

Extras 601

Chapter 601 Plans For The Journey

"NO!"

Both Ater and Esme said this at the same time, and the expressions on their faces showed just how much they meant every word.

"Master, it's too dangerous for you to go there on your own! You need guidance of the terrain and might require my assistance!"

"Isn't that why you're going to tell me every single thing you found out in that place?" Rey asked with a smile on his face.

"Besides... I can't allow you to leave the Capital while I'm away. It'll be too vulnerable, and there's no one I trust more than you to handle things.

Ater seemed to slightly blush once Rey said this. However, his eyes still displayed concern for his Master. It wasn't really that he was worried for him, but because he didn't want to leave his side.

"No fair. Why don't I get to have my own adventures with Master..." He mumbled, almost sulking at this point.

When Ater looked through his history with Rey, he didn't see a single moment where they both went to an important event or mission together.

He was always apart from him.

"Why do things always end up like this? It sucks!" Perhaps this was his competence coming back to bite him.

Right as he was thinking this, a voice echoed in the air.

~Don't worry, Ater! I'll take care of our Master really well!~

It came from a mouth that had formed from Rey's current attire. A portion of it was stretched out, like dark slime, and the mouth that formed from it was smiling in an overly confident—slightly mocking—manner.

"Y-you..." Ater narrowed his eyes in bottled rage, his eyes now glowing a fierce crimson as he frowned at the Symbiote Slime's sneer.

"I should have destroyed you while I had the chance!"

~Should have? Stop acting like you could, even if you wanted to.~

"Oh? Why not come and find out?"

~Pfft! Please! I don't need to do any—!~

"Emil!" Rey slightly raised his voice. "You shouldn't pop out like that unless I give you permission to."

~B-but Master...~

"And Ater, please calm yourself. It's not particularly helpful to threaten Emil like that." Rey said, staring at Ater's face.

"What do you mean, Master?"

His deep frown was completely gone, almost as if it never existed to begin with. Replacing it was a bright, unassuming smile.

"I was just joking. Please take none of my words to heart."

Rey, of course, knew better than to ignore Ater's killing intent towards Emil. He could also sense the animosity that the latter felt towards the former.

'Both of them are such problematic Familiars, though they're very capable...' He held his forehead and sighed despite having no headache of any sort.

"I really wish I could bring you along with me, Ater. You know the terrain more than anyone present, and your abilities are pretty useful—in all honesty." However, Rey possessed no ally or subordinate as strong as Ater at the moment. The only one he could count on to protect humanity's stronghold was him.

It was non-negotiable.

'I can't repeat the same mistake as last time. Unless I've made all preparations to secure everyone's safety, it would be foolish for me to leave just like that.'

"Understood, Master..." Ater mumbled, bowing his head in all humility.

~Hihihihhi!~

Rey tried chastising Emil for her laughter of victory, but he decided to ignore it. At the very least, she was doing it in his head now.

"I want to come with you too, Rey!" Esme's voice suddenly erupted into the air, both of her hands tightly clenched as she looked at him with determined eyes.

"What?" Rey could understand her desire to help, but he also understood just how problematic it would be for everyone if she tagged along with him.

"Are you sure? The Elves don't take too well to your kind..."

"I am well aware. But... I really don't want to sit this one out. I want to help you however I can, and if possible, I want to change how they view me and my Half Elf status."

Rey liked her intentions, but he considered it to be a bad idea. Based on his interactions with them, the Elves were quite stubborn. He already had his hands full trying to convince them to assist him without resorting to violence. 'If I add Esme to the mix...' He turned to Ater for assistance, hoping his blunt rejection of her desires would help her back away.

"Great idea, Esme. I am in full support!" Rey's eyes would have popped out of his eyes if he wasn't controlling his emotions. He wasn't expecting Ater to say something like that, and with a bright smile no less.

"You're really sure about that?" Rey muttered, looking to see if this was just a joke on the part of a Familiar—perhaps revenge for not signing him up for the mission—or if he was being genuine about it.

"Indeed. Her heritage as an Elf, albeit a Half one, grants her some form of connection to The Oracle." Rey found his eyebrows raised a little in confusion, so Ater went on to explain.

"It is said that the Oracle is connected to all Elves and sometimes speaks to them. I could confirm this from a few people—even from their memories—during my investigation. It's true..."

"Memories could be fabricated." Rey stated, trying his best to convince both Ater and himself not to bring Esme along.

It was too dangerous for her.

"Indeed. So I used my [Shapeshift] Skill to become an Elf and try to tap into this special connection."

"And? Did it work?"

"Yes. There is certainly something special among the Elves in that land, which is what makes Esme quite indispensable."

Everything Ater said made sense, but Rey still felt uncomfortable with the idea.

A sudden wave of protectiveness began to course through his body, and he searched for any excuse or alternative to make her remain in the Capital—where it was safe.

As much as he wanted to be with her—as a friend, of course—he also didn't want her to get hurt.

'I can't bear to have you in danger too...'

And so, within the moment that Ater finished his explanation, Rey countered with his own point.

"Emil could use her Skill to transform into Esme, or any other Elf in order to access the same—!"

"Rey, please! I want to come with you!" Esme insisted, swiftly proceeding to grab him by his hands.

An electrifying sensation coursed through his body, but all of it was suppressed instinctively—before realizing he didn't really need to control such things when dealing with Esme.

"If it gets too dangerous for me, you can just transport me back here."

Rey didn't want to, but he found himself staring into her clear blue eyes. In the end, he could not resist her charms.

"F-fine..." "YESS!" She pumped her fist in the air, also launching it towards Ater, who actually fist bumped her.

'When did these two get so chummy?' He wondered, but as his thoughts were interrupted by Emil's whining.

~I wanted it to just be Master and I. This sucks...~

He made a wry smile and shrugged off her possessive thoughts.

"Well, looks like its settled. Esme and I will—"

"Actually, Master, I was wondering if one more person could tag along for this event. It's someone you're well acquainted with."

Rey raised an eyebrow as soon as he heard this. If Ater was the one personally recommending them, they had to be good.

"Who is it?"

Chapter 602 The Esteemed Council

[Meanwhile...]

Within the grand hall of the Esteemed Council, an air of tension hung heavy like a shroud. The room, adorned with intricate wood carvings and delicate tapestries depicting the symbols and lore of their people, now seemed to sag under the weight of the gathering. Tall, slender pillars rose to support a vaulted ceiling, dimly lit by ethereal orbs that cast long, ominous shadows across the polished marble floor.

At the heart of the chamber stood a circular table of dark oak, encircled by high-backed chairs carved with intricate Elven motifs. Each seat was occupied by a member of the council, their expressions veiled in a cloak of concern and weariness. The only sound was the soft rustle of parchment and the occasional creak of leather as they shifted uncomfortably in their seats.

The atmosphere crackled with an unspoken tension, as if the very air itself held its breath in anticipation of the weighty decisions to come. Outside, the wind moaned mournfully through the ancient trees, adding to the sense of foreboding that permeated the hall.

Despite the elegant surroundings, there was a dreariness to the scene, a sense of disillusionment that clung to the councilors like a stubborn shadow. The weight of their responsibilities bore down upon them, etched into the lines of their faces and the weary slump of their shoulders.

"The Dragon Invasion has become a horrific blight upon this land." The High Elder, current leader of the Council spoke up.

