

Extras 231

Chapter 231 Heated Confrontation

Rey didn't know this, but Anukus had just done something that he wasn't aware of.

[Sever] mixed with [Homing] made for a sure-hit attack that obliterated anything in its path.

Anukus had used this attack on Rey, hoping for his head to get sliced off.

'That's your punishment for interrupting my match!' Anukus had thought.

He hated strangers coming out of nowhere and just disturbing his moment of enjoyment.

If they wanted a fight with him, they could just wait their turn!

'DIE!' He had thought silently as he sent the attack.

However...

'E-eh...?'

... The attack did not land.

Normally, this would be the time when his opponent's head would go rolling to the ground, but there was no such thing this time around.

It was as if nothing had ever happened.

In fact, the target didn't even seem to notice what had just happened.

'M-maybe my aim was off...!' Anukus thought, forgetting that he had the [Homing] feature activated.

There was no way he could have missed, even if he wanted to!

'Let's try again!'

Anukus did it again and again, but every single time he did so, there was no effect.

In the end he had to try out his attack on the man beside him.

However, the moment he did so, a bright golden barrier covered him, causing the attack not to land.

'What? A defensive barrier?!'

"Hey... the fight is between you and me. Leave my client out of this."

As the intruder raised his voice at Anukus, he felt an intimidating pressure that he had never perceived before.

It made a cold sensation rush through his body.

'Is that fear? Impossible!' Anukus had long forgotten fear

He had gotten much stronger since the last time such a feeling was ingrained in his mind, and based on his current progress, it wouldn't be long before he reached the limits of his power.

Most people didn't even give him any EXP when he killed them, considering how worthless and weak they were.

'He called the other guy his client, which means he was hired by the KariBlanc Group.'

In essence, he was an enemy he had to eliminate.

'If the KariBlanc could hire someone in their current state, there's no way they're that strong. Maybe he just has a strong defensive Skill...'

Anukus had a colleague who had a Skill called [Damage Nullification], so he was well aware of how annoying defensive Skills could be.

'But [Damage Nullification] is of no use if your opponent is stronger than you!'

That meant this had to be something else.

'It could also be an item. I'll need to get up close and personal with him to find out.'

Anukus slowly began to smile. The match against the other man had been a bit refreshing, but it was nowhere near stimulating enough.

He wanted more.

'Maybe this guy will be able to entertain me better!'

"Fine, then. I'll play with you..." Anukus took a step forward, his blood boiling with excitement.

"Come!" He stretched out both hands as he awaited the attack of his opponent.

'Let's see how strong you a—!'

"Oh, no way. I won't be the one facing you." The voice from the masked being suddenly echoed in the air.

"What?!"

Anukus' raised eyebrows and annoyed tone were answered by a roaring flame being manifested by his opponent.

The flames appeared intense; almost impossibly so.

And then, from the depths of the fire... a single entity appeared.

It had pristine armor, with a helmet shrouding its flamy face.

Two blades were criss-crossed on its back, and in its hand was a powerful spear.

It was covered in full-plated armor, appearing much darker—like magma—than the flamy body that it protected.

This being had glowing eyes and a fierce presence that seemed to ooze danger.

As it stepped on the ground, the latter melted. The air seemed to warp around it as its intense flames were compressed to its immediate surroundings.

This was no mere Fire Elemental.

It was a Greater Fire Elemental. No... perhaps even a Grand Fire Elemental!

'No... that's not possible.'

Even if it was a big stretch, Anukus could still grant that the thing that was summoned was a Greater Fire Elemental.

But calling it a Grand one was going too far.

'A single Grand Elemental needs to be summoned by a group of powerful Mages. There's no way someone like this can do it himself.'

Only Grand Mage Lucielle was known to be able to summon a Grand Elemental by herself, but even she would be drained after doing so.

The benefits of having one was high, but it was practically impossible for any one person to summon one themselves.

'So it's a Greater Fire Elemental, then?' Anukus grinned with amusement.

'This is going to be a fun battle, but I'll definitely win!'

His [Greater Flame Magic] alone wouldn't be able to put this one down, but so what?

He had this second Skill, which was objectively superior—even though they were both in B-Tier.

'Alright, then!'

A monstrous smile caused his face to morph into that of a wild heart.

"Entertain me before I get to the main dish!"

'I can't believe I can now summon a Grand Fire Elemental...' Rey smiled as he looked at the flaming entity in front of him.

'Looks like the experiment was a success.'

Rey's mind went back to a few moments earlier, when he wondered how best to take care of his opponent.

He decided to merge the [Greater Fire Magic] in his arsenal with his [Elemental Summoning (Fire)].

The result was [Greater Elemental Summoning (Fire)].

Afterwards, he decided to utilize it alongside his third SS-Tier Skill [Divine Elemental Magic]; with the help of [Fusion/Fission] Skill.

Thanks to the synergy among these Skills, he was able to create a Grand Fire Elemental.

'Since I would need the right Spell to make an Elemental normally, it's just better to have it as a Skill...'

Rey figured he could also create the same synergy with the rest of his Elemental Summoning Skills to make a new one.

Unsurprisingly, it worked.

He successfully merged them all to form [Greater Elemental Summoning (Basic)].

'If I use [Divine Elemental Magic], that means I can make any of my Elementals enter the Grand category.' Rey nodded to himself in satisfaction.

That alone was enough to put a smile on his face.

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Chapter 232 Fiery Severance

"Fshuu..."

As the Fire Elemental made a heated exhalation, the atmosphere slowly rose in temperature.

Its presence was enough to cause a disturbance around.

Of course, with Asher in his barrier, and Rey being protected by all kinds of Resistance and his Enchanted Items, they didn't really feel anything.

The only one being affected was Anukus.

Beads of sweat fell from his face as he glared at the creature he was confronted with.

Regular Elemental Summons had to be manually controlled by their Summoners, but Greater and Grand Elementals had their own level of autonomy.

As a result, the Caster/Summoner didn't really need to do anything.

He just had to watch.

'Just sit there and watch, arrogant bastard!' Anukus grinned while licking his lips.

'Once I'm done with this one, I'll come straight for your head!'

Anukus prepared himself for the imminent confrontation.

He had more than enough Mana thanks to his Star distribution and his Class advantage.

Plus, his Items also blessed him with sufficient energy.

In essence, he wasn't lacking in Mana.

'All I have to do is—!'

~WHOOOSH!~

Before Anukus could even complete his thought, the Fire Elemental vanished from its position and appeared right in front of him.

'E-eh...?'

Its spear was already raised, and it began to descend at breakneck speed.

The pressure from the weapon alone told Anukus that he couldn't possibly survive a heavy impact like that—not without entering a critical state.

He also couldn't evade by leaping backward since the range of the spear was quite long.

The only thing he could do was dart to the side.

