

## World 721

### Chapter 721: Ring of Heroism

Once Jack exchanged for the divine gem, he had only 33,570 scores left. He now went back to the list and looked for items that he could afford with this amount.

During his previous observations, he saw several unique-grade equipment. This equipment required scores ranging from 25,000 to 55,000. There were also unique-grade weapons, which cost 45,000 to 85,000 scores. Unique grade accessories were also available, ranging from 30,000 to 80,000 scores.

With his remaining scores, no chance for him to get a unique-grade weapon. He could only select from the cheapest portion of equipment or accessories.

After some thinking, he decided to go for the accessory. He just got Sword Fiend set equipment, if he took one unique equipment and equipped it, he would lose the benefit of Sword Fiend's full set. Additionally, his two rings were still both rare-grade. It's time to replace one of them.

After making some selections, he used his scores to exchange for a ring that cost 30,000 scores. His remaining scores he used to get another Recall Plate. This plate only cost 3,000 scores and was a rare-grade item but it was lumped together amongst the unique-grade items. Red Death recognized the plate, it was the same as the one Jack had given her but she still didn't understand the use. The description of the item didn't say much.

Jack reviewed the ability of the unique ring he had just gotten.

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Ring of Heroism (Unique accessory)

Endurance +24

All mental status effect resistances +30%

When there is no ally within a 30-meter radius, increase attributes by 50% and defense by 20%

Spirit of Heroism (active ability): Recover 60% HP, increase damage by 20% and reduce all damage received by 30% for 60 seconds, cooldown: 1 hour

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Jack replaced his Recovery Ring with this new Ring of Heroism. He then admired the new ring on his finger. As he did so, Leavemealone spoke from the side, "Are you done? If so, step aside!"

"Oh, sorry!" Jack immediately moved aside so Leavemealone could use the selection interface.

"Master, please. You first," Leavemealone said to Domon.

'Damn it! He is so rude to me but so courteous to my gramps,' Jack thought annoyingly.

Domon accepted his disciple's offer. He went and scrolled the selection. Jack came to his side, which earned a glare from Leavemealone.

"What? I'm going to help him choose. He will be clueless otherwise," Jack uttered with annoyance.

"Afei, where is that universal something that you said we should get?" Domon asked.

"Ah, no need to worry about that," Jack said. Jeanny had said she would get the book. She would just copy it for Domon later. Jack had seen something more suitable for Domon and it was the right amount for his scores. "Take this one," Jack said as he helped Domon scroll the list.

"King of Beast bloodline?" Domon read the item Jack recommended. It cost 30,000 scores.

"Yeah, it's a super rare grade bloodline," Jack said.

Most of the bloodlines that Jeanny had asked their guild members to look around the Sangrod Empire were all rare grades. They couldn't find any super rare grade. Jack had only seen one bloodline that was super rare grade in the exclusive exchange list of the Hunters Association's gold hall, which cost an insane amount of hunter points. Although this King of Beast bloodline was the same grade as that one, Jack had a feeling this bloodline was a much better one. Hence, he proposed for his grandfather to get it. Otherwise, there was no telling when they could get a super rare bloodline again.

Domon followed Jack's suggestion. He used his scores to exchange for that bloodline. However, he didn't use it immediately. Jack had sent him a silent message to keep it first and to give it to Jeanny. If possible, they should make a copy as well.

After Domon, Leavemealone went next. He chose the same item as Domon, King of Beast Bloodline. Jack didn't know if he did that out of respect for Domon or if he truly wanted that item. He had more scores than Domon, so even after getting the bloodline, he still had a decent amount of scores. He used it to get the Universal Technique Book Jack had mentioned before.

"What standard skill are you going to get with that book?" Jack asked him.

"None of your business," Leavemealone said crudely.

"Haon, you can only choose one skill. You should choose wisely," Domon said.

"Yes, master. I plan to choose the Beast Form skill from the Beastmaster class. What do you think?" Leavemealone replied.

"If I may give my opinion..."

"No one is asking for yours," Leavemealone cut Jack's words curtly.

'@#\$\*... F\*ck this asshole!' Jack cursed within.

"Hm... That will enhance your physical prowess, I think it is a good pick," Domon gave his opinion.

"It is a good one, take it from this expert who has had the experience of using that skill," Jet said. "your martial art capability will be improved even further when you transformed."

"I see. Thank you for your input, senior Jet," Leavemealone replied.

"So polite. You are a good lad, unlike somebody," Jet said.

Jack, '@#\$\*'

Jet was next. He browsed the selection. Jack tried to give his opinion but Jet shooed him away. After some while, Jet made his choice.

Instead of an item, he chose a pet egg. The pet was called Crimson-maned Lion, a medium-sized rare elite pet that cost 20,000 scores. His bear pet was only elite grade, now that he found a much better one, he did not hesitate to replace it.

Jack found it weird for a lion to be born out of an egg. But then again, his Therras also didn't look like the type of creature that came out of an egg. He guessed the egg was the game system to let pet owners get their pets without the hassle of taming process. Jet had no more scores to get the universal technique book, but it should be fine. Now that he was also part of their guild, he would get one once Jeanny made enough copies.

Jet moved away from the selection list and Paytowin came forward. After careful consideration, he inputted his selection. A glowing large metallic ball appeared on his hand.

"What is that?" Jack asked.

"It's a power core for a techno golem," Peniel was the one who answered. "Techno golem consisted of many different parts. A power core can be said to be its most important part, its heart. Most of its attributes came from this power core, some high rarity cores also give the techno golem access to an additional skill."

"Yeah, this one is a unique grade core, its name is Power Core of Courage. My Brave King will become even stronger with this!" Paytowin exclaimed.

"I think that will be the case," Peniel agreed. "Your techno golem is around special elite grade, but with this power core, it should have power rivaling rare elite monster."

"I spent twenty thousand scores and get a rare elite helper, you spent thirty thousand scores and get the same grade. Doesn't seem fair, does it?" Jet commented.

"What do you know? A techno golem had the potential to become stronger with different parts," Peniel argued. "If he assembles all his golem with unique grade parts, its strength will rival a mythical-grade pet."

Jeanny made her selection next. As planned, she got the universal technique book. After that, her points were not enough to get any of the higher rarity goods, so she just spent her scores to get two super rare accessories.

Red Death went next, she used all her scores to get one of the cheapest unique equipment. A pair of light armor boots. It was even red in color, complementing her name. She was now the first one to wear a piece of unique-grade equipment. Jack asked if he could check the boots' specs, to which Red Death asked him to buzz off.

Since their scores were limited, Grace and Giant Steve did the same as Jeanny, picking up the universal technique book before spending her remaining scores on a couple of super rare accessories.

The last was Mihos, who unexpectedly closed the selection display.

"You are not going to take anything?" Jack asked. "The scores cannot carry over to the next run, can it?"

"I've done this ancient battleground countless times," Mihos replied. "I can't get the unique or legendary items nor do I have an interest in the other meager goods. I'm just joining this run to see how you outworlders fight."

Since Mihos had closed the selection interface, the system considered all of them had completed their exchange. They were then transported back to the hall with the device. Callan and Pallas were still there.

"How do you all fare?" Callan asked.

"We all got good stuff!" Jack uttered.

Jeanny was more courtly. She said, "Thank you for allowing us to use this facility, your holiness."

The others followed and thanked the divine priest after seeing Jeanny's lead.

"You are welcomed," Callan replied. "Now, I don't want to be rude, but as you know, our place does not welcome outsiders. You can stay and enjoy our gardens for the rest of the night, but I'm afraid I must ask you to leave before midnight. The zone portal chamber will allow you to go back to your countries."

Everyone felt it was a pity they had to leave, especially Jeanny. She desperately needed the mana cores produced from this ancient battleground. She had checked just now using her divine skill. The universal technique book was a super-rare grade technique book, it cost 1,000 mana cores to copy. While the King of Beast bloodline cost 2,600 mana cores to copy, around the cost of copying a unique technique book. While the divine gem cost 1,200 mana cores.

The 4,600 mana cores they had collected were not even enough to copy each of these items once!

## **Chapter 722: Trial Pathway**

While everyone was about to leave the hall, Jack asked Callan, "Which path should I take if I wish to venture down this mountain?"

"You don't want to go back to Themisphere?" Callan asked.

"It was a rare chance to come to this country, I would like to explore more before returning," Jack replied.

"Have you linked with any zone portal in this country's cities?"

"No," Jack shook his head.

"In that case, you can travel via the trial pathway to get to the town below the foot of this mountain," Callan said. "Paytowin will bring you to this pathway once you are ready to leave."

Jack thanked the divine priest again before leaving with the rest. Outside, Red Death had left. Not even a farewell, Jack lamented.

The others also planned to leave. Everyone there except Paytowin had already become the members of Everlasting Heavenly Legends. Domon had invited Leavemealone to join the guild so he could better train him. As an obedient disciple, he didn't refuse. He would return together with Domon and the

others to Heavenly Citadel. Grace and Jet would establish links in their countries' cities first before teleporting to Heavenly Citadel.

Jack followed them to the zone portal chamber to send them off. On the way, Jeanny said to him, "Since you will be exploring this country, make sure to establish a teleportation link."

"That is my intention," Jack replied.

"Great. Once you established the link and Grace and Jet did so in their respective countries, we will have the links to all the countries," Jeanny exclaimed with excitement.

"Are you going to visit Liguritutum as Geod asked you to?" Giant Steven asked. "With that Liguritutum Honored Guest title, you can now revisit Drazthiz without a worry."

