

## **World 981**

### **Chapter 981: Survive a Battle Against a Half-God**

The Tiger Demon looked at its shrunk self. It grunted with displeasure.

"That fool has truly enraged me. I will slaughter all his beloved cat folks once I am free," It uttered menacingly. "But his most foolish act is placing his hope on a few weaklings such as you four. Hah! Keep me busy? I will chomp you all in a heartbeat!!"

It suddenly vanished from its place. Both Mohamed and Ihhi were oblivious, but Domon and Leavemealone shouted, "Dodge...!!"

Mohmed's mana sense was not as advanced as the two outworlders yet, but his trust in them was absolute. He immediately took a long leap to the side once he heard the two's warning.

Ihhi reacted late, but she was spared from harm because Leavemealone grabbed her as he dashed away.

The place where they stood suddenly burst with thick shadow. The Tiger Demon materialized right above the place and stomped hard on the ground. The air itself seemed to be crushed flat into the ground.

The Tiger Demon looked at the four who were now away in three different directions. A glint of surprise was in its eyes. What it used just now was its skill with the fastest attack, Death Ambush.

"Hmph... It seemed that the kind fool didn't just choose his pawns randomly," It said. "But no matter. You won't be able to last long!"

It opened its jaws and a stream of thick dark smoke burst out.

"Run!"

All of them had fast movement speed except for Domon. The Tiger Demon swung its dark breath chasing all of them while they ran in different directions. The three cat-shaped creatures were extremely fast. Since they were already a distance away, the Tiger Demon was unable to hit them with his long-range breath attack. But it then noticed Domon who was staying still. It immediately redirected its dark breath at the old weapon master.

When the dark breath came his way, Domon spun his glaive at high-speed using his martial art, Reversing Heaven and Earth. Empowered by mana manipulation, the martial art dispersed the dark breath before hitting him. The destructive smoke was redirected to Domon's sides without touching him.

The Tiger Demon was extremely shocked to see this outworlder nullify its breath attack in such a way. It might have been weakened greatly by the Tiger God, but its breath attack should still easily obliterate any level 58 outworlder with one hit.

While it was still bewildered, it didn't notice someone enclosing at full speed. Its mana sense only picked up on the ambusher when it was near. It turned back and saw its half-self's true champion, the white tiger emperor, jumping toward it. This champion was about to hit it with a punch, but its right fore-limb swung at a blinding speed. It struck the champion in mid-air.

Leavemealone saw the incoming paw. He didn't expect this gigantic panther's attack speed to be so fast. He couldn't dodge the incoming attack in mid-air and could only cross his arms to block the attack.

He was smacked hard. His body slammed into the ground and skidded a long way. His HP fell by around 40%. He was extremely shocked. Although the hit just now was a normal hit without using a skill, he had sensed mana manipulation in the attack. That's how he still lost so much HP even when he had HP, stats boost, and defense boosts from both his beast form and Tiger God's Might.

Mohmed and Ihhi arrived below the Tiger Demon's back legs when it was smacking Leavemealone away. They were now slicing and punching those back legs. Damage numbers of only two digits appeared following their hits.

"Don't go near it!" Leavemealone shouted. He realized from that one smack that going for the offense was not the correct decision. "We only need to survive. There is no need to try hitting it!"

But the two natives were already too close. "You small pesky creatures!" It bellowed angrily.

Its two back legs kicked back, striking the two. Ihhi was struck flat in the chest while Mohmed managed to position his arms to block. The two were slammed away. Luckily, the two were rare elite natives with high HP. Both of them survive the hit but their lives went down a huge chunk.

While Ihhi was in the air, it was suddenly snatched by a black tentacle. The black tentacle appeared to be made of dark smoke, and it came out from the Tiger Demon's body.

The Tiger Demon had decided to get rid of the weakest among the four first. The tentacle pulled Ihhi back while the Tiger Demon's mouth came forward in an attempt to chomp Ihhi to death.

Ihhi tried using his kukri to cut the black tentacle that bound her. Damage numbers appeared each time she cut the tentacles, but it didn't let go. It was very sturdy. She could only watch helplessly as the Tiger Demon's mouth came nearer.

Domon suddenly came in between. His glaive was ablaze with purplish Ki Weapon. The enhanced glaive sliced through the tentacle, cutting it clean in two. The part that held Ihhi burst into smoke and Ihhi dropped to the ground. She immediately rolled away without pause.

Domon also didn't pause. The Tiger Demon's head was just next to him. It was very surprised that its tentacle had been cut. The prey that it was about to chomp had unexpectedly escaped. While it was still startled, Domon whirled around. His glaive burst with a powerful energy blast. Domon used Ki Strike empowered by mana manipulation. It struck directly into the side of the Tiger Demon's head.

Its head was slammed away. Both the Tiger Demon and the two natives who were watching were greatly stunned by the feat. A damage number of around 2,000 appeared above the Tiger Demon. The number was nothing for its nearly two million HP, but considering Mohmed and Ihhi's attacks could only score double digits, it showed how Domon's attack had been in a completely different league.

"Master, get back!" Leavemealone uttered. Even though Domon's feat was impressive, he was in fact the most vulnerable of the four. His HP was the lowest. He might not be able to survive even one hit if he was hit directly.

Domon was not a fool. His mana sense was the most advance. He could sense that this being they were fighting was not one that they could defeat. His intention was only to save Ihhi. He immediately retreated.

But no way the Tiger Demon let go of someone who had humiliated it so. It roared furiously. Tens of tentacles erupted from its body. All of them shot toward Domon.

But Domon was also not someone easily caught. Same as when he was dodging Jack's Myriad Ensnaring Chains, his body shifted rapidly as his footwork made him seem as if he had split into multiple images. At the same time, his glaive swung non-stop, smacking the incoming tentacles away.

Leavemealone used White Tiger Charge and rushed to the Tiger Demon while it was busy with Domon. He intended to make himself the primary target while the others distracted the Tiger Demon once in a while. Out of the four, he believed himself to have the best survivability. Although his HP lost to their two native companions, his defense and HP recovery made up for it. The life he had lost just now had almost fully recovered.

The Tiger Demon was so absorbed in trying to catch the elusive Domon with his tentacles that he was too late in sensing the incoming Leavemealone this time.

Leavemealone activated White Tiger Rage and used his runestone of combat. He needed every edge if he was to survive while clashing directly with this Tiger Demon.

His White Tiger Claw which was the size of a dagger sliced through the skin of the Tiger Demon. A high damage number of 3,000 appeared, even higher than Domon's mana-infused Ki Strike. Although Leavemealone also applied mana manipulation to his attack, his mastery was not as high as Domon's. Additionally, his attack was only a normal attack.

His attack could cause such high damage because he was in a state that was the antithesis of the Tiger Demon. The white tiger emperor's attacks carry energies that bypassed Tiger Demon's divine protection.

However, high damage was not the primary reason for the white tiger emperor's user to be the prime factor in this rite. Their objective was to buy time, after all, not to defeat the Tiger Demon manifestation. The reason that the white tiger emperor was needed was that each time the white tiger emperor managed to land a hit, it canceled all of the Tiger Demon's current ongoing skill and stunned it for a second.

When Leavemealone's claws sliced through the Tiger Demon, the tentacles that were chasing after Domon burst into smoke and disappeared. The Tiger Demon also roared painfully.

Noticing this special advantage, Leavemealone immediately executed his battle monk's skill, infinite lightning punches. His claws turned into uncountable images and battered the Tiger Demon's body unceasingly.

If he could utilize this Stun feature, he could keep the Tiger Demon helpless for as long as his stamina lasted. Leavemealone had leveled up this skill to the max. Each level-up reduced the stamina usage for each punch. Additionally, Tiger God's Might increased his maximum stamina as well. This meant his infinite lightning punches could last for a long time.

Unfortunately, even though the Tiger Demon was stunned by each of the punches, the duration it was stunned reduced with each punch. After receiving more than twenty punches, the stun time had reduced to only half a second. After another twenty punches, the Tiger Demon was immune already.

Its mouth snapped open, intending to bite Leavemealone who was still merrily punching at it.

### **Chapter 982: Surging Dragon Punch**

Luckily, Leavemealone was a combatant with a good mana sense. He had sensed the duration by which the Tiger Demon's mana was frozen had shortened with each punch. Hence, he knew that the effectiveness of the stuns was dissipating.

Leavemealone backflipped when the Tiger Demon came chomping, then used Roll to add the distance.

Ihhi and Mohmed, after drinking recovery potions, had approached and added what little damage they could when the Tiger Demon was under perpetual stuns. Once they saw Leavemealone retreat, they also did so.

Tiger Demon didn't give the two natives any mind. Their hits were like mosquito bites. The one who mattered was the white tiger emperor bearer. With its four legs, it ran and chased after Leavemealone.

A large wave rushed from the side and struck the Tiger Demon, halting its chase. It was a Ki Wave powerful enough to stagger it. It turned to the side and saw Domon. The one that could cause him trouble was not just the white tiger emperor bearer.

"Damn it!" Leavemealone uttered after putting a safe distance. He had hoped that he could take advantage of the stun effect.

Carnelia's voice was heard then, "Try again later. Some beings had the ability to adapt to a status effect if it was used repeatedly on them. But it was not permanent. After some time, its immunity to the weakness will revert to normal again.

"I see. Ok, thanks for the tips," Leavemealone thanked his fairy companion, before dashing back toward the Tiger Demon.

The Tiger Demon paused because of Domon's attack. It was pondering which one it should focus its attention on, but then it saw Leavemealone rush toward it. Seeing this lowly creature come at it like it was some common monster to be vanquished, its anger was roused again.

