

Cheat. A 431

Chapter 431. Shattered and Revived

Thud!

Myne's unconscious body crumpled onto the platform like a puppet with its strings cut. One arm hung at an unnatural angle, obviously broken in a horrific way. Blood seeped from various wounds, and his breaths grew shallow, fading with each passing second, as more blood flowed from his wounds, clearly even for a strong man like Myne falling from a height of more than 50 meters wasn't a joke.

The small white figure, who had narrowly escaped the clutches of the golden disk thanks to Myne's unexpected help, rushed towards him in a panic. It couldn't comprehend the sudden change.

A moment ago, Myne was radiating blinding golden light full of warmth and power, and the next second, he fell from the air like a broken kite without any apparent reason, now lying on the floor, broken and lifeless.

The white figure hovered over Myne before landing on his forehead, its entire form hazy and translucent with indistinct features, no bigger than a palm. It stayed there for a few seconds, before anxiously flying all over him again, but it was clearly no help for Myne.

Finally, after two agonizing minutes, just as Myne seemed on the verge of his last breath, The Fate Ring Of Mysteries, the mysterious wedding ring given to Myne by Gal, on his right hand began to glow in a faint green light, and right next moment warm energy surged through his body. Slowly, his most critical injuries, the ones bleeding profusely, began to heal.

Though the process was prolonged, it offered a glimmer of hope for Myne to see another sunrise.

The gradual recovery continued for half an hour before Myne stirred slightly and weakly opened his eyes.

"Cough. Cough. f*ck, my arm... it's hurting like hell," He rasped, taking a deep breath.

With great difficulty, he turned his body and lay on his back on the cold, dark floor, carved with a giant pentagram and thousands of unknown symbols filled with blood. He stared into the chilling darkness, unable to see anything beyond.

After five minutes of dazed contemplation, a deep sigh escaped his bloodied lips. Gritting his teeth, he moved his left hand, which was also severely injured but in the condition of moving. With each small movement, he could hear the sickening crunch of broken bones. As he willed it, a small, palm-sized blue potion bottle materialized in his hand.

His hands trembled as he lifted the bottle to his mouth and used his teeth to pry open the lid, thankfully not too tightly sealed. Otherwise, given Myne's current condition, he might not have been able to open it no matter how much he tried.

The moment the high-grade mana potion touched his throat, the Ultra Regeneration skill, which had been working like a 100-year-old grandmother while absorbing every bit of mana in Myne's body to barely sustain his life as soon as he opened his eyes, instantly came alive.

As if a dying fish had found water, the skill surged with renewed vigour, and Myne's injuries began to heal at an incredible pace. Within a few minutes, he was completely healed.

However, there was no joy on his face, no relief from the pain. Instead, only regret and despair remained. Even after ten full minutes of being fully healed, he didn't move. He simply lay there, his mind a swirling vortex of unknown emotions.

The small white figure continued to flit around him, even landing on his face a few times in a desperate attempt to get his attention. But as if he couldn't see or feel it, Myne remained unresponsive.

"Sigh..."

With a heavy sigh, Myne finally rose from the ground, his face etched with a lifeless gloom. He slowly walked towards the altar, his eyes fixed on the slowly spinning golden disk above it. He reached out, expecting it to automatically fly into his hand, but of course, it wasn't as simple as it seemed in No.7's demonstration.

After failing to retrieve it using the method shown by the others, Myne activated his Etheric Marionette, his telekinesis skill. But no matter how much mana he poured into it, it felt like he was trying to move a mountain. The disk remained stubbornly in place. He couldn't even pause its spinning, let alone pull it down.

Frustration contorting his face which was ugly as shit, Myne refused to give up. He leapt onto the altar and activated his Unbeatable and Absolute Evasion skill, rendering him practically immortal for a few seconds. With a final surge of effort, he jumped high and reached for the disk with his bare hands. But obviously, his foolish decision made in a burst of emotion wasn't the right choice.

As soon as he neared the disk as if sensing the danger, it began to spin wildly, pulling Myne towards it. Just as his hand was about to touch it, the spinning stopped abruptly for a moment, and then...

BOOM!

The golden disk unleashed a surge of energy no less powerful than Myne's Unique Magic: Lightning. This spell, fueled by his entire mana reserve, unleashed a devastating blast that destroyed everything within a hundred-meter radius. However, Myne's skill was limited by his ever-depleting mana pool, a problem the golden disk seemed to lack.

The energy blast it fired was so potent that Myne felt like a fly caught in a hurricane. He was flung hundreds of meters and slammed into the hall's wall with such force that his body literally imprinted itself several dozen meters into the solid, specially forged stone.

But Myne wasn't the only one unlucky. Hundreds of corpses hung in the chilling darkness and those submerged in the blood pool were all reduced to ash and disappeared just like that. Learning about this outcome, some people were definitely going to be shedding buckets of tears.

"Cough, cough. What a powerful attack! Thank goodness I was prepared, otherwise, I might have already joined my mother and father," Myne muttered with a light chuckle, it seems after getting his head hit hard by the energy attack of the golden disk, he back to reality, and finally showed signs of getting back to normal, instead of behaving like a living zombie, drowning in despair and self-blame.

"However, it seems my ultimate defensive skills are as omnipotent as I always thought. Without my monstrous mana supply, they become mere defensive skills with flashy names. Useless once the caster runs out of mana, no wonder their original owner was just random nobodies."

Myne lay embedded within the wall, coughing up blood incessantly. A faint, disappointed smile played on his lips. Both arms had turned to ash at some point which he only realised now, legs twisted grotesquely, his head spun, and his vision blurred, he could hardly focus on anything. His beautiful hair had been singed, leaving a charred, ugly bald head. But overall, he was alive.

If he could avoid losing consciousness due to mana exhaustion, survival was assured.

Perhaps driven by his strong will to live, or perhaps because he feared that if he died now, all his girls, at least Maya, would definitely come to hell behind him with her weird magic tricks and beat him there for eternity, Myne strengthened his willpower. Somehow, he took out a mana potion from his inventory, gripped the top part with his teeth, and bit down hard.

Click!

With a shattering sound, he forcefully broke the top, discarding it before biting down on the lower part of the bottle. He tilted his head back and gulped down the potion, unfazed by the small glass shards that likely entered his stomach with the liquid.

Just like before, as soon as mana started running into his body again, Ultra Regeneration kicked in. Visible to the naked eye, Myne's most critical injuries began to mend. However, before his arms and legs could start regenerating, a wave of dizziness hit him hard which almost knocked him unconscious. He reacted instinctively, forcibly cutting off Ultra Regeneration.

This was the biggest drawback of passive skills: they didn't care if the user was on the verge of passing out due to mana exhaustion. They would continue draining mana relentlessly until the caster was left dry and unconscious.

"Sigh, it seems mana will never be enough in this life," Myne muttered with a bitter smile. He took a deep breath to combat the severe dizziness before pulling out another mana potion and repeating the process, then repasting Ultra Regeneration.

As for why he wasn't using a healing potion, it was because, firstly, they couldn't regenerate lost limbs, and secondly, their healing speed was nowhere near as fast and effective as Ultra Regeneration.

Finally, after downing three high-grade mana potions, Myne recovered to his peak and breathed a sigh of relief. Now he felt like he should have bought more mana potions. The previous 50 or so potions were nowhere near sufficient as he had thought.

"Seems like I need to discuss this problem with Big Sis. Maybe she has a way to increase mana recovery speed. If not, then I can only trouble Mother-in-law. As the queen, she might have quite a lot of mana potions in stock.

It shouldn't be a big problem to sell a few thousand from her one and only, most favourite and lovable son-in-law, right?" chuckled to himself, already formulating a plan to convince Garnet to part with a large supply of high-grade mana potions, while coming out of the small cave he made and peered into the impenetrable darkness ahead, in which seeing anything was literally impossible.

Chapter 432. The Doorway's Secret

BOOM!

Myne stared into the inky blackness before him, suddenly, another enormous explosion erupted, bathing the hall in a blinding red light so intense he could barely open his eyes. The light lingered for two full minutes before gradually dimming, revealing a large, gleaming doorway like a portal in its wake.

"Did that disc's energy blast activate this portal by accident?" Myne pondered, gulping down high-grade mana potions one after another. A few seconds of hesitation later, he decided to investigate. After downing twenty mana potion bottles, a sense of confidence buoyed him. He re-entered his ghost form and swiftly glided towards the doorway.

Unseen by his physical eyes, several meters from the wall breach he'd created, a small ball of white light pulsed on the pool of blood. It blinked a few times weakly before dispersing into tiny light particles that vanished into the darkness.

"Just as I thought, it was indeed a portal. But where does it lead? It doesn't seem like any ordinary portal I've used. The energy it released alone would be enough for me to use any skill without worrying about mana for an entire year.

I doubt it just leads to some random location in any kingdom I know," Myne muttered, rubbing his chin as he gazed at the ten fist-sized, multicoloured gems adorning the doorway's peak, which now glowed with a flash of intense brilliance.

After averting his gaze from the luminous gems, Myne circled the doorway before taking a deep breath and deciding to venture inside the portal. In terms of seeking death, he wasn't any less fearless than the fatty.

