

Second World #Chapter 1911. Last Stand - Read Second World Chapter 1911. Last Stand

1911 Chapter 1911. Last Stand

Bird Asmodeus stood over Leavemealone's body with a condescending expression.

"That's what happens when a weakling attempts to fight someone out of their league," Bird Asmodeus mocked. He turned his attention to the other side. Four Winds' Axe of the God had just fallen over Snake Asmodeus. Dragon Asmodeus was wounded by Arthur.

The injury suffered by his two halves wasn't severe, but it was embarrassing. How could they let outworlders push them to such an extent?

He was still thinking about whether to help Dragon Asmodeus or Snake Asmodeus when he sensed hot mana from behind him. He turned around and was astonished to find a raging flame burning from the outworlder he had just killed.

His astonishment turned to alarm when he realized this flame was sentient. A loud shriek sounded from inside the flame. A spell formation formed above the flame following the shriek.

Multiple fireballs emerged from the completed spell formation. Bird Asmodeus moved out of reflex, evading the fireballs about to hit him. These fireballs turned and chased after him.

"Flame Wrath?" Asmodeus identified the spell. He cast Dispel while retreating. The fireballs evaporated out of existence.

When he returned his attention to the flame that cast Flame Wrath, he found the flame had grown wings. Another shriek and the flame converged into a more distinctive shape. A giant firebird!

"What is this trick? A spell?" Bird Asmodeus asked.

Arthur, who was a distance away, recognized the firebird. It was Suzuki. 'Was she freed after Leavemealone lost his life?' He thought with worry.

Suzuki remained still after revealing herself. Bird Asmodeus didn't. Whoever the opponent was, he would tear them to pieces. He cast a spell that conjured multiple lightning arrows before turning into a lightning bolt himself and zooming forward.

Suzaki's burning eyes flared once Bird Asmodeus delivered his attacks. She spread her wings, releasing many fire darts. These fire darts intercepted the lightning arrows. The air was filled with explosions as the lightning arrows and fire darts collided.

Bird Asmodeus in lightning form moved in a zig-zag pattern, evading those explosions. The lightning turned back into Bird Asmodeus once it got near Suzaki. A flame shield appeared as Bird Asmodeus delivered a kick. The kick destroyed the flame shield, but Suzaki was no longer there. She shot up into the sky.

"Don't think you can run," Bird Asmodeus uttered. His lightning wings spread, and he shot into the sky as well.

Bird Asmodeus was faster than Suzaki. It didn't take long for him to catch up to the firebird. Suzaki used her wings to cover herself and turned into a fireball before Bird Asmodeus arrived. This fireball then rushed at the incoming devil.

Bird Asmodeus wasn't flustered. His leg went up and kicked the fireball. The fireball bounced from the impact. He then chased after it.

Suzaki in fireball form was faster than her normal speed. Her current speed almost rivaled Bird Asmodeus' speed. The two went around at high speed and crashed repeatedly in the air.

"Do you think you can match my speed? Think again!" Bird Asmodeus exclaimed. He again transformed into lightning when Fireball Suzaki almost crashed into him. His lightning form made a sharp turn and he was now behind Suzaki.

He kicked Suzaki from behind, and the fireball crashed into the ground. Bird Asmodeus cast a lightning strike to pin Suzaki on the ground while he zoomed there.

Suzaki had returned to her normal form, but she wasn't helpless. Fierce flames burst out of her when Bird Asmodeus arrived. Bird Asmodeus was damaged by this flame outburst. These flames were intense enough that Bird Asmodeus stopped approaching and took a step back.

These flames condensed into a thick fire beam that aimed at Bird Asmodeus. Bird Asmodeus was too close to do evasive maneuvers. He erected a lightning shield. Multiple runic symbols revolved around the lightning shield, reinforcing it.

The fire beam crashed into the lightning shield. It held for a while, but eventually, the runic symbols melted. The lightning shield shattered with a bang. The fire beam lost its power after destroying the lightning shield, but Bird Asmodeus still received damage from the explosion.

After performing the Giga Flame Burst, Suzaki shrunk.

"I won't be able to do this again for some time," she said. "Don't die again."

She shrunk until her flames formed a normal human shape. The flames diminished in intensity, and Leavemealone was seen inside the flames. His HP was back to full.

"If you let me die, there is a chance you might gain freedom or die with me. Aren't both those outcomes preferable for you?" Leavemealone asked.

"... It's not a certainty," Suzaki answered. "I can only grant you the flame rebirth once in this battle. Don't expect me to do it again."

"I understand. I have no intention of dying again," Leavemealone said before adding, "Thank you, Suzaki."

Suzaki didn't respond to the gratitude.

"You..." Bird Asmodeus was surprised that Leavemealone was still alive. "What kind of trickery did you use...? Never mind. I will just kill you again."

Leavemealone clenched his fist. "Do not expect it to happen twice, devil!" Leavemealone proclaimed.

Although Suzaki let Leavemealone take over, she didn't recede completely. While Leavemealone had used her flames before, it was different this time. Suzaki was actively supporting him. Leavemealone was as if wearing a suit of bird costume made of flames. Suzaki's head rested atop Leavemealone's head as if a helmet.

Transformation also occurred in Leavemealone's body. Demonic features developed as he used Devilize.

Leavemealone took a stance. "Come at me, devil!" He exclaimed.

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When Leavemealone dropped to the ground with zero HP, Four Winds was staring down the gorge his Axe of the God had created.

"Your skill couldn't have killed him, could it?" Blackhole asked.

"I don't think so. The devils are immune to instant kill, even if they receive a grave wound," Four Winds said. He turned to observe the other two Asmodeus. "Wilted said the three will recombine once they lost a certain amount of HP."

Four winds noticed Leavemealone, who died when he was looking at the two Asmodeus. He was considering engaging Bird Asmodeus when he heard a scream from behind. He and Blackhole turned and saw that Snake Asmodeus had shown up.

Petunia was shooting at the devil with her gunbow while Aneid was half inside the mouth of Snake Asmodeus' snake head.

After getting hit by the Axe of the God, Snake Asmodeus hid within the gorge. He bid his time and stayed out of everyone's mana sense range. He slithered to where Petunia and Aneid were. Though he didn't want to, he must admit the four outworlders were not easy opponents. He decided to take out the weakest and the source of their healing. With his explosive speed, he struck when everyone was unaware.

"Release her! You, devil!" Petunia shouted. She never stopped shooting her gunbow while her left hand continued to cast offensive spells, but Snake Asmodeus ignored all that.

Less and less of Aneid was seen as Snake Asmodeus gobbled the poor healer. Four Winds and Blackhole rushed over to help, but Snake Asmodeus' man head had prepared a spell. Lightning Storm was cast. The large area offensive spell assailed the two and halted their advance.

When Aneid fully entered Snake Asmodeus' stomach, a large recovery number appeared above him. Four Winds' Axe of the God had left a long wide scar along Snake Asmodeus' body. This scar narrowed after Snake Asmodeus consumed his prey. Although the wound was not fully healed, it was mending.

"Tch!" Four Winds didn't expect the devil to resort to such a covert tactic and ambush them. He had been careless.

Snake Asmodeus' man-head grinned at them. It was not a condescending grin like before, but a savage one. "I'm done playing games with you, people."

After speaking, he let out a high-pitched shriek. A commotion was heard from the demons all around the battlefield.

"He is calling for his demon minions to come here!" Blackhole exclaimed. He saw the nearest demons ignored the defenders and rushed in their direction.

"Damn it!" Four winds cursed. He expected this devil to have the arrogance to continue taking them on by himself. It apparently was not so.

Blackhole cast his AOE offensive spells at the incoming wave of demons. Two of these spells came from his pinnacle class. The first was Ruler of Elemental's beginning spell, Elemental Tempest. It was a more powerful version of Elemental Storm that dealt every elemental damage except for chaos and soul.

The second was Ruler of Elemental's level 90 spell, Elemental Armageddon. When this spell was cast, it was as if an Armageddon had occurred. Lightning rained from the sky, the earth quaked, fire burst out of the cracked earth, and multiple hurricanes formed

followed by a hail of ice. This spell covered an extremely large area, but the great thing about this spell was the elements assailed only the enemies. The elements left allies alone unless they intentionally stepped into where the elementals were raging.

Arthur also adjusted his position and unleashed Primordial Punisher's level 80 skill, Punishing Devastation. This was also an AOE offensive skill. His skill hit both Dragon Asmodeus and the demons coming to the devil's aid.

More and more demons came. Several high demons came from the air and were prepared to cast their spells at Four Winds and the others, but a strong beam of lightning hit them out of the air.

A thundering roar followed. Quetzalcoatl arrived and released countless lightning that assailed the demons in the air.

On the ground, many orc soldiers came rushing and intercepted the demons who came to Asmodeus' aid.

"Sorry, it takes some time to reorganize the army," Water Lily sent Four Winds a message. "I have sent over most of the defending soldiers on the wall. I will also leave this war table behind and go over there to fight. As you said, there will be no more retreating. This is our last stand. We will focus on the demons around you. Please take care of Asmodeus as fast as possible."

"Thank you," Four Winds replied. "We will win this war. You mark my words!"

Chapter 1912. Better Special Class

Grace, Red Death, Nameless, and Badass came out behind the defensive walls of Sangrod Front.

The battle at this front had started five days ago. The scattered Sangrod soldiers had regrouped under the banner of the new emperor, Arlcard Maxius. Newly trained recruits had also gathered here, so their number was more than the defeated army who fled the Palgrost Northern Front.

When the Sangrod army regrouped at the defensive line of Sangrod, Sangrod's native adventurers, Sangrod's players, and the nagas also came. They were glad they had a place to focus their resistance again, though they didn't feel optimistic about it.

They were also unsure about their new leader. They had never heard of Arlcard. All they had heard was he was of the Maxius blood and assumed the throne since he was the only Maxius left. However, when the battle started, they were surprised that Arlcard was the first to charge at the demons.