Leavemealone used his vampire skill, Mesmerize, when the Tiger Demon was staring at him. But this skill was completely useless. The Tiger Demon didn't even notice that Leavemealone had used the skill.

The Tiger Demon roared and lunged forward, its jaw opened wide.

Leavemealone used Illusive Form. His speed picked up and he left multiple images on his trail. This skill illusive effect wasn't too effective since the Tiger Demon could sense mana, but the increase in speed was still helpful in helping Leavemealone dodge the Tiger Demon's lunge.

After successfully dodging the lunge, Leavemealone didn't stop. He continued to run at high speed as he knew the Tiger Demon's attack speed was exceptionally fast. He ran around while keeping it at a healthy distance, thus avoiding its attacks was more manageable.

The Tiger Demon was extremely frustrated. The way it tried to catch Leavemealone was like a cat trying to catch the ever-illusive red laser light.

At one point, the Tiger Demon roared. It was a different roar this time. It was a skill, similar to the first shockwave roar it made when it revealed itself. It was weaker compared to that first roar since the Tiger Demon had received a weakened effect from the Tiger God. This roar skill must have just completed its cooldown duration.

Even so, the shockwave caught Leavemealone by surprise. He staggered from it and his running stopped. He also received some damage.

Tiger Demon's claw came when Leavemealone's movement stopped. He had no choice but to receive the blow. His two arms adopted a pose. When the claw came, the arms spun. With his martial art, Cycle of Shade and Shadow, he redirected the huge claw to the side. The claw smashed the ground hard.

The Tiger Demon boggled again that another attack that was supposed to hit had missed its target. Leavemealone wanted to run at this time, but the Tiger Demon wasn't giving him the chance. It jumped to where Leavemealone was heading. Leavemealone dejectedly found himself remaining under the Tiger Demon's huge body.

Domon and the others had been keeping a distance. They understood that their chance of surviving direct contact with the Tiger Demon was not high. Now that Leavemealone was in trouble, they simultaneously advanced to try to take its attention away, allowing Leavemealone a chance to escape.

However, when they were advancing, six shadows leaped from the Tiger Demon's body. These shadows landed on the ground and rushed toward them. It was the tiger-men again. But this time, all these Tiger-men were level 65 rare elites.

It was another of the Tiger Demon's skills, dark slaves, a summoning skill. The Tiger Demon only used this skill now after trapping Leavemealone in its range. It wanted to cut Leavemealone's escape path. Once the white tiger emperor bearer was vanquished, these other trespassers would be easy to be dealt with.

Leavemealone thought he saw a smile on the Tiger Demon's huge face.

Despite seemingly being trapped, Leavemealone didn't despair. His concentration was solid as he paid attention to the Tiger Demon's every movement. He also activated his bloodline second skill, Beast Instinct.

Leavemealone was the first one who had the King of Beast bloodline. So, he had the most time accumulating the monster essences for leveling up the bloodline. During the travel to Popoki Village, he finally defeated enough beast-type monsters to get his King of Beast bloodline to level 5. Beast-type monsters were not that rare to find, after all.

This second skill was also a buff skill that improved his speed and also his reaction time by twice, meaning he saw the enemy's movement at twice the time slower.

With the enhanced perception, Leavemealone was able to see the extremely fast Tiger Demon's claws came mauling at him and reacted accordingly. His two feet shifted, and the Tiger Demon claw missed him by a few inches.

The Tiger Demon stomped again, and it missed again.

It happened again and again, to the Tiger Demon's frustration. It didn't understand. It had forced Leavemealone to such a corner, so he was unable to escape its melee scope. Why was the result still the same as before?

Leavemealone had used the Eight Diagram Illusory Steps, a movement art Domon had taught to many of the guild core members. Jack was the most proficient with this martial art. Although Leavemealone learned this movement art later than most other guild members, his aptitude for martial art allowed him to improve much faster. To the point that he was the third most proficient user of this art after Jack and Domon.

This movement art gave its user the capability to dodge attacks even within a limited space, which was the situation Leavemealone was in at the moment. All his escape paths were blocked. No matter which way he headed, he was within the Tiger Demon's reach.

Hence, he continued to shift his position as the Tiger Demon relentlessly trying to squash him. Leavemealone was in full concentration. He could not afford a mistake. With how fast the Tiger Demon was, there was a time when he was unable to perfectly dodge. At that time, he made up for it using his own art, Cycle of Shade and Shadow, to redirect the attack.

With these two arts, he persisted below the Tiger Demon. But he knew that he couldn't continue like this forever. Once the Tiger Demon's other skills were off cooldown, like that breath attack, for example, he would be in trouble. He hoped the others could come to his aid before that happened.

Of his three comrades, Domon was the most likely to come to his aid first. The six tiger-men had split into three groups of two and confronted Leavemealone's three comrades. Despite having a lower level, Domon had no problem fighting two level 65 rare elites. But he still needed time.

Mohmed was somewhat in a tie. His agility and precise control allowed him to dodge most of the two tiger-men's assaults, but this also put him in a more passive situation. He couldn't counterattack much and he knew that he would need a long time to settle this battle.

Ihhi was in the worst situation. She was seriously losing in terms of level, and there were even two opponents ganging on her. Her advantage was only that she had better equipment than these tiger-men and she also possessed more and better battle skills.

Overall, the situation was not good for Leavemealone. It seemed that he couldn't rely on the others to arrive in time to help him escape his predicament. He could only depend on himself. All he needed was a chance.

He pushed his concentration to the limit. He had never been more focused in his life. Even though his perception had already slowed all the movements around him, his focus somehow made him perceive things even slower. He saw the Tiger Demon open his mouth and came at him again for another bite. He didn't move away this time. He stood his ground and gauged his timing.

His left fist punched out. He executed Ki Bullet. The energy ball from his fist rushed forward. Normally, such a small attack meant nothing for a being such as the Tiger Demon. But this energy ball accurately hit the Tiger Demon's right eye. This caused its eyes to close and its attack was halted for a tick.

During that tick, Leavemealone's other fist went upward. As he did, the image of an oriental dragon appeared. It rose following his uppercut. This was another martial art that Domon had taught, Surging Dragon Punch.

Both Leavemealone's right fist and the oriental dragon connected with the Tiger Demon's lower jaw. The uppercut produced a loud impact sound. The Tiger Demon's head was forcefully smacked up.

Although the Tiger Demon had been hit several times, the most those hits did was cause it to pause. Even Domon's mana-manipulation Ki Strike only made it turn its head a little. This was the first time a hit caused the Tiger Demon to careen away.

### **Chapter 983: Beyond the Fist**

When the Tiger Demon was reeling, Leavemealone used the chance to dash away.

The Tiger Demon was extremely furious. Not only had it been denied its prey, but it was also humiliated by getting blown away by a lowly creature. It slammed its feet hard on the ground as a sign of displeasure before chasing after Leavemealone.

A tiger-man suddenly flew in front of its path, causing it to stop again. The tiger-man dropped to the ground some distance away. Its HP was zero. It soon disintegrated.

The Tiger Demon turned to where the tiger-man had flown from. Domon was there fighting with his one remaining adversary. His hair was red.

Domon had used the wrath of the beast king, which starting roar stunned his opponents. Domon exploited the window and used the heart-exploding punch, instantly killing one of his opponents.

When the Tiger Demon was distracted by the death of one of its minions, Leavemealone sneaked beside it and slashed its side. The Tiger Demon reacted with a quick swing of its claw.

'It was still immune!' Leavemealone thought while dodging. He had also used Wrath of the Beast, the golden fur on its tiger head had turned red. He hurriedly put some distance.

The cat-and-mouse game went on for a while until the Tiger Demon's mouth flared with black smoke.

"Be careful! Its breath attack is off-cooldown!" Carnelia warned.

Leavemealone could see that as well. He was not worried. He was in enough distance to deal with that move.

However, when he thought that the Tiger Demon would open its mouth and discharge its dark breath. It suddenly vanished.

"What?" Leavemealone was taken aback. Then, he sensed the Tiger Demon's mana appeared close to him.

"Shit!" He cursed and made a roll to dodge.

He narrowly escaped when the Tiger Demon materialized above him and slammed down. The Tiger Demon's dark breath had actually come off cooldown a minute ago, but it didn't immediately use it. Instead, the Tiger Demon also waited for its other skill, the Death Ambush, to finish its cooldown.

Once the two skills were available, it used them consecutively. It first used the Death Ambush. Even if the attack failed, the skill brought it close to Leavemealone. Then only it unleashed its dark breath.

With such a close range, there is little chance for Leavemealone to dodge.

Leavemealone activated his Steel Body, but he doubted that would save him.

When the thick black smoke was almost upon him, someone came in front of him. It was Domon, he had already dispatched the other tiger man. All Leavemealone saw was Domon's back, but he noticed Domon was weaponless. Domon put up both his hands to the front and the air around his hands shimmered.

A large wall appeared in front of Domon. Leavemealone recognized the move. It was Domon's ancient art, Iron Wall. The wall Domon had conjured this time was even larger than when he showed it during the world tournament. Domon continued to hone this art and made a huge improvement in its application.

Domon could have used Reversing Heaven and Earth to deal with Tiger Demon's dark breath like before. However, that martial art didn't exactly block the breath attack. It simply redirected it. If Domon used it now, the redirected breath might still hit Leavemealone. So, he used his strongest blocking art to protect the two of them.

The energy wall trembled heavily. Domon focused all his mind to manipulate the mana that form the wall. Sweat rolled down his forehead like it was raining, but he persevered.

At the end of Tiger Demon's dark breath, Domon could finally hold no more. The iron wall broke. But the attack had ended. Only the residual smoke swept by Domon's body, shaving his HP by half.

