

Extras 471

Chapter 471 Sebas Vs Jet And Lux [Pt 4]

Steam scattered all around the area, and the shattered marble tiles was the least of anyone's concerns.

The eyes on both sides only looked at the parties who stood opposite each other.

The first—Jet and Lux—had resolute expressions on their faces as they faced off against the more enraged Sebas.

The air was electrifying, and many just shivered at the sight of the two sides battling. While many wanted to stop the conflict, there wasn't much anyone could do in a battle between Heroic Rank Adventurers.

After a couple seconds of silence, with both parties staring at each other, Sebas made his move.

~FWWUUSH!~

His body became coated in condensed Light Magic, and the area around him trembled as a result.

Even debris began floating all around him as a recognition of his majesty.

He discarded his old blade and created another by condensing light. This weapon was concentrated Mana personified, and it oozed with sheer destructive capabilities.

Without waiting for any notice, he dashed forward, his wielded blade in hand.

~BOOOM!~

The ground shattered upon his departure, and like a flash of golden light, he instantly traversed the distance between himself and the two parties.

Once again, Lux attempted to use her Blank Wall, but Sebas easily countered by making several light constructs all over the vicinity.

There was no way the Blank Wall could protect them from all directions.

However, instead of Lux losing concentration and halting her defenses, Jet went ahead and launched himself into the air, swiftly destroying all the constructs in a whirlwind of ferocious power.

Thanks to this, Sebas was stopped at point-blank range, unable to take a single step forward to slay his enemies.

Before he could make his next move, Lux pushed her hand forward, creating a pulse of concentrated wind that pushed Sebas from his torso.

"Ack!" Unlike the last push, this one was incredibly dense and painful, forcing him to even cough up blood.

As a result, his body was propelled backwards.

While in midair, Jet appeared right overhead—covered in purple lightning—with his blade raised and energy dancing around it.

"Tch!" Adonis sent a pure light blast above him, bursting through the air and consuming his foe.

However...

A shield of wind shrouded Jet, most likely the courtesy of Lux.

Thanks to this, he was able to advance in his attack and send another burst of powerful attack flying towards Sebas.

~BOOOOOOM!~

This explosion, in midair, caused a lot of riot in the area.

Both sides experienced pressure rushing from the point of impact, and once again... Jet slid back and returned to his position with Lux.

Sebas, on the other hand, landed on his knees as smoke rushed from all over his body.

He wasn't lethally damaged, but it would be a lie if anyone said he didn't take any damage from the just concluded strike.

But, just a second after his fall, he rose to his feet and wiped the grime on his face.

"Had enough?" Jet asked, his frown deepening as he stared at Sebas' unyielding form.

"Not even close!"

At that moment, all the minor and major injuries on his body began to vanish, and his ragged breaths turned normal.

He was all better in no time.

"I'll be going all-out now..." He whispered, enough for the two to hear.

"Is that so?" Jet asked with a furrowed brow. "Then I will do the same."

They both took combat stances, holding their blades with incredible skill. It seemed unfair that this was a two against one contest, but no one was complaining.

Sebas began the conflict, and he seemed to be stronger and faster than the individual abilities of the two opposing him. It was only through teamwork that they were able to keep up with, and even damage, him.

~BWUUUSSH!~

An almost explosive noise rushed through the area, all of it caused by the sheer amount of Light that was bursting from Adonis at that moment.

On the other side too, Jet caused the flashes of purple lightning to increase about three-fold. The aura around his blade also felt alive, as it intensely wrapped itself around the Chaos Blade.

Both sides had both gotten a solid boost, and they were ready to charge at each other.

Naturally, Lux remained the supporter of her partner.

~FWOOOSH!~

The first attack came from her, as she launched several chains made from her Wind Magic. They were innumerable, and moved too fast for the human eye to capture.

The reason behind her attack was unknown to those who watched, but they surmised that she simply wanted to restrict Sebas' movements or slow him down so that her partner could land his own hit.

However...

~WHOOOSH!~

... None of those attacks even reached Sebas in the slightest.

He dodged every single one, rushing towards them with the palpable intent to kill.

Jet made his move at this point, closing the already shrinking distance between the two of them.

Crackles of energy filled the air as they both sent their blades crashing upon the other.

~BOOOOOOOOOM!!!~

The earth around them broke into pieces, creating a massive crater where they clashed.

Unfortunately, the intense power from Sebas' side was stronger, and so Jet was pushed back, giving the man of light a chance to strike.

However, at that point, several constraints of wind rose from underneath him and restricted his movements.

It seemed Lux was waiting for the time when he was least mobile to strike, and all the initial chains were mere distractions.

With Sebas' movements restricted, but not completely stopped, his actions became just a little slower, allowing Jet the chance to counterattack.

But—

~WHOOSH!~

A sudden silhouette rushed from Sebas' camp, darting swiftly towards the only vulnerable party in the fight.

The world took pause as all eyes fell on Britta as she charged at Lux.

Her blade was unsheathed, and her eyes were filled with the resolve to end the woman's life.

It was checkmate.

*

Chapter 472 Heroic Intervention

It was checkmate.

Lux' Magic was potent and versatile, but for her to match the kind of power that Sebas was unleashing, she had to pour all of her Mana to restrain him—albeit barely.

As a result of that, she had no proper defense in place around her.

With Britta's swift motion, and the deadly power she wielded with the blade, Lux's survival without a defensive barrier was zero.

Britta was an Elite Swordsman, which made her practically invincible to most when it came to the blade. Her Skills buffed her physical state and attacks to an absurd degree. Plus, since she was a Heroic Rank Adventurer, her Stats were not to be discounted.

If anyone could kill Lux as she was now, it would be her.

However, this wasn't the only reason why the current situation was a deadlock.

Even if Lux was fast enough to focus on her own defenses to stop Britta's attack, she would have to ignore the constraints that currently stopped Sebas from landing a fatal hit on her partner—who was just initiating a process of counterattacking.

If she stopped the Constraint now, Sebas—the much faster and stronger one—was bound to deal the first strike and probably finish Jet off.

Everyone knew what kind of state Jet was in, so it was very possible for a point-blank explosive assault from Sebas to end his life.

Hence, a difficult situation.

No matter what choice Lux made—if she could even make any, given the suddenness of the whole thing—one of the two would have to die.

The only question was who?

"Rahhhhhh!"

