

World 1571

Chapter 1571: Nine Yang Restoration

"Haon...!!" Domon couldn't stay calm when he saw Leavemealone get bound.

Long still had his back on Domon. Domon gave Long an elbow slam at the back of Long's head. Such a hard hit would have caused a normal person to faint.

Long fell on the ground. His HP was critical. The two stabs from Domon just now had taken out a large chunk of his life. The last elbow was also done with mana manipulation and caused damage. If it was not for his two classes' HP, he would have died.

Domon didn't have the time to think about killing Long. He was worried about Leavemealone. He rushed forward before Leavemealone was taken away.

But he was stopped when a strong hand grabbed his leg.

"Our fight has not ended, Master Domon." The hand belonged to Long. His body appeared burning. At the same time, Domon sensed a great mana burst from Long.

"What...?"

Long made a sudden jump followed by a swift spin kick. Domon parried the kick but was forced a few steps back.

"You..."

Long's body was still burning. The most surprising was, his HP recovered at a rapid rate. His HP bar was almost back to half full by now.

"You've learned it...," Domon muttered.

"Yes. The Nine Yang Restoration," Long grinned.

"... You must be the first person to have learned the complete Nine Yang Scripture since ancient age, and also the youngest to achieve that," Domon said.

Domon glanced at Leavemealone. The boy had been brought away. With Long standing in his way, he couldn't go for the rescue. The other members tried to charge forward but the enemies were many. They couldn't break through.

Freddie, who only had half a life left after receiving Long's palm strike, came to Domon's side.

"Go and save Haon," Domon said to him. "I will deal with him."

"But...," Freddie had experienced Long's palm strike. He knew they couldn't treat Long as a normal martial artist.

"Go!" Domon insisted.

"Be careful," Freddie said and rushed with the others.

Long's body stopped burning. His HP was almost back to full.

"I see you have not truly mastered it yet," Domon said.

"It is enough for now," Long said.

The Nine Yang Restoration was considered by many the most powerful among the martial arts contained in the Nine Yang Scripture. It was also the hardest to learn. Even though it had no destructive power, it was able to create a miracle that was not achievable by other martial arts. It kept the wielder alive.

In the ancient past, those who had managed to learn the Nine Yang Restoration were considered immortals. No matter how wounded they were, they were able to heal themselves and returned to the fight in a short time. Those who had mastered this art could even use it constantly during battle, making them undying.

The only way to defeat these martial artists was by landing a fatal hit that killed them with one strike. This was already challenging to achieve in the old world. In this new game world, it was even more difficult to accomplish due to the HP system. This meant the Nine Yang Restoration was even more formidable in this world.

Domon took a deep breath. His mind was troubled with Leavemealone's abduction. He tried clearing his mind as much as possible. He knew going against someone like Long with a clouded mind was fatal.

Long went into a horse stance. His two palms were retracted to his sides. With a series of movements, he pushed those palms out. Following the push, eighteen eastern dragons were unleashed.

Domon looked at the coming dragons but didn't move away. The glaive on his hands was spun at high speed. A turbulent wave swept all around him. It was his martial art, Reversing Heaven and Earth. All the dragons were swept to the side. They slammed into the ground nearby and created multiple craters.

"Neat trick. Try to redirect this, then!" Long jumped to a great height. His two palms were clasped together and it was burning fiercely.

The image of a scorching blade was seen as Long swung his hands down.

Domon didn't try receiving this attack. He stepped to the side. The flaming blade slammed into the ground, creating a long and deep gash that was burning.

Domon used his One-word Slash when Long landed, but Long's speed let him dodge the slash easily. Domon's glaive movement didn't stop. The straight slash fluidly transformed into a radial one. Domon linked his One-word Slash with his Soul Pursuit Hurricane.

Long had experienced this technique before. He was not flustered. Although the Soul Pursuit Hurricane contained many slashes that were both real and fake, he countered it by using brute force. He again used Eighteen Subduing Dragon Palms. The violent force of his palms was able to sweep all the slashes away, whether they were real or fake.

But as he did, something came to the side of his head. He sensed it but it was too unexpected. This something crashed into his head and sent him reeling.

Long recovered in no time and saw it was Domon's foot that had hit him.

"I must admit, Master Domon. It is no wonder you are called the best martial artist among this generation," Long praised. "But you will still fall today!"

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Jeanny was still fighting against multiple opponents. She had killed a good number of them. Her legendary-grade spear had very high damage. Using a proper spear art and an accurate hit to the fatal spot allowed her to one-shot her enemies. Even so, the enemies were quickly replaced.

The most troublesome was Spring Crown. Even without access to game skills, Spring Crown was able to perfectly coordinate with his guildmates and wear Jeanny down. During one opportunity, Spring Crown's spear suddenly came from an unexpected angle and struck Jeanny's arm.

If Spring Crown could use his skill, this would have been a golden opportunity to disarm Jeanny. Since it was not, Jeanny bore the pain and continued holding her spear tight. When she was about to retaliate, Spring Crown's spear resumed stabbing with incredible speed.

"Im-Impossible...!" Jeanny cried when the multiple stabs came at her. She tried to parry those combo stabs but they were simply too fast. She managed to parry two stabs but one hit her shoulder.

Although it was crudely done, Jeanny recognized the spear art Spring Crown had used was Seven Spears Assaulting Heaven. Spring Crown had always self-taught all his martial arts. He had the exceptional perception to learn one just by watching someone performing it, and he had watched how Jeanny used this art during previous battles.

The surprise and the pain from the stabs caused Jeanny to pause. This proved fatal, as she was quickly swarmed by World Maker's members.

Chapter 1572: Master's True Intention

"Jeanny...!!" Jet had been using his super jumps as he fought through the barricades to get to Jeanny, but he was not fast enough. Jeanny had been bound by a runic rope upon his approach.

Once Jeanny was incapacitated, Spring Crown turned his attention elsewhere. He saw Jet's approach. He changed his weapon into an axe and slashed at Jet who was coming in with a high jump. The heavy axe collided with Jet's claw weapons. Jet was forced away from where Jeanny was at.

Jet looked helplessly as Jeanny was carried away.

"What are you people trying to do?!" Jet yelled with anger. His claw weapons jabbed with ferocious stabs.

Spring Crowned simply smiled as he stepped back slowly to accommodate Jet's violent assault. His weapons had changed to twin swords. He was just keeping Jet at bay. He had no intention of clashing with this old martial artist directly.

