

Cheat. A 271

Chapter 271: Tears in the Darkness

"Haaaa, haa, haa, haa..."

"Myne! Are you alright?"

Myne woke up, gasping for breath as if he had just emerged from the depths of the ocean, desperate for air. The first instinct upon regaining consciousness led him to touch his right cheek, which still felt hot. However, it was a sensation confined to his mind, for in reality, there was no evidence of a tight slap or any kind of pain.

Was that all just a dream? How can I remember everything so clearly? Even the slap by Mother feels so fresh, as if she's right in front of me, Myne thought, panting heavily and wiping sweat from his forehead.

"Myne! Myne! Did you have a nightmare again?" Velvet asked, shaking him slightly, her face filled with concern and tears could be seen in her panda-like eyes clearly she hadn't slept well.

Rubbing his forehead, Myne finally recollected his current situation. "Velvet, how long was I sleeping?... And why am I naked?"

"Sigh, you literally scared me to death when you suddenly passed out for no reason. I laid you on the bed, and removed your clothes to check if some undead may have bitten you and infected you because you passed out for no reason. But after checking every inch of your body and not finding anything, I could only pray for your well-being, hoping that you would wake up..."

"You were in a coma for two entire days..."

"What! How can this be? I remember it's only been a few minutes in a dream. How can I be sleeping for two days?" Myne asked, shocked. He couldn't understand how he seemingly fell into a coma for no reason, meeting his mother in a dream that felt so real, as if she were alive and talking to him. It made no sense.

"Huh? What dream? Aren't you having a nightmare?" Velvet asked worriedly, her brow furrowed with concern. "The way you woke up, panting so heavily... did you see something dangerous in your dream?" But she seemed a bit too concerned about Myne's dream.

Myne hesitated for a moment, unsure whether to tell Velvet about his strange, lifelike dream. He subconsciously touched his right cheek, where he could still feel the phantom sting of a tight slap, and recalled his mother's words: "The life you are living outside is not real," and more importantly, "Don't forget about your family, there are people outside who are waiting for you."

"Family?" Myne echoed, his voice barely above a whisper. "I have a family? A family waiting for me? But why do I not remember anyone?"

"Myne! Myne, is everything okay? You are behaving strangely after waking up from the coma," Velvet asked, seeing Myne again getting lost in his thoughts and muttering something while holding his head.

Myne shook his head slightly after waking up from his deep thoughts by Velvet. "I'm okay, it's just... I saw my mother in my dream."

"Really?" Velvet breathed a sigh of relief as Myne began to speak, sitting down beside him. "You met Mother-in-law Yukino in your dream? Then shouldn't that be a good dream? Then why did you wake up in shock, looking as if a ghost had devoured you whole?"

"Huh? What did you just say?" Myne, who was about to reply to Velvet's question, suddenly paused a bit and stared at her with a puzzled expression before asking.

"I said, why did you wake up..."

"Not that one, the one before that..."

"Then shouldn't it be..."

"Before that."

Myne's strange behaviour was beginning to alarm Velvet. "Myne," she spoke gently, taking his hands in hers, "something must have happened in your dream. Are you truly alright? You know you can talk to me about anything, right?"

Myne sighed. "Perhaps you're right. That bizarre dream has muddled my thoughts. Instead of dwelling on nonsensical things, I should focus on our current situation." He shook his head and, as an apology for startling her, gave Velvet a sweet kiss. As he gently rubbed her hands, however, a cold sensation beneath his thumb sent a jolt through him.

Looking down, Myne noticed two rings adorning Velvet's fingers: one, the token of his love, and the other, a cherished reminder of her late mother. For some reason, the sight of the second ring plunged him into deep thought. After a moment of silence, he chuckled lightly and said jokingly, "No matter what anyone says, Mother-in-law certainly knew how to pick a ring.

Compared to hers, mine looks like something bought from a cheap stall near the road."

Velvet, happily reminiscing, replied with a joyful gleam in her eyes, "Hehehe, don't say that! Your ring is lovely too, and I cherish them both equally." She kissed each ring in turn, her delight evident.

However, unseen by her, Myne's face had momentarily turned pale as paper. He quickly masked it with a smile, but the unsettling sensation lingered beneath the surface.

"By the way," Myne began, hastily changing the topic as he rose from the bed and began dressing, "since I've been unconscious for the past two days, what did you eat during that time? Don't tell me you, like that old geezer, have been resorting to dining on mice!"

"Actually, I hadn't eaten anything for the past two days, and I was too worried about you that I didn't realize when two days passed. Although Mr. Alban once asked whether everything is okay since we both didn't go out for two days, I just shooed him away, saying that we wanted some time alone," Velvet said with a sheepish smile.

"What! How could you be so careless with your health? That's why I told you to hide a storage bag with supplies in your clothes, so even if something unexpected happened to me, you wouldn't have to suffer. See? I was right. Because of your blind faith in me, which I appreciate and cherish, you had to go through this.

You really are an idiot!"

Myne chided Velvet while taking out a small table and various food from his Inventory. His eyes, however, couldn't help but dart around the room, scrutinizing every corner while Velvet remained oblivious, a growing unease settling on his face.

"Ohh, you two finally emerged after enjoying some quality time alone?" Alban drawled nonchalantly, his voice tinged with amusement as he mixed a strange concoction of dark liquid, black powder, and purple flower petals. "I thought you'd be holed up in there for at least a week."

"Old geezer," Myne sneered as he approached the staircase, "we're not like you, a psycho who plays with his dead girlfriend's clothes to pass the time. For us, everything is still new, and we need time to process everything happening here."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, where are you going in such a hurry? Don't you think you are forgetting something?"

Not minding Myne's poisonous mouth, Alban blocked his and Velvet's path as he hurriedly spoke while rubbing his stomach.

"Tsk! You black-hearted bastard, only care about yourself, don't you?" Myne said angrily while thrusting two packets of brown bread and a bottle of milk into Alban's hands.

"Everything is for survival, you'll understand in a few months," Alban replied casually, rubbing his stomach as he headed towards the small kitchen. He waved his hand, and the milk in the bottle began to warm with his fire magic. One of the perks of having fire

magic is the ability to cook food anywhere without worrying about making smoke or needing firewood!

"Sigh, I will surely kick his old ass one day," Myne complained while holding his anger and walking outside.

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"By the way," Myne asked, cautiously peering out the cabin door to check for any lurking undead or vengeful spirits, "Are you sure you don't mind attending nature's call outside? If you want, I can create a small toilet for us. Anyway, it's just a matter of waving my hand."

"Hehe, don't worry too much about it. It's not like there are any other living beings than the three of us who will peek at me. And if you create a room and accidentally attract the attention of undead nearby, it won't end well for our poor bodies," Velvet giggled, unashamedly discussing such a private matter.

"You have a point. Very well then, but I won't go far from you. In case our luck is still against us and something bad happens when we're alone. After all, in most horror stories, the guys who went out to attend the nature's call were always the first ones to become ghost prey," Myne warned seriously as he stepped out slowly, gesturing for Velvet to follow him.

"This is a good spot," Myne declared, using his Presence Detection to scan the area. There were no red dots shown in it, which usually signified enemies. "The wall provides good cover, and the bush in the middle will shield your sweet, juicy ass from any prying eyes, especially a certain old pervert's if he decides to show up unexpectedly.

And with me standing guard beside the bush, nothing can go wrong."

Seeing Myne's preparation Velvet suddenly hugged Myne unexpectedly, her voice, dripping with seduction, whispered in Myne's ear, "I don't know what I would do without you, my dear Master. Your little kitty is nothing without you." With that, she gave him a deep, passionate kiss, then chuckled and walked towards the bush, its dense foliage providing her with complete privacy.

"Will you mind taking care of this while I do my business?" Velvet asked, tossing her blue erotic panties towards Myne with a playful wink.

"With pleasure," Myne replied, catching her panties with a mischievous smile. He watched as Velvet laughed and settled down behind the bush, completely hidden from view.

As soon as Velvet was out of sight, the smile vanished from Myne's face. His entire body began to tremble, and tears welled up in his eyes. He looked around, still surrounded by impenetrable darkness. A cold wind whipped against his skin, sending shivers down his spine unsure whether was it the cold, fear, anger or perhaps something else entirely?

He didn't know, but the emotions were overwhelming him.

Chapter 272: A Troubled Encounters, Velvet's Disappearances

"F*ck!! How the hell am I supposed to get out of this thing wherever in I'm stuck? Why can't I remember anything about my family? And Velvet, where the hell is she? I hope she's still alive... F*ck!

F*ck! What should I do?" Myne snarled, gripping his head as he fell to his knees.

"Wait a minute, Mother said something about Essenes that could help me see reality, but how do I activate it?" Myne muttered as he recalled his mother's words. However, before he could contemplate further, it felt as if someone pressed a pause button in Myne's mind, slowing down his thoughts, and he couldn't form any idea to awaken his Essenes Skill.

"What should I do? Mother warned me that time is running out. Would something terrible happen if he remained trapped here for too long?"

Myne closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Calm down, Myne. Calm down. First, think carefully about the information Mother gave you. Rushing won't get you anywhere."

Ten minutes later...

"Ah... Damn it, why am I so useless?" Myne cursed, slamming his fist on the ground in frustration. "Why couldn't I find anything from Mother's hidden message that I didn't already know? If I get out of here, the first thing I'll do is spank Big Sis Maya until she cries from pain. Damn it, why didn't she ever mention anything about Essenes?"

There's no way the closest person, who was literally like a daughter to Mother, doesn't know anything about it. She probably thought I'm not ready for it. Damn it, now because of it, I'm stuck here without any clue to get out,"

Just then, his stomach made a rumbling sound, and a fast pressure hit his lower part, reminding him that he didn't come outside to vent his frustration on the ground, but to empty his storage.

"Huh? It's been so long. Why the hell hasn't she come out yet? It shouldn't take her this long, no matter how long she was holding back," Myne thought with a frown. He was having a bad feeling about it.

"Velvet, honey, aren't you finished yet?" Myne asked in a loud voice as he stood up. To his surprise, no one answered him. He hurriedly used Presence Detect and saw that Velvet was still there; it's just that now she was near the wall where she shouldn't suppose to be.

"What the hell is she doing there?" Myne asked as he slowly and cautiously walked toward Velvet's direction. As he walked near the bush, he saw Velvet facing the garden wall, sitting with her face between her knees, digging the ground with her nails, while muttering something in a low voice that he couldn't understand.

