

Cheat. A 501

Chapter 501. The Unstoppable Lust

"Sigh, this is going to be a pain in the ass now. I can't even ask Big Sis for help as she would be having fun with my clone. If she finds out that she's spending her most wonderful moment with a clone, I am dead for sure. Let alone helping me, if she doesn't destroy the city out of anger, then it would be a miracle," Myne thought while rubbing his forehead, and started walking toward the platform.

However, suddenly his attention was also attracted by the shaking coffin Drakthor had previously been messing around with. But now that bastard had joined the fun with other men and was getting a blowjob from two middle-aged ladies, who looked like if they didn't get his semen, they would die the next moment.

Most importantly, their expressions didn't look fake, and even if they came to Myne, after seeing them in such a condition, and their pleading look, it might be hard for even him to refuse them, let alone Drakthor, who didn't care about life and death for any of the people present here.

Curiously, Myne snapped his fingers, and his telekinetic skill instantly opened the coffin. However, after seeing the sight inside, he closed it as fast as possible.

"F*ck! What the hell was that? How can she be still alive in that kind of condition? Those cockroaches and rats are running inside her body. Damn it, I will never be able to get rid of this gruesome image. Whoever bastard came up with this kind of torture couldn't be humane.

There were more than 50 cockroaches and rats... She should have killed herself instead of continuously suffering," Myne muttered with a hint of sympathy in his voice, before waving his hand. A red, small hexagram circle appeared under the coffin, and the next

moment, a 2-meter tall fire tornado rose from the circle and within a few seconds burned the coffin and everything inside it.

However, Myne's move not only released that poor girl from suffering but also attracted everyone's attention. Edward, who was patiently waiting for Myne and Drakthor to observe his art pieces and come to him, couldn't help frowning because he recognized the thing Myne had burned, and with the other party's decision, he knew they were not going to have a peaceful conversation.

"Go and seal the entire place. It's time to do what we've been preparing for such a long time," Edward said while getting up from his seat and walking toward the statue behind him.

The bull-man, who was more of his secretary than a bodyguard, nodded and left with five people of his race.

Because there were too many girls suffering inhumanely, and Myne also saw Edward making his move, he didn't continue wandering around and quickly walked toward the platform. Drakthor also emerged from the blessland seeing Myne's attack, after quickly feeding both ladies before him what they desired, he pulled up his pants and caught up with him.

"How was it? Did you enjoy that?" Myne asked coldly, seeing Drakthor come running toward him.

"Well, it was okay. Those two ladies seemed new in this field, and their techniques weren't anything worth mentioning, but they looked good, and their expressions were very admirable, so I can't refuse them, and fulfil their wish, you can't blame me for this.

If you were there, I can guarantee that they would have surely made you lower your pants," Drakthor replied with a chuckle, not caring about the fact that he was in an old man's body, and his words didn't quite suit the other party's age.

"Do you think he is about to summon that demon?" Myne didn't take Drakthor's words seriously and asked with a frown. He could already hear Edward chanting unknown incantations in demonic language which he could understand thanks to The Fate Ring, which was again starting to release dim vibrant purple light, only he could see, but didn't know their meanings.

"Yes, and the process had already been completed.

It's just he didn't seem to know that except for the first three words which were real summoning spells, the rest of everything he was saying was just nonsense to fool people, so if there was someone who wanted to stop him, he would think that they still have time since he was still chanting, which would earn the statue enough time to gather mana from the surroundings and call Zarathunathis inside it.

This is a very useful trick, all demons do it when they leave their artefacts in other worlds, so some greedy fools can summon them," Drakthor said with a smile, seeming he had also tried this trick and it worked well for him as well.

BOOM!

Just as they both reached near the platform, suddenly a loud booming sound echoed in the entire hall, and extremely thick and heavy metal doors closed both entrances at the front and back, locking everyone inside, and sending a wave of fear through all the men who were having the time of their lives.

They all hurriedly rushed toward the metal doors, leaving their partners behind, who were crazily yelling their names. Soon, they also caught up with them like hungry animals.

As the men reached the door and confirmed that they wouldn't go out, they all stared at each other, not knowing what to do. However, suddenly nearly a hundred women surrounded the seventy-plus men and forcefully started intimating with them. Despite the men beating them or trying to push them away, the women didn't care and just wanted to have sex with them.

Soon, everything became chaotic, and blood started flowing out as crazy men, consumed by fear and desperation to escape from this hellhole, began brutally beating all the women. These women seem to have lost the feeling of pain, and no matter how or where they got hit, until they lost their breath, they kept trying to get close to the nearby men for more sex.

Myne and Drakthor watched this gruesome scene with shocked expressions. They couldn't understand what could make these women go so crazy for sex to this point, that they would rather die than not have it.

At that moment, Myne suddenly noticed that two middle-aged ladies, whom Drakthor had previously helped to satisfy their thirst a little bit, actually didn't follow the crowd. Instead, they rushed toward them like hungry ghosts. Anyone seeing their faces, unless something was wrong with their head, would instantly want to run away from them rather than wait and get f*cked to death.

"M...a...s...t...e...r!!!"

They called out in an extremely creepy voice while staring at Drakthor. Seeing this, Myne instantly moved away while breathing a sigh of relief. It seemed like they specifically came for their dear master, not for him.

"You have quite a talent. Look how crazy they are behind your little brother. It seems like tonight is going to be very long for you. I hope this old body of yours can withstand this level of crazy pressure and not collapse midway. Otherwise, those two poor ladies would be very sad," Myne teased, giving Drakthor, who had a dark face, a look of taking pleasure in other people's misfortune.

"Shut up, and I have already satisfied them once. This old body needs time to recover. Sorry, ladies, but next time," Drakthor yelled at Myne. Waving his hand, both ladies who were about to jump on Drakthor, as if grabbed by invisible hands, flew away from him and landed at the entrance from where they came, where a one-sided slaughter was going on.

Those two ladies, after seeing a lot of men around them, seemed to forget about Drakthor and instantly rushed toward other men. Soon, they also followed the fate of the other women and said goodbye to this world.

"How cruel! I thought you liked them and would only knock them out, but directly sending them to their death? I can only say, as expected from a demon, you are truly an ungrateful bastard. No wonder your wife is cheating on you. Who can stay with a stone-hearted demon like you?" Myne shook his head, throwing a fireball at Edward.

Even though he knew it was useless, he simply couldn't stand listening to the other party's nonsense anymore.

Just as the fireball was about to hit the back of Edward's head, a random Bullman appeared out of nowhere and blocked it with his shield. The other guards, previously motionless behind the statue, quickly formed a protective barrier around Edward, their intent to defend him to death was clear as mana water.

"I also wanted a team of such disciplined, powerful, and cool-looking guards, not for protection but just to show off," Myne muttered enviously, eyeing the two-meter-tall, muscular men armed to the teeth Bull people. "It really gives people a good feeling having such a powerful team behind you, ready to protect you at any moment without caring about their life.

When my clan officially starts, I will buy hundreds of them, and let them protect it all day and night. Let's see if anyone dares to mess around then."

"Here, if you ever come to hell, you can visit this place. I have some contacts there, and they really sell good products. You can buy as many powerful guards as you want, and trust me, they will be absolutely loyal and fearless," Drakthor said, taking out a red steel card from seemingly nowhere and handing it to Myne.

Surprisingly, there was nothing written on it except a symbol of a cart filled with countless people and pulled by an unknown strange monster.

"It will only activate when you are in hell. Outside, it is just a random metal card, nothing special," Drakthor explained, seeing the confusion on Myne's face.

"You seem to know a lot of things. No matter what I ask, you have an answer. I wonder what you actually do in hell," Myne spoke with amazement while putting the card into his inventory.

"Hahaha, actually, it..."

BOOOM!

Chapter 502. Power of Mouth No Jutsu

While Drakthor was telling his nonsense, the ground beneath them suddenly began shaking crazily, making it difficult to stand properly. Dust started falling from the ceiling, giving everyone the feeling of being buried alive.

The men who had killed nearly half the women and severely beaten the rest, who were lying in pools of blood, also stopped their frenzied slaughter and began to shout in panic.

The women on the right side were the unluckiest, as they were all tied to torture machines. The earthquake worsened their condition. For example, the woman on the iron nail chair, who had previously managed to avoid sitting fully on the nail chair, and only the tips of the nails had entered her skin lost her balance and fell directly onto them, driving them deeper into her skin.

Like her everyone's condition only had worsened to maximum, but because their mouths were stitched, they couldn't even scream to express their pain.

Except for Edward, who was still chanting frantically, and his guards, everyone else was in panic. Even Myne was no exception, as he could see the cracks on the statue, signalling that real trouble was about to greet them.

Boom!

With another loud explosion, the statue suddenly shone with a red light before its outer layer broke apart, and a living vision of the statue appeared before everyone.

This creature was identical to the statue: two meters tall, red-skinned, 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 that was actually alive, moving left and right like a real snake, offering a truly unpleasant sight.

The first thing the demon did after emerging from the statue was to look at everyone with its magma-like red eyes. Then, with a clap of both pairs of arms, there was a sound like a balloon popping. The next moment, everyone except three people exploded in a bloody fountain, their blood and souls flowed toward him like a magnet toward iron, quickly merging into his body.

This not only caused the demon to make a very perverted face, as if he were having an orgasm, but his height also increased from two meters to five meters tall, making him look like a mountain.

Myne could also feel invisible chaotic magical energy trying to enter his body with ulterior purpose. He had already used all his defensive skills except two ultimate ones, which somehow managed to prevent the energy from entering him and giving him a chance to experience having the body burst like a balloon. However, the rest of the people weren't so lucky, and none of them survived.

Drakthor seems to have hidden a lot of power, and he was completely fine, not taking this level of attack seriously at all. Meanwhile, Edward, as the summoner, escaped the fate of his guards, for which he didn't feel the slightest bit of pity seeing them die meaninglessly. He is probably scouting in his heart, "Everything for the greater good."

"What a wonderful feast! It has been years since I have eaten something so delicious. Child, I am impressed by your welcome gift. Tell me what you want; any one of your wishes can be fulfilled.

No need to hesitate; you can ask anything you desire," Zarathunathis' voice was not high-pitched or ugly as Myne expected, but very calm and gentle with a hint of heaviness, giving people a feeling of reliability. He spoke without releasing any kind of

heavy pressure like most demons do to show their authority, as if they feared others might not be able to tell who was the boss.

