

Extras 411

Chapter 411 Heroic Rank Test [Pt 3]

Brute facts of nature are immutable aspects of existence that cannot be changed.

They exist as a reminder that there are things we can't control.

Things like death, suffering, inequality, pain—they are all examples of brute facts that remain inevitable till date.

Even if concepts like gravity, space, and time can somehow be bypassed or bended to a certain degree—thanks to Skill and whatnot—the aforementioned remain essential aspects of reality that cannot change.

And so, as Britta watched the forty, or so, Monsters close in on the large clearing that her and her candidates occupied, she could see another fine example of a brute fact of nature.

"... iss Britta..."

Without a doubt, they were going to die here.

"... ey, Miss Britta, can you hear me...?"

It was a forgone conclusion. There was no way out. This... this was definitely the end.

"MISS BRITTA, CAN YOU HEAR ME?!"

Britta instantly snapped out of her thoughts as soon as a deep, loud voice called out for her.

"E-eh...?" She looked in front of her and saw the dark gentleman, Jet, holding her by both hands and shaking her until she finally responded.

Once she returned to reality, he let her go—though the aftereffects of his tight grip remained as a sensation.

"There are a total of 47 Monsters here. A few of them are hiding behind the dense walls of the trees."

"I see..." Jet's explanation did nothing to assuage her worries.

It only made her more assured of her fate.

"We can't beat them on our own, Miss Britta." Jet's voice appeared calm despite all of the turbulence.

Still, Britta felt a bit disappointed to hear that even the haughty Adventurer didn't have the confidence to win.

Perhaps, deep down, she was expecting a different answer.

"We need to rely on teamwork."

"H-huh?"

"Earlier, you said we can't rely on teamwork since this is an individual test, so..."

"You're still on about that?!" Britta couldn't believe her ears.

They weren't even sure of survival, yet this fool was still thinking about the Heroic Rank Test!

Was there a bigger idiot than this?

"Well, I would very much like to pass this Test. For the sake of my dream..." Jet's smile seemed so distant that for a moment Britta wondered what his story was.

What could be driving him so much?

"If we work together, Miss Britta... we should be able to win. But we need your help."

Britta, who had previously thought her death was a forgone conclusion, found herself having hope.

All her skepticism vanished in the blink of an eye, and her face transformed into a look of readiness. She was resolved to whatever it took to survive.

... Even if she had to listen to some newbie whom she looked down on moments earlier.

"Lux' specialty is Wind Magic, and she has an A-Tier Skill to back it up."

"A-A Tier?!" Britta was shocked.

Only very few individuals in all of humanity had A-Tier Skills. Even she, despite being a Heroic Rank Adventurer, only had three B-Tier Skills and one C-Tier Skill..

The Guildmaster had an A-Tier Skill, but she wasn't even sure if the last 6 Star had one. He most likely didn't, considering how very young he was.

It was incredibly rare to possess an A-Tier Skill, since having one essentially made you one of the strongest humans to exist.

The Grand Mage of the Alliance, also known as the most powerful Mage of the Alliance, had only one A-Tier Skill, and she was able to reach such an incredible height. Chief Warrior, Brutus, didn't even have any A-Tier Skill, and yet... even he was considered the strongest man in the Alliance.

Of course, having a high-tier Skill wasn't a guarantee that you could use it well, but the mere mention of Lux possessing one made Britta's turbulent heart settle a little.

"She'll use her Wind Magic to restrain the enemy while you and I will attack them as quickly as possible." Jet continued.

"B-but if she's restraining them, then she'll be vulnerable."

"Don't worry. She has a Defense Item that will protect her from harm. It takes up a lot of Mana, though, so we have to hurry."

'U-unbelievable! Could that be the same Item that protected us earlier?'

Britta felt stupefied, but she did her best to control her expression as she watched Jet, who was cautiously looking at the sneering Monsters.

'I wonder how strong he is...' Britta found herself thinking.

"Looks like the Monsters won't be attacking each other until they eliminate us first. That makes things pretty straightforward."

Jet's voice reverberated as a chuckle. Then, he reached for the briefcase that he kept on the floor.

In a slow, elegant fashion, he unlocked the item, causing two clicks to echo out.

The Monsters descended, charging down at the three who stood at the center of the crater-like clearing. As they did this, Lux chanted her Spell while Jet brought something out of his briefcase—the only thing that was inside it.

It was a hilt.

The hilt of a blade to be precise—about a meter tall, and obsidian black in color. It had silver-blue runes imprinted all over it, and it gleamed with an ominous aura.

"Just so you know, I have an A-Tier Skill as well." As Jet spoke, the runes on the hilt flashed a bright color, causing the object to transform.

Like goo, it changed shape, enlarging swiftly until it became a long blade.

"Combined with the sacred blade passed on to me by my father, who was also granted it by his own father... I will not be defeated here."

Energy surged from the blade, causing the entire area to tremble in response to its invincible power. As space itself shook, Jet took off his hat and gave Britta a confident smile while his hair danced.

"We're going to make it out of this alive."

Somehow, Britta felt like she could believe his words. The blade he wielded, the conviction in his tone... it told her that perhaps she would be able to witness a miracle.

"Awaken from your slumber..." With this whisper, all the blue and silver energy that ran wild began to converge on the dark blade's body.

"... Chaos Blade!"

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Chapter 412 Hidden Power Unleashed

~BOOOOOM!~

An intense beam of light erupted, rising into the sky as soon as the Chaos Blade awakened.

The tremors ceased, and everywhere went still.

It was as if the world itself was holding its breath as this display of sheer power was wrought.

Jet raised this powerful blade up high so all could witness it, his eyes glowing with a spark of purple. His dark robe danced around him as the celestial lights sparkled in all their majesty.

Even the Monsters halted to see the beautiful sight of a miracle unfolding.

Then—

"Now, Lux!"

"Wind Constraints!" The female Mage yelled out, causing an incredible surge of wind to manifest all in an instant.

The winds took form, turning into several translucent chains that bound the stationary targets that were too stunned by chaos' beauty.

Once all the Monsters were bound, Jet concentrated all the light to his blade's surface and edges, creating the perfect aura around his weapon.

"Britta... it's time." He glanced at the stunned lady, and she nodded at him that very instant.

With no hesitation, he closed his eyes for a moment, muttering the name of his A-Tier Skill.

"[Ascended Godspeed]."

~BZZZTTTTTTTZZZ!~

That instant, his entire body was coated in flashes of red, blue, and white lightning, while also bursting with immense energy.

