberately lose, hearing James's words made him reconsider; it seemed he could no longer go through with it.

So fast! James was startled by Mike's speed but still had time to react, raising his staff defensively. "Fire Shield!" As he sprinted, Mike also cast a spell, his casting speed not slow. "Wind Blade!" Three Wind Blades whistled through the air, but their aim was poor; two were deflected, and the last one hit James's fire shield, just breaking through.

This was Mike deliberately restraining his power. Otherwise, a single Wind Blade would have been enough to break through all of James's defenses, even his gear, resulting in an instant kill.

"Wind Bind!" Invisible ropes bound James, slowing his movements as if he were stuck in mud. James immediately stopped his chanting and switched to a teleportation skill to maximize the distance between them. He had a bad feeling that if Mike got close, it would be extremely dangerous.

Just... this feeling seemed irrational. They were both mages, not skilled in close combat; why would Mike be better?

Driven by instinct, James tried to flee. From the start of the battle, he had been on the defensive, unable to mount any effective offense. "Flame Jump!" His figure vanished from the spot, reappearing three meters away as a burst of flame. "As long as I keep my distance, I'll be safe..."

James was about to regroup and show Mike the power of an A-level talent when suddenly everything went dark, and a fist thundered down! Mike had anticipated his move, accelerating to position himself perfectly to catch James off guard.

Using all his strength and speed to cast, James roared, "Flame Burst!" Releasing the skill at such close range was a double-edged sword, potentially fatal to both if it was a real fight. The dangerous fireball at the tip of his staff exploded uncontrollably.

Bang— A loud explosion echoed in James's ears. Smoke filled his nostrils, he was thrown backward, his vision going dark as he lost consciousness.

What happened next, James couldn't remember. When he came to, his gear was flashing red, shocking him. I... lost? To a D-level talent?

James looked around dazedly, noticing Mike standing not far away, his clothes emitting wisps of smoke, with ash on his shoulder. Mike's gear showed 25% integrity remaining. "Fuck, so close!" James gritted his teeth, unable to comprehend his loss.

What he didn't know was that the slight difference he perceived was actually an insurmountable gap. If not for the presence of an audience, which could cause

unnecessary trouble, Mike would have ended the fight with one move. Did he really need to drag it out like this?

Mike glanced at the surveillance camera, thinking, "Old fox, you must be watching, right?" "Performing like this probably won't fool the old fox..."

Regardless, Mike had done what he could, and his objective was achieved. In the control room, Blaze Morrow's eyes sparkled with excitement. "This little fox is definitely hiding something!" "I guarantee, if it came to a real fight, James couldn't withstand even three moves from him, no, not even five!" "Since the little fox wants to hide his strength, I might as well help him out, for Jessica's sake."

With that thought, Blaze Morrow clicked a few times on the mouse. "Delete this battle's recording?" "Yes." "Deletion complete." From a storage perspective, it was clean. But Blaze Morrow, known for his meticulousness, extended his hand, and a flame consumed the hardware storing the recording, turning all the disks to ash. Now, truly deleted—in the physical sense.

Under Blaze Morrow's manipulation, a door in the combat room automatically opened. Many students had already lost three matches and were eliminated, standing aside to watch the final outcomes, increasingly focusing on Mike's combat room.

As the door opened, someone noticed.

"The door's open! James won!" "Wait, isn't that the door James entered?" "What's going on, he didn't concede again, did he?"

Under the gaze of the crowd, James walked out of the combat room looking dejected, quickly surrounded by instructors. "James, what happened?" "Why are you out here, where's Mike?" "Why do you smell burnt, and your gear... this..."

Soon, someone noticed that James's gear was breached. He had actually lost? Surrounded by instructors, James managed a bitter smile and said hoarsely, "I... lost..."

Silence rippled through the area like waves on water. The entire venue fell into a deathly quiet. Everyone was shocked by the news, struggling to come to terms with it. James... had lost to Mike, a mere D-level talent?

Meanwhile, an aged voice from inside the combat room reached everyone's ears, clear and distinct. "In this combat test, the winner is... Mike!"

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Chapter 58 Such a poor excuse?

When the outcome was publicly announced, a wave of commotion swept through the crowd of students, sparking a flurry of discussions. The combat test was even temporarily halted due to the uproar. Meanwhile, James was escorted by the Dean to an office on the second floor. Only after he had calmed down a bit did they begin to inquire in detail about what had happened.

