

Cheat. A 441

Chapter 441. The Fatty's Fortune

"Haaa, haaa, haaa! Thank goodness I ran away quickly! Otherwise, those monsters surely would have killed me. What did they take me for? Their master clearly told them to listen to me and work under me! But those bastards actually dared to launch an attack in my direction?

Those bastards wanted to use that stranger's name to get rid of me when I completed all the work, so they could take credit? How can there be such a good thing in the world? Do they really think I couldn't under their small tricks?"

"Just wait, I'll call Master Fizz... Fizzle... What the f*ck was that guy's name, damn it? Why in the hell are all those guys' names so weird and long? Couldn't their parents have found easy-to-pronounce names?"

The fatty cursed angrily while wiping sweat from his forehead as he ran towards the exit. But because the so-called Master's name was stuck in his mind, he tried hard to recall it. Two minutes later, he couldn't hold back his inner struggle anymore. He stopped, took a few dozen heavy breaths, almost fell on the ground in exhaustion and pulled out a notebook from his storage pouch.

"Ahh, there it is... Master Fizzlewiggly Wigglybottom. This guy's parents were definitely insane!

What were they thinking when they gave their child this kind of name as if they were venting their anger on him?" The fatty muttered while shaking his head, the entire notebook was filled with all kinds of information from minor to important, which fatty seem fear that he might forget so he noted down, was quite good indeed, at least his killer would surely praise him for his this action, which saved them a lot of time, to dig out his secrets.

"Maybe they didn't want to have a child, but it happened accidentally while they were connected physically, and this guy came into the world. Since none of them wanted him, they might have thrown a random weird name at him to vent their anger before throwing him out like trash?"

"Hmm, that makes quite a bit of sense," The fatty nodded while rubbing his thick chin thoughtfully. He continued, still not realizing who he was talking to. "But even so, how did they come up with this kind of weird name...?"

Finally, the fatty came to his senses, and his entire body began to tremble as he realized someone was standing behind him. While gulping down saliva, he dropped his notebook, and magic lamp in his hands.

Holding his bracelet tightly, he turned his head around, but to his surprise behind him was nothing but thick darkness and a long corridor like the mouth of a monster, ready to devour everything in it.

"Huh? Am I hallucinating because of fear? However, that voice seemed a bit too real," The fatty couldn't find anything behind him. He calmed down a bit and muttered confusedly.

However, just when he was about to pick up his magic lamp from the ground and hurriedly wanted to get out of this creepy corridor, a milky white transparent head of a certain person he least wanted to see emerged from the ground. Its eyes were wide open, and its tongue hung out as if someone had choked it to death.

Both the fatty and Myne, who had been pretending to be a ghost, stared at each other. Then, Myne saw the fatty's soul leaving his body through his mouth. With a thud, his

mountain-like body fell down on top of him and the magic lamp, and he passed out without any kind of nonsense.

"Tsk, is that it? This guy didn't hesitate to torture his own wife inhumanely, but he actually got scared unconscious just by seeing a ghost? What a great disappointment. It seemed like I was taking him so seriously in vain, thinking that he was some kind of mentally killed psychopath who didn't fear death. But anyway, it's good for me.

Saved me some trouble," Myne muttered while coming out of his ghost form, shaking his head.

The first thing Myne did was, of course, kick the fatty hard on his bulging belly to vent his uncontrollable anger before kneeling beside him and starting to do what he was best at: looting. He moved his hands on his body and easily found the fatty's storage pouch, hanging on his neck.

The storage pouch looked ordinary from the outside but was as big as 300 cubic meters on the inside – the biggest storage pouch Myne had ever seen. The storage pouch was not only unimaginably big but also fully filled.

There was a mountain of gold and silver coins, three large chests (8.3 x 5.5 x 5.5 inches) with 90-degree hinged lids filled with platinum coins, a small metal box (9.1 x 9.1 inches) that was locked with a special enchantment, and even Myne's ghost form couldn't peek inside it.

Except for the mountains of money, which the fatty surely got from those weirdos as he himself didn't have the capital to get them, there was a small corner in the pouch filled with the fatty's daily necessities.

These included two wardrobes full of his size clothes, various kinds of expensive wines (the golden one that made Alex so angry he'd literally start fighting with Myne was the most abundant among them), dried fruits, his magical flying carpet, and many more things that Myne ignored for now, moving on to other things as he didn't have time to inspect them calmly.

Sadly, it seems the fatty's weird hobby was only torturing people, and he didn't like collecting things from his victims like Myne, who liked to collect all his girls' wet panties on special occasions, such as when he was having sex with them for the first time or special events like when he and Sylphy went on a date, etc.

Half of the storage pouch was filled with those strange black stones used to create the corridor Myne was currently standing in. However, only now, when he saw their raw part did he realise that they looked like stone but were metal. However, their mysterious properties were very similar to rock.

If you didn't see their raw shape, it was indeed hard to tell if they were metal or stone after they were shaped.

"Hmm, now I understand where he got so much money," Myne thought while rubbing his chin, "But who did he sell this much metal to? With my cheap father-in-law's personality, it's nearly impossible to get that much money out of him. It might be other kingdoms then."

Myne continued inspecting the treasure pouch. The fatty's wealth was far beyond his imagination.

Besides the mountain of raw black metal, there were also other types of unknown minerals, gems, various silvery substances, and so on. If Myne wasn't mistaken, those things might have been used to make the altar and portal doorway, so obviously their value was highest.

Last, there was a mysterious tome made of what seemed like hume skin and locked by a demotic hand and was covered in a pink flame, now floating in the middle of the pouch. Just by looking at it, anyone with a normal mind would know it was best to stay away. This time, Myne didn't seek his own death by smashing his empty head with unknown things.

He decided to bring it to Maya; she had more knowledge about those kinds of things.

Finally, after sorting through the storage pouch, Myne first transferred everything valuable inside his own inventory, except for the creepy tomb, mysterious box, and obviously the fatty's personal belongings. He decided to check those carefully when he had free time before taking the useful things and throwing out the useless ones.

[Money: Platinum Coin (105,544) Gold Coins (265,115) Low-grade Mana Stone (2)
Low-grade Soul Stone (1)]

"Sigh, what a great windfall!" Myne muttered with tears of happiness in his eyes. "Who would have expected this useless-looking fatty to be so damn rich? I can say while betting my little brother, that even my cheap father-in-law might not have this much money in his personal account. Now at least I don't have to worry about clan-building construction."

"I can pay my mother-in-law in one go and leave all the mess on her head without any worry. With her character and our special relationship now, she'll surely do her best to create her new home... Maybe I can ask her to build a hidden room just for us, so we can have as much time as we want without anyone finding us? Yes, this is quite a good idea. I'll talk about it to her tomorrow."

"But now, let's focus on the most important thing," Myne muttered and looked at the fatty with a dangerous, bloodthirsty gaze. But then his eyes fell on the fatty's wrist, which adorned a red magical bracelet.

Without any hesitation, Myne reached out and wanted to take it as well, but just as his finger touched the bracelet, it started shining brightly. With a loud boom, Myne was thrown away like a rag doll and hit hard against the wall behind him, almost losing consciousness.

"Cough, cough, f*ck! What the hell?" Myne spoke painfully while rubbing the back of his head. "This thing also has a self-defence protocol to prevent theft? Just how much did those weirdos care about the fatty that they were willing to give him such a valuable thing? This isn't right. I might have to dig out all those secrets from the fatty.

This bastard surely has something on him which valued by those guys."

Cursing and throwing all the blame on the fatty, Myne grabbed his leg and started dragging him out of the corridor.

Chapter 442. The Endless Nightmare

Inside a dark, 100 square feet, suspicious room without any kind of openings and fully sealed, a small magic lamp rested precariously in a corner. In the centre of the room placed an armed metal chair. Upon it, a super healthy, oversized middle-aged man, whose arms and legs were tightly secured with iron handcuffs bolted to the chair.

A rag gagged his mouth, but the man didn't seem to have any problem with his current condition and was sleeping peacefully with a lustful expression gracing his face as if he were having a wonderful dream.

No one knew how much time passed, but slowly the fatty blinked his eyes open and started looking around dazedly. A sharp pain jolted his jaw, reminding him that there was something inside his mouth. Panic surged through him as he attempted to move his limbs, and take it out from his mouth, only to find them firmly restrained

Panic washed over him as he started trembling in fear. He looked left and right, trying to figure out where he was. Upon realizing he was inside a completely sealed room with literally no doors, and no windows, he almost peed his pants. His struggle became even more frantic, and suddenly, perhaps because of fear, he subconsciously triggered some kind of mechanism.

The red bracelet on his arm glowed brightly, and with a loud bang, the handcuffs on his wrists exploded.

Hope flickered in Fatty's eyes. With a surge of joy, he ripped the gag from his mouth. As the cloth unfurled, a sliver of familiarity caught his attention. Upon closer inspection, he recognized it wasn't just any random rag, but his own underwear – the very pair he'd been wearing today – however suddenly a realisation hit him like lightning because he seems had peed in it out of fear before.

Convincing himself it was a trick of the mind, and no one with the right mind would go through so much trouble of taking out his dirty underwear and putting it in his mouth, however, it didn't take long for fatty's face turned ugly as if he had eaten shit because the emptiness within his trousers confirmed the cruel fact that it was indeed his underwear.

"BLURG!"

The fatty face instantly turned purple, and he vomited out the contents of his stomach in a torrent that could fill a small bucket, which showed that his big stomach wasn't just for show. After dirtying the floor and filling the room with a most unpleasant odour, Fatty, out of habit, reached for the only cloth available he was holding to wipe his mouth.

