

Extras 541

Chapter 541 The Final Run

Back when Rey was on the verge of death—facing an enemy he could never hope to beat, the System had to determine the best course of action for him.

He had a lot of good Skills—useful ones even.

His Necromancy, Shapeshifting, Flight, and a bunch of really useful Skills that would come in handy in several important scenarios.

But... none of them would ensure his survival.

Not even the Divine Beast Summon, or any of the other overpowered Skills in his arsenal.

As such, during the assimilation process done by the [Divine Merger] interface, it automatically selected the results that would lead to its host's best interests.

An outcome that would ensure undisputed victory on the part of Rey Skylar.

It was due to this that the 15 Skills were formed.

[Divine Weapon Creation] used the [Divine Blade Summon] as well as Rey's other Skills, such as [Grand Enchanted Weapon Summon], [Grand Item Equip], and a bunch of others for true compatibility.

Then, [Perfect Divine Magic] merged all of Rey's Active Magic-related Skills and combined them with the [Divine Elemental Magic] to form an ultimate Magic-Based Skill.

[Divine Power Ascension] and [Divine Magic Supremacy] were already present in his arsenal, so they weren't tampered with. Perhaps they would have become perfected, but there weren't enough Skills with direct compatibility to them that would ensure a success.

As for the [Perfect Divine Ray] and [Perfect Domain Of The Divine] Skills, the opposite was true. While they were already in the Divine Tier, using a lot of highly compatible Skills—offensive Skills for the former, and Spatial Skills, like [Grand Inventory] and [Absolute Spatial Domain] even sacrificing [Grand Elemental Summon] for the latter—these new Skills was created.

[Perfect Divine Defense] had a similar story, while lower Tier Skills were promoted by adding a bunch of Skills to the mix. Examples of those were [Perfect Divine Resistance], [Perfect Divine Regeneration], [Perfect Divine Appraisal], and [Perfect Divine Martial Supremacy].

New Skills were also formed from scratch, using the rest of the Skills, as well as the current experiences as a threshold for their growth.

New Skills, like [Perfect Divine Immortality], [Perfect Divine Growth], [Perfect Divine Form], and [Perfect Divine Adaptability] would ensure that the host—Rey Skylar—would not perish as long as his Soul was still kept intact.

He could also continuously grow without a ceiling.

All of this was done by the [Divine Merger] before it downgraded back to its previous Status. The leftover essence of the Skills were fed to [Sacrifice], and were in turn churned out as Stat Points for Rey to use at his disposal.

This would improve his much lacking base Stats, once again ensuring he wouldn't suffer needless pain and humiliation in a battle of mere Stats with most entities.

Since Rey could not cast [Doppel] on himself, there was no way to recover the [Divine Merger] Skill, and with [The Unknown Box] Skill gone—a part of its essence even fed to [Sacrifice], he would never have access to it again.

Perhaps if he kept using [Merger], a natural evolution could occur, but the chances of that were very slim.

That said, was there really any need for concern?

At this point, Rey Skylar possessed fifteen SS-Tier Skills all to himself, breaking the record among the natives of H'Trae for one with most Divine-Tier Skills.

A new Class was inevitably going to awaken within him, and his power would soar even higher than ever.

Perhaps this was providence; a reward for his suffering.

Whatever case this would be, it only meant one thing—especially to the Beast that Rey currently faced.

—Rey's divine victory.

"Where do I begin?" Rey muttered as he watched Dagon throw a flurry of punches towards Rey, trying his hardest to reach him.

The cracks that appeared all over the dull-colored barrier didn't make Rey anxious. Instead, he moved closer to Dagon and undid the barrier.

That very instant—

~WHUUUUUM!~

—Dagon threw its most powerful blow yet towards Rey, hitting his head in a powerful burst of impact.

~BOOOOOOOM!~

Rey's neck easily twisted, and his entire flash became mangled from the blow. However, in just a moment, it all reverted back to normal.

"Ahhh! So this is immortality! I should have definitely died from that!" Rey grinned excitedly, not even feeling an ounce of the pain that should have coursed through his body.

Most people would have cried out at the horror, but Rey felt none of those things.

He didn't feel anything about the corpses that littered his sight, nor about the horrors that he had just experienced. He didn't remember the two Familiars who perished for his sake, neither did he remember the people he swore to save.

Right here and now, the only thing that filled Rey's mind was power.

"More... what more can I do?!" He bellowed out, staring at Dagon with wide eyes.

"GRRRRRRRR!"

The Beast tried to slash at Reyy with its claws, but an invisible surge of wind sent it flying high into the sky—much faster than it could even process.

"Hahaha! Come on! Try harder!" Rey laughed, his eyes now bloodshot like one who teetered at the edge of insanity.

"I'm right here!"

Upon hearing what felt like taunts, Dagon roared, sending mighty waves of power crashing into the air around him. It kicked the air behind it and charged towards Rey like an unstoppable meteor. However, as soon as Rey slightly raised his hand, Dagon ceased motion—almost as if he was stuck in a single frame of time.

No... that wasn't right.

"Interesting! So if I keep swapping out zones using my Domain, I can create a seemingly infinite distance between myself and you. It's the weirdness of space, but what are you going to do now? You can't reach me, ri—?"

"GRRRRRAAAAAA!!!" Dagon's Null Art burned even brighter as its silver scales shattered apart, revealing a muscled mass of pure white skin.

It broke through the seemingly infinite distance, bypassing what should have been impossible.

All of this was simply due to its ability to nullify the effects of Rey's Skills.

"A-ah, I see. No good, huh?"

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!~

As Dagon crashed on the ground where Rey was supposed to be, the lad was already floating in the air, his arms stretched forward as he stared down at Dagon with cold eyes.

"Maybe if I master it a little more. Or if I have better Stats... that won't happen again.

Dagon growled in desperation, raising its head up as it opened its large maw, preparing to fire an intense blast at Rey.

"You know... it's funny..."

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!~

The azure blast was sent forth, causing everything around to vibrate at an abnormal rate.

Dagon began to sink into the collapsing earth, as it was unable to handle the full feedback of the power the Beast exuded.

Still, even with such an overwhelming output, the barrier that surrounded Rey was able to fully deflect it.

"I used to look at you with fear and horror. The pain and despair from back then... why don't I feel any of it?"

Everything was so loud, and the world seemed to be collapsing on itself. As everything trembled and rumbled, she was slowly pulled out of deep slumber.

Casting her blurry gaze to the darkened sky above, she was met with a bombardment of voices from all her classmates and teachers.

"Alicia!"

"You're up, Alicia!"

"Are you fine, Alicia?"

"Take it easy! How do you feel?" She remained still despite being overwhelmed by all of these questions. The faces of her classmates began poking into her field of vision, blocking her view of the evening sky.

'I'm still not dead, huh...?' Her thoughts trailed as she tiredly blinked, fighting back the urge to cry once again.

"I know you're just waking up, but I need to ask you something..." Adonis' voice echoed in the air as he drew closer.

"Hmm...?" Tilting her head slightly, ignoring all the chaos and devastation that lay in the background, she looked at the Hero's troubled face.

"Did you know... about Rey? About his power and—?"

"R-Rey...?"

Painful memories began to surface, and she began to feel the urge to close her eyes once again—perhaps forget all about what she knew.

... What had just happened.

"R-Rey is—"

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!~

A sudden explosion caused everything to tremble, and the grounds ominously shook, causing everyone who was standing to fall straight to the roughened ground.

"Again?" Someone in the crowd muttered.

"That one seemed a bit closer than last time, don't you think?"