Britta's voice pierced the air as her blade she made a powerful horizontal slash. Her target was Lux's head, and based on the trajectory of her swing, she wasn't going to miss.

All her Skills were active, with the exception of [Night Vision].

[Greater Full Sense], [Greater Full Slash], and [Mortal Enlightenment]; all working in sync to connect this one, vital attack.

'I... I still don't want to believe it.' As Britta's blade neared Lux's neck, and she saw her surprised expression, her thoughts trailed.

When Sebas first told her about all of it, she found it ridiculous to believe. It took a lot of convincing to bring everyone to his side, but she was the last to come around.

How could she have accepted that Jet and Lux—the two Adventurers who saved her life and inspired her to be better—were Dragon Spies?!

'No... that can't be!' She had thought to herself back then. 'There has to be another explanation!'

That was what Britta kept telling herself.

Even when Sebas admitted to being an expert who had been tracking the two of them for a long period of time, and connected so many dots that it made sense...

She still wanted to believe them.

Even when she agreed to help bring them in, at least to find out the truth, she still believed that Sebas was mistaken, and that those two weren't... that Jet wasn't ... a Dragon.

But, after seeing the Guildmaster's corpse and the culprit casually handling the situation, all her hopes were dashed.

"Richard..." She had whispered to herself the moment she witnessed all of it.

Guildmaster Richard was like a father to her. Back when her weak father died, he became the pillar she could lean on.

Of course, she eventually outgrew him and became rebellious, but still... Britta loved and respected him dearly.

Seeing his corpse being desecrated like that took her over the edge.

All the excuses she had in her mind—concerning Jet, and his partner Lux—were slowly abandoned.

Much to her shame, it still took her time to pull together enough resolve to do what she was about to do. It was disgusting how she couldn't even find the strength in her to avenge the death of her father figure.

... At least not immediately.

While she was struggling to make the choice, Sebas held the fort.

It made her even more angry at herself.

Why? Why couldn't she just abandon these feelings and march forward?

Why... even now, after witnessing all of it, was she yet to completely drop all hope for the man clad in black?

Why was she remembering the time she spent in his embrace, and the warmth of his touch?

Britta... was mad at herself.

Even though Jet was a monster underneath, she could not let go of her feelings for him.

Perhaps that was why she went for Lux.

After seeing the current state of things, her instinct took over, and the resolve she couldn't find before suddenly took control of her body.

She activated all her Skills and relied heavily on her Class Privileges.

Everything... just so she could succeed.

That was how she was able to close the distance between her and Lux, and that was why—as the blade was about to slice off Lux's neck—she felt a sting in her heart.

'This... is the end...'

~CLANG!~

The sudden impact that stopped Britta's blade caused her body to tremble in recoil.

Her eyes bulged wide open as she looked at the weapon that stopped her attack, and the man who wielded it.

He had brown hair, a portion of it tied behind him with a band. His eyes were crackling with dark green energy, and his katana was brimming with incredible energy.

"S-Sherlock!" Britta gritted her teeth as she saw her colleague defend the enemy of humanity.

"Sorry, Britta... I can't let you do that."

Noah's smile was sad, but his eyes burned bright with resolve. Despite the fact that she had used all her strength in that attack, he was able to stop it in a split-second.

The surprise that came with his interference caused Britta's racing heart to nearly explode.

"... Move." She whispered, her glare deepening.

Britta had always wanted to fight with Sherlock to see who was stronger at full power. However, she never expected such a clash to come in this form.

It seemed Sherlock sensed her thought, since he smiled in a half playful and half serious fashion.

"Make me!"

*

Chapter 473 Sherlock's True Power [Pt 1]

As all the Heroic Rank Adventurers littered the battlefield, the tension that pervaded the air became so vivid that everyone could feel it.

It was a massive space, but somehow both sides felt as close to the conflict as one could possibly get.

The group within the white dome, ignorant but hopeful, were in full support of Jet and Lux.

Now that Noah had joined the fray, he too had their support.

The other side, shrouded by a golden barrier, already knew who the enemies were—Jet and Lux—and they also knew that they had to die.

With these two sides having their representatives in a three against one deadlock, the battle was about to get even more chaotic.

And everyone waited in anticipation to see who would win, and more importantly...

... Who would lose.

"Stay out of this, Sherlock!" Britta growled as she glared intensely at the young man who stopped her.

He was barely an adult, yet he had enough strength to stop her attack.

'I can't believe it...' Her thoughts nearly trailed off, but she pulled it back to the current conflict.

"I'm sorry, but I can't!"

His smile, despite how tense the battle was, pissed her off. The ignorant lad had no idea about the stakes of the battle, yet he was defending them?

Why?!

"Listen Sherlock, those two are—!"

"Dragons? Yeah... so you people say." He responded casually. "You, Sebas, and everyone on your side seems to believe that they are the enemy."

Britta was so filled with anger that she felt like exploding.

'It's not like I started out believing it, or that I wanted to...!' She just had to look at the evidence and go against her bias.

Only then was the truth revealed to her; the dark, ugly truth.

"Sherlock, you—!"

"I've been with them for only a day or two, and I've seen the kind of people they are, Britta. Those who have been with them for longer were even able to see more." He responded, his eyes burning with determination.

"You say they are Dragons, but surely you must have seen it too—their kindness and warmness."

Britta was once again reminded of the embrace she shared with Jet, how he saved her from the Monsters like she was a damsel, and how he wreaked righteous judgment on the vile creatures that would have killed her.

She owed him her life, and before she knew it... her heart as well.

But...

"N-no. They're just deceiving us... they've deceived you, them... they deceived me." Britta mumbled, her grip on the blade growing weak.

Then, Noah's voice came—soft, but strong.

"Do you really believe that?"

The question caused Britta's resolve to waver. The strength that she had tried so hard to maintain for so long began to crumble.

"I... I..."

Her hands shook even more, and more of her grip loosened.

"I..."

"BRITTA, I NEED YOUR SUPPORT NOW!" The panicked voice from Sebas suddenly woke her from her hesitation, and before she even realized it, her tight grip returned.

"I... believe it!"

She put her weight behind the attack, and Sherlock swiftly twisted his body to remove some of the force.

The result was a repulsion effect that forced both sides to slide a few meters away from each other.

"Is that so? Such a shame..."

"The true shame is you supporting vermin like them over your own race."

"Haha..." Sherlock brandished his katana and took a battle stance.

Black energy began to dance around him, with flashes of lightning crackling all over himself and his blade.

