

World 1561

Chapter 1561: Captives

The first thing Jack tried to do was to take out his magic staff and cast teleport, but nothing came out of his storage bag. He was unable to use any skill or access his inventory.

Jack then noticed the true Janus who just come into the room simply watched him with a flat expression.

Jack turned to the other true Janus in captivity. "Which one of you is the real one?" He asked.

The Janus in captivity answered, "... We both are."

"What the hell does that mean?" Jack asked.

The Janus in captivity didn't answer anymore. He instead turned to his other self, "Let him go. He has nothing to do with this."

"He does now," the other Janus responded. "It's his fault to be a busybody."

"Are you going to kill him?"

"I'm still considering... No, I think I have a better use for him. That geezer imparted his legacy to a foreign outworlder instead of his formal disciple. I am going to rectify that. Once I become an eternal grade, I am going to look for a way to extract that Time Sage out of him. So... You both will remain here until my work is done."

"What do you mean?" Jack asked. "Are you the one behind the assassination of the league factions' leaders?"

The Janus outside didn't answer Jack's question. He instead asked, "Why do you think it is me?"

"... Someone ambushed the team I sent to Palgrost to investigate the assault on Blacksmith Circle's leader," Jack answered.

"What does that have to do with me?"

"Outside of my people and the Blacksmith Circle, only one other person knew about this investigative team and where they were heading. You. I told your younger self when he asked about it."

"... You decided I am the one responsible based on that?" Janus asked.

"No, but it gives me a reason to suspect you," Jack answered.

"Hmph... I had a nagging feeling that something was wrong. So, that trap in Hydrurond was a set-up for me... It's a good thing I didn't bite. I didn't expect you to also sneak into my sanctum, though. Setting a trap for me while at the same time luring me out so you can break in here. I understand now why our teacher chose you for his legacy."

"Since you understand... Can I take it that you will no longer look for a way to take the Time Sage out of me?"

Janus simply chuckled at hearing Jack's question. He had been working on the rune diagram controlling the prison force field while talking. He undid everything Jack had done and returned the rune diagram to its perfect condition.

Jack asked Janus again if he was indeed the one responsible for the assassination but Janus seemed to be no longer interested in further conversation. Jack turned and asked the other Janus in captivity, but that one also didn't give him any answer.

He used his Inspect on both Januses. The one in captivity was a level 80 rare elite grade. The one outside was a level 90 mythical+ grade.

"What the hell does that plus sign mean?" Jack asked Peniel. She replied that she also didn't understand.

The last time Jack saw the true Janus, he was a level 90 mythical grade. This should mean the one outside was the real one. The one in captivity was a clone, or was it?

He was very puzzled by the situation and the two a*sholes were not sharing any enlightenment.

The Janus outside finally stopped working. He looked around the room to make sure nothing was out of place. After a short glance at Jack and the Janus in captivity, he left the room without a word.

Once he was out, the Janus in captivity said, "I'm sorry. You shouldn't have gotten mixed up in this."

"Can you finally tell me what the hell is going on here?" Jack asked. "Are you... Or, is he the one responsible for the death of the leaders of other league factions?"

Janus sighed. "... He is, but... It's a long story," he said again.

"Do you see me going anywhere?" Jack said in annoyance.

Janus sighed again. "It all started after we got the Eye of Illios from you."

"Hey, man. Are you going to pin the fault on me?" Jack asked.

"That's not what I meant," Janus replied.

"Are you already in captivity then? When I bring the Eye of Illios here?"

"Are you going to let me tell the story or are you going to keep on asking questions?" Janus asked with a peeved tone.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Please, proceed," Jack apologized.

"Well. As I said, it all started after we got the Eye of Illios," Janus resumed. "The initial reason we want that eye was as we had mentioned. It was to look for where Majus hid his Time Sage legacy. But after learning that the legacy had been passed on to you, we were using the eye for another purpose."

Jack nodded while his one hand pressed tightly against his mouth to prevent himself from interrupting.

"This other purpose was to look for a way to elevate ourselves into the eternal grade," Majus said.

Jack was very itchy to ask what did this have to do with the assassination of the league factions' leaders, but he kept his mouth shut.

"After spending some time using the eye to look for something that can upgrade ourselves, we finally concluded," Janus said. "There was no such thing."

'Okay..., ' Jack said in his mind.

"But we continue to use that eye to observe things, including the war in Hydrurond. That's when we stumbled upon the truth of this world."

When Jack gave him a questioning expression, Janus said, "The conversation between the Gods. The conversation that the Gods had with you outworlders before God of Hope died. We heard them all... To be honest, we should have known. There are signs everywhere, especially after the outworlders started appearing... We took it rather hard. But after embracing the truth, we saw this world in a different light."

Chapter 1562: Split

Janus made another sigh before resuming his tale.

"We have been studying magic for a very long time. We, magicians, can be said to be the ones who are most accustomed to understanding mana. After learning the truth, we started delving deeper into the fabric of this universe. We started to better see the truth. We found many flaws. Now that we know this world is created by imperfect creatures instead of a perfect God, it makes more sense.

"While we were studying, the leader of the Alchemist Union came to visit. Our two factions always have a good relationship. Half of our members are also alchemists when they are not dabbling in magic. When the Alchemist Union's leader stood near us, we could sense something in him. Something similar to us. He possessed the same essence as us. An essence we know we can take.

"At that time, something clicked within us. We have always held some kind of resentment inside our hearts. Our teacher abandoned us. The persecution from other factions who think we are playing too much with the fabric of this world. The wariness against ambitious followers who wish to replace us. All this resentment burst like a dam breaking. Part of us wanted to take the essence from the Alchemist Union's leader, no matter the cost. Part of us didn't want him to get hurt.

"In the end, we split."

"Uh... Split...?" Jack couldn't help but ask. He couldn't understand what Janus meant.

"You are aware we have many clones, aren't you?" Janus asked.

"Yes..."

"We created those clones using a modified technique. Not a spell, hence they have no cooldown. It happens by accident actually, because we are tempering with reality when we try to understand the time magic. It was an effort to become a Time Sage by ourselves when our teacher abandoned us. Anyway, these clones were like a variation of us from different timelines which we forced to exist in ours. They were the inferior versions, though, because they could be said to be just copies of those other timeline existences."

"Do you get this?" Jack asked Peniel, who shrugged in response.

"Anyway, the same thing happened then," Janus continued. "Two of us. One who decided to not succumb to the temptation, and one who decided to no longer play by the rule of this world, came into being at the same time. We split. I carry most of the good emotions while he took with him all the baggage of our resentment, insecurity, and fear. Different than before. The two of us are not copies of other timelines. We are both entities of this existence. Hence, both of us are real, not clones."