~BOOOM!~

The spear barely missed its mark as Anukus dodged the strike; though the pressure of the blast sent his body recoiling backwards.

He didn't have enough time to think, though, as his tall, flaming opponent instantly wielded the spear like a javelin and took its stance.

'D-don't tell me—!'

The flame spear was thrust at such a remarkable rate that Anukus feared for his life.

'I have to stop it!'

His body wasn't going to be fast enough to dodge it properly, and the weapon was moving too fast for his [Homing] to capture.

If [Homing] wasn't working well, then [Sever] wouldn't be as effective as normal.

As a result, Anukus' only option was to use his [Greater Fire Magic].

'They'll create equal impact, canceling each other out!'

He stretched out both hands and sent a surge of fire charging at the target.

~BWOOSH!~

The roar of flames flowed through the air in a concentrated blast, everything directed at stopping the approaching spear.

~BOOOM!~

The shockwave caused by the impact sent Anukus flying once again, though he was able to quickly recover by twisting himself in the air.

Much to his shock, though, the spear wasn't impeded by his Magic.

Sure, it slowed down a little, but... it's fiery charge continued.

Thankfully, Anukus had already left his previous position, so the shattering earth replaced what would have been his body.

As the ground broke to pieces, engulfed by intense flames of sheer power, Anukus landed a considerable distance from the enemy and took in a deep breath.

'This guy is more difficult than expected. Is this how fighting Greater Elementals is supposed to be like?'

Anukus had never fought one before, so he wasn't sure.

'It's incomparably stronger than the one that the other guy summoned. I suppose this is just the gap in Tiers.'

Still... since Anukus also had B-Tier abilities—two in fact—he was confident in winning.

'It's time to stop holding back!'

He stretched out both hands and kept his focus on the approaching Fire Elemental.

'Any moment now, it'll vanish like before. I can't allow that!'

He focused all of his Mana in the incoming attack, prepared to end the enemy in only one blow—or rather, consecutive strikes encapsulated in a single moment.

"Before you can do anything..."

Combining [Homing] with [Sever] and [Greater Fire Magic], Anukus would create a new technique.

~Fiery Severance!~

"... I'll mutilate you!"

And so, his attack was initiated.

Slices that could not be avoided were mixed with intense flames that burned through even fire.

Combined, they devastated everything in front of Anukus, creating a path of destruction towards the true target.

"DIE!"

The destruction raged, rippling through everything around—the earth, the winds, and finally... the enemy.

Multiple ~SWISH!~ were mixed in ~VWUUSH!~ to form an elaborate layer of severance and flames.

—True, unbridled chaos!

"You can see it, can't you? My true power!" Anukus roared in delight.

His widened eyes struggled to see past the destruction, but it was too difficult to do so.

The fiery rage of fire and the multiple slashes that did not stop made it an impossible venture to properly examine the state of the opponent. freewebnovel .com

But Anukus pushed his sight to the limits.

He desired to see the pathetic state of his opponent as it was trapped in its cage of fatal torture.

However...

"W-what is... WHAT IS THAT?!"

... A certain silhouette was still walking through the flames and slashes.

It kept its steady advance, undeterred by the multiple slashes and explosions that constantly assailed it.

For every chip in its armor or every damage it suffered, it instantly healed.

It felt like it was walking through an unfettered storm, embracing the rain of destruction without a care in the world.

This Fire Elemental was walking through the ~Fiery Severance~ like it was nothing.

"No... NOOO!"

Anukus didn't believe it!

He couldn't believe it!

Even though his bulging eyes were staring at the occurrence, he simply couldn't accept it.

If he did, that would mean his analysis had been wrong all along.

His opponent was not a Greater Fire Elemental.

It was Grand One.

And if that was the case, there was only one implication that stemmed from it.

Anukus could not win!

"THAT'S NOT TRUE! THAT CAN'T BE TRUE!" He kept howling like a wounded dog.

"DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE!
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Anukus kept screaming this, until finally... the Grand Creature was right in front of him.

His inevitable fate... was sealed!

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Chapter 233 Grand Execution

Death stared down at Anukus.

The Grand Fire Elemental was far taller than Anukus was, and its imposing build put his muscular physique to shame.

The weak, pathetic one was none other than him.

As he was forced to raise his head to meet the creature's gaze, he felt a sense of inevitability.

The fear he thought he had forgotten slowly began to rise to the surface.

His body seemed paralyzed; with both arms still outstretched and his form the same.

Perhaps he feared that if he took a single step, the creature would notice and strike him down.

He couldn't even tremble for fear that it would register it as movement and end his life.

The doubts that seared his mind weren't present any longer.

Now that he was up close with the thing... Anukus knew.

This was a Grand Fire Elemental.

'H-how...?! How did he do it!' Anukus thought about the masked man that summoned this monstrosity.

'Does this mean he's on par with the Grand Mage? No... could he be stronger?'

No... that was going too far.

'Ahh... I don't even know what to think anymore!'

The only thing he knew was that if he didn't do anything, he was going to die.

'I won't be dying, though...'

There was one other way he could win this fight that he hadn't yet forgotten.

'I admit that this monster is far behind my capabilities, but...'

Anukus' eyes turned to see the man who had summoned the thing.

He was just standing still, almost as if he was a statue.

'He must be exhausted after summoning this thing. Now is the perfect chance to strike him down.'

Anukus knew what he had said before—about how he would save him for later—but now wasn't the time to mess around.

If he didn't do anything drastic, he was going to die.

'But...'

Anukus grinned as he activated an item that was disguised as a tooth.

The insides of his mouth instantly flowed, and a swift warping of space occurred around him.

Before the Grand Fire Elemental could strike him down, it was already too late.

~VWUUSH!~

He vanished from his position and appeared right in front of the masked man.

'Killing the Summoner cancels the Elemental Summon. I only have to eliminate this guy!'

With a demonic smile now spreading all over his face, his outstretched hand released the last ounces of Mana he had.

Anukus was not going to take any chances here! He was going to use his full strength—going all out, even against a weakened foe.

That was how desperate he had become.

"DIEEEEEEEE!!!"

And so, ~Fiery Severance~ was activated once more.

A rain of destruction, focused on only one person—only one position.

Slashes of unimaginable mass and numbers struck one after the other, and the flames attached to them added to the intensity of the overall attack.

Surely, this time it would succeed.

"Hahahaha! Hahahahaha! Haha—!"

~SPLOOSH!~

Interrupting Anukus' maniacal laughter was the dismemberment of his two arms, with blood spurting out of them as they flew off.

'H-huh...?'

The attack came behind Anukus, in the form of two flaming projectiles—arrows—that sliced through his two arms in an instant.

"GUARGHHH!" He screamed, stumbling a few steps backward as his body absorbed the pain.

'B-but how...? Why...? I... I killed the—!'

"Sheesh! Such an annoying breeze, am I right?" The voice that came forth belonged to the man who was meant to be dead.

