

## World 1321

### Chapter 1321: Cat-and-Mouse in a Maze

"Okay...", Jack muttered. He pulled the rubber strips of the slingshot, testing it. He wanted to be ready in case he needed to perform a shot.

He didn't waste too long to get ready. He only had ten minutes, after all. He left the safe room and walked down the dimly lit hallway. Not far ahead, he met a T-junction. The hallway split to the left and right.

There was nothing particular between the two directions, so he just randomly took one. He turned left.

He crossed several intersections afterward. He couldn't access his map system, so he tried to manually remember every path he had taken and mapped them in his mind. Thanks to his high intelligence stat, he had enough memory to remember them and visualize a proper map picture.

"This maze is truly chaotic," Jack remarked after checking the map in his mind.

He had gone back several times to a path he had passed before and went the other way, but there didn't seem to be any sense of a general direction to go. The hallways always went in circles. It was like the entire maze was one big box without an exit.

He tried opening the multiple doors and windows that he encountered along the hallways. None of them could be opened. He even tried ramming his body into one of those doors. Despite his strength, the door didn't budge. He also tried smashing his elbow into the window. The glass was as if steel plate. Maybe if he could use mana manipulation, he could break this glass, but he would probably be violating the rules then. In his current condition, he would have to use the proper method even if he didn't want to.

He went back to studying the map in his mind. While he was doing that, he heard faint footsteps.

He stopped his thoughts and focused on his ears. Nothing. When he was about to decide that he was only imagining things, he heard a different sound now, scratching. He knew then that it was not his imagination.

He turned to the sound. There were footsteps now. Out of a corner, a deformed man wearing ragged farmer clothes appeared. The man was huge. His face was badly scarred. The most intimidating part of the man was he carried a giant maul on his shoulder.

This monster of a farmer walked toward Jack with steady steps.

"All right...", Jack muttered and drew the slingshot's leather pad that held the metal ball. "Like any other survival action game, aim for the head."

Despite being back to a normal person, Jack's attributes were anything but normal. The slingshot's rubber strips were pulled to their maximum stretch. Jack even worried the slingshot might break from his pull, but the game mechanic kept the small weapon sturdy. When he couldn't pull any further, he released it.

The metal ball flew straight and accurately struck one of the farmer's eyes. The farmer reeled back from the hit. His free hand went to his face as he groaned.

It was an accurate shot and the target was stopped. It should be something worth celebrating, but Jack was scowling instead.

"Shit... We aren't supposed to fight this thing," Jack said.

The damage caused by his accurate shot didn't even reduce the farmer's HP bar by one percent. Even if he shot all the twenty balls, it won't kill this farmer.

"The ten unmissable shots that Aglea mentioned are not about this monster," Jack uttered. So, he turned and ran. He had wasted one bullet. Now that he knew the bullets were not for the farmer, he couldn't afford to waste any more of them on the same target.

"Then what are the bullets for?" Peniel asked.

Jack didn't answer because he also didn't know.

"Something... Something..." Jack muttered while running.

He kept the farmer's previous position in his mind while he ran. He visualized the possible routes it might take in his mind's map. He didn't want to accidentally stumble into the farmer while running.

His talents were also sealed, so he couldn't use his Hundred Synchronous Thoughts. But he had gotten used to multi-thinking so much that he could now do it naturally, only not as extreme as when his talent was active.

He slowed down as he paid attention to the sound. He heard footsteps from the right. That side was among the routes he visualized the farmer might take. So, he inputted this new position into his visualized map and moved accordingly.

However, this was not a solution. He couldn't play cat-and-mouse with this farmer indefinitely. Not to mention there was a ten minutes deadline.

"Something... Something..." Jack was still muttering while running. His eyes caught something then. "... Something out of place!"

Jack stopped and aimed his slingshot upward. He had aimed it with another metal ball.

Peniel observed the direction Jack was aiming at. Above the window and hanging from the ceiling, was one tiny circular picture. It was like the ones used on the archery match before this round, only much smaller in size.

Jack released his pull and the metal ball struck this tiny circular target near the ceiling. The target broke. As it did, the window underneath it was opened.

"Bingo!" Jack exclaimed.

His celebration was cut short when he heard footsteps approaching. He turned back and saw the huge farmer.

Jack didn't stay around to contemplate. He jumped through the open window and ended up in a different hallway. He knew it was different because the architecture was different. This hallway used a gothic design.

He looked back at the window he had jumped out from. No window was there. It was a wall.

'No going back to the safe room anymore,' Jack thought. Not that he was considering going back, though.

He heard footsteps behind him and found it was the same farmer from before.

"F\*ck! You are not giving me time to study the place this time?" Jack cursed and started running.

This place was a completely new layout, so the map he memorized before was useless. He had to start drawing the map in his mind while being chased by a monstrous farmer, all the time searching for the small circular target that might easily elude his sight.

"Fun game," Jack said with sarcasm.

## **Chapter 1322: The Last Target**

Now that Jack knew what to look for, he had an easier time finding them. In the same time frame it took him to find the first tiny target, he had found another five.

Every time he hit a target, a nearby door or window would open. He would then find himself in a different place than before. Two things were constant though. The places he ended up in always had a maze layout, and the monstrous farmer was always there to chase him.

He kept tabs on the time with his mind. It should be five minutes since he left the safe room. At the pace he was going, he should be able to complete all ten targets before the time was up.

He had missed two times taking out the six targets. Added the one ball he used to shoot the farmer, he had eleven balls remaining. He only had four targets left, so he still had some to spare.

The time that he missed was because the farmer was too close to him. He lost his concentration when shooting and had to dodge the farmer's attacks.

Another thing he noticed, with each changing of places, the farmer was getting faster. By now, the farmer moved with a small jog. He did not doubt by the time he was hunting the tenth and final target, the farmer would be on a full-tilt run.

Jack left that worry for later. He focused on the matter at hand.

He continued using the same tactic. He kept the farmer at bay by monitoring its position via the sounds it made and moved accordingly based on the map in his mind, all the while paying attention to the small target along the hallways he passed.

One after another, he made it to the final maze. It was now the tenth one. One more and he should reach the room where Dina was. He had only four metal balls left now.

He wondered how the others were doing. There was a possibility that all of them stayed inside the safe rooms. He didn't blame them. It was unusual for someone to be willing to risk their life for another. Especially if that person was not even an actual friend, just someone whom they met due to circumstances.