His objective had been achieved, after all.

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The whole of Cakra Basin was full of players trying to bash each other in. Those who were still undecided about who to support had moved further away out of the basin. They were now watching the battle from the hills.

In terms of the general situation, the Everlasting Heavenly Legends and its allies had the upper hand. They slew many of their opponents. Aside from their higher number, it was also because of the opponent's formation. The spectators who watched from afar thought that the World Maker and its allies had made a grave tactical error. Most of their forces were concentrated in a few spots, leaving the rest vulnerable. The World Maker and its allies suffered more casualties than their opponents.

John had just realized these peculiarities. If he had the war table or the guild army platform, he would have noticed this arrangement immediately, but he didn't.

He called for his allies to check on the places where the enemies were concentrated. While he was still giving orders, several allied players came to him bearing three news almost simultaneously.

"Jeanny has been taken!"

"Leavemealone is kidnapped!"

"The enemy has taken Red Death!"

This news gave him a revelation. They had all been duped by this so-called convention. He turned to Master who was protected by his followers.

"So, this is your intention all along?!" John gritted his teeth. "How do you know Jeanny has one?"

"... I sensed the divine pulse when I killed her," Master answered. He had also received reports that his followers had bagged those three. "Time to end this."

Master came forward. Everlasting Heavenly Members who saw their target coming forward immediately redoubled their efforts. Each player tried to compete with the others to get to Master, but the opponents' barricade held.

"You people better run now. My reinforcement will arrive soon," Master declared.

"Tough talk!" Giant Steve yelled. He pushed using his shield to get to Master. "We have scouted the lands around here. No one but players and monsters for miles."

Master smirked. "You have scouted the lands. What about the skies?" Master pointed up.

Giant Steve didn't look up. He wasn't going to get tricked into looking elsewhere in the middle of a fight. John, however, looked up.

What he saw were two specks in the clear sky. These specks were getting bigger. As they did, so did John's eyes.

"Motherf*cker... Retreat! Retreat!!" John called.

The others who heard John's shout were confused. They were winning, weren't they? Why should they retreat? The enemy should be the one retreating.

They then heard thundering roars. Everyone looked up. They too saw the specks then, which were now revealed to be two gargantuan dragons. One was covered in dark red scales. The other seemed to be made out of wood. Both had hollow eyes.

"Uddroth...?" Viking and the players from Palgrost recognized the red dragon. They had seen this dragon when they were preparing the defense in Balgaur.

Nova and Jennifer from Wicked Witches also recognized the other dragon. "That... That's Eurdrasil," Jennifer stammered. She happened to see the wooden dragon once when they were doing the kingdom faction quest for the previous Aurebor's queen.

The two eternal-grade dragons were also affected by the Hex of Power Restraint. They couldn't use their breath attacks or cast any spells. They didn't need to. Their huge bodies slammed into the ground where most of World Maker's opponents were concentrated.

Their landing caused an earthquake. The shockwave made everyone fall to the ground. The ones who were unluckily squashed by the dragons upon landing died at once. The others nearby soon joined their fates as the two dragons started stomping and chomping.

"Crap! Pull back! Pull back!"

Everyone started to echo the retreat command. Those who were closest to the dragons fled haphazardly.

The garrison that was guarding the Hex of Power Restraint was confused about what to do after seeing the turn of events. Should they flee as well? But the hex would stop working once they moved it.

They couldn't send and receive messages due to the hex's power. One of them then spotted a guildmate in the distance who was sending them a hand signal. The signal was to retreat at once. They quickly packed the artifact and fled from there.

Once the artifact's power was gone. The dragons started unleashing their breath attacks, slaughtering even more players. To make matters worse, Master was able to use his spells again. He cast the spell that had been interrupted earlier.

A huge meteorite fell on the fleeing players, killing many in the process.

Master followed up with Wind God Blades and donned his Earth Titan Suit. Like a giant mech, he charged forward. Everyone ran away at their fastest speed. Under the protection of his Earth Titan Suit, Master continued casting one AOE spell after another, blasting those who were slow in fleeing.

He grinned savagely while doing it. He disliked letting emotion get the better of him, but he couldn't deny the satisfaction he felt at the moment when his enemies scattered like ants.

Chapter 1573: The Man Against Goliath

Before the two dragons flew down from the sky, The Man and Bowler were fighting not far from where Domon and Long were fighting. The Man was crossing axes with Goliath from the Warriors of Solidarity.

Since Jack became Themisphere King, Warriors of Solidarity no longer dared to cause trouble to Everlasting Heavenly Legends. Their members mostly skittered away when Jack's guild members were around.

Considering their history, The Man was over the moon of the situation. Several times, he had purposefully ridden in front of Warriors of Solidarity's headquarters, strutting around. He didn't cause trouble, though. Jeanny had warned everyone to not cause trouble even when their guild had become the country's national guild, especially against those guilds who used to be their enemies. Jeanny didn't want people to see them as tyrants.

The Man acted as if he accidentally took a wrong turn, but the Warriors of Solidarity's members knew he had purposefully crossed into their territory to gloat. After all, how could one person take the same wrong turn eight freekin' times?

They didn't dare do anything, though. Offending The Man would give his guild the excuse to attack. So, they just bottled up their resentment and acted docile.

That was until they heard Master's offer at this convention. Returning to the old world? Of course, they wanted that. In the past, there were many games to choose from. If they failed to assert dominance in one game, they could just try another one. At this one, it was clear by now that their guild would just be a second-rated one, but there was no escape. There was no quitting and going offline. They were sick of this world where they had to act like kittens.

Hence, they were the first to jump when Master gave the offer. They didn't care if this put them at odds with Everlasting Heavenly Legends. When they were back in the old world, Jack's title of Themisphere King didn't mean squat.

Once the battle erupted, they were the first to charge with the World Maker's members, trying to prove their loyalty.

After the clash, they found out how the gap had widened between them and the Everlasting Heavenly Legends' members. The Real Man was quickly put to the ground by The Man. If Goliath hadn't stepped in, The Real Man would have died another time.

Even Goliath was having trouble handling The Man. Not only did he lose in terms of class and equipment quality, but he also lost in terms of martial arts.

The Man used an axe art taught by Domon, Surging Wave Cleaving Lands. Each swing produced a violent wind that could sweep away everything. It was a martial art that relied on simple destructive brute force. This martial art suited The Man very well.

Goliath's large stature was forced back with every impact. He was unable to contest against The Man's strength. He was forced until he dropped to his knee.

