

Cheat. A 351

Chapter 351. Intrigues and Insights

Let's take the story a few minutes ago. While Aninue was heading towards Jenny's room, Garnet was explaining the origin of the communication device to everyone.

"This is a recent invention created by Lewis and his clan," Garnet began, chuckling as she watched Myne, Sylphy, and Ayri play with the Arcane Link, their eyes sparkling with excitement. "It's called an Arcane Link. It can store the mana signatures of individuals you wish to stay connected with, allowing communication anytime and anywhere.

However, the maximum number of people you can talk to is only ten, and currently, the range is extremely limited. It only covers the capital city and becomes unusable outside of it."

"Additionally, it's incredibly expensive. Only nobles and a few wealthy merchants can afford it. There are also many other shortcomings that need to be fixed. This is why it's currently only being used by a few beta users to identify any major problems or potential improvements."

"This is truly an amazing magical gadget! I'd like to buy a few myself. What's the current price of this thing?" Myne asked casually, contemplating how he could use this gadget to stay in touch with Garnet, arrange dates, and do even more without letting anyone know.

With the combination of the Arcane Link and his Teleportation skill, carrying his special relationship with Garnet directly at peak will be as easy as Myne stealing money; not a problem at all.

"Well, if you don't mind emptying your pockets a bit, you can purchase them from Lewis for a mere 1,000 platinum coins..."

"WHAT!!! ×3"

"How can this little thing be so expensive? This is literally broad daylight robbery!" Sylphy exclaimed, unable to believe her ears, mirroring the expressions of Myne and Ayri. Myne, who had been casually holding the Arcane Link, nearly dropped it in shock.

He hurriedly placed it back in Garnet's hand, only then did he breathe a sigh of relief; that little "hot potato" is not easy to carry, even a slight mistake could burn a big hole in your pocket, although Myne was a very rich guy, he couldn't casually waste money so frivolously.

"Now, my determination to get to pull this damn rich mother-in-law in my boat becomes even more profound. Such a dazzling sugar mommy's golden thigh shouldn't escape from my grasp no matter what; otherwise, it would be the eternal regret of my life," As Myne thought this, his eyes glinted with a predatory gleam as he looked at Garnet, even started imagining a golden aura around her.

"Hahaha, right now, you're only seeing its surface features and limited use because in reality you hardly have much use for it. For someone like Myne, who can teleport anywhere at will, its advantages are substantial, but not everyone is as lucky as you are. This gadget is particularly invaluable for a certain individual who needs to manage an entire kingdom."

"Every day, King Faren receives hundreds of letters, ranging from minor matters to critical issues. He has to read every single one to avoid missing crucial information, and occasionally some latter get lost on the way. Additionally, many spies and or people

working undercover once in a while send reports disguised to maintain secrecy which is very risky work.

As you can imagine, that's why this device comes at such a high price. And trust me, it's highly unlikely to ever reach the open market."

"Faren would never let such a valuable tool fall into the hands of his enemies; it would be disastrous.

For this reason, he directly granted Lewis access to the treasury and requested to add a few security features to this gadget so only authorized users could operate it, and if someone dared to mess with it, it would self-destruct, destroying it completely, preventing any possibility of replication."

No one present in the room was a fool, and they understood the value of the Arcane Link instantly after listening to Garnet's explanation. Myne, although bleeding from the heart, still gritted his teeth and asked Garnet to purchase one from Lewis on his behalf while handing her a bag containing 1,000 platinum coins.

[Money: Platinum Coins (29,300), Gold Coins (5100), Low-grade Mana Stones (2), Low-grade Soul Stone (1)]

"Damn, too poor," Myne thought with a frown, glancing briefly at his Inventory.
"Maybe it's time to return to my previous profession. I wonder if Fenrir would help me hunt down a few powerful monsters."

"Brother Myne, you're so rich!" Ayri's eyes sparkled as she saw Myne casually take out 1,000 platinum coins for a small item he didn't necessarily need.

"Believe me, sweetie, I'm not as rich as you might think," Myne replied with a smile while messing with Ayri's silky hair. "I have a large project in the works that will soon go to empty me out. If I don't start earning more money, it'll be put on hold again."

Saying that Myne looked at Garnet and continued with a serious tone... "Mother-in-law, could you please ask Father-in-law to resume construction work on my clan's building? It's been quite some time since it was abandoned, and it would be best not to delay this matter any longer. Additionally, I'd like to request an expense report for the previous work.

I dislike being indebted to anyone, except for family members, of course. I'll visit you tomorrow, and we can settle the bill."

Although Garnet detected a hint of hostility towards Faren in Myne's voice, she chose not to comment on it and only nodded her head, indicating that she had no problem with that. When Faren previously instructed to halt Myne's clan-building project, she had warned him not to create a barrier between himself and Myne's family just because of a few coins.

It was not more precious than his own daughter, but he didn't listen, saying that Myne was already dead and Sylphy alone was not qualified to run a clan. Sooner or later, he would find another suitable husband for her, and she understood his efforts when she grew older. Now here is the result.

"But why not speak to Faren directly instead of asking me? Are you angry with him?" Garnet casually asked while looking at Myne without blinking, trying to read his expression. But alas, his control over his emotions strengthened a lot after receiving special training at Alban's home.

"Well, to a certain extent," Myne conceded, "As a father and father-in-law, he certainly a failure, but we can't expect too much from a king. However, we can't expect too much from a king. As a responsible leader, he's obligated to consider the needs of everyone, not just favour specific individuals.

I don't fault him for halting the construction of my clan's building to save money after losing hope of my return. In fact, that's why I initially refused his offer to help with its construction. I just didn't want to have too much contact with a king whose focus lies primarily on his kingdom, and the last incident gave me the perfect opportunity to get away from him."

"Initially, I intended to play a prank with you three, pretending to be a ghost and scare the hell out of them to reveal that I am alive. But during this time, upon reflection, I've realized how foolish that will be. Since all four of those guys with big heads think that I am dead, why don't we let them misunderstand for a while longer?

This way, I wouldn't have to worry about Lewis constantly requesting monster corpses, nor would Father-in-law come knocking for help every time there's big trouble, that too for free in the name of the 'greater good.'"

As long as you, Mother-in-law, are willing to become my almighty shield and block their prying eyes during ons, they'll never know who's backing Sylphy and investing heavily in her, no matter how hard they try. Wouldn't it be more interesting to watch them struggle in this way? Myne, like a devil, whispered his mischievous plan into the three ladies' ears with a crazy smile on his lips.

All three ladies looked at each other and finally shook their heads helplessly. They all felt like they were surrounded by a bunch of children who liked to play pranks with each other.

"Fine, but what benefit will I get to become my dear son-in-law's almighty shield? Surely you don't expect me to work for free, right?" Garnet asked with a seductive,

playful smirk on her face, licking her red, juicy lips and folding her slender arms under her colossal boobies.

Seeing such a beautiful sight, Myne's heart suddenly skipped a beat. He stared at Garnet dazedly, and in his mind, various senses, like two of them suddenly embraced each other and started kissing passionately, their clothes left their bodies, and soon without them realizing they already lying on the big bed...

Just as Myne's little brother became hard as a rock, suddenly, he felt like he was being starred by a dangerous beast from behind, which sent a chill running down his spine, snapping him out of his perverted dreamland. He quickly put his hand on his crotch, and coughed lightly, reassuring Sylphy everything was alright to avoid her potential wrath.

"This is indeed a serious matter. We'll discuss the specifics later, but rest assured, you'll be very satisfied with your compensation..."

Knock, knock, knock!

Myne, who was trying to flirt with Garnet, and Sylphy, whose hand was about to touch Myne's waist, were interrupted by the urgent knocking on the door.

Garnet, with a frown on her beautiful face, snapped, and then a certain family portrait on the wall suddenly rotated, revealing a mirror displaying a flustered and hurried Anieue standing outside the door.

"Well, just as I expected, it seems this Jenny is indeed not a simple character; she probably has run away... Alright everyone, remember the plan. Don't mention anything about me; just act like I don't exist here at all," Myne said hurriedly. He first gave

Sylphy a quick apologetic kiss on her forehead, and waved his hand, before becoming invisible and vanishing from sight.

Chapter 352. Siblings Reunion

"Mother! That Jenny turns out to be a traitor..."

"Ayri? Sylphy? Sylphy?! I knew you would forgive your dear elder brother and will come back..."

Aniue, who anxiously burst into the room, only spoke a few words before he was choked with disbelief seeing two familiar faces who had made his nights sleepless recently. As a Siskon older brother, his greatest fear in the world was definitely being ostracized by his beloved sisters.

The sight of Sylphy, who had angrily kicked him out of her house and declared she never wanted to see his face again, his hopeless, tired eyes immediately brightened. He rushed towards her, nearly engulfing her in a bear hug. If it weren't for the fact that he had to save face in front of Ayri, he might have broken down in tears of joy.

"Thank goodness you're back! You have no idea how much I've missed you," Aniue exclaimed childishly, his voice thick with emotion. "If you hadn't returned within a few days, I had already decided to become your neighbour so I could apologize every day until you forgave me."

Sylphy, who was still angry and had a disgusted expression at first, upon seeing the miserable condition of her elder brother, who had loved and cared for her the most in the family, could only sigh deeply and pat his back with a helpless smile, accepting his apologies.

"Hehehe, you two might not know, but after you kicked him out of your house that day, Aniué was so heartbroken that he gulped down an entire barrel of wine while crying alone in his room and hadn't come out for three entire days. It took me and Pen a lot of effort to bring him out of depression."

"Even then, to bury his guilt, he's been working tirelessly, losing over five kilograms according to Pen, which worried her sick."

She requested me every day to do something about it, but sadly, I have no better solution and could only let time heal him slowly," Garnet, seeing the love between siblings, nodded her head in satisfaction, very proud of her upbringing, compared to those snobby noble children... well, forget it, there is no comparison at all.

