

Cheat. A 421

Chapter 421. Desperate Searching

"Who are you?"

The loli dressed in a short maid outfit questioned. Her gaze darted between Myne and the dark-skinned, middle-aged maid, her eyes sparkling with gossip as if she'd stumbled upon a juicy secret. Seeing the excitement in the loli's eyes the corner of Myne's mouth couldn't help but twitch.

He could tell just by her expression that she'd already concocted a story of her own, and most likely, he was the secret lover of the dark-skinned maid who'd snuck into the house to meet him.

"Sigh, I think you've misunderstood something Miss. I'm not her lov..."

"Oh, yes, I understand. Don't worry, guys, your secret is absolutely safe with me. But I never expected Piona to be attracted to younger boys. No wonder she never wants to be with Master no matter how hard he tries. How could she even like that fatty if she has such a handsome man like you right here? I didn't expect you to be such a hidden player.

Damn it! When will I find a good-looking man for myself?"

Just as Myne expected, the loli paid no heed to his denials, automatically assuming he was trying to hide their supposed secret relationship. What started as casual conversation quickly morphed into deep envy and jealousy.

Clearly, she had fallen in love with Myne's good looks, but with a glance at the dark-skinned maid, who was more than a decade older, she couldn't help but curse out loud before storming out of the kitchen, wiping away nonexistent tears without giving Myne a chance to explain.

"What the f*ck is wrong with that loli? Does she have some screws loose or something?" Myne muttered in confusion. Even after she disappeared from sight, he couldn't figure out what had happened or how he'd become the catalyst for a fight between two strangers who'd only met for five minutes.

"Yes, she does," The dark-skinned maid, Piona replied emotionlessly, perhaps mistaking Myne's casual remark for a genuine question. "She's always been a troublemaker, easily getting jealous and starting fights with everyone. Master has punished her many times for it, but because of her cute looks and some unknown trick, she always manages to escape trouble unscathed."

"Ohh, what kind of tricks?" Myne, whose curiosity was triggered by the keyword "Tricks" and its hidden meaning, asked, raising his eyebrows with genuine interest.

"According to rumour, she has the skill to make any part of her body very slippery.

With her skill use, she is very good at taking the master's dick in any of her holes easily, giving him absolute pleasure, which led him to give Ela small special privileges from him," Because Piona was fully hypnotized, there was no shame on her face, gossiping about her colleague or talking dirty, and she explained everything to Myne calmly.

"A skill that makes any body part slippery?" Hearing the secret of the loli maid, Myne's eyes instantly lit up, his creative mind already starting to think of hundreds of possibilities to use this special skill on his girls on special occasions like the one with Mana yesterday night.

If he can give this skill to them, he won't have to worry about getting them injured while banging them hard, after all, not everyone has such a perverted body like Maya.

"I hope this loli is a bad girl; otherwise, it would be going to be a pain in the ass to take this skill," Myne thought with a frown, before refocusing his attention on Piona and asking seriously.

"Do you know where Rosewell, your master's wife is?"

"Usually, she would be in the library at this time," Piona replied instantly without thinking. "But for some reason, I haven't seen her all day today. She hasn't even gone to the library, which has never happened before, nor has she come out to eat anything."

"Huh? Why do I suddenly feel like something bad has happened?" Myne muttered in a low voice, but he quickly shook his head to dispel the negative thoughts. "No, maybe I was thinking too much."

After calmly down his Inner unease, Myne quickly inquires further. "And what about your master? Where is that fatty and what's he doing? Also, have you noticed anything strange about him today?"

"Master is in his 'fun room,' training a new slave girl he just bought yesterday. And yes, Master has been behaving oddly today. He ate twice the amount of food he usually does, which is unusual because he only eats more when he's too nervous or in a bad mood. By the way, last night I heard Kaira do something wrong, for which Master beat her quite severely and locked her in the basement.

We all heard her screams half of the night, but fearing we'd be caught in the crossfire, none of us dared to leave our rooms to investigate. So we all thought this is the reason why he was behaving so weirdly."

Piona, though claiming ignorance, seemed to possess an uncanny knowledge of almost every situation, as expected of a middle-aged woman nothing can be hidden from their almighty eyes and ears, especially something exciting.

"Was I thinking too much? And is Rosy fine?"

Taking a deep breath to steady his nerves, Myne decided to see for himself. "It's best if I meet with her directly to put my mind at ease. Hopefully, she hasn't encountered any trouble because of me." With a swift order, he instructed Piona to lead him to Rosewell's room. Before following, he cast Presence Erase, Stealth, and Illusion spells on himself, rendering himself invisible.

Exiting the kitchen, Myne found himself in a long corridor adorned with a red carpet and magical lamps embedded in the walls. Empty suits of armour stood on either side, more for decoration than any practical purpose. Although undeniably look cool, they also spoke of a certain degree of wasteful extravagance.

Various paintings hung on the wall, depicting beautiful women engaging in shameful acts and men battling monstrous creatures. It was clear that the fatty didn't hold back in using all his wealth; he definitely wasn't going to leave a penny behind before his death for anyone.

Despite the presence of numerous servants, maids, and guards, an unsettling silence hung over the house. There wasn't a single sound of conversation, almost as if everyone feared any unnecessary interaction might cost them their lives. Myne's invisibility ensured he didn't attract any unwanted attention, at least until he reached Rosewell's bedroom.

"Why is there a guard stationed outside? Is that normal?" Myne couldn't help but ask Piona, noticing a rather lazy guard seemingly dozing off in front of the door.

Under the hypnotic influence, Piona provided a straightforward answer. "No, this is my first time seeing this as well, he shouldn't be here under normal circumstances."

Unsatisfied with Piona's answer, Myne quickly approached the middle-aged guard who was on the verge of dozing off. The sudden appearance of a young boy seemingly out of thin air scared the guard to death. He dropped his spear and collapsed to the ground, eyes wide with terror.

However, before he could come back to sense and alert others, Myne's – or rather, Fiora's hypnotise skill took effect, turning him into a living puppet, just like Piona.

"Why are you guarding this room? Is there a specific reason?" Myne hurriedly asked, a growing sense of unease gnawing at him for some reason.

"I don't know," The now-controlled random guard replied emotionlessly. "Master ordered me today to guard Mistress Rosewell's room and not allow anyone to enter under any circumstances."

"This didn't bode well. Damn it, move aside!" Myne shoved the guard out of the way and knocked on the door urgently.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

However, there was no answer after thirty seconds of repeated knocking. Ignoring any notions of privacy, Myne attempted to open the door, only to find it locked. But a simple lock obviously couldn't stop him. With a snap of his fingers and a touch of psychic power, the door swung open effortlessly.

Myne rushed into Rosewell's bedroom. It was surprisingly luxurious, boasting a large queen-sized bed, three big windows, a bathroom, a wardrobe, a table with a chair, and a bookshelf filled with books. However, Myne's concern lay not with the décor but with its occupant. As he feared most, Rosewell was nowhere to be found.

Unwilling to give up hope, Myne dashed towards the bathroom, only to find it empty with no signs of recent use.

"Dammit! Where the hell is Rosy? Both of you, quickly tell me, do you have any idea where she could be?" Myne cried out in desperation, directing his question at both the hypnotized Piona and the random guard.

But they could only offer a disheartening "No," delivering a critical blow to Myne, who wanted to rescue the innocent lady but now he couldn't even find her, and deep down he had hunch that it had something to do with him.

"Wait! You said you haven't seen Rosewell all day, right?" Myne began to talk to himself rather than ask a question. "Then how could she have gotten out of the house and sent me the letter without anyone noticing?" He quickly glanced at the windows, all three of which were locked from the inside, further deepening the confusion.

Just as Myne's brain felt overloaded, a random detail from Piona's earlier statement jolted him back to awareness.

"Where is the basement?"

Chapter 422. Kirotonium Riches

"Does this door really lead to the basement?" Myne, who had question marks all over his head, asked confusedly while staring at the imposing three meters tall, two meters wide, and a daunting thirty centimetres thick metal door in front of him. Behind him stood three random guards and Piona in a hypnotic state obviously like a statue.

"Yes, that leads to the basement. However, we've never been inside, though, so specifics are a little hazy." A half-bald uncle whose duty is a permanent fixture at the basement entrance replied gruffly

Myne listened intently but didn't press for more information. He knew these random nobodies wouldn't have anything valuable to share, and asking further was just a waste of time.

Turning to the guard who'd been stationed outside Roswell's bedroom, Myne commanded, "Go back to your post and act as if nothing happened. Remember you saw nothing, heard nothing. Everything after seeing me was just a dream you had after you fell asleep while standing. When you reach your place, drop your spear and after hearing its voice of falling on the ground you would 'wake up.'"

The guard nodded in understanding after hearing his command and promptly walked away.

Myne then addressed Piona, who mirrored the guard's reaction. "For you, head back to the kitchen and splash water on your face and you will wake up. Remember, nothing out of the ordinary occurred. Everything was just your imagination. If Ela mentions your lover, treat it as a playful tease and ignore her. Now go."

Piona followed suit, strolling casually towards the kitchen with a dull expression.

After dealing with the necessary factors in his plan, Myne quickly came to the metal door and used his Etheric Marionette skill to unlock it, just like the last time he did with Rosewell's bedroom.

