

## Cheat. A 581

### Chapter 581. Beyond the Passage Again

"Huh? Why isn't that brat coming out of the debris? Did he accidentally hit his head or something? Are humans from other worlds so weak?" After a few minutes of waiting and seeing that Myne was showing no signs of coming out from the debris, Tharnak couldn't help but worry. After all, it's not easy to find people from other worlds, and it seems Myne's world is connected to this strange place, so he can help them with a lot of things. But if something happened to him, all his plans would be ruined.

Tharnak quickly put down the mug in his hand, came to the place where Myne hit the wall and was buried under the debris, and started moving things on top of him. But until he saw the wooden floor, he didn't see even a shadow of Myne.

Then, he quickly pushed aside all the things hurriedly, and what he feared happened: Myne had indeed vanished out of thin air.

"Damn it, I messed up everything. Shit, that brat ran away... But what kind of power did he use? I didn't sense any mana fluctuations at all. It's as if he just disappeared. It seems like his world isn't as small as he was talking about, otherwise, how can a random guy from a small kingdom have such a powerful artefact that even a Tier 6 being like me couldn't sense his escape method?"

"No, I had to find him. He might not have gone too far away," Thinking this, Tharnak quickly opened the house door, rushed out, and bumped into a serious-looking lady.

The lady had a wrinkled but beautiful face, long white hair that reached the ground, and she was exceptionally tall, probably 2.8 meters. Compared to the other women in the tribe, she wore very nice-looking clothes covering her entire body, which seemed to be made of high-quality materials with colourful flower and butterfly designs on them.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" The lady asked with a frown, her voice very pleasant to the ears. She frowned as she looked at Tharnak and raised an eyebrow.

"I'll tell you after I come back. Time is running out, I have to go," Tharnak replied quickly, though impatient, he didn't dare to ignore his wife. After walking out of the garden, he bent his legs, jumped high into the sky, and flew toward the forest with such high speed that he produced a sonic boom behind him.

The lady looked at her husband who was flying away with a calm expression, no one knew what she was thinking. She shook her head and was about to enter the house but was frozen on the spot when she saw the mess in the living room. Her hands couldn't help but tremble, and her breathing sped up, because Tharnak had been standing in front of the door before, but she hadn't noticed the chaos inside.

Walking inside, she picked up a broken vase and destroyed flowers stepped on by a certain big guy. Suddenly, strange patterns rushed out from her clothes and quickly covered her face, and her eyes turned red.

Just at this moment, Kazak walked out of the kitchen, but when he saw his grandmother sitting on the ground holding destroyed flowers with black patterns covering her entire face, he wisely backed off and went back into the kitchen, not daring to breathe, fearing that his grandmother would notice him, and dragged into his mess, but after he left his grandmother's field of vision, an ear-to-ear grin appeared on his face, showing how happy he was.

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"F\*ck! That old man didn't understand the younger generation at all. I was just trying to be cool. What is there to be so offensive about it? And my clones are too fertile, even a

wave of airflow is enough to destroy them. Now that narrow-minded old man definitely thinks that I ran away, and next time when I go near his tribe, his people will chase after me crazily. What a mess," Myne rubbed his forehead annoyingly. He got up from the couch and looked around. There was no one in the living room.

A lot of noise was coming from the kitchen. Looking outside, the sky had already become dark. Because the time in the strange place inside the Aelmore Canyon was messed up with both day and night existing at the same time, he had forgotten that it was already evening. After all, he had spent more than seven hours just walking in the dark passage, and when came out from it, it was morning time there.

Stretching his body, Myne walked into the kitchen and saw Amy placing plates on the dining table, while Aisha and Sylphy were preparing dinner. After spending so much time with Aisha, Sylphy, who only knew how to hack people with her sword, had also learned quite a lot about cooking.

The kitchen wasn't big, and two people working was the limit, so June, who had nothing to do, was boredly sitting on a chair reading some kind of beauty care book, while Waffle and Ted were sitting on the ground staring at the food in the utensils impatiently.

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Myne didn't disturb them; he sat down beside June, snatched the book from her hand, and began reading it, using one hand to prevent her from taking it back.

"Hey, give it back! This isn't for boys... Aisha, look! Myne's bullying me again!" June exclaimed loudly, climbing halfway onto Myne to retrieve her book, drawing the attention of Aisha and Sylphy, who were preparing food.

"When did Aisha become your mother? There's not much age difference between us. Why are you complaining to her about me?" Myne gave June a speechless look, who was sitting on his lap. After handing her book back, he turned to the trio, who were giving him inquisitive glances, clearly eager to know about his investigation into Aelmore Canyon.

Knowing he couldn't hide anything from them, Myne quickly explained the entire matter. Since he hadn't caused any trouble this time, he told them everything honestly.

"Are you sure there's no other way to return after going there?" Sylphy asked with a frown. She knew very well how important Aelmore Canyon was to the kingdom. If the kingdom lost it, it would be a significant blow to its financial power, leading to a decline in its overall strength.

"Maybe there's another way, but I haven't found it yet. I don't think there's any way to restore Aelmore Canyon to its original state anytime soon. This mess is beyond our control," Myne acknowledged Sylphy's concern but was also helpless. If there had been a monster, he could have fought it and solved the problem. However, destroying the bridge between the two worlds was completely out of his league.

"By the way, Waffle, when was the last time you talked to your mother?" Myne suddenly thought about Fenrir, who was angry with him and had cut off all ties. He had been busy with various things, and she had also been occupied with dealing with Zarathustra and Jormungandr, leaving him no opportunity to coax her. If he could talk to her, he might be able to involve other divine beasts in the matter and solve it easily, as it was their responsibility to deal with otherworldly invasions.

"I talked to her two days ago. She asked about my well-being, but she seemed very busy. After a few minutes of chatting, she said goodbye. As far as I know, she hasn't returned home, and my brothers are alone there. Hehehe, because Mother fears they'll cause trouble, she locked them in the house, so they can't go out at all," Waffle said, laughing at his brother's misfortune, their brotherly love is indeed genuine.

"Well, forget it. I'll investigate the situation there in a few more days. If I find a way to close that spatial rift, that would be perfect. Otherwise, I'll meet Fenrir and ask for her help..."

"But Myne, why didn't you ask Mother-in-law? She's very powerful and knowledgeable, right?" Aisha interrupted Myne, confused. She didn't understand why he didn't want to ask his powerful sister for help.

"First of all, she's your sister-in-law, not mother-in-law. And second, why are you in such a hurry to become a widow? If Big Sis finds out that just a day after escaping the jaws of death and being strictly warned by her, I'm still trying to poke my head into another big mess I can't handle, what do you think she'll do? Will she consider the kingdom's well-being and help us unconditionally to solve this matter, or will she beat all of us and lock us in the house so we start behaving honestly and do what normal couples should do?"

"All right, no need to discuss this any further. Let's eat dinner. The rats in my stomach are about to go on the rampage from hunger, and I have to continue my mission of exploring that place," Myne said, slapping June's butt and pushing her aside, who was lazily sitting on his lap like a cat.

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"Damn it! Whoever set this rule to cross this long passage every time someone enters the canyon, I curse them to never have good sex in their entire life. Bastard! That's seven whole hours, and even if you run at full speed, the time speed remains the same as normal walking. You also can't use any other skills to shorten the travel time. What kind of nonsense is this?" Myne complained angrily, having just returned to his clone body after helping his two wives and one girlfriend with their "pre-sleep exercises."

Sadly, there was no one to listen to his complaints, and he could only move forward. Thankfully, he had learned his lesson and had already sent another clone to enter the passage four hours ago, so if he died accidentally, he wouldn't have to waste another seven hours before entering this strange place again.

Seeing the light in front of him, Myne smiled happily and hurried towards it. He had already figured out a perfect excuse to deceive that muscular grandpa, although a little beating was inevitable. But compared to his future muscular body and the freedom to eat whatever and however much he wanted, this small price was nothing. No matter what, he had to dig out those people's secrets behind their super solid bodies.

But Myne's happiness lasted only a few seconds and turned into utter shock as he saw darkness surrounding him and a desolate, dark, dirty alley in front of him.

Chapter 582. Bats Are Everywhere

"Ahhhh! Please stop! My Lord, please, please let my child go and take me away in his place, I beg you."

"Hehehe, and why do you think I am only going to take your child away, not you as well? You low-born really think too highly of yourself. It's all Duke Bois' fault; he treats you too well, which makes you arrogant. So much so that now you even dare to talk to me while looking directly into my eyes."

Myne, hidden in the crowd, wearing tattered clothes to disguise himself which he borrowed from a kind soul, observed the unfolding drama with a calm expression, showing no interest in poking his head into other people's business.

The protagonist of this spectacle was a handsome man clad in a luxurious black, slim-fit tuxedo suit, a bloody red cape, and matching shoes. He had short black hair, pale skin, bright red eyes, and two suspiciously long teeth protruding from the corners of his mouth. An arrogant look was etched on his face as if the entire world owed him a debt. In his arms, he held an unconscious twelve-year-old boy, and by his side, a frail, thin

middle-aged woman who looked as if she hadn't eaten in months, and might blow away with a gush of strong wind.

After his nonsensical rant, the man in the cape's feet slowly left the ground. Under the woman's horrific screams, he flew toward the under-construction castle on a hill some distance away from the town.

"Poor Rosalinda," A passerby muttered while sighing heavily, shaking his head. "Just a week ago, she lost her husband, and now, her child and she are also destined to become food for those monsters. I warned her to stay indoors, but nowadays, no one listens to reason."

"Reason, my ass," Another, more cynical voice retorted. "If she stays cooped up at home, what will she and her child eat? Dirt? We men can earn a living on construction sites, but what about a woman with a child to raise? Don't forget, if she doesn't eat, she won't be able to provide the three litres of blood demanded weekly. To survive, she must work, and to work, she must eat. Otherwise, she'll become food for those monsters." With a deep sigh, the man turned and left.