"Alright, alright, I understand. Now, let me go, or do you want to suffocate me?" Sylphy said with a bitter smile. Now, reflecting on the situation, she realized she had allowed anger to cloud her judgment. After all, Aniué and the others only meant to protect her from suffering. Instead of dealing with them rationally, she succumbed to anger, causing a lot of emotional distress to everyone.

"I apologize for what I said that day, please don't take it to heart. I was overwhelmed with sadness and anger, and I wasn't thinking clearly. Please forgive me too," Sylphy pleaded, her eyes conveying sincere remorse, which instantly triggered Aniué's Siskon syndrome causing his tears to well up.

"Please don't say that," Aniué responded with a happy smile, shaking his head. "It was my fault for rushing and blurting things out. No need for apologies." He then turned towards Ayri, his smile fading as he raised a fist in anger.

"And you, didn't you promise to write to me and update me on your situation every day? It's nearly a month, and I haven't received a single letter!" With an angry expression, Aniué chased after Ayri, who had already put considerable distance between them, seeing that a heavy beating was about to fall on her.

While Aniue and Ayri played their cat-and-mouse game, invisible Myne approached Garnet and sat down beside her on the couch, who was watching the drama between siblings with great interest and asked confusedly, after seeing how serious Aniue Siscon syndrome is.

"Mother-in-law, is it true that Brother-in-law Aniue has Siscon syndrome?"

Garnet, not surprised by Myne's question, replied calmly, "Yes, and I know what you are thinking, but there is no need to worry about it. Aniue doesn't have any perverted or romantic thoughts about his sisters; he is just very overprotective toward them."

"From childhood, Aniue, the eldest prince, rarely had someone to play with his age, because Lewis was a nerd who spent most of his time in the library. Aniue only had Sylphy to accompany him, and later, Ayri came into his life. As he grew, he started taking responsibility and came into contact with some dark things while receiving management training from his father.

As you already know, there were occasionally some men who couldn't control their inner beast, and commit acts of harm against women. As Aniue got to know more and more about it, he started having a fear that one day someone would do something like this to Sylphy and Ayri as well. This fear manifests in his current overprotective behaviour."

"This is why I desperately wanted to find him a partner who could provide emotional support. Although he behaves strongly on the outside, emotionally he is very unstable, especially when it comes to family, so I have to be extra worried about him," Garnet sighed tiredly, resting her head on Myne's invisible shoulder.

Myne was caught off guard by Garnet's bold move, but remembering that the other party had already given him various green lights and encouragements, he reciprocated by wrapping his arm around her shoulder. Unfortunately, their current situation wouldn't allow for a more intimate way of expressing comfort and fostering deeper communication.

"Don't worry about my brother-in-law, you just need to prepare a suitable partner for him. Leave the rest of the matter to me. Believe me, in just one year, you will become a grandmother," Myne whispered seductively into Garnet's ear, a mischievous smile playing on his lips and he gave her a wink. But because he was invisible, Garnet couldn't see that.

Garnet's voice was light and cheerful as responded, "Haha, thank you. Let's discuss this matter later. I truly look forward to holding my grandchild," She then glanced around, ensuring the others weren't looking, before grabbing Myne's invisible face and locating his lips with her thumb. With a playful chuckle, she planted a generous kiss on him.

"Consider this an advance payment. Remember to solidify your plan. Make it foolproof, there are better rewards waiting for you, so work hard," Garnet said with a chuckle before clapping her hands loudly to stop the commotion between Aniue and Ayri, leaving a daze Myne behind starring at the empty site in front of him.

"Okay, Aniue, now stop bullying your little sister and tell me what happened to that Jenny. Why did you say that she is a traitor?" Her playful demeanour vanished. An air of seriousness replaced the previous calmness, demanding answers from a bewildered Aniue.

Aniue, who was catching the various small things Ayri was throwing at him in order to escape from his furious hands, sighed in defeat while making a giving up sign, before turning to Garnet. He was about to report what he found when a vase came flying at him and smashed on the back of his head.

"Bang!"

"Ouch! That's cheating, I had already given up," Aniue angrily roared at Ayri, and offered an adorable apology with a sheepish grin, effectively disarming his anger.

"Sorry, my hands slipped. I didn't expect that you would give up suddenly. That was purely an accident," Ayri said hurriedly, feeling Garnet's angry gaze. Continuing, she added, "I will bake you your favourite cookies to make up for it."

"Don't forget pastries. I haven't eaten pastries made by you for months." Getting a nod from Ayri, Aniue made a victorious sign in his mind before addressing Garnet seriously.

"Ayri's personal maid, Jenny, is missing. She appears to have fled through the window, taking all her belongings with her, and..." Aniue hesitated for a moment, gritted his teeth and continued... "She also emptied out Ayri's entire room, except for family pictures and a few big pieces of furniture that were not easy to move. Everything else was stolen by her."

"WHAT!"

Ayri shrieked, her voice laced with disbelief and betrayal upon hearing that her maid, whom she considered her first best friend, not only threw her into big trouble but actually robbed her behind her back. Without waiting for Aniue's confirmation, she hurriedly ran toward her room.

The others exchanged worried glances before following Ayri, and soon coming upon her messy, literally empty room.

"Are you alright?" Sylphy asked gently to Ayri, who was picking up family pictures from the ground while sobbing intermittently.

"Why? I thought we were best friends," Cried Ayri, experiencing the harsh side of humanity for the first time. She couldn't understand why Jenny did that.

After all, there weren't any valuable things in her room (only from her point of view; she had no idea about the real value of random things in her room), and she was receiving the best treatment among most of the servants, along with a high salary. Why did she need to betray her like this?

"Why? Of course, because this was her mission from the start," Garnet stated calmly, having already formulated a theory within seconds. "My guess is that Jenny was a spy, stealing your possessions was probably something she did randomly to make extra profit. She might have had more serious tasks to do, but somehow she must have realized we suspected her.

So, before we took action, she already fled in order to avoid being caught."

Turning to Aniué, who was consoling his distressed sister, Garnet continued, "Aniué, inform your father about this situation. We need to uncover who's playing these manipulative games behind the scenes."

"Yes, Mother, I'll do it right away," Aniué replied without hesitation. Offering a few final words of comfort to Ayri, he quickly stormed off towards Mavise's laboratory.

Chapter 353. Tears and Tactics: The Art of Manipulation

After sending Aniué away, Garnet turned to Sylphy, who was coaxing Ayri and called aside for a moment.

"Yes, Mother, what's the matter?" Sylphy asked, confusedly.

"Honey, do me a favour, could you please stay with us tonight instead of going back? I know you might want to spend some quality time with Myne, but I think Ayri needs you more at this moment, and I don't know how to comfort her alone," Garnet requested softly, her eyes becoming watery, with a pitiful expression plastered on her beautiful face.

"But..." Sylphy, who had already made plans with Myne, suddenly heard Garnet's strange but reasonable request and didn't know what to say. On one side was the pleasurable moment with Myne she had been dreaming of for months, on the other side, her dear little sister's distress and her mother's evident need tugged at her heartstrings.

Sylphy, faced with a dilemma, hesitated, unwillingness could clearly be seen in her eyes, she then first looked at Ayri, who was weeping uncontrollably on the ground as if she had just gone through a breakup, and then at her mother, who, at age more than 40 years old, had a face that seemed like she might start crying at any moment and shamelessly use her secret weapon 'The Emotional Blackmailing' on her.

Finally, after two minutes of inner struggle, the years of ingrained familial loyalty and a tinge of guilt at the sight of Garnet's supposed sadness ultimately outweighed her personal plans and Myne's cheap love.

"Sigh, alright then, I will stay with Ayri tonight," Sylphy forced a smile and nodded her head.

"Wonderful!" Garnet clapped her hands in joy, like a little girl who had fooled her parents into buying her toys with her acting. Her previously melancholic pitiful face,

verging on tears, instantly took a 180-degree turn, and a bright smile appeared on her face.

Seeing an instant change in Garnet's behaviour, two black lines appeared on Sylphy's forehead, and she understood that she had once again been fooled by her prankster mother. Now she desperately wanted to beat someone.

Ignoring Sylphy's frustration, Garnet wrapped an arm around her daughter's neck and chuckled playfully, "Hahaha, don't make such a face darling. It's been so long since we, mother and daughter, have slept together. Today happens to be a perfect opportunity that has presented itself to me.

If I miss it, only God knows when my unfilial daughter, who hardly cares about her poor mother and gives all her attention to her Lord Husband, will spend quality time with me."

Garnet's voice, though lighthearted, contained a tinge of underlying sadness. "As Ayri grows older, I feel she's following in your footsteps. Now, she rarely requests time with me anymore, as if I'll bite you if you stay with me too long.

I don't understand where the problem is." She made a desperate look as if she really wanted to know why her children didn't want to spend time with her like they did in childhood.

Sylphy, remembering the painful beatings they received when they had done something wrong, which left psychological shadows in all the siblings' hearts, didn't know what to say. But looking at her mother's tired and sad face, etched with apparent longing, she decided to have a heart-to-heart talk with her today.

While Garnet was secretly fooling Sylphy with her sweet and emotional words, Myne, on the other hand, came beside Ayri. At first, he was very concerned about Ayri and wanted to comfort her, on seeing a broad grin spread across her seemingly tear-stained face, a multitude of questions formed in his mind. Even his hand, about to touch Ayri's head, stopped in mid-air.

Soon, Myne, a big prankster and liar himself, understood the ins and outs of the entire matter. In order to avoid getting beaten, Ayri, who was always an innocent and naive girl in Myne's heart, finally revealed her true colours.

Myne sighed inwardly, 'It seems fate has destined me to be surrounded by scumbags. Even a little girl who hadn't seen much of the world shouldn't be underestimated.' Nevertheless, a hint of pride flickered within Myne. 'I have to say, Ayri didn't disappoint me. She's worthy of being my dear little sister.'

As expected of me, how can a person recognized by me be so naive and innocent that they get broken down by merely a maid betrayal? Such perfect acting. If not for the fact that she lacked experience and couldn't control her emotions, even I would have been fooled by her.'