Drazthiz was the name of the Liguritutum's city where Jack used its zone portal when escaping World Maker.

"He asked all of us from the team match. Not only me," Jack corrected. "I am not going to fall for that. Most likely I will be given a quest to help with the civil war. Wilted is there already, she will do her part while I do mine."

"Are you calling sightseeing Hydrurond here as doing your part?" Giant Steve asked.

"What sightseeing? I have a purpose to stay in this country!" Jack uttered.

"Yeah, it's me who asked him to stay," Peniel said. "There is something in this country that will benefit him. If everything goes as planned. He should become stronger."

"Even more so than now? Good fairy, please don't be stingy. Why don't you take us as well?"

"I'm sorry to say but the thing I planned is only applicable to him. It won't do you any good even if you follow."

"Steve, leave them be. They will invite us if it's good for us. We will focus on guild management," Jeanny said.

"By the way, you also got that Liguritutum title," Jack said to Giant Steve. "You can visit that country. How about you go and find some ethereal players to recruit."

"Hm, that is not a bad idea. In that way, once you establish links with Hydrudond cities and we recruit draconian players as well, we will have all seven main races in our guild," Jeanny said.

"That will be something," Jet remarked.

"All right, then it's decided! Steve, your assignment is to find ethereal recruits in Liguritutum!" Jeanny announced.

"Huh?" Giant Steve looked confused.

Jack put a hand on his shoulder, "see, now we are both doing our part. Good luck!"

"Waâ??wait! What if I meet World Maker people there?"

"No one asked you to roam around the wilderness. Just stay safe inside the city and look for recruits," Jack said. "And don't try to be smart and look for that Geod fellow. As I said, he might ask you to join that country's war effort. We are not ready yet. Just search for guildless players inside that city."

"What...? How do I level up then...?" Steve walked with his shoulders slumped.

When they arrived at the zone portal chamber, they entered one by one. Grace was the last to enter. Before she did, she looked back at Jack and Paytowin. She said to Jack, "How long before you return to the guild headquarters?"

"Uh, I'm not really sure. A few weeks? Or could be months as well," Jack gave a vague answer.

"You have to let me know when you are back," Grace said. "After I establish the teleportation link, I will be waiting in the headquarters."

"Okay."

"I'm serious!" Grace uttered. "If you just come and leave without saying anything, I will be angry!"

"Uh... Um... Yes, Ma'am!"

Grace eyed him a few more whiles before she turned and entered the portal.

"Uh... Why is she so vehement?" Jack asked. He then looked at Paytowin. "Did you tell her I am me?" He asked.

"What? Of course not," Paytowin denied. "She must have been impressed by your performance in the tournament."

"Hm? Really? I did become the champion," Jack said.

Paytowin looked away and sighed. 'This guy is so gullible when it comes to relationships,' he said in his mind.

Paytowin took Jack to this place's physical exit. It was a large doorless gate. Jack saw a white stone path laid out before the gate. At the gate's two sides were the two giant head statues he had seemed at the other edges of this Daminos Square Garden.

"Why is this exit called the trial pathway?" Jack asked.

"Because this path is what new members of this faction have to travel through when they become a member," Paytowin said.

"So, you have gone through this path before?" Jack asked.

"Yes, but the other way around. I take the path to get to this place, while you are using it to leave. Speaking of which, this should help," Paytowin took out a slim axe with a curved shaft.

"An ice axe?" Jack said, recognizing the thing.

"I think you can guess already what this trial pathway is, can't you?" Paytowin asked.

"I guess so," Jack said, then added, "is it difficult?"

"Well, I manage to do it. No reason you can't."

"You are right. Oh, yes, before I forgot. Here," Jack gave Paytowin the Recall Plate.

"A recall plate? This is the thing you exchanged in the ancient battleground just now, right? Why give it to me? What's its use?" Paytowin asked.

Jack then described the item's usage. For this particular Recall Plate, Jack had set it so that it would activate if Paytowin activate it purposefully.

"So I can summon you for help?" Paytowin asked.

"It's one-time use. Don't squander it on a pointless request. Save it for a real SOS," Jack said.

"Isn't it more proper for you to give this to Grace instead?"

"She is already in my guild. She would have many guildmates she could count on. You are different. Although you are protected by this divine faction, you are still different from them. There might be a time that you need help from a fellow player."

Paytowin gave Jack a grateful stare. "Thanks, I truly appreciate this," he said sincerely.

"Don't sweat it. We are friends. Just remember to use it only for an emergency. Also, don't forget to practice the mana sense meditation I taught you. this place's mana density is the best place to train. It will be a waste not to utilize it," Jack said. He had given Paytowin some pointers on the meditation method. "All right, this is goodbye then"

"I hope we meet again, bro," Paytowin replied.

"Ask your boss to allow me to enter the ancient battleground again, you will see me more often," Jack said.

Paytowin laughed. "Stay safe."

"You too," Jack said and followed the stone path. He didn't go far before coming to an edge. The stone path stopped there, but the white stone that formed the path continued. It dropped at a ninety-degree angle to a vertical wall down the cliff. The white stones were shaped to allow handholds. There were clouds down there, preventing him from seeing how high this steep cliff was.

If he did not have Dragon Eye which allowed him to see in the dark, he might have stayed up here and waited until morning before attempting a climb down this cliff. But since he did, he readied the ice axe Paytowin had given him.

He stabbed the ice axe's pick into the ground before using it as an anchoring point and lowered himself down to the cliff. The white stones provided sturdy footholds and handholds. He started moving down steadily, securing the ice axe into the cliff wall each time he went down a step.

He was not a climbing expert, but he was also not a stranger to climbing. He had played several games that required lots of climbing before. Generally, he preferred climbing up to climbing down, because it was more difficult seeing footholds during a down climb. Luckily, now that he was proficient in mana

sense. He could sense the shape of the surface down there, allowing him to know where to put his feet without the need to look down. This lowered the difficulty considerably.

At least that's what he thought until he sensed the path down there disappeared into a horizontal surface before going vertical again.

"Shit!" he cursed and looked down. He had traveled past the clouds and could now see down. He was extremely high. The land down there seemed extremely far and extremely small. He was definitely a goner if he fell from here. If he did, he would be revived back in Thereath. Then he had to walk all the way back here, which would waste a hell lot of time.

He tried to stretch his senses further. Probably if he climbed sideways, there would be a path that was not as extreme. But as far as he could sense, the horizontal surface spread a long way to both sides. He couldn't use his incorporeal state to sense far away in his current state. If his consciousness left his body, his grips might lose strength and he fell instead. So he asked Peniel to fly around to check. Peniel came back telling him the horizontal surface went as far as she could see. Additionally, the other parts had a much smoother surface, as opposed to the pathway here where the white stones provided solid handholds. This pathway showed that one was meant to overcome this challenge.

Seeing no other option, he continued down. His feet were now at the edge of the cliff. There was no more foothold down there. He stabbed the ice axe at a lower position and put his other hand on a handhold before lowering himself. His legs were now hanging in the air, his body was held entirely by his two arms.

Jack looked down again.

"Damn, this is high!"

## **Chapter 723: Descen**

Jack slowly lowered himself further until his head was also below the elevation of the horizontal ceiling. He then let go of one hand to search for a grip on that horizontal ceiling, his entire weight was now being held by only the hand that was holding the ice axe.

After securing a sturdy handhold. He pulled his ice axe out from the wall. He decided to store it. He felt that it was easier maneuvering this ceiling with his two hands. He moved from one grip to another, his two legs dangling in the air. He remembered someone told him this move was called campusing. It's a good thing his strength stat was extremely high, relying only on his two hands to hold his body weight was not a problem then.

As he got the hang of it, he increased his campusing speed. The vertical wall was just a few meters ahead. Once he reached that wall, he could resume his down climbing.

Suddenly, the rock that he grabbed with his left hand crumbled. Losing one grip caused his whole body to jerk down, pulled by gravity. He immediately tightened his right hand's grip. However, he was a bit late. The sudden pull downward caused his right hand's fingers to slip a bit as well, leaving only the outer part of his middle and ring fingers still holding onto the rock protrusion. He was now practically hanging on with just two fingers.



"Shit! Shit! F\*ck! F\*ck!" He cursed incoherently as he tried to maintain his grip. His eyes darted to the rock that had crumbled. It was not the white stone that had marked this trial pathway. It was a similarly white color rock, but a more fragile one. In his haste, he had mistaken it for the white stone handhold.

"Grrhh..." He tried using his strength to pull himself up with only the two fingers, but the exertion instead caused his fingers to slide even more. He was now only hanging by his fingertips!

Peniel flew over to that hand and tried to help by pulling up, but she was too small. She could hardly help.

Jack's fingers slowly shifted.

"Fu... Goddamnit! Goddamniittt....!!!" He screamed as his fingers finally relented. He was now freefalling.

He fell straight down. It was a long fall. He looked at the vertical cliff in front of him. It was just a few meters away. If only he could reach it and used his sword to stab into the wall. He took out his Storm Breaker and thrust. No, too far!

"Damn it! Why is that cliff so straight!" He cursed and looked down. The cliff was straight all the way down.

"Calm down! Think... think..." He said to himself.

Suddenly he thought of something. He took out his magic staff this time. Spell formation was quickly completed and his body started slowing down until a stop.

Jack had cast the Float spell.

"What now?" Peniel asked.

Jack was unsure as well. The float spell only allowed him to move in an up and down direction. He couldn't float himself towards the wall.

"We go down!" Jack finally said and willed his body to go down.

