

## Cheat. A 261

### Chapter 261: A Hellish Encounter With The Past...

"Aaa, aaa, ammm, yes, faster, I am about to cum Master... Please don't hold back and fill the womb of this filthy slave of yours... Moan..."

"Hahaha, sure as you wish my obedient slave, but don't just enjoy yourself, look your sister playing by herself alone. As a big sister, how can you be so mean to a younger sister? Why use your tongue to give her some relief, while I explore your mysterious cave?"

"Amm, yes, Master..."

Looking at the beautiful middle age blond with a goddess-like face and E-cup size breasts, under him who can be the dream lover of god know how many people but now was crawling toward her younger sister whom he just a moment ago f\*ck till she fainted, and started licking her cum filled pussy, Kane nodded his head with satisfaction, and speed up the pace of banging, as he also flat his big brother about to reach his limit.

In the last 30 years, Kane had never been as happy as he was since arriving in this town, which seemed nothing short of paradise to him. Here, he could attain everything that had ever concerned or enticed him, be it youth, women, money, power, and more. Whatever he desired, he could have at the mere utterance of it.

In this place, he felt like a king, and everyone around him was his servant, especially the dozens of women whom he had been passionately banging nonstop for the past two days. After consuming that mysterious golden elixir, he not only reverted to the peak of his youth but also gained unimaginable power.

He vividly recalled that even in his prime, he could barely last 30 minutes during sex with his wife. Yet, after taking that elixir it had been continuous for two days, and he still banging women who continuously changed after he made them satisfied, even his little brother grew a lot.

"Ah... I'm about to cum," Kane exclaimed, tightly gripping the waist of the blonde woman and thrusting his big brother inside her with all his force, causing her to scream from a mix of pleasure and pain.

"Master, please fill me with your holy seeds and purify my filthy womb," The woman pleaded, expressing her desires in a submissive tone.

The allure of the blonde's curves was undeniably tempting, enough to invigorate any man and many would attempt to restrain themselves, so they could tease her more and enjoy every bit of the movement, and savour the anticipation, Kane, with a multitude of other women waiting in the line to give their deserted pussy some wetness, had no interest in holding back.

He nonchalantly released a surprising amount of cum literally giving the blonde a small shower, which shouldn't be possible considering the size of his balls, before casually tossing the blonde aside.

"Who's next? Come in." After disposing of the fainting blonde, Kane swiftly made his way to a table adorned with a large two-litre glass bottle filled with a golden liquid. He poured himself a generous amount, replenishing his spent energy.

Upon hearing Kane's authoritative voice, a commotion erupted outside his room, as if numerous women were vying for the chance to enter. The clamour persisted for three minutes before the door swung open. A woman in her late teens, not particularly striking but with a slightly rounded belly and C-cup breasts, entered the room.

The sound of a bell ringing outside reached Kant's ears, disappearing as soon as the woman closed the door after both blonde sisters ran away with their trembling legs from the room as if they had seen a ghost.

"Loyel?" Kane unconsciously uttered, observing the woman who appeared to be four months pregnant, wearing a perplexed and shocked expression.

"Hello, Kane! Long time no see. How have you been? Hehehe, I am still as stupid as I was before, right? You clearly seem very well, and enjoying your life to the fullest, but I still ask how are you, such an idiot am I."

The woman who clearly very familiar with Kane spoke while biting her tongue cutely with an embarrassing laugh, before removing her clothes.

W, What! How can you be Loyel? Loyel is dea...

Kane couldn't muster the courage to finish his sentence as he laid eyes on Loyel's naked body. It wasn't because of Loyel's beauty or his body succumbing to desire again; rather, it was due to a large bloody hole in the middle of Loyel's chest. Kant could clearly see through the cavity, large enough for a child to easily pass through.

What terrified Kant was not only the severity of the injuries but also how someone could remain alive after sustaining such a big wound.

"Kane? Kane? KANE!!!"

Kane didn't know what had happened to him or how he had suddenly become lost in his thoughts. Even as Loyel laid him on the bed, his hands and legs securely tied, and she was sitting on top of his lower part, with his unexcited little brother inside her pussy, he continued to stare at her absentmindedly, the bloody hole on her chest etched into his mind.

"Kane, you know, when I first found out that I was pregnant with your child, I couldn't describe how happy I was. My parents and I spent that day celebrating as if it were the happiest moment of our lives. They didn't get angry with me for engaging in a sexual relationship with you before marriage, considering it could be detrimental to my later life if you were to cheat on me.

But I gave them assurance that you were not that kind of man, and there was no chance that you would abandon me."

"Now, as I think about it, I feel as if I had listened to their advice and not blindly trusted you, maybe I could have had a happy family like yours, right? I still can't believe that because of some money, you would sell me to some bandits just to get rid of me. Do you know what happened to me and your daughter after those bandits took me with them?

Oh, sorry, you might not know that the child in my belly is a girl, right?" Loyel suddenly paused, saying that as if she remembered something. She stopped moving her hips up and down on Kane, and with a crazy grin filled with unspoken madness, she spoke, sending chills down Kane's entire body, finally bring him out of his delusion.

"Do you want to see your daughter, Kane?"

Kane still couldn't accept the fact that Loyel was still alive with such a big hole in her chest. Let's forget about her wound—why was she still as young as she was when she was taken away by the bandits? He looked at her big belly, which still had not grown

enough, and shook his head trembling, he had no desire to uncover the hidden meaning behind Loyel's creepy words.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but Loyel picked up her blood-stained underwear beside her and, with a giggle, stuffed it into his mouth.

"Sorry, but it's not your time. First, let me speak my heart out before you say something. After all, your daughter and I haven't met you for decades."

Saying such Loyel lifted her hips and pull out Kane's big brother from her juicy pussy, if it was a normal situation Kane might be a little angry and refused to let her pull his dick out before finishing but now neither he is in no mood to do sex, nor in condition to do anything. Then Loyel crawled on all fours on top of Kane like a toddler, rubbing her body against his.

When she came face to face with Kane, she gave him a sweet kiss on his cheek before continuing to move until her love-juice-dripping pussy was right on top of Kane's face.

Loyel turned around and caught Kane staring at her pussy with eyes wide open. Unable to contain herself, she giggled like a mischievous child. "You remember when we were together, you were like a child always hungry for candy, always trying to lick my pussy, claiming you loved my love juice so much and couldn't live without it.

That's why I always called you a pervert, even though I never refused your requests. Even in public, we always managed to find a secluded location for some fun. Sigh, those old beautiful days; you don't know how much I miss them."

"Anyway, enjoy your favourite juice while I search for that thing. I think it was in my skirt pocket," Loyel said, talking to herself with a smile before playfully placing her wet

pussy on top of Kane's nose. She picked up her skirt from the bed and started checking the pockets while Kane, tied carefully underneath her, struggled like a fish out of water.

"Ah, here it is. I thought I dropped it during the fight with those crazy women outside. Those women are really crazy for you, Kane. You seem to have become more popular after getting rid of me. Sigh, although it hurts to know, I am still happy for you. By the way, are you happy with that merchant girl?

The one for whom you handed me over to bandits because you didn't want people to know you already had an affair with a peasant girl whom you'd made pregnant?"

Loyel asked curiously, without a hint of anger on her face. She moved her hips away from Kane, giving him space to breathe, and stood on top of him with what appeared to be a very expensive small golden knife in her hand.

"Now, let bygones be bygones. It's time to reunite our entire family. You must be excited to meet your daughter, right?"

"Muuuu, mmm, ahhhh, you're not Loyel! Who are you? Witch, show me your real face. Loyel has been dead for a long time. I saw her dead body after she committed suicide. There's no way you are Loyel.

Help! Someone help me! There's a madwoman in the room trying to kill me!"

After a moment of struggle, Kane managed to throw Loyel's panties out of his mouth and started yelling loudly, an unwise decision considering he was currently the captive party.

"Ohhh, so you've come back to confirm whether those bandits killed me or not, huh? This is something I don't know. Well, it hurts a bit more than the last one, but alas, this world was never a good and sunshine-like fairy tale in the first place. Because of a monster like you, we, mother and daughter, died in great pain and suffering.

But if I didn't show you your daughter, then I might always feel something missing. So, here, meet your daughter, Aurora. I thought of this name during my hellish life with those bandits by the way."

Loyel said the last part in a low voice, giving Kane a wink with a smile. Then, without hesitation, she cut her entire stomach from right to left, giving Kane a macabre show with her blood.

"Sorry, I know it's a bit bloody and gruesome but please endure it. Damn, this blood is going to dirty our bed. I still wanted to have passionate sex with you," Loyel angrily cursed. She put both hands inside her stomach casually and, after a bit of moving them up and down, took out what looked like a bloody fetus.

It appeared as if it had just started taking the shape of a child, but someone had hit it very hard continuously, making it look like a meatball. Surprisingly, the meatball, I mean fetus even in such a bad condition still shows signs of slight movement.

"This is your daughter, Aurora, Kane. But sorry, I can't protect her properly. When you sold me to those bandits, they did many bad things to me, in order to make me their obedient slave.

This led Aurora to her current condition, but worry not she becomes normal after reaching your love," Loyel while challenging the rules of common sense being still alive after literally cutting her stomach into two and taking out her fetus with bare hands, spoke optimistically while placing Aurora's body beside Kane's horrified face.

No matter how idiotic someone is, after seeing this kind of sense, he can at least guess that he is in deep trouble and the thing in front of him clearly wasn't human."

"Ahhhhhhhhhh..."

"Hahaha, don't be a cry baby Kane. Our family just reunited, and there are still a lot of things we two have to discuss with you, but first let's have some good sex, I am dying to f\*ck by you like a beast as you have always done in past. After that, I also had to experience what I had with those bandits.

Let me tell you a secret in order to meet you again, I had done a big deal with a big shot, but sadly we only had 1 month of time together, but I think this should be enough for us to have quality family time, hehehe."

Loyel's creepy voice was drowned out by Kane's loud scream, which didn't escape the room. Even if it did, the entire house which some moment ago filled with hustle and bustle, was now empty like a graveyard in the middle of the night. No one was there to hear Kane scream for help, which only lasted for two minutes before they stopped coming out of that room.

Chapter 262: Guest In Rain

"Myne, do you think we should go out and look around now? I think those ghostly things are gone since there are no sounds coming from outside," Velvet said as she slowly peeked outside through a random ruined house window hole. But because the bloody rain outside blocked her vision, she could hardly see anything.

"Velvet, have you lost your mind? Those things are like ants smelling sugar; they've been behind us for the past three entire days. Wherever we go, they somehow can always locate us and catch us in hoards. I am tired of continuously running from them.



And after such a great difficulty, we finally managed to escape from them at least for now. But you're telling me to go out again.

