

Extras 631

Chapter 631 Best Of Both Worlds

"Tch! Just die!"

The Elves bombarded Esme with several shots of attacks, none of them daring to get close to her due to the superior mobility and overall combat experience she possessed.

Still, it wasn't like they were making much progress by keeping their distance.

In fact, they were losing all the same.

Elves were mostly taught Elemental Magic, since it was the most useful kind in overall utility. Of course, Commonplace Magic was also essential, but those were all at the basic level.

Since combat wasn't an essential part of their lives, Elves never really had the need to advance Spells or create a more intricate means of attack-making them amateurish in a sense.

In that regard, they were similar to Dragons.

However, the major difference between the two Races was their disposition towards violence.

Due to their lack of proper understanding of tactics, yet their immense abilities gifted to them by Nature, they were powerful but inexperienced.

As a result, compared to Esme, who was the best of both worlds, they stood no chance.

"Might as well end things now..." The salty breeze whipped through her hair as she gave a confident smirk.

Almost as if she finally snapped, one of the Elves lunged forward, a whirlwind of energy crackling around her fingertips. She held twin daggers and tried to twist and turn to create a swirl of lethal energy as an assault.

Esme sidestepped this attack with ease, the sand beneath her feet shifting as she moved.

With a swift motion, she countered, using wind blades to slice through the air and find their mark with deadly accuracy. Both weapons flew out of her hand, and one more blast of wind fell on her as she tried to regain her footing.

"Ack!" The Elf stumbled back, a surprised expression on her face as she crumpled to the ground.

As the other Elves surged forward, each unleashing their own unique brand of magic, Esme danced between them like a shadow, her movements fluid and precise.

Bolts of lightning crackled through the air, fireballs erupted from the palms of her adversaries, and tendrils of earth reached out to ensnare her, but Esme evaded them all with graceful agility.

It was all pointless.

Upon seeing all of this, the Elves, growing frustrated by her seemingly effortless evasion, redoubled their efforts. Their magic became more erratic and chaotic with each passing moment, and their desperation grew to its limits.

In contrast to them, however, Esme remained unfazed. And then, with a sudden burst of inspiration, she saw her opportunity.

Gathering her magic, Esme called upon the elements around her, summoning forth water and sand from the beach.

With a flick of her wrist, she sent the mixture swirling around the Elves, ensnaring them in a deadly vortex of quicksand. Panic flashed across their faces as they struggled to free themselves, but it was futile.

"L-let us go!"

"Kyaaaa!!!"

"Y-you Half.... You will pay for this!"

Ignoring them, she simply continued her dance to its conclusion. W

-ZZZTTZZZ-

With a final flourish, Esme called forth a bolt of lightning from the heavens above, directing its energy down into the swirling mass of sand and water.

The air crackled with electricity as the quicksand solidified, transforming into a smooth, glassy surface beneath the elves' feet, and all around them as well.

In mere moments, the once fierce adversaries were trapped, their forms encased in a shimmering prison of glass.

"And so it concludes..." She murmured, looking at the massive construct of glass that now held all the Elves- both the conscious and unconscious hostage.

"I've always wanted to try that."

"Unbelievable..."

Rey grinned as Gratiana looked at the Half Elf before her. The way she used her Magic, as well as the rest of her Skills, made the Elder forget about her racist disposition for a moment.

"She fights better than anyone I've ever seen."

"Of course." Rey shrugged. "Your people are very limited in many areas. Though, with the bet ending in my favor, I intend to change a lot of things."

"Y-you... we aren't sure the Young Ones killed the Boss!"

"Really? Even after seeing them covered in Entrails, and also witnessing how they fought my ally?" Raising his eyes, Rey directed a look of skepticism at Gratiana.

He already knew she was well aware of the Young Elves' perversion, but her pretense was something he didn't want.

'She should be honest about it. He thought.

"Rey! I know you're watching this, so just come out right now!" Esme's yelling voice interrupted whatever he wanted to say next, so he simply winked at Gratiana and stepped forward.

As he did so, the Magic he used to cloak both himself and Gratiana wore off.

"You got me." He smiled, raising both hands as he approached the Elf who was glaring at him, though playfully. "So did you enjoy yourself?"

"This guy..."

"Come on... admit it." He drew closer, reaching to touch her shoulders, but she swiftly used her staff to knock his hands off.

"Ow..."

Of course, Rey wasn't referring to physical pain. He knew such wouldn't work on Esme, so he placed his hand on his chest and faked being hurt.

"S-so cold..." He even whispered, to which Esme simply shook her head and hid her smile as much as she could.

While they did this, Gratiana went to the Elves, who were stuck in glass, her face depicting nothing short of worry. Esme noticed this and couldn't hold back her smile any longer.

"Just a little..."

"What was that?" Rey drew closer, his ear directly facing her.

"Fine! I enjoyed it a little." She smacked his shoulder with her staff again, and he laughed at it.

"Hehehe!"

As they both approached the prison of glass, Esme and Rey began nudging each other with their shoulders, laughing in the process.

No one would have even guessed that a fight had just gone down.

While this was happening, the Elves seemed to be in a state of both shame and fear, looking at Rey and Esme with understandable apprehension, while they looked at their Elder with humble disappointment in themselves.

Rey already knew the best way to banish the gloomy mood. "Now that this has all been resolved... it appears I owe you all an explanation."

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Chapter 632 Explanation Of The Incident

"W-WE DIDN'T KILL ANYTHING?!"

The Elves all had shocked expressions on their faces, and understandably so. They had just been told by Rey that they never killed the Boss Monster.

They also never killed any of the other Monsters on their way out.

'Why would I let them take such precious EXP away from me? I killed the Boss and the other Monsters to further test out my [Perfect Divine Growth] and managed to Level Up and get more Skills.'

Unfortunately, the Monsters in the Dungeon were not as diverse as the ones he encountered in the Royal Dungeon. Perhaps it was due to lack of conquest on the part of the Elves, which led to

stunted Evolution, or the abundance of resources for the Monsters, or several other factors that Rey couldn't possibly know, but the Monsters in the Dungeon were very similar to each other and had similar Skills.

Of course, that didn't mean all of them were the same.

However, several Floors had an overlap of Monsters—unlike what he saw in the Royal Dungeon.

'As a result, I could only get a limited number of Skills in my stockpile. Most of them are just there to fill up space too, but it's better than just having 14.'

