

My Infinite Mana System

Chapter 31: The Chamber's Collapse - My Infinite Mana System

Crackling arcs of electricity danced across my fingers as I raised my hand.

Lightning surged, coiling around my arm like a living entity, its furious glow illuminating the crumbling ruins around us.

My body was tense, prepared for whatever would come next.

The *Harbinger of Oblivion* simply looked at me.

His dark red eyes, impossibly deep, unreadable, flickered for the briefest of moments before he did something unexpected.

He averted his gaze.

Then, without a word, he turned and walked away.

I frowned, my grip tightening, the storm in my palm intensifying.

This man, this being, had erased the *Sixth Orc Lord* with nothing but his presence.

The weight of his existence alone had unraveled a force that even I couldn't fully comprehend.

And yet, he was leaving.

Just like that.

I took a step forward.

"Wait."

He didn't stop.

"Who are you?" I said, my voice cutting through the crumbling echoes of the chamber.

This time, he paused. Only for a second.

Then, in a voice both distant and absolute, he answered.

“You will soon know.”

And then, he vanished.

No grand spectacle, no blinding light, just an absence where something had once stood.

Only Evelyn and I remained.

A sharp tremor ran through the ground.

Then another.

The walls groaned, deep fissures webbing outward like veins of destruction.

The ceiling cracked, chunks of stone plummeting around us.

The chamber was falling apart.

I exhaled sharply, scanning the collapsing ruins.

There was no way out.

No portals, no clear path.

Just a dead end.

And I had no idea how to escape.

Evelyn swayed slightly beside me, her breaths shallow, her small frame trembling.

Sweat clung to her pale skin as she clutched her staff for support.

Her voice was weak, barely audible over the groaning of the collapsing chamber.

“A-Allen... the whole place... it’s going to be destroyed...”

I didn’t answer.

My mind was already racing, scanning every corner of the crumbling chamber for an escape route.

There had to be a way out.

The chamber had no visible doors, no open passages, nothing.

Only ruins and destruction.

My gaze darted to the cracks in the walls, but they were too unstable.

If I tried to force my way through, the whole structure might collapse even faster.

And i don't even know where it leads to.

I don't think there is any way out through there.

A deep, rumbling crack split the air.

I snapped my head upward, just in time to see a massive boulder breaking free from the ceiling, plummeting straight toward us.

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Chapter 32: Escape

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The air trembled with the deafening sound of cracking stone.

Above us, massive chunks of the ceiling began to break apart, cascading downward like a death sentence.

Evelyn let out a weak gasp, her body swaying as she tried to step back, but there was nowhere to go.

I clenched my fists, and without hesitation, I raised my hand toward the falling debris.

A violent storm of electricity erupted from my palm, streaking toward the descending boulders.

The first bolt struck a massive chunk of rock, shattering it into dust before it could even reach us.

But more kept falling, dozens, maybe hundreds, an unrelenting avalanche from above.

I gritted my teeth, my eyes glowing yellow with raw power.

Then I'll just destroy them all.

Electricity crackled around me, the air charged with energy as I raised both hands this time.

A barrage of pure destruction rained upward, piercing through the falling debris.

Each bolt tore through the boulders, reducing them to rubble before they could even reach the ground.

The entire chamber flashed with blinding blue light, the sheer force of the attacks sending shockwaves rippling through the collapsing structure.

Smoke and dust filled the air.

Pieces of shattered rock pelted the ground around us.

Evelyn shielded her face, coughing, her wide eyes darting toward me.

“... You—”

“I don't have time for that now,” I cut in, my voice sharp.

The ceiling was still crumbling, and the ground beneath us had begun to shake violently.

The entire chamber was on the verge of total collapse.

And we still had no way out.

A deep, thunderous crack split through the air.

My eyes snapped upward, this one was different.

A massive slab of stone, easily the size of a building, was plummeting straight toward us, its sheer weight distorting the air as it fell.

If it hit, there would be nothing left, no escape, no second chances.

Evelyn let out a sharp breath, stumbling back, but I didn't move.

I didn't flinch.

Instead, I raised my hand, fingers tightening as lightning crackled violently around my arm.

The pressure in the air shifted, an overwhelming surge of energy gathering in my palm.

I'll erase it.

A blinding spear of lightning erupted from my fingertips, roaring upward like an unstoppable force of nature.

The moment it struck, the entire chamber was engulfed in a white-hot explosion.

The rock didn't just shatter, it disintegrated, erased from existence as the sheer force of the lightning bolt tore through it.

The explosion sent shockwaves in every direction, the ground beneath us trembling under the raw power.

Dust and debris were swept away in the violent surge, leaving behind only empty air where the colossal rock had been.

Evelyn's breath hitched, her voice barely above a whisper.

“That... that wasn't normal lightning.”

I lowered my hand, exhaling slowly as sparks still crackled around my fingertips.

“There’s no such thing as ‘normal’ for me.”

The chamber continued to collapse around us, but I wasn’t done yet.

I needed a way out.

And I was going to find it.

Evelyn suddenly gasped, her trembling hand reaching out as she pointed toward the far end of the collapsing chamber.

“There! A portal!” she shouted, her voice barely cutting through the rumbling destruction around us.

