

There is nothing more satisfying than destroying someone you hate. Since I became S-Rank, I got revenge on many people who looked down on me for being a bastard. The pleasure of ruining them was exuberant. Still, that doesn't compare to the satisfaction of seeing Darx's expression full of pain and shock upon seeing the woman he loves being fucked by me-the same person who took away his childhood friend Amelia and his mother, who is now my wife, Ilene.

Darx just stood still in shock, watching without even being able to speak as I keep fucking his girlfriend in front of him.

"A..., NhAahn.... Mnn... Ahh... Ahhh..."

"I-I can feel it in your pussy... you're about to come, aren't you!? ...Do it!" I said, accelerating the movement of my hips to make Syvis moan louder.

"HAAAAA! I.... MN... CUMM.." Syvis shouted, raising her head, revealing her face from her hair. Her face, with closed eyes, showed the ecstasy she was feeling.

"...Yes, let it out. Let it go... You deserve this, Syvis..." I said, enjoying Syvis's body and knowing that she was destroying Darx, "S-Syvis, I'm... c-cumming! Take it all!"

Soon after, I released all my cum into Syvis' pussy while she also had a tremendous orgasm that made her fall to the bed without strength still, having spasms.

With my cock still inside Syvis and after catching my breath, it was time to finish everything, "Well, well, it seems we have a peeper," I said, turning around to face Darx, "What do you say, Darx? Did you like the show?"

As I spoke, I felt Syvis's body tense on my cock. Still panting, she slowly turned her head to look at the door, "D-Darx..." Her expression was one of absolute terror.

Syvis, upon seeing Darx, got out of bed, covering herself with a pillow while my cum was still dripping from her pussy and thighs.

"...Why?" These were the only words Darx could convey in a broken voice.

Even though this was not something I had planned, it worked out in my favor. Syvis and Darx's relationship is over. Syvis will no longer go with Darx to the territory of the Dark Elves. The feeling of victory that I was feeling at that moment was unmatched. I humiliated Darx in the worst way possible, and both Ilene and Syvis are now in the palm of my hand. There is only one thing missing for my victory to be complete. If Darx attacks me, I will have the pretext of killing Darx and erasing him from the map once and for all. Ilene has been under the effects of my power for so long that I know she will forgive. Ilene cannot live without me anymore. I am sure of

that. And without Darx, Syvis would have nothing left to stop her. I will be able to take advantage of all of Syvi's weaknesses and make her mine permanently.

"Now that you've seen, there's no need to hide anything anymore," I said, full of malice, trying to get Darx to attack me, "This is not the first time that Syvis and I have had this kind of passionate encounter. She wanted to hide it from you for a while to mitigate the shock it would cause you, but now that you know, there is no need to keep pretending."

"D-Darx, t-that's not true! Y-You have to give me a chance to explain!" Syvis tried to excuse himself, but it was in vain.

Syvis, with tears in her eyes, tried to calm Darx down and excuse her actions. However, there was no turning back. Darx just needs one more push to drive him to total despair, and I'm here for that, "It seems like this is your destiny..." I spoke as I put on my clothes, "Syvis has chosen me just as Amelia and Ilene did at the time. You never understood your place and ended up losing everything," I looked me dead in the eye and then smiled, "Syvis is my woman now! Piss off!"

Just as I wanted, Darx's anger boiled over, and he launched himself at me recklessly, abandoning any thought of defense. I easily countered his attack with a swift kick that sent him hurtling into the wall, shattering it upon impact. Dust billowed into the air, obscuring the scene. I walked to the hallway while Syvis hastily attempted to gather herself and get dressed in the chaos. As I made my way through the haze, I spotted Darx lying on the ground, clutching his side in pain. It was evident that my kick had broken a couple of his ribs.

I look down at Darx, stopping for a second to savor the moment, "Infiltrate a rival guild without permission, attack a member—all crimes that justify self-defense regardless of the consequences for the aggressor," I said, walking slowly with deliberate, intimidating steps, "You have finally given me the opportunity to end your misery," I locked eyes with Darx, smirking, "You finally got to witness what I've been planning all along." At that moment, I made my dagger appear in my hand.

Syvis then emerged from the breach in the wall, fully dressed trying to stop me, "Kase, if you think I'll let you lay a hand on Darx, you're mistaken. Even if it costs me my life, I won't let you harm him!"

Seriously... Syvis really wants to act the hero when she has my cum in her pussy? She seemed determined to stop me, but not even Syvis could stop me on this occasion. This time, I-

What was that?

My gaze shifted from Syvis to Darx when I noticed something strange was happening. All of a sudden, dark, ominous steam began to emerge from Darx's body, shrouding him in an eerie dark aura. W-What is going on? What is he doing? This doesn't feel like a normal skill. My

instincts are telling me to escape. But, Why? I-I can't understand. I was about to win. I need to kill quickly!

I was about to attack when Darx started to stand up, letting out a distorted, infernal roar. Darx's dark aura grew more, allowing me only to see only his spectral red eyes. At that moment, I didn't realize that I had awakened something that should not exist in this world.

I fought against Darx. However, Darx wrapped in that spectral aura was something that even my skills couldn't kill. I thought I could win when Arthur and the rest arrived, but it seemed like Darx's power kept growing. It was as if that darkness had no end. It felt like something demonic was on his side. Agnes later came to put things in our favor, but once again, when I had Darx on his knees, and I was ready to give Darx the final blow, once again, things went against me. However, this time, I lost my arm, and as if that were not bad enough, Amelia even appeared out of nowhere after being missing for months, trying to kill me from behind.

