

World 691

Chapter 691: Universal Technique Book

When the black army came near, Jack used Inspect on several of them. All he had inspected were level 50 special elites and rare elites. It was safe to assume all of them were level 50. The soldiers here were the strongest within the limitation of this ancient battleground.

But the golden knights here were not to be underestimated as well. All of them were level 50 rare elites. These golden knights followed three leaders, who included the female golden knight. These three leaders were all mythical level 50.

The golden knights separated into two halves. One clashed directly with the five hundred enemy soldiers. The other half took a roundabout way and headed towards the supply carts. The black army saw this second team's intention and tried to break away to intercept, but the golden knights engaging them charged through and put themselves in positions that caused the enemy difficulty to chase the second team.

The second team of the golden knights broke again into two smaller teams. One continued to head towards the supply carts while the other went towards where the enemy commander was. All three split teams were spearheaded by one mythical-grade golden knight.

Jack and the others had decided to follow the golden knights that clashed with the five hundred black soldiers. Since they wanted to collect scores, they wanted to kill as many enemies as possible. They summoned Terras and Brave King again.

Seeing that there were more opponents than allies, they had plenty of targets. However, each of these targets was extremely tough to kill. It took a long while to wear the enemies down. Not to mention each of these opponents also packed a punch. Peniel and Grace were hard at work with their healing skills to keep everyone alive.

Jack had transformed into a black werewolf and activated his Gold Scale Armor. He tried to kill as many as possible to gain scores. He saw their three scores on the sky increase with each opponent killed. Unlike the kill count before, the one who dealt the killing blow didn't receive all the scores. Although those who did still received most scores, those who had dealt damage to the killed soldier also receive some scores. So, it was similar to exp points rules. Grace who cast healing spells also received scores whenever her heal helped her teammates or the golden knights.

On the other side, one of the smaller teams of the golden knight had clashed with the enemy elite bodyguards. The bodyguards' number was less but they were able to keep the golden knights at bay.

On the further side, the other smaller team started hacking the supply carts. However, some black soldiers chased after them and started clashing with them. There were just too many enemy soldiers the main team had to hold, they couldn't prevent all of them from chasing the ones trying to destroy the supply carts.

Some supply carts were destroyed but it was just a very small percentage of the existing supply carts there. That team over there was having difficulty destroying more carts as more enemies came trickling. Jack wondered if they destroy those supply carts, would they get scores as well?

Throughout the confrontation, the enemy commander continued to sit on his chair not paying the fighting behind him any attention.

The team that clashed with the enemy elite bodyguards was one led by the female golden knight. The main team's fighting had moved and was now close enough to those bodyguards that Jack could use inspect on them. All of the bodyguards were at least rare elites with five mythical grades. Three of these five mythical were fighting the female golden knight. Jack was amazed she was able to fight all three to a standstill. Yet, her fellow knights were having trouble dealing with the rest of the bodyguards.

The battle went on for some time until they heard the sound of a horn from the distance, from the direction of the defending base. Jack assumed the horn was signifying that the battle there had ended. All the defenders in the base were no more.

The enemy commander stood up after hearing the horn.

He turned back and floated over to where the battle at this place was still ongoing. He held a long staff with a skull-face head on its tip. Even from a distance, Jack could feel the pressure from him. This was the first time that he felt such pressure after learning mana sense. The pressure was even more than what he felt from the golden dragon, Syndrillis.

The commander landed not far from the fighting, close enough for Jack to use his Inspect.

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Herald of Greed (Eternal Human, Corrupted Lord), level 50

HP: 2,200,000

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Eternal. This was the highest grade an NPC or monster had before the divine. In the other words, this man before them was the strongest being below Gods and Goddesses.

Jack was too stunned to warn his other two partners when this Herald of Greed tap his long staff onto the floor. Rune formed one after another on the tip of his staff, culminating in a nine-rune spell formation.

The entire ground where the battle was still taking place was shining with red light. Jack felt an unbelievable amount of mana building up under there before his entire vision was covered by dense flame.

Then he found himself in a void, together with Paytowin and Grace.

"What the hell was that?" Paytowin asked.

"I just saw that black-robed man cast a spell...," Grace said.

"That was the ultimate fire spell, Hell Inferno," Peniel informed.

"It's a nine-rune spell cast by an eternal grade being. What do you expect? We are a goner the second the spell was cast," Jack uttered. "I am more concerned about where we are. Why are we not back to the hall with the device?"

"It's because we have successfully gathered scores," Paytowin answered. "When I get the healing potion for complementary reward, it was also in this space."

"You got a healing potion for a reward?" Grace asked.

While they were chatting, a voice interrupted them, "Congratulations on your effort on the ancient battleground. Three brave participants, These are your scores."

Words appeared in the air.

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Storm Wind, scores: 5220

Paytowin, scores: 2460

Unequaled Grace, scores: 2340

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"Wow, these are a lot of scores. When I get the complimentary rewards. My scores were only 90," Paytowin said.

The voice was heard again. "For gaining sufficient scores, every participant receives bonus exp points of 300,000 exp for every one thousand scores and 200 mana cores for every five thousand scores."

These exp points and mana cores were given instantly. Jack received a total of 1,500,000 exp points. It was not enough to level up all of his three classes, but his Beastmaster class increased to level 41. His mana cores stock also increased to 660.

The voice continued, "This is the list of exchangeable items that can be purchased with your current scores. Your current achievement only opens up the list till super rare grades. Please note that scores cannot be saved. Once you leave this place, your scores will be reset."

A projection appeared showing a list of items.

"This is generous!" Jack uttered. "We got exp points and mana cores and we can still exchange the scores for items?"

"I told you this ancient battleground is good, didn't I?" Paytowin said.

"You did, you did," Jack said.

The three of them studied the item list. Mostly were equipment and materials. The equipment was mostly rare grade with costs ranging around 1,000 to 2,500 scores. While the super rare grade one was around 5,000 to 20,000 scores.

"Hm... Not many interest me," Jack mumbled. "My equipment is all super rare grade already except for accessories."

There were also super rare grade accessories for exchange in the list but they all cost above 10,000 scores. His scores were not enough to get those accessories.

"Oh, Divine Gem!" Jack uttered when he saw it in the list. He needed that material to upgrade his Lightning God Barrage. Yet, this Divine Gem cost 15,000 scores. No hope for him to get it.

Paytowin and Grace could only exchange for rare grade items with their scores. Paytowin exchanged his scores for a rare-grade one-handed gun. His dagger was rare grade but his current equipped gun was still an uncommon grade. Now both his weapons were rare-grade. Grace exchanged her scores for a rare-grade accessory.

When Jack was about to exchange his scores with a random super rare equipment, he noticed a technique book within the list.

"Universal technique book?" He read the name. This book cost 5,000 scores. Just around the amount he had. The book's grade was super rare.

"Oh? They got this book here?" Peniel uttered after hearing Jack.

"Is it good? What skill does this book contain?" Jack asked.

"This book is rather special," Peniel said. "Although it is super rare grade, this book is much harder to find than a regular super rare item. It has no possibility to drop from loots. The avenue to get this book is very limited. Also, this book can only be used once for one person."

"Ain't that the same as any other technique book? Learning the same book will only get you the same skill, right?"

"As I said, this book is rather special. It didn't teach you a specific skill. It let you learn a standard skill."

"Standard skill?" Jack was confused. Why would one learn a standard skill?

"Yes, any standard skill outside of your own class," Peniel said.

Chapter 692: Team Reconditioning

"So? Are you going to get that book?" Peniel asked.

"Of course, I will!" Jack clicked on the projection and selected the Universal Technique book.

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Universal Technique Book (Super Rare Consumable)

Grant any standard skill or spell from any basic, advanced, or elite class

Can only be used once

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"What standard skill will you choose?" Paytowin asked.

"Although I said any standard skill, there is also limitations," Peniel informed. "You cannot choose the exclusive skills where one gets when they pass their class trial on the first try, and you also cannot choose level 50 skills."

"Why I can't choose level 50 ones? Is it because I have not yet reached that level?" Jack asked.

"Even if you are level 50, you still can't. Level 50 skills are special because they are the last level an elite class outworlder will get a standard skill."

"Level 50 is the highest for the elite class?" Grace asked.

"You will increase in level past level 50, but level 50 is the limit that your elite class will grant you standard skills. After that, you won't receive any more free skills. You have to either buy the non-standard skills or become special classes."

"You are very knowledgeable, little miss," Grace praised.

"I am!" Peniel held her chin high.

"Still, higher-level doesn't always mean the best," Jack said. "For example, Technocraft's Techno Golem. It could be said the best skill for a technocraft."

"You want to get a techno golem skill?" Paytowin asked.

"No, too much work for the parts settings. I already have a skill in mind, but I will use this book later."

"Why?"

"I want to copy it first."

"Copy it?" Both Paytowin and Grace asked.

Jack then told them about Jeanny's divine treasure that could copy things.

"Wow," Paytowin uttered.

"You trust me with such a secret?" Grace asked.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Uh... I have a good feeling about you..."

Grace didn't continue saying anything. She just gave Jack a stare which made him look away.

Jack stored the technique book. It would be sometime before Jeanny could copy this book. She had exhausted her mana core reserve to copy Jack's Unique-grade technique book, Hundred Shadow Strikes, on their first night here. That unique technique book required a whopping 2,500 mana cores to copy! Jack only learned the skill after that and had Jeanny keep the copy.

She had only very few mana cores left after that. Guild members had been donating mana cores regularly after they put up the requirement, but with so many options for items to be copied, the mana cores were never enough. Not to mention the exp pills and Thousand-Year Wine that Jack had given

Jeanny to copy, those things would never be enough if they wanted to let all the core members have access to it.