In this way, he figured he was an unusual person to be willing to do so. He didn't regret it, though.

As for Master, Jack was sure that guy stayed cooped up inside the safe room, waiting for the ten minutes to pass.

This last maze was a garden maze. The wall was made up of hedges of leaves. Despite the appearance, the hedges were as solid as a concrete wall. Jack tried to push through these hedges and was unable to.

He checked the time in his mind. There were still around two minutes. It should be enough time as long as this maze was not too big.

'By the way, where is the far...,' His thought was interrupted by the sound of heavy and rapid footsteps.

He turned in the direction of the sound and saw it. As he expected, the farmer was running at full speed. In the maze before this, the farmer was already running, but it was the run of a heavy and slow person. This time, he ran with the agility of a tiger. It completely contradicted its huge frame.

Jack bolted at once. Luckily, his dexterity stat was extremely high. Hence, his running speed was still faster than the farmer's speed.

But at such a high-speed chase, he was having trouble thinking properly without his Hundred Synchronous Thoughts. He couldn't properly map the layout inside his mind. He just ran randomly and used the sound of the farmer's footsteps as a reference.

Because of this, a few times he was forced to go in the direction where he ended up getting close to the farmer. He had to turn back once he spotted the farmer appearing in the direction he was heading.

In this chaotic run, he also had trouble spotting the target. Time continued to tick. The clock in his mind told him that he almost ran out of time.

"No! No! No!" He panicked. He still couldn't spot the target. There was no more time!

In his hastiness, he ended up not hearing the farmer's footsteps and almost bumped into it as he turned the corner.

Any other person would have been shocked to a standstill, but Jack was someone who had gone through many unexpected situations. His body continued to move reflexively even when his mind went blank from the shock.

Jack bent his body back as the farmer's huge maul came swinging horizontally. His knees bent and he was now sliding forward on the ground from the momentum. The maul went past above him.

He pushed himself back to the running position once he went past the farmer. He couldn't believe he just ran past that monster.

When he glanced back to look at the farmer, he saw it then. The target! It was near the ground, slightly hidden by the hedge's leaves. It was even painted green this time, camouflaging with the leaves. Talked about increased difficulty. He only spotted it due to luck.

"F\*ck the organizers. Do they want us to lose so bad?" Jack cursed.

He stopped running, the target was right between him and the farmer. The farmer had stopped after swinging his maul. He now turned to face Jack.

'No time to think!' Jack thought.

There was no time left. He couldn't lure the farmer away before circling back to this place. He had to take the risk. He ran toward the target while aiming at it. The farmer also started running toward him.

He cleared his mind. He couldn't afford to miss hitting the target at this critical moment. He let go of the ball and the tiny target was obliterated.

The hedge wall split apart after that, revealing a doorway.

"Go! Go! Go!" Peniel cheered.

"Not out of the wood yet!" Jack exclaimed as he armed another ball onto the slingshot.

The farmer was running at him at full speed. With its speed, it would reach the opened doorway before Jack. If it used its large frame to block that doorway, Jack wouldn't be able to pass.

Jack aimed and then fired.

The same as the first ball he fired, this one also struck the farmer's head with deadly accuracy. The farmer reeled as it was before, stopping its charge.

Jack was at full speed so he couldn't stop and made a sharp turn into the doorway. He jumped once he was close and gave the farmer, who had now stopped moving, a double kick. The farmer didn't budge from the kick, but that was never Jack's intention. The kick was to give him a bouncing power and he flew straight into the open doorway.

### **Chapter 1323: Vulgar and Violent**

The instant he flew through the doorway, the whole place changed. He fell to the ground and rolled. By the time he stopped rolling, the place had transformed into one similar to the safe room where he first started.

The difference was, there was a large pedestal at the center of the room. Dina was lying on that pedestal, bounded with leather strappings.

A huge man very much like the farmer was standing beside her. This farmer also had a huge maul and the maul was lifted above Dina. This farmer was like a statue, though. He just stood there unmoving, except for its arms. The maul it was holding was ticking up slowly.

In that short instant, Jack registered two things.

The maul's aim was at Dina's head. When the ten minutes deadline ended, which was a few seconds more according to the clock inside Jack's mind, Jack was sure the maul would be brought down with full force.

The second thing Jack noticed was a silver dagger on a small table next to the pedestal.

Jack's body acted instinctively. There was simply no time to think. He dashed to the small table and snatched the dagger. Even though he couldn't use mana manipulation, he could still perform his sword art.

The dagger in his hand turned into a blur as it accurately slashed the leather strappings binding Dina without hurting her.

Time's up! He heard a click from the farmer. At the same time, the maul dropped.

While Jack slashed Dina's strappings, his other hand was grabbing Dina's shirt. That hand yanked Dina away once the strappings were cut.

The maul smashed into the pedestal just as Dina's head moved away a second ago. She was still wide eyes when she fell onto the floor with Jack.

They stayed frozen on the floor for some time. They only responded when Aglea's voice came from behind them.

"I must say. The game this time is filled with fascinating participants, but I think you are our favorite participant. We hope we can keep you for eternity."

Jack turned and faced Aglea with an irritated expression. The woman simply gazed back at him with her statue-like smile.

"Well, congratulations on saving the sacrifice. Try to do the same tomorrow."

They were then back again at the dungeon where they were chained.

Jack sighed. If his mana sense and mana manipulation weren't sealed, perhaps he was already in the nexus world by now searching for the main exit.

"Thank you, Mister Storm Wind. I owe you my life," Dina finally recovered from her shock and could properly thank Jack.

"You are welcome," Jack replied to her with a smile.

He now wondered. If his mana abilities weren't sealed, could he truly abandon these people? Of course, he could go and look for the divines after escaping to ask them to help these people, but could he find those divine beings? He only knew the location of Serenity's faction and Greed's sanctum, but there was no guarantee they were there, and he had no sure way of contacting those beings.

Even if he could find them, there was also no guarantee they were willing to help. Serenity was not in a good mood the last time Jack saw her, while Greed was... unpredictable. Additionally, Euphosine might have relocated this base again by then.

So, if he left. It was the same as abandoning them. He couldn't do that. Especially when Grace should also be inside here. This was different from the time when Grace was at Greed's sanctum. He was already here with her. He would leave when he was sure he could at least take Grace with her.

Since Jack couldn't do his incorporeal state, he didn't pretend to sleep like yesterday. He chatted with the others about the event today.