Don't you have any pity for my poor soul? Also what the hell we are going to do outside in such a heavy rain?" Myne, with dark circles under his eyes and his body soaked with blood from the rain outside, replied irritably while closing all the doors and windows of the house.

"Sigh, although I understand your concern, staying here is not a solution to our problem. How long can we hide in this rundown house? At most, until the rain outside stops, after which those weird things will definitely find us one way or another... By the way, do you want to take some rest? I think you should get some good sleep.

In the past three days, you hardly took a good sleep; this is also why your mind is getting affected, and you are getting irritated by every little thing."

Not taking Myne's words to heart, Velvet replied worriedly. They both had been running nonstop from these weird creatures that couldn't die, no matter what kind of attack they launched. Even if Myne burned them to ash, they soon reappeared in front of them as if nothing had happened.

Even now, if not for the fact that it started raining, making it difficult for those ghostly things to follow their trace through whatever method they were using, they might still be running somewhere within the town.

"I am sorry, Velvet. I didn't mean to get angry with you, and I know that my body needs a good sleep. But I can't do it; every time I close my eyes, those ghostly things appear in my dreams, waking me up," Myne apologized softly while hugging Velvet tightly to calm himself down. He had been under great stress in the past few days, and sleeping peacefully had become a rare luxury for him now.

"I think I have a way to help you sleep peacefully," Velvet said with a gentle smile on her face while starting to remove her clothes and giving Myne a knowing wink.

The unexpected turn of events immediately lifted Myne's spirits. Hastily, he discarded his bloody clothes and, after casting a cleaning skill on both of them, he sat down on the bed in the middle of the living room, resembling an obedient child awaiting a treat.

Fooled countless times by illusions in this ghostly town, Myne had sworn that from that day forward when that bell rang, he would never sleep in someone else's bed unless he was certain the place was as clean as it appeared.

Upon entering the house, the first thing he did was transfer all furniture to his Inventory, extracting a medium-sized bed before sealing all entrances to different rooms and leaving no space for any strange occurrences to disrupt their rest.

"Now, close your eyes, take deep breaths, and let me handle everything. Let's start with your head massage. Have I mentioned that I'm quite famous for my massages?" Velvet whispered sweetly in Myne's ear, sitting on his lap with her legs crossed behind his back. "Someone seems very excited, huh? Looks like the past three days were no easy feat for my favourite little guy as well."

Velvet retrieved Myne's little brother from beneath her and placed it against her wet pussy, initiating a rhythmic rubbing on Myne's dick to uplift his mood, all the while giving him a light massage with her hands atop his head.

"Feeling better?"

"Yes, I've missed those wonderful feelings so much. But with the amount of love juice your vagina is leaking, why does it feel like you desperately want to be f\*cked by me rather than providing relief to me?" Myne playfully inquired, placing both hands on Velvet's ample boobies.

"Moan..."

"You're thinking too much. How can I be so selfish? I am a lady of character, I care more about my man than myself... Ahmm... Yes, squeeze them hard... Ahhh..."

Velvet, in the midst of asserting her innocence, couldn't resist succumbing to Myne's techniques. She pushed his head into her breasts, quickening her pace of rubbing against Myne's dick.

Not one to miss a golden opportunity, Myne promptly opened his mouth wide and devoured Velvet's left breast with enthusiasm.

"Ahhh... Yesss... F\*ck, You're great, Master..."

"I think we've had enough foreplay. Why don't you stop playing this shy game and put it inside you? F\*ck, be gentle," Myne complained as Velvet eagerly grab his dick with great force. He took revenge, biting down on her rock-hard pink nipple, eliciting a loud scream from her.

Velvet, seemingly undisturbed by the pain, lifted her hips, positioning Myne's eager dick at the entrance of her vagina. She allowed it to linger there for a few seconds, soaking in her love juices before slowly descending.

"BANG, BANG, BANG..."

Myne's dick was only halfway to paradise when suddenly someone start banding the house door with his all might abruptly interrupting Myne and Velvet's wonderful time.

"F\*CK! F\*CK! F\*CK! Can't you let someone have peaceful sex, motherf\*ckers?" Myne yelled angrily, glancing at the entrance door sealed with various heavy metal objects he had created with his skill.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

But the person at other the door clearly was in a very hurry he again banged the door loudly, if it is not for the heavy rain outside masking any other sounds, now maybe this entire area have been filled with undead creatures who were behind Myne and Velvet.

With a sigh, Velvet, losing her mood to continue their lovemaking, reluctantly rose from Myne's lap and stood beside the bed with a frown. Myne followed suit, quickly retrieving new clothes for both of them and hastily dressing while walking toward the sealed door.

"Bang, Bang... Quickly open the door! I'm not one of those things... I'm also a survivor like you."

Hearing the clear voice of an old man from outside, Myne and Velvet both displayed astonished expressions. This was the first time, since the bell had rung, that they heard a normal person's voice, all the people in the town from before had long ago vanished out of thin air. They exchanged glances, and Velvet spoke hesitantly.

"I think we shouldn't believe him. His sudden appearance in front of our house seems a bit too coincidental. And from his voice, it seems like he has confirmed that we are inside. But with such heavy rain outside, there is no way a normal person could have seen us entering this house. Also, judging by his voice, he seems like an old man in his 50s or 60s, which makes it even more suspicious.

What do you think?"

"You have a point, but if he is really a survivor like us, then he can be very helpful to us. Since he is still stuck in this town like us, there is no way he knows the way to escape from this hell hole. But at least he probably knows one or two ways to avoid those damn creatures..."

"Hello, I know you might be suspicious of my sudden appearance, but believe me, I'm really not one of them. I was in the house two blocks away from you when I saw you guys avoiding the horde of undead and entering this house through my telescope. If you are suspicious of my identity, I can move away from the door, and you can peek at my appearance.

But please be quick before those damn crows notice me."

Hearing the unknown old man's explanation, which made a bit of sense, Myne again looked at Velvet, who shrugged her shoulders, clearly indicating that the final decision was up to him.

"At the last moment, why do you always throw a pot on my head?" Myne complained and spanked Velvet's butt to calm down his inner fear before walking toward the door. He quickly moved the objects in front of it and looked out through the small hole in the wooden door.

Outside, Myne saw the big belly of an unknown person through the hole. Sighing helplessly, he ordered the unknown old man to move back. The old man obediently did what he was told while nervously observing his surroundings, especially higher places like the tops of houses or trees.

While the old man looked around worrisomely, Myne finally got to see his face. The old man appeared to be in his fifties, his head as smooth as the moon. He sported a long white beard, creating a striking contrast against the scars on his face. Despite his advanced age, he possessed a surprisingly muscular physique, clad in tattered clothing.

He gripped a giant battle axe firmly, and an oversized pale brown cape enveloped him, its sheer size enough to easily conceal the old man within its folds.

Upon confirming that there was nothing visibly amiss with the old man, at least from Myne's perspective, he nodded at Velvet and slowly opened the door.

Chapter 263: A Weird Old Man

Seeing Myne open the door, the old man let out a breath of relief and quickly walked toward it but suddenly stopped by Myne. Myne again examined the old man seriously and cast appraisal skill him to confirm if he wasn't another mysterious figure like Wanish, who had literally caused Velvet's death.

[ Name: Albangarous Lomanhelishin Malethraxelotharionis

LV: 99 ( Sealed )

Race: ????

Gender: Male

Age: ??? y/o

Occupation: ???

Title: ???, ??????

Status: ???

[Skill]

????? ( Sealed )

????? ( Sealed )

????? ( Sealed )

????? ( Sealed )

????? ( Sealed )

...

[Ability]

( Sealed )

( Sealed )

.... ]

" ... "

"Bang!"

Myne, without changing expression, slammed the door shut right after reading the name, locking it from inside before staring at rows after rows of question marks, which literally frightened him to death.

Damn it, not this again. Why do I always encounter these powerful weirdos? Don't they have anything better to do than mess with a small character like me? Please give me a break now, Myne thought with tears in his eyes.



"Myne? What's happened?" Velvet nervously asked, seeing Myne suddenly close the door and stand dazedly while holding the door handle.

"Sigh, nothing dear. I think we're in deep trouble..."

"Bang, bang, bang... Boy, open the door! What's wrong with you? Why did you suddenly close the door again?" The old man on the other side of the door hammered it again, impatiently asking.

"Sir, you should go back to whatever place you came from. There's nothing we want to talk to you about. Just leave us alone," Myne shouted nervously, backing away with Velvet. If the old man tried to force his way in, he wouldn't hesitate and would immediately run away with Velvet, not caring if the undead caught them again or not.

"I see. It seems like when you saw me, you noticed something you shouldn't. Anyway, it's your loss if you don't want to meet me, but let me ask you, do you really think this old wooden door can stop me if I wanted to enter forcefully? Think a bit.

If I had any ulterior motive, why would I take such a big risk of revealing my location to those damn things and knock on your door, asking for permission to enter? Can't I just force through your door?"

"Think a bit, boy. Don't be a pussy. Although I understand your concern, overthinking is not a solution or hiding from others, especially in this kind of situation where even a little help can save your life at a critical moment. I'll count to ten. If you don't open the door, then I'll go back, and you might not see me again. After all, once this rain stops, you might not be able to live for too long."

Saying this, the old man leaned against the door and slowly started counting, "1, 2, 3..." while waiting for Myne's decision.

Damn it, what should I do? What that old man said makes sense with his... um, overpowering skills. Although most of them seem sealed, just his brute strength alone is enough to enter this better-than-nothing house. Should I give him a chance or let him go? But in this critical situation where I know nothing about what's going on here, his information can be very beneficial...

While Myne pondered nonstop, rubbing his forehead in headache, Velvet came beside and held his hand, silently encouraging him.

6...

7...

8...

"F\*ck! I hope we won't regret it later," Myne cursed at his bad luck, stealing a quick kiss from Velvet to enhance his luck, which had clearly abandoned him after entering this wretched town. He opened the door, causing the old man, who was trying to look cool leaning against it, to fall on his butt.

"Bastard, couldn't you speak before opening the door? Ahh, my old butt," The old man complained, rubbing his butt with a painful expression that a child could easily discern as fake.

"Who told you to lean against the door in the first place? Also, your acting skills are rubbish; you better start working on them," Myne distanced himself from the old man, staying vigilant and hiding Velvet behind his back.

"Well, you seem to have a point. It is indeed my fault. Anyway, you made the right decision. The last guy who refused to listen to me probably left this world long ago. I still can't believe even in such an old age, someone can be so perverted.

People like him should die rather than waste this world's resources," The old man, speaking nonsense, stood up from the ground, patting his butt and closing the door after taking a serious look outside.

