

World 1211

Chapter 1211: Ending the Chase

While Arthur caused havoc among the native soldiers down there, Jack was busy with the two heavenly enforcers. Spring Crown's Weapons Festival came at him with each weapon as if controlled by different experts. All the while, Ronald's bullets came out of the smoke from unknown angles.

Jack tried to move to a position where Spring Crown's body blocked Ronald's bullet. But Spring Crown wasn't exactly a newbie. He also adjusted his position so Ronald would always have a clear shot at Jack.

Jack's six arms flailed around with incredible speed. The three arms on his left executed the flowing style of his sword art, fighting all nine melee weapons from Spring Crown. The three arms on his right repeated the burst style of his sword art, creating a dense wall of slashes, deflecting the bullets that came out of the smoke.

If it was his old self, it would be difficult to pull such expertise. After learning about the Sword's Heart from Arthur, his control over his sword art had undergone an upgrade. The swords in his hands easily moved as he wanted them to. Even so, continuously using his sword art at such high intensity was causing him to fatigue. He couldn't go on like this.

He was conflicted. Should he just let go of his cover to take out these two heavenly enforcers? He didn't think he could defeat these two in a short time just by relying on his sword art and blade dancer skills.

While Jack and Spring Crown continued to move while trying to get the best positions corresponding to the smoke that concealed Ronald, Jack also moved so they came close to the jamming device on the nearby ground.

Spring Crown was aware of what Jack tried to do. He tried to force Jack away from the device. Unfortunately, he was unable to contest Jack's strength and speed. Additionally, Jack's sword art was already at a level where his self-learned martial art was unable to compete against.

Spring Crown could only watch as Jack smashed the jamming device once he came near. The device was not a durable item, so it was destroyed in one hit. While Jack successfully destroyed the device, Spring Crown managed to score a hit when Jack was doing it. He Landed the hit using Ki Strike, which opened Jack up to a couple of hits from Ronald's bullet.

Jack quickly regained his balance from those hits. With the jamming device destroyed, his radar was back to operational. He saw then a lot of black dots approaching. Whether he wanted to sacrifice his last disguise for the lives of the two heavenly enforcers or not, he had to decide now.

Jack made his choice in that split second and jumped away. He somersaulted backward and landed on the ground below. He then turned around and headed to where Arthur was still merrily slaying the soldiers.

"Arthur, let's split!" He called.

"Oh?" Arthur was a bit disappointed hearing it, but he trusted Jack's judgment.

Jack's four extra arms from Asura continue to use the burst slashes of his sword art, deflecting the bullets from Ronald who had chased him out of the smoke. His two original arms slashed using the flowing style at the soldiers who tried to block his way.

He joined Arthur and the two slashed their way out of the crowd of soldiers.

While Ronald continued to shoot at Jack, Spring Crown simply stood and watched. Ronald glanced annoyingly at the gamer without stopping his shots.

"Hehe, I know who that ethereal is," Spring Crown uttered with a chuckle.

"Who? Have you crossed paths with him before? What's his name?" Ronald asked while his finger continued to pull the triggers. He couldn't inspect Jack's alias because Jack equipped his Cloak of Shadow.

Spring Crown just smiled without answering Ronald's question. This vexed Ronald greatly.

The rest of the players arrived then. The leader of the group, who was a sentinel, saw their two targets break out of the encirclement and was running away. This team leader asked Spring Crown and Ronald if they should chase.

"Chase them!" Ronald exclaimed.

"No need to chase," Spring Crown uttered.

The two spoke at the same time. The team leader was perplexed. Whom should he listen to? Both Spring Crown and Ronald were equal in rank, and why the hell did they give contradicting orders?

Ronald's aimed his revolver at Spring Crown's head and opened fire.

Spring Crown either saw the move or had predicted it because a shield appeared in his hand and he covered his head using it. He received damage but was not in danger.

Spring Crown jumped away and said, "Now, now. We are on the same side. No need to be like this. If you people want to chase, then go ahead. I've had my fun. I will go back to the command base."

Spring Crown retreated while observing Ronald. His shield was ready in case Ronald fired at him again. Ronald's revolver continued aiming at Spring Crown but he didn't pull the trigger. Spring Crown was soon out of sight.

Ronald returned his attention to where Jack and Arthur had fled. The two were also out of sight already. Ronald had no problem tracking them again. But after the scuffle just now, he knew the two were not easy targets. He enjoyed hunting difficult targets, but in his estimation, going for the two with just the group here would most likely end up in a defeat. Not to mention, Spring Crown had also left, further reducing their success chance.

"Sir... What should we do?" The team leader asked again. He knew Ronald was an unpredictable player. He didn't want to be on the receiving end of Ronald's ire. He had been standing at a distance away and also had his shield close to his head just in case.

Ronald turned around and said, "We go back. The boss is planning a final push. The war here should end by tomorrow. We will get ready to join the assault."

The team leader acknowledged the order, but he only lowered his shield after Ronald walked away with his back on him. He looked at the native soldiers while ordering everyone to return. He was surprised to see lots of native bodies on the ground. What happened? Didn't they only face two opponents?

While the other players were lamenting that they didn't see any action in this operation. The team leader was secretly relieved that they didn't have to go against those two opponents who fled before they arrived.

Chapter 1212: Hydrurond Second Army's Defeat

After successfully fleeing, Jack and Arthur went an extra distance before finding another resting place. They didn't rest at the same time but took turns instead. When it was Jack's turn to rest, he lent his God-eye monocle to Arthur. He taught Arthur about the radar and what the dots represent. Arthur kept watch by looking at the radar while Jack slept.

The enemies didn't attack again that night.

The next morning, the two returned to their activities of hunting down stray enemies and helping allies who fought outside the main battlefield. Yet, there was almost no target for them. They noticed then that most of the enemies were focusing on the main battlefield.

Jack and Arthur watched the battle from afar.

The fighting was extremely fierce. Both Liguritutum and Aurebor were giving their all with seemingly no reservation about casualties. They sandwiched Hydrurond's force from two opposite sides.

Aurebor still had many soldiers because before the Liguritutum force arrived, they only played defense and had small skirmishes. Only after Liguritutum ambushed the Hydrurond second army from the rear six days ago that they went into an offensive maneuver.

The guild armies from Liguritutum and Aurebor's sides joined the battle today. The most impressive was of course the guild armies from World Maker and World Ruler. Their armies gave even the native soldiers a difficult time.

As for Hydrurond's side, the loss they suffered from the first encounter with Liguritutum's force was too severe. They hadn't recovered enough, so Hydrurond's side didn't have any guild army reinforcement.