"Do it," Goliath said. Defeated, he surrendered his fate. The Man only needed another swing.

"Bro, finish it quickly! Master Domon needs help!" Bowler called.

The Man glanced over before returning his attention to Goliath. "You used to be someone I respect. Not because of your prowess, but because of your integrity. Look at you now."

"Gloat all you want," Goliath said. "A winner has all the right to speak."

"All right, then I'm going to give you some advice. Look at your leader. Can you find him?" The Man asked.

Goliath took short glances at his surroundings. The Real Man was nowhere to be seen. He had run away after Goliath saved him.

"In the past, we always stuck with our comrades. All through to the end, no matter the situation. There is no place for a coward like your leader. He bears the name of our guild but he doesn't bear its spirit. You are a fool for following him. Pah! Killing you will be a disgrace."

The Man went away with Bowler, leaving Goliath kneeling on the ground.

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The two rushed to where Domon was. Domon had fought Long for some time. Domon had the expertise, but Long had better stats. Long could also heal his wound using the Nine Yang Restoration. In the long run, where healing spells couldn't be cast, the scale slowly tipped in Long's favor.

Domon again landed a slash at Long, but in return, Long's palm struck his side. Domon's HP was down to below half by now, while Long's HP was still near full. The flames from the Nine Yang Restoration again covered his body.

Domon sighed. "The world truly favors the young."

"Not the young. Just me," Long uttered as he conjured another eighteen dragons.

"Stay away from our master, you freak!" A loud voice followed by images of axes and staffs came assailing.

Long redirected his palms into these new assailants instead. Bowler and The Man were smacked away.

"Hmph! Little flies. Why do you fly here? Are you so eager to get squashed?" Long ridiculed.

At that time, Master's two eternal-grade dragons slammed into the ground some distance away. The situation became chaotic. The Man and Bowler heard the shout for everyone to retreat. Many players started moving away. Looking at the situation, the call for a retreat was not a ruse.

"Want to leave? Not so fast! Today, the number one martial artist will fall!" Long declared. He swiped horizontally, conjuring a scorching blade.

The Man and Bowler were distracted by the call for retreat. They didn't have the time to dodge. They could only receive the attack using their weapons.

Domon could dodge, but if he did, The Man and Bowler would perish. He came forward and used his glaive to receive the attack. His glaive, The Man's axe, and Bowler's staff clashed with Long's Nine Yang Scorching Blade.

The destructive flames radiated through the three's weapons and struck them. All three lost some HP. They also fell to the ground from the impact.

Domon was not in the best condition. After that last hit, his HP was near critical. Long lunged forward when Domon fell. Long's palm was now hovering above Domon, ready to land the killing blow.

Chapter 1574: Escape from Cakra Basin

Long's palm swung down, like a guillotine about to decapitate its victim, but he suddenly sensed a strong pressure from his side. His palm changed direction to where this pressure was coming from.

A cloaked person was there. This person's hand was glowing with strange light. This glowing hand caught Long's palm, stopping its advance. The hand then formed into a claw and slammed into Long's chest.

Long felt as if his chest had been crushed. He slapped the glowing hand and jumped away before that hand caused further damage. He lost almost one-third of his HP from that claw.

"You, old geezer. You finally show yourself," Long uttered.

The newcomer took off his cloak, revealing an orc's face. He was Wong.

"Thank you," Domon said to Wong.

"We are now even," Wong replied.

"Master, we have to leave!" Bowler urged. Everyone else had been moving away.

"Let's go," Domon said.

They stepped away while keeping their eyes on Long, who also stared back at them. If Long wanted to chase them, they wouldn't be able to escape from his speed. If it was only the half-dead Domon and the two clowns, Long wouldn't hesitate. But with a full-health Wong in the mix, he wasn't that confident.

One more thing prevented him from chasing. Right now, his body was shivering. He had been using too many ancient arts, especially the Nine Yang Restoration which he hadn't fully mastered. The multiple usages had strained his body. He doubted if he could use that ancient art another time.

Hence, he stayed his ground and watched the four retreat.

He had fulfilled his objective. Killing Domon was just a bonus. Failing that wasn't truly a problem. He was happy enough that he got to test his competence against this so-called number-one martial artist. He had to admit, though. Without his superiority in stats, he wouldn't have been able to win the fight, even with his Nine Yang Restoration.

When the effect of the Hex of Power Restraint was gone, Bowler quickly cast his healing spells on Domon. All around them, skills and spells started flying. The situation turned even more chaotic.

They could receive messages again. John sent the order for everyone to disperse and used the guild return scroll after leaving combat status. They were to reconvene at headquarters.

Wilted, who was among the fleeing players, took out a pipe once the Hex's effect was gone. It was the Pipe of Monster Control that was given by Goddess Serenity. She blew the pipe.

The pipe had a restriction to only be able to be used against the force of Liguritutum's rebel prince. World Maker was considered a part of that force, so the pipe was viable to be used here.

The monsters in the immediate surroundings had been cleared for the convention, but the pipe had an AOE with a radius of five kilometers. Soon, a horde of monsters with grades ranging from basic to special elites came charging.

The fleeing players were at first terrified when the horde of monsters appeared in the direction they were running to. Some even started throwing range attacks at these monsters, but these monsters just ran past them. The monsters continued running until they encountered the pursuing players. They then pounded on these players.

The fleeing players were confused, but they didn't stay around to find out which merciful God had sent this reinforcement. They fled while the monsters kept the pursuing players busy.

Some continued running even after they were out of combat. Most used their town return scroll or guild return scroll to escape.

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"Damn it all to hell!" The Man slammed the table in their guild hall. They gathered here after successfully escaping. "So, the convention is just a ruse to get to Jeanny, Leavemealone, and Red Death?"

"We have been careless," John said. "Master has been focusing on the war effort all this time, we have neglected his main objective. That convention is a perfect place to get all the players who have the divine treasures in one place. I just didn't expect he already knew that Jeanny was also a bearer."

"I bet he expected Jack to come too," Paytowin said.

"If Boss came, things would have been different," The Man uttered.

"I doubt that," John said. "The convention is not country-related conflict. He can't summon Broidrireg, while Master has two eternal-grade dragons. The result wouldn't be that far different."

"I agree," Wilted said. She had followed the others here to Heavenly Citadel to discuss their next course of action. "If Jack also came. Things could have been much worse. He could have been captured as well, then Master would have everything he needs."

