

World 601

Chapter 601: Soldiers Vs Martial Artist

Lenny brandished his dagger. Many assassins dual-wield daggers, since it doubled the equipment's bonus stats. Even some of his comrades did that. But he wasn't used to that fighting style. He had always been good with fighting using one dagger.

He came to the old man without hesitation. He had killed many youths since this battle started. He thought dealing with an old man would be a nice change of pace.

The old man was carrying a glaive, a long weapon. Lenny paid attention to the old man's hand, the glaive was carried with its blade facing down. Such a sheep, Lenny thought. The guy wasn't even holding his weapon right. Lenny planned to evade the clumsy attack this civilian old man do before closing in and dealing a deadly blow.

When they almost meet, the old man's glaive was still down. He did not attack? Lenny thought. Usually, civilians got anxious when their enemy was almost upon them, they would carry out their attacks way before their opponent was actually in range.

Perhaps this old man was not a civilian, Lenny thought. But still, he didn't think a decrepit old man was someone he couldn't take care of. He continued advancing with confidence.

All of a sudden, the blade of the glaive was right in front of his face.

The old man in front of Lenny was Domon. Domon had made a small twist on the wrist of the hand that was holding his glaive. That small movement had spun the glaive from a downward position to upward in an instant.

Lenny was given the scare of his life. The timing this old man used was very accurate. If his reflex had been any slower, his head would have been diving right into the blade. Still, Lenny's momentum had been too fast, his forceful dodge caused him to fall flat on his back.

At this time, Domon's feet came down at him.

Lenny snickered. This old man was senile. Had he forgotten already no damage would occur if an attack was done without a weapon? Except of course if he was a Battle Monk, but he was not. Lenny was going to stab the old man's leg using his dagger once the old man's feet touched his body.

Yet, when the foot was planted on his stomach, he felt all the air in his body was forcefully pushed out of him. He felt like he had been stepped on by an elephant. His body bent from the point of impact as he felt the ground underneath him break apart. Most surprisingly, he saw his HP taking a deep dive.

Domon had executed a martial move of him, One Thousand Pounds Mountain. It was a martial method that was the opposite from when he made himself weightless and jumped between heads. He now concentrated all his weight onto his foot and multiplied it using his chi, resulting in a very heavy stomp that could crack even concrete floor.

Bowler cringed seeing this man getting stepped like that. In their past world, the man would have vomited blood from that powerful stomp.

Domon twirled his glaive then stabbed it into the head of the man on his feet, resulting in critical damage that took out Lenny's life. It's no time to be merciful. Domon had seen them slaughtering others when he approached. He could see at once from their deed and movements that these men were real-life soldiers or mercenaries. They considered this as a war where slaughtering was fair, so he would do the same.

Regim, who watched from afar, was astounded. He couldn't believe Lenny had been taken out in such a short time. That proud soldier might be cocky and it might also be because he had been careless. But still, to be able to achieve that in an instant meant that the opponent was not simple.

"Joe, Kravitz, Sam, with me!" Regim ordered. Three of his men came to him and the four of them moved out.

"I will deal with them, you help the others," Domon said to Bowler when he saw the four coming.

Bowler nodded. He moved to the side, taking a roundabout to reach the others who were still fighting at the chokepoints.

Regim saw the Priest moving away, he did not ask his men to chase. The old man in front of them who had killed Lenny was the true threat.

Domon was standing his ground waiting for them.

"Domon," Regim uttered, reading the name after performing Inspect. "Are you a martial artist?"

"I am. Are all of you soldiers?" Domon asked back.

"We are," Regim replied.

"I suspected so. Your killing intents are very thick. Come! It had been some times since I have a spar with real troopers."

"Don't get big-headed, old man," Kravitz uttered. "You managed to kill Lenny because he thought you are just a simple old man. Do not expect that you will be able to deal with us if we are serious. We soldiers fought real combat, not play competition like you martial artists do."

"I remember a trooper said similar words to me when I was invited to teach martial arts in a military camp. After I put him down, he never dares say anything disrespectful again."

"Talking time is over. Kravitz, we are on a mission. Keep your head in the game," Regim admonished. He then ordered Kravitz and Sam who were assassins to go for close contact, while he and Joe who were gunners to stay behind.

Joe was using a shotgun while Regim carried a long-barreled handgun. The two started shooting. Domon moved when they did. Joe's shotgun had less rate of fire while Regim's shot more frequently, but none of their shots hit.

Domon seemed to be moving away just an instant when they were pulling their triggers. It was uncanny. The old man was already away from where they were aiming at before the bullet left their guns' barrels.

"Impossible!" Regim uttered. Although the players here exhibited superhuman speed due to high Dexterity stats. A bullet still traveled faster. They had not yet met anyone who could dodge bullets whether in the past world or this game world, until now. Regim was very much missing a machine gun at this moment. Unfortunately, no weapon with such a high rate of fire had yet been found.

When Kravitz and Sam came into contact with the old man. It was even more difficult for Joe and Regim to take a shot. The old man was always putting himself in an angle that had their comrades blocking the line of fire.

"Spread out!" Regim told Joe.

Kravitz was one of those that had learned to use dual-wielding daggers. While Sam was like Lenny, still prefer using one dagger. The two tried to attack Domon from opposite angles, but Domon easily deflected their attacks. He swatted Kravitz daggers using his glaive and kicked away Sam's arm that was stabbing, all the while dodging occasional gunshots.

Kravitz disliked using game skills. He thought it was unrealistic. Many inside the guild Jackal Crews felt the same. But it didn't mean they don't know how to. At this time, failing to land any attack even after the four of them were ganging up on this old man, caused a hurting to his pride.

He sent a message to Sam, coordinating their attacks. Both of them executed Unblockable Stab, an Assassin's level 35 skill. A phantom dagger came out from Kravitz and headed to Domon's chest. Sam's one came to Domon's back. This skill ignores 100% defense, dealing full damage with a high chance of critical.

However, before the phantom dagger hit, an axe appeared in Domon's left hand. His glaive went to his back to block Sam's strike while the axe cut at Kravitz's one.

Kravitz sneered. This old man didn't understand their skill's mechanics. This attack phased through everything. That's why it was called unblockable.

However, he watched with wide eyes, the phantom daggers from both him and Sam shattered to pieces when these daggers touched Domon's glaive and axe.

"How...?" Both Kravitz and Sam were taken aback by this, which stopped their movement. Domon used the two weapons on his hands and performed Death Carrying Cyclone while activating Ki Weapon. His two weapons glowed as they spun, cutting both Kravitz and Sam several times.

Sam snapped out of his surprise early and managed to activate Assassin's level 40 skill, Vanish, to save himself. He Shifted ten meters away in a random location and stayed invisible afterward for a short duration. It was the same skill that the expert assassin player had used to escape from Jack before Oswald appeared. That expert had used a magic scroll that contained this elite skill.

Kravitz was not that fortunate. His HP dropped to zero.

Although Sam had managed to teleport away and become invisible. Domon could sense his position easily. Domon used Ki Wave, a level 40 Weapon Master's skill, the only range attack he had. The skill produced an energy wave that traveled through the ground. Sam was already low in health when he escaped. This wave took out his remaining HP when it hit.

Regim and Joe, while they continued shooting their guns, were filled with disbelief when their two comrades fell before their eyes.

Chapter 602: The Might Of A Hero

"How did you stop their Unstoppable Stab?" Regim asked with unease.

"If you want to learn, you can come to our guild and register as a student, but you have to let go of your violent way of life," Domon replied while storing his axe.

"Old man, from the way you fight. I say you are as violent as any of us," Regim said and resumed shooting.

Domon never let his guard down. Once he noticed Regim's finger started squeezing the trigger, he moved.

Joe followed Regim's lead and shot as well. The two of them had separated and positioned themselves opposite each other. At the same time, two hounds appeared and dashed at Domon. Both Regim and Joe used to be Archers, so they have the Tame Pet skill.

These hounds were their choice of pets which they bought from the league faction they joined. These soldiers felt more comfortable with these hounds compared to the other fantastical beasts they could tame for their pets. Their peculiarity was also what prevented them from using these summons right from the start. They felt these pets were a bit unrealistic. But with their current situation, they needed every edge they have.

Dodging attacks from two opposite directions was much harder, added with the hounds' harassments, any other opponents would have been pressed into desperation. But with Domon's perfect grasp of mana sense, he could detect any movements even when he did not see them directly. The unnatural density of mana in this world further enhanced this ability. Domon used his glaive to parry the bullets that came from the front while evading the bullets that came from behind, all the while his legs sent out shadows that kicked the hounds away.

"Shadowless kicks?" Regim muttered when he saw Domon's kicks.

Domon was advancing to Joe who he thought was the weaker of the two.

Regim and Joe both used Rapid Shot, Gunner's level 35 skill. There was no machine gun weapon, but this rapid shot skill allowed a brief imitation of the weapon. At the first level, the skill shot two bullets in rapid successions, like a double-tap.

Every five levels increased added another bullet to the skill. When Regim and Joe used the skill, Regim shot out four bullets while Joe shot three, indicating Regim's skill level was higher.

The shot was too fast that Domon failed to dodge all the bullets, he parried some but three of the combined bullets cleanly hit his body. He had been receiving small damages from all the parry before this, with these additional clean hits, his HP dropped further. Luckily, a Weapon Master had high HP and decent defense, Domon still had more than half his life.

Once the skill ended, Domon took advantage of the brief pause when his opponents' skill ended to use Charge at Joe, leaving the hounds behind. The guy was startled by Domon's aggressiveness but not flustered. He used Roll to move away. Domon followed closely while dodging and parrying Regim's shots.

