

# Unholy Player #Chapter 41: Mad Scientist - Read Unholy Player Chapter 41: Mad Scientist

## Chapter 41 - Mad Scientist

Henry seemed troubled. Adyr's question had clearly put him in a difficult spot.

After a brief internal struggle, he decided the least he could do was give Adyr that much. He turned to the doctors and researchers nearby.

They caught the signal in his eyes and left the room without a word, closing the door behind them.

"Before we begin, I should be honest. I don't actually know much about the game itself either," Henry said as he slowly sat down in the armchair in the corner.

"I'll only tell you what the City Manager told me directly." He shifted into a more comfortable position before continuing.

"According to him, eighteen years ago, a man appeared claiming knowledge of another world, one entirely separate from our own. Naturally, the City Managers didn't believe him at first, but he brought proof. All kinds of it. Most notably, the earliest version of the devices we now use as game pods."

*So the game world isn't a game at all. It's a real place.* The revelation didn't surprise Adyr as much as it should have.

"In essence," Henry continued, "these devices are portals, tools designed to let us enter the other world without being detected."

"Without being detected?" Adyr raised an eyebrow.

Henry nodded. "Yes. According to that man, any time a doorway to the other world is opened and someone tries to cross through, something triggers. The world resets itself, and the gate shuts down. They believe this reaction is what caused the last great war and the current state of our world.

Whatever caused that trigger, this man built the devices specifically to hide us from it. To send people across without alerting whatever force is guarding the border." Henry paused, choosing his next words carefully.

"Think of it like a hidden passage into a fortress. And the players are like spies slipping through that passage unnoticed."

"It's more like catapults," Adyr said, amused, remembering how he had first spawned into the other world. Launched through the sky, like he had been fired from one.

"Yeah, I guess that's a more fitting comparison," Henry replied with a small laugh. "Long story short, that's all we know. Which is exactly why the twelve City Managers are taking this project so seriously. They want to gather every possible piece of information about that world—and, if necessary, find a way to survive there."

"But why did you design the devices like a game and let people play it? Don't you already have capable soldiers? You could've used them instead," Adyr asked, voicing one of the most suspicious parts about the station.

For the last ten or so years, the government has been promoting the game, encouraging people to buy helmets and join in. It was obvious this wasn't just some sales strategy to make money.

"I know. That's also something I don't understand," Henry admitted. "But it was that man's request. We don't know why he chose this strategy, but when you're dealing with something completely unknown, the safest thing you can do is follow the one who claims to know what he's doing."

*So he said, I'm cooking, and they said, let him cook? What kind of logic is that?* Adyr couldn't help but think.

He went quiet, letting the information sink in. He had always suspected the game was hiding something deeper, something real. But this still managed to catch him off guard.

After a moment, he asked, "This man you're talking about... do you know who he is?"

Henry shook his head. "We don't. He never talks about himself. The only thing we know is that he calls himself Mad Scientist."

Adyr gave it a moment of thought, realizing the name meant nothing to him.

"By the way, I saw the thread you opened on the forum. About the language... what was it? Latin?" Henry said suddenly.

"I thought the usernames were supposed to keep players anonymous," Adyr replied with a sigh, though he had expected this. At least now he knew Henry had no knowledge of Latin.

Henry laughed heartily. "They are. Don't worry, it's still anonymous to other players." He continued, "Before I came here, I told one of the research staff about it. A linguist will come by when you're available to gather the necessary information. You'll earn a solid amount of Merit for it, but how much—that'll be up to the department."

Henry stood up, looking ready to leave, but before stepping away, he placed a hand on Adyr's shoulder and spoke with quiet sincerity.

"One last thing before I go. Don't worry about your mother. When I heard about their expedition, I assigned the best team I have to her. She's as safe out there as she would be inside the city."

Adyr responded with a smile. He believed him. As the direct commander of the STF, Henry had the authority to do something like that, and one of his best traits was that he rarely lied.

"Thank you. That'll put my sister at ease," Adyr said.

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After changing into his university uniform and asking the reception to arrange a car and driver, Adyr headed home and had dinner with his sister.

Their mother's absence had clearly weighed on her again, but when he casually mentioned running into Henry Bates on the university campus, without saying anything about his new job, her mood visibly improved.

After Selena White's promise and now Henry's words, Niva had begun to wonder if her brother was some kind of secret agent working for the city.

She didn't know how Adyr had met Victor, or that he had once saved his life. Naturally, she had no idea why Henry Bates treated him so personally. She had only been seven when it all happened, and if anyone had told her back then, she had probably forgotten. No one had brought it up since.

His connection with Selina White was an even bigger mystery in her eyes.

To Niva, her brother was the most reliable and handsome man in the world. But from another perspective?

He wasn't tall—actually short compared to most men. Not particularly handsome either. Average at best. And above all, poor, with no notable background. The only thing he truly carried was a quiet, mysterious presence. But that was all.

Yet despite all that, Niva found a new kind of admiration forming. Building connections with people like Henry and Selina wasn't something just anyone could do.

All night, Adyr watched his sister stealing glances at him, trying to pry into the parts he kept hidden—and he met her efforts with quiet amusement, knowing she would never see what truly lay beneath.

She didn't need to know what kind of monster he really was or what he was capable of. The only thing that mattered was that her brother was there for her and that he would do whatever it took to keep it that way.

## **Chapter 42 - Linguistics Has Arrived**

The next morning, Adyr arrived at headquarters wearing his university uniform. Without wasting time, he headed straight to the designated player quarters and entered his room.

He changed out of his uniform into more comfortable clothes: pajamas and crocs. Then he powered on his computer and opened the forum.

Dozens of new threads had been posted since the one he created the day before. Most were filled with questions aimed at other players, but a few offered bits of information.

One thread stood out. It appeared to have been posted by a player from another shelter city and contained some basic details about Sparks, along with a note claiming access to further data.

It was clear now that Adyr wasn't the only one who had encountered them. There might even be others who had successfully captured a spark.

He scanned the thread, but most of the content aligned with what he already knew. For a brief moment, he considered sharing his own findings in exchange for Merit points, but dismissed the idea.

He still hadn't received any feedback from the Latin-language thread, and more importantly, he wasn't interested in giving away everything he knew. Information was power, and he preferred to share only what was necessary, when it was necessary.

After browsing a bit longer, he shut the computer down and moved toward the door to head to the playroom. Just as he reached for the handle, a soft beep echoed through the room, and a face appeared on the digital panel by the entrance.

It indicated someone was waiting outside.

The screen displayed a middle-aged woman in a lab coat, accompanied by a younger woman who appeared to be her assistant. Both wore the insignia of the research department.

"They must be the linguists Henry mentioned," Adyr thought, and opened the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Adyr," the older woman said with a polite nod. "I'm Professor Lilian Vide, and this is my assistant, Mary. We're from the linguistics division of the research

department. If you're available, we would like to speak with you briefly regarding the language sample you submitted."

Her tone was composed and respectful, though there was a subtle eagerness in her eyes, carefully restrained by professional decorum.

"Hello, I was waiting for you," Adyr replied, then turned back into his room. He retrieved a folder from his leather bag, returned to the door, and handed it to her.

