

Extras 321

Chapter 321 What Rey Was Up To

[Moments Earlier: The Merchant City]

"This is weird..."

Rey and Esme were walking alongside each other, though with both of them cloaked, no one around could see them.

They couldn't hear them either.

"Why haven't we spotted a single Warehouse with any slave in them?" Esme muttered, her tone showing signs of impatience.

She was, of course, in her full-plated armor, and her face was covered in a dark helmet. Still, that didn't stop the emotions she displayed from leaking out.

"I'm not surprised." Rey answered her, causing the Half Elf to turn in his direction.

"What do you mean? You knew this would happen?"

"No. I wasn't sure. But, with all of this happening, it's pretty clear what's going on now."

Esme's quizzical expression was hidden underneath her helmet, just as Rey's smile was also locked behind his mask.

Both of them merely spoke without once being able to visually express their current emotions.

"With Scylla and her cohorts already aware that the Full Sweep is happening today, it's very likely that they have already transferred their assets to a different location." Rey finally answered.

To this, Esme groaned.

"But we've been searching a lot of places for days now. Nearly two weeks, even." She sighed, slapping her hand against her metal helmet.

If not for Rey's control over sound Magic, her sudden action would have definitely attracted attention.

"Does that mean we'll have to search for them all over again?"

A slight chuckle echoed from Rey as he looked at Esme, wishing he could see what kind of expression she had behind the Orichalcum.

"You're very smart and collected, but when it comes to matters like these, you really are naive and excitable."

"W-what?"

"Pfft! Relax. I don't blame you for being unaware of how things work in this sphere of life." Rey shrugged, his tone still containing hints of amusement.

"You don't know anything about the Criminal Underworld."

With Scylla now in control of the entire Slave Trade business, it was previously assumed that she would have her Slaves in the regions that were now under her command.

However, none of the merchandise could be seen there.

No single slave was spotted there.

"That means they've been transported to places that aren't even on the map, or they exist somewhere close... where they're very accessible." Rey added.

"But we've checked the Merchant City through and through and we've found nothing." Esme sighed. "And you also added that there's no underground area for trade here."

Rey nodded slightly.

Unlike in the Capital, where an entire underground space had to be built in order to ensure the business of the Black Market flowed well, the Allied Merchant City had Black Market activities seamlessly blend well with mainstream businesses.

Unless there was an expert in the field, or a proper investigation was carried out, it would be difficult to differentiate the two.

"Which was why I also thought we had to search through the Merchant City. But, after finding nothing, I think there are only two options left." Rey sighed, both hands in his pockets.

"Firstly, they might be in unregistered areas that aren't on the map. That'll make our search more difficult."

"And the second option?" Esme quickly asked, neatly cutting Rey off when he spoke.

A short moment of silence ensued after she did this.

"S-sorry for that..."

Esme's head hung shamefully on her shoulders as she apologized. She was clearly anxious and extremely worried for her family.

Rey understood that.

'I guess moments like this really show how young she is.' He smiled underneath his mask before proceeding to tell her what she wanted to hear.

"The second option is simple. They're located at the closest place they can be to Scylla—the venue of the Dark Gathering itself."

"A-ah...?"

"Thinking about it well, even if there's no underground region for trade here, Scylla could have an underground area in her territory meant for storing her goods. It's the perfect place to hide merchandise." Rey found his lips widening the more he mulled over the possibility of his suspicions being correct.

Before he could get very far, though, Esme's voice surged forth.

"Why do you keep referring to them like that?"

"Pardon?"

"The slaves. They're people, you know? Why do you keep referring to them as goods and merchandise?"

Rey hadn't particularly been paying attention to his use of language, but he didn't particularly think they mattered in the context in which they operated.

"I call them that because that's what our targets use to identify them. If I want to figure out where they are, I need to think the same way the opponent thinks."

In essence, only by putting himself in their kind would he be able to fully grasp their thought process and imagine situations that could arise as a result.

"I see..."

Esme's voice seemed neutral, though Rey felt like she was sort of disappointed in him.

'It doesn't matter, though. Once she sees how helpful such a methodology is, she'll understand.' He shrugged all of those thoughts aside

"Either way, it doesn't matter which of the two options is true. We'll be able to find out everything once the Dark Gathering begins." Rey chuckled as he stared at Esme.

"I believe It's time we returned to Rebal."

~VWUUUUSH!~

Space parted, spitting out Rey and Esme in the process.

The two walked in on Rebal and Kara seated on their beds, with the duplicate of Rey—or rather, Ralyks—standing in the corner.

"Y-you're back, Sir Ralyks!"

"Welcome back, Sir Ralyks and... well, his partner."

As the two awkwardly gave their greetings, Rey nodded at them.

"It's evening already. A couple more hours, and the Dark Gathering begins." He smiled at the group, though his mask prevented anyone from seeing anything.

"I still have to take care of one more round of business before we begin, so I'll be taking my leave now."

Of course, Rey still planned on leaving his Replica in the room—
pending the time he returned.

The place he was headed to was none other than the Royal Estate; the living quarters of the Otherworlders to be exact.

"Later, then."

~VWUSH!~

Once he took his leave and arrived at the living quarters, he found it to be obviously empty.

'Based on my sensory link to the Replica, I can tell that they're done with facing the Monster. And, just as instructed, the Replica was able to land the final blow.'

He was also thankful that he had tuned in to the Replica when he did, so he was able to stop Belle from freaking out on the rest of her classmates.

That was truly a close call.

With a wide grin on his face, Rey gave his last instruction to his Replica while transforming his body into what he would look like as a battered Rey and not the powerful Ralyks.

His instruction to the Replica was simple: to teleport all his classmates back to their living quarters.

Once the replica did so, he positioned himself exactly where he would have been among the rest of the Otherworlders.

As a result, he was able to blend seamlessly with them.

Everything that happened after that was done by Rey... and Rey alone.

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Chapter 322 The Secret Of Darkness

[Moments Later]

'It's a relief I undid the [Replication] when I did.' Rey thought as he looked at Alicia's sleeping face.

After crying her eyes out, she had fallen asleep in Rey's arms.

He already knew she was very exhausted, so none of it came as a surprise to her. The only awkward thing was that he still had his arms wrapped around her.

"Huu..." Rey couldn't help but wonder what his Replica would have done in such an emotionally charged moment.

'I don't even want to think about it.'

In all honesty, he had been very lucky with the way the events had turned out.

'If I had been a bit off, things would have ended up being a little messed up. Maybe even more than that...' He sighed.

The plan from the start was pretty simple.