Due to the Float spell, his descent was not as fast as when he was freefalling. He looked towards the ground far below.

"Crap, the ground is still be too far when this spell runs out of its duration," Jack said. His Float spell was at level 4. It lasted only one minute.

"Wait! I have three free archmage skill points from leveling up just now, I can use them on the spell to increase the duration," Jack said.

But before he did it, Peniel stopped him. "No use," she said. "You have already cast the spell. Even if you level it up now, it will still be at the level when you cast it."

"Darn!" Jack was depressed. "Should have cast this spell when the ground is close. That way, I can land safely."

"Yeah, perhaps you should have done that," Peniel said.

Jack calmed himself. It was done, he couldn't dwell on a past mistake. He had to think of another way.

After a while, he thought of another idea again, but he was not sure if it could work. Still, trying it was better than doing nothing. He willed his Float spell to stop his body in the middle of the air, he then started casting another spell. Five runes were formed.

Peniel recognized the spell formation. "Myriad Ensnaring Chains? What use is that spell in this situation?" She asked.

Jack didn't explain. He cast the completed spell on the wall before him. Thirteen crimson chains appeared on the vertical wall. But since there was no opponent, the chains were just dangling from the wall without moving.

"Oh, you want to try to grab them to pull yourself to the wall!" Peniel realized what Jack was trying to do as she saw him extend his hands trying to grab one of those chains.

However, the chains were still a few feet away. If only the chains extended themselves out, Jack would be able to grab them.

Peniel flew over and tried to push one of the chains towards Jack, but it didn't budge. She was too weak to affect the chain.

"Bloody hell... Will this fail as well? Think... Is there any other way...?" Jack said to himself. His Float spell's duration was ticking every second. His Myriad Ensnaring Chains also didn't last long. He couldn't afford the luxury to think too long.

The thought of his grandfather using the Ki Strike came back to him.

It didn't take long for him to decide to give it a try. "It's do or die!" He exclaimed and shut his eyes.

"What dies?" Peniel was confused by Jack's exclamation. Seeing Jack close his eyes, she was worried that Jack had given up. "Hey, don't give up!" Peniel shouted as she again try to push the chain with all her might.

Jack didn't hear Peniel's words. He was currently fully concentrated. He focused all his attention to sense the mana before him. The mana of his Myriad Ensnaring Chains. He sensed every strand of the mana in the chains, every strand in their links. Time seemed to stand still as his sense delved deeper and deeper into the chains' parts.

Similar to when he was practicing mana manipulation, it was easier if he started small. He tried to inject his will into that smallest part of the chain. He tried to guide the mana that composed that one link. Once he felt his control take hold of that link, he moved on to the next link, and the next. Slowly, he felt his mental influence on a section of the chain growing. He then manipulated that section to move towards him.

Peniel was still pushing as hard as she could, but the chain just won't budge. "Stupid chain! Are you going to let your master fall to his death?"

Suddenly, the chain started shifting. Eh? She had tried pushing with all her might with no result, but it instead moved when she scolded it?

It was ridiculous, but at this stage, she was willing to try anything. So, she scolded some more, "You useless piece of dysfunctional chains! How about you try to be useful for once? You better move now or I will turn you into scrap metal!"

The chain moved again.

It's working! Peniel exclaimed in her mind. So, she doubled her effort with more passionate scoldings.

The chain moved slowly with her every threat and chiding. Until finally, it was close enough for Jack's extended hand. Jack's hand immediately grabbed onto the chain. He opened his eyes and used his two hands to pull himself using the chain towards the wall.

The Myriad Ensnaring Chains' duration finally ended, so as his Float spell. The chains disappeared and Jack started falling again. However, he was close enough to the wall now. The ice axe Paytowin had given him reappeared in his hand. He swung the axe and struck the wall. He was now hanging while holding that ice axe.

He exhaled a long relieved breath. "Phew, that was close," he said.

"Yeah, you should thank me. It was all due to my quick wit. I never thought a spell can be afraid of my scoldings," Peniel said.

"The hell are you talking about?" Jack had no idea what she meant.

After taking a few short breaths to rest, Jack resumed his down climbing. He was more mindful of the handholds now, making sure he didn't grip the wrong one again.

The descent continued for quite some while. They were not kidding when they said this Mount Audacias was the tallest mountain in the Hydrudond country. After several hours of exhausting down climbing, Jack finally reached a part of the mountain where he could travel with his feet instead of climbing.

He rested there as he looked around. "We are not yet at the foot of the mountain?" He asked Peniel.

"No, we are only halfway. However, from here on, you can walk," Peniel answered. "There are monsters, though, starting from this part. So don't let your guard down."

"I prefer monsters than all that down climbing," Jack uttered.

#### **Chapter 724: Selecting Other Classesâ€™ Standard Skill**

Jack didn't immediately resume his travel, it was past midnight already. He took out his Camouflage Tent to rest. The down climbing and the fall had given him a rather stressful experience, he decided he should just rest and continue the next day.

In the morning, he was ready to move again. Peniel informed him that the monsters around this part were mostly level 30 to 35, which was too low for him. There was no benefit for him to grind exp here. Additionally, he had a destination, so he won't be spending time grinding. But he would still hunt a couple of these monsters simply to input their data into his monster books' collection.

Before he did that, he had one other thing to do. He took out the universal technique book. Now that he didn't need to copy the book, he could use it.

"What skill or spell are you going to learn?" Peniel asked him. "Please remember you can only learn one time from this book. Even if you get a second universal technique book, you won't be able to use it anymore. You also can't change the skill you have learned."

"I've thought about it," Jack said as he activated the book. An interface activated, asking him to choose from a selection of classes outside of the ones he already possessed. "I'm going for the Weapon Master's Spirit Weapon skill."

"Spirit weapon?" Peniel asked. "Why? I can think of a dozen other more useful skills or spells, like the Summoner's Elemental Spirit, Assassin's Combat Clone, or Mage Knight's Spectral Projection. Or if you are just looking for summons, the summoner's Giant Lizard or Dirt Golems also provided better summons with a longer duration."

Jack clicked on the Weapon Master's class while saying, "You know, people might think that my multi-class is my main advantage. Well, they are not wrong, but there are three things I consider to have contributed no less to all my accomplishments till now."

"Which are?"

"You," Jack said as he turned to her. "The Blessing of Goddess that provided enormous luck, which I'm sure had helped me greatly even if I'm not aware. Then it's this," Jack said while holding his Storm Breaker.

"The three gifts that were awarded after we saved Goddess Serenity. Even Wilted was rather awestruck with you three. Well, two, I never told her about the Goddess' Blessings. Anyway, I also agree that you three were unusual. Look at you, once I form a pact and made you my familiar, you are a mythical grade. Not to mention all your spells are truly heaven-defying. None of the other Archmages' familiars I have seen hold a candle to you."

"You don't say," Peniel said while assuming a proud pose.

"So, I'm curious as to what kind of Spirit Weapon my Storm Breaker will produce," Jack continued. "You mentioned before higher grade weapons produce better spirit weapons, didn't you?"

"Yes, most weapons only produced a copy of themselves that stays near their owner and automatically attacks enemies who come into range, but some specialized weapons can produce a completely different incarnation of look. Some can even leave their owner's side and attack like a summon creature does. Well, now that I explain it, yes, I'm also curious as to what kind of spirit weapon Storm Breaker will produce. It is a specialized weapon for sure."

"See? Now we are in agreement. So, I'm going for it!" Jack said.

"Why didn't you tell Haon about this? He has an Overlimit weapon as well, right?" Peniel asked.

"I tried telling him. That asshole turn me down before I have the chance!" Jack replied. He then clicked the Spirit Weapon skill.

He received notification that he had learned the Spirit Weapon skill and the book in his hand turned to dust.

"Let's find out, shall we?" Jack said and activated the newly learned skill.

An image of Storm Breaker appeared beside him. Jack and Peniel looked at it. After some while, Jack finally said, "Well... What a letdown."

He sighed. What's done was done, he thought. He was just about to cancel the skill when suddenly the Storm Breaker image broke apart, just like how it did in its Overlimit state, except the core bright energy that held the broken parts was much larger. Not only that, there was a vertical slit of blackness within that bright core energy, making it look very much like the pupil of nocturnal predators such as cats or snakes.

While he was marveling at this so-called pupil, it turned to him. Jack was so startled that he almost fell down on his butt. Then another thing startled him. A rough voice was heard in his head, "I don't sense any hostiles. Where are the enemies?"

It took Jack a while before he realized this rough voice was coming from Storm Breaker's spirit weapon.

"You... You can talk...?" Jack asked.

Instead of answering, the same voice repeated its question, "Where is the enemy?"

"Uh...", Jack looked at his radar. "There is none nearby," he said.

"Then why do you call me out?" The voice asked. It sounded emotionless but Jack somehow felt a peeve feeling from it.

"Um... sorry?" Jack said.

"Deactivate me please."

"Oh... okay," Jack said and canceled the skill. The Storm Breaker's image vanished.

He stood there for a while before turning to Peniel. "Do you hear that as well?" He asked.

"I did," she nodded.

"Then why didn't you say something?" Jack asked.

"I'm as surprised as you!" Peniel defended.

Jack looked down at his hand which was still holding the Storm Breaker. Great, another talking companion, he thought.

He brought his Storm Breaker close to his mouth and said, "Hello, hello? Can you hear me?"

No response.

"Hello. If you are there, say something please. Otherwise, I will just treat you like a piece of metal."

Still no response.

"Are you sure? Don't you want me to treat you with more respect or something like that?"

