

## Oracle 771

### Chapter 771 Soulspeaker

The interior of the temple was just as Jake and Lucia imagined it. Plain and spacious. There were no carpets, no tapestries, no murals, no paintings, no sculptures. Just the same stone floor, walls and ceiling, which seemed to have been carved from the same block.

As Jinlong saw them gawking, he felt quite smug inside, believing them to be in awe of the sheer magnificence of their architectural engineering and exquisite aesthetics. Among the dragons, the bigger and plainer the better. For color and shine they had their own scales to admire.

Of course, this did not apply to their treasure trove. A dragon was only respected by its peers if it was at least sleeping on its own weight in gold. Tough luck, Jinlong didn't take them to visit the 'bedroom' or Jake might have been tempted to rob the whole place.

Now that he had been set straight, the elder had become much more affable and began to tell them all sorts of trivia about the history of his race and how they had ended up in this godforsaken valley. Unprompted, he eventually turned the topic to Will.

"... By the way, I was the one who first realized Will's potential. I was on a mission to the capital to cough, enjoy the services of pleasant young ladies, when I spotted a young green dragon strolling alongside his master. At the time, I thought this dragon had been captured and enslaved. I was a little drunk and in the moment I didn't pay much attention to their relationship. So, I kidnapped the dragon and his master... It wasn't until I returned to the village and the dragon insisted that I realized I might have been mistaken.

"Of course, that wasn't enough to convince me and I let the young man rot in his cell, but I did free the dragon. A day later, Will managed to break out by messing with the guards' minds with his voice. Our Dragon King realized his talent and seeing the collusion between Will and his dragon he decided to take him under his wing and make him a Soulspeaker."

"I still don't understand how that justifies banning us from seeing him. We haven't been able to contact him for months." Lucia huffed accusingly. Since they had stepped into the temple she still hadn't sheathed her sword.

"... I'm coming to that." Jinlong smiled helplessly. "Soulspeaker is a Soul Class restricted to Dragons and a few other privileged races born of magic and blessed with an extraordinary affinity with nature. To make Will a Soulspeaker, the Dragon King decided to Dragonify him. This is a ritual that allows a human to obtain the powers of a dragon, but extremely dangerous. Although deaths are rare, the result is often neither dragon nor human."

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?" Jake suddenly grabbed Jinlong by the throat, lifting him into the air with one hand.

The old man's face turned red, then puffy purple, until Lucia patted his arm and whispered,

"Will probably knows what he's doing." Throwing a warning glance at the older man, she asked sweetly, "You wouldn't have forced him, would you?"

Alas, her attempt to calm things down did not have the desired effect. Instead of nodding vigorously, Jinlong looked away and a loud swallowing sound echoed in the hall.

"So you forced it... Hehe." Jake laughed ominously before suddenly shouting, "DIE!"

"STOP!"

A voice as deep and booming as a thunderclap suddenly echoed in their minds, compelling Jake to halt the execution.

"YOUR FRIEND IS FINE. JINLONG ESCORT THEM TO HIM."

"Tsk." Jake's lips twitched, but he released the old man's throat, allowing him to touch the ground again.

Massaging his sore throat, Jinlong replied loyally,

"By your will, your Excellency."

The room Will was in was not as hidden as they had imagined. After passing through a hallway and a staircase wide enough to fit two boeings side by side, they found themselves in a room as large as a concert hall.

The edges of the room were made of stone, but a gigantic pool filled with a scarlet, acidic liquid formed a basin nearing the size of a small lake. In the center of the pool, a small emerald green dragon floated on its surface, its closed eyelids twitching and quivering as if the creature was experiencing a dreadful nightmare.

Floating in the lake like a corpse, a familiar-looking young man lay a few meters away on his back, the grimacing and twitching of his face mirroring that of his dragon. Their two bodies were connected by a mysterious emerald energy flow and with his Myrtharian Eyes, Jake was able to glimpse a formation involving billions of Runes, like a spider's web woven with Will and Charizard trapped at its center.

These Runes were neither Mana Runes nor Aether Runes, and the Oracle Scan informed him that they were simply Dragon Runes. For a Rune Aetherist, the urge to immediately set about deciphering this new language was almost unbearable, but for his friend's sake he gritted his teeth and ignored his burning curiosity.

"J-Jake look up." Lucia whispered in a shaky voice.

"Hmm, what?" He muttered as he looked up from the lake.

When he gazed in the direction Lucia had pointed, his face froze. Two yellow eyes as wide as a house embedded in a head bigger than an ocean liner were silently peering at them. Despite the vastness of the room and its lake, only half of the dragon's head was visible, the rest disappearing into a long underground tunnel. If he wasn't mistaken, a cavern as large as a small town existed beneath the village.

"J-Jake and Lucia pay our respects to the Dragon King." The two Players saluted nervously.

Their power had increased greatly over the past few months, but this titanic dragon was an aberration. Next to it, the oriental dragon Sigmar had tamed was a worm. Jake refused to believe that such a creature was an ordinary native of Quanoth. And indeed, he was not disappointed.

[Dragon King Shenron (Spirit Dragon), Divine Soulspeaker lvl 128.]

Before coming here, Jake had theorized that level 100 was the maximum. At least on Quanoth. This was not an arbitrary assumption, but because each level up exponentially increased the Spirit Body's energy quantity and quality relative to previous levels. Level 90 was practically the limit for these natives under 1000 years old, while at least ten times as long would be needed to reach level 100 without any particular lucky encounter.

Hence his assessment of the dragon as an outlier. This mythical creature should not be here.

"I know you must be asking yourself all sorts of questions, but since you've already met Aurae just remember that I am one of the evaluators of this Ordeal. I give quests and opportunities to Players and natives that pique my interest and by watching you I kill my boredom. Incidentally, I've also had a few offspring, hehe."

When the dragon's voice began to echo in the vast hall, the elder Jinlong became blank expression. It was as if his brain had been turned off and he would most likely not retain a word of this conversation.

"Will?" Jake finally asked. Now that he had confirmed that the dragon did not seem hostile, he had regained his natural composure.

"He's fine, but his ordeal is far from over. To increase his chances of success, I first had him accept the Soul Class Dragon Rider. It allows the dragon rider and his mount to synchronize their souls and share their abilities through a blood pact. In the long run, Will will gradually become a Dragon Man, while his dragon Charizard will also become more human.

"Unfortunately, this gentle Dragonification takes several millennia so to speed up the process I have suggested another method. This lake is currently filled with the blood of my descendants and their energy feeds the Dragon Runes a formation amplifying and accelerating the synchronization of their two souls.

"Of course, nothing is free. This forced synchronization temporarily merges their souls, blending their consciousnesses. If they lose their sense of self or resist, then they will both die, their two fused souls giving birth to a third hybrid soul failing or exploding during their psychic clashes."

Jake and Lucia became livid as they learned what Will and Charizard were going through. Neither of them was confident that they could pull off this Dragonification.

If Will failed, it would be the end for him and they prayed that the Oracle would be able to save and restore their original consciousnesses.

However, if Will succeeded he would become both a Dragon Man and a Subpeaker, finally escaping his status as cannon fodder. The former nerd would be able to use both his words and his fists to defeat his enemies.

"How much longer before he wakes up?"

"Three to four months." The Dragon King answered honestly. "Don't worry, if he succeeds I will personally teleport him to your side. By that time, you should surely be in front of the Celestial City."

Chapter 772 Bloody Night

When Jake and Lucia returned to the Myrtharian Nerds' campsite, he was in a much better mood. He still hadn't gotten that heart-to-heart talk with Will, but at least he didn't seem like a traitor.

In fact, whatever grudges Jake held for the businessman had long since lost their meaning. Experience had proven that Wyatt wasn't a bad guy.

To be quite frank, this Vampire Progenitor was kind to a fault and his benevolence sometimes prevented him from committing a lesser evil for the greater good. His refusal to drink human blood was the most obvious example.

Back at their base, Lucia bid him farewell and decided to train her troops to prepare them for the battle to come. Hephais, who was a Shadow Assassin, decided to gather intel in Laudarkvik under the radar, with the endorsement of Aisling, Haynt and Kevin.

Speaking of his cousin Kevin, he had recently contacted them and told them that the Werelions, Werebears and Werebirds in the city would remain neutral. After much effort, he had managed to gain the trust of their princess Qewie. He was confident that with a few more days he would be able to win over the other camps on the fence.

Lysander, the Alpha Werelion was loyal to her, while his older brother Kenway, reputed to be as powerful as Haynt, was a lifelong loner. As long as his family was not threatened with extinction, he would not interfere.

Unfortunately, at this point neither Jake nor Kevin could predict that the Lost Divinities counterattack would come much sooner and in a much more unexpected way than anticipated.

As night fell and Jake had begun the task of producing the metals required to obtain his own portable fortress, a group of hooded individuals stealthily appeared in the Werebeing District.

One of these figures stood about 4.5 meters tall and two long, slightly curved horns could be seen protruding from his hood, as could his large nose. Equally striking were the two black hooves as wide as a roundel ending its brown-black coated legs.

A Minotaur.