Joe, seeing Domon was still hot on his heels after his roll, slightly panicked after another of his shot missed. His shotgun's rate of fire was slow, so he threw a grenade, Gunner's level 45 skill. He realized his mistake once the grenade was out, Domon was too close when he did the reflexive throw. A grenade could be mentally detonated by its thrower or after three seconds had passed.

Joe couldn't detonate the grenade since Domon was too close to him, the blast hit all within an area of a three-meter radius. He tried to move away as best as he could before detonating the grenade. Yet, before that happened, he saw his grenade fly away in another direction. Domon had used his glaive to bat the grenade away, at the two hounds who were coming from the back.

The grenade exploded and blasted the hounds away.

Domon caught up to Joe, who made another shot with one hand while his other hand took out a dagger and stabbed. Domon tapped Joe's shotgun before it fired, making the shot go off course before ducking away from Joe's stab.

The maneuver brought their bodies close to each other. They were practically touching, with Domon's left hand on Joe's belly. Joe heard the old man's whisper, "Penetrating wave palm," before he suddenly felt as if a bomb had detonated inside his stomach.

He doubled over as he watched his HP bar going down. He could still feel his innards shaking inside. What the hell did this old man just do? He was still wondering when Domon's glaive came down upon his neck. Then his vision went black.

Regim watched another of his comrades fall. He made a quick decision and sent a message to his team here, "Retreat!"

The others looked over with surprise when they received the message. They were even more shocked when they saw four bodies of their comrades on the ground.

Bowler had come to the others' aid, but he didn't help much. He managed to keep the others alive though with his healing spells. With many of Jackal Crews' players going to fight Domon, their already small number reduced further, allowing the surviving players here to cope against these skilled opponents.

Regim had made the right choice, if he insisted on continuing, they will be the ones that got routed. He and his comrades retreated orderly. With the backline free from harassment, Everlasting Heavenly Legends' players could resume their tactical withdrawal.

Once Regim and his people left, Bowler asked Domon the same question Regim had asked, "How did you stop their unstoppable stabs?" Although Bowler was healing the others some distance away, he also observed Domon's fight. He knew about this Assassin's skill, it was indeed supposed to be unstoppable.

"Remember what I thought you people about mana manipulation?" Domon asked back.

"You use that technique?"

Domon nodded. "I can sense those attacks couldn't be blocked by normal means. But if I disrupt the mana surrounding their attacks. I can cancel those attacks."

"So cool..." Bowler uttered. "You have to teach us that technique!"

"If you cannot yet master mana sensing, forget about learning mana manipulation!" Domon chided.

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At the other chokepoint spots, what happened were roughly the same. With the experts from core members coming to aid, Everlasting Heavenly Legends' members could resume withdrawing. For the ones that were not so skillful, Jeanny sent more reinforcements, at least nine in number. This was so that they could utilize Nine Stars Formation in case they met powerful opponents.

Some spots still suffer many casualties during retreating, Jeanny tried to organize as best as she could.

However, with the withdrawals, some gaps occurred in the defense. A portion of the coalition army, both players and natives, took advantage of these gaps and punched through. They rushed over to the wall gate. Intent on being the first to break through the gate and infiltrate Heavenly Citadel.

When the wall gate came into view. They saw a single armored man with a savage visage standing in their way.

'Only one man? How brazen!' The heated invaders thought. "Trample through him!" One of them even shouted.

The lone man lifted his two-handed club and slammed it onto the ground when the coalition troops were almost upon him. The slam resulted in a shockwave that lifted everyone into the air. The man then rushed in and hit one by one those who were still helpless and unbalanced. Each of the man's blows resulted in huge damage. Some who were unlucky enough to suffer critical hits were even getting killed outright.

The savage man then swung his club as he continued to advance, creating a powerful whirlwind. Those that just got to their feet were swept off the ground again. The savage man continued batting everyone unhindered.

Those at the back saw many bodies getting tossed away from the front line, some already had zero HP when their bodies were still in the air.

Everyone was shocked by the display. They hurriedly used Inspect to find out about this man. The man was a native, naturally. No player was that powerful, yet. The man was a level 50 Rare Elite hero with the name of Uruk. This news was soon transmitted to the coalition leaders.

"What the shit! How did they manage to recruit a hero? A level 50 rare elite nonetheless!" Queen Magenta uttered. She had parted with Nova. Nova continued leading her members in advancing while Queen Magenta came to where the other coalition leaders were gathering. The place where Manager Steelhand was using the platform to control his native troops.

"Any of you have gotten a hero yet?" Scarface asked those that had got their Guild Headquarters. They all shook their head.

After their guild reached level 3, they could also build Hero's Altar. However, they were confused as to how to use that structure. After further research in the library, they finally learned the way to recruit a hero and its benefit. Yet, none had managed to do so. No one had yet to get their hands on a hero token. Those that owned a companion, was not willing to let go.

The last method should be the most feasible, by capturing a boss. But finding another bandit outpost or gang hideout was already rare, not to mention they had to destroy the core without killing the boss, before then challenging the boss in single combat. No one was willing to waste their one hero slot for a weakling boss. But capturing a boss too strong, they still won't be able to recruit it.

That's why they were very surprised when they heard Everlasting Heavenly Legends having a level 50 rare elite hero. Who the heck could go on single combat with that kind of boss.

When they were still having the thought, they concurrently thought of one person. But they then shook their heads. Even he couldn't be able to win against a level 50 rare elite, could he? If he could... Everyone took a gulp.

Of course, they were not privy to the knowledge that a hero after being recruited, could be boosted five levels using mana cores. Uruk was actually subdued when he was level 45, around their top player's level. Even so, none of their experts could still contend against a rare elite of the same level.

They wondered how the guy in their mind was faring at Saint Edge's headquarters.

They suddenly took pity on Saint Edge.

Chapter 603: Sonata Of The Night

Outside Saints Seat, John's body was still dispersing. His summon had vanished when he died. John's God-eye monocle was on the ground. Jack picked it up. Jack's ten wolves now stood behind him, awaiting his order.

"Brother!"

Jack heard a feminine voice at the same time he detected two projectiles coming. He leaned away as a throwing knife flew by his face. He used his sword to smack the second knife away. He turned and saw a young girl named Diana who was a level 43 Hidden Weapon Specialist. Radiant Phoebe was blocking her as she tried to make another throw.

"Brother? Is John your brother?" Jack asked.

"You fiend! I will take revenge for my brother!" Diana hissed.

"Calm down, miss!" Radiant Phoebe said to Diana.

"Go ahead. I'm not done taking my revenge as well. As I said, you all shall bear my fury," Jack said.

"Heh! You and what army?" Silas uttered. "You have difficulty even fighting one-on-one with a magic class player, do you think you can take us all on? Let's see how you fare against me first! No one lends a hand!"

Silas lunged as he finished talking. He was carrying a spear, the spear thrust at Jack. Jack dodged by sidestepping. The spear suddenly changed to a greatsword and Silas used Swing. Jack ducked away. The greatsword changed again to a hammer this time.

Jack could see this Silas was fully utilizing the perk of a Weapon Master, unlike his grandfather. Peniel had explained a Weapon Master received a damage bonus every time they attacked using a different weapon. Using one weapon would set an internal cooldown of the same type of weapon for the next three minutes. So a Weapon Master couldn't just abuse this perk by switching to only two different types of weapon continuously. There were nine types of melee weapons, a weapon master could switch a maximum of nine times before they had to wait three minutes to exploit this perk again.

Silas also activated Assaulting Frenzy, a level 45 Weapon Master skill. This skill was an enhanced version of adrenaline rush as it increased attack speed and damage, at the same time this skill also doubled the damage bonus from weapon-switching.

Jack's speed and damage were already a class above Silas, so he didn't feel overwhelmed by Silas' increased attack speed and damage. His two swords clashed with Silas' different types of weapons.

While defending, Jack said, "I don't feel like explaining, but please understand if you see me having difficulty fighting John, it was because I never expected the fellow to be that good. I tried to humiliate him by using only one class, and then I tried two classes before I finally finished him with all my classes. I admit it was my blunder for underestimating that fellow, but that was not the extent of my ability. I will show you now what happens if I go all out."

Jack used Flame Strike and smashed Silas away, making some space. All this time, his ten wolves simply stood behind him, not moving a muscle.

Jack then poured some mana cores into his amulet. A large rock golem appeared. He was not done, a bear-like creature with large antlers appeared on his other side. The Therras Beast huffed with clear disdain on all the ones before it.

Finally, Jack took out a small token.

"A companion token?" William of Wellington identified the thing on Jack's hand. "You are not the only one having such a tool," he said and took out a similar token. A large man in armor carrying a halberd materialized next to him. This armored man was a level 46 elite.

"Me as well!" Diana uttered. She used a companion token as well and a level 44 elite female knight appeared.

"Hm... Impressive," Jack said. He muttered as he activated his companion token, "I wondered if Arlcard truly upgrade to Mythical?"

Winds of darkness streamed out from the token and blew the dust all over before they coalesced into a lean young man with long hair in an aristocratic coat.

'Hey, isn't that Aubelard's coat?' Jack thought after seeing Arlcard's attire. But come to think of it, that coat had been heavily damaged during their fight with Aubelard. Either this was a similar-looking coat or Arlcard repaired Aubelard's damaged coat.

Jack used inspect on his companion and was disappointed to find the vampire was still in the rare elite grade. His level had increased by four levels to 49, though. Arlcard had gained outworlders leveling-speed advantage after becoming a companion, and it seemed like this vampire was not idle all this time.

Also, Arlcard's vampire rank, which was still at Mature rank the last time, was now at Elder. Aubelard's blood might have failed to push Arlcard to Mythical grade, but it still boosted his age counts.

Arlcard looked to the sky above, completely ignoring the crowd before him.

"This is Sangrod?" He asked.

"Yes. This is where Aubelard came from," Jack answered.

