

Cheat. A 491

Chapter 491. Offer of a Lifetime

"Hold on, sweetie, It's my turn now. Answer my two questions, then I'll address yours. While I'm a decent fellow and you're a lovely lady, don't expect me to be taken advantage of," Myne said with a chuckle, giving her a gentle tap on her forehead with his index finger, leaving Phiyona even more speechless.

"Fine, well... actually, I'm the younger sister of Lord Viscount, who, by chance, happens to be disabled and lives here. Because I can't walk, no matter how much that thing tries, I can't walk to her, so no one bothers to shift me to another place. Every morning, two maids come through the window, clean me up, bring food for the entire day, and then leave. Happy now? Your turn.

Tell me, what are you doing here?"

Phiyona spoke so calmly despite her disability that for a moment, Myne thought she was joking. But when she pointed to the small pile of empty plates in a bucket near the window, as well as a bucket under the bed, which she used to urinate, he had no other option than to believe her.

"So, which part of your body isn't working?" Myne asked, frowning while gently touching her legs and arms. From outside, he couldn't see any difference; her entire body looked completely normal without even a single scratch on her body.

"Why are you touching my arms, didn't you see me moving them? How can my arms be disabled if they are working normally? Sigh. It's my legs – from below the knees. I can't feel them at all, as if they don't exist. No matter what you do to them, I won't feel anything.

If you don't believe me, you can try pinching or tickling them, and you'll see..."

"Ouch!"

"Idiot! Below the knees, not above! Are you even listening to me or not?!"

While Phiyona was speaking, Myne, who was lying on her lap, suddenly turned around and gently bit down on her soft, thick thigh. This action earned him a hard love fist from Phiyona on the head.

"Sorry, sorry, I was just checking," Myne apologized quickly, moving his hand to bend her toes. However, no matter how hard he bent them back, Phiyona did not react at all. Fearing he might break them, he didn't dare use too much force. He pinched her skin, and again, as she said, there was no movement at all.

"How did this happen? It can't be from birth, right?" Myne asked with overflowing sympathy in his eyes. He couldn't help but get up from her lap and give her a gentle hug.

"They weren't like this a few years ago, but an accident changed everything. Sigh, forget it. I didn't want to talk about it. Every time I think about it, it gives me nightmares," Phiyona, who was enjoying Myne's warm embrace, said with a desperate and helpless look on her face before hugging him back as well.

"Don't worry about me. Now, tell me what the hell a big shot like you is doing here? You're not really here to steal, are you?" She asked with a frown after calming down, wiping the tears from the corner of her eyes.

"Well, before I answer you, do you by any chance, love your brother and his children?" Myne, who felt like sitting on the bed wasn't comfortable, especially while hugging a beautiful lady, lay down and asked. He still had no intention of letting Phiyona escape from his clutches.

Now he also understood why she liked to be wild; it wasn't her choice but her only option, and it seemed her maids weren't doing a good job.

"No, I don't give a damn about those bastards," Phiyona yelled through gritted teeth, suddenly dropping her gentle lady facade, probably because of telling Myne her secret and seeing that he was still with her, which gave her a great sense of relief. Her outburst gave Myne even more reason to suspect her accident involved something terrible, which wasn't the fault of outsiders.

"That's good. Then I came here to deal with them – your brother and his third son. That bastard actually dared to send thugs to kidnap my wife and her mother.

Although your brother hasn't done anything directly to me, after hearing all the rumours and as a responsible citizen of the Augusta Kingdom, and also a half-member of the royal family, it's only natural for me to clean up some trash I found on the way... Oh, and don't tell anyone, but along the way, I might also rob the treasury.

As you said before, raising a princess isn't an easy task; it really costs a lot of money."

While speaking, Myne didn't realize when his naughty hands went inside Phiyona's sexy nightgown and started playing with her breasts. Only after he finished speaking, looked down, and saw her red face and heavy breathing, did he realize that he had messed up.

"Sorry, I didn't mean that. It's just a bad old habit of mine. Please don't take it to heart," Myne quickly pulled his hand out of her nightgown and apologized hurriedly, though he still shamelessly hugged her.

"It's all right, I can understand your feelings. After all, I was wearing those... umm, seductive clothes, and it's natural for a man like you to be excited... By the way, if you are willing to do me a favour, I don't mind if you want to be physical with me, and can play with them as much as you want, till the day you get bored with me."

"What! Really? Till the day I get bored with you?" Myne's heart pounded as he heard her sweet, seductive words, and then under his shocked gaze, she shyly placed his hand back on her breasts. Despite knowing her shyness was fake—how could a woman, who didn't mind a stranger lying on her lap only a few inches away from her open vagina, behave like a shy teenage virgin?

However, Myne's heartbeat still soared to the sky. The offer she presented was too tempting, regardless of whether she could use her legs or not. Who knew, during their intense sex, her legs might start working again? After all, Myne had seen a fair share of miracles in his life.

"What do you want? Tell me quickly," Myne asked with his face only a few centimetres away from hers, his expression deadly serious. However, his naughty hand told a different story as it played with her nipples.

"I want you to bring Edward, my brother's third son, to me in a condition where he can't move. I want to settle an old matter with him. Since you also want revenge for your wife with him as well, I'm willing to exchange my body for this chance. By the way, which wife are you talking about? He can't be stupid enough to mess with the Princess and Your Highness, the Queen, right?"

"Deal. And it was the other one, hehehe. Now, just wait with your legs spread. I'll be back soon, and then I'll show you the true heaven after such a long time... Oh, by the

way, can you mark down the locations of everyone?" Myne, who was so excited that he had already walked to the main door while speaking, suddenly paused, came back to Phiyona, and handed her a scroll and a fountain pen-like gadget.

"Sigh, now I getting worried about you," Phiyona said helplessly, shaking her head as she hastily scribbled down the important locations on the scroll. With a sweet kiss on his forehead, she sent him off, "Return safely and quickly."

"I will. You might as well start stretching your body; it's probably been a long time since you had fun, hasn't it? I didn't want to hear you complaining later," After saying that, Myne walked out of her room and hurriedly ran to the entrance of the hallway at full speed. The banging sound behind him also went crazy after feeling his presence again.

However, Myne, whose body was under the control of his little brother, didn't give a damn about it and soon disappeared from the hallway.

...

"This should be the room of that old bastard, who is the root cause of everything," Myne muttered while looking at the instructions on the scroll. He was now on the highest floor of the castle where its owner lived.

After looking around and confirming that all the guards and maids around him had fallen asleep because of his skill, Myne used his telekinesis skill to unlock the door silently and slowly poked his head inside. As the owner of an entire city and several towns and villages, the Viscount's wealth was evident, and the room's interior spoke volumes.

The room was vast, with high, arched ceilings adorned with intricate wooden carvings that depicted scenes of ancient battles and mythical creatures Myne had never seen before. Rich, dark tapestries lined the stone walls, insulating the room against the chill and adding to its luxurious ambience.

A massive four-poster bed dominated the centre of the room, draped in rich crimson velvet and embroidered with gold thread. The bed's canopy was held aloft by ornately carved posts, each depicting a different mythical beast, their eyes set with glittering gemstones that caught the flickering light of the numerous candles placed strategically around the room.

On the walls hung an eclectic collection of paintings, each more peculiar than the last. These were no ordinary artworks; they depicted fantastical scenes, surreal landscapes, and enigmatic portraits that seemed almost alive. Some paintings were framed in gold and silver, encrusted with jewels, while others were mounted in simple yet elegant wooden frames, highlighting their strangeness and rarity.

Beside the bed stood a grand, ornately carved oak wardrobe, its doors inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory. Inside, the viscount's luxurious garments were stored: silks, velvets, and furs in a riot of colours, each garment a testament to his wealth and power.

Nearby, a polished mahogany chest held his collection of precious trinkets and rare artifacts, each item with its own story of acquisition and value.

A large, intricately woven rug covered the stone floor, its patterns depicting scenes from legendary tales and adding warmth and softness to the room. Opposite the bed, a grand fireplace, its mantel adorned with more curious artifacts and small sculptures, provided both warmth and a mesmerizing focal point.

The room was illuminated by a combination of tall iron candelabras and magical lanterns, their light casting a soft, warm glow that danced across the room's lavish

furnishings. The air was filled with the faint scent of incense, a blend of exotic spices and herbs that lent an air of mystery and luxury to the viscount's private sanctuary.

In one corner of the room stood a large, intricately carved desk covered in scrolls, maps, and ledgers. This was where the viscount conducted his affairs, planning the administration of his lands and the expansion of his influence. A high-backed leather chair sat behind the desk, its armrests shaped like the heads of roaring lions, a symbol of his authority and power.

Everything in the room screamed wealth and power. Myne, who had a greedy glint in his eyes, decided to "borrow" some... well everything, in fact. After all, he was building a grand clan, and a leader deserved a beautifully decorated office, one that would leave any visitor speechless.

Chapter 492. An Unexpected Friend from Afar

[Name: William Harrington (???)

Level: 62 (???)

Race: Hume (???)

Gender: Male

Age: 48 Years Old (???)

Occupation: Viscount of Augusta Kingdom (???)

Title: None (???)

Status: Depressed, Mentally disturbed, Horrified

[Skill]

Elemental Infusion

Unique Magic: Spirit Guardians

Magic • Earth: Earthquake Stomp]

[Elemental Infusion (Active Skill)

Description: Elemental Infusion imbues the caster's weapon with the raw power of elements like fire, ice, lightning, etc., enhancing its effectiveness in combat. The caster can choose from various elements, each providing unique benefits and effects. The infusion lasts for 30-60 seconds, allowing for the exploitation of elemental advantages during combat.

Cooldown Time: Around 45-90 seconds, can be shortened with a significant amount of mana expenditure.]

[Unique Magic: Spirit Guardians (Active Skill)

Description: Spirit Guardians call forth protective spirits from the ethereal plane to safeguard the caster. These guardians are ethereal beings that hover around the caster, attacking foes and shielding them from harm. The more mana invested during summoning, the more powerful and intelligent the guardians will be.

There is no fixed guardian; each summoning depends on the amount of mana and the caster's need. Once the caster stops supplying mana or is injured too heavily, the guardian returns to the ethereal plane.