As expected, Master didn't set foot outside the safe room. Most of the others also did the same, Stefan, Winson, Glover, and Kerry. Jack didn't blame them. When people were alone, it was more difficult to be brave. In Master's case, it had nothing to do with being brave. He just didn't think the reward outweigh the risk.

Two persons showed bravery, Naomi and Kramer. However, they couldn't figure out what they should be doing. They used all their twenty slingshot bullets on the farmer. After that, they just run around the first maze avoiding the farmer until time ran out.

Jack wondered how the team where Grace was in was doing.

"It is frustrating that he is never the sacrifice," Spring Crown said to Grace.

Grace didn't need to ask who was the 'he' Spring Crown was referring to.

They were just back from the sacrificial round. They had again managed to save the sacrifice from their team. In fact, they had not lost any sacrifice, so their record beat Jack's team. But unlike Jack who did most of the saving alone, these two worked together.

On the second day, they quickly identified the items to open the green gas tunnel. Spring Crown went in first but he only reached halfway before running back due to low HP, but he memorized all the turns despite his pain. Armed with that knowledge and her mana sense, Grace went next and successfully reached the end of the tunnel and solved the sliding puzzle. She only had a sliver of HP left when she stopped the circular saw.

On the third day, the two went into the pool together while the others used the meat to lure the black shark. With the two of them scouring the pool's base, they quickly found the fluorescence trail and followed it to the key. They freed the sacrifice before the meat ran out.

Today, Spring Crown managed to get to the sacrifice's room by spotting all the targets using his exceptional perception. Grace was still at the eighth maze when Spring Crown reached the sacrificial room.

"He is unexpectedly quite athletic," Grace replied to Spring Crown. "Perhaps tomorrow will be our lucky day,"

"Grace my dear, every day with you is my lucky day," Grace heard the annoying voice again from her other side. Grace didn't deign the guy a glance.

"You feign indifference, but I know sooner or later, your heart will open to my warmth. I know what you need, my dear. You just need someone who can give all of himself to you, something that I'm sure your past boyfriends were unable to provide. Well, you don't need to look any further, 'cause I got what you need, so come with me and take the ride."

Spring Crown facepalmed himself. "Sigh... I don't even want to comment now. That's The Other Side. You are quoting a movie's soundtrack now."

Grace finally turned to Evan. She tried not to look too disgusted at him. She asked, "Evan, do you have a sport you are bad at?"

"Bad at? That is something alien to me. I dare to say I excel at everything. That's how I have so many girl fans. But do not worry, my dear. My heart belongs only to you."

Grace tried her best to not land a fist on Evan's face.

"Surely, you have something you are not so good at, my friend," Spring Crown tried to help Grace.

Evan showed an effort of hard contemplation. He then said, "Well, if you insist. I guess it is wrestling or any of those sports where you need to do violence. I always thought those sports are just too vulgar."

"I want to sleep now," Grace said. She closed her eyes and prayed that tomorrow's match would be one of those vulgar and violent sports.

### **Chapter 1324: Triple Jump**

Unfortunately, the Gods didn't hear Grace's prayer. The match on the next day was another sport from the track and field events, the triple jump.

Aglea gave a simple brief introduction before turning silent and simply watching, leaving the participants to figure out the rest for themselves. She was now waiting for someone to volunteer to be the first jumper.

"Uh... Is this triple jump sport the same as the long jump?" Stefan asked.

"No. It's different. It's in the name, you jump three times," Jack answered.

"Why?"

Jack shrugged. "I don't know, it's not my invention. Well, maybe because you can get a further distance than a long jump, because... you know, you jump three times."

"Why don't they just give us a simple sport?" Winson complained.

"You should be thankful they didn't ask us to do gymnastics," Jack said.

"There is still tomorrow," Dina reminded.

The others were speechless at the possibility that they had to do gymnastics to avoid being a sacrifice.

"Aren't you in a good mood since you don't have to participate in this match anymore," Stefan teased Dina.

"Speaking of which, if all the previous sacrifices are excluded, won't it just be a matter of time before every one of us gets to be one?" Winson asked.



Everyone again entered a period of silence upon the question. If these matches continued, by day ten, everyone would have to be a sacrifice at least once.

This revelation worried Jack. When it was his turn, could he depend on these folk to save him?

He instinctively turned to Master who was also glancing at him. The two seemed to be having the same thought. The others won't bother to save Master even if they could. Jack felt a bit better with that thought. Maybe this was the incident that would end their rivalries.

With their immortal soul sealed, they would die a wilderness death and lose everything. As long as Master had the same fate, Jack didn't mind. Maybe this world would be at peace then. He did wonder if Themisphere or Liguritudum would still acknowledge them as sovereigns if they lost everything.

With this thought, Jack made a resolution that he would be the last sacrifice. He had to get a better rank than Master in every match to make sure it was Master who was sacrificed first. Otherwise, he would be restless when it was his turn.

Aglea had been waiting for some time and she was about to pick someone randomly, but Jack volunteered.

Jack said to Stefan on the way, "I once played this sport when I am in school, so I know how to do it. Just imitate what I do."

Jack got into position on the prepared runway. After getting ready, he ran at full speed. Once he reached a marked line, he jumped using his right foot. On this first jump, instead of landing with his other foot like a normal jump, he did a shadow run in the air and landed again with the same foot he jumped with, which was his right. He then performed a second jump.

This time, he landed using the other foot before continuing with the third and final jump. The momentum sent him shooting far ahead as he positioned both his feet together facing outward and landed on the prepared sandbox.

The scoreboard next to the field showed that Jack's jumping distance was 22.2 meters.

"Yeah! Beat the world record!" Jack celebrated.

"What's there to boast? Our attributes were way past normal human's. You should be ashamed of such a meager record with your attributes," Master ridiculed.

"Do you think you can do better?" Jack challenged.

"Hmph," Master harrumphed and volunteered to be the next to make the jumps.

While Master was getting ready, Stefan asked, "Why did you land your first jump using the same foot? It looked weird."

"I don't know. That's the rule," Jack answered.

"Do we need to follow the rule?" Winson asked. "The last previous matches didn't exactly follow the rules one hundred percent. Perhaps this is the same? We can just jump in a way we are comfortable with?"

"Um... Who wants to volunteer to test this theory and see that you are not fouled for not following the regular rules?" Jack asked.

The others decided to just follow the rules.

They heard the sound of another mark filling the scoreboard. They turned and saw that Master scored 22.5 meters.

"Wow! He jumped slightly farther than you," Stefan remarked.