Just as he put it on his lips, he realized what it was and, with a disgusted expression, quickly threw the underwear aside as if it were some kind of bomb.

Afterwards, he pointed his bracelet at the other handcuff and, with a small energy shot, easily broke it as well. Then he aimed at the chains on his legs, which didn't escape the fate of getting blasted apart by the energy blast of the bracelet.

Breaking free from the chains, he quickly rushed toward the magic lamp on the ground and started inspecting the entire room, trying to see if there was any way to get out of there.

But sadly, his luck was as poor as his pocket at that moment, and he found no way to escape.

"Damn it! What the hell is going on here?" The fatty roared, his voice booming within the confines of the room but having as much impact as a pebble tossed into the ocean. "Hey! Can anyone hear me? Get me out of here, or things won't end well for you!" The threat was hollow. His voice, though loud, was lost in the vast emptiness.

"F*ck! How did I even get here?" he muttered, scratching his head in frustration and anxiety. "I remember leaving the basement... then a voice came from behind... Did that ghostly face trap me here? But how the hell did he do it? There's no opening!"

Fatty winced at the sight of his vomit. He shook his head with newfound determination and raised his right hand, launching a powerful energy attack at the wall.

The energy attack was devastating. If a normal person were struck by it, he might not even leave ashes behind. However, the walls, made of some unknown material, were damaged, but that was it. Not even a fist-sized hole marred its surface, let alone one large enough for Fatty to squeeze through.

Despite this, the fatty didn't get discouraged, or rather, he didn't have the option to be discouraged. Otherwise, he would have to spend who knows how long in this small room without water and food, and could only die slowly. And that was just the beginning. Once nature's call hit him, he would truly know the true horror.

One energy blast after another slammed into the confined space of the wall. Though the resulting hole was only large enough for a small mouse to navigate freely, for Fatty, desperate for a glimpse of the outside world and a breath of fresh air, it was enough.

For a desperate person who could see Lady Death waving at him from afar but had no intention of going with her, even a small victory was enough fuel to keep him going.

However, whoever imprisoned Fatty seemed to have anticipated this. Even after a half-hour of tireless work, carving out a tunnel hundreds of meters long, Fatty saw no end. While the digging became considerably easier after a few meters, requiring minimal bursts of energy to remove a few inches-long holes. But that was it. Without a real result, what was the point of digging further?

Now, even if the fatty shot energy blasts into the hole, he couldn't see if they were hitting anything because the tunnel was too long for him to see the end.

Defeated, Fatty dragged his exhausted body back to the chair and slumped onto it like a lifeless fish. Though the bracelet channelled his attacks, reducing mana consumption to maximum, continuous bombardment for half an hour had already depleted his entire mana reserves. After all, not everyone had an inventory to support them and let them mess around with skills as if they were free to cast.

Overcome by physical and mental fatigue, Fatty closed his eyes, his breaths coming in ragged gasps. He didn't know when sleep claimed him, but upon opening his eyes again after an indeterminate amount of time, he found himself back in his original predicament.

His arms and legs were bound, his favourite underwear stuffed in his mouth, the vomit on the floor had vanished, the magic lamp he'd tossed aside was now resting in its original place, and the long tunnel he created with great effort was no longer there as if it had never existed. Everything seemed like just a dream

The unexpected turn of events jolted Fatty awake. Were it not for the gnawing hunger now gnawing at his stomach – an experience absent from his previous awakening – he might have doubted whether his previous experience was just a nightmare.

This time, panic replaced the confusion of his prior awakening. He quickly freed himself, threw aside his dirty underwear which was almost clean from his saliva and rushed to the section of the wall where he'd painstakingly carved the hole. The sight that greeted him, however, sent a fresh wave of doubt crashing over him. The wall was completely undamaged, pristine as if untouched.

"Hello! Can anyone hear me? Please get me out of here! I'll do anything... you can have all my wealth, I don't care, just let me go!" Fatty screamed in desperation, his lungs burning from the exertion. But only a chilling silence answered him.

"There had to be a way out. After all, how else had his captors brought him in? Perhaps a hidden door?" The more Fatty pondered this, the more a crucial detail seemed to crystallize in his mind. Before, his brain wouldn't have functioned with such alacrity.

Today, however, the potent cocktail of fear and survival instinct has transformed it, and worked miraculously fast, turning him into a completely different person.

The fatty began methodically tapping and lightly hammering the walls, searching for any hidden mechanism that might unlock his freedom. This meticulous examination lasted nearly three hours. Just as thirst became a burning agony, he finally finished inspecting every inch of the room, not even neglecting the ceiling.

Although examining the ceiling was not an easy feat for a person of Fatty's size, fueled by the desperate hope of escape and the promise of a feast upon his liberation, he persevered.

Unfortunately, his efforts proved fruitless. There was no hidden trick, no secret path – or perhaps, if one existed, it lay outside the room, not within.

Exhausted, famished, and utterly defeated, Fatty slumped back onto the chair, his mind a wasteland of despair. He truly was at a loss. As he contemplated the grim possibilities of his demise and the unlikelihood of escape from this infernal prison, his eyelids began to grow heavy. He made no attempt to resist sleep.

First, he launched a few energy blasts at the wall before him, then at his underwear, burning it to ashes so that the next time he woke up, this shit wasn't gag in his mouth again. Finally, after spending another half-hour racking his brain with every imaginable negative thought, Fatty surrendered to sleep, his consciousness fading once more.

Chapter 443. Sweet Taste of Retribution (Part-1)

"Ohh, yes, b*tch, faster, faster, don't dare to slow down, ohoho, I can do this all day..." A booming voice echoed through the room.

"Master?" A trembling voice however interrupts the man's enjoyment.

"WHAT!" The man yelled out irritated with a furious expression, but he didn't stop his work.

Y... Your food is ready, master. You told me to remind you as soon as it was prepared," A young woman, her skin deep ebony, spoke as if addressing a monster rather than a hume.

"Already? I thought it would take longer. Well, since it's prepared, let's go eat... Hmm, as for you, however, will wait for my return. We haven't finished our game yet," The speaker, who was non other the fatty spoke with a cruel smile on his face while taking out his little brother from the mouth of a young girl, perhaps fifteen years of age.

He then slap hard on the wet vagina of the girl which was right in front of him hard, making her cry in pain.

The girl was tied upside down on a strange wooden device. Tears were falling from her eyes nonstop, and her nose was running, but she didn't dare to disobey her new master's order. He had purchased her from the slave market, and her life was completely in his hands, so she could only nod meekly, despite the discomfort of her contorted position.

A peculiar white collar with a name tag encircled her neck, hinting at a certain dark secret.

"By the way, while I'm gone, help me to stretch her butthole. Put this inside her hole," the fatty said, tossing a peculiar glass object to the black-skinned maid. "Remember, upon my return, I expect her to be ready to take me divine tool, otherwise, you'll be taking her place next time." With a chilling laugh, the fatty donned a robe and exited the room.

"So, what's for dinner tonight?" the fatty inquired, rubbing his hands together as he settled at the dining table. The loli maid beside him, instead of answering, made a cute gesture and quickly lifted the lids of various dishes and pots, filling the hall with a delectable aroma.

"Ohohoh, it seems like you guys wouldn't let me lose any weight. Huh? You dare to laugh at me because I couldn't lose weight?" the fatty playfully grumbled at the loli, who was so frightened that she almost peed in her pants. Thankfully, the fatty wasn't serious.

"As punishment for disrespecting your Master, come and make me happy," the fatty said while pointing at his little brother before ignoring the loli and gesturing for another maid to serve him the food.

The loli, initially terrified, experienced a sudden surge of relief. With a beaming smile, she scurried beneath the table and positioned herself on all fours before the fatty's chair. Unzipping his pants, she revealed his not-so-big little brother.

Disappointment flickered across the loli's face, and since she was hidden from his view, she didn't have to hide it and looked excited and happy after seeing it. Alas, life as a slave offered few comforts, and she swallowed her all negative thoughts. With practised ease, she took his little brother into her mouth and began a diligent performance, trying her best to give the fatty best blowjob ever.

"Ah, this is the life," the fatty sighed contentedly, stuffing a large piece of meat into his mouth.

...

An unknown amount of time later, the fatty opened his eyes and woke up from his sweet dream, drenched in sweat. He looked around and saw that he was still in the same room which disappointed him to the point that he almost gave up, but something had changed which cheered his desperate spirit.

A man, vaguely familiar yet unrecognizable, sat opposite him in a plush chair, rubbing ice on the purple areas of his face, which seemed like injuries from being beaten hard by someone.

The fatty, his fragile spirit shattered by two nightmarish experiences, had relinquished any hope of resistance, especially since he feared death greatly, now even if a pervert with weird tastes asked him to sacrifice his backside for his life, he probably wouldn't hesitate much before giving in.

The fatty wanted to get up from his chair and inquire about his situation, but to his great horror, he found himself bound more tightly than before. Especially his bracelet arm was moved behind the chair and tied to what seemed like an iron pillar from the middle area.

So even if he shot an energy blast, it would only leave scorch marks on the wall instead of the handcuffs or the chair's arm, leaving no room for escape. Not only that, there was a jelly-like substance wrapped around his bracelet and hand, which sent shivers down his spine. Yet, the most panic-inducing detail was the gag stuffed in his mouth with familiar taste and size.

Though he couldn't see it, he intuitively knew it was his own underwear, which he had burned to ashes before.

"Mmmm, mmmmm!"