As Myne's ghostly form entered the portal, a sensation akin to being doused with freezing cold water in the dead of winter overwhelmed him. The discomfort was so intense that his entire body trembled to its core, his teeth chattering uncontrollably. However, the most bizarre sensation was the feeling of a hundred-kilogram boulder crushing his shoulders upon exiting the portal.

His entire body felt incredibly heavy, even while he was in his ghost state and currently flying. It was horrifying to imagine what would happen if he were to return to normal, maybe he directly fall to the ground.

"What the hell is this feeling? Why do I suddenly feel so heavy?" Myne gritted his teeth through the discomfort. He ceased flying and landed on the ground, attempting his best to stabilize the unease coursing through his body.

However, while Myne was trying to compose himself, he abruptly felt an invisible pressure envelop his entire being, it was so powerful it rendered him incapable of even blinking, and a thought that he will instantly explode like a balloon if he dared to show any resistance appear in his mind.

Just when Myne was about to wet his pants in fear of what going to happen to him next, suddenly an extremely hot energy, akin to molten lava, surged through his body. The pain was so excruciating that his entire body convulsed uncontrollably. The invisible pressure prevented him from even moving a finger, let alone screaming.

Thankfully, this torture only lasted for three agonizing seconds before he regained control over his body.

"HAAAa, haaa, haaa, haaa..."

"I thought I was a goner for sure this time. Just what the f*ck was that? What kind of messed-up welcome is that?" Myne panted heavily like a dying dog, muttering fearfully. His entire body still trembled, and he could barely control his limbs, a testament to the terror he had just experienced, even when facing Alban, he never felt like this before.

After a full minute of struggling to catch his breath, Myne finally calmed down. He raised his left arm which for some reason still felt an extremely burning sensation and examined his waist, where out of nowhere a black, 'WW' shaped symbol was now engraved on it.

"And now, what the hell is this crap? I hope it's not another freaking curse! Wait, what's going on? Why is this Ethereal Phase skill suddenly sucking mana like a starving beast? It's consuming three times more mana than before! And why do I seem less transparent?

F*ck, this feeling of weakness... like I haven't eaten in ages... What the f*ck is happening?!"

Myne couldn't comprehend the bizarre sequence of events unfolding around him since crossing the portal. He was desperately tempted to jump back through it and return to his warm home. But then a thought struck him: what if this weakened state persisted even after returning? What if after getting in the portal, there was no way back?

Doesn't then he have to live in this kind of weird state of his entire life? After all those thoughts collided, he forced himself to calm down and began to examine his surroundings. His attention was immediately captured by the sight of six bright, luminous orbs hanging low in the sky, so close that Myne could even see their surfaces.

Myne's jaw dropped like a country bumpkin seeing a skyscraper for the first time. His disbelief stemmed from the sight of the six moons hanging in the sky, each composed of a different type and utterly bizarre.

The first moon was entirely formed from ice, the second from lava. This colossal volcano, the largest Myne had ever seen, spewed forth a fiery rain. The third resembled a barren wasteland strewn with jagged rocks. Though he thought he glimpsed humanoid figures moving on its surface, but because the distance was too far for naked eyes to see small details, he simply ignored it.

Anyway, it had nothing to do with him.

The fourth moon was shrouded in an impenetrable white fog, revealing only occasional swirling vortexes. The fifth, the largest of the six, appeared as a shimmering crystal ball containing a multitude of twinkling stars, its true nature a mystery to Myne.

Finally, the sixth moon held his attention the most; completely green, with a surface obscured by cloud-like formations and various large rivers moving on it like snakes confirmed to him that the green surface was covered with trees.

"I am definitely caught in another mess; there's no way this is the world I live in," Myne muttered, dumbfounded by the spectacle of the six moons. After staring at them for two more minutes, he shifted his gaze to his surroundings. He found himself standing on a small cliff. Behind him, the portal doorway loomed, seemingly with no intention of closing anytime soon.

The dense, virgin forest stretched out beyond the portal doorway, the smallest trees towering at fifteen meters. Myne felt like an ant compared to these giants. The forest encircled the doorway, creating a small clearing where he stood.

"Huh? Is that a village? But why is there no light at all? And it doesn't look like a ruin or something; most of the houses look quite new. This is weird. It's not another ghost town, right?" Myne muttered, swallowing hard and shaking his head to remove negative thoughts.

He didn't want to get caught by zombies. However, he kept staring at the village below the cliff, pondering seriously.

"If I can meet someone, maybe I can learn more about this world... But what if I go down there and the portal closes behind me? I have no intention of settling in this strange place, no matter how interesting it looks."

Just as Myne was pondering his next move, his ears perked up at the sudden sound of flapping wings. He swiftly looked up, but the sky held nothing but the six moons and countless brilliant stars, a breathtaking vista he wished he could share with his girls, but sadly, it wasn't possible unless he could freely control the way in and out

"ROAR!!!"

Myne was questioning his hearing when a deafening bird cry ripped through the sky. The sheer volume caused his ears to bleed, even though he was a ghost form. Which means it wasn't a simple roar; it was a special attack.

Clutching his ears, Myne looked up again, finally spotting the source of the sound. It was a colossal blackbird, roughly five hundred meters wide. Despite its immense size, it flew with incredible speed, leaving an afterimage in its wake. Judging by its occasional backward glances and bursts of golden lightning from its beak, it appeared to be fleeing from something or someone in panic.

However, even after the bird vanished into the distance, so far as Myne could no longer hear its roar, he didn't see whom it was fleeing from or attacking.

"Now this place is getting more and more dangerous. If even a bird can be so big, then what about creatures that are already big enough to make people pee their pants, like dragons? They wouldn't be hundreds of thousands of meters big, right? Maybe I better get out of this place.

God knows what kind of weird thing might take a liking to me, and I become someone's food without even knowing," Myne thought, shivering. He couldn't fathom how the fatty had gained access to this doorway, a location that seemed beyond his control. In a place like this, if a child beat the fatty to death, he wouldn't be surprised.

"Just what the f*ck do you want, Mr. Fatty?" Myne muttered, clenching his fists tightly. Every time that greasy face flashed in his mind, rage surged through him, so much that he really wanted to kill someone, unfortunately, there wasn't any bad guy around him to fulfil his wish.

Chapter 433. The Silent Village

I hope there won't be any serious consequences.

After cursing the fatty to death, Myne took a deep breath to calm down and finally decided to do some experiments. After all, an entire new world with unimaginable possibilities lay before him. How could he simply ignore it, go back home, and suck his girl's breasts with peace of mind?

After a few seconds of hesitation, Myne finally collected sufficient courage to deactivate his Ethereal Phase skill. However, the moment he did it, he instantly regretted his decision. He slammed onto all fours, veins bulging all over his body, eyes turn bloodshot. He could barely stop himself from collapsing on the ground like a dead fish.

The sudden pressure on his entire body was like someone had put 500 kilograms of weight on him, was something he couldn't even imagine enduring. The feeling of being crushed under something heavy grew more and more intense with each passing moment. Myne tried his best to handle it, but he knew it was only a matter of time before he would lose all his strength.

He wouldn't even be able to move a finger after which, let alone fight back against such a strong gravitational force. It felt like the entire ground was made of magnets, and he was of metal, desperately trying to glue him to the ground.

Finally, after ten seconds, Myne couldn't hold it anymore and was forced to activate the Ethereal Phase skill again. As he did, the gravitational force on him finally weakened, reducing to four times. He now only felt twice as heavy as he does in his own world.

"Haaa, haa, haaa, haa... What the hell is wrong with this freaking world? Why the f*ck there's such a strong gravitational force here, it's like someone cast a permanent gravity spell from Fenrir. Damn it, it seems like my idea of exploring this world is impossible now. While I can maybe wander around in ghost form without worrying about getting f*cked up suddenly, that's all.

I can't use any other skills, nor can I touch, eat, or take anything with me. Then what's the point of exploring? Even if I found a mountain of gold, if I couldn't even take it with me, wouldn't it become one of my greatest regrets?"

Muttering curses, Myne again took a few deep breaths to calm himself down before falling into deep thought. He now had to choose what to do next: either honestly return to his world instead of seeking death, or at least go to the village below the cliff and gather some information about this world, especially the portal doorway.

If he could learn how to control it, then Myne could slowly think of a way to get rid of this strong gravitational force and explore this world without any hurry.

While thinking, Myne looked at the red portal doorway. It was still as calm as seawater, showing no signs of closing. Even the ten gems on top of it hadn't dimmed a bit, as if encouraging him to explore this world while assuring him that they still had enough power and wouldn't let the portal close before he came back.

With another solid encouragement from the doorway, Myne's always-death-seeking, reckless curiosity easily strangled the throat of his sensible reasoning. Gritting his teeth, he quickly flowed towards the village below the cliff.

The cliff was thirty meters tall. With the massive gravity of this new world, after flowing on top of the village, Myne stopped resisting and let himself freefall. The ever-reliable

gravity field, which seemed to be working a little too seriously and holding a grudge against outsiders like him, pulled Myne towards the ground at an astonishing speed.

Myne crashed into the ground like a meteorite. However, since he was in ghost form, instead of creating a crater in the middle of the village and breaking a few dozen of his own bones, he simply submerged into the ground without making a splash. He soon floated out of the ground unscathed, with an excited smile plastered on his face that spoke volumes about his eagerness to try it again.

