

## World 1071

### Chapter 1071: Information about the Opponents

During the five days Jack spent massacring the Volatile Firefly Ants, he didn't forget to check the Affair Overviews every night before they rested.

By the second day on the island, two new affairs popped up.

One was a case where a baron had been murdered in his manor during a get-together with his four friends. None of his friends saw the murder take place and everyone was blaming everybody. The authority was at a loss and so they chalked this up to the king to make a decision. Each of the standard multiple choices was accusing one of the four friends.

The second case was an argument between a mother-in-law and her son's wife about a broken antique vase. The antique vase was said to be extremely valuable and was a precious heirloom in the family. The mother-in-law demanded her son divorce his wife for this incident. Why this was brought up for the king to decide, Jack had absolutely no idea. All he knew was there was merit points reward and possible ruling point rewards at the end of this mess. So, he was not complaining.

He sent all the details and the case locations to Jeanny. She rallied her investigator troops and they headed to the locations with haste to start investigating.

On the fourth day, there were another three cases. Jack studied them all and passed them to Jeanny. He would wait for those investigator troops' findings before making any decision regarding the affairs.

On the fifth day, Jack teleported back to Wind Island, the headquarters of Cipher Flight. Four Winds had sent him a message a day earlier, reminding him to come to the guild hall.

The barrier at the guild hall's entrance didn't stop him. Inside the hall were Four Winds, Coca, and the four ladies Four Winds brought to the world tournament.

"Your level has increased again," Four Winds said after seeing Jack.

"How the hell do you get your level so high anyway?" Coca asked. "We all participated in the war, but we are nowhere near your level."

Most of them were level 61. Blizzard and Four Winds were level 62. Blizzard was level 61 when she fought Jack a few days ago. She had gone exp farming by herself after the loss. She wasn't happy that the difference between her level and Jack's remained the same.

"Considering you have three classes, it is impressive that your level manage to increase in these few days. Do your other two classes' levels increase as well?" Four Winds asked.

"Yes," Jack didn't try to deny.

"Which island did you drop him on? We should go there the next time," Water Lily asked Disco Rain.

"We have gone to that island before. There are only two types of monsters there. Sabretooth Walruses and Volatile Firefly Ants," Disco Rain answered.

"Volatile Firefly Ants? Aren't they those dangerous exploding insects?" Coca asked.

"Hehe. I level up so fast thanks to those ants," Jack told them.

"Really? How so?" They all asked.

Jack didn't keep his method of fighting the Volatile Firefly Ants a secret, he told them openly about what he did to deal with those ants.

"Hit them as they are exploding? F\*ck! Even if we know, I think only you can pull that stunt off," Disco Rain said.

"Hm... It's worth a try," Four Winds muttered.

"No, it's not! Remember that we almost die the first time we found those ants? Don't try to imitate what this lunatic does!" Purple Mist chided.

"Anyway, pretty ballsy of you to let a member of a different guild enter your guild hall," Jack said to Four Winds.

"I doubt you are using the excuse of getting to the grand chief to snatch our guild hostage token," Four Winds said.

"No, I ain't," Jack replied.

"Then there is nothing to worry about. Now, let's stop speaking nonsense. Let's talk about our opponents before we head out to Mjiku Maba, the city of Verremor where the tourney takes place. Water Lily had gathered some intel about the tribes that were joining the tourney."

"There were eight participants that passed the selection process and were privileged to fight for one of the council seats," Water Lily started. "Five native tribes and three player guilds. The tourney will be done in a single-elimination tournament."

"Aside from us, the other two guilds are Warsong Rising and Liberty Fighters," Four Winds informed.

Jack was familiar with Warsong Rising since he had fought them before. He asked, "Phithion will be representing the Warsong Rising?"

"Yes, he has to. Each tribe or guild must send two combatants, and one of the combatants has to be the leader."

"Do we know who Phithion will be bringing?" Jack asked.

"Most likely Gerion. He is his trusted aide," Water Lily said.

Jack nodded. "What about Liberty Fighters? I never heard of them."

"They joined the invasion war as well," Four Winds said. "However, their guild was fighting with the second army, so it is not strange that you didn't meet them during the war."

"They did pretty well in the war," Water Lily added. "Their guild had overtaken Warsong Rising and become the second-ranked guild in Verremor."

"They are strong?" Jack asked.

"They are, but the ones we need to watch out for are their two leaders, who have the nickname the Dawning Twins."

"Fancy nickname," Jack remarked.

"It's most likely the two will be the ones representing their guild. Their main leader was a woman named Vivian. She is a level 61 Paladin. Her co-leader is called Ursa. He is a level 61 Assassin."

"Well, no matter what. I believe no players are our match. Especially if you go as my partner," Four Winds said to Jack. "What we need to watch out for are the natives. Some of the participating ones have levels much higher than us."

Water Lily nodded. "The one we have to watch out for the most is the Giantkiller tribe."

"Giantkiller?" Hearing the name, Jack thought back to an orc during the invasion war. "Holy shit! Are you saying that Umeza Giantkiller will be joining the tourney? We are f\*cked then! That guy is too over-leveled for us!"

"Fortunately, he is considered a retired elder. The orc is a proud race. Umeza won't embarrass himself by joining, even for getting an important position for his tribe.," Water Lily said. "The one joining is his son, the current chief of the Giantkiller tribe, Mkulme Giantkiller. Still, he is considered very strong for the current players. He is a level 77 rare elite."

## **Chapter 1072: The Colosseum**

"Oh... He is eleven levels above us...," Jack muttered.

"Above you, you mean," Disco Rain said with an annoyed expression.

"Yeah. It's going to be a tough fight," Four Winds said.

"Sigh... If only I can fight full power, we might still have a decent chance. What about his partner?" Jack asked.

"I don't know. Aside from the leader, everyone else is permitted as long as they are from the tribe," Water Lily said. "None of the tribes announced who will be accompanying their leaders."

"It's the same with the other tribes. We only know for certain about their leaders," Four Winds said. "The other four tribes that will be joining the tourney are Sharpstone, Spiritcrier, Slavebinder, and Thickskull."

'Thickskull,' Jack thought after hearing the name. He had several encounters with the warriors from this tribe. He had killed two of the father and son from the Thickskull tribe, Badu and Wangombe. If they found out about his real identity, this tribe was most likely the first to draw their axes.

"The leader from Sharpstone is Kali Sharpstone. She is a level 75 rare elite," White Lily informed. "Leader from Spiritcrier is Roho Spiritcrier. He is a level 76 rare elite."

"Spiritcrier. Isn't that the tribe where the Verremor's mythical-grade shaman king is from?" Jack asked.

"Yes. But like Umeza, he had secluded himself from the power struggle. Unless it is of national importance, he won't involve himself," Water Lily said.

"But he will be present in the tourney," Four Winds said. "He is one of the referees."

