

Extras 201

Chapter 201 The Hero's Thoughts

"This... shouldn't be happening."

Adonis currently sat on his bed, his room surrounding him like one massive cage that tied him down.

His eyes appeared vacant as they fixatedly stared at the ground, and his head hung low atop his shoulder.

Despite his usual muscular figure, Adonis looked strangely small in the confines of his room.

"So much has changed. I can't keep up any longer." He sighed, punching his forehead with his hand.

Adonis could not properly describe what he was feeling at the moment.

He had tried his best to ensure his second chance at life wasn't wasted.

He made sure his classmates were a coherent team, and he ensured they started training early and took it very seriously.

He practiced hard—working his butt off even when everyone was resting.

All of it was so he could get even the tiniest bit stronger than he was in the past.

And yet...

'When it came down to it, I failed.'

The Hero exists for one sole reason; and that is to save people from danger.

Adonis felt like a failure for being unable to perform his sole responsibility.

He was a Regressor who knew the future, yet somehow everything that was happening seemed to catch him off-guard.

It was a mortifying thing for him.

'And now, look at everything.'

The classmates he tried so hard to hold together had fallen apart. The duo of Alicia and Billy that he implicitly encouraged due to how they were in his past life—especially after the kidnapping—turned out to be a hoax.

He was the only one among their classmates who knew what had happened thanks to practically being an integral part of the Royal Council at this point.

As such, Alicia and Billy had to tell him—alongside Vida and Conrad—what happened to them.

'Alicia seems to trust me a little now. She didn't hesitate to talk to me. I suppose she knows I won't tell anyone and cause more social dysfunction.'

The result of all that drama was Adonis finding out the truth about what happened—both in this life and likely in the past too.

'I never expected Billy to be the culprit behind everything. I... I just...'

It revealed Billy to be a twisted soul in the past, forever altering the perception Adonis had of him.

Despite all of that, though...

'We still need him!'

That was the major issue that prevented the boy from being properly punished or even expelled from the Royal Estate.

Other than the fact that he seemed to genuinely regret his deeds, he was also a vital member of their team.

'His punishment is still in deliberation, but it'll probably be stuff associated with limiting his freedom, not compensating him the way we are compensated, and even tougher training.'

That was all they could afford to do.

'It's all my fault. If I had been more attentive in my past life... and if I did more to investigate... then maybe all of this wouldn't have happened.'

Deep down, Adonis knew he was just beating himself up for no good reason.

He didn't know he was going to regress back then, so there was no way he could have been 'more attentive.'

Besides, he was just as lost and confused as everyone when they were first summoned.

How could he have been collected enough to take in all the fine details of the world around him and all the events that occurred in it?

It wasn't possible.

Also, even in this life, he couldn't have investigated every single person in great detail.

He had to focus on training so he could get stronger.

Sure, he tried to be friends with as many people as possible in order to understand them better, but he was mostly working with the information he had in his past life.

There was just so much on his plate.

Adonis knew within himself that he had done his best, but he couldn't help but feel more inadequate.

... Especially when he looked at Ralyks.

"Who... is that man?"

There was no person called Ralyks in his past life.

If there was, perhaps the Dragons wouldn't have completely laid waste to the United Human Alliance and destroyed everything.

—And everyone.

'His strength is so absurd and unreal. I've never seen anyone possess such a variation of abilities and specialties.'

The only way this was possible was Enchanted Items.

'But even those can only go so far. We currently have a scarcity of Monster Cores and Mana Crystals that can replicate such amazing effects.'

Even the Black Market wouldn't have Items that would give someone such power.

If they did, he would have already tried to obtain the items for him and his friends.

'If I assume they're all his abilities, then how is he so strong? And how come I never saw him in my past life?'

The only conclusion Adonis could arrive at was that Ralyks was like him—an Otherworlder.

'Did another Nation summon an Otherworlder? But that isn't possible.'

They didn't have access to the Magic Formula for the Summoning Circle, as well as the Spell required for Interdimensional Magic.

'And such Magic can only be done once every decade or so, to allow the space-time fabric of this world to stabilize after being punctured by otherworldly energy.'

In essence, no other Otherworlder could exist in this world except him and his classmates.

'So what could he be? Maybe he belongs to a naturally powerful race?'

Elves were loved by Mana, and Fairies were Children of the World.

However, he didn't really fit those description; as true Elves would not interact with Humans, and he was too tall to be a Fairy.

Ralyks also didn't have pointy ears or an Elven Accent.

Sure, it was possible that the Dark Adventurer was in disguise, but Adonis found that to be highly unlikely.

'The Elves should currently be facing the Dragons in their own Continent. I doubt they would have a champion like Ralyks, and he wouldn't help them out first.'

None of what was happening made any sense to Adonis.

He was currently running blind, and for a Regressor like him, it was humiliating.

'I don't care what happens to me, though. As long as this world can be saved... how I feel doesn't matter.'

Adonis had already purposed within himself that he would put the safety of this world before any of his own needs.

Even his decision to integrate himself with the Royal Council, despite disliking politics, was for the very reason of helping his classmates and after the United Human Alliance in the right direction.

'I already suspected Knox and those two bastards, and I was actively investigating them.'

It was a shame that they had to die so prematurely, depriving the Alliance of any information that they had.

'Conrad and Vida will handle the situation of the Criminal Underworld, though. It's best I focus on what I can do for now...'

Adonis slowly raised his head and rose to his feet.

There was only one place that called for him now, and he prepared his body to go.

'I have to get stronger!'

He despised how inadequate he felt—how powerless he was when it counted the most.

Plus, with his Stats now lower than before thanks to using [Limit Transcension], he had to work extra hard.

But, Adonis was ready to do all of that.

'If it means saving this world... I will do anything!'

That was why he was the Hero.

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Chapter 202 Strategy Against The Undertaking

"So... tell me your plan."

In the exclusive lounge that only Ralyks and the appropriate authority from KariBlanc to enter, the man of darkness sat comfortably as he spoke.

He had a teacup in his hand, sipping its contents through the tiny spatial rupture he created on his mask's surface.

It led directly into his mouth, so despite having a Mask, Ralyks had no issues with enjoying the fine beverage that was placed before him.

Before him were Rebal Blanc and a Asher—both taking on the same position they had the last time.

Rebal was seated, and Asher stood beside him, silently watching over the conversation with his hands firmly placed behind him.

Ralyks had just told them to explain their plan, so Rebal was already placing a large parchment on the center table.

It didn't take long before he began to speak.

"Things have escalated since the last time we spoke." The man began by saying.

He went on to explain what he meant by how the Black Market had been influenced greatly, and how the value of certain items had gone up while others plummeted to the ground.

The KariBlanc Group was barely above water at this point.

It was strange to think that such a monolith in the Black Market could experience a crisis as dire as this one.

"They've taken over more territory, and at the rate they're going, it won't be long until they swallow up our region."

The parchment that Rebal showed Ralyks was a map of the entire United Human Alliance—though this was a bit special from the ones that existed in mainstream libraries.

This map showed all the shady spots; including Black Markets, Warehouses, and Hideouts that all tied into the Criminal Underworld.