He thought with a smile while shaking his head. Deciding not to disrupt Ayri, who was enjoying her victory and ruining her mood. Myne quietly approached Sylphy and Garnet, curious about their conversation when he heard Garnet request Sylphy to sleep with her.

Myne, whose mind always has a fair share of the part under his little brother's control to manage stress and world tension, didn't listen to their remaining nonsense and an image of naked Sylphy laying on the bed with a red face biting her lower lips to stop moan, and Garnet who relieving her perfect clothless body, half laying on top of Sylphy sucking her breast, playing with her nipples with her tongue, and a naughty hand on laying Sylphy sacred cave with two unruly fingers messing inside her vagina wall, and a thumb teasing her cunt, appear inside his mind.

Since Myne was still invisible in fear that someone might burst into the room and discover him, he didn't need to worry about Sylphy noticing his rock-hard little brother, let go of all his worry and decided to take his rich imagination to another level.

With his eyes closed, he started to imagine himself sitting beside both Mother and daughter who were having fun with each other, watching them with great interest. Then worrying that with only fingers Garnet might not be able to satisfy Sylphy, he use his skill on her and grow a big 7 inches long dick in the place of Garnet's cunt.

Because this entire wonderful scene was happening inside Myne's mind, of course, there wouldn't be too much reaction or emotional change in Garnet and Sylphy, and they both happily accepted everything happening to them as if it were very natural.

Garnet after receiving the blessing from Myne, as if stimulated by something, directly spread Sylphy's legs wide and prich her long sword inside her hole completely in one go...

"Myne! Myne!!!"

Just when the most important part of the play was about to come, Sylphy, who as always couldn't see his happiness too much, shattered Myne's train of thought just as the play reached its climax with her loud call.

Myne, with a face full of unwillingness, sighed regretfully and looked at Sylphy, who was looking left and right, probably trying to find him. "What's the matter?" He lightly pinched Sylphy's ass to take revenge and asked casually.

"I'm staying at the palace tonight to help look after Ayri with Mother. I'm so sorry this ruins our plans, Lord Husband. I hope you won't be angry, but I promise I'll make it up to you later," Sylphy, slightly embarrassed, explained, not minding Myne's little trick.

Today was proved to be not Sylphy's lucky day. First, she had to muster all her courage to request Myne for the night from Aisha. Then, she spent the day enduring the sounds of Myne and Aisha's loud moan while tending to other household matters. Even lunch was prepared by her and Amy.

Then, just when she started getting ready for a wonderful night, Myne fooled her and brought her to the palace to play pranks. Now, she had to scrap her carefully laid plans and settle for a night with her Mother and Sister.

If not for the fact that Sylphy knew everyone's characters very well, she might have already started wondering if someone was making trouble for her so she couldn't spend quality time with Myne.

Myne, sensing her disappointment, with a mischievous glint in his eyes, leaned in and whispered into her ear, so Garnet, who was very interested in their conversation and eavesdropping, couldn't hear it.

"Are you sure? Weren't you preparing for a delightful night, judging by the effort you put in all day?"

"Sigh, sadly, it can only be postponed to tomorrow. Now, I really have no other option... Wait a minute, maybe we still have a chance..." While Sylphy was about to send Myne away, suddenly her eyes fell upon the meticulously crafted clock embedded in the wall, spared from the evil clutches of Jenny, and her eyes couldn't help but light up, a spark of hope ignited in them.

She firmly grasped Myne's hand so he wouldn't get lost and turned to Garnet.

"Mother, you deal with this matter. I'll send Lord Husband back with you, and I'll rejoin you in half an hour," Sylphy said in a hurry and without waiting for Garnet to reply. She pulled Myne's hand and ran out of Ayri's room.

Garnet, who had already raised four children, how couldn't understand Sylphy's little trick? She could only shake her head with a hint of envy and jealousy flickered in her eyes as she watched Sylphy fade away. But remembering that her wonderful day wasn't far off now, a seductive smile appeared on her face.

She couldn't help but subconsciously touch her love cave, but quickly came back to her senses and forcibly calmed down before going toward Ayri to comfort her 'sad' little daughter.

Chapter 354. Blissful Embrace (R-18)

With the mindset of not wasting time a slightly bit on super important matters, Sylphy, just after coming out of the room, asked Myne to open a portal to her room. Otherwise, if they really went there normally, 20 minutes might be wasted on the way.

While the room hadn't been used in months, Garnet, who took care of all household matters in the palace, of course, wouldn't just abandon it. With its windows and doors sealed, the room remained free of dust and untouched by the passage of time. As Myne and Sylphy stepped out of the portal, they were greeted by a well-maintained room, though shrouded in darkness.

"As expected of Mother, she didn't disappoint me," Sylphy nodded her head in satisfaction seeing the wonderful condition of her old room, which she hadn't used for months.

"Yes, if you were even half as good as Mother-in-law in those household matters, then I could also say the same thing for you. But sadly, you never gave me this chance," Myne jokingly commented while removing his shoes and throwing himself on the comfortable bed.

"What did you just say? Say that again. I didn't hear it clearly," Sylphy's brow furrowed, black lines marring her face, and God knows where she found a sword, asked with a fake smile while walking toward Myne in a creepy manner.

Frightened by Sylphy's dangerous look, Myne immediately became serious. He quickly ran toward her and, while massaging her shoulders, spoke in a doting tone, "I was joking, honey. Please don't take everything I say to heart. Look, we only have a handful of time before you have to go back, so let's not waste another moment, and do what we should."

Realizing that Myne's suggestion made sense, Sylphy quickly threw her sword aside and jumped into Myne's embrace with her legs instinctively wrapping around his waist and arms around his neck. Without further delay, they start sharing a passionate kiss.

Sylphy breathed heavily from her wide open mouth, trying to gulp down the air as much as possible as her generous perfect handful size bosoms heaved up and down. Her hands clenched Myne's hair as her thighs gripped his head in its place. While she enjoyed the jolts of ecstasy passing through her veins.

Sylphy was wearing her white top and the grey skirt, after getting married to Myne and officially saying goodbye to her identity as princess, now she rarely former fantasy fantasy-looking clothes, she likes wearing those clause clothes.

Myne was in a hurry to strip them yet, his eyes still looking at her lustfully with a smirk on his face, and before Sylphy could say anything he quickly locked her lips with his again while coming in front of the bed.

As their tongues intertwined, Myne started gently molding her perfect handful size breasts into different shapes, causing Sylphy to moan into his mouth.

"Mnghh!"

Myne and Sylphy started to mix and suck on each other's saliva as their tongues kept fighting for dominance. One of Myne's naughty hands quickly found his way inside Sylphy's top and then went under her blouse and successfully captured his favourite prey which resting on top of a white mountain, currently in super hard condition.

"Muuuh!" Sylphy moaned as Myne pinched her most sensitive pink bud. They continued until Sylphy was again out of breath.

As if not satisfied with only her breasts, Myne who was still full of energy used his other hand and moved to her sacred place, trying to see how important Sylphy was, so he could tease her a bit.

Feeling his hand approaching her wet cave, Sylphy's legs automatically widened showing her body's true desire, but she quickly closed them again, and wrapped her arms more tightly on his neck so she wouldn't fall down from Myne's embrace.

"Someone is pretty eager, isn't it?" Myne said playfully while licking his wet finger and giving her a wink, causing the embarrassed Sylphy to turn her head to the side with a cute pout.

While Sylphy was panting heavily and pretending to be angry, Myne gently laid her on the bed and helped her to remove her white top. She was wearing a pink erotic blouse with flowers printed on it with a small butterfly-like red bow tie in the middle and left and right sides of the blouse.

"Your taste in choosing undergarments is still as wonderful as before," Myne said with a satisfied smile looking at Sylphy's erotic blouse which instantly levelled up his lust. Then he gave Sylphy another deep kiss again before getting up from the top of Sylphy and quickly removing all his clothes.

After which Myne put his hands on her soft, white thigh while his warm lips kissed her completely clean pubic region, and while pecking, his head came upwards. He kissed her belly button, her stomach, and her breasts over her blouse. After kissing her neck a few times, He arrived in her sight again, making Sylphy's already red face tomato.

And by now, Sylphy's heart had entirely melted with his affectionate gestures. She couldn't resist wrapping her hands around his neck and firmly pressing her lips on his. Their tongues soon found their way as they intertwined in a passionate kiss again.

A minute or so later, Sylphy sensed Myne's hard, hot rod poking her belly, twitching in excitement. While he breathed raggedly, finding it hard to control himself. So she released her hands around his neck and broke their kiss.

Myne stretched his hand towards his crotch, and Sylphy found the tip of his little brother poking her panties right on top of the wet vagina entrance, making her shudder for a moment.

Myne who was enjoying Sylphy's changing expression every second, play with his dick on her vagina entrance, only when she give a pinch on his neck, did he gently pull out her now fully wet panty, put it into his inventory before teasing her lower mouth a bit more, and soon, as it aligned, it pierced her tight cave in one thrust as it sent a bigger jolt of current through her body.

"Aahhhh!!"

Myne hot, hard, and thick rod stretched Sylphy's tight vaginal passage as her walls squirmed in a rhythm as if inviting their owner. His dick effortlessly intruded inside as if her vagina had assisted it, this alone enough to show how wet she was and how desperately she wanted to have sex.

Even Myne's dick veins and shape were traceable with her walls. Its intrusion halted, and it began retreating while her pussy assisted it obediently.

Myne began moving with long thrusts, supporting his upper body by placing his hands on either side of her. His mouth approached Sylphy's neck and began kissing. Her hands roamed over his slightly muscular back, feeling its strength.

Soon, his thrusting became rhythmic, and with each thrust, his dick reached further into her vagina to poke her womb. While his balls slapped her ass cheeks to make lewd sounds.

Pah *Pah* *Pah*

Hot jolts of currents coursed throughout Sylphy's body, prompting her to shut her eyes. But soon, as she opened her eyes, she saw Myne's lustful smiley face before her. So she tightly hugged his neck and started the passionate kiss once again. His sturdy body ravaged and subdued her beneath his. His broad chest felt secure, and his smell was calming yet arousing at the same time.