I turned my head sharply.

Through the dust and chaos, a faint shimmer of light flickered in the distance, a swirling mass of energy, unstable yet unmistakably a portal.

It was our way out.

But the ceiling above it was breaking apart.

Massive chunks of stone were crumbling, falling like meteors, threatening to bury the portal before we could even reach it.

I clenched my fists.

Not *a chance*.

“Stay close to me,” I ordered.

Evelyn hesitated for a moment before nodding.

Lightning crackled along my arms as I raised my hands, raw energy coursing through my veins.

The next wave of falling debris rushed down, but I was faster.

Bolts of lightning ripped through the air, streaking like divine punishment toward the descending boulders.

Each strike annihilated them instantly, turning solid stone into harmless dust and sparks.

But more kept falling.

I gritted my teeth and pushed forward, Evelyn running behind me.

Every few steps, another barrage of destruction rained down, but I wouldn’t let anything stop us.

We were getting to that portal.

No matter what.

chapter 33: Escape (2)

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I exhaled sharply, my body humming with power as I focused all my mana into a single, overwhelming force.

The air around me crackled, charged with raw electricity.

Enough of this.

I raised both hands, fingers splayed wide, and let the energy surge through me.

Lightning erupted in every direction, branching out like a divine storm, illuminating the collapsing chamber in blinding arcs of destruction.

The falling rocks, big, small, it didn't matter, disintegrated the moment they entered my storm.

Stone turned to dust, debris vaporized mid-air, leaving nothing but the scent of ozone and the remnants of my power crackling in the air.

Evelyn shielded her eyes from the dazzling spectacle, her expression caught between awe and disbelief.

The chamber, once a chaotic death trap, had transformed into an empty expanse with nothing left to fall on us.

I slowly lowered my hands, feeling the last tendrils of lightning dance along my skin before fading away.

The way to the portal was clear.

Now, nothing could stop us.

Without wasting another second, I grabbed Evelyn's wrist and sprinted toward the portal again.

Our footsteps echoed against the trembling remains of the chamber, the ground beneath us unstable, cracks spreading like veins through the stone.

Evelyn struggled to keep up, her breaths ragged.

"Allen—!" she gasped, but I didn't slow down.

The portal shimmered in the distance, swirling with a strange mix of colors, our only way out.

The collapsing chamber roared behind us, as if furious at our defiance.

A sudden quake nearly threw us off balance, but I tightened my grip on Evelyn and pushed forward.

"We're almost there!" I shouted over the chaos, my eyes locked onto the glowing gateway.

Each step brought us closer.

We just had to make it.

As I ran, I gritted my teeth and tried to channel my mana, willing lightning to surge through my body to increase my speed.

Sparks crackled around my legs, but the flow was unstable, flickering uncontrollably.

Damn it.

I knew the concept, how to enhance my movements with mana, but my father had only taught me the basics before... before he was gone.

Without the advanced control techniques, my lightning surged wildly, unrefined, refusing to fully integrate into my body.

The energy sputtered, slowing me down instead of accelerating me.

Frustration gnawed at me, but I had no time to dwell on it.

The portal was right there, just a little more...

The ground beneath us cracked again, another warning that time was running out.

I pushed forward, forcing my legs to move faster despite my imperfect control.

I would make it.

I had to.

As we neared the portal, the air vibrated with an ominous hum.

The chamber was moments away from complete collapse.

Then, from above, an enormous chunk of the ceiling, far larger than any before, broke free and plummeted toward us.

I could destroy it, but...

Would Evelyn survive the impact.

I instinctively reached for Evelyn, my fingers wrapping around her wrist.

In that instant, something surged within me, something wild, something incomprehensible.

A blinding surge of lightning erupted from my body, not just flowing around me but through me, as if I had become one with it.

The sensation was overwhelming, raw power coursing through my veins, crackling in my bones.

Before I could fully comprehend it, the world around us blurred into streaks of light.

Then—

We were no longer in the chamber.

The crushing weight of the collapsing ruins, the deafening sound of destruction, it was gone.

Instead, we stood outside, the cool air washing over us.

I exhaled sharply, my grip on Evelyn's wrist tightening for a brief moment before I released her.

She was breathing heavily, her eyes barely opened.

I looked down at my hands.

They still tingled with residual energy, but that energy and speed...

It had vanished as quickly as it had come.

But, i did it.

I controlled it for a split second...

Chapter 34: Way To The Train Station - My Infinite Mana System

The rhythmic clicking of my boots against the ground was the only sound accompanying me as I walked toward the train station.

The crisp morning air bit at my cheeks as I trudged down the cobblestone path.

The weight of the last twenty-four hours, was still playing in my head.

The city was waking up around me, shopkeepers unlocking their doors, children chasing each other down the alleys, and the distant hum of the market square coming to life.

It all felt distant, like background noise in a world that had just shifted in ways no one else could understand, I felt detached from it all, like I was walking through a dream.

Or maybe a nightmare.

I shoved my hands deeper into my jacket pockets, my fingers brushing against the small, crumpled piece of paper the hospital had given me.

Evelyn's condition was stable, they said.

But stable didn't mean okay.