After forcefully calming down his childish excitement, Myne began scanning his surroundings. Most of the houses were made of wood, with not much use of stone. The road was simple and unpaved, created naturally by people walking on it day by day. However, what sent a chill down Myne's fragile heart was the eerie silence. There wasn't even a single dog in the entire village, let alone people.

If not for the sounds of wind and beasts roaring from the forest, Myne might have started wondering if he had become deaf or something.

Myne was very familiar with this kind of silence. It was either the calm before a storm or the aftermath. Judging by the eerie stillness and empty village with various signs of animal intrusion, Myne was inclined to believe the latter. It seemed a strong storm had passed quite some time ago.

After praying to all the gods he knew for good luck, Myne slowly floated towards the nearest house. The interior was quite simple, with only two rooms: a living room and a kitchen. There was no bathroom, garden, basement, etc. The house was bare-bones. In terms of furniture, the biggest thing Myne could see was probably the bed and closet.

There was no dining table, photos, sofa sets, chairs, study materials like books, etc. Obviously, the people living in it were true poor ghosts.

To verify his suspicion, Myne quickly approached the closet and tried to grab the handle out of habit. However, his hand simply passed through it as if it were an illusion. Sighing at his own foolishness, he went straight to the closet and put his face inside. Although the interior was quite dark, he could still be able to see many men's and women's clothes hanging, confirming his one guess at least.

The reason behind the disappearance of everyone in the village was definitely not simple.

Myne quickly searched for a hidden compartment in the closet, hoping to find some rare treasure left behind for him. However, he only found a few silver and bronze coins in a small box-like compartment under a pile of panties.

The coins were quite similar to his world, except they lacked the kingdom logo which Myne was familiar with, instead, there was a similar symbol of "WW" printed on both sides of them like the one tattoo on his left-hand wrist.

Although his first loot was nothing but decoration and left a heavy hit on Myne's enthusiasm, he soon overcame his disappointment and started wandering into other houses as well. This time, he didn't bother searching for hidden treasures or anything. He knew there wouldn't be much value in a typical villager's house besides a few pennies. His main goal was to find a person, alive or dead.

He at least wanted to confirm whether this village was populated by humes or some other race.

Myne entered more than twenty houses, but all he found was a disappointment. It wasn't until he gave up on other random houses and entered the largest house, presumably the village chief's residence, that he finally saw the small dead body of a boy or maybe a girl inside a locked wardrobe. The rotting corpse already emanated a disgusting stench that made Myne gag.

Myne looked around and noticed the scratch marks all over the inner door and the various wounds on the dead body, which explained its demise.

It appeared that this child's parents may have tried to save him at the last moment by locking him in the wardrobe, but in their panic, they forgot about the biggest problem: how a little child would get out of the wardrobe that was locked from the outside. This led the child to die inside due to suffocation.

"Sigh, luck can be such a cruel thing," Myne muttered while shaking his head. "This little guy managed to escape the enemy but died at the hands of his own parents... At least now I confirm this is a Hume village, but where the hell did everyone go?"

There were also no signs of fighting in the village as if the enemy just came here and killed everyone with a snap of their fingers, without spilling a single drop of blood."

While pondering seriously, Myne struggled to ignore the rotting corpse before him and quickly began searching for a hidden compartment within the wardrobe. Unfortunately, the village chief clearly didn't follow the common trend and his wardrobe didn't have one at all.

"Did the owner of this house hide everything somewhere else? Now this is going to be a pain in the ass. But this is also a piece of good news, the more difficult things get, the more valuable the rewards might be."

With a greedy smile on his face, Myne started flying through the walls like a fish in water, searching for the hidden safe. Finally, after five minutes of arduous effort, he found a cleverly hidden safe in the room that apparently belonged to the child in the wardrobe. It was hidden under the small bed and required a considerable amount of effort to unlock.

Despite a thorough search, Myne couldn't find the trigger mechanism that would open the hidden compartment and reveal the metal safe within.

Chapter 434. A Test of Strength and Will

Although Myne couldn't open the hidden compartment honestly, his ghost form still had no problem peeking inside the safe directly. Thankfully, there was a mana stone-like object inside, otherwise, with his current vision, it would have been impossible for him to see the contents inside, after all, the safe was completely sealed leaving no place for light to enter.

Inside the safe were twenty gold coins, over a hundred silver coins, a small parchment-like object, a broken silver ring with a blue gem in the centre and strange runic symbols engraved on it, a metal card, an official wax seal stamp made of gold with a skull printed on it, and finally, a shimmering blue crystal about the size of a finger.

"Huh? Weird, why does this mana stone look so shiny and beautiful? The energy within it seems to flow like water. Is it really a mana stone? The one I have doesn't seem to have this kind of beauty or live mana-seeing feature," Myne thought anxiously, staring at the mana crystal, unable to tear his eyes away from it.

"Sigh, I hope it's not anything dangerous, but... what should I do now? In ghost form, I couldn't do anything except explore, and without returning to my normal form, I couldn't take those things. However, if I return to my normal form... Forget it, the previous experiences weren't pleasant, but letting those things go would also be a great loss.

It went against my life motto of never wasting anything, especially if it was unknown and looks valuable."

"F*ck it, this amount of pain is worth it. That strange mana stone alone is enough to hit Lewis' pocket hard," Myne muttered while gritting his teeth. After taking a deep breath,

he deactivated his Ethereal Phase skill. Just like before, the super-powerful gravitational force struck Myne's small body hard, bringing him directly to his knees.

The number of veins popping up on his face and body, especially on his arms and neck, showed how hard he was trying to resist it.

While enduring the gravitational force, Myne, who was mentally prepared this time, didn't waste time. He quickly opened his status window and hurriedly activated all his body-strengthening skills: Physical Strength Enhancement, Leg Strength Enhancement, Strong Arm, Physique Rise, Strength Rise, Defense Rise, Rock Skin, Iron Wall, and Power.

Additionally, to avoid becoming exhausted within seconds, he even cast the Support Magic: Stamina Recovery on himself every five seconds.

Only after combining so many skills did Myne barely manage to resist the gravitational force on his body and stand on his feet, although his legs were trembling heavily as if they were carrying hundreds of kilograms of weight.

"Aaaaahhh! F*ck!"

Myne had hardly formed a victorious smile when a great pain erupted from his legs, and he fell back down on his butt. When he looked at his legs which were hurting as if they were about to explode, he saw white smoke coming out of them. The meaning was clear: muscle tissues in his legs tore apart due to extreme weight, and now Ultra Regeneration was working hard to wipe his ass.

"Shit, it seems I still overestimate my own capabilities. I better finish my work quickly," Myne muttered helplessly, this time with some pity for his own legs, he crawled towards

the bed on all fours. First, he put the bed into his inventory, not having confidence that he could move it simply by force under such circumstances.

Then, he reached the location of the hidden compartment and punched hard on the wooden floor.

The wood, although more solid than the one in Myne's world, was still wood, not iron. So, Myne's fist, carrying the blessing of gravitational force and various skills, easily broke through the wood to reach the solid metal frame of the safe. Without any hesitation, Myne instantly put the entire safe into his inventory before hurriedly using Ethereal Phase again.

"Phew, finally done. F*ck, it seems like I have to fool Waffle to give me his gravity control skill if I ever wanted to come here again. With that skill, I might be able to move freely. I don't know how much mana that skill will consume," Myne complained as he got up from the ground. He then checked the village chief's house for any remaining useful items, but as expected, he didn't find anything.

It seems the village chief was a good guy, otherwise, there is no way he would be so poor.

"I better go back. I might not be able to find a place to cry if the portal closes," Myne muttered to himself as he flew out of the chief's house at full speed and rushed toward the cliff. However, halfway through his flight, he noticed a few orange light dots emerging from the forest a few kilometres away from the village. Their destination seemed to be the village.

If it were daytime, he might have missed them, but at night, those light dots were just too conspicuous.

"Huh? Is someone coming in this direction? Probably some people coming to investigate. An entire village disappearing and losing all connection with the outside world was undeniably suspicious. However, judging by their speed, it might take at least an hour for them to reach here. Sadly, I don't have that much time.

Sigh, what a huge loss! I could have learned a lot of information from them."

Shaking his head in frustration, Myne quickly resumed flying towards the cliff.

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"My Lord, why don't we take a rest? We've been riding for the entire day, and even the horses are tired. If we continue like this, I'm afraid they might not be able to hold on any longer," A young man in his twenties advised worriedly.

The young man had long black hair, brown eyes, and a suspicious round white circle with three menacing horizontal lines tattooed on his mid-forehead, and wore a complete set of full-body silver knight armour as he rode his brown horse.

The person, whom the knight in silver armour referred to as "My Lord" wore a full body of golden armour and rode a magnificent black horse that stood three meters tall, resembling a giant beast, and also covered with full body golden armour, thankfully Myne didn't see it, otherwise, this horse would surely have changed the owner today.

The knight in golden armour has long red hair, piercing red eyes, a handsome face, and like the silver armour guy, a suspicious green circle with four menacing horizontal lines tattooed on his mid-forehead.

Hesitating for a few seconds after hearing his subordinate's advice, The red-haired knight finally glanced at everyone, especially at the horses who were indeed panting heavily. With a heavy sigh, he nodded and raised his hand, signalling all twenty of his subordinates to stop and take a rest.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, finally getting the chance to rest. They hurriedly dismounted, grabbed their supplies tied to the horses' backs, and quickly set up a small camp. Looking at their speed anyone can say just how desperate they were to finish minor work and close their eyes.