"Let's go. There's nothing more to see here. You all have work to do in a few hours," A burly man announced, and the crowd stopped blocking the road and quickly dispersed.

Myne remained on the road for a few seconds before walking aimlessly through the town, observing his surroundings. After emerging from the alley where he had exited the passage, he found himself in a town similar in size to Lucus Town but with a considerably larger population. However, life here seemed harsh. The people not only worked tirelessly to secure two meals a day for their families but also had to give large amounts of their blood to the nobles living in the castle on the hill, which was still under construction.

The townsfolk didn't know much about their masters, except that they were a group of powerful beings capable of magic, moving faster than the wind, and could transform into horrific monsters when enraged and eat away people alive. These beings enjoyed

sucking blood from the necks of their victims, often draining them to death. They adored luxury and beauty, never aged, and possessed arrogant, narcissistic personalities.

Myne had intended to investigate these mysterious masters of the town, but the people's knowledge was limited, and most of what he heard amounted to gossip. Just as he was debating whether to visit the castle to uncover the real situation, he noticed the caped man flying over the town like a bat before landing in front of a child.

Just as Myne was considering testing the waters but hesitated when the man suddenly looked in his direction with a vigilant expression. Fortunately, Myne was well hidden among the crowd and went unnoticed, but this encounter confirmed that these pale-skinned weirdos were not to be trifled with.

"But wasting time on those poor people wouldn't bring me anything. It's better to be a bit bold and investigate the situation from the main area... Why do I feel like someone is watching me?" Myne looked around confusedly. He was currently in an open space, and there was no obstacle where anyone could hide, yet the feeling of being watched persisted. He couldn't tell if he was overthinking or if someone was truly watching him.

Shaking his head, he opened a portal and walked into it casually. After all, he was just a clone. At worst, this body would be destroyed, and he would take over another one. It wasn't a big deal.

Shortly after Myne left, a small bat fluttered down from the sky and landed on the spot where he had disappeared. It began to elongate and soon transformed into a woman wearing a one-piece, skin-tight red sexy dress. She had long red hair, red eyes, red lips as if soaked in blood, and pale skin. She wore high heels, and a golden bracelet on her left arm. She had a cold expression. Waving her hand in the air, she closed her eyes, and after a few seconds, she transformed back into a bat and flew toward the castle's direction at high speed.

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"This castle looks much bigger up close," Myne muttered as he walked out of the portal. After looking around and not finding a single guard at the entrance gate, he smiled slightly and slipped inside the castle. To his surprise, there were no guards anywhere in the castle compound. Only a dozen or so old men were working in the garden, shaping small trees into different shapes.

Because Myne wore tattered clothes similar to theirs, no one bothered him, and he easily bypassed everyone. Until he reached the iron door of the castle, he couldn't believe the carelessness of the castle's owner. No matter how powerful he was, even for formalities, they should deploy at least one person to guard the entrance. Yet, there was literally no one, which left him speechless. He also silently saluted the old men, who, despite having no one supervising them, were working so hard for their master. He could only admire their dedication.

However, what Myne didn't notice was that over fifty bats were perched in various high places on the castle and tree in the garden, watching him coldly. Due to a specific bat's command, no one approached him, leading him to the beautiful misunderstanding that the old men were working hard with full honesty and diligently.

"F\*ck! The door is locked," Myne cursed as he tried to push the iron door, but it was locked. He looked around for any opening, but unfortunately, all the windows at the front of the castle were also locked. There didn't seem to be any other passage as well, which made him curse the castle's designer. After all, what kind of castle doesn't have more than one entrance? Not everyone can use the main gate. For servants and transporting goods, there should always be a few extra entrances in the castle. But sadly, this one had none.

While avoiding the suspicious glances of the gardeners, Myne walked to the back of the castle, hoping to find any opening. In such a large castle, he couldn't believe there wouldn't be any other way in.

"Who are you, and why are you wandering around the castle instead of doing your work?" A feminine voice suddenly cut through the air, startling Myne. He hurriedly turned around and saw a beautiful woman with a bombshell figure and D-cup-sized breasts. She had long, waterfall-like flowing red hair and stood behind him with ten not-so-friendly-looking men dressed in black.

"I... I was looking for a way in?" Myne stammered awkwardly under the intense gaze of the beautiful woman and her guards. As the guards started approaching him, he quickly adjusted his story. "I mean, I'm new here, and I was appointed as a servant in the castle's kitchen. But I couldn't open the main door, and there were no guards around, so I was just wandering around hoping to find a back entrance."

"Oh, a kitchen servant, huh? But as far as I remember, we don't have a kitchen in this castle. So where did this kitchen servant position come from?" The red-haired woman smiled forcedly as she crossed her arms under her chest. The guards surrounded Myne, ready to act on her command.

"What? How can your castle not have a kitchen? Then where do you prepare food?" Myne, who had limited information about this strange place that he learned from passersby, couldn't believe his ears and unconsciously asked.

"We don't need to go through the trouble of preparing food like humans. Our food is always ready—we just have to grab it and suck it until our stomachs are full. Enough! Catch him and bring him to the basement. Lock him there. I'll interrogate him properly later," The red-haired lady commanded impatiently. The guards immediately acted, tying his hands behind his back with some kind of red energy rope. The rope looked like solidified liquid as they pulled it from their pockets, and they pushed him toward the entrance door.

"Weird... this went a bit too smoothly. Doesn't this guy know space magic? Why didn't he try to escape? Could getting caught be part of his strategy?" The red-haired woman muttered with a deadly serious expression. Sensing that the matter seemed more serious than expected, she decided to inform Lord Duke about it. Without wasting time, she transformed back into a small bat and flew toward the top of the castle.

## Chapter 583. Collective Chaos

"Damn it, easy, easy, my body is very fatigued. If something happens to me, remember you will not escape your boss's wrath as well," Myne complained to two guards who were locking him in a small, one-person prison cell. The cell was completely sealed except for a small metal door at the front. There was no window in the cell, making it more of a solitary confinement compartment.

After the guards walked out and closed the door, the entire cell was plunged into darkness, without any source of light. This was quite scary, especially for someone like Myne who didn't like being confined in small, enclosed spaces. For him, it was no different from a nightmare.

"Thankfully, I prepared and bought the Ethereal Phase skill this time to deal with these kinds of unexpected surprises," Myne muttered with relief as he turned transparent and easily freed himself from the handcuffs. He then poked his head out of the iron door like a ghost and found that no one was guarding him. Surprisingly, most of the prisoners, only two others besides him in an entire prison with over 50 cells, were very well-behaved.

Because he wanted to dig out information from the red-haired hottie, as he did with the old man Tharnak, Myne didn't plan to escape immediately. Instead, he walked out of the cell, opened the small window on the metal door for some light, and under the astonished gaze of the two prisoners and three bat guards on the ceiling, he walked back into his cell as if it were his own house. After all, if he didn't want to get caught with his own initiative, why didn't he use Ethereal Phase at the beginning to explore the castle?

He was very well aware of the feeling of being watched the entire time, especially when an entire group of people were watching him with murderous gazes as if they couldn't wait to eat him alive, although he couldn't detect the whereabouts those people, this doesn't mean he couldn't even sense their friendly gazes?

Now it's much better. I wonder how long it will take that woman to come to me for interrogation. Should I check out my other clone's situation? According to the time, he should be on the verge of finding the entrance, Myne thought while rubbing his chin.

After a few minutes, when he confirmed that no one was coming to bother him, he instructed his clone not to mess up and quickly transferred his consciousness into Clone No. 4, who was blindly walking in a dark and desolate passage.

"Huh? What the f\*ck? Where am I this time? And why are there so many people? Where did all of them come from?" Myne opened his eyes to his clone's body, only to find himself standing in the middle of a large, dark, basement-like place with dim orange light from fire torches on the walls illuminating the surroundings. Beside him stood 50 or so people of all ages, from child to old. They had frightened and disbelieving expressions, shouting nonsense like "What's going on?", "How did I come here?", "Did someone kidnap me?", etc. Overall, none of them were clear about their situation.

Myne listened to their conversation while looking around, and a frown appeared on his face. According to these people, all of them were sleeping in their homes before coming here, and it didn't look like they had entered the canyon like him or experienced the painful feeling of walking through the space passage for seven hours. But no one woke up in the middle, which was very abnormal. It was as if something was forcing them to sleep continuously before walking out of a space passage.

"Huh? Wait a minute, is that a magic array? Oye, Uncle, please move aside a bit," Myne, who was standing in the middle of the crowd and could barely see much, looked down because someone stepped hard on his poor feet. But suddenly, he found that the entire ground was covered with bloody marks. At first glance, they looked like random markings, but after observing them carefully, you could see the hidden array between those marks.

Just as Myne pushed aside a random uncle to get a clear look at the array, the array suddenly shone with a dim light so faint that it was easily ignored if someone wasn't paying attention. With a small white light, a confused middle-aged lady holding a crying child around one year old in her arms appeared in front of Myne.

"Waaa! Waaa! Waaa!"

"Sss, calm down, honey, stop crying, mommy is here, everything is fine." Although the woman herself was trembling in fright because of the sudden appearance in a strange place with many people surrounding her, hearing her child crying, she suppressed her unease and fear and started trying to coax him.

Just as Myne pushed aside the random uncle to get a clear look at the array, it suddenly emitted a faint glow. The light was so dim it could have been easily overlooked by someone not paying attention. In a flash of white light, a confused middle-aged woman holding a crying child, no older than a year, appeared in front of Myne.

"Waaa! Waaa! Waaa!"

"Sssh, calm down, honey. Stop crying. Mommy's here. Everything's fine," the woman said, trembling with fear from appearing in such a strange place surrounded by so many people. Yet, hearing her child cry, she suppressed her unease and tried to comfort him.

