

## **Second World #Chapter 1881. The Fallen Apostle's Weapons - Read Second World Chapter 1881. The Fallen Apostle's Weapons**

### **Chapter 1881. The Fallen Apostle's Weapons**

"Exorcise it?" Paytowin asked.

Wilted nodded. "You have to eliminate the demon dwelling inside the weapon."

"Damn it. Why do you two have to make everything so troublesome?" John complained.

While they conversed, Spring Crown also asked Chris some questions regarding the fallen apostle's weapon.

"So, how do I exorcise the demon inside this thing?" Spring Crown asked. "Will a demon come out? We can all have a go at it if it does, can't we?"

Chris simply gave him a wicked grin. He said, "Open the cloth when you are ready." He then ran away.

Spring Crown sighed. "I'll never stop loving games, but I'm starting to think I'll hate the developers. Never mind. Let's see what you've got in store."

Spring Crown grabbed the shabby red cloth and pulled it off. When a part of what was covered by the cloth was revealed, red smoke rushed out from the opening. At the same time, an ear-piercing screech was heard.

The screech was so loud that Spring Crown dropped the supposed weapon in his hand to cover his ears.

Red smoke continued to come out. The cloth started to unravel by itself. More and more of the weapon became visible as the cloth peeled itself. When half of the weapon was exposed, which was a dark spear with streaks of burning red lines, the sealing cloth caught fire.

The flames spread so fast that the whole cloth turned into ashes in less than a second. The spear was seen in all its glory. It was floating in the air. Red smoke swirled around it. The screeching sound was still heard, but not as loud as before.

Suddenly, the red smoke gathered on the weapon. It enlarged and solidified until it formed an image of a demon's head. The demon's eyes stared at Spring Crown. Its face displayed a grimacing expression.

"Are you the one who wishes to wield this weapon?" The demon image asked.

"Me? No, no," Spring Crown replied. He then grinned. "I'm the one who will kick your butt."

"Such insolence! You will die!!!" The demon exclaimed.

The screeching crescendoed to a boom. A shockwave followed the boom. Spring Crown had to take several steps back due to the force. The red smoke forming the demon image burst apart following the boom. The red smoke evaporated after bursting out. The black spear fell to the ground.

Everyone was flabbergasted by what had happened, including Spring Crown. He looked around. No more red smoke. He turned his attention back to the spear lying on the ground. It was not moving.

"Huh? Where is the demon?" He asked.

"Hey, what's going on?" Jet and the others came to ask. Some of them had chosen their bloodlines. Some hadn't, but they came due to the commotion.

"Uh... We are not sure ourselves," Jack answered.

Spring Crown stayed there for some time. He looked around while staying alert. He even had his weapon out. Nothing happened. After thinking this was taking too absurdly long, he said to himself, 'f\*ck it,' and walked toward the spear on the ground.

While Spring Crown approached the spear, Jack turned to look at Chris and Wilted. He saw that Chris was grinning while Wilted displayed a serious expression.

"Uh... Spring. Maybe you should wait a bit longer," Jack shouted at Spring Crown.

Spring Crown stopped because of Jack's warning. His hand had not yet touched the spear, but it didn't matter. His eyes suddenly turned cloudy, and his face became blank. He then dropped to the ground, not moving.

"Huh?" Everybody was dumbfounded by the turn of events.

"Is he dead?" Jet asked.

"His HP bar is still full," Grace said.

"Hey! What the hell is going on?" Jack asked Chris and Wilted.

Chris ignored the question, but Wilted answered, "He is undergoing a mental battle against the demon that dwells inside the weapon. If he defeats the demon, then the weapon is his to wield."

"Internal battle? Then why the hell do you need us to move away?" Jack asked.

"If you don't move away, how will the demon know which one of you it should possess?" Chris asked in return. He took out another weapon wrapped in red cloth. "Next! Four Winds, this is yours. The rest of you, go and choose your bloodlines first. You will get your weapons later!"

"Um... What will happen to Spring Crown if he fails to defeat the demon?" Paytowin asked.

"He will lose his soul. His body gets possessed by the demon, and he turns into an outlaw," Wilted answered.

"F\*ck! Isn't that a permanent death?!" Paytowin exclaimed.

"Uh... Can I opt not to use that weapon?" Will asked.

"Chris, where is the weapon for the bard class? Give it to him first!" John yelled.

Chris ignored John's request. He continued distributing the fallen apostle's weapons following his whim. One by one, the players entered a coma and dropped to the ground. Even though they heard the risk of trying to subdue this weapon could lead to true death, they didn't back down. Some joked about not wanting to use the weapon, like Will did. But when it came their turn, they accepted the weapon.

When it was Jeanny's turn, her weapon turned out to be a spear as well.

"There were two spears among the Fallen Apostle's weapons?" Jack asked.

"I don't find it strange. I bet most of the Fallen Apostle's weapons for magic classes were magic staves," John said.

"Her weapon is a spear. Spring Crown's one is rather special," Wilted informed.

"What do you mean by that?" Jack asked.

"You will learn about it when Spring Crown wakes up," Wilted said.

"If he wakes up, you mean?" Jet said.

"Hey! Don't jinx it, man!" Paytowin scolded.

"You are rather superstitious, aren't you?" Jet returned.

When it was Leavemealone's turn. He sat cross-legged on the ground and closed his eyes before going unconscious.

"Damn it! Does he have to act so cool even when going unconscious?" Jack complained.

"Longsword turn! Hey, multi-class boy!" Chris called.

"It's Jack. Goddmanit!" Jack cursed while approaching Chris. He took the wrapped weapon from Chris and started unwrapping it.

Since everyone knew what would happen, no one was startled anymore when the loud shrill sounded and the red smoke came out. Everyone covered their ears before the shrill sound was heard. Jack did so too, as the fallen apostle's longsword floated in front of him.

When the sound diminished to a tolerable level, he asked Chris, who had moved away, "Hey! Only one sword? I thought this was the ultimate weapon for Blade Dancer. Blade Dancer uses two swords!"

"Just defeat the demon dwelling inside the weapon and you will see!" Chris shouted back.

The demon face appeared then. "Are you the one who wishes to wield this weapon?" It asked.

"Yes. Get on with it, please. We're in a hurry," Jack said. His two hands covered his ears again.

"..."

The demon didn't know how to respond, so it just exploded. Jack had expected that, so he wasn't surprised. He also didn't budge from the shockwave. The black longsword fell to the ground. Jack sat crosslegged before the weapon and closed his eyes.

"F\*ck... He is copying Haon," Jet uttered.

Jack waited for something to happen, but nothing did.

'Hm... Is something wrong? The others went unconscious not long after the demon face went boom,' he thought.

He opened one eye to peek. He realized then that whatever test he was supposed to face had already started. There was nothing around him. Everyone was gone. He opened both eyes, stood up, and looked around. No one. Peniel was also not with him.

He summoned his weapons. Storm Breaker appeared in his hand, but his magic staff did not.

"Hm..." He tried taking out another longsword from his inventory. He could.

He then tried using Flame Slash. A streak of flame followed his slash. He couldn't cast spells, though, and when he tried to transform into supreme dragon form. He failed. He then tried summoning War God's Wings. Nothing appeared. Equipment skills were unavailable.

"What about bloodline powers?" Jack asked himself. He used gold dragon wings. Nothing came out of his back. Bloodline skills were off-limit. He tried tools and potions. They were also not available.

"I see... This is the ultimate weapon for Blade Dancer, so I can only use skills compatible with that class," he concluded.

After he was done testing, he twirled his swords and shouted, "Okay, then. Where are you, demon? Come out! Let's get this over with."

He sensed something behind him. He turned back and saw a mirror.

"Huh? Didn't notice this was here before," Jack said. He approached the mirror.

He sensed mana from the mirror, so he knew it was no normal mirror.

"Hm... should I hit it?" Jack muttered. He tapped the mirror with the tip of his sword. Nothing happened.

"Hm..." He got nearer and observed his reflection in the mirror.

While he was trying to make sense of what this was all about, he noticed something odd. He saw himself grin.

'What am I grinning about?' He wondered before realizing he didn't.

His grinning reflection lunged with a sword thrusting forward, and the mirror shattered.

## **Chapter 1882. To Defeat Oneself**

Jack's reflex was fast. He managed to activate Shooting Dash before the thrust hit him. He rushed backward and avoided the ambush. When he thought he could take a breather to analyze the situation, his reflection was before him. His reflection also used Shooting Dash to get close.

Jack used the skill's second and third dashes to move further away, but his reflection followed suit. After exhausting the skill, the two's swords finally clashed.

"Who the hell are you? Why are you imitating me?" Jack asked.

His reflection sneered. "I am you! Your time is over. Now, it is my time. Hand over your body to me!" After finished speaking, the reflection's two swords burst at high speed.

"Formless Flowing Sword Style?!" Jack exclaimed in surprise. He didn't expect his reflection could use martial arts, but he didn't stop from the surprise. His two swords also danced with equal speed. The four swords clanged countless times and caused sparks of fire.

Both sides ended their clashes using Flame Strike. Both were knocked back an equal distance. They now stood still and stared at each other.

"... You are the demon who dwells inside the fallen apostle's longsword!" Jack exclaimed.

"Hehe," Demon Jack only sneered in response.

"Hehe," Jack grinned back. "Do you think you can beat me in my own game? Think again, pal! Eat this!"

Jack used Sword of Light. Demon Jack's reflex and movement speed were as fast as Jack's. He easily dodged the crescent light, even after Jack altered its trajectory to chase after his opponent.

Despite failing to hit his target, Jack wasn't discouraged. He had expected that. He did a second slash. As he did, a huge tear in space occurred in the area where Demon Jack was jumping toward.

This was the Void-tearing Slash. When the tear should have engulfed Demon Jack and caused him damage, Demon Jack was instead fine. A thin layer of distortion was seen around Demon Jack's body.

"Void Defense!" Jack exclaimed when he realized what his opponent had used.

He suspected Demon Jack's skills were the same level and grade as his. The max-level Void-tearing Slash lasted 20 seconds, while the max-level Void Defense lasted 30 seconds. His offensive skill wouldn't hit Demon Jack.

Any other offensive skills he sent to Demon Jack while Void Defense was active would also fail to reach Demon Jack, except one. Jack used Void Slash. This attack instantly hit the target without traveling any distance, so Void Defense was useless against this skill.