"Well, you guys are lucky that today is raining; otherwise, it is about time for those things to get out of their resting place. The last time they came out, they ate my new lover, leaving me alone in this wretched town to wander till my end... Wow, where did you brats get such a clean and new-looking bed?

It's been years since I slept on such a clean bed," The old man, as if behaving like a pervert seeing his crush's underwear, started caressing the bed, rubbing his cheek on it and making faces as if having an orgasm.

"Is he a pervert? I am having a bad feeling about him," Velvet said, covering her body with her arm and shivering.

"Don't worry. If he dares to lay his gaze on you, I will make sure he regrets it," Myne assured Velvet while again hiding her behind him.

"Oye, Old Man, can't you please stop... whatever you are doing? You are making me regret my decision," Myne said angrily with a frown.

"Sorry, sorry. I was just carried away in excitement. You see, it's been a long time for me to see something good in this damn place. Sigh, don't be confused; you will understand soon what I mean," The old man, jumping and rolling on the bed like a child, spoke emotionally.

"You are speaking as if you've been in this town for quite a long time. How long have you been stuck here?" Myne, seeing a hidden message in the old man's speech, asked curiously.

"Hehe, want to know? But let me give you a warning: hold your heart tight because this information can be very shocking for your little heart... I've been in this town for the past 6 years, 6 months, and 6 days."

As The old man said that, there was a moment of silence in the room before exclaimed in shock.

"What! You mean in the past 6 and a half years, without finding any way to get out of this town?"

Even Velvet, who always stayed optimistic, felt despair after hearing The old man's answer.

"Haha, of course not. My lover and I once found a way to get out of this town, but then I not only lost my lover but also 30 years of my lifespan. The loss was so significant that I never had the courage to try again."

Giving Myne and Velvet one more shock, the old man nodded his head and continued, "Otherwise, why is an old man at my age, who should be playing with his grandchildren at home, holding a battle axe in his hand with a muscular body? Some years ago, I was also young like you, full of vigour, but after that incident, my youth abandoned me early, and old age trapped me in its clutch.

Sigh, I should have listened to my parents and gotten married early, so now at least my bloodline wouldn't end with me."

"Hahaha, I'm also talking like a grandpa now, right? Let's not talk about those gloomy things; let's start again with our introduction. My name is Alban, what about you guys?"

"My name is Myne, and this is my wife, Velvet," Myne, while trying to conceal their information as much as he could, spoke seriously. The way he called Velvet his wife was clear so that the perverted old man in front of him wouldn't make any wrong ideas in his mind.

Velvet, who was silently observing everything from behind Myne, upon hearing him call her his wife, couldn't help but smile merrily.

"Oh, I see, a newlywed couple on a honeymoon, huh? But don't you think this is not a good place to visit on your honeymoon?" Alban asked jokingly while lying on the bed.

"Don't joke around, old man. Do you think we came here of our own will? We were traveling when that damn black fog surrounded us and forced us to come to this town..."

"By the way, since you guys have a clean bed, clean clothes, and you two don't look hungry, this means you should have a storage bag with you, right? Can you give me something to eat? I haven't had anything good for a long time," Alban interrupted Myne in the middle and asked.

His eagle-like eyes lingered on Velvet's body for a few seconds, but seeing there was no storage pouch on her, he moved his gaze to Myne.

"Are you talking so much nonsense before just because you wanted to ask for food, right?" Myne asked with a poker face. A vein appeared on his forehead. If it weren't for the fact that he currently needed this shameless old man's help, he might have already kicked him out of the house.

"Haha, don't be so selfish, kiddo. Have some pity on the elderly. I haven't eaten anything good for years. Do you have any idea how difficult those years were for me? If it were someone with weak willpower in my spot, he might have handed himself to the undead to avoid suffering a long ago."

"Huh? What do you mean you haven't eaten anything good? Didn't the festival have so many dishes? At that time, there were no undead roaming around in the town. Why didn't you eat food then?" Velvet, listening carefully, suddenly asked, making Alban's mouth twisted for some reason.

Chapter 264: A Way To Out...

"Since you're giving me such a brilliant idea, sweetheart, then I should assume that you enjoyed the food of that festival a lot, right?" Alban asked with a sarcastic smile, licking his lips as he looked towards Velvet. Anybody with a normal mind would surely label him a pervert after such weird behaviour.

"Wohh, woh, old man, hold on a second. First of all, what's wrong with your expression? Also although we indeed need your help, this doesn't mean you can try to climb on our

heads. Second, you better throw away any bad ideas you have for my wife; otherwise, it can be very harmful to your old body," Myne said with a frown while activating his King's Intimidation skill at full power.

"Oh! An Aura skill, quite rare. It's been a while since I saw a hune with this skill. And sorry for my earlier expression; it's just an old habit, you know, not easy to change. But rest assured, I had no bad thoughts for your little wife. Anyway, sexual pleasure is a thing I've forgotten a long time ago and don't care much about.

If I can somehow manage to get out of this hell hole within a few years, maybe I can try to form my own family. But the chance of achieving my dream currently is next to none."

"Sigh, today's young people easily get offended. I am at your age; even if someone spanked my girlfriend's ass, I wouldn't take such a thing to heart," Alban said disappointedly, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head.

"A weakling doesn't have many options anyway. Maybe from your point of view, letting someone enjoy your girlfriend might be more beneficial for your health than getting beaten by them, and letting them directly steal your girlfriend. This is all about strength, old man.

And now tell me, is there anything wrong with the food of that festival?" Myne still not in a good mood asked seriously with a frown.

"Maybe you are right. I was indeed a coward at that time. That's also the reason why I never married early, despite my parents forcing me so much. Sigh. As for your question about the food of the festival, for your two's mental health, I can only say that it was all an illusion of your eyes, and there was never such a thing as delicious normal food there.

If you two don't mind eating gruesome things, I can tell you everything in detail. But the last dude whom I met three years ago and told about it, took his own life while trying to vomit what he had eaten at the festival. That was quite a sight to see; he literally put his entire hand in his mouth..."

"Stop, that's it. We know what we should, no need to go into any more detail. We made a big mistake, got it.

Sigh, no wonder I always had that feeling at that time that we shouldn't eat that food," Myne said with an ugly expression and In surprised eyes of Alban, he pulled out two chairs from his storage bag (Inventory), as well as some fruits, and handed them to Alban, who was already drooling at the sight of them.

"Old man, eat slowly. If it gets stuck in your throat, you might instantly get out of this town, as well as this world," Myne joked while watching Alban devouring fruits like there's no tomorrow.

"Hahaha, boy, you are too naive if you think you can escape from this town after your death. If this is really the case, then tell me, where are all those undead coming from? Once you die here, you will also, like them, become undead and wander around here until this town exists," Alban said with a manic laugh, leaving Velvet and Myne startled.

"For God's sake, old man, can you please stop this third-class acting of yours? Just tell us something useful instead of all this creepy information that no one with a right mind would want to know. At least let people die in peace," Myne complained angrily.

Hearing Myne's complaint and realizing he had gone too far, Alban finally put away his casual attitude and began seriously imparting some crucial rules about the town.



1. "Never be seen by the three-eyed crows flying in the air; they are the real culprits because of whom every undead in the town knows about your location."

2. "Never drink or eat anything that looks good or normal; in 95% of cases, these are illusions or traps set by evil beings in this town. However, everyone needs to eat and drink. So, search around the houses, especially in the sewers under the town. If you find real living creatures wandering there, kill and eat them to satisfy your hunger.

As for water, on the west side of the town, there is a small pond near the wall outside the town made by another survivor to collect rainwater that stuck her before us. Yes, the rain going on outside is only made of blood inside the town. As long as someone gets out of town, they see it as just normal rain."

3. "Never even think of going into the dark fog outside the town; it is connected to another dimension like a dungeon. Walking some steps into it means no chance of returning, as the way you enter immediately vanishes from its place. There live unknown numbers of weird and dangerous creatures ready to make a good feast out of you."

4. "Never enter the festival area held every once a month. There is a special magic or poison spread all over that entire area. The moment you enter its range, you would fall into an Illusionary Technique and lose all reasoning.

Forget about any important person or thing you care about; you will soon fall into someone's hands who will bring you into their houses, and play with you a bit, before making you join their gang permanently."

5. "Most undead only look like idiots, but they are very intelligent. Although they can't communicate with living beings, they have their way to communicate with other undead. Because they are dead and many of their bodily functions don't work properly, the best way to avoid them is to cover yourself with objects that can easily camouflage your surroundings.

Just try to cover your smell as much as you can."

"These are basic rules here; try never to forget them. Although there are some other things left to mention, let's talk about them later. Now, I am a bit tired, so let me have some sleep. You guys also get some sleep as well.

This rain is not going to stop for the next six or so hours, and once it stops, believe me, you definitely won't have proper rest," Alban said with a smile while drinking the fresh water given to him by Myne.

"By the way, you mentioned there is a way to get out of here. Can you tell us about it?" Velvet asked after memorizing everything mentioned by Alban.

"Oh, yes, there is a way. Have you seen a big tower at the north end of the town?" Alban asked casually while getting ready to sleep.

"I didn't think so," Myne replied, glancing at Velvet, who also shook her head, clearly never having seen such a thing.

"Well, it doesn't matter if you haven't seen it. If you go to the north end of the town, you will surely see it. It's very hard not to notice, with hundreds of evil Vengeful spirits hovering around it the entire time, making creepy noises from their ugly, disgusting mouths.

Anyway, if you somehow manage to enter the tower courtyard without getting spotted by those spirits, deal with those damn little things guarding the entrance there, and even

then if you somehow make your way inside the tower—which I never could—then you only have to go to the top of it, break a big magic formation there, and boom!

That weird fog outside will vanish for some hours, and we can all go out..."

"Wait a minute. If you never managed to go inside the tower, how do you know that there is a big magic formation on top of it, and breaking it will erase the dark fog outside the town?" Myne interrupted Alban and asked suspiciously, raising his eyebrow.

"Suspicious of everything, huh? Good, good. Only this kind of behaviour can let you live long here. Don't worry. Just wait a few hours. Once I bring both of you to my secret hideout, you will understand how I know about it.

Now, if you don't mind, please leave me alone. My old bones need some rest. Ahh, so comfortable. I can kill someone for this," Alban spoke with a smile, rolling on the bed.

Myne and Velvet looked at each other before Myne pulled her toward the bedroom upstairs.

"Clean." Myne cast the clean skill, making dust and spider webs disappear from the room. Then he locked the room, and took out another bed from inventory, as well as a palm-sized metal ball-like object. He pressed the button on top of the metal ball and put it on the ground before collapsing on the bed.