Sherlock didn't bother making his katana invisible since Britta's [Greater Full Sense] would be able to detect it, so he opted for the more direct approach.

As Heroic Rank Adventurers, petty tricks and underhanded moves would hardly make the cut. In this level of combat, both parties simply had to go all-out and use everything in their arsenal.

The one with the greater Skill and Power would be the victor.

~WHOOOSH!~

Britta took the initiative and charged at Sherlock, her blade ready to deal multiple slashes at once.

To her knowledge, Sherlock didn't have a proper defensive Skill that would give him an edge in his fight against her.

Well... she was wrong.

"I believe you've never seen me at full power." Waves of shadows suddenly swept all around Sherlock, instantly wrapping him in a cocoon that protected him from her assault.

"So it makes sense that you don't know what my Skills are."

Sherlock relied mostly on his Items, and while he was known to use Shadow Magic in a lot of proficient ways, he was never really seen utilizing more than that in his battles.

At the very least, that was how it seemed.

"But, maybe I'll show you a glimpse." Sherlock's voice suddenly came from behind Britta, forcing her to turn back in a jiffy.

Yet, she saw nothing.

Then—

~BOOOOOM!~

—A powerful explosion of both darkness and lightning charged forth, slamming against her in her confused state.

"Ack!" Spitting out drool, Britta found herself flying a few meters into the air.

Her mind was beyond boggled.

'W-what just happened...?!' Her [Greater Full Sense] told her that he was indeed behind her, but when she turned, she saw nothing.

Then, while she was trying to reconcile her sight with her senses, she was hit with a powerful barrage.

'D-did he turn his entire body invisible?'

While she was having this thought, she suddenly saw a brilliant flash of explosive power above her.

Turning towards the brilliant display overhead, she saw Sherlock raising his blade to send a powerful attack her way.

'H-he got up there so quickly? How? Teleportation?!

Once again, Britta's perception was thrown into a state of confusion. While her eyes saw Sherlock and the dangerous power he was about to unleash on her, her [Greater Full Sense] showed her nothing.

In that split-second, she had to decide which one to follow, and before she could even decide, her reflex kicked in, and she instinctively blocked the attack from above.

But... that was the wrong move.

"I've got you... " Sherlock's voice came from beneath her, and so did several shadow tendrils.

"... Britta!"

*

Chapter 474 Sherlock's True Power [Pt 2]

Noah's three Exclusive Skills didn't seem so special at first glance.

[Phase], [Shadow Magic], and [Projection].

With the exception of some moves that could be done with [Shadow Magic], they were mostly useful for defense and evasion.

However, after honing his abilities and properly practicing with these Skills, Noah could properly use them for offensive moves.

When he started his fight with Britta, he used his [Shadow Magic] to defend himself, while using [Phase] and a bit of propulsion to slip through the ground and appear behind her.

Then, he used his voice to call her attention to him. This, along with the effects of her [Greater Full Sense], allowed her to locate his position, even though she never saw him leave his black cocoon.

Even if she suspended disbelief for that moment, due to the directive of her senses, Britta encountered another dilemma when there was no visual representation of what she was sensing.

This was thanks to [Projection]. It was only a visual illusion, but it worked wonders to confuse Britta's senses for a moment.

—Enough for him to attack her and send her flying.

Of course, the only reason he could land a hit on her despite her senses—even with her confusion—was due to his impressive Stats.

If he was much slower than her, she would have reacted and evaded his blow.

However, since they seemed to be pretty much on the same level of power and speed, he was able to dominate her by imposing a delayed reaction on her end.

But, that wasn't all!

Taking advantage of his visual illusions, he created a bright and noticeable light show that easily caught her attention and distracted her—even if only for a few moments—from his brewing attack below her.

Thanks to this, he was able to hit her a second time.

It was very easy to confuse a person by providing different information to their respective senses. Even such a person would eventually recover, damage could already be done.

That was Noah's special advantage—his true power!

The shadow tendrils charged at Britta with immense speeds, but she quickly moved, swinging her blade to cut down everything in sight.

Several tendrils passed through her slash and neared her face—threatening to blow it away—which caused her to hesitate for a moment again.

This move gave Sherlock the window to strike her a second time with the dull side of his blade, sending her crashing to the ground.

~BOOOOM!~

Smoke rose from the ground, and with several shattered pieces of rocks and marble occupying the area around Britta, she bitterly stared at the ground in confusion.

'What the hell is happening?!'

At first she thought he turned himself invisible, but then he had teleportation, or was it duplication? What was he doing to her?

She saw something and sensed something else, so perhaps he was messing with her sensory capabilities.

Even though the answer was pretty simple—Visual Illusions—Britta could not arrive at such a conclusion with the limited information she had.

It was indeed one of the options, but there were so many others.

'I could close my eyes to escape the illusions, but what if it is my senses that are being affected, and not my eyes?'

That would mean that her [Greater Full Sense] was unreliable, since the Skill merely improved her sensory abilities to several degrees.

'He could have a duplication Skill, as well as teleportation, which explains how he can switch so quickly and also move very fast. Or is that just an illusion?'

Britta was confused to the core, but before she could properly address the confusion, Sherlock charged at her once again.

'I'll do it! I'll follow my senses this time and see where that leads me.' Britta tightly gripped her blade and readied herself for the assault.

Several shadow constructs charged forth, but Britta decided to ignore them.

'My senses aren't picking up anything!'

The shadows slipped through her, confirming one of her many theories, that they were mere physical illusions.

Then, she went ahead to strike him.

He easily parried her strike and went for a counter, which she was also prepared for.

As she watched his blurry blade descend upon her in a downward vertical strike, though... something felt off.

The pressure of the strike was real, and she could indeed sense the presence of something.

But... it felt off.

Still, Britta blocked the attack, only for her wrist to be sliced through almost instantly.

"E-eh...?"

Her blade fell out of her hand immediately, with blood spurting out of her open wounds.

'What just happened...?!' Her eyes widened as she saw Sherlock's kick nearing her face.

Despite the pain from her wounds, Britta quickly responded and moved her body so she could dodge the kick by pulling away, leaving his reach.

It worked... but!

~BAM!~

His heel was planted on her face, sending her crashing to the ground yet again.

At this point, Britta couldn't explain anything.

She was just too confused, as well as tired.

"Can you still stand?" Sherlock's voice echoed as he stood right in front of her.