However, just when he finished speaking, he noticed two additional people from the corner of his eyes who shouldn't be alive. He looked at them carefully and couldn't help but raise an eyebrow in surprise.

"Oh, I didn't expect that I would encounter an acquaintance. I wonder what you are doing here, Mr...?"

"Drakthor, Lord Zarathunathis, Drakthor quickly introduced himself as soon as Zarathunathis paused. "Big admirer of yours. I was just passing by when I noticed this human was trying to summon you, so I thought of staying here a bit and greeting you before leaving.

You see, it would be rude if, even after knowing that Lord Zarathunathis was coming, I just ignored you and didn't come to show respect to you. You are my role model."

The more Drakthor spoke, the more humble he became, and flattery was literally overflowing from his mouth. Myne wouldn't be surprised if he next saw Drakthor rush toward this two-headed bald demon and start kissing his feet to show how much he admired him.

"Hahahaha! As expected of me, no matter where I go, there are always my admirers waiting for me. You don't have to be so humble, Drakthor, my child. You are my admirer, and I am very good toward my people. Be natural and treat me like a friend, hahaha...

And who are you, little guy?" After nodding with satisfaction at Drakthor, Zarathunathis turned his head slightly with a smile and looked at Myne beside him. Although he knew the other party was human, the strange demonic aura coming from his body was enough to make him curious and give him some basic respect, not directly crush him to death like an ant.

"Lord Zarathunathis, I am your even bigger admiral than this idiot Drakthor, who can only talk but has nothing to prove," Myne declared, taking out a small 30-centimetres tall golden statue of Zarathunathis from his Inventory. This was obviously created with his skill 'Unique Magic: Sublime Obscurity,' although it had cost him a tremendous amount of mana, enough to make his heart bleed.

But a smart man once said, "If you can't beat a powerful opponent, then befriend them while there is still time." Naturally, he had no intention of fighting someone he couldn't beat, so there was no harm in becoming their temporary admiral and saving his puny life.

He quickly walked towards Zarathunathis, showing the statue closely. Since Zarathunathis was already five meters tall, Myne didn't even have to bow, as the other party had already lowered his head enough to see him, any further than this and he would have a wonderful look at his little monster brother.

"One day, I heard from my people that someone was trying to summon you. Just to meet you, I came from a very far place. It took me nearly two years of travelling before I could reach here. Thankfully, I didn't miss the most important moment and saw you come to our world with my own eyes," Myne continued, his Liar skill working at maximum capacity.

Except for Drakthor, who knew the inside information, both Edward and Zarathunathis believed Myne's nonsense, especially the latter who looked so happy that the smile on his face showed no signs of fading.

Zarathunathis waved his hand, and the golden statue in Myne's hand floated towards him, stopping before his face. He examined it carefully, nodding occasionally. Finally, he spoke in a language none of them understood and tapped the statue with his finger.

Bloody red runes appeared one after another on the statue, soon covering it entirely, turning it from golden to blood red before returning it to Myne.

"I am very impressed with your love for me. As a reward, I bestow upon you this special statue. In the future, you can kill people and collect their souls in it. I have connected this thing to my own warehouse, and there is a special interface in it that will show you everything I have. You can exchange them for souls and become powerful.

Currently, you are too weak and need more power if you truly want to be useful to me one day."

"So use it wisely and become powerful. My blessing is with you, child," Zarathunathis said with a booming laugh, leaving Drakthor speechless in the background. He couldn't understand why Myne was getting such a high-level reward while he was completely ignored by everyone, just because he couldn't take out a golden statue?

"Thank you, thank you so much, Lord Zarathunathis. I will do my best to quickly become powerful and be qualified enough to be of use to you one day," Myne said, bowing deeply while hugging the bloody red statue as if it were his life's most precious thing and slowly backing off. He hadn't expected to get such a high-quality artefact just by speaking nonsense.

It was literally a portable shop that could be used anywhere. If he had known, he would surely have put in more effort. Maybe a fake tattoo of Zarathunathis on his back would have impressed him more.

"All right, now that everyone here is my own people, then Mr. Summoner, tell me what you desire? But remember to ask for something grand, don't ask for useless things like wealth, women, etc.

If you have power, those things will automatically come to you," Zarathunathis finally turned his attention to Edward, the protagonist of the chapter, who was ignored by everyone from beginning to end and has been watching everything like an idiot.

He is unable to digest how he has become the least important person in the room, and those two bastards who had clearly come to kill him had suddenly become his demon's bootlickers, and one of them had even gotten a magical item just by saying a bunch of nonsense and showing a golden statue, also why the f*ck he even had golden statue with him?

"Hoo, all right, I have long ago thought of this, Lord Zarathunathis. I wanted to be the most powerful person alive in the entire world and be immortal, unable to die from things like age, illness, injuries, or even if my head is cut off, I want to be able to recover in a matter of seconds," Edward spoke loudly.

Although he had no idea about the name of the demon he had summoned. Since Myne and Drakthor had spoken and the other party hadn't refused, he also used that weird name and spoke out his desire wish with arms wide open.

"Is it just me, or do you also think that's more than one wish?" Myne asked confusedly to Drakthor beside him, still tightly hugging the statue.

"There's no lack of idiots in the world, especially in your human race. You can even say it's a very common thing among you who are known for their greedy nature. You all think that we demons are idiots and can be easily fooled, just because we are continuously losing against angels."

"This leads them to take us lightly, and this idiot would be thinking that If he tells the Lord many of their wishes in a single sentence, he can get everything. If I were in Lord Zarathunathis's place, I would have surely taught this fool a good lesson for looking down on me.

But sadly, Lord Zarathunathis is a very generous demon, and he wouldn't take this kind of offence to heart," Drakthor said politely with full admiration and respect for Zarathunathis. Now he was trying his best to get a reward by bootlicking as well.

Chapter 503. Fulfilling Desires

"So you want strength and immortality, huh?" Zarathunathis laughed out loud, "Hahah, now this is something you should ask from a demon of my level." He snapped his fingers, and Edward floated gently towards him, stopping in front of his face.

A contract surrounded by a dark demonic aura appeared before him, something anyone with a normal mind would recognize as ominous, and not a thing they should go near.

"Sign this contract, my child, then I can give you what you desire," Zarathunathis said gently, but the smile on his face clearly indicated he was more excited to grant Edward's wish than Edward himself.

Edward looked at the contract. Except for a single line in which it was written that Zarathunathis would grant him power and immortality, the other things he couldn't read at all. The problem was that there were more than twenty lines in total, and he had no idea what was written in them.

Hesitation appeared on Edward's face as he stared at the densely packed contract. After all, it was a universal fact that demons were known for deception and betrayal, and he had no intention of becoming another statistic to verify this credibility.

"Can I read what is written in the other lines?" Finally, as if he had made up his mind, Edward asked without signing the contract immediately. This caused the smile on Zarathunathis's face to disappear instantly, and even the second head, which had been in a sleeping state from the beginning, opened its dark, black hole-like eyes and stared at Edward unfriendlily.

Edward felt like he was about to meet Lady Death as a mountain-like pressure appeared all over his body, so strong that he could hardly breathe. Thankfully, it didn't last long, and Zarathunathis once again became friendly, speaking with a chuckle and his other head also returned to sleep mode.

"Sure, sure, but then I will also have to stick to my words, and can only grant you one wish according to the promise. This means you can only choose between strength or immortality, not both of them. So, do you still want to read the other conditions? By the way, let me tell you, those conditions have nothing to do with you, so you are wasting your golden opportunity...?"

Well, you change your mind quite fast, hehehe."

While Zarathunathis was still talking, Edward, already hesitant after hearing that he could only choose one wish, as soon as he learned that the other conditions had nothing to do with him, quickly made a small cut on his finger by biting it and put his blood on the contract, surprising everyone.

"What do you think the other conditions will be?" Myne asked in an extremely low voice, which even Drakthor beside him could barely hear.

"How would I know? But they are definitely anything but good. I think your kingdom is about to suffer very heavily," Drakthor replied casually, making Myne's face darken. After all, although he hardly cared about the matter regarding the kingdom, however, the

ruling party was almost all his own people, and he could do whatever he wanted in the kingdom.

Most importantly, it was his home, so naturally, he didn't want to see his home turning into a ruin.

"Since you have signed the contract, here, according to the conditions, drink this and you will get power beyond your imagination and immortality," Zarathunathis said, taking out a small glass tube of red liquid and giving it to Edward, who, without any delay quickly drank it down.

"AHHHH!"

As soon as the liquid entered his body, Edward's entire body turned red, and he let out a loud, blood-curdling scream as if he were being burned from the inside. It seemed like gaining power and immortality was not without a price, at least pain is inevitable.

Then something even more horrific happened. Edward's red skin slowly started falling from his body like candle wax, turning into a small round platform under his feet (he was still levitating four and a half meters above the ground).

After all his skin had fallen off, leaving a red monster with tissues and bones, the skin suddenly covered him completely into a cocoon shape and a blood mist surrounding it.

"No matter what you say, that transformation is quite a sight to see," Drakthor commented with eyes full of admiration.

"What do you mean by transformation?" Myne, whose head was covered with question marks, asked confusedly, not understanding what was actually going on.

"Huh? Don't you see, that guy had drunk the blood essence of an unknown being, so naturally he's going to transform into that. It's just I don't know what kind of creature he's transforming into. After all, there aren't many creatures who are immortal. A vampire could be a good choice, but I've once seen a guy transforming into a vampire, and the process was completely different from this one.

Maybe it's some kind of unknown creature," Drakthor replied thoughtfully while rubbing his chin.

Soon, the cocoon, which was only six feet tall at the start, increased its height and became ten feet tall. But what was even more shocking is that mysteriously it started burning in black fire, which although had no effect on the outer layer of the cocoon, was a completely different story from inside. Everyone can see things inside the cocoon continuously getting burned by the black fire.

This process lasted for an entire three minutes before cracks started appearing on the cocoon, and with a bang, it exploded, revealing a weird demon. The demon had a metallic grey body, was at least ten feet tall, and was hunched over slightly. There were dense, spear-like, sharp pointy parts growing up on its entire back and shoulders.

