

Cheat. A 311

Chapter 311. Boss Belial's Pain

"Are we sure now's the best time to see Belial, Gal? Wouldn't it be better to come in the morning? Myne looked at his watch before speaking, although there is no difference between day and night in hell, since there is only a red sky without any sun on top of his head, giving light from God knows where, making him force divide the day and night according to his working hours.

Gal laughed, a rich, full-bodied sound. "Morning? Nonsense, darling. There's no such thing here. I gave you that watch so you can go to work in a safe shift instead of wandering in mine like a headless chicken and inviting trouble for yourself. Besides, recently Belial has completely turned into a night owl.

Most of the time, he has his empty head buried in a mountain of documents. There is no need to worry about disturbing him. Instead, I think he might even welcome the company. After all, you're the only one besides me he can talk to normally, thanks to your unique status." She patted his head affectionately.

They had already crossed the teleportation door and were heading toward the biggest tent on the 6th floor.

"Well, that's good then," Myne conceded with a helpless expression, while pushing the trolley filled with gold, Gal who finally had some pity on him as they reached near the teleportation door, didn't make things difficult for him and started walking beside him.

Myne already accepts the fact that his new wife is not someone with whom he can reason. So he decided to follow her obediently, knowing that she is powerful enough to shield him from all danger, at least on the 6th floor.

"Belial, where are you?" Gal bellowed at the tent entrance.

A muffled voice drifted out, laced with irritation. "Come in, and how many times must I tell you not to be so casual outside? You know some bastards start looking down on us and make a lot of trouble if they misunderstand that we are easy to mess with."

Myne, who was standing beside Gal while breathing heavily after pushing a trolley for such a long distance, suddenly heard a familiar voice. What made him shocked was that this voice didn't come from the tent but directly transmigrated into his mind, the same way Fenrir and Waffle communicate with him.

"Don't be so easily startled by every little thing, honey. Let's go inside," Gal prodded, entering the tent. Myne took a deep breath, forcing down his shock, and gritted his teeth as he pushed the trolley inside.

The tent's interior was far simpler than Myne expected. If he had to compare it with Gal's bedroom, calling Belial a poor ghost might be praise. In the entire single room, there was a large, plain wooden table that dominated the centre, a medium-quality chair on which Belial sat, looking tired with dark circles under his eyes and birds nest like messy hair.

Compared to his previous energetic version, he now looked like an overworked slave, sleep-deprived and famished, on the verge of collapse.

Around him and on his table lay parchment after parchment forming a pile of a small mountain made of unknown materials, half-eaten food plates, and some metallic objects. Two rickety chairs for guests sat opposite him and anyone with clear eyes could see that he hadn't placed them there of his own free will.

Two wooden cabinets with sixteen cubbies each adorned the walls, but unlike normal bookshelves, these housed gargantuan tomes. An entire cabinet, roughly four feet tall and wide, could only hold fifty such books, giving you a sense of their monumental size.

There is also a big bed in the right corner, but now it has collected dust on it, which shows that no one has used it for weeks. A few orbs, probably lighting props, suspended from the ceiling, illuminating the entire tent. Overall, Belial is the perfect example of a stingy workaholic guy who is also the favourite toy of his boss.

"Belial," Gal's voice cut through the stillness, "how long have you been holed up in this pit? Did you even forget to take a shower? This place smells like shit..."

"Ssss..."

Belial, hunched over a parchment, hissed a retort, "Please be silent for 2 minutes; let me finish this last report.

By the horns of hell, if I find the wretch who penned this report, even if Alban stands in front of me, I will definitely kill him." Angrily cursing, he continues reading the report in front of him with his eyes glued on it as if he is trying to make a hole in the parchment with his deadly gaze.

Myne and Gal look at each other, and after nodding, they fall silent. Their recent bond, especially after a recent in-depth conversation; has reached the point where they can understand each other's thoughts by looking into each other's eyes or may be is the effect of their soul being bonded together.

Gal pulls out a chair and sits down with her legs resting on the small empty area on the table that parchment hasn't managed to claim.

Myne follows suit and also sits down on the chair, but obviously, he doesn't have enough courage to be super friendly with Belial like Gal and put his legs on his table; otherwise, with Belial's cheap character, there is a high possibility that he may again have to visit the mine to dig gold.

Finally, with a flourish, Belial tossed his quill aside before cheerfully leaning against the chair. The expression on his face is the same as children leaving class after the last period. "Ah, freedom!" He cried, his jubilant grin momentarily obscuring his usual miserly scowl.

"Myne, right? What brings you to my humble...err...study? Do you need any help from me?" Belial, who was in a happy mood, noticed Myne sitting beside Gal and asked with a playful smile on his face. Clearly, his so-called help doesn't seem free from any angle.

"He's here to pay his fine," Gal interjected, her voice neutral with an expressionless face, "And ask a few questions..."

Belial's cheer evaporated as if doused by ice water. "Fine? Already? No, wait... F*ck! Just how long have I been buried here?" He snatched a golden hourglass from the table, blinked, and collapsed on the chair as if his soul had left his body.

He let out a deflated groan that echoed through the chamber.

"Thirteen days...gone! The greatest auction of the century, I missed it just because of those f*cking reports!"

Bang!

Belial's fist slammed onto the table, sending parchment fragments fluttering with bloodshot eyes before flipping it over on Myne and Gal. But at the last moment, an invisible purple barrier appears in front of them, blocking it in midair.

"You know those documents are very important, and if some important parchment gets destroyed, you have to write everything from the start, right?"

Gal's calming voice jolted Belial from his rage-fueled painting. He stared at her in disbelief, but after realizing she wasn't joking, he quickly placed the table back in its place and started picking up the scattered parchment from the ground.

"Ah, Boss, need a hand?" Myne first looked at Gal awkwardly. Seeing that she had no mood to help poor Belial, he could only ask him directly. After all, he still needed to get some information about how to escape from here.

Belial smiled politely. "No need, thank you. These documents contain confidential information, not for outsiders' eyes. Though you wouldn't understand them, what if someone reads your memories and plots something against me based on that information? Then I'd lose my job! You don't know, in hell, finding such a well-paying job without risking your life is no different from finding a soul stone mine.

In some cases, it even surpasses a soul stone mine, since not everyone can hold it and use it peacefully to strengthen themselves."

"By the way, since I am free now, tell me, what do you want to ask? I can answer your questions as long as they don't bring harm to me."

Myne, who'd been waiting for this moment since proposing his escape plan to Gal again on their way here, straightened his back, a nervous tremor in his voice. "Boss, is there any way to leave this dimension and return to my world?"

Hearing Myne's question, Belial, who was picking up the parchment, paused. He looked up at Myne, who, although nervous, still had a determined look on his face, and sighed helplessly.

Do you truly crave death that much? Can't you stay, work for me honestly, tend to your partners, old and new? Although I don't know about your wife, Gal's a good girl, she'll look after you very well."

As Belial approached a wooden cabinet, as if reading minds, he continued, "Don't be surprised. Do you think I couldn't see the soul-bound connection between you and Gal? You now have the aura of Gal all over your body since you are a weak party; this is like a mark, which tells others that you already have someone above, so it's better not to mess with you.

This aura not only will protect you in emergency cases but also extend your life, If you stay honest and don't throw yourself into a big mess like this one, then living for 500 years is not a problem. And someday, if you surpass Gal, the mark will shift to her. Isn't that cool?"

Saying such, Belial, who was searching for something in the cabinet, finally took out a small box tightly sealed with demonic runes from behind a few parchments and came in front of Myne, who was still grappling with the revelation.

"Let me ask again," Belial said, lightly tapping on the small box in his hand. "Do you really want to risk your life in the false hope that you can return to your world?"

"Let me ask again," Belial said, lightly tapping on the small box in his hand. "Do you really want to risk your life in the false hope that you can return to your world?"

A pin-drop silence engulfed the tent after Belial's question hung heavy in the air.

Gal, a mask of calm plastered on her face, watched Myne struggle with his inner turmoil. Her grip on his hand tightened, anxiety gnawing at her despite her best efforts to hide it. She knew too well the near-impossibility of escaping this dimension without Alban's consent. Now, a flicker of regret washed over her for readily agreeing to Myne's request.

If he stubbornly threw himself into the jaws of death, she feared she wouldn't have a place to cry. After all, in her long life, Myne was the first partner she'd truly cherished, especially for his talents in the bed. That alone was enough to make her dote on him to death.

"I...I will give it a try," Myne finally spoke, his voice bitter as he gazed at his feet. "I understand your concern, Boss, and I'm grateful for it. But I have a family waiting outside for me. I've delayed long enough, crippled by my own powerlessness.

Even if it's a false hope, I can't just give up on everything and settle here as if nothing happened." His eyes welled up as the faces of everyone close to him flashed through his mind, momentarily drowning out the sadness and helplessness with a fierce determination to see them again, no matter the cost.

Belial sighed heavily, eyeing Gal, who had closed her eyes, seemingly deep in thought. He shook his head, a flicker of pity crossing his face. "I see. It seems you have already made up your mind." He paused, then held out a palm-sized red crystal ball towards Myne. "Before I tell you what I shouldn't, I need you to do something.

Place a few drops of your blood on this crystal ball and hold it close until our conversation ends."

Hearing Belial's instruction, Myne nodded his head confusedly and took the palm-sized red crystal ball from him. Although he really wanted to ask what it was, seeing that neither Belial nor Gal, who looked ill and depressed for some reason, had any intention of telling him, he sighed helplessly and did what he was told.

As soon as Myne's blood touched the red crystal ball, to his surprise, the blood was instantly absorbed, and runic symbols flashed across the surface before vanishing, leaving the crystal pulsating with a dim red light.

Belial watched the blinking orb with grim satisfaction. "Good. Now I can speak freely without fear of losing my job." He sat down on the table and leaned forward. "But before I do, tell me, do you have any powerful backers in your world? Someone who is powerful enough to control Laws?"

A giant question mark bloomed over Myne's head. He glanced at Gal, silently pleading for help, hoping she could explain what Belial was talking about in an easy way. Gal, though very disappointed and simmering anger with him, but when their gaze met, she didn't disappoint him.