"I see your grade and level is lower than when I brought the Eye of Illios," Jack said. "I suppose during your split. He took most of the power?"

"He was weaker than that when we split. But yes, he took most of the power. His level was reduced to level 80 but his grade remained mythical, while I was downgraded to level 80 rare elite."

"What about the leader of the Alchemist Union? He was there when you split, wasn't he?"

"He was... My other self wasted no time to carry out his intention. He assaulted our unsuspecting friend. The leader of the Alchemist Union was just a level 70 rare elite. He also didn't have much experience in combat. Thus, he was quickly defeated."

"You just stood and watched?" Jack asked.

"..."

Janus' silence gave Jack his answer.

"... I might have inherited our good emotions, but it turned out it was not enough to spring me into action. I was horrified, but I was also intrigued about what might happen. When the leader of the Alchemist Union fell, I saw my other self reach into him. I was as if... he was leeching the dead body. I knew then, there was a way for us to increase our grades. This is the way, by stealing the essence of others who have the same 'codes' as us. By accumulating these essences into our own, we will finally become an eternal being. And perhaps one day, becoming divine.

"I should be happy. I should be elated with this revelation. But seeing the dead body of who used to be my friend lying there while my other self reveled in naked contentment on his fill, I realized then what a terrible mistake I had committed. I should have stopped him. If he was given free rein, he would become a monster that ends us all. I can't have this on my conscience.

"I attacked him then, but he was stronger than me. Even stronger after he absorbed the essence from the Alchemist Union leader's essence. In the end, he overpowered me and locked me inside here. Since then, he had gone around, murdering the other league faction leaders who had the same 'codes'. He picked off the weak ones first. He had grown much stronger since then."

"Yeah, no shit," Jack said. The evil Janus had returned to his original level, which was level 90. Not to mention, there was a frickin plus sign next to his mythical grade description. He supposed that meant he was halfway or more than halfway to the eternal grade already. In other words, he was stronger than the average mythical grade being.

"I believe it will be harder for him to act from now on. The murders should have drawn the attention of the other league factions. It won't be as easy as when he was still catching them off guard. This is also the reason you are here, isn't it? Because people start to pay heed to these incidents."

"That's right, but everyone is still unsure about what they are dealing with," Jack said. "Do you know how many more kills he needs to get to the eternal grade?" Jack asked.

"I can't tell for sure," Janus answered. "But I reckon if he absorbed essences from strong leaders, I suppose maybe two or three more."

"Which means we don't have much time... Oh, f*ck...," Jack uttered.

"What's wrong?" Janus and Peniel asked at the same time.

'Something is very wrong,' Jack thought while sitting down weakly. He wasn't going to be able to attend the Outworlders Convention.

Chapter 1563: Cakra Basin

In between the Jagara region and the Khan region was a long valley flanked by two hill chains. This valley was named Cakra Valley. One particular spot in this valley was an enormous dome-shaped recess. It was as if a meteorite had crashed into that spot a long time ago and created a giant crater.

This crater was called the Cakra Basin. It was believed that this basin used to contain water. It was dry now. This was the place where Master held the Outworlders Convention.

It was nearly dawn on the day of the convention. The place was crowded with people. All of them were players. Even since the night before, the place was already filled to the brim. More and more players arrived this morning. Many had to stand at the hills by the basin's sides.

Average monsters of levels 30 to 40 inhabited this place. They had been eradicated since the day before. Any monster that spawned was soon slain again. However, if too many people occupied the area until no available space for the monsters to spawn, they stopped spawning. Hence, the players mostly waited in boredom. Some went away from the crowd to find monsters to farm while waiting.

Though the basin and its direct surroundings were inhabited by these low-level monsters, the areas leading to this place were infested with monsters of level 50 and above. Because of that, the lowest level of the players who gathered here was around level 50. Around thirty percent had levels above 60, and only a handful with levels above 70. Most of these high-level players were guild members.

Jeanny and John looked at the mass in the distance. There were probably three million players there, and more were still arriving. If all these players joined Liguritutum's side, then it would tip the scale back to Master's favor again. John applauded the enemy for resorting to this method to recover their manpower, but he was not going to let them have their way.

They had tasked some of their guild members and their allied guild members to scout the surrounding regions, making sure Master didn't hide any army. The scouts reported that they saw no natives around these regions, only players.

They weren't afraid if they only had to go against players. World Maker might have strong members and many followers, but their guild was also strong and had plenty of allies. If they had to go toe to toe, their chance of winning was still higher.

The question was the mass who had gathered here. They were mostly independent players or small guilds, but their collective number was massive. The side that won today would be the side that gained these people's support.

When John and the others arrived, people opened the way for them. This was because their group was headed by four guilds that sat at the top of four countries. Everlasting Heavenly Legends from Themisphere, Cipher Flight from Verremor, Saint Edge from Sangrod, and Licth Squad from Palgrost.

Behind them were members from many other prominent guilds. Wicked Witches, Dogs of War, True Death Associates, Corporate United, White Scarfs, Black Cloak, Crowd of Sins, Evil Breakers, and Offline Beasts. Several other smaller guilds from all seven countries were also with them. These were the guilds who had committed to band with them to go up against World Maker's ambition.

Other Themisphere guilds who had guild headquarters had arrived earlier. They were the Jackal Crew, Gluttonous Despot, Six Rings of Prosperity, Warriors of Solidarity, and a guild called Prodigious Chronicler. Prodigious Chronicler was the guild that took over the empty headquarters spot when Death Associates left Themisphere for Aurebor.

These guilds might be inclined to support Themisphere, but they were not dedicated. Depending on what they hear today, they might switch to the other side.

As the host of this convention, World Maker and its allies were already here since the day before. They gathered at the center of the basin where they set up an elevated platform as a stage. Two lavish chairs were placed on that stage. Mistress was sitting in one. No one needed to wonder who the other chair was for. Master was nowhere to be seen, though. Linda was the one supervising all the preparation.

John and Jeanny went up to just before the stage, where they were stopped by a row of World Maker's members.

Their guilds had been at odds with one another for a long time. Both sides' members had been in contact with each other on multiple occasions. And by contact, the definition here was pummeling one another till the other side turned to dust and went back to the rebirth portal.

Thus, the two sides looked ready to lunge at each other the moment they came into eye contact. Still, they were disciplined enough to not make any move without their leaders' approval.

"You've finally arrived. Cutting it so close, I thought at first you were not interested in joining this convention," Linda greeted John from above.

"Hehe, you should know I won't let go of the chance to cause some ruckus," John returned.

"Hello, dear," Jonathan greeted his wife.

"I've nothing to say to you," Linda replied curtly.

John simply chuckled at the exchange. He asked Linda, "Where is your master?"

He purposely said your master instead of just master. This subtle distinction slyly insinuated Linda as a slave.

