

World 191

Chapter 191: Heart Of Rock

The last time this golem assumed that weird posture, it discharged a disruptive shockwave that knocked everyone back, and then sprung into an unavoidable speeding rocket. Jack was oblivious of its move the first time, but he was not going to be caught off guard for the second time.

The second the golem squatted down, Jack channeled his concentration to form a spell rune, while warning the others, "move back!"

As predicted, the disruptive shockwave soon appeared. It knocked Jack two steps back as he was especially closed to the monster. His concentration was broken by the shockwave, but his gloves helped to maintain the spell rune from dissolving. He quickly resumed his spell channeling.

If he didn't remember wrong, the last time it took the golem roughly one second before it started springing. After the fight with Scarface, he had learned the importance of fast casting, he had doubled down on his training. He had mostly managed to cast his Barrier spell in around one second or a little slightly over one second.

But again, when one was in a real fight, the pressure was completely different from practicing inside a safe room. Fortunately, he had started forming the rune earlier. The rune was completed as the golem shot forward at him.

A sphere of light enveloped his body just as the large golem slammed into it. The light bubble shattered by that one hit, but Jack suffered no damage. The impact still threw him back several steps though.

"Flowerrain, Undo, attack!" He yelled as he continued sending magical attacks onto it.

The golem's HP was already critical when it used the second springing attack. That was most likely its last effort. With three magic users combined attack, the monster finally fell. It broke into numerous tiny rocks and pebbles that scattered around the ground. Everyone exhaled a relief breath witnessing it.

Bangstick and Suckit came running while cheering, "I can't believe you people managed to take it down!"

Undo who saw them, displayed a disgusted glance. While Flowerrain shot a few range attacks at them.

"Hey! What are you doing?" Suckit complained.

Flowerrain looked at Dasher who had come back after being thrown away by the golem previously. His HP was nearly depleted. But now that the battle is over, his Natural Body Recovery skill started to replenish it.

"Are you okay?" She asked him. "Thanks for protecting us earlier."

He did not answer, but his heart was beating crazily. Flowerrain took him for not replying to him trying to act cool about it, so she didn't bother him anymore and walked away. Dasher had the urge to bang his head on a wall, why did he freeze up? He was supposed to take this chance to deepen their relationship.

Jack came over to the place where the golem had fallen. There were a few coins and two drops, an uncommon grade saber and a small piece of yellow-colored rock. The small rock was identified as Heart of Rock, it was listed as rare material.

'What's this for?' Jack asked Peniel in his mind as he held the tiny yellow rock.

"Keep it. It was a good drop, unexpected for an elite monster to drop this. You can't use it yet, so just store it first," Peniel answered.

It was a vague answer, but nevertheless, he trusted the fairy. He stored the yellow rock and the coins, then observed the uncommon weapon. He could use it to be fed to his Storm Breaker, but people might get suspicious if a Mage took a saber.

"Dasher, Come here!" He called.

Dasher who was still lamenting about himself being frozen up when he got the chance to converse with Flowerrain, was startled by the call. He came forward uneasily. Did he make a mistake? Was their party leader about to scold him?

"Here," Jack said as he threw the saber at him. "You can change that common sword of yours with this uncommon one."

Dasher was elated by the gift. He immediately changed his weapon equipment. "Thank you!" He said sincerely.

"You deserved it," Jack said. "You didn't cower when others retreat. You take your stand despite your shortcomings when your comrades needed you, your heroic deserved to be rewarded."

Warpath was irked. He had also taken a stand against the golem, why was he not rewarded? Although the weapon was only uncommon grade, it was still better than the common grades they were using at the moment.

They were the bottom feeder of Death Associates members, the guild would not waste resources to invest in them, so they mostly only got common grades equipment which could be bought at city shops. Unless they were lucky enough to encounter a good drop, they would continue to use this common-grade equipment for a long time. Hence when Jack gave the uncommon weapon to Dasher, the others were a bit jealous of him.

"Okay, our business here is done," Jack announced to them. "We will return to our usual path, taking out the Lizardmen and Grey Sabrecat, and then we can call it a day."

The others were relieved to hear that. If he asked them to do a fourth run again, they would rebel, no matter the consequences!

The Lizardmen and Grey Sabrecats were nothing compared to the golem. They fought ferociously, eager to get back to their bed soon. Dasher was especially vigorous, his mood was good after receiving a better weapon. He was keen to let Flowerrain see his improvement with the new saber.

Before they came out of the woods that brought them not far from the North gate of the capital, Jack noticed the weird player group again. They are still waiting? What the hell are they waiting for exactly?

But he was not interested to be a busybody, plus it is late already, he needed to rest his tired body, so he ignored them as he did the previous two times.

After they entered the capital, Jack told them to go rest. They would meet up again tomorrow morning at the field where Death Associates used to gather. He wanted to hand over the portion of coins promised for the guild, before they went back for another hunting quest trip again.

"Again?" They simultaneously asked.

Jack nodded, "yeah. Anyone got a problem?"

They shook helplessly, then went away with gloomy expressions.

Jack went to the Hunters Association to submit the quests. It was still open late at night. In fact, Peniel said the Hunters and Adventurers associations open twenty-four hours every day. He picked up the same quests again except for the Small Rock Golem. It was too troublesome, the melee players were completely useless against this creature.

He received 35 silver coins, 5200 experience points, and 91 hunter points for the last run. He set aside 14 silver coins for the guild. From the trophy loots, unfortunately the rock golem didn't drop a trophy loot, so he received less than the previous, 2 gold and 10 silver coins. He set aside the portion for the guild and put them together with the previous pool, he had 3 gold and 26 silver coins to give to the guild tomorrow.

He wondered if this amount would impress them, maybe he shouldn't have haggled on the coin contribution. Never mind, he would think of another way if it's not enough to make him stand out.

The next morning, it was Scarface himself who received his coins. Jack could also see Red Death not far away. She seemed to be organizing her team. Scarface observed the amount Jack had handed over, he then looked at the bunch behind Jack. He then turned to Bigarm and gave him a sharp stare. The fellow seemed to shrink a bit from the stare.

"You collected this amount with that team?" He asked.

Jack nodded.

"And this is only 40% of the total you had collected?"

Jack nodded again. "Undo here can testify if you doubt the amount."

"That won't be necessary," Scarface said. "In fact, this 40% of yours is more than the amount our top team had collected."

Bigarm's mouth formed an O when he heard it. He had the urge to come forward and check the coins in Scarface's hands and made sure that he had not made a mistake. But he restrained himself, he knew Scarface would admonish him later for assigning these low-level players onto Jack, so it's better he did not add any additional offense.

"How do you do it?" Scarface asked Jack.

"Good teamwork and excellent leadership," Jack replied without hesitation.

His team members behind him almost fell over after hearing it.

Chapter 192: Invitation To The Meeting

"No, seriously, how do you do it?" Scarface asked again with a steely expression.

Jack hesitated a bit, but decided to come clean after thinking about his attempt to gain Scarface's trust.

"How long does it take for your top team to complete one full trip of ten hunter quests?"

"Two of our top team takes one full day, the others needed another half a day extra," Scarface said.

"Well, Warpath, can you tell our boss here, how many trips of ten hunter quests we've completed yesterday?" Jack said.

Warpath rolled his eyes. Why did you involve me? But he still answered, "three."

"Three? Do you think we are five years old?" Bigarm blurted out.

"You be quiet!" Scarface glared at him. "What he said actually made sense. If this amount is 40%, the full amount is roughly three times our top team's one day-trip, so the numbers matched."

"But... how can that be? With their levels...," Bigarm was still unwilling to believe.

"Do you see people as the same as your standard? Look at you! You are already level 16, but still fail to become an advanced class," Scarface scolded him.

"Yeah, why don't you step aside and let us big boys talk?" Jack added insult to injury.

Bigarm looked like he was ready to charge at Jack at any second, but Scarface's voice shot him down further, "he is right, go take care of the other matters, will you?"

Bigarm was enraged, but he dared not defy Scarface, so he bitterly walked away.

After Bigarm left, Scarface said, "now, will you share your secret with me? I do agree with him that it was not due to your team's prowess."