Muffled moans escaped his lips, desperate to capture the man's attention, the man, who seemed beaten hard, lowered the ice and revealed panda-like eyes with dark circles around them, and looked at the fatty with chilling disdain as if witnessing a grotesque insect.

"So, you woke up? I thought you were going to take your time and sleep longer... You must have been having a nice dream, right? What could you have been dreaming about, anyway? Even in this condition, you still have the energy to release your future bastards.

Compared to you, I still have a lot to learn," The man, who was none other than Myne, said with a disgusted expression while looking at the fatty's wet pants. He swiftly moved his chair further away, not wanting to get infected by this kind of disgusting creature.

"Mmmuu, Mmumu..." The fatty, oblivious to Myne's disgust, remained fixated on his current predicament. His dignity was the least of his concerns, anyway, it was not more important than his life. He tried to speak something but because of his precious underwear, words couldn't get out of his mouth.

"Did you have something to say?" Myne inquired innocently, retrieving another ice pack from his inventory and applying it to his injuries.

The fatty hurriedly nodded his head with a hint of excitement and unknown confidence overflowing in his eyes, as if he believed that once he opened his mouth, he could convince Myne to free him.

Myne also noticed this but remained unfazed. While leaning back in his plush chair, he spoke casually, "Then what are you waiting for? Just remove that gag from your mouth and speak your mind. No need to be so shy. Also, don't complain that you can't do it. I didn't shove that gag too deep into your mouth.

Just manoeuvre your tongue like you would when having fun with beautiful girls, and it will come out in a jiffy... Ouch, f*ck, another tooth. Damn it."

While taking out a tooth from his mouth, now with only ten or so remaining, making him look like an old grandpa, Myne cursed a few more times before continuing to apply the ice to his wounds.

"Next time, I will surely find a girl who doesn't mind me doing this kind of work. It's really troublesome to work alone and also apply ice to injuries by yourself. Sigh, if Gal were here, she would surely love to help me with this matter... Recently, I've been missing her a lot. God knows when we will be able to be together again."

Oblivious to Myne's mumbling, the fatty took his advice seriously and started trying to move his tongue pressed down under the gag, while also trying to throw it out. However, two minutes of frantic struggle yielded no results except to sway his head hard and drink whatever liquid was on it, which squeezed out after his great effort, providing his dry throat with some relief.

"Seriously? You can't manage that simple task? Do you even know anything except eating, shitting, and f*cking?" Myne, who was getting bored because the fatty wasn't entertaining him at all, yelled out angrily while casually throwing the palm-sized ice bag in his hand at the fatty's chubby face. The fatty somehow managed to dodge it, and the ice bag passed by his cheek.

However, just when the fatty was breathing a sigh of relief that he didn't get hit, in a bizarre turn of events, the ice bag, seemingly offended by the dodge, paused mid-air, reversed course with double the initial speed, and slammed into the back of his head.

The great pain made a great man. The fatty, who couldn't take the gag from his mouth, right after he got hit hard on the back of his head, instantly threw it out. If there were an audience watching, they would surely question his earlier struggle.

"See, I told you it was very easy. You are just too lazy to do it and have a tendency to give up easily," Myne said with a smile, giving the fatty a thumbs up while taking out another ice bag and putting it on his cheek. He watched the fatty coughing loudly and moaning in pain with great satisfaction.

Chapter 444. Sweet Taste of Retribution (Part 2)

"Cough, cough..."

"Alright, alright, I understand you were uncomfortable because of the gag, but will you stop your old granny-like coughing now? It's almost been two minutes, and whatever entered your belly is already gone. It won't come out and change the fact that you drank your own pee by squirting your underwear in your mouth... By the way, how was the taste?"

Myne asked with a feigned curious expression and a playful smile on his face. He stared at the fatty on the chair who was attempting to vomit everything in his stomach, but obviously failing without external support like shoving his fingers down his throat or forceful simulation. He could only manage empty coughs.

"Who are you, Mister, and why did you bring me here?" Although the fatty was so angry that if looks could kill, Myne might have died a thousand times by now, he still spoke with a forced politeness and a disgusting, strained smile.

"Who am I? Haven't you recognized me yet? I thought you might have by now. After all, it wasn't long ago we met. It seems your brain is also getting chubby and is not working properly."

The fatty ignored Myne's teasing and stared at his purple, injured face seriously. Even after overloading his brain, he couldn't match any face in his memory from this ugly face before him.

"Sorry, I didn't recognize you, maybe because of your swollen face. Why didn't you introduce yourself? Maybe that would jog my memory?" Finally giving up, the fat man asked while gulping down his saliva and looking greedily at the water glass in Myne's hands.

"Sigh, that's truly disappointing. I thought you'd remember "Sigh, that was really disappointing. I thought you would remember me, but alas, it's not your fault. In my current appearance, it is really not easy for anyone to recognize me.

By the way, do you want to know why I am in this condition?" Myne asked with a smile and only a dozen or so teeth, along with his swollen face, it looked ugly as hell.

The fatty, who already smelled something fishy, instantly shook his head, clearly not interested in listening to Myne's drama. Regardless, this wouldn't have anything to do with him, or so he thought until Myne spoke again.

"Well, since you're insisting so much, then let me tell you. This also has something to do with you. When I found you, you were lying on the ground, and I needed a place to dump you. But I had urgent work to do as well, and I couldn't keep an eye on you while waiting for you to wake up. So, I went to an old friend, but she wasn't in a good mood.

At first, she didn't say anything, just calmly looked at me, at least this is what I thought. So I directly told her that I wanted to hide you and that she had to keep an eye on you. However, this must have triggered her anger, and then... Well, you can already what happened next. Overall, the source of this trouble was you."

Having finished speaking, Myne gulped down the water in the glass with great difficulty. Then without giving the fatty a chance to speak, who probably wanted to

refuse this baseless slander, he stood up from his chair. He first took out a large table from his Inventory and placed it right in front of the fatty.

Under the confused gaze of the other party, Myne began taking various dishes from his inventory, one after another and arranged them neatly on the table. All the dishes were steaming hot as if just taken off the stove. Soon, the fragrant aroma of food spread throughout the entire room, making even Myne's mouth water. Let alone a glutton like the fatty.

But sadly in his current condition, it was not possible for Myne to eat, and he, like the fatty, could only watch greedily.

"Don't misunderstand me, I didn't place them here to torture you. I'm not such a cruel person that I would attack a person's biggest weakness right at the start. You can verify with my wives, they can vouch for me. Anyway, it's just that I remember my inventory is full because of all this food, but I have to go to the market to buy some daily necessities for home.

Naturally, if I want to put something in a limited amount of space, then I have to empty it before, right? I know you can understand me, see you later... Oh, and please look after the food, don't let insects fall on it."

After saying that, Myne gave the fatty another ugly smile and, while patting his shoulder he walked behind him and turned invisible. He then reappeared back in his chair and sat down there, watching the fatty whose eyes couldn't move from the food in front of him with a cold look.

It took the fatty nearly 15 minutes to win the inner battle in his brain, and with great willpower, he moved his eyes from the table. Only then did he realize that Myne had vanished from the room while his focus was on the food, losing the opportunity to see how to get out of this room.

"AAAHHH! F*CK! F*CK! F*CK! F*CK!"

"What the hell is wrong with me? How could I fall for such a cheap trick? That crazy bastard must have done this to distract me, so I can't find the exit! Damn it, but how did he know food was my weakness, that I'd be lured in by it? Did one of my slaves betray me? F*CK!"

What an idiot I am! I should have never removed their collars, no matter how ugly they looked!" The fatty raged from his chair, even firing energy blasts from his bracelet

The fatty muttered angrily while struggling hard in his chair and even shooting energy blasts from his bracelet. But sadly, this time, Myne obviously had no desire to let him leave his chair. No matter how much he struggled, in the end, he couldn't do anything except worsen his hunger pangs.

Myne, on the other hand, heard the fat man's nonsense and stared deeply at his enormous belly, which looked like it was about to birth twins, and the corner of his mouth couldn't help but twist. Myne wondered just how much a man could be ignorant about his own condition to utter such words.

As the fatty once again fell into a daze, staring blankly at the food, Myne pulled out his watch, glanced at it, and realized that he was running out of time.

"Hmm, playtime's over," Myne sighed regretfully. "If possible, I'd truly love to torture this beast slowly, offering him hope and then crushing it, again and again. Only then it would be the most satisfying revenge. But sadly, I have work tomorrow."

With a thought, Myne snapped his fingers and turned visible again, shocking the fatty, who was already drooling saliva like a dog to death.

"Y-you... You haven't gone out, then what are you... Forget it, listen to me! I'm willing to give you anything – wealth, women, power – just name your price and I'll pay. But please, let me go. You won't gain anything by killing me, and I've never offended you.

There's no need to torture me for no reason. And if you enjoy these kinds of things, I'm willing to provide you with plenty of people to play with as much as you want. Just let me go!" The fatty began to beg frantically, oblivious to how his empty words only enraged Myne further.

"Anything you say," Myne replied disdainfully with a raise of his eyebrow. "But how would you going to do that? After all, your storage pouch is already in my pocket, meaning you've already lost your wealth. Perhaps you're unaware, but a sudden earthquake caused the ground beneath your house to collapse. Your entire house, along with everyone inside, sank into the ground. You're the only survivor.

Now, wealth is gone, women, if you are talking about your slaves, then are also gone, and what's left is power. But in your current condition, unable to even save yourself, I fail to see how you could offer me that. It's quite difficult to believe your words."

The more Myne spoke, the uglier the fatty's face became. By the time Myne finished, he was so furious that he finally dropped his cheap politeness and revealed his true colours.

