

## Cheat. A 741

Chapter 741 - 741. Fleeing

Click!

"MYNE!"

"Where the hell did you disappear to? Do you have any idea how worried I was about you? You idiot, you didn't even think about saying anything to me before leaving. I thought something had happened to you!"

After opening the door and seeing Myne standing outside with flowers in his hand, Gwen immediately jumped into his embrace, letting out a loud scream. This almost scared the hell out of him, as he feared Velvet might hear her voice.

However, he was just overthinking, given he had gone all out a few hours ago, utterly exhausting her. Now, short of someone slapping her hard across the face, it would be a miracle if she woke up just from the noise.

After a few hours of intense exercise and lovemaking with Velvet, while she was still conscious, or at least he thought so, Myne quickly explained to her what to do next when she went to the clan house. He then came to Gwen's room, which was directly opposite Velvet's. Along the way, he had also found flowers beside Velvet's room door, and with the motto of not wasting resources, he decided to give them to Gwen.

"Honey, why don't we go inside and talk? I think your mother will also be quite interested in listening to my explanation, right?" Myne said with a smile, walking inside with Gwen still clinging to him like a koala.

"Ohh, you're right!" Although Gwen obviously wasn't in the mood to go to her mother's side and wanted to talk with Myne alone, in the end, she could only swallow her selfishness and bury her face in his chest with a pout.

"Why don't you come down? You seem to have gained some weight recently," Myne joked to lighten Gwen's sad mood. As anyone might expect, he instantly received her angry glare.

"What did you say? Say it again! I am perfectly fit and fine, alright? I have a special physique; you might not believe it, but no matter how careless I become or how much I eat, I have never gained a little bit of fat in my entire life. This perfectly curvy, sculpture-like body is God-given! How dare you slander it?"

Slap!

"Hey, not there! You can hit me anywhere, but not on my buttocks; that's not ladylike. Do it again, and I will turn your buttocks red!" Myne, seeing that Gwen was messing with his buttocks, instantly became angry and warned her with a frown. But what he didn't know is that it's human or half-human nature to defiantly do the thing which they are forbidden to do.

Slap-slap.

Two continuous slaps on naked, tightly muscular buttocks, and Myne's face froze with a murderous glint in his eyes.

Gwen, who had pulled down Myne's pants and was now rubbing his buttocks with a playful smile on her face, stared at his cold face without saying anything. Her naughty hands, however, reminded him that the moment he moved, he would get another "gift."

"You are done for..." Saying that he opened a portal under his feet, and both of them fell into it. Inside a big, super luxurious room with dim lighting but fully sealed without even a single opening, a portal appeared before the bed, and Myne and Gwen fell from it.

Next, there's nothing to say about what happened when a pervert and a half-succubus, both in full heat and passion, fought with each other. No one would give in easily, especially when one had a huge amount of mana to maintain his strength, and the other squeezed out her energy to maintain hers.

As for their location, it was a hidden chamber under the clan building, prepared by Garnet for herself and Myne so they wouldn't have to worry about someone finding them while they were busy making love. But never in her dreams would she have expected that the chamber she built with such great passion and care, Myne would use it to have sex with other women.

"I can't believe you idiot forgot to tell me such an important thing and went to mess around! What the hell were you two thinking? Can't you do those shameless things later? And what are you looking at? Move your ass faster and pack our stuff! We are already late!" Fiora, whose face had turned red from anger, yelled at Gwen, who was packing their belongings in a hurry.

Because Myne and Gwen were too busy fighting with each other, and inside the chamber, there wasn't even a clock to show them the time, they didn't realise they had wasted a lot of time. It was already 8 o'clock when Myne realised that he was screwed again. So when he returned and told Gwen and her mother about moving to his clan, Fiora instantly exploded and started scolding them.

After that, with Myne's help, they quickly gathered everything, and then he opened a portal in front of the clan entrance.

"You seem to have burned quite a lot of money to build this," Fiora muttered, dumbfounded, seeing the five-story building. Except for the royal family's castle, this was probably the second biggest building she had seen in her entire life.

Beside her, Gwen had already started drooling. She couldn't imagine that she was also one of the mistresses of such a grand building. Now she just had to behave honestly and make a place among the other girls before gaining her rights. Just thinking about these things made her excitement boundless.

"You are probably Gwen, and she is your mother, Fiora, right? Nice to meet you; I am Myne's first wife, Aisha."

While reminding Gwen and Fiora again about what to say and what not to say, Myne called Aisha, who hurriedly came out and greeted both of them with a bright smile. Anyone seeing her expression would probably think she was very happy to have two new members in her clan.