Several native soldiers were battling in the sky. The most prominent were the army leaders equivalent to Themisphere's Lord Marshall. Both the armies of Liguritutum and Aurebor only had one such leader. The two countries had three such leaders originally, but two left after Master and Mistress took over the countries.

On the Liguritutum's side, the native army leader was a high marshall named Oberon, who was a level 85 mythical ethereal. On the Aurebor's side, the leader was a lord protector named Ashira Sharpshot, a level 82 mythical elf.

Hydruron's army leaders were the Lord Dominators. Hydrurond had three of them. Unfortunately, due to Hydrurond dividing their military into three armies, the lord dominators were also separated. Each followed one army.

The first one was with the first army which clashed with Liguritutum. The first army lost and retreated to a nearby fort. The Lord Dominator stayed with this army. When the Liguritutum army headed north to aid Aurebor, this defeated army also followed. However, Liguritutum used a method to increase their marching speed. Furthermore, Linda left some traps that slowed this first army's march. Hence, they were unable to catch up.

The second one was with the second army which fought against Aurebor. The last one was with the third army which guarded the border against a possible Themisphere incursion.

Because of this setting, currently, Hydrurond's second lord dominator was alone facing Liguritutum's high marshall and Aurebor's lord protector.

This lord dominator was a level 85 mythical-grade draconian named Kimat. He was a formidable spellcaster who had no problem getting into a melee fight.

If he fought one on one with either the high marshall or the lord protector, he should be able to win. Unfortunately, fighting two of them at the same time proved too much of a challenge. He had also been wounded in the past few days of fighting.

Any other person would have retreated under such a situation, but the draconian was a prideful bunch. They still stubbornly fight on despite the inevitable defeat.

Today, another factor tipped the scale even further. Master flew up and joined the battle, making it a three-against-one battle.

If it was any other combatant, adding another person into this battle between high-level mythical won't make a difference, but Master was not any other combatant.

Master's current capability was already able to single-handedly fight a mythical grade of the same level. Kimat was many levels above Master. Even though Master's spells couldn't threaten the draconian, they were still disturbing. This caused Kimat to be unable to focus on his two mythical-grade opponents.

Master's library of spells was inexhaustible. His intelligence stat was also so high that even when he was much lower level than Kimat, the damage from his spells still mattered. Not to mention he had several divine skills that were very troublesome. He also had many expendable summons that he sent to further disrupt Kimat.

After half a day of struggle, Kimat was unable to endure the assaults from multiple fronts. He finally fell.

His demise was the straw that broke the camel's back. As Kimat's body fell to the ground, all the draconian soldiers lost their fighting spirit. Linda made use of this perfect moment to push and cause the draconian army to collapse.

Casualties fell in droves. The surviving soldiers ran in all directions. The pride that was the main characteristic of a native draconian was nowhere to be seen. The one large army split into multiple groups and fled on their own. There was no longer any sense of order.

Both Hydrurond and Aurebor didn't seem to be content just winning the battle, they wanted to weaken the fleeing army as much as possible, which meant slaying as many soldiers as possible. Their army broke into several groups and started hunting the fleeing enemies.

Jack and Arthur didn't just watch the battle. They went and tried guerilla warfare on the Liguritutum army's rear, but their interference did not affect the main battle. When the Hydrurond army collapsed and split, they tried their best to cover these soldiers' retreats.

Jeanny and the members from Everlasting Heavenly Legends did the same. They attacked the enemy army who pursued Hydrurond soldiers, trying to buy as much time for them as possible.

From the Hydrurond players' side, only Evil Breakers led by Megan and a few other guilds acted the same and aided these fleeing soldiers. The others left once defeat was certain. Among which were the big-name guilds such as the Inquisition and the Sand Family. They considered the battle here was over and there were no worthy things to do to gain war contribution points.

And so, Hydrurond's second army suffered an even worse defeat than the first army.

Chapter 1213: Helping the Army's Retreat

In a grove nearby not far from the battlefield where Liguritutum and Aurebor fought Hydrurond's second army, a battalion of five hundred draconian soldiers was running away from the battlefield.

The one leading this fleeing battalion was a dominion commander named Pagram. He was a level 78 rare elite draconian. Beside him was his trusted subordinate, Gyseo, who was a level 75 special elite with the rank of dominion captain.

The two and the soldiers following them were in very bad condition. None of them had full HP. The worst was their expressions. They had the look of the defeated. They didn't even run with full might. They felt extremely disgraced for running away, but their bodies just moved on their own. After seeing their Lord Dominator's death and their comrades killed in bulk, they just couldn't continue fighting.

They heard sounds from the back. They looked back and saw a large number of enemies approaching through the trees of the grove. The enemy's number far outnumbered them. The fear that caused them to flee the battlefield returned. This fear caused them to pick up their running pace.

Then they saw a group of people coming from the front. They were outworlders. Since the incident of the serial killings, none of them had a good opinion of the outworlders. Additionally, these outworlders were elven. They were surely the enemy outworlders from the Aurebor Dynasty.

Pagram gritted his teeth. Were these their ends? If it was so, then let them die in battle. He yelled a rallying cry, "My brethren! If this is the day we die, let us die a glorious death...!!!"

The draconian soldiers' fighting spirit was ignited again under Pagram's battle cry. They readied their weapons to face the incoming enemies.

The outworlders from the front arrived first. When they readied themselves for a clash, the leader of the outworlder who was a beautiful woman holding a long red spear, called to them, "Hurry and escape! We will try to delay the enemies!"

When they were still confused, they noticed then that these outworlders were not elven. They were humans. To them, humans and elves looked almost alike. They had heard some human outworlders aiding their army in the battle these past few days. They didn't truly think much about it then.

Pagram immediately ordered his battalion to hold. The human outworlders ran past them and clashed with the ethereal army in the back.

"Sir, what should we do...?" Gyseo asked.

When Jeanny saw the draconian soldiers didn't move, she shouted, "Hurry up and leave!! What are you doing just standing there for?!"

After hearing her words, Pagram gave the order for his people to resume their escape. His pride told him to stay and fought together with these human outworlders but the outworlder leader's steely tone and expression made him decide otherwise.

Seeing the draconian soldiers start moving away, Jeanny heaved a relieved sigh. The members she brought here were those who still had the extra life from the resurrection chapel. It was already two weeks since she was killed by Master, so the resurrection chapel's one-week cooldown for her was also already over.

Fighting beside her were Paytowin, Domon, and Leavemealone.

Paytowin used his mothership bombardment, raining missiles and bullets on the ethereal soldiers. In his hands was a long rifle. That was not his equipped weapon. Instead, the rifle was summoned from his skill, Brave Rifle. It was Brave Techno Warrior's level 60 skill.