What happened? I don't understand... What the hell is Darx? In my last moments of consciousness, I saw a sinister owl sucking everyone's mana. I had lost a lot of blood, and now that owl seemed to be sucking the very life out of me. Is this my end? Is this how I will die? I was about to win... then... why... I...

After what felt like a really long sleep, I opened my eyes. The world around me swam in an indistinct haze as I stirred from the depths of unconsciousness. My limbs felt heavy, and my head throbbed with a dull, persistent ache that refused to subside. As my vision gradually focused, I realized I was not in my bed or room. I was in a room with gray walls, lying on a small bed with white sheets with a recognizable aroma of medicinal flowers. What happened? Where am I? I tried to piece together the fragments of my memory, but they slipped through my grasp like wisps of smoke. After calming down and looking closely, I recognized I was in The Knights Hospital Guild.

How did I get here? The last thing I remember was... y-yeah, I was in a fight against Darx.

I slowly propped myself up, wincing at the sharp pain that shot through my body. Taking a deep breath, I surveyed my condition. My entire body was swathed in bandages. But what caught my attention was the thick wrapping that covered the right side of my head, obscuring my right eye's view. Even more distressing was the sudden realization that my right arm was missing – only a heavily bandaged stump remained.

"W-What?" I whispered, the word barely escaping my lips before being swallowed by the room's oppressive silence.

"Why?" I said, grabbing the area above my right elbow with my left hand, where the rest of my arm should be.

How could this be? My heart raced as an icy fear slithered down my spine. My right arm... it was gone. Why haven't the healers regenerated my arm? My thoughts raced, each more desperate than the last when the door to my room creaked open.

A young healer girl, probably a new recruit no older than sixteen, cautiously stepped into the room. Her eyes widened upon seeing me awake.

"Y-You're awake!" She stammered.

"Tell me why my arm hasn't been regenerated," I demanded, voice strained with a mixture of despair and anger.

"Uh, I-I don't know," She admitted, her nervous gaze darting away from my stare, "But I can bring the healer who treated you to answer your question."

"Do it! Fast!" I said through gritted teeth, frustration boiling within. As she hurried out of the room, I tried to get out of bed, but my legs buckled under the weight of my weakened body. I fell back onto the bed, cursing under my breath.

Moments later, the door swung open again, revealing an elderly man with a silver beard and glasses. I recognized him. According to Agnes, he is one of the best healers in existence. Agnes once mentioned that she had tried to recruit him in the past, but he always refused. Behind him, Mili and Elan entered the room.

"Brother, you're awake! We were so worried about you," Mili exclaimed as they approached my bedside.

"Easy now," Cautioned the old healer, eyeing my attempts to sit up, "You're still weak from your injuries."

"Enough with the pleasantries," I snapped, "Why hasn't my arm been regenerated?"

"We managed to heal your other wounds, but as for your arm... we have tried to regenerate it, but we have not succeeded." The healer said solemnly, his wrinkled face taking on a serious expression.

"Impossible! You're one of the best healers around, aren't you?" I spat, my anger rising with every passing second.

"Indeed, young man," He replied, maintaining his patience, "I have a rare skill that allows me to regenerate various body parts. It's something I've done many times. However, regenerating your arm and healing the burn on your face has proven to be beyond my or the other healers of The Knights Hospital Guild. Believe me, we have tried several methods, but so far, nothing has worked."

What is he saying? I clenched my left fist, feeling a mixture of disbelief and rage swirl within me. My right arm was gone, just like that? And nothing could be done about it? My heart pounded in my chest as I processed this devastating reality.

"Unacceptable! You're supposed to be the best, aren't you?" I fumed, my anger spiraling out of control, "Damn it all!" I shouted, slamming my remaining hand against the bed, "This can't be happening!"

"I understand your anger, young man," The healer said softly, his voice full of empathy, "But sometimes, there are limits to what even the most skilled of us can accomplish."

"B-Brother, the healers did everything they could. I have witnessed that." Mili added, putting her hand on mine, looking concerned for me.

"We had no problems healing your internal wounds and the stab wounds on your back; however, somehow, it seemed that whatever caused the wound on your arm and face was blocking my regenerative magic," The healer said, putting his hand on his chin, "I was waiting for you to wake up and tell us exactly how you lost your arm so we can maybe understand what's going on and find a way to regenerate your arm."

Even though I was still very frustrated, I told him how the wounds on my arm and face were generated by the strange dark energy that Darx was generating, which felt demonic.

"A dark demonic energy," The healer said thoughtfully as he listened to me, "Interesting."

"Kase, we'll figure something out," Elan reassured, "But first, you need to fully recover."

"Yes," Mili chimed in, her eyes filled with concern, "We're all here for you. We'll figure something out, together."

"Elan," I said, my voice wavering with a mix of anger and impatience, "Bring Celeste. She also has that skill that can regenerate my arm."

Elan's expression changed to one of sorrow, and he hesitated before speaking, "Kase... Celeste is in a coma. She's been like this since the fight. We don't know when, or if, she'll wake up. Celeste had no mana when the owl started absorbing everyone's mana. Similar circumstances befell nearby civilians who lacked substantial mana reserves. The owl persisted in its attempt to drain their mana, despite their depleted state, resulting in their current condition."

I felt my heart drop at his words. Celeste was my last hope, and now even she couldn't help me. CURSE! They are all useless! My mind then raced back to the battle against Darx, remembering how Celeste had tried to heal my arm amidst the chaos. Celeste mentioned that she was not being able to regenerate my arm for some inexplicable reason.

"Dammit!" I cursed under my breath, my anger boiling over, "Elan," I croaked, trying to regain control over my emotions, "How long was I out? And what happened after the fight?"