"Huh? There's no handle on the other side, nor is there any keyhole? Then how did this door open then?" Only after employing his skill did Myne realize his oversight: the entire metal surface was flawlessly smooth, devoid of any opening mechanism.

"This door seems special, it is actually absorbing my mana..." Myne muttered, a hint of awe creeping into his voice. " Is it made of magical material?!"

"F*ck! Where did that fatty get so much Kirotonium? Damn it, don't tell me he unearth a mine or something!"

Myne couldn't help but yell in disbelief. You must know In the market, Kirotonium, prized for its exceptional mana conductivity and durability, fetched an exorbitant price. Even a kilogram commanded a sky-high price of fifty gold coins, and that was under normal circumstances with a stable supply. Prices could easily double or triple during shortages.

Buying tons of it in bulk was practically impossible unless you were ruling the entire kingdom and had other parties having to give you face, even if they didn't want to.

But what about that fatty? A seemingly unknown businessman, whom Myne had never heard even name before meeting Rosewell, actually possessed more than fifteen tons of Kirotonium with a total price of around 720,000 gold coins or 7200 platinum coins. How can this even be possible?

Even the richest nobles in the kingdom couldn't afford such a luxury for a mere basement door, let alone a small-time businessman. Clearly, something about this "fatty" was far more intriguing than Myne realized.

The initial shock subsided, replaced by a greedy glint in his eyes as he fixated on the Kirotonium door before him. Wasting no time, Myne retrieved a noise-cancelling ball and threw it on the ground. With a click, it activated, silencing all sounds within a ten-meter radius around him. Neither his voice nor any external sounds could penetrate the barrier within a certain limit.

"I hope I don't have to make too much noise. Next time, I'll try to buy a better-quality noise-cancelling device from Elsa. This one's capability is not that high."

Taking a precautionary measure, Myne cast an Appraisal on himself and started looking at his skills. He just had to find the perfect skill that could help him dig out this entire door from the walls, so it could become his property instead of a random fatty who couldn't even see its true value.

"Let's see, if I use any heavy attack, then there's a high chance that this entire house might collapse right on top of my head, and I may not be able to do anything and attract unwanted trouble..." He pondered, a slight smile playing on his lips. "Time to dust off an interesting skill. It's been a while since I used it. I almost forgot about it."

Myne then inhaled deeply, puffed his cheeks out, and activated the skill – "Magic • Water: Colossal." As soon as he did, he felt like there was an unimaginable volume of water filling his mouth, straining to burst out.

Reacting quickly, Myne directed the torrent of water towards the door, unleashing a high-pressure jet from his mouth.

Boom!

A deafening boom echoed in Myne's ear as the high-pressure water jet, potent enough to cleave a person in two, erupted from his mouth like a rocket. It slammed directly into the wall beside the Kirotonium door, meeting no resistance, and made a small, two-finger-wide hole in it.

Although Excitement coursed through him seeing his plan work, Myne didn't stop the skill. Instead, he slowly swivelled his head upwards, carving a path through the wall with a trail of destruction left in his wake.

Within a minute, akin to a knife slicing through butter, Myne had severed all three sides of the wall encasing the Kirotonium door, leaving it standing on the ground without any support. Now, just a push of a finger was more than enough to make this super luxurious door fall to the ground.

"Phew, that was impressive," Myne chuckled a hint of pride in his voice, while wiping the sweat from his forehead. "As expected of a skill pilfered from that monstrous catfish who caused me so much trouble back then. It far surpasses the mundane abilities of humes. Once this clan issue is settled, and I have some free time, let's take the entire family to see the Oscans.

I can barely contain my excitement to unearth the treasures that await me there."

With a triumphant grin, Myne approached the Kirotonium door and placed his palm on it. With a whoosh, the entire three-meter-tall, two-meter-wide door – imbued with various magical enchantments – vanished from sight, materializing within his inventory just like that, at the direct critical hit to a certain fatty wealth.

As soon as the door left its place, a wave of oppressive dread washed over him, accompanied by a repugnant stench. Myne peered into the newly revealed space. An unending corridor cloaked in an inky blackness stretched before him. Such profound darkness that a normal person, without any source of light, couldn't even see their own hand, let alone the path.

"Now this is getting more and more complicated, and why does this feeling seem so familiar, as if I have experienced it before? Especially this smell, sniff, sniff... is this sulfur? What is that fatty doing with sulfur in his basement? He didn't want to blow up his own house, right?"

"I better be more prepared before going inside; God knows what kind of crazy things that fatty is hiding inside. Thankfully, because of a kind and generous ghost, I happened to have the perfect skill for this kind of work now."

[Ethereal Phase:

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

Cooldown Time: One hour after each use.

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

"Sigh, no matter how much I curse Mr. Ghost for putting this horrific seal on my soul when it comes to generosity, nobody can compare to him. Such a magnificent skill, and he gave it to me without any hesitation. As expected of a being of his calibre," Myne muttered while wiping the nonexistent tear of joy from his eyes as if moved beyond words.

After a small drama, and again expressing his gratitude to Mr. Ghost, Myne first used Illusory Veil to create an illusion that the Kirotonium door was still in its place and nothing had happened. He then retrieved the sound-blocking ball and drank five high-grade mana potions one in rapid succession. Since he was going to an unknown dangerous place; it was better to have as much mana as possible.

Only after completing these meticulous preparations did Myne activate the Ethereal Phase skill.

Like most skills, even though he was using the skill of a dead guy, Myne felt no change, except his body became a bit ethereal, just like a ghost. Additionally, he felt himself lift from the ground. Yep, in this state, he could fly, but the maximum altitude was limited to roughly one meter. However, Myne could control his speed at will.

The greater the amount of mana channelled, the faster he could move – even achieving the speed of light wasn't out of the realm of possibility, provided he possessed a colossal reserve of mana to fuel it.

Chapter 423. A Descent into Darkness

After using Ethereal Phase and becoming a half-ghost, the first thing Myne did was slam his head into the wall to test its effect. The effect was quite good; Myne's head easily passed through the solid wall and he appeared in the bathroom attached to it. Myne's subconscious must have kicked in, causing him to close his eyes just before impact.

When he opened them, he was met with a sight that could only be described as... heaven.

A beautiful girl, around Myne's age, was diligently cleaning her private parts while cursing some under her breath. Because Myne came from her backside, he could see her huge, bubbly butt, smooth and crystal clear white back, and long pink hair, but nothing else about her. Just when he was wondering if he just got in her front side to see her beauty, he heard her voice filled with anger and panic.

"I hope I won't get pregnant with that ugly fatty's child. Damn it, he released so much cum inside me. How could I forget to take the birth control pills secretly, this kind of mistake just first day of my job, this kind of thing has never happened, I was always very careful about this matter, then what happened today?"

If Mom finds out I've been selling my body for money, she'll go crazy and kick me out of the house," The unknown girl's voice filled with panic entered Myne's ears, leaving him dumbfounded. He understood who the girl was and why she was so desperately fingering inside her vagina.

She should be one of that fatty's girlfriends. Hmm, but it seems like those girls are quite reluctant to bear that fatty's child even after taking a big amount of money. But don't they know that no matter how much that fatty f*cks them, he could never be able to make them pregnant? Hmm, by looking at her face, it seems like this information isn't known by many people...

Anyway, what does this have to do with me? Her life, her choices, Myne casually shrugged his shoulders and, with a movement akin to a fish gliding through the water, he turned and phased back out of the wall.

Okay, now it's time to find my Rosy. Hopefully, she isn't in any big trouble, Myne thought as he flew towards the basement. He poked his head through the entrance, only

to realize he couldn't see anything, because, in this half-ghost form, he couldn't use his other skills.

Embarrassingly, Myne could only turn to the two hypnotized guards.

"Hey, you two! Quickly, bring me a torch or something, like the one your master uses down there. After that, you'll guard this place like nothing happened. Don't mention seeing me or anyone else. As for your wake-up command, play rock-paper-scissors. No matter who wins, both of you slap each other hard and start barking and fighting with each other like children."

After Myne finished speaking, Guard A, who seemed accustomed to such tasks, hurriedly took out a magic lamp from his storage bag and handed it to Myne. He then positioned himself before Guard B. Both guards raised their fists robotically, went through the motions of rock-paper-scissors, and then revealed their choices.

SLAP! SLAP!

"AHHHM!"

The winner was Guard A, whose scissors cut through Guard B's paper. But right the next moment, both of them very accurately slapped each other's cheeks hard, making both of them moan in pain, and obviously then both woke up from their hypnosis at the same time.

Guard A: "Bastard, why'd you slap me?"

Guard B: "Because you slap me first!"

Guard A: "But I did because I won the game! It's the f*cking damn rule: winner slaps the loser!"

Guard B: "Oh, right. Guess I forgot. Sorry, bro. I train my body so well that it reacts automatically to attacks, and instantly gives the opponent a taste of its own medicine. Totally out of my control. You can try again if you don't believe me."

Guard A: "F*ck you and your body! Do you think I'm an idiot? Remember last week when the boss slapped you? Your body didn't 'react automatically' then, did it? Liar, cheater, son of a pig! I won't play with you again.