And due to how violent the havoc of the pleasurable jolts was, her moans couldn't help but leak out of her mouth. "MMmnnn... mmmm..." only to be suppressed in his mouth. Yet, they didn't stop, and she tried to moan as loudly as possible to celebrate how good she felt.

Soon, his movements became faster as he appeared to reach his climax. She wasn't in any better condition either. Her whole body had become hot and restless.

After a few minutes, Myne pressed his whole body on hers, plunging his dick fast deep inside until the end. It began twitching and wriggling intensely inside her, stimulating her to her limit.

This time, to Sylphy's surprise, her walls actually squirmed with his dick's thrusting rhythm. As if trying to milk out whatever was stored inside his balls. Her pussy seemed quite eager to swallow his cum.

Splurt *Splurt* *Splurt*

As if her stomach was torn open, Myne's twitching dick spewed warm jets of semen into her womb. And due to sheer pleasure, her body twitched incessantly, her mind turning blank.

The trembling went out of control as Sylphy had to roll her eyes back into her sockets. And her honey cave finally released the gushes of honey in sync with his dick's twitching as she came with him.

Squirt *Squirt* *Squirt*

Sylphy transparent honey leaked out of the plug and moistened her ass cheeks before trailing down to soak the bed sheets.

Myne released their kiss, and they both buried their faces into each other's necks until their orgasms subsided, their warm, sweaty bodies entangled.

Chapter 355. Blissful Embrace II (R-18)

"Haah, haah, why, haah, did you stop? Don't tell me you are already done in a single round... Did Aisha dry you too much the entire day that you have to rest so soon?" Sylphy while panting heavily stroked Myne's hair, who was lying on top of her and his dick still shooting cum inside her womb.

Hearing Sylphy's not-so-pleasant words, Myne who was holding her warm, squirming body in his embrace and enjoyed being tightly clung by her soft body like a koala with her legs clamped at his back, frowned hard. Although he knew she was just teasing him, but for some reason his mood wasn't as happy as before. He lifted his head which was resting on her shoulder, and looked into her playful eyes.

"Why are you staring at me like that, don't tell me I was right and you are indeed already done. Sigh, poor me, why did I get such a useless husband who couldn't even satisfy his wife... Maybe I should..."

"Enough, you perverted girl, where did you learn all that nonsense from? It seems like after not receiving any punishment for some time you become naughty again, let me remind you of your training, so you don't forget who is the boss here. Now you are going to regret teasing your Lord Husband," Myne said while gritting his teeth, and took out his little brother from her.

Then under Sylphy's chuckle and playful smirk with "I got you" written on her face, Myne flipped her on her stomach and put his knees on either side of her legs. Flipping

her grey skirt, he held her soft bubbly butt, massage them a bit and give a tight slap on it.

*Paa!

"Ouch! Hey, this is cheating, Lord Husband, I will complain Aisha if you hit me again," Sylphy who had once seen Aisha beating Myne said with a painful expression. Once upon a time, Myne was having so much fun with Aisha, and he carry away in excitement and continued to slap on her butt tightly.

But after the sex, Aisha, whose butt had red palm prints all over them and hurting like hell, lose her temper, she didn't care what Myne say and beat him so hard that Myne didn't dare to touch her for the next few days. If not for the fact that Aisha herself is very shameless and bold, Sylphy might have got a chance to be along with Myne for months.

This is why every time Myne slap on her butt, Sylphy never miss this chance to tease him, after all, this incident left a deep shadow in his heart.

Myne who was about to slap again on Sylphy's soft and white butt paused, the memory of being tied with rope on the bed, with a wet panty stuffed in his mouth, so he won't make too much noise, and an angry Aisha sitting on his back, slapping on his butt for hours with her all strength become visible in his eyes.

That was one of his many real nightmares, Myne still couldn't get rid of that incident completely.

Shaking his head with eyes full of fear, Myne gently put his hand which about slapped on Sylphy's butt on her back, then lifted her waist to his crotch before poking open her glistening lower lips. With a long, yet somewhat powerful and rough thrust, his dick

plunged inside her wet vagina at super fast speed before crashing onto the entrance of her half-filled womb.

"Ahhhhnnnn!!!! Haaa.... Mnnn... not soo... rough..."

Sylphy let out a loud scream and spoke in tattered words. Such a rough move of Myne sent electrical shocks through her, making her lose all the strength in her body, after all, she had just cum and her body was still very sensitive.

Pah!

"Anghh!! Mmmmh!

Myne whose head was now full of revenge, completely ignore Sylphy pleading, he took out his entire dick until only the tip was left inside her and gave another powerful thrust, colliding his balls on her thighs. His dick swiftly got inside and gave a sweet kiss on her womb again. Her walls parted and squirmed to swallow his length as much as they could.

Sylphy who was screaming in a mix of pain and pleasure, give up, she buried her face in the pillow, grab the bedsheet tight, raise her butt and let Myne do what he want, anyway, this is what she wants in the first place, otherwise, why would she provoke him? She had been waiting for this day past few months, now she wanted something thrilling and exciting, not soft and gentle sex.

They only have an hour maximum, if she plays gently and increases speed normally then she might not even reach halfway through satisfaction before time's up.

Unknown to Sylphy's weird thoughts, Myne continues pumping his dick in her super sensitive slippery hole. Her plump butt jiggled as her body shuddered at his forceful intrusion. His throat dried instantly seeing this.

Damn it, her body is looking too hot like this, my anger is decreasing, this is not good, tonight she clearly wanted to go wild, If I calm down then I might not be able to punish her property, instead she might again start teasing me. F*ck, I want my innocent, naive and respectful little princess back, Myne thought cryingly and give a light slap on her butt.

His sight moved upwards to see Sylphy burying her face into a pillow, turning her moans into muffled ones as her hands clenched the bed sheets tightly. Her dishevelled golden hair spread all over her back and on the bed. Her white skin glistened with sweat while her smooth white ass cheeks also shined.

If her two little guys hadn't been still struggling inside her blouse, it would be a perfect picture any normal man wanted to see every day.

Her bewitching state aroused Myne even further, and he had a wild urge to eat her thoroughly. So his thrusting intensified, and his flexible body danced in a rhythm. His waist moved like a snake, with smooth movements.

Myne could move his dick in and out with considerable speed due to all the lubricants she had released, evident in the squelching sounds.

Pah *Pah* *Pah*

Her supple butt collided with his waist just like her soft thighs. Soon, his movements changed, and his body jerked in such a rhythm that his tip rhythmically scraped her upper walls, sending new jolts of pleasure, evident in her changed moaning and twitching of her body.

"Ahhh~"

Sylphy who finally couldn't hide her face in the pillow, started moaning loudly not caring about anything else. Her moans were like an aphrodisiac for Myne, whose dick hardened even more as he started thrusting his dick even faster, causing her eyes to roll back in pleasure and her mouth to be opened with her pink tongue hanging out of it, wetting the bed with her saliva.

Sylphy could no longer think straight as her mind became blank due to the continuous electrical shocks running through her body.

Only she know how much she had missed this sensation, now she for a second even wish that Myne had two dick then her other hole can also fill, and then won't even experience even more pleasure? But those wonderful thoughts only appeared for a second or so before her mind went blank again. The pleasure running through her body never let her think properly.

"Phaa!"

"Phak!"

"Ahhh~"

"Nnghh~"

"Ahhh~"

"Aahhhh~"

Inside the room, Sylphy continued to release her erotic moans, letting her lust run wild without any restraint. On the other hand, Myne who was slapping her butt once in a while, giving her proper punishment so she can become a good wife later, finally notices that something is missing.

His eyes moved and stopped on Sylphy's blouse, he couldn't help but slap himself. How could he forget his most favourite thing? Quickly unbuttoning her blouse, he throws it aside causally, leans on her back, and grabs her both boobies, which finally breathe relief after getting rid of the clutch of the evil blouse that holding them back from moving and showing their beauty to the world.

Myne first massages them roughly before grabbing two hard pink rock-like nipples and pinching and pulling them with his index finger and thumb.

Sylphy entire body was glistening with sweat, and her breathing was ragged, looking like she'd just finished running a marathon. The usual expressions on her face were long gone and turned into one that befitted a pervert, her sensual body jiggling continuously as Myne thrusting his dick with his all strength and messing with her boobs at the same time.

"Phak!"

"Phat! "

"Phak!"

The sound of her butt cheeks slapping against his thighs echoed in the room, further increasing their lust.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Squelch *Squelch* *Squelch*

Suddenly Sylphy's head tilted backwards and she screamed loudly with her tongue sticking out of her mouth, her body twitched out of control instantly afterwards, and a large amount of love juices gushed out from her lewd hole.

Myne However, had no intention of stopping his movements and continued to pound into her softness with all his might, as he also felt himself reaching his climax. That only further stimulated Sylphy and increased her sensitivity, causing her to continuously release her juices without any sign of stopping.

Finally, an entire minute later Myne groaned as he reached his limit and pushed his dick all the way in, reaching her womb and started painting it with his seeds.

"Heupp!"

*SPURT!

*SPURT!!

*SPURT!!!

*SPURT!!!!

Myne stood at his place for a bit, let his dick empty out completely, then as he felt his dick getting softened, he quickly cast stamina-recovering magic on himself. After which he took out his dick from Sylphy's love cave with a "pop" sound and quickly flipped her body, making her come face to face with him.

Before his cum gushed out, or Sylphy's super sensitive body could calm down, Myne first looked at her perverted face, which had daze eyes, a wide smile with her pink tongue laying outside dripping saliva on her cheek.

Chuckling a bit, he bit her pink tongue with his lips, brought it inside his mouth and took possession of her wet lips as he started pounding her creampie'd cunt in the missionary position.

*PAAH!

*PHAT!!

*PLAK!!!

*PLAK!!!!

"Mnghh~" Sylphy hugged Myne back as she intertwined her tongue with his and moaned constantly with his every thrust, her legs rose high like entina letting Myne go as deep as want.