Arlcard fought at the forefront, fighting together with his army. He left the army arrangement to Darius Armand, using the newly constructed war table Arlcard brought from Vacharest.

The Sangrod soldiers were inspired by their new emperor's bravery and ferocity. They threw away all worries and fought with conviction. The native adventurers, players, and the nagas followed suit.

Grace and the others flew toward the wall battlements. They aided the defenders in defending the walls while observing the battlefield beyond the walls.

The walls were mostly still intact even after five days of battle. The siege weapons on and behind the walls were also mostly in good condition. This was because of four factors.

The first was the defenders' morale was higher than the other fronts. They spent longer days without battles compared to other fronts when they fled Palgrost. This allowed them a long rest. The Sangrod soldiers were also now defending their home country.

The second was the reduction in underworld forces' reinforcement, courtesy of Master's meddling. Because of this, the demons' number wasn't as overwhelming as it used to be.

The third was Arlcard's heroic display. Arlcard didn't do anything different than in the previous battles before he became the emperor. But now that he was Sangrod's emperor, his every move was scrutinized. Under normal situations, this only served to irritate the vampire. But during the current situation, this instead inspired the soldiers to look up to him.

The previous emperor always stayed behind and commanded the army from a safer position. There was nothing wrong with that. It could even be said that this was the norm. However, there was a sense of pride and admiration when your leader was out there with you, risking his life together with you.

This, of course, also put Arlcard in the crosshairs more often than Horatio. However, Arlcard wasn't an easy target. He had increased another level during the battle and was now a level 92 eternal vampire. He could stand his ground against the strongest combatant from the underworld forces, as long as said combatant was not a devil.

Additionally, after losing their previous emperor, Darius was more vigilant in protecting Arlcard. He was not going to fail in protecting two emperors in a row. He would not be able to live with the shame. By controlling the war table, he always made sure Arlcard had sufficient soldiers protecting him.

Arlcard was not a fool. Despite his seemingly reckless battle style, he knew when to retreat and advance. He didn't take excessive risks that could threaten his life.

While Grace and the others were surveying the battlefield, Nameless pointed.

"There!" He said. They looked in the direction where he pointed and saw the obese devil, way behind the enemy line.

This was the fourth factor why this front was still in good condition even after many days of battle. Belphegor mostly stayed behind, even more so than when in Palgrost. He didn't join the fight. He just sat back and watched his army fight. Wrath's maids didn't even need to try stopping him. They battled the other demons, allowing the defenders to better cope against the invasion.

They knew, though, that this was only temporary. Sooner or later, the devil would take action. When he did, they knew they would need to retreat again. The memory of bodybuilder Belphegor storming through their defense and breaking their wall with one punch still sent chills down their spine. Even when the devil just sat there and did nothing, everyone had a portion of their minds on him. They constantly dreaded the time he stood up.

"This is our golden opportunity. No one is protecting him," Red Death uttered.

"Even if it is so, he is way behind the enemy line," Badass said. "It is easy for the demons to retreat and come to his aid. We will be surrounded then. Do you think you can kill that devil in a few hits before his reinforcement arrives?"

"If you are scared, go back and drink milk," Red Death said.

"What the f*ck! Are you looking to quarrel?!" Badass talked back.

"Stop it, you two! We are a team. We need to work together!" Grace exclaimed.

"Speak for yourself. I will go and fight Belphegor. Any of you who are afraid can just stay back," Red Death stated.

"No one is afraid. The four of us come here to defeat that devil," Grace said. "But we are not just fighting for our sake. The hope of everyone is on us. I know we are much stronger than we used to be, but don't let that go over our heads. The devil is not an opponent we can underestimate. We have too much riding on us. We can't lose! That's why we have to do this right! We need to ensure we have the best winning chance because we have to win!"

"Hmph! I always fight to win," Red Death harrumphed.

"Then, we do this right," Grace said. "Let's find Arlcard first. We need the army's support so we can focus on Belphegor."

"How do we find him on this battlefield? He is not there at the field command station," Nameless asked while looking at where Darius and the war table were located.

"He is Jack's companion, isn't he?" Badass asked. "Message Jack and tell him to request Arlcard to meet us."

"No need to trouble Jack. He is over there," Grace pointed.

"How do you know?" Badass asked.

"That fog," Grace answered. "It is produced by his spell, the Orchestra of the Night."

"Oh... So, that is the product of a spell. I was wondering why there is a localized fog on the battlefield."

"If we have to go there, then let's go. Stop wasting time talking about it," Red Death said as she spread her wings. She then flew toward the fog.

Nameless and Badass looked at one another. In terms of fame, Red Death was a household name in the gaming community. Under normal situations, they would have followed her. But after two and half months of hanging out together, they preferred Grace over her. So, they were now turning to Grace, waiting for her decision.

Grace sighed. She knew Red Death was a difficult person to work with. "Let's go," she said to Nameless and Badass.

The four flew toward the fog. Some winged demons engaged them. They easily drove those demons away without using their big skills.

When Red Death continued to attack nearby demons, Grace reminded her, "Don't waste too much time here. Our priority is elsewhere."

"Don't you want to talk to the emperor? Just go! I will warm up here while you do your talk," Red Death replied without turning to her.

Grace wanted to remind Red Death to refrain from using her big skills, but she knew Red Death was not an amateur. When she was about to leave, she heard a voice calling.

"Red!" They turned and saw an elven woman in crimson armor approaching.

"Ruvyn...," Red Death called the approaching woman's name.

"You... You no longer bear the class bestowed by our Goddess! How dare you! Do you wish to bear our Goddess' wrath?"

"Hmph! I will use any class that gives me greater power. This class is better than the Mad Slayer. I don't see the need to keep an inferior class when I can get a better one."

Ruvyn's face contorted with fury. "How dare you insult our Goddess' first-class special class! I won't stand by for..."

She didn't complete her sentence because a high demon carrying a spear came assailing from behind. She dodged the ambush. She was about to retaliate when Red Death suddenly appeared behind that high demon.

Red Death's crimson dagger thrust forward. The thrust was performed while her dagger was spinning. This was her new martial art, Spinning Carnage. The dagger pierced into the back of the high demon's neck and came out his throat. This thrust caused a wound that instant-killed the high demon.

While Spinning Carnage was a martial art that could cause wounds, the power behind the thrust came from the beginning skill of her pinnacle class. The skill was Death Deliverer. The skill let her teleport to a target from a maximum distance of eighty meters away. It dealt 2000% physical damage with a 50% added critical chance. Her speed after teleporting was tripled for a short period, and the attack she dished out ignored 50% defense. If the target was hit on the back, the hit was guaranteed to be critical. The cooldown of this skill was thirty minutes.

Ruvyn was shocked by what she saw. Death Deliverer was similar to the Phase Kill from Red Death's previous special class, the Mad Slayer. The difference was Death deliverer teleported a longer range, hit harder, and had a higher critical chance. From this display, Red Death had proven that her new special class was indeed better than the Mad Slayer.

Ruvyn was still angry, but she couldn't deny the fact. "Just you watch! Don't think our Goddess will just let this by," she said and stormed away.

"Hmph!" Red Death just harrumphed at her. She turned to Grace and said, "You, people, are still here? Do you want to talk to the emperor or not?"

Grace turned away and left without saying anything. Nameless and Badass looked at one another again before following Grace.

1913 Chapter 1913. Asking for Support

Grace, Nameless, and Badass entered the mystical fog on the battlefield.

"Impressive spell. I can still see things inside this fog," Badass remarked. "I assume it is not so for the enemies?"

"You assume correctly," Grace replied. She was looking around. It didn't take long for her perceptive eyes to locate the person she was looking for. That person also made it easy for her.

Arlcard was floating in the air. Around him were black sword energies that zoomed around at high speed, cutting any enemies that came close. That was his Perpetual Sword of Death.

Grace brought Nameless and Badass toward Arlcard.

Arlcard noticed them approaching. "Lady Grace," Arlcard greeted when they arrived. His Perpetual Sword of Death continued assailing the enemies. The spell was a sustained spell, but Arlcard could easily keep the spell going even while speaking.

"I told you to stop calling me lady, Arlcard. Oh, I'm sorry. I guess I should call you Your Majesty now," Grace said while giggling, to which Arlcard responded with a smile.

When Jack was training or hanging out with Grace, he sometimes summoned Arlcard. His purpose was to socialize with his companion. Arlcard pretended he was peeved for getting summoned when there were no enemies to fight, but he didn't truly mind it. Throughout the time they spent together, Grace got along with Arlcard. As a matter of fact, Arlcard treated Grace with more friendliness compared to his treatment of Jack.

"I see that your training has paid off," Arlcard said after learning Grace's level. "I assume your coming here is for..."

"Yes, we will be taking on that devil over there," Grace proclaimed.

"... Are you sure? A devil is unlike any opponent you have ever encountered," Arlcard asked. He hadn't crossed swords with Belphegor since the battle started, but he had done so against Satan. Although Satan was said to be the strongest Devil under Lucifer, he believed Belphegor wasn't too far off.

"If we can't win, then our training is meaningless," Grace answered. "I have confidence in what we have achieved, and we will prove that."

Arlcard nodded. "If you believe so, I won't stop you, but Belphegor is way behind the enemy line. If the demons decide to aid him, you will be in trouble."

"That's why we come to you. We need the army support so we can focus on Belphegor."

Arlcard put a hand on his chin. Grace's request required him to make a difficult decision. Currently, the walls and the siege weapons were mostly still intact. They could minimize losses as long as they stayed near the defensive walls. To give the support Grace

asked for was to venture out far from those defensive walls, which meant putting his soldiers in danger.

He preferred it when such a decision was left to someone else. It was much simpler when he was just an unknown combatant. He had more freedom. Now, the fate of many was in his hands. Following his decision, many could lose their lives, and those losses were on him.

He closed his eyes as he pondered the request. It didn't take long for him to make up his mind. He was not someone who dilly-dally with indecision.