"YOU BASTARD! How dare you touch my storage pouch? Do you have any idea how many life-or-death situations I've endured to acquire all my wealth? I have countless lives stained on my hands! Just when I was on the verge of achieving the greatest success of my life, you pop out of nowhere, sneak into my house, and f*ck everything up!"

"This world is so vast, why did you have to stick behind my ass? And what did you expect? That by putting on makeup and making your face look injured, I wouldn't recognize your wretched face? I have seen you getting healed completely from a half-dead state, how can this kind of minor injuries can't healed by now? Also, motherf*cker, there's such a thing as a voice in the world."

"Although I only heard it once, only an idiot would forget his enemy's vocal signature, someone you've never seen before but was crazy for your life. It took me a while to recognize you, due to my poor condition affecting my brain function, but that's all, did you really think that you would mess around with me as you like but I wouldn't be able to even recognise you?"

By the time he finished ranting, the fatty was panting heavily, as if he'd performed hundreds of push-ups instead of simply venting his anger verbally.

"So, you were merely pretending not to know me this entire time?" Myne asked curiously, his expression calm as if the fatty's words had no effect on him, which was indeed the case, after all, how could someone be angry with a guy who had already booked a ticket to hell?

As he spoke, Myne stored the food table back into his inventory and replaced it with another pre-set wooden table laden with dozens of different tools.

"Yes, it wasn't difficult for me to fool a fool like you..." The fatty, who was confidently speaking, saw the familiar-looking table with even more recognizable tools on it, and a chill ran down his entire body. The words he had prepared died in his throat, swallowed back into his big belly.

Chapter 445. Bitter Taste of Retribution (Part-3)

"Huh? Why did you stop? Continue speaking. I'm quite interested in knowing more about myself, especially that "fool one" part," Myne, with a smile that was no different

from the devil's smile in the fatty's eyes, spoke while taking out more and more torture tools he'd stolen from the fatty's own basement.

"What! What do you want? Just tell me! Why are you doing this to me? I've never harmed you, before today, I haven't even seen you!" The fatty, who was scared to death by seeing an exhibition of torture tools before him which now had filled half of the room, couldn't remain as confident as before and instantly showed his true colours.

"Oh, you may not realize it, but you've done me a great harm that there is no forgiveness for," Myne spoke coldly, holding a sharp short sword as he slowly walked beside the fatty.

"Now, before you start your meaningless nonsense, I'll give you a chance to survive. Give me your bracelet and you can live..."

"Really?! You aren't fooling me, right?" The fatty interrupted Myne and asked excitedly, though doubt lingered in his voice.

"Do I need to fool you? Don't you think it's awfully childish for you to ask this? After all, your life and death are already in my hands. What else bad could happen to you anyway?" Myne spoke casually while circling the fatty, but his mind was already focused on which tool he should use first to torture this fat ass.

"Yes, you're right. Then take it! Anyway, in my current condition, it's useless," The fatty, who was incredibly anxious to escape this hellhole, especially after seeing the torture tools, sputtered.

Slap!

"Idiot, if I could take it myself, why would I even need to ask you? Do you think you're my master, that I have to ask you for everything?" Myne, who couldn't take the fatty's annoying voice anymore and whose mind was already not in the right position after getting beaten hard by Fenrir, slapped the fatty tightly, which calmed his anger slightly.

"F*CK! Bastard..."

"What did you say?!"

A sharp blade pressed against his neck. The fatty quickly swallowed his remaining upcoming words back in his stomach and decided to write them down. Revenge only felt good when it was cold and you have absolute control over situation.

"Nothing. I was just saying that although I don't know how to remove the bracelet myself, since I've never tried it before, when I wore it the first time, I remember using my blood to bind it. So, why don't you try dropping a few drops of my blood on it? Maybe it'll come off automatically as well?"

The fatty's words seemed reasonable to Myne. So he took out an empty potion bottle, waved the short sword, and made a small cut on the fatty's shoulder, eliciting a pig-like scream from him. Without caring about the noise, Myne collected some blood and poured it on the bracelet.

As the blood touched it, the bracelet emitted a red glow that faded as quickly as it appeared. Myne was left confused, unsure if it had been unbound or not. However, based on his previous experiences, he wasn't optimistic.

Learning from his past mistakes, Myne first created a large, soft, jelly-like round object around 3 meters tall behind him to prevent him from being smashed into the wall if the

angry bracelet sent him flying like an ant again. He then activated some minor defensive skills like Iron Wall and Rock Skin, took a deep breath, and touched the bracelet with his finger.

BOOM!

Just like before, a loud booming sound erupted. The bracelet released a powerful energy blast centred on the fatty, throwing Myne and everything around him against the walls with amazing power. Though Myne was unharmed due to his foresight, his expression remained frighteningly ugly. Because now he had to pick up all the tools scattered on the ground and arrange them on the table again.

"I didn't do that! Can you hear me? I'm completely innocent and have nothing to do with this blast..."

The fatty, though unable to see Myne, wasn't an idiot. He understood the other party would be angry and believe he was deceiving him. However halfway through his panicked speech, a bone-chilling pain erupted from his right side, so strong it nearly knocked him unconscious.

"AAAHHHHH!"

The fatty let out a bloodcurdling scream, trembling and struggling against the chair like a madman trying desperately to break free. However, in the midst of his struggle, he realized he couldn't feel his right arm at all. With difficulty, he turned his thick neck slightly, trying to see the situation behind him. But only a bloody mess greeted him from the corner of his eye.

Perhaps from shock, fear, or blood loss, he passed out, bringing a moment of peace to the room.

Myne, who had maintained a stony expression throughout, tossed the bloodied short sword aside and picked up the fatty's severed right arm. This time, the bracelet didn't resist Myne's will and came off easily. It seemed that after losing its direct mana connection to the fatty, it deactivated until someone wore it again.

[Bloodbind Bracelet

Grade: Tier-One

Attribute: Blood Magic

Description: The Bracelet of Bloodbind is an exquisitely crafted piece of magical jewellery, adorned with intricate runes and glowing gemstones that shimmer with an otherworldly light. Made from an unknown alloy with unbelievably strong durability and a high degree of mana conductivity.

Legend speaks of a dark wizard who forged the Bracelet of Bloodbind, using it to amass an army of powerful thralls bound by their own greed and ambition. The Bracelet is a double-edged sword, offering immense power at the cost of the wearer's everything. It serves as a cautionary tale of the perils of unchecked ambition and the dangers of delving too deeply into forbidden magic.

Active Effect:

1. Energy Blast: When activated, the bracelet allows the wearer to shoot powerful energy blasts from their hands, capable of incinerating foes and obliterating obstacles. The more mana the user provides, the more powerful the blast.

2. Energy Shield: The bracelet can generate a protective energy shield around the wearer, capable of deflecting physical and magical attacks. The more mana the user provides, the more powerful the shield.

Passive Effect:

1. Mind Control: Upon wearing the Bracelet, the wearer experiences an immediate and profound attachment to it. If the wearer's willpower and mental strength are lower than the bracelet's enchantment, they will find themselves unable to part with it and never remove it no matter what happens.

Any attempt by someone else to remove the bracelet is met with fierce energy blasts every time that person touches it until the last bit of energy in the wearer is drained.

2. Hidden Enslavement: Unbeknownst to the wearer, every use of the bracelet's powers strengthens an insidious blood contract embedded within it. Over time, this contract binds the wearer more tightly to the bracelet's creator. The wearer gradually loses their free will, becoming an unwitting slave to the creator.

Once this enslavement is complete, the wearer is irrevocably bound to the creator, with no hope of liberation.]

"Are my eyes playing tricks on me, or am I really seeing this right? This thing actually have a hidden enslavement contract in it? And here I was thinking about giving it to Gwen, so I don't have to worry about her safety. Now I understand why those weirdos

were willing to give such a powerful magical item to this fat ass! It turns out there's a hidden story behind it.

No wonder I always had a hunch that something wasn't right."

"Hmm... Hmm... Can I cut its passive effect? Since I can give objects skills, it shouldn't be a problem, right?" Myne didn't know where this idea came from, but the more he thought about it, the more fixable it seemed. He hurriedly used his 'Cut' skill on the passive effect 'Mind Control,' but nothing happened.

Everything remained the same, and Myne's excited smile vanished as quickly as luck from the fatty's life after he fell into his hands.

"Maybe because this thing isn't from this world, so my skill isn't working on it. Or maybe this little thing is far more powerful than the 'Cut and Paste' skill, which is still on Level One. Perhaps after its level increases, I'll be able to work on this bracelet as well.

But till then it can only eat dust in the inventory..." Shaking his head in disappointment, Myne placed the bracelet in his inventory and turned his gaze to the unconscious fatty, whose blood was falling like a waterfall from his wound, finally ready to see the skills he possessed, something he had been curious about the moment he failed to see them.

After all, since those weirdos favoured him and were willing to lower their heads before him, he surely had something up his sleeve that forced those bastards to show so much kindness to him, despite his near-nonexistent IQ.

Chapter 446. The Irony of Powerless Potency

[Name: Gristle Bilebelly

Level: 58

Race: Hume

Gender: Male

Age: 31 y/o

Occupation: Apprentice of The Order of the Cursed Souls. Minor Merchant and Slave Trader of Augusta Kingdom.

Title: None

Status: Extremely Injured, Infertility, Binge-eating disorder (Minor)

[Skill]

World Weaver

Life Siphon

Sanguinem Pactum]

"Infertility? What does this mean?" Myne, who was encountering the unfamiliar word "infertility" for the first time, scratched his head in confusion. He focused on it, hoping the appraisal would provide further explanation, and it didn't disappoint him.