Rey fed the Boss Monster, as well as the Mobs, on the 98th Floor the Monster Cores that he found in the 99th Floor.

That made them evolve to another level entirely.

Afterwards, he left Ater in charge of overseeing their further evolution and ensuring that they would be viable for use in the fourth day of the Raid—when there would be no Ralyks to save the Otherworlders.

'It's really a shame that Monsters break down once they enter S-Tier. I guess they just don't have it in them to evolve any further.'

Rey wondered if the same applied to humans.

Someone like Lucielle, if she was forcibly thrust into the S-Tier... would she end up the same as the Boss Monster that Rey evolved?

'If that's the case, then I guess humans are doomed to be on this level.'

Rey still wasn't sure if that was strictly the case, but his experience with the Monster had shown him that it was a great possibility.

'Maybe if the Monster had more time to stabilize its evolution, it wouldn't have broken down like that. Its body would have acclimated to the change very slowly, and it would have been successful.'

Unfortunately, since Rey wanted immediate results when he embarked on that project, he couldn't say for sure.

'Maybe I'll conduct another experiment some other time to find out.'

He still had a couple more Monster Cores belonging to the 99th Floor, so there were still assets at his disposal.

For now, though, there other things occupied his mind.

'I can't tell Alicia that I'm Ralyks.'

Thinking about how she perceived him, and how she perceived Ralyks, it would be a very difficult thing to ask her to reconcile both perspectives.

Alocia had also told him on a few occasions—including not too long ago—about how she admired him for being so determined and brave despite his weakness.

She liked how he worked hard and struggled to catch up to others despite being a weakling.

'How would she feel if I told her that was all a lie?'

Rey had deceived her and everyone else for so long that if he revealed his true identity, it wouldn't be that of 'Rey' or 'Ralyks' but a totally different person.

He would be a stranger to everyone—Alicia included.

'Besides, after pulling today's stunt, I don't know if I have it in me to tell her that the guy she looks up to so much intentionally put her in immense danger just so she can grow stronger.'

Sure, he had the Boss Monster under his control.

The thing wouldn't have killed any of them since that was its directive. Besides, his Replica was also there to prevent any tragedy.

He had been very careful with his planning.

'But I put them in a life or death situation mentally. Given Alicia's trauma, that's a very scummy thing to do.'

Rey didn't want her to see his actions in such a negative light.

'She might end up hating me the same way she despises Billy. No... maybe even worse?'

There was no need for him to risk their perfect relationship with such an intense revelation.

'I... I can't tell her anything about it.'

Rey sighed silently and wiggled his way out of her embrace. Smiling gently at her, he recognized his decision was more selfish than it was out of consideration for her.

He truly was scared

"Besides..." As he walked away from Alicia's bed, Rey's whisper silently echoed.

It was cold, just like the look on his face as he neared the door.

'... With what I'm about to do next, it's better this all remains hidden.'

Alicia had told him that she was scared of the darkness.

'My identity as Ralyks is nothing but darkness.'

A path carved from the shadows, meant to do whatever was necessary—even if it meant spilling blood.

That wasn't something he could show her.

"Which is why I'm so sorry, Alicia." Tears fell from his eyes as he twisted the doorknob.

"My secret stays with me."

Silent tension filled the room as Rey returned in his full glory.

Wrapped around in darkness, with all his gear strapped in their respective locations, he appeared out of the warp in space.

His allies—Rebal, Kara, and Esme—rose to their feet, instinctively knowing that their moment of wait was now over.

In a single breath, Rey canceled the effects of his [Replication], ensuring his final clone returned to him.

Right now, he was at full power.

"The time has come." He said, his gaze on the three who nodded and shuddered at his words.

The Dark Gathering was at hand, even while the Merchant City was being turned upside down by the Royal Council's Full Sweep efforts.

Chaos pervaded the capital that night, and even more horrors were about to be revealed.

However, everyone present in this room already knew this. They were fully prepared to walk the path of darkness, at least for this single night.

"Now then..."

~VWUUM!~

The swirling gate of shattered space invited them inside as Rey stood right beside it.

Beyond it was the calamity they dreaded, and the solution they desired. All they had to do to grasp either of both was to step forward.

"... Let us begin."

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Chapter 323 The Dark Gathering [Pt 1]

Darkness seeped through the cracks of the night.

It deepened, like ink spreading on paper, until the entire city was engulfed in it.

And so, once blackness reigned true... the Dark Gathering could begin in full.

A massive hall, separated from the world thanks to a barrier that rendered it both invisible and impenetrable, served as the venue.

It had no windows, yet due to Magic, the entire place was so cool that one's breath could nearly be seen just by breathing.

The walls were eerily black—same as the tiled ground.

Fortunately, there were purple carpets strewn all about, and the great neon-like chandelier rained down a wonderful gem-like ambiance upon the whole room.

The entire building belonged to none other than Scylla, and since that was where the Dark Gathering was unanimously agreed to be held, all members had no choice but to comply.

Hence, the members of this union began to trickle in.

Lord Bleue, with his lanky appearance and dark skin, walked in with his two bodyguards—the Duo of Death.

As for Lord Rouge, his flabby body was closely guarded by two other guards, each one a respectable member of the Mercenary Gang's most Elite Unit.

Lord Noir, who had apparently been the first to arrive, was already seated by the time these two arrived almost at the same minute.

They watched him sipping tea behind the round table that stood at the center of the room.

He was guarded by one of the Deadly Three, as well as another most Elite guard from his own private forces.

The Deadly Three member was none other than the Warrior of Darkness—Obsidian Blade: Ladon.

It was said that his skill in combat was unmatched, except by Fenrir, and his incredible armor was practically impenetrable.

He served as both a striker and a tank, making him the perfect offensive and defensive individual.
—The perfect warrior.

Lord Noir was seated beside the empty and grandest seat of all, which belonged to Scylla—of course.

On the left of the seat was a position occupied by none other than the Mercenary Gang Leader, Fenrir—The White Wolf.

Behind him was the Black Magician—the last member of the Deadly Three.

Everyone in the room already knew what happened to Anukus, The Destroyer, but the surviving two were standing representations of the epitome of the Mercenary Gang.

If any were to ask for the superior one, it would be difficult to answer.

The Obsidian Blade was much faster and combat adept, and his prowess made him difficult to deal with. However, the Dark Magician had Spells that bypassed the former's defenses, hence giving him an edge in their fight.

As a result, it was still a debated issue to date; who was the more superior one.

However, the topic that was already settled in the minds of all was the person who could be deemed the strongest in the Mercenary Gang.

That title undeniably belonged to Fenrir.