It was an Item exclusive to the higher-ups of the Criminal Underworld.

This was to ensure there was 'Check and Balance' within the Triumvirate. After all, if everyone had dirt on one another, either side would be too wary to make a move.

So far, it seemed to work out well.

Until now...

"The marked spots are the places they've taken over already, and as you can see, they've encircled the parts where we occupy, advancing as we speak."

If they did nothing, in a few weeks, their entire undertaking was going to be complete.

"I see. And even though you have the maps that also display their spots, you can't afford to attack them to slow them down or as retaliation?"

As Ralyks asked this—practically rhetorically—Rebal nodded as his face became even graver.

"If we attack them or make any careless moves, they'll have more of an incentive to rush and pull us down."

Rather than their slow and steady assault, they would see any kind of action on the part of the KariBlanc Group and any other kind of resistance as an official declaration of war.

"We do not currently have the manpower to handle their forces. We'll have to enlist more forces from the Mercenary Gang."

"And you're sure they've not sided with Scylla and your other colleagues?" The moment Ralyks asked this, the face of Rebal darkened even more.

He had a conflicted expression on his face.

"I'm no fool. I know that is certainly a possibility, but this isn't the first time we've had skirmishes as a whole, and every single time they've stayed out of the politics and refused to take a stand."

From a logical and business perspective, it was the best move to make.

If the Mercenary Gang chose a side and the skirmish finally died down, they wouldn't be trusted by the people they sided against.

This would make them lose customers, and since the winning team was already on top, they wouldn't have much use for the Mercenary Gang's services.

To balance things out, they had to stay neutral and simply offer their services to those who desired it.

That way, anyone could be their customer.

"So you say, but... none of your skirmishes have reached this scale before. Am I wrong?" Ralyks said with a grim tone.

Rebal had to swallow hard as he responded.

"No. You're right. But, we currently have no evidence that suggests the Mercenary Gang has taken a side. Plus..."

At this point, Rebal Blanc's face turned into a mask of sheer anxiety and fear.

"... If the Mercenary Gang has taken their side, then all of this would be pointless. It might be wishful thinking, but we can only make plans like this and have hope for victory if they stay out of this."

Ralyks finished sipping his tea and dropped it on the table, causing it to make a clacking sound.

A small sound of amusement echoed from behind his mask as he folded his arms.

"Are they that strong?" He asked.

Rebal didn't hesitate to nod his head.

"The Nine Heads Of Destruction—Executive Leaders of the Mercenary Gang—are all extremely strong."

"How strong?"

"W-well... it is said that they've all killed Dragons multiple times, and that if they work together, not even a Dragon Commander is a problem for them." As Rebal said this, his tone trembled a little.

He didn't have any doubts about his strength, but the Nine Heads were simply on another level.

"I don't know how much of it is true, but I hear that they're all individually on par with the Head Warrior and the Grand Mage of the United Human Alliance."

Ralyks crossed his legs and rested his back as soon as this was mentioned.

"Oho...?" His voice contained hints of amusement.

"And their leader... he is said to be thrice as strong as an individual member."

"So that means he can easily take on both the Grand Mage and Head Warrior? Interesting..."

Rebal didn't know what else to say. The words he was uttering would make any man tremble, yet Ralyks only found them amusing.

Grand Mage Lucielle and Head Warrior Brutus were considered invincible by human standards.

If there existed other humans who could defeat them, then those would be considered invincible too—especially if there were nine of them.

'I know he dwells in the realm of the [Absolute], but I'm not sure even Sir Ralyks could come out of a fight with them unscathed.'

There was a reason why the Mercenary Gang was so well renowned despite having hardly any political influence or business power.

They simply did whatever they liked, making violence their sole occupation.

Those were the most dangerous kind of men.

"Don't worry. I understand the situation now. I'll adhere to your discretion." Ralyks shrugged, though his tone still had hints of amusement.

"Thank you, Sir Ralyks."

"What is your plan, then? You've identified the problem, so I believe you've worked around a viable solution."

The moment he was asked this, Rebal nodded and began to explain.

"The plan is quite simple. We are currently outnumbered, but so are others. If we can get the two other members of the Obsidian Council to ally with us, and you assist us with your strength, we should be able to stop the advance."

"Will it be that simple?" Ralyks asked, his tone containing skepticism.

"No. Not really. We will have to reach out to the Mercenary Gang and also buy some of their strength so that we can spread our forces far and wide. If they see us working together, and you display your power by defending us from their current undertaking, we can halt their progress."

"And then... you'll launch your counterattack. Correct?"

As Ralyks said this, Rebal nodded and smiled.

"That's the plan in a nutshell."

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Chapter 203 The Escort Duty

The rest of the discourse with Rebal went smoothly; as he essentially gave details regarding the strategy he wanted to employ.

It was well thought out, and Rey ended up agreeing to all of it.

He was still skeptical about trusting the Mercenary Gang, and he found a lot of the information on them to be dubious, but he trusted the words of the more experienced man in the room.

At the final parts of the meeting, Rebal Blanc made one final request of him.

"Since we desperately need cash for our plans—especially with the Mercenary Gang—we'll need to engage in a few trades. We would like you to guard our caravans as they pass through our trade route."

According to Rebal, a lot had been happening to interfere with the transportation of their merchandise.

It was becoming a bother at this point—and the company was securing heavy losses as a result.

"With you protecting our Items, we are guaranteed that they'll arrive at their destination."

It was a sensible plan, and Rey agreed readily to it.

He was curious about one thing, though.

"What about the goods you wanted to sell to the Elves? Didn't you have it in some kind of warehouse in the East?"

"Ahhh..." Rebal's troubled face said enough to show that all was no well.

"Still no contact?"

"None." Rebal shook his head and sighed. "But we have confirmation that those goods have practically fallen into the hands of the enemy."

Unless they could turn the fight around and gain more ground, they couldn't hope to access them anytime soon.

"Isn't there a likelihood that they'll try to contact the Elves and sell the goods for themselves?"

Rebal nodded, more wrinkles appearing on his face.

"No one outside the KariBlanc Executives directly involved in the trade knows about our business with them, except you. We also have a secret place where we conduct business with the Elves—one they don't know of."

If that was all Rebal had to say, though, he wouldn't have made such a bitter face.

"However, if the Elves get desperate, they can just reach out to the enemy side and they'll be able to sell the goods."

In essence, it was a loss waiting to happen.

"We can't monitor the items anymore due to some kind of interference, probably caused by a barrier placed around the warehouse."

That was what alerted them that the place had fallen into the hands of their enemy.

If they didn't act fast, they would lose so much money. If they acted too fast, they could lose everything.

Rebal fought very hard to maintain a balance.

"After I'm done guarding your merchandise to its destination, would it be alright to check out the warehouse? I won't engage if it gets too dangerous, don't worry."

Even though Rey assured Rebal about the safety of his intentions, the man still had a doubtful expression on his face.

'Does he not trust me?' Rey wondered.

