

World 731

Chapter 731: Meeting Broidrireg

During the few days of searching, Jack had been grinding on the side as well. His Archmage class had increased again to level 44, catching up to his Blade Dancer class. He also received draconic essences but he was still missing around 200 more essences to level up his bloodline.

In the morning after Jack woke up and did his martial art training, he said goodbye to Darnos who reminded him again to properly address the dragon when they met. Darnos then harrumphed and went back into his hut. Jack left in the direction of the coordinates Darnos had given him yesterday.

"That old draconian is grumpy but it seems that I have hit his soft spot," Jack said.

"Yeah," Peniel said. "He is probably someone tasked by Broidrireg to judge if the one requesting the dragonification process is worthy enough. You made a good choice by treating him well."

"What do you mean? I always treat people well. Of course, unless they are acting like a*sholes, then that's a different story. Still, I found it strange."

"What is strange?" Peniel asked.

"These coordinates he gave me. We have gone through this spot in detail already. There was nothing there," Jack said.

"We have already scoured every place around here in detail these past days," Peniel corrected.

"You are right. Let's just go there and see," Jack said. He met several monsters and dispatched them on his way.

When he arrived at the coordinates, there was a large mound with a large cave hole. As if the mouth of a subterranean monster that came up to swallow unsuspecting travelers.

"Weird, I don't remember seeing that the last time we passed this place," Jack said.

"There must have been an illusion covering it," Peniel said. "That mound is the exact place Darnos' coordinates marked. That cave should be the entrance to Broidrireg's lair."

"Let's head in then," Jack said. He held his two weapons ready as he entered the cave. He didn't see any dots on his radar but he still took caution.

The cave tunnel went in rather deep, much deeper than he expected. He had been walking for one hour but there was still no end to it. Jack decided to forgo caution and started running. There was no monster all this time, so he supposed it should be safe.

However, after running for another hour. The tunnel looked the same.

"Something is wrong," he said.

He then stopped and stood still. He observed his surroundings. Peniel did the same. She flew to the tunnel wall and touched it. "There is mana coursing through this wall."

Jack closed his eyes and focused his mana sense. Peniel was right. The mana was very subtle. They are in low density but high quantity. Everywhere around him were tiny threads of mana, they flowed in the same direction.

With his eyes still closed, Jack followed these thin but numerous threads of mana. At one point, Jack felt they converged onto a spot. Jack went over to that spot.

Peniel saw Jack walking with his eyes closed towards the wall. She called to warn him, but Jack was too focused that he didn't hear her. Then, he bumped into the wall. No, he walked through the wall. Peniel saw Jack's body seeped right in as if there was no wall there. While she was still puzzled, she suddenly felt herself getting forcefully warped. She then found herself beside Jack in a large cavern hall. She looked around in bewilderment.

The cavern was very huge. There was even a small underground lake on one side. The cavern was mostly covered by shadows because of the lack of a light source. Peniel didn't see any visible entrance or exit.

Jack had his eyes open now, he was also observing his surroundings. His radar didn't show anything, but he felt a suffocating presence here.

"You arrive here faster than I expected," a deep and powerful voice was heard.

A gargantuan serpent head then appeared from the shadow, it had a very long neck. It was now hovering over Jack and Peniel.

Jack's dragon eye could see well in the dark. He could see the being before him. The being didn't look like a classic western dragon such as Syndrillis. Instead, it was more similar to the oriental dragon, it had a very long serpentine body with four powerful legs. Its two horns resembled antlers and it had a pair of extremely long whiskers. However, unlike the oriental dragon, this one had two large wings on his back. Its utter size made this huge cavern hall appear cramped.

What confused Jack was, why didn't this dragon show on his radar when it was clearly before him? Could it be that this cave nullified his radar?

"Greetings, sir. Are you Broidrireg?" Jack asked.

"Mighty Broidrireg," Peniel whispered.

"Forgive me! Greetings, oh mighty Broidrireg," Jack hurriedly corrected while using his inspect.

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Broidrireg (Eternal Dragon, Draconic), level 95

HP: 5,500,000

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Jack took a deep breath, this was an actual eternal grade creature in front of him. Not one in a simulation anymore. This being had only the God and Goddesses above them. They were probably at the same level as the demigod such as Honuren.

"Hm... Good. I was about to chomp you just now for your first greeting," Broidrireg said, which drew cold sweat from Jack.

The dragon then asked, "I heard from Darnos that you are the human outworlder who intends to undergo dragonification?"

"That is my intention, mighty one," Jack answered with as polite a gesture as possible.

"Then you have wasted your effort searching for me. Other than the draconian race, other races will need a very strong draconic bloodline to attempt the dragonification process. Darnos mentioned you have one, but I doubt your bloodline is anywhere strong enough to counter the lowly race's blood inside you."

Broidrireg didn't bother to hide his contempt for the other races while speaking. In fact, he never once stared at either Jack or Peniel while speaking. It was clear he didn't put the two in his eyes.

"Mighty Broidrireg, I assure you this human's draconic bloodline is worthy enough," Peniel mentioned.

Broidrireg's eyes stared down and looked at them for the first time. Both Jack and Peniel felt incredible pressure from the stare. Broidrireg then huffed.

"Quite a bold statement, high fairy," Broidrireg said. "You might think that just because you and this human have the creator's marks, that it can influence me?"

"Creator's mark?" Jack looked at Peniel, who looked back with equal puzzlement.

"Perhaps if it was the centuries-old me when I am still at the mythical grade, I might be affected, but not now. I don't give a rat ass about those marks you have inside you. So, don't you dare try to trick me!"

"We... we don't dare. We are simply telling the truth," Peniel said.

"Hmph! Fine, I will be the judge myself. Come nearer, human," Broidrireg uttered.

'We are not close enough?' Jack thought. He then stepped forward, bringing his face almost touching Broidrireg's extremely large nostrils.

Broidrireg then inhaled strongly. Jack felt as if his body was being sucked by a strong wind.

"Hmm... Hm...? This...," Broidrireg looked down at Jack again. Jack felt as if the two massive blue eyes were boring into his soul. He couldn't move a muscle.

"This bloodline... It carries Syndrillis' scent," Broidrireg uttered, his eyes narrowed menacingly. "How do you get her bloodline?"

"She bestowed it upon me," Jack answered.

"Liar!" Broidrireg's bellowed. Jack's ears hurt from the voice. "She would never associate with a human, much less give her bloodline to one. The race she watched over is the mortal enemy to the human race."

"Mighty Broidrireg, please! He is telling the truth. Would you allow us to explain?" Peniel pleaded.

Broidrireg's breathing which was agitated was now steady again. "Fine. You have been good to Darmos. For his sake, I allow you the chance to plead your case. Tell me how you come into Syndrillis' bloodline. But let me warn you, if I don't believe you, do not expect to leave this place alive."

Peniel and Jack recounted the story to Broidrireg, of how they were captured and brought into a fort in Liguritutum. There, they escaped and found Syndrillis who was also in captivity. They worked together to free the dragon and in the process, stole the blood essence that Syndrillis' captors had extracted from her. In return, Syndrillis offered this incomplete blood essence to Jack who had freed her.

"Syndrillis was captured...?" "Extracting her blood essence...?" "Liguritutum in civil war...?" Broidrireg mumbled a few times as he listened to the tale but otherwise didn't interrupt.

When Jack and Peniel completed their tale, Broidrireg continued to be silent. He was in deep thought. Jack was worried that the dragon didn't believe their tale. He was currently thinking hard about what to do if the dragon demanded proof of their story.

Broidrireg's eyes laid on the two again. He then harrumphed and said, "Fine, I will believe you. The bloodline inside you, despite having Syndrillis' scent, was indeed incomplete. You mentioned you saved her? Then you have my gratitude as well."

Jack could see that there was some sort of a relationship between the two dragons, he then said, "How about you give her a hand then? She was currently defending the Liguritutum realm from the rebellious prince and this World Maker group who had captured her before. If you go there and aid her, her enemies will be crushed easily."

"Hmph! I have no care for the world below. Let them destroy each other for all I care. I have told her to not meddle with those power-mongering fools. I hope that Liguritutum is destroyed, so she could see sense again and leave the meaningless conflict of those lowly races behind."

Chapter 732: Dragonification Trial

"Since your mighty self has believed us, can I take the dragonification process?" Jack asked.

Broidrireg eyed Jack again. "Hmph! If you think you can acquire the dragon form just because you have a strong draconic bloodline, you should think again. You still have to pass my trial. And let me tell you, even rare elite natives above level 60 are having trouble with my trial. You are not only the first outworlder that comes to attempt the trial, but you are also by far the weakest one! Are you sure you want to attempt the trial? Failing this trial will not leave you unscathed."

"I am sure," Jack said with a determined expression.

"Hehe. Fine. Let's see how you perform then," Broidrireg said with a grin. Jack then received a notification that he had received a quest called Dragon Form Trial.

"So, where should I go to take the trial?" Jack asked.

"You don't need to worry about that," Broidrireg said, still grinning.

The grin made Jack feel uneasy.

"Um, what about the trial itself? Can your mighty one tell me what I need to do?" Jack asked.

Broidrireg lowered himself and stared straight at Jack. He said, "If you wish to become a dragon, then you should fly like one."

Jack felt Broidrireg's eyes becoming larger. He felt himself getting drowned in that large blue eyes. It was as if all his surroundings turned into liquid and he was floating inside. He lost sense of weight. He also lost his vision, everything around him was blue.

He didn't know how long he was in this state. He couldn't feel anything at all, yet it was not uncomfortable. He felt to be in extreme peace. He closed his eyes, the blue that enveloped him slowly turned to darkness.

"... ake up... Wak... Hey!... will... ake... wake up...!!!"

