

# Extras 611

## Chapter 611 Kat'erin And Shai'ya [Pt 2]

Kat'erin and Shai'ya were among the elites within the Dragon Empire—depicting their prestige and brilliance since their days in the Academy.

A total of seven elite units existed in the Empire, and the two of them as a group formed one of them.

That was just how impressive they were.

The Dragon Girls were both intelligent and powerful, two traits that were most essential for a Dragon dedicated to the glory of the Empire.

As Generals who fell into the White Species, they were governed by the White Dragon Lord, Frey'ja. And now, with their new assignment at hand, they were once again met with another opportunity to prove their competence.

"We can't communicate with the Master at the moment, so we just have to observe things on our own for now..." Kat'erin mumbled, her finger on her chin as she spoke.

The communication network of Dragons was too advanced for petty humans to intercept, but as long as they had no clear idea of who or what they were dealing with, it would be foolish not to take account of any efforts at hijacking their network.

Plus, it remained a possibility that the Dragons who weren't on the side of the White Dragon Lord could intercept the information they were sending to their Master, so trying to divulge information to Lady Frey'ja or seeking commands on what next to do was not only reckless, but it also wasn't viable at the moment.

"The best we can do is wait for the Master to call us first. Or, perhaps we leave the vicinity of this place and communicate to her—in the case where the matters are urgent."

All of this was information that Kat'erin and Shai'ya already knew, but the reason the former even thought to go over things again was due to the latter asking a foolish question that went along those lines.

Still, with it being rehashed, Kat'erin was finally able to move forward with the conversation.

"For the plan, I was thinking of... h-hey, are you paying any attention?"

"Yep"

"Are you sure?"

"Yep!"

Kat'erin was growing exasperated with Shai'ya due to how absent-minded she looked and how much she spaced out despite the serious conversation they were having.

"You really don't take... huh?" Kat'erin instantly stopped dead in her tracks the moment she rose to her feet.

Her eyes instantly narrowed as she focused them on Shai'ya, and the latter nodded as well.

'What's this feeling? Someone is overhearing us?' The white-haired Dragon had no idea how she could have slipped up so easily and made such a slow observation of her surroundings.

'Not only did it take me so long to notice the eavesdropper, but I also hesitated in what I was previously saying, so the person eavesdropping probably suspects that I am onto them.'

She gritted her teeth and focused her attention on the door—or rather, what was behind it... whatever it was.

'I have to act fast!' Kat'erin dashed towards the door, while Shai'ya took her cue and dashed towards the closest wall to her; the one leading to the hallway.

Just as soon as her body passed through it to the other side, Kat'erin opened the door and readied herself to corner and kidnap whoever was responsible for the obvious breach in information.

They had to know how much the human knew.

~WHUUSH!~

Once the door flung open, the next face that Kat'erin saw caused her to nearly skip a beat as her eyes widened in absolute shock.

"Y-you...?!" She was looking right at Reta, the receptionist that showed them to their room not too long ago.

'I didn't order to do anything more using [Dragon Voice], so why is she here?'

"H-hello..." The squirmy girl adjusted her glasses, allowing more of her cute face to be on full display. She took a step back in shock, since the door was opened so abruptly, but was met with a sudden pushback that sent her body nearly tumbling forward.

The reason for that was due to the figure who now stood still behind her

It was Shai'ya, and at this point, her face was a blank slate—nothing like the bright smile that she wore as a mask.

She looked down on the girl who was now stuck between the two Dragons who looked at her with suspicious intensity.

"What are you doing here? Calm yourself and tell me the truth." Kat'erin asked with a strict tone, cleaning her throat as she did so.

Since [Dragon Voice] was still active, the human girl had no choice but to tell the absolute truth on the matter at hand.

What would happen next was going to decide everything.

'We can't attack and kill humans, unfortunately. It would be foolish and reckless to disobey the Emperor's order.' That was precisely why the White Dragon Lord chose proxies instead of acting by herself.

'Even the Lords fear the Emperor. We have to give him reverence, even in this place, and obey his words.

As a result, the most they could do was silence her or alter her memories to a justifiable degree.

"I-I came to bring tonight's dinner options to you both in the form of a menu..." As she said this, Kat'erin instinctively looked at the lady's trembling hand, realizing she was right all along.

"A menu, huh...?"

She looked at Shai'ya—who was just waiting for an instruction—and sighed very loudly as she stretched out her hand to receive it.

"Let me see..."

In no time at all, Shai'ya teleported beside Kat'erin, who was now reading through the list. While most of these meals did not suit their palette, they figured they had to at least take something so as not to appear suspicious,

"Thank you. We'll have this."

"A-ah, I see..." The girl nervously adjusted her glasses once again, shifting a little in between the two women.

"O-okay. The meal will be ready in an hour's time. Is there anything else you'd like?"

"Nothing."

Kat'erin was still not over the faint sensation she sent behind the door back then. It couldn't have been Reta since she didn't have an ounce of power within her or oozing out. How did it make sense that a mere human would startle a Dragon?

Not just any kind of Dragon, but a General.

'No... she isn't dangerous at all...' That was Kat'erin's conclusion from her observations on the human.

Yes, she was a bit odd... but not to that extent.

"I-I will leave and inform them, then..."

"Yeah. Do that."

"Umu!"

Reta ran off the moment she was allowed to, gasping as if she had just left a rather suffocating premises. The two ladies watched as she escaped, laughing and teasing silently as everything happened.

"Well... let's go back in." Kat'erin said as she looked at Shai'ya. "There's no one else in the hallway, you know?"

"Okay."

As Shai'ya entered the room, following the lead of the long-haired Dragon, but failed to notice a black stand of energy behind her.

None of the girls were able to perceive it, and it latched itself into Shai'ya until the darkness began to dwindle; finally vanishing into obscurity without notice.

The door closed, and they returned to their scheming.

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[Meanwhile...]

'So the Dragons have begun to make their move...'

The one who had this fleeting thought was Ater, and he uttered this form of a place of satisfaction rather than mere confirmation.

'It's a good thing I noticed them the moment they came into the city. Things could have gotten messier otherwise.'

Ater was wearing an apron, with glasses on his face, long red hair, and a slender physique that made him look better than most girls.

In fact, he looked like a girl—the receptionist, for that matter.

'It was easy to get them to spill and get them to this point. The results were expected and there were hardly any surprises for me.'

He sat on a chair in what seemed to be a private office, and black mist just rose from his suit and formed something akin to a display screen.

The screen displayed the two girls conversing, with him listening to everything they said—important or not—and further observe them.

'I have a good grasp of their plan now, and I even intentionally put them on the spot just now, but it seems the stars are aligned in my favor.'

Ater knew these Dragons wouldn't be able to kill him or the innocents around, and that they had communication problems at the current moment.

'At this rate, it'll be tedious to launch investigations based on how limited their operation is confined to.'

Still, Ater didn't think they would have much of a problem, considering how unstable other things within the Capital were at the moment.

With the issue of the Nobles, rogue Otherworlders, and several other issues arising at the moment, this seemed like a presented opportunity for him to tie everything up in a neat bow.