"It's not a secret really, I simply know an efficient route," Jack replied.

"A route?"

Jack then told him about the ten hunting quests he had taken, and then the route he had taken. Since he had given them the tip, might as well go all the way, so he told them about the monsters' characteristics and the best way to deal with them. Scarface listened to the explanation intently. His expression was indifferent, but the glint in his eyes betrayed the excitement in them.

After listening to the explanation, he immediately called Red Death over and a few other people. He let them know about Jack's information and had them started arranging the other advanced class teams to undergo the same route. Jack himself went away and organize his own team members to prepare for another hunting expedition.

Jack didn't think it would be a big deal to share this efficient route, he could still use the same route. The area was big enough to accommodate more than a hundred teams grinding around them, not to mention only five teams from Death Associates.

The thing he pitied was he gave this guild a chance for fast improvement with this info. Since it was so, he thought it would be better if he even up the competition. He sent a message describing the route info and hunting quests to Silverwing. Though he was Unrivalled Arcaner at the moment, he could choose to send a message as his original Storm Wind alias.

Silverwing soon replied with thanks, but Jack warned him that Death Associates also knew of the route, so they would most likely encounter each other there. Silverwing noted it and said that he would take the necessary precautions.

Silverwing sent him a message wondering how he knew about Death Associates' movements. Jack simply said that he had a friend who happened to find out about this info.

When Jack was ready to depart, Scarface stopped him. "Wait, brother Unrivalled! I will assign you a new team," he said.

Oh, so it's brother now? Jack smiled. "What's wrong with this team?" He asked.

"What's wrong...?" Scarface was dazed. "Well, I thought you would prefer to have a higher-level team?"

"Nope! This bunch is just fine. We have a good synergy. Don't you say so, team?"

They were touched by Jack's words. They were always cast aside in the guild. If the guild had reached the member-count limit, they were sure that they would be the first ones to be kicked out to allow stronger players to join.

Except for Suckit, who lifted his hand and blurted out, "actually, I would prefer to be replaced..."

Jack kicked the fatso on his butt. "You want out? I will send you out from your life then. You still want out?"

Suckit immediately clammed his mouth shut.

During their banter, Red Death came over. "This the guy?" He said.

Jack looked back at her, and said provocatively, "and you are?"

"You have some guts to strut around like that in front of big sis here!" A young man who was behind Red Death uttered after hearing Jack's impolite words.

"Little boy shouldn't join in adults' conversations. Now go. Shoo away!" Jack didn't spare him any mercy with his words.

"You...!" The young man's face was red with anger.

"He really is as arrogant as you said," Red Death commented to Scarface. She then turned to Jack, "I was told your attributes were way higher than a normal player. I have an enemy that was similar. I very much wished to spar with you to gauge if I can take him on already or not."

"Who is this person? How about you point me in his direction and I will take it out for you?" Jack replied.

Red Death laughed out loud. "You really are interesting. I'm serious about that spar."

"The people who hate me and want to fight me is as long as my arm, if I entertain every each one of them, I would not be able to do anything anymore. If you want to spar with me, at least you need to give me something as compensation."

"What the hell are you saying? Sparring with big sis is a big honor!" The young man interfered again.

"Do you believe I dare not blast you away with my spell?" Jack said as he lifted his staff in a threatening manner.

"Stop, we are all one guild. No fighting," Scarface mediated. "Red, we still need more coins for the guild. Your desire for combat must wait. Go prepare your team to move out as soon as possible."

Red Death smiled. "We will talk another time then, guildmate," she said to Jack.

"Happy to, but please don't bring your boy escort next time," Jack replied. The young man's body was trembling as he held back his anger.

After Red Death went away, Scarface said to Jack, "you are a difficult one to talk to, brother."

Jack shrugged. "Can't help it," he said.

"But you are indeed capable," Scarface continued. "Our guild will be holding an important event three days from now. I would like you to be among the people that secure the safety of this event."

Jack's heart leaped when he heard Scarface's words, but he maintained his calm expression. He asked with fake confusion, "secure? What's to secure? This city is already a safe zone."

"We will be holding the event outside the city," Scarface informed.

"Huh? What for?"

"You no need to know about the detail. This event is an important meeting with other guilds. Several of my colleagues disagree with me inviting you to join, but I see you as an important asset. Are you interested or do you prefer your freedom and not to involve in it?"

"I value my freedom, but I don't mind contributing to the guild once in a while. All right, I will join and help to secure it."

Scarface nodded, "okay. We will gather here before we left."

"Is it exactly three days from now?"

"It is. Why? Do you have other plans?"

"No, three days from now is okay. On the other hand, I will not be available tomorrow and half of today. I will make one run of the hunting trip and then I will probably be unavailable till the day of the meeting."

Since he had already acquired his objective, there was no need to hang around with the guild. He preferred to do the hunting quests by himself if he could help it. Why share the spoils with the guild when he was capable to complete them all by himself?

Scarface nodded, he didn't seem to be bothered by Jack's request to do his own things. Jack had mentioned when he joined that he would often do his own things and only aided the guild when he was free.

"All right, remember to gather here early morning three days from now," he reminded Jack.

"No problem."

Chapter 193: Recording Stone

Although Jack was glad that he had managed to achieve the purpose of his infiltration, which was to gain access to the meeting, he was also depressed. Because during the time he was chatting with Red Death, he had inspected her using his God-Eye monocle. She was already level 18, and was a Rogue, a melee-focused advanced class other than Archer that branched out from Ranger.

He had expected this to happen. Sooner or later, these experts would surpass his level. After all, he had two classes to take care of. The experience he needed to advance was twice compared to the other players. So unless he wanted to set his experience intake to all focus on only one of his classes, he would have to brace himself to see other players overtook his level. He would need to put in an effort double than the others in order to stay equal with them.

Jack took his previous team on another run again. They were grateful that Jack didn't take on the rock golem again. This time, it took them five hours to complete the run. After they were back in the capital, Jack split the coins drop with them and bid them goodbye.

He then went to the Hunters Association to submit the quests and trophy loots. He retook the same hunting quests again. He intended to complete the quests alone this time.

But before he went out to do the quest, he asked Peniel out of curiosity, 'Peniel, is there a tool in this world that can record pictures or sounds?'

"You mean recording stone?"

'I have no idea what that is. How about you describe its function?'

"It is used to record pictures and sounds..."

'Well, then that's what I'm looking for. So where can I find this recording stone?'

"Generally, you can buy it."

'Perfect! Point me to the shop.'

"I told you already, I don't know the individual shop in a city. I didn't see any of the shops that are likely to sell this stuff when we are passing by the Business district. So if you are looking for a recording stone, you will most likely have to search for it in the shops in Noble district."

'Noble district? They got shops also there?'

"Of course they have, where do you think the nobles buy their things? You think they go all this way to the business district to buy stuff together with other peasants?"

'Okay, let's go to the noble district then. Good thing I have that entry permit writ from the Duke.'

"What do you need a recording stone for anyway? It was the sort of thing nobles used for entertainment and pastime. I can't see it helping you in any way."

'I'm going to use it to record the meeting,' Jack told her.

"What for?" Peniel didn't understand.

'I'm not sure. I'm infiltrating the meeting to find information. But I might not be able to do anything about what those guilds are planning. I can only relay the information to the other opposing guilds that can deal with them, like White Scarfs for example.'

"I see, so you want to use a recording stone to record the information in the meeting."

'Yes, I'm afraid if the contents of the meeting are too complicated, there might be too many details for me to remember. Or if it's too unbelievable, I might need the recording to prove my information.'

"I see you have thought things through for this infiltration."

'Not really. I just make things up as I go. If I didn't get the Orb of Disguise before, then I wouldn't have had the idea to infiltrate the meeting. The idea of recording the meeting was also a passing thought. I didn't expect there to be really such a device like the recording stone. Since there really is, might as well go get one.'

He passed through the entrance of Noble District easily with the Duke's entry permit writ. Once in the district, he asked around for the shopping area. He had learned from the past, he did not ask any of the pompous nobles, he went and asked the patrolling guards instead.