"One of the referees? Won't he be biased then? Considering his tribe is fighting," Jack asked.

"The orc higher-ups trust him. He won't shame himself by showing favor. The orc is a proud race," Four Winds repeated Water Lily's words.

"Next one. Slavebinder's leader is a level 70 rare elite named Utum Slavebinder," Water Lily continued. "The last tribe, Thickskull. Their leader is Kisasi, she is a level 72 special elite."

"All of the natives are level 70 and above," Jack remarked.

"That's why I said our hardest struggle will be against the natives," Water Lily said.

"Do we know the order of the matches? Who we will be fighting?" Jack asked.

"No. That and the rules will be explained before the tourney starts," Four Winds said. "Which will start in less than two hours. Let's go!"

Four Winds led them out of the guild hall toward the teleportation chamber. From there, they teleported to the Mjiku Maba. The buildings around that place were similar to the ones Jack saw in Larabar, but many of them had larger scales than the ones in Larabar. This made Jack wonder what trees those giant wood pillars were cut from and what giant animals the steel-like leather and the bones used in the buildings were taken from.

"Once the tourney ends, this city will be ours!" Four Winds declared.

"I admire your optimism, bro," Jack said.

"Haha! Big talks! You have to go through us first!" They heard a loud voice from the side and saw a group of players there. The leading two were Phithion and Gerion.

'Oh, look. The guy whom I have killed twice,' Jack almost blurted out. Fortunately, he remembered he was in a disguise and stopped himself from being himself.

Four Winds just glanced at them before saying, "Let's go and claim our prize!"

They then walked forward, leaving Phithion who was fuming. He had been mercilessly humiliated by being ignored in front of his followers.

Jack just looked back at Warsong Rising's group and chuckled. Phithion was level 60 while Gerion was level 61. Phithion was lower than the others' top players' levels because he had died twice during the war. Although he had everyone fiercely power-leveling him, it was difficult to catch up.

They walked through the city before arriving at a huge stadium-like building. The large wooden sign above the entrance informed everyone that this building was a colosseum.

'Oh? Isn't this building the one we are currently building in Thereath?' Jack asked Peniel in his mind. She was back to hiding inside her hidden dimension. She was pretty eye-catching, after all. Those who had seen her before with Jack would recognize her.

'Yes, considering orc's battle-lust nature, it is not strange they had built this building before Themisphere,' Peniel replied. 'This building allows natives and outworlders to have an arranged fight. Those who fight within this place will not die for real. The proficiency gained from using their skills in this colosseum is four times normal.'

'Same as our first-rate training ground!' Jack said.

'Yes. Outworlders normally need to pay coins if they want to use this place. But this place is more useful to natives than outworlders. Natives who fight here will have an increased chance of successfully learning the skills or spells they are currently learning. Competent ministers from the army ministry will usually send talented soldiers to fight in this colosseum first before sending them to study in fighting schools or magic schools.'

Jack sent this tip to John without delay, so they can organize the soldiers efficiently once the colosseum in Thereath was up and running.

Inside the colosseum were several arenas. The staff inside pointed them to the main one at the center of the building. It was a large round arena with elevated seating place for the spectators, just like the real-world colosseum. The seats were currently packed full of audience.

A couple of orc soldiers stopped them and asked for identification. After making sure that Jack and Four Winds were the official participants, the two were let in while the rest were told to go to the viewing seats upstairs.

Everyone wished the two luck before they left. Four Winds simply grunted for a reply while Jack gave them a victory sign.

"Don't get too overconfident!" Water Lily warned Jack.

"Remember, you are a handicap player here!" Violent Blizzard chided.

"If we lost because of you, we will reveal your true self and hand you over to the authority for rewards!" Disco Rain threatened.

"Ugh, you people are mood-breakers," Jack complained.

### **Chapter 1073: The Election Tourney**

Jack and Four Winds walked to the center of the arena where some people had been standing there. A few others were walking over the same as them.

Above the spectator seats was a mix of players and natives. One section was reserved for the chiefs of various tribes and important persons within Verremor's governing party. In that VIP section, Jack saw the shaman king, Samuhn Spiritcrier, Umeza Giantkiller, and one of the three war chiefs, Makubwa Mountking. Makubwa's towering frame required him to occupy two seats.

At the top of that section were ten chairs. One was empty. It was the seats in this colosseum reserved for the council of ten, the higher ruling power in Verremor. That empty seat was the prize that was fought for by everyone down here in the arena.

On one of the chairs was an orc who wore some sort of crown made of golden feathers. That orc was the grand chief of Verremor, Kabaka Proudusk.

Jack wondered if it was okay if he revealed himself and flew up to meet the grand chief right this moment, but he thought that wasn't wise. Too many powerful people here. His intention might be considered hostile. He could be struck down even before he managed to convey his intention.

Four Winds said that if they won, the grand chief would perform the ceremony of legitimizing the winner as one of the Council of Ten in an enclosed room. Four Winds would bring Jack to accompany him. Then, Jack could finally have words with the grand chief.

Sixteen participants stood inside the arena, six players and ten natives. Aside from these participants, an orc who acted as the main referee was also in the arena. Jack identified this referee as Makadi Proudusk, a level 75 rare elite. Makadi instructed everyone in the arena to form a line.

Jack scanned all the participants. Water Lily was dead right about the ones from the player teams. Phithion and Gerion represented Warsong Rising. Vivian and Ursa represented Liberty Fighters.

One thing surprised him, though. Vivian and Ursa both had special classes. Vivian who was supposed to be a Paladin was marked as Crusader Knight. While Ursa who was an assassin was a Shadow Warrior.

Peniel informed Jack that both special classes were normal special classes. Even though they were the lowest rank of the special classes, they were still special classes. This showed that these Dawning Twins were not your run-of-the-mill players.

The five native tribes were represented by their chiefs which was a compulsory requirement. Their levels and grades were the same as what he had learned from Water Lily's information earlier today.

As for their partners, Roho from the Spiritcrier tribe was accompanied by Kilio, a level 75 rare elite. Kali from the Sharpstone tribe was accompanied by Jiwe Sharpstone, a level 78 special elite. Utum from the Slavebinder tribe was accompanied by Kumata Slavebinder, a level 69 special elite. Kisasi from the Thickskull tribe was accompanied by Piza Thickskull, a level 64 rare elite.

'Finally, a native who is lower level than players,' Jack thought, but then corrected, "Well, a lower level than me.'

Jack had the highest level among the players standing there. Since he didn't wear Cloak of Shadow, everyone could see his level. Both the players from Warsong Rising and Liberty Fighters had been staring at him, wondering how the heck this beastmaster leveled up so much faster than the other players. They also wondered why no one had ever heard of this beastmaster nor had information about such a member within Cipher Flight.