The slashes and plumes of flames were soon discarded with the wind, revealing the masked figure—completely unharmed.

"H-how...?!"

Not even a single scratch was on his body. No damage had been dealt whatsoever.

But that wasn't possible!

He was meant to be weakened after summoning the Grand Fire Elemental, and there was no way a Mage would have the durability to tank his intense assault.

Yet... YET...!

"Sorry, but your attacks won't work on me. I have barriers that protect me all the time, you know?"

No...

"And even if you got past those barriers, you'd have to deal with my Resistance and Rapid Regeneration."

That couldn't be...

"Not like you'd make it past [Damage Nullification] since you're too weak."

There was no way he was hearing these words correctly.

He—Anukus The Destroyer—was being called weak.

How was that even possible?

He collapsed on the ground, his weak knees slamming upon the heated earth.

The pain he felt from both his dismembered hands made him forget every other physical sensation.

"Fshuu..."

The heavy breath of the Grand Fire Elemental began to weigh down on him.

The terrifying entity was right behind him, brandishing the two blades that were fixed on its back.

Anukus, having lost in every regard, could barely even command his body.

The only things that could properly move were his lips.

And so, as the blades descended to grant his execution, he muttered the only things he could think of at the moment.

"You are... the true Destroyer."

~SWISH!~

In two smooth swings, the blades of the Grand Fire Elemental sliced off Anukus' head.

His body plopped to the ground, turning to ash as the flames burned through it in an instant.

The descending head also suffered the same fate right as it bounced on the ground.

The two hands that Anukus lost had also suffered the same fate moments before his execution, leaving nothing of him.

He was gone—turned into nothing but dust.

"And with that, it's a wrap." The voice of the true Destroyer reverberated through the early morning air.

His tone was unamused, yet there was a tinge of unseriousness etched within.

As if everything that just happened was nothing more than a drama that was staged in front of him.

There was no sanctity of life in the way he spoke, or remorse in the gleaming crimson eyes that shone from within the mask.

His words merely rang hollow.

"Thank you, Sir Ralyks." The reverent, but slightly fearful voice of the man beside Ralyks echoed.

Ralyks turned to look at him, shrugging as he spoke.

"I told you, didn't I? I never lose."

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Chapter 234 Journey To The Next Location

'Looks like I won. This guy is really strong.'

Rey smiled under his mask as he looked at the Grand Fire Elemental in front of him.

'I wonder how it would fare against people like Adonis or Chief Warrior Brutus.'

The way Rey saw it, the Elemental was similar to an A-Tier Monster.

Perhaps a less powerful one, though.

"We're done here, but your father mentioned something about a second location." Rey spoke to Asher.

"S-second location...?"

"Yes. The abode of the second person we're supposed to be allied with. If they thought to attack this place, it's possible that they'll go there as well."

Rey could already tell that his entire thing was done as a calculated way to clip the wings of the three Obsidian Councilors who were excluded from Scylla's New Order.

'They attacked our cargo and they attacked this place. It's very likely that they'll do something against the last family.'

That was his line of thought.

"A-ah! That's true! But isn't it a little too late for that now? The place is quite far.'

By far, Asher meant a few thousand miles.

'It's doable... ' Rey thought to himself while shrugging.

'I came here from the Capital in minutes. I should be able to make it there within an hour... I think.'

His Base speed, coupled with stuff his Buffs and Teleportation made him incredibly fast.

'It's a shame I can't just teleport there, but I guess it can't be helped.'

Rey decided he would have to travel to various places in the near future in order to have several checkpoints if he wanted to go to a certain place.

"Just show me the place on the map, and tell me important landmarks. I should be able to find my way there." Rey added.

He had studied the maps of the United Human Alliance enough to practically determine the distance between multiple locations.

He had also cross-referenced the Maps with drawings or captured footage of the actual places, so he was also confident that he could spot important landmarks while flying through cities.

In essence... Rey could find his way as long as he knew where he was going.

"O-okay! It's in our carriage. Let's go there together."

"Alright then."

Rey and Asher returned to the carriage, but not before the former put out the fire that kept on raging all around him.

He also UnSummoned the Grand Fire Elemental since its use was complete.

[Minutes Later]

Rey floated in the air—no, more like he sped through it.

His body was properly encased in a stable barrier as he rushed through the vastness of the sky and flew at intense speeds.

He was sure that he had become much faster than an airplane from Earth at the moment, and the fact that he could maintain his speed for such a long distance made him even more satisfied in his abilities.

'Speaking of abilities, I should probably check out my new Skills now... to pass time.'

It would still take him about thirty minutes—maybe even more—to reach his destination.

He could do something productive in the meantime.

"Status Window."

[STATUS WINDOW]

- Name: Rey Skylar.
- Race: Human (Otherworlder)
- Class: Anomaly (A-Tier)
- Level: 100 (17.51% EXP)
- Life Force: 87 (+161) [+300]
- Mana Level: 200 (+161) [+500]
- Combat Ability: 141 (+161) [+500]
- Stat Points:
- 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]

'Hmm? A new Non-Exclusive Skill?' Rey was surprised to see one there.

"What's [Dead Calm]?"

As if waiting for him to ask the question, a System Window opened right in front of Rey, showing him what he wanted to see.

[Skill Details]

[Dead Calm]

Tier: B

Ability: You have the ability to remain calm and rational even under the most stressful and challenging situations.

Intense emotions that are detrimental to your growth or intended actions will also be suppressed.

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[End Of Information]

'Ahh... I see.'

It had been bothering Rey for some time now, but now he knew the reason why he didn't feel any guilt when he killed Anukus.

'Usually, I get conflicted and hesitant, but...' This time, Rey intentionally and mercilessly killed him.

And he truly didn't feel bad about it.

'So it's because of this Skill. I guess I should be thankful for it.'

Despite thinking this, Rey couldn't help but feel this was merely a shortcut out of dealing with the implications of what he was doing.

He was stronger than his enemies, and they were terrible people.

Killing them had to be justice.

That had been his justification going so far, but what if he encountered a slightly different situation?

What if his enemy wasn't pure evil, but they were in his way and he remained the stronger one?

'This Skill will make me feel nothing even if I kill them...'

Rey didn't like how things would turn out if he kept relying on such an emotional crutch.

For this night, though, he was resolved to keep it on.

There was no room for hesitation.

'Ah... I didn't notice before, but my Stats all rose by 1. Must be because of the [Carnage] Skill.'

As expected, it was a useful addition to his arsenal.

'Now, for my new Skills...' His eyes went to [Doppel], thus causing a new System Panel to appear in front of him.

