

World 971

Chapter 971: Special Classes

Jeanny was still fighting vigorously with the others defending the wall. She caught a glimpse of her mother, Nova, who was fighting in a section away from her. Her mother was also using the Dragoon class. Her Serpentine Swift Spear was even more refined than Jennifer's.

She turned to the other side and saw Mihos was back to clashing with the Manticore again after that guild guardian was forced to land. Paytowin and The Man were fighting against Sangumus and other World Ruler members. Both Sangumus and the Manticore had forced their way back from behind enemy lines. Now, they fought with the support of their allies.

Further away, the Offline Beasts were tussling with Death Associates. The two were using this battle to settle their grudge match.

Giant Steve was with the defensive units on the front line, blocking the enemy's charge. Behind them was Forest Lord. This guild guardian was not a melee type, so it didn't charge ahead. It stayed at the back and attacked from range. Each swing of its antlers discharged a wind blade that cut the enemy. It also occasionally radiated a soothing aura that healed all those nearby.

Overall, they had less pressure the hour after the chain mega spells. But now, that pressure had returned.

Jeanny thought that the plan where Dogs of War ambushed the enemy's command platform would have been enough to end this battle. They picked the time after they executed the chained mega spells because, at that time, the enemy should still be reeling from the loss.

The enemies would be less decisive if Dogs of War hit them at the time, allowing Dogs of War to either destroy or kill the user of the commanding platform before they commanded a portion of their army to return to protect them. Thus, ending the battle.

However, not only World Ruler didn't order any of their guild soldiers to return, but Dogs of War also failed to take out the command platform, even until now. It had been an hour since then. David had previously sent a message giving her an estimate of one hour.

But apparently, one hour was not enough. The players inside the protective shell, even though numbered less than one-tenth of Dogs of War's numbers, could attack them without reservation. Hence, forcing Dogs of War's members to be in a continuous defensive position. This caused their damage output to decrease.

When Jeanny contacted David again, David couldn't give an exact estimate under this condition. He informed Jeanny that it might still need another hour, or maybe even two, before they could take out the shell and get to the command platform.

Jeanny looked at the battle situation. It was clear now that the situation was slowly returning to the way before they cast the mega spells. She doubted they could last another one hour, much less two.

But there was little she could do. She had done all she could. All she could do now was continue to fight and shout motivating rallies to her comrades.

Another hour passed. The defensive line started crumbling. The enemies pushed forward and the four titanic arrow towers behind them also advanced, allowing their ranged units to cover more ground with their attacks. Fast units like Raptor riders, Centaurs, and Elite elven riders, which was a variant of cavalry, charged through weakly defended gaps and caused chaos from inside the defender's rank.

Some Raptor Riders managed to finally arrive at the bottom of the wall. They made a super jump with their powerful legs. Their jump failed to take them to the top of the wall. However, their legs with sharp claws gripped the wall and made a second jump. This second jump allowed them to reach the top of the wall.

With these raptor riders running amok on the wall, the ranged units on the wall could no longer fully support their melee comrades fighting below. They had to shift their focus to deal with these raptor riders.

Without sufficient ranged support from the wall, the defense below the wall was getting even more vulnerable. The enemy's arrow towers also moved further ahead, allowing the ranged units there to hit the defenders on the wall, further suppressing the ones on the wall from supporting their brethren down there.

'We are losing...', Jeanny couldn't help but have this thought. Even so, she never stopped shouting encouraging yells to motivate the others. Her spear was also getting fiercer. She knew that at times like this, if she relented, all the others who followed her would also falter. She had to keep their fighting spirit on!

She looked in the direction where World Ruler's commanding center was at. She hoped David and his guild didn't let her down.

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The shell had fallen to thirty percent, but considering they needed two hours to bring it down to this percentage, they would need close to another hour to break it. David looked in the Wicked Witches' headquarters direction which was still in heated combat. They didn't seem like they could last another hour.

Additionally, the rate by which they deplete the shell's HP was also decreasing. They had lost more than one hundred people during these two hours, causing their damage output to decrease even further.

All of them were soldiers or mercenaries who were used to firefight, so they were not flustered when enemies sent ranged attacks their way. They, who were of gunner class, stayed behind the trees and let loose their attacks from covers.

Assassins didn't have that luxury. They had to approach the shell and deal damage in melee range. Hence, most of the one hundred losses came from this class group.

They didn't have a healer, but they hit and run in such a methodical way that they could recuperate using recovery potions. They were also professionals so getting a hit on them was very difficult.

Many of the players inside the shell did fail to hit these assassin players most of the time. Ninety percent of the loss suffered by Dogs of War was caused by Ronald, the phantom gunslinger. That man's aim was inhumanly accurate. Most of his hits produced critical damage. His base damage was also very high, making his critical damage soar even further. Some of his headshots even managed to kill a player with just one bullet.

Many of them were confused by this. It was not strange if the headshots were hit with rapid shot skill. But to be instant-killed by a single shot, this rarely happened in this game world. They felt like they had returned to the real world again where one fatal hit meant the end.

Their confusion was dispelled after Serpent Boss informed them that Ronald had a special class. Serpent Boss had used Inspect when the two were chatting before the battle started. Dogs of War knew about special class. Aside from finding the information about special classes in the library, it was also because two of their members had special classes.

One was a woman soldier named Valenza. She had gotten a sniper class out of luck. Which was fitting, considering she also used to be a sniper in real life. This sniper was a second-class special class that improved the range of rifle-type guns greatly as well as boosted its damage. She was the one who had shot the two World Ruler's spellcasters who were casting mega spells earlier.

The other one was none other than Serpent Boss. He had a special class called Soldier. This was also a second-class special class. This special class improved the overall performance of a gunner class. Its first skill was Battle Ready. It was a buff skill that gave its user an increase in speed and defense against all damage as well as providing a small HP recovery. He was also immune to all movement restrictions when this skill was active.

As for Ronald's special class. He had the Sharpshooter class, another second-class special class. Its passive abilities boosted damage from all gun-type weapons even further than the gunner class, boosted the probability of critical hit, and increased the critical damage.

This class' first skill was called Headshot. This was an active skill with a short cooldown of one minute. When using this skill, if it hit any other part other than the head, then this skill was wasted. It would just be considered a normal hit. But if it hit the head, it would be a 100% chance critical hit. Additionally, the critical damage was boosted by an additional 300% with a 50% defense penetration.

The one-bullet headshot kill suffered by Dogs of War was caused by this skill.

Serpent Boss tried to draw Ronald's attention so Ronald targeted him. He was confident that even if he couldn't entirely dodge Ronald's bullets, he could at least prevent them from being a headshot. But Ronald intentionally chose to pick off the other members. Ronald was especially good at finding the weaker members of the bunch to make his kills.

David also tried to do the same. He even came out from the tree's cover while yelling at Ronald. He had the Shield Drone skill, so his drone could provide him with a cover as he advanced. But Ronald similarly ignored him, this pissed David off.

Serpent Boss sent a message to David to calm down. Ronald was just trying to rile them up so that they made a mistake. All they needed to focus on was taking down the shell. Once the shell was out, then their larger number should easily finish the enemies.

"This has been taking way too long!" Mistress stood up and yelled when the shell dropped to ten percent. She was very dissatisfied. This was supposed to be a fast and easy assault. Why did it last this long? It just made her guild look bad.

A long scythe appeared in her hand. "You bunch of fools who dare to defy us! I will show you what death is!"

She cast a spell. When it was completed, a grey phantom appeared by her side. This phantom wore a ragged hooded robe and had a void for a face. When Dogs of War looked at the void under the hood, they felt as if they were staring at death itself.

Chapter 972: Retreat

The hooded and faceless phantom that Mistress summoned was called Death's Shade. It was the first spell from a first-class special class, Envoy of Death. This was a special class that came from the Reaver elite class.

Death's Shade floated forward, approaching the assassin players who were still attacking the shell. An eerie hum followed as it moved. When it came close to the edge of the shell, those who were attacking that part of the shell had damage numbers appeared on their head. The damage was small, but it kept appearing every second. It was like the reverse of a recovery effect.

The reverse recovery was not that much of a concern, but when the shade came closer, it started to utter a howl. At the same time, one of the closest players felt as if his life was getting sucked. A stream of black light was seen coming out of that player and entered the faceless void under the shade's hood. The damage number that appeared every second above that player multiplied tens of times.

The sudden decrease in HP immediately alarmed the player. He hurriedly retreated, but he felt like he was walking through mud. He moved very slowly. The shade kept on advancing slowly, keeping its distance.

As the player kept on struggling to move away, the shade that followed him came out of the protective shell. Once it was out, the other nearby assassins immediately stabbed their daggers into it. However, their attacks simply passed through the shade as if it was air.

"Haha, you people who only use gunner and assassin classes are the bane of that thing," Ronald laughed. "That thing is immune to physical attacks. Only magic players can affect it."

Mistress frowned at Ronald unhappily.

Seeing Mistress' frown, Gridhacker chided Ronald, "You shouldn't have told the enemies about the particular of the spell."

Ronald was aware of Mistress' glare, but he didn't truly care. "Haha. So what? They don't have any magic players. Even if they know, they can't do anything to it."

Since there was nothing they could do to the Death's Shade, Serpent Boss commanded everyone to stay away from the thing. It's a good thing the shade moved slowly. The only one who couldn't escape was

the one who had been targeted by the shade. His speed was slowed considerably after being targeted. The black light continued to come out of him and his HP continued to decrease.

He used Vanish. His body flashed but he stayed in the same place. Vanish skill failed to move him away. The shade's hold kept him tethered. He then used the human race skill, Willpower. The black light broke for a second but it was not enough time for him to escape. The shade's mental hold fell on him again soon after.