"All right," Arlcard said. "I will send out the command. The three of you will have the army's support."

"Four," Red Death said as she arrived. "Are we done here?"

"Thank you, Your Majesty. We will not disappoint your trust," Grace said. She then said to the others, "Let's go."

Perhaps it was fate. If the one in command was Horatio, he might decide not to take the risk, or Grace might need to put in more effort to convince him.

Arlcard used a messaging device to give the command to Darius. Darius argued against such a risky maneuver, but Arlcard firmly told him to go with it. Darius had no choice but to obey.

Arlcard looked over at the four who were on their way. He decided to give them more help.

Grace and the others continued fighting through numerous winged demons as they flew toward Belphegor. The devil was behind the enemy line, after all. They had to fight through the army to get to him. Something fast flew past them as they fought. It was Arlcard.

"I will open the way!" Arlcard told them. "Fly through as my skill keeps them busy."

Arlcard used his regal outfit's skill, Judgement of the Founding Elders. One by one, the vampire elders whom Jack and he fought under Vacharest palace came out and unleashed their most powerful offensive skills. While Marcus summoned nine founding vampire elders during that fight, the number Arlcard summoned was eleven. The additional two founding elders were Marcus and Cain. The two were bound as Sangrod's founding elders. After they perished, they became part of the regal outfit's skill.

The spell Marcus unleashed was Purifying Brilliance, which dealt high light-element damage while purifying all dark-based enchantment in a wide area. The power

unleashed by the regal outfit was influenced by the wearer's power. Arlcard was now a level 92 eternal grade, so the Purifying Brilliance Marcus cast was much more powerful than the one he cast when he was still alive.

As for Cain, he cast a spell he was unable to cast when he was in the smoke form. His spell was Dark Plaguing Spears. The same one cast by the Eldritch Beholder. This spell struck many targets. Aside from dealing dark-element damage, the targets also suffered continuous damage over time. They couldn't receive healing or resurrection for a period.

"Go!" Arlcard told Grace.

"Thank you," Grace said. She flew forward with the others.

Arlcard continued to attack the demons who tried to intercept Grace's team. Dark tentacles sprout from his body. This was a spell he learned from Cain's memory. It was also the same spell used by the deceased Cardinal of Phobos, Arlstraxx. The spell was called Devouring Fog. The dark matter produced by this spell protected Arlcard from attacks and could be shaped into tentacles that assaulted nearby enemies.

Sangrod royal guards, who stayed near Arlcard, charged with their emperor. As they opened a path for Grace, Jygorth came. He came due to Arlcard's call. The black dragon unleashed his divine dark breath, taking out many demons who had been weakened by Arlcard's Judgement of Founding Elders.

They escorted Grace's team until they broke out of the rearmost line of the underworld forces. They then stayed there and engaged the demons so these demons didn't go and chase Grace. Darius used the war table and sent many troops through the path opened by Arlcard and Jygorth. They then spread and slowly formed a wall behind the enemy's line.

Members of the Cult of Lytta and the Nagas were confused with the Sangrod army's maneuver. They couldn't comprehend why this army let go of the safety of the walls and instead took a position where they were more vulnerable. They didn't follow after those soldiers. They continued to defend the walls, which had become more difficult to defend since a good portion of the defenders had left.

The demons also didn't care about the defenders taking position behind them. Their target was to advance. They were to take down the walls. Once the walls were down, they would deal with these troops who had so foolishly placed themselves behind them. Because by then, these troops would have their escape path closed off.

Some demons saw Grace's group heading toward Belphegor. They simply attributed it to the four being ignorant fools. The last individual who needed help was Belphegor. So, they continued their advance and let those four fools learn their stupidity the hard way.

Grace looked back. "Good! No one is chasing us. Arlcard's troops are forming a barricade. We should have no one interfering with us."

"What about the underworld's reinforcement when they come from the other side?" Badass asked.

"... Let's hope their reinforcement is still far away," Grace replied.

"That devil is truly underestimating us. He is still not moving even after we are so close," Nameless remarked.

"Don't get careless. Maybe he is baiting us to let our guard down," Grace reminded.
"Badass, you stay back and use your spells. The three of us, let's spread out and attack him from different directions."

"Hmph! I will take the center. Let me..."

Red Death's words were stopped when they realized why Belphegor didn't respond to their approach. They were now close enough to hear the snoring sound from the devil. Belphegor was dozing off while sitting.

"The... The f*ck... Is he sleeping?" Badass stammered.

"No wonder he hasn't joined the battle even after so many days...," Nameless said.

"So what? This doesn't change what we are here to do," Red Death uttered. "If he underestimates this battle so much, let's teach him a lesson. I'm going to land the first free hit!"

Red Death dashed forward at high speed.

"Wait! Don't let your guard down!" Grace Warned, but Red Death was out of earshot already.

"Tch! Let's back her up!" Grace exclaimed. The three flew forward.

1914 Chapter 1914. Provoking a Reluctant Opponent

Red Death's speed was the fastest among the four. She arrived before Belphegor way ahead of the others. She was not an amateur. She knew the devils had advanced mana sense. However, she had something that gave her confidence in laying an ambush on this sleeping devil.

She had also started learning mana concealment from Wong. Her expertise was still below Leavemealone. Considering her legendary-grade set armor exuded an intense aura, her current expertise shouldn't be able to mask her presence. However, she had

another factor that boosted her concealment. This factor was the passive ability from her pinnacle class. Death Executor possessed a passive skill that clouded her mana. Those with mana sense wouldn't sense her until she executed a skill.

Aside from clouding her mana, Death Executor's other passive abilities included increased critical chance to her every attack. She also gained Venom Mastery. This ability gave all her attacks a 30% chance of inflicting Poison Status. Venom Mastery's effect was stackable with Assassin's Poison Mastery.

Red Death flew to Belphegor's back. She was aiming for the back attack bonus in addition to the ambush bonus. She refrained from using any skill while concentrating on concealing her mana. When she was within attacking range, she used her current deadliest skill. Death Executor's level 90 skill, Death's Touch. Her crimson dagger stabbed into the back of Belphegor's neck.

Death Touch dealt 3000% chaos damage. It had a 50% chance of an instant-kill effect. If the target was killed by this skill, a Death Servant was summoned. The Death Servant joined the battle as an ally and lasted an hour.

While the instant-kill effect was useless against a devil like Belphegor, the skill's other effect was much more useful for the current fight. The effect was reducing the target's max HP by 10% for the remainder of the battle. If used at the beginning of a fight, it was the same as taking out one-tenth of the target's total HP, no matter how high the target's HP was.

This effect was not stackable, though. If Red Death hit Belphegor with Death Touch again, the max-HP reduction would not be more than 10%. Still, instantly reducing a devil's HP by one-tenth was an extraordinary feat. Red Death combined the stab with her martial art, Spinning Carnage, while activating Demonize Weapon. Belphegor's HP dropped more than 10% from that one stab.

"Hm...?" Belphegor started opening his eyes.

Red Death didn't plan to stop with just one stab. She planned to land several more attacks before Belphegor fully awakened. However, when she tried to pull her dagger, she couldn't.

"What?" She looked at where her dagger had stabbed.

Although the stab inflicted the intended damage, there was no blood. She failed to wound Belphegor. Furthermore, the flesh where her dagger had stabbed seemed to tighten. Belphegor's flesh was like living fat. It wrapped around the dagger and squeezed, rendering Red Death unable to pull her weapon out. She felt a stinging chill on her hand holding the dagger. Flecks of ice started to form on that hand.

"Ugh...! Let... Let go!!" Red Death exclaimed.

Belphegor turned his head and looked at his ambusher. He didn't say anything. The fat behind his neck became alive. They protruded and were about to swallow Red Death's hand that was holding the dagger.

Red Death let go of the dagger and used Vanish before the fat touched her hand. She reappeared a distance away. The dagger that was stuck inside Belphegor's neck was teleported back to her hand by the world system. Even the iron grip of Belphegor's flesh couldn't prevent that from happening.

Red Death looked at her dagger. A thick layer of ice covered it, but the ice soon melted due to the effect of Demonize Weapon.

Belphegor stared at Red Death before turning to the other three outworlders coming toward him. The three stopped in their tracks when Belphegor's icy eyes landed on them. The ground near Belphegor started to be covered in ice as the temperature around the devil dropped drastically.

Belphegor finally started speaking, "I think you, outworlders, wandered into the wrong place. The battle is over there. Now, go and stop disturbing my rest."

He then closed his eyes and went back to sleep.

Grace and the others didn't know what to make of this. They looked at each other with confused expressions.

Red Death was more decisive. If the devil let them land another free strike, she wouldn't let it go. She again focused on concealing her mana and moved silently toward Belphegor's opened back. She felt the chill again when she got near Belphegor. Her movement slowed, but not enough to hinder her.

She was about to land a second stab using Assassin's Assassinate Soul when she detected a sudden eruption of mana from under her. Her reaction was fast enough to use Roll when a giant ice blade pierced out of the ground. However, due to the slow effect, the ice blade scraped her. She lost HP, but not much. Her legendary-grade armor soaked up much of the damage. The result would have been very different if she received a clean hit.

"Hm... You can sense mana?" Belphegor asked. He was just pretending to sleep.

Instead of answering Belphegor's question, Red Death asked, "How did you detect me?"

"You have a way to hide your mana. That's how you managed to ambush me the first time. Now that I have my ice aura on, you won't be able to approach me again without me knowing."

"Tch!" This meant her mana concealment ability was useless.

"We are not only relying on ambushes. You will find that soon enough!" Grace exclaimed.

"I meant what I said," Belphegor said. "If you people leave now. I won't trouble you. There are plenty of demons over there for you to fight. Go and kill them all. I don't mind. I just want to rest."

"You are one weird devil," Badass remarked.

"... In that case, do you mind going back to the underworld?" Grace asked. "That way, you can rest as much as you like."

