

Cheat. A 671

Chapter 671 - 671. Fight

"I don't know what you're talking about. I don't have your pet," Though internally shaken, the boss was a seasoned actor who had managed to deceive almost his entire gang of 100+ gangsters. Naturally, he wouldn't relinquish his most valuable trump card so easily. He refused Myne's request without hesitation.

"Oh, then why don't you just open that room over there, and we'll see whether or not you have my pet?" Myne, who had anticipated this outcome, wasn't the slightest bit surprised that the other party was unwilling to return Waffle. He simply pointed at the door behind the boss and spoke calmly.

"I think you don't understand your current situation brat. You're in no position to demand anything from me. If I wanted, I could kill all of you like mosquitoes. You'd better not try to climb over my head and get the hell out of here before I lose my patience."

The boss, seeing that Myne not only possessed inside information but also seemed very confident about retrieving Waffle lost his composure and decided to take a hard line. Though confident in his abilities, he didn't want to risk reuniting Myne and Waffle, giving him any chance to take away his greatest weapon. God know if he has some kind of weird ability that counters his and releases Waffle from his control, if this happened then he may not have time to regret before losing his life.

"Looks like he's not going to give in. If you have any good plan, now's the perfect time to execute it." Myne nodded at the boss, then moved beside the woman in red and whispered to her, while vigilantly observing the approximately fifty or so mutant gangsters surrounding them.

"You'll have to pay extra for this. Now, in addition to being a delivery boy, you'll have to clean my house every day and give me a good oil massage," The woman in red who was

already in a bad mood replied coldly, pulling out two long, cursed knives she had hidden inside her gown.

"F*ck! Not this shit again!"

"That's why I always say those guards at the entrance are useless."

"Damn it, this crazy woman's going to rampage again."

"I'm out of this nonsense."

Seeing the woman in red draw her cursed knives in a cool and sexy manner, the older gangsters who had witnessed her losing control previously began to exclaim and curse. Some cowardly individuals even began to slowly retreat, ready to flee as soon as things escalated.

"That idiot! I told him to check her properly!" The boss also cursed the bald guard as he saw the woman in red's heroic pose. He looked around and, seeing that his people were losing morale, he became nervous and quickly decided to act before she did, further diminishing their fighting spirit.

"Listen, everyone! Whoever kills this crazy woman today, I'll make him the vice leader of our gang! Not only that, but I'll also help him eliminate his pollution!" Although the boss was a half-baked leader and only knew how to have fun around all day long, he did possess some tricks for motivating others to work hard.

As he expected, upon hearing his grand offer, all the gangsters' eyes lit up with excitement. While their interest in the vice leader position wasn't significant, the chance to purify their pollution was something they were willing to do anything for.

After all, it was a well-known fact that the less pollution one had, the greater the chance of gaining power and living a normal life, without the fear of suddenly losing control and transforming into a mindless monster.

Fueled by greed, the gangsters disregarded their own lives and, like a monstrous horde, rushed toward Myne and his gang, ready to tear them apart.

Because the space was narrow and almost all the gangsters were surrounding Myne and his gang in a circular formation, none of them used guns or heavy weapons, fearing they would hit their own people. Instead, they decided to use their various strange abilities to overwhelm Myne and the others.

"Ocea, fly high and kill as many as you can. No need to hold back. Ted, pretend to fight, while we attract everyone's attention, go and get Waffle. Remember to be cautious. As for you..." Myne turned his head toward the woman in red, who appeared to be experiencing some sort of physical distress, trembling with sweat dripping from her forehead.

"Do you have any extra weapons?"

The woman in red had thought Myne would say something nice or make a joke to boost her morale before the final battle, but upon hearing his shameless request, she became so angry that she wanted to hack him to death. Taking a deep breath to suppress her desire to strangle him, she gave him the middle finger and rushed toward the gangsters.

"Seems like she doesn't have any. Well, anyway, go forth, children beat the hell out of these bastards."

"Woof!"

"Yes, it was time to shine."

Ocea surged forward, her excitement palpable. After uttering a phrase that only Ted and Myne understood, she took a deep breath. With a whoosh, she released a massive amount of super high-pressure water from her mouth, blasting away more than seven gangsters. They flew through the air as if struck by a high-speed car, crashing into the wall five meters behind them.

This was Ocea's innate Hydro Pump skill. But this was only the beginning. Seeing Myne about to be surrounded by the gangsters, she took another deep breath and this time shot out a water jet from her mouth. Though it appeared thin and weak, it was so sharp and powerful that it sliced a mutant in half from the middle as smoothly as a knife cutting butter.

"If only I could use my skills too, then I wouldn't have to rely on Ocea and Ted to deal with these bastards and let them steal all the limelight. What a mess," Seeing Ocea become the protagonist of the moment, drawing all the attention and even overshadowing the woman in red whom the gangsters were so concerned about, Myne sighed helplessly, a hint of envy in his voice, while retrieving the dagger from the hand of the mutant Ocea had bisected.

Then, he shone a bright light on the mutant who was attempting to smash his head with an iron rod, blinding them with his holy light.

It worked wonders as he expected, the mutant, upon contact with the light emitted from his palm, began screaming in pain as his body started to melt, because of the pain his fighting spirit extinguished instantly. Taking advantage of their disorientation, he thrust the dagger into the other party's heart, ending his pitiful life.

However, compared to his teammates, who were like wolves entering a sheepfold, slaughtering the gangsters, his efforts were scarcely worth mentioning.

Even Ted, who was on a secret mission to rescue Waffle, had already killed four gangsters, while Myne had only secured his first kill.

Let's not forget the woman in red, who had transformed into a goddess of war. Even a slight cut from her cursed knife ended a gangster's life. Dozens of mummies-like bodies lay on the ground around her, her hands and knife dripping with blood, a truly gruesome sight.

"F*ck! Where did these bastards come from? Why are they so f*cking powerful?"

The boss, witnessing Myne and his gang slaughtering his people and showing every sign of overwhelming them, grew nervous.

Though he considered bringing Waffle out to deal with them, fearing that Waffle might slip out of his control and he may then follow his previous boss's footsteps, he dismissed the suicidal thought and hurriedly ordered a random gangster beside him to call for reinforcements.

The gangster, understanding the gravity of the situation, ran out immediately. Soon, as the gangsters lost more than twenty members, loud and hurried footsteps echoed from the hall entrance. Moments later, countless gangsters, armed with various makeshift

weapons, mostly iron rods and sharp objects randomly picked up from somewhere, rushed in, joining the fray and instantly increasing the pressure on Myne and the others.

But thanks to the influx of enemies, Ted, who was seeking an opportunity to slip away, quickly lowered himself and ran towards the room where Waffle was locked. Without much trouble, he reached his destination.

Finding the door locked, he first checked the boss and other gangsters, ensuring they weren't watching him. Then, he bit the iron lock hard. Thanks to his steel-like teeth and Super Bite ability, he broke the lock as if it were made of cookies, spitting out the fragments casually.

Hurriedly opening the door, he entered the room, but the scene inside left him speechless.

Waffle, whom they had gone to such lengths to rescue, was now lazily reclining in the lap of a beautiful woman, enjoying a gentle massage from her soft hands. Occasionally, another woman sitting beside him would place a small piece of cake into his mouth and playfully tickle him, making him giggle.

For a moment, Ted wondered if he had entered the wrong room. Seeing how much Waffle was enjoying himself, as if on vacation, despite the commotion outside, he couldn't believe his eyes. Clearly, Waffle didn't care about what was happening outside, or whether anyone had come to save him or not, he was more than enough satisfied with his current life.

Chapter 672 - 672. Waffle's Powerless Plight

"Woof!"

"Huh? Where did this dog come from?"

Hearing Ted's angry voice, Waffle, who was enjoying his luxurious life, was too lazy to care. He didn't even open his eyes and completely ignored him. However, his two maids weren't as indifferent to this sudden visitor.

After all, they knew they were in the bedroom of a dangerous guy, and that too, in the deepest part of his headquarters. There was no way any random dog could get in here without being noticed by countless guards outside.

Unlike Waffle, who didn't care about the commotion outside, they had long ago noticed that a big fight was going on. But because they were too weak and not in a position to save their own asses, they could only do their job: taking care of their master's pet, as instructed, instead of going out to watch the fun.

However, Ted, whose anger had already reached its limit due to jealousy and envy, after all, how could he accept that his best friend was enjoying himself alone while he was working his tail off outside?—instantly activated his Lesser Eyes skill and shot a lesser beam at Waffle with full power.

Seeing Ted's eyes shining with a dangerous light, the maids sensed something was wrong with him. Without concerning themselves about Waffle, they threw him aside and jumped off the bed in fright.

Waffle, who was thrown aside, opened his eyes dazedly, not understanding why his always reliable maids had suddenly tossed him away. But before he could figure anything out, he was greeted with two golden, shining rays that hit his forehead, knocking him back.

"Ahhhhh! Ouch, ouch, ouch, ouch..."

Waffle's painful cry instantly echoed in the room, further scaring the maids, who immediately locked themselves in the bathroom.

As for Waffle, he was like an ant on a frying pan, rolling left and right while howling in pain. Thankfully, he had the Ultra Regeneration skill, and the small burnt holes on his forehead quickly healed, making him breathe a sigh of relief before shifting his bloodshot eyes to the bastard who dared to sneak attack him.

But seeing Ted watching him with a not-so-friendly expression, looking as if he would jump on him at any moment and beat the shit out of him, he swallowed the angry words that were on his tongue.