[Skill Categories]

~ SS-Tier: 3

~ S-Tier: 8

~ A-Tier: 8

~ B-Tier: 12

~ C-Tier: 3

[New Skills: Please Select Their Categories]

~ D-Tier: Intimidating Aura~

~ C-Tier: Warrior's Mantle~

~ C-Tier: Rampage~

~ C-Tier: Damage Nullification~

~ 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: Sever

~ C-Tier: Homing

~ B-Tier: Greater Elemental Summoning (Basic)

[Total Skills: 47]

'So this is everything I have at my disposal at the moment...' Rey's thoughts trailed.

He had his 34 old Skills and 13 new ones.

'Out of the thirteen new ones, only three are Passive, leaving ten as Active Skills.'

He now had to attribute them to his old Skills and their respective categories.

'But first, I should merge the ones that need to be added to each other.' Rey could already see a few that fit into this category.

'[Sever] seems like a really good Skill. I'll merge it with the [Claw Attack] that I got from that Dragon.'

Once Rey did so, the new Skill became [Severing Claw].

'I should be able to create a lot more slices through the air at the same time, and I'm sure I can release them at a faster rate.'

It was still a B-Tier Skill, but the range and power had been greatly increased.

'I'll just merge [Warrior's Mantle] with [Rampage], [Great Protection Cloak], and [Superior Self]."

The result was a A-Tier Skill called [Ascended Self], which increased his Base Stats by five times.

'This is a crazy boost! I expected a B-Tier Skill, but I'm not surprised. They must have great synergy.'

Rey smiled as he looked at the list of Skills he had left and he found his heart racing in excitement. It was finally time for yet another restructuring.

'Seems I've gotten a lot stronger than expected!'

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Chapter 235 Cautionary Thoughts

"Doppel... Skill Information."

As Rey muttered these words, a long System Window opened in front of him.

It revealed the list of Skills he had amassed thus far.

All 42 of them.

[Skill Details]

Name: Doppel

Tier: SSS

Ability: Allows the user to mimic the nature of any ability that exists as long as he has seen it once; down to the appearance and quality of what he mimics.

Number Of Abilities Obtained: 42

[SS-Tier]

Divine Sword Summon (Active)

Divine Beast Summon (Active)

Divine Elemental Magic (Active)

[Total: 3]

[S-Tier]

Absolute Perfect Defense (Active)

Absolute Healing (Active)

Absolute Appraisal (Active)

Absolute Spatial Domain (Active)

Absolute Power (Active)

Absolute Magic Supremacy (Passive)

Absolute Mental Control (Active)

Absolute Martial Supremacy (Passive)

[Total: 8]

[A-Tier]

Grand Armament (Active)

Grand Item Equip (Passive)

Grand Mana Recovery (Passive)

Dragon Breath: Dark (Active)

Grand Flight (Active)

Grand Full Resistance (Passive)

Grand Sound Magic (Active)

Grand Inventory (Active)

Ascended Self (Active)

[Total: 9]

[B-Tier]

Mimic (Active)

Greater Enchanted Weapon Summon (Active)

Transmute (Active)

Force (Active)

Marionette (Active)

Greater Corrosion (Active)

Greater Concealment (Active)

Greater Regeneration (Passive)

Greater Debuff (Active)

Greater Sensory Perception (Passive)

Phantom Projection (Active)

Greater Summoning Magic (Active)

Greater Elemental Summoning (Basic) (Active)

Severing Claw (Active)

Carnage (Passive)

Greater Blood Magic (Active)

True Homing (Passive)

[Total: 17]

[C-Tier]

Counter (Active)

Corruption Poison (Active)

Damage Nullification (Passive)

Detection (Active)

Intense Bloodlust (Active)

[Total: 5]

[Active Skills: 32]

[Passive Skills: 10]

[Limit Count: 42/100]

"Haa... that's quite a long list." Rey muttered as he felt overwhelmed by their sheer number.

'When I first arrived in the world and copied the Skills of my classmates, I had about seventy or so...'

What he had now was a lot less than back then, or even a few moments ago, but the quality of these Skills could not be compared to the past.

They were all of superior quality at the moment.

For example, Skills such as [True Detection]—gotten from Phobio—mixed with [Homing] gave rise to [True Homing], a B-

Tier Skill.

'It'll allow my attacks to automatically detect the weak spots of my enemies and charge towards it.'

Since it was Passive, it didn't require much of an effort from him.

Adding that to his Support Skills which aided in his defense and overall well-being, Rey could see himself being untouchable by most.

'But... I can't afford to get complacent.'

So far, he had only fought a single Dragon, and that one was said to be average by the System.

If a more powerful Dragon Commander had come—perhaps even a group of them—things might not have ended so smoothly.

'And what of even more powerful Dragons? I can't be sure yet, since I don't properly know about the hierarchy.'

These were the thoughts that prevented him from growing conceited in his newfound power.

Rey knew full well that he could not become haughty after merely overwhelming humans.

'I haven't met most of the other Races yet. Looking at Esme, who is a Half-Elf, it's safe to say that Elves are pretty strong in this world.'

Their potential greatly dwarfed that of the humans.

'If the Elves are also having trouble with the Dragons, it must mean they're a very big deal.'

Rey couldn't afford to slack off.

'And it's not just me...' He remembered the arrangement he made with Conrad, Vida, and Adonis, about the Raid that would be happening soon.

'I'll be meeting everyone later today as Ralyks. I'm supposed to gauge their abilities.'

Rey didn't know what impression they would have of him, but was determined to make them strong.

All of them.

'Since they chose to remain in the Royal Capital, it means they're serious about stopping the Dragons'

That meant they were worthy investments.

'I can't be everywhere at once. Until I find a Skill that can make such a thing possible, it is better to have strong allies.'

That was the major reason why he was so interested in the Raid.

'I don't know if it's because they're humans, but I'm not getting as much EXP as I used to ever since I crossed the 100 Level threshold.'

It would be a lot more difficult Leveling Up, so he needed quick growers like Adonis and Alicia to become a lot more powerful.

'That said, I shouldn't fall behind.'

If he killed a lot of Monsters, there was no way he would remain stagnant as well.

'My current Class is A-Tier, which means my limit is somewhere around 200.'

No one in humanity's history had ever reached the limits of A-Tier, so no one really knew what it was.

Even Lucielle was currently in Level 175; perhaps even higher now that she had returned to the battlefield.

Still, Rey assumed the Cap would be around Level 200.

'That means I can still get twice as many Levels as I have now.'

That was a satisfactory goal to march towards.

Finally, there was the issue of the current situation in the Criminal Underworld.

'I'm sure the Royal Council knows about what's going on—at least to an extent.' Rey rubbed his chin as he thought to himself.

'It's a shame that they let Evals Redart die like that, but they were able to squeeze relevant information from him at least...' Rey thought back to the conversations he had with the Royal Council; mixed in with the topic of the Raid.

'As expected, Adonis is also in on everything. They probably won't make any move without consulting him as well.'

If it was anyone else, then Rey might have been wary of them having so much power, but for some reason... he had faith in Adonis.

