

Extras 461

Chapter 461 The Mass Teleportation Incident [Pt 5]

"Rahhhhh!!!"

With a burst of agility, Jake lunged towards the Lich.

~WHOOOSH!~

His daggers gleamed as he struck at the ancient creature, but the Lich effortlessly parried each blow with its bony hands.

'N-no...!' His widened eyes leaked out tears.

What exactly was he expecting? That he could win against the likes of an A-Tier Monster?

No... that was impossible.

The undead mages closed in, surrounding Jake with an impenetrable wall of death.

Yet, despite it being so far out of reach, why didn't he want to give up? Was this because of his desire to live so badly?

Or was it the pride he had as an Adventurer—as a human who craved FREEDOM!

"[Slither]!"

Channeling his rogue Skill, Jake vanished into the shadows, evading the grasping hands of the undead.

He reappeared behind the Lich, aiming for a swift strike to its spine.

"DIEEEEEEE!!!" The daggers pierced through its ethereal cloak, but the Lich merely chuckled.

"Loihjn edhndie," it sneered, turning to face Jake.

Undead mages unleashed a barrage of spells, forcing Jake to dance through the chaos.

He dodged and rolled, narrowly avoiding the deadly magic that crackled in the air.

Jake didn't know how he was still moving, despite all the odds. As a Rogue, he was indeed the fastest of his comrades, but there was no way the Lich didn't have any means to capture him.

There was a chance that he was simply being toyed with by the Monster, but Jake didn't care.

Exhaustion clawed at him, but the Rogue pressed on.

In a final desperate gambit, Jake channeled his remaining strength into a flurry of attacks.

"URAAAHHHHH!"

The Lich's defenses seemed to waver, but that was only an illusion that Jake desperately wanted to see.

In that moment, he already knew he had lost.

~VWUUUM!~

The undead mages closed in, casting a binding spell that snaked around Jake like ethereal chains. He fought against the magical restraints, his muscles straining with the effort.

'It's no use...' His blurry vision looked around and saw just how outnumbered he was.

This truly was the end.

The Lich raised its staff, preparing a devastating finishing blow.

Jake's heart raced, knowing he stood at the precipice of oblivion. As the dark magic surged towards him, the rogue closed his eyes, bracing for the inevitable end.

Then—

"Chaos Blade... STRIKE!"

In that moment, a deafening resounded in Jake's ears as the destruction of several bones instantly filled the air.

Almost as soon as the voice roared, a powerful wind blew and instantly sent every other bony construct around Jake into the realm of destruction.

All of it happened in the span of a few seconds.

By the time Jake opened his eyes, the Monsters were no more. Only one man and a woman stood in front of him, as well as bunch of other Adventurers behind them.

He recognized the two—who wouldn't?

There were the rising stars of the Adventurers City—Jet and Lux!

'Found another one. Looks like I was a bit too late for the others, though...'

Rey looked around the room and saw the corpses of about five people. They looked barely humans, as their skins seemed to have somehow fused with their bone and become darkened with decay.

They were mere husks of their former selves, and if left alone, they were doomed to become Undead.

Rey turned back and looked at the couple hundred Adventurers that stood at a safe distance and watched him.

"Anyone with Fire Magic, please use it on these corpses." Rey didn't need to explain any further, as Adventurers already knew what he implied.

A few Adventurers stepped forward for the role, so he looked away and focused on the Adventurer he had just saved.

'He looks just a bit over twenty. If I had just been a little late, he would have died... just like that.'

This wouldn't be the first time he had saved people in this Dungeon when they were on the brink of death. It had happened several times already.

Ever since the Mass Teleportation Incident, he and Esme had been traveling from one Zone to another, trying to find and save as many people as possible. Of course, they had to save a lot of them at several instances, so there was also that.

'The problem is that I've not found any of my friends, and the people I save end up sticking to me...'

Even now, as he looked at Jake—learning his name and details thanks to [Absolute Appraisal]—he could barely contain his disappointment that it wasn't his friends he encountered.

Till now, he hadn't found Alicia, Adonis, Noah... anyone of interest to him.

'Just these weaklings that keep clinging on to me like parasites!' Rey knew his thoughts were unkind, but he couldn't help it.

The Adventurers were slow, weak, and overly frightened. Their fragility and overdependence on him was truly infuriating, but he had to endure.

'To make the work faster, I already sent my other duplicates to other Zones to look for everyone.'

He made sure his clones were disguised as random strong-

looking Adventurers, so there would be no connection made to him.

The plan was to make them seek out survivors, bring those survivors to him, and then they would go and seek out even more survivors.

That way, the search would go on faster.

'It's been nearly a day since we got separated, and I can already see the exhaustion on these people's faces...'

Rey knew he would have to set up camp soon, and the thought of that annoyed him even further.

'Endure, Rey... endure!'

He returned to his Jet persona and knelt before the pathetic-

looking Adventurer before him. Jake was still shivering, obviously not recovered from the trauma he had just faced.

Rey's eyes glowed brightly as he used [Compulsion] to make all of that go.

"Are you alright? Can you stand?" He asked, stretching his hand while planting a calm smile on his face.

"Y-yes..." Jake looked surprised that he could move properly.

He soon rose to his feet, bowing several times as thanks to Rey—or rather, Jet. As one would expect, he waved it off and smiled at the man.

"I'm just glad you're fine."

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Chapter 462 Stranded [Pt 1]

[A Few Days Later]

"Huu..."

Noah Sherlock stood at the forefront of his previously small, now large, group. His grip was tight on the hilt of his katana, the Night Blade.

Around him, the air crackled with tension as the group navigated through the labyrinthine corridors of the Grand Calamity Class Dungeon.

The Mass Teleportation Incident had scattered them, separating friends and allies in a chaotic jumble of fate.

With each step, Noah could feel the weight of responsibility pressing down upon him.

As a Heroic Rank adventurer, it was his duty to lead his group through the perils of the dungeon and ensure their survival. But the odds were stacked against them, with weaker adventurers mixed in among their ranks and the ever-present threat of powerful undead monsters lurking in the shadows.

'With the constant threats everywhere, we've hardly slept. Everyone is exhausted...'

Even though the rest still managed to get some shuteye, he could not. He had to protect the hundred or so Adventurers with him, no matter the cost.

The only good news about all of this was that he managed to Level Up a lot. Still, with the constant stress weighing him down, he felt weaker rather than stronger.

Noah glanced over his shoulder at the exhausted faces of his companions. Their strength and morale were pretty much worn thin by constant battles and relentless danger.