Myne gasped with eyes wide open, seeing the iconic sense of a person being possessed by a ghost and doing weird things. He looked around and saw no sign of pop or anything unusual behind the bush, which meant Velvet was in this condition the moment she disappeared from his eyes.

Myne, who had read enough novels, to know that things were not as simple as seen, didn't call out Velvet's name and attract her attention, but slowly and silently started walking backwards. His eyes glued on Velvet's back until his back hit the door of the small cabin.

Myne didn't look away from her, fearing that at the next moment, she would turn her head toward him with a scary face, pouncing on him like a hungry beast, a common occurrence in horror novels in a situation like this.

After opening the cabin door, Myne hurriedly went in and closed the door. He quickly tossed aside the Velvet panties he was holding since he knew it wasn't what he preferred and ran toward the hideout to call out to Alban.

"Old Geezer, where the hell are you?"

"Why are you screaming, brat? Are you blind or something? Can't you see I'm sitting right in front of you?" Alban, who was sitting on a chair while reading his notes, replied annoyingly.

"Big trouble, Old Geezer! Something happened to Velvet. We went out to attend nature's call, and after she went behind a bush, and didn't come back after 10 minutes, I went to check on her and found her sitting face to face with the wall, digging the ground with her fingers like a maniac. Quickly, tell me what the hell is going on!

You're an expert in this field; you should know what's wrong with her, right?" Myne, his face drenched in sweat and tears, grabbed Alban's collar and shook him like a ragdoll, his acting skill is good enough to bring him a few Oscars if he were in the modern world.

"F*ck! Brat! If you don't want to die, stop shaking me! Haaa, you know you're asking for a beating," Alban retorted, shoving Myne away. "First, calm down and then tell me everything in detail, don't leave out a single point."

As Alban scolded Myne, he finally managed to calm himself down and began telling the entire story from the beginning.

"This doesn't seem simple. I need to see it for myself before making any decisions. You wait here, I'll fetch some equipment from storage," Alban said with a deep frown, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

"Please be quick! I don't want to leave Velvet outside for too long. Damn it, it's all your fault! Why didn't you make a toilet inside your hideout?" Myne complained, pacing back and forth in frustration, his eyes darting everywhere in the living room as if searching for anything to vent his anger.

But as soon as Alban entered the storage room, Myne, with a raised eyebrow, approached the table in the middle and stared at a large jar with a frown.

"Brat! Open box number 3 and take out a blue medicine from it.

It might come in handy to capture your wife, although I hope we don't need to use it, as it has quite a few side effects," Alban's voice brought Myne out of his thoughts, he gave the jar in which Alban had put his vengeful spirit girlfriend's skirt piece, which now coincidentally was missing last gaze while pondering something before moving away.

"Got it, but what is this medicine?" Myne asked curiously, taking out only a blue palm-sized glass bottle from among various other weird stuff.

"It's a tranquilizing drug," Alban replied as he walked out of the storage room with a small bag slung over his shoulder. "If things are as serious as you suggest, we'll definitely need it."

"And before you ask, no, I don't use it to capture undead. It doesn't work on them, and it's not mine. I found it when I made this place my hideout. Now, don't just stand there. Your wife is the one in trouble out there, not mine. So get a move on and take the lead.

Don't expect me to do all the dangerous stuff while you were chilling here."

"Okay, okay, I understand. Tsk, Old Geezer, even after living for so long, you still behave like a child. Couldn't you just have some pity on my poor soul and capture Velvet alone? Don't you see how much I love her? I don't even have the courage to watch her whatever condition she was in." He took the lead and started climbing the staircase, defeat evident in his voice.

Alban remained poker-faced. "One more useless word and I'm going back." Instantly making Myne silent.

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"Over there," Myne whispered, leading Alban towards the bush where he and Velvet had planned to answer nature's call. "She was right there, digging the ground with her nails before I entered the cabin."

"If what you said is true, then why would she wait for us there till now?... See, she's gone. But I don't understand one thing. If I, or any other person in your place, saw their wife behaving strangely, the first thing we'd do is try to approach her. But you, on the other hand, just out of suspicion, ran off to call me.

What if she was just joking with you, and after you ran away, she became so disappointed that now she went somewhere else to vent her frustration?" Alban inquired as he investigated the place where Velvet was digging, his curiosity evident, but soon he couldn't help but frown deeply.

Myne hesitated a bit before replying, "Well, Velvet isn't like those selfish girls who would leave their husbands just because of such a small thing. And... she knows my secret, so there's no way she could play a joke on me in this kind of situation."

Alban raised an eyebrow. "If you'd said that earlier, I would have just mocked you and called you a naive brat. But now, I think you're right. There's indeed something wrong with your wife. Look," he said, walking back to Myne who was standing on the other side of the bush, "I found bloody skin and nails here. I think she wasn't just faking it when you saw her digging the ground.

Maybe things are more serious than I thought."

Myne's eyes widened in horror as he examined the evidence. "Then do you have any idea why she was behaving like this? Did she get possessed by a Vengeful spirit?" he asked, his voice laced with worry.

Alban shook his head. "I don't think so. If a Vengeful spirit possessed her, there's no way it would have happened so silently. Their screams can be heard from hundreds of meters away wherever they are nearby.

And even if we entertain the possibility of Vengeful spirit possession for a moment, why would she be digging the ground instead of attacking you or heading towards the tower to complete further formalities to make your wife a true Vengeful spirit like them as well?"

Myne groaned, holding his head in frustration. "Ahhh... f*ck, you have a point. Then what the hell is going on here? What kind of new trouble has fallen into our laps now?"

"Khe-ah-sha Vuh-roth Ah -

Chapter 273: Demonic Velvet

"Khe-ah-sha Vuh-roth Ah -

"Please, for God's sake, tell me it is only my imagination, and this sound didn't come from behind us," Myne hearing a demonic incantation warped through some eldritch echo chamber, mingling with a guttural laughter that scraped against his sanity right behind him, with trembling legs, asked Alban in a crying voice, he already closed his eyes in fear.

Alban's strained smile betrayed the terror in his eyes as he replied, "I wish I could say it was, Brat, but sadly, we are not so lucky, and... It is not your imagination... We are f*cked up again." Like Myne, his face was turned towards the wall, back defenselessly facing the thing behind them. All the hair on his body had already stood up, and he tightened his grip on his battle axe, ready to fight.

"Can you understand what that thing behind us is speaking?"

"Only fragments," Alban admitted, his gaze fixed on the wall in front and mind was on the thing behind them. "And what I understand... I don't recommend you hear its meaning."

"Then no need to translate, but..." Myne's heart hammered against his ribs, "Although I already know the answer, for my inner peace, please tell me this voice is not familiar, and I am just overthinking."

"Brat, I know you are scared, but there's no use hiding. We both know the truth. Now, brace yourself. We fight, or we die, and I don't have any desire to die without f*cking any beauty..."

A heavy sigh escaped Alban's lips, "Forget it, you are completely useless. Listen, according to my past experience, they relish fear. They'll wait, savor the terror before

striking, once we turn back, that thing behind us will immediately attack us. Currently, it is waiting to give us a surprise.

I don't know why those damn things like screaming at people in this way before killing them, but they just like it. Anyway, so here is the plan: we both turn around at the same time, making it confused and attacking it instantly without giving it a chance to react.

If it is your wife, then we will either knock it out or give it a tranquilizer before bringing it to the hideout and doing some research on it. Although I don't think there is much hope but still let's give it a try."

Alban stood confidently, clutching his axe with both hands, prepared to turn around fearlessly and face the unknown enemy behind them. Opposite him, Myne, aware of what awaited them as soon as they tried to pivot, entertained thoughts opposing Alban's plan. An idea struck his mind like lightning.

"Okay, on my 3 count, we both turn around simultaneously. You attack with your axe, and I'll shoot a fireball. Got it?" Myne inquired, activating his defensive skills.

"Got it. Start counting," Alban responded. "It seems like we're taking too much time; that thing is getting impatient," he worriedly reminded Myne. The entity behind them had stopped talking her weird chanting and now panting heavily, like a beast about to pounce on its prey.

"One..."

"Two..."

"THREE!"

"Ahhh..."

"BOOM!"

As Myne uttered 'three,' Alban, with a roar that would shame a warthog, whirled around, swinging his axe like a whirlwind. Simultaneously, a small white fist, covered in blood, with extremely fast speed, struck his cheek with great force.

A bone-crunching THUD echoed through the cavern. Alban's eyes widened in horror as a shockwave of force slammed into him, sending him careening towards the wall with the grace of a flung sack of potatoes. He smashed through the rough stone, disappearing into the darkness with a muffled yelp.

Myne, who had fooled Alban and hadn't moved an inch from his place, slowly opened one eye and witnessed Alban smashing into the wall like a ragdoll, creating a hole and disappearing into the darkness.

"Holy shit! What a great punch. Although I expected something like this, this level of power..."

"Khe-ah-sha Vuh-roth Ah -

"..."

"BOOM!"

Myne, thinking that without looking back, he wouldn't receive treatment like Alban, suddenly heard the same chilling whisper rip through the air, close enough to make his blood run cold. He only had time to widen his eyes in horror before the same bloody hand approached his face. The only difference was that while Alban received a fist, Myne got a sweat-friendly slap.

The force of the slap sent Myne tumbling through the air, somersaulting three times before he crashed to the ground with a bone-jarring thud, finally coming to a stop after colliding with a nearby tree.

"Damn! That was so powerful! Thank god I activated the Unbeatable skill; otherwise, I might have fainted with a single slap," Myne thought as he picked himself up from the ground, seemingly unharmed.

Taking advantage of the dust that had spread everywhere, obstructing vision, Myne quickly darted into a dense bush nearby. He waited for the dust to settle, eager to see what demonic entity spoke in Velvet's voice and attacked them.

It didn't take long for the dust to dissipate, and with his night vision skill, Myne finally got a clear look at Velvet's altered appearance which made his blood turn to ice.

"Velvet, once radiating beauty and vitality, now stood before him as a grotesque parody of her former self, if not more terrifying. Her ebony eyes, usually sparkling with warmth, were now pools of chilling darkness with a golden ring in the middle. Her face, once flawless, was injured as if someone had peeled off her entire skin with bare hands.

Her mouth was bloodied and toothless as she had plugged all her teeth out, dripped with blood, and had a demonic smile on it.

Her hands lacked nails as if they had been forcibly pulled out. Her silky fur, once as white as moonlight, was gone, replaced by a web of scars crisscrossing her pale skin, and one of her beautiful breasts, once full and alluring, was mutilated, split in two from the nipple down, literally making them three from two.

