

Second World #Chapter 1761 1761. A Duel of Vengeance - Read Second World Chapter 1761 1761. A Duel of Vengeance

Chapter 1761 Chapter 1761. A Duel of Vengeance

"Get away from her!" David yelled as he shot at Abasi while rushing forward. Abasi used his giant axe as a shield to parry the shots.

"Halt!" Jeanny motioned for David to stop. She then said to David, "I will fight him. You go ahead and aid the others."

"What? Why? We will defeat him faster if we work together," David argued.

"I have a history with this one. There is no need to worry. I won't lose."

Abasi grunted when he heard Jeanny's statement.

Jeanny took out her companion badge and summoned Garuda. The eaglefolk warrior appeared next to her. She gave the eaglefolk the command to follow David.

David was unwilling to leave. He didn't want to part with Jeanny so soon after reuniting. He wanted to be here to protect her, but he saw the steely expression on her face. He decided to respect her wish.

"Be careful," David said.

Jeanny simply nodded in response. Her eyes never left Abasi. David resummoned his steed and rode forward with Garuda following him closely from the air. Now, there were only Jeanny and Abasi on the lonely street.

"It's unlike an orc to ambush someone. Aren't you going to give me your war declaration?" Jeanny said when Abasi remained still.

"The battle had already started some time ago. There is no need for a declaration," Abasi returned. "Certainly not to you."

"I faced and defeated Abdu in a proper battle."

"You ganged up on him!" Abasi shouted.

"It was a battle. We outnumber him. What do you expect? Propose him a duel?" Jeanny shot back.

"I'm proposing one to you now. A duel to the death! Do you accept, outworlder?" Abasi pointed his giant axe at Jeanny.

Jeanny used her Inspect. Abasi was level 82. He was four levels higher than her, but he was just a rare elite. Considering she was equipped with two legendary equipment. A spear and a chest armor. That should be enough to cover the level gap. Additionally, she had martial arts and mana expertise. Fighting Abasi shouldn't be a problem.

However, Abasi was considered strong even among natives with the same level and grade. Additionally, Abasi had been Long's companion for quite some time. The orc certainly should have picked up some martial arts from Long.

Jeanny twirled her spear and said, "If that is what you want. I accept. Let us fight with honor!"

"Hmph!" Abasi grunted. "Seeing you outworlder pretending to know honor is making me sick!"

Abasi jumped a good distance back before charging forward with abnormal speed. The air around him seemed to burn following his charge. The fire generated from his charge became more compact with each step he took until he was completely covered in flames. What Jeanny saw by the time Abasi was close was a flaming meteor.

Jeanny wasn't intimidated by the display, she thrust her spear forward. Golden energy blanketed her spear as it turned into a giant energy drill. Jeanny rushed forward with her Heavenly Spear Drill.

The energy drill and the flaming meteor crashed into one another. The two went into a stalemate for a few seconds as sparks and screeching sounds were produced following their friction.

The standoff lasted until a loud bang was heard when the two skills destroyed each other. Jeanny and Abasi recoiled from the force but both of them were determined to not retreat.

Abasi stomped his feet onto the ground and pushed his body back in Jeanny's direction. Crimson tattoos covered his body as his stats surged.

Jeanny stabbed the bladeless end of her spear into the ground and also forcefully pushed herself forward. The spear in her hand turned into a blur as she used Hundred Spears. Uncountable spears generated by her skill aimed at the multiple weak points in Abasi's body.

But before these spears could pierce their targets, flashes of axes clanged into them. Abasi was as if surrounded by flashes of axe swinging at a rapid state. Each swing swept tens of Jeanny's thrust. None of her thrusts could hit Abasi.

This was the martial art Long taught Abasi, Vicious Rapid Axe. Relying on this martial art, Abasi could fight at an even ground against Four Winds whose Starlight Field had caused headaches to many of his opponents. Abasi practiced hard to master this martial art. His degree of mastery did not lose to those who had trained for years.

Their two weapons clashed hundreds of times in the span of a minute. Neither was willing to let up.

Jeanny was secretly surprised. She expected Abasi to learn martial arts from Long, but not this well. This was the first time she fought a native with such a deep level of martial arts. Not only that, she could sense that each of Abasi's swings was powered by mana manipulation. In terms of martial expertise, Abasi didn't lose to her. He must have trained truly hard to reach this level in such a short time.

Despite her astonishment, she wasn't willing to lose. Her Hundred Spears didn't stop. Though her thrusts seemed random, each thrust was carried out with perfect control. The thrusts were mixed with feints and misdirection.

Abasi found it harder to block her stabs as time passed. It was to the point that he took an involuntary step back. That one step made Abasi grit his teeth. It was shameful to retreat from his fated opponent. He pitied the fact that he had used many of his big skills when facing Four Winds earlier. Some of those big skills were still on cooldown.

Nevertheless, he was not planning to give up. He roared and forced himself forward. His axe swings became faster and more ferocious. Due to his forceful advance, he failed to block some of Jeanny's thrusts but he didn't care. He swung and swung. His axe was now bursting into flames, bolstering his power. It was Jeanny's turn to be forced to take a step back.

Unlike Abasi, she wasn't stubborn. If she had to back away, then she backed away. There was no shame in tactical retreat. She studied Abasi's swings as she took another step back. Her Hundred Spears consumed her stamina with each stab. She couldn't sustain the skill indefinitely.

She didn't need to. After clashing for so long, she had caught Abasi's rhythm.

When Abasi's swing was at its fullest, she canceled her skill and switched to using her spear art, Seven Spears Assaulting Heaven. Her spears stabbed with unbelievable speed six rapid times. Each stab hit the same spot on Abasi's axe.

Abasi's axe was at its weakest momentum. Hence, it was unable to resist the force from Jeanny's spear art. Abasi's arm holding the axe was swept sideways. His side was fully opened.

Jeanny didn't waste the opportunity. She followed up with another thrust using her special class skill, Brave Thrust.

Chapter 1762 Chapter 1762. Spear Against Axe

Jeanny's Brave Thrust let loose a piercing golden light that traveled forward. This golden light penetrated Abasi's chest and shot out from his back. Abasi gritted his teeth and prevented himself from screaming out in pain. He lost a good deal of HP from the thrust.

When Jeanny tried to retract her spear, she found she was unable to. Abasi had grabbed her spear. Under the Enhanced Berserk, Abasi was especially strong. Jeanny couldn't budge her spear.

While Jeanny's weapon was disabled, Abasi swung his giant axe with one hand. The axe conjured a giant flaming axe image.

Jeanny reacted by kicking Abasi's axe-wielding arm. Her foot connected with the wrist, stopping his swing. The giant axe was stopped, but the flaming axe image was not. It was a skill that activated when Abasi started swinging. Even when Abasi's real swing was stopped, the assault from the skill continued.

The flaming axe image struck Jeanny. She was thrown backward from the impact, but her body failed to move away because Abasi still held her spear.

Abasi made another slash while Jeanny was still reeling. It was just a standard attack but it was damaging enough.