She looked so youthful despite her ancient mannerisms and tone. Her fading purple hair shone like flowers, and while she was an exquisite beauty, her face was currently clouded with worry and pain.

"Those monsters just claimed hundreds of our Sisters in the recent struggle. Recapturing the Northern Stronghold seems impossible at the moment."

Most of the fellow Elders that sat there said nothing.

What more could they add to the despairing situation that now formed a dark cloud over the Elves and their holy land?

This was a grand catastrophe that threatened to destroy them all.

Still, the overwhelming silence of many did not stop a few from leaking out their thoughts in silent grumbles and whispers.

"It wasn't always like this..."

"Those evil bastards... why won't they just die?"

"Their corruption... it's spreading upon this land. It's no wonder our Sisters lost..."

In the past, even though the Elves were being pushed back and suffered losses, things were never as bad as this. After they got their hands on certain technologies and Items, they even gained an upper hand and were closer to winning the war than ever.

Victory was assured!

But... all of that changed when the Dragons began to change.

"This new breed of undying Dragons is the problem. Not only are they functionally immortal, but they constantly make those who are exposed to them sick."

Healing Magic only seemed to temporarily alleviate the situation, and for those who were affected for too long, using Healing only made things worse. Never before did the Elves have to deal with a problem like this, so they were at a loss for a solution.

More meaningless and powerless words were passed among the members of the Council as the Esteemed Elders, many of whom were yet to even join the battle, complained and cried in distress.

A certain Elf who sat there watched all of this happen—patiently enduring the noise until she could no longer take it anymore.

"This is stupid..." Everyone instantly turned towards the familiar voice in the group.

They recognized her greenish blue hair and defiant gaze. Her pale face and deep glare were also some of her recognizable traits, so she stood out like a sore thumb.

More than anything, though, her poor choice of words caught the attention—and inevitably, the displeasure—of the rest of the Council.

"Aurora El Slaviarai... you should mind your tone when speaking in the presence of the Council." The Head Elder spoke, her voice echoing a lack of tolerance that everyone in the room also displayed towards Aurora's earlier action.

"Apologies for my words, but the intention behind them remains genuine!" Aurora rose to her feet, her hands slamming upon the table.

"This meeting is a waste of time! While we remain here discussing these matters with inaction, many more of our comrades perish on the battlefield."

Aurora wasn't merely saying this due to what she had been told, or how dire the situation sounded. No... she had personally witnessed it all.

"I saw the horrors of those Dragons. Witnessed hundreds of my Sisters perish, and I could barely escape with my life only thanks to their sacrifices."

Till date, her survival and their demise haunted her.

"Talking all day about the current situation won't change anything! We need to take action."

"So what do you suggest?" Once again, the Head Elder spoke on behalf of pretty much the remaining members of the Esteemed Council.

"We should deal with the humans again!" The moment the Elders heard this, they groaned and shook their heads in disapproval. Their annoyance, displayed by their frowns, scowls, and condescension, oozed through the room.

"Hear me out, please!"

"No, Aurora! You know the sacred rules! We must not deal with them, for it is willed by the Oracle's commandments."

"Even if we perish by keeping those commandments?"

"If the Oracle wills it, so be it."

"Y-you people!" She gasped, almost in exasperation, reminded of the very reason why she took matters into her own hands in the past.

She wasn't the only one reminded of this fact, though.

"Are you yet to reflect on your transgression? It seems confiscating your staff and sending you to the battlefield for those months has done nothing to change your hardened heart!" The Head Elder responded swiftly, slamming her own hands on the table as well.

Her glare was deep, a sharp response to Aurora's frown. "You... you're all..." Aurora bit her lip so she wouldn't say any more.

The gazes that she received from the Elders showed that her words were of no use.

'They're all acting like my actions are evil when the Items I obtained from the humans helped us nearly win the war.'

Hundreds of her sisters were saved thanks to those Items, yet the Council seemed to be satisfied with criticizing her actions and sticking to the old ways.

'What is the use of laws when it ensures the doom of those it is meant to protect?' She loved her people and valued their laws, but... Aurora couldn't help but feel a constant string of frustration anytime she looked at the people that surrounded her.

Did they not understand how valuable their lives, and the lives of their sisters were?

'If not for those Undead Dragons... we would have won. But now... we need more than what we currently possess.'

Aurora hated to admit it, but... it was true.

'We need the humans.'

"I will have to go to the Temple and beseech the Oracle. I will pray that she aids us in this moment of conflict... as Nature's true followers."

The other Elves bowed in reverence, and Aurora found herself frozen in place, staring at the behavior of her own people.

She remained that way until everyone rose to their feet and the Head Elder spoke the final words.

"Council Dismissed."

Chapter 603 Prelude To The Journey

[The Next Day]

Rey and Esme stepped out of the hall of the Royal Council, both with satisfied looks on their faces. They glanced at each other and even let out slight giggled—almost as if they were little children. The outfit Esme wore was akin to her preferred form of dressing for a long journey. A long white cloak, lined with minimal shades of blue but more of gold this time. The long robe flowed behind her, and while it looked a little big, its comfort was unmatched.

In her right hand was a staff that slightly resembled gnarled wood. It was dark brown, growing closer to the color black. It was a gift, courtesy of Ater, who called it a prototype Mage Tool that he and the Reaper Group had been working on for some time.

Apparently, she was meant to use it for a test run during her journey with Rey. Plus, it would also serve as a form of advertisement to the Elves if they ever saw her use the staff and marveled at the power.

As for Rey, who stood right beside her, he currently wore the Symbiote Slime who was pretty much his entire outfit.

His dark cloak was lined with red and purple lines, and they matched his black hair and eyepatch. The breeze of the late morning air was splendid, and the two felt it as they finally made it to the open field of the Royal Estate.

A group of people were waiting for them; most likely to see them off.

"Seems like your meeting with the Royal Council went well. I reckon it wasn't only the details of your journey that you discussed with them." Ater was the first to speak as he watched them approach.

He was standing among Justin, Belle, and Clark, but his initiative shone through even them.

"Yeah! Well... I just had to confirm some things first. And, well... I guess you'll be told all about it later." Rey smiled, glancing at the rest of the Otherworlders with a hint of concern.

The truth was that he wasn't sure revealing the fact that there were other Nations outside the United Human Alliance to them—especially when someone like Clark was on the team. Even though he had managed to find out, and even understand, the details of the Nations and why they were left on their own after the Alliance was formed, he wasn't sure the others would take it the same way.

Rey's initial thoughts were correct, after all.

'The other Nations, due to political and multiple other reasons, were the ones who refused to be a part of the Alliance. And to be honest, the Royal Council holds a bit of spite towards them since they do not assist, in the slightest, in the war against the Dragons.'

As for why they didn't make these Nations known to the Otherworlders, or even public knowledge, Rey found out it was for cohesiveness—among other things.

While ethically debatable, humanity within the walls of the Alliance would fare better by believing they were the last bastion of mankind. They would strive to keep things that way, hence the resilience shown by them.

Plus, they didn't want the Otherworlders splitting to also protect those other Nations who didn't share resources at all with the United Human Alliance despite the severity of the war. If the Alliance summoned saviors, it was only fair that they kept them.