He realized then that he had used the two skills in the wrong order. He should have used Willpower first and then Vanish when the shade lost its hold for a second. It's too late now, both skills were on cooldown.

Someone came in between him and the shade. He immediately felt the shade's control of him gone.

"Boss!" He yelled when he saw it was Serpent Boss.

"Go! Everyone, stay at least ten meters away from this thing!" Serpent Boss shouted. Ten meters was the range where the shade started to use the black light hold on a target.

When Serpent Boss was slowed by the shade, Ronald took the chance to shoot at him. Serpent Boss had expected that. He exchanged his off-hand weapon for a shield and covered his head, reducing the damage he received as well as preventing Ronald from scoring a headshot.

Everyone had the utmost confidence in Serpent Boss. When he ordered everyone to move away, no one tried to be a hero and came to sacrifice themselves by taking his place and becoming the shade's target. Once Serpent Boss saw everyone was out of range, he used Battle Ready.

The skill made him immune to all movement restrictions for a duration, allowing him to break free from the shade's hold. It also increased his speed and decreased the damage from Ronald's bullets that were still coming at him. He used Roll and put a distance from the shade.

The Dogs of War continued shooting the shell while keeping a distance from the shade. With their fast movement speed and expert awareness of the battlefield, they could stay away from the shade's AOE while resuming attacking the shell. The shade had a duration. It disappeared after five minutes.

When the shell was almost out, they saw incoming movements. Many World Ruler players appeared. When Mistress started taking action, she sent an order for a thousand players to return. The defenders almost completely collapsed. Even with only guild soldiers, they should have no problem breaking the gate and destroying the guild core within Wicked Witches' headquarters.

"Heads up!!" David yelled after seeing the many incoming players.

Serpent Boss shouted orders for them to rearrange their formation. They couldn't afford to hit the nearly destroyed shell with these many enemies coming at them. They retreated into the woods, taking cover behind the trees, as well as forcing the enemies to come to them and not utilize the protective shell.

Ronald and Gridhacker came out of the protective shell, joining the players who chased after the retreating Dogs of War.

Mistress waved her hand and the soul orb, which had been filled with life absorbed by her Death's Shade, flew to Ronald. The soul orb merged with Ronald and gave him Soul Armor, a protective layer that would heal any damage Ronald suffered equal to the HP contained within the soul orb. This was one of the unique abilities provided by Mistress' special class, Envoy of Death.

Once the soul orb was transformed into soul armor, another soul orb popped up beside Mistress, ready to be filled by absorbing enemies' HP. Yet, Mistress didn't join the advance. She sat back on her lounge chair, letting others do the battle for her.

Ronald, who saw the soul armor was on him, became even more confident. He rushed forward to the front line and shot everyone in sight. Even though Mistress disliked the gunslinger, she still knew he was the best combatant they had here. So, giving him soul armor was the best tactical choice. Ronald's Boom Hound fought next to him while Gridhacker followed from behind, supporting Ronald with his spells.

World Ruler players had better equipment and levels, but Dogs of War players were better combatants. Dog of War players also had better teamwork and better utilization of the environment. They snaked in and out of the shrubs and in between trees, causing difficulties for the enemies to pinpoint them, and struck when they saw opportunities.

The one who truly gave them trouble was Ronald. He was still the one who took out most of their lives compared to the others. With the soul armor, it was as if he was still inside the protective shell. Open fire at them without worrying about himself.

The soul armor, however, wasn't limitless. It could only heal damage as much as the soul orb that was used to form it. Normal Reaper's soul orb could hold a number as much as 100% of the reaper's HP. But Envoy of Death's soul orb could hold as high as 300% HP.

This meant to deplete the soul armor currently healing Ronald, one would need to deal damage that could kill Mistress three times. Reaper was a class that gave higher HP with each level-up compared to other healer classes. Envoy of Death was even more so.

When the soul armor started to dim, many Dogs of War's assassins lunged at Ronald. Ronald used his Wraith Phase to escape encirclement. After phasing three times and confusing the hell out of his opponents, he used Bulletstorm. Intending to finish off many opponents with this skill.

However, as he started to shoot the first few bullets, he was hit by a shot. His Bulletstorm was forcefully canceled.

"Disrupting shot?" He looked around. He wasn't aware of anyone that had made the shot, which meant this shot had been made from very far away.

'The one with the sniper class!' Ronald came to a realization.

Knowing a stalker with such an unusual range was targeting him, he couldn't afford to be brash. He was about to head back to where his comrades were fighting, but a shadow suddenly lunged at him from a nearby bush. He used Roll and dodged the ambush.

At the end of his roll, he saw the one that he had dodged was a fox. A black fox. But rather than calling it black, it was more correct to call it colorless. No feature could be seen of its body. No eyes, nose, or furs.

It was just total blackness. Those who looked at it were as if looking at a void with the shape of a fox. Wisps of dark smoke followed its movement.

It was an Abyss Fox, a rare elite demon. This Abyss Fox was Serpent Boss' pet.

When Ronald was still wondering about this Abyss Fox, he felt killing intent from behind him. He whirled around just as a dagger was about to pierce him. He used his revolver to parry.

"You finally come out of your shell," Serpent Boss said.

"Haha. I do prefer to see you up close when I kill you," Ronald returned.

Chapter 973: The Power of Charisma

Serpent Boss used a dagger in his left hand and a pistol in his right. He continued to stay close to Ronald as he slashed and shot.

Ronald continued retreating as he fired his two revolvers and also used them to block the dagger whenever it came. He was a very accurate marksman, but at such a close range and fast engagement, he had a problem hitting Serpent Boss.

"Hah! What kind of mercenary are you? Aren't you suppose to focus on your target? Your client will lose soon if you still take your time. Our command platform won't destroy by itself," Ronald ridiculed.

"We will do that once we get rid of you," Serpent Boss replied. He never stopped moving to land a hit on Ronald.

Ronald's taunt was not wrong, but Serpent Boss didn't take the bait. Forcing themselves to get to the command platform in their current condition would not only incur higher casualties on their side, but the chance of success was also low. He had given the command to retreat so they could control the situation before they pushed forward again. He just hoped the defenders by the headquarters could last a little bit longer.

Serpent Boss used his Bulletstorm. As a gunfighter with a caliber not lower than Ronald and Mils, Serpent Boss was of course able to regulate his aim during this skill as well. Countless bullets headed to Ronald. Serpent Boss aimed a portion of his bullets at Ronald's left and right, cutting his escape path.

Ronald activated focus sight and used rapid shots on his twin revolvers. Twelve bullets were discharged and struck a portion of the bullets that came his way. Unfortunately, his Bulletstorm was still on cooldown, so these double rapid shots were the best he could do, which only stopped twelve bullets. Many remaining bullets still came and battered his body.

The already dim soul armor was depleted then. Ronald received damage after the soul armor was gone, but he managed to survive at the end of the rain of bullets.

His Boom Hound rushed to his aid when it saw its master was in predicament, but it bumped into something invisible. When it was still confused by the sudden stop, it felt something claw and bite its body. Damage numbers appeared above its head when it felt the unseen attacks.

It released its sonic roar. A large dog with long black fur and red eyes materialized. The boom hound recognized this adversary. This was the same creature it fought during the world tournament. It was David's barghest.

The two unusual dogs resumed their tussles from the tournament.

Even though the boom hound was hindered, Ronald still had another helper. Gridhacker had stayed close to Ronald to provide assistance. He cast his max-level tracing beams just after Serpent Boss finished his Bulletstorm.

Serpent Boss wanted to press on his attack, but seeing those thirty energy beams heading for him, he had no choice but to roll to the side.

The beams turned in direction and dogged after him. Serpent Boss changed his offhand weapon into another handgun and summoned his Drone. He then fired at the beams rapidly with his two guns and his drone. He used Rapid Shot. However, his weapons were unlike Ronald's where the skill could be used simultaneously on both guns. So, only one gun discharged six bullets while the other gun fired at a normal rate.

The shots destroyed several of the beams. When the remaining beams came near him, he changed to a rifle and then used Spread Shot. The shot turned his bullets into many pellets that spread out, hitting the beams that had clustered together.

Gridhacker was amazed by how Serpent Boss nullified his spell, but he didn't stop. He was already casting another spell after unleashing the tracing beams. But before his spell formation was completed, he felt a hard impact on his head.

He felt like he had been bashed by a giant mallet. His concentration was completely broken. His spell formation fizzled. It took him a second to realize what was going on. He had been hit by the hidden sniper.

He knew of the sniper class' first skill, superior snipe. Aside from having a longer range and higher damage than the gunner's normal Snipe, it also increased the chance of critical hit and increased the inflicted critical damage.

Gridhacker would have been dead already by the shot if he hadn't cast Barrier beforehand. Even so, his barrier shattered after getting hit by the superior snipe. His HP also went down to below half.

Gridhacker knew he couldn't stay still when a sniper was around. He wanted to move back to where many other World Ruler members were crowding, but he found a gun nozzle before his face. This gun flared before he had the time to do anything.

Six bullets smashed into his head and took out the remaining HP he got left. Gridhacker fell to the ground, and so was his God-eye monocle. David, who had been sneaking up on Gridhacker and took the kill shot, picked up the monocle.

After killing Gridhacker, David wanted to go help Serpent Boss in dealing with Ronald, but a commotion from the back made him turn around.

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In the battle in front of Wicked Witches' headquarters, a large number of players suddenly rushed out of the nearby forest. The defenders were alarmed by the sight. They were already losing at the moment, they couldn't take more opponents!

