

Cheat. A 391

Chapter 391. Whisperers and Surprises

"Yes, that's the point. After Elsa found me, I already suspected she might have feelings for Lewis. So, I just fooled her saying that both Sylphy and I know about it. I assured her that I could help her get Lewis; she just needed to keep quiet and cooperate with us. Then, we brainstormed and made a rough draft plan about how she could conquer Lewis.

To boost her morale, I occasionally called her 'sister-in-law,' which she quite enjoyed. After our plan reached a certain point, and she also saw the possibility of success, she got carried away in excitement and started kissing me... purely out of happiness. Got it?"

Myne explained with a frown. He received a sheepish nod from Sylphy before finally relaxing and after breathing a sigh of relief he rested his head on Aisha's shoulder lazily with his cheek touching her.

"So, we're becoming wingmen for Lewis and this Elsa? Speaking of which, who is she by the way?" Aisha, suddenly felt like her fun was cut short before she grasped the whole situation, and couldn't help but ask. Intentionally or not, while Sylphy wasn't paying attention, she rubbed her bubbly butt on Myne's little brother, jolting him awake for duty.

Myne, who wanted to tease Aisha and pretend as if he didn't understand her hidden meaning, spoke without moving an inch. "Well, yes, and this is somehow also related to our future plan. Think about it: if we help Elsa get Lewis, she will always be grateful to us. Since she practically controls 95% of Lewis's clan and manages everything.

When our clan starts, if we need any kind of help, from her experiences of managing the clan to buying resources in bulk at discounted prices, we can just go to her, and she will wholeheartedly help us."

As for Elsa's identity, I only know that she was Lewis's maid who took care of him for years. When he formed his clan, her exceptional management skills shone through, and she quickly rose to the position of Vice Clan Leader. Now, almost all the clan matters are handled by her single-handedly while Lewis messes around in his lab with his group of old men. Overall, she's quite a powerful figure."

After finishing speaking, Myne peeked open an eye as he saw Sylphy heading towards the kitchen, presumably to fetch them snacks, after all, she had used a lot of energy during their horse riding exercise, and it was inevitable for her to feel hungry now.

He hurriedly put his hand inside her lesson pyjamas, then her panties before stopping on top of her vagina and started rubbing it while bringing his mouth near her ear.

"Hey, honey, do you want to go out with me and have some fun without any disturbance?"

"Moan~ Is this even a question to ask? I've already recovered from my morning exercise and am eager for more..." Aisha wasn't someone who let Myne enjoy herself alone, she also unzipped his panties chain, put her slender hand inside his boxer and grabbed his little monster tightly.

"Not so tight, not so tight..." Myne hurriedly reminded nervously and thrust his middle and ring fingers inside her vagina.

"Ahmm~ No, I like grabbing it tight... Moan~ F*ck!" Aisha, who was about to loosen her grip because of Myne's sudden attack, changed her mind and grabbed it even more tightly while moving her hand up and down.

"Lord Husband, do you want to eat something?" Suddenly, while Aisha and Myne's heat was intensifying, Sylphy's voice poured cold water on their mood.

"Sigh, but I'm already making preparations to eat something very delicious," Myne whispered in Aisha's ear, planting a sweet kiss on her cheek before replying, "Then bring some snacks and something cold to drink, honey."

After finishing saying, Myne took out his hands from her pyjamas and gave a quick lick of her love juice on his finger before really lying behind her honestly while enjoying Aisha's wonderful handjob.

"Hey, that's cheating! Why did you stop?! It will take Sylphy some time to bring snacks. There's no need for you to act so discreetly; it's not like we're cheating behind her back," Aisha, momentarily frustrated by the interruption, turned to face Myne with a playful pout and gave him a fierce gaze.

"You are right, and even if we start having sex right in front of her, I believe she's now shameless enough to directly join us instead of fleeing from shyness. But it's not her I'm concerned about – it's the three troublemakers on their way here."

The moment Myne finished speaking, the backyard door slammed open. Ted and Waffle, resembling a pair of crazed buffaloes, bolted into the house and disappeared towards the kitchen, clearly alerted by Sylphy's raised voice. Finally, after bidding farewell to Ted's parents, who preferred their own small house, Amy entered and nervously closed the door behind her, before sitting down on a chair.

Picking up the book Aisha had been reading, she buried her head in it, occasionally peeking out to steal shy glances at Aisha and Myne, who were still tightly embraced on the couch, clinging to each other as if afraid to separate.

"Sigh, so where are we going?" Aisha, who also knew that they couldn't do anything now, asked helplessly while wrapping her arms around Myne's neck and gently kissing him on his lips.

"It's a surprise, and trust me, the location doesn't matter and you probably not going to like it. However the main point is what we are going to do there," Myne said with a chuckle before moving his hand to adjust his little brother protecting inside his boxer.

"Alright, lovebirds, stop gawking at each other and move your lazy asses. Now you are making things difficult for Amy. Can't you see how uncomfortable she is seeing you two like this?" Sylphy roared angrily while lightly kicking Aisha's butt and placing the large tray overflowing with cookies, fruit salad, juices, and other treats on the table.

"Sylphy, you know you're only making things harder for yourself, right?" Aisha countered, rubbing her backside with a mock expression of pain as she rose from Myne's embrace and picked up a plate of fruit salad. "After all, everyone knows who the laziest person in this house truly is."

"You can try if you want, but my butt isn't that easy to reach, is it, Amy?" Sylphy teased, winking knowingly at Amy. The poor girl, confused, nodded in agreement, then shook her head, then nodded again before burying her face back in the book. Witnessing Amy's comical confusion while blindly following suit, everyone couldn't help but chuckle.

DING!

A chime resonated from the desk bell, startling a middle-aged lady who had been searching for something. Exiting her office promptly, she apologized profusely to the person standing before her desk and inquired with a gentle smile.

"I'm so sorry for the wait, My Lord. How may I assist you?"

Myne, captivated by the extravagant interior of the most luxurious restaurant in Adol Town, barely noticed the wait. His gaze lingered on the magnificent golden ceiling adorned with lavish paintings. Hearing the receptionist's voice, he tore his attention away from the artwork and looked at her with his trademark gentle smile.

"Excuse me, Miss," Myne began, "I'm rather pressed for time and have an important meeting shortly. Straight to the point, I'm new in town and heard whispers of this being the finest restaurant in this entire town. Any truth to that?"

"Indeed, My Lord, your information is accurate. Faerie's Fare is the greatest restaurant in this entire town. It boasts an extensive menu, offering every imaginable dish except for a few closely-guarded family recipes that are not possible for us to acquire. Rest assured, we cater to all other preferences," The receptionist replied with unwavering confidence, patting her chest for emphasis.

Her enthusiasm surprised Myne – such genuine passion for one's workplace was uncommon these days.

"By any chance," Myne inquired, aware it might be considered rude, "Do you know the owner of this place?"

"Of course, I do. How can I not know my own husband?" The cheerful receptionist who didn't look smart at first glance, was clearly accustomed to such questions and replied pridefully.

This left Myne speechless again. He moved his head to look at the restaurant, which was made of special stone, with magic lamps hanging in every corner, bathing the interior in a warm, daylight-like glow.

He then looked back at the receptionist lady, who, although had a lovely face and a nice figure, sadly not so large boobies, but overall she is nothing special, except her genuine, unwavering cheerfulness radiated from her smile, one that seemed impervious to any negativity.

He realized that love often blossomed based on inner qualities, not just outward appearance and the owner of this place saw her inner beauty, which was clearly his life's best decision. Shaking his head to clear his mind of these irrelevant thoughts, Myne refocused.

"Since you're the head of this establishment, this conversation should be easier..."

Myne's words were interrupted by a thunderous approach. A super big fat man, easily weighing several hundred kilograms, lumbered in behind him. The ground trembled with each earth-shaking step. He was accompanied by three stunning young girls in short maid uniforms. Each carried an item – one held a wine jug, another a large golden cup, and the third a towel.

But what truly astonished Myne were the pink collars adorned with dog-like nameplates around the girls' necks.

Chapter 392. A Peaceful Marriage Life Is All About How Good You Are At Making Stories

The fatty man wasn't some arrogant jerk who looked for trouble wherever he went, acting like he owned the world something. After seeing Myne stop talking, he calmly said "Regular one" to the receptionist lady and walked away without any kind of further nonsense.

Since the fatty wasn't looking for trouble, Myne naturally didn't care who he was. After the fatty, under the surprised and nervous gaze of the receptionist lady, he jumped over the counter and pulled her down by grabbing her hand as well. He then sat down on the floor with cross legs and began speaking before she had a chance to complain.

"Listen, Madam," Myne began seriously. "What I am going to tell is top secret information, the less people know, the better. I recently had a fight with my wife over something. While I was completely innocent in that matter and couldn't do anything about it, she still beat me up, saying who told me to run around messing things up instead of staying at home honestly, which I also repeat now."

"Anyway, now I'm kicked out of my own house. So, I wanted to coax her back with something romantic drama described in novels, like a special dinner with a beautiful view, lovely music, wine, and so on. However, I have zero experience in this area. I was hoping you could arrange everything for me. It needs to be a private, undisturbed setting. Money is no object.

As long as you can help me win my wife back, I can pay whatever it takes."

"This is a indeed serious matter, My Lord," The Receptionist Lady while surpassing her smile replied trying to put as serious an expression as she could, but she clearly wasn't good at hiding her inner thoughts.

"However. worry not, we are professionals when it comes to fixing relationships. We have an entire floor specially reserved for this kind of serious situation. By the way, could you tell me what kind of food, colours, flowers, music, etc., your wife likes?

That way, we can set everything up according to her preferences, which will surely impress her more, and your chance of getting back inside the home will also increase," Seeing that Myne is easy to go alone guy, The Receptionist Lady stops hiding her true

nature and spoke with a chuckle, while picking picked up a small notepad from her desk and began writing.