Tiger Demon couldn't believe someone blocked his breath attack with brute force. It had sensed Domon's mana manipulation was exemplary, but it never thought that this outworlder could use the technique to such an extent.

During the Tiger Demon's astonishment, Leavemealone hurriedly grabbed Domon and threw him away. Leavemealone then rushed back to the Tiger Demon, drawing its attention to him again.

Now, all he needed to be aware of was when the Tiger Demon's next skill, which produced the dark tentacles, came off-cooldown. Carnelia didn't know the exact time as it very much depended on the skill's level. But she informed Leavemealone that it should be at least three minutes longer than the Death Ambush skill.

If the Tiger Demon didn't use any skill, Leavemealone was confident he could survive facing the Tiger Demon in melee. That was, of course, considering if he didn't lose his focus.

When he used his footwork to slip between the Tiger Demon's claw attack, he looked for an opportunity. Once there was one, he landed an attack.

The Tiger Demon was stunned by that one blow.



"It has lost its immunity!" Leavemealone exclaimed.

Without wasting time, he immediately executed infinite lightning punches.

The Tiger Demon was unable to do anything as the unending punches landed on its body. Damage after damage number continued to pop up on its head.

When Leavemealone was still battering the Tiger Demon with his punch, he noticed Domon approaching.

Domon had drunk recovery potions, bringing his HP back up again. He came by the Tiger Demon's side and started punching as well.

Leavemealone was confused, why did Domon not use his glaive?

Domon continued punching around the Tiger Demon's body. Every time in different places. He was circling the Tiger Demon's huge body while it was incapacitated by Leavemealone's stun effect.

Leavemealone didn't let Domon's strange act distract him. He continued to focus and paid attention to the Tiger Demon's mana. With each punch, the stun effect lessened.

The Tiger Demon was struggling to move. Its body trembled from frustration. It swore once it became the dominant one and suppressed the Tiger God, it would erase all the works from its other half. The cat folks, this white tiger legacy, the whole stupid peace thing.

The stun effect finally came down to only a fraction of a second. Leavemealone had paid attention, he didn't continue punching until the Tiger Demon became immune like the last time. He jumped back and rolled as the Tiger Demon one paw came smashing.

Domon had run away before Leavemealone did. When Leavemealone retreated, Domon sent him a message telling him to keep the Tiger demon away.

Leavemealone looked over and saw Domon standing still with a horse stance. Domon's one fist extended outward while his other fist was resting by his waist. He was still not holding any weapon.

Despite his curiosity, Leavemealone followed Domon's instruction. He ran the other way, playing cat and mouse with the Tiger Demon again.

After several failed attempts to catch Leavemealone, the Tiger Demon was getting slower. Not because it was tired. It felt something strange. It could also sense and manipulate mana. It sensed that the mana within it was behaving unnaturally. They were somewhat glued and linked to something outside of its body.

The Tiger Demon finally stopped after knowing that it couldn't ignore this strange feeling further. It focused its mana sense and traced this mysterious link. It then turned its head and saw that other outworlder some distance away.

"Hey! Face me, you big ugly cat!" Leavemealone yelled and used his Ki Bullet. The small energy hit the Tiger Demon's side, but the Tiger Demon didn't even give that attack any reaction.

It suddenly lunged in direction of Domon. Its four limbs run at high speed.

"Shit!" Leavemealone cursed. He used White Tiger Charge to chase after the Tiger Demon.

Domon acted like he didn't see the Tiger Demon. He still maintained his horse stance.

The Tiger Demon roared as it approached. The multiple dark tentacles reappeared around itself. Its skill was off-cooldown.

When the Tiger Demon was within a leaping distance, Domon's other fist which was on his waist all this time, gently punched forward. As it did, the Tiger Demon which was in the middle of a jump, stopped in mid-air. Its body suddenly shook heavily. It uttered a painful roar and a huge explosion featuring an impressive display of light burst out of its body.

At the same time, a 200,000 damage number appeared above it. The dark tentacles all fizzled into puffs of smoke. The Tiger Demon's huge body was blasted and slammed hard onto the ground.

Everyone was shocked by the turn of events. They all turned to Domon, even Ihhi who was still in heated combat with the tiger-men. What did Domon do? All he did was a slow punch, and that punch didn't even connect with the Tiger Demon.

What Domon was using was another ancient art like Iron Wall which he had not been able to master in the past world. In this world, he had tried practicing it again and succeeded.

This ancient art was similar in execution to the Fast-slow Illusive Fist that he had taught Leavemealone. It required one to connect with the opponent's mana via a series of direct contact. Only after the link was made could this ancient art be carried out.

Since Domon had just learned this art, it took him some time to execute it. But the long setup was worth the result. This ancient art was what his late master mentioned to be the pinnacle of the fist technique. It was an undodgeable killing move. It ravaged the internals of the opponent directly, rendering all defenses void, similar to Jet's Seven Injuries Fist.

This ancient art was called Beyond the Fist.

## **Chapter 984: Tiger Protectors**

Everyone still couldn't believe Domon's punch had taken out more than 10% of the Tiger Demon's HP in one move. It even canceled the skill the Tiger Demon was using at that moment. With all the damages the Tiger Demon had suffered prior, its HP bar was down by 20%.

It was nothing for the Tiger Demon. It still had plenty of HP to spare. Additionally, as a mythical grade, he possessed HP recovery ability. But what truly hurt was its pride. It still couldn't believe two outworlders could give it so much trouble.

It tried to stand up with difficulty. It had a hard time believing it. Its body was refusing to move. That one attack had caused such an injury. It stared menacingly at Domon. This one outworlder was even more dangerous than the white tiger emperor bearer.

When it was still struggling to stand, it sensed something jump from behind. Since it still couldn't move freely, it could do nothing about it. This sneaking one landed on its back and it felt sharp claws sinking into its skin. It's the white tiger emperor bearer!

Leavemealone had used the chance to get into the Tiger Demon's blind spot. From its back, he used his white tiger claws and pummeled the Tiger Demon unceasingly.

After a short time, the Tiger Demon finally regained all its motoric functions. It started to buck, trying to throw Leavemealone from its back.

Leavemealone clamped his legs and used one hand to grab one of the furs to keep himself on the Tiger Demon's back, while his other hand resumed attacking

Seeing its bucking produce no result, the Tiger Demon stopped and lowered itself. When Leavemealone was confused about the Tiger Demon's attempt, he sensed mana accumulating below him. He immediately jumped away just as an explosion of energy burst out of the Tiger Demon's body. The force threw Leavemealone, who was already in the air, away.

The explosion was not a skill. It was a crude usage of mana manipulation, but it took a toll on the Tiger Demon. In its weakened state, its ability to manipulate mana was also reduced.

At this time, Domon came with his glaive. He slashed the Tiger Demon's body while using complex footwork to dodge. When the Tiger Demon turned its attention to Domon, Leavemealone rushed back and struck it again. The stun effect was back. Leavemealone again used the infinite lightning punches.

The Tiger Demon wanted to roar in rage, but the stun effect prevented even that. Ever since it was forced to the ground by the other outworlder's mysterious punch, it had been helpless.

Then it sensed something else.

"No! No! No...!!!" It screamed.

A very light pillar suddenly fell from the sky. It landed right on the Tiger Demon. Leavemealone and Domon who were nearby were pushed away by the light pillar.

"Nooo...!!!" The Tiger Demon was still screaming madly. Its feet started to sink into the ground. It tried to claw its way out but its entire body continued sinking.

"I don't want to be locked again... I don't want to...!!!"

There was only its head now which remained atop the ground, but that was also slowly sinking. Its eyes turned to Leavemealone and Domon in the last few seconds before it finally completely submerged into the ground.

The remaining tiger-men, who were still battling Mohamed and Ihhi, vanished once the Tiger Demon was swallowed by the ground.

The light pillar disappeared and was replaced by a large white fireball. This white fireball expanded and formed the image of the Tiger God.

"Splendid!" The Tiger God praised. "I was especially impressed that you all managed to lower my other half's HP to that extent. Otherwise, I would have needed more time to seal it. The lower its HP is, the lesser its resistance against my effort to put it back into slumber."

"So, the rite is successful?" Domon asked.

"Yes, the Popoki Village and the cat folk are safe again. Mount Tigra is back to being dormant.

"Yes!" Mohmed exclaimed.

Ihhi breathed a long relieved sigh. She looked at the two outworlders. The two were indeed impressive, the battle against the Tiger Demon was all on these two. Both she nor Mohmed didn't do much at all. She now understood why her father put these two in such high esteem.

"Bearer of the White Tiger Emperor, come closer!" The Tiger God beckoned.

Leavemealone walked over. A shining light materialized in front of Leavemealone. He grabbed it and found it to be a necklace.

"My gift to you," the Tiger God said.

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Lesser Tiger God Amulet (unique necklace, suppressed equipment)

Fire and Dark resistances +60

All status effect resistances +10%

Automatically unleash the Tiger God's Aid when HP goes below 30%: Heals 50% HP and deals 300% light damage that knockback all the enemies within a 5-meter radius. Cooldown: 3 hours

Summon the lesser manifestation of Tiger God (Active skill), Duration: 30 minutes, Cooldown: 24 hours

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"A unique-grade suppressed equipment!" Carnelia exclaimed. "Which means..."

"Yes, when he becomes strong enough, the seal I put on that amulet will release and return it to its original state," Tiger God said.

Leavemealone didn't understand the fairy's excitement. He equipped the amulet and said to the Tiger God, "Thank you."

The Tiger God nodded and said to everyone, "Now, I will send you all out of this realm. I will be unavailable for a while. I still have to spend my time reinforcing the rune diagram inside Mount Tigra, making sure it's not easy for my other half to claw its way out again."