"How did you find me... I mean Ted, thankfully, you found me. I'm saved! By the way, how are you?"

Waffle, who was deeply influenced by Myne, as soon as he opened his mouth, said something that would make anyone's blood boil. Thankfully, he also realized his tongue had slipped, and he mistakenly spoke his true thoughts and quickly changed his words.

"Woof-woof... (We came to save you, but it seems you didn't need saving at all and are enjoying yourself quite well, aren't you?)"

Ted, who was very angry, spoke sarcastically while jumping onto the bed and taking a bite of Waffle's special pollution-free cake.

"How can you say that? I'm in big trouble! What you're seeing is just something I earned with my hard work. This wasn't what I wanted, it was just someone giving them to me, and I didn't have the heart to refuse his goodwill."

"I really need a brave hero like you to rescue me. You might not believe me, but a bad guy used some kind of weird magic on me, and now I can do nothing but follow his orders, no matter how unwilling I am..."

"Ohh... There's no way I'm going to believe this nonsense of yours," Ted interrupted, coldly, with a face full of disdain.

"Then how about this? If you can't believe my words, then you must believe what you see with your eyes, right?" Saying that Waffle showed Ted his backside, where, beside his tail root, was a weird, dark, baby-fist-sized star mark, which was very conspicuous, even with Waffle's thick hair. It was clearly visible.

"See, this ugly mark was left behind by that bastard while I was unconscious when I came to this weird place. Because of it, I had to do a lot of bad things for him. At first, I tried to get rid of it, but when I didn't succeed, I gave in, thinking that you guys would come to save me anyway. And see, I was right," Waffle said confidently while walking toward the door, ready to join the final battle and steal the spotlight.

"Idiot, where the hell do you think you're going?" Ted hurriedly jumped down from the bed and came in front of Waffle, hitting him on the head with his paw.

"Didn't you just say that someone can control you, then why are you going outside? Do you think we're too free and there aren't enough enemies to deal with, that you want to help them deal with us?"

"Outside, including me, only four people are fighting literally an entire army. If you blindly walk out, and that guy who controls you asks you to deal with us, what do you think we should do? Do you think we're losing too slowly and want to speed up the process?"

After hearing Ted's words, Waffle finally came back to his senses and realized the mistake he was about to commit in his excitement.

"Sorry, I was too excited to get out of this prison and return home, and got carried away," Waffle apologised.

"Then, should I wait for you guys to deal with everyone before coming out?" While saying this, Waffle couldn't help but subconsciously cast a quick glance at the large table in the room, which was filled with all kinds of snacks.

Ted, understanding Waffle's intention, and being a qualified best friend, obviously wouldn't let him do what he wanted. "No, it's too dangerous. What if, after seeing us winning, that man comes here and asks you to fight with us?"

"Listen to me: while no one is paying attention, sneak out of here, avoid that man's sight, and hide somewhere he can't see you, not even let his words reach to your ear. After all, we don't know how his powers work."

"Although we currently outnumber them and it looks like we're losing, most of these people aren't professionals; they're just random mobs. It shouldn't be too difficult to handle them. If nothing unexpected happens, it's only a matter of time before we beat the hell out of all of them and return home with our chests held high."

"Just don't mess up at the last moment. Now go, and hide. I'll go help Myne and the others," Ted said, wasting no more time and quickly rushing out of the room.

Waffle, although feeling sorry for all the snacks he had painstakingly saved, sighed regretfully and also rushed out. Unlike Ted, he immediately found a dark corner and flew high, avoiding unnecessary attention, before looking around for a good hiding place. While doing this, he also observed the ongoing battle.

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As Ted left the battlefield, Myne, being a mage, after losing his all skills, like a novice, randomly waving the sword in his hand and having the least attack power in their group, became the favourite target of most of the gangsters.

Almost all of them wanted to fight him. After all, unlike him, who could only throw holy light in their faces and make some random cuts with his sword, Ocea, who was cutting through their comrades with her water magic-like paper, and the woman in red, whose slightest touch with her knives was enough to take their lives, were simply demons in human skin.

Unless they had no regard for their lives, they had no intention of even looking at them. If it wasn't for the fact that both of them were taking the initiative to attack, they would have long ago been abandoned by all the gangsters and left standing alone with no one to fight.

Compared to them, Myne felt like a harmless puppy whom everyone loved and became the favourite of all the gangsters. Fearing that if they killed him, they would have to face those two monsters, they hardly attacked Myne seriously and simply let him hit them, pretending to be seriously injured before leaving the battlefield with a bright smile on their faces.

This way, no matter how angry their boss was, he couldn't find fault with them. After all, he wasn't paying enough for them to simply throw their lives away, and continue fighting despite being injured.

However, although they were simply pretending, Myne hadn't realized this. With their creepy mutant bodies and aggressive looks, they also made it seem as if they were giving their all to fight him. He felt overwhelmed and barely able to hold on; his arms had long ago started to feel sore, and he was on the verge of giving up.

It wasn't until Ted came flying above him and started shooting down the gangsters with his lesser vision that he had time to catch his breath.

Chapter 673 - 673. Lessons Learned

"Boss, what should we do? Things don't look good. Should I prepare a retreat plan in case we lose?"

One of the gangsters, who seemed to have a good relationship with the boss, and was holding an assault rifle in his hand, watched as Myne and his gang beat the crap out of their comrades. Most of them had already started fleeing by pretending to be injured, letting Myne hit them, ensuring their boss couldn't fault them later. Unable to hold back, he leaned in and asked in a low voice.

"Shut up! What the hell are you talking about? Do you think we would lose to just two people, a dog and a flying baby whale, even with so many of us? What's the point of feeding them if they can't handle a handful of enemies despite having such a huge numerical advantage?"

The boss scolded his right-hand man, who not only wasn't fighting but was also trying to undermine his confidence. His words, surprisingly, proved effective, as the boss himself was starting to feel anxious.

However, although the boss scolded his right-hand man to maintain his confidence in his brothers, he had already begun formulating an escape plan.

After all, in the current situation, even a blind person could see that hard power lay at Myne's side, and their numerical advantage was rapidly diminishing as time passed. They had zero significance to turn the tide, and if nothing unexpected happened, his time in this world was nearing its end.

Just as the boss was about to call for more reinforcements, he noticed the mark he had left on Waffle was very close. This shouldn't have been possible, as his bedroom was locked, and there was no way Waffle could get out on his own.

Turning his head towards the mark's location in confusion, he found it in a dark corner of the ceiling at the back. Although he couldn't see anything in the darkness, he was confident in his abilities and didn't believe he was hallucinating due to nervousness.

His doubt was cleared when he looked at the bedroom and saw the door wide open, and the bed empty.

"F*ck!"

The boss stood up from his comfortable chair in shock, and disbelief, scaring the hell out of the few gangsters standing beside him, who didn't understand his sudden, strong reaction.

Without explaining anything, the boss hurriedly towards the bedroom. Waffle, who had been silently observing the boss's actions from above, immediately understood that he

had been discovered. Instead of staying in place like an idiot and letting the boss use any trick to control him again, Waffle acted quickly.

As soon as the boss entered the bedroom, he flew over the heads of the gangsters who were fighting below and rushed out through the passage, escaping the hall.

Unaware that his ultimate weapon, on whom he had placed all his hopes, had escaped right under his nose, the boss quickly inspected the bedroom before going to the spot where Waffle had been hiding. He tried to sense the mark he had left on him to regain control but was dumbfounded to find that the mark's location was now outside the hall and moving rapidly away from the headquarters.

This information left the boss stunned, his brain momentarily frozen. He didn't know what to do. He couldn't go outside during the fight; if his men saw him missing or fleeing, they would stop fighting and run away faster than him.

Worse, if they realized his powerful pet, whom he relied on to bully them, had escaped, they would likely turn on him. Myne and his gang wouldn't even have to lift a finger before he got beaten to death.

"F*ck!"

As the universal law goes, often thing you least want to happen always does. Because the boss reacted so extremely, his most loyal men followed him. Upon seeing the empty bedroom, where he always kept his powerful monster, who only looked small and cute but more of a hooligan and bastard than them, they exclaimed in shock.

Seeing their boss's pale face, which looked as if it had lost all colour, it wasn't hard to understand that his trump card had escaped. Now, he had nothing left to change the situation.

Without a word, the gangsters behind the boss exchanged glances, tactically nodded, and the boss's right-hand man stepped behind him. Without warning, he swung his assault rifle, hitting the back of the boss's head hard, and knocking him out. He then raised the rifle towards the ceiling and fired a few shots, instantly attracting everyone's attention.

Myne, who was in the worst situation due to being the primary target, was relieved to see the fight temporarily stop. He bent down, placed his hands on his knees, and panted heavily.

If not for his strong willpower, he would have already collapsed to the ground. Although it sounded cool to swing a sword and hack through enemies, it consumed a lot of stamina—especially when enemies surrounded him from all directions, eager to land a hit, and he had to swing his sword nonstop without a moment to catch his breath.

"Everyone, our boss's bound beast has run away, and he's now knocked out. There's no need to fight these gentlemen anymore and put yourselves in danger. We have no grudge against them, so it's better to settle everything peacefully."

Hearing the man holding the assault rifle's words, all the gangsters looked at each other. Realizing that what he said made sense, they slowly backed off, leaving a large open area for Myne and the others.

"Are you all right?" The woman in red, who was literally soaking wet with blood from head to toe, as if she had just showered in it, came beside him and asked coldly.

"Huff, huff... if only you had asked that in a gentler tone, I might feel better," Myne spoke jokingly while standing up, wiping sweat from his forehead. He also tried to wipe the blood from her face, though it only made her face messier.