The rifle shot laser beams and had a high firing rate. It lasted five minutes. During that duration, Paytowin was a long-ranged gunner who dealt 200% light damage with each shot. Successful hits also reduced the target's defense by 10%, but the effect was not stackable.

Paytowin was also activating his Brave Techno Suit which he had max-leveled. At max level, the suit had a third skill, anti-gravity. This skill allowed Paytowin to fly as long as he was wearing the brave techno suit.

With the brave rifle, Paytowin flew in the air while firing at the enemies while his Brave King rampaged through the enemy ranks.

"Watch out!" Domon jumped up by kicking a tree to where Paytowin was floating. His glaive clashed with something hard but invisible right beside Paytowin. A person materialized then.

It was Soundeffect, the assassin from World Maker who had clashed with Jack before. Soundeffect was using his skill, Concealed Ghost Attack, to try to ambush Paytowin.

Soundeffect didn't expect his invisible attack to fail. He looked at Domon in rage.

Paytowin sent Domon a grateful glance before resuming firing at the enemies using his brave rifle.

Soundeffect knew Domon was a formidable opponent. He didn't dare to face him alone. It's a good thing they far outnumbered the enemy. Several ethereal soldiers came to back him up as they ganged on Domon.

Domon's glaive had changed shape into a tiger armament. Domon used Death Carrying Cyclone on these enemies that encircled him. The tiger armament produced a destructive wave following Domon's roundhouse slash. The wave struck all his enemies and sent them stumbling back.

"His opponent is me!" A loud voice thundered as Wong barged through Everlasting Heavenly Legends' members.

"You and me, Domon! It's time to settle who is better between us!" Wong exclaimed.

But his advance was stopped by a fireball who turned out to be Leavemealone in white tiger emperor coated with a flame suit.

"You again!" Wong scolded in frustration. "Domon! Are you going to continue letting this cub fight for you? Are you so afraid of me?!"

Leavemealone didn't care for Wong's words. He continued sending punches and kicks at Wong. None of his attacks hit. But with Flame God Suit active, even being near caused damage. Wong had no choice but to activate Steel Body to reduce this AOE fire damage.

Domon looked around. The enemies far outnumbered them. Jeanny had informed them to prepare for death to save the fleeing draconian soldiers. With the resurrection chapel, they would only lose one level. Still, if there was a way for them not to die...

Domon shouted at Wong, "Wong! Tell your people to stand down! I accept your duel!!"

Chapter 1214: A Grandmaster's Challenge

"Master?" Leavemealone was surprised by Domon's words. He stopped attacking Wong.

Wong was the leader of the enemy group here. He was also one of the outworlders who was appointed to fill up one of the empty portraits for the military leaders, so he had authority over the native soldiers.

"Everyone, stop...!!" Wong used mana manipulation in his voice. Everyone heard it. The ethereal soldiers and the players under his command stopped fighting after hearing this order.

Jeanny also ordered her people to stand down. She didn't know why Domon agreed to the duel, but as long as the enemies didn't chase after the fleeing draconian soldiers, then their objective was fulfilled.

Soundeffect came to Wong's side. "Master Wong, our order is to chase the fleeing draconian army. We can't stop."

"Shut up! I give the order here!" Wong exclaimed.

Soundeffect was unhappy with the order, but he didn't dare to defy Wong.

Domon approached Wong and said, "Let my friends go, and I will duel you until we have a clear winner."

"Hmph! If I let them go. How do I know you won't just turn tail and run?" Wong asked.

"I give you my word as a fellow martial artist. I won't go back on it," Domon replied.

Wong gave Domon a hard stare. If it was any other person who uttered those words, he would just treat them as dog farts, but Domon was not any other person. He was a martial grandmaster.

Seeing that Wong was seemingly considering Domon's request, Soundeffect couldn't keep his cool.

"Master Wong, letting the draconian soldiers free is already wrong. We can't let these players go as well!"

"I said, shut up!!" Wong gave Soundeffect a backhand punch. The punch was so sudden and extremely fast. Soundeffect didn't know what had happened until he was flying in the air with pain in his cheek.

"I can't completely let your people go, but I will give them a one-minute head start," Wong said to Domon.

"Give my people a three minutes head start," Domon said.

"One minute!" Wong exclaimed. He wasn't interested in negotiating.

Domon turned to Jeanny and said, "Go!"

"Master, I won't leave you," Leavemealone uttered.

"If you consider me as your master, then you listen to me. I said, go!"

"Five seconds have passed," Wong warned.

Hearing Wong's words, Jeanny knew she couldn't let go of the chance Domon has given. Even if Domon died, he would only lose one level. She sent the command to everyone to mount their steed and leave.

When she summoned her steed, it was a creature with the front half of an eagle while its hind half was that of a horse. It was a hippogriff, a unique-grade steed. This flying steed was the reason she could cross the border region between Themisphere and Hydrurond in just two days.

"Haon, let's go!" Jeanny called. The others had also summoned their steeds.

Leavemealone was still unwilling, but Domon's stern stare forced him to obey. He summoned his steed. He, Jeanny, and the others rode away in the direction where the fleeing soldiers had gone to.

World Maker members and the ethereal soldiers just stood there and watched. They didn't move until Wong finally gave them the word.

"Go," Wong uttered.

They rushed forward chasing the outworlders who had an almost one-minute head start. Soundeffect glanced at Wong in hatred as he passed by. Wong didn't spare him any attention. Wong's eyes remained on Domon, who also stood still while everyone rushed past him.

After a while, everyone was gone. The grove was now empty and quiet. Only the two of them stood still while staring at one another.

Domon broke the silence first. "You didn't ask some of your underlings to stay? I thought you would want a witness to the result of this fight."

"When people see your level is back to 1, people will know the result of this fight," Wong answered.

Wong didn't see Domon wearing an amulet of rebirth. Wong was also not wearing one. But even if Domon died, he won't return to level 1 because of the resurrection chapel in Heavenly Citadel. Domon didn't bother explaining, though.

Domon took action first. He unequipped all his armor. He was bare-chested, leaving only simple pants on. This act confused Wong.

"What are you doing?" Wong asked.

"Didn't you want to determine who is the better martial artist? How can we do that if our winning and losing are affected by the difference in our equipment?"

"Hahaha," Wong laughed after hearing it. He did the same as Domon. His armor was soon gone, leaving only pants.

His body didn't lose to Domon's. It was full of well-toned muscle. The two were old men who should have been past their primes, but both had the physicality that very few men had ever achieved, in any age range. The difference between their body was that Domon was slightly taller while Wong was slightly broader.

"Both of us are level 66, so I take it that our attributes shouldn't be that far different," Domon said.

"Which made this a fair fight. You won't have an excuse when you lose," Wong uttered.