Cooldown Time: None.]

[Magic • Earth: Earthquake Stomp (Active Skill)

Description: Earthquake Stomp is a powerful earth-based skill that channels the strength of the planet into a devastating shockwave. The caster slams its foot or weapon into the ground, causing a localized earthquake that radiates outward from the point of impact (with the caster being the centre). The more mana used, the greater the impact.

Additionally, the caster can control the area of effect to maximize efficiency and minimize damage to the surroundings.

Cooldown Time: One day after each use.

"Well... That's it? Although this guy's skills are no doubt powerful beyond words, with a hume's pitiful amount of mana, what can he do with them? This is also proven by his level, which is not worth mentioning at all compared to his age."

"Let's not talk about Elemental Infusion—it can still be used perfectly. But Unique Magic skill? That is literally a bottomless hole, and I wouldn't be surprised if despite emptying all his mana he could hardly summon a spirit higher level than his own, which also won't accompany him for more than a few minutes at most before vanishing."

"As for the last one, it would be a miracle if even a child could get hurt with this skill. After all, Augusta Kingdom's geographical conditions are very stable, and there are almost no cases of any natural earthquakes. So clearly, if he wanted to create one with mana, he would have to put a lot of mana into it, but the problem is that he doesn't have that much, making it another useless skill.

And even if he reduces the area effect to the maximum, he can only shake the ground slightly, which is no better than asking others to laugh at him than getting afraid."

"Sigh, forget it... It's not like I haven't encountered this level of a joke happening with hume before. No wonder those fake demons can rampage in broad daylight and we humes can't do anything. It's like having the world's greatest weapon but not enough ammunition to use it. Thankfully, I didn't end up like everyone else. But no matter, I was really expecting something more from him.

I mean, this guy dared to kill an unknown witch or whatever that old hag was, despite knowing nothing about her powers or having any means to protect himself. I thought he would give me a tough challenge, like when I go near him, he would open his creepy white eyes and stare at me with a wide, scary smile, by the way, why is there are question marks behind is information..."

"..."

"Huh? Did I just... F*ck!"

Myne, who was disappointedly talking to himself after casually stealing Viscount William's skills while staring at the sleeping figure shrouded in blankets with only his head visible, and not-so-peaceful expression, suddenly saw his face and subconsciously added its description to his complaint as well. However, the next moment he realized the truth and hurriedly backed up in fright.

"Kekekeke!"

As if grabbed by an invisible force, William rose from his bed in an unnatural, ninety-degree position, without using his hands or bending his body. It was as if someone had pulled him up. He began to laugh, a creepy, high-pitched sound more befitting an old woman than a man.

"Now it felt more normal," Myne, who had seen far more horrific things than an old man laughing in a creepy old woman's voice with white eyes, didn't feel much fear. He was even in the mood to comment. However, his steps didn't stop, and he was still backing off, with no intention of getting close to "him" or "her."

"@&\$^#&&@ \$%#%@& *%@%#^@^"

"Huh? Did my ears get damaged, or can I really not understand whatever he was talking about?" Myne muttered, cleaning his ears while trying to decipher the weird sounds that by no means resembled words. Just then, The Fate Ring on his finger, a wedding ring given to him by Gal, shone with a vibrant purple light that only he could see.

The next moment, William's strange sounds transformed into words Myne could understand.

"A Human! Finally, after so many days, another one comes to deliver me his soul! After eating him, I'll have enough power to break this damn seal on me and be free! Kekekeke!" William or whatever thing inside him spoke but this time his voice was no longer of an old hag, but normal voice of a middle age.

"Huh? You're a demon from the hell dimension?" Myne instantly understood his opponent's identity thanks to the fate ring, which is not difficult to guess after all, its source was clear, and couldn't help but ask. Surprisingly, the other party also understood his words. The ring Gal gave him seemed to have completely f*cked up the language barrier between them.

"What? Human, how do you know my identity and where I come from? And seven bloody hells, how the f*ck do you know my language?"

Isn't this a low-level world with no connection to other planes?" The demon inside William's body, seeing Myne recognize him and even speak his language, treated him as if a long-lost friend from afar, dumbfounded by this bizarre change in event, and bombarded him with questions.

"Well, I have a relative in your dimension," Myne began a crazy idea forming in his mind. "And when I went to meet her a few weeks ago, I learned this language from her. But why are you here, and how did you end up in this old guy's body?"

Also, by looking at your condition, it doesn't seem like you're having a good time." He instantly put on a friendly smile and asked with concern, as if truly meeting a long-lost friend.

The demon, although sensing something off about Myne, felt the need to vent his inner frustrations after being tortured by William for days. Seeing someone familiar in this strange place who could at least understand his language, didn't think much about it. He sat down on the bed and began to tell his sad story.

Well, it turns out that after William killed that old hag, it wasn't her. She seemed to have expected something like that. So, that day, she replaced herself with someone else whose appearance she altered with her skills. When they got away, the old hag, furious and determined to get revenge.

And not surprisingly she was already prepared for this as well, and had stolen William's and his daughter's hair the day they met.

Then, she performed some kind of old, dark ritual, summoning a demon twice. The first time, she used all her previous sacrifices to summon a very powerful but crazy demon and send it after William's daughter.

Then second time, because she still wanted William's child, she summoned a weak demon so he could obey her order and not try to plan with her, after all, most of the demons' reputations were not good in the market.

The second demon was this poor guy before Myne, who was tasked to torture William to the point where he'd finally give in, come to the old hag, and beg her to let him keep his child. At first, everything was easy, and he did his job well. But then, who knows where William found an ancient magic scroll, he sealed the demon within himself, and he couldn't do anything except speak in his mind.

The poor demon had to use a lot of tricks to weaken this sealing magic, almost using up all my soul strength, while his other partner was having time of his life. Now, he urgently needs someone's soul to replenish his power. But because of his weak state, he can only occupy William's body while he's sleeping.

Unfortunately, the problem is that William seems to know about it as well, and never lets anyone be with him when he sleeps, making his situation even more serious.

Chapter 493. The Devil's Contract

"You know time works differently in the hell dimension, right?" The demon rumbled, his voice echoing in the cavernous room. "I've been here for this past entire month, and by now it's probably been a few years, or even more, back there. I'm very worried about my family, especially my wife. Even though we live in the city, there's no guarantee some bastard wouldn't dare lay his hands on her.

She's just so beautiful, it's easy for her to attract unwanted attention."

"It was supposed to be an easy task, with a good reward," He growled, slamming his fist onto the bed, creating a hole in the cheap mattress. "But just because of this bastard's rotten luck, now I'm stuck here. Damn it!"

The demon sighed and continued... "So, what's your story? What the hell are you doing here, and how did you end up in this world?" After venting his anger on the poor bed, which was also on Myne's list of collectable items, he asked curiously.

Myne, whose eyes were glued to the hole in the edge of the bed, black veins appearing on his forehead, tried his best to stay calm and not burn this bastard to death. He forced a smile on his face and replied, "Before getting possessed by you, this old man did something to me, well actually his son did, but he also was equally responsible so, today, I came here to kill him and take revenge.

But it seems like it doesn't matter now. As for my story and why I'm here, it's a bit complicated. Believe me, if you don't want to die, you better not ask about it. Anyway, let's talk about work. Your task was to torture this old man to the point that he rushes to that old hag and begs her to let him play the role of her husband, right?"

"Yes," The demon answers honestly. "After that, she'll give me my reward according to the contract, and I'll automatically return home." Though he suspected Myne was trying to fool him—there was no way he could kill him easily, the other party didn't seem that powerful after all.

Still, he didn't have a habit of poking his nose into other people's business and decided to hear this guy's proposition first before making any move.

"Well, Mr. Demon," Myne said, extending his hand, "since you seem decent, here's my deal. I'll help you hypnotize this old coot and make him fall madly in love with that old hag. In return, you have to deliver a letter for me to someone back there in hell. I don't have their address, only a name. How does that sound?

Deal?"

The demon fell silent for a moment hearing his condition, then, after a moment's hesitation, family affection seemingly winning over his cautious nature, he grasped Myne's hand. "Deal," He agreed, but not without showing his greedy nature. "But before we go any further, I want the souls of everyone in this castle as payment."

"Aren't you asking a bit much?" Myne countered with a frown. "Do you have any idea how many people live here? Over 250! Can you even digest that many souls? And what about after you run away? Many people know I came here for assassination."

You're simply throwing the entire blame on my head! Twenty or thirty, at most. And only members of the noble families. Those vampires have drunk enough commoner blood. It's time to send them to hell." His voice rose in anger, accidentally used too much on the hand that was holding William's hand, and a bone creaking sound echoed throughout the room.

"...Alright, Thirty then." After some hesitation, the demon, who was much easier to convince than Myne had expected, agreed to his request, not caring what happened to William's body anyway; it was not his.

"Then what are we waiting for?" Myne said impatiently. "Bring out the contract. You didn't expect me to believe in your verbal promise, right? Bro, you're a demon. Have some shame over your professionalism! No wonder this old man could easily bully you." He shook his head in disappointment, causing the demon to let out an awkward laugh, he had really forgotten about that.

The demon, though thick-skinned, quickly recovered from his embarrassment. He pulled out a contract made of a weird skin-like material that exuded a strong demonic vibe out of thin air. Mysteriously, their terms and conditions were already written on it, and he handed it to Myne.

It was written in both Myne's common language and the demonic language, despite the demon himself not having any idea about Myne's language.

As soon as Myne touched the contract, the Fate Ring on his hand woke up again, and this time it let out a faint golden light. Then Myne surprisingly not only can read the demonic language but also see invisible hidden conditions written behind it by the shameless demon, who was still pretending to be an innocent and easy-to-bully type guy, which was impossible to see through normal means.

The condition stated that the demon, whose name was "Drakthorn The Unseen", (what kind of bullshit name was that?) could collect as many souls as he wanted. This completely contradicted their original agreement, which only allowed him to consume, not collect, thirty souls from every person with a noble status living in the castle.

Additionally, the contract stipulated that if Drakthorn couldn't find the person he was supposed to deliver the letter to, or if the mission target turned out to be too dangerous, he could abandon it entirely. This was another loophole.