"Is that how you talk to your mother?" Linda asked.

"Is trying to murder your son and your son's friends a motherly act?" John shot back.

Most of Everlasting Heavenly Legends' core members knew of John's relationship with Linda, but many others especially players of other guilds didn't. This was the same for World Maker's members. All these people now looked between John and Linda with gaping mouths.

"You know I do this for your good," Linda continued.

"You know that ain't true," John wasn't backing down.

"When this is all over, you will see I am right."

"If your master gets what he wants, you will see that I am right."

"You are very stubborn," Linda shook her head.

"I wonder where I get it from," John returned. "How about this? We used to bet against each other. Let's make a bet."

"What bet?" Linda asked.

"This convention. If your side gains more support, I will do what you want. If my side wins, you will leave Master's service."

"Hey, are you insane?!" Jeanny nudged John. John signaled her not to worry.

Linda seemed to be considering the offer. She replied, "Let's change the condition. In the coming war between your alliance of countries against ours. If your side wins the war, I will quit being Master's tactician. If we win, you will come over to my side."

Chapter 1564: The Convention Begins!

"What's the matter, mother? No confidence in getting the support of the people who gather here?" John ridiculed.

"Right back at you. You have no confidence to win the coming war?" Linda asked back.

"Fine. Let's do it your way. Our bet will be the outcome of the coming war," John said. "So, seriously now. Where is your master? Don't tell me he is not attending this convention he organized, is he?"

"He will be here," Linda replied.

"What are you looking for?" John asked.

"Hm?"

"Don't play coy. Your eyes keep on looking around during our conversation. You are looking for something."

"You are overthinking," Linda said. At the same time, she received a message from Spring Crown who stood by her side.

"No need to search, I've looked around. Three are here, but the Themisphere King is not with this crowd."

"Maybe he is late?" Linda replied to Spring Crown, also using a message.

Spring Crown just shrugged for a response.

"Where is your king?" Linda asked John.

"Are you kidding me? You didn't answer my question. Now you expect me to answer yours?"

"I am here!" A thundering voice boomed from above.

Everyone looked up and saw an ethereal in regal clothes floating down from the sky. It was Master! He floated down and landed in front of the empty chair before sitting on it.

"Damn, dude. Do you have to make such an entrance?" Paytowin called out.

"He has always been that kind of a swagger," a female voice was heard from the side. She came with another group. Her group consisted of players from all seven races, but a majority were of the ethereal race.

"Wilted... I expected you to come as well," Master uttered.

"Wilted!" Grace came to her. Grace had met Wilted before when she came to the Village of Peace to take the Pipe of Monster Control and the Grace of Tranquility potions. The two quickly became friends.

"Grace," Wilted greeted Grace back with a smile. "Where is Jack?"

"I don't know... He promised he would be here. He is probably just late," Grace replied.

"You can't contact him?" Wilted asked.

Grace shook her head. "I can't. I've tried."

"Hey, sis," Handsome Joe, who came with Wilted, called to the stage. Beside him were Anotherday, Blackhole, and Dark Radiant.

The one whom Joe called, was Mistress. Mistress displayed an expression of disgust. She said, "You still like to hang around in the dirt pile, I see. I sometimes wonder if we truly came from the same mother."

"I don't think our blood is the problem, sis. You are simply too spoiled," Joe returned.

While the others were talking, Master was conversing with Spring Crown via messages.

"What about the scouts outside, do they catch any sign of the Themisphere King? He might probably be hiding somewhere," Master said.

"Nope. No one saw him. Why does he bother to hide? It's not his style. If he is here, he will be up here having a bicker with you."

Master didn't deny that. The memory of him longing to shut Jack up when they were in Euphosine's dimension came back to him. The guy would be very loud if he was here.

But he didn't understand what reason Jack had to skip this event. Out of all the others, Jack would be the last one he expected to not see here. But instead, the three others were here and Jack was not. Did Jack somehow know what he was up to?

No! No one outside of his closest people knew about the true purpose of this convention. There was no way Jack knew about it.

He looked around. Perhaps Jack was simply late.

"The convention will start in three hours!" Master's voice boomed. His voice carried over even until the hills where the furthest players were. Everyone heard his voice.

"... He has a powerful mana manipulation," Domon remarked after hearing the voice.

"Jack said he doesn't study martial arts and he has no one teaching him. Hard to imagine he reaches this stage all by himself," Jet said.

"Such a pity a genius like him turns to the evil path," Domon sighed.

"There are two evil geniuses up there," Jet said, indicating Long who stood beside Master. All the four heavenly enforcers were also up there on the stage.

Murmur ensued after Master made the announcement.

"Three hours? We have to wait some more? I thought this convention was supposed to start at sunrise," One person complained.

The others echoed his sentiment. Some had been here since yesterday. They were tired of waiting.

The murmurs turned into a chorus, but Master ignored them all. Some tried to get close to the stage to protest, but they were stopped by the World Maker and World Ruler's members. These members were all high-level players. Although the complaining people had more numbers, they didn't dare to force their way.

Everlasting Heavenly Legends and its allies didn't protest. They waited quietly by the side. In John and Jeanny's opinion, they were happy the convention was delayed. Maybe Jack could still catch up because of this.

Little did the two sides know that they were waiting for the same person but for different reasons.

Everyone started mingling around while waiting for the three hours to pass.

"Wilted, is it? It's good to finally meet you," Jeanny came to Wilted. "Thank you for your schematics on the Time Chamber and Ice Cannon Tanks. Those were a big help to us."

"I am the one who must thank you for giving Master such a headache. I thought I would be his biggest thorn, but turns out your guild does a much better job than me."

"We are already preparing our final push to invade Liguritutum," Jeanny said. "There is no need for you to play guerilla anymore. Your group can come and join us to fight together. I'm confident we will defeat the World Maker."

"... If we can sway the public here from joining Master," John joined in the conversation. "Saint John. Pleased to finally make your acquaintance, Miss Wilted. Your reputation precedes you. You can call me Mister Saint."

"Mis... Mister Saint...?" Wilted was lost for words.

"Don't take him seriously, just call him John," Jeanny said.

"John... You are Jack's brilliant strategist!" Wilted exclaimed.

"I would prefer you leave the word 'Jack's' out. Just brilliant strategist is enough."

Three hours passed quickly, but no sign of Jack.

Master clenched the armrests of his chair. "Damn it. He always is the one who spoils my plan," Master muttered unhappily.

"What should we do?" Mistress asked. "That item you have can only be used once. If they are not all here..."

Master gave the matter a brief thought. He then said, "Change of plan then."

He sent the others messages containing his instructions. He then got up from his chair and announced, "We will now begin this Outworlder Convention...!!!"

