

Extras 221

Chapter 221 Phobio Vs Dragon [Pt 3]

A creature of red.

It had crimson wings, as well as scarlet armor that covered its entire body.

It somehow resembled a woman who could pass as a battle-hardened warrior at any time; with long hair made from hardened blood, and an irresistible face dyed in red.

It stood at about fifteen meters—a colossal entity by all means.

The blood construct had a blade on both hands, appearing pristine and battle-ready at the same time.

This was Phobio's ultimate technique—Crimson Valkyrie!

The very reason why he was granted the nickname 'The Crimson Angel' was precisely due to this form of his

The Valkyrie was not a living construct, but merely a golem-like entity that responded to Phobio's whims and commands.

The thing looked at the target, just as Phobio did from within its thick armor

There was a mirror similar to the one he had in his room so he was able to perfectly observe what was going on without exposing himself.

He was simply going to be content watching his foe turn into nothing but flesh paste right in front of his eyes.

There would be nothing more satisfying.

"I see. So we're going with an epic final boss CGI battle, huh?" He heard the Dragon say from his distance.

Phobio didn't understand what CGI meant. He just wanted his enemy out of his sight.

"I guess I'll show you my true form...."

Phobio's tense body quivered a little, but he stood his ground.

'Relax, Phobio. So what if transforms! It's not like you haven't faced a Dragon before.

With so much blood at his disposal, he was currently at an advantage.

There was no possibility of failure.

Then—

~VWUUUUUMMM!~

—Once the Dragon's true form emerged, Phobio wasn't so sure anymore.

The being was massive—perhaps more massive than the Crimson Valkyrie—and its monstrous form sent terror flowing through even Phobio's body.

It had three twisted horns, and its scaly body gleamed with ominous power.

Its bluish purple eyes glowed with horror, and misty breath proceeded from its dragon-like jaw.

Of course, it had wings to keep it afloat, and its tail danced as if floated.

As both colossal entities stared each other down, Phobio didn't know when he took a huge gulp of saliva.

He could feel a part of his body shaking.

'No... No!'

He didn't want to accept it.

'That thing isn't stronger than me! It's not stronger than my Trump card!'

He could never accept it.

'I'll destroy it right here and now!'

And so Phobio gave his bloody construct one simple instruction.

"Crimson Valkyrie... KILL THAT DRAGON!"

'I see. So that's his trump card?'

As Rey's Dragon Eyes took in the opponent he had to face, he nearly gave a sigh.

'It's pretty strong and durable, but... not a threat.

Rey also had the same thoughts about Phobio.

'I can't believe he is also one of the leaders of the Mercenary Gang.'

His Stats were even lesser than Ogun's, but it seemed he made up for it when it came to Skill.

'Blood Magic, huh? This is the first time I've seen something like this.

Of course, he copied all the guy's abilities, and he was partially curious about whether or not he could control Phobio's construct.

'But now isn't the time. I've messed around for too long, so I should probably wrap things up.'

After all, there was no point playing around again.

'The original plan was to scare everyone away by pretending to be a Dragon and helping Rebal recover the warehouse.'

It was supposed to be that simple.

'But this idiot went and killed everyone I was trying to save.'

It pissed Rey off, but he managed to swallow his dissatisfaction.

'Now that the original plan has been compromised, there's no witness to tell the superiors what I want them to think happened.'

If the survivors had fled, the Mercenary Gang would be able to confirm that this was the work of a Dragon—not in any way connected to KariBlanc and the other Groups..

That way, no war would start.

'In fact, the opposite might happen. They might become very wary and be on the defensive for a while.'

Doing that would give the KariBlanc Group more room to breathe and time to figure things out.

'The issue now is that they're all dead. Which means...'

Yup, there was no other choice.

'... I'll have to make him my sole survivor somehow.'

To Rey, that meant aiming for non-lethal spots and incapacitating the Crimson Valkyrie

'Shouldn't be too hard.'

He could see the enemy already brandishing their blade, getting ready to attack, so Rey prepared himself as well.

He was already much faster than Phobio, but he couldn't be certain about the Crimson Valkyrie.

~WHOOSH!~

The thing rushed to Rey to deal the first strike, but he easily evaded it.

'It seems I'm still just as fast and agile as I am in my normal form.'

The issue was his size. He still wasn't completely used to it, but that didn't mean he couldn't avoid the entire strikes completely.

~SWISH!~

~FWISH!~

~WHISH!~

The crimson blades of the Crimson Valkyrie danced in the air as Rey dodged everything.

After a few more strikes, he was finally able to detect where his opponent was.

'The chest region, huh?'

With it already figured out, as well as his enemy being much weaker than he was, Rey figured it was the best time to finish things.

'[Dragon Breath: Dark].'

With this single thought echoing in his mind, Rey opened his dragon mouth and released the pent-up energy locked within.

~BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!~

The instant the dark breath touched the hardened blood, the latter could not stand it and instantly vaporized.

Rey aimed for the head, so the Crimson Valkyrie was now headless,

However, since that was only for decoration, the thing attacked again; this time trying to use its two blades to slice her down.

This time, Rey held both of the Valkyrie's hands with his large dragon-like ones, easily stopping them in their tracks.

And then...

~SQUELCH!~

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Chapter 222 The Dragon's Victory

Blood sprayed out of the Crimson Valkyrie's two arms as Rey ripped them out in an instant.

Without both hands and a head, the colossal thing was pretty much done for.

He used [Greater Corrosion] on the blood-red hands so they would never return to the Blood User.

If it wanted to regenerate its body, then there were two options.

'Spread out the condensed blood and lose durability, or reduce the mass and maintain it.'

Unsurprisingly, the opponent chose the latter option.

Blood gathered in the damaged regions as the Valkyrie flew a considerable distance from Dragon Rey.

The Crimson Valkyrie was now about eleven or so meters tall, with its body seemingly as good as new.

"You beast!" He heard Phobio's voice echo from within the massive thing,

"I'LL KILL YOU! I'VE KILLED DRAGONS BEFORE!"

Rey sighed and shook his head.

'I'm sure now. These guys haven't killed any strong Dragons.'

Their Stats were nice, but a joke compared to a Dragon Commander's

'And I'm stronger than a Dragon Commander, so...'

There was no need to even respond, so Rey simply waited for the Valkyrie to attack before he finished it off.

The colossal thing stood at a distance, instead forming several projectiles from blood.

'Yeah... sure. That would only reduce your size. Go ahead, though.' Rey nearly rolled his eyes when he saw this.

Phobio had to have figured out how useless it was to attack him in close-range. So he chose a long-range battle.

For Rey, though, they were one and the same.