If it was a man who said the same thing, Myne might have already broken his nose, but as a gentleman, and fully recognised, as a pervert and womanizer by his own family and every who is familiar with him, Myne simply just shook his head with a helpless smile, before started telling her about Maya's likes and dislikes, her favourite food and wine, along with some other minor preferences.

Finally, five minutes later, when The Receptionist Lady had filled two pages of her small notepad, she nodded at Myne and gave him her reassuring smile.

"By the way, will it be a problem if I come back with my wife sometime between nine and ten o'clock tonight?" Myne asked nervously. He knew the longer Maya remained angry, the worse it would be for his own health.

"No problem, My Lord," The Receptionist Lady replied with her gentle and kind smile. "There's no problem, but you'll need to pay a 20 platinum coin deposit." A slight blush appeared on her white cheeks as she spoke shyly. It was clear she wasn't very comfortable asking for money, especially up front.

Myne didn't care about those minor details. He paid the money without blinking and, after confirming everything one last time, turned around and walked out of the restaurant with a gold card in his hand.

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"Did you eat something bad outside? How can it take you so long in the bathroom to empty your stomach? It's been literally half an hour!"

As soon as Myne walked out of the bathroom, he heard Aisha's complaining voice. She was standing at the entrance with an impatient expression. She was wearing a green georgette one-piece dress with black stockings and high heels. Her long golden hair tied in a ponytail shook behind her back, and red lipstick adorned her lips, which captivated Myne instantly, making him want to taste its flavour.

Overall, she looked like a beautiful fairy, and Myne couldn't wait to eat this fairy.

"It seems someone can't wait to have fun, huh?" Myne said with a playful smile. He grabbed Aisha's slim waist, pulled her into his embrace, and, stole a light kiss.

"Of course, I can't wait! What if Sylphy finds out about it and insists on tagging along? She's not your pure and shy little princess anymore, you know. She definitely wouldn't mind being a third wheel. After all, she wants to spend time with you just as much as I do," Aisha replied with a tone full of impatience and a hint of regret.

If only she hadn't encouraged Sylphy to have fun together back then, maybe Sylphy would still have some of the shyness of an innocent girl, making it easier to fool her from time to time.

"Okay, fine, let's go then. We have limited time, so the sooner we start, the more we can enjoy before those people arrive," Myne said, nodding his head. He didn't notice the regret in Aisha's eyes, or even if he did, he would probably just chuckle and tease her more. After all, who asked Aisha to be such a good big sister and help her younger sister so much? Now she had to suffer the consequences.

"Hey, what do you mean we only have limited time, and who are these 'people' you're talking about?" Aisha, finally realizing their special date was more than just a simple

collision between two bodies, hurriedly asked while following Myne into the portal with a frown.

However, when she came out of the portal and saw a tattered, antique-looking, not-so-clean, and completely empty house – which seemed in such bad condition that the first thought that came to people's minds was "how long it would take to collapse on their heads," – her complexion changed instantly. A look of speechlessness and anger appeared on her beautiful face.

"Please, for goodness' sake, tell me we're not spending our date in this place," Aisha pleaded, barely holding back her anger. Her fists were clenched tightly, and Myne could practically hear her grinding her teeth.

"Come on, honey, how can you say such a thing? Do you look like someone who cares about money when it comes to the happiness of my wives? Believe me, I have no desire to bring you here for a date, if I had any other choice."

Myne paused for a moment as if he was thinking something and continued... "One of my friends lives here, but sadly, someone has snuck into her house several nights in a row and stolen things. Last night, that damn thief even dared to assault her sick, mute mother!

Thankfully, my friend managed to wake up at the last minute when her mother accidentally broke the glass by her bedside during her struggle with that rapist. She saved her mother, but after that incident, she's so scared she can't bear to live in this house anymore.

Unfortunately, their financial situation is extremely dire which you can see from their house condition, and they can't afford to live anywhere else, neither they have anyone to rely on... So, she contacted me for help. She's fully confident that the rapist will definitely come back tonight to complete his unfinished work but with more people this time."

"In such a situation, I, of course, couldn't refuse her, so I asked her to stay in a hotel with her sick mother while I deal with these robbers..."

"One more female friend, huh? Just how many female friends do you have, anyway?" Aisha demanded, her forehead creased with angry lines. "And why do they only seem to appear when they need your help? What kind of friendship is that? Are you even sure they're your friends?"

You look more like their licking dog, always eager to help them for a few words of praise, then tossed aside once you've finished their chores!"

She grabbed Myne's collar, pulling his face close to hers while speaking. Thankfully, she wasn't carrying a bow and arrow, or Myne's body might already have a few holes in it.

"This, this is exactly why my friends only come to me when they had no other option! I have told everyone that my wives don't like me being with other girls, and they also know my special character, so understanding our situation, they took the initiative to break off all contact with me. Unless absolutely necessary, none of them show themselves when I'm with you guys."

"For example, June is a childhood friend. Before I met you, she occasionally came home and spent time with me. But have you ever seen her around me even once since we met? No, right? They don't want to cause any misunderstandings. So unless I reach out to them when I'm free, they never intrude on our lives.

Now do you understand why you've never seen any of my friends?"

Myne, with his Oscar-worthy acting, grandmaster-level storytelling talent, and OP skill "Liar", managed to concoct a perfect lie in mere seconds. It not only solidified his pervert but noble, and honest husband image in Aisha's eyes, but also transformed all her previous doubts, anger, and jealousy into shame, self-blame, and sympathy.

Now, she desperately wished she could burrow a hole and hide in it for doubting such a good person who was kind enough to sever years-long friendships for her sake.

Whew, that was a close call, Myne thought seriously, watching Aisha lower her head in self-recrimination.

She almost caught me off guard. Thankfully, I am still pretty good at making lies. By the way, recently it seems like everyone is doubting me one way or another. I should better level up my Liar skill as soon as possible or find a way to spend more time with the girls and dispel those doubts festering in their heads.

If this keeps up, and they start using their brains too much, the day when I am hanging outside the house on a wooden pole after being beaten to half-death, won't be too far...

Chapter 393. Trickery (R-18)

"Okay, let's forget about those things. Shall we start our date? You know I am dying to eat you now."

Myne, seeing that although he successfully saved his ass, he ruined Aisha's entire good mood, thought for a while, and decide to use his killer attack the Soothing Touch skill on her to encourage her. He grabbed both of Aisha's shoulders, leaned his head on hers and whispered in her ear.

"But... But I really couldn't make up my mind to do anything exciting in this kind of dirty place. It gives me goosebumpsss, ammm~" A soft moan escaped Aisha's lips while she was still speaking.

"Huh? Did you say something?" Myne feigned ignorance, gently squeezing Aisha's large breasts beneath her silk dress as he tried to hide a mischievous grin.

"Not now, Myne. I really don't want to do anything. Ohh, yess... Squeeze them harder," Aisha closed her eyes, leaning her body fully into his as he played with her breasts. Though she couldn't understand why his touch felt so strong and wonderful today, it didn't stop her from enjoying it. As for being in a dirty and scary place...

well, forget about it, when the body craved intimacy, everything else could be put aside unless absolutely necessary or life was on the line

"Sure, honey, but let's go inside the room and make some preparations before officially starting our lovemaking," Myne said, giving a hard passionate kiss to Aisha using the Soothing Touch at full power and squeeze her buttocks, which made Aisha body tremble in excitement, just like a virgin girl having such a close interaction with a boy for the first time.

Her tongue slipped out of her mouth and overlapped with Myne's before a heated battle within his mouth. Myne didn't pull away until half of her lipstick was smeared around his mouth and she began struggling to catch her breath.

"Ha ha ha ha! That was awesome!" Aisha exclaimed breathlessly, her voice thick with excitement, like someone who'd been intoxicated, her feet couldn't stand still, and she like a drunken faltered left and right.

"Yes, indeed. Let's go. Let's prepare our love nest before we get carried away by passion again, like we did when we first started being physical, not caring about anything around us." Myne while speaking took Aisha's hand and pulled her towards Gwen's room.

The room wasn't very large, just a standard ten by ten feet space. It contained a rickety twin bed, a small dresser, and a candle stand, that was it.

Upon seeing the small room, Myne gave a thoughtful nod and waved his hand gently, while pulling Aisha aside from the doorway. As he did, a small whirlwind rose within the room, sucking in all the dust, cobwebs, and insects in it, before expelling them out of the room, leaving the room clean as new.

"If there's any skill I want most, it would definitely be this one," Aisha said with eyes full of envy, seeing Myne clean a dirty room in just a few seconds. From her perspective, a cleaning skill like this is literally the dream skill of every housewife, and although she had no intention of becoming a full-time housewife anytime soon, she is still willing to do anything to get it.

Hearing Aisha's envious words, Myne couldn't help but chuckle while rubbing her silky head. "Don't worry, just wait until our clan building gets finished. Then I'll give this skill to you. Anyway, I rarely use it, and you surely going to need it more than me." He walked inside Gwen's clean room and threw her rickety twin bed with a straw mattress inside his inventory.

"But why not now? You know it takes me over two hours every day to clean the entire house!" Aisha asked while making a fake pitiful face.

"Haha, nice try, honey," Myne said playfully. "But that won't work. As my most beloved and first wife, it's natural for you to struggle a little in the first year of marriage. Otherwise, how will you encourage our future children if you yourself haven't experienced hardship?" He winked at Aisha, who rolled her eyes in mock annoyance.

Myne then closed his eyes and started conjuring an image of a queen-sized, super comfortable bed with a few tasteful accessories attached to it, before using his Realise skill, to materialise it in the centre of the room.

One second, two seconds, three seconds, Myne waited for a total of five seconds but didn't get any response for the Realize skill like before. Aisha stood behind him, confused, wondering why he stood motionless in the center of the room with his eyes closed.

"Ugh, this damned poverty," Myne muttered, opening his eyes with a disappointed expression. He retrieved a jug filled with magical water from his inventory and began drinking under Aisha's curious gaze.

