

Extras 481

Chapter 481 The Resistance Of Fools

~WHOOOSH!~

Everyone charged at the apex predator as if it was nothing but prey.

The same people that once quivered in fear before him were the ones that now displayed such resolve and bravery.

How was that? Why...?

"INSOLENT FOOLS!"

Several orbs of destruction formed all around the Skeletal Dragon Lord, and he easily launched it towards the parties who targeted it.

As expected, they erupted masterfully.

~BOOOOOOOM!!!~

This loud cataclysmic noise was music to the Dragon's hollow ears, no doubt, but one simple look at the battlefield was enough to show it how ineffective its attacks were.

"Icy Blizzard!"

"Extermination!"

"Explosion Bombardment!"

The Spells from the three Mages that stood at a distance echoed forth, and the effects of their Magic instantly got rid of any smoke that covered the battlefield.

In that instant, the Skeletal Dragon Lord was bombarded with three incredibly powerful attacks--each around the level of A-Tier.

~BOOOOOOOOOM!~

The effects they had on the Skeletal Dragon's body was mitigated due to its passive defensive Skills, but it was blown back a little simply due to the force alone.

"GUH! YOU...!"

Before it could even respond, Adonis was right in front of it with an incredibly dense blade pointed straight at the bony face of the Dragon Lord.

"Grand Light Descent!"

~WHUUUUUUSH!~

The energy descended upon the Dragon Lord's face, bathing its entire body in the power that burned with fervent heat.

Everyone had to shut their eyes, or maybe squint, just from the sheer scale of the golden furnace.

But, that wasn't all.

The moment the light ray ended, every single close-range fighter sent a barrage of assaults at the same time, hitting the creature with their strongest moves.

~BOOOOOOOM!~

The teamwork was fluid, the power output was flawless, and with everyone constantly attacking without end, they hoped to bring the creature to its knees.

But...

'... How foolish.'

The Skeletal Dragon Lord watched the impudent humans who attacked him desperately, and he couldn't help but feel the futility of their actions.

It wasn't particularly a breeze for it, since their attacks were still causing a bit of damage and discomfort.

From its limbs, to its wings, to its incredibly long tail... they were all giving out all kinds of abilities, sending attack after the other.

They were also incredibly infuriating, but they offered such minimal damage. Undead felt no such thing as pain, so other than the annoyance that the pesky creatures offered, the Skeletal Dragon Lord didn't think they were a problem.

'The time limit was about three minutes according to what the boy told his comrades, but he doesn't realize that I have the [Ears Of Truth] Skill, so I know he was lying.'

The limit was probably within the range of five to seven minutes, and the reason for the false time was to throw the Dragon off and cause it to lower its guard.

'That won't work, though...'

Of course, the Skeletal Dragon felt incredibly frustrated that it couldn't land any damage on them, but it wasn't in any particular hurry to do so.

If being an Undead taught him anything, it was the virtue of patience.

'I'll just indulge them until they wear themselves out.' Humans, no matter how much power they displayed, still had limits.

Sure, these humans seemed somewhat from the several that roamed the world. Merely by looking at the abilities they were displaying, as well as the damage they dealt, he surmised they had a lot of A-Tier and even S-Tier Skills in their arsenal.

No normal human could use something like that.

Despite having this understanding, the Skeletal Dragon Lord wasn't particularly surprised about anything.

'They must be like those ones, huh? The visitors...' It narrowed its eyes and began to introspect a little deeper.

'It makes sense, I suppose. I was wondering why the trap on the Ground Floor activated. It's only meant to respond to strong wavelengths of energy that their kind give off...'

From this Skeletal Dragon Lord's experience, the Visitors from other worlds were usually a lot stronger than any native of H'Trae.

'I would know, considering how my brethren and I fought in the wars back then.'

It all got so exhausting that the Dragon Lord, back in its prime, thought of simply ending the conflict through a truce.

However, the words that the Dragon Emperor told it on that day shook it to its very core.

They remained with it till this very day.

"Our sole purpose is that chaos and carnage. This everlasting battle shall never end."

Till now, it never fully understood what the Emperor meant by that. However, it was able to know what sort of fate awaited it if it continued with its duties in the Empire.

'I decided to defect, but it seemed like the Emperor already anticipated my actions...'

It got ambushed by its comrades, and it would have died if not for some kind of Ancient power that it found by chance—one that gave him an undying body and a bountiful supply of Miasma.

It was the Hollow Technique of the Chaos Art... something like that.

Thanks to that, even after a Millennia, it was still alive and self-sustaining.

'Anytime I wake up from my long nap and decide to have some fun, I just make this home of mine appear near some civilization and cause some damage.'

It was still a Dragon, after all. It could not escape its nature.

'Humans are just playthings in the end. As long as I can have my fun with them once in a while, I'm content...'

A long-drawn conflict with them was just useless and pointless.

'Even now, it has become boorish.' As long as it had the Ancient power protecting it, there was no way it would ever fall.

As such, the Skeletal Dragon Lord beamed with incredible confidence and waited for the inevitable time for reckoning.

It was so sure of its victory—so certain of its superiority.

Until... it felt its Life Force suddenly take a plummet.

'H-HUH...?!'

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Chapter 482 The Dragon Lord Of Old

'H-huh? What just happened?'

Perhaps it was just its imagination, but the Skeletal Dragon Lord definitely felt some kind of sharp decline in its overall Life Force.

It hadn't checked its Status Window in a while, and still didn't feel like it needed to, so it decided to consider it a mere fluke.

The moment it shrugged the whole thing off, though... the massive drop happened again.

"WHO... WHO IS DOING THAT?!" It yelled, but no one responded to it.

It couldn't trace the source of the damage as well. First, it happened close to its hip, then at its stomach, then its shoulder.

All of the areas were random, and the attacks were so fast that it found it incredibly difficult to do anything about it.

'What the hell...?' At this point, the Skeletal Dragon Lord finally decided to check its Status Window.

[STATUS WINDOW]

- Name: Wili'am
- Race: Skeletal Dragon (Undead)
- Class: Fallen Dragon Lord (A-Tier)
- Level: 300 (99.99% EXP)
- Life Force: 30,000/50,000 (Max)
- Miasma Level: 27,000/30,000 (Max)
- Combat Ability: 20,000/20,000 (Max)
- Stat Points: 0
- Skills (Exclusive): [Domain Of The Lord]. [Ears Of Truth]. [Ethereal Form]. [U@#\$\$&d]
- Skills (Non-Exclusive): [Absolute Miasma Recovery]. [Absolute Regeneration]. [Absolute Life Force Recovery]. [Orbs Of Destruction]. [Grand Claw Attack]. [Dragon Breath: Death]. [Draconic Flight]. [Draconic Power]. [Full Detection]. [Aura Of Protection]. [Runic Magic Mastery]. [Trap Magic]
- Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

[Additional Information]

A selfish Dragon Lord who abandoned his imperative for a mundane life, and was rightfully punished for it.