But Myne, who knew Aisha to her soul level, could already see a dark, bloodthirsty, demonic aura surrounding her after she saw how close he and Gwen were. And since she was sniffing hard, she had also smelled Gwen's scent on him, and his on her. So he could tell that when the Gwen and Velvet matter settled, he would be in for another round of beating.

"Alright, guys, you chat. I have to pick up one more person," Myne said, avoiding Aisha's eyes. He quickly opened a portal and slipped away. Two minutes later, when the portal opened again, only a confused Velvet was pushed out of it before it closed, leaving Aisha gritting her teeth hard.

...

"Phew, I better not go to them anytime soon. The way Aisha was staring at me, after meeting Velvet, she would eat me alive. F\*ck, why the hell am I feeling so scared?" Myne muttered anxiously while looking at the bedroom door, fearing that the next moment his girls would rush in and beat him to death.

Not feeling safe, Myne hurriedly lay down on the bed and spoke, "Game On." The next moment, his vision became dark, and he returned to a small square lobby box surrounded by thick, dark fog in the game world.

"Although being here can't help me with anything, at least for some moments my focus will be distracted, and my mind won't think about those dangerous things," Myne said, wiping non-existent cold sweat from his forehead, and opened the status panel.

"Now, where should I go... Maybe I should go to the arena. I only have one opponent left to defeat before I officially become a gladiator and gain access to the Cosmic Arena. I'm quite a lot stronger than when I last left the arena, so defeating my next opponent shouldn't be a problem, right?"

"Forget it. God knows what kind of challenge those bastards will prepare for me. I'd better clear another dungeon and increase my attributes more, before going there. At least by then, my chances of clearing the dungeon will be higher," Thinking such, Myne didn't hesitate and directly clicked on the dungeon option.

[ Abyssal Paradise is currently being updated. Players can't enter the dungeon during this process. Please wait patiently... ]

"..."

"Did that bastard hear my words, and did it intentionally so I can only be a puppet in his hand and fight for him so he can earn money from betting?"

Myne looked at the system warning with a speechless look. He was one thousand percent sure that the bastard, Hell Lord, who liked to play merchant-merchant, was behind it. Otherwise, how could it be so coincidental that just when he wanted to enter the game, it started updating?

"Fine, you win. Let's beat this final challenger and get it over with. Anyway, it's not like I can go back and play a horror version of house-house with Aisha and the others."

Shaking his head, Myne first opened his status to check if any changes occurred because of the update. After confirming that everything was alright, he clicked on the Cosmic Arena section, and the dark fog outside the lobby box rushed into it, and within a second, devoured him like a hungry beast.

[ Name: Glitcher

Level: 10 ( 0/6600 )

Race: Human

Special Attribute: Nightwalker Gene

Title: Idle People Cult Leader

Strength: 45

Endurance: 40

Agility: 35

Spirit: 215

Mana: 110 ( Stored Mana: 1899 )

Free Attribute Points: 0

Coins: 6000

Cosmic Coins: 2 ]

[ Skill Bar: Holy Palm Eye, Appraisal • Complete, Inventory, Cut & Paste, Thunder Ball  
( 3/3 ), The Mosquito That Always Lingers In My Ears. ]

[ 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 ) ]

Chapter 742 - 742. Final Fight ( Part-1 )

As Myne opened his eyes again, this time he didn't teleport outside the arena to some desolate area miles away. Instead, he appeared directly before the altar with statues of the five monarchs who seemed to have created this cosmic arena.

Beside him stood a two-hundred-meter-tall blood servant, an updated version of the blood babies, who appeared to be in charge of this trial arena.

Just as Myne was about to ask the system to start the battle, the blood servant beside him suddenly fell to its knees and stared at the statues before it, as if receiving some kind of oracle from them.

A few seconds later, it stood up, looked at Myne, and began speaking in an unknown language. Myne obviously had no idea what it was, but thankfully, the system was there to help him with the translation.

[ The Blood Servant has received the will of the monarchs. They have prepared a special trial for the host. If the host wins, you will receive a higher level of blessing from them. ]

"It can't be that simple, right? I don't think I've done anything to gain such special treatment. Tell me, what's the main part you haven't told me?" Myne, who already understood the system's character, didn't let greed affect his mind. He narrowed his eyes with suspicion, already smelling a conspiracy.

[ ...Host has to fight against official gladiators. ]

"I knew it. Those bastards want to see me killed. How can there be a free gift in the world? Refuse them. There's no way I'm going to fight against official gladiators who have received, who knows how many blessings and benefits from the cosmic arena."