Its eyes were a deep hollow, and instead of eyeballs, there was fire burning in them. Exactly the same as on its back and inside its torso, which was only made of bones, and the fire was burning inside as working its energy source. It had long, sharp claws and a mouth full of jagged teeth.

Its head was adorned with a pair of long, twisted horns, and with a small one in the middle, making them look like a trident. In its right hand, it was holding a heart that was still beating. Blood dripped from the heart, staining the demon's hand, however, it was a

complete mystery where the blood was coming from. It was as if the heart itself was producing the blood.

On its legs, it had armour-like leg guards that seemed natural, as if they were made of its own body, with spikes on top of them.

A dark aura surrounded the demon, and its presence was menacing. It appeared to be in a state of rage, and its eyes were filled with unknown hatred.

"Ah, so it's the blood essence of the Varkash Tribe. I should have known about it. This tribe really meets all the conditions asked by this human. They are although not too powerful, but humans are not their opponents.

Unless their heart could be destroyed, they are also immortal, could never die, and most importantly, they have a very shameless recovery ability and can recover nonstop without any cost, which was the reason despite being not very strong, they can still rampage in hell. That guy was lucky, he hit the jackpot," Drakthor said with a slight smile, watching Edward's new form while nodding his head.

"That was all right, but why doesn't that guy have anything between his legs, and his torso was also just made from bone? Can he even eat anything?" Myne, whose focus was completely on a different matter, couldn't help but ask while looking at the specific location of Edward's new body.

"Amm, cough, cough, everything has a price, my friend, and being a Varkash means no more sex, enjoying delicious food, sleeping, dreaming, and smelling anything. But food doesn't matter much. Most demons survive on souls, which is the most delicious thing for them. Compared to souls, those weird foods you humans and other living races eat are no different than shit."

"Once he tastes a soul, believe me, his mood would surely improve a lot," Drakthor explained with an awkward smile, which seemed more of an assurance for Edward who was eavesdropping on their conversation with his new-found power boost. Now he could easily hear even the smallest noise in the entire hall.

"But since this guy doesn't have a little brother, then how does his tribe even give birth to children?" Myne, whose head was stuck on the same topic, asked, which made a black vein appear on Drakthor's forehead as he couldn't understand why this perverted brat cared so much about someone else's private life.

"Are you blind or what? Didn't you just see their tribe member being born? What else proof do you need, you damn little brat? Now don't ask anything about this topic, otherwise, I'll beat the hell out of you," Drakthor growled.

"All right, all right, I understand why you're being so angry. It's not like I asked how many rounds you last with your wife, that she had to cheat you behind your back to satisfy her sex life. You old man have no patience at all," Myne taunted, moving a bit away from Drakthor with a hint of disgust in his voice.

"What have you done to me?! I didn't want to be a disgusting demon! I wanted to stay in my original form!"

While Myne and Drakthor were barking like children, Edward, who had heard enough nonsense, looked at Zarathunathis, who was smiling at him proudly and asked in a hoarse and creepy voice like a rusty robot whose vocal code was damaged.

"Huh? But you didn't mention it in the contract," Zarathunathis replied innocently, snapping his fingers. The contract appeared before Edward, which clearly didn't state that he wanted everything in his original human form.

"But... but you should have known about it..." Edward, who was in a rage and wanted to vent his anger, was left completely speechless after he read his own condition. After all, it was clearly his fault for not thinking about this matter.

"How so? I am not your mother, nor can I read your mind. How do you expect me to know about it?

But worry not, if you're just concerned about looking like a human or want to have all senses like taste, smell, sleep, etc back, then you can get them by learning a few powerful spells which you can exchange from me with souls, and even the ability to have sex can be obtained as long as there are enough souls."

"Here, this is my card. When you have enough souls, you can contact me anytime, but remember, the transaction shouldn't be less than one hundred thousand souls, otherwise, that would be our first and last transaction. I don't do business with beggars. Now you can go and do your own things," Zarathunathis said, waving his hand.

A dark red portal appeared beneath Edward, who was observing the card in his hand. He disappeared into the portal before he could understand anything.

"Now since the trouble matter is solved, let me ask you two some simple questions before I can also start my work as well, I would be very troublesome if that crazy bitch knows about me."

After sending Edward, the contract owner, and his ticket to stay in this world to a secluded location far away from any nearby living creatures, so he couldn't mess around too much and die before he finished his work, Zarathunathis said with a smile, looking at Myne and Drakthor, making both of them gulp down saliva nervously.

Chapter 504. The Portable Market

"When he said he wanted to start work, I didn't expect him to mean this... By the way, what the hell is he even making?"

Myne, who was boredly sitting on a chair while looking at Zarathunathis, who was busy building a weird-looking circular thing from unknown materials he was taking out from thin air, asked causally.

"Who do you take me as? His son or secretary? How can I know about his every move? But by observing its shape, he is seen making a portal or something like that. Anyway, it's almost finished; we will know soon enough," Drakthor, who was also boredly counting the rocks on the floor, replied annoyingly.

"Sigh, you are really useless. Every second question I ask, you have no idea about it. What the hell do you even know about, anyway? You should read more books. I wonder where you spend all your time. How can a demon with an unlimited lifespan be so stupid?" Myne taunted disdainfully while taking out the bloody red statue enhanced by Zarathunathis and using his appraisal skill on it.

[Statue of the Necrotic Collector

Grade: ???

Attribute: Demonic

Description: The Statue is a demonic magical artefact with powerful and mysterious capabilities, made by Zarathunathis, the Eternal Void Harbinger. It stands about the size of an adult's palm and is intricately designed to convey its dark and sinister nature.

This is a very famous artefact of hell used as a portal shop, and many powerful and wealthy demons use things like this to access their warehouses. The Statue of the Necrotic Collector combines dark magic and advanced technology to provide a unique and immersive experience.

Its ability to convert souls into valuable currency and its interactive holographic interface make it a powerful tool for those who dare and have deep pockets to use it.

Effect:

Soul Absorption: The primary function of the Necrotic Collector is to absorb the souls of deceased beings within a 500-meter radius. When a soul is absorbed, it is converted into soul coins, a form of currency that can be used within the statue's holographic marketplace.

Soul Conversion: The souls drawn into the urn are immediately transformed into soul coins. The potency and essence of each soul determine the value of the resulting coins, with more powerful souls yielding higher coin values.

Mana Activation: To activate the statue, the user must pour mana into it. This action causes the statue's eyes to emit a crimson light, signifying the activation of its powers.

Holographic Interface: Once activated, the statue projects a three-dimensional holographic interface from its eyes. This interface appears as a swirling red vortex filled with ethereal symbols and demonic designs, enhancing the dark theme of the device.]

F*ck! What an amazing artefact. I can say for granted that if I even used up all my platinum coins, I might not be able to buy this thing. This is a f*cking portable marketplace; you can buy anything from anywhere! Myne exclaimed in his mind and

immediately poured mana into it. He couldn't wait to see how this thing worked or what interesting things he could buy from it.

As soon as he poured mana into it, the statue suddenly trembled slightly, and then... nothing happened.

Huh? Is it broken? But there is no mention of it being damaged in the appraisal information, Myne thought while scratching his head confusedly. Drakthor, who happened to see this, of course, didn't let go of such a nice opportunity to taunt Myne.

"Tsk, stupid country bumpkin. Idiot brat first linked it with you. Drop your blood on it, damn it. After staying with demons for so long, you didn't understand such a simple rule: that demons and blood are inevitable. No demonic thing can work without taking your blood."

Myne, who was too excited to check how this smart statue worked, didn't take Drakthor's scornful words seriously and quickly made a small cut on his finger, dropping a few drops of his blood on it. As for why he did that so easily and carelessly, it's because if there was any danger, the appraisal skill would have surely mentioned it. Since it didn't, it means it is not a big deal.

The statue shook slightly again, but this time Myne could clearly feel a connection between himself and it. Then he poured mana into it again, and suddenly, both heads of Zarathunathis's statues opened their bloody red eyes. The statue automatically flowed out of Myne's hand and stopped about a foot away from his face.

Then, a thirty-inch-wide holographic display with a demonic theme appeared in front of him.

Because this was also the first time for Drakthor to see the legendary portable market, about which he had only heard rumours until now, he quickly moved his chair close to Myne and stared at the holographic display in front of Myne with a face full of envy and jealousy.

The main interface was very user-friendly and organized, divided into several categories, each represented by an otherworldly symbol, such as a glowing skull with blood dripping on it, a withered hand with five different colours of flames floating on top of its fingers, a big stone with golden arcane runes, a bloody claw, a scary-looking plant, a demonic whip that looked more like a creepy centipede, a little demon child eating something, and finally, a mining chart filled with colourful ores.

At the top right of the interface was a white, shiny coin with a symbol of flame on both sides of it, and a "0" written before it. A spectral shopping cart icon can also be seen hovered in the foreground of the interface.

"It's much more amazing than I heard in rumours," Drakthor said with stars in his eyes as if he had found the love of his life. He wanted to click on the top of the glowing skull icon with blood dripping on it, but his hand just passed through it.

"Seems like it recognizes who its true owner is," Myne said with a taunt, giving Drakthor a playful smirk before tapping on the icon of the withered hand with five different colours of flames floating on top of its finger. After all, how could he give Drakthor an easy time and let him do what he wanted? So naturally, he had to select a different opening.

As he did, the previous simple interface disappeared, and what greeted them was a long row of a total of twenty different kinds of artefacts photos, with their names and prices appearing before them.

[Infernal Crown of Dominance

Appearance: A crown forged from blackened steel and encrusted with pulsating, blood-red rubies. It emanates a dark aura that distorts the air around it.

Price: 10 billion soul coins.]

[Abyssal Blade of Annihilation

Appearance: A sword with a jagged, obsidian blade that seems to absorb light. Its hilt is wrapped in demonhide, and the guard is adorned with glowing runes of destruction.

Price: 8 billion soul coins.]

[Grimoire of Eternal Torment

Appearance: An ancient, leather-bound book with pages made from the skin of damned souls. The cover features a grinning skull that moves and speaks in cryptic tongues.

Price: 7.5 billion soul coins.]

[Hellfire Amulet of Immolation

Appearance: A pendant with a centerpiece of ever-burning hellfire encased in a crystalline sphere. It hangs from a chain made of interlinked bones.

Price: 9 billion soul coins.]