The beautiful tail that swished with confidence was now severed, dangling limply around her neck like a scarf.

Both smooth, fluffy cat ears on her head were no longer there. Her entire body, from head to toe, was covered in blood. The once neat clothes—a short black skirt, a purple top, and black leggings to ease her movement—were now so torn that they barely covered anything, revealing every part of her body to everyone.

If Velvet hadn't given her panty to Myne in excitement earlier, perhaps at least her most intimate part, which had now become a blood-leaking hole, God knows what she had done with it, could have been covered."

"Damn it... Blaggg..."

Myne managed to utter only two words in shock before he started vomiting. Clearly, this kind of horrific scene was not suitable for a 15-year-old.

"What the F*ck!"

Myne struggled to catch his breath after vomiting until his stomach was empty when he heard Alban cursing. Alban had just returned with torn clothes but without any injuries.

"Brat! Are you okay? Where are you?" Alban called out anxiously, scanning the area for any sign of Myne.

Not finding Myne after looking around, Alban yelled out loud again, ignoring Demonic Velvet who, like a zombie, weirdly walking toward him, as if every bone in her body were shattered, making it difficult for her to walk normally.

Myne, who cares a lot about his life, of course, didn't reveal his location foolishly. He continued to hide inside the bush, waiting to see the true strength of Demonic Velvet. If she turns out to be more powerful than Alban, then he could only pray for Alban's well-being before running away. He didn't have confidence that he could enter the cabin in front of Demonic Velvet's super speed.

"Khe-ah-sha Vuh-roth Ah SKREEEEEE KHE-ah-sha SKREEEEEE Vuh-roth Ah DEEEEEEEEM."

"F*cking idiot, why are you hiding in a bush like a coward pussy? Do you really think you could hide from a strong being like this one with such a childish trick? If you don't want to die very brutally, then move your ass here and fight along with me."

Just as Myne was waiting for a great show, suddenly Demonic Velvet started laughing and said something in her demonic language, making veins appear all over Alban's face as he yelled his name. The next moment, he looked at the bush in which Myne was hiding, created a basketball-sized black fireball, cursed him, and threw it toward him.

"Shit, how did he find me? I'm hiding so well. Is it just a coincidence? But no matter what, it doesn't seem like I could watch the drama from the sideline, letting the Old Geezer do all the dangerous work. Sigh..." Myne muttered to himself while dodging the upcoming attack.

"Sneaking in wasn't exactly my intention," Myne admitted, emerging from the bushes with a sigh. "More like flanking an attack while you kept her distracted. But alas, you rather spectacularly disrupted my master plan."

"Really?" Alban raised his eyebrow and asked with suspicion.

"Of course! Otherwise, do you think I would leave my wife in the care of a pervert like you? Whose last wish is to f*ck a hot milf?" Myne spoke righteously. However, he dared not look at the demonic Velvet in fear that he might vomit again, even though there was nothing left in his stomach to vomit.

"If that's the case, then how do you plan to deal with her now? Judging by the strength she displayed, I don't think tranquilizer would work on her. We might have to knock her down the old-fashioned way," Alban spoke with a frown, eyes glued on Demonic Velvet.

"I don't have any plan for now. Let's just knock her out before discussing those matters. And could you please explain how, with such an awkward and slow walking speed, she suddenly came up behind us and sent us flying?"

Is she doing it intentionally to mock us?" Myne pointed angrily at Demonic Velvet, who was sneaking toward them with an eerie, bone-breaking sound accompanying each slow step as if the bones inside her body were grinding against each other.

As Myne spoke, demonic Velvet either took his words too seriously or finally grew tired of being ignored by the two weaklings in front of her. She suddenly stood upright with a poker face, and said something that made Alban's face turn pale. Before Myne could ask for a translation, Demonic Velvet disappeared in front of them with a whooshing sound.

Chapter 274: The Perfect Enemy Attractor

Witnessing the demonic Velvet dissipating before him, Alban swiftly raised his battle axe, assuming a defensive position while surveying his surroundings.

"Brat, I will definitely kick your ass once we are done with your wife. Didn't anyone tell you that in serious situations, you shouldn't speak too much? Now, why are you staring at my face? Quickly get into defence because of your provocation now your wife is so angry that she vows to make us weep tears of blood."

Myne blinked innocently, "But I only spoke the truth; she was indeed walking so slowly. Is there anything to be angry about? And yes, someone has told me this thing many times... Huh? Someone did that? But who?..." The memory slipped away like smoke, leaving a phantom echo in its wake.

"Watch out!"

Myne, who had once again fallen into deep thought, suddenly remembered another mysterious fragment of memory and was about to rub his forehead to concentrate when Alban's warning echoed in his ear.

Before Myne could comprehend what was happening, a brutal hand clamped onto the back of his head, the cold grip of iron tearing him backwards. The world spun as his skull slammed into the hard-packed earth, spidering cracks mirroring the pain lancing through him. The assault didn't cease.

The unseen assailant's arm tightened, grinding his face against the unforgiving ground as they dragged him like a ragdoll, leaving a bloody trail that stretched for nearly two hundred meters away from the spot where he stood with Alban.

Thanks to Myne's cowardly nature, as soon as Demonic Velvet disappeared from his sight, he immediately cast his second overpowering cheat-like defensive skill, Absolute Evasion, which rendered all physical attacks ineffective.

The skill created an invisible layer-like shield on his skin, absorbing any kind of physical attack and preventing him from suffering even a single bit for the next 30 seconds.

Though Demonic Velvet unleashed a hellish onslaught, aiming to pulverize him and Alban to eat earth, Myne remained unscathed, albeit his vision was blocked.

"Demonic Velvet didn't hold back a bit to make him and Alban eat dirt, but I'm clearly fine, except for

On the other hand, it was Alban who was suffering the most. Myne could clearly hear his painful screams, which lasted only a few seconds before they abruptly stopped. Myne suddenly felt as if they were being lifted from the ground by their heads.

He hardly had time to open his eyes and to see the world begin spinning like a wheel, and found himself rocketing towards the empty haunted house to the west of Alban's hideout.

"BOOM!"

"BOOM!"

Two bone-jarring explosions echoed as their bodies crashed into the empty houses, creating a cacophony of noise. If Myne and Alban had possessed the luxury of coherent thought, they would have surely noticed that after Velvet turned demonic, all the undead around them had vanished completely, as if leaving the stage only for her to perform.

"F*cking hell!" Myne spat, struggling to extricate himself from the rubble. "How is she so damn strong? She's half-dead from wounds she carries on her body! Shouldn't she be passed out from blood loss by now? This doesn't make any sense," He grumbled, dislodging a heavy stone from his shoulder.

Right at that moment, his second cheat defensive skill also came to an end. Now, Myne finally had to taste the pain of a super beating by Demonic Velvet if he didn't stay carefree and play his next move thoughtfully.

Rising from the debris of the ruined house, he cautiously peeked through a window, bracing himself for the inevitable. Unfortunately, due to his bad luck, Demonic Velvet seemed more interested in him than the old guy, Alban. She glided effortlessly through the air, a cruel smile twisted on her otherworldly scary face.

"Fck! Fck! Why is she coming toward me? Shoo, go away! Don't come near me. I was just joking at that time.

Is there any need to take it so seriously?" Myne dared not to speak out and prayed that Demonic Velvet wouldn't notice him, screaming in his mind.

He looked around, hoping to find a way to escape, but as if lady luck had literally put him on her block list, the house in which he had fallen was actually a small single-story house with only two entrances – one from the main door and the second from the roof, which he had created a minute ago, as for window it was facing at Demonic Velvet the moment he gets out from it, he is done for.

"SKREEEEEE KHE-ah-sha Vuh-roth Ah SKREEEEEE KHE-ah-sha Vuh-roth Ah DEEEEEEM SKREEEEEE KHE-ah-sha Vuh-roth Ah DEE-EE-EE-EEE"

"Now, what the hell was she speaking in this creepy language? Didn't she find out yet that I couldn't understand it? Damn it, but the way she is laughing, she is definitely mocking me. Now, where is my translator?"

Myne, who felt all the hair on his body stand up, joked slightly to calm down his heart, which was beating like a drum.

Boom!

Another loud explosion reverberated, nearly causing Myne's soul to escape his body. He feared that Demonic Velvet had once again approached him. However, as seconds passed without any pain, he cautiously opened his eyes and surveyed his surroundings, finding no trace of the malevolent presence.

Myne hurriedly peeked outside, only to discover his translator—Alban—engulfed in dark flames from head to toe. Alban leapt out from the house he had crashed into, delivering a powerful punch to the airborne Demonic Velvet, sending her far away to sightsee the other side of town.

"Cool, although this old pervert's character and actions are questionable, at least during battle, especially when drawing enemy aggro, he proves quite reliable. Now, while they're occupied in battle, I could make my way to the cabin and wait until they settle this matter themselves.

Anyway, judging by the way the Old Geezer breathing, he seems to have taken this matter personally," Myne thought with an excited smile.

"You vile fiend! How dare you touch my handsome face? I will cut you in two! Come back now; don't tell me you'll start crying like a bitch from a single punch, you snivelling coward! If you've drunk your mother's milk, then come and face me like a real warrior!"

"The fact has proven that Alban really has a special ability to attract other people's hate with his mouth, and in some cases, his face alone is enough. As soon as he finished provoking Demonic Velvet after punching her, she, like a cannonball, flew at him."

Alban, prepared for a bone-breaking battle, laughed excitedly, raising his axe and aiming it at Demonic Velvet. He swung, creating a dark flaming half-moon blade hurtling towards her at high speed, anticipating a significant injury if she collided head-on with his attack.

However, Demonic Velvet, with no regard for common sense, was in no mood to play by the rules. With a nonchalant flick of her wrist, she swatted the fiery blade aside as if it were a pesky fly, before Alban could blink she appeared in front of him and seized his neck.

"Hahaha, you shouldn't touch me, you damn bitch. This is not any ordinary flame; these are hellfire. Once burned by it, there is no recovering from it." Alban, seemingly unfazed by the danger, continued mocking Demonic Velvet despite her holding his neck, knowing she could easily send him to his fiery hellfire birthplace with a slight bit of effort.

Demonic Velvet, hearing Alban's confident nonsense, looked curiously at the hand covered in black flame. In just a short time span, it had burned so badly that bones were visible beneath her burnt skin. However, she seemed to feel nothing, even with the miserable condition her body was in. She suddenly smiled, the expression looking extremely creepy on her skinless face.