Several skilled apprentice knights swiftly took the job of taking care of the horses, while others cooked food and set up a comfortable tent for their Lord. So this heartless guy could relax a little and stop treating them like machines programmed only to work until their deaths.

Their current Lord was undoubtedly the worst one they had encountered in years. He literally didn't understand the concept of work-life balance. Their life under this guy has become so miserable in the past few days, that there were several occasions when they wanted to cry.

Except for two hours of sleep and a ten-minute break to eat twice a day, they were constantly travelling as if their lives were on the line, rather than a simple investigation of a random village in the forest that had neglected to pay taxes on time.

After entering his tent, The red-haired knight simply removed his upper body armour and lay down on the sleeping bag on the ground with a weary look on his face. He retrieved a golden, palm-sized pocket watch from his inner shirt pocket and pressed the button on top. With a gentle click, the watch flipped open, revealing two sections.

One side displayed the time, which was one o'clock in the morning, and the other side showcased a family photo. It featured a smiling redhead man holding a little girl in his arms, with a beautiful woman sporting a gentle smile standing behind him, holding her big, bulging belly.

"Sigh, I hope I can get back home before Helga gives birth," The red-haired knight muttered with a doting smile while looking at his wife and daughter.

"I want to be with her when she needs me most. Damn it, all this because of that damn old man! He's making a mountain out of a molehill. Just because a village in some remote corner of the kingdom didn't pay their taxes on time, he sent me here with no room for negotiation. Is his daughter-in-law's health not more important than a few measly gold coins?"

"That old coot has lost his mind with age! Even when I offered him hundreds of coins, to bygone those villager's taxes, he refused without hesitation! Damn him, he's definitely doing this intentionally to trouble me. What a petty old man! Just because I forgot his birthday present, he has to resort to such dirty tactics!

I'll definitely get revenge one day," The red-haired knight muttered angrily before closing the pocket watch and closing his eyes to take a little rest.

Chapter 435. Unknown Intruder

"So you're saying someone easily sneaks into your house and is currently inside the teleportation hall? How on earth did that guy open the enchanted door? As far as I remember, without our blood, it would be impossible to open it.

And even if someone tried to force his way in, the noise generated during the process of breaking the door should be loud enough for half the town to hear, what do you think Mr. Gristle?"

No. 7, who was leading the way, with a cold tone while gritting his teeth, addressed Fatty, who was struggling to keep up with the group due to their fast pace, and had to jog to avoid being left behind.

"This also worries me the most. During this entire time, there wasn't a single sound coming from the basement. If it weren't for the explosion a few minutes ago, I might not have even known someone had sneaked in. But what concerns me most is the guard I assassinated. Instead of informing me, they actually joined forces with the intruder.

Now, whoever dares to approach them gets attacked and no one is able to get past them yet, I don't understand how they suddenly become so powerful. Anyway, this level of planning suggests this isn't as simple a matter as it seems. I think someone discovered our plan and is trying to sabotage it."

"But why did you wait for us instead of heading straight in and capturing the intruder? With the bracelet given by our master, it shouldn't be a problem to deal with a small fry, right?" No. 6 asked casually while taking a drink from a metal flask.

"I..."

"Alright, enough. Now's not the time for blame. We'll find out everything once we catch that mouse. No one can derail Master's plan, at least not right under our nose."

"Halt! You cannot proceed any further. Please turn back, or we'll be forced to kill you all!"

Just as No. 7 finished speaking, the two guards Myne hypnotized, who were casually instructed to watch the entrance, took their roles a bit too seriously. They stood before the final turn leading to the basement entrance, brandishing spears. Beside them lay the bodies of several guards that Fatty had dispatched earlier, all victims of the hypnotized guards' spears.

The other guards hadn't taken these two seriously, believing them to be joking since they had lived and worked together for the past ten years. It wasn't until the spears pierced their stomachs that they realized the guards weren't fooling around, but by then it was too late.

"You two ungrateful bastards! I was the one who raised you for ten years, the one who paid your wages every month! And in the end, you two f*cker, actually working for someone else behind my back?" Fatty's face turned purple with rage as he yelled at the two guards, who remained unfazed and expressionless in the face of their former boss's anger. They simply stared back at the group.

Compared to Fatty's attempt at emotional blackmail with his precious subordinates, the seven weirdos were much calmer. Upon seeing the hypnotized guards, they understood they were under someone's control and weren't acting of their own free will. Breaking this control would require some effort, and they knew the guards themselves wouldn't have any useful information, so they simply gave up.

Without No. 7 giving the order, No. 5, Mr. Bug Man, shot out a swarm of thousands of bugs from his hands at the guards. Like a dark cloud, they quickly engulfed the two poor guys, who didn't even have a chance to scream before becoming food for the countless bugs under Fatty's horrified gaze.

Dealing with the minor problem, the seven weirdos ignored the trembling Fatty and rushed towards the basement. However, when they saw the entire enchanted door missing, their calm expressions finally turned serious. Even No. 6, the most unserious guy in the group, put down his metal flask.

"Anya, next time remember to enchant the walls as well. I can't understand how you could make such a low-level mistake," No. 7 said coldly to No. 4, the only known female in the group, as he approached the entrance and began inspecting the severed area.

It seems whoever came here wasn't as simple as we thought. That guy used a Tier One water magic spell to cut through the wall and then stored the entire door in a dimensional device. If this person has escaped, it's going to be a big problem. Ben, did you close the space in this area? I didn't want to see that guy teleport away before we reached to him or just after seeing us.

If the higher-ups of this world knew what we were doing here, there would be wave after wave of trouble coming for us" No. 7 said with a frown, addressing the other six.

No. 3, the one called upon, swiftly retrieved a compass-like device, clicked on it a few times, and then nodded at No. 7.

"I've checked. The space-locking devices are functioning properly. For the next entire hour, no spatial teleportation spells can be used within a 500-meter radius of this house."

"Good. But still, place a few more devices in the tunnel as well. I don't want to take any risks. Now let's go, we had to catch that mouse before messes everything up." Without waiting for a response, No. 7 rushed into the basement, followed by the remaining six and, of course, Fatty, who was frantically searching for the magic lamp in his storage pouch.

Since they were the ones who built this entire "Hall of Horrors," they obviously knew where the traps were located. With No. 3, aka, Ben's guidance, it only took them half the time Myne took to navigate the narrow corridor. However, when they saw the open portal doorway, everyone's face turned ugly, as if they were forced to eat shit.

"It seems like the explosion triggered an automatic activation of the portal. Get moving, we had to close it quickly! Damn it, I hope it doesn't stay open for too long and hasn't consumed too much energy, otherwise we're in for a disaster," Ben spoke anxiously

before slamming his feet on the ground. Blue flames erupted from his shoes, propelling him towards the platform like a cannonball.

The others weren't in the mood to waste time either. They employed various methods to reach the platform: No. 1 climbed onto No. 6's back, who then performed a powerful jump, enough to send him to touch the ceiling and land directly on the platform.

No. 2 casually threw his silver hammer at the blood pool. But before it could land, its size visibly increased to four meters tall, providing a platform for No. 2 to land on. It then automatically started moving towards the platform.

No. 4 aka Anya, the only female among them whose appearance remained a mystery until now, obviously received special treatment. No. 7 grabbed her by the waist and effortlessly flew toward the platform without the help of any fleshing item. He was a literal example of a bird without wings.

As for No. 5, the bug man, he simply disintegrated into a swarm of thousands of bugs once more and calmly drifted towards the platform.

The unluckiest of the group was undoubtedly Fatty. He was currently sprawled on the ground, panting heavily. His entire body was soaked in sweat, clearly showing that the rapid movement, wasn't his cup of tea, and it took a great toll on his fragile body. However, seeing everyone else reach the platform, fear gripped him.

Thinking that the intruder might rush towards the only entrance and exit of the hall upon seeing the seven weirdos, and may take his life by chance, could only grit his teeth and force himself to stand up.

The fatty rummaged through his storage pouch again, retrieved a carpet-like object, spread it on the ground, and sat on it in a cross-legged position. He then took out ten mana stones, which were the ones Myne was familiar with, unlike the crystal-like ones he found in the village chief's house on the 6th Moon world.

After placing the mana stones on the carpet, they became embedded in it as if it were made of water. Slowly, the carpet began to levitate.

Once it reached a meter above the ground, Fatty grasped the front edge, and the carpet sluggishly started to fly towards the platform. The speed was disappointingly slow, at around 5 km/h. It looked more like a child's toy than adult stuff. After all which adult would like to fly on a carpet that slows as a turtle?

"Next time when I gather more mana stones, I will definitely bring a faster flying device from Ben. If I could get his flying shoes, that would be awesome," The fatty while daydreaming, leaned forward so that the carpet's speed could increase, which indeed increased as now it flew at 7 km/h.

Chapter 436. The Storm's Fury

Three minutes of slow flight brought the fatty lumbering towards the platform. He stuffed his flying carpet back into its storage pouch and rushed towards the altar with his bouncing belly. Everyone was already gathered in front of the altar, frantically trying to close the portal... Well, actually, only Ben was working.

The rest stood behind him, making his work difficult with their useless suggestions.

"Ben, be quick! We can't waste any more energy!"