[Daemon's Gauntlet of Corruption

Appearance: A massive, spiked gauntlet crafted from demon bones and sinew. The fingers end in sharp, claw-like tips, and it drips with a corrosive, green ichor.

Price: 8.5 billion soul coins.]

...

[Soul Reaver's Chalice

Appearance: A dark, silver chalice inscribed with runes of power and filled with a swirling, mist-like essence of stolen souls. It glows faintly with an eerie, blue light.

Price: 7 billion soul coins.]

[Obsidian Orb of Oblivion

Appearance: A perfectly smooth, pitch-black orb that seems to contain a swirling galaxy of darkness within. It hovers and pulses with an unseen, malevolent energy.

Price: 9.5 billion soul coins.]

"..."

"I think we entered the wrong page," Drakthor said with an expressionless face. "Those are definitely not things we should watch. Look, there's written 'lowest to high,' you should tap on it, maybe that can bring us to the right place, we poor people need to go." He pointed to the top left corner of the interface.

"Well, you're right, but at least let's see why these items are so f*cking expensive," Myne said angrily, wiping saliva from his mouth and tapping on the grimoire. He couldn't understand what could make a simple book so damn expensive. After all, the other objects still looked good and cool, but there was really nothing worth mentioning about this book.

[Grimoire of Eternal Torment

Price: 7.5 billion soul coins (Buy Now and get a 0.0000001% discount!)

About The Relic:

Cover: The Grimoire of Eternal Torment is bound in ancient, leathery skin, rumoured to be from the hide of the first fallen demon. The cover features a grinning skull that moves and speaks in cryptic tongues, its hollow eyes glowing with an ominous red light.

Pages: The pages are made from the skin of damned souls, with text written in blood that seems to pulse with a heartbeat. The edges of the pages are singed, giving off a faint, sulfurous odour.

Activation: To open the Grimoire, the user must pour a significant amount of mana into it. As mana flows into the book, the skull on the cover comes to life, cackling maniacally as the Grimoire unlocks and opens, releasing dark, oppressive energy.

Inner Interface: Upon opening, a holographic interface emerges from the pages, displaying layers of ethereal, demonic scripts and symbols floating in the air. The interface is a swirling vortex of shadow and fire, with infernal designs that constantly shift and change.

Spell Library: The Grimoire contains an extensive library of dark spells and rituals found in every corner of hell, ranging from summoning ancient demons to unleashing apocalyptic curses. Each spell is accompanied by vivid, moving illustrations depicting the horrific effects of the magic.

Absolute Abilities: The spells within the Grimoire are incredibly powerful and can alter reality itself. Examples include summoning infernal armies, creating rifts in time and space, and bestowing god-like powers upon the user.

Customizable Spells: Users can combine and customize spells to create unique and devastating effects, allowing for endless possibilities in their dark magic.

Soul Harvesting: The Grimoire can harvest souls directly from living beings, drawing out their essence with a mere touch. These souls can be used to fuel spells or stored within the book for later use.

Soul Fusion: The book allows the user to fuse souls together, creating powerful, hybrid entities that can serve as familiars, guardians, or slaves. These fused souls possess abilities and strengths far beyond ordinary creatures and can grow three times as fast as normal creatures and have no limit to their growth.

Binding Curses: The book can place powerful, unbreakable curses on individuals, objects, or places. These curses can range from eternal suffering to absolute obedience to the user.

Enchanting Objects: Users can imbue objects with dark magic, creating cursed weapons, armour, and tools that possess extraordinary abilities and sinister effects.

Summoning Armies: The Grimoire can summon vast armies of undead, demons, and other infernal creatures to serve the user. These armies are bound by powerful magic and are nearly unstoppable in battle.

Commanding Legions: The user gains the ability to command and control these summoned beings with absolute authority, orchestrating complex strategies and overwhelming their enemies with sheer force.

Portal Creation: The Grimoire can open portals to various dimensions, including the darkest depths of Hell. These portals can be used for travel, summoning allies, or banishing enemies to other unknown realms.

Dimensional Control: Users can manipulate the fabric of different dimensions, altering their landscapes, inhabitants, and even the flow of time within them. Of course, the caster must have authorization for that dimension.

Ancient Secrets: The Grimoire contains forbidden knowledge and secrets from the dawn of time, including the true names of all living gods and demons, hidden histories, and the origins of the universe.

Omniscience: When connected to the Grimoire, the user gains access to vast amounts of information, allowing them to see through illusions, predict the future, and understand any language or code present in the omniverse.

Price Justification:

The Grimoire of Eternal Torment is worth 7.5 billion soul coins due to its unparalleled power and versatility. Its ability to manipulate souls, cast reality-altering spells, traverse dimensions, and command legions of infernal beings makes it one of the most potent and feared artefacts in existence.

The book's potential to grant god-like powers and eternal knowledge to its users is unmatched, solidifying its status as a priceless and coveted relic of Hell.]

...

"Where did you say where is the bottom that shows our true status?" Myne asked Drakthor after reading the description of the Grimoire of Eternal Torment, and realizing why this seemingly useless book was so expensive. He quickly returned to the previous page and asked while looking at the top of the interface.

"It is on the left side of yours," Drakthor said emotionlessly. His face had grown even darker after learning that he was looking at a true relic of Hell. However, In his mind, he

decided that from that day on, he would start saving as many souls as possible so that he could also buy an absolutely powerful relic like this one, one day as well.

Chapter 505. Zarathunathis' Army Strikes

[Infernal Toothpick

Appearance: A small, charred piece of bone with a pointed tip.

Use: Primarily used for picking teeth, it occasionally emits a faint sulfuric smell.

Price: 1 soul coin.]

[Cursed Spoon

Appearance: A tarnished silver spoon with a twisted handle and a small skull motif at the end.

Use: Used for eating, but it makes food taste slightly bitter.

Price: 2 soul coins.]

[Demonic Candle

Appearance: A short, black candle with red wax that drips continuously without ever melting away.

Use: Provides dim, eerie light but occasionally flickers out randomly.

Price: 1 soul coin (five candles).]

[Haunted Mirror

Appearance: A small handheld mirror with a cracked surface and a tarnished silver frame.

Use: Reflects the user's image with a slight delay, often distorting their appearance. Perfect for playing pranks.

Price: 3 soul coins.]

...

[Possessed Quill

Appearance: A feather quill that writes with ink made from demon blood.

Use: Can write by itself but often scribbles nonsensical or rude messages.

Price: 5 soul coins.]

[Whispering Key

Appearance: A rusty, old-fashioned key that seems to whisper unintelligible words.

Use: Opens any mundane lock but occasionally jams or sticks.

Price: 3 soul coins.]

[Fiendish Flask

Appearance: A small, ornate flask made from dark glass with silver inlays depicting demonic symbols.

Use: Keeps any liquid at the perfect temperature indefinitely and can purify even the foulest substances.

Price: 20 soul coins.]

"Now, those seem something our level can afford, but I am quite disappointed with those products," Drakthor said while rubbing his chin. He didn't find anything useful on this page. Among all twenty objects, only the last one seems a bit useful. The rest of them are just junk, at least for demons.

After all, have you ever seen a demon brushing their teeth, or needing a key to enter someone's house? What would they do with their magic then, abandon it? And a haunting mirror? Their own face is creepy enough to scare the shit out of other races who saw them. Why need this kind of thing?"

"Maybe because those things aren't for demons at all, but outsiders like us," Myne replied while rolling his eyes. "Those things might be garbage in your eyes, but even one of them, if you put it on the market, you can easily earn thousands of gold coins. Especially this Whispering Key, assassins, and thieves would be willing to sell their entire properties to buy it.

This key can open the door to endless wealth for them... By the way, can you give me some souls? I wanted to see how we can buy things through this status," He asked, looking at Drakthor, who gave him a disdainful look and instantly moved his chair away from him.

"Do I look like a fool to you?" Drakthor retorted. "First of all, I don't have any spare souls, and even if I had, why would I give them to you? You already owe me a lot of souls, don't forget that. And secondly, it's not like you're going to buy anything for me. You bastard wanted to rob money from me, dream on."

"Miserly bastard, I told you that you could kill all the guards here and take their souls, but you perverted geezer, instead of dealing with those guards or men who were touting those poor women, were busy with getting a blowjob from the young ladies, and now you're blaming me?" Myne yelled out angrily.

After all, because of his laziness, now he not only has to collect souls for the bottomless pit in his hand (Statue) but also for this cheap ungrateful bastard.

"Sigh, forget it, there is no need to waste breath on a poor ghost like you.

I might as well check other categories," Myne said, while getting out from the category of hand with colourful flames floating on its fingers, and was about to tap on the skull with blood dripping on it, when suddenly everything started shaking and a bright red light came from in front of them, which was so powerful that it forced them to cover their eyes with their arms.

"Roar!!!"

Before the light couldn't die down, a loud roar of a monster sounded in the entire hall, and Myne only felt a gust of wind pass by him, and the sound of a loud explosion sounded behind him. Then, one after another, the sound of rapid footsteps of creatures running around them, and wings flapping could be heard continuously.

Finally, a few seconds later, the bright red light dimmed down, and Myne was able to see again. But as his vision returned to normal, he saw a five-meter-tall giant beast with six legs, two tails, a single big eye that covered almost half its face, and a colossal big mouth with razor-sharp teeth.

With a metal device-like collar with two white gems inserted in it wrapped around its neck, it rushed towards him at crazy speed.

Subconsciously, Myne quickly raised his arms to cover his face with eyes closed, but when the pain he expected didn't come, he opened his eyes and saw there was no sign of the big monster, only a big portal could be seen in front of him, from which all kinds and

sizes of monsters were rushing out like a tide, and going behind him, completely ignoring him and Drakthor as if they didn't exist at all.

Turning back in confusion, he saw the entrance, which was sealed with a super solid meter door, was still there, but a big seven-meter-tall hole appeared in the wall beside it, which led straight as far as the eyes could see. Seeing the hole, in which all the monsters were going, Myne understood what that loud booming sound he heard before was.

"Don't scare children, those toys won't dare to harm you. I have left my aura on you, you are absolutely safe," Just when Myne wanted to ask about those monsters Drakthor beside him, who surprisingly was very calm as if it was not a big deal for him, suddenly heard Zarathunathis's proud voice.