Jack didn't pay their stares any mind, he went on and check the last native who accompanied Mkulme from the Giantkiller tribe. When his Inspect landed on this native, he drew a breath.

The last native had the lowest level amongst the natives standing there, at level 61. However, her grade was mythical. Her name was Tumwa Giantkiller.

"Hey, Four Winds, you guys don't have data about that Tumwa fellow?" Jack sent Four Winds a message. "She is a mythical grade, for heaven's sake. With such a native in that tribe, she is for sure will be picked to join this tourney."

"We don't know about her. She also didn't join the last war against Themisphere," Four Winds replied.

'Her tribe probably hide her to shelter her from harm,' Peniel offered her opinion. 'This tourney is safe even if she died, so they didn't mind sending her here to fight.'

Whatever it was, Jack thought the battle against the Giantkiller tribe would be a tough one.

"Be honored, great warriors of Verremor!" Makadi announced. "You represent your tribes to fight for the highest honor in our nation. To claim one of the seats on the Council of Ten...!!"

The crowd cheered upon hearing it, especially the native spectators. Some even hit drums that they had brought from the outside. Jack was surprised the organizer allowed these orcs to bring their drums in here.

Makadi lifted his hands gesturing for everyone to calm down. The commotion waned.

"Sixteen fighters stood in the arena, representing eight worthy tribes, but only one tribe will prevail!" Makadi continued. "The rule is simple. You fight in pairs. You win, and you continue. If you lose, you are out. So, to become one of the Council of Ten, you have to continue winning. The council accepts no loser!"

"No tools and potions are allowed," Makadi said and then turned to the group of players. "Outworlders, you are not allowed to call your native companion. Pets and summons are allowed."

"Don't worry to go all out," He continued while walking toward one side that have something large covered with cloth. "If you die, you will revive again without any loss in level or items. This colosseum possessed an enchantment that ensures that. Now, the council has already determined the order of your fights."

He pulled the cloth, revealing a large wooden board that showed the arrangements of the tourney.

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Block A1: Cipher Flight Vs Thickskull tribe

Block A2: Liberty Fighters Vs Slavebinder tribe

Block B1: Warsong Rising Vs Giantkiller tribe

Block B2: Spiritcrier tribe Vs Sharpstone tribe

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"Oh? We have the first match," Jack said.

'Thickskull, eh? Probably it's fate that I continue to be at odds with them,' he thought.

"Do you notice that none of us players are arranged to fight one another in our first match?" Four Winds asked.

"You think it's intentional?" Jack asked.

"I think they want to humiliate us players for joining this tourney. They want to make it so that we are all already eliminated right from the start of the match."

"Hehe," Jack grinned. "Let's prove them wrong then, shall we?"

#### **Chapter 1074: The First Match**

"Everyone except for the fighters in the first match, please go sit on the waiting benches!" Makadi instructed.

The participants moved to the side of the arena where some benches had been prepared, leaving four people in the arena. Four Winds, Jack, Kisasi Thickskull, and Piza Thickskull. They formed two pairs and faced each other.

The crowd in the spectator seats cheered and booed. The boos were mostly done by natives aimed at the pair of outworlders in the arena.

"You two outworlders are just wasting our time. Just surrender so we can get to the real fight!"

"Why are outworlders even allowed in this tourney? Something must have gone wrong with the selection process."

"Most likely the selection judges were bribed. Outworlders are known to make coins by killing wilderness monsters. They must have used those coins to bribe."

"Their levels are so low, why are they even here?!"

Phithion and the other players on the waiting benches were agitated due to this mocking, but Jack and Four Winds who stood in the arena acted like they didn't hear a thing.

The crowd's babbles became so loud that the guards had to order them to be quiet.

After the commotion diminished to murmurs, Makadi announced, "The time limit is one hour. If both sides still have people standing, the winner will be decided by the number of surviving members and the amount of their HPs."

'Amount of HP? Isn't that too favoring the natives?' Jack thought, but he didn't voice any complaints.

"Are you four ready?" Makadi asked.

Jack turned to Four Winds. "Which one do you want to fight?" He asked.

"The leader, of course," Four Winds answered.

"Are you sure? She is ten levels above you."

"Hmph. Worry about yourselves. You are handicapped, remember?"

"How about we do a bet?" Jack asked.

"What bet?"

"The one who defeats his opponent last pays 1,000 mana cores," Jack said.

"That's quite a sum of mana cores... Fine. Let's bet."

"Hehe."

"I said, are you ready?!" Makadi uttered. He couldn't believe these outworlders were chatting so casually here.

Kisasi and Piza had dark faces. Jack and Four Winds were talking in the open. They spoke as if it was a certain thing these outworlders defeat them, even betting about who can do the deed faster than the others. Kisasi and Piza gritted their teeth. The sounds their teeth produced were clear for everyone to hear.

"Ready," Jack said. Four Winds nodded. Kisasi and Piza stomped their feet and grunted. They couldn't wait to beat these cocky outworlders who didn't know their limits.

"Then fight!" Makadi declared the beginning of the match. A gong was heard at the same time Makadi gave the declaration.

Both Kisasi and Piza rushed forward once the signal was given.

Four Winds' frame grew staggeringly large. He had activated his Unique-grade Titan bloodline's first skill, Titan Strength. He then used Jump Assault.

His jump instantly brought him before Kisasi who was rushing at him. Kisasi wielded twin cleavers. She was surprised that this lower-level outworlder dared to meet her in a direct confrontation, but she was not backing down.

She swung her cleavers using Power Strike. Her twin cleavers met Four Wind's twin axes, producing loud impact sounds. The two were both thrown back from the impact.

Kisasi was greatly shocked by the result of the impact because she had been forced back three steps while Four Winds retreated only two steps. This showed that despite her being ten levels higher, Four Winds' strength was above hers.

Four Winds didn't find this surprising, though. Even though Kisasi was ten levels higher, she was only a special elite grade. Four Winds could already contend against a rare elite. Not to mention his Barbarian King special class greatly improved his Strength attribute. He had gotten this special class a short time after the invasion war ended and leveled up a few times since then.

His Titan Strength also increased his strength stat by a percentage. This meant the higher his base stat was, the higher the boost when he used this bloodline skill.

Four Winds grinned after seeing the result. He was extremely satisfied with the outcome. Kisasi, who saw the grin, again had her anger stoked. She was about to lunge forward but stopped when she saw a change in Four Wind's body.

Crimson tattoos filled Four Wind's titan-augmented towering frame. If Kisasi lost in terms of strength before Four Winds used his enhanced berserk, what more of now?

Four Winds used his martial art. Infinite starlight soon filled Kisasi's vision.

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On the other side, Jack simply stood unmoving while Piza rushed at him. Piza appeared to be a battle monk type since he didn't carry any weapon. His gloves had metal plates covering his knuckles' parts.