"Yeah, if you can't close it manually, why not try overloading it?"

"Are you an idiot? If this thing overloads and explodes, forget about punishment from the master! We'll be ash right now. Do you have any idea how much power this little thing is carrying?"

"Enough already! Stop your nonsense and let Ben concentrate! Until he finishes this task, instead of offering useless suggestions, you all better think about how to gather more sacrifices. I'm afraid we'll need a lot to recharge this damn thing again," No. 7 yelled, silencing everyone who buzzed around Ben's (No. 3) ears like annoying insects.

"This is going to be difficult. We already emptied an entire village to charge it once. By now, the people of Delga City might have gotten news of it. We won't have another chance to sacrifice another village like that one. So, where the hell are we going to get so many people for sacrifices again? If we start blindly kidnapping people, even an idiot will figure out something's wrong," Anya (No.

4) tried to speak calmly, but a hint of anxiety crept into her voice.

"Maybe we can buy slaves from the market? They aren't very expensive, right? I heard that the demon kingdom had declared war with other kingdoms, and the condition is quite dire, only this kingdom is still peaceful. If we all go to the big cities of those war-torn kingdoms, buying 300 to 500 slaves shouldn't be a problem."

"Most slaves are already in terrible conditions because of war, their lives no different from hell, so collecting some vengeful souls out of them might be easy too," Mr. Bugman (No. 5) spoke. His voice, cold and high-pitched mechanical, like it came from a rusty electrocution device, grated on everyone's ears. Everyone frowned in discomfort, none of them liked his voice.

Clearly, for them, only a silent Bugman is a good Bugman

"That is a g..."

"Ahem, excuse me, I didn't want to disturb you guys, but I think you should look at the portal entrance. Someone is coming in from there."

Hearing the fatty's voice, No. 7 and the others were annoyed at his interruption during this critical moment. However, his message was important. They disregarded him entirely and quickly turned their gazes to the portal, where a milky white, ghostly figure slowly floated out from the portal.

"Is that a soul?" Anya asked, confusedly with the raise of her eyebrow.

"I don't think so. Though it looks like one, it still has a significant amount of vitality in it, I can feel the aura of living from him. It must be some kind of 'skill' from this world. I still can't understand how that damned thing works. Even an illiterate guy who never studied magic or has any talent can easily cast weird spells that even a Tier One Wizard wouldn't be able to in his entire life.

The rules of this world are just too chaotic and messed up," The Bugman, who seemed like a man of few words, suddenly turned into a new person when the topic of skills arose. Hatred was evident in his voice.

While the six weirdos and the fatty debated Myne's strange state, Myne spotted them as well. His reaction, however, was completely different from theirs. Upon seeing them, especially the fatty standing behind them, Myne's mind went blank. Images of Rozwell's tragic death flashed before his eyes one after another.

Then next moment under everyone's surprise eyes, he exited his ghostly form and began panting heavily while slowly walking toward them, he gripped his fists so tightly that his nails dug into his palms, drawing fresh blood. Anyone witnessing his condition could tell something was terribly wrong.

No. 7, sensing danger, hurriedly grabbed Ben's neck and pulled him back. They were simply too close to Myne, and the first skill he'd displayed wasn't normal. If he suddenly attacked with another strange skill of his, they might not be able to fully block it.

Just as the seven weirdos and the fatty created a ten-meter distance between themselves, Myne, whose body trembled uncontrollably, let out a loud angry roar.

"You f*cking bastard! I'll tear you limb from limb!"

Myne roared at the fatty who was hiding behind No. 7. Under everyone's confused gaze, Myne didn't care about anything and instantly unleashed his most destructive skill, the Unique Magic: Lightning.

BOOM!!!

A crackling sphere of purple lightning engulfed Myne, a vortex of raw power. Within seconds, the force field pulsed with terrifying electrical energy. The very air sizzled around him, tendrils of purple thunderbolts lashing outward to the surrounding ground. Explosions rocked the platform floor, carving small craters with each crackle.

BOOM!!!

Like a god of thunder, Myne's entire body was shrouded in purple lightning from head to toe. Even his eyes blazed with blue energy like torches. He didn't care about anything else, charging towards the fatty like an enraged bull. The lightning around him intensified with every passing second, and uncontrollable high-voltage lightning bolts shot out in all directions like rain.

The fatty, who initially didn't take Myne seriously, thought he might be a mentally retarded intruder who couldn't grasp his own situation, after all, they are a total of 8 people while he was alone, what can he do to all of them?

However, upon knowing that Myne's target was no one else but him and seeing him rush forward like a god of death full of purple lightning which even a single bolt on his body is enough to send him to his late wife, the fatty was scared to the point of wetting his pants. He desperately hid behind No. 7, wishing he could burrow into his body for better protection.

While the seven weirdos didn't display fear as openly as the fatty, the way they looked at each other conveyed the understanding that if Myne's lightning energy blasted nearby, they would definitely pay a heavy price to save themselves, which no one wanted to see. After all, money doesn't grow on trees.

Therefore, No. 1 and 2 decisively stepped out of the line, positioning themselves between Myne and the companions. They began chanting an unknown incantation, and a four-meter-long, ten-meter-wide wall of black, transparent energy materialized between them and Myne, effectively dividing the entire platform into two sections.

However, the remaining five seemed less confident in the shield's strength. Three others – No. 3, 4, and 6 – suddenly took out magic scroll-like objects, tore them apart, and hurled them at the shield, which instantly absorbed those scrolls.

The shield, which appeared somewhat weak against the lightning-wreathed Myne, solidified further, giving the others a slight boost of confidence to witness the impending attack.

The only problem with their plan was that Myne needed to be in the mood to play cards according to common sense. Just as he was about to collide with the black shield like a mad bull, a two-meter-tall blue portal materialized in front of him under everyone's horrified gaze. Myne vanished into it and when he reappeared, he was already behind the fatty.

The remaining five weirdos attempted to dodge Myne's horrific magic outburst, but it was clearly too late. As he stepped out of the portal, he finally stopped holding back, which wasn't an easy task for him, the lightning surrounding him erupted outward with an incomprehensible force.

It was no different than a mini-explosion resembling a lesser version of a nuclear bomb, engulfing everyone in its wake.

BOOM!

The explosion, brimming with terrifying lightning, instantly flung everyone away. Although caught off guard, the seven weirdos still possessed defensive measures on their bodies that protected them from being blasted apart at the last moment. Even the fatty, thanks to his red bracelet, only suffered serious injuries, not life-threatening ones.

The one who would have been heavily injured was surely Myne himself. Consumed by rage, his sole focus was revenge, leading him to neglect his ultimate defensive skills – Absolute Evasion and Unbeatable. As a result, the lightning coursed through his entire body, tearing at it.

Thankfully, he didn't use all his mana, only 50%, and, Ultra Regeneration instantly repaired any injuries as soon as they appeared. Otherwise, he might have been lying on the ground like a dead dog, waiting for his enemies to recover and f*ck him up.

As the dust cloud and high-voltage purple lightning dissipated, Myne, panting heavily while sitting on the ground, first reached for a few mana potion bottles and chugged them down quickly. He then activated his Night Vision skill to assess the damage inflicted upon his enemies. But most importantly, he wanted to find the fatty, hoping he hadn't died in this attack.

Otherwise, it would be too cheap for Rosewell, he wanted to give that fatty same treatment as he did to Rosewell.

Chapter 437. Unveiling the Weirdos

After the dust settled, Myne, who was moaning in pain and panting heavily, hurriedly began looking around nervously. Only when he saw the fatty lying on the edge of the platform, moaning in pain and rolling on the ground, did he breathe a sigh of relief and look at the others.

No. 1: He was covered in a round, green, tattered shield that no one knew where it came from. His robe had been turned to ash, revealing his terrifying ugly face, which was almost covered with knife-cut marks, and all of them looked like made by himself as they were simply too abnormal, and none of them were across each other.

He didn't have normal eyes but metal balls with pupil-like images painted on them, which rolled speedily in their sockets and looked very creepy. His lower body was also half humanoid, made of flesh and bone, while the other half was mechanical. How he messed up his body to this point, no one knew.

No.2: A muscular, black-skinned, bald uncle with a height of 2 meters. His muscles might have been made of iron, at least his limbs were truly made of some unknown black metal. He withstood such a terrifying attack just by relying on his natural bodily defence, which was simply unimaginable.

No. 3: Turned out to be a guy wearing full-body high-tech knight-like armor with no openings at all. It was painted black and red and looked quite cool. However, it seemed the lightning attack was quite fatal for a tin man. Although the armour's outer shell was completely undamaged, the inner part made a continuous sizzling sound as all the fuses inside had shorted.

It was now twisted on the ground and didn't give one a good feeling. As for the pilot inside, since he wasn't making any sound, it wasn't confirmed whether he was alive or already roasted.

Anya (No. 4): The mysterious female who finally appeared in front of an audience was actually not a beauty whom everyone looked forward to seeing without her black robe, after observing her venomous figure hidden under the robe and hearing her sweet voice. Calling her a monster would be the biggest insult to the entire monster race.

She didn't have a head, but instead, a solid glass container in the shape of a skull sat atop her neck. Inside the container was a thick, water-like liquid in which a brain and two eyes floated. There was nothing else. Only she knew how she could speak without a mouth.