"What if he instantly kills me? Don't forget, I'm an intruder here. Once other monarchs realise I'm cheating, who knows what they'll do to punish me? I'm not going to risk my life for momentary benefit," Myne firmly refused the monarch's request. What a joke, this is obviously a blatant trap for him. There's no way, for the sake of that damn merchant's gambling, who called himself Hell Lord, he's going to risk his life."

[ Considering the risk involved in this battle, the great Hell Lord took pity on the Host and increased the reward. If the host wins, he can permanently learn any one of his real-world skills and use them in-game or any other place outside his world.]

"..."

"F\*ck! That bastard got my weakness..."

Myne cursed while clenching his fist and falling into deep thought. If he could bring any one of his skills into the game, his life-saving ability and efficiency in clearing dungeons would greatly increase. He would no longer have to play safe or rely on his pets to save his ass.

"Damn it, what should I do?" Myne walked left and right, pondering hard, but he couldn't make a decision. The risk involved in this battle was a bit too much. Although the benefit outweighed the risk, he feared those bastards would again play some trick behind his back.

After all, they could do anything for fun; it wasn't a big deal for them to make him suffer by providing his already powerful opponent a home-field advantage. Just in the second round, if the battle venue hadn't been a goddamn active volcano, could MagmaScorch, the small red goblin, still have made waves before him? He could have beaten him to death within a minute.

"F\*ck, alright, I'm taking this special trial... Hopefully, I won't regret this."

In the end, under the temptation of a better future, Myne couldn't stop himself from jumping into the trap. For him, who possessed many cheat-like skills, being able to use any one of them in the game was enough to reduce the difficulty for most dungeons by half.

It was truly too difficult for him to let go of such an opportunity. God knew if there would be any reward in those random lottery boxes from which he could bring his skill into the game, so there was no way he could miss this chance.

As his voice fell, the surrounding scenery began to change again. Myne felt a sense of weightlessness. When his feet landed on the ground, he was already standing on rocky terrain with all kinds and sizes of rocks and boulders around him. Many of them looked like sharp spikes growing from the ground; anyone falling on them would definitely not end up well.

The wind whistled for half a heartbeat—then a flash of light flared, and his opponent appeared ten strides away from him.

This time, his opponent looked like a tyrannosaur trimmed to a humanoid shape: three meters tall, chest as broad as a wagon's axle, hide the colour of baked clay and the texture of weathered basalt. Thick cords of muscle writhed beneath each scale, and an iron-hard tail dragged behind, its ridge chipped like a mason's chisel.

Two slitted amber eyes peered from a shelf of bone; they glittered with cunning but squinted, as though distance itself were an enemy. He wore simple leather pants and an open shirt. On his three-fingered hands were what looked like metal gauntlets.

Before the lizardman could finish its first hiss, Myne dashed forward, speed blurring the rocks beneath him.

Myne, even without guidance from his special ability, could already see that his opponent was much stronger than him, so he wanted to start the fight before giving the other party time to react. At least this way, his opponent would have less chance to counterattack with its full power.

He slashed, and his knife screeched along the stone-hard skin of the lizardman, leaving only a thin pink line. His opponent's defence was much more solid than he had expected, which made Myne's expression ugly.

The lizardman, after feeling a slight pain in his waist, counter-attacked by slamming his fist hard on Myne's small body. He wanted to blast his little head like a watermelon, but Myne was thankfully much faster than the lizardman and quickly backed away.

However, the lizardman obviously didn't want to let him go so easily. He scooped up a boulder the size of a carriage wheel and hurled it toward Myne like a ball.

Myne, seeing the massive boulder coming toward him with unbelievable speed, opened his eyes wide and quickly jumped aside. Just then, the boulder passed by Myne at an extremely close distance and smashed through two outcrops and vanished in an avalanche of dust.

"F\*ck! How can he be so damn powerful? Are all gladiators this strong?" Myne cursed, looking at the damage his opponent caused with a casual throw of a boulder, in which he didn't seem to have put much effort into.

Just as Myne was complaining, with a whoosh sound, a figure two toward him, and a heavy object struck him.

Wham!

Air boomed as the lizardman's tail blurred past him. Myne rode the wind of it, boots skidding. He flicked his free hand at the lizardman's face, who was ready to punch him.

"Holy Palm Eye!"

A geyser of white light erupted from his palm straight into the lizardman's amber slits. The lizardman covered his eyes instantly and roared loudly like a wounded and irritated beast. With one hand clawing at its scorched vision, he waved the other in front of him to catch Myne, wanting to bite off his head.

But right after blinding the lizardman, Myne had already moved behind him.