However, Demon Jack's mana sense was as advanced as Jack's. Demon Jack was able to detect the attack before it hit. He used Teleport Slash to avoid the instant attack.

Jack sensed his demon counterpart appearing behind him. He used Wind Dash and dodged the ambush. His copy did the same. The two exhausted their three dashes chasing one another before continuing with Shooting Dash. Their swords clashed between each dash.

When the dash ended, it was Demon Jack's turn to use the Void-tearing Slash. Jack used Teleport Slash to escape the affected area while backstabbing Demon Jack at the same time. His attempt was blocked by the extra limbs sprouting from his opponent's back. Demon Jack had used Soul Asura. Jack did the same. The two then used Penta Slash. None of their slashes hit their opponents.

"Crap...! You are truly as good as me," Jack cursed.

Jack didn't give up. Skills after skills were exchanged between two equally skilled practitioners. When all the big skills were exhausted, they competed in sword arts. Jack thought his doppelganger wouldn't be able to compete with him in sword expertise because he had Sword's Heart. But after uncountable clashes, he had no choice but to admit Demon Jack also had Sword's Heart. Furthermore, Demon Jack's understanding of the martial art wasn't below his.

Fighting someone as good as himself, how could he win? In his turmoil, he got careless and received a slash.

Demon Jack grinned wickedly after successfully landing that slash. He mocked, "You won't win against yourself, hehe."

"Won't win against myself...?" Jack muttered. The words brought back a memory.

The memory was from his childhood days when he stayed with his grandfather, not long after his parent's accident. Domon forced him to learn martial arts. Domon thought the training might help Jack take his mind off the sadness of losing his parents.

Jack followed Domon's teaching. Partly because it did take his mind off pointless thoughts. The other part was because he didn't wish to disappoint Domon. Unfortunately, his heart was not in martial arts, so he never truly made much progress.

During one such time, he was using a practice dummy to train some moves Domon had taught him. He failed to execute the full sequence of the moves in the allocated time. He failed even after trying lots of times. He dropped to the floor while panting.

"I can't do it! It's too difficult!" Jack complained.

Domon was observing from the side the entire time.

"Get up!" Domon instructed.

"I already said I can't!" Jack replied defiantly.

Domon sighed.

"Afei, you have great talent inside you. After seeing you trained these few weeks, I'm sure of it. You just need to be more confident. Don't lose to yourself."

"I'm not fighting against myself. I'm fighting against this practice dummy!" Jack exclaimed.

"The dummy is stationary. It can't move. The one you are fighting is not this dummy, but yourself," Domon explained.

When Domon saw Jack's confused expression, he asked, "What are you thinking about right now?"

"Uh... I want to go out and play," Jack answered.

"There you go. That's the thought that caused you defeat. Instead of focusing on how to complete your training, you let your mind think about stopping your training and doing other things, other more comfortable things. The first step to success is to acknowledge you have a voice inside you that will always try to tell you to stop trying. The next step is to confront this thought and stop it from controlling you. Only after that can you defeat yourself!"

"Defeat... Myself...?" Jack asked, still confused.

Domon nodded. "All martial art practitioners... No, everyone in the world fights a constant battle against themselves. Those who give up are those who have been defeated by their own selves. By acknowledging and stopping the thoughts that ask you to stop trying, you can push yourself further than you think is possible. Only by outworking yourself can you defeat yourself and become better than you are. Only by persisting to never give up you can continue to improve. Defeat yourself! Be better than you are at this moment. And when you become better, you need to strive to become even better than you are then! Continue to improve! Continue to grow! That's how you defeat yourself!"

Jack was still sitting on the floor with a confused expression. In his mind, he thought, 'Gramps, are you sure this is the right way to lecture a kid like me?'

Jack didn't fully understand Domon's words then, but he was no longer the little kid from before. This memory reminded him of Domon's sermon. Unlike that time, his current self understood the words Domon uttered many years ago.

"To defeat myself... by being better than I am now...", Jack muttered. He then grinned.



"What are you smiling at?" Demon Jack asked.

They hadn't stopped crossing swords even when Jack was lost in his thoughts. Jack had the Hundred Synchronous Thoughts. He had no trouble thinking and fighting at the same time. Demon Jack had the same ability. That's why he could taunt and mock Jack even when he was fully concentrating on the fight.

"To defeat you, I simply have to be better than I am right now!" Jack exclaimed. His swords slashed at high speed.

"Never stop improving," Jack uttered. His swords started to turn at different angles multiple times.

"Never stop trying," Jack continued. He was using his swords in a way he had never done before. He was executing different patterns of swordplay than his usual style.

"What is this?" Demon Jack asked in surprise. He had no idea what Jack was doing. This was not how it was supposed to be. He was supposed to be exactly like the one he possessed. All Jack's abilities, skills, habits, and even thoughts. He should know everything about what Jack was doing and was going to do. But at this moment, he had no idea what Jack was doing.

"Persist in making new moves!" Jack exclaimed as his sword flared with a strong flame.

It was his flame strike. He had practiced manipulating the form of this skill. He could cause the flame to burst upon impact, thus damaging the opponent even when the attack was blocked.

"I know that move!" Demon Jack exclaimed. He also executed Flame Strike. The flame following his slash was condensed at a spot, ready to explode once the sword hit something.

However, he noticed the flame on Jack's sword behaved differently. Instead of condensing, it was forming a long line.

"What...?!" Uncertainty clouded Demon Jack's mind when Jack did something unknown to him. Because of that, his slash wavered a little.

Jack didn't let the chance go. His sword tilted. Their two swords ended up passing one another without clashing. Because of that, the condensed flame on Demon Jack's sword didn't burst. The flame on Jack's sword, on the other hand, extended. Jack was as if holding a fire whip. The extra reach of the fire whip allowed Jack to hit Demon Jack, even when his sword didn't. Damage number came up on Demon Jack's head.

"This is how I defeat myself! By improving and becoming stronger than the moment you copy me!" Jack exclaimed.

## **Second World #Chapter 1883. Fallen Apostle's Longsword - Read Second World Chapter 1883. Fallen Apostle's Longsword**

### **Chapter 1883. Fallen Apostle's Longsword**

The fire whip form Jack was using for his Flame Strike was not something he had used before. It was a form he thought up on the spot. He needed practice for form manipulation, but the difficulty was lesser when using it on basic skills like Flame Strike. Hence, he was able to come up with a new form for his Flame Strike even when he had never done it before. With the fire whip form, he gained an advantage over Demon Jack who couldn't perform the same feat.

Since both Jack and Demon Jack had exhausted their big skills earlier, they could only rely on standard attacks and basic and advanced skills to best each other.

Sword of Light was another skill he manipulated into a new form. He shaped the light into a boomerang and made it twirled. While the light didn't rely on air friction like the real boomerang did to fly back, it helped Jack visualize the process. It allowed him better control of its flight path.

Demon Jack was unaware of this. He only realized when his mana sense informed him about the sword of light making a U-turn behind him. That opened him up to Jack who attacked from the opposite direction.

Jack's swordplay was also different. He tried to push himself to come up with a different fighting style. This further confused Demon Jack.

Flame Strike was a short cooldown skill. As Jack repeatedly used the skill, he was getting better and better at manipulating the whip form. He now manipulated it by combining the two forms he had learned. He formed a condensed flame at the end of the fire whip. It now looked more like a flail.

The fire whip was shorter when he used this flail form, but it still caught Demon Jack off guard since he was unaware Jack could do that. When the condensed flame at the end of the flail struck Demon Jack, the flame exploded. The strike caused higher damage than when Demon Jack was struck by the whip version.

Jack also modified Drilling Thrust and caused its drilling energy to extend outward into a thin line. It was weaker and caused less damage, but it became a ranged skill. This new form again caught Demon Jack by surprise.

With a combination of newly modified basic and advanced skills as well as new swordplay, Jack ground Demon Jack's HP.

Demon Jack used Life Elevating Art to recover his lost HP. Jack didn't mind. It was only delaying Demon Jack's defeat. Without improving, Demon Jack would remain inferior to Jack, who improved during the course of the battle. Jack even continued to improve as the battle dragged on. Jack considered this battle a training. Fighting against himself allowed him to see the flaws he didn't notice before. He took this chance to remove these flaws or at least diminish them.

Demon Jack ended up defeated before any of their big skills completed their cooldowns. It didn't matter even if they did. Jack knew he would still come out on top. He had the confidence to win over himself.

Everything became dark when Demon Jack fell. Jack saw the light again after opening his eyes. Around him were others who were either lying on the ground or sitting cross-legged with their eyes closed. During his time fighting against his demon version, Chris had finished distributing the fallen apostle's weapons to everyone.

"Welcome back," Peniel said to Jack when Jack opened his eyes. "What's going on in there? I can't see. I just sensed that you are having an internal struggle."

Before Jack could answer Peniel, he heard Chris' voice. "You are again the first, even when you are not the first to go into a coma. That is surprising. Then again, scratch that. It's not surprising. It's still impressive, though."

"I will tell you later," Jack said to Peniel while Chris sat next to him.

"You are the one who designed the tests for these weapons?" Jack asked Chris.

"Hehe," Chris grinned. "I figure by the time anyone can get their hands on these weapons, they should have conquered most challenges the game has to offer. Who else can trouble them but themselves?"

"How do you think the others will do?" Jack asked.

"I don't worry about Wilted. She never gives up. She always has the passion to learn and improve. With that determination, she will exorcise the demon with no problem. I also believe that everyone you two brought here has the same spirit, do they not? If they do, then there is nothing to worry about."

Jack nodded. If the key was not giving up, then he did not need to worry. All the players here were veterans who had defied many odds.

"Still, I must say again. I'm impressed you completed the test so fast. Not giving up is an endurance test. It is meant to be a slow process. How do you beat yours so fast?"

"Maybe because of my form manipulation," Jack answered.

"Form manipulation?" Chris asked.

"It's the third phase of mana manipulation, where you can modify a skill to your will," Jack said. He stood up and summoned his Storm Breaker. He then performed the whip version of Flame Strike.

"Fascinating," Chris remarked. "I did hire a martial artist for his input to apply chi manipulation into the game. I didn't expect it to develop to this extent. Well, I think we should consider it lucky that you are the ones who get the Void Sword Saint and Time Sage trials."