The colors merged in perfect harmony to birth a new hue—purple.

Layers of purple energy and lightning shrouded Jet, and his previously dark hair turned silver white that very instant.

"Here I go..."

~BOOOM!~

The ground beneath him shattered as he charged at the first target like a blur in the wind.

~WHOOSH!~

Faster than the eye could process—indistinguishable from teleportation—he reached his prey, flying straight towards its tall face.

"Rahhhh!" With a powerful yell, he sent his blade high up, slicing through the neck in one move.

Britta saw this from her distance and yelled "AMAZING!"

She had never seen anyone slice off the head of an A-Tier Monster in one swing, and so quickly for that matter.

~BWUUSH!~

The force of the strike sent shockwaves flying around, but it didn't distract Jet from his mission. Instead, he allowed his body to flow with the wind, propelling him towards the next A-Tier Monster who sent their fists flying towards him in a flurry.

~SWISH!~

One swing turned the creature's fist into mincemeat, and the next swing went straight for the throat, severing the head from the body with unstoppable momentum.

Yes... just like that, the next Monster was down.

~WHOOSH!~

Using the corpse of the Monster as a platform, he charged at his next opponent like a streak of lightning.

It seemed like the Monster was attempting to use a Skill, but before they could activate anything, the blade in his grasp enlarged into a much larger sword—twice as tall as the man who wielded it—and sliced the Monster's body in half.

As one would expect, it resulted in the beast's instant death.

~SPLOOOSH!~

Blood sprayed from the corpses of the three Monsters at the same time, as Jet landed on the ground and sloshed aside the blood that stained his blade.

In just the fraction of a moment, before Britta could even take down one Monster, he was already done with three.

It was an amazing sight—enough to force tears out of anyone's eyes.

Anyone who saw the Monsters toppling behind Jet as he approached the next foe would see the potential of humanity at its finest.

Even the skeptical Britta, who once scoffed at the young man's dreams, couldn't help but feel something tug at her heart.

She had a sudden thought.

'Maybe he can do it...' As her eyes witnessed the impossible, she couldn't help but tremble in wonder.

Britta finally embraced the possibility of what she considered impossible.

'If anyone can surpass Jet Zephyr... it's him!'

"Huu..."

Rey released steam from his lips as he did his best to control the excitable energy that filled his body.

'Holding back like this is a lot more difficult than I thought.'

He was currently using the S-Tier Skill[Ascended Godspeed], but since such a thing was impossible by normal human standards, he had to slow down a little in order not to freak out the spectator.

If he really went all out with that Skill alone, all the Monsters around would be cleared in an instant.

'Everything is so slow, and I'm moving so fast that it's exciting!' He thought to himself, sighing even more. 'That's why this is so frustrating.'

He had to control his movements and stop at intervals so he wouldn't display too much of his power.

'At least when I pretended to be a weakling to my classmates, I wasn't using any Active Skills, and I turned off most of my Passive Skills. It was so much easier then...'

But this was literally torture.

~SPLOOSH!~

As he killed the next A-Tier Monster, he felt no resistance at all. His blade just smoothly cut the flesh of the Monster despite the creature boasting an incredibly dense skin and strong bones.

Rey already knew the reason for that.

'I'm using [Aura Sword] mixed with the new Item I made using the remains of that S-Tier Monster and the high-quality materials we got from the Elves.'

Normally speaking, even if [Aura Sword] was a B-Tier Skill was a mere B-Tier Skill, Rey's sheer volume of Mana and monstrous Stats already made it on par with an A-Tier Skill based on effects alone.

Then, adding the effects of the Chaos Blade—as he chose to name it—which essentially took on whatever form he desired as long as he projected his intentions to it... he was pretty much playing on easy mode.

Granted, the mass of the Chaos Blade was limited, so he couldn't make it absurdly large. His limit was about three times his length, but that would stretch out the blade and make it thin-layered.

'I also can't create overly complex constructs, like guns and stuff. At least, not yet.'

However, Rey was optimistic about this weapon's potential—

especially since he still had one or two more in his stockpile, as well as the materials necessary to make more.

'Alright. Let's test out more of what you can do!'

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Chapter 413 Breaking The Record

'He's amazing!'

As Britta finished off the third A-Tier Monster, feeling the obvious strain on her body, she glanced in the direction of the man who occupied her mind.

Jet was a streak of purple lightning, impossible to even keep track of. He simply dashed or glided in the air, slaying Monsters like they were nothing.

As Britta saw him slay another Monster, her heart leaped in awe.

'How many has he killed now? Fifteen maybe? I've lost count...' She found herself gawking at his majesty.

Sure, the A-Tier Monsters were being constrained by Magic, but that didn't mean all their movements were completely sealed.

No A-Tier Skill or Spell could ever do something as absurd as completely stopping so many Monsters.

'Still... that Lux lady is impressive.'

The A-Tier Monsters had lost pretty much most of their mobility, so other than a few jabs here and there, and the activation of their assault or defensive Skills, they didn't cause a lot of trouble.

'I can only imagine how difficult it would have been if that wasn't the case.'

Jet and Lux were exceptional—the most exceptional Adventurers she had ever had the privilege of setting her eyes on.

She had seen the Guildmaster in action only once, but even he didn't compare to these two—no, even just Jet.

Then, what of the other Heroic Rank Adventurer? She wasn't sure how strong he was since he never displayed his full power, even when he passed the Test.

Britta never expected much from him, though, considering how young he was. But, if these two could surprise her so much, she was beginning to rethink her previous assessment of the lad.

No, that wasn't the only thing she was rethinking.

Britta's entire worldview had already begun to crumble, and it was because of the current experience she was having.

"GROOUAAAHHHH!" A Monster's voice echoed in the air as it used its Skill to fire an extremely potent ray in her direction.

She dodged it pretty easily, though.

'My [Greater Full Sense] won't let you catch me off guard, you know?' She yelled, instantly charging towards the horrid creature.

Tightly gripping her blade as she neared it, her two other B-Tier Skills, [Greater Full Slash] and [Mortal Enlightenment], were already functional.

The former allowed her to generate a force of up to 300 percent more than her initial strike. That meant she could slice up opponents a lot stronger than her, as well as deal three strikes in the place of just one.

[Mortal Enlightenment] raised her Stats to an incredible degree, which made her superhuman in all regards. Adding that to the former made her capable of so much more than your run-of-the-mill Adventurer.

[Greater Full Sense] was her third B-Tier Skill, and it essentially allowed her to perfectly locate and detect anything within her range. She could focus this sense on one or multiple targets to get a much more accurate read.