James recounted the events intermittently, leaving the instructors in a moment of silence. "So, Mike, as a wind element mage, prefers close combat. You were caught off guard and lost the initiative, leading to your defeat," the Dean summarized the battle, looking around at the other instructors for their input.

"Cough, indeed, wind element mages can adopt such a combat style, and there are even Battle Lords known for it," a bespectacled instructor added. "Due to their high mobility and skills like Wind Blade and Wind Bind, they can indeed have an advantage in close combat. However, this style is unconventional and tends to lose effectiveness in the later stages, often forcing a change in tactics. James, you lost due to a lack of combat experience and underestimating your opponent."

James hung his head as he listened to the instructor's lessons. "However, I do have a question," a vice dean spoke up, "Mike is also a mage, so why is his close combat so formidable?"

"He had excellent physical conditioning even before entering the Tower of Truth," someone responded.

"Yes, but that doesn't explain how he could break through gear defenses with brute strength. I've asked students who fought Mike before, and he also won those fights by getting up close."

The instructors nodded in agreement; as a mage, Mike's Strength attribute shouldn't be high enough to break through defenses without at least a Strength of eighty to ninety.

"I might know the answer to that," another vice dean, Robert, stepped forward. He had been involved in Jessica's class transfer and had good relations with the Morrow family. "Previously, Mike's friend Cain found some cooked beef in the depths of Thunder Valley that could significantly increase one's Strength attribute. He shared at least half of it with Mike, and Jessica can attest to this."

Robert continued, "Cain is also a D-level talent, a Warrior Class. After boosting his Strength, he performed very well in this combat test, even better than many B-level talents."

"That makes sense," the instructors murmured, and James nodded slightly. He was aware that Cain had ventured deep into Thunder Valley and had indeed gained quite a bit from there, including beef and skill book.

"Alright, James, don't dwell on this too much. It's just a minor setback. Go home and rest," the Dean instructed two instructors to escort James home and keep an eye on his mental state.

After James left, the gathered instructors' expressions shifted instantly. Vice Dean David was the first to express skepticism, "I don't believe the increased Strength attribute alone could let Mike defeat James so easily!"

"Agreed, there must be some detail we're overlooking," another added. The analysis just now was only said for James to hear, merely to comfort him and make him feel better. That spiel might work on a child like James, but they are not so easily convinced.

David asserted, "With Mike's talent, level, and even Class being inferior to James, his victory suggests there was cheating involved!"

Robert countered sharply, "Then why don't we call them back and have them fight again until James wins, how about that?"

"Robert, what are you implying? Are you accusing me of favoring James?" David retorted.

"I'm just saying, let's not dwell on what's already decided," Robert replied coolly.

"Enough, quiet!" the Dean slammed his hand on the table, silencing the room, including the vice deans. "This is getting out of hand," he rubbed his temples, feeling a headache coming on.

He was due to retire this year, and the selection of the new dean was between Robert and David, based on the ACT scores of their students. If James became Florida's Rising Star, the dean's position would likely go to David. Conversely, if James performed poorly, Robert would likely become the dean.

"To prevent endless disputes," the Dean concluded, "let's just accept that James wasn't up to par. If he had won, none of this would matter. Or if he hadn't been so arrogant from the start, it wouldn't have come to this."

"Dean, I'm not being unreasonable, I just have one question," David insisted. "James said he used Flame Burst just before losing consciousness. At such close range, Flame Burst should have destroyed both their gear defenses, resulting in a draw, not a win for Mike."

This argument gained some traction among the instructors. Everyone knew the power of Flame Burst; it was unlikely that any gear could retain 25% integrity after such an attack.

Even Robert remained silent, not countering the claim.

According to David, the only explanation was that Blaze, who was watching, intervened to shield Mike from the Flame Burst's damage, effectively helping Mike cheat.

"Dean, resolving this issue is simple. We just need to review the footage..." David began, but the Dean cut him off.

"That's the most troublesome part," the Dean sighed, pulling out his phone to show a message to everyone, "Ten minutes ago, Blaze Battle Chief announced a donation to our school, including a whole set of new surveillance equipment."