The original agreement stated he had to deliver the letter to --- person regardless of the circumstances (Myne hadn't written Gal's name, unsure of her identity, so he left the space blank.)

The contract also stated that if either party violated its terms, they would receive a swift but painful death. This meant experiencing their body explode like a firecracker. It was only a big deal for Myne, as demon deaths during missions were commonplace. After all, not every world was as peaceful as Myne one, and some were crawling with powerful beings.

The only troublesome part was that upon respawning in Hell, demons lost all their previous strength and assimilated souls, essentially starting from scratch.

"Don't you think you're looking down on me a little too much?" Myne said in a cold voice, throwing the contract back at the demon with a deadpan expression. "If I can understand your language, can't I read it too? And are you sure your head's all right?"

You think you can fool me with this level of invisible spell?" He unleashed his King's Intimidation skill at full force, using one-seventh of his total mana. This almost gave William's old body a heart attack. The spiritual pressure Myne released was so overwhelming that even Drakthor inside him wasn't having a good time.

"Hahahaha, easy there, my friend, easy!" Drakthor seeing Myne is not easy to fool and seems really a big shot, he can't dare to mess with it, let out a chuckle with a friendly smile. "We demons are a mischievous lot. It's only natural to play a prank now and then. Look, those conditions were fake.

They can disappear with a simple puff of air." He demonstrated by blowing a gust of air over the hidden words behind the contract. They truly vanished, unfortunately without any visual effects.

With a cold stare still lingering in his eyes, Myne snatched the contract back and examined it carefully. He confirmed there were no more hidden tricks this time. The Fate Ring also remained quiet.

He reread the conditions, wrote down his and Gal's names, and dripped his blood on the document before showing it to Drakthor, holding it tightly in his hands, and having no intention of letting him touch it again. Who knew if he would try another air blast and make the words reappear?

Drakthorn, aware that he'd lost his credibility, didn't make things difficult. However, after reading Gal's full name, he fell into deep thought, contemplating whether or not to visit this unknown demon.

"Madoka Ibligor Galocer... although I have never heard about this guy, I hope he is not a dangerous guy," Drakthor said with a helpless smile after a moment of hesitation and dropped William's blood on the contract. Since the real names of both of them were written on the magical contract, deception was impossible.

The contract erupted into bloody red particles, half flowing into Myne's body and the other half imprinting on Drakthorn's soul inside William's body. Which was very normal. After all, most low and mid-level demons entered other worlds in soul form, possessing someone else's body. Naturally, they couldn't bring their blood with them to activate the contract right?

"All right, now release control of this old guy and let me hypnotize him. Oh, and don't forget to wake him up," Myne, getting up from the bed said with a hint of excitement, having no intention of correcting Drakthorn's misunderstanding regarding Gal's gender.

Drakthorn felt much more relaxed after signing the contract. It meant no more trickery from either side. He quickly relinquished control of William's body. Only he knew what he did inside the body. The next moment, William jolted awake, panting heavily. He looked like he'd just woken from the worst nightmare of his life.

However, before William could grasp what was happening, Myne cast his Hypnosis skill with a significant amount of mana to ensure it lasted a long time.

"William," Myne commanded his voice firm, "From now on, until Drakthor leaves your body, you will obey all of his orders, no matter how outlandish they may seem. Additionally, you will be consumed by a delirious love for the old hag you previously killed. You will yearn to return to her, apologize for your past mistakes, and spend the rest of your days as a devoted and obedient husband.

Your love for her will be absolute, and you will be willing to do anything to make her happy, anything means anything. You don't care how ugly she looks, she is the world's most beautiful woman for you, and you will give her a lot of children."

Thankfully, Myne had no idea about the hag's appearance. Otherwise, he surely would have vomited while issuing these commands. Even without the visual, he felt a pang of sympathy for William for his upcoming hellish life.

Chapter 494. The Room of Endless Pain

"All right, now you can go back to sleep and surrender your body to Drakthor inside you."

Hearing Myne's command, William nodded and closed his eyes. He opened them again a moment later, but this time they glowed pure white, a clear sign that Drakthor was back in control.

"I didn't expect it to be so easy," Drakthor rumbled, a tinge of jealousy lacing his voice. "If I had that spell, it would certainly make my work a lot easier."

"Yes, yes, of course, anyway, my job is done. You can amuse yourself while I write a letter. By the way, there's a disabled girl on the same floor as the other demon who was locked. Please leave her alone. She's a friend of mine, and I don't want you to hurt her. Additionally," Myne paused slightly and continued, his voice hardening, "this old man's third son – that bastard who dared to kidnap my girl!

I want to kill him myself, leave him for me as well."

"Fine, sure," Drakthor casually said while waving his hand. "But leave his soul for me. Here, after you kill him, put this crystal ball on top of his body. It will automatically absorb his soul," He pulls out a crystal ball from who knows where and hands it to Myne.

"All right. By the way, since you have been inside this guy for such a long time, you surely know about all the secret places where he hides his wealth, right? Why not tell me about them? After all, that wealth is useless to you anyway." Myne who was about to walk away suddenly thought of something, and asked with a friendly smile.

Even though Phiyona wrote down the locations of treasures, who doesn't have a hidden safe where they store their most valuable things about which only they know?

Hearing Myne's shameless request, Drakthor wore a disdainful expression, and replied with a hint of anger in his voice, "Well, I do know of such a place. But why should I help you get richer? Don't forget, you even forbid me from consuming enough souls."

"Five souls!" Myne countered, ignoring Drakthor's grumbling.

"Ten!" Drakthor shot back.

"Deal!" Myne agrees without any hesitation leaving Drakthor completely speechless.

Drakthor couldn't help but sigh dramatically. "Ugh, feels like I got cheated. I should've demanded more..." He pointed towards a wall with a helpless expression. "There's a secret door behind that tapestry. Also, this guy's storage pouch is hidden under the mattress, this fool thought I couldn't find it if he placed it there, not knowing that I could see his every activity within him.

You can store souls in those crystal balls too." Without waiting for a response, Drakthor hurried out of the room, clearly eager to indulge in his upcoming feast.

Myne wasn't in a rush to explore the secret room. He first used his telekinesis skill on a grand scale, levitating all the portraits in the room towards him before storing them in his inventory. He repeated the process with all the furniture, the chandeliers, and even the slightly damaged bed.

Finally, he turned his attention to the tapestry in which a man sitting on a throne surrounded by a few dozen naked women who were trying to please him with every possible means they could think of, and made it vanish with a wave of his hand, revealing a hidden iron door that blended seamlessly with the surrounding wall.

Taking out the pouch which had also made its way into his inventory along with the bed, Myne inspected it. Inside, instead of valuables, he found a mountain of documents, books and some random daily necessities. He scanned the pouch and located a key tucked away in a random corner. He inserted it into the metal door and pushed it open.

Darkness greeted him, followed by a vast room filled with an assortment of strange yet valuable objects. Gruesome paintings with an unsettling aura hung on the walls. Some books appeared to be bound in human skin placed on a wooden table. Five large iron chests overflowed with platinum coins. A shelf groaned under the weight of regular books but abnormal information.

Expressive golden art pieces, some bordering on disturbingly demonic, historical artefacts, stood on wooden shelves. In the centre of the room, a large table overflowed with even more documents and scrolls.

However, what truly captivated Myne's attention was a massive wooden chest – big enough to comfortably accommodate a dozen people lying on top of each other inside—overflowing with scrolls stacked on a small platform. The inscription on the chest read: "Slave Contracts."

Curiosity piqued, Myne hurried over and grabbed one of the scrolls, eager to begin his investigation.

The contract scroll Myne picked up seemed like a low-budget version of the one Drakthor had conjured. It lacked the beautiful demonic decorations and menacing aura. If someone didn't know its true effect found it, he would think it was a random scroll scribbled on by a madman. Upon unfurling it, Myne found densely packed words in an unknown language.

They were also not in the demonic language, so The Fate Ring couldn't help him translate them. Defeated, he decided to postpone deciphering it and ask Drakthor later.

Putting the entire chest filled with countless slave contracts in his Inventory, Myne moved on to the dozen or so creepy-looking books on a wooden table. Their covers appeared as if someone had skinned a person's face and then stitched it onto leather. Sharp, needle-like spikes protruded from them, and Myne had no intention of even touching them, let alone opening them.

He'd already witnessed enough danger to know that unbridled curiosity wasn't always healthy. Donning a glove, he carefully added them to his inventory using a mere touch of his finger and decided to show them to Maya later. She with her extensive knowledge of the arcane, might be able to shed light on what these horrific books were.

Next, he looked at the large portraits displaying gruesome scenes. A man brutally tortured women in a ritual meant to summon demons, blood flowing like rivers while corpses piled everywhere. Shaking his head, he collected those portraits too. Although the pictures were not something a normal person would want to see, he thought they could be used for entertainment purposes.

Myne decided to build a special room filled with such creepy things in the clan, where he would charge people to experience the feeling of visiting hell. That would surely earn him a lot of money, after all, humes are curious creatures and often go toward the very things they are told to avoid. Myne had learned this from his own painful lesson.

Finding nothing else worth his time, Myne casually tossed the bizarre golden statues and other artefacts he had no idea about into his inventory, along with the chest overflowing with platinum coins, before exiting the secret room.

Without a pause, he left William's now-empty room and hurried towards his main target: Edward Harrington's chamber.

Edward Harrington's room was at the end of the third floor and had virtually no security at all, which is a very suspicious thing. After all, even a random Harrington family member's room would have a contingent of knights guarding it, but this guy seemed fear about nothing, as there wasn't even a single person near his room.

This disregard for security made Myne wonder if he'd come to the wrong place.

Opening the door, Myne was met by a strange, pungent odour and a wave of stifling heat. The smell was a grotesque mix of burning flesh, hair, clothes, and an assortment of other unidentified materials. What truly left Myne speechless, however, was the room's size. From the outside, it appeared normal, but within, it was vast.

The owner had removed walls, seamlessly merging it with three adjoining rooms to create a colossal space. The entire area was cluttered with an array of machines – most of them designed to inflict unimaginable torture on people. Bloodstains marred the floor, painting a chilling picture.