Myne felt his dick was melting from all the pleasure, but his steal-like will which strengthened by making all his girls happy, kept him strong and keep enjoying Sylphy's narrow slippery hole.

Myne felt as if her hole was sucking his cock back in whenever he tried to move back, Sylphy's legs now also had interlocked behind his hips instinctively, showing her desire to not let him go and go even more deeper than he already can...

Chapter 356. Midnight Passionate Moments

The f*ck fest continued for almost 2 hours and after the first four rounds, Sylphy started moving on her own, giving Myne more time to focus on her other sensitive parts like breasts, neck, ears and butt-hole.

Sylphy had forgotten all about the other things and started telling Rey what she wanted, making him focus on those parts more and give her the best level of pleasure he could for now, as for the matter of ending their precious time in one hour and going back to her mother and sister, this throw out of her mind.

They both started telling each other what felt good, teasing each other with various naughty words which resulted in them getting better and better at pleasuring the other as the f*ck marathon continued.

This also caused them to push their bodies to their limits, at least Sylphy did until she finally got so exhausted that she fell asleep just as Myne shot his load inside her overflowing pussy for the 20th time.

Sigh, this is why I told you to let me cast recovering magic but no, stubborn as f*ck! Stupid wifuu, Myne said with a genuine smile with eyes full of doting, he stroked Sylphy's head who was sleeping on him and could only shake his head. Then he cast stamina-recovering magic on sylphy for few times and gently woke her up.

"Sylphy, darling," Myne murmured gently, "it is not the right time or place to sleep. Wake up; you are already very late. I wouldn't be surprised if your mother-in-law barged in here in the name of 'checking' on you to spoil our fun." Although Myne was joking, with Garnet's personality, the possibility of something like that happening is not low.

After all, they hadn't made it clear to her they were going to do some husband and wife thing, so she could easily make an excuse that she thought they were just having a personal chat.

"But I'm so sleepy," Sylphy groaned, rubbing her eyes as she attempted to rise.

"My eyelids feel so heavy that they refuse to open." Then with closed eyes she move her butt upward and pull out Myne's little brother from her, before moving a bit forward, she bury Myne's head inside her breasts while hugging his neck and lay down beside him again with her head beside his neck, and remaining body on his stomach. Her pussy continuously releases white liquid all over him.

Myne sighed at Sylphy's childish behaviour. "Sigh, don't make useless excuses. I had warned you before that without my magic skill, you might not handle such intense sex, but you insisted on going on. You girls have never listened to your Lord Husband? Now come on, get up," He playfully swatted her soft, round bottom, urging her to wakefulness.

"Ugh, fine," she conceded with a pout. "But you can't just sleep alone here. Now, take me to the bathroom. We'll wash together, or I'm not going anywhere." She clung to Myne like a koala, wrapping her arms tightly around his neck and legs around his waist, making it clear she wouldn't be budged.

Chuckling, Myne replied and kissed Sylphy's forehead dotingly, "That's fine by me. I wouldn't want to sleep alone anyway. I prefer to sleep while cuddling my girls otherwise I can't sleep soundly." He rose from the bed with Sylphy still clinging to him, her arms firmly around his neck and legs secured around his waist.

"You know, you're acting more and more like a little girl sometimes. It makes me wonder who's older among us," Myne said with a helpless sigh. He cupped Sylphy's soft butt tightly for support and began walking towards the bathroom.

"Of course, I'm the younger one," Sylphy countered with a shameless grin, "Your beautiful little princess. Age is just a number, you know. And for your amusement, 99% of women don't measure themselves based on age – only looks matter! And by looks alone, I clearly win. So, naturally, I have every right to act like a little girl." She winked at Myne, who rolled his eyes in mock exasperation.

Seeing him surrender to her boldness, she burst into laughter and showered him with passionate kisses. After all, they couldn't simply walk into the bathroom and emerge after "washing up" completely innocent, could they?

...

"Are you heading back home now?" Sylphy flushed like a rose after spending a delightful time in the bath with Myne, tilted her head and asked Myne, who was currently brushing her hair, a benefit of having a curious and doting husband. He never shied away from learning little things that brought joy to his wives.

"Otherwise?" Myne replied calmly. "Unless you'd like me to spend the rest of the night here alone. It's only eleven o'clock, not too late. And you know Aisha, like me, dislikes sleeping alone." He finished by tying a simple but elegant ponytail in Sylphy's hair with a ribbon and nodded his head with satisfaction.

Sylphy beamed with a childlike smile. "Alright, then take care. Now, give me a goodnight kissy, my darling husband!" She stood up and opened her arms wide.

Myne chuckled. "As you wish, my little princess." With a smile, he rose from the bed and embraced Sylphy in a warm bear hug. He then followed it with a deep, lingering goodnight kiss.

"Now scoot, or you might end up spending the night alone if everyone falls asleep," Myne urged her playfully, patting her butt.

"Okay, don't forget to pick me up tomorrow!" Sylphy called out as she dashed out of the room, disappearing from Myne's sight.

Myne settled onto the rumpled bed, lost in thought. "She's changed so much in the past few months," He muttered. "It's like she's become a completely different person. This childlike, carefree Sylphy... I still struggle to accept it. I don't know whether this change is good or bad, but for future safety, I better start making some preparations to make everyone stronger..."

However, that can wait a few days. I'm on vacation; there is no need to rush. Now, the most important question is where should I go?"

Aisha was too tired after the entire day of hard work and should definitely be sleeping deeply. It is better not to disturb her. Big Sis... well, forget it. It's almost midnight, and Big Bro Jin will probably be with her, f*cking his wife right under his nose doesn't seem a good idea.

With how much noise Big Sis makes when she's carried away in the heat, it would be very awkward if he woke up and caught us red-handed committing a crime... Well, it seems there is nowhere else I can go at this moment. Then should I just go back home and sleep honestly? Myne thought seriously while rolling on the bed and suddenly saw something pink on the edge of the bed right opposite him.

As the bedsheet and quilt were both bloody red, the pink colour was very easy to notice.

"Aisha must be exhausted after a full day of training and is most likely fast asleep. No point in disturbing her. Big Sis... well, forget it. It's almost midnight, and Jin's probably with her, f*cking his wife right under his nose doesn't seem a good idea.

ith how much noise Big Sis makes when she's carried away in the heat, it would be very awkward if he woke up and caught us red-handed committing the crime... Well, it seems there is nowhere else I can go at this moment. Then should I just go back home and sleep honestly?"

Myne pondered his dilemma while rolling over on the bed. Suddenly, a flash of pink caught his eye on the opposite edge of the bedsheet, which, like the quilt, was a deep shade of red. The contrasting pink stood out noticeably.

Myne got up from the bed and looked at it seriously, realizing that it was Sylphy's blouse which he casually tossed aside during their intimacy. However, after they took a bath, he'd provided her with fresh clothes from his inventory, although most of the clothes he bought for Aisha and Sylphy had been used by Velvet, but he still had two sets.

So clearly, Sylphy had completely forgotten about her discarded blouse.

"This little girl of mine is so careless," Myne thought with a helpless sigh. "When will she become as responsible as Aisha? What would the maids think if she found this tomorrow?" He picked up the pink blouse, a sigh again escaping his lips. As for the mess they made on the bed, Myne mostly cleaned it with his cleaning skill, leaving some minor clues about which he had no better solution.

"Wait a minute, I think I have forgotten something or... someone?" A sudden confusion clouded Myne's mind as he stared at the small, red butterfly-shaped bowtie adorning the middle of the blouse, and a name sprang to his mind.

"F*ck! How could I forget about June?" Myne muttered, cursing his lapse. "Granted, we agreed to be just friends with benefits, but before that, we were best friends forever. She must have been worried death about me these past few months. Before this, no matter how busy I was, I always managed to visit her once a week to calm down her wild horny kitty.

In my absence, God knows what condition she would have been in. She was no less addicted to me than Aisha. I'm a dead man for sure. I better head over there right now and explain everything."

Fuelled by a sense of urgency, Myne opened a portal to June's house. However, hesitation flickered across his face as he paused on the threshold. Glancing at his wrist, he noted the demonic watch given to him by Gal displayed at half past eleven. An unsettling image of an extremely creepy figure materialized in his mind.

"It's the prime time for ghosts to roam, isn't it? That thing could be wandering the graveyard right now. What if it suddenly becomes interested in me?" A nervous tremor ran through Myne, but for June's sake, he gritted his teeth and stepped through the portal.

Chapter 357. Spectral Horrors

"This time, I will do my best to persuade June to move away from this damn place once and for all. Only God knows what concoctions her parents feed her to keep her that she didn't want to leave this wretched place."

After getting out of the portal, the first thing Myne did was complain as always before quickly activating his Soul Eyes skill and surveying the cemetery.

The scene remained largely unchanged from his previous visit a few months ago. However, the strange black smoke clinging to various graves had solidified and become more prominent, as if the hooded figure hadn't had time to eat it for who knows how long. Other than that, everything appeared the same.

The absence of the scary hooded figure, who wielded a shovel and subsisted on the black smoke, was undoubtedly a good sign. Although Myne had previously encountered the hooded figure many times before, who clearly was a ghost since no one could see him with normal eyes, but perhaps due to his closeness with June or his disinterest in the living, it had never bothered him.

This indifference was a key factor in Myne's continued visits to June's house despite his deep-seated fear of ghosts.

"Phew, tonight seems lucky. No encounter with the old fellow," Myne sighed in relief, a smile gracing his lips as he knocked on June's door.

"I wonder what kind of reaction I'll get. Hopefully, she won't yell for disturbing her sleep. Maybe I should've come tomorrow... Sniff, sniff... Ugh, what the hell is this smell? Sniff, I think I've smelled it before, but where?"

Myne, who suddenly gets assaulted by an extremely foul odour, fanned his hand in front of his nose while looking left and right to figure out the source of the smelly mess. But everything around the house appeared normal, although it looked like nobody had cleaned the yard for many days. Given June's lackadaisical attitude towards household chores, it would be more surprising if the yard were clean.

Knock-Knock!