Jeanny, Jack, and John had agreed that for technique books, they would only copy those with super-rare grades and above. As for equipment, they will only copy unique grades if they ever found one. They won't copy any materials except if it was a legendary grade, one that Jack couldn't fuse into using his Transformation Prism. Potions and other consumables were off-limit unless the three agreed to it, such as the exp pill and Thousand-Year Wine. Otherwise, the mana cores would just vanish as soon as they arrived.

"Want to go in again?" Paytowin asked. Usually, they would end it after two runs. But after finding the secret path to get scores, Paytowin was excited to give it another go.

"Yeah, let's!" Jack agreed. If he could get another Universal technique book, then he didn't need to wait for Jeanny to copy it.

"Don't you have a match tomorrow? You need to rest," Grace told Jack.

"No problem. I can still have a full rest even if we do another round of this ancient battleground."

"Uh... It doesn't want to start," Paytowin said after working on the device.

"Huh? Is it broken?" Jack asked worriedly. It couldn't be that they have broken the device, right? Would the faction here hold them responsible if it did?

"Wait, I read the manual first," Paytowin asked as a book appeared in his hand. He started flipping its pages.

'Shit... There truly is a manual,' Jack thought.

"Um... I think we can't do another run again," Paytowin said.

"Oh? Why?"

"It said here, if the participants inside managed to reach the stage where they receive rewards other than complimentary rewards, there will be a cooldown period of eighteen hours before the ancient battleground can be accessed again."

"What a pity!" Jack uttered. "I guess it's a limiter so people don't take advantage and farm it too much. Let's just do it tomorrow after the matches... Wait! Tomorrow is the final. Will we be sent away after the tournament? If so, we won't be able to enter this ancient battleground again."

"I think you mean you two," Paytowin corrected. "But without you two, I don't think I can survive long enough to get the minimum requirement. The natives here never invited me to join their team for this ancient battleground. So, yeah, the run just now might have been our last run together. I will ask Myson if we can still have another run tomorrow before you two left."

"I would love that," Jack said.

"Me too," Grace added. She then turned to Jack and gave him a fist bump. "Good luck on your final match tomorrow."

Paytowin offered his fist as well. "Yeah, good luck, bro."

"Thanks!" Jack said and bumped their fists.

"You need to work on your team's lousy teamwork, though," Grace said after.

'Ugh... That again,' Jack lamented.

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The next morning, everyone started departing to head to the roman theatre where the tournament took place. Everyone was excited about these finals. Today, they would find out the champions amongst the experts that had shown their excellence in previous matches.

Jack was standing at the entrance of the buildings they were in. He greeted Prince Alonzo and the rest of the natives when they walked past him. He also just nodded when Jeanny, Domon, David, and Kill Order passed through. When Giant Steve came, Jack asked him to wait.

When Selena and Princess Purple came, Jack let Selena pass but he blocked Princess Purple. "Hold," he said.

"Move aside!" Princess Purple commanded. She was displeased being blocked by Jack. Jack put his body covering the exit. Princess Purple won't be able to pass through if she didn't use force, but no player here had enough strength to force Jack to move. Selena was outside looking at them, unsure of what to do.

"Team meeting. All team members stay first until we sort our shit up," Jack uttered.

Red Death and Yellow Death came over at this time. "What's wrong," Yellow Death asked.

"This prick doesn't allow us to leave," Princess Purple said.

"Team meeting!" Jack announced. "Now, all of us are here. Let's talk first."

"Move!" Yellow Death exclaimed. "Don't force me to make you."

"Give it a try," Jack didn't back down.

"What do you want to talk about?" Red Death asked.

"We almost lose the last time because we all do our own shit," Jack replied. "We can't let the opponents exploit this by taking us out one by one again. We might not be as lucky as the last time."

"So, what do you propose? You want us to listen to you?" Yellow Death laughed.

"I would rather be dead!" Princess Purple hissed.

"You two are truly hopeless," Jack said. "I know you won't listen to me, but we still need a leader to work effectively as a team. So I propose Red Death to be our leader. Everyone has to listen to her commands!"

"Me?" Red Death uttered with surprise.

Giant Steve, Princess Purple, and Yellow Death were taken aback by Jack's words as well.

"Anyone has a problem with this arrangement?" Jack asked. He then added, "The result of this tournament has bigger consequences to this world than you people imagine. We need to win this team match so we can help. I implore you to put aside our differences and work together."

Jack made a slight bow at them. It was just a slight bow, but with how haughty Jack had been to them, they were even more startled by this action compared to when he proposed Red Death to be the team leader.

Silence reigned for a few seconds before Red Death asked Jack, "You will listen to my commands?"

"If it helps us win the match," Jack replied. "Anyone else?"

"I have no problem," Giant Steve said.

Princess Purple didn't say her agreement, but she didn't state any objection as well, so it was safe to assume she was on board.

"No," They heard Yellow Death. Everyone turned to him. "I don't take orders from anyone other than our guild leaders, White Death and Black Death. I do my own things. You guys are free to do what you—ack!"

Yellow Death didn't manage to finish his sentence because Jack's hand had grabbed his throat and slammed him down on the floor. Everyone was again stunned by Jack's sudden violence. This guy had repeatedly done unexpected things within these short few minutes.

While still holding Yellow Death down, Jack said to him, "If you don't mind losing, then you don't mind me killing you and sending you out of this place. Probably they will allow us to select one of the other humans from the individual match as a replacement. Even if it is not, it is still better to fight with four members that work together rather than having one member who mucks everything up. What do you say? Should we go down this path?"

Chapter 693: The Final Matches Starts

After saying his piece, Jack kept holding Yellow Death's throat for a few more seconds before letting him go.

Yellow Death coughed a few times before giving Jack a death glare, fury and hatred were in his eyes. Jack had his Storm Breaker out at this time. Yellow Death could see that Jack was not kidding.

"Yellow, ditch your pride for just this one match," Red Death said. "If the team wins, you will get benefits as well. If you are not interested in winning, then just renounce your membership in this match. We can do this without you if that's what you prefer."

Yellow Death glanced at Red Death before standing up. He and Jack had another staring contest before he said to Red Death, "You become soft every time this guy is involved. People might question where your allegiance lies."

"What do you mean by that?" Red Death snapped at him.

"Nothing. Just my bias. All right, I will cooperate for this one match. Give the order all you like, I think I can stand these two hours of disgrace. Just don't give any order that put me anywhere near this guy."

"Same here," Jack said.

"Whatever. If you two are done measuring your d*cks, let's leave. We are late already. The first match might have started," Red Death said and walked out the exit.

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When they arrived, the match had not started. Callan was there. It seemed this divine priest was only present during the first and the last day of the tournament. He was currently giving a speech since today was the finals.

He was giving his gratitude to those who had participated in the matches. To not feel depressed for those who lost. That they had shown honor and bravery despite not winning and thus, were winners as well. He also offered encouragement to those that would compete today. To show candor and fighting spirit in the pursuit of glory.

Jack suddenly felt that they should have taken more time before coming here.

The others were already in the spectators' seats. Jack sat at his regular seat beside Paytowin and Domon.

"You ready for today?" Jack asked his grandfather.

"You asked the wrong question," Domon replied. "You should have asked, are you ready to win today?"

Jack nodded without giving further responses. He turned to Jeanny who was sitting in front of him. He tapped her shoulder and said, "Good luck."

Jeanny turned back and said, "You too."

David was sitting next to Jeanny. When Jeanny turned, he did so as well. Jack gave him a thumbs up, wishing him luck as well for today's match. He returned the thumbs up.

It took almost an hour before Callan ended his speech. 'God, this guy truly likes to speak,' Jack thought.

Jack was worried the guy was going to offer a prayer again for another hour. But thankfully, he gave the stage back to Pallas and walked to the spectators' seats.

"Thank you, your Holiness. That is very inspiring," Pallas said. "I'm pretty sure everyone felt motivated and wish that they could have listened more to your words."

'No, we are not,' Jack said within.

"Now, let us get to the match. The final day of this outworlder tournament will begin now! Contenders of the Knight section, come out!"

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Knight Section Final Match

Jeanny, level 46 Dragoon (human) Vs Arthur Bagrat, level 46 Avenger (draconian)

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Jeanny walked down to the arena as her opponent walked down from the draconian group. The two took their positions in the arena.

"I heard you are a student of Master Domon," Arthur said to Jeanny.

"I am," Jeanny replied.

"Hm... Good. I can't challenge that old monster but perhaps I can feel some excitement from challenging his student."

"I will try not to disappoint."

Jeanny readied her spear and took a fighting stance as Arthur lowered his stance and put his hand on his katana's hilt.

"Knight section final match, begin!" Pallas uttered.

Jeanny had seen Arthur's last opponent try using range attacks to distract him before executing a killing move, but it didn't work. So Jeanny didn't bother using them. She approached slowly as she paid attention to Arthur's hand that rested on his katana's hilt. She knew that his opponent's iaido was very fast. But if she could dodge it, then perhaps that would open an opportunity for her to gain control of the match.

She stepped forward slowly. Each step felt as if weighted by a heavy burden. Arthur never moved a muscle, but with every step she closed in, she felt the pressure building up. The katana Arthur was holding appeared as if a guillotine that was ready to chop her neck. She knew then what it meant to face a true master in real combat.

She gripped her spear tightly, trying to dispel the fog that had clouded her heart and resummoned her courage and determination. She thrust her spear, attempting to start her spear art, Seven Spears Assaulting Heaven.