This caused Jack to narrow his eyes. He knew that even if Master had five classes, his physical stats should still be superior to Master's, even if they were not by a very wide margin. For Master to jump further, this indicated that Master's triple jump technique was more refined.

This meant that for the remaining matches, it was not certain that his result would be better than Master's. Master had taken the top rank in this match and also during the swimming competition. There was a chance that he could become the sacrifice before Master did.

"Next!" Aglea called.

Winson took a deep breath and went next.

The match continued. When no one was willing to go first, Aglea did a random pick. The sacrifice ended up being decided from a foul. Kerry, the native ethereal, went past the marked line before she made her first jump. She was instantly chosen as the sacrifice.

Like Dina, Kerry looked at Jack before Aglea took them all to the sacrificial round. "Sa... Save me," She pleaded.

For a native, the stake was more serious because they died for real. Jack didn't have the utmost confidence since most of his abilities were sealed, but he still nodded at Kerry to assure her. He resolved to honor that nod.

The space around them transformed. Different than before. This time, they were still outdoors after the space finished transforming. All of them minus Kerry were at the top of a platform. They saw ahead many connecting platforms. All those platforms were floating without any support.

They looked down and saw that the platform they were standing on was also floating on air. What was below was a vast expanse of white abyss.

Aglea appeared above them and announced while pointing at the far end of the floating platforms, "You people have ten minutes to go to that end to save the sacrifice. If you fall, you die."

## **Chapter 1325: Parkour**

"Since I am also generous today, I will let you in on a clue," Aglea said. "Two people or more traveling together will make the journey easier than one. Happy gaming!"

She then vanished.

The participants were left to study the platforms. The platforms had different sizes and were placed at different elevations. Most were at a jumping distance between one to the other. The platforms with wider distances had horizontal beams, poles, and even ropes in between them. There were also some obstacles like low walls or such.

"This is a parkour arena...", Winson said.

"Parkour?" Kramer asked. As a native, he was not familiar with this term.

"Suffice it to say, we have to run and jump our way to the other end before the time runs out," Jack said.

"The crazy woman said that it is better to go with more than one person. Anyone wants to join me?"

"I will go," Stefan said. "I have a high dexterity stat. I am confident in my movement."

"Just remember you don't have the super jump ability of your class anymore," Jack reminded.

"I will go as well," Winson said. "I used to do parkour in my younger days. I also have a decent dexterity. I should be able to navigate this route."

"Are you sure, old man? How long ago did you do parkour?" Stefan asked.

"Do not underestimate me. I participate in a lot of parkour tournaments when I'm in my prime," Winson replied. "My body now is even stronger and faster than then. I believe I will get the hang of it once I start doing it."

"Anyone else?" Jack asked.

No one else responded.

"Okay, let's go!" Jack said. He didn't know how far away the other end was. It was better if they didn't waste too much time getting there.

Jack jumped and ran along the next platform, which was a long plank, before jumping and climbing to the next one which was at shoulder height. Stefan and Winson followed behind.

Jack didn't try to go full speed because precision was important here. He couldn't afford to slip and fall. Also, he needed to adjust to the two others who were slower than him.

After passing through some platforms, the paths that could be taken were no longer linear. The direction was still the same but they could take different platforms to go forward, which provided different challenges.

Some needed them to walk through narrow beams. Some required them to swing through a series of monkey bars. There were also spots where they had to swing like Tarzan over a wide distance using ropes.

After going through some obstacles, Winson seemed to get the hang of it. His confidence prompted him to start to take different paths than Jack. Sometimes he was even in the lead despite being slower than Jack.

"That geezer does know how to do this," Jack remarked after seeing Winson. It was Stefan who had trouble trying to keep up with the two.

After around three minutes, they finally stopped. The reason was that the path ahead seemed untraversable. There was only one path, and the next platform was ten meters away.

The problem was, the platform before it didn't give them much space for running. It was just a small platform reached by swinging through a long line of monkey bars. Without sufficient space to run, they couldn't develop speed. Without sufficient speed, they couldn't jump far enough to get to the next platform.

"We can do a horizontal run through that wall," Winson said. In between the platform they were at and the next one was a vertical wall on one side.

"Are you sure? That is a hell of a long way to go even by running on the wall," Stefan said.

Jack was also not confident about this idea. In his current condition, he thought he might not be able to build enough momentum to run along the wall to cover that distance.

They thought about it for a while. Time continued to tick.

"I will give it a try," Winson finally said. They won't achieve anything by waiting here.

When he was about to jump, Jack stopped him. "Wait! See that ledge up there?"

The others looked up. The vertical wall Winson was about to jump to was very high, that's why they didn't think about climbing that wall and walked along its top to reach the opposite platform. However, a small part of it was low. It was within climbing distance.

"What about it? There is another wall facing the platform we are trying to reach up there. We still can't walk over," Winson said.

"But maybe there is a roundabout path up there that brings us to the other side," Jack said. "I will climb up there and have a look. If there is nothing, you can try your wall running stunt."

Finished speaking, he ran to the vertical wall and jumped in the direction right under the ledge. Boosted by his jumping power, he ran up the wall a little bit until his hands grabbed the edge of the ledge.

"Is there a secret way up there?" Stefan asked after Jack climbed up the ledge. He wasn't eager to follow Winson's suggestion. Winson might be able to do the wall running but he for sure couldn't.

"No," Jack answered from above. "But there is a lever."

"Lever?" Stefan asked.

"I'm going to pull it," Jack said from above.

"Wait! Do you think that's a good..."

Stefan hadn't finished speaking when a rumble was heard. Jack must have pulled the lever. Stefan and Winson then saw ahead of them, a part of the vertical wall revolved and became a platform in between theirs and their target platform. Now, the platform on the opposite side was within normal jumping distance.

"Hey! You make a bridge!" Stefan shouted.

"Really? Cool! I'm coming back down now," Jack uttered. But as soon as he said that, the bridge platform fell back into the vertical wall again.

"Hey, where is the bridge?" Jack asked while looking down from the ledge.

"It's gone... I think you have to hold that lever you turned up there," Stefan said.

"What...? Then how am I supposed to cross afterward?" Jack asked.

### **Chapter 1326: Acrobatic Trekking**

"Let me go up there and hold the lever," Winson proposed. "After you two get to the other side, I will do the wall running following my original idea."

