

## Darkness 781

### Chapter 781 Sealed And Forgotten

A sense of dread and ominous feeling spread around the entire floor as the dungeon boss whose true appearance was still clouded in smoke and hundreds of flickering lightning bolts while revealing only its eyes.

But after it revealed its intentions to toy around with Kahn first instead of killing him on the spot... Rathnaar suddenly commanded Kahn to let him take over his body. His majestic and overbearing tone hinting that he wouldn't take a No for an answer.

[And why the hell would I do that? You trying to pull something here, you bastard?] refuted Kahn.

The situation was already dire and he couldn't even move his body but now, Rathnaar suddenly wanted to assume control.

[I said let me take over your body for a while and I'll do the talking. If you want to leave this dungeon alive that is.] he spoke in an overbearing tone.

Kahn argued for a few seconds but eventually, he complied and allowed the system to temporarily give control to the peak saint.

BOOM!!

Suddenly, a majestic and tyrannical golden aura burst out from Kahn's body.

Unlike his usual Black and Red one... this Golden aura belonged to the Peak Saint.

In the following moments... Kahn's entire aura changed and he broke through the intangible force of the floor boss.

Kahn's entire mannerism changed and instead of being a frightened and cautious person, his expression turned lax and authoritative.

"It's been a while. What are you doing inside the Elven Empire instead of your own?" asked Rathnaar in a kingly tone, showing no signs of fear on his countenance.

At this moment, he displayed a temperament of a supreme being that stood on the equal standing with the dungeon boss.

The dungeon boss himself was quickly taken aback. It gave a suspicious look at Kahn... now Rathnaar.

"You... Who are you? You're not that human child from before.

And how do you know who I am?" asked the enormous being that was veiled in smoke and lightning.

Swoosh!

Suddenly, a golden throne appeared behind and the peak saint, who was now in charge and he casually sat and leaned on it while folding his right leg over the left one.

He rested his right hand on the armrest and revealed an indomitable countenance.

"Is it that surprising? Well, I am bound to this new Hero of Darkness via a Soul-Oath.

And we have met each other before." responded Rathnaar nonchalantly.

"Nonsense! You're lying.

I should be dead to the outside world. On top of it... there are only a few people who know my true form to even recognize me." queried the dungeon boss while glaring at Rathnaar furiously, not believing the first emperor of the Rakos Empire.

"Hmm... I didn't know your kin lost their memories with old age just like us humans.

Besides... You've become much weaker than before.

There was a time when both of us were equally matched." spoke Rathnaar as if he was some sort of mafia boss discussing a territorial dispute.

"Seriously, who are you?!

I do not recall a human being familiar with me, much less being as strong as me." raged the dungeon boss and the surrounding dark clouds started becoming wilder.

"Kastvabaan." said the emperor.

"Should be 1100 years now since we last met in Kastvabaan." spoke Rathnaar with a visible shameless grin.

"Svatlforkin." Rathnaar spoke a name, leaving no hint.

[What the hell are you talking about old man?] Kahn yelled again, having no clue or any control over this situation.

But as soon as he spoke that name... the Dungeon Boss's glowing red eyes turned wrathful.

BOOM!!

The very next second, a tremendously destructive blue aura shot towards their group.

BANG!!

A massive explosion occurred and the nearby 3 kilometers of the region was simply pulverized.

Sizzle!

Sizzle!

However, a massive golden dome that had encapsulated their bodies and freed Kahn's subordinates revealed itself as their bodies were completely unharmed.

[What are you doing, old man?! You're angering it for no reason!] shouted Kahn from the inside.

[Shut up, you little twat! Let adults do the talking.] rebuked Rathnaar and maintained a carefree appearance.

[I'm using some of my Soul Essence to protect you and your subordinates. But it won't last for long.] he iterated and continued.

This was indeed the truth. If Rathnaar wasn't using a fraction of his own soul essence, Kahn and the company would've been instantly obliterated into nothingness just like how the dungeon boss killed Ervalen, the Hero of Life in just a single moment.

"Rathnaar Whitlock! So it's you, you bastard!!

I'll kill you, you impertinent and vile vermin!!

You shall know my vengeance after a millennium!!" bellowed the Dungeon boss, its voice sending shockwaves in the entire floor.

"Ha ha ha ha!

Ha ha haha!"

But instead of feeling threatened or worried... Rathnaar started laughing as if he heard a joke.

"It took me a while to figure it out. But this formation..." he gazed around the hundreds of archaic magic formations that were dozens of kilometers on their own and were stacked on each other in various places and angles.

"Someone sealed you with the Maskaanxavir Formation... the Commandment of Fellowship, didn't they?" he asked nonchalantly in a mocking tone.

"To see that you, of all powerful enemies I once faced, would be caged and sealed like this for a millennium... I can barely contain my laughter.

Ha ha ha ha!" said Rathnaar and started laughing hysterically, adding more salt to the wound.

Kahn, who was in the backseat, quickly asked the peak saint...

"Do you know who this is?"

"Yes, I do." responded Rathnaar as he kept leaning on his throne without a worry.

"Kid... Do you remember the time when Throk Oakenshield was done forging your gear?

And during our conversation, I told you that I killed one to forge my sword.

That was his cousin. One of the 5 who were the strongest of their kind." revealed Rathnaar about how he knew this dungeon boss and what kind of history they had.

"Do you mean he is a..."

But before he could speak, Rathnaar interrupted Kahn.

"He... isn't someone who should be existing in the Zivot Empire. Rather, the strongest empire in the world where he should be reigning like an undisputed monarch."

Rumble!!

Finally, the smoke surrounding the dungeon boss spread pushed around, surrounding the entire 5 kilometers radius.

And as the lightning storm and the smoke subsided, Kahn and the group saw the true appearance of the dungeon boss.

6 massive wings, each being 1 kilometer in width on their own came out of the dungeon boss' back.

4 ginormous black horns.

Incredibly sharp claws and hind legs as big as a mountain.

A 3 kilometer long tail that was even stronger than Rudra's entire body.

A maw full of shining sharp teeth that could chomp on the hardest metals in the world easily.

And finally... an entire body made of black, golden and blue scales that was akin to an Ancient Rank armor in itself.

ROAARRRR!!

The 7 kilometers tall being roared and left everyone flabbergasted as they shivered while feeling the life leaving their bodies.

Rathnaar then finally introduces the being's species.

"This... Is a Royal Dragon." he spoke with a smirk as he revealed the real identity of the dungeon boss.

"The Lightning Dragon Emperor, Vildred."

Chapter 782 The Ancient Rivalry

Rathnaar Whitlock, the Peak Saint who was once the most feared entity in the world of Vantrea; the one who slaughtered chosen Heroes like cattle and even killed a Royal Dragon showed a temperament of pride while introducing the dungeon boss' real identity.

"The Lightning Dragon Emperor, Vildred."

His words echoed on this floor while everyone was simply too gobsmacked by this fact.

As the words exactly meant... the being in front of them was the Emperor of the Dragon Empire, the strongest empire in the entire world.

[What the shit?! That's the ending arc plotline main boss of the story! Why did such a being appeared out of nowhere?] he asked in a baffled tone.

"What is that child talking about?"