"I'm scared... I'm so scared..." As everyone among the audience gave mixed responses, Adonis sighed and looked at the two strongest denizens of the Alliance.

Brutus and Lucielle returned his gaze, and their expressions oozed concern as well.

"Are you sure we shouldn't retreat to the bunker?"

"It'll be much safer there than to stay out in the open like this. I'm sure the Councilors are already there..."

Adonis sighed and shook his head.

"That thing is after Alicia. Going to the bunker would only lead it to that place. That would endanger even more lives, and fighting in an enclosed space would offer us a disadvantage..." "Fight?" Lucielle raised her brows as she trembled a little. "You're thinking about fighting that thing?!"

"If Rey doesn't succeed, then we have to—"

"Adonis, that thing is too strong for us to handle. You can hear the sounds. I'm sure half of the city has already been destroyed at this point."

Adonis shook his head as his resolute face clung to his convictions.

"We can go with the same plan as before. Using The Unknown Box to awaken all our powers and win. We have more numbers now, so we should be able to do it." Not counting Alicia, there were currently five Otherworlders on standby. Adding Lucielle and Brutus, that meant there would be a total seven who would go against the Divine Beast.

Surely, their chances were great.

"I agree with Lucielle on this. I don't think we can win, even with that pla—"

"So what do you want us to do?! Abandon our comrade? I can't accept that! She's one of the heroes who will save the world! I... I can't... like last time... I... this world..." For the first time ever, Adonis was seen stuttering.

His charisma seemed to evaporate into thin air as an obsessive air surrounded him. With widened eyes, he seemed to plead his case.

Many who saw this were shook to their core.

The response he gave caused the faces of the group to grow downcast. Some might have thought to abandon Alicia and simply save their own skins in the bunker, but no one was bold enough to make the suggestion.

Still, it seemed to be a much more feasible plan than fighting the monstrosity that was Dagon.

"That thing killed the Dragon Lord very easily. It eliminated two other Dragons with just about the same level of ease—the same ones you were struggling with not too long ago." Lucielle said with a stern sigh.

"B-back then we didn't have—!"

"Rey or Ralyks, however you put it, has displayed a lot of Skills and abilities from what I am told. If none of those have been effective on this creature, I don't see what we can do—even if we end up unlocking the full potential of our Skills."

"Lucielle, listen... I—!"

"That's not even discounting the curse that you mentioned earlier. The duration of this upgrade is also something that bothers me. All in all, Adonis... I do not think this is a good plan." Lucielle moved closer to the trembling Hero and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"I know you want to save everyone. I admire that about you... but that won't be possible this time." As she uttered those words with a sad smile, her crimson eyes glistened with sincerity. She spoke from her heart, and those words seemed to break down the walls that Adonis raised.

"I... but there's no other..."

"Don't be so quick to judge. There could be a solution." She winked at him, removing her hand from his shoulder as she went back to Brutus' side.

"What do you—?"

"Give us the box. Everyone else should go to the bunker for safety. I'll use a Spell to transport Alicia somewhere faraway... out of the reach of the thing."

Out of everyone present, only Lucielle could use Spatial Magic. The scale at which she could use it, however, was limited. If she had [The Unknown Box], she could achieve a long-distance Teleportation Spell—one that was untraceable too.

"It might take some time, but Brutus can protect me in that case. Even if it's for a few seconds. The sooner we start, the safer it'll be for all of us."

With that plan, only the Head Warrior and Grand Mage would be in danger. Plus, if they hurried, then they could also go to the bunker.

"It's a good plan, isn't it?" Lucielle smiled brightly. Of course, she would have to bear the brunt of the curse—whatever the effect would be—but at the very least, the casualties would be minimized. Only the Grand Mage would have to suffer.

Chapter 543 Singularity

All the Otherworlders were reluctant to accept Lucielle's solution, but based on the circumstances, and the thought of the greater good—not to talk of their innate desire for self-preservation—they had no choice but to agree.

Only Adonis seemed the most hesitant at the idea, but even he seemed like he would cave in.

"I think this is the best option at the mome—" Lucielle was about to say more, perhaps final words to convince the Hero, but was interrupted.

"You guys..." Alicia's low voice caused everyone to slowly look at her.

What they saw caused their eyes to widen and their expressions to morph into that of horror. They had considered a couple of outcomes, but not this.

"... You're ignoring the most obvious and effective strategy..." Alicia was holding a dagger, her two hands trembling as she placed it dangerously close to her neck. She was breathing very heavily, and perspiration glistened on her soft skin. Still, the resolute gaze she gave made it clear she wasn't messing around.

"Let me just die. Everything will be over once that happens."

Adonis was the first to speak, taking a step forward as he yelled at the top of his lungs.

"Alicia, don—!"

~WHOOOOOOOOSH!~

All of a sudden, a dark shadow was cast on the group, the shape of a monster. No one was fast enough to see it, since their eyes were on her, but since her gaze was high above, she could witness the emergence of the beast.

The light traveled a further distance, going as far as miles upon miles, destroying whatever was in its path. Alicia couldn't have known this, but the several tall mountains that were high enough to receive the blast were easily obliterated by the blast.

It all happened in an instant too—at a speed mere humans could never comprehend.

By the time her dagger reached the ground, the creature of her nightmares was gone. It had been eviscerated in totality.

"Is that you... Rey?"

"Yeah. That's Rey. He's alive." Someone said beside her, but everything was getting too blurry to make it out.

"He was Ralyks all along. Can you believe it?"

"Seems you didn't know..."

"In any case... it's time for you to have your slumber now."

"... FOREVER."

As the voice echoed in Alicia's head, she found her eyes shutting tight without a will of her own, and her consciousness fading along with her sight.

"I see..." Was the last whisper she made before her eyes closed for what would be an eternity.

She fell to the ground, like a lifeless puppet whose strings got snapped off.

Everything became darkness, and moments later... they turned into light—a blank void for her to spend an eternity in.

That was her Curse.

[Congratulations! You Have Advanced To A New Class]

As Rey floated in the air, watching longingly as the last fraction of his [Perfect Divine Ray] vanished from the world, he saw the System tab in front of him.

Despite seeing this, he felt no surge of excitement. He felt it was only natural, considering all that had just happened.

... All he just had to suffer.

"Class details." He muttered, his expression still as stoic as ever.

[Class Information]

- Name: Singularity

- Tier: S-Tier

- Cause: You have done the impossible, defying the balance of this world and forever changing its nature. Your existence is an aberration, and your power has reached a frightening degree.

This world's very fabric is forever altered by your existence.

{Class Privileges}

~ 50+ Subsequent Stat Points for every Level Up.

~Perfect Resistance to Appraisal and any other ability of the sort.

~ Equalizer Effect can be activated (When facing someone much stronger than you, a balancing effect will come into play)

~Immunity to Curses or all Ailments and Negative Status Conditions in the world.

~Soul Preservation is in Effect. Nothing in this world can kill you, as the world itself offers you guardianship.

~[\$@@%] Effect can now be available to you (You can only use it once).

[End Of Information]

The usual exhilaration that Rey would normally have had completely vanished. He simply stared straight at the screen and read its contents word for word.

'So I can't die, huh? How convenient...!' Rey could only wonder why this was given to him.

If only he had something that would allow those around him not to die. Perhaps that would have been a lot more helpful.

'Those around me... ahh...!' Rey's eyes popped wide open as he looked beneath him to see his allies huddled together, surrounding Alicia's unconscious body.

"Ah! Alici—!"

[System Notice]

~Too Many Changes Have Occurred Within You, So Time Is Needed For Full Acclimation~

{You Will Now Enter A State Of Hibernation}

'N-no... I have to...!'