"You'll find everything you need about the language in there. Take care." With that, he closed the door and walked off toward the elevator.

The folder contained notes he had prepared the previous night—just enough to fulfill his side of the exchange, without engaging in lengthy explanations.

"Wait," Lilian said, startled as she looked from the folder to Adyr's retreating figure. But he didn't respond.

"What a rude individual," Mary muttered, frowning. "Professor, I seriously doubt someone like him can have any real understanding of an undocumented language. He's probably just trying to stand out."

Lilian didn't respond immediately. She gave a slight nod and began examining the contents of the folder.

After a few seconds, her expression shifted.

"Professor? Is something wrong?" Mary asked, noticing the change.

Lilian continued scanning the pages, her tone suddenly more focused.

"These documents go well beyond what you'd expect from someone without formal training. The phonetic system is consistent, the grammar is internally structured, and even the morphological patterns show deliberate construction."

She flipped through a few more pages, her tone more focused now.

"This isn't amateur work. It reads like a foundational draft—something you'd expect from someone with a background in linguistic theory. Possibly even a trained linguist."

She then turned to Mary and asked, "Do you know what this man's background is?" Her tone carried genuine concern.

"He's one of the first-year university students on a scholarship," Mary answered. The irritation that had been on her face earlier was gone, replaced by shock and clear confusion.

"A first-year student?" Lilian repeated, even more stunned. She looked back at the pages in her hands and murmured, "Looks like we've found a genius the linguistics department will be dying to work with."

The sudden sparkle in her eyes and the shift in her voice were almost unsettling.

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Adyr stepped out of the elevator onto the simulation wing. Today, the floor didn't seem as crowded as the day before—most players had likely already entered their gamepods or hadn't logged out since yesterday.

After walking a short distance, he found his assigned playroom and scanned his wristwatch at the door to unlock it.

"Good morning, Mr. Adyr," the nurse from yesterday greeted him with respectful formality.

"Good morning," Adyr replied with a polite smile.

"I'll notify the doctor now. If you don't mind, I'd like to perform the daily checkup while preparing your pod," Mira said as she began adjusting the system for use.

"I don't mind," Adyr responded simply.

As she worked, it didn't take long for Elion Vance, his assigned physician, to enter the room and greet him. His demeanor was just as professional as the day before, but there was a noticeable shift—an improvement—in the way he carried himself.

Clearly, yesterday's encounter with Henry Bates had left an impression. The doctor's attitude toward Adyr now held a subtle layer of respect, likely influenced by Henry's behavior. He wasn't just treating another boy from nowhere anymore. Adyr might not have a surname or a known background, but Elion was smart enough to understand that anyone Henry Bates took seriously wasn't to be overlooked. Proper courtesy and care were now a given.

Without wasting time, the doctor and nurse carried out the routine checks efficiently and assisted him into the pod.

"Enjoy the session," the doctor said with genuine warmth as he closed the lid.

"Thanks. My body's in your care," Adyr replied, then the lid sealed shut, his vision darkened, and his consciousness slipped away from his body.

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When his consciousness returned, he was met with the sound of hushed voices around him.

"Lady Vesha, I don't mean to be rude, but saying no royal knights are coming to help is hard to believe. I saw it with my own eyes yesterday—twelve monstrous wolves. Sending this boy alone is nothing short of sending him to his death."

The voice belonged to the elderly woman Adyr had met the day before. Her tone was thick with worry and doubt.

"Don't worry, Grandma," Vesha replied, her voice calm and reassuring. "Even if the kingdom sent an entire army, they wouldn't be as effective as him going alone. Leave the worrying to me and just stay here. He'll wake up soon—you'll see."

Adyr smiled faintly at that, satisfied with what he heard. *Looks like she has what it takes to lead. Definitely worth investing in.*

He had been observing her closely since yesterday, watching how she handled pressure and uncertainty. In her, he saw potential—the kind of edge he looked for. All she needed was a little push, and he believed she could become someone of real significance within the kingdom.

After a few more moments of silent listening, Adyr slowly opened his eyes and sat up.

At once, the entire underground shelter went quiet. Every eye turned toward him, watching with silent anticipation.

## **Chapter 43 - The Old Alpha**

As Adyr rose to his feet, everyone stood with him—only a few children remained seated. He could see fear, sorrow, and hope flickering across their faces.

"They prepared this for you," Vesha said, stepping forward and pointing to a large tray filled with various dishes. The hot meals were still steaming, and the cold ones looked freshly made.

"Thank you," Adyr replied, and without ceremony, he took a seat on the floor mat they had arranged. He began eating in silence. His movements were graceful, his table manners refined enough to be mistaken for those of a noble. Yet the speed at which he ate betrayed just how insufficient his breakfast had been.

He had already realized something important: although the body he used in this world and the one in the other seemed separate, they functioned as one. Everything that happened here affected him directly back there.

While he ate, no one made a sound. They simply watched. This boy, plain-looking and without even proper armor, was the one going out to face the monsters. They struggled to understand how someone like him could possibly take their revenge for them and protect the village.

But none voiced their doubts. Vesha had already given them the confidence they needed. All that remained now was to wait.

Once he was full and ready to hunt for energy crystals and possibly capture a spark, Adyr stood and turned to Vesha.

"While I'm gone, stay here. There might be stray wolves or other wild animals nearby, drawn by the smell of blood."

"Okay. Be careful," Vesha said, hiding her concern behind smiling eyes.

"I will," Adyr said reassuringly. He turned and walked toward the heavy doors of the underground shelter, stepping outside as the metal lids closed behind him.

The crowd stared at the sealed entrance in silence, offering no words, only quiet prayers.

"May God Astrael guide you," someone murmured.

The name of a God he didn't need.

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After stepping outside, Adyr first made his way to the horse cart. The horses had been unhitched and were calmly grazing nearby. Seeing they were safe, he climbed into the cart and searched until he found a usable sword.

It was slightly shorter than a standard blade, designed for the smaller stature of the Velari race. Double-edged and well-maintained, its hilt was wrapped in gray leather to prevent slipping and allow for a secure grip.

Adyr gave the sword a few test swings, tried a reverse grip like a knife, and then experimented with several other holds. This wasn't the first time he had held a sword, but he had never actually fought with one.

The techniques were unfamiliar. He had used knives and machetes many times before and was more than familiar with hand-to-hand combat.

Still, the compact size of the blade, a short sword made for a short man, made it only slightly longer than a combat knife. That alone gave him a sense of confidence. With some practice, he figured he could make it work.



He looked through the rest of the loot taken from the cave, which had belonged to Vesha's guards. In the end, he only took a small metal shield—nothing else suited him. The armor and clothing scattered around were far too small for his frame.

He took a rope, a few small kitchen knives, and some forks, slipping them into a belt pouch. He also grabbed a handful of chili powder—one could never know when it might come in handy.

Finding nothing else of value, he picked up a leather satchel, placed the limp, motionless Dawn Raven inside, and strapped it to his back before heading out.

He returned to the site of the massacre, scanning the ground for wolf tracks and following them into the forest.

The woods were quiet—too quiet. Not a natural silence, but one that carried weight, like an unseen authority had ordered everything within to stay still and not disturb its presence.

