

Cheat. A 721

Chapter 721 - 721. Sound of the Old Days

Everyone turned their eyes to the source of the sound.

It was a speaker placed on the edge of a cliff, and next to it stood a young man with a butcher knife at his waist. His body cast a long shadow in the dim moonlight.

The Shiny Star's eyes widened in shock.

"It's Glitcher!"

"It's Brother Glitcher!"

"The leader!"

Mr. Red and the others were stunned, looking at the bearded man who had blurted out the names.

The bearded man coughed and shrugged, "This is what he said when he came to the tower to introduce himself during the day."

"..."

Facing so many eyes, Myne looked back with a strange expression and asked, "What are you all looking at me for? Has the time of the nightwalkers around me stopped?"

The nightwalkers, momentarily drawn by the speaker's sound, had already rushed forward, accompanied by the whistling wind and the smell of blood!

"Damn, it's all because of your crappy music! Everyone, be careful! Retreat quickly!"

Magmascorch couldn't help but complain. He struggled to get up, but the pain all over his body and his diminishing physical strength made him dizzy.

"Crappy music?" Myne said in shock, "This is the most touching entrance music I have ever heard! You poor bastards have no taste in art at all."

Since Myne was from a world with a medieval setting, where music was rarely properly developed and only occasionally sung by passing bards, he was very sensitive to such things and disliked others insulting it.

"Please, Brother Glitcher, stop joking. Use your skills and equipment quickly. If you can retreat, then retreat!" Magmascorch also knew the situation was urgent. If the team were wiped out, the dungeon would be declared a complete failure.

At that moment, a nightwalker was already sprinting through the air!

"Don't worry."

Myne half-crouched, patted the speaker, and calmly pressed the button: "Let me change the disc."

The BGM from the speaker suddenly changed!

It had been a pipa song just moments ago, but now there was a sound like an echo from the abyss! Someone was whispering, someone was playing a violin with a hacksaw, and someone was hitting a leather drum with a giant hammer!

In the melodious music, countless roars seemed to be in harmony!

Horror, weirdness, and mental pollution!

Everyone's heart was filled with a great chill.

Isn't this style changing too fast?

[The sound of the old days has sounded. Before the music ends, your strength, body skills, and endurance will be doubled, and the duration is three minutes.]

Myne's eyes flashed with a faint red light. His state at this moment surpassed that of ordinary people. The attributes of the Nightwalker Body were doubled to 30 in the dark

environment, plus the doubled 15 from the Hundred-Man Killer Knife. With the bonus of the sound of the old days, his strength and endurance had reached a terrifying 160.

As for where he found this wonderful music album and speaker, all credit goes to his special ability. While returning with Miss Nightwalker, he suddenly saw a { ! } in the forest. He followed it and found a small cabin in the woods, suitable for one person with nothing noteworthy.

However, following the guidance of { ! }, he went inside a hidden basement filled with all sorts of creepy things, mostly animal carcasses. There, he dug into a certain corner and found an old-looking music disk and a demonic book. The book was too dark and beyond his understanding, so he simply put it back, taking only the disk. Then, he borrowed a music player from Kran, used the disk, and realised he had hit the jackpot again.

Myne stepped on the cliff, his arms spread out, and he fell directly. On the way down, he leaned and kicked the cave wall in that posture!

"Bang!"

The powerful momentum cracked the wall.

And Myne jumped through the air at a faster speed than the nightwalker.

"Big guy, bow," Myne's voice sounded in Mr. Red's ears.

Mr. Red didn't think much and hurriedly bowed his head.

Myne pulled out the butcher knife from his waist and held it in his hand. Under the cold light, it turned into a full moon, directly chopping away all the nightwalkers that rushed over!

"So strong!" Mr. Red was stunned; it was hard for him to believe that a newbie could be so powerful.

Myne didn't stop yet. His butcher knife slightly slid aside, and his body moved instantly, chopping down the nightwalkers that rushed towards Magmascorch in the air! He also threw Magmascorch to The Shiny Star, who was shocked beyond words and staring at him with his mouth wide open.

"Good, good, good! It looks like there's still a chance now!" Achoo, who no one knew where he had woken up, saw hope and quickly shouted, "Prepare to retreat!"

"Retreat? We have the advantage, why retreat?"

Myne's words made Magmascorch almost vomit blood again. Brother, why don't you look up and look around the cave? A large number of nightwalkers have been attracted here!

"You can't run away."

Mr. Red frowned and looked at the increasing number of nightwalkers around him. The entire nest had reached a terrifying number of hundreds.

"It's over, it's over, this time we're truly wiped out," Achoo's face changed drastically, the ray of hope he had seen swallowed once more by the darkness.

"Actually, you can also try to talk to the nightwalkers," Myne said, pulling out the knife inserted in a nightwalker and looking at the densely packed nightwalkers around him. "As long as your attitude is sincere, they might be willing to listen."

"Do you even know what you're saying?" Magmascorch said weakly, holding back a curse. "Brother Glitcher, if I vomit blood again, I'll die. Please stop making such a lame joke."

Myne smiled lightly, put away the butcher knife, and his eyes glowed with an amazing light of red emerald. At that moment, his aura suddenly changed, and his voice, accompanied by terrifying music, spread throughout the cave!

"Kneel!"

The sound boomed as if it caused the air to vibrate!

All the hideous nightwalkers trembled, showing a look of fear. Under everyone's stunned gaze, they knelt to the ground!

Myne stood there, butcher knife put away, and nodded with a satisfied smile. His figure was like the Lord of the Nightwalkers.

"You see? If the attitude is sincere, communication is possible!"

"..."

Everyone fell silent, not only because of this shocking scene but also because, at that very moment, a prompt popped up on everyone's panel.

[Spirit -1]

Magmascorch couldn't calm down for a long time. He suddenly looked at the stunned Achoo and asked, "Why are you kneeling too?"

Achoo came to his senses, stood up quickly, and roared, "I just tripped accidentally!"

"Although I don't know how Brother Glitcher did it, it seems we can complete our mission now." The Shiny Star breathed a sigh of relief, her eyes completely glued to Myne, her face red as a tomato. Only she knew what she was thinking.

Myne, feeling a hungry gaze on his body, trembled slightly. He looked at the only girl near him who could give him this kind of feeling and couldn't help but sigh, thinking that it was really troublesome being too popular.

But he didn't change his expression, maintaining his aloof image, and said calmly, "To be honest, this can only scare them. The nightwalkers aren't smart, so they were easily fooled by my aura and behaved honestly, considering me their boss. But if they react and use their small brain..."

Mr. Red was stunned. "Why didn't you say this earlier?!"

"Look, two nightwalkers have already reacted. They..." Magmascorch suddenly didn't know what to say.

Two nightwalkers suddenly appeared at the entrance of the cave, and they were actually driving a car! But what made all players' mouths twist were three floating figures above their car, who were not only flying without wings but also releasing all kinds of magical spells, like fireballs, fire bullets, hydro pumps, gravity magic, lesser eyes, water jets, etc. They were flying magic machine guns, and none of the nightwalkers could take three hits from them before dying.

Just when players were wondering where those mythical little monsters came from, one of the nightwalkers in the car shouted,

"The thing is here! We can't get close to the big oak tree, otherwise, we'll be affected. We can only rely on you!"

"They can talk!?" Achoo muttered dumbfounded, feeling like his worldview had shattered.

One of the nightwalkers lifted the huge cans carried behind the vehicle and threw it to Myne, who caught it steadily and then ran directly towards the big oak tree.

As he ran near the big oak tree, he seemed to feel the danger, trembling slightly. The veins on a large number of leaves were like blood vessels, and an amazing amount of blood gushed out!

Countless nightwalkers were affected by it, their instinctive fear from Myne's higher-level bloodline dispelled, and they all stood up!

They directly entered berserk mode, one after another jumping up madly, forming a terrible picture like a monster tide, densely packed, rushing towards Myne from all directions!

[Dark Wind Boots Activated, 10 mana consumed, your movement speed increased by 30%]

There are many subdivisions in body skills, and movement speed is only one of them, but even so, it made Myne feel what it's like to be a happy wind man.

It's just that the brain can't keep up with the speed. If it could keep up, it wouldn't be a happy wind man.

He arrived in front of the big oak tree in a breath.

The huge jar was loaded with the antidote that Kran developed using the bud protobody he brought back. Under Myne's power, it directly hit the infected tree that had been rooted there for twenty years.

The blue liquid poured out!

The big oak tree was as if it had eaten an immediate poison. The leaves trembled wildly and made a monster-like hissing sound!

"Is the effect so strong?"

Myne also noticed that the nightwalkers around him covered their heads as if they felt the same pain as him in the hissing sound! Howling in pain!

He was just about to take a few steps back to avoid the dripping root juice spraying on him when Myne's eyes suddenly paused.

He saw an inconspicuous pattern on the trunk of the tree.

Flames surrounded a circle, and inside the circle were patterns that looked like various vertical pupils.

It was like a demon was staring at him.

Chapter 722 - 722. End of The Nightmare

Myne observed the pattern.

Although the pattern appeared to have been carved long ago, causing the lines to be mottled and slightly deformed within the cracked bark, Myne could still discern it at a glance. However, due to his lack of experience, having only recently entered the gaming world, he couldn't pinpoint its exact meaning. One thing was certain: it was not a good sign.

The bark of the large oak tree continued to crack, and the lines of foul-smelling blood vessels burst open, oozing thick, scarlet juice. It was being purged of infection, cleansed of filth, and reborn.

The potion Kran had previously developed had gone astray because he couldn't eliminate the true source of pollution. Even if the nightwalkers were cured individually, they would be re-infected under this massive oak tree. Myne extracted the original liquid from the pure and perfect version of the Nightshade Fruit and gave it to Kran for cultivation and synthesis, which perfectly suppressed the tree's corruption.

"Crack!"

Myne tore off the cracked bark with the pattern and put it in his pocket.

At that moment, every other nightwalker in the cave fell to the ground, twitching continuously. They all felt pain from the hissing sound. Some tried to struggle but could only fall to the ground with a thud.