He is talking about the power of 'World Law', an advanced level of power accessible only to true high-level individuals destined to touch these Laws. In every world, there are always some beings who are special or powerful enough that the 'Will of That World' grants them the opportunity to interact with Laws. This allows them to progress further on their journey to become powerful.

Gal explains patiently, but upon seeing the question mark on Myne's face grow larger, she immediately realizes that the concepts she is discussing are currently beyond Myne's reach, at least for now.

With a sigh, she simplified, "Just consider that Laws are a higher form of magic, and in your little world, the ones who can touch these Laws are like gods or demigods."

"Oh, I see. So you wanted to ask whether I have a powerful backer who is considered a god by the people, and no one dares mess with, right?" Myne eyes lit up finally understood a little bit after Gal optimised the information to the lowest level.

"Yes, you can say that," Belial ponders for a few seconds before nodding and rubbing his forehead in a headache. The look he gives Myne is no different than saying, "Are you an ignorant idiot."

"If that's the case, then I think I have such a backer. In my world, to maintain peace and order, God created powerful guardians called Divine Beasts. They possess unimaginable power and can destroy an entire kingdom with just a wave of their hands. Many years ago, a mad human king attacked the elven kingdom to enslave all their women because elven women were known for their beauty.

But after the attack, he didn't stop there; he wanted to cut down the World Tree, Yggdrasil. However, his luck ran out quickly. The moment his soldiers touched the tree, The Divine Beast Ymir, also known as the walking mountain, erased both kingdoms from the ground within an hour."

Myne laughed nervously with a hint of proud expression. "By some incredible luck, I once saved a Divine Beast's child from kidnappers who tricked them when she wasn't around. We became best friends, and although she is a bit strict but she is super kind and treats me as her younger brother. If I am not wrong, she might have definitely turned the forest where I disappeared upside down in anger.

I hope she won't beat me to death after I return, hahaha..."

While Myne awkwardly laughs, Gal and Belial exchange stunned glances, disbelief evident on their faces. Belial used telepathy to whisper to Gal, "Is it just me, or do you also think that Myne's world is a bit...unique?"

"I think so too. According to what he said, although there are Gods and their pets maintaining order in the world, it doesn't seem like there is any interference from the outside. It's as if the entire world is tightly closed. Also, I learned from him that demons in his world are pathetically weak, and there is no such thing as angels or Hellguards," Gal replied thoughtfully.

"It seems like Myne's world is just a small, low-level world—more like a playground or small farm for his so-called God's amusement. It doesn't appear independent. Otherwise, there is no way a low-level world could produce a world tree, or stop the invasion of void monsters, or those dimension-peeping toms.

I think he had a chance to return to his world if luck didn't abandon him halfw..." Belial paused midway, realizing what he was saying. He quickly looked at Gal but seeing that she was still calm, breathed a sigh of relief.

"We haven't left our original location for months," Gal confirmed, gritting her teeth. It was evident she misunderstood Fenrir as Myne's woman. "Meaning the tower is still linked to Myne's world. If he can breach the core array, he could briefly rip a hole between dimensions for a few minutes.

This should be enough for his elder sister-like friend to notice him if she is really searching for him." She said, jealousy evident in her voice.

Belial hesitated. "Then should I tell him everything? You know, no matter if he succeeds or not, once he gets out of our floor, you probably can't see him again without paying a

huge price, right?" He asked with concern. He and Gal had known each other for years, going through many life-and-death situations together.

Despite her overprotectiveness and being a bit of a sex addict, she was definitely good wife material. But sadly he has no intention of settling down, there are millions of beautiful ladies waiting for him outside, so how can he be satisfied with a single one? This is also the reason why he broke her contract, she never let anyone come near him.

"Sigh, just tell him everything. Although he looks happy and calm on the outside, I have read his mind, and know inside, he is dying to meet his family. Death itself wouldn't deter him. He has long ago made up his mind. If today we don't tell him, he'll find his own way. So it's better to send him on the right path than let him go unknown just for my selfish desire."

"And since fate brought him to me, and if we're truly meant to meet again, nothing can sever that bond," Gal calmly replied with a sigh. Her selfless act of love brought moisture to Belial's eyes. He really wanted to give Gal a bear hug, assuring her that everything would be fine. However, remembering there is a beside them and he had to maintain a serious image forced him to hold back his emotions.

Myne, perched expectantly, noticed the sudden shift in the atmosphere. "Hey, what's with the silence? And Boss, why are you crying?" He watched, bewildered, as Gal and Belial, who previously were sitting like statues, changed their facial expressions every second.

Finally, Belial, tears shimmering on his lashes, broke into a smile, like a father receiving news of well well-being of his first child and his wife.

"Mere tears of joy," Belial explained, wiping his eyes. "I just received news that my salary increase application, after 6 years of relentless effort, has finally been approved! I'm just carried away in emotion. But enough about me, back to your situation. If you really want to get out of this place, there are only two options.

First, meet the owner of this place and ask him to open a portal for you to your world. But I strongly recommend that you better never meet him. Otherwise, let's forget about talking—you won't even realize when you get imprisoned and become his experimental material. Believe me, you never wanted to experience this ending."

His voice dipped to a cautious level. "Second, ascend to the pinnacle of this tower. There, you'll find a colossal golden array, the tower's beating heart. That array is the core of this entire tower. Even minor damage will tear a rift in the sky, a temporary bridge between your world and this one.

If your divine beast best friend is really looking for you, then it shouldn't be a problem for her to notice your presence and rescue you, if only she has the power to do so..."

Chapter 313. A Hug and a Run

"By the way, I must say, you are truly courageous. Not everyone possesses the fortitude to ascend those never-ending spiral stairs. The last time Alban forced me up for maintenance, I spent a week flat on my back before I could use my legs again. It was truly a nightmare for me, and as a result, I started to fear stairs and haven't left this floor for months.

Belial shuddered, recalling the hellish experience.

Myne, munching on the normal food Belial provided, was still perplexed. "How big is this tower, anyway? I mean how many floors are there?"

After Belial revealed the secret of escape, although the chance of success didn't seem very high, and the death rate is frightened high, they still talked for another half an hour and drafted a plan. During this time, Belial also opened his secret treasure vault and took out huge food he had bought from the black market.

Yes, the black market. In hell, eating hume food is no different than eating shit in public, but there are always some exceptions like Belial. Although he is born and raised in hell, but in the end, he is still hume. So, of course, he prefers normal hume food over those disgusting things eaten by demons. Even Gal prefers to eat hume food more than demon food, mainly because they look and taste better.

However, as a succubus, she doesn't actually need to eat to live, as long as she has a partner to provide her energy.

"Well from the outside, this tower doesn't seem much bigger than twelve floors, maybe fifteen at most," Belial explained, grinning devilishly. "But the devil knows where Alban found an ancient mage. He made a deal with him, and in exchange for his help, that ancient mage built this unimaginably huge magic tower for him.

If you compare it with a normal tower's height, according to my calculation, this tower could easily have 150 floors. So, you might as well prepare yourself for a nightmarish climb."

Finally, after so many months, someone is going to suffer the same fate as me, perhaps even more so, as Myne has to carry his little wife with him. It's so exciting. Sadly, I can't meet him again; otherwise, it would be so much fun to tease him, Belial thought with a chuckle, taking a swig of his mysterious wine, and watching Myne with mock pity.

Myne, who was already imagining himself lying on the never-ending stairs on the verge of dying from tiredness, with Velvet crying beside him, couldn't help but tremble.

Myne, already picturing himself collapsing on the endless stairs, Velvet sobbing beside him, shivered uncontrollably. "Any shortcuts on this climb? I'm willing to pay for help."

He looked at Belial, who had an expression of taking pleasure in other people's misfortune. Helplessly, he could only turn at Gal beside him—his last hope.

But she didn't even glance at him, as if he didn't exist at all, and continued to eat the food in front of her expressionlessly.

Belial chuckled satisfied with Myne's response. "Alright, that wraps up our meeting. You two can go and do whatever you want. I have to go to the market; my food stock is about to finish. Hopefully, they haven't jacked up the prices again."

Belial didn't want to let Myne give him a puppy look anymore. He had already made up his mind to let him suffer. Who knows, maybe he'll give up halfway and return back. Although he had shamelessly cut off the contract with Gal, it doesn't mean she is not his friend. He genuinely wished her happiness and the loving family she dreamed of. She has already suffered enough.

"Also, Myne, crush that memory guard with your hand. There is no need to hold it now," Belial tidied the leftover food, carefully tucking it away in his secret vault like a precious treasure.

Myne nodded in confusion and crushed the red crystal ball he'd been clutching. To his surprise, it didn't shatter like glass. Instead, it transformed into light particles, coalescing into a tiny sphere the size of a golf ball, then zipping toward his forehead at lightning speed.

Myne recoiled instinctively, eyes wide with alarm, but it was too late. The light ball burrowed into his mind.

"Fuck! What the hell is that?" Myne stood in shock and nervously asked after taking a few steps back.

"Oh, just a memory guard, small prop demons use to secure their memories from peeping toms. All the memories from the moment you put your blood on it until you crush it will now be tucked in that light ball. Nobody except you can see it. If someone tries to force their way into your head and touches it, it self-destructs, leaving no trace.

Of course, you'll forget that part of your memory too, but don't worry about it. If someone powerful enough forcefully tries to read your memories, it will also destroy your mind, turning you into a complete idiot. So it doesn't matter if you remember this small part or not anyway."

Seeing Belial's casual delivery of such potentially alarming information, as if discussing the weather, Myne wonder if everyone born in Hell had a few screws loose.

After bidding farewell to Belial, Myne and Gal walked out of his tent. There was an awkward silence between them; neither of them said anything for the next five minutes. They just stood outside the tent, observing various types of demons working tirelessly. Although Myne wanted to apologize to Gal and also thank her for her help, he didn't know where to start.

Gal, after so many years, finally found the guy she was looking for, but in the end, he on the other hand was just looking for his own death. So Myne felt ashamed to talk to her.