"As for the old set, he accidentally burned it while lighting a cigarette, and he'll compensate the school double the original price."

The room fell silent again. The explanation was too cursory.

Even Robert couldn't help but curse, "Holy fuck!"

Everyone turned to look at him, surprised by his strong reaction.

"That old guy, he doesn't even smoke," Robert said grimly.

Everyone was stunned. The renowned Blaze Battle Chief using such a poor excuse? Either his brain or his attitude had issues—clearly, it was the latter.

After all, it is well known that the Battle Chief's brain would never fail.

"Regardless, let's leave it at that," the Dean decided. "James has talent, but growth involves setbacks. If he can learn from this and come back stronger, it's for the best. If not, that's on him."

"As for your concerns about the fairness of the fight, I will officially inquire with Blaze through proper channels before my term ends, asking for a sworn statement. If it was a draw, we'll amend the results and announce it school-wide to give James justice. If it was indeed a fair loss, there's nothing more to say."

"Any objections?" the Dean looked around. Everyone shook their heads; this was the best course of action, even if it risked offending Blaze.

"If there are no objections, let's proceed with today's test results and publish the summer camp recommendations."

"Meeting adjourned."

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Outside the gym, at the notice board, Cain dragged Mike to check the summer camp list. "We can see the electronic version later, why bother?" Mike was too lazy to push through the crowd, letting Cain go ahead to check the list.

A few minutes later, Cain came back excitedly, "We made it! Mike, we made it!"

"Calm down, don't get too excited," Mike responded as they walked home. Cain couldn't stop talking, "Mike, it's just us two with D-level talent, everyone else is B-level or even rarer A-level."

"Oh, and Jessica made it too. I heard from a classmate that she has a mysterious canary that can take on a level 10 Warrior..."

A canary? Mike remembered the trembling little bird. With its attributes, if it went into full combat mode, it could roast half the students at the magic high school.

Sprinkle some sesame seeds, chili powder, and cumin on that—sizzling delicious.

"How about barbecue for dinner to celebrate?" Mike suggested.

"Sure, I'll treat, and don't forget about the \$100,000 prize money!"

As night fell, after enjoying their barbecue, Mike and Cain parted ways, each heading home.

At the apartment building, Mike ran into a stooped old figure—Instructor Blaze!

"Well, young man, what a coincidence to see you here again."

"Instructor Blaze, it's late, shouldn't you be resting? Be careful, the stairs are steep."

"Old age, can't sleep, just taking a walk..." Blaze Morrow's excuses, Mike didn't believe a punctuation mark of them.

This old fox was clearly waiting for Mike to return.

"Young man, I hear our Magic High School had quite the day?"

"Yes, I'll tell you a secret, it seems a Battle Chief-level big shot was involved! I heard it from a classmate whose friend's aunt's uncle's brother works in the dean's office, 100% true!"

"Wow, that's cool—a Battle Chief-level presence, that's no small matter. Only those with exceptional talent and resilience can become a Battle Chief. You should aspire to that too, young man!"

"I don't have the talent or the ability; I've decided to just live an ordinary life like you."

"That won't do, humanity's future depends on you young people!"

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High-level encounters are full of details, a tug of war with no leaks! Old fox, young fox, each to their own home. Mike hadn't even sat down when his Lone Wolf badge vibrated slightly.

"Message from Maxen Stoneheart?" Mike checked the message, his expression suddenly changing.

"What? They found Terenas Bloodscribe's whereabouts?!"

Terenas Bloodscribe, the fourth demon cult leader, currently active near Florida!

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Chapter 59 Every choice couldn't escape his eyes

Mike sat in the living room, his expression grave. Picking up the LoneWolf badge, he murmured, "The fourth demon cult leader appeared about 400 miles northwest of Florida, attempting to infiltrate the state..." This message was from Maxen Stoneheart, who was in charge of the interception operation.

After the encounter, a small-scale battle erupted, and the demon cult leader managed to escape, vanishing without a trace. The enemy was protected by the demon god, and once they gained some distance, they could evade most surveillance, only detectable by the Battle Lord when in close proximity.

"Did this guy actually come to Florida to kill me?" Mike frowned, feeling that something was off. "Right before I killed Arthas Bloodscribe, Terenas Bloodscribe had planned to sacrifice his own son to summon an abyssal demon creature." "That means Terenas Bloodscribe had no real affection for his son, ready to sacrifice him as a pawn to save his own skin."