As for her C-Tier Skill, it was [Night Vision], which allowed her to see incredibly well in the dark—not that it mattered in such a situation.

Thankfully, her B-Tier Class [Elite Swordsman] gave her a solid boost with the blade, and her Items helped her with the Mana Consumption.

All of these factors helped her to stand toe to toe with A-Tier Monsters without being inferior to them.

Still, compared to the likes of Jet and Lux, she was severely lacking.

"Hiyaaaa!"

She sliced off the arm of the Monster that fired at her, reveling in its screams as she went for its tendons and swiftly got rid of them.

The creature collapsed, becoming more vulnerable to the constraints that held it down.

"Eat Thissss!" She screamed, jumping to its neck as she exerted the full force of her [Greater Full Slash] on the nape of the colossal creature.

In that instant, three slices went through the Monster's neck, nearly severing the head from the rest of its body.

Still, with over half of the line cut, the thing had passed the point of recovery.

Death was certain.

~THUD!~

Once the Monster collapsed, Britta felt a wave of ecstasy wash over her.

Right there and then, she had surpassed her limits and broken her record of the most A-Tier Monsters that she killed in a single day.

'The highest record was held by Jet Zephyr, but I can guess that it has already been cleared.'

The greatest Adventurer in the history of the Adventurers City once took on an entire Dungeon Floor by himself due to the unexpected injuries of his Party Members.

They were ambushed by Monsters far stronger than they imagined, and a total of five A-Tier Monsters faced the weakened Party at the same time.

Death would have been the only natural conclusion, but Jet Zephyr did not allow it.

He alone fought and killed all five A-Tier Monsters, saving all the injured comrades that could only watch the entire scene in awe.

None of his Party Members died that day, and after killing the Monsters, he guided everyone back to the surface so they could be treated.

'Adding the number of A-Tier Bosses he killed prior to that encounter, Jet Zephyr's record for a day is about twelve.'

As Britta looked at Jet, she could see at least twenty-five corpses already at his feet.

He was done with all the Monsters on his end.

'Over two times the previous record, huh?' A broad smile coursed through her face as she nodded.

'Looks like you are one step closer to achieving your dream... Jet.'

~BOOOOOM!~

A sudden eruption rushed from behind Britta, coupled with the enraged roar of the last set of Monsters that swiftly surrounded her.

'W-what?!' Her eyes widened as she noticed a stark difference between the creatures that closed in on her and the ones she had beaten not too long ago.

'The Constraints... they're gone!'

Her eyes darted towards Lux, and the girl was kneeling while clutching her chest.

'She's out of Mana! Shit!' Britta's thoughts rose as her heart raced intensely.

Without anything holding them back, she was no match for so many Monsters charging towards her at the same time.

'I-is this... the end?!'

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Chapter 414 Britta's Last Moments

Britta had always been a very rough girl.

Ever since she was a kid, she liked manly things and didn't find anything the girls did to be of any interest.

She eventually grew up to be tough, just like her father. And just like him, she became an Adventurer.

"Father was stuck at Three Stars his whole life." She always reminded herself. "I want to be better!"

The man her father idolized, Jet Zephyr, was known for many things. He was popularly known as the strongest, but some said that there was a time when he used to be very weak.

No one knew if this was true or not, but the mere idea of this tale made weak men strive to be strong—to be like Jet?Zephyr.

It served as an inspiration to her father, and for a time... it inspired Britta as well.

But, she soon learned of the real truth.

'Weak people have their limits.'

Any attempt to try and surpass those limits ended in futility or failure. Nothing good ever came from trying to overturn this brute fact of nature.

Her father, who was an average Adventurer his whole life, ended up dying in a Dungeon Floor he shouldn't have gone to in an attempt to overcome his limits.

Thanks to his foolishness, she was left an orphan for most of her life.

That tragedy taught her an important lesson.

"Those who are strong were always meant to be strong. Weaklings will always remain weak."

Potential was what mattered most.

That was she felt nothing even when foolish Adventurers ended up being killed by Monsters after choosing the Heroic Rank Test.

She felt it was simply a natural conclusion—the very flow of the world.

But...

'Was I right? Did I really... understand?'

As she looked at the world, and felt her life flash before her eyes, Britta wondered if she truly believed in the philosophy she lived by.

Was her father really weak? Was he not stronger than he was years before?

If her father had survived that Dungeon... would he not have been stronger for it? Was it not the same with her—with everyone?

'We all start out weak, don't we?'

One's journey was a path towards growth and strength. The longer one lived, the stronger they were supposed to become—not just physically, but in multiple areas as well.

It was unfortunate that her father's life ended when it did, just as it was unfortunate that hers was about to end now.

After all, she could fill it in her guts...

'I could have gotten stronger.'

Much, much stronger.

Strong enough to witness it, and perhaps stand by his side once it finally happened.

"It's a shame I couldn't see your dream come true, Jet."

~SQUELCH!~

The sound of flesh being pierced echoed in the air, and blood oozed out into streams and bubbles.

Britta could hear all of it, but she felt no pain at all.

Instead, warm hands swooped her from where she stood, and she felt a rush of wind sweep all over her body as she ascended into the sky.

Was she flying? Was she already in the afterlife?

What was this warmth? What was this feeling? It felt like nothing had changed, yet everything around her was different.

"I can't allow any comrade of mine to die!" The loud voice of Jet rushed through her ears, forcing her to open her eyes.

That was when she saw his face. For the first time, he lost all sense of calmness, and a look of concern was etched deeply on his pale face.

"You're going to live, Britta! Live to see my dream, and to fulfill yours! Understood?"

Britta didn't mind that he addressed her casually, neither did she care that her body was tightly hugging his as they descended from the air.

All she cared about was that he had her in his arms.

"Y-yeah..."

She wrapped her arms around him and closed her eyes, hoping he would slay the rest of the rest of the Monsters and never let her go.

"I'll finish things with this..." Jet whispered, channeling all of the purple energy around him to his weapon.

The Chaos Blade began to grow in size until it became twice his size. It crackled with all kinds of energies and power, and with just one hand wielding it, since he held Britta with another... he sent the blade charging down.

"Chaos Judgment!"

~BOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!~

The battlefield was silent as the three humans sat among the carcasses and debris of the many Monsters that filled the landscape.

Even the ones hiding among the trees were caught and killed, leaving no loose ends.

Of course, after the Monster Subjugation, all the parties were exhausted, so they collapsed on the ground to catch their breath.