"Sorry, I can't waste my gentle tone on someone who gets tired so easily," She replied disdainfully, seeing how heavily Myne was panting.

"This is because I can't use my powers. Otherwise, I would have shown you how strong I am long ago," Myne retorted angrily, defending his dignity. But seeing her roll her eyes in disbelief, his face turned as black as the bottom of a pot in frustration. Sadly, he had no way to prove the truth of his words, so he could only ignore her and shift his anger elsewhere.

"Since you've dealt with your boss, and we've confirmed that my pet has run away, if you don't mind, we'd like to leave as well. Do you have any objections?" Myne asked coldly to the man holding the assault rifle, which made the other party frown.

The man didn't expect Myne, who was obviously the weakest among his team, to talk to him, the soon-to-be new boss of the gangsters, with such an arrogant tone.

However, just as he was about to teach Myne some manners (now that there was enough space in the hall to use guns without risking friendly fire), he suddenly saw a small shadow fly out from the entrance passage and throw itself into Myne's arms. This made him swallow his anger and become humble.

He recognized the small shadow as none other than Waffle, who had been their nightmare, single-handedly beating down almost all the gangsters with his nearly god-level healing ability and relentless deadly attacks.

Which was understandable, as Myne had given him too many skills, which he shamelessly used as he wished. Being a divine beast, the thing he lacked least was mana, and most of his skills were low-level and didn't consume much.

Seeing that the opponent force had suddenly become too powerful to mess with, the soon-to-be boss threw aside his dignity and personally escorted Myne and his group out of their headquarters. None of the gangsters wanted to see their faces again.

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"Do you have any idea how much trouble we went through to find you? And you were enjoying yourself here as if you were on vacation? You are asking for a beating, don't you?"

As they were walking out of the headquarters, Ted, who couldn't wait to share Waffle's dark deeds with everyone so they could unite and scold him, quickly told everything to Ocea, who repeated them to Myne, as he could only understand half of what Ted was trying to say. He still needed time to grasp the language completely.

After getting rid of the extra burden and while they were walking toward the apartment, Myne began scolding Waffle, who knew this was unavoidable when he first saw Ted. So, he simply accepted everything they were saying, his head lowered, trying hard to hold back a yawn.

He had gotten used to this level of scolding, which was nothing new to him. As for feeling guilty, that was a joke. How could he have such strong emotions for this kind of mistake, which he didn't even consider a mistake at all? It wasn't his fault that he had a better beginning and someone willing to provide him with a luxurious life, right?

"Hey, why are you silent? Say something!"

Myne, seeing that Waffle wasn't speaking the entire way and was only flying beside him with his head lowered, thought the other party was feeling guilty, so he softened his heart and patted his head.

"Just this time, I'm forgiving you because you were also a victim in this case. But remember, next time something like this happens, instead of being someone's slave, try to contact me or someone else or at least provide some kind of information so we know your situation."

"This time, thankfully, we had Ted's powerful nose, which helped me reach you and Ocea. Otherwise, I would have spent who knows how much time searching such a big city to find you. And in the worst-case scenario, if I couldn't find you in time and something happened, your mothers would have killed me for sure," Myne said with a hint of fear in his voice.

Although he already knew that a beating was inevitable when he got home, this was a thousand times better than facing them if something happened to Ted, Ocea, or Waffle.

He couldn't even imagine seeing their faces again with such bad news.

Waffle, Ocea, and Ted also understood that what they had done this time was too much, and all three of them could have lost their lives. So, they nodded with heavy expressions and promised never to poke their heads into any weird situation they didn't understand again."

Chapter 674 - 674. Relaxing (R-18)

After returning to the apartment, Myne dragged the "tentacle uncle" out of his warehouse, where he was working diligently on his plan to create his "greatest

masterpiece." He asked him to prepare a good room for himself and his pets, as he was no longer willing to stay in the messy and nearly destroyed room.

He was also considered his slave. What would she think of him if he let her stay in that room, where he couldn't even create the proper mood for an "in-depth communication" with her in that environment?

After some persuasion, the tentacle uncle finally offered them two rooms on the second floor, which had been locked previously.

It turned out they were luxurious rooms he had saved for VIP guests before the disaster, intending to rent them to wealthy individuals and scam a good amount of money from them. Sadly, his wish was never fulfilled, and now they had fallen into less discerning hands, who have no intention of paying the rent, let forget about scamming a large amount of money out of him.

After informing his slave, Eva to move to their new room, he asked her to clean both rooms thoroughly, as their long period of disuse had made them very dirty. Then, he took Waffle and the others out again, assigning them their tasks.

Because the trio was unaffected by the pollution surrounding the city unlike him, who couldn't stay outdoors for more than 30 minutes and could use their skills perfectly, he entrusted them with the work of hunting down monsters and delivering them to the tentacle uncle's warehouse, as he needed a large quantity of them to create his giant toy.

As for the woman in red's grocery items which he promised her, he asked Ted to store one or two in their previous room, and he would deliver them to her personally.

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"Phew, finally some peace," Myne exhaled tiredly as he threw himself onto the comfortable bed, landing on his stomach. The room was decorated nicely with fine and expensive furniture with soft white illuminating it, making it very pleasant to the eyes.

He slowly opened his eyes and looked towards the bathroom, from where the sound of the shower was coming, and his heart rate instantly increased.

After all, he had been in this strange world for many days, under significant pressure, and as a big pervert who craved his girl's bodily warmth daily, this felt like torture. Only he knew how much he had been suffering from holding back.

If it hadn't been for the fact that yesterday was Eva's first day with him, the vulnerable woman he had taken pity on and taken under his wings, after killing her husband and deformed daughter, who was on the verge of transforming into a powerful monster.

He knew that she needed some time to adjust to her mind, which is why he didn't take any action, and otherwise given how horny he was, he would f*ck her, instead of just hugging her like a idiot.

But today, he could no longer control his inner beast and give her more time. Either she was intelligent and intuitive enough to offer herself to him, earning his favour, or he would have to use force to teach her how most slaves treat their masters.

Ten minutes passed, and Eva finally emerged from the bathroom with only a towel wrapped around her hot body. Obviously, for her, who had never had much contact with any other men except her husband, let alone physical intimacy, she was extremely nervous.

She didn't dare to look at Myne's face and stared at the ground. Her face was as red as an apple, and she walked towards Myne at a slow pace.

Myne, noticing her intention, nodded with satisfaction and realized he had underestimated his new slave. As a housewife with a daughter, twice his age, how could she not understand his inner thoughts?

Especially when his arousal had been evident the moment he stepped into the room, showing no signs of calming down. It was obvious that Eva understood no one could save her from this greedy beast tonight—unless she had the courage to protect herself from the other monsters in the city and run away.

Biting her lower lip, Eva took a deep breath and untied her towel, letting it slide down her youthful, sexy body and fall to the ground, revealing herself in her natural state. Myne's breathing grew heavy as he stared at her flawless, milky skin, particularly her C-cup breasts and long, rock-hard nipples, which betrayed her nervousness but also hinted at her anticipation for the night ahead.

Myne stood up from the bed and sat on the edge, facing Eva. He raised his head to meet her black-and-white eyes. Placing his hand behind her neck, he pulled her closer and pressed his lips against hers.

Without hesitation, he deepened the kiss, his tongue exploring her mouth.

Neither of them was inexperienced, and both knew exactly what to do in this situation.

Myne grabbed Eva's ample buttocks tightly, sinking his fingers into their softness. They felt like pudding, and he was barely holding himself together.

His excitement was palpable, his little brother was literally trembling with excitement.

They entwined around each other, and Myne let her sit on his lap. Their kiss intensified, their breaths mingling, hot and heavy. For a moment, the world seemed to fade away, leaving only the two of them.

A little while later, Eva broke away briefly to catch her breath. The look in her eyes told Myne she had enjoyed it.

Without a word, she took the initiative, grabbing his cheeks and kissing him passionately. To heighten his pleasure, she rubbed her breasts against his chest and give his overexcited little brother a wet massage with her pussy.

"Huff, I didn't expect you to be so active today," Myne teased after pulling away from the kiss. "Unlike last night, when you were shaking with fear, worried I might force myself on you at any moment." He smirked, savouring the faint strawberry taste lingering on his tongue.

"I am just being practical and doing what I know is best for my survival. There are no personal feelings in this... Master," Eva spoke in a low voice, nervousness clearly evident in her tone.

"No feelings, you say, huh? Well, we'll see about that by the end of the show," Myne responded with a confident smile. He had dealt with enough women to feel this level of assurance in his abilities, and he knew how to reach a woman's heart from her most sensitive parts.

His left hand remained at her waist, while his right hand reached for her perfectly rounded breast.

"Ahm~" Eva moaned at Myne's touch. It was clear her breasts were quite sensitive—more so than her vagina or buttocks. When he touched those areas, she had managed to control herself and stifle her reactions, but this was different.

Eva's body was like a temple, and Myne planned to worship it tonight with full devotion.

He placed his lips on her perky left nipple, fondling the other with his hand. Eva bit her lip, throwing her head back to savour the sensation.

Myne's tongue gently traced circles around her areola, increasing the sensitivity of her nipples.

"Ahhh!" Eva couldn't contain her pleasure. But then she felt Myne's bulge pressing against her, and she was dumbfounded by the fact how hard it had become suddenly. Her late husband had been nothing compared to this. His had barely reached six inches, while Myne was around eight and a half inches long—unnaturally thick, which felt a bit overwhelming for a old woman like her, even though she was only twenty-seven.