But there was no time for rest or respite, not when the survival of every member of their group hung in the balance.

'I'm probably the youngest here, yet...'

Drawing upon his skills and three weeks experience, Noah steeled himself for the challenges that lay ahead.

With a silent command, he activated one of his Enchanted Items, allowing him to move with supernatural speed and agility.

~WHOOSH!~

Shadows danced around him as he led the charge, his blade flashing in the dim light of the dungeon.

After scouting ahead and returning, he led his group forward.

Their journey brought them to a vast chamber, its walls adorned with ancient runes and symbols of mysterious power.

But, this Zone they found themselves in was no sanctuary.

The air reeked of decay, and the ground was littered with bones of fallen comrades. Even with the forbidden beauty all around, it was still a house of death.

As, other than the dead bodies on the ground, lurking in the shadows were the undead horrors that would haunt anyone's nightmares.

Zombies... lots and lots of them.

Most of them were the average kind, but Noah could spot a couple of Greater Zombies in the mix.

'Looks like another round of battle...' He sighed.

Noah's hand tightened around the hilt of his katana, the [Night Blade]. Its gleaming edge held the promise of salvation for those who followed him.

His cloak billowed as he stepped forward, a lone figure determined to defy the chaos that threatened to consume them all.

"Listen up!" Noah's voice cut through the grim atmosphere. "We're in this together. No matter who you were before, we're a team now. Stick close, follow my lead, and we might just survive this hell."

The weary Adventurers nodded, drawing what strength they had left. Noah could see the fear in their eyes, the uncertainty of their fate etched on their faces.

'At the very least, discounting the ones I can handle by myself, our numbers are superior. If three or four charge at one each, we should be fine.'

He prepared his tired muscles and made sure to memorize the positions of the B-Tier Monsters in the crowd.

After only a few seconds of doing so, he was ready.

"Leave the Greater Zombies to me!"

Then, with a wordless battle cry, Noah charged into the fray, his blade cutting through the air with deadly precision.

The Night Blade hummed with power as he unleashed a flurry of strikes, each one imbued with the elemental attributes of his enchanted items.

Fire and lightning danced along the blade, granting greater damage to the enemies.

But even as Noah fought with all his skill and strength, he could feel the tide of battle turning against them. The undead were relentless, despite their numbers being considerably smaller.

The Adventurers were still having trouble dealing with them, even with their advantage.

'For real?!' He sighed to himself. 'Guess I have no choice now!'

Noah's [Shadow Magic] surged to life, tendrils of darkness coalescing around him as he summoned constructs from the depths of his own shadow.

With a flick of his wrist, Noah sent the constructs hurtling towards the troublesome horde.

The shadows twisted and contorted, taking the form of spectral warriors that clashed with the undead in a whirlwind of steel and darkness.

The Greater Zombies stumbled under the onslaught, their decayed flesh no match for the ethereal blades that cut through them like butter.

'Damn, my Mana...' He winced, slightly feeling lightheaded as a result.

Noah already knew that mere shadows would not be enough to completely stop the tide of undead that threatened to overwhelm everyone, but with that move, his allies could take on the rest.

'Now, to focus on my own task!' His eyes narrowed on the enemies he had to face.

With a swift motion, he hurled his Night Blade into the fray, the enchanted blade slicing through the air with deadly precision.

~WHOOSH!~

The blade found its mark, cleaving through the ranks of the undead with a satisfying thud.

As the Night Blade returned to his outstretched hand, Noah unleashed a barrage of slashes and thrusts, his movements a blur of speed and precision.

The Greater Zombies fell like wheat before the scythe, their rotting corpses no match for the skill of the Heroic Rank Adventurer.

But the battle was far from over. The undead horde suddenly seemed to increase, and Noah could already guess how.

'The corpses... they've become Undead!'

With a much greater number than before, the Zombies seemed to be even more threatening.

But, he couldn't stop.

~VWUUSH!~

Noah's heart raced as he fought on, his blade dancing with the fury of a man possessed.

~SWiISH!~

The shadows twisted and writhed around him, their dark tendrils snaring the undead and dragging them into the abyss.

~WUUUM!~

With each swing of his blade, Noah felt the weight of the enemies pressing down on him. But he refused to yield, refused to succumb to the despair that threatened to engulf him.

'I'm reaching my limit...'

He never imagined going down in the Dungeon. Even now, the idea of dying wasn't something he readily embraced.

But somehow... Noah felt good.

He felt happy, being able to fight and defeat so many enemies while everyone had no choice but to rely on him.

This version of himself... it was close, a lot closer, to the ideal he sought after.

And so, he didn't bother worrying about dying, or fearing for what would become of his life if he made a single misstep.

Noah just kept swinging his blade, living in the bliss of the moment.

[Moments Later]

"Haa... haa..."

As the last of the Greater Zombies fell, Noah stood amidst the carnage, his breath ragged and his muscles aching.

But there was no time to rest, no time to savor his victory. For danger still lurked in the shadows, waiting to consume him, and everyone else, once more.

With a weary sigh, Noah tightened his grip on the Night Blade and pressed forward.

Once again, just like before, he was able to win.

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Chapter 463 Stranded [Pt 2]

A week had passed since the start of the Grand Conquest, and almost the same amount of time had passed since the Mass Teleportation Incident.

So much had happened since then, and Rey, sighing as heavily as he possibly could, didn't want to start thinking about it.

Unfortunately, he didn't have any choice in the matter.

"Let us begin our Emergency Meeting." He said, looking around him to observe the faces of the competent Adventurers he had in his camp.

About six Master Rank Adventurers, Esme, and Noah Sherlock--who they just met the previous day--were the people present for the meeting.

Everyone else was asleep, and rightfully so. It was clear that exhaustion had reached the maximum limit.

Unfortunately, that wasn't even the peak of the problem.

'After spending a week, scouring this entire place--even with the aid of my duplicates--and yet not making any progress locating the Boss Room or the Entrance, I no longer have my doubts...' Rey's thoughts trailed as he gazed emptily into space.

'The position of Zones in this entire Dungeon is changing.'

The rest had noticed it too, though a lot later than him. For one, they ended up encountering the same corridors or Zones a couple of times despite already passing and marking them.

Also, even with the Dungeon being so massive, it couldn't have an infinite amount of space and Zones. Yet, it seemed impossible to make any real progress.

They were trapped, in every sense of the word, and there didn't seem to be any way out.

'Even if they're not at prime power, my duplicates have used [Ascended Godspeed] to try to find the exit, but they never find it.' Rey felt his heart tighten.

