

My Infinite Mana System

Chapter 28: Last Man Standing - My Infinite Mana System

The weight of the silence was suffocating.

My breath was steady, deliberate, yet it felt like I was gasping for air in an unseen vacuum.

The ground around me was littered with the remains of my team, their bodies, twisted and broken from the chaos of the past hours.

All the betrayal, the bloodshed, the fury... it was over now.

The arena had claimed its champions, its sacrifices.

And yet, here I stood, still standing amidst the wreckage.

Evelyn was the last one left.

She was kneeling, her hands pressed against the ground, her delicate form shaking with exhaustion and grief.

The healer who had once been so full of compassion, so nurturing, now appeared like a shadow of herself.

Her staff was held loosely in her grip, the light that once flickered in her eyes now dimmed.

I watched her.

I didn't feel anything, not anger, not guilt, not even relief.

I had watched everyone fall, one by one, but there was no satisfaction in their demise.

I didn't know what I expected from this moment.

I hadn't wanted any of this, but now, it was just the way things had to be.

The system had done its work.

Or rather yet that figure did it.

We were its pawns, its playthings, and now there was only us left.

Her gaze met mine, and for a brief moment, I saw something in her eyes, a flicker of something that could have been hope.

"Allen..." Her voice trembled as she spoke my name.

Her tone was low, almost inaudible, and yet it carried a weight that seemed to echo in the emptiness around us.

"Why? Why did all this happen?"

Her words made me think for a second.

Why.

She was asking almost the same thing Lily asked.

Why did this happen?

Why did all this happen especially in a low raid?

Why did they have to die?

Why did they have to fight themselves?

I didn't answer.

Even I didn't know why.

There was no reason that would make sense.

Especially in this moment.

Evelyn, still kneeling, dropped her staff to the ground, her fingers brushing the earth as though seeking some kind of connection, some kind of comfort.

Her body seemed so small in this vast, broken space, and for a brief moment, I saw the healer I had once knew for a moment, the gentle soul who had joined her team to fight, who had also cared when no one else did.

But the reality of this place, the brutality of what we had been forced to do, had drained all that away.

She looked up at me, her breath shaky.

"We... we were supposed to survive together. I thought... I thought we'd make it through. But now..." She paused, a sob choking her words. "Now, we are the last one standing, and I can't do this. I can't kill you."

Her eyes shone with tears, her voice breaking under the weight of the inevitable.

She was torn, struggling with what had to be done, with what she had to do to survive.

But she couldn't.

She couldn't take that final step.

She was too weak to.

I didn't speak.

I didn't need to.

I wasn't scared.

I wasn't angry.

I was numb.

And I could see it in her, too.

She had nothing left to fight for, nothing left to hope for.

I wasn't sure if she was waiting for me to make the first move, or if she was simply hoping, praying, that there could still be a way out of this, that this wasn't the way things had to end.

But that wasn't the case.

I took a slow, deliberate step toward her, my feet heavy on the broken ground.

She flinched but didn't move.

Her tear-streaked face was the picture of helplessness, and for a moment, I almost felt something stir inside me, an old, forgotten instinct.

Mercy?

Pity?

No.

There was no room for those feelings anymore.

Not here.

Not in this place.

It's a feeling for the weak.

I reached down and placed my hand gently on her shoulder, an almost tender touch in contrast to the devastation around us.

She looked up at me, confusion and fear in her eyes.

"You don't have to do this," she whispered, her voice breaking. "Please, Allen..."

I stared at her for a long moment.

The words she spoke were so fragile, but they didn't matter.

She was trying to hold on to something that was already lost.

She was trying to preserve the last remnants of her humanity in a world that had no place for it anymore.

She couldn't.

Neither could I.

And I didn't understand why.

"I know," I replied softly, my voice steady.

I could see the tears threatening to spill over, the sorrow in her eyes, but it didn't move me.

It didn't change anything.

With a quiet sigh, I stepped back, my gaze never leaving her.