"Why is that?" Jack asked.

"It's because those two are the trials where I apply the requirement of chi manipulation from that martial artist. The others mostly rely on one's intellect and the no-give-up attitude."

"The hell, man? Do you have something against Blade Dancer and Archmage?"

"I believe you have asked me that before. Well, as I've mentioned. Those two embodied the space and time aspects that I consider profound. I need to spice them up a little."

"With that perspective, I can consider my two classes to be the most powerful among the twenty-four pinnacle classes then, hehe," Jack chuckled.

Chris shook his head. "Not really. I designed them all to be equally powerful."

"The hell? Then why the increased difficulties on mine?" Jack complained.

Chris shrugged. "I just chose on a whim. If you want to, then consider yourself unlucky to have chosen the two classes with the hardest trials."

"Hm... No, I consider them lucky occurrences. Look at it this way. If it wasn't me who took those trials, the others might have failed. Then, we will be in a quandary of trying to find a replacement."

"That is both an arrogant and positive way of thinking. I like that," Chris uttered.

"I'm sure you do," Jack returned.

"Now, are you going to pick up your prize or not?" Chris asked. He was pointing at the longsword that was still on the ground.

"Hey! Its color changes," Jack said after looking at the longsword again. Before, it was mostly black with streaks of red. Now, it was crimson with streaks of golden lines.

"Yes. That is the weapon's true appearance after someone defeated the demon possessing it," Chris explained.

Jack picked up the longsword and used Inspect.

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Fallen Apostle's Longsword, level 99/99 (Legendary one-handed sword)

Physical damage: 2000

Attack speed: 3

Indestructible. Bound to: Storm Wind

All stat except Luck +20

Demon Spirit (Response skill): Every successful hit grants the wielder a demonic aura that increases overall damage and defense by 5% (up to 100%). Every slain opponent heals the wielder by 50% HP. The aura lasts 3 minutes. Every successful hit refreshes the duration.

Scourge of the Demon Swords: Marks an area with a radius of 150 meters. 100 demon swords assail the marked area. Each hit from the demon swords dealt 200% chaos damage. When this skill ends, all enemies still within the marked area receive 1000% chaos damage. Duration: 30 seconds. Cooldown: 6 hours

Demonize Weapon (active skill): Weapon's damage +1,000. Damage changes to Chaos damage. Duration: 10 minutes. Cooldown: 3 hours.

Devilize (Active skill): Transforms into a devil. Duration: 1 hour. Cooldown: 1 day.

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"Level 99. Wow!" Jack exclaimed.

"Level 99? Wait... This weapon...", Peniel, who was also observing the weapon, showed a surprised expression.

"Yeah. It is awesome! This is a pinnacle weapon," Jack said.

"That is not what I meant. This weapon is supposed to be a heritage weapon," Peniel said. "But it is not. That's weird..."

"It's not?" Jack asked. A heritage weapon followed the wielder's level. Jack's level was still 97 while the Fallen Apostle's Longsword was level 99, so it couldn't be a heritage weapon.

"Hehe..."

They heard a chuckle. They turned to Chris, who was the one chuckling.

"Is this your doing?" Jack asked.

Chris nodded. "It was a last-minute modification. I think I did the modification only a few days before I died."

"Why did you make the change?" Peniel asked.

"Why? So, the champion who passed my tests can gain the strongest weapon there is," Chris answered.

## **Chapter 1884. The Strongest Weapon**

"The strongest weapon?" Jack dangled the fallen apostle's longsword in his hand. "Isn't this the strongest weapon...? Wait... Do you mean..."

"You realize it?" Chris asked with a grin.

"Realize what? You understand what he means?" Peniel asked Jack.

"This weapon is not a heritage weapon!" Jack announced.

"Duh. Didn't I already establish that?" Peniel rolled her eyes at Jack.

Jack brought out his Storm Breaker. "This means I can feed it to my sword!" Jack exclaimed.

"Hehe, bingo," Chris said.

Without further ado, Jack carried out the process. By consuming the fallen apostle's longsword, his Storm Breaker would immediately jump to the highest level.

Storm Breaker broke apart as it started the consumption process. Tendrils of energy came out of Storm Breaker and wrapped around the fallen apostle's longsword. As they did, red lightning lashed out of the crimson sword and slapped the tendrils of energy back.

"Oh? This is unexpected," Chris uttered.

"Huh? What do you mean?" Jack asked.

The red lightning from the fallen apostle's longsword was getting fiercer. It even lashed out beyond the tendrils of energy attempting to wrap it. Jack and the others hurriedly jumped away to avoid getting hit by this lightning.

"The fallen apostle's longsword seems to refuse to get consumed," Chris said.

"You think? Why do you give a weapon a will of its own?" Jack grumbled.

The two weapons continued to wrestle control over one another. The process went on for almost three minutes before the tendrils of energy from Storm Breaker fully wrapped the crimson sword. The split components of Storm Breaker then recombined into a sword on top of the wrapped sword. Both fused as a light engulfed them.

"Luckily, your growth weapon is already a legendary grade," Chris said. "Otherwise, I think the feeding process will fail. It might even destroy your otherwise indestructible growth weapon."

"Motherf\*cker... If that happens, I will whoop your ass. Creator or not, I don't care," Jack said.

As the light dimmed, Storm Breaker again transformed in appearance. It was no longer a simple straight longsword. It was now slightly curved and appeared more ornate. It was also thicker and larger. Its color had changed to become dominated by red. At the center of its cross-guard was a round transparent orb. Inside this orb were swirling energies. Half of these energies were silver, while the other half were dark purple.

Jack extended a hand and gripped the still-floating weapon at its hilt. He felt a jolt from that hand coursing through his body. It was a refreshing jolt, though. He felt revitalized. An unexplainable confidence rose in his heart. He had a strong feeling that he could do anything as long as this sword was in his hand.

He swung the sword around. A trail of light followed his swing. His dragon eye perceived many thin slices of cut space along this trail. It was his Void Sword Saint's passive effect. It seemed this sword increased the chance of the effect triggering by many times.

"Hm..." He put his other hand on the hilt. He then pulled his two hands apart. Storm Breaker split in half. He was now holding two longswords. The two swords were a thinner version of their previous form.

"Even though it was not written in the description, that is the original ability of the Fallen Apostle's longsword," Chris explained. "You asked before why the pinnacle weapon for Blade Dancer is not dual swords, right? That is the answer."

"Cool, but this ability is useless to me," Jack said. He combined the two swords back into one. "I'm still going to use a magic staff in my other hand. Otherwise, how can I cast spells?"

He then showed a face that realized something. "Unless..."

"Unless what?" Peniel asked.

Instead of answering, Jack took out his magic staff and cast Double Clone. Two copies of himself appeared next to him. His two clones split the Storm Breaker in their hands. Both were now holding two split swords.

"Yes!" Jack exclaimed. "Only one can cast Magic Weapon. My other clones usually use the magic staff as a makeshift sword. Now, all my clones can wield dual swords."

Jack deactivated his Double Clone. He checked the stats of his newly transformed Storm Breaker. He repicked the weapon skills. He mostly chose the skills gained from the Fallen Apostle's Longsword, except for the stat increase. He didn't need the stat increase that much.

\*

Storm Breaker, level 99 (legendary one-handed sword, bound weapon), embedded: Orb of Eurus (Rare-grade Weapon orb).

Physical damage: 2,420

Attack speed 5

Indestructible. Bound to Storm Wind.

All sword skills +20% damage.

Demon Spirit (Response skill): Every successful hit grants the wielder a demonic aura that increases overall damage and defense by 5% (up to 100%). Every slain opponent heals the wielder by 50% HP. The aura lasts 3 minutes. Every successful hit refreshes the duration.

Scourge of the Demon Swords: Marks an area with a radius of 150 meters. 100 demon swords assail the marked area. Each hit from the demon swords dealt 200% chaos damage. When this skill ends, all enemies still within the marked area receive 1000% chaos damage. Duration: 30 seconds. Cooldown: 6 hours

Demonize Weapon (active skill): Weapon's damage +1,000. Damage changes to Chaos damage. Duration: 10 minutes. Cooldown: 3 hours.



Devilize (Active skill): Transforms into a devil. Duration: 1 hour. Cooldown: 1 day.

Overlimit-S: Release the weapon's hidden power. Every attack deals an additional 200% chaos damage and 200% soul damage. Increase the weapon's reach by 5 feet. Decrease the defense of hit targets by 90%. Duration: 5 minutes. Cooldown: 3 hours.

Four wind energies constantly swirl around the weapon. Whenever the weapon makes contact, the wind energies lash out and deal 50% wind damage.

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Jack whistled. His weapon's damage increased even further after fusing Storm Breaker with the strongest longsword in this world. Now, Storm Breaker had truly become the strongest sword.

"Hey, there are also changes to the Overlimit skill!" Jack exclaimed.

An S letter was added to the skill's name. Its cooldown was halved to three hours. Its chaos damage was reduced by 100%, but it gained an additional 200% soul damage.

"This is weird," Jack said. "The Overlimit originally dealt chaos damage. The Fallen Apostle's Longsword also dealt chaos damage. Where does this soul damage come from?"

"Haven't you heard that a negative multiplied by a negative equal a positive?" Chris asked.

"What the heck does that have to do with this?" Jack returned. "Also, that comparison is way off. If following your comparison, it should be chaos multiplied by chaos equal to soul, but what happens here is chaos multiplies by chaos equal to chaos and soul."

Chris seemed to notice the stupidity of his previous statement. He said, "Whatever. I'm the creator, so what I say, goes. Chaos multiplied by chaos equal to chaos plus soul. End of story."

Jack turned to Peniel, who just shrugged. He decided not to waste time discussing the matter.

"A tip for you. If you use Demonize Weapon and Overlimit together, you will have access to a special finishing skill," Chris said.

"Really? Let's give it a try!" Jack exclaimed.

"Hey! Aren't you going to the battlefield soon? You want to have your skills on cooldown when starting the battle?" Peniel reminded.

"Oh... You are right. I almost forgot, hehe," Jack chuckled. He then turned to Chris, "This reminds me. Your Anywhere Portal can get us anywhere, including a place where a battle is going on, right? Otherwise, we will need some time to reach the battlefield."