Abasi made his third slash. Jeanny had recovered enough by then. She used Domain of Spears. Numerous spears thrust out of the ground, hitting Abasi. At the same time, her leg went up and stopped Abasi mid-swing again. This time, the swing was a standard attack so nothing hit her. Her feet continued and struck the side of Abasi's temple.

When Abasi was staggered by her kick, she used one hand to make a series of quick finger stabs at Abasi's pressure points. As she landed her finger stabs, she was surprised to find a layer of energy prevented her finger stabs from completely penetrating those pressure points. The protective layer was not a skill. It was mana manipulation. She was again astonished by Abasi's mastery of martial arts.

She received another slash. Players didn't have as high an HP as natives. Her HP bar was down to below half after those three slashes. Abasi made a fourth swing, which at the same time conjured five flaming shadowy axes.

Even though Jeanny failed to completely penetrate Abasi's pressure points, he was still somehow affected. Jeanny could feel Abasi's grip on her spear slightly weakened. She used Beacon of Hope. Her lost HP recovered and she received a boost in power.

Her boost was not as absurd as Jack's Strength of Hope, but it was enough for her current situation. She heaved with all her strength. Her spear tore out of Abasi's grip.

She backflipped just before the five flaming shadowy axes rained down on her. Those axes missed her and struck the ground, leaving flaming marks.

Abasi wasn't willing to let Jeanny go. He used Jump Assault. His jump covered a long distance. He arrived above Jeanny in a split second.

Jeanny was aware of the attack. She performed the footsteps of eight diagram illusory steps. She sidestepped out of harm's way as Abasi's giant flaming axe came cleaving from above. She didn't just evade. While sidestepping, her body spun. Her spear followed her spin, making a wide swing that counterattacked Abasi by hitting the back of his knees just as he landed.

Abasi's knees buckled from the strike. Jeanny didn't waste the opportunity. She sidestepped again to Abasi's back while sending fast stabs at his weak points. When Abasi tried to swing at her, her stab hit his arm and stopped his swing. Abasi tried to turn to face her, but she deftly switched her position to stay at his back while sending stabs to limit his movements.

Her precise technique allowed her to control Abasi's movements, turning the flow of combat in her favor. Abasi's HP was steadily ground without him having the chance to retaliate. This frustrated the orc warlord a great deal.

He expressed his frustration by slamming his great axe into the ground. The slam was one of his big skills that just came off cooldown. The ground cracked and a localized earthquake was produced. This earthquake dealt earth damage to Jeanny and unbalanced her. She could no longer maintain her perfect control of Abasi.

Abasi swung backward and used another skill. A flaming tornado erupted right from below Jeanny. She was thrown into the sky while being whirled around in the tornado, all the while receiving fire damage. She activated her wings tool. With her strength boosted by the Beacon of Hope, she tore away from the tornado.

Once she was free, she used Radiant Javelin. Ten javelins appeared. She threw these ten Javelins at Abasi while flying in the sky.

Abasi also had a wings tool. He spread his wings while using martial arts to deflect all the javelins. He then took to the sky and chased after Jeanny.

Jeanny lost HP again from the earlier two skills, but her Beacon of Hope was still active. It gave her increased HP recovery, even if not as much as Grace's Generosity of Hope. She flew with evasive maneuvers while letting her HP slowly recover.

"Coward!" Abasi shouted in frustration because Jeanny kept on evading him.

Jeanny wasn't taunted. She chose to fight smart. She didn't have high HP pool like Abasi. Every HP counted. She only clashed with Abasi when he almost caught up.

When her HP had refilled to around seventy percent, she turned back and reengaged Abasi. She used Spears of the Legionnaires. Ten golden spears appeared around her and thrust at Abasi accompanied by her stab.

"You are not the only one with this trick!" Abasi roared.

Ten flaming axes appeared around him. Different than the five shadowy axes from before, these tens weren't a one-time assault. The ten flaming axes revolved around him and struck the golden spears that came.

Spears and Axes clashed endlessly while Jeanny and Abasi exchanged multiple moves in the sky. Jeanny's control was better but Abasi was more ferocious. Each of his strikes was delivered with the determination to end Jeanny's life. Jeanny remained calm despite the intimidation. She made use of Abasi's reckless style and ended up landing more hits on him than he on her.

Chapter 1763 Chapter 1763. The Seventh Spear

As their weapons and the floating weapons around them clashed endlessly, an additional floating weapon appeared. This was Jeanny's spirit weapon, the skill that Jeanny gained from using the universal technique book.

As a spirit weapon of a legendary-grade weapon, it was different from a normal spirit weapon. It wasn't as special as Spark, of course. Jeanny's spirit weapon looked like a spear but with a distinctive look. It had the body of a spear with four extruding arms that ended with smaller spears. After the main body performed a stab, the four smaller spears made follow-up thrusts, effectively delivering five rapid stabs with each attack.

Abasi was already having trouble keeping up with Jeanny's well-controlled stabs. Adding the spirit weapon, he received even more hits. Abasi roared in fury and activated Unrestrained Rage. His eyes turned red. A red aura swirled around his body. All the damage he had suffered made him stronger.

With one powerful swing, he smashed the golden spears and Jeanny's spirit weapon to the side. He then made a forceful lunge at her.

Jeanny didn't panic. She had prepared when she saw the red aura on Abasi's body. Her spear engaged Abasi's powerful cleave. When the two weapons touched, there was no clanking sound. Jeanny's spear didn't fight the axe's momentum. It spun around it instead. The spinning became faster with each passing second.

Jeanny was flying backward as her spear spun around Abasi's axe. Abasi felt like all the power he exerted into his swing had fallen into a bottomless sea. He also couldn't retract his swing. His axe was sucked by Jeanny's spear movement which had turned into a vortex. Even the flames of his axe were doused by this vortex.

Jeanny's Engulfing Vortex had undergone a great improvement after she learned to execute it using mana manipulation. With one heave, the momentum from the vortex threw Abasi down. Abasi was helpless in fighting the force despite his increased strength. The engulfing vortex used his own strength against him. This was as if he was fighting both Jeanny and himself.

While Abasi was unbalanced from the throw, Jeanny made a stab downward using the active skill of her legendary spear. The skill was called World-ending Stab. It was a ranged skill that dealt high physical damage.

Abasi felt a sting within his heart. A split second later, a sharp energy burst out of his chest. He screamed from the agony.

Jeanny didn't let up. She followed up with a combo using Heaven Spear. The image of a large spear fell from the sky and impaled Abasi. The thrust sent him crashing down to the ground.

Jeanny landed on the ground a few meters away from Abasi. Abasi was in a terrible state. His HP was below thirty percent. He was shaking as he rose. The World-ending Stab had caused a wound inside him.

"Give it up! You have lost," Jeanny exclaimed.

Abasi spat on the ground. He tightened the grips of his giant axe. "A duel to the death! Remember?!"

Jeanny creased her forehead. If it was up to her, she preferred not to kill Abasi. Despite them always being on conflicting sides, she respected Abdu and Abasi. They were battle-hardened warriors with unquenchable fighting spirits, but she guessed it was the same fighting spirit that compelled them to be unwilling to accept defeat even if they died.