Powerlessness once again took over Rey's body, and he found himself descending to the ground.

Chapter 544 Assignment Of Tasks

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting hues of orange and pink across the sky, the once magnificent capital city lay in ruins. The towering spires that once touched the clouds now crumbled, their jagged edges silhouetted against the fading light. Smoke still billowed from the wreckage, carrying the acrid scent of destruction through the air.

Amidst the devastation, a figure descended from the sky with a grace that belied the exhaustion evident in every movement. Rey, his naked figure cloaked in nothing but remnants of his energy, descended slowly, almost as if defying gravity itself. His breath came in ragged gasps, each step a struggle against the weight of fatigue and desperation.

He tried to cling onto consciousness, all to no avail.

However, as he neared the earth, his eyes about to close shut forever, he felt a presence suddenly envelope him, and two warm hands suddenly grabbed a hold of him.

As the hands held him, the rest of his descent was smooth. He felt no pressure, no weight, and no pain. It was a sweet flow that caused him to smile a little.

After all, he knew who had just showed up.

"Good job, Master." The voice echoed in his ears, and as Rey managed to pry his eyes open, he caught a blurry glimpse of the red-haired man in the suit.

"Ater..." He murmured, unable to finish the rest of his words.

Thankfully, thanks to their bond, there was no need for unnecessary conversation between the two of them.

"I understand, Master." The fleeting voice sounded gentle and understanding.

Rey's smile deepened as he finally shut his eyes, feeling himself slip into the inevitable darkness that awaited him.

"... Leave the rest to me."

After that, everything went blank for Rey.

"..."

As Ater gracefully held Rey in his arms, cuddling him as one would a child, he landed on the ground, his black shoes clacking against the hard, damaged ground.

His ebony skin gleamed under the darkening sky, and his handsome face seemed forlorn. He kept looking at his sleeping Master, complicated emotions playing all over his face.

"Forgive my incompetence, Master. I should have arrived much sooner." He whispered, though his voice wasn't all melancholic.

After those words came a smile, with his blood-red eyes glowing brightly.

"You exceeded my expectations, though. I didn't think you could, but you actually managed to beat that thing..."

Ater knew how powerful Divine Beasts were. He had warned his Master against ever summoning them, but who would have thought he would have to face one so early?

'It was too early, but... I suppose the results speak for themselves.'

The entire city was in ruins, and a few of his Master's friends even perished in the whole conflict. The arrival of the Dragons was inevitable, but it was surprising to see them arrive so soon.

'What a blunder on my part. It seems I was too focused on the bigger picture that I forgot to ask Master about little details like these...'

Ater made a deep sigh, releasing steamy breaths from his lips as he once again looked at the sleeping Rey.

"In any case, I'm glad you're okay."

Once he was done engaging in his sentiment, he cast his gaze on the humans who were a distance from his position and were approaching him at a cautious pace.

'A disappointing bunch. Hm...?' As he observed them, he noticed the sleeping Alicia.

She was being carried by Brutus, while the rest huddled together, with Adonis leading the march as they neared him.

"That girl. She's been cursed, huh?" "Who are y—?!" Adonis quickly spoke up, but before he could say any more, Ater raised his hand and stopped any further words from being uttered.

"There's no time for squabbles. Master has left me in charge of you all, so you'll listen to all my commands and act accordingly."

Surprised gasps filled the faces of those he addressed, but Ater's calm face didn't display any form of emotion. He was neither intimidated, neither was he condescending.

He was simply acting according to what he deemed necessary.

"W-who do you think you are, talking to us like that?" Belle raised her voice, appearing right out of the small crowd.

As her blond hair swayed, she pointed at him and yelled once again. "Let Rey go! And introduce yourself we—!"

"Oh? How pathetic must you be to have forgotten so easily. Humans are indeed very fickle, aren't they?" As he said this, Belle shivered slightly.

"Master ordered me not to use any of my powers on his allies, which is why I've restrained myself thus far, but your foolishness offers a temptation that makes my adherence difficult." He cast his gaze on everyone, one after the other.

Then, after a moment of silence, Belle let out a small whisper, almost in surprise and fear.

"S-Sir Ralyks...?"

"Indeed." Ater sighed, running fingers through his hair as he carried Rey on one hand. "Now that you know that much, there are more important things to address."

"B-but I don't understand..." Adonis mumbled, but he was ignored completely.

"The city is in ruins, and there are many lives that are in danger as we speak. Some can still be saved, so we ought to get right on that."

As he said this, everyone straightened up. No one could disregard him or ask any further questions as to his identity. His confident demeanor, otherworldly beauty, and incredible power... they all told of something deep and unquestionable about this man.

"Listen to my instructions and perform them to the utmost. I do not expect a lot from you all, so I will not request the impossible." He spoke awfully bluntly, but no one could utter a single word in their defense.

"Firstly, give me that girl. I'll take charge of both her and Master."

The moment he said this, a few eyes widened, and Adonis was about to protest, but Ater raised a finger to stop him that very instant.

"I'll be confiscating my gift to you as well. Belle, you're coming with me, as for the rest of you, your tasks will now be given."

Much to everyone's shock, he gave them incredibly accurate and precise instructions within such a short period of time.

Not only did he ignore the emotional burdens that they carried at that very moment, he disregarded their opinions and assigned them what he deemed to be their most optimal tasks.

The worst part was... every person's assignment was objectively the best that could have been given to them.

"Time is of the essence..." Ater said, his tone commanding authority.

Everyone nodded. At this point, he had completely assumed the position of authority over them and there was nothing they could do or say to resist it.

'I have no idea how long Master will remain asleep for. I have to make sure everything flows as perfectly as possible within that time.'

Ater found himself wishing he was present during the calamity. Things could have played out a lot differently after all.

'That dumb beast. It couldn't even adhere to a simple warning...' He sighed.

Alas, he too was busy with other assignments that would ultimately prove beneficial to his Master. Once he considered things in such a light, perhaps the death of a few thousand was of no real consequence.

"Let us begin."

Chapter 545 Traitor

Within a well furnished room, akin to the interior of a luxurious tent, a young man sat behind his desk.

The interior was spacious and well-lit, the flickering glow of lamps casting warm pools of light upon the polished wooden floors. Rich tapestries adorned the walls, their intricate designs depicting scenes of prestige.

At the center of the tent stood a large, intricately carved table, its surface polished to a high sheen and strewn with maps and parchment scrolls. Ornate chairs stood in front of the table, as well as behind it, their plush cushions appearing inviting to any who ventured inside.

One chair was occupied, while the second remained vacant.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the tent was the large canopy that stretched overhead, its richly embroidered fabric literally oozing with energy.

All of these were ignored by the grinning boy who sat on the chair, his gaze unfocused as he listened to the words that came from a certain box that sat on his desk.

His dark hair, slightly longer than the average boy, swayed slightly as he tilted his head. His blue eyes warbled a little as he narrowed them, creasing his brow a little too.

"How surprising. So all of that really happened..." He whispered, his bald chin resting on a few fingers that rubbed against them.

"And how is everyone doing? Our classmates, I mean..." As he asked this question, there was a brief pause. It seemed the person on the other end of this particular Communication Device was thinking about the appropriate response to give.

After a few seconds, though, the muffled voice emerged.

~Eric and Billy are dead. Rey and Alicia are unconscious. The rest of us are fine.~

As he heard this, a small smile spread all over his face. It seemed like the boy was pleased to hear what this spy of his told him.

'It could have been a lot worse...' His thoughts trailed.

"What of casualties? How many are dead?"