As he stepped into the shadows, the other figures followed him and for a fraction of a second a moonbeam illuminated their faces, revealing bestial and inhuman faces. One of them looked like a humanoid lion, another like an eagle, others like bears or wolves.

Others were Daemons and Werebeings.

If one looked at them carefully, one could have noticed that the animal species they were related to corresponded to those of the different Werebeing clans of Laudarkvik. Seeing all of these opposing creatures gather together hooded at dusk, only a fool would not suspect that something sinister was afoot.

Walking behind the Minotaur were two smaller figures with different expressions on their faces.

The first, about 10 feet tall, was the epitome of the ultimate barbarian, a mountain of shaggy muscle, naked torso, bearded and tattooed with red stripes. In his eyes, crimson lightning snakes danced

constantly, while his hard face was perpetually frowning in an expression that screamed loudly 'Don't fuck with me'. The impression the man gave was that he was not happy to be here.

The second was the size of a normal human and significantly older. His skin was significantly darker and his hair and black goatee were meticulously trimmed. His slit-pupil orange eyes glowed in the darkness, boding ill for the unsuspecting Werebeings.

These two Players were of course Azeus and Shamash, two members of Lost Divinities. The former was on probation, while the latter was an officer known for his cruelty and efficiency in following orders.

"Do we really have to do this?" Azeus growled with disgust. "I thought Lost Divinities was an invincible faction. Isn't that what you told me when you came to recruit me? If we're the strongest why don't we fight them fair and square?"

Shamash chuckled gently, ignoring his ranting.

"Lost Divinities is invincible because it knows how to put water in its wine. We may be Gods, but we are minor deities. The Mirror Universe is vast. Only a fool would act openly believing himself invincible. You saw what happened when that Jake attacked us alone. He was strong, no doubt about it, but faced with our numbers he was forced to run away with his tail between his legs. Lost Divinities has many enemies, and the sooner we're done here, the sooner we can move on to the next stage of the plan."

"Whatever you say..." The barbarian grumbled, completely giving up on convincing him.

Shamash sneered inwardly, feeling nothing but contempt for this rookie who lived only for combat, but that didn't stop him from continuing the mission Deimos had given him. His face turning as cold as an iceberg he ordered grimly,

"Start the mission."

"Aye, sir." The hooded figures responded in unison by placing their fists over their hearts.

The next moment, these subordinates dispersed like blurred shadows into the district's alleyways, each heading for their future target.

A few minutes later in a mansion belonging to the patriarch of the Weresheeps.

A hooded Werelion withdrew his bloody spear from the throat of a young woman still carrying her baby in her arms. The weapon had pierced both mother and child. The baby's cries woke up the sleeping people in the mansion and seconds later several guards and an old man with fluffy white hair still in his pajamas came into the murder room.

Seeing the murdered young woman and baby lying in their own blood, the old man fell to his knees, a river of tears running down his face.

"Eleonora! Lil' Judi..."

This old man was none other than the patriarch of the Weresheeps and their oldest Alpha. Just then another younger man who vaguely resembled him emerged in the bedroom and also saw the two corpses. An intolerable pain clutched his chest and he had to squeeze his heart with his hand to keep from fainting.

After the shock, the man, who was the current leader and Alpha of the Weresheeps, went into berserk mode and the next thing he knew a ball of wool several dozen meters in diameter suddenly expanded, exploding the mansion. Immediately after, it began to shrink, becoming barely wider than a tennis ball.

"DIE!"

The man threw the compressed ball of wool and the hooded Werelion sketched a mocking smile. Instead of dodging, he deflected it with his spear, but caused it to graze his hood to reveal his appearance. He put on an expression of regret and nervousness, as if terrified of being found out, then

BOOOM!

The ball of wool expanded again and he let himself be ejected into the distance, a victorious smile reappearing on his face.

Mission accomplished. Back to base.'

In another even larger mansion, the Minotaur of Lost Divinities crushed all the descendants of the Wereboar clan with his fists and hooves. This clan had been totally neutral until then, but after this incident they were sure to change sides.

The Wereoxens and Wrecows clan were a notorious ally and subordinate of the Werelions and with his appearance this Minotaur had easily managed to pass himself off as one of them. If Alpha Boar wasn't too stupid, he would know what to do.

This kind of scene was repeated throughout the district. A Werebear slaughtered the wives and offspring of the most influential Weretigers. A Were-eagle slashed to death the eldest son of the Alpha Were-hippo, one of the neutral clans known to be the most vengeful and violent once their fury was provoked.

At the same time, similar tragedies occurred on the side of the clans that Kevin had convinced not to participate in the war. A Werewolf who was supposed to be their ally beheaded Lysander's wife, while another Werewolf murdered Kenway's childhood friend, a woman long married to another whom he had never stopped loving.

In the Werebears' palace, the old patriarch collapsed, suffocating in his own blood, bitten several dozen times by a Wrecobra. Despite his power and keen senses, he had not sensed the enemy approaching while he slept, and the guards had not been alerted either.

"Hmm?" Kevin who was meditating just below opened his eyes with a start.

With a bad feeling, he rushed into the old Alpha Werebear's room and arrived just in time to see the Wrecobra withdraw its fangs from the back of its victim's neck. Seeing their hooded cloaks, Kevin knew immediately that they were victims of a plot, but it was too late.

The current leader of the clan and son of the Alpha Werebear burst into the room and also discovered the unforgettable face of the assassin.

"YOU BASTARD! I'M GOING TO TEAR YOU TO PIECES WITH MY OWN TEETH!"

The man, mad with rage, suddenly widened, giving way to a huge grizzly bear of more than 12 meters in height and without looking at the buildings around his huge paw fell heavily on the place where the Werecoobra was standing. The Werecoobra winked at them, then its body evaporated into smoke just before the giant paw reduced it to mush.

#### Chapter 773 A Valuable Lesson

Kevin didn't even wait to check if the Werecoobra was really dead. If this assassin was from Lost Divinities as he thought then he wouldn't die so easily. He had a hunch that something much worse was afoot.

These attacks were too obvious. The Werecoobra wanted to look like he had inadvertently revealed his face, and his acting was excellent it was true. But the more flawless his acting was, the less Kevin believed it.

And if Kevin could think it, then Kenway and Lysander would realize it soon enough. The problem was that it didn't matter. To clear their names they would have to find the culprits without delay, and what could be more logical than to go after the Werebeings clans responsible for these attacks?

The Werebeings were humans, but they were also beasts. When their fury took control of their reason, they were nothing but ferocious beasts. To make matters worse, Lost Divinities had managed to time their attack on the day of the full moon. The moon was not visible because of all the dark clouds and that made this operation even more impressive.

During the full moon, the Werebeings' strength increased tenfold, but their self-control was also much more blurred. If a moonbeam hit them directly, they would transform into their beastly form and they would not stop chasing anything that moved until the next morning.

Alphas like Lysander and Kenway could obviously control themselves under any circumstances, but only when they were calm. When Lysander heard about his wife's death, he would freak out instantly.

If the other clans had been attacked in the same way, blaming the murders on another clan each time, then Kevin could already imagine how this night would end. The neutral factions would kill each other until there were only a handful of survivors left or sanity returned to them. All the efforts Werecoobra had made to persuade them would be for naught.

Damn it! They even used a Werelion to kill Kenway's childhood crush, those bastards! Kevin roared internally, his anger turning to helplessness, then despair.

Kenway was Lysander's older brother, the ultimate Alpha Werelion of the clan. He took no sides, but with what had just happened, it was not impossible that in his fury he decided to eliminate everyone, including his own race.

However, Kevin had the feeling that he had forgotten something important. As he spotted the Werecoobra's mansion in the distance, his face went pale and he screamed in horror,

"Qewie!"

If Qewie died the clans of the Werelion, Werecoobra, Werecoobra, Werecoobra, Werecoobra and Werewolves would dissolve. It was this princess who held this group of divergent interests together.

But there was a worse scenario...

Don't tell me...'

Kevin galloped at top speed in his semi-bestial form, a giant hairy creature of more than 5 meters with dark gold fur and an overdeveloped musculature as well as long claws and a protruding jaw.

A few seconds later, he arrived at the palace of the young princess. All the Were-eagles in charge of her security were dead or absent. With a heavy heart, he anxiously made his way to his room, but he found only an empty room with the windows wide open. A draft lifted the white curtain, as if to taunt him for being too late.

"Fuck!"

Keeping his cool, Kevin tried to locate her with an Oracle Path in vain, then began to sniff the air for her trail and luckily he managed to detect her scent. He rushed out of the mansion and came face to face with Lysander.

The Werelion was also in his semi-bestial form, and his yellow eyes were clouded with tears of blood. Still impaled at the end of his claws, a huge gray wolf's head hanging from his arm, his eyes bulging in total incomprehension. Even at the moment of her death, he had been unable to understand what her clan had done to justify the Alpha Werelion's hatred.

"They took her too?" Lysander growled grimly.

Kevin gulped. He knew that telling the truth would only make things worse and play into the enemy's hands, but he also knew that no matter what he did, Lysander would find her with or without his help.

"I'm afraid so..."

"Hmmp, whoever dared to do this I'll kill them all."