"Lord Zarathunathis, these are your army?" Myne and Drakthor walked toward Zarathunathis, and Drakthor, who was still hoping to get a reward, asked with an admiration tone.

"Of course, this is my army, otherwise you didn't expect that I do everything by myself, right? Of course, I can do that, but then it would be no more fun, and everything would be over in a matter of minutes...

Well, it seems like they have already started, let's go and see, you two also understand how I work, maybe you can also learn a thing or two from me, right?" Zarathunathis, saying that, snapped his finger, and Myne and Drakthor only felt their vision get blurry before they realized what going on, they were already stood in the sky on top of the Ember Falls City, which now was in utter chaos.

Under the moonless sky, Ember Falls City had never seemed so vulnerable. The air was thick with a palpable sense of dread as the demonic monsters, each more terrifying than the last, rampaged through the streets. Their eyes glowed with malevolent intent, and their howls pierced the night, sending shivers down the spines of the city's inhabitants.

Shops and homes, once filled with warmth and light, became twisted remnants of a brutal attack. The magical lanterns and lamps on the road, flickering desperately, cast long, frantic shadows as if the city itself was trembling in fear.

In the heart of the chaos, the city's defenders struggled valiantly, their faces set in grim determination. Their swords clashed with the monsters' claws, sparks flying in the darkness, but the overwhelming numbers of the demonic horde pushed them to the brink. The smell of smoke and blood filled the air, mingling with the cries of the wounded and the dying.

Yet, amidst the despair, there were glimmers of resistance. Some brave souls, unwilling to surrender, fought on, their spirits unyielding. They moved through the wreckage, saving those they could, their courage a beacon in the engulfing darkness. Though battered and bloodied, Ember Falls City refused to fall easily, its heart still beat with defiance against the nightmarish siege.

Boom!

A small, few-meter-tall mushroom cloud appeared at the position where more than twenty city guards were crazily fighting with the demonic monsters. When the dust settled, even their ashes didn't leave behind, only a meter-deep crater and a lot of destroyed buildings were proof of their now destroyed existence.

Myne turned his head to see which guy had released such a powerful attack and saw that it was a half-monster, half-demon-like creature, with the lower body of a spider but the upper body of a humanoid man, who was holding a cannon-like thing on his shoulder, which was the culprit behind this attack.

Then Myne saw that weird spider guy throw a black metallic object into the mouth of the cannon, charge it with his mana for a few seconds, before looking around, and after confirming a target, he jumped very high and pulled the trigger.

As he did, with a loud bang, the metallic ball he put inside before shot with crazy speed from the cannon and hit the ground before a building, and with another big explosion, everything around the targeted location was blasted apart.

BOOM!

While Myne was greedily admiring the cannon in the spider guy's hands, a loud explosion sounded from the castle direction, and the big beast with one eye but six legs, which gave Myne almost a heart attack, shot out from the castle like a rocket and crashed on nearby houses, destroying a lot of them.

Everyone unintentionally only gave the beast a single glance until he was smashing house after house. When he finally stopped, they quickly turned their heads at the big hole in the centre of the castle and saw a girl with blonde hair wearing tattered night clothes, floating out from the castle, her eyes were completely dark, surrounded by a red demonic aura.

Chapter 506. Cowardly Tricks == No, Wizard Style Fighting == Yes

After coming out of the castle, the blonde-haired girl gave Myne, Drakthor, and Zarathunathis, especially the latter, a deep look. The former two were just coming into her sight. Then, she turned and flowed toward the area where most humes were gathered together, desperately trying to resist the demonic army.

There, she showed no regard for either side and like a wolf entering a herd of sheep, began slaughtering everyone in her path, greedily devouring their souls.

"This b*tch, who does she think she is? Not only did she not give Lord Zarathunathis face, but she's also killing his people and devouring souls that belong to him," Drakthor, whose face turned purple from anger as if he saw his parents' killer, spoke while gritting his teeth.

"If only I wasn't so weak, I would have surely taught that b*tch a good lesson." Finishing his statement, he looked at Myne, making question marks appear on his head, and continued,

"Brother, it's time to shine, go and teach that b*tch a good lesson. No one can have a good life after messing with Lord Zarathunathis. And remember, don't hold back." Drakthor patted Myne's shoulder with a face full of sincerity as if he were truly giving Myne a heavy responsibility.

Then he started looking angrily in the direction of the blonde girl, completely ignoring the murderous intent coming from Myne.

Seeing that Drakthor had successfully thrown the pot of trouble on his head, and now ignoring him, he looked at Zarathunathis, who gave him a happy nod with an expression of encouragement. This was more than enough for Myne to know that he was f*cked.

Cursing Drakthor to death in his heart, Myne gave Zarathunathis a forced smile, before falling into the red portal that suddenly appeared below him.

When his vision became clear, he saw a blonde-haired girl 30 meters away from him, who looked no different than a beast now ripping a man in armour with bare hands into two parts from the middle, before jumping on the second soldier who was stabbing his spear into her heart.

She grabbed his neck, lifted him up a few inches from the ground, and thrust her palm into his heart, pulling it out in one go.

Thud.

She threw aside the man's lifeless body with eyes wide open and, as if eating an apple, she started eating the heart and continued walking forward. However, only four steps later, she stopped and turned around, staring at Myne behind her.

An eerie silence which only the two of them could feel hung in the air. Everything around them slowed down, but only from their perspective. Drakthor, who was waiting for the action, couldn't help but complain.

"What are they staring at each other for so long? Why not start the battle?"

"Child, does that human kid is strong?" Zarathunathis, who was also in full mood of watching the fun, suddenly asked while his arms crossed over on his chest.

"Huh? I didn't know very well. After all, tonight is the first time we meet. But he has quite some powerful spells. He had previously made a solid, big iron door into dust just by touching it, and I couldn't even understand how he cast that spell. So he should be very powerful, right?"

"Why, Lord Zarathunathis, is there any problem?" Drakthor asked confusedly, he didn't understand why this big boss-level character asking such a strange question.

"Nothing. It just seems like that demon in the girl's body is having some problem which normally shouldn't have happened. Unless the person he possessed met someone whom he/she hates to the point that they will burn their own soul to take revenge, this is a very dangerous situation for any demon."

"Because once that happens, not only does he lose control over the body but is forced to give all his knowledge and powers to the person whose body he possessed and become just a watcher in the background. And by any chance, if the person loses his life, the demon soul will also burn down and be destroyed completely without any chance of getting reborn in hell again."

"Overall, completely f*cked up, and that poor guy is going through that situation. That's why he is standing there so silently, it is not that he didn't want to kill that kid and continue his hunting, but because the body's turn owner had taken back control and is now burning her soul to kill that human kid. I wonder what he had done to her that she hates him so much.

Sigh, he is indeed a person who is recognized by hell and has a demonic aura surrounding him. I just hope he can survive today, he is an interesting kid," Zarathunathis, after finishing speaking, waved his hand. A glass bottle filled with strange purple liquid appeared in his hand, and he took a deep sip from it.

Drakthor, who knew that he had messed up everything and if Myne survived today he would be done for as well, prayed to the seven levels of hell's Lords to bless him and let Myne die in battle.

"I FINALLY FOUND YOU!"

While Drakthor and Zarathunathis were having a conversation, the blonde girl, who was shaking nonstop while a bone-cracking sound could be heard from inside her, spoke while pointing at Myne. Her voice was metallic and disordered, very unpleasant to hear.

However, her voice was the least of Myne's concerns. What actually made him frown was the continually changing appearance of the blonde girl and her comment "Finally found you."

What doesn't she mean, 'finally found you'? Don't we meet for the first time? Have I become so famous that my fans are spread all over the world and they are dying to meet me? And this demon in a girl's body is also one of my crazy fans? But what have I done to have such a crazy fan following? Myne thought seriously while rubbing his chin.

He looked at the blonde girl who was now surrounded by a dark, eerie aura that gave goosebumps to people just watching it. Of her both black eyes, one had now turned white. Two small horns-like antennae had grown out from her skull, as well as two bloody, scary-looking wings without any outer skin. They now looked like a bloody mess. A long tail with full of sharp blades was on it.

Her entire body was covered in red scales like a dragon. Her hands' nails grew longer and sharper. Her already long blonde hair became even longer and thicker and now floated on its own without the help of any wind.

"Umm, Miss, do I know you?" Finally not finding any memory in his mind about this blonde girl, Myne couldn't control himself and asked out casually with his trademark smile.

However, as soon as he said that, it was as if someone had poured oil on fire. The dark aura surrounding her instantly entered a frenzied stage, and the girl rushed toward him with astonishing speed.

Myne, who already expected this kind of treatment as he had been beaten like that before, just when the girl was ten meters away from him, instantly opened a portal right

in front of him. The girl, because of her speed, just passed through it, and he closed the portal behind him immediately after that, while breathing a sigh of relief, leaving the audience completely speechless.

"That's it? F*ck, bastard! We wanted to see an interesting fight, not a cowardly trick," Drakthor, who was desperately waiting for the fierce, earth-shaking battle, yelled out at Myne angrily. Not for the fact that he was currently standing in the air with the help of Zarathunathis' power, he would have long ago flown toward Myne and started fighting with him instead.

"What do you mean by 'cowardly trick'? This is called strategy, all right? Don't you see how weirdly that blonde girl was behaving? There is no way I will fight her head-on unless my head is empty like yours," Myne, who had black lines on his forehead after hearing Drakthor complain, yelled back at him angrily.

"All right, children, don't be so excited, this is far from ending. Look, she has returned," Zarathunathis stopped Myne and Drakthor from barking at each other and spoke while pointing to the sky above Myne's head, where a dark red hexagram array of 3 meters appeared in mid-air.

The next moment, a person fell from it toward Myne at crazy speed like a meteorite. However, before it could smash into Myne, another portal appeared right on top of his head, and like a small stone thrown into the sea, she disappeared into the portal without leaving any trace behind.

This time, no one spoke anything and just stared at the beautiful night sky full of shiny stars, waiting patiently. Four minutes later, another hexagram array appeared in the sky, and a familiar blonde girl without any clothes emerged.

If it was before her transformation, Myne's eyes would have surely lit up, but now It didn't matter much, as her entire body was covered in scales, and there was no beautiful pink cave between her legs.

Even her breasts were hard as iron, without any nipples, leaving no room for any man to see any beauty except her figure, which was also destroyed by the dark aura, and her fierce expression on her face.