"Master! If you keep doing this, I just might...! Ahm~" Eva knew she was on the verge of losing her composure. The way Myne sucked her nipples showed he was far from inexperienced—more skilled than she had expected, which is understandable as It was easy to underestimate him because of his age.

She arched her lower back slightly, reached for his dick, and began to stroke it gently, up and down. She wanted to feel the full length of him in her hand, but her thoughts were becoming increasingly scattered.

"Hehehe! Someone's eager..." Myne teased, but Eva didn't care at this point. All she wanted was his hot, hard cock inside her.

"If you want it so badly, why don't you give it a try?" Myne teased, leaning back slightly and placing both hands on the bed for support.

Eva thought his suggestion made sense, so she climbed onto his lap, spread her legs, and knelt between them, his excited little brother right in front of her face. Seeing it up close, she couldn't help but gulp nervously, wondering if she could even take it all into her mouth.

Eva had small hands, which made Myne's 8.5-inch length seem even more imposing. She stroked him, feeling every vein with each movement of her palm.

She opened her mouth like a python about to devour its prey, and Myne watched in amazement as she slowly took his entire shaft down her throat.

Even though he had expected her to be experienced—after all, she was the mother of a girl—Myne hadn't anticipated such skill. Her tongue coiled around his cock, and the next moment, she plunged her head forward, swallowing him completely.

"How are you so good at this?" Myne couldn't help but let the words slip from his lips, but he was met with only silence and a teasing gaze. Clearly, his favorability wasn't high enough to uncover such a deeply hidden secret.

Myne didn't know how to feel about it but it felt like he was about to enter a state that only those that had ties with the gods could enter.

She pulled back to catch her breath, but her tongue remained wrapped around his dick. Myne looked down and saw a web of spit connecting her lips to the tip of his cock.

"Do you like the way it stretches my throat?" Eva suddenly asked, biting her lower lip and catching him off guard.

Before he could respond, she looked up at him with a soft smile and shoved his dick back down her throat, never breaking eye contact until it was completely inside her mouth once more.

At that moment, Myne realized he wouldn't last much longer at this rate.

The last thing he wanted was to tap out first. That would show her he wasn't capable of handling her, especially now that he didn't have his stamina-recovery skill to rely on. Although he had the physique of four times of an adult, he still didn't want to take any chances. Losing to her in his own game would be the ultimate shame.

Myne knew he had to regain control of the situation. He needed to find a way to turn the tables. That was when it hit him: he was allowed to be rough with her. After all, she was his slave, not his girlfriend. He didn't need to worry about her feelings during intercourse.

Chapter 675 - 675. Relaxing (Part-2) (R-18)

Myne knew he had to regain control of the situation. He needed to find a way to turn the tables. That was when it hit him: he was allowed to be rough with her. After all, she was

his slave, not his girlfriend. He didn't need to worry about her feelings during intercourse.

As the thought crossed his mind, Eva happened to take his entire little brother into her mouth. Myne seized the back of her head, gripping it tightly to hold her in place.

Eva tried her best to keep sucking his cock in this state but she needed to put it out for air.

Soon, she began to choke, her body tensing as she struggled. Yet Myne didn't relent—not until she slapped his thigh, begging for release. Only then did he nod in satisfaction and finally let her go.

"Looks like you can't even keep your food in your mouth," Myne teased with a playful grin while Eva gasped for breath.

"Maybe not with this mouth..." Eva, feeling belittled by a brat whose pubic hair hadn't even started growing, shot back with a cheeky retort. Before Myne could react, she shoved him onto the bed. By the time he tried to sit up, she was already on top of him. Clearly, she was no longer in the mood to play master and slave with him.

"But something tells me it'll be different with this mouth..." She flashed a cocky smile as she mounted him.

Myne could feel how wet she was. Truthfully, she was just as much of a pervert as him—if not more. The fact that she still wanted to have sex with his late husband after knowing he'd just killed someone proved she was far from normal.

Eva didn't put his cock in but instead, began to grind against it, it was right below her pussy slit and her juices leaked all over his shaft.

"Ahh~ Yes, just like that..." She moaned.

"Are you trying to please me or yourself? And who's the master here—you or me?" Myne grumbled, watching her ride him with unrestrained enjoyment, and stopped taking him seriously and found himself at a loss for words.

However, thinking that she is an experienced wife with a child, he reasoned that she might possess unique tricks hidden up her sleeve to deliver him to heaven. Therefore, rather than hindering her game, he decided to cooperate.

Eva bit her lower lips as Myne grabbed her slutty waist to control the rhythm, and to tell the truth, she was already very close to cumming, although it wasn't even inside yet.

"Let's give our first shot together... Master!" Eva whispered, trying her best to control herself from cumming first.

"Sorry, baby. This isn't a game with middle ground. You either win or lose." Myne smirked, fully intent on defeating her and then making fun of her. After all, it was she who behaved aggressively before, now it is only for him to show her who was boss here

Before she could comprehend what he was saying, suddenly Myne tighten his grip over her waist and lifted her up, until his little brother have enough place to place its tip at her vagina's entrance, and let it slip inside her.

Because it had been quite a few days since he had been inside any girl, the sensation that shot through his body was enough to rob him of his common sense.

"Ah... I miss this feeling so much!?" Myne said in pleasure while letting out a small moan.

Eva, despite being the mother of a child, wasn't only super tight but she was soaking wet, it felt like he just stuck his cock into a warm swamp, her inner walls welcoming his veiny cock by trapping it.

"F*ck! This feels good!" Myne couldn't hold it in any longer, he was ready to shoot his entire load into her the moment it made it slithered inside her, and hit her womb.

However Eva wasn't lost in pleasure and started talking nonsense like him, and she also didn't seem done yet, after coming back to her senses, she placed her hands on his chest to balance herself right before riding him, she rode him like a someone about to be thrown off a bull. Seems like is in the mood to go all out.

She raised her ass to the point that just the tip was all that was left in before bringing it back down like a meteorite, making the bed creak.

"Do you like it?! My dear Master! Ahh~ F*ck! Your dick is so damn big! I could ride it all day!" Her words dissolved into mindless pleasure as she surrendered to the sensations.

The pace gradually increased with Myne gripping the sheets as Eva was using too much force, however instead of feeling hurt, he was enjoying it and hoped that she wouldn't stop at all.

"Mmm~!" Eva's moans were exotic but it wasn't just her voice that responded to it but her pussy pulsed around him, gushing around his dick perfectly.

She leaked like a fountain but Myne didn't give a shit at that moment, he no longer cared about control or any of that irrelevant stuff.

The logic went out the window as he grabbed her breasts and began to fondle them.

He teased her nipples, running his fingers a her beautiful areolas before gently tugging at her hardened nipples.

"Ahhh! Don't be so rough~"

Eva pleaded, but her words fell on deaf ears. All Myne saw right now was a piece of flesh he would use to empty his balls—though that would come after the first load.

Myne removed his hands from her breasts and gripped her waist instead. Eva felt his cock throbbing inside her and realized he was about to release.

Despite this, she made no effort to stop him. Instead, she hoped he would spill everything inside her. Maybe, by some miracle, she'd get pregnant again. After losing her daughter, she had no one left in this world. She still clung to the hope of having a child while she still had time.

Myne, who could read her inner thoughts, was more than willing to fulfil it. He gets up, forcing her to wrap her arms tightly around him before gripping her waist and driving into her with all his strength.

Eva abandoned all useless thoughts as pleasure overwhelmed her. Her body moved on its own, lost in sensation.

"~I-I am close!~"

She screamed, she couldn't keep her voice under control but Myne didn't care. A few seconds after this, he give a final thrust and unloaded his cum, it was backed up and every single drop shot right into her womb.

Eva came hard at the same time, her legs nearly buckling from the intensity. She had expected this encounter to be boring—just tending to some brat driven by instinct, knowing nothing of real pleasure. But who would have expected this would be one of, if not, the most intense orgasms she ever had?

When Myne finally released her waist, she collapsed onto the bed, her stomach pressed against the mattress as she gasped for air.

But before she could recover, she felt his weight on her again—and a long, and thick piece of meat again made it's inside her.

"W-Wait! Ah! I'm still sensiti—!"

Myne ignored his lowly slave's pleas. As his cock reached her depths once more, he leaned close to her ear, whispered "It's just the beginning," gave her a small kiss on the cheek, and resumed pounding into her.

He pressed her face into the bed, his cock exploring untouched places inside her. With each thrust, the tip brushed against her womb—already half-filled with his cum—ensuring none of it spilt out.

Eva, who had talked so boldly earlier, had already reached her limit. She needed rest before round two. But for Myne, this was only the beginning of a long night.

Amidst the loud, pleasure-filled moans echoing through the room, neither of them noticed another sound—the sharp scrape of metal dragging across the wood.

Outside their door, a woman in red stood, holding a bag filled with carefully prepared dishes intended for a certain bastard. Her face was expressionless, but her hands trembled. One of her eyes was completely red like a demon without any sign of a pupil, and she gripped a cursed knife in her left hand, scraping it against the door, leaving deep gouges in the wood.

This continued for ten minutes until bloody tears started to fall from her eyes. Then, without a word, she turned and walked away.

The tentacled uncle, who had emerged from his warehouse to retrieve chemicals from his room, saw her approaching, her head lowered.

He opened his mouth to greet her—

Whoosh!

A knife flashed past his cheek, slicing a thin line into his skin before embedding itself in the wall behind him.