Britta tried, but her body felt weakened. Even if she could, her blade was far away, and several shadow tendrils surrounded her, threatening to drill holes into her.

Some were real. Some weren't. However, it was difficult for her to really tell between the two since the shadows keep moving and overlapping with one another.

It was at this moment that Britta had an epiphany.

She realized her mistake.

"Your blade... it was invisible from the start, wasn't it?" She muttered, covering her face in shame.

"You merely made it look visible using that illusion of yours."

Back then, when she parried his blade, yet felt something was off, that was because it wasn't his blade she parried.

Perhaps it was a shadow construct or something, but it wasn't the Night Blade.

Sherlock then swung the blade in quick motion, while she was still disoriented and in a fixed position, to cut through her wrist.

"The kick too. Your real body and the illusion slightly overlapped, making it seem like your reach was only so far when it was probably a meter longer.

These were small differences, tint details that seemed inconsequential compared to flashy moves, but in their fight, those were the determinants of victory.

"I've lost, Sherlock..." Britta sighed, tears falling from the hands that she covered with her bleeding hand.

"It's your victory."

*

Chapter 475 End Of The Line [Pt 1]

"I'll have to apologize to Jet for not listening to his final words."

Noah sheathed his blade as he heaved a sigh, a bit of mist leaking out of his lips. He cast his gaze on Britta, who remained silent as she lay on the ground.

It would be a lie if he said he didn't feel bad for her.

Not only had she lost to him, but her entire resolve—the strength she painstakingly mustered so she could raise her blade—was rendered useless by him.

"You shouldn't feel too bad." Noah mumbled as he stared off into the distance.

Despite Britta bleeding, he didn't pay much attention to her. He already knew she wouldn't die or suffer permanent damage from her injury.

He also had some attention on her, so she wouldn't be able to catch him by surprise.

'Not that it would happen, though...' One look at Britta was enough to tell Noah that her will to fight was gone.

He had utterly broken her fighting spirit.

"I don't need your pity." She whispered in response.

Noah sighed and shook his head the moment he heard this. "That's not why I said it, though."

He raised his hand and pointed his finger in a particular direction that was a short distance from where they were.

The battle between Jet and Sebas was reaching an explosive climax, and as Noah saw the brilliant display of destruction, he couldn't help but chuckle.

"They make our fight look like child's play." He commented, now turning back to see Britta.

"I know you must have your reasons for suspecting Jet and Lux, and I don't think you're being irrational in your stance."

He heaved a heavy sigh and shrugged.

"It's just... I also have my reasons for trusting him."

Noah began to walk away from Britta, his sights set on the white dome that he was tasked with protecting.

"You... were? you this strong back then?" Britta's voice suddenly echoed, causing him to stop dead in his tracks. "When I constantly challenged you, were you already so strong?"

Noah's smile broadened and he shook his head.

"No. I leveled up considerably during this Conquest. I expected you to have done the same, but in all likelihood, your group must have avoided danger to preserve energy and reduce risks."

There was also the chance that their group didn't encounter as many Undead as Noah and Jet's respective teams.

Britta nodded at Noah, and then—for the first time ever—she offered Noah a genuine smile.

"Well... you've gotten really strong, Sherlock."

Noah chuckled and shrugged. He didn't have the heart to tell her that he wasn't even in top form thanks to the whole marathon within the Dungeon, and how most of his Enchanted Items had run out of power.

'It would just make her feel bad...' And so, keeping that secret to himself, Noah resumed his departure.

Before completely leaving Britta's presence, though, he uttered words that came raw from his very depths.

He wasn't smiling, neither was his tone casual.

Noah meant every word he uttered, and the way he turned his head back and gazed at Britta while saying them expressed them perfectly well.

"I'm going to get much stronger. You just watch me."

And, without saying anything more, Noah Sherlock returned to the inner walls of the white dome.

After all, he had one more duty to fulfill.

'Sir Jet... whatever happens, I will not forget my promise.' Clenching fist with resolve, he burned the rest of the unfolding fight into his eyes.

'I will protect everyone!'

[Meanwhile...]

"Huff... huff..."

Adonis was breathing heavily as he stared at the man who stood opposite him.

Just like him, Jet was also panting. They both looked extremely exhausted, way past their limits. However, this was only how it appeared on the surface.

'This situation is getting a bit difficult.' Adonis narrowed his gaze as he looked at the opponent.

'I can't use my Divine Sword, and while I'm utilizing most of my Skills at the moment, I have to restrict myself to a particular set so I don't get recognized as the Hero later on.'

Also, he had stopped holding back with his Stats, so he should have still been much stronger than humanly possible.

'So how in the world is he still able to keep up with me?!'

Adonis could recover both his Mana and Life Force by using passive Skills, and while Dragons were also notorious for having the same capabilities, Adonis found it increasingly strange that Jet wasn't showing any signs of recovery, yet he was still fighting on a somewhat even ground with him.

'The sheer skill he has with the blade is incredible, and his combat application is nearly flawless.'

Even though Adonis was obviously the superior one when it came to Stats, it constantly felt like Jet was just the better fighter.

'Dragons are strong, but they're not very good in Combat Application, especially in human form. They mostly rely on Magic and Skills.' Adonis' eyes narrowed in thought.

Jet seemed to be the exception to that standard, though.

Not only was he a much better fighter, but he didn't display any proper Magic-based abilities.

That was too strange to ignore.

'Is it possible that I was wrong? Could it be...?' Adonis glanced at Lux, who seemed to be a more typical example of a Dragon.

However, with both of them working so well in sync—another trait that wasn't seen with Dragons—Adonis began to doubt her identity as a Dragon as well.

'But... the future, and the Spatial Magic... and...'

A creeping thought entered Adonis' mind as he felt himself doubting all of the theories and assertions he made.

'What if there was another explanation? Is there something I'm missing?'

As his heart raced quickly and his exhaustion slowly began to vanish, he noticed Jet falling on one knee—a weakened mess.

"It seems... I've reached my limit." He whispered, a sad smile spreading on his face as he stared at Adonis.

"This looks like the end."

*

Chapter 476 End Of The Line [Pt 2]

All eyes were wide—some with surprise while others in anticipation.

The Adventurers all witnessed the fall of the mighty. Jet knelt with one leg, his disheveled and wounded body barely able to withstand the amount of energy he was displaying.

~ZZZzzzzttzzz~

The purple electricity that shrouded his body began sizzling out, and the look on his pale face showed how close he was to passing out—if not just straight up dying.