[Infertility: A medical condition that occurs when a person is unable to conceive a child even after having regular unprotected sex for at least 12 months.]

"Aha!" Myne exclaimed softly with a surprise. "So that's why the fatty couldn't get Rosewell or any of the others pregnant. If I could, I'd definitely give him a few dozen more such disorders. The bastard deserves it," He muttered angrily, moving on to Gristle's skills, which didn't look simple no matter how you looked at them.

[World Weaver:

Description: The World Weaver is a dark and forbidden magic skill. To activate it, the caster must have absorbed the life essence and soul of at least ten individuals. This brutal act fuels the caster with a grotesque amount of raw magical energy. This energy, a twisted echo of the stolen lives, allows the World Weaver to tear open a temporary rift between two worlds.

The portal leads to a completely random world, chosen by chaotic magic fueled by the devoured souls. The caster has no control over the destination; however, after visiting a world once, he can return as long as he has enough magical and soul energy.

The portal is small and highly unstable, barely large enough for a person to squeeze through. It flickers in and out of existence, demanding a constant expenditure of the stolen energy to maintain. The portal remains open only for a short period of a few

minutes, forcing the caster to return before it collapses entirely. Each use of the World Weaver requires a fresh sacrifice of at least ten lives.

The more lives the caster sacrifices, the higher the level of the world the caster can travel to.

Cooldown Time: Once A Year]

"Huh? Hold on a minute, so this skill allows the fatty to contact those weirdos from another world? No wonder they treat him so well. Turns out he's their only hope of entering this world and reaping any benefits they can find here until their own portal is ready. Now everything makes sense, but I wonder how many lives he sacrificed to open the portal to that six-moon world."

"With the size of everything there, especially those colossal birds who were no less big than a dragon, that is surely a higher-level world than this one. The number definitely wouldn't be in the three digits. However, there is no lack of bad people in the world. I can give it a try after I become free, maybe there is some unexpected surprise?" Myne pondered while rubbing his chin.

He had no psychological burden of sacrificing a few dozen or hundreds of bad guys if they could help him travel to other worlds, and reap unimaginable benefits.

[Life Siphon:

Description: This is a forbidden ritual from the dark arts. The caster sacrifices a small portion of their own life force, around a few months to one year. By etching a sigil with the blood of a willing blood relative onto any part of their bodies, the caster creates a magical link.

Afterwards, even if the caster dies a violent or unexpected death, the sigil will exchange the caster's death with the relative, and within 3 hours, he will be reborn in the place he died, in his prime physical condition before his death.

Cooldown Time: None]

"...Now I understand why the fatty is so desperate to have children. If I had such a godly skill, I wouldn't hesitate to mark a few of my own children either, after all, who doesn't love his life?

It seems the fatty doesn't have any other blood relatives, and after realizing he can't impregnate any woman and loses his most powerful life-saving skill before he is even able to use it once, he simply goes crazy."

"After all, for a guy like him who can travel to unknown worlds full of danger, this is simply a must-have skill. Who knows, he might accidentally travel in front of a powerful monster and lose his life before even realizing it. He wouldn't have time to cry over his bad luck."

"A bastard like him deserves this misfortune," Myne smirked, his mood lifting at the fatty's woes. "But now since I have this skill, maybe it is time to think about children, before this, I had no plan of having children until I reached 25, but now with this skill, maybe I need to change some plans."

He finally turned his attention to the last skill when thinking about whom he should choose to be pregnant first.

[Sanguinem Pactum:

Description: This dark magic ritual utilizes the caster's blood relative as a conduit to unleash a devastating soul-rending attack. The caster can shoot a horrific, powerful energy attack from his hand, and upon contact, the target's life force is viciously ripped from their soul, severing the connection between their soul and body.

This is an instant kill skill, absolutely bypassing physical and magical defences.

However, the attack requires direct physical contact with the target, making it difficult to use against agile opponents. Obstacles that are not physically attached to the target can disrupt the flow of energy, rendering the skill useless. This magic demands a blood sacrifice, a horrifying cost that can be a significant moral hurdle for the caster. A Life for a Life!

Cooldown Time: 5 Minutes]

"...AAHAHAHAHAH!"

Myne himself couldn't pinpoint what he found so humorous in this skill, but he couldn't stop laughing and almost shed tears. The way he looked at the fatty was no longer as cold and furious as if he wanted to eat him alive; instead, it turned into one full of Schadenfreude.

In a fit of manic excitement, he even went to the unconscious fatty and gave him a few slaps on the back of his head with fake sympathy before ruthlessly stripping him of his skills and carefully pasting them onto himself.

Then, he quickly pasted the Ultra Regeneration skill onto the fatty, ensuring he could torture him to his heart's content without worrying about accidentally killing him from blood loss or heart attack, etc.

As soon as the skill was pasted, the fatty's body twisted slightly, white steam erupted from his body, and his severed arm began to regenerate. Within a minute, his eyes fluttered open.

"AHHHH! My arm! My arm, you bastard, what have you done? My arm... My arm? Huh?

Wasn't it cut off by you?"

The fatty, right after regaining consciousness, started screaming like a pig. He didn't realize that there wasn't a single pain in any part of his body. Instead, he looked at the smiling Myne before him and started yelling at him. However, halfway through, he saw his supposedly cut-off arm moving in front of him as he pointed his finger at Myne in anger.

Confusion replaced his anger, question marks swirling above his head. He couldn't help but utter a bewildered question:

"What nonsense are you babbling about?" Myne retorted coldly. "When did I cut off your arm? After I took off your bracelet, for a minute you lost consciousness, and when you woke up, you were already screaming like a pig," He added while looking for a good torture tool on the ground, and showing the fatty his backside, which was an unpleasant sight.

"Ohh? So that was just a nightmare?" The fatty's voice crackled with confusion and doubt because the pain he felt was so real, so vivid he could still recall it clearly. This made it hard for him to believe it was just a nightmare.

"Found it! Who knows, maybe you have gone crazy. By the way, I have a few questions to ask you. I hope you can calmly answer them like a gentleman and not make things difficult for both of us," Myne said while holding a Pincers. He walked in front of the fatty and spoke with a gentle smile before grabbing the fatty's free arm and putting handcuffs on it as well, so it wouldn't disturb his work.

Now that the fatty didn't have the bracelet, Myne didn't have to worry about him breaking free from the chains.

Sweat beaded on the fatty's forehead as he saw the Pincers in Myne's hand. "Gulp! Certainly, anything I know, I'll answer honestly. But can you please put that... that dangerous thing away? I don't feel well around iron objects. I think I might have an allergy." He spoke hurriedly but with full politeness, not wanting to offend Myne and invite disaster upon himself.

"Relax," Myne said, his smile still innocent like harmless to animals and humans. "I'm just taking a look at it. It's my first time seeing this kind of tool, so I was a bit curious and wondering what does it do exactly... You have used it a lot, right? Why don't you enlighten me?"

He then started a small chair for himself and a small wooden stool for the fatty. He put the fatty's poor left leg on the stool and pasted his leg there with the paste skill. He sat on the chair comfortably, wondering what kind of twisted explanation the fatty could offer in this kind of situation, where even world stupidest person can say what going to happened with him next.

Chapter 447. Karma's Toll

"Well, your silence tells me you're also not very familiar with it either. Alas, this is going to be a pain in the ass. We'll both have to go through a lot of trial and error before we can pinpoint all its uses. I'm troubling you, Mr. Fatty.

I don't know about others, but I will always remember your contribution to increasing mankind's knowledge," Myne gently held the fatty's right big toe while manipulating the pincers in her other hand, and spoke with a smile.

The fatty, who himself had used this trick quite a lot to scare the shit out of prisoners before the real torture, obviously understood where this script was going. This made him even more fearful. His heart beat so loudly that Myne could clearly hear its pounding.

"Mr... My Lord, please forgive me for whatever I've done to make you so angry. Let's talk about it. There has to be a way to avoid bloodshed, right? We're all intelligent people, and in the end, the only thing that truly matters is benefit. There should be a price for my forgiveness.

Please give me a chance! I am willing to have become your slave!"

The fatty, who was sweating profusely, even knowing that he was poor as f*ck and had nothing to offer in exchange for his life, still wanted to try to fool Myne with his sweet words.

However, seeing Myne completely uninterested in his nonsense, all kinds of horrific memories of the people he tortured with great pleasure while enjoying their screams began flashing in his mind nonstop, after all, now it was his turn to experience what they had.

"At least tell me what I've done!" This time, the fatty's yell successfully captured Myne's attention, who had already grabbed his toenail with the pincers and was about to pull it out in one swift motion.

"Hmm, if I answer directly, it won't be much fun. Let's play a little game. One question in exchange for another, answered honestly, alright?" Seeing the fatty nod his head like a chicken, Myne continued... "Since I'm currently in the Boss here, let me ask you first, Mr. Fatty. Tell me something about your skills.

I'm always quite curious about others' skills, especially when some unknown people from different worlds highly favoured those people, who don't look like anything special."

Hearing Myne's question, the fatty was speechless, after all, abnormally like Myne who can steal others' skills is the only one in the world, so naturally he couldn't understand his taste of knowing about others' skills. But since it could buy him some time from the upcoming hellish torture, he was more than willing to talk with her. If possible, he hoped their conversation would never end at all.

"Actually, my skills are more of a joke to me than a blessing like everyone else. Out of three, I can only use one effectively. The rest are nothing but decorations... Sigh, my first skill helps me travel through unknown worlds, but in exchange, I have to kill people and absorb their flesh and souls. It's a double-edged sword.