Everything was a large mix of black and white, creating a gray mess. Rey couldn't fault them for making the decision—especially since it was done by majority vote, with Conrad being the only one who wanted to reveal the truth to the Otherworlders.

Politics, mixed with a bit of selfish interest, was rife in the decisions that led up to the current moment, but in the end they meant well.

Rey understood that.

'I'll just wait until the Royal Council decides to keep their word and launch another outreach attempt. Everyone will be brought to the loop at that point.'

The first thing they had to sort out before then, though, was the conspiracy with the Nobles as well as Felicia and her friends. 'I still don't know what's up with them, and I'm leaving before uncovering all of that. But...' He stared at Ater, who smiled broadly and nodded his head.

'... Ater says he'll take care of it.'

Over the time they had spent together, he had learned to trust his Familiar. 'He's been very competent all this time. I doubt he'll fail me now...' Rey thought to himself, silencing the last vestiges of his worries.

'Besides, I promised him a reward if he wraps everything nicely before I return.'

With that in mind, Rey stepped forward and hugged his classmates who wished him a safe journey.

"I don't know the details, but the Land of the Elves, eh? I'm so jealous!" Justin let out with a loud sigh as he grumbled.

"Elves are such hot babes... or so I hear, ahem..." After saying this, he glanced slightly at Esme, who stared at him with slight confusion. Upon staring straight at her, he launched himself at Rey with visible tears in his eyes.

"You bastard! How did you end up bagging such a beauty!" Of course, his attempts to pounce at Rey did not work, as the latter simply shifted Zones and caused Justin to fall on the ground with mock sobs.

"I wish you good fortune. I hear we'll get all the details from the Royal Council later, but... I hope you achieve what you set out to do." Clark's response was smooth and mature as one would expect from him.

"Thanks man."

After Rey's response, and their handshake, the heroic boy stared at Esme and stretched out his hand to her while wearing the same courteous smile.

"I wish you good fortune as well. It seems we got off on the wrong foot the other night. I had no idea you were Rey's... well... friend?"

"Yeah. Friend." Esme sweetly smiled as she took Clark's hand and shook it. "And... well, I'm sorry for just barging in like that. It was rude."

Esme never attacked anyone, and was instead the one who was assaulted by everyone else. Still, she recognized how abrupt her appearance was—especially in such a setting.

"W-well... yeah... it was f-fine..." Suddenly, Clark began blushing hard as soon as Esme took his hand and shook it.

He trembled slightly, up to the moment he was let go by her.

While this was happening, Belle hugged Rey and wished him good fortune. Other than the fact that her melons pressed hard on his chest, it was a pretty normal greeting.

Then, there was Ater's farewell.

"I really wish I could come with you..." He mumbled, his face slightly downcast.

"You already gave me an Item that'll allow us to talk for a long distance. There's also our bond, so there's no need to be so concerned."

"Still..."

Rey was somewhat reminded of Lucielle and her several failed attempts at trying to make Rey allow her to come with. She seemed to go insane when he announced it to the Royal Council and she was present.

She begged and begged, saying words like; "I'll do anything! Pleaseeee!"

"I'll be quiet throughout! I promise!"

"Just tell me what you want! Anything! Just let me come with!"

Of course, he refused her constant begging attempts. As long as he could control his emotions, his actions could be devoid of any sentimental influence.

No matter how hard she cried, he wasn't going to cave in.

"Though it seemed she would have shed actual tears. What a baby...' Rey nearly grinned as he thought of her.

It was while thinking about Lucielle and how Brutus eventually had to restrain her while he and Esme made their exit made him remember something else.

"Ah, Ater... what about the person who'll be accompanying us?" The moment Rey asked this, a bead of sweat formed on his face as he sighed a little. The words seemed a little hard for him to form with his own lips, but he finally gave in since his Master required an explanation.

"It seems she's a little la—"

"I'M HEEEREEEE!" A voice erupted from a distance as the most bizarre thing greeted everyone's sight as they turned to look at the location of the approaching voice.

A short, pink-haired girl was currently running at full speed, and seated on her back was another girl. She had dark green hair, with glasses that looked like they would fall off in just a second. Her blue eyes glowed and were moist with tears due to the intense speed that the person she rode was operating in.

Still, her mouth was wide open as she approached the group from the massive gate in the distance.

"SO SORRY I'M LATE!" Everyone simply stared at the piggyback ride, as well as the tons of other luggages that the pink-haired girl had on both hands as she still managed to keep a steady pace with the girl behind her.

As Rey saw all of this, he grew pale and stared unforgivingly at Ater.

'No way...'

Chapter 604 Constructed Conflict

Ater had told Rey that the last member of the team was a surprise.

Since the latter liked surprises, despite being curious about who would be recommended, he decided to wait until the day of departure to find out.

All Rey knew was that the person was a woman.

And so, upon seeing Yuri and Kara approach him at full speed, he had no idea who Ater was trying to recommend or if this was simply some prank that was being pulled on him.

It seemed obvious which one was the choice, but Rey knew his Familiar had a twisted sense of humor at times.

'If that's the case, this isn't funny.'

~FSHUUU!~

Yuri came to a sharp halt almost as soon as she neared the group, creating a dust cloud that nearly hit everyone. However, Esme dispersed everything with wind the moment the cloud appeared.

'Oh?' Rey stared at her with a smile, and she gave him a thumbs up. 'Nice!'

He wouldn't have been affected regardless, and he would have actually prevented the dust cloud from hitting anyone. Still, the fact that Esme took the initiative first was impressive.

"Huuu! That was quite the ride, wasn't it, Lady Kara?" Yuri said with her bright, cutesy smile.

Rey knew not to be deceived by that look, though. The girl before him was a killing machine, and he had confirmed this with his very eyes.

Even apart from what he saw, after hearing certain stories from members of the Reaper Group—including Rebal and Asher—he was convinced that this girl felt nothing when decimating her enemies.

Her kind of skewed perspective was dangerous to people like him.

"Y-yesss..." Kara seemed lightheaded as she dismounted from Yuri's back, stumbling a few steps as she struggled to adjust her glasses.

Her hair was a mess, and her eyes still seemed to lack an ounce of focus.

"You're late. What happened?" Ater ignored all of this and went to both ladies, his hands in his pockets as he coolly interrogated them.

"A-ah! Sir Ater... Sir Raly... Sir Rey... good morning to you both!" Yuri bowed her head as she addressed them, once again being clumsy and cute.

Once again, Rey guarded his heart from the effects of her obvious front.

"The carriage we were supposed to take had an issue. The spare carriage was also being repaired, and it wouldn't have been done on time. The others are all on delivery since we've been so busy

recently. After trying to contact a proper ride unsuccessfully, I was called to bring Lady Kara here myself."

In essence, she was the fastest mode of transportation at that point.

"How clumsy can you people be? Why didn't you do a proper checkup before today? If you had done that, you would have recognized that the carriage was faulty. A functional spare should have also been placed in case of such scenarios."

"I-I understand, Sir Ater. The person in charge of that will surely be punished appropriately. You have my word."

The moment Rey heard those words coming from Yuri, he had a very bloody flashback. He didn't know what she meant by punishment, but he didn't even want to ask.

'Relax, Rey. Now that they're a legitimate business, the punishment could be changed from slashing body parts to slashing wages.'

There was no need to have such a negative view on employees of his own business.