"Hm..." Belphegor massaged his chin. He seemed to be seriously thinking about the suggestion. "I'm afraid I can't do that. Even I have a superior. You see, Lord Lucifer will be angry if I retreat. So, I can't retreat. But if you defeat the army here, I can use that as an excuse not to advance."

Grace looked at Nameless and Badass, who looked back. They were thinking they might just take up on Belphegor's offer.

Someone didn't have the same thought as them, though. Red Death had no intention to play buddy with their opponent. "This is bullshit! Are you going to trust what he says?" She then pointed at Belphegor and exclaimed, "Listen, fat! I have no time for your games. Stop your nonsense and fight properly!"

Belphegor turned to her. His expression was not as friendly as before. "What did you just call me?" He asked.

"You heard me!" Red Death didn't back down.

Belphegor responded by slapping his hand on the ground. Sharp ice jutted out of the ground. They moved like a wave toward Red Death.

Red Death dodged to the side. She was no longer within Belphegor's aura range, so her speed was back to normal. When she thought she was safe after the ice wave went past beside her, the jutting ice exploded. Uncountable ice darts came her way.

She was surprised but not flustered. Her body spun as her dagger split into two. The shadows of her daggers crisscrossed around her, deflecting the ice darts while she moved back.

"You have good moves. Too bad your mouth is foul," Belphegor said. Nine ice orbs materialized on his back. These ice orbs transformed into various melee weapons. "Since you, people, are so intent on conflict. So be it."

"Uh... We don't. It's all her." Badass pointed at Red Death.

"Forget it. Red Death is right. We can't just trust what this devil says," Grace said.

"Don't forget they come to invade the upperworld. They are the cause of this conflict," Nameless added.

Belphegor didn't waste any words on them. He also couldn't talk. Something was filling his mouth to the brim. He vomited that something out. It was a big fleshy ball.

Grace and the others had seen this ball from the projection at Chris' secret garden. They knew what came next.

Belphegor was not done. He continued expelling more balls rapidly. Seeing the scene, they were worried Belphegor might go all out from the get-go. They were relieved when Belphegor stopped after spewing out four balls. These balls transformed into mini Belphegors.

'What should we do?' Nameless asked in the group chat.

'We take out his mini clones first,' Grace answered. 'Wilted said that Belphegor can consume these clones. They greatly heal him when he does that. He needs a great deal of time to reproduce these clones. If he no longer has these clones, it will be easier when we fight his true form later.'

'Will he just stay back and let us do that?' Badass asked.

'Looking at his behavior until now, he should... Unless someone provokes him.'

They all turned to Red Death, who sent a message in response.

'I know, I know. We will deal with his clones first.'

1915 Chapter 1915. Out of Drowsiness

Red Death was again the first to act when Belphegor's clones started advancing. She had activated her dagger's Demonize Weapon. It would be a waste if she didn't use it to fight.

Each of Belphegor clones grabbed an ice weapon floating around the devil. The one that came at Red Death was equipped with fist weapons. This clone didn't possess the same ice aura as Belphegor, so Red Death's speed wasn't affected when it got near. Daggers and fists soon clashed.

The strength and speed of this clone didn't lose to Red Death. It might even be slightly stronger. Red Death's hands hurt each time they clashed. But thanks to her martial

expertise, she was able to get the upper hand. The clone received hits while it failed to land any attack on her.

Grace and Nameless had the same situation. Grace's martial arts weren't as good as Red Death, but she was not bad either. Combined with the excellent defense from her legendary-grade set armor, she had no trouble fighting Belphegor's clone.

Nameless' martial arts were nothing to speak of. He only started learning after hanging out with Jack's group. However, he was a veteran player. His expertise in using skills was not shallow. He refrained from using his pinnacle class skills, though. He only used basic and advanced skills against the clone.

Badass went into a kiting game when the clone came at him. He summoned a lesser demon to take the clone's attention while he shot ranged attacks from a safe distance. His standard range attacks packed a punch. This was due to Hell Ruler's passive ability. All his standard ranged attacks inflicted an additional 10% chaos damage.

Belphegor originally planned to go back to sleep after sending his clones to deal with these outworlders, but he noticed his clones were not enough to deal with the four.

"Hm...," he again massaged his chin. He then pointed at Badass' lesser demon. When he wanted to assume control over the lesser demon, he was surprised that he couldn't.

Among the twenty-four elite classes, Warlocks were the most vulnerable to devils. This was because the demonic creatures they summoned could easily be controlled by the devil. Badass' class, Hell Ruler, was not the case. It was a pinnacle class. All the creatures the Hell Ruler summoned were immune to mind control. They were also immune to skills or spells that could normally dispel summoned creatures.

Displeased by his failure to take control of the lesser demon, he vomited another fleshy ball. This fifth clone grabbed an ice axe and ran toward Badass.

Badass saw the second clone. "F*ck! Why does he send two of these things to me? It's Red who has offended him. Why is it me who gets the brunt of his frustration?"

Unlike the others, he was not a melee class and was not a martial artist. He would be in trouble if that clone got to him. He resorted to casting Hell Ruler's beginning spell, Hell's Minions.

An ominous gate much like the one conjured by Hell Gate came out of the ground, but this gate was much wider. This gate opened upward instead of sideways. Out of this wide gate, a blaze of hellfire shot out. The hellfire washed over Belphegor's second clone. Following this hellfire, ten demons and ten hellhounds came charging out of the gate.

Half of these hell minions swarmed the second clone, while the other half went to fight the first clone. Badass' lesser demon was almost defeated. It was no match for Belphegor's clone.

These demons and hellhounds were still no match for the clones. But seeing his clones get swarmed like that, Belphegor sent the five floating ice weapons to aid those two clones. The ice weapons started slashing and smacking. With the clones, they seemed to have no problem making short work of the demons and hellhounds.

Seeing that, Badass upped the ante. He cast Hell Ruler's level 70 spell, Summon High Demon Lord. The High Demon Lord burst out of the ground with an eruption of fire geyser. The High Demon Lord was a stronger version of the High Demon and had more spells at its disposal.

The High Demon Lord started casting a spell with one hand while its other hand held a fiery sword. It swung this sword. The blade of this sword broke mid-swing. It split into many smaller parts connected by a string. This turned the fiery sword into a fiery whip that hit enemies from a range.

As its fiery whip assailed Belphegor's clones, its spell was completed. A firestorm descended upon the area, hitting Belphegor's clones, the ice weapons, and Badass' hell minions. The lesser demon died amidst the chaos.

"Hm...," Belphegor massaged his chin again. He then vomited another fleshy ball. His belly was less than half his original size by now.

'Damn it! Stop calling out more summons!' Nameless messaged Badass. 'Do you want him to get into his true form while his clones are still around?!"

'Easy for you to say! He is targeting me, man,' Badass returned.

'I will protect you. Leave your last summon for later,' Grace said. She intercepted the sixth clone while still fighting the first one that engaged her.

The fallen apostle's mace in her hands was like her previous long mace. It could split into two and gave her two short maces to fight with. Using her martial arts, Phantom Beating Stick, she kept the two clones busy.

Without using any buff, it was too difficult to fight against two. She got hit several times. If not for the excellent defense and high natural recovery from her legendary set armor, her HP would have fallen below half already.

As she received damage, an orb of light materialized above her. This orb of light became larger every time she suffered damage. This orb of light came from Divine Knight's passive ability. Half of the damage she suffered filled this orb. She could then use this orb to heal either herself or her allies, much like a Reaver's soul orb.

The Divine Knight's passive ability also granted Grace very high resistance. This let her endure the hits. The clones attacked using Belphegor's ice weapons. Each hit caused a cold affliction that slowed the target. Repeated hits in a short period could even result in a frozen status. If not for her high resistance, she would have fallen into this status.

Even with her high protection, Grace knew she couldn't just play defense. She took a chance when the clones lunged at her at the same time. Her mace recombined into one. She used its long reach to smack one of the clone's heads, before using Spinning Crane Kick to kick the other one.

While the clones were staggered, she thrust two fingers into one of the clones. Her thrust conjured a spiraling black energy that drilled into the clone's head. The clone's head burst from the shredding force.

The martial art Grace used was the Nine Yin Abyssal Finger. Out of everyone, only Grace had learned more than one technique from the Nine Yin Scripture. Even Murong still failed to learn the two arts other than the Nine Yin Abyssal Finger.

After taking out the head from one of the clones, Grace shifted her attention to the other clone. She was about to attack when she felt an incoming attack. The attack was too close. She received a slam in her chest. The force sent her staggering back and she almost fell. She was surprised to find the attack came from the ice hammer held by the headless clone.

While it was common for beings in this game world to survive a blow to the head, an attack that caused a wound that took out the head would still kill the target. Grace looked at the headless clone in disbelief. It was still moving normally. Although it lost a lot of HP from the loss of its head, its HP was still around half.

"Hehe."

Belphegor chuckled from the scene. He originally wanted to just go back to sleep and let his clones deal with these outworlders, but he felt entertained watching them fight. He also felt rather fired up. These outworlders were good, especially the two females. He was still debating if he should join the battle.

Belphegor's eagerness was due to the weight loss after discharging six clones. His drowsiness was gone, but his indolence was still there. He wanted to join but didn't feel like moving.

He took a deep breath. His chest bulged.

"Shit! He is throwing out another clone!" Nameless exclaimed when he noticed what Belphegor was doing.

However, unlike previous, the bulging stayed in Belphegor's chest. It didn't go up to his neck. His head jerked forward while opening his mouth. Something small and fast flew out from that mouth.

Belphegor's target was Grace, who was the closest. Grace was looking at Belphegor due to Nameless' yell, so she was aware of what the devil was doing. Still, she hardly had the time to put her mace before her. Whatever Belphegor spat out hit her mace. The force was so strong that Grace's parry only managed to alter its trajectory. The thing then slammed into her shoulder. She yelped in pain as she was sent tumbling back.