Kran's face was slightly pale, but he wasn't significantly affected. He had been injected with the antidote. Although his body still resembled a nightwalker's, his skin had regenerated, and his teeth and hair were approaching human norms. He would no longer become feral.

Kran turned around and sighed helplessly as he saw a cluster of black gun muzzles pointed at him and his girlfriend. The other survivors from the tower had surrounded them with extreme tension and vigilance.

Kran smiled bitterly, about to explain.

"Kyle Kran?" The bearded man's voice came with a hesitant tone.

Kran was stunned and asked in surprise, "You recognized me?"

"At first glance, your appearance has changed slightly, but your white coat and the birthmark on your back are definitely you. And now you look quite human, so it's not hard to recognize you from your appearance," The bearded man said, a little excited. Then he looked at the feminine nightwalker next to Kran. She seemed familiar, but he couldn't quite place her.

"What's going on?" The bearded man couldn't help but ask about the most pressing matter. He looked at Kran, then at the large oak tree undergoing a massive transformation, and finally at the nightwalkers struggling on the ground. "Can you explain what the hell is going on here?"

Kran explained seriously, "Simply put, they no longer pose a threat. The large oak tree, which was the source of the pollution, is no longer the source of the virus. Look carefully."

Following Kran's finger, the tower survivors looked into the air. Tiny blue particles were falling from the lush branches of the large oak tree, and the nightwalkers who came into contact with these particles were gradually cleared of their infection symptoms.

"Are they being cured?" The bearded man was shocked.

"The remaining nightwalkers will return to the nest one after another. They will also be cleared of infection and regain their human consciousness under the effect of this antidote."

Kran's words made everyone in the tower tremble: "You just said they will again become human?"

"Yes." Kran nodded heavily, speaking word for word, afraid that everyone couldn't hear clearly: "From now on, everyone will be completely cured, whether they are nightwalkers or zombies... Of course, zombies shouldn't be too heavily injured."

"The twenty years of hellish pain in this city are about to end!"

"We will also be liberated from the nightmare darkness!"

"And all this," Kran looked at Myne in the distance, who was calming down the excited Waffle trio—who seemed dissatisfied that their fun toys had suddenly become useless and they no longer had anyone to play with—"It's all because of him."

The bearded man and all the other tower survivors looked at Myne with complicated expressions, still unable to believe that someone could so easily solve a problem that had seemed impossible to them.

As dawn broke, all the nightwalkers returned to their nests. Just as Kran had said, upon entering the nest, they began to twitch under the effect of the antidote and started to recover human characteristics.

All this did not require the help of players like Myne. The people in the tower had already returned and excitedly began calling others to carry the recovered but still unconscious humans to an open area.

"Although there are a lot of zombies in the city, they are easier to deal with than the nightwalkers. The rest is up to the residents of Srinka to handle."

After all the nightwalkers were cured, a message appeared in front of all the players.

[Main quest completed.]

[All dungeon players can go to the tower, have a final meeting with the tower leader, and then leave the dungeon.]

"The plot has ended, and there should be something to be explained, or a reward," Achoo said excitedly, rubbing his hands. He had been helping the tower survivors attract nightwalkers, mostly by detonating bombs remotely. Among all the players, he was the least beaten, and not even his clothes got dirty.

Magmascorch nodded and sighed. "But we're just a foil. The most awesome one this time is Brother Glitcher. If it weren't for his divine intervention, we would have been wiped out."

"Ahem. What are you talking about?"

Ache, wrapped in bandages with his health at 20%, looked at the completely fine Achoo and couldn't help but bite his tongue in jealousy. He was disappointed that his best friend had avoided a beating, but there was nothing he could do since he'd lost at rock-paper-scissors. Out of anger, he shifted his target and cursed Myne:

"It was obviously a successful plan! If he had notified us beforehand, we wouldn't have had to fight so desperately. Even when I lost consciousness, I was still desperately stepping on the accelerator in my nightmare, thinking that everything depended on me. But who would have thought that the protagonist was waiting for the perfect time to show off? I was almost dead if Brother Red hadn't pulled me out at the last moment."

"Cool down, cool down, no need to be so serious. Now everything's over, and we cleared the mission. You should be happy."

Magmascorch was also treating his fractured arms, but the pain still bothered him. He was impatient to leave the dungeon so his injuries could heal and he could continue challenging dungeons. This time, he realized how weak he was compared to others.

Mr. Red looked at everyone and said with his trademark calm face, "Let's not talk about those things now. I'll go and borrow a car from them, call Glitcher, and then we'll go back to the tower together."

He was suddenly stunned. "Wait. Where is that guy?"

Outside the Cave.

At an exit outside the cave, after checking the system panel, Myne nodded and looked at the two people before him.

"Congratulations! It seems even after 20 years, you two still love each other. It's hard for me to believe how this guy hasn't found another woman in so many years," Myne smiled as he looked at Kran, who was holding his girlfriend's hand tightly as if fearing she might fall off the cliff again.

"Thank you for all this," The woman, no longer a disgusting nightwalker but still unfamiliar with such words, showed gratitude.

Myne accepted the thanks. He suddenly raised his eyebrows and pointed at the bearded man, who had a gloomy face as if he'd been forced to eat shit, smoking not far away with a disgusted expression. "What's wrong with him?"

Kran turned his head, and gave the bearded man a smile, before speaking in a low voice with a playful smirk on his face, "Twenty years ago, he and I were rivals in love. So, obviously, his expression can't be good after seeing us together."

"And thank you three for helping us as well," Kran didn't forget Waffle and the others, showing his gratitude to them as well. This made the three, who were getting bored in the background, very happy. Finally, someone recognized their hard work.

"..."

Seeing their happy expressions, Myne shook his head, said goodbye to the two, and met up with the others who were looking for him. Then, they all got into the car and returned to the tower.

Chapter 723 - 723. The Saviour's Final Task

Half an hour later, everyone returned to the tower and met the old man, who was over 80 years old, on the top floor.

The old man was very excited. His face, which had originally shown no hope, was now full of tears. If it weren't for the wheelchair restricting him, he would probably have

come over to kowtow. He even looked much younger, giving the impression that it wasn't impossible for him to hit the century mark.

The old man regained his composure, but his voice was still a little excited and trembling.

"It's hard to express our gratitude in words. Since this city fell into silence, we have never been as happy as today."

"So, all benefactors, please accept our insignificant thank-you gift."

Achoo blinked as if he were saying to others, "You see, I told you there would be a reward."

Ache and The Shiny Star were also very excited. Especially the former; he and Achoo had never received so many thanks in their lives.

Everyone received a box, and they were all different. They were all special items from the city of Srinka.

"Mine is equipment, with 10 attribute bonuses!" Ache was very excited, feeling that all the pain he had endured was worth it.

"Mine is a skill. After using it, I can jump back five meters, but it can only be used twice." Achoo was a little depressed.

Although the tower guards' items were better, they were all about the same.

It was Myne's turn. He opened the box and saw that there was nothing else inside but a badge.

[Name: Srinka's Highest Honour Badge

Type: Equipment

Quality: Perfect

Function: After wearing it, in each dungeon, it can help you resist one fatal attack (an attack that can directly deplete health.)

Note: This was once a badge that represented the highest honour of this city. It would only be awarded to people who made outstanding contributions. As the saviour of Srinka, they didn't fill a truck with it for you; those people are so cheap...]

"???"

Myne, although he didn't understand why this cheap system was talking in his favour, couldn't comment.

This note was too greedy. It actually said what he was thinking.

"It seems that this unique badge was born with the gratitude of all the citizens of Srinka," Myne smiled and looked at the old man. "Okay, I'll take it."

Magmascorch and others also watched this scene.

The fate of the city was saved just like that. Seeing Myne's slightly serious look at this moment, everyone also felt a little emotional, but he can indeed be called the saviour of Srinka.

"Don't you want to say something, Brother Glitcher?"

"Hmm?"

Myne paused, rubbed his chin, and pondered: "Let me think about it."

"By the way, it would be great if my statue stood in the open space of the tower so everyone knows about my contribution to human civilisation."

"????"

Ache pressed his forehead: "Forget it, everyone, get ready to teleport, my bones are still broken, I can't stand it anymore!"

"Retreat, go out and add friends, Brother Glitcher, don't forget to accept my request!" Achoo said with a smile and waved his hand.

Watching everyone teleport away one by one, Myne nodded and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Finally got rid of troublemakers. Now I can be at ease,"

Then, instead of teleporting immediately, Myne took out the bark from his pocket and looked at the old tower leader, who was giving him strange glances with an expression as if he wanted to say something but was too embarrassed to do so.

"Have you seen this pattern?" Because there was a more important thing at hand, Myne didn't ask what other trouble the old man was facing and handed him the piece of tree trunk he got from that oak tree.

The old man was stunned. After looking at the pattern carefully, he trembled a little and said in a hoarse voice: "Of course, I remember, this pattern was left by the group of demons last year; those bastards were very obsessed with this pattern."

Myne narrowed his eyes and nodded thoughtfully.

Sure enough, since they were able to get close to the big oak tree and leave the pattern, it means that the other party's strength was enough to destroy the big oak tree and complete the main line. But why didn't they do this? Instead, they made the lives of those NPCs miserable as if they were taking revenge.

"How did you get this?"

A slightly surprised voice sounded from behind. Mr. Red, who hadn't teleported away yet, stared at the pattern with a serious expression.

"This was left on the big oak tree. Do you recognise it?"

"Behind this pattern is a terrifying force. They regard humans in the dungeon as grass and other players as prey. They are evil and extremely dangerous; most members have mental illnesses and are no different from psychopaths."

"It indeed sounds very evil," Myne nodded, but he obviously didn't take it to heart.

"I'm not exaggerating. If you meet someone with this pattern in the future, force yourself to quit the dungeon immediately. Don't hesitate."

Myne looked at Mr. Red, whose face was inexplicably as dark as the bottom of a pot. He squinted his eyes. "Why? Can they bypass the system mechanism and attack players? Are they not doing the main quest?"