If he ever got the chance to get his hands on more useful Skills and needed space, he could always feed the current ones to [Sacrifice] or use [Merger] on them.

Either way, he lost nothing by having them at the moment.

Also, thanks to the upgrading effect of his [Perfect Divine Growth], all the Skills he obtained were at least in the Absolute Tier.

'The main highlight was the EXP I obtained from the experience. At this rate, I might reach Level 300 before leaving this place. Hopefully, I get to fight the Dragons here too. Ah, but one step at a time...'

He looked at the shell-shocked Elves and realized he would have to further explain himself, rather than get lost in his thoughts.

'Emil was the one disguised as the Boss Monster, and yes their fight with her was real—but she didn't die.'

It was all just an act.

The hallucinogenic effects of some of the flowers were utilized by Rey to trick the senses of the girls to think they were actually killing the Monsters, when in actuality... they weren't doing anything of the sort.

"So you drugged them! That's why they were behaving so violently!"

"No. The hallucinogen only fools the senses. It doesn't control actions or emotions. I didn't make you do anything you wouldn't have done in that constructed scenario."

To make sure they saw what he wanted them to see, he gave them the prompt of what would happen before he rendered them unconscious. That guaranteed that when they woke up, their minds would be operating on that assumption, so they would perceive what they were primed to see.

Still, he had Emil disguise herself as the Boss... just in case their imagination wasn't enough.

'As for all the Minerals in the Dungeon, including all of the Flowers, I took them into my domain. And by domain, I mean the Grand Calamity Class Dungeon that I really need to make into a hideout.'

He couldn't reveal most of these details to the Elves, but he was communicating everything to Esme through her mind, so the information she received was different from what he told the rest of them.

Back when he was executing the plan, one of the things he was mostly worried about was the possibility that the Elves found out they were being played.

After all, if he took all the resources in the Dungeon, the effects on gravity would cease, and they would be able to move normally without his assistance. Also, they would be able to tell that the Dungeon was barren.

Thankfully, the effects of the flowers—which he fed to them after they were unconscious—was potent enough to make them see things differently.

Just to be safe, he constructed false plants through Magic, and replaced the actual minerals with replicas that looked identical to the real deal—but were simply polished or dyed stones.

It was a lot of hard work, and it no doubt paid off.

'I'll never let them find out the details of what I did. I'll have to repopulate the Dungeon with summoned Monsters—at least the first couple of Floors—so it looks occupied. That way, no one will suspect my actions.'

At least, not until he was done with the Elves.

The wealth he had just obtained from the Dungeon was definitely more than he bargained for, and he considered everything everything more than enough to save his business.

'But, since I don't know the exact figures and logistics, I had Kara go through everything and audit their value for me.'

It had only been some hours since then, and he heard that Kara was already done with it.

'That girl works fast with her brain...' He smiled to himself, though as soon as he did this, he noticed Esme's countenance change a little.

It only lasted for a fraction of a second, but Rey could have sworn that she had given him a look of disapproval.

'I-in any case, Emil is with Kara right now, and once I'm done concluding the deal with the Elves, they'll return and give me a report on everything that happened.'

Rey was trying his best to act cautiously and not be too optimistic, but with the way things were looking, he was already solving the problems he came to the Eastern Continent for.

'The business stuff is pretty much fixed, though I'm sure Kara will have some ideas on how to gain even more profit. As for having Elves as my allies, I think I've figured out their weakness...' He smiled as he remembered how he made all of them react from his scent.

That alone made Gratiana subservient to him, and he figured he could take over the rest of the Elves with that method.

'The only things left are finding out more information and curing Alicia...' And in all honesty, they were both tied to one entity.

The very entity that watched over this land, and still refused to show their face.

'The Oracle... that's the last piece of the puzzle.'

So far, while Rey had played some games with the Elves, he had made sure not to make them break their long-held taboo.

He didn't allow them to kill, and that wasn't only because he wanted all the EXP to himself.

'I can't allow The Oracle, whoever they are, to be upset at me.'

Yes, he acted a little wickedly by deceiving the Elves, but he had his justifications for his actions. It didn't look like it now, but a lot of his actions were also going to benefit the Elves in the long run.

So, as long as he didn't cross the line, he was sure he could still justify himself in the eyes of The Oracle.

Still, something bothered him.

If The Oracle indeed saw all that happened in the Continent, they were probably aware of the plunder he made in the Dungeon.

'Yet they aren't informing these Elves of my lies. Why? Why do they still choose not to interfere?' Rey wondered to himself.

'What exactly is this Oracle? What is this connection they have with the Elves?'

More than ever, Rey had to know.

Chapter 633 Exploration Of Passion

[Meanwhile...]

"Haa... how boring."

Kat'erin and Shai'ya entered their suite with tired expressions on their faces. The look of both disdain and disgust on their faces was overshadowed by the exhaustion they felt after walking through the human city.

Of course, this wasn't physical exhaustion by any means.

As Dragon Generals, their physical prowess far exceeded the threshold it would take to get tired from walking. The kind they felt was the feeling of mental exhaustion.

"Being around so many filthy humans sucks."

"It took all of my self control not to explode and just destroy all of them."

Dragons had always been taught that they were the most superior race in H'Trae, and that the world was theirs for the taking. Not only that, but they had the compulsion to constantly take the lives of the weak.

It was ingrained in them-both by nature and by nurture.

As such, being in a bustling city of humans was akin to throwing a hungry person into a pen full of livestock. It took the strongest level of self-control to resist the call to devour-or at least destroy the pathetic humans.

"Huuu..." Kat'erin collapsed on her bed, while Shai'ya sat on the floor, crossing her legs similarly to a bow.

After both girls rested, not speaking for a few seconds, Kat'erin finally spoke up.

"We were able to find some relevant information, though. The fact that the humans here have summoned

Otherworlders, who are mighty enough to slay Dragons. The fact that some of these Otherworlders dwell in the Capital... and also the fact that the strongest of them is away at the moment."

After using her [Dragon Voice] on so many people, making them do her bidding, they easily spilled the beans about the city and everything that had gone on within it over the course of the past few months.