"Strange, where could she be at this hour? Did she overwork again and fall asleep so soundly she can't hear the knocking sound?" With his mind full of suspicious doubts, and a knot of worry tightened in Myne's stomach, he hurriedly came to the window of June's bedroom. The window was closed, but it was no problem for Myne.

He used Etheric Marionette, a remarkably useful skill that allowed him to manipulate objects within his field of vision through sheer thought. With a mental command, the window creaked open.

As the window opened, the darkness, dust and a thick, overwhelming stench reminiscent of a rotting fish market flooded the room as the window opened, greeted Myne, who recoiled instantly, covering his nose in disgust, and quickly moved away.

"F*ck! What the hell is going on in there? How can anyone live with such a disgusting smell? Wait, I remember now, that's the smell of decaying corpse flesh! f*ck! I hope nothing has happened to June.

Damn it," cursing his bad luck, Myne quickly took out his handkerchief from his inventory and wrapped it around his nose tightly before entering June's bedroom.

Everything in the bedroom was the same; stingy June, as usual, hadn't splurged on any new furnishings. However, this wasn't what Myne wanted to see. When he saw dust and spiderwebs covering the room, which was a clear indication that no one had used this room for many days, a hint of unease and panic started bubbling in his heart.

He swiftly approached the door and flung it open, only to be met by a stench even stronger than before, forcing him to cough repeatedly. If not for Alban's special training and months spent alongside rotting zombies were the only reasons Myne wasn't already vomiting.

Thanks to his night vision skill, Myne didn't have to worry about lighting problems, and he could see everything perfectly in front of him. Now, however, he wished he'd simply gone home instead of coming to June's house in the middle of the night.

Before him lay a scene of unimaginable horror, three decomposing corpses in various states of putrefaction. Their grotesque appearances spoke volumes of their brutal demise.

The first man's eyes bulged grotesquely, his arms ripped from their sockets and flung carelessly aside. His stomach cavity was riddled with fist-sized holes in which now dozens of worms were festering delightfully.

The second man's end was even more horrifying. The killer had literally ripped his jaw apart, causing the upper half of his face to hang loose, half of his brain was laying out of his skull. Judging by his body posture and minor injuries on his legs and feet, it seemed the entire process was likely unfolding excruciatingly slowly.

Only this poor man knew what kind of suffering torture he went through.

The last man, who seemed the youngest, seemingly, had been the first victim. His demise appeared simpler. His crotch area was completely missing, leaving a sickening sight. His corpse was displayed on the wall pinned by multiple old-looking crucifixes which seemed to have been dug out from a graveyard. Whatever had done this clearly knew how to kill people in creative ways.

All three bodies were in varying stages of decay, suggesting they'd been dead for days.

"What the f*ck is going on here?! Who are these men, and where is June?" Myne, whose Phasmophobia started showing its effects, started trembling in fright.

Although he had seen a lot of colourful things full of horrors thanks to Alban's hard work, this didn't mean that his fear of those creepy things like three rotten bodies, killed inhumanely, appearing in front of him, especially in the middle of the night, could be controlled.

Even a courageous man who didn't care about ghosts, seeing such a horrific sight, would put his courage aside until seeing the sun the next morning.

"I should better get out of here and investigate the matter tomorrow," Myne muttered, forcing his trembling legs to cooperate. "This entire situation is getting out of hand.

Damn you, June. F*ck, if only that idiot had listened to me and moved to the centre of the town, this kind of thing would have never happened.

F*ck, why Why are all women so stubborn?" He after controlling his trembling legs by complaining about June, attempted to take a deep breath to calm down, only to have the putrid stench assault his senses and trigger another coughing fit.

After coughing, just as Myne turned around, preparing to retreat to June's bed before opening the portal back to his own home, when he saw a three-meter-tall colossal figure, completely covered in a dark smock, radiating an aura of icy coldness as if it was made of pure ice, standing right behind him just a few centimetres away.

For a fleeting moment, Myne felt like his soul was leaving his body. Two ethereal doors materialized: one bathed in a warm golden light, the other a chilling blood red. His soul, a twisted grin plastered on its face, seemed drawn to the red door, almost reaching out in a farewell gesture. But then, an invisible force violently jerked him back into his body.

"Ahhhhh!!!"

screamed at the top of his lungs, collapsing onto the floor. Panic surged through him, but his survival instincts kicked in. He scrambled away from the shadowy figure, his hand accidentally brushing against the putrid flesh of one of the corpses. Recoiling with a high-pitched girlish squeal, he leapt to his feet and bolted towards the main door.

However, even after running for a few seconds and not reaching the door, which was just 3 meters away from him, Myne finally realized he wasn't getting anywhere. He glanced down to see himself levitating several centimetres above the ground, his legs churning uselessly in the air. The sight might have been comical to an observer, but the one experiencing it and the one doing it didn't think so.

In a desperate situation, Myne, who had no other choice, quickly opened the portal in front of him, and the destination was Fenrir's cave. Since she was the only one Myne could expect to have the capability to deal with an entity like a ghost, as a divine beast, she surely had a few skills to fight with spirits.

Although Myne's plan was quite reasonable, however, overlooked a crucial detail. He was currently under the influence of the shadowy figure's magic, unable to control his own body and floating in the air. How could he possibly enter the portal in this state?

This realization dawned on him quickly. He was about to use telepathy to summon Fenrir so she could enter the portal from the other side to help him when the figure shrouded in darkness materialized before him. The swirling smoke surrounding the figure contorted and solidified, completely engulfing the portal, and forcefully severing the connection with Myne.

Now, unless he removed the fog or created another portal, there was no way Fenrir could come to help him.

For the moment, however, Myne's focus wasn't on escape. He gaped at the figure before him, a wave of terror washing over him as he recognised it. It was the cemetery ghost, the one who always lingered amidst the graves, feasting on the shadowy mist, holding a shovel and lantern in its hands. While Myne had seen it numerous times before, he had never been this close.

The spectral figure appeared different today. Though it still sported its usual attire – a long robe and hood that concealed its body – and hovered ominously a few centimetres above the ground, its most unsettling feature was missing. Today, it lacked its signature shovel and lantern. Most unsettling, the air surrounding it crackled with dark energy as if it had just perpetrated a horrific massacre.

Myne gulped down his saliva with great difficulty and glanced at the three dead bodies around him, and understood who was the culprit behind their such creative cruelty. As

he finished examining the bodies and turned back to Mr. Ghost, his attention was caught by a smear of blood on the floor. Confusion twisted his features as he followed the trail of blood, leading him to a horrifying discovery.

Beneath the hem of the ghost's robe, a skeletal hand grasped a small, pulsing heart – which seemed like the heart of a child.

Tears welled up in Myne's eyes. He had always known, in some dark corner of his mind, that his little brother would be the cause of his demise. But he never imagined it would happen so soon or in such a nightmarish way.

Chapter 358. Memories Carved in Darkness

Bracing himself for a gruesome demise like the three men around him, Mr. Ghost, who had been observing him intently, made an unexpected move.

It didn't give Myne a horrific beating before giving him a permanent visa to hell like those three men. Instead, it drifted towards the right wall, raising the pulsating child's heart clutched in its hand high, it slammed it against the surface in a grotesque display of anger before moving in a jerky, unpredictable way.

Myne's stomach churned as he witnessed the entity using the living heart as a macabre paintbrush, dragging it across the wall to write in a clumsy script of blood. Despite the horrifying imagery, the writing itself was unimaginably poor.

Phew, It seems like Mr. Ghost doesn't have any plan to kill... At least for now. And it couldn't even speak properly, only make those weird scary noises. I hope it doesn't write some impossible task. Damn it, now even a ghost wants an advantage over me.

Wasn't a cheap father-in-law enough? Myne grumbled inwardly, but knowing there was no way he could refuse Mr. Ghost's kind request, no matter how unwilling he was, he

could only sigh helplessly. After all, Mr. Ghost already showed that his temper is not gentle and he is not easy to talk with. If he accidentally made it angry, it would undoubtedly lead him to follow the unfortunate men's grim fate.

Once Mr. Ghost finished its work, flinging the now useless dead heart aside, it moved away, finally leaving enough space for Myne to see what he wanted to say. Of course, if Mr. Ghost could talk, it would be better, as this way he could get more info from its mouth, and even possibly know its sad story, which would be great entertainment. But a silent message was also better than none.

At least this shows that Mr. Ghost is not completely a mindless entity but a very intelligent ghost.

"SAVE HER!"

Two colossal words scrawled across the wall in chilling, yet embarrassingly poor handwriting, blood dripping down like macabre tears. In any other situation, Myne might have found humour in the ghost's lack of penmanship. But the message resonated within him, piecing together all parts of the puzzle.

His prior sympathy for the dead men vanished, replaced by a grimace as he unleashed a volley of wind blades at their corpses.

"Those monsters! What the hell did they do to her?" Myne, whose imprisonment was released by Mr. Ghost and fell on the ground, roared, his anger finally unleashed. When he entered June's bedroom and saw it deserted, Myne already had some doubts. After all, June lived quite far from the main town and that too alone.

Being in her prime, with an extremely beautiful appearance, it is normal for her to attract some troublemakers. It was another reason for Myne's urgency to relocate to the middle of the town with its dense population. After all, although their relationship couldn't move further from being friends with benefits, Myne cared deeply for all his women, and June was undeniably his first friend.

How could he let her suffer?

When she'd been attacked and injured previously, Myne hadn't hesitated. He'd stormed the Town Lord's house and personally killed all those f*ckers. After that, he had tried to convince June to move away, knowing that sooner or later, as long as she lived in such a desolate place, she would surely get in trouble again. Lucas Town, while relatively small with a low crime rate, was close to the capital.

Travelers, both virtuous and malicious, frequented the town, no one could predict what kind of thoughts they had. Myne himself wasn't a good person, so he obviously looked at most things suspiciously and from a negative perspective, which made him a bit paranoid, and in the end, his fear became a reality.