Jack's eyes snapped open. Peniel was beside his head, grabbing his right ear while shouting frantically. He felt a strong draft hitting his face and hair. It took him a while before he grasped what was happening.

He was in the air, way high in the air. So high he couldn't see anything. He knew that he was falling because of the wind. But all he could see around him were white clouds.

"Whe... Where are we...?!" Jack yelled.

"You are finally awake. You doofus! How do you sleep through all that?!" Peniel yelled back.

"Through what? All I remember is that I'm still in the cave talking with Broidrireg about the trial. The next thing, I am here. What am I doing here?"

"What are you doing? You are doing what every other thing does when they get thrown from the sky. You fall...!"

The clouds parted at this time, revealing the view below. And the view took Jack aback. He couldn't tell how high he was, but he knew for sure he was crazily high. In fact, he remembered the only time he ever saw this kind of scenery was when he was in an airplane looking out from the window. Except for this time, there was no window, nor was there any airplane.

"F*ck! What is this? Is this the trial?" Jack asked.

"Duh!" Peniel returned.

Now that Jack could see the land below, he could also gauge how fast he was falling. He would be paste if he fell to the land below with this speed. he took a deep breath and exhaled. He calmed himself.

He then took out his magic staff and grinned. He said, "So, the trial is about surviving a fall. Hehe. If I didn't fall the last time when climbing down Mount Audacias, I probably will be confused. But not now, I know the way already. I only need to cast the Float spell just when the ground is close. Or, I can also use your Invulnerability and Second Life spell. Then, I can land safely. Hahaha! This is a piece of cake!"

"You wish!" A rough and powerful voice was heard. Jack recognized the voice to be Broidrireg's.

He then sensed the dragon, coming at high speed from behind him. He looked back and all he saw was an enormous claw. This claw closed around him, trapping him inside. He couldn't move. He was now in the clutch of a gargantuan long dragon with brilliant blue scales.

Broidrireg's large wings flapped as he gained altitude. With Jack in his hand, he flew up into the clouds. The clouds that Jack had fallen through before. The blue dragon continued to go higher and higher until he burst out of those clouds and flew even higher. Jack saw the sky above turn a darker blue. If the dragon continued to fly higher, they might fly into outer space. Jack wondered was there even outer space in this game world?

"Sir mighty Broidrireg, can you tell me what I should be doing?" Jack called out. He was still trapped inside Broidrireg's grasp.

"Hahaha. As I said, you have to fly like a dragon," Broidrireg uttered. Without any warning, he threw Jack out from his claw. "Now fly! Hahaha!"

"F*ccckkkk...!!" Jack shouted as he fell back down.

Jack saw the blue dragon dive at high speed. The dragon zipped past him and disappeared into the clouds below, laughing all the while.

"Bloody hell! Why does it seem like he is enjoying this a bit too much?" Jack uttered.

"Probably because no one comes for this trial often," Peniel offered her opinion.

"What trial? He didn't even tell me what I should be doing!" Jack yelled. "Do you have any idea?"

Peniel shook her head. She was gripping Jack's shoulder armor tightly. Jack's falling was faster than her flying. She needed to hold fast or she would be left behind.

After a while, Jack burst through the layer of clouds and the view of the land below came into sight again. While Jack was still thinking, he sensed the dragon again. He was then grabbed again, being brought high up before being thrown again.

When he was caught by the dragon for the third time, he asked, "Are you going to just continue to ping-pong me in the sky like this?" Jack asked.

"I have no idea what ping-pong is," Broidrireg replied. "However, I will only do this ten times. By the tenth time, I will let you fall and you will then fail this trial."

"F*ck! Then what should I do to pass this trial?" Jack asked.

"I have said it several times already," Broidrireg answered. "Fly with me."

"For the love of... How do I fly...?!" Jack yelled with frustration.

Instead of answering, Broidrireg just laughed.

"You are nuts!" Jack uttered. He didn't bother to be polite anymore. "Shit! I should have waited until I get that flying spell that you said I can get," Jack said to Peniel.

"If you use that kind of spell, I will dispel it," Broidrireg said when he heard.

"What the... Then how do I supposed to fly with you?!" Jack yelled, to which Broidrireg replied with another hearty laugh before throwing Jack again. This time he threw Jack with even more force, causing Jack to reach further height than previously.

"Dammnnnn yoouuuu....!!!" Jack scolded as he fell back down.

The cycle repeated. On the sixth time, Peniel noticed that Jack was not yelling curse words anymore.

"Are you giving up?" Peniel asked. However, Jack's face was calm as he watched the clouds below. Broidrireg's huge shadow was seen swimming inside the clouds. He still didn't see Broidrireg's dot on his radar. So, it was not because of the cave, the dragon had a way to conceal itself from his radar.

He answered, "I've been thinking. Why does that overgrown winged worm keep on flying down there after throwing me up here?"

"So that he can catch you again later?"

"With his speed. He can do it even if I fall first... I'm going to try something."

"Oh? What do you want to try?"

Instead of answering, Jack positioned his head down, put his arms to his side, and straightened his legs and feet. He reduced air drag as much as possible. As a result, his speed increased. He shot down towards where Broidrireg's shadow was swimming. Peniel was taken aback by his sudden increase in speed, she was left behind instead.

"Hey! Why didn't you give me a heads up!" She complained while flying forward with all her might.

With his posture, Jack dove into the cloud at high speed. With this timing, Jack estimated he should be able to fall right where Broidrireg was passing through. Thank goodness the serpent had a long body, which meant it would take some time for Broidrireg's body to move out of his current position because his body moved in the same path where his head passed through. Jack had targeted the position near the dragon's neck, so he would have a large window to arrive there before the dragon passed through.

However, just as the dragon's body came into view inside the clouds and when Jack was about to touch it, it moved to the side. Jack fell right through the empty air.

"Haha, you don't think I will make it that easy for you now, do you?" Jack heard Broidrireg's laugh as he passed by.

Jack had failed to catch Broidrireg. However, from what the dragon said just now, Jack was sure he was on the right track. Now, all he had to do was get a jump on the dragon.

Chapter 733: Riding a Dragon

If only it was that easy. Jack was sure the dragon's eye was not on him when he approached, which meant the dragon had sensed him. Considering Broidrireg was an eternal grade, Jack didn't find it strange for the dragon to have mana sense as well.

Jack didn't let the failure sway him. Next was the seventh time, he still had four chances. He was still thinking as Broidrireg's claw came and grabbed him.

"Hm... You are awfully quiet. Where is all that blabber from before?" Broidrireg asked as he flew upward.

"Oh? Do you miss talking with me?" Jack asked.

"Goodbye!" Broidrireg uttered as he threw Jack far away before diving back into the clouds again.

"Hey! What was that all about?" Peniel asked. She was now holding tightly to Jack's armor again. She had caught up when Broidrireg brought Jack back up here.

"I think what he meant by flying with him is literally flying with him. Meaning I have to catch him and fly on his body."

"You are saying you want to ride him."

"Well, I think he might be offended if we say it that way. But yes, we are supposed to ride this motherf*cking dragon to pass the trial," Jack said.

"So, are you going to try again?" Peniel asked.

"I am, but I'm going to do it differently," Jack said. He then positioned himself horizontally and spread his arms and legs in an X-shape. Increasing the air drag on his body and slowing his descent this time.

He slowed his breathing and fused himself with his surroundings. The air, the current. He might not be able to do mana concealment during a fight, but he was good enough at concealing his mana when being still. Right now, the falling allowed him to still move downward while being still.

As he felt himself blending with his surrounding, he slowly repositioned himself to aim his fall in the direction where Broidrireg's shadow was seen. He fell while continuing to shroud his presence.

This time, Broidrireg didn't notice his approach. Jack fell right at the back of the dragon's neck, which was covered by multilayered thick plates. These large plates were like plate armor that protected the dragon's neck. Jack had aimed for this part because these plates looked handy enough for a handhold. Other than these plates and the horns, other parts were covered by tight scales which didn't provide good enough handgrips.

Jack caught onto one of these plates as he bumped onto Broidrireg. He was right, this plate allowed for a solid hold. He grabbed onto it as if his life depended on it. In a way, it did.

Broidrireg was startled to find that Jack had already clinging to his neck.

"Not bad, outworlder," Broidrireg uttered.

"So, have I passed the trial?" Jack asked.

"Hahaha, cute. We will have to see if you can hold on first," Broidrireg replied.

"Hold on? Why..." Jack's words were cut short as Broidrireg made a sudden lunge. The sudden burst of speed didn't trouble Jack as the strength of his grips was solid. What followed after was the problem, a

sudden explosion of air happened as Broidrireg lunged. This explosion caused a shockwave that radiated backward. When this shockwave hit Jack, he felt as if he had been slammed by a high-speeding train. His grips were forcefully torn away and he found himself spiraling in the air.

He didn't know where was up or down. The spiraling made him feel extremely dizzy. Suddenly he was caught by something and his body stabilized. He was still woozy when he looked up and found himself in Broidrireg's claw again as the dragon flew upward.

"Nice try," Broidrireg complimented. "But not enough."

"That is cheating! How can I hold on with such a force?" Jack protested.

"Less complaining, more effort," Broidrireg replied. "Hehe, tell you what. If you can hold on against that sonic wind for eight times, then we can consider you passing the trial."

"Eight times? I can't even survive it one time!" Jack complained.

"Haha. So, are you giving up?"

Jack didn't answer. He gave the matter some thoughts. There should be a way. No way a trial was made without a way to solve it. He was watching Broidrireg as he was thinking.

'Eight?' He thought and noticed the thick plates behind Broidrireg's necks that he had used for handholds. There are nine of them.

Jack was still thinking when Broidrireg threw him away before diving back into the clouds below.

"Do you have an idea?" Peniel asked after seeing Jack's contemplating expression.