"I do not doubt your capabilities, Sir Ralyks. In fact, I am certain you can handle yourself perfectly well. But, the problem is... if you attack them in our old warehouse, then it could trigger their side and lead to the war we're trying so hard to avoid."

Rey could understand Rebal's perspective. The man was being very careful with his actions, considering how delicate things currently were.

'But... I'm not sure this is the best way to go about things.' Rey nearly sighed under his mask.

He had expected the KariBlanc Group to be a bit more daring, especially since he was on their side, but it seemed they were still intent on being cautious.

'Nothing I can do about that.'

"I understand. Don't worry, I won't take any significant action, and I'll ensure to remain hidden. Plus, even if I act, I'll ensure it isn't tied at all to the KariBlanc Group."

Rey knew that even if he was a total stranger, the enemy side would attribute the blame to the KaroBlanc Group, or any other member of the opposing Obsidian Council.

"I'll be careful." He added words of assurance, causing the man before him to heave a sigh of relief.

"I under, Sir Ralyks. Thank you."

"It's fine."

The two people before him seemed pleased by how the entire discussion had turned out.

With the meeting finally over, it was time for the most immediate action to be taken.

"When will I be leaving to protect your goods?" Rey asked in his deep 'Ralyks' voice.

"We plan on departing under the canopy of darkness, so in a few hours, you should be good to go."

Rey nodded as he heard more details about the caravan.

'We'll be going to a nearby city—a night's journey, really.'

The route that would be taken was unconventional in order to avoid the compulsory tolls and inspection conducted at major travel paths.

That meant the journey would be a tad more dangerous than usual transportation of goods.

Rey didn't mind, though.

"Will I be protecting the caravan alone?"

"No, Sir Ralyks. While we intend to have as little people as possible in the caravan, to improve speed and to reduce the chances of being detected, we would like to have one of our own accompany you."

Rey already expected that. It was only natural for the KariBlanc Group to send an insider with him.

He also knew the person would be very competent.

"Is it Asher?" He asked, voicing his thoughts out loud.

"No, Sir Ralyks. He is needed here to initiate some facets of the plan. I plan on sending someone equally competent—at least, with regards to combat."

Rey was curious as he heard those words. For a man like Rebal to praise this person, even comparing them to his son, he wanted to know who they were.

"You've met her before..."

The moment Rey heard this, his eyes began to widen.

'No... no way! Please let it not be who I think it is!'

Unfortunately for him... it was.

"Our strongest Warrior, Yuri. She'll be the one accompanying you."

At that point, Rey could only say one thing, hiding it under his breath.

"Fuck..."

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Chapter 204 Dead Of Night [Pt 1]

Night arrived, and under the canopy of darkness, some strange movements were afoot.

A caravan of goods trailed in the shaded world, with the ones responsible for them—the drivers of their respective carriages, and the watchers of the goods—performing their duties with absolute precision.

Their task was simple and straightforward, yet also enough to cause crippling anxiety.

A simple transportation of goods from one position to another; something the KariBlanc Group had engaged in numerous times.

They already had their specialized routes, and their transportation network was flawless.

At least, that was what they thought until goods started going missing and they found themselves unable to communicate with their couriers.

This downward spiral continued on until they stopped transportation altogether.

However, the current couriers had no fear that anything of that sort could happen to them now.

After all, they could all see the young lady who was with them.

She was in a carriage—one of the many being pulled by the powerful horses that were used for jobs like this.

The entire carriages were made using Enchantments, enabling them to be silent during transportation.

The horses could also be barely heard thanks to the couriers being experts that specialized in Skills like [Silence] and [Illusions].

In essence, unless someone intentionally sought them, and was incredibly powerful, there was no way they could be detected in the shadow of darkness.

The young lady that gave everyone confidence had pink hair and a cute appearance. She looked like she was in her early twenties; having a cheerful appearance that oozed nothing short of pure adorableness.

She had an oversized long-sleeved shirt on, with baggy trousers and simple shoes. She had no ornaments on—at least, none that were evident.

Her name was Yuri, and everyone within the KariBlanc Group knew her as the strongest warrior they had.

She was efficient and thorough, and contrary to what her appearance would make anyone assume... she was ruthless.

As if Yuri wasn't enough for the mission, there was one more person within the carriage.

This man made the couriers tremble in nervousness; forgetting the familiar solace that Yuri offered.

His presence was both reassuring and unsettling, and his silence made them shiver.

His name was Ralyks, and he currently sat opposite Yuri in their carriage as they sped through the darkness.

With these two guarding the caravan, their safety was a foregone conclusion.

... Or so it would seem.

"... And that's how I completed my first job. It was a little messy, but I managed to pull through."

"I... see..."

As Rey and Yuri sat in the speeding carriage, the latter was making small talk by referring to many areas of her life in an attempt to make conversation.

'Why? Why won't she stop?' Rey pondered within himself as he nearly broke his facade.

Still, he chose to endure.

"How about you, Sir Ralyks? When did you start this kind of work?"

'Why is she asking me stuff like this?' He wondered within himself as he looked at her cute, unassuming face.

Rey doubted that the KariBlanc Group put Yuri up to this, so it had to just be her personality.

'Any other employee would treat me with reverence, but it seems she doesn't understand the meaning of that.'

Rey also noticed that the girl could not pick a hint.

'I've clearly shown how I don't want to talk, yet she keeps bringing up topics.'

And as a teenage boy, he felt bad not responding to them at all. In the end, he would just give short replies, or try to make the conversation end.

'But she won't stop!'

The reason why Rey just didn't want to talk to Yuri didn't have anything to do with her current demeanor.

The young lady was kind, endearing, and downright interesting to talk to.

She was also very pretty, and Rey knew he could think of a million topics to discuss with her if he was into it.

But... he just wasn't.

'I don't think I can view her the same way after seeing what she did.'

The way she slaughtered people with a big smile on her face, and the way that expression of savagery could easily revert to this cute demeanor... it scared Rey a little.

Still, since she really wasn't doing anything wrong or completely out of line, he just decided to endure everything.

'I wonder how Alicia would look at me if she found out Ralyks and I are the same person.'

He didn't really know, but he had a feeling it wouldn't really be good.

'I better just hold off on telling her that information. At least, for now...!' He nearly sighed under his mask as he looked at the girl he was stuck with for the night.

'All this wouldn't be happening if I could just teleport everyone to the target destination.'

Unfortunately for him, he couldn't.

'I guess I need to have been to the location first—or see it—before I can use teleportation that way.

Plus, since he would be transporting so many people and items, he had to be extra careful with how he handled Spatial Magic.

'That leaves only this option. It's not so bad, though. At the very least, I can study one of the trade routes in person and have a firsthand experience of the way KariBlanc transports goods.'

So far, it had been smooth sailing. They had long passed Capital Territory, and their destination was about a city away.

"Sir Ralyks, you've still not answered my question. No fair...!" As Yuri grumbled slightly, Rey felt himself roll his eyes.

'Acting cute won't help you. Besides, what exactly am I supposed to say to your question?'

After narrating a bloody story to him, which involved Yuri cutting down all the enemies as if they were strawmen, she was expecting him to narrate a similar story.