"Where is that bugger, anyway? Can anyone contact him?" Paytowin asked.

"I can't. I have been trying since before the convention," Grace said.

"We can't keep on relying on him. We have to solve this ourselves," John said.

"What to solve? Master got six out of the seven divine treasures now. We are f*cked!" Bowler exclaimed.

"Thanks for the motivation, mate," The Man said sarcastically.

"We will still be okay for some time," Wilted said.

"What do you mean?" John asked.

"Like the Second Soul Remnant which gave additional class, the divine treasure was also considered an object of incredible power," Wilted said. "He won't be able to fuse with all of them at the same time. The world system won't permit it. After he fuses with one, there will be a one-month cooldown before he can fuse with another."

"That will give us two months before he has six divine treasures inside him...," John said.

"Dude, even with three he is already a monster. Can you imagine him with more?" Paytowin said.

"Nevertheless, this is what we have to deal with," John said. "One positive thing out of that mess we just went through is that we have gained more allies. Master had shown that he was not a trustworthy person. I bet a majority of those players who were standing on the fence will choose our side before long."

"I think some of the players who sided with him during the convention will also switch sides after seeing what he did," Bowler said.

"Except for the coward ones," Paytowin remarked.

"Or those desperate enough to return to the real world," The Man added as he thought of The Real Man.

"Those who have sided with us during the convention mentioned they will come to Thereath to cooperate with us," Bowler said.

"Good! We will incorporate this additional force into our army," John declared. "We will use overwhelming force to crush Liguritutum. Once we dethroned Master, we will hunt him down with the armies of this world before he fuses with more divine treasures."

Chapter 1575: Looking for A Way Out of the Cage

In a pocket world inside the dimension where the base of the Order of Magi was located, Jack was still inside the forcefield cage. He had both hands touching the forcefield wall. His eyes were closed. His face showed that he was hard in concentration.

Janus simply looked at him in silence. Jack had continued doing this ever since he was locked inside that forcefield. He only stopped doing whatever he was doing when he needed to rest or when evil Janus came to visit.

Janus had asked about what Jack was doing when he was resting. Jack answered that he was looking for a way out of this cage. Janus didn't understand how Jack planned to achieve that. All skills, spells, and tools were sealed when they were inside this forcefield cage. Jack didn't explain further.

Janus stopped bothering Jack afterward. But at this moment, he sensed a strange sensation from the cage that Jack was in. His grade might have fallen to the rare elite grade, but he still retained his mana sense ability.

He looked over due to this strange sensation. As he watched, he saw in between Jack's two hands, a small slit had appeared in the forcefield wall.

His eyes turned wide. He was about to say something when Jack opened his eyes. The small slit on the forcefield wall slowly closed itself. It was as if there was never a change on that forcefield.

"He is coming again," Jack said.

Janus had stopped wondering how Jack could detect someone coming earlier than him. He just trusted Jack now because Jack was always correct. Jack didn't tell Janus that it was because of his mana affinity talent that gave him a longer-range mana sense.

Evil Janus came into the room not long after. He had been coming in like clockwork every three hours, probably to make sure there was nothing wrong with his captives. This time, however, he was slightly late. It had been seven hours since he last visited.

"... You have taken another victim," Good Janus said.

Jack could sense Evil Janus' mana was stronger than his last visit, but his Inspect still had Evil Janus at level 90 mythical+ grade.

"It won't be long now," Evil Janus said.

"What will you do with us once you get what you want?" Good Janus asked.

"Do you mean after I become an eternal being? I will kill you and take your essence. I don't want to risk it by doing it now because I'm afraid your essence will simply merge with mine. If that happens, we will just be back to our old self, an indecisive weakling who considers too much about morality and reputation. Once I am an eternal grade, I believe I will be even more dominant. Your essence will simply be consumed by mine then."

"What about me?" Jack asked.

Evil Janus turned to Jack with a dead-pan face. "I've answered that question before. You will be my lab rat. I will experiment on you until I find a way to extract the Time Sage out of you."

Jack was amused that Janus knew the term lab rat. Did the mage of this world use a laboratory to conduct experiments? Yet, he was not amused enough to crack a smile at his current situation.

Evil Janus walked one round around the room, inspecting the rune diagram. He was making sure everything was still in order. He then stopped in front of Jack's forcefield cell. He approached and stared at the forcefield wall. In particular, the spot where the small slit had appeared not long ago.

He stared at the spot for quite some while, making both Jack and Good Janus worry.

He then tapped on that spot with one finger, making sure the forcefield wall was still solid. After he was sure that nothing was wrong with the forcefield, he stepped back. His eyes switched between Jack and Good Janus a few times. Both trying their best to look normal.

After a while, he left without any parting word.

Jack exhaled a relief. Evil Janus had walked out of his mana sense range.

"What the hell did you do to the cage?" Good Janus asked.

"Like I said, I'm looking for a way out," Jack said. "But I never expect your other self to take notice of that small crack. I need to make a hole big enough to escape in less than three hours if I am to try another attempt. If I fail when he is back, he might sense it for sure this time. He might do something about it then, but I still need more practice to achieve that."

"Can you practice without making that crack on the forcefield wall?" Good Janus asked.

"... I can, but it will take a longer time," Jack answered. "How long is it already since I am here?"

It was Peniel who answered, "It has been almost two days."

Jack sighed. The convention should have concluded by now. He wondered how that event went.

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Inside the Liguritutum Realm, The World Maker had its guild headquarters in a region dominated by a main city called Quetzqua. The headquarters itself was named World Throne.

Currently, in the basement of World Throne, three bound players were thrown into separate jail cells. These players were Jeanny, Leavemealone, and Red Death.

"If you want to strap me to your machine again, just do it already. Why waste time putting us in jail?" Leavemealone asked.

Master was there with them. He wanted to make sure these three were secured. He was currently staring at Leavemealone upon the question but he didn't answer. It was because of Leavemealone, Wilted, and Jack that his extraction machine was unusable anymore. Syndrillis fired her divine breath to help the three escape. That breath hit and damaged the extraction machine.

The machine was an alien entity, it could not be created in this world. Master tried to repair the machine but failed. Thus, he needed another way. A way that was already ready to be used but he only had one chance for it.

Leavemealone returned Master's stare. He didn't back down even when he was incapacitated.

Master turned to the two natives in the room. They were level 80 rare elites.