"Sigh, I don't have enough Mana to create a bed for us, so as you can see, I am gathering mana. Sorry dear, although it is annoying, but you'll have to wait a few minutes."

What else could Aisha do? Obviously, she nodded and waited until Myne finished chugging the entire three-litre jug before activating Realise once more. This time, it didn't make a joke of him and a comfortable queen-sized bed materialized in the centre of the room, complete with pink sheets and, four suspicious chains with soft handcuffs attached.

Wiping nonexistent sweat from his brow, Myne pulled Aisha into the room. With a wave of his hand, a large, two-meter-tall, heavy stone appeared in front of the doorway, completely sealing them inside.

"This will ensure no one interrupts and ruins our mood," Myne explained to a bewildered Aisha, who was now inspecting the bed with a smile.

"That's fine," Aisha conceded, "But why are there chains and handcuffs attached to the bed?" She asked suspiciously, raising an eyebrow. "You're not planning what I think you are, are you?"

"Well, if you've secretly read the books I hid under the mattress," Myne said with a mischievous grin, beginning to remove his clothes as he approached Aisha. "Then yes, I am definitely planning to do what you're thinking."

Reaching her, he didn't rush into a kiss. Instead, he gently helped her remove her favourite dress which he gave to her by himself after their marriage, and he was aware of how much Aisha liked this dress, and if something happened to this dress under their heat, he'd undeniably face her wrath.

Only after setting the dress aside did he breathe a sigh of relief and take a deep look at Aisha, who was now adorned in a green sheer mesh floral embroidery bra and G-string panties, accentuated by glücklich girl's full-thigh stockings. Aisha such breathtaking image instantly made Myne's mouth fill with saliva.

Myne wrapped his arms around her waist and initiated a passionate kiss. This time, Aisha decided to surrender to the pleasure, closing her eyes and she locked her arms around his neck, however suddenly a strange thought flickered across her mind, and she locked her arms around his neck.

Myne who already getting crazy just by seeing Aisha in her sexy breathtaking outfit, couldn't hold back anymore. Picking her light body by her butt, he shifted her to the side and pinned her down on the bed. With her head on the pillow, her ponytails sprawled on the bed while her hazy eyes gazed at him lustfully. He removed his lips, gave her a playful wink and kissed her luscious lips again.

Her gigantic nearly F-cup-sized breasts squeezed under his chest while Aisha's hands slipped across his chest and encircled his back, before sliding down and grabbing Myne rock hard excited little brother.

The blazing kiss continued until she start trying to milk Myne's little brother, and Myne didn't want to become the first one to cum just while kissing. After breaking the kiss, Myne first licked his lips, and tasted the strawberry flavour lipstick with a lot of Aisha's saliva, before quickly unbuttoning her bra and throwing it inside his Inventory.

Feeling Aisha's movement getting faster, his lips pressed on her tantalizing neck and trailing down slowly. He didn't forget to mark his territory with a row of hickeys until his face stopped before her gorgeous super large oppais.

"Idiot, how long are you going stare at them like that? Don't tell me now you don't like them," Aisha whispered with a teasing tone and pretended to push his face to her nether regions, so he could start his work officially.

However, just as Aisha expected Myne a big boobies lover, lightly fit down on her finger which wanted to push him away from his life's most favourite things, and bury his face inside her breasts.

"Boobies are life, how can I even dislike them? Do you know when I saw you the first time, my eyes didn't fall on your face but on those two big guys, only when I satisfied my eyes with their beauty did I look at your face and decide to pursue you, so you should be thankful for them and take good care of them," Myne said with an extremely serious face while his head resting on top of her boobies.

"Big boobies are the best! And colossal boobies are my dream love."

"Nghhh... stop, it tickles!" Aisha said between soft moans while giggling. I know it, no wonder, every time we meet I always have the feeling that you look at my breasts more

than my face, also if I am not taking care of them seriously just for your sake do you think their size increases so much within a few months?

Myne also chuckled lightly and nibbled her pale pink nipples, eliciting a moan from her, which she suppressed quickly trying to look serious, and sped up moving her hands on Myne's little brother.

"No wonder, I always feel like you've been consuming a lot of lately, so are all those herbs really useful for breast growth?" Myne asked curiously, her nipple between his lips.

"Although the effect is not strong, but better than nothing. The taste, however, is... well, trust me, you wouldn't want to know, especially after they're boiled. Torture, simply torture." Aisha shuddered at the memory.

If that is the case then forget it, they are more than enough big now, any more than that, and they will ruin your beauty, and combat effectiveness," Myne said without any hesitation and earned a deep kiss from Aisha, who could only use this trick to hide her smile, after all, fooling Myne though emotional blackmail is the best method to earn his sympathy and get other things easily, but sadly she is still not as good as Myne to control her expression, therefore, she resorted to other methods to keep him from seeing through her ruse.

Chapter 394. Loving and Teasing (R-18)

After breaking the kiss, Myne buried his face back in his favourite place. While biting, licking, and fondling her breasts, he traced his finger down her bare navel, stopping at the cloth digging deep into her meaty thighs. Aisha's sultry eyes revealed a mix of excitement and anticipation as she gazed at him.

"May I?" Myne teased with a grin while moving his tongue around her rock-hard nipples and rubbing his fingers on her double-layer cloth-protected wet vagina.

"Hell yes! I could hardly hold it anymore. Or do you want me to milk you first as advance payment before you make crazy with your special talent, and that little cutie?" Aisha's little provocation clearly didn't have any effect on Myne. He just chuckled before putting his hand inside her pantyhose and her sexy green panties, before teasing and fiddling with her twitching clit.

"Moan~" Aisha's pleasurable moan was what Myne wanted to hear, which was also the source of his motivation. He smirked as his hand crept deeper and pressed against her vulva, wet with slimy juices.

"Although we had quite a lot of fun this morning, you're still this wet with such little effort, I wonder what would have happened if I hadn't pumped you enough, would you already have gone crazy by now?" Myne asked with a teasing tone while roughly messing with her breasts.

Separating her folds, he plunged one finger into her hole and stimulated the fiery walls before she could reply. Soon, the wet crevice stretched enough to fit two, then three fingers, and finally four fingers.

Her insides shivered and coiled around his fingers as if those walls wanted to devour his fingers alive or invite them to go deeper. Aisha let loose a stream of sensual moans while grabbing Myne's head with one hand and pushing it deep onto her breasts, while her other hand more quickly started moving up and down on his cock.

"Hngh!"

Soon, both Myne and Aisha finally reached their endpoint, but neither of them wanted to be the first one.

While his fingers were f*cking her harder, Myne moved his face away from her boobies, leaving everyone on his other hand and blocked her mouth with his lips. He wanted to give her a triple attack so she could orgasm happily.

A short while later, just when his cock finally couldn't take anymore and spewed a lot of white cream on Aisha's hands, her body also twitched slightly as well and showered Myne's hand with her love juice.

Still continuing kissing her, Myne took out his wet fingers from her pussy and squeezed her boobs with both hands.

"That's it, stop teasing. Let's start the serious battle. We only have limited time, don't we?" Aisha forcibly broke the kiss and said with a wink, making Myne's little brother, who was losing power, instantly become excited again.

"Well, that's fine, but I was thinking something else... Like how about an advance payment so later I can work even more harder?" Myne, who remembered Aisha's previous remark, said with an evil grin.

"Sigh, me and my big mouth. Damn it, what do you want?" Aisha, crazily wanting to be f*cked but having no other option, could only rub her hungry kitty herself while asking furiously.

"Well, I was thinking how nice it would be if your favourite little Myne had a chance to enter between those two milky mountains," Myne replied in a childish matter with a fake shy smile while rubbing his face on her boobies.

"Really? Are you serious now?" Aisha, who had a helpless expression, asked with a deep sigh. But she didn't refuse his little request. After all, this is not the first time Myne made this kind of weird request. She had done more weird things than this before.

Aisha's hands pressed on Myne's chest and pushed him back from on top of her.

He supported himself with both hands — not a moment later, she also got up, walked toward him on all fours, and took his cock completely into her unusually warm wet mouth until her lips kiss his short pubic hair, before taking it out after a few seconds, while her five fingers slid up and down, provoking the never-ending lust inside him.

After applying bathing Myne's cock with her saliva, she pulled back her mouth and grinned at him sweetly, her cute white pointed tooth peeking out of her lips.

"I will make Lord Husband happy with the boobs he loves most in the world, even more than his beautiful wife~"

Aisha cupped a breast in either hand and pressed Myne's cock between them. The boobs were wet with his saliva, a bit of her own love juice which he applied on them, and her sweat squeezed and rocked up and down his cock.

"You are a monster behind this beautiful skin!"

Myne raised his head and groaned. Although the compliment sounded a bit like an insult, Aisha still felt proud hearing it. She used the full power of her F-Cup boobies, bringing moan after moan from Myne. Especially when she licked the tip of his cock with her wet pink tongue, which gave a completely different level of feeling.

Soon Aisha also became serious, and while sandwiching his cock with her boobies, she also started taking it into her mouth. It is good that Myne's cock is big enough; otherwise, given Aisha's boobies' size, he could never experience such a wonderful combination.

Under Aisha's constant teasing and hard work, minutes passed by.

"Darling, cum for me~," Aisha said teasingly while making a cute face as her tongue like a sneek moved on top of his cock.

Myne, who was also on his end, made a serious face and nodded while placing both his hands on top of her head. "Okay. I'll give it to you since you asked for it."

Finished speaking, he stopped enduring, pressed Aisha's head down so his cock could enter as deep as it could go, and let everything loose. The white cum sprayed inside her mouth, and halfway through she pulled out his cock from her mouth because her breasts start hurting, thanks to which her face and breasts were also purified with his white thick blessing.

Myne panted with a satisfied expression as he watched Aisha brazenly wipe off the cum from her face and boobs and put it back into her mouth with a wide smile as if she was eating the most delicious thing in the world.