If not for the blade he planted on the ground to support him, his entire body would have definitely plunged to the ground.

Right after his own downfall, Lux also collapsed, coughing up blood in the process.

It was clear that the two had reached their limits.

"Can I ask you a question?" Jet muttered, nearly as a whisper, as he cast his gaze upon Sebas.

The audience trembled as they heard his voice—previously one that burst with life and energy—now a hoarse shell of its former glory.

Those who supported him clasped their hands together as they witnessed this; some even going as far as crying.

As for those on the opposing sides... a lot of their hardened faces began to show a bit of emotion.

They remembered the Jet that led them through the battle on the Ground Floor, and seeing him in such a state was enough to cause their hardened hearts to tremble, even if just slightly.

"What is your question?" Sebas asked, his face still not displaying any remorse or regrets for his actions.

A hint of surprise was locked in his eyes, though.

"Why do you think I am a Dragon? Why do you consider me your enemy?"

For a moment, there was silence in the hall. Then—

"I've known for the longest time. But, what gave it away during this raid were two major things."

"Oh? What are they?"

Despite shaking with his weakened body, Jet still managed to chuckle.

"First was the Mass Teleportation Incident. I saw you use Spatial Magic of some sort before we vanished, which shows you had something to do with it."

Jet's brows were raised slightly, and for a moment, there was no smile on his face. He merely appeared stunned by the revelation.

However, without even confirming or disproving the accusation, he simply asked, "And the second?"

Sebas' brows furrowed even more as his frown deepened. "The Zone Shifts. We never saw you and your partner, as well as half of the Adventurers who joined the Conquest."

Even counting the corpses that the group stumbled across over the course of the ten days, all of them only amounted to about half of the total number of Adventurers.

"That means we were intentionally split into two separate areas, preventing our side from ever interacting with yours. That is, until now..."

This raised Sebas' suspicion, especially since he—as Adonis—already figured that both Dragons already had a sinister plan they desired to execute.

But now... it seemed like those two major reasons were a little outlandish.

Not only had Jet not used any kind of Spatial Magic since they started fighting—even when it would have been incredibly advantageous for him to do so—but the Adventurers that were separated to the Jet and Lux side were still not harmed.

At least, most of them.

They even had more survivors on their end than on Sebas' side.

It led to further confusion among the Adventurers, even those who were previously on Sebas' side on the matter.

Of course, Adonis himself had other reasons for suspecting Jet and Lux—most of it coming from his knowledge of the future, but he couldn't just tell everyone that.

And so, now that the reasons he gave them was proving itself as invalid before everyone's eyes, everyone began to have strikingly similar thoughts.

All of them culminated into one simple meaning.

'Could we have been wrong about this?'

It was possible that they misunderstood a lot of things, including the relationship between all the events that happened and the people they were pinning it all on.

In the first place, the only reason they thought Jet and Lux were Dragons was because Sebas convinced them.

They hadn't even seen them transform—not even once.

There was no way that a bunch of Dragon Spies would push themselves so far, even to the point of dying, just to maintain their identities.

So... maybe...

"Now that we have exchanged blows, do you still consider me as one?" Jet asked, his smile returning once again.

Despite all that Sebas had said and done to him, his voice contained no malice.

It was just calm.

"I'm not sure. But... isn't that what a Spy would be good at?"

"Haha! Still on about that, huh? Well... I don't know where you got that idea from, but I'm no Dragon Spy. Neither is Lux."

Murmurs rose from both sides of the room as the Adventurers began to discuss among themselves.

"M-maybe he's right..."

"For real? How can we be sure, though?"

"I think... I think I believe him! He doesn't seem like a bad guy!"

"Exactly! And he did save so many people."

"I don't know... really..."

Sebas' side seemed to be losing a lot of followers, and as the conflicting discourse within the golden dome became louder and more chaotic, Sebas raised his voice and stomped on the ground.

"If you're not a Dragon Spy, then what are you?!"

Silence filled the room as all eyes were forced to converge on Adonis whose passionate words echoed throughout the hall.

However, before long, they shifted to the man he spoke to.

"I... what am I...?"

Jet slowly rose to his feet, his strained face showing how he pushed himself to rise above his pain and exhaustion. Until, finally, he stood upright.

"I am one who has inherited the spirit of Jet Zephyr, who dreams of surpassing him as an Adventurer and become a new beacon of hope in this City that he helped to found."

With a bright smile on his face, and words that resonated with every single Adventurer present, he let out his grand declaration.

"My name is Jet, and I am simply an Adventurer that fights for freedom!"

*

Chapter 477 Emergence Of The Undying

Tears filled the eyes of many Adventurers who heard those words.

Watching Jet stand up for the spirit of the Adventurers, despite being betrayed by the very same people that should have represented that ideal, caused the heart of many to melt.

Even the skeptical ones among the audience could no longer maintain it.

They were thoroughly moved!

"W-we were wrong! We were wrong, Sir Jet!"

"Please forgive me! To think I ever doubted you...!"

"I have committed a great sin!"

"Sir Sebas, you are wrong! Sir Jet isn't that kind of man!"

More declarations like this filled the air in an overwhelmingly loud surge of noise from the golden side.

All of the Adventurers, without exception, completely lost all suspicion towards him.

There was no way a Dragon could replicate the kind of pride that Jet displayed as he declared his true identity as an Adventurer.

Every Adventurer could feel it in their core—this man was genuine.

"I... I..." Sebas muttered, his head hanging heavily on his shoulder as he seemed conflicted on just what to do.

It seemed he found it difficult to reconcile the Jet that he had in his head with the one that currently stood opposite him.

"Sebas, I do not know where your deep-seated suspicion truly lie. There's clearly more to this than you're letting on."

Jet began to approach Sebas—his steps measured, by evenly pace.

At first, the Sebas showed intense apprehension. However, after watching the harmless Jet slowly walk towards him, it all fizzled out.

The Chaos Blade was used to support Jet, like a walking stick, as he closed their distance. Finally, both sides stood opposite each other, practically only about ten inches apart.

"If you truly wish to know about my sister and I, how about you ask us in a peaceful manner; perhaps in a more appropriate setting?"

Jet raised his unoccupied hand and stretched it towards Sebas, going for a handshake.

"I respect you, Sebas. You're strong, and I can see an incredible sense of justice burning within your eyes." His smooth, calm words caused even more surprise to be displayed on Sebas' face.