Go... F*ck yourself. Don't let me see your pig-like face again."

Guard B: "If that's the case, then why are you still here? Get out of here! I have no desire to see the ugly mug of a goblin who can't even get a girlfriend and has to spend a lot of money just to f*ck a slut. Ugh, God knows just how many and what kind of people have touched and f*cked that body. Urgh, just thinking about it makes me shudder."

The last comment on his dignity and manhood pushed Guard A over the edge. Incensed, he lunged at Guard B like a beast, and a brawl erupted in the otherwise silent corridor.

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Myne didn't know that his casual, playful command ruined the friendship between two good friends and literally made both of them thirst for each other's blood. After taking

the magic lamp from Guard A, he recklessly plunged into the basement's dark corridor without any hesitation.

But just after flying a few meters, Myne realized this basement was far more complex than anticipated. Upon entering, all the sounds from outside magically cut off, and when he turned around to look at the entrance, although it was still there, he couldn't see the other side of it as if it were covered with a thin, invisible barrier.

"Now this is getting creepy. Rosy, you damn woman, just how many things did you forget to tell me about this fatty husband of yours?" While mumbling, Myne didn't stop and continued flying at a slow pace while observing his surroundings. The walls, floor and ceiling of the corridor were made of some kind of dark, unidentified stone blocks.

Various incantations were written repeatedly all over it, enough for a normal person to understand where the script of the rest of the story was going, let alone Myne who had spent months under the special care of a demon and had become familiar with this kind of horror setting.

"Hum? Is that a trap switch? Let's see what would happen if I trigger it." Myne suddenly noticed a small block of the road raised a few centimetres from the others, which was very difficult to notice unless one was super careful or taking the initiative to look for traps, just like Myne for fun sake.

Because he didn't dare to deactivate his Ethereal Phase skill, Myne could only say sorry to his little magic lamp and place it on the top of the trap. However, Myne's luck was still quite good, and the trap was just a Pitfall trap with a dozen or so sharp spears placed right on the ground so wherever the person fell in it, they would directly book a one-way trip to hell.

"Tsk, boring. What an old-fashioned trap, nothing creative at all," Ash muttered, shaking his head in disappointment. He continued to fly forward and soon came in front of an

empty cell. It seemed like the person inside had just been taken away because there was still the unbearable odour of urine and shit, as well as a half-filled water cup.

"Huh? I wonder which poor guy was unfortunate enough to be here. He definitely didn't end well." Myne didn't care about the unknown stranger; after a casual observation of the cell with briefly pinching his nose to avoid the stench. He quickly moved on to the opposite cell, which was dusty and cobwebbed, unused for quite some time.

There weren't many cells, only four. Two were recently used to lock up someone, while the other two didn't have any signs of activity, meaning no one had been placed there. But even after passing the cells, Myne couldn't see the end of the corridor. He again entered the long, narrow passage without any change, which lasted for the next five minutes until he encountered another room.

Locks held no meaning for Myne. He phased directly through and entered the room, which seemed to be a storage room where every kind of torture tool that Myne had heard or read about in books was available, and many of them about which Myne didn't even know.

A large barrel filled with an unknown oily liquid stood in the centre, containing dozens of blood-soaked tools, staining the liquid a gruesome crimson.

"Now I can guess how those two unlucky guys or girls would have ended up." Looking at the bloodstained tools in the barrel, Myne had a weird expression on his face, as he didn't know what to say about this situation.

He had originally just dealt with a random fatty who beat down his own wife and got into his wife's panties, but when the situation became so complicated Myne himself wondered if everything was a conspiracy against him, otherwise everything was just too coincidental.

If he were in normal condition, Myne wouldn't mind taking all those clean and unique torture tools, but in the half-ghost condition where he couldn't use any other skills, Myne could only look at those tools unwillingly before leaving the storage room and getting back on his track. Finally, there weren't any other surprises, and Myne soon saw the exit of this dark, never-ending-looking corridor.

Chapter 424. Hall of Horrors

After emerging from the dark corridor, what greeted Myne was a colossal hall. The entire hall was so big that Myne believed his entire house could fit into it. Only after seeing this hall did he realize that all this time he hadn't been flying straight; instead, he was already very deep inside the ground.

"Just how much money did that fat pig burn to create this place, and for what purpose? He didn't want to raise colossal size monsters here, right? And most importantly, why the hell did that bastard like the darkness so much? There wasn't a single source of light in such a big place. Damn it," Myne muttered angrily.

Before this, because the corridor was quite narrow, it wasn't much of an issue as the light could still reach the ceiling. But here in this huge hall, the light barely stretched a few meters around him. Let alone talk about seeing the ceiling, even if someone was standing a dozen meters ahead of him, he couldn't see that person.

"Huh? Is that blood?" Myne, because he was flying the entire time, he didn't notice it at first but when he casually looked at the ground he realized that the entire floor was filled with blood up to his knees, like a pool. Curiously, he brought the lamp over the blood pool and took a closer look.

Just then, a small thing slowly floated out of the blood pool, making Myne's face darken. It was a newborn child, probably around 5 or 6 months old. However, what gave Myne chills was that this newborn child hadn't just died from drowning in the blood pool. Instead, someone had brutally tortured it, cut off its limbs, stabbed it in the heart, and then thrown it into the blood pool.

This was very clear as the knife used to stab the child was still in its heart.

After observing the child's corpse, which for some reason still hadn't rotted and seemed to have been killed just a few minutes ago, Myne's face looked ugly as f*ck. He looked around and already knew he had fallen into another big trouble because of his little brother. He didn't believe that in this entire hall, as big as a football field, there would be only one such a corpse.

But what puzzled him was that since it had only been half a year since that fatty came here and probably took a few months to build all of this, then where did he get so much blood to fill this big space up to knee level?

Although he had been missing for a few months, there was no way that thousands of people disappeared or died suddenly, and he hadn't heard any news, especially in a small place like Lucas Town where any secret can hardly stay hidden from people for a day before even a child knows about it.

"Fenrir, Fenrir, can you hear me?... I can't contact her?... Am I inside another dimension? Otherwise, there shouldn't be any problem with contacting Fenrir telepathically... Oops, in nervousness, I forgot that in the astral form, I can't use any other skills. I am such an idiot, how can a random fatty, who couldn't even make his wife pregnant have the power to create his own dimension?

Maybe I was overthinking. But how did that fatty do all of this?" Myne asked himself while floating over the blood pool and heading toward the centre while falling into deep thought.

As he flew closer, a macabre scene unfolded before him. More gruesome dead bodies, from young children to the elderly, men and women alike, lay scattered around. All bore

the marks of unspeakable torture. Thousands of severed limbs, eyeballs, tongues, hearts, brains, heads, various internal organs, penis, and breasts floated in the blood pool.

If someone with a weak heart fell into this pool, that person would definitely not be able to sleep peacefully for the rest of their life.

Finally, after nearly two minutes of witnessing this living nightmare, Myne finally reached the hall's centre. Here, a massive, circular platform, four meters tall and ten meters wide, dominated the space. The floor of the platform was etched with a disturbing, intricately carved pentagram.

Within the pentagram, thousands of unknown, runic symbols were inscribed, all filled with blood, further amplifying the already horrifying atmosphere.

Gulp!

Myne swallowed hard, a knot of dread forming in his stomach.

After gulping down the saliva nervously, Myne moved his eyes and started observing the 2-meter-tall and wide altar made of silver-like material, but the dense magical energy emanating from it was enough for Myne to know that this thing was definitely not made of silver.

The altar was also carved with dense runes, but the only difference was that all of those runes were now glowing in red light, which obviously was not a good sign. Atop the altar rested a round, golden disc cradling a large, emerald-green ember the size of a baby head, floating serenely.

Behind the altar was an arched doorway-like structure made of the same metal used to make the altar.

However, unlike the altar, its texture was very crude as if made by a novice, and no extra details were filled in, except leaving hundreds of sharp, pointy, weird-looking carvings on it, as if worried that someone would break it easily if it was made to look good, or people wouldn't recognize which thing had the most problem.

Ten fist-sized, multicoloured gems adorned the top of the doorway, each pulsating with a faint glow.

Myne could only give a thumbs-up to the fatty; at least in terms of seeing death, no one could beat this guy, not even Myne himself, whom everyone in his family called the big troublemaker, nowhere near him. After seeing all of those things, even a child could say where it was going to end. But that fatty didn't seem to realize the problem, instead, he was making it grander with full excitement.

"Sigh, no wonder we humes couldn't make much progress in terms of strength or technology like other developed races. If a race has thousands of psychopaths who would do anything to destroy everything under their craziness or in order to raise themselves, or because of greed, willing to kill everyone, how can anyone expect that race to rise?

It is purely good luck that we haven't gone extinct from this world by now. Just what the hell did that fatty want to do with all of this? He didn't want to summon some kind of unknown monster with this evil ritual, right?"

Myne, although couldn't pinpoint the main function of this pentagram or altar, but seeing the doorway, even an idiot could say it was some kind of portal. And Myne, who had

learned a lot of things thanks to Alban, could see problems with this kind of thing from miles away.

"Huh? Blood? Where did this come from?"