While rumors had passed that each of the Heads of Destruction of the Mercenary Gang had slayed Dragons, only Fenrir's case had been confirmed.

After all, the very armor that the Obsidian Blade wore belonged to the very Dragon he killed. The staff of the Dark Magician was also the same.

Fenrir also seemed to be wearing his own custom item that he obtained as a spoil from the Dragon.

It was the Totem of Chaos, and it wrapped around his bulky neck like a charmed necklace.

With all of these individuals seated, a clacking footstep began to echo within the dark hall.

Scylla's high-heel shoes made coordinated noise, like a symphony that signaled something eerie, as she stepped into the room as if from thin air.

Everyone instantly turned in her direction, and they noticed Scylla in a pure black gown. Her blond hair swayed marvelously as her makeup amplified her beauty and caused her reddened lips to appear even more succulent.

Lady Scylla was just breathtaking.

Still, while it was easy to be amazed by the beauty that had just appeared, the masked guard that walked behind her made it difficult to do so.

He had a strong, imposing presence that made sure everyone was on their toes.

No one could hear his footsteps, but they could feel the increasing risk to their lives the closer he drew to their midst.

Until finally—

"Greetings, friends!" Scylla beamed.

—The Lady took her seat in the most glamorous of positions.

There were a total of seven seats, and hers was at the very head; a perfect representation of the power she currently wielded.

Her left side was occupied first by Fenrir, and then Bleue who sat beside him. Her right side had Noir, and then Rouge.

The last two seats remained unoccupied, but everyone knew who they were for.

"It seems like our dear friends are going to be late to the event." Scylla's voice seemed to contain regret, though her wicked smile showed the opposite.

Without the two whom they were expecting, the Dark Gathering wouldn't really hold any significance, so she genuinely wanted them to show up.

However, them being late—or not showing at all—wasn't actually a bad thing.

It would just be a waste is all...

"Well, we can't keep waiting for them. The doors shall now be closed."

The massive gates that led to the room soon began to close shut. This was the very entrance that every single member had used to get into the Dark Gathering, so without it being open, getting in would be... very difficult.

Needless to say, shutting it tight would essentially block off any latecomers.

As soon as the two doors shut tight, Scylla intertwined her fingers and rested her hand on the table.

"Now then, let us begi—"

Almost as soon as Scylla's words echoed in the vast hall, a loud creak echoed in the furthest corner of the room.

Everyone instantly looked in the direction of the loud noise, only to find the very same massive double doors being opened by a figure in a dark robe.

Behind him was yet another dark figure, and then the two final participants of the Dark Gathering.

"It seems we arrived a little late." The deep voice of a man echoed from their position as the two dignitaries walked in.

"However, we are here now."

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Chapter 324 The Dark Gathering [Pt 2]

Deafening silence.

The world within the hall fell into a total lull as the Patriarch of the Blanc House and the new head of the Verte House stepped inside.

Their steps were measured, but not cautious.

The two seemed to have an air of unquestionable authority and unchallenged confidence as they stepped into the den of the obvious enemies.

Fear or unease was absent in their gaze.

Once they had taken a few steps into the hall—with the second figure of darkness trailing after the female of the two Obsidian Councilors, the man who had opened the doors instantly vanished from his previous position and appeared beside the much older Councilor.

The door loudly shut behind them as they advanced to the center of the hall, where the table was waiting for them.

They said nothing.

Other than the few things that were spoken earlier, no word echoed from their tightly shut lips.

At least, not until they finally reached their respective seats.

"Greetings, everyone." Rebal Blanc said with a smile as he took the left position.

"Apologies for being late." Kara Verte stated as she too gracefully took her position to the right.

They both sat without any wariness or caution, not even bothering to observe their chairs before taking such an impulsive action.

Their observers didn't know what to make of that.

Were they really fools, or were they just that confident in their abilities?

It was uncertain.

Perhaps they simply trusted in their entourage that much. The two who guarded them appeared competent enough, after all.

The one who stood behind Kara Verte had the imposing air of a seasoned warrior. Though their face was hidden in dark armor, it was the assumption of many that whoever was inside the armor was strong.

Perhaps even as strong as the Obsidian Blade.

Unlike the Obsidian Blade's bulkier armor, which was predominantly black, with silver designs all around it, this person was coated in more streamlined plates.

Perhaps they focused more on speed rather than pure defense. The armor was by no means light. It just seemed a bit more compact than the one worn by adult veteran men.

Nonetheless, everyone had no choice but to narrow their gaze in caution.

Then, there was the second one.

He wore a dark hooded coat, with a design that made the upper helm of his hood look like two horns were protruding out.

He had a cape on top of the darkened coat, with the hood of that one having a red fur-like design, and the inner color also radiating crimson.

His coat resembled that of a veteran Adventurer, and everything about his gear showed he was someone who preferred being concealed in the shadows

He had a dark mask on his face, with crimson eyes glowing from within the holes for his eyes.

He didn't have as much of a presence as the armored one, but it would be foolish not to recognize him as formidable.

Then, for Rebal and Kara, they wore regal outfits that best correlated with their Houses.

Rebal was in an all-white suit, with his greying hair and beards complimenting his color choice to the utmost perfection.

He had a walking cane on one hand, though it was more likely to be a weapon than a harmless accessory.

Kara Verte, on the other hand, had a lime green gown, with dark jewelry coating multiple parts of her body. Despite her naturally cute appearance, there was nothing cute about her this evening.

She seemed to radiate pure sternness.

"Well, it's no problem. We weren't waiting for very long." Scylla smiled, responding to the earlier apology.

No one spoke in response to her.

"What matters right now is that the Triumvirate has gathered."

Scylla's grin widened as she traced her violet gaze to look at everyone seated in the room.

'Just as planned. Everything is going according to the plan.' She stifled her laughter and simply cleared her throat.

All her subordinates in the Royal Capital who were in wait could now make their move.

'All Communication from the outside world is blocked here, with only my device serving as the exception.' Her lips widened even more.

'They won't be able to reach the Capital at all, and those in the Capital won't be able to reach them.'

In the end, they were trapped here.

'And once I finally take care of all the loose ends... the entire Alliance will be mine!'

'So this is the Dark Gathering...'

As Rey observed everyone from within his dark mask, he narrowed his gaze.

'All of the troublesome ones are here, just as expected.'

Rey cast his sight on the traitors of the Obsidian Council, how they showed no shame or discomfort even when Rebal was standing right next to them.

They had completely erased one of the Houses, and they even killed every single member of Kara's family, yet there wasn't even a hint of regret.