"You go back and explain everything to Velvet. But don't tell her anything happened between us. If she asks why I am helping you so much, just say you saved my butler's life, and I didn't want to owe anyone a favour. Also, come to my house tomorrow. I think I have something to change Velvet's appearance like yours.

It would be trouble if someone found out about her," Gal spoke with a poker face, devoid of her playful demeanour like before, it was as if she was talking to a stranger.

Myne's voice caught in his throat. A whirlwind of emotions swirled within him, his heart torn between gratitude and fear. He wanted to ask Gal if she wanted to come with him, but considering that his own fate is uncertain, he hesitated.

He owed her so much, her unwavering support and friendship despite his illogical actions. He felt like a bastard for leaving her after taking advantage of her, even though she was the one who had done everything, and he was a victim but he didn't care about it now, he felt lucky that he met her and if possible he didn't want to leave her.

With a heavy heart, he choked down the words and, in the end, just nodded his head before walking away.

Gal didn't react to seeing Myne walk away without saying anything. She had long ago known that this moment would come when he would leave her, so there was no need to be emotional or immune to sadness. However, she was surprised when Myne, after taking a few steps, abruptly turned and rushed back to her.

Myne didn't look into Gal's eyes, or dare not to. In front of Gal, he wrapped his arms around her in a tight and hugged her tightly. That silent embrace lasted for minutes. Then, he quickly turned around and ran away, leaving a dumbfounded Gal behind.

"Well, I expected more drama from him, like some emotional words, or kissing, etc. Even a 'thank you' would've sufficed. But just...a hug and a run? Disappointing, I say.

I think you shouldn't always look at other people's looks and cock; sometimes inner beauty is more important, especially in the long term," Belial, who had come out of the

tent, stood beside Gal, and spoke with his hands inside his pants pocket while looking at Myne's disappearing figure with a frown.

"I didn't need a pervert traitor's advice when it comes to judging people," Gal retorted, her voice laced with disdain.

Belial, caught off guard by her sharp retort, sputtered in protest. "Hey... How can you say such a thing after taking such a big risk to help your little partner?"

"Fuck off, help my ass. If you really wanted to help, then return me the 100 Middle-Grade soul stones you took from me, and I will definitely be grateful for your help then," Gal said angrily.

"Cough, cough, Gal, dear, don't say such a thing. Although we are friends and ex-lovers, you also know that there is a reason why I took money from you," Seeing Gal's glare intensify, Belial hastily changed the subject. "Let's not talk about those things, but I have to say I never expected you would give him that ring of yours. I never received such treatment when we were together.

I suddenly felt jealous of that brat."

Gal scoffed. "You should be jealous, Belial. A scoundrel like you deserves only regret for past mistakes. Come on, I also need to do some shopping myself." She strode towards the sixth-floor entrance, leaving Belial to sigh about his diminishing status.

"Sigh, no one takes me seriously nowadays. I miss those days when I worked as a bandit. My useless underlings under me trembled in fear when they saw me. But now..." Belial paused and cast his gaze toward a demon casually writing runes on a bomb in the

middle of a noisy street. He could only shake his head helplessly before quickly catching up with Gal.

Chapter 314. Fuzzy Flamingo Fiasco

"Are you absolutely sure she's helping because of your good deed, not some hidden agenda?" Velvet asked, her gaze fixed on the four small demons gleefully lugging away a headless corpse as if it were some kind of treasure.

"Ah, yes, absolutely sure. I think she might be the thief who stole her favourite item last time. She made quite a big commotion; it's no wonder that she lost her life in such a way. Let's not dwell on it. We still have to conquer endless stairs after this," Myne said, faking seriousness and quickly changing the topic.

After bidding farewell to Gal in an embarrassed way, he hurriedly came back to Velvet, first apologizing to her for leaving her alone without telling her much, then quickly explain her everything in the detail.

At first, Myne thought that Velvet might hesitate to go on such a suicidal escape plan, but to his surprise, she readily agreed, leaving him speechless. From her point of view, it might be very dangerous, just hoping that someone is outside waiting for them, and they just have to send a signal so they can be rescued.

But it is still a thousand times better than living in such a gloomy, dangerous place where they couldn't find normal food, let's not just talk about other things. So either they would leave this place or die trying together; there is no better ending than this.

Moved by Velvet's reasoning, Myne spent the remaining entire day and night pleasuring her, not stopping until he saw on his watch that the meeting time with Gal was near. So, after tidying up, he first used Illusory Veil on Velvet, making her invisible before quickly coming to Gal's house with her.

"Come on, let's go inside. There is no point in standing here," Myne said calmly guiding Velvet towards Gal's room window.

"But the main entrance is in front of us. Why are you going there?" Velvet asked, confused. She didn't understand why Myne wanted to sneak through a window like burglars when they were on good terms with Gal?

"Didn't I tell you? Those idiots working inside the house didn't understand what I said and shooed me away, thinking of me as a troublemaker. So I have no other way but to go inside Gal's room directly from the window. This is also the reason why she always leaves it open for me."

His voice carried a faint tremor, a subtle clue Velvet picked up. "Oh, always leaves it open for you, huh?" She echoed a flicker of doubt in her eyes. "It seems like you haven't told me a lot of things."

Myne, oblivious to her suspicions, swept her into his arms like a princess and vaulted through the window.

Myne quickly placed Velvet down and looked around after entering Gal's room and soon spotted the person he was looking for. Unlike before, Gal wasn't wearing a simple bra and a short skirt; instead, she wore a floor-length flowing black gown made of a heavy, luxurious fabric that looked like velvet or brocade.

The long, wide sleeves billowed out from the fitted bodice, cinched at the waist with a wide black belt. The deep hood on her head, trimmed with faux fur, cast a mysterious shadow over her face. Overall, she looked so beautiful that Myne couldn't take his eyes off her.

"So, you guys finally arrived, huh? I thought you would make me wait a bit longer." Gal set aside the hefty magic tome she was engrossed in and spoke calmly while looking at Myne and Velvet, who had also become visible.

Gal rose from the bed, her eyes flickering to Velvet, who nervously avoided her gaze. "It seems like you've solved her vitality problem, huh? That's a bit unexpected, considering that you guys have never left this place," She asked casually, but didn't go too deep into this topic and quickly chose to drop it before Myne could even reply to her.

Then she strode towards her wardrobe, retrieving the small storage bag Myne had previously sold her.

"First things first," Gal addressed Velvet, her voice calm and soothing. "This bracelet will alter your appearance, making you appear as a regular demon halfling. That way, you can accompany Myne freely within the tower." She extended her a bracelet made of silver with a sapphire and diamond pendant in the shape of a flower. The chain is delicate, and the clasp is simple but secure.

Velvet hesitated to accept such a beautiful but expensive-looking bracelet and glanced at Myne. Only after he offered a reassuring nod, did she reluctantly accept it.

"Thank you for your generosity," Velvet mumbled, feeling a touch overwhelmed. "Though I have nothing to offer in return at present if fate allows us to cross paths again, I'll certainly repay the favour."

Gal didn't take Velvet's words seriously; for her, this was just a small effort. She gave Velvet a nod, indicating that she understood, before looking at Myne with a calm expression, as if he were just a stranger who helped her and she was returning the favour.

"And these two items are for you. Also, thank you again for saving my butler's life," Gal said, holding out two unique items.

One was a pair of plush pink slippers featuring feathered wings, a bulbous beak, and an unblinking googly eye staring up at the world. The other was a silver pendant featuring a mesmerizing blue eye with a large vertical pupil, set against an ornate silver frame. The eyes appeared to be alive as it blinked once in a while, looking left and right, giving a very ethereal feeling.

The silverwork around the eye resembled swirling stardust, adding to the otherworldly feel of the pendant.

Myne felt a shiver crawl down his spine at the sight of the silver pendant, which looked like some kind of demonic dark magic item. However, his gaze was quickly stolen by the ridiculous pink slippers Gal bought for him. Although he wanted to believe that Gal was merely jesting, his heart and her expression indicated that he was soon going to become a laughingstock.

At least in Velvet's eyes, he already became one, as she tried her best to hold back her laughter.

[Fuzzy Flamingo Fiasco

Grade: Medium

Attribute: Wind

Description: The plush pink slippers were made by a heartbroken demon whose wife made him wear a green hat in broad daylight. In order to take revenge, he created those cursed slippers that couldn't be taken off once worn for that bastard who ruined his life.

The awkward shuffle, the constant urge to adjust his feathery plumage, the desperate hope that nobody notices the googly eye judging him from below—these slippers aren't just footwear, they're a walking sitcom waiting to happen!

Every step is a silent plea: "Please, world, avert your gaze from my feathery shame!" But thanks to a poor demon's lifelong suffering, their infamy and comical value have made them a popular gag item among demons.

Effect: 1. Instant attraction—no matter where you go, people will notice you.

2. Can fly, although not too high, but fast enough to leave people eating dust.]

This isn't a prank, but clear thoughtful calculated revenge, and here I thought she might be sad. However, she seems to have already made preparations to make me suffer before sending away, Myne thought with a crying face while staring at the pink girlish slippers in his hand.

While Myne was crying in his mind, Gal, who was very satisfied seeing Myne's reaction to the gift she specially prepared for him, started explaining their effort.

"Those rare slippers I get after a lot of hard. Although no one can fly or use any kind of shortcut to climb endless stairs in the tower, these slippers are different. After wearing them, although you couldn't fly very high due to restrictions only a few inches from the stairs, their speed is very high.

As long as you have sufficient mana, you can probably reach the top floor within a few hours without sacrificing your legs. The only problem is that, as the previous host of those slippers, unless you wear them in front of me and I drop my blood on them, you can't use their flying spell."

"As for this pendant, it has a defensive spell inside it. If you are in danger, it will automatically create a solid protective shield around you. A very useful but cheap magic tool. I wanted to buy a few more, but alas, they were all sold out. Anyway, quickly wear them and put some drops of blood on them so you can become their owner and be able to use their spells."

Hearing Gal's instruction, Velvet wore her oversized bracelet while antiseptically looking at Myne, waiting for him to wear those funny pink slippers. She bit her finger and put some drops of blood on it.