'Well, I have none!' Rey knew he couldn't say that as Ralyks, so he considered what to say instead.

Then—

"Enough small talk. We have company.

—Rey sensed something that shifted his mood and tone instantly.

'Sweet! Saved by the enemies!'

Rey felt a tinge of gratitude for the approaching assailants.

They couldn't have picked the perfect moment to arrive.

"O-oh? I can't sense anything, Sir Ralyks!" Yuri responded, her face slowly resembling a professional.

"That's because they're still a distance off. Go tell the drivers and everyone else to be on their guard."

Yuri nodded slowly.

"Should we get prepared to stop?" Rey shook his head the moment she asked this.

"That won't be necessary. We'll deal with them while maintaining our usual pace—don't worry."

Rey didn't want any delays on their travels.

The estimated Travel Time factored moments where they would have to slow down or stop in case of enemy attacks, but Rey wanted to eliminate that completely.

It was already almost midnight, and Rey wanted to sleep as soon as he possibly could.

'I also have a busy day tomorrow, so the sooner this ends... the better for me.'

Thus, as he watched Yuri leave the carriage to speak to the drivers, Rey prepared himself for conflict.

'I just have to end things quickly, while also protecting the goods.' He sighed, closing his eyes for a moment.

"That shouldn't be too hard."

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Chapter 205 Dead Of Night [Pt 2]

~WHOOSH!~

The caravan was attacked by projectiles a few minutes after Ralyks mentioned the presence of enemy forces in the distance.

The dense cluster of trees in the distance danced back and forth, as if waving at the caravan as the several projectiles charged forth.

The gleaming rain of enchanted arrows descended upon the carriage from the sky.

Their number was overwhelming, and the strength within each arrow was enough to kill a man.

It was also safe to assume they were poisoned as well.

Normally, upon seeing so many attacks charging at a caravan full of valuables, the group was meant to stop, or even turn back as quickly as possible.

Defensive measures ought to be put in place as a result of the imminent threat approaching.

However, none of that was the case.

The group kept advancing as if there was nothing wrong.

As the winds whistled, the uncountable arrows nearing their targets with absolute precision, a sudden glow emerged.

It covered the entirety of the caravan.

~VWUUUM!~

In a single second, a bright golden light illuminated everything within range.

The drivers, the goods, and every single person and thing around the caravan was shrouded by the mysterious golden light.

As soon as the glowing arrows met and touched this barrier, they disintegrated into dust.

The night breeze carried the dust particles away, leaving the cheering caravan members roaring in victory and excitement.

They were assured that, as long as the defensive measures were active, they would be safe.

Yuri in particular seemed to have a wide grin as she stood on top of a carriage's roof.

She had seen everything play out, and now she couldn't resist the allure of what came next.

"Thank you, Sir Ralyks! Please keep protecting everyone while I take care of everything else!"

With a wide grin, she leaped from her position, leaving the golden barrier of light of her own volition.

~WHOOSH!~

Her destination was clear.

'I'll show those fools who dared to attack our caravan! I'll show all of them!'

Her body flickered with bright bursts of energy, and her speed increased tremendously.

A long blade appeared out of thin air, and she grasped it in no time at all.

Her eyes glowed very brightly, causing her to easily see through the veil of darkness and cover the distance she had with her enemies through sight alone.

In essence; [Night Vision] and [Farsight].

A second volley of arrows flew into the air, raining down on the caravan.

Yuri ignored them, considering the fact that she knew they couldn't break that defense no matter how hard they tried.

"Hehehe!" Cackles from Yuri echoed into the air as she advanced past the several trees.

Everything became a blur as she advanced with power.

And then—

~WHOOSH~

A projectile lunged at her, but she easily deflected it by swinging her sword.

Several more appeared, but Yuri made short work of them just as easily.

Her expert swings caused each weapon to be shredded into bits before they could even reach a few inches close to her body.

'Ranged fighters, eh? I'm guessing you won't do well in a one-on-one!'

She could already see the group that was responsible as they stood in a cluster.

She brandished her trusty Enchanted Weapon, and it began to shine brightly.

It was ready for some bloodshed.

Not long after, Yuri appeared in the clearing, where she met a few dozen men who could barely even gasp as soon as her silhouette made an appearance before them.

She was so fast that they hadn't even registered her presence.

'Just about fifty? I thought they'd be more considering the arrows. Or did they use Magic to duplicate them?'

Either way... Yuri didn't care.

They were all going to meet their end here anyway.

"Huu..." Her muscles bulged as soon as she took a deep breath, and her eyes focused on the men before her as a wild bird would stare at prey.

There was no mercy or hesitation to be found in her eyes.

Just a resolute decision to slaughter.

~VWUSH!~

In swift motion, she twisted her body and spun in the air, slicing through the night wind... and flesh.

Blood sprayed all around her, as fountains rose into the sky.

This eruption of crimson liquid sparkles under the glow of her blade, and with each strike she made, sparks of energy would electrify the air.

She moved from prey to prey, slicing off their arms and legs, with their heads following after, in what seemed like a single strike.

By the time she was done with nearly half of them, the others realized what was happening.

Or... almost.

They could only see a blur—a dangerous silhouette—killing their comrades, and they knew they were next.

In attempts of desperation, they opted to cast Spells and bombard this shadow-like demon with their combined might.

Unfortunately for them...

~SWISH!~

Before they could even get a word out, their heads were already flying in the air.

Each man could see the head of his comrade ascending as his own head soon joined.

It was only at that point, as they descended into death, that they could see the entity that wreaked such havoc and caused such carnage.

She was nothing more than a young woman.

"E-eh...?" They must have thought as everything in their mind went blank.

Death welcomed them into its embrace, and they were happy to escape the horrors of fear that Yuri offered.

With all the bodies plopping to the ground, she stood above all of them and gave a heavy sigh.

"Huuu..."

Her cold eyes watched the sticky blood cling to their multilateral bodies, and she watched the terror stricken expressions that decorated all the severed heads.

She felt nothing like remorse or pity for the fools who dared to defy her family.

Only purpose filled her blood-stained face.

"Subjugation complete."

With those words echoing in the air, she returned to the caravan, and into the carriage that Ralyks sat in.

Upon seeing his imposing mask of darkness, and his completely shady demeanor, Yuri couldn't help but grin with happiness.

"Hey, Sir Ralyks... you won't believe what just happened!"

*

Chapter 206 Dead Of Night [Pt 3]

'Strange...'

As Rey listened to the story that Yuri force fed to him, he felt something off about the entire situation.

'From how she described them, they don't seem like mere bandits.'

Their coordination, gear, and most of all... their abilities.

It was true that bandits existed in tiers, but it was very unlikely to see an entire group of bandits have that level of consistent power.

Besides, this was an established path by the KariBlanc Group, which was a big deal in the criminal underworld.

Rey found it strange that a mere group of bandits would want to attack their caravan and risk pissing off thr KariBlanc Group.

'Last but not least, their mode of operation—or should I say their method of attacking—feels shady.'

Bandits employed several strategies, but the one Rey had seen wasn't one of them.