"As always it tastes bittersweet, just as I like." Aisha licked her lips. "So, do you like my service?"

She asked with a smile, and after getting a happy nod from him, she hurriedly jumped on him. "If that's the case, then shall we start the main course?"

"Unless I wanted to get beaten, do you think I dare to refuse?" Myne replied with a chuckle. Without Aisha saying anything, he put his hands on the edge of her pantyhose, grabbed it and her panties, and pulled both of them down together to her thighs.

Satisfied with Myne's smartness, she straddled his hips and grabbed his cock. With her hands placed on his chest, she lined up the rod with her pussy and lowered herself. Myne watched happily as his cock disappeared inside her heated hole. She stopped for nothing and dropped down until her bubbly butt touched his thighs.

"Ah!" Aisha moaned as her back arched. Her insides wrapped around Myne's cock, trying to wring him dry.

Suddenly, thinking of something, Myne placed his hands on the bed, raised his body, and wrapped his arms around her back before burying his face in her breasts while tracing his fingers down her spine, causing her to shiver. "Now you can do whatever you want!" He said before closing his eyes, ready to enjoy the fruit of Aisha's hard work.

Aisha, seeing that Myne was teasing her as if she were a newbie, raised her eyebrow and didn't move an inch. She also rested her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes as well, although she indeed desperately wanted to get f*cked, but this didn't mean that she would let Myne climb on her head.

Myne, who was immersed in the world of boobies, finally realized after 3 minutes that Aisha didn't have any intention of moving.

Thinking that she might be angry because he was taking advantage of her, he sighed regretfully and grabbed her round ass to easily lift her. He then started his assault on her pussy with all his strength to vent his inner frustration, while her sensual moans chimed near his ears, and her teeth also kept biting on his skin, leaving marks on her territory.

Aisha, bouncing on his lap, suddenly patted his back before straightening her body and burying his face back in his favourite place, which made Myne very happy and he also increased the speed.

After a few minutes of repeated actions, both of them felt like they were about to climax again.

"Mm~!"

Out of happiness, Myne took her moan as a sign to thrust deep inside, directly kiss her womb embrace and release his load inside. Aisha arched backwards as her body spasmed for a good few seconds, while his cock filled her womb with his white cream before she collapsed on him and a stream of juices slowly flowed out of her love cave.

Chapter 395. Expected Visitors

"Aisha, stop it! This joke isn't funny anymore. Also, you should take a break now, you've been riding me for the past half hour, aren't you satisfied yet? Just look at yourself you are looking like you have been fighting for the entire day and night, and might collapse at any moment. Please, honey, listen, untie me, so I can recover your stamina."

Myne, feeling cheated by Aisha and forced to eat his own bitter medicine, pleaded with a helpless expression, however, his eyes were still glued to her milky mountains which bounced in front of his eyes nonstop, inviting him to eat them but sadly they were completely out of his reach.

He was currently tied spread-eagle to the bed with handcuffs, while Aisha panting heavily slammed her buttocks on his balls and his dick kissed her womb nonstop, panting heavily. The sounds of water splashing were audible, and the mixture of their fluids was like a river gushing out of her love cave.

With Myne's current strength, breaking free from the fun toy handcuffs wouldn't be a problem, however, to avoid ruining the essence of the game, he didn't dare to do it. He worried that if he did that, Aisha would also do it next time, and that wasn't something he wanted, at least not before he saw her in his current position once.

"Haah... Haah, alright... But let me finish...ammm~" Aisha muttered with great difficulty before collapsing on Myne's chest completely out of breath, but her hips still moving rapidly. She reached up to grab his face, leaned in slightly, and sealed their lips with a kiss.

Aisha's extremely wet tongue slid into Myne's mouth and soon a fierce battle took place there.

"Mmm, I..."

Myne, on the verge of climax, wanted to ask Aisha to move faster. However, with his head held captive and her mischievous tongue tormenting him, he couldn't speak. Seconds later, with a regretful groan, he erupted within her.

CLICK!

CLICK!

"Boss! Come here, I found something!"

Just as Myne and Aisha finished their activities and were resting, a sudden sound of someone trying to open the door and a stranger's voice jolted them awake. They exchanged glances, realizing their target had finally arrived.

Without waiting for a reminder, Aisha, despite being utterly exhausted (since Myne was tied and couldn't use his stamina-recovery magic), untied the handcuffs from his wrists.

For the past half hour, she had been relying entirely on her own stamina, which was already depleted half after a few dozen rounds, if not for the fact that she wanted to give Myne a wonderful memory she might have already given up.

"That was incredible, honey. No one can take your place in my life thanks for your hard work," Myne after freeing himself, said with a smile and gave her a lovely kiss on her forehead. He then immediately cast a stamina-recovery spell on Aisha several times, restoring her energy fully and she can stand on her own feet, before untying the handcuffs from his ankles and climbing off the bed.

Because Aisha already knew that her underwear would be going to become dirty, she had already prepared another set. So, she didn't ask for her dirty and wet panties and bra from Myne. Instead, she retrieved her bag from him and began changing with him

While Myne and Aisha prepared themselves, outside their room, five strong-looking black men each one with a different and unique look than others, muscular builds, but wearing worn torn clothes, gathered together and surrounded a not-so-good-looking teenager.

"Lokka, what did you find?" Asked a middle-aged black man who appeared to be the leader of this small gang. He had an ugly face, which could scare children to death if they accidentally saw him in the middle of the night, wore a long sword strapped to his back and had a scarf wrapped around his forehead. His expression was serious as if he was going to war.

"Boss, I think those mother and daughter are hiding in this room. I just heard their moans a moment ago. The old lady's probably crying in pain again because of her illness. Also, the door is locked from the inside," Reported the teenager excitedly, who seemed to know very well what would happen next, and couldn't want to become part of it.

His attire was unusual; he wore oversized clothes and ill-fitting pants that threatened to fall down at any moment because of which he had to hold it with one hand the entire time.

"I see. Good work... Nethan! Open the door," Let's see how long those two b*tches can hide from us," The Boss said aggressively, a grimace twisting his features as if remembering an extremely unpleasant memory. He stepped aside for Nethan, who resembled a more human-like version of a hippopotamus. Except hippos are more handsome than him

Hearing his Boss's order, Nethan nodded his chubby head. After taking a few steps back, he inhaled deeply, charged towards the door exactly like a hippopotamus, and slammed his body hard into it with force.

However thanks to Myne's earlier preparation, the expected outcome like door falling on the ground or smashing into pieces didn't occur. Instead, Nethan fell to the ground, clutching his shoulder and crying out in pain. He finally understood that being overweight didn't necessarily translate to strength.

"Nethan, my little brother are you alright?" Another black man with a long beard but a bald head hurriedly ran toward fatty Nethan, seeing him sprawled on the floor in pain. His voice was filled with concern and worry.

"I'm okay, brother, it just hurts a lot. I'm afraid I can't use this hand anymore. Now I am completely useless, you have to do everything alone. Please take good care of our ill mother on my behalf. I let her expectations down, I'm a such terrible son..."

"No, little brother, please don't say that! How can I face our mother if something happens to you? Don't close your eyes, listen to me, Brother!" The bald man let out a heart-wrenching cry as if he had truly lost a loved one. Seeing the brothers' performance, the other gang members' mouths couldn't help but twist in embarrassment.

"Boss, how'd it go? Did it have any effect?" Nathan peeked open one eye after a few seconds of silence and asked curiously. However, seeing the dark lines on his boss's face, he hurriedly stood up and stepped aside without further drama.

"Sorry, Boss. It seems like those two women won't be swayed by our emotional attack. I didn't expect them to be so heartless," The bald man apologised angrily. Seeing their innocence even Boss fall into a daze, wondering what words he used to scold them.

"Sigh, though I didn't want to make a big noise, alas, there is no other option," The Boss said with a helpless expression. Hoping it wouldn't attract unwanted attention, he approached the door. Raising his right fist, now glowing with a bubble of soft light, he exhaled and punched the door with his all strength.

Myne and Aisha, who were lying on the bed fully dressed, listening to the people outside conversing and casually making jokes while waiting for them to open the door, suddenly, a sharp premonition struck them both. A sense of danger emanated from beyond the door.

Taking no chances, Myne quickly cast Rock Skin, Iron Wall, and Defense Rise on himself before pulling Aisha into a protective embrace. A deafening boom erupted, shaking the entire house to its core. The vibrations were so intense that everyone outside, even the Boss, momentarily feared the structure might collapse and they all would be buried alive.

Thankfully, the house held, though the door to Gwen's room, along with the two-meter-tall rock placed by Myne and the entire connected wall, shattered into pieces.

"As expected of the Boss," Lokka, a skilled bootlicker, immediately showered the Boss with compliments seeing his house smashing power. "You're still as powerful as hell!"

The boss, on the other hand, a pure down-to-earth person, didn't care about those praises at all. After putting his now half-disabled bloody hand into his pocket under the cover of the dust cloud, he casually nodded while gritting his teeth and silently endured unimaginable pain coming from his hand.

This is the price of using power and being cool, which is not cheap at all, but sadly, poor people didn't have the right to choose.

"Jemmy, Yang Su, scout the area and see if anyone noticed our movement or not. It would be a pain in the ass if soldiers come here to check it. Don't forget the old woman living here had many connections among higher-ups of the military. She certainly put her beauty to good use in her younger days," the Boss ordered seriously, fanning his hand to clear the dust swirling in front of his eyes.

Two random members with minor roles in the gang, proper handymen or cannon fodder, innocently nodded and quickly ran back to the kitchen to go out of the house and carry out their tasks seriously.

"Cough! Cough! Myne, can't you do anything about this dust cloud? I can't breathe properly."

Just as the remaining member of the gang were planning to move inside the room and cough their prey, one to fill their pockets and one to warm their beds, a feminine voice made them look up. However, her words only added to their confusion.