When he came into a ten-meter distance from Jack, his body suddenly shot forward. His fist punched and created a meteor-like shockwave.

Jack still didn't move. Everyone thought he was probably too slow or too scared to react. When everyone expected Jack to be blown away by Piza's fist, Jack lifted his left hand and caught Piza's charging fist. The visual of the meteor shockwave fizzled as Piza's charge was stopped dead in its tracks.

The murmuring crowd suddenly turned silent from the scene. Both Piza and Jack stood there unmoving. Piza was too shocked to find his punch being stopped by such a simple act.

The fact was Jack's three classes' attributes, which two classes had leveled up with special classes' bonuses for quite some time, could be said to have surpassed a rare elite of the same level even without using any buff skills.

If he used beast form, he could almost rival a mythical being's stats. Hence, when it came to a contest of strength against a rare elite who was lower level than him, it was no longer a challenge.

Piza was still processing this bizarre incident when Jack activated Strength of the Wild. Jack's right hand shot forward with incredible speed. Jack's claw weapon sunk deep into Piza's stomach. At the same time, Piza's body bent backward from the force of the blow.

### **Chapter 1075: Silencing the Crowd**

Jack's current weapons were not unique-grade as his other classes' weapons. Even so, his super-rare grade claw weapons had been leveled up to level 70. Additionally, he used mana manipulation in that punch. A damage number of over 5,000 points appeared above Piza's head.

The players on the waiting benches and the spectator seats almost stood up from the scene.

'Did that beastmaster use a skill? It didn't look like a skill. It looked like a simple punch,' all of them thought. Yet, that one simple punch would have brought them to near critical if they were the ones receiving it.

Unfortunately, Jack's opponent was a rare elite native, so 5,000 damage was not enough to make Piza feel threatened. He felt humiliated though, in addition to the pain in his stomach.

Piza roared and his fist glowed with energy. It was battle monk's Ki-infused Fist. He made a side swing. However, Jack's punch smashed the side of his face before he fully delivered his swing. When he was still reeling, he felt another punch on his side. Since Jack was punching using a claw weapon, the pain he experienced was the pain of being stabbed.

Piza tried to return the blows, but Jack was untouchable. One second, he saw Jack on the left. When his fist was about to hit that side, Jack was already on his right. All the while, he was tapped by Jack's standard attacks.

Jack was using the footwork of Eight Diagram Illusory Steps to confuse his opponent while he punched using Arhat Fist style.

Arhat Fist was the basic fist style Domon taught in his past martial arts school, so Jack also learned it when he was young. He was not especially proficient in this style but he was good enough to use it in a real fight.

The punch was simple and fast. Combined with the Eight Diagram Illusory Steps, he delivered the punches from unexpected angles. Piza was like a moving punching bag that was constantly pummeled.

"RAARRGGHHH...!!" The frustration of not being able to hit his opponent even once and continuously getting punched at drove Piza mad. Black tattoos covered his body.

'Berserk skill,' Jack thought.

The berserk enhanced Piza's attributes. He became faster. But even with the increased speed, Jack was still faster. Additionally, berserk skill reduced Piza's defense, causing Jack's every punch to score more damage.

Piza unleashed another Battle Monk's skills, Infinite Lightning Punches. His fists became a blur. Yet, he still couldn't touch Jack. Jack's body created afterimages as he swayed using Eight Diagram Illusory Steps.

Jack never stopped practicing this movement art. His expertise now almost rivaled Domon when Domon used it to dodge his Myriad Ensnaring Chains.

Unlike outworlders, a native's stamina normally didn't regenerate during combat, but they had a large pool of it. So, Piza could maintain his infinite lightning punches for a long time. He continued to dog after Jack despite still being unable to hit Jack.

Jack used Flash Step. His Flash Step already had six stars. Each star caused his afterimage to become more prominent. Piza didn't notice that he was looking at an afterimage when Jack was already shifted behind him.

Taking advantage when Piza was still focusing his attack to the front, Jack executed the burst attack of Formless Flowing Sword Style using his claws. He didn't feel weird executing a sword art using claw weapons because he had the experience of doing it many times already when he was in his supreme dragon form.

Ninety-six slashes sunk into Piza's back. By the time Piza realized it, countless damage numbers appeared above him. The damage was both boosted by mana manipulation and also the combo multiplier. Piza's HP dropped at an unbelievable rate.

The crowd which had been silent since Jack stopped Piza's first fist, had maintained their silence until now. Every one of them was having trouble processing the scene.

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On the other side, Four Winds also showed an easy fight against Kisasi. Due to differences in strength, Kisasi's twin cleavers were always repelled every time they came into contact with Four Wind's starlight field. At the same time, she was getting slashed whenever she came near.

Kisasi tried using a skill that created multiple copies of her weapon. The cleavers danced around following her as she attacked, but none of the cleavers could breach Four Winds' tight net of starlight.

Kisasi finally admitted that she won't be able to break through Four Winds' defense using skills of mediocre power. She lifted both her cleavers high. Energy converged on those weapons and then created an image of a giant cleaver.

Violent Blizzard who watched from the spectator seat thought that the skill was similar to her Blue Wing Slash

Kisasi then swung the giant cleaver down.

But unlike Blizzard's blue wing slash, Kisasi's skill didn't cause AOE damage. It was a concentrated attack that delivered high damage. Four Winds understood the nature of the attack using his mana sense. Hence, he didn't retreat. Instead, he stopped his Starlight Field and rotated to the side, dodging Kisasi's vertical attack.

Following his rotation, his leg came up with a spinning back kick. The kick struck Kisasi's head who was still in the process of delivering her big attack. She reeled from the kick followed by a damage number.

Four Winds had also started touching mana manipulation, but he was not yet at the level where he could channel mana manipulation into his weapon as Jack did. His current expertise was mana manipulation on attacks using his direct limbs. In this case, his legs.

Four Winds then followed up using Punishing Cyclone, except it was a different version. His punishing cyclone caused flames to swirl around him following his high-speed rotation. He had used a fire seed to evolve his punishing cyclone into a Flaming Cyclone.

Kisasi received continuous fire damage as Four Winds' flaming cyclone dogged after her, not letting her escape.

Although Kisasi was high-level, she was just a special elite, so her HP pool wasn't that high. Four Winds' incredible strength from Titan strength and Enhanced Berserk boosted the damage he inflicted.

Not long after, Kisasi fell.

Four Winds grunted after the victory. He turned around, attempting to aid Jack in his battle, only to see Jack sitting on the ground a distance away. Piza was not in the arena anymore. He had died and was revived outside the arena.

"Oh, you finally win. Congratulations!" Jack clapped.

"Motherf\*cker," Four Winds cursed. He thought he had been the first to defeat the opponent since Jack had not yet come to his aid. Turned out the f\*cker just sat and watched while he fought.