"Stop it! You are acting weird," Peniel finally uttered.

"I just want to make sure," Jack said. "What if it got offended if I continued to use it just to hack and slash at things? Probably it wants more than that."

"Whatever, let's leave. Our destination is a few days away from here if you used Pandora at full speed," Peniel said.

Jack tried talking to his sword one more time, which earned Peniel's glare. He sheathed his weapon after.

Peniel mentioned there were two new monsters there. Jack roamed around until he found them. A boar-like monster with two extremely large tusks and a pyro lynx. He remembered the latter one as he had summoned this monster to aid him during the battle of Crestfall plain.

He swiftly dispatched one each before summoning Pandora and headed down the remaining of the mountain.

There was a town down there. It was a small town, however. To register in this town, he would need to be a kingdom faction member in Hydrudond, just like the regulation in Themisphere. In other words, he couldn't register a teleportation link here.

Since it was so, he just left the town as soon as he arrived. He saw from his radar there were some players as well inside that small town. He didn't have time to socialize. He continued his journey. Peniel mentioned they should be passing two main cities on their way. Jack made a stop in these two cities, named Delphoia and Eridrus, just to establish teleportation links.

He informed Jeanny afterward. Hydrudond was not a country that prohibit the human race, so their guild members were free to enter and recruit new members or do other activities.

He didn't linger long. He continued his journey at once. He only stopped to rest or if he stumbled upon a new monster.

During the night before resting, he made it a habit to practice mana manipulation. After the experience during the fall, Jack didn't only practice using this technique in his sword attacks, but also on his spells. He knew that it was still a long way for him to incorporate mana manipulation into real combat, but this practice did improve his control considerably.

Just like in the fall, he cast Myriad Ensnaring Chains before focusing on controlling the mana that formed the spell. He could only influence the chain's movement by a little, and that also required deep concentration. No way this was applicable in real combat.

He also tried to do it with basic spells, like Energy Bolts. When he fired the spell. The bolts would simply fly straight if there was no target. But with mana manipulation, he could influence and made their trajectories shift by a bit.

This was all small and repetitive training, but he believed with enough practice, he should be getting better. He was looking forward to when he could manipulate his spells at ease in battle. That would be something. If he could do that, even against his grandfather and his inhuman-level of eight diagram illusory steps, he believed his Myriad Ensnaring Chains should be able to catch Domon by then.

## **Chapter 725: The Most Powerful Sword**

Jack arrived at his destination after one week of travel. The place was another mountain called Mount Draygetos. Jack was glad that this mountain was not a steep one like mount Audacias. He would hate to do vertical climbing again after the previous bitter experience.

This mountain was huge but its terrain was mostly traversable by feet.

On the morning of the day he arrived at the foot of Mount Draygetos, his human age also reached nine months. He received a new racial active skill.

\*

Ambition, rank 1 (Active skill). All damage received is reduced by 30%, movement speed +50%, cleanse and immune to mental status ailments. Duration: 50 seconds. Cooldown: 30 minutes

\*

Peniel informed Jack that three types of monsters inhabited this mountain. Their level ranges from level 45 to 50, which was a suitable leveling ground for him. Even better was that two out of these three monsters were draconic monsters. So, he could also farm draconic essences.

However, he was not here to farm exp nor draconic essences. He had another purpose, which Peniel informed him should be located at the top of this mountain.

Even though he didn't plan to farm exp, he was still going to kill any monsters that came into range. Hence, he didn't use Pandora so as to not scare them off. He walked up the mountain.

Before long, his radar picked up some red dots. He saw that these dots grouped together. There were seven of them. He headed towards them.

When they came into view, he saw that there were two types of monsters among the seven. One winged monster that was larger than the rest, it looked like a cross between a dragon and a chicken. Crawling behind it were six large lizards with brown and white striped bodies. Jack used Inspect at them.

\*

Drackcatrice (Special elite, Draconic), level: 48

HP: 250,000

\*

Gilas (elite monster, Reptile), level: 45

HP: 110,000

\*

The six lizards, Gilas, followed Drackcatrice as if it was their leader. The drackatrice had a bat-like wing but it just strutted around with its two chicken legs and its beak held high. Its posture did make it seem like that weird group was a pack and it was the leader.

"What are you waiting for?" Peniel asked. "They shouldn't be a problem for you. That drackatrice can release a shriek that paralyzes you, but the duration is short. The Gilas have poison breath, but they are slow."

"Mm," Jack just nodded, but he still didn't rush over. Instead, he said, "Let's test it out."

"Test what out?" Peniel asked.

Jack held his Storm Breaker and activated a skill. A sword image resembling his sword hovered beside him. He hadn't tested this skill in combat yet because the monsters he passed by in his travel here were all too low-level.

Usually, a Weapon Master used this skill in the vicinity of their opponents so the spirit weapon could dive into action once summoned. The skill duration at its first level was only two minutes, after all. So, it was best to utilize this skill in a melee engagement.

Peniel had explained to Jack that with each level increase, the duration would increase by twenty-four seconds. If the skill was fully maxed, the spirit weapon would last for ten long minutes.

Jack had summoned the spirit weapon without initiating a fight because he had seen this spirit weapon being inactive for a while the last time it was summoned. He wanted to see if it was because there was no opponent. If so, he wanted to check how close he needed to get to the enemy before the spirit weapon woke up.

This time, however, the spirit weapon broke apart as soon as it was summoned. The sword shape broke into several components and revealed the large central energy core with the cat eye pupil. At the same time, Jack heard the spirit weapon's rough voice again, "Hostiles detected. Initiating range mode."

"Range mode? What is a range mode?" Jack asked in his astonishment.

The spirit weapon didn't answer his question. The blade parts of the spirit weapon that had broken into two long blades, disassembled again into eight tinier blades. The blades hovered around for a second before shooting forward to where the pack of monsters was.

The eight blades struck all seven monsters, scoring damage with an ambush bonus. The attack didn't stop there. After penetrating through the monsters, the blades flew in a curve and back to the monsters. They then pierced the monsters again. The blades did so countless times, they were so fast that the monsters weren't able to dodge. Each time they hit, they caused damage. Jack noticed the damages were as high as the normal attacks he inflicted when his Storm Breaker was in an Overlimit state, which meant the damages they inflicted were most likely chaos damage.

The lead of the pack, the draconic drackatrice, finally noticed Jack. It then knew that Jack was the one sending the attacks. It had tried to strike at the blades but the blades were too fast and too small. It knew then it had to attack the source instead.

It flapped its wing and flew towards Jack at a low altitude. The eight blades didn't chase after the drackatrice, they stayed with the six Gilas, continuing to shave the monsters' lives.

Jack readied his magic staff. With his two weapons, he was about to go engage the incoming drackatrice. However, he felt a sudden burst of mana from the spirit weapon beside him.



The eye, or the energy core of the spirit weapon, released blindingly bright energy before a thick beam shot out from that eye. The beam struck dead center at the drackatrice that was coming over. Not only did it receive damage, but it was also pushed back by the powerful beam. The beam lasted for a while, damage numbers came up each second above the drackatrice's head while it kept being pushed back by the beam.

When the beam stopped, the drackatrice was down on the ground, shivering, and unable to move. The black electricity that usually accompanied Storm Breaker's Overlimit display, was now running along the monster's body.

"It was paralyzed," Peniel said after seeing the monster's inability to move.

The eight blades never stop hitting the eight Gilas back there. They were unable to fight against the small flying blades so they decided to advance and follow their leader that was still down on the ground. But they were slow, before they arrived, the drackatrice had recovered. It then uttered an angry shriek before flying forward again.

Jack just stood his ground this time. He was wondering what his spirit weapon would do. It stayed still.

When the drackatrice was almost upon them, Jack readied himself. But then he felt the familiar mana spike again. The spirit weapon's single eye shone brightly as before. The same beam fired and struck the drackatrice for the second time. It was damaged and pushed back as before.

Jack had taken note. The interval between the two shots was one minute. The drackatrice was again down on the ground after that powerful blast.

The six Gilas which suffered the blades' unending punishment, had all perished. The blades now flew towards the drackatrice as it recovered its ability to move.

While Jack was marveling at the scene, he heard the spirit weapon's rough voice, "Duration almost ends. Do you wish to activate finishing mode?"

"Huh? What is a finishing mode?" Jack asked.

Instead of answering, the spirit weapon repeated its question, "Do you wish to activate finishing mode?"

"F\*ck it! Heck yeah, activate the bloody finishing mode!" Jack uttered.

The spirit weapon floated up high. The eight blades flew back to it, they recombined and then the spirit weapon transformed again. This time, its size grew rapidly until it turned into a giant Storm Breaker in the sky. Jack was gaping as he watched the scene.

This gigantic Storm Breaker then swung down. Trails of energy followed its swing, creating dazzling light. The giant Storm Breaker struck the drackatrice in its flight path. It was forcefully slammed to the ground. The sword image then broke apart again, this time revealing its giant eye that shone brightly before exploding spectacularly.

By the time the explosion dispersed, the drackatrice had turned to dust already. The spirit weapon was also no more.

Jack still stood in his original position, wide-eyed. He didn't even need to do any attack and it took his spirit weapon only a short two minutes to rout these seven monsters.

Both Jack and Peniel were speechless after witnessing the spirit weapon's might. It took Jack some time before he shouted, "Hell yeah! What did I tell you?!"

Peniel was startled by Jack's sudden yell. She felt like slapping him for that.

"I tell you it is the right call, didn't I? Didn't I tell you?" Jack was still shouting. "I have hit the jackpot! Yeah!"