"Four days, Kase. You've been unconscious for four days," Elan said solemnly. "After the battle... we lost Diva and Guild Master Agnes. As I mentioned earlier, Celeste is in a coma, and besides that, several of our adventurers who participated in the fight are injured and are being treated here.

"W-What? Agnes is death?" The news of Agnes' death hit me like a ton of bricks.

My memories of the fight are still a little blurry, but I remember seeing Agnes fighting Darx while Celeste tended to my wounds.

"How did she..." I asked without being able to look up, still shocked by the news.

"Agnes fought bravely as expected of the Oblivion guild master," Elan responded, sadness noticeable in her voice, "However, Agnes was hit by the same dark beam that took your arm away. Agnes ultimately died protecting Syvis."

Even though I didn't care for most people, Agnes had always been there for me. It felt strange knowing that she was... gone.

"What about Darx?" I muttered, my voice choked with emotion.

"He escaped," Elan replied, his face darkening. "After the strange owl absorbed everyone's mana, we all lost consciousness, and since no one found his body, it is clear that Darx managed to escape."

"Escaped?!" I shouted, my anger flaring up once again, "That bastard!"

He cut off my arm and killed Agnes, and he just gets to escape?! This is an absolute joke! My nostrils flared, and I clenched my remaining fist tightly. The rage inside me threatened to consume me entirely. This is all Darx's fault. He is going to pay! I swear!

"Kase, calm down," Mili interjected her expression a mix of worry and sympathy. "We will find him, but right now, you need to focus on your recovery."

"Fine," I grumbled, trying to suppress my anger for the moment, "Where is Syvis and Ilene?"

"Syvis... I don't know where she is right now," Elan admitted, shifting uncomfortably, "But Ilene is in your mansion."

"Is that so?" I asked, a slight feeling of relief washing over me, knowing Ilene was nearby, "Why isn't she with me here? She should be by my side."

Mili hesitated briefly before answering, "I'm not exactly sure, Kase. She tried leaving the city three days ago, but the guards stopped her at the gates. Since then, she hasn't left the mansion, as far as I know."

"Leaving the city?" I mumbled, more to myself than anyone else. A sudden pang of insecurity tightened my chest. Was Ilene planning to leave me behind after all that happened? But that was impossible. My skill should still be active on her.

"Kase..." Mili started, placing her hand gently on my shoulder, "Don't worry too much. Ilene loves you very much! She talks about you all the time. When it comes to you, Ilene acts like a maiden in love despite her age, which is a bit creepy. Even so, I'm sure it must be difficult for her to accept what happened to her son."

"Maybe," I murmured, staring blankly at the ceiling. What had driven Ilene to try to leave the city? Was she thinking of going in search of Darx?

"Rest now, Kase," The healer said gently, "We'll keep searching for a way to heal you. But first, you need to regain your strength."

"Enough of this," I said firmly, sitting up in the bed with resolve, "Help me get to my mansion. I need to see Ilene."

"A-Are you sure, Kase?" Mili asked, concerned, "I think it's best for you to stay here until you fully recover. You're still weak after everything that's happened."

"Doesn't matter," I replied, gritting my teeth against the pain that shot through my body as I tried to stand, "I don't want to be here another minute."

"Alright, let us help you," Elan agreed, stepping forward to support me along with Mili.

By the time we arrived, I began to feel marginally better. Though still weak, I could manage to walk slowly on my own. Elan attempted to discuss guild matters with me, but that didn't matter to me now. I first wanted to make sure everything was okay with Ilene. Once he departed, I ascended the staircase leading to my bedroom, where Mili informed me Ilene would probably be. I opened the door and saw her sitting on the edge of the bed, staring blankly at the floor with a sad expression.

"Ilene?" I called softly as I entered the room. She looked up at me, startled. Her eyes were red and puffy as if she had been crying, "Are you okay?" I asked, stepping closer. Ilene didn't respond, making me uneasy.

She stood up a few steps away in front of me, her eyes cold and serious. My heart raced as I tried to gauge what was going through her mind.

"Syvis, I-" I tried to speak.

"I know everything!" Ilene said coldly, "I know that my son found you in bed with his girlfriend Syvis, and that was what started all the misfortunes that followed," Ilene paused briefly before continuing, glaring at me, "Kase, how could you? You tried to kill Darx! YOU TRIED TO KILL MY SON!"

"Wait, hold on," I interjected defensively, "While it's true that Darx discovered me with Syvis, everything that unfolded afterward was not on me. Darx initiated the altercation by trespassing into the guild and launching an attack. Darx came after me with killing intent. I merely defended myself and the people I care about."

"Care about?!" Ilene spat, her anger boiling over, "You mean Syvis!?" Ilene said sarcastically. Then, full of rage, she grabbed me by my clothes tightly, pressing me against the wall, "You don't care about anyone but yourself! You betrayed me, and now you want to pin all the blame on my son?"

"It's true... I lied to you..." I said, trying to stay calm, "In the past, when you and I weren't together yet, Syvis and I had a fleeting romance, which I thought had ended after Syvis disappeared into the cave."

[Broken will]

Given the situation, I used my skills to mitigate her anger and reinforce her feelings of love for me.

"I wasn't truthful about that, but my love for you has always been genuine," I persisted, "You are my first wife and always will be! I really thought I wouldn't see Syvis again. However, after Syvis returned, both my feelings and hers were still present. I acknowledge my mistakes and mishandling of the situation, yet I also love Syvis and wish to make her my wife in the future. I am a nobleman, having multiple wives is an eventuality. You knew that from the beginning. I know that will be difficult for you to accept at first, but-"

"But what?" Ilene, using more force and seeing me with even more hatred, asked.