"It all makes sense now. The humans could never have killed a Dragon Lord. It was the Otherworlders all along. I'm sure the Master would be glad to know all of this." As for specific information regarding the Otherworlders, there seemed to only be four who were somewhat reachable, and only three were in the Capital at the moment. With the strongest being absent from the Capital, and the scarce number of threats to the Dragons that existed, this was indeed the perfect opportunity that Lady Frey'ja was waiting for.

But...

"From the way they were described, they seem like rather difficult opponents. Regular tricks won't work on them. And while they probably wouldn't stand a chance against our full might, we are forbidden from attacking the Capital."

As such, despite finding such damning information about humanity-enough to make the race sink-the Dragons could do nothing about it.

"How frustrating..." Kat'erin groaned.

"Indeed. I was hoping to finish this mission quickly, but it seems we have to find more information before we can communicate our findings to Master." Shai'ya responded with another sigh.

"As much as I don't want to agree with you, you're right."

They couldn't waste the time of a Dragon Lord, who was definitely busy with other actions. To prove their competence, they had to take independent action.

"Or perhaps by telling her, she can guide us on the next step to take."

"Are you saying we can't figure that out by ourselves? We're an elite unit, you know?"

"T-true..."

The girls were stuck in a dilemma, but without having any outlet for their frustrations, it only kept eating at them. Until-

"Hm?" Both girls turned to the door at the same time, and as soon as they did, they heard a soft knock on the door.

They looked at each other for a moment, and Kat'erin's smile grew wide-almost beast-like-as she easily knew who was knocking.

"Come in." She called out to the front door, and a second later, it was open.

The lady that entered into the room was the very definition of gorgeous-perfectly sculpted as an epitome of beauty. As her crimson hair flowed behind her, and her pure black suit clung tightly to her body, she flexed her glasses as she made her entry.

"I heard you had returned, and decided to come attend to you. Is there perhaps anything you two would like? Refreshments, perhaps?" She asked, her head bowed.

"No! Human food tastes awful!" Shai'ya yelled, almost like a whining child.

Her thin voice echoed in the air, but the bowing receptionist did not flinch in her bow. Her face was obscured by her hair as she looked at the ground, waiting for the words of Shai'ya's partner.

"Want to know what I really want?"

"What do you desire, Miss?" Her alluring voice called out.

At this point, Kat'erin could no longer hold back her lust. All her growing frustrations for the day culminated into deep desire for the human before her, and the power to suppress it was long gone.

"Raise your head."

The redhead instantly obeyed, revealing her beautiful face. "Come over here."

She obeyed, walking slowly as the door closed behind her, until she reached the base of the bed where Kat'erin now stood in.

"Strip for me."

Once again... the lady obeyed, completely disrobing to display her immaculate body-the ebony skin gleaming like jewels under the suite's lights.

"Come here. Sit next to me."

As Reta-the girl in question-obeyed this order, Shai'ya couldn't help but look excited as well. She slowly began to rise from where she sat and went to stay beside the girl.

Now sandwiched between the two Dragons, with no possible way of escape, Reta emotionlessly obeyed her orders to the letter.

Then, before long... the action began.

"Hmmm... mhmmm..."

"Ahh... haaa..."

Steamy breaths, followed by kissing and suckling sounds echoed in the room as the ladies began to engage in rather unspeakable activities.

Their silhouettes danced as they occupied the bed, enjoying one another's bodies to their fill. The pinnacle of passion was explored that very moment, with the women completely letting go of their frustrations to drown in pleasure.

... Unaware of what was really happening.

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Chapter 634 Connections In High Places

"That was amazing..."

"Fucking awesome! I had a blast!"

As the two Dragon girls—Kat'erin and Shai'ya lay on the bed, arms wrapped around each other, and the girl that lay in their center, they couldn't help but show their true selves.

"This whole thing has just made me so stressed. But, all of that just washed away with just one round..." Kat'erin looked at Reta, pecking her cheek as she fondled her boobs even more.

"You're a natural at this. Why don't I give you a reward for your services?"

The ebony beauty smiled, blushing slightly as soon as she was praised. Slowly parting her lips, she made her request known.

"I... want to be of service to you. Let me be of more use to you."

Kat'erin raised her brows as she looked at the girl before her. [Dragon Voice] made it so that the target was bound to the caster, and would therefore engage in actions related to her orders and the overall will of the one who was in control.

So, yes. This made all kinds of sense.

"What kind of use can you be to me, though? You're just a simple receptionist, aren't you? Other than your body, you can't offer me much, can you?"

Kat'erin said this, but Reta's body was unlike anything she had ever experienced in her entire life. She had explored girls from other races before—including humans, though out of curiosity—but ended up disliking all of those experiences.

In the end, she had to conclude that Dragon girls were the best partners.

'Until I met you...' Kate'rin's mouth began to water once again. Reta simply oozed sex appeal, and now that she had finally gotten a taste, the Dragon General realized that she had been wrong all along.

Not even Shai'ya, the one she was most compatible with, compared to this human when it came to the kind of pleasure she derived from the experience.

'I'm sure Shai'ya also feels the same. Just look at how happy she looks...' More than anything now, Kat'erin wanted to take Reta with her when she was returning to the Empire. She was going to be her toy for life.

"I-I have connections too, you know? You mentioned something about needing more information about the City, right? I have friends in high places!"

'Ah, yes...' Kat'erin smiled sheepishly, remembering how she kept blabbering all the secrets of their operation in the presence of the human as they climaxed together.

There was no harm done, though.

'She's under my control and will keep shut about all activities in here. As for her claim, it seems far-fetched.'

Still, Kat'erin found the girl to be too cute, so she decided to humor her.

"Pfft! What kind of connections?"

"The Otherworlders. I know one of them!"

"R-really?!" As soon as Kat'erin heard this, she jumped to her feet in pleasant surprise. Her eyes were bulging, and her mouth parted wide.

The reason she so easily believed Reta was because it was literally impossible for the girl to lie to her. Just earlier, when she mentioned her friends in high places, Kat'erin discounted it as just a commoner overestimating the value of their connection.

But an Otherworlder? That was an unexpected gamechanger!

"You really know the Otherworlders? The saviors of humanity?" The gears within her brain was beginning to turn as she examined the prospect of this discovery.

'If I can use this girl to get to the Otherworlders, and I get them under my control... then that would be more than good news for the Master.'

The problem was that the Otherworlders were probably not going to be so accessible, and even if they were, what were the chances of her Skills working on them? There were so many things to consider, including the danger of keeping Reta close if she was chummy with the Otherworlders.