After all, no matter from which angle they think, Myne doesn't sound like a female name and the problem lay here because, according to their months of observation and preparation, there shouldn't be any males in this house at all.

"Sorry, honey. I got a little distracted," A calm male voice followed, forcing the gang to accept reality. A strong gust of wind then blew on their faces, clearing the dust cloud and revealing everything in sharp detail.

"Oh my, Aisha, honey, looks, we have company tonight..."

Chapter 396. A False Hero

"Oh my, Aisha, honey, look, we have company tonight..."

Myne's casual way of greeting them didn't receive any reaction from the thief gang at all. Instead, all of them cast their expressionless gazes at their temporary member, who was also the core of their tonight's mission.

"Boss, I swear, I really didn't know anything about it," Lokka, the teenager who joined the gang hoping for quick money, stammered. "I'm as confused as you are, and why would I betray you? You have saved my family!"

Seeing everyone doubting him, Lokka, fearing someone might kill him in anger before he could prove his innocence, began sweating profusely and quickly explained nervously. However, everything he did seemed destined to fail, as someone wasn't interested in making things easy for him.

Clap-Clap!

"Well done, Lokka, well done! Finally, after searching for months, those rapists, beasts in human skin, are finally caught in my hands, all thanks to you, our kingdom will always remember your great contribution. Haha, you don't need to act anymore, you have done more than enough. "

"Also as long as we're here, nobody can even touch a hair on your head, you can rest assured about your own safety. By the way, my people have already contacted me and your family is also safe. Don't worry about them as well. Now, come here quickly, what's going to happen next could get quite bloody, and I don't want you, our hero to get hurt just because of my carelessness.

After all, you're doing everything for a better future for yourself and your family. You don't need to put your life at risk, leave such work for people like us."

Myne, realizing the gang members had misunderstood and were targeting Lokka, their youngest teammate for nothing, suddenly an evil idea popped up in his head. A fake proud smile spread across his face as he activated his Lair skill and began spouting nonsense, even unbelievable to himself.

However, it clearly had a very good effect on others, his perfect acting, combined with the skill's power, momentarily convinced even Aisha, who knew his usual antics very well.

"Damn it! I told you, Boss, this guy's intentions are not good! But no, you never listen! Just because his slutty mother warmed your bed every day, you started trusting him like your own son! Now look what we have thanks to your blind trust! The Royal Knights have caught us, and tomorrow, we might be hanging from some random gallows!"

Fatty Nethan, whose weak mind was unable to comprehend that he was about to visit the prison and might never be able to walk out, instantly turned his anxiety and fear into anger, directing it all at Lokka, the poor little guy who, under Myne's influence, was himself stretching his head in confusion, wondering if he really is some undercover agent, such a professional one that lets along other, he himself didn't know he is a spy

Seeing Lokka's silent and enduring Nethan's constant accusations, the Boss, who at first only half believed in Myne's nonsense, became completely convinced that Lokka had betrayed them.

"You know what," the Boss said, his voice low and dangerous. "I never wanted to be with your mother. I wasn't interested in that gloomy woman who always dwelled on the past and cried for what she had already lost. But when she came to me to sell herself just so she could provide you better opportunities to grow, I reluctantly accepted and started teaching you everything I know according to promise."

"I even overlooked your minor mistakes. However, there's a limit to everything. Okay, before I send you back to your bastard father, tell me why you did it. You had everything you could desire: a good mother figure, a place to live, three meals a day, clothes, friends, and even a teacher.

While I may not be a father, I don't think you can deny the way I treated you was a thousand times better than your actual father. So, tell me, why?"

The Boss, on the verge of an emotional breakdown, asked with bloodshot eyes. His left fist crackled with milky white light, forming a bubble. A shiver ran down everyone's spine, especially Nethan and his bald brother.

Though they wanted to stop their Boss from using such a powerful attack otherwise the house definitely wouldn't hold and would bury them all alive – they saw the Boss's

clearly unstable condition and silently moved to the sealed window. If their Boss attacked, they'd break the window and jump out without hesitation.

"Boss, I'm telling the truth! I really didn't know those two people! Just as you said, I have almost everything. Why would I betray my benefactor, who helped me when I had nothing? Do I look so ungrateful..."

Thud!

Lokka was still trying to prove his innocence, even making his Boss frown suspiciously a bit with his words. Suddenly, with a loud whoosh of wind, two finger-sized holes appeared: one on his glabella and the other on his left cheek, instantly knocking Lokka offline, his body collapsing to the ground under his Boss's dumbfounded gaze. At least now he wouldn't have to prove his innocence, right?

"Okay, playtime's over. We don't have all night for your childish drama. But I have to complain – what kind of gang is yours? You have no trust at all! I just spouted random nonsense, and you guys blindly believed it. If I'd said I'd f*cked all your mothers and you're actually my illegitimate sons, would you have started crying to see me?

You know what, I think you guys need a brain check."

Myne had been intentionally letting these idiots play their drama so he could check their appraisal results in peace and finally decided to take action with a disappointed expression, as for today's harvest, a total of 4 people combined couldn't give him even 6 skills. Checking their skill data could be done later – it wasn't like they could escape after falling into his hands anyway.

"You, you, you killed Lokka?!" The Boss, having received another critical blow – realizing he'd been played and even losing the child he'd begun to treat as his own – muttered dazedly, cradling Lokka's cold, blood-covered body in his hands.

"I think I also said something like that just now," Myne replied casually, still in a teasing mood. He patted Aisha's shoulder, gesturing for her to deal with the fatty and the baldy who were trying to escape.

"YOU BASTARD! HOW DARE YOU PLAY WITH ME!"

The Boss, consumed by rage after a moment of silence, charged at Myne like an enraged bull. His half-disabled bloody right hand also emerged from his pocket, though the pain would only worsen his condition. But who said the pain couldn't become power, of course, provided someone hadn't stolen your skill.

The Boss, still fuming and imagining both hands engulfed in milky white light from his skill, lunged towards Myne, and was about to blast apart his body like a balloon (only in his imagination) when something slammed hard into his stomach, propelling him like a rocket at triple the speed he came at Myne. He flew back and crashed into the wall with a sickening thud.

"As expected of a gang leader with foolish members. You're laughably easy to manipulate. No wonder you can only bully the weak and run away with your tail between your legs when someone stronger comes knocking at your door," Myne spoke calmly as he approached the fallen boss, who was coughing blood while holding his stomach and kicking hard on his face.

"Now, if you don't want things to get very bloody and painful– something you clearly wouldn't want to see – tell me why you wanted to harm Gwen and her mother. Don't try to lie and say it's about Gwen's beauty or her mother's nonexistent wealth. We both know those are transparent lies. They might fool your pig teammates, but not me.

Oh, and if you tell the truth and answer my a few questions honestly, I'll let you go..."

And please, for god sake, don't try to tell some kind of cliché dialogue like you will do everything to take revenge for someone else's little shit just because of a promise.

If you care about his mother and her promise so much, then just spend more time with her, give her your baby, and train your own children instead of others," Myne while shaking his head, sat down in front of the boss with a red and orange, super-hot basketball-sized fireball floating on his palm, calmly addressing him, who fearfully stared at the fireball.

Bang!

Just as Myne finished speaking, two bodies were tossed beside the Boss. He instinctively turned his head towards the noise and saw his remaining two pig-like teammates groaning in pain after a thorough beating by a not-so-powerful-looking beautiful young lady.

"They are so weak. It only took me ten punches to deal with them. Are you guys sure you are seasoned rapists and not drunken brawlers?" Aisha, who had a face full of disappointment and a bit of regret, sneered while standing behind Myne with her arms crossed under her colossal bosom.

Chapter 397. Caught in the Middle

"Now, will you start talking, or do I have to shove this fireball in your face before your so-called loyalty crumbles and you decide to tell me what I want to know?" Myne demanded with a cold stare.

The Boss trembled with fear with eyes wide open with shock as if he saw a devil, finally realizing that his usual reliable skills, which had saved him countless times, today completely became silent and had no reaction at all, no matter what he did.

"Alright, alright, I'll talk, but you have to promise to let me and my men go. We have no ill intentions for being here. We're simply carrying out a task forced upon us by a big shot we wouldn't dare refuse. He threatened to kill our entire families if we disobeyed..." The Boss attempted to play the victim to gain Myne and Aisha's sympathy.

If not for his stone-like face unable to form a crying expression, he might have already started shedding tears.

Myne and Aisha, though little, had seen enough of the world. Based on the conversation they overheard earlier, unless their head had been kicked by a donkey, there was no way they could believe in the Boss's nonsense. Neither of them blinked, staring at him, waiting for him to get to the main point.

"He said that if we didn't deliver a girl living in this house alive, before killing her mother right in front of her, he would do this thing with our families right before our eyes. You can understand our situation, sir, right? We had no choice. He's not someone we can offend, and complaining to soldiers wouldn't have any effect. We'd only die a more brutal death..."

"What about a commission? Don't tell me your employer threatened you without promising anything in return," Myne interrupted the Boss and asked curiously. As for his story, well, forget it. With the Boss's third-rate acting, even a child could see he is simply spouting nonsense. If there is even 10% truth in what he said, Myne can swear not to touch any of his girls for a week.

"...50 gold coins..."

"What? That cheap? Is kidnapping and murder so inexpensive nowadays? When did the price drop so low? How could I don't know about it? The last time I checked, it was sky-high, especially for kidnapping," Myne exclaimed in disbelief.

But then he noticed even more confusion on the Boss's face and understood. It wasn't that the price had fallen; this so-called big shot had simply picked up a few poor, expendable newbies who had never seen the world and were willing to work for him cheaply, that too happily.

"You guys are truly pitiful. Being a fool is no easy task either. Everyone can take advantage of you, and the most ironic thing is that you wouldn't even know it until it's all over," Myne said with a chuckle as he stood up.

"Alright, enough chit-chat. Tell us your employer's name, and you can leave. We can get the rest of the information from him."