~FWOOSH!~

Like several arrows cutting through the wind to reach their targets, so too did the blood spikes rush in Rey's direction.

However, by merely activating [Absolute Perfect Defense], the moment the blood touched the barrier around him... it vaporized.

Every spike was reduced to dust.

"W-sha—?!"

Before the fool behind his 10-meter crimson avatar could say any more, Rey had closed the distance between himself and the crimson entity.

He could have used Spatial Magic, but merely relying on his speed was more than enough.

The moment he became a blur and appeared before a Phobio, the man tried to make his Valkyrie do the work for him.

However, four blades appeared out of nowhere, thanks to Rey's [Greater Enchanted Weapon Summon], and cut through the Valkyrie's four limbs.

Once again, the being before him was subjugated so easily.

... Too easily.

Rey, of course, ensured to disintegrate all the blood he laid eyes

Screams appeared from within the Valkyrie, as if it was Phobio's limbs that were cut off.

"Don't be a wuss." Rey muttered, giving the Crimson Valkyrie—at least, what was left of it—a good shoulder chop.

~BOOOOM!~

The thing fell to the ground at an abnormal rate and shattered the earth the moment it landed.

Right as it tried to get up, Rey descended from his heights and stepped on it.

~BOOOOOOOM!~

As more echoes of destruction radiated all around, blasts of the ensuing conflict filled the air.

More blood was stripped from the once mighty construct, and its inadequate power lessened every time.

In no time at all... it was no longer a mighty ring of unparalleled power.

It was merely Phobio donning the crimson armor as if he wore a certain kind of exoskeleton suit.

'He looks so cheesy.' Rey thought to himself as he cracked a smile.

Phobio saw this and had a frustrated look on his face. Despite how badly he had lost, the fool simply failed to accept it.

"Y-You..." He stepped forward, approaching Rey's fifteen-meter plus Dragon Form.

"... I'm not scared of y—!"

Before Phobio could complete his statement, Rey did a finger-flick.

Instantly, the pressure shattered the final shred of armor that shrouded him; as well as the robe and sandals that he previously wore.

It was a miracle that his skin was still hanging tight to his body after everything was ripped off by Rey's pressure.

"A-ahh..."

Rey felt awkward seeing his enemy—a grown man—naked.

He would have covered his eyes, but that wasn't a very smart choice on a battlefield.

As a result, he kept his eyes peeled. fre(e)webnovel

'This is probably the perfect time to turn back.'

'H-how...?'

Phobio was barely standing on the ground, his legs too tired—as well as frightened—to move a single inch.

He was sweating all over, and his so-called perfect body was filled with the salty, smelly odor of his liquid.

A trace of ammonia could be found if one took a whiff close to him.

'... How could I have lost?'

He was so sure he could defeat this opponent.

Hadn't he beaten Dragons before? Why was this one any different?

Why... why was this Dragon so strong?!

As his naked body shivered in the cold, Phobio couldn't take it anymore.

He had to know!

"WHY ARE YOU SO—?!"

"Shut up." The moment he heard this, Phobio didn't know why he suddenly stopped speaking.

The Dragon swiftly transformed into a human, and in a flash, he was right in front of him.

"Kneel."

A sudden echo surged within Phobio's brain, and he suddenly found himself on the ground.

"Bow."

Phobio's trembling body ate the dirt as he prostrated himself before the overwhelming might of the almighty.

The pressure was overwhelming.

"You're too pathetic to even kill." The words of the Dragon echoed in his ears.

Phobio didn't know why he felt happy to hear that.

Perhaps he simply didn't want to die.

"You killed every other occupant of this place, right?"

Phobio nodded profusely, not minding that he was bashing his head on the rock-hard ground.

"Then... if I spare you, will you return here?"

His long hair swayed as they swept up the dirt and dust around.

He had become nothing but a filthy mongrel—the same kind that he usually discriminated against.

"Then leave my sight. I'll be taking over this territory now."

As the harsh words of the Dragon echoed in the air, Phobio felt a pressure lift off him.

He slowly rose to his feet, trembling as he stole one final stare at the entity before him. He couldn't even look him in eye.

"Y-yes... I-I u-u-u-understand...!"

Phobio was miserable, bleeding, and naked. He didn't have anything with him, and the closest thing to civilization was miles off.

But, at the very least... he was alive.

That was all that mattered!

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Chapter 223 Securing The Goods

"Oh, wow..."

As Rey watched Phobio scamper off with his miserable naked body, he felt a bit bad for him.

'I thought I was average down there, but it seems there's someone who's worse off than me.'

Rey knew he couldn't judge a man by his 'equipment' since it was something mostly out of one's control.

'Must be his Genetics...'

Rey shrugged off his thoughts of the guy's little worm and decided to focus on the more important things.

"Looks like the damage wasn't too much. I doubt the goods inside would have been affected too much." He smiled.

The reason Rey decided not to use any flashy attacks or destructive moves was because he didn't want too much damage done to the landscape.

'My initial Dragon attacks were done to raise the alarm, so I had to go a bit overboard.'

Not that the act was over, he felt better than ever.

'I hope I was able to nail that arrogant and imposing Dragon aesthetic.'

Seeing how Phobio acted in his presence, he could tell that he must have done something right.

'I doubt the Mercenary Gang members would want to face a Dragon that easily defeated their executives so easily.' Rey smiled.

Even if they did, he doubted they'd be opportuned to take action anytime soon.

'Their first goal will be to squash the KariBlanc Group and the other two.'

That meant their hands were too full to deal with a powerful Dragon.

'If they're stupid enough to think of fighting me, then it also works for my benefit.'

If he eliminated as many of the Heads as possible, the military power of the opposing sides would drastically reduce.

'And then, it'll be our turn to counterattack.'

Either way, Rey could see how he was going to emerge victorious in all these things.

'I've reclaimed ownership of the Warehouse, but I can't just leave it unmanned.'

Phobio had pretty much ensured no one was left.

'Guess I'll have to summon some Monsters to handle the job.'

With everything pretty much taken care of, Rey decided to take a good look around the warehouse and survey everything before leaving.

'I should hurry, though. Everyone is waiting for me.'

[Moments Later]

"Huu..." Rey was in the final storage room, and he still couldn't believe how much stuff had been stockpiled for the trade with the Elves.

'Easily hundreds of thousands of weapons and items.'

They were all high-quality too, as expected of the KariBlanc Group.

'I guess things must be really serious over at the Elf place. Maybe I'll check it out after I'm done resolving the Dungeon Raid and this whole Black Market thing.' (f)reewebnovel

In this world, there were other races that occupied various portions of each continent.

'I really need to check them all out.'

Since he now had Spatial Magic and Flight, things would be much easier than for any other person.