"What a mess," Myne slowly stood up after not finding anything useful from the array, and started walking out from the noisy crowd. There was no point in staying with everyone, and it was clear that someone had gone to great lengths to teleport them here. And wherever they stood, the end was inevitable. Before the villain made his entry, he wanted to gather some useful information.

I hope there won't be another group of weirdos, those hairy giants, and pale arrogant bastards are alone enough for my poor brain to feel pain. If a few groups of weirdos pop up, then I might as well stay away from this mess. But it seems like these people are behind the weird sleepwalking incident of people near the Aelmore Canyon. They seem to be using some kind of strange method to pull people into the canyon and teleport them to this basement for some unknown purpose, Myne thought as he came out from the crowd and saw a row of people sitting on their knees, wearing black robes, covering themselves from head to toe, and chanting some kind of creepy incantation.

They ignored everything happening around them as if those people didn't exist, and no matter how much someone tried to interrupt them or even beat them, they just stood up and continued doing their work like puppets.

Myne, who had seen many creepy things in the past few months and had become very sensitive to such situations, immediately sensed that something was wrong. He looked at the only exit leading out of the basement, which was tightly sealed with a thick iron door.

After ensuring no one was around, he approached the iron door where ten or so men were already standing, arguing with each other. They had probably tried to open the door but lacked the strength to do so. In the end, out of fear and nervousness, they started bickering.

There was no enchantment on the door to make it strong; it was just a normal, cheap iron door, albeit a thick one. To test the door's thickness, Myne punched it hard, hurting his hand to the point of hearing bone creaking. He nodded thoughtfully, trying his best to pull the tears back into his eyes to not ruin his cool image, took a few steps back, ignored the weird looks from the people around him, raised his other hand high, and produced a one-meter-wide fireball on top of it.

The fireball's power was unquestionable, and its heat was so intense that nearby people instantly ran away, and hid in random corners. Even the creepy cultists in black robes stopped chanting and looked at the fireball with expressionless faces for a few seconds before continuing their work.

Nodding with satisfaction at everyone's reaction, Myne threw the fireball at the iron door.

BOOM!

The entire basement shook violently, and dust started falling from the ceiling. For a moment, the crowd thought they were going to be buried alive. Although the effect and aftermath of the fireball were a bit scary, almost giving ordinary people heart attacks, the result was satisfactory: the iron door was blown away, revealing the staircase leading to freedom. Of course, two guards stood in front of the iron door, their lives and deaths were unknown.

Since Myne was the only one who wasn't cursing himself for such a reckless move, and free enough, he checked on the two unfortunate souls lying on the staircase, covered in blood. These two had pale skin as if they hadn't seen the sun for years, and strange marks on their faces, making their already ugly face even uglier. They wore old clothes with many holes in them, looked no different than baggers, and clearly didn't seem in good condition.

After casually inspecting the two guards, who were still breathing, Myne started climbing the stairs, ignoring the shouts coming from behind him. He could easily guess what those people wanted: it is the same cliché nonsense about helping them for humanity's sake, the strong protecting the weak, etc. Myne fully believed that if he let those people speak, they would try to climb on his head within minutes, and he would end up becoming their nanny—of course, only if he compromised his limits.

"F\*ck, what an arrogant brat! Who does he think he is? We just wanted to cooperate to increase our chances of going home, but look at him!" A middle-aged man with a receding hairline spoke angrily, wiping his face with a handkerchief.

"Forget him, Mr. Wanko. He helped us open the door, and that's enough. We can't expect a stranger to help us for no reason. We have nothing to offer him, nor the strength to provide any help, so obviously he doesn't want to listen to weaklings like us," said an old man in his early fifties, who looked like a scholar. He wore loose robes, cheap glasses, and had a handful of white hair on his head. He clearly understood why Myne didn't want to waste his time on them.

"Then what should we do now?" Asked a young man around 25 with long brown hair, dressed like a fisherman, nervously.

"Is there even a need to ask? Quickly follow him. We are all ordinary people without any special skills, and we won't be able to get out of this creepy place on our own. But if we are careful enough and follow that young man, there's at least a chance we can get out. He seems very strong. I've never seen someone create such a big fireball in my entire life."

"He's by no means an ordinary guy. Quickly call out to everyone. Don't waste too much time. If that young man runs away while the master of this place is unaware, and we get surrounded afterwards, we won't end well," The wise old man explained. Although his words were caring, his actions were honest. He didn't care about the life and death of others, but after finishing speaking, he quickly rushed toward Myne.

The others looked at each other, and a big guy hurriedly told others to follow them. They also chased after the old man. No one bothered to explain the real situation to the people at the back, who, like brainless goats, also didn't care where everyone going and started trailing behind the rest.

#### Chapter 584. Behind the Iron Doors

"I know it, how can it be so easy to escape from the hand of someone who went to great lengths to capture a bunch of weaklings?" Myne sighed helplessly as he looked at the maze covered in thin fog before him. The walls of the maze were made of stone, and covered with dense bushes. The stone walls were connected directly to the ceilings, destroying any plan of being oversmart and flying over the maze.

"Phew, thankfully this time I was prepared, and those walls couldn't stop me from cheating, hehehe... But I feel sorry for those people. I hope some of them were able to get out alive," Myne muttered as he looked at his back, where people were continuously getting out from the basement and gathering together, waiting for him to move forward so they could use him as a meat shield, themselves not having to do anything.

Shaking his head, Myne used the Ethereal Phase skill, becoming slightly transparent like a ghost. Under the shocked and disbelieving expressions of the crowd, he passed through the wall of the maze and disappeared from everyone's sight.

"Am I having a hallucination or did that brat just pass through the stone wall?" A random man spoke hesitantly while rubbing his eyes.

"F\*ck, how can this be?" The middle-aged man who had a hot temper and previously cursed Myne the most, quickly rushed toward the wall where he disappeared, pushed aside the bush in front of it, and touched the wall desperately, trying to get through it as well. Sadly, it was no use, and in the end, he helplessly collapsed on the ground with a light thud.

"It seems like that young man had seen through our plan to use him to get out of here without paying any price, so he just left us on our own. I should have thought about it earlier. I am really getting old," The wise old man spoke with a helpless sigh. He looked at the fearful people around him and fell into deep thought.

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Myne didn't know that there was an old man in the crowd who understood him very well but didn't want to loosen his pocket and now regretted it a lot. After walking in the labyrinth for half an hour, he finally came out and was now looking at a group of people who were bootlicking a young lady with a big-sister-like template. She wore very sexy purple clothes, had blonde hair, and a beautiful face, but sadly, only C-cup size breasts. She was sitting on a throne-like chair with two people massaging her arms, while one was on her shoulder, and the rest were complimenting her or thinking of some words to compliment her.

The lady liked being the centre of attention and hearing praise, despite knowing that they were just talking nonsense, and is a histrionic.

Because Myne was in an invisible state, those people didn't notice him.

"Miss, people from Basement No. 5 have escaped and are in the maze," Suddenly a man wearing a long black robe, who didn't seem to be one of the die-hard fans of the blonde lady, walked up to her and reported politely.

Basement No. 5? Just how many basements are there? Myne, hearing the words of the black-robed weirdo, couldn't help but raise his eyebrow.

"Oh? Finally, something interesting. I thought there would be no one brave among those groups of ants. Since they are in such a hurry to get freedom, then let them learn that freedom has a very heavy price, and not everyone can get it. Start Protocol 9," The blonde lady raised her hand to stop her henchmen from talking and, after thinking for a while, spoke with a smile on her lips.

The black-robed weirdo didn't say anything. He just bowed his head and returned to the corner, starting to talk with someone through a black ring on his hand, which seemed to be a more advanced version of Myne's disk-shaped communication device.

"But Miss, if too many people die, won't your mother be angry? She specifically told us not to cause trouble... Otherwise, you might be fine, but it wouldn't be easy for us to escape from her wreath," One of the henchmen who seem know his place very well, and was massaging the blonde lady's shoulder spoke hesitantly while gulping down saliva nervously.

"Hmph, so what? If they die, so be it. And this time, I am in charge of Zone E, and I can do what I want. Mother has no right to order me around. She can be angry as much as she wants; I have my father's support, and I don't fear her anymore. As for you, as long as I am alive, no one can punish you as well," The blonde lady said disdainfully, but

what no one noticed was hearing her mother's name her hands couldn't help but tremble slightly.

She waved her hand, and a big round mirror appeared in her hand. She gently tapped on the mirror, and suddenly it flowed out of her hand and started floating in front of her in mid-air.

While Myne watched everything with disbelief, suddenly a white fog appeared inside the mirror. When it dissipated, a group of people appeared in the mirror, some of whom Myne had seen before. They were the people who were with him in the basement.

Before Myne could understand what was happening, in the maze, a corner of the wall covered with bushes showed signs of movement. The next moment, a group of finger-sized ants rushed out from the bush and charged towards the crowd. Because there was fog in the maze and everything had been normal until now, the people had become a bit careless. No one noticed the slight movement in the bush, let alone a group of small ants on the ground.

Soon, the ants reached the crowd and, after climbing onto their legs, started biting them without wasting a single second.

"AHHHH!!!"

As soon as the ants bit people, they let out heart-wrenching screams, as if someone had thrown acid on the area where they had been bitten. After three seconds, they fell to the ground with twisting bodies, as if they had been electrocuted.

Because no one was ready for this sudden attack, and at first, they didn't think it was the work of a group of ants. Seeing the horrific end of the poor people who became the first

targets, the remaining people could only look around vigilantly. But by the time they realized it was the work of the small ants on the ground, only seven people out of more than fifty were still standing, while the rest were lying on the ground, their eyes were open, brains working completely fine and they could feel bone breaking pain in their bodies, but their body refuses to listen to them and just twisting nonstop.

