

## Oracle 851

### [Chapter 851 Fishing In Troubled Waters](#)

A few hours later, Hephais, Svava and the other scouts returned to the base with new information. In the meantime, he had consolidated his makeshift cave with a solid lining and wide beams of black diamond and Adamantium, so he was also able to go out if he wanted to.

" So?" Jake inquired.

"It's exactly as we imagined, but the real chaos hasn't started yet." Svava reported with a knowing look.

"The Replicators control all the territories west of Celestial City and their numbers are countless." Hephais explained more professionally. "Even the Drurs that own the Shatug Empire have given up defending these areas. Anti-Life and the Replicators are allies and thus share the same territory."

Remembering Vhoskaud and the way he fought Jake became thoughtful and asked the unsettling question,

"How many Players from Replicators are actually participating in this Ordeal? I'm not talking about the millions of androids and undeads serving Vhoskaud, but real Players like you and me with an Oracle Device."

Hephais and the others exchanged an uncertain glance, but against all odds it was Maeve who impassively provided the answer,

"It's just him. As a demon, I can perceive the flow of negative thoughts and if these androids had their own personalities I would have realized it. All these robots are emotionally synchronized and their mental fluctuations are identical."

Hade, who had also participated in the scouting, walked over to them and nodded,

"I'm afraid Maeve is right. That would explain why the Replicators and Anti-Life trust each other so much. Vhoskaud only needs one spot and has no problem leaving the rest to Anti-Life. Their alliance can be considered relatively solid."

"And Anti-Life has the Antimatter Bug." Asfrid pointed out bleakly. "I have no doubt they will use it."

Rather than moping, Jake uttered,

"What else?"

"Lost Divinities is hiding like us." Asfrid continued. "We haven't run into any of their members. The battles on the surface mostly involve the Drurs army and the invaders who migrated here from all over Quanoth. There are also a few minor Player factions that clash from time to time, but most keep a low profile just like we do. It pains me to say it, but the innocent civilians and migrants have already all but perished. Several hundred million aliens and creatures are still fighting, but the standard of power is that of a Rank B+ Adventurer of level 55 or higher. The number of hermits and reclusive beasts with frightening power and longevity camped outside the Celestial City right now is in the tens of thousands. The strength of some of them represents a threat even to the super factions. As for those of lower rank... they are now doomed to play the role of cannon fodder."

Jake became solemn when she mentioned these creatures. It was only the Rank S natives and Players like Vexa and the Nullifyer that he kept an eye on. He doubted that any Rank S human natives had a stronger body than he did. He did not fear for his life, even if he had to face an army.

But it was in a purely physical fight. If he had to face the combined Forbidden Spells and psychic attacks of thousands of S-Rank Adventurers his chances of victory were basically zero.

And just now, Asfrid had hinted that some of these natives were on the level of the Nullifyer and Vexa. This meant that these beings were at the World Boss level. No wonder Lost Divinities is keeping a low profile for now.

"It's not worth fighting for now." Aisling concluded with her throat tightening in sorrow.

She couldn't help but imagine that this was what would have happened to her and the other Mutants of Laudarkvik if they hadn't met Jake and his friends.

"In this case, it will be to whoever is the most patient and undetectable." Jake declared coldly. "Use the days we have left to prepare for the final battle. Hade and Asfrid, I will need your help."

Over the next few days, the atmosphere in the underground base was rather taciturn and tense. Those like Lucia, Maeve or Drastan who were eager to fight spent their time training, but because they were underground and could not go wild or their enemies would detect them, the quality of their training suffered greatly.

Others, like Gerulf and Rogen, were content to sleep after being buried underground. This kind of place was their favorite environment. Large creatures like Mufasa, Shere Khan, the three birds of prey and the giant mammoth had no choice but to do the same for lack of space.

The rest meditated or silently practiced their True Will. The only exceptions were Jake, Hade, Asfrid and the 27 Eltarians still alive. Of the 38 still alive after the super faction trial two months earlier, 11 others had perished while crossing the Maze of Mirik or acting as a diversion along with Radur and Vexa during the capture of Cradel.

Jake knew that the time he had left was too short to drastically increase his power and he was now certain that Lost Divinities and the other super factions had no way of tracking them. The fact that they were no longer included in their Oracle Paths predictions was a game changer.

After calmly analyzing the situation, the current configuration was that of a Warzone-style endgame of a battle royale with the ring area that could be occupied gradually shrinking. Anyone who had any experience with this kind of game knew that the best way to survive was not to jump into the fray but to stay out of sight as long as possible while moving along with the mist in order to avoid being flanked from behind.

The final battle was inevitable, but if he could fight as late as possible and let them kill each other it would naturally be for the best. Jake was convinced that the first super faction to openly join the fight would inevitably find itself in trouble.

The catch was that unlike a Call of Duty game, they were not fighting with gunpowder weapons and a couple of vehicles. Even if they didn't know where they were hiding, it was still possible for other factions to kill them.

The biggest danger was definitely the Antimatter Bug of Anti-Life. A one-gram bug could unleash an explosive power of 40 kilo tons and that was more than enough to level a large city and mortally wound the majority of S-Rank Natives and Independent Players.

If he were in Anti-Life's shoes, Jake would have planned defensive measures to survive such explosions. The Oracle Shield was an obvious solution for the Players and therefore he was absolutely certain that Anti-Life had more than just an Antimatter Bug. This creature multiplied by mitosis extremely quickly and he had to assume that they had an unlimited supply.

The second danger was their allies the Replicators. Their almost unlimited number and the fact that they had a deal with Anti-Life suggested that they too had a way to protect themselves from the Antimatter Bug. Since Vhoskaud was basically an android with access to all sorts of high-end knowledge, it was not surprising.

If Jake could come up with these deductions, then so could Lost Divinities, and Mirror Vanguard who knew about the Antimatter Bug. The only ones left in the dark were the natives and the other minor Player factions still in the running.

But thanks to this, he could predict Lost Divinities' and Mirror Vanguard's strategy to some extent even though his Oracle Predictions didn't take them into account. If he was right, Lost Divinities and Mirror Vanguard would temporarily join forces against Replicators and Anti-Life.

To increase their chances, they would also spread the word to the other Player factions and the natives about the Antimatter Bug. Because this creature was native to Quanoth, the Drurs, who were the most advanced civilization on that planet, would immediately recognize the danger.

While Jake was more than happy to let the two super factions consume their forces against Replicators and Anti-Life, he could only fish in troubled waters if the Myrtharian Nerds could also withstand the Antimatter Bug's explosions for as long as possible without being detected.

The Oracle Shield certainly wouldn't be enough. His own perhaps, but not that of the other members of his faction. Despite the fact that they were now only the elite of the elite, the performance of their bracelet was directly dependent on the amount of liquid alloy in their possession. Even redistributing the 60+ tons of liquid alloy on him evenly, it would only reduce their overall defenses.

If the black clouds weren't pressing in on them, Jake might have considered fortifying his underground base into a truly impregnable nuclear shelter by piling on tons and tons of Adamantium Essence. But since they would have to stay mobile to avoid being caught by the curtain of black clouds, he needed another solution.

And that solution was technology.

### [Chapter 852 I Have Fulfilled My Part Of The Bargain](#)

Atop the tallest skyscraper in a city as future-looking as it was magnificent, two aliens stood side by side. The sky was inky black, the clouds so low they could almost touch them with their fingertips when they raised their hands.

This city was somewhat odd. Its size was that of a small town, but the buildings had very random shapes and volumes. Periodically, after the death of a certain number of individuals, the city would reconfigure itself, the buildings changing in architecture and size.

A room that looked like a small cave just large enough to house a dwarf or a gnome could suddenly turn into a gigantic tree house capable of catering to the most whimsical dryad.

Each of these buildings had its own setting and size at any given time. It could be an anti-matter sphere, a vacuum zone, a star core or even the most ordinary brick and concrete mansion.

The key point was that there were exactly 10,000 buildings. This place was known as the Celestial City.

For the natives, this place was their Noah's Ark, their only hope. The environmental eccentricities of this place did not matter to them. But these two aliens, as Anti-Life Players, knew a lot more.

Just by looking at these buildings, they could easily determine who had the best chance of surviving to the end. For each of these buildings represented a future winner!

For someone like Auras with an Oracle Rank many times higher than them, predicting who the final winners would be was child's play. And yet, the appearance and configuration of these buildings changed regularly, as if to remind them that nothing was yet decided.

In the heart of the city, there was a 10001st building that never changed in appearance or location. It was a gigantic fairy-tale castle with long, pointed towers, just like in fantasy stories.

The structure was protected by a domed force field that was absolutely impregnable. Even if an asteroid the size of a planet crashed into it at half the speed of light, the shield would hold.

Inside, one could discern green lawns and fields of colorful flowers, but also hear and glimpse people laughing and joking happily. It was as if the chaos raging outside did not exist.

This fairytale castle was the renowned Divine Academy, the place where Ulfar, the King of Beskyr had landed since the very first second of the Ordeal.

