

Extras 211

Chapter 211 The Barbarian Ogun

Ogun found himself wary inspite of himself.

His heartbeat slightly spoked up and he felt saliva gathering in his throat as it itched.

A cold pressure enveloped him; like tiny icicles piercing his skin and fusing him to back off.

The ebony man could not ignore these feelings

And so, he raised his club and asked the stranger who had displayed miraculous feats before him a simple, but pertinent question.

"Who... are you?!"

The man in the mask was a mystery. According to the intel he had received, the strongest in the KariBlanc Group—other than their leader himself—was Yuri.

There were also a few other notable individuals strong in the KariBlanc Group, but none matched the description of the man who stood before him.

No one mentioned anything about this guy, which meant he wasn't in the group, or perhaps wasn't simply regarded as strong.

But now that Ogun was staring at him now, he could tell without a doubt—

'He's stronger than that Yuri girl!'

Despite how Ogun looked and acted, he was actually a very logical individual.

He prided himself on the ability to think and make sensible decisions alongside the power to pummel down his enemies.

His intelligence was looked down on by the other Nine Heads, but he considered himself a master strategist.

"That man is strong. But is he stronger than me?"

So far, Ogun had seen him do a bunch of things that shouldn't have been possible by normal standards.

'He healed the girl instantly, and he also teleported her to the rest of the group. As for them...' Ogun slightly shifted his gaze towards the other KariBlanc members and their merchandise.

'... He is also protecting them with a barrier.'

All of these seemed to be high-level Skills that required some form of specialization.

There was no way he could have all of them at once—talkless of using them freely.

"They must be one-time use Skills. Or maybe even have large cooldowns.'

There was also the possibility that these were simply the effects of items—most likely consumables.

'Yes... yes, that's definitely it!'

Ogun simply couldn't imagine a scenario where this man before him was stronger.

"My name is Ogun! Warrior of Blood and Iron. I am a proud member of the Nine Heads of Destruction." Upon seeing that the masked man didn't respond, Ogun had to take the initiative.

As he spoke, he reminded himself of just how powerful he was.

'I'm a big deal, you know?'

Broadening his lips, he displayed his fanged teeth with such ferocity you'd think he was a wolf beast.

"The Great Ogun is asking you a question. You would do well not to waste my time and answer!"

As he said this, Ogun smashed his club's head on the ground, causing a small explosion of pressure.

Cheers from his men echoed into the air as they roared his name and sang his praises

"Hehehehe... hahahaha!!"

To him, all of it was music to his ears.

However, to the opponent...it had to symbolize danger.

'He's been standing there and watching while I beat the Yuri brat. I doubt he's very strong!'

Once Ogun convinced himself of this, completely erasing the memory of how the man had stopped his club mid-motion; or that the man was fast enough to leave his position without even alerting him.

No...

None of those mattered now.

"Since you've clearly proven yourself to be a mute, then I'd better put you out of your misery." Ogun smiled as he took a step forward.

"Weaklings like you should be—"

"Hey, can I ask a question?" The deep voice of the man in the mask suddenly pierced the air.

It caused instant silence, prompting even the cheering audience to cease their noises.

Ogun felt a bead of sweat forming on his face for no good reason.

"Tch. I don't need to—!" He ignored the question and was about to take a step forward.

Then—!

~BOOM!~

The earth before Ogun was destroyed by what pleaded to be claw marks.

It looked like five claws had scraped the ground, digging several layers inside as they shattered hard rock.

And all of it happened in an instant; faster than even his eyes could process.

"Are you the strongest of the Nine Heads of Destruction? If not, where would you rank your strength?"

The moment he heard this, Ogun felt a wave of shock course through him.

'Why is he asking me such a question?!

He quickly shrugged it off as the nonsensical babblings that a desperate man would utter.

"Dead men do not need to know such things!" He grinned.

"Hmm. True, but I do not see how that applies here..."

As Ogun heard this rebuttal, an uneasy feeling began to take over his body.

Only a handful of people could talk back at him when he spoke.

He wasn't comfortable in adding another to the list.

"Dead men indeed do not need to know certain things. That's why I didn't respond when you asked for my name."

Upon hearing, Ogun flared up instantly.

"You fool! You dare say such in my presence? I hope you can back those arrogant words with your actions!" He smashed his club on the ground again, creating massive cracks.

He was done thinking or analyzing.

He was a Barbarian, so he simply had to fight like one.

'[Power Output]! [Intimidation Aura]!

As soon as his thoughts echoed in the depths of his mind, his muscles swelled with overflowing energy.

Ogun didn't have a wide array of Skills. He preferred the term "quality over quantity."

Or, perhaps he was only stuck with a few Skills because he hardly did anything consistently to warrant him getting a new one.

But, Ogun didn't care.

He was plenty strong as he was now—far stronger than most humans could ever be in their lives.

'I can only think of two or three members of the Nine Heads that can match me in sheer power!'

He had the most destructive offense, and coupled with his impenetrable defense, he was truly invincible.

"I'll show you why you truly shouldn't have messed with me!" With veins appearing all over his head, Ogun licked his lips in anticipation.

"I'll beat you to a pulp!"

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Chapter 212 The Bloody Bat

Ogun only had three Skills.

The first one; his most important Skill which was exclusive to him alone—[Damage Nullification].

This was his golden finger; the sole Skill that made him capable of rising up the ranks and defeating countless opponents without getting as much as a scratch on him.

With it, unless someone was absurdly strong or if a much higher Level than him—with a better Class to boot—they could never compare to him.

Other than this Skill, he had two more.

[Power Output] and [Intimidation Aura].

The former allowed him to explosively increase his combat ability by increasing his strength to an unimaginable degree while also costing himself in dense, powerful Mana.

As for the latter Skill, it caused his opponents to tremble in fear; allowing them to grow paranoid and even sluggish in their movements.

Even the most skilled opponent would find it difficult to move properly if their body wasn't listening to them as a result of fear.

As Ogun tightly gripped his club, he activated its special ability.

~VWUUUUMMM!!!~

Dark red energy covered it, and blackish red lightning sparked around him as he chuckled like the monster that he was.

The earth around him caved in as his overwhelming power began to deep out in disturbing amounts.

His Club was called 'Barbarian's Bloody Bat' and it could imbue itself with energy equivalent to how many human lives it had extinguished.

Yes... human lives.

The gap in strength between each life taken wasn't too much, so he had to eliminate a lot of foes for the Club to have a slight boost in power.

It was almost like Leveling Up, but for a weapon.