If you're lucky, you'll end up in a peaceful world and can make a profit by selling that world's specialities in our world."

"But if you're unlucky, there's no telling whether you can even come back. I've almost died more than five times because I teleported to the wrong place at the wrong time.

There was also a situation where a group of barbarians forced me to marry their chief's daughter, who was so unbelievably ugly that a normal person would vomit just by seeing her, and because most barbarians didn't like washing their bodies, even shit smelled better than her. Unfortunately, I had nothing to save myself."

"To survive, I had to bite the bullet and marry her. I had to play the role of her husband and spend almost a month with her, because of her special physique which was many times stronger than me, she never got tired of being f*cked. Most of the time was I sleeping on the bed or f*cking her. All of this is because she desperately wanted to get pregnant and give birth to powerful children.

That was a real nightmare for me, before one day, I killed a few dozen children and the elderly, and I somehow managed to escape." As the fatty mentioned his ex-wife, whom he left behind in another random world, he couldn't help but tremble, as the ugly image appeared in his mind, who lay on the bed, with her legs wide spread and inviting him to get her f*cked.

"My other two skills are the biggest jokes of my life. One allows me to be reborn after death, and the other can instantly kill anyone, no matter how powerful a person is. However, both skills come with a heavy cost. To use them, I have to sacrifice the life of a blood relative.

The irony is that I'm the last person in my bloodline, and because of some physical condition, I can't impregnate any woman."

"This means there will never be another person with my bloodline in the world, and I could never use my skills. Otherwise, with those three seemingly godly skills, how could I have become a puppet of someone who doesn't even have any sense of naming? Can't I just go to a peaceful but weak world, kill their world king, take his place, and enjoy my life?"

Myne initially thought the fatty might not be honest about his skills and tell him some random nonsense. However, he was so honest that Myne, who had wanted to enjoy teasing the fatty and scare him further by showing that he already knew about his skills and that his lies would result in unimaginable torture, lost all his good mood and anticipation.

"So, how many people did you kill before you reached that six-moon world?" Myne, curious about how many people became unlucky enough to send the fatty to that high-end world, asked while rubbing his chin.

"Cough, well, you see, recently the demon kingdom has been invading other kingdoms. Countless immigrants are coming into our kingdom, and slave traders are going crazy with happiness.

The price of a healthy slave has dropped to a single gold coin." The fatty seemed hesitant to reveal his evil deed, probably fearing Myne's righteous heart might snap after learning the number of people who lost their lives just to satisfy his exploration urge. However, when a sharp pain shot through his left big toe, all hesitation vanished. He blurted out a frighteningly high number.

"Nine hundred and ninety-nine! I killed nine hundred and ninety-nine slaves before I could open the portal to the wizarding world – a high-grade world countless times bigger than ours..."

"Wait a minute, now I remember. How did you bypass that intense gravity there? When I went there, I could hardly stand on my legs even after using all my skills. With your strength, you shouldn't have been able to move a single step, let alone come back in one piece," Myne, finally remembering the insane gravity of the wizarding world, asked hurriedly with a frown.

"Well, hahaha, actually, my situation was similar to yours. As soon as I arrived, the high gravitational force almost glued me to the ground. I couldn't even twitch, let alone stand

on my legs. Thankfully, my luck was good. The place I teleported to was a special room in the magic tower of a Tier-Three wizard named Fizzlewiggie Wigglybottom. Those seven people you fought were also his students.

That room was built for high-level space teleportation, allowing him to travel between worlds. During the time I used my skill, I accidentally connected to the magic array of that room and teleported directly there. Then, Master Fizzlewiggie Wigglybottom helped me somehow handle the gravity. Otherwise, if I had teleported into a wild area, I might have become monster food or died from hunger."

After finishing his explanation, the fatty seemed to recall some unpleasant memories again and fell into a flashback with an ugly expression.

Myne, having finally learned everything he wanted, saw no need to hold back or waste time. He disregarded his promise entirely and, with no regard for anything else, used the pincers to forcefully pull out the fatty's toenail with great force.

"AHHHHH!"

Blood gushed from the area beneath the nail, and the fatty's pig-like screams echoed throughout the room. His voice was so loud and high-pitched that a normal person might have felt pain in their ears. However, to Myne, it sounded no different from beautiful music.

The fatty struggled violently on the chair, slamming his back against it with all his force, trying to distract himself from the pain, if the chair hadn't been Pasted on the ground by Myne, it might have already fallen on the ground. But when Myne grabbed his left index finger and pulled out another nail, that trick was no longer useful.

The fatty could only scream louder, hoping Myne would have pity on his poor ears and stop the madness.

However, Myne's mind was now completely consumed by memories of Rosewell being tortured under the fatty's command. He didn't care about anything else. One by one, he soon pulled out the remaining nails as well, with a psychopath-like smile on his face.

The fatty's screams didn't stop for a single second. At one point, he almost broke his wrist trying to pull his hand out of the handcuffs. Unfortunately, the fat around his wrists was too thick, and his willpower wasn't strong enough for him to succeed.

Afterwards, Myne pasted the Ultra Regeneration skill on the fatty again. Under the magical effect of this overpowered healing skill, his nails regrew, and all the pain the fatty was feeling instantly vanished, forcing him to close his mouth.

"Mr. Fatty, you couldn't even take such minor torture. I wonder where you got the courage to torture others? Haven't you heard of karma? I think the old people say whatever you do, one day you will have to pay for all your deeds." While speaking, Myne used the Realize skill to create/summon hundreds of thin, 25-centimetre-long needles and a silver hammer.

This wasn't No.2's enchanted hammer, but just a normal, expensive silver hammer.

Chapter 448. The Torturer's Art (Part-1)

Myne used the Realize skill to create and summon hundreds of thin, 25-centimetre-long needles and a silver hammer. This wasn't No. 2's enchanted hammer, but just a normal, expensive silver hammer.

After hypnotizing the fatty, Myne untied him, dispelled the Paste skill's effect on his left leg, and instructed him to lie down on the wooden table, and under the effect of skill, did

what was told obediently. Myne then used Paste skill to secure the fatty's entire body to the table, making escape impossible unless he was willing to tear off his entire back skin.

Finally, he brought him out of hypnosis.

A full minute passed before the fatty regained consciousness and grasped his predicament. He frantically darted his eyes around, realizing he couldn't move a muscle on his body, and soon saw Myne, observing a silver needle in his hand.

As if sensing it, Myne turned at him with a devilish smile on his ugly face and placed the needle's sharp pointy tip on the back of the fatty's hand before raising the silver hammer.

"I hope this will help you sharpen your memory. Haven't you asked me why I'm doing this? Actually, you already know the answer. It's just that your brain can't keep up with the situation," Myne said coldly.

Just as the fatty opened his mouth to speak some random nonsense or beg for mercy, the hammer in Myne's hand fell on the needle, and his horrific scream echoed through the room once more.

Myne didn't remove the needle. Instead, he stared at it. Eighty percent of its length had pierced the fatty's hand and embedded itself in the table. Blood welled up from the wound, but within a second, white steam enveloped the needle, and the wound healed.

However, no matter how powerful the Ultra Regeneration skill was, unless Myne pulled out the needle, it obviously couldn't heal the remaining area with a needle inside. It

could only show its effect around the needle, literally making it part of the fatty's body. Now when it pulls out, it would bring even more unimaginable pain.

Nodding with satisfaction, Myne didn't hesitate any more and, while enjoying the fatty's bloodcurdling screams, plunged needles into the fatty's body one after another. First his arms, then his legs, then his giant belly, which was the place Myne enjoyed most. Then his face, etc, except for his eyes, brain, and heart, but no other area remained untouched.

With the loyal Ultra Regeneration skill keeping the fatty from accidentally dying, he could experience unimaginable pain without any life-threatening danger.

Finally, Myne picked up the last needle. He stroked it against the fatty's "little brother," which was surprisingly a bit too little, even shocking Myne. He wondered if torture caused the shrinkage or if the man was simply born that way.

"Mmmmm... Mmmm..."

The fatty, who had already completely messed up the wooden table with some unpleasant activities during the process, had a needle plunged between his lips by Myne, completely sealing them. As a result, he could only make weird noises.

"Ohohohoh, you are going to enjoy this, believe me, just like someone else did, haven't you enjoyed that show with great amazement, now it is my turn to experience that wonderful moment as well," Myne said. Because he didn't want to touch the fatty's "disgusting thing", he used the Etheric Marionette skill to firmly grasp it. After all, this little thing was just too soft, and slippery.

He then placed the needle's sharp tip upon it, all while the fatty watched with terrified eyes, unable to do anything but tremble ferociously as the silver hammer, stained with his blood, fell on the needle.

"MUUU!!!"

This time, Myne had pushed the fatty too far. Despite his previous obedience, the man couldn't bear it any longer. Until now he had kept his eyes open with sheer willpower, Myne's continuous slaps, the ice-cold water, and the Ultra Regeneration skill, which acted like iron chains firmly holding him back from the afterlife. But a direct attack on his "little brother" was too much.

The fatty let out a sharp cry, tearing his lips apart slightly as his eyes rolled back in his head, and he fainted.

"Hmm, I thought it was going to twist or release some surprise after getting nailed, but it seems I was thinking too much," Myne muttered with a hint of disappointment, tossing the silver hammer aside. He then grabbed a bucket of ice-cold water and mercilessly poured it over the fatty's face.

However, to his surprise, the trick that had worked so well previously had no effect. The fatty remained unconscious, his face contorted in pain.