In front of the two aliens standing stoically atop the skyscraper, at the far end of their line of sight a curtain of frightfully dense stormy clouds of smoke was rapidly drawing closer to them, destroying everything in its path. Millions of animals, aliens and Players fled in their direction in an attempt to outrun it, but many were caught again and again. The unfortunate ones swallowed up by the black veil would utter a brief, gut-wrenching scream, then fall silent forever, never to surface again.

From time to time, a purple lightning bolt as large as the skyscraper on which the two aliens were standing would shoot out of the curtain of dark clouds, arbitrarily striking whatever had the misfortune to stand in their way. When a building was hit, it would instantly be vaporized. When it was a native or a Player, not only their bodies, but their souls would also be shattered.

For the natives, it was the end of the journey. For the Players, it was the end of a long Ordeal, but this one lethal electrocution guaranteed that most of their reward credits would be consumed by their healing costs.

For the Oracle, saving them from total annihilation was already a gesture of mercy. After this Ordeal, no one would come to save them from certain death...

To the west of the skyscraper where the two aliens were standing, a colossal robot resembling Optimus Prime but a thousand times more terrifying was watching all these people die with the same sadistic indifference that a child would have when flooding an anthill. Watching those ants flailing around desperately without being aware of their own insignificance was his favorite hobby.

The android had already claimed the steel building that he felt was rightfully his.

"The black curtain will be upon us in less than thirty minutes but still no sign of Lost Divinities and Mirror Vanguard." One of the two aliens suddenly broke the silence with his dolphin-like inhuman voice.

This alien was an alien creature with the appearance of a large turquoise blob of water, cute autonomous tentacles serving as its prehensile and sensory organs. Twelve black eyes without sclera were arranged in a circle in the center of the drop, in the center of which a thirteenth eye reminiscent of the primordial light of the big bang was overseeing everything that was happening. The psychic fluctuations emanating from this creature were absolutely breathtaking.

"Shall I use the Antimatter Bug to flush them out, Psykow?" Its comrade frowned in a feminine voice as she lovingly stroked the metal box wedged under her elbow.

This second alien was a humanoid creature with a vaguely feminine silhouette. Vaguely, because it looked like a Black Hole in human form. Her body absorbed all light and reflected nothing. The air distorted around her, the particles of Aether and Mana decaying as she approached.

"Let's wait a little longer." The so-called Psykow shrieked in irritation as it swept its gaze over the few dangerous creatures that had claimed their own building in Celestial City.

Because their auras were dangerous and the time to fight had not yet come, it was willing to spare them for the moment. It knew that fighting now would only benefit their enemies.

Minutes passed and all of the slow-moving natives and Players who were fleeing the black cloud had long since been swallowed up. Those who remained were the elite of the elite. If Jake were present, he would have recognized several faces among them, such as Abbikesh, the leader of the Human Faction of Laudarkvik, or Laudar Vikien, the Baron of Lodunvals.

Right now, they were not as arrogant as before, running as if their lives depended on it with fear in their bellies. They had long since abandoned their subordinates and even their families. The Emperor of Ret'Asi whom they were supposed to serve with loyalty had long since been overtaken by the black curtain.

The catch was that as powerful as they were, there was only so much room inside the Celestial City and its environs. As the curtain of clouds approached at breakneck speed, the millions of creatures, warriors and elite players camped at the edge of the city threw away their hesitation and prepared to storm into the city.

Those further out were suddenly attacked by the millions of desperate fugitives willing to do anything to survive. Abbikesh and Laudar, accompanied by his faithful carnivorous pegasus Actalaus, threw themselves into the fray, decapitating hundreds of Drurs stationed there with one swing of their swords.

The giants with Quanoth's most advanced technology immediately opened fire and a barrage of Psionic energy rained down on them, forming a blinding beam of light that instantly blasted Laudar's head.

Abbikesh held out a little longer, dodging a few bursts of gunfire as he slalomed between his enemies, but a fearsome Drur general hacked him in half with his light saber. The light saber in question was the size of a three-story house and could even slice through a whole mountain of steel, let alone a despicable High Human. Laudar's pegasus suffered the same fate a split second later.

"Retreat to Celestial City. I'll take care of defending your rear." The veteran Drur ordered calmly as he stopped hundreds of thousands of enemies single-handedly.

Deploying all sorts of futuristic gadgets, he slaughtered tens of thousands of enemies, but soon he hit a snag. A huge golden western dragon the size of a small mountain swatted away all the Drurs and fugitives in its path with a violent wing sweep, and the general became the only obstacle in its path.

Undaunted, the Drur warrior brandished his light saber and charged his formidable opponent, but suddenly the golden dragon opened its mouth and spat out a torrent of condensed molten metal which, as it cooled, split into billions of sharp golden blades.

BANG!

The clash lasted only half a second, then the valiant Drur general was riddled with holes, then his body was quickly torn into bloody dust. This kind of scene was happening all around the Celestial City.

"Good job, Jinlong." Will, who was standing on his head could not help but praise him.

Behind him and Jinlong, dozens of equally terrifying dragons accompanied him. At that moment, a flash of lightning flashed through the black curtain behind them and the silhouette of a gigantic eastern dragon was outlined for a split second before disappearing.

Shenron's voice echoed in Will's head.

"I have fulfilled my part of the bargain. I can't go any further with you. Jinlong, Charizard and the others, protect the Dragon Soulspeaker."

The dragons protecting Will bowed deeply to the cloud curtain with wet eyes, but their Dragon King had already returned to his lair.

### [Chapter 853 Second Stage](#)

Blending in with the dragon cohort, another gigantic eastern black dragon carried several dozen humans. All of them wore black military combat suits differing from each other only in their echelons. The effigy of Earth was sewn onto their right shoulder pad, betraying their affiliation.

"Are you sure Jake and Ruby are here? My Shadow Guide isn't responding." Alef, the old lieutenant colonel and instructor of Ruby's squad, inquired warily as he saw the mesmerizing battle raging in front of them.

Wang Xiaoming, the vice-captain and martial arts instructor of the squad standing next to him, abruptly switched his stance and punched the air in front of him. Multiple layers of Qi overlapped, combining to form a monstrous shockwave that knocked out the hundreds of aliens who had just tried to throw him off his feet like bowling pins.

"Jake should be nearby somewhere, but for some reason we can't seem to find him." Craig answered frankly, ignoring the relentless attacks of countless enemies that even the dragons couldn't entirely stop.

Glancing over at Will, he noticed that the merchant was just as clueless as he was. Since their last meeting, the four-eyed man had changed a lot.

His overall appearance was almost the same, but his features were more handsome, his slightly curly brown hair was now an emerald green, as were his eyebrows and irises. His skin glistened slightly and on closer inspection one could discern tiny scales covering his skin. Embedded in the center of his forehead, an ovoid crystal of pure green glowed mysteriously, diffusing an oppressive energy.

This crystal was Charizard. When he had died in the Digestor Dungeon, such a crystal had also appeared. It contained his soul and genetic information, making it easy to resurrect him with the right magic or technology.

Since Will had become a Dragon Rider, their connection had grown stronger and their energies had begun to influence each other. By becoming a Dragon Soulspeaker this long process that should have taken hundreds of years had been shortened to a few months.

Now Will and Charizard could fight together as well as separately, but his new powers didn't stop there. The crystal embedded in his forehead was the source of his confidence and served as a special spiritual dimension.

The reason he didn't feel guilty about being escorted by all those dragons was because he could easily store them inside by keeping them in a stasis state. He didn't need to secure dozens of places aboard the Celestial City, but just one.

Squinting, he could make out a strange dragon-skull shaped building in the distance and knew as soon as he saw it that it was reserved for him.

Immyr, Hade's mount tasked with protecting Craig and ferrying his entire squad, peered thoughtfully at Will, but suddenly his gaze fell to the ground below him and he growled in a deep voice,

"We're in the right place."

Before Will or his passengers had time to ask him why, the ground liquefied and a vortex of dirt and rock formed below them. Before they could react, they were engulfed by the ground and began to plummet.

The dragons charged with protecting Will as well as Jinlong tried to resist the pull, but their new leader stopped them quickly.

"Do not resist." He ordered, following the example of Immyr who was perfectly composed.

The group of humans and dragons disappeared without a trace but drew no attention to the battlefield. Tens of thousands of aliens were dying every second by so many different methods. Getting buried alive was just one of them.

"Good to see you again." Jake chuckled a moment later as Will landed in front of him, looking haggard.

The merchant had been confident at first, but the fall had lasted several long minutes in the pitch black. The other dragons crashed one after the other and it took the telekinesis of Jake, Asfrid and Hade combined to keep them from collapsing their temporary base as they landed.

"Good job." Hade stoically thanked his dragon.

Immyr let the human passengers off his back and nodded casually. There was no need for unnecessary words between them.