It even got increasingly harder to see growth when he pummeled down weak foes, so Ogun currently sought stronger people to smash in with his club.

Right here and now, he had found two; Yuri and the man before him.

'After I kill both of them, I wonder how much stronger the Club will get...'

Ogun's thoughts were already dwelling in the realm of absolutes; there was no possibility of failure.

With all his preparations complete—his Enchanted Items working perfectly, and his Skills activated—Ogun felt like an overpowered beast.

He was ready to pounce on his prey.

'Hehehe... let's go!'

~WHOOOSH!~

He became a sharp blur, with traces of his eyes glowing red as he moved like the wind.

Everything in the world slowed down and he became the fastest thing moving.

It was a surreal experience, but Ogun did not let any of that distract him from his simple goal.

"I'll cave your face in with my Bloody Bat!" He yelled and took a sharp swing.

The weapon moved like a colossal mountain compressed into a mere club—carrying the entire pressure of wind as it moved.

Compared to the masked figure that stood still, it was too big, and it was bound to finish him off with a simple move.

'I wanted to enjoy this more, but it looks like this will soon be over...'

Ogun didn't know why he felt relieved by this conclusion, but he shrugged off those useless thoughts and watched as his weapon made its way to his victim's face.

It was the en—

"This weapon..."

As soon as that voice echoed, the masked man raised his hand and stopped the club mid-motion.

—AGAIN!

'I-it's not budging!' Ogun's bulging eyes clearly expressed his thoughts as he looked at the absolutely absurd scenario.

'How is this happening?!'

How could this man bare handedly stop a weapon that was almost as tall as he was?

He didn't even seem to be taking any damage!

"Why... why does it have such an ability...?" The masked man seemed to be trembling as he held the club.

As Ogun saw this, his creeping fear was slowly doused.

'He's under the effect of my [Intimidation Aura], and he's probably struggling under all that weight!'

Even though the stranger was using only one hand to stop the spiky club, Ogun still chose to believe that as the only reasonable explanation.

'Is he aware of Bloody Bat's ability? Looks like it intimidated him. Hehe... what a wuss!'

Ogun decided he would try a few more times and pummel his foe until he was nothing but mincemeat.

However—

'H-huh? Why isn't it budging...?!'

His club seemed to be stuck in place—unable to even shift the slightest bit.

It was as if it was being sucked further away from his grip the more he tried to pull away.

'What the he—?!'

~WUUUUM!~

Before Ogun could conclude his thoughts, he felt an overwhelmingly chilly aura spread from the man who stood before him.

It caused his body to tremble and his teeth to chatter.

"Why... did I have to copy such a Skill? Taking human lives in exchange for power...?"

Ogun could not see the expression that the masked man had under his guise, but he could tell that this wasn't fear.

Despite his trembling tone, this had to be something else.

"It's like you're giving me a reason to kill you. All of you..."

Ogun didn't know why he gulped the moment he heard those words.

"Why is this world... why do you keep driving me to this point? I don't want to do it, but... if I can grow stronger and save others in the process, then..."

Ogun didn't understand what the man before him was saying.

He could only feel something happening to his club.

'W-why is it trembling so much? It's shaking violently. Almost as if it—!'

~CRACK!!!~

In that split moment, the Barbarian's Bloody Bat that Ogun was so proud of experienced a drastic transformation.

Several cracks appeared all over it, all stemming from the point where it was held by the masked man.

Then—

~BOOOM!~

It shattered apart the next moment.

Like broken rocks—or particles of ice that had been broken to pieces by an even stronger force—the debris scattered all around.

The spiky club that had given this barbarian so much confidence simply broke to pieces like it was nothing but thin ice.

As the debris scattered, Ogun's moist and terribly confused eyes could see the masked man's crimson irises.

It shone with power, but there was something else buried underneath them.

Something deep... dark... disturbing.

It was bloodlust!

"... I think I might kill you."

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Chapter 213 Ogun Vs Ralyks

What is life? What is death?

Despite how long humanity has lived in this world, none of these two concepts have been satisfactorily answered or explored.

However, most would agree with their simple definition.

Life is simply the concept that best explains the state of being alive.

Death... is the opposite.

To experience death means to die...

Many proclaim to know what happens after death—eternal paradise, or torment, or even a limbo.

But no one knows for sure.

And so, for many, death is the ultimate end to anyone.

Everything is forever lost and fades into obscurity—as if it never existed.

Like tears in rain.

Ogun's eyes bulged as his weapon shattered right in front of him.

The pressure, as well as the force he had generated trying to pull his weapon away, caused his hulking body to fly back.

"Guh!" He grunted as his ebony body slid on the dirty ground.

Despite his skin being impenetrable, the sensation felt deeply uncomfortable.

Ogun held his head with one hand and shook it.

"Urgh..." He let out a deep breath and looked in front of him, hoping all that happened was just in his head.

However, upon seeing the masked man's outstretched hand and pieces of his club dropping from his grasp, he could no longer deny it.

The masked man had destroyed his club.

"My name is Ralyks, and while this wasn't my initial plan... I'm going to have to kill you here."

As those words reverberated in the night air, Ogun felt his body shake.

He could see from the glowing crimson eyes of his enemy that he was absolutely serious.

'Why?!'

No; Ogun realized how strange his thought process was.

In the first place, why wouldn't he kill him?

They were enemies, and Ogun would have done the same to him within a heartbeat.

In the Criminal Underworld, it was the fate of the loser to die—usually painful deaths—in the advent of the winner's triumph.

There was nothing strange about it.

"Now then..." A step was taking from the masked figure.

Ogun immediately slid back with his hands.

He was still on the ground, seated as he faced Ralyks—as he called himself.

He didn't know why, but with every advance made by the man, he found himself trying to widen the distance.

Who would ever think that a Head Of Destruction could act in such a shameful way? He also couldn't believe it.

It almost felt like his body was moving on its own.

'No...'

Ogun slid another few inches back.

'... No, I can't allow this...'

His bloodshot eyes quivered as Ralyks drew even closer.

'... I CAN'T LET IT END LIKE THIS!'

~BOOOM!~

The earth around him cracked as his gigantic body rose to its feet.

He felt immensely powerful once again; thanks to his [Power Output] Skill finally making a comeback.

All his Enchanted Items fueled him with confidence, but what made him most optimistic was his body itself.

'So what if he destroyed my Bloody Bat? I'm indestructible!'

Ogun's body gleamed like metal, and his muscles bulged as he tightened them in preparation for the showdown.

'I just have to be faster... stronger...!' Ogun knew that this man's seemingly overpowered strength wouldn't last forever.