Huh? Is he pretending to be dead to avoid further torment? His brain is still working quite fine. It seems like I don't have to worry about not having enough fun, Myne chuckled, his amusement piqued. Instead of exposing the fatty's lie, Myne activated the Realize skill and created a familiar-looking glass tank along with a compass-like device.

However, this time it was difficult for the Realize skill. It was as if he truly had created something from scratch instead of temporarily robbing someone else's thing and presenting it as his own.

Not only did this creation drain a staggering 30 mana potions worth of his energy, bringing him to his knees, but it also took a gruelling five minutes to materialize compared to the instantaneous appearance he was accustomed to.

Having only witnessed No. 3 utilize these devices and lacking any understanding of their native language, Myne was naturally incapable of professional operation. Panting heavily, he pressed the right button on the device, illuminating it. Unfamiliar runic symbols flickered to life.

After careful scrutiny and a few head-thumps, Myne recognized two symbols: one that released acid rain, which he wanted, and another one that seemed for healing liquid, but he wasn't sure because three other similar symbols remained, leaving him thoroughly confused.

Anyway, Myne wasn't very curious at this moment, and since he already got what he wanted, the rest of the things could be left for later use. After downing three mana potions, Myne dispelled the Paste skill on the fatty before employing the Etheric Marionette skill and lifting the fatty's super heavy body with great difficulty, especially with many needles deeply embedded in the wooden table.

The fatty, who wanted to pretend to be dead until this madman left him alone, was forced to pry open his bloodshot eyes and shake his fat body, only to find that he couldn't feel anything underneath himself. He tried to move his neck, which didn't disappoint him and found that he was levitating in the air and flying toward a familiar-looking glass tank.

Having witnessed No. 3's unique torture methods countless times, the fatty recognized the device as his impending destination within two seconds. Then, just as he expected,

the lid of the tank automatically opened and he was casually thrown inside by an invisible force.

If it was a normal person falling in a three-meter tank wouldn't be particularly problematic, at least there wouldn't be any physical harm. However, for the fatty whose entire body was covered in needles, it was no different than living descent into hell. With a thud, he fell to the tank floor. Because his hands were in at least okay condition, his face was saved.

The good thing is the needles on the back of his hands also came out. However, his lower body parts weren't so lucky. The needles in his torso, legs, and especially his "little brother," plunged as deep as possible, some even grinding against bone, effectively rendering him incapacitated.

Myne didn't hear the fatty's noise this time at all, because after tossing him inside the tank, he immediately sealed the tank, pressed the rune that started the acid rain and sat on the ground, ready to watch the fatty's dance show. With the help of the Ultra Regeneration skill, even if the fatty was completely soaked in the acid, Myne didn't have to worry he would die.

While he was hammering those needles into his body,

Myne had already fed two high-grade mana potions to him. With this, at least for the next 10 minutes, he would definitely be able to recover from almost any kind of physical injury from the acid rain. Oh, and this is also a reward from Myne to the fatty. After all, when his entire body is burned down by the acid, won't those needles also automatically come out from his body as well?

Where else can you find such a generous torturer? Myne sometimes even wonders if he is too kind, which is not a good quality, and bad people can take advantage of him.

However, those passing thoughts only last for a few seconds before they are gone and replaced by the wonderful memories of the fatty dancing like an excited bird in the rain, despite having hundreds of needles in his body, which was quite a sight to see.

Chapter 449. The Torturer's Art (Part-2)

Because of the Ultra Regeneration skill's special trait, which releases steam every time it heals injuries, it only took 30 seconds before the entire glass tank was filled with steam. Myne couldn't see anything happening inside, let alone enjoy his sweet revenge.

Helplessly waiting for another 30 seconds, he pressed the rune on the controller again to stop the acid rain. He opened the lid and pulled out the fatty from the tank. After taking a shower of acid for an entire minute, there was hardly any muscle left on his body that could be considered in good condition.

He looked like a deformed, mutated monster, with bones visible in many parts, especially his arms, which he used to shield his face.

The Ultra Regeneration skill, still living up to its name, worked wonders as it squeezed the last of the mana from the fatty's body, but before Myne placed him back on the not-so-clean wooden table, he was already starting to look somewhat human. However, the acid bath had cleaned him of all his extra fat.

Now, he looked no different than a middle-aged man in his forties, still not handsome at all, but with an acceptable appearance – at least hundreds of times better compared to his previous pig-like appearance.

This sudden change in the fatty's physique even left Myne dumbfounded. He began to wonder if he could use this trick to fill his pocket. After all, 80% of the rich people in the Augusta Kingdom were fatties, with a minimum weight starting from 100kg.

Nobles who took their image more seriously than their children – Myne believed he could definitely make a fortune from this business until all the rich fatties from the kingdom hadn't gone extinct.

"Hmm, let's make a note of that," Myne muttered while rubbing his chin excitedly. "Once the clan starts functioning normally, I'll create a special department for this kind of thing. I'll only accept super VIPs willing to spend money like water on their appearance.

Aisha had never liked nobles much, she'd definitely beg to take this job." As Myne waited for the fatty to recover, these thoughts swirled in his head.

"Had this fatty fallen asleep again? Why wasn't he making any movement? Unlike Rosewell, who remained conscious even after enduring similar torture, this pig seized every opportunity to pass out."

Myne, filled with disgust, taunted the fatty while taking out his watch to check the time. He realized he'd spent quite a while playing around here.

"Let's end it here. At first, I thought it would be fun torturing this shit and taking revenge, but although there's a certain peace in my heart, and perhaps some satisfaction, that's all. There's nothing truly enjoyable about this kind of thing," Myne shook his head while taking out another bucket of bone-chilling cold water from his inventory and pouring it on the fatty's face like last time.

However, this time the torture seemed a bit too cruel. The fatty opened his eyes, but they were devoid of life as if he was just a lifeless puppet and nothing could shake him anymore.

Myne wasn't surprised by the fatty's state. In truth, he didn't care anymore. He was tired of seeing his face, even if the man was no longer the fat man from before. He had made up his mind to send him to hell, to meet his fellow "brothers."

Then Myne first took back his skill, meaning no more unlimited healing, before pasting the fatty's body on the wooden table again. After which he picked up a device consisting of a pear-shaped metal body with sharp, short, blade-like segments that could be moved in a circle using a spring or by turning a key. This was a special torture tool designed to make holes in the body.

Its use was simple: you inserted the blades into the desired body part, turned the key until the blades made a full circle, and then pulled out the blades along with a chunk of flesh.

Myne used it on the fatty's left arm, creating a hole the size of a small tennis ball. When he pulled out the flesh, he could easily see the arm bone. However, things were already getting too bloody, and the visual effect wasn't very pleasant. Surprisingly, the fatty didn't make a single sound throughout the entire process. It seemed the previous torture had hit him a bit too hard.

But the fatty didn't realize that he had long lost his value and was about to be released from this hell, at least. Myne wasn't a psychopath who enjoyed torturing people. Yes, he didn't mind killing people, but that was for a benefit – and although in his eyes, most lives were the same except for his family and friends.

If it wasn't for hatred, he would never waste so much time on worthless shit like the fatty; instead, he might be enjoying his limited time with his girls. For him, only they mattered the most; the rest of the things were just to pass the time when he couldn't be with his girls.

After creating a hole, Myne activated his Realize skill and conjured a small metal cup filled with molten iron, this thing wasn't anything special so mana consumption was very minimal making Myne's breath a relief.

The cup radiated such intense heat that Myne was forced to take a few steps back. Thankfully, he hadn't conjured it on the table, or it might have already caught fire. Afterwards, under the lifeless gaze of the fatty, Myne used Etheric Marionette to lift the cup before pouring all the molten iron within it into the hole on the fatty's arm.

This was the last punishment he had thought of for the fatty, which, although not serious, should be enough for the fatty to say goodbye to this world once and for all.

"AHHHH!!!"

The fatty, who was in a statue-like state, finally came to his senses under the golden, hot, lava-like liquid iron. His brain registered the pain, transferring it to his consciousness and completely waking him up. However, the fatty's struggles and screams had no effect except to make Myne smile a bit. Before long, he picked up the torture tool again and made a hole in the fatty's right thigh.

Then he summoned another cup filled with molten iron and, without any hesitation, emptied it as well.

The fatty's bloodcurdling scream echoed throughout the room, but it only lasted for about three minutes. Just as Myne filled the fatty's legs and arms with iron weights, about to move to his chest, he finally lost his breath.

"Sigh, finally over... I hope you find some peace, Rosy..." Myne muttered, hoping Rosewell would find some peace. After a silent prayer for Rosewell, he surveyed the

room. Deciding this space could be reused for another bastard like the fatty, Myne opted to keep it instead of destroying it.

First, he created a portal beneath the fatty's wooden table and threw him into the river in the Divine Beast Forest. He believed that with those giant monster fishes roaming there, they would surely enjoy the fatty wholeheartedly. He then cleaned the room thoroughly, threw a few buckets of water in the room and used the cleaning skill a few times to make it as clean as new.

Finally, Myne used Etheric Marionette to move all the torture tools scattered on the floor to a random corner.

Satisfied with everything being perfectly clean and organized, Myne forced a smile that instantly reopened the injuries on his face, before opening the portal again and stepping through.

Five minutes after Myne's departure, a blinding blood-red light erupted in the dark, silent torture chamber devoid of any entrance or exit. The light shone brightly in the room's centre, resembling a sun. Soon, half of the red light was obscured by blackness, as if infected by a virus. It began to take the shape of a humanoid entity.