Just when Myne was flying toward the doorway to take a closer look at its various gems, a sudden splash of blood startled him. A drop had landed on his magic lamp, snapping his focus. He looked up, but the dense darkness shrouded the ceiling. Swallowing again, he raised the lamp and cautiously began to ascend, determined to get a closer look.

The sight that greeted Myne from the ceiling sent a jolt of terror through him, nearly causing him to drop his lamp. Hundreds of naked corpses in inhuman conditions hung there. All of their skin had been stripped, and countless marks of cuts could be seen on their emaciated muscles. Mutilated beyond recognition, they lacked noses, ears, fingers, legs, eyes, etc.

Although neither men nor women were spared and tortured beyond words, men still lagged far behind women in suffering because men only lost their penises, and the rest of the treatment was mentioned previously.

But women? Not only did they seem to get raped and then subjected to some dark magic that forced an accelerated pregnancy to a few hours before crudely ripped open their bellies to dig out their child with barbaric disregard. This wasn't the end of their suffering. After this they were beheaded and received inhumane torture similar to men, except instead of penises, they lost their breasts.

But afterward, it seemed someone had put an iron rod in their womanhood for fun's sake before hanging them to the ceiling, as Myne could see a few women still had that rod inside them.

No matter for whatever reason that fatty tortured them like that, but one thing is sure: he can no longer be called humane; he had already crossed all the bottom lines of humanity.

"Now I know where he got so many newborns, come from."

Myne knew he couldn't express his emotions, he felt a wave of nausea as he surveyed the bodies, his gaze lingering on the women. Their mangled torsos displayed roughly severed umbilical cords and other organs, which seemed the torturer didn't heal properly and just left them here after skinning them alive.

"It seems all of those people have been dead for many days, and the blood in their bodies has long ago become part of the pool down there. Then where did that drop of blood come from?"

Myne, who already had a bad hunch in his heart, looked down to where he was standing before, then in the direction where the drop of blood could fall, and soon noticed the body of a woman.

The woman's condition also wasn't anything good, her skin was stripped, her breasts were cut off, all her hair pulled out forcefully, both legs gone, her fingers gone, her ears, and nose gone, and her eyes were dragged out.

If there is any difference between her and the other women, then it would be that her stomach wasn't cut open, and her vagina was still in good shape, seemingly untouched by anyone.

Although Myne didn't want to get close to those corpses, after some hesitation, he still floated towards that particular woman's body. For some reason, he felt a strange compulsion to approach her, his heart hammering in his chest. As he drew closer, an unsettling feeling washed over him.

Chapter 425. Glimpses of Shadows

Myne stared at the horrific corpse in front of him, dazedly, not knowing what he was thinking. Though the body was stripped of its skin, with its nose, ears, and eyes removed, the facial features were unrecognizable. But if you stared for a few minutes with a specific image in mind, you could still vaguely make out an outline and guess who this person might have been when she was alive.

Click!

Perhaps because Myne was emotionally distraught after seeing this hellish place, or maybe he figured out something and unconsciously tightened his grip on the magic lamp. A sharp creaking sound suddenly resonated and dense creaks appeared on it. However, Myne remained oblivious, his eyes fixed solely on the unknown corpse before him.

"This can't be real! How could this happen?... I... I just wanted to help!"

Myne muttered under his breath continuously, looking like a madman. Before, he didn't want to get close to those corpses out of disgust or fear, but now he didn't care about those minor things and directly came in front of the horrific body and placed his hand on the heart that had long stopped beating. He then moved it upwards to her chin, tilting her face upwards.

The face was a gruesome sight. Her eyes were gouged out, her mouth agape as if screaming in pain even before death. Her tongue was missing, and two gaping holes replaced her nose. Her exposed skull was visible beneath her hair, with only a few strands of purple remaining.

"It's all my fault. I shouldn't have left you alone with that beast, even knowing how he treated you. Please forgive me."

Myne, who couldn't stop his tears, apologized to the corpse in front of him, his voice full of regret and self-blame.

"Sob, why do these things happen to those I try to get close to? First Velvet, now Rosy... It's all my fault. I should be the one hanging here. I promised to protect you, but when you needed me most, I was fooling around somewhere else. Sob, it's all my fault.

If only I had been with you yesterday, this wouldn't have happened... Please forgive me, I couldn't save you."

The tears in Myne's eyes overflowed like a tsunami, drenching his face. A few drops even trickled from his nose, touching his lips. But Myne was clearly in no state to care about such trivialities.

However, amidst his emotional outburst, he failed to notice a small white flame like a will o' the wisp, erupt from the green emerald in the golden disk on the altar with astonished speed, followed by countless black chains invisible to the naked eye.

The white will o' the wisp was fast, but the black chains were slightly faster. Yet, those two crucial seconds of late reaction at the beginning were enough for the white will o' the wisp to reach Myne before the chains could recapture it.

As the white will o' the wisp reached near Myne, who was crying like a child uncontrollably while apologizing and blaming himself, it transformed into a blurry figure whose entire body resembled ethereal mist, defying description.

Upon reaching Myne, it paused for a moment before gently tapping him on the head. The instant it touched him, Myne, who had been rambling nonsense, fell silent and entered a trance-like state. The lamp in his hand clattered to the ground.

However right next moment his entire body was engulfed in a golden light that was nowhere near as intense as it was in his eyes, which literally resembled a miniature sun. The golden light in his eyes was so bright that it illuminated half the hall in front of him like daylight.

Even the black chains, intent on capturing the white will o' the wisp, or perhaps a soul, instantly disintegrated into ash upon reaching the vicinity of Myne, as if entering the heart of a sun. This left the unknown entity, whose features remained indescribable, utterly bewildered. While bewildered, it was also relieved to have fortuitously escaped the disaster.

All those things mattered little to Myne right now, because he was definitely the one who was most puzzled about his own situation. Unlike the unknown soul, he wasn't witnessing the intense golden light radiating from his body or the struggle between the soul and the black chains.

Instead, what appeared before him was a scene beneath a tree – Rosewell and himself sitting together and having a romantic conversation?

"Now, what the f*ck is this?"

Myne, utterly bewildered, looked at himself. He was in an astral state, but unlike the state he entered when activating his skill, this seemed too real. His soul-like form was faintly outlined in gold, and most importantly, he couldn't feel any of his skills. It was as if they didn't exist.

This realization left Myne with utter horror and scared the shit out of him. In this unknown situation, seeing himself with a person who was clearly dead just a moment ago, his only source of comfort was his skills. But now, he couldn't even sense them, let alone use them. This was clearly Myne's breaking point.

Just as Myne was having a panic attack, he saw his other self get up, steal a quick kiss from Rosewell, and then run away, leaving her dumbfounded. However, seeing her gentle smile, anyone could tell she enjoyed it and wouldn't mind having a few more.

"Wait, why does this scene seem so familiar? Is this... the moment from yesterday when I left Rosewell hurriedly, promising to come back the next day to deal with that bastard?" Myne was confused. He didn't understand how he was seeing scenes from the past.

As he approached Rosewell, still lost in her daydream and smiling idiotically to herself, he noticed a small detail that both he and Rosewell had missed due to carelessness. There was someone hiding behind the tree.

If it weren't for the fact that this unknown figure was releasing intense golden light which even a blind person could see, Myne definitely have missed it again, as the person was hidden just too well.

Panting heavily, a dangerous doubt arose in Myne's mind. He bypassed Rosewell, lost in her own world, and came to the back of the tree. There, he saw a small opening, probably made by dogs for shelter. But right now, in that opening, lay a small figure with whom Myne was very familiar. After all, it had only been half an hour since they parted ways.

"NETHAN!" Myne growled angrily through gritted teeth, a curse escaping his lips. Yes, this small figure was none other than the little orphan boy who had delivered Rosewell's – or rather, the supposed Rosewell's – letter to him and received a generous tip from him.

Rage surged through Myne. He reached out to grab the ungrateful little bastard by the collar and pull him out of the small hole, only to find his hand pass directly through the small body as if they were a just illusion, and couldn't affect the reality.

After his failed attempt to grab Nethan, Myne's inner rage subsided slightly. He was now sober enough to think clearly instead of being blinded by anger. Just when he was trying to figure out whether his soul had travelled in the past or he was under the effect of skill, he saw another small figure approaching Rosewell.

It was the little loli he had met in the kitchen, the one with the interesting skill, which he greedily looked forward to getting his hands on.

The loli spoke a few words to Rosewell, which could be summarized as "Greeting, dinner, go home, etc." Rosewell's smile had vanished upon seeing the loli. After listening to her nonsense, she snorted coldly and completely ignore her, before walking away, leaving the loli behind awkwardly watching her fading back while clenching her fists so tightly her palms bled.

After glaring in Rosewell's direction with murderous intent, the angry loli quickly calmed herself and approached the tree where Myne was standing, observing everything with a murderous glint in his eyes. Even if he still didn't know who are real culprits behind Rosewell's death by now, he might as well dig a hole and bury himself in it.

B*tch just you wait, I see how long can you behave like this in front of me, as long as I can remove you from my path and get that fatty under my control all the things you have would be mine. Just you wait..."