The shopping area in the Noble District was much smaller compared to the Business District, and less crowded. But each of the shops was much larger and had a grand appearance.

'Which one is the shop that sells a recording stone?' He asked Peniel.

"It's not too many shops. Just go in and check one by one. You can usually find one in a store that sells general appliance products."

Since he had no reference, he did as Peniel had advised. He went from one store to another. The first store was a store that sells different types of magic lamps. There was a standing lamp, hanging lamp, gate lamp, it was basically a store specialized in lighting products. A shop attendance came to him as he browsed the products. After seeing his attire, a clear disdain could be seen in his expression. "Are you sure you are in the right store, sir? Or the right district for that matter."

Jack looked at him, the shop attendance was a young man in a sleek suit.

Jack narrowed his eyes and retorted, "what the hell are you so proud of? You are just a shop attendance!"

The young man's eyes were wide, he didn't expect the guy to talk back. How uncivilized! How barbaric. "I believe you should get out of here, sir."

"Fine, it's not like there is anything good in this shitty shop anyway," Jack uttered as he strutted out.

"I think that Unrivalled Arcaner persona is a bad influence to you," Peniel said to him. "You know you are not impersonating him at the moment, right?"

"I know, but being a badass felt kinda good also," Jack laughed. And he could see that there was nothing he needed in that lighting shop, so he didn't have any reservation on offending the store.

"Will all the shops in this Noble District as obnoxious as that one?" Jack said.

"Probably. After all, the nobles are used to looking down on the peasants. You will find very few nobles that were as understanding as Duke Alfredo and Duchess Isabelle."

"Well, then wouldn't that be a problem for me to be shopping here?"

"You can always try to dress like them."

"Huh, use disguise?"

"No need to use the orb, just change your clothes. The nobles usually judge people by their appearances. The shop keepers and attendances are mostly commoners, so as long as you change your cloth, they will just treat you as a noble."

"Where should I find a noble cloth?"

"There is a clothing shop over there."

"Won't I get discriminated too going inside there?"

"You can always pretend to be a noble that had just come back from an adventure. Show your coins around. Everyone loves coins, especially people inside the shops in noble districts. Or, you can always try to go to the duke mansion and borrow a few clothes, I think he won't mind."

"I will try my luck in the shop first," Jack said.

When he was in the shop, as he had expected, a shop attendance came over soon after. It was a middle-aged man in an elegant tailor suit this time. "Might you have entered the wrong store, sir?" He asked politely, but Jack could still sense the ridicule in his tone.

"No, this is the right place. However, I do think the quality of the apparel in this store to be slightly slacking. I just came back from an expedition from the wilderness, hence my undesirable attire. I wish to change to a more appropriate one before heading back to my mansion. Perhaps you could give me some recommendation?" Jack took out a handful of gold coins and played with them in his hand. Since he was pretending to be noble, he guessed he should be as haughty as possible.

The shop attendance's eyes were glued to the coins. He immediately said with a clear change in attitude, "of course, sir. I think I have just the right suit for you! Please come with me to this side."

Jack did not really understand any fashion style. But since he was a haughty noble, he simply rejected the first two sets of clothes that the shop attendance suggested, even though he thought the clothes were fine enough. He accepted the third one. But was soon speechless by the price. It cost 1 gold and 20 silver coins! A common armor that could boost defense only cost 2 silver. This suit did not provide any benefit at all. It was only a cosmetic item, but it cost so much. He reluctantly took out his hard-earned coins to pay for it.

He changed into that noble suit. He constrained himself until he came out of the shop to find a quiet corner, then he cursed his heart out.

Chapter 194: Buying New Spells

"I think the second suit the old man chose was better than this one you wear," Peniel said.

It was good that the fairy was in her hidden dimension. If not, Jack did not know if he could prevent himself from slapping the fairy away.

After making himself feel much better with profanity, he continued his explorations on the shops. The shop attendances of the subsequent shops did treat him much better after he was wearing the noble attire. Still, he not yet find the goods he was looking for. Most of the goods being sold were just junk for him. Only expensive ornament with no applicable function, like the clothes he was wearing. He had a more enjoyable time shopping in the business district.

On the fourth shop he entered, though, it was different. He felt it as soon as he entered.

"A magic association shop?" He heard Peniel blurted out.

"Magic Association? Like the adventurers and the hunters association? Do I have to become a member also here?"

"No, magic association shops only sell items that are of help to magical classes. You only need coins, not membership. But it was a rare shop nevertheless. You are lucky to find one. Better look around, there might be good things you can use. You should even be able to buy technique books that allow you to learn new spells here!"

"Really? Then I really have to look around!" Jack exclaimed.

There were not many items displayed, but each one looked precious and they were warded with magic to prevent theft and tampering. Jack used his God-eye monocle to inspect each one. There are several ingredients and materials at uncommon and rare rank, not something he could buy in the regular shops.

There were also magic scrolls, but they were too expensive. The normal magic scrolls were already expensive, the ones here were worse. He was not so rich that he could just spend his coins wantonly. There were also several magic tools and devices, some of them with functions that he did not understand.

"Those are some good things there," Peniel informed him.

"These?" They were a bunch of small balls with irregular surfaces. The color was blue but its surfaces were shiny and reflective. Jack read its description.

Disruptive Bomb (rare consumable)

Deal 300 magic damage to an area with a radius of 6 meters, stop targets within the area for 2 seconds, and curse them for 10 seconds.

Cost: 60 silver coins

"Curse?" Jack asked.

"It's one of the physical status ailments, it prevented you from using skills or spells," Peniel explained.

"Wow, these bombs can cause big problems, especially for magic users."

"Yes, and they are pretty rare. Not every magic association shop sells them, and they are quite cheap."

"Cheap? 60 silvers are cheap? For something that can be used one time only?"

"Considering its effect, yes. They can be a lifesaver or table-turning item during a fight. I suggest you buy them all."

"All? There are five of them, totaling 3 gold coins!"

"Don't worry, you won't regret it."

"I already am!" Jack uttered, but he still followed Peniel's advice and bought them.

He felt that he should leave this shop now, or else his stock of coins would soon deplete. But he still asked the shopkeeper, "where is the section for technique books?"

The shopkeeper smiled at him and took him to the place. He saw three rows of shelves, with several books on them. Jack looked at the books.

"Forget the upper two rows, they are for elite classes. You won't be able to learn them even if you buy them," Peniel said after observing the books.

He then looked at the one in the first row, there were four books there. He read the skill name on the books, Illumination, Holy Light, Sacred Luminance, and Mana Detonation.

"Only two spells are useful to you," Peniel said. "The Holy Light and Sacred Luminance are offensive spells for Healer class."

The description on the book also indicated so. The Illumination could be learned by Magician basic class, while Mana Detonation was for Mage advanced class. Looking at the prices, Jack couldn't help but twitch. The Illumination cost 3 gold, while Mana Detonation was 5 gold coins.

But he knew as a magic user, the more spells he had, the more options he would have to cope with different situations. He gritted his teeth and bought the two technique books.

"With this shop around, doesn't this mean that magic classes can learn new spells as long as they have enough coins? And why do I not see that Entrapping Mana Claw Scarface had used before?" Jack asked Peniel.

"Magic association shop only sells spells that are considered general. That Entrapping Mana Claw was a rare spell, similar to your Sword of Light skill. You won't find them being sold in any shop."

"I see," after paying for the two books, Jack only had 15 gold coins left in his bag. He was a little depressed by it. He decided to learn the two new spells immediately.

Illumination (Active Skill), level: 1/20

Create a source of light that follows the caster

Duration: 10 minutes

Mana: 20

Mana Detonation (Active Skill), level: 1/20

Deal 120% magic damage to a radius 5 meters area around caster, all enemies within the area are knocked back

Cooldown: 1 minute

Mana: 30

One drawback about having many spells though, was he would need more skill points to upgrade them. Luckily, he had the Container of Souls. During previous hunting quests, one trip had netted him over 900 souls. He had made four trips including the one this morning. Combined with his previous collected souls, he now had 4948 souls collected. The souls were still lacking to upgrade an advanced skill, but he could upgrade a basic skill four times.