Jack gave the matter a thought, he then said, "No. Remember what that crazy woman said? Two people will make this journey easier. I don't think we are meant to leave behind one person here. There must be something that can be used after one of us get to that other platform. I will hold the lever. You two cross over and see if there is anything there you can use to help me."

"Okay," the two replied.

Jack headed back and pulled the lever again. This time, he held the lever in place.

Stefan turned to Winson.

"What?" Winson asked.

"You are confident with your parkour skill, right? You should go first. In case that bridge cannot support your weight, you can still acrobatic your way out of there."

"Dude, if that happens, I don't think any acrobatics will help," Winson said.

Stefan stood his ground. He showed no intention of going first.

"Hey, have you guys gone across already?" Jack called from above. "Tell me when you have! I don't want to accidentally release this lever when you people are still on the bridge."

"Crossing now!" Winson yelled. He gave Stefan an annoyed glance before he jumped to the risen platform.

Winson landed loudly on the platform. He froze for a second, fearing the platform would fall. It didn't. He sighed with relief. He looked back at Stefan and uttered, "It's solid."

Winson then ran and jumped to the next platform.

"I'm going next! Don't let go of the lever!" Stefan warned Jack.

"Just hurry your ass up!" Jack yelled back.

Stefan jumped forward. Unlike Winson, he didn't stop. He continued running and jumped to the next platform. He only felt safe afterward.

Winson scoffed at him. "This platform is the same as the rest. There is no support underneath. Any of them can fall. There is no guarantee."

"Hey! Have you guys crossed over?" Jack called.

"We have crossed!" Stefan yelled.

The bridge platform fell back and Jack reappeared on the ledge. "You guys see anything over there?" He asked.

"Does this look like a switch?" Winson asked. He had been searching around after Stefan arrived. There was a short wall on one side of this platform which was not seen when they were still on the other side. One small part of the wall was slanted, creating a recess at the bottom and a protrusion at the top. Sort of like a giant switch.

"Have you tried pushing it?" Stefan asked back.

So, Winson did. It was a switch. Stefan pushed the protrusion part and the whole thing was now flat with the wall. They heard a rumble and the bridge platform rose back.

"Maybe you should..." Stefan wanted to tell Winson to keep pressing the switch in case the mechanism was the same as the lever above, but Jack had already jumped down to the bridge.

Jack walked over casually before jumping to their side. "Great job, partners!" He praised.

"You are one risk-loving mother\*cker," Stefan said.

"Huh?" Jack didn't understand Stefan's words.

"Let's go, I'm afraid we waste too much time here," Winson said. There was a very narrow path forward where they had to walk in balance to get to the next platform.

"The old man is on fire," Jack said. "Let's go!"

They met a few more incidents where one person had to stay behind to activate something to help the others proceed, before the ones who had crossed over activated something on the other side to let the first person cross.

"Shit! How far away is this place? How long has it been?" Winson asked.

"Almost eight minutes..." Jack replied.

"... We might not make it," Stefan said.

"We will!" Jack encouraged.

"AAHHH...!!!"

Jack turned back the instant he heard Stefan's yell. They had been jumping over a series of floating pillars to get to the next platform. Stefan lost his concentration and slipped at the last pillar before the platform.

Jack dropped to the ground in reflex. Half of his body was out of the platform with one hand grabbing the edge and the other hand stretching out. His stretched-out hand was just in time to catch Stefan's falling hand.

Stefan's weight almost caused Jack to get pulled and follow him into the abyss, but Winson acted fast and grabbed Jack's feet, stopping him from sliding out of the platform.

Using his super strength, Jack lifted Stefan using one hand.

Stefan was panting after he was back in safety. "Go!" He said.

When Jack and Winson didn't move. Stefan said again. "You two go! I'm just slowing you down. I will be safe here. I will just wait until the time runs out."

Jack nodded. He looked at Winson whose expression also agreed this was for the best. The two then went ahead.

Stefan looked at the two as they ran and jumped over obstacles. The two were indeed faster when he was not with them. He shook his head and felt sorry for his uselessness.

After another minute of acrobatic running, they finally lay eyes on Kerry. She was strapped in a chair atop a floating platform. There was a huge digital timer above her. It was just a bit over one minute left.

The platform she was on was red. Another platform was within jumping distance from her platform. That one was colored green. Those two platforms were the only two with colors. Both Jack and Winson didn't need to discuss to understand what those colors meant.

The only path to reach the red platform where Kerry was on was via a line of floating pillars similar to the ones Stefan almost fell from just now. It should be child play for them to cross over, but they knew the last obstacle wouldn't be that simple.

Not far from the line of pillars was a bridge. The end of this bridge was void and it was too far away from the red platform. They couldn't use this bridge to jump to Kerry. Beyond this bridge was a row of what looked very much like unmanned machine guns.

## **Chapter 1327: Another Save**

Jack and Winson stopped before the line of pillars. They chose to be prudent and analyze the situation before jumping over those pillars.

"Do you think those machine guns are real?" Winson asked.

"I think if they want decorations, there are plenty of more suitable ones than machine guns," Jack replied.

"So... Do you think those guns will start shooting once we jump over the pillar?" Winson asked again.

"I am pretty certain that will happen," Jack said.

"Then you do it," Winson said. "You have far higher HP than me."

After seeing Jack in action over the past sacrificial rounds, everyone was already aware of Jack's unusually high HP.

"If those machine guns dealt only damage, I might still be able to tank them, but what I'm worried about is if they also have knockback effects," Jack said. "I won't be able to stay on those tiny pillars, much less jump to the other side."

"So, what should we do?" Winson asked.

Jack walked over to the bridge. This thing was between the row of machine guns and the pillars. He didn't think this thing was here for no reason. The bridge was narrow, it could only fit one person. There was a handrail on the side that was facing the machine guns.

Jack then noticed something on the ground near where the bridge started. It was a piece of a square metal plate with some sort of a handle on one side. Jack picked the plate up.

"Hey, do you think that is..." Winson was following behind Jack.

"I think it is... This is a shield," Jack said. "Okay, we don't have much time. We just have to go with it and hope that this is the correct method. You jump over those pillars and I will cover you from the machine guns by walking along the bridge with this shield."

"But... that shield is small. It won't cover all the angles if all those machine guns fire at the same time," Winson said.

"... Then let's hope the machine gun only fires one at a time," Jack said.

"..."

"We don't have any time left!" Jack exclaimed. The timer above Kerry showed that they only have forty seconds left. "We have to do it now! Don't worry, I don't think they give us a game where it is impossible to win. It has been proven from the previous rounds. It will be only one machine gun firing at a time. I'm sure of it!"