Chapter 1565: Proof

"Everyone!" Master's voice thundered. "In my world announcement. I've told everyone that I created this world. I didn't elaborate because I couldn't speak for long in that announcement. I will now explain in full.

"My real name is Apollyon. Some of you might have heard my name. I am a scientist. It is my creation that turned this world into a reality. A reality based on the work of the Trigitech Corps. Those of you from the gaming community surely are not unaware of this corporation. It is the one developing the Second World game which this world is based on.

"Next to me here is Miss Mia. Beside her are Mister Larry and Mister Blake. Again, those of you from the gaming community should be aware of their faces."

Mistress stood up from her chair as her real name was called. Standing beside her chair was Lead Designer and another man with the alias, Serviceman.

Larry was not the real lead designer in the corporation but he was the one that normally sent to talk with the press. This was because the real lead designer, Wilted's partner, disliked meeting the press or coming out to the public. Serviceman, a.k.a. Blake, was the head of customer service in the corporation. He had even more exposure to the public than Larry. As for Mistress, she was the face of their corporation's every marketing campaign. So, she was also used to being seen. Everyone in the gaming company knew that she was the daughter of the owner of the corporation and the main heir.

Murmurs started to circulate among the crowd. Those who were not from the gaming community spoke to their friends who used to be gamers, trying to confirm the authenticity of Master's words.

"Everyone of you from the gaming community should also find this world to be similar to the Second World game which was publicized. You should get many of its pre-released features and learn that this world is the same as was promoted. You were also all pulled into this world right when the Second World's beta test was about to take place. This should prove that I speak the truth!"

"It doesn't prove shit!" A voice boomed from the crowd.

Everyone turned to the source and saw it was The Man. The Man also utilized mana manipulation in his speech but his expertise was not as good as Master's.

"It only proves that this world is coincidentally similar to the Second World game," The Man continued. "Hell, the Trigitech people could have something that peered into this world and they made their game based on this world. You are just trying to twist the fact into elevating yourself as if you are the one responsible when in fact you are just nobody like the rest of us!"

Clamors were heard, expressing approval. Those clamors were from Jeanny's camp. They did it because of John's instruction. The Man also spoke based on a message sent by John.

"I appreciate your opinion but please refrain from interrupting until I am finished," Master said.

"I disagree!" This time, John spoke without an intermediary. The mana manipulation empowering his voice was almost as strong as Master's. "If you have wanted people to just hear you speak, you should have called this a conference. Not a convention."

"... You are correct. I do allow everyone to speak," Master replied. "But I am the one who initiated this gathering so I need to put the topic in context first. Otherwise, people will not get the idea or the whole picture. This will end up as a talk where people argue without direction. I think everyone wants to understand what I am offering. That's why everyone comes here, or do you wish to stop me from giving everyone the information they came here for?"

The crowd cheered, but mostly these cheers came from Master's camp. Linda also played the same tactic.

"Of course not," John said. "All right. I will allow you to proceed."

John's words displeased Master. He didn't need anyone's permission to proceed, but he didn't dwell on it. He had heard about this man being more aggravating than the Themisphere King. He doubted that was possible, but he was starting to believe it. He returned his attention to the crowd and addressed them.

"Perhaps you don't believe it is I who created this world, that's fine. I do expect skeptics but know that I am responsible for everyone coming to this world. You were pulled into this world because I activated my machine. This machine can bring you here. This machine can bring you back."

"That's a lie!!" Another voice interrupted.

Master's first reaction was to look at John, who responded with a hurt expression and said, "What are you looking at me for? Can't you hear it was a woman's voice?"

The one who had interrupted was Wilted Tree. She was shouting, "Your machine didn't pull everyone into this world. Your machine transforms our world into this world."

Hearing that, Master said, "So, you are agreeing that I am the reason this world came to be?"

"This... You can't return the world to how it used to be!" Wilted shouted.

"How do you know that? And who the hell are you?" Master asked.

The others looked at Wilted. Nobody knew her. Unlike Mistress and Lead Designer, she was the same as her partner. She disliked exposure to the public. She simply enjoyed her work. This had now backfired on her. She had no credibility. The ones who were with her knew she was telling the truth but they were small voices.

"All right. Everyone keeps on questioning my claims. Fine, I'm going to do something that only a creator of this world can do," Master pointed his left hand into the sky. "Behold! On my command, this daylight will turn into night. Now...!!!"

Once he finished speaking, it was as if someone had sped up the time. The sun which was just rising in the East swiveled with incredible speed towards the West. Before anyone knew what was going on. The sky had turned into night.

After the unnatural phenomenon, no one made a sound. The whole basin was silent.

Then without warning, the sky turned again. This time backward. The sun rose from the West and went back to the spot before Master's declaration.

"This is my proof!" Master's voice roared. "And this is what I can offer you! A way back! Who wants it?!"

Another silence ensued, but it was soon broken by another voice.

"I do!" That voice exclaimed.

"Me too!!!" Another chimed in.

Soon, the basin was filled with voices expressing their desire to return to the old world.

Master lifted his hand, signaling for everyone to be quiet. Once everyone did, he said, "I can take you back to our old world, but my machine needs an awful lot of energy. An energy that I can't get in my current situation. That's why I became a ruler and tried to unify the land. All that is so I can secure enough energy to operate my machine. A machine that will give you the chance to return home! But my enemies are hindering me, preventing me from giving you this chance.

"Stand with me! Together, we will unite this land. Once it is done, I promise you! You will be able to return to our previous world!"

Chapter 1566: A Miracle

Cheers were heard again, but this time it was louder. It was clear that it was not the World Maker making a façade this time. There seemed to be plenty of those who were eager to return to the old world. Now that a chance was presented to them. How could they resist?

"No! He is lying! He won't do that! He won't return the world to its previous state. He is just using you all! You can't trust him!" Wilted shouted. But since she couldn't do mana manipulation, her voice was drowned by the cheering. "Listen to me! How can you people trust him just like that?! He caused you all to be here, why would he send you back?"

"Save your breath," John said to her. "You won't persuade them. You can't prove he is lying."

"But he is lying!" Wilted exclaimed.

"I know, but you can't prove it. Or, do you have some irrefutable proof you can show here? Or, can you do what he did, turn the day into night? If you can, don't hold out."

"I... I can't," Wilted answered with a defeated tone.

"How the heck did he do that anyway? I thought the world system should prevent him to pull shit like that?" John asked.

"He must have hidden a code to do that inside the program. The turning of the day didn't affect gameplay. It didn't harm players or NPC nor alter the landscape, that must be why the world system missed this hidden code."

"I beg to differ," Bowler said. "If we are in the middle of a fight with vampires and the day turns into the night, we will be in a shitshow."