After the Tiger God finished speaking. The four found their eyes covered by blinding light. They had to shut their eyes. When they opened them again. They were back in the hall with the giant tiger statue.

Ariki and Tapu were still there in the hall. Both of them were smiling. Tapu had known the rite was a success from the spirits, while Ariki could feel the mountain that they were in had already calmed down.

Ariki went and hugged Ihhi. He didn't care that his actions looked silly for a headsman of the village. He was just glad that his daughter came back alive.

"Father, let go...," Ihhi said helplessly.

"Thank you for your help, bearer of the white tiger emperor," Tapu said to Leavemealone.

"It's not just me. The four of us worked together," Leavemealone replied politely.

"Actually, it's just the two of them," Mohmed said. "Ihhi and I did almost nothing."

Ihhi gave Mohmed a grouchy face. Although she agreed that the two of them didn't help much, did Mohmed have to say it out loud in front of her father?

Ariki laughed seeing his daughter's expression. He petted her hair before approaching Leavemealone and Domon with a smile.

"I represent the entire Popoki Village and thank you for your help," Ariki said to the two. "The two of you are our village's saviors and nothing I say will be able to express our gratitude."

Domon waved him off. "Helping a friend in need is a must. There is no need for you to thank us."

Leavemealone simply nodded.

"That might be so, but I still would like to give you two something to show our appreciation," Ariki said.

"Oh? Didn't we already get our rewards?" Domon asked. He had heard what he called the news lady's voice which informed him that his quest has been completed. He gained exp points, coins, and mana cores. The exp points he and Leavemealone received had pushed both of them to level 59.

Ariki gave him a questioning glance after hearing Domon's words. But since Domon didn't explain, he continued, "I would like to give the two of you the highest honor as our village's tiger protectors."

"Tiger protectors?" Domon asked while Ihhi gasped with wide eyes after hearing his father. Within the village protector's rank, the tiger protector had the highest honor.

"Oh! It's the news lady again!" Domon uttered.

Leavemealone could only shake his head. As Jack had done, he had tried explaining to Domon multiple times that the voice was a notification from this world's system, but it seemed that Domon either couldn't understand the concept or intentionally chose to keep the idea simple for him.

What the news lady informed them this time was that the two of them had received a special class. Domon was granted Tiger Arms Guardian, while Leavemealone's was Tiger Brawler.

Both were first-class special classes. The attributes these classes boosted were strength, dexterity, endurance, and reflex. They also gave a boost to HP and stamina recovery.

Domon received a new skill, Tiger Arms Embodiment. When used, the skill transformed the current weapon into one of the tiger arms. The base damage of the weapon increased by 30%. Every swing of the weapon created a destructive wave that traveled five meters and dealt 100% damage. The duration was three minutes.

Domon tested the skill. The glaive he was holding turned in front of his eyes. It became slightly larger with a red blade and it had a tiger head decoration between the blade and its shaft.

Domon swung the weapon. A crescent-shaped energy wave rushed forward. Every time he swung, another energy wave was produced. This practically made him a ranged fighter, even if it was only a short distance of five meters.

Leavemealone's first skill from his special class was Tiger Soul. It was a buff skill that enhanced almost all aspects; Damage, defense, speed, and resistance. When Leavemealone activated the skill, a translucent image of a tiger shrouded his body.

After the two were accustomed to their new powers, Ariki invited them to exit the cave. The whole village cheered when they came out. Ariki ordered a feast that evening to celebrate this victory. Leavemealone and Domon were their honored guests.

Before they left for this village, John had asked Domon to request access to the village for their other guild members. Now that the village was indebted to them, Domon took the chance to ask. Ariki said as long as Everlasting Heavenly Legends' members didn't cause trouble, they would be treated as friends to the cat folks.

Domon sent a message to inform John of the news, only for him to be asked to return immediately.

When Domon asked what's the urgency, John informed him of Jack's situation.

John also informed Domon that the players who were still inside the capital had just received the news that Jack's execution would be carried out tomorrow. He and Jeanny were currently discussing their course of action.

Domon told John that Leavemealone and he would be returning now.

## **Chapter 985: News of Execution**

Jack had spent two nights in the underground prison already. Since he couldn't do anything and could not summon his weapons, he just meditated and trained his mana manipulation. He wondered if Commander Quintus had investigated as he requested.

Jack remembered Commander Quintus saying that the court which was convening to discuss his fate would reach a verdict tomorrow. Which meant he didn't have much time. He hoped Commander Quintus would visit soon. Hopefully, the commander did find something. Otherwise, he was at a loss.

As for the servant who brought him meals, he wrote a note and hid it under the plate as Commander Quintus instructed. As an outworlder, he didn't truly need the sustenance, but he still ate the meal so that the servants could use it as an excuse to keep bringing him one. This way, he could keep on sending notes.

In his note, he laid out what had happened. He also marked the note so it was given to either John or Jeanny. If Quintus' people gave the note to one of his guild members inside the city, that member should be able to bring it to the two.

Sometimes before noon, he heard the dungeon's door being opened. He hurriedly walked toward the bars to see if it was the commander who had come.

It was not. It was Quintus' subordinate carrying the meal tray. Jack sat back on his bed in disappointment.

The soldier placed the meal tray on the floor next to a slot where the tray could be slipped into the cell. The soldier stood up and stared at Jack.

Jack found the stare to be weird. At any other time, the soldier would just leave and come back later to take the finished tray.

The soldier then transformed before Jack.

"Duke!" Jack called.

Duke Alfredo stood outside the bars. "Mister Storm Wind," the duke said. His face was bleak.

"It's good seeing you! Why do you use disguise?" Jack asked.

"I don't want people to know that I come to visit you," the duke answered.

"I heard you are part of the officials in the court that are discussing my fate," Jack said. "Why are you here? Has the court reached a verdict already? I thought it will be decided tomorrow?"

"You certainly know a lot for a person locked in a prison," The duke said. "To answer your question. No, the court has been put on hold... Due to an unexpected development."

"Unexpected development? What kind of unexpected development?"

"Another person has been assassinated inside this palace."

"Another? Who...? Wait! If there is another assassination, that proves my innocent! Did the court decide to release me due to this new murder?"

Duke Alfredo gave Jack a somber look and answered, "Unfortunately, no. On the contrary, they think you are working with someone, another outworlder. They have decided to rush the arraignment. They will be convening for the last time this afternoon and deciding on a verdict, which will most likely be your execution and the ban on all outworlders in this kingdom."

"That's insane!" Jack uttered.

"I'm sorry. I tried my best. Unfortunately, the evidence is heavily against you, and the people are demanding blood. At this point, I think they will be satisfied to punish anyone even if that person is just a scapegoat."

"Evidence... By the way, have you seen Commander Quintus? He promised to check on something for me. It might help me shed light on this case."

Duke Alfredo was silent upon Jack's question.

Jack felt the duke's silence was strange. "Duke, what's wrong...? Wait... Don't tell me... Duke, who is the person that was assassinated? It can't be... It can't be the commander, can it?!"

The duke lowered his head, he didn't answer, but that was all the confirmation Jack needed.

"No... NO...!" Jack stepped back and sat weakly on the bed.

The duke let Jack process this news. He himself was also shaken when he saw Quintus' lifeless body.

"Does Lindsey know...?" Jack asked.

"Isabelle and I broke the news to her. Isabelle was still staying with her to console her," Duke Alfredo answered.

"This is my fault... I've sent the commander to investigate. He must have found something. That's why he was assassinated!"

"What do you mean?" Duke Alfredo asked.

Jack was silent for a while. He then took a deep breath and told the duke about the commander's visit yesterday. He also told him about the white dot on his radar and his suspicion.

After finishing his tale, he asked the duke, "Where was the commander's body found?"

"Inside the late Prince Alonzo's bed chamber," Duke Alfredo answered.

"His body must have been moved there. I reckon there was no sign of a struggle inside that room?"

"No. It was as we left it after the prince's assassination."

"The commander is a strong combatant. No way there is no struggle. Even if the opponent or opponents are much stronger, the fight will still break something or leave some marks inside the room. The fight must have happened somewhere else."

"Where? Is it the place you mentioned where the white dot teleported? Even if it is Princess Sindral as you suspect, she won't be able to defeat Commander Quintus. She is a commoner. She is level 1 and has no battle capacity."

"Perhaps she used something to disguise her real level...", Jack said.

"Are you suggesting that she is a secretly powerful person who disguised herself as a commoner all her life? I have known her since she was small. There is no way she disguised herself all those times. For what? For a plan that will be carried out so many years later? To steal the throne? I'm sorry, it sounds a little far-fetched."

"You will be surprised how far someone is willing to go for power," Jack said.

The two were silent again. The duke seemed to be hesitating before saying, "When the guard informed me about finding Quintus' body, I was the next person to arrive after the guard who found him. So, I have the chance to search his body before the others arrived. He was holding something tight in his grip."

"Holding something? What is it?" Jack asked.

Duke Alfredo took something out from his coat's inner pocket. It was a small piece of fabric. He gave this fabric to Jack.

"It was torn. Could it be the commander tore this from his assailant's clothes?" Jack asked. "But how can we get any information just from this fabric? It looked expensive, but everyone in this palace is wealthy person. Everyone could have used clothes made of this fabric."

"Not everyone...", The duke said. "See the golden embroideries by the edge? That shows the fabric is from royal clothing. It was specially made for the royal family."



Now that Jack paid attention, he did remember Prince Alonzo wearing a shirt with such embroideries on several occasions.