He was so terrified that his legs trembled, nearly causing him to fall. Under his terrified gaze, the woman in red entered her room and slammed the door shut with tremendous force. He then heard the sounds of furniture being thrown and objects breaking.

Chapter 676 - 676. Echoes of a Noisy Night

"Good morning, Yawn~" Myne greeted the tentacle uncle as he entered the kitchen for breakfast. However, having worked late into the night teaching some disciples to his slave and slept quite late, he was still very sleepy.

"Good morning?"

The tentacle uncle cast a confused gaze at the window, where everything outside was shrouded in thick darkness. He couldn't fathom from which angle this was "good" or a "morning," given that it had been nearly two years since the sun last shone.

Nonetheless, he responded expressionlessly and, instead of continuing his breakfast, simply stared at Myne.

"What?" Myne asked, noticing his unblinking gaze—which gave off an unsettling vibe—couldn't help but ask.

"Did you enjoy last night?" The tentacle uncle, who seemed to be waiting for this question, responded immediately.

"What? How do you... were you eavesdropping on my room?" Shocked by the question, Myne shot him an unfriendly look.

"You're taking my humble apartment a bit too seriously. The soundproofing here isn't as robust as you think. Also, our rooms are right next to each other. Even if I didn't want to, I could still hear your noise crystal clear. If you don't want others to hear your sounds of ice and fire, you should cover your woman's damn mouth next time."

Hearing the tentacle uncle's complaint, which sounded like he was holding back his anger from a sleepless night, Myne was speechless and could only offer a shameless smile.

"Sorry, I thought you were going to spend the night in the warehouse... playing with your new toy. I didn't expect you to return so soon. Otherwise, I would have stopped Eva from making so loud noise," Myne apologized, but a smug smirk played on his lips. He didn't take the widower uncle seriously, who hadn't touched a woman in years, and assumed the other party was just jealous.

"By the way, did you notice anything strange on your way down?" The tentacle uncle's expression remained stone-like, unchanged by Myne's playful smirk.

As a 30-year-old widower who had remained single to care for his daughter, and after her death, spent years in a dark lab trying to find a way to just communicate with her again, he didn't care about such childish matters.

He had long discarded those trivial things. Instead, he thought about the woman in red, especially the murderous aura she had emitted when he saw her last night. A smile, like one taking pleasure in another's misfortune, appeared on his lips, but he quickly hid it before Myne could see. He didn't want to ruin someone's surprise.

"No, why?" Myne asked casually, putting a piece of baked monster meat into his mouth.

"Nothing. You'll find out when you return to your room." The tentacle uncle didn't spoil the suspense and began eating his breakfast, pondering some problems he had encountered while making his toy. At that moment, Myne, who disliked riddles, tried to peek into his thoughts with { ? }, but found no useful information as the other had already changed his thought channel.

"What the hell is he talking about?" Myne muttered, a bad feeling creeping over him, seeing the tentacle uncle's mysterious behaviour.

He quickly tried to recall if he had missed anything on his way down, but he had been half-asleep and hadn't paid much attention to his surroundings.

Because the tentacle uncle had successfully ruined his good mood, Myne quickly finished his breakfast half-heartedly before rushing towards the staircase.

As he reached the first floor, he noticed the first abnormal thing. The woman in red's cursed knife was deeply embedded in the wall, as if it had been thrown with great force.

"Did someone sneak into the apartment last night?" Myne wondered, but he didn't dare touch the cursed knife since he had no protective measures. He decided to talk to the woman in red and remind her to retrieve her knife.

Thinking this, Myne knocked on her door, wondering who would dare invade their apartment and why the tentacle uncle was acting so mysteriously as hunting down unexpected intruders had been his hobby for the past two years, it shouldn't be anything new for him.

"Weird, did she go out shopping again?" After knocking several times without getting a response, Myne decided to return later and hurried towards the second floor.

"F*ck! This can't be the shit I'm thinking about. How can there be such a coincidence?" Myne shuddered with fear, looking at the scrape mark on his door. They looked like random scrapes up close, but from a distance, they formed a word everyone knew too well.

Seeing the word "DIE" on his room door, Myne could already guess where this script was heading.

"Damn it, when I desperately wanted her to come to my room and deepen our bond, she never showed up. But when she was pretending to be angry and didn't even want to talk to me, she showed up at the wrong place at the wrong time to ruin everything. What a mess."

She's going to kill me, thinking I cheated on her, even though we haven't entered a proper relationship yet," Myne muttered helplessly, exhaling a long, heavy sigh.

If I had known she would visit, I would've clamped Eva's mouth shut with clothes. It's all that idiot's fault—who told her to scream so loudly just to set the mood and stroke my ego? Myne cursed shamelessly, shifting all the blame onto Eva, even though he was the one who had been f*cking her like a beast, ignoring her pleas to stop.

But considering their upcoming final battle, where they would undoubtedly need every combatant they could muster, and knowing the woman in red was a crucial asset he couldn't afford to lose, and, of course, because he considered her a friend, Myne shook his head, cursing his bad luck, and made his way towards her room, ready to be a punching bag to coax her.

"No wonder that bastard showed no reaction to my taunts. He was laughing at me inwardly, treating me like a joker."

Click!

"No matter what, this new ability of mine is definitely the dream skill of every thief and assassin in any world," Trying to calm his pounding heart, Myne joked weakly before slowly pushing the door open and stepping inside.

But after seeing the state of the room, his brain almost convinced his body to turn around and flee as far from her as possible. Unfortunately, his desperate desire to return home—along with the stubborn insistence of his heart (and a certain other body part)—made him ignore the relentless warning signals screaming in his skull. He closed the door behind him.

Almost all the furniture in the woman in red's living room had been violently thrown against the walls, shattered into pieces, and now lay scattered on the ground, a pile of wreckage.

Many of her favourite cursed knives had suffered a similar fate, broken and nicked from their attempts to destroy the solid walls, bearing deep cut marks that testified to their desperate use before being discarded like trash.

The word "Die" seemed to hold a special place in her heart, as she had scrawled it across all four living room walls with such visceral hatred that the words seemed alive, imbued with raw emotion. Even someone unaware of the situation could grasp the artist's mental state and the grim fate awaiting the culprit.

"Maybe she's not home. I should come back later when she's calmed down a bit..."

Thud!

"What was that sound?"

Thud!

Just as Myne was convincing himself to leave and seek comfort in Eva's warm embrace, the sound of something sharp striking wood echoed through the house. It was too heavy to be a knife chopping meat.

Thud!

Swallowing nervously, Myne prayed that his head wouldn't be the next thing on that chopping board. eling himself, he crept toward the kitchen.

He cracked the door open and peeked inside—only to freeze in stunned disbelief.

The woman in red had always been a reserved, modest girl—neatly dressed, never revealing too much skin, almost too pure. In the three days he'd known her, he'd never seen her tie up her messy hair, let alone wear lipstick or any kind of makeup.

But today?

Her hair was sleek, tied into a ponytail. Light makeup accentuated her features, dark lipstick glistening on her full lips. And her outfit—a babydoll net dress with lace fish-cut trim—left nothing to the imagination, as she wore nothing beneath it, and everything was presented before Myne's eyes.

Myne couldn't comprehend how the naive, innocent woman had transformed into this bold, daring seductress with... very nice tastes. Yet deep down, he had to admit: with that makeup and outfit, he was utterly captivated by her.

Thud!

Chapter 677 - 677. Broken Trust

{ She is fully aware of your presence and is wondering how she should eat you. }

{ She is contemplating which method of killing you would bring her the greatest pleasure: chopping you into pieces, or first boiling you in lava-like hot blood, watching you suffer, and then slowly cutting you into pieces and eating you before your very eyes. }

{ They are sleeping... }

"Oh, my, my, look who has come to visit this lonely woman, our dear playboy."

Just as Myne was reading the decidedly unfriendly thoughts of this new version of the woman in red, who had now transformed herself into the woman in black, she suddenly turned her head towards him. She spoke with a playful smile that made Myne's hair stand on end in fright, and he nearly slammed the door in her face.

"Hey! Good morning," Myne responded with a dry laugh, but then, finding he had nothing else to say, he observed her seductive clothing, gulping down his saliva as his "little brother" stirred, thanks to his peculiar taste in women. To avoid being labelled a pervert and receiving a severe beating, he continued,

"You are looking very beautiful in that dress, especially with that cool lipstick."

"You think so too? As expected, only that idiot would call my bold, modern fashion sense 'perverted and vulgar.' She has no taste at all... By the way, why are you hiding behind the door? Come in, take a seat. I was preparing breakfast; Why don't you join me? I'd love the company."

Seeing that the topic was veering off track, the woman in black gave Myne a knowing look, understanding that he was flirting to save his ass, and asked him to come into the kitchen.

Myne's gaze locked onto the super sharp knife in her hand, the unnerving smile on her lips, and the enormous pot on the stove, its lid slightly ajar as steam curled ominously from within. God only knows what's boiling in there. Truthfully, he had zero desire to sit down for a meal where he might be part of the main menu. But with no escape, he swallowed hard, forced a bitter smile, and stepped inside.

Kicking aside unrecognizable monster parts floating in a pool of blood on the floor, Myne took a seat on the grimy chair, mentally cursing the fact that he'd have to change clothes again.

{ She couldn't decide to kill you because of your weird love-hate relationship with her other personality. }

{ She feared that killing you would wake her other personality prematurely, and she didn't want to return to her room without playing enough. }

{ They are slee... SOMETHING IS STARING AT YOU! }

"F*ck!"