It was mentioned before that attacking a teammate in the team results in a permanent ban from the main quest, and players receive no rewards. This was precisely why Myne had been so scrupulous, willing to babysit his five so-called teammates.

Mr. Red said with a complicated expression, "Because their main mission is different from normal players like us."

"?"

"If our mission is to save Srinka, then theirs is to destroy. The righteous side in all dungeons and all players are their natural enemies. This is why they've done so many terrible things to this dungeon's NPCs. It's not that they have nothing better to do; it's their mission. I believe that if not for system restrictions preventing them from killing all NPCs, we might not have found a single survivor."

"Moreover, other players cannot detect them. Unless they reveal their true colours, they are no different from normal players. By the time they take action, it's often too late because most players' bodies have long since turned cold."

Mr. Red looked at Myne, patted his shoulder, and sighed heavily. "In short, remember what I said: don't provoke them, and run away as soon as you see them. Perhaps by then, you'll suffer less."

After that, Mr. Red wasted no more time and quickly exited the dungeon.

Watching his large red figure slowly teleport away, Myne looked a little strange. "Mr. Red, you're too late. In reality, I had already provoked them, and the one I provoked seemed to be their supreme boss, who finally exploded in anger. After all, it's hard to control one's temper when someone steals their eye and then shows them the middle finger."

"I didn't expect Brother Evil God to even have his own cult organisation. He is indeed the main boss of the game; no matter where you go, you can always find his shadow."

Sigh, Brother Evil is truly a symbol of hard work. I should learn from him," Myne muttered jokingly before shaking his head.

Anyway, he has the ability to see through everyone; no one can pretend to be an impostor before him, so he doesn't care about it. Besides, right now he has more important matters to handle.

{ He learned from his people that you have the perfect bloodline of Nightwalkers, which grants you unimaginable powers. }

{ Because of long-term abuse by monsters, he felt very insecure, thinking that if another such crisis broke out, how would they handle it? }

{ After discussing with everyone, he came up with a master plan of asking you to leave some offspring behind. With your powerful bloodline, those enchanted children could be guardians of the humans in their world. In the name of the greater good and taking advantage of your title as saviour, he easily managed to convince three of their most beautiful women to have fun with you until they could get pregnant with your child. Now, the only thing remaining is to talk to you about it, but he can't make up his mind to say that since he feels very guilty asking such a shameful request of their saviour. }

"..."

"Old man, if you have anything to say, just spit it out. Do you really think if you stay silent, I can't see the 'Help' word written all over your forehead?"

"If not for the fact that I am too much of a good person and can't stand your pitiful look, I would have returned to my world long ago with the others. You would only regret not opening your mouth while you still had time."

Because of the time difference between the game and reality, Myne didn't mind messing around for a few more days and having some fun after working so hard. Anyway, no matter how much time he spent in the game, outside it would only be five hours. And because he was having a hard time with his women in reality—since he couldn't stand others having fun with his women and always took them under his wing, which led him to already have a dozen women at a very young age—he had a psychological shadow of having fun with other women.

But in the game, he could f*ck as many women as he wanted. Anyway, it's not like he's coming back here ever again, so why not roll on the bed with peace of mind? Also, even if the old man didn't have the idea of using him to create a group of powerful people, he would have spent some days in this world. He didn't believe that with his popularity and superb woman-hunting techniques, he couldn't find someone to mess around with.

"I..."

The old man hesitated for a few seconds, and after looking at the bearded men who nodded at him seriously, he took a deep breath and told Myne his master plan.

Chapter 724 - 724. Olivia's Confession

"Sigh, you guys really know how to make requests. Asking your saviour to become a 'seed machine'—is that even something a normal person should ask?" Myne feigning helplessness. He rubbed his forehead as if a headache was brewing, contemplating how to handle the situation.

The old leader and the others remained silent, allowing Myne to think. Suddenly, the bearded Myne seemed to have an idea and gestured to one of his men, who nodded and quickly ran off.

Ten seconds later, he returned with three beautifully dressed women, aged between 25 and 35, with above-average looks. They were thin but well-maintained, with C to D cup-sized breasts. They appeared fully brainwashed by the old man, gazing at Myne with hungry, admiring eyes, full of expectation, as if they couldn't wait to "contribute to the future of mankind."

Myne eyed the three ladies up and down, especially their excited, heavily made-up faces, which enhanced their beauty by a couple of points. He took a deep breath before nodding at the old man.

"Fine. Since you guys have already made all the preparations, what's the point of my putting on airs and pretending to be a saint? Anyway, it's for the future of human civilization. Sigh, alright, lead the way and show me my room. I have to work hard for the next few days. Also, please take care of my pets in the meantime."

Hearing Myne's words, the old leader nodded excitedly and quickly ordered the bearded man to lead Myne to his room. He then assigned another reliable person the task of caring for Waffle and the others. Since Waffle and the others could talk normally, they weren't difficult to handle.

Myne wasn't in the mood to think about anything else, as he was already surrounded by three excited beauties who seemed a bit too eager to start their "work." They were talking and touching him all over without any shyness, which gave Myne a bad feeling. He immediately abandoned his plan of taking all three at once and decided to be honest, dealing with them one by one, one woman a day. This way, he could approach his task more seriously.

"My Lord, this is the room we prepared for you. If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask; we will do everything within our reach to satisfy your needs," The bearded man said with a smile, standing inside a large room with a queen-sized luxurious bed with red bedding, various couches, a large table, and all sorts of furniture that could be used during intercourse to make it more exciting. There is also a big bathroom attached to the room. It seemed the tower people had put a lot of thought into ensuring Myne could give his hundred percent during the "work."

"Alright, then you guys can leave now. I have to start the work. By the way, I chose you to be my first partner," Myne said to the woman standing in the middle. She had brown hair, black eyes, an acceptable appearance, a skinny body, and D-cup-sized breasts. She was the tallest and looked the oldest of the three, with an innocent face, and giving big sister vibes, she also looked like someone experienced.

The others nodded with understanding looks and walked out, although the other two sighed in disappointment that they couldn't be their saviour's first choice. But alas, there was nothing they could do about it.

"M... My Lord?"

Seeing Myne close the door and walk toward her, the woman who was full of confidence before or maybe just pretending to be, spoke stutteringly, holding the hem of her dress tightly while looking down. Clearly, she was nervous as hell, and the boldness she showed before was just an act.

"What is your name?" Myne, very experienced in handling such matters, smiled playfully, put his index finger under her chin, lifted her face, looked into her watery black eyes, and asked gently.

"It's Olivia, My Lord..." The woman nervously gulped, feeling Myne's breath on her tomato-red face, and responded dazedly.

"Olivia, huh? It's a good name. So, Olivia, have you thought about what's going to happen next? I mean, how do you want to play?"

Myne moved very close to her, put his hands behind her back, and gently pulled her body into his embrace. His lips were barely a few centimetres away from hers. He could clearly feel the trembling of Olivia's body, which made him more excited, and he wanted to tease her further. He hadn't expected that the one he thought would be the most experienced would be the opposite of his expectation and seemed least experienced in this field.

"I..."

Myne's question seemed to overload Olivia's brain circuits, as she had no idea what to say.

Is there anything to think about? Isn't it as simple as she lies on the bed, and he climbs on her and f*cks her? Although she wanted to say that, she didn't have the guts to, so she bit her lower lip and shook her head.

"Well, it seems like you guys aren't having an easy time," Myne, who had read her inner thoughts, could understand why she was so inexperienced.

These people lived in fear of getting killed all day long; they had very limited resources. As a woman, she obviously couldn't do much work that earned her contribution, so the resources she got were limited. Also, most guards were under deep pressure, and they just wanted to release pent-up pressure quickly before going back to work. How could they have free time for foreplay or develop techniques to make sex more exciting?

Their way of dealing with their needs was simple: put it in, move a few times, shoot, and done. There was no nonsense in the middle, so obviously, Olivia, who had been living in the tower for 20 years in fear, didn't have the luxury of enjoyment.

"But worry not—today, I will teach you what it means to have fun."

Saying that he grabbed her lower lip with his before giving her a small kiss, making her eyes widen in surprise. She hadn't been prepared for this, but the kiss ended before she could react. Myne had already dragged her into the bathroom.

Though she had cleaned herself thoroughly before meeting him, she had only used water. It had been twenty years since society had access to most body-cleaning products, and Myne didn't like eating dirty things.

Inside the bathroom, under Olivia's shocked and dumbfounded gaze, Myne shamelessly removed her short one-piece dress and innerwear before forcing her to sit on the small platform. He retrieved a few body-cleaning supplies from his inventory and, like a professional, washed Olivia from top to bottom, leaving no place untouched, before tossing her into the bathtub.

Then, he discarded his own clothes, revealing his well-maintained body—complete with subtle one-pack abs and an eight-inch-long little brother, that was already as hard as a sword, eager to show her its true power. His little brother's size alone was enough to shock Olivia.

After cleaning himself while Olivia stared unblinkingly at his hard dick, lost in bizarre thoughts, he stepped into the bathtub. He lifted her, sat down beneath her, and positioned her on his lap with his dick pressing against her entrance.

Gently, he cupped her D-cup breasts and began massaging them, making Olivia's body go limp. She leaned against him as if she had no strength left to move.

"Tell me something about you. I am quite interested in your story."

Myne had plenty of time to waste and wasn't in a hurry to plunge into Olivia like an inexperienced noob. It wasn't as if he'd never seen a woman before or couldn't wait to f*ck her the moment she spread her legs, fearing that she might disappear if he wasted a single second. It was always better to establish some romantic connection first—it made things more interesting. Otherwise, it would feel as dull as masturbating.

"I..." Olivia was caught off guard. According to the old leader's instructions, Myne was supposed to be a high-status figure, and she was simply meant to let him impregnate her without much conversation. Given the vast gap in their statuses, she hadn't prepared for this.

"Before the apocalypse... I was a high school student. My family lived in a secluded town, but there was no school so I come to city for further studies."