As Craig, Alef and the other New Earth soldiers landed, they did not relax, sweeping their eyes over their surroundings with obvious nervousness. At that moment, their eyes suddenly widened as they recognized a beautiful young woman with long golden and silver hair walking towards them.

Alef and the other soldiers immediately drew their weapons, but Craig and Ryo stopped them.

"R-Ruby?" Craig checked with an uncertain tone.

"The one and only." She smiled wryly.

Seeing her embarrassed and guilty expression, New Earth Players' faces instantly brightened.

"Ruby, is it really you? You're not planning to kill me anymore?" Ryo joked goofily.

The Japanese was still bald, but at least he wasn't walking around shirtless anymore. The dangers of this Ordeal had finally made him realize that fighting without protection was not very wise. He still had his trusty claymore slung behind his back, but its design had changed slightly since their last encounter.

"It's really me." Ruby replied without taking offense. "At least for now, I'm managing. Thanks to Jake and the others."

"Yo." Jake greeted them with a hand up, accepting the compliment without shame.

Realizing that Ruby was herself again, several of her lifelong comrades like Melissa, Mary, and Raj started to tear up and threw themselves into her arms. The Digestor Trojan nearly suffocated in their embrace.

They had so much to talk about, but a sudden twist on the surface cut their reunion short. The earth suddenly shook and a deafening shockwave instantly collapsed the man-made cave they were hiding in. The rock turned to magma and a deadly level of radiation washed over the cave.

Jake's countenance changed and with one hand he liquefied the rocky material surrounding them, diffusing the energy of the shockwave while absorbing the overwhelming excess heat and radiation into his body.

"The serious stuff is about to start up there. Let's get back on track."

With a flick of his other hand, he manipulated the rock around him and the cave expanded into a workable tunnel going straight under the Celestial City.

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Seconds earlier on the surface, a blinding mushroom cloud several kilometers high had exploded in the center of Celestial City, atomizing hundreds of thousands of aliens and natives. Against all odds, someone had used a weapon of mass destruction before Anti-Life.

Kilometers north of the city, an old Drur stepped down from his missile truck and stubbed his fag with indifference. His vehicle was almost 50 times larger than a tank and the missile he had just fired was the size of a small rocket.

"With that, we should have less competition." His co-pilot scoffed with unconcealed contempt.

Just as they were about to fire a second missile, the smoke cloud from the first explosion finally dispersed and the Celestial City reappeared before them completely intact. They had expected it or they would never have dared nuke the city, but their carefree attitude suddenly disappeared when they saw that the giant robot standing on one of the buildings was also completely unharmed.

At that moment, Vhoskaud raised his hand toward them and an arc of electricity flashed within his pupils. All the vehicles and electronic weapons in their control were instantly hacked and all the nuclear warheads stored in their vehicles were immediately detonated.

"Oh shii-" The old Drur who was lighting a new cigarette never had a chance to finish his sentence.

BOOOOM!

A ball of flame followed by a blast hundreds of times more terrifying than the first exploded north of Celestial City, wiping out the entire Drur army as well as all the Players and natives in the vicinity with a few rare exceptions.

Vhoskaud averted his gaze from the mushroom cloud with indifference and focused again on controlling his army. To drive these Players and natives to kill each other, he had summoned a few million Undeads to add to the chaos, but they were dying too quickly.

The small fry had long since been eliminated and all the survivors were Players and natives capable of fighting at one against ten thousand without being disadvantaged. There were only a few dozen thousand survivors left and if several of them joined forces they could definitely threaten him.

But despite this, there was still no sign of Lost Divinities and Mirror Vanguard.

At that moment, the two aliens at the top of the skyscraper and Vhoskaud exchanged a knowing look and the giant android nodded. The black-hole woman smiled broadly and entered the code for the container tucked under her arm.

It was time to get down to business.

### [Chapter 854 First Big Fish](#)

The freakish drop-shaped turquoise alien suddenly began to vibrate and an invisible force field stretched out, pulsing like a beating heart. It and the black hole woman were enveloped by the protective force field giving the impression that they were trapped in a soap bubble.

If someone looked at them from the other side of the force field, they would have caught a glimpse of two tiny, distorted figures as if they were kilometers away. No sound escaped, and the outer air

molecules coming into contact with the force field would reappear on the other side without showing any sign of discontinuity in their movements.

"You may begin, Neri." Psykow beckoned her with its shrill dolphin voice.

After entering the code, the black hole woman unscrewed the lid and plunged her hand inside. She pulled it out a moment later with an insect about two centimeters long on her fingertip. The bug looked like an ordinary cockroach and crawled along her hand in a harmless manner.

Someone who didn't know what it was would have thought it was just another insect, but in reality if anyone other than this female Player tried to touch this insect directly a cataclysmic explosion would immediately follow.

"How cute..." She murmured with a touch of tenderness. Since her face was an ocean of darkness it was difficult to estimate what she was really thinking.

"Neri. The mission." Psychow reminded her numbly.

"Right... I like you little bug, but alas your life expectancy is far too short. Adios..."

With a thought, the insect was teleported by an Oracle Skill into the very center of the Celestial City. As it came into contact with the air, the detonation was immediate and an apocalyptic explosion engulfed the city and far beyond, generating a ball of white light brighter than the sun.

The superheated air collapsed on itself, and a fragile Space Rift tore through the atmosphere for dozens of meters. It closed right away, but was immediately followed by a massive plasma blast at several million degrees.

From the epicenter of the explosion, the shockwave spread in the blink of an eye in all directions, colliding with the black cloud curtain less than three seconds later. No one could hide, and everyone without exception was hit by the blast.

The two Anti-Life Players waited patiently for the fallout from the anti-matter explosion to end, then when things calmed down Psykow deactivated the protective force field.

"Wonderful." He praised placidly.

All of the Players and natives killing each other on the surface had been wiped out. The Celestial City and its surroundings were shrouded in dead silence, all infrastructure and landforms having been completely flattened by the blast.

It was only several minutes later that a few survivors emerged from their hiding places. A Drur warrior sprang from the ground under which he had been buried and spat a stream of purple blood onto the ground. His skin was charred and his battle suit had completely melted. If not for his insane Constitution, the energy shield covering his body and the sacrifice of his units, he would have perished like the others.

An extremely dense fog of water vapor cleared to the southeast of Celestial City, and a colossal Sea Serpent more than 500 meters long nestled within it uncoiled its body and its large, hidden triangular head rose timidly. Thousands of blue-green scales littered the ground, most of them vaporized. At a glance, one could tell that this frightfully dense fog was once a titanic wall of ice.

A Leviathan resembling a huge mosasaur floating in the sky suddenly fell out of the black clouds covered with wounds caused by severe electrocution. To survive the anti-matter explosion it had gained too much altitude. It had chosen the lesser evil.

Inside the Celestial City, several Players and natives also emerged from their hiding places with varying degrees of injury. Mages had used their Forbidden Spells, some taking refuge in special dimensions or using arcane magics to redirect the power of the blast or negate the damage they had sustained.

A three-meter tall man in gleaming plate armor worthy of the heroes of legend planted his heavy sword on the ground and leaned on it to catch his breath. Incredible as it may seem, he was out of breath and covered in sweat, but he had withstood the blast without suffering any apparent injury.

"Whoever did this, I must thank you." The warrior grunted as he coughed up a bloody mucus forgetting that he was still wearing his helmet.

With that blast, the hard fight ahead of him had come to an early end.

Like this native, the Players inside the Celestial City fared better than the survivors hit by the blast outside. Although they were closer to the epicenter, they had one major advantage: their surroundings.

Despite the sheer force of the blast, Celestial City was perfectly intact. By taking cover inside or behind these buildings, the danger had been partially negated, but that didn't mean that anyone could exploit this advantage.

Those able to stay in the Celestial City for so long were the World Bosses of this planet, whether they were Players or natives. The warrior who took the blast head-on with his blade alone was practically a legend on Quanoth.

According to rumors, Galadin was the only SS-Rank Adventurer on the continent, and he constantly wandered from one end of Quanoth to the other without ever revealing his tracks. If it weren't for the inevitable end of the world, he would never have made it to the heart of the Shatug Empire.

Oblivious to the carnage they had just caused, Psykow and Neri exchanged a solemn glance in the direction of Vhoskaud, who had also survived, and the android nodded again. There was still no trace of Lost Divinities and Mirror Vanguard, so they had to do it again.

With excitement that was hard to contain, the black hole woman entered the container code again and plunged her hand inside. This time she pulled out a much larger and fatter insect than before. This one had the dimensions of a Hercules beetle and weighed at least 150 grams.

Seeing the weight of the insect, Psykow's thirteen eyes widened slightly and it urgently erected a double force field around itself. Oblivious to its agitation, Neri smiled and said goodbye to her new friend before teleporting it to the same place as the previous one.

**BOOOOM!**

This time, the two Anti-Life Players did not wait for the fallout of the explosion to subside before observing the results. For this was not a single explosion, but a series of endless detonations that lasted for dozens of minutes in a row.