Although the loli was still so angry that she could murder someone for a slight matter, she somehow managed to calm down and put on a fake cute smile upon reaching

Nethan. She helped him out of the hole before asking the question she'd probably been waiting ages for:

"Did you find anything? Who was she talking with? What were they talking about? Tell me quickly, and all those 20 gold coins will be yours."

Chapter 426. Nethan's Scam

The sight of the leather pouch bulging with coins in Loli's hand sent a thrill through Nethan. He yearned to jump for joy, but a second glance at Loli's eyes – filled with an unsettling excitement and expectation that clearly wasn't seen as normal– tempered his enthusiasm. Unlike other children, Nethan didn't instantly spill all the beans and lose all his bargaining power.

He calmly took the pouch, meticulously counted the gold coins within, and only after confirming there were indeed twenty did he store it away with a fake sly smile and spoke to the impatient Loli, who now wanted to beat him to death.

"I overheard everything. Though I didn't see the person myself, it was undoubtedly a woman. They discussed casual topics initially before Mrs. Rosewell purchased a variety of potions from her. She then inquired about someone powerful enough to escort someone she knew safely to another peaceful kingdom. Based on her tone, I believe the person she wanted to escort was likely herself.

It seemed she desired to escape the kingdom and seek refuge elsewhere."

The more Loli listened to Nethan's nonsense, the wider her smile became. By the time he finished, she was jumping in excitement and her short skirt also moving with her, giving little Nethan some worldly pleasure that a child of his age shouldn't understand. But looking at his not-so-pure eyes, it was clear he already knew the world quite well.

There was also a hint of lust and the pleasure of fooling people hidden in the depths of his eyes as if he were watching a circus clown dancing on the tips of his fingers.

Having obtained the information she craved the most, the Loli didn't care about Nethan, a random anybody, and after abandoning any pretence of ladylike decorum, she darted towards the Rosewell house with unrestrained merriment. It seemed tonight, fatty was going to have another wonderful experience.

However, Myne, who was watching everything from the background, now had his head filled with question marks. He couldn't understand what this little devil wanted to do, and especially his last expression made him most doubtful because he didn't believe a real 7-year-old child, no matter how much he suffered from birth, could make this kind of expression unless he wasn't a child at all.

"Tsk! Her brain is as small as her chest, idiot," Nethan mocked in a tone that didn't sound like a child's, no matter how you looked at it. After mocking Loli, he quickly cleaned himself and followed suit, racing towards the Rosewell house.

Myne wanted to follow one of the two bastards to see what was going on in their minds, but a wave of darkness engulfed his vision, and he couldn't see anything except ink-like darkness. When his sight returned, he found himself face-to-face with a stunningly hot girl in the peek of her teen stretching her magnificent figure.

Her D-cup size breasts jiggled in front of her every time she raised her arms above her head, and Myne didn't know when he lost himself in her beauty and forgot about everything else. It wasn't until the beauty started sweating and went to the bathroom to shower that he returned to his senses, and remembered that he had something important to do.

"Gulp!"

"That was quite a dangerous way to start a vision, I almost lost myself in it. Whoever comes up with such a trap, I have my sincere salute to you, that guy was definitely a genius," Myne muttered with a lecherous grin while sipping the saliva from the corner of his mouth before finally returning his focus to his task.

He looked around and found himself inside a luxurious bedroom with all kinds of expensive artwork and furniture. Even the carpet on the floor was made by a magic beast hide which was around five meters big.

If it was reality, Myne would definitely have some greedy thoughts seeing those expensive things. But right now, his entire focus was on the curtained four-poster bed in the centre of the room. Through the curtains, he could see the shadow of a person with a super big belly, as if he were nine months pregnant with twins.

If it wasn't for the fact that this person was currently banging a woman in doggy style, Myne would have mistaken him for a woman.

When Myne was wondering about the meaning of this vision and how long he had to endure watching a fatty having sex, to his surprise right next moment the fatty and the woman let out loud moans of pleasure and finished their business just like that.

Unlike Myne, whose warm-up lasted for more than five rounds, this fat man clearly didn't have the stamina of that level or related support magic to recover quickly. A few rounds were his limit, even with the help of potions, as Myne saw quite a few empty potion bottles casually thrown on the ground.

Soon, the curtain was pushed aside, and a fatty, whom Myne had seen only once but still remembered thanks to his oversized belly, emerged. This man was none other than Rosewell's husband. Behind him was an unknown woman with a random passing mark appearance and c-cup size breasts nothing special.

The woman seemed very nervous, a hint of desperation clouding her expression as if she were cheating on her lover and filled with immediate regret after venting her pressure, but for some reason, she was tightly covering her vagina as if in fear that a certain liquid inside it will come out.

However, these negative emotions vanished as soon as the fatty retrieved a plain leather pouch from his drawer and presented it to her.

"Remember to take the medicines, and don't try to be with anyone else for the next seven days. If you get pregnant with my child, as I promised, I will make you my official wife. Then, you will never have to worry about anything and will live like a queen."

The fat man seemed quite professional when it came to talking nonsense and seducing women, a talent no less than Myne's, who occasionally had to rely on his skills to save his ass from his girls. But the fatty seemed effortless, his words pushing the woman's emotional meter from negative to positive in mere moments.

The woman was so enthusiastic about her bright future that she wanted to get f*ck by the fatty a few more times to ensure she got pregnant with his child. Unfortunately for her, the fatty had run out of fuel and couldn't satisfy her wish no matter how much he wanted to.

Drinking ten potions within a few hours was already his limit; any more could have side effects on the body, which no one wanted to see.

After sending the excited woman away, the fatty was about to summon a servant for food when he noticed a small figure perched on his bedroom window, waving with a

smile. For a moment, the fatty thought his previous activities consumed too much energy and now he was having a hallucination.

After all, he desperately wanted to give birth to his own children and his brain might be playing tricks with him. However, when he rubbed his eyes, he found the figure still in its original place. The figure even jumped down from the window and walked toward him casually, as if he were inside his own house.

The fatty finally realized that it wasn't a hallucination but a real child who had sneaked into his room.

"Who are you, brat!" The fatty roared, clearly not pleased to see a random kid sneaking into his room while none of his guards, whom he was proud of, even noticed. If even a child could sneak into his room, how difficult would it be for his enemies to come in at night and take his life? Thinking this, the fat man's face became even gloomier, as if he had eaten shit.

"Please, Mr. Bilebelly, I mean no harm. On the contrary, I have something that might be of great interest to you, and this information should be enough to show my value to you," Nethan said with a smile while bowing respectfully in front of the fatty. After deceiving the loli, he didn't waste a second and instantly came to the fatty. Although it wasn't easy to find him, the house wasn't that big.

After a few random turns and listening to the servants' gossip, he easily found the room. To tell the truth, for a minute, even he was confused about how easily he had sneaked into the house without any of the servants or guards noticing.

"Oh? And what might that be?" The fatty inquired casually as he walked towards his wardrobe. He donned a robe over his super-healthy body, followed by a red bracelet etched with intricate runes that he concealed beneath the robe's sleeve. When he turned around, a confident smile played on his lips, as if nothing could go wrong now, and everything was under his control.

Myne, once again becoming a background watcher, upon recognizing the familiar runes on the red bracelet, couldn't help but frown. Though their meaning remained unclear, he distinctly recalled seeing two similar runes on the platform floor. It seemed the source of everything originated from the same place.

Chapter 427. Exposed

"Oh, and what could it be?"

"Why don't you hear it yourself?"

Saying that Nethan handed the fatty a palm-sized metal ball-like object, which both the fatty and Myne recognized instantly. It was the most commonly used sound recording device. Though it wasn't a magical device nor very valuable, even so, for a poor orphan, buying this kind of thing whose starting price starts from 100 gold coins is literally impossible. Now, Myne's doubts about Nethan grew deeper.

Before, it was just a casual idea, but now he was 60% sure – this Nethan wasn't a child as he seemed.

The fatty, who wasn't taking Nethan seriously and was about to kill him, paused. Although he didn't know what kind of trick this little brat was trying to pull, seeing that the other party had proof with him, he forced himself to calm down, threw the recording device back to him and gestured for Nethan to activate it, he was stupid enough to activate an unknown device given to him by a stranger.

Nethan, who was waiting for this moment, instantly pressed the blue button on top of the ball. Suddenly, a voice that Myne was most familiar with in this entire world came out of it.

"Miss Rosewell, are you alright? Please take this potion quickly. It will provide some relief from the pain."

Myne's voice, a little different from what he thought it sounded like in his mind, startled him. He'd always imagined his voice to be gentle and pleasant, but upon hearing it from the recording device, he realized it wasn't the case. It wasn't as sweet as he'd always envisioned.

"I can't take it, it's too expensive, and we barely know each other. Why are you giving this to me?" Rosewell's voice followed, sounding exactly as Myne remembered it, unlike his own which sounded a bit different.

However, unlike Myne, the fatty wasn't focused on their voices but on the words themselves. Just from those two sentences, his face turned as cold as ice, and he looked like he was about to murder someone.

Then, what Myne feared most happened. The fatty heard their entire conversation. By the end of the recording, the fatty was so angry that his body was vibrating at maximum capacity. He was literally turned into a living vibrator. His chubby face, red as a tomato, contorted in fury. His already small eyes practically disappeared within the folds of his face.