"No one except me is allowed to open their cells," Master said. "Immediately sound the alarm if someone insists on doing so or if any stranger steps foot into this room."

"Yes, my lord," the two responded.

"Take this. Use it in case of emergency," Master gave one of the natives a small rectangular plate. "The two of you will take turns guarding these prisoners. The one who is guarding should always hold that plate."

The two confirmed their understanding.

"One last thing," Master approached the two natives and whispered something to them.

Finished giving his instructions, Master gave the three captives another glance before he left the room.

Chapter 1576: Camouflaged Mana

Another day passed. Jack was still inside the forcefield cell. What he had been doing was trying to mask his mana with the mana controlling the forcefield cage. He was doing the same thing he had done to the Chalice of Blood every night. He was trying to fool the mana from the rune diagram into accepting his mana as a part of itself.

If he was able to insert enough of his camouflaged mana, he could exert control over the forcefield, just like how he created the small slit a day earlier. To open a hole large enough for him to escape, he would need to gain greater control.

In the first few hours of his captivity, he had tried brute force. He might not be able to use skills, spells, or tools, but he could still move and manipulate mana. He had tried using all his sword arts to break the wall. Most failed. Only the Nine Yin Phantom Sword was able to penetrate the forcefield wall, but the hole it created was too small. That hole also quickly closed afterward.

Maybe if he could use the Nine Yin Abyssal Finger, things would be different. But he couldn't, so he had to make do with what he could.

Luckily, he had enough practice with the Chalice of Blood. He had learned how to camouflage his mana. All he had to do was study this forcefield's particular mana and adjust his mana to imitate it. It was sort of like adjusting the frequency of a signal.

His problem at the moment was he couldn't test how effective he was. He felt that he had camouflaged enough mana to control a sizable part of the forcefield to let him out, but he would need to be sure before he gave the command for that. If the hole wasn't large enough and he failed to get out, Evil Janus might detect his intervention on the forcefield the next time he came to visit.

"How are you doing?" Good Janus asked from his cage. After seeing the small slit Jack produced yesterday, he had become hopeful of a chance to escape.

"I don't know... I think I should be able to make a big enough hole already, but I can't be sure. The only way to know is to test it," Jack answered.

"If you fail, my other twin will find out."

"I know. That's why I am in a dilemma."

"Well, you have to try it sooner or later... Unless you think you can improve further."

Janus was right. He had to take the risk or else they wouldn't be going anywhere. It was better to be sooner rather than later. If Evil Janus successfully became an eternal grade, they would be in a whole other level of trouble.

"I will practice for a few more hours, then I will give it a go," Jack said and resumed what he was doing.

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Later that day, Evil Janus came to visit again. His grade was still the same. Jack also didn't sense any change in his mana intensity. This meant he had not taken any more victims yet, which was a good

thing. Still, if Good Janus' estimation was correct, they didn't have much time. Evil Janus only needed another one or two more victims.

Evil Janus didn't make any conversation. He was not a chatty person. He rarely talked during his time in the room. Only when his captives asked him something that he respond. That was even if he deemed the questions were worth responding to.

After checking everything, Evil Janus left the room.

Good Janus turned to Jack. His eyes asked if Jack was ready.

Jack didn't respond. He simply closed his eyes and placed his hands on the forcefield wall. He did as what he had been doing these past few days. His mana crept into the forcefield and slowly made themselves a part of the cage system. He spent one hour doing this. Once he felt that he was ready, he sent the command.

A slit several times longer than the last time appeared in the forcefield wall. Good Janus' eyes were wide again. It was as if someone had cut the wall and produced a long gash.

This slit then widened. It was vibrating as it did. It was as if there were two opposite forces at work. One was trying to push the slit to close. Another was trying to force it to open wider. At the moment, the one with the open command seemed to be winning. The process was slow, though. It became even slower as the hole became wider.

Jack's forehead was sweating from the exertion. Janus saw that the opening was wide already enough for a person. But if Jack tried moving, he might lose control and the hole could close before he managed to leave.

Jack seemed to be aware of that, he continued to make the hole bigger.

The hole opened a bit wider, then it stopped. It appeared that this was the limit of his current control. Jack didn't try to dash for the exit. He used the safer method. Thankfully, he had the Hundred Synchronous Thoughts. With one thought maintaining focus on keeping the whole open, his other thought moved his body.

He slowly moved one of his legs out through the hole. His eyes were still closed. He was entirely relying on his mana sense to move. He then moved half of his upper body out.

Janus was holding his breath. He wondered if Jack lost his concentration at this moment and the forcefield closed, would Jack be sliced into two? Although he was curious about the answer, he prayed he didn't have to find out.

Someone might have heard his prayer. Jack slipped out of the hole without an incident, leaving his hands still in contact with the forcefield. The hands then slowly moved to the edge of the hole. When they were near the edge, Jack pulled them out with lightning speed. The hole abruptly closed then.

"Phew...!" Jack exhaled a relief as he dropped to his butt.

Chapter 1577: Staff of Illios

Good Janus also exhaled. He was so relieved that Jack had been successful. He displayed a genuine smile that Jack had only seen on Young Janus' face.

"Now, go! Tell everyone about this!" He told Jack.

"If I do that, he might run and take you with him. We might not be able to find you again," Jack said. He wasn't getting up from the floor.

"That's better than having him becoming an eternal grade," Janus said.

"He can still be. If he hides, we won't know when he will attack. The faction leaders cannot continuously live in hiding."

"But they will have a better chance if they know who they are dealing with... What are you doing?" Janus asked.

"I've seen him check this rune diagram every time he came here. I've also studied this diagram using my mana sense while I'm not working on my cage. I already know this diagram mechanism. I should need only five minutes to deactivate it."

Jack looked at Janus as he worked on the diagram. He continued, "If I have you by my side, it will be easier to convince the others about my story. We will get out of here together."

Jack took only three minutes. That already included deactivating the hidden rune diagram under the one powering the forcefield cage. The forcefield cage vanished abruptly once he shut down the rune diagram.

Janus looked at his opened cage. Before Jack arrived, he had resigned himself to his fate. When Jack created that small slit, a tiny hope bloomed in his heart. But deep down, he never believed that he would leave this room alive. Now that his cage was no more, he found it difficult to believe. He wondered if this was all a dream.

"What are you waiting for? Hurry!" Jack urged.

Janus snapped out of his trance. He immediately jumped out. It should still be more than one hour before Evil Janus made his routine visit. They had no problem getting to the outside with that time.