Confident, Psykow deployed his mental sense throughout the atomized area and cautiously searched for a trace of its enemies.

"Found one."

As it had hoped, the explosion was far too terrifying this time to be silently weathered. Not to mention the fact that the curtain was rapidly closing and the area had shrunk quite a bit in the last two minutes. Hiding was becoming increasingly difficult.

When the blast hit the outskirts of the Celestial City, a huge Yellow Cube, 100 meters wide, appeared out of nowhere and took the superheated shock wave head-on. After the blast passed, the cube flickered dimly and then shut down, revealing a single man covered in sweat.

"Vexa. We finally flushed out our first big fish." Psykow said apathetically in its dolphin-like voice.

"But why is he alone? Where are his other companions?" Neri pouted.

"Mirror Vanguard has a Gold Replica Artifact called Purple Hell. It's a special dimension they use for training, but I wouldn't be surprised if he used it to keep his subordinates safe."

"But if he does that, the Players from his faction won't be considered part of the 10,000 winners. A Player must be physically present to claim a spot on the Celestial City." Neri pointed with mild disbelief.

"Isn't that the same strategy we follow?" Psykow chuckled. "As long as their presence isn't needed, there's no point in deploying our own troops. It would unnecessarily put their lives in danger."

At that moment, the alien's central eye blazed fiercely and it laughed grimly,

"But now that we've found our first target, we can focus on it. If Lost Divinities lets Mirror Vanguard get wiped out without reacting, then that means I've greatly overestimated them. Or underestimated, heh."

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Dozens of kilometers below the Celestial City, Jake and the other Myrtharian Nerds breathed a sigh of relief when the shaking ended. This time they had really thought they were not going to make it. If not for the artifacts Jake and Hade had crafted a few days earlier, most of them would probably have perished.

"I can't believe those explosions made all our Oracle Shields go into overdrive." Lucia sighed in disbelief. It was just mind-boggling.

Only Jake's Oracle Shield and those of a few Kintharians like Gerulfs had held up, but that was because they were not afraid of heat or radiation.

### [Chapter 855 Trapped Under Earth](#)

Jake may have been one of the few unscathed, but as a leader his sense of foreboding was even greater than that of his subordinates. Squinting at the surface as if he wanted to peer through the kilometers of solid rock separating them from the ground, his heart clenched with anguish, tinged by a nasty premonition.

"We can't stay here. We have to move on." He declared suddenly.

Lucia, Enya, and the others who were dusting off the dirt and rubble that had fallen on them during the quakes stopped what they were doing and turned to him, a serious look on their faces.

"Are you sure?" Maeve scoffed apathetically. "It's enough of a miracle that we weren't discovered."

"I agree with Jake." Hade announced coldly, backing him up. "The Celestial City is very likely indestructible or this Ordeal would have no point. If we're just below it no explosion from above can reach us. We're almost there."

"However, that's only a short-term solution." Enya retorted, forming a 3D model of the Celestial City and its surroundings with her red flames.

The model was strikingly realistic and one could even see the habitable zone shrinking in real time as the curtain of black clouds drew closer. All their preparatory work and information research had not been for nothing.

To support her point, she snapped her fingers and the circular occupiable area shrank abruptly in accelerated time, closing in on the Celestial City but going no further than its outer edges. Jake and the others, who were marked by a dot, situated dozens of kilometers underground, found themselves trapped by the unbreakable Celestial City above them and the curtain of black clouds all around.

The only consolation was that they were safe. For the time being, that is.

"I'm afraid the situation is much less optimistic than that." Will, whom they had only just reunited, calmly objected.

Immyr, the dragons, Craig and the other surviving troops from New Earth nodded their heads in agreement, sharing the same opinion.

"What do you mean?" Jeanie's fluent, trembling voice chimed in unexpectedly, her tiny head craning up timidly from Aisling's cleavage.

The Minmin was completely useless and out of her depth in the face of the foes and dangers that lay ahead of them, but she had refused to bide her time until the end of the Ordeal in the safety of space with the other natives. No one knew why she insisted on accompanying them, but because she had an Oracle Device Jake could not think of a reason to dissuade her.

The Fairy might be fearful and useless, but she sure as heck could be stubborn. His theory was that she had made friends with everyone and felt comfortable and safe with them. For that reason, she didn't want to be left behind no matter what.

Will looked around to see who had just spoken and blinked stupidly several times as his gaze fell on the little doll's head with electric blue hair sandwiched between two white mounds. With no context one would have thought he was ogling not the fairy, but Aisling's breasts.

When he was confronted with the slightly irritated stare of the gorgeous half-demon, the dragon tamer averted his gaze and coughed uneasily.

"Ahem, who are you?" Will finally inquired as he cleared his throat, addressing both the fairy and the vampire-succubus.

"You'll have plenty of time to get to know each other later." Jake tactlessly interrupted him before reminding him, "The explanation."

"Ah yes, sorry." The merchant smiled awkwardly. "This planet is round, right?"

All three having traveled in space, Jake, Hade and Asfrid looked at each other and then confirmed with a synchronous nod.

"Last time I checked, that was still the case."

"If that's true, we're not safe here." Will claimed in a confident tone. "When Shenron was escorting us here we got to see what happens when these clouds hit the ground. The rock melts quickly when it comes into contact with these endless downpours of lightning. The Mana Storm descends soon after, swallowing up everything that has managed to overcome the clouds. If I'm not mistaken, most of the planet has already been dissolved and what is left of it must now look like an inverted dome. The undestroyed area is not a cylinder, but a bowl."

The heart of Jake and the others sank when they heard this last statement. It wasn't that they hadn't considered the possibility, but that they didn't think the Mana Storm would descend so quickly. If it had only been the clouds, the planet would not have collapsed so quickly.

"If what you say is true... If we stay under the Celestial City for too long, we'll be trapped and perish swallowed up by the clouds and the Mana Storm, trapped alive under the city we were supposed to join-"

BOOOOM!

A series of explosions even more terrifying than the others sounded on the surface and all the Myrtharian Nerds lost their balance as they were hit by a catastrophic shock wave. The Kintharians, Throsgenians and Eltarians combined forces and the rocky vault above them stabilized in the nick of time.

The explosions did not stop there, but rather increased in intensity and frequency. The blasts and tremors became more and more terrifying, the shock waves overlapping and merging with each other to destroy absolutely everything in their path. Soon Jake, Gerulf, Asfrid and Rogen were forced to intervene to stabilize the rock surrounding them, but the worst was yet to come.

In the blink of an eye, much like the explosions before, but a thousand times more dangerous, they were hit by scorching heat and radiation, and several Myrtharian Nerds who had overheated their Oracle Shields began to char before their eyes, including Jeanie.

Seeing this, Jake stepped in decisively and his galactic eyes flared. In one swift swipe of his hand he harnessed all the heat and radiation beaming down on them and channeled it, then focused it before splitting it into various sized energy beams which he then redirected at each of the Kintharians and himself.

Within seconds, their skin turned white-hot and Gerulf growled in a hoarse voice as he opened a tunnel with a casual wave,

"Don't worry about us."

The next moment, a shockwave even more monstrous than the previous ones hit them hard, and the Kintharians were slammed into the ground. Despite their incredible constitutions, their bones broke, their skin cracked and their muscles tore on impact.

Asfrid said nothing, but ignoring the blisters and severe burns sprouting on her body, she stopped instead of running and reinforced the Kintharians' position with a force field. Ruby, who was both an Eltarian and a Throsgenian also stood by Jake to cool the rock and absorb the radiation.

Hade reluctantly returned to help them, but a sharp glance from Jake made it clear that he was needed to stabilize the tunnel and protect the others.

"Enter the Portable Fortress." Hade roused them with urgency as he summoned a black sphere about a meter in diameter.

It was a reinforced and more advanced version than the ones used to house the Laudarkvik natives in space. Although the space inside was roughly the same, the alloy forming the steel armor of the artifact was significantly thicker and much more sophisticated. Jake, Gerulf and even Ruby had helped design it by providing the precious metal.

Alas, they had only been able to make four of them and this was the last one they had left. If not for the fear of running out of options, they would never have risked taking the last blasts with their Oracle Shield.

Most of them no longer had that option to defend themselves, so they complied with Hade's order without flinching. But unexpectedly, several Players chose to stay outside despite the circumstances.

Towering over Hade and the Portable Fortress, the giant mammoth that Mufasa and the others had recruited refused to enter and instead chose to cover them with his body.

"Since I have a bracelet, I have nothing to fear." The huge prehistoric pachyderm, nicknamed Dumbo by Jake, laughed without fear or regret. "Without you, I would never have gotten this far and I would have had no future. Let me return the favor."

The dragons like Jinlong in charge of escorting Will also took the initiative to protect the group with their massive bodies.

"A few explosions won't kill us." Immyr roared as he coiled like a boa smothering its prey around the procession.