"Still... I believe I already spoke to Rebal about procuring new carriages as soon as possible. That was last week. Why is there still a shortage?"

"T-that... I do not understand such complex things, Sir Ater..." At this point, Yuri seemed like a child being bullied by an adult.

She shrank back and her tone trembled.

Despite his usual disposition of her, even Rey was beginning to feel bad for the poor lady. He looked around to see his classmates look away quietly.

'It seems they also experienced this side of Ater when I was asleep.'

Ater had never really nagged Rey, so he didn't particularly know how it felt. Still, looking at the scenario playing out before him, he could rightfully surmise that it felt less than pleasant.

"Sir Ater, please take it easy on Yuri. She's in the security division, so her knowledge in the production and procurement field is lacking..." The entire thing was stopped once Kara's voice echoed in the air.

She still seemed a little disoriented, but her face and simple dress seemed put-together—at least, for the most part.

"Really now? I don't know if you'd like to elaborate in her stead, then?"

"Well, the problem right now is scarcity within the market. Supply of the products in their finished form is very low, and so... expensive. Looking for the most efficient method for achieving maximum profit requires procuring parts and materials, while having our own artisans and experts piece them together."

"And why hasn't that been done?"

"It has. The work to assemble them is underway, but as you'd expect... it'll take a bit more time than having the finished product from the get-go. The spare carriages and the carriage planned for today were scheduled for repair by replacing the old parts with some newer ones we obtained. Unfortunately, there was some error in logistics, causing the delay."

Kara rambled on and on about what she suspected caused the delay and mistake, and by the time she was done, she flexed her glasses and bowed her head.

"Once again, I apologize for being late." Her simple black jacket, coupled with a casual green shirt and dark trousers, fit tightly with her smaller frame, as she engaged in proper courtesy.

Yuri saw this and stiffly bowed once again.

Ater chuckled upon seeing and hearing all this, turning his head to Rey while speaking.

"See, Master? I told you she's pretty useful."

As soon as Rey heard all of this, he realized what had happened. In the first place, it was very difficult to believe that a large organization like the Reaper Group would have such a logistics problem, especially when they were dealing with the owner of the business.

The main and spare carriages would have been checked multiple times, yet there still seemed to be some sort of issue with it. That meant...

'Ater, were you behind this?' Rey's eye widened slightly.

Did Ater create this scenario and by generating false conflict in order to prove something to Rey? If that was the case, then it was just too diabolical.

'Kara was the one who suggested Yuri piggybacked her here since it's the fastest means, despite being so uncomfortable. That shows she can improvise, and she's willing to do anything to achieve her goal. Her analysis is also very detailed, and she explores every possibility in her field of expertise without leaving a hole unresolved.'

She even guessed that there could have been some sort of internal sabotage, though she discredited this point due to her inability to grasp a motive.

If she knew Ater a bit more, perhaps she would have pointed him out as the prime suspect.

'She's impressive indeed.' Rey concluded with a smile.

He could see Belle looking a little miffed for some reason, though he couldn't guess why.

'I'll just stay out of it...'

Chapter 605 Departure To Another Land

Kara Verte was a commercial genius.

Ater had already told Rey that much as one of the observations he made when he was overseeing the Reaper Group in his Master's absence. He considered her bright in business, and Rey could now see how and why.

'She could help us procure a deal with the Elves, or even handle the whole Natural Resource issue that we are going to their Land to solve.'

All in all, she was a vital addition to the team.

'Ater could do all of that, but since he won't be with me, this is the best alternative...'

"Good to have you on the team, Kara." Rey nodded at her.

She nodded at him, a sheepish smile on her cute face. Both in terms of looks and intellect, she seemed to be pretty outstanding.

"Thank you! I'm glad to be here!"

Rey noticed that Esme had joined Belle in her look of compressed annoyance, and he was further confused on the matter.

They both seemed to shoot Kara a slightly distasteful scowl, though Belle's seemed a lot more obvious. Also, she kept alternating between Ater and the girl in glasses, which showed her as being slightly possessive of Ater.

Perhaps even jealous as a result of the compliments he showered on Kara.

'I can understand that from Belle, since she's a little crazy, but what's Esme's deal?' Rey wondered.

Did she still hold some sort of bias towards Kara due to her family's past? He didn't think so.

'Then, maybe she saw something on her Status Window?'

Rey had already checked, and it seemed pretty normal. Still, he decided to observe it once more—this time with a more open mind.

[STATUS WINDOW]

- Name: Kara Verte.
- Race: Human - Class: Business Diplomat (C-Tier)
- Level: 30 (16.79% EXP) - Life Force: 21 {50}
- Mana Level: 5 {80}
- Combat Ability: 7 {70}
- Stat Points: 0
- Skills (Exclusive): [Natural Intuition]
- Skills (Non-Exclusive): [Magic Understanding]. [Fast Chant]. [Barrier]
- Alignment: Neutral

[Additional Information]

Possessed extraordinary wits and natural talent since she was very young, and even now she puts it on full display in business.

She has strong feelings of admiration and respect for her Boss, Rey Skylar. [End Of Information]

'Seems pretty normal to me. Or... could it be because of the Additional Information?' Rey raised an eyebrow.

Even if he managed to stretch it thin, he could construct that Kara could develop feelings for him—and that was him reaching too far.

'But even if that was the case, how would it affect Esme? Could it be—?!' Rey's eyes widened as he stared at Esme.

She noticed this and smiled sweetly at him, completely getting rid of any ounce of the animosity she displayed just moments ago. 'There's no way, right? Maybe she's just being protective of me since she's my friend and she also knows I like Alicia. Yeah... she probably doesn't want anyone else to come between us... me and Alicia...'

A deeper look into Esme's blue eyes made Rey begin to think too deeply into the possibility—almost to the point where his heart began to race.

'I-I think I'll still stay out of it...' He gulped and looked away. 'There's no way. Let's just forget about it and move on!' Kara and Yuri introduced themselves to the Otherworlders, and once again Justin teased Rey for having so many pretty girls in his life. Clark was cordial with everyone, while Belle drew closer to Ater—almost as if trying to mark her territory.

It was a messy activity, but everything was finally resolved and Rey was ready to leave.

"I leave Alicia and everything into your hands." Rey was speaking directly to Ater, but since the Familiar was standing among his classmates, all of them nodded and gave him looks of determination.

"Yeah! You can trust us!"

"Don't worry and come back quickly. If any Elven beauty is interested, tell them there's a handsome guy back here."

"H-hold on, don't you have a girlfriend?"

"W-well... that is that, this is this. Besides, whatever happens in H'Trae stays in—ow!"

"Bye, Rey! Bring me souvenirs!"

"Sir Rey, please take care of yourself and Lady Kara!"

"Farewell, Master! You can count on me always! Please take care of yourself, and make sure to call me once you arrive! Please ensure to..."

Ater went on and on, almost like a doting parent. Rey almost felt embarrassed, but his suppressed feelings were able to save him the embarrassment he would have suffered if he could feel every single emotion.

His cheeks felt a little warm as he got so many farewells from his friends and allies. Even Justin's farwell felt strangely genuine despite all he knew about him.

'Thanks everyone...' His thoughts flowed as he stared at both Esme and Kara, who were right beside him. Emil was also with him, which meant he had three allies with him on this adventure.

"Shall we?"