While Lux downed a potion to recover her Mana, and Jet had his back on the ground to catch his breath, Britta sat and rested her back on a wall of earth while looking at them.

'These two are incredible. They're the strongest humans I have ever witnessed. Perhaps even on par with Lady Lucielle and Sir Brutus.'

Britta couldn't be sure of this assessment, considering how those two were the ones who led humanity in the frontlines and warded off the Dragons.

Britta had never seen them in action, but from what she had heard, Jet seemed about equal to Brutus, while Lucielle was a cut above Lux.

That made them rare treasures of humanity.

"You two... how did you get so strong?" Britta didn't even realize it when she uttered those words.

Both Jet and Lux looked at Britta, their expressions so calm despite having fought such an intense battle.

"Ever since we were little... we were ridiculed for being weak. We realized we had to change that, so we worked our asses off. Before we realized it... we had become strong."

Their tale bore a keen resemblance to the story of Jet Zephyr.

Perhaps it was a mere coincidence, perhaps not. Either way, Britta couldn't help but nod and smile at the two of them.

"So... did we pass?"

"Huh?"

"The Test. Did we pass it?" Jet asked as he looked at Britta.

Without a doubt, they had passed the Heroic Rank Test, but by strictly following the rules, they would be disqualified for teamwork.

Plus, Lux didn't even kill any A-Tier Monster.

'But screw the rules...' Britta laughed at herself, surprised at the sound of her own giggle.

When last had she laughed?

"Congratulations, you two." She beamed at both Lux and Jet, warmth radiating all over her face.

"You have now become the fourth and fifth Heroic Rank Adventurers of this City."

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Chapter 415 Triumphant Entry

The journey back was smooth sailing for the group.

Sure, they were attacked by one or two Monsters, but none of them were a challenge for the fully realized Six Star Adventurers.

They even managed to capture one A-Tier Monster, courtesy of Lux's Wind Magic. As expected, it was a lot easier for her to handle one Monster than over forty.

The beast couldn't even move under the Wind Constraints. It just helplessly remained still as the lady in white easily carried it with her winds as they exited the Dead Zone.

"With this A-Tier Monster, you should be able to organize the next Heroic Rank Test without needing to go to the Dead Zone." Jet finally broke the silence as he addressed Britta, who was gawking at the subjugated creature.

"A-ah, yes!"

Britta's clumsy response, and her flustered face was easy to read. Ever since she was saved by Jet, she had been acting rather strange.

Her face would turn red at certain instances, and she constantly felt her heart race anytime she heard his voice. Despite constantly being nervous to talk to Jet, for reasons she had no idea of, she also desired to talk to him a lot.

This paradoxical mix of emotions nearly caused steam to rise from her head as she covered her face with her hands.

"U-um... Are you really sure about giving the Guild this Monster?" After organizing her thoughts, Britta finally responded.

Before they left the forest, the group managed to harvest the Monster Corpses. They couldn't take all the parts, but they made sure to collect the most useful ones.

Thankfully, Jet had a Spatial Ring—same as Lux—so it they were able to lessen the load a little. Despite that, however, both Jet and Britta carried huge sacks that contained more Monster parts.

Lux was busy carrying the living A-Tier Monster, so no one really bothered her.

As for the leftover parts of the Monsters, the Adventurer Guild would announce their existence, and interested Adventurers popularly dubbed 'Scavengers' would venture out to retrieve them for themselves.

This wasn't the first time such a thing was happening—though it never occurred at such a big scale—so Britta knew just what to do.

When Jet asked about the safety of the Scavengers, considering how the territory they hunted in belonged to A-Tier Monsters, Britta reassured him. Scavengers were professionals who were experts in stealth and weren't the type to engage the enemy no matter what.

As long as they remained lowkey, they were bound to be fine.

"Besides, Adventurers risk their lives all the time. If they desire the spoils of other people's labor, then they had better work for it a little." She also added.

The current Britta wasn't as coldhearted as she was before this experience with Jet and Lux, so she indeed considered the safety of the Scavengers. However, considering how so many A-Tier Monsters were killed by them, other Monsters were bound to stay away from the clearing.

Even the bravest A-Tier Monsters had the instinct of self-preservation.

"The Guild will surely be able to make better use of it. Like I said... you can use it for the next test." Jet responded to Britta, bringing her mind back to the current conversation.

Once again, she yelped without realizing it.

'Why does his voice always startle me? What is this feeling in my chest?' She had no idea what to call it.

It almost felt like the kind of feeling she had when she was thrust into battle, or anytime she entered the 'zone' of fighting.

It was unsettling, invigorating—also mildly frightening.

Yet... she couldn't put a label on it.

Why...?

"I don't think any Heroic Rank Test will be held anytime soon." She brushed aside those thoughts and replied, hoping she didn't take too long to come up with a response.

"There aren't many people these days who are crazy—I mean, skilled enough—to attempt such a Test."

"Hmm... is that so?" Jet responded, a small smile forming on his face.

Britta didn't know what caused him such amusement. She wanted to know so badly.

'Was it something I said?!' Her thoughts rang.

"Do you disagree?" In the end, she had to continue the conversation as seamlessly as possible.

For a moment, Jet made no response. The three simply walked in silence, nearing the entrance of the City.

Then—

"I'm not sure, but... I have a feeling that someone crazy—I mean, skilled—enough will attempt this Test."

—He finally spoke in his calm, deep voice.

"R-really? Well... that would be quite the surprise."

Jet merely nodded at Britta's words, and he said nothing else for the rest of their journey.

In a way, it was a relief to her. She could finally assess her thoughts in a calm, mature manner. However, she also couldn't get her mind off the Jet.

Ultimately, Britta was unable to process anything. She merely kept glancing at Jet, hoping he would say something else, for the rest of their journey.

'Arrgh! What the hell is happening to me!'

To say the City was in an uproar afterseeing the triumphant entry of Jet and Lux would be a gross understatement.

Shock was evident on the faces of practically everyone who gazed upon them. Many cast their sights on the heavy sacks that both Jet and Britta carried, but the center of attention for most was the chained A-Tier Monster that floated above Lux's head.

Most couldn't tell what Tier the Monster was, but for those who did... they nearly passed out just from setting their eyes on such a dangerous entity so close to where they lived.

No one needed a confirmation as to whether they passed or failed.

The results spoke for themselves.

And so, as Jet and Lux proceeded into the doors of the Adventurers Guild, and eventually emerged from within it with their 6 Star Badges, no one could contest their competence.