## **Chapter 1076: Sudden Death**

The crowd was still silent as Jack and Four Winds stood in the arena. Even Makadi who was in the arena as well didn't say anything. Everyone had been expecting the natives to mow down the players.

The sound of clapping broke the silence. Everyone turned and saw it to be Samuhn Spiritcrier who was clapping.

"Amazing, outworlders! Amazing!" Samuhn praised. The others started clapping as well after hearing the shaman king.

Players who had just realized that their fellow players had won started yelling their cheers. Some even threw insults at the native spectators next to them who had mocked the players before the match started.

The native spectators were of course unhappy about that. Quarrels ensued and the guards had to interfere and threw those troublemakers out.

"Congratulations on winning the first match," Makadi finally said something. "Please, go wait for your next round on the waiting bench. Don't worry about your skills' cooldown. All skills are reset before the match began."

Makadi then called the next participants. Guild Liberty Fighters against Slavebinder Tribe.

Jack and Four Winds walked out of the arena as the four next participants walked in.

"Good luck!" Jack said to Vivian and Ursa as he walked past them.

The two looked at him uncertainly before nodding.

"Why are you wishing them luck? Even if they win, they will be our next opponents," Four Winds said.

"It's common courtesy, man. We are all contestants who are trying to do our best," Jack replied. He then thrust his hand out, palm facing up.

"What?" Four Winds asked.

"Don't act forgetful. Give me my mana cores!" Jack uttered.

"I didn't forget. Let me sit down first, will you?" Four Winds said. They sat on the prepared bench before Four Winds fished out the mana cores from his inventory. As he gave them to Jack, he asked, "What do you need so many mana cores for, anyway?"

Although mana cores are important since they could be used to supplement the guild's mana, other guilds' need was not as urgent as Everlasting Heavenly Legends. Jeanny needed them for her Book of Creation, while Jack needed them for his Amulet of Summoning.

Jack had reaped a large number of mana cores when he was slaughtering those Volatile Firefly Ants. Now he got another 1,000 more. Even so, he was still short around 40,000 mana cores to summon the archdemon.

"Guild secret," Jack answered Four Winds' question.

"Hmph," Four Winds grunted. He didn't push further. Every guild had its secrets.

They gave their attention to the fighters in the arena. The four were taking their positions. Vivian and Ursa were both level 61, while their opponents outleveled them by quite steeply. Utum Slavebinder was a level 70 rare elite while Kumata Slavebinder was a level 69 special elite.

"What do you think of their chances?" Jack asked, indicating the players.

"They are both good martial artists and gamers. Their cooperation is also very good," Four Winds answered. "But unless they are extremely lucky, I say the natives bag this match."

"What about their special classes? Do you know about them?" Jack asked.

"No. I think they had just gotten them recently," Four Winds answered.

Makadi announced the beginning of the fight. Utum came forward, brandishing a large axe, while Kumata stayed back. Kumata was holding a staff and started casting a spell.

Vivian came forward to meet Utum with her sword and shield. She was not intimidated by her opponent's much higher level. She activated Paladin's skills, Sacred Flame and Divine Armor.

Behind her, Ursa similarly prepared his assassin's skills, Combat Clone and Poison Mastery. Then, he added another buff. A layer of dark mist swirled around him. His entire body became slightly darker.

"That's Shadow Form," Peniel informed. "Shadow Warrior's first skill. Aside from increasing his movement speed, it also reduced all damage he received by 30% and every attack on him had a small chance to simply phase through him."

Vivian and Ursa's combat clone engaged Utum in a frontal clash while Ursa sneaked to Utum's flank.

Vivian's sword which was covered with white flame clashed with Utum's large axe. Who was stronger was clear from that single clash. Vivian was thrown back a few meters.

After forcing Vivian back, Utum slashed to the side. His axe struck Ursa's combat clone with Power Strike, damaging him as well as throwing it away. His body then dashed forward using the Charge skill.

Vivian braced herself by putting her shield in front of her while activating Heaven's shield. A large shield image appeared before her as Utum arrived.

Utum swung his axe which was now coated with ice. Swirls of icy wind accompanied his swing. When it struck the large shield image, the shield was frozen instantly before shattering into pieces. His axe continued forward and slammed into Vivian's real shield.

The powerful force caused her to lower her shield. At the same time, vines erupted underneath her. It was Kumata's spell. The vines wrapped around Vivian's body, holding her down.

Unable to move, she could just take it as Utum's axe slashed her. Utum used a skill that conjured multiple ice axes that barraged Vivian's body.

Vivian was not a native. Although her class provided high defense, she didn't have as much HP pool as a native. Getting struck repeatedly like that, her HP was soon depleted.

"Hey, I thought you said they are good at cooperation? Why didn't her partner do anything to save her?" Jack asked.

Ursa had completely disappeared. He had used Vanish when Vivian was bound. Jack expected him to backstab Utum to save his partner, but even after Vivian's HP reach zero, Ursa didn't appear.

"Wait... Probably he wants to...," Peniel was still speaking when Ursa finally appeared.

He came out behind Utum and immediately landed a backstab using his dagger. As he did. An unexpected thing happened. Within less than a second, Utum's HP dropped to zero.

Next to Ursa now lay both Vivian's and Utum's fallen bodies.

### **Chapter 1077: Another Unexpected Victory**

While everyone was still confused about what had happened, another unexpected thing happened. Vivian rose back from death. Her HP was full.

"Rebirth," Four Winds said.

Jack knew about it too. Rebirth was Paladin's level 50 skill. When a Paladin died, he or she returned to life with 100% health. The paladin's stats and defense were increased by 50% for the next 30 seconds after the rebirth. The cooldown for this skill was eight hours.

"Their cooperation is indeed good," Peniel remarked.

"What do you mean?" Jack asked.

"She purposely let herself be killed," Peniel answered. "Her partner's Shadow Warrior class has already passed level 60, so he has a second skill from that class, a skill called Eye for an Eye. It is a reaction skill that activates when an ally in the same party is killed. His movement speed and attack speed are increased by 100% for the next 30 seconds. The damage of his next successful hit on the enemy who killed his ally is increased by 300%."

"It doesn't sound so powerful. How can a 300% damage increase kill that full HP rare elite native?" Jack asked.

"Because this Eye for an Eye had another power," Peniel said. "If the successful hit is using Assassin's level 50 skill, Assassinate Soul, the probability of instant kill from that skill becomes 50% instead of the original 5%. If the shadow form is also active, the probability increases to 70%. If the hit is a backstab, the probability adds by another 10%."

"Holy shit! 80% instant kill effect? They can just use that setup to kill any boss in a dungeon raid," Jack uttered.

"Most boss-class creature is immune to the instant-kill effect," Peniel replied. "Mythical and Eternal grade beings also have a way to mitigate this instant kill effect."