Yet, her spear was stopped midway before stabbing. She had been too focused on Arthur's hand that was still resting on his katana that she didn't notice Arthur's foot, which had come up and stopped her spear shaft.

At the same time, Arthur's body moved higher. The guy was practically stepping on top of Jeanny's spear which was in mid-thrust. His Katana was released from its scabbard at this moment. The act of him pulling his katana and slashing was almost impossible to notice. All Jeanny was aware of was a flash of light. She then felt cold around her neck.

What the spectators saw at that moment was Arthur performing iaido under a circus-like condition of standing atop a spear. His katana sliced cleanly through Jeanny's neck, resulting in a critical hit.

Iaido that was fueled by mana manipulation and boosted by critical damage. Despite Jeanny's high HP and high defense, it still couldn't save her. Jeanny lost all strength on her body as she slipped down to the floor.

"What the...! This was even briefer than that samurai's first match. It takes only one hit this time," Paytowin uttered.

Many of the spectators were also flabbergasted. This was a final match, for crying out loud. They expected an intense fight. Yet, it was amongst the shortest matches in this tournament. There were now two matches where the winner finished the match with just one hit.

They were confused. Was the difference so vast? Was Jeanny too weak? Not possible, she had won her fight brilliantly in her matches. No one would say that she was not an expert.

While many of the spectators were having trouble making sense of the match just now, other experts didn't find it as confounding. They didn't consider Jeanny as far weaker as well. It was simply a matter of mastery. Arthur's maintained a solid grasp on the situation while Jeanny had been rattled by Arthur's pressure even before she sent her first attack.

"Hm... That old sword maniac is getting a little bit too serious in this fight against a junior," Domon commented. "But that just meant that he acknowledged Jeanny as a true adversary. She shouldn't feel bad about this loss."

"I don't think she is," Jack said.

Jeanny had been revived back. She clasped her hands at Arthur and said, "Thank you for your guidance."

Arthur returned her gesture, "You are a good spearwoman, I can feel it from your thrust. Practice your spear more. I believe there will come a day where you will return this loss to me."

"Knight section champion, Arthur Bagrat of the Draconian race!" Pallas announced. The first champion of the tournament had been decided.

"Please take your seat. The championship ceremony will be held once all the champions were decided," Pallas said.

Arthur and Jeanny went back to the spectators' seats. In Arthur's case, he didn't go back to the draconian's group. Instead, he went to the dwarf's group and sat beside Jet. The two seemed to be chatting.

"Too bad," David said to Jeanny when she came back. The guy proceeded to give a few consolation words to her.

Huh? Wasn't this David a bit too friendly to Jeanny? What's going on between the two? Jack wondered.

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Warrior Section Final Match

Spring Crown, level 47 Weapon Master (vampire) Vs Domon Fei, level 46 Weapon Master (human)

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"Okay, it's my turn to become the champion," Domon uttered as he slapped his thigh before standing up. "Can't let that old geezer looks down on me just because he becomes a champion while I'm not."

"Good luck!" Jack said.

"Don't need it," Domon replied.

"Your grandfather is pretty confident," Paytowin said as Domon walked down to the arena below.

"Yeah. Don't worry. No way my gramps loses," Jack said. "Spring Crown might be the number one gamer, but my gramps is the number one martial artist."

The two number one character faced each other in the arena. Spring Crown wore his trademark smile and Domon simply displayed a flat expression. Both exhibited confidence.

"I heard you are called the number one gamer in the world?" Domon asked.

"Ah... I never really like that title. Too much pressure you know," Spring Crown replied. "I am just a guy who enjoyed gaming a bit too much, that's all. I will never compare to someone with real accomplishments like you, master Domon."

"You know me?"

"Anyone who truly dabbles in martial arts will know your name, even if not your face."

Domon nodded. "Enough chat. Let's fight."

"Let's."

Chapter 694: Reading

Pallas declared the final match of the warrior section to begin. Both Domon and Spring Crown brandished their weapons and took ready stances.

Spring Crown's mouth still carried that smile. Most would think he took this fight lightly, but those with better perceptions could see that his eyes were fully focused. Those eyes were not from someone who was frivolous. The intensity of their gazes even caused the audience to feel intense before the two even moved.

Then Domon's right foot shifted a bit.

As if dodging a fatal blow, Spring Crown's body sprang to the left and stopped a distance away.

The two were still again and back to eyeing each other for a while.

Domon's left shoulder slumped a bit. Spring Crown took two steps back.

"... You can read me?" Domon asked.

"I won't dare to claim that," Spring Crown answered. "But I do study you for a long while, so I dare say I'm a bit familiar with your style."

"Study me?"

"You are Domon. One who is called the best martial artist still alive in our generation. The legend who holds the world championship title for ten years straight with an undefeated record. You are the best material to study. I watched a lot of your videos when I was learning martial arts."

"Then you must be one very hard-working student to dig through those old archives for a study. Who is your martial art teacher?"

"I have none."

"Self-taught...?"

"I did. I studied from watching the videos of a lot of practitioners. Took what I think suited me and practiced on my own. In a way, you can be considered my teacher."

"Then I'm flattered to have such a talented secret student. Now, allow me to give you direct teaching," Domon said and took a big step forward.

Spring Crown slid to the right with his body bent low. Domon shifted to the left, Spring Crown responded by side-rolling. Domon bent his body down, Spring Crown swayed to the back. Domon jumped forward, Spring Crown made a large jump to the side and rolled on the ground.

The fight continued in this way. No attack was performed. The two just moved around systematically. One moved, the other responded. In a way, it looked like a dance. Most felt as if they were back to seeing match three of the warrior section between Boastful and Surewin, where the two teased one another with their weird dance. But at least then, there were still some swings of the weapons, albeit fake attacks. This time, the weapons were never lifted.

Some people started booing, which was immediately silenced when Pallas glared back at them.

These people felt strange. Pallas was visibly upset when Boastful and Surewin did their dance. Why was he not this time?

Those that were experienced in martial arts, on the other hand, didn't think that Domon and Spring Crown were doing a choreographed dance. Instead, this was a high-level reading and reaction. They might not be physically clashing yet, but they had been clashing numerous times in their minds. Each attacking attempt was canceled as the opponent had moved away from the strike zone.

"It's impressive that boy can read Domon till that level, but he can't be thinking of doing this indefinitely, right?" Jet said from the spectators' seats.

"He is waiting for Domon to make a mistake before he strikes," Arthur commented.

"He will have to wait a long time for that," Jet said. "It is more likely that he makes a mistake first before Domon."

"His expression showed that he is a very patient man. He is also very disciplined and controlled. I think he can do this for as long as he wants to."

In the human group, Paytowin was also wondering like the rest of the unenlightened crowd, what was going on with this match? Jack explained to him that Spring Crown had responded to Domon's every attacking attempt before Domon carried out the attacks.

"No wonder he is called the number one gamer," Jack said. "His calculating ability might have helped him with game mechanics, but it is that reading ability of his that makes him able to perceive all kinds of skills and spells with uncanny accuracy and speed."

After several minutes of non-stop moving between the two without any physical contact, Domon finally lifted his glaive in a thrusting motion. Spring Crown had sprung away at the time and was lifting his blue spear to finally attack as well. But he suddenly stopped mid-way and jumped back.

Domon stopped and stared at Spring Crown. There was admiration in his eyes.

"You are one crafty old man," Spring Crown said. "I almost fall for that."

"Hahaha! It has been some time since I felt this excited. I must say, you are truly deserving of the name number one," Domon uttered. "All right. Since it is this way, then let's not drag this any further. You are waiting for your chances, right? I will give them to you. Let's see if you can utilize those chances to defeat me or I overpower you with my arts."

Domon's body started spinning as he used Death Carrying Cyclone.

Spring Crown had expected the move and had taken a low posture as he slid forward. His spear had changed to a pair of fist weapons. He was ready to strike when he noticed Domon's wrist twisted.

The glaive on that hand suddenly spun back to where Spring Crown was. He backstepped just as the glaive's blade came slicing. It didn't stop. It spun and spun and continued to come for him. Spring Crown could only continue to backstep.

"Soul Pursuit Hurricane, your spinning polearm technique that gives non-stop assault," Spring Crown uttered as his fist weapons changed to a spear on his right and a sword on his left.

Domon's glaive spinning had turned into several afterimages within the hurricane. Three real attacks came to Spring Crown within the hurricane.

Spring Crown struck using his spear and sword to block the two attacks while a translucent spear-like being materialized beside him and blocked the third one. He still received damage from the two attacks he had blocked directly but this block stopped Domon's art. Spring Crown jumped away during the pause.

"So, this is what's called mana manipulation? Impressive," Spring Crown said. Domon's attack was just standard attacks but it was still damaging enough to give him some splash damages even after he blocked using his attacks.

"Wong never taught you?" Domon asked.

"We rarely talk to one another outside of work," Spring Crown replied.

"So dull. How about you jump ship and I will be glad to teach a talented person like you."

"Would love to. However, I can't at the moment."

"Too bad. Watch my glaive!" Domon uttered as he performed One Word Thrust.

A straight ray of light shot out as his glaive was thrust. Spring Crown had already ducked the instant he saw Domon's shoulder move. He had stored his sword and was currently thrusting his spear from a low position targeting Domon's open armpit. The translucent spear-like being, which was his Spirit Weapon thrust from a different angle as well.

Those thrusts never hit. Two shadows swept both the spear and the spirit weapon away as their tips were about to hit. Subsequent shadows followed as they headed to Spring Crown. Spring Crown had no choice but to jump away again.

"Shadowless kicks, truly difficult to read those," Spring Crown uttered.

"Haha, more will come!" Domon said and used One Word Slash.