~It's been a few days since the incident. We calculated that about ten thousand people died. That's nearly ten percent of the total population. That's not even counting the many who are severely injured...~

"Okay, that's enough." The dark-haired boy sighed, a hand on his forehead as he closed his eyes.

His smile disappeared, and he nodded slowly.

"Well, I'm glad you're fine. Sorry about your-"

-It's fine. More importantly, what about what I told you? About Rey being Ralyks...~

"Ah, that..." The boy said, barely seeming fazed by what he heard. "Yeah, it's quite a surprise."

His expression seemed to say the opposite of what he uttered, and it seemed the one at the other end realized that.

~Did you already know? Is that why you told me to get closer to Ralyks, and also to watch Rey?~

"Whatever do you mean?"

~Be honest with me, Adrien! I've been nothing but honest with you!~

An angry voice echoed into the massive room, forcing none other than the sole person in it-Adrien Chase-to listen to all of it.

"..." He said nothing for a while, and then a small smile formed on his face.

It was a strange, twisted smile-one so crooked that it couldn't belong to a mere teenager.

"Our arrangement demands that you be honest with me. I am under no obligation to return that sentiment."

~I just...~

"Are we clear on that?"

~Y-yeah. Sorry for raising my voice.~

Adrien sighed, shrugging as he got even more comfortable on his chair. "Nah, its cool. As long as you know."

Once again, an awkward silence took over.

"I understand you are on edge. After the tragedy of the Dungeon, and now what happened in the Capital. It's a lot, I know..."

-Y-yeah. I just wish I could have done something. If only I

"Then our deal would be off. You understand that, don't you?" As Adrien said this sternly, the one at the other end responded in a stutter.

~I... I understand.~

"If it brings you any comfort, you shouldn't mourn over what happened in that Dungeon. The Adventurers there are most likely fine."

-They survived the Skeletal Dragon Lord?!~

"Yup!" He said with a flippant tone, jumping to his feet as he stretched his body a little.

Despite having such a casual manner of speaking, as well as a smile on his face, even Adrien had a few troubling thoughts of his own.

'It's quite strange, all of these occurrences...'

Narrowing his gaze while rubbing his chin once again, he began having an inner discussion with himself.

'After my business here was concluded, I planned on going to the Adventurers City-specifically the [Dead Zone] there for my next step. I even wanted to use Jet as my name, since it's reminiscent of the strongest Adventurer there...'

It came as a surprise that someone with the same name had beat him to it. This 'Jet' character even had a partner named 'Lux', and they both caused quite the stir in the Conquest of the Grand Calamity Class Dungeon.

'It's so confusing. I have so many questions...'

Why did Adonis refer to them as Dragon Spies? What was the goal of Jet and Lux in the Dungeon?

... And why did Rey and his partner decide to don that persona?'

If anyone would be behind the 'Jet' persona, it had to be Rey. They thought very alike, so it wasn't too surprising that he would choose the same name that Adrien was planning to go with.

As for 'Lux, that would be the partner he sensed at that time.

'It seems she's also grown quite strong...' Adrien smiled a little, wondering why so many things had to go out of sync.

'Still, knowing Rey, he wouldn't have abandoned those Adventurers. They're definitely safe, so there's no need to concern myself too much with that!

~Is there anything else you want to say to me? I need to leave soon. It's almost time for us to reconverge with that arrogant bastard that calls Rey his Master.-2

"Just endure it for now." Adrien chuckled. "You can't let anyone suspect anything."

-I will be careful. I always am.~

'Oh, I know you are. It's why I chose you, to begin with. He smiled even broader.

"I wish I was present to witness all of this, though. From what you're describing, all those events seem pretty fun." ~Fun? You're kidding, right?!~

"Haha! Perhaps I am. Who knows...?"

~Are you saying you could beat it? The Divine Beast, I mean.~

"Pfft! No way!" Adrien laughed out loud. "What do you think I am? Some kind of Monster?"

~Well... I'm not sure.~

"It's just unfortunate that I'm on another continent right now, so I can't particularly show up and see things for myself right now."

~The important business that you have, right?~

"Yup! In any case, I'll be excusing you right now. Keep up the good work and make sure to put a smile on their faces for me. You're the class clown, after all."

-Yeah... I guess. Everyone needs some comedy at this point.~

"... True."

~BZZZT!~

Once the line disconnected, Adrien gave a heavy sigh, running his hand through his hair. There was a lot to think about, but he didn't even have the time for that.

"Yes? Do you need something?" Adrien's voice echoed in the air, almost as if he was talking to some form of invisible figure.

Then, from outside the tent, the voice of a lady emerged.

"Yes. The General wishes to see you."

"Ahh..."

Adrien swiftly moved, his youthful gait striding across the room until he came out of the exit.

Once he did so, he was met with a beautiful sky, the clear sun, and fresh breeze-all of which were dampened by the rock-hard ground.

Nothing but dark, barren earth could be seen for miles.

"Right. Sorry for keeping you waiting." Adrien turned to the woman before him, giving his most charming smile to her.

Her stoic face showed no emotion. The three horns that protruded out of her forehead gleamed as her pink hair swayed from side to side.

This was a Commander, and the pinkish tail behind her, alongside the wings that folded behind her were more than enough to signify her race. Adrien was used to this, so he made sure not to stare too much. Instead, he walked closer to her and nodded in all readiness.

"Please... lead the way."

[STATUS WINDOW]

- Name: Adrien Chase
- Race: Human (Otherworlder)
- Class: Necromancer (A-Tier)
- Level: 90 (78.54% EXP)
- Life Force: 30 (+3,000) {+4,000}
- Mana Level: 100 (+5,000) (4,000)
- Combat Ability: 50 (+4,500) (4,000)
- Stat Points: 445
- Skills (Exclusive): [Skill Creation]
- Skills (Non-Exclusive): [Inventory]. [Necromancy]. [Greater Darkness]. [Grand Defense]. [Grand Spatial Magic]. [Grand Item Summon]. [Grand Healing]. [Greater Armament]. [Full Resistance]. [Full Boost]. [Equip Limit Break]. [Deep Insight]. [Absolute Magic Utility]. [Mind Touch]. [Absolute Combat Application]. [Anticipation]. [Absolute Magic Interference]. [Divine Persona]. [Command Code]. [Greater Luck]. [Pinocchio]. [Link]. [Miasma] {See More}
- Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

[Additional Information]

A true mastermind. One who lurks in the shadows and causes others to do his bidding while laughing underneath his mask.

His goals remain a mystery too...

[End Of Information]

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Chapter 546 The Dragon Council

There existed a massive hall at the heart of the Empire.

The grand hall stretched out before those within, a vast expanse of polished marble and gleaming pillars that reached toward the vaulted ceiling high above. Sunlight poured through towering stained-glass windows, casting vibrant hues of crimson, gold, and azure across the pristine floor, illuminating the space with an ethereal glow.

At the far end of the hall stood a long, intricately carved table of dark wood, its surface polished to a mirror-like sheen. Nine ornate chairs were arranged in a semi-circle before it, each one adorned with rich velvet cushions and elaborate carvings that spoke to the wealth and power of its occupant.

Eight of the seats were already filled, their occupants seated with an air of authority and expectation. Each Lord was clad in fine robes of immaculate designs, having their respective colors on full display. Their attires were embellished with jewels and precious stones that shimmered in the dappled light.

They exuded an aura of confidence and strength, but within that bravado were expressions of solemnity.

Opposite the semi-circle that the chairs were arranged was a much grander chair--twice as large and thrice as fancy as the ones they occupied.