"Didn't expect to visit this place so soon. I am not strong enough yet," Arlcard mumbled. He then asked Jack, "Where is the enemy?"

"All of them," Jack answered.

"Good, save me the hassle from worrying about hitting allies," Arlcard said as he started casting a spell.

William, who was amongst those that had the highest inspect skill in Saint Edge, had successfully inspected Jack's companion. "Le—level 49 rare elite?!" He blurted out.

The others were shocked hearing it. How did Jack gain such a powerful companion? All of them wondered.

Arlcard's spell formation continued to form. When the fourth rune was formed and it was still ongoing, William finally snapped out of his daze and gave the order, "Attacckkk...!!!"

Whatever the spell was, it won't bode well for them.

But it was as if Arlcard was toying with them. When the order was issued, the rune forming picked up in speed. The spell formation was completed with six runes in total. Arlcard uttered as his spell took form, "Sonata of the Night."

A Stream of fog spread out with Arlcard at the center. This fog was so thick that no one could see anything within the fog, and it covered a very large area.

Jack, on the other hand, could see clearly through the fog. Maybe it was because he was the spellcaster's companion so his vision was magically unhindered? He saw several new figures appearing inside this fog. He recognized these figures, they were the ghouls that had assaulted him in Thesylvania's cemetery.

Saint Edge's people, on the other hand, were completely blind by the fog. They shouted for their friends. Used their hands to touch and make sure that their comrades were still beside them. When they saw a shadow in front of them, they assumed it was their friends. Only to have it approached and revealed a grotesque face that scared the shit out of them.

A lot of screams were heard as the ghouls took Saint Edge troops by surprise. As time went by, several ghouls burst out from the ground, immobilizing Saint Edge people while the ghouls pounced on them.

Jack was stunned by Arlcard's spell. This was a very good spell to use when going against a large group, but less so if against a powerful individual. Maybe that's why Arlcard didn't bother using this spell when they fought against Aubelard.

Jack didn't dally. This was a good opportunity to go for a strike. He gave his commands to all his minions. The wolves, rock golem, and Therras Beast spread out and started dishing out their attacks. This fog also didn't affect his minions' visions.

Jack's Therras Beast was still a lowly level 35, but its rare elite grade gave him more than enough stats to fight against these higher-level crowds. Not to mention it was originally a top-notch beast even amongst rare elites, and its skills were all very powerful. Its Tyrannical Charge punched through the opponent's front-line defense and arrived directly at where the range players were at. It then used its Overbearing Stomp to incapacitate everyone around while dealing damage, before finishing them off with violent stomps and horn strikes.

The wolves coordinated with the Rock Golem as the golem used its solid defense and strength to break the enemy's formation. The wolves went around picking on players who were off guard.

Jack used his Hundred Synchronous Thoughts to give detailed commands to each of his minions, directing them to prioritize attacking players who had less HP compared to the native soldiers.

Arlcard himself only stood there after casting his spell. Jack came to him and asked, "Do you need to stay still to maintain your spell?"

"No," He answered.

'Uh, then why are you just standing here for?' Jack said in his mind. But he never considered this companion to be below him, he suspected Arlcard thought the same way, so Jack didn't give him any commands. He simply said, "I will attack as well. The sooner we wrap this up, the better."

Jack rushed out.

Arlcard stood a while longer before he opened the side of his coat, revealing a long rapier on his side. He took out the rapier.. Its long blade gleamed with crimson color.

Chapter 604: Overpowered

Inside the Guild Hall of Saints Seat, John strode to beside the controlling platform. Jonathan was at the platform issuing orders to the native soldiers. Jonathan could only afford to give his son a brief glance before his attention was back to the holographic image on the platform.

"It looks like a mess," John remarked after seeing the hologram image. The fog cast by Arlcard had also filled up the hologram. Jonathan couldn't give accurate commands because he also couldn't see inside that magical fog.

"You have lost a level," Jonathan said.

"Such is what happened when you get killed while wearing Amulet of Rebirth," John replied.

Silence returned as Jonathan struggled with the native soldiers. John simply stood there. There was another player besides the two of them. A level 45 Sentinel. He was Jonathan's personal bodyguard.

"Such a mess," John said again.

"Why don't you go out there and help them?" Jonathan asked, a bit irritated by his son's remarks.

"Why don't you go out there and help?" John returned the question. "I was just out there gotten whacked back here. You will provide way better help to them compared to me. You know what I'm good at. While you, as the leader, I'm sure you carry one or two trump cards that you can use out there, don't you?"

Jonathan didn't reply. He ignored his son as he continued focusing on controlling the native soldiers.

John shrugged. He just stood there and watched his father at work.

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Outside the citadel, the chaos was escalating. Jack didn't worry about his wolf pack and rock golem. He won't lose anything even if those creatures died. Ten wolves would still come out the next time he used Call Wolf Pack.

His Therras Beast pet, on the other hand, would be gone if it died. Although Jack didn't think anyone here had the ability to kill his pet, he still followed his pet just for precaution. Additionally, his beastmaster perk made his pet stronger when he was close by.

Arlcard was also attacking now. He turned into a swarm of bats, biting everyone the swarm passed by, causing damage and inflicting Weakness status.

That was Aubelard's skill, Jack thought. It seemed that Arlcard absorbed more than just his vampire father's blood during that fight with Aubelard.

When Jack arrived at where his Therras Beast was, he saw it was fighting against three medium-sized beasts and several smaller beasts. Those must be the pets of Saint Edge's players. The three medium-sized beasts were a bear, a large lion, and a horned buffalo-like beast. This meant that there were three Beastmaster players nearby.

Although mainstream players had mostly gone past level 40, there were still few that had successfully gotten their elite classes. Due to the difficulty in passing the trials, more than half the players were still in their advanced classes.

Those three large beasts were all higher in level than Therras Beast, but they were still having trouble dealing with Jack's Therras Beast. If not for the smaller beasts running interferences, the Therras Beast would have broken out of their encirclement.

Amongst the smaller beast, there were also many wolves from the Call Wolf Pack skill. Upon observation, Jack noticed that all the wolf pack was the normal grey wolf, there was no larger black alpha wolf. Jack wondered if this was because he performed better in the trial? The trial-keeper lady did praise his result of only losing a few of the wolves.

Jack cast Energy Bolts, Arcane Turbulence, and Mana Beam to disrupt the beasts that were bothering his pet before he dove into their midst and hacked all those beasts. Those that owned the smaller beasts, hurriedly called their pets back, leaving only the wolves. If they lost their pets, they lost them forever.

All of a sudden, three extremely large wolves came before Jack. They clawed and bit at Jack. Jack found their cooperation and movements to be very unbeast-like.

"They are Beastmaster in transformation!" Peniel informed.

Jack had suspected so. Every beastmaster got a wolf form for their basic transformation. "Hehe, let's reciprocate," Jack said.

His body suddenly became larger, his face deformed and elongated. His hands and feet turned into claws. Black fur covered his entire body. He had done this transformation before when he first got this skill. He didn't think it was anything special at the time, but after seeing the other beastmaster's transformation, he noticed that he had a different black fur compared to the others who had grey fur.

'Is this also because I performed well in the trial? Meaning my black wolf transformation a better one than those normal grey ones?' Jack asked Peniel in his mind.

'Probably,' Peniel answered uncertainly.

It didn't matter, Jack's attributes and equipment were still a league above the others. When he transformed, even if he appeared buck naked at the moment, his weapons and equipment stats were still considered equipped. He could even cast spells.

The other three werewolves were completely outmatched by his speed and strength. One advantage of beast transformation was the player's HP was doubled, making them harder to kill.

Two robot-like entities came to support the three werewolves. Peniel informed Jack that those were Technocraft's Techno Golems. After seeing Wilted's Mazin, these two techno golems looked like oversized cheap plastic toys. They made Jack realize how special Wilted's Mazin was.

Jack's in his werewolf form, activated his Gold Scale Armor. The others nearby were shocked. Jack's beast form was already different in black color, now it transformed again into a golden color.

With the extra HP and damage reduction, Jack became even more reckless. Every attack they sent to him was like simple mosquito bites. Not to mention during beast form, beastmaster also acquired a small regeneration effect, sort of like a healing factor, further enhancing his already high HP recovery ability.

With such survivability, he just barreled through everyone savagely, fully embodying his inner beast persona. The Terras Beast followed in his wake. It stomped and headbutted anyone that escaped Jack's ravages.

On the other side, Arlcard delivered lightning-fast thrusts with his rapiers. None of the native soldiers nor the players could touch him. Even if they did, his overwhelming HP meant that they would need more than a few touches to deal with him.

The fog was getting thinner by then. He saw that his spell was nearing its end.

Arlcard made a circular swing. The energy wave from his swing threw everyone away. He then started casting again. The ones who saw his spell formation, panicked. There were four runes and the spell was still ongoing. They tried their best to interrupt, but Arlcard was casting his spell with his off-hand while the rapier on his right-hand thrust anyone that dared to come near. Any offensive spell cast his way was also getting slashed to oblivion by his rapiers.

Was he casting the fog spell again? Everyone wondered. The fog had gotten so thin that the ghouls had disappeared by themselves. When the runes reached six, it continued. Everyone's heart fell by then.

The spell was completed after seven runes.

Several black holes appeared randomly all over the place. Before anyone could react, sharp and devastating sword energy shot out from the holes. Most of the players getting cut by these black sword energies died instantly. Native soldiers survived but their HP fell by a large chunk. The worse thing was, these sword energies didn't stop after that one attack. It bounced back and struck anyone who had been lucky enough to have escaped the first one, and again, and again.

The attack seemed unending and even covered an extremely large area. Many of the native soldiers also died after getting hit by this sword energy four to five times.