Jeanny also tightened the grip on her spear. She took a stance with her spear's sharp end pointed in Abasi's direction. If he wasn't willing to give up, she could only respect his mettle by giving him her best.

"Graahhh...!!!" Abasi uttered a sky-splitting roar as he rushed forward.

The roar was empowered by mana manipulation. Any normal opponent would have been destabilized, but Jeanny was no normal opponent. Instead of being knocked off balance by the roar, she closed her eyes and emptied her mind. The deafening roar faded into nothingness.

During her time in captivity, she was unable to level up. All she could do was train her spear art and mana manipulation. As a result, her control of mana manipulation had undergone an upgrade. She was now focusing her mana on her spear. The mana

circled around her spear and her body, forming a synchronized link. The sensation gave her the feeling of being one with her spear.

She relied entirely on her mana sense to detect her enemy. Her mana sense informed her that Abasi was rushing toward her. In her mind's eye, Abasi moved in slow motion. She could see every detail of his movement. Her mana reached out from the tip of her spear toward Abasi who was on his way. Her mana touched Abasi's mana. She could feel how turbulent his mana was. How full of rage. So furious was Abasi that he didn't notice that his mana was forming a link with Jeanny's.

Domon's words reverberated in Jeanny's mind. Spear was the king of weapons. When a spear thrust, it was to penetrate its opponent without a doubt. With this mantra, she thrust her spear forward.

What she performed was the final stage of her Seven Spears Assaulting Heaven, the seventh spear. The mana link she had established on her opponent guided her spear. It went straight to the target as if a guided missile.

The spear thrust as if it was a single stab, but it was actually seven extremely rapid stabs, all hitting the exact same spot.

Jeanny's spear struck when Abasi had only started swinging. His axe stopped midway, and so did his advance.

The spot that Jeanny hit was Abasi's throat. At the moment, there was a huge hole in that throat. Jeanny's spear art had caused a wound in Abasi's body which was normally only possible from a high-level skill.

Abasi made several steps back as blood poured out of the gaping hole. The HP bar above him rapidly decreased with each passing moment until it finally hit zero.

A well-placed wound could instantly kill a native even when the native's HP bar was still full. This was proven when the Eldritch Beholder killed Katili Strongbone, one of Verremor's war chiefs, with a single hit. Even if Abasi's HP bar wasn't so low, it was possible that he still died.

Abasi remained standing despite his zero HP. He stayed like that for a few more seconds before falling to his knees. His eyes were still staring furiously at Jeanny. After his knees gave in, he fell forward with his face hitting the ground. Several loots fell beside his body.

Jeanny sighed. There was sadness in her heart. The father and son of two warriors had died at her hands. If only things were different...

She didn't let this trouble her for long. She picked up Abasi's loot. After gazing at the orc's body another moment, she summoned her hippogriff and mounted it. The battle had not yet ended.

Chapter 1764 Chapter 1764. Joining the Battle of the Heavyweights

Not long after the World Maker members and their allies started disappearing from the battlefield. The native soldiers heard the notification that the throne in the palace was under attack. Soon after that, they heard a notification that the Themisphere country had successfully destroyed their throne. This country was now under the subjugation of Themisphere.

The management of Ligiritudum and a majority of its settlements had fallen under Themisphere's control, but its soldiers were not. This was because the previous sovereign was still alive.

This situation put the Ligiritudum soldiers into great confusion, though. Master was nowhere to be found, so they didn't have anyone to turn to. Even the officers in high positions were unsure of what to do. Should they surrender? Should they keep on fighting?

Because of this, the resistance the Allied forces faced from the remnants of the Ligiritudum soldiers was greatly lessened. Some started to break away from the fight and flee. Some threw down their weapons and surrendered. The Allied forces could better concentrate on fighting the remaining enemies.

These remaining enemies were the players, the zombie army, the beholder's brood, and Azzarilth's brood. This group didn't have the same confusion as the native soldiers. They continued fighting ferociously.

The zombie troops were almost routed at this stage. Their number wasn't as noteworthy compared to during the war in Hydrurond. The same could be said about the players who supported Ligiritudum. When they finally noticed World Maker was gone, they started retreating from the battlefield.

The eldritch beholder was summoned by Master using the contract stone. It had nothing to do with Ligiritudum.

Azzarilth might be Ligiritudum's country guardian but that position didn't have much influence on her. The world system was unable to instill a sense of belonging to her even after she became Ligiritudum's country guardian. This was probably due to her chaotic mind. Her purpose right now was to hurt Broidrireg, so it didn't matter who was in charge of Ligiritudum.

The number the Allied forces had to fight against had shrunk. Nevertheless, it was still not a walk in the park, especially against Azzarilth's brood. Each of the obsidian

dragons was a force to be reckoned with. The players who fought the dragons felt like they were fighting a high-level boss from a dungeon.

Jack didn't stay idle after destroying the throne. He flew out to aid his troops. His clones had already run out of duration by then, so he flew high into the sky to see the overall situation.

After studying the scene, he thought the situation was still manageable. They should win as long as nothing untoward happened. The eldritch beholder was on her last legs. When she fell, her brood would scatter.

The problem was the obsidian dragons. It would take some time to eradicate them. He looked up to where the three dragons were tussling. If Azzarilth could be defeated, it would no doubt expedite their victory. Same with the beholder's brood, those obsidian dragons should scatter and become common monsters in the wilderness if Azzarilth fell.

But if the coin tossed in the other direction, which was if Azzarilth won, then they would be in deep shit. He doubted anyone in his allied forces could face a being who defeated two lords of the dragons simultaneously. From this assessment, the battle of those three true dragons would be the deciding factor of this war.

With that thought, he flew in those dragons' direction.

"Are you insane?" Peniel scolded. "Not only have you lost your divine skill, but many of your big skills are still on cooldown."

"I will just act as a diversion to give those two the chance to win," Jack said.

Peniel shook her head. She knew she wouldn't be able to change Jack's mind once he had decided on a course of action, no matter how foolish she thought that action might be.

Seeing Peniel's worried face, Jack said, "Don't worry. I can still use my beast form. Plus, I still have one divine skill, the Strength of Hope. I haven't used those skills yet since using Reset."

"I doubt those skills can protect you," Peniel argued.

"If I just play evasion, I should be able to manage."

"The Strength of Hope only last half an hour. The beast form is even shorter. What will you do once they end?" Peniel asked.

"We will cross that bridge when we come to it," Jack replied.

Peniel shook her head again.

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"Dieee...!!" Eoranth lunged while swiping his claw, which left a mark in the air as if the air was cut.

Yet, his claw hit only an afterimage. Azzarilth shifted to his side using Shadow Flash. Her tail swung and hit the back of Eoranth's head before he could turn. The powerful tail slap sent him tumbling.