"Then this proves Princess Sindral is behind it!" Jack exclaimed. "Commander Quintus probably knew he would be killed, so he kept this last clue for us! The princess is the only surviving heir!"

Duke Alfredo didn't say anything. He still found it hard to believe that the princess was a powerful person who was able to kill Prince Alonzo and Commander Quintus. But what if Jack was right?

"Even if it is as you said, that one piece of cloth is hardly enough evidence to frame the only heir to the throne," Duke Alfredo said.

"Then we will have to wring a confession out of them."

"Them...?" Duke Alfredo asked questioningly.

Jack didn't explain further. Instead, he told Duke Alfredo of his plan. A plan that he had been thinking about during his idle time here.

"That is insane!" Duke Alfredo blurted. "Do you know what will happen if you are wrong? I will be branded for treason. My wife and my family won't escape persecution! Not to mention, it will just reinforce the mistrust those officials have against outworlders."

"I know I'm not wrong," Jack said.

Duke Alfredo stared at Jack's confident face in disbelief. He wanted to say no to Jack. What he was proposing was absurd. But that would mean letting Jack die and allowing the real culprit to escape.

"Please, duke. You are the only one I can rely on at this point...," Jack pleaded. "I have no one else to turn to. We owe it to Prince Alonzo and Commander Quintus to bring their murderers to justice."

"No matter which way this thing blows... The kingdom will be in so much turmoil," Duke Alfredo muttered.

"When we found Prince Alonzo's body, it already is...," Jack said.

Duke Alfredo just stood there for a long time. Jack didn't say anything anymore. He just gave the duke a hopeful look.

After a very long time, the duke took a deep breath before saying, "You have better be not wrong about this."

"I know I am right," Jack replied.

"I will talk to my wife... If she agrees, I will send someone to inform your friends."

The duke gave Jack a complicated look and said, "If you see me tomorrow morning, then that means I'm proceeding with your plan. If not..."

The duke didn't finish his sentence. He just gave Jack another stare before transforming back into a common soldier and left.

Jack watched the duke's back as the duke walked to the door and exited the dungeon. He prayed that the duke would follow his request.

\*

Later that evening, the kingdom officials announced that they will be executing an outworlder named Storm Wind at noon tomorrow. All the outworlders inside the capital were also being ushered out. Such occurrences also happened in other Themisphere cities all over the country. The outworlders who didn't follow the news were extremely confused by the treatment.

The officials announced that in a few more days, new rules for outworlders within this country would be decided. For now, outworlders were allowed to continue to roam around the wilderness inside this country, but they were advised to consider moving out to other countries while they could.

### **Chapter 986: Emissary of Avarice**

In a desolate land with red soil under a red cloudless sky, two people were fighting against a score of enemies. One was a woman in armor. Her armor glistened with energy from time to time, healing its wearer at an interval. The other was a man in a cloak. The cloak shrouded its wearer with a black shield when his HP dropped below half. Aside from reducing the received damage, the black shield also made the man much harder to be targeted by ranged attacks or spells.

The woman was using a long mace. When her mace struck an enemy, it also discharged a short shockwave that dealt chaos damage to nearby foes. When enemies surrounded her, she broke her long mace into two shorter maces and fought with two weapons.

The man fought using two large daggers. The daggers were set weapons and had the life-leech ability. Whenever he wounded an opponent, a portion of the inflicted damage was transferred to heal his HP.

The score they fought slowly reduced. Within that score were originally nine rare elites of the same level as the woman. After much difficulty, they finally beat them all. But in the distance, they saw another score of enemies approaching.

"We should leave," The man said to the woman.

"No, this is the highest wave he had fought. I want to try this wave as well," The woman replied.

"That man is a freak. You can't seriously try to replicate what he did, can you? There will be twelve rare elites in that horde!"

The woman didn't reply, she just showed a determined expression.

Seeing the woman's face, the man didn't try to persuade her anymore. He steeled himself to fight the incoming horde.

\*

Inside an underground cave hall at an unknown location, the woman and the man came out of a portal under a huge tree. Around them were many other trees. Some of these trees possessed the same portals in their trunks.

"Splendid!" A young shirtless man, who was leaning on a nearby tree, spoke to the woman. "Although you failed to decimate that last wave, you have reached the same wave as that punk before you."

"I almost die, though," The woman, who was Grace, said.

"No shit! If you still insist on fighting, both of us would have died already," The man beside her, Oswald, said.

"Well, I can see that you are trying to beat that multi-class punk, but that is a wrong motivation," the shirtless man, the God of Greed, said to Grace.

"Listen to God Greed," Oswald agreed and nodded.

"You should do it for yourself! Be greedy! Want everything for yourself, not for others! That is the right motivation! Aim for an even higher wave that no one else can possibly reach. Be selfish and take everything for yourself. Leave none to others, hahaha...!"

Oswald didn't know how to respond to that.

Grace just smiled politely and said, "I can beat so many waves all thanks to God Greed's gifts. These unique-grade mace and set armors are truly amazing."

"Of course! As my emissary, I can't let you go around wearing trash equipment," Greed said.

"Yes, I'm also very grateful for the special class you bestowed on me," Grace said.

Her class had now changed to Emissary of Avarice, a first-class special class. This class boosted Strength, Intelligence, Endurance, and Wisdom stats. It also increased the exp points received and increased the chance of getting good-quality loots. All healing effects received or cast was increased by 50%.

The first skill she got from this special class was Greed's Will. This skill dealt light damage to all enemies in an area, then heal all allies around the caster equally with a total healing amount equivalent to the total damage inflicted.

"The equipment that I gave you are not simply unique-grade, you know," Greed said.

"Oh? Are there more to them?" Grace asked while looking at the mace and armor she wore.

"Yeah. They are actually suppressed equipment."

"Suppressed?" Grace didn't understand what that meant.

"They are originally equipment of different grades. I put seals on them because they are too powerful for your level. Once you reached level 80, the seals will be undone and their grades will return to legendary grades."

"Le-legendary...?" Oswald stammered after hearing Greed's word.

"Yeah. As my representative, you have to of course use the best equipment!" Greed said proudly but then added, "But your level is still too low. It will be a long time before my seals are lifted."

Grace was level 59 now. Though he had the advantage of using Greed's unending waves portal and spent more time on it than Jack, her improvement couldn't be compared to when Jack was using the

portal. The rate by which Jack decimated the waves was inhuman. For her who had fewer available skills, she spent a longer time defeating each wave. In a day, she could only clear the portal two times at most.

However, her improvement was still faster than the average players. Even when she didn't join the invasion war, her level surpassed those who had performed well in the war. Aside from Jack, of course.

"Um... What about my daggers and cloak here?" Oswald asked. The daggers in his hands and the cloak he wore were also gifts from Greed.

"They are real unique equipment. There is no seal," Greed answered.

When Oswald showed a disappointed expression, Greed said, "Hey! Are you dissatisfied? You are just a supporting character. I am already extremely generous to let you come here and give you those equipment as well as raise your grade."

"I'm not dissatisfied! I'm not dissatisfied!" Oswald hurriedly said. "I'm extremely grateful for God Greed's generosity!"

"As you should be," Greed said.

Oswald heaved a relieved sigh. Greed could blast him to dust easily. He had heard stories about this God's brutality in the past. The last thing he wanted was to draw Greed's ire. However, the way this God acted around Grace was nothing like what he had heard. He was surprisingly bewildered by this. He even wondered if the Greed here was the same one from those stories? Or was this the successor?

Grace originally couldn't summon Oswald here. Only after Greed's permission that she could call her companion. Oswald stayed here after that. Greed granted him a set of dagger weapons and a cloak to help him fare better in assisting Grace.

Greed even gave Oswald another pill of growth, allowing Oswald's grade to increase again. He was now a rare elite.

"God Greed, am I not yet permitted to go outside?" Grace asked, which drew Greed's displeased expression.

"How many times have we talked about this? You are too weak! Unless you have reached level 80, stay here and be safe!"

"But... It will take a very long time for me to reach that level..."

"Why so keen to go outside? Are you not enjoying my company?" Greed asked.

"Of course, I do. But I also have friends outside. They might need my help..."

"There is nothing you can do to help them if you are that weak. No, you will stay here until you are strong enough!" Greed declared.

Grace didn't say anything further. She could see that Greed refused to be persuaded. She could only nod weakly.

Seeing Grace's sad expression, Greed felt slightly awful. He didn't know why, but he enjoyed the company of this outworlder woman. She was polite and told him many interesting tales about the so-called real world. She also told him many stories which she called dramas. She said his old world liked to enact these make-believe stories for entertainment purposes. He always looked forward to hearing her stories after she was done with the endless-wave portals.

At the start, he demanded Grace took different portals daily just like Jack. But after listening to these dramas from Grace, he released her from the daily portal obligation. In exchange, she had to tell him these dramas daily. The current tale was about two young lovers from feuding families. Yesterday, she had ended the story when the lead lady was planning to take a potion that would put her into a death-like coma. This was to fool her family which was forcing her to marry someone she didn't love. Greed was very keen to find out the continuation of that story today.

But if Grace was sad, she wouldn't be able to tell a good story in such a mood. Hence, Greed said, "Tell you what. If you managed to beat the wave with fifteen rare elites, I will let you out."

"Really?" Grace asked. Her face lit up.

"What do you take me for? Do you think I'm someone who goes back on my word?" Greed replied.

"Then it's a deal!" Grace uttered.

"Good. Now let's go. I want to know what happens to that Juleiha girl."

"It's Juliet," Grace corrected.

"Sure, sure. I will reward you with a good bloodline if I'm impressed with the ending of your tale. And hey, about you leaving. Even if you do leave, I still demand that you come back here once a month. And I want you to tell me an exciting drama every time you visit."