After a minute of hesitation—and seeing that Myne showed no signs of impatience—she took a deep breath and began speaking, her eyes distant.

"I lived in a shared apartment with a friend, and to not make things difficult for my parents, I worked as a babysitter. The salary was good, and life was fulfilling... except for the fact that I didn't have a boyfriend. I often felt jealous listening to my roommate talk about hers or seeing other couples. But aside from that, everything was fine... until the day I woke up to find hundreds of zombies roaming the streets, eating people alive."

"I was terrified and hid in the house, too scared to go outside. My roommate usually stayed at her boyfriend's place, so I was alone—no one to talk to, no one to ask for help. I hid in my room for an entire week before city forces sent soldiers to rescue survivors. I was lucky. They saved me and brought me to a shelter in the city's tallest tower, where the remaining survivors gathered resources to fight the zombies."

"Since I couldn't fight, I was assigned to take care of children alongside two older women. It was an easy task—far better than facing those bloody, grotesque zombies."

"At first, things weren't so bad. Although we were constantly under attack by Nightwalkers, normal zombies weren't a threat, and we could scavenge supplies during the day. But after many years, resources finally started dwindling. Things went completely out of hand after a group of outsiders arrived, bringing false hope."

"A lot of people die every day. Many of them went crazy each time they failed to destroy that tree. With more and more powerful individuals dying, most men became insane; their temperaments grew erratic. Things like beating women and rape became more and more frequent. Although the old leader always punished such people harshly, when you know you could die tomorrow, people hardly care about the consequences, and accidents always occur."

"I was lucky at first since I rarely showed myself to others, and two seniors working with me always protected me, so I didn't have a hard time. But good times don't last forever. One night, when I was in the toilet, a bastard who had run away from patrol duty and was hiding inside the women's toilet caught and raped me."

"I didn't resist—I'd prepared myself for this. Later, I reported him to the old leader, who was furious, possibly because abandoning duty endangered the entire shelter. To set an example for those who abandoned their duties, he fed the man to the nightwalkers in front of everyone. After that, no one bothered me... until the last group of outsiders arrived."

"They did unspeakable things. I was raped multiple times, but the last man who took me seemed to have a good impression of me. Unlike the others, he didn't kill me afterwards. So... I luckily survived the disaster."

After finishing, Olivia exhaled deeply, feeling as if a dozen kilograms of weight had been lifted from her. She turned to look at Myne, her expression a mix of gratitude and

worry, thinking that he be disgusted to touch a woman who had been violated by so many men, but he only gazed at her with a gentle smile, his hands still teasing her breasts, there is no disgust on his face at all.

Chapter 725 - 725. Feeling The Empty Womb (R-18)

"It seems like you haven't had a good time these past two decades, but try to think of the positive side. At least compared to those poor souls who became food for zombies or starved to death, you still have a place to stay and food to eat, right?" Myne comforted Olivia.

"Since you're holding onto so much pressure, let me give you a massage. You'll feel better after this."

Because Myne couldn't fully put himself in her place or imagine her suffering, he soon ran out of words and didn't know what else to say. So, he simply stopped talking nonsense and gently massaged her shoulders.

At first, Olivia wanted to stop him since there was no need for such formalities. It wasn't like they were going to become a couple or anything, and he should really start his work. But once Myne began his massage, she found it unexpectedly pleasant and couldn't bring herself to tell him to stop.

"Mmm~"

Olivia felt light as Myne's hands wandered over her shoulders, pressing gently against her skin. She hadn't felt this good in a long time, but the moment lasted only five minutes before she realised his hands were straying to the wrong places. One of them even found its way between her legs.

"Ahm~"

Feeling Myne's finger brush against her vagina, Olivia took a sharp, nervous breath and instinctively clenched her thighs. But after a moment, she relaxed and parted them again, closing her eyes and letting the "professional" do his work.

Myne chuckled softly, watching Olivia's emotional journey, full of ups and downs, as she pretended to be ignorant, like a shy girl despite being thirty-two years old. He lifted his free hand, grabbed her chin, and forcefully turned her face toward him. Under her confused gaze, he leaned in and kissed her.

For the first few seconds, Olivia was tense, but soon she seemed to start enjoying it. She parted her lips slightly, allowing his tongue inside, and soon their tongues were locked in a fierce battle.

Seeing Olivia challenge him, Myne raised an eyebrow and pushed his tongue so deep into her mouth that she struggled to breathe.

But he didn't stop there. First, he rubbed his index and middle fingers against her entrance beneath the water before sliding them inside her vagina.

Olivia's body trembled slightly—this was unexpected. She hadn't thought Myne would play so dirty. Now, two of her holes were filled, and she had no energy to complain or think straight, her mind in complete disarray.

It didn't take long before Myne pulled his tongue from her mouth, a thin strand of saliva connecting them as he withdrew.

Olivia panted heavily as if she'd climbed dozens of stairs. She didn't understand why this time it felt different, but she could feel heat boiling inside her, an urgent need for something thick and hard to fill her.

"Do you want to taste it?" Myne pulled his fingers from her vagina and showed her the thick, sticky love juice coating them.

Olivia didn't reply but obediently opened her mouth. Myne chuckled lightly and slid both fingers inside, letting her suck on them like a baby.

After feeding Olivia her own juices, Myne patted her thigh, gesturing for her to stand up and step out of the bathtub. The space was too small for both of them to sit together comfortably and have fun.

Once out of the tub, he stood behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist before gripping her breasts tightly—so tight that milk spilt from her erect nipples.

"..."

"Huh? Why is there milk in your breasts?" He asked, confusedly.

Hearing his question, Olivia lowered her head in embarrassment and whispered in a low voice:

"I have a three-year-old daughter..."

"Well, that explains everything. But then why do you want to get pregnant again? Isn't it hard raising children in this kind of environment? Even though we've killed all nightwalkers and normal zombies aren't much of a threat, gathering resources is still difficult, right? You've rebuilt everything with barely a handful of people—it won't be easy."

"I... There aren't many beautiful women in the Tower, and the old leader promised that if I got pregnant with the Lord's child, he would take full care of me and my children. I wouldn't have to work—just raise the child properly," Olivia explained with a guilty expression as if she were taking advantage of Myne for her own selfish motives.

"That... That... That is wonderful!" Myne exclaimed joyfully, squeezing her nipples harder and shooting another jet of milk forward.

"You might not know this, but if there's anything I love more than f*cking beautiful women like you, then it's playing with boobs—and drinking milk straight from them if they have any," He gave Olivia another deep, passionate kiss to show how much he loved her surprise.

Then, while she was lost in the kiss, he pressed his rock-hard cock between her legs, making her eyes fly open.

"Mmm...!" Olivia could feel his veiny length sliding against her slit, already soaked in her juices.

"F*ck, you're so wet. You act shy, but you're a total pervert," Myne whispered in her ear, his hot breath making her tremble.

Olivia tried to respond, but Myne squeezed her nipples again, forcing more milk out and silencing her.

"Ahhhgg...~!" She whimpered before clamping a hand over her mouth.

Should we proceed to the next step? Myne whispered.

Olivia shook her head subconsciously, then realised her mistake and hurriedly nodded.

"Hahaha, look how desperately you want me inside you. You really are a pervert," Myne chuckled before releasing his grip on her breasts.

Olivia panted heavily, fighting the urge to moan like a sex-starved harlot. But then she felt Myne's hands on her waist, positioning her, standing on her toes, ready for him to push inside.

She had never handled anything this big before, but that only added to the excitement. She'd given birth before—there was nothing she couldn't take now.

Why is he teasing me so much? I want it inside me so desperately! She thought, biting her lower lip before turning around.

The look in Myne's eyes told her as if he'd read her mind.

"Just the tip for now. Let's take it slow—it's quite big, and I don't want to hurt you..." He whispered seductively, his voice full of mock concern, before gripping her waist firmly and pulling her down.

"No—...~!" A soft moan escaped her as Myne slipped only the head inside before stopping. But this wasn't what she wanted—she needed him to bury his entire length in one thrust, sending her straight to peak pleasure.

Even with just the tip inside, Olivia's knees nearly buckled.

Myne's strong hands kept her on her toes—if her legs gave out, she'd have to take more, and he clearly wasn't going to make this easy for her.

Olivia realised what he was doing—he was teasing her, and he was enjoying every second of it.

He slid only the head in and out, never going deeper.

"F*ck! You feel so f*cking good!~" Myne groaned in her ear.

"Do you want more?" He continues.

Olivia knew if she answered honestly, he'd only torment her further. She had to stay strong—but the next moment, she felt her own hands gripping his buttocks, pushing him deeper as he thrust.

Five inches plunged inside in one motion.

"Ahmm~~"

"Oops..." Myne teased.

She tried to rise onto her toes to pull away, but he was far stronger. There was no escape.

Abandoning the game, he grabbed her hips and slammed the rest of his length inside in one brutal thrust, hitting her womb hard.

"Fukkkrrrr!~" Olivia's scream was wordless, her entire body shaking violently. She would have collapsed if Myne hadn't been holding her waist.

Knowing she was experienced and didn't need gentleness, he began thrusting relentlessly, giving her a completely new level of pleasure. After all, it had been a full year since she'd last had sex, and her body had been craving it.

She couldn't stop herself from rocking her hips, helping him drive even deeper.

She had no control. Myne could feel her inner walls tightening around him, the wet squelching with every thrust proof of how aroused she was.

"Y-You're going too deep...!~" Olivia grabbed his hands, trying to push him away, but Myne only grew rougher. He knew she didn't mean it—she just didn't want him to think she was a pervert who secretly wanted to be f*cked senseless.

"God! This hole was made for me!~" Myne praised as her pussy clenched around him.

It sucked him in so tightly that pulling out was difficult—not just because he was stretching her, but because of how desperately she clung to him.

Once eight inches were inside, she lost all restraint.

Myne met her halfway, their hips colliding with thunderous slaps.

"That's it...!~" Myne urged her on, but Olivia's mind was already blank.