If the seven weirdos from the wizarding worlds had witnessed this scene, they might have erupted in excitement and joy. If they knew that the fatty possessed the potential to become a high-grade vengeful spirit, they might have abandoned their master's orders without hesitation., and the fatty would have long ago received Rosewell's treatment, maybe even more serious than hers.

After all, in the wizarding world, especially among dark wizards who study souls and death-related matters, a high-grade vengeful spirit is an ultra-rare material. From increasing wizards' strength to its use in potions and alchemy, regardless of specialization, it's an undoubtedly core material that could propel them to a completely new level. Their wealth would undoubtedly increase significantly.

Perhaps their powerful master wouldn't care about such "low-end goods," but for those who weren't even official wizards, this was a surefire path to promotion – an opportunity no one in their right mind would want to miss.

Perhaps due to being newly born and unable to control its appearance, or simply not caring about its looks, the vengeful spirit resembled the most common image of a scary ghost from stories.

It lacked tattered clothing, its dark nails were sharp like blades, its face was deformed and zombie-like, its head had a handful of hair, its eyes were white and pupil-less, and hundreds of cuts crisscrossed its body, with cracked skin. A bloody mouth with black, tar-like liquid dripping from it completed the horrifying image.

After forming its shape, the red and black light around it slowly faded. The vengeful spirit descended to the ground, first surveying the room before gazing at the ceiling as if trying to see through it. A minute later, it let out a horrific, beast-like cry and shot towards the ceiling like a rocket, easily passing through the wall and continuing its upward flight.

Chapter 450. Unseen Foe

"Done? I thought someone was talking big, saying, 'I would do this and that', but I didn't expect it to be completed within an hour. Your revenge turned out to be very cheap. Even my children are more ferocious than you," Fenrir, who was resting under the tree in her cave, instantly started taunting Myne, who had hardly stepped out of the portal.

"Hahaha, Fenrir, come on, please stop behaving like a child. Haven't you done venting your anger? I was really busy dealing with all kinds of affairs and haven't even had time to take a proper rest, which delayed me visiting you. You can confirm with Waffle; nowadays he is always complaining I didn't take him to any new place. But I hardly stay in the house. How do I have time to travel with him?"

"Believe me, once all those minor matters are settled, I am definitely going to visit you. And I thought you would have understood my struggle and didn't want to disturb me, because you also didn't contact me at all, so I was completely worry-free, never realised that you were no different from my other girls and angry with me. But alas, it seems like I was overthinking.

Your greeting really hit me quite hard," Myne said with a pitiful expression while covering both cheeks.

Never in his dreams did Myne expect that just because he was slightly avoiding her, only slightly, it would anger Fenrir so much that after seeing him, she would jump on him and beat him down like a punching bag.

During the beating only god knows what kind of magic trick she used, no matter what kind of healing skill or potion he used, it didn't work at all, which is also the reason why he could only endure the pain while waiting for Fenrir's magic to dissipate and his Ultra Regeneration skill to heal his injuries.

As for why he even came to Fenrir, it's because after capturing the "fatty," Myne encountered a minor problem: he had no secret place where he could peacefully have some time with the fatty and send him to the West. So, after thinking for a while, a beautiful cave appeared in his mind. He didn't think much of it and appeared in Fenrir's house.

However, after seeing him, the angry Fenrir didn't give him time to explain before he was beaten hard.

Only after venting all her anger did she listen to his explanation, but by then everything had already happened, and there wasn't much point.

"Hmph, don't try to fool me. I'm centuries older than you, do you really think I didn't know what kind of person you are? Also, even if you're so busy that you don't have time to eat, couldn't you talk to me with your Telepathy skill? I went to so much trouble just to save you, even have to hear scolding from mother but you ungrateful bastard didn't even come to thank me, as if I'm your servant.

Get lost from my home; you're not welcome here anymore, Mr. Busy Man." After roaring at Myne, Fenrir closed her eyes and hid her face in her fury stomach.

Waffle's older brothers, although they wanted to help Myne, realized that their mother's mood wasn't right, and there was a high chance of getting dragged into muddy water if they dared to cross the line. Wisely, they distanced themselves from Myne and only watched the drama while eating delicious snacks brought by him.

Anyway, they know their mother well, she might only stay angry for a short time, before forgiving Myne, so they aren't worried much about their only source of delicious food.

"Fenrir! Please, now you're behaving like a little brat... Fine, I admit I forgot about you, already? Now happy? Just tell me if there's anything I can do to make you forgive me," Myne, who didn't know how to coax this centuries-old divine beast, spoke helplessly. If he had known things would become so complicated, he would have come here many days ago.

"Well, currently, I don't have any important thing I want you to do, but..." Fenrir paused and, seeing that Myne was indeed listening to her seriously, continued, "...But if you're willing to sign this contract, I might be able to forgive you, and we can again become friends." Saying such, she tapped on the ground with a sharp nail, and with a pop sound like a bubble bursting, a parchment appeared before him.

"Wow, this was quite new. Can you teach me this trick?" Myne, who didn't take this contract matter seriously because of his blind trust in Fenrir, spoke casually while grabbing the parchment floating before him.

"It's not easy, and if you start learning it now, by the time you completely learn it, your hair might already be starting to turn white," Fenrir said calmly, shaking her head. But unlike before, she was clearly in a good mood.

"Then forget it, I was never good at studying," Myne replied disappointingly and started reading the contract. It was quite straightforward: if one day, Fenrir ordered Myne to do any one thing she wanted, he had to do it at any cost, except his own life.

Besides that, there was a special seal with a cute wolf logo on it on the left side at the bottom of the parchment, and the right side was reserved for Myne.

Myne didn't think much about it. Since he had already signed a similar contract with Maya, he simply made a small cut on his thumb and dropped a single drop of blood on the right side of the parchment, which was more than enough to show that Fenrir's favourability in his heart had already maxed out.

Just as Myne expected, the moment his blood touched the parchment, it shone with a bright golden light before exploding into countless tiny light particles that vanished into his and Fenrir's foreheads.

"Now, happy..."

"Filthy thing, get the hell out of my house before I curse you to death!"

Myne hadn't spoken a few words before something inexplicable happened. Fenrir stood up abruptly, her entire body crackling with angry purple energy, and released such a powerful aura that Myne felt breathless. He hurriedly looked behind him, wondering which courage guy dared to mess with her but found nothing, becoming even more confused about who she was addressing.

He wanted to ask Fenrir what was going on when he saw her eyes flare with powerful blue lightning. Before he could react, a five-meter-thick and four-meter-long lightning pillar materialized a dozen meters or so behind him. The sheer shockwave sent him flying towards Fenrir like a cannonball.

BOOM!

However, it seemed the lightning pillar wasn't enough for Fenrir. She first bit down on Myne's shirt, who was sprawled at her feet, then threw him at her other two children before rushing into the lightning pillar. With each step she took, her size continued to grow larger and larger.

As she entered the lightning pillar, it suddenly exploded and vanished without a trace, leaving only a deep crater in the ground. Yet, Myne still couldn't see who she was fighting.

"Brother, how can such a creepy thing appear in our house? Didn't Mother cast protection magic on this entire area?" Fenrir's middle child, a very gentle soul, asked fearfully while standing beside the embarrassed Myne, who was spitting grass out of his mouth.

"I... I have no idea. Maybe some part of the protection barrier was damaged, which allowed this creature to enter our house. But worry not, Mother can crush it with one

paw. If it wasn't so slippery and sunk into the ground, it might already be dust. How can this disgusting thing be Mother's opponent?"

BOOM!

Fenrir's first child had barely finished speaking when the entire cave shook violently as if a high-level earthquake had struck it. A powerful golden light blinded their eyes, suddenly appearing from the front, and when they blinked a few times and regained their vision, 6-meter-tall Fenrir was already walking towards them casually while getting smaller slowly.

It seemed like she had already dealt with whatever had angered her.

"Now you owe me another favour. You better start thinking about how you're going to repay it," Fenrir said, looking at Myne with a smug expression, leaving him completely dumbfounded. He soon started stretching his head down confusedly, wondering if Fenrir had hit her head or something. However, before he could speak, she turned to her children and continued, "What are you looking at?"

Go and clean everything up. I want everything to be just like it was before breakfast."

"Yes, Mother," Replied Waffle's big brothers. They clearly weren't as fearless as him, messing with their mother whenever they felt like it, it was a special treatment only reserved for their baby brother. After receiving the order, they both rushed towards the area Fenrir had destroyed, inspecting it a bit before walking out of the house.

There they began using the simple magic they learned from their mother to dig out dirt and fill the crater.

Myne withdrew his gaze from Fenrir's cheap construction workers and addressed the question that troubled him most.

"Fenrir, what do you mean I owe you a favour? Does this attack have anything to do with me? Also, who were you fighting? I didn't see anyone."

"Of course, you couldn't see it," Fenrir replied with a playful smile. "It was a vengeful spirit. Unless you have special skills, humes don't have the ability to see souls. That's why your race is considered the favourite food among the ghosts of the underworld. Hahaha! If you ever get bored and want to sell yourself, you can try going to the underworld.

Believe me, the ghost races there would love to buy you.

"Also, before you ask anything else, that vengeful soul belonged to the fat guy you brought here before. It seems like I really underestimated your torture abilities. You managed to dig out a vengeful spirit on the first try! This can be considered a rare talent.

You better not let demons know about it, otherwise, they will hunt you down to the ends of the cosmos and make you work for them for eternity."

Fenrir had recognized the fatty because when Ash brought him to her before creating that special room a few hundred meters underground outside her house, his unique pig-like face had left a deep impression on her, even for her this kind of rare pig-like face was a bit too much, this is also why she able to recognized him despite his transformation into a more handsome form.