"Time to launch the next phase of the plan." His eyes glowed a little as his lips spread to form a wicked grin.

'I'll make you proud, Master!'

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## **Chapter 612 The Elven Mob**

[The Next Day]

"Get out here, you fiends!" A loud noise echoed from outside the fortress that Rey was peacefully sleeping in so that he couldn't help but slowly open his eyes and sigh to himself.

"Haa..."

He was a little disoriented, but that feeling didn't last very long. Instead, he returned his vision and the rest of his senses with a single thought, causing his perception of the world to resume in all its glorious details.

The honest truth was that Rey had to sharply reduce all of his body's functions—especially sensory abilities—if he ever wanted to sleep. If he didn't, the excess information he would receive, even with his eyes closed, would be more than enough to keep his brain active. His body's sensitivity, his supernatural senses, and many more, would never allow him to have a moment of honest rest.

To combat that, he had to intentionally 'nerf' himself. 'This noise, though...' Rey's thoughts trailed as he slowly rose to his feet. 'If it was this loud, despite me dulling my senses, then...' He instantly spread his perception for a few hundred meters and quickly realized what the problem was. This only made him sigh—in slight frustration and determination—even more.

'I was expecting them, but still...'

Rey shrugged off his initial hesitation and took a small observation around him. His room was a simple, but massive structure within the fortress he built from the beach sand. He was able to get a nice bed in the place using Spatial Magic, and he also used Magic to create nice lights and proper air conditioning within the bare room.

Commonplace Magic was so useful when one didn't need to learn the Spells but could make them on the fly. Rey had previously found himself compelled to do more with his Magic within the fortress, but he ultimately decided against it.

He was here for business, after all.

"Welp... let's get to it."

His naked body was instantly covered by Emil's smooth surface, forming fabric out of seemingly nothing—only after properly freshening up with Magic.

Of course, he kept hearing the loud noises of his aggrieved neighbors through it all, but Rey ignored their tantrums and focused on getting himself prepped for the meeting.

He could have even shut off his hearing so he wouldn't need to put up with their annoying voices, but he decided against that.

'I have to practice with this...' He told himself.

By the time he was done, he left the confines of his room and found two ladies already waiting for him outside. Esme was dressed in her long white and gold cloak, already holding the gnarled staff that was bestowed upon her. She looked exquisite, as always, which made the lady beside her appear plain by comparison—though she was quite stunning in her own right.

Despite not being so flashy, Kara's scholarly robe, alongside her glasses and somewhat serious demeanor, made her stand out; in her own way. She had a satchel, with a pen and book readily on standby.

The moment Rey saw the two of them, a smile crept up on his face.

"You do realize they're shouting curses on you, yet you're smiling?" Esme placed one hand on her waist as she made this comment.

Before she finished, a smile crept up on her face, followed by a bright twinkle in her eyes.  
"Somehow feels good to hear."

"Does it?" "It does. I like how they sound so desperate and angry, but helpless at the same time."  
"Pfft!" Rey snickered a little after hearing Esme's words, swiftly turning to the other lady who stood right beside Esme, but looked a lot more reserved.

"What do you think, Kara? Is it amusing to you too?"

"W-well, not really. Not having the goodwill of these people will be bad for business, so I'd advise you to refrain from making such statements in public."

"Of course, of course!" Rey was no fool. He already knew he couldn't do or say certain things to the Elves based on the current situation at hand and the goal he had in place to achieve them.

Unless the Elves really pushed him to it, he wouldn't bother them in any way.

"This entire Fortress is surrounded by my Magic. Think of it as existing in a different set of space, but still visible to these people." Rey added words of assurance, granting his most generous smile.

"They can't affect or even hear us here. Even the Oracle shouldn't be able to..."

Rey wasn't speaking out of his ass either. He had tried experiment after experiment to see if any external force could interact with any item he placed in Spatial Displacement, and the answer was always the same.

Still, that didn't mean he didn't have concerns.

'Esme still hasn't felt any connection to this Oracle figure, and I still don't know the full spectrum of their abilities.'

Perhaps they could get past his Spatial Displacement, but he really found that unlikely.

"Let's not keep our visitors waiting." As soon as he said this, the entire environment changed.

In just a moment, the three were transported outside the fortress. They were met with the natural brightness of the overhead sky, along with the sounds of sea-birds, accompanied by the crashing of waves on the shore.

The warm, peaceful ambiance of the beach was nowhere to be enjoyed, though.

After all, the entire Fortress was already surrounded by a mob of about four dozen people, with a leader at the center. Unlike regular mobs, however, this group of people was a bit different.

Not only did they have pointy ears, but they also wore strangely outdated and nature-esque attires.

Also, they were all women.

Their long hairs seemed glossy and neon-like, each having beautiful layers and connotations to them.

Despite most of them looking like delicate women, the look on their faces, as well as the weapons they wielded and pointed towards Rey and his friends, made it clear that they were far from that.

Then, amidst them was a young woman who had her arms folded as she glared at Rey and his group with keen, glowing eyes.

'Looks like the leader.' He told himself as he calmly observed her demeanor.

She was flat in all areas, perfectly slender and streamlined for optimal movements. She looked like a professional acrobat, and her small stature made her seem more like a child—a teenager if one was generous—more than a grown adult.

Still, the way she carried herself, as well as how the other Elves interacted with her, made Rey believe she was the oldest in the group.

And, by using his [Perfect Divine Appraisal]...

[STATUS WINDOW]

- Name: Gratiana La Shanagari.

- Race: Elf - Class: Grand Ranger (A-Tier)

- Level: 121 (90.9% EXP) - Life Force: 1,000 (+100)

- Mana Level: 600 (+60)

- Combat Ability: 1,020 (+100) - Stat Points: 0

- Skills (Exclusive): [Grand Bullseye] [Territory] - Skills (Non-Exclusive): [Grand Combat Application]. [Greater Magic Application]. [Greater Mana Recovery]. [Full Sense]. [Life Force Recovery]. [Map Layout]. [Camouflage]. - Alignment: Lawful Good

[Additional Information]

An Elder among the Elves, in charge of guarding the Western Shores and one of the best combatants among the Elves. She is trusted and respected among her peers

[End Of Information]

... Rey could see that his guess was correct.

'Still, that's quite the low Level...' He decided to put his observations on hold for the moment and deal with the crowd that seemed to desire his destruction.

He calmed himself easily and stepped forward, ensuring to remain within the barrier he created around the Fortress.

"My name is Rey Skylar. I am an Emissary of the United Human Alliance, and I do not seek any conflict or violence. I come in peace."

He could already see how many Elves were glancing at Esme and whispering things about her—things which he already knew.

Even after all of this, he chose to ignore their rude reaction to his words. Their eyes weren't even filled with skepticism or any form of understanding. Every woman before him, probing and prodding his barrier, seemed to have the same reaction.

—Disgust!

"Hmph! You think we'd trust a human like yourself?" One of the Elves barked with a particular sense of revulsion.