**BOOOOM!**

Ruining the emotional scene, a blast more devastating than any other hit them. Those in the tunnel under Hade's protection were blasted away and the scales of Immyr and the other dragons flew in all directions.

The force field created by Asfrid shattered, and Jake and the other Kintharians lost control of the rock they were holding. The heat and radiation that Jake had been keeping under control by sharing the flow between them mushroomed, and several of the weaker Kintharians suddenly began to burn brightly.

A careless Kintharian was instantly vaporized, roasted alive by the radiation. Asfrid, who was even more fragile, teleported into the tunnel in time by activating her Force Push Skill, but Jake and the others who were propping up the cavern were mercilessly buried, blasted into the depths of the earth.

#### [Chapter 856 I Told You It Wouldn't Work](#)

Meanwhile, on the surface, the area around Celestial City was nothing but molten rock, ionized plasma and radiation. A cloud of millions, billions of Antimatter Bugs were continuously detonating in an endless and increasingly cataclysmic chain reaction.

Psykow, the teardrop-shaped alien, still levitated motionless atop his skyscraper. Although the environment was currently hostile to all lifeforms, neither heat, nor radiation, nor shock waves could harm him. The blasts hitting him would pass through his body as if it didn't exist, as if the place where it stood was just a bubble of nothingness capable of deflecting anything that came near it.

From time to time one could see the image of the alien sizzling like an unstable hologram under its force field forcing its thirteen eyes to glow, consuming prodigious amounts of energy and mental power every second. No matter how strong this Player was, it was not possible to take such antimatter blasts so close without paying a price.

Farther up on top of a futuristic steel building covered in bluish lines of light, Vhoskaud was stoically watching Vexa's futile struggle. Unlike Psykow, he was not equipped to dodge these explosions.

Instead, his technology and armor were so advanced that he was virtually immune. Compared to the inferior and fragile versions of himself that Jake and his companions had battled, Vhoskaud's main body was an entirely different beast.

A Mechanical Force of a nature difficult to fathom formed blue-golden arcs of electricity around the giant robot, its energy radiating in all directions and spreading through the air and ground as far as the eye could see. It caused no damage as it passed, but anything containing metal would come to life, forming complex robotic structures under precise electromagnetic control.

The radiation, the searing heat and the blasts of all these explosions were partially neutralized by a powerful energy shield also powered by antimatter. Some of it was absorbed by the shield to restore its energy levels while the rest lashed out at Vhoskaud's giant body.

Each time a weakened blast crashed into the titanic android, its armor would be vaporized, shattering into scraps of white-hot steel, but again the excess energy would be sucked into the network of glowing lines running through its body. This energy would then reach the huge generator replacing his heart where it would then be purified.

Vhoskaud had spent almost a millennium perfecting his technology and his current generator was an enigma of the universe, powered by his own rich spiritual energy and other consumable or inexhaustible energy only grasped by the most advanced civilizations in the Mirror Universe.

Once this energy was purified, Vhoskaud just had to open the vast secondary dimension where he stored all his summonses and all sorts of materials to replace the destroyed armor. Even so, he was actually losing very little material. The metal atomized by the explosions would recondense to reform intact armor each time his Mechanical Force flowed through it.



As Jake and his companions were buried underground by a series of explosions far more terrifying than the previous ones, Vhoskaud's defensive and regenerative abilities were also overwhelmed. At that moment, a flash of electricity flashed behind his metallic pupils and he glared in Psykow's direction.

'So you are also trying to eliminate me.' Vhoskaud thought as he realized that Anti-Life probably wanted to make his death look like an accident.

If he perished they would just have to apologize to his higher-ups with possibly some financial compensation and the matter would end there.

'Bad luck for you, I'm much more unfathomable than you think.'

When his armor was about to collapse completely, exposing the main generator housing his soul, dozens of metal boxes orbiting in space 500 million kilometers away switched to hyperdrive mode, vanishing in silent trails of light.

A heartbeat later, these dozens of gigantic containers reappeared in the air a few meters above him with surgical precision as if they had just been teleported. An almost inexhaustible stream of compressed metal poured out of them, instantly replacing the armor he had just lost, reinforcing it far beyond its initial performance.

Several of these boxes, powered by their own generators, one harnessing dark energy, a second anti-matter, and a third void energy, formed additional energy shields under the influence of Vhoskaud's Mechanical Force and the threat was momentarily subdued.

Psykow's thirteen eyes, which had been unfazed from the beginning, focused on the giant robot for a fleeting moment, their true thoughts unknown, but the alien soon lost interest in his ally and returned its focus to the fight between Neri and Vexa.

'If you couldn't survive this how would you be worthy of being our ally?' Psykow sneered inwardly.

**BOOOM!**

At that very moment, Neri went on the offensive, ignoring the massive explosion that had just sounded a few centimeters away from her. Vexa, who was already using all his energy to stabilize his Yellow Cube was unable to react in time. Even if he could, he would surely have ignored her.

His Yellow Cube lived up to its reputation. After stacking dozens of Yellow Cubes on top of each other with a few White Cubes in between to provide an inexhaustible stream of energy, the final combination had already reached a level of solidity such that these antimatter blasts couldn't even chip it. Its radiance was as stable as a giant block of amber fossilized for millions of years.

Yet suddenly, Neri's light-absorbing black arm effortlessly passed through his Yellow Shield as if it didn't exist. The Yellow Cube was more than ten meters across, so Vexa was unharmed, but his face contorted as the precious Cubes he had conjured by drawing on his core energy were quickly fragmented and then sucked into the black arm itself.

Conversely, dozens of Antimatter Bugs were vomited out of the arm like a swarm of frenzied beetles and soon detonated on contact with the oxygen.

**BOOOOOM!**

Seen from the outside, the enormous Yellow Cube swelled like a balloon and a geyser of light and gamma rays was expelled from the breach opened by Neri. The loud bangs outside never stopped, blast after blast penetrated the crack and Vexa, trapped inside, soon found himself in trouble.

"YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR ANTI-LIFE! DO YOU TRULY THINK I FEAR YOU?!" The angry voice of the Mirror Vanguard leader suddenly rang out, amplified thousands of times as he realized that someone was actually trying to murder him.

A blinding radiance radiated from the cube man's battered body and the weakened Yellow-Cube miraculously stabilized, severing Neri's arm that had so easily passed through it seconds earlier.

Inside, Vexa's naked, blood-covered chest was exposed and through transparency his cubic heart, which looked exactly like a Green Cube, began to beat at a high frequency, spreading unbelievably dense and vibrant life energy throughout his cells.

His hair suddenly scattered like a pollen wave, forming billions of Orange Cubes that shot outwards, targeting Neri. Simultaneously, a Red Cube almost as massive as the Yellow Cube encased him, basking him in a crimson light. An Orange Cube about a meter in size hovered in front of him and with no hesitation Vexa summoned his precious sword-like Silver Aether Artifact and slashed forward.

Neri, whose severed arm had already regenerated, watched the millions of microscopic Orange Cubes forming a dense fog around her with curiosity, but her attention was quickly pulled back to reality when one of them emitted an insane amount of energy of such a life-threatening nature that her non-existent hair stood on end.

A blinding flash of light momentarily outshone the antimatter blasts, and a trench several kilometers long and tens of kilometers deep split the earth in two. Psykow, who happened to be in the way, stood still for an instant, but just before impact he teleported to the roof of another building, thereby moving for the first time since the beginning of the final battle.

Kilometers beneath the ground, Lost Divinities, who were calmly proceeding toward the Celestial City, were suddenly smitten by the remnants of the slashing blast and several Players burst into a bloody pulp. Their shattered bodies did not regenerate, their Divinities shattered with them.

Ael and Felphi, aka the Nullifyer and the Disrupter, changed their expressions drastically, their gloomy, irritated gaze shifting in the direction of Vexa and Neri.

"And here I thought we could let Anti-Life, Replicators and Mirror Vanguard kill each other without suffering any casualties." Ael sighed bitterly.

"I told you it wouldn't work." Felphi derided mercilessly.

### [Chapter 857 Trapped Underground](#)

At about the same time, a few hundred meters away.

The escape tunnel created by Gerulf had also collapsed due to the tremors and shockwaves caused by the latest antimatter explosions. When Vexa's ultimate strike sundered the earth in two, the Myrtharian Nerds were miraculously spared, but the fallout from the impact also affected them. If the Eltarians,

Asfrid and Hade had not joined forces to stabilize the tunnel and protect their comrades, there might have been more casualties.

Nevertheless, Dumbo, Mufasa, Shere Khan, Immyr, Jinlong, Crunch, the dragons and basically all the giants in the group had temporarily supported the tunnel vault by sheer muscle power to keep it from collapsing. Several of them suffered from multiple fractures, but their resilience and toughness lived up to their reputation.

Immyr and the other dragons had only cracked a few scales, Mufasa's mane had swiftly emitted a sharp wind halo that repelled and obliterated any rock that came too close to him, while Shere Khan had transformed into a blurred shadow of lightning to pulverize with his claws all the scree that threatened his comrades.