As soon as he asked them, and they were about to respond, the doors of the Main Palace doors flung open, and someone yelled as she approached from the building's far distance.

"REY, PLEASE RECONSIDER AND TAKE ME WITH YOUUUU!"

'L-Lucielle?!' Instantly recognizing the voice as the overenthusiastic Grand Mage, and seeing her very clearly thanks to his eyesight, Rey took a step back.

He noticed Brutus right behind her, looking as tired and disheveled as a warrior could possibly be. Rey wondered if they had some sort of fight so she could break loose of his hold, but he had no intentions to stay and find out.

"Maybe next time!" He responded back with a bright grin and finally transported himself and the two ladies beside him away from the Royal Court.

Before everything faded away, he could hear her scream echo in his ears.

"REYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!"

Laughter filled his lips as he held the two ladies tight as they appeared in the sky. In one swift motion, he sent himself gliding through the air and rushing towards the Eastern Beach—the first destination.

~VWUSH~

In another burst of Spatial Magic, they completely vanished from the sky, leaving only traces of Mana dancing as glitters amidst clouds.

Chapter 606 Conspiracy Among Lords

[Meanwhile...]

In a white hall, so pure and beautiful, a figure sat on a chair, her overflowing breasts resting on the table that she also placed both her elbows on, interlocking her fingers as she stared straight ahead.

She wore a pure white attire that covered most of her body, and even the look on her face was mostly obscured by a veil. Her pure white hair was also slightly obscured by a hat that rested neatly atop her head.

She sat behind a small table, crossing her legs as holographic images—similar to projections—of three other individuals began to manifest.

They all seemed to be seated on the seats arranged on the chairs she had set around the table, making the total of members in attendance of the meeting a total of four.

"Greetings, my comrades." The White Dragon Lord Of The Forbidden Valley said, her blue eyes gleaming like marbles as she spoke softly.

Her voice echoed in the hall, and all granted her credence as they responded to her greeting.

In attendance were three other Dragon Lords.

"Let us do away with the formality of introductions, Frey'ja." The Death Dragon Lord's voice rumbled slowly.

He called the White Lord her name, which meant the conversation had taken a completely different turn. Once he did so, everyone was fair game.

"Well, Tat'urius... if you insist." She responded back.

The bald Dragon shrugged and nodded. It seemed that while he was interested in the meeting, he also had other engagements that warranted his attention.

"What do you say, Pro'theus and Vul'khan?" She turned to the other two—the Flame Dragon Lord and the Forest Dragon Lord respectively.

The youthful but rough Forest Dragon Lord grunted and nodded, while the fiery Lord responded with affirmative words.

With everyone in full consensus, Frey'ja decided it was time to begin.

"We all know why we are here. The fact remains that the Emperor's Orders are dissatisfactory to us, and we would like to eliminate the humans—or at least considerably ruin them in some way." She began, a twisted smile appearing on her face as she did so.

She initially thought she would be the only one who felt averse to the Emperor's Orders, which was why it was a big risk she took—talking to these three—but after some time, she realized that they had a lot more in common than she realized.

Everyone had their personal motivations, but they wanted to see humanity crumble—especially the Capital.

'Obe'lisk was like a rival and an annoying twin to me. Many compared us to each other when he was still alive, due to how much we contrasted, which makes it all the more frustrating that he was done in by those humans.'

She wanted to know how they were able to achieve such a feat, but more than that, she felt some sort of personal responsibility in getting rid of them.

At the very least, she owed that much to her friend.

'This isn't just about the kids any longer. I've postponed the excursion a little, and it seems we'll just have to go somewhere else, but still...' She sighed, thinking about the students in the Dragon Academy.

Looking at the faces of her colleagues, Frey'ja could almost guess the reasons for their interest in her plan.

Tat'urious, the Death Dragon Lord, was acting mostly out of caution. He wanted to nip humans in the bud before they became a major threat on the Dragon Race. As for Vul'khan, he was most likely just itching for a battle.

The Dragon Emperor forbade the Lords from approaching the humans, which made him desire to enact his frustration in some other way.

Pro'theus didn't particularly have a vendetta against the humans, but he felt the need to reinforce the strength of the Dragons through a radical act.

"We're being too docile." He always said, and now everyone had to agree with him.

'It's a shame that the Storm Dragon Lord didn't accept my invitation. I sensed dissatisfaction with him, but it seems his loyalty to the Emperor and his overly cautious attitude won't make him make any move yet...'

Regardless, having three other allies in the matter was more than what Frey'ja needed to enact her strategy. In fact, she needed none of them for its first phase.

"It's been barely three months since the last attack on the humans. Judging by the current state of their technology and their estimated capabilities, they would still be picking themselves up and their Capital would still be in shambles for the most part."

Yes, reconstruction efforts would be put in place, however it wasn't that easy for humans to rebuild an entire city that suffered such extensive damage.

'At least, based on the damage report scan we performed... it seemed quite bad.' Her thoughts flowed.

The only reason they couldn't do something like that now was because of the Emperor's Order of non-interference, and if any of them were to attempt to view how the humans were doing at the moment, there could be certain consequences.

Still, Frey'ja had done her math. She couldn't be wrong.

"Since they've barely recovered from that attack, I've decided to send certain agents into the mix of that chaos." Her lips curled up further as she talked about the prelude of her plan.

Two of her most trusted Generals would act as spies in the human Capital, blending in seamlessly among the humans of the land. Their goal was simply to gather intel on the humans while keeping a low profile.

At least, as low as possible.

"Once we obtain sufficient information, I will enact a strategic plan that will require each one of you to give me your most competent subordinates to attack."

According to the decree of the Emperor, the Dragon Lords could not send more than two of their subordinates to attack. The fact that Frey'ja already sent hers for reconnaissance meant they only had six more cards to play.

Still, there was another problem.

"You're forgetting something, Frey'ja. The Emperor said—"

"I know. The Capital is off limits when it comes to assault, right?" Her glossy lips shone as she spoke softly, attracting everyone's attention as to her hidden motives.

Suddenly, everyone wanted to know what went on in her crazy mind.

"I have a plan regarding that matter. It's why my subordinates will not directly attack any human during their reconnaissance in the Human Capital." Their goal was simply to gather information, which she would use to craft the perfect plan.

Once that was done, Humanity's greatest city would fall.

"I see. Very well then. I shall offer you all my support."

"I as well."

"Likewise."

As the Lords agreed with her, Frey'ja couldn't help but feel pleased.

'Many fools refuse to take the first move. However, with my initial step being rendered clear before them, they have insurance for theirs.'

With this, Frey'ja knew her plan would no doubt succeed.

'I will avenge you, Obe'lisk, and I am also curious as to how they managed to eliminate a Dragon Lord...'

If such a fearful power existed among the humans, she had to either nip it in the bud or make it hers—no matter what.

'Well... let us see what happens next, shall we?'

*

Chapter 607 Shore Of The Eastern Continent

~WHUUUSH!~

As the trio descended from the sky, the rush of wind roared in their ears, gradually tapering off as they neared the sandy shores of the Eastern Continent.

With a gentle flap of wind, guided by his Magic, Rey touched down upon the soft, golden sands, his movements fluid and precise. Judging by his movements alone, it seemed almost as if he had been here before. However, if that was the case, teleportation would have sufficed.