Jack was about to head to the main room which was also the nexus world, but Janus stopped him. If Evil Janus was not outside stalking his next victim, he was most likely inside that room, so they better avoid it. Janus took Jack to go via a different route.

Jack followed. Janus was more familiar with this dimension. They walked through several dim hallways until they came upon a space with voids for walls. Janus stopped then.

"Why do we stop?" Jack asked, confused.

"This... This hall shouldn't be here," Janus answered.

"Uh... So, do you still know which way to go?" Jack asked again.

"It doesn't matter which way. You two are not leaving this place!" A sharp voice echoed through the space.

Jack and Good Janus turned to the source of the voice. Evil Janus was there.

"You... You know we are escaping...?" Good Janus asked.

"Have you two forgotten about this thing?" Evil Janus revealed a long staff. He placed the staff vertically next to him. At the head of the staff was an eye-shaped sculpture.

"The Eye of Illios...?!" Jack uttered.

"It is called the Staff of Illios now," Evil Janus said. "I have a captive blacksmith attached the artifact onto a staff, with my aid of course. It is now a magic weapon. One which has helped me greatly in my endeavor, and it still retained some of its previous functionality."

Evil Janus tapped the staff and a projection appeared above him. It showed the image of Jack and Good Janus in captivity. Jack was in the process of getting out of his cage. It was a replay of what just happened several minutes ago.

"You were spying on us?" Good Janus asked.

"I sensed you do something to your cage," Evil Janus pointed at Jack. "I can't tell what it is but I am not taking any chances. Hence, I've been directing my staff's surveillance ability to your room. I must say I'm not disappointed. For someone who has been able to climb from an unknown outworlder to the king of a country, I was right to not underestimate you."

"You know, there is one thing different from our previous encounter," Jack said.

"What is that?" Evil Janus asked.

"I am not in captivity," Jack said and took out his King Badge. He sent the command to summon his royal agents.

Nothing appeared.

"This is a different dimension. You can't call outsiders here without my permission," Evil Janus said with a chuckle.

"Hah! You think I only rely on my royal agents?" Jack summoned Terras and Spark. The two faithful summons appeared by his side.

"Hehe, cute. I do feel the need to exercise," Evil Janus said. He didn't appear concerned.

"You might be a level 90 mythical but don't think that we will lose!" Jack exclaimed.

"Master, calculating the probability, I reckon our chance of winning is 7,58%," Spark's computerized voice informed.

"F*ck! So low? Are you on the enemy's side? How could you give such demoralizing news?" Jack complained.

"I'm simply stating the fact," Spark replied without emotion.

"Doesn't matter! We have more people. We will beat him with our teamwork. F*ck the winning chance!" Jack declared. He tried to rally everyone.

"Master, my winning chance is calculated based on the others who were hidden behind the void," Spark informed. "My eyes can perceive mana, so I can see through the veil."

"I didn't know you have such an interesting summon," Evil Janus said. "Another subject for me to experiment on once you are back in the cage. Well, since I've been found out..."

Evil Janus waved his arm. Moving shadows were seen from inside the void. Soon after, a horde of young Januses walked out of the void. Jack could inspect the level and grade of these young Januses this time. A majority were rare elites and special elites ranging from level 60 to 80. A few were level 80 mythical grades. These young Januses had the usual smiles they always displayed, but Jack didn't think those smiles were friendly this time. They were now creepy as hell.

"Motherf*cker...", Jack cursed.

Chapter 1578: Battle Against the Clones

"He had control over all the other Januses?" Jack asked the Good Janus behind him.

"He is the true one. All the Januses here are just clones from other timelines. So yes, he can exert control if he wants."

"Aren't you also the true Janus?" Jack asked.

"He is the more dominant one," Good Janus replied. "I'm not powerful enough to wrestle control of all those clones."

"Can you at least affect some of them?" Jack asked.

Jack cast Double Clone, Mirage Beast, and called out his golden wolves. They were hardly enough to deal with all these opponents, but they were better than nothing. Clone Januses remained smiling at Jack's effort while Evil Janus simply displayed a slight smirk.

"I can only affect a few," Good Janus answered. "And I might only pause or slow them down. I won't be able to gain complete control of them."

"That will have to do," Jack said.

"I won't be able to join the fight then," Good Janus added.

"F*ck. Just do it!" Jack said. He sent his two clones, Spark, Therras, Clone Therras, and the golden wolves toward the Januses. He also used Beast Howl to strengthen all those minions.

The young Januses continued to walk forward since they appeared. They were now in front of Evil Janus. Evil Janus never moved from his position. It was apparent that he was confident he didn't need to join the fight. The young Januses started casting spells when Jack's minions came at them.

Multiple spells were unleashed. They were the various spells from all the four elite classes branched from the Mage advanced class. Jack's golden wolves were fast. They tried their best to maneuver around the spells but there were too many. They couldn't evade them all.

Their golden fur provided them stronger defense than normal wolves but it was still not enough to tank through so many spells. They were the first ones to perish from the spells' bombardment.

Therras had the highest defense and HP among Jack's minions. It was the most durable one. Jack also used Ultimate Beast, Gigantify Beast, and Beast Tantrum to turn Therras into an unstoppable beast.

Many of the young Januses also used spells from the Summoner class. Their already large number was further bolstered. It was as if a small army had appeared inside that space.

Therras activated its armor's supersonic mode and used Tyrannical Charge to pierce through all the enemy summons. It was the first to arrive before the young Januses. It immediately used its AOE skills to disrupt the Young Januses' spell castings and started wreaking havoc.

The other Young Januses further away cast their offensive spells at Therras. They didn't seem concerned about hitting their clones. From the look of it, Evil Janus considered all these clones as expendable.

Spark didn't have HP and defense as high as Therras. Its speed was also not as fast as Therras in its supersonic mode, but it had the finesse of a top martial artist. Its mana sense allowed him to maneuver through the tight bombardment from the enemy's spells. It then sent its wing-blades to attack the Young Januses from a distance, while engaging in melee with the enemy's summons.

Jack's one clone transformed into Supreme Dragon Form and used Lightning God Suit. He charged with Clone Therras tanking the way. By the time they forced their way to Young Januses, Clone Therras had lost almost half its life. Unlike the real Therras, the clone didn't receive the armor's benefits and the buffs from Jack's skills.

Dragon form Jack leaped out from behind Clone Therras. Firing Soul Breath into where Evil Janus was, but this breath was blocked by the multiple elemental walls conjured by the Young Januses. Evil Janus remained in his position with a sneer.