"Khe-ah-sha Vuh-roth Ah SKREEEEEE KHE-ah-sha SKREEEEEE Vuh-roth Ah DEEEEEEM FIREEEEE."

"Huh? What do you mean you haven't bathed in it for years and missing it?"

Alban, who understood the demonic language Velvet was speaking, had a grim expression as he heard her words. Instead of a reply, he received a super strong punch to his face.

"Vruh-frah-th," Demonic Velvet whispered with a harsh tone after smashing Alban into houses again.

This time, it didn't end as easily as before. Alban had successfully managed to anger Demonic Velvet. After giving a not-so-friendly command that Myne couldn't decipher, she flew toward him.

The only sounds were a loud explosion and Alban's ear-piercing scream, which shook anyone's soul who heard it in the middle of the night reached to Myne, hiding in the house, who couldn't help but shudder at the intensity of the encounter.

"I better get back to the cabin as soon as possible; I don't have the thick skin of the Old Geezer, who, after getting so much beating, still dares to mock that thing," Myne muttered to himself.

After making up his mind, he activated skills such as Swift Feet, Leg Strength Enhancement, Physical Strength Enhancement, Rock Skin, Iron Wall, Power, Physics Rise, Strength Rise, and started running toward the cabin as if his life were on the line, which it if he got caught by a certain demonic girl.

"Boom!"

"F*ck, please hold on a few more minutes, old geezer. Before dying, at least do one good deed. I'm about to reach the cabin. Damn it, why did the bitch throw me so far away? She's definitely worried that someone might get into the cabin and escape from her, so the first thing she did was throw us away from the cabin. F*ck, why are today's ghosts so smart?"

Myne complained and sweated buckets as he ran toward the cabin. With each loud explosion, his heartbeat speedily as if the person who created the explosion with his body would be him the next second. However, the fear Myne had didn't become a reality, and until the small cabin came into his sight, he was perfectly fine.

"Hoo, seems like Lady Luck hasn't completely turned her back on me. At least she didn't block me like the Old Geezer, who was receiving full care from Demonic Velvet, which he was trying to get from the beginning after he met us." Myne, as he reached near the cabin, finally breathed a sigh of relief and joked a bit to lighten up his tense mood.

"My dear Master, where do you think you are going in such a hurry? How could you leave your little kitty alone outside with that old man? What if he took advantage of your absence and did something bad with your little kitty?"

..."

Chapter 275: The Dark Flaming Knight

"My dear Master, where do you think you are going in such a hurry? How could you leave your little kitty alone outside with that old man? What if he took advantage of your absence and did something bad with your little kitty?"

..."

Myne had just touched the handle of the cabin door when the extremely seductive voice of Velvet whispered into Myne's ear, sending chills through his entire body.

F*ck you, Old Geezer! Couldn't you just wait for one more second? Myne cursed with a face uglier than a crying curse in his mind. He closed his eyes tightly to avoid seeing Velvet's creepy dark and gold eyes, not to mention her otherworldly horrific face.

"W, Would you believe me if I said I was going to bring some clothes for you? I don't want you to fight naked with that pervert Old Geezer." Despite trembling from fear as Demonic Velvet's bloody hand gently moved around his neck to his cheek, Myne mustered the courage to joke with someone who could beat him to death if accidentally provoked by his words.

"Yahahaha... Ohh my..." Demonic Velvet suddenly paused unexpectedly hearing a joke from the cowardly Myne who was trying to escape the moment she showed up. Contrary to Myne's expectations, she started laughing heartily before continuing, "Master, Shrekkk Khe-ah-sha."

Although Myne didn't understand the last words Demonic Velvet said in her weird demonic language, the way her voice sounded to him seemed mocking. Myne knew his time was running out just like with Alban. As bad things are often predicted accurately, right next moment Myne found himself in a similar situation.

After teasing him a bit, Demonic Velvet lifted him up by the collar and started walking further from the cabin. Myne slowly opened one eye and saw his only hope of saving his life slipping away with each passing second. Helplessly, he could only watch, since he didn't have much power to do anything.

His once OP skills, which made him nearly invincible in The Augusta Kingdom, now had almost no effect on powerful enemies like Demonic Velvet or suspicious characters like Alban.

"This should be far enough," Knowing that Myne wouldn't understand her native language Demonic Velvet, with a mocking tone spoke in normal language after dragging Myne like a chicken a hundred meters away from the cabin.

Just when Myne was wondering what she meant by 'far enough,' suddenly he saw his vision swam, his ears echoing with the phantom shrieks of Demonic Velvet's mocking laughter. He sputtered, struggling to breathe, the metallic tang of blood filling his mouth. Then, the world spun again, blurring into a dizzying kaleidoscope of browns and grays.

A brutal wind lashed at him, icy needles stinging his skin. A jolt of agony ripped through his stomach, a searing white-hot poker twisting in his gut. He didn't have time to scream, only a strangled gasp escaping his lips before he slammed into a rough-hewn garden wall. Bricks crumbled, and wood splintered. He bounced again, the house wall meeting him with a sickening thud. Then, silence.

"Cough!"

A mouthful of blood escaped from Myne's mouth as he lay on the road like a broken, but still intractable crop. One arm bent in a weird direction, one leg riddled with holes and a large wooden piece lodged inside, painted with his fresh blood. His new clothes, which had barely seen the world for four days, now became part of nature.

His entire body bore injuries, ranging from small to large, with blood gushing out from every single one.

The good news was that Myne still hadn't lost consciousness, although he wasn't far from losing it. To avoid being tortured to death or becoming a certain pervert guinea pig who liked to take over someone else's body, Myne was willing to endure excruciating pain, instead of using his Ultra Regeneration skill for short momentary relief.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk, Master, your bravado has dissolved quicker than mist on a summer's day. Just look at yourself—weak and helpless, on the verge of embracing death.

You promised to save me from all kinds of danger, but if you can't even handle a single punch from a fragile girl like me, how are you going to protect me from evil people with ulterior motives, drawn by my stunning beauty and this breathtaking figure of mine that would turn angels green with envy?" Demonic Velvet taunted with a sinister smirk.

Myne, who heard Demonic Velvet's demonic voice beside him, slowly opened his eyes. Now, his eyes could only perceive one colour filter for all things. However, upon seeing Demonic Velvet's ghostly, scary face, he honestly closed them again.

"At least at the end of my life, if it is the end, he wants to see or imagine something beautiful, not haunted, so even if he embarks on the long journey of the afterlife in the next moment at least he has something better to think.

"Ahhh, such exquisite fear," Demonic Velvet purred, her voice dripping with amusement. "I haven't tasted something like this for years," She nonchalantly licked a smear of blood from the corner of her mouth, her laughter a chilling chime in the stillness, not minding Myne's act of playing dead.

"But I think we could take it to the next level. What do you say, my funny Master?"

*Bang!

With a casual flick of her wrist, she unleashed a blow that reverberated through the air. Myne, as if struck by a super-fast dragon head-on, his body contorting into a grotesque "V" as the force of the punch sent him plummeting into a two-meter crater. The earth groaned under the impact, a testament to her seemingly gentle-looking punch.

"Ahh...Cough, cough, f*~"

"Oh, you're still alive? Quite a shocking feat. According to your previous performance, I thought you would surely pass out from this attack. Seems like I underestimated your little body... Hmm, maybe I can consider taking your young body instead of that old guy."

Myne, now in dire condition and everything slowly blurring in his eyes with each passing second, had no idea what nonsense Demonic Velvet was speaking. He was in a dilemma about whether he should activate his Ultra Regeneration skill or let the story unfold as Demonic Velvet wished. There was a high chance that the next time he woke up, he might have a weird partner sharing his body.

However, surrender offered a slim hope – perhaps Demonic Velvet, her twisted amusement satisfied, would delay his ultimate fate, leaving him a sliver of time to escape.

BOOM!

Myne's rapid brainstorming halted abruptly; he felt as though someone was lifting him up by his tattered shirt, exacerbating his already unimaginable pain. He resisted the urge to cry, aware that it would only intensify his suffering. Suddenly, as if Lady Luck had finally taken pity on her faithful believer, a deafening explosion echoed from afar.

A colossal mushroom of dust and flame, the size of two houses, came into view, causing Demonic Velvet to frown, and Myne finally opened his eyes.

As Myne and Demonic Velvet gazed at the mushroom, a black tail of flame shot from its centre into the sky, reaching a height of around a hundred meters. Then It changed direction like a burning meteor and hurtled towards Myne.

BOOM!

Another explosion, just a few meters away from Myne and Demonic Velvet, showered both of them with a torrent of molten debris

With a snarl that ripped through the air, Demonic Velvet flung Myne aside and flew out of his two-meter-deep crater.

Meanwhile, Myne, finally free from Demon's clutches, wasted no time in pasting the Ultra Regeneration skill on himself. As it was a passive skill, there was no other way to stop it from working, other than cutting it off. The Ultra Regeneration skill instantly sprang into action at full power, aided by Myne's nearly unlimited magic power since he only has a few power-consuming skills.

In just ten seconds, Myne felt a tide of vitality wash over him, his broken body mending piece by piece and he was ready to endure another round of beating.

Breathing a sigh of relief after escaping unimaginable pain, Myne slowly crawled to the edge of the crater and poked his head out to see his knight in shining armour. However, upon seeing him, he couldn't help but click his tongue, overwhelmed by a deep sense of envy and jealousy.

The protagonist of the chapter turns out to be none other than Old Pervert Alban, completely surrounded by his fierce black flame. Unlike previous times, the flame had entered a violent mood, visibly increasing in density and power. The heat escalated to the point that, with each step, the ground melted beneath Alban.

Inside the violent-black flame, Alban resembled a barbaric warrior, standing at a height of three meters with bulging muscles and intricate veins. His eyes burning in red fire, only god knows how he is able to see anything in this condition and his pointed hair stood like needles ready to pierce someone to death.

Alban looked exactly like a certain tailless monkey who enjoyed getting beaten by his enemies at the start of each battle, only to scream until the audience's ears started bleeding, and then effortlessly defeat them.

Like an ancient leviathan stirred from its slumber, Alban marched towards Demonic Velvet with an angry expression on his face as if Demonic Velvet killed his family.

"Get the f*ck away from my food supplies you damn bastard. I'm not going to eat those disgusting mice again..."

"..."