'I trust he's doing this for the benefit of everyone in the class.'

That was just the kind of person Adonis was.

'Well... there's also the possibility that he's hiding his true self—like with Belle, or even myself—but I just don't see it.'

In the end, whether it was for logical reasons or purely emotional ones, Rey couldn't help but see the guy in a positive light.

'And now, it's time to set all those thoughts aside...'

The reason for Rey's passing thought was simple, as he even halted his flight and looked below him.

His mask hid the smile radiating from his face as his crimson eyes gazed down.

A few thousand feet beneath him was the place he was heading to.

"Looks like I've arrived."

*

Chapter 236 The Verte Estate

Screams of horror filled the air.

Death and destruction surrounded a young maiden as she tightly clung to something wrapped in a piece of clothing.

Her dark green hair and brown eyes sauntered back and forth as she was escorted to safety by her three guards—previously four.

As she ran through the compound, ignoring the burning mansion behind her, or the terror-filled night that seemed to be collapsing on her, her heart raced.

'Father and Mother are dead...' Tears fell from her eyes as she kept moving her legs.

The darkness of the night made it appear as though she was being constantly watched, but she could not stop moving.

"T-this... this is all too awful!" She wanted to scream and cry, but she could not.

She squeezed the package she held very close to her ample bosom, and her mature body jiggled with every swift step she took.

The name of this young maiden was Kara Verte—daughter of the Verte Councilor of the Obsidian Council.

Her family had been one of the first original founders of the Council, so it would count as a surprise to see them in such a desperate state.

But Kara knew why.

Her father had told it to her already—right before sending her off with the Four Cardinal Knights of the Verte Estate.

Compared to the other Obsidian Council Groups, the Verte Estate was practically known to be a Crime Family.

It was common knowledge.

But, there was a reason the Royal Council did not make a move on them—besides the power and influence they wielded.

It was because of their cooperation and desire for balance.

They still paid levies to the Royal Council and even sometimes acted as informants for them.

In essence, they worked at both ends.

But, it seemed none of that was good enough at this point. Despite all the Verte Family had done to stay afloat, the darkness of the world was too much for them to overcome.

And now... they found themselves sinking deeply.

"Huff... huff..."

As Kara quickened her pace, seeing as her Cardinal Knights were encouraging her to do so, she could feel her chest grow hot.

She was nearing her limits, being the mere human that she was.

Combat and Magic Abilities were not her field of expertise at all.

Instead, it was business.

Despite only being 18 years of age, her parents had put her in charge of several areas of business due to her analytic and critical mind.

They also often brought up the topic of marriage, since she was long overdue, but she always shrugged it off.

'I wish I listened to you, mother, father...!' She sniffed, her glasses bouncing on her face as she ran.

'I would have at least made you happy with a grandchild before you passed!'

It was too late now.

She could only run with her guards, hoping none of them were caught by the enemy.

"Where do you think you're going?!" A loud voice echoed in front of them, and someone instantly appeared before them.

The suddenness of the voice, and the abrupt appearance of the leader of the carnage caused Kara to reach her breaking point .

"Kyaaa!" Exhaustion and fear caught up to her, causing her to stumble and fall.

She screamed as she helplessly felt her face get trampled on the ground, her pretty dress stained by the dirt all over.

"Lady Kara!" Voices rang in the air as her blurry vision picked up the three guards around her stopping.

Right as they were about to reach for her, their heads were sent flying, and blood sprayed all over the floor.

Kara felt herself being drenched by the hot blood of those she saw as family.

They were all decapitated right in front of her eyes.

Without the aid of her glasses—which was now somewhere on the floor—Kara couldn't properly see.

But, she already knew what happened.

"N-no..." Her whimper softly echoed out as her body couldn't properly move.

The only thing she could do was hold on to the thing she held, wrapped up in cloth.

"Haha! Weaklings—all of them!"

There were Four Cardinal Knights that served as the Verte Family's most powerful group.

They were all incredibly strong, each with a weapon that they were experts in, and unmatched by anyone within the Verte Estate.

However, to the attackers—or, at least the one who led the charge—he found them to be weaklings.

Her blurry vision couldn't see the man now, but she had caught a glimpse of him moments before—when one of the Cardinal Knights offered to distract him while the rest fled with her.

He had a large scar—like a claw mark—implanted on his face, with narrow eyes like that of a sick animal.

He had wavy gray hair, and he looked middle-aged. Despite his body appearing very fragile due to his old age, his intimidating presence made anyone who saw him know he was the real deal.

His name was Fernand, one of the Nine Heads of Destruction within the Mercenary Gang.

"Haaa... haaa..."

The fact that the enemy was here only meant one thing.

'Sir Jusirai is dead...?!'

The strongest of the Cardinal Knights had met his demise when facing this man all alone, and now even the three others were dead.

All of their corpses were lying lifeless on the ground, leaving her as the sole survivor of the entire massacre that had gone down on her Estate.

"Hey, young miss..." Fernand's deep, aged voice caused Kara to shudder once she heard it.

"That's a nice piece of clothing you're clinging tightly to. What you got there?"

She couldn't properly see his face, but Kara knew instinctively that he was grinning very widely.

He was like a demon that had been sent from hell; and this gleaming blood-soaked blade made it clear that he wasn't done with his task.

There remained one more he had to cut down—Kara herself.

"Guess I'll have to check it out once I'm done tearing you to pieces."

Kara tightly shut her eyes as she expected the strike to come.

But... it never came.

Once she opened her eyes, she would see the reason why.

*

Chapter 237 The Reaper Arrives

~SWOOOSH!~

The blade sliced through the air, making its way towards the target in a literal flash.

No one ever detected Fernand's strikes whenever he swung his blade.

That gave rise to his nickname: Flash Flashy Fernand.

It was a little goofy, but the old man took it seriously. He had a track record of killing multiple enemies who wouldn't even know they were dead until seconds—maybe even a minute later.

His record was 93 seconds, and he was proud of that feat.

However, he was in a hurry now. Ending this girl's life and retrieving this document was the mission.

And he never failed any missions.

Not now, and not when he was the Head Warrior of the United Human Alliance.

'She's probably holding all the important documents relating to the business of the Verte Estate. Taking this from her should earn me even more merit.'

That way, he could finally be recognized enough to ascend to the Trio position.

'I've earned it now, haven't I?'

By completing this mission successfully, surely he had proven his worth enough.

If the Royal Estate couldn't see his skills and talents, he was sure the Criminal Underworld would.

He was going to prove himself to them. Then, they'd hand over his position among the Deadly Three.

'Then... I'll aim for the position of leader.'

That was his goal!

To rise to the very top of any organization he was in.

And by spilling the blood of this innocent girl, he would finally be able to fulfill his grand ambition.

'Sorry, little one. All of this is necessary too!'