"Hahahaha, look at their dumbfounded expressions. These country bumpkins might have never imagined in their dreams that one day even ants could toy with their lives," The blonde lady laughed crazily, holding her stomach. Her henchman wasn't far behind, laughing heartily as well. Only God knows what was so humorous about watching people suffer.

"Baldy, tell people in the control room to activate Protocol 7. Since these people are all lying on the ground, they might as well have a sweet dream. This way, we won't have to worry about them dying unexpectedly," The blonde lady called out to the black-robed weirdo in the corner, instructing him.

The black-robed weirdo nodded and quickly delivered the message through the ring.

"Sigh, another psychopath. Why do I always encounter these kinds of people?" Myne shook his head. He could tell that what was going to happen next would be nothing but torture for these poor people until they begged to die. If possible, he wanted to deal with these bastards who didn't take anyone's life seriously except their own, but he knew that if he really did that, these people might die an even more horrific death unless he could get them out of this strange world, which clearly wasn't within his capability. So he could only pray for their good luck and pass through the iron door.

On the other side of the iron door was a dark, long corridor. Along one side of the corridor were iron doors spaced at intervals of about ten meters, with two guards standing on either side of the door leading to the basement.

Myne looked left and right, then walked towards the left. After passing through six other entrances to other basements screams of people can be heard every once in a while, Myne saw a wooden door at the end of the corridor. As he passed through it, he finally saw the sun above his head.

"I didn't expect there would be someone who is good at visualization magic among those commoners. It was really surprising."

Myne hadn't even had time to smile at his successful escape when he heard a sweet voice behind him. Turning his head, he saw a middle-aged woman wearing a red robe, holding a wooden staff with a black gem on top, a golden crown on her head, and long golden hair. Her blue eyes were staring at him with a curious look, but Myne only felt a chill run down in his spin.

Chapter 585. No Chance

"Mr. Mage, I have a few questions for you, if you don't mind. And please don't misunderstand me; I have no ill intentions. I'm willing to pay for the information," The beautiful blonde woman in the red robe spoke with a smile as she came in front of Myne and gently tapped her wooden staff's butt on the ground, creating a transparent barrier around them.

Trouble... Sigh, but still, compared to that old man Tharnak and red-haired woman, she at least didn't want to extract information and treat me like an ant. Myne realised that was no match for this blonde woman, and she also seemed to have some tricks to remove his Ethereal Phase skill effect forcefully. He could only nod his head.

"As long as I know, I will try to satisfy your curiosity, My Lady."

"I like honest people like you the most," The blonde woman grabbed Myne's cheek between her index finger and thumb and continued, "Don't worry, I'm not an ungrateful b\*tch. If you cooperate well, trust me, we both will be happy. Now before we start, can I ask you from which basement you came out?"

"Number 5, maybe? I seem to have heard a young girl and a bunch of her bootlicking followers talking about it," Myne thought for a second and replied while enjoying the blonde woman's gentle pinching. She seemed to have some talent in massage.

"Tell me she wasn't cursing trouble there," The woman's smile suddenly froze, and unconsciously she increased her strength.

"Ouch, ouch, ouch, it hurts, be gentle, be gentle..." Myne let out a painful cry, bringing the woman back to her senses, and she quickly let go of his cheek.

"Sorry, sorry, I was just distracted," After apologizing, the woman touched Myne's cheek with her palm, and a green light shone on her palm, relieving Myne of his pain. Although Myne didn't care about such a small amount of pain, he feared that his clone's weak body might not be able to handle it, after all, the other party's strength wasn't as weak as she was trying to show.

"Well, by trouble, if you mean releasing a bunch of monstrous ants and some kind of weird creature to torture teleported people. Then she was enjoying it a lot. By the way, she also said something like she wasn't afraid of her b\*tch mother; she now had her father's support, and if her mother dared to order her around anymore, she didn't mind beating her to a pulp and showing her who's the boss."

Because the woman before him and that arrogant girl in the basement looked 80% similar, and even their voices were the same, along with her questioning about that girl, it didn't take long for Myne to realize that she was the mother in that girl's mouth, who seemed very strict with her daughter. And as a qualified troublemaker, how could Myne let go of such a good opportunity to teach that arrogant brat a good lesson?"

"Oh, she really said those things?" The woman somehow managed to maintain her smile as if this had nothing to do with her.

"Yes, and her followers also were very arrogant and trying their best to pour oil on the fire, filling that girl's mind with all kinds of bad words about her mother and provoking her to do bad things for fun's sake, so she could continue fooling around for enjoyment and increase their favorability in her eyes. You know, nowadays, how easy it is to fool young people, just say some comforting words and nonsense they want to listen to the most, and they will believe in you unconditionally."

"Anyway, forget about that little fool. I still couldn't believe how easily she was fooled by those bunch of idiots. So what do you want to ask me?" Myne casually waved his head with an irritated expression, behaving like he didn't want to talk about that fool, which made the woman, the mother of the girl, grit her teeth in anger. After all, no parent wanted to hear that their child was an idiot and people were using her to their own advantage, and most importantly, expecting their child, everyone else knew that they were using her.

"Hooo... Mr. Mage, so from which world did you come here?" It took the woman a few seconds to calm down her anger before she stopped herself from rushing into the basement and beating the hell out of her daughter. She managed to bring out a smile and asked.

She seemed very emotional; it was easier to fool her than I expected, like a mother-like daughter. Maybe I can try to get on her good side, and she's also very much my type, Myne thought as he observed the beautiful blonde woman in the red robe up and down.

"A small world, not worth mentioning, it accidentally connected to this place, and now you guys are playing tricks to rob our poor people and bring them here for some unknown purpose. Can I ask you, why are you so interested in our little world's people?" Myne, making his voice serious, behaved as if he cared about the people of his world, and asked with a frown.

"Well, Mr. Mage, I won't beat around the bush. To be blunt, we need people, a lot of people, actually. Like your world, ours is also connected to this mysterious dimensional creak, and we get trapped here as well. The only difference is that we came here earlier than you. We have no idea about this place until now, like how big it is, or what we need to do to get out of here. The only thing we know is that we have three days left for preparation, after which something extremely horrific is going to happen."

"The people of my world rely on human emotions and sacrifices of lives to get power from our god. This is why we are desperately using all our available resources to teleport weak people from all worlds connected to this mysterious dimension, so we can squeeze out their emotional energy and sacrifice them to our gods to get blessings and become powerful before the cooldown time ends."

"And how did you know that something horrific will happen in three days?" Myne asked with a suspicious expression.

Why does her method of getting powerful sound so familiar? Where did I see it before? Myne couldn't help but fall into deep thought, hearing about collecting emotional energy and sacrificing people to gods and goddesses to become powerful.

"Huh? Didn't you receive the mysterious notification when you first entered this world? Look at your vision's lower right corner. There should be a small blue transparent window box in which the countdown time is showing. How could you miss such an obvious thing? As far as I know, except for those weakling commoners, every person with a certain level of strength will receive this notification when they first enter this place," The woman blinked in confusion, and looked at Myne as if he was a fool. Then she looked at the lower right side of Myne, where a small blue digital window box was floating in the air showing [ 2:15:49:09 ].

"Notification? What notification? I didn't receive anything," Myne was shocked by the woman's words and quickly looked at his vision's lower right corner, but there was nothing.

Is this because I am in my clone body? Otherwise, with my strength, there shouldn't be a problem recognizing this mysterious dimension. It seems like my cheating was found out, Myne thought while rubbing his chin.

Damn it, now until I didn't see that notification this hot woman is talking about, I probably won't be able to get any sleep.

"Strange, how did you not get the reminder... I see, I understand, so this is how it is," The woman, seeing Myne's confused expression, started muttering to herself. But before Myne could even sort out his thoughts, and make some excuse to fool her, she made an understanding look.

"No wonder you didn't look the slightest bit nervous even after I trapped you in a space prison. You are just a clone. As expected of a world-travelling mage, you can never underestimate them," The woman spoke while nodding her head, catching Myne off guard.

He didn't expect that she would actually be able to see through his trick.

"Don't be surprised. Our Pope knows this magic as well. He always uses it to deal with all official business of the church, while his real body is always either completing God's tasks or looking for some way to take tasks from our God, he is a workaholic and power-hungry restless old man who can do anything to increase his strength," The woman let out a helpless sigh and shook her head.

"By the way, Mage, are you interested in joining me? Your magic is very useful for us, and believe me, you will be satisfied with the reward. We are not stingy with our partners."

"If you answer my two questions, then I will definitely consider this proposal seriously," Myne pondered for a minute before speaking with a serious expression.

"Ask!" The woman seemed really eager to recruit Myne into her team and replied as soon as his words fell.

"First, what is your name? Mine is Myne, Myne Fortuna. Nice to meet you," Myne raised his hand at the blonde woman.

"Huh? That's it? I thought you would ask something serious," The woman let out a light chuckle and held Myne's hand gently. "Finn Osciana. Nice to meet you too."

"Finn, you have a beautiful name. Now, my second question... please don't be offended. Are you married? If so, then do you love your husband? Don't misunderstand me, but female mages like you are very rare in my world, and as you can see, as a young man in his prime, currently finding a beautiful girlfriend is my most important task.

"Although I don't know about your personality, at least your figure is to my liking. You can say that you are the woman whom I always dream about. Please give me a chance," Myne grabbed Finn's hand with both of his hands and spoke with eyes full of passion, like a lover who, after going through hellish struggles, was finally able to make up his mind and propose to the girl he always loved.

"What!?" Finn was completely dumbfounded by Myne's words. She didn't understand what was going on in this weird mage's head. How could he possibly propose to a stranger he met only ten minutes ago, and that too with such a confident look on his face?