"Go back to where you came from! You and your people are doomed!"

"Is he a spy? He IS a spy sent by those humans to plunder us of our belongings and minerals!"

"And he came with that half-breed vermin too!"

"All of you should just go to home!"

The list went on, and Rey even had the pleasure of learning certain names that he didn't know existed. The livid expressions, sickened expressions, and rage-filled reactions of these beautiful girls towards him somewhat made him excited.

However, this moment was swiftly interrupted by the bratty tone that came from the young woman who seemed to be their leader—Gratiana herself.

"You say you come in peace, but we are yet to see proper consideration for your words." As she uttered her words, she pointed towards him, and at the ground outside the barrier.

"Come out of there first. Then we can talk."

### **Chapter 613 The Thoughts Of An Elder**

Gratiana La Shanagari stood still as she stared at the group that stood before her, hidden behind a veil of inexplicable power.

Her green irises constantly glowed as she maintained a slight frown. The Young Ones around her kept shouting and screaming words, but she paid them no heed. It wasn't that they were wrong for speaking out against these people—after all, they were sullyng their holy land—but Gratiana knew there were much smarter ways to deal with intruders than merely yelling at them.

'Still, I can not chastise the Youngs. Their livid reactions show how much they have embodied the truth of Nature.'

Humans were scum—nothing more than animals with a certain quota of intelligence. In a way, they were similar to Monsters. No... not just them.

Dwarves and Giants were also the same. But, at the very least, those ones knew how to remain in their territory and mind their own business. That didn't make them any less cruel and savage, but at the very least... they could be avoided.

But humans were different.

Even if Elves remained on their own, they would always attempt to reach them.

"That is why this squad exists, and why I guard the shore from the likes of them... those vermin!" Any human that ever made it past the turbulent seas and onto the shore was swiftly hunted down by Gratiana and her squad. Of course, according to the rules of Nature, she could not execute them—despite all desire to do so.

Instead, she would have to give them the 'Medicine', before sending them back to where they came from. This allowed them to forget ever reaching the Elven Lands, and to also reduce their mental capacity so they would never find it again.

Gratiana often found herself hoping that those sailors and their crew would perish at sea, and anytime she had that thought, a smile always formed on her face.



For example, the current moment.

As the Elder Elf looked at the group before her, she began to leak out a small smile.

Due to her small stature and innocent face, many would mistake it for a gentle smile—the sweet kind that an innocent child would give—but only she knew just how twisted her thoughts towards the humans were.

'I see no boat. Based on the reports of the Youngs, they just suddenly appeared in the sky and overwhelmed them with their presence.' Gratiana took in a deep breath and processed everything very quickly.

'They must have arrived through some kind of Spatial Magic. Not only is that very powerful and rare, but it is also incredibly draining. Those humans couldn't have been capable of such a feat, which means...'

Gratiana's smile completely disappeared as soon as she cast her gaze on the abomination among the group—the lady that she had avoided looking at for the longest time due to how much of an eyesore she was.

'... The Half Elf Vermin must have cast the Magic for them.' Merely looking at the beautifully sculpted Elf-like features of the girl made Gratiana's heart pound like crazy. Her blood boiled, and her intense glare doubled in its brutality.

She was the most livid among all her sisters.

'This is what happens when the Elven heritage is sullied by those barbarians. They now possess some of our special abilities on their side. Power like that shouldn't belong to beasts!'

There was the possibility that this Half Elf was born for the sake of being a weapon. If she existed, and was being so compliant with the humans, they must have had some sort of hold on her.

'If she still had a modicum of control and common sense, she should have killed herself—to preserve the Natural Order of things.'

Instead, she was being used by humans to further their ambition.

The likelihood of her being bred very soon was also very high. Human semen was a sure-fire guarantee for pregnancy, further sullyng the Elven Purity.

And once the humans were done with her, they wouldn't hesitate to throw her away.

'It's disgusting! They're disgusting!' Despite thinking this in anger, Gratiana still had space in her heart for compassion and mercy.

'I'll personally eliminate the Half-Elf Vermin and cleanse this world of one less blight.' Disgust was mixed with her sense of justice, and Gratiana arrived at the perfect conclusion for what to do in the current situation.

First of all, though, they had to gain access to the humans.

"You say you come in peace, but we are yet to see proper consideration for your words." As Gratiana pointed at the leader of the group—a man with dark hair and an eyepatch covering his left eye.

He looked ugly, but she didn't think it was the same way other humans looked hideous. He really wasn't as bad as them, but she couldn't really say why.

Still, any Non-Elf individual was ugly... so he fell under that category regardless.

"Come out of there first. Then we can talk."

She smiled internally, already planning what to do once the man obeyed her commands. 'I'll use my Skills to incapacitate him and the one wearing the glasses beside him.'

After that, the Youngs would give them the 'Medicine', while she would execute Half Elf before all of them.

'It's been a while since any have been found and eliminated, to the point where I was beginning to think they had gone extinct, but now...?' Gratiana's thoughts slightly changed as she stared at the Half Elf once last time.

'Should I execute her back in the Community instead? Yes... that will be much better.' The only problem was that it could get troublesome if others desire to take the honor away from her. Gratiana couldn't take that risk.

'Therefore, I should do the deed here!' Her eyes were beginning to widen in excitement as her heart raced with anticipation.

She would be able to perform such a great service to Nature, educate the Young Ones even further, deprive the humans of their lethal weapon, prevent the creation of more Half-Breeds, as well as satisfy some of her own frustration.

It was a win-win situation for everyone.

'All they have to do is step forward and judgment will be properly meted out!'

## **Chapter 614 Stepping Out**

"Fine. I will come out."

Rey could see the pleased look on Gratiana's face as he announced his compliance with her words. He couldn't particularly read her mind, but judging from her expressions, he could pretty much guess what was going on in it.

The Elder Elf most likely intended to incapacitate both him and Kara, while they executed Esme. He couldn't sense any particular hostility directed at him or Kara—just disgust.

Lots of disgust.

However, Esme bore the brunt of Gratiana's killing intent, and even Rey could feel it, almost as if it was physical.

'She doesn't even bother to hide her intentions. Are all Elves like this?' He wondered to himself as he slightly glanced at Esme.

The neutral look on her face told him she was fine. Still, he wasn't so sure about that.

"You good?" As his voice softly echoed out, he saw her nod and look at him with glistening blue eyes. They looked full and wet, and he instantly knew why.

'She's holding back her tears. I knew it was a bad idea to bring her here!'

Still, he had to temporarily suspend how he felt about Esme and the current situation at hand. The Elves were beginning to piss him off, but since he already knew this much was going to happen, he didn't overreact.

Besides, with the knowing stare that Kara kept directing at him—one that basically told him to mind his tone and words towards their prospective business partners—Rey decided to remain calm about everything.

'I'll take all necessary defensive requirements to protect myself from harm, and I'll leave Kara and Esme within the barrier until it's confirmed safe for them to come out.'

Despite seeing everyone's Status Windows and already knowing they were much weaker than him, he still didn't want to take any chances.