Her lower body was normal if you could ignore the blue veins like worms spreading all over it and the various ruined tattoos on her arms and legs. Except for those two flaws, her remaining body was that of a mature woman with F-cup breasts and an hourglass figure. Under her black robe, she wore a long, single-piece blue dress that looked quite elegant and expensive.

Right now, her glass skull had blown off from her neck and was lying a few meters away from her body. Surprisingly, even after taking such a heavy attack, it was completely unscratched.

While her lower body was seriously injured, the worm-like veins on her body were continuously moving all over as if they had come to life, healing all her injuries repeatedly while the body itself crawled in the direction of the skull desperately, as if fearing that in the absence of her lower body, someone might smash the skull.

No. 5, Mr. Bugman: Again, he didn't disappoint the audience with his disgusting methods, and overpowered survival ability. Although he lost a few thousand bugs, that was it. With his mutated bugs' super solid reproduction capability, it would probably only take him a few days and a dozen or so healthy people to recover from the loss.

After the explosion, he simply threw his remaining bugs to feed on their deceased brethren before causally towards No. 1 and 2 to team up with them.

No. 6, the womanizer of the team: Seemingly only good in bed and not very powerful despite looking dangerous, he was hit very hard and was now no different than a fish on a chopping board, lying lifelessly on the ground with his entire body producing the smell of burning flesh.

Only No. 7, who seemed to be the leader of the team, was a normal hume among all seven weirdos. A young man around 25 years old, with long blond hair, a muscular body with a handsome face, wearing full-body golden armour and a red cape. Right now, he was flying in the air, looking at Myne with a murderous daze.

Except for losing his black robe and his face being exposed, he didn't suffer any injuries at all.

After seeing that Myne had recovered to his peak and was now calmly drinking potions like water, No. 7 didn't blindly attack him. Who knew if he would use that attack again? This time, he might not be able to come out unscathed. Instead, he flew towards Anya's

glass head, put it back on her neck, grabbed her tattered dress, and brought her to No. 1, 2 and Mr.

Bugman.

He then came to Ben, tore off his helmet, and upon seeing a young boy around 12 years old with a black face who now looked like the biological son of No. 2 and was breathing weakly, he sighed in relief. He threw Ben to No. 2, who caught him perfectly. However, after seeing Ben's face, even No. 2, for once, doubted whether this was his son, whom he had never met before.

Finally, he approached No. 6 and quickly checked his breath, finding that he wasn't breathing, he panickily put his ear to No. 6's chest, but there was no heartbeat.

This made his expression turn ugly as f*ck because, as the leader of this temporary team, everyone's death during the mission would bring unimaginable punishment from his master to him, who was never a reasonable person and only cared about losses and benefits.

While No. 7 was thinking about his grim future, Myne also drank the final mana potion bottle he had in his inventory and prepared to fight everyone to death. Thanks to his previous outburst, he now felt much more relaxed and was in his right mind to think about what kind of horrific demise he was going to inflict on them all, especially that fatty.

However, his enemies this time were not easy to deal with either. He first decided to seal their skills so he could easily toy with them later. Making up his mind, Myne quickly cast Appraisal on No. 7, who seemed the most powerful among them. But the usual status window didn't appear before him. Confused, he tried again, but there was no progress, and his Appraisal skill clearly failed to work on him.

Not wanting to give up, he used it on others, but it didn't work on anyone. Even the fatty's data didn't appear. Just when he was doubting whether his Appraisal skill was damaged or if his enemies were just too damn rich and everyone carried magic items, he finally used Appraisal on Ben, the cheap iron man, and got some results.

[Name: Benford Thaddeus Bartholomew

Level: ??? (Tier-One Wizard (???))

Race: Human

Gender: Male

Age: 134 y/o

Occupation: Official Wizard of The Order of the Cursed Souls. The King of Ironclad Kingdom. ????. ?????

Title: ???, ???

Status: Extremely Injured, keraunoparalysis, Organ Failure

[Skill]

???

???

???

???

???

???

...

.....]

What the hell, 134 years old? How can this even be possible? He looks just like a 12-year-old child. Also, 47 question marks? Just how the f*ck did he have so many skills? Does he also steal skills like me?

Wait, maybe that's not right, otherwise, how could he only get 47 skills in over a century? I can steal so many skills in a week if I become a bad guy... Maybe he used

some other trick to acquire them, Myne thought while rubbing his chin. Ignoring No. 7's pained expression, he cast Appraisal on No. 6, and just as he expected, it worked perfectly.

It seemed that if I wanted to see everyone's data, I first had to knock them out.

[Name: Archibald Theophilus

Level: ??? (Tier-One Wizard (???))

Race: (???)

Gender: Male

Age: 211 y/o

Occupation: Official Wizard of The Order of the Cursed Souls.

Title: ???, ???, ???, ???

Status: Extremely Injured, Organ Failure, Hibernation

[Skill]

???

???

???

???

???

???

...

[Ability]

???

???

...]

Just how old are all these guys? And why the f*ck do they all look so young? Also, is this guy even hume? Why is there a question mark in front of his race, and how can he also have so many skills and most importantly 13 abilities? Don't tell me he's a halfling.

However, I need help understanding one thing: Since this guy is literally an entire century older than that Ben geezer, why does he only have 30+ skills?

Don't tell me he is a free-willed lazy guy like me and spends all his time having fun around... Cough. Well, seeing his occupation, it seems my guess is not wrong, Myne thought seriously with a frown After sorting out his thoughts, one thing was clear: the upcoming fight was not going to be as easy as he had thought.

His opponent this time was simply too powerful, especially since he couldn't steal their skills, which had always been his trump card to deal with foes who were too powerful for him.

Chapter 438. Wind and Fire

After confirming that his most potent trump card, which he always used to toy with stronger opponents, was utterly useless now, Myne finally accepted the cruel reality and decided to resort to old methods. Even if he couldn't kill everyone, he had to capture the fatty at any cost, everything can be ignored temporarily except this disgusting f*cker.

Following the principle of "strike first, strike hard," Myne didn't wait for his enemies to recover or waste time with idle chatter. That was only satisfying when your enemies had no chance to turn the tables or fight back, and you had 100% control over their life and death.

So, without wasting a moment, he activated Sorcery Extremity, which enhanced all his magic skills, before bombarding the "weirdos" and the fatty with his AoE Magic: Wind and Fire Maximum.

Under the shocked gazes of all the "weirdos," and of course, the fatty who had finally risen from the ground, dozens of towering wind tornadoes filled with sword-like sharp wind blades, ranging from four to seven meters tall, materialized out of thin air and rushed towards them.

However, before they could come back to sense and formulate a plan, they all noticed chaotic mana gathering beneath their feet.

Looking down, they saw the entire area within a three-meter radius glowing with a red hexagram array, and anyone with a discerning eye knew it wasn't a good sign, let's not talk about experienced wizards who most of their lives played with it, and can recognise its basic effect from miles away.

No. 7 was the first to react. He grabbed Anye (No. 4), who was "coincidentally" standing right beside him and propelled himself upward with astonishing speed. No. 1, whose green energy shield was already on the verge of collapse, wouldn't risk pushing its limits against such a powerful magical attack.

He quickly retrieved a blue palm-sized crystal orb, smashed it on the ground, and then frantically ran out of the hexagram's crimson glow.

No. 2, still confident in the defensive capabilities of his iron-like body, but wasn't so sure about Ben (No. 3) in his arms, even if the other party wearing armour. After a moment's hesitation, he apologized to Ben in his heart before throwing him with all his strength towards the blood pool.

He, however, remained in his original position, seemingly determined to take Myne's attack head-on and test his own limits.

If there was anything a bug-afflicted being feared most in the world, it would undoubtedly be fire. Just by perceiving the chaotic fire elements gathering around him, the Bugman's survival instincts screamed at him to escape the attack range.

The next moment, the Bugman once again exploded with a bang, this time scattering hundreds of thousands of bugs in all directions to flee the impending inferno.

Only poor No. 6, though still alive, was considered dead by his comrades because they couldn't detect his heartbeat, and was left on the ground to die alongside No. 2.

Although everything seemed slow, with everyone seemingly escaping the attack range safely, this wasn't entirely true. The moment No. 7's feet lifted off the ground with Anye, the hexagram array beneath them roared, and a five-meter-long pillar of fire erupted like a volcanic explosion, engulfing everyone.

Except for the madman No. 2, who didn't mind dying just to test the limits of his body, and the unconscious No. 6 who couldn't do anything, everyone else barely managed to escape the fire pillar's range. After all, its diameter was only three meters, and it also took a few seconds to activate, which was its biggest weakness. Powerful individuals could easily avoid it after sensing its existence.

If the skill remained with its original owner, no matter how much mana he had, he wouldn't have been able to inflict much damage on powerful opponents. Thankfully, Myne was different. He had a plethora of tricks up his sleeve to make the most of AoE Magic: Fire Maximum.

Just as everyone breathed a sigh of relief, believing they had successfully dodged the fire pillar, a horrifying sight unfolded before their eyes. The gigantic tornadoes, instead of randomly going in all directions, instantly rushed into the fire pillar and merged with it.

The original three-meter-wide and five-meter-tall fire pillar, as if found the oil wall, began rotating wildly, taking on the characteristics of a tornado. It grew large enough to cover half the platform, while wind blades mixed with fire elements occasionally shot out from its main body in a random direction, leaving almost no room for escape except jumping into the blood pool.