As Myne was casually reading the woman in black's deadly thoughts, as usual, suddenly, when he read the third one, which he assumed related to her other personality, the golden message bar glitched slightly. The next moment, the golden bar turned dark, and bloody red words appeared on it, catching Myne off guard.

THUD!

"Did you just curse me?"

Before Myne could figure out the reason behind the abnormality with his ability, how it had suddenly turned into a creepy warning, a deafening thud echoed through the kitchen. The Woman in Black loomed over him, her knife buried deep in the wooden table, her eyes gleaming with cold fury.

"No, no, no, absolutely not. How could I possibly curse you for no reason? Maybe I'm having a hallucination or something, but I think I saw a weird, creepy, shadowy figure on top of you. It startled me."

Myne, having mastered the art of lying, spun the lie effortlessly. Otherwise, if people discovered that he could read their dark and seedy inner thoughts and that no secrets were hidden from him, he would definitely become public enemy number one.

"A shadowy figure?" The Woman in Black narrowed her eyes. "I didn't notice anything." Suspicion laced her voice, but after a brief pause, she dismissed the topic with a shrug. "Whatever. Forget that. Tell me—how was your night? Did you enjoy yourself?"

Here we go, The thing Myne feared had finally happened, and now he wished he could teleport away to avoid answering her.

But his wishful thinking was met with the woman in black's eager eyes, wanting to know about his private life, and he could only nod with a helpless sigh.

"Why are you behaving like a pussy? We are friends; you don't have to be so shy. Come on, tell me the details. I'm not going to eat you if you talk about it," The woman in black grinned in a friendly manner.

"I doubt that," Myne muttered in a low voice, looking at her inner thoughts, every one of which mentioned killing him and eating him. It was really hard for him to believe her words.

"It was good..."

"Just good? I heard you've literally become a beast."

Maybe it was because he was too nervous or irritated by how she was toying with him despite knowing everything, but he finally exploded and decided not to care about the outcome anymore. If she wanted him to treat her like a friend, then so be it.

"It was crazy, all right. I haven't had such a great time in days. Even now, I'm hoping to return to my room immediately and 'bang' her a few more rounds."

"It was natural. I was under a lot of pressure. It's not easy for me to accept being trapped in this weird, creepy world without my powers or any way to return home. I'm scared out of my mind. So, when that lady became my slave—offering everything to me in exchange for protection—I couldn't control myself and got physical with her."

"It was purely out of need, and there were no emotional attachments. So, for God's sake, stop behaving like a child. We're all adults. If you have anything to say, say it directly."

"Also, I don't understand why you're so angry about me sleeping with another woman in the first place. We barely had one date and broke up before we could plan a second..."

"Hold on, angry young man. So, it's also her fault that you guys broke up? Who would stay with you if you treated her like a tool right after your first date and threw her into a deadly battle?"

The woman in black interrupted Myne's inner monologue, exclaiming angrily while slapping the table hard. If not for the numerous useful items on it, she would have flipped it.

"Deadly battle my ass. Whose idiots were so weak that I'm still regretting overestimating them. Who would have thought that Ted alone was enough to beat the shit out of all of them? If I had known earlier, I would never have treated her like a backup plan. I did that because I knew you guys were powerful enough to save my ass if things got out of hand. Otherwise, I would never have dragged her into the muddy water in the first place."

"How do you know about our secret?"

Just as Myne thought he and the woman in black would continue bickering like a couple and resolve the matter by rolling in the bed if his luck didn't abandon him and he didn't get beaten—she suddenly appear beside him, holding her knife tightly, and asked coldly.

"Secret? What secret?" Myne asked confusedly, genuinely not understanding what she was talking about, while subconsciously moving his chair away from her.

"Why are you calling me 'her' or 'you guys'? When did you find out?" The woman in black moved closer to Myne again, this time grabbing his chair, preventing him from escaping.

"Isn't it obvious? From the moment I met her, she always said things as if she had someone to take care of, or feared that something or someone would emerge out of thin air. At first, I was confused about who she was talking about."

"But the more we interacted, the more suspicious I became. Everything became clear when I saw you today. No matter how a person is hurt, there is no way he can change his living habit, and turn into a completely new version of herself."

"Also you outright admitted you weren't the 'woman in red' by saying that 'idiot has no taste in clothing'."

"Oh, I see. So that's how it is. Quite clever, I must say." The woman in black nodded with an understanding look, and the smile returned to her face. She let go of Myne's chair, rubbed his hair playfully, and returned to the other side of the table, continuing to prepare breakfast.

Seeing that the woman in black was in a good mood, Myne hurriedly asked the question that was bothering him.

"By the way, how many personalities do you guys have? if you don't mind... can you tell me how this happened?"

Chapter 678 - 678. The Gluttony's Curse

"Are you sure you want to know? But let me warn you, if you hear my story, you'll be tied to me. At least while you're here, in my world, you can't be with any other woman. No more touching any other female with lustful desire except my sister of course... Otherwise, believe me, we won't have this kind of peaceful conversation next time."

"So think carefully—is your curiosity worth the price? If you can't control your lower body, it could be very, very deadly for your health," The woman in black said with a playful face, before shaking her head in disappointment. She already knew Myne's answer just by seeing his weird expression, thinking she had scared him.

What she didn't realize, however, was that she had indeed surprised Myne with the eye-opening effect of her curse, which seems looking for a reliable and loyal husband for her more than trying to harm others. The true reason for his shock was something else entirely.

{ She is affected by a fragment of the gluttony demon, one of the seven sin demons of hell. }

{ Because of the effect of the fragment of the gluttony demon, as she becomes emotionally unstable or gets hurt too much, her hunger begins to grow crazily, she will lose her mind and become a mindless beast who only knows how to kill and devour. }

{ During her berserk state, her strength increases greatly with each passing minute, and she becomes more and more crazed until she kills every living being within her sight and starts devouring them to fill her bottomless stomach and calm her eternal hunger. }

{ The curse is transmissible, and the more someone knows about it, the more you will become involved in it. In the end, the curse will trap you as well. However, it is not completely inescapable for those who are not the main host of the gluttony demon fragment, and it can be removed by a special sacrificial ceremony. }

{ Method: Step one: The Statue: Build a small statue of the gluttony demon from flesh and blood. (A fatty with a super big mouth and a balloon-like stomach that covers 70% of his body, and very small legs and arms.)

Step Two: The Altar: Create an altar from bones, and make sure it is solid enough, as you will have to make many sacrifices there later. Also, carve a circle with a giant tongue surrounded by dense teeth in the centre, using blood.

Step Three: Attracting Attention: Bake a loaf with tear-soaked flour and offer it to the statue. Then capture 13 live rats, tie their tails together (creating a "Rat King"), and drown them in hot cooking oil, little by little. Their painful squeaks must sound like laughter as they die.

The Final Step: The Grand Feast: One by one, sacrifice a total of a hundred beings on the altar.

Complete all those steps, and you will be able to get rid of the curse. }

That's it? I thought it would be some kind of big deal. At least for me, it's not much of a problem. But sadly, my ability didn't tell me how to get rid of her curse. Otherwise, I could definitely win her heart in one fell swoop.

However, she doesn't seem like someone I should mess with. She is very protective and doesn't like to share her man with other women, which is also a red flag for me. Anyway, at least now I have one more way to che... I mean, win her trust.

Myne thought with a smile, coming beside the woman in black who was serving breakfast. The food looked like it was prepared for ghosts, and no being could survive after eating it. Clearly, cooking was not her forte.

"Did you think I'm some kind of playboy who can't stay loyal to one woman? If so, then you disappoint me greatly, both you and your sister. Now you leave me no other option but to accept you wholeheartedly and get cursed, in order to prove my innocence."

Saying that, he looked into her dark, dumbfounded eyes, grabbed her shoulders, gave her a tight hug, while gently squeezing her bountiful bottom, and continued, "So, please let me be a part of your life, and tell me everything you want."

"I don't give a damn about any curse. It can't be more scary than your food," He joked as he pulled her out of the hug. Seeing her expressionless face, he knew he shouldn't have commented on her food, which seemed to be rubbing salt in her wounds.

"Sorry, I just..."

"If you don't want to be boiled alive, sit and eat... everything," She said coldly, grabbing Myne's neck and placing the tip of her knife right on top of his groin. She was not in the mood for jokes.

"Okay, okay," Myne gave in fearfully and sat down under her deadly gaze. He looked at the inky dark liquid in the bowl, which was supposed to be soup, but no matter how much Myne convinced himself, he couldn't connect the weird liquid with the word "edible."

{ Highly Toxic Homemade Poison: Have effects of paralyzing the body, causing hallucinations, and possessing slight acidic properties. Not recommended to eat under any circumstances. }

Reading the warning on the soup, Myne's hands trembled. If he had his regeneration skill, he might have been able to bite the bullet and eat this poison before him, suffering only a few minutes of discomfort at worst. However, in this world, where recovery from injuries was difficult as hell, he didn't want to take any risks, especially not to please someone by consuming poison knowingly.

So, even with someone standing beside him, a knife pressed to his neck, he had no intention of picking up the spoon and committing suicide.

"Why aren't you eating?" The woman in black had assumed that just to please her and correct his mistake, Myne would take at least one bite of the soup she'd prepared, and say something nice, even if he was just spouting nonsense, she didn't mind. It was all she wanted.

But seeing his refusal, she couldn't help but grow angry. Her temper was nothing like her sister, the woman in red. In fact, the fact that she hadn't sliced Myne to pieces the moment he entered the house—after cheating on them—was already the first time she'd ever tolerated someone to this extent. Otherwise, killing someone like an ant for fun was part of her daily routine.