Broidrireg was also busy. Azzarilth could use Spectral Projection again. This spectral projection was chasing him. Broidrireg's lengthy body swerved around as he nimbly dodged the spectral projection's claws. He could cast spells again. He had been casting fast spells and sent them to Azzarilth's real body, but Azzarilth mostly ignored those spells. The spells caused her damage but it was not meaningful.

When Azzarilth's brood arrived, Broidrireg and Eoranth thought she would call her brood to come over and help her. Instead, her brood attacked the armies inside the capital. It was probably because she wanted to hurt Broidrireg not just by defeating him, but also by destroying the things he cared about. She knew that Broidrireg was Themisphere's country guardian. If that country lost the war, Broidrireg would suffer.

Eoranth was angered by Azzarilth's act. This was like saying she didn't need her brood's help to defeat the two of them. She was underestimating them. She had the justification for that, though. Because even after fighting together for so long, the two still couldn't beat her.

While evading the spectral projection's attacks, Broidrireg looked for an opportunity to cast a stronger spell. He found the opportunity when he feigned a mistake and tricked the spectral projection into making a large swing. After skillfully dodging that swing, he coiled his long body around the spectral projection, binding it and preventing it from moving. The spectral projection didn't have the Aura of Madness like the real body, so he didn't need to worry about staying close to it.

Broidrireg cast a couple of spells while the spectral projection was incapacitated. One spell was completed first. It conjured a giant wind lance that sped towards Azzarilth.

Despite fighting Eoranth, Azzarilth saw Broidrireg's spell. She cast Chaos Displace. The wind lance disappeared before hitting her. It came out again at a different place and was aimed at Broidrireg.

Broidrireg was in a dilemma. Should he tank that wind lance? There was a twenty percent chance he lost the spell he was still casting because of Azzarilth's chaotic disruption.

When he was still undecided, something fast came between him and the wind lance. This something was Jack in supreme dragon form. Jack used Brave Slash and clashed

with the wind lance. The impact sent Jack flying tens of meters away but the wind lance was destroyed.

"Jack...!" Broidrireg called.

"Yo, mighty one! Need a hand?" Jack replied.

Azzarilth, who saw, uttered with disdain, "Another weak being dares to interfere?"

Chapter 1765 Chapter 1765. Fast Heal

Despite displaying her disdain, there was a glint of surprise in Azzarilth's eyes. "Supreme dragon form... Hmph! I see, you must be Broidrireg's favorite outworlder. Good, this makes it worth it to slay you."

Azzarilth cast a spell after finishing her words. Thousands of dark darts carrying chaos energy burst forth from her completed spell formation. The darts were very fast.

Broidrireg let go of Azzarilth's spectral projection, slapping it with his tail to send it away before heading to Jack. He wanted to shield Jack. Unfortunately, he was not fast enough.

Jack didn't move away from the incoming darts. With the darts being so many and so fast, he didn't think he could flee. He first cast Magic Wall before brandishing his two weapons. The magic wall shattered with just a few hits. The darts continued toward Jack. Jack used his sword art. Flashes of sword lights covered his body as they clashed with the darts.

Jack moved back with each impact due to the force. He also lost HP. Broidrireg finally got close enough and cast Magic Wall. Broidrireg's magic wall was strong enough to stop the rest of the darts.

Azzarilth creased her forehead. The outworlder was thirteen levels lower. She expected her spell to easily kill that outworlder. For Jack to survive was a slap on her face. This caused her to pay more attention to Jack. She sensed a divine energy was covering Jack's body.

That divine energy was the Strength of Hope. Jack wasn't careless enough to approach before activating the divine skill. Still, he was shocked to find those brief exchanges had brought down his HP to less than half. If Broidrireg hadn't interfered, he probably would have died.

Jack hurriedly activated Life Elevating Art. The skill increased his HP recovery speed and also his stats.

"Still think you coming here isn't dumb?" Peniel asked. She cast Fast Heal on Jack and brought his HP back up instantly.

"Climb onto me!" Broidrireg told Jack.

Jack complied. He went to the back of Broidrireg's neck with the thick plates he could hold onto. Broidrireg moved once Jack secured his hold, Azzarilth's spectral projection was coming at them.

"Haha. This takes me back to my beast form trial," Jack said as he clung to Broidrireg who flew at high speed.

"You can still laugh?" Broidrireg asked with amazement.

"Watch out!" Jack cast Time Lock at the spectral projection whose claw was approaching. The spectral projection stopped in its tracks.

Broidrireg didn't let the chance go. His long body swirled and he delivered another tail slap at the spectral projection, sending it reeling. He did that while casting spells. The spells were cast soon. The spectral projection was locked by Space Lock as soon as it was released from Jack's Time Lock. While unable to move freely, it was hit by another restraining spell, the Oppressive Water Prison.

"Good job!" Broidrireg said to Jack.

"Hehe. Now, aren't you glad I came?" Jack said.

"It is still not the time to laugh!" Peniel scolded.

Broidrireg left the spectral projection and headed to the real Azzarilth. A spectral projection didn't last long. Azzarilth's one was already in its last minute. It would be a waste of time to try killing it. That's why Broidrireg only used restraining spells instead of offensive ones.

"If you are staying for the fight, I need to warn you. Don't stare into Azzarilth's eyes," Broidrireg said to Jack.

"Eyes?" Jack asked.

"She has two very powerful eye skills, and they are off cooldown at the moment," Broidrireg informed.

Eoranth was busy with Azzarilth in the meantime. He had adopted a hit-and-run style to avoid being affected by her Aura of Madness. This was not his usual fighting style so he was rather clumsy in its application. Azzarilth was playing with him by only counterattacking when Eoranth came barging. This frustrated Eoranth a great deal.

Eoranth's fury was at a tipping point that he let go of caution. After lunging at Azzarilth, which she dodged, he unleashed his divine soul breath.

"Eoranth, no!" Broidrireg, who was on his way, shouted.

Azzarilth didn't make any attempt at dodging. She let the breath hit her square on the chest but she didn't receive any damage. Her body glowed after receiving the breath attack.

"Absorb energy?" Jack recognized the skill.

Azzarilth returned Eoranth's attack. Because Eoranth was very close, he couldn't completely dodge the counterattack. Half of his body was washed by the divine chaos breath. Eoranth was sent tumbling into the sky as he grunted from the pain. His HP was diminished a good deal.

Broidrireg fired his Water Wind Jet Breath. Now that Azzarilth's absorb energy was on cooldown, he didn't need to hold back. Azzarilth was aware of his attack, though. She easily dodged using Shadow Flash before flying away at high speed. Broidrireg's breath attack failed to hit her.

After fighting for so long, Azzarilth still had around seventy percent of her HP. While Eoranth's HP was down to fifty percent. Broidrireg was a little below sixty percent. Eoranth lost more HP despite him joining the battle later than Broidrireg due to his reckless fighting style. His fighting style might have been domineering against other opponents because most other opponents were weaker than him. But against Azzarilth, this style became a huge flaw.

"Get close to Eoranth!" Peniel told Broidrireg.

Broidrireg didn't bother asking for her reason. He was planning to use his body to block Azzarilth's attacks anyway, in case she went after Eoranth who was still balancing himself from Azzarilth's breath attack.