This time, she didn't rush toward Myne like a mindless beast and make a fool of herself. Instead, she raised her hand, and a purple energy ball appeared on her palm, which continued to grow until it became one meter big.

She then threw it at Myne. When she threw it, it was very slow, and even a child could dodge it. But after getting a few meters away from her body, its speed increased so much that a normal person couldn't see it with their eyes.

In the blink of an eye, it appeared before Myne, passed through a glowing blue portal before him, and smashed into the back of the blonde girl, exploding with such power that she smashed into the ground like a cannonball, making a dozen meters deep crater in the centre of an unfortunate guy's house.

Chapter 507. The Girl from the Past

"I didn't expect that this kid could cast an instant teleportation spell at such a young age, and proficiency is also very high," Zarathunathis complimented with a satisfied look on his face. "He is a real talent."

"But there is no fun in this kind of battle. This is simply one side beating. That poor guy couldn't even touch him, let's not talk about taking her revenge," Drakthor, who wanted to see Myne dead, complained disappointedly.

"Hehehe, don't judge someone so easily," Zarathunathis said while pointing in the direction of the blonde girl's crash site. "This is far from one side beating. Look, she has sealed the space of this area. Now, unless a high-level counter spell is used, no one can use teleportation magic here."

As he finished speaking a red light shot at the sky, around fifty meters above the ground, and an invisible transparent dome-like bubble surrounded half of the city.

Myne also saw the red light going up into the sky. Still, because he didn't have the skill to see invisible energy like Zarathunathis and Drakthor, nor did he know anything about space magic, he just thought the blonde was venting her anger by shooting her attack at the sky.

A minute or so later, the blonde girl flowed out from the destroyed house without any injury, despite taking such a powerful attack. She rushed toward Myne at her full speed.

Blinded by overconfidence, Myne didn't take her attack seriously. He even acted as if he was bored of this kind of lame attack. Just when the blonde girl was about to collide with him, he waved his hand to activate the teleportation skill with his mind, but he only got punched in the stomach with crazy power and flew out from his place like a cannonball, disappearing from everyone's sight.

"I thought you would be going to remind him," Zarathunathis said, looking at Myne's small body smashing into the building after building without showing any sign of stopping. "Aren't you friends?"

"But my Lord, how do I know that a person with good control over space magic couldn't even detect a little abnormality? I thought he would have felt the space locking and just wanted to show off his other powerful spell. That's why he was so relaxed and taunting her, but now it seems that wasn't the case," Drakthor replied innocently.

Because his words made sense, Zarathunathis also didn't say anything else, just continued watching the show while listening to the cries of inhabitants of the city and the roar of demonic monsters killing them like ants.

"Cough, cough, f*ck! It hurts like hell, why the hell, that damn teleportation skill didn't work this time?" Myne muttered while moving away the big rock on top of himself and coughing blood like a waterfall. He lifted his shirt and saw a big hole in his stomach, deep enough to reach his ribs. If he didn't have the ultra regeneration skill, he might be taking his last breath right now.

Thankfully, the horrific wound and other injuries disappeared until he walked out of the destroyed hotel.

He tried a few times and confirmed that he couldn't use his teleportation skill, but the rest of them were still working fine.

So that red energy beam was fired for this reason, huh? And here I was thinking she had gone even crazier from irritation after taking a few beatings with her own attack, Myne thought annoyingly while scratching his head and looking at the two ungrateful bastards who seemed to know about it but still hadn't told him anything.

If everyone has friends like them, then there is no need for enemies to f*ck your life, they are alone more the enough to do that.

"Now which skill should I use to deal with this crazy b*tch?" Myne muttered with a smile while his eyes focused on a certain skill.

Better to finish her with as few skills as possible. Showing too much is also not a good thing, especially when the audience is highly dangerous, and you have no way to save your ass. Thinking such, Myne quickly scanned the status window but paused suddenly.

"Now I think about it, why did this Peaceful Resonance, which had saved that Edward guy's ass until now, have no effect on this girl? Shouldn't her anger have vanished after seeing me under the effect of this skill, and she becomes my friend temporarily?... Forget it, maybe she is not something this level one skill can handle.

Let's continue with the old method to resolve the dispute," Myne muttered with a smile while his eyes focused on a certain skill.

"If she can still survive after taking this attack, then I will surely run away from here."

Finished saying this, Myne looked at the blonde girl who landed a few meters away from him and again asked in a loud voice, "Miss, at least tell me why you are crazy for my little life before I send you to your right place. I didn't think we had even met before, right?"

Hearing Myne's question, the blonde girl paused suddenly, then her body started shaking with anger. The aura around her crazily started growing; it was so violent that the normal people who were hiding in buildings around them started trembling in fright, and some weak-hearted even knocked out.

Then the girl moved. Each step left a deep footprint on the hard ground as if she was carrying a mountain on top of her. Soon she came right in front of Myne and grabbed his neck very hard. As she did, Myne thought she was going to punch him or burn him with her magic, when suddenly he felt stranger memories coming into his mind.

They were clearly not his because in those memories he saw himself standing right before him, saying something like, "What would you give me if I help you?" Finally, after he sorted out all the memories, he remembered who this girl was.

"Ahh, now I remember," Myne said with enlightened expression. "So you are that stupid brat who was caught by two thugs (Chapter 72) and asked my help when I was passing by."

But when I asked why would I risk my life for you, you just said that you had nothing and wanted me to fight with those two dangerous thugs and risk my life for a stranger who didn't even want to give me any reward, and talked rudely even though she needed help..."

"But why are you angry with me? When did not fighting for a stranger and caring about my own life become a crime? I just asked if I could get any reward so that even if I was injured, at least I could go to a healer, but you simply said you had no money despite wearing a very expensive golden necklace on your neck under your clothes..."

Well let me ask, if I were in your place and got beaten by those thugs, would you come and save me without caring whether you could beat those two thugs or not?"

Myne, after understanding the entire matter, calmly explained. Although most of the time he didn't like talking nonsense, but when the opponent was quite powerful, it was better to use the ultimate weapon, Mouth no jutsu, and settle everything peacefully, which seemed to have some effect as the aura around the blonde girl slowly started calming down.

"But those thugs were not powerful, and with the strength you have right now, you can easily kill them if you wanted," The girl's expression suddenly changed, and she asked while tightly gripping Myne's neck.

"Yes, I can, but why do I do that? It is my life, my choice. I will save whom I want, and I don't if I don't want. What's wrong with that? This is the same when you see a beggar on the road, and if you are in a good mood, you can give him some money otherwise just ignore him."

"After all, there are too many beggars and you are just a single person. Or you just give him everything you have and start begging in his place, while making him rich," Myne, who had activated the Unbeatable skill, was now feeling nothing no matter how powerfully the blonde girl grabbed his neck, said with disdain full look on his face, before casually taking a step forward and hugging her.

He didn't forget to touch her wings and sharp tails to feel them, and the experience wasn't anything worth mentioning.

The blonde girl seemed to also want to give Myne a lovely hug. She let go of his neck, put her arms behind him and hugged him tightly as well, so much that despite having the Unbeatable skill activated, he could feel a little bit of sensation on his back, which showed how much strength she was putting to crush him.

Myne, seeing that his Unbeatable skill time was about to run out and only eleven seconds were left, first used Absolute Evasion so his ultimate defence could last longer, then he pasted himself with her so she didn't break away from him at the last moment, before quickly activating his most powerful skill, Unique Magic • Lightning.

Because he didn't want to take a chance of her surviving, he used up almost all of the mana saved in his inventory, which was quite a lot, thanks to his new increased recovery speed, and some mana potion.

"I hope I never see your face again."

The blonde girl only felt a deep sense of danger coming from Myne suddenly and wanted to get away from him, but surprisingly found that her torso had connected to Myne's with magic and was not easy to break. And even if it was, she didn't have time, as suddenly Myne's entire body was surrounded by purple lightning.

Chapter 508. Inferno of Thunderbolts

BOOM!

The world erupted in a flash of blinding white, as a colossal bolt of purple thunder erupted from Myne's body. It tore a furrow into the dark sky with its blinding brilliance, ripping the cloth of darkness apart, and illuminating it like a beacon.

The demons and inhabitants of the city, who were running everywhere to save their asses, looked up at the sky filled with lightning and gaped in awe and terror at the spectacle. This would surely be the first and last time they had seen something so dangerous in their lives.

Moments later, the sky responded, and one after another, massive lightning bolts crashed down upon Myne and the blonde girl who was terrified to the point of shaking in fear. They enshrouded them in a sphere of raw energy, creating an electrifying aura around their bodies, and slowly destroying them. Myne was safe with the help of his skills but the blonde girl wasn't that lucky.

A crackling sphere of purple lightning enshrouded Myne, a vortex of raw power. Within seconds, the force field pulsated with terrifying lightning energy. The very air sizzled around him, as tendrils of purple thunderbolts lashed out to the surrounding ground. Explosions rocked the landscape, buildings were blasted apart, as were nearby people and monsters, who had the wrong ideas.

Craters two or more meters deep started appearing everywhere the thunderbolts hit.

BOOM!!!

"What the hell is this?" Drakthor exclaimed with disbelief, his mouth open so wide that someone could easily put two eggs in it. "How can he possibly cast such a powerful spell? He doesn't even have so much mana. Where is his energy to support this spell coming from?"

Never in his wildest dreams had he expected that the little brat he was messing with was hiding this level of power.

"Although the mana is coming from his own body, the source is completely unknown, as if he had an additional organ to store more mana in his body," Zarathunathis replied with a chuckle while looking at the dark cloud in the sky which rained down thunderbolts on Myne and destroyed everything around him. "This is quite interesting... And he is also going to save me a lot of time."

"Huh?" Drakthor didn't understand what he meant and wanted to ask when an ear-splitting blast echoed through the miles away. Turning his head, he looked at Myne and the blonde girl, and after seeing the scene before him, his blood ran cold.

Finally, the energy reached its peak, and with a deafening roar, the lightning sphere detonated like a nuclear bomb. The explosion was cataclysmic, a blinding flash of purple light followed by a shockwave of lightning that radiated outwards from Myne's location. The sheer force of the blast tore through the city, reducing buildings to rubble and turning everything in its way to ash.