When everyone was anxious about this new force's intention, they saw a portion of these people run behind the World Ruler army, where the four titanic arrow towers were situated. Some of these players charged into the towers while a portion stayed outside and hacked at the towers' structures.

Another portion came and hit World Ruler's army from the flanks. When one of these players came near, Jennifer identified one of them.

"That's Fly High! The leader of the guild Wing Lovers!" Jennifer shouted to inform Jeanny.

Jeanny looked over. She recognized the man. She had talked with this man during her tour with Jennifer around Aurebor when she tried to persuade the guilds with headquarters to band together.

"Hey! We take it you need a hand?" Fly High said when he heard Jennifer's shout.

"Your guild comes!" Jennifer uttered with a bright face. She was extremely glad by the assist.

"Not just my guild. The others are also here," Fly High said.

When Jennifer and Jeanny looked over, they did see that this new force was a collection of different guilds. There were Destitute Repudiator and Prodigious Chronicler, both of which also existed in Themisphere but they were more prominent here in Aurebor. There were also many others. They all had three things in common. They all had guild headquarters here in Aurebor, they had been attacked by World Ruler in the past, and they had also been approached by Jeanny and Jennifer in the past few days.

During Jeanny's visit and persuasion, although they all didn't give Jeanny a promise of aid, they also didn't reject her. They all wanted to take revenge on World Ruler, but they didn't have the guts to. They had to think about their members. If this backfired and World Ruler targeted them, they would be done for. So, they were left with indecision.

However, Jeanny's speech during her visit did strike a fire in their heart. So, a few of them came with their force, but they stayed out of sight. They were just observing the situation.

As time passed, more of the other guilds also came, with the same thought of observing the situation. As more and more gathered, the leaders found themselves in a silent agreement. If all of them banded like this, they believed even World Ruler won't be able to do anything to them.

Additionally, although Wicked Witches was faltering, they saw how they resisted World Ruler's guild army. They were able to fight back even when they were losing. If they had help, they might win.

So, all those leaders came into a tacit agreement almost simultaneously. Many then gave their followers commands to rush forward and aid Wicked Witches. The rest followed soon when they saw the ones who charged forward.

Each of these guilds brought around 1000 to 2000 players. Aurebor had the same number of available guild headquarters as Themisphere, which was eleven. Eight of these guilds came to Wicked Witches' aid, bringing a total of almost 12,000 players. Combined with the defenders who were still fighting, they now outnumbered the World Ruler's force.

With this new injection of force, the pressure on the defender's side was significantly reduced. The enemies who almost pushed to the wall gate now lost their momentum. The defenders could now also send troops to aid those on the wall, driving those raptor riders out and securing the wall again.

"Yes, we are saved!" Jeanny exclaimed excitedly. She saw one of the four arrow towers in the distance crumble.

"It's all thanks to your charisma, sis," Jennifer said to her with a sincere smile. She had always been jealous of her sister's ability to make friends and influence others. Now, she had learned to truly appreciate it.

Chapter 974: Chasing Away the World Ruler

When Serpent Boss was dealing with Gridhacker's tracing beams, Ronald never stopped moving because he knew an unseen sniper was around. He wanted to retreat to where the other World Ruler's members were fighting but he was harassed by Serpent Boss' Abyss fox.

The Abyss Fox had the flash step ability. When Ronald shot at it, it shifted its position and dodge the bullets. When it got near, it suddenly turned into a shadow and zoomed with incredible speed. This was its offensive skill, Dark Rush.

Ronald's reflex allowed him to move to the side, but the abyss fox still scratched him as it passed by, inflicting dark damage.

Ronald threw his smoke grenade to the ground and created smoke that obscured him from the enemy's view. Several gunshot sounds were heard. The abyss fox used Flash Step again to dodge, but it was hit after he completed the flash step. Ronald had made predictions about the direction the abyss fox was dodging.

The abyss fox decided to tank the bullets since it couldn't see the attacker. It had a passive ability that nullified every fourth hit. It ran toward the smoke and intended to look for Ronald inside. But when it got near, a burst of flame washed over it from inside the smoke.

The abyss fox was immune to all physical ailments, so it didn't worry about getting burn status. However, the flame dealt fire damage continuously. Even when every fourth hit was nullified, the other continuous three hits still caused large damage if it insisted to charge forward. It had no choice but to retreat and escaped the flaming zone.

After the abyss fox retreated, Ronald came out of the smoke and rose into the air. He was standing on his flamethrower drone, just as he did in the tournament. He was retreating from the air. All the while, he shot at the abyss fox and the others below.

David, who had just killed Gridhacker, tried shooting at Ronald who was in the air. But Ronald's bullets came first and prevented him from making an accurate aim.

Even though Ronald seemed to be in control of the situation by shooting from the high ground, he was actually concerned. The reason was that he had lost sight of Serpent Boss. He couldn't seem to find the veteran soldier as he surveyed the ground below. The man had somehow vanished after escaping Gridhacker's tracing beams.

A sudden gunshot sound was heard, and Ronald felt his foothold was gone.

Ronald's drone lost its flying ability after being hit by Serpent Boss' skill, Pull of the Earth. Serpent Boss had sneaked into Ronald's blind spot and fired at the drone when he least expected it. Ronald and his flamethrower were now under the mercy of gravity, falling to the ground.

Serpent Boss didn't let this chance go. Ronald was unable to dodge when he fell. Serpent Boss rushed forward while firing consecutively at Ronald's back.

Feeling the bullets hitting his back, Ronald's two arms bent to his back and opened fire. He was aiming by estimation based on the impact on his back.

Despite not looking, Ronald's accuracy was still high. Serpent Boss veered slightly to dodge the shots. This caused his offensive to stop.

Ronald's defense was high because of his set gears. He survived Serpent Boss' back attacks but his HP had fallen to a dangerous level. Once his feet touched the ground, he immediately swiveled and aimed his twin revolvers, but what he saw was a grenade. The grenade exploded with a very bright light.

Serpent Boss' Flashbang caused temporary blindness, but Ronald could still sense Serpent Boss' position from his killing intent. Unfortunately, Serpent Boss purposefully utilized this ability to finish Ronald. When Ronald aimed and fired in Serpent Boss' direction while blinded, Serpent Boss' drone and abyss fox struck from the opposite direction.

Serpent Boss watched Ronald fall to the ground with zero HP. A set of gloves dropped beside him.

Serpent Boss continued observing Ronald. He knew some players had some sort of life-saving tools or equipment, but Ronald didn't move. Ronald's HP remained at zero. He turned to where Ronald's boom hound was tussling with the Barghest a while ago. Only the barghest was there, the boom hound had been forcefully unsummoned once its owner died. He turned back and looked at the gloves beside Ronald.

This gunslinger was dead already. The body should disappear once the battle was over.

Serpent Boss picked up the gloves, it was rare-grade. Serpent Boss stored the equipment and walked away. A loot had dropped and he also didn't see Ronald wear an Amulet of Rebirth. The gunslinger was too proud to wear one. Ronald should drop to level 1. With such a low level, it would be easy for his members to hunt and capture this man.

Serpent Boss planned to let this man spend the rest of his life inside their headquarters' jail.

Serpent Boss walked away. He would organize the hunt later. He had no idea where Ronald would be spawning. The important thing at the moment was fulfilling their contract and destroying the enemy's command platform.

He looked in the direction of the enemy's temporary base. Heavy fighting was occurring there. Reinforcements had suddenly arrived. This caused World Ruler members to pull back and defend the command platform. That's why nobody came to aid Ronald who had rushed in too deep.

"Congratulations for having taken your revenge," David came to Serpent Boss' side.

"It's not over yet. This is not our old world. He will come to life again somewhere. After we capture him and locked him in our jail, then only can we consider it over," Serpent Boss said.

"We will do that. By the way, here," David gave the God-eye monocle he had taken from Gridhacker to Serpent Boss.

They had gathered intelligence about this item, partly from Jeanny's info. So, they knew this item's function.

"You wear it. I have reliable field awareness. That tool won't give me much advantage. It will be more useful for you," Serpent Boss rejected the offer.

David didn't refute the statement. "Okay, I will—"

BANG!*BANG!*BANG!*BANG!*BANG!*BANG!

Rapid gunshot sounds were heard. David's head was punched forward by consecutive shots. The cumulative critical damage depleted David's HP. He died without realizing what had happened.

Serpent Boss had sensed the abrupt killing intent from behind. His body moved by instinct, dodging the six bullets that should have hit his head as well.

He turned back and saw Ronald on a black horse. Black mists revolved around the horse's legs.

"Hahaha. So long, suckers...!!" Ronald scoffed. The black horse then carried him away at a very fast speed, leaving a trail of black mists.

Serpent Boss took out a rifle and used snipe, but Ronald had been riding his horse backward. Ronald fired and his bullet hit Serpent Boss' bullet in the air. Serpent Boss could see Ronald's grinning face as he and his horse disappeared between the rows of trees.

"Damnit!" Serpent Boss cursed. He called Valenza, the sniper who hid and provided them with backup. "Can you hit him?"

"I'm sorry, boss," Valenza replied. "I thought he had died. I diverted my attention to helping Zero push toward the command platform. I can't see him anymore. How is he still alive?"

Serpent Boss didn't know as well. The fact was that Ronald had a sacrificial dummy in his bag and had also used the Fake Death skill. This skill was the same as the one used by Oswald when he tried to trick Jack and Grace in the past. This skill was learnable by any elite classes that branched out of Ranger. The skill was very rare, though. Ronald had gotten it as a gift from Master.