When Eoranth was close enough, Peniel used Group Fast Heal. Broidrireg and Eoranth's HP went instantly to full.

"What?" Both Broidrireg and Eoranth were taken aback by this healing.

Not only the two dragons, but Azzarilth was also surprised that her two opponents went back to full HP. This was the same as undoing all her effort.

"Nice one, Peniel!" Broidrireg exclaimed.

"You have a good familiar, outworlder," Eoranth grunted.

While the two praised Peniel, a pair of eyes were looking sharply at her. Azzarilth no longer displayed her usual playful expression.

Peniel didn't look at Azzarilth's eyes because she heard Broidrireg's warning, but she still felt her stare. "She is scary!" She said and disappeared into her hidden dimension.

"It's okay. I have the Life Elevating Art for natural HP recovery. You can just come out to use your healing skills when I ask you to," Jack said to her via their minds.

Chapter 1766 Chapter 1766. The Audacity of a Weak Being

"Hmph!" Azzarilth harrumphed. A large dark sphere encompassed a large area around her. Eoranth, Broidrireg, and Jack were inside the scope of this sphere.

This sphere was Azzarilth's Infernal Chaos Domain. Before, Jack was outside looking at this sphere. Now, he was inside. He felt the pressure around him multiplied. His stats were reduced. He felt extreme discomfort as if a million bugs were gnawing at his skin. Damage numbers started appearing above him.

Broidrireg grunted and a layer of soothing winds blew around him. This wind covered Jack who was riding Broidrireg. The discomfort he felt greatly diminished and the damage numbers stopped appearing.

Eoranth's scales glowed from his Soul Wrath skill. Azzarilth's infernal chaos domain was unable to affect him under this condition. He lunged at Azzarilth. After a short engagement, he disengaged before attacking again. He was back to his previous pattern. Broidrireg supported him with spells. Azzarilth's spectral projection had ended, so nothing disturbed Broidrireg from casting spells.

Azzarilth was still formidable despite their cooperation. They couldn't deal high damage to her. They ended up receiving higher damage from her counterattacks, but it wasn't as frustrating as before. This was all thanks to Peniel. They could chip down Azzarilth's HP slowly without worrying about losing more HP. All the damage they received could be healed by Peniel later.

"So, mighty one. What's the plan? We just wear her down like this?" Jack asked. He also contributed by casting ranged spells when he saw an opportunity. He didn't dare engage Azzarilth using his usual melee approach. He stayed on Broidrireg's neck and relied on the dragon's protection.

"Just...? You do know we are doing our best, don't you?" Broidrireg replied. "We are buying time. Tiemezzys was on his way here. He probably still needs a couple of hours to arrive. Afterward, we will go all out."

"Hopefully, we can grind her HP down before you run out of time here...," Jack said. It was already more than half a day since Broidrireg was summoned. He had less than

half his time remaining. Considering they only managed to reduce Azzarilth's HP to seventy percent in that period, the prospect of them depleting her remaining HP wasn't that high.

"If you want to be pessimistic, might as well stay down there," Broidrireg told Jack.

"Who is being pessimistic? Of course, we will beat that mad b*tch!" Jack exclaimed while casting Lightning Pursuit.

Azzarilth was clashing with Eoranth, so she couldn't dodge Jack's spell. The lightning struck Azzarilth's body but didn't deal much damage. The small damage was not only due to Azzarilth's high resistance but also because Jack had lost the Lightning God Blessing which boosted his lightning damage. Jack was feeling down again remembering that.

Jack's offensive spells might be ineffective in this fight, but his support spells were not. With Time Realm, Azzarilth was slowed while Broidrireg and Eoranth's speed increased. This balanced the debuffs inflicted by Azzarilth's Infernal Chaos Domain.

When Azzarilth was casting fast spells with six runes or below, Jack cast Cancel Magic. His intelligence stat lost to Azzarilth, but his runestone of spellcasting helped boost the spell's success rate.

Jack also used magic bind added with Telekinesis. They were unable to stop Azzarilth but they slowed her down a little. This was enough to give Eoranth a window to land a hit.

Jack's other spells helped deflect or reduce Azzarilth's ranged attacks on Broidrireg. He also used his cloak's Elemental God Barrier. The cloak didn't have the option for chaos element, but it was still good enough to block half a million worth of damage number. This allowed Broidrireg more opportunities in casting spells.

Azzarilth was still terrifying, but she wasn't as laidback as before. Her always grinning expression was now replaced with a scowl. She was fighting Eoranth but her eyes were on Jack, the weakling who ruined her fun. Remembering Broidrireg's warning, Jack didn't dare to stare back.

Azzarilth suddenly made an ear-splitting roar. The roar was a skill. It destabilized everyone in the vicinity. Jack felt his head ringing. Even after using mana manipulation to protect his mind, he still felt his vision spinning. Even Eoranth paused momentarily from the roar.

Azzarilth used Deca Slash when Eoranth paused. The ten rapid slashes landed on Eoranth's tough scales. Those scales cracked and several long gashes resulted from the slashes. Azzarilth ended the combo with a power strike that sent Eoranth flying away.

Broidrireg was the one most unaffected by Azzarilth's roar. His spells were cast without interruption. One of his spells conjured a cloud of eroding vapor that blanketed Azzarilth. Another one threw out hundreds of wind saws that swarmed her body.

"Beside you!" Jack called.

"I know," Broidrireg responded.

The one assailed by Broidrireg's two spells was a mere copy. Azzarilth used Chaos Substitution, leaving a replacement copy while her real body teleported near Broidrireg. She was casting a spell.

Her spell conjured a huge lance. This was the Chaos Lance which had wounded Quetzalcoatl in the earlier fight. This Chaos Lance was thrown in Broidrireg's direction.

When Azzarilth was tussling with Eoranth, Broidrireg cast several defensive spells in case Azzarilth targeted him. A huge water bubble and living air shields were floating around his body. This living air shield immediately moved in the Chaos Lance's trajectory once they sensed its menace.

Both the water bubble and the living water shields were pierced as if hot knife through butter, but they slowed the lance's speed by a little. This allowed Broidrireg to move to the side out of Harm's way.

"Look out!" Jack shouted while firing Mana Beam.

Azzarilth had rushed over with a speeding skill when Broidrireg dodged her Chaos Lance. She arrived beside Broidrireg in a blink. Jack's mana beam didn't slow her in the slightest. She ignored the pitiful damage from the spell. Her mighty claw swung with blinding speed, tearing the air and leaving void marks. This claw slammed into Broidrireg's face.

"Arrgghh...!!" Broidrireg's roared as his head bounced from the impact.

Before anyone could react, Azzarilth's swift claw went to the back of Broidrireg's neck. Jack, who was clinging there, was snatched by that claw.

Azzarilth was now staring at Jack in her hand. "I will make you suffer for your audacity in interfering with this fight."

Chapter 1767 Chapter 1767. Mind-dooming Gaze

"Jack...!" Broidrireg called with worry.