He even tried using Teleportation, attempting to return to the ground floor, but his Spatial Magic identified a particular place he had been based on its location.

And so, anytime he tried to teleport there, he just ended up in a random Zone.

That was irrefutable proof that space was shifting, and constantly.

'Other than Noah's party, we've not encountered any group in days. It's safe to say that we're not far away from the rest, since the Zones keep changing...'

That left just two options.

Either the others were dead, or they were also in an organized group, trying to navigate their way through the Dungeon. It was obvious which option sounded the most appealing.

'Adonis should have rallied everyone on his end, so maybe they're with him.' Rey had good reason to believe this, but sometimes a gnawing feeling would tell him that he was just engaging in wishful thinking.

'Even if the others are still a bit inadequate, Adonis is strong and fast enough to handle the Undead in this Dungeon. I should give credit to the rest as well...'

The fact that he hadn't encountered a single one of his classmates simply meant that they were together.

'It's a lot harder for two groups to meet up among over a thousand shifting locations than it is for multiple ones...' That was Rey's theory, and he hoped it was correct.

"Today was supposed to be the last day of the Conquest, which means the Dungeon might be gone once the day is over."

As Rey began, he stared into the unkempt faces of his allies. Their gaze was lowered, but their expressions were hardened.

All of them knew this much.

"There's a chance we might get stuck here forever if we don't find the exit today." Rey said, though this was a lie.

He could easily leave the Dungeon by opening a portal to a stable location that he had been to. With this ability, he could even take everyone with him.

... But what of the rest?

As long as he couldn't find Alicia and the rest of his classmates, Rey couldn't simply escape from this place with the people he had now.

'Though that might become inevitable...'

"The food supply has run short, even with the quota management system we employed. After one last round, there'll be nothing to go around." Another person spoke up.

She was one of the Master Rank Adventurers, and the one in charge of food distribution.

"Thanks for bringing that up, Beverly. I suppose we'll address that too." Rey strained a smile as she nodded back at him.

He had more than enough resources within his [Grand Inventory], so he wasn't really worried about anyone starving. Even if he didn't want to share, he could just send everyone back to the outside world and let them get food themselves.

In all likelihood, they really weren't stranded—at least, in Rey's perspective.

'The real issue is the Miasma, and how it's causing weakness among people. They don't know this, but I constantly purify the air so they can have an inflow of Mana into their system...' Rey rubbed his chin as he looked around him.

If it wasn't for this intervention, most of the Adventurers would have died already.

Rey wasn't expecting some sort of thanks for his deeds. After all, there were ways he could be a lot more benevolent in, which he chose not to be.

But, none of those were his concerns.

'The only problem on my mind right now is how to link up with the rest!'

That was the one thing Rey couldn't do—the single problem he was yet to solve—and it drove him crazy.

He became more and more convinced that Adrien had to be behind this somehow.

'This is like a puzzle. He wants me to figure out the game, doesn't he?' Rey gritted his teeth.

'But I don't get it!'

An aura of frustration nearly surged from him, but one glance at Esme caused him to calm himself.

'If, by the end of today, we make no progress, then I'll just send everyone back outside and do this myself.'

By everyone, he meant Esme as well.

'Whatever your plan is, Adrien, I don't care.' His eyes burned bright as the picture of the boy in the white mask appeared in his mind.

'You should have just left me and my friends out of it!'

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Chapter 464 Stranded [Pt 3]

The meeting lasted for about an hour.

Within that period, all the issues that plagued the Adventurers were raised, but most of them could not be resolved.

In the end, the only thing that could really be done was finding a way out of the current situation. As a result, the Adventurers placed their faith in Jet and Lux as they continued marching towards progress.

They traversed various Zones—from incredibly ancient catacombs, to the more pristine halls of death. They encountered various kinds of Undead as well.

Specters, Ghouls, Animated Corpses, and several Monster Corpse variants; all of whom were taken care of by Jet and Lux.

Even though they had a third Heroic Rank Adventurer on their side—Sherlock—he had been leading his own group for days without rest before meeting the bigger group, so he spent most of the time resting.

Besides, even if Sherlock wasn't exhausted, merely watching how the duo swiftly eliminated the enemies, it was easy to see how he would only hold them back.

After spending hours like this, they finally arrived in front of yet another entrance.

Everyone held their breath as they watched their leaders draw near to the massive stone door.

No one could predict what came next.

'This...' Rey felt an odd sensation as he stood in front of the colossal double door before him.

The dimly lit area around him felt eerie, but Rey ignored everything.

He ignored the few thousand people that anxiously stared at his back, murmuring words to one another. He ignored the incredibly large hall that they occupied, and the motionless bodies of the Greater Zombies that occupied the ground.

The entire arena felt like it had experienced an earlier battle, but since Rey saw no corpse, and he still saw Undead present, he figured the person either escaped, or the Monsters spawned there after a set period of time.

He removed his thoughts from them, though.

The air felt musty, tense as well. But Rey didn't pay any mind to those details.

All of his attention was on the door in front of him—and what lay ahead.

'The Miasma density beyond this door is incredible. Just touching this door alone, I can feel so much impurity seeping through.' Rey narrowed his eyes, feeling the warm, disgusting sensation on his hand.

The only reason why he wasn't experiencing any negative effects was due to his Passive Skills and incredible Stats.

Any other person touching the double door was bound to instantly be afflicted with Miasma Poisoning just from skin contact.

It was that intense!

Yet, that wasn't all Rey noticed.

'The pressure inside is so intense that I can't properly utilize my sensory capabilities...'

It felt like space was so twisted inside.

'There's no doubt about it. This is the Boss Room!' Rey nearly leaked out a smile, but he suppressed his amusement.

'At long last, we've finally come this far!'

He slowly turned back and looked at the Adventurers who looked at him with curious stares. They were clearly expecting a verdict from him.

"It's dangerous up ahead. I believe up ahead is the Boss Room."

Gasps of shock filled the area, and everyone instantly displayed worry. Their weary faces showed fear, but Rey quickly spoke up to assuage them of their worries.

"I understand your concerns, but we can't miss this opportunity. If we delay for too long, the Zone might shift."

As soon as he said this, the aversion of the Adventurers slowly began to dissipate.

"We have to go together, or else the Zones might shift while some of us are inside." He added.

The moment they heard this, they gained their motivation to move forward.

In the meeting that was conducted earlier that day, there were only two solutions to the current problem the group faced.

One was finding the exit and leaving the Dungeon.