She hadn't expected being f*cked like this—standing on her toes in the bathroom—to feel so good.

Myne's hands left her waist (leaving finger-shaped marks behind), but she didn't notice—she was too busy taking his cock.

She clamped down on him with such force that it was a miracle his pelvis wasn't bruised from the impact.

"T-This... T-This...!~ So good," Olivia moaned, her voice no longer controlled.

"F*ck, it is..." Myne groaned, grabbing her breasts and milking her like a cow.

"I-I'M GOING TO—!~" Her eyes rolled back as Myne pounded harder.

"You're going to cum? Where are you going to cum?" He asked loudly while giving her buttocks a hard slap.

"...ON YOUR DICK!~ KEEP F*CKING ME!~ F*CK! HARDER!~" She begged, panting wildly.

Her body convulsed as pleasure overwhelmed her.

Myne slowed his pace but thrust even harder—it wasn't speed that would push her over the edge, but raw, brutal force.

She gushed around his cock, her legs giving out—but Myne held her up by her tits.

"It's too early for you to cum. I'm not even halfway done yet..." He teased before pulling out his dick.

Under her dazed gaze, he lifted her over his shoulder and carried her out of the bathroom.

Dropping her onto the bed, he stood before her, his throbbing cock desperate to return inside.

Olivia regained her senses, her face burning red as everything they'd just done hit her like a wave.

Soaked once again, she spread her legs wide without a word—but turned her face away, too embarrassed to meet his eyes.

So f*cking cute. It seems like I'm going to spend more time with her, Myne thought to himself. But there was no way he would let her take the initiative. She was pretending to be shy as if it were her first time. He wanted her to overcome the hesitation she was feeling because of the gap in their status, so she could finally be free, and they could play with him without holding back.

Spotting a single-person couch without an armed guard in the room, he sat down, stroking his cock with one hand and gesturing for her to come closer with the other.

Olivia got up and gulped nervously. It looked bigger than she had thought. The fact that this thing had been inside her moments ago surprised her.

"Come now, don't be shy," Myne said. Olivia didn't know when she got out of bed and stood before him.

He looked at her from head to toe, then focused his eyes on her breasts, which were still lacking milk somewhat, and raised an eyebrow.

Then he noticed the mirror facing the couch—perfect for watching her ass bounce as she rode him.

"Sit on it," He ordered, his cock standing straight like a sword.

Olivia nodded, positioned herself facing him and began lowering slowly—but Myne wasn't patient.

"I think you need a hand..." Myne said, grabbing her by the waist, and plunging her down, allowing his entire length to feel the walls that would soon fill with his semen.

He placed one of her breasts in his mouth, watching that ass bounce up and down his cock with Olivia moaning like a crazed woman.

I chose right, Myne thought with a smile, savouring her breastmilk before delivering a sharp slap to her jiggling backside.

Chapter 726 - 726. Idle People Cult Leader

[Teleporting out of the dungeon.]

[Player Glitcher has cleared team dungeon No. 589171 and completed an additional hidden world-line quest.]

[Game difficulty: Difficult.]

[Number of players: Six.]

[Game Clearance Rating: 100.]

[Settlement in progress...]

[You gained triple the experience points for a perfect level clearance and 2,000 game coins, plus a chance to draw a lottery.]

[Your level has been raised to level 10.]

[You gained 15 assignable attribute points.]

[Dungeon Summary: You lack team awareness, do not follow procedures, do not understand the worldview, and have not been able to empathise with the survivors' pain for twenty years in the tower. But it doesn't matter. You saved them and also left your seeds for a better future, so you are a well-deserved saviour!]

Myne wanted to curse the conclusion system. "Are all other players treated like this? Or is this bastard just targeting me?"

Maybe because Olivia had made such a deep impression on him, or perhaps her breast milk tasted super good, he ended up sleeping with her for two entire days, stopping only when she passed out. He continued the moment she opened her eyes, giving his 500% effort to ensure she became pregnant. He had practically folded her womb with his semen; if she still couldn't get pregnant, he'd worry he had some hidden problem.

After that, he spent one day with two other women as well. They weren't special and treated him like a king, serving him well with their mouths full of his flirtations. Although it was a wonderful experience, he couldn't connect with them emotionally.

He could read their inner thoughts and knew they were just repeating what the bearded man and some older women in the tower had taught them, and only wanted to get pregnant for a better life. He just used them for fun, which was also good, as he didn't have to worry about their emotions or anything, making it a good way to relieve pressure.

So, after four days of nonstop work, he said goodbye to everyone and picked up Waffle, Ocea, and Ted, who were having a lot of fun since no one was bothering them. They could wander the city wherever they wanted, and with countless zombies ready to play with them, they didn't feel bored at all.

[Congratulations to player Glitcher for reaching level 10.]

[Starting from level 10, each upgrade will allocate points corresponding to the current level.]

[Title system has been unlocked.]

[The system will issue corresponding titles based on the player's performance in the dungeon.]

"Title system, huh? Not bad, not bad. Srinka's Saviour, Pollution Destroyer—there are indeed quite a few titles that suit me. I just wonder which one the system will give me,"

Myne muttered excitedly, rubbing his hands, waiting for the system to praise him by giving him a cool title.

[Congratulations to the player for winning the title: Idle People Cult Leader]

Myne: "????"

"What do you mean by 'idle people'? I worked the hardest in the entire dungeon, alright? Who found the origin of pollution, helped Kran make antidotes, and destroyed the Oak Tree? How dare you give me such a useless title? What will people think about me if they know about it?" Myne immediately started complaining, but sadly, as always, the system returned to pretending to be dead and didn't reply to him at all.

"Hoo... Forget it. Apart from this crappy title, the remaining things are good. And I didn't expect to be able to directly upgrade to level 10 this time. This speed can be called 'raiding the rocket.' No one can beat me when it comes to levelling up," Myne nodded with satisfaction, feeling proud of himself.

After all, the higher the level, the more experience is required to upgrade to the next level. The difficulty, score, and completion of the dungeon will give different experiences and game coins. Only with a 100% clearance rating can you earn a triple reward boost; otherwise, it's hard for most players to level up even once from a single dungeon.

"And the experience given this time is more... probably because of the hidden world-line task. That type of task isn't something any normal player can complete. If not for the help of Brother Evil God's Eye, even for me, it would have been impossible to destroy that pollution."

Thinking of those things, Myne opened the character panel and evenly distributed the 15 attributes obtained from the upgrade.

[Name: Glitcher (Myne Fortuna) (666666)

Level: 10 (0/6600)

Race: Human

Special Attribute: Nightwalker Gene

Strength: 41 > 45

Endurance: 36 > 40

Agility: 32 > 35

Spirit: 167 > 215

Mana: 94 > 110 (Stored Mana: 1753)

Free Attribute Points: 0

Coins: 6000

Cosmic Coins: 2]

[Item Bar: 1. Evil God's Eye (Passive) 2. Hundred-Man Killer Knife 3. Dark Wind Boots 4. Srinka Badge 5. Contaminated Music Tape (Sound of the Old Days)]

[Skill Bar: Holy Palm Eye, Appraisal • Complete, Inventory, Cut & Paste, Thunder Ball (3/3)]

Because most of his attributes felt scattered, this time he decided to round them all to whole numbers to make computations and tracking easier. For this, he even added 3 points to Spirit and 1 point to Mana, wasting four precious attribute points. These attributes operated on entirely different scales, making him wonder if someday his spirit might become too powerful for his body to bear.

"There are a lot of items at the moment, but there are no useful skills that can sufficiently help me use my huge amount of mana, also it seems my mana recovery is connected to the main body, I have been in the dungeon for nearly a week but the increase in the mana wasn't much only dozen points... Sigh..."

"It seemed that skills could only be obtained through lottery draws, and it was easier to obtain equipment in dungeons than skills."

Myne closed the panel and prepared for the lottery.

He patted the black box beside him and muttered, "It's not the first time I've seen you. How about giving me a skill this time?" Then he prayed for good luck and pressed the button to start the lottery.

The lottery box started shaking and opened with a bang.

There was a ball of light in the box.

"Wow, it's really a skill! F*ck, my luck's shining today!"

Myne's eyes lit up, and he excitedly stretched out his hand.

[Name: The Mosquito That Always Lingers In My Ears

Type: Summoning Skill

Function: Designate a target. The other party will continue to be harassed by the mosquito. The mosquito can cause 1% of the maximum health value damage when sucking blood. The skill is invalid after the mosquito is killed.

Consumption: 10 Mana

Note: You can only summon one mosquito per person at a time. You can only summon another after the first mosquito dies.

Remarks: Please don't underestimate this mosquito. It once survived the crazy attack of a bald, homely man, and even sucked his blood later.

"Motherf*cker! Which bastard invented this useless skill? What's the point of wasting mana and sending a goddamn mosquito to suck blood? And only a single one! If I could summon a big swarm of mosquitoes, then it might still be useful; at least then I could distract an enemy. But only one... The System is definitely messing with me now."

Myne suddenly felt that although he didn't know about the mosquito, he definitely lost one percent of his health after seeing this crappy skill with no particular use at all.

"Damn, can't you bastards give me any useful skills?" After cursing, Myne took a few deep breaths to calm down before shifting his focus to the small, blinking ball-like icon on his status panel.

Without hesitation, Myne opened his mailbox.

There were two friend requests: one from Magmascorch. This red goblin, although complaining from start to finish and wanting to stay as far away from him as possible, acknowledged Myne after seeing his crazy way of clearing the dungeon and instantly sent a friend request after returning to the lobby.

The other was from Mr. Red. This red baldy, although he pretended to be cool and calm all the time, also had to admit that he couldn't clear the dungeon in as crazy a manner as Myne.

In addition, there was a special email.

There were only five words on it:

[Abyssal Paradise Invitation.]

It was written in blood-red handwriting, full of ominousness.

Myne, who had already grown used to the weird ways this game tried to scare its players, only raised his eyebrows slightly in interest and clicked on it to open it.

[Glitcher, hehe, a pathetically good name for a weak guy like you; it suits you.]