Wilted gave Bowler an annoyed glance. She continued, "Anyway, he won't be able to do it again. The second turning where the night turned back into the day. It was not his doing. It was the world system quickly correcting the error. Whatever code he had hidden would have been deleted by now."

"It had served its purpose," John said. "He must have planted that hidden code for this very purpose, in case he needs to convince the public."

"Yeah... Everybody believes him now," Bowler added.

"It is just a simple magic show, it doesn't prove his claim as a creator! I can't believe everyone bought into his lies just like that," Wilted complained.

"That's true, but what he offers is something that people want. Sometimes the masses choose to believe what they want, even if deep down they know they are being lied to. The masses are stupid," John said. "We have too many examples of it happening in our old world's political campaign. Candidates spouting lies and giving empty promises, but people still buy into it. Why? Because what if this time it is real? The people don't want to risk missing the opportunity. They hope that it is real. They want it to be real. Hence, they fight to support those who give them the promises. Right now, his lies bring people more comfort than your truth."

"Then... Are we going to let him recruit the masses just like that?" Wilted asked.

"Of course not," John grinned. "If he uses lies to give people what they want, we use the truth to give people what they want."

"Huh?" Wilted couldn't understand what John meant by that.

John didn't bother explaining, he cast a spell instead. The World Maker's members who were guarding the stage were immediately alarmed. Was John starting a fight?

John disappeared. He reappeared on the stage. He had cast Teleportation. Some of the World Maker members on the stage immediately ran to him.

"Hey, hey, hey! Is this a convention or a conference? You said you would let others speak, didn't you?" John called to Master.

The World Maker members who had been approaching John stopped and turned to Master, waiting for his decision.

"Or are you not yet finished speaking?" John asked. "If so, then I apologize. I thought with all that 'Stand with me!' You are done speaking and others are allowed to speak. If you are not done yet, please continue. I will stay here waiting."

The World Maker members who were ready to grab John gave him side-eyes. 'Stay here waiting? Aren't you supposed to be down there waiting?'

Master just stood there looking at John in silence.

"Take your time. I will wait for you," John said. He then started whistling.

The World Maker members who stood around him looked at Master with eyes that said, 'Please! Give us the order to whack him.'

"Let him speak!" Master finally spoke. He went back to his chair and sat.

"You hear your master. Begone, please. Dogs aren't allowed on stage," John shooed the players around him away.

Those World Maker members gritted their teeth but didn't dare to attack without Master's approval. They walked away grumbling.

"People of the old world!" John's voice echoed. The ability of his voice to travel to the furthest audience didn't lose to Master. "In case you don't know me, let me introduce myself. I am Saint John! The leader of the number one guild in this world, Everlasting Heavenly Legend! The Royal Advisor to the best country in this world, Themisphere! And the smartest person in this... Well, I'm not delusional enough to say in this world. Let's just say, on this stage."

The crowd laughed. It was mainly the members of Everlasting Heavenly Legends and its allies who laughed. But as people said, laughing was contagious. Some who didn't find John's words funny also ended up laughing.

"Hmph!" Mistress harrumphed unhappily. Saying something like that was the same as insulting them.

'Don't need to heed the words of a fool,' Master sent her a message. 'Let him say his piece. Our people still need time to get into position.'

"Before I begin, I want to ask the great Liguritudum Ruler some questions first," John said.

Master frowned. What was this clown playing at?

"You said you pulled everyone into this world using your machine, is that correct?" John asked.

It took Master several seconds before he decided to play along. "That's correct," Master answered.

"When you caused that phenomenon. It happened to everyone at the same time. So, I assume your machine can't select certain people to be sent back. Either everyone goes back, or everyone stays. Is this also correct?"

"... That's correct. That's why I arranged for this convention, so everyone can decide," Master answered.

"Thank you for your answers," John said. He then addressed the audience, "Everyone! You have all heard the offer from the Liguritutum ruler. Now, let me also give you an offer. My offer is... Are you ready for this? My offer is for you to stay in this world...!"

The entire crowd was silent.

"I know. Some of you might think, what the hell kind of offer was that?" John said. "Then let me ask you, what's so good of our old world? Don't misunderstand me, there is good in our old world, of course. But let's be real, there is also much good in this world. One example, Bryan... Bryan! Where the hell are you? Ah! There you are, come up here, please."

A man walked toward the stage but was stopped by the World Maker members. These members looked at Master, asking for his approval. John and the entire audience also turned to Master.

Master waved his hand, indicating his people to let this Bryan pass.

After Bryan walked up the stage, John said to him, "Bryan, tell everyone here who you are and what is your job in the old world?"

"Uh... My name is Bryan. As to what my job was... I didn't have any. I'm unemployed because I'm a cripple," Bryan answered.

"Cripple as in..."

"I have no hands."

"No hands!" John exclaimed. "Now, don't get me wrong. Cripple doesn't mean you can't get a job. There are plenty of motivational stories of cripples being successful in our old world. But, hey, let's face it. How many cripples actually succeed? Even if they do, they have to fight twice or thrice as hard. They are already handicapped and they still have to put in more effort than everyone else, not to mention the prejudices from everyone around them. Where is the fairness in that?!"

John paused for a bit before he threw Bryan another question, "Bryan. When you are pulled into this world and found that you have hands again. What was your thought?"

"I... I thought it must be a miracle...", Bryan answered.

Chapter 1567: The Convention Ends!

"Well, you have that guy to thank for your miracle," John said to Bryan while pointing at Master. "At least that's what he claimed. How about you give him a proper thanks?"

Bryan turned to Master and said, "Tha... Thank you, mister..."

Master simply grunted for a reply.

"Bryan is not the only example!" John bellowed, startling Bryan who was right next to him. "There are more! Siti here..."

He pointed at a woman below the stage. "She was blind in the old world. Now, she can see. Cole over there! He couldn't walk. Now, he can. And it's not just about disability. How many of you experienced sickness ever since you came into this world, huh? None. Because there is no such thing here. No disease. No virus. Back in the old world. You had to pay attention that the person you were talking to didn't have a cold. Otherwise, you would catch one too. You have no such worry here.

"Alice over there! She told me she lost a son due to a car accident. If it happens in this world, her son will still be alive. Back to level 1 perhaps, but alive! And you want to throw all these away? You are going to let this person, take it all way?!"

John was pointing at Master again as he said that.

"He said that he is the creator! I, for one, don't buy into that crap one bit! Okay, he can turn day into night. So what? I can summon a freakin' tiger! You can conjure fireballs, for goodness sake! This world is full of miracles! I'm not going to let him take all these miracles away, and you shouldn't too...!!"

Murmurs spread around the crowd. Among the crowd, one spoke up, "But... I still can't find my brother. I need to go back to the real world and make sure that he is all right!"

Some others expressed the same sentiment to the one who just spoke.