This Illumination skill was a basic class skill, but he chose not to upgrade it. It was pretty much a useless skill for him. His Dragon's eye already allowed him to see in the dark, he didn't need this spell when going into a dark place. Maybe when he was in a party, then he could use this spell so the others did not need to carry a torch.

Mana Detonation was most likely a skill tailored for a Mage to escape from melee encirclement, which made this skill not especially useful for him as well. He preferred a melee brawl considering his main class was Warrior.

He chose to use the souls to upgrade 4 levels to his Energy Bolts. He remembered each four spell levels added an extra bolt to the spell. He would be able to shoot six bolts now.

Energy bolts (Active skill), level 12/20

Create 6 homing magic bolts that deals 128% magic damage each bolt

Range: 15 meters

Cooldown: 60 seconds cooldown

Mana: 26

"Eh? The mana cost had increased," Jack uttered after reading the description on the upgraded spells.

"Of course, do you expect the mana consumption remains the same at all levels?" Peniel said. "Most spells would increase in mana consumption after reaching certain levels."

There were still some things inside the shop he had not seen, but he decided to leave the shop. He was afraid if he stayed longer, he would lose all the coins in his bag. He hoped that the next shop would be the shop that sold the Recording Stone. He couldn't afford to keep getting tempted to spend his coins.

Unfortunately, the next shop didn't sell Recording Stone. Fortunately, it sold only useless ornamental stuff, so his wallet was safe.

Inside the shop after that, he finally found the Recording Stones. It had three categories. The cheapest one at 20 silver could record an event for 10 minutes, a better one that could record 30 minutes cost 50 silver, the most expensive one at 80 silver could record 1 hour long. The nobles were really rich, all the wares in their shops were all expensive ones. Jack decided to buy one Recording Stone that could record 1 hour, and two that recorded for 30 minutes. He paid 1 gold and 80 silver coins for the stones.

After finished the transactions, he hurriedly walked back to the Noble District's entrance gate. He swore he would not go shopping in this district anymore before he had at least 50 gold coins!

Chapter 195: Gang Of Robbers

It was only a little past noon, so he went to work on his hunting quests. He needed the coins and the souls, these hunting quests provide a good income for both.

He was working on the quests as storm Wind this time, so he could use his skills freely, except when he saw other players in the vicinity. When that happened, he would refrain from using his Mage skills. He could see some groups from both Death Associates and White Scarfs, they seemed to be minding their own businesses, despite occasional hostile glares between them. Jack chose to avoid them.

Despite alone, he actually managed to complete the hunting quests slightly faster. It was just a little bit over three hours when he finished the last quest of Grey Sabrecats. He walked to the edge of the woods towards the direction of the capital.

As he was about to come out of the woods, he noticed a group of blue dots on his radar. In the morning when he was still with Death Associates team, those people were also there, same as last night. Were they still waiting for something after spending the entire day at the same place yesterday? He didn't expect there would be any players that are willing to waste their time away like that. He ignored them like before, but oddly, this time the blue dots came towards him.

He looked around him, perhaps whatever they were waiting for was around him? But he did not see anything nearby him on his radar. The blue dots were enclosing, he could see them coming already, there were six men. All of them were looking at him, that's when he realized that he was the reason they were coming over. Jack stopped and waited for them to approach.

He scanned the six using his God-Eye monocle. Three of them were Fighters, two level 15 and one level 16. Another two were Rangers, both level 15, and the last one was a level 16 Magician. None of them had any guild tags under their name.

"You lost?" The lead level 16 Fighter said. The others came further and took position around him, they were encircling him.

"Not really," Jack replied calmly. "You people had any need from me?"

The lead Fighter grinned, seemingly amused by Jack's effort to act calm. He said, "as a matter of fact, yes, we have a need from you. We need what you have in your inventory."

"What I have? Are you guys robbing me?" Jack asked with a flat tone.

"Robbing is too barbaric, don't you think? I would prefer to say it as you helping fellow players in need. Of course, you may refuse. We can't take your items anyway even if we kill you, but then you will lose everything. Since we are civilized people, we prefer to settle matters without any bloodshed. We get all your coins and stuff, you keep your levels. What do you say? Isn't that a sweet proposition?"

The way the guy said it truly showed how he enjoyed his speech. He must think himself an elegant robber with some eloquence. Jack couldn't help but smile at the guy's attempt, which promptly caused the guy to frown.

"What are you smiling at? Do you not understand your situation?" He asked.

"Oh, I understand perfectly," Jack said. "You guys are some robber wannabes who can't do any honest work even in a game world."

"This one has a sharp tongue, let's just waste him, I don't think he has many valuables anyway," the mage said.

"Yeah, we kept on getting squirmy victims who just surrendered after some threat. We are lacking some exercises. Let's just bury this f**ker, we have enough profits already anyway," another fighter chimed in.

"We are competing with the other teams, any profit will be valuable," the lead fighter said, then looked back at Jack, "so are you resisting? As you can see, my people are itching already."

Competing? Jack thought about what the guy had just said. He said to the lead fighter with a smile, "there is one thing I don't understand. I can just take some stuff out and tell you that that's all I have. How do you know I'm telling you the truth?"

"That's easy. You give us permission to peek inside your inventory, and also permission to take all the stuff inside."

"We can do that?" Jack was surprised to learn this feature.

"You are not going to do that, only us. So please cooperate, no one wants this to get messy. I can't hold my people back any longer if you are still being stubborn."

"oh, but you don't need to hold them back at all, I also need some exercises."

The supposed robbers looked at each other. Was this guy for real? Couldn't he see he was outnumbered? Or he thought himself to be an overpowered hero from some wuxia novels? The lead Fighter's face turned dark, he always preferred his victims to cooperate willingly. He was a businessman, not a savage. In real life, he ran a business, but in this weird world, he was reduced to a mere robber. He

was already in bad mood, thinking about how he was forced into this nonsense place. He always thought that games were just wasting time in real life, but here he was, getting stuck in this God-forsaken world.

"Fine then, if you want to die, then die. Get him, boys!" He shouted.

"Have been waiting for it," one of the rangers said as he jumped forward, daggers in both hands.

The others also moved forward, except the lead Fighter and the Magician. They didn't think there was any need for them to step in.

The Ranger who had acted first was the first to arrive before Jack. He used Swift Stab at Jack's neck. Jack swayed a bit and the dagger hit empty air. His black sword then came out with an upward slash. The swift attack caused 102 damage to the hot-blooded Ranger.

That one slash did not only take away a huge chunk of the Ranger's life, but also his courage. His face turned pale immediately upon seeing how much HP he lost. His legs instinctively jumped back, trying to put away as much distance as possible against the guy in front of him.

The other three of his comrades who rushed to Jack as well, halted after seeing the slash just as they were about to reach Jack. Jack did not let the opportunity go to waste. He turned as they were stunned and used Swing to hit the three of them at the same time. Each of them lost around 130 HP from the skill.

"Shit! An expert!" The mage blurted out. He couldn't afford to stand aside anymore and immediately cast Mana Bullet. The lead Fighter on the other hand seemed lost and not sure about what to do.

Jack could see the Mana Bullet came approaching clearly. He slashed at the white ball and cut it into two. His normal slash had more power than the Magician's Mana Bullet, so he didn't receive any damage after destroying the spell with his attack.

He then dashed towards the Ranger that had jumped back. The ranger didn't expect Jack could move that fast, the guy was even faster than him. Before he could react, Jack kicked at his legs, disrupting his balance, and send another slash. The ranger was in critical condition already.

Jack then left him behind and ran to the magician who had just cast Energy Bolts, five magic bolts came between him and the magician. Jack equipped his round shield since he couldn't expose his magic staff. He used his round shield to block one bolt, then slashed another using his sword. The other three bolts were ignored by him as they stabbed onto his armor.

Each bolt did not deal more than 20 damage, they were mosquito bites to Jack. He sent two rapid slashes once he was in range, putting the magician under low HP which he could take out with one more slash, but he didn't deliver the final blow. He kicked the Magician over to where the Ranger was. Jack's strength was much higher than him, so he was sent flying from the kick despite suffering no damage from the kick.