It seems he lives on due to some accidental means, rendering him undying.

[End Of Information]

As always, the Skeletal Dragon Lord felt a certain depression when he stared at his Stats.

Wili'am, as was his name, became reminded of how far he had fallen off—both in terms of his Stats and Skills. There used to be a lot higher numbers and more Skills present, yet...

Then there was also the System being spiteful, as usual.

Still, none of these caught his attention as much as a particular glaring Stat that he stared at with widened eyes.

'M-my Life Force!'

It had never come this low before, and the instant Wili'am saw it, he instantly forgot about the time limit, or about his virtue of patience.

A long forgotten emotion surfaced—FEAR!

The overwhelming fear of death!

Wili'am was a mighty Dragon Lord in his time.

There were nine of them in total, and while there were no real ranks among the Lords—except for the undisputed mightiest one—he was certainly among the top five.

His SS-Tier Skill [Domain Of The Lord] allowed him sovereign control over everything within a particular space around him.

This space could span for miles and miles, and he was in full control of them.

He could further divide his domain into separate areas called 'Zones', and separately control them and their interactions with one another.

This home of his, now known to the humans as a Grand Calamity Class Dungeon, was a perfect representation of that authority it possessed.

Other than its SS-Tier Skill, it also had a bunch of S-Tier Skills, including;

[Shatter], which broke apart all defenses in its vicinity—even if they were on the same Tier as it. As long as he expended more energy than the defense in question, they would fall.

[Orbs Of Destruction], which simply reduced anything they touched to rubble and ash.

[Miasma Breath], which transformed someone into an Undead Minion that he could control. He could also control the distribution and rate of the transformation to create variety.

Over his years as Dragon Lord, Wili'am added so many entities to his collection of Undead Minions—especially humans.

When he became an Undead, they were servants of him in his abode.

Yes, he lost most of his power by becoming a Skeletal Dragon. Its Class even dropped from S to A, and the overall quality of his Skills weren't as heavy-hitting as they used to be.

His Stats had plummeted, and he was a mere husk of his former self—literally.

But did Wili'am regret it? Was he bitter about his decision to have an undying life and live forever; cursed to be this empty shell?

Was it worse than the alternative of falling to his former comrades?

The answer to all of these questions was NO!

He was alive, was he not? And anytime he wished to leave his home, he could always do so.

The only reason he remained was because he didn't know if his former comrades were still alive or not.

'I know at least a nine hundred years have passed since my defection, but that is no guarantee that the Dragon Lords I knew and remember are dead.'

Dragons could leave for a lot longer than mere hundreds of years.

'Even if they have fallen, I'm sure the Dragon Emperor still lives.'

That entity sat at the pinnacle of all Dragons, and he was invincible... even to the Dragons.

'He's practically immortal. His power is unfathomable as well' The bottom line was that, as long as the Dragon Emperor still lived, Wili'am could not dare show his face in the real world.

Not unless he wanted to face the consequences and die.

Life as an Undead wasn't that bad. Sure, he hardly felt sensations such as pain, hunger, and even general stimulus, but he was still alive, was he not?

Besides, he spent most of his time attempting to sleep—which was impossible for an Undead—and dreaming about all the epic things he used to enjoy.

Wili'am dreamt about how food tasted like, or how it felt to take a warm bath, and how he often felt after duking it out with his rival and best friend from the past.

—The same one who drove the last blade through his heart.

All of those sensations and experiences were lost to him now, but he couldn't help but daydream about them.

Once he got tired and bored of that, he would expose his Dungeon and have some fun with the denizens of the area he happened to be in.

Sometimes it was with Dwarves, other times Giants... but most of the time it was with the humans.

One would think he would have gotten bored of it by now, but he wasn't.

Despite living such a long life, Wili'am didn't want to die yet.

He desired to continue living... forever and ever!

But now... for the first time since he was nearly killed almost a thousand years ago, Wili'am felt death draw closer than ever before.

'I... I don't want to DIE!'

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Chapter 483 The Unexpected Shift

"LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU INSOLENT HUMANS!"

With a flap of its wings, the Skeletal Dragon Lord screeched, sending a massive gust of wind flying all around him.

A dark surge of energy burst out of its body, though none of it affected the assaulters.

Still, the violent winds seemed to push them back, allowing all of the assaulters to group up with the Mages.

Even the Assassin who had been attacking from his distance was nearly blown away from his location, so he ended up rendezvousing with everyone else.

As all nine of them, alongside the rabbit, stared hard at the flustered Skeletal Dragon Lord, they could sense its unease.

'I was beginning to get worried that our attacks were doing nothing, but thankfully that isn't the case.' Adonis thought to himself with a sigh of relief.

It seemed the Skeletal Dragon Lord had taken heavy damage from their barrage. If that wasn't the case, it wouldn't be so flustered.

The colossal creature flapped its wings and ascended high above the reach of everyone, much faster than they could hope to catch up.

Before long, it was about a hundred meters in the air, staring down on them with furious eyes—though something about its gaze also rang with caution.

Adonis smiled to himself as he tightly clenched his blade.

'The three minutes are now up. I'm sure it'll try to attack us ferociously, bombarding us with all sorts of attacks.'

If it poured all its attacks in offense, it would give them the chance to charge forward and surprise it with their strongest moves.

'I'll have to use my Divine Sword for this, though... just in case!'

There was no telling if they could ever get such an opening like this again, and Adonis knew they couldn't just keep chipping away at the health of the Dragon until their time was up.

'Its bombardment is bound to create a cloud of explosion, which will impede the vision of everyone present. I'll use that as a chance to strike with all my power.'

With everyone's assistance, and him dealing the final blow, everything was bound to work out splendidly!

... Or so he thought.

~FSH!~

In one brief whisper, almost as if something just flashed in all of his senses, Adonis found himself in a completely separate space from where he previously was.

"H-huh...?" His eyes blinked a few times as he looked around him in confusion.

The flooring in his immediate area was the same as what existed in the Boss Room, but the rest of the flooring was different.

'What just happened? Where am I?'

Adonis found himself within a relatively smaller place, filled with tons of Undead Mobs that surrounded him with malevolent eyes.

There were tons of B-Tier and A-Tier Monsters that filled his sights; including three Liches and two Death Knights.

All of them watched him with an evil presence, and before he could even let out another thought, they rushed at him.

~VWUUSH!~

He swiftly cut down the ones that charged at him, but as his sweat sprayed, his heart began to race. The pace climbed at an abnormal rate and his thoughts were in shambles.