The sacrificial dummy kept him from dying from a fatal attack. Ronald used the Fake Death skill at the exact time the sacrificial dummy was activated, masking his HP to appear as 0. He also unsummoned his boom hound and intentionally dropped a piece of rare equipment to make his death look more convincing.

Serpent Boss sighed. He at first wanted to chase after Ronald, but the steed Ronald used was unusual. It was faster than his rare-grade steed. Ronald's black horse should be at least a super rare grade.

Serpent Boss turned to David who was laying on the ground. Luckily, David wore an Amulet of Rebirth. He would just be losing one level.

He picked up the God-eye monocle beside David's body. He would keep it and give it to David later. He then ran toward where his other members were still fighting.

*

Some of the reinforcement from the eight guilds came to where the World Ruler's command platform was located. Coordinating with this reinforcement, the Dogs of War returned to destroy the command platform. Sergeant Zero was at the head as he cut and sliced the enemies using his daggers.

The protective shell was gone already. World Ruler was now depending on their members to defend their command platform. Mistress was not sitting idle anymore. She cast spells and her soul orbs healed allies in a large area, keeping them alive and fighting. However, they were outnumbered. The Dogs of War members were all experts. Mistress could see that they were losing.

"Hmph!" She harrumphed angrily. She then cast the Soar spell and flew away just like that. She was too proud to announce a defeat.

Lead Designer watched her leave with apprehensive feelings. He was sure he was in for a scolding once they were back at headquarters.

He sent a message for everyone to retreat. He stored the command platform. The guild army that was still fighting in front of Wicked Witches' headquarters vanished abruptly.

With the other members, Lead Designer fled the area while getting chased by the enemies.

Chapter 975: Rewards for Bravery

Once the World Ruler's guild army was gone and its members ran away with their tails between their legs. The defenders cheered.

The eight guilds reinforcement continued to chase after the fleeing World Ruler members and harassed them. Jeanny and the others were too tired to join the chase. They were just glad that they had successfully defended the headquarters.

Nova came to Jeanny as they recuperated. "Thanks, daughter. We wouldn't have been able to make it without you," she said.

"Thank those guilds who come to our aid," Jeanny replied. "We would have been goners if they didn't come."

"They wouldn't have come if not for your persuasion," Jennifer clapped her sister's back.

"I just told them the truth. We will be stronger if we are united. They don't need to fear those World Ruler people," Jeanny said. "Well, I think them seeing us resisting the World Ruler's assault for so long also helps to show them that we are not just all talk. The real work will be after this, how your guild work with them to defend against World Ruler's harassment. I suggest you all share a close network of

communication, the timetable, and the location of your members' activities so that any of you can come to each other's aid at a moment's notice."

"We will hold a meeting for that. That's Fly High, I will go talk to him to set up the meeting," Nova said and walked away.

"Thanks again," Jennifer said.

"Don't mention it. This World Ruler is a subsidiary of our true enemy, the World Maker," Jeanny replied. "As I said, we will be stronger if we work together. World Maker threatened all of us. In the end, we all will have to work together to end that threat."

"I'm afraid not all of us see it that way," Jennifer said, indicating Death Associates who had been supporting World Maker and World Ruler.

"There will always be people who are willing to sacrifice their freedom and dignity for benefits. I'm glad most of the guilds here in Aurebor are now siding with us."

"Yeah, you will have to thank the World Ruler and their overbearing attitude," Jennifer laughed.

"Tyrants are like that. They can't help themselves. As long as someone is taking a stand against a tyrant, people will flock to her banner. I hope Wicked Witches can take up this banner for this country."

"We will do our best. How're your mercenary friends?"

"They suffer some casualties, but they will be fine," Jeanny replied.

Jeanny had been communicating with David about the situation. She knew about his demise and sent him her condolences. David told her it was no problem. He only lost his first Amulet of Rebirth, so it was still cheap. He was upset that they failed to finish off one of the heavenly enforcers, though. Jeanny thought the same.

Jeanny returned to chatting with Jennifer. As the two chatted, Paytowin and The Man came to Jeanny.

"Jeanny, can I speak to you for a while?" Paytowin asked.

Jeanny told her sister to excuse her and went with Paytowin. "What's the matter? Is something wrong?" She asked.

"Divine priest Callan needs to speak to you two. Can we go someplace quiet?" Paytowin said.

"Me too?" The Man asked.

"I asked you to follow, didn't I?" Paytowin replied. He led them away from the crowd. They walked to the nearby woods and went behind the trees and shrubs, out of the other's sight.

There, Paytowin took out a golden orb, the Council of Virtus' legacy of courage. The phantom image of the divine priest Callan appeared before them. The three gave a slight bow as a sign of respect.

"I'm just a residual spirit, there is no need to trouble yourselves for such formalities," Ghost Callan said.

"It's no trouble," Jeanny replied and then asked, "Does your excellency have any instructions?"

"No, but I've been monitoring your guild's endeavor through Paytowin's eyes. As I told Paytowin, I will give him and the guild rewards for showcases on bravery. Your guild has fought valiantly, both during the invasion war and this battle. It is even more outstanding for this battle because you've answered a call to help allies without any promise of rewards. Hence, I will be the one to grant you the rewards."

Jeanny's brows lifted after hearing it. It was correct that she didn't come to this battle expecting rewards. She only did it to forge a stronger bond with Wicked Witches and thus secure a strong ally. So, she was excited when she heard Callan's words.

A small item resembling a medal appeared in the air. This golden medal floated to Jeanny, who received it with her hands.

*

Brave Rider (Unique Insignia, for guild purposes only)

Allow the training of Brave Riders

*

"With these units, your guild's cavalry force will be strengthened," Callan said.

"Thank you, your excellency. This is very much appreciated," Jeanny responded with joy.

"Now, for the two of you, I will grant a personal reward," Callan continued.

"Personal reward?" Jeanny asked.

"Me as well?" The Man also asked.

Callan nodded and said, "Miss Jeanny, you are the leader of the guild. Your survival is paramount. The loss of a leader can be a heavy blow to the organization. So, it is only fitting that you have a class that supports your survivability. You are also a courageous warrior. I grant you the special class of Brave Lancer. I hope you carry this title with pride and courage."

Jeanny heard a notification, informing her that she was now a special class, a Brave Lancer.

Callan then turned to The Man, who was still surprised that he had been called. "Mister Man, you have been a good friend to Paytowin and made him feel welcomed in the guild. You are also a very brave and fierce warrior. My Council of Virtues values such valor highly. If it still exists, I would have invited you to be one of our faction members."

Callan appeared sad after his last words.

"Don't worry, Your Excellency. Mihos is currently hard at work gathering our scattered members. I'm sure the Council of Virtus will rise again soon," Paytowin said.

Callan smiled at the sentiment. "Thank you for your kind words. Now, Mister Man, I hereby appoint you as the Brave Rusher. Please use this special class with pride and courage as well."

The Man similarly heard the notification that he now had a special class.

"Live with courage, and continued to perform valiantly. I hope to see you another time," Callan said and then vanished. The golden orb returned to Paytowin's inventory bag.

Jeanny immediately checked his status window. He flipped to the class page to study her new special class. Same to the ones Callan granted to Jack and Paytowin, these Brave Lancer and Brave Rusher were also first-class special classes. They granted four passive abilities.

*

Strength, Dexterity, Reflex, Wisdom +10%.

All spear attacks ignore 10% defense.

The critical chance when using a spear is increased by 30%.

Allow double jump

*

Jeanny gave the double jump a try. Her original dragoon class allowed her to jump around three meters high. After reaching her highest point, she kicked her legs again in the air. She felt as if she was stepping on a solid object when she did that, and jumped a second time, bringing her higher.

This double jump was the same as the ability provided by Red Death's unique boots. Jeanny was glad about this ability. It gave her more maneuverability. She could use it to escape encirclement or get to a target that was otherwise unapproachable.

She also received a new skill, Brave Thrust. She stabbed forward and used the skill. A golden light was produced from her stab. It extended outward to ten meters of distance.

This skill was similar to Jack's Brave Slash. It produced slightly lower damage than Brave Slash but had a much longer reach.

"Cool," Paytowin uttered after seeing Jeanny's display. He then asked The Man, "What about yours?"

"I got a bunch of passive abilities that boost my attributes. The attributes also increased further the longer I am in a state of combat. So, I will get stronger and stronger in a lengthy battle. Also, my defense will increase the lower my HP is. This is good to reduce the defense penalty when I activated my Berserk skill."

"Well, I guess this class fits you who enjoys reckless combat," Paytowin laughed. "What about your first skill?"

The Man gave Paytowin a demonstration. He zoomed forward at high speed with a golden sphere enveloping his body. He traveled a long distance, only stopping after reaching fifty meters. He ran back with a wide grin.

"The skill is called Heroic Charge," The Man informed. "Aside from damaging all who are in my way, I am also immune to all damage, movement restrictions, and status effects when the skill is in use."

"Wow, that means no one will be able to stop your charge," Paytowin remarked.

"That is true, my friend," The Man laughed.

Jeanny was glad for these gains. It all thanks to Paytowin who had joined their guild. She was just about to thank him when she received an urgent message from Tip who stayed behind at headquarters.

Jeanny's expression changed after hearing Tip's message. Paytowin and The Man noticed it.

"What's wrong?" The Man asked when Jeanny looked at them again.

"Something bad happened to Jack," Jeanny said.

"Jack? What happens to him?" Paytowin asked.

"He is imprisoned by the Themisphere kingdom," Jeanny answered. "They said he murdered Prince Alonzo."