At least, according to what he had studied on the subject.

'A bombardment of projectiles is used during times of war or intense conflict—where the goal is to obliterate your opponent.'

Yet...

'Why would bandits use such a method that risks harming the merchandise?'

Sure, the bombardment could also be used for ambushes, but it was almost always fatal and destructive,

Bandits could not afford to have their prospective items be damaged. It would reduce in value if that happened, or it could even have none.

As Rey stared at Yuri's face, he could tell that she wasn't thinking about any of these things.

She just seemed to be looking forward to the next fight.

"Your face..." Rey found himself blurting out as he noticed a splatter of blood around her cheek.

"Hm?"

Yuri didn't know what he was referring to, causing Rey to sigh.

It was too distracting, so he swiftly brought out a black linen fabric and used it to scrub her face.

In no time at all, the stain vanished.

"A-ahh! T-thank you... Sir Ralyks." She mumbled, suddenly acting flustered for the first time since they met,

'What's her deal?' Rey wondered to himself as he immersed himself back into his thoughts.

In no time at all, he arrived at a conclusion.

"I don't think those men were bandits."

The moment he said this, Yuri raised her brows and waited for him to explain.

"If I had to guess, I'd say they're more interested in making us fail, or destroying us and our goods, rather than plundering them."

"Oh? Why do you think so, Sir Ralyks?"

Rey wanted to yell the details at her, or tell her to use her head a little.

Considering the fact that she had been doing this job for much longer than he was, wasn't she supposed to be the expert here?

'I guess she was just their muscle.'

Rey eventually had to explain everything to her.

"A-ahh! I see. You're right!"

He wanted to roll his eyes so badly, but Rey gave in to his self control.

"So who do you think is responsible?"

The moment he was asked this, there was only one thought that came to his mind.

"The enemy side—specifically the Mercenary Gang."

Upon hearing this, Yuri's face began to form a frown. All the cheerfulness from earlier faded away.

"They're most definitely the ones responsible for your missing packages. I'm sure they hired a lot of Mercenary Gang members to block all your major travel paths, which means we would have encountered that same problem if we chose a different location.

So long as the routes led outside the Capital, they could have more enough muscles guarding everything.

'Looks like I learned a new Skill. [Lesser Object Enchant]. It's a D-Tier Skill, so it's pretty useless.'

Rey decided he would simply use [Merger] and combine a Skill like [Greater Weapon Summon].

"In any case, we should be on guard. If my guess is correct, then we might face even more formidable opponents as we travel."

"Hahahaha! They should come!" Yuri raised her arm and gave a wild smile. "I'll beat them all up!"

Rey found himself smiling for some reason underneath his mask, though he merely stuffs externally.

"Well... at least one of us is excited." He whispered as he gazed outside the window.

'I wonder what awaits us ahead...'

Fabian was a member of the esteemed Mercenary Gang.

He had regular brown hair, and slightly pale skin that couldn't be properly detected under the moonlight

He had just joined a few years ago, but thanks to his hard work and dedication to the group, he was promoted to 'Captain!'

That meant, for this group of fifty, he was the man in charge.

Fabian didn't allow this achievement of his to fuel his ego, but he knew he deserved every last bit of his success.

Just as in any respectable organization, the Mercenary Gang operated on a strict hierarchical system, and he had managed to climb the ranks.

Wasn't he just amazing?

"Sir, it seems the first Squad was wiped out." One of his subordinates came to him and spoke.

"W-what?! Already?!"

A head of sweat appeared on his face as soon as he heard that.

'What the hell did Miller do? How did he let them get past so easily?'

To be honest, Fabian wanted his comrade—Miller—to fail, but not before whittling down the numbers of the KariBlanc Group's traveling members.

He would pick apart the rest and end up with all the glory.

Unfortunately, things didn't seem to be going down that route.

"Miller isn't fodder, though. How would he and his squad lose so quickly?"

Sure, they excelled in long-range attacks, but he expected some time to be drawn out.

'But Jack's Exclusive Skill doesn't lie. If that's what happened, then that's what happened...!' Fabian sighed.

He just had to ensure that he took care of the mess by himself.

"S-sir, something's coming!" The voice of Jack, his right-hand man, soared through the air.

"W-what are you—?"

~SWISH!~

Before Fabian could complete his words, he saw a slit that completely encircled Jack's neck.

And then—

"E-eh...?"

Blood splashed everywhere, dousing Fabian in the crimson liquid of the man he had just been speaking to.

He looked around him and noticed that more heads were flying in the air and bodies were collapsing to the ground.

'W-what is happe—?'

Before he realized it too, his own head floated above his body.

Before Fabian even got to do anything, he realized the reason why Miller had lost.

'... FUCK!'

The enemy was too strong.

*

Chapter 207 Dead Of Night [Pt 4]

[STATUS WINDOW]

- Name: Yuri
- Race: Human
- Class: Berserker (C-Tier)
- Level: 99 (99.99% EXP)
- Life Force: 10 [50]
- Mana Level: 30/30 [100]
- Combat Ability: 61 [150]
- Stat Points: 0
- Skills (Exclusive): [Sword Mastery]
- Skills (Non-Exclusive): [Combat Application]. [Warrior's Mantle]. [Farsight]. [Night Vision].
- Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

[Additional Information]

A sword genius who was found and raised by the KariBlanc Group. She considers everyone in the company as family and would do anything for her family.

Even if it means killing anyone who stands in her way.

[End Of Information]

As Rey concluded his use of [Absolute Appraisal], he smiled slightly.

'Looks like she took care of them very quickly again.'

As Yuri returned into the carriage, Rey found himself observing her. First with [Absolute Appraisal], then a close investigation on her muscular body hidden underneath the baggy clothes.

'I guess she's pretty strong by this world's standards...' His thoughts trailed while seeing her excited grin.

Since he began his travels with Yuri, there were three things he had learned about her;

One was that she was very loud and playful.

Second was the fact that she could be cruel and sadistic.

And then, the third one was that she was incredibly clumsy.

Right now, she was trying to rub off the blood on her face, but she only made things worse for herself.

It almost felt like he was watching a child.

"Here." He muttered, bringing out a dark rag from his Ring.

'I have lots of them in stock in case I need to clean something that gets stained with blood.'

He never expected it to be used for someone else, but more importantly... he never thought they would clean human blood.

'Well, whatever. I've gone past the point of complaint anyway.' Rey shrugged

She had gotten a lot of stains on her attire, and there was nothing he could do about that, so he simply settled for her face.

He also gave her rags to clean her hands.

Once she was done, Rey instructed her to throw the rags to one of the bushes around, much to Yuri's surprise.

"Should we really be leaving traces?" She asked with raised brows.'

"The bodies we left behind are enough traces for those who care to find us. Besides, this can help the KariBlanc Group trace our position and detect how far we've come already."

"Ohhhh...!"

Rey didn't say anything after that, and thankfully... neither did Yuri.

The only time Rey spoke was to alert her of incoming enemies, to which she would dispose of in a jiffy.

They continued this process through the night/early morning, until they finally arrived at their destination.