Ending arc plotline main boss, what gibberish is he spouting?" asked the humongous and titanic Royal Dragon who was even taller than Blackwall's mythical rank form.

"Ah, don't mind him. He's an otherworlder like all the summoned heroes.

I never understood half of the things they said. Their knowledge and choice of words are confusing." spoke Rathnaar, still showing an unnerving expression.

Even though the Dragon Emperor showed hostility towards him, the former peak saint showed no interest.

"I see. Listen, otherworlder summoned hero.

My name is Vildred Xyvsor Gown Ivrrar Mortelix." introduced the dragon emperor in a majestic voice.

"Too long. Didn't read."

Responded Kahn to this unnaturally long-ass name.

The dragon emperor's chest constricted after hearing this unexpected response. This was the first time someone didn't show awe or a respectful tone after he took the liberty to introduce his name.

Although he could kill Kahn for this ill-mannered response... the golden dome made by Rathnaar was impenetrable to the current him.

"So tell me... why are you tied to a chosen hero, Rathnaar?

I thought you hated them and the gods as much as I did." he asked, still leaking his vengeful aura.

"Well... all my descendants are dead and he happened to be the one to find my sealed remnant soul in my empire.

Things led to other things and now we're here. Besides... I hated being confined for a century, all by myself." said Rathnaar using Kahn's body.

Just then... Kahn also spoke using his own body's mouth.

"Can somebody clear out a few confusions for me?"

"How do you two even know each other?" Kahn queried openly now that their situation was at a standstill.

Sigh!

Rathnaar regained control and sighed.

"Listen kid... hear very carefully.

Vildred and I... we were enemies." he revealed.

"Back when I was only an 8th stage saint and just created the Rakos Empire, many chosen heroes and empires associated with Gods were insistently attacking my empire since they couldn't have an existence that didn't worship the gods.

Although I killed few of the chosen heroes who were just as strong as me in those times... they kept coming after me and my people.

Thus, the dwarven blacksmiths who served me asked for a Royal Dragon's horn to forge a sword that could help me kill all the other heroes and even withstand a frontal clash against multiple 8th stage saints such as the Emperors and Empresses of those empires.

So with no other choice left and the fate of my empire at stake... I went to the Dragon Emperor." iterated Rathnaar.

His expression turned somber right after revealing this information.

"Kastvabaan is one of the four regions protected by Dragon Kings." he spoke.

"Wait... there's a Dragon Emperor and a Dragon King?" asked Kahn.

To his question, it was Vildred who responded in a dreary tone.

"In my empire... the strongest Royal Dragon of that generation gets to become the Dragon Emperor.

The others who are in the line of succession but failed are titled as Dragon Kings.

And there were 5 Royal Dragons at that time.

I was the reigning Dragon Emperor and my brothers and cousins were the 4 Dragon Kings." he explained.

From here on, Rathnaar continued again...

"Kastvabaan was the western region of the dragon empire. In a way, it was similar to Verlassen fiefdom.

Unlike the other empires... It's very big and thus, one Dragon King was appointed to protect the 10 thousand kilometers of that part of the region.

I chose that place because it was the closest to me. And there..." he spoke, his expression turning heavy.

"I challenged the Earth Dragon King, Svatlforkin." he stated.

"If I won... I would get one of his dragon horns and if he were to win... he'd get to make me his slave via a Core-binding ritual." he stated, but soon... he let out a smirk while trying to hide his laugh.

"That idiot, who was too overconfident since he was a royal dragon, fell for it and lost. Ha ha!" he laughed openly.

Rumble!

Vildred let out his wrathful aura again but couldn't help but keep listening.

"When the time to honor the deal came... Svatlforkin attacked me instead.

So one thing led to another and I ended up killing him." revealed Rathnaar as if he was greatly wronged.

"And after his death... this lightning bolt of a dragon here reached the site of the battle.

I left since my goal had already been realized." spoke Rathnaar in a chivalrous tone.

"Left my buttocks! You ran like a coward!" shouted the dragon emperor in rage as he remembered their fight, his blood boiled from rage after reminiscing the old hatred.

"And don't trust this lying scum, child. This bastard never tells the whole truth.

He actually attacked Svatlforkin with the full intention of killing him.

Just to make a statement to all the other empires and deter them from attacking his own empire for a while." rebutted the dragon emperor.

"Hey hey! What's with that language?

We could be said to be peers. So please refrain from spouting such lies." spoke Rathnaar as if he was wrongly accused of something he didn't do.

Kahn, Vildred and even all his subordinates rolled their eyes, none believing his righteous words. All of them were fully aware of what kind of lying and cunning man Rathnaar was ever since they first met in Rakos Empire.

"Peers my claw nails!

I'm a thousand years older than you. Show some respect, you buffoon!" exclaimed Vildred in fury.

"Heh? Why would I be respectful to someone who couldn't beat me?" taunted Rathnaar.

"Beat you? I remember we fought for a few hours and you ran away. He he!" the dragon emperor made a questionable claim.

"As I recall... you were screaming in anger because you couldn't catch me even while I ran away with your cousin's corpse with me. Ha ha ha!" mocked Rathnaar in return.

"Ha! Do you want to go for another round, you impertinent trash?!

Oh wait... you can't.

Because you're dead! Haha ha ha!!" laughed Vildred, his laugh leaving shockwaves after shockwaves in the 20 kilometers radius.

"Whatever. It's still better than being sealed in a cage for a thousand years.

If I was in your place...

I would've committed suicide out of shame." said Rathnaar as he flipped a middle finger to the Dragon Emperor.

Dozens of minutes passed and both peak existences kept insulting the other side in one way or another while name-calling and hurling profanities at each other.

Kahn understood one thing clearly. That two of the supposedly strongest beings in the world...

Were actually just the Strongest Nutjobs.

Chapter 783 The Hidden Intentions

Kahn listened to the childish and unbearable rambling between Rathnaar and Vildred back and forth as neither of the two would yield while trying to prove themselves superior.

"What the... and these two are supposed to be 2 of the strongest beings in the world?

They fight like 10 year old kids." spoke Kahn in disappointment, his image of these two almighty beings going under the drain real quick.

"Oye... stop this already." he said.

"Shut the hell up!!" both Rathnaar and Vildred shouted together at Kahn.

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1 Hour Later.

"Alright... playtime's over.

Who is this? Is he your successor?" queried the Dragon Emperor.

If not for Rathnaar's presence and the protective dome made of his soul essence, he would've already killed everyone here. But now that he couldn't... he controlled his anger and was in the mood to talk.

"Not exactly. We made an agreement over a few things. But that shouldn't be the subject of conversation at this point.

Tell me... why are you here?" asked Rathnaar in a serious tone.

"Hey... if you want me to tell you my secrets, you should tell me first about how you even got here, don't you think so?" Vildred made a demand.

"Ah fine... it's not like it's that big of a secret at this point." spoke Rathnaar in an irritated tone.

Rathnaar told their situation to Vildred.

About how the 8th Hero of Darkness massacred all the other chosen heroes 300 years ago for some reason and why Kahn, his successor was being hunted by the world and powerful saints.

He told the royal dragon about their time in Rakos Empire, then Vulcan Empire which included details such as killing Axel, the Hero of Fire and acquiring his Divine Key.