They knew for a fact that the two were more than deserving of their positions.

The only role they had to play was to cheer as loudly as possible for the new Heroic Rank Adventurers of the City.

Jet and Lux—without the shadow of a doubt—had cemented themselves in the annals of history as the first Adventurers to climb up the ranks so quickly.

... The first to pass the Heroic Rank Test as mere candidates.

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Chapter 416 The Most Unexpected Confrontation

'Ahh, finally! We finally got everything sorted out!'

The evening clouds had already begun appearing over the city as Rey and Esme left the Adventurers Guild building.

The wind was soft, carrying a certain chill about it to prepare the denizens of the City for the night that was fast approaching.

Rey took in the air and smiled, his mask as Jet still intact. Beside him was Esme—or rather, Lux. He would have long discarded his disguise if it was just her with him.

Unfortunately, that wasn't the case.

After all, behind him was a mob of Adventurers who were simply gawking at the two legends who were nothing short of superstars in the eyes of every single person who witnessed their grand return.

Merely judging by how they were gushing over him and Esme, Rey was certain that many were dying to get his autograph or even have a word with him.

'Some are probably wishing I was in their Party...' His thoughts trailed as he fought to hide his wry smile.

However, none of them approached him.

Perhaps they were scared of him, or maybe this was the least amount of courtesy they could offer him after his long and tiring Heroic Rank Test.

Well... not that it lasted very long, in all honesty.

'Well, I'm glad they're keeping their distance. I really have to lodge in the inn and return to the Royal Estate so I can bring everyone here.'

Rey was still pretty early, so he didn't consider himself behind schedule, but he was the type to ensure he had extra time to himself so he wasn't tardy.

'I have my reputation as Ralyks on the line, after all.'

Besides, this would be the first time in a few days since he interacted with his classmates as Ralyks. He had to make it perfect.

Thankfully, despite the parade that was occurring all around the both of them, Rey and Esme ended up making it to their Inn without any issue.

Rey really thought he was in the clear this time.

That is, until he saw the same group of six that confronted him the previous day.

'The idiot and his goons? What are they after this time?' Rey wondered to himself as he slowly halted.

They were practically at the entrance of the Inn, and judging by how their eyes were on him, it was clear who they were after.

'I thought one beating was enough, but it seems these guys never learn.' He sighed internally.

There was also the possibility that the group wanted to congratulate him—perhaps even apologize for their actions—but Rey wasn't the optimistic type.

It was better to expect the worst and be surprised by better.

"What do you want?" He asked, one hand in his pocket as the other firmly gripped his suitcase.

He posed in such a way that the 6 Star Badge on the left side of his chest would be undisputedly observed by the men. He even slightly puffed out his chest for maximum impact.

"W-well... about that..."

Sango, leader of the bunch looked a bit sweaty and nervous. He had lost all the confidence he displayed the other day.

Rey could sniff it—the smell of fear.

'If he's so nervous, why would he and his people corner me where I stay?' He raised an eyebrow, taking one step forward to test the waters.

As expected, Sango took a step back.

'I don't want to create a bad reputation of bullying Adventurers, even if they're deserving if it, which is why I'm being mild to this guy...' His eyes trailed to Sango's goons.

All of them also looked a bit on edge.

'The Conquest starts in about two days, but it'll officially be announced tomorrow. I don't want to draw any more attention than I already have.'

Judging from Sango's Stats, he was among the stronger humans in H'Trae. Rey had no doubt that he was among the strongest Adventurers in the Adventurers City.

'Rebal mentioned a Barbarian being in Top 10 rankings, so I guess it's him.'

Due to all of these factors, Rey had tried his best to be courteous to the man while also refusing to use any overt Skills that didn't suit his 'Jet' persona.

But... this was getting a bit annoying.

"I'm not sure why you're here, but does it have something to do with the guy who's hiding behind that wall and listening in?" As Rey said this, he glanced slightly to his left.

Anyone would see a mere wall of the tall and glamorous building that was the inn, but Rey knew someone watching him was behind the walls.

The moment they heard the question, the faces of Sango and his minions told Rey all he needed to know about his suspicion. The presence behind the wall was faint, so he wasn't sure if the guy was Sango's subordinate, or someone else.

—Perhaps a third party.

'But now, at least I know for sure that they're affiliated.' He smiled, taking one more step forward.

"Fine... you got me." A sudden voice pierced the air the instant Rey moved, causing him to stop dead in his tracks.

Almost like a ghost, a certain young boy walked out of the walls as if the whole building was nothing but a hologram.

No, that wasn't quite it.

It wasn't the building that seemed incorporeal—or rather, intangible—it was the boy that emerged from within it.

He was short for an Adventurer, about 5'6 ft tall, having a cute face that was not fitting for the rough profession that he was under.

The lad donned a black jacket, with blue and white stripes designing his casual outfit. He wasn't wearing any real gear, and the only Enchanted Item he really had on was a tiny katana-

looking blade that was worn like an ornamental necklace.

"Sorry for sneaking up on you like this. I just wanted to get a good look at you before introducing myself." He gave a confident, yet humble smile as he stretched out his hand for a handshake.

The 6 Star badge on his chest made it clear what his status was, and despite his short build, everyone who saw him had the same look of respect.

"My name is Sherlock. It's a pleasure to meet you, Sir Jet."

*

Chapter 417 An Adventurer Called Sherlock [Pt 1]

Rey was speechless.

His jaw nearly fell as he looked at the boy in front of him with immense shock. He probably hadn't been this surprised in all his life.

'There's no doubt about it...'

The boy's dark brown hair, his small stature, his cute face, and his barely mature voice; they were all the same as someone he used to know.

'Noah...?!'

Adrien had told Rey that Noah became an Adventurer, and while he had the intention to search for Noah at some point, he didn't think it was a priority.

After all, judging by Noah's personality alone, he wasn't expecting him to be some sort of bigshot.

'Yet he's one of the 6 Star Adventurers in this city...?' Rey cast a glance at the badge.

To say he was shocked would be an understatement.

"My name is Sherlock. It's a pleasure to meet you, Sir Jet." He stretched out a hand to greet Rey—or rather, Jet—which left the latter even more stupefied.

'He didn't hide his name? Well... I shouldn't be too surprised.'

Noah didn't hide his identity either. He looked like a kid, and he owned that fact.

'This is the biggest surprise I've ever received.' Despite having these thoughts, Rey remained stoic in his demeanor.

He merely gripped the handle of his suitcase harder and stretched out his hand to return the nice and considerate gesture that Noah sent his way.