He lunged at Azzarilth, attempting to free Jack, but Azzarilth dodged using shadow flash before following with a kick that stopped Broidrireg's advance. She then flew back.

Eoranth was rushing over, but a series of draconic roars took his attention. At the same time, Jack saw multiple red dots approaching on his radar.

Ten obsidian dragons from Azzarilth's brood were flying over. All of them were level 85 mythical grades. They opened their mouths and fired their breath attacks at Eoranth and Broidrireg. The breath attacks from these dragons couldn't deal meaningful damage to broidrireg and Eoranth but they still stopped the two.

"Playtime is over," Azzarilth told the two. "I've lost my mood because of this pesky outworlder. Now, it's time for the two of you to die, but before that..."

Azzarilth turned to Jack. Jack looked away. He still didn't want to stare at Azzarilth.

Jack had tried using his race skill, Willpower, to break Azzarilth's hold, but it didn't seem to do anything. He also tried casting Ghost Form. But for some reason, his spellcasting kept on getting canceled. Peniel told him in his mind that this was due to Azzarilth's talent, chaos disruption. The talent also affected enemies grabbed by Azzarilth. Such an enemy would be unable to cast spells because failure chances were applied constantly.

When Jack kept on refusing to look at her, Azzarilth tightened her grip. A damage number came out above Jack.

"I can kill you just by squeezing my hand. Look at me!!" Azzarilth demanded.

Her commanding yell and the helplessness of his situation caused Jack to look up. He was going to die anyway. He looked at her with a defying stare. When their eyes met, Jack felt as if he was not looking at a pair of eyes. What he saw instead was a mirror with the blackest surface that could somehow still reflect his image.

He found that everything around him was gone all of a sudden. He was alone with that black mirror. He looked around. Aside from that mirror, nothing was seen for as far as his eyes could see. It was just void.

He heard a chuckle. He turned back and saw his reflection in the mirror was smiling at him. "You are doomed!" his reflection exclaimed before it burst out of the black mirror.

Jack saw in slow motion the mirror shattered and his reflection lunged at him. Everything went dark afterward. He then felt the most intense pain he ever experienced. A pain that existed only in his mind. There was nothing he could do about it.

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"No! Jack...!!!" Broidrireg called. He charged forward. His long body went in a spiral motion and slapped the obsidian dragons in his way. Eoranth charged with him.

Azzarilth, who was holding Jack, simply smiled at Broidrireg. She threw Jack in Broidrireg's direction. Broidrireg caught Jack in his hand. Jack didn't lose any HP, but he was motionless. His eyes had a hollow look.

"Damn you!" Broidrireg cursed. He knew after seeing Jack's condition. Jack had been hit by Azzarilth's Mind-dooming Gaze. The same one that incapacitated the archdemon lord earlier.

"Hahaha! That's what a weak being gets for interfering," Azzarilth laughed. She was dodging Eoranth's assaults. Eoranth had charged forward when Broidrireg caught Jack.

"What happened?" Peniel came out of her hidden dimension and used Fast Heal, hoping it could free Jack of whatever status affliction he was suffering.

Azzarilth frowned when she saw Peniel come out. A normal familiar shouldn't be able to appear after the Archmage lost consciousness. She knew then that Peniel wasn't a normal familiar. She regretted now to not just killing Jack. This meant Peniel could still heal Broidrireg and Eoranth.

She planned to rectify that. She cast the Chaos Bombs spell in Broidrireg's direction, but Broidrireg was ready. He cast Solitary Wind World. This was the spell that conjured a large wind sphere around him. The winds blew away anything that tried to hit Broidrireg. It was sort of a weak version of Master's Wind God Rage. The chaos bombs detonated but their explosions were unable to penetrate the wind sphere protecting Broidrireg.

After stopping the chaos bombs, Broidrireg flew away bringing Jack with him. Azzarilth wanted to chase but Eoranth stopped him, so she commanded the obsidian dragons to chase Broidrireg.

"What happened to him?" Peniel asked Broidrireg again.

"He was hit by Azzarilth's Mind-dooming Gaze," Broidrireg answered.

"Mind-dooming Gaze? Oh, no...," Peniel gasped. She knew the skill. It was a very powerful eye skill but could only be used on a target that was ten levels below the user. But if it hit, the target was doomed. There was a chance that Jack would never wake up again unless Azzarilth undid her skill or she was killed.

"Get off me!" Some of the obsidian dragons caught up and bit Broidrireg's body when he was distracted by Jack's condition. He shook his body to throw them off. He then cast Telekinesis which grabbed five of them and slammed them into the other five.

"She is chasing us," Peniel said.

Broidrireg glanced back. Azzarilth was harassed by Eoranth but it did look like she was trying to get to them. Broidrireg then caught sight of many of the obsidian dragons down

there. These dragons started flying up in their direction. Azzarilth was calling her brood over to help her. If they arrived, Broidrieg and Eoranth wouldn't be able to deal with them with Azzarilth around.

But he then saw many combatants in the army, who could fly, also flew up. They engaged these dragons, preventing the dragons from leaving.

As Broidrieg witnessed that, a winged shadow came in high speed and slammed into one of the obsidian dragons circling him. The winged shadow was Arlcard under Dark Lord Incarnation. Broidrieg then noticed Therras, Spark, and Brave King were also nearby. They engaged the obsidian dragons with Arlcard. Behind them were three outworlders, Jeanny, Grace, and Paytowin. Jeanny and Grace were using wing tools. Paytowin was in his Brave Techno Suit.

"What's wrong with Jack?!" Grace came to Jack with concern on her face.

"He is under a spell," Broidrieg answered. He handed Jack to Grace. "Keep him safe," he said. He then headed to Azzarilth who was still tussling with Eoranth. If he wanted to save Jack, he had to kill that sister of his.

Chapter 1768 Chapter 1768. Peace

Jack couldn't tell how long he had been in this void. The pain came and went. It was unbearable when it came. But when it was absent, a different kind of torment replaced it. Emptiness.

Jack could no longer see the black mirror, the void, or even himself. He had lost his vision. Not only that, he lost all his senses. He couldn't hear, smell, taste, or even feel any touch. It was as if he had lost his physical being. All that was left was his consciousness.

He panicked at first. Because without a physical self, there was nothing he could do but think. What good was a thought if he couldn't transform it into action? It's no different from a dream that never realized. So, he just floated in this sea of nothingness for seemingly forever. He couldn't gauge any sense of time here. He even wondered if he had died a permanent death. Was this what happened when one died? Nothingness?

The thought unsettled him. He wouldn't be able to stand such an existence for eternity. If there was nothing after death, shouldn't his consciousness be gone as well? Why did he still have this sense of self and the thought that tormented him?

His series of thoughts were disrupted by the occasional pain that tore his very essence. This cycle of pain and emptiness gave him a certainty that he was not yet dead.

He tried to piece together what had happened before he came to this place. He remembered there was a war. What the war was about, he couldn't remember. His

memory was hazy. He also remembered a pair of dark eyes filled with malice. He couldn't tell who possessed those eyes. He had a feeling those eyes were the one responsible for his current state.