Still, this was better than nothing.

"Not those ones. I'm friends with a Deserter."

"Deserter?" At this point, Shai'ya spoke up, finally recovering from the last vestiges of pleasure that coursed through her body.

Even Kat'erin was curious about this statement.

"The public doesn't know the full details, but there were a lot more Otherworlders that were summoned. However, most of them deserted The Alliance, hence becoming deserters."

"Interesting... go on." Kat'erin's grin began to expand.

"I know one of them. According to what she told me, four of her other friends are in the Capital. They want to take over the Alliance, and I'm currently working as their spy."

The juicy details were making Kat'erin wet again, and her excitement was reaching a new height as she watched Reta explain everything in full.

Once more information was added, both Kat'erin and Shai'ya looked at each other and nodded.

"So, you're saying there's currently a conspiracy to take down the current Royal Council by both the Nobles and the Otherworlders?" "And it's going to happen very soon?"

Reta nodded her head like an innocent little girl, making Kat'erin bite her lip in excitement.

"This is perfect!" She laughed out loud. "All we have to do is manipulate those Otherworlders and Nobles to wreck the Capital for us."

Not only did they not have to attack the Capital themselves, but if they played their cards right, the entirety of humanity could self-destruct under their proper guidance.

Everything seemed to align perfectly.

"Ahh... I'm in the mood again! Let's go another round."

"You read my mind!"

Both Kat'erin and Shai'ya pounced on the girl at their center, and then resumed their rather unchaste affairs. Moans, groans, and gunts filled the air, as well as certain sounds that flesh made when they

rubbed against each other. Once again, the room had become a haven of pleasure—with a red-haired certain man watching them from a seat not too far from the bed.

"And with that, the wheels have begun to turn." His deep voice echoed in the room, though none of the two girls in the room could see him.

They were busy kneeling before him, pleasuring themselves as he stared at them with cold eyes.

"Now then... what should I do next?"

Chapter 635 Conspiracy Among Otherworlders

[Later That Night]

"So, how did the meeting go?"

Felicia and her friends—Byron, Lyvia, Devin, and Cayden—sat and discussed in her room, as they often did at this point. As the leader of the deserted Otherworlders, she had pretty much made her place of rest their hideout of sorts, albeit a temporary one.

Their stay in the Royal Estate was limited, so they wouldn't be here for long.

Still, at least for the moment, they were privy to the facilities of the Estate—as esteemed personnel of the highly regarded Nobles. Their rooms weren't as fancy as that of the Otherworlders, but it was certainly much better than their abode in the houses of the Nobles they worked for.

It just went to show the disparity in wealth and power that the Royal Council had—or perhaps how well the latter was willing to treat their guests.

Regardless, that wasn't the topic for discussion. It was something else.

"You mean the meeting with our new backer? Yes, it's going well. The Reaper Group has decided to fund our new venture."

As soon as she said this, the teenagers practically fist bumped and leapt for joy. As everyone in the Alliance knew at this point, The Reaper Group was the hot new stuff around. They held so much financial influence, but were also politically relevant.

Not only did they personally supply the Royal Council with Items—thus contributing to the war against the Dragons—but they had managed to make connections with practically every Noble that the group knew.

They had their reach in every facet of the Nation at some point, which made Felicia suspicious.

"It's a good thing I acted on my instincts and confronted that worker of theirs—who eventually spilled everything after just a kiss." Licking her lips, Felicia grinned widely.

The honest truth was that the Reaper Group was looking to take over the Alliance as well, and since they had a much better plan and more influence than the Nobles who were greedily eyeing the position of the Royal Council, the Reaper Group was a much much better group to latch onto.

"Those old farts lack the resolve. Plus, they're too stupid and entitled to come up with a coherent plan to take over anything." Lyvia said with a brutal smile on her face.

Despite having a gentle face, everyone knew just how blunt and harsh she could be.

"Right? If the Reaper Group is our sponsor, we can be sure to have both the financial and political help to achieve our goals." Devin added.

Everyone in the group nodded at this.

"The most important thing is that the Group has the trust of the Royal Council. Vida and Conrad don't trust the Nobles, but since they've kept the Reaper Group close, they won't expect treachery from them."

The intricate web of connections that the Reaper Group had managed to establish that this plan of theirs must have taken them a long time to make.

By subsidizing the weapons sold to the Royal Council, while also bearing construction costs for the Capital, they already knew what their actions would get them.

What were the chances that they were the top business in the Alliance, despite only surfacing only some months ago? No... the Group was certainly run with agendas in mind, and one constructed by a rather intelligent leader.

"So, did you meet the leader of the Reaper Group, or just an affiliate?" Byron asked, chuckling excitedly as he wanted to know more.

"You idiot! You think the leader would easily reveal himself like that? They've been planning this for so long. Of course, they'd opt to remain hidden."

Rebal was merely the outward leader of the Reaper Group, serving to conceal the true mastermind who ran everything from the shadows. He was the one she had a meeting with.

"Within a week, we'll make our move. The Reaper Group is already amassing their resources, and they've also managed to enslave two Dragons who will assist us in our endeavor."

"T-two what?!"

"D-Dragons?! Are you serious?!"

Cayden looked a little worried as he stared at Felicia, but she shrugged everything off and smiled.

"Relax. I kissed him and confirmed the effects of my Skill. He was telling the truth, and they have the Dragons under their control." Her tone was casual, laced with so much pride and power, that her followers had to believe and trust her.

"During our next meeting, the Dragons will show up and we'll further discuss the details of the plan."

If all worked well, the Dragons would get blamed for the chaos that would ensue in the City—including the demise, or at least permanent incapacitation of the Otherworlders.

"Once the dust settles, we will rise and become the new heroes of the people. During this process, we have to eliminate Conrad and Vida. Since we are Otherworlders, the Curse won't activate if we do the job. We could also use the Dragons to do it."

The previous plan with the Nobles had them taking on the more gruesome roles due to their strength and nature as Otherworlders, but with the Reaper Group's involvement, there wasn't even a need to stain their hands.

"What of our classmates?" Cayden asked with a raised brow. "What do you plan on doing with Justin and the rest?"

"Hmm... do you think we should bring them on our side?" Lyvia asked. "They could be useful to us."