After tracking for a while, he noticed that the wolves had a distinct way of marking their territory. Every third tree bore claw marks, making it even easier for him to follow their trail. Eventually, Adyr came across his first enemy. Or perhaps... his prey.

Beneath a tree, a massive wolf lay alone. Its fur was black as night, though worn and patchy. The claws, once sharp as daggers, now looked sunken into its paws, dull and stripped of their former sheen. Faded and fresh scars marked its body, most of them concentrated around the face. It was likely the old alpha of the pack, cast out by the new.

It was the perfect prey for a first hunt: old, alone, vulnerable. But Adyr didn't move in right away. He checked the surroundings in silence.

Even if it looked isolated, there was always a chance, however slim, that the pack might return and come to its aid. If that happened, he'd be in real trouble. No chance to fight, no space to run. Just death, torn to pieces.

He spent some time circling the forest, watching for movement and tracking scent trails. Only when he was absolutely sure did he return.

The wolf was still there, resting under the tree. Its breathing was steady, its posture relaxed. Not even alert. As if Adyr could walk up, stab it through the skull, and it wouldn't resist.

Tempting—but reckless.

Even a dying alpha was dangerous. Age dulled the body, not the instincts. And those instincts could kill.

"Let's make some preparations," he muttered.

He opened the system panel and selected two talents he'd ignored until now: **[Linguistic Lv1]** and **[Cooking Lv1]**. Both cost him one energy each.

These two talents were ones he could easily level up later. Cooking in particular was a smart choice—at the division headquarters, the skill training department offered direct instruction from experienced professionals.

Now that he had registered two talents, Adyr received two additional stat points. With one point still unused from earlier, he allocated two into **[Will]** to enhance his overall speed and reflexes and placed the remaining point into **[Resilience]** to boost his general defense.

During his initial checkup at the headquarters, he had learned that **[Resilience]** improved both physical and mental defense. More importantly, it increased the body's resistance to toxins and other harmful effects.

The wolf didn't appear poisonous, but that meant little. Its claws and fangs could still carry unknown substances. If any strike left an open wound, even a minor one, it could prove fatal later.

Especially considering he had no idea how advanced medical treatment was in this world, and the capital was still far away.

He gave his stat panel one last look to check his current status.

**[Name]:** Adyr

**[Race]:** Human

**[Path]:** Primora

**[Evolution Step]:** 0

**[Physique]:** 10

**[Will]:** 6

**[Resilience]:** 5

**[Sense]:** 4

**[Energy]:** 13.6 / 25

**[Registered Talents]:** 5/5

**[Sparks]:** Complete your first evolution to unlock.

**[Sanctuary]:** Complete your first evolution to unlock.

**[Free Stat Points]:** 0

Satisfied that he had prepared for both the obvious and the unseen, Adyr finally set his eyes on the wolf.

## **Chapter 44: First Hunt**

If you ask a hundred hunters what the hardest part of hunting is, ninety-nine would give the same answer: waiting.

Waiting for the season.

Waiting for the prey.

Waiting for the right moment.

But if you asked Adyr, his answer would be the opposite—acting.

Moving in silence, he crept toward his prey with the precision only a killer could possess. His short sword was held in a reverse grip, close to his side.

And yet... He didn't strike.

This was the perfect moment. Still, he waited.

Because waiting was what he loved most, he couldn't help himself.

So he stood there, watching.

His dark eyes followed the slow sway of the creature's feathers, worn down by the cruel hand of time, stirred by a passing breeze.

He studied its face, marked by life's relentless scars, frozen in a moment of perfect ease.

There was a quiet, eerie peace in the way it slept, like even the woods had bowed in tease.

For a moment, Adyr felt like an extra in the frame.

*I'm just a beggar of thrill, a thief of life,* he thought, as something cold stirred within him.

A living being's most precious possession was its life. And yet most took it for granted—until the moment it began to slip away.

And that moment... was the one Adyr cherished most.

He shivered as he imagined the look that would cross the wolf's eyes—peaceful and unaware, just seconds before its life left its body.

And only when the pleasure was enough did he move.

His body shifted forward, weight balanced, short sword held in a reverse grip. With a sharp step, his dominant right foot slammed into the earth—the dry soil cracked beneath his heel as he launched himself toward the target.

The moment shattered the stillness. The wolf's ears twitched. Its instincts, honed by age and countless battles, surged to life.

Its aged body barely moved, yet its jaws snapped open with brutal timing and caught the blade between its teeth before it could strike.

The sudden impact rang out with a dull, metallic crunch.

Adyr's momentum halted. He tightened his grip, trying to wrest the weapon free. But the wolf's jaw, worn by time but strengthened by survival, held firm. The pressure in its bite was heavier than his arm strength.

"So, you're not giving in easily," Adyr muttered.

Old age had dulled its flesh, but will like this only sharpened with time.

Realizing he couldn't wrest the sword free, Adyr released his grip and executed a swift tactical retreat, springing backward just in time to evade the wolf's claws.

He had barely regained distance when the beast launched forward, every muscle in its body firing at once. There was no delay, no warning—just raw force aimed straight at him.

Just before those fangs could reach Adyr, the charge stopped.

The wolf's nose twitched. Its eyes watered. Then suddenly, it sneezed violently.

"What? You don't like chili powder?" Adyr muttered with a grin, shaking the red dust from his hand.

Before the wolf could recover, he pulled a small knife from the pouch on his belt and lunged. The blade pierced straight into the exposed eye, burying deep with a sickening snap.

The beast howled, thrashing in a burst of pain, but it wasn't done yet. Driven by fury and instinct, it lunged at him once more, jaws wide, aiming to rip flesh before death could take it.

But with one eye blinded and the other blurred from the chili powder, its aim faltered.

Adyr slipped to the side with fluid ease, letting the attack pass harmlessly by. In one swift motion, his arms snapped around the beast's neck, locking it into a crushing chokehold.

His grip barely closed around the wolf's muscular throat, but it held firm, and he had no intention of letting go.

Suddenly breathless, the creature thrashed violently, trying to break free. But its body was nowhere near as strong as its jaws, and Adyr's 10 **[Physique]**

stat was more than enough to keep it pinned.

Soon, its body began to lose tension, movements growing sluggish—until finally, it collapsed, dropping all its weight into Adyr's arms before slumping to the ground.

"Hhhah..." Adyr exhaled, pulling his hands away from the wolf's neck and taking a slow, heavy breath.

It was the first time he had fought a wolf one-on-one and subdued it by choking it out. He hadn't expected it to be this exhausting.

Without wasting time, he pulled a rope from his bag and tightly bound the wolf's legs in a crossed position. Then he secured its jaws shut, wrapping the rope firmly to make sure it couldn't open its mouth.

Once he was certain the knots were tight enough, he said, "Hey, come out. It's breakfast time." He reached over his shoulder, opened the leather satchel, and pulled out the Dawn Raven—weak, fragile, and on the brink of starvation.

"Eat slowly. Don't choke," he said, nodding toward the unconscious wolf lying beside them.

Though it had just stood at death's door, the moment the raven saw the meal before it, something in it sparked to life. Its beak shot forward with startling speed, tearing into the wolf's flesh with a swift, effortless bite.

The sudden pain snapped the wolf back to consciousness, and it began to struggle desperately and in vain against the tight restraints.