Stable didn't explain why she hadn't woken up.

Stable didn't explain why the dungeon portal we'd just escaped from had vanished into thin air without a warning, like normal.

I sighed, my breath fogging in the cold air, and let my mind drift back to the chaos of the night before.

The dungeon was supposed to be a simple goblin dungeon, low-level, straightforward, the kind of place rookie hunters cut their teeth on.

At first we saw goblins, just like how It is supposed to be.

But then we got separated, or rather I got separated from them.

Then I survived on my own, and eventually came out only to enter another survival mission.

I clenched my jaw, remembering the way Evelyn's face had paled when her team began fighting themselves.

The thing that manipulated the system, its totally black form.

Could that even be called a Orc...

Although it had a orc figure... But totally black.

It made them fight themselves...

It made them look pathetic and hopeless.

That thing sure is evil.

But after everything, I wasn't shocked.

No, after everything that had happened, after that Harbinger of Oblivion guy descended like some cosmic force and the entire system malfunctioned, I had expected something like this.

That dungeon was never normal to begin with.

What we encountered in there wasn't even something you'd find in a high rank dungeon, let alone a goblin dungeon.

It defied logic.

But none of that had been my immediate concern.

And in the end of all, only I and Evelyn survived.

When Evelyn and I emerged from a portal and appeared outside, a bit far from where the portal should have been.

And when I turned to look back at the portal, the sight before me had been unsettling.

The portal?

Was gone.

Just... gone.

There was no portal that we had entered through.

It was as if it had been erased from existence, like it had never been there in the first place.

It wasn't normal, normally a portal when I have been already cleared, before it would disappear it has to show like a disturbance, and high level of mana, or shaking the surrounding, or a system message, but....

There was nothing.

The surrounding was quiet, the trees standing tall and undisturbed, as if the portal had been nothing more than a figment of our imagination.

I shook my head, trying to dispel the memory.

Evelyn...

She had collapsed the moment we arrived outside.

At first, I thought she had just passed out from exhaustion, but as I checked her pulse and tried to wake her, an unsettling realization dawned upon me, she wasn't waking up.

No matter how many times I called her name, no matter how much I shook her shoulders, she remained completely unconscious.

In the end I had to carry her on my back, I moved swiftly through the streets, ignoring the stares of passersby as I made my way to the nearest hospital, it wasn't that far, but...

It was hard...

Carrying a girl to the hospital, it was the hardest thing I have ever done in my life

The stares and all, I wished I could just disappear at that moment.

The hospital had taken Evelyn in without question, their healers working tirelessly to stabilize her.

Isn't it weird...

A healer healing a healer.

Sigh

I need to stop thinking too much.

The healers assured me that there was nothing physically wrong with her, no injuries, no sign of stress, no sickness or sign of poisoning.

They only said that her mental condition isn't very stable, that is why she wouldn't wake up.

Without them telling me, I knew that was the case ever since.

They didn't ask anything about why her mental condition is like that...

They probably think it is normal for hunters to face some abnormal things in the dungeon...

Still, there was nothing more I could do for her at the moment.

I left after making sure she was stable, leaving my contact information with the staff in case anything changed.

Not that I could come or they would call me, she probably has family, they would find out about that or she would tell them when she gets a bit better, I think that is how it works, I don't really know.

Well, that was earlier this morning.

Now, with that matter settled, I had something else to take care of.

I glanced up as the train station came into view ahead.

My footsteps slowed for a brief moment as I took in the sight of people rushing about, boarding trains, saying goodbyes, returning home.

My thoughts briefly moved to the person I was about to visit again.

For them, it was just another ordinary day.

For me, everything had changed.

And I had a feeling that this was only the beginning.

I have many more things to learn.

"Sigh..."

I stepped onto the platform, the scent of coal and steam filling my nostrils.

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Chapter 35: A Sea of Faces - My Infinite Mana System

The moment I stepped into the train station, I knew this was going to be a hassle.

People.

People everywhere.

The platform was packed with bodies moving in every direction, the air thick with the sounds of hurried conversations, blaring announcements, and the occasional clatter of rolling suitcases.

The sheer number of people was overwhelming, a chaotic mess of commuters all trying to get to wherever they needed to be.

And here I was, trying to push through it.

I exhaled sharply, adjusting my stance before moving forward.

The crowd pressed in from all sides, making it impossible to walk in a straight line without someone bumping into me.

A businessman in a suit nearly ran into me as he checked his phone, completely oblivious.

A mother holding a small child to her chest maneuvered through the crowd with surprising agility, somehow slipping past where I had been stuck for the past minute.

While i who is a hunter and has more physical capability than her is struggling.

I tried to sidestep, only for someone's luggage to roll right into my foot.

"Tch." I barely held back my irritation, glancing down at the oversized suitcase.

The owner, a short, elderly man with a large pair of glasses, muttered an apology before yanking it forward.

I shook my head and kept moving.

The scent of food from a nearby vendor briefly caught my attention, warm pastries, fried snacks, something sweet, but I pushed the thought aside.

I wasn't here to eat.

Though I was a bit hungry.

I had somewhere to be, and right now, all I needed was to get through this endless sea of bodies.

A voice over the intercom crackled to life.