However, if possible, no one really wanted to jump into it; after all, they all knew the disgusting and untold things they had thrown into it.

While everyone, especially the fatty who couldn't swim, hesitated about jumping into the blood pool as the fire tornado became increasingly unstable and dangerous, Myne, who silently watched them from the edge of the platform behind a two-meter-tall silver shield he had created with his Realise skill to avoid the heat, snapped coldly before quickly activating the Ethereal Phase skill as he didn't have much confidence in the shield's ability to protect him.

BOOM!

The fire pillar, after absorbing the dozen or so wind tornadoes and confined within the limited space, was already on the verge of collapse. Myne, pouring five percent of his entire mana into the hexagram array beneath the unstable giant fire tornado, pushed it over the edge. It finally couldn't take it anymore and exploded like a balloon.

Unlike a harmless balloon, this oversized bomb's explosion was anything but harmless. The terrifying explosion, along with the heat wave swept everyone who was caught off guard, as they didn't expect that it would explode.

The explosion cleared any lingering confusion among those who hesitated to change into the battlefield. Now, everyone except No. 7 and Anya lay sprawled in the blood pool. Anya, of course, managed to save herself thanks to a stroke of luck and her gender. No. 2, though still standing like an iron wall, bore the scars of the explosion, and horrific burn marks.

His previous black body now turns red, especially his metal limbs. He had a very ugly expression as he gritted his teeth, enduring unimaginable pain, he definitely regretted his foolish decision of showing off his body defence.

No. 6, who resembled a charred corpse with his life or death unknown, was also hurled into the blood pool, receiving similar treatment as Ben. His whereabouts and fate were temporarily unclear.

BOOM!

Just as the dust cloud began to settle, Myne still silently floated on the platform, which surprisingly remained unscratched. , Suddenly, a figure fell in front of him, wielding a two-meter-long double-handed sword with a golden hilt, and slamming it down hard on Myne's head. This time, it was Myne's turn to be caught off guard. Thankfully, he was in his ethereal form.

The sword, which didn't have any enchantment applied to it, just passed through his body harmlessly, clanging loudly against the floor. Otherwise, Myne might have been cleaved in two by now.

No. 7's handsome face, seeing that he failed to harm his enemy, turned ugly as if he saw his wife getting f*cked by another man. However, he seemed to have anticipated this possibility because as soon as his attack failed, he immediately abandoned his sword,

drew a collection of brightly coloured potion bottles of various shapes, and hurled them at Myne.

At such a close distance, with his usual carelessness, those potion bottles struck Myne's ethereal form. To his surprise, instead of phasing through him as expected, he felt a tangible sensation. Before he could react, his figure was engulfed in a blinding light.

BOOM!

Another deafening explosion, and like a rocket, Myne's body, which automatically turned normal after taking a solid hit, shot out of the dust cloud with horrific wounds and burns marred his body. He plummeted into the blood pool like a broken kite. This was the price of carelessness, which cost Myne quite heavily.

"Ahhh! Cough, cough!"

F*ck, it hurts, it hurts, damn it, I was careless again. Cough! Next time if I even try to be cool in front of my enemies, I will first either hide in the ground only leaving my head out, or flow high in the sky giving no charge to others suddenly appearing in front of me. Cough!

Coughing and spitting out blood, whether his own or the pool's, Myne groaned in pain while complaining to himself. His entire front side was severely burned. His arms, which had subconsciously protected his face, were reduced to ash again.

Most of his clothes on the front had disintegrated, leaving him naked and exposed in the blood pool amidst a macabre tableau of corpses and other unpleasant unknown things.

Thankfully, this time he lacked everything but mana. As long as he didn't activate his perverted skill, which required an outrageous amount of mana, he had enough to deal with these few "weirdos" without worrying about getting injured, anyway, he can heal very quickly.

Chapter 439. Chaos in the Blood Pool

After coughing up everything in his mouth while his arms regenerated rapidly, Myne slowly stood up. He simply couldn't stay inside the pool of blood surrounded by countless dead bodies and all kinds of tattered organs. It wasn't something a normal person with a weak heart like Myne could stomach.

However, it seemed his enemies had learned a thing or two from him. While Myne's injuries were healing, a sword shot out of the blood pool like a poisonous snake waiting for his prey, piercing directly through his heart and flying towards No. 1 who now looked no different from a beggar, if you could ignore his strange mechanical eyeballs and half-body.

It seemed the previous attack hadn't hit him hard enough, and he still had a lot of energy to mess around.

Myne looked down, his mouth filling with blood again, to see his entire heart was gone, leaving a fist-sized hole in his chest. Although his Ultra Regeneration skill was working at maximum capacity, it wasn't omnipotent and needed time to heal everything. Myne's previous injuries hadn't healed yet, so how could it have the time and energy to quickly heal this new, horrific, but most vital injury?

Szzz...

Just as his head began to feel dizzy from the heavy blood loss, a familiar sound startled him. He looked up and saw a yellow one-meter diameter hexagram array slowly rotating above his head, occasionally sparking with lightning.

Boom!

Myne also got a taste of his own medicine and was hit hard by a lightning bolt. Anye (No.

4), who had been completely fine in the previous attack and was waiting for the perfect opportunity to take revenge on Myne for revealing her face in front of everyone—thus labelling her a monster in everyone's mind instead of a beautiful woman—only put down her hand and stopped chanting after Myne continued to take a bath under the lightning strike for an entire minute.

However, before the dust cloud and the disgusting smell of burning rotten flesh could settle, an adult fist-sized metal ball plummeted towards Myne's location.

BOOM!

A mini mushroom cloud rose, shaking the entire basement so violently that everyone's breath caught in their throat. After all, they were currently hundreds of meters underground, and the entire space had been sealed shut earlier.

If it collapsed now, they would either have to flee back to their original world through the portal doorway Myne had created which was hatefully still open, consuming remaining energy every second, which was essentially no different than burning money or being buried alive, hoping their luck was good enough to dig all the way back to the surface.

The basement hall shaking didn't stop; it continued for a few more seconds, becoming more intense as large cracks started appearing in the ceiling. Thankfully, their luck hadn't completely run out, and the basement hall managed to hold on and avoid collapsing.

"PHEW!!!"

A collective sigh of relief escaped everyone, especially the fatty who had peed his pants. But since they were already wet with blood pool it wasn't noticeable enough, and he managed to save any shred of dignity he might have had. After realizing none of these weirdoes were reliable and were just seeking death by their own actions, the fatty made a decision.

He took out his magic carpet, activating it first so he wouldn't have to put it on the blood pool and make it dirty, then spreading it out in mid-air before climbing on.

Under everyone's disgusted gaze, he calmly began to fly towards the exit. Since he was already quite close, it only took him a few dozen seconds to reach it. There, he placed the magic carpet on the ground and decided to watch the remaining events from there.

The entire corridor was made of special black stone bought from another world, so even if the basement hall did collapse, it wouldn't affect it, and the fatty would be absolutely safe.

While the fat man was trying to save his own fat ass, No. 7, who was so angry that the veins on his forehead were about to explode, appeared before No. 2 and began punching him hard repeatedly in the face. The punches turned No. 2's face which was turned red from black thanks to Myne, and now purple, and eventually so swollen that even his children wouldn't recognize him if he went in front of them.

"Damn you f*cker! What were you thinking when you threw that bomb? Do you think we have lived too long and are tired of life? Has no one ever taught you to never use explosives in confined spaces, especially in caves? Let's not even talk about getting buried alive. What were you planning to do if the portal got destroyed?

How do you plan to go back to our world on foot?"

"Most importantly, don't you understand the investment Master put into this project? If the portal and altar are destroyed because of you, he'll not only kill us but capture our souls and torture us for eternity! I don't know about you but don't drag me into this. I'm only fifty years old and have a bright future ahead of me!"

The more No. 7 spoke, the angrier he became, and the harder he punched No. 2. By the time he finished venting, No. 2 was on the verge of saying goodbye to this world. Although his body was as strong as iron, iron also had its limits.

When someone equally powerful in brutal strength, plus wearing a super luxurious magical armour specially designed to enhance defence and strength, attacked him, his iron-like defence didn't stand a chance.

"Ahem, Mr. Victor, I think that's enough. If you continue, he might not survive," Anya, suddenly appeared beside Victor (No. 7) and spoke gently. Mysteriously even though she lacked a mouth, her voice still emanated from her glass skull.

If she had a normal head, Victor, who was emotionally unstable because of all the pressure and fear from his master, might have given her the green light for a relationship.

However, when his eyes fell on her glass skull and the unsettling eyeballs floating within, he could only take a deep breath and walk away without a word. Even though he himself wasn't innocent, having conducted countless disturbing experiments to increase his knowledge of souls and bodies, his will still wasn't strong enough to be attracted to a woman with a creepy glass head.

Anya, fully aware of her own condition, wasn't disappointed by Victor's rejection. From the moment her head became like that, she knew no normal man could have a genuine relationship with her, no matter how good and caring she was to others, for she was just a disgusting creepy head.

Even her "toys" used for stress relief would tremble crazily while banging her out of fear as soon as she looked at them, because of fear they hardly last two rounds before collapsing. Nice sex had become a distant memory for her, and now she could only be jealous to see others having fun.