Everyone knew Lyvia was saying this because she had a crush on Justin, but no one said anything to imply their knowledge. Instead, Felicia rubbed her chin and creased her brow for a moment. Then, she spoke.

"Having them on our side will indeed be beneficial. It's not like I'm a heartless monster that wants to see her classmates die or something."

In fact, she would have preferred it if no one had to die, but the Reaper Group was pretty insistent on the calamity that had to be wrought upon the Capital in order to ensure a proper transition to their rule.

"It's crazy how they helped develop the City, only to desire its destruction once again..." Devin chuckled.

The rest of the teenagers laughed at this, with Felicia smiling the brightest.

"Don't worry, guys. This alliance with them is also temporary. All we need is their assistance, and once we get what we want..." They all nodded in agreement and steeled their hearts.

"The Reaper Group will be under our control as well."

Chapter 636 The Elven Community

Crunching sounds echoed atop the hills as the group climbed in silence.

The leader of the group was Gratiana, leader of the Elven Guardians of the Western Shore of the Continent. Behind her were the forty-eight Elves that she led, and all of them were ascending the rather tall hill. The deep and thick forest had grown distant behind them, and their gaze was set on something that existed beyond this final obstacle of theirs.

Finally, after reaching the top of the hill, they cast their gazes down and set their eyes on the civilization that existed below.

—The Elven Community.

The sight itself was breathtaking.

From the apex of a towering hill, one could behold the radiant world woven into the verdant embrace of nature's splendor. A mix of colors danced beneath the azure sky, as the sun's golden rays caressed the lush foliage and kissed the earth below. The community sprawled across the landscape gracefully, spreading for at least a mile, while surrounded by a barricade of flowers and lush plants. The kinds of houses that stood at the center of this plain were made seemingly out of a mix of stone and plants.

There was nowhere you would look that evidence of nature couldn't be seen.

At the center of the community was a massive structure. The compound alone took up a lot of space, but the building itself was not as small or compact as the others that surrounded it.

That was The Shrine—the place where the Elves went to worship Nature, or perhaps to commune with The Oracle.

The place appeared sacred—more sacred than the rest of the houses that littered the community. Based on sheer size and mass alone, the population had to be a few hundred thousands; a considerable figure indeed, but nothing compared to Races such as Humans whose population was at least in the millions.

The abodes here were spread-out, though, with every home having their own compound, and more than enough space for leisure.

All in all, as primitive as it seemed, this place was a paradise—a haven of nature.

Everything about the community could be succinctly expressed in a single word.

—Beautiful.

As the Elves cast their gaze on their home with pride and a strong sense of affection, they slowly shifted their gaze to a group of three humans, who were standing on a completely different hill while also staring down at their society.

Rey, Esme, and Kara—all three of them were smiling as they looked at the Elven Community.

Gratiana gulped as she looked at the three humans.

'This is the first time that humans have laid eyes on our Community before. I will surely be punished by the Esteemed Council. Unless...' Her eyes focused on Rey, whose expression of pure confidence made her clutch her chest a little.

'....'

Gratiana felt a bit of cognitive dissonance within her.

On one end, she still desired to uphold the will of her people, as well as the rules established by the Community. However, she also wanted to do the will of the man who had managed to conquer her.

Both of these contrasting positions made her unable to arrive at a decision.

Still, deep within herself, she had a certain thought.

'I wish you good success in your endeavor, Rey.'

'As expected of Ater. He described it well enough. This is the real deal.' Rey smiled to himself as he looked at the world that spread out beneath him.

In this place, there were hundreds of thousands of Elves—previously a lot more before the war reached such a state of intensity. As the sunset bathed the community, he felt it depict a certain kind of beauty that a modern city could not offer. Rey wasn't emotional about the sight or anything, but he found it pretty nonetheless.

'It's here that I will proceed with the second phase of the plan.'

After his deal with the Elves, he had called back Kara and Emil, and the former was able to give him the gist of the situation.

'We have more than enough mineral resources, but that isn't all we can obtain from this place.' Rey's thoughts trailed as he recollected the details of what Kara told him.

'The Dungeon that exists here is only the symptom of the true goodies that exist on this continent. Somewhere in this place is a pocket full of incredible Mana and even rarer—purer Minerals.'

But, that wasn't all there was to obtain here.

'The Magic that the Elves possess—specifically Runic Magic—would really help in the production of the raw materials and refining them into the perfect tools.'

Currently, while the Reaper Group had the best equipment possible for the production of Enchanted Items through refinement of raw materials—even better than the Royal Council's—they still fell short when it came to processing materials as pure as the kind found in the Eastern Continent.

'Apparently, the last time they refined the minerals we got as a reward from the Elves, they ended up overworking the machines.'

If they desired to work on schedule, and also consistently churn out quality products, they had to seek out a more sustainable means of production.

'According to Kara, the best way to do this is to build a refinery here, using that pocket of goodies here as a base to power the refinery.'

Spatial Magic could be used for the transportation of raw materials, and even final products, which was why Runes were essential—for better use, and effective management of resources.

All of this required, more than anything, the cooperation of the Elves.

'I sincerely doubt the Elves will agree to any of what Kara proposes unless I have them under my control. Still, it's not like there are no other ways to go about things. Her suggestion just works the best and saves costs.'

Plus, they could evade a lot of taxes, while keeping their production sites safe from sabotage from competitors or any other party with malintent.

'The first thing is to find The Oracle and get a cure for Alicia. Once that is done, we can proceed with the refinery idea.'

Rey could feel himself slowly getting impatient as he looked at the civilization that had all of his answers. "Just wait a little longer, Alicia..."

Chapter 637 Presence Of The Elders

Whispers echoed as Rey, Kara, and Esme trailed behind Gratiana who led them.

The rest of the Elves had dispersed, as ordered by their Big Sis. As a result, they playfully went around the Community to see their friends or have fun.

Were they worried about their Elder? Yes.

However, more than that emotion, the excitement they felt was an overriding force for them. They wanted to hate their experiences with the sisters they had in the Community.

The Dungeon Experience, their new perspective on Nature... and the kind of person the man who just entered the city was.

All of this, along with their child-like personalities, made them almost forget Gratiana and her fate, as they trailed off, leaving Rey and his allies to be her only escorts.

Or rather, she was theirs.

"ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!"

The High Elder's shriek nearly caused all the Esteemed Elders to wince, despite being used to how hysterical she could be at times.