Chapter 976: A Request to Investigate

Jack couldn't see the sky from inside his jail cell, but he estimated he had spent a night in there. He thought it must be morning now. He felt fresher after a night of sleep. Contrary to his expectation, he actually slept rather soundly last night.

He wondered if any of his friends had learned about his situation, and what would they do about it. But then again, what could they do? They couldn't be going against the entire kingdom for him, could they? Well, that would be a sight to be seen.

"You don't look like someone who is worried," Peniel remarked after seeing Jack's slightly grinning face.

"I AM worried," Jack uttered. "But you need to let your thoughts amuse you once in a while. Otherwise, it's not healthy to get overstressed."

The sound of a door being opened was heard.

"Does that pig return again?" Peniel asked.

"Maybe he forgot to brag about something last night," Jack joked.

"Who was bragging?" Commander Quintus appeared in front of Jack's cell.

"Commander!" Jack called with a wide smile. "You are a sight for sore eyes. I thought it was Warren who comes again."

"Warren? That toad came here?"

"Yeah. Hey, you haven't gone to the Church of Creation to fix that arm?" Jack asked. Commander Quintus was still missing his left arm.

"I'm on the waiting list. It will probably be a couple more days before it's my turn," Quintus answered.

"I hope your arm can be..."

Quintus lifted his one remaining hand indicating for Jack to stop talking. His face wore a serious expression.

"I need to ask," Quintus said. "Did you kill Prince Alonzo?"

"How can you say that?! The prince is a friend of mine! Someone must have..."

"Just answer my question!!" Quintus bellowed, cutting Jack's words.

Jack returned Quintus' serious expression and said, "No. I didn't kill Prince Alonzo."

Quintus' gaze remained on Jack. The two stared at one another in silence. Finally, Quintus said, "Okay. It's too bad you don't have a witness. From what I hear, almost everyone is agreeing that you are the murderer."

"I am a witness!" Peniel exclaimed.

"You are a familiar that is bound to him. No one is going to believe your statement to be impartial," Quintus responded.

"So? What should I do? Just wait for them to give me their judgment?" Jack asked. "Will I even be given a chance to speak and defend my case?"

"No. Once the court reaches a decision, your punishment will immediately be carried out. You don't have the right to speak."

"What? Such a flawed justice system!" Jack protested.

"It is what it is," Quintus said.

"So what? I just sit here and wait for them to unfairly decide my fate?"

Quintus took a deep breath. "I'm sorry. I just come here to make sure that my opinion of you is not wrong, that you are truly not the prince's assassin. I honestly don't have any idea of how to help you."

"How about you open the door to this cell and help me escape the palace?" Jack asked.

Quintus glared at Jack without saying anything.

"Haha, I am just kidding," Jack laughed, but Peniel knew he was not. "Then, how about helping me find the real culprit?"

"Real culprit? Do you have a clue?"

Jack told the commander about the white dot he saw on his radar. Quintus was at first confused about what Jack said. Jack had to explain about his God-eye monocle and the radar it provided. He told Quintus that his radar informed him of a living person inside the prince's bed-chamber. He thought it was the prince at first. But if the prince had already died for at least an hour, this meant the prince had died before Jack entered the lobby to the prince's chamber.

"Then that white dot is the true murderer," Quintus said.

"It has to be," Jack agreed. "What I'm confused about was why this murderer stayed inside the room with the prince's dead body for so long. I was there for one hour before I saw that murderer teleported to another room."

"This tale of yours is very hard to sell. The walls of this palace..."

"Have rune diagrams that block teleportation. Yes, yes, I found that fact the hard way," Jack said.

"Nevertheless, my radar wasn't wrong. The white dot was inside the prince's bed-chamber at one second, then it was in another place the next."

"So... What do you think of it?" Quintus asked.

"... Does King Thempos have any other offspring?" Jack asked. "Or does he have brothers or sisters?"

"The rune diagrams in this palace blocked all except for the royal family. Since King Thempos ascended the throne. Only he and his direct descendants were considered part of the royal family. So, none of his other relatives are included in the enchantment. His only remaining living offspring is Princess Sindral... Wait, you are not suggesting that the princess is the murderer, are you?"

"She is the sole remaining heir to the throne," Jack said without directly answering Quintus' question.

"It can't be! She is very good to Alonzo! Even though they had different mothers, she has always treated Alonzo the way a kind sister would. I just can't believe she has ill intentions for Alonzo. Furthermore, She also has no ambition for the throne."

"Maybe she simply never shows her ambition."

"I refuse to believe that... Even considering your wild theory, the law of this country required a king to rule the kingdom. A queen will never ascend to the throne."

"Huh? Really? Never realize I'm living in such a sexist kingdom."

"I have no idea what that means. Anyway, she is indeed the sole heir now, but she won't ascend to the throne. Her husband will."

"Does she have a suitor?" Jack asked.

"Not that I'm aware of," Quintus replied. "While waiting for her to marry, she will be just a symbol of royalty. The governing will be handled by the current administration, she won't be a part of it... This is such a mess. The kingdom has gone through a lot lately. The civil war, the invasion, and now this... I'm afraid there will be much unrest among the people. A riot might even happen. I fear this can tear the kingdom apart. And if what you suggest of Princess Sindral is true and is known to the public... Then God saves us all, our kingdom is doomed."

"So, does this mean you will let the possible murderer of Prince Alonzo free to save the kingdom?" Jack asked.

"If she is the true culprit, I will bring her down myself...!" Quintus shouted. "But no. I don't believe she is!"

"Then help me make sure about it," Jack said.

"Make sure? How?"

"The place where I mentioned the white dot has teleported to. It is around fifty meters to the south of the prince's bed-chamber. Go and search that place. Also, find out about the guards' rotation around the

area. Question them if they saw anyone going and leaving that area, especially Princess Sindral, or anyone that wore something that covers their faces."

Quintus seemed to be struggling with Jack's request.

"Commander. We owe it to Prince Alonzo to find out his murderer. We have to bring the perpetrator to justice!" Jack uttered.

Commander Quintus took a deep breath. "Fine... I will go look around the place you mentioned."

"On another note, can you also tell my friends about what has happened to me?" Jack said.

"There is no need to tell. The whole country knows it."

"Really?"

"Yeah. You are now the famous prince-slayer. We have no idea how the news was leaked, but everyone in the city finds out about it yesterday. The royal advisor was forced to make a public appearance and addressed the news. This is bad for you as well."

"Bad for me? Why?"

"The people demand answers, but most of all, they demand retribution. They want punishment for the person responsible for their future king's death. They demand you to be hanged and then locked inside a prison for the rest of your life. For that, the court has accelerated the arraignment. The royal advisor promised that they will issue a verdict before noon two days from now. Your sentence will be carried out afterward before evening."

"Issue a verdict and then carry out my sentence. Isn't that basically saying I'm guilty already?"

"With the way things are. I'm afraid that will be the case."

"... Can my friends visit me here?" Jack asked.

"No, outworlders have been banned from entering the palace. As a matter of fact, the whole noble area had been forbidden to outworlders. Even some small limitations had been applied to those around the business district. Only the outworlders in the slum district are still free."

"I see. Warren did tell me this incident does not bode well for outworlders."

"It does not, but the laws about outworlders will be settled after your sentence. You have more things to worry about, like being locked inside a dark cell with a weak level 1 condition."

Jack was silent. Quintus could see the anxiety in Jack's expression. He sighed and said to Jack, "Here."

In Quintus' hand were a pen and several pieces of paper. "If you need to send messages to your friends. Write on this paper, fold it to the size that can be hidden in a fist, and put it under the plate on the meal tray. The servant who brings you your food is my man. He will pass it to another of my man who will give that paper to one of your friends in the city."

"Thank you, commander. You are a good man," Jack said with gratitude.

The commander didn't reply. He gave Jack another look before he turned and left.

Chapter 977: The Tiger God

In the Khan region filled with mountains and forests, Domon, Leavemealone, and their two cat-folk escorts came out of a forest and into a valley. The walls of the valley had structures built on them. They were like small houses built on top of one another along the cliffs. These structures went as far as they could see. The valleys and hills were packed with them as if these hills had been artificially constructed landscapes.

The only place untouched was the tall and steep mountain at the center. That mountain was Mount Tigra. The large and unusual dwellings around it were the Popoki Village, where the cat folks resided.

Two cat-folk guards watched from atop the hills at the entrance to the valley. They recognized these four who approached. One of these guards blew a strange-looking horn that produced a strange-sounding toot. Some commotion could be heard in the direction of the Popoki Village after the sound of the horn.

The four walked into the valley and soon came to a winding road that navigated the uneven terrain of the village. Many of the cat folks came out of their houses to look at the foreigners who had come to visit. Some of them had already seen Domon and Leavemealone during their past visits. They waved their hands at the two. Domon waved back while Leavemealone gave a nod as acknowledgment.

"Master!" Mohmed came and greeted Domon. He stayed in this village and trained nearby to increase his levels when he was not called by Domon.

"Mohmed, have you been training well?" Domon asked.

"I never skip my daily training," Mohmed answered.

"Good. Come! They said the rite-takers are allowed to bring their native companions, which means you can join us in the rite. Unless, of course, you don't want to. I won't impose."

"I will be glad to stand by your side, master," Mohmed said. Domon nodded and clapped Mohmed's shoulder.

The five continued until they reached a house that seemed to be the largest in that village. This house directly rested its back on the wall that was part of the foot of Mount Tigra. An elderly cat folk with an intricate robe had been waiting for them outside this house. Behind him, a row of cat folks in armor stood side by side.

"Father!" Ihhi ran forward and hugged the elder cat folk. He was Ariki, the headman of the Popoki Village.