He took a deep breath to calm himself, before realizing he did not need to breathe. He possessed no body here. All that was left was his mind.

The cycle went on and off. During the time of emptiness, he tried to think about why he was in this state. He thought perhaps if he could know the reason, he could figure out a way to get out of this place. However, after hundreds or thousands of cycles, his memory was still the same as before. Hazy, fragmented, and distant. It was as if whatever was before was several lifetimes ago. It remained beyond his grasp.

After what seemed to be an eternity of torments, he finally accepted his fate. Perhaps this was all he had to live with from now on. The thought was horrifying, but he somehow made peace with it. After another period of torment, he let his mind rest, like truly rest. He was no longer worried about what came before or what would happen after. He entrusted everything to fate.

Some words came to him as he let this peace embrace him, "You have to fight to cut your path. But sometimes, you should just let fate take you on a ride. Because... fate isn't all bad. Sometimes, it takes you to a better place even when it seems that the road is hard and hurting. Sometimes, it is okay to just let go and believe."

He didn't remember who told him this, or when, or where he had heard this statement. It didn't matter. It just sounded right at this moment. So, he let go. He gave all of himself to the void that surrounded him.

As he did, he felt something. He couldn't remember what it was, but it felt familiar. He felt as if he was communicating. Not with words, but with sensations. He felt there was something out there trying to communicate with him. He didn't understand their language but let them approach, because he felt no malice from them. What he felt from them was... curiosity, and familiarity. He felt like he had been in touch with whatever they were but never truly understood them.

As he let his consciousness come into contact with whatever this something was, he felt as if the shroud that clouded his mind slowly lifted. Pieces of memories returned to him, slowly. It started with the memory of when he was in a queue in front of the Trigitech building. What was he in the queue for? He couldn't remember at first, but then it came to him. Oh, right... The second world's beta test.

Then, as if watching a slide, pieces of memories came and went, letting him remember what had happened before.

"A new world...? A game world? World Maker? Master? John? Jeanny? Everlasting Heavenly Legends? Paytowin? Grace...?"

The memories seemed to come at a breakneck pace. He couldn't make sense of them at first. It was like watching a fast-forward recording. The memories started to connect, making more sense. The sensation of what he was experiencing came to him then.

It was mana. This sensation was the same as when he did the training in the attempt to fuse with mana. During the past training, he never truly fused with mana. They came as close as possible but then scattered as if shy animals. This time, it was different. He sensed that they were already one with him.

During the moment where he lost himself, he became empty enough to not drive the mana away with his convoluted thoughts. He was as if an empty cup, ready to be filled. The mana filled themselves into him.

He couldn't describe the sensation he was currently experiencing. He felt complete. There was nothing to be worried about. Everything would be fine. He had never felt more peaceful than what he was feeling now.

This peace was Mana's message to him. They didn't communicate with a language but with sensations. This sense of peace was like the sensation a mother gave when she was cradling her child. A feeling of safety and comfort that nothing in this world could hurt him.

He opened his eyes then and saw the faces of his friends staring back at him with wide eyes.

Chapter 1769 Chapter 1769. Mana Awakening

Grace, Jeanny, Paytowin, and Peniel were watching Jack without a word. They just stared at him with gaping mouths.

Jack blinked a few times. His memory had returned but he was still slightly drowsy. He took in the scenes around him. Broidrireg and Eoranth were facing Azzarilth. Arlcard was battling the ten obsidian dragons supported by Terras, Spark, and Brave King. Arlcard was more than a match for those dragons considering his eternal grade but they were fighting within Azzarilth's infernal chaos domain, so he was hampered while the obsidian dragons were boosted.

Jack also caught sight of a tide of obsidian dragons flying up toward them from the capital below. Soldiers from the Allied forces who could fly were engaging these dragons and slowed their advance.

"How long have I been unconscious?" He asked the ones before him.

Jeanny, Grace, Paytowin, and Peniel looked at each other before answering, "Around ten minutes."

"Ten minutes...? It felt much, much, longer than that," Jack muttered.

"Bro... Are you aware of what is happening to yourself?" Paytowin asked.

"What do you mean?" Jack asked back.

"Take a look at yourself," Jeanny said.

Jack looked down. He now understood why they had been staring at him all this time. He thought at first they were just surprised that he had woken up. It turned out the reason was that there was some sorts of an aura surrounding him. A multi-colored aura.

"What the...," Jack was surprised himself. He felt the link then. The mana within him, they had fused with him. What he experienced when he was unconscious was real.

"Do you know what is happening to him?" Jeanny asked Peniel. Peniel just shook her head in silence for a response. She was as flabbergasted as the rest.

"Bro, what exactly has happe—Ouch...!" Paytowin wanted to put his hand on Jack's shoulder. But as soon as he touched the multi-colored aura, he felt a jolt from his arm. He felt as if his fingers had been electrocuted, burned, petrified, cut, and frozen at the same time.

"This...," As Jack delved into what was currently happening to his body, he gained a better understanding. He felt a great power was currently within him.

"Watch out!" They heard Arlcard shout.

One of the obsidian dragons had broken out of formation and headed in their direction. It opened its jaws and unleashed a chaos breath attack.

"Get behind me!" Grace called. She put her hand forward. Dark cold energy swirled around that hand, but she suddenly found that Jack had zipped in front of her.

She didn't have the time to utter her surprise as the chaos breath had arrived. Jack also put his hand forward. His hand summoned a magic shield three times the size of his body, which was many times the size of a normal magic shield.

The chaos breath hit this magic shield. The gigantic size of Jack's magic shield allowed it to cover all four of them. The magic shield also didn't budge from the breath attack. It remained sturdy even after the chaos breath finished its attack.

"Bro... You can cast a spell without using your magic staff?" Paytowin asked.

"Oh...", Now that Paytowin mentioned it, Jack realized that. He looked at his hand which was covered by the multicolor aura. He had reacted by instinct. He just sorts of knew he could cast the spell even when he didn't use a magic staff.

"Jack, look out!!" Grace called.

The obsidian dragon that had unleashed the chaos breath never stopped its advance. It had already arrived before Jack. Its claw swung in Jack's direction. The air shredded following its claw. The dragon was a level 85 mythical-grade dragon. Even if Jack could already win against a mythical grade of the same level, it didn't mean getting directly hit by one was safe.

Jack sensed the attack. He knew the dragon's arrival before Grace's warning, but he just stayed there. He was curious. The mana within him gave him a very safe feeling, so safe that he felt invincible. He wanted to know how true that was.

The claw slammed into him. He was sent a few meters back but he wasn't like someone who was sent flying by a strong impact. He floated back stably as if he was gently pushed. A damage number appeared, but the damage was just 100 points.

'Not exactly invincible, but close enough,' Jack thought. Additionally, that 100 points of damage quickly recovered. It was as if he never received any damage in the first place.

Grace and the others stared in disbelief at the scene.