Usually, they would internally caution her to display more decorum and composure, but none of those thoughts were in their mind at the moment. Right now, all the members of the Esteemed Council couldn't help but agree with the words and actions of the High Elder.

All of them were wondering the same thing.

Gratiana La Shanagari, one of the most committed of all the Elves in the Community, had done the one thing that no other rebel had ever managed to do.

"How dare you bring humans to this sacred place? To our haven? To the bastion of Nature?!"

Gratiana stood silent, her hands behind her back as her head was bowed. This reminded her of when she was still a Young One and almost gave in to her lust for killing; nearly ripping apart the body of her prey.

She had gotten an earful from an Esteemed Elder at the time, but compared to that... this felt a lot worse.

More than anyone, Gratiana understood the severity of her actions.

The Elven Community was a sacred place, filled with the sacred people of Nature—the Elves. The same way Elves couldn't taint themselves by interacting with other races, the Elves couldn't allow themselves to be tainted by letting the other races interact with them.

For the entirety of their civilization, despite very few Elves breaking the first rule—traveling to the world of the tainted beings—no one had ever managed to break the second.

Yet... she did that!

She brought people who would be considered tainted—if not abominable—to the very heart of their dwelling place.

"Shame on you, Gratiana! Shame on you!" The High Elder spat in anger, sadness, and downright disappointment.

The other Esteemed Elders stared at Gratiana with similar emotions, though the intensity of the respective kinds of feelings differed depending on the Elder.

One of the Elders, however, was an exception.

Other than the shock on her face, there wasn't any other emotion that she displayed.

"H-High Elder, why don't we let Gratiana explain herself? She isn't one to act in such a manner." After recoiling from the shock, Aurora finally spoke up in defense of her sister.

Her gleaming eyes begged for mercy, but most of the Esteemed Elders scoffed at her words.

"Wasn't that the same way you were also not one to act in such a manner, yet you brought disgrace to the Esteemed Council by leading the Youngs under your charge astray as you journeyed to the Human World."

"This again?" Aurora sighed, almost in exhaustion. The people in this room never missed any opportunity they had to remind her of her actions.

"Yes! That again! Do you not realize that it could be because of your reckless actions that an upstanding Elder like Gratiana ended up committing such an abomination.

"Let's hear her out first before making that assumption." Aurora spoke back with a tinge of annoyance, and everyone in the room picked up on it very quickly.

With tension high in the room, and the visitors tucked away in an empty abode right outside the hall of the Elders, the Elves present couldn't help but sigh.

The High Elder's eyes were moist with tears as she shook her head.

"Have mercy on these ones, O' Oracle of Nature.'

[Meanwhile]

"O' Nature... thou calleth me to thine embrace..."

A group of Elves were huddled together, amidst the devastation that surrounded them. They all held hands tightly, their eyes closed as their quivering lips moved.

"... Save us from tribulation that test our devotion, deliver us into the hands of purity..."

Their long ears twitched, picking up the loud explosions that rang in several directions. Despite sitting in one of the massive craters, generated by one of such explosions, they paid the whole thing no mind.

There was no reason to care any longer.

Their bodies were already rotting—poisoned by the tainted poison of Miasma. The surplus Mana within them had grown corrupt, and there remained no hope for them.

All they could do now was pray with the last of their remaining strength, before their bodies become completely paralyzed.

Giant flying creatures danced in the sky, raining purplish energies upon the land—creating a bare, infertile surface on the very grounds that once bustled with life.

All of this was thanks to the entity that floated above—far above the flying abominations that did not tire or rest, but constantly rained down destruction and death from their place in the sky.

The figure that watched all of this from a distance wore a dark suit, his arms folded as his dark hair swayed with the wind. His azure eyes watched the utter desolation of the Elves; seeing as they died, cursed him with their dying breaths, and then prayed before they breathed their last.

Even the current Elves who prayed had just finished cursing him before engaging in deep prayer, having the image of Nature in their minds as they devoted their hearts to the call of Nature.

They had fulfilled their duties as Elves, and it was now time for their glorious rewards.

"... To be one with Nature, and—"

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!~

Before their prayers could be completed, a destructive blast from above descended upon them, utterly consuming them in its power.

In a mere instant, they were all dead—with not even their bodies left behind.

Chapter 638 First Impressions

"She brings shame upon us!"

"Misleading the Young Ones... what in the world was she thinking?"

"The worst part is that those people venture here before everyone. Everyone saw it! How do we explain this?"

The Esteemed Elders were speaking among themselves as they analyzed Gratiana's actions, and the sins she committed as a result of her thoughtless decision.

They completely ignored the penitent-looking Elf before them and discussed very harshly about her—going as far as already talking about potential punishments that could be inflicted on her due to her actions.

In Elven Culture, it was trite that the Young Ones were hardly punished for their actions. They would always be forgiven and corrected for any act they performed. However, Elders were thrust with full responsibility based on any of their actions. They had reached the age of accountability, after all.

As such, Gratiana was currently facing the scrutiny of the Esteemed Elders whose presence she was in. The only one who showed her some semblance of compassion at that moment was Aurora.

'I now know how you felt back then, sister...' Gratiana thought to herself as she saw Aurora's empathetic smile greet her.

Even though Gratiana had explained the whole thing to the Elders—including her suspicion that the man was no ordinary human—none of them bothered to properly hear her out.

Instead, they dug deeper into their biases and kept criticizing her.

"Even though the man didn't stink, his human partner reeked. You brought such filth here..."

"Right? And then there's that Half Elf..."

"Why does she bear such a striking resemblance to 'her'? It makes no sense. Or could it be...?"

"Say no more of it!" The High Elder suddenly raised her voice as she deepened her frown, causing all of the Elders to keep quiet almost instantly.

"The Half Elf is an abomination that deserves death. That is all there is to know about her, and all she will be known for."

As the High Elder rose from her seat once more, she walked to the kneeling Gratiana, her eyes a mix of compassion and sheer sadness.

"You, as an Elder, have committed one of the gravest offenses in the history of our people. You must be aware that your punishment will fit the severity of your crime."

"I... understand." Gratiana responded with a gulp.

Despite understanding all of this, she wondered why there was no regret in her heart. Even though these Esteemed Elders berated Rey and his allies, she didn't feel the same as them in the slightest.

She didn't regret bringing them to this place—or helping them in any regard.