'I wonder if they have something like a Visa or Passport process. Well... not much is known about the other Races, so there's really nothing I can say.'

Rey dismissed his thoughts and took one final look at everything he had just saved for the KariBlanc Group.

'You better keep your word and go mainstream after all this...' Rebal Blanc came to his mind as he narrowed his eyes.

They were definitely going to make tons of profit with so many Enchanted Items.

It was no wonder that paid him so much money for the Monster Cores.

'Welp! No use thinking about that now.' He shrugged as he stretched his hand towards the piles of goods in front of him.

He simply had to do what he did for the others in the rooms he just visited.

"[Grand Inventory]."

The moment he whispered this, a swirling vortex of space suddenly manifested all around the room, distorting everything in sight.

Reality seemed to twist as the environment itself took on a warped form.

In just a few seconds, the world returned to normal and all the goods in the room had completely vanished.

"Great. That's the last of them." Rey chuckled to himself, returning his hand to his pocket.

The Skill he just used was an amalgamation of [Inventory] and [Gateway Portal].

It allowed him to create a gateway to an alternate spatial dimension.

Unlike with [Inventory], though, there didn't seem to be any limit to what he could put inside this new dimension.

At least, not with what he had seen.

Rey also knew everything that happened in his special world, which meant he knew precisely what dwelled inside and where they were.

He could also summon them whenever he wanted.

'By placing them all in Grand Inventory, they'll be safe from any harm.' He smiled to himself.

In an instant, Rey vanished from his position and appeared near the entrance of the Warehouse.

"I'll just summon some Monsters and leave." He murmured.

By controlling them and giving them a directive to protect the place from intruders, he could at least take extra measures to ensure the other side suffered some kind of loss if they returned.

'Imagine them going through all that trouble, only to kill all the monsters, rush inside, and then realize there's nothing waiting for them!'

Rey nearly burst out laughing just thinking about it.

He went on to make all the preparations and summon the Monsters in no time at all.

Once he reached his Summon Limit, he gave them their instructions and walked out the front door.

'Well; now that I have everything I need, I better head back before they start worrying.'

In a single swirl of contorted space, Rey vanished from his position.

Underneath his mask, he had a wide grin on his face, and his lips moved to form a short whisper.

"This is becoming a lot more fun than I expected."

"He's finally gone."

"Yes. Seems he is."

Two pointy-eared people with a hood covering their beautiful hair, and a mask covering their faces, looked at each other right after witnessing the Dragon in obsidian black cloak teleport away from his position.

Their brightly colored eyes gleamed with what could be interpreted as delight or anxiety as they nodded at each other.

"We need to tell Lady Aurora. She'll know what to do next!"

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Chapter 224 Grim Notice

~VWUUSH~

A portal opened within the KariBlanc Group's Official Building—a place separate from the usual Store.

It was much larger than the store, and with its large compound occupying a considerable amount of land.

Most importantly... it was on the surface.

The pristine white building did not belong in such a dreary place as the black market, so its squeaky white walls and pristine compound radiated with beauty that could only be seen in the capital.

To the outside world, this was simply a Nobleman's property used for vacation once a year.

But in actuality, it served as the Warehouse of the KariBlanc Group within the capital.

It held items in stock, and it had a secret pathway that led to the Black Market.

Thanks to Lord Blanc's connection with a few Nobles, this was easily a thing he could accomplish.

This was also where Rebal Blanc's office was located; the same expanse where the glowing portal was opening up in.

"Hm..." He raised his head and saw the one who had visited him so abruptly.

It was none other than Ralyks.

His intimidating presence made the older man feel a weight resting upon his shoulders—a weight far heavier than what the current state of his empire made him feel.

He was a very cautious man, so he knew full well what these instincts of his told him.

The man in front of him was dangerous!

'I'm grateful to have him on my side, but...' There was no way to be at ease with him.

Not entirely.

Ralyks proceeded to sit on the chair right opposite where Rebal sat.

Only a pristine desk separated them

When Rebal wanted to rise to pay his proper respects and greet Ralyks, he was told not to bother.

"Don't worry. Everyone is safe, and the goods are all secure."

Ralyks had been given a special device that allowed communication between two parties—though it consumed more Mana the further away the communicators were.

The last time they spoke, he had been informed of the attack, and now that Ralyks was in front of him—all alone—Rebal had been worried for a moment.

"Yuri and the couriers are all back. I teleported them to the designated location before coming here."

Rebal nodded in appreciation, but he felt like this was only scratching the surface.

There had to be something more intricate about this visit.

"We need to talk, Rebal." Ralyks spoke, fully confirming the feelings of foreboding that had been clinging to his heart.

Rebal gulped and nodded slightly.

"Okay, Sir Ralyks. Please tell me what the matter is."

It only took a few minutes, but Ralyks was able to fully explain the situation to the Obsidian Councilor.

His eyes fell as he began to make heavy sighs.

"I feared this possibility, but I hoped it wouldn't be the case." He whispered, his voice radiating within his dark office.

It was still pretty dark outside, with most people sleeping in their homes.

For Rebal, though, he couldn't sleep.

Not while the very empire he struggled to build was crumbling before his very eyes.

"So, the Mercenary Gang has sided with Scylla and her New Order..." His tone was grave, and his voice slightly trembled.

With this, it was already clear that they were nearly at checkmate.

However, for some reason, the situation didn't seem as bleak as one would expect.

Why?

Because... Sir Ralyks was still with them.

"I mentioned this before, but I faced two of the Nine Heads. They're pretty strong, but they're nothing to fear if you have me."

Rebal Blanc still found it too good to be true, but after hearing about their descriptions from Ralyks, he had to admit it.

'He really eliminated two of them...'

For the second one, it wasn't an elimination, but more like "placing him out of the equation."

'Sir Ralyks is indeed very strong. I always knew it, but hearing it now...' Rebal was regarded as a powerful man himself.

However, even he had limits.

Without his Enchanted Items aiding him, he would be able to stand a chance against any of the Nine Heads, and even with his Items, he would only be able to stand against one or two.

He wasn't even sure he would come out scathed.

And yet...

'How strong are you, really?' He wondered as he stared at the masked face of the man before him.

"You said you left your subordinates to guard the Warehouse, right?"

"Yes. They're Monsters, so they won't be linked to the KariBlanc Group at all."

"That's a relief."

Rebal had already been informed about the strategy Ralyks used.

The whole illusion of a Dragon attacking the Warehouse to cause distress... It was brilliant.

'It's unfortunate that so many of our employees died, though. I'll have to compensate their families.'

This was no time to mourn, though.

There were a lot of things to be concerned about; especially with the revelation about the Mercenary Gang joining forces with the enemy.