"Of course, it can," Chris answered.

"Great. Then once we defeat the devils and the underworld army, we will use your portal to teleport directly to World Maker's headquarters! We will catch them by surprise and finish this once and for all!"

"You are obnoxiously confident, aren't you?" Chris said mockingly. "Forget about using my portal to teleport to World Throne. You will have to march the normal way there."

"What? Why?" Jack asked.

"Even if, and I say, if! You manage to defeat the devils and the demon army. Plenty of demons still guard the main underworld portal. They will come at you once you appear in their territory. Many enemy players were also in that headquarters. With just the twenty-three of you, forget about getting to Apollyon. I'm not going to help you just so you can endanger Mae's life."

"Not to mention, Lucifer must be guarding the main underworld portal," Peniel reminded.

"Oh, the devil with God-level power...", Jack muttered.

"Yes. What you need to do IF you defeat the devils is march with your armies into Liguritutum," Chris said. "While your army deals with the demons that guard the main underworld portal, the twenty-three of you will use the power from the Council of Twenty-four to strip Lucifer of his divinity. Again, IF you win, you can go after Apollyon in his headquarters."

"You don't sound very confident in us, do you? What is the cooldown of our divinity-stripping power?" Jack asked.

"Three days," Chris answered. "Hopefully, Apollyon hasn't gotten his Godhood when you, lot, face Lucifer."

"Damn it... Why can't you make it so we can use it without a cooldown?" Jack cursed.

"Where is the..."

"Don't need to answer that!" Jack cut Chris before he completed his sentence. "Answer this other question. How strong is Lucifer without his divine power?"

"Hm... Well, the strongest level and grade he can be is level 99 eternal. But even so, he will for sure be stronger than Satan," Chris answered.

"Great...", Jack uttered.

## **Chapter 1885. Skill Points**

After Jack finished setting up his perfected Storm Breaker, Chris gave him his second weapon, the Fallen Apostle's Mystic Staff. The trial was similar to before. The difference was he could only use spells compatible with the Archmage class.

He already knew how to defeat the possessing demon, so it didn't take him long before he woke up from his coma. The others were still unconscious when he woke up for the second time.

After gaining the new magic staff, Jack asked for Chris' mobile blacksmith tools. During their stay, Chris helped everyone level up their non-heritage equipment using his blacksmith tools to level 99. His blacksmith tools had a 100% success chance, which everyone agreed was an ultimate cheat. But since they reaped the benefits, they didn't complain. Chris also seemed to possess an unlimited number of upgrade ores. Hence, he had no trouble max-leveling the equipment.

Chris originally wanted to give everyone unique-grade armor, but everyone's armor was already at least a unique grade, courtesy of Wilted.

Aside from giving definite success chances, Chris' blacksmith tools could also etch equipment. While leveling up everyone's equipment, Chris also did the etching process. He then installed armor orbs on all the equipment. He had a seemingly unlimited number of armor orbs in his inventory, but they were the standard types like the ones Jack acquired from the league factions.

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Jack only had his shoulder armor missing an armor orb. He received a super-rare-grade Orb of Greater Darkness from Chris. Now, all his equipment had weapon orbs or armor orbs installed on them.

Chris used his blacksmith tools to etch Jack's Fallen Apostle's Mystic Staff. Jack transferred the Orb of Raijin to his new staff.

\*

Fallen Apostle's Mystic Staff, level: 99 (Legendary magic weapon), embedded: Orb of Raijin (Unique-grade Weapon orb).

Lightning damage: 2,300

Range: 100 meters

Attack speed: 2

Energy: Unlimited

Bound to: Storm Wind

All stat except Luck +20

Demon Mind (Response skill): Every hostile spell that hits the wielder grants a demonic aura that increases all elemental resistances by 1 point (up to 50 points). Nullify all effects that interrupt spellcasting when the aura is active. The aura lasts 3 minutes. Another hit from a hostile spell refreshes the duration.

Demon Souls Turbulence: Lock down an area with a radius of 100 meters. Demon souls run havoc inside the area, causing Curse, Disoriented, and Weakness. Deal 100% soul damage every second. When this skill ends, all enemies within the marked area receive 1000% soul damage. Duration: 20 seconds. Cooldown: 6 hours

Demonize Weapon (active skill): Weapon's damage +1,000. Damage changes to Chaos damage. Duration: 10 minutes. Cooldown: 3 hours.

Devilize (Active skill): Transforms into a devil. Duration: 1 hour. Cooldown: 1 day.

All skills or spells that deal lightning damage +20% damage.

Each standard attack has a 5% chance to produce chain lightning that strikes up to 7 hostiles, dealing 50% lightning damage.

\*

"Well, I figure the Demonize Weapon is for the respective weapon," Jack uttered after reading the weapon's description. "What about Devilize? I have two of the same skills now. Can I use it twice?"

"First of all, you are a hack. This kind of situation is never supposed to happen," Chris said. "To answer your question, yes, you can use it twice. The two identical skills have separate cooldowns. However, if you use the second one when the first one is still active, you will simply refresh its duration. You won't receive double the effects."

Jack nodded at the explanation. This meant he could be in Devilize form for two hours.

Spring Crown was the second to awaken after Jack, but Leavemealone awoke mere seconds after Spring Crown. Since Spring Crown was the first to go into a coma, and Leavemealone only did that some time after Spring Crown, Leavemealone could be considered to finish the trial the second fastest after Jack.

Jack didn't find that surprising. If the test relied on the spirit to improve and not giving up, Leavemealone was among the top in that department.

"Woo...! Look at this, people," Spring Crown exclaimed.

Spring Crown was playing with his new fallen apostle's weapon, which had also turned crimson. The weapon, originally a spear, had transformed into a broadsword. He swung this broadsword, which transformed again into an axe mid-swing. At the end of the swing, it became a pair of fist weapons. They then changed into two longswords before combining into a mace, and so on.

"His weapon is a transforming weapon. Cool!" Jack remarked.

"Hehe. A fitting weapon for a Weapon Master, don't you say?" Chris added. "A weapon master normally will not receive a damage bonus if they change to the same type of weapon within three minutes, but that weapon nullifies that limitation. Every time he transforms the weapon, he receives a damage bonus."

"Haon is using his growth weapon to consume his fallen apostle's fist weapons," Peniel informed.

They turned and saw Leavemealone starting the weapon-feeding process.

"It's okay. His growth weapon is already a legendary grade," Jack said.

"But shouldn't we warn him?" Peniel asked.

"Nah, it's okay," Jack replied.

Haon was startled when the fallen apostle's fist weapons fought back. He jumped away in reflex to avoid getting hit by the red lightning. Jack and Chris laughed at the scene. Peniel rolled their eyes at them.

The others woke up one by one as time passed. Red Death's Fallen Apostle's Dagger was the same as the Fallen Apostle's Longsword. It could split into two, allowing her to wield two daggers.

After they exchanged information, they learned that all the Fallen Apostle's weapons shared three of the same skills. These skills were all stat except luck +20, Demonize Weapon, and Devilize. The remaining two skills differed for each weapon, but one was always a response skill, while the other was an offensive skill.

"Ah, dang it...", John cursed after equipping the Fallen Apostle's Summoning Wand.

"What are you complaining now?" Jack asked.

John brought out his Staff of Mind Breaker. "If I had known, I wouldn't have bothered asking Janus to craft this staff. Waste my materials and coins for nothing."

"You can always give that staff to someone from our guild," Jack said. "Trinity Dawn or Olddemon are good candidates."

"And lose the chance to mind control and interrogate people? No way! I will keep this staff and use it when the opportunity arises."

Jack could only shake his head.

"Hey! Why is there a monster in this place?" They heard Jet exclaim. Everyone looked over and saw some sort of a metallic automaton. Its left arm had a spear for a hand, while its right arm ended with a hammer.

"It's not a monster. It's my spirit weapon," Spring Crown informed everyone. "The cool thing is, it doesn't have a cooldown anymore. I can summon it anytime I want."

'It's the same with Spark,' Jack thought. Upon that thought, he remembered his spirit weapon. Would there be a change to Spark? Spark was supposed to be in its pinnacle form already since Storm Breaker was already a legendary grade. But the fallen apostle's weapons were supposed to be at the peak of all legendary weapons, so maybe that meant something?

Due to that thought, Jack summoned Spark.

The spirit weapon materializing before him was indeed different. Its form was roughly the same as before, with metallic shiny surfaces all over its body, but its color was different. Before, Spark was golden. Now, it was Crimson. The wing blades on its back had increased from three pairs to five pairs. They were also longer.

Another difference was the color of Spark's eyes. Before, they were dark purple orbs. Now, the left eye remained dark purple, but the right one was silver.

"Master, I have upgraded again," Spark said.

Spring Crown, who heard it, said, "Yeah, right. Here I am, admiring my new spirit weapon. You just have to show off yours that can talk, eh? How petty are you?"

"Ho... You must have learned the spirit weapon from the universal technique book. Good choice!" Chris said.

"Spirit Weapon?" Leavemealone asked.

"Yes, if you had listened to me before using the universal technique book, you could have gotten a similar spirit weapon like mine," Jack answered.

"Hmph. Unlike you, I don't rely on others. The beast form suits me better," Leavemealone returned.

'Bloody hell. Is this guy looking for a fight?' Jack cursed in his mind. He ignored everyone and turned to Spark. He asked, "Do you feel any different?"

"I do," Spark replied. "With this upgrade, I have been given access to skills."

"Really?" Jack asked. Spark couldn't perform skills before. It even lost the beam attack after the last upgrade. Aside from range attacks using the flying blades on its back, it mostly fought by copying Jack's martial arts.

When Jack was about to ask Spark to demonstrate, its bicolor eyes flared brightly. Spark looked up as a beam shot out from its eyes. Silver and dark purple intertwined in that beam as it shot far into the sky.

"That eye beam deals both soul and chaos damage," Chris explained.

After discharging the eye beam, Spark said, "I still have a few other skills. I can show them, but they had pretty long cooldowns. I understand you will go to the battlefield soon, won't you?"

"We will," Jack nodded. "You can show your new powers there."

Jack turned to the others. "So, everyone ready to leave?"