"Attention passengers. The next train to Central District will be departing in five minutes. Please make your way to Platform 3."

I clicked my tongue.

That was my train.

I forced my way through the thickest part of the crowd, squeezing between a group of teenagers chatting loudly about some concert and an office worker balancing a coffee cup and a laptop bag in one hand.

Someone nearly elbowed me in the ribs, and I shot them a look before pressing forward.

This was ridiculous.

I would prefer to move through dangerous environments, dungeons filled with monsters, battlefields where a single misstep meant death, but navigating a train station at rush hour?

This was something I always hated.

A large man in front of me suddenly stopped, looking around as if he had lost something, forcing me to halt abruptly.

I clenched my jaw, exhaling through my nose before quickly stepping around him.

Four minutes.

I could see the entrance to Platform 3 now, just beyond another cluster of people gathering near a ticket machine.

Almost there.

I didn't have time to be polite anymore.

Taking a deep breath, I moved with more purpose, using quick footwork to slip through the gaps in the crowd.

A few people gave me annoyed glances as I passed, but I didn't care.

I even liked it.

They have done it to others, what is the harm in doing it back, they should taste how it feels.

Three minutes.

The platform entrance was just ahead.

One final push.

The train doors slid open with a hiss, and I stepped inside, scanning the interior.

The carriage was packed.

Every row was filled with people, some chatting quietly, others scrolling through their devices, and a few simply staring out the window, lost in their own thoughts.

A man in a business suit sat with his arms crossed, his briefcase resting on his lap.

A teenager with oversized headphones bobbed his head to music only he could hear.

An elderly woman knitted something with slow, careful movements, her eyes barely flickering up as I passed.

I exhaled.

Great.

I moved further inside, my gaze sweeping across the rows.

The rhythmic hum of the train filled the space, blending with the occasional murmur of conversation and the automated announcements echoing overhead.

No empty seats.

I adjusted the strap of my bag and kept walking.

Standing for the whole ride wasn't ideal, but if it came to that, so be it.

At least it was better than the chaos outside.

Then, just as I was about to give up, I spotted it, an empty seat near the window, tucked between a sleeping man and a girl focused on her tablet.

Without hesitation, I made my way over, stopping just beside it.

I glanced at the sleeping man, middle-aged, arms folded, his breathing slow and even.

He didn't even stir as I approached.

I sat down, exhaling slightly as I leaned back.

Finally.

The seat was firm but not uncomfortable, and the cool glass of the window beside me felt like a relief against my arm.

Outside, the city stretched endlessly, tall buildings and flickering billboards flashing by as the train began to move.

I let my shoulders relax.

This wasn't exactly peace, but compared to the madness of the station and dungeons, it was close enough.

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Chapter 36: Congratulations! - My Infinite Mana System

The rhythmic hum of the train and the gentle sway of the carriage had almost lulled me into a moment of calm, almost.

But that peace shattered the moment a familiar blue light flickered before my eyes.

[System Notification]

I tensed slightly.

It had been a while since I saw one of these, and after everything that happened in that dungeon, I wasn't exactly eager to deal with whatever nonsense the system had in store.

A translucent window formed in front of me, its text glowing in crisp white letters.

[Ding!]

[Congratulations! For successfully clearing the Goblin Dungeon!]

Goblin dungeon?

I exhaled through my nose, my fingers twitching slightly.

That place wasn't a goblin dungeon.

The message hung in the air for a second before the text flickered, the letters distorting and reforming erratically, as if the system itself couldn't comprehend what had happened.

[System Error: Dungeon Classification... Unrecognized.]

I wasn't surprised.

Of course, it can't process it.

From the moment we stepped inside, nothing about that place had followed the normal rules of a dungeon.

A low goblin dungeon wasn't supposed to have something like the Sixth Orc Lord.

And the Harbinger of Oblivion... even now, just thinking about the two figures sent an uneasy weight pressing against my chest.

"Tch, stupid"

The system message flickered again, struggling to process whatever information it had recorded.

[Calculating Completion Rewards...]

I watched as the text shifted, the processing bar stuck in an endless loop.

The longer I stared, the more it became clear, even the system didn't know what kind of dungeon we had just survived.

My fingers curled into my palm.

I had already accepted that I wasn't the same as everyone else.

I had seen things others couldn't.

The system had glitched around me before, whether it was when I was introduced in the awakened world or when I encountered beings that shouldn't exist within its structured mechanics.

But this?

This was something new.

The message hesitated, then finally changed.

[Unique Circumstances Detected. A reward is being generated.]

I frowned slightly.

This was the first time I had seen something like this.

Normally, rewards were predetermined based on dungeon difficulty, ranking, and performance.

But if the system had to generate something specifically for me...

What kind of reward was this going to be?

The system window flickered one last time before vanishing into nothingness.

I exhaled, my body relaxing slightly, only for a new disturbance to take its place.

A soft glow shimmered in the air before me.

At first, it was faint, almost imperceptible.

But within seconds, the light expanded, pulsing like a heartbeat, growing brighter until it was impossible to ignore.

Yet, no one else in the train reacted.

Passengers continued their idle chatter, their gazes fixed on their own lives, oblivious to the anomaly happening right in front of me.