A few minutes later, when the dust settled, a massive crater dozens of meters deep marked where Myne and the blonde girl were standing. Surrounding half a mile of the city lay in smouldering ruins, with black smoke and lightning sparks releasing from the ground.

Hundreds of thousands of souls, in milky white energy beams, rushed toward Zarathunathis like a little child seeing his mother after getting lost and merged into his body.

Drakthor beside him looked at them enviously but dared not do anything that could cost him his life, so helplessly he could only look in the direction of the big smoke cloud where Myne and the blonde girl had stood, and wave his hand.

A powerful gust of wind suddenly blew away, revealing the scene hidden within it.

"Cough, cough, cough, f*ck, I think I did too much," Myne staggered away from his original location, his entire body turned black especially his front side as if someone had rubbed charcoal on him. His clothes were turned to ash, giving his poor little bird in a cage some time to breathe. As for the blonde girl, there was no sign of her anywhere.

After regaining his breath, Myne first took out a bucket of water, poured it on himself, and then cast a cleaning skill so the black dust washed away, he had no habit of letting his body be covered with someone's ashes.

Before taking out a pair of shorts and a casual shirt, he quickly wore them as he could feel Drakthor's evil gaze on his precious body, which didn't give him time to wear something nice.

As he finished wearing clothes, Myne suddenly felt himself grabbed by an invisible hand and pulled uncontrollably towards Drakthor and Zarathunathis.

"Your dick is much smaller than I expected. Do all human males have such a small dicks?" Drakthor taunted as soon as Myne came to them, with a smile that didn't look like a smile, even showing him with his hands the size of his own member, which was a shocking 15 inches long. But considering a average demon's size, which was much larger than a human's, it didn't seem weird.

Seeing Drakthor joking about his little brother height, Myne didn't explode; instead, he smiled happily and spoke with his arms wide open, "My dear friend Drakthor, thanks for your concern, I really needed it. Why don't you come and give me a little hug? It might have a better effect than your empty words."

"Hell no, stay away from me, psycho! I am not that kind of person, even if I had to die, I will never hug a man. I like women more," Drakthor said angrily, protecting his chest with his arms.

"Why are you thinking about those naughty things? I was just asking for a casual hug between two brothers. There is nothing wrong with it," As Myne finished speaking, he suddenly started floating toward Drakthor—an obvious evil deed of Zarathunathis.

"Stay away from me, don't come closer," Drakthor, who had just witnessed the result of getting hugged by Myne, desperately wanted to get away from him. But because he was tightly held in place by a certain Big Boss, he could only warn Myne with his mouth, which had no effect at all.

CAAARACK!!

"NOOO!!!"

As Myne finally hugged Drakthor, a thundering of clouds suddenly sounded from behind him. Drakthor let out a loud, girly scream and tightly closed his eyes.

"For a demon, you are quite a coward," Zarathunathis, who was making the thundering sound from behind, couldn't help but complain with a chuckle, before spreading them both apart.

"But Lord Zarathunathis, this guy just destroyed half of a city to deal with a single person. How can you expect a small demon like me not to be scared?" Drakthor complained awkwardly, while giving Myne an angry glance.

"And because of this, look how earlier my work had complete. Now there are only a few hundred thousand people left, otherwise it would have taken my monster army at least two more hours to kill everyone... Forget it, there is no point in explaining to you. Little guy, you have done a great job. Let me give you a small reward. Bring out my statue," Zarathunathis said with a smile.

Myne, whose eyes instantly lit up hearing the word 'reward', quickly took out the statue of Zarathunathis, which was a portal marker.

Zarathunathis suddenly snapped his fingers, and a plain black color ring appeared in his hand. He grabbed it with his index finger and thumb, and touched the statue with the ring before making it vanish. Then he told Myne to activate the statue.

Myne did as told but showed no change in interface until his eyes fell on the soul coins section. Now the previous big zero turned triple, and there was also an additional number one written before them.

"One thousand soul coins are more than enough for a person of your level. You can surely be able to buy what you needed... It seems that b*tch has found me despite me taking every possible measure. She had become more dangerous than last time. It is going to be a lot of pain in ass..."

"Alright, children, your work here is finished. Now you better get as far from here as possible. Things are about to get out of hand..."

Zarathunathis, who was happily chatting with Myne, suddenly paused. His second head, which always stayed in a sleeping state, suddenly opened its dark eyes and looked in the southwest direction before speaking to Myne and Drakthor and waving his hand. The next moment, two red portals appeared under both of them, and they fell into them without a chance to say anything.

As the portal closed, a beam of golden light appeared a hundred meters away from Zarathunathis, and after it disappeared, three figures stood in the air, looking down on the city with frowns on their faces.

"Huh? Did that woman only send you three little children to deal with me? Don't tell me she wanted to make me become a training dummy for you, so you can hone your skills by fighting with a powerful opponent... Now she is looking down on me too much," Zarathunathis said with disdain while looking at Jormungandr, Ymir, and Levi.

"Demon, you shouldn't have come to our world," Ymir, who was wearing a red metal armor from head to toe with a Naginata sword in his hand, spoke in an angry voice.

"Bastard, you will pay the price for killing all of those people," Jormungandr, who had turned into a three-meter-tall muscular middle aged man with red hair and a small beard, and red dragon scales on his entire muscular body, even on his cheeks and forehead, had a long thick tail with scales.

He said while gritting his teeth, waving his hand angrily, and his hands turned into dragon claws and surrounded by blue fire.

Finally seeing that both old guys had given their starting speeches, and even revealed their cool appearance, Levi also came forward, wanting to say something when out of nowhere, a giant creature that looked like an eagle but in a demonic mutant version

appeared before her, grabbed her small two-meter-tall body into its giant iron claw, and flew away, leaving Jormungandr and Ymir speechless.

Chapter 509. Zarathunathis Vs. The Trio

"LEVI!!!"

"Damn it, I told you we shouldn't bring this brat with us!" Jormungandr, after calling out Levi's name, exclaimed angrily to Ymir beside him. Despite his harsh and concerned words, he had no intention of going to help her. Although he called her a brat, that wasn't the case, he knew she was more than capable of protecting herself.

"When did you say that? Why can't I remember anything about it?" Ymir replied, confusion evident in his voice, though his expression was hidden by his cool-looking helmet, which only revealed his eyes.

"I..."

Bang!

Jormungandr, who was dumbfounded by Ymir's unexpected response, wanted to explain when suddenly a metal ball-like object shot towards him with astonishing speed, striking his humanoid form with a powerful blast. Though Jormungandr's red scales were unharmed, the force of the impact sent him flying into a nearby temple-like building like a meteorite.

Whoosh!

Ymir, who had already noticed that while they were talking nonsense with each other like clowns, the enemies had started attacking them, suddenly swung down his Naginata sword, cutting the incoming cannonball into two parts with ease.

"All right, boys, I am not going to fight with this guy; he is a bit too serious for my own good, deal with yourself, I am going to find someone else," Said the guy with the lower body of a spider but the upper of a hume-like creature. He put away the cannon on his shoulder and quickly ran away. His destination was the castle, as he wanted to climb on top of it.

Then, while everyone was fighting their opponents, he would provide support from above. This way, not only would he get a lot of contribution points, but he also wouldn't have to worry about getting hurt.

"Coward!"

The one-eyed monster with six legs and two tails, who had previously been beaten by the blonde girl, roared out in a disgustful manner before shaking his head and leapt with all his force at Ymir, who was a similar size to him, around 5 meters tall.

Ymir, who was calm as seawater, stared at the big beast of his size approach. He raised his left hand, closed his fingers, and suddenly his entire arm was enveloped by a diamond-like substance. This didn't affect his arm at all, and when the beast, opened his mouth to attack, he punched hard on its chin, sending it spinning to the ground unconscious, clearly the beast underestimated his own power.

"Hahaha, and that idiot called me a coward, you deserve it stupid bastard," The spider guy, who was also looking at the fight while running, laughed out loud, seeing the miserable condition of the one-eyed beast who got beaten before he could show off. However, his mirth didn't last long, as he suddenly bumped into something hard, like a solid iron wall, and fell to the ground with a curse.

"What the hell...? How did you appear before me?" the spider guy asked Jormungandr, who was breathing heavily while the blue flame on his claws flickered wildly, clearly, he wasn't in a good mood after losing face before Ymir.

"Yes, it is time to return to hell, you damn bastard. Remember next time, when someone is speaking don't f*cking interrupt him," Jormungandr said while gritting his teeth, and punching the spider guy in the face, which splattered apart like a watermelon. The next moment, blue flames covered his body and turned it into ashes in a matter of seconds.

"Tsk, didn't have power but wanted to be arrogant before me," Jormungandr cursed the spider guy and flew toward Zarathunathis, who was watching everything calmly with his arms crossed on his chest, from beginning to end, with no intention of poking his nose in. Only after Levi also came back, having dealt with the eagle monsters, did he lower his arms and open his mouth.

"Well, I won't say I underestimated you, but at least to me in my current weak state, you three can indeed cause me some problems. So, I think it's better to reduce my workload, before deciding whom to deal with first, after all, as the party who represents Order, it is only natural to fight with an opponent fairly, right?"

Finished speaking, with a snap of his fingers, Zarathunathis vanished in a blinding flash of light, using his spell Blink, and reappearing before Ymir. His speed was even faster than light, so there was no way Ymir could see him coming. Until he was kicked in the chest and thrown inside the red portal that appeared behind him, he didn't react at all, as everything happened in less than a second.

"Now, since the big guy is gone, only you two are left, and dealing with you guys alone is no problem," Zarathunathis said, clapping his hands. Suddenly, a leather book with a real-looking skull on its cover, which eyes were burning with white flame, surrounded by a heavy, dark green aura that was so dense that it looked like liquid from afar, appeared before him.

As the book appeared, screams of hundreds of thousands of people echoed through the city, but Zarathunathis didn't give a f*ck about it. He opened the book and began flipping through the pages until he reached the middle.

"This doesn't seem good. Shouldn't we stop him right now before he uses his ultimate move instead of waiting for him to finish doing whatever he wants and then get beaten?" Levi, who was having a very uncomfortable feeling from the skull book, asked with concern while skillfully hiding her small body behind Jormungandr, leaving only her head out.

"If you can think of this, then who's stopping you from attacking?" Jormungandr retorted angrily. "Did you come here to watch the fun or what? And why the hell are you hiding behind me? Go there and fight him.