The room's interior was like a horror movie set come to life. There are a lot of torture devices and sex machines like the iron nail chairs, Spanish donkey (a torture tool designed to destroy the vagina), stretching frames, and iron maidens.

Small tools like whips, chains, branding irons, and a variety of magical implements specifically crafted to inflict pain and suffering beyond humes comprehension were hanging on the walls.

Many other things that shouldn't be inside a normal person's bedroom, like two copper statues of a two-meter-tall man and woman placed beside the window. Between their legs stood magical stoves that burned continuously without wood, emitting little smoke, and constantly heating the statues, now glowing a menacing red.

Also that disgusting smell greeted Myne when he entered the room was also coming from those statues.

Perhaps the owner suffered from memory loss issues or shared his father's penchant for collecting paintings. At least a hundred gruesome portraits of different sizes and kinds, each more macabre than the last, adorned the walls. These depictions showcased a vast array of torture methods, primarily focused on women with the occasional unfortunate man thrown into the mix.

Shelves lining the walls displayed jars filled with preserved body parts pickled in a sickly green liquid. Cages in the corners housed a menagerie of fearsome creatures – venomous snakes, scorpions, rats, centipedes and rabid dogs included.

Dim red magical lanterns provided the sole source of light, barely illuminating the surrounding area and the two burning stoves.

In the centre of the room was a dirty bed that seemed not to have been cleaned for years but was used daily, becoming messier and smellier over time. The bed was so foul that people might vomit just from looking at it.

However despite that, on this bed lay a thin, naked girl, probably around 17, sleeping in an unladylike position with her arms and legs spread. She had quite a lot of purple marks from whippings and hits, especially on her face and buttocks. Her waist bore red marks from long-term tight bindings, and she seemed to struggle to break free from them.

She appeared to cry a lot, as even in her sleep, she was crying and begging for mercy in low voice, her body trembling every once in a while.

Chapter 495. Whispers of The Help

Myne stared at the girl before him briefly before pulling out a blanket. He draped it over her and then moved towards the copper statues because the disgusting smell that spread throughout the room was coming from them.

"This Edward guy character seemed far more complex than his information suggested. There was no mention of him being a psychopath, yet his room painted a completely different picture. And those spies – the ones who could discern a person's live actions – don't have this kind of important information which anyone could get just by seeing his room..."

"Things were getting more complicated than I expected. What were those statues, anyway? Is that a latch?" Dumbfounded by the rapid turn of events, Myne asked himself as he came behind both statues. He saw latches on both backs and realized they could be opened from the rear.

"This can't be what I think it is," He muttered, his expression utterly disgusted as he backed away from the statues.

"I'm going to regret this for the rest of my life," Myne said in a choked voice. But for humanity – and his bottomless pit of curiosity – he used his skill and opened the bronze statues. Well, technically, he was trying to save the people inside, of course, he is a good guy.

As the latches clicked open, a horrific stench, potent enough to send someone fleeing for miles, erupted from the gap. It was followed by a wave of scorching steam. With a bang, both statues flung open, and two bodies tumbled to the ground. Even Myne, who had spent months dealing with zombies like undead and other unpleasant things, felt a wave of nausea.

The flesh of both bodies was severely burned, charred black. Their skin was blistered, cracked, and peeling from the extreme heat. Hair had been completely incinerated in

places, leaving them with areas of extreme baldness, a fact they were obviously in no condition to care about now.

The bodies were frozen in the contorted positions of the statues, their faces etched with expressions of utter horror. It was not a sight anyone would want to experience.

Limbs were twisted at unnatural angles, most likely due to the heat's effect on their muscles and tendons, or perhaps from their desperate struggle to escape. Their eye sockets were empty with only darkness inside as if they had been gouged out before being stuffed into the statues, a chilling tactic to maintain the element of surprise.

There were no signs of their clothes on their bodies; only charred remnants clung to their bodies.

The smell of burnt flesh and hair, already overwhelming, escalated to a whole new level, inducing intense nausea and revulsion in anyone who dared to breathe.

"F*ck, this is disgusting," Myne said as he opened a big portal under both burnt corpses and the copper statues, throwing them randomly somewhere in a desolate place. Then he opened the window and let fresh air enter the room.

"Now it feels better..."

Creek!

Myne was caught mid-sentence as the door creaked open. A familiar face of a certain someone peeked through the doorway and came into view. However, because of the

window frame, the other party hadn't seen him yet. Unaware of anyone inside, the newcomer casually strolled in and began examining the room with keen interest.

"What are you doing here?" Myne demanded with a frown, approaching Drakthor whose eyes were now fixated on the horrific tableau – a woman tied to a table, a long iron pipe inserted into her anal hole, a creepy old man pouring a vile liquid into her, causing her to scream crazily, while a young man with head covered with a helmet thrusting his dick into her vagina.

"Hell!... Oh, it's you! I thought it was the crazy owner of this place." Drakthor, who had cried out in shock and seemed about to run away after seeing it was Myne, breathed a sigh of relief and offered a friendly smile.

"That doesn't answer my question. What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be out, you know, consuming souls?" Myne's suspicion remained, his voice laced with vigilance.

"Come on, now," Drakthor scoffed. "You're looking down on my professionalism. If killing a few dozen harmless humans sleeping peacefully in their beds took me a lot of time. How am I supposed to evolve if that's the case? Don't you know how many souls it takes to evolve even once? You should be asking why I took so long to get here.

Honestly, I wasn't actively seeking you out. I was just wandering the castle, looking for any escaping souls, and I stumbled upon this room. It piqued my interest, so I came in. However, I certainly didn't expect such a gruesome surprise..."

"What kind of twisted bastard created this room? And does he really use all those... tools?" Drakthor, who was not behaving like a typical demon, continued his voice barely a whisper, gulping down his saliva as he tried to maintain a facade of calmness. No wonder an old hag and an old man were able to f*ck him up for months, and at most, all he could do was make noise in the latter's heads.

"How do you know it's his work, not hers? And if you want proof of whether those tools work, why not see for yourself?" Myne said with a playful smile. He waved his hand, and a portal shimmered into existence between them. This didn't surprise Drakthor, who reacted as if it were common for anyone to open a portal, and he simply watched as two black objects fell through the portal.

As the stench of burnt flesh hit him, Drakthor's eyes widened in shock.

"The seventh level of hell! Are those burnt human bodies? They look like they were roasted slowly! Damn it, this stench is going to drive me crazy!" Drakthor cursed, waving his hand dismissively. With an unseen force, the bodies flew out the window and were flung away at random.

"You humans are crazy," Drakthor complained, waving his hand before his nose in a futile attempt to banish the smell. "No matter which world I travel to, it seems your species never fails to surprise me with your barbarity toward each other. In half the cases, the person who summons me wants nothing more than to inflict the most horrific death imaginable on someone they are close to."

"I can't understand why such hatred festers within your kind. Even we demons wouldn't treat each other with such cruelty. Compared to you, our reputation is unfairly tarnished. You humans are more suited for hell!"

"I was hoping to find an answer to this question myself. If you encounter any intelligent beings, please ask them for me as well. By the way, you didn't seem surprised when I opened a portal so casually. Why is that?" Myne interjected, more curious about this than the humans' self-destructive tendencies.

"Huh? Isn't that a basic spell?" Drakthor replied in confusion. "In the past three worlds I've visited, all wizards can cast space-related spells, although not as convenient or

visually appealing as you, and their effects might be unstable, but they can still use them in everyday life. Why do you ask? Can't wizards in your world do the same?

Aren't space props very common in your world as well?" He didn't understand why Myne was asking such a stupid question.

However, before Myne could reply, a small voice piped up from behind them, and a small hand touched Drakthor's shoulder.

"H...e...l...p..."

"AHHHHH!!!"

"F*CK!"

Both Myne and Drakthor screamed and bolted away at lightning speed. After putting some distance between themselves and the source of the sound, they turned around to see who was behind them, and saw a young girl, without clothes, with an extremely pained expression as if she would collapse any moment.

She stood where they had been a moment ago, looking at them with pleading eyes, whispering, "Help, help." nonstop.

Myne recognized her as the girl he had found sleeping on the bed, the one he'd covered with a blanket. He hadn't expected her to wake up so soon. Based on her state, he'd assumed she was unconscious.

"Did you just scream like a little girl in a 50+ year-old man's body?"

After seeing that it wasn't the ghost of a poor soul who had died, Myne breathed a sigh of relief. He turned to Drakthor, who had also calmed down and was walking towards him and couldn't help but ask with a playful smirk.

"Cough, cough. What are you talking about? You must have heard wrong. How could I, the great demon from hell, be scared? I was merely surprised by her sudden appearance and touch. It's a normal reaction," Drakthor said calmly, his face devoid of any shame.

His skill in lying was also very high.

"You know, it's because of demons like you that people now take them so lightly that any random guy can summon them to do their useless work. Compared to the demons in stories, where people would wet their pants just hearing their name, you, however, are a mockery of that reputation."

"Tsk, scared by a little girl. What a coward. You truly deserve to be bullied by that old man. No wonder you fear that your wife will cheat on you while you're away. With your personality, even if you stand behind her, I don't think you can stop a really tough guy from having fun with her.

Believe me, it's only a matter of time before you turn single again," Myne didn't hesitate at all and bluntly scolded Drakthor. After all, his wife was also a demon, and he really couldn't stand an idiot ruining her race's reputation right before him.

Chapter 496. Bloody Showers

"All right, would you stop talking about me and focus on this girl? But where did she even come from anyway? I didn't see her in the room before," Drakthor, who had a dark

expression and was trying his best to hold himself back from beating Myne after being scolded mercilessly, muttered annoyingly.

"Sigh, now you are even blind. She was sleeping on the bed. How could you miss such a big girl?" Myne replied with a helpless expression before finally deciding to stop teasing Drakthor for the time being. He then looked at the girl who had now fallen silent and stared at them with confusion, probably wondering what those two idiots talking about.

"Miss, please tell us how we can help you?" Myne offered a gentle smile and asked, maintaining a respectful distance.