"I think I do. However, whether it works or not is still to be seen," Jack answered. "Only three chances left now. I hope this works."

He then repeated his previous process. He concealed his mana while diving towards where the dragon was. He aimed at the upper part of the neck now. If his suspicion was right, he would need to reach the first plate that was closest to the head.

Even when Broidrireg already knew that Jack would be coming from above, he didn't make any attempt to look up. The dragon relied entirely on mana sense to detect Jack's approach. Since Jack concealed his mana during his approach, Broidrireg was unaware. Jack figured this should be all part of the trial, which meant that only someone with mana sense ability and some basic mana manipulation, enough to do mana concealment, could attempt this trial.

Jack had played several past games that involved skydiving. So, he had learned some tracking methods to aim his fall. After several freefalling in the sky, he was getting a hang of this tracking skill again. He accurately fell where he was aiming at, the first plate of Broidrireg's neck.

He immediately locked his grip once he bumped into the plate. Broidrireg noticed it.

"Haha, are you ready?" He asked.

'This dragon was clearly enjoying this a bit too much,' Jack said in his mind.

Broidrireg made his lunge. Jack was ready for it. Another thing about this trial that Jack had noticed, it was designed for the Draconian race. Broidrireg had said that only the draconian race could undergo the dragonification process. This trial reflected that because a draconian race's skill was needed for this phase of the trial.

The air exploded as Broidrireg lunged and the powerful shockwave arrived. Jack activated his Gold Scale Armor. The skill increased all his defense as well as preventing knockback effect, similar to draconian's age four skill, Hard Scale.

The last time Jack was hit by this shockwave, he lost all control and was swept up immediately. This time, even though the force was still powerful enough to tear his grips, he didn't lose control. His body simply flew backward. And since he was ready for it, he immediately re-lodged his hands on the next plate behind.

'Yes! It is as I expected!' Jack celebrated inwardly.

Broidrireg looked back, a surprising glint was in his eyes. "You are getting it rather fast, outworlder," he said. "I'm impressed."

Jack didn't give any response. He was concentrating all his attention on his grips. Even without the air blast, staying on was an effort. Broidrireg had picked up in speed once Jack landed on him. He was currently flying at a crazily high speed. Jack felt as if the air itself was pulling him, trying to tear him away. If he didn't have the strength stat of three classes, he wouldn't be able to hold on. No wonder Broidrireg said that even higher-level natives had difficulties attempting this trial. No weakling would be able to ride this dragon.

Broidrireg made another lunge and the shockwave came again. Jack lost his grip and grabbed at the third plate. Eight sonic wind, nine plates to hold on to. By the eighth blast, he should be at the ninth plate. Then he would pass this trial. It's a good thing his Gold Scale Armor lasted three minutes, much longer than a draconian's Hard Scale. It was more than enough to resist this sonic wind eight times.

The sonic wind came again and again. Jack was knocked to the next plate again and again. He was on the eighth plate now, getting ready for the last sonic wind. He didn't let himself get careless just because it was the last. Instead, he gave all his concentration. When the sonic wind arrived, it again tore his fingers from the plate he was hanging on. He was already looking at the next plate before it happened. He then quickly caught that last plate and steadied himself.

"Yes, success!!" Jack exclaimed.

Broidrireg looked back, grinned, and said, "Congratulations, hehe. However, there will be two more sonic winds!"

"What...?!" Jack was stunned by the dragon's words. "But you said there will only be eight!"

"I lied! Hahahaha..."

'You lying piece of Motherf*cking dragon! Where is your dignity as one...?!' Jack scolded in his mind.

"Get ready, hahaha," Broidrireg was still laughing. He then lunged forward.

Jack watched with trepidation as the air exploded ahead.

Chapter 734: Supreme Dragon Form

Jack didn't have much time to think. He did everything out of instinct. He activated Dragon Eye and slowed everything down to a crawl. At the same time, he released one grip and summoned his magic staff. He started casting a spell. The spell formation formed rapidly due to his mind working five times faster. Combined with his multi-runes casting, the four runes spell was completed in just a fraction of a second.

The sonic wind arrived then. Jack's remaining grip couldn't resist the force. There was no more plate behind for him to catch on to. But at this time, a wide rectangular wall appeared behind him. It was his Magic Wall spell. His two feet landed on this magic wall and he used this wall as a stepping point to do his super jump.

He tried to jump back onto the last plate. However, Broidrireg had been flying at a high speed. The last plate was already far ahead when he made his jump. What was below him was now Broidrireg's tightly packed scaled body. Jack tried grabbing on these scales but they were too smooth, there was no handhold.

By instinct again, he took out his Storm Breaker and activated its Overlimit ability. He then gripped the sword with two hands. With all his strength, he stabbed the sword into the dragon's body.

"Hm...?" Broidrireg looked back as damage number of 20 appeared above him.

When he looked that Jack was clinging to a sword that was lodged inside his body, he said, "I was wondering what kind of mosquito bit me at this height. That sword of yours is quite good to be able to pierce my outer scales. Are you ready for the last sonic wind?"

'Will it truly be the last? Or another lie?' Jack thought dejectedly. His Storm Breaker might have stabbed deep enough to keep him from falling, but not deep enough to resist the sonic wind. He was sure both he and his Storm Breaker would be knocked away once the wind came.

So, he took out his magic staff again and cast another spell.

"Oh? You still have some trick up your sleeve?" Broidrireg said when he saw Jack casting a spell. "Hehe, all right. I will let you finish your spell. I will give you ten seconds. Don't waste them." He then turned his head back to the front and didn't spare Jack a glance anymore.

Jack had no intention to waste the time. With multi-runes casting, he completed a five-runes spell in a bit over one second. Thirteen crimson chains came out of the surface of Broidrireg's body, right below where Jack was hanging on.

He stored his magic staff, reaffirm his grip on the Storm Breaker's hilt, then he closed his eyes and concentrated.

His constant training of mana manipulation on spells had undergone improvement. Although he was still a long way from using it in fast-paced combat, it was enough for him to assert control providing that he was staying still and had enough time.

He controlled all the thirteen chains to wrap around his body and pulled him closer to the dragon's body. They then held him there tightly.

After the ten seconds passed, Broidrireg lunged and caused another air explosion. The sonic wind came rushing and swept everything around his elongated body. Everything that was not part of his body was getting torn apart.

When the sonic wind subsided, Broidrireg looked back. There was something that looked like a crimson cocoon sticking on one side of his body.

"Superb," Broidrireg muttered in a low voice. He was just thinking that if Jack was still not knocked away, he would tell Jack that there was another sonic wind coming again. But after seeing the cocoon, he concluded the result will just be the same.

The crimson cocoon was formed by Jack's thirteen crimson chains. After the spell duration ended, the crimson chains vanished, revealing Jack who was still holding his sword with dear life. Jack was dreading if Broidrireg would say that he was lying again. If he did, Jack would not be courteous anymore. He would curse the dragon right out in the open.

Broidrireg chuckled when the cocoon disappeared and saw Jack was still attached to him. He continued flying, but he didn't produce another sonic wind. He even slowed down his speed.

They came down from the layer of clouds. The beautiful scenery below was exposed, but Jack was still too tense to enjoy the scenery. He was still worried that this dragon was going to pull another prank on him.

Broidrireg continued flying for a while before he lowered his altitude. Jack could recognize now the land that was coming closer. He could see Mount Draygetos where he had been living in for the past week. Broidrireg was visibly flying towards that mountain.

When they were close enough, Jack could even see the waterfall, the small lake, and Darnos' hut. Broidrireg landed a distance away from there.

Broidrireg looked back at Jack who was still latching onto his body. "How long are you going to hang there?" He asked.

Jack was having trouble believing the trial was over. He was still clutching his sword that was embedded inside Broidrireg's body. Afraid that if he let go, this sly dragon would suddenly fly off and said that he had failed the trial because he didn't stay on. So, he tried to get confirmation first with his hands still fastly holding Storm Breaker's hilt, "Do I pass the test?"

Broidrireg chuckled. "To tell you the truth, you already passed it when you survived the eighth sonic wind."

"What? So those last two winds were unnecessary?" Jack uttered.

"Well, it's fun isn't it?" Broidrireg said.

'Fun for you! You shitty oversized wyrm!' Jack cursed within.

Broidrireg added, "I won't say that they are unnecessary. Actually, that was an extension trial that gives you a better reward upon passing."

"Better reward?" Jack heard a notification then, "Congratulations on completing the Dragon Form Trial. Receive rewards of 3,000,000 Exp points, 50 gold coins, and Supreme Dragon Form."

"Supreme Dragon form?" He uttered.

"Supreme?" Peniel was also surprised.

Jack's Blade Dancer level increased to level 45 after the notification, but his mind was too preoccupied after hearing the Supreme Dragon.

"You should be glad. I didn't give out this extension trial normally," Broidrireg said. "In fact, this supreme dragon form can only be bestowed one time. Even if the next ones who take the trial can pass this extension trial as well, they won't get the supreme dragon form anymore. They will receive only a slightly improved version than the standard dragon form."

Jack was astounded. He would be happy already if he could get a standard dragon form, what more this supreme one.

"I must say, however, that I am very surprised to find you managed to pass my extension trial. I only give it out because you entertain me so much. Even high-level natives who had taken the trials in the past all failed to complete the extension. You are the first one to do so. For that, I'm going to grant you another gift."

"Another?" Jack was lost for words. This dragon was truly generous. All his ill-feeling due to him getting played by the dragon was now replaced with admiration and gratitude.

"Here. Come closer," Broidrireg said.

Jack did as he was asked. He walked forward and stood right below the dragon's gargantuan head. The dragon opened his enormous mouth.

Jack was slightly alarmed. 'He doesn't mean to eat me, right?'