"Sorry, but we can't be together. First of all, I have a husband, and although nowadays our bond is on the verge of getting destroyed, I still have no intention of looking for another man. And you are not my type. You better find a young girl of your age instead of trying to eat someone else's sweet," Finn's expression turned cold, and she forcefully pulled her hand away from Myne, after breaking Myne's beautiful dream bubble, she quickly made some distance from him.

"Well, forget it then. Now, if you don't have anything else to ask, I will take my leave, and thanks for your time," Myne sighed heavily with a depressed look on his face, like a heartbroken lover who got rejected by his crush. After giving Finn a forced smile, he lowered his head and started walking toward the left. The entrance to the basement was behind a giant building, surrounded by a three-meter-tall wall.

"The exit is on the other side," Finn, although feeling a bit sad that she couldn't pull such a good talent under her wing, since the other party was just a clone and it was a bit too dangerous to let such an unstable factor join the church, she didn't try to pursue him at all and let him go.

"Thanks, and take care, I hope we meet again," Myne raised his head slowly and gave her another forced smile before exhaling a deep breath, lowering his head, and starting to walk towards the other side.

"Nowadays, children, only God knows what's going on in their crazy minds," Finn shook her head and walked into the basement, putting Myne's matter aside. Now she had more important things to do, which was to teach her daughter and her bastard henchmen a good lesson. As for Myne getting to death by guards after getting seen by them? What does this have to do with her?

Chapter 586. Boundaries

"Hey, you! Stop there! Who the hell are you? How did you get into the church's boundary?"

Myne had barely stepped out of the alley between the big building and enclosing walls and hadn't even had time to check his surroundings when he was surrounded by three heavily armoured guards pointing their sharp spears at his face.

Feeling the guards' murderous intent, which made it clear they were in no mood for conversation and were eager to kill him the moment he spoke something they didn't want to hear, Myne didn't know what to say.

"Forget it," Myne shook his head, activating the Ethereal Phase skill and disappearing from the guards' astonished eyes.

"Damn it, quickly ring the bell! An intruder has escaped. Also, notify the captain. Tell him there's a space mage of unknown origin wandering around our territory and may have even entered the church," One of the three guards, seemingly the leader, hurriedly instructed his teammates.

"But what about you?" The second guard couldn't digest that they were working while the third one trying to be their boss, asked with a frown.

"I'll check the basement. This mage seems to have come from there. Don't forget that Bishop Jekal's daughter is in the basement. If something happens to her, we won't be able to save our heads," The third guard replied urgently, then without waiting for a response, he sprinted toward the basement.

The other two guards exchanged guilty glances, realizing they had misunderstood their companion's intentions, and quickly went to carry out their tasks.

"So this bastard Jekal is becoming the wall between me and Finn, huh? Seems like I'll have to come up with a good plan to ruin his image and give Finn a shoulder during her

difficult time. Only then can I successfully steal her heart and find a reliable backer in this cold, scary world," Myne muttered, still standing in his original spot, having overheard the guards' conversation.

He then walked forward into the garden, admiring the giant church-like building. The structure, built from random stones found nearby, was grand and ornate, with significant effort put into its architectural beauty. Numerous people in black robes were constantly going in and out of the church, seemingly very busy.

"I see," Myne muttered, narrowing his eyes. "Now I remember where I've seen something like this before. These are people from that weird world (Chapter 541) where the Church of Pain exists, whose one of the bastards kidnaps June, and most people are weirdos who wear long robes and like to torture themselves to gain their god's favour..."

"After getting beaten to death (Chapter 545), I seem to have postponed my plan of exploring that world. But this group of people doesn't seem to be from the Church of Pain, otherwise, the basement wouldn't be so clean, and they'd care more about the lives of commoners."

Maybe they're from another church, after all, there couldn't possibly be only one church in the entire world, Myne thought as he walked out of the church and into the bustling street filled with people of various races and clothing styles. There were no proper shops, only various stalls, and most people were sitting on the ground, selling their products randomly on their own. Also, the exchange of goods or services between people was going on without using any money, they used products in exchange for equal-value products.

The houses were made of stone but didn't seem to be individual properties. Instead, they were more like complex living spaces where many people lived together, with strict gender segregation. Men ( right ) and women ( left ) lived in separate houses on opposite sides of the street.

The church was at the centre, surrounded by the houses, and was enclosed by a six-meter-high wall, resembling a small fortress. Guards patrolled everywhere, maintaining order. There were also many guards stationed on top of the walls, armed with bows and arrows.

However, there were no entertainment facilities like bars, taverns, or brothels for the poor to relax. They were simply treated like animals, expected to work, eat, sleep, and repeat the cycle until their death.

Of course, this didn't apply to the people in black robes and the guards, who were the privileged class. They lived in the houses on the left side with the women. They didn't have to toil like beasts in the mines or forests, digging for iron, gathering stones, or cutting down trees.

Myne, having gained a clear understanding of the situation, used the short-term floating ability of the Ethereal Phase skill to rise high into the sky. The church was located at the edge of a forest, and two kilometres to the west was an endless black sea... Yes, not blue, but a truly inky black sea. In all other directions, the church was surrounded by endless forests.

Hundreds of people could be seen cutting trees and gathering stones in the forests, but no one was near the sea, as if they had no desire to explore it at all.

"If I'm in the same dimension as before, then why isn't this area's day and night clearly divided? After all, those muscular, hairy weirdos' area was clearly fixed at daytime, while those pale-skinned ones were active at nighttime without any changes. But what about this area?" Myne had barely finished his thought when he noticed something in the sky that instantly cleared all his doubts.

In broad daylight, a beam of suspicious light streaked across the high sky with lightning speed. Along with it, as if someone had pulled a curtain, the magically bright sky disappeared, replaced by a dark sky with a bloody red moon hanging above his head.

"F\*ck!" This was the only word that escaped Myne's lips, leaving him speechless.

"Although I have to admit that it was quite cool, what the f\*ck is this? How can day and night change so quickly?" Myne stared at the dark sky with a dumbfounded expression. Before he could ponder further, he felt a burning sensation beneath his feet. With a flash of bright light, when he opened his eyes again, he found himself lying on the bed in his home, with both Aisha and Sylphy hugging him like koalas.

Did I just die like that? Sigh, clone bodies are too fragile. Although exploring the unknown world with them is safe, it also has significant drawbacks. I can't do a lot of things... Forget it, I'll think about it tomorrow. For now, I'll just get some sleep, Myne thought and was about to close his eyes when he remembered his third clone.

That clone was locked in the prison of those pale-skinned people. Although he had told the clone to inform him if something happened, he'd forgotten one critical detail—how was the clone supposed to do that? Unless the clone destroyed itself, there was no way to remotely communicate with the main body. Only Myne could share his consciousness with them.

Thankfully, he decided to check. When he entered his clone's body, the other party was already being interrogated by two people. One was, of course, the red-haired babe who had captured him earlier. The other was a middle-aged man with white hair, dressed in luxurious clothes, and adorned with golden rings on every finger of his hands.

"Dirty rat, this is the last time I am asking you. Tell me the true purpose of your invading our territory and who sent you here. My patience is running out, and your silence will only make things worse for you," The white-haired man spoke coldly and snapped his fingers.

Suddenly, ten ball-sized red orbs, looking as though made of blood, floated out of his pocket. The balls exploded and transformed into liquid, gathering together. Soon, they took the shape of finger-sized sharp needles before getting solidify, at just a glance, could make anyone's blood run cold.

Fifty or so bloody red needles surrounded Myne's poor body on the ground, ready to teach him how to behave.

"Stop! Stop! I'll say it, but first, can I ask you something?" Myne quickly raised both hands in a surrender motion. However, he hesitated and then asked cautiously, "It's not anything big, I just wanted to confirm something... Please, it'll only take a few seconds."

The middle-aged man's face darkened as though Myne had asked for his daughter's virtue. Seeing this, Myne quickly tried to explain, "No! It's nothing inappropriate. I just want to confirm something—please!"

"Bark!" The man spoke in a heavy voice.

"Does your people can also see the three-day countdown in the lower-right corner of your vision?"

"Yes! Do you know what it means? We also received a notification from a mysterious being. It said that after the countdown ends, something horrific will awaken, and we must be prepared for it," The red-haired lady behind the man replied with an anxious look on her beautiful face. Clearly, she was desperate to know more about it.

Chapter 587. Midnight Visit

"Sorry, I have no idea. I just wanted to confirm whether I've gone mad and started hallucinating things," Myne shrugged his shoulders and spoke jokingly.

"All right, enough of your nonsense. Answer my question," The white-haired man moved fifty or so finger-sized bloody needles towards Myne's face, touching his skin, and roared in an irritated voice.

"Fine, but there isn't much to talk about. I learned from the townsfolk that their master lives in this castle. I came here for a chat to gather more information about this strange dimensional creak. However, before I could find anyone to talk to, I received your warm hospitality..."

"You're a world traveller! No wonder you can use space magic so easily. Wizard, stop lying, and tell us your true purpose. This is your last chance, and don't try to fool us. If you had no ulterior motive, there's no way you would have let us capture you so easily," The red-haired woman interrupted Myne, who was speaking sarcastically and asked with a hint of strange excitement in her voice.

Sigh, Those two people didn't know how to interrogate prisoners. Who let those noobs get into the prison? Myne thought with a sigh and shook his head.

"Listen, babe, I really have no ill intentions. I thought if I let you capture me, at least I'd have a chance to talk to you calmly. After all, not everything can be settled with a fight, especially in this unknown world..."

...

Did that f\*cker kill me just like that? Now this is a bit too much. If next time I'm teleported to their area, I'll definitely bombard their castle," Myne cursed, gritting his teeth. If there was anything he hated the most, it was dealing with unreasonable bastards who wouldn't listen to others at all, and make their own conclusions.

Now I've lost my sleep. Damn you, Finn, why the hell did she mention that time thing?