"Unfortunately, I have a super rare bloodline, which passively increases my attributes. Nothing I can do about it."

"Don't worry. I also have a super rare bloodline," Wong said. His bloodline was Ancient Ape bloodline. One that improved by devouring humanoid-type monster essences.

"Then that means everything is settled," Domon said. "I assume game skills are prohibited as well?"

"You assume correctly," Wong replied. His body then shot up high into the air.

Battle Monk had super jump ability, but Wong's jump was further enhanced by mana manipulation which he focused on his feet before pushing himself off the ground. This caused him to jump even higher than a normal battle monk's super jump. His jump was almost six meters high. He then came down right above Domon with a powerful axe kick.

Such an unusual jump would have surprised anyone, but Domon remained calm under unexpected circumstances.

Domon moved away as the axe kick came crashing into the ground. The powerful mana accompanying the kick caused the ground to cave in.

Normally, the time when someone just finished an attack was also the time when that person was most open to attack. Yet, Domon didn't attack. He continued to back away, which was the right thing to do because Wong's other leg performed a roundhouse kick just when the first kick hit the ground.

The roundhouse kick was so powerful that the air wave caused by the kick made Domon feel as if he was lashed by a whip.

"Impressive," Domon praised.

"We are just starting, former champ," Wong replied.

Chapter 1215: The Fight Between Two Grandmasters

Wong charged at Domon. His punches and kicks came without reservation. His fists turned into countless as he used Hundred Lightning Hands, while his kicks were hard to spot as they attacked with Shadowless Kicks.

Domon took one step after another. His body continued to sway and shift as he moved using Eight Diagram Illusory Steps.

"Is dodging all the former champ can do?" Wong mocked.

"Your aggressiveness is just making your flaws more exposed," Domon replied.

"Flaws...? Absurd! I have no—" Wong's words stopped when he suddenly lost balance. He felt as if he had been sucked into an invisible vortex.

Domon had used Reversing Heaven and Earth. The art redirected the straight force from Wong's advancing momentum into a radial one. Wong was unable to resist the sudden change of force and his body was unwillingly lifted into the air.

But he was a martial grandmaster, he was not someone who panicked at a sudden change. With perfect control over his body, he made a quick flip in the air. He regained balance and landed back on the ground on his feet.

Domon didn't just let this chance go. He performed Death Carrying Cyclone using his leg. The sweeping move swept Wong's legs that just touched the ground. Wong's body unwillingly flipped again due to the powerful sweep. Domon's rotational movement didn't stop. His other leg came at Wong's head when Wong's body was upside down in the air.

Wong had no choice but to block this kick using his two arms. The impact threw him a distance away. He also received a little damage from the block. A battle monk had a passive ability that treated their arms as weapons with parrying ability. He also powered that arm with mana manipulation when blocking. Thus, the damage was greatly negated.

Still, he was very unhappy that Domon landed a first hit, even when that hit was not a clean hit.

Domon understood that pressing the opponent when the opponent was unsteady was the key to victory. So, he rushed forward when Domon was still on the ground.

Wong didn't stay on the ground for long. He did an armless kip-up once the momentum stopped dragging his body against the ground. When he stood back up, his vision was assailed by a multitude of palms.

Domon had used Eight Gates Illusory Palms with both hands. But from Wong's mana sense, he knew that Domon was not only attacking with his hands. Some shadowless kicks were also assailing him from unseen angles.

Wong didn't have a complex movement technique like Domon's eight diagram illusory steps, but his blocking technique was solid. His arms moved at high speed as they hit all the incoming palms and kicks. His arms' momentum made it so that the world system considered him as hitting Domon's attacks, not blocking. Hence, he didn't receive any damage since the damage from Domon's attacks didn't eclipse his own by three times.

Suddenly, Domon's momentum stopped abruptly. His palm stopped and rested on Wong's arm that was blocking the palm.

When Wong was puzzled by the sudden stop, he sensed a fierce mana brewing where Domon's palm touched his arm. He quickly channeled his mana to that point of impact and used the Iron Shirt technique to protect him from whatever art Domon was using.

However, he felt the energy of his iron shirt tremble and then just dissolved. In his bafflement, Domon's energy pierced through his protective iron shirt, went through his blocking arm, and struck his chest behind that arm.

A damage number of around 1,000 popped up on Wong's head. He was also knockback by the impact force.

Domon's palm art was the Penetrating Wave Palm which bypassed defense. If the palm hit Wong's body instead of his blocking arm, the energy would have struck Wong's inside, causing higher damage.

Domon didn't let Wong go. He kept up the pressure. He advanced again with a barrage of attacks, but an explosion of energy from Wong alarmed him.

As Domon felt that explosion of energy, a physical change happened to Wong's body. All his muscles bulged and became taut. His body mass seemed to increase. If other players saw such a change in Wong's body, they would have thought that Wong was using a game skill, but Domon knew that it was not a game skill.

Wong sprang forward with an elbow strike. His speed greatly increased after his body transformation. Domon was caught off guard.

Domon put his arms forward to block. But when his arms came into contact with Wong's elbow, they were smashed aside. The elbow strike landed on Domon's chest. A combination of attacks similar to what Wong had executed during the world tournament was repeated here. The elbow strike was followed by a backhand punch, then a four-finger stab, and ended with a one-inch punch.

Domon was pushed back several steps from the punch. His HP bar was reduced to almost half.

"Impressive defensive technique...," Wong praised. "Almost like my iron shirt. It is weaker but didn't just stop one impact."

"Thanks for the compliment. I call it Steel Shirt," Domon replied. "It is my modification on Iron Shirt. I reduce the mana consumption but make it more stable to be able to endure more hits."

"Hm...," Domon's words made Wong contemplate. Wong never thought about modifying any of his art. This was probably the biggest difference between him and Domon. He was somewhat surprised by

Domon's willingness to share the tips. Little did he know that Domon simply did it out of his teaching habit.

"I must admit. I would have been a goner without this steel shirt," Domon said. "But I'm more impressed that you possess such a legendary martial art. Have you already learned that Muscle Tendon Transformation when you were fighting in the world tournament?"

The Muscle Tendon Transformation was what changed Wong's body. It gave an effect similar to the buff from game skills. This martial art improves all of Wong's attributes, making him much stronger and faster.

Chapter 1216: Mana Turbulence

"I already have it at the time," Wong answered. "It's not my intention to keep it hidden. I just don't think I need a greatsword to slay a kitten."

"That kitten has turned into a fearsome tiger," Domon said. "You should properly fight Haon in a martial art duel again."

"I've no desire to beat someone I've already defeated. Soon, you will also be among those that I've no desire to fight." Wong's lower arms glowed. One could see the bones behind those arms. It was the White Bone Claw. "Because you will be among the ones I've defeated!!"