I wasn't going to kill her.

I wasn't going to take that final step.

Instead I stared at the figure sitting, and it stared back at me.

What if the solution to all of this was that monster.

What if I just kill this monster, and everything ends.

But something in me felt that won't be easy.

[Ding!]

[You have been marked as a monster by the Sixth Orc Lord]

[Ding!]

[You have been tamed by the Sixth Orc Lord]

[Ding!]

[The Sixth Orc Lord is now your master]

[Ding!]

[You are to obey it every command, You can't resist]

My eyes widened as I saw the system messages...

Tamed.

How is that even possible.

I am a human.

How could he tame me.

The being sitting, tilted its head slightly.

For the first time, fear gripped me.

Slowly, my body began moving by itself.

I turned back to Evelyn, whose eyes widened as she saw me.

I summoned lightning and was walking towards her direction.

"Al... Allen, are you ok..okay" Evelyn said.

I didn't answer.

I couldn't answer.

It looked like I didn't own my body again.

Damn!

I tried so hard to resist but it was futile.

When I got to her I raised my hands the lighting on my hands intensifying causing the whole chamber to shake.

Suddenly...

Something descended.

Chapter 29: Harbinger of Oblivion - My Infinite Mana System

Suddenly a deafening crash tore through the battlefield.

It wasn't just sound, it was pressure, a force so overwhelming that it sent shockwaves rippling through the entire dungeon.

The stone beneath me cracked, spiderweb fractures spreading outward as if the ground itself was trying to escape whatever had just arrived.

The system reacted violently.

Glitches flickered across my vision, error messages overlapping in chaotic layers.

The once-absolute control it had over me wavered, crumbling under an unseen force.

I gasped as I felt something snap, something invisible yet suffocating, something that had held my body hostage.

And suddenly, I could move again.

My thoughts were my own.

Evelyn was still beside me, trembling, barely standing.

Without hesitation, I reached for her, gripping her wrist tightly.

"We need to move far away. Now."

She didn't argue.

She couldn't.

Her wide eyes were locked on the thing that had descended upon us.

I pulled her away, dragging her across the fractured battlefield, trying to put as much distance as possible between us and whatever had arrived.

My senses screamed at me, danger, overwhelming danger.

My instincts, honed through training and fight, told me that we stood before something beyond our understanding.

Through the dust and chaos, I finally saw him.

A man stood at the center of the destruction.

His presence alone felt like it was distorting reality itself, warping the very essence of the dungeon.

He was tall and a bit muscular, and imposing.

His hair was red, burning like embers in the dim chamber light.

His eyes, dark red, almost black, radiated an eerie glow, filled with something ancient, something unfathomable.

He wore a black long-sleeved shirt, his frame draped in an almost unnatural stillness, and his white baggy trousers billowed slightly in the lingering shockwave.

He did nothing.

He simply stood there, watching.

And yet, the entire dungeon trembled under his presence.

My grip on Evelyn tightening instinctively.

And I began trying to observe.

If this person was an enemy, how can I fight him.

Then, movement.

The throne at the far end of the chamber creaked.

The figure that had sat there all this time, veiled in an abyss-like mist, slowly rose.

The Sixth Orc Lord.

The true force behind this dungeon.

For the first time, it moved.

The thick, swirling black mist that comprised its form began to writhe and shift, expanding outward like an endless void.

It was as if it wasn't made of flesh but of something far worse, something that consumed the very concept of light, existence and non existence.

A voice, deep and guttural, whispered through the dungeon.

No, it wasn't a whisper.

It was a name.

A recognition.

A truth spoken aloud.

"Harbinger of Oblivion."

The red-haired man, no, the being, slightly grinned.

It was barely noticable.

It was not a kind grin.

It was not an arrogant grin.

It was something else entirely.

A smile that knew.

A smile that understood something none of us could comprehend.

The Orc Lord, this chamber ruler, this system's enforcer, this being that had orchestrated our suffering, acknowledged him with that one phrase.