"Do you think that Grandpa is reliable? He doesn't look like a person who could survive in such a haunted town for years on his own. I think he's not as simple as he's behaving. There's something wrong with him. My skill Heart Eye isn't even working on him at all. Something like this has never happened before," Velvet spoke with concern while sitting behind Myne.

"I know. That guy definitely has ulterior motives for meeting us and helping us. Although he behaves casually and carefree with us, not even for a second did he let go of his axe. This attitude alone shows that he didn't trust us at all. His every move was well-calculated, as well as the information he shared with us. He only said things that we could easily find after investigating a bit.

Also, his motive for telling us about that tower is full of loopholes. It's as if he wanted to give us false hope that there's a way to get out. He is a very dangerous person. Even now, if I'm not wrong, he might be focusing on our conversation to prepare his next part of the speech," Myne leaned against Velvet and said in a low voice.

"So this is why you activated the sound-blocking device? Wow, Master, I never thought you would be so intelligent. Why never show me this side of you, instead always behaving like a pervert?" Velvet with a light giggle, giving the metal ball on the ground a look before speaking jokingly to lighten the mood.

"Well, before this, my little brother is more than enough to deal with all your needs and keep you busy. So, how can you have a chance to explore my other side? My little kitty, there are many things you haven't seen about me... Okay, joke aside, let's take a small nap.

Although that old man doesn't look reliable, one thing he said is right; we indeed need some good rest," Myne said, hugging Velvet tightly while closing his heavy eyes.

"Fine, seems like this little kitty's not going to get treats from her Master," Velvet spoke lightly in a fake little regretful tone while burying her head into Myne's chest. Myne had already started snoring lightly, clearly having fallen asleep because of tiredness.

Chapter 265: Getting Surrounded

Splash...

The loud sound of water falling on someone resonated, accompanied by a couple soundlessly sleeping while cuddling, abruptly jolted awake, coughing in shock.

"What! What happened?" Myne exclaimed, the first few words escaping his mouth as cold, bloody red water cascaded onto his head, pulling him out of a sweet dream of resolving the mystery of how a mermaid does sex in the depths of the sea.

"F\*ck, this water is so cold," Velvet, who also received the same treatment as Myne without discrimination, cursed while rubbing her eyes.

"Old Man do you lose your mind?! F\*ck! What are you doing in our room? Let's forget that for a moment. How the hell did you come in?" Myne exclaimed in shock, observing Alban with a poker face holding an empty bucket standing beside his bed. He hurriedly looked at the door, showing that there was nowhere it could be seen.

"You two children of donkeys, did you both fall on your heads when you were little? Do you idiots sleep while activating a noise-cancelling device in your room? Do you think you're in a luxurious inn or something enjoying your honeymoon?"

Does everything happening in this town is a joke for both of you?" Alban grabbed Myne's collar, asking angrily before delivering a hammer fist to his head and pointing at the sealed window.

Ouch!

"Look outside before questioning me. And once you both are done, hurry up, move your asses to the living room. We are in deep trouble currently."

Saying such Alban threw the bucket aside, grabbed his battle axe from behind, and hastily ran out of the room.

"What did we miss? Old Man Alban seems very pissed off because of us," Velvet asked while quickly walking toward the window and starting to remove the wooden planks fit on it.

"How do I know? We both slept at the same time. God knows what kind of disaster happened while we were resting. Damn this wretched town, its never-ending mysteries, and people killing surprises making me nuts now," Myne said angrily. He still wanted to take a couple of hours more sleep, but because of damn Alban, now he could only hope that things wouldn't get too out of control.

Myne and Velvet worked together and soon removed two or three planks, enough for both of them to poke their head from the window and look outside. But what met their eyes was beyond unsettling; they hoped it was just a nightmare.

The house they were in was completely surrounded by undead-like ants, crawling everywhere, attempting to break into the house but not going berserk, just lazily hammering their arms on every part of the house like playing with children.

"I think they are spy crows, the ones Old Man Alban was talking about, sharing our location everywhere in the town," Velvet said, pointing at a group of 50 or so crows with three eyes each sitting on the house in front of them, staring at them creepily.

"So these damn crows brought all of them here to feast on us? Bastards, don't come into my hands; otherwise, I will burn your entire species to ash," Myne angrily screamed at the crows, who gave him no reaction at all.

"Let's go down and see what that Old Guy Alban's doing; he might have a plan to get out of this trouble," Myne said with a frown. He first put away both his bed and noise-cancelling device before grabbing Velvet's hand and running out of the room.

Outside, things were messier than Myne expected. Seals on the windows were almost broken, and a dozen or so hands were trying to break the remaining obstacles. The main entrance door was still trying its best to stop undeads outside, but it was clearly on the verge of breaking. If not for the support of various heavy pieces of furniture in front of it, it might have already bid farewell to its post.

Alban, on the other hand, sat in a relaxed manner on a chair, smoking tobacco from what looked like a wooden pipe—a high-end product. God knows where he got such a good thing. He hummed a tune while the bed he had forcefully laid his evil hands on before was nowhere to be seen.

Not caring about Alban's small tricks, Myne made his way toward him and hurriedly spoke, "What the hell is going on here? How did we suddenly get surrounded by so many undeads? And where did you get this thing when you yearn to eat one bit of good food?"

"Kiddo, look outside. Do you think we all can go out from here in one piece? No, right? Then what's the meaning of saving this? It's not like I can use it after my death, as for where all of them come from, go ask those damn crows, they are the culprit who brought them there right after the rain stopped. Anyway, since both of you are here, if you have any last words for each other, say it now.

Maybe you'll get the chance later or not," Alban casually said while standing up from the chair, holding his axe tightly. After taking a deep breath of tobacco, he stood in front of the door, giving Myne and Velvet some privacy.

"Stay close to me, no matter what happens. Don't even think about getting more than 2 meters away from me. Here, take it. poke any undead trying to come near you to death. Try not to get injured," Myne said with concern while handing Velvet a spear he got from the Dungeon of Strength.

"Don't worry too much. I'm not as frail as you think. I can deal with those undeads myself as well," Velvet said with a pout, feigning dissatisfaction while taking a spear from Myne. In response, Myne chuckled, rubbed her hair, gave her a deep passionate kiss, and walked toward Alban.

"Any plan?" Myne asked, taking a deep breath.

"Only one: smash everything in your way and get out of this trouble alive if possible. By the way, have I mentioned that no matter what happens, never let those undead bite you?" Alban spoke after a moment of thinking.

"I don't think so. Why? What would happen if they bite us?" Myne asked with a frown.

"Nothing much, because those bastards out there have been dead for who knows how long. Their entire bodies are filled with various dangerous parasites and viruses. One bite from them, and you'll get seriously infected by them. Unless you have a very powerful antidote or something, you won't live more than 2 hours.



One of my comrades at the start got bitten by them because of his foolishness, and it only took 20 minutes before his body started rotting from the inside... His death was very horrific."

Finished saying that, Alban fell into silence and didn't speak again, maybe falling into a flashback.

"Bang!"

Suddenly, the upper half of the door couldn't withstand the crazy attack from undeads and broke apart, revealing the ugly faces of undeads trying to crawl inside the house from the small opening they had made.

"Okay, get ready. I will count to 3, and shoot a big attack at them, and make a small opening for us. Remember to stay close, don't let them bite you, and no matter what, just keep moving at the West direction. Once we break this encirclement, follow me at your full speed to my hideout. There, those undeads couldn't come."

Saying this without waiting for Myne's reply, Alban put down his axe in front of him and clapped his hands together with his eyes closed. Soon, to the surprised eyes of Myne and Velvet, a black flame started gushing out from between Alban's palms.

"Ahhh... Die, you motherf\*ckers..."

Alban screamed at the top of his lungs, opened his arms wide, and delivered a thunderous clap at the entrance door from which some undeads finally managed to enter.

"THBAAMMMMM!!!!"

Accompanying the loud thunderous, ear-piercing booming sound, black flames rushed out of Alban's palm like a tsunami in front of him, burning everything in its path.

When Myne and Velvet opened their eyes again, what they saw sent a chill running down their spines. The entire entrance part of the house, along with perhaps hundreds of undeads, vanished out of thin air, leaving only dark ashes behind and a big half-moon-shaped empty area in front of them.

Fuck! What kind of OP skill is that? Most of his skills are supposed to be sealed, so what the hell is this? Myne thought, dumbfounded.

If I had to fight with him, can I block this weird attack, and those black flames—what are those?

"Oye, kiddo, what are you dreaming about? Quickly move your ass; we have to get out of here fast!"

Only after hearing Alban yell did Myne come back to his senses and quickly start following him while holding Velvet's hand tightly.

Although Alban's ultimate attack did a lot of damage to the undead and created an opening for them, it was still not enough. The undead were many times more than they expected, and this level of loss was still acceptable for them. Soon, Myne and his gang found themselves surrounded by thousands of undeads from every direction.

"Kiddo, now it's time to see how you're going to protect your little wife from all of those things. And focus on the ground as well; I just noticed a tentacle dude. It will surely try to surprise attack us, hiding in the middle of other undeads. Don't let it grab your legs and make you fall; it can cost you your life. Also, missy, take this. There are some bombs in it.

Just activate them with your 'MANA' and throw them in the middle of the undead to see fireworks."

For the first time, Alban showed his generosity and handed Velvet an old-looking storage bag while effortlessly cutting two undead running toward him in half.

"Okay, but what is 'MANA'?" Velvet, who heard the word MANA for the first time, asked confusedly while taking out a palm-sized black ball-shaped object.

"Sigh, you country bumpkins. MANA is the term our ancestors referred to magic energy. Now, for my old bones' sake, don't ask me about magic energy," Alban angrily replied, cursing Velvet under his breath.

"I know what magic energy is," Velvet mickily replied. She did what Alban told her, and when the ball in her palm started shining in red colour which indicates danger, she hastily threw it into the middle of the undead horde.

"BOOOM!!!"

Chapter 266: Hidden Motives

"BOOOM!!!"

Along with a resounding boom, a powerful explosion reverberated where the bomb landed. A small mushroom cloud rose, and hundreds of undead were blasted apart; clearly, the potency of Alban's bomb couldn't be underestimated.

"Damn! Where did you get such an awesome thing?" Myne exclaimed, his eyes wide with excitement as he observed the destructive force of Alban's small bomb. Simultaneously, he launched a combo attack, conjuring two 5-meter-tall Fire Tornadoes using a combination of Fire and Wind AoE magic skills directed toward his right.

"Hahaha, those are some well-crafted toys from the dwarves in my hometown. Surprisingly, they work quite nicely. Although most of the things they make are either useless or never work the way they're supposed to, once in a while, they manage to create something decent," Alban boasted, raising his head proudly as if the dwarves he mentioned were his subordinates.