1916 Chapter 1916. Bodybuilder Belphegor

What Belphegor spat out was an ice bullet. This was a skill that lasted for a duration. While this skill was active, he could spit these ice bullets as if they were his standard ranged attacks. He took another deep breath and spat out another ice bullet.

This time, his target was Nameless. Nameless was in a better situation because he had a shield. Even so, he staggered multiple steps back from the impact.

Belphegor didn't stop. He continued spitting ice bullets. His motion became faster by the second. He was shooting like a rapid gun.

The ice bullets rained through Badass' hell minions. Each of these ice bullets had the capacity to wound. Grace was saved because of her outworlder's constitution. The demons and hellhounds summoned by Badass were not so lucky. The ice bullets tore through them. Some lost legs or arms. The unlucky ones got hit in the head. With a hole in their vital spots, their HP fell directly to zero.

Badass hid behind his High Demon Lord, who summoned a flaming shield. The shield stopped two ice bullets but shattered afterward. The third and fourth hit its body. It suffered damage, but its constitution was sturdy enough to resist a wound.

Red Death was positioned behind Belphegor. The devil turned to her last to fire the ice bullets. She was prepared. She used Combat Clone. Her clone shielded her while she continued dispensing damage on Belphegor's clone.

Red Death had the highest DPS. Compared to other Belphegor's clones, the one fighting her had suffered the most damage. Its HP was in critical condition by now.

Belphegor frowned after noticing his clone's situation. He continued shooting ice bullets while commanding that clone to retreat. He also sent his three floating ice weapons to Red Death.

Red Death's combat clone persisted in sacrificing itself to block the ice bullets. The force of the ice bullets was strong. The combat clone had trouble staying in position after multiple impacts. It was forced out of the way, opening the path to Red Death.

The next ice bullet sped toward her. If she wanted to dodge this ice bullet, she had to let go of Belphegor's clone, which was in near-death condition. She wasn't willing to do that. She used Death Executor's level 70 skill, Death Wind.

This skill turned her into a speeding shadow. She performed a zooming strike that dealt high damage. The fleeing clone was killed as she pierced through it. Death Wind at its max level didn't just strike once. She could perform the zooming strike ten times. Each zoom covered thirty meters. This allowed her to go swiftly around the battlefield and strike the other Belphegor's clones.

Many of Badass' hell minions had been killed, but they managed to deal considerable damage when they ganged up on Belphegor's clones together with the high demon lord. One of the two clones targeting Badass was already low in health. This one also died when Red Death's zooming strike went past it.

Belphegor's frown turned into a scowl after seeing two of his clones were defeated. Even when fighting the Death's maids and the Montu Spider, his clones never die. These four outworlders were a bigger threat than those veterans from the divine faction.

He didn't care about those clones, but he needed a couple of days to recreate them. He also needed to be out of combat to do that. His concern was that he needed to be awake to recreate the clones. It was a chore, and he was irritated by the prospect of that chore.

"Grr... You four are getting on my nerves," Belphegor growled.

His legs starting to move. He was standing up.

"Kill his other clones! Fast!!" Grace exclaimed.

Grace, Nameless, and Badass also activated Demonize Weapon, increasing their damage output. Red Death's one already ran out of duration, but her DPS was still higher than theirs. They concentrated on the one with the lowest HP.

"Do you have to make me move?!" Belphegor shouted. He had stood up. A torrent of freezing ice poured out of his wide-opened mouth.

"Continue attacking!" Nameless exclaimed.

He put himself in the path of the infernal ice breath. He placed his shield to the front. As he did, the image of a shield appeared. The conjured shield was larger than the Heaven's Shield from the Paladin class. This was God's Shield, God's Champion level

50 skill. The shield blocked the infernal ice breath and stopped it from hitting everyone behind.

The shield dimmed but still standing by the time the infernal ice breath stopped flowing. It was gone soon after. Nameless' shield was glowing with a protective light. God's Shield had a residual effect that enhanced the shield's defensive value by 300%. All damage suffered by Nameless would also be reduced by 20% as long as the glow remained. This glow lasted one hour.

By the time Nameless blocked the infernal ice breath, Grace and the others successfully killed another clone. The remaining three clones retreated and stayed near Belphegor. Among these three were the headless clone. It had the lowest HP among the three.

"Hm... Very well then," Belphegor uttered.

His chest bulged. This time, he didn't spit out ice bullets. He was spitting out another fleshy ball.

"Nameless, Badass, hit him!" Grace commanded. Belphegor and his clones were now standing a distance away from them. This was the perfect moment to attack using an AOE offensive skill.

Badass cast Hell Ruler's level 60 spell, Hell Furnace. Intense flames burst from the ground where Belphegor and his clones were standing. Hell Furnace was a sustained spell. As long as Badass kept pumping MP, the spell remained. The burning flames continued to burn Belphegor and his clones while he vomited the fleshy balls one after another. They received high fire damage every second.

Nameless also had an AOE offensive skill. His was even stronger than Badass' spell. The skill he used was God's Champion's level 90 skill, God's Wrath. When he used the spell, the clouds parted. A blinding light fell from heaven. The light slammed into where Belphegor was standing, and their entire vision became white.

When the brightness subsided, what they and everyone on the battlefield saw was a huge crucifix made of light. This crucifix lingered for a few seconds. When it subsided, they saw six figures still standing, Belphegor and five of his clones. The headless one died from the explosion just now. Another two had HP below half, while the three newly-born ones had HP around 60.

Belphegor still had HP above 80%. He had recovered all the damage he suffered while his clones fought the four outworlders, except for the 10% max HP loss. He was in his true form now, the bodybuilder shape. His eyes stared at his four opponents with a lively glint. Badass' Hell Furnace was still burning his body, but he acted like he didn't feel it.

"Uh-oh... We better—"

Badass didn't complete his sentence when Belphegor suddenly vanished from where he stood. When he was about to ask where the devil went, he found that Belphegor was already beside him. The devil's hand had turned into an ice claw. This ice claw was about to grab him.

Out of the four, only Grace's eyes perceived where Belphegor had moved to. She dashed toward Badass when the others were still confused. She put herself before Badass just as Belphegor's ice claw arrived.

The ice claw was Ice Death, an offensive skill with the instant-kill effect that killed Horatio.

It was a deadly skill. But when the ice claw hit Grace, no damage number appeared. She also didn't die. A layer of white light covered her body. This was Divine Knight's level 60 skill, Disciplinary Fortitude. It was a defensive buff skill. The skills rendered her immune to all magical and elemental damage. She was also immune to status effects and instant kill. While the buff was active, she couldn't be targeted by spells, and the effect of all her recovery spells was boosted. Against spellcasters, this skill was a nightmare. It even lasted a long five minutes at its maximum level.

Unfortunately, although many of Belphegor's skills contained ice elements, he was not a spellcaster. Seeing his ice claw failed to kill or even damage the outworlder, he sent Grace a punch.

Grace saw the punch coming, but it was too fast to dodge. She could only parry it. Belphegor's fist was the size of her entire body. The impact sent her flying back while losing a good chunk of HP.

Grace's interference gave Red Death and Nameless enough time to go on the offense. Badass was too close to Belphegor. He had no choice but to end the Hell Furnace and move away.

Red Death and Nameless attacked from Belphegor's flanks. When Belphegor wanted to move, he found some sort of a fiery whip coiled around one of his legs, holding him. He looked back and saw it was Badass' high demon lord.

The fiery whip stopped Belphegor from moving away, not toward. Belphegor jumped toward the high demon lord just as Red Death and Nameless arrived. The two's attacks hit only air.

With a violent stomp, Belphegor pressed the high demon lord into the ground. He was so fast that the high demon lord didn't have time to react. His foot went up and down rapidly, stomping the high demon lord without mercy. Even when the Red Death and Nameless approached and hit him, he didn't let go of the stomping.

The high demon lord soon lost all its HP and turned into dust.

Second World #Chapter 1917. Going All Out - Read

Second World Chapter 1917. Going All Out

1917 Chapter 1917. Going All Out

Grace wanted to heal the high demon lord, but Belphegor's punch sent her far away. She instead used the healing orb above her to heal herself before charging back toward Belphegor. On her way, Belphegor's five clones blocked her path.

"Red!" Grace called.

Red Death glanced at her but soon turned back. "Deal with them yourself," Red Death said.

"Ugh!" Grace was vexed. She called Red Death because Red Death had the highest DPS. It was a prime opportunity to take out the clones. While with her defense, she was better suited to keep Belphegor busy.

Leaving Grace to battle the clones, Red Death continued to assault Belphegor together with Nameless. Belphegor didn't just let them hit him when he killed the high demon lord. His body had an ice armor protecting it. All the damage inflicted on him was reduced considerably.

Nameless used God's Champion's level 80 skill when Belphegor gave them free hits. The skill was called God's Branding. The skill conjured a hammer of light that slammed into the target. It was a single-target offensive skill that dealt 2000% light-element damage. Successfully hitting the target would give the target a God's Mark. Anyone bearing this mark had the damage they dealt reduced by 10% for the remainder of the battle. This effect was not stackable.

After dispensing the high demon lord, Belphegor turned his attention to this mark. He sensed that even he could not dispel the effect of this mark. All his attacks were weakened by one-tenth from now.

"Not bad, worm," Belphegor told Nameless. He kicked while speaking. The kick was so fast Nameless almost didn't manage to block. But even with the block, the impact still sent him flying.

Belphegor then vanished, evading a stab from Red Death. Red Death sensed the devil had circled to her back. She didn't waste time turning back. Her two hands twisted behind her back while executing Twin Dragon Stabs. She hit something. Something hard. She could feel from the impact that her stabs didn't deal much damage.

Something hard then banged into her from above. She smashed the ground. The impact was so hard she recoiled into the air. While she was still in the air, something rammed into her from above, sending her crashing into the ground again.

It was Belphegor's foot. With one punch and one stomp, he incapacitated Red Death. If not for her legendary-grade set armor, she probably would have lost her life.

