

An Extra's POV

Chapter 9: Privilege Of The Strong

[The Night Before]

'So far, I have a total of 85 Skills...'

Rey sprawled lazily across his luxurious bed, his gaze fixated on the luminous Status Window displaying a tally of his abilities—85 Skills and counting.

Despite being an average nobody, he was still able to get a luxurious treatment just for being an Otherworlder.

He wondered if this would change once the higher-ups found out about his apparent incompetence, but Rey soon shrugged it off as unimportant.

Rey dismissed the concern with a nonchalant shrug. 'I'll figure it out somehow. They won't ditch me from the team, not if Adonis keeps backing me.'

Adonis, in Rey's eyes, retained an aura of respect. He was not someone he idolized, but he acknowledged the power behind Adonis's position and intended to use it as his own shield.

'Alicia,' he thought, 'wasn't exactly mean or condescending, but she didn't exactly speak up for me either. She mostly seemed uncomfortable about the whole thing...'

Rey harbored no grudge against Alicia, yet he found maintaining a neutral stance with her to be the wisest choice. When it boiled down to it, Adonis remained his strongest ally.

'Then there's someone else who caught me off guard...!' Rey's thoughts drifted to his supposed best friend, Billy McGuire.

'He joined in on their mockery of me. I get why he did it though.' Billy held an A-Tier Class and boasted five remarkably decent Skills, positioning him at the upper echelons of their class solely based on his stats.

'I guess he's graduated from being the underdog who sticks by my side...!' Rey let out a wistful smile, a mere flicker of emotion while he maintained his lounging position on the bed.

'It hurts a bit.' His hand instinctively moved to his chest, clutching at it with a tinge of ache.

He should have seen this coming, considering the track record Bill had as a people pleaser who always tried to get on everyone's good side.

'His Karma Points must have skyrocketed from all that effort to win everyone's favor.' Rey acknowledged the probable reason behind Billy's success.

In the end, it paid off for him.

'And the one person who was his friend was thrown to the side, huh? That's brutal, man...!' Rey's hand, having gripped his chest moments ago, now rested at his side as he released a soft sigh.

"It's not worth it. Let's focus on what's important now." His words sounded rehearsed, almost mechanical, a deliberate attempt to bury his emotions rather than confront them head-on. But time was a luxury he couldn't afford.

'Everyone has amazing Classes, which means they have a head-start in this world. I can't afford to be lazy.' Rey repeated the mantra to himself, determination flickering in his eyes, reigniting his resolve.

'I've categorized my Skills into two lists: Useful and Obsolete.'

Rey meticulously examined his Skill inventory, noting the stark contrast between the Useful and Obsolete ones.

The former boasted high-tier abilities, each excelling in their respective domains, while the latter consisted of watered-down versions.

For example, Rey possessed a B-Tier Skill called [Greater Battle Aura], but there was an inferior Skill in his collection which was called [Battle Aura], a C-Tier Skill.

His Skill list was rife with more examples like this.

However, without an option to merge or advance Skills, the Obsolete ones served no purpose other than cluttering his repository. 'To make room for future Skills, it's time to shed the dead weight,' Rey decided.

With a few taps on his Status Window, Rey initiated the removal process, watching as the tally of his Skills dwindled before his eyes, freeing up space for the more important abilities he would acquire in the future.

{Limit Count: 49}

After the purge, only 49 of the initial 85 Skills remained in Rey's arsenal.

'Looks like a lot of people had similar or inferior versions of the top ones of our class. Can't blame them, though. These Skills are good...'

Now that he had streamlined his Skillset, Rey focused on the next step: further classification. "Attack. Defense. Buff. Miscellaneous." These four categories became the bedrock of his Skill organization.

'Pure offense, like [Grand Fire Magic], goes straight into the Attack Category.' Rey mentally sorted through his Skills, assigning each to its designated domain.

'Defensive Skills, such as [Absolute Defense], find their place in the Defense Category.' Clear divisions began to take shape in Rey's mind.

'Buff Skills elevate stats or enhance the effects of other Skills—[Greater Battle Aura] and other related skills fall right here.' Rey pinpointed the abilities that bolstered his overall prowess.

'And then there's the Miscellaneous group.' Rey assigned Skills like [Divine Beast Summon], which defied easy categorization.