"Can you tell me what happened to her? I was away from the town because of work and just returned. I'm really sorry for neglecting my duty as a friend and couldn't come to help her when she needed it the most," Myne, feeling a bit guilty as to why he didn't forcefully grab June's ass and relocate her to another place, addressed to Mr. Ghost, who patiently waited for him to clear his thoughts.

Myne expected Mr. Ghost to scrawl another message on the wall, but to his surprise, it suddenly materialized before him in a blink as if teleported. It extended a bony finger, tapping it to his forehead.

Myne's eyes suddenly lost their lustre and became pure white without any pupil or iris, and from his perspective, the world dissolved into blinding white. his vision went blank, replaced by the sensation of falling. He plummeted from a great height, his screams lost in the whistling wind as the ground rushed towards him.

BOOM!

A tremendous explosion erupted as Myne impacted the earth, creating a crater several meters deep and leaving a dust cloud in its wake.

"Cough, cough, what a great landing. This was definitely intentional," Myne while complaining slowly stood up from the ground without any injuries. Even his clothes were clean and neat as before with not a single bit of dust on them. If not for the fact that he was indeed lying in the middle of a crater created by himself a few seconds ago, Myne would even suspect he was dreaming.

Myne spotted Mr. Ghost, its red eyes glowing ominously beneath the dark hood staring at him. Straightening up, Myne acknowledged defeat with a sigh and climbed out of the crater. He looked around and found that the entire world at some point had turned grey as if it had lost all other colours. He stood alone in the cemetery, beside June's house, well not completely alone.

Mr. Ghost didn't care about Myne's curiosity. It slowly turned and drifted towards the cemetery entrance. From there, it had a clear view of June's house's main entrance.

Though questions piled up in Myne's mind, he understood this wasn't a being he could question anything, so with a helpless shrug, he followed it.

Reaching the entrance, Myne spotted a small figure approaching. Myne focused a bit and discovered that it was June, who had just finished her work and returned home. But by looking at her expression, it seemed like something had happened, and she was not in a good mood.

Until June entered her home, she didn't notice Myne and Mr. Ghost standing at the entrance of the cemetery at all. Just as Myne was about to call out, Mr. Ghost raised its bony hand and waved gently

As it did that, Myne felt the world around him spinning crazily, however soon everything returned to normal, except that the evening light had vanished, replaced by the inky cloak of midnight, and other things were the same. Although because of nighttime, visibility was very low, it was no problem for Myne and Mr. Ghost, as the latter a being of pure darkness, the night made no difference at all.

Although Myne still couldn't understand what was going on, he waited patiently, knowing that since Mr. Ghost had brought him into his memories, he must surely have a reason for this. And just as Myne expected, he again saw June, but this time her condition wasn't quite good-looking. Her clothes were ripped, her body bearing the marks of a struggle. A prominent handprint marred her beautiful face.

She ran frantically, occasionally glancing back as if pursued by an unseen threat.

The sight of June in such a state sent a surge of anger coursing through Myne's veins. He lunged towards her, desperate to heal her wounds, offer comfort, and learn the identities of the bastards who dared to harm her. But as his hand reached out, it passed through her form like a phantom limb as if she were just an illusion.

Myne stared at his empty hand for a moment, the realization settling in with a heavy sigh. He observed her further. Though June demonstrably endured a struggle, her injuries weren't life-threatening. Her clothes were ripped, and there were minor scrapes on her knees and hands, suggesting a fall or a forceful attempt to restrain her.

A harsh handprint marred her cheek alongside a dull ache in her stomach, likely from a punch, there was a hint of fear and unease in her eyes but not too much. Despite this, her ability to escape showed that June was not an easy woman to deal with.

While Myne was observing June's condition, she finally managed to open the door lock with her trembling hands and entered before slamming the door down and locking it tightly from inside. No sooner had she disappeared inside than four masked men, clad in identical black uniforms, materialized near the house, their ill intentions evident.

Then, a sight unfolded that shook Myne to his core. As the men entered June's courtyard, another Mr. Ghost materialized behind them. With inhuman speed, it snatched the head of the unfortunate man at the back, It grabbed the head of the poor guy who was standing at the end, with a whoosh sound, it used inhuman speed and both of them disappeared as if they never were there.

Before the remaining three could even comprehend their comrade's sudden disappearance, Mr. Ghost had already dispatched the fourth man and returned. This time, Mr. Ghost, only God knows what was going on in his mind, actually came from underground.

After grabbing a random guy's legs among the three, it dragged him inside the ground as if it were made of snow and even took the time to pat the hole shut behind him.

Chapter 359. Terror Vengeance

Panic finally gripped the remaining two men and they started trembling after witnessing the swift demise of their comrades. Their original confidence and cocky swagger as if they owned money from the entire world had been put aside. The next moment with a seemingly impressive display of tactical understanding between them, the duo glanced at each other, turned around, and attempted to flee.

But how can there be such a good thing in the world, where you can go and return anywhere with ease? Mr. Ghost, who had been silently floating in invisible form at the

courtyard's entrance for who knows how long, materialized instantly before them as the duo approached, letting out a thunderous roar.

Although Myne clearly heard the voice of Mr. Ghost, which was loud enough to create a shockwave, and so did the duo's scream, which sent chills down his spine to anyone who listened, but he noticed no movement within the house. He realized that Mr. Ghost did not want to reveal its existence to June and protect her from the shadow, so it had done something to block all sound around them.

The duo, who were terrified enough to have peed in their pants after screaming out of their lungs, hurriedly made a distance from Mr. Ghost. Maybe their mental toughness was quite solid after experiencing enough ups and downs in life, or because they deceived themselves by thinking that Mr. Ghost was not much of a big deal, they actually launched a desperate attack on Mr. Ghost.

Two colourless beams of light shot out from the first man's hand at an extreme speed, reaching Mr. Ghost within a second. However, to their horror, the beams passed straight through Mr. Ghost as if he were just an illusion.

The second man, still unconvinced, clapped his hands together and slowly opened them, revealing a struggling colourless vortex with a lot of mana surrounding it in a spiral shape in his palms.

The vortex looked very unstable as if it would explode in its caster's hand the next moment, digging his grave on the spot, but sadly, nothing like this happened, and when the vortex became as big as a child's head, the second man immediately threw it at Mr. Ghost.

Mr. Ghost, calm from beginning to end, didn't take their petty attack to heart (if he even had one) and simply hovered in place, ready to see the power of the second man's attack, while thinking about how he should kill them.

Soon the vortex came in front of Mr. Ghost. Right at this moment, the second man may have learned a lesson from his friend. Instead of waiting for his attack to hit Mr. Ghost, he snapped his fingers and detonated the vortex in front of Mr. Ghost just a few centimetres away from it.

Contrary to Myne's expectations, there was no earth-shattering explosion. Instead, the vortex transformed into a pure black hole in the air, so pure that even light couldn't escape its pull. From nowhere, various energies started appearing around it, rotating in a spiraling formation, before being sucked into the black hole.

Initially, this phenomenon was confined to the energies, but slowly everything around the black hole, as if pulled by an irresistible force, began to float towards it.

A sigh escaped Myne's lips. "Couldn't you add some colour to your memory world? Such a magnificent attack... yet, everything is black and white. If only this guy was alive, I could have made a fortune. This deadly attack, fueled by his abundant mana...

tsk, tsk, it could even possible to uproot an entire city from the ground," His eyes, filled with greed and regret, fixated on the black hole devouring everything around it like a fanatic.

Mr. Ghost remained silent and just stared at the black hole. Because its creepy face was hidden under the hood, no one knew what it was thinking. But the faint glow emanated from his blood-red eyes, intensifying with each passing moment. This betrayed an inner turmoil far from the outward calmness he projected.

Let's rewind a few seconds. While Mr. Ghost initially disregarded the vortex attack, something unsettling, a feeling of unease it hadn't experienced in years, suddenly gripped it. it's casual demeanour vanished, replaced by a seriousness.

After a brief contemplation, it snapped lightly, creating a projection of itself where it hovered before submerging into the ground and quickly reappearing silently behind the duo. Because Mr. Ghost could turn invisible, the duo had no idea what had happened and were oblivious to its presence.

Soon, the vortex blasted, leaving a black hole with unimaginable powerful pulling force in mid-air. Because the projection of Mr. Ghost was closest to it, it was instantly swallowed by the black hole and thrown away to an unknown place. After losing connection with Mr. Ghost's mana.

the projection turned into particles and disappeared, but there was no one around to see it except the pure darkness of the void.

The black hole stayed in the air for a total of 5 seconds, and in just this amount of time, it had already made a lot of noise and devoured many things such as nearby trees, wooden fences around the courtyard, nearby grasses, etc., everything devoured by the black hole with astonishing speed and pulling force only increase with each passing second as well as the size of black hole getting bigger as if it absorbing the man from surrounding to become bigger and powerful.

If the caster wasn't a noob with limited mana, it is possible to make a lot of mess with a simple attack.

However, the true drama unfolded elsewhere. The duo, believing Mr. Ghost vanquished, celebrated with excited embraces. Myne, who was watching the fun with great interest, seeing the past Mr. Ghost standing right behind the duo who were celebrating its demise and covered in red light from head to toe, felt some pity for both guys. Anyone with good eyes could see that the past Mr.

Ghost was very pissed off, and their moment of joy was a mere calm before the storm.

And soon, just as Myne predicted, Mr. Ghost, whose temper wasn't good to begin with, after being angered, directly entered the body of the first man who shot energy beams from his hands and possessed him. Then, under the confused eyes of the second man, who was wondering why his friend suddenly paused and closed his eyes, witnessed a horrifying spectacle.

His friend's eyes flew open, now devoid of irises, glowing an eerie white, and a chilling grin stretched across his face

Before the second man could comprehend the situation, Mr. Ghost, now in control of the first man's body, lunged at him with ferocity like a crazy beast who had lost its reasoning in rage.

In a brutal and barbaric display, he sank his teeth into the second man's neck, bite off his ear, gouged an eye with his thumb, and because the second man was making too much noise even shoved his entire hand into the second man's mouth.

This nightmarish and crazy way of torturing someone to death continued for an entire minute before the second man overwhelmed by the assault, succumbed to unconsciousness.