"Huu..." Heaving a silent sigh, he turned to offer a reassuring smile to Esme and Kara, his eyes calm and composed despite the high-speed journey they had all just experienced.

"We made it. Are you guys okay?"

One look at the two behind him told Rey that the question was unnecessary. There was no way either of the girls was okay.

Esme stumbled slightly as she nearly tumbled over Rey. Despite being accustomed to flying—even at such high speeds—it seemed the rate at which Rey traveled was too much for her.

Fortunately, she was able to acclimate relatively quickly... unlike her counterpart.

"U-uwaahh..." Kara had staggered the moment she landed, her legs trembling beneath her as she fought to regain her balance.

Even now, her head spun with the remnants of their breakneck flight, leaving her feeling dizzy and weak. She clutched her stomach, willing the queasiness to subside as she took in their surroundings with bleary eyes.

She was the weakest among everyone, so it only made sense that she was the most affected. She tried her best to put up a brave front, but there was only so much one could do when their insides felt like a mess.

"I went considerably slow, you know?" Rey mumbled as he looked at both girls.

They both shot him disbelieving looks, with Kara incapable of speaking, and Esme shaking her head and sighing.

"How considerate of you..."

Thankfully, they didn't have to dwell on the intensity of their journey now that they had arrived at the beach of the Continent they were journeying to.

The Eastern Continent stretched out before them in all its lush, tropical splendor, the dense canopy of trees beckoning invitingly from just beyond the shoreline.

"It's beautiful," Rey heard one of the girls breathe, her voice barely above a whisper.

The absence of guards and the tranquil serenity of the scene before them offered a welcome respite from the chaos they had left behind.

"Kyaa!" Kara yelped as she fell as soon as she tried to walk forward.

Both Rey and Esme instantly stared at her, even trying to assist her in standing, but she sheepishly rejected their offer and rose to her feet herself.

"I-I'm okay," she managed to stammer, her voice wavering slightly.

Rey stepped forward, placing a hand on Kara's shoulder as he offered her his best version of a pep talk. "Kara, Relax..."

He spoke softly, his tone both gentle and reassuring. "... Enjoy the weather."

All of this had to be a lot to take in, especially for a human who was pretty much normal for the most part.

"T-thank you, Sir Rey."

"It's no problem." He smiled at her, though it didn't last once he began to hear a certain voice inside his head.

~You didn't even ask how I'm doing! Master, you're so mean!~

Emil was as strong as Rey—at least when it came to Stats—so he really didn't see any reason to ask her. Besides, they were pretty much bonded, so if she was experiencing any discomfort, Rey suspected he would have known at some point.

Still, he wasn't willing to go down that road with anyone.

Besides, it didn't cost him anything to indulge the Symbiote Slime every once in a while.

'I recognize how powerful and reliable you are, Emil. You're not as weak as them, so I assumed you could handle it. Was I... wrong?'

~N-no! Not at all, Master! You are absolutely correct! I am so amazing, aren't I?~

'Indeed. You're so very amazing.'

~Kyaaaahh! I'm so glad you finally recognize that, Master!~

Rey almost rolled his eyes, but he just put up with Emil and told her what she wanted to hear, while also looking around him with curious eyes.

"What are you looking for?" Esme asked Rey with curiosity as she drew nearer to him. Her nausea seemed to have been completely exhausted, meanwhile Kara was still recovering.

"Just taking in the details. It's just as Ater described it."

"Well, yeah..."

"How about you? Are you fine? Do you feel any kind of connection since we got here? The kind that Ater said Elves feel..."

Esme shook her head slowly.

"Nothing, huh? Maybe it's the human side of you that's blocking it. It could also be that the Oracle has ostracized you."

Once again, this was a pretty obvious sign of the differences between Elves and Half Elves.

"Well, there's no use thinking about any of that now. It's already late evening already..." Rey could see the sky glowing orange already, which meant they spent hours upon hours on the trip.

What mattered most at the current moment was rest.

'They're trying to hide it from me, but I can tell that both of them are very tired...' His thoughts trailed as he alternated glances between the two ladies.

"We'll set up camp here and rest. I need us to be fresh when we meet with the Elves tomorrow, which means we should all rest up for now."

It had been a long journey, after all.

He stepped forward and looked at a bare space in front of him, his eye glowing brightly as he whispered to himself.

"[Perfect Domain Of The Divine]."

~VWUUUM!~

Instantly, rubble began to rise from the sandy earth, and bricks were made from the grains that occupied the floor. Like a sandcastle, but denser than rock, the entire structure was reminiscent of a fortress—with an air of pristineness.

This bastion of safety was made by Rey within a single second, and he didn't seem at all to be trying.

'I can use [Perfect Domain Of The Divine] to perfectly rearrange anything or manipulate things in a space. Making the sands denser, and subjecting them to my pre-existing knowledge of this world's architecture, allowed me to build this stable facility.'

All of this... within a moment.

"What are you girls waiting for?" He turned to them as they remained static in their positions.

His smile was confident, even as the winds caused his dark hair to constantly flap in the direction of their choosing.

"Let's go in."

"S-something... something powerful is coming!"

"Big Sis Gratiana! Please help us out!"

"It's too big and strong!"

"Big Sis!"

The clamors of several Elves echoed within the base of the Forest Elves; guardian of the shore.

They were all speaking to a lady who was clad in mostly greenery.

Her fierce eyes and slim physique—flat in all areas, but perfectly slender and streamlined for optimal movements—made her seem more like an acrobat than anything else. As she patiently listened to the words of her Junior Sisters, she nodded slowly with her arms folded.

All she heard amounted only to one thing.

"An enemy has come. And now... it is my duty to subdue it."

Her long ears perked up and her green eyes glowed with purpose, even as she stood.

"Lead the way."

*

Chapter 608 The Two Intruders

[Meanwhile...]

Two figures walked side by side in the darkness.

Their long white robes, similar to Japanese kimonos, flowed as they took steady steps with every step they took forward.

Their hands were covered, but if they had been exposed the color would have been pale—the same complexion displayed by their enchanting faces and enticing necks.

Their white hair—one long, the other short—flowed seamlessly as they approached their destination.

The gate of the Human Capital.

"It seems this is the place..." One of the girls spoke up, her purple eyes scanning the area with a calm, analyzing sight.

"Really? It looks a bit different from what we were told" The other gave a more quizzical expression. She was the one with much shorter hair, and unlike the more composed behavior of her colleague, she was a bit louder.

"Shouldn't it be more run down than this?"

The long-haired lady said nothing, only narrowing her gaze on the place and scowling a little. It wasn't as though she wasn't also confused about the state of the place they were visiting, but she could not deny that this was the Capital.

'Our Master wouldn't lie to us. The coordinates we were given led us here, yet why do the walls of this city stand so firmly?'

In the end, she simply had to conclude that the humans put in more of an effort to rebuild their walls rather than the interior.

In essence, they would fully witness the shameful display of humanity's fall once they ventured inside.

"Let us proceed."

"Okay."

The girls walked past the guards who stood before the gate with utmost diligence, but the men said or did nothing to show that they actually saw them. Even the patrolling officers did not notice the white-clad maidens.

They easily proceeded into the stronghold of humanity with barely any effort at all.

"E-eh...?"

"What in the world?"