"Cool, then what are we waiting for? Take out all the bombs you have. If the quantity is sufficient, we could blast all these damn undead along the way and make our way toward your hideout.

Didn't you mention that in the end moments of our lives, we should use everything we could to save ourselves?" Myne urgently yelled as he dodged a naked female undead that leapt at him, blasting its grotesque head with a fireball.

"Kiddo, stop daydreaming. I said some things we should use before our death so we won't die in regret; don't try to trick me with my own words. Those alchemy bombs are priceless. Even if I had some, I wouldn't take them all out. They're my little babies, and most importantly, the rest of them are in the hideout.

Even if I wanted to sacrifice my babies, I can't do that," Alban replied, dealing with an undead in front of him and laughing manically.

"Damn, can't you just say you don't have any? Why talk so much nonsense? And I know you're definitely lying, you old geezer. There's no way someone whose life is hanging by a thread would keep such a nice thing at home. F\*ck you..."

"F\*ck you, brat. If we survive today, don't expect any information or help from me unless you beg while kneeling in front of me."

"F\*ck you, only in your dreams, old man."

"F\*ck you."

"F\*ck you."

"Both of you, stop fighting like children and look around. We are already surrounded again, at least looked at the time and place to fight with each other," Velvet scolded angrily, poking her spear at the head of an undead child.

"This is all this perverted old man's fault," Myne retorted, jumping ten meters high with his double jump skill and throwing six consecutive fire tornadoes in a straight line toward the west direction to create a path for them to escape. But before he could examine the results, hundreds of three-eyed crows attacked him from all directions.

Seeing the berserk crows surrounding him, Myne could only sigh helplessly and landed on the ground. As he did so, all the crows calmed down and returned from where they came, indicating that flying to avoid undead pursuit was not an option, and the sky path is completely forbidden during battle mode.

"Damn those crows. Where do you think you're all going after giving me so much trouble?" Myne cursed after landing on the ground, sending dozens of powerful wind blades at the murder of crows, causing many to return to their real home in hell.

'This brat is a bit weird. He shouldn't be supposed to have more than three skills with his current power, and he also doesn't look like a Mage or Mage apprentice. Then how is he casting so many magic skills? Most importantly, why is his Mana not decreasing at all, even though he's casting such power-consuming skills? Is he using Mana directly from the environment?

But it doesn't seem so; the Mana around him clearly isn't making any kind of unusual movement. Interesting, really interesting. Let's see what else he is hiding.'

Alban couldn't help but sport a teasing ear-to-ear grin, his excitement evident as he suddenly screamed and rushed in another direction, disrupting the defensive formation the trio made coincidentally to look after each other from the undead. In the chaotic situation, Myne and Velvet didn't spare much thought for Alban's actions, as they lacked the time and extra energy to do so.

After Alban's sudden weird action, Myne was still fine with the support of an unimaginable amount of mana stored in his inventory and basic magic skills without cooldown, blasting the undead around him like bullying a child. He even found time to jump high, attack the crows, to vent his anger on them.

However, Velvet, originally an assassin-type character adept at sneak attacks and one-on-one combat, soon found herself overwhelmed by the undead. With only a spare and her less powerful skills, how could she handle thousands of crazed undead trying to devour her?

Despite her invincibility skill, the undead seemed to have a unique ability to locate their prey, rendering her invisibility useless and leaving her completely helpless.

"Damn it, Velvet! You're surrounded from all directions. Didn't I tell you not to stray away from me? Are you so eager to meet your mother in the afterlife?" Myne noticed Velvet's dire situation and hurriedly came to her rescue. He first cleared the undead around her before delivering a firm love fist to her head and yelling at her angrily.

"Sorry, but it was clearly you who jumped away from me. I'm still in the same place as before," Velvet quickly replied with fake teary eyes while rubbing her head painfully.

"No need to apologize now. Things are getting out of hand. If it continues like this, you won't be able to handle them, and I can't risk losing you like a certain idiot pervert old geezer." Myne said the last part loud enough for Alban to hear, who had disappeared among the undead horde.

"I heard that! Now you have to apologize two times to me," Alban's voice came from a random direction, causing a vein to appear on Myne's forehead.

"F\*ck off, not a chance after you left Velvet alone to indulge in your evil deeds with those undead in some secluded location away from us, don't think we don't understand what kind of weird hobby you are pursuing with those undead there, I had seen many people with different taste like you," Myne yelled angrily, and decide to ignore Alban.

"You're talking too much, brat. Seems like you're eager for a good beating." Alban sent a dozen or so undead from his way before finally appearing in front of Myne and Velvet again, covered in the stinky, ugly blood of the undead.

"You can try... Ouch! Why are you pinching me?" Myne, about to launch into another round of nagging with Alban, was stopped by a sudden hard pinch on his waist from Velvet.

"I don't know about Old Man Alban, but if you don't stop this childish act of yours, I will surely beat the hell out of you. Can't you see the situation?" Velvet growled, frustration evident in his voice.

"Haha, yes, you deserve scolding, brat. Good girl, scold him more. Today's kids have no respect for the elderly," Alban laughed merrily, observing Myne's suffering. In excitement, he covered his axe with his weird black flame and slashed it in the west direction, sending a massive six-meter-long half-moon-shaped slash like a wind blade that cut through hundreds of undead in one attack.

Seeing Alban use another weird skill and behaving like a friendly, good-tempered, humoristic, childish grandpa next door, the early anger and irritation in Myne's eyes vanished. All that remained was confusion and doubt, which he soon hid away, returning to his annoying, hot-blooded brat character.

"Velvet, quickly climb on my back. I can't let you wander around on your own; it's too dangerous. If something happens to you, I might not be able to forgive myself and could go insane without your spiritual support. The loss would be too much for me to bear," Myne urged Velvet while fending off another wave of undead, sending them back to their ethereal realm.

"Damn, why are there so many undead in this little town? Just what kind of population did it have before turning into a haunted town? Don't tell me this entire town was overcrowded and filled completely before it became a ghost town," Myne mused, observing the increasing red dots in his retina with each passing second, regardless of the magnitude of their attacks.



He was currently using Presence Detect (Large) to have a 360-degree bird's-eye view of their battle, keeping an eye on both Velvet and Alban, especially the latter. Myne couldn't shake the feeling that Alban seemed to be enjoying all of this as if it were just a form of entertainment for him.

"Kiddo, that's why I told you we had to escape from this encirclement. Winning against them is not an option. Don't you notice the first batch of undead we killed has already joined the battle again? If this continues, it won't be long before we all get tired and become their food," Alban's urgent voice reached Myne's ears, providing an answer to his doubts.

"Velvet, honey, do you want one more of my sweet love fist? Or have you grown tired of living and want to experience the feeling of being undead?" Myne asked with a smile that didn't quite look like a smile, raising his trembling fist high.

"Sorry, I got distracted," Velvet spoke, she was intending to refuse Myne's strange idea of carrying her on his back. However, seeing veins popping all over his face, indicating his suppressed anger, she instantly became obedient. Handing her spear back to Myne, she climbed onto his back like a little girl, wrapping her arms around his neck and her legs and tail around his waist tightly.

"Why are all my girls so stubborn? If your husband says something to you, can't you just obey it? Always making trouble for me," Myne shook his head while taking a deep breath to calm down his inner thoughts, but he regretted it quickly and hurriedly covered his nose.

The foul scent spread everywhere around them, thanks to the undead's efforts, literally making him vomit the food he had eaten half a day ago.

Chapter 267: Ultimate Attack!

The battle continued, with Myne and Alban doing their best to crazily attack the undead. Despite their efforts, the unlimited numbers of the undead prevented them from

completely getting rid of the threat. They had come quite far from the house where the battle began, but it still wasn't enough as they are nowhere near the Alban hideout.

Velvet, who initially didn't want to burden Myne and had repeatedly requested to be put down so she could join the fight, soon realized how naive her thoughts were. The undead suddenly went berserk for some unknown reason, changing their fighting style dramatically. Even Myne began to struggle to eliminate them all near him.

"WAAAAAAAAAA..."

"What was that sound?"

While Myne and Alban were focused on clearing the undead along the way and hurriedly trying to reach Alban's hideout, a loud scream from multiple women caught their attention.

"Damn it, this is the sound of our doom! Quickly, make haste. We need to get into my hideout as soon as possible. It seems like we are making too much noise, which attracts the attention of vengeful spirits. That's definitely not good news for us," Alban spoke with a horrified expression.

He covered his battle axe with black flame and slashed at the undead horde in front of him, clearing a significant path for everyone.

"Are those vengeful spirits really so powerful? Old man, tell us something about them, so at least we can prepare ourselves when they come. An encounter with them seems unavoidable for now unless your hideout is right in front of us, which doesn't seem so," Myne threw hundreds of fireballs at once while yelling loudly so Alban could hear his voice amidst the noise.

"There's not much to tell about them, as I haven't had many interactions with them myself. I only know things I've read in records or seen from a distance when I tried to enter the Tower. Just remember a few things: normal physical and magical attacks have no effect on them. The only way to deal with them is spirit attacks.

Never let them touch you, as their entire bodies are filled with dense negative energy enough to freeze that body part of yours. But I think that will be the least of your worries if they really touch you because once they do, you'll instantly fall into a trance and be processed by them."

"The first thing they do upon entering your body is to break all of your bones, inflicting unimaginable pain to weaken your spirit, making it easier for them to take full control, and if this doesn't work then you will face your greatest fear and love one dying most horrific way until you not broke apart. By the way, in your spiritual world, one hour outside can be many years inside.

Once they accomplish this task, they proceed to consume your life force. According to records I've read, in 98% of cases, their plan succeeds, and there is no chance for the unlucky victim to see the next day Sun."

"Kiddo, you better use all your strength and get rid of these damn undeads. We need to break free from this encirclement before those damn spirits arrive here," Alban said, making an ugly face as he buried his axe in the ground. He began chanting an incantation in a strange language.

Soon, black flames started gushing out from every part of his body, creating a literal inferno that only lasted for a few seconds before forming a black cocoon around him, hiding him from everyone.

The undead, like mindless beasts, poured onto Alban's black cocoon, attempting to smash it and devour the living creature within. But despite their efforts, not even a scratch could be made on the cocoon before they were incinerated by the intense heat of the black flames.

Myne and Velvet were dumbfounded by this turn of events, unable to comprehend Alban's actions.

"Is he trying to hide in that cocoon? Is it really that powerful?" Velvet asked with doubt written all over her beautiful face.

"I don't know, but it must be very powerful; otherwise, Alban wouldn't have created it right after hearing the Vengeful Spirits' cry. Maybe he got scared out of his wits and now needs a place to cry in fear?" Myne replied jokingly to ease his own inner fear.