"If Terenas Bloodscribe is determined to kill me, he wouldn't escape the Battle Lord's siege either; he'd be doomed, which doesn't fit his style of cherishing his life..."

Suddenly, a thought flashed through Mike's mind. Escape, escape... What if the fourth demon cult leader's goal isn't to kill Mike, but to escape? He indeed mentioned 'must kill Mike.' However, the premise of such a vow is—Terenas Bloodscribe must survive! In other words, it was a play on words. As long as he lives, he'll have to kill Mike someday, whether sooner or later. If he dies, he pays the price of his life for the vow, and whether Mike dies or not, he couldn't care less!

True to a Battle Lord's caliber, even if his own son was killed, he could quickly pretend to be extremely angry, spew harsh words, and throw a smoke bomb to confuse Mike and influence others' judgment. "Indeed, none of these big shots who make it to this level are simple; they're all cunning old foxes..." Mike mused, gathering his thoughts to continue analyzing.

He vividly remembered watching the interaction between Terenas Bloodscribe and Arthas Bloodscribe, which spoke volumes about his character. Thinking this through, Mike pieced together the situation: Terenas Bloodscribe, the fourth demon cult leader, a Battle Lord-level powerhouse. Now severely injured, being hunted and cornered by human factions on Earth, surviving is his biggest motivation!

Staying on Earth meant certain death for Terenas Bloodscribe. To survive, he had only one option—to flee to the Abyssal Plane! That is to say, there are two possibilities. One, Terenas Bloodscribe pretends to head to Florida, but his real target is elsewhere. Two, his method of escaping to the Abyssal Plane is located within Florida; even if his whereabouts are exposed, he must come to Florida!

With the intelligence at hand, Mike had done well to analyze this far. After understanding, he looked down at his shadow and flashed a warm but not overly enthusiastic smile, "Lord Shadow Nine, have you had dinner?" "Yes, just had some barbecue, put it on your tab." A raspy voice responded as a swirl of black mist emerged from the ground, revealing Shadow Nine, "Kid, what kind of tricky business are you cooking up now?" "Look who's talking, I, Mike, am always upright and never trick people!" Mike briefly shared his analysis.

Shadow Nine nodded slightly, pondering, "Heroes think alike, I believe the same." Shadow Nine continued, "It's highly likely the second scenario. The Abyssal Sacrifice Array was once activated in Florida. Although it wasn't successful, the influence of the Abyssal Sacrifice Array created weak spots in the spatial barriers, making it easier to breach, even allowing direct crossing. He's probably here for that."

All clues linked together, revealing the truth. "You can rest assured now. As a Battle Lord-level figure, if there's a chance to live, he won't foolishly risk his life against you. It seems now that assassinating you was just a diversion, Terenas's real goal is still to escape." Shadow Nine thought for a moment before speaking again, "I'll send a message to Maxen Stoneheart to set up an ambush near the Abyssal Sacrifice Array. If he really shows up, I stake Maxen Stoneheart's life on it, ensuring Terenas Bloodscribe meets his end!"

Mike was stunned. Your guarantee is one thing, but why stake Maxen Stoneheart's life on it? What did Maxen Stoneheart ever do to you? Mike was speechless for a long while before finally saying, "That would be best." A Battle Lord-level enemy was not something Mike could currently contend with. Eliminating Terenas Bloodscribe would greatly reduce Mike's stress, making him feel much lighter.

"Kid, you're entering the Tower of Truth tonight, right?" Shadow Nine suddenly spoke up, bringing up another matter. "Yes." "Supreme being Morpheus asked me to pass on a message." Mike nodded, signaling Shadow Nine to continue. "Supreme being Morpheus said, if you reach the 100th square and enter the moment, blow up the wall in front of you, there will be unexpected benefits." Shadow Nine's appearance was more about delivering messages from the supreme being. "Blow up the wall?" Mike frowned, puzzled by the meaning. "I've delivered the message, the rest is up to you." With that, the black mist sank, and Shadow Nine disappeared into the shadows again.