Just as Anya lost herself in her thoughts while stroking her glass skull head sadly, suddenly a figure, which according to her and everyone in her team should now be taking his last breaths, emerged from the blood pool in front of her.

While she was shocked and dazedly staring at him, his right fist, encased in a golden gauntlet with spiked knuckles and shimmering in a milky-white bubble of light, smashed into her shiny glass skull.

Click!

With a soft, glass-creaking sound, Anya's skull which now had a big crack on her right cheek area ripped from her neck again and smashed into the wall, causing another cave tremor and showering the ground with dust. It was a clear sign that playtime was over.

Victor, who was the first to react, charged at Myne like a raging bull, aiming a punch at his face as well. But obviously, Myne wasn't No. 2 who just stood in his place and became his punching bag.

He puffed out his cheeks, and just when Victor's fist was about to fall on his soft cheek, he blasted a high-pressure stream of water from his mouth, forcing Victor several steps back into a defensive position. This created the perfect opportunity for Myne to use his Fortified Fist skill again, a technique that increased his arm strength tenfold.

Combined with his other body enhancement skills, it was more than enough to show those weirdos their place.

The golden gauntlet, shimmering with white transparent bubbles, slammed into Victor's golden armour, mimicking the treatment Anya received. He launched from his position like a cannonball and slammed hard against the platform. Myne had already learned his lesson from the previous attack. While he wanted to take down these strange weirdos, he also valued his life.

If a small glass skull could shake the entire cave, a two-meter-tall, armoured man crashing into it would surely bring the ceiling down on them. He had already tried to use his teleportation skill, which obviously wasn't working, so instead of blindly attacking Victor, he first checked that the other party was standing in front of the platform before punching him.

BANG!

Chapter 440. The Key to Future Generations

Myne barely withdrew his hand when a three-meter-tall fist made of countless bugs slammed onto his head, smashing him into the blood pool. The fist didn't stop after the first surprise attack and the assault continued relentlessly until Mr. Bugman, who controlled the insects, sensed something amiss, as he felt like he was hitting something made of metal and losing countless bugs with each attack.

He detached a few hundred bugs into the pool to inspect Myne's condition. But upon closer examination, his nonexistent face contorted in anger. His target, whom he believed he was pulverizing, was actually lying casually inside the blood pool's surface with his hands behind his head without caring about the lack of air if he could breathe in the water or blood.

A mysterious-looking four-legged table made of unknown black metal, and covered with dense runes was positioned above him, deflecting all previous attacks, and absorbing all the kyntic energy into it. This is why Mr. Bugman felt something was off every time he smashed his fist; it felt like he was hitting iron, which was indeed the case.

Just as Mr. Bugman was about to explode with rage, he saw No. 1 emerge from a nearby corner where he'd been hiding since his initial attack on Myne and stood beside him while putting his index finger at his lips to tell him to stay silent. He materialized a red sword with a pitch-black hilt adorned with three red gems.

First, No. 1 ran his right index finger across the sword, near his wrist, the same sword he'd previously used to pierce Myne's heart, which was still sustained with his blood. Then, biting his thumb, he pressed both his finger and thumb horizontally against the red blade, drawing two lines of blood on it.

The moment the blood touched the sword, it began glowing, and cryptic symbols manifested across its surface. However, simultaneously, a deep gash appeared on a previously unharmed area of No. 1's face, and he also instantly looked ten years older, wrinkles etching themselves onto his visage. Despite this, he seemed used to it and didn't care much.

Instead, with burning determination to send Myne west, he swung the red sword toward him.

Myne, who was casually taking a break under the metal table he'd conjured or maybe summoned, using his Realize skill, (he was still now sure behind the principle of this skill) after dealing with the two troublemakers, and was in the mood of toying with Mr. Bugman, suddenly felt an overwhelming sense of danger unlike anything he'd ever experienced, all the hair on his body stood up.

He hastily glanced at Mr. Bugman and No. 1, who had already made his move, and finally understood the source of this perilous feeling was coming from.

Cursing No. 1's eighteen generations, Myne hurriedly grabbed the edge of the table and wanted to pull it aside and use it as a makeshift shield. However, to his shock, the table seemed to carry the weight of a mountain. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't budge it a centimetre.

Realizing this, he once again summoned some kind of strange thing using his Realize skill, which surely had taken a heavy hit on his mana reserve without him even knowing, Myne gritted his teeth and used his Absolute Evasion skill at maximum power. He had already used his Unbeatable skill before to withstand the lightning strikes and heavy explosions.

Otherwise, how could he still be in one piece and beating everyone?

Just as Myne activated the Absolute Evasion skill, granting him a 100% chance to evade any physical attack for the next 30 seconds, a blinding light erupted before him, which scared his soul from the core, and without even looking at the attack, he now if he was hit by it, then no one in this world can save him.

Myne did not want to rely on his skill completely and wanted to get away, but suddenly found that he had lost control over his entire body and couldn't move a single finger, he

could use his skill with his mind but, he had no control over his body. Fearful, he instinctively closed his eyes, ready to go to meet his late parents.

The next instant, however, the pain he imagined didn't come, but a heart-wrenching scream pierced the air, the kind of scream one lets out upon witnessing the death of a loved one. Confused, and wondering who was wailing so piteously for him, Myne opened his eyes and found that he was completely fine.

It turned out that the Absolute Evasion skill wasn't simply just a big name but an effect, it was a real deal, the attack bypassed him, without even harming his single hair, and thanks to it, he lost 90% of his mana reserve which was very painful for Myne.

Shaking his head with a helpless sigh, as he had already accepted this cruel reality that his mana would never be sufficient, Myne extricated himself from under the mysterious table, which now slowly getting transported, as if it could disappear any moment. He poked his head out of the blood pool and was met with a sight that sent chills down his spine.

The majestic platform, which he'd been unable to even scratch despite his combined skills, was now cleaved in half from the middle. The upper part was slowly sliding down into the blood pool. Victor (No. 7), seemingly unharmed except for a dent in his armour, was flying in front of the collapsing platform, crying while clutching his head and cursing No. 1 with every bad word he knew.

"Quickly, everyone come here! The portal is closing! We have to get back, otherwise we'll be stuck in this backward world for who knows how many years!" After venting his anger, and coming back to his sense, Victor shouted, and with his fastest speed, rushed toward a small hole in the wall.

He then retrieved a glass skull, now riddled with spiderweb-like cracks, and rushed towards the portal without caring about the others. In the blink of an eye, In blink of an eye, he vanished through the portal.

Mr. Bugman and No. 1 exchanged a glance and wasted no further time. Unlike Victor, who surprisingly still harboured some care for Anya, despite not liking her creepy head in the slightest, these two ruthless individuals didn't possess such attachments for their companies. They bolted towards the portal without hesitation.

Just as they entered the portal, the platform finally crashed onto the floor, causing a thunderous explosion that rattled the entire cave. The tremors were so violent that even a blind person could sense the entire cave was about to collapse.

Myne, who still had a big family to take care of, and had no intention of getting buried so soon, quickly rushed toward the exit. However, only after taking a few steps, he realized he could become a ghost simply pass through the solid wall, bypassing the crumbling cave without worrying about his life. He then breathed a sigh of relief and slapped himself for being stupid again.

However, as he activated the Ethereal Phase and prepared to catch the fatty with peace of mind, he saw the body of No. 2, who had fallen unconscious, and No. 6, the walking pregnancy machine. Although seeing No. 2, who had played a bare minimal role in the fight and the biggest thing he had done was throw a dangerous bomb for which his own leader beat him to unconscious, didn't faze Myne at all.

However when his eyes fell on No. 6, especially his monster brother, which had frightened powerful fertility and could make a woman pregnant in a few shots, an evil thought came to his mind. After all, this guy was a 200-year-old grandpa who was a professional in intimacy. If he could somehow get his memories, wouldn't he reach the peak of satisfying women in his world?

Also, Myne has so many women, and he has no intention of limiting himself to them, if one day they all start asking for children, he needs some special power to do so, he couldn't just take days to make a single girl pregnant, otherwise by the end he reaches to the last one, first one might have already asking for him to second child.

How will he then spend time with them during their pregnancy as a husband and father?

Once this idea came, it took root in his mind like a poisonous vine, and Myne couldn't shake it no matter how hard he tried. So after a second of pondering, he put No. 6's body in his inventory and decided to give him someone who can help him with this problem. Anyway, the world is big, and there is no shortage of madmen like Lewis, he had full confidence that he could find someone one day.

No. 2, while himself was practically useless, possessed a robust physique, particularly his metallic limbs, which piqued Myne's interest. However, since he was still alive, Myne had to shoot nearly 30 Wind Guns to make a small hole in his heart and end his life. This guy's natural body defence was indeed very abnormal.

"There should be one more guy left. That old coot who pretends to be a little child. Although his body itself is worthless, his armour is pretty cool. If I give it to Lewis, he'd definitely empty his entire savings to buy it. And I could also ask him to make one for me.

Every time I looked at that Victor guy's cool armour, I couldn't help but feel jealous," Myne muttered while sprinting around the blood pool. Now that he could use his skill, and with Night Vision, it didn't take Myne too long to find that Tinman under the blood pool, releasing lightning sparks once in a while, just before the cave completely collapsed.

Myne swiftly deposited him into his Inventory as well and hastily activated Ethereal Phase as a colossal rock plummeted towards him.

BOOM!