*A life taken... to keep another alive.* With a quiet breath, Adyr sat beneath a nearby tree and closed his eyes to rest. He didn't need to watch the rest.

When he opened his eyes again, the raven had already finished its meal. Its bloody feathers looked bright and healthy once more, full of life and energy.

Just then, it spread its wings, and a soft green light began to radiate from its body. Adyr grabbed it by the neck and lifted it calmly.

"You're not making new friends," he said flatly.

Then, with practiced ease, he fastened the raven's beak shut once more and placed it back into the satchel on his back.

"Now, let's see what you left behind," he muttered, approaching the wolf's skeleton. Its flesh had been freshly stripped, the bones still warm, and he hoped to find an energy crystal among the remains.

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**A/N:** Privilege Chapters are now available. Unlock them to read ahead and access more content early. Thanks for your support.

## **Chapter 45: Energy Crystal (Lv.2)**

After carefully inspecting the skeleton, Adyr found what he was looking for—a purple crystal, deeper and more vibrant in color than the ones he'd seen before.

According to what he'd learned from Vesha, ordinary animals didn't carry energy crystals in their bodies. But this wolf was clearly different.

For one, it was far larger and stronger than any typical wild animal. Its presence in the forest was an anomaly on its own—strong evidence that it had been exposed to the influence of a Spark.

Just like the purple crystals found in the skeletons created by the Dawn Raven, these wolves, too, must have come under the direct or indirect effect of a Spark.

Adyr paused, considering whether to store the crystal with the other ten he had set aside earlier. But after a brief moment of thought, he changed his mind.

This one looked different. He wanted to know why.

Without hesitation, he tossed it into his mouth and swallowed it whole.

A familiar surge of energy flooded his body, but this time it was denser, stronger—just as he suspected.

**[You have consumed an Energy Crystal (Lv.2). Your Energy has increased by 1]**

**[Energy]:** 13.6 / 25 → 14.6 / 25

"Level 2, huh? No wonder it felt different going down. Gave me ten times more than the others," Adyr muttered, clearly satisfied.

If he could hunt six more wolves like this, he would finally gather enough energy to evolve. But with that thought, another question surfaced.

This wolf had been far stronger than any skeleton he'd faced, and the crystal it carried was a level higher than the others.

That raised a possibility—one he didn't like.

What if the Spark in this forest wasn't Rank 1, but Rank 2?

That would be trouble.

He knew a Rank 4 Spark had the power to destroy a kingdom, and the gap between each rank was massive. If that logic held, then he wasn't sure he was anywhere near ready to catch this one.

Still, he chose to continue.

Even if he couldn't face the Spark itself, hunting more wolves might give him the edge he needed. He didn't know exactly how much power evolution would bring, but it would be something. And right now, something was enough.

Adyr kept walking, following the faint tracks left behind. At one point, a system notification appeared, informing him that his **[Tracking]** talent was ready to level up. He ignored it.

The 10 stat points it would grant were tempting, a serious boost. But spending 10 **[Energy]** right now wasn't part of his plan.

Deeper into the forest, he finally came across fresh wolf tracks. They were clustered, recent, and told him one thing clearly: there was a nest nearby.

But there was a problem. These wolves weren't alone. Judging by the prints, if he wasn't mistaken, there were twelve of them.

The one he had killed earlier was likely the old alpha, driven out by the new leader. And now, facing not just that new alpha but eleven more alongside it? Nearly impossible.

Not to mention the possibility of a Rank 2 Spark among them.

"Should I give up?" Adyr paused and looked up at the sky.

The sun stood high. He still had hours before logoff. Wasting that time wasn't something he enjoyed.

It was risky, but he chose to keep going. Even if he couldn't act yet, he could observe, study their behavior, assess the situation, and build a strategy.

Soon, he arrived at the entrance of a cave. It was silent inside, but the tracks scattered around confirmed it—this was where the wolves nested. Their distinct claw-marking method gave them away; the area around the cave was covered in deep, deliberate scratches.

More importantly, when he examined the footprints, he noticed something else—there weren't just twelve.

There were nineteen distinct sets of tracks.

Five of them were noticeably smaller, likely belonging to newborn pups. Two others had wider hind paw spacing and sluggish movement patterns—signs of pregnant females.

Adyr raised an eyebrow as he analyzed the scene. The new information was unexpected—valuable.

Rather than enter the cave, he found a nearby tree, climbed to its upper branches, and began observing the entrance from a distance.

Hours passed as he silently studied their behavior, gathering patterns and routines.

He tracked everything—when the pack's hunting wolves left the cave, when they went scouting or hunting, and how often the pups and their mothers came out to bask in the sun. Every detail was carefully stored in his memory palace, ready to be used when the time came.

By the time night began to fall, he climbed down, retrieved the skeleton of the wolf he had killed earlier, and made his way back toward the village, heading for the underground shelter.

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In the underground shelter, the women sat together in silence. A heavy air of despair hung over the room, broken only by the peaceful contrast of sleeping children nearby.

"It's been too long since he left... do you think he's still alive?" A voice whispered—soft, yet loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Keep your doubts to yourself," another voice snapped. "He went out there for us to protect the village. Just pray he returns safely."

Since Adyr had left, everyone had been waiting—hoping—for his return. But in this dim, sunless place, the passing of time began to eat away at them, pushing them deeper into unease.

"He is not even looking strong," another woman muttered, her voice trembling. She fell silent when met with harsh stares, but no one could bring themselves to openly deny her words.

Everyone was thinking the same thing.

The entire village's men had failed to kill even one of those wolves. Could this young man really succeed where they had all fallen?

As they waited, imagining the worst, a noise echoed from the shelter's entrance.

"Is it him?" Someone asked, breath catching in their throat.

They rushed to the door, cautious but eager. Peering through, they saw the one figure they had hoped for.

"You're back," Vesha said, smiling with visible relief.

Adyr stepped inside slowly, his expression calm. But it wasn't just his tired body that entered with him.

Behind him, dragging heavily across the ground like a hunter's trophy, was the skeleton of a wolf.

"This..." Eyes widened. Jaws fell silent. The sight of it froze the room.

"Is this one of them?" Vesha asked, unable to hide the mixture of awe and disbelief in her voice.

Adyr dropped the skeleton in the center of the room and gave a single nod.

"So this is the beast... the one that brought us nightmares," the old woman said as she stepped forward, her gaze locked onto the bones.

Everyone followed her lead, staring down at the remains of the creature they blamed for the deaths of their loved ones. They hadn't expected to see a corpse like this, but somehow, this was better.

Much better.

They didn't know how the young man had killed it. But seeing it like this—stripped, broken, dragged in like a warning—brought them peace. It gave them the taste of revenge they had longed for.

Whatever had happened to the wolf before it died, it looked like it had already suffered. As if it had burned in its own private hell before reaching this end.

In that moment, every villager in the room shared the same unspoken thought: the God they had prayed to had finally delivered the justice this beast deserved.

## **Chapter 46: News About Marielle**

"This is just one of the wolves I found during the expedition. I'll attack the nest later. But first, I need to sleep," Adyr said to Vesha, ignoring the many eyes turned toward him.