"That will be my pleasure," Grace replied.

Oswald, who was following behind, shook his head. He thought to himself, 'Defeating fifteen rare elites of the same level? Probably we will reach level 80 first before we can achieve that...'

## **Chapter 987: Princess Sindral's Visit**

The night on the day of Duke Alfredo's visit, Jack heard the door of the dungeon being opened again.

'Didn't the duke say he will visit tomorrow morning if he agrees to help? Did he want to discuss more?' Jack thought. He heard footsteps. It was lighter steps, and also slower. It was not Duke Alfredo.

Before long, a figure appeared on the opposite side of Jack's cell. The figure was an elegant woman wearing a royal gown, Princess Sindral.

"Your Highness...," Jack greeted.

"Mister Storm Wind," the Princess greeted back. She had a lovely face, but her countenance showed sadness.

"What can I do for you, Your Highness?" Jack asked.

The princess seemed hesitant for a second. She then asked, "I've always known you as my little brother's best friend. So why...? Why do you murder Alonzo?"

"I didn't," Jack answered.

"Are you telling the truth?" Sindral asked.

"I do," Jack said firmly.

"But... I heard from Mason. All the evidence and discussions in the court point to you as the murderer."

"I am not the murderer," Jack said again.

Princess Sindral displayed a conflicted expression. She then said, "I want to believe you, mister Storm Wind. Alonzo always spoke highly of you. He considered you one of his true friends. I believe in his judgment, so I will believe you as well. Tell me how I can help?"

"That is very kind of you, princess. But unless you can influence the court to decide that I am not the murderer, I don't see how you can help... I heard that the court will be convening for the last time today afternoon. It is already night now, has the verdict been decided?"

"They are still convening now. That's why I'm here. I believed that you are innocent. I need something to persuade the court, but I have nothing. You must have something that I can use to persuade them. Tell me what you know and I will try my best."

"... There is indeed something in my mind," Jack said.

"Tell me. I will do my best to help," Princess Sindral said. Her tone was caring and her expression showed sympathy.

"I think you coming here is not because you are concerned about me," Jack said.

"What do you mean, mister Storm Wind?" Sindral asked with a confused expression.

"I think you come here because of Commander Quintus. You know that the commander met with me yesterday before he went on an investigation and found something. Something that caused him to be murdered as well. You suspected the commander performed the investigation because he talked to me. Hence, you wanted to find out what I know. To decide whether what I know can be used against you."

"I don't understand what you are saying, mister Storm Wind. Used against me for what?" Sindral asked.

"For questioning your ascension to the throne. You don't want any doubts to spread that could threaten your rise to power."

Sindral was still wearing that confused expression. She stared at Jack as if she didn't understand what Jack was saying. Then her countenance slowly changed. Her current expression made Jack feel as if this was the first time he had met this woman.

Although Jack only saw the princess a few times, the princess he remembered always displayed a humble and kind look. That was also the woman he saw a while ago. But at this moment, although the woman he saw in front of his cell still wore the same face, she looked completely different. Her expression was cold. Her chin was lifted. Her eyes were condescending.

Jack was sure then that his suspicion was not mistaken.

The two just stared at one another in silence. It was Jack who broke the silence first. "It seems that you no longer bother to conceal your true self."

The sides of Princess Sindral's mouth curved up. However, the smile she displayed was not a kind one.

"What else do you know?" She asked.

Jack shrugged.

Princess Sindral chuckled. "I'll let you in on something. The court has already concluded an hour ago. The verdict has been passed. My little brother's murderer will be executed by noon tomorrow."

"Oh? Do you mind letting me meet this murderer as well? There are so many things I want to ask him," Jack said.

The curve on Princess Sindral's mouth turned sharper.

"You can still joke? Well, after observing outworlders for a year, we do see that most of you can't be described as serious people. After all, you people are immortal. You come back to life again after getting killed. How can folk with no fear of their mortality can ever be serious about their lives?"

"Thank you for your compliment," Jack said. "I'm also impressed by the princess' seriousness in fooling everyone. To make everyone think that you are a kind and graceful person. To be able to put on that façade all the time, your dedication is admirable."

"Being a woman in a house of power that respects only the males, it is more of a necessity," Princess Sindral replied. "I very much like to see your expression tomorrow when we force you to return to level 1. And also when we lock you inside an unbreakable prison. See if you can still joke then?"

"Alonzo sincerely loved you. How can you kill him?" Jack asked.

"I didn't. You are the murderer, remember?" Sindral said with a wicked smile. "It is funny for a murderer to call another person murderer."

"There are only the two of us here," Jack said. "We both know the truth. Whatever I said to the others, no one will believe me anyway. So, there is no need for you to pretend. But at least tell me the truth before my execution tomorrow. Why do you kill your own brother? Is it for the throne?"

"As I said, you have been decided by everyone to be the one who murdered my brother. So, there is no need to discuss this anymore. Well, a spectacular chat we have here. I will leave you now to ponder about tomorrow's execution."

When Sindral walked away, Jack said, "The fact that you come here to check what I know means you still worry. Even though no one believes me, if I say something during my execution tomorrow, it will cast doubt on your ascension!"

Sindral paused a few seconds, but she didn't turn back. She resumed her walk again. Jack saw her exit the dungeon.

Jack sighed. Unfortunately, he couldn't access his storage bag. Otherwise, he would have been able to use the recording stone inside his bag to record Princess Sindral's true face.

Jack thought about tomorrow. Whatever happened, he knew that after tomorrow, nothing would be the same anymore.

When Jack was facing the predicament of being executed by the Themisphere kingdom, someone whom he considered a friend was having her own problem.

She had gone around several countries looking for someone. She was none other than Red Death, in her search for the true leader of Death Associates, Black Death.

After a long search, she finally found a reliable clue in Hydrurond Dominion, the country of the Draconian race. She followed this clue which brought him deep into the wilderness of Hydrurond Dominion. A place filled with mountains and high untraversable terrains.

She had tricked Blackjack, who followed her, to go somewhere else. Because the place she was heading to, had a very high chance that she won't come out safely. It's not that she cared so much for his martial brother. It's just that even if he accompanied her, he wouldn't make any difference.

She came to one of the mountains which was also an active volcano. She climbed to where the crater was. A lava pool filled the crater. Some of the lava overflowed and formed rivers of lava that flowed down the mountain.

Around the crater were a few paths that one who was skillful enough could take. Red Death was taking one of these paths. The path brought her to a cave mouth next to the bubbling lava pool. She entered the cave.

As she entered deeper into the cave, she encountered several magma golems. They were mostly level 60 special elites. Red Death didn't have difficulty dealing with these golems. She was at level 57. Although she didn't join the invasion war in Themisphere, her level was still above average players.

She came out into an enormous cave hall where it had no bottom. She stood on a bridge that connected to an island at the center of the cave hall. This island was supported by a single pillar that went down a long way. Red Death peered down from the bridge. There was only an abyss.

At that central island, a cascade of lava fell from the ceiling onto this island, which then formed a small pool before cascading down into the abyss below.

At the center of the lava pool was some kind of crystal throne. Sitting on this crystal throne was a woman. Beside her were seven maids serving her. Each of the maids came from the seven main races.

Red Death was too far away to see the woman on the throne clearly. However, she was sure that this woman was staring at her. And as she felt her stare, she found that she had difficulty moving.

She heard a voice in her head, "What does an outworlder doing here in my sanctum? I sensed that you come here on purpose despite knowing this is my place. Tell me now. Depending on what you say, you might experience my mercy, or my wrath."

## **Chapter 988: The Goddess of Wrath**



"Come here." The voice inside Red Death's head sounded gentle, but she felt a headache from the voice.

She then felt herself getting dragged. She was helpless to resist the force. Her body floated and then zoomed along the bridge with a speed that kept on increasing as she approached the island where the crystal throne was at.

She abruptly stopped just before the crystal throne, floating right on top of the lava pool. She could see the woman on the throne clearly now. She wore a slightly revealing red gown with an intricate golden belt and a tiara that seemed like it was sculpted from a piece of giant ruby.

The woman's hair was red. A bright red that looked almost as if it could burst aflame.

"Nice hair," the woman on the throne said, complementing Red Death's hair which was also red. "Now, state your business."

Red Death looked at the lava pool right beneath her. She would fall into that lava pool if the woman on the throne released control of her body. She also looked at the seven different maids around the woman. Their eyes carried reverence to the woman as if the woman meant everything to them.

"Goddess Wrath, forgive me for trespassing your sanctum," Red Death said.

"Child. You didn't trespass. If I didn't let you in, you won't be able to step inside here. And I don't forgive. It is only a matter of if you draw my wrath or not. Let's hear it and we shall both find out," Wrath responded.

Red Death nodded. "I'm here to request the release of one of your captives."

"Captives?" Wrath chuckled. "Which one?"

Sounds of chains rattling could be heard. Red Death caught movement from above. He looked up and saw innumerable iron cages hanging on metal chains being lowered from above. But that was not the thing that caught most of her attention. It was the gigantic being clinging to the ceiling far above.

It was an enormous spider. Crimson hairs filled its body. What Red Death thought were metal chains holding the cages were the giant spider's silk.

Red Death's eyes were glued to the spider. She couldn't help but feel the creature's eight eyes staring at her. She felt drowsy and weak. She felt that she was back to becoming the small powerless child who depended on others to survive.

It took a moment before she realized that she was under an influence. She bit her lips and forced herself awake. She scolded herself in her mind. Angry at herself for letting herself get affected this easily. She tore herself away from the spider's gaze.

Wrath chuckled. "Not bad. To be able to free yourself of my pet's hold. Well, then again, if you couldn't do even that, I guess I have no use for you."