~CLANG!~

'Hm?!'

Fernand was shocked.

His blade was meant to easily slice through his opponents—like a hot knife through butter.

It was the easiest thing to do.

So why? Why was he experiencing resistance?!

His wrinkled eyelids opened and he was could now see the reason for it.

"You..."

Fernand frowned deeply as he glared at the man who now stood in front of him.

He had a dark coat, with the crimson color in certain parts of his outfit. His dark mask was intimidating, and his presence oozed power.

Fernand could instantly tell that the man was strong. He could also detect a growing dislike that rose within him.

He already hated this man.

'How dare you stop my blade!' His thoughts echoed as the breeze flowed in the darkness.

"Who are you?"

'E-eh...?'

Kara Verte was stunned to see someone else standing in front of her.

Her blurry vision made it difficult to really decipher who he was, but the blade that was approaching her never got close.

She wasn't dead, and it was all thanks to the man who stood in front of her.

'Who is he?' As she pondered this, the enemy also asked the same question. freeweb novel. com

A tense silence consumed everything around as the world held its breath, waiting for the man to respond.

"My name is Ralyks. But you can call me your grim reaper." His voice, deep and resolute, echoed in its majesty.

Kara felt her body tremble slightly as she felt his cold statement wash over her.

She felt immensely grateful that she wasn't the one he was talking to.

"My grim reaper? What in the world are y—?"

~VWUUUSH!~

Kara watched as Fernand was suddenly thrust back, creating a large gap between him and them.

The further away he went, the more she couldn't even see him at all.

He had become a complete blur.

'I really need my—'

Just as she had this exact thought, she felt something pressing on her face, and the scent of the man in black overwhelmed her senses.

Within a moment, she could see perfectly.

"Here you go." His voice softly echoed in her ears.

Then, as her vision completely returned, she could see him a lot clearer.

He looked like the embodiment of chaos—of death.

The Reaper itself!

"Much better." He patted her head gently, his voice still remaining the same as it was.

Calm, collected, and kind.

Despite being a scary monster that could consume even darkness itself, Kara felt safe with him.

Her fear ceased, her grief lessened, and her heart slowed down in comfort.

'T-thank you... Lord Ralyks.' Her eyes leaked forth tiny drops of tears before she closed her eyes and felt sleepy.

Kara still didn't know what her fate was. She also held onto the cloth very tightly.

However, having this man here gave her a sense of comfort and security.

'Mother, Father... I'm safe now.'

'Good. Looks like she's asleep now.' Rey sighed in relief as he looked at the girl in his grasp.

He cradled her gently and let her land softly on the ground as she enjoyed the sleep he induced on her.

'She looks traumatized. It's better she rests for a bit.'

He exhaled deeply once he gave another glance at her. She was pretty, and her cute face was even more accentuated with the glasses she wore.

She also had a somewhat sickly pale skin which added a fragile look to her overall appeal.

'She's the daughter of the Vertes, huh? Kara, I see...'

Rey had used [Absolute Appraisal] on her, so knew a little about her.

'Her parents are dead already too. What a sha—'

"HEY! ARE YOU IGNORING ME RIGHT NOW?!" The angry voice of an old man woke Rey from his thoughts.

It caused him to slightly look away from the sleeping beauty and slowly turn back to see the enemy.

His glowing crimson eyes increased in intensity as he glared at him.

"Be quiet. I'll attend to you once I'm done."

There was no way Rey was ignoring the old man. He just wasn't the priority at the moment.

'I came to save the Verte Group, but it seems I could only save one girl. I suppose I'm not as fast or as strong as I want to be.'

Even though he arrived relatively early, if he had come here slightly earlier, he could have saved the dead Knights on the floor.

If he came even earlier, there was a chance he could have saved Kara's parents.

In essence...

'... I'm not that strong. Not yet!'

*

Chapter 238 Terror Of The Reaper

'T-this guy...!'

Fernand felt a burning rage course through his veins as he looked at the man who stood just a few meters from him.

'He has the audacity to show me his back?!'

Fernand already knew he was strong, wasn't this bordering on the line of hubris?

'I was caught off guard when he sent that pulsating attack that created distance between us.'

Still, that didn't give the fool a license to let his guard down in front of a powerful opponent.

Fernand knew he certainly wasn't going to be hit by that attack again.

'So why is he being so lax? Is he that confident in his victory? Or is he just a foolish youth who doesn't know his place?'

Fernand was willing to bet on the latter.

'It seems he hasn't experienced the ultimate disgrace—not like I have. He doesn't know there are bigger fish in this world.'

There was always someone stronger.

As a warrior, that realization had driven him to hone his strength and work even harder to reach his determined destination.

For many, though, this realization often came with despair.

They could never truly be the strongest since there was always going to be someone who was more talented or skilled that would surpass the strongest.

He experienced this when he was the Head Warrior and was bested by a Warrior within his ranks.

Back then, he had lost in every sense of the word—a fact that he wasn't willing to accept until he finally reflected on everything.

He was weaker than the current Head Warrior. He knew that.

After his disgrace, he remained in the Royal Estate in an attempt to regain his position, but nothing worked.

No matter how hard he trained, or how much work he put in, Brutus was always stronger.

He struggled against the tides so much that he began to sink so deep.

That was when an Epiphany hit him.

'There are some opponents you just can't surpass.'

Rather than try fruitlessly to do so, attention was better spent elsewhere.

... Perhaps in a smaller place where you could be the strongest.

And so, in a search for purpose and superiority, Fernand stumbled upon the Mercenary Gang and proved his power.

He was instantly promoted to the rank of the Heads of Destruction.

But... Fernand knew he deserved better.

He was definitely strong enough to be among the Deadly Three.

He just had to merit it.

'And now that I've finally made it this far... I won't be stopped by the likes of him!'

Fernand brandished his blade as he glared at the man he would soon cut down.

'I wanted to fight as a warrior, but it seems you simply want to die a swift death. Fair enough!'

Fernand decided to activate his Skills and strike at full strength.

There was no room for hubris here.

'[Swift Blade]. [Swift Mind]. [Elevate]. [Aura Sword].'

These were the four Skills that Fernand had—the very Skills that made him a deadly force that could not be stopped.

[Swift Blade] and [Swift Mind] made his weapon and mind move at such fast rates that time seemed to slow down exponentially.

When this happened, he could think very fast even in the shortest of moments.

With his sword moving very fast too, it would be too fast for any eye to perceive.

These, coupled with [Elevate] that improved his physical abilities so that they could match his mind and weapon's speed... made him a perfect fighter.

Fast—too fast to be evaded or blocked.

Then, his final Skill was what truly made him a nigh invincible warrior.

[Aura Sword] imbued his weapon with powerful and dense energy—Mana that had been compressed to its limits.

This was Aura... the energy that cuts through all things!

With all of these Skills on his side, he could easily cut down a nobody that stood in his way.