[Broken will] I used my skill on her again.

"Lying to you was entirely my wrongdoing, and I deeply regret it, but you can't hold me accountable for the ensuing events," I asserted, keeping my composure, "Darx's behavior was far from normal, as you witnessed. He's responsible for Agnes's and other Oblivion members' deaths. My actions were in defense of my own life and that of my allies. Nothing more. I'd make

the same choices again, even if the cost were the same," I lifted what remained of my right arm, displaying my injuries to Ilene, "You ought to hold Darx accountable for his deeds. Not me."

"I just can't..." Ilene clenched her fists, tears welling in her eyes, "I've made up my mind. I'll end our marriage and leave the city to find my son."

My chest tightened at her words, and a wave of panic crashed over me. I couldn't lose her — not now when everything seemed to be falling apart. "Ilene, please—"

"Please, what, Kase?" Ilene's voice cracked as she tried to maintain her composure, "If it weren't for the guards not letting me leave the city at this moment, I wouldn't be here anymore. I just can't forgive you!"

[Broken will] I used my skill on Ilene over again. It is the first time that someone has managed to resist my skill so much.

"Listen," I pleaded, desperation seeping into my tone, "You said you tried to leave the city, but the guards didn't let you. I know you. If you really wanted to leave me and go find Darx, you would have found a way. But you didn't, Ilene. You didn't because deep down, you want to be with me."

Ilene stared at me with watery eyes, torn between anger and heartache. As I looked into her gaze, my heart raced, and my mind searched for the words that would keep her from walking away forever.

"I can't no longer see my life without you, and I'm sure you feel the same," I continued, breaking out of Ilene's grip with all the strength I had and hugging her, "It's time for you to choose me over Darx, my love. Remember our love, Ilene. Remember the future we planned together," I said, feeling how Ilene's body was beginning to soften, a sign that my skill was finally affecting her, "We can still have that life. Stay with me."

As Ilene's emotional defenses crumbled under the influence of my skill, tears streamed down her cheeks, "I can't lose my son... Not again..."

Ilene hugged me back and started crying, knowing that she most likely wouldn't see Darx again in a long time. I held her tightly as she cried.

"Let me be there for you, Ilene," I whispered into her ear, trying to comfort her, "I still haven't forgiven Darx, but I promise I will help you find him."

It's true that I have a vested interest in locating Darx, but not for the reasons Ilene suspects. The next encounter with Darx will be his last; I intend to end him once and for all. However, it would be advantageous for me if my wife believes that I will help her reunite with her son. She's aware of my vast resources to search for an individual regardless of their whereabouts. If Ilene is

under the impression that I'm aiding in her search for her son, it may facilitate her acceptance of Syvis as my second wife.

Ilene clung to me, her body wracked with sobs. Her vulnerability made her even more endearing, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of triumph at having broken through her resolve. As much as I cared for her, I knew that I needed her by my side. Unfortunately, my body reached the limit, and I lost strength in my legs.

"K-Kase, what's wrong?" Ilene said, holding me up so I wouldn't fall to the ground.

"S-Sorry," I replied, "Actually, I just woke up, and my body is still very weak. The healer told me I should stay in bed, but I couldn't resist the urge to come and see you."

Ilene helped me lie down on the bed, and for the next few days, Ilene faithfully stayed at my side, assisting me as I recovered. Initially, the atmosphere between us was tense, but gradually, thanks in large part to the continuous use of my skill, the tension dissipated. Yet, I sense that not all of Ilene's resentment towards me has entirely vanished. Ilene's dependency on me has grown to the extent that she seems unable to function without me, much like Amelia before her. Ilene would do anything just to make me happy. She gave up the idea of separating from me or going searching for Darx for now. For now, I tried to avoid the subject of Syvis, but I know that at this point, Ilene can't live without me, just like I can't live without her. When the time comes, Ilene will accept Syvis as my wife.

However, I am afraid of what Ilene could do if my skill in her stopped functioning. Amelia made it clear to me how risky it can be. I was lucky that Amelia don't have offensive magic, and she tried to kill me with a dagger. Very different from Ilene's offensive capabilities, which could be very dangerous. I must ensure my skill remains intact in Ilene, regardless of the circumstances.

While resting, Ilene informed me about Agnes's funeral. However, given my weak state, I could not attend. Even so, from what Ilene told me, many people gathered to say their last goodbye to the respected Guild Master of Oblivion. I was sad, and I will miss Agnes. However, with Agnes gone, that means I am the new Guild Master of Oblivion.

"Guild Master Kase... it sounds good."

As the days passed, two pressing questions plagued my mind incessantly. How did I end up losing against Darx? How the hell did Darx get such power? Did a demon really possess Darx, or was it something else? Simultaneously, I couldn't shake off my curiosity about Syvis's current whereabouts and actions. Lying beside Ilene in bed both naked, our bodies entwined, I found myself contemplating how Syvis would react the next time our paths crossed. These thoughts lingered as I drifted into a fitful sleep, haunted once again by nightmares about Darx.

On the third day, I felt much better. My personal healer told me that the healers from The Knights Hospital Guild healed all my wounds, and my weak state was because the owl absorbed all my mana, and just as he said, after resting for a few days, my energies were back.

It was time to return to the guild and take my rightful position as the new Guild Master of Oblivion. I got dressed getting ready to go out. Nevertheless, I have been avoiding looking in the mirror. The horrible burn on the upper right side of my head has ruined my attractive face. Ilene says she doesn't care, but I do. Every time I look in the mirror, it is a reminder of my humiliating defeat. And not to mention the loss of my dominant arm. Every time I see my missing arm, I remember that moment. The moment Darx...