The blood was absorbed by the bracelet, and after flickering in golden light three times, it automatically adjusted to Velvet's size and changed her appearance to a halfling female demon with slightly red skin, horns like those of a ram with a spiral shape and ridges running along the surface.

A long tail gently swung behind her, but the overall appearance was no different from a hume, if we ignored her horns.

Myne, momentarily distracted from his own self-pity, offered a genuine compliment. "You look even more stunning than before," His eyes shining with lust. If not for the fact that the situation is not right, he might have already started a few rounds of battle with her.

"Thank you," Velvet giggled, "But I think you should wear those lovely slippers too. You'll surely become more handsome than before," Velvet said with a giggle. Gal also nodded her head, clearly having the same thought.

A nervous tremor ran through Myne. "Um, can I take them off easily later, right?" he inquired, the image of being forever stuck in those flashy pink shoes painting a picture of utter horror.

"Who knows, but I promise you I haven't done anything with them," Gal said with an evil smirk, making Velvet burst into laughter while Myne's face turned pale as paper. He already knew he was doomed.

Chapter 315. A Symphony of Love

Myne, although wanting to burn the pink slippers in front of him to ash, but remembering the horror of the never-ending stairs, he, with a heavy heart, put aside his dignity. With a sigh that spoke volumes of his inner struggle, he donned the slippers

"Hahaha..."

A burst of laughter echoed playfully through Gal's room. Myne, eyes squeezed shut, could only grit his teeth and surrender to his fate. Velvet, perched beside Gal, chimed in with uninhibited guffaws, while Gal herself chuckled indulgently, a subtle yet genuine smile gracing her lips.

However, Gal didn't forget her work, with an ear-to-ear grin on her face, she put a drop of her blood on Myne's new pink slippers, each for formalities, of course, so her mischief would not be caught by him.

"Now, that's it. You two can go," Gal said, waving goodbye, a hint of wistfulness in her voice. "Though I haven't much hope, I pray you both to find your way home safely."

"I..." Myne opened his mouth, a wave of guilt cresting within him. He yearned to speak, to express his gratitude and lingering concerns. But seeing Velvet beside him, he shut his mouth.

"Honestly," Velvet huffed, marching towards the window with an air of exaggerated exasperation. "You two are now treating me as a child, and that too a blind one. It's as if I can't see anything going between you two. Tsk, there is no trust between couples nowadays at all," She paused at the window's edge, her voice softening. "Remember, don't dawdle too long, I'll be waiting in the garden."

Myne and Gal's jaws dropped in equal measure. They didn't expect that Velvet would find out about their little secret within a few minutes after meeting both of them together.

"Is my acting truly that shoddy?" Gal asked doubtfully, but before she could react a blur of motion wept and she was lifted off her feet and engulfed in a passionate embrace. Their lips met in a heated kiss, a firestorm of unspoken emotions igniting between them.

The passionate kiss between the two couples, who were about to separate, doesn't need a description of how intense it can become. It's not for the fact that there are still some senses in their mind; maybe by now, their clothes have already left their bodies.

"I... I'm truly sorry," Myne gasped as they broke apart, his voice laced with self-reproach. He always felt like he was taking advantage of Gal, although she herself made it clear that she didn't mind. But Myne couldn't put away this feeling in his heart.

"Shut up," Gal yelled angrily, silencing his apologies in midway. "I told you, your apologies are of no use. What I need, you cannot give me. So just... shut up and let me savour this final moment."

With that, she silenced his further protests with another kiss, her touch both desperate and tender. It was a plea for him to simply be present, to enjoy the fleeting moments they had left.

This intense kissing session lasted for 10 minutes before Gal unwillingly pushed Myne onto the bed and spoke while panting lightly.

"Now go," Gal murmured, finally breaking away and turning away from him, looking at the ceiling as if it were some kind of piece of art. "Don't keep Velvet waiting."

Myne, frustrated by being treated like a toy yet understanding Gal's desperate attempt to mask her grief, could only frown in silence. He really had something important to say. But this damn new wife of his didn't let him say anything.

Sighing helplessly and holding his anger back (otherwise, Velvet might have to wait for him the entire day), Myne walked beside Gal and slapped her bubbly butt with all his might.

"Paa..."

"Ahhhh... What are you doing?" Gal cried out in pain as Myne's slap was really quite heavy, and the dress she was wearing was also very thin. Other than looking beautiful and covering her body, it couldn't even provide 1 point of defence, so his palm, you can say, directly touched her juicy ass.

"Pa..."

Myne didn't reply but gave another slap on Gal's juicy ass while holding her arm, so she didn't run away from him. He continued to do it until Gal's eyes became watery before he stopped, and he hugged her tightly, not caring that Gal could beat him to death at any moment now if his explanation wasn't satisfactory.

"If I knew you'd be so stubborn and deny your hubby the chance to speak on such an important occasion, I never would have married you," Myne murmured softly, stroking her long, silky hair. He sighed deeply. "First and foremost, I am truly sorry for leaving you so soon after our..." He stammered, unsure how to describe the events in the basement.

While it had resulted in another beautiful and caring wife, the process wasn't exactly something to celebrate. "Amm, marriage ceremony,"

"Initially, I planned to spend a few days with you. But after getting to know you a bit, I decided not to. I fear that if we stayed together longer, you might get dragged into this madness and risk your life with me for no reason. After all, even if I don't succeed, we've only known each other for two days. You'll remember me for a few weeks at most before moving on, life is all about moving forward.

So, please forgive me for making such a selfish decision."

Myne paused, gazing into Gal's purple, tear-filled eyes. A small chuckle escaped him, and he gently wiped away her tears. "Thank you for everything you've done. You will always be my second dearest wife in my life and welcome to the Fortuna Family." With that, he took her left hand and slipped a dazzling golden ring with a blue diamond in the middle onto her finger.

The ring shimmered with the secrets of the night, crafted from moonlit silver. A pearlescent moonstone, kissed with lavender hues, rested at its heart, cradled by delicate vines that whispered of starlit forests.

[Promise of Hope

Grade: Medium-Tier-1

Attribute: ???

Description: A beautiful mysterious ring crafted by a well-known alchemist but later lost in the long river of time before accidentally discovered by a traveller with good eyesight.

Effect: 1. Luck Enhancement (Passive)

2. ???

3. Support Magic: Vitality Absorption (Large)

4. Two-handed Scythe (Medium)

5. Regeneration]

Yesterday, after explaining everything to Velvet, at night, Myne again went to Belial and bought this ring from him. According to him, he picked it up from a random stall during the time he worked as a bandit and never needed to wear it as it was too feminine and useless. So, he happily sold it to Myne for 2 soul stones. Myne then pasted a few skills on it he thought would be most useful for Gal.

"This is the wedding ring I prepared for you. Although I am a bit late, you know it's not easy to prepare something when you don't know the other party's taste. Although the material of this ring is quite basic, don't try to underestimate it. I have personally put very useful skills into it. One is Vitality Absorption, allowing you to replenish your energy by simply touching another being.

This should be especially helpful for you since you need to eat others' energy. Second, a training-type skill – when you use the Scythe, it will make a better bond between you and your weapon... Amm very useful skill. And the last one is a powerful healing skill – as long as you have mana, any kind of injury can be healed in a matter of minutes.

Even lost limbs can be regenerated, but it will take more time..."

"You made it yourself?" Gal interjected, staring at the ring in her hand with a kaleidoscope of emotions - joy, disbelief, shock, and something akin to awe.

Myne chuckled softly. "The ring itself isn't my handiwork, I bought it, but the skills imbued within are indeed my creation. After all, a wedding ring, couldn't be simple, right?

This ring will stay with you as long as you remember me, so it deserves to be special, just like yours." He gestured to The Fate Ring adorning his own finger, the one he couldn't remove despite numerous attempts, but since appraisal skills couldn't show any data of it, this shouldn't be a random ring.

"Even though I didn't know the ring's effect, I know it is very special. So if I give you a random golden ring, then what about equality? Don't you make fun of me every time you look at the ring?" Myne joked with a small chuckle.

Tears welled up in Gal's eyes. "Thank you..." she choked out, "This means the world to me."

Myne's heart skipped a beat. "Hey, why are you crying? If you don't like the ring, you can put it aside! No need to be so emotional." His initial pride at his work had morphed into frantic concern. He couldn't fathom what he'd done wrong.

"Sob, no, I like it, I love it," Gal, wiping away her tears, chuckled slightly. "I will never separate this ring from me," She pulled him into a tight embrace, then pulled back with a smile.

"Phew, here I thought you didn't like the ring. This time you really scared me to death," Myne gasped, relief flooding his features. Gal's laughter filled the room once more.

"Alright, enough sentimentality," Gal declared a glint of mischievousness in her eyes. "It's time for goodbyes, or don't blame me for locking you in the basement to prevent you from leaving!"

Myne laughed. "Then perhaps I best be going. You indeed have the capital to do this. I believe in my most powerful wife, but before I leave, take this, a small farewell gift. I hope you like it," He presented her with a storage pouch adorned with golden thread.

"Is it a storage prop? What is inside?" Gal asked with a frown because when they first met, she clearly saw Myne only had one storage pouch. Although she understood he was hiding something at that time, it still surprised her that he could easily take out so many space magic props which are very rare in hell.

"Homemade food prepared by your younger sister, some clothes and innerwear my favourite ones, dozens of litres of magic water to replenish your mana and stamina in an emergency, and a few other minor things. But please don't open it now. I wanted to do it later after we left. Some surprises deserve to be unveiled in solitude.

Hopefully, we'll meet again, my grandma wifuu," Myne winked playfully, planting a deep kiss on her lips. With a final wave, he leapt from the window. Now he really feared that if he didn't leave quickly, he might not be able to separate from her.

"We will surely meet again. Just wait for me..." Gal spoke emotionally while waving at Velvet and Myne, who were getting further and further from her.

Chapter 316. The Top of The Tower

"Do you want to say anything?" Velvet calmly asked while riding on Myne's back, leaning her head on his shoulder.

"Yes, those slippers, although they look very ugly, I have to say they really work quite nicely." Myne, acting as if he didn't understand the hidden meaning behind Velvet's question, replied hesitantly. He is currently flying at a very fast speed just a few inches above the never-ending spiral stairs, heading to the top of the tower while carrying Velvet behind him.