'Die for your foolishness.'

Fernand closed the distance between him and his target in one breath, his blade already raised to cut him down.

'Whether or not you have defenses, I'll cut them all down.'

That was the true nature of his blade.

~CLANG!~

'W-what?!'

Once again, Fernand met heavy resistance from his blade.

His strike had definitely been heavier and faster than ever before.

He even added Aura to it.

So how... why was this man's defenses so strong?

'W-who are you?!'

The man in the mask slowly looked at him, his eyes shining brightly as Fernand felt his body growing still.

"I believe I already told you..." His calm voice echoed in the air, and Fernand heard every syllable.

But it wasn't in slow motion.

Despite his Skills being activated, he was perceiving the opponent in real time.

Why was that? Were his Skills not working? Had he slowed down?

No... none of those were the answer.

The answer was very simple, but unacceptable to Fernand.

Just like when he lost, the old man could not comprehend what was happening, nor did he want to accept it.

... The fact that the Reaper was moving just as fast as he was.

No—maybe even faster.

"I said I would attend to you once I was done, but it seems you're in a hurry to die."

Fernand felt a chill down his spine the moment he heard that.

He followed his instinct and leaped back the moment he felt the bloodlust of his target wash over him.

The man before him was no longer the prey.

He had become the predator.

Ralyks—as he called himself—rose from his position, his eyes still on Fernand.

'W-what's this? Why...? Why can't I move?!'

Fernand's body was shaking violently as he witnessed the blood-curdling pressure that a single man was emitting.

As he felt this sensation, he remembered... the deep-rooted terror he had buried.

The one that was given to him by the Dragons!

'N-no... there's no way he's that strong!'

However, now that Fernand felt even more of the pressure that Ralyks gave out, he wasn't so sure about his earlier thought.

There was no way a human was this strong.

'H-he's a... a...!!'

*

Chapter 239 Conclusion Of The Night

The claw scar that was on Fernand's face was given to him by a Dragon during the first wave of war.

Ever since then, he truly knew the meaning of powerlessness.

The despair that was imprinted into him caused a domino effect that ruined his life.

His paranoia was so strong that he lost the respect of his subordinates.

—Enough to make one of them challenge him, and win!

He was demoted, and despite his desperate requests, he was still taken to fight the Dragons on the front lines.

That hellish experience... Fernand thought he had left all of that behind when he deserted the Royal Estate and joined the Mercenary Gang.

As an Executive there, he was well respected and he could do whatever he pleased.

All his enemies were also very weak.

... Until now.

"E-eeeeek!" The old man squeaked like a rat, still unable to move as he watched his predator finally stand in front of him.

"W-what are you? A... dragon...?!"

Blood began to flow out of his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth.

Fernand felt like he was choking on his own life fluids as he struggled to breathe.

His face begged for mercy, but the emotionless response of the blank mask showed him that there was none to be given.

"Don't worry. I won't kill you."

As Fernand heard this, he felt his heart jump in relief.

"A man like you still has his uses, after all..." The words that Ralyks spoke didn't seem at all merciful.

Instead, they sounded almost sinister.

"I've been thinking of using Mind Control on one of you people in order to gain access to this entire Undertaking. I guess you'll have to do."

Fernand still didn't understand what was going on.

He couldn't comprehend the gravity of what he was to face.

"Don't worry. You won't remember any of this. At least, not in the way you currently do."

Fernand suddenly felt himself slowly falling into an endless pit of darkness.

He couldn't scream or shout.

He could only watch powerlessly as his will was stripped from him, leaving a puppet in its stead.

"Now then... let us begin."

"I guess I'm done here." Rey muttered.

He looked ahead and could see Fernand running away, a wide grin of relief on his face.

'This is probably for the best. It's not part of the plan, but I can't leave everything to Rebal.'

He cast his gaze away from Fernand and looked in the opposite direction—at the opposite side of the burning building.

'All his subordinates are waiting there. They must be waiting for their leader. That's too bad...'

Rey pulled the unconscious Kara into his [Grand Inventory], saving her from whatever carnage would soon ensue.

'I got four new Skills from that man. That's a good haul, I suppose.'

From the man's Status Window, Rey already knew a bit of his history and his level of strength.

'He's the strongest Head I've seen so far. Almost as strong as Brutus too...' Rey gave a wry smile and shrugged a little.

'Former Head Warrior, huh? I wonder what would have happened if we trained under him.'

Fortunately for Rey and his classmates, they would never get to find out.

"Where's the boss?"

"He's taking too long! I want to go home already!"

"Ya think we should go see him?"

"Come on, don't go stirring the hornet's nest! Just do what you're told!"

"Aye aye!"

The warriors under Fernand numbered a hundred, and they all mostly sat on the ground—though some stood—as they waited for their leader.

Even though they were supposed to raid the Estate together—killing everyone inside—Fernand told them all that he would handle it.

Since they didn't doubt his strength, no one complained in the slightest.

Their job was merely to set the entire property on fire and look out for any deserters.

They weren't allowed to make any other active moves

"Argh..."

"I'm bored."

"Me too. Why does Boss always do this? We barely get to do anything."

"Shouldn't you be grateful? We don't do anything yet we get paid! You know how many would kill for this kind of opportunity?"

"Yeah, I know. But..."

For men of violence, they desired that very thing. That was why they were growing very restless having not seen their leader.

Thankfully, they wouldn't have to wait for much longer.

"Hm? Who's that?" Someone pointed at a shadowy figure who stood a few meters from them.

"A deserter? Looks like it."

"Hehe! You're not going anywhere!"

"Time for some action!"

The men casually drew their blades and sluggishly rose to their feet.

They had no idea what was coming.

"[Severing Claw]." A voice echoed from the man of the shadows.

"Eh? What's that?"

"You're not even gonna try running?"

"Hehehe! What an idiot."

The fools did not realize that they were already dead—cut down by the several invisible blades that swept through all of them in a flash.

One moment, they were readying their blades to strike.

And the next...?

~SPLOOOOSH!~

They were nothing more than chunks of meat and bones swimming in a vast ocean of blood.

Even the weapons they held shattered into pieces, as if being sliced apart.

The ground was no exception.

Claw marks were imprinted upon the earth, decorating the floor that entrails and sliced-up human flesh sat on.

"Good riddance." The voice from within the mask echoed.

Although, at that point, no one was listening to him any longer.

[Moments Later]

Rey lay on his bed, his head facing the ceiling of his fine room as he heaved a sigh.

It had been a very long night/morning for him.

For the first time since arriving in this world, he actually left the Royal Capital.

But, that was only the tip of the iceberg.

'I killed people...'

Even though he got stronger with every human life he took, it still bothered him to no end.

He couldn't shake it off.

'I did a lot of things I wouldn't normally do. It was all in the spur of the moment.'