Chapter 196: Robbing The Robbers

The lead Fighter finally snapped out of his daze. He used Power Strike against Jack. Jack met the move with the same skill. Two swords imbued with Power Strike skill clashed in mid-air. The damage of Jack's

Power Strike completely overpowered the lead fighter's one. Even after deducting the reduction of damage caused by an attack against attack, the lead Fighter still suffered 108 damage as he was thrown away by the Power Strike force.

He crashed onto a nearby tree and suffered additional damage from it. Jack reached him before he could get up and gave him two rapid slashes as well before kicking him towards the ranger and the magician.

The sequences of the fight had transpired at a fast pace. Before they knew it, the group of robbers had lost half of their fighting force. The three that had been put in a critical situation were dazed that they forgot to use any restorative potion. The remaining three who had been hit by Swing previously immediately put themselves in front of the wounded three. One of them yelled at those behind them, "use your potions!"

The Ranger responded first, he took out his basic healing potion and was about to drink it.

"Oh, no you don't!" Jack said as his hand swung his sword forward. A crescent light shot out and passed through the gap between the three persons guarding at the front. The sword light hit the Ranger who was just about to drink his potion and caused massive damage, which eclipsed the Ranger's remaining HP. He fell lifelessly to the ground, his thought was still wondering what had happened.

The three players at the front who saw the crescent light passing through them, had their eyes fixed on the Ranger's lifeless body. They also had a hard time understanding what exactly just happened. What was that skill? While they were in a trance, they felt pain in their bodies.

Jack never stopped moving, he had run forward while sending his Sword of Light to kill the Ranger. He used the chance while the three were in a stupor to get close enough and made rapid slashes on all three of them. They were standing close to each other so he could hit them without moving much from one position. The two fighters were hit with three slashes each and the remaining Ranger were hit with two slashes.

He then stopped his attacks, stepped back, and said to them, "now I only need to hit each of you one time, and you will die. Don't try to drink your potion or run, you saw the skill I used before. I can hit you from a distance. I will not hesitate to kill you if any of you try anything funny."

Of course, they didn't know that his Sword of Light had three minutes cooldown, which made it unavailable at the moment. But they were scared enough to not think that Jack was bluffing. They had seen the high damage from the man's attack, they did believe that he only need one more slash to kill anyone of them.

"W—what do you want?" One of them asked.

"Hehe," Jack gave a wicked grin. "I am giving you guys the same option you gave me a while ago. Either die and lose everything, or give me the permission to take everything inside your storage inventory."

All of them were stupefied. Weren't they supposed to be the ones that did the robbing? Why was it the other way around?

"Make your choices," Jack said, then pointed to the closest fighter. "You, I will give you three seconds to decide. If I still cannot reach inside your bag after the count of three, you can just start over from the beginning."

"One...," Jack started counting.

"Two..."

Before Jack could say three, the Fighter raised his hands. "I surrender! I surrender! Take whatever you want!" He screamed.

It was a sensible choice, although he would lose all his possessions, it was still better than to also lose his level and completely start over from the beginning. Unless he was completely bitter and preferred to lose everything rather than gave Jack the benefit, there was no reason for him to defy.

Once he agreed to the condition, Jack felt that he could send his consciousness into the person's storage bag just like how he could check his own. The guy had surprisingly many items, but most were common grade. Jack simply moved everything into his bag without checking on them. He also stripped the poor guy off the equipment he was wearing, leaving him half-naked with only junk undergarments.

He gave a signal that the Fighter could go, the guy was hesitant for a moment before he started moving. He was still looking back every few steps to make sure Jack did not trick him and backstab him. After he was at a distance where he thought he was safe, he broke into a run towards the capital.

Jack then moved to the next player. After seeing his comrade was really being released after complying with Jack's demand, the next person surrendered more swiftly.

In the end, Jack robbed them all. Except for the dead ranger, which only dropped a single piece of equipment, the others complied. The ones with the most valuables were the level 16 lead fighter and magician. The two of them had all 5 cbm of their space storages filled up, they must have been the first ones to collect the loots from the people they robbed.

From the quantity Jack had gotten, Jack could gauge that they must have robbed quite a large number of other players. There were various types of equipment, from cloth armors to even heavy armors, multiple kinds of weapons, ingredients, materials, potions, and even some tools. No rare items though, most were common and a few uncommon.

Jack didn't have the time to organize all of them yet. In fact, his limited 5 cbm standard storage was not enough to hold all the goods. Good thing he had that Large Bag that had been sitting inside his inventory unused all this time, he could finally put it to good use. All the overload goods, he put inside this Large Bag which could hold a volume of 100 cbm.

For the coins, he could calculate their amount at once. From all five of them, he had collected 7 gold, 83 silver, and 42 copper coins. It was a massive earning, it was much more profitable than a single trip of his efficient hunting quests, Jack couldn't imagine how many players had become their victims. Perhaps he should follow in their footsteps and be a robber instead of doing honest quests?

He chased the last person away after robbing him clean. The guy was worried as hell that Jack would simply just kill him since there was no one left to show his sincerity, but Jack still followed through with

his promise and let the man go. Jack wondered if those robbers also kept their words to let their victims go after they were done robbing them.

He was still grinning as he watched the last robber getting further into the distance. His coin savings had been filled up again now. He looked towards the East, then headed in that direction.

"Where are you going? You are not going back to the capital to submit your hunting quests?" Peniel asked.

"No, I just found a really high-profit work," Jack answered.

Peniel was confused for a while before she said, "wait, you are not talking about robbing people, right?"

"Half correct, I am robbing robbers," Jack exclaimed.

"Are you nuts? Do you expect you can find robbers everywhere?"

"No, but you heard what they said, didn't you? They were talking about competing with other teams. That means there are other groups of robbers out here. Most probably there is someone that organizes these robbers to make a profit out of the misery of others. Don't you think us making a profit while delivering justice is something worthwhile to be done?"

"But where do you even want to find these supposed robber teams? You should have kept one of them captive to get the information on the whereabouts."

"I considered it before, but they could easily send a message to their organizer to warn the other teams. That's why I didn't bother to. Better they consider this to be an isolated case, so the other teams won't get alarmed."

"You still have the problem on how to find them."

Chapter 197: Any More Smart Remark?

"Truthfully, I don't think it will be that difficult. This team here had been camping since yesterday, I have noticed them several times. I guessed their modus operandi was to rob individual or small team of players who had just come back from hunting or questing in the wilderness. This ensured these players to be loaded as they still have their loots and not yet spend them.

"So the position they took will be closed to the city so they can see the people that were on their way, but not too close to not allow the victims to escape back to the city easily. I would say our current distance to the city is about right. We only need to walk in a circling direction at this distance by the capital. With the help of my radar, I should be able to pick up any group in the vicinity, and I just need to confirm that they are robbers by using my own self as bait, considering that I travel alone."

"Sound vague," Peniel said, "but even if your way works, you said yourself, they can send messages. What if they lay a trap for you?"

"That's why I need to move now, they should not be on an alert yet for the moment. Don't worry, I will take precautions when I see too large a group before engaging. I can detect them with my radar beforehand. I won't let things go out of hand."

"Geez, you really like to take a risk. Go ahead, it's a fun show for me to watch anyway," Peniel said.

Jack followed his hunch and walked encircling the capital while maintaining the same distance to it. He avoided the monsters with the help of his radar to save time in traveling. He also passed through some blue dots which indicated players like him, but they did not fit the characteristic of the robbers. The ones he met were either too small a group or were in the move.

After walking for a while, he came to a rocky ravine with a small stream going through it. vegetations covered one side of it.

He saw some stationary group of blue dots on his radar, could this be the ones he was looking for? He continued to move towards it. He could start hearing some voices from the direction of the blue dots he was heading to. The voices grew louder, but not only because he was getting closer, but also because the people whom the sources of voice were from, spoke louder. They were... arguing?

"... you fiend! You are a bunch of cowards! You only dare to use your number to threaten us. Let's duel one on one if you have the guts!"