It belonged to the Emperor, but the seat was also vacant.

Above the table, a series of chandeliers hung from the ceiling, their crystal prisms catching the light and scattering it in a dazzling display of radiance. The air was filled with the soft murmur of conversation, punctuated by the occasional grunts or chuckles from the lips of the Lords.

Along the walls of the hall, murals depicted scenes of valor and conquest, their vibrant colors and intricate detailing a testament to the history and heritage of the Dragons.

Shields and banners hung proudly from the rafters, emblazoned with the sigils of noble houses and bearing witness to the unity and strength of the Empire.

Despite the grandeur of the hall and the opulence of its furnishings, there was an undeniable sense of tension that hung in the air.

The absence of the Emperor, the tenth seat at the table left conspicuously empty, cast a shadow over the proceedings, a silent reminder of the weighty matters that would be discussed in his absence.

Then, after the long awaited announcement, the greatest of the Lords rose to his feet.

"The Emperor won't be coming, it seems. As such, we will now begin our official deliberations." The one who spoke seemed like an elderly one.

He had an ancient look on his face, with flowing gray hair and flowing beards that matched his old aesthetic. He had a dark obsidian gown, with traces of silver and gold established around it.

Most importantly were the horns on his head.

There were seven of them.

In one word, he was like an epitome of perfection--The Great Dragon Lord Of Old--one that the other Lords respected and feared.

As for the Lords themselves, almost all of them were in attendance.

The Flame Dragon Lord Of The Fiery Lair

The Frost Dragon Lord Of The Icy Realm

The Forest Dragon Lord Of The Deep Earth

The Sea Dragon Lord Of Dark Waters

The Storm Dragon Lord Of Trembling Skies

The White Dragon Lord Of The Forbidden Valley

The Death Dragon Lord Of The Cursed Tomb

These seven stood at the precipice of power in the Dragon Race, each of them representing the sub-species/factions that existed within the Empire.

The Dark Dragon Lord Of The Black Mountain was absent from the meeting, but everyone present already knew the cause.

"The Dark Dragon Lord, Ob'elisk, is dead." The Great Dragon Lord of Old proclaimed, though he only said what everyone had in their mind. "This Council Meeting is to discuss about it, as well as other matters."

As one would expect, there were several reactions amongst the Dragon Lords.

There were some who didn't particularly care for the Dragon Lord, some who knew him personally, and others who--despite not having any real interest in the fallen Lord--were still concerned about the implications of his demise.

"What I don't understand is why the Emperor ordered us to reduce the intensity of attacks on the human civilization. We've reduced the number of Newts and Soldiers that we send there, and it's honestly a bit mind-boggling..." The Forest Dragon said with a sigh.

His gruff tone echoed with dissatisfaction, and his youthful face didn't match the rough personality he displayed.

"I was going to ask the Emperor about that particular matter today, but it seems he chose not to come." The Storm Dragon Lord sighed and shook his head.

He had a more composed appearance, appearing like a gentleman with dark purple, blue, and white designs on his regal robe.

"You two have it somewhat easy..." A certain voice echoed within the hall, and it caused all the Lords to look in the direction of the usually silent Lord.

It was the White Dragon Lord Of The Forbidden Valley.

She had pure white hair, with an attire that seemed to amplify her sheer beauty. Like a wedding dress, the gown she wore trailed down behind her, and she even had a veil that covered a part of her face.

She usually donned a large hat, but since they were indoors she already disposed of it.

"Do you know of the current situation at the Academy? The students were excited about their field trip to the human continent, and I had to cancel." Her voice trembled as she uttered those words.

"The look of disappointment on their faces... I can't forget it..."

The entire Dragon Civilization could do without humans, and if they desired, those puny existences would have been wiped from the map already.

But, there were other uses for the pathetic creatures—fodder for the growth and amusement for their young ones.

"Those Students are our future. Just what is the Emperor thinking..." The lady in white sighed with slight annoyance.

Still, the word of their ruler was final.

Since they had to respect and obey the hierarchy, she could do nothing but vent her frustrations to her colleagues about her students and the humans.

At least... for now.

"Why not change the excursion's location? I heard the attack on the Elves is going well." The Storm Dragon Lord suggested, but the White Dragon Lord sighed.

"You think I haven't tried that? I've done my best to reach out to the people there, but they keep telling me that the current situation isn't appropriate for the kids, and they haven't 'cleaned up' well enough... whatever that means."

One would think the Dragon Lords, the most powerful of their Species, save for the Dragon Emperor, would show more pristine and restraint.

But no; they seemed just like ordinary people, save for the six horns that protruded from the heads of each of the seven.

"All of this just had to happen when we're about to begin our second invasion on the Southern Continent..." The Flame Dragon Lord, a fiery-looking man sighed, slapping his hand on his face.

"Why did that Ob'elisk guy have to go and die anyway? It gives us Dragons a bad rep..."

A moment of silence echoed in the air, and afterwards... yet another unexpected Lord spoke up—his deep voice causing the air to tremble slightly.

"I've been thinking about something..." These words were uttered by the Death Dragon Lord Of The Cursed Tomb.

He had a completely black attire, with a pale face and a completely bald head. A hood would normally cover his face, but since this was a meeting, he had his face exposed.

A gleaming black jewel sat at the center of his forehead, and his horns appeared particularly twisted. A somewhat sinister look decorated his face too.

"A Dragon Lord was killed in the human settlement. And even though we do not yet know how that could have happened, this is the first time anything of the sort has happened in centuries."

Once the Death Dragon Lord brought these things to their remembrance, all of the Dragons in the hall grew completely silent.

They stared at him, some now just coming to the realization of what his words meant.

"Humans. Elves. Fairies. Dwarves. Giants.... None of them have managed to display that level of resistance to us before."

Well, until now.

"This sets a bad precedent; an ominous one in fact."

Surely, all the Lords recognized this to some level, which was why there was a growing agitation and confusion towards the decision of the Emperor regarding the humans.

According to his decree, the Dragon Lords were not to step foot in the Western Continent, and they were also not to send more than two of their direct subordinates to attack. Finally, the Capital was off-limits when it came to assault.

The humans had to be preserved in the long run, so protecting them was understandable, but this had gone too far.

Especially after a Dragon Lord had just perished.

"I fear for the future of our kind." The Death Dragon Lord said as he closed his eyes.

The White Dragon Lord, as well as the other participants in the meeting all stared hard at him as he moved his lips to render his last words for the meeting.

"There might come a time... when the Dragons are no longer invincible in this world."

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Chapter 547 Open Eyes

"U-urh..."

Rey's eyes slowly flicked open as he grunted in a slight whisper.

His body felt a little stiff; almost as if he hadn't moved it in weeks. His vision felt a little blurry at first, but it soon acclimated to the light, and he opened them wide.

As he parted his lips, he soon became capable of sensing his surroundings.

'I am... where is this?' He expressed slight surprise as he sat up on the magnificent bed that he was currently on.

'It's so soft... and it smells so sweet.'

Rey could see that an invisible barrier surrounded the bed—almost like a veil that covered the entire perimeter. He sensed particles of energy dancing in the air as well, and they had rejuvenating properties.

'Whoever put me here must have done so with good intentions, then...' His thoughts slightly trailed as he shifted to the side of his bed and planted his two feet on the tiled ground.

It felt... warm.

Rey looked above him, finding the entire room to be one of immaculate beauty. It was pure white, with golden designs etched all over the walls and ceilings.

The beauty looked royal. Everything—from the extravagant chandelier, to the paintings on the walls, and even the carpets and well-designed tiles, accompanied by the sparse furniture in the room—oozed pristine.