"But sir, if I tell you about him, he'll kill me and my family!" The Boss still didn't understand his situation and tried to pressure Myne.

"I'll count to three before slamming this fireball into your face. After that, you won't have to say anything. I'll ask your other team members. I don't believe they care more about their futures than their present like you." As soon as Myne said that, the basketball-sized fireball in his palm began to glow, steadily growing until it reached the size of a ten-year-old child's height.

"Okay, ready... THREE!"

"Stop, stop, I'll tell you, I'll tell you! It was Lord Edward Harrington, the third son of Viscount William Harrington. Please don't throw that fireball at me!" The Boss blurted out hurriedly, covering his face with his arms, fearing the fireball would smash into him if he delayed even a second.

"See, Aisha, I told you it was fun to start counting from the opposite," Myne boasted with a proud smile in good spirits after seeing his prank succeed. Aisha could only shake her head helplessly at his childish behaviour in critical situations.

"Alright, thanks for your cooperation. Now, one last question before you can go. Tell me, are you hiding anything related to us that could be helpful? If so, then please tell us, and we would be very grateful." Myne asked casually as he erased the fireball in his palm with a snap of his fingers.

"No, sir, I've already told you everything I know. How could I dare hide anything from you? I want to live a long life, how could I play with that casually?" The Boss started seriously, while breathing a sigh of relief seeing that The Lady's Death disappointingly getting further from him.

"If that's the case, then thanks for your cooperation. You can go now. Oh, and don't forget to take your pig teammates with you as well. As for what to do with this dead body, it depends on you. If you want to take it with you, I am more than happy.

Otherwise, it's just a matter of a few spells, not a big deal," Saying such, Ash grabbed Aisha's hand and walked into Gwen's mother's room, closing the door tightly.

"Phew, finally those monsters are gone! Damn it, where did those two even come from? If that bastard hadn't killed this little shit, I would have done it myself." Muttering curses, the Boss grabbed Nether and his bald brother by the legs and dragged them towards the kitchen.

He then quickly exited the house through a hidden door before returning with his other two gang members, tasked with scouting the surroundings and alerting him of any trouble. After these two henchmen picked up the fatty Nether with great difficulty and the Boss, baldy, they rushed toward their base.

As for Lokka, the dead guy, he was left behind without any hesitation. After all, he was the source of all the trouble because of which everyone's life was in danger. How could they still care about someone who was already dead? As for Lokka's mother, the Boss declared he didn't care about him and didn't want to hear his name again. What could she do?

She was nothing but a beautiful slave he truly cared about, not his wife. If the Boss said he didn't want to see or hear about Lokka, no matter how unwilling she was, she had to obey her master's orders.

"Boss, what happened? Why do those two idiots look like they were beaten to a pulp? And where's Lokka? Wasn't he with you?" Yang Su, the handyman who was somewhat close to Lokka, asked after they reached the boundary of their base.

"Something happened indeed. We encountered two people who were far more dangerous than our employer. They beat us down, and Lokka... is already dead. By the way, in order to save my own life, I revealed our employer's name to them. So, our lives are no longer safe.

Now, we have two options: either hope these two mysterious people kill our employer and this matter gets settled peacefully, or second, we get out of this kingdom. What do you think?"

The Boss, standing before the door of their base (Which was actually his two-story house), addressed his two henchmen. Though their position in the gang wasn't much

different from part-time workers doing minor tasks, at a critical moment, the Boss still decided to seek their input.

"I think we should choose the second option. Otherwise, if that big shot flips the table at the last minute and wins against those two people you're talking about, we might not even have a chance to cry about it. And also, I've always wanted to see the world outside. This is a good opportunity," Yang Su replied, who usually presented himself as a fool.

Silence filled the air after he finished speaking. The Boss stared at him with wide eyes, clearly not expecting such a clever answer from him.

"Sigh, very well, then do as you like. From now on, our gang is finished. I hope you guys can have good lives." With those words, the Boss gave a final look at his two henchmen, whom he still felt unfamiliar with despite living and working together for over three years, and at the two unconscious brothers lying on the ground. He shook his head and walked into his house.

The house's interior was simple, with ordinary furniture like you'd find in any home. A middle-aged woman with an average face, but a nice figure, and D-cup size boobies, wearing simple clothing hurried out of the kitchen. Seeing the Boss, she quickly fell to her knees before him and greeted him with a kowtow.

"Master, welcome home~" Her voice was sweet and pleasant. The Boss, whose mind was filled with all sorts of trouble, felt a moment of relaxation. He gestured for her to stand up before ordering her in a cold and commanding voice.

"Go pack our things. We're leaving this kingdom early in the morning." After saying that, the Boss walked to a corner of the living room and pulled on a candle stand on the wall. As he did, a hidden door opened on the floor, surprising the woman. But before she could think anything, she heard something that made her mind go blank for a moment...

"Lokka is dead because of his own foolishness. Although I tried my best to save him, my strength wasn't enough... Before I come back, you are not allowed to do anything that could bring harm to your body. This is an order!"

As soon as the Boss's last word fell, a small pink tattoo of a smiling, ugly creature appeared on the left side of her neck and began to glow brightly, before falling silent again and disappearing without any trace as if it had never been there before.

Chapter 398. Hidden Player of The Bar

"See," Aisha said, shaking her head as she held Myne's hand, and looked at The Boss's house in front of her. "I told you they wouldn't dare to create any conspiracy behind our backs. You're just being paranoid now. How could everyone have the courage to mess with someone they know they have no chance of winning against?"

"Well...maybe you're right. But being cautious is never a wrong thing, right? At least now we don't have to worry about them stabbing us in the back by informing that noble that we're behind his back to f*ck him up."

Myne, who wanted to silence all those gangsters because he had already stolen their skills, and leaving them alive is no different than hitting the axe on his own feet, after all once they realised they were completely unable to use their skills after they met him unless they are stupid beyond words, it only matter of time before he has face god know how many hidden danger, could only make excuses to convince Aisha.

But deep down he already made up his mind to clear all of them after dropping Aisha back, they were just too dangerous for his peaceful future.

"I see that your mouth recently becoming more and more dirty, you better control this naughty tongue of yours, otherwise your teeth might have to pay the price... Sigh, so, what's next? Are you going to deal with the Viscount's son? I think you should talk to

Sylphy. She might have some information about them," Aisha after giving a minor threat, suggested with a worried face.

After all, dealing with nobles was never an easy task. Once you made a slight mistake, then the never-ending waves of trouble waiting in front of you, wouldn't stop until one of them lost their head.

"No need to trouble Sylphy. Based on her character, I doubt she has information about such a minor noble. Don't forget, there are higher ranks above Viscount. How could a random noble from the second-to-last rank have a chance to attract the attention of a princess? Leave this matter to me. I have a friend who is an information broker.

Most of the time he has every little detail regarding those big shots, even minor things that happened a few hours ago couldn't escape from his sharp ears, I am sure he'll have the answer to our questions."

"Now, you go home and sleep peacefully, it is not good for your beauty to stay awake at late night. Oh, and after this, I'm going to Big Sis's house and staying there tonight. She said there was still some work to do on this curse, so even if Mr. Ghost wanted to harm me through it, it couldn't do it. I'll come back after dealing with everything...

Sorry, honey, I can't give you and Sylphy a goodnight treat tonight, but I promise I'll make it up tomorrow," After saying that, Myne gave Aisha a bear hug, and a deep, passionate kiss before opening a portal.

Aisha understood that there was something Myne wanted to do that he didn't want her to see. After taking a goodnight kiss, she nodded and said, "Take care," before walking into the portal.

"Phew, finally alone. Better deal with this matter quickly. My appointment time is approaching," Myne muttered, checking his watch. It was already 8:50 and the sense of urgency became even more profound. He hurriedly activated his Mirror's Masquerade skill, transforming into a red-skinned, pointy-horned demon with a long tail, a common sight in Alban Tower, before knocking on the boss's house door.

Since you are going to commit a sin, better do it in demon form; maybe when I die and go to hell, maybe those guys over there will offer me a job seeing my past record? Myne thought jokingly.

Soon, Lokka's mother opened the door. Her face was flushed red from continuous crying, her clothes were a complete mess as if someone was trying to rape her. Anyway, after seeing Myne in his demon form, the already shocked and mentally unstable woman fainted from fear. Myne, having no business with her, didn't touch her.

He dragged her inside the house and let her sleep peacefully on the ground before searching for his target's whereabouts. He soon discovered a still-open secret basement door, which surprised him quite a bit.

Activating a few defensive skills to protect himself from unexpected surprises, Myne entered the basement. It wasn't a long journey; within seconds, he found himself in a small room that turned out to be the boss's treasure trove. Years of loot were hidden here: a multitude of golden objects, mostly jewellery; a small mountain of coins, both gold and silver but not a single bronze one.

A collection of exclusive books, weapons, and some miscellaneous items. Compared to Myne's inventory, which contained many eye-opening things like all his girls' wet panties saved as trophies and of course, emergency uses, this secret base was very normal.

Hearing a voice behind him, the boss, who was hurriedly stuffing valuables into a large bag, assumed it was Lokka's mother who had come to see him to ask about her son.

However, when he noticed that she didn't speak, which was completely different from her usual style, he quickly turned around, but what greeted him was a wind blade that instantly severed his head.

"Well, this guy's wealth isn't much, but it's better than nothing. I can give these beautiful jewels to my girls. Aisha will surely love this blue necklace, and this silver sword is the perfect gift for Sylphy. As for the others... I'll figure it out later. We're running out of time," Myne muttered as he hurriedly tossed everything useful into his inventory.

He then opened a portal in front of the fatty Nether, and his bald brother, whose house was just two blocks away from the boss's.

Both brothers were still lying unconscious outside their house because neither the henchmen nor the boss had their house key. This is good news for Myne as he didn't have to waste time searching their place now. After casually throwing two wind blades at them, sending them to join their boss, he sighed in relief and opened a portal back to Lucas Town.