Chapter 276: Unexpected Turn of Events

"Get the f*ck away from my food supplies you damn bastard. I'm not going to eat those disgusting mice again..."

"..."

Hearing the reason behind saving him, Myne's mouth couldn't help but twist. If not for the fact that he needed Alban to deal with Demonic Velvet, he might have started to fight with Alban.

"This old geezer... is really helpless. No wonder his last wish before death is to have sex. A person like him is the live example of a frog in the well. With his mental capability, he can only let his old brother do the work of operating his brain." Myne shook his head with disappointment.

For a moment, he even became emotional seeing Alban getting into rage mode after seeing Demonic Velvet beating him. But now, after knowing the real reason behind his rage, one part of Myne wished that Demonic Velvet would beat the shit out of Alban.

BOOM!

While Myne was praying for Alban's misfortune, Demonic Velvet, clearly in a bad mood after being disturbed, shot at Alban with astonishing speed that Myne's eyes could hardly follow.

What shocked him was that, whereas Alban was easily beaten with the same attack before, this time Alban effortlessly grabbed Demonic Velvet's fist with a wide grin on his face and sent her into the sky with a single kick on her stomach.

After kicking Demonic Velvet as if it were nothing, Alban, with crazy laughter, also followed her, surprisingly now he could fly for no apparent reason.

"What the f*ck?! How did this old geezer suddenly start flying? Myne swore under his breath, jaw slack as he witnessed the old geezer, Alban, defy gravity and take to the skies.

Did he unseal his sealed skills again after getting beaten like a crazy dog by Demonic Velvet? And he also looks quite young now. It seems like this old geezer is hiding more deeply than I thought. I have to find a way to get out of this place; otherwise, things will get more complicated as time passes. But for now time to enjoy a great show, Myne thought with a smirk.

He took out a rocking chair, a fluffy pillow, and a few snacks, sat down in the centre of the crater he was in, and started watching the epic battle unfolding in the sky.

"Hahaha, demon, why don't you laugh now? Didn't you want to kill me? Here I am, in front of you. Come and kill me, but be warned, don't just die halfway through. It's not every day I unseal my 20% of full power.

Although I don't know how an anomaly like you entered here under my nose, but now is the time to send you back to hell," Alban said, his voice transmitting into Demonic Velvet's mind through his magic, as he didn't want Myne to hear their conversation.

Then he suddenly appeared in front of her, punched her on her cheek, and sent her flying, just as she had done with him previously but obviously with more force.

Demonic Velvet, after receiving a solid punch from Alban, finally acknowledged the gravity of the situation and took matters seriously. She, who was flying backward, suddenly halted in midair and, after shaking her head a bit, she roared in fury and lunged towards Alban, a winged tempest of rage.

Alban, however, remained unfazed. A mocking grin stretched across his face as he stood stoic, a statue in the face of the oncoming storm.

Demonic Velvet, fueled by primal rage and the desire to extinguish this unexpected threat, aimed her attack at his heart, hoping to crush it and end his defiance. The power he displayed was clearly not something he should have, and it could become her biggest trouble if he escaped from her grasp.

Myne, perched in his makeshift armchair, watched with a mix of trepidation and morbid fascination, knowing that his own fate hung precariously in the balance of this demonic duel.

"Demonic Velvet's fantastical thoughts were wondrous, but reality had other plans. The sensation of her punch passing through Alban's chest, breaking his heart and destroying his life, did not manifest. Instead, her fist seemed to collide with a wall of magma.

Initially, all the bones in her hand shattered into pieces, and in the next moment, the black flames surrounding Alban turned half of her arm, which was in direct contact, into ash.

No earth-shattering scream occurred, contrary to Myne's expectations as he watched the spectacle below. However, the entity inside Velvet's body, which had already transformed her beyond recognition, observed the absence of her right hand with an ugly expression.

Demonic Velvet, after staring at her lost hand, was about to create distance from Alban. She finally realized that the thing escaped her grasp due to her carelessness and overconfidence, the downfall of 95% of villains. But it was clearly too late for realization. Alban, without giving her a chance, grabbed her neck at a speed people couldn't perceive his hand moving.

He then tossed her up and delivered a powerful kick to her waist with all his strength.

Like a cannonball, Demonic Velvet shot from the force of the kick and crashed into the garden near the cabin, creating a crater 5 meters deep. Alban, having learned from observing others' mistakes, didn't succumb to overconfidence. He flowed toward the location where Demonic Velvet had crashed and landed right beside her with an indifferent expression.

"Cough... cough... Hahaha, Shrekkk! Vuh-roth Ah! Vuh-roth Ah! Shrekkk!"

As the dust settled and Demonic Velvet saw Alban calmly standing beside her, she coughed up a few mouthfuls of black blood before starting to laugh creepily and speaking nonsense in her demonic language.

Alban listened to her nonsensical ramblings calmly for a few seconds. Realizing that she wasn't going to provide any useful information in her anger, he sighed a bit and spoke, concentrating all his strength in his right fist.

"It doesn't matter whether we could save this girl or not, but you will also not be going back to hell without paying the price for ruining my fun. I will make sure to suck every last drop of your usefulness before destroying your soul," Alban declared with a sinister smile, his eyes turning red for a second before they become normal.

As Alban spoke, the black flames swirling around him coalesced into a head-sized orb of dark energy, crackling with power. It nestled within his fist, transforming it into a vortex of swirling darkness.

"Now rest for a while; we will meet soon and have an in-depth conversation without any disturbances..."

"BOOM!"

After speaking, Alban unleashed his final attack, the black sphere slamming into Demonic Velvet's face with devastating force. Half of her lower face dissolved in the fiery impact, leaving a gaping, smoking wound.

If not for the fact that she was currently in a process state, her body working on a different biology system compared to normal and quite similar to the undead, she might have faced instant death from this attack.

"Thud!"

"Hooo... Finally over. Because of this idiot, I had to undo my first seal. Now it will take a month to set it back. Sigh, what a mess. And here I was planning to have some fun with this new girl, but it seems like she'll have to wait for an extra month to become my pet," Alban muttered regretfully while looking at Demonic Velvet's deformed body and shaking his head.

Exhausted from expending too much energy, he decided to take a small break and sat down on the ground, taking deep breaths.

But at this moment, Myne, who had been secretly paying attention to the battle, joyfully ran over. Not wanting Alban to become suspicious of his skills, Myne removed the Ultra Regeneration skill again, beat himself with a stone to create several wounds on his body, especially on his face, and approached Alban with a heavy heart.

This way, Alban wouldn't question how he could heal so quickly after receiving such a heavy beating from Demonic Velvet. Although the trick is very childish but he really does not dare to break his bones and cut some parts of his body with a knife by himself.

"Brat, so you are still alive?" Alban sneered. "I thought you were going to play dead for a few more minutes, and I had to personally come to get you out of that hole.

But it seems like you are more tenacious than I expected." Alban slowly moved his head while speaking, observing Myne approaching with small suspicious wounds on his face and body, dragging a leg like a lame man with the support of a wooden rod.

"Hahaha, only in your dreams, Old Geezer. You couldn't get rid of me so soon. I still want to get out of this hellhole and achieve my dream of tasting women of every race. I won't die so easily," Myne said with tears in his eyes, forcing a smile on his face as he continued to drag his fake injured leg.

Alban, who had initially planned to taunt Myne and dissuade him from leaving town upon hearing about his dream, paused for a second as if recalling a flashback. It was only when Myne stood just one meter away from him that Alban came back to his senses and sighed heavily.

"I hope you can achieve your dream if it's genuinely your lifelong goal. Just don't abandon it halfway for some stupid reason; otherwise, you'll regret it very much in your old age," Alban said emotionally, confusing Myne. Before Myne could ask anything, to his horror, Alban suddenly conjured a blue fireball on his palm and threw it at him without any apparent reason.

Myne caught off guard and far too close to dodge, could only watch in horror as the blue inferno engulfed his entire body in the blink of an eye.

Chapter 277: Mysterious Departure

Myne who was too close and unprepared for Alban's sudden attack, was instantly hit by it, and his entire body covered in the blue flame in a matter of seconds.

"Ahhhhhh!!!!"

"Shut the f*ck up, you damn brat. Do you want to make me deaf or something? Do you want to deafen me, screaming like a banshee with a cracked voice? For my old ears' sake, just open your damn eyes."

Myne, who thought he was going to burn to death while holding his head, started screaming out of his lungs. If it were a normal town with living people, many would lose their sleep upon hearing Myne's horrific scream.

Confused and cautious, Myne cracked open an eye. The sapphire flame still danced around him, yet it felt strangely comforting, not scorching. He looked down at his body, expecting charred flesh and blackened bones, but instead saw the wounds he'd inflicted on himself to deceive Albna fading – mending under the caress of the fire.

"What the hell is going on?!" Myne asked with his mouth wide open in astonishment as he looked at himself and then at Alban.

Alban scoffed, a tiny blue flame dancing on his palm like a captured butterfly. "Ignorant child," he chided, his voice laced with disdain. "Do you truly believe fire's only purpose is destruction? You short-sighted mortals can never grasp the true beauty of such a magnificent force."

Alban waved his hand, the flame vanishing with a soft pop. "Fire is far more than just a tool for burning. It can craft and create, cook and comfort, illuminate the darkest corners and guide us through perilous paths. These are mere whispers of its true potential, its raw power.

Only a true scholar of the arcane or a wizard, one who has delved deep into the heart of fire, can unlock its hidden marvels. And healing is but one of its many secrets."

Alban's words hung heavy in the air, a subtle shift in his tone hinting at a hidden wisdom far beyond Myne's comprehension. The fire that surrounded him no longer seemed like a weapon of destruction, but a force of life, a secret waiting to be unravelled.

And at that moment, beneath the flickering sky and the watchful gaze of Alban, a spark of curiosity ignited within Myne, yearning to unravel the mysteries that danced in the embers of the fire, but Alban's next words poured cold water on his yearning to unravel mysteries bring him back to reality.

"Fire," Alban rasped, his gravelly voice tinged with a strange mix of awe and melancholy, "Can be both a harbinger of destruction and a weaver of life, depending on the hand that wields it." He paused, his gaze flickering over Myne's face, a flicker that ignited a spark of irritation in Myne's chest. "But I see you're no scholar, no mage, to grasp the subtleties I speak of. So be it.

There's no need to discuss it any further. I'm going back to the hideout to prepare a place for your wife. You can decide how to bring her down yourself."

Saying this, Alban patted his butt to remove dust and walked toward the cabin with a gloomy face.