Suddenly, I started hyperventilating. I felt like I was losing control of my body. My body began to shake as I remembered how Darx locked down on me. Those red eyes wrapped in darkness... I-I was about to...

"Kase, are you okay?" Ilene hurried to ask me when she saw me like that.

"Ah?" I asked, confused since, for a moment, my mind took me to that instant, "I-I'm okay..."

W-What is wrong with me...

"Are you sure?" Ilene asked me, looking concerned for me, "You turned pale, and you are sweating. If you still don't feel well, you don't have to go to the guild today."

"I-I was just dizzy. Don't worry." I insisted, "Let's go. I'm sure the guild needs its leader."

With that said, Ilene and I left the mansion, heading to the guild building.

Upon arriving at the guild, I noticed the building's repairs had already started. In front of the guild entrance, I took a deep breath, puffing out my chest. This is a new beginning for me. Not only will I be one of the most powerful but also one of the most influential as a Guild Master. I will have power over the nobles and the underworld. The first thing I will do is use the guild members to hunt down Darx and kill him as soon as possible.

With a confident smile on my face, we entered the Oblivion guild building, thinking that as the new Guild Master, everyone would show me respect. However, Ilene and I were surprised to find very few adventurers inside, and those who were present glared at me weirdly.

"Looks like they weren't expecting me," I muttered under my breath, trying to maintain my composure despite the hostility in the air.

We walked towards Agnes' office, which I now considered mine, but before we could enter the hallway, several members of Oblivion blocked our path. The tension was evident, their faces stern and cold.

"Kase, where do you think you are going?" One of them said, his voice dripping with disdain.

"Excuse me?" I responded, letting a bit of anger seep into my tone, "Where I go is none of your business. And if I were you, I'd be careful how you talk to your Guild Master if you don't want to face the consequences."

"Agnes was our Guild Master!" Another member burst out, "And now she is gone because of you!"

"Enough!" Ilene interjected, glaring at them. "We've all been through enough. Let's not make this worse by fighting among ourselves."

I clenched my jaw, trying to control my emotions. What is going on? Even these idiots know that I would be the Guild Master after Agnes. Why are they acting like that?

"Tell me what's going on here," I demanded, my patience wearing thin, "Why are you all acting like I'm the enemy? "I lost an arm protecting this guild, and this is how you all welcome me?"

"Protecting?" A female member scoffed, "Agnes protected the guild. On the other hand, we all know what happened. It was you and the Dark Elf whore that made that demon attack our guild. And now Agnes is dead!"

"Arthur told us everything!" Another added, "And what's more, your wife is the mother of that demon, right!? Did you two really expect us to be waiting for you with open arms?"

"No one here wants you as our Guild Master."

Did Arthur tell them? That son of a bitch... He's going to pay!

"Is that so?" I sneered, anger boiling inside me, "Well, let me tell you something: I don't care what any of you want. If you don't want Oblivion to end up as a deplorable guild with no S-Rank like Midnight Dawn, then you'd better not stand in my way," Looking intimidating, I pulled out my dagger in my remaining hand and continued, "And if any of you really have the balls to challenge me, an S-Rank, I'll be happy to shut your impetuous mouths."

The members exchanged uneasy glances, but no one spoke up.

I glared at each of them, trying to make it clear how serious I was. Ilene gripped my arm, her eyes pleading with me to calm down.

Just as I was about to raise my voice again, the guild doors swung open, and a castle messenger stepped in, "Kase and Ilene, by order of Queen Zara, you are both summoned to the castle immediately."

The room fell silent as everyone turned their eyes to us.

"What for?" I asked.

"I was not informed of the reason." He responded.

Being summoned to the castle as soon as I leave my mansion? Was I being watched?

"Fine," I said through gritted teeth. I gazed at the guild members before turning to Ilene, "Let's go."

Without another word, we left the guild's tense atmosphere behind us and made our way to the castle. I wanted to put them in their place, but it seemed like, for now, I had more pressing matters to attend to.

As we arrived at the throne room, I quickly realized that the meeting was not just about me. On the way, I thought that the Queen wanted to see me to clarify things with me now that I am the Guild Master of Oblivion, but seeing that there were more people present, it is clear that that is not the reason.

At the far end of the room, Queen Zara sat on her throne, looking at me with her piercing gaze. Her guardian dog, Zhoron, stood to her right, while Amber, the new Queen's adviser, was on her left. Beneath the elevated area were more people. Aelbrecht, the guild master of Dark Dragons; Stella, the guild master of Midnight Dawn; and son of a bitch Arthur. I'll be sure to have a chat with him once this meeting is over. But more important, Syvis was also here. She was looking as cold and sexy as ever. Everyone was turning to look at me except Syvis, whose gaze was fixed on the floor.

We approached the gathered group.

"Kase, Ilene," Queen Zara acknowledged our arrival with a nod, her tone neutral but firm, "We can finally begin discussing the matter at hand."

As my wife and I proceeded along the red carpet toward the elevated throne platform, I noted the familiar figures lining the path. Aelbrecht and Stelle graced the right, while Syvis and Arthur occupied the left. Parting ways with Ilene, I advanced to my now rightful position alongside the Guild Masters. Ilene, meanwhile, stood adjacent to Syvis, neither exchanging glances. A solemn silence lingered until we settled into our respective places.