Spring Crown saw Domon's opening move and jumped up, effectively dodging the slash. He then did a double attack using his spear and spirit weapon. Domon's head swayed to the side evading the spear attack while his palms created eight after images. One of these Eight Gates Illusory Palms hit the spirit weapon while the others went to Spring Crown.

Spring Crown took out an axe, a large-headed two-bladed axe. He used its blade's large surface as a makeshift shield to block the palms. The impact force still threw him away. He skidded a few meters before stopping.

"You are right. Even when you allow me those chances, I still can't hit you," Spring Crown said with a laugh. His spear started glowing with Ki Weapon.

Domon followed suit. He also used his Ki Weapon and called out Spirit Weapon. A glaive-like translucent being appeared beside him. He then attacked again.

Domon was superior in direct clashes while in terms of spirit weapon's control, he lost by a mile. In fact, he didn't even attempt any control over his spirit weapon. The illusory glaive just attacked automatically whenever Spring Crown came near. Spring Crown's spirit weapon was different. He asserted absolute control on it to synchronize with his every strike. He also changed weapons every now and then, utilizing the damage boost it provided to keep up with Domon's mana manipulation-fueled attacks.

Even so, Spring Crown was clearly at a disadvantage, he continued to retreat, avoiding a direct clash with Domon. He ended up being cornered to the edge of the arena. His back bumped against the transparent wall. Domon headed in for the kill strike.

Yet, as Domon slashed, Spring Crown's body vanished. Domon knew from his mana sense that Spring Crown had teleported to behind him. His body immediately spun. He slashed to his back just as Spring Crown appeared and slashed as well.

"Flash Slash!" Jack identified the skill. It was the one that was similar to his Flash Step.

As Domon and Spring Crown's weapons hit each other. Domon's glaive was forcefully torn from his grip and was thrown away.

"Impossible!" Jack uttered. No way his grandfather lost his grip on his weapon.

"That is Disarm skill," Peniel said. "It's a very rare non-standard elite skill that can be learned by warrior's branch classes."

Chapter 695: Mana Manipulation on Game Skill

Domon was also stunned by the sudden disarm of his weapon. He was certain that his grip was solid. His shock only lasted a moment before his mind went into his storage bag to search for a substitute weapon, but that one moment was all it needed for his opponent to attack.

"Sorry, master Domon, the winner will be me," Spring Crown uttered as his spirit weapon transformed into a giant energy spear above him. It then stabbed towards Domon.

Spring Crown had lured Domon to the edge before using his Disarm skill. With Domon's back against the transparent arena wall, there was nowhere for the old grandmaster to dodge. Seeing the incoming giant energy spear, Domon placed his two palms to his front facing the energy spear.

Everyone was flabbergasted. Was the old weapon master scared out of his mind that he put his arm up like that to defend against the attack? It won't be of any use as he needed a weapon to count the block as a parry. A weapon master was powerless without their weapons.

Any other person would have run out of ideas at this stage, but not Domon. He was a master of any fighting styles, including unarmed. His two palms started shining as the air around those palms started to revolve. It was as if he was holding a circular flat disk made of air in front of him that spun at high speed.

Everyone was shocked by the display, including all the martial art masters in the spectators' seats.

"That's...!" Wong was visibly unsettled seeing the move that Domon used.

"What is that?" Arthur asked.

"No way... He has finally mastered it?" Jet uttered.

"What move is that?" Paytowin asked Jack.

"No idea. Have never seen gramps use that before," Jack answered.

Spring Crown was similarly surprised by his opponent's move, but it didn't hinder the advance of his giant energy spear. The energy spear crashed into Domon's spinning disk with a loud bang. Bright light flared from the collision as the wind from the impact threw Spring Crown away. He fell to the ground several meters away.

The bright light slowly settled, leaving dust in the air. Everyone could see the arena again. Spring Crown was getting up from the ground but he suddenly put his spear to his front. Soft light covered the spear just as a wave of energy rushed out of the dust towards him. His spear shone brightly after.

"Absorb energy?" Jack said after seeing it. It's the skill Spring Crown had used to defeat Handsome Joe in the previous match.

Domon rushed out from the receding dust. His HP bar indicated that he only had twenty percent of his life left.

Spring Crown was astonished. That energy spear skill he used was a rare skill that dealt very high damage. It should have been able to kill a normal Weapon Master three times over with one hit. What move did Domon use just now to reduce its damage? Was it a game skill? It was too spectacular to be a martial art.

Despite his curiosity, Spring Crown couldn't afford to let his mind wander. The fight was still ongoing. Domon had come at him in a straight path. The old martial artist only had a little life left. One hit with his enhanced spear was all he needed.

Spring Crown used Ki Strike. The blast this skill created covered a fan-shaped area before him. A small dodge won't be enough to evade the blast and Domon was too close to do a big jump already.

However, Domon didn't show any attempt of dodging. He lifted his weapon, which was a halberd now. His Ki Weapon was still active and the light that covered it was especially long and fiery.

Spring Crown noticed that was not a normal Ki Weapon effect. However, it was too late to cancel his attack already. He bet everything with this strike. His spear was already enhanced by his opponent's ki wave, so his damage should be higher. If both of them strike, his attack would be superior.

Domon also executed Ki Strike. Two blasts of energy hit one another.

The blast unleashed from Spring Crown's spear was larger than a normal Ki Strike. This was due to the enhancement from the Absorb Energy skill. Yet, the blast from Domon's Ki Strike was even larger. Spring Crown was shocked. It didn't make sense. Not only was Domon's Ki Blast larger, but it was also denser and of a different color. Normal Ki Strike produced a light blue energy blast, while Domon's current one was darker blue and close to purple.

Domon's Ki Strike completely devoured Spring Crown's and it proceeded to engulf the younger weapon master.

When the dust settled, Spring Crown's body was lying on the floor with zero HP.

"YES!" Jack jumped up from his seat and exclaimed after seeing the result. "That was tense! I thought for a second that old man will lose when he dropped his glaive."

Paytowin gave Jack a side-eye. Who was it that said no way his gramps would lose?

The rest of the human team also clapped and cheered. Prince Alonzo's face was beaming with satisfaction. He had one champion already from his team. Prince Rhemos was clapping and smiling as well, but his smile was very stiff and fake.

"What is that skill Spring Crown used that create the giant energy spear?" Jack asked Peniel while still clapping.

"That skill is Energy Weapon," Peniel answered. "A non-standard Weapon Master's skill. It can only be used when the Spirit Weapon is still active. It sacrifices the spirit weapon and turns it into a massive attack that deals very high damage. Under normal circumstances, your grandfather should have lost already. What did he do to block that skill?"

"Ain't George already asked me that? I don't know. We will ask my gramps once he returned," Jack said.

Spring Crown was revived to full health while Domon went and picked up his glaive. When everyone expected Spring Crown to be scowling, he strangely still wore that light smile of him. As if nothing bad had happened.

"Ah... What a pity," he said.

"You don't seem too bothered with this loss," Domon said.

"What do you mean? This is my face when I am bothered."

"It's the same as before."

"Is it? Ahaha, probably it has become too stiff that I can't change the expression."

"You are weird. Aren't you three here to get an item for that Master of yours?"

"We are, but everyone should have seen that I've tried my best, right? So, no one can blame me even if I fail."

"Why do you help that Master? You don't seem like a bad person," Domon asked.

"Thank you!" Spring Crown replied with a laugh. "But if I tell you, I'm afraid you will laugh at me."

"Try me. I can use a little laugh."

"Well, he came to me and told me that he could turn the world into a real game world. He offered me a place in his kingdom if I help him become a God in this world. I laughed at him, thinking everything is a joke. I said to him if he really can do that, I won't mind helping him. Imagine my surprise when the world truly turned."

"Just because of that?"

"I gave him my word, didn't I? What is a man if not his words? Are you going to laugh now?"

"No. No, I won't," Domon said. "But are you going to just shut your eyes and let him enslave this world?"

"My promise is to help him become a God. I didn't say anything about after. Once he becomes one, then I will bring him down."

"If he becomes one. Do you think you still have a chance?"

"Even though if he became a God, it is a God based on this game system, not a real one. One thing I love about games is that you can always find a way to win, even against cheaters as long as you are determined enough. Taking down a fake God, now isn't that an exciting challenge for a number one gamer?"

"Hahaha. I thought you didn't like that title?" Domon laughed.

"If it gets me paired with a number one martial artist like you, I don't mind. Hey, how about we take him down together when he becomes a God?" Spring Crown said.

"No, thanks. I will take him down before he becomes one, together with my grandson."

"That multi-class boy? Good luck. I'm looking forward to fighting him too."

"You will get the chance as long as you are still supporting that Master."

The spectators were amazed to see the two chatted like old friends after that fierce fight. Even Pallas didn't disturb them and let them chat in the arena.

When the two parted ways, Pallas said to Domon who walked by him, "That was an impressive application of mana manipulation. You have my respect." Callan also stood up and nodded at Domon as a sign of respect.

Domon replied by making a palm-fist salute to the two of them. The other was rather astonished to see the two mythical natives put this old man in such high regard.

Chapter 696: Old and Young Battle Monks

When Domon returned to his seat, before Jack could ask his question, Peniel had beaten him to it, "old man, did you use mana manipulation to alter your game skill in that match just now?"

"I think you are hanging out too much with my grandson that you catch his rude manners," Domon said. He then answered Peniel's question, "I did."

"Is it so impressive?" Paytowin asked.

"Did you not see the way your faction's bosses treated him after his display?" Jack said to him. He also understood the difficulty. He was already having trouble applying mana manipulation in a simple swing. What more of applying it onto skills.