It would be social suicide to delay or reject accepting a formal greeting given by a well-known Heroic Rank Adventurer—one who also happened to be his senior.

"Thank you." He managed to say, surprised by just how firm Noah's grip was.

In contrast to what his build and face depicted, it seemed like he had a more confident and strong side to himself.

'You've grown, Noah...'

Of course, that wasn't the only thing that made Rey think that to himself.

One peek at his Status Window was all he needed to know for a fact that the Noah that left back then wasn't the same one that stood in front of him.

They were like night and day.

[STATUS WINDOW]

- Name: Noah Sherlock.
- Race: Human (Otherworlder)
- Class: Great Thief (B-Tier)
- Level: 49 (75.13% EXP)
- Life Force: 47 (+10) [+70]
- Mana Level: 50 (+10) [+100]
- Combat Ability: 60 (+15) [+75]
- Stat Points: 0
- Skills (Exclusive): [Phase]. [Projection]. [Shadow Magic].
- Skills (Non-Exclusive): [Martial Control]. [Great Sense].
- Alignment: Neutral Good

[Additional Information]

One of the most revered Adventurers in the city, but also an Otherworlder with a past relationship with Rey and Ralyks.

He now seeks to carve his own path.

[End Of Information]

'All his Stat Points are over a hundred, if I count his Class privileges and his Item contributions.'

Among the humans, having three-digit Stats made you incredibly powerful, so merely seeing Noah reach such a level proved to Rey that the guy had rightfully earned his position as a Heroic Rank Adventurer.

'He's slightly stronger than Britta...'

If you put Skills into account, then Britta had more destructive power, but ultimately Noah would win due to the problematic nature of his abilities.

'He can phase and use [Shadow Magic]. Not to talk of [Projection], which can be super annoying...'

All in all, these were incredible ability-sets to have.

The only complaint Rey had was about his incredibly low Level. Everyone else who stayed behind had at least twice Noah's Level at this point.

'I'm surprised he was able to Level Up so much, though. Especially considering how he is...'

But, perhaps it wasn't so strange when they were literally in the best Leveling Ground in the entire Alliance—the Adventurers City itself.

'He still has the Midnight Blade that I got for him from the KariBlanc Group, it seems...' Rey smiled.

There was no way a single Item was buffing him to this degree, so Rey assumed Noah had the rest of his Enchanted Items hidden somehow.

'Not bad. So even when you're casually dressed, you're still on guard.' Rey grinned and slowly nodded to himself.

He didn't feel any surge of emotions, unlike what he feared to have. Just by looking at Noah, he had a moment of satisfaction and mild happiness, but that was it.

'It doesn't seem like he recognizes me, though I can't be very sure yet...'

"If you don't mind, Sir Jet, I would like to speak with you and your partner for a moment. I promise, it won't take too long," Noah Sherlock said with a reassuring smile.

There was no malice behind his words, but Rey still found it a little strange hearing him speak.

'It seems like he's a lot more confident than before.'

That was most likely due to being recognized by the natives of H'Trae as someone who was strong.

'Considering how we Otherworlders get strong faster, even with one Level Up, I can see why he got some special treatment.'

He had a B-Tier Class, he had five Skills, two which were most likely B-Tier at this point. He had good gear—at least, the blade he had was of high quality.

Everything about him seemed special to the ordinary people of this world.

Of course, just the humans.

"Hm. What do you desire to speak about?" Rey answered in his standard Jet response, wondering if Noah indeed recognized him and was cryptically trying to pass that message across.

'He only knows my alter ego is Ralyks, and he isn't familiar with any of the Skills I have displayed. He also doesn't know about Esme, so he probably doesn't think I'm Rey.'

Once again, however, Rey couldn't be sure.

"Quite a few things, one of which is to apologize for the wrongdoings of my Party Members."

Rey smiled and shrugged upon seeing Noah bow a little to him.

'He's become a leader too, huh? Who would have expected such an outcome...' Despite not gushing with emotion, Rey felt a warm sensation that filled his chest as he looked at the boy.

"So what do you say? Would you like to join me for a drink?" One more look at Noah's friendly smile told Rey that he couldn't even refuse if he wanted to.

And he didn't want to refuse.

"Sure. Let's go."

Chapter 418 An Adventurer Called Sherlock [Pt 2]

The pubs within the Adventurers City were usually chock-full in the evening, since this was when most Adventurers returned from their daily tasks.

Many wanted to relax and enjoy the evening atmosphere while sipping some ale, while others desired to blow off steam by ranting about their experience to any who would listen.

It was a nice mix of varying minds who desired different things.

As a result, most pubs ended up being chaotic—the later the evening got, the worse it became.

However, compared to the usual nature of such an establishment, the place where Jet, Lux, and Sherlock chose was completely silent.

Perhaps the absence of any other Adventurer—or any other living soul, save for the staff in the establishment—could explain the cause of the decorum. It was a strange sight, seeing a pub so empty despite it being evening.

However, when considering the status of the three Adventurers who occupies the pub, this occurrence couldn't be seen as overly strange.

"This is my favorite pub. It's usually very, very loud, though." Noah began, his friendly smile easily breaking the tension that existed among the three of them.

"I suspected you wouldn't be very comfortable with so much noise, so I booked it ahead of time."

That explained why there was no one else in the room.

"Perks of being a 6 Star, I guess. I don't think any other Adventurer would have gotten away with it, even if they had the money to pay." Noah added as he chugged down the foaming liquid on his massive jug.

Rey watched the boy gulp down its contents, and after a few seconds, he slammed the jug down and gave a heavy sigh.

"Haaa! Nothing beats a good drink after a long day!"

His beaming air of optimism was contrasted by the somewhat gloomy atmosphere that surrounded the other two.

"You... drink?"

"Hm? Why do you ask? What kind of Adventurer doesn't drink?" Noah retorted in surprise as he looked at Jet—or rather, Rey.

"You've not touched your ale, by the way. Hope nothing is wrong. I promise, you'll like it very much."

Rey felt a bit conflicted as he looked at the drink on his side of the table. It would indeed be rude not to refuse to drink anything, but he wasn't much of a drinker.

It wasn't like he hadn't tasted alcohol before, but...

'... I really don't like it.'

The smell alone made Rey sick to his stomach, and he really couldn't stand the taste. He would pick actual juice or fruit drinks to alcohol any day.

'I just don't see the appeal in taking alcohol, especially when it has such a bad side effect.'