Since there is only one set of flying slippers between them, and obviously he didn't have the honour to ride a beautiful lady, not even if she is his wife.

Velvet gave him a knowing look, her eyebrow cocked in amusement. "I don't think that's what I'm asking about, Myne. How long exactly has this... situation with you and her been going on?"

Myne winced, his voice dropping to a whisper. "Will you believe me if I say that this time it was all purely coincidental and I am just a victim?"

"What do you think? I'm not stupid enough to believe in the nonsense of a big womanizer like you. Also, if I hadn't seen the small drama between you two, I might still believe in you. But now, you better spill everything honestly before I push you down those stairs," Velvet threatened angrily.

She still couldn't believe that while she was lying on the bed worrying about Myne every day he went out, this bastard, on the other hand, was having fun with his own boss.

Myne sighed, knowing further deception was futile. "Sigh, so it happened the day I went to deliver the gold..."

After seeing Velvet's temper getting hot, Myne finally gives in; anyway, he is already caught, and what's the meaning of keeping minor secrets. However, the more Velvet listened, the more disappointed and angry she became with Gal.

"That b*tch dares to rape my husband? Myne, turn around; let's go back. I want to have some private chat with your so-called new wife," Suddenly, Velvet yanked on Myne's hair, her grip harsh, her voice trembling with anger.

"Velvet, wait!" Myne protested, surprised by her reaction. "Did you miss the part where I told you about her illness? In the end, it was clearly me who was looking for trouble. If

I hadn't entered her basement, then I might have never met Breserk Gal, and this further thing would never have happened.

So, all the fault is mine, you couldn't blame her for things that weren't in her control," He said while shaking his head.

"Also, if you look from a positive side, this is clearly a blessing in disguise. Think about it if I hadn't met Gal, do you really think we could get information about getting out of here? Yes, Belial is a bit gentle with us, probably because of our identity as humes, but that's all. There is no way he would risk his own life just for strangers with such critical information."

"And, although I've known Gal for a few days and you only met her once, in her heart, she already acknowledges us as her family. Otherwise, after knowing that we are going on such a suicide mission, there is no need for her to give us these magic items, especially you," His gaze softened.

"if she didn't accept you as her sister, why would she go through so much trouble to buy a custom-made magic item for you? Although she said it's just a normal item she bought randomly, in a place where everyone is a demon, why would someone buy an item that has no effect on them?

After all, they are already demons; other than changing colour, and giving horns and tails, which they already have, this item has no use for them."

Myne's voice grew tinged with emotion, now after talking about Gal, he is missing her more. "And my slippers, she said they are just random prank props, but have you considered the place where a powerful guy like Belial couldn't use magic to fly, how can any random prank prop can let us fly with ease?

All the things she gives us are priceless, Myne said emotionally now after talking about Gal, he is missing her more.

Velvet's ears drooped as Myne's explanation sunk in. Shame tugged at her feline pride, she now wanted to jump into the giant black hole beside her. "I... I'm truly sorry," she mumbled, embarrassment colouring her voice. "I didn't think about those things. After seeing that, you began to play the outside even in such a serious situation.

I completely forgot to think logically. I'm a terrible kitty cat, aren't I?"

Myne chuckled, the sound warm and reassuring. "Hehehe, yes, you are," he teased, gently flicking her nose. "So I have to punish you once we get out of here," Saying such he pinched Velvet's juicy ass hard.

Velvet swatted his arm playfully. "Ouch! Hey, no fair! That actually hurts!" she cried out, playfully retaliating with a light tap on his head. "Speaking of out of here, do you think we'll see Gal again? I want to apologize and thank her from both of us, personally."

"I have a strong feeling we'll meet again," Myne replied, his voice turning serious. "But right now, all we can do is hope we survive this ordeal. Now I just hope that we won't encounter any more problems, and Fenrir can come to rescue us as soon as we make an opening for her."

...

"How long has it been since we've been here?" Velvet said, sitting on the stairs while eating an apple, her voice tinged with weariness.

"Probably more than a day; we crossed the 10th floor two hours ago," Myne replied broadly, lying down on the stairs and eating a honey bun.

Velvet sighed, exhaustion creeping into his voice. "I have to say, whoever made this tower is definitely crazier than demons. He really knows how to torture people, especially when he created this mysterious device. It can actually teleport people directly in front of this giant golden gate, but if they want to return, they have to use stairs.

Tsk, tsk, I can imagine demons cursing him and his all generations day and night."

"Yes, and it seems like every time those demons come here, they are all newcomer. The veterans wouldn't be caught dead taking this job, knowing they'd be bedridden for months after a few seconds of teleportation. The previous guy looked very confused when he found out that he couldn't teleport back," Myne replied with a chuckle, standing up and casting his gaze at the tightly sealed golden gate.

"Is this the 11th floor?" Velvet asked curiously, jumping on Myne's back like a little girl, literally making Myne fall on the stairs and sending both of them to hell.

"Idiot, be careful! Are you tired of living? What if we fall down?" Myne yelled angrily at Velvet while operating the flying slippers and speedily flying to the top of the stairs.

"Sorry, I just wanted to lighten up your mood...? Myne, look, there is a light coming from upstairs," Velvet, who was apologizing, suddenly stunned to see the golden light in front of her. She and Myne had been flying on those never-ending spiral stairs filled with darkness for an entire day. She excitedly grabbed Myne's head and forced it upward.

"F*ck! It seems like we are about to reach the top," Myne hurriedly stopped the flying slippers and put down Velvet. First, he put the pink slippers back into the inventory and put on his leather shoes. Then he handed Velvet a storage bag filled with Alban special bomb-like objects.

This time, since there was no Gal behind their asses to catch them, as they were about to get off the 6th floor, Myne skillfully put away a few boxes of bombs, reducing Belial work a bit.

"Remember to stay close to me," Myne warned, his voice a low growl. "Otherwise, if something unexpected happens, I might not be able to save you on time."

With a nervous nod from Velvet, Myne cautiously approached the golden light, anticipation and dread swirling within him.

...

Emerging from the golden light, Myne and Velvet found themselves in a simple, open-air observatory. Before them stretched an endless abyss of darkness. A gigantic hexagonal array glowed with an ominous golden light spread on the entire floor, with all the runes inside it rotating nonstop like snakes, creating a heavy and disconcerting feeling.

In the centre of the array, a black disk, seemingly the source of this eerie luminescence, hovered a few centimetres above the ground, pulsating with an unsettling energy.

The observatory was deserted. After a cautious sweep for any immediate threats, Myne and Velvet cautiously stepped onto the golden array that covered the entire floor. They

reached the edge, a sheer drop with no railings offering a dizzying panorama of the bottomless abyss. If someone accidentally fell from this height, there would be only one inevitable end.

Myne gasped, the sight of the distant town sparking a strange familiarity. "No wonder I always have a familiar feeling with this tower," he muttered, pointing towards the tiny speck bathed in bright light, no larger than five acres with the tower at its heart.

"Come back! Don't get excited in the wrong place; you could fall from there," Velvet warned, her gaze fixed on the dark disk.

"Do you think destroying this thing might weaken the barrier and create a crack in the sky?" Myne asked, approaching Velvet and looking at the black disk. Its centre was an inky void, as if it were a kind of black hole devouring everything, even light.

"That's our only lead," Velvet replied grimly. "No sense holding back now."

Myne nodded, understanding the urgency. Gesturing for Velvet to stand back, he unleashed a barrage of fireballs at the black disk. To his shock, just as the fireball neared it, the disk pulsed fiercely, a powerful suction force swallowing his spells whole before returning to its eerie stillness, behaving harmlessly to humes and animals.

Chapter 317. Myne's Last Resort- The Lightning's Fury

"F*ck! Why this small object is so powerful?" Myne, who was dumbfounded seeing the power of the suction force of the black disk, cursed out loud. In order to check the limits of the disk, Myne used other skills such as Wind Blade, Fist of Light, Rock Slash, Water Magic: Colossal, all three of his AoE magic skills, and even his Unique Magic • Lightning with minimal mana.

However, the black disk, situated in the middle of the golden array like a bottomless pit, seemed unaffected by anything thrown at it.

Frustration bubbled within Myne. He stomped his foot hard on the ground. "What in the hell is this thing? Why does it can swallow every spell I throw at it? How can it be so powerful, this doesn't make any sense!"

Velvet, who had been studying the disk silently for the past few minutes, broke the silence while rubbing her chin. "Not all your attacks. Just magic. Haven't you noticed? If it were truly that all-powerful, wouldn't it have sucked us in the moment we approached? It only reacted when you attacked with magic."

"In that case," Myne hesitated for a bit, walked toward the black disk, and cautiously extended his hand towards the disk, stopping inches before it. As Velvet predicted, it remained inert, almost like a harmless metal plate.

After verifying Velvet's theory, Myne took out a dagger from his inventory. Taking a step back, he hurled it with all his might towards the disk.

CLANG!

As Myne's dagger was about to hit the black disk, the expected suction force didn't emerge from the disk, instant a loud clang echoed as the dagger collided with an invisible barrier shimmering around the disk, blocking the dagger with ease. Myne and Velvet's eyes lit up in excitement. As long as they could move or damage this disk, their mission could be successful.

Myne and Velvet's excited expressions instantly turned ugly. Although both of them had expected that destroying the black disk wouldn't be easy, it was now proving to be even harder than they had imagined.

"Let me give it a try," Taking a deep breath to steady her nerves, Velvet stepped forward. She came in front of the disk and used her innate cat tribe ability, Iron Claw, and swiped at the barrier.

Another metallic clang resonated in the observatory. Other than creating a few sparks and hurting her own hand, Velvet's attack did not affect the barrier at all.

Myne, unwilling to give up after coming so close to his freedom, picked up the dagger from the ground, used almost all the enhancement skills he had, including Martial Arts skills, which he had never used before, and launched a full-power attack on the black disk.

BOOM!

The shockwave produced by such a powerful attack was naturally quite fierce. Velvet, who wasn't prepared, was literally blown away and fell from the observatory. If she hadn't sunk her iron claw into the ground at the last moment.