Jack's other clone used Lightning God Incarnation. His transformation blasted away all the enemy summons nearby. He then transformed into a lightning bolt and zoomed directly into Young Januses' midst.

Each time he stopped, he used AOE skills and spells to blast the Young Januses in the vicinity. He turned into a lightning bolt again after two seconds, working his way towards where Evil Janus was.

"Fully upgraded divine treasure...," Evil Janus muttered. He was surprised by this reveal, but he wasn't too concerned. That divine skill was powerful but it didn't last long. It won't turn the tide.

But then, he sensed another divine power from the other side. He looked over and saw Dragon Jack. Around Dragon Jack were Iron Mammoths rampaging among his clones. This disruption caused his clones to be unable to stop Dragon Jack, who was coated with a soft glow. Dragon Jack flew at high speed in his direction. The Strength of Hope powered this Dragon Jack.

"Mister Storm Wind... You are indeed impressive," Evil Janus muttered. He finally acted as the two Jacks approached. The staff of Illios in his hand was lifted high. The eye sculpture at the top of the staff burst with ominous light. The dead sculpture turned into a real eye that looked around with a ravenous appetite.

Evil Janus cast the Teleportation spell as Lightning Jack arrived. He narrowly dodged the lightning blast emitted from Jack's hands. The lightning blast hit a nearby Young Janus instead.

Lightning Jack used his mana sense to trace where Evil Janus had teleported to, but the trace somehow became blurry. As he looked, he saw multiple Evil Januses at different spots. All looked at him with evil grins.

The ominous eyes on top of the multiple Staffs of Illios shot rays of dark light. These rays converged on Lightning Jack.

Lightning Jack felt as if a huge burden suddenly weighed on him. He had difficulty moving. His mind was a mess. He couldn't think straight. He tried willing himself to turn into a lightning bolt to escape, but it was as if his mental command never reached his body's motoric functions.

Lightning Jack just stood there under the spell, wasting its precious second doing nothing.

Chapter 1579: Facing Evil Janus

Damage numbers appeared above Lightning Jack as the dark rays stayed on his body. With Lightning God Incarnation's massive damage reduction, Lightning Jack was not in danger. However, he also couldn't do anything. The divine skill lasted only three minutes. So, every second passed without doing anything was a big waste of the skill.

Dragon Jack floated above. He also couldn't tell which one was the real Evil Janus. All of them had the same mana signatures.

He had tried using their linked consciousness to wake Lightning Jack out of his trance, but there seemed to be a veil constantly shrouding Lightning Jack's mind. Even Peniel's healing skills that removed status effects were not working.

Dragon Jack cast Tracing Light Beams. They were controlled and empowered by mana manipulations. The multiple light beams were very fast and their accuracy was precise. They spread out and struck all the Evil Januses, but every one of those beams just passed through their targets. All these Evil Januses were illusions.

"Master, he is over there. Follow my wing-blades!" Jack heard Spark's voice. Spark had flown over while the Young Januses were disrupted by the iron mammoths.

Jack looked at where Spark's wing blades were heading. A barrier appeared at that spot, blocking the wing blades. Another Evil Janus was seen inside that barrier. This was the real one. Once this real Evil Janus appeared, the illusions vanished. This real one also had a dark ray that was locked on Lightning Jack.

Spark could see through the illusion because it could perceive mana in its raw form. It had the same talent as Grace, Mana Perception.

Once the real Evil Janus was revealed, Dragon Jack cast Teleportation. He appeared above Evil Janus, who had readied a spell for him. A black hole appeared right before Jack, but Jack disappeared again as soon as he appeared.

He reappeared right behind Evil Janus, who was surprised that Jack could use two teleports back-to-back. The second one didn't even need a spell formation.

The second teleport was a skill, Teleport Slash. Aside from covering longer distances than Flash Slash, this skill also could be executed from the air. Unlike Flash Step and Flash Slash where the user needed stepping ground to execute.

Once reappearing, Dragon Jack used Brave Slash combined with One-word Slash.

Though Evil Janus was surprised, he still acted fast. His spell-casting was very fast, as fast as Master. The spell he cast was Force Impact. The spell hit Jack and pushed him away as he was swinging his sword. Evil Janus knew the key to facing these melee opponents was keeping them away.

Dragon Jack didn't stop swinging despite his opponent being out of melee range. His One-word Slash using the legendary-grade Storm Breaker was able to hit an enemy at a distance. When he finished swinging his Brave Slash, the golden light from the slash formed a straight line that moved forward. This golden line slammed into Evil Janus' barrier. As if a laser that sliced through a target, this golden line cut through the barrier and hit Evil Janus behind it.

"Arrgghh...!" Evil Janus let out a scream due to the pain. The golden line sliced into his left shoulder and caused a bloody wound. He looked with disbelief at the wound.

Dragon Jack might have hit his target but he then found himself to become extremely heavy. It turned out that multiple Young Januses nearby had cast Telekinesis at him. The multiple force bearing on him turned out too great even for his massive strength powered by the Strength of Hope. He was slammed into the ground by the power of the combined Telekinesis.

However, that one slash from Jack had caused Evil Janus' concentration to waver. The dark ray stopped coming out of his staff. Lightning Jack's mind was cleared. He didn't let this chance go. He turned into a lightning bolt and slammed into Evil Janus. At the same time, he threw Lightning God Barrage at the Young Januses who were using their Telekinesis on Dragon Jack.

The lightning balls erupted with lightning explosions and forced those Young Januses to forego their spells.

Lightning Jack also used Realm of Sword God. Uncountable lightning swords rained down from the void above. All the while he blasted Evil Janus with lightning rays from his hands.

"Hehe, I admit I have underestimated you, Mister Storm Wind," Evil Janus said. A dark aura erupted from his body, countering Jack's lightning rays that were showering him.

He turned into a shadowy creature with one large eye at the center of his head. A dark beam was shot from this eye. The dark beam crashed into Lightning Jack and knocked him to the ground. Lightning Jack felt his head spinning. The dark beam just now also carried a strong mental attack.

Dragon Jack, who was freed from Telekinesis, had a good look at the transformed Evil Janus.

"Demonic Possession? No, it looks different," he uttered.

"I think it is Demonic Possession, but it was not any version I recognized," Peniel said.

