

Chapter 31 - Light.

As soon as the group left the gate, the camera flashes intensified, and the reporters' voices increased in pitch. They began to ask questions, not caring about the players' state.

Elis, who was stunned, finally decided to do something.

"Stop this shit! We need to take care of them! You call the mages of the association to help treat them. And you, prepare a place for them to stay immediately."

""Yes, sir!"" The two guards who were ordered ran away.

Elis looked deeply into Marcus' eyes. "It's good you guys are okay. We will need a report on what happened."

"Do we need to do that now?" Lana, who was almost fainting, asked.

"Don't worry, Lana. I'll do it." Marcus handed his shield to Junior and walked with Elis to another place. The reporters tried to approach, but the guards kept them away.

"I need you to tell me briefly about what happened. You will make a more detailed report to the association when you are recovered."

"Right."

Marcus started to tell about what had happened inside the dungeon, but he summarized everything. He also forgot to mention Lukas' presence, maybe because of his mind and fatigue.

"So you guys were attacked by a huge group of goblins." Elis knew the Phoenix group would have no problem dealing with some goblins. For them to have problems, the group had to be huge.

"..."

"What about the boy? The one who was in your group. Did he..." Elis had contact with the group before they went to the dungeon. He remembered the mysterious silver-haired boy who had joined the Phoenix group recently.

"About him, I don't know where he is. When we were attacked, he disappeared. Maybe he is somewhere inside the dungeon or maybe dead." Marcus felt nothing. He didn't care enough.

He believed that he had been abandoned. His friends also thought the same thing.

"I understand. If he's in there, I'll do everything possible to bring him back." Elis realized something was wrong, but he promised it. Marcus gave a weak smile and then let out a sigh.

He looked at his friends in the distance, and disappointment could be seen in his eyes.

Elis noticed this and decided to end the conversation.

"Thank you for the information. I'm sorry I sent you there; I was irresponsible." Elis was about to lower his head, but Marcus stopped him.

"Don't do that." He shook his head. "I'm sorry for being so incompetent. I wish I could have been of more use." Elis could feel the weight of Marcus' words. He had been "kicked out" of the dungeon and had failed to accomplish his goal.

He had no reason to be so disappointed. It was too much for him and his group, and Elis knew it.

"I'm happy you guys are okay. I wouldn't have been able to sleep at night if something had happened to you."

"You're exaggerating."

"I'm not. Wel... I'm going now. You will be rewarded for what you have done."

"Even if we didn't accomplish our mission?"

"You almost died because of me; that's the least I can do. My superiors will be a little irritated, but who cares?" Elis gave a forced smile.

After the conversation, Marcus joined his companions, and soon after, a group of mages sent by the association appeared wearing clothes that looked like medical coats.

All the members of the Phoenix group had their wounds healed and were to be taken to a place to rest.

As they were leaving, the reporters surrounded them, but the guards drove them away again.

Marcus, already inside a car along with Junior, Robert and Lana, sighed.

"What's wrong?" Lana asked. "Are you still angry about what happened in there?"

"No. I'm thinking about that boy."

"Which one? The one who helped us or the son of a bitch who abandoned us?"

"Both of them."

"..."

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Inside the dungeon, shortly after the Phoenix group left the dungeon, a silver-haired boy with a purple mask over his face was running down the halls of the dungeon without looking back.

After his battle against Lukas was finished, and he was forced to run away, he found himself aimless and didn't know where he was anymore.

Haa~~~

Haa~~~

Haaa~~~

Taking heavy breaths, he sat on the dungeon floor and looked down at his arms. Deep cuts were everywhere, and blood continued to pour out. He had started to feel weak because of the blood loss.

"Damn, I need to take a healing potion." The boy brought his hand to the small bag at his waist. Or at least it was supposed to be there. "I lost during the fight? Are you kidding?" Desperate, he stood up and began to search for his bag of items.

But he couldn't find his bag even after walking for almost 10 minutes.

"Damn, I think I'm going to faint." He leaned on the wall and then sat down again. He didn't have the strength to continue.

After a few more minutes of sitting and staring at the dungeon walls, his vision began to blur, and he began to feel cold. It was as if he had sat outside in a blizzard.

His body began to tremble, and he began to hear heavy breathing. But it was not his breathing.

He opened his eyes slowly and couldn't distinguish what he saw because of his impaired vision. But he knew it was something white, something white and bright. He wondered if this were the light people said you would see at the end of your life.

But that "white" thing was none other than a huge tiger staring directly at him. The tiger's icy breath was freezing his skin.

It being too late to do anything, the defenseless boy felt the heat and wetness of the tiger's mouth envelop his entire head. His neck was cut, and his headless body remained on the dungeon floor.

He managed to keep his consciousness for a few seconds before he lost his life.

The tiger, who was not satisfied, devoured the rest of his body while playing with his flesh.