"I... I wanted to go home. Sob, sob, please take me out of this hell," She said, tears streaming down her face as she rushed towards Myne, clinging to him tightly in a desperate hug. Myne felt at a loss. If there was anything he disliked more than being beaten by some insanely powerful guy, it was seeing a girl cry, especially a good-looking one who was completely naked while clinging to him.

"Oh, just that. It's very easy. Tell me where you live, and I will send you there immediately. It won't even take a few seconds," Myne said comfortingly after a moment of enjoying her embrace, gently pushing her away.

"But... but Master told me to stay here. I can't leave this room, otherwise... otherwise, I'll explode just like Rubina!" She cried, sobbing even harder.

"All right, I understand. For goodness' sake, can you stop crying with every sentence? You're not a little girl," Myne said irritably as he covered the girl's mouth with his hand to muffle her cries.

"Now listen. I'll ask you some questions, and you'll answer them without crying. Otherwise, I'll knock you unconscious and leave you alone. Do you understand?" He asked in a serious tone. The girl, wide-eyed like a frightened rabbit, nodded hurriedly.

"First, do you live in this city or come from somewhere else?" Asking that he gently remove his hand from her mouth.

"My house is on the outskirts of the city. I came here because they were hiring maids with a high salary. Later, I was assigned to Master, and then the real nightmare began. I've been here for the past two months and haven't been allowed outside. I just want to return to my family," The girl replied fearfully, trying her best to hold back tears as she hugged Myne again, sobbing softly.

"But why did you sign the slave contract if you were just a regular maid? Don't tell me you didn't notice anything strange when your so-called Master handed you that scroll? And as far as I know, you couldn't even understand the words written on it.

Didn't your parents teach you not to sign any contracts without reading them?" Myne, who was again forced to hug a naked girl asked with a frown while patting her back to comfort, which made her cry out from pain because of all the whip marks on her back.

"I..."

The girl remained silent for a full minute, her expression filled with shame and regret. It wasn't hard to guess that greed played a major role in this situation. Her master must have offered her a large reward with some fabricated story, and this naive girl had happily signed the contract without even questioning what it contained or why it required her blood as a signature.

Sighing, Myne moved on to the last question. "Do you know where your master's secret chamber is? He should be inside, right? It's time to deal with him once and for all. After his death, you'll be free and can go back to your family. It's only been a few months; I don't believe they've forgotten you.

I have personal experience in this matter, so you can rest assured."

The girl, still embarrassed, couldn't look Myne in the eye, and just nodded her head. She got out of his embrace, walked towards a metal table in the northwest corner of the room and pointed at a wall sconce that had the shape of a torch.

"Just pull it down, and a secret door will open, leading you to the Master's secret chamber," She said with a seemingly innocent look. Drakthor, who was bored to death in the background as they completely ignored him, snapped his fingers lightly, and the wall sconce was pulled down automatically.

Suddenly, the sound of metal gears moving filled the room as the metal table before them slowly moved aside. A small section of the floor followed suit, revealing a staircase descending into blinding darkness.

Just as Drakthor was about to enter to see what other interesting things this crazy owner of this creepy room had hidden below, Myne raised his hand to stop him.

"Miss, since you have been working here for months, would you mind telling us what is down below?" Myne looked at the girl, who had a fearful look on her face as she watched the secret passage. Hearing Myne's voice, she snapped back to her senses.

"Sorry, My Lord," She stammered with a guilty look on her face, "But I can't answer this question of yours. The Master has strictly forbidden anyone who enters his secret chamber from telling anyone about it. So, I can't tell you about it."

"Well, that's understandable, then tell me, do you know anything about this old gentleman behind me? Tell me who he is," Myne didn't show any change in expression and continued his inquiry.

"I don't know, My Lord, I've been locked in this room for months and have no idea what goes on outside. But I think I've seen this gentleman somewhere, but can't recognise anymore..."

"All right, that's enough nonsense. It's time to be serious," Saying that, Myne snapped, a deadpan look on his face. The girl, seemed to realise something and wanted to turn around to escape, however next moment, she stopped all activity and entered a statue-like state, staring at Myne.

"Did you just cast hypnosis on her? You damn bastard, if you wanted to do it from the start, then what were you waiting for until now? Couldn't you just do that at the beginning? You motherf*cker have no value of time," Drakthor yelled angrily, grabbing Myne by the shirt collar.

"Calm down, old guy," Myne said with a playful smile, walking toward the window. "Being angry isn't good for your bones. And don't you think her acting was very good? I thought you could learn some tricks from a professional if you watched her. But it seems like I was thinking too much, wouldn't you agree? If I wasn't an expert in this field, I surely would have been fooled by her just like you."

By the way, want to see a hume body explode like a firework?" As he spoke, the girl behind him began to gently float in the air, following them.

"Well, although I have killed countless humans, seeing them explode because of a contract will be a first for me. It's quite a rare case, after all, most people didn't have the guts to go against the contract," Drakthor said, rubbing his chin with great interest. It's too easy to divert this guy's attention.

"Now then, missy, tell us. Why do you want us to go inside that passage? What's waiting for us?" Myne asked, his arms crossed over his chest as he let the girl float at the window's edge.

"Because it was an order from Master. I was told to stay here and pretend to be a tortured, helpless girl, and wherever someone asked me about the secret chamber or even if he didn't ask, I would tell him about it, and try my best to motivate him to go inside, and until now I have never failed at once, men are simply too righteous toward helpless girls.

After someone walks down those stairs, I would close the door from the outside. And when they cross all the stairs, they will fall and be trapped in a prison cell, where my master knows..."

Bang!

While the girl was honestly answering under the hypnosis skill's effect, suddenly her skin turned red, and the next moment, before Myne and Drakthor could react, she exploded like a balloon, spreading everywhere in thousands of pieces along with a lot of blood, giving the duo their life's most beautiful shower.

"Hell," Drakthor complained, wiping blood from his face with a grimace, "This is gross! Damn you, bastard, why did you make her explode without warning?"

"Idiot, why would I include myself if I wanted to prank you? Do you think I enjoy a shower of blood and body parts? F*ck, what the hell is this thing?" Myne retorted irritatedly, pulling an unknown internal organ from his forehead.

Not wanting to stay covered in gore, Myne sprinted to the window. After making a certain distance, he snapped his fingers, and a bucket of Mana Water materialized in front of him. As for why he didn't use normal water for cleaning, well, rich people have their quirks. He then quickly tossed his clothes aside (except his underwear) and doused himself with the entire bucket.

"Hey, give me some too...?" Drakthor's eyes lit up at the sight of Myne washing himself. He rushed over, then gaped in disbelief at the copious amount of mana emanating from the water. "Is that mana water?!" He couldn't help but exclaim.

"Yes, taking a shower with it always feels very good. It feels like every part of your body is cheering with happiness," Myne said with a smile while wiping himself with a towel. He waved his hand, and another bucket of mana water appeared before him.

"Give it a try, but be quick. We have to deal with a bastard quickly.

After this girl's death, as the owner of the slave contract, he would have surely sensed that she is finished." After saying that, Myne walked toward the entrance of the secret passage, giving Drakthor space, as he had no intention of seeing a naked old man, which would leave a deep shadow in his mind, and started wearing new clothes.

Drakthor looked at Myne's back, then at the mana water bucket before him. He didn't know what he was thinking, but his hand didn't stop. While chanting some strange incantation, he grabbed the edge of the bucket, and it suddenly exploded into white particles and disappeared into his forehead.

"Hey, can you give me another bucket?" After the bucket filled with mana water disappeared, Drakthor quickly rushed toward Myne with an innocent smile and asked.

"Huh? But why do you need a second one...? Where is your first bucket?" Myne confusedly turned around and asked. When he saw that the place where he took a shower now only had an empty bucket which he used, he became even more confused.

"Well, I accidentally stumbled into the bucket, and all the water fell on the ground. But it's just simply water, you have a lot, right? Give me a few more buckets," Drakthor said, rubbing his hands with a disturbingly polite smile, sending a chill run down Myne's spine. After all, although Drakthor tried to act like a younger brother, the other party was in an old man's body.

It's really hard to feel good when the other party behaves like a younger brother, especially after seeing that disgusting smile and creepy white eyes of his.

"Then where's the bucket and water? Don't tell me you tripped so hard the entire bucket flew out of the castle and vanished into thin air," Myne said, his face full of black lines, as he clenched his fists.

"Cough, cough, well, you can say that. After all, I am a demon. You know we demons are too powerful; it's normal to sometimes forget to control our strength. Hehehe..."

Bang!

"Get out before me, you shameless bastard!"

After the minor incident, Myne provided Drakthor with a bucket of regular water. Once he cleaned himself with a dark face, they quickly entered the secret passage.

As the girl had said, after they climbed down all the stairs, what appeared before them was a wooden door disguised as part of the wall and a small trap door on the floor, which could be opened as soon as someone touched the walls or the door. When they did, they fell through the trapdoor, landing in a small, bare prison cell at least five meters below ground.

The only feature was an iron door with a small, round window.

Chapter 497. The Price of Curiosity

"How long do you plan to let us stay cooped up in here, waiting for that madman to come and make his own fun?" Drakthor, who wore an expression as if about to die from boredom, said irritably, but he still moved his horse forward.

"First of all, it's only been ten minutes at most, so for devil's sake, stop acting like we've been here for years. I'm sure that bastard Edward knows we're here. Maybe our failure to leave this cell immediately after entering here gave him the wrong idea that we are weak and couldn't escape from his grasp. So he's probably finishing up whatever he's doing before dealing with us..."

"Ha! There goes your king. I didn't expect that despite you showing me this game and teaching me how to play it, you'd lose in the just second round. You seem more of a novice at this game than I am," Myne taunted, a smug grin spreading across his face as he captured Drakthor's king.

Now there are only four black chess pieces left on the board, and seven white ones, clearly showing who is having a hard time.

"Damn it, don't underestimate me, brat! Let me show you who's boss!" Drakthor retorted, quickly moving his queen to destroy Myne's bishop. but his temporary happiness was short-lived when his queen was killed by a random pawn, making him so angry that he directly flipped the table.

This is completely nonsense. I can't believe I spent two soul stones for this kind of stupid game," Drakthor panted, his face flushed with anger. He kicked the chessboard one more time, while Myne watched him with a satisfied smile. After all, he was the winning party; naturally, he would be happy and enjoy the moment.