A chorus of laughter could be heard. Then some slap and smacking sounds, and a grunt.

A female voice was heard, "stop it! Stop! We will give you what you want, just let us go!"

"You should have been obedient from the start, why try to act tough in front of your girl? Now give us all you have!"

Hearing the content of the conversation, Jack knew he had found the right group. He could also see them already. There were seven rough-looking men surrounding a young couple. Since he already confirmed that they were robbers, he no longer needed to use himself as bait. He promptly ran towards them.

The robbers were busy checking on their victims. Only until Jack was close enough that one of them noticed him. "Hey, what's that clown doing running towards us?" He said.

The others looked over with blank looks. Jack was already upon them and took out his sword.

"Crap!" One of them blurted out as they finally registered that they were being attacked. They would never imagine that one person would dare to blindly crash into the group of them.

Jack's speed was very fast, all of them thought that he was a high-level Ranger. Even after he brandished his longsword, they still thought the guy was a clown trying to attack them like this. They would let him one free hit before they ganged up on him and made him regret his folly.

But all their thoughts burst apart like bubbles when Jack's first hit connected. A damage of over 100 points appeared over the head of the Ranger that received that first hit.

Jack did not stop his attack, he was already in top gear while the robbers were still starting their engines. Their minds were still trying to understand what had just happened.

These robbers were a bunch of noobies, Jack thought as he continued to attack. Same as the first group of robbers he dealt with before this. They all froze from things that were out of their expectations. This

was a good thing for him though. It made things easier for him. It would be more troublesome if there was an expert among them.

He danced around the robbers while kept on slashing and dicing. Each attack took out a large chunk of their HP. He had identified each of their classes and made sure to not hit more than required to avoid killing them accidentally. Before long, all of them were already in critical HP situations.

The young couple were dumbfounded by what was happening in front of them, and had been motionless throughout the ordeal.

Jack stopped his attack, he stood a distance from them and shouted out, "okay, everyone stop moving. I will kill anyone who made a sudden move."

One of the robbers didn't listen, the guy tried to run away. Jack was already expecting this to happen from this bunch of unruly folks. He used Sword of Light and diminished the remaining HP of the guy who was trying to run away. Same tactic as with the previous gang of robbers, he used this to intimidate the others and show that he could attack them from a distance. As expected, they became more docile afterward.

"You two can go now," Jack said to the young couple.

The two of them were still gaping at this sudden turn of events, and did not react when Jack told them to leave.

Seeing the two vacant expressions, Jack said in a menacing voice, "if you two don't leave yet, I will cut you like what I did to them!"

The two finally snapped out of their daze and realized that Jack had not touched them during the chaotic fight. They understood at last that they had been saved. "Th—thank you!" They said appreciatively before they ran away from the place.

"Who are you? Do you know who you are dealing with?" One of the robbers found the courage to speak.

"I am honestly very interested in finding out who is behind you bunch. How about you tell me then?" Jack said.

The one who had just spoken realized he had spoken something that should not be revealed, he shut himself up from speaking further.

"No? That's fine also. Now all of you give me your permission to take things from your inventory. Anyone who resists will be executed. Are we clear?" Jack told them.

"Y—you are robbing us?!" The robbers said with disbelief.

"Hell, no! Who do you think I am? I'm serving justice!" Jack replied righteously. "Now stop speaking nonsense and do as you are told. Or you want to follow your friend's footstep there?" Jack pointed at the corpse of the robber who he had used Sword of Light on.

The robbers were depressed. They submitted to Jack's demand compliantly. They might be overbearing when bullying weaker players, but when they met a stronger one, they inexorably turned to be as meek as a kitten.

Jack completely cleaned up their inventories one by one. He put all the items inside his Large Bag. For coins, he collected 6 gold, 51 silver, and 15 copper coins, lesser than what he had gotten from the previous gang despite this one had one more member.

"Go, get the hell out of here," Jack let them go after cleaning them out.

"You will regret this!" One of the robbers hissed as he ran away.

Jack chased after him and cut him down without mercy under the terrified gaze of his friends.

"Anyone else still wants to make another smart remark?" Jack asked them.

They held their mouth and ran away, afraid to accidentally utter a sound that would displease this demon.

Chapter 198: The One Behind The Robbing

Accompanied by the expectation of hefty profits, Jack continued on his noble crusade to search for the other robber teams and delivered them justice, while making profits on the side.

When he entered the small woods outside East gate where he had fought the Warriors of Solidarity a few days ago, the sun had started to set. The soft and orange light of the sunset was filtered through the sparse leaves in the woods, it created a peaceful atmosphere despite some monsters roaming around it.

Jack weaved through the scattered monsters as he made his way. He soon found a group of blue dots that remained stationary. He purposefully walked closed to the group so they could see him. As expected, the blue dots came approaching.

There were six of them. There was a woman within the team this time. Jack pretended to ignore them as he continued walking.

One of them came blocking his path. "Where are you going, friend?"

"I'm looking for people," Jack answered.

"Who are you looking for? Maybe we can help," the guy who was blocking him said with a grin.

A friend next to him appeared to have notice something before he said to the guy, "say, didn't this person seemed similar to the description given by the manager?"

"Huh?" The guy seemed to have noticed something as well.

The other five started to huddle together with the first guy who blocked Jack's path. "Could it really be him?" One of them asked.

"So you guys are part of the robber gang? Who is this manager you guys mentioned?" Jack asked.

"It really is you?!" They brandished their weapons.

Judging by their reaction, he should not worry about harming the wrong person. He also took out his longsword and shield, and proceeded to engage them. This gang was similarly dull as the two other teams he had taken care of. They were still crowded together when the fighting started. Jack easily hit them all with Swing.

It took Jack even less time to deal with this lot than the ones before. Same as before, Jack needed to kill one of them to instill fear into them. They soon acquiesced and let Jack intruded into their inventory bags. Jack cleaned them up without pity, and kicked them away after.

He recovered tons of equipment, ingredients, materials, and 8 gold, 12 silver, 7 copper coins. With this newest acquisition, he had a total of 36 gold coins now.

He was back to loaded again, he truly had to thank these robbers. If he could continue this endeavor for a few more days, he could give Amy's Bakery another upgrade. But he knew this was just short-term work. The group behind these robbers would have prepared for him soon, just like how the bunch he had just chased away recognized him. In fact, he thought maybe he should stop now. They would surely take action soon.

After considering it for a while, Jack decided to go look for one more team before calling it quits, his large bag could still fit a lot more loots. The night had arrived, but he decided to spend a few more hours roaming before returning with his spoils.

Jack went South towards the outskirt of Mount Thenias. He had to fight through several lizardmen and goblins here as their frequency was much higher. He climbed a small distance up the foot of the mountain. He could still see the capital from the ledge.

There was no sign of another robber team, maybe he had scared them away with his continuous hunting on their gang? If that was the case, he should pat himself with a job well done for taking out those trashes and contributing to society. It was just a pity he could not reap further profits.

There was another way down the mountain that would bring him close to the East gate entrance of the capital. He traversed through that steep rocky path. He walked leisurely as he vanquished any monsters he met on the way, before he noticed a group of blue dots at the front of this path.

They were motionless as if watching the road, similar to how the robber teams were. Could this be another of the robber teams? But their numbers were a lot. There were probably no less than thirty blue dots there. If they were the robber team, this was probably a team put together to deal with him. Maybe this manager that they mentioned had had enough with his harassment and finally took action.

Jack thought about how he should approach this lot. He took out a whetstone to apply on his sword which increased its already insane damage. He also ate Sweet Dumpling which he had bought from Elli, it increased his damage further by 10% and reduce the cooldown time of all his skills by 10% for the next 6 hours.

After making this preparation, he then walked forward at them brazenly. If they happened to not be the robber group, he would just waste one whetstone and one Sweet Dumpling, a small price to pay.

He could see the many figures who stood scattered around the road he was on. The group noticed him as he walked over, they all looked towards him in a hostile manner. Jack continued to walk forward without a care. One of them went away, before soon returning with several other people.