BOOM!

Finally, the fatty's anger exploded like a volcano. He punches in the air toward the wall beside Nethan. As he did, the bracelet on his wrist glowed a bright red light. An invisible energy blast shot out from the bracelet in sync with the fatty's arm movement, directly obliterating the entire wall. The resulting hole was large enough for two horses to walk through side-by-side.

If Myne had entered the house from the front, he would have definitely seen such a wonderful piece of art. Unfortunately, he was following the culprit who orchestrated the whole thing.

Nethan, narrowly escaping the powerful blast, broke into a cold sweat. Like a robot, he turned his head to look behind him. Seeing the entire wall behind him completely vanished, he couldn't help but tremble in fear. He might have already booked a one-way ticket to hell if the attack had landed just a few centimetres closer.

Even Myne, who was just a bystander watching the fun, couldn't help but break out in a sweat seeing the power of the unknown bracelet. Unlike Nethan, who could only see what happened before him, Myne, in his current weird state, saw things more deeply. If he wasn't mistaken, what the "fatty" did was a casual outburst of mana from the bracelet. He literally didn't even activate it.

So you can imagine how powerful this thing is.

"You f*cker..."

"What did you say?!"

"Nothing, Master," Nethan stammered. "I think you should think calmly about this matter instead of getting carried away in anger."

Although Nethan wanted to yell angrily at this psychopath fatty, however, after the other party interrupted him and his bracelet started shining again, he instantly took a 180-degree turn, and his all anger turned into respect and humbleness. Like a real servant, he started advising him wisely.

"Hmm, you better control your little tongue, you disgusting worm," The fatty finally revealed his villainous template and spoke disdainfully, not giving a f*ck about Nethan. "Otherwise, I don't mind cursing you to death under my feet."

Although the fatty had a perfect villainous template, but he is still far behind, and there is a lot of room for improvement, before he can become a real villain, not only he wasn't good-looking, he also wasn't an ungrateful bastard as he should be. After silencing Nethan, he casually took out another bag of money and tossed it at him before walking towards the exit.

Nethan, who had already thought he was about to return penniless after making the worst decision of his life, saw the bag flying towards him. His eyes lit up. He quickly caught it and opened it, revealing hundreds of gold coins inside. This was more than enough for his cheap information.

Just as Nethan was about to thank the fatty, he heard the sound of heavy footsteps. It seemed the fatty was showing off, alerting everyone in the house. After a quick thank you and leaving his address in case the fatty needed his help again, under the not-so-friendly gaze of the fatty, he swiftly jumped out the window, vanishing from Myne and the fatty's sight.

Myne didn't know what happened next, as once again a wave of darkness engulfed his vision, and when his sight returned, he found himself back in that hellish hall, right on top of the platform.

For a second, Myne thought he was back in reality, but when he saw hundreds of candles placed all over the platform, enhancing its already creepy atmosphere, and ten people standing before him, he knew it wasn't over, instead, he had finally reached the climax.

Before him stood a total of ten people. Seven mysterious-looking men cloaked in black robes, their bodies completely obscured, not a single part of their bodies visible. These seven stood chanting some incantation before an altar.

The eighth person, whom Myne recognized and couldn't wait to bombard with his skills upon – the source of all his problems – was the fatty, the angry tomato, now sitting on a golden throne with an expressionless face, watching everything silently.

Behind him stood two women. One was Roswell, whom Myne had been trying to save all this time, but now had to accept the reality of the situation. The second was a girl around twenty-five years old, wearing a maid's outfit. Now standing behind Roswell, she was shedding tears like a waterfall, covering her mouth and trying desperately not to vomit.

Although Roswell seemed to be in a better condition, anyone seeing her trembling hands and darting eyes could tell she wasn't as calm as she appeared. She might have already anticipated where things were going.

Finally, after two minutes, those seven weirdos completed their strange prayer. The golden disk atop the altar began to spin slowly. Then they turned around, looking at the fatty, waiting for his instruction.

The fatty, receiving king-like treatment, waved his hand, gesturing for Roswell and the trembling maid to come before him.

Roswell, knowing there was no other option, took a deep breath, grabbed the maid's hand, and stood in front of the fatty with a blank expression.

"What is the meaning of this, Gristle? Are you worshipping the devil? How can you do this? Don't you know the consequences of making contact with those disgusting scams?" Roswell didn't ask why she was dragged into this place but instead addressed something that even Myne was quite curious about.

However, Myne was curious more about the identities of those seven weirdos, as he had now confirmed that this entire nightmarish setup was their handiwork. However, when he came in front of one of the figures and peeked into his hood, he couldn't help but recoil with a look of fear and disbelief.

Because this seemingly human-looking figure inside the hood was entirely made of small insects. It had no facial features, just hundreds or thousands of insects coming together to form the shape of a head.

After seeing the insect-man, Myne, who was frightened to death, couldn't muster his courage to peek into the other six hoods. But just when he was hesitating, the fatty finally spoke, distracting Myne from his negative thoughts.

"It doesn't matter if I'm worshipping the devil or not. It has nothing to do with you," the fatty spoke coldly, staring at Roswell expressionlessly.

"Then why did you bring us here? I don't believe you brought us here simply to show us this terrible place under our house and this pool of blood, right? By the way, where did you get so much blood anyway?" Roswell, who already sensed something wrong with the way the fatty was looking at her, asked casually, trying to lighten the mood as she always did.

She had gotten used to being beaten by him, so there was nothing new in it now. Perhaps she could as well try to dig out his secret, something that might be useful later.

Chapter 428. Desperate Bargains

The fatty didn't answer Roswell's question. Instead, he raised his right hand. Two red beams of light shot from a bracelet hidden beneath his robe, striking both Roswell and the maid squarely in the chest. They instantly fell to their knees, their bodies paralyzed. They could still move their heads, but the rest of their limbs were rendered useless.

Despite the paralysis, they could feel everything, yet couldn't budge a single finger.

"I'll only ask once, whore," The fatty growled. "Tell me who was the man you conspired with to kill me!"

Hearing the question, Roswell, who was still desperately trying to convince herself everything would be alright, suddenly lost all hope. Now she understood why her bastard husband who considered her as his punching bag, had brought her to this kind of secret place. He must have already decided to leave her here permanently.

"I'll tell you everything, Gristle, but please let Kaira go," Roswell pleaded, her voice trembling with fear.

SNAP!

Her plea was answered by a cold snap from the fatty. One of the seven strange figures, resembling a two-meter-tall, walking beast, approached Kaira, the maid. He scooped her up in a princess carry despite her terrified screams and Roswell's desperate pleas. It was a futile effort.

He laid her down on the altar. Then, he retrieved a black potion that emanated an ominous and dangerous aura just by looking at it. He emptied the entire vial into her mouth. Raising his hands, a black dagger made of energy materialized in his hand. He then brutally cut off all of Kaira's clothes, leaving her completely naked.

Then, he cast his robe aside as well. What stood before everyone was an exceptionally grotesque man. His face, far more terrifying than any monster, sported a bulbous nose, cracked lips, and crudely stitched eyes that seemed to see everything despite being completely sealed.

His head was shaved and rough, and his entire torso was stitched together from various parts, many of them different shapes and colors, as if they were not originally his. His entire back was covered in dragon-like black scales.

While he wore nothing on his upper body, he had a pair of pants on his lower half, which he removed without hesitation, revealing a monstrous ten-inch-long monster and a scrotum the size of a bull's, hanging down to his knees.

This hideous bald man, seemingly unconcerned about his appearance, climbed on top of the naked Kaira under her horrified gaze and placed the tip of his monstrous member at her vaginal entrance, and pushed in without hesitation or formality.

Such a rough and forceful entry was clearly not pleasurable, and Kaira screamed like a pig in pain. Sadly, she couldn't move any part of her body except her head, which could do nothing but scream

Rosewell, witnessing her childhood friend in such agony, begged the fatty to stop, but it was in vain. The fatty continued to stare at her with a cold, emotionless expression.

"Who was that man?" He repeated, his question simple yet laced with threat.

Though the question was straightforward, Roswell clearly wasn't willing to answer. She desperately resorted to other tactics, reminiscing about their happy times together to plead for Kaira's life. This tactic, however, seemed to have the opposite effect on the fatty, his previously expressionless face finally contorted with anger he'd been trying to suppress.

Slap!

He rose from his golden throne and slapped Roswell with his thick palm with such force that her face met the ground. Grabbing her purple hair, he continued to slap her relentlessly, stopping only when her face swelled to the point that even her parents wouldn't recognize her. She was beaten so hard she couldn't even scream.

In the background, Myne desperately wanted to stop the fatty, but every time he tried to touch them, he passed straight through them like a ghost. He could only watch everything unfold with helpless anger.

After practically disfiguring half of Roswell's face, the enraged fatty finally calmed down a bit. He took out a potion bottle and smashed it on her forehead. Although Myne's memories told him it wasn't a healing potion, the liquid upon contact visibly restored Roswell's face to its original state, even expelling the glass shards from her forehead. It was as if she hadn't been beaten at all.

"Who was that bastard, whore! Tell me. This is your last chance." The fatty roared loudly, his bloodshot eyes blazing. He gripped Roswell's hair tightly, panting heavily. It seemed his supposedly super-healthy body couldn't handle the strain of playing the villain and torturing others.