"Well, whatever the case, I guess luck is on their side in this match," Four Winds said. Before, he said that Vivian and Ursa would need extreme luck to win. It appeared that this was what had happened. The match had now turned into two against one.

Vivian and Ursa rushed toward the remaining native, Kumata, who had been stunned because of his leader's sudden death.

Kumata quickly recovered himself when he saw his two opponents rushing at him. He cast a quick spell and a barrage of leaf darts shot out.

Vivian used her shield to block while Ursa slashed his daggers to parry some darts while dodging the rest. Their advance was slowed due to that.

Kumata took the chance to cast another spell. A wall of Vines burst out, blocking Vivian and Ursa's path forward. With the two blocked, Kumata prepared a big spell.

Vivian had no choice but to circle the wall of vines, but Ursa continued to run forward as if the wall didn't exist. When he was close, he disappeared and appeared on the other side of the wall.

"Flash Step," Jack said. Ursa had the same skill as him.

Kumata was surprised that his wall of vines failed to slow Ursa down, but he didn't let his concentration waver. The spell formation he was forming continued. Yet, another thing surprised him.

From his flank, a figure suddenly stabbed him. The spell formation he had been preparing burst apart. It was Ursa's combat clone which had been smacked flying by Utum. Kumata had forgotten about the existence of this combat clone.

Ursa arrived then. Together with his combat clone, he stabbed Kumata. Kumata tried his best to fight back. He flailed his staff around deflecting the two while casting a quick spell. Vines appeared and covered his body, forming protective armor.

He then noticed Vivian approaching. He needed to get away before he was surrounded!

With the vine armor protecting him, he could afford to concentrate. He finished casting a teleportation spell and he appeared on the other side of the arena.

Once he appeared, he immediately recast his big spell.

Vivian, Ursa, and Ursa's clone rushed toward Kumata. But since they were a distance away, Kumata managed to complete his spell while the three were still halfway.

Vines erupted from the ground non-stop. It covered a large area so there was nowhere to escape to.

"Forest of Vines," Peniel identified the spell. "It's one of the spells from archdruid, a special class from the druid class."

Since there was nowhere to run to, the three were immediately entangled. The vines not only immobilized them, but they also caused damage each second and inflicted the Poison status.

Ursa swung his daggers around, cutting the vines again and again, but they just regrew rapidly.

Vivian, on the other hand, activated her Crusader Knight's first skill, Divine Conviction. A layer of divine light covered her body. This skill increased her defenses, resistance, and movement speed. It also made her immune to all movement restrictions and status effects.

Due to this skill, all the vines that tried to entangle her were unable to attach themselves. They were repelled when they touched the layer of divine light on her body. She continued to advance among the sea of vines.

Kumata, who was preparing another big spell, was greatly shocked when his spell failed to hold one of his opponents down. He hurried his casting.

But when Vivian reached a certain distance, she used her Crusader Knight's level 60 skill, Heaven's Fist.

A large fist made of white light appeared above Kumata. It had formed so abruptly that he was late to react to it. The fist slammed into him, dealing a large amount of light damage.

Yet, the most troublesome thing about this skill was not the damage it dealt. It was its ability to cancel all ongoing skills, spells, or spell castings. The spell formation that was forming on Kumata's staff broke apart. His Forest of Vines also disappeared, allowing Ursa and his clone to advance again.

The Heaven's Fist also had a 30% chance of causing Dizzy status. To which Kumata, unfortunately, got afflicted.

Kumata was unable to do anything for a few seconds due to the status. By the time he recovered, Vivian was already upon him. Ursa and his clone were not far behind.

What happened afterward was like watching a team of two facing a dungeon boss. The boss was at a higher level than them but it was just a special elite grade. Hence, it didn't take long for the two to take this boss down.

The second match of the tourney ended with another unexpected victory for the outworlders.

### **Chapter 1078: A Show of Power**

The players in the spectator seats burst into a roaring cheer again. This time, the natives were silent with dark expressions. One loss was okay. Two consecutive losses? This was embarrassing. Almost all the outworlders in the arena were even much lower levels than the native fighters. How did this happen?

Yet, what happened down there was plain for everyone to see. There was no foul play involved. Everything was conducted within the rules.

They heard clapping from the VIP section. It was again the shaman king. The other leaders in that section followed suit.

Seeing their leaders display good sportsmanship, the native spectators understood they couldn't be petty about this. They gave their cheer as well.

Vivian and Ursa returned to their bench as Makadi announced, "We have decided the semi-finalists on Block A from the last two matches. Now, we will proceed with the matches from block B. Please enter the arena, Warsong Rising guild and Giantkiller tribe!"

The four heeded the call. The spectating crowd now no longer mocked the presence of outworlders in the arena. These outworlders had proven to be strong adversaries. They were now praying that this match won't be won by the outworlders again. They won't have the heart to continue watching if so.

"Please... Please... Don't let the outworlders win again," One of the native spectators prayed.

"No way they will win!" His friend beside him uttered. "This is the Giantkiller tribe we are speaking. Have you seen the level of their two fighters down there? If the outworlder wins again, I will eat my own socks!"

"You said the same thing the previous match. You will be running out of socks by the time this tourney ends!"

In the arena, the four participants took their positions.

Phithion and Gerion wore solemn faces. They felt quite a pressure. Both from the opponents and from the fact that the other two outworlder teams had won. If they lost, they would carry the shame as the only outworlder team to lose. They couldn't lose!

Still, the battle spirit was all well and good, but they couldn't help but worry when they saw their opponents. The two natives in front of them were also wearing serious faces. These natives were glaring at them.

Mkulme Giantkiller was a lean but tall orc. His muscle was very well-toned. His hair was in mullet style. In his two fists were two short weapons, a set of karambits.

Mkulme looked calm but everyone saw the tension in his eyes. His glare was due to the anger within him. Anger toward the Thickskull and Slavebinder tribes for humiliating the natives with their losses. He vowed to show these outworlders that natives were not people they should mess with.

Tumwa Giantkiller was shorter than Mkulme. She wore a long cloak that covered most of her body but from the muscles on her exposed arms, everyone could see that she was as robust as Mkulme. She didn't appear to carry any weapons. If she did, it was hidden under her cloak.

When Makadi declared the start of the fight, Tumwa strangely moved to the back.

'Is she a spellcaster?' Phithion wondered. He was aiming his gun at Mkulme while Gerion and his techno golem took a defensive position in front of him. But after seeing Tumwa's movement, Phithion thought perhaps he should aim at Tumwa instead. That native was a mythical grade, after all.

Yet, after moving away, Tumwa sat on the ground and folded her arm. The crowd muttered after seeing her action.

Mkulme walked toward Phithion and Gerion, brandishing his karambits.

"You... Are you planning on taking us alone?" Phithion couldn't help but ask.

"Hmph! I will restore the honor of native orcs by defeating the two of you," Mkulme answered. His body then disappeared.