"I suspect they'll make some kind of move on the other two Groups besides yours."

Rebal nodded at Ralyks' words. He also had that sneaking suspicion.

"Asher has already gone as a delegate to one of the Councilors. He stays considerably close to the capital—a couple of small cities away."

The plan was to gain the support of the Groups as soon as possible, so almost as soon as Ralyks took off, Asher also went for his own mission.

"It's possible that they could try something to them, so I think you should reach out to your son. Ask him about an update."

The man nodded and used his Communication Device—an item that resembled a runestone—to connect with the other pair with his son.

However...

"He's not responding.

... There was radio silence.

Rebal's face began to get moist with sweat.

"Has your son ever refused to respond your call under any important circumstances?" Ralyks asked, his tone growing deeper.

"No..."

Even when Asher had reasons to, he never ignored his father's call.

That meant only one thing.

"They've begun to make their move already." Ralyks instantly rose to his feet with that declaration.

"Asher is in trouble."

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Chapter 225 Asher's Delegation

[Moments Earlier]

'This is a very important mission...'

Asher—known for all intents as purposes as Aldred by the group he was traveling with—was currently in deep thought as he sat in the carriage.

The world was currently shrouded in darkness, which meant this was the perfect moment to think.

His eyes fluttered open, and then he closed then soon after, thinking of the current state of his father's company.

... His birthright.

'Right now, I have to convince the Jaune Councilor.'

Each Council Member of the Obsidian Council had a code name attached to their real names.

His father was the Blanc Obsidian Member; and right now, the plan was to convince the Jaune and Verte Members respectively.

'Lord Verte is too far away, so we'll have to start with Lord Jaune.'

Depending on how much he paced himself, they could get there in an hour. However, Asher couldn't imagine doing something like that.

'There's still etiquette to consider, and we can't just intrude on another's property at such an ungodly hour.'

As such, the eventual plan became for him to simply camp outside their territory and wait for dawn to break before proceeding any further.

'Yeah. That'll work.' As Asher thought this, he looked outside his window and observed the two entourages that sat on their mounts and steadily moved beside him.

There was also one more behind him.

Adding them to the coachman, there were a total of four entourages—five individuals in total.

'Let's hope the delegation ends well.'

Even though his father—Rebal Blanc himself—wanted to be the one to lead this delegation, it would be too risky for him to leave their main area of business.

That was practically announcing vulnerability to everyone who was around.

'Besides, if father comes for this delegation, the other Groups might think we're desperate and we might lose considerable Bargaining Power.'

In the end, this was the best thing they could do.

As the carriage left the green shrubberies behind and reached the tunnel at the end of the lush greenery that surrounded them just earlier.

'It'll be smooth sailing from here.'

If Asher used his Enchanted Item, he could probably see the Jaune stronghold from where he stood.

"We should probably set up camp here, then..." Asher murmured, bringing out a pair of glasses from his pockets.

Everyone halted, and Asher even came out of the carriage at this point. The journey had been a bit stressful, especially since they had to travel at nights

It wasn't something they couldn't handle, though.

As the sole heir to the KariBlanc Group, he had to make sure he was at least this capable.

'I better confirm the state of the Jaune Group...' Asher's thoughts trailed as he looked at the Enchanted Item in his hand.

He put on the glasses and activated its effect.

The item glowed bright blue, and a shiny light surged from Asher's position,

Then—

'I-impossible! What is this?!

What greeted Asher's already enhanced eyes was a sight so horrible that one could practically chalk it up to a nightmare,

The entire buildings within the vast compound were on fire, and he could see corpses buried in their entrails and blood.

Some couldn't even be qualified as 'corpses', given the messed up states of their bodies.

'This is bad!' Asher's thoughts echoed as he narrowed down his vision.

He could see a few people fighting, but that was about it.

It seemed like the Jaune House desperately needed help, so if the KariBlanc Group assisted them here, then...

'The negotiations might go even better!'

Asher knew he couldn't take any chances, so he decided to rush towards the infernal flames and sea of blood that greeted his sight anytime he focused on the view.

'Let's not get distracted and get this over with!'

The darkened moon hovered him and his subordinates as they prepared to quickly save their potential allies.

Amidst all the preparations and impatience that swirled within the group, a worrisome thought kept on plaguing Asher's thoughts.

'This could only have been done by the Mercenary Gang. No one else has enough power or even the nerve to try this to an Obsidian family member.'

'I didn't think they'd stoop this low! Does that mean Sir Ralyks was right? Did they go to the enemy side?!

'If so, then our plan crumbles from the start. Still...'

A bead of sweat fell from Asher's face as he composed himself well.

'I should first go to their aid and hope for the best!'

With his choice already made, Asher and his men parked their carriages and horses in a secure location, one of them casted a sort of protection Spell, while the other made an Illusion Spell so that their means of transport could not be detected naturally.

Once all of this was done, they proceeded towards their target.

It took nearly ten minutes to complete the distance.

Even though they augmented their speeds with Mana and rushed as fast as they could, it still took some time to arrive.

And once they did... what greeted their sight was the bloodshed and flames that engulfed the entire compound.

'This is just...'

It felt like watching an entire empire crumble to the ground, and Asher began to wonder if the same would happen to his KariBlanc Group one day.

'Never! Father will figure this out. Sir Ralyks is also helping out!'

This thought gave Asher more resolve than ever.

'I have to play my part too.' He looked at his entourage and told them to split up and search for clues.

"Don't get in any unnecessary combat. Retreat when you encounter an opportunity and come back with the information you've gathered."

Asher, on the other hand, chose to embrace the storm by walking straight into the entrance.

He was still a delegate from the KariBlanc Group.

'I better be careful.'

Asher was known to be considerably strong, but after what he had experienced in the past couple of days—perhaps even a week or two—he was sure he was still a novice.

'I'll have to take this very seriously!'

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Chapter 226 The Destroyer [Pt 1]

"Haaa... haaa..."

Blood. Gore. Brutalized human meat that felt downright despicable.

... It felt wrong.

As Asher heaved heavy sighs, his eyes occupied with the several blurs of red that danced in his eyes, he tried his best to find survivors.

There were none.

Everyone in the burning building had been cooked to an overwhelmingly fine degree. Some had whole bodies, and some had chopped-up ones.

In the end, they were made equal in death.

Asher struggled to make it through the flames, thanking his Enchanted Cloak for the heat resistance and durability additions that it provided. fre(e)webno(v)el

If not for it, as well as his other Enchanted Items, he would have been cooked as well.

The central manor of the Jaune Councilor had several areas, but Asher was focused on only one.

The man—Lord Jaune's—office itself.