This was easier said than done, since no one had been able to locate the Ground Floor since the Mass Teleportation Incident, and many even suspected that it probably didn't exist anymore.

Then, there was the second option.

—Subjugating the Dungeon Boss!

If they killed the Boss, there was a chance that this whole nightmare would end. Even if they wouldn't get teleported of the Dungeon, they could at least stop the Zone shifts.

There was no evidence that this would be the case, but people were just desperate to believe something.

As such, they clung to that hope.

"To play my role well and stick to the final bits of the plan, I need an audience..." Rey's eyes scoured among the thousands on his side.

They were an approximate of 3,200.

'I suppose they'll suffice for the job.'

He only had to think of a way to preserve them from the intense Miasma beyond the walls of the Dungeon, and he already thought of the best explanation.

"Stick to me, everyone. I will now use the sacred power of my Chaos Blade. It can only be used once in a year, so I haven't been able to use it until now."

Rey brought out his special weapon from his briefcase, thrusting his hand into the air as the blade's tip faced the sky.

"Sanctuary!"

Everyone marveled in awe, waiting for what would happen.

Then—

~VWUUUM!~

A bright white light seared through the air, instantly creating a dense membrane that shrouded everything within the vicinity of the wielder.

In no time at all, the thousands of people were encased within a wide-spread field that protected them from the external world.

This, according to Jet, was called [Sanctuary], a hidden effect of his Chaos Blade.

It was a lie, though.

'I just used my [Absolute Perfect Defense] Skill to protect everyone, but made it seem like it came from the blade.'

By also giving an excuse about the cooldown period, he would ward off any suspicion about his use of this power.

'I can also make it seem like a very powerful barrier, so they won't be too scared in the Boss Room.'

With a wide smile on his face, Rey opened the door and stepped into the room.

'They just need to keep their eyes on me!'

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Chapter 465 Where The Guildmaster Went [Pt 1]

'Impressive...'

The hall they stepped into was unspeakably huge—at least twice as spacious as that of the Ground Floor.

Rey felt like a tiny speck of dust in the overwhelmingly large expanse. It nearly reminded him of when he and his classmates first arrived in the Domain of God and were welcomed by Seraph.

That place was much larger—not even by a small margin—than the room he was currently in, but the mere fact that he was reminded of the Domain of God just by stepping inside proved how incredible the sheer scale of the place was.

It wasn't just big too. The entire room had a pristine sense to it, despite looking ancient.

Unlike the other Zones that looked unkempt and abandoned, this place seemed tidy and well-kept... all things considered.

You would expect that it would be next to impossible to keep such a large hall clean at all times, but just one look at the immaculate grandeur of the room spat in the face of that.

It had marble-like flooring, with a dark purple glow reflected on it from the chandeliers that hung from the ceiling.

The room was well-lit, with several candles the size of torches hanging all around the walls. Stained glass decorated the walls with their outstanding art, and the ceiling had murals that seemed ethereal etched upon them.

There was something holy and sublime about the hall's appearance, despite the corrupted Mana that pervaded the air and everything about it.

Only one thing ruined this sight, though.

A couple of meters—at the most ten—from where Rey and his comrades stood, there was a figure that lay on the floor.

It looked like a human, but its naked and emaciated form looked more like a miserable Undead than an actual flesh and blood man. The entire corpse was wrung dry of life, shriveled up until even its bones seemed too tiny to be considered possible.

This 'thing' couldn't be called a human, and anyone who saw it would have thought the same.

But... everyone who witnessed the body from their distance could not just dismiss it.

Most who saw it froze and shuddered at the sight. Some covered their mouths in disbelief, while others merely looked away.

All of them had one thing in common.

They recognized the outfit that the mere husk of a man donned. The Equipment, despite looking so aged, was too conspicuous for anyone to forget.

Then, out of the silence that dominated the entire space, someone asked the question that many were too afraid to utter out loud.

"T-that... Is that the Guildmaster?"

Yes. Yes, it was.

The hair on the shriveled corpse's face greatly resembled that of Richard, even if the outfit gave it away.

All of them knew the truth.

"H-he's... dead...?"

"H-how...?"

"Miasma Poisoning? But to this extent..."

"Guildmaster...."

Rey heard all of this noise but remained silent.

Rather than let his mind be filled with so much noise, he narrowed his eyes and observed the corpse from a distance.

'His body is literally oozing with Miasma. If he went in through that entrance, chances are that he got infected before even entering.'

But that didn't make any sense? Why would Guildmaster Richard choose to enter such a Miasma-dense zone after getting infected just from touching the door that led to the place?

'It makes no sense, unless I take into account the Greater Zombies I slayed in the other room...'

Guildmaster Richard was strong, but he probably found the several Monsters too much for him, so he decided to escape. That explained the damage that Rey observed in the room.

'But that doesn't explain why he would enter such a place when he knows the inevitable results.'

If he were the Guildmaster, and he had to pick his poison, Rey would prefer duking things out with the Greater Zombies.

At the very least, he could stand a chance against enemies that he could see. Plus, killing a couple would probably give him a Level-Up and boost his ability to keep fighting.

That was a lot more preferable than dying in the most painful way possible; powerlessly feeling as your body got overrun with corruption, causing your body to cease all function and collapse in on itself.

Rey could imagine the worst kinds of death, and that was definitely among them.

~SWOOSH~

In a gentle flow of wind, the Guildmaster's corpse floated towards the group of Adventurers, as his body was supported by what resembled a bed of clouds.

It wasn't Rey's doing, however, but the work of the girl who stood closest to him.

"Thanks." He turned and smiled at Esme.

She nodded in response to him, allowing the Guildmaster's body to drop in front of Rey—right before reaching the wall of [Absolute Perfect Defense].

'If the body comes into contact with my defense, it'll be purified instantly.' Rey grimaced, staring hard at the corpse one final time.

'The amount of Miasma coming out of his body is unbelievable. If it becomes an Undead now, it'll be a very strong one.'

A corpse turning Undead could be due to one of two reasons—

overexposure to Miasma over an extended period of time, or a Necromancy Spell.

Both of them were equally rare and unlikely to happen in real life, so not much was known about the phenomenon.

But, from the little that was known, the amount of Miasma that a corpse was able to take in before becoming Undead—whether by natural means or Necromancy—determined how strong they would become as Undead.

In some cases, it could even determine the kind of Undead they became... though there could also be factors surrounding this that hadn't been studied yet.

'His body has been soaking so much Miasma, yet he hasn't turned yet.' That felt strange to Rey.