"What does he mean by seeing me? Do I look like an idiot to him? Wait a minute, did he indirectly insult me, and I couldn't understand it? F*ck! Cunning old bastard..." Then, his gaze fell to the cumbersome bundle lying at his feet, and a groan escaped his lips. "And do I really have to carry this thing back to the hideout on my back?"

Then, with a heavy sigh, he took out a rope from his inventory, broke two small pieces from it, and tied Demonic Velvet's hands and legs so that even if she suddenly woke up, she couldn't attack immediately.

"You are a genius, Myne. Only an idiot would think of you as an idiot," Myne patted his own shoulder proudly and put a wooden rod between Demonic Velvet's legs and arms rope, lifting her from the middle like a handbag.

"But before going back to the hideout, let's finish the business which was interrupted by this idiot for which I came out in the first place," Myne said, dropping the unconscious Demonic Velvet on the ground like a broken toy. He quickly ran toward a big tree while unzipping his pants.

...

After attending nature's call, Myne, while carrying the unconscious Demonic Velvet, quickly entered the hideout and saw Alban busily running left and right in the research hall, placing random stuff around the middle table, which now had iron chains on all corners.

"Lay her on the table," Alban rasped, gesturing towards the makeshift gurney seeing Myne. "Bind her hands and feet with those iron chains. Then, inject those vials - the gold one first, then the green - into her stomach." Alban pointed at the first table on which two glass syringes filled with shimmering liquids were placed in the middle.

Myne obediently followed Alban's orders, even though he had never used a syringe before and had no idea where to inject the needles.

However, considering that the life and death of the other party had nothing to do with him, and having already turned into a demon she might not feel anything, he casually stabbed the syringes into Demonic Velvet's stomach and injected whatever substances Alban had filled them with.

"Done," he mumbled, wiping his clammy hands on his trousers. "But is there any way to..." His voice cracked, a tear betraying his forced nonchalance. "Is there any way to bring her back? To make her..." He couldn't finish the question, the words choking in his throat. If Aisha was here she might start clapping watching Myne oscar level performance.

"Listen, brat, I didn't want to give you false hope, but hope for a full reversal and returning to normal as she was before being processed by this demon is slim to none. This 'demonic process' runs too deep to separate them without harming each other. However, I have a method I can try for my own amusement, but everything else depends on her fate."

Alban sighed heavily, placing a wooden box on the floor. From it, he extracted a curious assortment of tools: a slender metal pen with a needle-sharp tip, a palm-sized vial of shimmering silver liquid, and a flint and tinder kit.

With practised ease, Alban conjured a dancing blue flame in his palm and used it to heat the needle until it glowed like a molten amber. Then, he dipped it into the silvery liquid and began etching intricate symbols like runes on Demonic Velvet's skin, muttering arcane syllables under his breath.

Myne, curious about what Alban was doing, wanted to ask, but seeing him fully concentrated, he held back his curiosity and decided to take a shower and change clothes while Alban doing his work.

...

"Whoa, whoa, wait a minute! Where the hell are you going so suddenly?" Myne with a towel knotted around his waist, just come out from the shower room and was dumbfounded to see Alban holding a big backpack, wearing new clothes, and pacing near the staircase as if waiting for someone.

"Oh, you are finally out. Look, kid, because of you and your wife, I literally forgot about a special thing that was very important for my next escape plan. Also, although I had written down some runes on your wife, which hopefully let her sleep for the next 20 or so days, and don't let that demon get out, you better keep a close eye on her."

"Once a day, ingest that energy scrum inside her so she won't die from starvation. And if she wakes up, then no matter what she says, don't believe and don't even think about releasing her; otherwise, it might be you lying on this table the next moment. At first, I

wanted to do a ritual on her so I could bring that unknown entity inside your wife's body out.

But when I checked the storage room, I found that many of the core materials of the ritual were missing. I personally had to go out and search for them around the town."

"Now, before you ask why I am not taking you with me, first of all, you don't know what I need and where to find them.

Second, someone needs to look after your wife; otherwise, she might not die from that entity inside her, but she would definitely die if you don't feed her anything on time, as right now her body needs three times the energy compared to when she was normal because of having two souls inside her body."

"But how long are you going to stay outside? And even if you say so, there is no way I would let you take all the responsibility for my wife. I, as her husband, want to do something as well; otherwise, it would be a great shame on my dignity as husband. I can't let an unknown old geezer help me unconditionally for no reason; this is making me a bit suspicious.

You don't have any bad thoughts for my wife, right? Don't tell me you want to heal my wife and later, in the name of all the effort you put into saving her, you want to have sex with her. After all, this is your last wish," Myne said with a raised eyebrow, full of doubt.

"Listen, kid," Alban began, raising an eyebrow at Myne standing before him. "I really had no idea about your little wife. And even if I did, I wouldn't need to go through all this mess to bring her onto my bed if that were my intention. I could simply have killed you and forced her to do what I wanted. It's not like the two of you could do anything to stop me."

"As for my wish," Alban continued, "I think you've misunderstood it a bit. When I said I wanted to have sex before my death, I meant I wanted to have it with two crushes and a brothel girl whom I've loved once before coming. But due to her occupation, I never had the guts to confess. After all, who knows how many people have f*cked her on a daily basis?"

What if, after marrying her, some idiot still secretly comes to my house to f*cked her... sigh. Anyway, do you understand now? I don't care about your little wife?"

"Now, stop wasting my time and give me one month's worth of food. I'm going on my treasure hunt," Alban declared impatiently, revealing his true intention for waiting for Myne until now.

"Sigh, fine, but please come back soon. I really don't want to face my wife again in her demonic form," Myne responded as he walked toward his temporary room. There, he quickly transferred most of the unimportant food supplies into a random storage bag. After coming out, he handed it to Alban, but not before taking his assurance that he would try his best to return soon.

"Fear not, brat. You may not even realize it before I come back," Alban said with a satisfied smile, taking the storage bag from Myne. After comforting him, he patted Myne on the shoulder and began to climb the staircase.

"I don't think it would this quick..." Myne mumbled watching Alban leave with a sad expression, slowly following him, like an unwilling wife wanted to stop her leaving husband while showing her unspeakable emotions to melt his stone heart.

In his hurry, Alban didn't give much thought to Myne following him. He hurriedly walked out of the cabin. Myne poked his head out after Alban closed the door, checking

to see if he could stealthily follow him. To his disappointment, as he looked outside, he only saw a black flaming tail in the sky heading toward the direction where the mysterious tower mentioned by Alban supposedly resided.

Chapter 278: Shadows of Resolve

"Alone at last... I should head back to the cabin before someone else springs another surprise on me," Myne muttered, glancing in the direction Alban had gone before hurriedly, he made his way back into the cabin.

Inside, a pang of loneliness gnawed at Myne making him sigh deeply, "It would be nice if Velvet were here. Even if she's just fake, her presence boosts my morale at least." After a moment of hesitation, Myne approached Demonic Velvet, who lay silently on the table. It almost seemed like she could wake up any moment and scare him to death.

"Haaahuu... Tell me, Velvet, what should I do now? I know you're out there waiting for me, but here I am, like an idiot, talking to your fake unconscious version, asking for help... Hahaha, this is really ironic. Big Sis Maya was right; I wasn't prepared for any of this. I always took everything in a lighthearted way, assuming everything would go according to my way."

"Maybe a little sleep will clear my head," Myne concluded, a note of helplessness and desperation in his voice. He walked back to the small room he had been in earlier. After locking the door from inside, he removed the towel around his waist and lay down on the bed, naked, with heavy eyelids, soon succumbing to a deep slumber.

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"VELVET!"

Myne jolted awake, heart pounding in his chest. "Hah, haa, haa... Just a nightmare," he gasped, grabbing a water glass with shaking hands from his Inventory to quench his parched throat. Only then did he register the clammy sweat clinging to his entire body.

"The nightmares were getting worse recently... Sigh, I have to take another shower," Myne said, wiping sweat from his forehead. He then took a deep breath, wrapped a towel around his waist again, and walked out of the room.

Silence blanketed the hideout, a heavy presence that pressed in on him. This eerie quiet always set his nerves on edge, whispering anxieties of disembodied voices and lurking shadows. Shaking his head, Myne banished the unsettling thoughts and focused on reaching the shower room.

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"This should be enough for you to survive a week. After that, it depends on your own fate," Myne sighed. "If it weren't for the fact that you once looked like Velvet, and took good care of me intensely or unintensely, I might not be standing here injecting you with energy serum."

Myne continued, "I don't think you need these two rings, though I know they might be fake. Still, they are very important to Velvet. After I get out of here and find out they are real, there might be no place to cry later." He joked while removing two emotionally priceless rings from Demonic Velvet's fingers, and tucking them safely into his Inventory.

"May our paths never cross again," Myne whispered, giving the sleeping Demonic Velvet a last look before turning and walking away. Behind him, everything with even a little bit of value, aside from the stone table where Demonic Velvet lay, was placed inside his Inventory. Who knows maybe they come in handy later."

"Now, let's go to the tower where Alban went. Maybe there I can find some clue on how to get out of here," Myne pondered, rubbing his chin. He had only taken a few steps from the cabin entrance when five crows suddenly flew out of nowhere and perched on top of the cabin, staring at Myne with their bloody red eyes.

"Damn, those wretched crows again! I thought they all went back into hibernation since during the battle with Demonic Velvet, I didn't see anyone near this area," Myne cursed. He quickly started running in the north direction. Behind him, he could hear loud running footsteps, as if many people or undead were running in his direction.

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BOOM!

"Die, you ugly bastard! How dare you dirty my robe? Do you have any idea how difficult it is to clean it later?" With a thunderous blast, Myne sent the final undead creature reeling, his robe smouldering slightly. "Insolent wretch!" he muttered, frustration evident in his voice.

After coming out of the cabin, he had been continuously running crazily nonstop—sometimes on the roofs of houses, sometimes inside the sewer. But those damn undeads always managed to find him, starting a crazy cat and mouse game, where Myne was undoubtedly the mouse.

"I hate this f*cking town, but at least I managed to come here without getting caught by a horde of undead. However, how the hell am I going inside this damn tower now?"

Myne helplessly asked himself, looking at the 15-story tall mysterious black tower made of giant stone blocks without any windows and only a big main entrance metal door in front of him, guarded by hundreds of flying vengeful spirits nonstop, without any chance of letting anyone near them.