"Ah.... Ah-choo...!"

An unbelievable amount of snot showered Jack.

"Phew... Have been holding that for a while... Pfft... Ahaha... Ahahaha...!" Broidrireg flopped on his back and started laughing himself off. The ground was trembling due to his gargantuan body shaking with laughter.

Jack's mouth twitched. He had trouble imagining this mighty dragon acting like an excited puppy, all the while the thick snot was drooping down his head and shoulder. Peniel had flown away before the snot came, she was now keeping her distance from Jack.

"Oh... look at you... Ah... that was fun," Broidrireg said while still laughing in between.

"Well, I am glad you have your fun. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to take a bath in Darmos' lake," Jack said and started walking away.

"Wait, wait! Come here, let me give you my gift first," Broidrireg said.

"What?! Again? Come on! Do you think I will fall for that again?" Jack uttered while taking a step back.

"Don't worry, I'm serious now," Broidrireg said.

Jack found it hard to take this dragon seriously now. The fearsome impression this dragon evoked when they first met was almost gone now. Jack didn't even address the dragon with an honorary title anymore.

Jack stayed put and gave Broidrireg an 'I don't believe you' stare.

"All right, perhaps I've gone a little excessive," Broidrireg said.

"A little?" Jack asked.

"All right, perhaps a lot," Broidrireg came to where Jack was standing. He lifted one of his huge forelegs. He then used one of his sharp claws to prick his palm. A tiny droplet of blood came out from the wound. The blood drop right on top of Jack. Because Jack was looking upward, the blood fell right on his face. To Broidrireg, it was a tiny droplet. But to Jack, that droplet covered his entire face.

He quickly cleaned his face, thinking this was another of the dragon's pranks. But the blood seemed to have a life of its own. It sipped into Jack through his mouth, nose, eyes, and ears.

Chapter 735: Celebration Feas

Jack coughed as he felt the liquid enter him.

"What... What did you do?" Jack asked in alarm, but then he heard a notification, "Receive legendary-grade draconic blood essence. Fusing with current bloodline. Bloodline has been upgraded."

"Bloodline upgraded?" Jack muttered. He hurriedly opened his status window and searched for his bloodline description.

*

Divine Gold Dragon Bloodline, level 3/10 (Legendary bloodline)

- Passive skill: +28% to attribute, HP, Stamina, MP

- Active skill 1: Gold scale armor: Cover user's skin with gold scale, reducing all damage received by 70%, immune to all negative status effects and knockback effect during activation, all healing and recovery on user are increased by 100%. Duration: 3 minutes. Cooldown: 2 hours.

- Active skill 2: Gold Dragon Sight: Trigger slowdown vision, all object movements are slowed by 1000%, sees invisible objects, can zoom in on distance object. Duration: 10 seconds, Cooldown: 2 hours.

Draconic Essence: 2820/3000

*

"Divine...? Legendary...?" Jack muttered after seeing the description.

"Syndrillis' bloodline inside you is incomplete," Broidrireg said. "I gave a little bit of mine to complete it. Now the bloodline is a proper divine dragon's one."

The increase of the grade to legendary had doubled the skill's passive boost, it was +14% before. Additionally, he had gotten another active skill even though his bloodline level was still the same. Previously, Peniel explained to him that his Unique-grade bloodline should give him a total of 4 active skills, with an additional skill received every three-levels increase.

"I suppose this legendary-grade bloodline will give me a new active skill every two-levels increase?" Jack asked Peniel.

"Yes," Peniel answered.

"So I will have a total of five active skills once my bloodline level reached level 9," Jack concluded.

"You get another skill when your bloodline is fully-leveled to level 10," Peniel said. "A legendary bloodline gives a total of six active skills."

"What? Yes...!! That is f*cking-A...!" Jack exclaimed.

"Now, who is the best dragon?" Broidrireg asked.

"It's you! Oh, mighty Broidrireg! You are the best dragon there is!" Jack proclaimed. Snot was still dangling around his body, but he didn't give it any mind.

"Hmph! You damn right I am!" Broidrireg uttered. "Now hurry up and go clean yourself. It was funny at first, but now it is just disgusting looking at you."

'Urgh... Whose fault is that?' Jack complained in his mind. Before leaving, he didn't forget to express his gratitude, "Thank you, mighty Broidrireg. Thank you for everything. You are the best!"

"Hmph," Broidrireg waved him off. The dragon just laid there on the ground as he watched Jack run to Darnos' hut.

Luckily, they landed near Darnos' hut, so Jack didn't have to run far. The excitement from getting a legendary bloodline had dulled his senses, but now the stench of the snot covering his body had returned. He ran as fast as he could. Once he arrived, he immediately unequipped everything and jumped into the lake. He also took out his armor one by one to clean it.

When he came out of the lake, Darnos was standing beside the lake. "How was it? You get the trial?" He asked.

"Not only I get it. I aced it!" Jack exclaimed while giving a thumb up.

"Good. I have fished a lot of fish today. Let's celebrate," Darnos said.

"I also have some meat. Well, not draconic ones," Jack said. "I will cook twice as many as the usual. We will have an all-you-can-eat buffet tonight! Oh, I also have some wine in my inventory."

"You have wine? Why didn't you take them out before? Take all of them out now. I won't forgive you if you keep some from me."

"Hold your horses. Let me re-equip everything first," Jack said.

The two of them had a celebration feast that night. Peniel couldn't eat their food, but she joined in the chattering. Damos again pull a prank on Jack. When Jack was not looking, he added a lot of chili powder into Jack's food, causing Jack to run for water after having a taste. Damos was rolling on the ground laughing.

Jack got him back by emptying all the wine jugs. Damos kept on taking one jug after another but found no wine. Only after Jack had enough laughing that Jack gave the wine back to Damos.

The two enjoyed their time until late at night.

"Tell me, Damos. When we first met, if I fought the monsters with you on my back and I passed as you intended. Will you send me to Broidrireg's lair right away?"

"Yes, that was the plan," Damos answered.

Jack chuckled, "Then I'm glad I didn't do as you intended. Otherwise, we wouldn't have enjoyed so much time together."

"Hmph, who enjoys the time with you?" Damos turned away.

"Sigh, you are still so shy," Jack teased.

"You will be leaving tomorrow, I suppose?" Damos asked.

"Yes. I still have lots of matters to deal with," Jack answered. "Will you miss me?"

"Hmph! I miss my peace. You are too noisy."

"Haha, I will try to visit if I happen to pass near here. Or, if you decided to ditch this hermit life, you are welcome to come to my guild headquarters in Themisphere. It has a nice mountain there."

"Nah, I want nothing to do with the outside life. Well, I'm tired. I will go to bed. Don't forget to clean up before you sleep."

"Bloody heck. This mess is your doing as well. Why do I have to clean them all up by myself?"

"Because you are a guest. You should be grateful I didn't charge you anything for staying so long here," Damos uttered as he went into his hut.

"Shouldn't a host takes care of the guest?" Jack muttered.

*

The next morning, Jack prepared to leave as Damos sat beside his hut.

"I'm leaving," Jack said.

Damos just nodded.

"Not gonna miss me?" Jack asked.

"Hmph," Damos snorted.

"Not even my cooking?"

"... Perhaps the cooking."

Jack laughed as he took out his guild return scroll. "Okay, hope we meet again, mighty one. Don't give the next trial-taker too much trouble, eh?"

"Hm?" Damos watched Jack disappear after activating the scroll. "Heh, interesting punk," he mumbled.

*

Jack appeared inside Heavenly Citadel's teleportation chamber.

"Why did you call him mighty one?" Peniel asked.

"Oh? You aren't aware? That old draconian is Broidrireg," Jack said.

"Hah? What makes you say that?" Peniel asked.

"It is pretty obvious. Both of them harrumphed a lot and also ridiculously enjoy pranks. The dragon tried to act intimidatingly when we first met him, but once he started having fun, it is pretty easy seeing Damos in him."

"Hm... now that you mention it."

"Also, after getting close with Damos, my Influence skill levels up. It is at basic expert now. You said before that this skill's proficiency is gained by increasing the affinity with influential natives, right? I doubt a level 10 old draconian who lived in the middle of nowhere can be considered influential. However, if he is a level 95 eternal-grade divine dragon, now that is a different thing entirely."

"I see. Well, I guess for a dragon of his caliber, disguising into a weak draconian should be a piece of cake," Peniel said. "You are pretty crafty trying to invite him here. You think you can trick him like that to stay here and become a guardian of this place?"

"Hehe, can't blame me for trying."

"So, what are you going to do? Are you going to continue the chain kingdom faction's quest?" Peniel asked.

"Not yet. I still want to strengthen myself first. Or more correctly, my pet, Therras," Jack replied. "Fierce Flame had agreed to take me to the place where she said has the person who can make pet's armor. She is still occupied with a quest, but she said she will return in a few days. So, I will just stay here and farm the legacy dungeon and training caves to increase my level."

Jack went to the Guild Hall. He found Pointy Tip there.

"I was expecting the group of girls here again," Jack said to him. "Or is the lava dragonet matured already so early?"

"The lava dragonet is not yet matured," Tip informed. "But Jeanny and John had worked out an agreement. The girls would only have this platform in the morning and during the dragonet's feeding

time. Any other time, it should be handed back to management. Otherwise, how are we supposed to develop this headquarters?"

Jack nodded. "Where is Jeanny?"

"She and a large portion of guild members are currently accompanying Prince Alonzo traveling all around Themisphere."

"Oh... What about that annoying dude?"

"He is with Olddemon, Sturdy Serpent, and a few other members. They are working on an important guild quest. They said the quest reward is a hero token."

"A hero token?"