He then turned to Peniel, "You mentioned a spirit weapon will be stronger if used on higher-grade weapons, didn't you?"

"That's correct," Peniel answered.

Jack lifted his Storm Breaker high, "You, my friend, is one heck of a sword. I promise you, I will feed you the best swords I can find and help you become the most powerful sword in this world!"

## **Chapter 726: Strange Old Draconian**

Jack continued his journey up the mountain. All the while exterminating any monsters on the way. His pet, Terras, was by his side to share the exp. He didn't actively search for monsters to grind, though. He was here for a different reason.

He met the third type of monster which was also a draconic monster. It was called Spiked Wyrms. These wyrms were mostly special elite. Their elongated backs were covered by spikes that could be discharged. When they did, the spikes were shot all at once, hitting everything in the vicinity. Peniel informed that if one was hit, there was a chance to be afflicted by Bleed and Weakness status effects.

Jack activated Gold Scale Armor the first time the wyrm did the move. The second time, Jack had learned that the spikes had a telltale sign of vibrating before they were shot. So, he made himself scarce before the spikes were shot.

These wyrms could also burrow like the poisonous wyrmings Jack fought in the Jagara region. Terras used its Overbearing Stomp to force the burrowing wyrm out, but it was not effective as it did with the poisonous wyrmings. So, they ended up having to wait until the wyrm came out by itself. It's a good thing they only burrowed for a short time, and it's also a good thing Jack had mana sense and Godeye's radar so he could detect the wyrm's position at all times. Otherwise, the only cue of when the wyrm was coming out would be the short trembling of the ground before it came out, and it always came out with the attempt to bite its target.

Dealing with the monsters was not a problem for Jack since their highest grades were only special elites and their highest level was 50. After traversing the mountain for a few hours, he came by a small pathway with a small stream by its side.

Since the pathway was going up the mountain, Jack walked following that pathway.

Not long after, he heard some weird sounds. As he approached, it sounded like the voice of someone whimpering. His radar also showed a white dot in that direction.

'A lone NPC on this mountain?' Jack wondered.

He approached the white dot carefully. The voice sounded like whoever was making the sound needed help, but it was better to approach with caution.

When the native came into view, Jack saw that it was a draconian elder with a small body. It was weird since most draconian he had seen had statures larger than the average human. This one had a size closer to the dwarf race. Jack knew the draconian was an elder because of his white hair and beard. The draconian was lying on the ground next to the stream while still whimpering.

The draconian seemed to notice Jack's presence. He immediately called out. "You! You over there! Eh? You are a human outworlder? Anyway, come here and give this poor old draconian a hand, will you?"

Jack used Inspect on the old draconian.

\*

Darmos (basic draconian), level 10

HP: 900

\*

'What the... How does he survive here?' Jack exclaimed in his mind.

"Lad! What are you doing just standing there for? Hurry up and come here!" Darmos bellowed.

Jack approached, with puzzlement still filling his thoughts. "What's the problem?" Jack asked.

"I sprain my foot ankle," Darmos informed. "I can't walk. Give this old draconian a hand, will you?"

"Um... I have a healing potion, it probably can help?" Jack said.

"Hmph! Do you think I am an outworlder like you?"

"Then, how do you want me to help?"

"Give me a lift home, of course! I can rest and heal there."

"Home? Where is your home?" Jack asked. At the same time, he received a notification for a quest, called Carry Darmos back to his home. It was an S-grade quest. It provided exp and coins upon completion and there was also an additional reward: Earning Darmos' favor. Jack was surprised why a simple task of bringing someone home was considered S-difficulty.

"Up there," Darmos answered Jack's question while pointing to the summit of the mountain.

"You are living on this mountain?" Jack asked with fascination.

"Why? You have a problem with an old draconian living by himself on a mountain?"

'No, I'm just wondering how you survive all the monsters here,' Jack thought. He didn't sense anything weird from this old draconian. He wondered if this old draconian was in disguise.

He sent his thought to Peniel, 'Do you have a way to reveal someone in disguise?'

'Yes, the Dispel spell. Didn't you know this already?'

'I don't have that spell yet. Any other way?'

'Not with anything you have on you,' Peniel replied. 'You think this draconian is in disguise? So, are you going to leave him?'

'I think should be ok. His request comes with a quest. Should be legitimate,' Jack answered.

Darmos was getting impatient since Jack was silent for a while. "Lad, what are you thinking so long for? Are you those impolite new-age kids who have no respect for old folks?"

"The heck, how does a native such as you to even have the concept of new age kids? Anyway, how do you want me to carry you?"

"On your back of course. Do you expect me to be carried in your arms like some damsels in distress? Now, squat down and let me climb your back!" Darmos demanded.

"You are rather bossy for someone who needs help, aren't you?" Jack said.

"And you are very chatty for someone who is supposed to just help without asking any question. Aren't outworlders supposed to be obsessed with completing quests? Now, are you going to squat down or not?"

"Fine, fine. Here," Jack squatted down and turned his back to him. If this native wanted to do something to him, this would be the best time. Jack was ready just in case he sensed something. He had also sent a silent message to Peniel to be ready with her spell just in case.

Darmos started climbing Jack's back. "Can't you lower your back down a bit more?" He complained.

"Can't you be a bit more courteous about it?" Jack returned, but he still lowered himself further.

Darmos finally got into position on Jack's back. His arms slung over Jack's shoulder.

"Are you ready?" Jack asked.

"Giddy-up, horsey," Darmos replied.

"F\*ck! Don't make me throw you off, old man!" Jack warned. In his mind, he wondered what the heck kind of NPC is this? He didn't think that Wilted's team would've put such a snappy personality code into a nobody NPC. Even if the natives here evolved into their own personalities after receiving the real world's energy, their personalities would still mostly base on their original codes.

Additionally, this native was all alone in this monster-infested mountain. He was sure there was more to it than was seen.

He stood up with Darmos piggybacking behind him. "Goodness, you are heavy for your size!" Jack exclaimed.

"I'm also surprised you can carry me, outworlder. Your strength must be exceptional," Darmos said.

"You are surprised? And you still ask me to carry you? Are you playing with me?" Jack asked.

"Do you want the quest reward or not?" Damos replied.

"Fine, fine," Jack said and started walking. He was heading up there anyway so he just considered he picked up a straggler along the way.

Also, he was curious about this native. This old draconian could even have something to do with what he came here for. If this old coot lived up there at the summit, he was sure to know the being Jack came here to look for.

Damos talked again from behind Jack, "Never seen a human outworlder before. Almost never seen any human here for that matter. Do you come all this way from Themisphere?"

"Not exactly all this way, we started our journey from Mount Audacias," Jack answered truthfully.

"Those fanatic's abode? What are you doing there?" Damos asked.

"I joined the outworlder world tournament that the council organized," Jack replied.

"Oh... No wonder you are strong," Damos said.

"Of course! I am even the champion."

"You are?"

"I am."

"Now, that's impressive."

"You seem to know a lot for a weak old draconian living in the middle of nowhere," Peniel said.

"High fairy. I was wondering when you will chime in," Damos said. "I am, of course, not just any weak old draconian. I am one special weak old draconian."

"I can't find that to be any more impressive than the former," Jack commented.

"Hmph! Now, tell me. Why do you come this way? The tournament just ended a week ago, right?" Damos asked. "Even with a very fast steed, it still means you come straight here once the tournament ended. That means you have a clear purpose for coming here."

"We do," Jack replied.

"You don't want to tell me?"

"You seem to know a lot. Can't you hazard a guess?" Jack asked

"Sure. You want to meet with Broidrireg, the divine dragon that nested at the summit above, don't you?"

## **Chapter 727: Quest Requiremen**

"Do you know Broidrireg?" Peniel asked.

"Hmph! Not only do I know the great dragon, but I am also under his protection," Damos said proudly. "How do you think an old weak draconian like me managed to live here? Oh, and do not call him by his name like you are worthy of it. You should call him the exalted Briodrireg, or the magnificent one."

"That's great. You should take me to him," Jack said.

"Nah, I can't."

"Why not?"

"Hmph! Do you think he is a being who you can meet just because you want to? If he doesn't want to meet you, you can forget about ever meeting him."

"But you do meet him, don't you? How about you put in a good word for me?" Jack asked.

"Hm... That will still have to be seen. If I find you worthy enough or not," Damos replied.

"Hey, I piggyback you so far, that should count for something, right?" Jack exclaimed.

"Carry me nicely to my house and I will think about it," Damos said. He then noticed Peniel's stare.

"What is it, young high fairy?"

"Are you sure you are on good terms with Briodrireg?" Peniel asked.

"Of course! Are you calling me a liar? And you should refer to him as the incredible Briodrireg!"

"I find it hard to believe that an aloof dragon at his stature will associate with a weak draconian like you. Isn't his kind looking down on your race?"

"He looks down on everything! Except for me. Yeah, we are tight."

"Hah, empty words," Peniel taunted.

"High fairy, are you looking for a quarrel?" Damos uttered.

"If you are close with him as you say you are, then prove it! Arrange for us to meet with him."

"What's so difficult about arranging a meeting? It will be as simple as... Ah... I see what you are doing. You are one naughty little fairy, aren't you? Don't think you can trick me into it!"

"But that means you can help us, don't you?" Jack said. "Name your price, old man. We need an audience with Brio... I mean, the high-and-mighty Briodrireg."

"I am not for sale, young human," Damos said. "Anyway, why do you want to meet him?"

"I want to undertake the dragonification trial," Jack said.