Jack, who watched from afar, recognize the spell for Aubelard's Perpetual Sword of Death. 'Those people are in trouble now,' he thought.

William's companion had already died, but William himself managed to escape. Diana's companion was wounded as he grabbed Diana and tried his best to bring the girl away from the danger zone.

*

Jonathan banged his hands on the platform. "How did he get such an overpowered companion?!" He yelled in frustration.

"Not only his companion. You see, he himself is rampaging throughout our force unhindered," John said. "You should have better heeded the stories about when he fought the coalition. Why do you think they are so scared of him? Their entire offensive plan hinged on the fact that he is not there to fight them."

Jonathan glanced at his son. His gaze was then back to the holographic image before turning back to his son again.

John simply watched him without saying anything.

"You think you can do better than me in controlling these native troops?" Jonathan asked.

"You know what I'm good at. I say I should fare better than you in that department for certain," John replied.

"Hmph. I guess you are more like your mother in that department. Fine! I will leave the tactical movement to you. I'm heading out!" Jonathan exclaimed.

"You should have done this earlier," John said.

"Don't push it, boy! I'm not in the mood," Jonathan uttered. Then to his bodyguard, he said, "You stay here! Guard him!"

"Yes, sir!" The sentinel replied with a bow.

Jonathan strode out of the Guild Hall. John started to assume control over the platform. He watched his father leaving the building from the platform's map.. He then smiled.

Chapter 605: Breached

In the battle outside of Heavenly Citadel, Uruk might have been overwhelming, but he was still only one person. As time passed, many more enemies charged through. Uruk wouldn't be able to stop everyone by himself.

Jeanny was having trouble retreating fast enough, they were constantly getting attacked by the main coalition army. If she forwent defense and focused just on retreating, they would suffer many casualties.

The defense at the wall gate should hold the enemy for some time but not for long. After reviewing the situation. Jeanny decided to use the High Lich Summoning Crystal. She lifted the crystal high before crushing it.

Streams of black smoke burst out from the crushed crystal. The smoke was as if alive. It fell to the ground, slithered around both the defenders and offenders before floating upward. The smoke dispersed slightly and revealed the high lich who invaded this headquarters months ago. Some residual black smoke swirled around him like an aura. Its skull-like face gazed down without any emotion.

The high lich started casting a spell using its skull-head staff. Coalition's range players attacked the best they could, but the black smoke around the high lich protected it whenever attacks arrived. The attacks still hit the high lich but they were significantly weakened.

The spell formation was completed with six runes. Pillars of black fog dropped and the fog spread out. Everyone's HP started falling after touching the fog. Many low HP players died. Ones with higher defense and HP could still survive but their defense stats were reduced substantially. Native soldiers survived due to their higher HP but their defenses were also much reduced.

At this stage, the high lich was not as overbearing as it first appeared during the coalition's last invasion, but it was still very powerful. Its first spell had caused the coalition's offensive to pause. Jeanny took this chance and ordered a full retreat. Letting the high lich hold the invaders.

*

"The hell...! They have two rare elites now?" Manager Steelhand said as he watched the holographic display on his platform.

"Ugh, damn! How can they have so many trump cards?" Queen Magenta added with gritted teeth.

Scarface was pondering the situation. He then said, "My people will deal with this new rare elite."

"Huh? You have something that can be used?" Manager Steelhand said.

Scarface nodded, "Before their first rare elite showed up, I originally planned to use it to break the wall's gate. If I use it for this second rare elite, we will have to deal with the first rare elite conventionally while trying to break the gate."

"Leave the gate to me, we have something for that," Manager Steelhand said.

"All right," Scarface said as he sent a message to his team on the field.

*

On the site where the high lich had emerged, Red Death had been amongst the few that had dodged the black fog and was still on the defender's tail. A large portion of the others was being held back by the lich's spell.

She backstabbed and killed a player. Yellow Death was with her, he was shooting at the defenders who were running away. The defender was fully retreating now. With so few of her people on this side, Red Death could do little to cause harm.

She received a message. "We are using it? ... Okay."

She took out a red crystal and crushed it. A bright red light flashed and a large figure emerged from the light. It was a giant lion with a pair of bat wings and a snake for a tail. The crystal was a summoning crystal usable in guild battle, same as the one summoning the high lich. The one Red Death used is a reward from the second prince after completing a kingdom faction quest.

"This mantichore will hold that lich. Let's charge...!!" Red Death shouted her order.

The mantichore had no problem identifying its opponent. Its lion head roared and its snake tail hissed at the lich floating in the sky. It beat its giant bat wings and its large body started to lift off. It then flew towards the high lich.

The mantichore was a level 50 rare elite. It was slightly lower in level but it had no problem keeping the high lich busy. Its snake tail shot a stream of venomous spikes while its mighty lion's maw opened wide to take a bite at the smaller lich.

A transparent bubble deflected all the venomous spikes. When the mantichore's maw chomped at the lich, it turned into a puff of smoke and appeared a distance away.

With the two rare elites tussling in the sky, the coalition main army was unhindered. They hurriedly advanced to chase after the fleeing defenders.

*

Near the wall's gate. Uruk was still battling ferociously. The coalition pooled all the native soldiers that had managed to break through to hold him while the players rushed for the gate.

Several few players advanced first. As expected, traps were activated, they were wounded and immobilized.

"A trap only activated once. We can advance now!" Supervisor Killmonger, who was amongst them, yelled.

The others were motivated by the yell and rushed forward. But as they were getting close, the two towers at both sides of the gate lighted up. They suddenly shot a torrent of icy light. Those that were hit by the light received damages and were slowed or frozen.

"Shit! They still have such defensive structures?" Killmonger cursed.

"Look! They need time to charge between shots," Assistant Manager Ironhand, who was an elite marksman now, said.

"You are right. Charge! Charge...! Before those towers make another shot!" Killmonger shouted. To Ironhand, he said, "Prepare to use that thing!"

Everyone rushed over, ignoring their comrades who were still in frozen status due to the towers' beams.

The towers started to light up again. "Spread out! Spread out...!" Ironhand yelled.

Everyone spread randomly. The towers make their shot. Their linear beams could only hit a limited number of foes. Many were spared. The players advanced again.

"It took the towers six seconds to recharge between shots!" Ironhand informed everyone.

When the invaders almost reached the gate, several arrows came down from the sky. Every arrow struck accurately. Many even hit the heads which resulted in critical damage. The damage was also high. Those critical strikes almost took out the players in a single shot.

Everyone looked up and saw around ten large eagles flying up there.

"Those..."

Ironhand who could see better due to the Archer's level 25 skill, Keen Sight, saw people riding on those eagles.

"They... They were trained native soldiers!" Ironhand uttered.

The ten Eagle Rider Hunters used their skills. Each Hunter shot an arrow which then broke into several smaller pieces of arrows. It was similar to Elite Marksman's skill, Shower of Arrow. The rains of arrows came down on the coalition troops. The Sentinels in the troops hurriedly activated their Protection Field while putting their shields up to defend against the rain of arrows.

"F*ck! How many surprises do they have? How come they possessed flying units?" Ironhand cursed as he fired an arrow at the eagles above.

Despite his range having increased after becoming an Elite Marksman, Ironhand's arrow became slower after traveling a certain height. The distance of ranged attacks was significantly decreased when shooting at a higher elevation. The Eagle Rider Hunters happened to fly just at the height where Ironhand's arrow failed to reach. The Eagle Rider Hunters, on the other hand, had their attack range increased for shooting from up above. Such was the advantage of flying units. The troops below could only suffer the harassment.

"F*ck! They are only ten. We just need to bear more casualties," Ironhand uttered. "Continue to charge! Once we get into the building. They will have to come down if they want to stop us!"

Hence, the coalition's shock troops continued to charge ahead. Tanking through the Ice Towers' beams and the rain of arrows from above. After many hardships, they finally arrived near the gate.

They heard some commotion from behind. They looked back and saw Jeanny's main army was approaching. Their main army was also close at heel. If Jeanny's army arrived first and defended this gate, with the addition of the ice towers and the eagle hunters, it would be a whole different level of difficulty in breaching this gate. Hence, they knew it was now or never.

"Use it!" Killmonger yelled.

Ironhand took out something that looked like a miniature vehicle model. He activated it and all of a sudden, a giant battering ram appeared. This was something their blacksmith had built out of a rare blueprint they got from a dungeon. This battering ram was precisely for use in an offensive guild battle.

Without further ado, the battering ram started ramming on the gate. The gate shook from the impact.

Unfortunately, Heavenly Citadel never upgraded the level of its wall gate. It was still at its starting level 1. After three hard rammings, the gate was broken to pieces.

Jeanny, who was still retreating, looked at the destroyed gate with apprehension. The attackers were free to enter their headquarters now.

Chapter 606: Whose Side Are You On?

Inside Saints Seat's Guild Hall, John was working with the control platform.

"Aren't you my father's personal guard?" John asked the sentinel who was standing not far away.

The sentinel didn't answer.

John laughed. "He asked you to guard me, but I think what he meant is to watch me. Well, the fact that he asked you to stay here meant that he still doesn't fully trust me... for a good reason."

On John's last word, his magic staff appeared and a spell formation formed very swiftly. The sentinel was startled by John's act. He brandished his sword and used Charge to approach John.

While the sentinel was still midway, a curtain of water appeared. He was too fast to stop his movement abruptly and the curtain was too wide. Furthermore, the curtain of water seemed alive and was moving at him. His entire body was wrapped by that living water.

The sentinel soon found himself floating inside the water. The water formed a large water bubble with him at the center. He tried moving his limbs to swim out, but he remained at the same position inside the bubble. He tried using his sword to thrust and slash, even using skills, but the water remained unaffected.