As for the obsidian dragon, it never stopped. It wasn't surprised or fazed by the impossible outcome. It didn't have much of a personality. It was a wilderness monster. It didn't feel fear or bafflement. Its other claw went for Jack's head.

Jack didn't just let it hit him this time. His hand shot out at lightning speed and caught the dragon's gigantic claw mid-

swing. The swing was abruptly stopped. The impact caused the air to erupt. The shockwave hit Grace and the others and caused them to stagger a bit. This shockwave also woke them up and told them they were not dreaming.

However, what happened next made them feel they were back in dreamland again.

Jack stabbed his fingers at the obsidian dragon. It was the move of One-word Thrust. The thrust generated a sharp multicolor energy that pierced the dragon's body. The dragon roared in pain from the stab and lost almost twenty percent of HP. What was more surprising was there was a gaping hole in the dragon's body where the stab had hit.

Jack then moved his hand sideways, performing a One-word Slash. The martial art created a visual effect where a multicolor straight line sliced through the dragon's neck. The dragon became still. Its head then slowly detached from its neck.

Its HP immediately went down to zero when that happened.

The beheaded dragon turned into dust and several loots fell. Jack didn't chase after the loots, which caused Paytowin to fly down hurriedly to catch those loots.

Jeanny, Grace, and Peniel came to Jack. "What... What exactly is happening to you?" They asked.

Jack looked at himself again. "... I think this is called the Mana Awakening," Jack answered.

Chapter 1770 Chapter 1770. Rejoining the Heavyweights' Battle

"Mana awakening...? What the hell is that?" Peniel asked. As someone with the fountain of knowledge, she never heard of this term.

"I don't know," Jack answered. "It's what they told me... Or at least, what their sensations described."

"They...? Who are they?" Jeanny asked.

"The mana," Jack answered.

The three didn't know what to think of that answer.

Paytowin came back with the loots in his hand. "What did I miss? Why are the three of you making those weird faces? Oh, hey, Bro. These are your loots."

"Keep it. I have a bigger target in mind," Jack said to Paytowin. He asked, "Can the three of you stop those dragons from coming here?"

Jack was indicating the swarm of obsidian dragons fighting their way against the Allied forces' fliers.

"If those dragons arrive, it will be more difficult to take down Azzarilth. Please hinder those dragons while I help Broidrireg and Eoranth to finish her as fast as possible."

"You want to fight her again?" Peniel asked in disbelief. In her opinion, Jack had just escaped the death's maw due to some luck. This mana awakening, or whatever it was, did appear miraculous, but Azzarilth was a non-God being that could be said to be at the top of the food chains in this world. To battle her again, Peniel was afraid that this mana awakening had given Jack an unjustified confidence.

"Don't worry. I fully understand my capability," Jack saw the concern on Peniel's face. "You stay with Grace. Help her heal the soldiers who were battling those dragons."

"What about you?" Peniel asked.

Jack gave her a confident smile. "Don't worry about me," Jack assured her again.

Jack spread his gold dragon wings. The mana awakening aura also covered these wings. He then disappeared from in front of them.

"What movement skill was that?" Jeanny asked.

"It was not a skill...", Paytowin answered. "Callan granted me a unique-grade bloodline called Brave Ancestry. It gives me a bunch of passive abilities, one of which is increasing my response time. In other words, I see things in slightly slow motion, all the time. Just now, Jack was moving extremely fast, but it was not a skill. It was just normal movement."

They turned to where Azzarilth was. Jack was already there. They decided to trust him and do as he requested. They flew to engage the first group of obsidian dragons that were on their way here.

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"Hrggh!" Eoranth was flung back after receiving another of Azzarilth's tail slaps. Azzarilth could attack using all parts of her body. Even her wing flaps could generate sharp-cutting winds.

Her spells were also alarming. She continued to cast spells while fighting Eoranth. These spells disrupted Broidrireg from casting powerful spells. Broidrireg and Eoranth's HP that were recovered by Peniel's healing was brought back down to almost the same percentage as hers again.

"Hm?" Azzarilth noticed someone near her.

"You again?" Azzarilth said when she saw the person was Jack. She was astonished that Jack had broken out of her Mind-

dooming Gaze. Her astonishment turned to worry when she thought about Jack's high fairy who might heal Broidrireg and Eoranth again.

However, the high fairy was not in sight.

"Jack! Move away!" Broidrireg warned. He hurriedly came to Jack's side to protect him. He noticed the multicolored aura enshrouding Jack then.

"You... What happens to you?" Broidrireg asked. He then realized that he couldn't sense Jack. "Do you use mana concealment?"

"Not really," Jack answered. "This mana awakening blankets my presence from other's senses."

"Mana awakening...?" Broidrireg didn't understand what Jack meant.

Azzarilth didn't bother with their conversation. It was good that Jack came near. Broidrireg and Eoranth had been fighting her while preventing her from going to where Jack was. Now that Jack came on his own, she could end his life and in turn, remove the high fairy's chance of recovering Broidrireg and Eoranth's HP again.

"Look out!" Broidrireg shouted. He cast a spell that conjured several water whips to stop Azzarilth, but one slash from Azzarilth's claw cut those water whips to pieces.

Eoranth was rushing over but Azzarilth cast a spell that placed many dark purple plates in a large area. Those plates were Chaos Mines. Each of the plates was a mine that would explode and cause chaos damage when an enemy came near. Eoranth had to take a large detour unless he was willing to endure the blasts from those chaos mines.

Broidrireg cast Magic Wall and placed it between Jack and Azzarilth. Azzarilth cast force impact at Broidrireg. The impact from the spell sent Broidrireg tumbling backward. Jack sent a mental message for Broidrireg to not worry and to start casting his mega spell.

Azzarilth swung her claw, producing void tear marks. Broidrireg's magic wall shattered in one hit. Her claw continued towards Jack.

Jack's two weapons appeared in his hands. His magic staff turned into a sword using Magic Weapon. He then disappeared from his position when Azzarilth's claw arrived.

"What...?" Azzarilth's eyes caught Jack's movement, but she didn't expect Jack to move that fast. Jack had arrived by the side of her head when she was still surprised.

When she was about to turn her head to bite Jack, Jack's sword arrived first.

Jack's sword created a trail following his swing. This trail was multicolored, the same as his aura. When his sword collided with Azzarilth's head, a strong impact sound was heard. A shockwave was generated and Azzarilth's head was thrown to the opposite side from the impact.

"What...?!!" Azzarilth couldn't believe the result of their clash. Jack wasn't even using a skill. That slash just now was a standard attack.

When Azzarilth was still reeling, the two swords in Jack's hand turned into a blur. As they did, uncountable slashes besieged Azzarilth's body. Each of these slashes left multicolored trails. The slashes were so rapid that Azzarilth could only rely on her strong defense to tank the slashes.

However, the slashes were unending. The slashes continued to chip Azzarilth's HP without any sign of stopping. The damage inflicted increased as time passed due to the combo multiplier. From the look of it, Jack could maintain these slashes indefinitely.

That wasn't wrong, because these slashes were the final phase of his Formless Flowing Sword Style.