He had to be using some kind of Skill—no, probably a bunch of them!

He could also be using Enchanted Items.

'Fuck! I should have considered that.'

Since he worked for the KariBlanc Group, chances were that he would receive tons of benefits from them. A bunch of Enchanted Items could not be out of the equation.

'He'll soon reach his limits. I just have to keep pummeling!'

Unlike the scrawny Ralyks, Ogun had been working out and building his body his entire life.

He was sure he had far more stamina; and since his defenses were guaranteed, he was sure who would last the longest.

'I just have to—!'

Before Ogun could complete his line of thought, Ralyks was right in front of him.

'T-teleportation?!'

Well, it didn't matter to Ogun in the slightest. The fact that his opponent was right in front of him meant only one thing.

His job was easier now.

"Time to dig in!"

He clenched his fists and began to launch a flurry of punches towards the masked figure.

Every blow that was sent out felt like it was being stopped by an unbreachable wall.

His attacks were doing nothing.

However, Ogun did not stop—he couldn't stop, no matter what!

"ORAAAAAAAAAAA!!!"

His muscles bulged even more, and his speed exploded to a phenomenal degree. He relentlessly continued his attacks, not even stopping for a second.

However—

"That's enough."

The next strike that Ogun sent towards Ralyks was suddenly directed back at him—almost like a counter.

All of a sudden, his bones shattered, and his arm became mangled.

"GUARK!" Blood sprayed out of his ebony skin as he staggered backwards.

'H-he used... a Counter-type Skill?!'

That was the only explanation that Ogun could think of, considering how he was harmed by how own ferocious blow,

"It's about time we ended this." As Ralyks spoke, Ogun's heart trembled.

He realized at that moment that he could be harmed.

'If he redirects my hits, then I'll take damage. I have to—!'

Right as Ogun was having these thoughts, trying to find his perfect footing, Ralyks suddenly appeared before him.

"Euk! Y-you—!"

~CRACK!~

Both of his knees were shattered instantly, and Ogun found himself kneeling on the ground before he realized what happened.

'E-eh? But... I didn't attack.' Ogun's eyes swelled in confusion.

How was he receiving DAMAGE?!

He tried to push himself up and leap from Ralyks so he could create some distance. But...

"Stay."

The small hand of the masked one touched his shoulder, and the pressure he generated caused Ogun's intentions to remain just that.

—Intentions!

He couldn't rise up thanks to the hand that kept him down, and even when he tried to pull the hand away, he was met with another shattered bone in his only viable hand.

"GAHH!"

Ogun, the invincible one, found himself kneeling in the presence of someone.

His two legs couldn't move, and both of his hands were no longer viable.

As the beads on his neck clacked hard on his tough chest, Ogun could only look at the ground—no, the man's shoes.

He was no longer the taller one.

Instead, Ralyks looked down on him from an elevated height—his crimson gaze filled with condescension.

'H-how did he do it...? I'm supposed to be... invincible...'

There was only one answer left for Ogun, and now he had no other choice but to accept it.

The man before him—Ralyks—was stronger than he was.

Far, far stronger!

He was probably on par with the Deadly Three, the way Ogun saw it.

'What now? What more can I do?'

The answer evaded Ogun. He could no longer fight, and he could no longer run.

He was just a useless limp of mangled flesh and broken bones; left at the mercy of the devil before him.

'Is this... the end?'

It was at this moment that Ogun had an epiphany.

He looked around him and saw the faces of his subordinates, and he yelled with all the strength he had left in his lungs.

"WHAT ARE YOU ALL WAITING FOR?! ATTACK!"

Ogun didn't care that saliva rushed out of his mouth as he spoke.

"KILL THAT BASTARD!"

He just wanted to live.

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Chapter 214 Making The Choice

"KILL THIS BASTARD!"

Ogun knew he had neither arm or leg to aid him, so he used the only weapon he had left.

—His words!

"I command you as your leader—as a Head of Destruction—kill him!"

The moment he said this, the scared and hesitant soldiers all grasped their weapons tightly and took battle stances.

Their blank faces showed that they were probably not moving of their volition.

"I see... some kind of mind control activated by command." Ralyks muttered as Ogun grinned with satisfaction.

The masked man wasn't wrong.

This was a special privilege given to every member of the Nine Heads of Destruction.

They could order lower members to do whatever, and they would listen. This wasn't the result of a Skill, but simply the crest that every member of the Mercenary Gang had.

It was imbued with a Magic Spell that bound them to the will of their leaders; hence, giving the latter the ability to control them.

'I can only give them simple instructions like this, but that's more than enough!'

Ogun knew that even a hundred men wouldn't be enough to kill the monster before him, but at the very least they could distract him.

'I'll use that chance to escape!'

During the chaos, he'd command two of the men to carry him out of the battlefield.

He was a battle-hardened warrior, but Ogun was not suicidal.

He would simply live to fight another day. After building his strength to the utmost degree, he would return for a second round.

'Yes! I'll rip him to shreds when that time comes. For now, though, I'll leave it to my subordinates.'

They usually just stood there while he fought all the battles for them, so this wasn't a heartless or wicked decision, right?

He had done so much for them, so the very least they could do was repay him for all his hard work.

That was how Ogun saw it.

"UWOOOAAHHHH!!!"

The army marched forward, all of them raising their blades and rushing towards the single foe.

The earth trembled as the air vibrated as a result of the noisy advance of a hundred men.

Bloodlust gathered around them, and from their blank gazes alone, it was clear they would only aim for the target's vitals.

'I can buy at least seven minutes... no, most likely five minutes with them.'

His men were weak, but they weren't useless.

'They just have to—'

"Hey..." The deep voice that woke him from the depth of his thoughts belonged to none other than Ralyks

Ogun didn't know when he raised his head as he heard the voice.

"... This counts as self-defense, right?"

Ogun did not comprehend what he was hearing at all.

"Self... defense...?"

As soon as he uttered those words, he saw all his subordinates suddenly get crushed by something invisible—as if it fell on them from above.

Their squished bodies caused fountains of blood to erupt from where they stood, and pink meat scattered in various directions.

"E-eh...?"

Just like that, Ogun watched as crimson liquid sprayed in multiple directions and the bones and flesh of his subordinates were ground into a mixed form that barely resembled anything human.

It was appalling—no, beyond appalling.

Ogun didn't think he knew any word that could properly describe the grotesque bloodshed he just witnessed.

This didn't seem like the action of a human at all.

It was the work of a MONSTER!