'Emil, be on full alert.'

~Yes, Master!~

He took a few steps forward until he got to the barrier's boundary. One more step and his first foot—along with a portion of his body—would be out of the barrier.

One more and he would be completely outside.

"What are you waiting for?" Gratiana's voice sounded imposing as she continued folding her arms and looking at him.

They stood about ten meters from each other, but Rey knew that distance meant nothing to both parties. Gratiana seemed like the gap to close the gap within a moment, but Rey could do so even faster.

"...." He took in a deep breath, and then raised his leg.

Then, he took a step forward.

~FSHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU~

The moment he did so, already prepared to be assaulted by a swarm of dozens of Elves, what he experienced was something completely different.

"Aaaang! W-what is... what is happening t-to me...?"

"P-please stop..."

"S-so good... g-good..."

What Rey witnessed at that very moment was something he had never seen in his entire life.

The Elves were shivering, and they began dropping to their knees in submission. Their eyes were rolled up, and their tongues were outside, with drool dripping out of them. Red hues filled their cheeks as they tightly embraced their own chests or stomachs, still shaking uncontrollably.

"Hey, are you people o—?"

Before he could even complete his statement, the Elves began to lower their heads to Rey, almost as if they were in worship. Their bodies kept spasming as sweat dripped from their skin. More drool escaped their lips, and tears even flowed from their eyes.

The dignified faces of these women were now sullied by mucus and expressions of twisted pleasure. All of them, except Gratiana, who remained standing, reacted this way.

"U-uuu..."

"A-ahhhh... ahh...."

"O-ohhh... uohhhh..."

Strange noises filled the air, until Rey took one more step forward, his full body finally leaving the barrier.

He did this partially out of concern, but also curiosity. Once he did this, however, every single Elf surrounding him—with the exception of the Elder—fainted. Their expressions told him it was from pleasure, but Rey couldn't help but feel oddly conflicted by what he was seeing. Their tongues literally licked the sands, and each Elf seemed to be drowned in a puddle of their own sweat... and something else.

Rey didn't even want to use his Appraisal to find out what that was.

"Y-you..." As he was still in thought, trying to fully grasp the situation and understand why pretty much all the Elves collapsed due to his mere presence, he heard Gratiana's voice call out to him.

He instantly looked at her, still having a calm and neutral expression on his face despite being just as freaked out as anyone would be, given the circumstances.

'I didn't even use any Buffs or offensive Skills. I also suppressed my abilities and told Emil to do the same, so they won't be able to read my exact strength.' He thought in concern.

The only thing he really focused on was defense, and that mostly by spreading out his senses to increase reaction time, while keeping some of his abilities on standby.

He was confident in beating the Elves in a fight—not that he wanted to—but precautions still had to be taken.

"... W-who... w-what are you...?"

Gratiana was still standing, thankfully, and while she didn't lose it like the rest of her comrades, she seemed to be on edge.

Her body was shaking slightly and her lips constantly quivered, causing her to stutter anytime she spoke.

"I have no idea what's going on." Rey said, taking a few more steps forward.

The same Elder Elf who depicted such pride and bravado, standing firm in place while folding her hands, now seemed to be retreating—step by step—as he approached.

He was much faster than her, though, and he got closer to her than she could escape from him.

The result was obvious—

"Guhh..."

—Gratiana fell to her knees and trembled even more violently before Rey.

Her eyes began to leak out tears as mucus slowly dripped from her nostrils, ruining her pure face.

"U-uuuuu... ahhh... o-ohhhh... aaah..."

Funny noises complimented her weird-looking face, with her skin glistening with perspiration. At this point, she couldn't even form a coherent word any more.

It was a wonder if she could even perceive anything beyond the sensations within her body.

Rey squatted a little as he saw her in such a state, maintaining just the right distance from her to not get too close. Perhaps he was worried about what would happen to her then.

Still... he was curious.

"Hey..." Stretching out his hand, he reached out for Gratiana's shoulder. "Are you oka—?"

The moment physical contact was made, something similar to a fountain squirted up, with a loud scream rushing from her lips.

"A-aaaaah!"

Rey shrank back instantly, but it was too late.

The deed had already been done, and just like the rest of her sisters, Gratiana fell and passed out in a puddle of fluids. Her tongue was out, and her eyes were partially open as she did so.

The disturbing sight caused Rey to rise from his position and take subconscious steps back.

He looked all around him, seeing the bodies of all the Elves flat on the ground.

Then, he turned to the two who were behind him.

Esme and Kara both used their hands to cover their mouths, while pink hues glowed on their cheeks. Perhaps they knew something he didn't.

## Chapter 615 A New Peak

Gratiana still remembered how it felt when she was summoned to see The Oracle.

She had just attained her age of maturity and was going to become an Elder. It was an honor to grow into an Elder and finally assume more responsibility within the Elven

Community.

She remembered how excited she was for the moment.

After all, more than the honor she would receive from her new name, and the responsibility that she would have to shoulder as an Elder, there was one more experience every Young One had to go through before they were officially recognized as an Elder.

-Meeting The Oracle.

It was The Oracle who gave names; the true names that an Elder would bear for the rest of their lives. As such, Young Ones would appear within the shrine and be transported to the place where The Oracle resided.

No one really knew where it was.

However, all of those who had received this glorious experience had the same testimony.

"It is beautiful beyond belief!"

From everything Gratiana heard from her fellow sisters- some who had just gotten their True Names a few days before her turn-the experience couldn't be summed up in words.

Every Elf had to experience it for themselves.

And so, Gratiana faithfully waited for her own experience... until it finally came.

She was instantly transported to the interior of a golden palace; the halls designed so immaculately with

architecture that she had never—and would never-lay eyes on.

The hall was brimming with beauty, but all of that was soon forgotten as soon as Gratiana finally took in a deep breath.

For the first time in her entire life, she smelled a certain fragrance that brought her to her knees almost instantly. Her body shivered in reaction to the scent-both overpoweringly intense and sweet.

No Elf could ever smell this good and so intensely for that matter. If they could, then they had long transcended the highest realm that the Esteemed Elders occupied.

They were on a completely different level.

"My child..." A feminine voice, so sweet and glorious, echoed within Gratiana's ears and mind as she struggled to maintain her sanity.

She could feel pleasure seeping through all parts of her body the more she breathed, to the point where her senses betrayed her completely.

Her vision grew blurry, and only echoes resounded in her ears. Thankfully, the voice that spoke always resounded within her mind.

"You have arrived here-the Domain of God."

Gratiana could not make sense of any of the words that were being uttered. She was merely nodding like a fool as drool, tears, and mucus filled her face.

She was in absolute submission to this being who, from the little her blurry eyes could see, was shaped like a woman in a long, flowing attire.

Shimmers of gold and sapphires oozed out of the white, but Gratiana could not make out the details. She only noticed her long white hair and bright blue eyes before everything became even harder to see. 2

"Do not fear, my child. You are safe here. You are free. You are loved."

Gratiana, at that moment, knew exactly what to think and how to do so-through the divine words uttered to her by The Oracle.