Domon jumped back the instant he saw Wong's shoulder move. With the augmentation from the Muscle Tendon Transformation, he couldn't treat Wong as a normal combatant. Wong's shining claw came grabbing where his head used to be a second ago.

Wong didn't let Domon leave. He advanced while his two glowing hands keep on clawing.

Domon had trouble dodging. Even with his superior Eight Diagram Illusory Steps, it was extremely difficult to dodge Wong with his augmented speed. Domon had to focus his entire attention to not make a mistake. His usually short dodging steps were now large steps.

Domon also couldn't block the attack. Wong's augmented strength could easily break his blockades, as Wong had demonstrated earlier.

Domon tried using the trees around the grove to his advantage, but Wong was not a rookie. His situational awareness allowed him to adjust so that Domon was always in his striking range. He didn't believe Domon could continue dodging indefinitely. He only needed one grab. His white bone claw could crush anything. Domon won't survive if his claws hit.

After some time, Domon finally appeared not able to dodge anymore. Wong's claw was about to touch Domon's chest, but it suddenly veered to the side. Domon used one of his arms to slap Wong's wrist.

Wong didn't stop his assault. His body spun and his other claw headed to Domon's head. This time, Domon hit the incoming arm with an uppercut using his elbow. The claw was redirected upward.

Wong continued sending one attack after another, but Domon continued to cause them to veer away. All were done with seemingly weak slaps from the side. Domon's arm continued to move in flowing circular motions.

Domon didn't contest Wong using strength. He instead used the momentum to continuously redirect Wong's aggression.

"Tai chi fist...? You think this exercise for old people can stop me?" Wong yelled. He was frustrated that his attacks kept on failing to land on the target.

"You will regret it if you look down on this martial art," Domon replied. His hands never stopped slapping Wong's claws away.

In his anger, Wong didn't notice the irregularity in the mana flow every time Domon's hands slapped his arms.

The exchanges went on for some time. Wong's claws were unable to hit Domon but Domon also didn't manage to land a counterattack because he was fully concentrated on not getting hit. The situation appeared to be at an impasse.

"Hah! If you think I will be tired because of maintaining my art, you have another thing coming," Wong uttered. "I've mastered this Muscle Tendon Transformation. I can go on for hours in this state. You will most likely slip before I run out of energy!"

Domon didn't respond. The old grandmaster had a serious expression as he continued to deflect Wong's assault. This perturbed Wong. Even in difficult situations earlier, Domon always maintained a calm expression and enjoyed quipping back. Domon might be concentrating on not getting hit, but his situation was not that worse than earlier. He seemed to be doing more than just redirecting incoming attacks.

Wong detected the irregularities then. He felt some turbulence on the mana within his body. This turbulence seemed to be connected with his opponent's mana. Sensing this connection, Wong thought back to the time when Leavemealone used Fast Slow Illusive Fist on him. Was Domon trying to use the same martial art?

Wong was not afraid of that art, but he didn't think it was that simple. In his prudence, he decided to not stay close to Domon. He retracted his claws and then changed it into a double fist strike.

It was the Fist Cannon, another move that Wong used on Leavemealone in the world tournament. This fist cannon condensed the mana and caused it to explode following his punch.

Domon was already jumping away once Wong retracted his claws. He put his two palms to the front and formed Iron Wall. The explosive attack from the fist cannon hit the wall and pushed Domon further back. The iron wall safely protected Domon from any harm.

Once Domon was away, Wong focused his mind to study the turbulence inside his body. He tried to channel his energy to force this irregularity out, but this strange mana seemed to stubbornly remain inside. It will take some time to expel this force.

Even though Domon was standing a distance away, Wong sensed his opponent's link with the irregular mana inside his body was getting stronger instead. Domon was in a horse stance seemingly ready to do something. Whatever it was, Wong didn't think it was anything good for him.

In a split decision, Wong decided to rush forward. From the strengthening link he sensed, he didn't think it would make a difference even if he ran back and put more distance between him and Domon. The only way to stop Domon from doing what he wanted to do was by attacking him.

As Wong advanced, he looked in puzzlement when Domon made a light punch in his direction even when he was still far away.

Wong was then alarmed by the sudden intensity of the strange mana link that moved from Domon to him. In his alarm, he stopped advancing and adopted a defensive stance. He used Iron Shirt and formed a defensive barrier right where the invisible link was.

In his dismay, this intense mana just bypassed his barrier as if nothing was there. It then entered his body. Once it did, the turbulence within his body erupted.

Chapter 1217: Traitorous Disciple

An explosive display of light burst out of Wong's body. In a short instant, his entire HP bar was depleted.

Wong had been struck by Domon's pinnacle fist art, Beyond the Fist. If even the tiger demon manifestation was unable to endure this art, what more of a low-HP player?

Yet, Wong didn't die. His HP bar stopped at 1 HP, but he might as well have. He was kneeling on the ground. The attack didn't only cause his HP to fall, but it also drained the well of mana within him. He felt extremely fatigued and weak.

The reason he survived was that he had a sacrificial dummy in his inventory. This dummy was destroyed in exchange for him surviving a fatal hit.

He had lost, and he knew it.

"What... What was that fist art...?" Wong asked with a trembling voice.

"Beyond the Fist," Domon answered.

Wong shuddered after hearing the name. He had heard about this martial art before. He thought it was only a myth. After experiencing it himself, he knew now that it was real.

He slammed his fist to the ground. His head was down with shame. He didn't utter anything. He just waited for Domon to deliver that finishing strike. One could only hold one sacrificial dummy in his inventory and he had never bothered to buy an amulet of rebirth. He accepted his fate that he would die and lose everything.

He heard Domon come to his front. He remained still.

"Here," he heard Domon's voice.

"What...?" He looked up, confused about Domon's intention. Did his rival want to toy with him?

He saw a full healing potion in Domon's hand. The full healing potion was a super rare grade consumable that was only usable by players. This potion fully restored a player's HP. It was produced from an

alchemist recipe registered to Everlasting Heavenly Legend. Bowler bought that recipe from the Church of Creation.

The potion had a very long cooldown time, though. Its cooldown was twenty-four hours, so one could only drink one such potion in a day.

Wong knew about the potion. World Maker also had it.

"What is the meaning of this?" Wong asked. "I want no pity from you!"

"I don't do this out of pity," Domon replied. "You are a very good martial artist. It has been a long time since I enjoy a fight like this. I will very much like to have a rematch in the future. If you lose all your levels, I will lose that chance. I have no intention to wait for you to level up."

Wong scowled. A rematch? After this humiliating defeat, he didn't have the face to ask for a rematch.