The first line of words was full of sarcasm. Maybe there was some magic cast on the email, but Myne suddenly felt very angry, as if someone were insulting his entire family while pointing a finger right in front of his nose.

"Shouldn't the beginning of an invitation letter be 'Respected Mr. Glitcher' and so on! What kind of invitation letter is this? When will those motherf*cker developers of this game stop their weird antics?" Myne cursed but continued to read the email.

[You don't know the true meaning of life at all, and you have never seen real power. When you are complacent about the perfect evaluation of your dungeon, you don't know that it is just the most inconspicuous grain of sand in countless magnificent waves.]

[The paradise that countless people yearn for is not a peaceful place. Once you accept this invitation, you will have no way out...]

[This is not a joke... Think before making your choice.]

Myne looked at the lines of words that slowly appeared in front of him.

[Yes or No]

Chapter 727 - 727. Too Loud

"I only saw the method of provoking someone from these lines instead of giving them a warning."

Myne chuckled, gritting his teeth, and chose yes. His days of being easily scared were long gone. If, even in this gaming world where death wasn't possible, he hesitated because of a random message, he might as well hang himself.

"Hehehe!"

A cold laugh suddenly echoed through the entire lobby. It seemed to have materialised in person, watching Myne. The laughter continued as if mocking Myne's overestimation of his own abilities or his reckless decisiveness.

As time passed, the laughter grew more piercing, with a hint of madness, finally devolving into a hideous cackle, spitting out four familiar words:

"Welcome to the Abyss!"

[Player Glitcher has triggered the Abyssal Paradise Invitation Task.

Task 1: Collect a D-level pollutant.]

[Progress: 0/1]

[Note: After completing this task, you can unlock subsequent tasks.]

"That is to say, if I had found a way to collect all the liquid in the flower buds back then, would it be considered as directly collecting a D-level pollutant?"

But since it had been fed to the Brother Evil God's eye, it didn't matter anymore. Myne's spirit power had become increasingly abnormal with each upgrade, now reaching 215 points. For him, D-level pollutants were as harmless as a pillow. Others might struggle before such a pollutant, but to him, it was merely "fish on a slaughter board." As long as he had a good knife, he didn't mind earning some extra profit.

"Don't worry, take your time. If I'm not mistaken, every dungeon seems to have pollutants. As long as I can find them, there should also be a way to collect them. Otherwise, feeding Brother Evil God's eye is a good alternative."

Just as Myne was about to close the status panel and quit the game, it had been many days in the game, and he missed his wives, a message popped up. It was from:

"Brother Glitcher, I thought you forgot about me." It was from Magmascorch.

"What do you mean by forgetting you? It's only been two minutes since you left my side. Also, weren't you focusing your attention on becoming powerful? Why are you wasting time chatting with me instead of clearing dungeons?"

Since Magmascorch had left the dungeon, time flowed normally for him. So, even if Myne spent days having fun in the game, for Magmascorch, Myne had barely been inside for a few more seconds before coming out.

"Hahaha, actually, before going into a new dungeon, I thought I'd ask your advice. You know, random players like me can't play like professional players. It'd be considered a big win if I could clear the game in one go without dying... By the way, Brother Glitcher, what's your clearance score? Mine barely crossed 50."

"Of course, it's 100. Even in my first dungeon, I got 100. Is that difficult?"

"..."

Magmascorch, who was sitting in his lobby, fell silent after seeing Myne's reply. He expressionlessly typed, "Sorry, Brother Glitcher, I'd better clear the dungeon my own way. We aren't in the same league," and directly chose a single-mode dungeon.

Myne was a little surprised that this kid ran so fast. As soon as he typed "OK," the system showed that he was inside the game, and messages couldn't reach him.

"Did I scare him too much? But it felt good to tease this little goblin," Myne chuckled and pressed the exit button.

As he did, darkness rushed into his lobby like a tide and devoured him. When he opened his eyes, he was already lying on his bed. But before Myne could think of anything, an extreme level of pain, as if someone were cutting his body into a million pieces, hit him. It was so strong that he barely stayed awake for two seconds before passing out; he didn't even have time to scream.

...

"Is he alright? He doesn't look like he's playing the game."

"I've checked him. There's nothing wrong with him. I just don't understand how he became like this."

"Waffle, are you sure he's not in the game?"

"I'm sure. We exited the dungeon at the same time. Also, if he were inside the game, we'd also get an invitation to go there, but now it shows Myne is out of the game, and I can't enter the game either."

"Then how the hell did he become a bloody mess just by lying on the bed, goddammit..."

Myne felt his throat was sore as if he had screamed too much. He felt thirsty, tired, hungry, and...

"What is this disgusting smell, and why is Aisha making so much noise? It hurts my ears. Did someone anger her again?" Myne slowly opened his eyes. The first thing he saw was everyone in his family standing in front of him, with Aisha's back facing him, scolding them. Only Garnet was carefree, sitting on a chair, enjoying the view outside the window, while covering her nose with a pink handkerchief.

"F*ck! What the hell is wrong with this smell? Where is it coming from?" Myne, troubled by the extremely disgusting smell, couldn't stand it. He pinched his nose and got up.

"He's awake!" Ayri was the first to notice Myne's abnormality and exclaimed, grabbing everyone's attention.

"I can hear you! Why are you screaming so loudly?" Myne didn't know if his sense of hearing had become more powerful or if Ayri's voice had become super strong, but as soon as she spoke, he felt like someone was drilling into his brain; it was unbearable!

"MYNE!!!"

"Ahh! Easy, easy, please speak in a low voice, it hurts!" Myne covered his ears as soon as Aisha screamed at him. He was now certain there was something wrong with his body; at the very least, his hearing definitely had a problem. Otherwise, it wasn't the first time Aisha had screamed at him, but it had never felt so powerful, as if hundreds of Aishas were standing inside his ear, screaming loudly.

Aisha frowned deeply, seeing Myne rolling on the messy and dirty bed like a pig. The bed was covered with black liquid and dried-up blood that had been released from Myne's body. She looked at the others; although Myne wasn't a clean freak, she knew very well that he would never touch such a dirty thing if he were in his right mind, let alone roll directly on it.

"What's wrong with you? Are you okay?" This time, Aisha spoke in an extremely low voice, barely audible to others, but surprisingly, Myne found that it was still very loud. Thankfully, at least now he didn't feel pain in his ear and brain because of the loud voice.

"Yes, but please, can you guys speak a bit softer? I feel like my brain will explode if you continue speaking in such a loud voice. By the way, why are so many people gathered in our house? Are you guys having a surprise party?" Myne looked at everyone and asked confusedly. He could hear the sound of hundreds of people reaching his ears and thought they were downstairs, gathered for some purpose.

Hearing his question, everyone looked at each other confusedly, not understanding what was going on. Even Aisha was at a loss for words, wondering if Myne was hallucinating. Just when she was about to speak, Garnet interrupted her.

"Myne, why don't you take a shower first before continuing? I don't think you're enjoying this disgusting smell, right?"

Only after Garnet mentioned it did Myne realise that the disgusting smell was coming from his own body and that there was a weird, stinky black liquid all over him and the bed.

"Ugh! Which bastard played this prank on me? This is a bit too much!" Myne complained as he quickly got off the bed and ran toward the bathroom with such speed that he left an aftermath behind, which shocked everyone except Myne himself, who didn't realise how much his strength had suddenly grown.

"Is this even the speed a person can achieve?" Amy, who was always proud of being 'Miss Known to All', thanks to her long lifespan given by her elven bloodline, didn't know what to say after seeing the crazy changes in Myne's body.

"I think this game world Myne told us about has brought him much more benefit than we expected. I just hope it wasn't any kind of trap," Garnet looked at the bathroom worriedly before shaking her head and walking out of the bedroom. She really couldn't take the disgusting smell anymore. She believed that if she stayed in that room for one more minute, she would definitely vomit up everything in her stomach.

Others also followed suit and walked out. Aisha and Sylphy wanted to go into the bathroom to see if Myne's body had any mutations or something, but thinking about his weird changes, and unbearable smell emitting from his body, they dropped their idea and went out as well.

Chapter 728 - 728. The Demon Kingdom

"Um, guys, I think there's something wrong with my body, and... uh, I may have accidentally broken quite a few things in the bathroom," Myne said, a blush creeping onto his face. He had already figured out the reason for his abnormal body reaction and sudden surge in strength and senses after almost destroying his entire bathroom due to his inability to control his power. He came downstairs and, without waiting for anyone to ask, quickly explained what was happening.

"So this is it! No wonder you suddenly became so powerful. It's because of that game thing he was telling us about before, it can actually give someone a new bloodline, what a magical thing," Sylphy said, finally feeling at ease. She nodded with an understanding look, leaning back on the couch and letting out a sigh of relief. When she had first seen Myne covered in that black, smelly liquid and dry blood, she thought he had been cursed and was on the verge of dying.

"By the way, how much more powerful are you than before?" Garnet asked, snapping out of her daze. She raised an eyebrow, curious.

"Probably five times stronger than before entering the gaming world and starting to clear the dungeons?" Myne replied after a moment of thought, calling up his status panel.

"That's quite a big improvement indeed," Garnet nodded, then her expression shifted to one of worry, and she exhaled deeply.

"What's wrong, Mother? You've looked troubled recently. Is there any problem?" Sylphy asked, noticing her mother's strange expression.

"Nothing, it's just kingdom matters. You guys don't have to worry about it," Garnet shook her head, not wanting to drag everyone into the kingdom's affairs.

But sadly, she had formed a very deep bond with Myne—literally very deep, enough to go eight inches inside her vagina. So even though she didn't want to, he, as a good secret boyfriend, had to take care of his girlfriend's matters. And since his strength had grown so much, he needed some practice targets to gain control over his body.

"Mother-in-law, what nonsense are you spouting? Are we strangers or what? Your trouble is our trouble, and it's not your turn to decide whether or not we participate in kingdom affairs," Myne said, looking seriously at Garnet. But when no one was paying attention to him, he gave her a playful wink and licked his lips, clearly indicating what he wanted from her.