"Of course," she replied with a smile, then added, "But eat first. They've prepared a feast to celebrate your safe return."

Adyr didn't refuse. He could've logged out and had something better at the headquarters cafeteria—but eating what the villagers had prepared made more sense. Strategically, it was the right move.

The floor mat he sat on alone was filled with all kinds of dishes. Clearly, the villagers had each brought what they did best, using their finest ingredients. It was their way of honoring him.

As he ate, he noticed a few curious eyes watching him. Some of the children were old enough to grasp what had happened, while others still saw it all as nothing more than a game.

Adyr smiled and gestured for them to come closer, offering them food from his plate.

He'd always had a strange connection with children. They were the only ones around whom he felt... normal.

The survival instincts that had shaped him—the constant observation, the unspoken threat assessment, the guarded posture—none of it applied to them.

There was no need. Because they all shared one thing he had lost long ago.

Innocence.

Something life had taken from him long before he was allowed to grow into maturity.

As he sat with the children, eating, joking, telling stories, the women of the village watched him from a distance.

Until now, they had seen him only as a punisher, the weapon of their vengeance, the one who would save them. But seeing him laugh with the children forced them to confront a truth they hadn't wanted to face.

He was just a young man, like anyone else, simply trying to live a life.

And yet, that changed nothing. They still needed him.

For vengeance. For protection. For survival.

—

Adyr opened his eyes and stepped out of the game pod. This time, only the doctor and the nurse were there—no unfamiliar faces waiting nearby.

After a brief check-up, they let him go. He made his way toward his room to change clothes.

As he approached the door, he noticed someone waiting outside.

Selina stood there, her violet hair catching the hallway light, eyes matching in hue. She wore a white, one-piece spring dress—simple, elegant, and unmistakably her.

"Hey, Selina. How are you?" Adyr asked as he walked up to her.

"I'm fine," she replied with a soft smile, then quickly got to the reason she came. "I'm here to inform you about your mom. She and her team arrived at the destination yesterday. According to her, there are far more children in need than they expected. Taking care of them will take some time."

"I see," Adyr said, exhaling quietly.

It meant Marielle wouldn't be returning anytime soon—something that would only make Niva more anxious. Still, there was nothing he could do.

"Thanks for letting me know," he said, keeping his thoughts to himself.

"I'll update you if there's any news," Selina replied with a bright smile, then turned and walked off with her usual grace.

Adyr watched her go, raising an eyebrow. *Looks like she's one of those who chose two paths.*

From the way she moved, it had once been obvious she'd chosen Ignis and gained the corresponding **[Will]** stat.

But now, he could clearly see something more. The way her gaze shifted, how subtly she responded to changes in her surroundings—her **[Sense]** had improved significantly.

That meant she had gained stats from the Aether path as well.

He was sure of it—because he was the one who had personally taught her how to observe, how to notice details others overlooked. Naturally, he could detect the subtle shifts in her behavior.

"I wonder what the players who chose three paths are like," Adyr muttered as he stepped into his room.

Even someone like Selina—a natural genius—had stopped at two.

Which only confirmed one thing in his mind: those who had chosen three weren't ordinary by any measure.

After changing into his school uniform, Adyr checked the forums for any updates that might interest him. As he scrolled through some of the newly opened threads, the screen on his wristband lit up with a notification.

Opening it, he saw that 86 merit points had been added to his profile.

The message also explained that the reward was granted for the Latin language information he had provided the previous day. Merit point distribution, as noted, was based on the value and depth of the shared knowledge.

"They are quite generous," Adyr muttered after reading through the details. 86 merit wasn't a small amount at all.

With that, he could freely spend time in the training centers, enroll in any professional education programs he wanted, and even purchase intel from government databases. He could also buy tactical equipment—anything from a bulletproof vest to a fully automatic rifle—all paid for with merit.

Inside the facility, only the basics—playing the game, food, and shelter—were free. Everything else operated through merit. And for now, this amount would keep him going.

*If only I could buy energy crystals with merit*, Adyr thought. But that didn't seem possible. So far, no one had figured out how to transfer items between the game world and reality—or the other way around.

When he was done in his room and stepped out, ready to head home, he noticed a group of three approaching from the elevator, staring directly at him.

"Well, look who it is. Never thought I'd see the loser walking around here," said one of them, a tall, broad-shouldered guy with mustard-colored hair, eyeing Adyr with a sly, mocking grin.

Adyr didn't bother replying. He just smiled. That mustard-colored hair belonged to none other than Cole, his favorite bully.

Lately, Cole had been keeping his distance. Adyr had been too immersed in the game, and his instincts had remained calm and buried. That uneasy tension between them had faded.

But now, it had resurfaced.

Something about Cole had changed. Ever since Selina had likely kicked his ass, he hadn't dared come close—probably out of fear.

But today, he walked differently. His voice held strength. His eyes, confidence.

It didn't take Adyr long to figure out why.

At the front of the group, walking with a smug and entitled air, was someone. A young woman with striking features, dressed in high-end designer wear, carrying the effortless arrogance of someone born into power, someone who had never needed to earn her place, only inherit it.

Dalin Ravencourt.

One of the heirs to Ravencourt Logistics, the only cargo company operating across all twelve shelter cities.

If Henry Bates was considered the second most powerful man in Shelter City 9, right after the City Manager, then the owner of Ravencourt Logistics was someone whose influence extended far beyond a single city.

Across all twelve, he stood shoulder to shoulder with figures like Henry—perhaps even above them.

That explained everything.

Cole's confidence had nothing to do with his own strength. It was borrowed—propped up by the shadow he now walked beside.

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**A/N: Privilage Chapters are out you can read more Chapters now.**

## **Chapter 47: Dalin Ravencourt**

"Dalin Ravencourt. No wonder a rare beauty and talent like you would be here," Adyr said, completely ignoring Cole. He gave a slight bow, placing his right hand over his chest in a gesture that mirrored a proper gentleman's greeting.

Dalin looked every bit the arrogant young noble—fiery red hair, matching eyes, and sharp features that made her seem fierce yet oddly charming. She had the kind of presence that made her superiority feel natural, almost earned. Just one look, and it was easy to believe she belonged above others.

Her expression softened slightly at Adyr's greeting. She turned to Cole and said, "Is this the guy you were talking about? He doesn't seem that bad."

Cole's eye twitched at her words. Trying to steady his voice, he forced a smile. "Don't let the sweet talk fool you. He's a nobody—always flirting with every girl he sees, trying to climb his way up by playing the victim."

Then, smirking, he gestured at Adyr's clothes. "Just look at him. Still wearing that university uniform everywhere. What kind of loser does that?"

With those words, the distant look returned to Dalin's face. Elegance was what she valued most, and aside from Adyr's posture and words, nothing about him seemed elegant.

"Hmph. I almost let Selina's lapdog fool me," Dalin said with disdain. "Someone like you doesn't belong here." Her voice turned sharp.

Cole, sensing the shift, grinned with satisfaction.

Adyr, unfazed, gave a casual shrug and laughed. "You're right. Then this dog will take his leave. See you around." He turned and began walking toward the elevator.

"You what?" Dalin blinked, momentarily thrown off. She couldn't tell if he had just insulted himself or was playing with them.