"You... have use for me?" Red Death asked. Her mind was still drowsy. The spider's short incursion into her mind was worse than she thought.

"Why do you think I let you in here?" Wrath asked.

The cages had been lowered to their eye levels by now. Red Death looked around while still fighting the effect in her mind. She saw figures inside the cages. Each cage held one person. She saw people from different races. There were even races that she had not seen before. A cat-like man, a man with an eagle head and a pair of large wings on his back, an ape who looked at Red Death with an intelligent gaze, and several others.

As Red Death looked around, her gaze fell on one of the cages.

"Aunt Clara!" She called.

The person inside the cage Red Death was looking at, turned her head. Her surprised eyes turned wide when she recognized Red Death. "Cleo! What are you doing here? Oh no! Are you captured as well?"

"Aunt Clara, I've been looking all over for you," Red Death shouted.

Before Clara could reply, the cage that held her was suddenly lifted again. As with the other cages. All of them were being pulled back up to the ceiling.

"Cleo! Run...! Leave this place!!" Clara warned as she was brought back up.

"Aunt Clara...!!"

The two kept on calling for one another as they were separated further apart. Wrath simply smiled at the scene.

"Well, I guess it's obvious now whom you come here looking for," Wrath said. "Now, what will you do for her freedom?"

"State your price!" Red Death exclaimed.

She was suddenly pulled violently by an invisible hand. She was dragged to right in front of Wrath, who now leaned out and stared at her up close. Wrath was still smiling but there was madness in her eyes.

"I suggest you watch your tongue, child. I'm known for my temper. One little slip and I might find you become ashes already. I will regret my hasty act later, but it did happen from time to time. So, I think we can agree that we both prefer that to not happen, can't we?"

"Yes... Forgive me, Goddess Wrath," Red Death said.

Red Death was pushed back a little bit. Wrath leaned back on her crystal throne. "As I said, I don't forgive. Just make sure you remember to not have any more outbursts near me. Otherwise, it might cause an outburst from me as well."

Red Death nodded. "What can I do to claim my aunt's freedom?"

Instead of answering, Wrath said, "Do you want to know why I didn't just punish you like the others who came traipsing? Why you didn't join your aunt and the others up there inside another cage? It's because I sense something that I can understand inside of you. Under all that cold veneer, you have this rage. I can smell it! It's bottled rage, but in a consciously constructed bottle. Ready to be unleashed when needed and in a controlled amount based on the situation. I'm very impressed that a mortal like you can learn to control your rage so. Like many other things, rage is useful if you know how to use it."

Wrath laughed and stood up. "Well, that's the sentimental reason. The more practical reason is that something had invaded my lair not long ago. Something I need help dealing with."

Wrath walked on the lava pool and toward the edge of her island. She continued to walk even then. When her foot was stepping off the edge and into the empty air, a block of stone magically detached itself from the pillar underneath the island and became her stepping stone.

She continued doing the same, and more stepping stones came. The stones formed stairs going down.

She was talking as she descended, "You might be wondering. What can a weak mortal like you help against something that even a Goddess can't get rid of? Well, the truth is that it's not that I can't get rid of it. But by doing so, I might damage the place where this thing had made its lair. I don't want that. I need finesse."

They continued going down. Red Death followed helplessly as she was still held by the invisible force that kept her in the air and close to Wrath. The abyss seemed unending.

Red Death looked up and saw that the island they had descended from was so far above that it was but a speck. Which made no sense, they hadn't walked that long. How could they have covered such a distance?

When she looked back down, she found that they had reached a bigger stone island below. The cascading lava from above fell on this island and made another pool, before cascading down again. She still couldn't see the bottom of this place.

A stone bridge extended from this island to the cliff wall far ahead. Wrath was now taking Red Death walking on this bridge.

They arrived at an opening that was covered by a translucent layer. The wall around the opening was covered with frost. To be able to cause such a phenomenon inside an active volcano indicated whatever that was inside was no common thing.

"Inside there is my chamber. The thing that had made its home inside resisted my divine power and prevented me from entering," Wrath explained. "If I use brute force, I will need to expend an amount of energy that might cause a collapse to this place. As I said, I don't want that. Additionally, I can sense the energy the thing inside generated is more accommodating to outworlders. It let your kind enter without a problem. Considering the nature of this world, I don't find this strange..."

Her voice slightly trailed off during her last sentence. But she soon regained her composure and said to Red Death, "So, this is where you come in. Do you accept my request to drive out the thing inside?"

Red Death received a quest notification then. The quest was automatically accepted. She was not being given the chance to accept or reject. When she checked her quest page, she almost couldn't believe her eyes.

\*

Cleanse Wrath's chamber

Difficulty: SSS

Rewards: ???

Enter Wrath's chamber and drive out the force inside.

\*

"I'm going to be open with you. You are not the first adventurer that been given this request," Wrath said. "Most died. Some tried to flee, which of course, offended me. So, they are now up there in the cages with your aunt. If you succeed in this mission, I will free your aunt and then give you a little something extra... Perhaps."

Red Death felt the invisible force holding her disappeared. She could now move freely again.

"Off you go," Wrath gestured at the opening. "Unless of course, you want to spend your life inside a cage for eternity."

### **Chapter 989: An Ice Mountain**

"Oh, right. Almost forgot. Before you go. Here," Wrath said.

A full set of light armor equipment and a pair of daggers appeared before Red Death. From the look, they were set equipment.

Red Death used her Inspect and confirmed that the light armors were set equipment. All seven pieces of the equipment were from the Madness Raiment Set, and all of them were level 60 unique grade.

The two daggers were set weapons from Demon Tooth Set. They were also level 60 unique grades.

"Before you get too thrilled about this equipment. Do know that they have my mark," Wrath said. "If you die or if I wish it, they will return to me. So, consider them as loans. This equipment should help you better survive what's inside."

Red Death went and equipped them without hesitation. The armors and daggers all had crimson color. With her red hair, she was now fully in red.

"It suits you," Wrath remarked with a smile. "If you succeed, I might let you keep those gears."

Each of the unique-grade equipment boosted her attributes and defense. They also gave various life-saving abilities, a passive HP recovery, an immunity to freeze status, and high resistance against fire and ice elements.

One of the set effects even gave her an active buff skill, State of Madness. The skill's description informed that the skill would give her increased damage and attacking speed upon activation. The skill lasted two minutes.

The description also said that the angrier she was during the skill's active time, the higher the damage she inflicted. If she received a fatal hit during the skill, the skill would end but she would survive with 1 HP. The next hit she inflicted within three seconds would be increased by five times.

The Demon Tooth set weapons also gave her a powerful active skill. The skill was called Demon's Bite. The skill dealt 1000% dark damage which ignored defense. A successful hit also had the chance to cause Poison, Cursed, Rage, or Fear status effects.

His battle prowess was completely in another league after equipping these gears. She felt more confident. Even so, she knew this quest would still be very difficult.

"Can I call a helper?" Red Death asked.

"Do you mean an outworlder's companion? Sure, but you can only do it before you enter," Wrath said.

With the approval, Red Death used her companion token. Rayne appeared soon. Red Death had summoned him frequently during her travels when she encountered powerful foes. Rayne was also diligent in increasing his level after becoming Red Death's companion. He was level 72.

He was ready for a fight when Red Death called. But he saw only a woman in this place aside from Red Death and they didn't appear to be in conflict.

When his gaze landed on this other woman, his eyes couldn't help but go to the revealing part of the woman's body. In that instant, he immediately felt an indescribable pressure.

"Arrggh...!" He groaned as he was forced onto his knees.

"When a mortal man dared to look at me improperly, I normally dug his eyes out and then feed him to my pet," Wrath said. "You are lucky your companion still needs you, and I have a task for her."

Red Death sent Rayne a mental message describing the situation. Rayne's eyes went wide when she found out who the woman was. He kept his head low. He didn't dare to look in Wrath's direction anymore for fear that he might incur her displeasure.

"Wear this," Wrath said to Rayne. A red cloak materialized in front of him. The lower edge of the cloak seemed to be burning. Rayne was worried by the flame, but he then realized the burning was part of the cloak.

"Despite your impertinence, you need this if you are to be any use to your companion inside," Wrath said.

Her tone indicated slight impatience, so Rayne didn't dare to dally. He thanked her and equipped the cloak. The cloak was called Raging Fire Cloak. It gave him immunity to freeze and also high ice resistance. It also had an active ability, Ring of Fire. The ability was similar to Elementalist's Flame Shield, conjuring fire that revolved around the user for a duration, but with a more powerful effect. It also covered a larger radius than the Elementalist's Flame Shield.

"Now, go in. I will be waiting for good news," Wrath said. "Please understand that failure means death or eternal confinement. So, don't fail."

The two complied and walked into the opening. They passed through the translucent layer as if it was non-existent. When they came out to the other side, they were surprised to find themselves in an open landscape. It was a snowy field with a few frozen trees. Above them was a clear blue sky.

They looked around in disbelief. They were supposed to be inside a mountain. They looked back and saw the translucent portal they came through from. It was hanging in the air.

"Did we enter a dungeon?" Red Death asked.

Instead of answering, Rayne said, "Of all the times you have called me, this is the time I most regret to have become your companion. How the hell do you get involved with the Goddess of Wrath?"

"It doesn't matter. All we need to do is complete the task she gave," Red Death answered.

No matter how difficult this quest was, she was determined to complete it. Her aunt that was trapped inside one of Wrath's cages was none other than the true leader of Death Associates, Black Death.

Black Death had taken care of her ever since she was a teenager. When she was still a child, her mother took her abroad from the same hometown as Jack, but her mother passed away not long after due to an accident. Being alone in a foreign town, she learned to take care of herself.