"Yeah, it's for preparation when our guild levels up. So we don't need to go through the hassle of capturing and challenging a hideout or outpost boss. This quest might take them a few days to complete. Do you need them for anything?"

"Never mind," Jack said. "I'm going to do the legacy dungeon. Do you want any members tagging along? Otherwise, I will just go in alone, no problem."

"Wait, I'll check who is available here first," Tip said.

After a while, he said, "I have sent them messages, eight players will head to the legacy hall. They will meet you there."

"Eight?" Jack asked.

"You need one spot for Arlcard, right?" Tip asked back.

"Oh, right...," Jack said. But he actually didn't plan to do that. He wanted to see how powerful his newly acquired beast form was. But still, it's better to be prudent. He should still leave one spot for Arlcard just in case.

Chapter 736: Testing the Dragon Form

When he arrived in the hall where the device to enter the legacy dungeon was located, the eight players were already there waiting for him. He didn't recognize any of them, except for Jet. But what fascinated him more was, out of the eight, there were four different races, human, dwarf, vampire, and orc.

Jack wonder if Jeanny and the others had managed to recruit more of the other three races. The elf was for sure because Grace had already joined, but he still had no idea about draconian and ethereal. He was too lazy to check the guild member list since there were so many names on it already. He needed to click them one by one to find out about their information.

"Yo, Jack boy, you finally returned," Jet greeted. "You are the only guild leader I know who almost never spends his time in the base nor managing the guild."

"Thank you for your compliment. Do you know where my gramps is?" Jack asked. "His status is not within this headquarters."

"He went somewhere with Haon," Jet answered.

"Wow, those two have really gotten close."

"Is that jealousy I heard?"

"There must be something wrong with your ears then. Do you know what those two are up to?" Jack asked.

"Something about a new beast form," Jet answered. "Haon had learned the beast form skill as he intended. That fairy of his said she could take him someplace that gives him a powerful beast form. The kid asked Domon if Domon minded following along since he doesn't want to stop learning martial arts from Domon. Seeing his enthusiasm, Domon couldn't reject him."

"So he ditched his many students here for one favorite disciple? Some teacher that geezer," Jack commented. So, who is training the members here?"

"Domon gave the assignment to his past disciples, Balo, Michelle, and Jason. Well, I also help from time to time. There is nothing to worry about, Domon had already laid out the groundwork. They only need to follow the training program diligently."

Jack nodded. He then turned to Peniel, "Do you have any idea what kind of beast form Carnelia is planning for Haon?"

"I can't say for sure," Peniel replied. "There are various powerful beast forms, but many have special circumstances. For example, if you didn't have Syndrillis' bloodline, I wouldn't have taken you to attempt Broidrireg's trial."

"I see... Okay, is everyone ready to enter?" Jack asked the players who gathered there.

Everyone nodded.

"All right, I don't know if any of you have experienced the medium difficulty of this Ice Throne legacy dungeon. If you haven't, do know that it is very different from the easy version. The longer you stay inside this dungeon, the more likely you will be afflicted with slow and frozen. If you are frozen, then it's goodbye to you. Our objective is to kill the minions speedily and rush towards the boss with haste. Once we reach the boss, all of you stay back. Leave it to me."

"Ain't that a bit too cocky, Jack boy?" Jet asked.

"Oh, you are welcome to try fighting the boss, but don't blame me if you get killed," Jack replied. "And one other thing, all the exp pills and Thousand-Year Wine drop from the boss are mine. If any of you have a problem with that, it's fine that you don't enter. I can do this dungeon myself."

Everyone nodded again. Tip had informed them of this requirement when Jack asked who was willing to join the legacy dungeon, because last time, Jack also hoarded the pills and the wine.

"Good, let's go in," Jack said and he was the first one to enter.

Inside, he summoned Therras immediately. Once the others entered, he ran forward. When the ice ray birds and ice dogs appeared, he explained to them about the monsters' attack patterns, while making

short work on them. His blade orbs came out one after another as he was slashing non-stop. Everyone was impressed by the ease Jack dispatched these monsters.

"What is your level? Why does it seem like you are getting stronger than the last time I see you?" Jet asked.

"My Blade Dancer is level 45, with the other two following closely. But the reason I am more powerful should be because of my set equipment and bloodline. Hey, that lion of yours is not bad either. That's the new pet you got from the ancient battleground, isn't it?"

Jet had summoned his Crimson-maned Lion. Its size was much larger than the real-world lion. The lion's claws and bites delivered large damage. It also had several skills like Therras. One of which was when its mane turned fiery, fire swirled around its body. It was similar to Elementalist's Flame Shield, but this lion's one also affected its offensive, because its four claws were coated with fire. Every strike that it delivered caused fire damage.

When it was surrounded, it uttered a mighty roar that damaged and petrified the enemies around it. The lion was intentionally running alongside Therras. The two pets were visibly competing with one another.

They arrived near the boss soon. Only two out of the nine of them had gotten the Slow affliction, these two had the lowest ice resistance. The Ice Demon Fiend was staying still at the center of the ice basin.

"Okay, everyone stay here, don't go past that ice spear fence. I will deal with it," Jack said. He instructed Therras to stay behind as well. He didn't unsummon his pet so that it would get the exp from killing the boss, but he wanted to try going one on one with this boss.

"Are you calling out your companion?" Jet asked. "I heard you people are having trouble when you first fought him when you are still level 41. Although you are getting stronger now, it's not that steep a difference, is it? You are only four levels higher."

"Heh, you just want to see my companion's might, don't you?" Jack said.

"Well, there is that. I've heard a lot about him after wandering around this headquarters," Jet said.

"Don't worry, I will show you something equally stunning," Jack said with a grin. "Especially for a beastmaster like you."

"Huh?" Jet was wondering what Jack meant when Jack turned around and walked towards the Ice Demon Fiend.

As he walked, his body started to enlarge. His human skin was replaced by reptilian scales, the scales were brownish-blue in color. His face deformed into an elongated form, with two long whiskers coming out of his snout. A pair of antler-like horns sprouted from the back of his head. Two skeletal structures with leathery membranes grew from his back, forming two large bat-like wings. His hands and feet turned into large claws that gleamed with energy. Several plates covered his body, especially the back of his neck, shoulders, arms, and legs. These plates were as if the scales on his body grew to enormous size and became some sort of armor.

The eight players who watched the transformation were lost for words.

"Is... Is that beastmaster's beast form?" Jet finally asked.

Jack stopped walking and looked back. He grinned with his current dragon face, which made him look awfully weird. "It's cool, ain't it?" He said. "This is my Supreme Dragon Form."

Jack turned back. "Okay, I will put this form to the test. Let's see how powerful it is."

He squatted down. As he was about to jump, his wing flapped. He felt weird, he could feel the wing as if additional arms. He couldn't describe the feeling of suddenly having an extra pair of arms. 'This will take getting used to,' he thought.

He then jumped. Except he was not jumping. He was lifting off. The two large wings continued to flap as he ascended higher and higher.

"Woo-hoo...!!" He shouted as he shot forward. He then turned left, then turned right. He circled up there while the others stared at him from the ground. Even the Ice Demon Fiend was looking up, but it stayed still since Jack hadn't come close enough.

Jack was testing his flight. His wings continued to flap. He was sure that his current flying ability had nothing to do with the wings. Although they looked large, they were still too small to generate enough force to lift his heavy body. His flying ability was mostly magical. The force that directed the path of his flight was controlled by his thought, like his spells. And like his spells, he felt that he could strengthen it by manipulating the mana. He figured that when his mana manipulation reached the state where he could freely use it in combat, he should be able to fly faster or make sharp turns in the air.

"Are you having enough fun yet, lad?" Jet called out from below. "You do remember that beast form has a duration, don't you?"

"Oh, right," Jack chuckled. He had been too absorbed by the flying. This was the first time he had experienced flying, after all. He thought he needed to wait till he get the flying spell, but fate had given him this ability via different means.

Jack stopped in the air. He was hovering above the Ice Demon Fiend, who was staring back at him.

"Let's test this form's battle capability," he uttered.

Chapter 737: The Amazing Dragonman

The air behind Jack compressed before exploding. His body was then pushed forward at high speed. He was not unfamiliar with this sensation because it was the same effect as a spell from a magic scroll he had used in the past, the Wind Jet spell. Except here, it was an innate ability of the Supreme Dragon form that required no casting time.

He dove down directly towards the Ice Demon Fiend. Once Jack came to certain proximity, the Ice Demon Fiend reacted. It jumped with its two claw-like wings stabbing upward.

The two crashed into each other in the air. Their collision caused an explosion of wind that radiated out. Both Jack and the Ice Demon Fiend rebounded from the impact. Jack was thrown back into the air, while the Ice Demon Fiend was slammed into the ground. The demon's fall created a large crater on the ground.

"Amazing!" Jack uttered. His direct physical clash had indicated that his supreme dragon form was even stronger than this higher-level rare elite demon. He didn't have to worry about a direct clash while in this form.

Yet, he chose to cast and execute all his range spells and skills while flying. The Ice Demon Fiend's skeletal wings were incomplete, so it can't fly as Jack did. The demon could only watch helplessly on the ground while being battered by all the attacks. The demon formed some ice balls on its palms and threw them upward, but the balls' range was greatly reduced since they defied gravity. None of the ice balls hit Jack while Jack's attacks easily fell onto where the Ice Demon Fiend was standing.

'A Flying unit is truly superior,' Jack thought. However, his range damages were not as high as his melee. He could slowly wear this Ice Demon Fiend down with this flying bombardment if his beast form had no time limit, but it did, so he couldn't waste time like this. Also, there was the environmental mana buildup. He didn't have all the time in the world.