But Cole wasn't going to let him walk away that easily. He grabbed Adyr's shoulder and yanked him to a stop. "You little shit, you're not going anywhere until we say so."

Adyr halted under the pressure. Cole was a mutant, and his grip strength alone was easily twice what Adyr could manage right now. Judging by his posture, he'd made some progress in the game, too—stronger than before.

But Adyr didn't care about the power gap. He had no time to waste on meaningless drama.

Slowly, he turned his head. The smile from moments ago had vanished. In its place was a blank, unreadable expression.

He looked Cole in the eyes, deep, endless black eyes that gave away nothing, and spoke calmly, "You tired of your life or something?"

Cole froze.

Adyr looked weaker and much shorter than him. Just by appearances, anyone would've said Cole had already won the dominance game. But what he felt in that moment wasn't just intimidation—it was something primal.

His instincts surged. Every part of him screamed that whatever he was touching wasn't human.

For a brief moment, Cole tried to dismiss the fear as irrational. But without realizing it, his hand had already let go.

He didn't know what kind of wild animal he had grabbed, but his instincts did. The thing standing in front of him, staring straight into his soul, wasn't just dangerous.

It was a former serial killer who had taken hundreds of lives. And compared to him, wild beasts were tame.

"Woof!" Adyr barked suddenly at the pale-faced Cole, making him flinch and stumble back in fear.

Then, laughing out loud at his reaction, he turned his back and walked away, hands in his pockets.

Everyone stood frozen, stunned—except for one.

Dalin. A faint blush touched her cheeks, her eyes lit with excitement. She looked like a child who had just found a long-lost, cherished toy.

—

When Adyr got home, he informed his sister Niva about the updates regarding their mother and that she might return later than expected.

Though Niva tried to hide her worries, Adyr noticed them, and it unsettled him.

He wasn't used to this. He disliked anything that felt out of control. When he came home, he wanted stability. It didn't matter if it was monotonous; what mattered was that nothing caught him off guard and everything stayed in its place.

But that night, sleep escaped him. Nightmares he hadn't seen in a long time clawed their way back from the past and haunted him until morning.

By the time the sun rose, his mood was at its worst in years. Still, he masked it with practiced ease and left for headquarters.

After the usual routine—checking the forums for new threads and updates, finding nothing of value—he headed to the playroom and logged into the game.

Today, he planned to take out his frustration on a few unlucky wolves.

—

He opened his eyes to the quiet chatter of the villagers.

As usual, Vesha was at the center of it all, addressing their concerns with calm confidence. But the moment she saw Adyr wake, she hurried to his side.

"How do you feel? Did you get enough rest?" She asked, though there was a subtle shift in her tone, like she had sensed something off in him.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Ready to go," Adyr said with a smile, masking his restlessness a little more tightly.

Before heading out, Adyr decided to eat the breakfast they had prepared. This time, he didn't need to call over the children who had been watching him—they came on their own and joined him around the meal laid out on the floor.

He let them stay as he ate and chatted with them. Their presence, though small, helped push back his worries and quiet the constant paranoia, if only for a while.

Seeing him relaxed in their company, the other villagers didn't interrupt.

Once he had eaten and felt ready, Adyr left the shelter to the soft murmur of whispered prayers.

This time, no eyes followed him with doubt. The prayers weren't just for his safe return but for his triumph. They already believed he had what it took to wipe out the wolves.

—



"There's not much time before the hunter pack leaves the cave," Adyr murmured, sitting on a high tree branch as he observed the cave's entrances.

While watching them yesterday, he had paid close attention to the stronger wolves—the ones that left with the alpha for a few hours to hunt before returning. He was waiting for that exact moment to make his move.

"Today, I'm not logging off without taking a few lives with my own hands," he muttered, his eyes darkening as he continued to watch the cave in silence.

## **Chapter 48: Hunt of the Savage**

Birds chirped gently, playing beneath the warm sunlight. Leaves trembled with life under a calm breeze, and amidst it all, Adyr stood still, like the only lifeless thing in a living world.

For the past hour, the cave entrance had remained silent. No sane wild animal dared approach a den known to house a predator pack. The area was completely still.

Then, finally, movement.

"Right on time," Adyr murmured with satisfaction.

A group—twelve wolves to be exact—emerged cautiously from the cave, scanning their surroundings.

Compared to the old wolf he had fought yesterday, they looked younger and healthier. That didn't necessarily make them stronger, but their condition was clearly better.

One of them, however, stood out.

Larger than the others, with a fiercer presence. Its movements were confident and deliberate, and the way the rest of the pack behaved around it made it obvious—this was the new alpha.

The wolves gathered briefly at the entrance, then, following the alpha's lead, dashed into the forest. It was hunting time. Based on Adyr's observations, they wouldn't return for at least two hours.

Now it was his move.

He dropped swiftly from the tree and approached the cave. There were no sounds or signs of life from within, but the tracks outside told a different story. The pack's family was definitely still inside.

Adyr moved carefully. The cave wasn't brightly lit, but it wasn't dark enough to obscure his vision. Shafts of sunlight filtered through cracks in the ceiling, warming and faintly illuminating the interior.

The ground was mostly dry, covered with compacted earth, scattered animal bones, and a few that looked unmistakably humanoid.

He kept walking, guard up. The main fighters had left, but he was sure at least two adult wolves remained inside. Even pregnant, they were still dangerous. And so far, he hadn't seen any trace of a Spark. It was still a possibility.

Step by step, silent and patient, he advanced—until a sound ahead caught his attention. Moments later, he saw them.

In a wider chamber, lit by sunlight pouring through the ceiling, a handful of wolf pups were chasing each other and tumbling across the ground.

Their jet-black fur and sharp features marked them as descendants of the same bloodline. Yet their playful, tongue-lolling joy made them look more like domestic dogs than wild predators.

A little further off, under a wide beam of light, two adult wolves lay with their eyes closed, seemingly sunbathing. But Adyr wasn't fooled by the appearance of rest.

Their ears twitched constantly, reacting to even the slightest noise. They were fully alert, ready to protect their young.

They looked far weaker than the old alpha, Adyr noted.

Not just smaller in size and muscle mass, the bulging of their stomachs made it clear. They were pregnant and nowhere near their prime strength or speed.

Moving silently, Adyr scanned the area without alerting the wolves. The system even pinged him with a notification, recognizing his stealth and offering to upgrade the talent to level two—but he dismissed it. He didn't need it right now.

Once he was certain there were no other wolves nearby and no signs of a Spark, he made his move.

No tactics this time. The only plan was to waste no time.

He drew his short sword with his right hand and stepped casually into the chamber where the wolf family rested.

The first to notice him were the two adults who had appeared to be sleeping. They sprang to their feet, baring their teeth with low, threatening growls. One barked sharply—not at Adyr, but as a signal.

A warning call for the pups.

Startled by the sudden tension, the young wolves scrambled clumsily, tripping over one another before tumbling into a narrow crevice behind the adults. They were small, but their instincts—partly natural, partly taught—were already well-formed.

"Sorry to disturb you like this, ladies," Adyr said softly, his voice steady as he raised his short sword into a stance balanced between guard and offense. He wasn't looking for conversation. He was baiting them.