Perhaps this was just his teenage brain speaking, but wasn't Noah also a teenager—a more fragile-looking one than him too.

'When did he start chugging down alcohol like a champ?'

Was it really a prerequisite for one to constantly drink alcohol if they were an Adventurer? Rey didn't want to believe it.

"Want to know a secret?" Noah said with a somewhat naughty smile.

He had a somewhat mischievous gleam in his eyes, enough to spark Rey's curiosity in whatever he was about to say.

"I..." Noah brought his face closer and used a hand to block his mouth. "I actually don't like alcohol very much."

'RIGHT?!' Rey's eyes widened as he beamed at the boy in front of him.

"It's so bitter and it tastes so weird. I hear it gives you a certain buzz, but considering how people get drunk, puke all over, and pass out so often after taking this stuff... I don't think it's worth it."

Rey couldn't help but nod and agree at that point.

"I agree. I personally prefer high-quality fruit juice." Rey responded, trying to sound as manly and elegant as possible.

"Indeed! I totally agree!"

Noah's nod and his smile also showed that he was trying to sound like some kind of informed gentleman. In actuality, they were just being kids.

Lux just sat there and watched in silence as the two interacted.

"Alcohol is so blehh!"

"Haha! Indeed, indeed! You are quite the enlightened one, Sir Jet." Noah's eyes gleamed with respect.

Unfortunately, Rey couldn't do the same to Noah.

After all, despite saying he didn't like alcohol, he ended up sullyng his throat with the burning sensation of such disgusting-tasting liquid.

At some point, Rey couldn't contain his curiosity and ended up asking the question on his mind.

"Why...?"

"Why what?"

"Why do you drink alcohol...?"

"Ohh..." Noah's face fell a little, but he quickly picked it back up. "Because I have an image to uphold."

Rey raised a brow and waited for more elaboration on that.

Thankfully, he didn't have to wait very long.

"As you can clearly see, I have a small stature, and my face isn't the most intimidating. Other than my strength, many wouldn't really consider me a proper Adventurer..."

Noah's smile only widened more as he spoke, almost as if he was resolute in his desire and intention to overturn those perceptions.

"That's why I come to this pub regularly. It's why I drink alcohol. I maintain my image as a strong, but relatable Adventurer."

As a result, he could truly become 'one of them.'

"Besides, alcohol really does nothing to my body. One of my Class Privileges grants me high resistance against poisons and toxins, so other than the terrible taste, I have nothing to worry about."

Rey's eyes widened upon hearing the information. 'Ohh! That's super convenient!'

Once they finally resolved their discussion on alcohol, the food arrived and everyone dug in. Just as Noah said, it was amazing food.

'The food in the Royal Capital is far better, but this has a unique feel to it. Local and... slightly gamey.' Its unexplainable flavor worked to its advantage, as Rey enjoyed every bite of the steak and salad to go with it.

Once everyone was done eating, making slight jokes and jabs in the process, they finally had to move to the more serious issue.

Chapter 419 An Adventurer Called Sherlock [Pt 3]

"Sir Jet... I would like to officially apologize for any inconvenience my Party Members caused you, as well as congratulate you joining the ranks of the strongest Adventurers in this City."

Noah Sherlock's expression was serious as he gazed upon the man in front of him.

He didn't know who Jet was, or how he got to the level that he did, but there was one thing he knew about him.

'He's strong. The same applies to the girl that's his partner.'

As one of his Class Privileges, Noah had something like a sixth sense that informed him of how dangerous a person or situation was.

Something like a Thief's Intuition that told him whether a risk was worth the reward.

'I've encountered many Adventurers in this city, and I've met all the strongest ones, so I know my place in the pecking order.'

The Guildmaster was definitely stronger than him, but Noah felt like he could probably win under the right circumstances.

The same applied to pretty much any strong foe he encountered.

'But...' He narrowed his eyes as he gazed at the two who sat in front of him.

Jet and Lux were the first Adventurers who made him feel like he stood no chance at all against them.

They felt like an incredibly tall mountain whose peak was too high for him to set his sights on; or perhaps a deep trench whose depths were impossible to decipher.

Either way, Noah quickly recognized he was way out of his league here.

'He really reminds me of Rey. They both have such a commanding presence...' Noah smiled to himself.

Unfortunately, there was no way they could be the same person.

'Rey is supposed to be in the Royal Estate. They're probably still dealing with the Royal Dungeon and preparing for the war.'

He had heard some news about what had been going on in the Capital, but other than the downfall of the Criminal Underworld—which probably had nothing to do with the Otherworlders—there really wasn't anything happening there.

'I hope he's doing well, though...' Noah returned his gaze to Jet, though somehow his eyes kept going towards Lux.

'She has been silent for most of the conversation. I haven't heard her say anything once, except for a few unintelligible whispers and chuckles.'

Noah was glad to see her laugh to some of his jokes, but more than anything he wanted her to talk to him.

Why? Well...

'She's so damn gorgeous!'

Since they were indoors, Jet and Lux had taken off their respective hat and hood, revealing their incredibly attractive faces.

They were both beauties that rivaled—no, perhaps even surpassed Adonis.

Noah even felt the confidence he had fought so hard to build up nearly crumble just by looking at Jet for a few seconds.

Many had told him he was attractive, but it was mostly in the 'cute' sense. Unlike Jet, who had the perfect blend of masculine beauty and a dash of cute aesthetics... Noah couldn't boast of any such feat.

The only thing he used to comfort himself was the knowledge that he wasn't the ugliest guy around.

In fact, on the spectrum of attractiveness, he was definitely on the high end.

'I wonder how someone like Rey would feel if he saw this guy.' Noah nearly snickered at the thought.

Despite Jet catching his attention, though, the one his eyes really focused on most was Lux—though he did his best not to stare too much.

Her beauty was ethereal.

'How can someone be so pretty and strong at the same time?' Adonis came to his mind, but he quickly shrugged the thought off.

Noah already knew that Jet and Lux were siblings—having done his research before approaching them. As such, he knew there was a chance that she was single.

Unfortunately, his confidence had been too wounded that night to try anything risky.

'Most girls in this city don't care about looks as long as you have power and money.' Noah thought to himself.

Status reigned supreme here.

In that respect, someone like him—who was one of the richest and most powerful Adventurers in the City, with good looks to boot—was a rare treasure in the whole city.

He couldn't think of a lady who wouldn't at least give him a shot—whether they were an Adventurer or a civilian.

Noah wasn't blind. He could see how many females looked at him, ogling his entire body with their eyes.

A few even mustered the courage to hit on him.