Tonight, since they decided to ambush Terenas Bloodscribe, a Battle Lord-level powerhouse, they must mobilize all their strength. The battle was dangerous and could not afford any carelessness. Once Mike entered the Tower of Truth, there was no need to worry about safety, and Shadow Nine, having freed himself, would also participate in the siege against Terenas. With Maxen Stoneheart in the open and Shadow Nine in the shadows, they would make sure Terenas had nowhere to escape!

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The third to sixth levels were a long tunnel that required constant digging. Moving forward one square at a time, each step increased the Exploration Rate by 1%, totaling 100 squares. Free from the worry of being assassinated by a Battle Lord, Mike began preparing for his journey into the Tower of Truth tonight. He took out the map of the Tower of Truth, the one Jessica had given him, and studied it carefully. "Tower of Truth, third level." The notes in front of Mike read: [Levels three, four, five, and six are connected; with some luck, you can clear them all in one go] [Best human record: Exploration Rate 99%, jumped directly from the third to the sixth level] [Ready to achieve a 100% Exploration Rate clearance, my Lord Thor?] [Awooo—] Mike's eyelid twitched, sensing something unusual. [Eye of Truth] was a bit naughty today, or rather... a bit excited? Even howling, which was not normal! Once Mike understood the mechanics of these levels, he could also understand why [Eye of Truth] was excited. The third to sixth levels were a long tunnel that required constant digging. Moving forward one square at a time, each step increased the Exploration Rate by 1%, totaling 100 squares. During the digging process, different directions could be chosen, each choice having different effects. Some squares would grant buffs/debuffs. Some squares would yield special rewards or penalties. Some squares, when excavated, might even reduce the Exploration Rate. Bizarre and varied. Even some squares contained deadly traps, stepping into them would result in instant death by poison gas or traps! Every step forward offers three choices, the further you go, the higher the difficulty, the more dangerous the squares! After a certain distance, powerful bosses guard the tunnel, and they must be defeated to continue.

After reading this information, Mike put down the map and chuckled silently. This level was tailor-made for [Eye of Truth]! For others, the unknown choices were extremely troubling and headache-inducing. A slight misstep could mean the end! Dying in this section of the tunnel not only entered a weakened state but also reduced the Exploration Rate by 10%, moving back ten squares! Once the Exploration Rate reached 50%, one could choose to settle rewards and move to the next level. Many would settle immediately upon reaching 50%; continuing would be too torturous, more harm than good! If one died, having to walk ten squares again would waste a lot of time. However, for Mike, he had no such troubles with choices. Every choice couldn't escape his eyes, easily seeing through the bottom line. Putting away the map, Mike was already looking forward to his journey into the Tower of Truth tonight. Time ticked by. At midnight sharp, Mike entered the Tower of Truth. Shadow Nine left Mike's side, lurking near an abandoned factory, waiting for Terenas Bloodscribe to step into the trap. The fourth demon cult leader also had to initiate his own Abyssal Plane escape plan, seeking a chance for survival. They each had their tasks to perform.

Just call me Thor #Chapter 60 Thor's message - Read Just call me Thor Chapter 60 Thor's message

Chapter 60 Thor's message

"Welcome to the Core City of Truth!"

Mike wasted no time and got straight to the point.

[Tonight's Tower of Truth requires no further preparation.]

[A 100% Exploration Rate to clear? You just need eyes!]

Summoning the core crystal of truth, Mike placed his palm on it. A white light engulfed him, and a familiar notification sound rang in his ears.

"May you clear the Tower of Truth soon."

The third floor of the Tower of Truth, open!

Boom—

With a flash of white light, Mike appeared in a tunnel. As soon as he landed, the ground began to shake.

In the dim tunnel, rocks kept falling, raising a cloud of dust.

A man ran out of the tunnel in panic, screaming, "Run! The mine is collapsing!!"

Another round of earth-shattering tremors occurred, and rocks tumbled, completely blocking Mike's way back.

A woman's sobbing came from behind Mike.

"Please save my husband, cough cough... he went deep into the mine to earn money to buy me medicine... sob sob..."

Her choking sobs echoed in the tunnel, eerily unsettling, giving one goosebumps.

"Would you like to accept the quest [Morgana's Request]?"

[Quest Details]: Bring back Morgana's husband or his belongings

[Quest Reward]: After submitting the quest, the level rating is automatically calculated

"Accept."