Like Kevin a few seconds earlier, he sniffed the air for Qewie's scent, then all at once he turned east and turned into a blur, crossing the entire district in the space of a finger snap.

'This is fucked up...' Kevin sighed as he caught his breath.

Looking up, he could see fires breaking out everywhere. Explosions and tremors were not uncommon, and cries of agony, rage and pleading echoed throughout the district, together forming a morbid requiem.

'The Were-beings no longer exist.'

Even if Lysander and the other Alphas eventually realized their mistake, there would probably be no one left to save.

I'd better catch up with Lysander... If I have to, I'll fight him in person to stop him.' Kevin decided as he clenched his fists with resolve.

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"Your plan is truly disgusting." Azeus spat as he admired the carnage from atop a bell tower.

"Thanks for the compliment." Shamash grinned at him broadly.



"It wasn't a compliment."

In Shamash's hands, miasma of black smoke could be seen escaping from a half-opened antique amphora. The same kind of amphora that a Wengol Player had used to zombify the Wengol army three months earlier.

Once outside, the gas diffused at an alarming rate, becoming completely odorless and colorless again. Azeus and Shamash and their men had taken a preventive antidote, but the Werebeings continued to breathe the gas without realizing it.

Because of it, their already shaky reason became extremely tenuous, giving their minds the little push they needed to go completely mad. Now, even if the truth were revealed to them, they would continue to kill each other.

"Kenway hasn't lost control yet, but it should be soon. Shamash chuckled out of the blues, a glint of malevolent glee in his eye. "I can't wait to see what kind of man he is when he gives up his humanity."

The barbarian at his side remained silent, but deep inside he felt pity for the Alpha Werelion. The powerful warrior held the body of a young woman between his paws, but unlike Lysander there was only tenderness on his lion's face. He didn't look angry or hateful, but it was just the calm before the storm.

Suddenly the man stood up and turned his head to the east.

"Lysander..." He murmured worriedly.

Shamash and Azeus, who had been watching him carefully, suddenly widened their eyes.  
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"Hmm? Where did he go?" Azeus wondered with a confused look on his face. He hadn't noticed anything.

Shamash frowned, but in the end he sneered,

"I was hoping he would go into a Berserk state like the others, but it seems that was too much to ask. But now that he's chosen to leave, our hands are free..."

Azeus shivered as he heard his companion's grim statement. Shamash pulled back his hood and drew the huge saw hanging from his shoulder behind his back.

"Let's kill them all."

"What about our coalition allies?" Azeus hesitated.

"We kill them too."

"Very well..."

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By the time Kevin found Lysander and Qewie it was too late. The Lost Divinities kidnapper had placed the young woman in Duke Gole's bed after stripping her naked. As ordered, he used the powerful

aphrodisiacs provided by Ashun, then using a certain artifact he managed to hypnotize the sleeping Duke into committing the unforgivable.

When Lysander arrived in front of the Human HQ, the Duke was two points away from dipping his wiener in the honey pot.

"DUKE GOLE! YOU FUCKING SCUM! I'LL KILL YOU!"

BOOOOOM!

That night it was not only the Werebeing district that was wiped out, but the Human district as well. When Kenway arrived a few moments later at the scene of the massacre, there was nothing left but smoldering ruins. He took his brother in his arms, and they cried together for many minutes.

The only good news was that Qewie survived, but her status as princess was now worthless. She no longer had any subjects.

A few hours later, Jake and the other Myrtharian Nerds received the news about Kevin and they were furious. Wyatt and his faction were also informed. Upon hearing what had happened, they decided to meet to discuss their future plans.

The war had not yet begun and they had already lost the first battle. However, it was also a very valuable lesson for them.

Now they knew what kind of scoundrels they were dealing with. Jake now had no remorse about slaughtering every last one of them.

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Chapter 774 Let's Hit Where It Hurts

Jake wasn't the only one pumped up. Wyatt and Aisling were also itching to give them a good beating.

At this early hour, all of the prominent officers of the Myrtharian Nerds and Pureblood were seated around a table. The room was luxurious and lavishly decorated. The service was also exquisite with tea, coffee, milk and enough different dishes to satisfy the most demanding palates.

Since this meeting was held in the Myrtharian Nerds' settlement, there was only one place that could arrange such a beautiful setting: Sigmar's Portable Fortress.

On one side of the table were the Myrtharian Nerds. This included Jake, Lucia, Esya, Enya, Sigmar, Ingranus, Nicolet, Aisling, Hephais and Svava who had just arrived. On Pureblood's side, there was only Wyatt, Seren and two other Noble Vampires with a rather effete presence.

Just by their casting you could already tell which faction had the upper hand over the other.

"How much longer are we going to wait before we start this meeting?" One of the two noble Vampires, a young aristocrat with short red hair and matching eyes, nagged Jake for the third time that morning.

Truly courting death. Wyatt had called him to order several times telepathically, but he seemed to be one who only respected Vampires with a higher rank of nobility than his own. Of course, Jake couldn't be bothered with this needy son of a gun. The dogs that barked the most were the ones that bit the least and for Jake this Vampire was just a boring Chihuahua.

"Kevin should be here any minute" Lucia replied with a twitch of her lips in annoyance.

Speaking of the devil, or rather the bear, the metal wall psychically controlled by Sigmar suddenly separated to let Kevin and three other individuals enter.

The first two were handsome young men extremely virile. They wore boots and good quality black pants and a white linen shirt half unbuttoned. Their sleeves were rolled up to the elbows, exposing their thick forearms. By their long blond-black hair, golden eyes and matching beard that connected to their hair like a mane, it was easy to tell who they were.

The other youngster was obviously Qewie and she was currently livid and unresponsive, as if in shock. After all, what had almost happened to her was understandable, but the real reason for her unhappiness was that her entire clan had been slaughtered along with everything she was still fighting for.

Jake had met Lysander before in his semi-biased form and his aura had not changed. Given his uncanny resemblance to the man walking beside him, he easily deduced the identity of this person.

"Kenway."

"Hah, you know me?" The Alpha of the Alphas Werebeings was briefly surprised before becoming completely apathetic again.

His answer might have seemed naive and ordinary, but the moment he had spoken a voice deep and resonant enough to rattle their bones had echoed throughout the fortress.

Seeing that Jake and Lucia took a deep breath to answer him, Enya and Esya began to sweat and decisively blocked their mouths with their pretty hands. The two energetics gave them a furious look, but the two sisters snorted and dared them to disobey.

You really think we're going to let the only two people with Myrmidians' blood answer to Kenway after his provocation? Your filthy pride will kill us all!" Esya scolded them telepathically.

If we let you, you'll be talking so loudly that the inside of the building will be completely destroyed...' Enya added with a reproachful tone.

Jake and Lucia made upset expressions like children who didn't get the toy they wanted for Christmas, but eventually, after swearing not to try to cover Kenway's voice, they reluctantly withdrew their hand. They regretted their action immediately afterwards.

Oh no...'

They detected the glint of rivalry in their eyes before they even opened their mouths.

"WELCOME!" Jake smirked.

"Come sit with us, PLEASE." Lucia giggled adorably.

Wyatt and Seren had long since plugged their ears with their pinkies plus a barrier of Blood Energy, but the other two Vampire Nobles invited were unprepared. A BANG sounded in their heads and their eardrums burst.

On the Myrtharian Nerds' side, everyone reacted in time, but Ingranus and Nicolet were close to fainting. If the Myrtharian Body Passive hadn't recently had a huge upgrade, they might have ended up like the other two Vampires.

Kenway, who was still devastated by the death of his childhood crush and hadn't tasted anything in hundreds of years, blinked stupidly at that moment. The sound wave washed over him ruffling his hair and clothes, but other than that he was unharmed as if it was a pleasant breeze. A small amused laugh escaped from his lips, a trace of excitement in his eyes.

As for Lysander and Kevin, they had rushed to protect Qewie. The grieving young woman was so out of it that without their help she would have let the sound wave ravage her organs.

"Guh... Good to see you again cousin." Kevin grunted as he held onto the wall to ignore the hissing in his eardrums.

"Good to see you too..." Jake smiled benevolently, as if he and Lucia weren't responsible for his tinnitus.

He wanted to ask her how their trip here had been when a sharp pain in his hip made him squeal in spite of himself,

"Aouch! Fuck Esya, why did you pinch me?!"

"You dare to ask?!" The young woman sent him a flying kiss with a victorious air while brandishing a huge clamp-monseigneur in adamantium that she had found who knows where.

To pinch Jake successfully, she needed at least that...

Kevin secretly gave her two thumbs up in his heart, but he refrained from taunting his brother by stirring the pot. As for the other Myrtharian Nerds he held back with great difficulty from bursting into laughter.

"Aouch!"

In the end, Lucia didn't escape her punishment either.

All this was obviously possible only because they got along well. If a random player tried to pinch Jake, he had to be prepared to be pinched back... The kind of pinching that would be found in a hydraulic press used to compress steel rather than living beings.

With this improvised vocalizing contest, the trio chose a seat and the meeting officially began. The two Vampire Nobles who had come with Wyatt and Seren were much more cautious and reserved now.