'Why am I here? Why am I the only one? Where are the others? What happened to the Skeletal Dragon Lord?!

Adonis didn't understand.

It all felt instant, like he was somewhere at one moment, and somewhere else at another.

... Almost like the Zone shifts from earlier.

'D-don't tell me...!' Adonis' eyes widened as he realized what had just happened, and why it had proven to be fatal for everyone.

"The Dragon Lord... it must have used that Skill he uses on this Dungeon!"

He had previously thought it was a mere Dungeon Function, since he never saw the Dragon Lord use it once on them. But... if this was indeed a Skill, then they were all doomed.

'He bypassed my defenses by simply switching the space around me with this new place.' Adonis suspected that the same happened to the rest of his comrades.

'Shit! I have to hurry!' His mind echoed with worry and deep fear.

All the confidence that he built up immediately collapsed as he slashed through the horde of Undead.

'The time limit... once it's up, everyone will be vulnerable, and none of us will have a chance of beating that thing!'

More sweat prayed from Adonis' face as he felt despair close in on him.

'I... I can't let this happen!'

He could feel his heart race and tears nearly welling up in his eyes.

He had no idea where he was and how to return to the Boss Room. He had no idea how long it would take, or if he was ever even going to be able to get there.

If the Zones began to change yet again, and the Dragon was in control of every change, then there was no way he was ever going to escape.

'Am I going to be stuck here while it slaughters all the Adventurers?!' Adonis felt so frustrated.

He felt so frustrated that tears began trickling from his eyes as he felt his entire muscles ache and his heart nearly bursting in pain.

"NO! NO, PLEASE!"

Screaming so loudly that the room shook, Adonis realized something.

'After he's done with them... we're next, aren't we?' His eyes turned bloodshot as he gritted his teeth and let more hot tears flow.

'It'll pick us up, one after the other... killing us at its leisure.'

There was nothing they could do to stop him! It was a mistake to even think they had a chance, to begin with.

"I-if only... if only Sir Ralyks was here..." Adonis sobbed, finally looking around him and seeing that all the Undead surrounding him had been defeated.

His blade of light vanished and he collapsed on the floor, amidst the rotting flesh and shattered bones in the room.

More tears fell from his eyes and he powerlessly made a soft whisper while closing his eyes.

"He could save everyone... if he was here."

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Chapter 484 Rise Of A Savior

"HAAA... AT LONG LAST."

Wili'am smiled as he slowly began to descend from his heights, once again staring at the empty spaces that the pesky Visitors once occupied.

"THEY'RE GONE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM AT MY CONVENIENCE, BUT FIRST..." He looked forward, at the two groups of Adventurers who were still hiding behind their shield.

As long as they were inside, he couldn't affect them, but he wondered how long the barrier would last.

'Probably not for long...' His thoughts trailed as he chuckled slightly.

"THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE, THOUGH. TO THINK I COULD HAVE ACTUALLY DIED IF I TOOK A COUPLE MORE HITS LIKE THAT..."

Most of the attacks they sent towards him really weren't worth considering. They only shaved off a tiny portion of his Life Force, and he recovered them in no time.

He could have gone and on like that for days and nothing would have changed.

The 'hit' that Wili'am was referring to were those ones that remained unaccounted for. He truly didn't know what hit him, and just how many times they came.

All he knew was that they were fast and too strong for his regeneration to keep up with.

"BUT ALL OF THAT IS OVER NOW..." He grinned, looking at the flickering barriers that surrounded the people.

Wili'am could sense it. In a few more seconds, their moment of grace would be over.

'I'll blow off some steam with these maggots, and then I'll take my time killing the Visitors one at a time.'

He should have known better than to underestimate them—or at least one of them. Wili'am didn't know who was responsible for those heavy attacks, and how they were hiding their strength so well, but he was sure he would be able to identify them if he took them out one by one.

Even if they are dangerous, they can't kill me in a single hit. I'll attack from a distance, and if it seems like they're gaining the advantage, I'll just change the setting once again.

'Thankfully, my recovery is fast. A few more minutes and I should be at full health.'

Just as he had this thought, the barrier that protected the weaklings finally faded away, exposing the frightened humans to the ultimate catastrophe known as him.

"HAHAHA! DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING INTERESTING TO SHOW ME NOW THAT YOUR CHAMPIONS ARE GONE? I HONESTLY DOUBT IT, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED..."

He had taken a few glimpses here and there in-between naps, and he was yet to find something incredibly exciting among them. The most interesting thing about the whole Conquest was the clash between Jet and Sebas, but it just had to be cut short.

'I still have no idea why that Visitor thought the other human was a Dragon Spy, but I don't really care.'

"SINCE YOU ALL ELIMINATED QUITE A NUMBER OF MY UNDEAD, I HOPE YOU ARE READY TO REPLACE THEM."

The looks on their faces told him they did not desire such a fate. If only such a choice was left in their hands.

'[Miasma Breath]'

An intense concentration of the corrupt energy converged within the Skeletal Dragon Lord's mouth, and he readied his aim... even though the Miasma would perfectly spread across the vast room no matter where he shot it anyway.

~BOOOOM!~

The blast was shot, and it descended upon the hopeless ones without any resistance.

The end had come.

... Or so the Skeletal Dragon Lord thought.

But—

"Chaos Judgment!"

The loud yell of a young man dominated the space, and an unbelievable amount of power instantly surged from the source of that noise.

The pure Mana clashed with the corruption that charged, instantly creating an explosion that caused the entire room to tremble.

The shockwave dominated the air, creating fireworks of black and white.

"HM? WHAT IS THIS...?" Wili'am muttered to himself as he squinted his eyes.

Two humans stood in front of the others, their lone forms like tiny specks of dust in the damaged battlefield.

One wore a white coat, and the other was dressed in black. They both had an incredible amount of energy flowing around them, but without a doubt, the one with the superior volume and quality was the man.

He had a special-looking blade that radiated immense power, but Wili'am could tell that it wasn't the blade that was special.

It was the man wielding it.

"WHO... ARE YOU?" He asked, though he already knew their identities well enough.

The man coated in black was Jet, and the lady was Lux.

They were partners, and they played a vital role in the survival of so many Adventurers. All things considered, he was strong—

enough to be considered as a Visitor.

The other lady was also strong, but... meh, she wasn't too impressive in his eyes.

'He stopped my Miasma Breath by himself? Didn't he need assistance from the other one that last time?'

The power he was displaying now far exceeded that of the past, so Wili'am knew he had to be capable of more things now.

The question, however, was why?

"WHY ARE YOU SO STRONG?"

Jet, this brave human, pointed his blade towards Wili'am in determination.