Then he revealed how they fled to Zivot Empire and acted as mercenaries. And how they ended up reaching the final floor of this Immortal Dungeon due to an expedition for resources while hiding their real identities.

"That's it. We came here out of curiosity. We have no ties with the High Elves who sealed you here." he spoke calmly.

Just then...

[What the fuck are you doing, old man?!

Why are you telling my secrets to an enemy?!] complained Kahn furiously.

[Kid, you want to leave out of here alive, don't you?

You may not know this... but I'm also a great negotiator. So just let me handle things.] replied Rathnaar.



In real-time, Vildred's expression was also puzzled but soon...

"Ha ha ha!!

So a chosen Hero screwed over all those shameless and hypocritical bastards calling themselves as gods. And now, this brat is suffering from the consequences.

So that's why no other Hero came in the past 300 years until recently.

Human child... you're even more pitiful than the new Hero of Life I killed a few days ago. Ha ha ha!" he laughed, reveling in Kahn's misery.

"Wait... what did you just say?

You killed the Hero of Life?!" clamored Kahn in disbelief.

"Of course, I did. He came here to take the trial and I killed him using only 5% of my strength." gloated the dragon emperor with a visible grin.

Even Kahn was stupefied after hearing this new revelation.

A 4th stage saint chosen hero... killed by the Dragon Emperor with only 5% of his strength.

Just how monstrously powerful being was this royal dragon?

Only now did Kahn understand the severity of this situation.

If Rathnaar wasn't here with them... all of them would've died long ago just like the Hero of Life. Because if the dragon emperor could easily destroy their dungeon passes; he could also seal the Space in this entire floor before Kahn could even do anything.

Once he ran out of Space Force, Kahn would have no choice but to exit the true dimension and all his Dimensional Law skills would also turn useless if his space force reserves were depleted.

This made him even more anxious with each passing moment.

[Old man, for how long?] asked Kahn secretly.

[Not much. 3 hours at best.

After that, this dome will start eroding and we will be at Vildred's mercy.

Don't be fooled just because he is talking nicely.

Dragons are very vengeful creatures. And Royal Dragons stand at the top of their hierarchy.

He will destroy my half-soul because of the old grudge and you for being a chosen hero the moment this protective dome disappears.

We have no choice but to deal with this matter differently.] responded Rathnaar.

All this time... although their conversation looked like things were calming down and they were on good terms; the reality couldn't be farther from such a naive assumption.

Just then, Rathnaar made a proposition.

"Hey, Vildred. What if we free you?"

"Will you let us go?" he asked as if this was the exact opportunity he was aiming for.

"Oh, we're done with the pretending part, are we?" asked the dragon emperor as his gaze turned wrathful again.

"Why should I trust a word from a human who killed my family member?" he questioned in a hostile tone.

"Well, we don't have an eternity to stay here and besides... I presume you also don't want to be imprisoned here for another millennium till you run out of your natural life force, am I right?" soundly responded Rathnaar.

"After my death... you should have become even more powerful, comparable to at least a 9th stage saint even if you didn't work hard to raise your strength thanks to that royal dragon bloodline of yours.

So tell me what happened and I'll see if we could help each other." proposed Rathnaar again.

"Hmph! Who do you think can seal me?" scoffed the dragon emperor.

Rathnaar also had a confused expression.

"If you were sealed here a thousand years ago... There were only two who could stand on equal footing with you if I was out of the picture." spoke Rathnaar in a thoughtful voice.

"Yes... they made a deal with those High Elf bastards. Those two lured and ambushed me here.

I was heavily suppressed under thousands of ancient formations, had my ability to fight sealed and I fought 3 people who were comparable to 8th stage saints all on my own while unable to use my peak strength.

The surrounding 300 kilometers of the region was our battlefield." revealed the dragon emperor.

[Son of a... means the entire Alfheim of now was actually Vildred's battleground a thousand years ago?] thought Kahn as he reached a conclusion.

"Who were those 3 beings you're referring to?" he openly asked the dragon emperor.

To his question, the dragon emperor gazed down and responded in a stern voice.

"One of them was the Emperor of the Zivot Empire back then.

As for the other two..."

In the following moments, his eyes fumed with rage as he revealed the last two attackers, the main reason why he was sealed inside this dungeon since the past thousand years.

"My Brothers."

Chapter 784 The Plothole

Now that they all came to the main topic at hand and discussed the important thing that would decide how things would progress from here... Vildred decided to reveal the truth behind what happened.

And the perpetrators behind the ploy were none other than the brothers of the Dragon Emperor, causing him to be sealed inside the Immortal Dungeon for a millennium.

"In every millennium, hardly 10 to 15 Royal Dragons are born. Every one of them will live at least 600 years easily without any problems.

Out of them, barely 6 to 7 manage to live past the age of a thousand years by constantly becoming strong and increasing their lifespan.

And if the reigning dragon emperor dies, the strongest royal dragons who are past that age requirement and strength comparable to at least a 7th stage saint from the next generation are allowed to contend for the seat of the next Dragon Emperor.

Back then... My uncle was the reigning emperor and after he died, there were 5 Royal Dragons who contended for the position.

As for my cousin Rathnaar killed, he was the son of the previous emperor." revealed the lightning dragon.

"Unlike other species who have natural abilities and affinity related to a specific element, Royal Dragons are different.

Us Dragons aren't just a species in Vantrea.

You could say that we are the favored child of mother nature.

Every royal dragon is born with extreme access to an element or a law associated with such an element of nature and our mastery over that element outshines all the other species in the world when we reach our peak strength.

For example, a Royal Dragon with Light Element will become the strongest being associated with that element once he becomes a being comparable to a Peak Saint.

His or her strength and mastery will be even greater than the Angels who are born with innate connection and constitution favoring the Light element.

And in every generation, no other royal dragon is born with the same element." said Vildred in a solemn voice.

"I see. Means in other words... you were probably one of the strongest Lightning elemental beings in the world, am I right?" asked Kahn.

"Yes. And also... We dragons do not care about hereditary succession. As long as you're strong enough... you can contend for it.

Even our existing Elder Dragon wouldn't interfere in those matters.

As for me... Not only was I born with the Lightning element; but I was also the strongest during the contendership for the throne.

Followed by my 2nd and 3rd brother respectively." he explained and then his expression turned prideful.

"I naturally won the right and became the emperor. And my brothers and the two cousins became the 4 Dragon Kings.

However... It was just over a century of my reign when Rathnaar suddenly attacked my empire and killed my cousin Svatlforkin." he spoke and his intense killing intent targeted Rathnaar, who was still unbothered after his deed was exposed.

"We also cherish blood ties greatly.

So when I heard that they found this human bastard who killed our kin...

I followed my brothers who brought this information to me to avenge Svatlforkin." he iterated and from here on... everyone could predict what happened.

"They ambushed me in this place by setting up an archaic array that suppresses our royal dragon bloodline. But still, it wasn't enough to stop me because by the world's standards, I was already comparable to a peak 8th stage saint.

But because of my bloodline and body, I could even fight a 9th stage saint on my own." he spoke vehemently.