Kevin told them orally what he had already told them through the Faction Chat, while Lysander, Kenway, and Qewie let him speak in silence. Wyatt asked a few more questions, but after receiving confirmation that there were no survivors besides them, the atmosphere in the room became gloomy.

"What about your pack, Kevin? Did you manage to warn them in time?" Jake asked quietly.

His cousin was no fool, in fact he was very smart. The Werebears in his pack could be commanded telepathically from a distance, and they couldn't normally disobey those orders directly. If he had been able to escape then in theory so could his subordinates.

"I'm not sure about that. I notified them as soon as I discovered something was wrong, but I haven't heard anything since."

" ... "

Jake said nothing more. All that was left was to cross one's fingers that a few of them had made it. Kevin didn't show it, but he was clearly worried.

"Don't worry about me, cousin. If they die it was meant to be. I invited the most promising ones to the Myrtharian Nerds, so if with this boost they don't survive there's nothing I can do."

At this point neither Kevin nor Lysander were aware of the gas that had exacerbated their aggression, but there was another who was aware of it.

"They are probably dead. If they didn't kill each other, those two hooded guys took care of them." Kenway spoke for the first time about the meeting.

"Two hooded guys? Can you describe to me what they look like?" Jake asked gravely.

Unfazed, the Alpha Werelion shared all the details, and even though they were hooded it was enough for Jake to recognize them.

Shamash and Azeus. He didn't know their names, but their appearance was hard to mistake. The red tattooed band and saw on their shoulders left no doubt about their identity. And indeed, having fought them personally, the probability that Kevin's subordinates survived was extremely low.

In addition to these new natives, Kevin had turned several dozen volunteer Myrtharian Nerds into Werebears, but they had joined Jake's camp before the Lost Divinities attack.

They talked for a while, and then after much deliberation, Jake and the others decided on their next approach. It was actually Sigmar's suggestion that won unanimous approval.

"Since we are left with only Haynt and Remus( Syn) as allies in Laudarkvik, and Lost Divinities opened hostilities first, I suggest we counterattack as well. The former Fluid Grandmaster said. "Let's hit it where it hurts."

hit it where it hurts."

Chapter 775 Choice Of Target

"You want to raid Lost Divinities' HQ?" Nicolet asked with a toothy grin. "I'm in!"

"No, we can't. Even though we're willing to take them on, they're probably prepared for our retaliation. Enya rebuffed him sternly as if she were dealing with a complete idiot.

"Enya is right." Wyatt shook his head in agreement. "They weren't prepared last time and there were only three generals to man the helm. We don't know anything about the abilities of Deimos, Ozo, and

Khag' Dagmai, but according to Jake's report, only Hade, Jake, and I stand a chance. The other officers weren't weak either and factoring in their near immortality, we're at an extreme disadvantage."

"About that..." Lucia clicked her tongue in dissatisfaction. "I can also deal with one of their generals. Besides, there's one thing you're wrong about, Wyatt. We know a little more about them. Hephais... You have the floor."

Upon hearing his name, the Egean assassin who had been dozing in his seat in a stealthy state opened his eyes lazily and sharply increased his presence. Ingranus and Svava, who were sitting next to him, were startled to discover that there was another man sitting next to them. They were so focused on the meeting that they had not noticed.

It wasn't that they couldn't see him, but he had been so inconspicuous that the two Players had simply forgotten he was there.

Right now, Hephais was hooded and clad in leather armor as dark as a starless night. He carried two shortswords crossed behind his back and several daggers, smoke grenades and other shurikens, needles and potions on his belt and various pockets sewn onto his armor.

His face was just like his armor, cold and dreary. His look was that of a murderer, but not of a psychopath. His raven black eyes and hair betrayed his affinity for the Dark Element.

"As Lucia instructed, I went back to infiltrate Laudarkvik and the enemy coalition to get more information on them and Lost Divinities." The assassin explained dispassionately. "I had to slit a few throats and pull out a few fingernails, but I ended up getting the information I wanted."

His voice was so detached as he spoke of torture and murder that Nicolet and the two Vampire Nobles vowed never to mess with him. His bored indifference was exactly the same as a fed-up person taking out the garbage every morning.

Of course, Jake, Hade and company were unflappable. Esya and Enya had long since lost their naivety about the cruelty of people, and their father Phirune, though they spoiled them rotten, had never hidden the dark side of his daily life from them. To rule, a Duke and an Archmage at that, had to be able to get his hands dirty when necessary.

Wyatt didn't like violence either, but he had been exposed to it daily since he was a child. The number of humans he had seen end up in blood bags for his clan was probably in the millions.

As for Ingranus, he was an old knight in his home world, and he had seen his share of horror, especially after hanging out in the slums of an Oracle Shelter for several months.

"You can tell them what you know." Jake gave the assassin the green light with a nod, sensing that he was waiting for his endorsement.

Hephais nodded and continued,

"I don't need to remind you of the important people in the coalition, so let's talk about their alliance games instead. First, the Demons. Astraroth Thozuch is the one to watch out for. He is the one who drove the Wengol army and the survivors of Lodunvals to kill each other. He is a Grandmaster Soul

Destroyer lvl 90. So he can ignore Digitization to pulverize our souls directly. No one here but Hade can survive a mental clash against this demon without protection."

"Objection, I should now be able to." Jake proclaimed proudly as he activated his Gold Stone Skin.

The skin on his skull and skeleton turned into Adamantium, an extremely dense metal capable of slowing, if not completely stopping, spirtual energy. In this state, Jake's Extrasensory Perception was no more than a few centimeters. If he also made a custom helmet like Magneto and added some liquid alloy, he could raise his psychic defenses to unprecedented levels.

Hade watched him carefully for a few seconds, then commented,

"That's enough if the fight doesn't drag on. Astraroth is also a formidable Archdevil of almost 1000 years. This adamantium skin protects your mind, but it also deprives you of a lot of faculties. In the end, it's better than me or Haynt facing him. However, even for me it will be difficult to get any advantage. We just have to hope that his talent for fighting is not equal to his spirit."

In doubt, everyone decided to wear an Adamantium helmet for their next counterattack anyway. It would affect them a bit, but it was better to be overly cautious than to die without knowing how.

"Aggenur Dorgrarauth is the opposite of Astraroth, a thick brute." Hephais resumed his presentation. "He is a Demogorgon of Wrath, a demon prince with colossal brute strength and in addition to being reputedly nearly indestructible, his regeneration abilities are monstrous. He can also use his anger to increase his power tenfold and affect the psychological state of his allies and enemies. If we decide to confront him, the most indicated are Jake, Gerulf and Rogen who have not yet arrived."

"In that case, no attacks on the Demons this time." Jake decided in an emphatic tone.

Hade, Lucia, Wyatt agreed with his decision.

In addition to the ambiguous position of Xaverie, Aisling's mother, their power was just too high. A fight between Jake and Aggenur would flatten Laudarkvik in no time and that was not his intention.

"That leaves only the Thrajah clan of Vampires, the Metamorphs and the Undeads." Aisling participated with slight relief. She wasn't too excited about the idea of facing her mother.

"The Undeads are keeping a low profile right now, so it will be the Thrajah clan or the Metamorphs." Wyatt corrected her.

"To tell you the truth..." Hephais interjected with a slight smirk, "The Undeads are actually an excellent choice. By monitoring suspicious entrances and exits of the various clans with my Shadow Clones, I was able to spy on two members of Lost Divinities. Shamash and Azeus."

Turning to Lysander and Kenway, he specified,

"They are, if I am not mistaken, the two responsible for the Werebeings massacre last night."

Lysander snarled like a ferocious beast as he heard the names of his archenemies. Kenway frowned, but his aura became oppressive for a split second before returning to normal.

Acting as if nothing had happened, Hephais revealed what he had discovered,

"Shamash and Azeus regularly visit a certain mansion in the Dark Races' district. They drop off corpses of various species, as well as ingredients and equipment. Neighbors claim to hear screams inside regularly, and many people have been carried into the neighborhood in recent months. Without being able to affirm it with certainty, all the indications lead to believe that a necromancer is hiding inside. It could of course be another Player or native working with Lost Divinities, but I'm pretty sure it's Vhoskaud."

"Oh? And why?" Jake smiled. He was already almost convinced too.

"Because among the ingredients and materials provided, there was a high proportion and variety of metals, both ordinary and magic. Unless there is a forge hidden inside this mansion, it could be used as spare parts for an android. You said Vhoskaud was an Android Lich, right? He's already lost two bodies, and it wouldn't surprise me if they were scrambling to replace them. Vhoskaud is one of the two seats of the Undeads, and his status is a bit strange. He is a Player like us, but his name has been known in Laudarkvik for hundreds of years. I don't know how he did it, but he must be from a faction as influential as Lost Divinities, but not Lost Divinities.

"Vhoskaud controls a gigantic army of Undead and it is likely that the second leader Xellmezon is also hiding with him. Xellmezon is a very old Wight also commanding a huge army of Undeads, but he also has the support of other necrophages like Ghouls and Alghouls. If we can eliminate Vhoskaud and Xellmezon, we'll deal a severe blow to Lost Divinities and the enemy coalition."

Jake and the others were silent for a moment, but in their hearts they had already accepted the plan. This Undead army was a thorn in their side, an unpredictable factor they had no way to control. Now that Hephais had possibly located their HQ, they would be foolish not to take the chance.