'Phew, that was quite the task!' Rey exhaled, a sense of accomplishment washing over him as he completed the meticulous categorization of his Skills.

After carefully placing all of them in their categories, it looked something like this.

~ Attack Category: 27

~ Defense Category: 9

~ Buff Category: 10

~ Miscellaneous: 3

'Well... that's that.'

Once Rey was done separating all his Skills, he made sure to look through them once again while smiling broadly to himself.

'I can't wait to start using them!'

He obviously couldn't display his abilities in front of his classmates, but Rey figured his chance would come.

He just had to look out for an opportunity.

'Now I'm getting excited about this new world!'

[The Present Day]

After Conrad's address to the Otherworlders, a unanimous agreement surfaced, hinged on a vital condition—the United Human Alliance pledged to fulfill any reasonable desire of the students within their power. With the terms settled, the students dispersed to their chambers.

Already having submitted their requests beforehand, the swift fulfillment of their wishes began unfolding.

Attendants delivered fresh garments, including clothing and underwear, while any accessories they had asked for promptly appeared at their doorstep.

Naturally, modern gadgets like smartphones were out of reach, but this was as close to perfect as a medieval world could possibly get.

The students couldn't imagine the life of a commoner in this realm, but nestled in their privileged status, they found little to complain about. All it required was fulfilling their assigned duties to continue this lavish lifestyle.

Yet, amid this comfort, worry remained an alien concept to the students. They possessed a trump card—their trust in Adonis.

As the pillar of their support and influence, Adonis's presence reassured them.

"Hey, anyone seen Adonis around?" Justin's voice echoed through the parlor, his brows furrowed in search of their prominent figure amidst the group of students lounging together.

"Adonis? He and Alicia are off hashing things out with the Chief Warrior, probably sorting our training agenda," Billy chimed in, already a member of the popular squad.

His dark brown hair and lean physique might've seemed out of place among the 'cool kids,' yet he seamlessly blended in.

On the surface, Billy's appearance might have slated him as an outsider, but there was an unspoken acceptance among the group.

His sudden integration into their ranks puzzled many, but once he showcased his Skills and Class, he ascended to a different rank in their collective esteem.

He was strong, and that was enough to grant him access to the sacred haven of the class' upper echelon.

"Ugh, Alicia again? Why is she always trying to cozy up to Adonis?" Jade's voice held a note of exasperation. Their strained history added fuel to Jade's annoyance.

"Seriously! You'd think she'd ease off after their breakup, but nope, she's relentless," another student chimed in, echoing Jade's sentiments.

Before long, the conversation morphed into a session of airing grievances against Alicia. Once you scaled the social ladder in school, it meant either adoration from the masses, à la Adonis, or disdain, like Alicia.

The downsides of popularity became glaringly evident—while Adonis basked in admiration, Alicia found herself squarely in the crosshairs of criticism.

"She's pretty. So what? She has terrible behavior."

"She's bossy and overbearing too."

"Who does she think she is?"

For every fan and supporter Alicia had, there lurked a multitude harboring envy and resentment, disapproving of her personality and eager to belittle her behind her back.

"That's enough! You should all stop right there."

Billy's voice reverberated through the room, cutting through the venomous chatter that had consumed the air.

His scowl projected intense disapproval, a stark departure from his usual agreeable demeanor.

"W-what's up, Bill? You think she's an asshole too, right?" The question hung in the air, awaiting a response.

In the past, Billy would have swallowed his true thoughts, suppressing his feelings for Alicia to align with the popular sentiment in the room.

He had been a pushover, devoid of individuality, bending over backward to appease those above him.

But something had shifted—a subtle yet significant change in the dynamics.

"NO! Don't talk about Alicia like that!" Billy's retort was firm, a departure from his former compliance.

He was no longer the one at the bottom, and they were no longer the ones at the top.

Their roles had been reversed.

"Anyone who talks shit about Alicia... will be on my bad side."

He was now the one above, and everyone else in the room was beneath him.

Why?

"Is that understood?"

The reason was simple.

"F-fine... whatever."

"Looks like someone has a crush on Alicia."

"Can't blame you, man. She's very pretty."

Before long, everyone had changed the topic to favor Alicia and soothe Billy.

All of this, for one single reason.

He was stronger than them.

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[A/N]

Thanks for reading, everyone!

Hope you enjoyed the chapter.

Next chapter should finally contain some action, so be excited.