"W-who... who are you...?" Ogun didn't know how he still found the courage to speak, but he was able to mutter the question.

His well-trained subordinates had perished so easily to this entity before him.

He thought they would last five minutes, but they couldn't even last five seconds.

It was absurd! Too absurd!

As if that wasn't enough, the crimson gaze of the masked one fell on Ogun as he coldly spoke the words that caused the last strand of hope within him to snap.

"Next."

'I killed...'

As Rey's thoughts flowed, he absentmindedly stared at the frightened man in front of him.

'For the first time ever... I killed a human.'

There were actually a hundred of them, but there was no use counting at this point.

He had been taught that human life was infinitely precious, so a hundred times infinity still meant the same thing.

'To be honest, this doesn't feel any different from killing Monsters. But...'

Rey had to dismiss that thought.

He had to convince himself that something about what he just did had heavy significance.

Even though these men were scum—criminals who had done worse atrocities—did they have to die?

For what reason had he done this?

Well...

[Skill Details]

[Carnage]

Tier: B

Ability: You grow stronger based on the amount of human lives you take. Additional Stats will be stacked based on this number.

~Current Additional Stats~

Life Force: 10

Mana Level: 10

Combat Ability: 10

[End Of Information]

... It was all for this purpose.

'So, killing a hundred people gave me this amount.'

Was this the value of human life?

Could people be reduced to mere numbers in order to determine their worth?

Rey didn't know the answers.

He only knew one thing for certain, which prompted him to move forward.

'I... grew stronger.'

Just now, by killing these scum, he was able to gain at least seven Levels worth of Stats.

That had to count for something.

'No. This has to be different from Leveling Up. If I do everything for strength, then I'm no different from them.'

Rey knew he was different.

'I only did this because I had no choice. Self-defense.'

'Even Adonis killed Adam in self defense. I wouldn't say he is any less of the person he is because of it.'

By the same logic, he wasn't to blame for this.

Besides, humanity would benefit greatly from these few stats that he gained and the demise of the hundred criminals he had executed to get them.

Yes.

Rey found solace in the fact that right here, right now, he had done the right thing.

Was it good or bad?

It didn't matter to him in the slightest.

"It was necessary..." He whispered, now looking at the leader of the crew.

"And you are NEXT."

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Chapter 215 Interrogation

As Rey's crimson eyes glowed ever so bright, preparing for the execution, he looked through Ogun's Status Window once again.

Then, he ceased his initial plan.

'It would be a waste to just kill him. Since he's an executive member, I better collect as much information from him as possible.'

Rey had been having suspicions about the whole thing that had gone down, so in order to satisfy his curiosity, he decided to use the Barbarian before him.

Doing so wouldn't be difficult at all.

'[Absolute Mental Control].'

The moment he sent a pulse of energy to Ogun, the man's will was no longer his own.

He was reduced to nothing but Rey's slave.

"I have a few questions. Answer me as honestly and as accurately as possible. Understood?"

As Rey's voice echoed among the pile of flesh and blood, the barbarian slowly nodded with his blank face as he opened his lips to speak.

"Yes. I understand."

The first question Rey wanted to ask was the most pertinent one at the moment.

"Why did you attack us? Did Scylla hire you? Did the three Obsidian Councilors on her side hire you?"

Ogun shook his head to all of these questions.

"We were not hired by anyone. Our leader decided that we side with Lady Scylla and her New Order."

Rey ensured he used Sound Magic to broadcast everything Ogun was confessing so that the ten witnesses could hear him loud and clear.

"I see. Is it just your leader, or all of you?"

"The words of the Leader are the words of the Gang. The Mercenary Gang follows his wishes."

Rey nodded as he placed his hand on his mask's chin.

'It's as I suspected from the very start. The Mercenary Gang can't be trusted.'

Perhaps it was because he wasn't too involved in matters relating to the Criminal World, so the biases associated with certain principles didn't shackle his thought process the same way they did to people like Rebal Blanc.

He already suspected the possibility of the Mercenary Gang interfering in this conflict.

Still, Rey's knowledge was limited to mere guesses. For him to truly have something to work with, he needed more information.

"Why did your leader decide to join them? Did he tell you?"

"Why else? The benefits far outweigh the alternative. Those were his exact words..."

As Rey listened and mulled on Ogun's words, only one thing kept ringing in his mind.

It was a grim reality that he had to address.

'Rebal mentioned the reasons why the Mercenary Gang never chose a side, since it would be bad for business in the long run.'

However, there was an exception to the rule—a certain situation where their alliance with a side wouldn't result in any detriment at all.

'... The absolute annihilation of the other side.'

If the Mercenary Gang chose the winning team, and the losing side was to be absolutely removed from the map, there would be no bad blood.

'Sure, there would be less customers, but their influence would rise, and they'll get to plunder the resources of the losing team.'

The Mercenary Gang could even take over their territories.

'They certainly have enough power and influence to do that.'

As Rey looked at Ogun's blank face, he couldn't help but sigh in both worry and disappointment.

'Right now, Rebal's plans will have to be slightly tweaked, or else everything will crumble.'

Rey took a good look at the trembling caravan members, as well as the unconscious Yuri and shook his head slightly.

"This is why I didn't want us to play it too safe. While the enemy is making big moves, we're taking measured steps.'

The only reason he didn't interfere any further into the plan was due to his inexperience in the Black Market, as well as his place in the hierarchy.

'If things get too dire, maybe I'll say or do something.'

For now, though, he only intended to relay the information he got to Rebal and see what the man would do about it.

'Okay. A few more questions, and I think we're done here.'

"Tell me more about your—"

Right as Rey was about to ask his question, his extraordinary senses—which had [Danger Sense] already imbued in it—

warned him of something.

'Don't tell me...!'

Rey swiftly teleported away from Ogun, using his barrier to cover the man.

The ebony Ogun suddenly began to expand, as if suddenly bloated. Like a balloon, he grew massive in size, every part of his body growing at an astronomical rate.

Tears fell from his eyes, followed by streams of blood; the same thing happened with his mouth, nostrils and ears,

"H-help... meee..." Were the last words he uttered before meeting an inevitable end.

~BOOOM!~

The same way a balloon would pop after reaching its limits, the bag of meat and bones exploded.

Blood and gore splashed all over the interior of Rey's barrier, preventing any of the bloody flesh and thick blood from flying around.

Ogun died on the spot, his form unrecognizable from how it had been in the past.

'He was killed remotely, huh? Is it because he answered my questions? Was it automatic, or did someone activate it after knowing he revealed secrets?'