[Boy, remember. Only Royal Dragons, Godbeasts, True Demons and the Fireborne can fight a 9th stage saint while being only 8th stage saints themselves.

The rest will face many troubles but Royal Dragons won't have the slightest problem.

And a difference between an 8th stage and a 9th stage saint is no different than the gap between a Beginner Grandmaster and a legitimate 1st stage Saint.

A Royal Dragon can easily fight against an opponent 3 ranks above them because of their physical strength, bloodline as well as control over mana and world energy.

That's why Dragon Empire is still the strongest empire in the world since ancient eras.] informed Rathnaar.

Vildred on the other end continued his story.

"Both of my brothers, who were comparable to Beginner 8th stage saints along with the High Elf emperor managed to suppress me long enough to activate the formation set over the 300 kilometers."

Just then, Kahn asked again.

"Even if that was the case... Still, how can you be defeated since you could even take on a 9th stage saint?" he questioned in a suspicious tone.

To his query, Vildred replied in a somber voice...

"Which element is the one that could rival Lightning?"

Both Rathnaar and Kahn reached a unanimous conclusion instantly.

"Yes, the strongest being among the attackers at that time and my 2nd brother...

Is a Darkness element Royal Dragon." he explained.

"Ah... that explains a lot. No wonder you were beaten in that weakened state if your brother was born with darkness element." said Kahn in an understanding tone.

"And my 3rd brother is a Fire elemental Royal Dragon." he revealed in a vengeful voice.

"Although I was the strongest and had the elemental advantage... I was born a few decades before them so there wasn't much difference in our ranks and overall strength.

But to overcome the advantage of my lightning element...

Both of my brothers conspired against me and handed me to the Elven Empire after sealing me here since they couldn't kill me." he spoke while revealing a grim aura.

"Wait... Why didn't they kill you?"

It would've been easier for them to kill you for the throne instead of sealing you, wouldn't it?" asked Kahn.

Because this was indeed a big plot hole in the story.

But neither Vildred nor Rathnaar revealed any surprise on their faces, instead, they treated this revelation as if it was normal.

"Does this child know nothing about the laws of Vantrea?" he asked Rathnaar.

"Eh... the kid doesn't have a tour guide except me. But that doesn't mean I have to tutor him without gaining anything.

I'm not exactly his mentor or some old grandmaster's soul, you know." replied the peak saint with an irritated countenance.

"Explains why he is so oblivious to the rules of nature." he said and then addressed Kahn, revealing the main reason why he was sealed instead of being killed.

"It's because of the Mark of Sin."

## Chapter 785 Mark Of Sin

The lightning Dragon emperor aka Vildred revealed why he was sealed by his brothers instead of getting killed to get his position. And the root cause being something called the 'Mark of Sin' that Kahn heard for the first time.

Vildred then decided to explain exactly what it was to Kahn.

"Like I said, child... Dragons are the favored species by mother nature. And Royal Dragons are like its favorite children.

Each of whom is an embodiment of a particular element of reality since the moment they are born to the day they die.

If someone else kills a Royal Dragon, they will not be branded by the mark.

But if a Royal Dragon kills another Royal Dragon... they are cursed with the Mark of Sin by mother nature itself.

And the Mark of Sin would act like a beacon, telling the whole world about what that Royal Dragon did." he explained in a tranquil voice.

"This case is important especially if you're in the line of succession.

If you kill the reigning dragon emperor... that branded mark will be telling everyone that you betrayed the old laws.

That's the biggest shame for anyone who wants to become the Emperor in our culture." he iterated.

"I see. So it's like branding and banishing a traitor." said Kahn.

"Ha ha!" suddenly, Rathnaar laughed and asked.

"You think it's gonna be that easy? You think all the Royal Dragons care about their laws?

Those who do not follow the ancient rules wouldn't be afraid of the Mark of Sin just because it acted like a street lamp.

The real reason why even Royal Dragons are afraid of it is because of the 'Consequences' of the curse that comes with the mark."

Vildred also chuckled lightly and explained.

"And the one who is marked... will lose their ability to access world energy and mana as well as the ability to control the element they're born with.

On top of it, that Royal Dragon will lose all their strength, their bones will erode slowly, their blood will burn every single day for the next 200 years while they couldn't even kill themselves or have anyone else kill them.

Finally, that Royal Dragon would die an agonizing death while being all alone, tormented and afraid.

Even to a being as strong as a Royal Dragon... no other form of death could be more terrifying." revealed the lightning dragon.

Even Kahn was terrified after hearing that sort of painful curse. Constantly suffering for every waking moment for the next 2 centuries as a form of punishment for killing your own kin... even the strongest of minds would cower in front of a such horrifying death.

"Hence, my brothers had no choice but to use this way to take what was mine." spoke the dragon emperor.

Finally, Rathnaar interjected now that they were done explaining the so-called 'plothole'.

"Well, what do you say then, Vildred?

Want to tell us how we all can leave? My proposition still stands." he insisted again.

To his pestering, Vildred shook his head.

"You know what kind of formation this is, don't you?" he questioned the peak saint with a light smirk.

"Maskaanxavir Formation... the Commandment of Fellowship." he spoke and grumbled.

"What's a Maskaanxavir Formation, old man?" queried Kahn.

"It's an ancient formation created by the Deity of Subjugation over 50 thousand years ago.

In simple words, it's a magic formation for taming someone and forcing them to become your servant." revealed the first emperor.

"You see all these humongous formations?

They're actually not only sealing Vildred here but also act like runes which would be imprinted on his soul." he iterated.

Just then... Rathnaar had a shocked expression and looked at Vildred.

"So that's why the High Elves joined hands with both your brothers.

By using this formation... they wanted an opportunity to control you after one of the summoned heroes managed to pass the predetermined trial that comes with the formation itself!" he exclaimed in a baffled tone.

"Correct. I have tried everything I could in the past thousand years. You know what my Class was right?

Unfortunately... There's no other way for me to leave this cage unless one of the people who comes here passes the trial." stated Vildred but the very next moment, he revealed an evil grin with his draconic maw.

"Doesn't mean I have to let them pass it.

I'd rather die than be chained to a High Elf, a chosen Hero of a God or anyone else!

I, Vildred Xyvsor Gown Ivrrar Mortelix, would rather die than become a slave to anyone in my life." he declared in a thunderous voice.

"Yeah yeah, I know how you royal dragons are. You'd rather break than bow before anyone even if it means certain death." spoke Rathnaar with a conflicted expression.

Because this also meant that the Negotiations with Vildred wouldn't result in their favor.

"So You can't kill us without following the rules, can you?" he questioned in a sly tone.

However, Vildred gave an evil laugh at that statement.

"Ha ha ha!

Do you think I'm stupid?" he asked with an insidious grin.

"You're but a remnant half-soul now, Rathnaar.

Although that dome is very strong and can withstand even against me. But if I decide to keep attacking without any rest...

How long can you maintain that last layer of protection before your soul essence runs out and you get wiped out of existence?" he asked mockingly.

Vildred's gaze then turned to Kahn inside the body and then to his subordinates.

"All of them are easy to kill like dropping an egg from a tree." he stated in a menacing tone.

And finally, he locked his eyes on Rudra.

"You there... anomaly.

Do not be under the impression that I can't sense your bloodlines.