"You have a warrior pride. I understand that," Domon said. "But I'm a martial artist first and a warrior second. All this fight to the death is new to me. In our past world, every time I win, I always hope to see my opponent grow stronger so I can get a better challenge the next time. I have long forgotten that feeling until our fight just now. So, thank you."

Domon put the potion beside Wong and said, "I hope we can see each other again. Not as an enemy who tries to kill one another, but as a rival who pushes one another to greater heights."

Domon then turned around and walked away.

Wong looked at Domon's back. It seemed broader than his.

He gritted his teeth. He took the potion and drank it. His HP bar went back to full. He also felt the energy within him returning. He stood and called, "Wait!"

Domon stopped and looked back. Seeing Wong's refilled HP, he smiled. It was a friendly smile.

Wong forgot what he wanted to say after seeing that smile.

In the end, it was Domon who said something, "Let's spar again some other day."

Wong was still silent, so Domon turned and resumed walking away.

"Hehehe... You are still as pathetic as before, master."

Wong turned to that mocking voice. A draconian came out of the back of a tree.

Domon who was not yet far also stopped and looked back. He was astonished. The tree that the draconian was hiding behind was not that far away from where he and Wong fought. Yet, he didn't sense someone there. This draconian's mana concealment technique was frightening.

"You... that voice... Long...?!" Wong called. He didn't recognize the reptilian face but he recognized the voice.

"Hehe..., " Long simply laughed. He didn't bother to hide his contempt.

"You traitorous disciple! I've been searching for you all over. You've finally shown your face. Where did you hide all this time?!"

"Where? Right under your nose. Haha! You don't know how long I've been wanting to come out and point out the absurdity of your attempt to find me. I finally can resist it no more. After seeing you lose so miserably, I just have to show myself."

"What do you mean...?" Wong asked.

"He is in the same guild as you," Domon said from afar. "Use your Inspect."

Wong did and was baffled to find it to be the truth.

"You pathetic old relic. You always said you try to find me, but you never bothered to check the name of your guild members. Of course, how does someone who always looks down on others ever bother to check the thousands of names on the list? Master originally didn't want to let me be an official member of the guild because he didn't want you to find out so soon, but I told him you will never check the members' names. I was right."

"Master... Master knows about this?"

"Know? He is the one who invites me to be his heavenly enforcer. I am the fifth enforcer, hahaha!"

"You...! I will take my revenge today!" Wong shouted.

"Come then! The chance to be able to walk again. That's what Master offered you when he recruited you, didn't he? Too bad I can't make you a cripple again in this world, but I can make you a weak pathetic level-one old bone."

"RAARRGGHH...!!" Wong roared as he charged forward. Being reminded of why he was hunting Long ignited his fury.

His armor and fist weapons reequipped on his body. His intention was now to kill, not to compete on who was a better martial artist. His body muscle bulked again as he used Muscle Tendon Transformation. His armor magically adjusted itself following his body transformation.

Long simply grinned as Wong approached. Long's body also bulked up. He also had the Muscle Tendon Transformation.

Wong's claw shone as he used White Bone Claw. He intended to rip Long apart.

Long's palm multiplied. The image of many eastern dragons appeared. These dragons seemed alive. They came from multiple angles and targeted Wong's weak spots.

"That's...!" Wong was visibly distraught seeing the visual effects. His white bone claws clashed with the dragons. Each clash produced a powerful impact that forced him back.

The movements of the dragons were too complex. One finally sneaked past his claws and was about to land on his chest. Wong used Iron Shirt to block. The dragon seemed to stop from touching his chest, but then the energy it carried exploded. The force of the wave drifted past his iron shirt protection and hit his chest.

PANG!

The powerful impact threw Wong back. The damage it produced reduced his already full HP back to half.

Four dragons were still around. They were heading toward Wong to finish the job.

Chapter 1218: Postpone

Wong saw the four incoming dragons with trepidation. Even if one of them hit him, he was finished. He had no more sacrificial dummies in his inventory.

When he abhorred the fact of losing to his disciple for the second time and the possibility of him reverting to level one, a pair of fists came between him and the dragons.

These fists struck the four dragons with incredible precision, but the owner of these fists was still pushed back by the shockwaves of the impacts.

Wong grabbed Domon's body and prevented him from being pushed back further.

The two looked at each other. There was a silent recognition and appreciation in their eyes, but they didn't say anything to one another.

"An extremely powerful art. I never thought I will live to lay eyes on this lost ancient art, much less experience it. I must thank you for this chance," Domon praised.

"Long! Where did you learn the Eighteen Subduing Dragon Palms?" Wong asked.

"Hehe. That's the problem with you, master. You are just too old-fashioned," Long chuckled. "Your understanding of getting strong is just repeating the same boring training. I for one, traveled the world after crippling you. I joined a group and went from one excavation site to another, especially ruins that have a history with past martial art legends. I happened upon an ancient manuscript in one of these ruins. A manuscript that contained this ancient art."

"By a group, I reckon you mean a tomb robber group?" Domon asked.

Long simply grinned at the words. "Well, if it makes you feel any better, know that these tomb robbers I traveled with didn't leave the ruin where I get the manuscript. I don't want people to come hunting for me knowing that I have this art."

"You are always a vile man," Wong spat.

"And yet, you still train me," Long shrugged and chuckled. "Anyway, I spent a lot of time trying to study the manuscript but I never managed to learn the art. Until the world turned into this one. This wonderful world full of mana. I had a breakthrough then. You can't imagine the exhilaration I felt. I beat you then, Master. I can beat you even more easily now!"

"You ungrateful dog! I will break every bone in your body...!!!" Wong yelled. He was about to lunge forward but Domon stopped him.

"Drink a healing potion," Domon advised.

"Master Domon, the legend who held the ten-year world championship reign. It is an honor to finally talk to you in the open," Long said. His words sounded respectful, but his tone was not. "Why do you protect this loser? You defeated him as I did. Losers meant nothing to us, winners. Furthermore, he is also your enemy, remember? If I take him out, it will benefit you and your guild."

"Perhaps. But seeing a disciple beats up his master never sits well with me. A disciple surpassing his master is a good achievement, but defeating and beating are two different things. You are just a bully who has no respect for the person who has trained you."

"I can't argue with you about that," Long snickered.

Long stared at the two in silence. Both Domon and Wong looked ready for battle. Domon had also reequipped his armor and was holding his glaive.

Domon didn't see Long as someone who respected martial ethics. Long was more the type who tried anything to win, but Domon could also see that Long was an extremely talented martial artist. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to defeat Wong at such a young age and also successfully learned an ancient martial art.

Long finally broke the silence, "As much as I wanted to beat up the two of you and prove once and for all that I am the strongest martial artist to ever exist, I don't think now is the right time. So, let's postpone our fight and do this some other time."