"Mana manipulation to alter a game skill is the highest attainment for mana manipulation application," Peniel informed. "I told you two before that if you can alter your game skills with this technique, you will improve the skill's output by a great deal. But I never thought that you really can do it already."

"I tried it once when I was fighting the undead horde when I first join the guild. But at that time my level is too low, it gave my body too much burden," Domon said. "Now I can do it more often, though it still gave my body some stress when I apply it to game skills. As I said, I never really put any attention on game skills, but after losing to Jack in the selection tournament last time, I have started to practice using mana manipulation on game skills. As you see just now, I can already use it on Ki Weapon and Ki Strike back-to-back."

"So, that means I have helped you to win this match just now, eh?" Jack said.

Domon looked at Jack and said, "Nah. Even if I didn't use the Ki Strike, I can still wear him down with just my martial arts. He won't catch me the second time with that trick of his."

Jack shook his head. He then said, "Anyway, I never expect you to be so crafty with game skills. You have seen him use Absorb Energy skill, so you used your Ki Wave to make him use it, so he couldn't block your next mana manipulation-fueled Ki Strike using that skill."

"Yeah. It's a good thing I watched his match at that time. Otherwise, I would have caught off-guard again," Domon admitted.

While they were chatting, two people suddenly came by. It was Jet Hung and Arthur Bagrat.

"Move aside, Jack boy!" Jet uttered as he pushed Jack aside.

"What the...!" Jack was boggled as the two old dudes inserted themselves on the seats between him and Domon.

"You have mastered it?" Jet asked.

Domon replied with a grin. He knew what Jet was referring to.

"Don't be so smug about it," Jet uttered.

"What is that technique? It looks more like magic than a martial art," Arthur said.

"Yeah, one who doesn't know better will have thought that was this world's game skill," Jet said.

Jack caught on after hearing the two. He asked, "Hey, what are you two talking about? Is it that move my gramps used when he blocked the opponent's energy weapon?"

"Yeah," Jet nodded. "That is an ancient martial art our late teacher taught us. Yet, our teacher only knows its basic principles, he himself didn't truly learn it as well. It's called Iron Wall. It's a defensive art that is supposed to be able to block anything. But we never really successfully learned it. Well, at least that's what I thought until now."

"I have also just learned it recently. My mastery of that art is still heavily flawed. If I have mastered it to perfection, I wouldn't have lost a single HP from that attack just now," Domon said. "To tell you the truth, if we are still in our old world, I don't think I will ever be able to learn it. But this world's mana is very dense. The environment here makes it much easier to perform a technique that required a high degree of mana manipulation. You should also start re-practicing those arts that you have difficulty learning before in the real world. You might see the difference."

"I see... I will do that!" Jet uttered.

"Me too!" Arthur joined.

While they were talking, they didn't realize Leavemealone had gone down to the arena. Pallas had announced the third match of the day. The final match for the Rogue section.

*

Rogue Section Final Match

Wong, level 46 Battle Monk (orc) Vs Leavemealone, level 46 Battle Monk (vampire)

*

"Shit! We forgot to wish him luck," Jack said.

"He doesn't need it," Domon said. "He loses or wins, that is due to his capability."

"I disagree! Luck is part of our abilities. That's why we have a luck stat!" Jack declared.

"Shut up and watch the match!" Jet reprimanded.

While Pallas had given them the start sign, The two contestants still stood unmoving, Wong never laid his eyes on Leavemealone. Instead, he was looking at the spectators' seats, at Domon again. The Iron Wall art that Domon had displayed in the precious match far surpassed his Iron Shirt technique. It caused turmoil and dissatisfaction in his heart. He kept on lamenting why Domon had not chosen the Battle Monk class. He would have been able to battle Domon if so and wiped out this uneasiness in his heart.

"Your opponent is not him," Wong heard Leavemealone's voice.

Wong's eyes stayed on Domon for a while longer before turning his attention to Leavemealone.

"You are just a cub. You have no business standing before me," Wong said.

"We will see," Leavemealone said and decided to be the one to initiate the first move.

His fist started glowing as he activated Ki-infused Fist. His body moved forward and left afterimages in his wake. It was his Illusive Form skill which he had used before when fighting against Jack. Its many images combined with his unique footwork made it difficult for people to pinpoint his real self.

"Hmph! Empty trick. Didn't I already show that it is useless against me?" Wong said as Leavemealone approached, swaying left and right as his afterimages blurred together with his real self. "I'm disappointed. You are still just the same. I will finish you like the last time!"

Wong punched at Leavemealone's real self. It was as he said, this skill was useless against someone who had mastered mana sense like Wong. But as his fist flew forward, he found himself suddenly losing balance, he was sucked by a force that dragged him forward.

Leavemealone had used his family art, Cycle of Shade and Shadow, His left hand guided Wong's fist forward as his own body moved forward in a low stance, his right hand's elbow was currently aiming at Wong's ribcage.

"Hmph!" Wong harrumphed as he let his body move forward instead of fighting the tide Leavemealone had produced. His body shot forward. Leavemealone's elbow strike missed, but his bent arm immediately went and grabbed Wong's shirt that was passing by.

However, before Leavemealone could perform any throwing technique, Wong stomped and caused his large body to bump into Leavemealone. Leavemealone was the one getting unbalanced now. Wong's backhand punch came at this time.

When many spectators thought Wong would finish Leavemealone in the same manner as Windleg, the elven opponent who Wong defeated in the second day's match, Leavemealone made a backflip. His foot came kicking up at Wong's chin. This sudden kick forced Wong to retreat.

The two paused and eyed one another afterward.

"Hmph, perhaps you have improved a bit," Wong said. "But you are still not my match!"

Wong rushed out. He then met Wong head-on. Lightning-fast punches and kicks were exchanged rapidly. None hit. They attacked and dodged at the same time. The spectators who saw it couldn't help but be entranced by the display. No skill was used in the series of punches and kicks, yet every attack was noteworthy.

But in the end, Wong was still the more skillful in terms of unarmed combat. Wong finally landed a hit at Leavemealone's cheek, causing his movement to stop. A series of blows followed. As the follow-up blows landed, Leavemealone's skin turned dark and steely. He had activated Steel Body, which reduced the damage he received.

"Hah! These game skills won't save you!" Wong uttered. All throughout this tournament, Wong had never used a single game skill. He felt it beneath him to use them. He wanted to prove that he could be a champion without relying on one.

He clenched his fist, accumulating mana into that fist. He attempted to finish the match with this punch. As he delivered his punch, Leavemealone suddenly shifted position.

'Another game skill?' Wong thought. 'No, not skill,' Wong noticed.

What Leavemealone had done was reversing the effect of his martial art, Cycle of Shade and Shadow. Instead of using the force to redirect the opponent's assault, he used the force instead to redirect himself, shifting his position in an instant. This was something that he had experimented with after mastering the skill with Domon's help.

Chapter 697: Champion of the Rogue Section

Leavemealone who had now changed position to Wong's side, activated the Overlimit ability of his fist weapon. He then punched.

Despite the audience being awed by the spectacular display of his weapon's Overlimit state, the punch itself was nothing special. It was just a simple punch. The audience even felt like this punch was slower compared to the previous punches Leavemealone had thrown.

Yet, Wong who was the target knew otherwise. He could feel an application of mana manipulation in this punch. Additionally, he knew the Overlimit state would cause him high damage even for a simple punch. Leavemealone had used it before when Wong captured him.

He backstepped to move away. Yet, the fist didn't seem to become farther. Instead, it continued to approach. Wong increased his speed. The punch still advanced and their distances reduced at a steady pace. As if the punch adjusted its speed with his. As if there was a magnet keeping the fist close.

'What sorcery is this?' Wong uttered in his mind.

This was the one punch technique that Domon had taught Leavemealone in the last few days, called Fast Slow Illusive Fist. The practitioner must first create a connection with the opponent's mana before unleashing this punch. With the connection locked, the punch would act as if a homing missile, ensuring a guaranteed hit.

This technique required mana manipulation. Although Leavemealone was not yet proficient in this ability. His understanding of this field was better than Jack's. With non-stop practice the last few days, he could use it if only for this one punch.

Leavemealone had been building this connection from all the melee exchanges since the start of the match. This technique masked the connection and made it so subtle that even a grandmaster like Wong wasn't aware of it unless he purposefully concentrated his senses onto it.

This fist could only be used once. After the punch was unleashed, another connection needed to be built up if one was to use this martial art again. Leavemealone didn't think that Wong would fall for the same trick twice. Hence, Leavemealone knew this was his only chance.

The fist was finally too close, Wong couldn't dodge it anymore. He readied himself for a hit. Mana accumulated at the place where Leavemealone's fist would connect. The fist hovered just a hairbreadth from Wong's body but was unable to proceed.

The strong mana defense from the Iron Shirt then exploded, pushing Leavemealone's fist away. Yet, Leavemealone forcefully stopped his fist from retracting. It stopped a couple of inches away before the fist punched out again. This time, the fist struck Wong's body.

WHAM

The sound of the impact was too loud for a fist thrown from such close proximity.

"You are not the only one who knows One-Inch Punch!" Leavemealone uttered.

Domon had informed Leavemealone about the weakness of Iron Short. It was a very strong defensive technique, but it wasn't effective against repetitive hits. It was only good to repel one strong attack. Afterward, it would take time before the practitioner could accumulate mana for another defense again.

Wong was sent reeling back by the punch. Leavemealone had executed the One-Inch Punch in conjunction with his non-standard skill, Iron Punch, which increased damage. Additionally, his weapon was still in the Overlimit state. That one hit took out half of Wong's HP.