He leapt high to assess the situation, catching a glimpse of black dots rushing toward them from the north before the crows attacked him again, forcing him to land.

"Things don't seem quite right. What should we do now?" Velvet, on Myne's back, asked with a hint of fear and nervousness in her voice.

"I have a skill, a very powerful one, but there's a bit of a problem with it. This skill is a double-edged sword with a very wide attack range, but it doesn't discriminate between friend and foe. I can protect myself with my defensive skills, but I fear you might not be able to handle it and turn into charcoal when I activate it..."

"Forget about it. Plan B: if there's no movement from Alban in the next 5 seconds, you'll move from my back to the front so I can protect you more carefully and we're going to fly over all those undead. Dealing with those crows is much easier, although their

numbers are triple that of the undead. F\*ck where are all these damn crows coming from?"

Listening to Myne's crazy plan Velvet gulped down her saliva nervously, she couldn't fathom what kind of insane skill he possessed that left him lacking the confidence to control it even slightly.

But this time instead of being stubborn and overestimating her own capability and suggesting some kind of stupid idea like leaving her behind and unleashing his ultimate skill after getting further from her, as she could handle undead for one minute or so, Velvet descended from his back, move her stiff body a bit, and clung to Myne from the front like a koala before bestowing upon him a deep kiss to boost his morale.

"Sorry for being a burden on you. Maybe without me, your chances of surviving in this ghost town might increase dramatically," Velvet said with a guilty expression.

Myne responded with a light chuckle not before stealing one more kiss, "Without you, I might have already become a ghost lady's plaything. Let's not talk about surviving; don't forget how many times you've saved me from those illusions in the past few days..."

"Kiddo, stop you lovey-dovey couple chit-chat and move your ass here. I'm about to create some big fireworks, and if you don't wish to become a permanent resident of this town, then better not leave a one-meter area of my axe."

Interrupting Myne's good time, as if waiting for this precise moment, Alban screamed. Then his entire body was ablaze with black flames appearing in front of both of them again, surprisingly not singeing even the corners of his clothes. After issuing orders to Myne, Alban, without waiting for a reaction, shot into the sky like a missile, leaving a trail of black flames behind him.

Although Myne initially wanted to scold Alban with some good words, seeing him hurtling into the sky made him instantly realize that something big was about to happen. Hastily, he ran toward Alban's axe, simultaneously blasting away the undead surrounding it.

Gritting his teeth as if enduring immense pain, Alban, having reached 50 meters in the sky, gathered all his energy in his right fist and punched upward with all his strength. A ray of black energy shot from his fist towards the black sky at an astonished speed.

Upon reaching around 200 meters in height, as if encountering an invisible wall in the sky, the black energy struck the empty space, breaking apart and spreading in every direction in a suspicious circular shape. The circle only halted after spreading 100 meters in diameter. However, the spectacle did not end there.

The black energy, now forming a complete circle, began to move in a strange manner, creating peculiar symbols and lines within the circle. Eventually, an evil-looking hexagram with a giant, ominous close eye in the middle took shape.

As the hexagram completed its formation, Alban, like a deflating balloon, lost momentum and descended from the sky with a troubled expression. Blood clots were evident in the corners of his mouth and eyes, indicating that he had clearly overexerted himself.

"Damn it, I know this perverted old geezer is useless. How the f\*ck does he use his final attack in the middle stage of the battle when the result is still unknown?" Myne cursed loudly, tightly hugging Velvet. He then leaped high with all his strength, grabbing Alban by the collar and putting him on his back.

Alban, now finally looked like a real old man with a weak, fragile body, tired eyes, white hair, saggy skin, wrinkles on his face, and powerless to do any heavy work. Moments ago, Alban was full of energy, kicking undeads like humanoid monsters. After using his ultimate skill, instantly turned into an 80-year-old grandpa.

"Old man, you are really useless. Who the f\*ck becomes like this after using his skill? And are you confident that your attack can completely annihilate all the undeads? What if it doesn't work properly, then who the hell going to save your old ass?"

After landing on the ground, Myne instantly started complaining to Alban. Surprisingly, this time Alban didn't talk back; instead, he raised his trembling hand and pointed at his axe.

"My axe... give it to me quickly..."

"See, Velvet? I told you this old man is very selfish. Next time, we better ask for his bombs in return for giving him our food.

Giving food to him for free seems like a total waste of resources to me, especially in this place where there is no option to buy food." Myne, with Velvet hugging him from the front and Alban on his back, complained like a little child, taking advantage of the opportunity that Alban couldn't talk back.

Quickly, he picked up Alban's axe, which surprisingly was so heavy that Myne couldn't move, even though he had all his enhancement-type skills activated.

"Put me beside it, children like you couldn't play with adult things. You better play with your little wife and leave those heavy things to my old shoulder, hehehe." Finally seeing Myne making his own joke, Alban, who regained some energy, immediately teased him. Even Velvet couldn't help but chuckle a bit. However, seeing Myne looking at her with a poker face, she gave him an apologetic kiss.

Although Myne was very irritated by being played by Alban, he sighed helplessly and put him beside his axe.

As soon as Alban touched his axe, a black flame suddenly covered all three of them, creating a black cocoon around them. Surprisingly, the cocoon was transparent from the inside, allowing them to see everything going on outside. Myne was even more shocked when the hexagram slowly rotating in the sky finally started making movements.

Chapter 268: Running Towards The Destination...

As Myne looked up, he saw the closed eye in the middle of the hexagram array that Alban had created with his black flame accurately slowly opening, and now sparks were clearly visible in its creepy pupil.

Confused, Myne was about to ask Alban what the hell damn skill he had used when suddenly, like stars, small black orbs started appearing in the middle of the sky. At first, there were only a dozen or so, but soon the entire area was covered by a hexagram array filled with those black orbs.

"Old man, will you mind explaining what the f\*ck is going on with your scary hexagram array?" Myne asked with a frown. Although he had his sight enhancement skill activated, both the sky and orbs created by the array were black, so he couldn't pinpoint what they actually were.

"Hahaha, brat, just you wait; the real show is about to start," Alban replied, as always, not answering simply but trying to mystify, making Myne annoyed. Just as he finished speaking, the black orbs in the sky, like water drops, one by one started plummeting to the ground, creating a breathtaking display of light and power.

"BOOOM!!!"



"BOOM! BOOM! BOOOOOOM!!!"

As the black orbs were about to fall to the ground, Myne finally got a chance to see what they were. After seeing them, he couldn't help but hold his breath in horror because every orb he saw before was actually fist-sized black fireballs, with power clearly exceeding his own.

Upon impact, the black fireballs erupted in explosive bursts, shattering the thousands of undead-like fragile mirrors. The battlefield soon became a chaotic symphony of dazzling explosions as the undead were obliterated into countless fragments. The air was filled with the scent of burnt undead flesh, and the once overwhelming horde was reduced to scattered remnants amidst the magical aftermath.

But what shocked Myne the most was that every black fireball that hit the black cocoon everyone was in like an egg hitting a boulder, shattering into countless fragments without making even a single dent. Clearly, this weird black cocoon-like shield was much more solid than it seemed from the outside.

I hope I was just thinking too much, and I won't have to fight this frank pervert. God knows what kind of weird tricks he has in his pocket. Appraisal skill clearly is not working on him at all; otherwise, according to appraisal data, he should only have a single skill unsealed. But this f\*cker is clearly using skill after skill effortlessly.

God knows if all his skills and abilities were unsealed, what kind of power he would unleash, Myne gulped nervously while watching the explosion outside the shield, which finally came to a stop.

"Brat, how long do you plan to stand like a statue and blankly stare at the view? Don't you think this is the best opportunity to escape now, or do you have a plan to get a kiss from vengeful spirits, whom I can clearly see now?" Alban, while lying on the ground and hugging his axe tightly as if practising laying down in a coffin in advance, asked with an expressionless face.

Hearing Alban's comment, Myne finally snapped back from his thoughts, apologized while rubbing his head, he picked up Alban, who was still too weak to move his body, put him on his back, and hurriedly started running toward the direction Alban was pointing to.

...

"F\*ck, brat, move your legs faster! Haven't you eaten? They're about to touch me..." Alban shouted desperately.

In the eerily silent Eldoria Town, where everything was covered in a sheet of darkness without any sign of life, a loud noise erupted in one random corner. Myne, with Velvet in front and Alban on his back, ran in a single line, his strength blasting through anything in his way.

Behind him, a horde of a hundred or so evil, ugly-looking, vengeful spirits pursued them like crazy dogs, while making weird noises.

"I'm doing my best! I can't go any faster than this. It's not my fault that those damn things can pass through objects and houses, but I can't!" Myne panted heavily as he replied, jumping with all his strength to cross a house in his way before stabilizing himself and continuing to run.

"But they're getting closer, and I'll be the first one to die. Brat, listen, if I get killed today because you couldn't run fast, remember I will haunt you to eternity!" Alban yelled with a crying face, looking behind and seeing a vengeful spirit wearing a red wedding dress, had a burnt face, and hollow eyes, only an arm's length away from him, Alban grabbed Myne's neck and urged him to run faster.

"Bastard! If you have so much of a problem with me, get down! I can probably run faster without having to carry an 80 kg ungrateful bastard like you on my back. And where the f\*ck is your hideout? Why haven't we reached it yet?"

Myne jumped high again to make some distance from the fastest vengeful spirit, who seemed to have misunderstood Alban as her missing groom, asked while casting a fire tornado behind him without stopping. But the vengeful spirits casually flew through it without any harm.

Damn it! If I manage to escape from this damn town, the first thing I'll do is find as many spirit-type skills as possible, Myne thought nervously. Running with all his might for the past hour, he is on the verge of collapsing, he is hungry, sleepy, his entire body hurting, he is under great pressure, and urgently needed to urinate, but those damn things wouldn't leave him for a single second.

"We're very close now. Do you see that flag on that house? Jump on it. Behind that house, there's a big garden. Don't stop running. In the left corner of the garden, there's a small wooden cabin.

That's our destination. I've enchanted that entire cabin with runes so no undead can get into it."

As Alban said that he tightened his embrace around Myne, ensuring he wouldn't drop him upon discovering his hideout for revenge. However, it was apparent that Alban was overthinking. Myne and Velvet, finally reaching their destination, breathed a sigh of relief. Myne, driven by his strong willpower, sprinted hard, aware that he had only a little way to go. He screamed loudly and accelerated.

After a few seconds, Myne landed in the garden Alban had mentioned and quickly made his way to the cabin.

"Don't try, the cabin is locked, you couldn't open it. Turn around. I'll do it."

As Myne was about to open the door, Alban hurriedly stopped him. Turning with an ugly expression, Myne covered Velvet's body with his arms as the vengeful spirit approached them. Alban on the other hand struck the backside of his axe against the cabin door.