The giant mammoth, Dumbo, was even more massive than Immyr and the other dragons and was able to sleep standing up like most elephants. For this reason, if he locked his joints it was virtually impossible for him to lose his balance. He was like a gigantic rooftop resting on four huge pillars stronger than the strongest metal.

Before Asfrid, Hade and the other Eltarians intervened, he alone had stoically endured the landslide without faltering, the rocks and debris streaming and ricocheting off his thick fur without harming him. The creaking and cracking of his joints was proof, however, that supporting the weight of kilometers of stone for several seconds was no small feat, even for such a colossal behemoth.

The only two exceptions were Crunch and Lord Phenix. Both were crushed without putting up much of a fight, but the former simply deformed like a piece of chewing gum, while the latter was literally ground to a pulp, his boiling blood splattering all over the place.

When Hade finally came to their aid, removing the huge boulders crushing them, Crunch immediately returned to his normal shape with a resounding pop as if his body had just been re-inflated with helium, while the turkey's corpse burst into flames, forming a pile of ash from which an uninjured Lord Phenix crawled out coughing up flames.

"Cough, cough, just because I'm immortal doesn't mean I like dying, hmmph." Lord Phenix complained with a deceptively maudlin countenance but from his smug face he was clearly bragging.

For a second Hade was tempted to bury him under the rubble again but quelling his murderous impulse he promptly ignored him and finally relieved Dumbo of some of his burden.

Now that the psychists had taken action, it was easier for the Aristocats and the dragons to bear the weight of the collapsed tunnel, but it was not a permanent solution. Without Jake and the Kintharians to directly influence the rock's conduct, they had to support the equivalent of a huge mountain's weight with their strength alone.

Dumbo's big bones and the dragons acted as support beams, but in the meantime they could not move. In front of and behind them, the tunnel had collapsed, blocking both exits.

"What do we do now?" Lucia grunted as she cleaved a five-meter thick boulder with her gladius sword.

"Let's just follow the plan and keep moving." Kenway calmly proposed as he morphed into an imposing Werelion.

An oversized humanoid lion with hypertrophied muscles emerged between the front legs of Dumbo who was at the front of the group and with little or no warning he slammed his fist into the rock wall blocking their path.

Upon impact, a frightening shockwave rippled out in all directions, quickly followed by a terrifying seismic wave. The rocky obstacle shattered... along with everything else.

"Fucking moron! Do you want to bury us alive or what?!" Aisling yelled as she slapped the back of his head with a loud smack.

His transformation ended at once and the usually quiet and unruffled warrior reappeared scratching his head sheepishly.

"Was it really necessary to hit me?" Kenway snarled grudgingly.

"Yes." The Dhampir replied matter-of-factly.

"Can we try using my flames or other gentler methods to destroy the wall?" Enya suggested as she fanned a jet of red flames with her palms.

A spray of flame hot enough to melt any metal on this planet was emitted with such force from her hands that it formed a dazzling plasma beam. The collapsed tunnel in front of them reopened in the blink of an eye, the rock liquefying into magma, then vaporizing in plain sight.

The fire dragons protecting Will joined in, and soon a storm of flame powerful enough to melt away the toughest of Players drilled a tunnel wide enough for even Dumbo to crawl through.

Unfortunately, the downside of this method soon became apparent. They were not on the surface, but underground in an enclosed area. The heated material did not really disappear, it simply changed state. Even with the Psychists of the group helping to clear it, the heat produced had no way of being expelled.

Within a few dozen seconds the temperature inside their backup cave became intolerable and the most fragile of the group, the Eltarians, began to roast alive.

"Stop, stop, stop! If you keep this up except for Enya and the other fire breathers we're all going to die." Daniel finally exclaimed, hastily discarding his steaming armor that was producing a frying sound on contact with his skin.

The young woman and the dragons stopped firing on the spot. Seeing the state of Daniel, Asfrid and the other Eltarians a guilty expression appeared on their faces.

"Sorry, I really thought it would work." Enya apologized guiltily.

"It's okay... At least you tried." Lucia sighed. "We're the ones slowing you down."

"Everyone has their strengths." Hade stated coolly. "There's no need to beat yourself up about it. We knew that most of us were risking our lives by choosing to follow Jake to the end."

The Fluid Grandmaster was trying to cheer them up, but deep down he was pretty frustrated too. He was obviously not out of options to preserve his own life. With one strike he could open a path to the surface. If he really wanted to, he could even teleport there.

BOOOOM!

Alas, the antimatter explosions had never abated. Their telekinesis was not only to prevent the tunnel from collapsing, but also to neutralize the blasts resulting from all those detonations.

Now that they were almost under the Celestial City, the danger had been mitigated, but the fallout from those explosions was still dangerous for most of them. There was also another danger that was even more problematic for them.

Most of the Myrtharian Nerds hadn't realized it yet, but with his extraordinary extrasensory perception Hade had a totally different understanding of their situation.

To the others, they were just stuck underground with the threat of explosions in the background, but to him the danger was elsewhere and much closer than they thought.

'This rock is thick and partially blocks our mental senses.' The Fluid Grandmaster reasoned in his head, trying to remain inexpressive so as not to worry his comrades. 'It's an advantage because it keeps us undetected, but in the meantime we're blind too.'

To retrieve Will, for example, Jake had used his Earth control and perception to use it as a radar. His Oracle Rank was also superior to Will's and they were allies which made it easy to predict his arrival and plan his rescue.

Despite this constraint, Hade was able to project his mental sense a few hundred meters around him occasionally resorting to the Oracle Scan and he had spotted two separate threats.

The first was that these relentless antimatter explosions had heated and irradiated the ground ever more deeply. His allies thought they were separated from the surface by tens of kilometers of solid rock, but that was not the case at all. The rocky vault they were supporting with force fields was only a few hundred meters thick and rapidly thinning.

Above, a magma lake ten kilometers deep was waiting for the slightest breach to seep in and flood them. This same lake was also evaporating rapidly, its surface turning into plasma and merging into the atmosphere. Right now, even if the explosions stopped, returning to the surface would be lethal for most of them.

#### [Chapter 858 Myrtharian Nerds Vs Lost Divinities \(Part 1\)](#)

The second threat was of a completely different nature. While scanning the tunnel they were trying to reopen his Oracle Scan had detected signs of alteration in the rock structure.

At this depth, the earth's crust should have been relatively uniform with explainable variations as they moved from one layer to the next. Except that here, all the metals and ores seemed to be mixed together like a homogeneous mashed potato, artificially solidified to form a stable structure that was anything but natural.

Hade didn't know if it was Lost Divinities or some other faction that had the same idea as them, but what he was certain of was that their stealthy inaction was about to end.

'They at least have a powerful Earthmancer or something along those lines.' His brows furrowed in concern as he realized what that could mean.

Without Jake, Gerulf and the other three Kintharians (only two left now) they were indeed vulnerable underground to this type of opponent. Even Tim, Haynt, Ruby, Rogen and the other two Throsgeians had stayed with them to help contain the radiation.

Unfortunately, there was a third threat that denied them any chance of idleness, and one that anyone with a brain and some math skills could foresee. The curtain of black clouds closing in on them in a sphere rather than a circle, they could already predict to the exact millisecond when the black clouds and subsequently the Mana Storm would arrive beneath them.

Three minutes was all the time they had before they had to slowly work their way back up to the surface. If the mass of black clouds surged from below as fast as the black curtain on the surface, it would swallow the distance between it and the surface in another 8 minutes, a total of eleven minutes.

"What are you fretting about Hade?" Asfrid inquired suddenly as she noticed his forehead covered in beads of sweat twitching and then loosening nonstop from concentration.

The Fluid Grandmaster hesitated for a moment, then shared his concerns with the group, revealing his findings. The Myrtharian Nerds' expressions changed, especially the large animals like Dumbo and Immyr who were not confident that they could escape in time.

"Forget about three minutes, the magma lake will reach us in a minute or so." Asfrid confirmed with her mental sense. "Even if the faction hiding underground near us wasn't Lost Divinities, we wouldn't be able to go straight up without running into them. To save time, we'll have to get closer to them and place ourselves in the center, right under the Celestial City. This is the safest position before the clouds catch us from below, but it also means that all the Players and natives who had the same plan as us will converge in the same place."

"Do we have a choice?" Lucia sneered as she swung her sword against the ground to warm up while producing a spray of sparks.

"I'm afraid not..."

"Then what are we fussing about? Jake, Gerulf and the others won't die because of a cave-in and a few explosions. They'll join us sooner or later, so let's show them what we can do by taking charge of the first round.

Then someone who had been keeping a low profile suddenly cleared his throat. The Myrtharian Nerds turned in the direction of the culprit and recognized Remus Dracul, or rather Jen, the Mimic who had impersonated this Vampire clan leader. Next to him, Melion also stood with a reluctant expression as if he wanted to say something but wasn't sure if it was the appropriate thing to do.