Winson was still worried, but he had come this far. It would be a waste if he backed out now.

"If I die, it's your fault," Winson uttered. He then ran to the starting point to jump to the first pillar. Jack took his position at the start of the bridge.

"Ready?!" Winson shouted.

"I will follow you! Just get to Kerry!" Jack shouted back. He had his eyes on Winson, ready to move forward when Winson jumped.

"Now!" Winson exclaimed as he jumped to the first pillar.

Jack followed his movement and entered the bridge. His one hand was holding the plate facing the machine gun while his other hand was holding the handrail.

As expected, the sound of rapid fire was heard.



Jack felt a heavy impact on the shield he was holding. He was right, there were strong knockback effects accompanying the bullets. He won't be able to stay on the pillars if he was the one jumping. He was now resisting the force by grabbing the handrail.

"Wait! Wait!" Jack called out when he saw Winson was about to jump to the second pillar.

"What?!" Winson called back anxiously.

"The knockback is stronger than I expected!" Jack said. "Let me get my bearing first... Okay, I'm ready!"

Winson jumped. Jack moved forward. His one hand remained on the handrail while his shield continued to get battered by the bullets. With his strength, he had no problem resisting the knockback force once he got used to them. All he needed to pay attention to was his rhythm with Winson. He had to proceed at synchronized timing with Winson. One unsynchronous move and the bullets would get past him and hit Winson.

Luckily, it was as they hoped. The machine gun only fired one at a time. The number of machine guns was the same as the number of pillars. The trigger to the firing was when Winson stepped on the pillar. The corresponding machine gun would then shoot at the one who was stepping on that pillar.

Theoretically, if one was fast enough, one could jump in between the pillars with such speed that by the time the corresponding machine gun was triggered, the person had already jumped to the next pillar. Thus, passing this obstacle without a need for a second person blocking the bullets using the shield.

But such a feat would be monumentally more difficult than if two people cooperated as Jack and Winson did here. If Jack was alone when he came here, he might have had no choice but to try that method. Fortunately, he didn't need to.

Winson managed to jump to the red platform while Jack blocked the bullets from the last machine gun.

Kerry's two legs were tied together while his hands were tied to the back of the chair with ropes. Winson hurriedly untied the rope binding her hands to the chair. Fortunately, it was not a difficult tie.

Winson looked up and saw that he only had two seconds left.

No time to untie the leg. He grabbed Kerry and lifted her. With her on his shoulder, he jumped to the green platform just as the timer reached zero.

The red platform crumbled. Both the platform and the chair fell into the white abyss below.

Jack, who was still on the bridge, saw Winson and Kerry laying on the green platform.

Jack heaved a relief as Aglea appeared above them.

"Hm... Another save," She remarked. "Very well then, it's decided. You will have nine members on your team."

"Huh?" Jack, Winson, and Kerry looked at her with questioning faces.

"Tomorrow, the end match will begin," Aglea informed.

## Chapter 1328: The End Match

They were back in the dungeon, chained. Everyone heard Aglea's announcement. Everyone knew the end match was tomorrow.

They were glad that they no longer had to go through matches with the possibility of being a sacrifice, but they were also apprehensive. What if this end match was something worse?

Whatever it was, they knew they had to go along with it. They had no choice anyway.

"It seems that you have dodged a bullet," Jack said to Master. "You must be glad the matches aren't set so each of us has to be a sacrifice at least once."

"I can say the same thing to you," Master returned. "Do you think these folks are going to risk their lives just because you risk your life for them? People are selfish! Only a fool does what you do. The moment you become a sacrifice, they will only watch as you die. I have been very eager to see that happen, but it seems I don't get the chance anymore."

"You are wrong! I will gladly give my life for His Majesty," Kramer declared.

"Then you are two fools!" Master talked back.

"Don't lump your corrupt self with us. I will also return the favor for him saving me," Naomi exclaimed.

"That's right!" Stefan joined the chorus.

"Hmph, you people said that now. But when it happens, I bet you will all sing a different tune," Master mocked. "Well, I guess we will never find out now."

"Your skepticism on altruism deserves a lot of pity," Jack said.

"Because altruism doesn't exist," Master said. "Only an idealist fool living in a dream world believes such a concept."

"I prefer living in a dream world since it makes me happy. As a matter of fact, I AM living in my dream world. A game world! All thanks to you. You see? You can also do good things even if you didn't intend to. Don't sell yourself short. There is good in you."

"I'm done talking," Master said. He didn't need to know Jack well enough to know that Jack was making fun of him.

The others, as usual, only understood half of what the two were talking about. They could see though that if opportunity arose, these two wouldn't mind tearing each other apart.

Jack threw a few more words of ridicule, but Master was true to his word. He no longer entertained Jack.

\*

The next morning, the nine was teleported to another pocket world. They could see this was a much larger one compared to the ones previously used for matches.

It was an urban area, or what used to be one. The houses and buildings were in ruins. It was more like a scene from one of those apocalypse movies. Jack felt a sense of déjà-vu. This place was similar to the stage when he had the team match against the dwarf team during the world tournament.

Perhaps this was one of the pre-setup worlds that could be selected from some sort of a list when someone was creating a pocket world. He wanted to ask Master about this hypothesis but he noticed Master was still giving him the silent treatment.

Aglea appeared above them. At the same time, a table materialized before them. On the table were ten different things. A wooden spear, a rusted shortsword, a bola, a steel claw, a slingshot, a wooden bat, a wrench, a nunchaku, a karambit, and a small round wooden shield.

When everyone was still gazing at this various assortment of tools, Aglea said, "These are your weapons. Pick one."

'Weapons?' Everyone was confused.

They then noticed Master was already before the table. They didn't realize that Master was already walking to the table before Aglea spoke.

Master took the slingshot. Tied with the slingshot was a pouch. Master checked the pouch to make sure that it contained the bullets for the slingshot. He then walked away.

After Master, the others immediately went and picked up their weapons. There were ten weapons while they were nine, so there was an extra one. Glover tried to pick up two weapons, but couldn't. Some sort of a force field prevented him from taking another if he already had a weapon in his hand.

While the others were busy with the selection, Jack asked Aglea instead, "What are these weapons for?"

"To protect yourself and vanquish your enemies, of course," Aglea answered. "There are three other teams here. You are to hunt them and kill them. They will also do the same. This is a battle royale death match!"