John came to beside the bubble and observed. "Hm... You can still breathe. Does it mean that we don't need to breathe underwater in this world? Interesting. Might need to test that out later. Anyway, this spell of mine is something I learned from a technique book. This is the first time I cast it on an actual opponent, to be honest. I never cast it before even though I have learned it quite some time ago

because I want to keep it an absolute secret. So my enemies won't know about it and I can use it in a more crucial time, like for now."

John took out a magic scroll and walked to the Guild Hall's entrance while continued talking, "That spell is called Living Water Prison. A fitting name, I might say. It has no offensive capability, simply a one-target controlling spell. A very good one, though."

He activated the magic scroll and a wall of ice appeared right in front of the entrance. He then took out another magic scroll and a bone fence was erected behind the wall of ice. Another magic scroll, this time a wall of vines grew behind the bone fence. Afterward, he walked back.

"I'm sorry you have to listen to my ramblings. I like to let people know how smart I am and since you are the only person here, you will have to do. I am guessing you have been sending messages to my father, haven't you?" John asked.

The sentinel seemed to realize something.

"You haven't? Damn! You must be one dense bodyguard," John criticized. "Never mind, those three spells should be able to hold anyone long enough. Long enough for what? You might ask? Well, my dense bodyguard, you will find out soon. But first, let's turn off this signal blocking tower. You people are quite good to gain a blueprint to construct a structure that jams the enemy's messaging capability. It will be quite troublesome for the force attacking this place when they can't send messages to one another."

*

On the battlefield outside of Saints Seat. Jack and Arlcard were still wreaking havoc all over the place, with Jack's summons providing backup.

Jack was still in his werewolf form. On the first level, beast form lasted five minutes. While in his max-level, Jack's beast form lasted ten minutes. Two out of the three other werewolves he was fighting against had already perished. While the third one was wounded and had run away and should have reverted to his human form by now.

Another beastmaster appeared, which surprisingly had a Bear form. Peniel informed that different beast forms required either special quests or lengthy processes, so it was remarkable for someone to have acquired it at this stage. But Peniel also pointed out that this bear form was not that rare. Bear and cat form were the second most common ones after wolf form.

This werebear was slower but was much stronger. Yet, it proved little challenge to Jack.

Jack continued casting spells as he clawed and bit. It must be weird for people to see spell formations kept on forming one after another by a savage werewolf. Jack bet this was never meant to be when Wilted designed this game world.

While he was still happily mauling his opponents, he suddenly received several ping notifications. He checked and saw several incoming messages from Jeanny and the others.

'Is there a problem at Heavenly Citadel?' He thought. When he was about to read them, he received another new message.

Surprisingly, it was from John. The guy must have turned off his Friend's message blockage.

"Hey, expert. Are you still having fun out there?" The message read.

"How about you come out? I can skim you by another level. Oh, wait, you need time to buy the Amulet of Rebirth, so you are now cowering inside your headquarters. Don't worry, I will come in soon," Jack replied.

"Hehe, cute. Now, be serious. Invite me back," John sent his reply.

"Invite you back to where? I will be happy to send you to hell. You will be right at home there."

"I know it will be hard for you to listen. Wait, I will send a proof soon."

"What proof?" Jack had no idea what this traitor was talking about, but he soon heard a notification voice. Not only him, everyone from Everlasting Heavenly Legends heard the notification.

"Everlasting Heavenly Legends' guild hostage token had been destroyed. Your guild no longer has to pay resource toll to Saint Edge."

Jack was so stunned by the notification that he paused. He ended up getting hit from behind. Lots of native soldiers rammed onto him soon, trying to hold him down.

"Hey! Get off me!" Jack shouted.

It's a good thing his Therras Beast was closed by. It rammed a native soldier right beside Jack. It then activated its strongest skill, Imperious Pressure. A spherical field spread out from the Therras Beast. All enemies within this field felt their bodies become extremely heavy.

With such a severe handicap imposed, the enemies were unable to resist Jack's overwhelming strength. He shook everyone off and performed Whirlwind Slash with his claws. Many died. Those outside the gravity field didn't dare to enter. Only the ranged classes were able to do something by shooting from outside, but their efforts were meager.

Funnily though, those Saint Edges' people outside seem to be panicking about something. Jack saw a lot of them running away from the battlefield back towards their headquarters.

'Huh? They can't be that scared of me, can they?' Jack thought. But that didn't make sense, why were they only terrified now after fighting for so long?

Jack continued to tear those helpless players and soldiers within Therras Beast's field while exchanging messages with John, "Our guild hostage token is gone. Is that your doing?"

"Do you think there is anyone else who could have done that at this time? Now hurry up and invite me back to the guild! I don't have much time. They are banging the entrance as we speak. The guild core will also break soon," John replied.

"Whose guild core?"

"Whose do you think? Now stop asking stupid questions and just tap that invite button...!"

"Uh..." Jack was speechless.

"Do you believe him?" Peniel asked.

After a brief thought, he said. "Well, our guild hostage token is no more, so there is no need for me to force my way in. If that dude tries anything funny, we can just kick him out."

Jack opened his guild invite interface and selected John from his friend list.

"Thank you, expert! It won't be long now. You can hurry up and escape. I will meet you back in Heavenly Citadel," John sent his message.

Jack was still having trouble understanding John's words. Not long after, he heard another notification. This time informing him that Everlasting Heavenly Legends had destroyed Saint Edge's guild core. Receiving a generous amount of resources from its current stock and acquiring its guild hostage token. From now on, Saint Edge would have to pay a toll every time they gained resources. Additionally, Everlasting Heavenly Legends also received a hefty number of reputation points for a successful invasion.

Jack was again stunned by the notification that he stopped, only to be snapped back by those ranged players' attacks.

"Was that your doing as well? Whose side are you on exactly?" Jack asked John.

"Is there any point asking? Have you escaped?"

"Have you?" Jack asked back.

"Of course. I used a consumable tool that teleports me far away even when I am still in combat status. I'm going to use Guild Return Scroll now. You better escape if you haven't. They will be very angry now and will throw everything they have at you."

'Have they not already?' Jack said in his mind, but he didn't plan to dally any longer. There was no point staying here anymore.

He sent a mental message to Arlcard, before unsummoning the vampire and his Terras Beast. His beast form had ended just now, but he didn't need that form to escape. He had an even better move to clean up his escape path.

He lifted his sword high and twenty lightning balls appeared. He didn't forget to activate Life Burning Art and his sword's Overlimit state to maximize the damage value.

The twenty balls were sent in the direction away from Saints Seat. Jack spread it out in a linear fashion. The carpet bombings created a long path filled with fallen bodies.

Without further ado, Jack ran along this path.. No one was able to match his running speed.

Chapter 607: Daddy Is Back

At the wall outside Heavenly Citadel, Supervisor Killmonger and Assistant Manager Ironhand looked at the broken gate. "Forwarrrrrd...!!!" They both shouted at the same time.

They left the battering ram behind. It was a one-time-use item in a siege battle. It couldn't be transformed back into its initial miniature size. In its current state, it had become an item type that could not be stored inside the player's inventory bag.

The battering ram was also not in a good condition anymore. Once it appeared, the Eagle Rider Hunters above started focusing their arrows on it. But there were only ten of the eagle riders. The battering ram had high defense and high HP, their attacks were not enough to deal meaningful damage within a short time.

Everyone rushed in with a fiery spirit. They were very close to victory. As they rushed in, they didn't notice the strange shadows on the ground.

When they came close to these shadows, these shadows shot out from the ground. Ten players got wrapped by these shadows and started losing HP. Their HP was not in a good shape after undergoing the barrage of arrows and ice beams, they lost their lives in an instant.

The others were startled to a pause after witnessing it. Was this another trap mechanism? But the shadows didn't vanish. Usually, a trap was activated only once. These shadows stayed on top of the fallen players. Wait! Not shadows. After paying better attention. They were people in dark coats. The evening had arrived and the lack of sunlight caused poor visibility.

All ten persons had red eyes and pale faces. One of them was grinning with a smear of blood on his mouth, two sharp fangs were seen when this person grinned.

Ironhand used Inspect on them. "Blood Count? They are native soldiers!" He exclaimed.

"There were only ten. Finish them and charge in!" Killmonger declared. They didn't have much time, they needed to rush in and break the guild core before the main defensive army arrived.

"I can't move!" Someone suddenly said.

"Me too!" Some others said.

Ironhand looked at the soldiers who had said that and then at the blood counts at the front. "It's their doing!" He declared. "I think it's their eyes. Don't look at their eyes!"

"RAARRRR...!!!" Killmonger made a loud roar. The soldiers who said they couldn't move find themselves in control of their bodies again.

What Killmonger used was Berserker's level 45 skill, Cry of Rage. It's a battle cry that increased all allies' attributes within a ten-meter radius by 30%. It also eliminated all movement restrictions and made everyone 50% more resistant against any movement restriction skills or spells they received later. This effect lasted for two minutes.

"Break through them!" Killmonger declared and took point. He used level 40 Berserker's skill, Jump Assault.

If Jack saw it, he would recognize this move in an instant. It was the famous boss skill. Killmonger made a super jump that covered a very large distance. He arrived above one of the blood counts and made a powerful cleave. Yet, all he hit was empty air. The blood count had turned into a shadow and moved away agilely.

Killmonger was not flustered, he immediately followed up with Punishing Cyclone. All the blood counts had to move away to evade his rampaging move.

"Charge in!" Ironhand yelled. Killmonger's two skills had cleared a path. "Priority is still entering the headquarters and destroying the guild core! Knights and Rogues hold these blood counts. The rest rush in!"

The blood counts were strong, they were very fast and their hit took out a large amount of HP, but they were too few. They couldn't stop the tide. Despite killing a good number of players, many still passed through. The eagle rider hunters above also continued shooting their arrows and added to the enemy's body counts, but such a small number couldn't stop the enemy's advance when the gate had been broken.