Myne silently got up between Aisha and Sylphy, walked out of the bedroom, and went into the kitchen. He drank some water to calm his thirst before sitting down on the couch and starting to optimize all the information he'd gathered.

"Although there were still many uncertainties, if my guess is right, there should be a total of three areas representing three different worlds and one of mine, a total of four, in this dimensional creak. The first was my world, which was now being used as a human resource wishing machine by those bastards from the church world, who were kidnapping people from here for their own use. However, there could also be more worlds, which I could only check tomorrow, but I wish there wouldn't be more."

"Second, all three areas of those three parties were very far from each other and had literally no contact between them at all. It was also possible that they didn't know about each other's existence."

"Third, unlike me, who was thrown around randomly every time I got out of a space passage, those people seemed to have fixed areas. Otherwise, there was no way they hadn't started a bloodbath until now, given their cold and arrogant personalities, and peacefully gathered at a fixed place and started developing honestly."

"And finally, the most important thing was the mysterious message and the three-day time limit... Wait, why don't I bring someone with me tomorrow and let them tell me the message? Since everyone gets the same message, it should be the same. Instead of asking those bastards, it's better to listen to it from your own people," The more Myne thought about it, the brighter his eyes became. He hurriedly wore clothes, opened a portal, and walked into it.

...

"Boss, aren't you going home tonight? It's already 2 o'clock. It's not good for your health to stay up so late."

"F\*ck off. Tomorrow is month-end. If I don't finish all the salary-related work tonight, those bastards will eat me alive. I'd rather suffer tonight than get tortured tomorrow by them. Did you forget what happened three months ago? Just because I delayed giving them their salary, I had to change three doors, and one of them was to my toilet. I didn't want to experience that nightmare again. You know how scared I get when one of those weirdos directly hacks the toilet door with an axe and asks me for his salary with a murderous smile."

"What's worst is that when it comes to taking their salary from me, surprisingly, all those bastards become golden tactic understanding brothers. They throw aside their past grudges for one day and unite together as if they are facing a forbidden enemy. Because of this, I can't even teach them a lesson. After all, two hands are nothing in front of hundreds. God knows where they learned this kind of scary stuff."

Gandu, the gang leader of the Hairless Gang, spoke to his assistant with a hint of fear in his voice, who was serving coffee in his cup.

"By the way, aren't you the deputy leader of that 'Crappy Salary Oversight Club'? Why do I feel like you want to make me suffer this way by trying so hard to make me go home despite knowing how much work is due?" As Gandu said that, he looked at his assistant with a suspicious gaze, who had already started looking at the ceiling, trying his best not to look into his eyes.

"BANG!"

"Oye, Baldy, I need your help!"

Just as Gandu was about to use some friendly tricks to dig out the evil intentions of his assistant, suddenly, the door of his office was kicked open, slamming hard against the wall. This jolted both Gandu and his assistant, startling them.

"My Lord, do you have any idea what time it is right now? Can't you open the door calmly? We are not as young as you, have some mercy," Gandu panted heavily, clutching his heart tightly. He spoke politely, but his mind, he was cursing Myne's ancestors for seven generations.

"Yes, yes, I'll be careful next time. Anyway, listen, I need your help," Myne pulled out the chair under the desk, sat down, and spoke hurriedly.

"And what kind of help do you need?" Gandu took a small sip of water, pushed the coffee cup his assistant had filled towards Myne, and asked with a calm look on his face. Of course, he wasn't as calm as he appeared. In his heart, he was dancing with joy. After being beaten by the necromancer and having no news of Myne, Gandu had long ago guessed that Myne wouldn't dare to continue with the kidnapping cases and definitely wouldn't return to him. This meant he couldn't rely on him to make a fortune by doing literally nothing.

But now, since the fat sheep had returned to him, this meant another boost to his little wealth.

"I need ten disposable people. There are no requirements, and most likely they won't come back after I take them. So, you can also grab your enemies. I just need ten people who can talk and walk. Gather them by afternoon, and I'll come back to take them away," Finished speaking, Myne picked up the coffee cup, stood up, and started to walk out of the office.

"By the way, what happened to the kidnapping cases matter after I left?" Myne, who was about to close the door, suddenly thought of something and asked curiously.

"Huh? Don't you know about it? The day you got injured and taken away by your women, a few hours later, a woman with blue hair came and asked my people about the entire matter, and left without saying anything. But a few hours later, suddenly the entire city started trembling as if a big earthquake had hit it."

"I was sleeping at home at that time, scared to death thinking that my old house building would collapse on me and bury me alive. Thankfully, the earthquake only lasted for a minute, and nothing bad happened. However, after that incident, there were no more kidnapping cases... I thought you sent that woman to deal with those bastards. My Lord, do you know that lady?"

Gandu wanted to know more about this incident desperately after his men had told him about it. Although he hadn't seen the woman himself, his years of experience told him that she had something to do with Myne. Otherwise, how could there be such a coincidence that just when Myne was injured, this mysterious woman appeared out of thin air and defeated those scary kidnappers?

I see, so this is what happened. Sis really knows how to make me happy, Myne ignored Gandu's question, thinking happily, he closed the door with the back of his hand before opening the portal back to his home.

"Damn royals, this is the only thing about them I didn't like. Those bastards never took other people seriously at all. Yonko, one day when I become a super rich man, and have my own place to rule, I'll also treat others like this," Gandu said confidently, with eyes full of hope for a bright future. In the background, his assistant rolled his eyes disdainfully, as if he had heard this nonsense thousands of times.

"Humph, couldn't even find a girlfriend and wanted to become a ruler..."

"What did you say?" Gandu, who heard his assistant's muttered words, looked at him with a murderous look.

"Nothing, boss. Do you need anything to eat? You know, working on an empty stomach isn't good for your skin," The assistant quickly changed the subject and asked with a flirty smile.

"You better don't cross your line... Well, I'm indeed feeling a bit hungry. Let's go and eat something. You also have to help me with work after this," After saying that, Gandu didn't let his assistant protest, grabbed his hand, and dragged him out of the office.

Chapter 588. Mysteries of the Status Panel

"Damn it, only two people among ten, God knows where the hell the rest were thrown," Myne cursed as he looked at the two scary-looking, muscular dudes beside him.

The next day, as Myne had promised, he went to Gandu, who was already waiting for him with ten heavily beaten people tied with rope, casually thrown in a corner of their headquarters. After Myne used his hypnosis skill on them and took them under his control, he rewarded Gandu for his hard work and brought them to Aelmore Canyon, handing them over to his clone.

Because he didn't want to waste his clone's skill slot, he had to use hypnosis on them himself.

"Tell me, did you guys see any words floating in front of your eyes?" Myne, who couldn't wait to read the words of the mysterious being of this dimensional creak, asked the two hypnotized thugs.

"Yes!" Both of them replied mechanically, devoid of emotional expression.

"Great! Tell me what it says," Myne exclaimed excitedly.

The thug with a big cut on his cheek paused for a bit and spoke, "It says...

[ You have entered The Dimensional Creak (Beta Version )... ]

[ Checking qualification... ]

[ Qualification met! Welcome! Player 943822. ]

[ Survival difficulty is being checked... ]

[ Checked completely... ]

[ ID: 943822

Race: Ordinary Human

Level: 1 (0/1000)

Health: 20/100

Energy: 30/30

Power Rank: G

Talent: Locked ( Will be randomly drawn once at awakening. )

Occupation: None

Equipment: A ragged black line shirt that has a slight effect in keeping out the cold, and leather pants.

Dimensional Coins: 10

Overall evaluation: A weak human whom anyone can crush under their feet like an ant. ]

[ Shelter: None

Area: The Forest!

Survival Difficulty: F ]

[ Special Reminder: Please create your own or join someone else's shelter as soon as possible, otherwise the eternal nights will eat you alive. The time remaining before the beta awakening is [1:21:10:48]. ]

After saying the time, the hypnotized thug fell silent, meaning there was nothing else to say. Not satisfied with the answer, or perhaps too shocked, Myne quickly asked the second thug about it, and he also said the same things except that his ID number was different, health points were 50/100, and energy was 60/70. Other than those those minor details, the rest of the things were exactly the same.

"Damn it, now I am even more desperate to know what my status looks like. After all, compared to those two idiots, I am hundreds of times more powerful... wait, what about skills? Why doesn't any of their skills show in the panel? Is there something wrong with it?"

With such doubt in his mind, Myne asked one of the thugs to use his skill, which was a body enhancement type skill that made a particular area of his body as hard as steel. He found that the skill was working completely fine.

"Then why doesn't it show in the panel? I need more information," Myne muttered. After cursing his bad luck for not being able to steal such a good skill as Headning, which was definitely a godly skill during bedtime, Myne killed both thugs who had no further use for him and walked in a particular direction. This time, he teleported to a familiar place and soon saw a small village beside a stream.

Not wanting to be misunderstood like last time and treated as a prisoner, Myne directly opened the portal and came in front of Tharnak's house. But as soon as he walked out of the portal, he saw two pairs of beautiful eyes staring at him, one with curiosity and the other with a vigilant expression.

"Wow, and people mock us for being a bold idiot and a muscular baboon," The white-haired lady in a gorgeous dress spoke with a light chuckle.

"Grandma, no one those insulting words for our tribe, and even you, only use them to scold Father and Grandpa," The young girl beside her complained while rolling her eyes. She was 2.2 meters tall with an extremely beautiful face that seemed completely out of place among the rest of the women in the town. She had long black hair that reached her buttocks, wore nice-looking and fluffy clothes made from animal fur, had big, super-tightly F-cup size breasts, a slim but muscular body, and a black headband on her forehead.

"Young man, who are you, and how can we help you?" The white-haired lady didn't take her granddaughter's sarcastic words seriously and asked Myne with a beautiful smile.