"I will sacrifice this body of mine... to defeat you. No matter what it takes... even if it costs my life... I will defeat you!"

Wili'am's [Ears Of Truth] told him that the man was telling the truth, which caused his eyes to narrow a little bit more.

'So he intends to sacrifice his life if it means taking me down, huh? Is he burning through his Life Force for some additional buffs? Or could it be something else...?'

There had to be some kind of penalty for using such a power, or else he would have displayed it from the very start.

Already, both Jet and Lux seemed to be in pretty bad shape, yet the former wanted to pull off something so grand, and the latter desired to assist him.

"PFFFT!"

The Skeletal Dragon would have made a wry smile if his face wasn't so inexpressive. He did find the whole thing amusing, though.

Human bravado never ceased to be a great source of entertainment for it.

The faces of the audience brightened up as they laid eyes on their saviors. As humans would normally react when being saved, their eyes flashed relief and they clasped their hands together, tightly clinging to hope.

All of it was equally amusing to Wili'am.

It seemed like this particular Dungeon Event of his was going to go down as the most interesting one yet.

'Very well, then... let's see how far you can go.'

Wili'am was curious about what the man had planned, especially after everyone else had apparently failed. If he proved troublesome, which was highly doubtful, he could always just switch his position and deal with him when the time is right.

'I'll just do my best to savor this moment while it lasts.' And with that thought echoing in his mind, the Skeletal Dragon Lord spoke with absolute confidence.

"COME! ENTERTAIN ME SOME MORE!"

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Chapter 485 Final Struggle

The world was silent.

All eyes were wide open, their gaze locked in a single direction.

Tension was so high that only the heavy breathing and the gulping sounds of several thousand could be heard.

The mix of both fear and hope was so palpable—so real—that you could almost taste it.

All of this intense energy, in the form of attention, was focused on just two people.

Jet and Lux; the only Heroic Rank Adventurers who could stand up to the Dragon's tyranny.

~BZZTTZZ!~

Flashes of purple energy flashed all over Jet's body. His cloak instantly burned off, revealing a shirtless form of himself.

His pale skin glowed beneath the several crackles of lightning, revealing several unknown markings and runic inscriptions on his body.

These runes began to glow purplish blue, and they slowly spread across several portions of his body. They shrouded his pale skin, pulsating with forbidden power.

As Jet tightly gripped his Chaos Blade, the weapon took on the same kind of energy.

—Powerful, but ominous.

He wasn't the only gearing up for the battle, though. His partner, Lux, began to shine very brightly with light.

It seemed like her entire body was undergoing transfiguration—becoming one with the very energy that surrounded her.

This... this power was no longer human.

The power gushing out of them had far transcended anything the human mind conceive nor the human body contain.

These two... had become the very personification of power.

"Here I come." Jet whispered, mist leaving his lips.

The opponent he faced—a haughty, confident, and invincible Skeletal Dragon—sneered at his words and gave his response.

"YEAH! SHOW ME WHAT YOU—"

~BOOOOOM!~

In a blur, even for the sight of the Undead Dragon, Jet left his position, causing everything around him to shatter apart into chunks of debris.

This debris was then carried up by Lux's Wind Magic, raised around her like an overflowing torrent that kept rising.

Jet dashed at the enemy through all this, his body practically a streak of purple.

Then... he dealt the first strike.

~SWISH!~

Like a hot knife searing through butter, his Chaos Blade easily dissected both of the front limbs of the fifteen meter tall Skeletal Dragon.

"E-EH...?"

~WHOOOSH!~

Before Wili'am—the Skeletal Dragon Lord—could even react, Jet propelled himself upward, creating a rising vertical slash that instantly shattered apart the entire right arm of the massive creature.

The purple aura of the Dragon did nothing to stop the damage.

In a single attack, represented by a flash of energy, the entire arm broke into multiple chunks.

"W-WHY YOU—!"

~WHUUUM!~

Right as Wili'am raised his regenerated right arm to strike his opponent, a barrage of condensed debris bullets overwhelmed his entire form.

Each of these particles had been compressed by Lux and her Magic, changing them from their massive sizes to the form of pellets. All of them were also shrouded by her Mana, which did well in combating the protective layer of Miasma that protected his body.

Bottom line... Wili'am's second arm was completely blown off by the powerful barrage they sent towards him.

But so what?

"[ORBS OF DESTRUCTION]!" The Skeletal Dragon roared, sending his voice across the entire space that he dominated.

Several large spheres appeared all around him, and he sent them flying all at once.

Some were directed at Jet.

A couple were sent towards Lux.

But... a majority of them were sent in the directions of the groups of unprotected Adventurers.

"NOW WHAT WILL YOU DO? FIGHT ME OR SAVE THEM? YOU CANT DO BO—!"

"You talk too much!"

In one swift string of attacks, Jet slashed at Wili'am, to the point where several chunks of bones burst out—almost like chopped-up flesh and spraying blood.

"GUH!"

"I can't do both?" Jet's voice, while low, had a commanding presence that caused the damaged Skeletal Dragon Lord to feel a slight hint of intimidation.

"... Who decided that?"

In an instant, he bounced off the air and swirled in the air, becoming a great twister within a single second's interval.

~VWUUUUUM!~

The Orbs Of Destruction that spread all around all suddenly began to converge in his direction.

"HAHAHA! WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO NOW? TAKE ALL THE HITS YOURSELF?"

Seemingly recovered from most of the earlier damage from earlier, the Skeletal Dragon yelled in twisted delight.

"Just shut up... and watch!"

The several orbs charged at Jet, ready to explode, when a loud declaration from him echoed out.

"Final Seal... BREAK!"

A bright light ascended high into the air—piercing even the ceiling above. In that instant, a shimmering golden barrier surrounded him from the imminent blast, protecting him from all their destructive wraths.

Just in time for the explosion too.

~BOOOOOOOM!!!~

Destruction was an understatement compared to the horrific sight that filled the air above.

It was like a bomb of unspeakable proportions had been set off, consuming the very air itself in an overwhelming layer of purple flames.

But... despite that...

"Huu..."

A man stood at the center of all that destruction, his white hair now floating in the air as bright radiance swelled from within his body.

"... Let's end this now." He muttered, his pure white eyes looking straight at the Skeletal Demon Lord.

"PFFT! END THIS? YOU HUMOR ME!" Wili'am's laughter echoed in the air as he clutched his stomach with its two already recovered front limbs.

From the way he looked, it was like he hadn't taken any damage at all.

Despite hearing such haughty words from his opponent, Jet said no more to the Skeletal Dragon Lord. Instead, he let out another whisper.

"Lux..."

Responding to this was his angel-like partner whose body was now all-white—the personification of purity.