"Because no matter how angry you are, what you've made is definitely something my body can't handle. I have the ability to check the properties of any object, and right now, that ability is frantically warning me that if I eat this thing that you call food, your sister will become a widow for sure. Don't tell me you're willing to sacrifice your dear sister's happiness just to satisfy your ego."

Myne, unable to come up with an excuse, bluntly told the truth. He had read her inner thoughts and knew she had no intention of killing him. At most, he would be beaten, which was far better than being poisoned with something the other party lacked an antidote for.

The woman in black stared at Myne coldly for a full minute before letting out an angry snort and releasing his neck. She picked up the pot of soup and threw it on the ground in frustration.

Then, she did the same with the rest of the utensils in the kitchen. But these actions were far from calming her anger.

Just when Myne thought he was safe and she would calm down after venting, she gave him a fierce gaze, like a predator eyeing its prey, approached him, grabbed the back of his neck without a word, and dragged him out of the kitchen.

"Hey! What are you doing? Where are you taking me?"

Shocked by her strange behaviour, Myne exclaimed, trying to break free from her grip. Surprisingly, his fourfold strength, his greatest asset in this world until now, had no effect. It was like a toddler struggling in the hands of an adult with an insurmountable strength difference.

Damn it, how the hell did she become so powerful all of a sudden? Don't tell me different personalities have different strengths.

After exhausting all options and realizing nothing worked, Myne finally gave in, letting her drag him wherever she pleased. But in his mind, he couldn't help but feel unnerved by her strange ability—or curse—whatever it was. Not only could it switch between multiple personalities in one body, but each personality seemed to possess different levels of strength.

However, Myne's unease lasted only until they left the kitchen. Then, it turned into delight when he realized they were heading toward the bedroom. Even an idiot who'd never touched a woman in his life would recognize this situation: an angry woman alone with a man, unable to vent her frustration properly. Unless he was stupid beyond words, or gay, he knew exactly where the script was headed.

Kicking open the bedroom door, the woman in black dragged Myne to the bathroom, threw him under the shower, and turned it on expressionlessly. Then, she took off her black, sexy nightgown, revealing her nearly perfect snow-white, hairless hourglass figure, with firm, round D-cup breasts, and a large, curvaceous bottom.

Letting Myne stare at her naked body, and seeing him dumbfounded and instantly charmed by her beauty, she nodded with satisfaction, walked seductively toward the bathtub, lay down with only her head out, and gave him a playful, teasing smile.

Chapter 679 - 679. Claimed

"Did you want to come in?" The woman in black asked playfully, and Myne nodded hurriedly in response, making her chuckle.

"Then clean yourself and get in. What are you waiting for?" She said, turning away and staring at the ceiling, falling into deep thought.

{ She is pretending to be cool, attempting to appear experienced, someone who has seen the world, and she doesn't want you to guess that she is a virgin, fearing you will make fun of her. }

{ She hopes you love her as much as her sister because her sister is the main personality. She can't control the body for too long and has to switch back no matter how unwilling she is. But before going back she wishes to be intimate with you and didn't want to give this change to her loser sister. She also wants to be loved and cared for by someone. }

{ SOMEONE IS WATCHING YOU... THEY ARE NOT HAPPY THAT YOU ARE INTERFERING IN THEIR LIVES. }

"Oh, cold outside but shy inside. Why am I not surprised?" Myne chuckled, reading her inner thoughts. She was pretending to be a big sister who knew everything but was actually a novice.

Shaking his head at her childish attempt to fool a playboy in his own game, Myne hurriedly threw aside his dirty clothes, washed the blood from his body, and walked in front of her, his sword held high.

The woman in black, seeing him approach, subconsciously turned her head, only to find a long, hard object directly in front of her face, trembling in anticipation. This made her face turn red, and she wanted to look away in shyness.

However, seeing the playful, smug look on Myne's face from the corner of her eye, she used all her willpower to appear indifferent, watching his "giant sword," and even lightly flicked her finger at it.

"Hmm, not bad. It's much bigger than I expected. You didn't disappoint. Good, good," The woman in black nodded thoughtfully while speaking, although she was clearly nervous. Yet, until Myne entered the tub and sat down opposite her, with his legs spread and his "giant sword" held high, she maintained her calm expression.

"So, are you ready to tell your tale?" Myne asked, having just emptied his "tank" and not being in a hurry to roll onto the bed.

Without his Stamina Recovery skill, he knew he was no match for her and would surely lose face. Given the woman in black's personality, she would make fun of him for the rest of his life, so he wanted to have as much good conversation with her as possible while he still had his dignity.

"Tale, my ass. There's not much to say. It's the same shit you might have read or watched in dramas: single child, abusive and ignorant parents, all kinds of harassment, and bullying from everyone. Loneliness, fear, depression, a small miracle, a short circuit in the brain, and I was born to take care of that crybaby when she couldn't handle anything or was on the verge of dying."

"I killed everyone who dared to mess with her, to bully her. But because of this, one of those f*ckers whose little shit I killed—who wanted to rape her—caught her off guard and knocked her out when she wasn't paying attention. While we were unconscious, he performed some kind of ceremony and sacrificed us to a demon."

"At first, it wasn't so obvious, but as I killed more of those f*ckers, our bloodlust started growing crazily, and we began craving blood like vampires. We had to consume blood regularly to maintain our calmness. Because she had already gone through a lot, every night as she slept, I took over her, went out, hunted some f*ckers, and drank blood to reduce the curse."

"This lasted for half a year before this world was swallowed by the abyss. Although this gave us powers we could never imagine, and the curse helped us deal with the pollution, it also made the curse stronger, and blood was no longer enough to control it. We had to eat the flesh of monsters in large quantities to deal with our hunger."

"At first, she couldn't handle this and completely gave control of the body to me. But in the end, she is the main consciousness. Eventually, she was forced to take over after some time, and under my guidance, she slowly adapted to those changes."

The woman in black sighed deeply as she spoke, falling silent while staring at her reflection in the water, probably recalling something unpleasant.

Her flashback lasted for a dozen seconds before she took another deep breath, gave Myne a serious look, crawled towards him, and, under his surprised gaze, grabbed his "sword," which was still standing high, ready to pierce the sky. She moved it aside and lay down in his embrace, with her face on his heart.

"As for your earlier question, how many personalities do I have? At first, there was only me, who was like her guardian angel, protecting her from everyone. But after we were cursed, another entity was born inside us."

"Although she looks like us, she is by no means human; she is a real demon. Most of the time, we lock her in our brain. As long as the curse doesn't get out of control, she just sleeps in her room and doesn't cause trouble."

"However, things seem to have gotten out of hand after the abyss descended. Surprisingly, our mindscape, which previously was just a small house with three rooms, transformed into a haunted hospital with infinite space. There are countless doors inside, gloomy corridors, and unknown numbers of floors. But except for our own three rooms, nothing was accessible to us."

"I once tried to explore the hospital, wanting to see what it was or what was inside those rooms, but sadly, I found that some kind of mysterious force blocked me from entering any room. I could, however, walk freely in the corridors or go to other floors. But that wasn't a pleasant experience; I almost got lost in that wretched place."

"After careful consideration, we concluded that this is the special ability we gained after we came in contact with the pollution, just like you got that weird eye on your palm. However, maybe because of the curse, something went wrong, and the ability malfunctioned. Anyway, until now, nothing has happened in that hospital, so I think it's just an empty, creepy place, not a big deal."

The woman in black shook her head, remaining silent, and simply played with Myne's dick, her delight akin to a child with a new toy.

However, Myne was not in a playful mood, he was thinking about what she meant by 'Abyss Descended' what the hell is this Abyss.

But his thoughts were interrupted as a few seconds after the woman in black finished speaking, he felt a hot sensation on his left bicep. Looking down, he saw a dark red symbol of a small, pig-like creature that had mysteriously appeared there. Suddenly, a strange craving for flesh and blood surged within him.

His heartbeat, abruptly sounding like a drum, caught the woman in black's attention. She looked up and followed Myne's gaze and recognized the familiar symbol, one she had seen countless times when her foolish sister spoke of their curse to anyone.

"Congratulations, you're cursed too. Happy now? At least we share a common hobby."

Perhaps driven by the curse, or simply impatient to lose her virginity and shed her "eternal virgin" title, troubled for the past 30 years, she excitedly hugged him, pressing his dick beneath her buttocks, leaned in close, and gave him a tight kiss—catching Myne off guard as he had been admiring his new tattoo.

"If getting cursed means I can have a beautiful lady like you throwing herself into my arms, I wouldn't mind a few dozen more," Myne said excitedly, breaking the kiss a minute later. Without giving her time to respond, he hugged her tightly and initiated a second kiss.

As Myne inserted his tongue into her mouth, the woman in black, inexperienced and feeling uncomfortable, trembled like a fish out of water. Myne, having long mastered the technique for novices, quickly withdrew his tongue and began teasing her lips with his, while gently massaging her breasts, giving her time to adjust.

Seeing her calm down, Myne again inserted his tongue, and this time, she didn't feel nervous, surprisingly beginning to enjoy it.

"You seem to have quite a bit of experience with this. I wonder how many women you've fooled with that sweet face of yours," The woman in black asked, breaking the kiss as she ran out of breath, panting slightly.

"Would you believe me if I said you're only the second?" Myne replied with a smile, still playing with her breasts.

"Looking at your behaviour, it's impossible to believe such nonsense. I wouldn't be surprised if someone said you've already banged dozens of women. Anyway, from tonight onward, you're mine and mine alone. That shitty past of yours is irrelevant."