Mysterious shiny black runes appeared all over the small cabin as he did that, causing the vengeful spirits near them to scream as if someone had thrown acid on them.

"It's open. Get in."

Reacting to Alban's voice, Myne hastily opened the cabin door, rushing inside before slamming it shut.

...

"Haa, haa, huu, haaa... one more second, and I would have met a horrible death," Myne said, panting heavily. He gently placed Velvet down, casually removing Alban's hands from around his neck, causing him to fall before collapsing on the ground.

"Ahhh... Bastard, at least give me a warning. Damn, my back..."

"Myne! Are you alright?" Velvet hurriedly approached Myne, who lay on the ground with closed eyes, breathing heavily.

"Haa, haa, I am fine. Let me take some rest," Myne replied with great difficulty.

"But I'm not alright, honey. Could you please help me a bit? I think my back is damaged. I probably won't be able to move for a few days. F\*ck you, brat!" Alban screamed in pain, cursing Myne. Like Myne, he was now lying on the ground, the difference being extreme fatigue for one and intense pain for the other.

"F\*ck you too, old pervert! Whom are you calling honey? Only I have the right to give my wives those sweet nicknames. Don't even think about crossing the line. I won't tolerate this. Velvet, no matter what this pervert says, don't listen to him.

Just ignore him like I do," Myne, who couldn't speak earlier, as Alban spoke to Velvet. Suddenly filled with mysterious energy, Myne immediately opened his eyes and started nagging at him.

"Bastard, I will kill you! Who are you calling a pervert? When did I even do something like a pervert? Where is my axe? I'll hack you to death... Damn, my back, ahhh, it's hurting so much.

Honey, don't listen to this ungrateful bastard's nonsense. Please, help this old grandpa... Look, there should be a purple potion bottle in the cabinet," Alban said, making a painful expression that kind-hearted Velvet couldn't take anymore. She calmly stood up, walked toward the dirty-looking wooden wall cabinet, and opened it.

Inside the cabinet were various weird things, most sealed in glass jars filled with green liquid, which neither Velvet nor Myne recognized. Ignoring the floating strange organs in the jars, she looked around and soon found the purple potion bottle mentioned by Alban behind a big glass jar in which five big red eyeballs were floating, seemingly alive.

Giving Velvet the feeling that they would blink the next moment, giving her a heart attack.

However, what Velvet feared didn't happen, and the eyeballs remained still. She picked up the potion bottle, hurriedly closing the cabinet door.

Chapter 269: Secret Hideout...

"Oye, Old Geezer, is this the hideout you've been bragging about so much?" Myne, lying on the ground, moved his eyes to observe the cabin, which was very small from the inside. Other than a wall cabinet and a wooden table, there was nothing in it.

"What do you think? Ahh, thank you, honey. I don't know what I would have done without you," Alban said, taking a potion bottle from Velvet.

"And just a moment ago, you were complaining about being called a pervert. Now, even after I, the husband of Velvet, told you not to give my wife a nickname, you're still not listening. What should I call you, a sage? Listen, old geezer, her name is Velvet, not Honey or Sweetie or something like that. Either come in line or get ready for a manly, in-depth conversation. You are crossing the line.

Also, if this small mouse hole is your hideout, then I have to say you might as well hand yourself to those vengeful spirits. At least they'll give you a better place to live. And I think that spirit in the red wedding dress seems very interested in you. Maybe you can start a family with her?"

Myne, after regaining some of his energy, stood from the ground and spoke, holding back his anger and hiding Velvet behind him.

"Sigh, fine. I won't try my luck with your wife. Today's children know nothing about sharing. When I was young, I had sex with my best friend's wife, and he never complained a bit even after knowing about it," Alban complained angrily in a low voice.

"What did you just say?"

"I said there is no boundary for narrow-minded people like you. If you put your mind on something else rather than always being overprotective of your wife, maybe you could see the real thing. Do you idiot really think that this small cabin, in which we can hardly lay down, is called a hideout? If that's the case, then where is my food, clothes, weapon, bedding, or anything else? No idea, right?"

Move that table aside. Let me show a country bumpkin like you what a real hideout looks like, so next time, if there's any, you won't make a joke of yourself and your wife," Alban taunted Myne with full disdain.

"You old geezer, just you wait. I will take my revenge," Myne muttered while gritting his teeth. Still, he moved his tired body and put aside the table, revealing a big metal door underneath it.

"Ahem, Velvet, could you please help this old man to move? In my current condition, I don't think I could climb down staircases," While was opening the basement door, Alban, who also regained some of his power after drinking that purple potion, asked with a gentle smile.

"Old geezer, you are so mean. How can you ask such a shameless thing from a fragile and beautiful lady like this? Have you smelled yourself? You smell like someone put rotten fish in a sealed box for many days before rubbing it on your entire body. Do you have any idea what kind of hellish torture I endured while carrying you on my back? Now you want to do the same thing with my little kitty?"

Shame on you, old pervert, shame on you. But it's not like we have no other option. If you promise to sell me your bombs, then maybe I could help you. What do you say?" Myne asked with a playful smile, dodging Velvet's elbow attack.

"Sniff, sniff. F\*ck, this smell is probably coming from those undead bastards' blood. I should have thought about it. Fine, I will sell you my bomb in exchange for some necessary goods. Now, will you help me to the bathroom? I couldn't take this smell anymore," Alban requested with an ugly face.

"Sure, but first, honey, will you go ahead and illuminate the way for us? It seems like our Mr. Old Geezer likes to live in darkness very much," Myne sneered at Alban while handing Velvet some palm-sized magic lamps that looked like glowing orbs after activating. Velvet happily took them before climbing down the staircase.

"Now, now, old geezer, let me take you to your bathroom," Myne, with an evil grin plastered on his face, grabbed Alban's right leg and before he could understand anything, Myne hurriedly entered the door, dragging Alban behind him.

"Ahhh... Not like this, idiot!" Alban screamed as he neared the staircase. However, Myne turned a blind eye and continued climbing down. The gap between each step wasn't much, and neither was the hideout too deep. The total staircase was only twenty or so steps, so Myne didn't worry that Alban might get hurt and go berserk; this was just a small prank, and he knew Alban would understand.

While Myne casually walked, dragging Alban behind, Alban, on the other hand, cursed his eighth generation for giving birth to such an evil guy. In order to avoid getting hurt



again, he endured the extreme pain in his back, about which he was talking and used his hands to climb down the staircase, as Myne held his leg tightly, giving his lower side support.

"Myne! What are you doing?! How can you do something like this with Mr. Alban? Can't you see he's injured?" Velvet, who was observing Alban's hideout, saw Myne dragging Alban like trash, and Alban walking on his hands to save his life, hurriedly ran to them and criticized Myne while hammering a fist on his head.

"Ouch, it hurts... Hmm, Old Geezer, are you sure this is your hideout and not some research lab you claimed as yours after finding it?" Myne, instead of apologizing, looked around the hideout that resembled more like a research lab of some crazy scientist. Three big stone tables were placed in the main hall, equipped with various research instruments made of glass and metal.

Numerous glass jars filled with hundreds of different creatures' organs, glass tubes containing various colourful liquids, and research notes in a weird language Myne had never seen before were scattered everywhere. Metal boxes of different shapes and sizes were piled in a corner, giving off a vibe that whatever was inside them was not something normal people should see.

"Boy, if you're stuck in a ghost town alone for a few years without anyone to give you company, then you understand how much loneliness can drive a person crazy. If I didn't occupy myself with all those experiments, you might not be seeing me in this form today," Alban said in a painful voice, refusing Velvet's help to stand up.

"But what the hell are you researching? Don't tell me you want to restore those undead back to normal humes. If so, then I think it's time to give you another title other than a pervert," Myne, observing Alban's reactions closely, shook his head before asking.

"I..."

"Wait, is this a piece of a woman's skirt? Would you mind telling me why you have a woman's skirt in this jar?" Myne asked with a frown, looking at a piece of a blue colour woman's skirt floating into a big jar filled with yellow transparent liquid.

"Sigh, this is my late girlfriend's skirt piece..."

"I told you this old geezer is a pervert. I've seen many people like him who collect their women or girlfriends' clothes to do some evil things later," Myne whispered into Velvet's ear.

"Maybe you're right. I think I shouldn't get too near him anymore. But wait a minute, haven't you done the same thing before? I remember when we first time had sex, you stole my underwear..."

"Cough! Velvet, dear, that was different. That time, I just fell for you, and I didn't know when we were going to meet again. So, I took it as a relic of yours. When I miss you too much, I could masturbate while taking in your scent.

It is completely normal," Myne hastily interrupted Velvet before she embarrassed him more and explained why his action of stealing women's panties, with whom he had sex, was different from other people having their girlfriends' clothes in a glass jar.

"You both know I can hear you two very clearly, right? Now, if you're finished, let me explain why my late girlfriend's clothing is here. First of all, this is not a simple cloth but rather part of a vengeful spirit's soul. You might not know, but a vengeful spirit's clothes on their body are actually part of them, manifested from their own soul.

So, after my girlfriend fell into the hands of the vengeful spirits during our attempt to enter that damn tower, she soon became a vengeful spirit. When I saw her some months later, I fought with her many times and finally managed to cut off a small part of her soul.

I started researching it so I could free her from her current cursed condition," Alban said with a sad face while caressing the glass container in which his vengeful spirit girlfriend's soul piece was floating.

"Oye, old geezer, would you mind telling us what the hell you stored inside those boxes in your storage room? Why do they smell like rotten corpses?"

Just as Alban finished his story, Myne's voice echoed from the storage room at the end of the main hall, making veins appear on Alban's forehead.

"Those two damn kids are making me nuts now," Alban thought, hammering his fist on the stone table in front of him. He walked toward the storage room, but before he could enter, Myne and Velvet, screaming and holding their noses, ran out from it.

"Damn! Why the hell do you have so many rotten mouse corpses filled in boxes? Please tell me they aren't what I am thinking..."

"If you are thinking from a logical point of view, then they are indeed what you are thinking. They are my only ration, which, because of a lack of necessary preservation methods, has now gotten rotten beyond edibility. I forgot to throw them out," Alban replied with a poker face, gently closing the storage room door again.

"I don't know if I should have sympathy for you or be disgusted with you, but for God's sake, please throw them out. Also, where is the bathroom? I have to attend to nature's call," Myne asked with an ugly face, distancing himself from Alban.

"Go out, find a good location in the garden, and do it there. I do have a bathroom here, but that can only be used for a shower. Other things you have to do outside," Alban replied casually while picking up his notes scattered on the ground.

"But what about undead and spirits out there?"