Leavemealone knew he needed to push while he had the momentum. His fists became countless as he used Infinite Lightning Punches.

Wong, who saw the incoming attack, gritted his teeth and planted his feet. His two fists opened into palms and also turned innumerable. Each palm slapped Leavemealone's fists and prevented them from hitting.

"Hundred Lightning Hands? That old fart does have many tricks up his sleeve," Jet uttered.

"Hm..." Domon muttered. Unfortunately, Leavemealone didn't possess high enough damage to finish Wong in one hit. However, if he could continue to push and keep Wong at a passive state, Domon thought Leavemealone should still have a chance.

Leavemealone's fists and Wong's palms continued to hit each other. Wong's Hundred Lightning Hands managed to keep every punch from hitting him as well as negated any splash damage.

Leavemealone glanced at his stamina. Every punch that he threw consumed a bit of his stamina. Sooner or later he would run out, but he couldn't stop. He could only bet everything with this assault.

Wong wasn't in the best situation either. His Hundred Lightning Hands required a great deal of effort. He couldn't keep using it indefinitely. He slowly felt fatigued creeping over.

The two were now having a battle of endurance. One was spending the game stat's stamina, while the other was spending the real world's one.

When Leavemealone's stamina was down to thirty percent, he noticed Wong's hand was starting to slow. He knew then that he would win this endurance contest.

Wong knew that as well. He clenched his teeth. "Damn you!" He yelled. His skin then turned dark and steely.

His Hundred Lightning Hands stopped as he retracted his two arms. Leavemealone's punches proceeded without hindrance after Wong canceled his Hundred Lightning Hands. They battered Wong's body.

Wong's HP was reduced, but they were dampened by the Steel Body skill. Unfortunately, Leavemealone's Overlimit state had ended. Otherwise, his punches should be able to penetrate Steel Body's defense. This Steel Body also helped Wong keep his body in balance. His two retracted arms punched out amongst Leavemealone's punches. His two fists came together in front of Leavemealone.

Leavemealone felt air compressed when the two fists came together. Before long, this compressed air exploded. The force was enough to make Leavemealone stop his Infinite Lightning Punches. His body also wavered as he received damage.

Before Leavemealone could rebalance himself, Wong's right fist opened into a claw. His fingers started glowing. The glow made his hand as if turning transparent and people could see the bones inside. The audience realized then that the glow came from these bones.

This claw went forward and struck Leavemealone's chest. Leavemealone felt like his bones cracked when the claw hit. Wong twisted his claw and Leavemealone felt as if his skin and flesh were being ripped apart. If this was the real world, those things he felt would have truly happened.

Huge damage appeared on his head, one that eclipsed his total HP. His body slumped down weakly under Wong's feet.

Wong had won.

"Champion of the Rogue section, Wong of the Orc race!" Pallas declared.

"Damn! That was close!" Jack uttered dejectedly. "What were those two martial arts he used to win? That claw thing looked damn impressive."

"The two fists that unbalanced your friend is Fist Cannon. While the claw art he used... Well, I'm surprised he knows that art," Jet answered.

"He is stronger than I first thought him to be," Domon said. Then to Jack, he said, "The claw move he used is called White Bone Claw. Another ancient martial art. It used chi to strengthen one's finger bones. The accumulated chi caused the glow on the bones and created the illusion of glowing bones. The claw strengthened by this art can easily shatter rocks. One with perfect mastery could even puncture a steel plate and tear it apart. It was a truly deadly art."

Leavemealone had been revived. It was not strange to see him wearing a depressed expression. Yet, the winner, Wong, was also scowling. Many wondered why the orc champion showed unsatisfied expression even after winning. Those with a better understanding of his personality knew that despite Wong having

won, he was angry because he had been forced to use a game skill. Not to mention he almost lost to someone he considered as a junior.

Wong stomped back to his seat, while Leavemealone walked back steadily. His face was sad but his eyes were determined. Jack could see that this loss only strengthened this man's resolve to become stronger.

Jack was glad that Leavemealone didn't lose his fighting spirit, but he was concerned about another thing. The next match would decide whether World Maker got the thing they came for.

The projection on the sky showed the next match.

*

Archer Section Final Match

Ronald Dreary, level 46 Gunner (ethereal) Vs David, level 46 Gunner (human)

*

David stood up as he prepared to go down to the arena.

"David, good luck!" Jack called out. "You have to win! We are all counting on you! Beat up that no-face show-off cowboy!"

David looked back and was rather confused. He was surprised that anyone supported him so much to win this tournament. Much less Jack, who he was not close to, by any means.

"Good luck," Jeanny also said to him.

David smiled and thanked the two. He then proceeded down to the arena. Ronald had already come down earlier and waited for his opponent in the arena.

When the two came face to face with one another, David asked, "After seeing your matches, I can't stop thinking. Can you by any means be the phantom gunslinger of the battlefield?"

Ronald grinned after hearing David's question. "Some people do call me that."

"I see...," David said. "I have a few comrades who died in the hands of this phantom gunslinger. You are a very difficult man to find on the field. It must be fate that you are here so I can avenge my comrades."

Ronald was still grinning. "Just a few? I can't remember anymore how many people I killed on the battlefield. Unfortunately, we can't truly die from being killed in this world. Very depressing world. I would have loved to send you to where your comrades are."

Chapter 698: Two Soldiers

"Begin!" Pallas declared.

David sprang to the side while a handgun and a dagger appeared in his hands. He took a low stance as he ran to make himself as small a target as possible. Even with that weird posture, he was still as fast as when he ran normally.

Ronald didn't just stand this time. He had seen David's match as well. He knew his opponent this time was a veteran who was used to a gunfight, it would be a blunder to treat this opponent the same as others. The second the match started, he had moved to the side and his two revolvers were out from their holsters

The two started shooting one another. This was the first match where they saw Ronald's shot miss. David had been making a very swift zig-zag movement while keeping low and advancing. All the time he shot his handgun at Ronald to keep Ronald on his toe, thus reducing Ronald's accuracy. But even so, a few bullets still grazed or hit David's non-fatal parts.

Ronald, on the other hand, wasn't struck by any bullets. He was also doing zig-zag movements but away, keeping a distance from David. It was clear from this exchange that in terms of a gunfight, Ronald was still the better shot.

Ronald used Rapid Shot with his two revolvers. His set weapon, the two revolvers, had the set ability called dual gun wield. It allowed his gunner's active skills to affect both weapons, as long as they were done at the same time. Five bullets were discharged from each revolver, totaling ten bullets were rushing to David.

They, however, hit a metallic hovering object that materialized in front of David.

It was David's Drone skill. His drone was different from a normal gunner's drone. It was much larger. It had a wide plate as part of its body. It hovered in front of David with its nose facing the floor, making it look like a floating shield. David stayed behind this drone for cover as he continued shooting.

Everyone understood that this modified drone was because David had used an evolve seed, giving it the ability to provide cover to its owner. The seed also gave his drone extremely high HP and defense, it also reduced all damage received. However, with its tip facing down like that, it could not shoot the enemy. So, it lost its attacking capability when it was utilized as a defensive cover.

With his drone cover, David was more confident as he was now advancing straight to Ronald. No more zig-zagging move. He continued to shoot at Ronald as he used his drone to block Ronald's bullets.

"Hahaha, not bad, soldier!" Ronald laughed.

Ronald also called out his drone and his Boom Hound. Ronald's drone was also slightly different from a normal drone. It was wider but thinner than a normal drone, making it look like a flying dish. Its metallic plate was also bright red, unlike the normal drone which was metallic bronze.

Seeing the Boom Hound, David stopped advancing and summoned his Barghest. He had already seen how Anotherday was afflicted by the hound's roar which disrupted Anotherday's ability to use skills. He stayed in his position and continued shooting behind his drone cover.

David's Barghest ran out and headed to the Boom Hound. The Boom Hound shot sonic bullets from its mouth, but the Barghest agilely dodged the bullet. When it came into range, its eyes glowed bright red. It had used its Charm Monster skill.

Yet, the Boom Hound shook it off. The skill had failed. They both were of the same grade and the Boom Hound also had natural resistance against influence skill, further lowering Charm Monster's success rate. It again shot sonic bullets towards the Barghest.

The Barghest suddenly vanished.

"Did it teleport?" Jack asked Peniel, but he didn't see the pet appear in any other places.

"The Barghest had invisibility ability," Peniel answered. "Its invisibility was different from the spell version. This Barghest won't turn visible even after touching or attacking an enemy. However, its duration is very short at twenty seconds."

The Barghest was nowhere to be seen but its rapid footsteps were heard as it rushed towards the Boom Hound.

The Boom Hound couldn't pinpoint the Barghest's location. Suddenly, its back received a clawing and a damage number appeared. It growled in pain and started moving as well, but it was difficult to avoid an opponent that couldn't be seen. It received another claw to its side.

But this second time when it was hit, it uttered a high-pitched roar that radiated shockwave. It was the same roar that had incapacitated Anotherday.

The Barghest's lost its invisibility after that. The roar had afflicted it with the Cursed effect, which caused the target to be unable to use skill or spell for a short duration and reduce the healing received.

Yet, the affliction didn't reduce its fierceness. The Barghest was still charging at the Boom Hound while baring its teeth and claws. The Boom Hound didn't back down. With its opponent now visible, it could attack as well.

Both pets were very fast. They two clashed with one another with speed almost invisible to naked eyes.

David had never stopped shooting from behind his drone cover. Ronald had been constantly moving to dodge David's bullet while he and his Drone shot at David as well, but it was difficult hitting David with the protection of the shield drone.