Somehow, Gratiana was even taking their side in her mind whenever the Elders berated them.

'Esme... is more than just a filthy Half Elf. Rey is... nothing like what they call him. And as for Kara, she is a mere human, but she taught us a few things about the forest that will definitely be useful for avoiding predators without wasting Mana on Skills. She's a brilliant one...'

Yes, Gratiana still had her biases and considered Elves to be a superior race, but... she just couldn't think of the three acquaintances that she had just made to be filthy.

She... couldn't do it.

"Do you have any last words in your defense?"

Gratiana had a lot to say, including her current train of thoughts. She was still confused, due to the nature of her cognitive dissonance, and she so desperately wanted her sisters to understand it all.

But there was no point.

Just as she didn't bother listening to Aurora's reason for her offense all those months ago, no one would listen to hers.

'There's no point.' Gratiana thought as she closed her eyes and parted her lips.

"I do not—"

"Alright. I think I've been patient enough." A rather distinct voice echoed across the room as someone emerged from seemingly out of nowhere.

The eyes of all the Elves widened as the individual made himself known in the Esteemed Hall of the Elders—a place that no male had ever set foot in.

A place considered sanctified by the Elves.

Yet, in just the blink of an eye, a human male casually stood there, right beside Gratiana, as he smiled at all the Elves who watched in shock and horror.

"I don't believe I've introduced myself to you all. My name is Rey Skylar, and I come in pea—"

"Filthy human! How dare you!"

"You dare set your foot on these holy grounds? Ahh... how dare you, you pig!"

"Nature's punishment be upon you, filthy heathen!"

"Stay out of this, you beast!"

"Know your place and return to your site of solitude! You ugly creature!"

That last statement struck a slight nerve in Rey's heart, but it wasn't like it showed on his face. Instead, he maintained his calm composure and pretended to ignore the Elves and the insults they hurled at him.

Even Aurora was pissed off at this point and was yelling at him—though with slightly less insults than the rest.

"R-Rey... you can't be here..." Gratiana croaked as she looked at the figure beside her.

His hand was on her shoulder, offering her the support that none of her sisters could grant her in such a turbulent period of her life.

Some would blame Rey for her current predicament, but Gratiana knew she was the one who agreed to the bet. Hence, she naturally bore all the brunt of her actions and their consequences. Still... 'Having him here, by my side... is assuring.' She thought to herself with a slight smile.

As soon as the High Elder noticed this, she shrieked and began hurling more insults and curses—especially towards Rey.

'Having him here, by my side... is assuring.' She thought to herself with a slight smile.

As soon as the High Elder noticed this, she shrieked and began hurling more insults and curses—especially towards Rey.

"Was this you? Did you seduce her innocent soul? Curse be upon you! Nature's punishment descend upon you, filthy heathen! Beastly worm! Child of wrath!"

At this point, due to all the shouts and screams, Rey could no longer take it.

"Huu..." He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, ensuring he maintained his calm facade through it all.

Then—

~SHUUUUUU~

—He undid his Spatial Layers.

Chapter 639 Rey's Takeover [Pt 1]

It only took one second.

All of the Elders who flapped their gums and opened their lips to utter words filled with bitterness and harshness—without exception—fell to the ground in that single moment.

"AAAAAAAANNNNNNGGGG!!!"

They jointly moaned as their weakened knees found their way to the surface that they stepped on. No longer could they form coherent words, or offer any scowl of resistance to the man who stood before them.

An invisible force was making them submit; and they did so with full satisfaction.

Gratiana, who was already kneeling, bowed her head as she felt herself reaching the pleasure that was denied her earlier.

She thanked the benevolent one who was still beside her as she felt herself climax.

She wasn't the only one, though.

One after the other, the Elves made absurd sounds, filling the sacred hall with noises that should never be associated with it. They all shivered, and in only a few more moments... they all began to experience the same high that Gratiana experienced.

"Y-you..." The High Elder was the only one who was still sane after all that pleasure, and while her face was beet red and her heart raced like crazy, she still managed to utter words.

However, all of that changed when Rey took a single step forward.

"Uguooooo!" She let out strange noises and collapsed with everyone else.

As the oldest in the room, she had been in the Oracle's presence more times than every other Elf. However, it had been so long since she was called to their sanctuary that she had forgotten how it felt.

But now, all of it came to her like a fresh memory.

It almost felt like the very first time—the high and the pleasure at once—and that was more than enough to make her lose the final vestiges of her composure.

"Uuuuurghh..."

The Elves all passed out on the ground, soaked in both sweat and some sticky liquid they released moments before passing out.

"Haa... seems I overdid it." Rey muttered to himself as he laid eyes on the women who lay at his feet. 'I never expected things to turn out this way when I first arrived in this Continent, but... I can't really complain about the effect I have on them.'

He also wasn't mind-controlling them, so this had to be ethical.

"But damn... what a mess."

As he uttered these words, Esme and Kara knocked and entered using the front door. Usually, it would be locked, but Rey already sensed their presence and unlocked it before they even knocked.

Once they entered inside, they instantly stopped dead in their tracks and gawked at the several Esteemed Elders who were fully smitten by Rey's presence.

"T-this... is too much..." Kara covered her face as she blushed, her voice coming out in small squeaks.

"Agreed." Esme was far more composed than Kara, but it was clear that she wasn't without tension as well. After recovering from the sight, however, they ventured further into the hall and faced Rey—who just stood there awkwardly.

"So what now? Got any idea what the plan will be from this point on?" Upon hearing Esme's question, Rey resumed his smile and put both hands on his pockets. He cast a side glance at the fallen Elves and spoke.

"I think I'll just take over this Community. There's no point in trying to hold myself back any longer, especially since this opportunity has presented itself."

If he became their leader, they would have to give him everything he desired, which would in turn aid him in arriving at his goals faster.

"I could make the Elves my allies. I could get a constant stream of resources for my business. In fact, the refinery being built will be pretty much guaranteed." Rey saw Kara's face light up the moment he said this.

However, these two were only secondary to the most important goal he had at the moment.

'I need to see the Oracle.'

The fastest way he could think of in achieving that was by becoming an Oracle in a sense. If he did so, leading the Elves the way he saw fit, it would be inevitable that he got the attention of the Oracle.

'If this Oracle exists, and is real among the Elves... it's only a matter of time before we meet.'

