

Chapter 13

The afro-haired girl was the most formidable of the group. Once her troops were obliterated, the others had no resistance left, and Jack relentlessly pursued them, swiftly clearing them out.

"This is not fair! You only won because of your tricks and schemes!" The haughty girl stood up, her face flushed with anger. She believed Jack had only won through deception.

The afro-haired girl also shot Jack a furious glare, clearly not accepting her defeat.

Meanwhile, the atmosphere in Skyburst Gaming Cafe was electric, with cheers and applause filling the air.

Jack smirked, the corner of his mouth twitching. "Try again, if you are not satisfied with the outcome," he said.

The afro-haired girl's team put on their headphones, preparing for another round.

This time, they knew Jack was a master of deception, so they played cautiously, constantly watching for tricks.

But Jack had anticipated this, knowing they would treat him like a thief. He switched up his strategy, and once again, the classic strategies of deception and warfare proved to be a treasure trove of tactics.

In this round, Jack employed a mix of clever tactics like misdirection to disguise his true intentions, feints to divert the enemy's attention, and subtle maneuvers to exploit hidden pathways. He also used provocations to force premature actions from them and used lures to draw powerful opponents away from key positions.

Under this barrage of clever tactics, the poor enemy was left reeling and spinning in circles. By the end, they were so disoriented they started attacking their own teammates.

This time, after losing, the opponents were too stunned to say anything.

They knew Jack's deceptive nature and still couldn't win. It was an intellectual crushing defeat.

Physical shortcomings such as height, weight, and hand speed could all be honed with practice. But there was no way to train anyone to outsmart someone like Jack.

"One more round. This time, we're switching players," the leader of the group, Zane Cross, suddenly said.

Zane added, "If you win this one, I'll call you 'master' today. Whatever you ask of me, I'll do it without question."

The chubby guy was shocked. "Zane, you..."

The two girls were equally stunned. Having grown up with Zane in the same neighborhood, they knew his pride well.

But now, to acknowledge Jack as their superior and gamble on the outcome, it wasn't about any real loss, but the dignity he would lose in doing so was more important than anything else.

Clearly, the two previous rounds had left Zane burning with frustration.

"Sure." Jack smiled slightly, confidence oozing from him.

"Leo, Timothy, you're up," Zane demanded.

The new players were Leo Marks and Timothy Dalton, replacing the chubby guy and the haughty girl. It was obvious from their demeanor that they were no slouches, and the switch immediately made a noticeable difference.

This time, the enemies changed their tactics. Instead of rushing to eliminate Jack, they focused on wiping out the three tanks before targeting Jack.

Clearly, the two new players had professional-level skills, and Wesley's team stood no chance.

"Damn! Jack, help us! They're about to wipe us out!" Wesley yelled in frustration.

"Help me! My base is gone!" one of them screamed in panic.

"Ugh! My clans! How did they level it with cannons?" another yelled, his voice filled with disbelief.

But in front of Jack, they were still no match.

As their forces surrounded Jack, Jack the "freak" calmly revealed his quietly developed level five army and crushed them under his might.

It was at that moment they realized how utterly pathetic they were in the face of overwhelming strength.

"You're insane!" Wesley exclaimed, watching Jack effortlessly wielding his army like a sword, cutting down enemies with a grace that made him want to bow down in reverence.

And it only got worse. After repelling the enemy, Jack wasn't in a rush to strike them down. Instead, he focused on rapidly advancing his technology, intending to max out his army and use the nuclear bombs to bring "peace" to enemies' clan.

The enemies seemed to have caught on to Jack's plan, desperately attempting to harass him. But every time they organized a coalition, Jack's brutal forces shattered them.

They couldn't win the fight, yet they couldn't overpower Jack in the battle. And what was worse was that their development was lagging behind.

They knew they were going to lose, but Jack wasn't in a hurry to kill them. Instead, Jack aimed to torment them, play with them, and completely crush them.

It was a kind of torture that made the afro-haired girl and Zane Cross feel like they were in hell.

Finally, when the enemy's forces reached level eight, Jack reached the max level of twelve.

In Jack's clan, the skies were filled with massive spacecraft, the seas with enormous aircraft carriers and submarines, and the land was dominated by towering steel fortresses and endless world wonders.

And then came the onslaught, like a hurricane, devastating everything in its path. The enemy was crushed into dust.

When the final guided weapon launched, releasing a nuclear bomb with an explosive yield of billions, it nearly obliterated the entire map. The enemies were reduced to nothing.

When the nuclear explosion erupted, Jack had named it "World Emperor." The scene was so intense it felt like the computer's graphics card might burn out.

Those watching were left in stunned silence.

This kind of overwhelming abuse was downright savage. Jack was unbelievably ruthless, almost inhuman at this point.

"Impossible... H-How could we lose?" one of the opponents muttered.

The two backup players, still stunned, were in disbelief. What they didn't know was that one of the players, Timothy Dalton, was a professional Skybound Wars player, among the best in the city.

He'd been invited by Zane to help out for fun, never expecting to be so thoroughly dominated by Jack.

In fact, Jack's skills were good enough to enter the professional scene.

After the enemies were crushed, Jack turned his gaze to Zane. "Now, Zane, call me 'master.'"

The afro-haired girl and the others all turned to look at Zane.

The haughty girl wanted to defend him, but when she thought about Jack's domineering and brutal sweep of the battle field earlier, there was nothing to criticize.

She could only shut her mouth, fuming with frustration.

"Master," Zane muttered, his face filled with humiliation and resentment.

"Remember. From now on, you'll have to call me 'master' whenever you see me. Understand?" Jack said with a teasing grin.

Zane gritted his teeth in anger, but there was no rebuttal he could offer.

Jack enjoyed the moment but didn't press the mockery further. He gave a casual wave and stood up, heading toward the pool hall.

"Damn, Jack! That was amazing! You were incredible today. I'm so impressed!" Wesley and Eddie followed Jack closely, their faces full of awe.

The three of them arrived at the pool table to unwind after being cooped up in front of the computer for so long.

Suddenly, the door to the pool hall opened, and a group of good-looking men and appealing women walked in.

Wesley's eyes brightened. "Hey, it's Feena!"

Sure enough, Feena was among them.

Although Feena was undoubtedly the most dazzling among the group, the rest of them had an elegant aura.

The men were mostly very handsome, and the women were all stunningly beautiful with fair skin, turning heads wherever they went.

A few of them even carried guitars or violins on their backs, probably fellow musicians like Feena.

"Hi Feena, what brings you here?" Eddie called out from a distance.

Having a friend like Feena was definitely something to be proud of.

Feena flashed a sweet smile. "They are my seniors. They're visiting Perth City, and I'm just keeping them company."

She then turned her gaze to Jack and Wesley, hesitated for a moment, and nodded slightly, offering a brief greeting.

Although they had been childhood friends, ever since Jack's confession had been rejected, an invisible barrier had formed between Feena and him.

"Feena, these are your friends?" one of the men asked with a haughty tone.

"Yes." Feena nodded, considering how best to introduce her friends. "They're all my high school classmates."

After a moment, she felt a little embarrassed and added, "This is Jack. He has an amazing voice."

"Really?" The good-looking guy gave Jack a casual glance, his eyes sweeping over him. He then let out a slight, dismissive chuckle.