'I suppose this is what being a member of the Underworld is really about.'

His gaze rested on Kara and he admired how she was behaving herself despite being among the vile entities who caused the death of everyone she ever loved.

Rey knew it had to be a painful experience, but she had to endure.

'It doesn't really matter at this point, but...'

Rey took in a deep sigh and stared at Esme, who remained still as a statue.

'Is she really comfortable in that?'

He knew he had asked this for the umpteenth time, but it just seemed like a bulky accessory for someone with a small build like Esme's.

'I should focus on the more important matters, though...' Taking in a deep breath and closing his eyes for a brief moment, Rey processed all the information he had gotten thus far.

After all, he already used [Absolute Appraisal] on everyone present.

As he opened his eyes, his crimson gaze narrowed on only one entity in the room: the man in the white mask.

He was the only one who made Rey's heart tremble.

'This guy...!'

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Chapter 325 The Dark Gathering [Pt 3]

"Let's get down to the important bits first, shall we?"

As Scylla's melodious tone reverberated within the dark hall, everyone's attention was perked up.

Lords Bleue and Rouge seemed to be the most anxious, causing them to constantly shift their gaze to Lord Noir, who ignored them each time.

The elderly man was already done sipping his tea, so he merely kept his eyes partially closed while waiting for the words that would soon be uttered.

"Before that, I have a few things to say." Rebal raised his hand, stopping Scylla before she could say any more.

Anyone would have taken offense at that, but the Lady didn't sweat it at all.

She merely shrugged and gestured for him to continue.

Rebal rose to his feet, his eyes forming a deep glare while a frown radiated all over his face.

"I would like to know why? Why would you all conspire this way and destabilize the balance of the Triumvirate, which we spent so long trying to establish?"

Rebal's voice contained nothing short of sincerity as he stared at those who used to be his allies despite being competitors.

"Over ten years ago, when the Dragons attacked and humanity banded together under one flag, our organization was formed." Rebal began, a deep sigh echoing from his lips.

"Those were chaotic times, and we thrived off that chaos. Even until recently, we have continued to remain pretty stable. We generate profit, and we turn the other eye from one another's business..."

His face turned even more sour.

"Which is why I do not understand why you would do this. If we just continued the way things were, you would continue to benefit greatly from your trade. You would keep racking up wealth that is more than enough for you and your families."

There was no need to go as far as destroy the very structure that was built a decade ago.

"If no one understood this, I expected at least you to get it." Rebal turned to Lord Noir, who silently listened to all that was being said.

"You, along with the Verte House and the Blanc House, created the Obsidian Council. We started this!" Rebal banged to table a little, his gritted teeth displaying his anger.

"Every other House joined because of our influence, and even the Slave Union only came under the umbrella of the Triumvirate so they could utilize our connections, influence, and trade routes."

Rebal glanced at Scylla, who was busy playing with her beautiful hair while smiling.

"They were the leeches! Even the Mercenary Gang was a group of mere thugs and violent bandits before we brought them under our wings and offered them a seat at the table."

After knowing all of this, it burned Rebal's heart to see everyone conspiring against him and his business.

"We even took an oath not to attack each other's business, but since the Mercenary Gang didn't sign off on that—as a neutral party—you used them as the perfect weapons to destroy us."

It was all so disgusting that Rebal's frown only deepened the more he spoke.

"All I want to know is why? Was it worth it? The money and resources, or the land you were offered... was it all worth all of this?"

In the end, what did it all matter?

They already had more than enough wealth anyway. The fact that they sought even more, enough to ruin the decade-long legacy of the Obsidian Council, made Rebal's blood boil.

Now that he stood before all of them, he could properly articulate his feelings.

"You all disappoint me."

Once Rebal said that, he returned to his seat and folded both arms while leaking out one final sigh.

Turning to Kara, he asked if she wanted to say anything in addition, but she shook her head.

"It's a waste of time. There's nothing that needs to be said to the likes of them."

That was all she responded with.

Rebal nodded in agreement. He already knew the uselessness of his actions, but those words would have eaten him from the inside out if he said nothing

Now that it was all out of the way, he could finally sit back and watch how things played out.

An unwelcome decorum followed Rebal's conclusion.

No one spoke, and it felt like they all had stiff joints since they hardly moved either. They simply waited for someone to address what had just been said.

Then—

"Those are some interesting things you've said." Scylla remarked, before turning to her left. "Is there anything you'd like to give as a response, Fitz?"

The man she addressed as such was none other than Lord Fitzgerald Noir. The old man twitched a little the moment she addressed him so loosely, but he did nothing more than that.

In response to her question, he slightly shrugged and opened his slightly shut eyes.

"None at all. Only a fool needs to explain why they seize an opportunity that is presented to them on a silver platter." Lord Noir spoke in a calm manner.

"If you do not seize it, someone else will. There's nothing more to it than that."

With his answer being so direct and straightforward, Noir fell completely silent afterwards.

Scylla looked at Rouge and Bleue, but neither of them seemed to have anything to say about the matter. Then, she turned to Fenrir.

"What about you? Have anything to say?"

In response to that, Fenrir gave a toothy grin and looked at Rebal with a menacing glare radiating from his glowing eyes.

"Old man, your time is up. There's no need to whine about it." His mocking tone radiated all over the room.

"Just accept it like a champ."

Rebal narrowed his eyes at the obvious taunt, and a few chuckles echoed from the rest of those seated—and even a few standing.

"It is as you can see, Rebal, Kara..." Scylla turned to both of the people who sat at the furthest end of the table.

"Your time is up."

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Chapter 326 The Dark Gathering [Pt 4]

"With all of that out of the way, I suppose it's time to return to topic."

There really was nothing left to discuss. Scylla knew that much already.

Rebal and Kara already knew they were screwed, and her plan was already marching into its completion. To be honest, finishing them off at this point would simply be the end of it.

But no... that wasn't satisfying enough.

'I want to see it... the despair on their faces as they lose everything!'

She had always been looked down on, being one of the last to join the Triumvirate, so being in such a position of power—looking down on the founders as they burned to the ground—brought her great satisfaction.

She was already salivating as she imagined them squirm.

'Before the execution... let's fatten them up a little.'

And was there a better way to do that than to completely sully their confidence with tragedy?

"The Merchant City is currently under siege. You must have seen that, with the Alliance's soldiers heavily patrolling the area and investigating the stores around."

Of course, since she already knew all of this would happen, Scylla had ensured to hide the valuables in secure locations.

Her personal properties were also kept in the safest location possible.

None of this affected her whatsoever.