Unlike the calm demeanor they had when they were proceeding into the Capital, the two soon had looks of shock the moment they actually stepped foot into the city.

It looked rebuilt! No, it didn't just look like that... it was that!

"How is this even possible? By mere humans?" The long-haired girl whispered, looking around her in surprise as she pondered the issue with utmost shock.

The short-haired one was also confused and shocked, but more in the speechless manner. Perhaps taking in too much unexpected information shut her brain down for a moment, so she didn't say much until a few seconds later.

"Kat'erin... what do you make of this?" She asked the long-haired girl the question, looking at her with a serious demeanor.

"Don't get ahead of yourself, Shai'ya!"

A head-chop landed on the latter's head, causing her to moan in slight pain as Kat'erin shook her head and sighed.

"There's no need to get so worked up now. We're here for a covert mission, remember? No attacking anyone in the city. That's the Order."

"S-sorry..."

"Haaa..." Kat'erin sighed in exasperation, shaking her head slightly as she did so. She took one more glance around and muttered a few more words.

"The infrastructure is crude and the materials are subpar. Compared to the Empire, this is quite a laughable Capital. Still, it's impressive that they've been able to do this within three months."

"Indeed."

"I suppose I shouldn't be so surprised, given what happened to Lord Ob'elisk..."

"Indeed."

"In any case, investigations can come in later. As spies, it's only right that we have a hideout, so we should look for a nearby residence where we can make our base of operations."

In essence... they had to find an inn.

The rest of the evening was beyond frustrating for Kat'erin and Shai'ya.

Not only did they have to navigate their way around the city in order to search for what they desired, but at some point they had to make conversation with some human beings in order to ask them for directions.

"Some of them even had the audacity to ogle us. Just who do they think they are?" Kat'erin's frown was deep as she and Shai'ya approached the fanciest inn in the Capital.

Her intense scowl did not take away from her beauty in the slightest, but it certainly made her look more deadly than dainty.

Shai'ya nodded and responded with "Umu" every time she heard a complaint.

The two were currently undetectable by humans unless they revealed themselves to their select choice of humans—or undid the effect of their Enchanted Kimonos.

Either way, they were in no danger of being seen or heard—no matter how flashy they were.

While it was a convenient tool for reconnaissance, since they wouldn't be spotted by the enemy and ruin their mission, the robes served another purpose.

"Inferior creatures can't help but admire higher entities like ourselves. We naturally attract attention from these naturally primitive and subservient races, so I understand why they would stare so much..." Her voice oozed vanity as she spoke, but Kat'erin did not care.

After all, her partner's response was—as always—in support of her perspective.

"Indeed."

The two finally halted until they arrived at their destination.

"Looks like we are here..." Kat'erin already had low expectations of humanity, yet the Capital's best Inn managed to disappoint her even more.

Yes, it was taller than the other buildings around, and it looked exquisite in comparison to the rest, but that didn't mean it suited their standards.

They desired a classy hotel with all the necessary facilities, yet this was what they were stuck with.

"It is for the sake of the mission... the mission..."

Once Kat'erin reminded herself of this fact, she proceeded inside, with her partner right beside her.

The interior was equally bland, though she was sure many humans would consider the scenery impressive. She ignored all the superfluous designs that oozed substandard quality and poor taste and followed directions that led to the counter.

Once she arrived there, her body instinctively stopped as she cast her gaze upon the first thing in the human world that actually impressed her.

"Welcome, dear customers."

The crimson hair of the woman behind the counter, coupled with her ebony skin and the expert glasses that rested on the bridge of her nose, all got the attention of the two undercover Dragon Spies.

Her presence itself was immaculate.

The astounding lady smiled at them as she parted her glossy lips and spoke with utmost eloquence.

"How may we be of service to you?"

For a moment, the Dragon Generals were at a loss for words. They simply stared into the gem-like eyes of the woman before them, then at her hair... her hair was done so well.

It was long, designed so well, that they couldn't help but be impressed. Her nails were well-done as well. As for her black gown, they oozed pristine goodness.

Even though the Dragons had a more white and pure ambiance to them, they admired the forbidden darkness that the lady before them seemed to represent.

After being stunned for too long, Kat'erin finally snapped out of her daze and realized what she had been doing.

'How could I gawk over a mere human?' She wondered, staring at the unassuming lady before her.

She even forgot everything that had been said to her.

Thankfully, the receptionist didn't seem to mind. Not only did she flash a friendly smile once again, but she also repeated her question.

"How may I be of service to you?"

*

Chapter 609 Embarrassing Dilemma

Dragons are a very prideful race.

Their finesse is immaculate, and their standards are extreme. It is practically impossible to impress a Dragon, who has experienced far better from their Empire.

And, even if such an impression is made, it is extremely difficult for them to express it.

But, to every rule there is an exception.

That exception happened in the case of Kat'erin and Shai'ya.

"How may I be of service to you?"

The lady's beautiful smile; particularly her exotic-looking hair and captivating face, caused both girls to tremble slightly. Still, being the more sensible of the two, Kat'erin swiftly regained her composure and spoke up.

"We'd like to lodge in your most exquisite suite." There was no politeness in the way she spoke, as she was speaking to a mere human.

Her eyes were cold, her head was raised high, and her tone was imposing.

This was a command.

"I see. Well, it costs a Gold Coin per night." The ebony lady said, with her smile still plastered on her face. "That excludes food services and other extra services you may require."

"Gold Coin... huh?"

It was at this point that Kat'erin stared at Shai'ya and realized something quite fundamental.

'We don't have money!'

The Dragon Empire was, and had always been a Socialist State for as long as they could remember; where all economic planning was governed by the higher ups in the position of governmental power.

Dragon Citizens didn't need to pay to get certain public amenities like accommodation or even feeding. All was provided for by the Empire.

Of course, in return, the Dragons had to serve their country in certain aspects of the economy—a major aspect being warfare.

The economy and politics was more complex than this, but the bottom line was... these two had never used money to purchase anything in their entire lives.

There was no kind of Social Credit in the human nation, or a Public Residence that had high class. This was a Capitalist world that they had been thrust into, and now they were faced with a completely humiliating dilemma.

Would they accept their lack of currency and besmirch their identity as Dragons? No, how could they cause such a big stain on their legacy?

Sure, no one would know... but THEY would.

And Dragons remained a very prideful race.

The second choice would be to seize the place anyway—and to do that, they would have to use their power.

"We're not directly attacking, so this is allowed." Kat'erin told Shai'ya, who nodded in pure agreement.

The receptionist remained behind the desk, smiling at them.

"[Dragon Voice]." The moment Kat'erin muttered those words, a wave of power instantly emerged from her lips and spread to her immediate surrounding.

The invisible flow of sound filled the entire counter, making it into her domain of power.

The receptionist, who was previously bright eyed and cheerful suddenly became doll-like and impressionable—just as Kat'erin desired.

"Hmph! Humans are so simple. Why was there any need to panic when we could always resort to this method?" "Umu!"

Kat'erin drew closer to the receptionist, noticing the name tag that was pinned to her slightly voluptuous breasts. At the very least, the breasts were larger than Kat'erin's and Shaiya's respectively.

A tinge of envy surfaced within her, but also one of curiosity. 'What are you thinking, Kat! Focus on the mission!' She swiftly chastised herself and placed all her attention on the task at hand.

The name-tag read Reta, so she decided to address her as such.