He raised his knife and with lightning speed, carved a dozen quick cuts on the backside of the lizardman while avoiding the other party's damn tail.

Blood beaded but did not pour; the hide was too thick to give any deep cut. This made Myne curse five monarchs a few more times. Just then, the lizardman's vision also started recovering, and he had already realised that Myne was behind him.

Snarling, the lizardman first swung his tail to force Myne away, before starting to attack him with his fists. The ground flowed high as with each strike of the lizardman, a small hole appeared on the solid rocky ground, making Myne sweat hard. He wouldn't dare to be careless for a second; just a single hit from his opponent on his poor, small body, and he would be done for.

Just as he was hiding behind a rock to take a breath, he suddenly heard the sound of wind breaking. Myne, without thinking for a second, jumped aside with all his strength. The next moment, the five-meter-tall rock behind him smashed into pieces, and a big rock flew from it, and smashed into another rock some distance away.

"Cough-cough..."

Coughing, Myne fanned away the dust and looked at the lizardman, only to find him smiling, while toying with a big round rock in his palm, and the next moment he threw it at him.

"F\*CK!"

Cursing helplessly with tears in his eyes, Myne started fleeing while holding his head. He didn't expect his opponent to be so cunning, and those f\*cking monarchs would again play tricks on him and give his opponent his favourable terrain.

Chapter 743 - 743. Final Fight ( Part-2 )

Cursing helplessly with tears in his eyes, Myne started fleeing while holding his head. He didn't expect his opponent to be so cunning, and those f\*cking monarchs would again play tricks on him and give his opponent his favourable terrain.

After successfully avoiding a few rocks thrown by the lizardman, Myne poked his head out from behind an outcropping. He saw the lizardman, whose back was facing him, looking for his whereabouts and holding another big rock in his hand, ready to throw it at him like a cannonball.

"Damn it, this f\*cker is giving me no chance to attack!" Myne cursed as he sat down, panting heavily. He looked at his status window, trying to see if there was anything that could help him with his current deadlock.

"Huh? Damn it, how could I forget about this? F\*ck, it seems the peaceful environment of my world is making me careless and less vigilant."

Shaking his head, Myne again poked his head out. Before the lizardman could spot him, he hurriedly used his "Paste" skill and glued the rocks in the lizardman's hands to his palms without him realizing it.

Then, with an evil smile on his face, Myne tightened his grip on his knife and rushed forward, trying to make as little noise as possible. But the lizardman had obviously put a lot of effort into developing his sturdy body, leaving no part behind.

As soon as Myne rushed forward, he heard the sound of his footsteps. With a bright smile, like a predator finding its prey in a game of cat and mouse, he chuckled a bit and threw the rock in his hand at Myne with all his strength, ready to watch Myne blast apart like a balloon.

But the next moment, he opened his eyes wide in shock as the rock he threw simply vanished, and Myne was still rushing at him.

Confused and feeling something hard in his palm, the lizardman looked down and saw that despite him opening his fingers, the rock was still in his palm, seemingly having fallen in love with him and not wanting to let go.

"???"

Three imaginary question marks appeared over the lizardman's head. He ignored Myne, since his attack could hardly inflict much damage, and opened his other hand as well. He found that the rock in his other hand was also glued to his skin.

"Die, you bastard! You dare to rain rocks at me, you shameless beast, die!" While the lizardman was dealing with the rocks stuck to his hands, Myne bombarded his back with his knife, leaving a dozen or so small cut marks from which greenish blood slowly started flowing out.

"Roar!"

Perhaps the lizardman's native language was a bit too different for even the universal translator that came with the system to translate. After the lizardman roared strangely, probably cursing Myne in pain, it turned around and slammed its fist down again, creating a small crater, as well as breaking the rock attached to his palm in pieces.

But using the same trick many times always has its disadvantages, just like this time. While dodging, Myne, who already expected this, as soon as the other party's fist touched the ground, he used "Paste" and glued it to the ground, along with his legs, before again moving to his backside and starting to make cuts again.

The lizardman, frustrated, roared a few times and pulled his fist out again. But unlike Myne's first opponent, who lost his skin while trying to break free from Myne's paste

effect, the lizardman's skin was hard like iron, and his strength was too great to break so easily. Instead, a big part of the rock came out from the ground, giving him a natural weapon.

But the lizardman obviously wasn't happy with this windfall. Like a berserk monster, while roaring, he crazily started moving his arms and tail, not wanting to give Myne any chance to use his skill and glue his hands or legs again.

Myne, also seeing things getting out of hand, hurriedly made a distance. But now, since he had already made the lizardman lose quite a lot of blood, he just had to continue doing that, and soon, the other party would be lying underneath his feet.