"They will disappear after some time; just hold on till then. Also, if you and your wife want to use my bedroom, which is this room this, you have to pay for it, other rooms are not available for you guys. Alternatively, you can also sleep in the main hall, but remember, don't break anything; those things are very valuable," Alban said with a smirk on his face.

"Damn it, I knew it! You're not a good guy. I told you, Velvet," Myne complained. Still, he put a few honey buns in Alban hands before leading Velvet to the bedroom and locking the door from inside.

"Is this really a bedroom? Why does it seem like an abandoned room rather than a bedroom where someone lives?" Velvet asked, dumbfounded. She gazed at the small, empty room filled with dust and spiderwebs, as if it hadn't been used for years.

"Because it is an abandoned room. That old pervert fooled us again. This is probably an extra room he had. Better than nothing, I guess," Myne said, shaking his head. He cast a cleaning skill to rid the room of dust and spiderwebs before taking out his medium-sized bed and noise-cancelling device from Inventory.

"Finally, we have some peace. Now, I hope we don't get any more surprises," Myne said, lounging on the bed in a relaxed manner.

"Yes, we haven't had any peace since we came to this town..."

"Myne!"

"Myne!!!"

"By the way, are you hungry? Do you want to eat something?... What happened?" Velvet asked, observing Myne suddenly standing up with a frown.

"Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"It's as if someone is calling my name," Myne replied, furrowing his brow as he looked around confusedly.

"But I didn't hear anything," Velvet replied with a puzzled expression.

"Myne! Sweetie, time to wake up!"

"..."

"MYNE!!!"

Chapter 270: Veil of the Familiar

"Myne! Sweetie, time to wake up!"

"MYNE!!!"

"Yes! Yes, I woke up... Mother?!"

"Yes, Mother, I have been calling you for such a long time, but you are sleeping like a bear, not waking up at all. Did you again read those ghost novels late at night?" Yukino, with her hands on her waist, asked with a helpless smile. Her long black hair, like a waterfall, shook behind her as she exhaled a deep breath.

"Sorry, I got carried away last night. The book was so interesting that I couldn't stop myself from reading further and like this, when it became early in the morning, I don't know," Myne replied, still deeply confused, while observing his surroundings. He was in his old, small bedroom, with a small bookshelf filled with storybooks and a small bed on which a 5-year-old kid could sleep comfortably.

"Sigh, I don't understand what you like so much about those horror books. Don't most kids your age like reading fairy tales or moral stories? Also, aren't you scared of ghosts and those things?" Yukino, while shaking her head, picked up 'The Devil's Cave' book from the ground and put it back on the bookshelf.

"Mother, I am not like those idiots who get happy reading the same thing again and again. It's so predictable that anyone with a bit of mind can guess the ending just by reading a few pages. I am already bored with them. I like reading ghost stories because they are unpredictable. No one knows until the last chapter what will happen next, who will survive, will the ghost die or the protagonist?

Will it be a happy ending, or will everyone in the story lose their life? Everything is so new, and I am not scared of the ghosts; it's just that I don't like them because I couldn't do anything to them. If I had the power to beat them, I would definitely kill every one of them." Myne stood on his bed and swung down his hands like he was holding a sword.

"Okay, okay, my little warrior. When you grow up, you will surely beat the hell out of ghosts. But now, come with me; breakfast is getting cold," Yukino smiled while rubbing Little Myne's head and walked out of his room.

"By the way, since you praise your ghost books so much, how about we read one together tonight?"

"Really? Really?" Little Myne asked excitedly while jumping on Yukino's back.

"Of course, dear. Have I ever lied to you?"

"Well, you've done that many times. Just a few days ago, you promised me not to be angry if I played a bit late outside, but when I went out with Father and came back late, you beat both of us. And, yesterday, you promised to make my favourite food, but then you forgot about it..."

"Whoa, Whoa, whoa, my little bunny, hold on a bit. I understand I've become quite forgettable lately, but you see, Myne, Mother is getting old now, so it is natural for me to

become forgetful. You should have reminded me; otherwise, what's the meaning of raising a glutton like you?" Yukino, while giggling, said as she carried Little Myne to the living room.

"Mother, where is Father?" Little Myne, looking everywhere in the house with a feeling like *déjà vu*, asked. His little cute face had confusion, as if he was trying to remember something but couldn't pinpoint what exactly it was.

"Father is in the garden watering the flowers. This is his punishment for coming home late again, so you better not even think about helping him.

Because of you, he already spoils a lot." Hearing Yukino's board daylight threat, Little Myne hurriedly nodded his head, saying, "I won't help him," before looking at the window to see outside, but everything on the other side of the window was pitch black, but Little Myne just looked at it casually, as if it were very common.

"Oh my, look at it. Seems like my little ghost hunter woke up, huh? Did you stay awake all night again?" As Yukino and Little Myne entered the kitchen, a playful voice attracted their attention.

"Big Sis Maya, when did you come home?" Little Myne, seeing young Maya with an excited expression, jumped down from Yukino's back and ran toward her, jumping on her and embracing her tightly while burying his head into her D-Cup size breasts.

"I told you, Big Sis, I am Myne's favourite in this house. You should give up now." Maya, with a smug expression, said to Yukino, who just casually waved her hand before starting to serve Little Myne breakfast on the table.



"Okay, my little brother, how long do you plan to mess with my boobs? You will surely become a big pervert in the future." Maya said with a smile, placing Little Myne on his chair.

"Big Sis Maya, how did you come here so early in the morning? Don't you have work to do today? If not, can I come with you to play?" Little Myne asked excitedly.

"Next time, I promise. Today I am about to go on an adventure to do an escort mission, and it will take me a week to come back. So before going, I wanted to meet you, my lucky charm, to enhance my luck. Now that I've met you, I am going. See you later then." Maya said with a smile, giving Little Myne a deep kiss on his cheek, taking one for herself as well, before nodding her head with satisfaction.

"Take care, Maya. I heard there are many bandits popping up in our kingdom recently. Don't let down your guard." Yukino said while placing a glass of milk in front of Little Myne.

"You know me, Big Sis. I never let down my guard, so rest assured. Bye then, see you later." Maya said, after grabbing an apple from the table, she hurriedly ran out of the kitchen.

"Sigh, Big Sis Maya is already in a hurry. Couldn't she just eat breakfast with me, rather than stealing an apple?" Little Myne said with his childish voice.

"Hehehe, you are worrying for nothing. Your Big Sis Maya has already eaten breakfast, and that apple is just extra to pass the time until she reaches the adventure guild. Now, stop wasting time and finish the breakfast. We don't have too much time." Yukino casually said while sitting opposite Myne.

"Huh? What do you mean we don't have too much time? Are we going somewhere?" Little Myne asked while filling his mouth with brown bread and milk.

"Not we, but me. You are not going anywhere, at least for the time being. Anyway, how is breakfast? Do you like it? Although it is not as good as a certain girl, but it shouldn't be too bad, right?" Yukino asked with a playful smile, crossing her arms over her perfect round E-Cup-sized breasts.

"Mother, did you hit your head or something? Today, you are behaving weirdly. How can someone make better food than you? Food made by you will always be my first choice. No one can take its place in this world," Little Myne spoke confidently.

"Hahaha, I see. It's good to know that you still consider my food your first choice, honey. Maybe I shouldn't doubt my parenting and get jealous for nothing," Yukino spoke with a genuine, happy smile on her face.

"By the way, do you remember the thing I told you about the special quality your Father had, because of which he managed to get married to a super beautiful, smart, and powerful woman like me?"

"It's about 'Essenhment' or something, right?" Little Myne replied causally.

"Essenhment, hehehe. Your mind is really very creative; you mixed two different words after you forgot them. No wonder you're still stuck there. This is what happens when you don't train your mind and soul properly. Maybe I should have told Maya to train you in those aspects as well. Sorry, this time it is my mistake," Yukino apologized while rubbing the back of her head.

Little Myne was even more confused, as he literally understood nothing about what his Mother was talking about.

"The correct word is 'Essence,' about which I was talking that day. The reason why I married your dumb father is that he has the power to see the Essence of everything. So do I. You also have this power, but you just don't know how to use it, and with your current situation, it doesn't seem easy to awaken as well."

"Mother, you know I don't understand a single word you are saying, right? Can you please explain in normal language what you are trying to say?" Little Myne questioned, with a perplexed expression.

But Yukino, as if she hadn't heard Myne's complaint, continued, "Do you know why your Father always make friends with any random person he meets?"

"Because he is an idiot?" Little Myne replied immediately, without any hesitation, clearly having a negative image of his Father in his mind.

"Hahaha, as expected, you didn't change a little bit. Also, for your answer, Yes and No. Yes, your Father is an idiot, and No, he doesn't just make friends with any random person. Because he can see the Essence of everything, he knows who is worthy of making a friend. He likes doing this because he enjoys meeting other people, listening to their stories, spending time with them, etc.

I could also do it, but you know I became a bit of an introvert after meeting your Father and making random people friends is not my cup of tea."

Sighing, Yukino interrupted the conversation, "We again distract from our topic. So, where was I? Oh, yes, Essence. This is, you can say, a special skill. Your father and I

accidentally acquired it from a mystical being during our adventure. This skill helps us see the truth of the world and answers all our doubts.

It is a very mystical power; describing it in words is not possible, at least for me."

"BOOOM!"

"What was that sound?"

As Yukino spoke, a loud explosion occurred outside, shaking their entire house.

"It seems like he found that something is wrong with you, my little baby. Mother can only help you this much. Further, you have to go by yourself. But remember, Essence is something that lets us see the reality of everything, and only 1% of people in the entire world can achieve it. The life outside you are living is not true. Try to awaken your Essence."

"Time is running out, my little baby. The more you stay there, the more it will damage you. Don't forget about your family. There are people outside who are waiting for you..."

Saying this, Yukino stood up from her chair and walked toward the panicked Little Myne, who was tightly holding the table as their entire house continued to shake nonstop.

After reaching Little Myne, Yukino gently rubbed his hair with a beautiful motherly smile and gave him a sweet kiss on his forehead.

"Remember, I am always with you, my little baby. But now you have to go. Don't give up, and protect the one you care about the most as only they will be with you until the end."

"But, Mother, I didn't want to go anywhere. I wanted to stay with you and Father," Little Myne replied, his voice filled with panic, while hugging Yukino tightly, thinking that she was going out to fight with the monsters, leaving him alone in the house.

"Sigh, it seems like I behaved too gently with you, didn't I? Like father, like son—never understanding the seriousness of the situation. Myne, baby, look up. Let Mother give you a farewell gift that might help you remember our conversation."

Hearing Yukino's request, Little Myne innocently looked up with teary eyes, but what greeted him was a tight slap on his small cheek and everything went blank...