As for those two henchmen, since he hadn't stolen their skills, eliminating them was unnecessary.

...

"Sigh, so this bar hasn't fallen apart yet, huh? Wait, why does this sentence seem so familiar?" Myne mused, looking at "The Night Wine" 's weathered facade." While it served most people as a bar, some shady figures, like Myne who walked the line between good and bad, knew it as a haven for wanted criminals, spies from various kingdoms, assassins, bounty hunters, and the like.

Every town with a large enough population had such a bar, deeply hidden to make them difficult to find. This was why Myne, instead of heading to the capital city's information bar (which likely had more information), came to the one in Lucas Town because currently, he only knew about this one.

Previously, when Myne had come here, he had to buy special assassin attire to hide his identity. But now, thanks to some generous people, who heartfully give him their skills, it become very easy for Myne. Before entering the bar, he quickly cast Illusory Veil skill on his body, transforming it into that of a middle-aged uncle.

Despite its ramshackle exterior, the interior of the bar was surprisingly pleasant and luxurious, offering a warm, homey feeling – if you could ignore the assortment of rough and unsavoury characters who eyed you as if they wanted to eat you alive. The one-eyed bartender remained the same, meticulously polishing an already spotless glass.

Only he knew what purpose this seemingly pointless task served.

Let's see what this guy's levels are now. There were only question marks last time. No way I can't see through him now, Myne thought with keen interest. He quickly cast Appraisal on the bartender.

[Name: Alex

Level: 87

Race: Hume

Gender: Male

Age: 47 y/o

Occupation: Retired Assassin, Owner Of The Night Wine Bar, Information Broker,
Secret Member Of Blood Moon Organization, Hidden Spy Of Reliya Kingdom, Secret
Lover Of Countess Krisha Dawnheart.

Title: Dark Ghost, Bloody Killer, King Of Wine Making, Money Addicted.

[Skill]

Stealth LV: (9)

Magic • Darkness: (Third Form: Shadow Veil (Large), Doomfire (Medium), Cursed
Touch (Large)

Wine Maker LV: (Max)]

What the f*ck! Myne cursed internally. This guy's still so powerful? And what the hell do those skill forms represent? I'm still stuck on my basic forms, and this bastard, like Big Sis, has unlocked the third form and even has three exclusive skills related to it! And most importantly, what's going on with this 'secret lover of Countess'?

As far as I know, this guy spends most of his time in this bar and rarely leaves even town. So when did he meet the Countess, and how'd he even manage to get into her skirts? Dude, at least look at your age! This is the time to be playing with grandchildren, not trying to steal other people's wives and make a family of your own!

Consumed by jealousy, Myne couldn't help but criticize Alex. However, as soon as he did that, he felt a chill run down his spine. Turning his head, he noticed that the person whom he was cursing was actually looking coldly at him with his only eye and gesturing for him to come nearer.

Chapter 399. Potion Poppin' Party

Oh? What's with the sudden change in attitude? Can't people even scold someone in their mind now? Myne thought, feeling outraged as he walked toward the counter. Since he was pretending to be someone else, Myne had to act as if it were their first meeting.

Upon reaching the bartender, Myne didn't ask what the other party wanted by calling him as if he was his servant or why he had such a killing intent toward him for no reason but directly used his King's Intimidation skill at full power.

A deadly aura, imbued with overwhelming pressure, filled the bar, causing it to tremble slightly. All the weirdos who had previously leered at Myne, trying to appear fierce and dangerous, began to tremble under his power. A few, even weaker ones, fled the bar as if they'd seen a ghost.

"What are you doing?! Don't you know the rules here?" Alex said sternly, raising an eyebrow as he finally put down the already sparkling-clean glass.

"Oh, I don't know," Myne replied coolly. "Why don't you enlighten me? And even if I wanted to break the rules, f*ck everyone present here up, who would be going to stop me? You? Do you have the strength?"

Myne wanted to push this player bartender to his limit, who offended him for no reason, and Myne was also quite curious about his backing. Otherwise, how could they openly run such an illegal business under the noses of the kingdom's higher-ups without anyone stopping them?

As Myne's words hung in the air, a deafening silence descended upon the entire bar. Another wave of timid mice scurried out of the bar with their head lowered as if in fear that this big shot might notice them, and send them to hell for no reason. Alex's face also darkened with anger, and black veins throbbed across his forehead.

"I see, so you're a troublemaker, huh, good, very good," Alex said coldly while trying to hold back his anger. "Hahaha, It's been years since someone dared to come here and openly challenge us. Tonight is definitely going to be sleepless." He threw his head back and laughed maniacally before retrieving a blue, palm-sized crystal from a drawer and placing it in front of Myne.

"This is your last chance," Alex warned expressionlessly, his amusement gone as if it was never there. "Apologize sincerely and settle this peacefully. Once this crystal breaks, it will be too late for regrets." Seeing the playful smirk on Myne's face, he sighed and continued, "Since you seem so confident in your skills, then why not invite your own doom?"

Break this crystal and see if you see the sunrise tomorrow."

"Sure," Myne replied with a smile. "I'm also curious what gives you such courage to run such an illegal activity so openly in my town. Tonight will indeed going to be colourful." However, he didn't hurriedly break the crystal.

Instead, he scanned the bar and raised his hand at a man whose face was nightmarishly ugly, he had a sallow face with countless wrinkles, half-broken yellow teeth, a big mushroom head-like nose, small eyes, and a handful of hairs on his round head. Just looking at him made people feel nauseous.

As if seized by an invisible hand, the ugly man was yanked towards Myne, breaking multiple tables and running many people's wines, and food along the way.

"Man, your face is so damn f*cking ugly. You should really wear a mask. At least then you won't be targeted by others simply because you're unpleasant to the eye." Myne, after offering this life-saving advice for free, slammed the ugly man's head against the blue crystal before casually tossing him aside like garbage.

"What! You didn't expect me to believe an assassin's words and break an unknown magical crystal, right? What if it had some kind of dangerous curse? Then wouldn't I die for nothing?"

Listening to Myne's naked accusations of his credibility, Alex just looked at him as if he was looking at a dead man, before retrieving an expensive-looking bottle of wine from the hidden drawer under the counter, filling a glass for himself, he sat down on a chair, and began savouring it slowly.

"This place is getting destroyed anyway," Alex said nonchalantly, like a soldier accepting defeat and wanting to enjoy his last moments. "Might as well enjoy these good wines."

"By the way, while we wait for your boss to come wipe your ass, why don't you help me with what brought me here?" Myne said, taking a seat on the stool and deactivating his King's Intimidation skill, making other bad guys in the bar who waiting to watch a great show, breathe a sigh of relief.

"Sure, but there won't be any discounts for you," Alex said casually, taking another sip of wine. There wasn't a single trace of annoyance or anger on his face, as if he were dealing with a regular customer, an annoying one, of course.

"However, before we get to the main business, do you sell potions here? When I came here, I just wanted some information, but thanks to you, my workload has increased significantly now. You understand, what I'm trying to say, right? Some necessary preparations are unavoidable before a good battle," Myne said with a smile as if chatting with a friend instead of an enemy.

"Yes, we do. But again, there won't be any discounts or negotiation and prices will also be many times higher than outside. So, what kind of potion are you interested in?" Alex replied, maintaining a calm facade despite the urge to curse Myne's entire family.

After all, weirdos like Myne who dared to purchase things from their enemies before the battle so he could beat his enemies with their own supplies were just too hateful.

"Give me a few dozen high-grade mana, I mean magic energy potions," Myne said calmly, and as if he suddenly thought something he gave Alex a knowing wink before continuing... "And don't try any tricks. Believe it or not, I'm a potion master myself. There's no fooling me with fake potions, at least you definitely are not qualified to do that."

Seeing that Alex went to pick up potions obediently, bored Myne picked up the wine bottle Alex was drinking from. He sniffed it, finding the aroma pleasant. Unfortunately, Myne wasn't a drinker, so he regretfully put it back down.

Alex didn't see Myne's small movement; otherwise, he surely would have misunderstood him, thinking that Myne was looking down on his most expensive wine and indirectly calling it garbage by making an ugly face.

A few seconds later, Alex emerged from behind the counter with a briefcase-sized wooden box. He placed it before Myne and resumed his drink without offering any

explanation. Since the other party claimed to be a potion master, Alex, as a simple bartender, saw no point in talking.

Myne wasn't one for formalities either. He swiftly opened the box, revealing ten exquisite, starry-blue, palm-sized bottles.

[Mana Potion:

Grade: High

Description: A high-level mana-recovering potion that can instantly refill a normal human's mana storage in the body to maximum capability...]

[???: It is detected that the host's mana storage is linked to Inventory...]

[???: Reanalyzing the effect...]

[Mana Potion:

Grade: High

Description: A high-level mana-recovering potion that can recover the host's one day's worth of mana instantly according to his natural mana-recovering speed.

Side Effect: None

Recipe: ???]

One day's worth of mana, huh? That means I can recover around ten days' worth. This should be enough to deal with the boss behind this bar, right? After all, how powerful can he be? Two hundred levels, at most... Why does that sound like too much?

Myne thought with a frown, he glanced at his own level, a meagre 94, and fell silent.

No way. Although I can bully Alex as much as he wants, the most he has to do is steal his skills, and he's just a fish on a chopping block. But don't forget there are some entities who can block his appraisal skill with their magic items, or know if he stole their skills just like Mr. Ghost.

So, at least dealing with someone whose levels are hundreds of times higher than himself, of course, he has to worry a little bit."

Perhaps more preparation was needed. If I really have to flee, it shouldn't be too embarrassing. And... my time is also running out. I hope those fools will arrive soon, otherwise, they can only drink wine together without me.

Myne thought, picking up the first mana potion bottle, opening the cap, and emptying it completely into his mouth.