Once David noticed the Boom Hound had used its incapacitating roar, he continued his advance. He believed in terms of close combat, he should be superior compared to Ronald. But as he got near, Ronald's drone started flaring. Seeing the sign, David immediately ducked and took full cover behind his shield drone.

Ronald's drone shot a stream of high-density flame. David's drone received continuous damage from the flame. After all the punishments, David's shield drone's HP had gone down to around sixty percent.

Ronald took the chance when David was hiding to shoot a few bullets at David's Barghest, helping his Boom Hound get the upper hand. The flamethrowing from Ronald's drone didn't last indefinitely. After it ended, David rose and returned to shooting again. Facing the incoming shots, Ronald also returned to moving around and shooting back at David.

When David reached sufficient distance, he used his Throw Grenade skill. Yet, as soon as the grenade left David's hand, Ronald's bullet came and hit the grenade. It exploded in the air.

"F*ck!" David cursed. He was hoping the grenade could give him an opening to rush into a melee range.

In retaliation, Ronald's grenade came. David was going to return the favor and shoot at the grenade mid-flight, but his head was suddenly assailed by a massive headache. Ronald had used his race skill, Mind Blast.

With that disruption, David couldn't make an accurate shot. He hurriedly ducked back to his shield drone's cover. The grenade exploded but he was unharmed. The unusual smoke from Ronald's grenade covered David. He hurriedly moved sideways to go out of the smoke's coverage while continuing to face Ronald's direction.

At this time, David heard some murmurs from the audience. 'Did something happen?' He thought.

He couldn't let the noise distract him. He needed to focus on his opponent. He came out from the smoke while still having his shield drone covering him, he prepared to shoot. He had cornered his opponent close to the arena's edge. A little bit more and he should be able to dash over and finished this phantom gunslinger in close-quarter combat.

Yet, when he aimed. Ronald was not there.

"What?! Where..."

BANG! BANG!

He felt two impacts on the side of his head. Critical damage appeared accompanied by a sharp pain in the head. He bore the pain and turned in the direction from where the bullet came from and was shocked to see Ronald standing atop his hovering drone. Its wide and flat dish-like surface gave a stable foothold for Ronald to stand on.

The drone brought the gunslinger up high and at an angle where David was not covered by his drone shield. Ronald's two revolvers were aiming at David.

David hurriedly shifted position to place his Shield drone in front of him again. Ronald's revolvers flared. From its sound, Ronald had used the Rapid Shoot again.

David's drone shield was not yet perfectly placed to face Ronald's direction, but it was enough to provide partial cover. Yet, in that instant, David noticed the direction Ronald was aiming at. It was not directed at him. The aim had been slightly to the side of his shield drone.

Upon that realization, he heard repetitive impact sounds from his side. At the same time, he felt bullets hitting his body that was facing that side.

"Im—Impossi..." David didn't finish his words as these last few hits took out his remaining HP.

Ronald had used the five bullets from his left revolver to shoot the five bullets from his right revolver. The ten bullets hit each other beside David and the resulting ricochets caused five bullets to change directions and hit David from the side.

Many didn't understand what had happened, but those with good eyesight saw what had happened. Jack who had Dragon Eye ability was one of them.

"Damn... Is that kind of accuracy even possible?" Jack muttered.

Actually, if it was still in the real world, Ronald wouldn't have been able to do such a trick. But here, he had gained a skill that slowed down his reaction time for a short period. A skill called Focus Sight. It was similar to Jack's Dragon Eye skill. The Focus Sight slowed down perceived time to 1000% of normal, which was twice that of Dragon Eye, but lasted shorter at only three seconds.

But even with the ability to slow down time, no shooter would still be able to do what Ronald did.

"Champion of the Archer section, Ronald Dready of the Ethereal race!" Pallas announced.

With this, it was certain that Master would get the Draconic Suppression Crystal.

Chapter 699: The End of the Individual Matches

David was revived. He glanced at Ronald who was looking back at him with a grin. David's expression was flat, but the glint in his eyes belied his calm expression.

"See you on the battlefield," David said.

"Can't wait," Ronald replied.

The two then left the arena.

When David sat back beside Jeanny, Jeanny offered her condolence. Before David could reply, he heard someone sitting on his other side. He turned and found Jack beside him.

"That's really too bad, mate. Sigh... Truly wish you could have won," Jack said.

David was bewildered, why was this guy acting so friendly? Jack was cheering for him so passionately before and was now lamenting his loss. He didn't remember to have built any good relationship with this guy to warrant such support. Little did he know that what Jack lamented was the World Maker getting what they had come for.

"By the way, I can't help but notice. It seemed you know that cowboy guy?" Jack asked.

"I've never met him before, but his reputation precedes him. Several of my comrades had the misfortune of encountering him during some operations," David answered.

"He is a soldier as well?" Jack asked, he knew David used to be one.

"A mercenary, who had no qualm of doing questionable acts for the highest bidder. He was known better by his title, the phantom gunslinger of the battlefield."

"Wow. That is some title," Jack remarked.

"He didn't give the title himself. His victims did. Every unit that encountered him was mostly wiped out. However, he always left one victim alive, albeit wounded. He did it intentionally so this surviving one could bring his tale back to the base. He always acted alone, came abruptly on the battlefield, finished his massacre in a short time before disappearing, and his weapons were always revolvers. That's how he earned his nickname."

"Hm... I can see why Master looked for the service of such a person," Jack said.

"Master?"

"It's the boss of the guild he is in. You used inspect on him, right? The World Maker. Our guild is an enemy of his."

"I see..."

"Which makes us allies. We should work together to beat them!"

David rolled his eyes at Jack. "Are you trying to swindle me into giving you a discount on a mission against that guild? Don't try it. We are also mercenaries now. You still have to pay the fee in full if you want our service."

'Uh... I was expecting you to do it for free, not just a discount,' Jack thought within.

David sighed, "If only my boss know this phantom gunslinger is here, he will be the one that comes here instead of me. He lost a dear partner to that man. He had been searching for this phantom for a long time."

"Your boss? The leader of Dogs of War?" Jack asked.

David nodded.

"Why didn't he?" Jack asked again.

"He has no interest in such a competition. He lived on the battlefield. Unless it is a mission that involved real conflict, he won't join. If he had come, I believe he should have been able to be the champion instead."

"Snake Boss is that good?" Jeanny asked.

"He thought me everything I know," David replied.

"Snake Boss?" Jack asked.

"That's the alias of my leader," David answered.

"If he calls himself Snake Boss, why did he not name his guild Snakes of War instead? He should be a Dog Boss if so," Jack said.

"It's his right to give his guild whatever name he likes. What does it have to do with you?" Jeanny uttered.

'Uh... did Jeanny just reprimand me and defend David?' Jack thought within.

While they talked, Pallas had called out the next combatant. It was the last of the individual matches.

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Mage Section Final Match

Selena, level 46 Elementalist (human) Vs Blackhole, level 46 Elementalist (ethereal)

*

Jack couldn't help but be amused. Aside from the first Knight section, all the other sections of the final matches were fought by players of the same classes. Weapon masters, Battle Monks, Gunners, and this last one was Elementalist against Elementalist. If he didn't know any better, he would think the whole thing was staged.

The two elementalists stood opposite one another with their long staffs ready. Selena was holding a long metal staff with a large ruby adorning its tip, while Blackhole's long staff was of wooden material. The head of Blackhole's staff was a sculpture of some kind of bird with six wings. Its wings wrapped around a scarlet-color rock.

The two didn't utter anything to each other. Once Pallas yelled begin, both took action by forming spell formation. Selena had seen how focused Blackhole's concentration was, it would be a waste of time firing basic spells at him. This match was seemingly back to the first mage match where both sides compete on completing spells right from the start.

The two's speed was almost equal, runes formed one after another. As more runes appeared, Selena seemed to be the faster spellcaster. However, Selena noticed something troubling. The spell that Blackhole was casting had runes that Selena was unfamiliar with, meaning it was a non-standard spell. The runes were also more complicated, which could explain why Blackhole took a longer time to cast compared to her.

There was no point to wonder, she was already casting, all she could do was complete her spell as fast as possible and hoped that it disrupted his opponent's casting.

Her spell formation with four runes was completed and the spell cast. Ice Field hit Blackhole with him at the center. Blackhole completely ignored it. He suffered ice damage and was slowed, but his spell casting was not hindered.

Selena felt somber. If only her opponent was frozen...

She was not given the time to think too much. Blackhole's spell formation already had four runes and was now in the middle of forming its fifth rune. Selena immediately cast a one-rune spell for protection, Barrier.

When her Barrier formed, Blackhole also completed his spell. Four lightning rods fell from the sky and landed around her. These lightning rods then created electric fences, trapping Selena within.

"It's Lightning Cage spell," Peniel informed Jack.

This Lightning Cage was not large, Selena could not move much inside. After limiting Selena's movement, Blackhole cast another spell. The spell was again containing runes that Selena was not familiar with.

Selena decided to not hold back anymore. She was also casting her non-standard spell as well. She regretted not having done it from the start. This was already the final, there was no point in keeping trump cards hidden anymore. Her opponent was more decisive in this regard.

The two were of similar speed this time, both completed five-runes spells at the same time.

Uncountable fire dust appeared around Blackhole. This dust caused a small explosion when they touched Blackhole's body. Explosions after explosions occurred, draining Blackhole's HP.

On Selena's side. Some cloud appeared in the sky which was supposed to be void, this cloud crackled and thunder was heard. A runic symbol appeared on the ground under Selena's feet. She knew she was supposed to flee the area covered by this symbol. The symbol was not large, even with her slow movement speed, she could escape the area. However, around her was the lightning cage.