Rey had many questions, but it seemed he wouldn't be getting any here.

He looked at his Status Window, and just as he expected, the numbers he accrued from killing a hundred people had been added to his Stats.

'Looks like I won't be getting anything for Ogun's death.'

After all, he didn't kill with his own power.

'It's a shame, but at the very least, it looks like I've Leveled Up.'

Right there and then, Rey had successfully broken into Level 100.

'It's about time.'

[STATUS WINDOW]

- Name: Rey Skylar.

- Race: Human (Otherworlder)
- Class: Anomaly (A-Tier)
- Level: 100 (07.01% EXP)
- Life Force: 82 (+161) [+300]
- Mana Level: 199 (+161) [+500]
- Combat Ability: 140 (+161) [+500]
- Stat Points: 4
- Skills (Exclusive): [Doppel]
- Skills (Non-Exclusive): [Fusion/Fission]. [Merger]. [Dead Calm].
- Alignment: Neutral Good

[Additional Information]

You are an irregularity to the world. Achieving the unbelievable, shaking the balance of reality... you seek to overturn what is and isn't.

Will you succeed? Or will your failure be miserable?

[End Of Information]

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Chapter 216 Dire Straits

"U-urgh..."

Yuri slurred as she woke up, her body perfectly healthy despite remembering how badly she was wounded right before she passed out.

As she blinked several times, ensuring her blurry vision returned to normal, she noticed the ten people that stood around her.

"Miss Yuri! You're awake!"

"He said you'd be fine, but I'm happy to see you well."

"Miss Yuri!"

Yuri's blurry vision soon returned to normal, so she was able to see the concerned expressions of the caravan members.

'They're all safe. I'm also perfectly fine. Sir Ralyks must have helped...'

That was the only rational conclusion she could get to.

"Mhmm..." She slowly rose from the ground and looked around her.

They were all within a considerably large golden dome; big enough for them to move freely inside.

'Sir Ralyks must have erected this.' Her thoughts naturally trailed.

She could also see the merchandise safely placed in a corner within the barrier around them, and beyond it, she could see the charred surfaces of earth.

"What happened here...?" Yuri found herself whispering.

"Sir Ralyks happened!"

"He killed all of them in the blink of an eye and burned their corpses."

"Yes. I don't think I've ever seen a man so powerful and brutal."

As more people vividly described what happened to Yuri, she couldn't help but remember how foolish she had been to think he was soft in the past.

Back then, he had refused to kill anyone, so he considered him too merciful.

But now... upon hearing just how he went about business, Yuri was more than impressed.

She was amazed!

"So, where is Sir Ralyks now?" She asked, looking around her once again, but not seeing him anywhere.

"He said he'd be back soon; that he's off to check a Warehouse, per his agreement with Lord Blanc."

"I... see..."

Yuri knew the Warehouse Ralyks went to. It was the place that they kept the Enchanted Items they were going to sell to the Elves.

'I trust Sir Ralyks, so I'll leave everything in his hands.'

Yuri heaved a sigh and looked at her comrades with a gentle smile.

"I'm glad you are all fine."

In response, they all burst with the same sentiment; some hugging her with intense emotion.

'It seemed I worried everyone...' Her smile broadened a bit more.

There was no way she would ever be so careless again. For the sake of her family, she had to control her emotions and make the right choices.

She couldn't afford to lose any more people.

"By the way, Miss Yuri... there's something you should know."

As one of the couriers said this, the tone within the dome changed.

Everyone stared at her with worried expressions on their faces, and the anxiety was stifling.

"What is it? What's going on?" She had to ask, overwhelmed by both curiosity and a creeping sense of fear.

"The Mercenary Gang has sided with the enemy side, Miss Yuri."

"W-what?!" Her voice was loud, but that was understandable.

A major portion of the plan relied on getting the aid of the Mercenary Gang.

"That's right. Sir Ralyks interrogated Ogun before he died and extracted the information."

"It seems we can no longer rely on them."

This was serious news to Yuri, but she honestly had no energy to properly react to what she was hearing.

She was too downcast by the news

That wasn't even all.

"We don't have the money to afford them anyway, so I guess we wouldn't have been able to rely on them one way or the other."

This trade was supposed to help the KariBlanc Group with some of their finances—the first of many trades to help them generate enough funds for the conflict to come.

But, with the way things were now, they weren't going to get in the green anytime soon.

"Damn it. Looks like it's back to the drawing board." She gritted her teeth in frustration.

She could only pray that Lord Rebal Blanc and Lord Asher had a backup plan.

'Right now, we're in a very dangerous position.'

The only reason they were afloat was Ralyks and his support. If he was not an ally, things would have been much worse.

'I don't even want to imagine how they would be if he was our enemy.'

These thoughts were enough to assure Yuri that things weren't that bad.

They were currently operating within the best case scenario.

'We just need some luck.'

As she stared above, her gaze fixed on the night sky above, she smiled sadly.

'Please return safely, Sir Ralyks.'

'So this is the place...'

It barely took Rey thirty minutes to arrive at his designation despite it being cities away from his previous position.

Sure, they had been traveling Eastward, but not so far East.

On his way, he had seen so many settlements—including developing towns and small villages—but his speed made all of them appear like blurs.

Rey didn't know how many miles he had traversed, but with his [Grand Flight], coupled with a few Buffs, he was sure he had covered a lot of grounds.

'I memorized the map well, and since Rebal was detailed with his description, it wasn't too hard to find...'

Right now, he was floating right above what appeared to be considerably large mountains.

'But I know that they aren't mountains.'

This entire place was a warehouse, connected through several underground paths which led from one mountain to another.

'The KariBlanc sure is resourceful.' Rey could see about ten Mountains clustered together, so he knew he was in the right place.

'Just how massive is this warehouse for all of them to be filled with Enchanted Items for the Elves?'

There was only one way to find out, and Rey was about to begin his descent.

'I haven't forgotten about our deal, Rebal. However, since this is a remote area and there seems to be a lot of flaws in your plan... I think I'll help you out just a little.'

Rey smiled as his eyes flickered with dark purple.

'I might need to be a bit extreme in my measures.'

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Chapter 217 It's A Dragon!

The KariBlanc Eastern Warehouse.

It existed beyond the standard definitions of a warehouse, instead taking on a completely different form.

Ten snow-capped mountains clustered together, with secret entrances spread all around them, as well as passageways locked underneath the earth that led to one another.

It was a labyrinthine path ensured no outsider could ever comprehend the complicated activities that went on within it.