You're on top of my list to kill." he said and laughed loudly again.

Everyone's expression turned gloomy because their current situation was as bad as it could be.

The negotiations wouldn't work because Vildred would rather die than watch them live because of his past with Rathnaar as well as Kahn being a chosen Hero.

And the issue was that Rathnaar's protection barrier wouldn't protect them for long.

As for destroying the archaic formation made by a Demi-God of the past?

Even a Royal Dragon like Vildred who was once a being comparable to an 8th stage couldn't break it so how would they?

2 Hours Later.

Finally, the dome started flickering on its own and Rathnaar had expended a lot of his soul essence.

Normally, it would've lasted for decades but to protect Kahn and the group against a mighty enemy like Vildred, he had no choice but to use the most potent portion of his soul essence.

Now, their lives were hanging by a thread.

"Alright then...

We will take the trial!" suddenly, Kahn shouted and took control of his body again.

**BOOM!!**

But right at this moment... the entry door of this floor became visible and a being walked in.

"Then let me compete as well." spoke a person under white and green robes, his face covered under a hood.

Kahn and everyone else were stupefied by this new arrival, none able to grasp this sudden turn of events.

[Boy, this person is a peak 5th stage saint!] warned Rathnaar.

And in the following moments, the man in the robe who had been following them till this point finally removed the hood, revealing his appearance to everyone.



Gasp!

Everyone gasped in bewilderment as soon as they saw this peak 5th stage saint's real face.

"What the hell are you doing here?!" asked Kahn with his mind full of trepidation and eyes full of disbelief.

"Edmund."

Chapter 786 The Hidden Prince

Kahn who was in his original human appearance was gobsmacked and panicked and blurted out the name of the surprising arrival. And the person turned out to be a peak 5th stage saint but also someone they knew.

Edmund Thandruil aka the human alchemist, who was also their business partner and companion.

In actuality, he was the main reason why they started this expedition in the Immortal Dungeon in the first place.

Edmund let out a turquoise-colored saint pressure and quickly revealed his hostile intent in an overbearing way.

As for the question asked by Kahn, he didn't bother answering it or even spare their group a glance.

"You... who are you? And how did you arrive here?" asked Vildred, his expression being full of surprise as everyone else.

"You definitely didn't engage in a single conflict. Otherwise, I would have sensed your presence a long time ago." he iterated in a stoic voice.

"I followed behind a group of fools who cleared the path for me." replied Edmund as he chuckled lightly under his mask which covered half of his face.

Vildred's gaze then turned towards Kahn as he asked him...

"How do you know him?"

"He is a human Alchemist we know. He was our companion. But we thought he left long ago.

Now I'm also suspicious of his identity because he was clearly a 1st stage saint till this point." responded Kahn with a stern countenance.

"Child... He is no human." suddenly, Vildred decodes and the very next second.

**BOOM!!**

Massive thunderous bursts of lightning bolts fell from the stormy sky and the entire floor started rumbling.

Vildred revealed an intense murderous aura, targeting Edmund as he spoke in a vengeful tone.

"I sense the same bloodline as that of that bastard who sealed me here along with my brothers."

"You... What is your real identity? Tell me the truth, now!!" he bellowed in rage.

"My great grandfather." responded Edmund in a lifeless tone.

He then let out a mischievous smirk and continued in a prideful tone...

"I am Aragorn Travion Insalor Venric."

His loud voice resounded in the surroundings and everyone including the dragon emperor was taken aback again.

Obviously, they all knew the surname Insalor Venric. It was the surname of the High Elf imperial family.

So in simple words...

Edmund Thandruil, no Aragorn Travion Insalor Venric...

Was the Prince of the Zivot Empire.

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Kahn revealed an incredulous and complicated expression.

For some reason, this alchemist friend of theirs revealed himself to be the Prince of the Elven empire.

[Not possible! He is a human and not a High Elf.

Or maybe he is using some sort of artifact or magic spell to hide his species and identity?] wondered Kahn in his mind.

Just then, the peak 5th stage saint spoke aloud.

"I do not have the time to explain myself."

His stern gaze locked onto the ginormous Vildred as he spoke...

"I invoke the ancient right to contend for the trial of Commandment of Fellowship." he declared openly.

Rumble!

Rumble!

Crackle!

Lightning ran smoke on the entire floor as Vildred's entire ginormous being turned furious.

"You bastard! You dare contend for the trial?!"

You think I will let that happen?!" he questioned while exuding peak killing intent.

"To get bound to a descendant of the very high elf who ambushed and sealed me here?"

In your dream, you insect!"

BOOM!!

BOOM!!

In the following moments, hundreds of terrifying and destructive lightning bolts merged and attacked Aragorn altogether at Vildred's command.

Each of these lightning bolts were similar to the one which killed Ervalen previously when he came here. But the unified force was at least 10 times stronger and dangerous, displaying how resentful Vildred was.

SHING!

SHING!

CLANG!

CLANG!

But soon, hundreds of the massive archaic formations surrounding the entire 60 kilometers of the floor shone brightly as thousands of massive and multicolored chains shot at Vildred, plunging them into his 5 kilometers tall body from all sides and chaining him on the spot as they made him unable to move.

Swoosh!

The dust from the impact finally settled but the aftermath shocked Kahn.

Because Aragorn on the other end, was covered under a spherical orb-like formation made of these exact formations, completely untouched.

Instead of getting terrified or cowering... Edmund aka Aragorn gave a confident gaze at Vildred and spoke in an authoritative tone.

"Do you not know the properties of the Maskaanxavir Formation, you foolish dragon?

You cannot harm or kill anyone related to the person whose bloodline was while casting this formation." he sneered at the dragon emperor.

"I'm not like one of those stupid Heroes of Life who came before.

So stop wasting my time and start the goddamn trial!" he shouted, showing a demeanor that of a prideful ruler himself.

Vildred was thoroughly infuriated at this moment but his strength was greatly suppressed because of these thousands of chains made of mystical energy which not only stopped his physical movements but also the ability to use world energy and mana.

[Dammit! If this formation hadn't drained my world energy and made my strength drop to that of a 6th stage saint in the past thousand years... I would've been able to break this restriction and kill this bastard!] he cursed in his mind.

However, the next moment, Rathnaar suddenly spoke in his mind.

[Pick a side, you stupid numbnut!

Let the boy also partake in the trial.

We don't know what his motives are... but he's obviously our enemy as well.

Or would you rather be a slave of the descendant of the High Elf who confined you here for thousand years?] he cajoled the royal dragon.

Now that a new variable has appeared... it also overturned Kahn's situation as well.

Previously, Vildred would've most likely waited for Rathnaar's soul essence to deplete and then kill Kahn without even giving them a chance to use the Trial of Commandment of Fellowship.

But now that Aragorn aka the prince had appeared out of nowhere and revealed his intentions to take part in the trial, it also created an opportunity for them to use it as a means to get a chance to survive.

Hence, Rathnaar couldn't just let go of that opportunity and play a big gamble since their circumstances were in turmoil.

Finally, with a greatly indignant and aggrieved expression, Vildred declared.

"Fine! I shall allow both of you to take the trial."