"Sorry to disturb you, Grandma, but is old man Thar... Thanri... Damn it, what was his name... Forget it, the old man who lives in this house is in? Last time, because of some emergency, I had to leave urgently, and we still have a lot of things to discuss remaining," Myne, as careless as always, entered the courtyard as if he were in his own house and came in front of both ladies who were sitting under a tree.

"Well, the old man is indeed in the house, but right now he's very busy with something. Why don't you sit with us and talk? Maybe we can also help you. At least, compared to that idiot, we're more reliable," The white-haired lady said with a smile, gesturing for Myne to sit down.

"You have a point. He's indeed not a reliable guy. Last time, just to show off, he literally threw all the things in the living room at me, he has no respect for guests," Myne said, sitting down on the big chair, which made him feel a bit awkward as it was too big for his size. He looked like a child sitting on an adult chair. But he soon overcame the awkwardness and started complaining. Unless he was blind, he could tell that this white-haired lady was the real boss in this house, and as long as he could pour enough dirt in her ears, no one could save Tharnak from getting beaten.

"Oh, don't worry about that. He's already received the punishment of being cool. By the way, young man, why don't you introduce yourself? My name is Morva Bloodhowl, and this is my granddaughter, Zhorra," Saying that, Morva glanced at Zhorra, who seemed to have gone into silent mode and hadn't said anything except the first time. After receiving her grandmother's meaningful smile, she exhaled a heavy breath and raised her hand at Myne, speaking with a poker face.

"Nice to meet you!"

"Hello, my name is Myne Fortuna. Nice to meet you too," Myne smiled at the big beauty who was two heads taller than him. He was about to grab her hand for a handshake when she moved her hand forward and grabbed his arm.

"In our tribe, we do handshakes like this," Zhorra said in a heavy voice with a deadly serious expression, holding Myne's arm tightly as if she would pull it out of his shoulder the next moment, sending a chill down Myne's spine.

"All right! I understand. You can let go now," Myne quickly pulled his arm back, grabbed his chair, and moved it closer to Morva. He didn't want to stay near this kind of hot-tempered girl.

"She's quite scary," He whispered to Morva in an extremely low voice.

"You think so too? Sigh, she inherited this talent from her father. Sometimes, she even scolds me for every little thing," Morva also moved her face close to Myne and spoke in a low voice.

"Then how do you deal with her? She doesn't start beating everyone for every little thing, right? I've seen some hot-tempered women who, when they get angry at someone, either start throwing things at them or start cursing loudly."

"Oh, I've taught her good manners. When she gets angry at her family, she just runs out of the house to stay alone for some time. Only when she's with outsiders would she explode and beat everyone to a pulp."

"So hot-headed. I think I better stay away from her. I've heard that most girls like her don't like funny people. They can't understand jokes and are very straightforward. If they misunderstand you, you'll get beaten no matter what," Myne nodded with an understanding look on his face.

"You two, I can hear both of you," Zhorra, who had cross-popping veins on her forehead and was clenching her fists tightly, finally couldn't help but speak through gritted teeth.

"Cough, cough, sorry, sorry, my bad," Morva apologized to her granddaughter before again moving her face close to Myne and saying, "We'll continue on this topic later."

Myne, not wanting to get beaten, gave her a thumbs up.

"So, Myne, what did you want to talk to my husband about?"

"Nothing serious. I've just teleported into this dimensional creak and wanted to gather some basic information. By the way, what is your power rank?" Myne, after realizing that Morva was very easy-going, came straight to the point and asked curiously.

"It's E, what about you? You're also from another world, huh? Now it explains your height being so small... If I'm not wrong, you're a human, right?" Morva replied after a moment of silence, probably opening her status panel to confirm the data.

"Oh, mine is only G. You're so powerful. Seems like I should also start making muscles, hehehe... And yes, I'm from a small human world, not worth mentioning. Since you look so similar to humans, I'm curious what your race is," Myne replied jokingly while touching his jelly-like biceps.

"According to this strange data panel, we're enhanced humans, but I don't believe it. Our ancestors clearly mentioned that we're barbarians, a completely different race from those tiny humans," This time, it was Zhorra who replied, and her voice was filled with unquestionable pride.

But aren't barbarians also humans? It's just that they couldn't accept the development speed of the rest of humanity and lived like ancient people, so people started calling them barbarians? Although Myne wanted to complain, thinking that it could cost him a good beating, he honestly didn't open his mouth.

Chapter 589. Wealth That Doesn't Seen

Next, Myne and Morva continued their general talk about this dimensional creak, while Zhorra occasionally added a few words to make her presence known. Both of them didn't know how they ended up in this ghostly place. One moment they were inside their town, watching the meteor shower that appeared once in a hundred years, and the next thing they remembered was that all the people in their town, including their mounts and animals, were teleported to this open area in the middle of a forest.

Thankfully, there were only some weak monsters around them, and with a stream of fresh water running right behind their asses, there was also always a sunny day time saving a lot of trouble, so they had no difficulty surviving.

After that, they quickly adapted to their situation and started building a shelter. After all, the cooldown time was like a sword hanging over their necks, and they dared not be careless. This is why Myne only saw a handful of people casually patrolling around the village, while the rest were busy making preparations for the war.

Because of this, they were so busy that they hardly had time to rest or think about anything else, leaving many things unprepared, like how they now completely depended on meat for food, and there was nothing else to eat around them. Although the forest was lush, there were no other edible things around them, at least they hadn't found anything.

It was good that most of the barbarians were very fond of meat; you could even say they were die-hard fans of meat, so they didn't care even if they only had meat to eat for months. However, some people like Morva and Zhorra, other ladies, who also liked to eat other things, were on the verge of going crazy after eating meat without seasoning for nearly half a month.

"You guys are really having a hard life," Myne showed a look of sympathy. If it were his real body, he would have already taken out a dozen or so delicious dishes, enough for both ladies to eat their fingers off, but sadly, he could only offer them some pity and had no other way to gain their friendship points quickly.

"Umm, Morva, I have to mop the floor, can I now have some drink... Brat?! You're back?"

Just as Myne was continuing to talk with both ladies, suddenly Tharnak walked out of the house, holding a mop in one hand and a bucket filled with dirty water in the other. He was halfway through ruining his own strong and mighty image when he saw an unexpected guest sitting with his wife and granddaughter and couldn't help but exclaim with surprise. Then, without wasting time trying to save his poor image, he quickly came beside Myne.

"Old man, seems like you're getting good treatment for trying to be cool. This is called karma. In the future, when treating guests, you better not try to show off your strength," Myne looked at Tharnak's getup and mocked him with a disdainful smile.

"Yes, yes, for sure. I will never invite ungrateful guests like you into my home again," Although Tharnak wanted to say a lot of things, seeing his wife's not-so-friendly smile, he gulped down his dissatisfaction and spoke humbly with a forced smile.

"By the way, where did you disappear yesterday? I searched everywhere but couldn't find you. What kind of magic did you use? Is this a special magic of your world? It was quite cool, can you teach it to me?" Tharnak, whose body was three meters tall and himself was thick-skinned enough, casually placed the mop and bucket behind Myne's chair and sat down on the turfgrass in the garden, cross-legged, and asked with a curious expression, as there was no extra chair for him.

"Special magic my ass. That was my clone body, and so it is. When you attacked me, it couldn't take the damage and exploded. Do you have any idea how much I suffered because of your prank? It took me a lot of effort and resources to create each of my clone bodies," Myne pretended to be heartbroken and pretended as if he couldn't wait to beat Tharnak, but as if he was considering the other party's old age and status, he didn't do that.

"I see. Phew, I can sleep peacefully now. I almost thought that I was so old that even a little brat like you could beat me down in terms of magic," Tharnak wiped the nonexistent sweat from his forehead and said with a sigh of relief.

"Old man, stop pretending as if nothing happened. Don't you want to say anything for your rude behaviour? Don't forget, that attacking a guest in the house is a universal taboo. I don't believe it's allowed in your world," Myne said, giving a playful smile to Tharnak, and then looked at Morva with a pitiful expression as if asking for help.

Then Morva gave Tharnak a beautiful smile, the other party's expression instantly darkened, and he couldn't help but curse Myne under his breath.

"Fine... I apologize for my rude behaviour," Under his wife's deadly gaze, Tharnak put aside his dignity, compromised within a few seconds, and quickly apologized.

"Wait a minute, since this body of yours is a clone, then doesn't this mean you can still come and go between this dimensional creak and your world freely?" Suddenly, Zhorra, who had also become a hidden background board and was almost forgotten by everyone, stood up from her chair and exclaimed with a shocked expression, catching the trio off guard.

"Yes, but why are you getting so excited?" Myne asked dumbfoundedly, feeling that this hot babe, who was two heads taller than him, had something evil brewing in her mind. Otherwise, she wouldn't show such a great reaction, and clearly, this wasn't good news for his poor health.

"Zhorra, what's the matter, dear?" Morva, who hadn't seen her granddaughter lose her calm since she was appointed as her father's assistant, couldn't help but be surprised.

"Grandma, don't you understand? This man can walk freely between two worlds. If he's willing to help, then we can not only buy all the necessary things from his world but also have a better chance of surviving the upcoming disaster. We would have the entire world of support behind us," Zhorra explained, growing more excited with each word. Hearing her words, the trio also realized the importance of the matter and showed shocked expressions.

"F\*ck! Why didn't I think of that?" Myne, who finally realized he was losing money with each passing second, stood up in shock and exclaimed while holding his head.

"Wait, does this mean we don't have to eat that tasteless meat anymore and can finally eat something useful?"

"Not only that, but we also don't have to rely on those three half-baked blacksmiths to build those poor-quality weapons and can get something nice. It's also possible to place a siege weapon in front of the village for better defence, and heavy attacks!"