"As such, the Royal Capital's security has thinned considerably. That means your only line of defense has been removed." She narrowed her gaze on Rebal.

"What are you implying?" The old man asked, narrowing his gaze as well.

"It's simple, really. The five remaining Heads of Destruction, as well as the army under them, are going to lay siege on that city and destroy everything you hold dear."

Their Mansion, their Warehouse, their Stores—everything would come crashing down.

"Is that so? Did you really think I didn't expect something like that before coming here?"

Rebal's response was calm, but Scylla knew he was just putting up a front. He was simply trying his hardest to hold on to his pride as a man.

But it was all useless!

"From the reports, I have asserted that you have three powerful aids who are assisting your enterprise despite it being destined for destruction." Scylla raised her finger in amusement.

"I'd assume two of them are here, standing as your entourage, but the last one is probably still in the Capital. Am I wrong?"

Rebal's brow creased, almost as if he was a little confused—or rather, taken aback by her question.

"I have no idea about what you're talking about." He finally responded.

"Hahaha! There's no need to play dumb! I already know!"

Scylla's hysterical laughter sent a chill spreading all across the hall as her gaze remained on Rebal's stunned face.

"I always knew there had to be three, though at some point I suspected just two. However, with this arrangement, and all that has happened thus far, I am convinced that there are three."

Scylla already knew Rebal would deny it even more, so she decided not to argue with him on the matter.

Instead, she decided to focus on the despairing aspect of her grand plan.

"No matter how strong your aid is, they can't take on five Heads of Destruction at the same time." Her glossy lips curled upward, almost in an unnatural way.

It made Scylla appear as a demon would.

"Your legacy within the Royal Capital is as good as lost... not that you'd be alive to witness all of it as well."

This was the best part! The part that she had been giddy about all day.

"You two..." Scylla looked at both Kara and Rebal with sheer amusement. "... You're going to die here, surrounded by nothing but your enemies."

She proceeded to point at them, and then gestured their demise by running her finger through her neck.

"Once you're gone, everything you have will belong to the New Order that I've created. Which means everything will become mine."

"That's not how business works."

"Maybe not in the past. But only the winners get to define history and reshape the world in their image." Scylla instantly responded to Rebal's words, almost flippant in her mannerisms.

To her, victory was already a long-held conclusion.

'I was still cautious at the start, thinking they'd be able to challenge me somewhat. But... it turns out I was worried for nothing.'

This hall—no, the entire building—was protected from the outside world, so there was no chance they could get reinforcements.

The Royal Capital was also going to suffer the same fate.

"So what will you do now, Rebal, Kara?" Scylla's tone took on a mockery in her delivery.

"Will you beg? Who knows, I just might spare your lives."

In response to her question, both parties merely frowned and said nothing. Their answer was already obvious in their silence.

"I see. Very well, then." She shrugged, raising her thin hands above her head.

"Your choice."

Then... she snapped.

~CREAK!~

From all over the room, the walls began to open, as if they were doors all along.

Emerging from within the walls were men who donned armor or certain apparels that made it obvious just what kind of people they were.

They trooped inside the hall in their hundreds, their faces depicting nothing but savagery and an insatiable hunger for violence.

Fenrir's grin was especially wide as he looked at all the men who showed up for the show.

They were about one-third of the Mercenary Gang's members—
an approximate number of nine hundred and ninety.

... Nearly a thousand.

Their savage appearances and bloodshot eyes showed a primal instinct to kill, ravage, and utterly decimate any who stood in their way.

As soon as they popped out of the walls, the doors closed, and they filled the room in their number.

"Looks like everyone is present." Fenrir chuckled, his arms folded as he looked at Rebal and Kara. All eyes were on them now, eagerly waiting for what they would do given the new development.

"It's your turn."

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Chapter 327 The Dark Gathering [Pt 5]

Nine hundred and ninety Warriors and Mages were on standby.

The Mercenary Gang Leader, along with two of his Deadly Three also watched from their respective positions.

The Duo of Death, the Scorpion Tail, the Piper of Calamity—all members of the Mercenary Gang who guarded their clients, were also waiting.

Then, Lord Noir's other guard—Captain of the Noir militia—stood beside his Lord and felt the increasing tension in the room.

Last but not least, the masked figure behind Scylla also spectated.

A total of nine hundred and ninety-nine foes were within the hall, all of them anticipating the move of the trapped four.

Of course, they knew it was all useless.

Still, they desired to be amazed. These people had gone through all the trouble to set up such an elaborate scheme, after all.

They desired to be compensated well.

"It seems you have nothing to say. Then—"

"Hold on. I have something to ask them." Fenrir was clearly grinning as he interrupted Scylla and placed his full attention on the prey.

"I want to know who among you killed Anukus."

For a moment, there was silence.

"The Dragon attacked Phobio in the East. Ogun was killed by someone in the North. Anukus in the SouthWest. Fernand was attacked by a Reaper in the Northwest..." Fenrir began, analyzing how each of his Executives lost in their respective battles.

Phobio and Fernand had survived, but it was unfortunate that the Mercenary Gang lost two of its Executives.

"Ogun could have lost to anyone with a higher Level, or even certain Enchanted Items. So, I can understand his demise." Fenrir narrowed his eyes, showing just how serious he was about the whole thing.

"But Anukus was different. He wasn't some pushover who would lose that easily. So, I ask again..."

Veins appeared all over Fenrir's face as his menacing tone burst forth from his lips.

"... Who among you killed Anukus?"

Not long after he asked this question, a response was given in the form of a question.

"What do you plan on doing with that information?"

"Hm?!"

The one who asked this was the man in the mask and hood. His voice was deep, carrying nothing short of confidence despite the clearly disadvantageous position he was in.

"Oh? How amusing. Replying to my question with another question..."

The man in the dark mask said nothing. He merely waited for an answer.

Then, the answer arrived.

"I plan on personally fighting the one who did so. I want to test the depth of their strength."

As soon as Fenrir gave his reply, a strange chuckle suddenly began to echo within the hall.

"Kukukuku..."

Surprised expressions filled the faces of those who were seated, and even those who were standing—waiting for their chance to strike.

They couldn't believe the amusement that was leaking from within the laughing man's black mask.

The worst part was that Rebal and Kara were also making small smiles and slight chuckles as they listened to the amused laugh.

Why?

This was the moment when they were supposed to be begging for their lives, yet they seemed perfectly at ease.

Was it because of the man in the dark mask?

Was he really that strong?!

"Forgive my laughter. It's just... you said something quite amusing."

"And what did I say that was so funny?" Fenrir asked, his frown growing deeper.