'There's not much use for a man who has lost his resources, but a Councilor is still a Councilor...'

With this line of thought, Asher navigated his way through the building's flames and made his way into the place.

Unfortunately for this, when he arrived in Lord Jaune's office...

"My God."

... The man's diced up flesh was arranged to form a corpse on the wall, and flames slowly burned through it.

An aroma of cooked meat filled the room, different from the choking and unbearable atmosphere outside.

Once Asher saw this, he knew he had struggled for nothing.

'He's dead.'

With the Councilor dead, there was no longer any need to be here.

'This merciless execution... it could have only been the Mercenary Gang.' Asher's suspicions were now confirmed.

Were they hired by Scylla and her forces? Have they completely gone over to their side?

As Asher had these thoughts, he moved closer to the corpse; perhaps to find a clue about what had happened before his arrival.

Then—

"I wasn't expecting any guests today..."

A voice appeared from behind Asher. However, the moment he turned to look, an explosion of flames rushed towards him.

It felt like a floodgate had been opened, and the overwhelming burst of fire charged in his direction.

~WHOOSH!~

Utilizing his Passive [Quick Casting] Skill and [Basic Elemental Affinity] Skills, he swiftly utilized Wind Magic to shroud himself and jump out of the building.

~BOOOOOOMMM!!!~

The fragile walls broke apart like cookies, and Asher was able to escape the wrath of flames that would have melted him down to his bones.

As the sparks of fire danced in the air, Asher swiftly used a Wind Spell to guarantee his safe landing.

Gusts of wind danced around him, lessening the impact he would have on the floor as he landed safely.

His eyes were on the floor above him, though—where he had jumped out of.

A certain man stood there, his body shrouded by flames so it was difficult to see.

However, before Asher could even respond, the man jumped from his heights to the ground.

~BOOM!~

The earth shattered as it welcomed his glorious landing, and his dark silhouette soon began to form the image of a man.

"T-this man...!"

The man wore a long hooded cloak, though his hood was brought down, revealing his face.

He wore no shirt, and he had black trousers under his cloak.

Markings—like crimson red tattoos—were drawn all over his body, and his spiky red hair gave him an air of intimidation.

He was well-built—with muscles that appeared perfectly toned.

He looked like he would be a great warrior, but thanks to the Magic display just now, it was clear he was also a Mage.

He had a few more markings on his face, marred by the maniacal grin he had on.

"You know who I am, kid?" He asked, his intimidating presence burning itself into Asher's mind.

Despite merely appearing to be in his thirties, the man was referring to Asher—who still had the form of Aldred—as a kid.

Could he see through his disguise? Or was he merely looking down on him?

Either way, Asher could not complain.

He could only respond.

"You're... Anukus... the Destroyer?"

Asher's body trembled as he watched the man's grin widen in delight.

'It really is him!'

Asher had only ever heard of him, but this was the very first time he would be seeing such a being in person.

Anukus was one of the Deadly Three; the strongest trio among the Nine Heads of Destruction.

He was called The Destroyer because everything about him was destruction personified.

His Skills, Class, and even his personality; they were all geared towards consuming his prey and tearing them apart.

'They say he has the strength of a Warrior and the skills of a Mage.' Asher gulped as he crouched a little.

There was no need to fight him.

"I apologize for intruding on your work. If you do not mind, I would like to be on my way."

Asher's eyes darted to the left and right as he searched for his subordinates.

Once he spotted them, he would give his signal, and they would all retreat as fast as they possibly could.

'We might lose some people, but I'll make sure as many members of the Group survive!'

The Members of the KariBlanc Group were what made up the group.

Without them, the leader was nothing.

That was one of the first lessons that his father taught him, and even till this moment, it remained an essential part of his life.

"I do mind, though. You are right in front of me now, so why don't I simply strike you down where you are?" Anukus shrugged.

It was clear that he simply desired bloodshed.

'I don't want to play this card, but it seems I have no choice...' Asher sighed internally.

"I am an important person from the KariBlnc Group, and Lord Blanc won't be pleased if he finds me missing or killed by the Mercenary Group."

"Hm..." Anukus tilted his head, as if in slight confusion.

"You were contracted to eliminate the Jaune Group, so I understand that. But I do not think I was part of your execution contract. Making an independent action against me will have—"

"You said you're from the KariBlanc Group, right? Led by Blanc, who isn't in Scylla's New Order... right?"

The air suddenly grew heavy as Anukus asked the question.

Asher felt like any answer he gave at the moment would be wrong.

"It seems you don't know yet, so let me spell it out for you, kid." The man's grin widened, and his face seemed to morph into something ugly and malevolent.

"There is no contract, and there is no rule or code of conduct that stops me from eliminating you. The Mercenary Gang had allied itself with Scylla and her New Order, which means you lot are the enemy!"

Asher's heart began to beat rapidly. He had suspected this, but he always hoped it was just him overthinking.

'No... no! If that's the case, then...'

"Once we're done with Jaune and Verte, who do you think is next?!"

As Anukus raised an eyebrow and grinned intensely, Asher could feel a weight rest upon him.

"Your side is doomed already. You already lost!"

As those words echoed in his ears, Asher felt his heart sink.

This was indeed the worst case scenario.

*

Chapter 227 The Destroyer [Pt 2]

"Hahaha... HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!"

Laughter of chaos filled the air as Anukus stretched both hands out and grinned with utter malevolence.

"Look at your face... the despair written all over it!" He beamed at Asher's shocked expression.

It was comedy gold to him.

'Should I go a step further...?'

Anukus could see the man before him was on the verge of breaking down, so he opened his lips to say more.

"I wonder if you had any relations to the four men that went scouting around the compound."

The moment Asher heard this, his eyes widened and he looked at Anukus' face, hoping it was just a joke.

But, the face he saw on the man before him said all that he needed to hear.

"T-they're dead...?!"

"I butchered them up and roasted them really well. They had that particularly tender odor that only weaklings have."

As Anukus went into further detail about how they screamed and writhed in pain, Asher could not help but feel disgust.

Sure, he had done his fair share of interrogations.

He had also been involved in torturing enemies, as it came with Black Market territory, but it had never been to such a despicable extent.

And it wasn't like he boasted about his feat too.

In the end, torturing people was merely a means to an end. He only did it because of a particular benefit that the action would bring to the KariBlanc Group.

But this monster was different.

'He tortures because he truly enjoys it. He's not someone I can reason with.'

Now that all four members of his entourage were gone, there was no longer any need to remain.

'I have to run!'

He had to hurry and inform his father of the terrible news that had befallen the Criminal Underworld.

"You're thinking of escaping? Don't bother. The moment you turn your back against me is the moment you die."