"You don't have to like or respect me, but I do not want us to be enemies. So, why don't we just set aside our differences for now and look for a way to get out of this Dungeon?"

Jet's gesture remained unreciprocated, but he hadn't given up yet.

"At least, let's do it for the sake of everyone in this room." With this smile on his face, he slightly thrust his hand forward and invited Sebas one more time.

This time, the latter didn't refuse.

"Fine..." Sebas deactivated his light blade and sent his hand towards Jet.

They both shook hands without incident, and while there was still palpable tension in the air, it was clear that both sides were no longer enemies.

Sherlock could see this as he stood beside Lux, supporting her with a smile on his face. Britta also watched this as she sat slightly upright.

All the Adventurers saw the end to the terribly long battle and could all feel the warm embrace of relief.

Finally, the worst was finally over.

"Thank you. Now, let's figure a way out of he—"

"HOW BORING..."

The sudden voice of a certain entity instantly caused everything and everyone in the hall to experience instant suspension.

It was almost as if everything in the world was on pause.

Then, emerging from beneath the marble ground, like a phantom too big to properly explain, was an entity that represented pure chaos.

Its bony body gleamed with purple energy as it seamlessly passed through the ground, and once it appeared in all of its glory, the world trembled to welcome its presence.

... Its overwhelming presence.

Massive in height—about fifteen meters tall—and glorious in form, the colossal Undead gazed upon those who could not move a single muscle upon its emergence.

Its bony wings unfurled from their positions, and dark purple energy replaced the flesh that would have made up the wings.

This energy pervaded the skeletal figure. From its glowing eye sockets, to its sharp claws, and ultimately the incredibly dense energy that surrounded every facet of its body.

Then, protruding from the head of this magnificent entity were horns. Not three, or four, or even five.

There were six.

Six horns, all burning bright intense energy that everything around trembled.

"HAAA... YOU ALL WAKE ME FROM MY SLUMBER, YET YOU'RE SO BORING." It let out its thunderous voice in a mildly annoyed manner.

The corruption that oozed from him... the dense Miasma that flowed from where he stood... they were enough to overwhelm anyone.

Those who set their eyes upon him shook in fear— indescribable fear that came with an impossible understanding of who, or rather what, this entity was.

Yes, it was a Skeletal Dragon, but no one had ever seen one with six horns.

For the majority who stared at this being, they indeed felt the weight of fear of them. Even if they dwelled in the realm of ignorance, they knew that this was an existence far higher than them.

However, for the one among them who had knowledge—who knew just what the six horns of the Dragon before him meant

—he didn't merely feel fear.

He experienced despair.

'T-that's not even a Commander... or a General...'

Appearing right in front of everyone, in that decisive moment, was a being that many had only heard of but never seen.

—A Dragon Lord!

"WHAT A COMMOTION YOU HAVE MADE..." The Dragon commented, casually having its seat while staring all around it.

"STILL, I QUITE ENJOYED WATCHING YOU SQUABBLE AMONGST YOURSELVES. WHY DID YOU HAVE TO STOP?"

The Adventurers would have gulped several times over, but they instinctively felt like they didn't even have the permission to do so.

"WELL, SINCE YOU ARE ALL DONE ENTERTAINING ME, I SUPPOSE IT'S TIME FOR THE LAST USE I WILL HAVE OF YOU..." No one could tell the expression of a Skeletal Dragon, but everyone who gazed upon this malevolent being instantly recognized what look it was making.

A broad, maniacal grin.

"YOU'LL MAKE A FINE ADDITION TO MY COLLECTION."

*

Chapter 478 When Despair Creeps

'W-What is a Dragon Lord doing here...?'

As Adonis watched the Skeletal Dragon, overwhelming fear and intense trauma began to take over his body. More than even the rest of Adventurers around, he couldn't stop trembling intensely.

That was because he knew just how powerful and cruel a single Dragon Lord was.

'Back then... we were never able to beat a single one.'

The Dragon Lords were recognized as the unshakable pillar of the Dragon Society, and so it was practically impossible for a human to beat them.

'I thought we'd have a few more years to get stronger before trying, but... why now?'

Sure, this was a Skeletal Dragon—and Undead were usually weaker than their living counterparts, with a few exceptions.

If a dead entity came back as a Skeleton, though, then they were most definitely weaker than their living versions. Other than the perks of having a somewhat undying body, there were no real advantages of becoming a Dragon.

'So... yes... it's going to be a lot weaker than the real thi—'

"THOSE BARRIERS WILL DO YOU NO GOOD."

The instant the Skeletal Dragon Lord uttered those words, the golden barrier that covered Adonis' group, and the white dome protecting the other side, instantly shattered.

'A-ah...?' His eyes nearly bulged as he powerlessly watched everything with sweat appearing all over his face.'

Without nearly putting in any effort at all, this Dragon Lord had devastated the effects of his [Absolute Defense].

That meant one thing...

'It still has an SS-Tier Skill... Damnit!'

The reason why Dragon Lords were so scary and practically invincible was because they had at least S-Tier Classes, as well as one SS-Tier Skill.

In essence, they had a similar build to Adonis—who was the strongest among the Otherworlders.

However, even with the same Tiers of Classes and Skills, Adonis was nowhere close to them when it came to Stats and simple biological advantages.

Dragons Leveled Up fast. Their limits weren't the same as humans. They lived long lives, especially Dragon Lords, so they must have amassed a lot of EXP—hence, more Stats.

Dragons also had more Skills than any human—or even Otherworlder—could dare to imagine.

They were on another level entirely.

'I thought we'd have more time. If I Leveled Up more and finally advance my Hero Class to that point... according what the Oracle said...'

But now, it seemed like all his planning had come to an end.

Having a Dragon Lord appear here was pretty much game over for everyone.

"Looks like we've found your culprit, Sebas..." Jet's voice emerged, seemingly out of nowhere, causing Adonis to slowly turn his face to look at the man beside him.

"Y-you..."

Adonis was stunned to find the look on Jet's face. 'H-he's smiling?! In the presence of THAT?'

Jet had a fearless expression on his face, something that Adonis sorely lacked. At this moment, he was reminded of how he was in the past.

—The weak, scrawny one who always trailed behind his Master, Lucielle.

It seemed, even after becoming a Hero, nothing had changed.

"That is the Dragon you're looking for. The one who caused all of this... and also the one that put the Guildmaster in that state."