Everyone had successfully defeated themselves and exorcised the demons residing in the fallen apostle's weapons. Jack could even say that this trial had benefited everyone more than the weapon gains. Everyone looked more confident. They were no longer anxious about the thought of taking on the devils, which they were about to do.

"Hold! I'm not done yet!" They heard Chris exclaim.

"What is it? You still have something that can help us?" John asked. He intentionally sounded sarcastic, but Chris either didn't catch the tone or pretended not to.

"Of course I do. You should know by now how generous I am," Chris said with pride. A large stack of books materialized on the ground before him.

"Are those..."



"Yep! These are skill books," Chris said. "They grant you skill points."

Everyone had seen a skill book before. They just never saw it in such a large quantity. There are probably a thousand books in that pile.

When some started counting, Chris gave them the answer, "There are one thousand and four hundred skill books in this pile."

Almost everyone gasped at hearing the number.

Chris continued, "If divided among the twenty-three of you, each person can get 60 skill points. Some will get one extra skill point. I'll let you people decide."

"I don't need them. Give my share to the others," Jack said.

"Right. You have the container of souls," Chris said. During their past conversations, Jack had mentioned his possession of the artifact.

"Okay, if we distribute between twenty-two people, each person should get 63 or 64 skill points," Chris said. "Prioritize using the skill points for your special classes' skills. Combined with the skill points you got from leveling up, all of you should be able to max out your special classes' skills."

Jeanny and Wilted appointed themselves as the ones overseeing the distribution. Some people got an extra skill point more than others. They decided to give the extra book to those with higher levels compared to others.

As the distribution was proceeding, Chris called Will over. He said, "You will stay in this place."

"Yes!" Will exclaimed.

"Hold! You don't get to decide that!" John, who heard, immediately came to protest.

"He is useless even if he went out there with you," Chris explained. "He will most likely stay at the back battling the common demons while you all fight the devils. It is more productive for him to stay here. I will get him ready before your confrontation with Lucifer or Apollyon. Otherwise, if he got killed because his level was too low, then everyone's effort would be a waste."

"What can he do in two weeks?" John asked. "One week, if we wish to get to Master before he becomes a God. He can mostly increase two to three levels."

"Hehe. I can help him by using this," Chris said. He revealed a small gadget that looked like a compass.



"Time Manipulator?" Wilted exclaimed when she saw the item.

"What does that thing do?" Jack asked.

"It is similar to the Time Pearl," Wilted answered. "While Time Pearl is an artifact, this Time Manipulator is a consumable. Additionally, its application is even better than Time Pearl. While ones who use Time Pearl experience a distortion in time, it doesn't affect their age. With Time Manipulator, time is fully distorted. You can increase even your age level when you use this item."

## **Chapter 1886. Six Teams**

"For what I want to do, I actually prefer the Time Pearl. Unfortunately, I don't have a copy of that artifact," Chris said.

"What do you plan to do with that Time Manipulator?" Wilted asked.

"I am going to use it on my training cave," Chris answered. "Turning the time inside faster than the time outside."

"Like the Space-time Chamber in our guild?" Paytowin asked.

"Time Manipulator can do that?" Wilted asked in surprise.

"Normally, it shouldn't, but my training cave is special," Chris answered.

"Dude... If you have that thing, why do you bring it out only now? Why didn't you use it when we were using the training cave?" Jack complained.

"When you enter my training cave, you can go to a training space different than others who enter. This Time Manipulator only affects one space and will only allow one person into that space. Others who enter will be sent to a different training space with a normal time flow. I don't have many Time Manipulators lying around. I only have eight pieces. I am already magnanimous enough to use them to speed up this guy who is lagging behind you all."

John stared at Will. Will felt strong killing intent from that stare. He ran and hid behind Jeanny this time.

"How fast is the time being sped up using that Time Manipulator?" John asked Chris.

"Five times," Chris answered.

"Slower than the Time Pearl," John muttered.

"Yes, but my training cave already speeds up time by twice. So, by using this item, it will run at ten times normal speed."

"Fine!" John exclaimed. "Will, you stay here and use the training cave. If we defeat the devils, it should take us around one week to march into Liguritutum. One week should give you more than two months' worth of training using those Time Manipulators. I warn you, do not slack behind in your training!"

"I will do my best, boss!" Will answered. He was happy enough not to join the war for now.

"As for the two of you," Chris pointed at Joe and Giant Steve. "Aside from Will, you two are the only ones with levels below 90. Here, use these to bring your level up to 90. This way, you can also equip the fallen apostle's weapons and the armor I have leveled up."

Chris put a tray on a table. Lots of small marbles started filling up the tray.

"Exp pills?" The two said after using Inspect on the marbles.

"No exp pills for the rest of us?" Jet asked.

"At your level, you need lots of exp pills to level up, even with high-grade ones," Chris said. "I don't have that many pills. Why do you think I ask you to use my training cave if I can just level you all up using exp pills? I only have enough to level up one or two people a few levels. That is what I'm doing now."

Joe and Steve busied themselves with the exp pills. Chris refilled the tray when it was almost empty. He only stopped adding the exp pills after both Joe and Steve reached level 90. The two received a new skill from their special classes after hitting that level.

They then collected their skill books from Jeanny, which had been reserved for them. They used those skill books to fully level up their new skills as well as the other skills from their pinnacle classes.

The others had already finished with that task. They were now staring at Chris in silence. Being stared at like that, even the indifferent Chris felt slightly disturbed.

"What... What are you all staring at me like that for...?" He asked.

"Is there anything else for us?" John asked with a grin.

"Well... As a matter of fact, there is one more way I can help...", Chris said weakly. He felt like he had invited a pack of wolves into his house.

"Follow me," he said. He led the group into the woods on a side they had never gone to before. They came out to a clearing where twelve strange plants of different shapes lined up at the center of the clearing. Fumes constantly came out of those plants.

"What are those plants?" Joe asked Wilted.

Wilted answered by shaking her head.

"These are only available here," Chris informed. "Most of you have just received your bloodlines, so they are still level 1. They won't help you much that way. Each of these plants continuously gives out different types of monster essences. Simply by standing near the plants, you will absorb the essences and level up your bloodlines."

"For real? Cool!" Paytowin exclaimed. "My Brave Ancestry Bloodline is level 6. I've regretted not being able to fully level it up before going to the war. Now, I can get it to the max! Um... Which one produces the essence of humanoid monsters?"

Chris pointed at one of the plants. "You will see a branch on that plant with a shape that looks like a goblin. On the other plants, you will see shapes corresponding to the monster types. That's how you identify which essence the plants give out."

Paytowin ran to the plant Chris had indicated. The others also started approaching and observing the plants to identify the essence they produced. Jack remained at his place. His bloodline was already fully maxed.

Before John went to check the plants, he asked Chris, "Dude, what else do you have for us? Don't be shy. Take them all out."

"Nothing else! This is the last!" Chris exclaimed.

"Are you sure there is nothing else you can give us?" John insisted.

"No. I have nothing more!" Chris yelled. "You, people, I've given you so many things but still not enough. So needy!"

"Hm... Okay. I guess this will have to do, then," John said before turning away. Chris had the urge to throw something at John. John made it sound like what he had given them was something he owed them.

He decided to leave to cool himself down. "Will, follow me! You need to start working on your level! You can absorb the essence later."

Before leaving, he told the others, "Those of you with level 1 unique-grade bloodlines will need several hours to level them up to the max. When you are ready to leave, go to the Anywhere Portal. I will be waiting there."

Everyone nodded at Chris as they stood near the plants to absorb the essence. Grace, Jeanny, and Arthur thanked Chris. This made Chris feel a little better. Chris glanced at Wilted before he left. Wilted returned the glance but otherwise said nothing.

After Chris left, the others sat on the ground. Chris said this would take some time, so they might as well relax. John used this chance to discuss their team arrangement.

They were going to split up into the different fronts. They would have a better winning chance if all of them went and fought one devil. But as Chris had mentioned, defeating one devil had the risk of bringing the other surviving devils together. Their winning chance would drop significantly if those devils worked together.

Furthermore, they were pressed for time. Defeating one devil at a time provided a better winning chance but would take much longer. If they took too long, Master would have become a God by the time they finished dealing with the devils.

Hence, they needed the shortest time to claim victory. This could only be done by splitting up and defeating all devils at the same time.

"We will divide into six teams," John announced. "Jeanny, David, Spring Crown, and Freddie. The four of you will head to Northern Aurebor Front. You will face Mammon."

"Understood," Jeanny said.

"Roger that," David added.

Spring Crown looked between Jeanny and David. He asked John "Are you doing them a favor? Throwing this couple into the same team? Or, are you afraid they will complain if you don't?"

"If he is doing us a favor, he shouldn't have put you with us," David returned.

"Yo! I feel some hostility here. We are on the same team, man. No need to be so aggressive!" Spring Crown exclaimed.

David was vexed. Spring Crown was the one who started the argument, but he was now acting like the victim.

"We don't have time for your drama. Go to the side if you want to settle your issues," John reprimanded. "Next! Leavemealone, Four Winds, Arthur, and Blackhole. You will go to Aurebor Southern Front and help them take on Asmodeus."

"No healer?" Blackhole asked.

"What do you expect? We only have four healers. Two teams will have to take the short straws," John said. "You will have to make do and find healers on the battlefield."

"Don't worry, I will give the four of you extra bottles of Ultimate Healing Potion," Wilted said as she took out the potions and distributed them to the four.

Ultimate Healing Potion was a super rare consumable that recovered 20,000 HP instantly. It also slowly healed the user by 10% of their max HP within sixty seconds after using the potion. Each usage had a cooldown of three minutes.

## **Chapter 1887. Leaving the Secret Garden**

"Third team! Grace, Red Death, Nameless, and Badass," John announced. "The four of you will head to Northern Palgrost Front... Well, we should call it Sangrod Front since it is in Sangrod Territory now. You will help the army fight Belphegor at that front."

The Sangrod Front was where Arlcard was, Jack thought. He knew Arlcard had become Sangrod's emperor. Now that his companion was a sovereign, he couldn't summon Arlcard at will anymore. Otherwise, the army on that front would become a mess if their leader suddenly left the field. Then again, everyone's companion was already active in the war while they trained here. Most likely, no one would summon their companions when they joined the war.

"I gotta ask," Jet said. "Do you truly set up this team arrangement based on our class and skill compatibility, or do you do it for your amusement?"