"Good work Hephais. If you need something, ask me." Jake congratulated him in high spirits.

Nicolet and the other Myrtharian Nerds present, with the exception of Lucia and Sigmar, showed an envious expression when they heard that Jake owed him a favor. A favor from the leader was incredibly valuable. If they were in trouble, they could use it to call him to the rescue at any time.

After that, the plan suggested by Hephais was approved and they discussed their plan of attack together. At nightfall they began their operation.

#### Chapter 776 Jake's Cousin

Deep in the night, in the heart of the Dark Races district, Fourth Plateau.

The cobblestone alleys were pitch black and empty, the stores closed, the shutters and doors of the residences long since shut. The streetlights flickered ominously, until they died out entirely in the vicinity of an old mansion that looked like some kind of haunted house.

The house was built like a medieval fortress, it stood stone-still and motionless on a small artificial hill. Each window was shut, curtains drawn. The balconies were empty like ghastly open mouths, or perhaps the house was merely biding its time.

The windows were boarded up with rotting wood and painted with graffiti and the door was ajar.



The mansion was three stories high with a half-circle balcony. A black light used to glow through its walls, the paint peeling off, exposing the ancient brick beneath, the iron fence rusted over the years and the iron gates torn out at the bottom.

"Is this the place?" Jake asked confirmation in the darkness to the shadow standing silently beside him.

"It is boss." Hephais chuckled.

"As expected from an Android Lich." Jake smirked.

The scent of mold and rotten wood rotated on the breeze, it caught in their throat. Jake could also sniff the damp musty smell of old timber, damp earth and decay.

This house really did look derelict, but was eerie enough to deter even the most intrepid squatters. However, Vhoskaud had made a mistake in letting Xellmezon and his Undeads join him here.

The smell of death was not so easy to hide. Because Vhoskaud was basically a robot, smells were just data to him, mere electrical signals to be interpreted. Needless to say, he was unable to comprehend how much an army of Undeads actually stank.

The neighborhood's desertion should have long ago raised a red flag for him. Maybe he had realized it and didn't care, thinking he was untouchable, but tonight would prove him wrong.

"Commence the operation." Jake uttered coldly.

At that moment, the Myrtharian Nerds standing like specters behind him stepped forth under the flickering glow of the last functioning streetlight. Enya, Esya, Hade, Aisling, Lucia, Temra, Ingranus, Nicolet, Svava, Hephais, Kevin, several hundred Myrmidians, Kintharians and Throsgenians were there.

Mirroring this elite group, Wyatt, Seren and about 50 Vampire Nobles emerged from an alley on the other side of the building. A third group consisting of Kenway, Lysander and the surviving Werebears from Kevin's pack appeared in a third direction. From the opposite direction, Haynt appeared alone as a being of light, his starry outline shining on the dilapidated mansion as if to cleanse it of its filth and viciousness.

For one interminable second, a leaden silence settled in the desolate street, then like a single mind they entered the fray. There were no explosions, nor was there a loud entrance. Copying Hephais, they entered the building like blurry shadows at lightning speed, leaving silent afterimages in their wake.

Jake detected a barrier, but it didn't matter. It was already too late. Even if Vhoskaud had the means to teleport away, Xellmezon would be unable to follow suit. Besides, he was pretty confident that the android wouldn't abandon his workshop so easily.

Hephais turned into black smoke, blending into the shadows of the building and without triggering the barrier he slipped into the mansion through the gap in a window.

Hade pulled a black twelve-sided dice from his pocket and threw it against the barrier. A hole formed at the point of impact as if boiling water had been poured over butter. He and dozens of Myrmidians immediately jumped through the gap.

Wyatt's eyes began to glow like fluorescent rubies, and a heartbeat later, he and his companions passed through the barrier as if it didn't exist. They then turned into a pool of blood and slipped through the grooves, pipes and vents to enter the building without a sound. Those who were not able to do so used their Blood Energy to carve a stealthy entrance into the wall.

Haynt transformed into a starbeam and like a laser drilled a tiny hole through the barrier and wall, then reassembled his body inside the mansion. Jake simply covered himself with runes to disguise his presence, then after doing the same for the two sisters and his other comrades he simply teleported inside.

Kevin and the other Werebears sniffed the ground around the mansion, then suddenly transformed into their semi-bestial form and pummeled the cobblestone floor until it collapsed several hundred meters deep. So much for their stealth efforts.

"Sigh..." Jake shook his head wryly. "At least he found their HQ I guess..."

Indeed, as Kevin and his Werebears crashed through the floor, they landed heavily in a huge underground warehouse in which tens, hundreds of thousands of Undeads were aimlessly loitering, waiting to be summoned to a battlefield to wreak havoc and fill their forever insatiable stomachs.

As soon as Kevin and his pack appeared in their line of sight, disrupting their sleepy routine, these thousands of Undeads simultaneously came to life and charged at them with drooling mouths. Among these undead were animals, humans, Wengols, but also more unusual aliens like Nosks.

As the group of Werebears contemplated this immense army coming at them, they became livid, but Kevin let out a deafening roar, his eyes emitting an incredibly pure emerald green light. A barely discernible psychic wave spread through the pack with Kevin as its epicenter and the other Werebears erupted into a berserk state.

Dozens of bears as massive as dinosaurs filled the warehouse, their expansion knocking hundreds of zombies into the air. As for Kevin, he kept his human form but his skin was covered with golden and dark green stripes while his size and musculature tripled in volume.

Suddenly, a huge Wengol Undead armed with a long scythe slashed down at him, trying to chop his head off.

Clang!

The mithril scythe rippled on his fur generating a spray of sparks, then undaunted, Kevin took a fighting stance and punched forward at supersonic speed. A hole as wide as a table replaced the Wengol's upper body, the blast of air that passed through it traveling all the way to the end of the underground warehouse and blowing thousands of poorly placed zombies into the air.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!"

A crazed robotic voice suddenly erupted a few meters away from Jake's cousin and he abruptly discovered the presence of a hooded android that wasn't there a second earlier. This android was somewhat different from the ones Jake had described to him, but he recognized the newcomer without difficulty.

"Vhoskaud I presume?" Kevin grinned with a hungry look as he banged his fists together.

"And you are?" The Lich asked with a confused look.

"Your enemy. Jake's cousin."

Chapter 777 I'll Take Care Of The Million On The Left

"Jake?" The android tilted its head in confusion.

Then the face of a certain man popped up in its mind and a horror-stricken expression distorted the robot's features.

"He-he is here?!"

"You'll find out soon enough." Kevin chuckled grimly. "In the meantime, you'd better focus on the opponent in front of you."

"You?" Vhoskaud snorted contemptuously. "You're overestimating yourself. Players like you who rely on the power of common mammals don't stand a chance against me. Because you chose the flawed Werebear bloodline as your foundation, you are doomed to never reach the top."

At that moment, the android unclipped its cloak and let it fall to the ground with a shake of its shoulder, revealing the metallic frame of a robot built for combat.

About two meters tall, the android's entire body was a clever mix of adamantium, mithril and orichalcum. Far from being frail, its musculature was that of a steel hulk. The pistons, pipes and cables powering this living machine pulsed a sinister bluish light with enough energy to light up a large city.

One of its hands ended in a long futuristic railgun, while the other held a silver blade covered with a shaft of energy reminiscent of a lightsaber. On its back, flight thrusters, sixteen mechanical arms reminiscent of spider legs and a homing missile launcher pointed straight at the Werebear rendered its presence even more intimidating.

"Do you understand now why I despise animals like you?" Vhoskaud scoffed as he activated the missile launcher.

Kevin was caught off guard by the droid's combat appearance, which differed from what Jake had described, but he was far from frightened.

"True, I'm just a poor human turned bear. A Werebear as you put it. A Grade 4 Bloodline." He admitted with a smile. "Even after becoming an Alpha, my strength depends on my subordinates. Without them, I'm just another Werebear or so."

His smile dropped and his gaze became one of scorn in turn as his stature began to balloon.

"But do you really think a Werebear can't evolve?" Kevin rumbled, his deep voice echoing through the destroyed warehouse and beyond. "All ordinary animals that join the Mirror Universe are given an Aether Skill, which gives them unlimited potential for growth and evolution as long as they have enough prey and food to devour. Since my powers come from a bear, all I have to do is develop the bear to become stronger. This is the first evolutionary lever."

"The second lever is just as obvious, although more difficult to implement. Do you really believe that there are no Bear Bloodlines in this vast Mirror Universe. Spanning the cosmos, there are multitudes of Legendary Bears with inconceivable powers."

In Kevin's place, a gigantic golden bear with emerald green stripes stood twenty meters tall on its hind legs. The beast was as massive as a building and its shadow covered the tiny android, making him look insignificant in front of such a monster.

"So please, don't treat me like a mere Werebear or this fight will be disappointing... It's been a long time since I've enjoyed a good fight." Kevin scoffed in turn, his green eyes burning with murderous lust.

The bear raised his fist, a sphere of compressed air forming around it and the Vhoskaud clone's face went ugly.

SMASH!