"If your brother was still alive when the world turned, then he should still be alive right now. Well... Unless his age is too old that he is close to deathbed," John said. "If he is not, you can go to the Missing Outworlders Coordination Center. They have branches in every capital. Or, you can just come straight to Thereath, where their headquarters is located. They have the most comprehensive record of players. If they don't have the info on your brother, they can help you look for him."

"What about our possessions in the old world?!" Another yelled.

"If you are those who rely on your assets to succeed rather than your hands and feet, then I can't help you there, mate," John said. "We are all given a new start here. Isn't that a good thing? A new start! A second chance at everything! This is the place where everyone has an equal chance of making it big!"

Murmurs were heard again.

John looked to the side. "Aren't you going to say something?" John asked Master.

"I've said what I want to say," Master responded.

"Hm..." John was expecting more resistance.

"Are you done?" Master asked in return.

"I will be soon," John said. He turned back to the crowd. "People of the old world! You have experienced the old world for the majority of your lives. You have experienced this new world for one and a half

years. Even though you only experience a fraction of what this world can offer, I believe you get the idea. You can make the comparison yourself. Don't listen to the people next to you, they are fools!"

The crowd started looking at one another, more precisely, the people next to them with a weird look.

"Make your own judgment! What the old world has to offer you. What this new world has for you. Decide on your own! Don't just go and follow blindly. If you choose to stay in this world, then you are among me and my friends. You heard this maniac before. He can't select people to leave this world. Everyone has to either go or everyone has to stay. So, are we going to let him just take away this wonderful new world from us?"

"I say no...!! All of you who agree with me, stand with me! Together, we will drive away this tyrant who tries to conquer this land, like many psychotic oppressors from our old world's history. Different from our old world. Here, we are more equipped to fight back! We will not let these bullies rule our lives anymore.

"Stand with me! Once we dethrone this despot, you will be able to fully enjoy what this new world has to offer! This world has a whole lot more to offer. This, I promise you!!!"

The crowd cheered. It started on the side where the Everlasting Heavenly Legends and their allies were, but the cheering soon spread.

"I feel like I am watching one of those political campaigns," Jet remarked.

"Yeah, both of them are spouting bullshits," Paytowin said.

Master stood from his seat.

"Finally going to say something?" John asked.

"Are you done?" Master asked in return.

"Depend on what you are going to say," John returned.

Master cast his Fly spell and floated up. "Those who wish to stand with me! Come to Liguritudum. We will march together!"

John didn't want to lose. He had also learned the Fly spell. He cast the spell and floated to an elevation that was slightly higher than Master. He shouted, "Those of you who wish to stand with us, come to Themisphere. We will march together!"

"No need!" Master announced. "Those of you who oppose me. You will perish here!"

The crowd was startled by the announcement.

"Now, this is surprising. I thought you gave us your word you won't harm your enemy during this convention," John uttered.

"During the convention," Master returned. "It has now ended!"

The crowd started to part. Some went to the side where the World Maker and its allies were. Some went to the side where the Everlasting Heavenly Legends and its allies were. Many stayed at their places, unsure of what they were going to do.

"Have you people made up your choices?" Master asked.

"Heh, more people come to our side, moron. You've failed," John said after seeing the crowd's movement from up in the air.

"There are more undecided people down there than the ones who have made their choices," Master returned.

"Once you start attacking, they will see that you are not a man of your word. They will be fools for following you."

Master grinned. "You still think this convention is meant for me to rally manpower?"

Chapter 1568: Public Brawl

John frowned after hearing that. "What do you mean?"

Master didn't answer. He just continued grinning.

"Are you telling me that you have a secondary objective for this convention?" John continued to pry.

Master chuckled. "Rallying the players IS the secondary objective."

"What are you saying...?"

Master took a look at the surroundings. The players that gathered here had reshuffled into three clear camps. The World Maker's side, the Everlasting Heavenly Legend's side, and those who were still confused.

"Dead man needs no explanation," Master said as he pointed his magic staff at John.

John was surprised but prepared. He erected a Magic Shield just as Master's Force Impact slammed into him. He was sent to the ground with a bang.

With that first strike, the crowd erupted. Both sides went for each other. Those who were still undecided quickly moved away to not get caught in the brawl.

Master floated higher into the air. His magic staff was lifted high. Runes started forming one by one. Those who could identify the spell formation knew that the spell was the Meteor Fall spell. When the spell formation almost completed its eighth rune, it suddenly fizzled.

Not only that, Master lost his ability to fly. His body fell from a great height. He didn't panic, though. He landed hard on his two legs, losing a tiny bit of HP that was meaningless for his unnaturally high HP pool.

"Hehe, do you think I come without preparation?" John said. He didn't lose much HP from Master's Force Impact. Despite Master's abnormal intelligence stat, John's magic shield was empowered by mana manipulation.

"What did you do?" Master asked.

"Hehe, you didn't answer my question. Why should I answer yours?" John said. "But to be honest, even if I have made preparations, I admit I'm still surprised that you started a fight here. This will just cause you to lose additional support."

"I don't need those who are half-hearted," Master returned. He was looking around the place. Everyone was unable to use their skills. He tried sending a message. He could not.

"Hex of Power Restraint," Master came to a realization.

Master was not wrong. The Hex of Power Restraint was a unique-grade artifact that was originally owned by Death Associates. Everlasting Heavenly Legends gained this artifact after they raided Death Associates' headquarters. The artifact could strip everyone or every monster within its very large AOE of their abilities to use skills, spells, and tools.

"The Hex needs one hour to start up...," Master said.

"Yeah, I've already asked people to start it up before you start speaking," John said. "Lucky for us, it came into activation on time."

John had instructed one of his guild members to look for a secluded place within this basin and hide the artifact there. The enemies wouldn't be able to find it easily. He also had a garrison to secure that place. His original plan was to start the artifact up halfway into the convention. But his initial talk with his mother gave him a bad feeling. Hence, he had his members start the artifact early. A little bit before the three-hour mark Master gave prior to starting the convention. This turned out to be a correct decision.

"Without your spells, you are nobody but a thug with high attributes," John said with a grin. "You should have taken up martial arts lessons from Wong."

The Everlasting Heavenly Legends' members charged up the stage while the World Maker members came forward to protect Master. The two sides went into a full brawl without any skills and spells.

Everlasting Heavenly Legends' sides had slightly more numbers. Additionally, Everlasting Heavenly Legends' members were all martial artists. Even if the regular members had slightly inferior equipment than World Maker's members, their martial arts bridged the gap. As for Everlasting Heavenly Legends' core members, they completely trumped the enemy. Their equipment didn't lose to the enemy and their martial arts were top-notch.

Without the ability to use skills, the Everlasting Heavenly Legends' side held the advantage.