Belphegor stayed his foot and kept her pinned to the ground. He then turned to Badass who had been sending range attacks at him nonstop. Badass had the Demonic Possession active, which boosted his standard range attacks.

When their eyes met, Badass felt a terrifying chill from inside him. His mind slowed while a layer of ice formed all over his body. He had been hit by the Infernal Freezing Gaze.

Belphegor focused ice energy onto his arms. The ice solidified and formed gauntlets made of curling ice chains. He then shoved his two arms out. One pointed at the frozen Badass. The other pointed at Nameless, who was running back to him.

The curling ice chains shot out of his two arms. One caught Badass. The other coiled around Nameless's shield when he used it to block the ice chain. The two were then pulled toward Belphegor.

They were slammed into the ground where Red Death was still pinned. Belphegor then jumped up. Affected by the ice aura around Belphegor, the three were too slow to react. Belphegor shot back down again. Following him was an illusory image of a falling iceberg.

The three were helpless on the ground. The iceberg fell into them with a loud crash. Clouds of ice dust spread everywhere, obscuring the view.

"Hm?" Belphegor sensed the three were not killed. Not only that, their aura had become stronger. He sensed the three attacked him. He could not see due to all the ice dust, but he met their attacks using his two arms. From the impacts, he couldn't believe the ones assaulting him were his previous opponents. They were much stronger.

He stomped the ground. An ice ring spread following his stomp. The ice ring dispersed all the ice clouds and cleared the view. He had a good look at the three then. All three were still his previous opponents, but their appearances had changed. They now looked like his kind, the demons.

The three had used Devilize before the iceberg hit, but that was not the only thing that saved them from certain death. The other factor was Grace used Generosity of Hope on them when she saw the three were about to get squashed. The three's HP was refilled to full before the impact happened. The full HP and increased defense from Devilize helped them survive.

A soothing light covered their devilized body. This was the lingering effect of the Generosity of Hope. If they died in the next thirty minutes, they would return to life with 70% HP.

"Interesting," Belphegor uttered after seeing their transformations.

The ice chain gauntlets were still on his arms. The ice chains rolled out as he swung his arms. These ice chains flailed about, increasing his striking range.

Even after using Devilize, they were still staggered when they clashed with Belphegor's ice chains, but at least the devil's speed was no longer that menacing.

"Well, since we are going all out...!" Nameless exclaimed. He used his pinnacle class' level 70 skill, God's Protection. This skill buffed himself and his allies in the vicinity, doubling their defense and reducing any damage they received by 30%.

With these buffs, they became much tougher. They could afford to get hit a few times, so they focused on offense.

Red Death used Death Executor's level 60 skill, Death Clone. This skill produced a clone similar to the Combat Clone, except it lasted much longer and could use her skills. Their skills shared the same cooldown, though. The clone was in her normal form, not the Devilize version. This clone lasted one hour.

Red Death and her death clone barraged Belphegor from the flanks while Nameless forced himself to engage Belphegor with frontal assaults.

Badass returned to attacking from range. His Demonic Possession ended, but he had a better option. He used Hell Ruler's level 80 skill, Devil Possession. While Devilize transformed his physical body, Devil Possession transformed his aura. The image of a devil made of black flames enshrouded his body. This skill boosted the power and range of both his standard attacks and spells. For standard attacks, his attack rate also increased. The boost was even stronger than the evolved form of the Demonic Possession once showcased by the Herald of Greed.

Badass also went all out. He used the last spell from Hell Ruler, Summon Archdemon Lord. Same as the one Jack summoned using his Amulet of Summoning, this one was also an eternal grade. Its level followed Badass' level, which was level 94.

Despite having the same name, the archdemon lord Jack summoned was a spellcaster type. The one summoned by Badass was a hybrid type. It carried a long scythe for a melee weapon and could cast spells. Without wasting time, this archdemon lord advanced while casting a spell.

A gravity field appeared where Belphegor was. This gravity field bogged down Belphegor's movements. The great thing about the spell was it didn't affect allies. Red

Death and Nameless could move normally while Belphegor was hindered by the gravity field.

The archdemon lord also cast another spell that enshrouded its scythe with dark smoke. This enchantment added dark elemental damage to its every strike and eroded the durability of the equipment it hit. It barged in between Red Death and Nameless and slashed using its enchanted weapon. The scythe left a long trail of darkness in its path.

When the scythe slashed into Belphegor's ice armor, it left a long dark gash that remained. As the archdemon lord landed more slashes, more dark gashes appeared in the armor. The ice armor's effectiveness decreased with each of these dark gashes.

Seeing the archdemon lord had a dark-based spell, Red Death asked Badass, "Hey! Does your summon possess a spell that darkens the surroundings?"

"It does," Badass answered. He sent a mental command to the archdemon lord. The archdemon lord started casting.

When its spell was completed, a shadow enveloped the surroundings. It was still noon, but the area around them darkened as if it was evening. The spell was called Dark World Domain. It was the weaker version of Mammon's Absolute Darkness Domain.

Though it didn't create a pitch-black environment like the Absolute Darkness Domain, it hindered enemies' vision without affecting allies. It didn't inflict DOT but reduced enemies' stats within the domain.

This spell was not effective against Belphegor since Belphegor could sense mana. Red Death didn't ask for this spell to hinder Belphegor's vision or to reduce his stats. She had other uses for the spell.

While Nameless, her death clone, and the archdemon lord assailed Belphegor, who was still hindered by the gravity field, her figure turned blurry. She slowly blended into the shadow caused by the darkening environment. Her presence was gone completely. Even Belphegor's ice aura couldn't detect her anymore.

1918 Chapter 1918. Among Yourselves

Though Belphegor had many opponents ganged up on him, he was attentive to his surroundings. He was aware when Red Death vanished from his detection. He paid more attention to the mana within his ice aura. His sense swept the surroundings. There was no trace of her presence.

'Did she use a teleporting skill to move away?' He thought.

When he was still pondering about the situation, he sensed a sudden burst of energy behind him. It only lasted an instant. Following that burst was the stinging pain of getting

stabbed. He received critical damage from that stab. That burst of energy was gone as soon as it appeared. When he turned around, there was nothing.

This was Death Executor's level 80 skill, Death Shadow. It was similar to the Stealth Mastery from the Ninja class, only much more powerful. This skill let Red Death blend into the shadow. As long as she was in a place with minimal lighting, she was practically invisible. This was why she asked Badass for the spell that darkened the environment, so she could utilize this skill to the fullest while in the daytime.

This skill gave Red Death other advantages aside from blending into the shadows. Her speed and the damage she inflicted increased while this skill was active. If she happened to receive an attack while hiding in the shadow, the damage she received was decreased by 80%. So, even if the enemy tried using an AOE attack to draw her out, she could remain hidden and tank the damage.

All her mana was concealed when she blended with the shadow. The first attack she landed when she came out of the shadow was guaranteed to be critical. This skill lasted five minutes. She could go in and out of the shadow as many times as she wished in that duration.

This was what she did. She kept zooming in and out of the shadow, utilizing the moments when Belphegor clashed with the other combatants.

Belphegor was peeved. His icy aura didn't seem to affect this shadowy assailant much. The time by which she appeared and disappeared was too short for him to react.

When the archdemon lord's gravity field ended, Belphegor suddenly stopped moving and crossed his two arms in front of his head. He looked like someone who had been cornered and gone into full defense. Nameless and the others didn't waste the chance. They redoubled their offense.

Belphegor abruptly opened his two arms when his assailants were at their closest. An energy shockwave radiated out of him, stunning all his melee assailants. Four of the floating ice weapons, which had lost the clones who wield them, returned to him. They attached themselves to the end of his ice chains, turning those chains into flails.

Belphegor's arms started swinging at high speed. His swings created multiple afterimages of the ice flails that hit everything around him. This swinging attack was a skill. It caused tremendous damage to those in his vicinity. The Archdemon Lord received repeated damage but survived due to its high HP. Red Death's death clone was not so lucky. It failed to escape the strike zone. It perished after receiving multiple hits.

If Nameless didn't have God's Shield and God's Protection active, he would have perished as well. He had a backup life from Grace's Generosity of Hope but preferred not to waste it. He kept retreating until he was out of the strike zone.

Only Badass kept on attacking from range. With Devilize and Devil Possession, he could be said to be their highest DPS contributor, even higher than Red Death. Red Death herself stayed within the shadow. All the damage she received was greatly reduced. She was also in Devilize form so she could tank the damage. She didn't dare to come out, though. Belphegor's skill struck every inch around him. She would get smacked the instant she came out.

Belphegor's skill finally stopped. When Red Death was about to come out and resume her attack, the devil made a super jump into the sky. The jump was so high he was out of the Dark World Domain, so Red Death couldn't follow him.

Up in the sky, he put both his hands together. It was the signature move of Battle Monk's Ki Blast, but the energy ball he formed was ten times larger than the regular Ki Blast. It was also filled with ice mana.

"Perish! You, worms," Belphegor said before unleashing this super ice ki blast.

The giant ice ball shot into the ground at high speed. Everyone tried their best to get as far away as possible from where the ice ball landed. When the giant ice ball touched down, an ice world was born. The explosion encompassed the whole area covered by the Dark World Domain and beyond. It was called an explosion because of how abruptly the energy expanded, but it was not a bang like in the traditional explosion. It was more like an instant freezing of everything within its area of effect.

The only ones who were not trapped within this frozen world were Grace and Badass. They were the furthest away from ground zero.

Belphegor dropped back down with folded arms. Standing upright, he stomped both feet onto his frozen world. Cracks spread like wildfire on the ice surface. The whole ice world then shattered and turned into ice dust.

Nameless' HP dropped to zero even with his buff, and so did Red Death. The ice world dispelled the Dark World Domain by force. Red Death was out of the protection of the shadow when she was frozen. Only the archdemon lord survived, but its HP was less than one-third.