So, I was the only one who could see it.

Not surprising.

I remained seated, observing as the glow gradually shifted, its shape contorting and twisting, as if struggling to take form.

Then, slowly, it began to solidify, morphing into something tangible.

A circular object emerged from the light.

A wheel.

Not just any wheel, though.

It hovered in mid-air, its frame crafted from a polished, metallic substance that seemed to pulse with an eerie radiance.

The outer ring was divided into segments, each etched with unfamiliar symbols and markings.

Some glowed softly, while others remained dim, as if dormant.

A... spin wheel?

I narrowed my eyes, taking in every detail.

The system had mentioned a unique reward was being generated, but I hadn't expected this.

There were no labels, no instructions, just this ominous contraption floating silently before me, waiting.

The center of the wheel bore a small, crystalline sphere, glistening like a gemstone infused with lightning.

The moment my eyes locked onto it, an unseen force pulsed through me, a silent call, an invitation.

I didn't move.

I didn't trust this.

The system had never given me something like this before.

Although I haven't done anything worth giving rewards for...

But rewards were usually straightforward, stat boosts, skills, weapons.

But this?

This felt... different.

Unpredictable.

And yet...

A part of me was curious.

What kind of fate did this wheel hold?

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Chapter 37: Wheel - My Infinite Mana System

The wheel hovered before me, its metallic frame gleaming with an eerie glow.

The air around it pulsed faintly, like a heartbeat, steady and unwavering.

I leaned forward slightly, my eyes scanning its surface.

Each section of the wheel had text written on it, but there was a problem.

They were blurred.

No matter how much I tried to focus, the words remained unreadable, shifting like an illusion just beyond my grasp.

It was as if the system had deliberately obscured them, ensuring I had no way of knowing what was hidden within each segment.

Typical.

The system always had a way of keeping things unpredictable.

At the very center of the wheel, where the pointer rested, a single line of text flickered into existence.

[You have one spin.]

One.

I exhaled through my nose, my fingers instinctively curling into a fist.

So, that was it.

No retries.

No second chances.

Just a single attempt to determine whatever this so-called "reward" would be.

I wasn't sure how to feel about it.

Caution told me to hesitate.

The unknown was dangerous, and this wheel was an embodiment of uncertainty.

For all I knew, one of those blurred sections could hold a penalty rather than a reward.

But at the same time...

The curiosity inside me burned.

Would I regret this?

Possibly.

Would I do it anyway?

Absolutely.

I placed my hand on the wheel, the surface cool and strangely smooth under my fingertips.

The second I made contact, a small vibration ran through it, as if acknowledging me.

No turning back now.

I exhaled slowly, my fingers tightening around the edge of the glowing wheel.

The cool surface thrummed beneath my touch, radiating an energy that sent a strange sensation crawling up my arm.

It wasn't just a spin, it was a gamble, one that I had no control over.

Still, there was no use hesitating.

With a firm push, I spun the wheel.

It moved instantly, the golden sections blurring together in a dazzling display of motion.

The glow brightened as it picked up speed, the hum growing into a low, vibrating buzz that only I could hear.

As I watched the wheel turn, an inexplicable feeling settled deep within my chest.

I didn't know what the names on the wheel said.

I couldn't even read them.

But somehow, somehow, I felt that whatever was written there was important.

Vital.

It was an odd, almost instinctual certainty.

Each hidden word, every unreadable name, carried weight.

They weren't just random prizes.

They were things I needed.

Things that would shape what came next.

The realization made my pulse quicken.

Faster and faster the wheel spun, a streak of light in the otherwise dull interior of the train.

The air felt heavier, charged, as if something unseen was waiting in anticipation.

Then, gradually, the wheel began to slow.

The hum softened.

The glow dimmed.

Tick.

Tick.

Tick.

Each movement was deliberate, like the system itself was taking its time, making me wait.

I leaned in slightly, watching intently as the pointer crawled toward one of the blurred sections.

Then, finally.

It stopped.

The wheel had stopped.

A quiet hum resonated in the air as the glow surrounding it pulsed gently, as if acknowledging the result.

My eyes remained fixed on the section it had landed on, anticipation pooling in my chest.

Then.

The blur that had obscured the text began to fade, peeling away like mist under the morning sun.

Slowly, the letters beneath were revealed, forming words I could finally read.

[Lightning Life.]

I blinked.

“...Huh.”

For a moment, I wasn't sure what to think.

The name itself sounded... cool.

Definitely something that stood out.

But what did it mean?

I had never heard of anything called "Lightning Life" before.

Was it related to my lightning affinity?

Or was it something entirely different?

Before I could dwell on it further, a system window materialized in front of me, its familiar translucent interface appearing without a sound.

[Congratulations! You have been rewarded with the ability 'Lightning Life'.]

I stiffened slightly.

An ability?

I re-read the message, making sure I wasn't hallucinating.

I had been expecting some kind of reward, maybe an item or a skill enhancement, but an actual ability?

That was unexpected.

More than that, this was the first ability I had ever obtained from entering a dungeon and even being an awakened.

The realization sent a strange thrill through me.

Abilities weren't something that could just be picked up like weapons or armor.

