

Strongest Mage with the Lust system #Chapter 821: Upgrading The Rooms - Read Strongest Mage with the Lust system Chapter 821: Upgrading The Rooms

Soon after, though, he put a smile on his face.

If Max had noticed him looking down on the desolate region's people or hadn't noticed that he was an Emperor mage, he wouldn't have bothered to be nice to him.

But since he had, he reckoned having an amiable relationship with him might turn out to be beneficial while they were in this town.

"Seeing that the old sir doesn't have many guests—sorry, customers—and therefore isn't earning much, I have decided to upgrade our two rooms from the second floor to the third floor and help you out a little," he said, putting the two silver badges on the table.

While the badges were needed to enter the room, if someone was already inside—like Esther and the others currently were—they wouldn't need the badges to come out. This was why he didn't ask them to empty the room immediately when he came down and just took the badges instead.

The grey-haired man didn't react to his words and calmly nodded.

"That can be done, dear customer. But be informed that because you have already occupied the rooms for around an hour now, a fee of 50 mana stones will be deducted from your deposit."

Max nodded. "I understand."

"Alright. Then please pay 700 High Grade Mana Stones," the grey-haired receptionist said.

Max nodded. As he took out the bronze badge of the room on the first floor and the mana stones, he asked, "How do I address you, old sir?"

"You can call me Mr. Dylan," the man said after hesitating for a bit.

"So, Mr. Dylan. Will you charge 50 mana stones if I want to cancel the reservation of the first floor's room?" Max asked, putting the bronze badge on the table.

"No," Mr. Dylan shook his head, causing Max to smile lightly.

Since he was renting two rooms on the third floor, and they had no upper limit on occupants, he planned to take one of the rooms with Esme, Ella, Rima, and Maria, while the rest would stay in the other.

Normally, the ladies would find it awkward to sleep in the same room as Noah, but given the situation, they wouldn't mind.

Well, even if they were to mind, he could do nothing about it, because if he were to rent another room for him, they wouldn't have enough high-grade mana stones to rent the rooms for another day.

Hm? There won't be enough left even if I rent just two, he thought, realizing that after paying these 700, he would have only 500 left.

I had 3000 high-grade ones in total before entering the central plains. Then I paid 12001 as the entry fee, paid 100 to Ling Han, and 500 to rent three rooms, which left me with only 1200.

I need to find a way to either earn more or convert the mid and low-grade ones I have on me into high-grade ones, he mused.

Just as he was making his calculations, he heard Mr. Dylan say,

"The inn doesn't return the money if you want to vacate the room prematurely."

The corner of his lips twitched in annoyance. Really, old man? Was there really a need to pause there?

Mr. Dylan acted as if he didn't notice his expression and asked,

"So, are you going to keep the room for the rest of the day or vacate it?"

Max took back the bronze badge, telling him his decision.

Though he wasn't going to use it—because he didn't know if John would send people to attack them today or at night—but since he wasn't getting any mana stones back, he would just keep the badge in case he needed to use it.

Then, he gave him 700 high-grade mana stones to upgrade the rooms.

After storing them away, Mr. Dylan gave him two golden badges with room numbers engraved on them.

Max took them and asked,

"Where can I exchange low and mid-grade mana stones for high-grade ones?"

"There are small merchant shops in the town's center," Mr. Dylan said before sitting down in his chair and picking up his booklet.

Max nodded and left. He would go there after settling everyone in their new rooms.

...

"Are you alright?" Max asked Ella, who had regained consciousness a while ago.

"Yes, thanks to Lady Esme." Ella nodded, glancing at Esme who sat on her other side.

"Good. Now, let's go. We are changing the room," Max said, and knowing they would ask why, he explained to them what had happened.

"Heng! This will be the last time he can act so wantonly if he really dares to target us." Esme snorted, dark murderous intent flashing in her beautiful eyes.

Seeing this, Max smiled.

...

A short while later, Max left the inn, alone this time, and headed toward the town center.

The moment he had left the inn, he had felt someone watching him, but the feeling was extremely faint, making him doubt himself. But as he walked through the streets, he became certain that he was really being watched.

His expression didn't change, but a cold glint flashed in the depths of his eyes.

A short while later, he arrived at the town center and was immediately stopped.