What twisted Myne's mouth was that the tower was in a big open area without anything particularly object near it, where he could hide and sneakily enter the tower. Clearly, whoever made it had no plan on how to set useless decorations and let some uninvited guests use them to pass through his security.

"Let's wait a few days and see if those vengeful spirits have any pattern to patrol the tower, for which I can take advantage and sneak in... Damn it, why the f*ck didn't that bastard who made such a big tower didn't create any second entrance? Doesn't he fear that if one day his enemy seals his main entrance, he'll just die inside?" Myne growled, kicking a pebble in frustration.

After picking a small, good-looking house near the tower, which was in good condition, he walked into it, deciding to stay there for the next few days.

The interior of the house was the same as any other—a layer of dust, bloodstain walls, broken furniture, a broken corpse trying to get up, spider webs, etc. Myne first blasted the undead on the ground attempting to rise, then he checked all the rooms to see if there was anyone else other than him. Finding no one, he used his cleaning skill, and in a minute, he cleaned the entire house.

Afterwards, he used his Realize skill to create a metal wall at the main and back doors, as well as all the windows, before taking out his bed and collapsing on it out of tiredness.

"Sigh, so lonely... I've never felt so empty before... I want to go home. I wonder which family Mother was talking about. Are they still waiting for me? By the way, how much time has passed anyway?"

A week or a month? Everything here is the same, no matter when you look at it. It makes it difficult to remember the time."

Myne muttered while staring at the chilling scene, and soon, without him realizing it, he had fallen into a deep sleep.

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"Still no difference. Don't those spirits get tired of doing the same thing always? And there's no sewage connected to this tower. God knows where the people who lived in it before went to attend the natural's call and release wasted water... By the way, why would someone create such a big tower in such a small town like this?

Also, now that I think about it, why didn't I see it before when I was near Alban's hideout? Such a big tower could easily be seen from anywhere inside the town." Myne thought while entering his temporary hideout, and sealing the door.

He then first removed his clothes, took a nice shower, wore his night dress, and ate dinner while reading a random assassin novel, which had now become his greatest and only way of entertainment. It's not like he had anything else to do for enjoyment.

After eating and washing the dishes, Myne removed a few wooden planks from the ceiling. After making sure that there was no spy crow nearby, he climbed onto the roof and sat down with a fruit wine in his hand, drinking slowly, his gaze fixed on the tower with a mixture of disappointment and longing.

Two entire weeks had passed, but still, no progress. No matter what I did, as soon as I entered the boundary of the tower, those damn spirits always found out about it. Like bees, they would chase after me together. Time was running out.

Alban could come back anytime, things would only get more difficult afterwards, and I had a hunch that when he came back, it would be the end of my story, and that end would be hellishly painful.

Myne lay on the roof, gazing at the vengeful spirits flying around the tower, making weird noises every once in a while. After watching them for a few minutes and emptying half a bottle of fruit wine, his eyes shifted behind them. Suddenly, a crazy thought popped up in his mind, igniting a spark in his despondent eyes, replacing the bleakness with a glimmer of defiance.

"Yes, I can do that. Anyway, there is nothing to lose. This is thousands of times better than staying here and waiting for death hopelessly—it's better to die trying than to give up," Myne muttered, rising to his feet with newfound resolve, looking at the dense black living fog behind the tower that surrounded everything around the town. A smile played on his gloomy face.

After making up his mind, Myne threw the wine bottle at the tower and hurriedly went inside the house.

Inside, Myne quickly stashed away important things in his Inventory, except for his bed, before sitting down on it. He clutched the Velvet rings in his hands, nerves and excitement battling within him.

"Please hold on a little longer. I am coming to save you, or... better not to think negative things. Yes, just think positive. I am going to survive from here, for the family, who was waiting for me... Let's take a last good sleep.

God knows how long I am going to stay in that creepy fog," Myne said while covering himself with a quilt and slowly closing his eyes.

Chapter 279: From Despair to Defiance

"In the end, I find myself back where everything started," Myne said emotionally, gazing at the black fog right in front of him. After deciding to find a way out of all this, Myne took a good sleep and filled his stomach before immediately heading toward the town's outskirts.

Although he encountered some problems along the way when trying to reach the entrance gate of the town, Myne managed to make his way out.

"At least I found a weakness of those undead and vengeful spirits. They can't come out from the town... But that fatty vengeful spirit was too fast compared to her size and weight literally touched me. If I had stayed inside the town a few more seconds, and according to Alban's information if she caught me I might have spent the rest of my life as her plaything...

Just thinking about it makes my body hair stand. By the way, since this fog is so dense, I won't have a breathing problem in there, right?" Myne muttered while waving his hand inside the fog. He then took out a magic lamp, took a deep breath to calm his rapidly beating heart, and moved forward, entering the black fog.

"What kind of fog is this? I can hardly see anything around one meter from me. And that's only because I have a magic lamp, and my sight enhancement and night vision skills are activated. If not, seeing my hand might be out of the question." Myne, who was having great difficulty moving in the black fog with half-closed eyes to focus and see further, looked left and right.

But all he saw was moving black fog.

"Should I go back and try a different method? In such a dense fog, I don't think I could find my way out. Breathing here is also quite difficult. I just hope I won't pass out because of suffocation." Myne raised his magic lamp in front and looked back. To his surprise, the gloomy, dark town from before now shone in various lighting.

"Huh? Did that festival start again? Is this a coincidence, or is the town trying to attract me toward it? Better move forward before I lose my mind and turn back toward that haunted town." Saying this, Myne started moving in the fog slowly and carefully, focusing extra on the ground to avoid falling into any traps.

After all, in every horror novel, the person trying to escape from a haunted place in 70% of cases dies by falling into various dangerous traps.

"Ssssss..."

"Hmm! What was that?" Myne, who had been walking blindly into the dark fog for the last half-hour, suddenly heard a weird sound, as if someone were dragging something on the ground.

"The distant sound emanates from the east. Following common sense, I should head toward the source in the hope of finding someone to ask for directions. However, my precious knowledge warned me that I should run in the opposite direction of this mysterious sound. Whatever or whoever is present in such a peculiar environment is not something I shouldn't be curious about.

I have no desire to become the unlucky cat that dies due to its curiosity.

Myne forced a bit more and after confirming that the sound was gradually approaching him, he quickly increased his pace and ran toward the west.

"F*ck, why did this lamp suddenly go off? Its power was still half full when I checked last time." Myne, who is running away from the strange sound, seeing that his magic lamp has suddenly turned dark, leaving him completely blind without any source of light nearby. Oh, wait, there is the haunted town, which is still illuminating brightly.

"Thank God I have dozens of those lamps in my inventory; otherwise, I might be in deep trouble," Myne breathed relief in nervously and hurriedly took out another fully charged magic lamp and was about to activate it when he saw something that shook his soul.

A large humanoid creature, ten meters tall, is standing a few meters away from him. Though the fog obscures the details, the outline is enough for Myne to realize that he is in deep trouble.

"Damn, how can such a big creature come in front of me? I didn't even realize it... Or was I running toward him, but because of the magic lamp, my eyes only focused on the area inside the light?" Fearfully, Myne contemplated and was about to turn around and run in another direction when a thought popped up in his mind, halting my steps.

Pondering on this thought for a moment, Myne conjured a fireball in his hand and fearlessly threw it toward the giant creature in front of him.

As Myne did that, the fireball, which was supposed to hit the giant creature and make a loud booming sound, just passed through it, making a big hole in its body, as if it was made of cotton.

"Just as I thought, this was my illusion. This weird black fog is creating various illusions for me so I can run back toward the town. At least this confirms my one thought that I am not heading in the wrong way. Now, I just need to find out which direction leads me out of this labyrinth."

After discovering that the black fog is nothing more than a vast labyrinth filled with illusions, Myne, with a bit more confidence, activates his magic lamp and continues on his journey to escape from the weird fog.

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"Sigh... This was the last magic lamp I had, and now I have no other source of light with me. Just how many days has it been? I am walking nonstop for 20 hours a day, only resting for 4 hours, but still, there is no way to escape... At least I got rid of that wretched town, but now I can't go back either..."

Not that I wanted to..." Myne lay on his bed in his tent, staring at the ceiling, muttering to himself.

A wave of helplessness washed over him, his thoughts sinking into a quicksand of despair "Is there really no way to get out of this?" Myne, with a helpless sigh, spoke again, showing signs of giving up. He had been walking aimlessly in this black fog for God knows how long, encountering weird illusions every once in a while.

Although every one of them was harmless to him, the mental pressure and negative thoughts they provoked were still not something Myne could handle easily without any cost.

"If this goes on, I might not be able to last for too long. Haahuuuu... If only Aisha were here. I'd never have to worry about anything. She could definitely come up with a wonderful plan," Myne muttered helplessly while covering himself with the quilt—the only thing providing some warmth in this cold, desolate place filled with eerie silence and cold air—and closed his eyes.

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"Aisha?... Damn it! Aisha! Sylphy! Ted! Wuffal!

Fenrir! Big Sis Maya! How could I forget about them?"

Myne, with eyes wide open, jolted awake as the fog covering his mind cleared, and he remembered all his memories. He finally understood which family his mother was speaking about. "F*ck! How could I even think about giving up when I have so much to lose? Damn it! This time, Big Sis would surely eat me alive.

She must have gone crazy by now, looking for my whereabouts everywhere. I can't stay here anymore. I have to get out of here quickly."

"Damn it, everyone might be searching for me while I'm here, laying comfortably and thinking nonsense about giving up." Myne, with newfound motivation filled with worry and concern, hurriedly put away his tent. Using his double jump skill with a big, 10-

year-old child-sized fireball in his hand to illuminate the path, he started jumping from one point to another.

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Three days later...

"Sob! I can't take it anymore. No matter how much I run, this damn fog never seems to end; it stretches infinitely without any discernible endpoint. I am tired of it now...

Myne, who hadn't slept for three entire days and had been travelling with his full power nonstop, finally collapsed both physically and spiritually. Now, he lay on the dark ground like a dead fish, devoid of the energy even to take out a tent and bed for a proper rest.

"Sorry, Big Sis Maya, Aisha, Sylphy, Ted, Wuffal, Fenrir, June, Velvet, Mother-in-law, Ayri... I disappoint all of you. I am completely useless, not worthy of your trust and love. I should just die in this fog instead of destroying your lives any further," Myne said, looking at the dark sky covered in fog. His voice was desperate, tears gushing out from his eyes like a waterfall.