The giant bear's huge fist came down like a hammer and a seismic wave spread throughout the district, causing the ground to collapse for hundreds of meters around. Where the fist had landed, a crater several tens of meters deep had formed, with an unrecognizable, disjointed pile of scrap metal lying in the center of it.

"Now I can tell Jake that I too have killed one of these Vhoskauds." Kevin beamed as he returned to human form, leaving the other Werebears to deal with the Undeads.

The really dangerous Undeads were fortunately not present, but that meant his comrades would have to face the real deal. Realizing that he had only destroyed one clone, Jake's cousin forsook the brief joy stemming from his victory and heaved a sigh before rejoining the fight with his pack.

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Feeling the seismic wave approaching, Jake laughed, but as he stamped his foot on the ground, it caused the floor and the mansion to take on a pseudo-liquid consistency. The waves passed through the softened earth, stone and steel without causing any damage.

Enya, Esya, and Aisling, who were standing behind him, were stunned by this magic trick. His power had increased again and they understood it less and less.

Taking his time, Jake and the three women stayed in the mansion on the ground floor, leaving the other Myrtharian Nerds, Pureblood and Haynt to explore the underground laboratory. By staying here, they intended to ensure that no one could escape. With Haynt and Hade in charge, he wasn't worried at all.

And indeed, there was really nothing to worry about.

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"We've lost android C869. Switching to full alert status. Code 1, 7, 9...3, 2, 6." An android in mithril interrupted the dissection in progress and composedly put away his surgical instruments.

" Full alert status authori-."

A shadow disk sliced the droid in half from behind and a hooded man rose from the robot's shadow.

"Target cleared. Moving on to next objective." Hephais reported listlessly before disappearing again, merging into the darkness.

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In a cold room filled with relatively untouched corpses waiting to be dissected or devoured, a gray-haired but wrinkle-free man whirled his spear, decimating several Ghouls with each swing of his weapon.

When Ingranus had entered this room, he had encountered no one, but within five seconds, hundreds of Ghouls had burst through all the vents as if someone had ordered them to.

All of a sudden, a Ghoul twice as massive as the others and with its back covered with poisonous spikes crawled out of the vent it had come through, destroying the wall in the process.

"Hmm? An Alghoul? I guess it's my lucky day." The old lancer chuckled softly as he stroked his beard.

The next moment, his spear got coated with an invisible and indescribable halo of energy and with a super fast swing an arc filled with this energy shot towards the Alghoul. The monster, the wall behind it, and the next eight walls were instantly cleaved in half.

More amazingly, the Alghoul, which was a creature known for its insane regeneration, bled to death without showing any sign of healing, its intestines spilling all their contents onto the cold ground with no hope of stopping the slow agony.

Unmindful of the Alghoul's fate, Ingranus put away his spear and whistled towards the destroyed wall separating him from the next room.

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In another room filled with tubes, pipes and containers overflowing with liquids of dubious colors, a young man with an emo haircut, a bright yellow Hawaiian shirt, linen shorts and a pair of flip-flops sauntered around with gawking eyes, like a kid in his favorite candy store.

"It-it's good stuff! And it's all mine!" Peter Brady blubbered with joy as he hugged a cauldron filled with a bubbling purple liquid that smelled like a mixture of mango and kerosene.

Unable to resist the urge, he dipped his head into the cauldron, but when he opened his eyes inside he came face to face with a decaying corpse. The skin was rotten and flesh and bones could be seen in some places. The corpse still had a few scattered hairs.

'Fuck! Why is there a goddamn corpse in my pot!' He cursed as he grabbed the dead man by the neck like a chicken, then threw him across the room.

As the dead body slammed into a wall, its eyes glared out at him.

'Did he just look at me! It's an Undead!'

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"Peeh! I hate these Undeads! There's no blood to drink here!" Seren prattled on as she unscrewed an android's head with a backhanded slap.

One of the two Vampire Nobles who had attended the war meeting earlier, called Arnold, wore a fed-up face.

"We didn't come here to feast, but to deal a heavy blow to Lost Divinities and ultimately save Carmin." Wyatt chastised her coldly as he crushed the skull of a Draugr, "Stay focused on your task."

Gradually, they were getting closer to the heart of the underground complex.

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While most were lost in the labyrinthine laboratory, some had already reached their destination. In a room crowded with millions of sleeping androids, two men and a woman looked on with gravity.

"Jake wasn't lying when he said we would deal him a heavy blow if we destroyed his clones." Hade said bitterly.

"He forgot to mention that there were only two or three million left." Lucia chortled as she drew her sword. "I'll take care of the million on the left."

A Myrmidian princess had no concept of fear or defeat. To her, these cute androids were just another exhilarating challenge.

"Eight hundred of them seem to be made of Adamantium. And there are plenty more made of mithril, orichalcum and black iron essence. Destroying them will take time even for me." Haynt commented half-heartedly.

The old Astral was sensitive to energies and these metal things shone like a beacon in a moonless night in his eyes. Their durability would not be the only concern.

Chapter 778 Does Your Promise Still Stand?

In a narrow room several kilometers underground, an android emanating wisps of dark smoke looked up at the ceiling above him as if trying to peer through the multiple layers of rock and metal to reveal what was going on up there.

In front of him stood two other hooded individuals. The first was tall and muscular, the second older and of ordinary height. The android's sudden change of attitude did not go unnoticed.

"Vhoskaud, is something wrong?" Shamash inquired with a fake smile.

"...Nothing I can't handle." The Lich snorted as its crystalline eyeballs flashed at a high frequency, hinting at the increased activity of its processor.

BOOOM!

The room the three Players were in began to quake and cracks fractured the floor and walls.

"No disrespect, but I don't think you're handling this very well." Azeus growled disgruntledly as he held the ceiling about to collapse with a single hand.

If the android could blush its cheeks would surely have been beet red, but fortunately for it a robot didn't have to worry about that kind of physiological disorder. Swallowing its pride, it revealed the truth in a hoarse voice,

"An unknown faction of players has suddenly attacked my mansion. They are wiping out all the clones and Undeads in their path. They don't seem to be interested in resources."

"From your expression, I get the impression that you have some idea of who is behind this assault." Shamash quipped cheerlessly. He, too, had an inkling of who it was.

"Jake Wilderth." Vhoskaud spat hatefully.

The two Lost Divinities Players exchanged a sullen look, wondering how they had been spotted by the enemy without noticing.

"Looks like we underestimated this Player again." Shamash stated as he recovered his trademark smile. "Since we are unable to determine whether the leak is from you or us, we'll give you a hand with this one. Let's kill these vermin."

Upon receiving Shamash's promise, Vhoskaud's morale soared. This influential player of Lost Divinities was not widely known, but he was almost as important as Deimos. It was not accidental that such a promising recruit as Azeus had been placed under his supervision.

If Shamash said he was going to exterminate these vermin, then it was as good as done.

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A young blonde woman wearing tight-fitting platinum armor exposing her long legs kicked the head of a huge adamantium battle droid, distorting its armor and sending it spinning into the other robots. Her long hair and silky sky-blue cape flapped with each of her overbearing movements, the spectators seeing only a blur of blue, gold and silver wafting from one end of the battlefield to the other.

With tacit understanding, six androids, bigger than the rest, came at her from all directions, catching her in a pincer movement and aiming their cannons at her. Undaunted, Lucia slashed at the air with her Myrmidian Gladius Sword and noiselessly the androids, despite being made of mithril, were split apart.

The cutting air blade packed with energy didn't stop there and traveled for several dozen meters, slicing hundreds of other androids in a 360° arc. Only those at the edge of the zone escaped with a few cuts, but after being wounded, their steel armor kept hollowing in until they were completely separated.

Elsewhere on the battlefield, Hade was at the forefront of a legion of androids unaware of his presence. Emotion-free, his mind connected to the Aether fabric and with a wave of his hand, the tens of thousands of androids around him disintegrated as if he had taken over the matter they were made of.

In actuality, he had just briefly squeezed the Aether out of their bodies. With their Aether density dropping to near zero, they became so brittle for a fleeting moment that the ambient gravity obliterated them until the matter in their bodies returned to the Dream Aether as well.

Hade was no longer a Fluid Grandmaster. He wasn't an Aetherist either. He was now an Aether Fluid Grandmaster. The Aether affinity and powers he now possessed gave him almost as much freedom as he once had with the Fluid. No, in some ways he was even stronger.

Obviously, a sufficiently talented Player would be able to resist this sneak attack by maintaining firm control over his own Aether and defending the entrance to his body with his Spirit Body.

Unfortunately for these androids, there was only one Spirit Imprint that allowed Vhoskaud to control them remotely. Helpless against such insidious tricks, Hade was virtually omnipotent here.

He teleported to another part of the battlefield and used the same technique again, decimating another legion in the blink of an eye. No one seemed able to stop him.

Seeing this monstrous performance, Haynt finally realized that there was another unfathomable monster in Jake's faction. If he didn't show them what he was capable of, he would have a hard time commanding respect.

His glowing body burst forth with a blinding light and from a little over 1.8 meters it swelled to over a hundred meters in height. His hands clapped together and dozens of constellation-like stars appeared above the millions of androids, illuminating the immense underground hall with their warm radiance.