Inside this mountain, which had been drilled so that caves and caverns could be used to safely store valuable resources that were to be distributed to multiple areas within the Eastern Region.

However, this was merely one function of the warehouse.

Only half of it was used for storage, while the second half was used for production.

The products made within the Eastern Warehouse included many things, but due to the recent business with the Elves, they mostly consisted of Enchanted Items necessary for warfare.

Living quarters existed in both sections of the mountains, specifically for the workers there.

As a result, the Warehouse was self-sustaining, and more importantly, it was safe.

... Until now.

"IT'S A DRAGOOOOOONNNN!!!"

Screeches filled the chambers of the Warehouse as the very interior rumbled as a result of whatever was happening outside.

Just a minute ago, they were busy with their activities, but once the alarms rang from the watchtowers, and they realized what had come, everyone ceased their activities.

This was no time to work.

It was time to run.

"A DRAGON IS HERE!!!"

Screams filled the air as grown men and women cried like babies.

They trembled as they tried to find their way out of whatever center they were assigned to.

"RUN!!!"

Echoes of desperation filled the entire Warehouse, and before long there was a stampede.

Even those who had time off, or were resting in their rooms, heard the noises and jumped to their feet.

There was only one thing on everyone's mind.

—SURVIVAL!

~BOOOOOM!~

More volleys of what they presumed to be Dragon Breath caused portions of the ceiling to collapse.

Thankfully, no one suffered fatal injuries.

They all took the emergency escape tunnels and fled for their lives, leaving behind whatever they could.

No one dared go outside. They would take the hidden tunnels and journey through them for at least a mile before exiting through a cave that was considerably far from the Warehouse.

At the very least, they would be able to preserve their lives that way.

With everyone in a frenzy, no one dared to even think of coming back or fighting back.

In the presence of a Dragon, there was nothing anyone could do.

"Fuwaa..."

A yawn echoed from an extremely handsome man as he rose from his bed.

He was being tapped by two young maidens who shared his bed and sat at both his left and right.

"Hmm?" He raised his brow as he noticed the distraught look on their faces as their naked bodies greeted his sight.

'What's going on?' He looked around his grand room—a place fit for a king—and noticed that many things in it were vibrating.

'I can hear shouts and screams too...'

He had been feeling tremors and hearing noises, but he simply thought he was dreaming.

However, now that he was awake, it seemed the commotion wouldn't die down.

"Would you just shut up..." He grumbled as he itched his head.

His long black hair fell on his shoulders and scattered all over his face, and he stroked his bald chin gently.

As his sharp black eyes fell on the maiden beside him, he slowly opened his lips and asked his question.

"Why did you wake me up from my sleep? Haven't I told you that I don't like being disturbed?"

"W-well, sir..." The naked girl backed away, her hands trembling as she pulled them back.

Her moist eyes were filled with fear, and her face was pale with fear.

The reason was simple.

The man before her was one of the 9 Heads Of Destruction, and he had been placed as a guard of this place.

He had two personal rules when it came to his affairs.

One: No woman he called in was allowed to leave his presence unless he said so.

Two: No one was to wake him up when he was asleep.

Any who broke these two rules had to die.

~SPLOOOSH!~

Blood sprayed from the young lady's head as her head practically exploded.

"ARGHHHH!!!" A scream came from the lips of the second one as she watched splatters of blood rush from the gaping neck of her friend.

Why... why did she have to die such a brutal death?

It wasn't their fault that this pervert of a man summoned them to his room and had his fun with them through the night.

They wouldn't even have dared to wake him up, but they had no choice.

"L-Lord Phobio... w-we had no..."

"... Too loud..."

~SPLOOOOSSH!~

The destruction of the other girl's head caused the ringing in the handsome young man's ears to stop, and he smiled in satisfaction once it happened.

The blood that splattered from both girls were not floating in the air, like liquid bubbles in the air.

Not a single drop had splashed on his body.

Instead, more began to rise from the necks of the women until they became nothing but dried-up corpses.

All the blood gathered together to form one large sphere of blood.

"Haaa... finally some quiet." He whispered, ignoring the sphere that was floating next to him.

"So, what exactly happened? What's causing the commotion?"

Unfortunately, there was no one in the room to answer him.

"Tch. Why did I kill them? Am I still asleep, or..."

Lord Phobio, as he was called, rose from his bed with a lazy groan.

He was naked, so his lean, but well-toned body was exposed in all its majesty. He put on a white robe and a pair of sandals, leaving his bedroom for the Living Room.

As he did so, the sphere of blood followed him.

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Chapter 218 The Great Lord Phobio

Phobio arrived in the parlor, a glamorously furnished place that made him nothing short of a nobleman.

No one would ever expect such a room like this to exist deep within the mountains.

And yet...

"Let's find out what happened, shall we?" As he muttered this, he went to a corner of the room where a mirror was hung on the wall.

He took a minute or two to observe his handsome face and his perfect body. He was extremely gorgeous, and even his 'tool' down there was too large to be true.

Many women had testified to this.

It was only after checking himself out a couple of times that Phobio reminded himself that he had come to the mirror for an important purpose.

... Besides checking out his body, of course.

"Show me what's going on outside." As Phobio said this, the mirror stopped reflecting him, instead displaying the havoc that was ensuing within the warehouse.

"They're all fleeing, eh? Interesting..."

There were a couple thousand workers that lived and worked in the KariBlanc Eastern Warehouse; and this was the count after he had executed a few hundred to serve as examples to the rest.

After taking control of this place, the rules were pretty simple.

The workers would work in exchange for their lives.

They weren't getting paid—at least, not in cash. Still, that didn't mean they could do shoddy work or desert their work posts.

"Looks like I'll have to teach them a lesson."

He placed a hand on the mirror and muttered a few words.

"Activate the emergency trap."

The moment he said this, the mirror glowed bright crimson, and what soon followed were screams of chaos and death.

When he took over, he—with the help of a colleague—installed arrows more than three times the total number of workers within the Warehouse.

He placed them on the ceiling of the path that led to the other end of the emergency exit—that is, the emergency tunnels.

Each arrow was poisoned, so normal people who served as workers didn't stand a chance even if they were grazed by one.

As a result... a massacre ensued.

"How dare they try to desert their workplace..." He whispered, smiling as he could see pretty much all of the workers dead,

All those thousands of lives extinguished.

"I'll have to get new workers. Well, it shouldn't be a problem... right?"

Frankly speaking, Phobio didn't care.

He would just do what he wanted to do; the same as he had always done.