Ariki tapped Ihhi's back softly in the hug. He then released Ihhi and gestured for her to stand to the side.

Wehi came forward then. "Brother, I have brought the bearer of the White Tiger Emperor here," he said.

"Good work, brother. I'm sorry for the trouble," Ariki returned. He then turned to Leavemealone and asked, "I believe you have heard from Wehi about the problem we are facing?"

"I have," Leavemealone replied.

"Good. Then we don't need to waste..."

Ariki's words were cut when a large rumbling was heard from the tall mountain behind them. There was even a small earthquake. Small rocks rolled down the mountain as the trembling continued. Some cracks appeared on the houses due to the shaking. Many of the cat folks, who came out of their houses and followed Domon and Leavemealone, cowered to the side when the rumbling was heard. They all wore frightened expressions.

The rumbling and earthquake lasted for some time before everything was calm again.

"... It seems that we don't have much time," Ariki said after the rumbling stopped. "It happens more frequently and is longer now. I fear we only have a few days before Mount Tigra fully becomes volcanic."

"Then let's start the rite immediately," Domon said. "Does it take long to do the preparation?"

"It is already prepared. We can begin at once. But although I want you to just take the rite immediately, I must tell you that the rite is very dangerous. The possibility of you losing your life is high. Are you two ready?"

Domon turned to Leavemealone, who nodded. "Let's do it."

"Good!" Ariki said. A glad relief was seen in his expression. "Follow me."

He turned and started walking. The cat folks in armor behind him also turned and moved ahead of him. Leavemealone and the others followed behind. They walked a few more of the winding and climbing roads until they reached a large cave that went into Mount Tigra.

The armored cat folks didn't enter the cave. They lined up the two sides to the entrance of the cave and ushered the others to enter. Ariki led Leavemealone and the others into the cave.

"Tapu has been waiting inside," Ariki informed. Tapu was the head shaman of the village.

The cave walls had structures supporting them, giving the tunnel a safer appearance, but Domon could see some of those supports were cracked or even broken. Perhaps due to the repeated earthquake.

The tunnel was quite long. It went deep into the mountain. They walked for quite some time before they came out into a large hall with an altar and a giant tiger sculpture at the center. Rune diagrams filled the floor, walls, and ceiling of this hall.

An elderly woman cat folk was before the altar. She was kneeling in a worshipping pose.

"Tapu, the bearer of the White Tiger Emperor is here," Ariki announced.

The head shaman, Tapu, rose and turned to the group. Her eyes lingered on Leavemealone for a while before she said, "Let's begin. We don't have much time. We will probably only have until tomorrow."

"So soon?!" Ariki said with surprise.

Tapu nodded. "I still can't speak with the Tiger God, but the other lesser spirits I communicated with mentioned that the Tiger God's effort to suppress the ancient spirit has been failing. We need to do this rite now!"

"Tell us what we need to do," Domon said.

"Stand before the Tiger God statue," Tapu said. "I will do the rest."

Domon and Leavemealone complied. They headed over and stood before the statue. Mohmed stood behind Domon.

"I... I want to do the rite as well!" Ihhi suddenly exclaimed.

"Daughter, no!" Ariki uttered.

"Even if I permit it, you still can't," Tapu said. "The rite only allows the bearer of the White Tiger Emperor, his one outworlder friend, and their companions. Only these three can enter the rite."

"Then... Then I will be Leavemealone's companion!" Ihhi declared.

They all turned to her in consternation.

"No, daughter! The rite is too dangerous. Why do you insist? Also, binding yourself to an outworlder will mean losing your freedom. There is no need for you to put yourself in the line."

"There is!" Ihhi exclaimed. "Ever since I am appointed as one of the protectors of this village. There has been little I have done to truly protect the village. Now, when the village is at its most dire, how can I just stay back and do nothing? It's my job to join the rite and increase its success chance!"

"If that is your reason, then it should be me that join the rite," Wehi said. "I am the chief protector. The safety of the village come under my responsibility!"

"You are the chief protector so you can't let yourself be bound to an outworlder, but I can!" Ihhi uttered. She then turned to his father. "Father. Let me do this!"

Ariki was unable to say anything. He didn't expect his daughter to be so resolute with her role as a protector. He was proud of her passion and sense of responsibility, but at the same time, she also worried for her safety if she joined the rite. He was torn between the role of a headman and a father.

Ariki felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to look at Tapu. "Your daughter has grown," she said. "She will make a fine headwoman one day."

Ariki heaved a long sigh. He could only simply say, "All right... Be careful."

Ihhi went to Leavemealone and said, "Let me be your companion."

Leavemealone didn't mind Ihhi as a companion. Although she was only level 52, she was a rare elite grade. Leavemealone had also seen her fight in the past. She was a ferocious warrior. But he didn't want to offend Ariki. His eyes turned to the headman. There was still worry in Ariki's eyes, but there was also approval.

So, Leavemealone said, "Okay, but I don't have a binding stone."

"I have," Tapu said. She gave the binding stone to Ihhi.

Ihhi performed the ritual without delay. After she was done, she gave her companion stone to Leavemealone, who sealed the contract. She was now a formal companion to Leavemealone.

The four stood before the tiger statue. Tapu started performing the ritual to begin the rite. The rune diagrams around the hall flared. As they did, the giant statue in front suddenly burst with white flame. This white flame converged and formed a huge white flaming tiger. This tiger image was so big it could fill up the entire hall.

The tiger formed by white flames now stared down at Leavemealone.

Leavemealone noticed that the others had frozen, as if time had stopped for them. Only he and the tiger image above were still moving.

Carnelia, his fairy companion, who had been hiding inside her hidden dimension, came out and made a kneeling pose in the air. She wasn't affected by the time stop.

"Bearer of the White Tiger Emperor, you've come," A powerful voice echoed inside Leavemealone's head.

"Tiger God!" Leavemealone exclaimed. He recognized the voice. It was the one who had guided him when he went on the trial to get the White Tiger Emperor's beast form. But he had never laid eyes on the Tiger God in the past, only his voice.

"It's good that you've come at this time. I fear I might not be able to hold my other self for much longer."

"Your other self?" Leavemealone asked.

"The ancient spirit that slumbered within this mountain is my other self. The sinister half that I cast aside and sealed inside this mountain when I ascended to Godhood. You are going to help me drive him back."

Chapter 978: Drawing the Attention of a half-God

"How?" Leavemealone asked.

"By drawing his attention," Tiger God answered.

The hall around them suddenly vanished. Everything turned into a void. Ariki and Tapu were also gone. Only Domon, Mohmed, and Ihhi were still there with him. Everything else was darkness. Even the flaming image of the Tiger God had vanished as well.

"What happens?" Ihhi asked. Leavemealone turned to her. Everyone was moving again.

"We have been transferred to a pocket dimension," Carnelia explained to her. She had been flying around checking the place out when it transformed.

"Must be part of the rite," Mohmed said.

"I thought Tapu was going to explain the rite to us first before sending us here?" Domon asked.

"I think she herself doesn't know the detail of the rite," Mohmed offered his opinion.

"Prepare yourselves, my warriors," the powerful voice from the Tiger God was heard again.

"Prepare for what?" Leavemealone asked.

"Who are you talking to?" Ihhi asked.

Leavemealone looked at her confused expression. He then also noticed the others' expressions.

"I don't think they heard it," Carnelia said. "The voice is only for you. I can hear it because I am connected to you."

"Hear what?" Ihhi asked again.

Suddenly a loud thump was heard. Leavemealone felt as if his chest was getting torn from the inside. The sudden pain was so unbearable it caused him to scream, "AARRGGHHH...!!!"

Everyone was taken aback by his scream. They saw Leavemealone's chest shine with white light. The light intensified and soon covered his whole body. It was as if Leavemealone was being burned from the inside by an intense white flame.

"Haon...!!" Domon called out with worry. He tried to approach Leavemealone but it was like a solid and hot wall was preventing him from moving forward.

The light abruptly disappeared and before them was Leavemealone in his white tiger emperor form. He was panting.

"Why do you change?" Ihhi asked.

"I... I don't... It just happens by itself," Leavemealone replied.

"Then we will be in trouble if we need the white tiger emperor at a critical time. What if your beast form is still in cooldown then?"

"Do not worry," It was the Tiger God who answered, but only Leavemealone could hear it. "Inside my realm, your white tiger emperor form will last indefinitely. I will also grant all of you my blessings."

Four small wisps of white flame fell from the dark sky. The others were alarmed when they saw these falling flames.

"It's okay! Don't need to worry!" Leavemealone told them. He just stood there and let the white flame fall on him. He felt himself getting washed by an incredible feeling. He felt empowered.

The others, who saw Leavemealone calmly receive the falling flame, also embraced these flames. The flame went inside them. They felt a similar feeling to Leavemealone. There was also a thin layer of white aura enveloping their bodies.

Leavemealone checked the status bestowed by this flame.

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Tiger God's Might (Temporary passive skill)

HP +10,000

Stamina +5,000

All attributes +100%

Recover 100 HP every second

All skills' cooldowns are decreased to 50%

Duration: As long as within the Tiger God's realm

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Leavemealone was amazed by the buffs. The HP increase was not much for Ihhi and Mohmed, but for him, it practically doubled his entire HP. That was also already considered the HP increase from beast form.

Leavemealone heard the Tiger God's voice again, "I can't hold my other half for long. He has sensed your intrusion here. He will soon give you his attention. Try to last for as long as possible. As long as his attention is on you, I will be able to slowly subdue him again. But beware, you won't be able to use the skills from your divine treasure here. I've disabled all divine-level skills in this realm. Trust me, you don't want to face my other half who has access to his divine skills."

