

Chapter 47: Remember Me? - Part 3

Jorgen gasped in both shock and confusion as an explosion of light erupted from his chest. The most alarming factor was that he didn't know where the attack had originated from. His detection abilities didn't pick up anything, and whilst the attack was relatively weak, it still got past his defences. He couldn't afford to let another one come through, otherwise it would completely undermine his image as the greatest Hero in Abidden.

All those thoughts and more crossed his mind as he billowed his wings to rid the surrounding air of smoke... which gave him a glimpse of the surrounding battlefield.

Explosions echoed all around him, monstrous shrieks pierced through the air while the crashing of waves barely masked the sounds of steel clashing against steel.

It completely assaulted his senses, so much so, that he didn't expect the next attack.

His reflexes saved him at the last moment as he narrowly weaved away from a barrage of cannon fire that ripped through the air towards him. Jorgen had no time to process any of what he was seeing or hearing as they peppered him with attacks from every angle. He didn't even know who 'they' were!

Gritting his teeth in annoyance, he tucked his wings in close and barrelled downward towards the surface of the Dread Lake. If he was being attacked from range, all he needed to do was move quickly to avoid being a sitting duck.

Whistling noises sang out all around him as cannons fired at him. His brain was telling him he had somehow stumbled across a naval battle, but it shouldn't have been possible.

A flickering at the side of his eye showed he had another notification waiting for him, and it was an urgent one, but Jorgen couldn't spare even half a second to read it. He was in the midst of a battle that didn't exist a moment ago.

As if time had slowed, Jorgen turned his head to one side and saw the most horrifying sight of his life. An enormous yellow octopus was squealing and thrashing at the centre of a mile wide vortex of swirling black water. He whipped his head to the other side, only to see several ships cutting across the waves, weaving between each other as they fired salvos of cannon fire towards the creature.

Jorgen extended his wings and flapped them powerfully at the last moment of his descent, allowing him to soar forward at rapid speed above the water. His movements would be harder to predict for the mystery assailants. The first thing he needed to do was discern who was trying to kill him.

His eyes darted between the ships, counting them one after another and checking to see if they were aiming at him or at the monster in the centre of the lake.

Before he could get past the fifth ship, a cannonball smashed into his wing with the same electrical force that the first one had. The trajectory and direction of the impact told Jorgen

that his attacker was on the other side of the vortex... which was a ridiculous distance away from him.

The Celestial Crusader flapped his wings furiously to avoid falling into a tailspin. It was the second time that a ranged attack had blindsided him.

A torrent of notifications were fluttering at the side of his vision, each of them attempting to catch his attention and draw him away from his battle.

The most prominent one lingered in front of him for a few moments, and Jorgen couldn't help but stare at the words in surprise.

A Wildcard has been Revealed!

Everything suddenly clicked into place, and Jorgen knew what was happening.

"Travesty!"

He thought he was going to have to hunt down his rival, but the bastard had actually beaten him to it.

But what sort of situation was this? There was no way that this was a normal in-game event, so what exactly was happening?

Jorgen glided to the side strongly to avoid the incoming yellow tentacle of the giant creature, but before he could blink, the tentacle suddenly appeared in front of him.

"What the fuck?!"

Jorgen cursed as he angled upward sharply to avoid the sweeping attack. He wasn't going crazy, there was no sign of that tentacle in front of him a moment ago.

Wary now, he tentatively gained more altitude as he watched the tentacles of the creature below.

You have discovered a Legendary Creature of Darkness!

- **Defeat the Void Kraken**
 - Legends Defeated: 0/12

"Legendary?!"

It was the same grade as him... which only created more questions for the Celestial Crusader. Why was Travesty in a battle with a Legendary creature? Why were there so many ships in this fight too?

As Jorgen rose higher into the sky, he heard a familiar whistling sound.

"Nope!"

He burst to his left and watched as a cannonball ripped through the area he would have flown straight into.

His eyes darted to the area that the shot fired from, and it shocked him to see the enormous Man o' War cutting through the waves of the vortex.

The ship was an incredibly imposing structure that was sending salvo after salvo into the Void Kraken.

Jorgen squinted his eyes to see a single cannon firing at a different frequency to the other attacks.

Another cannonball thundering towards him told him who that cannon belonged to.

"Found you."

James shoved the base of the cannon downward as the ship lurched sideways. He needed to fire high into the air to make up the distance between him and Jorgen. The default range of the cannons was suitable for hitting the Kraken that was down in the centre of the maelstrom, but to hit the flying Hero, he needed to arc his shots up high. He still couldn't believe that he was able to shoot that far with the cannons. The 'Aim' attribute was really showing its value in the last few moments, as he could pinpoint the trajectory of his opponent and then change the direction of the cannon to make sure it was a hit.