Myne, on the other hand, for the first few seconds, forcefully continued to apply pressure to a single spot on the barrier in the hope of creating a small opening. However, before he could make a dent, a more powerful shockwave than he produced was released from the disk, throwing him directly out of the observatory, which wasn't very big in the first place.

"Myne!!"

Velvet's blood ran cold as she watched Myne plummet from the observatory with eyes wide open in shock and fear.

"I am fine, don't worry," Myne, who had fallen from the observatory but at the last moment used the double-jump skill to return and lay down on the ground spoke while panting heavily. This would surely be the fifth time he had met Lady Death from so close distance.

Velvet rushed to his side, relief washing over her as she confirmed he was unharmed, merely tired from using so many body-type skills at once, and sat down beside him.

"What should we do now? Although it is confirmed that this disk is the main power source of this tower, however, whatever made it clearly considered all dangers before putting such a powerful defence around it. With our current strength, I don't think we can even make a scratch on it even if we spend years trying," Velvet said emotionally.

Her eyes became moist, and although she is a strong girl and doesn't want to admit it, she is also feeling desperate now. All the hope she had to return to their world is now shattered just like that.

Myne remained silent for a moment, gazing at the endless emptiness above. His voice, when it finally emerged, was quiet but steady.

"Go back to the stairs."

"What?!" Velvet exclaimed with shock. Although she expected that Myne would suggest they return and come back after getting more powerful since they now have no other option, she had not thought that he would let her go back alone.

"What? Hell, no!" Velvet protested fiercely. "You think I'm leaving you here? Without you, I might as well jump down myself. It's better than this endless nightmare."

Myne sighed heavily, and reached for her hand, a gentle smile playing on his lips. "When did I say I am going to leave you alone? I just said go back to the stairs because now I am going to use my most powerful skill. But it has a drawback that it couldn't differentiate between friend and foe, got it? Also, take this; there is magic water in it.

After I use this skill, my mana would be emptied out, so you had to make me drink that water later so I can recover quickly, got it?" He pressed a storage bag into her hand, who clearly wasn't convinced and gave him a suspicious look. After all, Myne's actions and speech were all similar to the character who was about to sacrifice himself for the greater good.

"Promise me you won't do anything stupid," Velvet bargained after a few seconds of thinking, and held out her right-hand pinky in front of Myne.

Myne met her gaze, the smile now tinged with amusement. "I promise. If I break the promise, you can do whatever punishment you want," He intertwined his pinky with hers, sealing the vow.

After receiving a childish guarantee, Velvet reluctantly took the storage pouch from Myne, and after giving him a good luck kiss, she descended the stairs, her heart heavy with unspoken worries but her spirit strengthened by his promise.

"Hoo, now everything is in your hands, my trump card. Please don't disappoint me and break this damn cursed disk; show it who the boss is and pave the way for our return home," Saying such, Myne first cast Unbeatable and Absolute Evasion, becoming invincible for the next half minute.

Then, he took a deep breath, used Sorcery Extremity to enhance the power of his skill and poured 90% of the mana stored in his inventory directly into his most deadly skill before casting it right in front of the black disk.

Unique Magic • Lightning!

The world erupted in a flash of blinding white again, just like last time, but Myne, who had experienced the feeling of being blind once, had already closed his eyes. A colossal bolt of thunder erupted from him, tearing a furrow into the dark sky with its blinding brilliance, tearing the cloth of darkness apart.

The demons in the town below looked at the never-changing dark sky filled with lighting, and gaped in awe and terror at the spectacle; this would surely be the first time in their lives they had seen such dangerous power.

The thunder crackled, ripping through the fabric of night and plunging back towards Myne in a breathtaking reversal. It struck him head-on with a deafening detonation as if giving him divine punishment for having so many beautiful ladies around him at such a young age.

BOOM!!!

A crackling sphere of purple lightning enshrouded Myne, a vortex of raw and uncontrollable power. Within seconds, the force field pulsated with terrifying lightning energy, enough to shake the entire tower slightly. The very air sizzled around him, tendrils of purple thunderbolts lashing out to the surrounding ground. Explosions erupted around him, carving fissures across the golden array.

If not for the fact that the observatory was built with special material and a golden array on it providing extra defence, Myne might have already dug his own grave. After all, the entire observatory platform is in the centre of the tower, meaning underneath it is nothing but a bottomless pit.

BOOM!!!

Another ear-splitting blast echoed from the sky, and one thunderbolt after another continued falling directly on Myne's head. The tower, which was absolutely invincible in the eyes of all demons living in it, began to show the strain. Cracks started appearing on the walls, and all the floors shook as if a magnitude 10 earthquake had hit them.

...

"What kind of ancient magic is the little bastard using?!" How can he have so much power to even damage the entire tower?" Belial, standing in the middle of the 6th floor, roared while gritting his teeth. Around him, blast after blast of booming explosions could be seen.

Most of the big machines were scattered into pieces under the explosion, demons were screaming and running around like headless chickens to save their lives, and some poor guys were blasted apart. Overall, everything was completely messed up; clearly, this earthquake cost Belial a lot.

"If you speak ill of my husband again, I will choke you to death," Gal stated indifferently. Her expression soon shifted to one of worry and nervousness as she tightened her fist, adorned with the wedding ring given to her by Myne. She silently prayed to the devil for his well-being.

Belial, caught off guard by the shift in her demeanour, "Tsk, crazy woman..."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. I'll check the warehouse. I hope it didn't blow up as well, otherwise, I don't know about you but Alban would surely choke me to death," Belial anxiety scurried away under Gal's dangerous gaze.

...

In a dark, gloomy, eerie chamber, a middle-aged man slowly placed the crystal orb back on the bloody experiment table. Within the crystal orb, a dark fog continuously swirled, forming ghostly distorted demon faces and screaming for mercy. The middle-aged man ignored it and his gaze was fixed on the ceiling, or more specifically, at Myne, who was surrounded by a lightning storm destroying his tower.

A flicker of surprise crossed his weathered face.

"So, the mice have escaped their cage. This is quite surprising," Alban withdrew his eyes from Myne and scanned the room as if his sight could penetrate the tower's entire structure. A weary sigh escaped his lips as he rubbed his temples. But surprisingly not a trace of anger could be seen on his face.

"These repairs will cost a fortune... But this is a minor concern compared to the looming crisis. I don't understand why such a low-level world has so many crazily powerful beings, and why the hell they're madly attacking me. It's as if I killed their parents," Alban sighed heavily and looked at the big floating screen in front of him.

Four dazzling lights, red, purple, blue, and yellow, could be seen attacking a giant barrier, making creaks on it before automatically repairing it the next moment.

Chapter 318. Harrowing Encounter with Alban

"Cough, cough. Damn. This lightning skill was so fierce; it was many times more powerful than last time... maybe because that time I was in a dream, and since I myself hadn't used this skill at full power before, that dream pod couldn't show its true power. Myne coughed, hacking out dust and smoke that stung his eyes, eager to see the outcome of his effort.

Soon, the dust settled, and Myne finally got to see the black disk. Although Myne's attack was very powerful, enough to destroy the entire tower if he had injected three times more mana than the original, he still underestimated the shameless defence of the black disk, which was clearly the main power source of the entire tower, how can its defence be so easy to creak.

The disk was still floating a few inches above the ground in the middle of the array, without any scratch on it, a clear taunt on Myne's effort. But the barrier around it wasn't that lucky; cracks spiderwebbed across its surface, resembling a fragile eggshell under immense pressure. It seemed on the verge of shattering, a flicker of hope igniting in Myne's eyes.

He lunged with his dagger, aiming for the fractured barrier. But to his surprise, although the barrier looked like it was in its last breath, it was still not something Myne could break with his current strength.

"MYNE!"

Just as Myne put the dagger away disappointingly, Velvet's voice, laced with worry, reached his ears.

"Are you okay? How can you cast such a dangerous skill? You could have hurt yourself... Forget about it, how can you use such a powerful skill? The entire tower was shaking just now. What kind of skill did you use?" Velvet asked with shock and disbelief.

If she had thought Myne was slightly powerful and mysterious before, now she felt like she was looking at a stranger, when did her man whom she occasionally bullies become so powerful?

"Wait, you said the entire tower shook because of my attack?" Myne, detecting the keyword, ignored Velvet's questions and asked with a horrified expression.

"I'm... I'm alright," Myne gasped, forcing a smile. eyes widened in alarm, seizing on the key phrase Velvet had uttered. He ignored her further questions, his voice rough with a sudden panic. "Wait, you said the entire tower shook because of my attack?"

Velvet, confused by his abrupt shift in demeanour, shook her head. "Yeah, and I literally fell from the stairs. If I wasn't careful..."

"Damn, then why are you wasting time, you idiot? Let's go! Alban might have already noticed us. We should get out of here as soon as possible. With only 10% mana left, I can't break the barrier. We'll wait a month, gather mana back, and try again later.

But now, our top priority is to get out of here before someone who can't deal with us catches up," Myne's urgency cut through the air. He grabbed Velvet's arm, his grip tight with adrenaline, and started running towards the stairs without giving a second look at the black disk.

"Hmm, you did quite a lot of damage to it, boy. I didn't expect you were hiding such power from me..."

Myne and Velvet had just put their foot on the first stair when a chilling voice resonated from behind them, sending shivers down their spines. It was cold, devoid of emotion, holding the weight of untold power.

Myne and Velvet exchanged frightened glances. While Velvet remained somewhat composed, unsure of the voice's origin, Myne started sweating buckets as he recognized it instantly, his blood turning to ice. He knew, with grim certainty, that their escape was doomed.

They turned around fearfully. After all, since the other party didn't catch them instantly and spoke calmly, he clearly had some confidence in his own power, meaning running away was not an option at all.

With trepidation, they turned around. Facing them was a tall, middle-aged man clad in flowing black robes. His long black hair and beard framed a face etched with years of experience, now hardened by a scowl as he surveyed the damaged barrier around the black disk, clearly, he wasn't in a good mood.