"Reta... do you know who we are?"

Her eyes directly reflected in the gem-like eyes of the poor receptionist, Reta, who slowly shook her head and uttered words.

"No, I do not."

"We are esteemed guests who have paid the finest sum of money in gold to you. As much gold to last us for a month, and also to cater for our feeding expenses as well as other kinds of additional expenses."

"I... understand. You have submitted a total of 50 Gold Coins, 30 Silver Coins, and 1 Bronze, to cater for all your needs for a month."

"I-Indeed." Kat'erin didn't really know how currency operated, so she wasn't particularly in a place to do calculations.

She was also stunned by how quickly the receptionist responded to her with the breakdown. It was a lot more convenient for her, and it made her even more pleased with the human for being so competent.

"Understood." Reta began to write down some things in a book, and then generated two cards for the two ladies.

"All preparations are ready. These cards have been credited with the exact amounts that you've deposited within the room. They will serve as your passes to your room, proof of identification, and purchase tender."

"I-I see..."

Kat'erin appreciated that the lady was competent enough to tell her information she did know without her needing to ask. It was clear that she was different from others.

'She could even be useful in... other respects...' The Dragon thought to herself as her eyes narrowed in deep thought.

"May I escort you both to your rooms?" Reta asked with a blank smile on her face, still under the influence of the [Dragon Voice].

Kat'erin glanced at Shai'ya for a second, but the latter threw her hands in the air, clearly clueless on what to do or so.

This wasn't a new thing in their relationship. Ever since the Academy, Shai'ya had always been the lackey, despite having the potential to be so much more.

'In any case... I'll just take control and responsibility for everything, as usual.' Kat'erin finally decided with a slight sigh.

"Take us to our rooms."

"Right away."

Reta left her position behind the counter and began to walk ahead of the two Dragon Girls. 'Tch...' It pissed the both of them off that a human was taking the lead, but they did their best to suppress their annoyance considering she—Reta—was merely doing her job and taking them to their destination.

'Besides, since she's under my power... I'm the one commanding her to do this.'

Using these mental gymnastics, the girls were able to walk silently behind the receptionist without throwing any fuss.

Chapter 610 Kat'erin and Shai'ya [Pt 1]

The hallway rang hollow as the three individuals walked on its flat surface.

They had climbed some steps, and their room was located at the highest floor—where they had the penthouse view of the city, as well as a vast space to themselves.

They wouldn't be sharing this space with more than one more person—but since no one had paid for the room opposite theirs, they would be having everything to themselves for the moment.

All of this was properly elucidated by Reta, who only began to speak about their room after they asked her to tell them about it.

"It is so amazing..." She spoke with such admiration towards the bourgeois room that, even though the two Dragons knew it would fall short of their standard, it would still not be a bad place to stay.

Plus, Kat'erin noticed something else.

'If she can be bribed in such a way, isn't it possible for me to use her? I can turn her desires against her and capture her with greed.'

After all, humans were creatures of greed in the end.

'She does have a nice voice, though. And also...' Kat'erin cast her gaze a little low and looked at Reta's jiggling ass, tightly packaged inside her tight suit trousers.

'... She's well proportioned too'

Now wasn't the time to think those thoughts, so Kat'erin buried everything down and chose to go with the mission. She simply had an interest in Reta now, and if things went according to plan, she would be able to wholly devour her.

'I just have to be patient till the conclusion of our mission. Perhaps I'll take her back with me and make her my toy. Or will that serve as a violation? No, I could think of ways to get around that...'

Of course, Kat'erin knew she would have to get permission from her Master, Lady Frey'ja, but if she did a good job with her task, she was certain the White Dragon Lord would not refuse her request.

'Just you wait...' Licking her lips unconsciously, she kept up with the flow.

As the two dignified girls paced themselves behind Reta, their footsteps echoed softly against the polished marble floors of the grand hallway of the last floor.

The air was scented with the delicate fragrance of exotic flowers, and the gentle glow of enchanted crystals illuminated their path.

As they reached the entrance to the suite, Reta gestured grandly, opening the ornate double doors to reveal a sight that would take the breath of most away.

"Welcome, dear guests... to our finest suite!"

The spacious chamber was adorned with opulent furnishings, each piece crafted with exquisite detail and adorned with precious gemstones.

A lavish four-poster bed dominated the room, its canopy draped in shimmering silk and velvet curtains that cascaded to the floor in rich, jewel-toned hues. Plush cushions and feather-soft blankets beckoned invitingly, promising nights of unparalleled comfort and luxury.

Along one wall stood a grand fireplace, its marble facade intricately carved. A crackling fire danced within, casting a warm, golden glow that bathed the room in a cozy ambiance.

Against another wall, a sumptuous sitting area awaited, with plush armchairs and a velvet chaise lounge arranged around a low table laden with decadent treats and fine wines. Crystal decanters sparkled in the firelight, their contents aged to perfection and ready to be savored.

The suite boasted a private balcony, offering sweeping views of the city skyline below. Delicate vines adorned the wrought-iron railing, their blooms perfuming the air with their sweet fragrance. Beyond, the twinkling lights of the city stretched out into the distance, a testament to the wealth and prosperity of the rebuilt Capital.

"Meh..." "Passable..."

As the girls stepped further into the suite, shrugging in seeming disinterest, they couldn't help but be captivated by its splendor. Every detail had been carefully curated to create an atmosphere of indulgence and extravagance—at least for humans—and so they had to give them some credit.

Still, they would rather die than admit to it.

"The Cards I gave you are masterkeys to pretty much every corner of the room. You can also swipe it there if you require someone to come and attend to you." Reta pointed at one area on the wall.

"You can use it to lock the doors, unlock them, and the likes."

"I see. I see."

Kat'erin and Shai'ya understood everything perfectly, and so they did the only sensible thing left to do at that point.

"You are dismissed then."

"Understood."

Reta left without saying anything else, and Kat'erin was not concerned at all about what would befall her.

'[Dragon Voice] lasts on weaker minds until canceled by the initiator. I have her on the palm of my hand, and I won't let her go... ever.'

With a brutal smile on her face, she crashed upon the bed behind her, feeling the plushy sensation it rendered to her back.

The pleasure seeped through her entire body.

"Ahh... feels so good!" Shai'ya said in high pitch, probably feeling even more pleasure than Kat'erin.

She had always been the more sensitive one, so it didn't come as any surprise to the longer-haired Dragon Girl.

Still, after indulging themselves for about a minute or two, Kat'erin had to stick to the task at hand.

"What do you think of this place thus far?" Sitting up from her comfortable place on the bed, she turned to Shai'ya and asked the question with a serious look on her face.

"It's disgusting, filled with worms at every corner. They're uncivilized and foolish. Plus, they're so goddamn ugly."

It was Shai'ya who said that—the same one who was usually passive in open settings. When it came to private discussions, she could get very blunt and talkative.

"I agree." Kat'erin said, her eyes furrowed as she continued. "Still, we need to carry out our mission—and with finesse no doubt."

Currently, they had blended well with the humans and no one suspected a thing about them. They used a Disguise Enchanted Item to even hide away their wings and horns, so they looked like any human—though several times better looking.

"Now..." Kat'erin smiled broadly, her lips nearly stretching to the edges of her face.

"... We need to talk about what to do moving forward."