So, after testing the flying harassment, Jack dove down again to where the Ice Demon Fiend was. He activated his new skill, Phantom Blade, which he had acquired after becoming a level 45 Blade Dancer. Shadow copies of his claws appeared behind his two arms. As he clashed with the demon, this phantom claw followed his every attack, bypassing the demon's blocks.

Jack utilized his sword art together with his game skills as he battled the Ice Demon Fiend in close combat. The demon was continuously getting pushed back. Jet and the others were awed as they watch the duels. Was this rare elite level 50 demon wasn't as strong as what they were told?

Blade orbs continued to swirl around Jack's arm one after another. Because of his set equipment's effect, his blade orbs no longer reset as long as he didn't miss the strike. With the phantom blade skill, the unblockable hits continued to produce blade orbs, until they culminated in thirty blade orbs, boosting his damage by 30%.

The demon was continuously pushed until it almost reached the ice spear fence that circumvented the basin. Its HP continuously went down at a steady rate. Jack heard its low growl as mana gathered in its body. He immediately flew back as Ice Ring exploded out.

The Ice Demon Fiend's unusually large mouth on its torso lighted up. It was about to use its freezing ice beam! In response, Jack's large dragon neck was also lighting up. As the demon's large mouth opened and a thick ice beam blasted out, Jack also opened his maw. A thick beam of bluish-white beam poured forth. This beam was Jack's supreme dragon's Soul Breath. It was a breath attack that delivered soul damage.

The two beams collided. A strong energy shockwave radiated out, knocking everything away, but the two opposing beings stood their ground. The beams that came out of their mouths continued to pour forth, trying to assert dominance over one another.

After several seconds, the ice beam was slowly pushed back by the soul breath. Jack started to take a step forward, while the Ice Demon Fiend took a step back. The ice beam was getting pushed back rapidly.

Seeing that its ice beam was losing. It canceled the beam and a sphere of ice encapsulated its body. Without the ice beam's hindrance, Jack's soul breath shot forth and slammed into this ice sphere. An enormous explosion resulted.

Jet and the others felt the wind of the explosion hit them. If they could feel the force from so far here, they couldn't imagine how strong the explosion would feel from up close.

When the explosion subsided, the Ice Demon Fiend was visible again. Its ice sphere had been completely broken. It didn't look to be in a good shape either. One of the skeletal wings on its back was broken. Its HP was only a quarter left.

The Ice Demon Fiend decided to use its ultimate skill. The ice spear fence behind the demon started shivering before they shot up. All the ice spears disappeared into the dark sky above before falling to where Jack was standing. The demon had concentrated all the spears on Jack's location.

Jack decided to test his supreme dragon form's defensive skill. His two large bat-like wings came forward and covered his body. The skill was called Wing Shield.

The spears started battering at these wings non-stop. The number of falling spears was so dense that Jet and the others couldn't see Jack through the spears. The attack lasted for a long time. When the last spear fell, they saw Jack was still there with his two wings covering him.

Jack opened the wings and checked himself. No wounds. He didn't even lose a single HP. This wing shield negated all attacks so long as it didn't cross a threshold that it could block, similar to shield equipment. The total damage by all the ice spears might be impressive, but each of the individual spear's damage was not enough to penetrate the shield's defense, so they were all negated.

Jet and the others looked at Jack with open mouths. "Isn't that beast form a bit too overpowered?" Jet muttered.

Jack checked the time, his beast form duration had less than three minutes left. He figured that he was done with his experiment and he should finish this fight. He called out his Spirit Weapon and activated the Overlimit of his Storm Breaker. His right claw was now crackling with white light and black lightning.

His spirit weapon activated its melee mode since the enemy was nearby. Its blade broke into two parts and became a dual-sword entity. Together with Jack, it was like two swordsmen unleashing Formless Flowing Sword Style against a single opponent. The Ice Demon Fiend was unable to compete against Jack before this, it was even more so now. Its HP continued to decrease.

When its life was critical, Jack decided to give Jet and the others a show. He called out his runestone of luck and then unleashed his Lightning Barrage while at the same time commanding his Spirit Weapon to activate its finishing mode. The spirit weapon turned into a large black sword and stabbed into the dying Ice Demon Fiend. The twenty lightning balls landed then. The resulting explosion was even more spectacular than the previous soul breath.

What remained after were loots on the ground.

It took Jet and the others a few seconds before they snapped out of their trances and ran to where Jack was. Jack had returned to his human form and was currently inspecting the loots.

"Jack boy, weren't those last assaults a bit overkill?" Jet said when he arrived. "It's completely unnecessary. The demon will still fall even if you continue with normal attacks."

"That's true," Jack said. He then grinned, "but it's cool, wasn't it?"

"Damn right, it was!" Jet said as he joined Jack in studying the loot.

"I have already taken the exp pills. No Thousand-Year Wine. You guys can roll on these remaining drops," Jack said.

"Are you sure?" Jet asked. "You single-handedly killed this Ice Demon Fiend. The way I see it. All these loots are yours."

Jack shrugged. "No need to worry. Just help yourself. I've already taken what I want. These remaining ones are of no interest to me."

'No interest?' Everyone thought. There were several rare-grade equipments on the ground, there was even one super-rare grade shoulder armor. If anyone else uttered the sentence, they would consider the guy to be boasting, but Jack's equipment had already outclassed these rare-grade pieces.

They then started rolling to determine who got what. But the coins and mana cores were also all taken by Jack, he was donating them to the guild. It had been decreed to all guild members that all coins and mana cores from legacy dungeon runs would be donated to the guild.

After coming out of the legacy dungeon, Jack proceeded to the training caves. In the following days, while waiting for Fierce Flame, he spent them in between these two facilities.

Chapter 738: Forgetting a Promise

Jet didn't follow him into the legacy dungeon the following days. Jet informed Jack that his dwarven friends had stumbled upon a quest while traveling around Themisphere. They needed help, so Jet had gone to help them with the quest.

Tip sent different members to tag along with Jack into the legacy dungeon. Mostly just to get experience. Mostly members who Jack didn't recognize. Every member who exited the legacy dungeon would immediately go and tell their friends about it. Jack's dragon form was soon well-known by almost everyone within the guild.

On the fourth day, he recognized one of the members who joined. He felt cold sweat immediately when this person approached.

"Didn't I tell you to let me know once you return to this headquarters?" Grace asked.

"I... Uh... It's good seeing you again," Jack said with a grin.

"You forgot your promise, didn't you?" Grace asked again with a hard stare.

"Yes, I did... I'm sorry," Jack admitted.

Grace sighed. "So, how long will you be staying here?" She asked.

"A few days. Only until Fierce Flame is back. She will be taking me to a place where I can craft armor for my pet."

"Grace, who is this?" An elven man asked, he was a level 47 Sentinel.

"Oh? Who is this?" Jack asked Grace as well about the elven man.

"Hey, hey, don't act so close to our Grace!" The elven sentinel uttered.

"That's right, go away!" Another elven man that was a level 47 Archmage joined in.

"Zip it, you two! Do you want to get kicked out of this guild?" Grace chided.

"Yeah, man. You don't even recognize one of the leaders of this guild?" Another player said. "We assemble here so we can see our guild leader, the great Storm Wind, in action."

"Uh... You can probably drop the great part," Jack said.

"He is Storm Wind?" The elven archmage scrutinized Jack with a skeptical look. He couldn't use his Inspect on Jack.

"Hmph, I don't care who he is, we are here because of Grace," the elven sentinel said. "Even if he is a guild leader, I won't forgive him if he dares to disrespect Grace."

Grace shook her head. She seemed helpless with the two.

Jack did hear that there was a spike in the member registration from the Aurebor Dynasty once their guild was linked to that country, with the majority being elven men. There was no doubt that this was because everyone had found out that Grace had become a member of this guild. All her fans had practically registered the same day they found out about the news.

The guild, of course, couldn't accept all who registered considering their membership limit. Additionally, these elf men's reason for entering the guild was truly questionable. But John thought they could still prove useful as a source of labor. They hiked up the entrance requirement for that country. So, only the best were accepted. Jack guessed these two were among those best. The three elven men that were with Grace in the tournament, Assured, Wonderman, and Bad Omen, had also joined.

Jeanny and John were at first hesitant to promote Grace into their core members despite Jack vouching for her. They both knew Jack had only known the girl for a short time, and Jack also chose not to tell them about his past with Grace. But after seeing the hike in Aurebor's application. They decided they were okay to let Grace free from all obligations. By simply being in the guild, Grace had given them an unlimited supply of applicants. This meant that if they wanted to kick out some useless members, they could instantly refill the void again, which gave them more leverage over those common members. Those members would have to be diligent if they didn't wish to get replaced.

"Hmph, I never put you in my eyes anyway," said the elven sentinel, who Jack inspected was named Glorysurge. "There was a lot of talk about you in this guild, but I personally think they are all shit. Don't you think I am a three-year-old that will just believe everything I hear?"

"Yeah, if you think you can deceive our Grace with those fake stories, think again!" The elven archmage said. This elven archmage had the alias of Gossipking. "We are not as gullible as those other players in this guild."

The other players there looked at the two in annoyance. Who did you just call gullible?

"Quiet! I will talk to whoever I want! If you two have a problem, get the hell away from here!" Grace uttered. Her patience was running thin.

Glorysurge wasn't fazed by the scolding. He said, "Grace, you shouldn't trust unsavory character that easily. But don't worry, I will be your protector. My shield will always protect you from a dubious person such as him."

Gossipking wasn't getting left behind. "And you will always have my magic, Grace. Anyone who dares to trick you, I will blast them to smithereens."

Jack was already in front of the open portal, he had activated the legacy dungeon device. He had created a party and sent invitations to everyone, including the two annoying elven men. "Everyone who wants to join this legacy dungeon, join. Those that don't, stay outside." He then stepped into the portal.

Grace accepted the invitation and ran into the portal, ignoring Glorysurge and Gossipking.