The lone eye on Evil Janus' head was unmistakable. It was the Eye of Illios. Jack thought perhaps this was another unscripted application by natives. Evil Janus might have found a way to merge the power of the artifact with his spell to create this unusual version of Demonic Possession.

The large eye of Evil Janus continued firing dark rays at Lightning Jack. Every time the ray hit, Jack was assailed by a heavy migraine, rendering him unable to do anything.

At the same time, Evil Janus' two hands shot dark energy bolts at Dragon Jack. The other Young Januses also sent their spells to keep Dragon Jack and his other minions from approaching Evil Janus. What Evil Janus prioritized at the moment was to wait out Lightning Jack's divine form.

"Hmm...?" Evil Janus who had merged with his Staff of Illios had a heightened perception. His one eye saw the true Jack in the distance. That Jack stayed at the back with Good Janus. True Jack was sitting on the ground doing nothing.

No, not doing nothing. There was this goblet on the floor next to Jack. He focused his sight on this goblet. As someone sitting at the top of a league faction that focused on magic studies, he quickly identified that goblet.

The goblet was the Chalice of Blood.

Chapter 1580: Using the Chalice of Blood

The Chalice of Blood had threads of crimson hairs coming out of its surface. These hairs danced in the air even when there was no wind in this place.

"Oh, no! He has turned his attention to us!" Good Janus informed Jack.

Good Janus had been using his mental link to stop or dissuade any Young Januses who seemed to be coming in their direction. Those Young Januses had been focusing on the battle against Jack's clones and minions, so any that turned attention to them were stray ones. It was not difficult for Good Janus to trick those clones.

But after Evil Janus was aware of them, he consciously ordered the Young Januses to go at them. Good Janus was unable to wrestle control from Evil Janus. Evil Janus didn't understand what Jack was trying to do, but he didn't want to take any chance.

"Will you still take long?" Good Janus asked. His tone sounded urgent.

Jack looked at the incoming horde. His tiny army of minions was not able to hold that tide.

"I still need one minute," Jack said. The Young Januses started casting spells.

Jack used his cloak's Elemental God Barrier. A fiery dome was erected around him and Good Janus. Spells of various elements hit his barrier. Because every Young Janus used different kinds of elements, Jack couldn't tell which element was the most advantageous for his barrier. He just hoped the barrier could stand for enough time.

Good Janus focused his mind on the closest Young Janus who had the highest level and grade. He couldn't win against Evil Janus' control of the horde. But if he only focused on one, he probably could.

One level 80 mythical Young Janus turned his attention to his comrade by the side. He cast his spell in that direction. Lightning Storm washed over, paralyzing many Young Januses and canceling their spell-casting in the process. This allowed the intensity of their assault on Jack's barrier to weaken, buying Jack a few more seconds.

"Good job, old man!" Jack complimented.

"I'm not that old yet," Good Janus protested.

"I think I'm ready!" Jack exclaimed.

Jack used Judgement of Past Kings. He had checked with Peniel and Good Janus. Although this space prevented outside entities from entering, this equipment skill should still be available. This was because Judgement of Past Kings was not considered a summon skill. It was an offensive one, even though the attack conjured outside entities.

Ever since he started training mana manipulation by camouflaging his mana into the Chalice of Blood, he had gained a better understanding of the chalice with each night of practice. What he was trying to do was to replicate what Marcus had done.

He felt that he had almost managed it the night before he was captured by Evil Janus, but he never tested it. At this moment, he was relying on this method to succeed. If it failed, then they were f*cked!

As usual, Thenodeep appeared first. Before Thenodeep carried out his attack, Jack sent the chalice a command. The crimson threads around the chalice spun into a tentacle. This crimson tentacle lashed out and stabbed into Thenodeep's back.

Thenodeep jerked from the stab. He then blinked. Clarity came into his eyes. He looked around at the situation before turning to Jack.

"Young king, you truly did it! I can't believe this is real. I thought you were just lying to cheer us up!" Thenodeep exclaimed.

Whenever Jack was at the palace, he always made time to go down to the basement where the old kings could be conversed with. He didn't have any need to speak with them. He just thought that these ghost kings must be bored to have nobody else to talk to.

It was indeed so. Theridan and the others were extremely glad about Jack's visit. They talked about anything from kingdom matters to mundane things. Jack even brought Grace down there. Theridan and the others were surprised that someone other than Jack could see them. It was because Grace had the Mana Perception talent.

Grace was also glad to meet these past kings. Ever since Jack let her join his court, she had dealt with more kingdom matters than Jack. Meeting these kings provided her with advice from people who were experienced with ruling a kingdom.

Jack's original plan of replicating Marcus' technique was simply to help bring these ghost kings out to see the current world. Being cooped up inside a palace for eternity was surely not a fun thing. Jack had told them about this idea but the ghost kings didn't believe him.

Jack didn't expect the first time he did it to be under an emergency. He had no choice. This was the only method he could think of to bypass the system rules and give them additional fighting power.

"Old king, please celebrate later. We are in a bind here," Jack said to Thenodeep.

"Don't worry, Young King. You have the support of your predecessor!" Thenodeep cast his spell that summoned a great flood. But since he didn't disappear this time, he continued casting another spell. Two water serpents appeared beside him, shooting waterjet and protecting him.

"Cool!" Jack grinned.

"Hey, you are going to miss Thewolden!" Peniel warned. Thewolden had appeared and was about to carry out his sword attack.

"Oh, shit!" Jack exclaimed.

He hurriedly sent a command to the chalice. Another crimson tentacle stabbed into Thewolden. Thewolden also greeted him jovially once he was in control. Jack replied with a simple greeting this time. He was ready for the next kings.

One by one the kings appeared and became Jack's fighting force. The last was, of course, Theridan. Theridan simply gave Jack a brief salute. "Young King," he said.

"Old king," Jack greeted back.

Theridan then turned his attention to the enemies. He let out a thundering roar.

There were lots of summons among the Young Januses. After Theridan's roar ended, many of these summons suddenly turned against their masters.

"Holy...," Jack uttered.

"That is Beast Dominance. It takes control of all hostile summons within range," Peniel informed.

"Hehe, I wonder what Spark will say about our success chance now," Jack said. He stood up. The Elemental God Barrier had been broken, but the past kings' arrival had kept the enemies at bay.

"You no longer need to exert control on your clones," Jack said to Good Janus. He pointed to the chalice on the floor. "Protect this, don't let it get moved."

Jack brandished his weapons. He bet the enemy would now fight like hell to get to this chalice.