"Let Kaira go and I'll tell you everything, she's innocent, please!" Roswell pleaded, knowing her end was near, and made one last attempt to save the poor girl who was begging for mercy in the background nonstop. But the monster in human skin paid no heed and continued to f*cking her with full enjoyment.

"Haa, haa, haa, good, good. Let's see how long you can maintain your demands in front of me." The fatty said while panting, he flung Rosewell onto the ground before the remaining six weirdos, then settled back onto his throne with a cold sneer.

"Start your work," He commanded. "I want to know everything about the man this whore had a relationship with behind my back."

Upon hearing the fatty's order, the first figure in the line, tall and grotesque, stepped forward towards Rosewell, who lay on the floor like a fish on a chopping board, looking at the approaching weirdo with utter horror.

Upon reaching Rosewell, the guy first chanted some incantation and lightly tapped the ground with his feet. Suddenly, the ground beneath Rosewell began to tremble, and a replica of the altar rose from the earth, with Rosewell deposited upon it.

He then retrieved a vial of purple potion from beneath his robe. Prying open Rosewell's mouth, he forced the entire contents down her throat. As soon as the potion entered Rosewell's throat, an ear-splitting scream erupted from her lips, as if her body were lying on top of lava. Blood gushed from her mouth, nose, ears, and eyes.

Her soul-shaking screams even drowned out Kaira's screams lasted literally for an entire minute before she fell unconscious.

Then, the weirdo No. 1 took out another potion this time a yellow one and poured its contents into her mouth, reviving her. Before she could process what was happening, he grasped her soft, white hands, focusing on her slender fingers. He began to break them one by one.

"AHHHH!!!"

A fresh wave of heart-wrenching screams tore from her throat, screams that elicited no response except from Roswell and Myne, who had become numb with despair and self-blame. He had fallen to the ground on his knees with tears in his eyes. Unable to do anything but witness the entire torture unfold because of him.

Thinking that only if he hadn't interfered in her life, she wouldn't be suffering this way.

After breaking all her fingers, whose effects were probably no less painful than forcibly putting hands into someone's body and taking out their bones, under the simulation of that yellow potion which could also enhance body sensitivity fivefold, No. 1 didn't make any further moves.

He let Rosewell suffer for a few minutes, then, seeing that Rosewell's breathing had become calm, he leaned close to her ear and spoke in a surprisingly gentle tone.

"My lady, can you tell me who the man your husband is trying to find is? And how long have you known each other?"

There was no clichéd nonsense of unwavering willpower or refusal to divulge secrets until the end of life no matter how someone tortured her. Just after hearing No.

1's question, Rosewell, who had gone through two rounds of hellish torture and was now willing to do anything to escape it, didn't make any useless demands this time, and readily confessed everything, under the surprised gaze of the fatty.

"So that's the husband of that arrogant ex-princess? You two haven't even been together for an hour, yet he's willing to kill me for you? Am I such a cheap and worthless person in everyone's eyes?" The fatty, who had begun to doubt himself mutters confusedly.

The fatty was just causally talking to himself and due to the unique characters of those weirdoes, he also didn't expect any answers from them, however to his shock, this time every one of them gave him a nod, even the baldy who was busy with his work paused his activity and nodded. Solving his life's biggest doubt instantly. Clearly, his life is as cheap in their eyes as in Myne's.

"You guys..."

Because of these seven people's special identity, no matter how arrogant the fatty was on the outside or in front of his wife, could only just swallow his anger and move on. Otherwise, if they became angry, it was only a matter of time before he would be the one lying on the altar next time.

Chapter 429. The Torturer's Artistry

After taking a critical hit to his self-esteem, the fatty fell silent for a few seconds. However, he soon recovered his usual demeanour. The thick skin on his body wasn't just for decoration. He was shameless enough to shrug off such minor insults without blinking.

Under the strange expressions of the six weirdos watching him, he straightened his back, leaned forward dramatically, and pretended to be deep in thought while rubbing his thick chin.

This shameless act of feigning seriousness lasted for three minutes, until No.1, unlike the fatty, didn't have all day to waste on such trivialities and couldn't take it anymore and broke the silence.

"Mr. Gristle, what is your further plan for your 'Wife'?"

Hearing No.1's voice, the fatty put on a confused expression as if truly pondering something so serious that he forgot everything else. However, 6 weirdoes mouth couldn't help but twist weirdly seeing this, clearly revealing that the fatty small tricks, which seemed perfect in his eyes, were nothing but a joke in theirs.

Then the fatty leaned back on his throne and spoke casually with an indifferent tone.

"What plan? Just do what you usually do with the others. No special treatment is necessary just because she's my wife. Oh, and if possible, take it to the extreme level. No need to hold back at all."

After saying that, the fatty glared at Roswell with eyes full of murderous intent. However, something made him hesitate, and ultimately he spoke again, "...By the way, leave out the birthing torture. Just forget about that one."

As if depleted of all his strength saying that, the fatty collapsed back on his throne and closed his eyes. He couldn't bear to look at his seven overpowered subordinates who were probably laughing at him for showing a shred of compassion towards his "whore wife."

"As you wish. I didn't expect that your husband would be so, so... ahmm, what should I call it, cowardly?" No.1 muttered into Rosewell's ear, who was lying on the fake altar weakly, her body occasionally twisting from the pain. Tears overflowed from her eyes, but there was nothing she could do. Even screaming or crying was very hard for her.

After that, he turned around and returned to his original position, and No. 2 stepped forward. This man took out a small leather roll-up pouch and spread it beside Roswell.

Inside lay hundreds of thin, 25-centimetre needles, a small silver hammer engraved with unknown red runes, and a small bottle of thick, blue substance.

No.2 opened the bottle, picked up the silver hammer which instantly pulsed with red magic symbols upon touching the handle, and grabbed a needle. He dipped it into the unknown blue substance before placing the tip on the back of Roswell's right hand. With a sharp thud, he hammered the needle into her flesh with brutal force.

"AHHHH!"

Another scream erupted from Roswell, no less agonizing than the one she let out when forced to drink the unknown potion at the start. The fatty, feigning death in the background, couldn't help but open his eyes and looked at her with a conflicted expression. It would be a lie to say he didn't care about Rosewell. He had indeed loved her when they were first married.

However, that all changed when he learned he couldn't become a father. Now, he was too far gone to turn back.

No.2 ignored Roswell's heart-wrenching screams. In fact, he seemed to take a twisted pleasure in them. A hidden excitement gleamed in his eyes as he picked up another needle, dipped it in the blue substance, and hammered it beside the first one, eliciting another horrific scream from Roswell.

"Gulp!"

The fatty swallowed hard, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead. He watched his wife scream like a pig, thrashing her head around and occasionally begging for mercy, but the torturer remained unmoved.

It's hard to believe they're hammering needles into her soul instead of her flesh. That must be a thousand times worse than a regular wound. I never understand why those guys like to mess with the soul so much. Did I mess with the wrong people? The fatty's internal monologue trailed off as he continued to watch his wife's horrifying ordeal.

One by one, No. 2 continued his work, hammering each of the 500 needles into Roswell's body under her neck, not leaving a single spot untouched. As her clothes got in the way, he ripped them apart. However, if someone were to ask where Roswell cried the most in pain, it would undoubtedly be her breasts and vaginal area.

It was a literal hell on earth, even for the fatty who had witnessed it multiple times and felt a chill run down his spine.

No. 2 looked at his "artwork" covered in needles with satisfaction. He flicked a needle he'd hammered into the centre of Roswell's nipple with his finger, then grabbed his leather roll-up pouch and returned to his place, leaving the platform for No. 3 to enlighten others with his work.

Compared to his previous two brothers or sisters, this guy was gentler. He simply conjured a three-meter-tall glass tank out of thin air and placed it beside Roswell's altar. With a wave of his hand, he opened the lid, chanted an incantation, and caused Roswell's half-lifeless body to float inside before closing it again.

Number Three then sat down on the altar, covered in Roswell's blood, urine, and even a small amount of faeces, without a care for dirtying his clothes. He took out a small black compass-like device, but it was obviously not a compass. As soon as he pressed the button on the side, its glass surface lit up like a magic lamp, displaying various unknown symbols.

No.3 touched the surface several times, and a greenish liquid suddenly rose from the black floor of the tank, quickly filling it entirely.

Roswell, unconscious and seemingly about to drown in the greenish liquid, suddenly seemed revitalized, as if someone had cast a high-level healing skill on her. All the needles embedded in her body automatically came out, and the wounds healed instantly. She opened her eyes in confusion and looked around. Seeing the liquid surrounding her, she initially struggled, fearing she might drown.

However, after two minutes with no difficulty breathing or feeling of water entering her body, she calmed down.

Seeing Roswell in good condition, No.3 nodded slightly. He pressed the compass-like device a few more times, and the green liquid in the tank drained into the floor, disappearing completely. Roswell was left standing alone in the tank, hesitantly covering her private parts while opening and closing her mouth, but no sound came out. It seemed this guy preferred silence to ear-piercing screams.

After all the green liquid drained, No.3 clicked the device one last time and put it away. He looked at Roswell, but his expression was hidden by his hood.