Thinking about the bright future and the skill he would make permanent, Myne instantly felt motivated and unlimited energy running through his body. This time, he picked up a rock half his height, applied the "Paste" effect to it so that as soon as it touched anything, it would glue, and threw it at the face of the lizardman who was trying to break the rock glued under his feet.

"Roar!"

As the rock came before the lizardman, he subconsciously waved his hand, wanting to smash it with his monstrous power. For him, this kind of rock was no different than paper. But the expected sound of the rock breaking into pieces and dust smashing on his face didn't appear. Instead, he felt something heavy on the back of his hand.

Looking at the rock glued to the back of his hand, the lizardman paused for a second before his breathing became heavy, and he let out a loud scream like a wounded beast, ready to go rampant.

"He looked angry. I should better not go near him anymore," Myne muttered, looking at the lizardman smashing everything around him in frustration. He hurriedly made distance from the other party and hid behind an outcropping, not wanting to show his face and incur absolute aggro from the other party.

About half a minute later, the lizardman finally regained his rationality and took a deep breath to calm down. He looked at the greenish blood all around him, and the corner of his mouth couldn't help but twist. Because he was too excited, small wounds on his back, which should have healed by now, became worse as he continued making huge movements, giving them no time to recover, and he also lost some blood.

While the lizardman sighed helplessly, with a hint of anger in his eyes, a small mosquito, almost invisible to a big guy like the lizardman, came flying on top of him. It made a circle as if looking for a perfect spot before landing on a cut on the other party's back, which was still fresh, and a small amount of blood was flowing from it.

The mosquito habitually rubbed its front legs before raising its sharp, pointy nose and inserting it into the gap in the cut, and slowly, with steady sips, began drinking the greenish blood of the lizardman.

The lizardman, who was about to walk to search for Myne, suddenly raised his head and looked around in confusion. He suddenly felt like someone was sucking away his energy, and he was feeling a bit weak as if someone had cast some kind of weakening curse on him.

But before he could even get serious and look for the source of such an unexpected event, the feeling of energy being sucked away vanished, and everything returned to normal as if what had happened just now was nothing but an illusion.

Am I thinking too much because of the loss of blood? It must be, The lizardman rubbed his bald head with his claws in confusion before starting to look for Myne again.

"Sigh, as expected, this trick only works to confuse or annoy an enemy, and there is no better use for it," Myne shook his head in disappointment, but he still summoned another mosquito and sent it to the lizardman.

Meanwhile, he picked up another big rock, about the size of two human heads, used his paste skill on it, and after taking a deep breath, he came out from behind the outcropping and threw it at the back of the lizardman's head.

...

Just like that, minutes stretched into hours of brutal improvisation. Whenever the lizardman hurled a stone, Myne glued it to a claw, tail, or leg. Whenever the other party lowered its head in frustration and started rampaging in rage, Myne fled and hid away, and when it cooled down, Myne threw all sizes of rocks at the other party and glued them onto his body.

When the other party was covered with rocks from head to toe, Myne would rush forward, and use Holy Palm Eye, making him momentarily blind, before going to his backside and crazily raining down his knife, leaving countless new, shallow cuts.

Now, after hours of Myne's nonstop effort, the lizardman's condition could only be described in one word: "Miserable," Even Myne felt sorry for him and had even suggested that the other party give up.

After all, although the other party could destroy rocks with his brutal force, there was always a layer of stone remaining on his skin, and after such a long time, a very thick armour of rock had already formed all over his body, making him look like a walking stone golem (Lizardman version) with his backside painted with green, which was obviously his blood.

"Just how much blood does this guy have? Why isn't he giving up?" Myne cursed angrily while resting on a boulder, eating some cakes from his inventory.

Although he had done his utmost, the lizardman was a bit too shameless, and God knew what kind of willpower he possessed; despite being heavily injured and covered with rocks from head to toe, he still didn't want to give up.

"Alright, I've finished the food, it's time for another round of the game: Throwing the Rock!" Myne, to lighten his mood, chuckled and picked up a giant boulder twice his height.

The lizardman, who was also resting with his eyelids barely able to stay open because of excessive blood loss, heard movement and looked at the source of the sound. He saw Myne walking toward him with a giant boulder on his head, seemingly about to throw it at him.

For some reason, the lizardman, like a sage, now had absolute calmness in his eyes, his previous anger had long ago vanished. His breathing was also calm as a lake, without any emotion.

He looked at Myne for a few seconds before letting out a heavy sigh and raising both his hands in a gesture of surrender, finally deciding to give up.