They were rare, often tied to a person's innate traits or something granted through special circumstances.

The fact that I had received one through this bizarre system reward was... unprecedented.

A small smirk tugged at the corner of my lips.

"I guess that dungeon trip wasn't a complete disaster after all."

Even if everything inside that dungeon had been utterly insane, the Sixth Orc Lord, the Harbinger of Oblivion, the system's complete failure to even register what we had faced, at least I had gained something valuable.

I leaned back in my seat, my fingers tapping idly against my knee as I stared at the glowing text.

"Lightning Life."

Now the real question was, what does it do?

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Chapter 38: New Ability - My Infinite Mana System

The system window lingered in front of me, its glowing text sharp and clear against the air.

I had barely processed the fact that I had received an ability when another prompt appeared, detailing exactly what Lightning Life was.

I leaned forward slightly, my eyes scanning the words carefully.

[Lightning Life]

[Rank: A]

[Description: This is an intrinsic, automatic, and utterly inescapable force that is powered by Allen's will to live, as long as electricity, energy, and sparks exist "Allen Quovar" can never truly meet a permanent end, no matter how absolute, irreversible it may be.]

[Special Traits:]

- [You cannot truly/permanently die as long as energy remains in existence, across all realities, dimensions, narratives, memory, and imagination.]**
- [If Interfered with/Killed, your consciousness instantly transfers to the nearest energy source, whether a storm, a machine, or even the static in the air.]**
- [If no energy exists, "lighting life" would act based on your will to live, automatically creating a new source to facilitate your return.]**
- [When you revive, all effects, conditions are purged, you returns in a flawless state.]**

I stared at the description.

Then blinked.

“...What?”

I read it again, my mind trying to wrap itself around the sheer absurdity of what was written.

Was this... even real?

I wasn't new to hearing about powerful abilities, some hunters were born with insane gifts, others unlocked them through special means.

But this?

This was beyond anything i had ever heard of.

As long as electricity exists... i won't die?

That was basically saying i was immortal unless the concept of electricity totally cease to exist, or was made never to have existed in the first place.

And even if that happened, the description said a new source would be created and I would come back.

My fingers hovered near the glowing text, almost tempted to touch it, as if doing so would make the words any more believable.

A slow exhale left my lips.

That was an extreme level of immortality.

"...Hah." A short laugh escaped me.

This wasn't just overpowered.

It was completely broken.

The system had just handed me something that defied every known rule of abilities.

It felt unreal, like I had somehow glitched my way into unlocking a cheat code.

I leaned back in my seat, resting my elbow on the train's window.

The city outside blurred past as the train moved, but my mind was too preoccupied to focus on anything else.

For the first time since being a Hunter, I felt... a little excited.

I didn't know the full extent of what lightning life could do yet, but one thing was certain, this ability was a game-changer.

The rhythmic motion of the train suddenly came to an abrupt halt, the screech of metal grinding against metal echoing through the cabin.

A jolt ran through my body, and I instinctively grabbed the seat beside me to steady myself.

Around me, confused murmurs and questioning glances spread through the passengers.

Whispers turned into concerned voices, and soon, the entire train was filled with uneasy chatter.

“Why did we stop?” someone muttered nearby.

“We’re not at a station yet,” another voice chimed in.

Passengers peered out the windows, but there was nothing unusual outside, just the tracks stretching forward into the distance.

The tension was thick, a strange sense of uncertainty settling over everyone.

Then, a crackling noise came from the train’s speaker system.

“Attention, passengers. This is the train operator speaking.”

The entire cabin fell silent.

“We have stopped the train due to an emergency ahead. A dungeon portal has mysteriously opened on the tracks, and proceeding further could result in the train entering the portal. We have been instructed to halt immediately by the military team securing the area.”

A dungeon portal?

That explained the unease in the air.

Dungeons appearing out of nowhere weren’t exactly uncommon, but them manifesting on train tracks?

That was a problem.

The speaker continued, the voice tense but controlled.

“At the moment, no hunter have arrived to contain the situation. If there are any awakened or hunter present on this train, we request your assistance. The military has urged us to relay this message until reinforcements arrive, we cannot predict what might emerge from the portal.”

A heavy silence followed.

Then, low murmurs broke out again, this time, more frantic.

“Did they just say there’s no hunter on site yet?”

“So... there’s no one to stop whatever might come out?”

“That means we’re stuck here?”

The unease in the cabin had evolved into full-fledged worry.

Passengers shifted in their seats, some pulling out their phones, others looking toward the train doors as if expecting something to happen.

I exhaled slowly, processing the situation.

A dungeon portal appearing suddenly... and right on the tracks?

It was too much of a coincidence.

First, the dungeon I had entered vanished without a trace.

Now, a portal appeared directly in my path?

I didn’t believe in luck, especially not the good kind.

For a brief moment, I debated staying put.

I wasn’t obligated to do anything.

There were plenty of strong hunters in the city.

Someone else could handle it.

But at the same time...

My fingers flexed slightly.

Lightning life.

I had just received an ability that made it impossible for me to truly die.

If there was ever a time to test it, this was it.

I exhaled again, then stood up.

"Looks like my trip was going to be delayed." i muttered.