#### Chapter 787 First Trial

Finally, another chance to get out of their current predicament appeared, both Kahn and Aragorn were finally going to contend for the Commandment of Fellowship because now, even Vildred was forced to give him a chance due to the Elven Prince's appearance.

But right when he thought things were salvageable... Aragorn spoke in a loud voice.

"Consider this as me thanking you for the free ride you provided me till now.

If you fail from here... it's on you." he spoke with a confident voice as if he was certain that Kahn would fail the upcoming trial.

Kahn then asked Edmund aka Aragorn about something he was curious about.

"Since when did you plan to use us?"

To his question, the long and gray-haired Aragorn responded with a mocking tone.

"Don't feel so special. Whether it was your Mithios guild or the 12 Valkyries...

Your lives were only meant to be used as my meat shields since the beginning." he revealed without sugarcoating anything.

"It wasn't your comrade who approached me in the Alfheim Alchemy Association but instead, it was me who lured him to myself and create ties with him after knowing his position in your guild which happened to be the strongest mercenary guild.

But things went even smoother than I expected because of your greed." he spoke, taunting Kahn.

"What do you mean?" asked Kahn with a gloomy expression.

"Do you think I'm unaware of your nature?"

I'm 280 years old now. I have met many people like you in my life.

Back when you approached me as a business partner by yourself, I could already see that you wanted to earn a lot of money and resources quickly and become powerful as soon as you could.

That's why I accepted your proposal very quickly and turned you into my ally under the pretense of establishing my own company with your help.

You're just a fool driven by greed so you couldn't see through the deception." he stated as he sneered while looking down on Kahn.

At this moment, Kahn suddenly recalled the moments of the day when Armin brought Edmund to their guild headquarters and introduced him.

It wasn't him who 'luckily' met a saint alchemist but instead, everything was pre-planned by Aragorn.

"And your people outperformed my expectations. I expected you lot to go as far as 81st floor but luckily, that stupid Hero of Life had already cleared the path for us.

But evwn so... the way you cleared the 91st floor boss without even having the imperial clan's bloodline token; I must say I underestimated your abilities." he iterated nonchalantly.

[Dammit! Now he already knows that Legolas Ragnarsson is a fake persona. Well, at least, he doesn't know my real identity.] thought Kahn, cursing his luck.

"Legolas Ragnarsson or whatever your real name is... when you and your warriors killed the Elder Hydra, I was only pretending to be knocked out." said the Elven prince with a devilish grin.

Kahn and the entire group were suddenly rooted on the spot.

"Who would've thought... that the group I was using to reach this floor would be so unique, filled with monsters disguising themselves as normal people." he spoke and a sinister smile appeared on his face.

"But after giving it some thought... I am fully confident in my hypothesis. You are...

A chosen Hero, aren't you?"

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Utter Silence.

This time, even Kahn and Rathnaar were simply stupefied.

[Great! Fucking everybody knows my identity these days.

This plot is getting too repetitive now.] cursed Kahn in his mind.

Who would've thought their supposed companion will turn out to be the Prince of Zivot Empire and on top of it, they would end up exposing their secrets while killing the Elder Hydra.

[That's not the issue here, boy. Think carefully...

Aragorn can't be killed inside this dungeon because the Maskaanxavir formation and the imperial  
bloodline's token he spoke of, is protecting him from all of us.

And if he passes the trial and becomes the owner of that Royal Dragon... he will definitely make Vildred  
kill us all later.] spoke Rathnaar in a somber tone.

[That means I must pass this trial no matter what.] said Kahn with a grim expression on his face.

Vildred on the other side started chanting something in a language Kahn couldn't understand even with  
his All Languages Known to War Deity blessing.

And after 2 minutes, two translucent white doors covered in archaic runes and formations appeared in  
front of both Kahn and Aragorn.

"There are 3 trials in total. This is the first part of it.

Enter inside and the one to find and complete the true objective of the trial will pass it.

Know this... there is no time limit.

But if you mess things up and don't pass this... you'll die." spoke Vildred in a somber voice.

At this point, even he had no choice but to let fate decide who was to become his owner.

If Aragorn, who seemed to have prior information about the trial and the rules set by the Maskaanxavir  
formation, hadn't shown up... he was simply going to kill Kahn and be done with it.

Yet, because the descendant of high elves who for some reason, looked like a human; he was forced to  
allow them to take the trial.

Sigh!

Without further ado, Kahn sighed and entered the bright light as soon as the door opened.

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Bang!

Intense pain suddenly woke up Kahn as something hit his stomach.

"Get up, you smart-ass!"

A low-pitched voice reached his ear and Kahn opened his eyes.

His head felt groggy while his legs, arms and stomach hurt.

In front of him were 3 kids in school uniforms, laughing at him.

Kahn then noticed something as soon as he regained consciousness.

He was now in a Spectral form similar to a ghost as his body was no different than that of a hologram.

But suddenly, the image in his sight flickered and changes happened to his entire body.

His arms were turned short. He was wearing glasses while gasping for breath.

His clothes were dusty and his left sleeve was tattered.

"Argh...." he groaned lightly and an immense surge of pain hit his mind again.

After completely regaining his consciousness, Kahn spoke.

"This place... I know this place."

"Ugh!" he groaned again and noticed that his face was full of bruises and his lips as well as gums were bleeding.

"I told you to bring the money, you prick!" said the boy in front of him and...

Punch!

He punched Kahn and soon, the other kids joined in and all of them started kicking his fallen body again and again.

[What the hell is happening?!

Wait! I know those three.] he thought as memories started flooding his mind like the surging tides of a tsunami.

Soon, Kahn was separated from this small body of his and like a ghost, he left it as the kids kept beating the 'small' Kahn.

[This can't be! No!

I can't go back there!] he exclaimed in fear for the first time.

Because at this moment, whether it was the Soul Kahn or the small Kahn... he was feeling all the pain and helplessness.

Even though these two forms were separated, they felt everything as if they were a single entity.

Because at this moment, Kahn was back in...

His childhood as Elric.

Chapter 788 The Family

Kahn watched his school bullies beat the young and weak him as Elric. As per his Eidetic Memory, this was the 3rd time he was beaten by these 3 kids in front of him in a downtrodden warehouse close to his school.

"These assholes!" his fist clenched tightly and he quickly lunged at his bullies to beat the shit out of them.

Alas... his body in spectral form passes right through them, unable to do anything to protect his younger self.

"Elric, get up! Fight back!" he shouted and tried to pull up his younger self.

But just like his childhood bullies, he couldn't even touch or speak with Elric either.

With great resentment... all Kahn could do was watch himself from the past getting beaten up again and again until the bullies got tired.

"Next time, bring the money unless you want to get beaten up again." warned the main blonde kid who was their leader in a way.

Kahn was thoroughly infuriated as he relived this old memory, something he wanted to forget for a major portion of his life in the past.

"What the hell is happening? Why am I back in my previous life?"

Is this the standard 'go back in past and overcome your fears' sort of trial?" he wondered.

"But the setting doesn't feel right. I should be in the main body and not get separated as a soul form who can't even touch or do anything.

What... is the main objective of this trial?" he asked himself in a confused state.

Because if this was the standard trial of testing one's mental strength... Kahn would've absolutely beat the shit out of these bullies even with his weak body as Elric.