The point of trade was a large clearing within a patch of land purchased by the KariBlanc Group.

It existed in a developing city, so there weren't too many inspections and regulations going on there.

Besides, since this was the KariBlanc Group's private property, they had every right and autonomy imaginable when it came to the land.

Of course, getting into the city was the toughest part of the entire journey—second only to leaving the capital—but even that wasn't much of an issue.

The KariBlanc Group wouldn't have been able to survive in the Black Market, talkless of beating one of its leaders, if they didn't have methods of circumventing such problems.

They were able to avoid detection thanks to the combined skills of the caravan members, who shrouded everything in Illusion Magic, while using a massive Enchanted fabric to cover the carriages and horses.

This caused them to be practically invisible as they literally flew into the city—past the tall fence that encircled the entire city.

It required a lot of Mana to achieve all these things, so the effects were only temporary.

Still, they succeeded in their infiltration.

Once they got past the security and got to their patch of land, they were pretty much in the safe zone.

"Good job, everyone!" Yuri grinned at the entire crew as she placed both hands on her hips.

They all smiled at her, charmed by her endearing nature.

These were all members of the criminal underworld, so they weren't turned off by the slight stains of blood that appeared on the girl's dress.

In fact, it sort of added to her appeal.

With everyone dismounted, they began to offload the items they were going to be trading.

Standing in a corner, and watching as everyone did their fair share of work, was Ralyks.

He was resting his back on one of the carriages while folding his arms in solitude.

A few men looked at him, glitters literally oozing from their eyes as they did so.

"I can't believe he could use such a large defensive barrier."

"I don't think things would have gone so smoothly if he wasn't present."

"He's really amazing."

The men who spoke weren't wrong.

Even Yuri had to admit that if she had been stuck on both offense and defense, things would have proven incredibly tough for her.

The only reason they could obtain such a swift victory—with no damage or casualties involved—was for the simple reason that the enemy hadn't expected a man of Ralyks' caliber to show up.

To a large extent, the enemy side had information about the KariBlanc Group.

They were well aware of their military power, their economic and social standing, as well as their specialties.

They even knew their trump cards.

As such, they could prepare the perfect plan to counter the KariBlanc Group's endeavors.

However... with Ralyks thrown into the mix as an unknown variable, the status quo was bound to change.

He was their dark horse that would lead them to victory.

A true hero!

'Looks like it's about to begin.' Rey smiled to himself as he folded his arm.

He was grinning under his mask as he sensed a presence approaching.

'Since they were all over our path, it was clear they knew where we were heading...'

Nothing about what was about to happen surprised Rey in the slightest.

Rather, it just made him more excited.

'This one is stronger than the others. I guess I have something to look forward to.'

*

Chapter 208 Dead Of Night [Pt 5]

"When do you think the buyer is going to show?"

Yuri was standing in front of Rey as she asked her question.

The team had offloaded all the goods they were going to sell. They were all inside crates, and from the looks of it, there appeared to be a few dozen of them.

Rey didn't know what was inside the crates, though he was sure they would tell him if he asked.

'It's just better I mind my business.' He thought, now staring straight into Yuri's gleaming eyes.

He didn't know how to respond to her question. Was he supposed to say something like;

"Sorry, but your buyer might not show up at all."

That would be too tiresome to explain.

He cast his gaze on the many boxes and felt a bit bad for the KariBlanc Group.

'It looks like these goods will be worth a lot of money. They must have been counting on this sale being successful in order to gain some liquid funds.'

It was a shame things turned out this way.

'They're closing in on us now. I'm sure Yuri will be able to sense something pretty soon.' Rey's thoughts trailed as he continued resting his back on the carriage.

Just like clockwork, Yuri's bright smile slowly began to vanish as she took a few steps back and closed her eyes.

"Something's wrong..." She whispered.

For Rey, he had already known about this for some minutes.

He already realized there were people watching them since they entered the city. The watchers were well-hidden, but his [Greater Sensory Perception] made their efforts useless to him.

"Sir Ralyks, I think we need to gather around and defend the merchandise. Something feels off about this..."

Rey nodded, somewhat happy that the girl before him had taken the initiative for once. free webnovel.com

He removed his back from the carriage and took a few steps forward.

"Agreed. Let's gather everyone."

The entire group was nothing more than ten.

With about five drivers and five members of the caravan who monitored the goods they were left in charge of.

Usually, when it involved goods such as this, the number of members expected was about triple the current size.

However, due to several reasons, this was the best approach the KariBlanc Group could take.

The ten caravan members were huddled together as a group, with Yuri and Ralyks in front of them.

The merchandise was also placed at their feet, so everything of true value was in close proximity.

With everything safe and accounted for, one would think they would heave sighs of relief.

No... that was far from the case.

They all had distraught expressions thanks to Yuri's worrisome countenance.

None of them were expert fighters, so they couldn't sense the fact that a bunch of strangers were closing in on them from every angle.

They could only sense that their best warrior was uneasy.

"We've been surrounded, everyone." Yuri announced, plain and simple.

"E-eh?"

"Y-you mean...?"

"That can't be...!"

The KariBlanc Group always ensured that their lands had defensive barriers surrounding them, preventing intruders from venturing in.

The only way to get in without setting off any alarm was to have a proper tag.

As one would expect, the caravan had this with them, so they were able to successfully enter the clearing within the mostly undeveloped land.

As for the only other person who was meant to have a tag...

"It seems your buyer was compromised." Ralyks commented, his tone the epitome of calmness.

Despite the panicky faces of everyone present, he seemed to be the only one who was collected.

"The way I see it, there are three possibilities." Ralyks continued, his gaze specifically on Yuri.

"One; the buyer was forcibly intercepted by the enemy forces and thus, they were able to get the tag. Two; the buyer betrayed the KariBlanc Group for some other benefit. Third; the buyer was the enemy all along, or at least their agent."

The caravan members trembled as they heard this.

They had traveled for hours, experienced tons of danger, only for them to realize they the profit they were looking forward to most likely didn't exist.

The first possibility implied that the buyer was most likely dead. The other two possibilities made it certain that their buyer would not be purchasing their merchandise.

In essence, a massive loss for the group.

"A-are you sure they are enemies? The ones approaching us... I mean."

"Y-yeah. Maybe they are just the buyer's entourage."

"It... could be for protection and—"

A heavy sigh from Yuri, followed by a "That's enough," was enough to stop the wishful thoughts of the men present.

She turned away from the ten and settled her gaze on Ralyks.

"The KariBlanc Group audits their customers well before doing business with them—especially if it requires Travel." Yuri responded.

Her words practically implied that the buyer was a legitimate client, thus eliminating the last option entirely.

However, Ralyks didn't back down so easily.

"Do you, now? I don't remember being put under any scrutiny or audits; and I've enlisted transportation services too."

"You are an exception, Sir Ralyks."

The moment Yuri said this, a slight chuckle escaped the Dark Adventurer's lips, displaying his clear amusement.

"Fair enough. I'll take your word for it."

He gave a slight shrug and stared into the distance, where silhouettes had already begun to form.