By the time Jack came to the table, everyone had already made their picks. Only the wrench and shield were left on the table.

Jack turned to Glover who held the shortsword and said, "I'm an expert on using swords. Do you mind if I have that?"

"What a coincidence, I'm also an expert," Glover said, not willing to give up his weapon.

Master sneered at the side. "What did I say? Selfish," he uttered.

"You can have mine, Your Majesty," Kramer said, offering his wooden spear.

"That's fine. You keep it," Jack said. He took up the wrench.

"Where are these other teams?" Stefan asked Aglea.

"As I said, you will need to hunt them," Aglea said. "Please don't lose your weapon, you can only deal damage to your enemies with those weapons. After you kill an enemy, you can pick up his or her weapon."

"Considering this is a battle royale, we also have to kill everyone on this team also, don't we?" Jack asked. He was staring at Master while asking. Master had armed a bullet into his slingshot. His weapon was currently slightly aimed in Jack's direction.

"No, silly. You can't damage teammates by any means in this match," Aglea answered. "The point of this match is to vanquish all the members of the other three teams. The team that achieves that will be the winner, even if they have only one person left in the team."

Both Jack and Master were disappointed hearing that. Master lowered his slingshot.

"Um... If we die here..."

"It's the same as in the sacrificial rounds," Aglea answered before Stefan finished his question. "Natives die for real. Outworlders go back to level 1 and we will prep you up for the next game."

Everyone had expected this, but the confirmation still brought everyone's spirit down.

"Around this place were also various tools," Aglea informed. "They have different effects. They can give you buffs or other effects which you can use for your hunts. Some of these tools can even cause damage, so you don't always have to rely on your weapons to kill the enemies. You will have to find these things yourself."

"Any rules? Do we have to move together?" Winson asked.

"Hunt together, hunt alone. Your choice," Aglea answered.

"What is the time limit?" Naomi asked.

"No time limit. This game will only end once all members from three teams are slain," Aglea answered.

"So, if we can't find them, we will stay here for eternity?" Stefan asked.

Aglea's frozen smile never changed, but everyone could swear that her grin turned wider at this time. "Don't worry. This world will continue to shrink as time passed. After five days, this world will shrink to the size of ten-by-ten meters. I don't think you will have a problem finding them by then, do you?"

The others were gloomy hearing that. This meant they couldn't buy time by hiding.

"One more thing," Aglea said. "Everyone has the same number of lives here. Three! One hit by the weapon in your hand will take out one life. Whether you are high level or low level, outworlder or native. You have the same lives. Your HP didn't mean anything here. So, all of you can only afford to be hit three times."

## **Chapter 1329: Move Out**

Three shield symbols appeared above everyone. They didn't need an explanation to know that those shields were the lives Aglea just mentioned. She confirmed it soon.

"Those shields are your lives. If you lose all three, you die. Those shields will only break if an attack hit your head, body, or other vital parts. It has to be a solid hit, of course. However, don't think you can just

use your limbs for defense. You will get hurt even if you don't lose your shields. You can be incapacitated."

Aglea stopped for a moment to let them absorb the information. She then announced, "The game starts now! Happy hunting!"

She floated upward and her body slowly turned transparent. Before it completely vanished, she said, "Better go search your queries now... before they find you."

Everyone just watched the sky even after Aglea was gone.

It was Stefan who finally uttered something first. "I don't want to contradict the b\*tch when she was here, but isn't battle royale a free for all match without any team-up?"

"Whatever, man. They own this place, they can call it whatever they want," Winson said.

"What now? Do we have to go and kill those people from the other teams?" Naomi asked. "They are just people who are trapped here like us. Are we to kill innocents to save ourselves?"

"So what? We just let the other teams come and kill us?" Stefan asked.

"Even if we play their game, we will still not be free. What's the point?" Dina uttered gloomily. She sat on a nearby rock with a defeated look. "It's the same anyway. Let them come and kill us. Perhaps this can end faster and we don't need to suffer longer."

"Easy for you to say, outworlder. We, natives, die for real!" Glover said.

"Hey, where is that a\*shole?" Jack asked. He just found out that Master was already not with them.

Everyone looked around. Master was nowhere to be seen.

"Must have slipped away. F\*ck him then. We don't need him," Stefan said. "He can't hurt us anyway."

Jack didn't worry about Master harming them. Master was bound by the rules here the same as everyone else, but Jack didn't believe Master just up and disappeared for nothing. Jack believed the guy must have some sort of a plan. But was his plan aimed to help them win this battle royale? Or was it for another purpose?

Jack stopped thinking about Master and looked at the others. They were all not in the mood. They were forced to play a game where they had to murder a bunch of strangers, and the reward was simply to stay alive without any promise of freedom. Some of their targets might not even be strangers. They could be someone they knew. Dina mentioned he came here with a friend. Perhaps that's why she was so gloomy because one of the people she was told to kill might be her friend.

Jack was also aware that Grace could be in one of those teams. He wasn't exactly all sunshine about their situation either, but after spending several days with these people, going through the horrors together, he already considered them his friends. He couldn't just let them fall like this.

"Listen up, everyone!" Jack called.

The others turned to him.

"I know how you feel. I know that some of you think that there might be no point to keep on fighting, but we didn't fight so hard all the past few days just to die here. If you don't want to kill the strangers from the other teams, that's fine. I have the same thought, but I also won't let them kill me. If they try to, I will fight back. I will not stop fighting as long as I am still alive, and I believe we will get our chance as long as we stay alive. We might not see the path to our freedom now, but I believe we will as long as we keep on looking. Do not lose hope! We will find a way. Maybe not today, but someday. For that day to arrive, we first have to stay alive! Those of you who want to stay here and do nothing, I won't blame you. Those who want to live, come with me. We will fight together!"

Kramer came to Jack's side. "I'm with you, Your Majesty!" He declared.

Stefan and Naomi also came over. Glover and Kerry followed behind closely, these two natives of course wanted to stay alive.

Winson was standing beside Dina. He said to her, "Come on. You shouldn't be alone."

Dina reluctantly stood up. She and Winson then walked over to Jack.

"Okay, let's make this clear," Jack said. "I'm not interested in playing this sick game. If the others come and want to play the game, we will entertain them. Otherwise, we leave them alone. As long as they don't attack, we also won't bother them. Does everyone agree with this? If not, we better separate into two teams."

Everyone looked at one another. Several nodded. Glover asked, "If we wait until they attack first, we will lose the initiative. High chance of us suffering casualties."