The Queen continued, with a serious expression, "We have delayed this meeting until Kase could be present. We've already wasted a lot of time, so let's get started. The matter we are here to discuss is of great importance. It concerns the recent events surrounding the death of Agnes, the S-Rank Guild Master of Oblivion, as well as the fight against Darx and the

punishments for those responsible." Her gaze swept over everyone present, emphasizing the gravity of the situation.

As the Queen spoke, I couldn't help but feel a sense of unease, especially regarding my own involvement in the events that had transpired, "Your Majesty," I interjected, trying to maintain my confident demeanor, "There's really only one person responsible for all of this – Darx. He attacked the guild and killed Agnes. I'm sure you are well informed about his strange powers and appearance."

"Silence," The Queen snapped, her annoyance clear, "You will speak when spoken to, Kase. This meeting is not just about assigning blame but also about determining the future of our kingdom and its safety, especially in these times of war; what happened in Oblivion is unacceptable."

I clenched my jaw, feeling my anger flare up at her words. But I knew better than to argue further, so I remained silent, waiting for the Queen to continue.

"Amber," The Queen said, addressing her new adviser, "Please provide a summary of the events that led to this tragedy."

"Of course, Your Majesty," Amber replied, her voice calm and collected. She began recounting the details of Darx's attack on the guild, starting with how it all began when Darx discovered me in bed with Syvis. As she spoke, I saw Syvis's embarrassment at the public exposure; she just turned her gaze to the floor while Ilene kept her gaze fixed forward.

"Furthermore," Amber continued, "The altercation escalated quickly due to Kase's attempt to retaliate against Darx. Several members of Oblivion were drawn into the conflict, including the late Guild Master Agnes, who ultimately lost her life in the battle."

As Amber spoke, I felt the weight of everyone's gaze on me. My heart raced, and my palms grew slick with sweat as I tried to maintain my composure. I still don't understand why all this is necessary when it is evident that it is all Darx's fault.

"Is that all?" The Queen asked, her tone cool and detached after Amber gave a perfect account of everything that happened.

"Indeed," Amber confirmed. "In the aftermath, additional adventurers arrived to aid both the Oblivion guild members and civilians, transporting them to The Knights Hospital Guild for treatment. As for Darx, his location remains unknown."

"Very well," The Queen said, her gaze scanning the room, "Now, I would like to know the current status of those injured during these events. Arthur, can you provide an update on the members of Oblivion?"

"Your Majesty," Arthur responded, standing up straight and maintaining eye contact with the Queen, "All the injured members of Oblivion have been released from The Knights Hospital Guild, except for Celeste, who remains in a coma."

"I see," the Queen said, nodding before turning to Stella, "And what about the injured civilians?"

"Your Majesty," Stella replied, her voice steady and calm, "Seven civilians are still in the same condition as Celeste. They're receiving the best possible care, but their recovery is uncertain."

A heavy silence filled the room as we all absorbed the information. With this, there should be no doubt that Darx is to blame for everything. Hurting civilians is taboo for any adventurer, not to mention Agnes' murder.

The weight of the Queen's gaze turned to Arthur, "Arthur," She began, her voice resonating with authority, "If the members of Oblivion are fine, they must return to their positions. The kingdom will be depending on Oblivion to keep the city safe from any danger now that much of our forces are in the north."

As I stood there, I was confused. Why was the Queen addressing Arthur and not me about Oblivion matters? After all, wasn't it now my duty as Guild Master to carry out such orders?

"Your Majesty," I interjected before Arthur could respond, my voice dripping with indignation, "As the new Guild Master of Oblivion, it is my task to carry out those orders, so I will make sure Oblivion protects Riledo from any danger ."

The Queen slowly turned her sharp gaze towards me. Her eyes narrowed as she regarded me with icy disapproval, "Kase," The Queen began coldly, "You will not be the next Guild Master of Oblivion."

"...S-Sorry?" I asked, thinking that I didn't hear well.

"As you heard in Amber's report, we are well aware of the causes and what happened that night," The Queen began, looking at me intently, "I don't care who you do in your free time or who you sleep with, but that changes if your actions lead to one of the worst catastrophes in the middle of wartime."

This is a mistake, right!? My heart raced, and disbelief clouded my thoughts. How could she say such things? I clenched my fists, trying to control the anger bubbling inside me. I wouldn't let her take this away from me, not after everything I had done to get here.

"Your Majesty," I said through gritted teeth, struggling to keep my voice steady, "I only defended my guild. I did nothing wrong. I protected our own, which is what a true leader would do. Everyone knows that Agnes herself wanted me to be the one to take her place once she left the guild. As per Agnes' wishes, I shall take on the mantle of Guild Master of Oblivion."

"Yes... Agnes wanted that before she was dragged into a fight you caused that would cost her her life," The Queen's stern expression didn't waver, and her disapproving glance cut through me like a knife, "It's not only about defending your guild but also about making wise decisions and putting the greater good above your personal desires. You are clearly not fit to be the Guild Master."

"T-This is ridiculous...", I snapped, my anger growing by the second, "You have no right to intervene in official Oblivion affairs. This is not a matter for the crown to decide," Full of anger, I took a few steps approaching the throne, "Oblivion needs an S-Rank to lead them, and I am the only one capable of taking that position."

Before I could get any closer, the cold tip of a spear was at my throat. I couldn't help but be shocked at his speed; I didn't even see his move.

"One more step, Kase," Zhoron warned, his voice dripping with menace, "And your head will roll off that pretty worthless neck of yours."

I swallowed hard, staring into Zhoron's eyes. Everyone gets in my fucking way. I started to lose my temper and thought about attacking Zhoron when the Queen interrupted me.