But Rey knew he couldn't stop now.

He had already started the journey, so it was too late to pull back now.

'Thankfully, Asher and Kara are safe. The KariBlanc Group should handle the rest of the details while I rest. There's a lot to do, so I'll probably head back there as soon as I'm done with the Raid preparations later today.'

He closed his eyes, feeling the call of sleep whispering to his exhausted body.

'With this, it's confirmed that there is indeed an uprising from Scylla and her New Order. This undertaking of theirs is serious indeed...'

It was uncertain whether the Royal Council would be able to react on time, so he had to take matters into his own hands.

His sixteen-year-old hands.

'I'm so tired...' Rey could feel tears falling from his eyes as he used his hand to cover his face.

He wasn't even sure why he was crying.

'... So tired.'

He slept off this way, unaware of what was occurring in the depths of darkness.

... Completely oblivious of the evils to come.

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Chapter 240 The New Order [Pt 1]

In a vast and beautiful room, furnished finely with the best kinds of items anyone could find, there was a long table.

This table had five chairs lined before it.

Two were placed in the left, two in the right to the final chair—which also looked the most prestigious—was at the very front.

The head of the table.

Seated on each of these seats were people who were dressed rather uniquely—though most of them had fancy wears.

The chandelier up above, the fine murals all over the pristine space, the regal carpets, and the exquisite curtains; all of these things sanctified this entire room as purely bourgeois.

As such, the people presently seated had to reflect such dignity.

Other than a rough-looking man that sat with his arms folded, fleshing his bulging muscles and his barely covered chest, everyone else was dressed appropriately for the meeting.

They also had entourages who stood behind them.

Each of the regular four seats had two people standing behind them.

However, the majestic seat in front of them all had only one person standing.

The young man who stood there wore a pure black suit, with pure black hair and blue eyes shimmering from his blank eyes.

He looked stoic as he placed both hands behind him and stood behind his mistress.

Indeed...

The one who sat in the most prestigious position was none other than Lady Scylla, the only Slave Trader who currently operated within the United Human Alliance's borders.

Her long, blond hair was coiled, and it fell on her purely red dress.

Her beautiful and delicate face would be more than enough to fool anyone. It hid the truly savage and ruthless persona she had within.

With her lips giving off the hue of red, and her violet eyes echoing nothing but danger, she smiled at the people who had gathered before her.

There was Noir, Rouge, and Bleue of the Obsidian Council.

And then, Fenrir, the Chief of the Mercenary Gang.

These were the members of her New Order; heralds of the Undertaking.

Behind them were their subordinates. For the Mercenary Gang Chief, two of the Deadly Three stood behind him.

For the others, they also had the most qualified of their members standing behind them.

As for Scylla... the boy that guarded her was more than enough.

"I suppose we should begin with some good news." Scylla's voice echoed within the bright room, causing everyone to give her their full attention.

"We've culled every seed of the previous rulers of the Criminal Underworld. They won't be a threat to our goals."

Everyone in the room knew what that meant.

The True Triumvirate that governed all the activities of the Underworld were members of the Royal Council.

They had enough power and wealth to do and undo.

After their deaths, there was the fear that their children would also rise up to take on the mantle.

Hence, the culling.

Every person related to the three Councilors were killed without mercy.

No one was confirmed to survive.

"I suppose we should be thanking you, Fenrir. Your Mercenary Gang took care of everything practically overnight."

As Scylla said this, her charming smile radiating so much goodwill, Fenrir grunted and shrugged.

His wild and bushy black hair was reminiscent of a beast, and while he had a bald chin, traces of his hair were already closely encroaching on it.

He had a black armless jacket on, exposing his muscular physique, and he wore pretty baggy trousers, with boots serving as footwear.

Overall, he appeared to be a ruffian who seemed barely interested in the meeting.

Still, he reluctantly remained.

"Whatever..." He murmured.

"Oh, come on. Don't be so modest, Sir Fenrir." Lord Rouge grinned.

"Indeed! Indeed!" Bleue joined and nodded.

The two of them could not be the furthest thing from each other.

While Rouge was an overweight middle-aged man who had balding blond hair, Bleue appeared to be lanky; with ebony skin and a more youthful face.

Everyone knew he was using Magic to appear younger, though.

"Enough patronizing. That won't stop me from charging you full price for our services." Fenrir growled and shrugged.

"Of course! We understand."

"Yes! We understand!"

The way the two echoed their words clearly pissed off the Mercenary Gang's Chief, but he maintained control over his emotions.

"I believe we all gathered here for a purpose. Why don't we get to that?"

The one who spoke was Lord Noir—an old man with gray hair and a snake-like expression on his wrinkled face.

Out of everyone in the room, he was dressed the most elegant—
—with a black cape, and jewels that had dark tints to them.

His pale skin and composed attitude was reminiscent of a classical depiction of the Vampire Count.

As the current patriarch of the original family that began the Obsidian Council, Lord Noir was met with the respect of everyone present.

His shrewd gaze and immaculate presentation made it impossible not to adore him.

Compared to him, the other two members of the Obsidian Council appeared as lackeys.

And... perhaps they were.

"You're right, Lord Noir!"

"Right indeed, Lord Noir!"

The old man sighed, also finding their bickering to be exhausting.

He glanced at Scylla and nodded slightly—his pure black irises telling her to go ahead with the meeting.

"Based on the original plan, the Mercenary Gang has sent their forces to cripple the Blanc House while completely eradicating the Jaune and Verte House."

The reason they didn't simply eliminate the Blanc House was due to them being based in the Capital.

It was one of the most lucrative places to be in, but also the most dangerous.

They couldn't simply send their forces to cause chaos in the Capital; considering the security that the place boasted of.

Besides, since a Dragon was spotted there recently, it really wasn't the best time to engage in such an overt mission.

"We'll deal with the Blanc House once we're done consuming everything aside from the Capital. For now, we'll absorb all the resources of the other Houses."

The way Scylla spoke in such absolutes made it clear that she had no doubt in their victory.

It was already assured.

"As for the Enchanted Items in the KariBlanc Eastern Warehouse, the Mercenary Guild will split will have everything—
as agreed."

Fenrir grunted in response.

"The territories and total resources of the fallen three will be shared among the three of you. I suppose that's only fair." Scylla turned to the deserting members of the Obsidian Council.

As soon as she said that, the faces of Rouge and Bleue were especially joyful.

Noir maintained his calm demeanor, so Scylla simply decided to continue.

"We still have no idea what they were going to use so many Enchanted Items for, but it's a good thing we seized control over the entire area before it became too late."

The military force of their New Order would be equipped with so much power—enough to even go against the Royal Council.

They would have enough economic potential to also outscale the Royal Council.

Everything was flowing smoothly.

"Soon, we of the Underworld will be the ones ruling everything on the surface as well."

Those words were enough to put a smile on everyone's faces.

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