He found himself growing increasingly annoyed by the mere entourage that dared to make fun of his words.

Still, he stomached it all due to curiosity.

He wanted to know...

"You said you want to test the depths of my strength. Someone like you...?" The tone felt condescending and oozed with sheer confidence.

Fenrir detested that.

"You are quite arrogant." He responded, his gaze warning the man with the mask to cease his foolishness.

However, his warning fell on blind eyes

"In my eyes, the arrogant one is you. Claiming to do the impossible merely due to the little strength you possess... is that not the very definition of hubris?"

"Y-you...!"

Fenrir quickly controlled himself, taking in a deep breath as he kept observing the man before him.

'The way he speaks connotes great strength, but he could also very well be bluffing.'

Bluffing was an effective tool to make your opponent overestimate your capabilities, hence hesitating at crucial times.

Some battles could be won using that as a tactic.

'That won't work on me, though!' Fenrir grinned wickedly.

"So, you're essentially claiming to be the one that killed Anukus. Is that right?"

Fenrir glanced at both of the other members of his Deadly Three.

They both shook their heads, their stances on the situation obvious to him.

He also held the same position.

"I indeed killed him. It's nothing worth lying about."

The response was once again prideful—enough to finally make Fenrir figure out the truth.

"Buahahahahaha!"

Laughter erupted from the leader of the Mercenary Gang, a shock to everyone within the room.

Well, almost everyone.

"You see... once you reach a certain level, you can tell how powerful a person is by sensing their abilities through instinct." Fenrir began, still chuckling.

"All members of my Deadly Three have attained this status. The only way to bypass this instinctive sense is by being phenomenally stronger than what we are able to detect."

The Mercenary Gang Chief looked at the masked man and shook his head.

"I can clearly sense your capabilities. You're not as strong as Anukus. You're definitely not the one who defeated him."

"Hm? Really? I'm pretty sure I was...?"

Fenrir laughed even harder as he slammed his hand on the table while shaking his head.

"Hahaha! Old man, it seems your servant is quite the delusional one. I would have advised getting him checked and treated, but you're all going to die here."

Rebal said nothing, which prompted Fenrir to glance at the other entourage.

'They're covered in Orichalcum, which makes it difficult to gauge just how powerful they are. With that defense, though, it's possible they were the one who defeated Anukus.'

There was also the chance that the one who did so was back in the Capital, but Fenrir doubted that.

'They knew they were coming to the heart of the enemy's camp. I'm sure they would have brought their biggest guns.'

That meant it was more likely that one of the two was Anukus' killer.

'Since it isn't Black Mask over there, then it has to be the armored one...' Fenrir narrowed his gaze and exposed his sharp teeth.

He could feel excitement swelling inside him.

"The thing is... I'm not averse to accepting my loss or inferiority to those who are much more powerful than I am." Fenrir slowly rose to his feet.

He thought back to when he recognized the gap in power between himself and the masked guard of the Lady he now worked for.

Even more recently, in his confrontation with the Elves, he was able to see how powerless he could be in the face of a more powerful foe.

He was humble enough to admit that.

"But... it seems you guys are yet to really understand that brute fact of nature."

It was a humility that could only be taught by experience.

"So allow me to be your teacher."

Fenrir pointed at the two guards whom the Blanc and Verte house had, his wild grin reminiscent of a wild beast.

"At the very least, I am confident I can take both of you on by myself."

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Chapter 328 The Dark Gathering [Pt 6]

Scylla was enjoying herself as she watched in silence.

This entire exchange was proving to be a lot more entertaining than she expected.

'It's making me so hungry...' She licked her lips as she watched Fenrir's wild grin.

'Looks like he's very confident. I suppose I was concerned for nothing, after all.'

Scylla wasn't a fighter, so she knew nothing about sensing the abilities of her opponents.

She only knew one thing about this entire exchange.

'Fenrir will win!'

"Ahh... I see what the issue is." The voice of the man in the mask suddenly filled the room.

He itched the back of his head a little, almost as if he was an incorrigible klutz.

"It seems [Grand Concealment] was still active. My bad..."

His whispers were barely audible, but Scylla caught on to those words.

'[Grand Concealment]? What's that?'

"Pfft! There's no need to keep up your bluff!" Fenrir yelled out, flinging his chair away as he stepped away from the table.

He seemed to be in a hurry to cause bloodshed, a sight that relieved Scylla from the slight unease that was beginning to form within her.

"That's right, Fenrir! Just finish the job right here and now!"

" I'll just end it with one mo—!"

~VWUUUUUUUUUUMMMM!~

An unbelievable pressure suddenly enveloped the room, instantly silencing Fenrir and everyone else who dared to leak out a single sound.

'E-eh...?' Scylla felt her body shaking. 'W-what is this?'

She couldn't understand it.

She could barely move her body, but she looked around her and found that she wasn't the only one trembling like a scared little child.

All the Warriors and Mages that she was counting on were also shivering.

'M-my body feels so cold... and heavy!'

Scylla couldn't grasp it.

She didn't understand that she was sensing the true presence of the man in the mask.

The higher one was in power, the greater their senses were when it came to those who were truly powerful.

Hence, a commoner might not be able to tell how strong an Expert is, but fellow Experts could gauge each other's strength.

In a sense, ignorance really is bliss.

However, what could be made of this situation, where Scylla—a commoner in terms of strength—could feel the powerful presence of the man before?

Was it even possible? Yes...

It only went to show how frightening the entity before them was.

At that moment, Scylla's instincts told her only one thing.

—RUN!

"How is this? Much better?"

As the masked man—if he could even be called that—spoke, Fenrir's paralyzed body trembled even more.

His bulging eyes spasmed as he felt the weight of power halt his steps.

'W-what is this... this power?!'

It eluded Fenrir!

He had never felt anything like this in his life.

It felt like a blade was placed right in front of him. If he even dared to take a single step forward... he was going to die!

At least, in his current state... he stood no chance at all!

"Is that all it took? I didn't even activate [Greater Intense Bloodlust]..." The man in the mask muttered, clearly disappointed.

'T-this man... I was wrong! I was wrong to doubt him!'

Sweat fell from Fenrir's face despite shivering like someone who was freezing.

'He's more than strong enough to kill Anukus! In fact, he's stronger than I am!'

He had been the one who was arrogant all along!

His ignorance blinded him from truly seeing the power of the one before him.

'He was right. What a joke I made...' Fenrir swallowed as his eyes took in the masked one in all his entirety.

'How could I possibly see the depths of this thing?!'

"I suppose it's time to start cleaning up the trash." The masked man spoke softly.