"Anything to say?" Crunch snorted. Ever since he had learned that the Mimic had become his master's new slave he had felt a deep antipathy towards this devious opportunist.

"Before the final battle, my master allowed Melion and I to shapeshift into him." Jen explained anxiously. "We have several drops of blood with his genetic material in our possession just for this purpose. Not just Jake, but from almost all of you."

"Why wasn't I told about this?" Lucia pursed her lips in displeasure.

"I was informed." Hade confirmed.

"So was I." Asfrid chimed in.

"Me too..." Svava nodded.

"Me to..."

A vein throbbed on Princess Myrmidian's forehead as she saw that most knew about it. Apparently it had been decided while she was sparring with Gerulf. When she fought, her thirst for victory and competitive spirit made her virtually unapproachable. Swallowing her sarcasm, Lucia crossed her arms and snapped coldly,

"What are you waiting for then?! Time is running out."

The rock vault above them was indeed starting to grow porous like a piece of Swiss cheese. Streams of lava were trickling down from it, but Dumbo's fur and the other dragons could handle such a temperature without any problem for the time being thanks to the Myrtharian Body passive.

Jen was about to say something, but Melion interrupted him with a wave. More composed, he stepped in front of the others and flatly explained,

"I can copy bloodlines of Grade 11 or less, but I expend a lot of energy with each transformation based on the power of the person I'm transforming into. Jen is limited to Grade 10. The original plan decided by Jake, Asfrid and Hade was that I would transform into a powerful Player like the Nullifyer or Vexa when the opportunity presented itself. I just need a bit of genetic material. Even a hair is enough."

At that moment, the rock vault gave way completely and a cascade of magma poured down Dumbo's back, quickly expanding until it encompassed the dragons, then Mufasa and the other Aristocats.

"Jen turn into Jake and open that tunnel." Lucia ordered decisively upon seeing this. "Melion, don't transform for now. Prepare for battle. We attack with full power anyone who gets in our way. For the course of action I propose..."

Because of the critical emergency in which they found themselves, no one challenged Lucia's orders. Through telepathy, a coherent plan was immediately devised. They would assume that it was an enemy like Lost Divinities and in that case they had no reason to hold back.

A blast from another antimatter explosion blew away what little remained of the earth's crust around them and Lucia shouted,

"Now!"

Jen momentarily resumed his treasure chest form, and his long tongue darted out of the gap to gobble up the drop of blood from his master. A heartbeat later, an individual identical to Jake but with a far weaker aura stood before them.

Aware of the dire situation, Jen took control of the lava with a thought and instantly opened a deep tunnel, providing them with a clear line of sight for over 500 meters. At that very moment, those at the other end of the tunnel met the eyes of the Myrtharian Nerds.

It was Lost Divinities!

"Fuck..." Hade cursed as he recognized Felphi, the Player named the Disrupter who had beaten him up a few weeks earlier.

"What a coincidence, hehe..." His nemesis giggled as she recognized the Fluid Grandmaster.

She was not at all surprised to meet him again. Somehow, Lost Divinities had detected their presence long ago.

But unfortunately, their mistake was not attacking them first. If Ruby hadn't disrupted the predictions of their Oracle Paths they would never have been so careless. Everyone locked on to their targets in perfect sync.

"NOW!" Lucia roared as she crossed the distance in a supersonic blur.

SLASH!

Her stroke of victory sliced through the air with unimaginable speed, crashing onto Deimos, the Spartan-looking God of War. The warrior's hair immediately stood on end as he sensed the immense danger and reflexively parried it by summoning his spear. A dense stream of dark red energy erupted forth from his body and coated his weapon.

As their weapons collided a shower of blinding sparks shot out in all directions, accompanied by a shockwave even more destructive than the detonation of an Antimatter Bug. Several Lost Divinities Players were blown away, their bodies shattering or ending up severely injured by the blast.

Simultaneously, Asfrid grabbed Jen's wrist and teleported above Nucnar, the giant gem-covered golem manipulating the earth and maintaining the stability of the underground cavern. Knowing what he had to do, the Mimic opened a second tunnel, this time leading straight into the depths of the planet.

#### [Chapter 859 Myrtharian Nerds Vs Lost Divinities \(Part 2\)](#)

Having no Aether or Reiga Cores, he drew on his own Mana Core having accumulated energy for over 500 years and spent it all at once, also overdrawing his life force. If Jen was in his chest form, one could have seen the wood wither and the metal edges tarnish and rust at a rapid rate.

The tunnel extended for kilometers and kilometers until an ocean of blackness barred its way. Asfrid's pupils narrowed when she saw this and with Nucnar and the Nullifyer squarely in her sights she pressed both palms forward and muttered grimly,

"Force Push."

BANG!

The two Players were thrown at an insane speed, going from 0 kilometers per hour to over 10 per second in the blink of an eye. The scene was not too dissimilar to Vhoskaud's boxes entering hyperdrive mode.



The Nullifyer could easily nullify such an ambush with his powers, but he was so unprepared for such a move that his mouth gaped slightly in disbelief as he and Nucnar both disappeared into the mass of black clouds.

Asfrid clenched her fist with relief as she saw that she had succeeded in the most crucial step of their plan.

Pulling off this ambush had not been easy and she had consumed a good portion of her Soul Power in this attack. She was having trouble staying awake. Using her mental connection to the other Eltarians she hurried to restore her Soul Strength as quickly as possible.

With their most dangerous enemy out of the picture, the other Myrtharian Nerds didn't hesitate for a second and sprang into action. In Nucnar's absence, the previously stable cave also began to crumble, its intended collapse clear for all to see.

With Jen temporarily out of steam, Asfrid took on the role of his bodyguard temporarily so that he could open a new tunnel for them to escape upwards and let Lost Divinities be buried alive.

Leading the charge with Lucia, Hephais stepped out of Belakor's shadow and impaled him from behind with a gigantic dark spike from his anus to the top of his skull. The thirty meter demon did not succumb right away and summoning his huge infernal broadsword he ignored the spike and spun around, hacking ferociously behind him. The assassin cloaked himself in a blanket of shadows and scattered into countless specters that melted away into the darkness, untraceable.

Svara also summoned a Shadow Wolf with her True Will behind Felphi, but the blue-skinned woman did not defend herself, letting the creature bite her ankle. A drop of blood beaded on its surface, drawing a surprised "Oh?" A glint flickered in her eye and the wolf disintegrated. The next thing she knew, Svara was spitting out a mouthful of blood, her mind damaged.

"Do not attack this woman, this is between her and me!" Hade warned them telepathically, releasing an aura packing more energy than dozens of nuclear bombs. Faced with the Disrupter who had defeated him he was not going to take any chances.

"What a man..." Felphi smacked her lips as she aimed her finger at him, apparently not at all worried about the fate of Ael, the Nullifyer.

Instantly his aura dissipated, but the next breath it returned, flashing and flickering like a candle about to be blown out by a gust of wind.

"True Will of Stability? Or maybe Anti-Disruption? You weren't capable of that last time." She praised appreciatively. "Even assuming you cooked up this move to counter me, it takes time to awaken such True Will. You must be older than I thought. The real question is how long can you resist?"

"Long enough." Hade replied unfazed. "You should be more concerned about how many of your subordinates will be killed while I keep you here."

As Felphi and Hade began their showdown, the other Myrtharian Nerds reached their targets. Kenway engaged in wild hand-to-hand combat with a minotaur officer with superhuman strength named Jasur. He was the one who had killed his brother Lysander.

Temra, the Dragonid commander recruited by Lucia, confronted the horned swordsman in a kimono, but was soon overpowered by the deity's unfathomable sword technique. Less than a second later, he had his arm cut off and Alef, the military instructor and katana expert from New Earth, replaced him. The Dragonid bowed his head and found another target.

Ryo raised his hefty claymore with both hands and roared "Yiiiiihhhaaaa!" as he threw himself into the fray, promptly chopping off the head of an ill-prepared Lost Divinities Player. His childhood friend, Craig, conjured up several Aether Spells to boost his fighting performance while cautiously boxing with his custom gauntlets against another enemy Player.

The remaining New Earth troops and Ruby's companions fearlessly opened fire on the enemy using all the military demolition gear they had been able to preserve so far. Those who had survived until now were not weak and with the element of surprise they quickly placed several Lost Divinities Players in difficulty, forcing them to adopt a defensive stance.

Wang Xiaoming, the martial arts master of Ruby's team had stayed behind with Jake and the others as a Throsgenian to contain the radiation, but even without him they could manage. At least until the Lost Divinities officers joined the fray as well.

Thyohr, the elder with long white hair and a mage's loose robe brandished his staff and as he stuck it into the ground the entire man-made cave was frozen, a thick layer of snow covering the walls while a blizzard swept in.

Unaffected by the cold, Lord Phenix swooped down on the huge firebird of Lost Divinities and the two phoenixes began an aerial dance of utmost violence, exchanging blows with their beaks and talons that melted all the snow in their path.