Do you want me to take your share of beating as well?" Grabbing Levi by the neck, he threw her at Zarathunathis before clapping his hands and summoning a blue flame spear, which he hurled with all his might.

Levi, who was forced to fight, had no choice but to lock her palms together. As she slowly moved them apart, a ball of dense electricity appeared between them. As her palms moved further apart, the lightning ball grew larger until it was the size of a football. She then threw it at Zarathunathis.

Zarathunathis, who was calmly scanning a certain spell in the book, just casually glanced at the incoming attacks, rolled his eyes at their childish tricks, and did something he had just been inspired to do a few minutes ago.

Just as the flaming spear was only two meters away from him, a small portal appeared in front of it, and the spear vanished into it. Levi's lightning ball suffered the same fate, leaving them both dumbfounded.

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Other Side of the World...

The Endless Desert...

"I told Big Sis to tell Mother to do something about this goddamn desert, but no one listens to me, as if I always talk nonsense, even that brat Levi, gets more importance than me. Also, I don't understand the meaning of its wretched desert existence. No intelligent race is willing to step even a foot here, and even the few small creatures that live here can hardly manage their lives.

Resources are scarce as hell here, and even if even searched the entire desert you couldn't find a drop of water, everyone hates it, but no one is willing to do anything about it. Let's not talk about doing anything, they didn't take it seriously at all.

Most importantly its size has been increasing rapidly over the past hundred years. Previously, it suddenly appeared in a small area around a mile in diameter, but now it has spread into such a big area that it's called Endless."

"Sometimes I wonder if Mother has changed. Although there's no difference in her aura, personality, behaviour, or powers, however, some of her weird decisions always make me wonder if she's really the mother I grew up with," Ymir, who was flying over the top of the desert at full speed for at least five minutes, complain angrily.

He is currently a mile up in the sky, but still can't see the end of the desert.

Suddenly, Ymir stopped, his arms covered in a diamond-like skin. He punched his back with his all force, colliding with a blue flaming spear. A loud explosion sent him flying a few meters before he was stopped. But before he could understand what was going on, a lightning ball fell on his head, but he countered it with another powerful punch, breaking it like an air balloon.

"Damn it, those attacks have Levi and Jor's aura. It seems like they're in trouble. This is why I hate space magic the most," Ymir said angrily while taking out a golden ball-like thing and smashing it. As he did that, his body was surrounded by golden particles, and he disappeared from his place.

Chapter 510. The Spell Unleashed

"Well, it seems like we are not fated to be together, and here I was desperately thinking about saving you ass the entire time," Myne said, signing helplessly and looking at the bloody, broken leg before him on the destroyed bed.

After his great deed of destroying half the city, getting rewarded by Zarathunathis, and then being thrown into a random location in the middle of an unknown forest about which Myne had no idea, Myne initially wanted to go on his way to find June. But suddenly he thought of something and quickly returned to the castle of Ember Fall City.

The reason, of course, was to save the younger sister of the Viscount, the disabled, beautiful milf Phiyona, who was willing to sell herself to him as long as he gave her Edward's head.

However, fate didn't want to see that poor lady happy. When the one-eyed beast, after sensing the unknown demon inside the blonde girl, considered him an enemy, rushed toward his room, he suddenly sensed Phiyona, who was closest to the blonde girl's room

and made her its food without hesitation. After all, who didn't like to eat something sweet before going on a dangerous battle?

"Sigh, I hope at least in the next life she will have a better family," Myne prayed for a few seconds before turning around and walking out of the room while wiping nonexistent tears from his eyes. Well, he only knew her for a few minutes, you can't expect him to be sad for her right?

However, after coming out of the room, just when Myne was about to go to a safe location from where he could see which enemy Zarathunathis was talking about, his eyes suddenly fell on the metal door, which was now half-open and whose interior was completely surrounded by dense darkness, and nothing could be seen inside it.

"Forget it, too much curiosity is also not good for health, God knows what kind of gruesome thing would be waiting for me inside. It would be better if I mind my own business." Muttering such, Myne opened a portal and came to the top of the castle where there was a small observatory room-like place to see the view of the city from the top. He had seen this room accidentally and now it came in handy.

However, after coming out of the portal, the first thing that appeared before him was something that left him completely speechless, because he saw a big boss-level character like Zarathunathis using his trick to deal with his friends.

"Such an idiot am I, how can I forget about them? Who else can come to stop a dangerous demon from messing with the world, but its guardian beasts? But no matter what, that red-haired guy is so handsome. I also wanted to have a body like him... Sigh, I wonder who he is... Ohhh, that must have hit hard.

I hope Levi was all right..."

"Wait a minute... Fuck, I forgot about my promise, damn it, no wonder recently I've always had a feeling as if I am forgetting something very important. Shit, shit, she is going to eat me alive. What should I do... I have to think of a good excuse..."

Myne, who had just come out of the portal and saw Jormungandr getting beaten by his own attack, looked at his cool appearance with envy, however, when his eyes fell on Levi, who had been smashed into the ground by Zarathunathis with a casual wave of his hand, he knew he was f*cked up because he had completely forgotten about his promise of visiting her city.

Now instead of being a VIP guest, it would be a great luxury if he didn't get treated as a criminal.

"Now I am missing Fenrir more," Myne muttered anxiously, walking left and right in the observatory room and holding his head full of stress. "If she wasn't mad at me, I could ask for her help. Damn it, why is everything getting messed up?"

"All right, it's decided," He suddenly stopped and said, after making up his mind. "After the June matter is solved, I will first organize my life and bring everything into order. I can't just continue doing everything randomly and hope that nothing goes wrong.

Fenrir was already getting away from me, and I had to find a place back into her heart before it was too late, otherwise, I might not be able to see her ever again." Making up his mind, Myne took out a comfortable chair, some snacks, and started watching the show with great enjoyment."

...

"Levi, are you all right?" Jormungandr asked after coming beside Levi, who was coughing softly after getting out from the debris and nodded at him.

"I am all right, but I don't think we can deal with this guy like this," Levi said, adjusting her hair, "If Uncle Ymir was here, he might be able to fight with him, but we two are far from enough to deal with him without using our real powers.

Close combat wasn't what we are good at, but if we use full strength then the destruction would be so great that we might surely get beaten by Boss." She said annoyingly, clearly not in a good mood after getting beaten a few times. with her own attacks.

"Then let's try a chance strategy," Jormungandr suggested with a frown, "You make a big protection dome over the destroyed area of the city, powerful enough that when I use my full power inside it to kill that bastard, the area outside the dome doesn't disappear from the face of the world. This way not only can we deal with him, but we also don't have to get scolded by Boss. How does it sound?"

"The idea is good, but why me?" Levi asked with a pout, locking her arms below her chest, "My power level is similar to yours. I can also go in and deal with that ugly bastard."

"That's because I don't know a spell like that," Jormungandr replied with a playful smile while slowly flying toward Zarathunathis, "Also if something happened to you, how I am going to face that old guy? Do you want to make your aunties become widows at such young ages?"

"Wait, when do I have aunties?" Levi exclaimed, "Aren't you single? Hey, Uncle Jor, don't ignore..."

BOOM!

While Levi was completely focused on following Jormungandr and complaining, suddenly the demonic book with a skull on its cover, before Zarathunathis from which he was chanting a spell, released a powerful shockwave, so much that it shook the entire city as if it was hit by a powerful earthquake.

Then a strange rumbling sound echoed in the surroundings, and the ground started shaking crazily as if a big monster was about to burst out from underneath it.

BOOM!

Another explosion sounded, and all kinds and sizes of bones from a few-mile radius started floating toward the sky above Zarathunathis's head while taking the shape of a ball. The view was wonderful beyond words, as white bones, numbering in the hundreds of thousands, floated out from the ground to the sky, like seeing rain falling on the ground in slow motion after zooming in on them.

Maybe because the mana input was quite powerful in the spell, it only took thirty seconds to drag every single bone from five miles away. But seeing the seven-meter tall giant ball on top of him, Zarathunathis wasn't happy at all; instead, he had a regretful expression as if he had lost a lot of money.

"Although I know it was a pure accident, now I think about it, I felt like I shouldn't have let that brat use that spell," Zarathunathis said, helplessly waving his hand, "Because of him, now I couldn't even find enough bones to complete my spell. Sigh, what a mess." Finished speaking, Zarathunathis helplessly waved his hand, and a portal appeared on top of the ball made from bones.

And like a waterfall, bones started falling on the ball from it nonstop for the next entire minute, and it didn't stop throwing bones until the ball reached thirty meters tall.

"Wake up my slave and help your Master to deal with those troublemakers..."

"Ebonmorphos!"

As Zarathunathis pronounced the spell name loudly like a typical villain with arms wide open, the bone ball in the air suddenly started melting like candle wax, and in only fifteen seconds, it took the shape of an egg, which with a loud bang, blasted apart and a two-headed, four-legged bone dragon appeared before everyone.

Roar!!!

The bone dragon, while giving a middle finger to common sense by flying in the air with the help of its bony wings, roared loudly without any vocal cord, and shot out green flame from both its mouths. Its overall height was around forty meters tall, making everyone look like mosquitoes before him.

"F*ck! What the hell is that thing?" Myne exclaimed in shock, with eyes wide open, "How can he make such a big dragon from bones, and how did he make it alive? Also, where is his fire coming from since there is literally nothing in his mouth?" Sadly, there was no one to give him an answer.

"All right, I set up the protection dome. Uncle Jor, you go and deal with them." Opposite to Myne, someone who knew what kind of creature a bone dragon was, Levi, skillfully backed off and flew away without giving Jormungandr a chance to speak.

"This damn brat, what did she take me as, a cannon fodder or what?" Jormungandr shook his head, regretting that he shouldn't have accepted this task without thinking much, or at least bringing some reliable partners. Taking a deep breath, Jormungandr decided to come into his real form.

As he cancelled his transformation, his body suddenly started growing visible to the naked eye, while red scales covered his whole body. Big, bat-like wings appeared on his back, his face also went through a complete transformation from a handsome human to a lizard face, and soon a dragon twice bigger than the bone dragon, around one hundred meters tall, appeared before everyone.

And Myne, who thought he wouldn't be shocked anytime soon, almost choked to death by the juice in his mouth.