The Queen remained stoic, unflinching in the face of my wrath. "Remember your place," She said coldly, her words cutting me deeper than any blade ever could, "Your opinion holds no weight in this decision, Kase. I have already spoken to important figures affiliated with Oblivion, and they have all agreed that you cannot be the guild master, regardless of your S-Rank status. This decision has been made. You will not be the Guild Master of Oblivion."

"Y-Your Majesty, please reconsider," I pleaded, my voice cracking under the weight of my anxiety, "I am capable of leading Oblivion, I swear to you."

"Enough," The Queen said firmly, her tone brooking no argument, "My decision is final."

My chest tightened at her words, my rage boiling beneath the surface. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Did all those nobles I visited with Agnes for days and accept me as a Guild Master betray me?

"This makes no sense?" I said, feeling angry and humiliated, "Why am I being blamed for everything? Darx was the one who attacked my guild and killed Agnes! Why isn't he or his guild the ones being put on trial? They are the ones responsible for everything! Don't expect me to stay silent, taking all the blame without saying anything."

Amber spoke up, "As I mentioned before, Darx's whereabouts are unknown. Furthermore, from the attack until now, we have investigated enough and found no trace that Midnight Dawn could have been involved in the attack on Oblivion. On the other hand, your involvement in what

happened that night is more than proven. In addition, we consulted with many of the members of Oblivion, and the majority are not willing to accept as Guild Mater, the person who caused the death of the previous Guild Master."

"Furthermore," The Queen added, "There is someone better suited for the position," Her gaze shifted from me to Arthur, who stood on the other side of the rug, watching the scene unfold, "Arthur, I ask you to step up and become the temporary Guild Master of Oblivion."

At her request, Arthur clearly looked surprised. Both Arthur and I looked at each other in surprise. Was the Queen really choosing him over me?

"Before Kase showed up," The Queen explained, "Agnes wanted you to take the role of Guild Master, Arthur. You have experience and support from other members, and you possess the qualities needed to lead such an organization."

Arthur's eyes met mine, a mix of defiance and determination swirling within their depths.

"V-Very well, Your Majesty," Arthur finally replied, his voice firm and resolute, "I accept the responsibility of being the temporary Guild Master of Oblivion."

A wave of anger washed over me at his response. I clenched my teeth and fists, struggling to keep my rage in check. The Queen had disregarded my efforts and chose him instead. It was infuriating, but I knew I had no choice but to swallow my pride for now.

"Kase," The Queen turned her attention back to me, "You are undoubtedly the weakest S-Rank. If we were to send you north to fight demons of the rank of general, as is expected of S-Ranks, you would only die in vain."

Her words stung like a venomous bite, and I could feel my face burning with humiliation. She continued her tone, icy and unforgiving, "Without an arm, you're even weaker than before. Despite what you think, we have ensured that the kingdom's people do not know how disappointing you are. Whatever the situation, we need people to continue trusting the S-Rank so that they can continue their lives, trusting that their heroes will save them from any danger. If you really want to be the Guild Master of Oblivion one day, you need to acknowledge your current state and strive for improvement."

My heart pounded in my chest, a mixture of embarrassment and fury coursing through me. The Queen had stripped away any semblance of dignity I had left, and she did it in front of everyone. I remained silent, biting back the bitter words that threatened to spill out. I couldn't afford to make things worse for myself, not when everything seemed to be crumbling around me.

The Queen then turned her attention to Syvis, "Syvis," She said, her voice laced with disappointment, "I am truly disappointed in you."

Syvis lowered her head, unable to meet the Queen's gaze. She clenched her fists tightly at her sides. Her voice was barely a whisper as she murmured, "I apologize, Your Majesty."

"Your actions have consequences that reach far beyond your personal desires," The Queen continued, her eyes narrowing, "As such, it is no longer a favor that I am asking of you. I now order you to go to your father and make sure that you convince him to have the Dark Elves help in the war against the demons."

Syvis nodded solemnly, her long red hair spilling over her shoulders as she bowed her head in acquiescence, "Yes, Your Majesty. I will do whatever it takes to fulfill that order."

"Good," The Queen said, her tone softening ever so slightly, "I trust that you will do everything within your power to ensure the success of this mission. The fate of our kingdom may very well depend on it. Do not disappoint me again."

With a final, disapproving glance at Syvis, the Queen turned her cold gaze back to me, "Kase," She said firmly, "you will accompany Syvis to the Dark Elf territory."

"W-What?" My eyes widened in shock.

Who does this bitch think she's ordering me around?

"Y-Your Majesty, are you certain?" Syvis, just as surprised as me, spoke, "I-I can go by myself." Syvis's melodic voice betrayed her surprise. She glanced at me and then back to the Queen.

"Absolutely," The Queen replied without hesitation, then turned to look at me, "Kase, in your current state, you are a hindrance," The Queen continued mercilessly, causing my chest to tighten with anger, "The S-Rank of the Dark Elf territory is a healer who may be able to regenerate your lost arm – something our city's healers have been unable to do."

I stared at her in disbelief. A healer capable of regenerating limbs? Makes sense. An S-Rank healer could maybe really help me. And more than that, my anger has not let me see what an opportunity it will be to travel with Syvis.

"Fine," I muttered through gritted teeth, "I will go with Syvis."

Syvis glanced at me, her green eyes filled with uncertainty. I could tell she was just as uneasy about this arrangement as I was.

"Now, there's another reason why I want you in the territory of the Dark Elves," The Queen continued, looking at me, "We have intel that while the humans and Beast-Kind negotiate a truce, the Beast-Kind could take advantage of everyone's eyes being in the north of the human territory and try to invade the Dark Elves."