Harbinger of Oblivion.

I had no idea what it meant.

But I knew one thing.

We had just stepped into something far greater than we could ever have imagined.

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Chapter 30: One Seconds Fight - My Infinite Mana System

A deep silence stretched across the chamber, as if the very air had been sucked out of existence.

Then, without warning, the Sixth Orc Lord moved.

The moment it moved, the air itself split apart.

It wasn't just speed, it was something beyond human perception.

One moment, the swirling black mist of its form was seated upon the throne, and the next, it was upon the red-haired figure,

Its massive fist, wrapped in dense, suffocating darkness, drove forward with enough force to shatter reality and existence itself.

I braced myself, instincts screaming at me to go further away, but they was no other place.

Evelyn clutched my arm, frozen in sheer terror.

The impact was inevitable.

And then-

BOOM!

A thunderous impact exploded through the chamber as the Sixth Orc Lord's fist made contact.

The sheer force of the collision sent violent tremors through the ground, causing massive fractures to rip through the stone walls.

Half of the chamber disintegrated in an instant, vanishing in a tidal wave of destruction.

Dust and debris filled the air, a chaotic storm of shattered stone and crumbling architecture.

I shielded Evelyn with my body, pushing her further away from the battlefield.

Even from this distance, the impact felt like a shockwave tearing through my bones.

But then, something was wrong.

I expected to see the red-haired man, the so-called *Harbinger of Oblivion*, flung backward, sent crashing through the dungeon, should have been enough to crush him, injure him, destroy him, like any normal being would after taking such a devastating blow.

But that didn't happen.

Instead, as the dust settled.

He stood there.

Unmoved.

Unharmed.

Unshaken.

And the *Sixth Orc Lord* was gone.

Not flung into the distance.

Not injured or sent reeling.

Not retreating.

Not struggling.

Simply... gone.

I narrowed my eyes, trying to process what I was seeing.

And in front of the Harbinger of Oblivion, where the Sixth Orc Lord had stood just moments ago, nothing remained.

The entire space had been erased.

It wasn't destroyed in a normal sense, it was *removed*.

The stone floor, the very essence of the chamber itself, had vanished as if reality had been rewritten.

I wasn't a fool.

I had seen many battles.

I had witnessed strength, raw and terrifying.

I had seen hunters clash with monsters of unfathomable might.

It was as if the Sixth Orc Lord had struck itself harder, as if its own force had turned against it, leaving only annihilation in its wake.

But I knew what I had seen.

The *Harbinger of Oblivion* had not lifted a finger.

I swallowed hard, my hands clenching into fists.

What... the hell was I looking at?

Evelyn's grip on me tightened, her entire body trembling.

I could hear her rapid, shallow breaths, the sound of someone who was at the absolute limit of their fear.

But the nightmare wasn't over.

The chamber groaned around us, its structure struggling to hold together.

Chunks of stone began breaking off, plummeting into the abyss below.

The system, already malfunctioning, flickered wildly in my vision, unable to process what had just occurred.

The dungeon was collapsing.

I heard the Harbinger Of Oblivion mutter something, It was something barely hearable, but I heard it.

"He escaped. Did that guy just outsmart me again"

And then... he turned to me.

Slowly, with a deliberate, almost lazy movement, the Harbinger of Oblivion shifted his gaze toward me.

The red-haired man, his dark red eyes burning with something unreadable, shifted his gaze toward me.

The moment our eyes met, my mind went blank.

A chill ran down my spine.

It wasn't fear.

No, I wasn't scared.

But for the first time, I felt as if I were standing before something that didn't belong in this world.

I had faced powerful monsters in that null that could possibly destroy everything.

But nothing, nothing, had ever made me feel this small, this insignificant.

His dark red eyes, impossibly deep, locked onto me, and in that moment, I felt as though the entire weight of existence itself had shifted.

This wasn't just power.

This was something beyond comprehension.

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