"Entry fee is 10 high-grade mana stones," said a man who stopped him. He was dressed in an earthen-colored uniform—the same as the ones worn by the mages guarding the town entrance—meaning they were the town lord's people.

"When did you start charging for allowing people into the market?" Max asked as he took out the required mana stones and handed them to him.

The man smirked,

"Ever since you people started migrating in large numbers."

"I see..." Max nodded and entered the market.

Soon, he found a shop with 'Convert Mana Stones' written on a plaque in front of the entrance.

"Hehe, welcome, customer," a fat man greeted him and pointed at a board on the wall.

"There are the conversion rates and the fee we charge. Read them and tell me how many low and mid-grade mana stones you want to convert."

Max glanced over at the board and immediately his expression frosted over.

[A/N: I made a mistake in the previous chapter. There are twelve people in his group, not nine—Esther, Anna, Nyra, Noah, Esme, Gene, Maria, Ella, Ellie, Garima, Rima, and Max. So, he paid 1200 mana stones in entry fee, not 900 as I had mentioned before. I have corrected it. My apologies for it. Also, did none of you notice it? Lmao!]

Chapter 822: A Cowardly Merchant

Mana Stones Exchange Rates

Low Grade to Mid Grade: 400 Low Grade Mana Stones for 1 Mid Grade Mana Stone.

Mid Grade to High Grade: 250 Mid Grade Mana Stones for 1 High Grade Mana Stone.

Max's expression frosted over instantly when he read the board and saw these outrageous, intent-on-extorting-them exchange rates.

He gazed down at the fat shopkeeper and asked in an emotionless voice, "These rates—if I'm not wrong—all other shops are giving similar exchange rates, right?"

The fat shopkeeper was a peak Five Star mage. Seeing Max was just a peak Four Star mage, he was all smiles and completely at ease, unlike the times when he faced King and even Emperor mages who came to exchange their mana stones.

After all, even though he was a native of the central plains, he wasn't too talented and had only managed to reach the Five Star realm by relying on alchemical medicine and natural treasures.

Therefore, he wasn't strong enough, and because he wasn't fearless like most mages, he always tensed up when facing stronger people—even if they were from the desolate region—afraid that they might attack him in anger.

But when he saw Max was weaker than him, he naturally didn't feel the same. However... when he looked into Max's eyes, he felt a chill in his heart and his body turned stiff.

"I asked you something." Max frowned when he saw the fat man didn't answer and was just staring at him with a wooden expression on his face.

"Ah, y-yes, yes. All shops have similar rates," the fat man hurriedly nodded.

Max didn't want to comment on their vicious methods but couldn't help himself and said, "You people are really ruthless."

The fat man panicked, hearing the rage in his voice. He had already realized Max could easily kill him despite his low realm.

Though all the merchants had an accord with the town lord that she would ensure their safety—and there were town guards constantly patrolling the market too—unfortunately, they weren't nearby at this moment.

So, if Max lost control and attacked him...

'No, no, no. I can't let that happen,' he screamed in his mind and quickly said, raising his hands in front of him as if in surrender,

"Please don't get angry, young master. We aren't ruthless, we are just trying to earn more—no, no, what am I saying. Yes, what I mean to say is that I'll give you a good exchange rate."

Max narrowed his eyes, surprise flickering within them.

How could a Five Star mage—especially someone from the central plains—become so scared facing a *savage* from the desolate regions on his home turf? It was inconceivable to him. Well, it was inconceivable until a few moments ago.

"Oh, so you are not as ruthless, huh?" he asked, his tone softening slightly.

The fat man's eyes lit up seeing this and he immediately nodded, "Yes, yes. I'm not ruthless at all."

"I see. Then tell me, what rates do you offer now?" Max asked, staring at him with narrowed eyes.

"I... it's three... no, two hundred low grade mana stones for one mid grade mana stone, and a hundred mid grade ones for one high grade one," the fat man nervously answered.

Despite how scared he was, he didn't want to reduce the rate too much and wanted to offer 300 low grade for one mid grade and 200 mid grade for one high grade mana stone, but when he saw Max's expression becoming cold, he hurriedly reduced the price even more.

Max didn't answer and silently stared at him, making him nervous.

"Y-Young master, it's the best rate you would find in the entirety of the central plains, but if you are still not satisfied with it, then I will—"

He gritted his teeth and was ready to bear the loss, but to his surprise and relief, Max shook his head.