"That makes sense, considering the Beast-Kind are always looking for ways to expand their territories," Stella spoke, "With the Elves engrossed in their ongoing conflict against the Dwarves and our own forces concentrated in the north, it presents an opportune moment for the Beast-Kind to invade a vulnerable nation like the Dark Elves. They are aware that neither the Elves nor the Humans would be able to provide immediate assistance to the Dark Elves."

"Absolutely," Amber chimed in, "We cannot forget the main purpose of having the Dark Elves on our side. We cannot let them fall, no matter what. The inclusion of the Dark Elves in our alliance serves a crucial purpose. By rallying a nation traditionally uninvolved in external conflicts, we send a powerful message to the Dwarves. It underscores the severity of the threat we all face, hopefully compelling the Dwarves to stop their hostilities toward the Elves. If successful, this could lead to the mobilization of Elven forces and, ideally, even the support of the Dwarven armies."

Seriously..., this war turned into a mess with too many enemies and too little time.

"Your Majesty," Syvis spoke up, concern etched on her face, "What can we do about it?"

The Queen paused momentarily, considering her words, "Syvis, it is essential that you make your father, The King of the Dark Elves, understand the significance of forging an alliance with us. Such an alliance not only allows us to stand against the looming threat of the demons but also safeguards their survival and preserves their territories from the threat that could be the Beas-Kind," The Queen paused for a moment before continuing, "That's why I also want Kase to go with you. Kase is not ready to face the demons, but Kase still can be used. Kase's presence holds strategic value. If Kase is in the territory of the Dark Elves, the Beast-Kind will think twice before attempting to invade a territory where there are two S-Ranks. Rest assured, we will exert every effort in our negotiations with the Beast-Kind to prevent such aggression. Moreover, while Kase is there, the S-Rank healer of the Dark Elves may be able to regenerate Kase's arm."

I don't like the idea of being used as a pawn, but if I can get my arm back and travel alongside Syvis and Ilene, it's worth a try.

"Leave the city as soon as possible, and don't return until an alliance between humans and dark elves is formed, and the risk of Beast-Kind invasion into Dark Elf territory is eliminated," The Queen commanded, her voice leaving no room for objection.

"Understood, Your Majesty," Syvis replied with a slight bow, though I could see her hesitation. I sighed internally, swallowing my pride and frustration.

"Your Majesty, we accept your orders," I said, trying to maintain my composure despite the humiliation she put me through. I promise that I will reclaim my place as the Guild Master of Oblivion when I return, and one day, I will make the Queen pay for what she did to me.

"That's all," The Queen nodded before turning away, signaling the end of our audience. Syvis and I exchanged glances filled with mixed emotions.

As we were about to move, Arthur's voice suddenly echoed throughout the room, halting our steps, "Your Majesty, there is still something important I'd like to discuss," He said, concern etched on his face.

"Go on, Arthur," The Queen responded, her voice stern yet attentive.

"Something strange is going on with Darx," Arthur began, "There are already several quests from people close to Agnes who pay for Darx's capture, but there is no official arrest warrant against him. Why is this the case?"

I frowned at Arthur's words, wondering why he even cared about Darx. But he was right; it was odd that the Queen seemed to be ignoring the situation. Now that I think about it, it's as if the Queen deliberately tried not to include Darx in the conversation even though he is most responsible.

"Before I lost consciousness in the battle against the demon," Arthur continued, "I saw Aelbrecht, the Guild Master of Dark Dragons, just standing there when he could have done something to stop the demon that took Darx. Instead, he did nothing," Arthur turned to look at Aelbrecht, "What are you hiding?" It feels like there's something deliberately hidden. As the new Guild Master of Oblivion, I would like to know what is going on."

The room fell silent as everyone absorbed Arthur's revelation. I found myself questioning Aelbrecht and the Queen's motives. Did she know more about Darx than she was letting on?

"Your concerns are duly noted, Arthur," The Queen finally said, breaking the silence, "Rest assured, we are investigating the matter further. At the moment, we can't take any drastic measures until the investigation is finished. As for Aelbrecht, his loyalty has always been indisputable. I suggest you not worry about that and focus on your new responsibilities as the temporary Guild Master of Oblivion."

Arthur didn't seem satisfied with the Queen's answer, but he didn't press further. He simply bowed and acknowledged her response, "As you wish, Your Majesty."

As we left the room, I couldn't shake off the nagging feeling that something was amiss. The Queen's words seemed hollow, and I couldn't help but think she was hiding something regarding Darx. The reaction of the Queen and Aelbrecht was strange. I hadn't thought about it until Arthur mentioned it, but after seeing them, I have the feeling that they know more than they say. Who the hell is Darx? How did Darx get such power to defeat an entire guild? Why did the Queen give me the impression that she wanted to protect Darx? I don't understand what the hell is going on.

"Syvis," I called out, trying to catch her attention as we left the throne room. She stopped but didn't turn to face me, "About our trip tomorrow... I think it would be best if we discuss our plans tonight."

"There's no need for that," Syvis replied coldly, still not looking at me, "I will meet you at the city gates tomorrow morning. We'll depart then and discuss our strategy on the way." With that, she walked away, leaving me standing there.

"Kase," Ilene said softly, approaching me with concern in her dark eyes, "What are we going to do?"

"The Queen didn't leave me many options. We'll leave tomorrow morning." I replied.

"I will go too?" Ilene asked.

"Of course. As my wife, you need to be by my side."

Ilene hesitated for a moment, her eyes looking at the floor, "A-Alright, Kase. I'll start preparing for our journey."

So I will travel with Ilene and Syvis. Despite everything, luck has not abandoned me completely.