His luck seemed to be pretty good in getting a few lightning shots to fire from the Tempest Lance Cannon, but James hadn't relented in firing the moment the weapon came off cooldown. He wanted to chip away at the Celestial Crusader's health as much as he could while there was a distance between them. The second shot had almost knocked Jorgen into range of the Void Kraken which would have been a great way to solve two problems at once.

James watched as the Hero deftly avoided the incoming attacks. It looked as though he had finally figured out which ship was firing the cannons at him.

That fact didn't faze James in the slightest, as a closer target that was moving towards him was going to be easier to hit. In the seconds between the cooldowns, the Dread Pirate looked back to the battle between the Guardians and the Void Kraken.

The Void Kraken has lost 80% of its Health.

Otto had stopped trembling a while ago, which didn't escape James' notice.

Looking at the little yellow octopus, James thought he looked quite resolute.

Otto wants to join the Battle against Mother.

"You better get the last hit!"

James instructed him, which resulted in a single tentacle raising ominously before the little creature disappeared with a snap of light.

He trusted Otto could defend himself. His crew role was as a Ship Guardian after all.

When James looked out through the hatch, he saw Jorgen barrelling through the sky towards the Tempest at a much faster pace than he had expected.

Crackshot

James activated his skill as the cannon erupted in his hands, sending a cannonball hurtling towards the approaching Celestial.

Jorgen barrelled to the left, his wings folding around his body protectively as he changed course to avoid the attack.

James turned towards the stairs that led to the top deck before hesitating.

He was cutting it too close, but he couldn't help but wonder as he glanced back down to the cannon in front of him. Would he be able to get another shot off before Jorgen reached the ship?

Tempest's Lance is now on Cooldown. It will be reusable in 13 seconds.

James gripped the cannon and took a steady breath before aiming it at the approaching celestial. A point-blank shot would hopefully cause an enormous amount of damage and distract Jorgen long enough for James to get to the top deck. That was the plan at least.

When only a few seconds remained on the cooldown, James gritted his teeth in regret, Jorgen was much faster than he gave the Hero credit for. He could see the eager face of his rapidly approaching enemy, a wide smile covering his face.

Guess we go with Plan B.

James thought to himself.

"Everyone, fire at the Celestial Crusader!"

James roared his command, which was followed by a salvo of cannonballs being launched at relatively close range.

The look of shock on Jorgen's face brought back memories of their last encounter, which gave James a chuckle.

The thunderous unison of at least a dozen cannons firing drowned out whatever curses that Jorgen was shouting at him.

Unintelligible words followed as the Hero received the pointblank attacks from the Dread Faction cannons.

James knew that the peppered attacks weren't likely to be very effective, but the only way to defeat Jorgen was a battle of attrition.

Frequent and annoying attacks would eventually drive Jorgen to make foolish mistakes, which is what James was counting on.

The Celestial wings, that were previously a gleaming and illustrious white... now looked battered and worn. Black circles and streaks of ash had removed all their lustre. The attacks had covered his formerly flawless gold armour in a series of dents and scratches.

By the time that Jorgen had crashed through the cannon fire, the Tempest's Lance was ready to use again. James didn't hesitate as he activated the weapon immediately.

The result was a burst of lightning that skewered through the air at a much faster speed than all the preceding cannon attacks.

Instead of smashing straight into the Hero and causing an eruption of light, it collided with a glowing sword that was gripped in Jorgen's right hand.

James watched as the lightning attack fizzled away upon hitting the sword. The gold armour was glowing too... and it didn't take James long to realise that he was about to be attacked.

The remnants of the sunlight in the distance seemed to channel through Jorgen as he raised his sword above his head, his eyes locked directly onto the hatch that James had been firing from.

Swift Dodge

There was no way that James was going to stand there to see what happened. His body moved in a blur as he slid backwards towards the hatch.

"Everyone retreat to the top deck! We're joining the main fighting party!"

Notifications popped up to indicate a successful use of the command skill. His teamwork buff was being prolonged because of it.

James turned on his heel and leaped towards the ladder. When his foot touched the lower rung, he pressed his weight down to jump upward.

Swift Dash

The skill propelled him up the rungs as though he was flying, which caused him to burst upward onto the top deck in the blink of an eye.

Greeting him was a group of the Tempest's crew, all of which looked shocked by his sudden appearance. James unsheathed the Charlatan's Cutlass and immediately activated the skill it had copied from The Butcher.

"Cleave!"

A burst of green light threw each of Wolfsbane's men backward, which gave James just enough time to get his bearings. He tried to see where Shari, Pedro and Aos Si were in all the fighting, but a searing white light suddenly erupted at the side of the ship.

James gritted his teeth as he immediately closed his eye against the blinding light. Much to his surprise, the Aimpatch could still offer him some idea of what was going on, but it was a drastically reduced standard of vision.

The grainy and dark silhouettes were all clutching at their heads, which James took to mean they suffered damage from that light attack.

Opening his eye gradually, James saw the smoldering remains of what was once a group of Dread Faction and Tempest crew-members. That wasn't the most surprising sight, though.