"No need. This rate is good."

He knew the mid-to-high grade mana stone exchange rate he offered him was quite reasonable. And since he disliked them because of their extortion practices, he didn't want to become like them and use this man's fear to extort him—it was beneath him.

While the fat man heaved a sigh of relief, Max thought for a moment before taking out 900,000 mid grade mana stones.

Since there were many low-realmed people in his group like Ella, Maria, Esther, and others, who wouldn't be able to use high grade mana stones—let alone mana crystals—to cultivate, he decided to keep 100,000 mid grade ones and all of the low grade ones.

Not only because the ladies would use them to cultivate, but also because he only had around half a million low grade ones, which would be converted into just 25 high grade ones—a pitiful amount.

After the fat shopkeeper scanned the mana stones and ascertained they were indeed 900,000, he stored them away and gave him 9,000 high grade mana stones.

Max stowed them away, satisfied.

Now, he had over 9,500 high grade mana stones—more than enough to rent the rooms on the third floor for several days if necessary.

Before he left the shop, he asked the fat man, "What's your name?"

"Samuel Reeds, young master," the fat man answered.

"I see. It was a pleasure doing business with you, Samuel," Max said and left.

Samuel walked out of the shop and looked around. After he was sure Max had indeed left, his expression turned ugly and he stomped his feet in rage. "Pleasure, my foot!"

"Oh, what is it? Why do you look so angry?"

Right then, a group of three town guards appeared and asked him when they saw him shouting and stomping the ground in anger.

Instantly, Samuel's expression turned dark and he lashed out, "Where the fuck were you? Why am I paying the town lord protection fee? For you guys to disappear when I need you?"

The guards' expressions turned dark. He was just a small merchant—where did he get the courage to scold them?

Samuel realized what he had done in a fit of anger, and his face turned pale.

"I-I'm sorry, respected sirs. I was angry because someone extorted me just a while ago when you weren't here, so... I-I didn't mean to shout at you," he hurriedly stammered out the explanation.

Hmph!

The trio scoffed. They were still angry, but since he had been conned and had already apologized, they chose to forget it and asked,

"Tell us what happened in detail."

Chapter 823: Scared Away

While Samuel told the guards how Max '*extorted*' him, Max left the market after seeing there was nothing good available—most of the shops were focused on mana exchange, while some others sold miscellaneous things.

While there was an auction house and a large merchant hall opened by the town lord where some good things might be available, he was too poor to think about buying them.

'Anyways, it's not like I urgently need anything.'

Max shrugged carelessly as he walked back to the Candle's Inn. With his Nascent Energy, he really didn't need anything—at least not before he became a Five Star mage.

...

"Mr. Dylan, are you aware that refusing us means you are not giving our lord any face and are offending him?"

"Hm?"

Even before he entered the inn, he heard this cold and arrogant voice.

'What's going on?' he thought, walking in.

Immediately, he saw two girls in cloaks standing in front of Mr. Dylan with furious expressions on their faces, while Mr. Dylan was sitting leisurely with his legs on the table and his booklet in his hands.

He looked completely unbothered, and it seemed he was about to respond to them when Max walked in. He glanced at him, rubbed his temple, and said,

"I can't go against the rules of the inn and give you any information about the customers on the third floor. If your lord gets offended by it, then... so be it. Now please leave. You have disturbed me enough."

'Oh? So, they are the two Ling Han told me about?' Max thought, killing intent appearing in his heart.

The cloaked girls frowned in displeasure and were about to say something when they suddenly stiffened, feeling a chill run down their spine.

Shua! Shua!

Immediately, they turned around, took out foot-long daggers, and went into battle stances as they cautiously glared at Max.

"Hm, as expected of assassins. You are quite perceptive of killing intent," Max said, taking a step toward them.

He didn't release his aura because he knew Mr. Dylan would not allow him to fight inside the inn. The assassin duo also knew this, which was why they didn't release their aura or mana and merely took battle stances.

The duo didn't respond and just continued to stare at him, heavy wariness flashing deep in their eyes.

Mr. Dylan rolled his eyes. *'What perceptive? Even an ordinary person would sense your overflowing intent to murder.'*

He then cleared his throat and said, "No fighting is allowed inside the inn. Please resolve your feud outside."

Max nodded and turned around to walk outside but stopped when he sensed the duo wasn't following him out.