After a set period, and a certain threshold of Miasma injection, had been reached, Undead would naturally sprout out.

'The fact that it hasn't happened yet means one thing...' Rey looked around him as he knelt and observed the body of the corpse.

'... This is someone's doing.'

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Chapter 466 Where The Guildmaster Went [Pt 2]

Right now, there were two potential causes as to the situation with Richard's corpse.

One was that the Boss Monster caused it.

'If the Boss is a Necromancer, then it only makes sense that they could do something like this.'

Monsters weren't usually very intelligent, but there were exceptions. Plus, since the entire setup of the Dungeon was so special and resembled the kind that housed intelligent life, the possibility couldn't be discounted.

But, Rey couldn't see a Boss Monster around, which meant this was probably not the Boss Room. If the Boss really was behind this, it wouldn't just leave the corpse lying around.

'That leaves me with the second option.' Rey stood to his feet as his eyes narrowed as a gleam of anger flashed inside.

'Adrien Chase!'

Adrien was a necromancer, and since his involvement in this entire Grand Calamity Class Dungeon Conquest was pretty much a certainty, he was a more prime suspect.

Once again, Rey couldn't think of any way in which Adrien could benefit humanity from this entire ordeal. From his guess, this was probably a breeding ground for Adrien to fully test out and advance his Necromancy Skill.

'He's not beyond using others to achieve his goals anyway...' Rey sighed, covering his eyes for a moment so that he could think.

After a few seconds, he walked forward, leaving the white barrier that protected everyone else.

Many people gasped, but their worried faces soon dissolved once they found him completely fine despite standing amidst the immense pressure of Miasma.

'I'm tired of this farce...' He whispered, suddenly releasing a burst of Mana in a split-second.

Almost at once, the corruption within the entire room vanished from sight.

He did this so quickly that no one in the audience could possibly suspect that he was responsible. Plus, since they were all inside the barrier of [Absolute Perfect Defense], they probably couldn't even tell the difference anyway.

"When will you reveal yourself this time?"

Rey asked no one in particular this question. He just looked at the sole taint in the room, the corpse of the Guildmaster, and knelt before it once again.

'I don't really know you, nor do I feel particularly sad that you died...' His honest thoughts flowed as he felt his heart tighten.

'But, you didn't have to die.'

None of the people that would have perished in this Dungeon had to die. Yes, protecting them would have been a frustrating chore for him, but he would have still done so.

'I would have stuck to the plan until the very end and wrapped everything up nicely.'

Yet, Adrien had to ruin all of it!

"At the very least, let me put you out of your misery..." Rey stretched his hand towards the Miasma-filled corpse.

Then, at that very moment—

~FSHUUU!~

—A massive door appeared and opened up from the other side of the hall.

Rey paused and looked ahead, his eyes widening a little, considering how he never saw or detected a door there before. That meant only one thing.

'Another Zone shift, huh?'

However, that wasn't the only surprise he was met with.

As soon as the door opened up, he was bombarded with the sight of a shimmering golden barrier, and a bunch of people inside it.

A certain golden-haired man stood at the front of the crowd that trailed behind him. Many would recognize him as Sebas, but Rey knew who he really was.

He could see Britta close to him, as well as the faces of the Master Rank Adventurers near the Heroic Rank duo.

Then, right behind them, though scattered in many locations, the mature faces of his classmates could be spotted.

All of them, without exception, were seen by him.

'A-ahh...' Tears nearly filled his eyes as he stared at them with shock clearly imprinted on his face.

Just as he believed, they were all together—safe.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" Adonis suddenly raised his voice as he stepped out of his golden barrier, his brows furrowed as he glared at him intensely.

'H-huh? What's going on?'

The look of utter repulsion and enmity on Adonis' face told him that something was off here. He could even sense a strong killing intent rushing from him.

'Right now he sees me as Jet, so why is he acting this way? Shouldn't he be relieved to see me, or at least everyone else?'

Despite all of his confusion, Rey decided to answer as honestly as possible.

"What are you talking about? I'm investigating the—"

"Guildmaster Richard?!" Adonis' voice rose into the air, instantly causing a lot of tension to rise all around. "What did you do to the Guildmaster?!"

'What did I do? I don't get it...' Rey glanced at the Guildmaster's corpse, and while it was true that his hand was close to the shriveled husk, and Miasma was oozing out of the thing, he really wasn't doing anything.

Now, it was possible to make a mistake and assume something else based on how the whole thing looked like—especially with no prior context on the matter—but Rey didn't see why Adonis was reacting so negatively all of a sudden.

It almost felt as if Adonis already had a conclusion in mind, and he projected that onto the scenario that Rey was a part of.

'I guess the tension must have gotten the better of him. It's been a long week, after all, and he probably has a lot on his plate.'

The people on their end were probably starving due to lack of resources, and knowing Adonis, he probably gave up his share to make sure more mouths were fed.

He was probably just overreacting due to the irritability that came with hunger and sleep deprivation.

'Yes, that's right... he's not really himself.' Rey smiled as he shook his head, slowly rising to his feet.

"My friend, it seems you—"

~WHOOOSH!~

In a sudden flash, Adonis closed the incredible distance between himself and Rey, sending a powerful blow charging towards him.

He had to block it with his briefcase, but the aftershock forced his body to slide backwards as a result.

"Don't call me your friend..." Adonis' aggressive tone filled the room as his golden eyes flashed bright.

"... Filthy Dragon Spy!"

Rey's surprised face was no longer contain the disbelief, and his parted lips had to let out the only word he could mutter.

"H-huh...?!"

*

Hehehe!

Chapter 467 The Confrontation

[Moments Earlier]

Adonis was livid the moment he saw Jet beside the Guildmaster.

He didn't want to imagine it, but upon recognizing the corpse's attire, and the fact that Jet was standing right next to it, it was obvious who the culprit was.

The Guildmaster's corpse was also oozing an incredible amount of Miasma despite there been nothing of the sort in the air around them.

That meant someone infused such an incredible amount on him.

'I see no one strong enough to do that here. Jet is standing next to the corpse, so it has to be him!' Such was Adonis' thought process.

In essence, this particular Dragon Spy not only had access to Spatial Magic, but also Miasma; he was an incredibly powerful indeed.

When Adonis' rational mind questioned him about the possible motives of the Jet in this instance, he shrugged the question off.

There was no need for him to think of some twisted motive of a Dragon.

'He wanted to make him an Undead, that's for sure. The amount of Miasma oozing from that body isn't normal for a natural process.' Adonis could clearly tell.