"I know, but I will still go with this. If you have a problem, we better split now," Jack replied.

After a few more seconds of thinking, the rest agreed to Jack's terms.

"Okay, we will move in a wedge formation," Jack said.

"What's a wedge formation?" Glover asked.

Jack looked for a patch of soft soil and used his wrench to draw on it. He drew an upside-down V-shape.

"I will be on the tip so everyone is aware of my position. You will all move along according to me. One thing to note. The ones on the two ends should be the ones with the fastest speed. I believe I qualify for that. But since I'm at the front, these positions fall to the second fastest in this team. Stefan and Winson, you will guard our rears."

"Man... Even if it's the truth, do you have to slip in praise for yourself like that?" Stefan grumbled.

"You two have to pay attention," Jack said to Stefan and Winson. "In the case that we are attacked, I'm the most likely to be attacked first and you two will be the least likely for the enemies to be aware of. Which also meant you are the most ideal to flank them. Your position at the end of this wedge formation will allow you an easier time moving to the enemies' backs when they focus their attention on me at the front. That's why you need to be fast. Do you understand?"

Stefan and Winson nodded.

"Everyone else will act accordingly. If you are spotted, come and join me in the fight. If you are not, follow Winson or Stefan to flank the enemies. We move slowly and always use covers. Only move after seeing the one in front of you move. Maintain eye contact with the ones adjacent to you. Now, everyone put a space around five meters from one another. Let's move out!"

### **Chapter 1330: Good Samaritans**

Jack adjusted their distance following the width of the street. The street was wide but it was not wide enough to have everyone spaced out too far.

"Boss. If we only attack when the enemies attack, why do we have to move? Why not just stay here and form a defensive perimeter?" Stefan asked. "We will be less likely to get ambushed that way."

"Well, to tell you the truth. I'm looking for someone," Jack answered. "We come here together and I want to make sure she was okay. I'm sure she is on the other team. Just like your friend, Dina."

"Are you sure your friend won't attack us?" Naomi asked.

"She won't if she sees me," Jack answered.

"What if she ambushes us from the rear?" Stefan asked. "I might accidentally kill her before finding out that she is your friend."

"I find that highly unlikely. More likely you are the one who gets killed first," Jack said. "Well, if any of you get ambushed by a beautiful woman, then call me."

"Beautiful woman? Aren't that a bit vague?" Stefan said.

"Okay. If you see the most beautiful woman you have ever seen, call me," Jack said.

The others looked at each other. Not sure if Jack was joking or being serious.

"Cut the chatter. We move out now. Try to be as quiet as possible. Starting now, use hand signals if you want to communicate with the others," Jack said and went ahead to take his position.

"If your hand signals are what they used to be, we might as well not say anything," Stefan said after Jack was away. The others chuckled.

They then went and took positions following Jack's instruction. They used the ruins around them for covers. There were plenty of wrecked vehicles around the ruined streets. These allowed them to keep on moving stealthily.

After one hour of roaming around, they still didn't see or hear anything. This showed that the ruined world used for this battle royale stage was very large.

After another hour of moving, Glover said to Jack, "Hey, this is pointless. How about we follow Stefan's suggestion and just camp around here and wait for someone to come to us?"

"Sttt...!" Jack signaled for him to be quiet.

"There is no one here...!" Glover said.

Jack sighed. When he was about to say something to Glover, a scream was heard. It was a woman's scream. Everyone turned in the direction where the scream came from. They then looked at Jack. Their expressions asked Jack what they should do.

Jack gave them a simple hand sign indicating that they would head in the direction the scream was coming from. He then started moving. The others adjusted their movements with his. They moved slowly and carefully while continuing to use available covers.

They heard a few more screams in intervals as they closed in. After a few minutes, they finally had a view of the source of the screams.

It was a woman who was being harassed by two men in the middle of a park. No cover to where those three were so the closest Jack and the others could get to was near the edge of the park.

"Do you think you can run, huh, b\*tch? Do you think you can get away after what you did? I told you to be the sacrifice yesterday. Why did you defy me? Because of you, my lad is no more. Now, you have to suffer the consequences."

One of the men kicked the woman in the stomach, which prompted her to scream again.

"Stop! Please don't hurt me anymore...," the woman pleaded. "I... I don't want to die..."

"But you can't," the other man said. "We are teammates, you see? We can't kill you."

"Yes, and that makes it all the better," the first man said with a grin. "We can hurt you for as long as we like and you won't die. Haha. Scream then, hah! You think anyone will come to save you. The only ones who come are those who want to kill you, b\*tch!"

The two men slapped and hit the woman some more.

"Help...! Help...!!" The woman yelled.

Jack felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned and saw Naomi had left her position and was now beside her.

"I can't stand watching that. I'm going to go teach those two a\*sholes a lesson," she said.

"Well, then you are a better person than me. I'm about to head out and kill those two mother\*ckers," Jack said.

Jack looked back. He then pointed at Glover whose position was closest to him aside from Naomi. He signaled for him to follow and then signaled the others to stay back and stay alert.

He, Naomi, and Glover then came out of hiding. Since there was no cover they could use to sneak onto those three strangers, they just walked in the open. Glover waved his shortsword around while Naomi grabbed her steel claw tight.

One of the men noticed Jack and the others. He warned his friend. The woman also saw Jack and she started pleading, "Save me, mister! Save me!"

She was kicked by the man. "Shut up, you, stupid b\*tch! Do you think they are good Samaritans? They are coming to kill, not to save."



"I will run now if I were you," Jack said to them while brandishing his wrench.

The two turned and ran.

"What the... I didn't expect them to be that chickenshit," Jack uttered. He had expected them to talk trash and thus made it more satisfying when he whooped their asses.

"They are outnumbered, they are wise to run," Glover said. He was not that keen on getting into a conflict. He didn't have the advantage of a native's high HP in this place. He had been walking a bit behind Jack and Naomi so the two would get into the fight first.

Naomi was more eager for conflict. "Punks! I will smash their faces if I see them again."

"Are you okay?" Naomi asked. She and Jack knelt near the harassed woman.

"Don't worry, you are—" Jack didn't finish his words. He suddenly jumped away just as the woman swing her arm.

Silvery sand hit Naomi's face. She screamed as she closed her eyes.

"They are back!" Glover shouted. He meant the two men who had run away earlier.

But he then realized that it was not only those two. From outside the park, four others came running toward them.