Max cocked a brow and was about to ask why they weren't moving when he noticed the suppressed trembling of their bodies and almost non-existent breathing.

'They are... scared?' he thought.

The assassin duo exchanged a glance between them and put their daggers away before bowing toward Max. "Please forgive us, young lord, but we are not willing to fight you."

Before Max could say anything, they took a blue talisman and slapped it on their chests.

Splash!

Immediately, their bodies turned into water, which then instantly evaporated.

Wide-eyed, Max stared at the place where they had been standing in astonishment.

He obviously knew they had used talismans, but...

'What kind of talisman can turn someone into water?'

This was his first time seeing something so wondrous and strange.

He turned to Mr. Dylan, who had a calm look on his face and a heated glimmer in his eyes, which quickly vanished.

"How extravagant!" he muttered.

This surprised Max. *'It seems they really weren't something ordinary.'*

Thinking this, he asked, "What kind of talismans were they, Mr. Dylan?"

Mr. Dylan took a breath and said, "Elemental Regulation Talisman."

"Elemental Regulation Talisman?" Max asked, curious.

"Hm." Mr. Dylan nodded.

...

Max stared at the man in a daze, feeling an urge to rush over and beat him up and shout, *'I wasn't confirming whether what I heard was right, old man. I asked so you would explain the Elemental Regulation Talismans to me!'*

After a while, he shook his head, turned around, and walked toward the stairs leading to the upper floor, muttering in a low voice, "If you're really this infuriating, I'm sure you don't have any friends."

Though his voice was very low, who was Mr. Dylan? He was an Emperor mage. To him, there was practically no difference between Max speaking in a low voice or shouting out loud.

So, he clearly heard him. However, he didn't react in any way at all. Anyone who saw this would think he hadn't heard him.

Max let out a sigh and turned to look at him.

"Thank you, Mr. Dylan, for not telling them anything," he said.

"No need to thank me. I just followed the inn's rules," Mr. Dylan casually said, his eyes focused on the small booklet.

Max didn't say anything in response and went upstairs.

There were ten rooms on the third floor, and only four were occupied—two of which were theirs. Esther, Anna, Noah, Nyra, Garima, Gene, and Ellie were staying in one room, while he and his women—Esme, Rima, Maria, and Ella—were staying in the other.

When the door opened after he knocked on it, Rima appeared in front of him, a concerned expression on her beautiful face.

Max was about to ask what was wrong when he heard her say, "You didn't cause any trouble this time, right?"

Pu!

Max almost staggered, the corner of his lips twitching.

'Does she think I love causing trouble?'

"What are you waiting for, tell me—quick." Rima urged, a mischievous glint flashing in the depths of her eyes.

Max noticed this and secretly released his bloodline sense to sense her emotions. Immediately, he realized what she was up to.

With a smile, he pushed Rima inside the room before closing the door.

Then, without caring whether Esme and the others were watching, he pulled her into his embrace, wrapped one of his arms around her willowy waist, and put the other on the back of her head before leaning down and capturing her sweet, full lips.

"Mmff!"

Rima's eyes widened. She put her hands on his chest and wanted to push him away, but when she felt him dominate her lips and put his tongue inside her mouth, her resistance melted away—along with her body, which leaned powerlessly against his.

Strongest Mage with the Lust system #Chapter 824: Pour My All Into You - Read Strongest Mage with the Lust system Chapter 824: Pour My All Into You

Chapter 824: Pour My All Into You

Max gave her a deep kiss that lasted for over five minutes.

When he finally broke the kiss and moved his face away from her, she was left breathless, her face flushed an enchanting shade of red, and her eyes were hazy with desire.

"Sorry for not paying you enough attention during this past month. But don't worry, from now on, I'll pamper you properly along with the rest of your sist—"

Max smiled at her, and while speaking, he raised his head and glanced at Esme and the others, wanting to let them know they would be making love together and that they should prepare themselves.

While Maria and Rima had experienced this before, Esme and Ella had not, so he knew they would feel embarrassed. Thus, he felt there was a need to let them know about what was coming.

His words, however, stuck in his throat, and his expression froze when he saw them because...Garima and Esther were also here, and currently, they were looking at him with strange expressions on their faces.

After being stunned for a while, Max snapped back to his senses.

'What's there to be embarrassed about? They are going to become my women too. Huh?!'