~WHOOOOOSH!~

In a flash, several chains of light rushed from her and charged at the Undead who could barely react to any of it.

"N-NGH!"

The Dragon's entire body was bound by the white chains, and the purple layers of energy were all wrapped by her constraints.

Then, right as the Wili'am made to break out of his restraints, he felt a sudden overpowering feeling that caused him to nearly fall to his knees.

A word poured through the air... and it made everything go blank.

"[Divine Ray]."

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Chapter 486 Divine Ray

The first thing that Wili'am thought when he felt the overwhelming feeling was;

'I NEED TO STOP HIM!'

At that point, he knew there was only a single second between life and death—a tiny fraction of time that would determine his fate.

And so, he decided to use the most logical strategy ever.

'[Domain Of The Lord]!'

He would simply turn the entire space that surrounded Jet into a Zone and switch it with something else.

~ZZTZ!~

'H-HUH...?!' Much to Wili'am's shock, it did not work.

His almighty power, the SS-Tier Skill that only Dragon Lords and the Emperor could possess in all of H'Trae... did not work!

'W-WHY....?'

Wili'am did not have the luxury to indulge in such confusing thoughts, though. If he couldn't create or swap out Zones around Jet—perhaps due to the interference of the power that the man was about to unleash—then he would simply resort to another solution.

'[Grand Claw Attack]. [Dragon Breath: Death]. [Trap Magic: Area Explosion]. [Rune Magic: Power Amplification].'

He would simply spam all of his Skills at the same time.

Using all of them at full power, all activating instantly, they would surely be enough to prevent him from using such power... right?

—WRONG!

The moment those powers were sent towards him, a golden barrier appeared all around him—
incredibly similar to what the Visitor had used after activating that strange cube.

All attacks were nullified—all of them were deflected.

None of them worked.

Then... with Jet's Chaos Blade pointed towards him, and something white glowing right at the tip, Wili'am had yet another thought.

'I... I HAVE TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!'

If changing Zones didn't work on his opponent, then Wili'am figured he could just do it to himself.

He could simply switch out his position.

However...

~ZZTZ!~

... Even that did not work!

"WHY... WHY IS NOTHING WORKING?!" The Skeletal Dragon Lord screamed as he tried to sharply descend, unable to fully think given the time constraint that weighed heavily on him.

However, thanks to the other constraint that held him down, he could not move.

"LET ME GO! LET ME GO NOWWWW!!!"

Wili'am, now stuck in midair and out of any other options, wriggled and squirmed within the chains that bound him.

There was only one more alternative, but judging from the bright light that was already condensed at the tip of Jet's blade, Wili'am knew he didn't have enough time to know if it would work.

However, in desperation, his thoughts called out for the only Skill that could possibly save him in this predicament.

'[Ethereal Form]! [Ethereal Form]!! [ETHEREAL FORM]!!!'

[Ethereal Form] allowed Wili'am to transform his body into a ghost-like form, hence becoming a phantom-like entity. It was almost like turning into a Specter, since it allowed its targets to pass through things.

Unlike regular other similar Skills, like [Phase], which had many limitations—such as the disruption of all senses when in use—[Ethereal Form] did not have any of those weaknesses.

Also, unlike [Phase], which made the user still vulnerable to energy-based attacks even if they were intangible, [Ethereal Form] made the user immune to either energy-based attacks or purely physical attacks.

Never both at the same time, though.

Seeing as the power that was rushing from Jet was made of pure energy, Wili'am obviously went with the Energy Immunity option.

Then, without any further announcement... the one second was over.

And so, the bright burst of light was sent forth.

It looked like white light—one so bright and intense that it was impossible to truly decipher its true color.

To all who witnessed it, their sense of color and discernment were suspended. The overwhelming clash of spectrums and the sheer multiplicity of complex powers that raged and flowed inside it was too much for any mind to process.

And so, due to being indescribable, the mind could only register a blank color.

White.

White light rained down on the Skeletal Dragon Lord in a swift motion, much faster than the sound that was bound to follow much later.

It fell before the Fallen Dragon Lord could properly register another thought.

No... that wasn't quite true.

There was a trailing thought that flowed within the mind of Wili'am as he felt his mind and body fade into obscurity.

Its existence and nonexistence seemed to clash and converge at a single point, and while he had that sole thought, it felt as if that was the only thought he had ever conceived throughout his meager lifespan.

'Ah... I'm dead.'

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!~

The white light easily destroyed everything surrounding the Skeletal Dragon Lord, like a flood of water that gushed down without end. It burst through the ground and the walls, easily breaking through everything beneath even them.

Floor after floor, the Divine Ray traveled down and devastated everything in its path.

Nothing was spared.

No... nothing could be spared.

The former Dragon Lord did not know this, but [Divine Rey] was not an energy or physical attack. It couldn't even be qualified as just an attack.

It was all of those things at once.

All of destruction clashing upon creation in a spectrum of light so intense that no one could even comprehend.

Anyone bathed under such a radiation—irrespective of the resistance they offered—was bound to meet an inescapable fate.

—Complete obliteration!

The Skeletal Dragon Lord was a witness to this, as was the crowd that watched this epic display with gaping mouths.

It felt like the dance of celestial lights, but converged within a single blast.

Nothing remained after that.

It was just as Jet had declared it to be...

... The end.

'And now, that's finished...'

As Rey looked down on the destruction he had wrought, a lot of thoughts flowed through his mind. He didn't have enough time to process all of them, considering how the next phase of his plan came soon after.

'It's about time I wrapped this up.'

And with that single thought, his body fell—descending to the shattered earth.

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Chapter 487 Jet's Requiem

"S-Sir Jet!"

Noah felt tears gushing out of his eyes as his blurry vision stared at the man whose pale body was slowly fading away.

If it was anything like what happened to Lux, his partner, then Noah was certain that the man on the ground was dying.

Right after using her final binding Spell, Lux turned into tiny white orbs of light and faded away. And now, Jet was doing the same--albeit at a slower pace.

He was surrounded by the thousands of surviving Adventurers who owed their lives to him. All of them had their heads bowed in both respect and grief.

No one said anything but Noah... and the man fated to die.

"I thought I told you... to call me Jet." He strained a smile, coughing a little after leaking out those words.

Noah stifled a loud cry as he stared at Jet's paralyzed form.

"I-is there really... nothing I can do...?" He muttered, more hot and salty liquids flowing through his young face.

"No... it's too late for me."

Jet's voice, albeit hoarse and low, contained a tone of finality. There was no way to save them after unleashing the seal.

"Lux and I already knew this much. We understood the consequences of our actions... and made the decision regardless."

Noah wanted to say something so he opened his lips, but quickly felt a lump stuck in his throat. He could not utter the words that he wanted to speak.