Abruptly, a thick column of lightning came down, striking the area marked by the symbol. Selena's figure was completely engulfed by this lightning column.

Jack recognized this spell. It was similar to the one Garland had used when fighting the High Lich, albeit Garland's lightning strike was much thicker.

When the lightning strike ended, Selena's barrier was no more. Her HP was also already critical. If she didn't have the barrier, she would have been one-shot by this Lightning Strike spell.

Blackhole, in the meantime, was already casting another spell once he cast the Lightning Strike. The flame dust around him kept on detonating and reducing his HP. His HP was less than half already, but he acted as if none of the hits bothered him. His casting was as fast as normal.

He completed his spell and a fireball was shot. Selena was still trapped by the lightning cage. It was also too late for her to cast a fireball to counteract Blackhole's one. She had been paralyzed after the lightning strike. When she came out of the paralyzation, Blackhole's Fireball spell was already almost completed. All she could do was putting a magic shield in front of her.

Yet, this basic spell was not enough to protect her completely from the Fireball spell. Her magic shield shattered and the splash damage hit her, consuming her remaining HP.

Blackhole won the match.

Pallas announced the outcome of the match with Blackhole as the champion for the mage section. Now, all individual matches had their champions.

Selena was revived. She was gloomy. She felt it was such a pity. She couldn't help herself to say it out loud. "You are very lucky to not get frozen from the Ice Field spell," she said to Blackhole.

Blackhole turned to her with a cold expression. He then lifted his amulet and said, "luck has nothing to do with it. This amulet protects me from frozen and paralyzation status."

Chapter 700: Final Team Match

They had the usual twenty minutes break before the start of the team match. Jack again lingered around the table to enjoy refreshments. He saw the orc team was never down here. They never came for the refreshments. Jack looked at them at the spectators' seats. They didn't look nervous, though. Jack guessed that they probably were not into this kind of relaxation. The whole members of that team looked very disciplined.

Jack felt a tap from behind. Grace was there with Paytowin.

"Next will be your final, are you feeling confident?" Grace asked.

"Naturally," Jack replied.

"Have you worked things up with your team?" Paytowin asked.

"Um... I guess," Jack answered.

"Well, in any way, good luck!" Grace raised her fist, joined by Paytowin.

The three fist-bumped.

"Have you talked to Myson about letting us enter the ancient battleground one last time after the tournament?" Jack asked.

"Actually, he said there will be a special event after the tournament," Paytowin answered. "But he said we will be allowed to use it one more time before you leave."

"That's good," Jack said and then asked, "What kind of special event was he talking about?"

"I don't know. He didn't elaborate," Paytowin replied.

"Probably the prize-giving ceremony for the winners of this tournament," Grace offered her opinion.

"I think so," Paytowin agreed.

The three chatted some more. But before the break session ended, Jack found the time to go and talk to Anotherday about something.

Soon, everyone was back in the spectators' seats while the members of the human team and the orc team gathered in the arena.

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Team Section Final Match: Human Vs Orc

Human Team

Giant Steve, level 46 Sentinel

Storm Wind, level 43 Blade Dancer

Red Death, level 46 Assassin

Yellow Death, level 46 Gunner

Princess Purple, level 46 Priest

Vs

Orc Team

Violent Blizzard, level 46 Avenger

Four Winds, level 46 Berserker

Disco Rain, level 46 Assassin

Water Lily, level 46 Elementalist

Purple Mist, level 46 Priest

*

"This will be the final match of this outworlder tournament," Pallas uttered. "The two of you stand at the pinnacle of the moment, but only one will remain. All the eyes of the world are with you. Find courage and fight honorably! Now, let the final match of the team tournament begins!"

Two portals appeared after the end of Pallas' speech.

The two teams entered the portal and came out in desert terrain. While the two teams saw nothing but sand dunes around them, the spectators had a better view of the overview map.

The landscape was mostly desert with an oasis near the southern side and a rocky area near the northern corner. The spectators saw some swirls appear at some spots in the desert. The sand behaved like a whirlpool in the water. The spectators did not doubt that if any of the players were caught by these sand swirls, they would be sucked into the sand. Perhaps instant death?

These swirls seemed to appear randomly and lasted for a while before disappearing. The only places where these swirls never appeared were the oasis and the rocky areas. The spectators saw some kind of aura surrounding the oasis. Everyone believed there should be something special to the oasis due to that.

There were also some minor and localized sandstorms blowing around the desert.

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After the human team appeared inside the arena dimension, Jack looked around and said, "desert setting. Good. It should be difficult to find a place to hide here. Additionally, it will be easier to track people. Our steps will easily leave footprints on the sand."

"Not if you used to be a Rogue," Red Death said.

"Oh? Why is that?" Jack asked.

It was Peniel who answered, "It's another effect of Rogue's level 20 skill, Light Foot. Aside from increasing movement speed, it also erases any trace that could be left behind by your footsteps."

"I see... But that skill only lasted a short duration, right?" Jack said.

"It is still useful to throw pursuers off your scent," Red Death said.

"So, what's the plan, boss," Giant Steve asked Red Death.

Red Death turned back upon the question. Everyone was looking at her, except for Yellow Death, he was looking away but he didn't rush off like in previous matches.

Red Death gave the matter a thought. She just remembered that Jack had forced the leader position on her this morning.

"All right. First thing, Storm Wind, you rushed forward via the central path. Kill anyone you encounter," Red Death commanded as she pushed Jack forward.

"Huh? What's the difference from before?" Jack asked. He sensed something strange when Red Death touched her, but it was gone now.

"Just do what you are told! Didn't you say you will listen to my order?" Red Death uttered. "Are you going back on your words?"

"Uh, no... Then what will the four of you be doing?" Jack asked.

"That's none of your business. You just do your part!"

"The heck! I should know the plan so I can react in accordance with the rest of you, shouldn't I?"

"Your role in this plan is to search out the enemies and kill every last one of them. What else do you want to know?"

'F*ck! Is she serious? Is she fooling me for a grudge or something?' Jack thought.

"Are you going or not? Or are you not serious about calling me the leader?" Red Death uttered when Jack was not moving.

'Screw this!' Jack thought. He said, "Fine! Fine! I will go and kill every last one of them. Your four don't get killed when I am away! It will be a chore if I have to hunt them down later like the last match."

Jack then dashed away. Giant Steve scratched his head. He was now alone amongst the people who used to be his enemies, technically still his enemies outside of this match.

"So, are we just waiting here for the victory announcement?" Princess Purple asked. She had been looking around searching for a suitable place to sit, but there was only sand.

"No, we follow him," Red Death replied.

"Follow him? He is almost out of sight already," Princess Purple said. "Not to mention his speed is ridiculously faster than us. We won't be able to catch him."

"I know his position at all times, just follow me," Red Death said. She then started advancing. Not too fast so that Princess Purple and Giant Steve who were the slowest in the group can still keep up.

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Outside, Paytowin was sitting next to Domon since Jack was not there. Grace was sitting on his other side. The other elven men that kept on tailing her wanted to join but Grace had forcefully chased them away. Paytowin was relieved, it would be awkward to talk about Jack if those men were crowding around Grace.

"It seemed that he has still not settled the problem in his team," Paytowin commented after seeing the projection. Jack was currently rushing ahead by himself.

"Not really," Grace said. "See the other four. They are traveling together, not separated like before. I think Jack heading off is part of their plan." Paytowin had informed Grace of Jack's real name.

"By sending their strongest member away? Why do they want to do that?" Paytowin asked.

"Not sure. That team is rather unusual to start with, who knows what they are truly planning?" Grace replied.

"But those four seemed to be able to keep following Jack. They shouldn't have the ability for long-range communication or use the map tool to track friendlies. Jack had been quite a distance away. The guy also didn't keep a straight path."

Jack had originally planned to just go straight, but there had been several occasions where the sand whirlpool appeared on his path, so he had to change direction. There was also the sandstorm where Jack lost direction when it hit. He just continued forward randomly during the sandstorm, but not at full speed. It would be a problem if he fell into one of the sand whirlpools because he couldn't see it inside the sandstorm.

"One of the four had probably used Track Person skill on Jack," Jeanny said. She was sitting in front of Paytowin and Grace. She answered after hearing the two's conversations.

"Track Person? I have that skill as well," David, who was sitting beside Jeanny, said.

"What's a Track Person skill?" Grace asked.

"It's a non-standard elite skill for archer and rogue's branches. The skill can be used to mark a target and the user will know the position of this target for the next twenty-four hours," Jeanny answered. After Peniel informed her about this skill during the guardian-hunting mission. She had instructed guild's related members to get this skill as well as the Track Monster skill.

"I see. No wonder they could keep on following Jack. Hm... But the way they are going seemed like they won't meet anytime soon," Grace said as she observed the overall map projection.

Jack's direction had gone off course due to his many random changes in directions. The orc team, on the other hand, kept going on the central path and stayed together, just as how they did in their past matches. If they met one of these sandstorms or sand whirlpools, they stopped their advance.

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"It seemed that the incentives that you offered are not enough," Abdu Raretooth who was sitting amongst the orc audiences said.

Abasi lowered his head. "I have offered them the extra rewards, but they didn't express their agreement nor refusal. They acted as if they didn't care."

"Hmph! These outworlders truly show us no respect. Perhaps we have given them too much leniency," Abdu said in disapproval.

"We still need them in case the war with Themisphere proceeds," Abasi mentioned. "Themisphere will surely utilize their outworlders as well. Their numbers are alarming. And currently, their average levels had started to catch up with our common soldiers. Their force will be a decisive factor in a conflict."

Abdu grunted without replying.