"I suppose there's only one way to know the truth for sure."

About a hundred people in total appeared from seemingly nowhere, surrounding the caravan in a very large circle.

Standing in the direction where Ralyks cast his gaze was a tall and immensely muscular figure.

There was no doubt who was in charge.

His ebony skin gilded under the moonlight, almost like it was a gem in itself. His incredibly muscular upper body was bare open for all to see, while he wore long trousers and walked barefoot.

He also had long beads strapped around his neck, as well as earrings on both his ears.

The ground trembled with every step he took, almost as if he weighed the same as a mountain.

The man held a massive spiky club in one hand, while his other hand stroked his long, bushy beards.

All in all, he resembled a barbarian who knew nothing but chaos and violence.

As his dreadlocks swayed back and forth thanks to the night's breeze, he grinned widely and announced his presence before the twelve who were trapped in the midst of him and his comrades.

"Hahahaha! Lambs to the slaughter!"

*

Chapter 209 Yuri's Rampage

"Hahaha! Lambs to the slaughter!"

As the man's deep, yet playful voice echoed in the dead of night, the bodies of everyone present shivered.

The air itself was vibrating as it congratulated his appearance.

As he placed the giant club he wielded on his shoulder, the beads he wore clattered and danced, bearing on his massive chest.

"Hehehe... look at their faces. They look like sniveling rats!"

As he said this, the hundred or so men that he commanded burst out into laughter.

He wasn't wrong, though.

The moment most of the people who gazed at him were able to fully capture his presence, they were shaking profusely.

Was it because they were surrounded by a hundred people? No... not really.

They could simply be protected like before.

Then what was it? What could cause such fear among the very people that had experienced safe travels thus far?

It had to do with the man who was speaking.

"T-that is... Ogun!"

"What is he doing here? H-how...?"

"This bad... really bad!"

The voices of the scared men reached the ears of the giant dark-skinned man, and he burst out into more laughter.

"Looks like you're not totally blinded by the darkness. You all know how fucked you are!"

More laughter echoed from the men around.

They were all dressed considerably casually. Other than a few Enchanted Items and weapons that they wielded, they looked like mere ruffians.

One could even think they weren't really serious about the plunder and slaughter they were intending on partaking in.

The reason for their lackadaisical attitude towards their gear and even proper defensive measures was due to the colossal being that was their champion.

Ogun; the Warrior of Blood and Iron!

He was one of the Nine Heads of the Mercenary Gang; a savage warrior who craved the blood of his victims and loved the thrill of battle.

His mere presence alone was enough to elicit sheer intimidation, and his power commanded respect. Even his name was enough to make one tremble.

Even Yuri, the fearless warrior of the KariBlanc Group, was not immune to the pressure he exuded.

"How... did you get in here? W-what happened to the buyer?" She managed to ask while summoning her blade to take a battle stance.

"Oho? This bitch has got some nerve... asking me questions like that..."

Yuri's gaze squinted slightly, showing just how intimidated she was of her opponent.

However, she refused to back down.

"Well, let's see..."

The spiky club that Ogun wielded fell to the ground, causing a gaping hole to form, and debris to scatter about.

The echoes of the earth's destruction caused many to shrink back or even jump in fright.

Still... Yuri maintained her stance.

"If you're talking about that artifact thingy, we swiped it off that guy's corpse after we murked him."

The pink-haired girl gritted her teeth as she watched the ebony man pull out something from his dirty pocket.

It was white and round, and it was covered in slimy-like liquid.

Ogun tossed it towards Yuri, allowing it to roll on the ground as it closed the distance towards her.

"I got to keep that as a souvenir, but you can keep it."

The white 'thing' tapped Yuri's shoes, and she looked down to see what it was.

It was an eyeball.

"You..."

Yuri's green eyes instantly began to brighten in rage, and energy swelled from her body.

It seemed like she totally forgot her fear and embraced the wrath that was slowly consuming her.

No one knew this, except Yuri, Asher, and Lord Blanc himself, but the man whose eyeball was now looking right at her was someone Yuri owed a great deal to.

He was the one who saw her skill with the sword and brought her to the KariBlanc Group.

Yet... here he was—dead.

"TLL KILL YOU...!!!"

~BOOOM!~

The ground shattered as Yuri rushed towards the man she glared at with such ominous hate.

Her fury knew no bounds as she activated her [Warrior's Mantle]. Pink energy consumed her body, and her eyes gleamed with bright light.

Still she wasn't done.

Her [Berserker] Class had a privilege, among others, that allowed her to attain even more power.

~Rampage~

In exchange for her properly functioning mental faculties, she would be granted an instant surge in power.

Up to triple the amount she already had.

"UROAAHHHHH!!!" She screamed, unable to properly utter coherent words at this point.

Drool fell from her mouth as she charged, parting the winds that stood in her way.

Within a second, she was able to traverse the several meters that existed between her and her target.

Her muscles enlarged as she tightly gripped her sword to deliver a powerful strike.

However...

~CLANG!~

Yuri's blade was met with the unyielding force of her opponent's spiky club.

Sparks flew as the both made contact, sending a shockwave flying all around them.

"GRRRRR!!!"

She twisted her body and absorbed the shock, rushing to his unprotected right flank to deal another damage, but before she realized it, the club was right next to her blade.

~SWOOSH!~

The thing rose up, pushing Yuri into the air with the brute strength being released by her grinning adversary.

It made her even more enraged.

"DIEEEEEEEEE!!!" She jumped away from the club, nimble like an animal.

She flipped in the air and landed right behind him—her prey—wielding her blade with the most power she could muster.

~SWOOSH!~

In one horizontal strike, the sword came crashing down.

And a second later—

"E-eh...?!"

—The blade shattered, all without drawing a single drop of blood from her adversary.

This despair brought back temporary clarity, as her eyes became clear for just a second, allowing for rational thought.

'What just... happened...?!'

Yuri was currently thrice as strong as she would be normally—
which meant her Base Stats had tripled.

She was sure her enchanted blade had made impact, and her swordsmanship skills were her pride.

Yet... after all her efforts... how in the world was she in the current scenario?

Right as she was thinking this, a powerful blow came from the man before her and dug itself right into her stomach.

"PUACK!" Vomit mixed with blood were forcefully ejected from Yuri's mouth as her bloodshot eyes seemed to neatly pop out of their sockets.

"Hahahaha! Pathetic! Did you really think you could win?"

As Yuri's body floated in the air, the man grabbed her short pink hair with one hand and landed another solid hit on her face with another.

That single blow shattered most of her teeth, dislocated her jaw, broke her nose, and squished her face.

... All in one moment!

"G-Gurgh!" She fell to the ground, covered in dirt and too powerless to stand.

Yuri felt her consciousness fading as her brain pounded.

She could hardly feel any pain, but her body wasn't responding to her any longer.

Her swollen eyes slightly popped open as her blurry vision caught the man holding his spiky club as he intended to smash it on her.

That would be more than enough to settle it; Yuri already realized it.

Once the club made contact with her body... she was going to be totally crushed by it, turning into a mix of thick red paste and mangled pink flesh.