The first number of players reached the headquarters door and started hitting it. This door was not a proper defensive structure like the wall gate, so it was broken in just a few hits. Everyone rushed in.

*

Jeanny had those with fast movement classes go ahead and rush towards the headquarters. She had Fierce Flame took the lead for that team. But when he saw the enemy's shock troops entering their headquarters, her heart sank.

Many of the enemy's loose teams were still rushing towards Heavenly Citadel. They broke through from gaps created by this group of experts called the Jackal Crews. The ice towers continued shooting ice beam attacks, but the enemies were too spread out for them to be effective. Many of these loose teams started clashing with Fierce Flame's group instead, hindering her from reaching the headquarters.

Jeanny's main army was again clashing with the coalition's main army, led by Red Death. After the high lich was occupied with the manticore, the attacking army marched on without a hindrance.

Everything was chaos.

If only their strategist was here, it wouldn't have turned into such a mess, she secretly lamented.

While she was having the thought, their native cavalry units broke through from the side and hit those enemies that were still trying to enter the headquarters. Each of these cavalries carried a squire aside from their rider. The cavalry ran swiftly to the broken gate wall and the squires jumped down. They formed a wall and prevented more enemies from going in.

A squad of Bandit Archers and mages came forward and sent a volley to enemy native soldiers who were still hindering Uruk. Allowing the hero to break through their encirclement. A small number of native knights then joined the hero. With the hero close by, their attributes increased. Together with Uruk, archers, and mages, they beat back the enemy's trained soldiers.

Inside the courtyard. With no new enemy entering, the ten blood counts and ten eagle rider hunters ignored those that had entered the headquarters and focused on slaughtering the remaining players.

Overall, Jeanny saw better coordination between the native soldiers on the battlefield. That's odd, she thought. She never thought Tip was this good.

*

At the place where the coalition leaders were watching the holographic view of the battlefield above the platform.

"Yes! They have broken into the headquarters!" Queen Magenta exclaimed.

"Finally, I honestly thought we are going to fail again," Fat Gregory uttered. He made an act of wiping his brow.

"Hmph, we can finally end this disgrace," Prideful Josh added.

"It's not done yet. Don't let down our guard," Scarface warned.

"Don't worry. You people just have your troops continue holding their main army," Manager Steelhand said. "With the numbers that are already entering their headquarters, we should have no problem to..."

He stopped talking because he received a message from Ironhand. Oddly, the message only wrote, "F*ck! F*ck! F*ck!"

What the hell? Steelhand thought. Ironhand was not the type to curse. What was the guy doing sending him a message with only cursing words? How was he supposed to interpret this profane message?

"What is it?" Steelhand sent a reply message.

"We fail... He is here," Ironhand replied.

"Who is here?" Steelhand was getting irritated by ironhand's cryptic messages.

"Who do you think? The demon! He is standing guard over the Guild Hall's entrance!"

Steelhand froze from the message.

*

Jeanny could see the fight was getting more in control now. The native soldiers gave perfect support to the players and covered any weakness they unintentionally exposed. Everyone could feel the battle was slowly turning in their favor. They were pushing the enemies back.

The only thing she still worried about was the enemies that had managed to breach into their headquarters. There was only Pointy Tip inside. No way he could defend against the enemies. She had dreaded for a while to hear a notification that their guild core was under attack. She sent a few more squads to reinforce Fierce Flame's force to break into their headquarters.

Now that the battle was more manageable, she could spare the time to send Tip a message, "how are you doing inside? Has any enemy entered our Guild Hall? We are trying to send assistance as soon as possible. And by the way, good job on controlling those native soldiers."

Tip sent his reply, "uh... It isn't me controlling the soldiers."

Huh? What was this message implying? Jeanny was puzzled. Tip was supposed to be alone inside the headquarters. If it was not him operating the platform, then who did?

She also received another message from Tip, "you don't need to worry about the enemies who had entered the building. Jack was guarding the guild hall's entrance. With such a small number, the enemy won't be able to get through him. You just focus on routing the enemies outside."

"Jack is back?" Jeanny replied with elation.

"Yeah, he did. He also brings someone else back."

Someone else? Before Jeanny could ask, that someone had intruded into their guild chat, "Have no worry, people.. Daddy is back! Now, let's kick these intruders off our territory."

Chapter 608: Another Successful Defense

Everyone looked at the chat and was surprised to find out that the speaker was Saint John.

"What the f*ck are you doing here!" Bowler cursed in the chat. "Why are you in our guild chat?"

"Why? Because I am a member, of course," John replied nonchalantly.

"What? How are you a member?"

"Traitor! Hang him!"

"Kick him out!"

"Who invites this traitor back in?!"

Many members started chiming in the chat.

"I did," Jack replied the last question, which shut everybody up.

"Let's leave the questioning for later. We still have enemies to beat back," Jeanny said, keeping everybody on the matters at hand.

*

At the Guild Hall's entrance where Jack stood guard, Killmonger was unwilling to give up. He ordered all the ranged players to attack. Since Jack had to continue standing before the entrance to prevent anyone from entering the Guild Hall, he was sitting duck for range attacks.

Jack cast Magic Wall, blocking all the attacks.

Unfortunately for Jack, his Gold Scale Armor was in cooldown. Otherwise, it would have been a perfect skill to use considering he could not move away. So, he asked Peniel to cast Healing Field at where he stood. With his superior defense and excellent recovery, the Healing Field helped him tank through all the range attacks thrown his way.

Seeing his method was not working, Killmonger decided to take matters into his own hand. He activated his Berserk mode, then asked all melee players to attack while he took point, with the range players providing support.

Jack met them head-on with his sword art.

All his minion was in cooldown except for Tame Pet and summon companion. Those two had no cooldown since they could get permanent death. The only drawback for summoning them again so soon was that whatever wounds they suffered in the previous battle would still carry over.

He didn't think he needed Arlcard's help for these small fries. So he only summoned Therras. The beast ran through the backline enemies who were still sending Jack ranged attacks.

While those range players were interrupted, Jack used his forty-eight burst slashes to beat everyone back.

Seeing Killmonger lose his balance, Jack didn't want to lose the opportunity. He cast Myriad Ensnaring Chains in front of the entrance. Unless more than twelve people rush in at the same time, the chains should be able to serve as a substitute guard for a short time.

Free to move around, Jack's assaults became more deadly. Killmonger tried his best, but he was unable to keep up with Jack by himself. All the others he brought weren't expert enough to provide him sufficient assistance, while Ironhand got his hands full dealing with Jack's Therras Beast.

When Killmonger fell, the others lost their fighting spirit. With a heavy heart, Ironhand issued a retreat. There was no point losing everyone here. Jack let them leave. He couldn't leave the entrance. He had to continue staying guard in case someone used an invisibility scroll to sneak in.

When Ironhand's team was on their way to the exit, they met the ten blood counts. They focused on just escaping. They had to leave behind those that were unfortunate enough to get caught by the blood counts. Coming out to the courtyard, they had to suffer through a hail of arrows from the eagle rider hunters again.

At where the wall gate used to be, a wall of squires was standing guard. These squires were still dealing with assaults from the front, so Ironhand's team had an advantage when they attacked from behind to create a gap to escape through.

Even so, they still suffered many casualties. A decent number of them broke into Heavenly Citadel. Less than ten managed to escape.

*

Manager Steelhand dropped to his knees. His head was down. Even after such a preparation, they still failed.

"Hmph! This is a disgrace!" Prideful Josh uttered. "We are pulling out!" He started sending messages to his guild members to retreat.

The others did the same.

Scarface put a hand on Steelhand's shoulder. "We have done all we can," he said in consolation.

The coalition members were retreating after receiving their leaders' commands. Jeanny asked the others to stand down. Everyone had been tired. If the enemy wanted to leave, let them.

After their forces put a decent distance from the enemy, Steelhand deactivated the platform. All Corporate United's native soldiers were unsummoned back to their guild headquarters. The platform turned back into the Guild Army Summoning Crystal, which Steelhand stored in his inventory.

The coalition forces separated and just left without saying anything.

Seeing their allies left in that way, Scarface wondered if there was any future left for the coalition. This second failure in assaulting Heavenly Citadel was sure to leave a bad taste in everyone's mouth. Third failure if they considered the battle of Crestfall Plain. It would be difficult to persuade them to make another joint attack again. But frankly, he himself didn't think he want to mount another attack anymore.

Luckily, they still had that quest with the third prince that tied everyone in the coalition. He figured they should just focus on that quest.

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Once the coalition army left the territory, a voice notification was heard by every member of Everlasting Heavenly Legends, informing them of a successful defense. Every participating member received a generous amount of contribution points while the guild received a sizable number of reputation points, pushing them ahead of the others. Added with the reputation points they received for successfully destroying Saint Edge's guild core, their guild should be able to level up again before the others.

Everyone cheered after hearing the notification. They had managed another successful defense.

Jeanny and some of the core members entered the Guild Hall, finding Tip, Jack, and John were waiting for them inside.

"What the hell! You better have a good reason for us to not just kick you out of here!" Bowler said to John.

"I will gladly do the kicking," The Man added.

"Now, now, be reasonable. I know you are all upset," John said calmly.

"You bet your ass we are upset!" Bowler hissed.

Jeanny went to Jack. She was curious about John as well. But to be frank, she was also upset. She couldn't bring herself to talk to him, so she came to Jack instead. Before she asked about John though, she thanked Jack first, "Good job on destroying our guild hostage token," she said.

"It wasn't me," Jack said.

"Wasn't you?" Jeanny asked.

"Yeah. It was him," Jack said and pointed to John.

The others who were still cursing and scolding John stopped after hearing Jack's words.