In the last three days, he had done everything he could, but he found nothing that could lead him out of this place. Leaving only two possibilities for him: either he was wrong the entire time, and there was no way to escape from this fog—it was just a big labyrinthine trap, or there was no escape at all, and he was merely wasting time, creating a false hope in his mind.

"The only regret I would have, even after my death, is that I couldn't save Velvet. I promised her, while wearing this ring to her that I would protect her from every possible danger. But just a few days after that promise, I dragged her into this dead end... If only I could get a little bit of a clue to correct everything...

I take an oath in the name of all my loved ones that I will become so powerful that no one can mess with my family ever again," Myne declared in a loud, crying voice filled with deep regret and resolution while raising his fist toward the dark sky.

As he did so, a golden lustre suddenly bloomed in his pupils, spreading like a celestial storm across his irises and taking the shape of a golden galaxy.

Chapter 280: Thunderstruck Liberation

"Ahhh, why are my eyes starting to hurt for no reason? Myne, who had been crying on the ground despondently, suddenly stood up while rubbing his eyes. He blinked a few times, but instead of easing, the pain in his eyes worsened, as if someone had poured chilli powder in them.

"What the hell?" Myne screamed, scrambling in his desperation for his water bottle. He crouched, splashing cool water over his burning eyes, only then noticing the curious sight around his legs. Tiny orbs of golden light, like miniature fireflies, flitted merrily around his ankles.

"Now what in the bloody hell is this?" Myne shot backwards, the sudden leap startling the lights into vanishing as if spooked. His heart hammered against his ribs, confusion warring with lingering fear. "Another damn illusion?"

"Was it also an illusion of mine?" Myne pondered. "But before this, every illusion was either scary or creepy as hell. So why this time a cute one?" Confused by the sudden change in the situation, Myne looked down, and to his shock, the golden orbs again appeared around his feet and were merrily flying around.

This time, instead of jumping back out of fear, Myne hesitantly bent down and looked at the golden orbs carefully. He found that they were just orbs of light, not some kind of new, ugly-looking tiny creature that wanted to devour his blood.

"Ah, as I expected. How can those ugly and creepy creatures of that haunted town and foggy place think about making something so shiny and cute?" Myne breathed a sigh of relief as he sat down on his knees.

With newfound curiosity replacing his apprehension, he extended a tentative hand towards a flitting orb. It danced away, just out of reach, a playful flicker in its ethereal wake. He tried again, and again, and each attempt met with the same gentle evasion. The orbs seemed to tease him, their movements a silent waltz just beyond his grasp.

"Alright, alright," Myne chuckled, the first genuine laugh in what felt like an eternity. "You win, little spirits. I get it, you're not made for cuddling."

A furrowed brow traced a line across Myne's weary face, his gaze intently following the dance of the golden orbs. Their curious pattern held him captive – a repetitive loop, thirty centimetres south before returning to him and repeating the same process as if they wanted to him go there.

"Don't tell me..." Myne breathed, a sliver of hope sparking in his eyes. "Is God finally taking pity on me and showing me a way out?" His mind spun with possibilities, the words his mother had spoken echoing in the silence. "Ecescess...?"

Could this be the mysterious power she mentioned, Otherwise, there is no way to explain this weird phenomenon," Myne muttered, covering his still slightly hurting eyes.

Torn between scepticism and desperation, Myne pondered for a moment. Lost and directionless, any light in the darkness seemed worth following. With a sigh, he decided to trust the ethereal guides, their golden glow a welcome respite from the suffocating blackness. Anyway, most of the time, golden light is a good sign.

He set off, his steps echoing in the eerie stillness. But the orbs danced a maddeningly erratic choreography, leading him north, then south, east, then west, as if mocking his pursuit. "South again? Wasn't that where I just came from?" Myne grumbled, frustration gnawing at his hope.

"Huh? Now they are pointing toward the West... Now East... Again South... North..."

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"I hope I am walking in the right direction. F*ck why did those golden orbs disappear so soon? First, they led me in every direction—left, right, east, north, south, west, like an idiot. Then they continued east... after which 20 minutes later, they vanished as if it was all my hallucination. Damn it, I hope I didn't go crazy due to loneliness from living alone for such a long time."

"Now I would do anything to hear Aisha's taunts, Sylphy's praise, Big Sis Maya's scolding, and Velvet's sweet and seductive words. I wonder how Aisha is doing; she was always a big pervert after I took her virginity. If she spent a day without having sex with me, she would always feed me weird, life-taking things.

But it's been months without me; I hope she didn't take any wrong actions, thinking I might not come back."

"Sylphy is a strong girl; she should be fine. I just worry that she might have destroyed our entire training ground in a fit of anger. Ted likes Aisha more than me, so he might probably gone crazy because of me seeing Aisha worry. Waffle is a carefree soul, but he might have surely made Fenrir's life difficult because of me. She's definitely going to complain a lot about it later."

"As for Big Sis, there's nothing to say about her. I will be dead the moment she sees me. Big Bro Jin surely is going to enjoy it a lot... Well, I can't wait to see them all if only I cou..."

Bang!

"Ouch! F*ck! My nose! Which bastard made a wall in the middle of the road?" Myne, clutching his bruised nose, sputtered curses at the unseen culprit who'd erected a wall right in his path. But as the throbbing subsided, something else registered. Something different.

Hope.

He fumbled, his hand encountering an invisible barrier. This wasn't an illusion, not like the mocking mirages that tormented him. This was solid, tangible proof that there was more to this endless fog than met the eye.

Then he hurriedly moves his hand in front and tries to touch the invisible wall in front of him, and he succeeds without any problem. There is really a wall in front of him.

Myne gives a bit of investigation and finds that the wall is only 2 meters tall and 1 meter wide, meaning unless someone knows about its existence and has a proper way to locate it, finding such a thing inside the world of fog is no different than searching for a needle

in the grass. Even that would be easier to do than this since you can at least see the needle.

"If not for those golden lights, there is no way I can find this wall even if I try my entire life. But what should I do now? Should I break it? Otherwise, I don't see any other use for this wall," Myne mutters and backs away a bit before throwing a head-sized fireball at the invisible wall.

BOOM!

The fireball hits the wall and makes a small explosive sound, but to Myne's surprise, it doesn't even leave a dent in the wall, let's not talk about making a hole he expected.

"The more difficult breaking this wall would be, the more my doubt about this being the right way to get out from here becomes confirmed," Myne muttered excitedly, throwing a few wind blades at the invisible wall.

"However, wind blades, just like fireballs, did no damage to the wall at all. Instead, as if some kind of hidden defensive mechanism had been triggered by Myne's attack, the fog around him began to fade. Soon, under Myne's horrified eyes, a long passage from his location to the town appeared in the middle of the black fog.

"This doesn't seem good. I have to make haste. I have a hunch that in a few minutes, I might be surrounded by those damn undead. Damn it!" Myne cursed loudly. He started attacking the wall frantically, launching fireballs and fire tornadoes bombarding the wall like rain.

This blind attacking method persisted for the next three entire minutes before Myne stopped casting magic spells at the wall. He moved towards it to assess the damage he

had inflicted. However, when he saw the wall, a wave of helplessness and despair hit him. He literally collapsed on the ground.

After exerting all his strength, he had only managed to create a small, finger-sized crack in the wall, and that too healed and vanished automatically, as if it had never been there.

If Myne had more time, then it wouldn't be a big problem he could just continue attacking the wall for a few hours and surely make a small hole in the wall of his size and go in before it could repair itself, but the problem is that Myne doesn't have time, behind him, a horde of vengeful spirits flowed out of the town, crazily heading towards him through the special passage the black fog had created for them.

"Am I going to be defeated after coming so close to my goal? There's only one wall between me and my freedom, but it doesn't look like an easy feat to cross this last obstacle," Myne spoke bitterly, looking back at the flying vengeful spirits approaching to take him back to the town and make him their club's new member.

Sighing, Myne took a last look at the skill page, hoping to find something that could help him. He quickly appraised himself and began scanning through his skills. Soon, his eyes paused on a particular skill.

This might be it," he murmured, a flicker of defiance sparking in his gaze. He rose, steeling himself before the unyielding wall.

Then he activated his Unbeatable and Absolute Evasion skills, praying that at least one of them could absorb magic damage. Taking a deep breath to calm his nervousness, and uses Sorcery Extremity which can enhance the power of his magic skills. He then poured nearly half of his stored MANA from his inventory and activated the skill he feared due to the destruction it brought.

"Unique Magic • Lightning!"

The world went white. A colossal bolt of thunder erupted from Myne, tearing a furrow into the sky with its blinding brilliance. Then, with a breathtaking reversal, it plunged back toward him, striking him head-on with a deafening detonation.

BOOM!!!

A crackling sphere of purple lightning enshrouded Myne, a vortex of raw power. Within seconds, the force field pulsated with terrifying lightning energy. The very air sizzled around him, tendrils of purple thunderbolts lashing out to the surrounding ground. Explosions rocked the landscape, carving craters two meters deep with each crackle.

BOOM!!!

Another ear-splitting blast echoed through the desolate town miles away. The energy finally focused, erupting outward with a force that defied comprehension. The invisible wall that Myne could hardly damage with his remaining skills, the monument of defiance, simply ceased to exist. In its place, a gaping chasm gaped, a maw of swirling darkness.

As for the vengeful spirits, impervious to physical and magical attacks? Nothing remained but wisps of ash, scattered like dust in the face of an absolute power.

The attack was so powerful that, instead of fading after destroying everything within a 500-meter radius around Myne, literally made him fall headfirst into the 50-meter-deep crater. The purple energy lightly spread into the ground, and for the next few hours,

anyone who entered the area would be directly hit by a supercharged, high-voltage lightning attack, turning them into charcoal.

Myne, the architect of this apocalypse, sputtered as he clambered to his feet, the remnants of the spell buzzing through his bones. "Bloody hell," he rasped, awestruck and appalled by the sheer destructive power his skill could cause, utilizing only half of his MANA.

"Tsk! If I had known earlier, I would have just bombarded that tower instead of wasting two weeks sitting in front of it like an idiot, waiting for the right moment to get inside," Myne muttered while shaking his head at the irony.

However, realizing that there was no use in regretting spilt milk, he hurriedly ran toward the black hole in the middle of the air that appeared after the invisible wall was destroyed.

"Although the other side doesn't look like I expected it to be, facing an unknown possibility is still hundreds of times better than turning into charcoal under my own skill after my defensive skill's effect turns off," Myne said with a wry smile twisting his lips, after giving his surroundings a last look. Without any more hesitation, he jumped into the black hole.