He felt a little overwhelmed, just taking everything in.

"Huu..." After taking a deep breath to calm himself, he lowered his head and focused on his body.

Rey was tempted to stand, but he decided to postpone it until he could properly recollect his thoughts and understand his situation.

'What am I doing here exactly...?'

He reached into his memories to find out everything that he could—about himself, and his current situation.

'My name is Rey Skylar. Average nobody on Earth who got transmigrated here with my classmates and was blessed with great power.'

He remembered his ascent to power; the journeys he led, the secret identities he created, the people he fought—and killed—and the allies he made on the way.

He also remembered the loss he suffered.

'I nearly died back then, but... yes, that's how... and, ah, I lost consciousness... right as Ater arrived.'

Rey placed his hand on his chin as he soon became up to speed with everything that had happened to him.

Well, the only things that he was conscious of. He still wasn't certain about a lot of things, but there was only one place to start from.

"Status Window." He muttered, almost instinctively.

[STATUS WINDOW]

- Name: Rey Skylar.
- Race: Human (Otherworlder)
- Class: Singularity (S-Tier)
- Level: 201 (10.03% EXP)
- Life Force: 3,000
- Mana Level: 9,000
- Combat Ability: 5,000
- Stat Points: 16,650
- Skills (Exclusive): [Doppel]
- Skills (Non-Exclusive): [Merger]. [Dead Calm],[Sacrifice]
- Alignment: Neutral Good

[Additional Information]

You have done the impossible and stand at the precipice of power. As such, you now possess the interest of this World.

[End Of Information]

As Rey took all of this in, he leaked out a small smile and nodded.

'Looks like everything is intact. I didn't just dream them up or imagine what happened...'

The feeling of dying twice, and nearly dying again was etched into his body—stuck in the deep recesses of his mind.

The fear from back then still plagued him. While he had a calm facade, accompanied by a steady heartbeat and a fully stable body, he could feel the sensation lurking within his heart.

The ever-present feeling of danger and unease.

The Divine Beast had scarred him greatly, and while there were still a lot of thoughts to unpack, Rey thought it was best to unpack things one by one.

'Starting from this right here...' He looked at the Additional Information in his Status Window and narrowed his eyes.

'So I have the interest of this World, huh? What is it? Some sort of sentient being...'

Rey closed his eyes and sighed.

Based on all he had experienced, he already knew there had to be other worlds that existed out there. Beasts like Dagon and Ater came from a world different from H'Trae, and he came from Earth.

He didn't know exactly how many worlds were out there, so he decided not to think too much about it.

'Is it possible that this power I have... everything that makes me special... is only exclusive to this world?'

When Rey thought about Dagon, or Ater, he couldn't help but imagine the kinds of creatures that could exist out of the reach of his current plane of existence.

The same way accomplished Martial Artists on Earth would feel completely powerless when confronted with the Warriors from H'Trae... it was possible that the powers within H'Trae would pale in comparison to another world.

What would that mean for a Singularity? For the strongest of the humans, or even the strongest of H'Trae.

'Could it be like a multiverse? Maybe... maybe not.'

Suddenly, even the pursuit of strength—something as simple as that—became a complicated burden on Rey's mind.

When he first came here, he had the sole desire to be very powerful. Never to get complacent and reach the pinnacle of strength so he wouldn't be threatened: that was his goal!

But now...

'I-I don't know anymore.'

Even though he was barely able to beat Dagon, what if there was something stronger? What of the Dragons? Where exactly did he fall under in the grand spectrum of power?

'I don't know anymore...' A small sigh escaped his lips as he gazed emptily into space.

The silence that filled his room continued only for a moment before Rey decided that he had gotten enough of moping around.

Parting his lips, he called out for his Familiar.

"Ater..."

~VWUSH!~

In an instant, a dark silhouette appeared in front of Rey, opposite the corner of the bed where he chose to sit in.

Within the darkness emerged a handsome young man in an all-black suit. With red hair swaying, revealing his crimson eyes, the man bowed slowly—showing his full courtesy and allegiance to Rey.

"Welcome back, Master."

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Chapter 548 Master And Familiar

Ater felt his heart race as he looked at his Master's calm, smooth face.

It had only been a brief moment since his Master fell into his slumber, but for the Familiar, it felt like an eternity. He had set up this room from scratch, using only the finest of materials at his disposal to make the ambiance worthy enough for his Master.

It still felt too shabby for his tastes, but Ater had to attend to the other assignments that his Master wanted him to handle, so he hoped that he would be forgiven for his inadequacies.

For his Master's protection, he made sure to erect a barrier that was invisible to the eyes of most. Regarding his Master's sustenance, particles of energy—containing nutrition that would energize the body—filled the interior of the barrier.

His Master was never going to starve or go malnourished under his watch.

In terms of hygiene, Ater made sure to personally—

"You look tired, Ater. Have you been working yourself very hard?" Rey's voice interrupted the Familiar's thoughts, causing him to nearly break down in tears.

"M-Master...!"

If not for his mandated elegance, for the sake of his Master's image, he would have broken down in front of Rey and completely displayed his full emotions.

But... Ater would never slight his Master that way. Being the competent and capable Familiar that he was, he simply bowed once more, before straightening his posture to give a refreshing smile.

"Ah, I am fine. Being in the presence of lowly vermin just drains me and of life."

"R-really? Is it that serious?!" Rey gasped in shock. "I guess I burdened you too much..."

"It's just a figure of speech, Master. Haha, I'll be fine, so don't mind me."

Just one look at Rey told Ater that his Master was more than fine. He was literally glowing, his body carved like perfection.

His plain face ensured that the rest of his body displayed their full glory.

'I was alerted the moment he woke up, but since I figured Master would desire some time alone, I let him have his time alone.'

It pleased Ater that Rey called for him not too long after he woke up, though.

"Alright then. Thanks. Ah, also... please refrain from calling humans lowly vermin in their presence. I don't personally mind, but..."

'It's a little too late for that.' Ater's thoughts trailed as he struggled to maintain his composure.

Still, he nodded in recognition. "Understood, Master."

Ater found his smile broadening the more he looked at Rey, and it seemed the latter caught on to this. He shot the Familiar a suspecting look, but Ater didn't mind at all.

'Master is yet to recognize how much he has changed. This is so much fun!'

Like a giddy child who knew a secret but was waiting for the others to recognize it, Ater decided to bottle everything in; masking everything with his calm smile.

"There's a lot we need to discuss. I have a lot of thoughts, and questions, concerning what happened—especially after I fell asleep—but for now, I need to ask you something." Rey said, catching the attention of the loyal Familiar.

"Yes? What is it, Master?"

"Why... am I naked right now? Also, why do you keep looking at my body like that? It's seriously creepy."

"Those are two questions, though."

"You get the point!"

"W-well... I mean, I just thought it would be better this way." Ater said with a nervous smile.

The truth was that Ater had no real excuse for his actions. The particles that provided Rey nourishment could pass through clothing. The cleaning method that Ater used could also allow Rey to be dressed—perhaps only in underwear, but still...

In fact, wearing an attire—particularly an enchanted one—would offer Rey additional protection in case the barrier failed.

When considering all these factors, it was a mystery why Ater didn't choose that route.

"Better, huh? Okay then..." Rey said with a sigh. "I guess I'll trust you."

'Whew!' Ater sighed in relief.

"I wonder why I still have a connection to you, though. With most of my previous Skills gone, I assumed you wouldn't be in my control any longer." As Ater heard Rey's words, he felt a little sting inside him.