"I said it's the latter," Spring Crown gave his opinion.

"I agree to that," David added while giving Spring Crown an irritated glance.

"How can you say that?" John made a hurt face. "Do you think I'm the kind of man who does things for amusement when the whole world is at stake?"

"Yes," Everyone uttered at almost the same time.

"Ouch! Now, that hurts," John said.

"Are you sure putting these two ladies together is the right move?" Jet pointed at Grace and Red Death. The two women glanced at one another after Jet's gesture.

"Why is it not?" Jack asked, which caused everyone to give him a stare.

"Uh... Did I say something wrong?" Jack asked.

"Your cluelessness is baffling, brother," Paytowin said to him.

"Now, cut the crap," John said. "I've seen the two of them fight together during their spar with Jack. They coordinated very well. Their classes also cover each other's

weaknesses well. Grace has excellent defense and can heal. Red Death is an excellent damage dealer. If they can cooperate, they will do great."

"I agree," Jack said. He then thought of something and said, "Hey, wait a minute. Weren't you already sleeping that time when I sparred with them?"

"I was just pretending to sleep, my friend. Okay, next team! Paytowin, Hand... Joe! Anotherday, Wilted Tree. You will go to Palgrost Southern Front and fight Leviathan."

"Um... Can I choose another team," Joe asked. "That Leviathan is freaking huge. I don't know how we fight that thing."

"Leave the melee engagement to Paytowin and the Caelum Whale. You will play support with the others," John said.

Paytowin nodded.

John continued. "The fifth team will head to Hydrurond's Northern Front. I will head this team myself. Accompanying me will be Giant Steve, Fierce Flame, Jet, and Purple Mist. Under my leadership, we will take down Beelzebub and secure victory against the demon army. We will then march toward Liguritutum to put an end to Master's ploy and end this once and for all. To victory...!!!"

While many were affected by his enthusiasm and echoed his victory cry, they soon realized something weird. One person and one front were not yet accounted for. They all turned to this person.

"Motherf\*cker...", Jack cursed. "Are you asking me to face Satan alone?!"

"You won't be alone. Eoranth and Honuren will be there to aid you," John replied.

"..."

"F\*ck you! You are doing this on purpose!" The others held Jack down when he was about to lunge at John.

John ran to hide behind Jeanny before saying, "Expert, you have three classes. You alone are worth three people. Please believe I make this team arrangement based on objectivity, not subjectivity."

"Even if your argument is sound, why does your team have more members than the rest of us?" Paytowin asked. "Your team has five people. The rest of us, aside from Jack, only have four people."

"Not to mention, his team boasts the best composition," Spring Crown added. "Aside from him, he has a tank, a ranged damage dealer, a melee supporter, and a healer."

"Hm...", Everyone now turned to John.

"Hey! Come on. Like I said. This arrangement is based entirely on objectivity!" John exclaimed. "I'm a strategist. I need pawns to bring out my full ability. Thus, it makes sense for me to have the most number of people. This is all to ensure a victory. If I can defeat Beelzebub fast, my team can use Chris' Anywhere Portal to come to your aid and help your side. We agree to hit all the devils simultaneously. That doesn't mean we can't grant one team the highest chance of winning, so that team can quickly complete the task, and then come to the other team's aid. I've placed this vital burden on myself, all to ensure our collective victory. That is how selfless I am!"

Everyone gave him condescending faces. No one here believed he was selfless. Nevertheless, his argument of defeating one devil first was sound. With the other teams pinning the devils down, the devils wouldn't be able to leave their current battlefields even if they sensed one of them was defeated.

"Sending me to go alone is still a low blow," Jack said.

"I can go with you if you want," Grace offered.

"What's the matter, expert? Are you afraid to face Satan?" John asked.

"There is no need to try to provoke me," Jack replied. "Even if you all stay behind, I will still go by myself if I have to. I just don't like the way you set this up. Never mind. So be it! We follow your arrangement. Grace, you go with the others to Sangrod."

"Are you sure?" Grace asked.

"Satan might be extremely strong, but he is also the best opponent I can use to measure how far I have improved over these past two months. I'm not afraid of him!"

"That's how our ace should act!" John came and clapped Jack on the shoulder. Jack responded by giving him a killing stare.

"I can see you are still mad about this. I'll leave you alone," John said. He scurried away to resume absorbing aquatic monster essences. The others did the same. Jack went to one side and practiced his sword art using his new Storm Breaker.

After a couple more hours, everyone finally maxed out their bloodline levels. Bloodlines provided a great percentage boost to their stats. Hence, they felt significantly stronger and faster. After so many improvements, they were now ready to face their greatest challenges.

They walked together toward the Anywhere Portal.



On the way, Four Winds thought of something and asked Jack. "By the way, you don't need to absorb the essence and you don't need to wait for anyone since you don't have a team. Why didn't you head over to the battlefield ahead of us?"

Jack's face showed that he had also just realized that. All he could respond with was, "Oh..."

Chris was already waiting for them there. He was sitting in a low chair, relaxing while sipping wine the fairies brought him.

"You know, I still get irritated every time I see how relaxed he is," Jet said.

"Yeah. He said he busied himself to get the bloodlines, but every time I came out from the training caves, I always saw him relaxing. There is no sign of him ever leaving this place," Paytowin added.

"I bet all he said about busying himself is just bull. He must have had the bloodlines from the start," Spring Crown joined in.

"You, people, do know I can hear you, don't you?" Chris yelled. "This is how you thank me after I gave you so many things?"

Another round of 'thank you' with flat tones sounded from everyone. This pissed Chris off.

"Argh...! Begone with you all. Don't come here again!" Chris stood and went to operate his Anywhere Portal.

"Northern Aurebor!" He yelled.

A hectic scene was visible on the other side of the portal. Soldiers running around the place, soldiers operating siege weapons, A long wall that blocked the sight of hell on the other side, and soldiers battling demons atop that wall.

The battle was ongoing. The wall was still standing strong. Chris had opened the portal on the side behind the defending wall.

Jeanny, Spring Crown, David, and Freddie walked forward. Jeanny stopped before the portal. He looked at Chris and said, "Thank you."

Jeanny's thank you was not the mocking version with the flat tone. Her words were sincere. Chris' displeasure evaporated then.

"Good luck," Chris said. He was also being sincere.

Jeanny nodded. She went through the portal.



Spring Crown and David looked at each other before saying thank you to Chris. Theirs, however, was the mocking version. They gave each other a high-five before entering the portal. Chris' annoyance returned because of those two. Freddie simply walked past Chris and entered the portal without even a glance.

"Damn it! Don't expect me to teleport you back here again!" Chris cursed and shut down the current portal. The portal quickly reappeared, but showing the scene from another front.

"Southern Palgrost!" He yelled.

He turned and saw Wilted staring at him.

"So, we are not allowed to come back here again?" Wilted asked.

"My door is always open for you," Chris said with a grin.

"I won't return if the others are not allowed," Wilted said.

"All right. All right. If any of you requested, I will teleport you back here," Chris said with a defeated expression.

## **Chapter 1888. Joining the Battlefield**

While Chris opened his Anywhere Portal to send the remaining teams to the respective battlefields one by one, Jeanny and the others stepped foot into the Aurebor Northern Front.

Being here physically was completely different from watching the scene from Chris' projection. The air was filled with tension and the cries of battles. Sounds of explosions and the clashes of weapons never ceased. People moved around constantly while shouting. It was difficult to comprehend anything due to the chaos.

Luckily, they had seen the defenders prepared at this front before the battle started, so they knew the layout of this front. They knew where the defender's base of operation was. The base was not that difficult to locate because it was an enormous fortress with legs.

The mobile fortress was not in as good a condition as it first arrived. Many cracks were seen on its walls. Several parts of its battlement were already in ruin. One of its legs was broken. It couldn't move as well as it should.

"Let's head there first!" Jeanny told the others.

They flew towards the mobile fortress. During their stay in Chris' secret garden, Chris also gave wings tools to those who had not yet had them.

"Mother!" Jeanny called after arriving above the keep inside the mobile fortress. The shield around the mobile fortress was still there, but it was not as strong as before. The shield didn't block Jeanny and the others because they were considered allies.

Nova was using the war table. She didn't turn when Jeanny called. She was already aware of Jeanny's coming. The two exchanged messages beforehand. She couldn't take her attention away from the screen. One mistake and the demon army might breach their defenses.

"How is the situation?" Jeanny asked after landing.

"Not good," Nova answered. "We have suffered significant casualties after the multiple battles. The worst thing is we have lost the capital, Lorethion. I can still access the monarch system using the city hall inside the cities near the border, but I can't recruit as many soldiers that way. We have also run out of reinforcement from the native adventurers and the frogmen."

"How long do you think we can last?" Jeanny asked.

"The battle at this front had just started half a day ago, so we are still strong. One good news is the demon army isn't as overwhelming as they were. I think they are also running out of reinforcements from the underworld after so many battles. I guess that made sense. There should be a limit to the demons sent from the underworld, shouldn't it? We should thank the Gods for that, at least."

Nova didn't know that the one she should be thanking was Master, who sent Sizhad to use the Mana Purifiers and halt the demon reinforcements.

"Even so, once this front is breached, we have to retreat to Verremor," Nova said. "I can't recruit soldiers anymore by then. The army here will be all we have."

"We won't retreat anymore. We will settle the battle here!" Jeanny declared.

Nova smiled. "That confidence of yours is always motivating."

"We will go and face Mammon. Try to support us by preventing other demons from interfering," Jeanny said. She was studying the screen. The dot that represented Mammon was fighting two green dots. At this stage, the defenders couldn't spare too many combatants to deal with Mammon, so the devil was able to get dangerously close to the defensive wall.

"Are you sure?" Nova asked with worry. "Mammon is not your usual opponent. You can't treat him like the normal bosses you have fought before. After seeing that devil in action for more than two months, I dare say he has still not yet exhibited his true power. He is treating this war like a game. He probably wants to prolong it for as long as possible."

"Don't worry, mother," Jeanny gave Nova a confident smile. "I'm also not the same as before."

"All right, but be careful. Mammon is especially aggressive against players. I don't know why, but he always targets any player who comes near him. We've lost many players who incidentally went into his range."