Jack scanned them, most of them were level 14 and 15 basic class players. There were four level 16 basic class players. Surprisingly, there were two level 16 advanced class players, and more notably, these two advanced class players had a guild tag under their name.

Supervisor Faithstoooge (Knight), level 16

HP: 462

Guild: Corporate United

Associate Trustaide (Healer), level 16

HP: 260

Guild: Corporate United

Knight and Healer, two classes that he had never fought before. And Corporate United? Was them the one behind these teams of robbers? He had also seen Trustaide before, when he helped Silverwing to acquire the Guild Creation Token. This group of people crowded together and formed a wall that blocked Jack's path.

'Peniel, how to use the Recording Stone?' Jack suddenly asked the fairy in his mind after seeing the two persons from the famous guild.

"Eh? Why are you asking about the recording stone at this time? Anyway, it was a simple tool, you just need to reach out at it with your mind to activate it."

'Can it still record things if I didn't take the stone out?'

"It can, it will automatically record everything around your vicinity in the duration when the stone is active."

Jack was relieved, it would be awkward if he had to take the stone out to record things. People would have guessed he was up to something.

"Is there a party here? Fancy seeing so many people out here," Jack greeted the group who had blocked him.

"Don't you try to act dumb!" One of them exclaimed, then said to the two Corporate United people. "he is the one that had been robbing us!"

Jack looked closely at the person who just talked. He indeed knew this guy, he was in the second team which he had stripped off their belongings. After further checking, he noticed a few from the first and third teams as well.

"Oh, it's you!" Jack uttered. "no wonder I felt happy when seeing you. It's actually the guy who had given me many presents!"

The person's face turned dark when he heard Jack's words.

"Wait! Why is it you?" One of them called out.

Jack took a look at the person. The guy looked familiar. He was level 14, Jack read his alias, and exclaimed, "Ogre? wasn't you the one that tried to rob me during the tutorial period? Wait, if you are here, then..."

He looked around and indeed, he saw the skinny man that goes by the name Mouse. He was sneaking at his back, apparently getting ready to backstab him.

"So you two still end up as robbers in your second life? Can't you two clowns find a different and more honest job? I will hate to kill you again. No, wait, actually I think I will enjoy it," Jack said to them with ridicule, but he was actually apprehensive. He remembered he had used Magician's skills to killed Ogre. Now meeting him here, would he expose his dual-class?

But the guy didn't seem to remark about it, could he had forgotten? Or there was a possibility that he thought Jack was simply using a unique item to copy a Magician's spell. Nevertheless, Jack was not planning to remind him. He was still planning to keep his dual-class a secret for a while longer.

"Can't you see around you, punk? You are the one that will be killed," Ogre hissed as he brandished his axe.

"Silence!" Faithstooge came forward as he stood on a nearby small hill imposingly, he was wearing a set of bright-color heavy armors, making him looked like those white knights in the old medieval shows that were portrayed to uphold justice and vanquish evils.

He looked down at Jack with his chin lifted high and said, "robbery is a despicable act, I hope you can repent from your erroneous ways. Return what you have stolen from them and gave them some compensation, we can consider the matter settled then."

Chapter 199: Request To Join A Guild

Jack was dazed by the high acting of the fellow, he broke into a laugh after.

"What are you laughing at?" Faithstooge asked with a grim expression.

"You watched too many TV shows, man. Stop with your nauseating acting. I was wondering which outstanding guild could come up with such a brilliant scheme. Robbing people to enrich themselves. I must say I'm very much impressed. Corporate United really is a guild built by people who know how to maximize profits. I have just followed your strategy for half a day, but I make more earnings than I have in a week. Really applaudable!"

"What nonsense are you spouting, we are all upstanding citizens here. Do not try to twist the truth," Faithstooge said.

"Brother, do you see a camera here? Do you see any other people watching? I should be the one that asked you to stop speaking nonsense, who are you trying to deceive here?" Jack uttered with disgust.

"These people you representing here have been robbing independent players for days now, and you want to say you have no idea? Are you telling me that you come here just to help them get back their

things? And not because you are angry that I have snatched the earnings your underlings here had collected?"

"Do not try to twist the truth, villain," Faithstooge was adamant.

"What are you wasting your breath for? Do you think you are giving a show to someone?"

"He is right, why are we wasting our breath?" Trustaide whispered to Faithstooge, he was rather exasperated with this superior of him as well.

"Are we going to continue to watch your roleplay or are we going to get down to business?" Jack added.

"The offer stands, if you recognize your erroneous way and return the stolen goods, we will let you go. If not, we will have no choice but to teach you our justice," Faithstooge continued.

"Well then, kill me then. I bet you have a good explanation for your Manager, for losing an income of 21 gold and a ton of equipment," Jack didn't back down.

Trustaide came forward and said, "don't be so unreasonable, I'm sure we can work something out."

"I'm not the one being unreasonable! Tell that to this lame actor-wannabee who has most likely lost an audition before," Jack countered.

Faithstooge's face went dark. It was true that he had lost auditions before, but he could not accept being called a lame actor-wannabee. Acting was his passion, gaming was only to pass time for him. Now that the world had turned, he had lost the avenue for him to channel this passion. He had decided instead to incorporate his passion into acting out the character he envisioned for himself in this world, but this detestable man kept making fun of him!

"I'm open for negotiation, but I want a cut in this operation. Whatever this robbing operation you called, I want in," Jack continued. "So we can't start to talk if this lame actor here said that there is no operation. If so, then there is no need to talk, let's just fight it out. Even if I die, you won't get anything as well."

The guy was calling him lame actor again, he was just about to retort when Trustaide spoke loudly beside him, with a glare hinting for him to shut up, "the loots are ours from the start, don't you think it is improper to negotiate using what are originally ours? How about you return them first, we can talk from there."

"Do you have no shame to call the loots yours? They are the belongings of the people you rob. If you consider you are entitled to them because you have robbed them, then the same applies to me. I am entitled to them because I have robbed you. Now, are we still going to continue speaking nonsense?"

The two Corporate United members looked at each other, then Faithstooge said, "fine, what do you propose?"

"Oh, so now you admit that you have asked them to rob people?" Jack asked.

"I thought we are not speaking nonsense anymore?" Trustaide uttered with annoyance.

"We are not, but I'm displeased with this lame actor for keep denying it from the start. I want to hear him admit it first."

"Don't be too cocky. You should look at your situation. We can kill you easily."

"All right, let's just fight then!" Jack exclaimed.

Sighing, Trustaide looked at Faithstooge again. It's always the worse when dealing with a lunatic who is not afraid to die. All the others were also looking at him.

Faithstooge gritted his teeth, he had always been weak against the pressure of being stared down by the audiences, that's how he had failed his auditions before. He finally said, "Fine! The robbings were organized by us. What's the point? There is no one that's going to trust you anyway. Now give us back what should be ours!"

"Heh, now that's better," Jack chuckled. "I must say again the Corporate United really is a guild filled with businessmen, to come up with such scheme. Do you mind letting me know who was it in your guild that thought of such a brilliant plan?"

"Don't try to stall anymore. Are you going to give the loots back or not?" Trustaide said, his patience was running thin.

"So hasty... I can return them, but I want in on the action. I've met three of your robber teams, but I know there should be more positioned around the capital. Now I want to take charge of one of these teams, and 50% of the profit from this team."

"50%? Who do you think you are?" Faithstooge exclaimed.

"You have many teams, 50% from one team is not so much. I believe you don't think you can do this long-term, do you? The news of your robbings will spread with the increase of victims. They will start to band together and hunt you down. That's why you use people who are not formally in your guild, to avoid implicating your guild. Ain't I right?"

The two of them were silent, but anyone could see from their expressions that they didn't deny Jack's words.

"Now you already see my capability. I believe you only target players who travel alone or in a small group of two mostly. You don't dare to target a large group, but such targets are scarce. Put me in a route with high traffic, I can take care also of large groups, thus you will maximize your profit even though you have to give me 50%. I understand your Manager, whoever it is, will agree to this. Send him a message then if you want, I will wait."