When this thought arose unbidden in his mind, he once again froze.

He already had plans about Garima since the first time he saw her and the system issued him the mission, so it was normal for him to think of her as his woman, but Esther—why did he think the same about her?

However, he didn't have time for self-reflection right now because, with everyone staring at him, the situation had become awkward and he needed to resolve it.

Calmly, he put his arm around Rima's waist and walked toward them. With a faint smile on his face, he nonchalantly asked, "What were you ladies discussing?"

"Nothing important," Esme said with a smile, shaking her head.

Garima gave him an expressionless look before she stood up and glanced at Esther.
"We should return to our room now."

"Sure," Esther nodded and stood up before walking out of the room with her.

Creak!

Clack!

When the door closed, Rima pushed Max away and glared at him while Esme also looked at him with a displeased look in her beautiful eyes. As for Maria and Ella, they were doing everything to hide their flushed faces full of embarrassment.

Max swept his gaze across the ladies before looking at Rima. Raising his brows slightly, he asked,

"What?"

"Shouldn't you have taken a look inside the room before kissing me?" she asked, her expression stern and her hands on her hips, which only made her look more seductive than she already was.

Max shrugged. "How was I supposed to know they would be with you all? Besides, so what if they saw us kissing? We are husband and wife."

Ba-Dum!

Rima's heart skipped a beat when she heard this, and her stern expression immediately melted. Esme, sitting on the bed, shook her head. 'What a hopeless girl!'

She then paused and realized that if she were in Rima's place and he had said the same thing to her, she would have also forgotten about everything else.

She bit her lower lip, a guilty look briefly flashing in her eyes before her gaze became determined. 'I should let go of the past completely now.'

Max became a bit curious when he saw her expression but didn't ask what she was thinking.

Instead, he took a step toward the now dazed Rima, circled his arms around her waist, pulled her into his body, and kissed her full lips deeply.

Maria hurriedly moved her gaze away when she saw this, her fair cheeks flushed red. A moment later, however, she tilted her head slightly and watched them from the corner of her eye, her breathing deepening.

Ella, on the other hand, wasn't so flustered like her and was just a bit embarrassed. There was also a hint of worry and anticipation in her eyes as she occasionally watched them make out.

While kissing, Max's hands slid down her waist and cupped her shapely, soft buttocks in his palms.

Ahn~

The soft and fluffy sensation was so appetizing that before he knew it, his fingers had sunk into her cheeks, massaging and kneading them to his heart's content, and this constant rubbing and sexual tension made Rima moan.

After a few minutes, Max reluctantly broke the kiss, pulling his lips away from hers. While breathing heavily, they gazed into each other's eyes, filled with desire for each other.

Shua!

Max moved and lifted her in his arms before throwing her onto the bed where she bounced on the springy mattress, her heartbeat increasing as she watched him take off his upper robes.

"You have done a great job in these past few months, reaching the peak of the Three Star realm," Max said, tossing his upper robe to the side and walking toward the bed, his gaze locked with hers.

"I, however, know you think you are still not strong enough, which is true. So, from today onwards, until we are here in this inn at least, I'm going to *pour my all into you...*"

Saying this, he paused and glanced at Ella, Maria, and Esme. "...And *into you three* to help you become stronger. So, prepare yourselves. I'm not going to stop even if you beg me to stop."

Gulp!

The ladies gulped nervously when they heard him and saw the ravenous look in his eyes that were now crimson-pink. At the same time, they felt their pussies tingle in anticipation.

While Ella and Esme managed to stop themselves, Rima and Maria blurted out immediately after he spoke.

"Make me beg for mercy~"

"I'm prepared for you, my Lord~"

When they realized what they had said, Maria covered her beet-red face with her hands while Rima pouted her sexy lips and after a moment's embarrassment, looked at him provocatively, challenging him.

Max's lips curled up in a hungry and amused grin and...

Boom!

His lower robe suddenly burst into flames, burning into nothingness within a second, revealing his fully aroused, stiff but throbbing rod.

With another step, he arrived before Esme and Ella, who were sitting on the bed. Glancing at Esme, who was looking at his raging dragon while biting her lower lip, looking extremely sexy, he leaned down, lifted Ella's chin with his finger and, while looking into her nervous and fearful eyes, kissed her rosy lips.

"No need to be nervous. Just surrender yourself to me. I'll take care of everything," he said after kissing her.