The very reason he joined the Mercenary Gang was for that purpose, and he knew just how valuable he was to them, so it wasn't like they could reprimand him too much.

Who else among them had a Skill they could manipulate Blood?

... A Skill as rare as Spatial Magic or Gravity Manipulation.

The only reason he wasn't among the Deadly Three was because he simply didn't care for it.

Being recognized as the strongest within the Mercenary Gang meant more responsibility, and Phobio didn't care for any of that at the moment.

Phobio simply wanted to drink, sleep, have fun with women, and jerk himself off as he stared at his reflection.

Perhaps there were other things he would desire in the future, but for now... he didn't really want much else.

"Ahh... I never found out the source of the commotion."

From what he could see from the mirror, it seemed all the workers were dead, but Phobio suspected that a few could still be alive.

'Maybe some won't die immediately from the poison. I'll just extract information from them before I eliminate them.'

Phobio wasn't sure if they would be honest with him if he didn't offer an incentive, so he decided to lie that he would save them if they told him what he wanted to know.

'A good plan. Now then... let's go.'

Phobio's soft white robe danced as his flip flop squeaked on the ground.

He only came to a halt once he reached the pool of blood that littered his sight.

The blood on the ground slowly began to gravitate towards him, and into the sphere that stood beside him.

All of it was drained from the ground and sucked into the crimson orb.

As a result, only lifeless husks with pale skin littered his sight.

"Ahh... they're all dead." Phobio murmured, slapping his hand on his face.

As he stared at the emaciated corpses, an expression of disgust appeared on his face.

"Why couldn't one of you just hang on until I came? Bunch of useless weaklings."

They weren't like him at all.

He—Lord Phobio—was special, even from the moment he was born.

"Looks like I'll have to investigate myse—"

"How unexpected..." A voice suddenly echoed within the massive clearing that Phobio stood in, forcing him to cease his words.

He could feel a prickling sensation behind him, so he quickly turned and looked in the direction of the only other living entity in the room.

'H-huh...?!' His gaze met someone who wore a black hooded cape, with red designs on the fur portions of it

He had a black coat on as well, with a black mask hiding his face.

"... To think there was still someone left." The masked individual said, taking a step forward.

"Who the hell are you?" Phobio asked, his loud voice filled with annoyance.

'I didn't even notice his presence until he spoke. He's not normal!' Phobio narrowed his gaze instantly.

The masked fellow certainly wasn't as special as he was, but he was formidable.

He had to admit that much.

"Drained corpses? Did you kill all those people?" The masked man asked, pointing at the dead bodies of the dead KariBlanc Group employees.

"Pretty much. But you've not answered my question yet."

Phobio was ready to strike down the man in front of him if he ignored his question again.

He was already being generous by forgiving his impudence once.

"Who am I? Well, that changes depending on who you ask. But, I guess for this event's purposes... I am a Dragon."

The moment the masked man said this, his eyes glowed purple, and an indescribable aura filled the air.

Phobio couldn't deny it even if he tried.

"This man... is a Dragon!"

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Chapter 219 Phobio Vs Dragon [Pt 1]

Lord Phobio; The Crimson Angel.

That was what his name within the Mercenary Gang—though some would argue that his true nature resembled a devil more than an Angel.

He had a beautifully crafted face, and his body was toned to perfection.

As he stood there, watching the Dragon announce itself, he couldn't help but leak out a wry grin.

"Kekeke... you're a Dragon, huh?" His lips slowly curled up, revealing a twisted grin that handsome men shouldn't have.

Phobio looked like a snake at that point, his entire demeanor contorted to form an ugly mask of amusement.

"So what? So what if you're a Dragon?" He asked, his body suddenly relaxing as he kept up his cackles.

"Hm? Aren't you supposed to be frightened or something?"

"Nope! Why would I be?"

Phobio feared no one. That had been the case since he was little.

His special ability made it so that he was always very strong. In fact, he was the one who was always feared by those around him.

Also...

"I've killed a Dragon before, so it's no big deal. It seems you came here to attack us, so I'll just kill you too..."

The way Phobio spoke was with confidence and finesse.

Even though he wasn't wearing a lot of Enchanted Items, he still had the confidence to win.

His white robe and dark brown sandals were the only two Items he had on, and they were far from his usual set.

Still, he was confident.

'The blood I've amassed from thousands of people should be enough for this guy...'

Particles of Mana was trapped in the blood of people, so if he collected their blood, he was collating a lot of Mana in the process.

Not only would the energy add impact to his Spells, but it wouldn't consume too much energy on his part.

He could keep going on and on.

"I see. I'm curious, though, what kind of Dragon did you defeat?" The Dragon asked.

He seemed to be scoffing at Phobio, as if disbelieving his words.

"How would I remember the kind of Dragon? I don't care to remember such things."

Phobio wasn't lying. He didn't care enough to recollect the kinds of enemies he had faced, especially if they lost.

The defeated had no value in his eyes

"You probably fought a weak Dragon. I'm a strong one, you know?"

Veins appeared all over Phobio's head the moment he heard this.

He had never felt so insulted in all his life.

"What the hell are you trying to say?" He growled, the sphere of blood beside him already bubbling with energy.

What would happen next depends on the next word given by the humanoid Dragon.

"Haha! Sorry! It seems your brain can't comprehend what I'm telling you, so why don't I break it down for you?" As the Dragon spoke, he stretched a hand towards Phobio, gesturing for a moment,

"I'm telling you, it'll be okay for me. After all... you're weak."

"...."

Phobio's wide eyes took in the Dragon's humanoid form as he heard those words.

His eyes that were littered in darkness suddenly began to have a red glow to them.

"Did you just... call me weak...?"

His long black hair began to rise, and an incredibly dense layer of Mana erupted from within him.

The amount of energy generated caused distortion in the air, but Phobio cared for nothing like that.

He simply wanted to show the ignorant Dragon in front of him who was boss.

'Those two fools must have known it was a Dragon, which is why they woke me up...'

They couldn't leave his side since he had instructed them not to, so they resorted to the least severe option—and for good reason.

'Those two knew I could beat the Dragon, which is why they fervently stayed by my side rather than run off.' Phobio's thoughts echoed deep within him, so he couldn't help but smile internally.

'I understand now. Those girls... they should have explained or said something quickly.'

Phobio thought it was a shame to see them die.

'Well... they brought it upon themselves. Just like this fool here!'

The Masked Dragon stood still, watching as Phobio's Mana undulated.

It almost seemed like the thing wasn't even fazed by the power being released.

'You can't fool me!' The man gritted his teeth as he activated his three other Skills.