He didn't move an inch, and he raised not a single finger.

He just stood there.

And—

~FWOOOSH!~

—The end arrived.

Faster than the eye could dare to process, a beam of light surged through the room, instantly disintegrating the heads of all nine hundred and ninety armed Warriors and Mages where they stood.

In no time at all, they became nothing but decapitated corpses, still having their stances.

'U-uaaarrghhhhh!' Fenrir wanted to scream, but his lips wouldn't let him.

"I think this is pretty useful. It's fast and efficient."

Fenrir looked at the masked man and saw smoke dancing at the top of a finger he raised up.

'W-when did he...?! How...?!'

Fenrir couldn't not comprehend it. He just stood there, like a bumbling idiot.

"It's best this looks like a bloodbath... for later."

Before the man could process what those words meant, the remaining bodies of all the nine hundred and ninety were sliced into many pieces.

~SPLOOOSH!~

Blood gushed out of them as their meaty chunks flew all over the room in an instant.

The purple curtains and carpets were now dyed in blood, with the walls oozing with the liquid that once flowed through the veins of human beings.

These were people—hundreds of them—slaughtered in ways that even animals did not have to endure.

Fenrir could feel thick blood on his body, and several entrails clung to his body. It was sickening—feeling the innards of his subordinates now sticking to him.

The smell... the stench of death was strong in the room.

It made Fenrir go weak in his knees.

Before he knew it, his body descended and he knelt in the pool of blood and gore.

Compared to the terror of the Dragon he fought... compared to the mercy of the Elf he lost to...

'... This is the most humiliating!'

He felt an absolute feeling of powerlessness, and dread consumed his entire being.

It was at this moment that Fenrir knew that his life was no longer his own.

It belonged to none other than the man in the mask.

'I've taken care of all the mobs. Looks like [Absolute Ray] and [Severing Claw] are really something. Especially with [True Homing] working passively...'

He had deliberated on which move to use, but eventually settled on those two since he wanted to know how they would function against a large crowd of people.

'[Dead Calm] is active, so I feel nothing.'

Rey took in a deep breath as he watched the remaining enemies he had to deal with.

'Let's get this over with.'

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Chapter 329 The Dark Gathering [Pt 7]

"A-ahh...?"

Scylla had never seen so much blood rush out in a single moment.

She found the sight beautiful... but that was only for a second.

Soon, she realized just what kind of dread awaited her. She wasn't the one causing the rain of blood, after all.

It was the enemy!

'This wasn't... this wasn't in the plan at all...!'

How could nearly a thousand people die in a flash? It was unheard of!

Impossible!

'Even my own can't...!' She swallowed hard as she looked at her stationary guard.

It seemed he too was stunned by what was happening.

'Damnit! Damnit! This isn't... this isn't how it was supposed to go!'

Scylla held her breath for some reason, perhaps hoping the man in the dark mask wouldn't be able to detect her if she didn't breathe.

However—

~ZZZZRRRNNGGG!~

—Her pledge of silence was cut short by the vibrations that echoed from her ring.

'W-what?! Not now! Why are you calling me now?!'

Scylla felt sweat gather all over her face as all attention turned to her the instant her ring began vibrating.

"A communication ring, huh? You placed your Communication tool in a Spatial Ring for easier communication, I see..."

The words of the masked man caused her to shiver down to her bones.

'H-he figured it all out...?!'

She was meant to receive a call once the Royal Capital's mission was complete.

She didn't expect to receive it so soon, but it seemed like they were done on their end pretty quickly.

'M-maybe if they return to provide backup... we might stand a chance...?!'

But how was that even possible?

They were hundreds and hundreds of miles apart from each other. It was impossible to even dream of getting backup anytime soon.

"Pick the call."

"E-eh...?" Scylla muttered as she heard the masked man speak to her.

This would be the first time they would talk to each other, and she felt an overwhelming weight descend upon her.

It made her nauseous.

"Pick. The. Call."

Scylla instantly knew what would happen if she refused.

—Instant death!

"O-okay..."

She placed her ring on the table, and it projected a communication tool, which in turn produced sounds, which eventually turned into noise.

Scylla could hear screams in the background, with echoes of destruction raging forth.

She could tell that her subordinates had carried out their duties to the utmost level, ensuring their enemies suffered greatly while everything around them burned to the ground.

'S-serves them right!' A part of her thought, while another part feared even more.

What would happen if the wrath of the masked man was directed at them? Now that he knew what they had done... would he not grow even more upset?

'H-he's bound to kill us all at this rate!'

Fortunately for Scylla, she soon realized that she was completely mistaken about all that she was hearing.

"Uarghhhhhhh! Lady Scylla, please save us!"

'H-huh...?!' Scylla's thoughts went blank.

"T-the enemy... h-he's too strong! He's slaughtering all of us!"

"Please send reinforcements, Lady Scylla!"

"Guarghhhhh! He's closing in! Please help! H-heeelp!"

Scylla didn't know where and how to begin processing the information she was recovering.

'T-the enemy...? He...?'

That signified the existence of only one person. Just one man was laying waste to five of the Nine Heads of Destruction as well as nearly two thousand troops?

'H-how...?'

How could this be allowed under the heavens? It was an abomination... an anomaly upon the world.

No single man ought to have such power!

"P-PLEASE HELP USSSSHHHHH—!"

~ZZZTTTZZZZ!~

The communication device went dead as the last sound that Scylla heard was the gurgling of blood and even more screams in the background.

Once the call ended, Scylla didn't need anyone to tell her what had happened to Jawl and his men—as well as everyone else in the Capital.

They were most definitely dead.

She hung her head in despair as she looked at the communication device in sheer despondency.

'The plan... it failed.'

"Do you understand now? How pathetic you all are?"

Rey spoke up, looking at the shivering ones before him—both the ones who were seated, and the ones who stood.

'Looks like Ater is working hard over there. I should also try to finish things up here.' Hes smiled underneath his mask.

"I hope you're all ready to die now."

Rey counted seven entourages he had to eliminate, so he decided to get to work on those first.

"A-attack! Kill him already!"

"Protect me, you fools!"

Rouge and Bleue yelled out at their guards, shamelessly asking the men to die on their behalf.

It was all useless, though.

~SWISH!~

In one fell swoop, using [Severing Claw], Rey easily tore through the armor and bodies of the four guards who were still trembling under orders.

Their meaty remains splashed on the ground as their entrails slopped out of their dismembered bodies.

The diced four were mere additions to the thousands of body parts that lay strewn all over.

"Next." Rey said, staring at the fat and thin men who shrieked in fear.