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Chapter 39: Stares, Doubt - My Infinite Mana System

I didn't think.

I just moved.

One moment, I was sitting, absorbing the situation, the next, I was on my feet, walking toward the nearest exit like my body had made the decision before my mind could catch up.

Then, I felt it.

The weight of a hundred eyes pressing against me.

Conversations that had been happening moments ago fell silent, replaced by hushed whispers.

The murmurs were subtle, but I could still hear them, feel them crawling along my skin.

"Is he an awakened or a hunter?"

"Why's he getting up?"

"He doesn't look that strong..."

I wasn't someone who enjoyed being the center of attention.

I liked staying unnoticed, blending into the background where no one would expect anything from me.

Just like an extra.

But now, standing here in the middle of the train, all that unwanted attention bore down on me like a crushing force.

Attention is my enemy...

One of my greatest enemy.

My steps slowed.

Maybe this was a bad idea.

Maybe I should just sit back down, wait for someone else to step up.

It wasn't like I had to do this.

I wasn't a hero, neither was i interested in becoming one.

For a brief moment, I considered turning back and abandon the thought of testing my ability.

But then...

Why had I stood up in the first place?

I clenched my fists.

Right.

Because I knew I was capable of doing something.

The system had just given me an ability, Lightning Life.

A skill so absurdly overpowered that, as long as even the faintest trace of electricity existed, I cannot truly die.

It was a level of immortality that didn't even sound real.

I had a chance to test it now.

I had to study how it works, to learn more about it.

And it would seem childish to go back.

I exhaled through my nose and took another step forward.

The murmurs grew louder.

Some passengers who were standing moved aside, clearing a path, while others simply watched, wide-eyed, probably expecting something dramatic to happen.

I ignored them.

Even though every step felt like I was wading through thick air, I kept moving.

Because if there was one thing I knew for sure...

I hated this.

As I walked, the murmurs didn't stop.

If anything, they grew louder, more pointed.

“He doesn’t even have a weapon.”

“Is he really an awakened?”

“He looks too normal.”

I didn’t need to turn my head to know that all eyes were locked onto me, scrutinizing every detail of my appearance.

Their voices were hushed, but I could still make out the doubt and disbelief laced within them.

And honestly?

I couldn’t blame them.

Looking down at myself, I saw exactly what they saw, a guy dressed in a plain hoodie, jeans, and simple sneakers.

No armor.

No tactical gear.

No weapons strapped to my waist or slung over my back.

Just me, and my dagger which they can't see with me currently.

Compared to the image most people had of hunters, a warrior draped in sleek battle suits, carrying enchanted swords or futuristic firearms, I probably looked like some reckless civilian who had no idea what he was walking into.

For a moment, an old familiar feeling crept in.

That nagging discomfort of being underestimated.

Of being judged for what I seemed to be rather than what I actually was.

It wasn’t the first time.

I had been just an ordinary guy, no special skills, no impressive physique, no heroic background.

And even now, after everything I had experienced, I still looked ordinary.

No one here knew what I had been through.

They didn't see me standing before the Sixth Orc Lord.

They didn't see me witnessing the Harbinger of Oblivion himself descend upon the battlefield like a walking calamity.

They didn't see me escaping a collapsing dungeon with nothing but my instincts and sheer will.

None of those are the greatest achievement in existence, but they are something at least.

But all they saw was someone who, by all appearances, didn't belong.

I exhaled slowly.

It was fine.

Let them judge.

Let them doubt.

In the end, it didn't matter what they thought.

Because the moment I stepped off this train and into that battlefield, my actions would speak louder than their words ever could.

But still, I kept walking, expecting, hoping, that someone else would stand up.

Any second now, another awakened would rise from their seat, maybe some well-equipped hunter or a seasoned warrior with a confident smirk.

Maybe even one of those arrogant types who thrived on showing off, eager to prove themselves.

But no one moved.

The train was packed, yet the silence among the passengers was suffocating.

The only sounds were hushed whispers and the faint hum of the overhead lights.

I could feel the weight of their stares pressing down on me, a mixture of doubt, curiosity, and fear.

I glanced around, scanning faces, searching for someone, anyone, who looked like they had the strength or courage to step forward.

Nothing.

No one.

Some were avoiding my gaze, pretending to be distracted.

Others were outright staring, waiting for me to sit back down, as if this was all just some misunderstanding.

So that's how it is.

I sighed.

This situation was ridiculous.

A dungeon portal opening on a railway?

That wasn't normal.

Usually, they appeared in isolated zones, close to abandoned buildings, or deep underground or just somewhere in the city.

But here?

On an active transportation route?

That was new.

That was wrong.

And still, no hunters present?

Not even one?

I know that, statistically, at least one or more people on this train would have some kind of ability.

Even a low-rank hunter would have been something.

But the reality was staring me in the face.

I was alone in this.

No one would to stand up.

I don't blame them.

I exhaled slowly, running a hand through my hair.

Fine, even just better.

Chapter 40: Danger - My Infinite Mana System

As I walked my mind raced through the possibilities.

A dungeon portal appearing on a railway... That alone was a problem.

But what worried me more was the fact that no Hunters were present, at least, none willing to step up.