Grace's Generosity of Hope took effect. Red Death and Nameless returned to life.

"Hmph..." Belphegor was displeased seeing that. These outworlders had more tricks than he expected.

"Ugh...!" Red Death was still shaken by her death. She might have come back to life but she lost her devilize form. Her Death Shadow also ended when she died.

Yet, she had no plan to back down. She was about to go on the offensive again when she sensed something coming at her from the side. She jumped back and saw one of

Belphegor's clones fly past her. The clone fell violently a distance away and skidded on the ground.

"Deal with these clones! You, uncooperative woman!" Grace scolded.

It was Grace who threw the clone. She didn't have the firepower to kill any of the clones. All five were still alive. The clones were level 96 mythical grades. They had natural HP recovery. Additionally, the clones were pretty cunning. Only four or three fought Grace at any one time. The ones with the lowest HP retreated to recover themselves. She finally couldn't take it anymore and used her Devilize form as well. The strength boost let her overpower the clones and break out of their encirclement.

Red Death was upset by the scolding. She ignored the clone Grace had thrown and defiantly advanced at Belphegor again.

"You, mad woman!" Grace put herself in Red Death's path.

"Move aside!" Red Death gave Grace a spin kick.

Grace was startled by the attack of her teammate. She barely blocked the kick.

"What the...!" Both Nameless and Badass were shocked by this turn of events.

Even Belphegor stopped moving when he was about to lunge. He massaged his chin and watched.

Grace's strength during Devilize outclassed Red Death, so she didn't budge from the kick. Red Death didn't mean to truly attack. She just wanted to give Grace a scare, so Grace stopped blocking her. She ran past Grace when Grace was still dazed by her kick.

Contrary to expectation, instead of getting scared, the kick pissed Grace off instead. Grace's hand shot out and grabbed Red Death's arm before she advanced too far. Red Death suddenly found herself getting yanked by a very strong force.

"I said, move back...!" Grace yelled and flung Red Death far away.

Red Death somersaulted in the air before landing on her feet. She gritted her teeth. She was also pissed now. She lunged back.

Grace didn't waste any more words. She simply stood in Red Death's path. If she had to knock some sense into this woman's head, so be it!

Both women were ready for a clash as they neared one another, but something interrupted them. An ice spear pierced Grace's back. The speed of this spear had been so fast that Grace failed to react by the time she sensed the backstab. Her body was

flung forward by the impact force. She crashed into Red Death. The two fell rolling on the ground.

Thanks to Grace's insane defense aided by Devilize, the backstab wasn't fatal. She still lost almost half her HP because of the back attack bonus.

The ice spear was thrown by Belphegor. The devil was sneering. He said, "As amusing as it is to see you fight among yourselves, I prefer to wrap this up as soon as possible."

1919 Chapter 1919. Four Lives

Belphegor's interruption brought realization back to Grace and Red Death. Emotion got the better of them, but their anger seemed insignificant now. The current situation was too dire for them to surrender to their ego.

Grace decided to be the better woman and apologized, "I'm sorry, but we need to work together. Please! We can't win if we fight like this."

Red Death didn't respond. She simply turned to Belphegor's clone, whom Grace had thrown earlier. This clone had retreated to Belphegor. It attempted to recover under the protection of the devil. Red Death turned in the other direction and saw the other four clones harassing Badass.

Without saying anything, Red Death dashed over to where Badass was.

While the two women were doing introspection, the archdemon lord lunged at Belphegor. It executed Penta Slash using its scythe. The scythe crisscrossed at high speed as it slashed the devil. Darkness almost fully covered Belphegor's ice armor as erosion from the dark enchantment accumulated. The ice armor finally shattered.

Belphegor wasn't concerned about losing his protective suit. He pulled back his arm when the Penta Slash hit him. The fist on that arm expanded exponentially. Once the archdemon lord finished its penta slash, that fist went forward.

The gigantic fist slammed into the archdemon lord. This was the same skill that took out Palgrost's defensive wall with one punch. While this skill dealt extra damage against structure, it still caused massive damage to any other target. However, the most terrifying aspect of the punch was its force.

The archdemon lord who received the punch flew at an unbelievable speed. They didn't even have time to glimpse the damage number caused by the punch because the archdemon lord was already a speck far away in the sky.

"Holy f*ck... It's a homerun punch," Badass remarked.

He was still wondering if his archdemon lord made it out alive when Red Death came and relieved him from being bullied by Belphegor's clones. He opened his skill page once he had the chance. His summon was gone. The archdemon lord was killed. He guessed this was expected. The archdemon lord didn't have much HP left when it received the ridiculous punch.

After killing the archdemon lord, Belphegor turned his attention to Red Death, who was fighting his clones. He wasn't worried about those clones. Even if Red Death could kill them, she would require some time to pull that off. What made him focus on Red Death was because Red Death was the outworlder who dealt the most damage to him. She was currently without any buff, so it was a prime opportunity to take her out of the board. He unleashed his infernal ice breath that was off cooldown. The breath aimed at Red Death, but someone intercepted this breath.

The one who did was Grace. She put her palm out and used Nine Yin Devouring Palm. The freezing beam that came her way was absorbed into her palm. As the ice energy entered her, recovery numbers appeared above her. The HP she lost from Belphegor's ambush earlier was fully recovered.

"What...?" Belphegor uttered with a shocked expression after his infernal ice breath ended. He asked Grace, "What did you do? I sense that what you did just now is not a skill."

"It is not!" Grace exclaimed as she flew forward. She activated Faith Armor and Angelic Possession. With Devilize still on, she appeared to have both angelic wings and devil wings on her back. She became much faster.

She thrust her fingers forward. The drilling energy of Nine Yin Abyssal Finger pointed toward Belphegor. The energy was even larger and fiercer when she used it on Belphegor's clone earlier. This was because the ancient art was strengthened by the energy from Belphegor's infernal ice breath.

There was still considerable residual energy left after Grace converted the energy to heal herself. Her mastery of the ancient art had improved further that she could direct the absorbed energy to bolster her attack.

Belphegor could easily dodge the attack, but he chose not to. He was curious. His sense told him Grace's current attack was also not a skill. He formed an ice shield using his palm to block the attack. Runic symbols were on the surface of this ice shield.

When the black drill collided with the ice shield, it first appeared as if the black drill couldn't advance. But as seconds passed, the runic symbols covering the ice shield started to shimmer. The ice on the spot where the black drill touched started to melt. Belphegor looked in disbelief as the speed of the melting increased.

While he was still processing what was happening, he felt a cold stinging pain in his palm. The black drill had pierced through his ice shield and was now stabbing into his palm.

"Grhh...!" He stifled a pained cry from his mouth, but he had to pull his hand back from the pain.

This gave Grace an opening. Grace landed a hit. Her mace struck using Divine Knight's level 70 skill, Angelic Penalize. This was a single-target offensive skill that dealt 1000% light-element damage. While the damage it inflicted was meek compared to other pinnacle classes' single-target skills, its advantage was in the side effects it caused. The target hit by Angelic Penalize could not use skills or cast spells for three minutes.

Belphegor felt the restriction. His shock again opened him to Grace's follow-up attack. Grace's mace struck his chest using Judgement Strike.

This strike was a distraction, though. The real attack came from an unexpected angle above Grace. The air right in front of Belphegor's face shimmered. His attention was still drawn to his struck chest when a black light shot out of thin air and stabbed his face.

"Arrgghh...!!" He could no longer keep the cry from coming out of his mouth. The black light that stabbed his head not only caused damage but also disrupted his mind.

This black light was the Nine Yin Phantom Sword. Grace had successfully learned all three arts from the Nine Yin Scriptures. This was all due to her special constitution, which Murong described as compatible with the Nine Yin Scriptures.

Grace didn't waste the chance when Belphegor was staggered. Her mace split into two. She beat rapidly while executing the Phantom Beating Stick. Nameless had also come over and struck using his fallen apostle's hammer. Before Belphegor returned to his senses, the two used their weapons' offensive skills.

Nameless' weapon skill conjured a dense crimson light from heaven. This light bathed Belphegor while applying tremendous pressure on him, preventing him from moving. Damage number continued to come up above the devil.

Grace's one was also a single-target skill that came down from heaven. Hers came in the form of a giant fist made of light. This giant fist fell at a speed much slower than Nameless' crimson light. Belphegor could have easily dodged this attack with his speed. But thanks to the crimson light pinning the devil down, the giant fist of light was able to hit its target.

The giant fist slammed Belphegor into the ground and caused a cave-in. The fist continued to push even after Belphegor was flattened into the ground. The ground churned until the rock and soil buried Belphegor. The fist didn't stop. It continued to push the devil deeper into the ground.

Grace and Nameless stood on the ruined ground, unsure of what to do now that their opponent was buried inside the ground.

"Wow, I didn't expect my weapon's skill to have such a forceful effect," Grace said.

"Yeah, perhaps you should have—"

Nameless didn't get to finish his sentence when multiple ice weapons tied to two ice chains pierced out of the ground. These ice chains accurately struck Grace and Nameless. Grace failed to dodge because the ground was filled with the residual mana from her attack. She couldn't sense the ambush.

The ground then exploded as Belphegor's huge body jumped out. He could not use skills but could perform mid-range attacks using his ice chains. With the ice weapons attached to these chains, every strike dealt considerable damage.

He made a rapid circular swing. The ice weapons struck Nameless and Grace, who were still staggered by the ground ambush. The two were hit multiple times as the chains whirled like a helicopter's blades.

Grace quickly used Divine Knight's level 50 skill before Nameless' HP was depleted. The skill was Divine Aura. This skill recovered 50,000 HP for herself and her allies in the vicinity. After the healing effect, the affected targets received an increase in stats, passive HP recovery, and passive stamina or MP recovery for a duration.

"Don't underestimate us!" Grace roared back. She advanced and engaged the devil directly.