Each star suddenly emitted a beam of light aiming at another star and a pattern resembling a long sword took shape in the false firmament. The giant Haynt lowered his arms and the huge sword of light sprang to life and struck the earth like a celestial meteor.

There was no deafening explosion, no sound of impact, but just before it hit the ground the sword shattered into millions of smaller swords and each one reached its target, purifying the Spirit Imprint controlling those millions of androids. The robots stopped moving as if their batteries had been removed.

When they saw the sheer magnitude of the spell, both Lucia and Hade grew solemn. Especially Lucia.

'Damn it... I thought I was doing well by killing a few thousand in such a short time, but I'm fighting with two heavyweights.' She brooded with a deep sense of bitterness and regret. If only she had used a big technique earlier.

Who knew these two old men could be so shameless...

Just as victory seemed to be assured, three hooded figures stepped out of a secret elevator. At the same time, the Myrmidians, Wyatt and his vampires, Kevin and his pack, as well as Kenway and Lysander appeared behind Lucia, Hade and Haynt.

The other Myrtharian Nerds were taking care of the remaining small fry. Peter was also late, which was surprising, but nobody was worried about him. The Player addict was a troublemaker, but no one questioned his strength.

Upon finding out that he had lost control of his newly built android army, a stream of Death Energy gushed forth from Vhoskaud's body. For the first time, he looked like a Necromancer Lich rather than a robot.

"You... You've gone too far. Since you've taken the trouble to come here, stay here. This laboratory will be your burial ground." The android decreed in a voice trembling with rage.

"Where is Xellmezon?" Shamash questioned as he searched for the Wight with his eyes.



Vhoskaud used a psychic spell to contact the second Undead leader, but only silence answered him. For the first time, he began to regret allying himself with Lost Divinities.

"He's dead." A slightly tipsy voice rambled from across the hall.

The Myrtharian Nerds present immediately recognized the newcomer. The dark-haired young man with the emo haircut was tottering a bit and dragging a hideous rotting corpse behind him. If anyone returned to the lab where his duel with Xellmezon had taken place, they would discover that all the chemicals were gone, along with some terrifying footprints.

"Peter! Glad to see you alive." Nicolet slapped his back loudly to welcome his return.

The slap, though ordinary, knocked the addict over and he collapsed face down. Not seeing him get up, Nicolet broke out in a cold sweat.

"P-Peter, are you all right?"

"Zzzzz..."

" ... "

"Ahem..." Lucia cleared her throat, barely restraining herself from kicking that clown of a Player.

As for Vhoskaud, Shamash and Azeus they were completely flabbergasted.

'My army was defeated by Players like that?'

The Android Lich couldn't believe his eyes. But surprisingly, it was this anger and indignation that gave him the courage to confront this well-prepared coalition.

"Shamash, does your promise still stand?"

The hooded warrior smiled broadly for the first time since the Ordeal began. Truth be told, neither Azeus nor Vhoskaud had ever seen him grin so brightly.

"How could I possibly back out when an opportunity to use all my power presents itself to me?" He chuckled as he shed his cloak with slow movements. It's been a long time since I've had a chance to let off steam. It's time to teach these Players who the God Shamash is."

Chapter 779 | Accept This Duel

Shorn of his cloak, an elderly man with slitted orange eyes sunk deep into their sockets made his appearance in the hall. His black hair and short beard were still impeccably trimmed and he was shirtless, wearing only black baggy pants as well as gold bracelets and necklaces on his wrists, biceps, neck and ankles.

Looking up at the ceiling, Shamash's gaze shot through the thick layers of stone to meet Jake's gaze, who was peering down at him with his Myrtharian Vision from the first floor of the mansion. Since his bloodline had evolved, his Myrtharian Eyes could now see clearly through earth, steel, fire and lightning.

The moment two eyes almost as bright as his own lit up in his mind, Jake got goose bumps, but with a huff he dispelled the illusion.

"Is everything all right Jake?" Enya inquired with some concern.

"A big fish from Lost Divinities has arrived." Jake said, sternly staring at the ground.

From his grim expression, the two sisters and Aisling understood that it was going to be a tough fight.

"With Haynt, Sigmar, and Wyatt looking out for them, I doubt a Player, even a God, would stand a chance against them." Esya giggled optimistically. She had no doubt they would win.

Aisling was more reserved, but knowing that the old Astral was also there, she nodded quietly and concurred,

"If Haynt is with them, unless they are dealing with Astraroth, Aggenur or my mother they have nothing to fear."

"Kenway is also down there with them." Enya reminded, remembering what Haynt and Kevin had told them about this mysterious Werelion.

Jake continued to stare at the ground in silence for a bit, then murmured edgily,

"I hope you're right."

He had a bad feeling about this Shamash. These foreboding intuitions came to him from the Eltarian part of his bloodline and he had learned never to ignore them. At the same time, he also had to learn to trust his teammates. If he rushed to their aid and Vhoskaud and his cronies escaped, they would have made this nightly raid for nothing.

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Shamash laughed sinisterly as he sensed that his mental attack had been foiled by Jake.

'As expected of the one who fearlessly stormed into our fortress,' He praised internally. "But that's what will be your undoing. The ones able to kill you refrained from doing so to prevent greater collateral damage.'

With that, the man scanned the enemy coalition and gently grabbed the huge saw hanging behind his back. As he lifted his arm with the weapon in hand, the ground caved in under his feet as if his weight had been magnified a thousand times.

At that moment, the Myrtharian Nerds and Pureblood Vampires both saw the same blazing eyes that Jake had seen in his mind and felt their souls depart their bodies.

"That's enough." Haynt snapped them out of their trance, allowing their souls to return to their bodies.

Seeing the aghast faces of his new comrades, the old Astral understood the severity of the situation and took a step forward.

"Let me deal with him."

"No, let me face him." Lucia beat him to it, darting straight for the enemy at lightning speed.

Shamash sneered, standing still, but when Lucia's blade was about to thrust through his heart, a gigantic spectral hand sprang up from the ground and snatched the young woman. The Myrmidian princess was

lifted into the air as if she had just taken an elevator and not giving her a second glance Shamash walked towards the Astral.

"I've heard many things about you, Haynt." He smiled politely. "Alas, if someone hadn't rescued you you'd already be dead, having fallen for our trap. If we can kill you once, we can kill you a second time too."

BOOOOM!

The huge spectral hand that was trying to crush the warrior woman trapped in its grip, was forced open when a burst of light incinerated its flesh, splattering a pool of ectoplasm on the ground.

Lucia, with her Myrmidian Trance enabled, launched herself at the enemy at near teleportation speed and brought her sword down on him. A terrific aura shrouded her blade and a shrill sound assaulted the eardrums of the crowd.

"How boring..." Shamash sighed.

Summoning no spectral hand this time, his right wrist blurred and the heavy saw in his hand lashed out sideways at the young woman, knocking the air from her lungs. Utterly relaxed, he overpowered Lucia who had parried in extremis and sent her crashing into a wall over 300 meters away. If her Myrmidian sword wasn't so strong, she would have been cleaved in half at the waist.

The crowd drew a cold breath as they watched the mighty Lucia being overpowered in such a crushing manner. Yet, as Shamash was about to turn his back on her to focus on Haynt again, he saw the blonde female warrior stand up from the corner of his eye.

Her golden eyes shone like two infernos and a golden shimmer of light now encased her body, giving the fleeting illusion that a celestial heroine had just swooped down from the heavens to deliver her judgment.

Shamash stared at her for a short while, but again he ordered with a deeply annoyed scowl,

"Vhoskaud, deal with her."

"I will..."

Before Lucia could counterattack again, dozens of Death Knights poured out of a black vortex widening before her. The corpse knights donned armor as black as their sturdy steeds and a black vaporous aura oozed forth from their bodies, corroding the air and the living around them.

For the first time, the Lich Android had resorted to a high-level Death Spell. Not stopping there, he also summoned the Wengol generals he had recently acquired, but also other unexpected figures.

Vhoskaud had been infiltrating Quanoth for centuries, unlike the other Players. He had had plenty of time to develop his army. In fact, he didn't care about the Undead army he had just lost. His real strength lay elsewhere.

In addition to Death Knights and Wengol generals, Vampire Ancestors, Archdemons, Angels, High Elves, High Humans, Warlords, Archpriests, and all sorts of legendary creatures that were supposed to be long dead streamed out of the vortex, forming an army of a whole new caliber.

The aura of each of these Undeads surpassed that of a level 85 native. Seeing the formidable army lined up before her, Lucia momentarily forgot about Shamash. Her ego was undoubtedly flattered, but even she had to admit that it was a bit much for her.

She was not a Myrtharian like Jake. Her specialty was not her inexhaustible stamina, but her ability to pull off a victory no matter what the circumstances. If Shamash had persisted in fighting her, he would have been in for quite a surprise.

Unfortunately, fate had decided otherwise.

"Help Lucia." Hade finally spoke. He was mainly addressing the other Myrtharian Nerds, but also Wyatt and his Vampires.

Wyatt did not shy away. He, too, was not confident in tackling such an army of Undead within this confined space.

"You heard him. Help Lucia." He shouted calmly as he drew his own sword.