"How did you two escape from the dream pod? I think the exit I left wasn't something you could break so easily, especially you, little girl. With your strength, I don't think you could get out of the dream unless someone helped you." Alban's voice echoed through the observatory, his black eyes, with red irises and black pupils, stared expressionlessly at Myne as if he wanted to see through his soul.

Myne, feeling as though he stood naked in front of Alban, couldn't help but subconsciously take a few steps back.

"But," Alban's cold demeanour abruptly shifted. A smile, not quite genuine, played on his lips. "Let's talk about those things later. First of all, why are you two standing so far from me? Come here. You two have been living in my house for months; there's no need to be so shy from me." With a gentle snap, a whisper of energy swept over them.

Myne and Velvet felt like a gust of wind had swept on their faces, they blinked and found themselves right in front of Alban.

"My dear little brat, did you miss me? You are such a naughty kid. I thought you cared a lot about your wife and would take care of her until I came back, but it seems I was fooled by you. Who would have thought that behind that arrogant and careless guy, you would turn out to be so cunning? When did you find that there was something wrong with me?" Alban asked casually while walking around Myne.

Velvet was obviously just a minor character in Alban's eyes, so she was naturally ignored.

"Maybe the time you beat down that other demon with your overpowered skills?" Myne, although reluctant to speak, seeing that Alban's face was getting uglier with each passing second, could only bite the bullet and answer casually.

"Oh, yes, that was indeed the turning point." Alban scoffed. "Because of that blundering fool, I also had to spend quite a bit of energy. Tsk, and to tell you the truth, he wasn't anything special. After realizing that he kicked the iron plate, he directly severs the connection with half of his soul. I didn't get anything useful from his remaining half of the soul either.

It was quite a bit of a loss for me, but compared to you, his actions are mere child's play."

"Do you have any idea just how much damage you have done to me?" Alban's voice hardened, his anger simmering beneath the surface. He circled the observatory, inspecting the array for signs of damage, his words flowing like molten lava. "Forget the lesser floors. The damage to this core array of the tower alone is enough to empty out my years of savings.

Do you have any idea how difficult it is to find and persuade an ancient mage to build or repair such an array, especially with the identity of a demon?"

Alban's bombardment of questions clearly had no effect on Myne. After all, he knew nothing about what Alban was talking about, except that he was in deep trouble. Myne stared at Alban while brainstorming whether he should try to fight with him, so at least Velvet could escape. However, remembering how stubborn his girl is, he gave up.

Until he managed to coax her to escape without him, Alban might have long ago killed both of them, that too in the best-case scenario. But looking at Alban's face, it didn't seem like they were going to die so easily and peacefully.

"Listen," Myne whispered urgently to Velvet, his voice low and determined. "Flee while I distract him. After making a certain distance, you distract him, then I'll attack him with my full force when he isn't paying attention. We are going to get out together, got it?"

Velvet's eyes widened with fear and worry, but thinking that Myne's plan indeed sounded reasonable, she hesitantly nodded her head, clearly not very confident in this plan.

Go!

Fueled by urgency, Myne unleashed a barrage of fireballs at Alban. His main motive wasn't defeating him, but to create so much chaos that he could earn time for Velvet to flee.

Velvet, easily fooled by Myne out of nervousness, reacted instantly and dash towards the stairs faltered. But only after taking a few steps, she stopped as if someone had pressed the pause button, staring at Alban with eyes wide open in shock.

Myne wasn't much better off. Although he knew his meagre power was no match for Alban, witnessing all his attacks getting stuck into a transparent vortex in front of Alban and being looked at as if he were a brainless idiot, Myne didn't know what to do. But he still threw a few dozen more fireballs, as well as a wind tornado, but all swallowed by the shimmering barrier with contemptuous ease.

"Did you really think you could fight with me with those zero-tier spells? If so, then I am very disappointed with you," Alban's voice was devoid of emotion, a chilling monotone. With a flick of his finger, an invisible grip seized Myne, lifting him up. Before he could react, the ground rushed towards him, a bone-jarring impact echoing through the observatory.

"Myne!"

Velvet's scream tore through the air as she sprinted towards him, but Alban clearly wasn't in the mood to play anymore. He snapped again, and out of nowhere, a two-meter-tall metal spear materialized behind her, piercing through her heart like tofu.

Coughing, Velvet a spray of blood painting her lips red. With a last desperate glance at Myne, she crumpled to the ground, her life and death unknown.

"VELVET!!!"

This time, it was Myne's anguished cry that filled the space, his face covered in blood, Many of the bones in his body creaked or broke after Alban's attacks, which weren't just for fun. But Myne didn't care about his pain; he stared at Velvet with disbelief, who was lying on the ground lifelessly, the crimson bloom beneath her, indicating that everything was real, not a dream.

"Tsk, so much drama," Alban drawled, the hint of annoyance barely veiled. "It's time to take some sleep, boy. I will deal with you properly later," Saying this, he waved his hand dismissively, and suddenly, a red hexagram array appeared behind Myne's head. Myne, whose mind went blank seeing Velvet's dire situation, felt his consciousness slip away, the world fading into a nightmarish oblivion.

Chapter 319. Warm Reunion

"VELVET!!!"

Myne jolted awake while panting heavily, the word "Velvet!" still echoing in his mind. But confusion soon replaced the initial shock, because the surroundings changed completely, so much that he couldn't believe it in his eyes.

He wasn't in the dusty observatory where he was supposed to be, but in a vibrant garden teeming with all kinds of wonderful exotic flowers, however, Sunflowers and Blue roses were most among them. Shaded by gentle trees, manicured Bermuda grass spread like a verdant carpet. Morning sunlight bathed the space in a comforting warmth, making it the ideal place for a tranquil nap.

"Now, where the hell am I this time? Did Alban put me back into the Dreamstrucker Pod again? But didn't I steal all of them?" Myne muttered with a horrified yet confused expression, memories swirling hazily but he still remembered everything. After all, Alban didn't seem like a demon who could come up with a beautiful dream.

"Wait a minute, why does this garden seem so familiar?" A shiver ran down Myne's spine as a sense of déjà vu washed over him. He scrutinized his surroundings, the familiar layout sending a jolt through him. This garden, he'd seen it countless times, as if etched into his soul.

Myne's head spun as he turned. And then, like a lightning strike, he froze. The house standing behind him wasn't just any house - it was his own, the only difference being that it looked quite new.

As if remembering something, Myne, after calming down, quickly looked down and, sure enough, he had turned into his younger form again.

"Did I again return to that strange dream where he'd encountered Mother last time? Or have I already died and come to the afterlife? If so then this shouldn't be so beautiful, according to the deeds done by me, there is no way I can get a ticket to heaven, unless..." A chilling thought emerged in Myne's mind. "It is another trick of Alban.

Maybe he wanted to torture me more viciously, like messing with my memories of my parents and killing them in front of me again and again or turning them undead and letting them eat me..."

"Myne! What are you waiting for? Hurry up and help me. Do you want to see me get beaten again?"

Just when Myne was in deep thought, suddenly a gentle, yet firm familiar voice broke through his spiralling dark thoughts.

Myne followed the voice and soon saw a middle-aged man in dirty casual clothes, sitting in front of an empty flower area and digging the ground with a trowel. Scattered around him lay vibrant blooms, waiting to be planted.

His breath hitched. "Father?" Myne's voice barely whispered the word as he stared at the man who looked like an older version of himself, even the familiar hairstyle mirroring his own.

"Yes? What's wrong? Oh, please don't say that you are not going to help me. I have already told you, that your Mother is not home, Myne; she went shopping with Maya and won't come back anytime soon. Didn't I also take a big risk of getting beaten to smuggle you out for this hunt, in exchange for you? Don't be so mean now; hurry up and help me.

Two pairs of hands are better than one, maybe it can be finished before your Mother returns and besides, it's dreadfully dull working alone," Dyne, Myne's father, who looked exactly like him but older and taller version, pleaded gently, beckoning him closer.

Myne's hesitation clung to him like cobwebs, he didn't know whether it was a real dream-like last time or some kind of trick played by Alban. Yet, a flicker of longing tugged at him and he slowly walked toward him. Even if it was fabricated, even if Alban lurked behind the facade, he wouldn't miss the chance to meet his father again after his death.

Last time, he was in a completely passive situation and couldn't communicate with Mother at will, and was like a third person watching the drama. This time, armed with memories and defiance, he wouldn't repeat the same mistakes.

"Now, why are you staring at me dazedly? Although I know I am very handsome, there is no need for you to stare at me with such intense admiration. I am not that great. Your

mother,... if she were even a tenth as obedient and pleasant as you, perhaps I wouldn't regret my hasty decision of marrying her.

Sigh, anyway, go grab that fertilizer bag and pour them into those holes as always," Dyne chuckled, a hint of resignation lurking beneath the humour. Clearly, although he loves his family unconditionally, it didn't erase the grumbles about his "tyrant" wife. Complaining about his wife behind her back, it seemed, the most effective way to deal with the accumulated negativity in his heart.

Myne burst into laughter, the sound echoing through the vibrant garden. "Hahaha, you know if Mother heard this statement, she would surely not even let you wander around the house, let alone enter it. I think it's better not to say such bold things.

As a wise man once said, walls have ears," He again chuckled at his poor father's miserable condition, while dragging a normal bag of fertilizer towards the flower area.

But his words clearly sent a chill down Dyne's spine. He hurriedly ran around the garden, and only after confirming that there was no one near them who could eavesdrop on their conversation did he breathe a sigh of relief.

"You should have told me this earlier, this matter of my life and death. Don't take it lightly," Dyne said while wiping sweat from his forehead. He definitely feared a lot from his wife.

Sigh, he is still as hopeless as I remember. I don't think a bad guy like Alban, could craft such a perfectly flawed replica. Maybe I am really in that strange dream world," Myne gaze lingered on Dyne, now lost in the gentle rhythm of digging, and tears welled up in his eyes.

"Father?"

"Hmm?" Dyne, without looking up, hummed an affirmative.

"Are we... are we inside a dream?" Myne's voice was barely a whisper, laced with uncertainty.

Dyne stopped digging, put down the tool in his hand and finally met his gaze, a playful glint in his eyes. "Sigh... Yep, otherwise?" Unlike the dramatic shifts Myne expected, for example, everything around him suddenly vanishing or Dyne behaving differently, didn't occur.