They jumped from their seats, slipping on the bloody ocean underneath them, as they tried to escape.

It was no use, though.

~SQUELCH!~

They were ripped apart in an instant, their body parts staining the walls a result of the momentum.

Just like that, two integral members of the New Order were eliminated.

All without any effort from the perpetrator.

Rey only had one word to utter after killing the two Ex-Councilors.

"Next."

This time, he looked at Lord Noir, who was shivering like a scared little baby.

"P-please... I'll do anything." He fell to his knees and prostrated to Rey.

Fitzgerald didn't care that his body was being sullied by the blood and innards of those who were now dead. He didn't care for the pride and prestige he was known to display.

For the first time in his life, he broke character and bowed before the absolute one before him.

Tears fell from his eyes as he begged.

"S-spare me... please! Please!"

"..."

For a moment, there was no response from the man in the mask.

Fitzgerald Noir took this as a good sign and raised his head in slight relief and gratitude. However, what he found out were two things.

~SWISH!~

One was the fact that his head was slipping out of his neck.

Before he realized it, his head rolled on the ground, and his butchered body followed soon after.

As for the second thing he realized, it was the response of the masked man—the last words he heard before his demise.

"No."

Noir's wrinkled and aged body served as another addition to the pile of corpses that decorated the room.

The once crowded place had become a hellscape occupied by only a few.

Other than the seated Rebal and Kara, as well as their entourages, only Scylla and her guard, as well as Fenrir and his two captains were left.

A total of nine.

However, it seemed even this number was too much for the bringer of death.

After all, he said the words once more.

"... Next."

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Chapter 330 The Dark Gathering [Pt 8]

There are two major kinds of fear.

There is the kind that arises as a result of that which is deemed uncertain..

Fear of the future, fear of failure... fear of the unknown. Many argue that this is the greatest kind of fear.

But there is another.

It is the one grounded on the nature of the Absolute.

The kind of fear that leads to despair and brings about nothing but never ending dread.

An example... the FEAR OF DEATH.

'I'm going to die... I'm going to die!'

As Fenrir heard the squishing of flesh and the spraying of blood, he waited for his turn to come.

He was a dead man kneeling, and he knew that well.

Nothing but death occupied his senses. The Black Magician, Enry, also seemed to share the same sentiment.

Ladon, who was trembling due to the power being displayed by the man in the mask, was next.

The man he was protecting had just been killed by an invisible slash, and before long, the Head of the Noir Militia followed.

Only death awaited the Obsidian Blade.

'Is this it? Is this how everything ends?' Fenrir asked himself.

No... no, he had come too far for that to be his fate!

'I've had to struggle with all my might to reach this level! I can't just die like this!'

His instincts went into overdrive as he sought a way to live.

Then—

"Lord Rebal Blanc, Lady Kara Verte... please spare me and I will devote my entire existence to serving you!"

—He came up with the perfect card.

It was the only move he had left, but it was his trump card.

The two Councilors looked at him from where they sat, their faces exhibiting surprise by his proposal.

"I am willing to bind myself with the Curse Enchantment or get the Slave Rune embedded on me. Anything to make you trust me and to prove my loyalty!"

His plea was genuine, but it wasn't due to some sort of ignorance or far fetched optimism.

Fenrir knew fully well that begging the masked man would be a foolish move.

'He's being hired by the old man and that girl. If I can convince them, it's possible they'll call off the killing spree.'

Besides, Fenrir figured it would be a lot easier to convince the two who actually seemed like humans compared to such a cold hearted killer.

'I wonder... is that other one like this too?' Fenrir gazed upon the black knight.

If that one was also equally a monster, then they never stood a chance to begin with.

Fenrir wondered how the Blanc and Verte House were able to get such powerhouses, but he soon realized it was a foolish thought to have at the moment.

Right now, what he had to be most concerned with was survival. As such, he repeated his offer to the two of them at the top of his voice.

"I am not as powerful as your guard here, but I can assure you that I have my uses. I have slain a Dragon Commander before, and I can attest to my might and connections throughout the entire Alliance!"

Fenrir went on to list out all the benefits of having him as a subordinate.

All he wanted was to be spared.

'I'll think of the details later! Right now. My life comes first.'

"Please accept my loyalty."

He bowed his head and awaited their response, swallowing his saliva as he prayed for the best.

The next thing they did, however, shocked him.

"What should we do now, Sir Ralyks?"

'H-huh? Sir Ralyks...?'

Fenrir raised his head and looked in the direction of the two he was pleading with.

They were currently staring at the man who was supposed to be their guard,

'D-did they just call him Sir Ralyks...?'

Ralyks was the name of the man who fought and humiliated Fernand. He also went by 'The Reaper.'

So what in the world was going on here?

'But... he said he was the one who killed Anukus. Does that mean he was also the one who handled Fernand? But...!'

Fenrir's confused mind was still trying to process the meaning behind why the masked man was being called Ralyks when another thought came to him.

'They're calling him... Sir?' To Fenrir, that meant only one thing.

'H-he's their superior! I fucked up!'

Instead of appealing to the actual man in charge, he made the mistake of pleading with those who were lesser than him.

'I should have known! He's too strong to be their subordinate!'

Fenrir didn't know what to do at this point. He already saw how this Ralyks figure had acted to the surrender made by Noir.

He was clearly a monster with no conscience at all.

'W-will he even consider my proposal...?!'

Fenrir knew there was no other way he could survive than to plead for mercy, so he decided to try his luck and hope to survive.

"Sir Ralyks, plea—!"

"I refuse." The man's response was swift, without hesitation in the slightest.

"I already have a capable subordinate, as well as Allie's with decent enough prospects. Compared to them, you're pretty much a useless bag of bones."

"A-ahh...!?!"

"The only way you can be of use to me is by dying. You can do at least that, can't you?"

'I knew it...' Fenrir's eyes widened as he stared at the crimson eyes of the one who looked down on him.

'... He's the devil!'

"P-please reconsider..."

Fenrir didn't know why he still persisted. He was just so desperate, and he knew it was useless to fight.

He just wanted to live.

"Didn't you hear me? You're really of no use to me. All your subordinates have probably already been killed by my subordinate, and once this night is over, everything about your legacy will be gone."

At this point, the man called Ralyks appeared right in front of Fenrir.

"Besides... weren't you the one that said this a while back?"

As Ralyks drew closer, the stench of death became stronger.

"Your time is up. There's no need to whine about it."

Fenrir's eyes turned bloodshot, with hot tears coming out of them, the moment he heard the words that Ralyks whispered to him.

"... Just take it like a champ."