She survived by thieving and was involved with gangsters until Wong noticed her martial talent. Wong took her in as his disciple. He gave her a place to live and taught her martial arts.

When she was a teenager, her aunt Clara found her. Clara had been searching for Cleo ever since she received the news of her older sister's death. Clara took her in and had taken care of her since then, but Cleo insisted to continue studying martial arts under Wong. She owed the grandmaster, after all.

Clara didn't object. Instead, she moved into the same town as Wong so that she could look after Cleo. She was a professional gamer so she could work from anywhere as long as there was an internet connection.

She had just started Death Associates at the time. Seeing how good Cleo was with martial arts, she invited Cleo to join the gaming community. Cleo was a smart girl. She quickly learned the ropes and became an expert gamer in no time. She even invited some of the gangsters she used to hang out with to join. Together, they developed the guild into one of the largest guilds in the gaming community.

Cleo's relationship with her aunt was not shallow. Other than Wong, Clara was the one she owed her life. She wouldn't mind risking her life now to secure her aunt's freedom.

"Let's go!" She uttered and started walking forward.

"Do you know where to go?" Rayne asked. He was uncertain about this quest, but he still followed her.

"Whatever is causing this has the ice element. The mana in this direction felt colder. We will follow the cold," Red Death answered.

Despite his high level, Rayne wasn't one of the natives who could sense mana. But he did know the concept. He had known that Red Death was one of the outworlders that had mana sense. Aside from her connection with Rhemos, this mana sense ability was the other reason why he was willing to be Red Death's companion.

They walked for some time. The terrain seemed desolate. Other than the frozen trees and the snow, there seemed to be nothing else. However, Rayne knew they were going the right way. Because he could feel the air getting colder and colder.

Despite the cold, the two were fine due to their equipment. Both of their equipment provided high ice resistance. Hence, the cold didn't hinder their mobility.

They felt like they had been walking for hours. They couldn't know the time for sure. The sky also didn't seem to change. There was no sun, just a clear blue sky. They saw nothing until they spotted an ice mountain in the distance.

The cold mana that Red Death sensed continued to lead them toward that ice mountain. As they got nearer, the mountain moved.

The two abruptly stopped in their paths.

The two sides of the mountain broke apart. It was then getting taller. It then turned around and the two saw a face staring down at them.

What they thought to be a mountain was instead an extremely colossal ice golem, and this golem was aware of their presence. It was staring down at Red Death and Rayne. Its expression was not friendly.

It then lifted one of its legs before bringing its massive foot on top of them. It intended to stomp them flat into the ground.

#### **Chapter 990: Scaling a Moving Ice Mountain**

The colossal ice golem looked slow, but when the foot came, it was very fast. Luckily, both Red Death and Rayne were fast-moving classes. They jumped and rolled in different directions as the massive foot stomped where they stood a moment ago.

The ground cracked open from the force of the stomp. Ice dust filled the air.

Red Death tried using her Inspect on the golem but failed. All she managed to get was the golem's name, Ice Titan.

The ice titan saw that its stomp had failed to hit the two. Its fist now came down.

Red Death saw the titan was targeting her. The gigantic fist came down from heaven to where she was running to. She immediately made a sharp turn before the fist slammed onto the ground.

Rayne made a throwing motion. Five flying knives flew up and struck the head of the titan. The head was low enough because it bent down when it punched the ground. Although Rayne was mostly assassin-based, he also had a few skills from Hidden Weapon Specialists.

The five flying knives just bounced off the titan's hard skin. A small damage number appeared above the titan's head. Rayne's sharp eyes could see the faraway numbers, which demoralized him. Each hit from the flying knives only caused 1 point of damage.

The flying knives didn't attract any of the titan's attention, it was still focusing on Red Death. The arm it just used to punch was now sweeping along the icy ground, scraping all the snow. The hand was chasing after Red Death.

The titan's lower arm was flat on the ground during the sweeping motion. It covered a very wide area. Whether Red Death ran to the left or right, it was not enough to escape the arm's reach. Hence, she jumped upward when the arm almost got her.

She lost the double jump ability after exchanging her original unique boots with the set equipment given by Wrath. But one of the abilities from this set equipment enhanced her jump, enabling her to jump even higher than a normal assassin.

Her enhanced jump allowed her to escape the titan's arm, but she saw the titan's other hand come from the opposite direction. Its opened large palm was bigger than her body and it was right beside her.

"Red...!" Rayne called worriedly when he saw the titan's hand clenched around Red Death's figure who was in the air, but his mental connection with her informed him that she was all right.

The titan opened its clenched hand but Red Death was not there. Red Death had used Vanish just as the titan's hand was about to grab her. She teleported away and was now in invisible mode.

She sent Rayne a mental message to distract the titan.

"Distract? For what?!" Rayne asked, but Red Death didn't answer.

There was no need for Rayne to create a distraction. With Red Death being invisible, its attention was now on Rayne.

"Shit!" Rayne uttered when he saw the titan stand back up. It took a step. Its foot was aiming for Rayne.

Rayne immediately ran away. The titan chased after him step after step.

When the two were focusing on one another, Red Death was following the titan from behind. She appeared again when she used a skill. A non-standard skill that could be learned by any ranger basic class, Grappling Hook. The skill shot a rope that could attach to any surface and pull the user toward the object it attached to. At the first level, the rope was 30 meters long, its cooldown was 20 seconds.

The grappling hook attached itself to the back of the titan's knee before pulling Red Death up. Red Death used her daggers and stabbed them into the titan's icy skin to allow her to cling to the leg. She was glad that Wrath had given her these unique-grade daggers. If it was still her old daggers, she was not confident that it could pierce the titan's hard ice skin.

Even though the daggers managed to penetrate the titan's skin, the resulting damage was still only 1 HP damage. The titan similarly didn't feel these stabs. It continued to chase after Rayne. It was oblivious that Red Death was on its leg.

Seeing that the titan didn't show any response, Red Death pulled out one dagger and stabbed it at a higher part of the leg. She alternated between her two arms and slowly made her way up the titan's leg.

But it was easier said than done. The titan constantly moved around. Red Death had to make sure that her stab was deep enough so that she could continue to cling to the titan even with all those shakings. The titan's skin was also hard like stone, making her feel like she was climbing an actual mountain instead of a living creature. If anyone ever climbed a steep mountain during an earthquake, this should feel like that.



There was a time when the titan made a sudden twisting movement to give Rayne a hard punch. This sudden movement caused Red Death to lose her grasp. Luckily, her grappling hook was off cooldown and she used it in the air to get back to the titan's body.

She was more careful then and tried to predict when the titan was attempting any large move. She would then stay still and prioritize holding on to the titan's body.

Carefully, she made her way up slowly. She was now on the upper waist part. When she was still climbing, she caught movements from a few icy layers on the titan's back.

She was unsure at first because the titan was constantly moving, but then these icy layers grew legs. She could see then that what she saw were some sort of ice bugs clinging to the titan's body. These ice bugs were now crawling toward her.

"Damnit!" She uttered. She used her Inspect and found that these ice bugs were level 65 special elites.

They were not a problem to her in a normal situation. But with her having to stay clinging onto the titan, these bugs were now huge problems.

Red Death saw six of these ice bugs crawling toward her. She kept one of her daggers inside the titan's body while the other dagger was ready to deal with the incoming bugs. Her fast movement which was her edge was now nullified in the current situation. She had to fight while staying still and with only one hand.

Luckily, the bugs didn't seem to have any ranged capabilities. They came and attacked using their mouths, which were filled with sharp teeth. She stabbed the incoming bugs who tried to bite her with her fast-stabbing motion. She aimed at their mouths, deflecting their attacks as well as damaging them since her damage power was higher. The demon tooth in his hand granted large damage points.

With six bugs circling her, she was unable to fend off every attack, though. Some managed to bite her. Each bite of these bugs delivered ice damage and had a chance to cause freeze status. Luckily, aside from providing high defense, Wrath's set gears also gave her immunity to freeze and resistance to the ice element. This allowed her to tank these bugs' attacks even when she was not a tank-type class.

She didn't just stay passive, though. She used Combat Clone. Her copy appeared behind one of the bugs that encircled her. This copy used the same gears as hers. The copy similarly stabbed one dagger to the titan's skin and then used the other dagger to stab the bug from behind.

The static battle went on for some time. Red Death and her clone managed to kill one bug with their coordinated attack, but Red Death's own HP kept on decreasing. Even though her unique set armor gave her very high defense, resistance, and passive HP recovery, she was still an outworlder with a class that generally had low HP.

When her HP fell to almost one-third, she waited for when the titan seemed to calm down and didn't do any sharp movement. She then used Phase Strike. She disappeared and reappeared at an upper elevation behind one of the ice bugs.

After completing her strike, she landed on the bug and sat on it. She first drank a recovery potion, before unleashing most of her melee skills on that bug, bringing its HP down rapidly.

When the titan moved again, she quickly pierced her one dagger into the titan's skin for a handhold again. In this way, he slowly wore down the ice bugs' HP. When his Phase Strike was still on cooldown, she used her non-standard skill, Back Shift, which had a similar effect.

With her porting around, some of the bugs started to shift their attention to her clone, allowing her a breather. Since her clone could not use any skills or drink potions, her clone fared worse than her. When the ice bugs were down to two, her clone also died.

But then she noticed something strange, the titan had stopped moving. She also received a mental warning from Rayne.

Red Death turned to where the titan's head was and saw the titan's two large blue eyes staring back at her.

Due to the long battle with the ice bugs, the ice titan was now aware of her existence on its body!