However, things were completely out of the norm.

And now... all he could do is watch the young and weak Elric get up on his feet helplessly while enduring the pain, humiliation and horror no 12-year-old kid should suffer from.

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Flash!!

The very next moment, the scenario in front of Kahn's eyes changed and he found himself in his old home.

"Alright, Janice. I'll be coming in an hour. Just make sure all the arrangements are done without a problem.

We can't let anyone complain about lacking preparation. I will definitely win this election to be the committee chairwoman." spoke a silky-smooth brown-haired woman while talking on the telephone.

"Ah... been a while since I saw your face again, mom." spoke Kahn who appeared in the living room of his house.

Sophia Johnson, Elric aka Kahn's mother in his past life was a very gorgeous woman for her age despite having 3 kids, 2 of whom were already more than 15 years old.

Yet Kahn didn't have a good impression of her after he grew up.

What kind of son would abhor his mother?

Well... there was a reason for it.

Clink!

The door opened and the thrashed Elric came into the house.



"Mom!" he spoke with teary eyes and ran towards his mother, quickly hugging her as he was extremely scared and felt like he almost died recently.

"Elric, what happened? What did you do?!" exclaimed Sophia as he noticed her youngest son's sorry state filled with dust and blood splatters here and there.

Elric told her everything about how the kids have been bullying him after school and even the teachers who said they'd intervene didn't do anything about it.

"Hmph! There's no point telling her." scoffed Kahn with a disappointed gaze.

Sophia then cleaned up Elric and put off some bandages in hurry.

"Okay, honey... I will come to your school tomorrow and deal talk with the principal.

But for now, mommy's gotta go. I have an important meeting coming up so get rest and we will deal with this whole thing tomorrow, okay?" she said, showing little concern about the whole thing instead of fuming with rage as a normal mother would.

Like an obedient child, Elric nodded and watched his mother leave the house.

"Seriously... what kind of mother leaves her child behind after he is traumatized and beaten to a pulp just for some neighborhood wives' meeting?

What kind of priorities does this woman have?

Still pretentious just like I remember it." spoke Kahn with a dejected face.

The younger Elric couldn't see through many things because he was just a kid learning from his parents and had no outside-world experience.

But the grown him knew what was the case.

His mother aka Sophia Johnson... was a Poser.

She liked to look good in front of other people in society and always maintain a righteous image of an elite who had a great standing in the community.

She cared more about 'What would people in the Society say' than what was actually happening in the house.

Instead of consoling her son, she went off to a gathering of neighborhood women who only held kitty parties where they showed off how rich and classy they were in front of other women.

Kahn shook his head in indignation, still being resentful of this memory while he saw the young him hiding his fears and anger inside his heart.

Those were the growing years of his life and as he was born with a very weak constitution, Elric was unable to even fight back for his own sake.

And in the following hours, Elric asked for help from his older brother David, who was 17 years old and was on his High School's baseball team. He was also the Pearl of the Eye for his parents since he had a promising talent in his.

And just as Kahn vividly remembered...

"Man the hell up!"

Those were the words his brother responded with.

"Yeah, yeah, sure... you fucking future drug addict!

Such a reliable brother you are." he scoffed as the scene unveiled in front of him.

As for talking with his older sister Synthia... Elric didn't dare bother this emerging Diva who was nothing but an attention seeker.

Finally, his father Robert Johnson came at night from his work.

His father was a sales manager in a home appliances company and was always swarmed with work, leading him to come to the house late at night while being stressed.

The shocked and shivering Elric then told his dad about today's incident and asked for his father's help.

In response... Kahn recited the words his father told him that day.

"Don't bring such small matters inside the house!"

Chapter 789 Finding Purpose

As soon as his father's exact same dismissive words Kahn just spoke now resounded, the young him aka Elric had a frightened and sullen expression.

On the other side, Robert's apathetic gaze landed on Elric, full of contempt and conceit.

The young and naive Elric couldn't understand why his father was furious towards him at the moment instead of quickly getting angered at the kids from his class who bullied him.

"This bastard... still blaming everything on me." spoke Kahn with an exasperated tone.

The young him back then had no idea why his own father treated him so heartlessly but the older and wiser him had figured out the truth long ago.

Robert Johnson was always stressed due to work and was actually a very petty man.

Office life was hard for him despite his position and he also had anger issues. On top of it, he had 3 children.

Given the fact they lived in a country that was also called the mother of ruthless taxes and overpriced economy aka the United States of America... They were already struggling monetarily.

With his good-for-nothing wife who paid more attention to pretenses, he was the one to shoulder all the responsibility and worked hard to the bone.

But at least, he was proud of his son and daughter because in his opinion, they had a promising future and would make big in life.

As for Elric... he was the unplanned child that was not only born frail and a coward but also couldn't show any prospects.

And given his personality... he eventually started redirecting all the stress and anger on his youngest son, blaming him for all the misfortunes that befell him and the family.

This was the reason why Kahn had zero respect for his own family as he grew up.

Instead of understanding the fact that their youngest son was different compared to their first two children and raising him with a different approach... both his parents either showed him neglect or labeled him as the root cause of their problems.

Many times, Elric even felt like he was never their family to begin with.

"I know I was the unwanted child but this is too much.

How was it my fault that you guys were suffering in the outside world or had shitty ways to deal with life?" said Kahn in a tone filled with discontent.

"It's a parent's job to shelter and protect their children while upbringing them to be a better person.

Why are you letting out your frustration on me instead?

Why did you bring me into this world if you couldn't afford to raise a 3rd child?!" cursed Kahn loudly as he almost wanted to take a swing at his own father.

And just like the last time... the meek and distraught Elric silently went into his room, feeling terrible in every possible way.

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At midnight, Elric sneaked on top of the house and used the attic's window to get on the roof.

The moon in the sky shone brightly, giving a sense of serenity to the atmosphere. But for Elric, it was as melancholic as it could be.

Kahn also phased through things and hovered in the air behind the sobbing Elric who could do nothing but whimper in sorrow.

"These people have scarred me since childhood. If I had better and caring parents, maybe I would've grown up to be a different and confident man." he Kahn in an incredulous tone.

A gust of wind followed and a cold breeze hit the young Elric as he spoke suddenly.

"You there, mister. Who are you?"

Shocked!

Kahn was shocked on the spot as Elric spoke to him for the first time.

"You... You can see me?" he asked in a bewildered voice.

"I can. I could see you after they were done beating me this morning.

Are you a ghost?" asked Elric as he settled his uneven glasses.

To his response, Kahn sighed in relief. Because so far, he felt like there was nothing he could do but relive these old memories while spectating everything happening again without being able to meddle in.

"Would you believe me if I said I'm you from the future?" replied Kahn with a slight smile.

"Liar!

Your hair and eyes are black. Mine is brown and blue.

How can you be me from the future?" rebuked the young Kahn aka Elric.

"Well, I kind of skipped the part to mention that I'm you from the future but also a different world." he responded honestly while folding his hands behind his back.

"Liar!

You're just an imagination. I know they call it a hallucination or something if you hit your head hard.

It will just go away." said Elric and looked away.