"What is going on here?"

Just then, an unfamiliar voice echoed from the metal door. They turned to see a man in his mid-twenties standing on the other side. He had messy hair, a clean-shaven but not-so-handsome face, a thin build, and was wearing an expensive-looking outfit. His gaze was fixed on them through the door window, and it held a murderous intensity as if they had killed his parents.

However, when Drakthor returned his gaze, the man's body trembled slightly, however, it is unclear whether he was excited or terrified.

"Father?" After a moment of silence, the man calmed down and gently called out to Drakthor, who first showed a confused expression, wondering when he had such an ugly son. Then he remembered that he was in someone else's body and quickly nodded his head with a solemn look on his face.

"Edward, my dear son. When I escape from here, your head will be displayed on the city gates.

And I will also ensure before your death, all those people who have suffered because of you vent their anger properly," Drakthor, who was tired of being teased by Myne, finally got a chance to mess with someone else, and quickly took the role of a righteous father and said while making an expression as if he was trying his best to hold back his anger.

"That doesn't sound pleasant, but I'm hardly surprised by your threat, Father. By the way, do you think people knew you were hiding a demon who had killed hundreds of people but instead of killing it, you are trying your best to protect it, I am sure they would be more than happy to burn down this entire castle along with all of us to get rid of demons like us, my dear father.

I learned everything I know from you, so don't try to act righteous with me. I've seen your dark side very closely," The man said with a smile, leaving Drakthor speechless. He was just randomly spouting nonsense but didn't expect that he would rub salt in the other party's wound.

Myne, ignored by everyone, casually enjoyed a glass of fruit juice while watching the drama unfold before him with great interest. However, what he didn't understand was why he didn't see the mysterious effect Alex had told him about—that if someone with ulterior motives got close to Edward, they would start behaving weirdly and become his friend temporarily, forgetting all hatred in their heart.

But they who came here with the clear goal of sending him to hell feel nothing different, what else ulterior motive could be greater than killing someone?

[Name: Edward Harrington

Level: 56

Race: Hume

Gender: Male

Age: 25 Years Old

Occupation: Third Son of Viscount William Harrington, Follower of "Azarkoth the Infernal Shadow"

Title: Psychopath

Status: Excited, Hesitate, Angry

[Skill]

Agony Bind.

Veil Vision.

Peaceful Resonance]

[Agony Bind (Active Skill)

Description: This spell ensnares the target in ethereal chains forged from pure agony, causing unbearable torment with every movement. The more the victim struggles, the tighter the binds constrict, amplifying their suffering. Even the slightest twitch sends waves of searing pain coursing through their body, making escape nearly impossible.

The chains shimmer with a ghostly light, their presence alone enough to instil fear and dread in those who witness their power.

Cooldown Time: None]

[Veil Vision (Active Skill)

Description: Veil Vision grants the user the extraordinary ability to pierce through the veil of material reality, unveiling the secrets hidden beneath the surface. With this skill, the user can see through solid objects with ease, whether it be clothing, walls, or even illusions crafted by powerful magic.

The world transforms into a transparent tapestry, revealing hidden compartments, concealed pathways, and the true nature of disguised entities. This sight extends to magical auras and enchantments, providing unparalleled insight into the unseen.

Cooldown Time: None]

[Peaceful Resonance (Passive Skill)

Description: The caster emits a harmonious vibration that resonates with the emotions of those nearby. Any anger or resentment directed towards the caster is swiftly replaced by feelings of serenity and goodwill, making it nearly impossible for others to stay angry with the caster or harm them in any way.

Conversation flows smoothly, and conflicts are resolved with ease, maintaining peace for a span of two hours. However, once the effect wears off, the target's original emotions return and amplify twofold.

Cooldown Time: None]

"So this is the reason why this f*cker is still alive, and kicking. With such a crazy skill, as long as this guy has enough mana, he's invincible, he can do whatever he wants, and no one can do anything to him. Along with the Veil Vision skill, he is simply destined to become a villain.

Unless there is something wrong with his body, no real man can stay pure and kind after having the world's two most perverted skills," Myne thought while greed overflowed from his eyes, and quickly stole all of Edward's skills, fearing that he would lose his dream skills if he wasted time.

Only after seeing Veil Vision and Peaceful Resonance on his own status board did Myne breathe a sigh of relief. Without hesitation, he activated Veil Vision to test its effect, and it turned out to be Myne's biggest mistake in life.

Because before him stood Drakthor in the body of Old Man Viscount William. As soon as he activated the skill, he only felt a slight tickling in his eyes, then saw a completely naked old man, with white hair growing everywhere on his body, a slightly grown-up big belly, and an undescrivable thing resting between his legs.

"NOOO!"

Myne let out a heart-wrenching scream, clutching his head and collapsed on the chair, life and death unknown, with white foam coming out of his mouth. Both Drakthor and poor Edward, who didn't know that his life was about to be f*cked up, looked in his direction, not understanding what was wrong with this guy.

"Did you poison the chair? Wait, is there even a chair in this cell?" Edward asked, his gaze shifting to a bizarre, muscular creature standing behind him. The creature was roughly eight feet tall with a human torso and arms, but its lower half resembled a bull, complete with hooves and a long black tail. A metal helmet concealed its face, except for two glowing red gems-like looking eyes.

The creature simply shook its head in response to Edward's question.

"Hey, brat, what's wrong with you?" Drakthor asked with a frown as he approached Myne, which was no different than pouring acid into Myne's eyes as he saw Drakthor's old little brother resting on a dense white hair forest, shaking left and right in a strange manner but not falling down, because although Myne Drakthor was naked, but in reality he was still wearing his clothes.

Myne, who always claimed to have a strong mentality, immediately vomited out everything in his mouth, after seeing such a wonderful sense.

"Bloody hell, what's wrong with you? Shit, so disgusting!" Drakthor, who wanted to check Myne's condition after seeing him vomiting, instantly backed off while holding his nose. Now, he couldn't bear to stay in the same room with Myne for another. He waved his hand, and the cell's metal door opened with a click sound.

He rushed out, closing it behind him as he gasped for air, trying to clean his poor nose with fresh air.

"How did you get out? You don't have any skill to help you open this door," Edward said while backing off with a frown but not too worried. He probably thought that no one could harm him with his godly skill. The big guy behind him quickly came between them, ready to teach Drakthor a lesson if he tried to show any hostility toward his Master.

"Hehehe, brat, you know nothing about your father. I haven't spent my life basking in the sunlight. You're still far from outsmarting me..."

Bang!

While Drakthor was still boasting shamelessly, suddenly, the door behind his ass opened with great force from inside, sending him flying like a cannonball and smashing into the wall. Myne, with a frighteningly dangerous look on his face, walked out of the cell while continuously washing his eyes with water.

Chapter 498. The True Secret Chamber

"Cough, cough, bastard, what is your problem? Why are you glued behind my ass like a leech and continue giving me trouble?

Can't you leave me alone?" Drakthor, after getting out from the wall, in which he made a shallow body-shaped hole, yelled at Myne while holding his collar, ready to beat him to death, which was clear from his eyes, which now turned completely red as if about to shoot a laser ray from them.

"Sorry, it was accidental," Myne apologized quickly while waving his hands. "I didn't expect you were leaning against the door. But why the f*ck were you even leaning

against the door, knowing I'd come out of the cell? Do you think I like to smell vomit too much or what?" Myne's initial anger subsided as he realized Drakthor had a point.

It was not Drakthor problem that he used his new skill and peeked at his old naked body, which wasn't even his.

"Bastard, I was standing there because I didn't even get a chance to move away," Drakthor retorted. "Why did you get out so quickly anyway? Couldn't you stay there a few more minutes?"

Boom!

Suddenly, a loud boom echoed through the dark passage, so powerful that they could feel the ground beneath their feet shaking slightly.

"Huh? What was that sound?" Drakthor asked confusedly.

"It sounded like a extremely heavy metal object falling on a hard stone floor," Myne replied with a frown.

Just as Myne and Drakthor were bickering, the loud noise echoed through the dark passage. However, after they turned around and looked, not only did they not find where the sound came from, but even their target suddenly disappeared, leaving only both of them dumbfounded.

"Do you think he locked us here after realizing he was f*cked up?" Drakthor asked, confusion evident in his voice. He released Myne's collar and started walking towards the left side of the passage, where the sound had originated.

"Otherwise? Do you really think he's blind and can't see the problem with you? Bro, you not only don't behave like an old man at all but also have pure white eyes without any pupils, which is uncommon beyond words. What else can you expect from him after you remove your gaze from him?

I'm more surprised he could pretend to be calm for so long and chat with you as if everything was normal, he is a natural actor," Myne replied, rolling his eyes and following Drakthor.

However, only after walking for a minute and passing ten cells facing each other, very similar to theirs but without any windows on the metal doors, they stop because before them there was a very thick metal door tightly blocking their path.

"How thick do you think this door is?" Myne asked casually, touching the door and knocking on it.

"It's definitely several feet thick and heavy as a mountain," Drakthor said, leaning against the side wall with his arms crossed. "With the soul energy, I have currently there is no way I can do anything to it, so you better think of a good solution before he runs away."

"I don't think he's going to run away," Myne said confidently. "He's probably making preparations for our doom. He has blind confidence in his so-called magical skills which is saving him until now. It's too much to ask him to escape.

It would be a miracle if he didn't greet us with wide open arms, sitting on his throne or something, surrounded by naked beauties getting tortured on his weird machines, and a dozen or so guards pointing their spears at us."

"So stop daydreaming and be ready for battle. Next, my promise of an extra 10 souls will be fulfilled as you can eat the souls of the guards who try to stop us. That should be enough for you, so you better start praying there will be enough guards.

After all, we're not in the castle, so technically those guys aren't part of the contract," Myne said, searching for a suitable skill in his status window. His words lit up Drakthor's eyes in delight.

"Wait, but didn't you say you would collect those souls for me? Why do I have to work here? Can't I just watch the fun from the side?" Drakthor asked with a disdainful look on his face. But his expression changed instantly when he saw a simple golden light shine on the several-foot-thick metal door.