His face remained blank, devoid of emotion. His eyes, sharp and unblinking, locked onto the wolves with surgical focus. From him radiated a quiet, simmering bloodlust.

The wolves didn't move. They held their ground, hackles raised, lips curled back to reveal sharp, yellowed teeth. Their growls were low and warning, their posture not aggressive but protective. If he backed off now, they'd likely let him go. But Adyr had no intention of leaving.

*Smart*, he thought. *Good*.

That didn't worry him—it excited him. Smarter prey made for a more satisfying hunt.

Without warning, he flipped his sword into a reverse grip, his body dropping lower. Then he surged forward.

The wolves reacted instantly. Muscles tensed. Front legs bent. Their heads dipped as they crouched low, ready to pounce.

But just before entering their strike range, Adyr stopped abruptly, feet digging into the dirt with precision. In one swift, fluid motion, he reached to his belt and drew two small kitchen knives and hurled them at both wolves.

They dodged with ease, one leaping left, the other right. Exactly what Adyr wanted. Even a small separation was enough.

Without giving them time to regroup, he tossed a fork at the one on the left, forcing it to dodge again, while he closed the distance on the one to the right.

As the wolf lunged, he grabbed the small shield from his back with his left hand and raised it just in time. Its jaws slammed into the metal with a thud, sending a sharp jolt through his arm and sliding him back an inch in the dirt—but his footing held.

In the same motion, he switched his grip on the sword, from reverse to forward, and drove it upward with brutal precision.

The blade pierced through the soft fur beneath the wolf's jaw, sliding deep into its throat.

The growl died in an instant.

One down.

No hesitation. No wasted movement.

Just blood, steel, and control.

He didn't lose focus. Without delay, he raised his shield and shifted his short sword back into a reverse grip, dropping into a defensive stance.

The other wolf, now driven into a frenzy by the scent of blood and the instinct to protect, let out a guttural snarl and charged at him with savage speed.

Adyr didn't wait for the wolf to land the first impact. Just as it lunged, he timed it perfectly and parried the incoming fangs by slamming his shield into its mouth, yanking its head sharply to the left.

Using the momentum, he planted his feet firmly into the dirt, twisted his torso from the waist up, and brought the short sword, still held in a reverse grip, sweeping across like a combat blade.

The strike was clean and precise.

In one motion, he tore through the wolf's throat.

## **Chapter 49: First Evolutionary Step**

Adyr stood in silence, watching the light fade from the wolf's eyes.

He didn't move. Didn't speak. He simply felt the soul leaving the body, a strange sense of peace washing over him, as if bearing witness to a personal ritual.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Slowly, his muscles relaxed, and a calm settled over him. It wasn't his own, not entirely. It belonged to the thing inside him, the monster. Its hunger had finally been satisfied, its thirst for blood quieted since yesterday.

Now, with the fight over, his attention shifted. From the corner of his eye, he caught movement—tiny figures watching him through a crack in the cave wall.

The pups.

The moment they realized he had seen them, they scurried back into the shadows.

Adyr walked over slowly and peered inside. Five wolf pups huddled together, trembling, drawing what little courage they could from one another's closeness.

"Sorry, boys. That's how the world works. You should know it by instinct," he muttered with a sigh. Though still small now, in a year, they would grow into ferocious beasts like their parents.

Then, reaching behind him, he unwrapped the bundle of leather tied to his back and pulled out the Dawn Raven.

Since yesterday's meal, it had looked healthy, but signs of hunger had begun to show. Normally, it fed at least one person a day. By now, it was starving.

Adyr loosened its muzzle and released it toward the pups.

As the creature moved in to feed, he turned away and walked back to the two dead adult wolves.

"Now, let's see what you have for me," he muttered, kneeling down. With practiced movements, he skinned the wolf using his short sword, then cracked open its skull.

Just like with the old alpha, he found a single energy crystal inside—Level 2.

It pleased him, but also brought unease. This confirmed it. If these wolves carried energy crystals, then the pack was definitely under the influence of a Spark. Yet there was still no sign of one.

He repeated the process on the second wolf, extracting its crystal, cleaning both carefully, and swallowing them to absorb their energy.

**[You have consumed an Energy Crystal (Lv.2). Your Energy has increased by 1.]**

**[Energy]:** 13.6 / 25 → 14.6 / 25

...

**[Energy]:** 14.6 / 25 → 15.6 / 25

Once he was done, he turned toward where the Dawn Raven had been left. It had already finished its work, and all that remained were five small skeletons.

He picked up the creature and secured its muzzle once more. Then, with little hope, he checked the remains.

To his surprise, a smile formed on his face.

"With these, I can finally evolve," he said quietly.

In his hand was a Level 2 energy crystal—just like the others. With the crystals from the other skeletons, he now had five in total. Exactly enough to trigger his evolution.

—

After leaving the cave, Adyr returned to the village—but didn't head straight to the underground shelter.

Instead, he searched for a clean, sturdy house. One that was spacious, structurally sound, and easy to defend. Once he found it, he stepped inside.

The interior resembled a typical village home. It hadn't been touched in two days—everything was left as it was, scattered and unsettled.

Adyr locked the door behind him and double-checked the windows, making sure he was safe. Then he removed the leather bundle from his back, loosened the straps, and met the eyes of the Dawn Raven.

"Hey, buddy. How are you feeling?" He asked with a faint smile.

He had finally reached twenty energy—and it was time to take the first evolution step. And he had chosen to do it with the Dawn Raven.

Vesha had warned him to wait. She said there might be other rank 1 Sparks that could serve him better. But Adyr didn't care.

It wasn't just about strength or utility. There was something personal in this choice. He had formed a connection with the Dawn Raven. It was the first Spark he had encountered, the first he had touched, and he wanted it to hold a special place in this new life.

This wasn't just a decision—it was a ritual.

The Dawn Raven gave no response. Maybe it didn't understand what was coming. Or maybe it was just a dull Spark. Either way, it didn't matter.

Adyr opened the system interface and began scrolling through the log, searching for the earlier messages.

**[You captured a spark. Do you want to start your evolution process?]**

– **Cost:** 20 Energy

– **Rewards:**

**Evolutionary step:** Dawn Human

**Unlock:** [Sanctuary]

**Unlock:** [Spark]

"Let's see what this evolution is about," Adyr murmured, a flicker of anticipation stirring within him. Then, calmly, he said, "Yes."

Almost immediately, he felt it—the familiar yet still strange energy within him beginning to siphon out. But unlike the Talent Register process, it wasn't vanishing into the void. This time, it gathered visibly, surrounding both him and the Dawn Raven in a shimmering, translucent glow.

The hue reminded him of the same mysterious light he had seen when first unlocking the fifth path.

The energy lingered for a moment, wrapping around them, binding the two forms together. Then the Dawn Raven began to dissolve into pure energy, its body fading as it merged with the glowing aura.

The entire mass of light started flowing into Adyr, pouring into every pore of his skin, every fiber of his being.

Up until that point, all he had felt was warmth and calm.

But the moment the last trace of energy entered his body, it hit.

A violent spasm surged through him. It felt as though every muscle was being reshaped, carved with a blade. His body burned from the inside out.

Yet he didn't flinch. Not a sound, not a twitch. He knelt there, perfectly still.

He welcomed it.