Asher didn't think the man was joking based on his tone.

'Damnit... what should I do?!'

He had tons of Enchanted Items, but he had his 'Equip Limit', and even if he was armed to the teeth, Asher doubted he stood a chance against someone who was famed to have killed a Dragon.

'Is there no way to escape? Any way at a—?'

As Asher was about to complete his thought, a certain sound echoed from his trouser pocket.

It was the Communication Device that connected directly to his father.

'This wasn't the agreement. Has something happened in—?!'

~SWISH!~

Before Asher could reach for the Item, a slashing sound radiated through the air, and barely a second later... a large tear appeared in the location of the ringing sound.

The Communication Device was slashed into two, now spilling out of his torn trouser pocket.

It was a swift, instantaneous strike.

Asher was too shocked by what had just happened to even think of moving.

'Just now... what if it was my throat he targeted?'

It would have been the end.

"Do you understand now? Killing someone is no fun if you can do it so easily and quickly."

Anukus placed both hands in his pocket as he keenly watched Asher's trembling form.

"I'll admit it, kid. You're pretty strong. It's just that we're on totally different levels."

Anukus wasn't wrong.

Asher was a genius among humans. He was already in the Max Level available to those who had a C-Tier Class.

Compared to normal humans, he was very strong—especially considering his real age.

But that was where it ended.

When monsters like Anukus came out of their dwelling place, it was no longer a contest of strength.

This was simply a slaughter.

"Now that I've made it perfectly clear that I can end your life very easily if you choose to run or stand still, there's only one thing you can do to prolong your life."

Asher knew it already.

'He wants me to fight him!'

"You're going to have to fight, kid. Fight until you can no longer do so anymore." His wicked grin intensified.

"Only then will I kill you."

How was this a fair deal—or any kind of deal at all? Asher knew there was no chance he could beat a monster like this.

However, he also didn't want to die.

'Is there a way that fighting him will somehow buy time for a rescue team to come?' He wondered.

No... it was better for him not to think down that line at all.

His father would have definitely felt something was off with the way he didn't answer the call, but what then? .com

Did they have anyone in the KariBlanc Group that could defeat a member of the Deadly Three?

'Sir Ralyks is already occupied with transporting our goods, and there's no telling when he'll be done.'

Other than him, there really was no one else.

Even his father, Rebal Blanc himself—while possibly being strong and smart enough to hold his own against one of the Heads of Destruction—could not stand a chance against the Top 3 of the Group.

Anukus was just too powerful.

'Even if we gathered the best attack squad, it would take them too long to get here. Even if I last for hours upon hours—which I doubt that I can—they'll only come here to meet their deaths.'

It was all pointless.

Despite all that, though... Asher had a fire burning in his eyes.

'I don't want to die. Not after everything!'

He knew it was inevitable to try and preserve his life. In the end, only the most painful demise awaited him no matter how hard he was about to struggle.

Still...!

'I won't give up.'

All of Asher's Skills were passive, so there really was no need to activate anything.

He simply had to rely on his Spells and Enchanted Items to live.

His opponent stood before him, wearing a mask of utter amusement and deep wickedness.

'I won't let you have your way so easily.'

Crouching even more and forming fists with his hands, Asher prepared himself for the fight of his life.

"With this Sacred Word, I summon..."

*

Chapter 228 The Four Elementals

Asher didn't have any Active Skills—Magic or otherwise.

That was because he simply didn't need one.

As someone who had extensive knowledge of Magic, as well as a very fast growth in terms of Levels—and by extension, Stats—there was no need for them.

He knew the Spells, and so his offensive and defensive abilities were high anyway.

With [Quick Casting], he could cast a Spell in a second, and with [Basic Elemental Affinity], he could utilize any of the basic elements.

His [Magic Knowledge] Skill allowed him to analyze his opponent's Magic Spells or Skills to a particular extent.

It also boosted the abilities of his own Spells.

With all these factors combined, Asher had always been confident in any fight he wound up in.

He had enough power and intelligence to emerge victorious.

Well... none of that confidence could be seen here.

Breathing raggedly, he clenched both of his fists and concentrated his Mana, his eyes turning a bright green.

"With this Sacred Word, I summon..." He muttered, causing more Mana to gather around him like a whirlwind.

Utilizing all the cards on his side, and also thinking of how best to survive longer when fighting his opponent, this was the best Asher could come up with.

"... Elemental Guardians!"

That very instant, four entities emerged from the excess Mana that swirled around Asher's body.

There was one who was bright red and orange, with traces of yellow. It was made completely out of flames, and it looked like a warrior with a flaming sword and burning armor.

This sentinel took a battle stance, and the others also took their positions.

There was one who resembled a gladiator—made completely of earth. It had green moss covering its body, but most importantly, it was gigantic and sturdy.

It had a massive shield, and if anything, it appeared designed for defense.

The third one appeared to be a ghost of wind, with a swirling breeze forming a man—an archer. This archer distorted the area around him with intense winds, and it stood proud.

Finally, there was one who appeared to be a priestess—or perhaps a Mage—made out of water. It had a hood covering its face, as well as a staff.

Everything was water, regardless.

The flaming warrior took the vanguard position, with the earth tank right behind it and in front of Asher.

The Wind Archer took the right flank, and the Water Mage took the left flank.

This was the current formation that Asher chose to employ, given that his opponent was right in front of him and was a straightforward opponent.

'I would have liked to summon a superior water elemental, since his main element is fire, but I can't summon any that's better than this one.'

He could also only summon one kind of elemental at a time.

'At the very least, the other ones will deal some damage while she offers defensive measures against his flames.'

The Earth Tank was meant to absorb the damage done by his enemy's slashes, and the archer was meant to deal ranged damage while the flame warrior would directly fight.

'Currently, this is the best measure to take...'

It consumed a lot of Mana, sure, but Asher was confident that he could recoup enough for another Elemental Summon if they bought him enough time.

'I'll just maintain a safe distance and attack him with all of them. In case they need support, I might also need to pitch in.'

He could act as a second Water Mage, hence making it a battle of five against one.

'The odds seem to be in my favor, but that's ignoring who this man is.'

A head of sweat fell from Asher's forehead as he watched the man—Anukus, The Destroyer—remove his cloak.

His bare, well toned body embraced the darkness of the night, and the sparks of flames all around him served to highlight his immaculate form.

'He looks like an expert combatant, so I can't let him get too close!' Asher narrowed his eyes and took in a deep breath.

"Come!" Anukus yelled, stretching out his hands as if being a careless man driven into insanity.

'As you wish!'

~WHOOOSH!~

In one swift move, the Flame Warrior rushed forward, sweeping past the barrier of distance that separated it from the enemy.