"No longer will you bear your common name. Your name will now be Gratiana La Shanagari."

She nodded in consent at those words.

Her past name was now completely lost in her mind, and she embraced the new one granted to her by the Elder.

"As an Elder, you must always perform your obligations to the community without fault. Protect the Young Ones, mercifully shun all the tainted ones, and purge all the impurities of this world."

Gratiana could not open her mouth to respond to those words back then, but in her heart, an automatic "Yes" played in reply to every instruction.

Her time with The Oracle was powerful-an unforgettable experience that words could never do justice to.

And, at the climax of their time together, The Oracle held her face and kissed her forehead.

At that moment, orgasmic pleasure shot through her body. Gratiana could not recollect just how much she shivered and how loudly she screamed. She only knew how good it felt back then... and how that joy overflowed from her like a fountain.

To be touched by the divine... it was pleasure unlike any other.

By the time she regained consciousness, Gratiana found herself within the Shrine-a completely new person from the Young One who stepped in.

She was an Elder in every sense of the word.

After that day, she had never experienced that same feeling. Only Esteemed Elders could see the Oracle after their recognition as Elders, and even then... an audience with them was not guaranteed.

The only chance she had to meet The Oracle again was if she worked hard enough and her efforts were eventually recognized.

Once that happened, she could be recommended to succeed an Esteemed Elder, and if The Oracle approved, she would be taken up to their Domain once more.

Gratiana wanted that more than anything!

In fact, she didn't know any Elf who didn't desire to be called to the presence of The Oracle one more time. While many would try to hide it, their major source of motivation for trying so hard to keep the Laws and contribute largely to the Community was to have that honor.

Yes, they believed in the doctrines of Nature, but they also worshipped The Oracle.

They desired to be in their presence once again-to feel that pleasure at least one last time.

Well, Gratiana just felt the same feeling.

She never thought she would be bombarded with such a sensation, but once her body gave in to the familiar-but somewhat different-scent, she could no longer deny it.

Her body gave in to the temptation, and she eventually crumbled under the power.

All the Young Ones who hadn't experienced it before passed out very quickly, but how was she any different? The moment the source of the overpowering scent drew closer, she could feel herself climaxing.

The moment he touched her, it was too late.

She reached a new, different peak from last time... and she enjoyed every second of it.

As Gratiana passed out, she internally begged for the forgiveness of the one who granted her such pleasure and relief.

'I... hail... thee...'

\*

## **Chapter 616 Escape Of The Youngs [Pt 1]**

One by one, the Young Ones began to wake up from their slumber.

It only took about an hour for them to wake up after all succumbing to the overpowering sleep that befell all of them seemingly at once.

Once they opened their eyes, they found themselves in a strange room.

It looked like a place made with sand, but the walls and floors were dense and thick—like bricks. The ceiling had a similar look to it. Luminous stones served as light, and a comfy moss-looking material—almost like a mattress—covered the immediate ground where the Elves were previously sleeping on. It reminded them of the structures from back home, but the Elves knew they weren't there.

They were in a strange place.

As the last of them flicked her eyes open, she saw the rest of her sisters still disoriented, trying to figure out where they were and what happened to them.

The only one who hadn't woken up yet was their Elder—Gratiana La Shanagari.

She still seemed to be in deep sleep, and none of the Young Ones knew what to do to get her to wake up. Some had tried shoving her, but she remained unconscious through it all.

Afterward, chaos ensued.

"W-what do we do now?"

"Why are you asking me? We need Lady Gratiana's help!"

"B-but Lady Gatiana has not yet woken up!"

"What do we do without her!"

"Big sis...!"

"I'm so confused!"

About four dozen teenage-looking girls were acting like disorderly kids due to the absence of their leader. None of them found it strange, and that was because it wasn't.

All Elves were taught the virtue of dependence.

Young Ones had to be dependent on the Elders. Elders had to be dependent on the Esteemed Elders, and those were to be dependent on The Oracle.

Every Elf was valuable, and every one individual was to serve the whole—just as the whole was to serve every individual.



It was a community where dependence was rife.

Without the Elder leading them, the Youngs were nothing more than a shepherdless flock. These sheep had no idea what to do without someone thinking for them and making decisions on their behalf.

They were in a strange place; feeling unsafe and frightened by their current predicament.

Of course, they would freak out.

"I-I have an idea!" One of the girls finally spoke up, her high-pitch voice getting the attention of the others in the room.

They all recognized the girl who was speaking. Her name was Deli, and she was the oldest of all of them. In the next three or so decades, she would even become an Elder.

As such, everyone decided to hear out her plan.

"We should leave this room." Gasps of astonishment and respect filled the faces of the innocent-looking Elves as they looked up to Deli. Not only was she brave enough to speak up, but her insightful words solved the problem that assailed them.

Truly, she was almost ready to become an Elder!

"Look, the door is wide open! If we escape from there, we should be able to find the exit from this place."

"No. That will not work." Deli theorized as she rubbed her chin.

She quite remembered the teachings of her big sister, who was one of the members of the Esteemed Council, as well as her mentor-figure, Gratiana. There was no way she would fall for such an obvious trap.

"The humans are crafty and very dangerous. They are most definitely trying to lure us by leaving the door open."

Once again, gasps filled the room as the Elves even clasped their hands together in adoration towards Deli. Even though she was yet to be an Elder, she was already showing wisdom associated with that position.

Some of the girls even began to feel the same amount of respect as affection for their supposed peer. "What do you recommend, then?" Someone asked.

"We use our combined strength to break out through the walls. They'll never see it coming, and we can carve a new path for ourselves."

Yes, even this was well-received by the Elves. The plan garnered applause from the girls, and cheers filled the room.

Soon enough, the intense negativity and confusion was totally lost, and hope began to radiate within the vast room.

"Where do you think this place is, Deli? I have no idea where we are..." Someone among the crowd asked.

The smart Deli, now responsible for her sisters, swooped into action once again to aid them with her vast understanding.

"I'm not sure, but this is most likely the fortress that stood behind those vermin who attacked us. We're being held prisoner here..."

"Ohhh...!" Dread filled their faces as soon as they heard that.

Even though they were impressed that Deli could deduce that much, they were worried for their safety and also the safety of their Elder.

"D-do you think... they want to breed us?"

"They want to make more Half Breed abominations? No way!"

"R-remember what Big Sis told us about those humans! All of this is very much possible!"

"I-in that case... we have to follow her counsel."

"Y-you mean...?"

"Yes! Let us kill ourselves! Our deaths will ensure the balance in Nature is kept, and we will preserve the integrity of our Elven Heritage."

The Young Ones all displayed relief the moment they realized that hope wasn't lost yet. They could prevent the worst-case scenario by sacrificing their lives and becoming one with Nature.

It was the greatest act of love, honor, and sacrifice.

But—

"L-let's save that as a last resort. For now, we follow the plan and try to escape." Deli swiftly spoke up, a bead of sweat on her face.

"A-ahh! You are correct, Deli!"