Someone was controlling the entire thing, and who else could it be but the malefactor before him?

'It's still surprising that he would do such a thing in front of witnesses.'

Adonis gritted his teeth as he lifted his gaze and stared at the crowd behind Jet. They seemed to be over three thousand, quite a bit more than his own group of two thousand.

If this was everyone, then that meant only a little over half had survived the Grand Calamity Class Dungeon and made it this far.

'They don't seem apprehensive of them at all. And that is that white shield around them? It looks similar to mine, but... it feels different.' Adonis creased his brows as his gaze met Lux, who stood right in front of the group.

'Is this her doing? Is she somehow taking everyone hostage?'

No, it didn't look like it—especially the latter.

'They don't look anxious. Ever since our arrival, their faces have brightened up considerably...' Adonis could observe the faces of the crowd, and there was none of fear or fright.

Hostages wouldn't act like that. Unless...

'They don't know that they are hostages. If that's the case, and Lux is keeping them as collateral, then I'll have to think of a way to break them out while dealing with Jet.'

Adonis glanced behind him and looked at Britta, who glanced at him with a worried look, but he nodded slowly.

'I've explained the whole thing to Britta and the higher-up Adventurers. They didn't believe me at first, but after presenting thorough evidence, and them seeing this with their own eyes, I'm sure they are now fully on my side.'

If need be, they could of some assistance, but it was probably best they remained behind him. If the Dragon decided to go all-out, it could be fatal for them... and that was the last thing Adonis wanted.

'The Adventurers City has lost too many lives already. I can't let more skilled humans sacrifice themselves in vain.'

If it came down to it, he would have to increase his output in order to match the Dragons. Plus, he still had reliable allies that could help.

'Everyone is on standby, waiting for my signal. The moment it displays more power than I can handle with my disguise, they'll pitch in and assist.'

That wasn't all too.

'I don't want to resort to it, but if worst comes to worst, we'll have to expose our identities. If that'll allow us to fight on equal or superior footing with these things... then I suppose it's inevitable.'

The only problem right now was the absence of Rey on their side, which meant he was in Jet's group. Adonis couldn't see him, but considering how bountiful the crowd was, he was most likely just among them in some capacity.

'If the situation calls for it and we all attack Jet, Rey should be able to pick up on it and join us. Noah could also do the same.'

It would even be most effective, since the Dragon Spies couldn't wouldn't be expecting attacks from their camp like that.

'Even this confrontation is throwing him off. I can sense it...'

He could see the act of innocence on the part of the Dragon Spy, Jet, so it seemed like he was still trying to keep his disguise.

'Too bad I see right through you!' Adonis growled as he made some statements to the Dragon, stalling for a bit more time so he could think of what to do about the hostages.

'I still have the advantage of him underestimating me and not knowing my full capabilities. If I surprise him by slightly amping my power, and then systematically using more powerful attacks at strategic moments, then...' A slight smile tugged at his lips, though no one could see it.

His face was merely a mask of rage.

Adonis was still thinking when he heard a particular statement from the Dragon Spy that sparked uncontrollable rage within him.

"My friend, it seems you—"

Fiery anger burned inside Adonis, and the burst of fury sent him dashing away from his position as he charged at Jet like a missile.

~WHOOSH!~

His body was instantly coated in light, and the pressure of the wind caused his hair to fly backwards. In no time at all, he was right in front of the target.

Clenching his fist, Adonis sent a powerful blow—much stronger than what he was meant to display—to the enemy.

He could sense the shock on Jet's face, and he could see the downright confusion he displayed.

'You didn't expect me to be this strong, did you?!' Adonis grinned inside as he thrust his fist.

But—

~BOOOOOOOM!~

—It hit the briefcase of the Dragon Spy right before reaching his face.

As he watched the enemy slide away, Adonis clenched his fist and readied himself for direct combat.

"Don't call me your friend... filthy Dragon Spy!"

*

Chapter 468 Sebas Vs Jet And Lux [Pt 1]

The shock of Adonis' initial strike echoed in the air, sending a thunderous noise reverberating across the space.

Many eyes widened in shock upon seeing this, two of which belonged to Rey.

'That blow was incredibly strong. It would have caused a lot of damage to my Jet persona.' Rey was recoiling in confusion as he stared at Adonis.

'What the hell? Why is he being so aggressive? And calling me a Dragon Spy?'

It made no sense to him!

'Maybe he's hallucinating now?' Rey looked behind Adonis, hoping at least someone in his group could see what was happening here, but everyone had their arms folded and stared at him.

'E-eh?!'

No one reacted surprised or even worried that two Heroic Rank Adventurers were fighting. It was nearly creepy the way they looked—especially at him.

Their stern expressions told him that they were not on his side.

'Why? Could it be... some sort of mind control?' Rey tried to use his [Absolute Appraisal], but the moment his eyes glowed, Adonis charged at him with another powerful strike that would be dangerous if he was still following the 'Jet' narrative.

He still didn't understand what was going on, but he couldn't give these people more reasons to suspect him.

~BOOOOOM!~

Adonis' punch was strong enough to break the clear marble tiles that served as footing instantly causing the ground to tremble. The only way Rey could avoid it was by evading to the side, and even that was a close call.

'He's much faster than he displayed as Sebas. How is that even fair...?!'

If he was forced to stick with his persona, why was Adonis coming out of it and getting no complaints? Fortunately, he was about to find out using [Absolute Appraisal]!

'Let's search for any negative Status Conditions.'

Rey checked a few random people at once, but what he saw shocked him... almost as much as the next attack that neared his stomach in the form of a kick.

'A-ah... looks like I'll have to take this one on!'

Rey felt the force of Adonis' straight kick thrust on his stomach, feeling his body rise from the ground and fly a distance away.

He loosened control and allowed himself to hit the nearby wall, sending debris flying everywhere.

~BOOOOOM!~

Slightly buried by all that smoke and rubble, Rey's face was the very personification of confusion.

'They're not hallucinating? What's going on here?'

He couldn't comprehend the reason behind their weird behavior if they weren't being affected by some kind of shared hunger or exhaustion induced hunger.

Unless...!

'Is this Adrien's doing? Did he somehow alter their memories? Is he controlling them the same way he did with Scylla and the others back then?'

If that was the case, then there was no use looking at their Status Windows or trying to reason with them. They were being manipulated to act a certain way, and he didn't think trying to convince them would prove anything.

'Damnit!' Once again Rey felt a disgusting amount of rage rise within his chest.

He didn't like feeling like a piece in someone else's game. Right now, it felt like he was dancing in the palm of Adrien's hands, and he hated it to the core.