Although Garnet felt a surge of heat inside her body, noticing Myne's hidden meaning, she didn't show any abnormality on her face. It was still filled with worry, and after a moment of fake hesitation, she sighed again and began speaking.

"Actually, yesterday Lewis called me and told me that the Adventure Guild had brought a piece of crazy news. The Demon Kingdom has slaughtered nearly one-third of its border kingdoms, and the remaining ones are engaged in intense battles with it. Our kingdom is far away from the Demon Kingdom, but it won't take long before the spark of war reaches us."

"So the Adventure Guild asked us to be prepared for war. Not only us, but the Adventure Guild has also informed almost all kingdoms. This time, the Demon Kingdom is far more powerful and ruthless than the previous time; at least back then, they weren't able to destroy so many kingdoms so easily."

There was a pin-drop silence after Garnet finished speaking. No one had expected that what worried her would turn out to be this serious. This scale of war, which could affect the whole world, was not something a single individual could do much about.

"How can this be possible, Mother? How did those colourful-skinned, ugly, weirdos become so powerful? Weren't they isolated from the rest of the world and forced to live in an area full of volcanoes with barely enough food to survive?" Sylphy, who had read the history, couldn't help but ask, dumbfounded.

If she were thrown into such a place with those conditions, it would be a miracle if she didn't die from starvation, let alone gather resources, increase power, and silently build a huge population enough to go one against the entire world. This was something unheard of.

"How do I know? But this isn't the first time those demons have performed this miracle. Take the past as an example: every time the Demon Kingdom lost, other races would give them the worst possible punishment and only a handful of high-level demons who escaped from the battlefield would hide in some corner of the world and survive. But even so, like mushrooms in the rain, they pop up very quickly, and in a few centuries, they gather a big enough army to f*cked up everyone."

"By the way, Amy, don't you elves have any information about this? You guys have lived for thousands of years, right? You might know why those demons can always repopulate so easily and start wars without any hesitation when they feel they are powerful enough."

Hearing Garnet's question, Amy, who had always served as a background board, showed an embarrassed look. According to Elven's lifespan, she was barely a teenager, and which teenager likes to study? Yes, she was interested in alchemy, but that is because her grandfather had initially shown her the magical uses of alchemy, which left a deep impression on her mind, and she also wanted to create all kinds of fun things to show off.

But reading history? Come on, who does that boring thing unless she has nothing better to do? Even some general impressions of the past she had all come from stories her mother and grandfather told her. There was no way she knew where demons got resources to repopulate their population easily.

"Sorry, I... I don't know. Before the kingdom was destroyed, I spent most of my time learning alchemy. I didn't have much interest in history..." Amy lowered her head as she said that, nervously playing with her fingers, fearing that others might scold her for being useless.

"Well, forget it. There's no need to worry about something that has already happened. When we kick the demons' ass this time, we will make sure to dig out their secret," Myne quickly took the topic in hand, saving Amy from further embarrassment, and continued, "So, how long do we have before the Demon Kingdom knocks on our door?"

"We are not clear about that. The Adventure Guild has only given us the first stage of warning, and there are still some kingdoms between us and the Demon Kingdom. So, before the demons reach us, they will have to deal with them. We might have some time," Garnet pondered a bit before replying, then stood up.

"Ayri, you stay here today. I have kingdom work to do, and your presence will only disturb me," Saying that, she gave Myne a quick glance and walked out of his home, returning to hers right beside his.

Myne looked at everyone and seeing that worried face, he clapped his hands and gathered everyone's attention, "Alright, girls, there's no need to think about this matter. Even if the entire world is destroyed, I am here to protect you, so be at ease. Sylphy, Aisha, pick up your weapons and let's go to the training ground. Help me control my strength, otherwise, I fear I might not be able to eat food and break all the utensils," Shaking his head, he quickly walked toward the backyard.

Aisha and Sylphy looked at each other, smiled playfully, and hurriedly followed him while taking out their weapons from storage bags around their wrists.

...

"Why are you so late?"

Garnet, who wore light makeup with red lipstick, enhancing her beauty many times over, especially with only a single piece of transparent nightgown, purple erotic lace panty, and an H-cup size bra on her spotless white skin, with her untied purple hair wet from the shower spreading all over the bed, looked like an absolute MILF goddess, stunning and sexy enough to make Myne's dick rock hard with just a single look at her.

She asked unhappily as he walked out of the portal. She had been waiting for Myne for nearly five hours before he came. When he was giving her signals in front of everyone, she thought he desperately wanted to eat her and couldn't wait. This is why she ran back to her home in a hurry. But who would have thought that this bastard would make her wait for more than 5 hours before coming?

"It can't be helped. I can't control my strength properly. So, before coming to you, I trained with Aisha and Sylphy, and only after confirming that I wouldn't hurt you no matter what I did, did I fool them and quickly rush to you," Myne said while quickly removing his clothes and throwing them aside, before climbing onto the bed and lying down on top of Garnet, burying his face in her breasts.

But because her bra was causing trouble, he frowned, raised his head, and moved her bra aside, freeing her two soft mountains from their prison, before slamming his face in them again, letting out a satisfied moan.

Chapter 729 - 729. Deep Throat (R-18)

"Why are you behaving like a child?" Garnet looked speechlessly at Myne, who was rubbing his face in her breasts like a virgin boy seeing naked breasts for the first time and wanting to experience the sensation of them on his cheeks.

"It can't be helped. It's been so many days since we were last together, and I've almost forgotten your smell and taste. I want to memorise them again," Saying that, Myne grabbed her H-cup-sized breasts and sandwiched his face between them.

"Sigh, you are truly hopeless," Garnet shook her head and let Myne do what he wanted while she fell into a trance-like state, thinking about something very serious.

After playing for a while, Myne realised that Garnet had become a bit too silent. He frowned, raised his head, and saw that she was deep in thought, having ignored him completely.

Feeling angry, he grabbed her rock-hard nipple and pinched it hard, making her jolt awake from her daydream and scream in pain.

"Ouch! What the hell are you doing? Why did you pinch it so hard?" Garnet slapped Myne's head as she complained, but Myne didn't care. Instead, he got up from her, rolled on the bed, sat down beside her, and stared at her unhappily.

"What are you staring at?" Garnet, feeling scared and wondering if her thoughts had been seen through, asked hesitantly.

"You didn't tell me the complete truth back then, did you? Would you mind finishing the remaining story? Or do I have to use some special means to dig out what you're trying to hide from your boyfriend?" Myne asked with a cold face, playing with her nipple.

He had made up his mind that if she wasn't honest with him, he would hypnotise her, dig out all her dark secrets, and then bully her for months at least for hiding things from him that would obviously affect both of them.

"I..."

Garnet, who already knew the effects of some of Myne's crazy skills, didn't know what to say. Although for his own good, she didn't want to tell him the news, as it would only make him overthink things and wouldn't lead to anything good. But seeing Myne's expressionless face, she hesitated for a moment before sighing helplessly.

"Actually, it's about the Demon Kingdom. Before, I told you that they were still far away from our kingdom and that the war wouldn't affect us anytime soon, but... the reality is that one of our border kingdoms has already become a battlefield."

"The Adventurers Guild reported that almost half of the kingdom's towns, villages, and cities were destroyed by demons. Most of the human males were either killed or became

ogres who joined the demons' food supply, while women were taken away by those monsters to be used as breeding machines."

"You know, many monsters are very fond of using human females as mating tools, since not only can we give birth to many of their children, but later we can also be used as delicious food."

"Not only that, there are rumours that the reason the demons are progressing so rapidly this time is because they have a new, young king who is very bold and full of creative ideas. He's devised dozens of weird strategies never heard of before and has taken down all the Demon Kingdom's border kingdoms in one fell swoop. It was also his plan to only kill males while using females as breeding machines; no other demon king had done that before. I don't know where this weirdo came from."

"If things continue like this, it won't be long before those demons come for us. This is why I'm so absent-minded. I don't want to see demons destroy everything that's dear to me and have to run around the world to save my ass... Ouch, can you please stop doing that? It really hurts!" Garnet again slapped Myne as he pinched her nipple hard.

"I won't stop until you stop ignoring my existence. Why do you think I'm so obsessed with being powerful? Isn't it because I don't want anyone to hurt my family? As long as I'm alive, even if God comes, he won't be able to hurt a hair on your head, let alone force you to run like a wild dog."

"As for those demons, let them come. I'm also quite curious to see those cockroaches who like to start world wars once every century," Myne said with a sneer. He truly didn't take those fake, pirated versions of demons seriously. He had seen real demons, even married one, and now he was working with the Lord of Hell, the master of all demons. If he were still scared of them, he might as well dig a hole and bury himself in it.

Also, compared to Brother Evil God, whose aura alone is powerful enough to destroy a world, what are those demons? It's nothing but children playing a house game; there's no sense of threat at all.

Garnet and his other girls hadn't empathized with all the creepy things he'd encountered and God knows how many times he'd barely saved his ass. Otherwise, they also wouldn't have taken those demons seriously.

Perhaps seeing Myne's confidence or witnessing his crazy growth in strength recently, Garnet felt much more at ease after hearing his dominating words. She found that today Myne looked more charming and attractive, and her pussy started getting wet.

As she stared at his handsome face, she licked her lower lip, raised her hand, and grabbed his hard "little brother," catching Myne off guard. He stared at her for a few seconds, complaining inwardly about how quickly she had changed her mind, before flashing a playful smile and jumping on her again—this time in the opposite direction.

Now on all fours above her, his dick rested right over her face while his own gaze locked onto her purple panties, already damp in the centre—proof of just how aroused she was.

Without a word, Garnet took Myne's dick in her hands, stroking it for a few seconds before sliding one hand to his buttocks, patting lightly to guide him lower. She opened her mouth wide, aimed the tip of his dick with her other hand, and let it slide inside.

Myne's body shuddered as she swallowed his dick completely. He could feel himself sinking deep into her wet throat.