The Tiger God was gone after that. The Tiger God never showed himself, but Leavemealone could feel that they were alone now. Not for long, though. He soon sensed a similar presence to the Tiger God, except more sinister, more malevolent.

"Interloper...!" A booming voice was heard. This time, it was not only Leavemealone who heard it. Everyone felt a shiver. "How dare you come here. I will feast on your bones for this!!"

Shadows appeared in the void. It was blurry at first, but they became clearer. These shadows took shape into a man-shape tiger. Not quite like the cat folks. They were larger, had more muscles, and wore golden armor. Their tiger faces were stiff. It was as if they were wearing masks instead of faces. A thin layer of black light covered their exposed skin.

There were tens of these man-tigers. Most of them were level 60 special elites, a few were level 50 rare elites. They surrounded the four so-called interlopers. Leavemealone and the others had their backs together, facing four different directions.

"What should we do?" Ihhi asked.

"Isn't it obvious?" Leavemealone asked back. "Beat them to a pulp!"

"Each person handles one side!" Domon exclaimed.

"Yes, master!" Mohmed uttered.

The four rushed out in the direction they were facing. The man-tigers also advanced. Their hands opened and revealed long dark claws.

Leavemealone used his evolved skill, Fire-infused Fist. His claws burst with red flame. He barged through the man-tigers using White Tiger Charge, then followed up with White Tiger Roar, before activating White Tiger Claws. The elongated claws coated with flame sliced through the man tigers who were still immobilized by the roar.

Leavemealone combined his available skills with his martial arts. He didn't just hit the enemies with his claws. He also used elbows, kicks, throws, or other moves depending on the situation. He fully utilized the advantage provided by his beast form, overpowering his opponents with both brute strength and skills.

On the opposite side, Domon used Ki-weapon enhanced with mana manipulation. The energy light enveloping his glaive was much thicker and longer than normal. Domon's expertise in using mana manipulation on game skills had increased another notch.

With the power-up, Domon used his martial art, Soul Pursuit Hurricane. His glaive danced around the man-tigers who tried to claw at him. The glaive alternated between defensive and offensive with a fluid motion. None of the man-tigers managed to touch him while his glaive repeatedly cut their bodies.

On the other side, Mohmed's tiger-head fist weapons struck with deadly accuracy and speed. Each hit staggered the opponent and allowed him to direct his focus to the next one. Domon had taught Mohmed the Arhat Fist. It was a simple fighting style but highly effective. In its advanced application, it could also become deceptive, striking from unexpected angles.

When there was a chance for Mohmed to use a big move, he would focus his mana manipulation and execute Tiger Punch. Just as when Leavemealone performed the move, a tiger's head image appeared following his fist. The roaring voice of a tiger sounded as the tiger's head smashed into the opponent, who was then struck flying a distance away.

The one who was slightly in trouble was Ihhi. She had the lowest level among the four. Her experience and martial expertise were also the least. But she was fast. She fought with dual-weapon style using twin kukris, which were super rare grade set weapons.

This set weapon had a set ability that provided wind enchantment. The enchantment increased the weapons' attack speed as well dealing additional wind damage.

As the daughter of the headman, she also wore better armor than Mohmed. A complete set of super rare grade protector armor, each at level 55. The complete set gave many extra effects that boosted her performance.

She also had Jack's Flash Step skill and Leavemealone's Illusive Form skill. The Illusive Form increased her movement speed and left mirror images that trailed behind her movement, confusing the opponents that tried to pinpoint her position.

These skills and equipment allowed her to cope with the situation even if she didn't beat the man-tigers as well as her other three comrades. She was having trouble only when she was beset by the level 50 rare elites. But these rare elites seemingly have worse equipment than her.

The man-tigers had the number, but with the Tiger God's Might supporting the four, they managed to slowly defeat the man-tigers.

When the last of the man-tigers fell. The four regrouped again. Ihhi was panting. She also suffered damage. But as a native with a large pool of HP, it was still safe for her if another battle happened. The Tiger God's Might gave her HP recovery ability so her life was slowly recovering.

"Here," Leavemealon gave her a bottle of Greater Healing Potion. This potion healed 2,000 HP instantly. It was not much for a native, but it was still better than none. Ihhi didn't reject the offer. She took the potion and drank them.

"How dare you people resist me... Hmph. We will see how long you can last," The sinister voice was heard again.

Not long after, shadows were seen again. They materialized into the same man-tigers from before but with more numbers this time. Additionally, there were a few large tigers with dark fur behind them. These dark tigers were level 60 rare elites.

"Can you all still go on?" Leavemealone asked.

"It was hardly a warm-up just now," Domon replied.

"No problem!" Mohmed exclaimed.

Ihhi didn't say anything.

"Don't push yourself too much. Stay near me," Leavemealone said to her.

"... Just worry about yourself," Ihhi responded.

Chapter 979: Quintus' Investigation

Commander Quintus came to the corridor that led to the late Prince Alonzo's chamber. He was now standing upon the door to that chamber. The guards that were normally stationed there were no more. There was no point to station a guard since there was no one to be protected inside.

"Fifty meters to the south...," Quintus muttered.

He walked in that direction. He arrived in front of a door. It was an unused room that had been repurposed as a warehouse to store goods temporarily.

A couple of guards were passing by as Quintus was observing the door.

"Commander," They saluted. Quintus replied with a nod.

Earlier today after talking with Jack, Quintus checked with the knight captain who was in charge of this section. The palace was so big that it was divided into sections. A knight captain was appointed to take care of the security of each section.

The knight captain whom Quintus questioned mentioned that there was no change to the security schedule yesterday morning when the incident with Prince Alonzo happened. The security was even tighter during the rehearsal compared to normal time. Guard patrols were passing this corridor every five minutes.

Quintus had asked for the guards who were on patrol yesterday and gathered them to be questioned. Asking if they saw anyone who seemed suspicious yesterday morning, like someone who covered their faces.

They answered that if there were such a person, they would have stopped that person and demanded he or she reveal the face.

Quintus then asked if they remember who passed through that area yesterday morning. He didn't point out anyone in particular. He still couldn't bring himself to believe that Princess Sindral had a hand in Prince Alonzo's assassination.

The guards answered that no one roamed around that section except for Jack who went to Prince Alonzo's chamber, and later, Royal Advisor Mason and Knight Marshall Emris.

Quintus almost asked, 'What about Princess Sindral?' But stopped himself. Everyone knew the princess. If she had visited this section, they would have recognized her.

Now, when he stood in front of the door to the room Jack mentioned, the thought of Jack was indeed the culprit returned. Although he liked the boy and wanted to believe that Jack was innocent, he admit that he didn't exactly know Jack very well.

It was just around one year ago when outworlders started appearing in this world. Within that year, he also didn't exactly spend a great amount of time with Jack. So, could the Jack he knew is the true one? Or was it just a mask? A mask that hid a nefarious intention for their kingdom?

Both suspects were persons he didn't want to believe to be responsible.

Quintus took a deep breath. He would entertain Jack's request and search for clues. If there was none, then it simply meant Jack had deceived him all this time. He gripped the handle to the door and turned it.

The door opened with a loud creak. Dust fell as the door moved. Quintus breathed the stuffy air that came out of the opened door. He looked inside. Several wooden boxes and old furniture are covered by cobwebs.

Seeing the room, Quintus' inclination to believe Jack dropped a notch.

He hesitated if he should continue searching for clues. This place looked to have been untouched for a long time. He started to feel like Jack simply sent him on a wild goose chase.

Finally, he decided to trust Jack for a little more while. Jack was doomed for sure if nothing changed. He doubted anything in this room could change anything, but at least he didn't completely abandon the boy.

He looked around the room. Sometimes he cleared a box of its cobwebs and tried opening it to see what was in it. It's nothing but junk. Things that people in this palace no longer needed but didn't have the willingness to throw them away.

There were so many of these wooden boxes that he was amazed that there were so many unwanted things. Maybe he should just ask someone to clear up this room, throw the stuff away, or donated them to the slum. It's better than letting them collect dust here.

When he thought that it was pointless searching for anything inside the room and was about to leave, he noticed something. It was slightly hidden by tall stacks of boxes but he saw a part of the wall that was devoid of cobwebs.

He slipped through those stacks of boxes and came to the wall. It was indeed much cleaner than the other part of the rooms. When he was observing the wall there, he noticed something at the bottom. Some piece of fabric was wedged in a crack in the wall. He knelt and took a better look.

No, it's not a crack. He realized in consternation. He touched the so-called crack and traced it. It went upward in a straight line, then turned at a perpendicular angle.

'It's a door!' He realized. A secret door.

He bent down again to the torn fabric. He touched it. It was soft. He grabbed it and pulled it out. This fabric must have been torn when someone's clothes got stuck by this secret door when it was closing.

Quintus studied the small piece of fabric in his hand. It was an expensive fabric. It had intricate embroideries with golden threads on its edge which was the common pattern for royal clothing.

The thought of princess Sindral came to him.

'No, can it truly be her...?' Quintus thought with uneasiness.

He clenched the fabric tightly. Only one way to find out. He had to get to the bottom of this. He had to find out where this door led. If Jack didn't lie about Prince Alonzo's murderer using a teleportation spell to teleport into this room, then that murderer must have used this secret door to escape after the teleportation. This way, she could move away from this place without attracting the guard's attention.

He paused. He noticed that he used a 'she' to describe the murderer. Was he starting to believe that it was indeed Princess Sindral?