"You? A human? Haha. Are you drunk or something?" Damos mocked.

"He is serious," Peniel said.

"Well, I can't blame the outworlder, but you should know that the trial is only available for one with draconic blood, don't you? Only those from the draconian race can undertake the trials."

"He has draconic blood in him, a much purer one compare to normal draconian even," Peniel informed.

"He does?" Darnos' face came next to Jack's neck and he sniffed it.

"Hey, dude. That's gross!" Jack uttered and moved his head away when he felt Darnos sniffing him.

"You do have a draconic scent. Hm... Perhaps you are not lying. But not any draconic bloodline is enough, how about you let me taste a drop of your blood to find out?"

"Don't be ridiculous, that is even grosser," Jack uttered.

"We are not lying, why do you think we come all this way here for?" Peniel said.

"Hm... Still, I can't guarantee that he will grant you the trial. It is already a tall order for him to accept a draconian, much else a human, much else an outworlder. I suggest you don't put much expectation in this endeavor of yours."

"I still want to try. If you can just help me get an audience, that is all we ask," Jack said.

"I can't promise anything, kid. We'll see. But I'm impressed an outworlder such as you know about this dragonification trial so early. Your kind just arrived in this world eight months ago, right? You are the first outworlder to come for this trial."

They continued to chat while walking, this Darnos was a rather talkative fellow. Jack didn't mind. In fact, due to the chat, his Diplomacy skill had increased to Basic Expert.

"Hey, hey! Where are you heading? You have to go that way?" Darnos said while pointing in a direction.

"Is there any other way? Probably a detour?" Jack asked.

"Hmph! No detour. To reach my house we have to pass through there. Other places were blocked by high cliffs. Don't ask me to ride you piggyback while you climb a wall. What if you fall? I will not have only one sprain ankle if that happens."

'I will prefer not piggybacking anything at all,' Jack uttered inwardly. Outward, he said, "There are lots of monsters on that path."

"Oh? You can sense monsters' existences?" Darnos asked with a surprised expression. "No wonder you walked like a drunk person. I thought you are truly drunk. So, you have been avoiding monsters all this time?"

"Yeah," Jack answered. "Well, if we have to pass that place, then I have to put you down and eradicate those monsters first."

"Halt! If you put me down, I will consider you failing the quest," Darnos warned.

"What? Why is that? All you need is just to get home, right? What's the difference if you wait here for a bit while I take care of those monsters?"

"Hmph! The task is to bring me back unharmed. What if another monster comes and attacks me while you are fighting the monsters over there?"

"Don't worry. You see already that I can detect monsters, right? I will know if there is any monster coming near you."

"I don't care. You put me down. You fail the quest," Darnos was uncompromising.

"The hell, dude? Why are you being so unreasonable?" Jack complained.

"I am," Darnos said unwaveringly.

'Perhaps this is a test?' Peniel's voice was heard in Jack's mind. 'He can arrange a meeting with Briodrireg, which means we need his favor.'

Jack agreed with Peniel. This was probably the starting quest designed for anyone that came here to meet Briodrireg.

"All right. Let's go together then," Jack relented and proceeded forward.

"Remember, I can't be harmed. If any monster hit me. You fail," Darnos warned.

"Didn't you say you are protected by Briodrireg? Why would the monsters attack you then?" Jack asked.

"The protection is only limited to the area around my house."

"Then what are you doing venturing so far away?"

Darnos shrugged. "I'm bored," he said simply.

Jack decided to not argue further. He was thinking about how to get through the monsters. The monsters came into view now. There were eighteen of them. Three Spiked Wyrms, four Drackatrice, and eleven Gilas.

It's a piece of cake, Jack thought. Let's just call out Arlcard, Therras, and his Spirit Weapon.

However, before he could do it, Darnos said, "Ah, I almost forgot. No summoning and no tools."

Jack almost doubled over. "What the f\*ck, man! Do you want to get home or not?" He uttered.

"Do you want the quest reward or not?" Darnos returned.

"I can't put you down, I can't use summons and tools. So, you want me to fight that horde while carrying you on my back? To top it off, I can't allow you to get hit even once? Is that all for your quest requirements?"

"That's about sum it up. Oh, I might want to make a correction. Not only am I not allowed to be hit, but I am also not allowed to be touched by any of those monsters."

Jack's eye twitched. Killing these monsters would be no problem for him, even if he wasn't allowed to call his summons. However, to make sure that none of these monsters touch the annoying old dude on his back. Now, that's an entirely different matter. No wonder the quest difficulty was S. Normally, dealing with these monsters here would just be considered A-difficulty.

"Come on, the sun is about to set already. I still have to make dinner back home," Darnos said.

Jack gave him an exasperated look. He then said, "Are you going to tell me that I'm not allowed to use any skills and my equipment's ability is not allowed as well?"



"Of course not, I can't be asking you to fight naked and only use standard attacks, right? That will be unreasonable of me. I am a very sensible person," Damos replied.

"Are you sure?" Jack asked again.

Hearing that, Damos paused for a bit. He thought for a little bit before saying again, "Yeah, using skill and your equipment is fine. But no summon! Even if it is an ability from equipment, summoning is still not allowed."

"All right, don't back out on your words," Jack said.

After finished speaking, a green and soothing aura radiated out from Jack. He then walked forward.

"This..." Damos felt the unusualness in the aura.

When Jack came near the group of monsters, they didn't give any response. They just did as if Jack wasn't there, even when Jack passed by them. It was the ability of his Amulet of Summoning, Calming Wave. For five minutes, it kept all monsters of special elite grade or below and a maximum of ten levels above Jack to not turn hostile.

"That's... That's cheating!" Damos uttered.

"No, no. You are not allowed to take back your words," Jack replied with a grin.

## **Chapter 728: Sharing Dinner**

Jack continued on the path, all the while the little elderly draconian was grumbling on his back.

"You know, you are one very grumpy old draconian," Jack said.

"Hmph! And you are one trickster outworlder," Damos shot back.

"Dude, I'm just following your rules. You know, those unreasonable and unnecessary rules that tried to hinder me from doing you a favor of getting you back home safely."

After a long walk, they came upon a serene landscape with greeneries and a small lake. Behind the small lake was a small waterfall. There was a wooden hut by the side of the lake. Several birds and small animals roam around the place freely.

"You leave here...? Not bad, old dude," Jack remarked.

"We have arrived. Now put me down," Damos said.

"You don't want me to put you on your bed inside the hut?"

"Here is fine."

Jack put the old draconian down as requested. He received notification that his quest had been completed, he received exp points and coins as well as the additional rewards: Received Damos' favor, sort of.

What's the deal with these 'sort of' words? Jack thought after hearing the notification. Maybe he should have just followed what Darmos asked and fought the monsters while carrying the old draconian on his back?

While Jack was pondering, he saw Darmos walking to his hut.

"The hell! Hey, old dude. Don't you have a sprained ankle?" Jack uttered.

"It's healed!" Darmos talked back.

"Heal my ass! You are clearly pretending," Jack said while following him.

Jack came by the edge of the lake and enjoyed the view. The water was very clear, he could see some fish swimming inside. The wind felt humid due to the waterfall but was refreshing. Darmos had gone inside his hut. Jack enjoyed the refreshing air a few minutes before going into the hut as well.

It was a simple hut. Only one bed with a table and chair and another room where some tools were stored. Darmos was taking a large pot out from there.

"You are one rude outworlder. I don't remember inviting you in," Darmos complained.

"Don't sweat the small stuff," Jack replied.

Jack followed Darmos when he went out again. There was a spot by the side of the hut with some woods stacked together. Darmos sparked a fire there and created a campfire. He then filled up his pot with water and put it above the campfire. While the water was being boiled, he went back into the hut and took some food ingredients.

While Darmos prepared dinner, Jack went and sat on a rock by the side of the lake nearest to the waterfall. He let himself immersed in his surroundings.

Jack had always done his routine martial training every day. He started his day with Formless Flowing Sword style and Eight Diagram Illusory Steps. At night before sleep, he practiced mana manipulation and mana concealment.

Domon had taught him the basics of mana concealment after Wong displayed it the last time. The secret was to blur one's mana with the surrounding mana, becoming one with nature, so that one was indistinguishable from the others.

He lowered his breathing to as slow as possible, as if an animal in hibernation. His bodily process also slowed down. A small bird perched on his shoulder, thinking of him as a stone. More birds came and perched as well. Even a squirrel jumped and laid on his lap. Jack didn't respond at all.

Of course, this method was useless in direct combat. No point in staying still during a fight. Maybe if he was preparing an ambush, then this was a good technique. Jack had informed his grandfather to teach this concealment technique to the range players of their core members, especially gunners. It should help them in making it more difficult for their enemy to find their hiding places.

Jack's target was not to use this technique for an ambush. He was not an ambush type of player. His target was to be as Wong, having his presence clouded unless his opponent's mana sense was extremely high. When Jack asked Leavemealone about his fight with Wong, Leavemealone confirmed that it was

indeed difficult to pinpoint Wong's attacks during the match. If Wong was someone who enjoyed using concealed or back attacks, then this technique of his would be more troublesome.

However, to reach this kind of concealment while moving and in direct combat, was at a completely different level than what he was doing now. Domon had told him not to rush. Everything had its time. He would need to be able to master and enter this motionless concealed state at will first before he could even think of shrouding his mana during active combat. Aside from that, Domon informed him that he also needed to be fluent in manipulating mana before trying to attain this mobile concealment state.

Darmos glanced at Jack and surprise showed in his glint.