The next moment, the door turned to ashes and vanished without leaving any trace, as if it was never there.

"So what were you saying?" Myne turned his head and asked with a smile that didn't look like a smile.

"I said you can rest assured, I will kill everyone except the main villain, I won't let go of such a good chance to eat more souls, hehehe... Don't you think today's night is very beautiful? It is perfect for dating. It would be best if you considered going out with your wife; she would be very happy," Drakthor said, laughing awkwardly and bypassing Myne, not daring to look at him.

But when he stood where the metal door had been before, he couldn't help but open his mouth in disbelief because, despite his century of knowledge, he couldn't understand what kind of spell Myne had used to turn that door to ashes.

"It is indeed very beautiful... but who told you that I'm not on a date with my wife right now?" Myne said, giving Drakthor a knowing wink, which meant he obviously didn't understand and walked away. As for whom he was talking about, of course, it was his clones who were busy entertaining his women while he was working his ass off.

Thankfully, he had the Stamina Recovery Skill; otherwise, he would have died from exhaustion.

"By the way, how did you do that? What kind of spell was that? I've never seen anything like that," Drakthor finally couldn't hold back his curiosity, asking while following behind Myne with a humble expression, again entering into younger brother mode, who is trying to cheat his elder brother for candies.

"Do you really want to know?" Myne asked playfully instead of answering.

"Yes, absolutely, I wanted to know."

"Hehehe, but I won't tell you," Myne said, showing his tongue, and ran away, leaving Drakthor speechless.

However, if Drakthor knew that Myne had done that to cover his true emotions, he would not feel jealous of him, in order to show off, Myne had burned an entire day's worth of his mana in Inventory, that too after the update he got from eating mana fruits, which increase his natural mana storage and recovering 10 times.

"So much f*cking mana wasted just to open a metal door, what a big loss. I hope this guy Edward can bring me some benefits; otherwise, I will not be able to sleep peacefully tonight," Myne thought as he walked through the narrow passage and finally opened it to a big hall.

The hall was big, very big, similar in size to the room above his head, but with extremely dark themes. The lighting was very dim, and the environment was gloomy and painful, you could even say that it was a cheap version of hell.

All the torture machines and tools that could be found outside were also here, but of course, unlike the machines and tools used for decoration outside, every one of them was occupied by females.

All kinds, races, and ages of females, from little girls of 10 years to middle-aged women of 35, could be seen crying and begging for mercy while suffering inhumane torture. But because all their mouths were stitched, none of them could scream, which is why Myne and Drakthor didn't hear anything.

All of those girls fixed on torture machines or tools were placed on the right side, while on the left were men, a lot of men, who were crazily f*cking more women while softly chanting some kind of strange incantation.

But it seemed no one was really serious, and most of them were having the time of their lives, enjoying f*cking the women in front of them, harassing them in every strange way like hitting, pulling hair, pulling out tongues, roughly thrusting their dicks into their anal holes, or thrusting the entire hand into their vaginas.

But for some strange reason, although those women could feel pain, crying and struggling nonstop, none of them let out a single sound from their mouths, despite all being seen moving their mouths.

At the end of the hall was a big platform. In the middle was a weird, two-meter-tall red stone statue of a strange humanoid monster with two heads, four arms, a long tail, wings, horns, an ugly face, a bald head, pointy ears, and most importantly, a snake-like thing between its legs which didn't look like a dick from any angle.

In front of the statue was a stone table on which Edward sat cross-legged, staring at Myne and Drakthor with a playful but proud smile as showing off his masterpiece. Behind the statue stood 50 bull-men like the one who was with him before, fully armed from head to toe, their red eyes shining strangely with a red light under their helmets, visible from far away just by looking at them.

Chapter 499. Women: The Enigma in Myne Life

"I think we're in deep trouble," Drakthor said suddenly, his eyes glued to the red statue. He wiped a nonexistent sweat from his forehead.

"What do you mean? You can't even deal with those random guards? Yes, they look dangerous but actually, their strength is just like that," Myne, who was watching all the women suffering inhumanely, spoke while gritting his teeth. As a self-proclaimed guardian of beautiful ladies, his blood was now boiling with anger.

"I'm not talking about those guards. Do you see that statue? That's not a statue, but a demonic artifact. When it's fed enough suffering, pain, torment, and most importantly, tortured souls, it slowly changes colour from its original black to faint brownish, and finally bloody red.

When it turns red, the person bonded to it can summon that guy from hell anytime to make a wish, which that guy will fulfil in 99% of cases. But if the thing in the summoner's hand is too valuable, far more than its entire wealth, then it might betray the contract and steal it, losing everything in the process."

"Anyway, the point is that this guy is powerful, super powerful. He has the capability to erase this entire city from existence with just a single attack. If he's summoned here, then our game is over, at least you are definitely going to run out of luck. Oh, and he's also very good at space magic, so forget about running away with your teleportation portal. It's meaningless.

Otherwise, how do you think this statue came into your world? This guy throws a random statue through hell portals every day, protects it from destruction during transportation, and waits for a random idiot like that one to activate it."

Drakthor fell into deep thought after finishing, considering whether he should run away while he still had time or try to contact the status guy after he was summoned. They were both demons, so he wouldn't make things difficult for him... probably.

"So this guy is a genie from the stories of your hell?" Myne, who was also feeling a little bit nervous, asked jokingly to lighten the tense mood.

"Seven bloody hell, no! How can he compare to those lowly scams? Those bastards are just the lowest creatures of hell, good at illusion and hypnosis. They don't have the power to grant anyone a wish, otherwise, how could they be sealed inside a lamp for countless years? They're simply the biggest joke of hell.

Can you believe an entire race got sealed into lamps just because those bastards didn't have good eyes and couldn't see who they were messing with?"

"Now, after millions of years, although most of them have successfully managed to get out of the lamps by fooling their hosts, there are still a lot of idiots ruining our name. I hate those scams. Don't mention those f*cker's names again," Drakthor yelled at Myne, his eyes red from anger. It seemed he genuinely hated genies.

"All right, I understand, dude, but why are you reacting so much? It's not like genies are your children, and their every action has a direct effect on your reputation. Anyway, so what would happen if we stopped that guy Edward from summoning this state demon, or killed him before he could do anything?

Then wouldn't all the problems be solved?" Myne asked, trying his best to hold himself back from jumping on Edward and finishing his game so he could free the poor ladies from their suffering. Although he knew that not many of them would have the will to live any further after going through all of this.

"How can this be so simple? You're looking down on us demons a bit too much now. How can we let go of any chance to get souls? Of course, that guy has thought carefully about this problem as well.

So no matter what you do with the host bonded to the statue, once it turns red, it's completely meaningless to kill him, and you'll only give him the invitation to come earlier," Drakthor said with a disdainful look on his face as if looking at the stupidest person alive.

"Hey, what's wrong with this look? Don't forget it's someone else's work. Why are you feeling proud, it has nothing to do with you. He's not your dad, and his deeds also bring you credit as well, all right?" Myne quickly rebutted angrily, he now felt that there was really something wrong with Drakthor's head, this guy too stupid for a demon

"Whatever, but we're race brothers. You can't ignore that fact. So I will naturally be happy seeing someone trying to increase our race's reputation with its wonderful work," Drakthor said while walking toward the platform.

But then his attention was drawn by all the torture machines, so he completely ignored Myne next and started observing them very carefully, considering whether to make such a studio at his own house as well or not.

Myne, thinking of the worst-case scenario, hesitated for a moment and decided to take advice from a professional. After all, if because of him, an entire city got destroyed, it would be crazy shit, and he had no intention of taking all the blame for no reason.

"Damn it, I know it. I should have gone to her immediately to coax her. Now it's very embarrassing to ask her for help, but the last incident... I still don't understand why she was even angry with me. After all, it was me who was taking the beating all the time, but in the end, she got angry for no reason and ran away. Sigh, women, such a troublesome creature.

You can never guess their next move," Myne mutters helplessly while shaking his head. Then he took a few deep breaths and connected himself with Fenrir through Telepathy skill.

"Amm, Fenrir? Can you hear me? I... I need your help, dear..."

..."

"Hello? Fenrir, I know you can hear me. You have accepted my request for communication from the other side... Please say something," Seeing that Fenrir had no intention of talking Myne couldn't help but sigh helplessly.

He really wanted to open a portal directly to her home and talk face-to-face so she couldn't ignore him, but then he thought things might get out of hand if he suddenly disappeared, so he held back.

However, there was still no response from her side, and Myne could only hear her faint breathing sound, which she intentionally made him hear. After all, they were talking

with their minds; there was no way he could hear the sound of breathing unless the other party wanted him to hear.

"All right, since you didn't want to talk to me, then it's okay, but listen carefully. Maybe after hearing my side of the situation, you'll change your mind... So I am currently in Ember Fall City. I came here because Sylphy's mother, The Queen asked me to check the situation of this city, which is too mysterious, and hundreds of people die every day."

"So I came here to investigate but later found that the city owner was actually an idiot who was possessed by a demon. Thankfully, it was an idiot demon who posed no threat. However, the owner's daughter is possessed by a high-level demon and is currently trying to break free from the seal, and to calm that demon, the owner was feeding it, humes.

However, what's most shocking is that the owner's son is sacrificing people under the castle to summon an extremely powerful demon. His name ahm... Wait a minute..."

"Hey, Drakthor, what is the name of that statue guy?"

Myne, who was reporting everything to Fenrir in a short edited version, suddenly paused and yelled at Drakthor, who was trying to see inside a shaking coffin. But hearing Myne's voice, he quickly closed it again and got up from the ground.

"His name is Zarathunathis, the Eternal Void Harbinger."

"All right, thanks!" Myne gave Drakthor a thumbs up and continued his one-sided conversation with Fenrir.

"So his name is something like Zarathunathis, the Eternal Void Harbinger, and according to reliable information, it is confirmed that he will soon come into our world and is powerful enough to destroy an entire city with a single attack. So I was thinking if you..."

"Huh? Did she cut off the telepathy link without hearing the most important part...?"