As flattering as it was to be desired by so many, though, Noah found himself slightly growing irritated of the never-ending attention.

'Things are different now, though...'

The girl he had set his sights on was of the same Rank as him, and merely judging from her looks and equipment, she wasn't lacking any money.

Plus, with looks like hers and her brother's, she definitely wouldn't settle for just anyone.

All of these factors made Noah more nervous than he would normally be.

'Damn! I feel like a virgin again!' He nearly cried out, though he managed to control himself by taking constant, deep breaths.

"Thank you for your congratulations. As for the incident the other day, I can understand that it was done with good intentions."

Noah's gaze swiftly left Lux as he heard Jet speak.

Surprisingly, the man had stretched out a hand to shake him. "I hope we can both get along as colleagues."

"Y-yeah! I hope so too..." Noah managed to speak, secretly hoping that Jet didn't just catch him staring so intensely at his sister.

"If you don't mind, I would like to ask you a few questions. Since you're my senior here, I hope it won't be too much of a bother."

"Of course not! Ask away." Noah responded with a bright smile.

'Maybe... maybe if I get close enough to Jet, he could properly acquaint me with his sister.'

Noah wasn't sure how this whole thing would go, but... it was worth a shot.

'I need to have him on my side at all costs!'

Chapter 420 An Adventurer Called Sherlock [Pt 4]

"Haha! I see, I see!"

Noah was laughing louder than he should have.

He knew that well.

However, he had to make it seem like he was having a very good time. He wasn't forcing things, though, just adding a bit more effort.

In order to get on Jet's good graces, he thoroughly explained a lot of things about the Adventurers City to the two of them—as much as he knew, anyway.

Noah had only been here for about three weeks, and he became a Heroic Rank Adventurer just two weeks ago.

The circumstances behind his promotion was a bit different from the standard, but he also killed an A-Tier Monster and got recognized for his accomplishments.

"I'm sorry about Miss Britta, by the way." Noah smiled widely, vividly remembering his own experience with the stern woman. "She's really very difficult, isn't she?"

"Well, somewhat. She was pretty insufferable." Jet responded with a slight chuckle.

"Haha! Don't hold it against her. She's pretty reliable once you get to know her, though many would consider her rude."

Either way, being nice wasn't a required quality for an Adventurer. The most important thing was their competence in their duties.

"She gets the job done, so she's a pretty competent Adventurer." Noah found Jet and Lux nodding too, so he was relieved to see that they agreed.

'Since there is such a short supply of 6 Star Adventurers, and even very few 5 Stars care to be supervisors, she ends up being the only one who supervises the very difficult Tests.'

It was a heavy load to be placed on one person, so Noah understood why she acted the way she did.

'Most Adventurers would rather explore Dungeons and get stronger than to watch a bunch of newbies try to pass an exam.'

Even he felt the same way.

'I'm pretty sure they'll want me to begin supervising at some point, but since I'm still somewhat fresh, I'll be excused for now.'

Noah felt like he wouldn't mind doing it once in a while, but if it became a regular thing—like it was for Britta—he might have to dip.

"How many A-Tier Monsters did you kill in your Test?" Jet suddenly asked, instantly changing the tone of the conversation.

There was some kind of a serious vibe that Noah didn't fully understand. Still, he made sure to answer as honestly as possible.

"One. I was a lot weaker back then than I am now." He smiled and shrugged. "How about you, Sir Je—?"

"Just call me Jet."

"Fair enough. And is it alright for me to call you Lux, instead of Lady Lux?" Noah asked the lady who sat adjacent him.

"It's fine. You can address the both of us normally."

Noah nearly pulled his hair out when he heard Jet respond instead of the damsel he was addressing.

'Come on, man! I've been nice enough. Even if you don't want to help me out, you can't do me this dirty.' Of course, these complaints were only heard by Noah in the far recesses of his mind.

Lux nodded at his question, though, which at least made him smile a little.

"A-anyway, Jet... how many A-Tier Monsters did you kill?"

Since Noah had been waiting for Jet within the Inn, he couldn't go and confirm from the Guild. As a result, he didn't know the exact number.

'Judging from the faces of the other Adventurers who trailed behind him, it must have been quite a lot.' Noah reasoned.

One of his Party Members, who was watching the two of them from a considerable distance, even told him about their triumphant entry into the city, and just how heavy the sack both Jet and Britta carried.

Of course, he was also informed of the captured Monster.

'My spy wasn't sure if it was an A-Tier Monster or not, but... it probably was.' The fact that they bothered to capture a Monster meant it had to be special.

That was his own theory, though.

'Lux was the one who captured it, so I know she's displayed power that is least stronger than an A-Tier. What about him?'

"I killed about forty."

"E-eh? Did you say... four?"

Four was already an absurd number. Noah wasn't sure he could handle so many at once if they charged at him head-on.

"No. Forty." Once Jet confirmed the figure, Noah felt like it was a joke. f(r)ee

He waited for the punch line, but it never came. "Y-you really... killed forty?"

Jet nodded.

'The hell? How is that even possible?' Noah felt his eyes widening as he felt stupefied.

There was no reason to doubt Jet's words. If they were false, he could easily confirm that from the Guild. It would soon be made public knowledge, anyway.

'I doubt he would want to smear his reputation like that.' Noah smiled to himself. 'Besides, there's no real reason to lie.'

Even if Jet wanted to make a false account, he wouldn't have gone for such an absurd.

'It's common sense to make your lie as believable as possible, right?'

"I-I could probably handle three A-Tier Monsters on my own now..." Noah didn't even know why he was saying this.

Compared to Jet's numbers, his was not impressive in the slightest.

"That's interesting. Britta gave the same response." Jet responded. "You're pretty impressive."

Noah felt like Jet was making fun of him, but his serious tone and honest face made it difficult for him to truly accept that.

"Haha! Not as impressive as you. I even heard you captured and brought back an A-Tier Monster."

What kind of people were these two? Where did they pop out from?

Noah had no idea.

'I've lived here long enough to know that this kind of strength is not normal.'

The only reason he was so strong, despite being so young, was due to being an Otherworlder. These two weren't.

"There can't be any Otherworlders besides us. And if there were, they wouldn't look so young... right?"

Since Noah couldn't know for sure, he decided to keep the thought to himself.

"By the way, Sherlock... I've been meaning to ask this question for a while now." Jet's voice served as the perfect distraction from his thoughts, so he decided to hop into the next line of conversation.

"Yes? What is it?"

"Why did you become an Adventurer?"