Jeanny had an idea why. Jack had recorded his experience during his time in the underworld and put the record in the guild's archive. Core members were free to read it, so they knew what to expect in the underworld.

She didn't have the time to explain to Nova, so she just told her mother again not to worry. She turned to the others and said, "Let's go, everyone!" She then took to the sky.

"Ma'am," Freddie said to Nova before flying after Grace.

"Aren't you going to say something to your future mother-in-law?" Spring Crown said to David.

"Will you knock it off?!" David scolded.

Spring Crown laughed and flew away. David gave Nova a sheepish laugh before he left.

'Mother-in-law...?' Nova thought in confusion.

\*

The four fought the demon bats as they flew forward. Once they flew past the wall, the huge body of Mammon came into view. The sight on the opposite of the wall was indeed a hellscape. A full-scale battle was happening as far as the eyes could see.

Mammon's primary opponents were the Soul Swan and the leader of the Devotee of Passion. The Soul Swan was a level 95 eternal avian. The leader of the Devotee of Passion was a vampire named Leda. She was a level 90 eternal grade.

The Soul Swan was not a melee combatant. Yet, it had no choice but to assume the role. It mostly played defense while using healing spells on itself nonstop to stay alive. Leda was a spellcaster with good defensive abilities, so she also fought Mammon at close range to help alleviate the pressure on the Soul Swan.

The two didn't have any thoughts about defeating Mammon. It already took all their effort to stay alive. Their objective was simply to hinder Mammon's advance for as long as possible. The others who could help mostly play support from range.

They couldn't do anything about Mammon's dark wolves, though. The two wolves ran freely and pounced on anyone they came across. These wolves ended up killing more defenders than Mammon himself.

"Should we fight those wolves first?" Freddie asked.

"No. Some had fought those wolves when we first encountered the devils," Jeanny said. "Those wolves are immortal as long Mammon still stands. It is pointless wasting our time on them."

"That's probably why no one bothers to try to kill those wolves," David said after observing the situation. The defenders only defend against the wolves' attacks. They don't attempt any attack on the wolves. "They must have done it before, and the wolves just returned to life."

"How should we do this?" Freddie asked. He was the eldest here, but he had learned to listen to these youngsters. They were more experienced with everything about this new world.

"Spring Crown and I will take point," Jeanny said. "David, you are in charge of dealing constant damage while we took Mammon's attention. Uncle Freddie, you play support. I know you might want to fight the enemy using your martial arts. Please refrain from doing so. Use your spells."

"Wilted said the Soul Swan is an excellent healer, so you don't need to worry too much about healing us, old man," Spring Crown said to Freddie.

"Just do your things, but stay safe. Don't be too reckless," David added.

"I can't believe I'm getting lectured by kids half my age...", Freddie shook his head.

"All right. Remember! We can't hope for others to come to our help," Jeanny said. "We are the help. The army is stretched thin as it is. We will defeat Mammon by ourselves."

The four then rushed toward Mammon. As they were about to arrive, they suddenly found their advance blocked by a daemon.

11:22

While the daemon drew the four's attention, a high demon attempted to get a jump on them from above. This high demon came swooping down while swinging a giant axe. A fiery wave followed his swing.

"Outworlders, dieee...!!!" The high demon exclaimed.

None of the four were surprised by the sneak attack. Spring Crown saw the sneaking high demon way before he attempted the attack. He changed direction and flew up when the high demon's swing was still in motion.

His weapon changed into a buckler that blocked the fiery wave as he flew into the wave. It then transformed back into a spear and stabbed into the high demon's head while the demon's axe was still at the end of its swing.

Spring Crown's weapon changed again. This time to a hammer. He used Power Strike and struck the high demon, whose vision was disrupted by the stab. The powerful strike sent the high demon slamming into the ground below. Spring Crown had aimed so the demon fell right next to a yeti who was fighting among the defenders. The yeti didn't waste the chance. It used its large foot to stomp the high demon and keep it from getting up. It then rained punches at the pinned demon.

Jeanny and the others continued forward when Spring Crown dealt with the high demon. David fired Rapid Shot at the daemon who blocked their way. The daemon tanked the shot while rushing forward. Since the sneak attack failed, it resorted to brute force.

The daemon wore a pair of flaming fist weapons. Freddie came before it when it punched. Freddie's fallen apostle's weapon was a curved stick. He easily deflected the daemon's punch using the curved stick before sending a drunken fist punch to the side of the daemon's head.

Jeanny used Penetrating Stab straight at the daemon's head when it was reeling. She then used Power Strike and sent the daemon crashing to the ground below.

Down there were plenty of defenders. They were still close to the wall, after all. They let the defenders below deal with the two grounded enemies. They resumed their advance toward Mammon. They couldn't afford to waste their time and skills on these small fries.

They had a devil to catch.

## **Chapter 1889. Fighting Mammon**

Mammon swung his darkness-coated monk's spade. His swing conjured a darkness-filled hurricane that assailed everyone around him. Nearby Devotee of Passion's members were swept by this dark turbulence. Leda cast a spell that created a pyramid of light that protected her. The Soul Swan covered itself using its wings.

"Haha! Are you two the only worthy opponents left?" Mammoth mocked. "If you are, then I have grown bored of this. Maybe it's time to end this pathetic game."

Mammon increased his attacking pace. Leda and the Soul Swan had difficulty keeping up. The others could no longer approach with Mammon's dark energy growing more

violent. Many demons also kept them occupied, leaving only Leda and the Soul Swan to deal with the devil. The two's HP continued to drop at a worrying rate.

Suddenly, a soothing wind blew past, and a refreshing rain fell from the sky.

"Hm...?" Mammon stopped his offense. He could sense this was no normal wind and rain.

Nearby defenders touched by the wind and rain had their HP, MP, and Stamina restored. They also felt refreshed. Their fatigue was gone. Most of all, they felt hope inside their hearts again. This wind and rain had somehow washed away the despair gripping their hearts.

This wind and rain were a spell cast by Freddie. The spell was called World's Blessing. He gained this spell when his World Warden class reached level 80. Its recovery effect was much more powerful than Druid's healing wind and healing rain combined. The spell also covered an extremely large area. One-fifth of the battlefield received the healing. World's Blessing lasted half an hour at max level. As long as this enchanted rain fell, the defenders were unlikely to die.

Mammon's keen mana sense quickly guided him to the source of the spell. He laid eyes on four outworlders heading toward him. The Soul Swan and Leda took the chance when Mammon was preoccupied with the outworlders to retreat and recover themselves.

"Outworlders?! Good! I will enjoy tearing you to shreds!" He exclaimed. He shoved one of his arms forward. A thick dark-elemental beam shot at the four.

Jeanny and the others went in different directions when the beam came. The beam split into four smaller beams after passing them. These beams then made a U-turn and came at them from behind.

"Look out!" Freddie warned.

Jeanny had mana sense, so she was aware of the incoming beam. David and Spring Crown looked back after hearing Freddie's warning.

Freddie used his curved stick to perform Reversing Heaven and Earth, which he had learned from Domon. The martial art deflected the dark beam and sent it careening in another direction.

Spring Crown's weapon again changed into a buckler. He blocked the incoming dark beam while activating Absorb Energy. He then sent a Ki Wave enhanced by the energy of the dark beam. This Ki Wave slammed into the other dark beam that was about to hit David.

"Thanks," David said. He was just about to fire at the beam using his gun.

Jeanny didn't deal with the beam like the others. She instead increased her flying speed using her Dragon Lord level 60 skill, Dragonflight. A pair of illusory dragon wings appeared on her back. Together with the wings from her wings tool, she appeared to have two pairs of wings.

Her flying speed multiplied. She shot forward, leaving behind the dark beam that was about to hit her. The dark beam continued chasing her, but she ignored it. She was heading straight to Mammon. The dark beam expired before catching her.

The devil snickered when he saw Jeanny approaching. "Like a moth to a flame," he ridiculed.

When Jeanny got into range, Mammon made a lightning-quick swing. His monk's spade went from a relaxed state to a full swing right before Jeanny in the blink of an eye. Any regular combatant would have been caught off-guard by the rhythm, but Jeanny's body swayed, and the bladed part of Mammon's weapon missed Jeanny by a hairbreadth.

This took Mammon by surprise. Most opponents were taken aback by his explosive swing speed when they fought him for the first time. This was the first time someone dodged his attack during the first exchange. He considered this outworlder very lucky.

Jeanny didn't achieve the feat due to luck. She was indeed startled by Mammon's quick swing, but she was saved because of her special class' passive ability. Dragon Lord had a response skill called Dragon Lord Reflex. This skill triggered every time an attack almost hit. When it was triggered, the time in her perception slowed to 30% of its original speed. This was how she managed to adjust her body to avoid getting hit by Mammon's weapon.

She in turn utilized Mammon's surprise to land an attack. She used Dragoon's Piercing Spear. The spear energy she fired aimed at Mammon's eye. Mammon tilted his head, and the attack missed, but then he found Jeanny was gone.

His mana sense informed him that Jeanny had used Jump Attack to teleport above him. His monk's spade swung up to intercept Jeanny before her attack hit, but Jeanny's presence disappeared again.

"What the...," Mammon looked up. He saw Jeanny reappear somewhere else above him. She was stabbing down again, similar to when she used Jump Attack.

Mammon swung at her to again intercept her before she arrived. Yet, the same thing repeated. She vanished before Mammon's weapon hit her. She then reappeared at a different position above the devil.



The scene was like someone trying to hit a fly using a fly swatter. Mammon continued swinging his weapon to hit Jeanny mid-flight, but Jeanny zipped all around the place, dodging Mammon's swings.

What Jeanny used was Dragon Lord's beginning skill, Shift Jumps. This skill allowed her to perform attacks similar to Jump Attack but repeatedly. At max level, she could do twenty jumps.

Despite successfully drawing Mammon's frustration, she was not without worry. She had already used half of her twenty jumps but still couldn't stab Mammon even once. She was already at her limit making sure none of Mammon's swings hit her. Mammon's swinging speed was indeed extremely fast.

Because of the frustration, Mammon was late to sense an attack from a different source. A meteor-like energy that moved at an incredible speed and left sonic boom trails slammed into one of Mammon's eyes.

This meteor-like energy came from David. He was holding two guns. His fallen apostle's gun was the same as the fallen apostle's longsword and dagger. Its original form was a long rifle, but it could split into two smaller handguns, allowing David to use dual guns.