It felt like he was choking; like he couldn't breathe.

His body trembled as he clenched his fists, pressing his fingers on his palms until they whitened.

Jet was a hero.

He was the strongest of all the Adventurers--perhaps the strongest of humans who were natives to this world.

Yet, he did the impossible.

"Y-you really did it, Jet... you won." Noah sniffed, taking in the snot that trickled down his nostrils.

"Yeah. I told you I would..."

Then, Jet's gaze left Noah and went to the woman who knelt beside him.

"Did you see? I told you, didn't I? That you're going to live to see my dream and fulfill yours?"

Britta, the toughest woman around, was also shedding tears like a baby. Her face was so crinkled up as she let out her emotions.

The regret. The guilt. The pain.

Everything was released in the form of salty tears.

In the end, she was never able to confess her feelings to him. She lost her faith in him and betrayed his trust.

Even after everything, she could still feel the gentle warmth that radiated from him as she stared into his eyes.

"Jet, I... I wish it was me. I should be the one dead, not you... I..."

"No, Britta." Jet raised his hand and touched hers.

Once again, she could feel the soothing warmth that flowed from him. She clasped her two palms around his weak hands and more tears flowed.

"Jet..."

"I want you to live. Achieve your dreams... grow strong and powerful in your own way."

Britta nodded as she heard those words. They had only known each other for a short period, having just a few moments of interaction, yet no one understood her like this man.

Why? Why did he have to die like this?

"My dream... I am happy you lived to see it." Jet smiled. "You heard it, didn't you? My declaration back then."

Britta was reminded of the first time she saw Jet. She had just seen him and his partner disgrace Sango and his men. That wasn't the most spectacular aspect about him, though.

It was what he had the audacity to say.

"You said... you would surpass Zephyr and become the greatest Adventurer of the City." She sobbed as she uttered those words.

Back then, Britta had scoffed at him.

She thought he was nothing but an arrogant man who was yet to know his place in the world.

Even when she acknowledged him, she still had her doubts.

But now... with him dying right in front of her... there was no way she could ever think that.

"So did I do it? Was I able to surpass Zephyr?" Jet asked in a soft whisper, alternating gazes between Noah, Britta, and finally all the Adventurers that surrounded him.

"Did I become the Greatest Adventurer in the history of this City?"

Without any pause or moment of hesitation, everyone nodded their head in acknowledgment.

"Jet Zephyr never conquered a Grand Calamity Class Dungeon before." Britta said with a sad smile on her face.

"He never defeated a Dragon in all his lifetime!" Jake, one of the many Adventurers that Jet saved, spoke up with just as much emotion and higher volume.

"He never saved so many people from certain doom!" Another declared.

"He never sacrificed his life for the sake of everyone—even those who turned against him!" Yet another spoke up.

One after the other, the Adventurers that surrounded Jet began to list out his accomplishments.

They sang his praises, and most importantly, they all admitted the same thing.

"You have surpassed Zephyr, Jet." Noah said with a profound smile. "You have become the strongest Adventurer in the history of this City. In the history of the world!"

Upon hearing all of this, and seeing how everyone nodded in agreement, Jet smiled in satisfaction.

He closed his eyes in pure bliss, happy that his dream had come true.

"At long last..." As he made this whisper, the Chaos Blade that was previously in his grasp, began to float in the air.

It danced in the air, laying suspended above Jet's body, until it moved towards Noah.

"The Chaos Blade is a weapon of dreams. I have fulfilled mine, and now that my demise has come... it is now up to you to wield."

"M-me...?" Noah's swollen eyes twitched as he watched the blade remain suspended before him.

"Yes. Right here and now, I choose you as my successor... Sherlock."

The world held its breath as everyone kept their silence for Jet and his final words. He smiled, staring straight into the Noah's young eyes.

"Do you accept?"

As the question floated in the air, same as the blade, Noah's heart—despite how much it hurt—raced uncontrollably.

He felt anxious, but the assurance he got from Jet's eyes told him that it would be okay.

Then, stretching out his hand, he reached out for the Chaos Blade.

"I... I accept!"

The moment he gripped the blade, Noah Sherlock felt a sudden energy surge within his body.

The power within the weapon crackled and flowed within him, and runic symbols began to appear all around the weapon.

"It has accepted you as its new wielder. Please take very good care of this legendary blade... the one wielded by the Sword Saint Zephyr himself."

Noah's eyes nearly bulged as he heard those words. At that moment, a sudden question flashed in his mind.

"J-just what is your relationship with Jet Zephyr?!"

Somehow, it all felt connected. Jet's name, his ideals, his motivation... everything about him.

It was all reminiscent of the man who started it all.

"A-are you—?!"

Upon hearing Noah's unfinished words, Jet gave a mysterious smile and parted his lips to deliver his final statements.

"You really are a smart kid..."

And then, after huffing out one last set of word, Jet closed his eyes and passed on with a satisfied smile on his face.

"Farewell... be free."

Particles of light followed, and they danced into the air; fading away like the echoes his words.

... But not the substance of his life.

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Chapter 488 The Conquest Ends

The Boss had been slain.

The great heroes had fallen.

However, if there was a silver lining, it was the mere fact that, just like before—when the lights of Mass Teleportation flashed out—everyone suddenly found themselves on the ground floor.

The thousands of Adventurers—an approximate number of 5,700—made it to the place where it all began.

The stony walls of the Dungeon's door echoed with salvation, and every single soul who gazed upon it cried tears of joy and raised their hands in victory.

In terms of loot, not many things were gained from the mission. Sure, the Adventurers were able to take many Items and ores from whatever Zones they found themselves in, but those were simply the ones lying around.

No one had the time to actively search for treasures of mine the heck out of the Dungeons.

Miasma was a corrosive element to humans, so naturally, any proceeds from the Dungeon would have the taint of corruption. Still, it was possible to purify Miasma-powered Items, or even wield it as it is.

If Miasma was poisonous to humans, it was the same for Monsters who weren't Undead.

As such, when fighting powerful beasts, imbuing Miasma into one's attacks was a sure way of dealing more damage and achieving victory. Of course, overexposure to Miasma was a detrimental thing, and several consequences followed.

However, with the aid of sufficient defensive measures, that consequence could be delayed or downright halted.

The bottom line was, despite the sheer scale of the Conquest, and the overall lives as well resources that were expended to challenge the Grand Calamity Class Dungeon, the benefits they gained was as impressive.

No Adventurer thought about that, though—not yet, at the very least.

Right now, the only thing on their mind was the very definition of an Adventurer; FREEDOM!

Many who thought they would have to spend even more days searching for the exit were overjoyed. The ones who had the hidden fear that they would be trapped in there forever were happily disproven.