Its flaming body danced as it raised its blade and prepared a heavy frontal assault.

As it did this, the Wind Archer slid a little further down the flank where it guarded, already aiming at the adversary.

The Water Mage already had a blast of water prepared in case of a Flame Spell from the enemy, and the giant orb of water only kept growing bigger.

As for the Earth Tank, it protected Asher with its bulky form and sturdy shield.

All of this happened within a moment, and by the time most of the new formation had been settled, the flaming warrior was already in front of the enemy.

~SWOOOSH!~

The first strike of both sharpness and intense heat radiated forth.

It would have burned the foe before finally cutting through their body like a hot knife through butter.

However, this strike did not connect.

The man named Anukus easily evaded the strike and appeared behind the Flame Warrior.

Asher—like one playing an intricate game of chess—controlled his puppets to strike from the distance.

~FSHOOO!~

Wind arrows whistled through the arrow, but Anukus easily evaded every one as well, twisting his body in a wild dance of expert combativeness.

As he did this, though, the Flame Warrior that he earlier evaded was right behind him with a heavier strike.

~BOOOOM!~

The earth split, and fire erupted from it as the Warrior's sword missed its target.

Anukus was right beside the blade, wearing a bright grin on his face.

As the Flame Warrior made to raise its blade to strike the enemy, combining its combat ability with the wind arrows that were on their way, Anukus cackled silently.

His brightly glowing crimson eyes showed something malevolent within.

"Alright..." A wicked tone erupted from his whisper.

"... Let's get a bit more serious!"

*

Chapter 229 The Power Of Anukus

~WHUUSH!~

The flaming blade resonated with the arrows of wind, causing a roaring tempest to be born.

Slashes of fire rose to form a torrent of whirlwind as the arrows burst in a wind vortex.

The result was a surrounding flame-wind combination that engulfed the enemy,
The whirlwind of flames ascended high, completely shrouding Anukus within its heated embrace.
Slashes of winds would continuously tear through the target as fire turned them into hot crisps.
Surely, no one could survive that.

~FSHUUUU!~

The flaming torrent was dispersed instantly, turning into mere sparkling embers within a second.
And standing within it all was Anukus, with a hand raised up and an insane expression on his face.
Asher could see it, and he didn't like the sense of foreboding that coursed through his mind.
His brain quickly worked up a solution, but before he could think of one, something bright was glowing from Anukus' hand.

It resembled.. flames!

~BOOOOOOMMMM!!~

The intense fire wave was sent towards the Flame Warrior, consuming it in fire far more intense than what it was composed of.

"Hehehe... hahaha... HAHAAHAHAHA!!!" Anukus gave the flaming warrior all of its attention, as more flames roared from his second hand, all rushing past the Warrior's body.

One would think that a Flame Elemental wouldn't be affected by Fire Attacks, but that wasn't true at all.

A lesser Flame Elemental would definitely be affected by the Flame Attacks of higher intensity.

It was almost like being involved in a fist fight.

Flesh hitting flesh... only the superior kind of flesh—with better muscles and sturdiness—would emerge the winner.

So also was the case here.

The Fire Warrior was already slowly vanishing as a result of the raging fires that bathed its body.

It couldn't even move. a

"Guh! Attack!" Asher grew so desperate that he yelled despite not needing to.

He was talking to his Water Mage, who had managed to generate a large ball of water for situations like this.

~WHOOSH!~

She launched her 'WaterBall' at the enemy, and it moved quickly for its size.

In no time at all, it would traverse the distance and reach the enemy.

But—

~VWUUUUMMMM!~

A wall of fire suddenly rose from the ground to stop the giant ball of water.

And... believe it or not... the flames and water were evenly matched in strength!

'N-no way! I've been preparing that WaterBall for some time now!'

Despite all that, it couldn't get a single barrier that had just been formed.

It was absurd to Asher.

~SHUUUUUUUU~

In the end, both clashes ended in steam rushing from their point of impact, filling the area with its white cloud.

The steam's influence did not last very long, though, as the explosion from the distance cleared everything up in a flash.

The area's steam parted as the pressure of heat and wind sent everything dissipating, paving the way for an image of destruction itself.

"A-ah...!" Asher's eyes nearly bulged as he looked before him.

The Flame Warrior that he had spent so much Mana to create was in shambles, its dying embers fading away.

That was one out of four.

Anukus, whose back was facing Asher, slowly turned his head and looked behind him.

He had a cold, completely imposing expression on his face as his eyes glowed brighter crimson.

"Next." He said.

Shivers covered Asher's body, and he began to slowly panic.

He commanded the Water Mage to prepare another round of its WaterBall, but right before it could do so, a bright pillar of flames rushed from beneath it.

The swirling flames consumed the Water Mage in no time, not even leaving a single moisture left in the immediate atmosphere.

The Wind Archer that was now targeting Anukus from a blind spot shot a very intense wind arrow at him—one that was strong enough to shatter the earth itself.

However—

"Weak."

—The wind itself tore to pieces, slashed by an invisible blade that none could see.

Before the Wind Archer could flee from its compromised position, or even react to the shocking defeat of its strongest arrow...

"Sever."

... It too was ripped into shreds.

The very personification of wind, sliced into pieces beyond recovery, soon died out as it faded away into obscurity.

In the end, Anukus stood alone in a field of devastation, watched only by Asher and the Earth Tank that was meant to defend him.

"Now then... shall we continue?"

Anukus began to move from his position, every step of his seemingly causing a quake in the ground.

His maniacal grin returned as he watched Asher tremble from where he stood.

The man was absolutely terrified; and for good reason.

Before Asher could even think of a next plan of action, Anukus was already standing in front of the Earth Tank.

The massive Elemental made to charge at Anukus using its sturdy shield, but before it could make any meaningful movements, Anukus was right behind it.

And then—

—The Earth Tank crumbled on the ground, turned into nothing but blocks of rock.

Its sturdy shield had been broken to pieces before it even realized it, and its body followed not long after; yet another effortless display of power by the one known as Anukus.

"It's just you now. Got any other way to entertain me?"

Asher was speechless.

'I... I haven't recovered enough Mana yet!'

He had thought his Elementals would be able to buy him enough time. He had even been generous about the time by placing his estimation to the lowest possible time possible.

Still... this was unexpected!

'I barely have enough to summon one Elemental, and even then... what good would that do?!'

His enemy was strong. Overwhelmingly strong.

Too strong!

The reason he chose the Elemental Strategy was to create a variation of attack patterns in order to see which would be more effective.

This would allow him to learn more about his opponent while also keeping his distance and preserving his life.

But, it turned out all of that was pointless.