Long retreated while staring at his two opponents. He said to Wong, "Master, it's up to you if you still want to return to the guild but know that I won't hide anymore. If you can stand seeing me next to you, then by all means, come back with me. Hahaha!"

He turned and dashed away at high speed. His movement speed was not something Domon or Wong could catch up to.

Wong slammed his fist to the ground. "DAMNNN...!!!" He bellowed.

"I never imagine you to have such a troublesome disciple," Domon remarked.

Wong didn't respond. His mind and heart were full of turmoil. All he wanted was to find Long and paid him back for what he had done to him. But now after he finally found Long, that brat proved to be more than he could handle. Not just because he had a powerful martial art, but from the clash just now, Wong could gauge their difference. Long's attributes were exceptionally high.

Domon had the same conclusion too. That's why he stopped Wong from attacking rashly. If it was a pure martial art contest, then Domon was confident he would win, but he doubted Long was the kind of person who cared about this kind of fair competition.

Without restraints, Domon estimated that even if Wong and he fought together, the chance of winning was not certain. Domon had a feeling that this Long person was similar to his grandson who could utilize game skills as well as martial arts. This world favored people like them.

After Long was out of sight, Domon asked Wong, "What will you do?"

Wong didn't answer. He opened his status window, went to the guild page, and quit the guild. He then rose, turned, and walked away.

Since Wong didn't answer, Domon used his Inspect. He saw Wong's guild marker disappear.

"How about following me to my guild?" Domon offered. "You will be safe there."

Wong stopped. Without looking back, he uttered a single word, "No." He resumed walking away again.

Domon looked at the orc moving away. He felt a great sense of sadness for that guy. Getting betrayed by your disciple is the worst thing that can happen to a teacher. All that hard work of nurturing a pup just to get bitten in return. No one should experience that.

But he knew that Wong was a prideful grandmaster. If Wong didn't want help, then he won't force it. He should just be content that now the enemy's heavenly enforcers had gone down by one.

He looked at where Jeanny had escaped to. He hoped those ethereal troops didn't catch up to them. He summoned his steed and galloped in their direction.

Chapter 1219: Advancing to the Capital

Near the place where the main battlefield between Liguritutum, Aurebor, and Hydrurond used to be, a large group of people was gathering.

Within this group were several guild leaders with their guild army command platforms and one elven woman controlling a war table. An ethereal wearing heavy armor and holding two magic staffs stood in their midst.

"Mm...?" Master muttered.

"Something's wrong?" Linda asked. She was controlling the troops to chase after the fleeing Hydrurond soldiers. The more draconian soldiers they killed, the easier the later battle at Hydrurond capital would be. Master was standing right next to her so she noticed his sudden muttering.

"Wong just quit," Master answered.

"Quit...? Why?" Linda asked.

Master didn't answer. He seemed to be either contemplating something or exchanging messages.

After a while, Master said, "Long just sent me a message. He and Wong just met."

"... I see. I guess Wong won't be coming back anymore. What a pity. He is a good combatant, even if a bit too stubborn."

"Doesn't matter. It won't affect our plan," Master said.

"I guess you should look for a replacement for him then? To take over the heavenly enforcer spot."

"The spots for heavenly enforcer were originally only meant for four persons," Master said. "Spring Crown, Ronald, Wong, and you. The four of you are the people I recruited before I remake this world. My plan is always to have four heavenly enforcers."

"How did Long come to become one?" Linda asked.

"Wong's request to find his disciple. I have completed it a long time ago. I was not intentionally looking for his disciple, though. He just happened to be one of the players who stole from me, but that kid impressed me enough that I decided to add one more heavenly enforcer instead of handing him to Wong."

"Well, I can't blame you. That guy is indeed unusual, but let me give you a piece of advice. He could betray someone who had raised him and made him into this formidable martial artist. I don't think he will think twice about doing the same to you if given the chance. You shouldn't trust him that much."

"Hmph. I trust no one. Not even you," Master responded.

Linda just nodded with a slight smile.

"How is the extermination going?" Master asked.

"We encounter much resistance from player guilds who disrupt our pursuit," Linda answered. "But we still eradicate a great deal of the draconian soldiers. We couldn't continue this for long, though. They are soon to leave the range of this war table. I won't be able to send commands to our troops then. If you want them to continue chasing, they will be on their own once they leave this war table's range."

"Me too," Motherboard who was next to Master's other side said. "Our guild soldiers can't go further than this platform's range. They won't continue the pursuit even if I told them to."

"Then pull back the troops once they reach the range limit," Master instructed. "After that, reorganize the native army. I want them ready to move by tomorrow morning. We will begin our march to the capital. I want this war ends as soon as possible."

"As you wish, my lord," both Linda and Motherboard replied.

Jeanny and the others caught up to the native battalion whom they rescued earlier.

"Why aren't you on steeds?!" Jeanny asked.

"Some of us have lost our steeds," Pagram answered.

"Those of us who still have one can't just leave the others behind," Gyseo added. "We flee together or we die together!"

"Damn it!" Jeanny cursed. She didn't notice this earlier. "How many of you are losing your steeds?" She asked.

"We didn't exactly keep count. Probably around a hundred," Pagram answered.

Jeanny then shouted a command to his members, "Everyone! Give them your spare steeds!"

Everyone started fishing out a mount whistle from their inventory. It was common practice now for them to always keep at least one spare whistle just in case. These spare steeds were mostly just uncommon grades, though. This was the grade that was still reasonably affordable to be bought at the city stables.

Jeanny had two hundred members with her. So, if the battalion here only had one hundred soldiers with missing steed, then they should be okay.

But after handing out the whistles, it turned out the ones who lost their steeds were more than two hundred. So, some soldiers still didn't get a steed whistle.

"Damn it!!" Jeanny cursed again.

By then, they saw the sign of the chasing army from their rear. It looked like a regiment of two thousand.

Jeanny made a quick decision. "Swellgoing, select some members and carry the soldiers who still haven't had a steed, then leave! The rest will come with me and buy them some time!"

"Sister Jeanny. I want to fight beside you!!" Swellgoing protested.

"Listen to my order!" Jeanny reprimanded. Swellgoing lowered his head. He nodded unwillingly.

"Outworlders! If you are going to fight, then let us fight together!" Pagram proposed.

"If you do that, you will all just die meaningless death!" Jeanny replied. "We have other teams helping the other soldiers to escape as well. Stay alive and regroup with the other soldiers to defend Messephyria! The enemy will no doubt attack the capital next. Your being there will make the difference. As for us, we are immortal. We won't die!"

Done with her words, Jeanny turned to the chasing enemies and ordered everyone to charge. A few players stayed behind with Swellgoing who started to instruct the soldiers without steeds to climb their steeds.