"Ah... I'm both smart and stupid for my age at the same time." spoke Kahn in helplessness.

But now, he was at least happy to see that he could communicate with the young him in this world from his memories.

"Listen... I know it's confusing but I'm not lying.

I'm indeed you from the future. And I know what's going to happen.

So if you listen to me... I'm going to help you get rid of those punks so they won't bully you." he declared confidently.

However, his words fell on deaf ears.

"As if I would believe a ghost. You're not even real, just a figment of my imagination." spoke Elric, rejecting his proposal.

"This little shit! He has no respect for the future him." said Kahn as he wanted to slap the younger him.

Still, he told Elric about what was about to happen next week.

"I'm serious. Your mom and dad aren't going to help you. They never have and never will.

It's always going to be you on your own even in the future.

So let me help you and at least, you won't be so miserable like I was." he spoke in a serious tone.

Nonetheless... the young brat named Elric paid no heed to this warning.

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The Next Week.

Gurgle!

Gurgle!

"Pfffwaaahh!" Elric groaned as his head was pulled out of a water drum by his bullies.

Despite Kahn's warning, he kept believing that his mom would come through and protect him by meeting the school's principal.

But nothing happened and again, he was suffering from his stupid notions as the bullies beat him again.

Kahn wanted to punch the fuck out of those kids but he couldn't do anything.

And the peculiar fact here was that when Elric was suffering while drowning, he was too.

But he couldn't touch anything or intervene.

And after the beating was over and Elric returned home... he berated the dumbass him of the past who just couldn't muster the courage to stand up for himself.

"What could I do? If I fight back... then they will hit me and I will be hurt again more painfully.

If I just keep enduring it, they will get bored and stop bullying me." spoke Elric as his figure was lying on his bed.

"Yes, they eventually will give up on bullying you.

But the long-term repercussions are going to be more severe than just physical wounds." spoke Kahn as he reminisced how greatly these incidents during his childhood impacted his mind and personality in the upcoming years.

He looked at Elric's sorry state and then at himself as a revelation hit his mind.

"I understand now." he said in a determined voice.

"The purpose of this trial isn't about the current me helping the young me." his gaze then landed on Elric whose eyes were full of self-doubt and dejection.

"It's about the old me choosing to help himself."

#### Chapter 790 Taking A Stand

Kahn finally understood the main purpose behind the trial and why he was in a separate spectral form and not in charge of his own body. The objective was about making the young him take a stand for himself and make an effort to bring out changes in his personality.

At this moment, he recalled what consequences these incidents had on his personality while growing up.

Back then, since Elric never received help from anyone or had somebody to cheer and support him while growing up, he had resorted to 'running away' from his problems while suffering alone.

Because of this, as he grew up... he ended up seeking a comfort zone instead of facing adversities and overcoming his fears.

In his previous life, he couldn't see through these psychological patterns but now with his memories of past life and his position in the current scenario as a 3rd person spectator, he understood how serious the situation was.

Unlike how many impulsive idiots who quickly jumped to conclusions usually thought...

Real life was not similar to that of a story, a novel or some tv show where a weak-willed person gets bullied, trampled on and abandoned by his own people just to emerge powerful and victorious later through hard work and sheer effort alone.

Every single person's mind worked differently and they adapted to situations based on their outlook on the world and present circumstances.

Some people emerged better and stronger while many would forfeit their lives to fate instead of fighting back after the world breaks them down from the inside.

For Kahn as Elric in his past life... he had resorted to escaping from the harsh reality and endured the suffering all alone as he believed that no one actually cared about him and he was inherently weak to even fight back.

His instinct wasn't that of a predator but a docile herbivore that couldn't escape the clutches of his hunters no matter what he did.

Hence, he subconsciously believed that as long as he didn't cause trouble for anyone or received someone's attention whether good or bad... he'd be left alone; unhurt and without any enemies.

All he had to do was be 'Average' and 'Mediocre' while keeping his head down since no one had any sort of big expectations from him to begin with.

And if he maintained that very approach, he would get by just enough to survive and live peacefully.

"They really broke my mind back then, huh..." spoke Kahn to himself.

Now that he was used to being powerful, cunning and also determined... Kahn saw through the blooming shortcomings of his past life which would dictate his future.

"No, I can't let it happen again. This time... no matter what I have to do; I won't let myself become a pushover who was so weak and pathetic that one wouldn't even bother caring about his existence." he proclaimed with eyes full of indomitable resolve while exuding a kingly aura.

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2 Days Later.

The classic reenactment of bullying started as Elric's classmates started thrashing him out of habit.

This time, 2 more kids had joined for the fun of it.

"Help me!" Elric shouted while being choked to death by a fat and burly kid who was thrice his body weight.

"Ha ha ha! Who is he asking for help?"

Have you gone mad, Johnson?" taunted one of the kids.

Swoom!!

A pulse of shockwave phased through his spectral form.

As soon as Elric sought help from him, Kahn felt an indescribable and intangible connection between him and Elric.

In his mind, Kahn could feel that connection was asking for protection and help that Elric desperately wanted for the first time since he entered this old memory.

Kahn opened his eyes that were now filled with amazement.

"I see. It was my own will as the younger me that had expelled the current me outside the body previously when I entered this trial.

My mindset and willpower were completely different in my past life and were extremely incompatible and contradictory in terms of ideology.

Hence, I was thrown out of my body and the direction of the trial itself shifted to a different objective." spoke Kahn to himself as he finally figured out why the changes occurred as soon as he took the trial.

Kahn didn't waste any extra moments lamenting and quickly stood in front of struggling Elric who was barely able to breathe because of the chokehold over his neck.

Kahn touched Elric's forehead and soon, his entire figure was swallowed by an unknown force and dispersed like a fog, inside the head.

And the next moment he opened his eyes...

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20 Minutes Later.

A big heap of flesh aka the fainted and almost half-dead bodies of the 5 kids aka the bullies appeared on the scene.

Despite them being children, Kahn didn't hold back in the slightest as he broke their bones, joints, and beat all of them to pull one by one till the point their faces and eyes were swollen and their clothes were covered in blood.

Because of his weak body as Elric, it took him some time to adjust and use the minimum stamina he had to strategically and precisely attack his opponent's weak and vital spots.

But compared to Vantrea... the trash bullies of Earth didn't have any overbearing strength or even fighting techniques.

So even with these disadvantages in physical strength and endurance... Kahn, who was also the Apostle of the War Deity, took them down one by one.

Still, he didn't torture them to death like he always did to his enemies in Vantrea. He didn't want to give the past him another trauma.

And during this whole exchange, his will as young Elric was in the backseat and saw that even his weak body could fight these bullies who had been tormenting him for months.

Kahn, who was sitting on top of these scumbags, spoke in a domineering voice.

"See... that's what all there is to bullies.

You may find yourself weak and frightened at times. But if you decide to take a stand for yourself and once they see that they can't push you around or control you... they no longer seem scary at all." he spoke to the younger him with a tranquil expression.

He exited the body and let young Elric take control again.

"I just want to be just like you." said Elric with an excited expression, feeling assurance and confidence that was long gone from his eyes.

To his innocent gaze, Kahn ruffled Elric's hair and responded with a cheerful smile.

"And I want you to be better."