"This is our chance to take Master down! Don't let him flee!" John shouted. He was unable to send messages due to the hex, so he had to shout the order.

He had previously positioned members to slip into the enemy's back during the convention. These members were now fighting behind the enemy's line while paying attention to not letting Master escape.

The fight went on for some time. As expected, Master had many followers protecting him. It was expected. John focused most of his members to target Master. The side where Master was located had

most players crowding. Without the ability to use skills, it was only a matter of time until they peeled the defensive force and got to Master.

As the fight continued, John started to find the situation to be strange. He didn't spot any of Master's heavenly enforcers except for Linda. Master also didn't seem to be in a hurry to retreat even when his force seemed to be failing.

John took a look around. Normally, it would be difficult to see the battlefield situation from ground level with all the chaotic fights, but John was not normal. It took some time, but he could make a rough estimation after several glimpses.

There were fights all over the place, but he noticed a peculiar arrangement in World Maker's forces. Aside from where Master was located, the enemies were heavily concentrated in three other areas.

*

When the battle started, everyone tried to penetrate through the enemy's force to get to Master. Everyone knew this was the perfect chance to kill Master. Jeanny led the charge at the front line, her spears stabbed non-stop. Behind her were Jet, Paytowin, Grace, and their other guild members.

Although it was the best chance to kill Master, it was a pity the hex didn't stop passive skills. Master's Immortal Soul would still come into play if he was killed. Even so, killing him would be a great morale boost to their side and a great demoralizing boost to their enemies.

Wilted was there with Jeanny. She was eager to get to Master as well. The group she brought fought with her. Too bad she couldn't use her tool which forced Master to rebirth at the same place he died.

As they tried pushing forward, they found that they were unable to. There were too many enemies!

Jeanny found the situation weird. They should have more numbers than the enemies, but she didn't think too much about it. Her spear stabbed with lightning speed. Without having to worry about the enemy's skills or spells, she could focus fully on her spear art. Many barred her way, but none was able to stop her spear until another spear came in her way.

"Hello, beauty!" Spring Crown greeted.

"Scram!" Jeanny's Seven Spears Assaulting Heaven stabbed at Spring Crown.

"Whoa! So fierce...!" Spring Crown moved away before the first stab hit. His fast reaction and inhuman reading speed informed him of the danger of that first stab. Without the initial stab, Jeanny's spear art was unable to exhibit its true power.

At the same time, Jeanny found herself surrounded by several World Maker members. These members all had special classes and wore the best equipment. Jeanny looked back and saw her friends had somehow been pushed away by the enemy's sheer number. She had been isolated.

Chapter 1569: Kidnapped

On another side, the True Death Associates were fighting against their adversaries, which were none other than Death Associates. Both sides fought with high zeal. Both sides thought of the other side as traitors.

"Scumbags! You people have no right to our guild name!" Blue Death exclaimed.

"Hah! You are one to talk. We are the true Death Associates, not you! You people are just imposters!" Earmouth shouted back.

"F*ck off, you, a*shole!!" Blue Death made a heavy swing using his cleaver. Earmouth was smashed to the side. Earmouth was a Summoner. He wasn't able to compete with Blue Death without his summons.

"Sore loser! How can you not see that you are riding a sinking ship?" Yellow Death scolded as he fired his rifle from a safe distance.

"Right back at you, punk!" Blue Death yelled.

If Blue Death could use Spectral Projection, he would have sent his projection to Yellow Death. He didn't dare to be reckless. He stayed with his guild members as they slowly pushed forward. However, after fighting for a while, they found it was them who were getting pushed instead.

"Why... Why are the enemies so many?" He uttered.

"... They are focusing on us!" Scarface exclaimed after looking at the situation.

"Retreat! We will withdraw to where our allies can support us," Black Death was a decisive leader. She wasn't going to let her members in such a disadvantageous situation for long. However, one member had been pushing too far ahead all by herself.

"Red...! Come back!" Blue Death shouted. The girl was always a hot-blooded one despite her cool demeanor. She had charged ahead of everyone else. Blue Death tried to get to her to give her support.

BANG! BANG!*

Two successive gunshots accurately struck Blue Death's head. He looked at Yellow Death. He had been holding a shield in Yellow Death's direction to defend against his bullet. This shot had come from a different direction. Did Yellow Death move without him being aware of it?

He saw the gunner then. It wasn't Yellow Death. It was Ronald. He had seen this gunslinger in action when White Death led them to secure Death Associates' new headquarters in Aurebor. This wasn't someone to be messed with.

"Cover me!" He put himself behind a guildmate who was a sentinel. The two headshots just now had resulted in critical hits. The damage took out more than half of his life. He couldn't afford to get hit by that gunslinger again.

A couple of gunshots were heard. He felt a hard impact on the side of his head.

"What?!" The direction where the bullet came from was covered by his other guild mates. "From where did..."

Another impact on his head. That last hit took out the little HP he still had left.

Luckily for him, he was still responsive enough to exchange his pendant with the amulet of rebirth while in cover. The hex didn't block passive ability, so the amulet's ability was still in effect. He just couldn't participate in this battle anymore.

Ronald used his ricochet shots to hit Blue Death behind his cover. He had been sniping everyone who was trying to get to Red Death, alienating the girl. Other capable melee members from World Maker, World Ruler, and Death Associates surrounded Red Death.

Red Death was a capable combatant. Without being able to use her skills, she could still rely on her martial arts to repel the enemies but there were too many enemies!

She was puzzled. Why were the enemies targeting her? This meant the enemies would be lacking manpower in other places.

Black Death saw the situation and immediately retracted her order for a retreat and called everyone to push forward to save Red Death, but the enemies had formed a barricade. Those who were able to break through the barricade were met with Ronald's bullets.

Red Death gritted his teeth. She had slain more than five enemies who surrounded her, but there was no end to her opponents. Among the ones who surrounded her were Violet Death and Grimclaw. These two weren't greenhorns in terms of martial arts. The pressure on her was mounting.

Her unique grade set equipment gave her very high defenses, but her base class was in essence a vulnerable one. She couldn't take too much punishment. She quickly replaced her pendant with the Amulet of Rebirth when her HP went below half.

However, instead of landing the killing blows, the enemies threw themselves at her. These enemies had stored their weapons. They used brute force and grabbed Red Death's limbs, hindering her movements.

"Get off me...!!!" Red Death screamed. Her special class and equipment gave her great strength, but it was still not enough to repel all these players pressing at her.

While she was still puzzled as to why the enemies had not yet landed the killing blow, a runic rope coiled around her body.

"What...?" Red Death was startled by this development.

After getting bound, two berserkers lifted her and brought her away. Their guild mates prepared a retreat path for them. The two berserkers ran at high speed while their guild mates prevented others from interfering.