Jeanny asked Jack again, "What about Saint Edge's guild hostage token?"

"It's him as well," Jack answered.

The others looked at John.

"See. I never betrayed you people. It's all my strategy to successfully acquire Saint Edge's guild hostage token," John said.

The others were unwilling to trust his words, but the fact was indeed so. Their guild hostage token was no more. They instead got another guild hostage token. There were two of them now inside this Guild Hall, netting them continuous resources from two of the wealthiest guilds.

"Explain yourself," Jeanny said to John.

"My ploy is to gain their trust. What better than to let them see I betray you people? With their trust, I managed to trick them into leaving me alone inside their Guild Hall, which allows me the opportunity to do what I need to do."

"Why didn't you let us know?" Bowler complained. He was still feeling bitter with this guy.

"Friend, haven't you heard the saying, to deceive your enemy, first you have to deceive your friend? If I have told you people of my plan. Will you all still act so convincingly? Will Jack rush out to attack Saints Seat? Will he fight so heatedly? Will he be able to kill me knowing that I am still a friend?" John asked.

"Oh, believe me, dude. I will still happily kill you even if I know the truth," Jack said.

"Well, then it will be happily, not furiously. Your act will then not be so convincing," John countered.

"So that's the real reason you called me back? To be part of your ploy?" Jack asked.

"Of course. You are an integral part of my plan. I need to make sure you are available before I proceed."

The others were quiet after hearing John's explanation.

"Well. All's well that ends well, I say," Jack said. He was not the kind to dwell. Since John had proven that he didn't actually betray them, Jack could forgive him.

"I know you will understand, friend," John said to Jack.

"I just need one thing from you," Jeanny said.

"Oh? How can I help?" John asked.

The answer came to him in the form of a hard punch to the face. John reeled back from the impact.

"Ouch! What was that for?!" He exclaimed.

"You try this kind of stunt again, it will not be just a simple punch. Remember that!" Jeanny declared.

"Uh, yes, ma'am," John said while massaging his jaw.

"Hehe. I will have to have mine as well," Jack said. He cracked his knuckles.

"Hey, hey! You have already done worse to me! You killed me, remember?" John protested.

"Hm... Well, I suppose I did. Okay, I won't do anything to you. But, the others..." Jack looked around at the others in attendance.

Bowler caught his meaning, he immediately exclaimed in joy, " Haha! That's right! You let each of us punch you one time, and we call it even!"

"Agreed!" The Man said as he copied Jack in cracking his knuckles.

"Hey, hey, wait! Don't you... ouch!"

"Hey, enough... Ow!"

"I'm serious... Oof! That's too strong...!"

Chapter 609: Triple Cross

"Here," Jack said as he tossed the God-eye monocle to John, who was still scowling from all the punches. Most of the core members had dispersed by now, leaving only the three leaders and a few others. "By the way, why are you making an enemy out of Saint Edge? It's not like we are lacking any enemies from the coalition. Now we add Saint Edge to our hostile list. Are you bitter because your father tried to force you to return to Saint Edge?"

"No one can force me into doing anything," John said. "I target them because they are already enemies, the rest of you just don't know it yet."

"Oh? How so?" Jeanny asked.

"They were already in talk with the coalition to mount a joint attack on us," John answered. "The coalition had been planning for an assault out of the urging from Corporate United after you took their guild hostage token. They were simply not confident yet to mount another assault all this time. When Saint Edge came to them, it bolstered their confidence. Hence they moved forward by using the challenge from Wicked Witches to draw most of you out."

"Saint Edge came to them? Why did they want to make an enemy out of us?" Jeanny asked.

"Well, I might have something to with that. You see, my father never really agree for me to leave the guild. But since I'd never joined any other guild before this, he left me alone. Now that he found out that I'm in a guild, he probably wants to prove to me that no guild is better than his."

"How do you know all those things about them meeting the coalition anyway?" Jack asked.

"I still have my eyes and ears within Saint Edge," John replied.

"Huh? Really? Who is willing enough to betray that guild for the likes of you?"

"What are you saying? I have my charm. Furthermore, she didn't know that she was betraying Saint Edge."

"She...? Are you talking about Diana?"

"Oh? Have you met her?"

"Good Lord! You even use your own sister! What a fiend!" Jack exclaimed.

"This awful man has a sister?" Bowler asked.

"Go away! This is a talk between leaders," John shooed Bowler away.

"You want another punch?" Bowler threatened.

"Try it. See if I don't retaliate this time," John threatened back.

"By the way, your status is only a common member at this time," Jack reminded, which drew a laugh from Bowler.

"Then what are you waiting for? Hurry up and reinstate me as co-leader again," John said.

Jack looked at Jeanny, who gave John a hard stare before using her authority as the main leader to reinstate John's co-leader status. John returned his laugh to Bowler.

"So, you devised the plan to cause Saint Edge to back off from the joint attack and at the same time steal their guild hostage token?" Jack asked.

"That's correct," John answered.

"But the coalition still attack in the end," Bowler reminded.

"It was expected. I told them that Jack had come to Saints Seat. So that was the best opportunity for them to strike with him being unavailable."

"You told them?!" Bowler exclaimed. "You want us to get attacked? Do you know that we almost lost?"

"I am confident this guild is strong enough to hold out before Jack and I returned. If this guild is that weak, I wouldn't have bothered spending time here. Additionally, with another failure like this, I doubt the coalition will dare to mount another assault again. The weakness of a coalition is that they need almost unanimous decisions. One party decided not to join, others who are on the fence will pull back, which causes the entire operation to be scrapped. I'm sure there will be some in the coalition that will refuse to join the next time the proposal to attack us surfaces."

"Whatever your reasons, as Jeanny had said, the next time you pull this double-cross stunt again. Don't expect to be let off lightly," Jack said.

"I think it should be triple-cross?" John said.

"Whatever. I can promise you, any funny move, you won't have a chance for a quartet-cross."

"Is there even such a term?" Jeanny asked.

The Man, who had just listened all this time, said, "It's good that we didn't lose the battle just now, but isn't it time we talk about hitting back on those guilds that attacked us?"

"That's right. I know John said unlikely for the coalition to attack again, but we will send a stronger statement if we retaliate. Just like last time when Jack retaliated by himself after their first attack. This time, we should do it together. We are strong enough for that, aren't we?" Bowler said.

"We lost quite a number of native soldiers and players in this attack. Out of the guild members, around 1,300 had joined this fight. Around 600 died, almost 100 of them didn't even wear the amulet of rebirth. Stupid pricks. Didn't we already stress out that the amulet is mandatory whenever we have guild wars?"

For the native soldiers, we lost almost 200 units. With the majority of the lost on the squires and bandit archers. Re-recruiting them is no problem with the resources we had. Retraining them to decent levels will take some time. Good thing the surviving ones received decent exp points, so we can save the training hall to focus on new recruits," John reported. "All things considered, we are not exactly in the best fighting shape."

"They lost more," Bowler countered.

"The one who lost the native soldiers is only corporated United. What use are we for attacking them again? We won't get a second guild hostage token from them," John said.

"Then let's hit Wicked Witches," Jeanny offered.

Everyone turned to her. She was the last one everyone expected to call for retaliation and to offer in striking the guild where her family was in.

"You okay with that?" Jack asked.

"Why shouldn't I? They had gone back from their words in attacking us after losing the challenge they proposed. Such a dishonorable guild need to be punished."

"Despite your eagerness, we can't hit Wicked Witches at this time," John said.

"Why?" Everyone asked.

"Because we have no access to Aurebor Dynasty, the country of the elven race, yet."

"Eh? I thought their guild headquarters is at..."

John interrupted Jack before he completed his question, "They had one in this country before. But once they got into contact with their main guild members in Aurebor, they found out that the one in Aurebor has a guild headquarters already, and the one over there has better developments. So they forfeited their headquarters here when they merged their guilds."

"How do you know that?" Jack asked.

"I ain't exactly staying idle when I'm in Saint Edge. That guild has an extensive information network. I learned as much as I can in the limited time I have there."

"Well, then Wicked Witches is out for now," The Man said.

Jack saw a slight disappointment in Jeanny's expression. It seemed that whatever happened during the battle just now still left this girl with some bitterness toward her past guild.

"What about Death Associates," Jack offered.

"They are a viable option. Their headquarters are called Death Hall, it's located nearby the main city of Theneward," John said. "However, I don't know the details of their native soldier's strength. Considering their soldiers are not involved in the battle just now, they are still at their full strength. So, we should be at a disadvantage."

"Then we pick a weaker opponent?" Bowler suggested.

"I didn't find any detail on the coalition's each guild's power level when I'm in Saint Edge. It's hard to determine which guild is weaker or stronger. I personally didn't recommend going on the offensive at this moment."

"What if I cause havoc from inside Death Associates' headquarters while you people attack from the outside?" Jack asked.

"Do you have an invisibility scroll again?" John asked.

"No, but I have something better," Jack said and turned into Unrivaled Arcaner.

The others were startled by Jack's transformation. Jack removed his Cloak of Shadow, allowing everyone to inspect him. They were even more surprised after reading his description as a member of Death Associates.

"Ah! I remember seeing you during the top guilds meeting. So, that is you in disguise. That's how you know about them coming for me at that time," John said.

"Yes. With this disguise. I can easily enter their headquarters. When you people are ready to attack. I can start synchronizing my attack from the inside," Jack said.

"Hm... In this case, I think it can work. You can go for their guild core while we draw their forces out. Okay, let me organize people who we can trust, we can't have too many people for this surprise attack. I think we will need until tomorrow evening before we can depart, we will mask our movement at night. You can probably head there earlier to check their forces first."

"All right, I will go there tomorrow morning," Jack said.