No one really knew where the theory of "Defeat the Boss, and we can go home" came from, but it turned out to be true.

As everyone stepped out of the Dungeon's embrace, taking in the fresh breeze, rather than the stifling air within Dungeon, they couldn't help but fall to their knees and cry.

Grown men and women burst out in tears.

They cried for three reasons.

The first and most obvious reason was for the mere fact that they survived the onslaught that wiped out their comrades.

The second was for those comrades who had perished within the Grand Calamity Class Dungeon. The Adventurers honored them in their hearts.

The third and final reason for their tears and loud cries was for the man who had brought them this far; the one who saved them from death.

Without them, they would have perished, without the shadow of a doubt.

With an unanimous cry that ascended high into the heavens, everyone sent forth their loudest voice and let out their gratitude.

"Sir Jet... THANK YOU!"

The Conquest was officially over, and now—despite having lost so many people, including the Guildmaster—the only thing everyone could do was move forward.

Standing in front of everyone, like a leader braving the storm, was Sherlock. Beside him was Britta, and they both took the first steps towards the City.

As soon as everyone saw them move, they did the same.

It was instinctive—the response to the hierarchy that existed at that point.

As the Chaos Blade remained in Sherlock's grasp, and Britta's resolute face giving off the very definition of strength, the Adventurers knew they were not without hope.

Only two of the Heroic Rank Adventurers remained, but these two were no longer the same as before.

There seemed to be an awakening within them.

The desires emerged—to grow stronger, and lead the Adventurers into their ideal world.

... A world of freedom.

"That was a chore..."

Rey sat opposite Esme and sighed, blinking a few times just so he could adjust himself to the current state of the room around him.

Countless rotting corpses, destroyed by Esme's Magic, surrounded the two of them. Just from the looks of things, she had been busy in his absence.

Rey could spot tons of Greater Undead, with a sprinkle of the Grand Tier ones.

"Ah! You're back already?" Esme's voice woke him out of his observation, and he nodded in response.

"Yeah. Everyone got out safely." He said with another tired sigh. "As for Adonis and the rest, I've decided to transport them directly to the Capital."

Rey had initially suspected that there would be some sort of time discrepancy—with maybe the time in the Dungeon flowing faster or slower than in the real world—but based on what he had observed, that didn't happen.

The Adventurers indeed spent nearly seven whole days in the Grand Calamity Class Dungeon.

"It'll be hectic, having them return to the Adventurers City, especially after all the drama that they caused."

"What drama? Wasn't it just the guy acting as Sebas that caused a scene. I remember everyone else was lowkey." Esme responded.

"Oh yeah..." Rey chuckled a little before speaking once more. "I forgot that you weren't there for the most part."

Right when Adonis began his rampage and wanted to reveal his identity as a 'Dragon Spy'—whatever that meant—Rey ended up using his illusion ability and his [Duplicate] to swiftly replace the girl.

And so, during most of the fight, it was his duplicate that was there.

'I also replaced my main body with a duplicate, teleporting myself and Esme to a safer location.'

Back then, he was so confused—needing a breather and room to think—so he had to resort to such means.

In the end, that was the optimal choice, considering all that followed.

"Well, it's quite a long story." Rey said, rising to his feet while stretching his body.

Esme slowly rose as well. She knew what time it was; exterminating the rest of the Undead in this place and mining rewards.

"Let's talk while we move."

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Chapter 489 Realization Long Overdue

Rey explained everything to Esme, who listened in amazement.

He told her about how he had to mimic her—or rather, the style she adopted as Lux—though it wasn't very difficult to do since she didn't have much of a personality.

As a result, juggling two duplicates and their functions didn't prove to be too difficult. He was mostly focusing his sensory connection on Jet, while Lux was on autopilot.

Rey went on to tell her about the appearance of the Skeletal Dragon Lord, and how he was initially worried about its emergence.

Even after seeing its Status Window, he was still quite anxious since he wasn't at full strength, and he also wasn't the one in the fight.

"I also had a couple of clones still running around, so I wasn't at full strength."

That was why he left the first half to Adonis and his duplicate, since he wanted to observe the battle from the sidelines.

After the chaos, though, he finally decided to take action by returning all his duplicates—with the exception of the Lux stand-in—to himself.

The result was him at 50 percent of his power.

With this newfound confidence, he took on the Skeletal Dragon Lord and managed to win.

'A lot of its abilities were tricky, but since I had seen a bunch of its Skills before our fight, I could pretty much interfere with them.'

Of course, he didn't tell Esme this side of things, since he was yet to tell her about his [Doppel] Abilities, but he went in great details about how he won through the help of [Divine Ray].

'That Skill is incredibly draining, though. I know I was only at 50 percent, but I had a lot of buffs activated.' He nearly shuddered, remembering how his Mana Level plummeted the moment he unleashed his strongest offensive move.

Once he was done telling his story, intentionally skipping his cringe farewell to the Adventurers, he was met with a moment of silence from Esme.

After waiting a while, she finally replied.

"Wow! That was... wow."

It was obvious that she probably wished she was present to see the whole thing, but Rey couldn't take any chances. Esme was strong, sure, but if Adonis went all-out on her, she wouldn't stand a chance.

To eliminate that risk, which could possibly cause his own identity to be leaked, he decided to do the sensible thing and swap them out.

"Before that Dragon showed up, I actually just wanted Jet and Lux to die after facing Sebas or something..."

Of course, his initial plan was a lot grander than that, but after being messed up beyond the point of recovery, Rey had just about given up.

Thankfully, the Skeletal Dragon Lord showed up as the Final Boss, and his avatar didn't have to go out like a little bitch.

The experience of seeing the final moments of his character was cathartic.

"I really tied things up nicely, didn't I? I'm sure I inspired a lot of people with my death..." He said with a smile and nod.

Thanks to a bit of what he learned from Adonis and his acting back then, Rey was able to present a more visual representation of what he wanted to convey.

'I'm sure I nailed it.' He mused to himself, secretly proud of what he pulled off.

It still made him cringe a little, though.

"So yeah... all things considered, things went well." He said with a smile.

The events took a rather unexpected turn, and while there were a lot of times when he just felt like actively giving up or throwing a violent fit, he was relieved to see things tie up in such a way.

The Boss Fight was unprecedented, but epic nonetheless.

He got a bunch of new Skills too.

'I can see myself becoming very OP very soon. I wonder what Ater will think once he sees this new me.'

He was even able to Level Up quite a bit.

"You seem incredibly happy. Do you think it's over now? What about this Adrien guy that you've been suspecting all this time?"

Rey's smile slowly vanished upon hearing Esme's question. His face turned serious, and with a slight sigh, he let out his current thoughts.