"But aren't you already..."

"Dead?" Dyne interrupted Myne's bewildered question, his voice calm as if discussing the weather, not addressing his own death. "Who told you that death is the end of everything and that we couldn't meet again after our death? It is just a bit too troublesome to come back under the nose of that crazy lady, and not everyone can do so.

Your great father had to sacrifice a lot to get the chance to meet you again. He winked, a playful glint in his eyes. "Also, don't forget about spirits. Aren't they also dead, but still wandering in the physical world? Compared to them, our achievement doesn't seem like that big of a deal, after all, we are just inside your dream."

Myne, caught off guard by his father's unorthodox perspective, didn't know what to say. Was being an eternal ghost or a fleeting visit to your son as if they were on vacation truly the same?

Mother was right; not everyone can understand Father's humour, now it feels that what she said wasn't baseless. No wonder she always taunted him for his bad and silly jokes, Myne thought fondly, looking at his father with a touch of amusement.

Myne pushed aside the philosophical quandary, for now, excitement bubbling up. "Then why didn't you come to meet me before? Don't you know how much I miss you? And where is Mother? I also want to meet her. Last time, I couldn't talk with her properly at all."

"Miss us, you say? I thought you would have forgotten us. After all, dealing with so many wives and lovers is not an easy task. By the way, your back is okay, right?" Dyne chuckled, a knowing glint in his eyes, clearly knowing about Myne's wonderful deeds.

Myne flushed, feeling the heat creep up his neck, he lowered his head in embarrassment and asked confusedly. "Yes, it is fine. I have quite a bit of wonderful skills to back me up. But how do you know about it?"

"Of course, we know everything. We did a lot of research before this little reunion. Dyne admitted with a wink. "And let me tell you, son, I couldn't be prouder. You have done what I could never do in my life. Before meeting your mother, I also dreamed of making a harem, but after falling into your mother's hands, I never had the courage to work on my dream.

You understand what I mean, right?" He said weakly with a forced smile, while Myne nodded his head in understanding. If Aisha was also like his mother—fierce and super-powered—then there is no way he could be able to make a harem in this life. Sylphy might have been beaten to death before she could even explain her situation.

Chapter 320. Farewell Echoes and Solution

"Wait a minute; since you know everything, doesn't this mean..." Myne grasped as he thought about the affair between himself and Maya, casting a nervous chill over him. He instinctively stepped back, apprehension tinging his voice.

Dyne chuckled, the sound light and reassuring. "You don't have to be nervous. What happened between you and Maya is your personal matter. Neither your mother nor I harbour any desire to intrude. Though, we can't help but feel a twinge of sympathy for Jin.

He's a good boy, but who would have thought that his own useless discipline would make him wear a green hat," He shook his head, a hint of amusement lingering in his eyes.

"Please don't say that, Father," Myne pleaded, a touch of defensiveness lacing his voice. "It was clearly Brother Jin's fault. Why else would Big Sis seek my company? I still think Big Bro likes men more than women; otherwise, there's no way a real man would ignore such a beautiful wife for so long," He said angrily.

But then, remembering that if Jin really starts liking Maya as a woman, then he has to move away from their happy life, he immediately prays to God to never change Jin and let him be what he is.

"Let's leave Jin's choices to him, shall we? This is your trio's problem. You guys are all adults now; deal with it yourselves," Dyne said with a smile, waving his hand, dismissing Myne from further talking about his love affair. "But I am more interested in your life. Tell me, how is everything going?"

"Perfect! Although I miss both of you and felt a little lonely before, after my awakening, everything changed. I got powerful skills, Big Sis also accepted me as a man, then I met Aisha, my first wife..." Myne, like a child eager to show off his prized toy to his parents, launched into a passionate narrative. His voice, brimming with excitement, painted a vivid picture of his life.

Father and son sat bathed in the golden afternoon light, lost in their shared universe. Myne poured out his experiences, each moment a precious gem laid at his father's feet. Although Myne knew that this would be over soon, this didn't discourage him. Instead, he talked more energetically.

"So, like this, I decided to help Amy so she can at least see her home again. But before I could even reach halfway, Velvet and I entered that old geezer Alban's Dimantion... Later, I met Mother, who helped me awaken my hidden power called Essence. Although I only activated it once, that too accidentally and have no idea how I did that, I managed to get from the damn dream world."

"Then I met Belial, a hume, and Gal, a succubus. They are nice people, but in the end, Gal couldn't resist my charm and forcibly made me her partner. But I am very glad that she did that; otherwise, I would have missed a smart, caring, kind, beautiful wife..."

Myne's voice glowed with pride as he shared his fortune, oblivious to the subtle grimace playing on his father's lips. had glimpsed Myne's memories, mere snippets to understand the reason why the emergency spell he and Yukino left on him triggered again, he never expected that his son's deeds would be so... amazing.

Just after getting his weird skill, within a year, Myne had built a remarkable family. Each member is loyal, kind, and caring. Even mystical creatures like Divine Beasts became his best friends; this could only show that his son has true talent.

"I am truly delighted that you have such a large family to support you in any situation," Dyne said, a joyful expression on his face. "Now, your mother and I can rest easy, knowing you're surrounded by such unwavering love and loyalty," He added, looking down at the blue rose in his hand.

Myne, already braced for this moment, felt his eyes mist over. "Will... will we meet again?" He asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Maybe," Dyne's smile held a hint of playful mystery.

"Maybe not."

Those two words instantly doused Myne's expectations.

"I am truly delighted that you have such a large family to support you in any situation," Dyne said, a joyful expression on his face. "Now, your mother and I can rest peacefully without worrying about you," he added, looking down at the blue rose in his hand.

Myne, who had already anticipated this moment and mentally prepared for it, found his eyes moist as it drew near.

"Will we meet again?" he asked.

"Maybe," Dyne replied calmly, a playful smile lifting the corners of his lips. "Maybe not."

Those words instantly doused Myne's expectations.

"It depends on your destiny. Perhaps one day you'll do something more exciting than jumping into a Tier-4 demon's personal domain or attempting to break the core array of

a magic tower without a shred of planning," Dyne said with a smile. Despite the teasing barb, Myne could only sheepishly rub the back of his head with an awkward laugh.

"Anyway, I think it's time to say goodbye, then. You can't always live here, right? You have a big family to protect, after all," Dyne said, gesturing for Myne to follow him as he walked toward the house.

"But what's the point?" Myne's voice cracked. "Everything is lost. Maybe Alban has already imprisoned me in some inescapable cage... and Velvet... she is also dead," He clenched his fists, the image of the spear piercing her heart burning into his mind. He'd clung to the delusion that he could save them, that everything was within his control. But reality, with its harsh bite, had shattered his naivety.

He wasn't some omnipotent hero; he couldn't bend the world to his will.

If Myne had set aside his arrogance and thought for a moment, he would have realized that he couldn't even defeat Gal. How was he going to fight Alban, who is many times more powerful than her and Belial? If he had taken steps to increase his own power instead of blindly seeking a way to escape, maybe he could still have a chance to break the barrier of the black disk after strengthening himself.

Yet, blinded by his yearning for home, he'd made a fatal choice, costing Velvet her life.

"Everyone makes mistakes, Myne," Dyne assured him, his voice warm and devoid of any blame. "We can only learn from our past mistakes and try never to repeat them again. Only then can we truly become better. That's the essence of life. What happened is in the past. Neither you nor I can change it; we can only move forward, stronger and wiser."

Dyne saw the despair clouding Myne's eyes and knew words alone wouldn't mend the broken pieces. "I know you are very depressed because of Velvet's death, but you can't give up. Don't forget others; they need you, your family, just as much as you need them. And who says all hope is lost? You still have a chance."

Myne scoffed, bitterness lacing his voice. "But how? We have been here for hours. By now, Alban has long locked me in a secure place. He is not an idiot like me who will make the same mistakes again," He asked anxiously, unable to comprehend why his father was suddenly speaking in riddles.

"That's not true," Dyne said and offered a cryptic smile. "Actually, time flows differently here. Although we've been talking for hours, outside, it might not even have passed a second... And look," he said, reaching for a children's picture book from the bookshelf in his bedroom, which had not been ransacked by Myne yet, "I thought your mother might have thrown it out."

"Sometimes, the problem is not as big as you imagine; you just have to see it from a different perspective," Dyne said softly, his voice warm and filled with a hint of wisdom.

"Is this not the story you occasionally told me in childhood before going to bed?" Myne, who had already figured out that, like his mother, his father was also trying to help him, asked confusedly while staring at the picture book [The Story of the Hero Alexandrite] in his hand, which gave him a nostalgic feeling.

"But Father, how does this apply to my... impossible situation?" Myne questioned, confusion clouding his brow. Not hearing his father's voice, he glanced up, expecting the reassuring presence of his father, but the room was empty. Dyne had vanished, leaving only the echo of his words and the book in Myne's trembling hands.

A pang of disappointment tightened his chest, tinged with a flicker of anger. "Father!" Myne called out, searching the house and garden with frantic hope. Finding no trace, he

understood that Dyne had already left, and the answer to his problem lay in the children's picture book in his hand.

While wiping the tear from the corner of his eye, hiding the sadness and a bit of anger that his idiot father didn't bid him a proper goodbye, Myne opened the picture book and started reading it carefully. However, because it was a children's picture book with few words, it only took him half a minute to finish it.

Still, Myne stared at the second last page for a full 10 minutes before closing the book and tightly slapping himself.

"Such a fool I've been! Why didn't I think about it before? If I had thought about it, maybe I wouldn't be in such an embarrassing situation now, and maybe Velvet would still be alive... Wait! Since it's only a second outside, and Velvet also has the Regeneration skill, maybe she is still alive.

F*ck, I can still fix everything," Myne muttered, his voice thick with urgency and determination, and the more he thought, the brighter his eyes became.

But soon, Myne realized that his eyes didn't brighten from enlightenment but because everything around him started shining with blinding golden light; clearly, he was about to be kicked out of his weird dream.

"Thank you, Father. Thank you, Mother. For the guidance, for holding my hand even when I couldn't see yours..."