"By the way. I know you are almost never present here. I bet your disguise is even more so. How do they allow you to continue in that guild for so long? If it is me, I would have kicked you out already," John said.

"I'm not sure. I have been expecting that as well. In fact, Scarface had sent several messages asking to meet from time to time, but I continue to ignore him."

"Hm... Odd."

"Never mind. Once we do this operation. I'm pretty sure my cover is blown anyway."

Jack then looked at where his grandfather was standing. "Are you coming for this attack?"

"No thanks. No exp in killing players, right? I will just leave these war games to you kids. I will play defense and help members level up," Domon said. "By the way, you kids should be careful just in case you meet those people from Jackal Crews. They are real-world soldiers, true killers who have gone through real war. Your war game can turn for the worse if you just treat them as your usual opponents."

"That's right. We lost quite a lot of members to them today," Jeanny added.

"Don't worry, they won't be there," John said. When he saw the others' inquisitive glances, he explained, "I've learned this from Saint Edge information network as well. They are a mercenary guild. Unless Death Associates know we are coming for them, they won't be enlisting that guild's help. Also,

they are not the only mercenary guild with real soldiers. There are a couple of other guilds. I want to send someone to make a contact with one of these guilds as well, one that is called Dogs of War. We could probably build a good relation with this mercenary guild just in case we need their services."

"I don't want to burst your bubble, but I want to tell you people one thing," Peniel said.

Everyone looked at her.

"If you people go on the offense at this time.. You will lose your current one-week protection status."

Chapter 610: Infiltration Into Enemy's Headquarters

"Really? I do remember this guy hit Corporated United right back during our protection status," John said while pointing to Jack.

"He did it by himself," Peniel uttered. "The world system didn't recognize that as a proper offense. Just like how a number of units or outworlders needed to die for the system to provide you a protection status, a decent number of attackers were also needed to be calculated as a battle between guilds."

"Hm... I guess you are an anomaly," John said to Jack.

"Should we wait one week then?" Jack asked.

After some thought, John said, "I don't think others know this feature. Also, I am still confident they won't dare to attack us again after the last battle. Let's gamble it. Our enemies won't be expecting us to hit them so early. Since we have the advantage of you as a mole, this should be the best time to ambush them.

After agreeing to proceed with the offense, everyone was dismissed.

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Before everyone left, Jack came to John and asked, "Hey, earlier today, when I'm kicking your ass..."

"When we were dueling, you mean?" John corrected.

"Sure. When I'm kicking your ass, you cast the mirror image spell, but my mana sense can't seem to make out which one of you is the real one. How do you do that?"

John smirked at the words.

"Are you so eager to have your ass kicked again?" Jack asked.

Domon who was nearby, came over after hearing it. "Are you talking about the spell where he displays multiple copies of himself?"

"Yes, that's the one," Jack answered.

"He had practiced a lot on that move, particularly to fool people who have the ability of mana sense. He distributed his mana amongst his copies," Domon explained.

"Distribute his mana? How did he do that?" Jack asked.

"He has touched the realm of mana manipulation. Still very basic though, but a start nevertheless," Domon replied.

Jack's eyes turned wide at John.

"Hahahaha...! That expression is priceless. Now you see I'm not someone you can underestimate even in a fight. Although, of course, I prefer to avoid one if I can. Fighting is, after all, for expendable pawns such as yourself," John said in his usual conceited way.

"But... he has mastered his mana sensing?" Jack asked Domon, ignoring John.

"Not quite fully yet, but he is pretty far already, probably near your level. To tell you the truth, I'm also surprised that he can start manipulating mana before fully mastering mana sensing," Domon said.

"It's me who is surprised by you, outworlders," Peniel said.

"There should be natives that are good in this mana sensing and mana manipulation as well, right?" Jack asked Peniel.

"Yes, but very rare. You people made it look so easy," she answered.

"Well. If there is such a mechanism, that means it is implemented by someone who understands martial arts. I don't see Wilted as that person. Probably that partner of hers, the main designer, who had added this feature," Jack said. "Anyway, now that we know mana manipulation is possible even without fully mastering mana sensing, I can probably do that as well."

"No, nope. I seriously doubt that. This is reserved for a genius such as me," John said.

Jack, again, ignored him. He said to his grandfather, "Let's go into the Time Chamber. You have given me some pointers when we were inside the Valley of Tempus, but I didn't really get it since I've only started learning mana sense then. I would like you to teach me again."

"You know I won't turn you down if you want to learn. Let's go," Domon said. He led the way to the Time Chamber. He had frequented the chamber very often, after all.

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Jack spent the remaining of the day until late at night inside the Time Chamber, listening to Domon's tutor while trying some practical training. Despite his diligence, he still couldn't manipulate mana yet by the end of the session, but he now slightly grasped some understanding of the technique.

If mana sensing could be described as listening to the mana to know where they were and how they moved. Manipulating mana was akin to communicating with them. Telling them or maybe more correct was to say persuading them to move and act as one wish.

Jack couldn't do it yet, but the mana had started to react to him when he tried some sort of communication. Jack could feel their vibration when he sent his thought at them, even if they didn't do as he wished them to.

Jack didn't try to force his advancement. He could only do it one step at a time, as he always did with everything. John probably was indeed a genius in this department, but Jack never let the comparison with others who do better than he weigh him down. If any, he used it as a motivation to catch up.

The next morning, Jack didn't leave directly. He had planned to fuse and level up equipment for the guild. Because of learning mana manipulation, that task had been delayed. So he used the Time Chamber again in the morning for that task.

There was a lot of common equipment from the two months stock. In fact, their warehouse space was almost full due to them. Jeanny had planned to sell some away if Jack still didn't come back to deal with this pile.

Jack fused two sets of super rare heavy armors for Jeanny and Giant Steve, a set of super rare medium armors for Domon, two sets of super rare light armors for Fierce Flame and Viral Cora, and two sets of super rare cloth armors for John and Trinity Dawn. He also gave the seven of them super rare weapons. Although there was a lot of equipment stock, it was still not enough to make super rare equipment sets for every core member, so he just prioritized those seven first.

The remaining equipment he fused into rare equipment and put into warehouse stock for members to exchange using their contribution points.

The task took him lots of hours. When he came out of the Time Chamber, it was past noon already. Due to leveling up so much equipment, Jack's Blacksmith grade increased to Advanced Expert.

He handed the super rare equipment to Jeanny. She, in return, had duplicated ten magic crystals using the Book of Creation's ability and gave them to Jack.

Jack left her and John to organize the troops while he left for Death Associate's guild headquarters.

*

Jack departed from Theneward after teleporting there. He changed into Unrivaled Arcaner before he left the city. He didn't use Pandora. His steed was too unique. He would be identified from a mile away. He instead bought a common horse from the stable near the city's gate.

He had sent a message to Scarface yesterday informing him that he will be coming to guild headquarters today. Scarface replied that he was glad that he finally decided to show up. Scarface told Jack that he had given instructions to members to receive him when he arrive. He only needed to announce his name.

Jack found it a bit weird. Why was he given such special treatment? It's as if he was an important member visiting the headquarters instead of someone who had been absent for quite some time.

He didn't think too much of it. He only needed to stay inside the headquarters until the commotion started and then it was his turn to act.

After a few hours of riding, when the sun was already low on the horizon, his destination came into view. Death Associates' headquarters, Death Hall, was situated around forested hills on one side and expansive grasslands on another. A large river passed by right beside one side of its defensive walls.

Jack came through from the grasslands' side. There were lots of native soldiers patrolling there, as well as several mid-level parties hunting monsters for exp. From what he saw, Death Associates' advancement in developing their native soldiers was not behind Everlasting Heavenly Legends. They had plenty of squires, archers, knights, cavalries, mages, and priests. Their mages had slightly different appearances, their robes were more extravagant. Jack figured it must be a variant converted by using an insignia.

Jack made sure to take off his Cloak of Shadow so everyone could inspect him. Since he was registered as a member of Death Associates, people just left him alone after finding out he was a member. But when he arrived at the wall gate, he was stopped by two native knights stationed there.

The Knights scrutinized him. After using their inspects and finding out he was Unrivalled Arcaner, they asked him to wait. Someone will be coming to fetch him shortly.

'Fetch me?' Jack wondered. Such a high-profile treatment.

Not long after, two people who he knew came, Bigarm and Earmouth. They were both still advanced class, Knight and Mage at level 43. Why the two were among the guild's upper echelon, he would never understand.

"You finally show up after so long," Earmouth said in a not-so-friendly way.

"Why do they send you two to fetch me? If I am not welcome here, just say the words. I will leave," Jack replied haughtily.

"You dolt! You never present for the guild and you still dare to act so high and mighty?" Bigarm said with hostility.

"I can act however I want!"

"Stand down!" Stonecleave, who was now a level 44 Weapon Master appeared and stopped the verbal confrontation from continuing. He came with a few other players.

"Arcaner, come! We have been waiting for you. There is a task that we need your help with," Stonecleave said. He gestured for Jack to follow him.

Jack did. As he walked. He saw the other players Stoncleave brought, together with Bigarm and Earmouth, were walking by his sides and behind him. He felt like he was being escorted.

'Isn't this a bit too exaggerated?' He thought. He didn't feel good about this situation. But he had come this far, he decided to continue. If anything bad happened, he was confident he could still force his way out.

The group ushered him into a room where he waited for almost an hour. After that, he was being taken to a building that was supposed to be the warehouse. When he entered, it was surprisingly empty from goods, but filled with players instead. At the center was Scarface. Amongst the crowd, he saw some familiar faces, Red Death, Yellow Death, Warpath, and Grimclaw.

Scarface, upon seeing Jack arrive, called out, "Unrivaled! Finally, you've decided to grace us with your presence.. Come! we have something we need confirmation from you."