"What?" Phithion looked around. Was Mkulme so fast that he failed to see the native orc's movements? He turned a full circle but he didn't see Mkulme. The native had literally turned invisible.

"Look out!" Gerion exclaimed and made a punch to the side. A ki bullet shot out. It burst in the air and Mkulme came into view, just a short two meters away from Phithion.

Phithion hurriedly retreated while using Energy Turret and Bombardment back-to-back.

However, before the turret even fired its first bullet, it was already demolished by Mkulme, whose body charged forward accompanied by an energy shell. Mkulme arrived before Phithion in an instant, just as missiles were shot from the disc-shaped aircraft in the air.

Mkulme vanished again. But this time, he reappeared soon, everywhere.

Phithion didn't understand what happened when these multiple Mkulme started landing hits on his body. Jack and Four Winds who watched from afar recognized the move. It was the same multi-sided strikes Mkulme's father, Umeza, used.

Being a level 77 rare elite, Mkulme's every punch dealt high damage. Phithion wasn't able to defend against the multiple hits that came from every angle. He was killed after getting several hits. The missiles that were on their way down disappeared as the Bombardment skill was canceled after its user died.

Gerion had rushed over but he was too late. Mkulme's assault was simply too fast.

Gerion activated Steel Body and Ki-infused Fist before running to where Mkulme appeared after the multi-sided strikes ended. Gerion could identify the spot because he had a basic mana sense ability. That was also the reason how he knew Mkulme's position when the native was invisible.

Gerion made a jumping kick at the back of Mkulme's head. However, his foot simply passed through Mkulme's head. His mana sense informed him then that Mkulme before him was just an illusion, the real Mkulme had shifted behind him.

He put his hand together as he swiveled back. He was using the starting movement of the Ki Blast skill.

But before he unleashed the gathered energy, he saw Mkulme behind him adopting the same pose. He didn't have the time to think too much. He fired his Ki Blast.

Mkulme did the same. He was performing Ki Blast as well. The two energy blasts collided, but it was clear-cut who was the winner. The Ki Blast from Mkulme was three times larger. Mkulme's energy blast completely overwhelmed Gerion's and proceeded to engulf him.

When the blast subsided, Gerion was already down on the ground, lifeless.

## **Chapter 1079: The Last Semi-finalists**

"What do you think?" Four Winds asked Jack.

"Very strong," Jack replied.

"What do you think your chance is if you go up against him?"

"Without restraint? I'll say decent chance. Not certain, but at least I think I have a chance."

"What about with your current handicap?"

"Then I'll say I will be lucky if I can last an hour."

"An hour?" Four Winds chuckled. "That's much more generous than what I estimate."

"What about you? You can go all out, can't you?" Jack asked Four Winds back.

"Even if I go all out, I also most likely won't last an hour," Four Winds answered.

"Hm... That's a bit longer than what I think."

"Petty," Four Winds sneered at Jack for returning his prediction.

"Seriously. So, we both agree we can't beat him?" Jack asked.

"Not alone," Four Winds replied.

"That mythical-grade fellow has not even shown her cards yet. We will most likely meet them in the final. I doubt she will just stay idle like in this match."

"Whatever the case, we will try our best!" Four Winds uttered.

"That is, of course, without a question," Jack said.

"But if we lose, then you don't get to meet the grand chief privately."

Jack rolled his eyes. "Thanks, man. No pressure."

\*

Mkulme and Tumwa returned to their bench. The last teams who had yet to fight entered the arena. Both teams were native tribes. The Spiritcrier tribe and Sharpstone tribe.

On the Spiritcrier side was Roho Spiritcrier, level 76, and Kilio Spiritcrier, level 75. On the Sharpstone side was Kali Sharpstone, level 75, and Jiwe Sharpstone, level 78. All were rare elites except for Jiwe who was a special elite.

Roho carried a ceremonial staff. Kilio carried a large war maul. Kali was holding a large crossbow, while Jiwe held two barbed whips. Both teams had a close-ranged and a long-ranged fighter.

Once Makadi announced the start, Kali immediately fired her crossbow using a skill. The number of bolts that came out of her crossbow with that one shot was not one, but ten. They flew in a fan shape.

Kilio got in front of Roho and made a sideways swing with his large maul. His swing created a shockwave that knocked all the bolts that came their way. With Kilio's protection, Roho cast a spell.

Kali fired again. This time only one bolt came out of her crossbow, but it happened so rapidly. She had used the Repeating Shot skill. This skill gave her an extremely high fire rate, but she had to stay stationary.

Kilio stood his ground. He put his large maul in front of him as a shield, blocking Kali's repeating shot.

The maul didn't have a large surface for an effective shield, so he was battered by some of the bolts. His HP continued to decrease. He activated the battle monk's skill, Steel Body. His skin turned rigid. As it did, the HP he lost from each bolt decreased.

Jiwe, in the meantime, advanced from the side. He was not alone, though. He was riding a giant boar. That boar was his pet. The two whips on his hands glowed with Weapon Master's Ki Weapon.

Jiwe's boar used a skill and it charged forward with incredible speed, leaving a trail of dust in its wake.

Kilio had to make choice, continued blocking Kali's bolts, or stopped Jiwe's charge. Whatever his choice, he won't be able to protect Roho anymore. Luckily for him, he didn't have to make the choice, because Roho's casting speed wasn't slow.

Roho completed his spell and a wide earthen wall shot up from the ground. It came up right in the boar's path. The boar crashed heavily into the earthen wall. The boar bounced back with a dizzied head. The earthen wall was solid enough to resist the impact.

Jack recognized the spell was the same as duke Alfredo's earth walls. Like duke alfredo's, it didn't erect only one earth wall. Roho's spell conjured three earth walls. These earth walls were positioned in a way that surrounded Jiwe, effectively isolating him.

Once the earth walls were up, Kilio stopped playing bodyguard. He rushed toward Kali, who continued to shoot at him. He ignored the shots. He suffered damage but his Steel Body made it so he could endure it. When he got near, his maul erupted with Paladin's sacred flame.

Kali didn't stay in place. She moved away while continuing shooting. She lost her repeating shot due to moving.

While she was busy kiting Kilio, she found out three large humanoid creatures had surrounded her. It was three treants. The treants were summoned by Roho, who was currently casting another spell.

With four melee opponents harassing her, she couldn't continue dodging. She was finally struck by one of the treants. She lost balance and Kilio's maul came at this time, slamming into her side and causing massive damage.

Kali fell to the ground due to the attack. She glanced at the earthen walls as she fell. Sounds of rapid impact could be heard from the wall. Jiwe had been frantically hitting the earth walls that imprisoned him, but the walls were truly sturdy.

Kali knew she couldn't rely on Jiwe's help to escape her current predicament. She pushed herself off the ground and spun. As she did, bolts fired out in all directions, hitting everyone. It also caused knockbacks to the four that surrounded her.