[The Next Day]

The morning sun hung in the air, shining its brilliant ray on the colorful and lush lands of the Elven Community. Silence usually started the mornings of the Elves—a certain serenity that had become a ritual.

On this particular day, however, such decorum was not observed.

Several footsteps echoed within the community as they all trailed behind a certain man. All of the hundreds of thousands of Elves within the community were walking behind him—though keeping a considerable distance from him—as he walked behind the Esteemed Elders who were guiding him somewhere.

A look of reverence and admiration filled their faces as the procession continued in full swing. Murmurs danced across the ears of the several Elves as they leaked out hushed whispers about the man who walked before them.

They knew who he was—and where he was going.

Rey Skylar was no mere human, so none of them shot him a look of contempt. The first time they laid eyes on him, they had made that fatal mistake.

But no more.

Their eyes were now open, and they could see him for the amazing being that he was.

'This went easier than I expected...' Rey, being the center of all this attention, thought to himself as he kept his gaze forward and maintained his steady steps.

'Controlling the Esteemed Elders is one thing, but everyone else? Do I really smell that good to these people?'

Earlier that day, an announcement had been made to the Elves about Rey's status, and by spreading his scent to the Elves, he was able to display his authority over them. 'They all practically worship me at this point.' He laughed to himself, noticing the looks of admiration he received from all angles.

While he still felt somewhat guilty for using such a method, he didn't think much of it. He was very desperate, and he would do whatever it took to achieve his goals.

'I'll just try to get things over with as soon as I can.'

Chapter 640 Rey's Takeover [Pt 2]

'Right now, I'm heading to the Shrine of the Oracle...'

Rey's calm demeanor did no justice to the way he felt at the moment. He had only spent about two days in the Land of the Elves, yet he was already as close to accomplishing his goals as he possibly could.

He tried his hardest not to be optimistic, but he couldn't help but be excited.

'If all this works out, I really have to reward Ater for showing me this way.' He smiled to himself.

Before this, Rey had no idea what to do. He suspected that he would have to wait months, if not years, before arriving at a proper answer.

~What about me, Master? You won't reward me?~

'Of course, I will! You really did a good job in our short time here!' Rey smiled some more, rendering genuine praise to the Symbiote Slime inside him.

~Hehehe... hehehehe...!~

'So far, so good. Thanks to my interference, Gratiana isn't going to be punished. She and the other Young Ones returned to the shore after the announcement.' No one was harmed in the process of him arriving at his goal, and he felt oddly proud of that fact.

'And...' He cast his gaze to the Esteemed Elder who walked closest to him, and it was none other than Aurora El Slavarai.

'... It seems she doesn't remember me at all from the KariBlanc deal fiasco. That's good, I suppose.'

Rey didn't think it would make much of a difference if she remembered him or not, considering how much of a hold he had on all the Elves at this point, but he was still glad that he was operating on a blank slate for the most part.

'I'm also curious about something.' Since he was in a good mood, Rey decided to indulge himself by asking a question he hadn't seen anyone address yet.

"I've observed everyone in your Community, and yet I see no Males." He turned towards Aurora, who instantly gave him all the attention he desired. "Do you have no Males among you?"

His question only remained in the air for a few seconds before a reply came to him.

"Indeed. Only females exist among we Elves. In fact, we had no idea of the existence of Males until after our first contact with other Races."

Rey was stunned by the answer. It only made him more curious, hence prompting him to ask a follow-up question that anyone in his position would have asked.

"How do you... mate, then?"

"Mate?"

Rey swallowed hard as he sought a much better word to use to better structure his question.

"Reproducing, I mean. How do you reproduce if there are only female Elves?" He finally blurted out the question and awkwardly waited for an answer.

When he first arrived and saw no Male Elves, a part of him suspected that the Males were perhaps being held hostage in some sort of breeding facility to donate their seeds to the females for reproduction.

But Aurora just disproved that.

"The Elves can't lie to me, so I'm curious about how they are conceived. Or is their biology fundamentally different from ours?"

Rey was correct. The Elven biology was indeed different from that of other races—but not in the way he would have imagined.

"Once a year, during the time of 'Iranatuf', a certain percentage of us grow certain genitalia. The same genitalia that are found in Males of... other races..." As Aurora said this, her face grew pink, almost as if she understood the nature of the topic she was discussing with him.

The fact that they were discussing this in public—with Rey being an outsider—made it even more awkward.

Still, she spilled the beans.

"Those who develop those parts have the duty to insert... and provide their seeds... and after that day... well, it's like this..."

"Don't worry about it, haha! I think I get it already..." Rey promptly replied, raising a hand as he laughed to hide how flustered he was.

'Oh damn! This is more surprising than what I expected...' His suspicion of the breeding farm was even less shocking than what he was listening to. What Aurora was telling him—the secrets of Elven birth—was practically something known as 'dickgirls' on Earth.

'I can't believe they exist in this world... and they're Elves?!' He swallowed hard, deciding to bury the information in his mind.

But, right as that thought was about to sink into the abyss, something popped into his mind.

'D-does that mean that Esme also...?!' Despite trying very hard not to imagine it, a cursed image with Esme having a slight bulge between her legs entered his mind. He instantly shook his head, nearly in tears as to why he would have such a thought.

Rey reckoned the thought would haunt him forever if he didn't get the answers he needed.

"D-do Half Elves also... experience this?" He croaked out.

"What? No way! Only Pure Elves are capable of such!" Aurora instantly responded, almost as if she was slightly offended about Rey's insinuation.

"It is a gift of Nature that only we enjoy—one of the many reasons we are special."

Rey nodded as she spoke about their 'condition' with such pride. He didn't know if he was the one being a jerk due to his own understanding of girls and reality, so he decided not to think too much of it.

'I think some people are into that stuff too, so...' He shuddered slightly while maintaining his casual smile, hoping to end the conversation as quickly as possible.

"Noted."

Thankfully, his trick worked, and Aurora returned her attention to the shrine, which was already in sight.

'I guess I now have another reason to be happy that Esme is only half Elf.' He smiled, finally deciding to throw all of the cursed information he just recieved into the farthest recesses of his brain.

That way, he wouldn't look at the Elves in a different way.

'I wonder what Esme is up to right now. She wanted to sit this one out, so she should still be back in our lodge...'

Thankfully, when he thought about her this time, there was no bulge to be seen.