"Grace, wait!" The two yelled before hurriedly chasing after her.

Once inside, they saw Jack was already ahead with Therras. Everyone ran after him. All of them were slower than Jack, including those that had classes branching from Ranger. Hence, Jack was getting further and further. They only managed to catch him after he was clashing with the group of monsters. By the time they arrived, only two ice dogs were left in critical health.

"Can you please wait for us?" Grace said to Jack.

"I don't like hearing their talks," Jack replied. "I'm afraid I can't hold myself and ends up killing my own guild members."

Glorysurge and Gossipking who heard it were immediately riled. "Do you think we are pushovers? Come at us then! We will show Grace that you are just a phony."

"I will leave these two to you people," Jack said and dashed off with Therras, leaving the two near-death ice dogs.

"Wait!" Grace shouted. He then said to Glorysurge and Gossipking, "you two take care of these dogs." She then rushed off as well.

"What? Grace, we need to protect you!" Glorysurge yelled. He turned to the others. "You people finish them." He and Gossipking then chased after Grace.

The remaining players looked at each other with confusion. What kind of a party was this? What kind of a dungeon raid was this?

The raid continued like this. Jack vanquished a large portion of the monsters before the others caught up. He then advanced again, leaving the rest to deal with the nearly decimated monsters. It was like a cat and mouse game inside the dungeon.

They finally reached the basin where the Ice Demon Fiend was waiting. This time Jack waited for them to arrive.

"Can't you do this like a normal team?" Grace asked after arriving, she was panting. She had been running non-stop.

Glorysurge and Gossipking followed closely behind, they were also panting. All three of them were slow-moving classes. "Grace, don't just run off like that. What if some monsters get a jump on you?"

The remaining team came after, they were the wipeout crew who took out the low health monsters left behind by Jack.

After seeing everyone had arrived, Jack told them what he had told others in the previous run. To stay here behind the ice spears fence and left everything to him. He then walked towards the boss below the basin, Therras stood behind with the rest.

"Show-off!" Gossipking uttered, but when he saw Grace remained there as commanded and her eyes lingered on Jack who was moving away. He felt jealousy rising within him. Glorysurge experienced the same feeling.

The two looked at each other and nodded. They then ran forward. Grace who noticed the two, yelled, "Wait! What are you two doing? Stay back!"

But the two acted as if they didn't hear. They were determined to show their prowess so that their Goddess would look at them. Jack was walking, so the two who were running overtake him. Jack was similarly flabbergasted by the two's desperado display.

The two, however, stopped after a certain distance. "Le â?? Level 50 rare elite...?"

The two had reached a distance where they could use Inspect. They had heard that this legacy dungeon's boss was strong but they didn't know it was a rare elite grade. They had joined this guild solely to hound Grace, they never bothered to chat with the other members so they didn't know exactly how strong this dungeon's boss was.

Until now, they had never heard of anyone soloing a rare elite grade of the same level, or they chose not to believe it since they had experienced this grade before. It took them a large team to deal with one. Even then, many casualties happened. Additionally, this monster was categorized as a boss, which was stronger than a normal rare elite. This boss was also a demon type, demon and draconic were amongst the two strongest monster types. So, when they saw Jack going towards the boss alone, they expected this boss to be at most the special elite grade.

Jack was now walking past the two who were staying still, giving them an odd look that said 'What the hell are you guys doing here?'

He didn't say anything, though. He had given them the warning to stay back. If they chose to die, it was their choice. He continued walking towards the Ice Demon Fiend.

Glorysurge and Gossipking looked at Jack's back, uncertain of what to do. Going forward would be suicide. Going back would be uncool. Their Goddess would look down on them. They decided to just stay there and observed the situation. They hoped Jack got killed by the boss so then it wouldn't be so odd for them to retreat.

Chapter 739: Tagging Along

"Look at the guy pretending, he will soon be running back here asking for everyone's help," Glorysurge said as he watched Jack proceeding to approach the rare elite boss.

"But, bro... I heard that he had entered this legacy dungeon for several days," Gossipking said. "And he always faced the boss alone."

"How can you believe that shit? Now that we know the boss is a level 50 rare elite, it is clearly bogus."

"The rumor says he has a really strong companion and beast form"

"What beast form?"

"I don't know. I never pay attention to the talks."

"Then you are right to do that. It's just horseshit if you ask me."

"But... He is still walking towards the boss like it is nothing..."

"... He is just pretending."

The two continued to try persuading themselves to fit the realities into their own images, right until the point where Jack unleashed his supreme dragon form. The two watched with lost words as Jack took the sky and rammed onto the boss before engaging it in a direct confrontation.

They were entranced by the scene but at the same time still trying to convince themselves that this was all just an illusion. That the humanoid dragon fighting the boss was not Jack, it was another high-grade monster that had somehow intruded here unnoticed and was now fighting the dungeon boss for a territory claim or some other shit like that.

They stayed their ground. They spent all their efforts in trying to reason with the unreasonable scene before them that they had no conscious effort left to steer their body away to a safer distance. Grace was shouting at them from the back. Their ears heard her voice yet it was as if their brains were too busy processing the data from their eyes that they had no more processing capacity to process the information received by the ears.

It went on like that for a long time. Until some other scene forcefully tore them out of their intense internal debate. The scene was when the entire ice spears were sucked up into the air. The spears disappeared into the void above for a moment of silence before they all came raining down.

This time, the ice spears didn't all fall where Jack was at. Since Glorysurge and Gossipking were inside its territory, some of the ice spears fell on them as well. The danger from the falling ice spears snapped the two out of their trance. Their survival instincts took over.

Gossipking made an urgent spell casting and completed it just before the ice hit. Magic Wall appeared above the two and served as a protective umbrella. Glorysurge activated Protection Field and Shield Stance. The Magic Wall was shattered by the ice spears after several hits. The spears then fell on them. Gossipking hid behind Glorysurge as the sentinel used his tower shield to cover them both.

John didn't make wrong choices when he said he only filtered the best when accepting applicants. Despite the two questionable mental capacities, they survived the ice spears with their swift actions, albeit in low health already. Grace hurriedly approached since the ice spears were no more and threw some healing spells on the two idiots.

The two were back to their hollow stares after the danger had passed. They continued that way until the ice demon fiend fell to the ground and dispersed. The humanoid dragon monster who had come claiming the boss' territory had transformed back into a human.

The other members cheered and ran forward. Grace followed them. Glorysurge and Gossipking continued standing where they were, unsure of what to do. After a short while, they finally decided to approach as well.

Jack took the coins and mana cores to be donated to the guild, as well as the exp pills for himself. The rest he gave to the others. But when Glorysurge and Gossipking approached, he blocked the two.

"You two have no share of the loots," he announced to them.

"Hah? Why?" Gossipking asked. He saw the others had started rolling to decide who got what.

"I don't like the way you two talked to me," Jack replied. "It's fine sharing the exp points with you, but not the loots."

The two were quiet. It was true that they had been rude previously. They also never expected Jack to be truly so formidable as the story they heard. If they tried to force their way now, they would be the ones that got crushed.

"Jack, can you please not give them a hard time?" Grace came and said. "They did get overboard a bit, but they are good persons. They have helped me a lot in the past."

Jack turned to Grace, before looking back at the two.

"You two. Apologize to the guild leader now! Or do you want to get expelled?" Grace said to Glorysurge and Gossipking.

The two looked at one another. Gossipking was the first to say, "Forgive me, leader. I was in the wrong."

It took Glorysurge longer to say, "I... I'm sorry."

Jack touched his chin. 'Hm, it does take power to get respected,' he thought. Jack was not a petty person. Since the two had apologized, he could just forget everything. He said to the two, "All Right, let's bygone be bygone. Go ahead and roll for the loots. I've taken my share."

Glorysurge and Gossipking approached the loots. Many rare-grade equipments were on the ground. The loots from a rare elite boss were indeed generous.

When they came out of the legacy dungeon, Grace asked Jack, "What will you be doing now?"

"I'm going to the training cave. I need lots of exp to catch up with the others," Jack answered.

"In that case, let me join you," Grace said.

"Um, it will be faster if I do the training cave alone," Jack said.

"Are you saying I'm a burden if I join?" Grace asked with a frown.

"Uh, of course not! You are very welcome to join," Jack hurriedly replied.

"Good," Grace said and turned away.

Jack's shoulders slumped when she did.

"Grace, we will be joining you as well then," Gossipking said.

"No!" Both Jack and Grace said at the same time.

The two were more obedient this time. Though they still felt dissatisfaction and jealousy, they no longer expressed them openly. They only watched in silence as Grace followed after Jack.

For the following days, Grace continued to accompany Jack every day in raiding the legacy dungeon and training caves. The two chatted as they did in the old days, but both still pretended to not know one another's past. If Paytowin was there, he would have been unable to take it any longer and slapped them both. Even Peniel felt like doing so herself.

On the eighth day, Jet came back and joined the legacy dungeon again. His friends' quest was done and he had free time to kill. When they met, Jack asked him, "my pervert uncle, in these few days that I spend in this headquarters, why do I hear gossip about you regularly sneaking into the women's bathhouse to peek them bathing?"

The bathhouse was one of the facilities they could build after reaching level 3. It was more of a leisure place. But using the bathhouse also had the effect of granting an exp boost for eight hours. And it was not limited to region restrictions like the Power Crystal. It was divided into the male and female sections. Jack had also used this facility before he entered the legacy dungeon and training cave.

"Haha, you must have heard wrong," Jet laughed awkwardly.

Jack gave him a suspicious stare.

On the ninth day, Jack received Fierce Flame's message, informing Jack that she was available. They could depart tomorrow morning. When Jet and Grace told Jack that they were looking forward to tomorrow's dungeon raiding, Jack told them today was the last. Tomorrow he would be heading out.