That meant two things, either there truly were no strong hunters on board, or those who were awakened didn't think they could handle whatever was inside that portal.

Neither possibility was reassuring.

I clenched my fists, my pace slowing slightly.

If the portal could make both weak and strong hunters in this train fear...

Then what rank could it be?

Dungeon portals were categorized from E-rank to SSS-rank.

A normal E-rank, were good for regular low-tier hunter, and even normal awakened.

Those were the kinds of dungeons new hunters used to train, full of monsters, like the so called Goblin dungeon I barely survived.

But anything above D-rank?

That was when things got dangerous.

D-rank portals required full teams or experienced hunters of either powerful D or C rank, some could threaten a town, while some could threaten a country if left unchecked.

C-rank could threaten continents depending on the monsters it could threaten more than that if left unchecked.

And B-rank?

B-rank dungeons were apocalyptic nightmares.

If a B-rank outbreak happened, very powerful B, or A rank would be needed to clear that.

In the end, it is not about rank, but it depends on the monster ability and power.

Just like Minotaurs, if a dungeon portal outbreak happens and all the hordes of monsters that comes out are Minotaurs, it wouldn't be good, it could be a total disaster.

I swallowed the unease building in my chest.

What are the chances this is something serious?

Low-rank dungeons portal didn't just appear in places like this.

Although portals randomly open in any location, a random anomaly like this, in a heavily traveled area, didn't feel natural.

Which meant...

This isn't normal.

The thought sent a chill down my spine.

I took a deep breath, trying to steady my nerves.

I wasn't the strongest person out there, I knew that for sure.

But if no one else was stepping up, then I had no choice but to prepare for the worst.

I could still feel their eyes on me, dozens of them, filled with confusion, skepticism, even mild amusement.

It was suffocating.

The murmurs hadn't stopped either.

I could hear snippets of their conversations as I walked.

"Is he really a hunter?"

"Look at him, no gear, no weapon..."

"Maybe he's just pretending."

"He should know now isn't the time for that."

"He doesn't look strong at all."

I clenched my jaw, resisting the urge to sigh.

I wasn't stupid, i knew exactly what they were thinking.

No flashy armor, nothing expensive, not even a visible weapon, nothing showed if I am a strong high rank Hunter.

To them, I was just some idiot trying to act brave.

I didn't blame them.

Instead of letting their judgment get to me, I forced my attention elsewhere, on something that actually mattered.

The portal.

The voice over the train's intercom had said it opened mysteriously.

That was an understatement.

Dungeon portals usually gave warning signs before forming, unstable mana fluctuations, spatial distortions, things like that.

The fact that this one appeared out of nowhere meant it was either completely unnatural... or something had forced it open.

Neither option was good.

I ran through the possibilities again.

If it were an E-rank dungeon, some wouldn't pose much of a threat, while some can.

In some E-rank portal outbreak, civilians could probably evacuate before any monsters emerged.

While in some E-rank portal outbreak, it could release monsters that could easily tear through humans in an entire town or country.

But if it were higher...

A D-rank?

Some could wipe out all the continents, and more if left unchecked.

And if it were an C-rank or above?

My fingers twitched slightly.

I didn't want to think about that.

I need more information.

The military was securing the area, which meant they must have detected something dangerous.

But they had asked for hunters assistance, meaning they weren't confident in handling it alone.

Which is normal.

What exactly is in that portal?

I exhaled slowly, keeping my pace steady. Whatever it was, I had no choice but to find out.

The tension in the train was suffocating.

Every step I took felt heavier under the weight of their gazes, their whispered judgments creeping into my ears like static noise I couldn't turn off.

I considered walking faster, just to escape their scrutiny a little sooner, to reach the door and step out of this pressure.

But then I stopped myself.

That would look like I was rushing.

Like I was nervous.

Like I was scared.

And I wasn't.

I forced my feet to keep the same steady pace, my posture relaxed, my breathing even.

There was no need to look over my shoulder, I could feel their eyes drilling into me, waiting for me to slip up, to show any sign of hesitation.

If I hurried now, they'd think I was second-guessing myself.

And I refused to give them that satisfaction.

Instead, I kept my head up, focusing straight ahead.

The train door wasn't far now.

Beyond it, the unknown dungeon portal, and whatever nightmare awaited.

Still, the weight of their silence pressed on me.

Someone let out a scoff, barely audible.

Another muttered something under their breath.

They didn't believe in me.

I didn't need them to.

I was already close to the train exit door now, just a few more steps and I'd be out of this suffocating carriage.

Away from the weight of their judgmental stares, away from the murmurs questioning whether I was actually a hunter or just some fool walking to his death.

Relief washed over me, subtle but present, like a breath I hadn't realized I'd been holding.

Almost there.

Then, a hand clamped down on my shoulder.

"Wait."

The voice was firm, steady.

Not aggressive, but enough to make me pause.

For a split second, my body tensed.

My instincts flared, muscles coiling as if expecting an attack.

But I forced myself to stay still.

Slowly, I turned my head to see who had stopped me.

Was it another hunter?

Someone finally stepping up to help?

Or just another bystander trying to talk me out of it?

I didn't know...