"What are you cooking?" Peniel asked. She was flying around Darmos' pot.

"My dinner," Darmos replied. "Is the kid doing that often?"

"He spares some time doing that every day," Peniel answered. "That and also this something they called martial arts. Oh, and also mana manipulation."

"He can manipulate mana?" Darmos asked with wide eyes.

"He is still in the beginning stage," Peniel said.

"Still, with his level and class, that is impressive already," Darmos said.

"You should see the other outworlders I have seen," Peniel said. "By the way, I am also surprised that you know about mana manipulation. Considering your very low level."

"Don't judge a book by its cover," Darmos said. "Okay, I'm done."

Jack opened his eyes. The birds and the squirrel immediately scurried away.

"Dinner is ready?" Jack said as he came over.

Darmos looked at him. "Who said anything about your share. This is my dinner!"

"You are too impolite, old dude. How can you cook dinner and not share it with your guest?"

"You are the impolite one! I never invited you to be a guest here. Whatever, fine. I will give you some."

Darmos poured some into a bowl and handed it to Jack. Jack looked at it. It looked like some sort of stew. He used a spoon to scoop it and taste it.

"Puah! Are you sure this is edible?" Jack uttered.

"How rude! Hmph! Don't eat it then," Darmos said and started eating from his bowl.

"Unbelievable... You are truly eating it," Jack said with wide eyes. He then took out his apprentice cooking stove and started cooking as well. Although he didn't focus on this auxiliary skill, he had always cooked his own food so his proficiency was improving steadily.

He had also learned several new recipes from loots. He always informed Ellie when he did. If she already had the recipe, Jack would then learn the recipe himself. He now cooked a new recipe called Beef Stew.

This food granted 5 HP recovery per second and increased all healing received by 100% for the next three hours. The effect was pointless for him at the moment since he didn't plan to go out grinding, he only ate it for the taste.

When the cooking was done and he was about to eat it, he caught Darnos' stare.

"It smells good, isn't it?" Jack asked him with a grin.

Darnos turned away. "Nah, I doubt a food made by a kid like you will taste anything good."

"Dude. If you want, just say it," Jack said and gave him a bowl of his Beef Stew. "I cooked for two portions anyway."

Darnos turned back. He seemed to be in struggle. He finally couldn't resist the temptation and accepted the bowl. After eating one spoon, his eyes bulged. He then gobbled down the food ravenously.

"Dude, take it easy...", Jack said after seeing him. "I bet you have stayed here all by yourself for way too long. You should go to the city more, there are lots of gourmets there."

"I'm not used to crowds," Darnos replied without stopping eating. Within seconds, he finished the food.

"Damn! Isn't that too fast? I haven't even begun eating mine!" Jack said. He then noticed Darnos' eyes that were eyeing his bowl intensely.

"Don't tell me... Your stomach is not full yet?" Jack asked.

"We draconian consumes a lot," Darnos replied.

"Draconians do eat more compared to other races," Peniel confirmed. "The non-outworlder draconians anyway," she added.

"Hm... Tell you what. You tell me where I can find Broidrireg, you can have this beef stew again," Jack said to Darnos with a grin.

Darnos turned away. "Hmph! Don't think you can coerce me like that!" He uttered.

Jack shrugged. He gave his bowl to Darnos.

"What? I'm not telling you!"

"Doesn't matter. I'm just trying my luck. Take it. I can cook another portion."

Darnos hesitated for a bit before accepting the bowl.

Jack then proceeded and cooked again.

"Are you full already? Or do you want another bowl?" He asked while preparing the ingredients.

"... Perhaps one more bowl will be great," Darnos replied.

## **Chapter 729: Searching for Broidrireg**

Inside Death Hall, Death Associates' guild headquarters outside the city Theneward, White Death and Yellow Death were watching a recording. Inside the recording were Jack and Red Death. It was the time when the two talked during the feast before the tournament. Yellow Death had used a recording stone with his drone to record the two's conversations.

When the recording was over, Yellow Death said, "We should kill the bitch. Bring her back to level 1 before expelling her from the guild."

White Death didn't give any response.

"Boss!" Yellow Death uttered. "She has betrayed us. She worked with the enemy against us. We can't let her off. Show my recording to everyone, we will lynch her in the public."

"Things are a bit more complicated than that, my friend," White Death said and took the recording stone they had just watched. He then stored it in his inventory.

"What do you mean? We can't just let her off after all that," Yellow death said.

"We are not. However, you must know. She was someone that Black Death, our true leader who is still missing, had chosen and inaugurated into one of the Seven Deaths. She couldn't be removed just like that. If our leader returned and found out that we have expelled Red without her permission, for whatever reason, it won't end well for us as well."

"So what? Did we just let her off? We don't even know if Madam Black Death is in this world. What if she never comes back?"

"According to this recording, everyone in our previous world has been forcefully transferred here. Or maybe the correct term is that the world changed with all of us in it. So, she should be somewhere in this world as well."

"You believe what that Storm Wind was saying?" Yellow Death asked.

"It's a bit fanciful, I do admit, but I don't see why the guy was lying," White Death said.

"To get into Red's head and caused her to be willing to forfeit the tournament's prize?" Yellow Death offered his suggestion.

"He also lost when he forfeited the prize," White Death said. "In fact, his action of asking the reinforcement to Liguritutum Realm instead reinforced his story. I believed he was telling the truth. Or at least he believed it to be the truth."

"Do we have any information about the Liguritutum Realm?"

"We don't have any members that are in or have been to that country, so there is no way to check the truth. However, I did have some contact before with this World Maker guild he mentioned. They are a peculiar group. Their members can't be underestimated but I don't truly put them in my mind since I've never heard of their guild before. If this info is the truth, then it might be worth it to reestablish this contact."

"We want to establish contact with them? But if what Storm Wind said was true, that Master person will put us all under his thumb once he gets what he wants."

"Perhaps. But being under one person while standing atop millions of people is still better than nothing. Why do you think I don't mind being in the shadow of Black Death for so long?" White Death gave Yellow a side glance. "What about you...?"

"I... I will follow your lead," Yellow replied.

White Death nodded. "We should keep this just between us. Our leader, Black, and people like Blue and Scarface. They are like Red. They will want to fight against this World Maker if they found out. These idealistic people who value their freedom so much, there is no need to agitate them yet."

"What if red informed Blue and Scarface about this so-called truth?" Yellow asked.

"It has been some days and she hasn't yet. She is the type who likes to keep things to herself, which is good for us in this matter."

"Are we truly not going to do anything to her?" Yellow asked again.

"There is another thing why it is complicated to do anything to her at the moment," White said. "The epic chain quest that involved prince Rhemos, she was the main holder of the quest. Although many of our guild members have involved themselves in that quest already by now, we don't know how big an effect will be if she is suddenly removed from the board. She is still the closest to Prince Rhemos compared to us, after all."

Yellow Death appeared bitter hearing White Death's explanation, he was still resentful of Jack's assault just before the final. As well as for Jack hoarding away all the spotlight during the tournament. The matches were broadcasted everywhere, when people talked about his team matches, all people talked about was Jack. He was basically reduced to background noise. Even during the bonus match against Mihos, which was not broadcasted, he was the first one to get eliminated. Despite finally getting rewards equal to the first prize winner of the tournament, all he felt from the tournament was grievances, and he blamed it all on Jack. He felt that by doing something to Red, he would get back on Jack in some way.

White Death noticed Yellow's displeasure, he said, "Don't worry. We will do something about her. She had indeed betrayed us, after all. But we need to be smart about it. We will involve more people in the important part of the quest and reduced her role covertly. Once it looks like it is safe enough to proceed without her involvement, we will then make our move. I give you my promise."

Yellow nodded. This seemed to be the best he could hope for at this time.

Jack spent the night chatting with Damos. The old draconian acted grumpily but Jack could see the draconian appreciated the company. When Damos said he was tired and retired back into his hut, Jack did his mana manipulation training by manipulating mana in his spells. Peniel caught the old draconian peeking from inside his hut.

Jack used his camouflage tent to rest. Damos' hut was too small for two people. Additionally, the draconian didn't invite him to stay inside his hut.

The next morning, Jack woke up early and practiced his martial arts. He tried incorporating mana manipulation within his training. His minds were divided into two thoughts, one doing the martial arts while another focused on manipulating mana following his every slash. He was incorporating the

experiences he had gained when practicing inside the ancient battleground, but he could feel that the mana was not moving fluently following his guidance. The thinner mana in the environment compared to during the ancient battleground increased the difficulty.

Darmos was sitting outside his hut watching Jack's practice.

After Jack was finished, Darmos remarked, "That is some peculiar training you do."

"You know, another native said the same thing as you," Jack said. "This is called martial arts."

"Fancy. So, what do you plan to do for the day? Will you be bothering me all day here?"

"You acted as if you don't enjoy my company. Unfortunately, I am busy, I can't spend all day entertaining you. I will go out to search for Broidrireg."

"Hmph! Do you know where to look for him?"

"Nope. I only know he lived up here on this mountain, the exact whereabouts are unknown." Jack then turned to Peniel and asked, "Right?"

"Yeah," Peniel answered.

"So, are you going to just look around randomly?" Darmos asked.

"I don't see any other choice. Well, unless you want to tell me where to look?" Jack asked Darmos with a hopeful expression.

"Sorry," Darmos turned away.

Jack shrugged. "Okay, I'm off. Be back after sunset."

"You will come here again?" Darmos asked.

"Yeah. Ain't you happy about that?"