Clearly, the husband and wife's brain circuits didn't match the rhythm. One wanted to eat delicious food, while the other's head was full of fighting spirit. But the way they looked at Myne was similar: like a hungry lion finally catching a rabbit.

"Wait a moment, I'll go call Father. He's been losing hair recently because of all these troubles. I hope after hearing this news, he won't be so anxious," Saying that, Zhorra didn't wait for a response and quickly rushed out of the courtyard.

"All right, let's calm down a moment and discuss this seriously before others come," Morva gestured for her husband to sit on a chair, at least she still cared about his image, and continued, "So, Myne, tell us, are you interested in doing business with us? Although we don't look very rich, don't judge us by our appearance. We have enough wealth to blind your eyes."

"Really?" Hearing the other party claim to be super-rich, Myne showed obvious doubt. Seeing how they were wearing cheap and crude leather clothes and didn't even have decent weapons, it was hard for him to believe they were wealthy.

Morva didn't answer, just snapped her finger. Suddenly, the golden ring with a red ruby on top of it shone in a dim red light, and a blinding golden light appeared in front of Myne, forcing him to cover his eyes.

"F\*ck! Where did you get so many raw gold ores from? Did you rob a mine or what?" Myne looked at the ten-meter-tall hill of gold ores before him, his eyes wide with shock. Not only was gold still very valuable and a hard currency in his world, despite him treating it like junk and always using platinum coins, but this gold also had magical energy in it. Clearly, it wasn't the same ordinary gold used as currency in his world but a magical material.

If he placed this gold in front of Lewis or any alchemist, he had no doubt that those people would go crazy to dig out its source. After all, materials with good magic energy conductivity were already rare, and if they could be replaced with a valuable material like gold, it could increase the normal product price five times or even more. After all, appearance is god, and this principle applies to both living and non-living things.

#### Chapter 590. The Trading Game

"You have convinced me. I am willing to be a merchant, only because I couldn't hurt your old people's hearts. Please don't misunderstand, I'm not doing this for the unimaginable fortune you guys have been hiding. I'm a very decent person," Mine picked up a palm-sized gold ore while spouting nonsense, which neither Morva nor Tharnak took seriously.

"But wait a minute... It is okay to bring things from my world to yours, but how the hell am I going to take them back to my world? I still have no idea how to return, just like you. This is also the reason I only dare to send my clones here. Once you enter this dimension, there's no way to go back!"

As Myne examined the gold ore, a shocking doubt struck him, making him dizzy. He couldn't help but voice his concern to the duo, who had already started daydreaming.

"This... is indeed a big problem," Morva said, covering her face with her palm and falling into deep thought. Tharnak, who had long given up on trying to leave this dimension after trying everything, had no solution either. He simply decided not to think at all and let other serious people hammer their heads over this mess.

Due to this sudden realization, the happy mood turned depressing in an instant. The trio fell silent, each trying to come up with a solution. Sadly, by the time Zhorra entered the courtyard with her father—the three-meter-tall muscular, scary-looking, tattooed man who had ordered his men to bring Myne to Tharnak when he first arrived near their village—they had found no solutions.

"Why are you all looking so glum?" Zhorra asked, sensing something wrong from everyone's dejected faces. Her father, who had finally heard some good news since arriving in this ghostly silent place, shook his head with a helpless sigh. He could tell that the grand plan his daughter had been talking about had hit a major snag.

"Zhorra, dear, I think your plan has a slight problem," Morva said with a sigh, seeing that neither of the men intended to break the silence.

"What kind of problem?" Zhorra's father, Ryga, asked with a frown.

"Well, although Myne can indeed transport supplies from his world to ours, we don't know how to send our things back to his world. Without payment from our side, he couldn't continue purchasing large amounts of supplies for us," Morva explained as she got up and brought two additional chairs from the house.

"Damn it! I thought we'd almost solved the problem of eating meat every day!" Zhorra cursed, sitting down angrily beside Myne, scaring him slightly. If possible, he really didn't want to have too much contact with this hot-tempered babe. Although her figure was completely his type, her strong personality was enough to keep him at a distance.

"Is there no way to deal with this problem, Father? Why don't you ask your wizard friend about it? Maybe we can get some help," Ryga knowing how important this matter was, couldn't help but look at his 300-year-old father, who was also the strongest person in their entire village and his role model.

"If we were in our world, I'd have already contacted him. But here, cross-dimensional communication isn't something that can be done just because I want it. Unless I have access to a big source of external pure energy, there's no way to communicate with outsiders. This strange dimension is far more terrifying than it appears," Tharnak dismissed Ryga's idea with a wave of his hand.

"By the way, have you guys tried to contact other people living here? The people from the Church world seem to have a way to control and teleport people from my world to their headquarters, using them as sacrifices for their god," Myne narrowed his eyes, and said while rubbing his chin thoughtfully. If it weren't for the fact that those weirdos from the Church—except Finn—are such dicks and attack people for no reason as soon as they saw him, he would have liked to discuss this idea with them. Anyway, he doesn't have a life-and-death feud with them, so he wouldn't mind doing business with them."

After speaking, Myne noticed the silence and looked up, finding everyone staring at him with frowns, as if he had said something inappropriate.

"What are you guys looking at? Do I have something on my face?" Myne asked, touching his face to check if anything was there, but suddenly caught off guard as Ryga, the three-meter-tall, scary-looking village chief, grabbed his arm tightly.

"What do you mean by 'other people'? And who are those people from the Church world you're talking about?" Ryga asked in a deadly serious tone.

"Don't you guys know about it? There are two more groups of people living in this dimension besides you. Although they all look like humans, they each have different characteristics. For example, you are tall and muscular. The people who live on the dark side have pale skin, red eyes, and two long teeth sticking out from the edges of their mouths. They build castles on cliffs."

"The people from the church world live in the boundary between the day and night areas. They mostly believe in various gods and do all kinds of creepy things to impress them and gain power. Although they call themselves a church, I think they're crazy cultists."

Myne quickly gave them a brief overview of the other two camps and their preparations for the upcoming awakening.

"Damn it! Those blood-sucking bastards won't leave us alone, even here. Father, this time, let's unite and kill them off! Otherwise, once they find us, it will only make things harder for us," Ryga said, standing up from his chair and addressing Tharnak in a loud voice.

"Oh, and how do you plan to find them? Do you have any idea how big this forest is? I've flown in one direction for two entire days at full speed and still didn't see its end. Let's not talk about finding those bat bastards who are God knows where hiding in some corner. This dimension is far bigger than you can imagine. Instead of worrying about them, you'd better focus on improving our shelter's defence and offensive capabilities. We'll deal with them when the time comes," Tharnak dismissed his hot-blooded son's proposal with a disdainful expression and gestured for him to sit down and listen quietly instead of cursing trouble.

"So, do you guys know those pale-skinned people?" Myne asked curiously when he noticed no one seemed inclined to speak about this matter.

"Yes, you could say those bastards are the lifelong enemies of our barbarian race. Those f\*ckers wander the night, dwell in castles, and are nearly immortal, living for thousands of years. They control most of the world's resources and are surrounded by unimaginable wealth. They feed on the blood of living beings, especially intelligent and powerful races. As one of the three strongest races in our world, we are their favourite prey. Our ancestors have fought them for millennia but still haven't eradicated them."

"I advise you to stay away from them. Those bats are aggressive and ruthless, valuing no life but their own. Even conversing with them is as difficult as eating rocks," Tharnak warned with a serious expression.

"Sigh, alright, forget about them. Let's talk business. Since I can't take objects with me, do you have anything else, like magic-related knowledge, potion formulas, body-building techniques, or other things I can learn? My body would naturally retain that information. At least until we figure out a way to transport supplies to my world, we can use this as a form of exchange commodity."

Hearing Myne's words, everyone's eyes lit up instantly, especially Tharnak and Morva. These two old monsters had learned a lot in their youth and could confidently claim they had enough knowledge to help Myne purchase most of what their shelter currently lacked.

"That's a wonderful idea. Since your power rank is only G, it means your strength is limited. Here, take this. This is a basic breathing technique and a body-building exercise. As long as you follow the instructions written in it and do it for one week, you'll see qualitative changes in your body, and your strength will grow rapidly. After you finish these two techniques, we'll move on to the advanced versions.

"Other than those two, I also have 120 Tier-0 spells, 65 Tier-1 spells, 18 Tier-2 spells, 9 Tier-3 spells, and 4 Tier-4 spells in all categories. Take your time learning them from me, and I can guide you if you run into any problems," Morva said with a smile, handing Myne two leather-bound books.

"Although my mastery of magic is limited, I know a lot about swordsmanship, martial arts, boxing, spearmanship, horseback riding, archery, super speed flying, air combat, underwater fighting, combo training, etc. If you need someone to teach you physical fighting, come to me. I have enough to keep you busy for a few years at least," Tharnak added with a smile while rubbing his hands.

"While I may not match Grandma and Grandpa in knowledge of combat and magic, if you want to learn about management, and politics, or need a sparring partner, come to me," Zhorra said with narrowed eyes and a heavy tone, as if threatening Myne.

After hearing the trio's offers, Myne subconsciously looked at Ryga, wondering what he would propose. Then he saw Ryga pull out a sharp dagger from behind his back and speak with deadly seriousness.

"If you ever bring your real body to this world and want to master the mystical arts of our barbarian race, come to me. I'll help you capture a powerful being and seal it within your body just like mine," Ryga said, showing Myne the tattoos on his body, that suddenly started moving as if they might jump out the next moment.

"No need. I think I'll pass on on that. It doesn't sound painless. I'd better learn magic and fighting first, but thanks for the offer," Myne said with a forced smile, quickly moving his chair away from Ryga. Although his behaviour seemed rude, he cared more about his body than someone else's feelings. The way Ryga was rubbing the sharp dagger on his arm was a bit too much for his little heart handle.