Damn it, she took it all. She's a monster, he thought, breathing heavily. His gaze locked onto Garnet as she worked, and sensing his stare, she paused, winked, then smirked before speeding up—clearly determined to make him cum first just to tease him.

F*ck, this bitch... I'm not gonna lose.

Myne yanked her nightgown up, pushed her panties aside, and thrust three fingers deep into her.

"Amm~"

With his dick lodged in her throat, Garnet's moan came out stifled, her body trembling as his fingers enter her vagina at full force. But as an experienced player, she barely paused before resuming with even greater efficiency—her pace was now 10% faster.

Not one to be outdone, Myne pumped his fingers inside her while lowering his mouth to her clit, licking it hard enough to send a shiver down her spine before sealing his lips over it and teasing relentlessly.

Garnet didn't know when Myne had grown so obsessed with her clit, but she knew one thing: if he kept this up, she'd pee right then and there. It had been a while since her last bathroom break, and her bladder was full. Now, with Myne playing with fire, it wouldn't be long before she exploded—and she refused to let that happen. The humiliation would haunt her forever, and it will definitely become her dark history.

Unfortunately, Myne had no idea the dam was already overflowing. If he had known, he would've pulled out his recording magic ball to immortalise this historic moment. He'd played with Garnet countless times, made her cum endlessly from clit stimulation alone—but never once had he made her pee. According to the legendary books he'd read, that

was the ultimate sign of domination, proof he'd conquered his woman body and soul. A regret he'd carried until now.

Though unaware of Garnet's internal struggle, Myne focused on his task, holding back his own climax while pushing her to the edge, ensuring he wouldn't be the first to break.

F*ck! For god's sake, stop playing with my clit! I'm about to piss myself off! Garnet cursed internally, shifting into overdrive. She increased her pace to the max, desperate to make Myne cum so she could have an excuse to bolt to the bathroom.

She's going too hard... I can't hold on...

Myne gritted his teeth, matching her intensity. He thrust his fingers faster, his tongue and free hand assaulting her clit—licking, biting, pinching, flicking—using every trick to push her over first.

"F*ck! I can't take..."

Five seconds later, Myne lost the battle. Just as he tried to warn Garnet he was cumming, a hot, yellowish jet shot into his open mouth, cutting him off. The shock shattered his control, and his own release erupted down Garnet's throat, forcing her eyes to roll back. Unlike him, she was hit with triple stimulation—cumming, peeing, and swallowing his load all at once. Her mind short-circuited, hurtling straight into euphoria.

Chapter 730 - 730. Fight for Domination (R-18)

"Did you just... pee in my mouth?"

Myne stood frozen in place, like a statue, with a yellowish liquid dripping from his open mouth. It took him a full minute to regain his senses before he finally moved away from her, kneeling beside her, and pointing dazedly at his mouth as he spoke.

"It's not my fault! Who asked you to eat my clit so hard like a pervert?" Garnet shot back, her face burning with embarrassment, as an older woman with four children, it was really too much for her to lose control like a virgin, it is a bit too.

"What did you expect to come out of it other than pee? You shouldn't have played with it in the first place! You should've focused on my honey cave instead, don't you always say that you like my love juice, then why are you eating the wrong thing?"

Though guilt gnawed at her, making her wish she could dig a hole and bury herself, she refused to give him the upper hand. Instead, she feigned irritation, scowling as if he were the one at fault for making her pee in front of him.

"But if you were on the verge of peeing, why didn't you warn me?" Myne, feeling that what she said made sense, responded in a low voice, though deep down, he suspected she'd done it on purpose.

"Oh? Why don't you take an eight-inch, thick meat rod into your mouth and let's see how well you can talk in that condition?" Garnet gave him an expressionless look before rolling her eyes.

Myne fell silent, her sharp words leaving him speechless. He hesitated for half a minute, scrambling for a comeback, but she left him no opening. The frustration built inside him—anger with no outlet, especially as he caught the faint smirk tugging at her lips.

Driven by irritation, he shifted into beast mode. In one swift motion, he grabbed her waist, caught her off guard, and flipped her onto her stomach. A sharp slap landed on her bubbly buttocks before, without hesitation, he positioned himself at her entrance. With a single, powerful thrust, he buried himself to the hilt, only stopping when the head of his dick collided forcefully with her womb.

"AHHHH!~"

Garnet hadn't been prepared at all. Still sensitive from her earlier climax, her body struggled to accommodate him in one stroke, forcing a cry from her lips.

"F*ck! You feel so f*cking good!~" Myne leaned over her back, his hot breath brushing her ear as he groaned in pleasure.

Then he yanked her hair back, pulling her head sharply in the process.

The pain shot through her body, and she wanted to complain—but at nearly the same moment, Myne began thrusting his cock in and out of her with full force.

He didn't pull out entirely, leaving only the tip inside before slamming it back in, making her tremble in pain and pleasure.

Myne wasn't going fast; he was giving her slow, long, and rough strokes, making Garnet lose her train of thought. She soaked his cock in her juices, which only heightened the sensation. Because he was very satisfied with her body's honest response, he gave her a few more tight slaps on her buttocks.

"P-Please! Be... gentle... No~!" Garnet moaned, but Myne wrapped one hand around her mouth with two of his fingers inside her mouth playing with her tongue and used the other to grab her breast, squeezing hard as if wanting to squeeze out some milk from them.

"Shut the f*ck up! Instead of admitting your mistake like a good girlfriend, you dare lie to me that you didn't piss in my mouth. Now I won't stop until I teach you some manners, you damn naughty woman," Myne whispered in her ear, his voice was full of anger, and his thrusts grew rougher.

Nearly rubbing her face into the bedsheet, Garnet was helpless. She grabbed a nearby pillow with trembling hands and tucked it beneath her face so that as Myne pounded her from behind, she wouldn't scrape her nose. She also bit into it to muffle her loud moans.

Seeing Garnet resort to such girlish tricks, Myne chuckled darkly. He stood up, lifting her off the bed—using his cock as a pivot—before slamming back inside. The angle forced his cock against her cervix aggressively, as if trying to push past it.

"W-What are you doing? Not this way! Oh my God! It's so deep!~"

Garnet moaned, her voice dripping with pleasure as her face twisted in ecstasy. Her words and expression didn't match, and Myne knew she was playing along to make things more exciting, and like any other day, he again turned into a villain raping a poor woman at board daylight, that too inside her own house. Well, the script is very clichéd, but the effect is quite good.

"F*cking hell! Why do you always feel so damn good?!"* Myne growled, gripping her waist with both hands.

He lifted and dropped her onto his cock like a sex toy.

Garnet began rolling her hips, grinding against him the moment he buried himself inside. Myne knew he was seconds away from coming—but he gritted his teeth and refused to finish before she did.

Myne grabbed her waist with one hand and her twin mounds with the other. He pinched her nipples between his fingers, and her moans grew louder and louder with each thrust. She seemed close to her edge.

"Ahh~"

"I'm about to cum!"

Her body struggled to break free as he hammered against her inner walls harder. Her insides clenched around his cock tightly, as if trying to wring him dry.

Myne, nearing his own limit, grabbed both of her breasts firmly, hugging her body as he sped up his thrusts to their peak. With each movement, he squeezed her breasts hard, no longer bothering with shallow strokes—now, he drove into her fully, relentlessly.

"I am... Ahmmmm~"

Garnet, overwhelmed by the intense pleasure, rolled her eyes back and melted into Myne's embrace. She rested the back of her head against his shoulder, her tongue lolling out as she completely surrendered. With a burst of soft moans, Myne felt his dick drenched in her juices.

Feeling her body tremble violently, Myne knew he had won this round. No longer holding back, he buried himself deep inside her with one final thrust and unleashed a thick load of cum into her womb.

The only thing that might have made this moment less perfect was the knowledge that he couldn't impregnate her—Garnet had no interest in raising another little devil. She wanted to enjoy life without such responsibilities.

"Phew, that was great," Myne said, releasing Garnet's body. Without his support, she collapsed onto the bed like a lifeless doll, panting heavily as her dishevelled hair covered her face. From the corner of her eye, she glared at him angrily.

Of course, she was furious—his so-called "discipline lessons" had left her poor breasts sore, the lingering pain a reminder of his roughness.

Just as Myne was considering which position to take for the next round, Garnet suddenly grabbed his hand and yanked him down. Caught off guard, he fell onto the bed, and in the next moment, a figure climbed atop him, sealing his lips with a fierce kiss.

Myne barely had a second to react before he felt her hand guiding his dick back into position. Then, a warm, slippery tightness engulfed him as she sank down, taking him in completely.

"Ahm~"

This time, it was Myne's turn to moan, but Garnet, determined to take revenge, bit his tongue, stifling his sounds. She lifted her hips until only the tip of his cock remained inside before slamming back down, hitting her womb with brutal force.

She repeated this motion over and over, never releasing his mouth as she kissed him fiercely, making it clear she wasn't some meek little girl he could bully so easily.

Myne could have flipped their positions anytime, but he enjoyed it when his women took charge. Sometimes, he loved letting them dominate, and right now, he was more than happy to lie back and savour the ride.

"I'm about to cum—"

Just as Garnet lost focus, Myne broke the kiss to speak, but before he could finish, she recaptured his lips and increased her pace, slamming down on him with desperate urgency. She, too, was close.

"AHHH!!!"

A few seconds later, neither could hold back any longer. With a loud cry, they came hard together.

Garnet pulled his dick free, letting a thick trail of cum drip from her well-used pussy. She was confident that without birth control, she'd have been pregnant long ago.

Exhausted, she flopped onto Myne's chest, breathing heavily, while he stared at the ceiling, already plotting his next move. His cock remained rock-hard—three rounds

weren't even a proper warm-up for him. He'd f*cked some of his girls for entire days with the help of his skills, and today's session was far from over.

After a minute or so, once he confirmed Garnet had recovered, he pushed her off and ordered her onto all fours. Standing behind her, he pressed the tip of his cock against her cum-filled entrance, gripped her panty, and thrust in again—officially beginning the fourth round.