"As for me..." Hade looked up before him.

A bare-chested barbarian three meters tall and shrouded in lightning stood a few feet away from him, glaring at him with a fighting intent going through the roof. In his hands he held a long, glowing staff that looked like a straightened lightning bolt.

"You will be my opponent." Azeus daringly challenged him as he got into a fighting stance.

'When was the last time I was challenged to a duel by someone with such a thirst for victory?' Hade thought wistfully.

The image of his son Nylreg flashed in his mind and he wondered what had become of him. Was he still alive at least? He couldn't tell.

The former Fluid Grandmaster extended his hand as if to grab something and a carbon gray tube appeared in it.

A long pointy rod ending in multiple forks sprouted from it and like a lightning rod the lightning enclosing Azeus was voraciously sucked into the weapon. A few faint electric streaks sizzled along the rod, but they died down soon enough.

"I accept this duel." Hade agreed in a ceremonious voice, as he summoned a lightsaber in his other hand. "May you give me worthy entertainment without regret."

Devoid of hesitation, the two men vanished from their position leaving a crater behind them and a titanic clash began.

BOOOM!

Chapter 780 They Don't Need Us

On Lucia's side, a battle of dizzying proportions was also waging.

Having accepted the fact that she could not defeat Vhoskaud alone without great sacrifices she had resolved to fight with the help of her other allies. Now, like a steadfast general, she watched the battle unfold with a cryptic expression.

'Vhoskaud motherfucker... He ruined all my fun...'

Her Myrmidian pride should have engendered a deep sense of defeat. Severe enough to weaken her bloodline and cause a regression, but Lucia had managed to keep her spirits up by merely convincing herself that her opponent was a cheat.

After all, who would summon thousands of overpowered Undeads collected and cultivated over hundreds of years to get rid of a young woman of just over 20 years old? If Lucia was in his shoes she would have committed harakiri on the spot!

While she was seething, the Myrtharian Nerds were fighting like demons against the Undead army.

Nicolet led the charge and summoned two huge, spherical, diamond-shiny shields that looked like two large turtle shells. With a shield in each hand he took the full bombardment of spells from the Undead Archmages, Great Warlocks and Archpriests unscathed.

All the projectiles and spells hitting his shields miraculously ricocheted, all of which were returned without exception to their sender. Then once he had them all in his sights, his whole body turned into a huge steel shell and he catapulted himself like a Frisbee and began to knock out all the Undeads by ricocheting between them at full speed. To the onlookers, he looked like a flying saucer that had lost control.

With his dull yellow hair, Nicolet was an Egean with a once faint affinity for Earth. Not enough to become a mage, but enough to enter a provincial military academy and perhaps one day become a knight.

His arrival on B842 had changed his fate forever. If Jake hadn't rescued him from the slums, his life would have been miserable before he starved to death or ended up in the stomach of a Digester. Fortunately, thanks to Jake and the support of the other Myrtharian Nerds, he was able to move on.

The death of his buddy Diccon had affected him a lot, but it had also pushed him to surpass himself so that he would never experience such a feeling of helplessness again.

After three difficult Ordeals, he took his Earth Affinity to a whole new level and acquired a Grade 7 Bloodline named Mirror Turtle. As the name implied, he could produce shells that could reflect anything at will and eventually his entire body would become capable of reflecting absolutely everything.

He was going the ultimate defense route and wanted to become an indestructible shield for his friends. The two Soul Classes he had obtained in this Ordeal were Earth Cultivator and Shield Dancer.

With his new powers, Nicolet became the spearhead of the Myrtharian Nerds and the other Players behind him easily managed to shorten the distance to the enemy without suffering any losses.

"Good job, Nicolet. Let me take over now. My old bones need a little shaking." Ingranus chuckled as he wielded his long spear.

The old man, now as dashing as a teenager just out of puberty, sprinted ahead of his carapace friend and turned into a blurry streak that crossed the remaining tens of meters in a flash to impale a Death Knight and his mount.

A monstrous Spear Intent burst forth from his body and weapon, and the 80+ level Undead disintegrated, his flesh shredded by cutting energy beyond comprehension.

Even after the Death Knight's demise, the energy projected by the spear travelled on and a groove several hundred meters long and dozens of meters deep split the hall in two. Hade and Azeus, who were trading blows in its path, were forced to separate to avoid the blast before clashing again.

Once launched, the old spearman was unstoppable and began to slash and thrust at all Death Knights within range of his spear. The residual energy of his spear strikes rent heaven and earth and soon his comrades had to retreat to avoid being caught in his murderous bursts.

"Damn it! Old coot can't you watch where you swing?!" Secyone insulted him while barely stopping her two sons from getting blasted.

The old man guffawed loudly, proud of his mischief, but after this scolding he became more careful, leaving some enemies for the rest.

Ingranus was once a knight and lancer and this way of life was too ingrained in him to be changed. In his second Ordeal, he had obtained the legacy of a Spear God from System A0, which included a Body Tempering technique, numerous Spear and Movement Techniques, and a drop of blood from the legendary spearman.

This bloodline could be considered Grade 10 or higher at its peak, but its stimulation was based on understanding the spear. A talented warrior could become a Spear God in a few years, while a mediocre one would continue to fail after millions of years.

In this respect, Ingranus had made the right choice. He was a passionate person and he progressed quickly. Even so, based on his attributes and bloodline skills alone, he was actually not as good as Nicolet. It was only by adding his Spear God techniques that he became truly formidable.

His Soul Class was as one would expect: Spearman. Basic, but it fit him perfectly. Now he was one of the Myrtharian Nerds' officers and he was immensely respected, especially by the ordinary members.

Secyone and her two sons were fighting alongside Kelly and her adopted brother Khal. Although they had joined Jake and his faction at the same time as Ingranus and Nicolet, their growth had not been as dazzling. Without the Myrtharian body passive, their past Ordeal ratings would have been even poorer.

Recently, Secyone and her sons had obtained the Eltarian bloodline with their contribution points thanks to Asfrid and the other Eltarians who had left several samples of their Blood Essence in the Faction Vault to motivate the new Players to contribute as much as possible. Prior to this, she and her two sons had been fighting ranged battles with simple firearms and limited success.

Still unfamiliar with her new powers, the former prostitute and lawyer synchronized her mind with that of her two sons, and together they used their telekinesis to paralyze a Death Knight. Immediately after, Kelly sliced the Undead's head off with her new Myrmidian Sword, while Khal created a force field to protect her from a hail of ice fire.

These Myrtharian Nerds were the epitome of the Nerds. The regular players of the faction were all very close-knit and liked to fight together to bolster their courage or simply rely on each other. When Ingranus or Nicolet had to pass on information to these players, it was usually Secyone or Kelly who did it.

In contrast to this group of Myrtharian Nerds led by Ingranus and Nicolet, a completely different breed of Myrtharian Nerds were fighting against the Undeads...

The Myrmidians.

Imagine 1345 elite Myrmidian warriors thirsting for blood and victory fighting with perfect coordination and unrivaled warfare. Each of them lived for competition. Victory, never defeat. Kill or be killed. Be first or nothing.

After three Ordeals, these Myrmidians had taken different paths, but there was one thing that would never change: Their might.

When those fourteen phalanxes of Myrmidians sprang into action, thunder rumbled and the underworld wept tears of blood. The scene was just... overwhelming.

The hand of one of the Myrmidians swelled into a fist of pure gold as large as a house. The punch pulverized a dozen Death Knights in a single blow.

A second wielded a halberd in a similar posture as Ingranus. At near teleportation speed he appeared before a Vampire Ancestor and pierced his heart before decapitating him. The head and the separate body burst into flames immediately afterwards, the flame black as ink.

Speaking of ink, another Myrmidian drew in the air with a brush as long as a sword. Huge, life-like ink colossi resembling the god of war Ares appeared on the battlefield and began to tear apart every Undead in their path. It took the sacrifice of three Bone Minotaurs and an Undead Champion of Light to bring them down.

As they exploded, tons of ink covered the battlefield and new, smaller colossi were reborn from the opaque liquid, causing even more chaos. Another Myrmidian near the ink painter strummed his guitar string and a colorful halo spread among his allies. Their speed doubled instantly.

Among the Myrmidians were wizards, warriors, archers, strategists, monsters and even summoners like Will. Their powers were as powerful as they were varied, and all of them had acquired a special and unique bloodline that suited them thanks to their excellent performance during past Ordeals.

None of them were weaker than Jake at the beginning of this Ordeal. And right now, 1345 Jakes had decided to avenge the humiliation of their princess.

"MYRMIDIANS! DEATH TO VHOSKAUD!" A former Myrmidian centurion screamed with bloodshot eyes. In the past, he had been one of the three generals who obeyed Lucia directly.

No matter which enemy they were slaughtering, all the Myrmidians slammed their swords, fists, or weapons of the moment against their shields or breastplates, yelling even louder,

"HAOU HAOU HAOU!"

In the midst of this army of zealots, Wyatt, Lysander and Kenway exchanged stiff-faced looks, feeling like crap. Seren and the other Vampires were outright wide-eyed and slack-jawed.

'Why on earth did we come to fight with them? They don't need us!'