Only after accepting the quest could Mike move forward in the tunnel and start the challenge.

"Thank you, kind soul."

The crying behind the pile of rocks ceased, and a cold wind blew past Mike's head, leaving him alone in the tunnel.

"This level design even includes a backstory, interesting."

When the Tower of Truth first appeared, it was treated like an online game for a reason.

From the third to the sixth floors, it's like a traditional RPG game, offering a quest under a clichéd backstory to enhance participants' enjoyment and motivation.

Mike looked ahead, not acting rashly.

He had 6 hours and the [Eye of Truth] to assist him, so clearing the level was a breeze.

However, how to achieve a 100% Exploration Rate was what he needed to consider!

At that moment, the Eye of Truth provided a hint.

[Method to achieve 100% Exploration Rate: First reach 99% Exploration Rate, then obtain an additional 1% Exploration Rate]

The Eye of Truth was being cheeky again, its advice was as good as none.

"Nice hint, next time don't give such hints."

Mike surveyed his surroundings, trying to gather more information.

[This is an abandoned mine, rumored to be haunted by man-eating monsters, miners who tried to fend off the monsters all turned to dust]

[You are now at the first square]

[Straight ahead, you can collect 30 gallons of pure drinking water]

[To the left front, a giant lizard guards a bonfire, it is friendly and will not attack you unless you speak the complex lizard language or happen to possess the SSS-grade talent Eye of Truth]

[To the right front, damn, it's pitch black, nothing there]

Three options lay before Mike, the last one excluded.

"Pure water, not useful to me, but from my RPG gaming experience, such items usually have effects later on. Otherwise, they wouldn't just place 30 gallons of pure water on the path ahead for no reason."

"If it's just water needed, I could try a water element spell."

Mike wasn't a water element mage, but he carried related spell scrolls.

"Water Ball Spell!"

Mike tore open a scroll, and a water ball hovered in his palm before falling.

As soon as the water touched Mike's skin, it immediately evaporated and disappeared!

[Rule: Magic cannot be used to create 'water' for washing or drinking!]

Special rules indeed!

This made the value of the 30 gallons of pure water skyrocket!

"Since the lizard can communicate, obviously it has special clues..."

Compared to water, the lizard seemed more scarce!

If it were someone else, they would definitely choose the pure water without hesitation.

Oh, Mike forgot they didn't have the Eye of Truth; they could only guess.

Ah, the troubles of happiness.

"Choose the lizard."

Mike had a bold idea in his mind and wanted to try it out.

He could only move forward in the square, not left or right, but that didn't mean the lizard couldn't move sideways.

If the lizard could help him get water, Mike would not only gain clues but also secure the water!

Mike walked to the left front of the tunnel, moving to the next square.

The second square.

In the spacious tunnel, the bonfire crackled, and a giant lizard rested near it.

Upon seeing Mike's arrival, it just glanced up and then turned away, no longer paying attention.

"Indeed, it won't attack me, it's like a neutral NPC or creature."

"I need to try speaking lizard language with it to see what clues I can gather!"

Lizard language characters appeared before Mike, and he was instantly full of black lines.

[Sorry, forgot you don't speak lizard language]

[Converted to phonetic pronunciation mode]

Following the subtitles' prompt, Mike spoke:

"Sssslizzz-snap! Hizz-huzz, crick-crack!?"

What the hell! Is this lizard language?!

"Sssslizzz-snap! Hizz-huzz, crick-crack!!"

The lizard suddenly stood up, its eyes eagerly looking at Mike, for the first time in many years, it met a creature that could communicate with it!

"Gizz-gazz, fizz-fuzz, whizz-whazz...."

Mike communicated with the giant lizard in lizard language, and the giant lizard's words were translated in real-time by the [Eye of Truth].

Soon, Mike understood what the lizard wanted to convey.

"Run, tell me to run? There are monsters that petrify people, she's not one I can defeat?"

Really? I don't believe it! Mike looked at his Charge Up skill, feeling fearless.

In the giant lizard's description, the term [monsters that petrify people] kept appearing. Even its left hind leg had turned to stone, making it move very slowly.

'She'?

This was the first time Mike had heard of a female monster!

Mike looked at the giant lizard's hind leg and asked, "Can this injury be healed?"