Adonis' eyes twitched as he found himself going over everything that he blamed Jet for, now fitting it into a new context where the Dragon's existence came into account.

Not everything made sense, but for the most part, he could see a difference.

'It has been watching us fight all this time, which means the chances of it watching us even when we were on the Ground Floor is high.'

That meant he could have decided to use a Mass Teleport, even if he didn't use it in the previous timeline's Dungeon Conquest.

'Maybe it was asleep then, or wasn't compelled to do so.' Either way, it made sense.

Also, the Zone shift could have also been his doing. He probably wanted to mess around with them, displaying the true nature of a Dragon—something Jet and Lux sorely lacked.

'I still don't understand why Jet was shrouded in Spatial Energy, but maybe the Dragon did it intentionally, to fool me.'

Perhaps the Dragon expected, or orchestrated this outcome.

Why else would the Zones have shifted at the convenient time so he could enter this massive hall with his group and see Jet doing 'something' to the Guildmaster.

It was all the Dragon's doing!

"I... I was wrong." Adonis mumbled, his face as crestfallen as possible. "I was so wrong."

Due to the knowledge of the future, Adonis had unconsciously gotten some kind of tunnel vision that made him obsessively focus on central parts of something without taking the full picture into account.

Perhaps if he didn't have such hubris, he would have been able to avoid the present situation.

Adonis blamed himself.

He felt like crumbling to the ground and begging for forgiveness. Even though he still knew about how the names "Jet" and "Lux" belonged to people that would wreak such havoc in the future, he still had no right to be so forward and self righteous in his approach.

What if these people were different from, though related to, the ones who came much later—the true Malefactors of the Adventurer Massacre several months from now?

The timing of their arrival, the nature of their abilities, their appearances... they were all different from the ones he heard of back then.

Yet, because he so desperately wanted to fit them into a narrative, he did just that.

"I'm sorry, Je.t..." Adonis muttered, his eyes leaking out hot tears.

The Skeletal Dragon watched all of them—most likely even the current exchange—with a disconcerted gaze. Adonis could feel the pressure of its stare from above, but he still struggled to speak, just as he struggled to breathe.

"... I was wrong about you."

He was wrong about everything.

"You truly are—"

"FUWAHH... YOU'RE STILL TALKING?"

A loud yawn, followed by the thunderous voice of the Skeletal Dragon Lord forced Adonis' words to remain buried.

"THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU ALL." As it said this, a massive spike of corrupted energy began to rush from its body.

"TIME TO FLOAT!"

*

Chapter 479 Otherworlders Assemble

"TIME TO FLOAT!"

As soon as it said this, the bony jaws of the Skeletal Dragon Lord opened up, and an immensely concentrated pool of energy began to slowly converge inside it.

It formed an orb—blackish purple in color—that seemed to hold all of chaos inside it.

All of this happened in an instant, so before anyone could even think of making a move, the corrupted sphere was done forming.

All that remained... was its eventual trail into the world.

~BOOOOOOM!~

The orb erupted as it descended upon the parties who witnessed the catastrophe.

The crowd knew, by instinct, what the incredible energy that rained down on them was.

It was Miasma—enough Miasma to melt all their bodies until not even their bones were left. The best case scenario would be them turning into a grotesque sight like the Guildmaster's corpse.

To call that the best was, however, incredibly dubious.

Needless to say, only certain death awaited.

'Damnit!' Adonis' widened eyes nearly popped out of their sockets as he saw the powerful beam of destruction ready to drown everyone in its concentrated corruption.

'I won't be fast enough to summon the Divine Sword and stop that!'

He had taken too long to recover from his initial shock and to pull himself together. The latter was still not a complete process, but he had enough sense to think about the current situation that they were being faced with.

Any moment now and everything around would be engulfed in dense Miasma.

Whether the Skeletal Dragon was looking to kill everyone or turn them into Undead was still unknown to him, but Adonis knew just how deadly this blast was.

Even he couldn't take it head-on.

'I could use [Absolute Defense], but he'll just shatter it!'

Plus, the greater the range of his defensive barrier, the less dense it would be. Merely at face value, the incoming blast seemed to be of the same caliber—if not a step lower from—an Absolute Skill.

In essence, if he spread his barrier to save everyone, there was still a chance that the dome would crumble and everyone would die.

What if he tried to save only a select few? That would surely make his shield denser, but... who was he to decide who died or lived?

How would he even go about deciding that?

Stuck between making all of these choices, all in a split second, as the beacon of devastation approached, Adonis found himself too paralyzed to take action.

He could only stare and shake in all his powerlessness.

Then—

~WHOOOOOOSHHH!~

—The Adventurer who was just right beside him launched himself up into the air, tightly gripping his blade as the sword became massive in size.

He was now wielding a sword that was three times over twice his size, coated in a surge of energy that anyone would deem impossible.

Then, with a loud voice, he made his decree.

"CHAOS JUDGMENT!"

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!~

The power from Jet clashed with the corruption that pressed down on him. It nearly crushed his body, to the point where he even had sprays of blood gushing out from all the parts of his body.

Still, he did not relent.

"I can't hold it off on my own!" Jet yelled, gritting his teeth as his energy fought to keep the darkness above.

"Help me, SEBAS!"

As Adonis heard this, he didn't realize it when his body moved and his legs propelled him upward.

Stretching out both hands, he concentrated his Mana at the center and released the greatest amount of Light that he could summon at once.

It burst forth; an incredible beam of golden energy.

Combating the darkness were Adonis' bright golden hues of light and Jet's bright white and blue radiation of energy.

Combined together, they created a synergy that exploded upwards, quickly defeating the power that would have annihilated them all.

And so, in that moment, they were able to win.

~THUD!~

Jet collapsed to the ground, completely drained, while Adonis ended up landing on the floor right next to him.

He was on his knees, a little exhausted, but not to the point of being invalid.

"Jet..." As Adonis stared at Jet, realizing from his whitened eyes and unmoving body, that he was already out of commission.

Thankfully, he was still breathing.

That meant he was just unconscious, not dead.

"... Thank you."

With a smile on his face, Adonis pushed his tired body to rise up. A look of determination played over his countenance, and he gritted his teeth as looked at the creature above.

"NOT BAD. BUT... I COULD JUST TRY. MAYBE A LITTLE HARDER THIS TIME..."

Adonis didn't smile at this statement, but he also wasn't displaying his previous hesitation either.