"M-Master, come on. You can't just reduce our bond to a Skill." He whispered, clutching his chest a little tightly.

"Really?"

"Yeah. I mean... I made a pact with you down to our very Souls. I am yours, just in the same way you are mine."

That was why Ater was able to sense when tragedy struck his Master. He left all his business and immediately rushed back to his Master's side.

"Don't say it like that. It's weird." Rey sighed, placing his hand over his face while shaking his head.

It almost seemed like he was embarrassed.

"Really?"

"Yeah. If people heard that, they might start getting ideas."

"Hm? Okay then."

"Thank you, Ater. So if I get you right, you're still my Familiar since we were bound together by the Soul."

"That's right, Master!"

"Is that the case with all Familiars?"

"Well, I'm not sure." Ater shrugged. "I doubt it, though."

The Familiar deeply believed that what he had with his Master was special. Not many other Familiars could have the same kind of bond.

"What about those Pheonixes? I didn't even bond with them, yet..."

"There are some kinds of creatures who take a liking to an entity and attach their souls to that entity—even without some sort of mutual agreement."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I would also do the same even if we weren't bound like this."

"Pfft! Says the guy who wanted to murk me when I first summoned him. You think I'd believe that?"

Once again, Ater felt a sting in his heart, clutching his chest tightly as he held back the tears that would have leaked out.

"T-that was before I recognized your greatness, Master!" He yelled out. "I, Ater, would never leave your side after experiencing your power."

It seemed Rey didn't completely trust him, but Ater was being as sincere as he could be. His kind was known to be incredibly deceitful, and he was the very personification of the most evil kind of alignment.

But... he genuinely desired to serve Rey.

"What power? What greatness? I could barely even stop that Beast..." Rey suddenly spoke, his voice melancholic and his face crestfallen.

A different atmosphere took over the room, and it was clear that his Master had a lot on his mind.

Ater maintained his smile regardless.

'You don't see this now, but your true power does not lie in the present or past. It is in the future...'
He narrowed his gaze on the somber boy.

'Within you is a seed. Perhaps the answer that I seek. That Skill you possess... it could prove instrumental in allowing you to see the true nature of this world.'

Ater felt his heart racing as impatience nearly swallowed him whole.

'Just a bit longer. Once you reach the SSS-Tier in Class, you'll finally be ready. Until then, I will do my best to guide and support you.'

Rey finally emerged from his sullen mood and looked at Ater's constant smile, reflecting the expression on his own face.

"Thank you very much, Ater."

"For what, Master?" He asked, his face displaying slight surprise.

Never before had he received a word of thanks from a Master—not once.

The feeling was sublime.

"For everything. Thank you... for being by my side."

At this point, Ater could no longer hold back his tears. They streamed down his face as he looked at his Master's smile with pure bliss.

'No, Rey... thank you.'

Chapter 549 Speculation Of Power

"I see... so that's why I fell into sleep."

Rey's expression was stoic as he uttered those words. He stared at Ater, who remained standing before him. The latter had just finished explaining the cause for Rey's sudden fall into unconsciousness.

"Well, now that Master is awake, it means your body has fully acclimated to the power you gained. Do you feel any different?"

This question was met with a slight shrug, after which Rey shook his head.

"No. It feels like I've always been like this." He murmured. "Does that make any sense to you?"

Usually, when one receives a bunch of Divine Skills—both Active and Passives—you would expect certain changes with them.

Perhaps the ability to sense the laws of the world, or some kind of difference in their perception and relation to everything around them would be visibly altered.

But Rey felt nothing like that.

Sure, his sensory abilities had been maximized to an incredible level, and his body felt free and completely his own, but other than that... he felt pretty much the same.

"Have your Passive Skills been toggled on yet?"

"Oh, let me check..." Rey went to his Status Window and realized, much to his embarrassment, that they were not turned on.

Everything he was currently experiencing was merely a result of his Base Stats.

'I have eight Passive Skills, all of which are SS-Tier.' He rubbed his chin, going through each one.

This was the first time he had more Passive than Active Skills, but considering their effects, he wasn't complaining in the slightest.

'I have [Divine Magic Supremacy], [Perfect Divine Resistance], [Perfect Divine Immortality], [Perfect Divine Regeneration], [Perfect Divine Martial Supremacy], [Perfect Divine Growth], [Perfect Divine Form], and [Perfect Divine Adaptability].'

Most of them functioned exactly as their name depicted. The Magic Supremacy and Martial Supremacy Skills granted him the perfect body and mind to instantly activate and perform any Magic Spell or Martial Arts Technique.

Of course, he'd have to learn them and their functions, but a mere glance would be enough for him to replicate their effects. 'Coupled with my other Skills, it's possible to even make Spells or Techniques of my own...'

Then, there was [Perfect Divine Resistance], which essentially made it so that his body wouldn't be affected by any Negative Status Condition. 'But, considering how this is basically overlapping with my Class Privilege, It's pretty useless. I'll have to feed it to [Sacrifice] later.'

[Perfect Divine Immortality] made him pretty much immortal, which was also overlapping with another Class Privilege. That meant this would be another [Sacrifice] candidate.

'I need as many Stats as possible, so any useless Skill of mine will have to go towards that cause...'

What bothered him about this choice was that his Class could eventually change and he would lose access to the Immortality and Resistance Skills forever.

What if his new Class didn't have those perks? After all, his older Classes had Privileges that didn't carry over when he got a higher one.

'I only have this Class and its Privileges because this world apparently has an interest in me. What if it stops developing that interest? Then what?' When Rey considered these things, he began to rethink his earlier decision.

'Maybe I'll just wait a little longer. If I'm in dire need of more Stats, I'll feed them to [Sacrifice].'

His other Skills—[Perfect Divine Regeneration], and [Perfect Divine Growth]—involved a higher form of regeneration and growth, which he considered pretty neat. 'Since I have perfect regeneration, isn't it safe to get rid of the immortality Skill? It essentially does the same thing.' Rey thought to himself.

As long as he didn't die in a single hit, he would fully recover. It was also a Passive Skill, so while it took Mana anytime he wanted to use it, there wasn't a particular limit to its activation.

'I still have my Class Privileges too...' As if to further convince him, he noticed the effects of [Perfect Divine Form] and [Perfect Divine Adaptability], both of which further rendered him unkillable.

'I have a divine form that essentially improves all my bodily functions and senses. I can detect all the energies around me and can fully augment my body as I desire it. I'm more durable too. In essence, I possess a perfect body; as perfect as it can get anyway...'

As if that wasn't enough, [Perfect Divine Adaptability] made sure he would always grow past any sudden adversity that his other Skills failed to account for if given enough time.

'All I need is to survive it once, or to even be inflicted by it for a second or two, and my body will immediately adapt to it.'

It felt amazing how unkillable he had become.

'Adding that to my Class Privileges, which—realistically speaking—are probably not going anywhere anytime soon, I probably have nothing to worry about feeding the Immortality and Resistance Skills to [Sacrifice].'

The rest could stay, though, since they had a wider range of utility.

'The fact that I lost most of my more versatile Skills and got these ones that have an emphasis on my survival means [Divine Merger] really didn't want me to perish, huh?'

Considering the nature of his fight at that time, he could understand why he was granted these particular Skills.

He also hadn't gotten his new Class yet, so they wouldn't have been wasted back then.

'Well... that's in the past now.' Rey used his fingers to select the Skills he desired to feed into [Sacrifice], and they instantly vanished from his list.

'I only have 13 Skills now, huh? And how many Stats did I gain from this?'