"Where to?" Jet asked.

"To meet someone who can make armor for my pet," Jack answered.

Jet eyed him for a while before jumping up and knocking him on the head.

"The hell, man!" Jack uttered.

"I should be the one that says that!" Jet retorted. "You are going to make armor for your pet and you don't think about asking me to come? What class do you think I am?"

"Oh..." Jack realized his oversight. "Haha, all right, we will depart together tomorrow."

"Yeah! Road trip!" Jet exclaimed.

"Then I will come as well," Grace said.

"Um... But, you have no pet," Jack said.

"So?" Grace said back with a stern face.

"Nothing! We are glad by your company," Jack uttered. "But none of your boyband entourage, okay."

"No problem," Grace replied.

After agreeing to meet tomorrow morning. They went their ways. Jet came to Jack before that. "Jack boy, why does it seem like something is going on between you and that lass?"

"Oh? Why do you say that?" Jack asked.

"You two talked very pleasantly as if old friends, yet both of you seemed to keep a certain distance from one another."

"Really? Must be your imagination," Jack said and walked away.

Peniel shrugged at Jet before following Jack away. Jet was wondering what the fairy meant by that.

*

The Next morning, they gathered in the lobby outside the Guild Hall. Jack was expecting only Flame, Jet, and Grace. However, there were also Weird Trap, Salty Trade, Wondrouslife, and Sturdy Serpent. Jack was confused about why these additional people but then he realized something that linked them all together. They all had pets.

Tip came out of the Guild Hall and explained to Jack. He told Jack that these four were originally tagging with Jeanny on Prince Alonzo's trip, but when they learned about Jack's plan from Tip, they sent these four back to tag along.

Jack didn't mind. Flame mentioned that the place they were going to was not particularly dangerous. It would be for the guild's benefit as well if these four's pets were strengthened.

Chapter 740: Review on Growth

Out of the nine days of exp grinding, Jack got only one Thousand-Year Wine, but he got more exp pills compared to the last time he did this legacy dungeon farming. He always summoned Runestone of Luck before he slew the Ice Demon Fiend.

He still needed eleven more days for his age to become ten-month of age. After drinking the Thousand-Year Wine, he received half a month's worth of age and immediately became ten months old. At this

age, he didn't receive new skills, but his Slash of Determination upgraded to rank 2. The skill's damage increased to 150% damage and its critical chance increased to 30%.

The constant exp grinding and the large number of exp pills helped him not fall behind too far from the average players. He spent the exp pills first on his Archmage and Beastmaster classes, increasing both of them to level 45 because that was the level where he got new skills, Tracing Beams and Strength of the Wild.

Afterward, he used the remaining exp pills for his Blade Dancer class and managed to bring it up to level 46. At this level, he was only one level less than the general public, while two levels below the top experts. While some who had joined him into the last run of ancient battleground had reached level 49, out of which were Leavemealone, Domon, Jeanny, and Grace. He didn't know about Red Death because she was not on his friend list, but he suspected that girl must be level 49 as well by now.

His pet, Terras, had also increased to level 46 after following Jack non-stop in the legacy dungeon and training caves.

Jack had many free points saved up from all the level-ups. He hadn't spent any of them in a while. He had 33 free attribute points. His free skill points were 9, 9, and 15 for Blade Dancer, Archmage, and Beastmaster respectively.

After looking at his overall attributes, he decided to invest all 33 of the free attribute points in his Wisdom stat. It was the most lacking compared to his other stats. He would need this stat to withstand magical attacks. Considering his nemesis was one that excel in such an attack, it would be bad if he was weak against it.

As for his free skill points. He spent the Beastmaster's free skill points first because that was the class he had the least number of skills. All his Beastmaster's skills were standard skills. Couldn't help it, since he didn't join any faction focused on Beastmaster.

He first maxed out his Combination Assault skill which was only missing 1 skill point. After that, he spent the remaining 14 points on the newly acquired Strength of the Wild skill, bringing it to level 15.

*

Strength of the Wild, level 15/20 (Active skill)

Call upon the blessing of the wild to bestow power. +164% increase to attributes, +10% increase to damage, +100% increase to defense and resistances, +85% to movement and attack speed, immune to movement restriction, recover 80 HP every second.

Duration: 2 minutes

Cooldown: 1 hour

*

After reviewing the skill, Jack said, "The skill level increase only increases the attributes, movement speed, attack speed, and HP recovery. It doesn't increase the damage and defense?"

"The damage and defense will increase following your star proficiency," Peniel informed.

As for his two other classes, before he spent the skill points, he took a look at his Container of Souls. It had been a while since he last used this item, which was the day he fought in the selection tournament. That was one and a half months ago.

Since there was no big battle, the souls he collected were all from his time in the wilderness and the legacy dungeon runs. The training caves and the ancient battleground provided no soul. The biggest portion of the souls still came from the Ice Demon Fiend of the legacy dungeon. The souls contained in his Container of Souls numbered 1,063,000 souls.

He still had a few advanced skills that were not maxed out yet. Archer's Precise Shot and Keen Sight, both were still at level 1. Archmage's Float spell, which was level 4 at the moment. He spent 540,000 souls to max out all three of them. He also had a non-standard basic spell that was not yet upgraded, the Illumination spell. Even though he rarely used this spell, the number of souls required to upgrade was minuscule compared to what he had now. So, he spent another 19,000 souls to max this spell as well.

For the remaining 504,000 souls, he could upgrade elite skills or spells five times.

After some consideration, he decided to max out his spells, Magic Weapon and Myriad Ensnaring Chains, which were at level 16 and level 12 respectively. He used 9 free Archmage skill points and 300,000 souls to max those two spells.

At level 20, Magic Weapon lasted twenty long minutes. While for Myriad Ensnaring Chains, the max level summoned fifteen crimson chains. The chains were also larger and much stronger. It won't be so easy to break these chains anymore even if the opponents had ridiculously high strength.

For the remaining souls, Jack used 200,000 souls in conjunction with the 9 free Blade Dancer's skill point to level up his current strongest skill, Hundred Shadow Strikes, bringing it up to level 12.

*

Hundred Shadow Strikes, level 12/20 (Active skill, range, requires melee weapon)

Split into sixteen shadows, each shadow deals 255% darkness damage, 10% added Critical Chance, 30% chance to cause Cursed effect.

Range: 10 meters

Cooldown: 2 hours

Stamina: 150

*

The damage had been increased, it also added the number of shadows. From the look of it, if the skill was maxed out, it would produce twenty shadows. Jack was honestly a bit disappointed. He was hoping that the max skill would produce as its name suggested, a hundred shadows. But then this skill would be unrealistically overpowered.

"Let me guess, the star proficiency will increase the critical chance and cursed effect chance?" Jack asked about the Hundred Shadow Strikes.

"You are correct," Peniel confirmed.

Jack then reviewed all his battle skills. Since he returned from the Jagara region after John called him back for his triple-cross trick, it was two months ago. He never stopped training his game skills. Many of his skills and spells had increased in their proficiencies.

His Flame Strike had reached 8 stars. Jack did not doubt that this skill would be the first one that got a full ten stars. Many of his other basic skills had already reached very high proficiencies. Parry, Natural Body Recovery, Mana Bullet, Magic Shield, Energy Bolts, and Heightened State were now 7 stars. Swing was 6 stars.

Although they were only basic skills, Jack continued to use them regularly. Both in battle and outside of battle. The higher the star, the more proficiencies were needed, but most of these basic skills had short cooldown so they were the easiest to be trained.

He still had several basic skills that were lacking, mostly the basic skills from Ranger class. His Swift Stab and Silent Step were 2 stars, Roll at 3 stars, Throw Weapon, and Illumination at 1 star. Each star on Swift Stab further increased the stab speed by 5%. Each star on Throw Weapon increased the weapon's flight speed by 5%. Each star on Illumination increased the intensity of the light produced.

For Silent Step, this skill's basic ability was removing footstep noise. However, if one moved too fast, some noise would still be produced. One with this skill usually slowed their movement to a certain speed to allow the skill to fully take effect. But with each star, the speed tolerance was increased. Peniel informed Jack that at full ten stars, one could run at full speed and still not produce any sound.

As for his other skills and spells, Charge, Adrenaline Rush, Sword of Light, Flash Step, Arcane Turbulence, and Ice Ring were 5 stars. Superior Body Recovery, Shooting Dash, Life Burning Art, Dragon Eye, Barrier, Magic Bind, Body Double, and Myriad Ensnaring Chains were 4 stars. His Body Double could now switch four times before the spell ended, and his Myriad Ensnaring chains now lasted 36 seconds.

His Shredding Fang, Blitz Slash, Devouring Cross, Tame Pet, Call Wolf Pack, Call Familiar, Mana Beam, and Magic Weapon were 3 stars. His Magic Wall was 2 stars.

Whirlwind Slash, Keen Sight, Master Tamer, and Beast form were 2 stars. Normal Whirlwind Slash created slashing energy that hit everyone within a three-meter radius. Each star increased this radius by 0.2 meters. With all ten stars, his Whirlwind Slash would hit everyone in a five-meter radius. Keen Sight was the ranger's passive skill that increased vision range. Each star on this skill increased the skill owner's field of view. For Master Tamer, each star increased the pet's attributes by 5%. While for Beast Form, each star gave an additional 10% HP and 10 HP recovery when transformed.

Wind Slash, Penta Slash, Precise Shot, and Float were 1 star. Each star on Wind Slash increased the skill's range by two meters. Penta Slash's every star increased its slashing speed and its incremental damage by 1%. Each star of Precise Shot increased the projectile's speed by 10%. Each star on Float increased the spell's vertical range by 1 meter, it also increased the floating speed.