[Great Protection Cloak]. [Superior Self]. [True Detection]. [Bloodlust].

Each of these Skills had their benefits, and by using them at once—alongside his [Greater Blood Magic]—he was pretty much invincible.

'I'm not with any of my standard Items. But, I can compensate for that weakness with this amount of blood. It's not most times I get to have something like this...'

Even though this was the coalition of blood from vermin, it still had its uses.

"Oi, Dragon!" Phobio's enraged eyes glowed a different shade of red compared to the Dragon,

"Get ready to die!"

"Oka—?"

~WHOOOSH!~

Like a ghost, Phobio instantly appeared behind the Dragon, a blade already in his grasp.

After using [Superior Self], a Buff that raised his physical abilities to the very limits, Phobio had no problem quickly making a sharp and long blade out of blood.

His crimson weapon was going to be dyed in blood as soon as he slashed the bare back of his enemy.

His [Great Protection Cloak] was going to be useless in this fight, now that Phobio thought of it.

"The enemy will perish! Right here and now!"

[True Detection] had told him that attacking his opponent's back was the best move at the moment, and he followed suit instantly.

As for [Bloodlust], it caused his opponent to feel a paralyzing sensation that prevented them from reacting properly to his attacks.

Some targets, who had weaker mental states, would even see illusions of them dying before they experienced actual death.

Phobio had combined all of these Skills in order to deal a decisive strike.

He could ask all the questions later,

~WHOOOSH!~

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Chapter 220 Phobio Vs Dragon [Pt 2]

~WHOOSH!~

The vertical strike was smooth and straightforward.

It was bound to slice through his opponent from head to toe; shattering his skull and rending every organ he had inside.

It would be like a hot knife running through butter!

The attack descended.

Then—

~CLANG!~

As soon as the blood sword reached the Dragon's head, a loud noise filled the room.

... Almost as if the blade had hit an unbreakable wall.

Phobio took a few steps back in recoil as his brain tried to process the whole thing.

'H-huh...? What just happe—?!'

Before he could complete his line of thoughts, the blade that he now held in his trembling hand shattered before his very eyes and scattered about like glass.

'What?!'

The glass-like components of the blade turned into blood and soon returned to the orb that hovered beside Phobio.

As long as he was still alive, and there was still blood, it would gather around him.

That was a Special Privilege of his Class.

However, Phobio wasn't concerned about any benefits or Class at the moment.

Only one thing filled his mind.

'How did this guy... shatter my blade.

The blade was made of concentrated blood—the kind that had the combined fluid of hundreds of people.

'I don't see any armor or Skill being used. Is he just that durable?'

Dragons were famed to be the strongest in H'Trae, so it was a given that they would have tough skins.

That was precisely why Phobio went for a dense weapon.

'To think even that wasn't enough to do any damage!'

Phobio's eased facade slowly began to crumble.

"My turn." He suddenly heard a voice from the Dragon in front of him.

It scared him to his bones.

~WHOOM!~

The 'thing' closed the distance between them in a flash, sending his hand flying towards Phobio in a rush.

'Euk!' Phobio couldn't react on time, so he covered his face while stepping back.

He looked like a pitiful coward, and the approaching fist would have bashed his head at that very moment.

However...

~BOOOM!~

... His second Class privilege came in handy.

A dense shield made up of blood now manifested before him, defending him from the fiend that would have surely blown off his head.

"Guh!"

The shockwaves generated by the attack was enough to cause Phobio to stagger a few steps back as his widened eyes watched as his shield broke apart in horror.

"I'm not done." The Dragon's voice echoed past the crumbling blood as he rushed towards Phobio again.

"Tch! I gotta evade!" The young man ducked to his side, barely avoiding the impact that caused the very ground to shatter apart.

The Dragon fluidly rushed to his location, but he used his actively nimble body to avoid the slew of attacks he was receiving.

His long black hair danced as he avoided death-causing hits.

However; there was only so much luck a man could receive.

~WHOOSH!~

The Dragon appeared right as Phobio moved to a new position, almost as if he had already known he would retreat there.

What happened there was no one's surprise.

~BOOOM!~

The punch carried so much weight that Phobio felt his body shooting him signals of instant pain as he was sent flying to the closest wall behind him.

The very thing cracked as Phobio's body dug a hole in it.

"Puack!" Blood spurted out of his lips as he helplessly remained hanging in the wall.

The bloody mess on his chest also stood out.

"Do you understand now...? Why I said you're weak?"

As the Dragon's voice echoed in Phobio's ears, he could feel something heat up within him.

It was rising from his depths.

"You..." Phobio's bulging eyes were fixated on the Dragon as he had this thought.

"You dare hit me...?!"

As his voice echoed in the vast expanse, all the blood that had been gathered slowly began to rush towards him.

"YOU DARE?!"

As soon as the sphere touched Phobio, the crimson liquid exploded into a river of blood.

The river coalesced to form something massive, with Phobio in the center.

The ceiling trembled, and the ground cracked as the thing that was forming had too much mass and power to be contained within the area.

"Looks like this place is too cramped. Let's take this outside." The Dragon suggested.

Before Phobio could say a single word, the being flew high into the ceiling, creating a path for itself as debris flew everywhere,

"WAIT! COME BACK HERE!"

Phobio roared in rage as he saw his prey leave. His blood-shot eyes made it clear that he wouldn't rest until he ended the beast's life,

His massive crimson construct was pretty much done, so he rose to the surface in a blur as well.

In a rush of crimson, he ascended to meet his prey.

And in no time at all... he was outside the safe region of the Warehouse mountains.

That was when he saw the true reason his subordinates had been fleeing all this time.

'W-what is all this...?'

The darkness could not cover what he was witnessing.

Several layers of destruction were finely displayed all around the mountains; with some even on them.

Considerable damage had been done to the nearby areas, and from the chaos he was witnessing, Phobio was convinced the Dragon he was facing was the real deal.

'Would I have been able to replicate this...?' He asked himself, watching the sheer scale of destruction.

'No. I can't think that way!'

Just because the Dragon had superior firepower, it didn't mean he wouldn't win.

Every beast had a weakness, after all.

"Did you like my redecoration?" The Dragon appeared in front of Phobio, as if it had always been there.

The mask was still on, and his dark cloak danced with the cool breeze.

"YOU!"

Initially, Phobio wanted to kill the Dragon just because; and also because it was a threat to his group.

But now, this was personal.

In his current form, it was indeed very possible, so Phobio felt no need to hold himself back any longer.

He had to end this!