True Death Associates' members could only stare as they saw the enemies kidnap Red Death.

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On another side, Leavemealone fought with Domon and Freddie nearby.

"Haon, stay with the others!" Domon called.

Leavemealone was similar to Red Death. He was a quiet but hotheaded person. In this situation where game skills were not available, martial arts shone. Compared to all the prior battles, he found this one to be the most satisfying.

His fists took down many opponents. He didn't need to worry about the unpredictability of skills and spells. All he had to pay attention to was the enemy movements. It had been a long time since he fought like this. He reveled in the feeling.

That's how he had ended up ahead of the others while his comrades were still lagging behind. Domon and Freddie were the only ones who could keep up.

Leavemealone heard Domon's call. He might be a hothead but he was obedient to his master. He stepped back to where Domon was but he suddenly sensed something approaching fast.

He jumped away just in time as a shadow came kicking in between him and Domon. This shadow then spun at an unbelievable speed and almost struck Domon with a kick. Domon managed to parry the kick with his glaive at the last moment, but the force from the impact threw him back.

This shadow landed. Long was standing in between Leavemealone and his guildmates.

Chapter 1570: Nine Yang Against Nine Yin

"Long?!" Domon called after seeing his attacker.

"Please stay back, Master Domon. I don't want to hurt your old bones," Long said. His words were polite, but his tone was very condescending.

"You, insolent punk! I'm going to teach you some manners!" Freddie yelled as he lunged. His fingers whipped forward using praying mantis style.

"Wait! Don't underestimate him!" Domon called.

Freddie had heard about Long, but he had never fought him before. He didn't believe this youngster was as troublesome as everyone said. Without access to skills, veteran martial artists like them should be able to teach these game-freak youngsters a thing or two.

Long also came forward. He moved his arms in a circular motion. A long eastern dragon materialized following his arm movement. The dragon swept forward with a force that shoved Freddie's two arms aside. Long's palm then pushed forward, landing squarely on Freddie's chest.

PANG!

Freddie was sent flying back as if cannonball. He crashed into his guildmates and toppled over.

"You have improved again," Domon praised. At the same time, His glaive's blade was as if multiplying into several blades that came slashing from various confusing angles. It was his Soul Pursuit Hurricane which had been modified to increase its lethality.

Despite Long's patronizing attitude, he didn't look down on Domon's attack. He moved back as his two arms, strengthened by the iron hand technique, blocked Domon's glaives.

Not all the blades from Domon's Soul Pursuit Hurricane were real. Some were mere illusions. This in turn increased the difficulty for Long to block. He couldn't differentiate between the real and fake. All the blades had Domon's mana signature. When he blocked the fake one, he lost momentum because he expected a resistant force but there was none. This opened him up and Domon's real blade managed to stab into his side.

However, the blade was stopped by an invisible wall one inch before Long's body.

"Iron shirt," Domon muttered. He released one hand from his glaive. That free hand formed into a palm and struck the bladeless end of the glaive. The drive provided additional energy for the glaive to thrust forward, piercing Long's defensive mana.

But the brief pause provided by the Iron Shirt gave Long enough time to respond. His body swiveled and dodged the glaive's thrust.

Following that swivel, Long's leg whipped toward Domon's head. Domon put one arm beside his head just as Long's feet arrived. Domon managed to block the lightning-fast kick, but Long had the strength of two classes. The impact sent Domon reeling back.

In a fraction of a second after Long's kick hit Domon's arm, his other leg whipped in the opposite direction. This second kick collided with Leavemealone's fist. The impact sent the two tumbling back.

After Long separated Leavemealone from the others, Leavemealone was beset by many opponents. Even though he underwent a similar situation as Red Death, he fared better. This was because of several factors.

Leavemealone's equipment was slightly better. He wore two legendary armor. His unique-grade weapon was also better than a normal unique weapon because his was a growth weapon like Jack's. Moreover, the Battle Monk class was more equipped to fight multiple opponents compared to Assassin which was mostly a hit-and-run class. Last but not least, his martial arts expertise was better.

The multiple opponents who ganged up on him were now down on the floor. More were advancing but the break allowed him to come to Domon's aid.

Long wasn't an opponent who left his back vulnerable, though. He sensed Leavemealone's attack and responded appropriately.

"You modified Twin Dragon Strikes into kicks. Impressive," Domon commented on Long's kicks just now. He positioned himself opposite Leavemealone so the two of them could pin Long in the middle.

"I would love to play with you two but I have a task to complete," Long uttered.

The muscles on his body bulged unnaturally. It was his Muscle Tendon Transformation. He then punched in Leavemealone's direction. Nine miniature suns appeared and revolved around his arm as he punched forward.

Despite the fierceness of Long's Nine Yang Scorching Fist, Leavemealone didn't back away. His two fingers stabbed forward as cold energy gathered at the tip of those fingers. This cold energy then expanded and rotated rapidly.

Long's back was exposed to Domon as he punched toward Leavemealone. Domon wasn't someone who enjoyed hitting his opponent's back, but this was a battle. He couldn't let his principle risk his disciple's safety. He stabbed using One Word Thrust.

His thrust was again stopped by Long's Iron Shirt. The Iron Shirt this time was even more solid because of the enhanced power from the Muscle Tendon Transformation, but Domon was prepared. He again used one palm and smashed the bladeless end of his glaive. This time, his palm smashed using the martial art Penetrating Wave Palm, his martial art that could bypass defense.

The penetrative energy from his palm was transferred to the other end of the glaive. The glaive's blade vibrated as the penetrative energy passed through it. The energy made contact with Long's Iron Shirt. Like a piece of hot iron, the glaive pierced through, stabbing Long on his back.

The stab hit Long's vital part, but Long didn't seem to care. His fist that carried the nine suns continued onward. These nine suns collided with the giant black drill from Nine Yin Abyssal Finger. The hot and cold energies were pressed against one another. The pressure was too high. The two energies reached a critical mass and exploded.

The other players who saw the explosion were startled. Nobody had been able to use any game skill or tool. What could have caused that massive explosion?

Leavemealone and Long were thrown away by the explosion. Due to the force, Long was thrown back into Domon's glaive. The stab went in deeper and he suffered additional damage.

As for Leavemealone, he was thrown into the enemy's midst.

In the exchange just now, even though the Nine Yang Exploding Fist and Nine Yin Abyssal Finger were considered the same level of martial arts, the power of their wielders was not. Long's two classes' stats were higher than Leavemealone's even with the boost from the Runestone of Combat. Therefore, Leavemealone was thrown further. Leavemealone also felt his head spinning from the impact.

When he landed, he couldn't immediately react. Being in the enemy's midst with that condition was fatal. The enemies didn't waste any time. They used their number and pressed against Leavemealone's body while one of them used a runic rope to bind him.