Lord Phenix's initiative marked the entry into battle of the Aristocats and the dragons. As one, all the dragons with different elements opened their mouths and a barrage of flames and other projectiles rained down on Lost Divinities, wiping out its players with far greater efficiency than the New Earth troops.

Seeing what was happening, Khag' Dagmai, the Nosk leader drew his black saber and in a few steps reappeared above the neck of a dragon. He flicked his wrist, the blade vibrated at a high frequency with a high-pitched sound and the huge head of the mythical lizard rolled to the ground releasing spurts of scalding blood.

"Irrolth!" Jinlong screamed in rage and grief.

Ceasing to spit his flames made of sharp metallic sand, he regained his human form and with a stomp he reappeared before the Nosk King. His half-opened fist covered itself with golden scales, releasing a tremendous killing intent, and he clawed at his opponent's face with the firm intention of tearing off his head in return.

Khag' Dagmai curled his lips disdainfully and immediately strangulated the humanoid dragon with one of his long luminous dendrites serving as his hair and prehensile limb while another immobilized Jinlong's arm.

"Too weak."

When he was about to kill the old dragon, a soft voice whispered a few feet away,

"You're weak too."

This voice had a strange ring to it, as if it were an echo from both the past and the future. As this phrase echoed in his head, the world seemed to accept the statement as fact, and even the Nosk was subconsciously convinced that it was true.

Jinlong's restrained arm began to move again as the dendrite stranglehold loosened, unable to crush his throat. The dragon's claws flashed in front of the alien's face and a splash of fluorescent blood trickled to the ground. The Nosk had not been decapitated as expected, but the claw strike had disfigured him.

Ignoring the dragon that wounded him, Khag'Dagmai slowly turned his head towards Will and growled, licking his lips,

"A Dragon Soulspeaker? Now there's a prey worth hunting."

Will frowned as he sensed something was wrong and the next moment a monstrous spiritual aura erupted from the alien, blasting Jinlong into the distance. The merchant found himself unable to move or speak because of the pressure and began to suffocate.

Still, he didn't panic and after a fleeting moment of turmoil he regained his composure and the diamond-shaped emerald embedded in the middle of his forehead began to glow. His eyes also beamed and a gigantic green dragon wing sprang from his back to stop the Nosk's saber with a burst of sparks.

"Who is the prey and who is the hunter between the two of us has not yet been decided." Will smiled as he infused his voice with his Soul Power and Charisma Aether.

### [Chapter 860 Myrtharian Nerds Vs Lost Divinities \(Part 3\)](#)

At the same time, Ozo, the Bubble Alien separated part of its body, which split into thousands of bubbles that saturated the atmosphere. Like homing missiles, these bubbles raced towards each of the Myrtharian Nerds and their allies and exploded upon contact.

Equally responsive, Shere Khan and Azeus turned into lightning and instantly formed hundreds of zigzagging streaks of electricity that penetrated any remaining bubbles, shattering them before they could reach their targets.

"Azeus... Traitor." Ozo ranted in its whiny childlike voice.

Mufasa, who had been targeted by several of the exploding bubbles, staggered for half a second with a scorched fur, then let out an enraged roar.

ROAARRR!

A funnel-shaped blast of wind spread in a straight line in front of him, blowing away all the enemies in its path. A titanic hydra from Lost Divinities lost three heads to that one attack, but six more grew back a second later. The next moment, the two titans with superhuman strength found themselves engaged in a rampaging battle that precipitated the collapse of the cavern in Nucnar's absence.

In the same manner, Dumbo pointed his trunk forward as if it were a huge cannon. His trunk swelled, then with a thunderous bang discharged a beam of water fast and dense enough to punch a hole in an Advanced Aether Artifact. Within seconds, the combatants were left wading in knee-deep water, and the water level continued to rise rapidly.

Thyohr, the ice mage became even more deadly in these conditions and several Myrtharian Nerds began to slow down, their legs stuck in the ice.

Deimos, Khag' Dagmai and Ozo were not the only senior officers dispatched to Quanoth and with Hade, Lucia and Will busy with their own opponents the other Myrtharian Nerds soon found themselves in trouble.

"Poor things, why are you fighting so futilely. Don't you love me?" An enthralling voice suddenly echoed in the minds of all the fighters, allies and enemies alike.

The magnificent goddess Ashun appeared in the center of the battlefield. For the occasion, she had intentionally torn her already very short dress, rivers of tears running down her beautiful face broken with sadness. With her Oscar-worthy acting, she had managed to embody the perfect balance of innocence, nation-toppling beauty and vulnerability. Men and women could not bring themselves to hate her, let alone attack her.

For a moment, the battle seemed to stop, as if the Myrtharian Nerds had given up fighting, but then a counter-aura cancelled the spell. Two women stood before Ashun, indifferent to her charm: Aisling and her mother, Xaverie.

"Oh my, who would have thought that a woman with such superficial acting would try to charm me?" Xaverie, the buxom demoness with mature charm, giggled coyly as she covered her lips with one hand. Her taunting look betrayed her contempt.

Instead of wearing an armor like the others she wore a sleeveless, low-cut neckline dress of scarlet satin ending at mid-thigh. This one was split on the sides until her waist, revealing a good part of her delicious buttocks. Her outfit was downright slutty, but it did spike the blood pressure of all the males present a notch or two.

Different from her mother, Aisling wore a proper fighting suit and coldly drew her sword, ready to fight. She may have accepted her Succubus lineage, but she was used to fighting like a Dhampir.

"Instead of being jealous, please try to do better than her." Aisling mercilessly belittled her mother. "Otherwise, let's kill her quickly."

Xaverie stiffened as she received this dig, her face turning ugly. Indeed, even by combining their forces they had not managed to completely neutralize Ashun's innate charm. Nevertheless, it was enough for the Myrtharian Nerds to regain their fighting ability.

Seeing that her charm did not work on the two women, a puzzled expression appeared on the goddess' face, her frightened and vulnerable demeanor a distant memory.

"Two Succubi? We have Demons on our side too." She teased, winking at them.

As if waiting for her cue, an overwhelming spiritual aura burst forth from the Lost Divinities' rear guard, a spiritual blast spreading throughout the cavern as it targeted all the Myrtharian Nerds. Asfrid, who was on the alert, gave up her rest and merged her mind with the other Eltarians to intercept it.

The mental clash severely damaged the Spirit Bodies of the nearby Players, forcing them to momentarily retreat with a groan of pain. At that moment, Asfrid finally had time to recognize who it was.

"Astraroth." Xaverie spat out in an icy tone.

He was one of the three Archdemons who once sat on the council of Laudarkvik.

"I'm glad you haven't forgotten about me although I have no idea who that seaweed-haired young woman might be." The handsome demon chuckled as he shot a surprised look at Asfrid who had stopped his spirit attack.

"He's not the only Demon we've recruited." Ashun chuckled. "Come, my good boy! Defend the honor of your sweetheart."

As she began to tear up again, her small face shivering falsely in fright, a repulsive Demogorgon with two heads and taller than a three-story building appeared next to her, forming a crater as it landed. The demonic creature had two pairs of membranous wings, three large black horns, muscles upon muscles, dark skin covered with a strange pestilential lubricant akin to a hippo's skin. This demon was just nightmarish.

"Aggenur? So, you're here too..." Xaverie pouted not hiding her disgust, clearly not thrilled to meet him again.

"Let us deal with this demon." Three Myrmidians joined the two Succubi after defeating their opponents.

The other three were fighting another senior Lost Divinities officer of Ozo's caliber with the help of the three Beskyrians, Skorgeld, Trea and Fo. Crunch was fighting another one or rather he was being beaten up without being able to fight back but he was hanging on with his thick skin.

These three Myrmidians were not just any three. Each of them was the elite of the elite, their style both different and complementary. For having overcome all their trials so far, they had not stolen their place. Ashun's hypnotic charm had barely affected them, and to their cold, jaded gaze, the notion of fear was not in their vocabulary.

"And to whom do I have the honor?" Aggenur growled as he slammed his fists together, generating an impressive shockwave and a rush of wind that lifted Ashun and Xaverie's dresses to their utmost delight.

"Aurum." The first Myrmidian who was the leader of the trio answered laconically.

He was a young, tanned man with golden hair and wearing a shining armor encrusted with precious stones.

As if in response to the Demogorgon's provocation, his fists magically became covered in gold and when he slammed them together, the ground beneath him was covered in diamonds and other precious gems. Stretching out his hand in front of him, the diamond and other gems fused together to form a beautiful, shimmering celestial sword of priceless value.

At the same time, the enemies who had stepped on the diamond floor saw their own weapons and equipment deteriorate by a full tier, losing much of their value. Armor made of magical steel became ordinary rusty iron armor, those wearing gold were left with bronze, artifacts set with precious stones became cheap trinkets.

Conversely, his nearby allies saw their equipment improve by half a tier, but most shocking was that the amount of Aether points in their Oracle Device was now preceded by the "Grade 2" label.