He preferred being the player, and not the piece. However, the mere fact that he still couldn't decipher Adrien's intentions showed just how incompetent he was—or at least inferior, compared to Adrien—in mind games this intricate.

Rey was out of his league here, and he felt it.

'My plans as Jet, all of it is coming apart with this confrontation!' He growled, slowly rising out of the rubble.

The way he saw it, there was really no way out than to reveal his power and put an end to this scenario once and for all.

'[Absolute Mental Control] would have really come in handy right about now...'

However, he had other means which he could use to ensure that he could get away with a bunch of things.

'[Phantom Illusion] is one of them...' Rey wasn't as skilled with illusion as Ater was, but he wasn't a novice either.

'Things could get a little problematic if Adonis takes this fight more seriously, or if our classmates join in.'

Right now, it felt like it was him against the world.

'I guess I have no choice—!'

"HEY, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING!"

"WHY ARE YOU ATTACKING SIR JET?!"

"SIR SEBAS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THAT IS SIR JET YOU'RE TREATING LIKE THAT!"

"STOP IT! STOP IT!"

"LEAVE SIR JET ALONE!"

The loud voices of the thousands of people that Rey saved began to echo forth within their dome of light. Rey heard their loud voices and felt a certain stirring within him.

He knew he wasn't really the "Jet" that they thought he was, but their joint voices regarding the current situation made him feel a little better.

... A little less alone.

"You all are being brainwashed by that... that thing! He is not what you think he is! He is a Dragon Spy!" Adonis pointed towards Rey, who just got up from the damaged area of impact.

His gaze was filled with such rage and bloodlust that Rey began to shiver a little.

The level of hate that Adonis displayed felt too raw... too real for a mere hallucination or illusion. Rey could see that Adonis genuinely, with all his soul and mind, believed Rey to be the enemy.

In such a case, nothing could possibly convince him.

"D-DRAGON SPY? NO WAY!"

"SIR JET WOULD NEVER BE SUCH A THING!"

"YOU'RE MISTAKEN, SIR SEBAS! PLEASE STOP WHAT YOU ARE DOING!"

"SIR JET IS INNOCENT!"

"HE HAS BEEN HELPING US AND SAVING US ALL THIS TIME!"

Despite all of these pleas, Adonis shook his head and walked forward. He didn't seem to care for their words since he considered them "brainwashed."

As he took one more step forward, though, a figure in white stepped right in front of him and halted his footsteps.

Many knew her as Lux, but this was Esme in all her glory. For the first time ever, she parted her lips to speak in front of everyone.

It was nothing short of an ominous warning; one that made even Rey tremble.

"Don't take another step... or you're dead."

*

Chapter 469 Sebas Vs Jet And Lux [Pt 2]

The tension in the air was palpable.

As Sebas—the man who had just kicked Jet several meters away with speed that transcended what the human eyes could keep up with—stood before Lux, partner of the dark gentleman, everyone was silent and watched.

Sebas was undoubtedly stronger than most Adventurers, and even now, he was incredibly strong. However, just by hearing the murmurs among the group within the white barrier, it was easy to see what the people thought.

"W-was he always that strong? He beat Jet just like that!"

"Don't be stupid! Sir Jet has been fighting and protecting us all this time. Of course, he's going to be exhausted."

"Yeah! If he was at full power, he'd never lose!"

"A-ahh..."

"What day did you join?"

"Day 4."

"No wonder. I've been here since Day 2, but I know people who were with him from Day 1. The man is a beast, and he takes no rest!"

"F-for real?!"

"Yeah! The other side must have a lot more Master and Veteran Rank Adventurers, and less members too. It must not have been as burdensome as it was with us..."

"And Sir Jet carried most of that burden..."

This was what the audience thought as they looked at the fight between Sebas and Jet.

And so, the moment they witnessed the latter's partner step up, they nearly went insane due to the tension alone.

She even spoke, and while it sounded mesmerizingly feminine, the threatening tone she used caused everyone to shiver.

Her "... you're dead" carried a lot of weight that it hardly felt like a bluff.

Lux didn't have a lot of offensive feats, but her defensive and restrictive attacks were second to none. She seemed like the perfect counter for Sebas' tyrannical assault.

"Go get him, Lady Lux!"

"Show him who's boss!"

"S-someone should really go check on Sir Jet..."

A few eyes turned to the man who stood among the rubble. He still seemed dazed, so the exhaustion had to be catching up to him.

Many were frightened to step out of the protective dome, all things considered, so they could only make supportive statements from the sidelines.

However, one man stepped forward and left the confines of the barrier.

"I'll go." Heroic Rank Adventurer, Sherlock, said those words and walked away from the rest.

Many saw his back and nodded in respect.

Just like the other Heroic Rank Adventurers who were doing just fine despite the dangerous atmosphere that should have surrounded them, Sherlock didn't seem to be under any kind of distress.

He simply walked towards Jet while Lux blocked Sebas' path.

'What the hell is going on?' Noah asked himself as he approached the man known as Jet.

He indeed looked a bit disheveled; more shaken than actually damaged. He didn't seem to be in any kind of intense anguish, yet Noah couldn't help but worry for him.

"Are you okay?" He said, drawing closer in concern.

"No. Not really..." Jet answered, huffing a little as steam began to emerge from his lips.

'I guess everyone's suspicion was correct. He's pushed himself a little too far and now he's suffering the backlash.'

Noah could not, for any kind of absurd reason, believe this man was a Dragon.

'From everything I've learned and been told about them, and just from my personal standpoint, he can't be one!'

If this accusation had come before the start of the Conquest and the Mass Teleportation Incident, perhaps he would have been inclined to believe it.

After all, Jet was absurdly strong and incredibly mysterious.

But after seeing the man's compassion and dedication to the cause of saving lives and preserving the ones that had already been rescued, he could not believe it.

This wasn't something anyone could fake.

"Sherlock, I need to march forward to fight." Jet's voice came as a trembling whisper.

"W-what? No! No you can't! You've reached your limit!"

The fact that Sebas had more than enough power to attack at such a pace that even he found it difficult to follow meant that the man had been hiding his strength all this time. Adding all that to Jet's current state, and Noah could only see it was a poor decision.

"Lux can't do it on her own. I don't want to burden her... like that."

Noah felt his heart ache as he heard that. He understood this man's ideals, and he truly wished he was more useful at this moment.

But even if he added himself to the mix, he would only hold Jet back.