The past Mr. Ghost consumed by a relentless desire for vengeance had no plan to let them go so easily, still inhabiting the first man's body, grabbed the second man and vanished from Myne's sight with a whoosh. When it returned a few minutes later, it was back in its original form. Then, the Mr.

Ghost of the past looked around and chanted some unknown incantation, and soon the battlefield returned back to normal as if someone had rewind time.

Seeing the efficiency of Mr. Ghost's work, Myne gave him a silent thumbs up in his heart. Such a perfect bodyguard. If possible, then he also wanted a few for himself, but alas, Myne knew very well that such an entity couldn't be obtained just because you want. This is completely dependent on luck, a lot and a lot of luck.

No wonder June seemed to encounter misfortune so frequently. If not for my intervention, she might still be struggling as a waitress. It appeared her entire reserve of luck had been exhausted the moment Mr. Ghost became her bodyguard. Thankfully, I maintained a good relationship with her. Otherwise, considering Mr.

Ghost's temper, today might have been my last day, Myne thought and couldn't help but shudder, contemplating the gruesome fate of the second man.

While Myne was silently making a bit of distance from Mr. Ghost, he again felt the world spinning. The scene fast-forwarded, and another night materialized before him. Myne temporarily blocked his weird thoughts and focused on the thing in front of him, ready to see what was going to happen this time.

Soon, Myne noticed someone approaching, and after carefully seeing that June didn't look injured this time, he breathed a sigh of relief and focused his attention on the little boy beside her. The boy had an ordinary face, except for his unusual white hair. He wore loose, dirty, ragged clothes, and numerous small scratches marred his face. Clearly, this was the boy with the intriguing past.

Although both June and the boy appeared unharmed, their hurried arrival at the house suggested they had encountered trouble and were likely running from someone.

Upon reaching the house, June quickly opened the door and rushed inside with the boy. Myne, now familiar with the script, prepared to wait for the villain's entrance when he felt a cold, bony hand on his shoulder. Which sent a shiver running down his spine.

Gulping down his saliva Myne turned his head and looked at Mr. Ghost beside him, questioning eyes meeting masked silence wondering what it had in mind, when he saw it gesturing for him to follow. With no other choice and unable to communicate, he could only take a deep breath and follow it.

Chapter 360. Unknown Imprint

Following Mr. Ghost Myne quickly to June's backyard, a wave of confusion washed over him. As he pondered the situation, the back door opened, revealing June and the white-haired boy exiting with a large bag on June's shoulder. Without hesitation, the pair darted towards the forest.

"Are they fleeing from the town?" Myne, with disbelief written all over his face, asked with a gloomy expression. If June remained within the town walls, finding her was simply a matter of spending enough money. However, if she had really run away randomly, locating her would be significantly more challenging.

Mr. Ghost, his usual silence unbroken, observed June's fading form thoughtfully before turning and floating towards the cemetery entrance.

While Myne harboured a burning desire to force Mr. Ghost out of its indifferent state and extract some information, the gruesome demise of the three men at June's house served as a chilling reminder of the consequences. Swallowing his anger, he trailed behind it.

As soon as Myne returned, he saw those three unlucky guys who were still lying in June's house in reality, and polluting the air, standing in front of her door, banging it nonstop.

Next, what happened is easy to guess. With no response forthcoming, the men barged into the house, kicking the iron plate known as Mr. Ghost, who had completely lost its composure due to June's escape. Myne, peering through the doorway, witnessed a horrifying tableau – a demonstration of what is called the real torturous way to kill people.

At first, he thought those men died quickly after suffering such serious injuries, but who would have thought that Mr. Ghost, who took everything a little too seriously, actually used magic to let them stay alive for many days. Only when their internal organs could no longer function, even with the aid of magic, did they finally find release from its bony hands.

But Mr. Ghost's sadistic game wasn't over. As their souls left their bodies, Mr. Ghost seized them, transported them to the cemetery, cast some unknown spell upon them, and buried them in random graves, presumably for future amusement

"Phew," Myne exhaled, the final scene leaving him thoroughly shaken. "The last part was... ahem, quite creative, to say the least. I never imagined Mr. Ghost collecting souls to increase its cemetery's population. An interesting idea, to be sure." He took a few cautious steps backwards, a mixture of fear and reluctant admiration evident in his eyes.

The screams of the three men still resonated in his ears, solidifying his decision to maintain a safe distance from Mr. Ghost, and directly labelled it as "Stay as far away as possible."

However, Mr. Ghost obviously didn't care about Myne's compliment. It silently approached him, grasped his hand with its bony appendage, turned it over, and pressed its index finger against the back of his hand.

Myne who thought Mr. Ghost was offended by his remark, wanted to free his poor hands from it, but sadly now it was too late, he only felt as if someone had branded his skin with a searing iron, and a painful moan escaped from his lips. But considering his poor little life, he endured the agonizing sensation with tearing eyes.

He decided that after he found June, he would take revenge with instalments from her, this is all her fault.

Although Myne felt extremely painful from whatever Mr. Ghost was doing, this process didn't last long. After 5 seconds, Mr. Ghost removed its finger and let go of Myne's hand.

"Hot, hot, hot!" Myne cried, jumping up and down, fanning his hand to cool the burning sensation. A dark symbol, resembling a moon with a single, closed eye in its center, now adorned the back of his hand. It was a truly very creepy tattoo to speak of. Only a special existence like Mr. Ghost could come up with this kind of trick.

"What is this? Does this symbol have some kind of special purpose or something?" Regaining his composure after the burning subsided, Myne casually inquired.

His question hung in the air as Mr. Ghost reverted to its usual standby mode, its figure unnervingly still beneath the dark hood. The combination of the dark background, the entity's crimson glow, and its shrouded eyes were enough to send shivers down Myne's spine. Although he knew that he was temporarily safe.

This time, upon hearing Myne's question, Mr. Ghost finally showed some reaction. It first went to the wall and pointed at the words "Save Her" it had painted with great difficulty. Then it pointed at the symbol on the back of Myne's hand. After which Mr. Ghost gave a deep look at Myne and disappeared completely from his sight.

Thud!

With Mr. Ghost gone, Myne finally couldn't hold onto his fake courage and slumped to the ground while panting heavily. Even in the last fight with Alban, he didn't feel so pressured as he did tonight. The feeling of having your life and death in the palm of someone else is definitely not a pleasant one, but sadly there is nothing Myne could do.

Wherever he goes, those ultra-powerful beings hidden underground

appear out of nowhere, making his life a constant struggle. He began to wonder if it was a side effect of receiving his cheat-like skills, a curse bestowed upon him by a vengeful god or goddess out of jealousy

"Phew, thankfully at the last moment I managed to cast appraisal on Mr. Ghost. Out of fear, I literally forgot about it. Let's see if there is any interesting skill I can borrow temporarily from Mr. Ghost to save June. If that skill of travelling underground can come into my hands, it could be another life-saving skill.

Recently, I felt my skills are too insufficient. I should better collect more of them. What's the point of raising their level if all my opponents are simply monsters and I couldn't defeat any of them," Myne grumbled, cursing his bad luck as he stared intently at the appraisal result of Mr. Ghost with burning eyes.

[Name: ??? (Mr. Ghost)

LV: ???

Race: Undead(Vengeful Spirit)

Gender: None

Age: ???

Occupation: Guardian of...???

Title: ???

Status: Couldn't detect because of special traits of undead race.

[Skill]

Ethereal Phase

Wail of Torment

Soul Bind

Shadow Manipulation

???

?????

...

[Ability]

???

?????

??????]

Myne's lips twitched as he scanned the rows of question marks in Mr. Ghost's status, especially under the "Skills" and "Abilities" sections. Many times he wondered which bastard spread this kind of fake rumor that a person could only have three skills. Let's not talk about monsters; he had already seen quite a few demons and now even ghosts who were loaded with skills and abilities.

"Maybe this information is only limited to humans, and other races didn't count. With the pitiful power of most humans, it is normal for them to be ignorant about such a cruel fact. After all, to deal with most humans, power like Mr. Ghost's or those demons from hell in another world, may not even need to use skill, just a casual wave of the hand or a slap is more than enough."

While shamelessly rubbing salt on the burn wound of his own race, Myne hurriedly started looking at the detailed description of Mr. Ghost's skills. In order to not get too far from it, and receive notification of 'not being able to cut the skill because of distance,' Myne quickly exited June's house.

Ethereal Phase:

Description: This skill bestows upon its user the extraordinary ability to seamlessly transition between the material and ethereal planes, granting them unparalleled flexibility and stealth. By harnessing this power, the wielder becomes akin to a ghostly apparition, capable of traversing through solid objects as effortlessly as a gust of wind through an open window.

Cooldown Time: One hour after each use.

Special Note: Due to the unique laws of the ethereal plane, using this skill renders the user incapable of activating any other skills simultaneously.

Seeing the desired skill he was greedy for the moment he witnessed Mr. Ghost's actions played before him, Myne's eyes widened with shock. He didn't expect he would hit the jackpot right on the first try. Instantly, without any hesitation, he cut the Ethereal Phase skill and pasted it to himself, as if fearing that if he waited a bit more the skill might slip away from his grasp.

However, unbeknownst to Myne, Mr. Ghost, having just gathered the seven souls of the unfortunate men who attempted to capture June to vent its anger again after rewatching his memories, fixated its gaze upon his direction. It tightened its grip on its shovel, dense dark aura started lacking from his body but didn't make any further move, as if waiting for something.

On the other side, Myne had just opened the description of the second skill when he felt every hair on his body stand on end. A powerful pressure, potent enough to induce crippling fear, descended upon him. Having just engaged in heart-to-heart communication with Mr. Ghost, Myne instantly recognized the source of the oppressive feeling.

He whipped his head towards the cemetery and saw a message appear above the entrance, glowing ominously in blood red:

"DON'T CROSS THE LINE!"

Confronted with this stark warning, Myne, resembling a frightened chicken, frantically nodded his head. Without a second thought, he opened the portal and scurried away into its depths.