With these thoughts in mind, Myne picked up the first mana potion, uncorked it, and downed the entire contents in one go. No one would bat an eye at that. But when he picked up the second, then the third, finally emptying all ten bottles like shots of alcohol, everyone in the bar stared at him as if he'd grown a second head. This was the literal definition of burning money for pleasure.

"Are you out of your mind?! Do you even know what you just drank? No matter how powerful you are, two bottles are more than enough to replenish all your magic energy. Why did you guzzle them all at once? They won't increase your mana capacity or recovery speed! That's simply a waste of resources!" Alex roared, slamming his palm on the counter.

He couldn't control himself upon seeing such a great level of wastage or a luxury reserved for the super-rich, which poor people like him could never understand.

"No one asked for your opinion, Mr. Bartender. What I do with my things is none of your concern," Myne replied expressionlessly while tossing two platinum coins at Alex, which were many times higher in price than the market rate of those potions. But Myne, a super-rich guy, had long ago stopped caring about such minor expenses.

While Myne didn't care about the money, Alex did. Seeing the platinum coins in his hand, his breath hitched and his arms trembled. Though accustomed to being a powerful assassin before working at this bar, most of his life revolved around gold coins.

Believe it or not, a normal human life wasn't that particularly valuable unless the target was a noble or wealthy merchant, whom most assassins generally avoided unless they had a death wish. Most of their targets were poor bastards, and their bounties weren't that high.

Otherwise, given Alex's assassin and magic skills, how could he still be working his ass off in this shitty bar instead of enjoying his life with his new lover and banging her right beside her cheap husband after giving him a sleeping drug?

Boom!

Just as Myne was checking how much mana he had recovered and how long it was going to last, and Alex was thinking about where he should spend his newfound wealth, suddenly a deafening explosion erupted from beneath the bar. The entire building shuddered as if struck by a powerful earthquake.

Chapter 400. The Mysterious Maiden

Boom!

Just as Myne was checking how much mana he had recovered and how long it was going to last, and Alex was contemplating where he should spend his newfound wealth, a deafening explosion erupted from beneath the bar. The entire building shuddered as if struck by a powerful earthquake.

While the entire bar was shaking and most of the people inside worried that the bar might collapse on their heads at any moment, as it was indeed not in good condition, which could be seen from outside, Myne, on the other hand, taking advantage of everyone's disturbance, quickly hid under a table in the corner and activated his most hated skill, Mirror's Masquerade.

[Mirror's Masquerade (Active Skill): By invoking this magical skill, a person can reflect the appearance of others nearby, assuming their likeness with uncanny accuracy. After changing his appearance, the Host's Mana doesn't consume, but the process is extremely painful, so please do it in a secluded location.

Unless the other person is a master of deception skills or has special means, no one can see through your disguise.

Cooldown Time: 2 hours after each use.]

While the "Mirror's Masquerade" skill boasted impressive capabilities, far surpassing the easily penetrated "Illusory Veil," its transformation process was excruciatingly painful. Just a few minutes ago, Myne had activated it in a fit of excitement, forgetting about the agony. Only Myne knows how loud his scream was at that time.

The Last time was accidental, but this time, however, the situation demanded more caution. He was dealing with a powerful figure, and revealing his identity was simply too risky. Despite his immense reluctance, he was forced to utilize this damn skill again. Now that everyone was distracted, it presented a perfect opportunity.

However, this time, Myne didn't choose to become a demon. Although it's quite cool to fight as a demon, sadly, their identity is a bit too sensitive and the potential consequences are too severe. Yes, it's okay to bully some weaklings by wearing demon skin, but when it comes to powerful people, it's better to become a random nobody so at least you don't attract unnecessary hate.

Don't forget, the demon kingdom has been at war with almost all other kingdoms, and now if he really wears demon skin and messes around in the natural kingdom, won't he just ignite unnecessary chaos and risk countless innocent lives for no reason?

As Myne pondered the ideal appearance to adopt, he spotted a sight. A two-meter-tall, muscular, middle-aged man with a shiny bald head was fleeing the bar in an embarrassing manner with his hands on top of his head, and his attractive companion who was surprisingly a flat-chested loli, trailing behind him.

Without hesitation, Myne conjured the image of this man in his mind and activated "Mirror's Masquerade."

A searing pain engulfed him as if his body were being crushed and reshaped from clay. The intensity was so overwhelming that it prevented him from opening his eyes. He fell to the ground, and his body started twisting like a fish out of water, he gritted his teeth to stifle a scream that would expose his location.

Thankfully, this transformation involved changing into a tall, muscular man of the same race instead of a creature with a completely different body structure from another race. Consequently, the process was shorter, lasting only ten seconds. Myne emerged as a two-meter-tall, muscular man with a broad chest and a lovely shiny bald head.

After catching his breath and wiping the cold sweat from his forehead, he reactivated "Illusory Veil," creating an illusion of a serious-looking middle-aged man around himself, before sluggishly dragging his still-aching body back to his seat.

By now, the commotion had subsided.

The few remaining stubborn people who vowed to watch the fun until the end calmly began lifting the fallen tables and settling back into their seats without a fuss, after all, they are intelligent people who are qualified to become spies, obviously they won't talk too much nonsense when they are two big bosses sitting front of them, although they took extremely high fatality rate job, this doesn't mean they don't love their life.

But what was really surprising was that although those remaining few people didn't want to leave, they all with a tactic understanding moved their sheets to right beside the exit. If something really happened and they showed signs of being dragged into muddy waters, they would surely flee immediately.

"Are you certain you called your actual boss, not some imposter? Why would a big shot of an assassin or information organization make such a scene upon arrival?"

At this point, half the town probably knows something fishy is going on here, I won't be surprised if a few uncles and aunties of nearby residence come here to check the situation," Myne said, trying to lift his own gloomy mood mocking Alex with a forced smile, which effort proved surprisingly effective.

Alex, who was on the verge of tears after seeing his prized wine collection shattered on the floor, wetting the earth, channelled all his sadness into rage. With a bone-crushing punch, he single-handedly broke the iron-like hard solid wooden counter table in two.

He didn't stop there, continuing to pummel the mangled counter as if it were the very bastard who had opened the teleportation device in ultra mode. He unleashed a torrent of blows until the entire structure, along with the surrounding furniture, was broken beyond recognition.

Alex panted heavily, his breaths coming in ragged gasps, after venting his anger and frustration, he slumped into the seat beside Myne. His face contorted into a murderous expression as if he had just witnessed his wife having sex with someone else, and now he just come to the bar to drink after sending both of the bastards to hell.

"Here, try this one. I stole it from my wife's collection because she likes to drink wine too much, which is not good for her health. I occasionally steal a few bottles when I see them," Myne casually said, offering Alex the 'Humblosun Golden Wine', which Sylphy liked the most.

Before he got kidnapped, Myne always saw Sylphy drinking this wine, and there was actually an entire barrel of it inside her storage pouch. Although she had stopped drinking out of sadness after he vanished, she had started this bad habit again, and just yesterday, Myne had seen an empty bottle inside the bedroom.

Alex, whose anger had calmed down quite a lot after venting, subconsciously wanted to take the wine bottle out of sadness. But when he saw the bottle golden liquid inside the bottle, his hand froze mid-air. Without caring that Myne could beat him because of his action, he channelled his dark magic and conjured an energy hand.

It snatched the Humblesun Golden Wine from Myne's grasp and hurled it across the bar.

However, amidst the audience, as Alex threw the bottle, a single figure, cloaked in an oversized robe, raised a hand. The wine bottle defied gravity, pivoting mid-air and landing neatly in his palm. Without a word, the mysterious man concealed the bottle within the folds of his robe, leaving everyone speechless.

"You bastard! How dare you bring this wretched thing into my bar! Don't think you are more powerful than me so you can do whenever you want..."

Alex roared, his face flushed red. A dark aura pulsed around him, and Myne could feel that the other party's anger was genuine. But the problem was that he really didn't understand the reason why Alex suddenly became so angry for no reason. After all, hadn't Alex displayed a deep affection for wine? He even broke down in tears over his shattered bottles.

Yet, when offered the greatest wine in the kingdom (according to Sylphy), a gesture of goodwill, Alex loses control, seemingly ready to fight to the death.

However, before Alex could finish cursing Myne and explain the reason behind his sudden outburst, a loud bang resonated. The two-meter-tall room to the right of the counter burst open, revealing an extraordinarily beautiful young girl around Aisha's age.

Her short black hair was adorned with a single blue flower tucked behind her right ear. Her face, cute yet cold and indifferent, framed by striking purple eyes accentuated by round, slim goggles. She wore a gothic lolita dress with a striking black and white colour scheme. The dress had Puffy, short sleeves adorned with white frills.

A fitted bodice with more white frill accents and a charming blue ribbon bow at the centre. A high, ruffled white collar with a black choker adorned with a blue gem pendant. The knee-length skirt is flared out, predominantly black, with white trim along the hemlines. She completes the look with black thigh-high stockings decorated with blue bows.

But what truly stole Myne's breath away for a moment was the girl's unnaturally colossal G-Cup size breasts, which no matter how you think couldn't grow this level without any kind of external interface. Also the suspicious-looking, strange pink tattoo, just below her both collarbones. It starts with a Vegvísir compass, its lines gracefully intertwining like ancient runes.

The central point anchors the design, radiating outward in eight distinct arms. Each arm represents a cardinal direction, guiding the bearer through life's tumultuous seas, and in the end, all the lines are connected together and create multiple lairs of heart shapes.

Seeing the girl, the only thought that came to Myne's mind was how to eat her. Although because of his recent deeds, he couldn't take any more girls under his wings otherwise he would surely overwhelm them, but it didn't mean he couldn't engage in a one-night stand.

Judging by the girl's appearance, Myne was sure she was either a maid or slave of someone; otherwise, no one in their right mind would wear such breathtaking clothes while going out, not to mention making a suspicious-looking weird tattoo on top of her breasts.