He tried not to do too much guesswork. He looked around the wall. There didn't seem to be any handle or button to open this secret door. He tried to push the wall, and it moved.

This secret door didn't have a secret opening mechanism! He realized.

He pushed harder and the secret door pivoted slowly, revealing a small tunnel that was completely dark. He unfastened a torch hanging on his belt and lighted it. With the illumination from the torch, he walked into the dark tunnel.

Normally, he would prefer to have his sword at the ready in a dark tunnel like this. One never knew what could jump out from the darkness, but he only had one arm at the moment, so he could only use it to hold the torch.

The secret tunnel went a long way. It turned a few times, but it didn't have branches. It was a linear journey all the way until he came to a dead end.

He studied the dead end and noticed there was a small slit where light slipped through. He pressed his shoulder on the wall that was the dead end and pushed. It moved just like the secret door that brought him into this tunnel.

He came out into a large room. The room was luxuriously furnished. He tried to gauge where he was at. Looking at how luxurious this room was, it must be one of the rooms inhabited by the royal family. Was it Princess Sindral's chamber?

He was not familiar with the room. But then again, he never entered any of the other royal families' chambers except for Prince Alonzo's. So, he could be in the late Prince Therribus' chamber for all he knew.

However, he could see this room was not one that had been left unoccupied. There were signs of this place being used. There was even a cup of tea on a table at one side of the room, and Quintus could see the steam from that cup, indicating that the tea inside the cup was still fresh. Someone was in this room not long ago!

"I was wondering which rat has barged into my chamber."

Quintus heard a voice from behind him. He whirled around and looked at the person behind him. His eyes were wide with shock.

"You...! Your...,"

Quintus didn't complete his sentence as a long sword thrust into his body. The torch he was holding fell to the ground. Runic symbols exploded around him, covering his body and mouth. He had been inflicted with silence. He couldn't yell even if he wanted to.

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The next morning, a maid came in to clean Alonzo's chamber. Even though the room was no longer occupied, it was still getting cleaned daily.

The maid was startled when she found someone lying on the floor. Then she was terrified when she found that it was a dead body. She screamed and called for guards.

The guards came and identified the body as Commander Quintus.

Chapter 980: Tiger Demon Manifestation

Inside the Tiger God's realm, Leavemealone and the others were still fighting the hordes sent by Tiger God's other half. They were not sure how long they had been fighting, but it could probably be one day already.

Fortunately, though the number of the enemy that spawned increased, the level never went up above level 60. The rare elite grades also never reached a number where it was too overwhelming for them to deal with. Additionally, the Tiger God's Might cut down all their skills' cooldown by half, allowing them to unleash their skills more frequently.

They also magically didn't feel fatigued inside this realm despite fighting non-stop for such a long period. It was either the Tiger God's Might's hidden power or this realm's effect.

A few hours after they entered this realm, Domon began to feel comfortable with the battles. Hence, his usual habit resurfaced. He started giving pointers to everyone as they fought. Pointing out where they had performed wrongly and what they should do to improve.

Leavemealone and Mohmed were happy about this. These non-stop battles had evolved from a struggle to survive to a practice ground. The two honed their martial arts as they fought. Using real battles was always more advantageous compared to solo training or friendly spars.

It was Ihhi who was annoyed when Domon started to point out what she should or should not do. She felt that she was back to being a little child who kept being told what to do by her father. She felt underestimated. As if her expertise was lacking.

"Your swinging is too hectic. You have to know where you want to swing before you swing your weapons."

"Your wrists are too stiff. You apply too much strength. Loosen them a bit."

"Watch your step! Watch your step! Don't jump all over like a frog."

Ihhi almost snapped back, "You are the frog, you irritating noisy old codger!"

But before Ihhi opened her mouth, she saw Domon jump in front of her. "Watch this!" Domon shouted. He was now using dual longswords instead of his usual glaive.

When Ihhi was slightly confused as to what this codger was trying to do, she saw the two longswords in Domon's hands explode into uncountable slashes. The move beat the crowding tiger-men back. He then moved through the staggered enemies with fluidity as if he was water flowing through them, eroding their HPs as his two swords swung with perfect grace.

Ihhi, who had been fed up with Domon for a while, turned quiet after seeing Domon's sword art.

It's not like this was the first time she saw Domon in action. She had seen how he fought in the first few hours inside this realm. She indeed found Domon an expert combatant. She had also heard from his father and Wehi about Domon's prowess and mastery in mana manipulation. They were full of praise whenever they talked of the old man, but Ihhi never thought too much about it.

Now, Domon was fighting using dual swords. Witnessing a fighting style with which she was familiar, she could properly gauge the difference between her and the old man, and she felt humbled. Compared to how she used her dual kukris, her method was indeed very lacking. It was like comparing a child with an adult.

She couldn't help but get fixated on Domon's movements. She watched his every move intently. At the same time, she moved following what she saw, trying to copy Domon's style.

Domon applied mana manipulation in his every swing. Added with his Ki Weapon skill, his one-hit shaved off a high amount of HP despite being only a normal attack.

After the tiger-men fell, he returned to Ihhi and said, "What I used just now is called Formless Flowing Sword Style. Do you wish to learn?"

"Ye... Yes...," Ihhi stammered.

"All right, I will teach you in more detail once we are out. For now, try to learn the basics by following my instructions."

"Ye—Yes, sir..., " Ihhi said.

Leavemealone and Mohmed also finished the tiger-men on their sides. After the last of the enemies fell, the four regrouped again to take a breather while using recovery potions to heal their lost HP.

They waited for the next wave to come. But after several minutes of waiting, nothing came.

"What happened? Have we completed the rite?" Ihhi asked.

"If we did, we should have been sent back out," Mohmed said.

"Heads-up!" Domon warned.

Leavemealone had already put up a ready pose. Both he and Domon had sensed a growing presence of a powerful being. Mohmed sensed it soon as well. Only Ihhi who hadn't learned mana sense was still oblivious to the three's serious expressions.

But then, even she knew something was upon them. A very heavy pressure pressed on her. She felt that it was mightily difficult even to lift a finger. She couldn't move!

She looked at the others and knew that it was not only her. Everyone else was affected by this pressure.

A gargantuan shadow then appeared in front of them. Everyone had trouble seeing the being's aspect. All they knew was that it was very large and walked on four legs. Then, two slits of fiery red orbs appeared in what they thought should be the being's head.

It was its eyes. The two crimson orbs stared at them. They bored into their souls and caused them immense mental pain.

"You, lowly beings. How dare you come here and stand in the way of my awakening!" A voice was heard inside their heads. The voice was not especially loud, but each word made their heads feel like exploding.

"They are my champions!" Another voice, equally powerful, echoed throughout the space. When this voice was heard, Leavemealone and the others felt like whatever was pressuring them had miraculously vanished. They felt clear-headed and could move again.

They turned and saw the Tiger God in its white flame manifestation again. At the same time the Tiger God appeared, it released a light that dispelled the darkness. Everyone could see the shadow being more clearly now. It was a titanic tiger made of dark shadows. The antithesis of the Tiger God itself, the Tiger Demon!

"You...! You have had your turn in the free world. Now, it is mine! Surrender and give me the reign...!" The Tiger Demon demanded.

"If I let that happen, you will only bring calamity to the cat folks who reside around our mountain. I can't let you do that," the Tiger God responded.

"Those weak things are just useless pathetic creatures. How can you let yourself be satisfied with such disappointment? Let me take charge and I will mold them into more powerful creatures! Ones that are more suited to worship us!"

"Do you mean your war-mongering tiger-men? Don't be ridiculous. You will just end up agitating our neighbors and causing ceaseless wars."

"So what?! Battling is our nature. It is through wars that they worship us!"

"That is not true. Peace and cooperation are what the world needs."

"Hah! I know what you are trying to do. You are just trying to waste my time. Don't think I don't feel you repairing the rune diagrams around this mountain to suppress me again. I won't let you succeed!"

"With my champions within this realm, you won't be able to go anywhere," the Tiger God uttered.

"Then I will crush them...!!" the Tiger Demon roared.

A powerful shockwave radiated out. The air seemed to be obliterated as this shockwave advanced, even space cracked after being passed through by this shockwave.

The four braced themselves as the shockwave came near, but a translucent wall appeared in front of them. The shockwave crashed into the wall. The wall trembled greatly but didn't break.

The Tiger God roared back. The dark sky above turned bright. This light dissolved the shadows surrounding the Tiger Demon, revealing its true form. It was a titanic panther with red eyes and two large horns. Standing on four legs, its height was around a ten-storey high building. Each of its furs was the size of a greatsword. It growled menacingly at what the Tiger God had done.

"You will pay for this!" It bellowed.

"Don't forget that I'm still the master of our mind at this stage!" Tiger God exclaimed back.

"Argghh...!" The Tiger Demon roared in pain. His body started to shrink.

At the same time, Leavemealone and the others received a notification that Tiger God's Might had received another boost. It added two new abilities, one that reduced all received damage by 50% and another was increasing their dark resistance by 100 points.

Leavemealone heard the Tiger God's voice in his head again, "This is all I can do. Try keeping him busy for as long as possible, until I can seal him back to the prison under this mountain."

The Tiger God vanished then, but the bright light from above remained. All of them could no longer feel the soothing feeling exuded by the Tiger God. They knew then that they were alone. Alone in a realm with a furious half-God.

The Tiger Demon's body had shrunk greatly, but it was still gigantic. They had not been able to use their Inspect on the Tiger Demon before. Now they could, but the info didn't give them any comfort.

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Tiger Demon (Mythical, Deity), level: 70

HP: 1,800,000

Status: Weakened, suppressed