His body oozed with sheer confidence, and with his resolve fully strengthened by Jet just moments earlier, he felt something rise up inside him.

It was the strength to do more—to transcend his limits.

"You can try, but it won't work." As Adonis said this, the Skeletal Dragon chuckled a little, though it might have as well been an earthquake.

"SUCH CONFIDENT, IMPUDENT WORDS. YOU MUST BE QUITE CONFIDENT IN YOUR ABILITIES, HUMAN..."

It was only at this point that Adonis leaked out a small smile and shook his head.

"No. Not really."

"AND YOU THINK MY ATTACK WON'T WORK?"

"Not if we can help it..."

A brief moment of silence engulfed the room and further confusion filled the Skeletal Dragon Lord's face—though it was a little difficult to see.

"WE...?"

All of a sudden, like silhouettes rising out of Adonis' shadows, all eight of his comrades appeared behind him.

Alicia, Billy, Belle, Eric, Justin, Clark, Trisha, and Rey: they all stood with wide smiles on their faces.

Even Snow stood among them, its furry hands folded as it stared at the Undead entity with determination.

"Yes. We..." Adonis stretched out his hand, and something began to appear atop his palm.

Shining brightly, along with his own smile, the object emerged.

"We can stop you!"

*

Chapter 480 Reaching A Pinnacle

The object that emerged wasn't the Divine Sword.

Adonis still couldn't afford to use that unless absolutely necessary. It wasn't out of selfishness, but out of consideration for the grander scheme of things that would come into play if they all managed to survive here.

However, the item that floated atop Adonis' palm was just as priceless.

'The Unknown Box...'

It had the power to bring forth the full potential of a Skill, without any drawbacks, for a limited amount of time.

Since the effects were only temporary—perhaps five to ten minutes—and could only be used by its user once a day, it wasn't an invincible treasure.

However, The Unknown Box also granted this full-potential Skill's usage without the cost of a single ounce of Mana.

That meant, within those five to ten minutes, whatever Skill the user chose would cost no Mana at all.

As such, while not invincible in itself, the box granted invincible power.

'Right now, I only have two major options here...'

He could either go with [Grand Light Magic] to improve his speed and overall destructive power, or [Absolute Defense] so that he could better protect himself and everyone around him.

'If I choose an offensive Skill, it'll render me more capable of finishing the battle more quickly. But, my allies will be at risk.'

But, he faced an equally problematic dilemma if he chose the defensive Skill.

He and his allies would be weaker, and there was no guarantee that they would be able to defeat the enemy within five to ten minutes.

Many would take time to contemplate on this issue, but that wasn't a luxury that Adonis and his friends had.

And so, it didn't even take a single second for Adonis to decide on his path.

"I choose Absolute Defense!"

In that instant, the cube pulsated with incredible power and shot a beam upward.

The air itself vibrated, and everyone around felt an immense pressure—almost like an invisible power that forced them on their knees and tempted them to worship it.

"T-THIS IS...?!" Even the Skeletal Dragon Lord felt the power's influence—albeit for merely a few seconds.

However, that moment of hesitation on its part was more than enough for Adonis and his comrades.

After all, by unleashing the full potential of [Absolute Defense], Adonis had now temporarily evolved his Skill into something else.

—[Divine Defense].

Using this, he was able to easily protect both sides with his pure and shimmering golden barrier. The walls of the barrier were phenomenally sturdier than before, and the safety they offered was beyond what words could describe.

It was simply divine.

"WHAT DID YOU JUST DO?!"

Adonis merely smiled at the Dragon's question, watching as The Unknown Box vanished from his grasp.

"You don't need to know." He responded, an air of confidence surrounding him.

~WHOOSH!~

Powerful projectiles, too fast for the eyes to even process, instantly charged at Adonis and his allies from above.

But—

"H-HUH...?!"

—The ten, or rather eleven, remained unharmed.

Around each of them was a dome of bright and shimmering golden light. It radiated with such intensity that the Dragon Lord had to squint in response to its brilliance.

This was the automated effect of the [Divine Defense].

Plus, since Adonis was spending practically no Mana at all when it came to this Skill, he could spam as many as he liked.

In essence... for the duration of this period of grace, he and his friends were invincible.

"We only have three minutes for this, so let's go all-out, okay?"

The moment he said this, every single member of the team nodded and yelled, "YEAH!"

At that moment, the battle began in earnest.

~WHOOSH!~

While the Skeletal Dragon Lord was still recoiling from the brilliance of the golden defenses, close-quarter fighters charged towards it.

The long ranged ones—typically Mages like Alicia, Belle, and Eric—stayed back and began chanting their strongest Spells.

Snow stayed back to protect Alicia, but she would be defending the other Mages by extension.

As for the ones who charged forth—Billy, Clark, Trisha, and Rey—they were relative in speed as they rushed ahead, spacing themselves with considerable distance as they ran.

Justin was on his own, instantly cloaking himself as he leapt far from the start position. He was to act as a scout, and also a wild card for surprise attacks or diversions.

As for Adonis, the leader, he leaped upward, speeding past the rest so he could face his foe head-on.

There was something about Jet's resolve and actions that made the fire in Adonis' heart burn brighter and brighter.

That man, despite being faced with an opponent too strong for his means, did not give in to despair.

He did not wallow in the murky depths of despondency.

Instead, he rose above and charged ahead with a smile on his face... which was exactly what Adonis now imitated.

"YOU DARE SMILE... IN MY PRESENCE?"

Adonis ignored the words of the enemy and poured his bountiful Mana to his hand, concentrating everything well so he could create a powerful blade.

'Now that I no longer need to worry about Mana for defense, I'll pour everything into offense!'

For good measure, Adonis activated his [Indomitable Power], further boosting his Combat Ability. With all of these coming into play—his immense Mana and overflowing strength—

Adonis felt incredible.

"I can be as reckless as I want with my attacks, and I can be as wasteful with my Mana as it will allow."

The Skeletal Dragon Lord could not hurt him nor his friends given the time, and since the time limit was about five minutes, he had more than enough Mana to splurge.

"Let's do this... filthy Dragon!"

"YOU CALL ME FILTHY...?!" The intimidating creature yelled in pure fury, but none of it affected Adonis any longer.

He was no longer shackled by fear or despair.

Part of it was due to Jet's inspiration as well as his current invincible state, but there was also another fundamental reason.

'Compared to a true Dragon Lord... this one is too WEAK!'