"We should swiftly escape and return to the Community and request the assistance of the Esteemed Elders."

"Indeed! They will definitely deal with these fiends for us!"

With their spirits raised, the Elves all rose to their feet and huddled together. Using Magic, they created a bubble and kept their dear Elder within it to better protect her and take her with them as they made their grand escape.

"Ready, everyone?" Deli stared at a particular wall, her eyes glimmering with determination, and a somewhat awkward smile playing on her face.

The others nodded and looked at the obstacle before them before yelling together.

"READY!"

## **Chapter 617 Escape Of The Youngs [Pt 2]**

~BOOOOOOOOOOOM!~

A loud explosion cracked forth, creating a large hole within the great Fortress that stood on the beach. Debris scattered all over the sandy shores, with some even reaching the green forest just up ahead.

Now visible, due to the hole on the walls of the fortress, was the group of Elves.

They were at the very top floor of the Fortress, but that was no problem for them at all. They used Wind Magic to allow them to fall very slowly and freely to the ground beneath them.

As a result, none of them sustained any injury.

Their Elder, Gratiana, was also safely let down thanks to the nature of the Magic Bubble that her body was surrounded by. In the first place, the bubble floated, so it made transportation extremely convenient.

Once the last of the Elves planted her hell on the sandy floor, all eyes fell on Deli once again.

"Huff... what now?"

"Yeah! What should we do now, Deli?"

"Deli, what next step should we take?" The young Elf was bombarded by questions from the other curious and worried minds around her. She should have known this would happen once she decided to take on the role of leader.

"We leave the barrier! Now that we have created that explosion, I'm sure they will be after us, so we need to move fast!"

All the Elves nodded instantly, trusting Deli completely.

None of them bothered to question the logistics of the strategy. For all they knew, the barrier could knock them back, or even fry them to crisps.

If, indeed, they were prisoners, then it only made sense that their captors wouldn't want them to escape. That made the most sense, and at least one of the Elves should have thought of it.

But these ones weren't critical thinkers or skeptics.

The moment Deli's first plan worked, they were sold that the rest of her strategy—assuming there was one—would possess the same level of success.

They all rushed towards the barrier, as far away from the fortress as possible, and thankfully... they weren't wrong.

~FSHIII!~

Once again, Deli's plan worked flawlessly well and they found themselves out of the barrier of the enemy.

All forty-eight of the conscious Elves heaved sighs of reliefs as they secured their freedom, happy to be away from the grasps of the beasts who would have done whatever they pleased with them—no remorse whatsoever.

Despite this moment of victory, though, they weren't out of the woods yet.

"What now, Deli?"

"What should we do next?"

"We are returning to the Community, right?"

As they told her this, she took it all in stride and nodded with the signature Elf smile planted on her face.

"Yes! Let's return to the Community! You should all lead the way, though while I trail from behind to watch our backs."

Admiration shone from the faces of the Elves as they hugged their sister for her consideration and sacrifice.

They called her name with love and respect, all of them elated by the prospect of their complete freedom from the hands of the humans, and the judgment that would befall them all once their report was made.

"Come on, everyone! We have to hurr—!"

~RUMBLE!~

The sudden sound of loud footsteps caused all of the Elves to pause where they stood.

~RUMBLE!~

~RUMBLE!~

The sounds intensified, and the powerful tremors began to make the Youngs tremble as well. Terrified expressions clouded their faces as many struggled to get a word out.

However, after several failed attempts, they all did the most sensible thing.

"W-what should we do now... D-Deli?"

"Y-you brought us out here! Show us how to get out!"

"Hurry up!"

"Uwaaaahhhh! Deli, what should I do?"

"I don't want to die!"

Like little kids who were absolutely scared for their lives, their desperate screams pierced the air as they helplessly looked to Deli for salvation.

It was at this moment, however, that the young Elf ran out of ideas.

"I-I don't... know..."

Aghast faces stared at her almost instantly. All of the Young Ones placed their lives into her hands and she failed them. The resulting effect was her head bowed, unable to look them in the eye after such a blunder.

"W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY—?!"

~SNAP!~

Branches snapped within the forests, and twigs were broken into pieces as the seconds elapsed. Greater sounds of tremors pierced the air as well.

Until finally—

"ROOOOAAAAARRRR!!!"

—The feared calamity arrived.

Several Monsters burst out of the forest, all of them massive beyond rational belief. They resembled massive lizards, with short arms and long, muscular legs. Their tails swayed back and forth, having spikes on them that trailed from the base of their neck, down their spine, up to the very tip of their tail.

Their rough, dry, and scaly bodies made them appear more like mud walls than actual flesh. The terrifying faces they had were reminiscent of Dragons, though with no horns and much more primal maws.

"ROOOOAAAAR!!!" With every powerful roar they made, sticky saliva poured out, spraying on the bodies of the Elves who watched them in absolute terror.

More of the Monsters appeared from the forest—most of them emerging from a far distance. Though, with the way they ran, it would only take some seconds before they eventually caught up to the group.

In such a frightening situation, now stuck between ferocious Monsters and the dwelling place of another kind of horrifying beast, the Elves were confused on what to choose.

But, the moment the Monsters made one final roar and tried to chomp the closest Elf, the Elves instinctively realized the only option they had.

"UWAAAHHHHHH!!!"

They immediately ran to the same place that they just 'escaped' from.

Their trembling legs moved swiftly and they all proceeded to the haven that would at least protect them from the onslaught of the Monsters who were now chasing them.

Thankfully, the closest Elf to the Monsters was able to avoid being killed at the last second; so she too was running for her dear life.

With all of them now reaching the barrier, hoping to get in and gain protection from the towering creatures that desired to feast on them, the Elves arrived at a shocking discovery.

"Gahh!"

"W-why isn't it letting us in?!"

"No! NO!! NOOOOO!!!"

They were denied access to safety.

## Chapter 618 Intervention From The Wicked

No one wants to die.

The Young Ones were by no means an exception to that.

They each had dreams and hopes-one of which was to meet the Oracle one day, and perhaps sacrifice themselves for Nature or their Sisters.

Dying had to be done after their purpose had been achieved.

Not like this.

As all the Elves pounded on the barrier, now desperately desiring to return to the haven they previously rejected, they could feel the tremors growing louder, and the growls of the Monsters drawing nearer.

It was a frightening scene, one where the Elves could see death approaching while being unable to do anything about it.

The truth was that the Young Ones had never had recourse to fight a Monster before. Such tasks were left up to the Elders.

And, even the Elders would rather avoid fighting Monsters than confronting them directly.

For example, the Elder in charge of them-Gratiana La Shanagari-would often navigate the forest with her Ranger Class senses, so they could spot Monsters a long distance away.

Avoiding these things was easy with Gratiana around.

Even in situations where avoidance was impossible, she would use her [Territory] Skill to shroud them, while also applying [Camouflage] to cover everything within it. Using that, they were always able to avoid the savage beasts.

But now... things were different.

There was no Gratiana to help them out, and the Young Ones were pretty low on Mana to properly fight so many Monsters.