She would die a brutal death... just like her victims.

'I don't... want to die...'

As the club descended upon her, Yuri had this one thought.

'Sir Blanc... Lord Asher... anyone... Please save me.'

Unfortunately, the two people she mentioned were nowhere near close to save her.

Still... there was someone who could.

And right as her blurry vision went dark and her consciousness faded, she saw someone appear before her and stop the club with a single hand.

A voice also whispered into the air.

"You've done enough. It's my turn."

*

Chapter 210 The Observer's Intervention

[Moments Earlier]

'Ogun? That name sounds familiar...'

As Rey watched everyone tremble before the man before them, he felt a bit left out.

Everyone already knew his identity, and they were muttering his name with scared tones. He became curious and resorted to the only way to satisfy his current state.

'[Absolute Appraisal].'

The moment he said this, Ogun's System Window appeared before him.

[STATUS WINDOW]

- Name: Ogun
- Race: Human
- Class: Chief Barbarian (B-Tier)
- Level: 121 (78.54% EXP)
- Life Force: 30 (+15) [+155]
- Mana Level: 50 (+25) [+175]
- Combat Ability: 100 (+50) [+200]
- Stat Points: 0
- Skills (Exclusive): [Damage Nullification]
- Skills (Non-Exclusive): [Power Output]. [Intimidation Aura]
- Alignment: Neutral Evil

[Additional Information]

One of the Nine Heads of Destruction; an Executive Member of the Mercenary Gang.

As someone who possesses immense strength and incredible defense, he is considered invincible by most.

[End Of Information]

"Ohhh!" Rey's eyes widened as he looked at the man's Stats.

'So these are his Stats?'

Rey had been hearing about the Mercenary Gang Executives and how scary they were, but he never expected to meet one of them so soon.

This man—Ogun—certainly looked the part, and based on the reaction of everyone, he was the real deal.

Plus, the System didn't lie.

Yet, after Rey's initial round of surprise, he couldn't help but feel something a bit off.

'That's strange, though... why are his Stats so low?'

He had heard that the Mercenary Gang Executives—Nine Heads of Destruction—were as strong as the Alliance's strongest, so he expected to see some really high numbers.

These seemed like a joke in comparison.

'Brutus is currently in Level 150, the highest Level attainable for those with the B-Tier Class. His Stats reflect that well, and his Bonus Stats are much more impressive than this guy's own.'

He never saw Brutus fully equip weapons and Items, so he didn't know how strong the man could get, but based on raw Stats alone, the Chief Warrior was already stronger than Ogun.

'And let's not talk about Lucielle. She's in Level 175 already, since the Cap for A-Tier is probably around Level 200, and her Stats are even higher than Brutus—well, except in the Combat Ability department.'

All in all, both of the Alliance's strongest were more powerful than the man before him.

'And they claim he can single/handedly kill a Dragon? With those Stats?'

Perhaps a One-Horn Dragon, but Rey doubted the man before him could do something like that with such Stats and his limited Skill-set.

'Unless...!' Rey's eyes narrowed on the Exclusive Skill that Ogun had on display.

'Is that what is at work? I can't see any details about it, but I'm curious about what it can do.'

Fortunately for Rey, while he was observing Ogun, the latter managed to piss off Yuri.

~BOOOM!~

Rey heard the ground shatter and watched as Yuri approached Ogun with an unbelievable amount of ferocity.

He had never seen her that way before.

'Her Stats are rising like crazy too!' Rey beamed as he watched everything going on with keen eyes.

He already knew her Stats were much lower than Ogun's, but with her tripling the base numbers, there was still a chance for her.

For one, Rey felt she would be more skilled in actual combat.

He wasn't wrong.

Despite the gap in Stats, Yuri did extremely well and fought an impressive fight.

By the time she landed behind Ogun and went for the kill, Rey felt strangely proud of her and watched what would happen.

That was when he saw what he had been looking for.

The effects of the [Damage Nullification] Skill!

'Doppel: Show Skills' Rey's thoughts trailed as he kept his gaze on what was happening before him.

[Skill Categories]

~ SS-Tier: 3

~ S-Tier: 8

~ A-Tier: 8

~ B-Tier: 12

~ C-Tier: 3

[New Skills: Please Select Their Categories]

~D-Tier: Intimidating Aura~

~C-Tier: Warrior's Mantle~

~C-Tier: Rampage~

~C-Tier: Damage Nullification~

[Total Skills: 38]

The moment Rey saw that it was C-Tier, his expectations slightly plummeted.

Still, he decided not to judge a Skill merely based on Tiers. After all, a lot of his favorite Skills had the same standards, yet they were pretty useful.

He tapped on the [Damage Nullification] icon to see its details.

[Skill Details]

[Damage Nullification]

Tier: C (Passive)

Ability: Gives the user a perfect body that nullifies any damage given, as long as they do not exceed your total Combat Ability

[End Of Information]

'Oho! This is actually really good!'

Rey felt a surge of dopamine hit his body as he took a second look at the Skill description.

'With this Skill, I won't even take damage from anything weaker than me.'

As long as his opponent's Combat Ability was lower—even if it was by 1 unit—he could not be harmed in the slightest.

'That's crazy!'

It was no wonder Ogun was called invincible. If anyone even remotely weaker than him faced him, it would end in their inevitable defeat.

'One people... a hundred... it doesn't even matter!'

As Rey was indulging in his thoughts, echoes of the battle reached his ears, causing him to pay attention again.

Once he did, he noticed Yuri on the ground, her face all messed up.

Ogun's massive spiky club was raised in the air, about to be smashed on her entire body.

'Okay... that's enough.'

In a single breath, he closed the distance between himself and the two who stood at a distance.

The club came crashing down, but he easily held it up, stopping the powerful thing mid-air.

He turned to Yuri, seeing as she was already losing consciousness while tears fell from her eyes.

Rey felt a little bad at this point.

"You've done enough. I'll take it from here." He muttered.

As he said this, he felt the weight behind the club increase, and the ground began to tremble as a result of the overwhelming pressure.

It made no difference to him, though.

"Take it from where? Hahahaha! Just because you—!"

"Hang on a moment." Rey interrupted the hulking man and pointed his unoccupied hand towards the unconscious Yuri.

With a single thought, he used [Absolute Healing] and caused her to recover instantly.

Then, he used his Spatial Magic to transport her to to the other ten who were trembling by themselves.

'I still have to protect the merchandise, don't I?'

He used [Absolute Perfect Defense] to generate a shield to cover the entire crew and the crates that were before them.

That way, they would be safe regardless of whatever harm the enemy could conjure up.

Once he was done with all of this, he turned to look at Ogun, who now had a surprised—almost wary—expression written on his face.

"Now where was I...?"

Before Rey could say any more, Ogun jumped back, causing the club to slip out of the former's hand.

"Ahh..."

Rey's gaze rested on the barbarian who now had a serious glare, losing all of the playful demeanor he started the confrontation with.

Right now, only an aura of danger enveloped him.

"You..." He pointed his spiky club at Rey and asked with a deep tone caressing his words.

"Who are you?"