"Happy my ass! No one invited you."

Jack chuckled. "See you later. Wish me luck in my search."

Darmos didn't respond.

Jack then left. He found monsters not long after. He noticed that no monsters came near where Darmos was living. The old draconian was telling the truth about him being protected, which confirmed that this Broidrireg was here. If he was, then he would find this divine dragon. He never expected to find a native such as Darmos here anyway. So, he was now simply searching following his original plan.

At the same time, he was grinding for exp points and draconic essences. The monsters here were just right for him. He summoned his Therras to increase the pace. He also summoned Spirit Weapon every time the skill was off cooldown. The first reason was to increase his pace, the second was to increase his skill proficiency.

After several times of usage, he understood that the spirit weapon of his Storm Breaker had three modes. He had seen ranged mode and finishing mode. The third mode was the melee mode. But unlike

normal spirit weapons which had an image of the weapon slashing any enemies that came near, Storm Breaker's spirit weapon had the blade parts split into two sections at its left and right sides.

These two blades then slashed around the eye-like energy core, as if twin-bladed swordsman. What fascinated Jack was, the way it slashed the blades reminded Jack of his own Formless Flowing Sword style. Even though the art looked crude, Jack was sure it was indeed the style. It was as if the spirit weapon had copied his fighting method and tried to apply it on its own.

### **Chapter 730: Broidriregâ€™s Location**

Jack spent the entire day searching while grinding. He didn't find any sign of the divine dragon. Not even a clue. He came back again to Darnos' hut after the sun disappeared behind the horizon.

Darnos was by the lakeside, relaxing while fishing.

Jack ended up joining him fishing. There was a fishing skill under auxiliary skills, together with forage, lumbering, and mining. He almost never used any of these resource-gathering skills, so all of them were still in their starting basic apprentice grade.

He joined Darnos fishing not to upgrade his skill, he simply wanted to accompany the draconian. Darnos gave him a normal-grade fishing rod, as well as a few normal-grade baits. The fishing was done by casting the bait into the lake. He then waited until one of the fishes bit his bait. He would feel the vibration on his fishing rod once it happened. Everything was similar to real fishing until this part. The next part was more game-like. Two bars appeared, green and red. The green represented the fishing line's HP which was full at the start, and the red represented stress to the fishing line caused by the captured fish, which was empty at the start.

The target was to reel the captured fish until one meter from the shore. Whenever Jack's reeled in the fish, the red bar increased. If the red bar filled up completely, HP started going down. So, there were times when Jack had to stop reeling and just let the fish be. If HP was depleted, the line would break and the fish went free. If Jack didn't reel and the fish swam too far away, it would also go free after reaching a certain distance even if the line's HP was still full.

There would be a time when the fish fought vigorously. If Jack was reeling at that moment, the red bar could fill up abruptly. This was what happened on his first try. The sudden spike of the red bar was so sudden that it took Jack aback. Additionally, his fishing rod was a normal grade. It had very few HP. The line snapped just from that sudden stress.

"Crap! A normal-grade fishing rod is so weak?" Jack complained.

"There is also a chance that the fish that you captured just now was a higher grade. Hence, the stress applied to your fishing line was also stronger," Peniel explained.

"Mm...," Jack nodded. The fishing line regenerated after three seconds interval, as if nothing ever happened. The bait was gone though, Jack had to put in a new bait. He then cast it into the lake again.

Jack and Darnos spent the evening chatting while fishing. All the while, Darnos caught a few fish while Jack caught zero.



Jack sighed. "Well, my fishing skill is still basic apprentice, so there is nothing to complain about," he said.

"To tell you the truth, even if your skill is expert-grade, you still won't be able to capture any fish in this lake," Darmos said.

"Huh?" Jack was confused.

"The lowest grade of fish in this lake is super rare grade, you won't catch anything with that basic fishing rod," Darmos informed.

"... What grade is your fishing rod?" Jack asked.

"Super rare grade," Darmos answered.

"F\*ck! So, I have been wasting my entire time fishing just now? No wonder I caught nothing at all," Jack uttered.

"But your fishing proficiency increased greatly, right?" Peniel said.

"Well, now that you said it. Yeah, just from this one evening, it has gone up to almost 70%. If I do this another evening, my fishing skill will increase to intermediate apprentice."

"If you fish at other spots, it will take many days for you to acquire that amount of proficiency. This lake is indeed special if its lowest grade fish is super rare," Peniel added.

"Now that you mention it, the players who fish in our guild headquarters' lake do mention that the fish there is mostly uncommon and rare grade, but it still took them days of non-stop fishing to increase their fishing level the first time."

"Hehe, you should consider yourself lucky that I even let you fish here," Darmos exclaimed. "Normally, I will just chase strangers away."

"You are only level ten, how do you chase anyone away?" Jack asked.

Darmos halted for a bit before replying, "I have my ways." He then picked up the fish he had successfully acquired. He put them beside his campfire as he started the fire.

"Are you going to cook those fish for dinner?" Jack asked.

Darmos looked at Jack before he harrumphed, "Hmph!"

"Dude, if you want me to cook, just say it," Jack said.

After a brief silence, Darmos left the fishes and stepped aside. Jack took out his cooking tools and started preparing. Among the new cooking recipes he had learned, some used fish ingredients. One of them was called Grilled Fish with Lemon and Salad. He was now cooking this dish. Knowing that Darmos ate a lot, he used all the available fish to cook several dishes. Darmos didn't complain that Jack used up his fish.

When Darmos ate the dishes, Jack could see the old draconian was visibly enjoying them.

The next day, Jack went out again to search for Broidrireg while farming exp and essences at the same time. The summit of this mountain was rather huge. It was not a mountain with a pointed tip, but a rather large area surface for a summit. There was a lot of ground to cover. The full-day Jack spent yesterday only covered around one-third of the summit. He was now searching in the area he had not traversed yesterday.

However, he still didn't find what he was looking for. In the evening, he returned to Darnos' hut.

The guy was fishing again. Jack again accompanied him. After their fishing session, Jack's fishing skill increased to intermediate apprentice.

Jack did the cooking again for dinner. He had some meat ingredients in his inventory, they are the stock from his previous loots. So, he cooked some meat dishes in addition to the fish one. Darnos was happy with the new dish.

On the third day, Jack explored the remaining area. However, his search was still fruitless. Jack was depressed. He wondered if he missed some spots in his previous search. Peniel informed him that the divine dragon would be nesting in some sort of a cave. This cave would need to be large enough to accommodate its gargantuan body. Yet, Jack found no such cave.

Perhaps the entrance was hidden? He wondered.

He went to search again the next morning, scouring the place he had looked before. This time, he paid attention to things that might obscure the entrance to a cave, such as thick vegetation on a cliff, areas with lush trees, even underneath a lake or waterfall, he went to check the ones near Darnos' hut.

He dove into the lake and looked around. He then swam to the waterfall and looked behind it. Nothing.

Darnos asked what the hell Jack was doing swimming around his lake. Jack simply answered that he needed the bath.

Jack did the cooking every night. Both Jack and Darnos preferred this way. Jack had tasted Darnos' cooking and it was not something he could stomach.

Jack also found out that this new native friend of his loved to play pranks. Some morning when Jack woke up, he found his face covered with leaves and dirt. He had to clean his face in the lake. Numerous times when he walked past Darnos, the old dude would intentionally shoot out the foot to trip him up.

After a while, Jack played some pranks back on Darnos. He stole some things from Darnos' hut and hid them away. Only when the draconian noticed it and search around that Jack reveal the hiding place to him. In the morning if Jack woke earlier, he would wait by the door. When he sensed the draconian coming out, he would give the draconian a scare.

In the end, he spent eight days without producing any result other than the pranks between the two were getting more creative by the day. And also, his fishing skill went up another level, it was now an advanced apprentice.

Jack sighed. "Hey Peniel, are you sure that Broidrireg dude is really on this mountain?" Jack asked. He was now fishing with Darnos again beside the small lake.

"Hey! Call him the mighty Broidrireg!" Darnos demanded.

"Yes, I'm sure. This mountain's summit is his lair," Peniel said. "A draconian beastmaster who wanted to receive dragonification had to come here for initiation."

"Then how come we can't even find his shadow?" Jack sighed again.

"No fish is taking my bait because of your constant sighing," Damos complained.

"Screw this. We have been eating fish almost every day. I got a super rare cooking ingredient today, draconic meat," Jack announced as he took out a huge chunk of meat. It was a drop from one of the drackcatrice he killed today. "I should be able to cook this using recipe for meat. What say you? Shall we eat some draconic delicacy?"

Damos eyed the meat for a while before saying, "Not interested."

"Huh? Are you sure?" Jack asked. Usually, the old dude would be joyful when there was a new kind of food to try.

"I also advise against it. That is a super rare ingredient," Peniel said. "It will be a waste using it just for a meal. Better give it to your high-level cook friend. Maybe she has a recipe that can better utilize that meat."

"Hm, okay," Jack said and stored the draconic meat.

After they finished their meal, Jack did his mana manipulation and mana concealment training routine while Damos sat by the side and watched.

When Jack took out his camouflage tent and was about to rest, Damos said to him, "Open your map."

"Huh?" Jack was baffled by the sudden request.

"Open your map," Damos said again.

Jack accessed his status window and opened the map interface. Damos came by and marked a spot.

"Go there tomorrow," Damos said.

"What's there?" Jack asked.

"You want to meet the mighty Broidrireg, didn't you? Then go there," Damos replied. "However, whether he agreed to give you the dragonification trial or not, that will be up to him."