Mike got quite a bit of information from the giant lizard and tried to help it.

Giant lizard: "Once the monsters die, all petrification will be lifted, there's no other way,"

Its intelligence wasn't high, repeating the same few phrases, urging Mike to run quickly.

"Okay, I'll kill her later, consider it avenging you."

Then, Mike expressed his desire to have the lizard help him fetch water.

"Water in the nearby tunnel?!"

Even without Mike's reminder, the giant lizard actively burrowed into the ground to fetch water.

"Just as I thought, exactly as I expected!"

Mike gained clues from the giant lizard and also got the pure water through its help, killing two birds with one stone.

When the giant lizard returned, the water jug was half full, about 15 gallons.

"I'm so thirsty..." The giant lizard explained, "Drinking water can relieve the pain of petrification and slow its spread."

"Water, the source of life."

"Shall I leave some for you?"

Since the water was fetched by the lizard, it wouldn't be polite for Mike to take it all.

The giant lizard shook its head, "I've drunk enough water for the next 100 years."

Good grief, Mike exclaimed in amazement!

"Alright then, big lizard, I'm off, see you later."

...

Carrying 15 gallons of water, Mike bid farewell to the giant lizard and set off again, heading to the second square.

[Straight ahead, you will encounter a meaningless battle]

[To the left front....]

With the help of the Eye of Truth and Mike's years of RPG gaming experience, he could almost always make the optimal decision at each square! His Exploration Rate was rapidly increasing. 1%...5%...10%!

Mike had successfully navigated through nine squares and was preparing to move to the eleventh when something unexpected appeared before him: a message board?!

[Message Board: A message board is placed every ten squares to provide valuable information for those who come after]

[Leave a message here, and all participants can see it, each message board only allows one message]

The third floor of the Tower of Truth is essentially a solo instance; however, its unique feature and a popular aspect among players is that the message boards allow all participants to chat.

Mike opened the message board and discovered that messages even had a like feature! Messages with a high number of likes were displayed at the front for more people to see. The first message that caught Mike's eye was, of course, from a supreme being!

No.1: [Morpheus]: 'Cool, I was the first to reach here, this is truly memorable.'

Likes: 12,345,478,987

Mike scrolled down.

No.2: [Ares]: 'Is achieving a 100% Exploration Rate that difficult?'

Likes: 10,486,145,859

Mike nodded, thinking to himself, "Indeed it is difficult, because you didn't achieve it either."

Before Mike, the highest Exploration Rate achieved by humans was only 99%!

Here, you only get one chance to leave a message, and it can't be edited or deleted.

"Supreme being's major social death scene, huh? They made big claims but didn't follow through..."

Mike browsed through two pages of messages and identified some patterns. Early participants tended to engage in casual chat. After all, the first ten squares weren't particularly challenging or noteworthy. Later participants even used this place as a confession wall or a venting spot.

No.16: [I like read novels]

Likes: 92,167,568,68

No.17: [This position is already very far back, surely no one will see this, haha, what I want to say is: I like eating shit, lol!]

Likes: 86,753,091,95

No.18: [Guys, let's like the message above and push it to the front!]

Likes: 55,864,458,31

[...]

"Quite interesting, it feels a bit like playing a game."

Mike pondered what to write on the message board.

Coming all this way and not writing anything would be embarrassing, right?

"This thing will display my ID once I post."

"I need to write something profound, even if it's a bit mysterious, otherwise I'll be the one socially dying in the future!"

With 'Ares' as a cautionary tale, Mike felt the need to be careful with his message. Otherwise, his words would be permanently displayed here for all humanity to see.

After a moment of thought, Mike opened the message board, his expression serious, and wrote a line.

[Thor: Water, the source of life]

"Done, that's a wrap."

Mike closed the message board and continued his journey in the Tower of Truth.

As soon as Thor's name appeared on the message board, it immediately attracted countless people's attention!

"Thor appeared on the third floor of the Tower of Truth!"

"He left a message, 'Water, the source of life!'"

"Is Thor calling everyone to protect the environment, to cherish water?"

"Upstairs, a Battle Chief-level mage just needs to cast a [Healing Rain] spell, and they'll have all the water they need, wake up!"

"....."

Regardless, Thor's brief message instantly dominated the top trends on various social media platforms, maintaining a high level of popularity!