"Is it possible that she took my words from last time too seriously and decided to make distance between us? Otherwise, with her overprotective nature, it is nigh impossible for her to ignore me when... This..."

why suddenly it felt hurt even though it was me who desperately wanted her to stay away from me, but now since my wish finally came true, I feel like crying, Myne thought with a lost expression. He quickly used Telepathy skill again, but this time there was no response from Fenrir's side as if she had blocked him.

Chapter 500. A Call for Help

"Who was it, Big Sis?" Jormungandr, who was broadly sitting on the grass beside Fenrir while listening to his other siblings telling their mother, who was standing in front of Tree of Life (Chapter 461), about their work results in past decades, asked in a low voice, trying his best not to attract others' attention.

But Ymir and Levi, who were beside them, hearing his words, quickly moved their butts and came closer to them so they could also hear something interesting.

"Nothing, it's just a shameless guy who couldn't let go of his past, and despite knowing that there is nothing left between us, still trying to ask for my help, so I just permanently cut off his telepathy link. Not a big deal," Fenrir spoke casually without changing her expression as if she had just driven off a fly. She continued listening to the speeches of others with the same bored expression.

After all, if she liked those kinds of things like managing their area or other things, she wouldn't be living in the forest away from everyone.

Jormungandr made an "ohh" sound, before slowly, without attracting attention, moving back along with Ymir and Levi. The three of them made a circle and started talking with each other in low voices.

"Do you guys think Myne messed up something big again and is asking for help, but because they had a small conflict on something, about which of my nephews told me, she didn't want to have anything to do with him?" Jormungandr asked in a low voice with a face full of amazement. After all, he had to admit that Myne's way of inviting trouble was as casual as other people going to meet their friends.

"I can't think of anyone else that can make Big Sis cut off someone's telepathy link permanently, except him. Don't forget she is always the one who wanted to save Myne, but that ungrateful bastard didn't know how lucky he was and dared to anger her. He deserves this," Ymir said with a hint of anger in his voice.

He also heard from two little guys of Fenrir, that she had been in a very low mood recently because of a dreadful thing and even stopped eating, just sitting under the tree without saying anything all day long.

"I thought this Myne child was a good kid, but I didn't expect him to be such a selfish and shameless bastard. Not only did he hurt Big Sis's heart, but also mine. I have invited him to visit my city, but that bastard still hasn't come to me.

Next time I see him, I will throw him into the hole of eternal darkness, let's see if even after that he dares to break his promises," Levi, who had been waiting for Myne for the past two days excitedly, couldn't help but curse while gritting her teeth.

"So this means you all agree that this little guy Myne is a big scoundrel and deserves a good beating?" Jormungandr asked after thinking for a while.

"Yes!" Both Ymir and Levi said at the same time.

"Well, if you guys are willing to tell me about the whole matter as well, maybe I can also join you in fun."

Just when Jormungandr was about to continue telling his plan after getting their response, suddenly a soft voice came from beside him. But it seemed he hadn't realized that there was someone else in their three-person group and spoke casually.

"Sure, but you better not tell about it to Big Sis, otherwise she will beat us to death...? Why are you two having such a look on your face as if you had seen a ghost?" Jormungandr asked confusedly, seeing a weird expression on both Ymir and Levi who were giving him some kind of gesture with their eyes but he didn't understand what it meant.

However, after a few seconds of observation, when Levi finally couldn't help but roll her eyes helplessly and point her finger behind him, did he understand that they were telling him to look behind?

However, when he saw back, his soul almost flowed out from his body in shock, because all his siblings, along with the silver-haired lady, except for Fenrir who was still lost in her thoughts sitting aside, were standing behind him, listening to their gossip. And the person who spoke before was the silver-haired lady who waved her hand with a smile as Jormungandr looked at her.

"Boss...I..."

"Yes, what? Tell me quickly, what is so important going on between you three that you even ignore our meeting and having fun aside? It's not good to hide things from family," The silver-haired lady said with a smile. And Ymir and Levi, who saw that everyone's attention was on Jormungandr, quickly slipped away, leaving that poor guy behind sweating buckets.

Jormungandr didn't know what to do. He first looked at Ymir and Levi and wanted to ask for their help, but found that those two traitors had already abandoned him. And because the pressure on him continued to increase, as everyone stared at him with full expectant eyes, finally he couldn't take it anymore.

He first looked at Fenrir, seeing that she was not paying attention to their small movement and behaving like taking a nap, he lowered his voice to the maximum and told everyone the entire matter which he learned from Fenrir. Of course, he didn't disclose their little plan of teaching Myne a lesson.

That was a personal matter and shouldn't involve other people who didn't even know who Myne at the first place.

"The day before yesterday, when Fenrir said that he would fall into deep trouble again within a week, I thought she was joking, but I didn't expect that her prediction to come true so soon. That little guy is really a walking trouble-attracting magnet, no wonder Fenrir is always worried about him," The silver-haired lady said with a sigh, shaking her head.

"But since knowing that Fenrir is angry with him, he still asks for help, then it should be a big problem. And he was strong enough to deal with almost all normal problems, so I think if possible, Boss, why don't you ask Big Sis about this matter?" Jormungandr, although he didn't want to poke his nose in this matter, considering that Myne had helped him in the past, still said in a low voice.

"Well, you have a point, and that guy also helped me a little recently, so let's listen to what the matter is. If it's really serious, then let's see how to deal with it," The silver-haired lady nodded and walked toward Fenrir.

Everyone else, was curious about this matter as well, although only understood half of the matter, but this didn't stop them from quickly tiptoeing behind her, with their ears wide open. After all, in a family, who didn't like to hear their brothers' or sisters' gossip?

"Fenrir? Dear, are you all right? You looked very sad recently. Is there anything bothering you?" The silver-haired lady, while supporting her big belly with her hand, sat down beside Fenrir on the soft grass and asked softly.

"Hmmm, everything is all right, Mother. I just don't feel well recently, maybe I am ill. It's not a big deal. I'll recover soon," Fenrir opened her eyes and said calmly.

"Can we also be ill? Why don't I know about it? Is this some kind of strange illness? Will I also be ill? This is my first time falling ill; I wonder how it feels like." A stranger, a two-meter-tall bird with beautiful plumage spoke with a face full of curiosity.

A vibrant spectrum of orange and red, feathers that seemed to shimmer and pulsate with an inner light. The hues deepened towards the tail, where they coalesced into a fiery crimson that trailed behind like a blazing comet.

This bird, although extremely beautiful, seemed a bit naive and childish, as no one took her words seriously and almost everyone ignored her, but she continued speaking to herself.

"Fine, if you say so. You're a big girl, so I won't interfere in your life, but if you have any problem, you can always come to me," The silver-haired lady sighed softly before speaking with a smile.

"Thank you, Mother. I will remember it," Fenrir hesitated for a bit before nodding.

"By the way, Jormungandr just now said that that little guy, Myne, had fallen into trouble again, as you predicted last time, so what's the matter this time? You can at least tell me about it, right?" The silver-haired lady said with a smile, and others behind her also lit up their ears, with an expression as if saying, "Here comes the real deal."

"It's nothing. He said that his kingdom queen asked him to check a city where hundreds of people die every day and solve the problem there. But he found that the city owner and his two children were all possessed by demons.

The owner's demon was just a low-level one, no big deal, but his daughter was possessed by a high-level demon, however, it was sealed and can't come out," Fenrir said, suddenly pausing as if trying to remember something.

"Then what's the problem, if both demons are only just this powerful, then he wouldn't be asking for help, right? He seemed very strong when I saw him last time, at least dealing with low-level demons is no problem," Levi, who was very curious about his matter, couldn't help but ask.

"Those demons are not the problem he was facing," Fenrir replied while shaking her head. "He said that the son of the owner of the city built a sacrificial place under the castle, and he was sacrificing hundreds of people daily to summon a powerful demon called Zarathunathis, the Eternal Void Harbinger, who is strong enough to destroy an entire city with a single attack.

That's all he said before I cut off his telepathy permanently. Anyway, I don't care whether he or his kingdom die or not," Saying that, Fenrir stood up and walked away.

"Zarathunathis, the Eternal Void Harbinger, why does this name sound so familiar?" Ymir, who was always a serious guy, asked with a frown, and others' reactions were not much different than him.

"Because last time that bastard came to our world, he had almost destroyed an entire kingdom, because his host asked him to teach that kingdom's noble a good lesson as they were torturing people too much. However, that bastard manipulated his host and instead of only dealing with nobles, he made him write 'teach the entire kingdom a lesson' in the contract.

After which then he sealed the kingdom and killed millions of people and other creatures while making himself strong by eating their souls."

"In the end, he turned so powerful by eating countless souls that I had to go there personally to kill him. But by then, he got the coordinates of our world, and I always knew that he would come back again, and that bastard was finally here. Sigh, no wonder Myne called Fenrir despite knowing she was angry. This is indeed not something he can deal with.

That little guy always found a way to surprise me."

The silver-haired lady explained while rubbing her forehead annoyingly, because although she wanted to go there and deal with that bastard before he could become powerful, she really wasn't in the condition to fight, and the time in her garden worked differently considering the moment Fenrir cut off the link with Myne, to now, it had been nearly fifteen minutes here, meaning at Myne's side almost an entire hour had passed.

Who knows by now how many souls he had already eaten?

"So what should we do next, Boss?" Jormungandr couldn't help but ask nervously. He didn't expect that Myne would have invited another disaster to their world.

"What else can we do? Naturally, we have to kill that bastard again before he restores his strength. If that happened, I have to fight with him, and that wouldn't be a good thing for this little guy. So, any candidates?" The silver-haired lady asked while rubbing her big belly.

"Leave this matter to me, Boss. Ymir and I have dealt with this kind of thing before, so we can surely deal with it as well..."

"Ohh, oh, and me too. I also wanted to fight. It's been such a long time since I have last used my full strength against someone," Levi interrupted Jormungandr and said with an excited smile before jumping behind his back. Now since she wasn't in the water, she was in her human form and looked no different from a normal girl. No one could say by looking at her that she was a colossal jellyfish.

"All right then, you three can go there and deal with that bastard while he's still accumulating his powers... By the way, if possible, don't cause too much destruction. Bringing people back to life is a very energy-consuming task," Saying that, she waved her hand, and the trio of Jormungandr, Ymir, and Levi disappeared before everyone in golden particles.