"I don't think he's involved in this. There's a chance, but... I think I was reaching a little bit."

After seeing the Status Window of the Skeletal Dragon Lord, especially the Skills he had, he had to come to the conclusion that it was most likely the mastermind and not Adrien.

"Even now, though, there's still a part of me that seeks to blame Adrien for all of this. A creeping feeling somewhere tells me he's watching... or that maybe this conclusion is just what he wants me to come to."

It was scary to Rey; almost to the point where he began to second-guess every action he made.

"Well, I think you overcomplicate things." Esme said with a light smile.

"Well, is that really a bad thing?"

"It could be." As they walked side by side, she looked ahead of her and shared her thoughts on the matter.

"Not everything in this world has rhyme or reason. Sometimes, things happen that are mere coincidences; not necessarily planned by someone."

What were the chances that a Grand Calamity Class Dungeon would appear at the time it did; and that it would be one rife with Miasma.

The Mass Teleportation Incident. The countless deaths and suffering. The separation from one's friends and allies...

All of these, while seemingly specific, could have just been a random product of chance.

"There doesn't have to be some force controlling everything from the shadows... at least that's what I think."

"Yeah... maybe you're right." Rey responded with a smile.

He already recognized his mistake, which was being so entrapped in his narrative that Adrien had to be involved somehow, that he literally projected everything that happened in the Grand Calamity Class Dungeon as his work.

"It turned out to be a completely unrelated foe." He laughed, almost comical with his smile.

Of course, this smile was hidden underneath his mask, so it remained invisible to the world.

... Invisible to Esme.

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Chapter 490 Missed Opportunity

"I still think it's a waste, though..." Esme commented as she watched Rey use Magic to shove all the treasures within the room they were currently into his Grand Inventory.

This was the Treasury, and just like the Ground Floor and Boss Room, it was incredibly large.

It was definitely bigger than the Ground Floor, but not quite matching up to the Boss Room. Hence, somewhere in the middle.

As one would expect from its name, the incredibly spacious area was packed chock-full with treasures and riches beyond count.

'This is another proof Adrien wasn't involved. If he was, all of this would be gone by now.' Was Rey's first thought when he and Esme entered this place.

A lot of Miasma-filled Enchanted Items were present, all looking like well-crafted weapons.

If the soldiers at the Front Lines were to equip weapons and Items like these, they would be unstoppable.

'The issue is the Miasma, and while I could purify it by washing it with Mana, it'll sort of ruin its corrosive effects.

The advantage of having Miasma-based weapons was the added damage. Removing that would just make it lose its luster.

'Well... I'll think of that later!' It was with this mindset that Rey simply poured all the Items and treasures within the Treasury into his Grand Inventory.

Thankfully, the Miasma they exuded didn't get in the way of his Skill function. However, just in case, he created a separate compartment within his Storage Space so he could store them without any dangers to the rest of his Items.

While still going through his process, Rey heard Esme's remarks and turned to her.

"What is a waste?"

She simply shrugged, seated while folding her hands and watching him.

"The Skeletal Dragon... you said you had a Necromancy Skill sometime ago, right? Why didn't you place it under your command or something?"

Necromancers were known to be able to resurrect dead entities by turning them into Undead; then controlling those creatures of abomination. However, they could also control Undead that were not made by them.

All of this was dependent on the quality of their Skill, Class, and the mastery they had over their abilities.

So, in theory, a stronger Necromancer could subjugate a weaker Undead. As long as their Magic was stronger than what Magic the weaker Undead was under, they could even hijack control from other Necromancers.

So why didn't Rey take this chance to make a Dragon Lord--fallen or not--his servant?

The answer was simple--he couldn't.

"I tried to do so many times, but nothing worked. I was surprised myself, considering how much weaker he was to me at full power."

Rey had an S-Tier Necromancy Skill, and he also had [Absolute Dominion] as a perfect addition. If he used [Fusion/Fission] and perfectly mixed the effects of those Skills together, it would have been more than enough to control the A-Tier Undead.

"Yet it didn't work..."

"Hm..." Esme rubbed her chin as she processed Rey's response. "And it didn't have any Skill that countered your Necromancy Skill?"

"It didn't. It only had 3 Exclusive Skills and 12 Non-Exclusive, if I remember correctly. None of them seemed out of place, and I even used Do... I mean, I saw him use them, pretty much."

Rey still didn't understand why it didn't work.

'I honestly didn't care if I did it in front of everyone. If I could get such an ally, it would have been great.'

Yes, having a huge Skeletal Dragon as a minion would be problematic in many areas.

'But, I have measures to deal with it.' He sighed.

Rey could have simply used some kind of Illusion on everyone present, while also manipulating what they heard and felt with his Skills.

"But it ultimately failed." He shrugged. "It is what it is, I guess."

"Got any theories as to why?" Esme's furrowed brow and her slightly concerned demeanor was a bit surprising to see.

Even Rey—despite feeling a little frustrated that he couldn't get his desired subordinate—wasn't as hung up on the issue as her.

Still, he gave his response.

"Maybe his soul was too corrupt and old, with only mere vestiges left, or maybe too much time had passed since his death. I actually don't know much about Necromancy, so... I really can't say."

Rey figured he would ask Ater later, so he wanted to take the whole thing off his mind.

Once he was done with the treasury, he clapped his hands and smiled. "All done!"

The only thing left to do now was to teleport back to the Capital, leaving the Adventurers City for good once more.

'I've confirmed from the duplicate I sent outside, but the Dungeon has already vanished from the Adventurers City.'

He could always return here to investigate more, or even make it his hideout if he wanted, but for now... he was pretty tired.

'A lot has happened over the past week. I just want to lie down on an actual bed and sleep properly.'

Not sleeping for nearly ten days straight had taken a severe toll on him. Right now, he was also only at 50 percent since his other Duplicate was with Alicia and his classmates back in the City.

'I really should swap out with it soon. I don't feel comfortable leaving my social life with that thing.'

Rey nearly chuckled.

Besides, he also missed Alicia.

'I really want to talk to her. It's been about a week since we last spoke.'

During the entire Conquest—especially after the Mass Teleportation Incident—Alicia was one of the only things that occupied his mind.

Now that everything was back to normal, he couldn't help but anticipate their next moments together.

'Maybe we'll even... hehe!' He stopped himself from thinking too far, turning towards Esme, who still seemed to be in deep thought.

'Is she still thinking about the Skeletal Dragon?'

"Hey, Esme. You shouldn't concern yourself with that stuff." After saying this, a swirling portal opened in front of him.,

"Come on, let's go."

"Rey... that Undead Dragon..." As he thought, she was still on about it.

Before he could respond to her, however, her question came forth.

"... Did it have a glitch Skill?"