The skill David used to hit Mammon was Meteor Shot. It was a non-standard skill. The same skill used by Fast Hand Triggerman, an outlaw Jack defeated in the past.

David's shot bought Jeanny the opportunity she needed. The pain from having his eye assaulted caused Mammon to stop swinging. Jeanny finally stabbed her spear into Mammon. She disappeared after the stab, reappearing above Mammon, and landing another stab again.

The process repeated, drawing multiple damage numbers from Mammon. The fallen apostle's weapons had the highest damage stat for a weapon. The damage was further amplified by Jeanny's skills. Shift Jump's dished out better damage compared to Dragoon's Jump Attack. Dragonflight also increased the damage as long as the attack was performed during movement. The farther Jeanny moved before her spear stabbed, the higher the inflicted damage.

Even though the damage numbers were high, they were minuscule compared to Mammon's total HP. Rather than physical pain, the devil was hurt more by the shame of getting hit by these outworlders.

"You, worthless bugs...!!!" He screamed in anger.

Turbulent winds of darkness burst out of his body. Jeanny, who was the closest, was hit point-blank by the surge. She tumbled within the dark hurricane while suffering damage numbers. While she was helpless, Mammon drew his weapon, ready to strike.



"Jeanny!!" David called with worry. He used Rapid Shot, intending to draw the devil's attention.

His bullets hit, but they didn't bother Mammon. However, another person managed to draw the devil's attention. This person was Spring Crown. His flight speed was slower than Jeanny's Dragonflight speed, but he had used the chance when Jeanny was tussling with Mammon to sneak behind the devil. His inhuman perception let him perceive the weakest part among the turbulent winds blowing around Mammon. He coursed through this part to get close to the devil.

Sneaking was, of course, useless against Mammon who could sense mana. Mammon even intentionally ignored Spring Crown. He was determined to take down Jeanny first, who had been so audacious to lay a hand on him. He didn't put Spring Crown in his eyes. Even if that outworlder hit him, he wouldn't stop his strike.

When he felt an impact on his arm that was swinging the weapon, it was a critical hit. However, that was not the surprising part. The surprising thing was the impact caused his swing to swerve. Because of that, his monk's spade went off course and missed Jeanny.

"What...?!" He looked back in surprise. Spring Crown had hit him using Power Strike, but he had a natural constitution that resisted most knockback effects. He had used mana manipulation to make sure his swinging arm was protected. How did that seemingly weak strike cause his swing to swerve?

The outworlder who had done so was grinning at him with mockery. This pissed Mammon even more than what the outworlder woman had done.

"Diee...!!!" Mammon roared. His arm shot back at Spring Crown. His monk's spade gleamed with a dark purple aura.

## **Chapter 1890. Pinnacle Special Classes' Skills**

When Spring Crown's class changed to Weapon God, he gained several passive abilities. The most unique one was he could now see literal weak points in his opponents. These weak points were shown in the form of small red dots. If Spring Crown hit these weak points, he could score more damage.

While in battle, these red dots might enlarge due to the enemy's movements or the results of getting attacked. This only happened in a short interval, though. If Spring Crown hit these weak points when the red dots enlarged, he would score a critical hit. Additionally, it would also cause the opponent to stagger.

That was what caused Mammon's swing to swerve and miss hitting Jeanny. Spring Crown's perceptive eyes quickly located the weak points on Mammon's swinging arm.

His uncanny control let him strike one of these weak points accurately and with perfect timing when the red dot enlarged.

These red dots didn't just exist on the opponent's body. They were also there on the opponents' weapons. Sometimes, but rarely, weak spots also appeared in the opponents' skills or spells. If Spring Crown hits these spots accurately, he might even cancel an active skill, but the difficulty and timing would be much more difficult.

Spring Crown saw these red dots as Mammon's weapon came rushing at him. The dark purple aura it exuded caused pressure even before the weapon arrived. Spring Crown's stats had skyrocketed due to his high level, special class, max-leveled bloodline, and at least unique-grade equipment. If not, he would be unable to move from the suffocating pressure.

He positioned himself as the hammer in his hand changed into a spear. He stabbed using Penetrating Stab just as the weapon arrived. His stab hit the spot where the red dot, which represented the weak point, enlarged.

\*CLANG!\*

Spring Crown was sent crashing into the ground. He suffered damage from the blow.

However, Mammon also recoiled from the impact, which startled him greatly. There was no way this little outworlder could rival the force generated from his attack. Yet, he couldn't deny the reality before him. Due to his attack being halted, Spring Crown didn't receive as much damage as he should have.

During the pause when he was staggered and surprised, the ground below him erupted. A massive earthquake destabilized his footing while gigantic vines shot out. These giant vines coiled around him, holding him down, while the churned rocks battered at him.

The earthquake and vines were the result of Freddie's spell. The level 60 spell from World Warden, World Interference. It was both an AOE offensive and control spell. This spell could immobilize many opponents in a large area. Against Mammon, Freddie needed to focus all the spell's power on the devil to barely hold him down.

"How dare you...! Release me!!!" Mammon shouted. He heaved. The vines holding one of his arms snapped.

Everyone knew Mammon couldn't be constrained for long. Yet, this small window allowed them the chance to land a big attack, which was what Jeanny did. She used the Dragon Lord level 70 skill, Dragon Bone Lance.

A huge lance made of dragon bone materialized in the air near Jeanny. The lance then shot toward Mammon. Trails of the air being shredded were visible as the lance advanced.

Dragon Bone Lance was a highly damaging skill. At max level, it dealt 3000% physical damage. It ignored 80% defense. If the target was hit, it lowered the target's defense by 30% and its max HP by 5%. These reductions lasted the entire battle. It also had a high chance of wounding the target.

The skill was a perfect skill against a colossal target. Its two most important aspects were its wounding capability and reducing the opponent's defense and HP until combat was over. This effectively lowered the difficulty in inflicting damage to Mammon for the remainder of the battle. This was why Jeanny aimed to land this skill on Mammon as soon as an opportunity arose.

Freddie's World Interference couldn't hold Mammon for long. But if only to provide the window for Jeanny's Dragon Bone Lance to hit, the spell was enough for the task.

Mammon was exerting strength to release himself. The giant vines entangling him were torn one by one, but it was not fast enough before the giant bone lance pierced into him. Despite the urgency, there was no sign of worry on his face.

Jeanny was still wondering about Mammon's calm expression when a shadow came between her Dragon bone Lance and Mammon.

It was one of Mammon's wolves. The dark wolf put itself right in the Dragon Bone Lance's path. The lance pierced the wolf's body, and its HP went down drastically. The lance continued to force itself forward, but its speed was greatly reduced.

While the first wolf used its body as a shield to slow the lance, the second wolf came at the lance from the side. Its body wrapped around the lance. Its mouth opened wide and bit down hard on the lance. The lance cracked from the pressure. It then shattered.

The two dark wolves landed beside Mammon just as he finished ripping himself out of the entanglement. The wounded wolf shrunk and returned to Mammon's shoulder. Its HP started regenerating then.

"I must admit the four of you surprised me," Mammon praised. "You are unlike the other frail outworlders. Even so, your attempt to challenge me is nothing but folly."

"Do not underestimate us, devil," Jeanny uttered.

"Haha. Nice spirit, but that won't help you," Mammon said.

The wolf head that was recovering detached from Mammon and turned into the dark wolf again. Its HP was back to full. The most demoralizing thing was all the negative status effects it suffered were gone. Even the defense reduction from getting hit by the dragon bone lance was also gone. The dark wolf was as if new.

"Tch!" Jeanny lamented the situation. Her Dragon Bone Lance had been wasted for nothing.

"Tear them apart!" Mammon commanded. The two dark wolves turned into shadows and rushed to Jeanny and Spring Crown.

When the two prepared themselves, the two wolves were the ones who were intercepted this time. Multiple gigantic rings made of light locked one of the wolf's body, rendering it unable to move. The other wolf had to change direction because a beam of silver light shot in his direction.

The silver beam exploded into multiple small energy balls that chased after the wolf. The wolf swung its paws to hit the silver balls that were about to hit him. The balls exploded upon contact and dealt soul-element damage to the wolf.

"We will deal with them!"

Jeanny and the others turned to the voice. It was Leda. She was the one casting the spell that conjured the rings of light locking down the wolf, while the silver beam came from the Soul Swan. The Soul Swan didn't let up. Its standard attacks produced energy bullets that kept the dark wolf busy after all the silver balls exploded.

"Hah! If it is a matter of reinforcement, you people are in deep shit," Mammon ridiculed.

He didn't just boast, though. The demons indeed outnumbered them. Many nearby demons were already on their way when they saw Mammon getting entrapped by giant vines. Nova had organized the defenders to engage the demons to let Jeanny and her team focus on Mammon, but it took time for the army to move around the battlefield. The soldiers were still rearranging their positions as they continued fighting the demons.

"David!" Jeanny called.

"Got it," David said. He used a skill after receiving the signal. The skill was Celestial Commander level 90 skill, Celestial Army Descend. When used, this skill summoned a host of celestial soldiers. At max level, five hundred celestial soldiers were summoned.

After David used the skill, the air behind him shimmered. Tears started appearing in the space where the air shimmered. Rays of white light shone from these tears. The tears enlarged until it became a giant portal. Figures were seen from inside this portal. No one could make out these figures because of the blinding light streaming from the portal. Only after these figures flew out of the portal did everyone get a good look at them.

The celestial soldiers had the face of a human. Only their faces were exposed. The rest of their bodies were covered in metallic suits. On their back were metal wings. Despite being made of metal, the wings flapped like normal feathery wings.

These celestial soldiers spread out after flying out of the portal. Following David's mental command, they engaged the demons coming to aid Mammon.

In the celestial soldiers' hands were unique weapons. The weapons were both a rifle and a spear. They used these gunspears to fire at enemies from range. The gunspears shot lasers that dealt light-element damage. When the enemies came into melee range, the celestial soldiers showed that they were also expert spear-wielders.

Mammon looked at this host of celestial army that fought his demon horde. He snickered. It's not like he needed the help anyway.

He turned to the four outworlders and said, "It seems like you are determined to make this battle strictly between us. Hehe. So be it. I accept your challenge. I will show you how foolish you all are."