Nameless was a tank, but Grace with Devilize could better withstand Belphegor's punishments. Nameless supported Grace by attacking from the flanks. He used God's Champion's level 60 skill, God's Light. This skill conjured a pillar of light from heaven, covering a large area. All allies exposed to the light received healing over time, while all enemies received damage over time.

Badass came to help them after seeing they were in trouble. He took over as damage dealer while Grace focused more on defense and hindering Belphegor's movements.

Red Death didn't mind Badass leaving her. She always preferred to fight alone. She continued to whittle the HP of Belphegor's clones. She focused her offense so he could kill one of the clones first.

When Grace's Devilize ended, she used Divine Knight's level 90 skill, Seraphic Possession. It was a stronger version of angelic possession. Three pairs of wings made of light appeared on her back when she used this skill.

When her allies' HP was low, she used Healing Domain, Divine Knight's level 80 skill. This was a mass recovery skill that covered a large area. This skill lasted for a long duration. Allies inside this domain were unlikely to be killed unless they were hit by an attack that could one-shot them.

The battle continued until one of the clones' HP dropped to a critical state. Belphegor's HP had also dropped to 40%. Grace and her allies were in high spirits. Although they expended most of their big skills, they managed to whittle the devil's HP to below half. As long as they could defend until their skills were off cooldown and repeat, they should be able to take Belphegor down.

Suddenly, Belphegor ice chains shot into the distance. His chains caught all his clones and pulled them to him. Red Death was startled that her opponents were suddenly gone. All five clones clung onto Belphegor's back.

Belphegor picked the clone that was in a critical state. His mouth opened unnaturally wide as he shoved that clone inside.

"No!" Grace exclaimed. She tried to advance, but the ice chains on Belphegor's arms flailed about. They created a tempest that made it hard to approach him.

They could only watch as the clone entered Belphegor's mouth, and he gulped.

The clone didn't fuse back with him. It was devoured, so he didn't lose his body-building form. His HP, which was around 40%, shot back up to 90%. He looked at his opponents and sneered.

"I still have four lives here," He pointed to the clones hanging on his back. "Want to see whose lives expire first between us?"

Grace turned to Red and said, "Look! We don't have to like each other, but we truly need to work together if we want to have a chance to win."

This time, Red Death didn't give Grace the silent treatment. She harrumphed, "Hmph! So be it."

1920 Chapter 1920. One-Devil Army

When John, Giant Steve, Fierce Flame, Jet, and Purple Mist appeared at Hydrurond's Northern Defense Front, everything wasn't as they expected. Many parts of the wall had been destroyed. In many areas, the defenders were fighting demons and demonic bugs behind the defensive walls. Only a few of the siege weapons were still working.

"What the hell...? The situation wasn't as bad as this when we watched using Chris' spying tool," Giant Steve said.

"It has been many hours since then. We took quite a while preparing," Purple Mist offered her opinion.

"It was just a few hours, and everything has gone to shit?" Jet asked.

"Many things can happen in a few hours," John said. "But with things like this, we can't make our stand here."

"What should we do, then?" Steve asked. "This is the last defensive line for Hydurond's Northern Front. If we don't fight here, we will have to retreat through the Khan region and into Themisphere."

Everyone turned to John. He ignored their gazes. He continued to look at the situation in front before turning and looking at the back. He then opened the map in his status window. While he was studying the map, a loud horn sounded.

"What was that?" Jet asked.

"It's the signal to retreat," John answered without turning his gaze from the map, which only he could see.

"Already?" Steve asked.

While they were dejected the army retreated the moment they arrived, they couldn't deny the situation was bad. More and more demons breached the defensive walls. The defenders continued to get pushed back. This front always had the fewest number of troops. If not for the ancient sect and the many powerful natives from the league factions defending this front, it would have lost earlier than the Palgrost Northern Front.

"We need to help them!" Steve exclaimed. Many demonic bugs were scurrying from the sides. From the look of it, these bugs planned to cut the defenders' escape path.

John closed his map. "Beelzebub must have decided to stop holding back. Wilted did mention that among the devils, he is the one with the most no-nonsense attitude. From the ridiculous number of demonic bugs we see here, he must have kept his bodily portal open for a long period."

Wilted had explained to them that the bugs coming out of Beelzebub were not creatures he housed inside his body. They were his minions, raised in his territory in the underworld. Each of these bugs carried his marks. When needed, his body could act as a portal to bring them to where he was. Throughout his territory, he had cultivated hundreds of millions of these bugs. He still had many more to spare.

Opening the portal consumed his MP, though. Keeping too many bugs in this plane also drained his energy. They didn't come through the proper underworld portal, after all.

Hence, he didn't conjure too many if not needed. He did so now because he wanted a decisive win. He grew tired of this slow conquest.

There was also the matter of a decrease in the reinforcement coming from the main underworld portal. He didn't understand why that happened. He had sent a squad of demons to check, but that squad had not yet reported back. He disliked uncertainties, so he decided to defeat the defenders here before other unexpected things happened.

The demonic bugs he pulled from the underworld were enough to cover the missing reinforcement. He stepped it up even more and doubled his army count using these bugs. That's how his army could overrun this front and force them to retreat in such a short time.

Even if Beelzebub was alone, he could become a one-devil army.

"Considering the situation, we can't fight Beelzebub yet," John continued. "We will focus on helping the defenders retreat."

"All right! My hands are getting itchy!" Jet exclaimed. He spread the wings from his wings tool. He was about to fly up, but John held him back.

"Slow down, you old kid!" John scolded. "You won't make much impact by blindly rushing forward and engaging the enemies. We are helping them retreat, not advance."

"So, what should we do?" Steve asked.

"See those bugs coming from the flanks?" John pointed. "They are targeting the runecraft Society's members who were deactivating the rune diagrams sealing the traps. If those traps fail to work, the enemies will continue to harass our army during retreat. We will continue to lose troops that way. Steve, Flame, you two go that side. Jet, you and your pet help the opposite side."

The three nodded. They flew in the directions John indicated.

"What about me?" Purple Mist asked.

"The two of us will move forward and give the defenders the opening to retreat. Ready your level 90 spell," John told her.

The two flew forward. As they did, John cast a spell. When it was completed, nothing happened. He continued flying forward.

"There," John pointed.

In the direction he pointed was Ragorth, who was in Gigantify condition. His greatsword was also under Enlarge Weapon skill. Ragorth swung his giant weapon without ends.

He held back the demons so the rest of the defenders could retreat. Supporting him were many young Janus casting spells to hold the demons at bay. Duke Alfredo and Jack's other royal guards were also there. In the sky, Syndrillis and the top combatants from the eaglefolk held the line.

"Royal Advisor John," True Janus greeted without pausing his spellcasting.

"My royal advisor title is currently being lent to someone else," John replied. "Anyway, we will be helping you retreat. I understand you have many clones spread among the army for fast coordination, don't you?"

"That's correct," Janus answered.

"Please organize so the army moves to these coordinates," John said. He opened his map and let Janus interface with it.

"Why there? Isn't it better if we retreat directly to Themisphere? A defensive line has been prepared there," Janus asked.

"It takes too long to retreat to Themisphere. Our world is short on time if we are to win. We will defeat Beelzebub at these coordinates," John answered.

Janus was about to ask how, but he decided not to. Now was not the time for explanation. Furthermore, he had heard of John's reputation. Jack might be the heart behind many of Themisphere's victories, but John was the brain.

"Understood. I will guide the troops there," Janus said.

"Good man!" John said. "Now, tell everyone to prepare to break into a run. We will create an opening. Also, tell everyone not to worry if they see wilderness monsters coming their way. They are here to help."

"Wilderness monsters?" Janus asked.

"Because she has a spell that could have saved you many resurrection potions," John answered for Purple Mist. Purple Mist herself had flown toward the pile of corpses after Janus stopped speaking.

14:23

Purple Mist saw that almost half of the pile were members of the Council of Virtus. This faction boasted many high-level natives, but they tended to put themselves in harm's way. It was not strange if they suffered the most losses.

"Just trust me," John answered. He didn't have the time to explain. He turned to Purple Mist. "Purple, ready?"

"Wait! What is that pile of corpses?" Purple Mist asked Janus.

"Those are our fallen brethren with the highest levels and grades," Janus answered. "We started this system quite a while ago. We carry the body of our fallen with levels at least 70 and rare elites and put them in one spot. Healers with resurrection spells or resurrection potions are on standby to use the spells or potions on the ones with the highest level and grade. This way, we don't waste the spells and the potions on weaker combatants. We only have a few of both, after all."

"Are you saying those are all natives who died less than one hour ago?" Purple Mist asked.

"Most are. We normally separate the ones who have died for more than an hour. But with the current chaos, the healers have retreated. We have stopped organizing, so some in that pile might have been there for more than an hour. Why are you concerned about that?"

"Because she has a spell that could have saved you many resurrection potions," John answered for Purple Mist. Purple Mist herself had flown toward the pile of corpses after Janus stopped speaking.

Purple Mist saw that almost half of the pile were members of the Council of Virtus. This faction boasted many high-level natives, but they tended to put themselves in harm's way. It was not strange if they suffered the most losses.

Purple Mist started casting. The spell she cast was Keeper of Immortality's level 80 spell, Mass Resurrect. This spell resurrected a maximum of one hundred dead allies within a fifty-meter radius area. She could manually choose who to resurrect if the number of the fallen was more than one hundred. If she didn't choose, the spell would automatically choose the ones with the highest levels and grades. She let the spell go into auto mode.

A lot of corpses were in that pile, so the spell's quota was easily reached. One hundred people came back to life with 10% HP.

They were easily killed again with such low HP, so Purple Mist cast another spell. Her spell was Sanctuary, which was Keeper of Immortality's level 60 spell.

The spell marked a fifty-meter radius area. Upon casting, all allies within the area healed 10% HP. They then received a healing of 1000 HP every second. This spell lasted ten minutes. Everyone within this marked area was immune to status afflictions and movement restrictions. All the damage they received while within this area was reduced by 30%.