There was no 'weakness' to exploit here.

There was no 'attack pattern' to be studied either.

There was only Anukus... and the chaos that he wrought with his power.

*

Chapter 230 The Intrusion

'Is this really the way it ends? I can't do anything more than this?'

As the unfair truth rubbed itself in Asher's face, he felt the invincible being pull closer.

He could already smell the sulfur and smoke, and the heat itched his skin.

This was truly the end...

"Hm? Who's that?"

... Or not.

Anukus stopped before he reached Asher, his gaze focused on something in the distance—behind the crouching man.

'E-eh? What's happeni—?'

Before Asher could realize what was going on, he suddenly felt himself being pulled into something strange.

It felt like the world had become a blur, and everything became blurry, until—a second later—it was back to normal.

"H-huh?" He noticed that, somehow, Anukus was further away from him than before.

They had been mere inches apart before, but now it was more like seventy to a hundred meters.

'What happened? How did this...? I don't understand!'

Asher was still very confused when he felt a hand rub his disheveled hair.

A familiar presence suddenly washed over him as he took his eyes off the nightmare that was Anukus and looked up.

"S-Sir Ralyks...!"

The dark, intimidating mask and his glowing crimson eyes seemed to bring nothing but solace to the Asher.

Never before had he felt safer.

"I came as fast as I could. I hope I'm not too late." Ralyks said, his eyes on Asher.

The young man in an older fellow's body shook his head profusely.

"N-no! Not at all! Thank you for coming, Sir Ralyks!"

Somehow, the fear that had pervaded his body slowly became nonexistent.

It was soon replaced with a bright ray of hope.

"Good. Stay by my side, then. This will soon be over."

Ralyks and his confident tone did not at all surprise Asher. It didn't come off as condescending as well.

To Asher, the only one who could defeat the enemy who stood before them was Ralyks.

If he couldn't do it, then all hope was practically lost.

"He uses slash and flame attacks." Asher said, doing his best to relay whatever information he had managed to collect in his fight.

It wasn't much, but he hoped it would be useful to his savior.

"I can see that."

That was the response Ralyks gave.

It almost felt like he was grinning in amusement, causing Asher to laugh awkwardly.

"A-ahh... okay." Asher slowly moved a little closer to Ralyks, since he was already beside him.

The two stared at each other for a second more before the voice of their enemy echoed forth.

"What's this? Am I being ignored here? The both of you sure have some nerve."

As Anukus' voice reverberated in the air, Asher felt his skin tingle.

During their brief interaction, he had been trained to fear this man—even his voice.

However, before he could give in any deeper to his fears, he heard Ralyks' reassuring voice.

"There's no reason to fear."

As Asher heard this, he felt his heart grow lighter, and the shaking in his body ceased.

He gazed up, in both admiration and surprise, at the man who had come to save him.

"I never lose."

With those words replaying in his ears, Asher smiled, nodded, and looked away.

"Thank you, Sir Ralyks." He returned his gaze to Anukus, a confident smile now on his face.

He was no longer afraid to give a confident grin in the face of such an overwhelming foe.

Why would he be?

There was an even more frightening being that was his ally.

That was enough to make Asher smile.

"He killed all my men and our supposed allies. Please don't end it too quickly."

Asher knew he was being a little impudent, but he hoped the man beside him would listen to his heartfelt request.

"Please let him suffer a little, Sir Ralyks."

Asher felt Ralyks' gaze leave him and turn in the direction of the man who stood a distance from them.

"Fine." Ralyks' powerful voice caused the air to vibrate.

"Let's have him beg for death."

'What's with these people and suffering?' Rey thought to himself, nearly sighing.

He knew full well that Asher also tortured his enemies, and now the guy in front of him was also guilty of the same.

At this point, Rey was sick of Underworld Business.

'I can see the justification for this, though. It seems this guy had done quite a lot of awful things.'

Rey knew Asher and his father—the entire KariBlanc Group—had done a lot of terrible things too, so they weren't really meant to judge.

However, a critical factor made this particular one unforgivable.

'This guy messed with the plan. He went and killed the people we're supposed to be allied with, and even eliminated people from our side.'

To Rey, that was more than enough of a reason to enact some form of vengeance on him.

Rey took a glance at the man's Status Window that was still beside him and smiled.

[STATUS WINDOW]

- Name: Anukus
- Race: Human
- Class: Heretic (B-Tier)
- Level: 145 (10.54% EXP)
- Life Force: 15 [+185]
- Mana Level: 100 (+50) [+200]
- Combat Ability: 30 (+50) [+170]
- Stat Points: 0
- Skills (Exclusive): [Sever]
- Skills (Non-Exclusive): [Greater Fire Magic]. [Homing].
- Alignment: Chaotic Evil

[Additional Information]

One of the Deadly Three; the three strongest Executives of the Mercenary Gang.

He is known as 'The Destroyer' due to his immense destructive capabilities and his unstable personality.

[End Of Information]

'Interesting...' He smiled.

It was amazing how a person could have only three Skills, yet be considered very formidable due to how well they used them.

'I guess it's all about quality and less about quantity.'

Rey preferred to have both, though.

'It's a good thing I snagged his Skills a while back.'

The honest truth was that Rey had arrived a few moments earlier—right when Anukus had destroyed the Flame Elemental.

He watched as the man proceeded to wreck all of the other Elementals and then nearly kill Asher.

Of course, he wasn't going to let Asher die, so he saved him right in the nick of time. From the looks of things, he made the right call, seeing as Asher now looked immensely grateful to him.

'Looks like my points with him have gone up.'

It was thanks to his patience that Rey was able to witness a display of power from both Asher and Anukus.

The result?

[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~

~ B-Tier: Carnage

~ C-Tier: Great Protection Cloak

~ C-Tier: Superior Self

~ C-Tier: True Detection

~ C-Tier: Bloodlust

~ B-Tier: Greater Blood Magic

~ B-Tier: Greater Fire Magic

~ B-Tier: Sever

~ C-Tier: Homing

~ C-Tier: Elemental Summoning (Fire)

~ C-Tier: Elemental Summoning (Water)

~ C-Tier: Elemental Summoning (Wind)

~ C-Tier: Elemental Summoning (Earth)

[Total Skills: 51]

"Haaa..." Rey sighed a little while giving himself a wry smile.

'Looks like I'll eventually need to sort out all these new Skills.'

It wasn't long ago that he had just 34 Skills, and now he had a lot more.

'It's a good thing I have [Merger] now.'

If that wasn't the case, he would have to start throwing away some of Skills at this point.

'Enough about that, though...' Rey shrugged aside his thoughts and chose to observe his opponent instead.

'He doesn't look too happy. I wonder why.'