Speaking with a tone bordering on psychopathic, the woman in black gave Myne a hard kiss before stepping out of the bathtub, leaving him confused. Reaching the door, she hooked her finger and gave Myne a knowing gesture before exiting.

"Ohohoho, things are getting exciting... Hopefully, you've restocked, buddy. This time, it's going to be a very hard battle," Myne said to his little brother, before excitedly getting out of the bathtub.

Chapter 680 - 680. The Rhythm of Pain and Pleasure

As Myne walked out of the bathroom, he saw the woman in black sitting at the edge of the bed with a nervous expression. But upon hearing his footsteps, she pretended to be impatient, as if she wasn't a slight bit care about losing her virginity and it was just a trivial matter for her.

"Can you hurry up? Unlike you, I don't have all day to waste," She said, climbing onto the bed and lying down with her hands behind her back. She stared at the ceiling, waiting for Myne to start the show. After all, she was a complete novice and had no idea how people had intercourse, so naturally, she had to leave such things to professionals.

Myne ignored her poisonous tongue. Rubbing his hands excitedly, he watched her naked body placed before his eyes, lying on the bed like prey delivering itself to a predator.

Without hesitation, he climbed on top of her, running his fingers up her partly exposed navel. A bright, jackpot-winning smile spread across his face—one the woman in black found utterly disgusting. She wanted to punch him, but she held back for the sake of her greater goal.

"T-That tickles... and believe me, I don't like it at all," She said through gritted teeth, glaring as if she wanted to eat him alive. But Myne wasn't scared; instead, he felt a twisted pleasure in teasing her. He giggled and slowly cupped her breast in his right hand.

"Ohh, that's sad. I thought you'd enjoy it," He joked, relishing her whimpers as he played with her. Though she pretended indifference, her rock-hard nipples told a different story—one that fueled Myne's confidence. Otherwise, he might have doubted whether his techniques had any effect on her at all.

He traced circles around her nipples, pinching, pulling, and pressing them lightly, watching as she struggled to suppress her moans and maintain her tough façade.

"B-Bastard... be gentle~"

Her body proved far more honest than her words, betraying every sensitive spot as Myne toyed with her roughly. She lost control; after all, this was unfamiliar territory, and she had no choice but to trust Myne thinking that he knew what he was doing since he looked like he had countless ways to make her scream in pleasure, shattering her domineering image.

Not wanting to give her time for unnecessary thoughts (which could harm his health later), Myne moved to the next stage. Under her confused gaze, he leaned closer. Just as she braced for another fierce kiss, his tongue flicked against her nipple, sending a jolt of pleasure down her spine.

While lavishing attention on her left breast, his other hand caressed and massaged the right, ensuring no part of her was neglected.

"Oh—AAH~!"

When she still refused to moan despite his efforts, Myne angrily bit down on her nipple, forcing a sharp cry from her lips. He sucked greedily, like a newborn, while his free hand slipped between her already spread legs.

After stroking her vagina with his finger, he slowly slid his finger inside, simultaneously stimulating her breasts.

"Wah... hahh... Bastard... Ah... ngh... hmp!"

The woman in black, unprepared for this onslaught, moaned and cursed uncontrollably. Pleasure wracked her body, leaving her salivating like a dog—though she had no idea how debauched she looked.

Myne could tell she was close to climaxing by how she clutched the sheets, but he wasn't going to grant her that—not yet. He stopped, wanting to make her first climax special.

The woman in black was breathing heavily. She had touched herself out of curiosity once, but the experience was nothing like this.

How does this bastard understand my body better than I do? The woman in black didn't want to dwell on it—she just wanted him to continue.

Why did he stop now, of all times?!

Cursing him silently, she lowered a hand to find Myne rubbing his big monster against her wet vagina, adjusting himself, ready to enter the runaway between her legs.

She gulped nervously. She had no idea if his eight-inch monster would fit inside her, but one thing was certain: it would hurt like hell. She'd read about it in books, and for the first time in her life, she felt a flicker of fear—but also anticipation. She was about to lose her virginity, the most precious thing in her life, and she was going to enjoy it herself, instead of saving it for her sister.

"W-Wait!" At the critical moment, hesitation gripped her.

"Is something wrong?" Myne asked, concerned she might have changed her mind—that guilt over betraying her sister had resurfaced in her mind, after all, at the end of the day, the real owner of her body was someone else.

"P-Please... be gentle."

The words left Myne dumbfounded. A woman who lived to kill and torture, a complete psychopath, speaking so girlishly? For a moment, he wondered if his ears were deceiving him.

Realizing what she'd said, she flushed with embarrassment, grabbing a pillow to hide her face.

Hehehe... She looks so cute when she acts normal.

Shaking his head in amusement, Myne leaned over the pillow and teased, "Here I was, ready to tear you open. Don't cry like a little girl."

After that, he got up, placed one hand on her knee, grabbed his dick with the other, and slowly inserted it into her.

Feeling the massive monster slowly entering her, she clutched the sheets so tightly, that one would think she was about to tear them apart. Given her abnormal strength, Myne worried more about the bed than the sheets; if she accidentally exerted her full force, let alone the bed, he wouldn't be surprised if the floor collapsed.

Myne knew she was in pain, but this was the nature of losing one's virginity, and there was little he could do to alleviate it.

The first time was always painful, even though she was sufficiently wet. Myne had taken the extra step of lubricating himself before entering her, hoping to make the experience as pleasurable as possible.

She accommodated an inch, but winced in pain, her body trembling with a mixture of pleasure and discomfort. Unaccustomed to pain, the woman in black found it a completely new sensation.

She's so fucking tight! Myne thought, and it took a second inch to break her hymen, as blood dripped down his length. He removed the pillow from her face and found her crying, tears streaming from her eyes like a waterfall. Without giving her time to react, he leaned forward and sealed her lips with his, ensuring the only thing left in her mind was pleasure—not pain.

"Hnnngh~!... NGH~!"

While the woman in black was occupied with his tongue, he slowly began moving his dick. He could still sense her discomfort, but with his assistance, she had found a way to divert her focus. Unlike her, however, all Myne felt was pure pleasure.

He couldn't comprehend how good she felt—it was as if his little brother were parting the Red Sea before melting inside her.

The mushy, squishy sensation of her inner walls made it difficult to thrust despite how soaked she was. Myne managed to push in three inches before slowly pulling out, only to slide back in even more gently than before.

"Aggh~! Oh~ Aahh~!"

The woman in black broke the kiss, moaning loudly—a mix of pain and pleasure, though the latter now outweighed the former.

Myne, kneeling before her, thrust his hips back and forth, hands firmly gripping her waist. He tried to establish a rhythm, careful not to push more than five inches deep. Each time he attempted to go further, her body jerked back—a clear sign that she had reached her limit. Any more would only cause more pain.

But Myne didn't mind. This was only temporary. Once her body adjusted, he could take her as roughly as he pleased. There would be no more pain. He had stolen plenty of virginities before and knew exactly how to handle this situation.

As he watched her jiggling breasts and listened to her pleased moans, he noticed her pained expression fading with each thrust. Her vagina was growing accustomed to his size, making penetration easier as she loosened up.

This was good, but Myne was surprised to find himself close to climaxing, while she seemed capable of enduring, which was not ideal for him.

Realizing the upcoming danger, Myne abandoned caution and sped up his thrusts. At the same time, he lay on top of her, kissing her passionately. As his hips moved relentlessly, his right hand returned to her soft mountains, teasing them once more.

Overwhelmed by the triple assault on her most sensitive areas, the woman in black's mind went blank. Lost in pleasure, she dug her nails into his back, clinging to him. Even in her ecstasy, she couldn't believe she had lost her virginity like this. Days ago, this would have seemed impossible—yet here she was, living it.

"Something's coming..."

Breaking the kiss, the woman in black cried out, wrapping her legs around Myne's hips and pulling him tightly against her.

"F*ck, I can't take it anymore!"*

Myne, barely holding on, finally let go. With a groan, he released deep inside her.

The sudden heat flooding her womb sent a jolt through her entire body, pushing her over the edge as well.

...

Huff, huff, huff..."

"At least you stayed with me until the end, and didn't leave us alone..." Panting heavily, the woman in black stared dazedly at the ceiling, muttering in a barely audible voice.

"What? Did you say something?" Myne raised his head, confused.

"I said it was amazing. Are you ready for the next round?"

Realizing she had blurted out something she shouldn't have, the woman in black quickly spoke with feigned excitement, pushing Myne away, climbing on top of him, and sealing his lips with hers, now confident enough to take the lead.

"Hey! Wait~"

...

Next Day...

"Ahm... Why does my lower body hurt so much?"

The woman in red slowly opened her eyes, finding her entire body aching, especially her lower region, which felt like it had never been so abused. It was as if someone had shoved a thick rod into her private parts and thrustled a thousand times.

Rubbing her sleepy eyes and pushing back her messy hair, she looked around, dumbfounded by the state of her bedroom. It looked as if a monster had wreaked havoc, leaving nothing untouched, not even her clothes.

"Where the hell are my clothes?"

She screamed in horror. This was the first time she had woken up naked. Though her sister had taken control of her body countless times before, never had she found herself like this—in a bedroom that resembled the aftermath of a storm.

Then, as she turned her head, she saw him—a familiar figure sleeping beside her, completely naked, with his monstrous member twitching excitedly between his legs.

Her eyes widened in horror, and she let out an earth-shattering scream.

"AHHHHH!!!"