"T-they look like A-Tier Monsters..."

"They ARE A-Tier Monsters!"

"We are gonna die here, aren't we?"

"Uwahhhhhh!"

The Elves knew their fates were sealed. Not even their Elder could kill so many Monsters, especially not if they spotted her first.

If their Elder couldn't do it, what chance did they have?

They were meant to be dependent and subservient. None of them knew any better.

"Seems like you are in a bit of a bind." A voice suddenly emerged from the other end of the barrier, and a man appeared there.

He had slick dark hair, with an eyepatch covering his left eye. A gentle, but somewhat cold smile graced his lips as he stared at the desperate Elves with a certain kind of grace.

The young man was dressed in what appeared to be a black sweatshirt and joggers-an outfit too casual for such an intense scenario. Not only did he remain calm despite the heavy pressure, but both hands were in his pockets as he spoke to the Young Ones.

"Do you require assistance?"

His question seemed foolish. Anyone would give the obvious "Yes" or give whatever answer that would lead them to safety.

But the Elves did not-or rather, could not-answer immediately.

The rules were explicit, and by garnering the aid of this human, they would not be following the words of their Elder.

Besides, this was the human who attacked them and rendered their Elder unconscious. For all they knew, he still had the nefarious intention of breeding them to create more Half Elf abominations.

Wouldn't they rather die than fall into his grasp?

"Arghhhh!"

One of the Elves at the back screamed as her arm was cleanly chomped off by one of the Monsters. Another had her leg completely severed, and the other was wounded by a claw strike. These were non-lethal injuries, but the next strike would be fatal for sure.

Those closest to the barrier were yet to be affected, but it was only a matter of time.

"Uarghhhh!"

"Gahhhhhh!"

"Aaaarhhhh!"

More screams echoed in the air until the Elves couldn't take it anymore. Or rather, one Elf couldn't.

"P-please help us!"

Deli rushed to the barrier and pounded desperately on it.

She was bleeding from her back thanks to the being barely grazed by one of the Monsters, and merely based on how much she was screaming, it was easy to tell the kind of desperation she was experiencing.

Tears streamed down her eyes as she begged.

The human saw this and smiled, nodding slightly as he finally spoke up. "Very well. I shall be of assistance to you."

Before the Elves could say another word-perhaps in gratitude or skepticism-they found themselves already inside the barrier that they desperately struggled to breach.

Not only that, but the injured ones began to recover at a frighteningly rapid rate. Their lost limbs were restored, and all the blood and injuries were seemingly reverted to a point beyond when the damage was received.

Everything was perfectly intact-all within a moment. "H-huh...?"

"H-how...?"

"W-what just...?"

The Elves knew they needed not ask those questions the moment they stared at the exterior of the barrier and found their benefactor standing outside its reach.

None of them felt any fear for him-neither was there compassion.

He was a vile beast who would have committed atrocities against them. Perhaps this was Nature's way of getting back at him.

"There's no way he'll survive that!"

"He can't handle so many A-Tier Monsters at once!"

"Why isn't he using the Half Breed vermin? She's the one who would do the heavy lifting for him."

"He'll die at this rate..."

"If he dies, what happens to us?"

As clusters of words echoed among the Elves, they kept their eyes peeled at the human.

Somehow, deep down, despite not being supposed to, they all wanted to see the man emerge victorious.

Maybe it was to secure their survival, or perhaps it was due to the fact that he rescued them from certain doom. None of them were very sure.

But, the disgust they felt towards all humans suddenly didn't apply to him anymore. Did they trust him? No

Did they like him? Not at all.

But... did they still desire the best for him? Absolutely!

And so, with widened and innocent eyes, they all looked at Rey Skylar as he faced scores of Monsters on their behalf.

\*\*\*\*

'Well, this is quite the conundrum. Rey smiled to himself as he looked at the A-Tier Monsters before him.

The current scenario looked like something he would have planned right off the bat, but that wasn't the case at all. In fact, his real plan was being suspended because of this completely random and unexpected scenario.

'Where to begin...?'

\*

## Chapter 619 Change Of Plans

-Sorry, Master. The explosion caused by the escape attempt must have caused the Monsters to be drawn to this location.

-As Rey heard that, he sighed and shrugged.



I already figured out that much. Still, to think so many would pour out at once! He could see at least fifty of the A-Tier Monsters in front of him, and they were all looking incredibly fat and healthy.

Watching them keenly, he even had a fleeting statement. "They kinda resemble T-Rexes..."

Despite his laid-back attitude and casual demeanor, Rey's inner thoughts and actions were far from the simple front he displayed.

"This wasn't how things were supposed to go! Glancing to the Elves behind him, his eyes locked on Deli-the de-facto leader of the Young Ones who made their escape.

"The real Deli is still in the Fortress, and the one with the Elves is Emil. The plan was to make her blend in among them and naturally enter the Elven Community to serve as a double agent.

Rey had already scanned the entire forest a while back. It was only about one-fourth the size of the territory of the United Human Alliance, and while it still took some time to fully understand the layout, there were still certain things he didn't understand until he had a closer look.

In order to achieve this, he decided to let Emil take the lead as an Elf and infiltrate the Elven Community while he watched from the sidelines and planned ahead.

As his Symbiote, he could always sense whatever she did, even if she was far away from him. As such, he would be aware of everything happening in real time.

As long as their bond remained, she could use his abilities and he could use hers as well.

In essence, there was no true danger involved.

"The goal was to integrate her so well into their world that she would begin to actively investigate the Shrine and the Oracle while I explored the other regions and confirmed the Natural Resources that Ater found here; hence killing two birds with a stone.

It wasn't that Rey had completely given up on an Alliance with the Elves, but he found something like that to be very unlikely given the circumstances.

'Instead of wasting my time and effort on useless peace treaties with these racists, it's best to find their leader and strike a deal with them.'

The Oracle was the only person in the entire Elven Community who was of interest to him, and he was going to strike a bargain with them.

'I don't know how the negotiation will go, but as long as I do not harm any of their people, even though they try to harm me, I should have no real disadvantage in striking the deal.'

Rey was even ready to go into darker waters if push came to shove and the Oracle wasn't forthcoming.

He would do anything, really, if it meant saving Alicia.

'Of course, I haven't forgotten the rest of my reasons for coming here, but I really feel the need to get this Curse thing settled first. The plan was going so well too...'

Emil had effectively secured her position as leader in the eyes of the Young Ones, and they were even on their way to the Elven Settlement.

If not for the emergence of these Monsters...

'Emil isn't allowed to use any of her other abilities in her Elf form, which meant I had to show my face ultimately. It completely ruined the plan, but... maybe I can still salvage the situation.

In the original plan, he was willing to vilify himself if it meant distracting the Elves long enough for him—or Emil- to explore the Shrine and the rest of the Community in order to investigate the Oracle.

But now, he was having a different thought.

'Quid pro quo. I'm not sure these people understand that concept, but there's only one way to find out, isn't there?'

Rey looked at the Monsters before him and gave a slight scoff.