A massive chunk of the deck was missing, frayed and cracked edges of planks were still smoldering.

The Tempest has lost 12% of its Health.

The pop up was even more sobering. A single attack from Jageranimus had taken away a vast amount of health from the ship.

James couldn't see it from his current vantage point, but he was sure that the lower decks where he had just been standing were probably in worse shape.

"How... dare you?!"

A voice of unadulterated rage ripped across the deck that James didn't recognise.

Jorgen's sword still glowed fiercely in the dying remnants of sunlight, showing that he was still channelling its power. The gleaming armour had somehow regained its lustre from the light attack, and James wondered if it was because of his abilities.

"I'm only here for Travesty. Give him to me and you can do whatever you like."

Jorgen turned lazily as he asked, his sword aloft and ready to strike down against the ship once again.

Instead of getting an answer, a streak of powerful lightning slammed into the Celestial, which ultimately fizzled out much like James' earlier attacks. The caster was none other than the First Officer, Vetra, who instead of relenting, continued to hurl bolt after bolt of lightning at the intruder.

Jageranimus frowned at the robed attacker.

"Suit yourself."

His sword came down again, and James could see the attack this time. The blade gradually got brighter as it descended. At the end of the swing, a beam of light rushed through the tip of the sword and pierced down onto the area at the First Officer's feet.

Vetra stared at the sword aimed directly at her and snarled fiercely at the Celestial. Both her hands crackled as magical energy coursed through her, but she made no immediate sign of counterattacking. The lightning she had thrown at him had been ineffective, so James didn't hold any hope of her surviving a point blank attack from Jorgen.

The Void Kraken has lost 90% of its Health.

James knew that there were a few moments before Jorgen's attack powered up completely. It gave him a few seconds to get his bearings and understand how the battle had been progressing until now.

Judging by the overwhelming amount of groaning bodies that littered the deck, Shari and Pedro had cleared the way through most of the Tempest's crew members. A jet of flame shot down from the rigging near the mainsail, which James realised was Aoi supporting the attacks from up above. James' eye snapped down to the area where the fire hit and saw Pedro standing in the centre of a group of enemies. His gauntlets were snapping back and forth at a ridiculous speed, knocking back his targets in quick succession. His footwork was incredible too, where it looked like he was gliding between attacks. The wide grin on his face told James that he was enjoying himself.

Gripping the Charlatan's Cutlass in one hand and the Moonlight Pistol in the other, James rushed forward towards where Pedro stood, surrounded. It made the most sense to let Vetra fight with Jorgen, as it just meant there was one less enemy that was trying to kill him. The ideal scenario would be if they could cancel one another out.

James couldn't help but look over at Jorgen in confusion. The attack should have launched by now, but there was no sign of it.

His confused expression mirrored Jorgen's face, too. The Celestial Crusader didn't understand why the ability had failed either.

The only one that knew what was happening was Vetra, who laughed with raised arms.

"When you don't have your powers... you're just a man with wings!"

Jorgen turned in the air to look behind him, only to see a collection of clouds blocking the sunlight from reaching him. They surrounded him despite the ship moving at high speed through the maelstrom.

Before he could attempt to break through the clouds, a skewer of lightning pierced through his left wing.

Vetra's voice was teasing at this point.

"No sun... No shield!"

Jorgen's face contorted in anger as he spiralled down toward the deck of the ship, his wing refusing to obey his instructions. His foot barely touched down on the wood before another surge of electricity slammed into his back. He gasped as the shock waves reverberated through his body, paralysing him temporarily.

"Welcome to the Tempest!"

Vetra sneered as she whirled her arms around in a vicious arc, creating an intricate pattern with her gloved fingers. Jorgen could do nothing but watch as she completed her spell. He fought for control but could only watch the countdown notification that told him how many seconds it would be before he could move again.

The First Officer finished the pattern and raised her hand, much like Jorgen had done moments before.

"Let me show you how it's really done..."

Vetra mocked as she whipped her arm down, with her fingers pointed at the Celestial Crusader like a gun.

A deafening snap broke through the sky as a bolt of lightning launched down from the heavens and into her target.

Jorgen roared out as the attack ripped through his body, causing the most damage he had suffered so far in the game. Warning notifications overtook him, telling him that the paralysis had restarted and that his regeneration had paused.

When the smoke from the attack gradually began to clear, they could see Jageranimus on a single knee with his wings flared outward. His face was a mask of rage as he stared down the Storm Mage.

"You're not even my target!"

Vetra's hood snapped up to look behind Jorgen, which didn't escape his notice, but he couldn't turn around because of the paralysis.

Swift Dash

Villainous Flair has been activated!

The Dread Pirate Sylvian theatrically burst through the remaining smoke, his Moonlight Pistol raised at the ready as he locked eyes with his enemy.

"Hello Jorgen. Remember me?"