She then fired another bolt at a treant. This bolt exploded upon impact. The treant was blown further away. Kali immediately ran through the opened path. She had to first escape these four's encirclement.

But as she was running, the ground in front of her erupted. It was Roho's spell. Since no one disturbed him, he was free to cast a high-level spell. A large man-eating plant burst out in front of her. It had taken her by surprise that she was unable to dodge.

The large mouth of the plant captured her and swallowed her whole. She was then getting chomped while inside the plant's mouth. Damage numbers continued to appear while she was trapped inside the plant.

With Kali trapped, Kilio and the treants now went to where the earth walls were. When Jiwe finally managed to break down one of the walls, the four were already waiting there.

Aided by Roho's spells, they ganged on him and killed him.

When the man-eating plant's duration ended, Kali was released but her HP was low already. Seeing that she was alone and was surrounded again by Kilio and the treants, she knew there was no hope anymore.

The fourth match ended with a win by the Spiritcrier tribe. With this, all the semi-finalists had been decided.

### **Chapter 1080: Training Match**

"We will begin our first semi-final match. Winners of block A, please enter the arena!" Makadi called.

"Oh? We are going to do this immediately?" Jack asked. He thought it would be like the World Tournament where each team only fought once a day.

"This tourney is a one-day event. The matches are all carried out today," Four Winds said while standing up. "All our HP, stamina, mana, and cooldowns are reset once we enter the arena. So, it doesn't matter if we continue fighting."

"I ain't complaining. The sooner we wrapped this, the better," Jack said and followed Four Winds into the arena.

"So, another bet? Whom will you pick as your opponent?" Jack asked.

"I don't have so many mana cores to give out freely. My guild needs them as well," Four Winds replied.

"You can always see it as trying to take back the mana cores you lost in the first match."

"Yeah, right. Now, stop trying to swindle me and focus on the fight."

"Well, since it's not a bet. Do you mind staying back in this fight?" Jack asked.

"Huh? Why?"

"You know my limitations, right? I want to get used to it by fighting under those limitations. The first match is good training, but I want more training. Our final-round opponents are too strong. I want to make sure I am ready for them."

Four Winds paused a bit before saying, "Fine. Just don't f\*ck up."

"Don't worry. I won't," Jack replied.

They had been standing in position face-to-face with their opponents while talking. Vivian and Ursa could hear their conversation with no problem. The two were fuming due to what they heard.

'Who the hell do they think they are?' The two thought furiously. Four Winds was still okay since he was a famous combatant and guild leader, but who the heck was this lamanorc?

Yes, he had the highest level among the players here and had also defeated a rare elite native by himself in the first round, but that native was lower level than him. As for them, they had defeated natives that were much higher level than them. Surely, their achievement warranted more worthiness.

The two looked at one another. Their eyes told each other that they would show this cocky son of a b\*tch what would happen if he underestimated the dawning twin.

They looked back forward and tightened their weapons grip while glaring at Jack.

"Hm... They look angry. Do they look angry to you?" Jack asked Four Winds.

Four Winds chose not to respond.

"Are you done?" Makadi uttered to Jack. He had asked the combatants if they were ready a while ago, but Jack just continued talking. Jack did the same thing in the first match. Makadi truly didn't like this outworlder. He hoped this guy lost the match.

"Yes, yes. I'm sorry. I'm ready," This time Jack responded, with a grin, which didn't make Makadi feel any better.

"Then fight!" Makadi announced.

As soon as the announcement was given, Four Winds Jumped back, letting Jack fight by himself as agreed.

Vivian and Ursa immediately rushed forward. They were very eager to teach this Iamanorc a lesson. With Four Winds retreating, this was also a chance to be capitalized. It was two against one. This was their chance to get an easy win.

Vivian used sacred flame and divine armor, while Ursa used shadow form, poison mastery, and combat clone. They were starting this match the same way as they did in their first match.

Jack stood his ground with a ready pose. Ursa's combat clone arrived first because of its high movement speed. Ursa himself circled to Jack's blind spot.

Jack easily caught the combat clone's hand that was stabbing him. He then judo-throw the clone to where Ursa was sneaking.

Ursa didn't know about mana sense so he was very surprised when Jack threw his combat clone accurately at him without looking. He simply associated it with an unfortunate coincidence. He was dexterous enough to duck and dodge his clone. He then lunged forward, synchronizing with Vivian who came from the other side.

Jack used his right-hand claw weapon to deflect Ursa's stabbing dagger and his left-hand claw parried Vivian's flaming sword.

Sounds of clanging were heard repeatedly as they exchanged moves. Ursa used a non-standard skill that increased his stabbing speed. But even after that, none of his stabs landed.

Although Jack was attacked from two opposite sides, his mana sense allowed him to perceive all incoming attacks. Adding his Hundred Synchronous Thoughts and his experience in dual-wielding swords, his left and right hands reacted as if the two hands were different individuals reacting to two different opponents.

Ursa used a chance and used Unblockable Stab in between his stabs. When the phantom dagger flew at Jack and Jack continued to stay his ground, Ursa was certain that the skill would land. But one swing of Jack's claw and the phantom dagger was shattered.

Ursa was extremely shocked seeing that. Wasn't Unblockable Stab supposed to be unblockable?

His movements momentarily paused due to the surprise, this allowed Jack's fist to land on his head. He reeled back from the punch with a damage number on his head.

Vivan's attack speed was slower than Ursa, but she was stronger and she wielded a shield which was a good pushing weapon. However, no matter how fiercely she swung and pushed, Jack refused to budge. She was at a loss. Even though her opponent had a higher level, he was a beastmaster. She should have a higher strength stat than him!

Vivian decided to use her non-standard skill, Shield Bash, which gave a strong knockback. When she used the skill, Jack's claw blazed with flame. The two attacks collided and she was the one sent reeling back.

What Jack used was Flame Strike, which evolved from Fighter's Power Strike. Jack dared use the skill without being afraid of exposing his identity because he had confirmed with Peniel that Beastmaster had a non-standard skill called Flame Claw that gave a similar visual effect. So, those who were spectating would just attribute his attack to that skill.

Vivian and Ursa, who had been knocked away, rushed back again with Ursa's combat clone. They attacked from three different directions and synchronized their movements so they arrived at the same time.

Jack jumped up as they came. His two hands again caught the combat clone, while his two legs did a split kick that struck both Vivian and Ursa in two opposite directions.

The split kick was done with mana manipulation. Vivian and Ursa felt as if they had just received a strong blow from a boss monster. They also suffered damage.

Jack again threw the combat clone, but this time upward into the air. When it was falling, he used his sword art's burst assault. The combat clone dispersed after its HP was depleted.

"Okay, enough training. Let's wrap this up," Jack said.