The two Corporate United people turned around and whispered among themselves. The others glared at Jack, they were truly amazed that this guy was actually negotiating with their handlers. They had reported what had happened to these handlers and had originally come together to teach him the consequence of offending them, but how did it end up with a chance for him to join them instead?

Jack continued to wait calmly. The others were rather annoyed by how calm he was. They couldn't wait for their handlers to reject this overconfident a**hole so they could start beating the shit out of him. Yet the words that came out from their handler's mouth made them despondent.

"We can give you 20%," Faithstoooge said.

"You are joking, right? I will be the one that does most of the work, 40%," Jack replied.

Faithstoooge shook his head, "I can't give you more than 30%. That's our final offer."

"You are truly a Corporate United member, ruthless even in haggling," Jack said. "How about this? After we are done with this robbing business, I want to be accepted as an official and core member of Corporate United."

Faithstoooge frowned. "That is not the deal."

"Well, I asked for 50%, yet you haggled like an old mom buying fish at a street vendor, so the deal has changed. Go message your Manager, I'm sure he will be glad to have a capable player such as me joining Corporate United."

Faithstoooge was speechless. He had a private talk with Trustaide again before he sent another message to his superior.

The others were confused. Why did it look like the player whom they initially planned to beat was instead having the initiative in the conversation?

Faithstoooge returned his attention to Jack after a while, he said, "we can agree to accept you, as an official member, but not as a core member. You will have to work yourself up like the rest of us."

Chapter 200: Outnumbered

"Wait, you're agreeing for me to join what guild?" Jack asked.

"What?" Faithstoooge was flustered.

"I want to hear you say what guild you let me join. How can I know you are not tricking me and let me join some kind of subordinate or branch guild?"

Faithstoooge's mouth twitched, this guy was truly annoying. If the guild wasn't in dire need of coins, he would have given the order to just slaughter this irritating person.

"Fine! After your work is done, we will accept you into our Corporate United guild, as an official member."

Jack gave him a wide smile. The others assumed he was happy after nailing down the deal. They heard him utter, "so you admit you are from Corporate United then?"

"What are you going at?" Faithstoooge asked with a puzzled look.

"Damn! It took so long just to get you to say it. Hehe. Now we can get into the real business."

"What real business?"

"This!" Jack said as he executed Sword of Light to a magician, who was one of the four level 16 of the basic class. It caused 376 damage, which was already more than the magician's entire HP pool. His body slumped down lifelessly to the ground.

Everyone was stumped by the sudden attack. Before they could react, the players closest to Jack were hit by Swing. Ogre was among them. "Curse it! We should have just beat you right from the start!" He shouted angrily.

Faithstooge was dumbfounded, what's wrong? Wasn't the negotiation had gone well? Why did the guy suddenly attack after they agreed to his term?

Trustaide was quicker on the take. He remembered Jack's sentence before he suddenly turned hostile. He was doing the farce just to get them to admit their guild's name? But what's the point? As he said himself, there was no one around. But never mind, he never had high hope of getting back their stolen loots anyway. He preferred to just finish their offender as soon as possible so they could get back to their respective jobs.

He gave the signal for everyone to attack while Faithstooge was still in a daze. Trustaide never understood why this lame useless pretender could ever be his superior.

Everyone lunged at Jack, Jack used his speed to weave in between the crowded players, preventing them from coordinating with each other. The fighters couldn't swing their weapons wildly, while the magician could not target him as their line of sight was blocked. The Rangers tried to chase after him, but with much difficulty, and when they came near, Jack sent them knocking backward with his overpowering strength.

Jack cut at anyone he passed by as he moved. He never stayed at one place, to avoid his opponents from stacking on him and preventing him from moving. He used Charge to break away when there were too many opponents gathered around him. He would be done for if he lost his mobility. He could only chip away their HP a little at a time.

After a while, he felt weird. He had made sure to circle back to be able to attack the same players, so as to kill them. Normally he only needed three normal hits to kill a ranger or a magician, but he had been hitting the same magician four times, yet the person was still standing. He didn't catch them drinking any potion as well.

"Did you forget your opponent's advanced class?" Peniel's voice sounded in his mind.

Hearing Peniel's hint, he turned and glanced at the one he had just attacked. He caught a glimpse of white light showering the body of the person. It was a healing spell! Bloody hell, the Healer Trustaide had been healing the ones he had attacked all this time. No wonder he hadn't managed to kill anyone since the first one that died from his Sword of Light. He had to deliver a hit powerful enough to one-hit kill if he wanted to kill someone.

'How long is that healing spell's cooldown?' Jack asked Peniel.

"Only two seconds, but the guy needed to form spell rune, so it would have a longer interval between healings depending on the guy's skill."

That meant the healer could not spam his healings. He still had a chance if he stayed and focused on one person to deliver attacks fast enough to kill the target before Trustaide's could re-cast his healing spell. He looked at the healer while he was casting his spell, his rune forming was quite fast. It was roughly a second or less, the healer was slightly faster than himself when he cast his Barrier spell.

"You could also try to compete and see if his mana ran out first," Peniel offered her advice.

Jack took a glance and saw Trustaide drank a basic energy potion. Seeing that, he wouldn't put too much hope on the guy depleting his MP, he would most likely run out of his HP first before that. He might be fast, but it didn't mean he completely dodged every attack. He had difficulty fending off too many people. Even Mouse had scored one hit on him before Jack sent the skinny guy flying using Power Strike. He had not seen him since, must have been staying away to replenish his HP.

This is not working, Jack thought. The crowd itself was not a big deal, they were clearly just average players who didn't even know how to work together. Any players with experience would have made the attempt to form a decent formation.

If they did that, he would have a harder time dealing with them, but this lot seemed to just chasing him around like headless chickens. The problem was the Healer, he had underestimated the advanced class. One healer had caused him trouble. The Knight had yet to join in. He was still looking down from the small hill. He didn't see the need to involve himself.

"Aren't you going down there?" Trustaide said to Faithstooge.

"There is no need to," Faithstooge replied loftily. "There are more than enough men down there to take care of him."

"That's the point, we have so many men down there but how long has it passed? If I don't keep on healing, there would have been casualties already. Don't you see how high his damage is? I've already drunk two bottles of basic energy potion. It's not like I have an unlimited supply of the potion."

"So is he, his life bar is decreasing," Faithstooge was unmoved.

"Very little, and very slowly. Which is also very troubling, because I can't inspect him, not even his name. We can only see his life bar. It is very abnormal to only lose so little from a hit, his total HP could be off the chart."

"Hmph, you are overestimating him. Just do as you are now, he will be exhausted sooner or later," Faithstooge said. He was still miffed because of Jack's charade. Calling him lame, and then negotiated with him, even making him messaged his superior, and then suddenly he just started fighting them for no good reason? He would not grant this lunatic the attention he was asking for.

Trustaide could only shake his head helplessly and continued casting his healing spell.

Jack had decided. He was outnumbered and couldn't continue this for long. Since his opponents were getting healed, he just needed to deliver higher damage that overcame their healing speed.

He took out a basic healing potion and recovered back his HP to full, and then activated Life Burning Art. A chunk of his HP which he had just replenished was immediately gone again as a blood red aura burst out of his body, making him looked like a flaring demon. The display took all his attackers aback.

He made a normal cut and devoured 153 HP from a Fighter, then followed it with a Power Strike that caused 261 damage. The level 15 Fighter had died as he flew back, tumbling over several players behind him.

Trustaide was stunned, he had no chance to heal the guy. The damage amplification from the Life Burning Art was not as insane as the Overlimit skill from Jack's weapon, but it was still considerable. This art also increased Jack's speed and defense, allowing him to be more fearless as he ravaged around the crowd.

"Damn it! No wonder I felt that he was familiar!" Trustaide exclaimed.

"What is it?" Faithstooge asked. He was also shocked by the sudden twist. What skill was that?

"I know the guy," Trustaide answered.

"What? How? Who is it?" Faithstooge asked again.

"His name...," Trustaide tried to recall for a bit, before remembering, "Storm Wind! His name is Storm Wind. He is the one that had killed Warpath. I saw him in action when he did the deed. He used this same skill then!"