As Jeanny and the others charged forward, they noticed two people riding out from the row of hills from the left. These two people just charged into the ethereal regiment. Jeanny wondered if those two were additional enemies who joined the regiment midway.

Jeanny asked those who had the Ancient Eagle Spirit bloodline. This bloodline gave the Eagle eye ability that enabled them to see far. She asked if they got a good look at those two people. Several members did.

These members informed Jeanny that one of the two was an ethereal holding two swords while the other was a draconian in samurai armor and holding a katana. The two didn't look like they were heading to the ethereal regiment with a peaceful intention, because they were brandishing their weapons menacingly when they charged into the regiment.

Chapter 1220: A Summon from the Queen

Jeanny had a good idea who those two were. She sent a message to Jack, "Hey! Are you and Arthur the ones who had just charged into an ethereal regiment?"

Jack had informed Jeanny about his activity with Arthur these past few days. They were acting separately but were keeping in contact with each other.

"Yeah, are you among the group whom I saw rushing into these troops?" Jack asked back. "I see that group as green dots in my radar."

"That's us," Jeanny said back.

"Go somewhere else. We got this," Jack said.

Jeanny looked at the ethereal regiment in the distance. There seemed to be a disturbance in their midst and they were slowing down.

She believed those two should be all right. Jack was right. It was better for her to go aid another fleeing group. Their current objective was not to defeat the ethereal army but to save as many draconian soldiers as possible. With Jack and Arthur hindering the troops here, Pagram and the others should be able to escape.

Jeanny ordered everyone to stop and informed them that they were going to change direction.

Leavemealone asked why the change of plan. Jeanny told him the truth, and the guy just rushed off toward the ethereal troops without asking for permission. He had been eager to return. Leaving Domon alone back there truly didn't sit well with him. Now that he heard Jack was fighting with the troops back there with only one backup, he just couldn't stay back anymore. He would go aid Jack and then go back to look for Domon.

Jeanny called Leavemealone to come back but the dude just ignored her.

"F*ck this!" Jeanny cursed, which surprised almost everyone. Rarely did they hear Jeanny use that particular curse word. Jeanny was fed up, this Leavemealone never listened to order except if it was from Domon.

"Forget him. Let's go!" Jeanny ordered. Jack, Arthur, and Leavemealone were not people who die easily. The most troublesome one in those troops was only Wong and that man was currently being held up by Domon, so the three should be okay.

Jeanny contacted the leaders of the other teams about their positions. She then guided her team to head to where the other teams hadn't covered, to see if any draconian soldiers there needed help.

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With Jack and Arthur creating chaos inside the regiment, the ethereal soldiers were unable to march freely. The intruders were only two people, if most of the regiment just ignored them and continued marching forward, there was nothing Jack and Arthur could do. But luckily, this regiment didn't do so.

The ones at the front were confused why the back line slowed down, so they slowed down as well. Some even went back to see what exactly was the problem. Then they saw the two enemies in their midst. They couldn't believe the others couldn't finish these two off quickly, so they engaged and ended up getting smacked. Others came and saw and had the same thought. It continued to repeat. Hence, the regiment slowed to almost a stop.

Jack and Arthur's levels were already above the average soldiers, and this regiment didn't bring any high-level officers. Jack had a feeling of déjà vu where he was back when solo-fighting a large group of players. This time, he didn't do this against players. The opponents this time were natives, but they were similarly helpless as the players back then.

There were a few players too. Members of the World Maker and the other guilds who submitted to them, but these players died even faster when they encountered either Jack or Arthur.

Soundeffect was among the players. He didn't recognize these two because Jack was in disguise. He didn't expect there were such unknown fearsome players out here. He finally decided that it was just a waste of time trying to deal with these two. He was now looking for the captain of this regiment.

Unlike Wong, Soundeffect's rank was not high enough so the native soldiers here won't listen to his command. He needed the captain to issue orders to these native soldiers. He wanted to leave a few men to keep Jack and Arthur busy while the rest resume their march to chase the fleeing draconian soldiers.

Then, a barrage of twenty large fireballs came assailing the regiment from the front. These fireballs exploded at the frontline, damaging many and killing most players and the basic-grade soldiers. They then saw a single vampire player running toward them. A giant tiger made of white flame materialized beside him. The vampire player and the tiger came crashing into them, causing even more chaos.

The vampire player was Leavemealone who had separated from Jeanny's group. The flaming tiger accompanying him was the Lesser Tiger God Manifestation summoned from his Lesser Tiger God Amulet.

This new chaos caused Soundeffect an even harder time locating the captain of the regiment. Unbeknownst to him, their backline was also experiencing chaos. A lone player, who was an old human, charged into the regiment from the back and just started hacking everyone using his glaive.

This old human was, of course, Domon.

The four just fought inside the chaotic regiment until Domon and Jack met one another at the center of the regiment.

"Gramps! Uh... I mean, Domon! Why are you here? I thought I already asked Jeanny to leave this place to me," Jack asked.

"Who are you...? Oh right! You did show me this form before," Domon said. Remembering Jack's third disguise. "But what are you talking about? I'm here because I'm trying to cut my way back to Jeanny."

"Huh?" Jack then noticed his grandfather come from the rear side of this regiment.

"Domon, you come to join this fun?" Arthur greeted.

"Old sword! How come you are here?" Domon asked back.

"I follow your grandson," Arthur replied.

"Arthur...! Stop telling others who I am! We are with the enemies here," Jack yelled.

Leavemealone also stumbled into them. "Master, you are here! I tried to go back to find you," he called.

"Haon! Didn't I ask you to stay with Jeanny?"

"I'm sorry, Master. I just can't stay calm letting you face the enemy alone."

"What the hell is going on here? Argh...! Never mind! Let's just beat these enemies and make them as confused as we are so they can't continue their pursuit!" Jack shouted.

So, they continued to create havoc in the regiment. Soundeffect, who was still trying to find the captain, was killed when he stumbled into Domon. He never knew that he was running a fool's errand, because the captain he was looking for, had been killed earlier by the Lesser Tiger God Manifestation.

After disrupting the enemy for more than an hour, Jack thought it was enough time for the draconian soldiers to put a safe distance, so he sent a message to Arthur, Domon, and Leavemealone that it was time to leave.

The regiment didn't try to give chase. They were just glad those four demons had decided to leave.

As they were leaving, Jack received a message from Easycome, an Everlasting Heavenly Legends member who was stationed in Messephyria. A representative of the Hydrurond monarchy had looked for the members of their guild. This representative bore a message for both Jack and Jeanny.

Queen Frorryntiar of Hydrurond wished to speak to them.