[Stats Calculated: You have obtained a total of 30,000 Stat Points for your Sacrifice]

'That seems a little too low, considering they're two Divine Skills...' Rey thought to himself, but he restrained his face from depicting any sign of concern.

'Could it be that [Sacrifice] grants less Stat Points the more I use it? Maybe... maybe not.' None of that mattered at the moment, though. There would always be opportunities to test out more of his theories, but now that he had taken the first step, what remained was to finally incorporate his new Stats with his Skills.

'I now have a total of 46,550 Stat Points at my disposal. How do I spend them?'

There was no real point in placing any in his Life Force, considering his array of Skills and Class Privileges that pretty much dealt with all his problems regarding that area.

'But... my last opponent was able to interfere with my Skills to an extent. I have no idea what will pop up next, so I should still invest in it.'

With that in mind, Rey added 10,000 Stat Points to his Life Force Stat, and then placed a whopping 20,000 into his Mana Level Stat.

'For some reason, I don't have a Mana Recovery Skill. Divine Skills really consume a lot of Mana to use, so I'll need as much as I can get.'

He placed the rest in his Combat Ability Stat, successfully spending all of his Stat Points.

'It's funny how I was so glad to see a few hundred Stats in my System Window. But now...' A small smile formed on his face as he looked at the screen before him.

- Life Force: 13,000 - Mana Level: 29,000 - Combat Ability: 21,550

- Stat Points: 0

'... Now I've gotten a lot stronger.'

When the next enemy came, he would be more prepared—no matter what.

'Now that I've sorted that out... I can finally address the things that have been on my mind since I woke up.' Rey raised his head and looked at Ater with a narrowed gaze.

"Exactly how long was I asleep for?"

Chapter 550 A New Perspective

"Two months? Are you serious?!"

Rey's eyes were wide open as he heard those words from Ater. He had expected a few days-perhaps one or two weeks tops-but this new revelation was a complete subversion of his expectations.

"Well, two months and about three weeks, but yes..." Ater added, a strained smile planted on his face.

The seated boy's eyes turned even more bloodshot as his Familiar added more fuel to the fire.

"That means I've spent over six months in H'Trae, and... wait, that's not the most important thing right now!"

He didn't have a sense of urgency before, since he wanted to take his time to fully unpack and process everything that had happened to him, but now?

Now he could feel his heart racing like crazy.

Jumping to his feet in an instant, he didn't waste any time before activating all of his Passive Skills in order to gear up for what would come next.

The moment he did so, though-

"A-ah..."

-Everything around and about him changed forever.

At first, it felt like something was surging through his body, like currents of electricity, fused into his very being. He soon found those to be the cells within his body.

He was connected to every last one.

His mind expanded beyond what he previously perceived as normal, and he was perfectly with sync with every facet of his body.

Not only did he feel much stronger than before, but his perspective on everything within and without was completely altered.

Rey could see the world from a 360 degrees angle, having complete awareness of his surroundings-and this was without his Domain Skill activated.

He felt everything-from the tension of the air, to the particles that floated around him. Every detail in the room was burned into his memory and perfectly registered, and he processed everything within a tiny fraction of a moment.

The further away things were, the less details he had of them, but everything within the room was completely assimilated into his mind.

It felt like a whole stream of knowledge was imparted into him, and that was only the beginning.

"These particles in the air... they're Mana?"

He could not only detect every strand of Mana, as if they were visible elements of reality, but he could also detect their flow, trajectory, and origin.

Even when he closed his eyes, he perceived a completely different world-one where there was blackness, but the outline of everything around him still remained. He could perfectly sense things, but it felt different.

It wasn't worse... just different.

The difference between his two senses were like night and day-sort of like infrared and normal vision. The contrast that they both offered gave him a new and different perspective of the room around him.

'I should get used to them somehow...'

"Master... if I may speak, could you perhaps be in need of something like this?" Upon hearing Ater's voice, Rey raised his head.

He realized he was holding onto his forehead while constantly narrowing his gaze-as if trying to find a balance between both aspects of his senses.

Upon looking at Ater, however, he was presented with a solution.

"T-that is...!" Rey's eyes slightly spasmed as he looked at the item that Ater gracefully presented to him.

It was an eyepatch-a well-made one at that.

The eyepatch was jet black in color, but what was strange about this item was the way its color remained constant in Rey's confused eyes.

Anytime he blinked, the colors around would contrast and clash, driving his senses into a constant state of confusion. The reason was due to the contrasting nature of both kinds of senses, and also due to his inexperience in managing them.

Having everything all at once wasn't particularly ideal for him, and he found it difficult to strike a balance.

But, out of everything around, the eyepatch was the only thing that had a constant color.

"What is that?" Rey asked, slightly wincing as he grabbed the item.

"Something I happened to find somewhere. It has no Mana at all, and it's made of a completely different material from what you should be able to see through."⁴

According to Ater, the eyepatch would block one eye from being able to see through anything, which would render it into a constant state of the no-sight sense.

His open eyes would then take on the present-sight sense.

"Master can augment his body so he doesn't need to blink in his right or left eye. As for your other eye, you can use this eyepatch to cover it, so it constantly remains in dark mode."

"Dark mode, huh? I see what you did there..." Rey muttered as he stared at the eyepatch again.

Dark Mode and Light Mode-referring to when he shut his eyes and when he opened them respectively-would coexist at the same time, according to what Ater proposed.

"But wouldn't that make things worse? They'll clash, won't they?"

"Why don't you try it out first?" Ater said with a knowing smile, almost as if he wanted to surprise Rey.

Ignoring his surprise at the fact that Ater knew about the specifics of his Skills and how they affected him, Rey decided to trust his Familiar.

So... he wore the eyepatch.

"W-whoah...!"

Much to his surprise, the clashing problem was gone. Not only could he see the world in Dark Mode, but strangely enough, he could also see it in Light Mode.

It was a perfect blend between the two.

It made no sense to Rey, so he looked at his Familiar for an explanation.

"You're still very inexperienced when it comes to adjusting your Divine Senses to this world, so the best thing is to mitigate the effects of both by allowing them to overlap."

As a result, Rey's sight had returned to what would be deemed 'normal' for the most part.

"You can take your time to slowly acclimate to this state of things. Then, at moments, you can alternate between Light and Dark Mode by shutting off your vision or ensuring both your eyes do not need to blink."

Once again, the level of detail by which Ater spoke showed some expertise in the matter.

"How do you know so much?"

"Pardon my impudence, Master. But, I genuinely do not remember." Ater replied. "I must have had the experience in a previous world."

"Eh?" Rey slightly tensed his gaze on Ater as he heard this explanation.

It did seem a little odd, but after recognizing all that he had done to explain and even solve Rey's ailment, it made no sense for Ater to be lying.

Plus, they were connected by the Soul, so there was no doubt about how genuine he was being.

"Alright. I believe you." He sighed, shrugging a little as he smiled. "There's a bunch of stuff I don't understand and I would like to know, but let's take it one step at a time." "Thank you, Master." Ater bowed his head even lower. After shaking his head a little, heaving a little sigh, he walked past Ater and tapped his shoulder.

"Enough with that. I really should get down to business."

His dark hair swayed ever so slightly as clothing began to appear all over his body. He instantly donned a long dark coat, with a black attire and matching trousers. His shoes were of the same color, perfectly blending well with his dark hair while contracting his slightly paler skin.

His outfit had traces of red lined around them, however, and this intricate design made both dominant colors pop out.

"Where do we start?"

"Well... I left a certain friend behind in a particular Dungeon for nearly three months..." Rey said as he turned back to see Ater smiling at him.

"Let's hope she doesn't skin me alive for the delay."

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