Just as everyone waited patiently under Roswell's horrified gaze, the entire lid of the tank became covered in tiny needle-sized holes. Soon, a drop of water began to fall from each one like rain. At first, Roswell didn't feel anything and thought it was just water. But soon, the water transformed into a white liquid as hot as lava, and another round of horrendous torture began.

However, this time, it was only a visual effect with no sound. Although everyone saw Roswell screaming and running back and forth in the tank. Yes, running, because the green healing liquid had restored control of her body as well. But where can she run?

Soon the acid rain burned her entire body so badly that all her outer skin peeled away, all the hair on her body burned and fell down, blood flooded the tank, and even at the last moment because of pain, she herself started scratching herself crazily as if she wanted to big out her own flesh and end her life. White smoke filled the tank with an unbearable, sickening smell of burning flesh.

This process lasted for five minutes until the acid in the tank filled Rosewell's knee, which was more than enough to bring Roswell to the brink of death. If it weren't for the special runic symbols on the tank glowing brightly in golden light, illuminating half the hall, showing they were working at full capacity, I am afraid Rosewell would have long departed from this world.

She might have melted into that acid like a candle and now there might only her skeleton were floating in the tank. The acid of No.3 was powerful enough that she couldn't have lasted even 30 seconds, let alone five minutes.

After the acid rain stopped, all the acid in the tank drained quickly, and the green liquid filled the tank again. The smoke now completely obscured the view, making it difficult for the audience to see inside. However, under the miraculous effect of the healing liquid, Roswell had completely healed again.

It was just her eyes that looked lifeless, as if only her body had recovered, while her soul had long ago died.

Chapter 430. Screams from the Void

No.3 gently chanted a few incantations and waved his hand. The lid of the tank hissed open automatically, and Rosewell's lifeless figure floated out, landing limply on the fake altar. He then stored the tank away and walked back to his position.

No.4, despite being shrouded in a black robe, couldn't hide her curvaceous figure, especially her prominent towering big breasts, and approached Rosewell.

No.4's method of torture was somewhat unfriendly to the audience. Like everyone else, she first forcibly woke up Rosewell with the help of her skill. However, due to the previous inhumane torture, the healing skill seemed ineffective. Although Rosewell indeed opened her eyes, there was no emotion in them, and she looked more like a doll than a living being.

No. 4 was aware of this problem very well, but it didn't faze her. She retrieved a scroll from her robe, chanted some incantations, and tore it apart before tossing it onto the floor.

A two-meter-wide black hole materialized on the floor as soon as the scroll landed. The hole was so dark that nothing could be seen within, but everyone could hear the horrifying screams of hundreds, and thousands of people as if they were being perpetually tortured. The screams were so loud that even the "poor fatty" had to cover his ears.

Once the hole stabilized, No. 4 grabbed Rosewell by the neck and effortlessly threw her body into it. Clearly demonstrating that although she was a female, her strength wasn't something that could be underestimated.

After Rosewell was thrown inside the black hole, for the next few seconds, a pin-drop silence spread throughout the entire hall. Perhaps it was due to the black potion she drank earlier, or perhaps she had given up. After literally half an hour of getting roughly f*cked by the ugly bald No.

6, Kiara, Rosewell's maid had long ago exhausted herself from screaming and started enjoying being raped, occasionally even letting out lustful moans.

However, this silence didn't last long, and soon a loud, earth-shattering roar erupted from the black hole. It was as if hundreds of hungry dogs had suddenly found a piece of

delicious meat, and everyone wanted to take it for themselves. Rosewell's horrifying, heart-wrenching screams accompanied this sound.

With each passing second, Rosewell's screams intensified, while the other voices grew increasingly excited. Since no one except No. 4 could see what was happening inside the black hole, they could only let their imagination run wild and imagine the horrific torment Rosewell must be enduring based on her screams.

No. 4's torture lasted for an entire hour, which was the longest compared to the others. Her method seemed more focused on quantity than quality, but for a single target, it wasted too much time. However, what surprised the fatty was that although Rosewell was screaming as if she was being boiled in lava, there wasn't a single scratch on her body. Of course, this couldn't be said for her soul.

Exactly one hour later, No. 4 clapped her hands. Rosewell's body was flung out of the black hole and collapsed on the ground like discarded trash, her body contorting involuntarily as if struck by lightning. As Rosewell emerged, the hole automatically closed and vanished from the floor, and No. 4 also returned to her original place.

The next guy was someone Myne was very familiar with—it was the bug man, whose handsome face he wanted to see, but what he got was another content for his nightmares.

The bug man was rather straightforward. Unlike his colleagues, he possessed no fancy tricks, high-tech equipment, or magical scrolls. He just raised both hands, and a dense cloud of thousands upon thousands of bugs erupted from his robe, swarming towards Rosewell's prone body on the ground.

All the bugs swarmed Rosewell's body, completely engulfing it. Slowly, they rose towards the top of the altar. Ten seconds later, the bugs scattered from her, rushing back to the black robe on the ground. Soon, a grotesque creature made entirely of bugs reappeared before everyone.

As for Rosewell, she lay on the fake altar, her condition beyond description. The bugs had devoured her entire outer layer of skin. All that remained was a horrifying, raw form composed of muscle tissue. Her breasts were gone, replaced by a flat area on her chest. Two dark sockets had taken the place of her eyes, from which a few small bugs occasionally emerged and scuttled back towards No.

5.

Her nose, ears, arms and legs fingers were also missing, yet miraculously even in such condition, she was still breathing. There were no signs of even a single drop of blood despite the horrific state of her body.

After No. 5 returned to his position with slightly less hunger, No. 6, who was having the time of his life, groaned dissatisfiedly but had to do his work regardless of his reluctance. Originally, his task was to impregnate women and help them give birth to children for sacrifice. However, due to a special request from the fatty, he didn't know what to do.

He glanced at Rosewell's creepy body on the real altar while his hips continued their rhythmic thrusts.

Kiara's stomach, surprisingly, had swollen considerably, resembling that of a four-month pregnant woman and it still getting bigger and bigger with frightening speed, however, she didn't seem to care about it at all. Fearing No. 6 might remove his tool from her, she couldn't help but clench her legs tighter behind him, fearing he might withdraw, disrupting her enjoyment.

No. 6's eyes soon fell upon Rosewell's long, soft, silky purple hair which seemed to fail to attract the bug guy's attention, then on Kiara's short black hair and suddenly an idea

struck him. Hugging Kiara tightly and still pumping his little monster inside her, he walked toward Rosewell.

While Kiara was slamming her vagina on his crotch with her tongue hanging out of her mouth, and doing her work wonderfully, he conjured a scalpel from dark energy and casually began cutting the top of Rosewell's head. Ten seconds later, he tossed the scalpel aside. It disintegrated into particles of energy the moment it left his hand.

Then with one hand, he grabbed Rosewell's purple hair, and with the other, he gripped her neck. With a rough, forceful pull, he tore off the entire upper portion of her skull, leaving behind a bloody mess.

After removing Rosewell's hair, No. 6 placed it on Kiara's head like a wig. Both erupted into their own brand of creepy laughter before walking back towards the altar to continue their child-making process.

Finally, after No. 6's six unprofessional and brutal acts, No. 7, the tallest of the seven, approached Rosewell. He chanted an incantation before retrieving a palm-sized crystal ball from his robe. Placing it on Rosewell's forehead, the crystal ball began to glow with a milky white light. Soon, a small figure resembling Rosewell materialized within it.

As Rosewell's soul entered the crystal ball, her barely breathing body finally succumbed, and all traces of life like a candle in a storm were extinguished.

But No. 7 had no intention of letting Rosewell's dead body go so soon. He held the crystal ball in his right hand and placed his left on her body. A terrifying green flame erupted from both his hands, engulfing both Rosewell's body and the crystal ball.

Rosewell's long-lost screams echoed through the hall as she burned within the green flame trapped in the crystal ball. Yet, the flame appeared to have a unique property. Despite the intense heat, there was no sign of her soul being destroyed or reduced to ashes. It seemed specifically designed to torture her soul for eternity.

The same phenomenon applied to her body. Although completely covered in the green flame, it remained unburnt. After a minute, the flame died down without leaving a trace, seemingly having no effect on Rosewell's body beyond making it appear slightly older.

After dealing with Rosewell's body, No. 7 infused the crystal ball with the green flame, ensuring its continuation even after he stopped casting the spell. He then walked towards the real altar, where Kiara's stomach was now at its maximum point, making her appear ready to deliver any second. However, neither No. 6 nor Kiara had any intention of stopping, both still crazily f*cking each other.

No. 7 didn't interrupt the two lovebirds. After approaching the altar, he raised his hand, and the golden disk with a green emerald in the middle, which had been spinning in the air, descended towards him. Grasping the disk, No. 7 placed the crystal ball on top of the emerald. It was instantly absorbed, as if by some storage device.

The moment the crystal ball disappeared into the golden disk, Myne, who had been sitting lifelessly on the ground the entire time, silently observing everything with a blank expression, saw his surroundings vanish. Darkness once again enveloped his vision. When he regained his senses, he realized he was back in reality, plummeting towards the platform at high speed.

BOOM!