Every wave of pain. Every internal shift. He absorbed it all, feeling power take root beneath the agony.

From every pore and sweat gland, a thick, dark, foul-smelling fluid began to seep out. His body was purging itself, expelling waste and weakness. Beneath the grime, his pale skin began to shift—brighter, firmer, subtly radiant.

His irises changed. The deep brown darkened further, becoming pure black, endless in depth.

His fingernails and toenails detached and fell to the ground, only to be replaced moments later by sharp new ones, tearing through the skin as they grew. They looked human, but up close, they glinted with a faint metallic sheen.

And then, the most dramatic change began—on his back.

His shoulder muscles tensed. His skin tore open along his shoulder blades with a sickening crack. From the wounds, white bone erupted and arched outward.

The bones shaped themselves into a perfect pair of wings. Flesh quickly formed over them, followed by feathers as white as snow. And with it came something else—his mind stirred. A strange sensation rippled through his thoughts, like memories not his own being forcefully inserted.

They weren't memories of a life lived but genetic memories—instinctual knowledge passed through blood.

Flight. Hunting. Survival.

The core instincts of the Dawn Raven now lived inside him.

When the final wave of transformation passed, Adyr slowly rose to his feet.

Behind him stretched a pair of majestic wings, nearly two meters long, white as fallen snow. He gave them a slow, heavy beat.

They didn't feel foreign. They felt natural.

As natural as his arms or legs.

If he had been standing under an open sky, he might have taken off without hesitation.

He then opened the updated status panel and examined the changes.

## **Chapter 50: Dawn Human**

**[Name]:** Adyr

**[Race]:** Dawn Human



**[Path]:** Primora

**[Evolution Step]:** 0 → 1

**[Physique]:** 10 → 20

**[Will]:** 6

**[Resilience]:** 5

**[Sense]:** 4

**[Energy]:** 20.6 / 25 → 0.6 / 135

**[Registered Talents]:** 5/5 → 5/10

**[Sparks]:** 0/5

**[Sanctuary]:** Dawn Land

**[Free Stat Points]:** 0

Adyr reviewed his status panel. The first thing that caught his eye was the evolution step, upgraded from 0 to 1, and his race, now updated to Dawn Human.

He waited for a system window explaining what that meant, but nothing appeared. Not that it was necessary. The knowledge had already been etched into his mind during the evolution process, detailing everything about his new race.

He then noticed only **[Physique]** had increased. That was expected. Dawn Ravens belonged to the Astra Path, so it was normal for the evolution to boost the stat corresponding to that path.

The most noticeable change, however, was in his energy. His maximum pool had increased to 135. The first thought that came to mind was that he could now register a level 3 talent.

But among all these changes, the one that caught his attention the most was **[Sanctuary]**.

He already knew what it was—at least, based on the information that had been imprinted into his mind after the evolution.

Closing his eyes, he focused on the energy flowing through him. Within moments, his consciousness shifted.

His body, now like a drifting soul, floated above a small island. Below him, surrounded by an endless sea of transparent energy, lay a patch of land covered in soft green grass.

The island was barely large enough to fit a single car. It was simple, quiet, and his. The atmosphere lived up to the name Dawn—a soft, pale glow filled the space, even though there was no sun or moon in what he could call a sky at all.

This was his Sanctuary Land—the inner domain granted to him upon becoming a Dawn Human.

Digging through the memories burned into his mind, he realized this would be the place where captured sparks would reside and grant him access to their unique powers. But that wasn't what intrigued him most. There was another feature, one far more interesting.

Adyr opened his eyes and looked around. Spotting a nearby pillow, he picked it up, focused his energy again, and let a small portion flow from his body to the object. The pillow glowed briefly, then vanished.

His status panel showed a 0.1 energy reduction. He didn't care. It had been worth the test.

He closed his eyes once more and returned to Dawn Land. There it was, the same pillow, now resting at the center of the tiny island.

He thought for a moment, then opened his eyes and reached for the leather pouch. From it, he took out ten level 1 energy crystals—the same ones he had collected from skeletons in the cave and set aside, thinking they might be useful later.

Applying the same method he had used on the pillow, he transferred each crystal. When he returned to his Sanctuary, all ten were there, resting atop the pillow.

The best part was that the transfer hadn't cost him any energy. Apparently, since the crystals were composed of pure energy, moving them between worlds didn't trigger any energy consumption.

He let out a short laugh. "Now I know how to transfer physical items between both worlds." But then he paused and added, "If this change to my body applies in the other world as well."

Every stat increase had affected his real body before, but this time, the change was far more drastic—and he could only confirm the results after logging out.

He then turned his thoughts back to **[Sanctuary]**. He had access only to the basic information and still needed to investigate its full capabilities, but even this single feature was enough to satisfy him.

Opening his eyes again, he shifted focus back to his physical body.

He flexed the large wings on his back once. Immediately, the feathers began to wither and fall. The wings shrank rapidly, producing a wet, grotesque sound as they pulled back into his back through raw, closing wounds, leaving behind nothing but two faint scars.

"That was more exhausting than I thought," he muttered under his breath.

Then, focusing again, he forced the scars open. His wings burst out once more, regrowing into full form as new white feathers quickly layered over the bone and muscle.

"I should use this more carefully in the future." This time, his breath was clearly strained, his voice edged with fatigue.

Folding and unfolding the wings drained him far more than expected.

Without giving himself a moment to rest, he stepped outside. The sky was still bright. Sunlight bathed the landscape.

Following a primal instinct, he spread his wings, bent his knees, and launched himself into the air. Dust exploded beneath his feet as he shot upward.

"Now this is a new feeling I could get addicted to," Adyr said as he soared, gazing down at the vast scenery below.

Flying came naturally—not as a human, but with the instincts of a Dawn Human.

What didn't come naturally was the stamina it required. His muscles burned. It felt like finishing a marathon with legs on the verge of collapse.

After barely two minutes in the air, he was forced to land.

He quickly concluded that to sustain flight longer, he needed to increase his **[Physique]**—and more critically, his **[Resilience]**.

**[Resilience]** not only enhanced physical, mental, and spiritual defenses, but it also offered resistance to toxins, exhaustion, and various negative effects. With a higher value, he could likely reduce the muscle cramps seizing his wings.

After finishing his checks and noting from his mental timer that there were still a few hours left before logout, Adyr decided to hunt a few more wolves.

"But first, I need a shower," he muttered, catching the foul stench on his skin and the sticky layer clinging to his body.

—

"They should be back any time now," Adyr muttered, perched atop a tree as he watched the wolves' cave.

He was now completely clean, dressed in a plain white t-shirt and black pants—cheap, but a clear improvement over the worn, filthy pajamas he'd been wearing until now. The most noticeable detail was the fit. The clothes were slightly too small, the pants barely reaching his ankles.

After washing up, he had gone through several homes in the village and picked out the best pieces he could find that came close to his size.

While waiting in a good mood for the wolves to return from their hunt, they finally appeared, carrying prey and entering the cave to share it with the future of their pack.

But just minutes later, they burst back out, snarling. Their eyes burned with rage and panic, fur standing on end, bodies coiled with tension as they scanned the surroundings.

It was clear—they were searching for the one who had murdered their kin.