"Right now, I'm releasing the seal that I placed on myself all those years ago." More steam proceeded out of Jet's lips as he finally regained a proper posture.

"S-seal? Why did you seal your power in the first place? If you release all of it now, what will happen to you?"

Jet chuckled sadly and looked at Noah with a distant gaze. "You're a smart kid."

The moment Noah heard that, he knew what was coming.

'If it came at no steep cost, he wouldn't have kept it sealed. If he uses that kind of power now... he'll most likely die!'

More pain seared through the boy's chest, but he endured.

"They must be under some kind of illusion or delusion. I believe I can snap him, and everyone else out of this."

Even now, Jet only thought about others. He held his blade, risking his entire life in the process, just to save everyone.

How could such a man be labeled as vile a being as a Dragon?

"I'll leave the protection of everyone to you." Jet said with a resolute smile, taking a step forward.

"Can I count on you?"

As Noah gazed upon Jet, watching as the older man turned his head back just to ask him those final words with a smile on his face, he felt beads of tears slowly ooze out.

"Y-yeah! You can count on me!"

Upon hearing that, Jet nodded slowly and tightened his grip on the Chaos Blade.

"Thank you."

*

Chapter 470 Sebas Vs Jet And Lux [Pt 3]

While Jet was preparing his resolve, the confrontation between Sebas—or rather, Adonis—and his other enemy, had taken a heated turn.

Despite Adonis trying to march forward, he felt something blocking him.

'A Blank Wall, huh?' It was a high-level Wind Spell that essentially created an impenetrable barrier between them and the target.

This barrier was an invisible veil, undetectable by the eyes, and no matter how fast and strong a person moved, the inertia and friction that the barrier generated, due to an opposing clash, would stop you dead in your tracks.

Lux was, in simple terms, blocking Adonis' access to her, and the thing behind her.

"Incredible defense. But it has one fatal weakness." Adonis smiled, his eyes glowing with golden vigor as two brilliant blades of light suddenly flashed behind Lux.

"It doesn't prevent the activation of Magic beyond the reach of its range."

Activating Spells that operated far from a Magic Caster was difficult, since it required an incredible amount of Mana as well as great skill to manage said Mana.

And so, it came as a surprise—not just to Lux, but to the entire group of Adventurers watching—that Adonis managed to pull it off.

... All without chanting a single Spell!

~FWUSH!~

The twin blades charged towards Lux, and she swiftly moved, using her Wind Magic to slice through the constructs, shattering them into pieces.

However...

'Another weakness of Blank Wall is that it requires immense concentration!' Adonis' eyes flashed as he charged at Jet.

'I should swiftly finish him off before dealing with the other.'

Adonis didn't know why Jet wasn't using his full power, even after being exposed. Even if he still wanted to preserve his identity, no Dragon would subject themselves to such disgrace from a human.

At least... not willingly.

'He must have exhausted a lot of his energy during the Mass Teleportation and also shifting the Zones.' After deliberating on things for so long, that was the conclusion that Adonis came up with.

That meant, at this particular moment, Jet was incredibly vulnerable.

'I'll end it fast!'

~WHUUSH!~

Before Adonis could reach the lone Adventurer, an incredible wave of wind charged towards him, forming concrete chain constructs that held him in all parts of his body.

'Tch!' He clicked his tongue as he felt the constraints wrap around his neck as well.

"I warned you... that you'd die if you stepped forward." Lux' eyes seemed completely bloodthirsty, and that instantly triggered something within Adonis.

—An instinct he had been suppressing for the sake of pragmatism.

"Me? Die?!"

~VWUUUUUMM!~

An intense surge of golden power poured out of him, instantly ripping apart the Wind Constraints that held him down.

"Don't make me laugh!"

Adonis yelled, instantly causing the space around him to tremble.

'I've had enough of these two...' His thoughts trailed as he turned away from Jet and set his eyes on Lux.

'It doesn't matter the order.' Adonis' scary eyes showed only one thing.

—The desire to kill.

'Most of her power must be going towards the barrier she's using to keep everyone hostage, as I don't sense much power from her.'

In terms of priority, perhaps it was better to deal with Lux first.

At the very least, she wouldn't be able to use the people as leverage. Adonis still had no idea why she was yet to pull out that card, but that didn't matter at the moment.

What mattered was...

~WHOOSH!~

... Slaying these Dragons!

In an instant, faster than even Lux seemed to be able to keep up with, Adonis appeared before Lux, swinging his light-coated blade towards her neck.

A few more inches, and he could make contact and slice her head off.

But—

~CLANG!~

—A second blade appeared, instantly blocking the slash that would have ended Lux's life.

The blade seemed to come out of nowhere, and it had no one wielding it, which greatly puzzled Adonis.

Before he could fully react to the situation, and deal with the recoil, he felt a powerful blast of wind push him back.

~WHOOM!~

His body helplessly flew far from Lux, but he hardly felt any damage.

Further confusion filled Adonis' thoughts at that moment. Why did Lux, despite having him in range, use such an attack with hardly any destructive power?

'H-huh...?' All of sudden, he felt power building up right behind him.

It was at that moment that he realized the direction that he was sent to. It wasn't random, and it wasn't arbitrary.

Lux had pushed him away from her and towards her partner.

The result...

~BOOOOOOOOOOM!~

... Was fatal!

Adonis felt pain—true, raw pain—sear through his body.

This was the first time in very long that he felt this sort of agony, and it struck him right at his back.

"Guh!" He spat out saliva as his eyes turned white for a moment.

The force of the hit caused his body to helplessly flip forward. The light that surrounded his body—acting as both an offensive and defensive coat—shattered almost instantly.

He felt disoriented for a moment, down to the point of confusion.

'H-he's... stronger?!' Before Adonis could conclude this thought, or fully understand what it meant, he felt another wind bombardment.

This time, it was a flurry of attacks targeting multiple parts of his body, specifically his limbs.

"G-gaahh!"

In that moment, the blade that appeared to protect Lux floated away, in the direction that Adonis was just coming from.

~VWUUSH!~

A powerful surge of energy suddenly manifested behind him.

"Chaos Judgment!"

Jet's voice peaked, and following that declaration was the descent of his brandished blade and the destructive energy that followed.

~BOOOOOOOOOOM!!!~

The entire area was engulfed in the spectacle and devastation that the brilliant burst offered.

In that moment, Lux and Jet regrouped, and Adonis alone was at the center of the eruption. He suffered the hit from point-

blank range, feeling his body take more damage than he could have ever imagined.

These two, Jet and Lux, just like him... had been hiding their strength all along!