During his thought processes, they had barely moved a few inches towards him. Due to the speed of his thoughts, as well as body, he could engage in introspection all day and they still wouldn't be able to gain on him.

He had gotten his fill of that, though.

"Let's make your execution a little flashy. I need to put on quite the show, after all." With a brilliant grin plastered on his face, he returned his hands to his pocket and caused his eye to shine with bright red hue.

~FSHIIII!~

In an instant, several bright blades formed behind Rey, especially behind him. His dark hair fluttered with the winds blowing wildly thanks to the overwhelming pressure his new items created.

[Divine Weapon Creation]' His thoughts echoed as the golden-lined blades all gleamed with marvelous power.

A dozen of them floated in the air, awaiting his commands, but he let them remain still.

'I can make more, but that's not really necessary. I want to be very flashy, but also not give away the true depth of my power. This should be enough to do the trick.

"ROOOOOOAAARRRRRR!!!"

The Monsters all charged at him, almost as if out of fright.

When creatures are exposed to danger, there are two options; fight or flight. The inability to choose between the two results in the last option-freeze.

These Monsters did not have any complex sense of reasoning, and their hunger perhaps clouded their more sensible faculties, so they chose the former-FIGHT.

-BOOOOOOOM!~

Many slammed their tails and feet on where Rey stood, hoping to crush him swiftly and then feast on his mangled flesh.

However, their attempts were laughably unsuccessful.

"I'm getting the hang of this Zone Layering..." He spoke to himself, not even minding the Monsters

'Overlapping the Zones really makes it impossible for pretty much any of their attacks to hit. The only exception will probably be something that nullifies my attack, or if the attack is moving faster than the rate at which I layer the Zones'

With his analysis complete, Rey aimed his Divine Weapons and casually sent them forth with his mind.

'Spare no one!'

~WHOOSH!~

Chapter 620 Perfect Growth

~WHOOOOOOOOSH!~

The display was akin to fireworks of gold and crimson.

The glistening blades shot into the air, faster than bullets or rockets, as they pierced through the enemies almost as soon as they were launched.

They easily cut through the thick hide of the Monsters-all of them being nothing more than easily shredded dough with little to no resistance to offer.

The golden blades danced around the group of Monsters, trapping them inside a cage of golden slashes and certain death.

By the time they were finished with their duties, barely a second had elapsed.

And that wasn't all...

-SPLOOOOOSH!~

All the blood and entrails of the Monsters gushed out at the same moment, completely bursting from their corpses.

The crimson liquids reflected the brilliant glows of the golden blades, hence creating a firework of such disgustingly beautiful art. Bubbles and splatters of blood, along with slabs of innards-all of them flying in multiple directions-created the most artistic expression of execution.

All who laid eyes on it could not dare opine to the contrary. "And with that... it's a wrap." Rey smiled dismissively at the bloody pile that now lay before him.

He would have to use Magic to get rid of all the gore.

Almost as soon as he thought that, though, he got a System Notification.

[System Notice]

{EXP Threshold Will be Supplemented by [Perfect Divine Growth]!}

-You Have Leveled Up!~

-You Have Leveled Up!~

-You Have Leveled Up!~

-You Have Leveled Up!~

-You Have Levelled Up!~

'Hmm...' Rey rubbed his chin with one hand as he looked at the System Window. He already knew the effects of his [Perfect Divine Growth] Skill, but the notification still caught him by surprise.

'I suppose it makes sense, all things considered...'

Normally, he would find it difficult to Level Up once after attaining the Status of an S-Tier entity, but seeing as he Levelled Up five times consecutively, he couldn't help but be amazed by the effects of his [Perfect Divine Growth] Skill.

'I guess this means I can still get consistently stronger; even while I'm on this mission. That thought alone put a wide smile on his face.

'Judging from what I've seen, the Skill roughly improves my growth tenfold-no, even more!

Leveling Up once made it about half times more difficult to Level Up again. In essence, you would need more EXP to gain another Level.

Without [Perfect Divine Growth], Rey reckoned he would have indeed Levelled Up once, but nothing more than that.

Instead, he gained four extra Levels, and that was with them each being half harder to grow from.

Stacking them up like that, it was a miracle he managed to get so far.

'I wonder what effect it has on Skills. Thankfully, I was able to see one! Rey brought one of his hands from his pockets and stared hard at it.

[Grand Hardened Body]. That was the name of the Skill that he just obtained from the A-Tier Monsters, which caused their body to possess incredible defensive abilities.

It was a Passive Skill too, but since its rank was only A-Tier, its effects were pretty useless to him. Still, he decided to test the Skill out by applying it to himself.

The moment he did so, he got another notification.

'As I thought...' His grin widened as he looked at the System Window floating before him.

[System Notice]

{Skill will automatically evolve due to the effect of [Perfect Divine Growth]!}

-You Have Unlocked A New Skill: Unbreakable (SS-Tier)-

"Whoa! It went straight up to SS-Tier. That's incredible!" Rey muttered to himself in genuine surprise.

His emotions were suppressed instantly.

'Tch...' Now more rational in his approach, he examined the occurrence with more clarity and took a more skeptical approach.

'Is this how it'll be for every new Skill I obtain and use, or is there a different threshold for them?'

Perhaps this particular Skill went so high up the ranks because it already had perfect compatibility with his body and his other existing Skills. In a way, the Skill wasn't particularly useful, since he could achieve the same result by product of his other Skills.

Having a Skill dedicated to that effect was nice, but it wasn't particularly fulfilling a major need within his arsenal. 'If I obtain more obscure Skills, it might take longer for them to advance that high. Plus, this Skill being A-Tier probably contributed to that effect...'

All in all, it was too early for celebrations. He still had to run certain tests to ensure he knew precisely how the Skill operated, and how its limits worked.

'For now, though, these are good results. Returning his hands to his pockets, he cast a Spatial Spell to suck in all the gore that now littered the area.

The Spell took on the form of a miniature black hole, functioning similarly to a vacuum cleaner.

He already preset it to only take in the Monster Parts, excluding the sands and other essential parts of the beach. ~FSHUIII!~

Once the absorption began, Rey took his gaze away from the process for a moment and focused on something else.

"Status Window."

[STATUS WINDOW]

- Name: Rey Skylar.
- Race: Human (Otherworlder)
- Class: Singularity (S-Tier)
- Level: 206 (00.00% EXP)
- Life Force: 13,000
- Mana Level: 29,000
- Combat Ability: 21,550
- Stat Points: 250
- 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 expected... I have returned to Neutral Good! Rey nearly laughed, but he held it all back.

The same way he could see the System's plea to 'Help' Esme was the same way he saw its pleas to help every single one of the Elves that he saved.

'I wanted to test out my theory in this fight, and it seems I was spot on!

This single act of heroism seemed to justify him in the eyes of the System. While this would ultimately be beneficial for him regarding his disposition, it also meant the affirmation of one of his most troublesome suspicions.

'The System, or rather this world, really has a bias towards the Elves. With that now fully realized, another question resulted from the fact.

'Why?'