"Mm~" Ella unconsciously nodded, her thighs clenched tightly and slowly rubbing together.

The moment his lips touched hers, all her worries had already vanished without a trace and now she only wanted him to take her in his arms, kiss her, and make love to her.

Her eyes widened slightly when she got hold of herself, but then she looked at him and let go of all her insecurities.

Then she saw Max standing up, intending to move toward Esme, and hurriedly threw her arms around his neck and raised her face toward him, silently asking him to kiss her.

Chapter 825: You Feel Amazing, Ella~

Max's eyes flickered with intense lust. Leaning down, he pressed his lips over hers before shoving his tongue into her mouth for a deep kiss.

At the same time, his hands went down to her matronly buttocks spread out on the bed underneath and grabbed them before gently lifting her up while making sure he wasn't straining her now over six-month-old pregnant belly.

Nngh~

Ella shivered when she felt his hands on her rear. Then, as she wondered with her dizzy mind—due to the intense ongoing kiss—what he wanted to do after lifting her up, she

found herself sitting on his lap, naked because he had burnt off her dress when he lifted her.

When she felt his hard and hot cock touch her puffy pussy, more sensitive than usual perhaps because of her pregnancy, she sucked in a cold breath and experienced a small climax.

Nnngghhh~

Then, before she could come down from the high, she felt his bulbous cockhead pry open her creamy lips and enter her warm and tight depths, causing her to shiver and let out a loud nasal moan.

"Ohn~ You feel amazing, Ella!" Max also moaned, feeling her soft insides tightly wrapped around his cock.

Maybe it was because she hadn't been fucked for a few months, or because she had become a mage—making her body stronger and her pussy tighter—or perhaps it was due to the somewhat taboo feeling of doing a pregnant woman, she felt so good that he almost regretted not doing her this past month.

Feeling his cock inside her and upon hearing his words, a jolt of pleasure shot through her body, which made her straighten her spine and press down on his cock, causing it to slide deeper inside her—which gave her more pleasure—until she became a quivering mess.

Max took a deep breath, feeling the pleasure snap the last vestiges of control he still had over his lust into pieces.

Before he started moving her up and down on his cock, he glanced at Esme sitting beside him, dumbly staring at them, and said, "Stop me when you think I'm causing her or the baby in her belly too much discomfort."

"Ah, o-okay." Esme hurriedly nodded, feeling envious of Ella. Behind them, on the bed, Rima was pouting.

'Hmph! This detestable guy, he was supposed to do me first,' she harrumphed inwardly. Then, she touched her belly and thought, 'Maybe I should have him impregnate me. He would pay me more attention then.'

A dreamy look appeared on her face when she thought this, but a few seconds later, she shook her head.

Though the thought was tempting, before they could ensure that they would be able to raise the baby in a safe environment, she couldn't afford to get pregnant.

On the side, Maria's head was swimming. She was too distracted to think about anything and could only watch him fuck Ella through the gap of her fingers covering her eyes.

...In the other room, Anna and Ellie were listening to Gene talk about the central plains with interest when the door opened and Esther and Garima walked in, looking a bit distracted.

This immediately got them worried. Anna stood up and asked, "What happened, Aunt Esther, Sister Garima?"

"Eh, nothing. Why do you ask?" Esther asked.

"Because you two look distracted."

"Oh, it's... nothing." Esther shook her head. But then she paused and looked at them.

Knowing they would worry needlessly if she didn't tell them anything, she said, "It's really nothing. Max returned, so we came back to give them some alone time."

"...I see." Anna nodded expressionlessly and returned to the bed.

Meanwhile, Ellie bit her lower lip, knowing what he would be doing with her mother. Beside her, Gene wrinkled her pretty nose. Though she had already accepted Esme and Max's relationship, she didn't like it because her granny was no longer spending as much time with her.

Garima's gaze moved across Anna, Ellie, and Esther, a strange expression appearing on her face for a moment.

...

While Max got busy with his women, Number 3 and Number 4—the assassin girls—after fleeing the Candle's Inn, returned and started asking around about Max's group.

Since John Raelion had ordered them to find out about them, and Mr. Dylan refused to tell them, they had no choice but to try their luck.

However, they failed to find anyone who could tell them about Max's group even after wasting over an hour.

But their luck wasn't too bad either, as they managed to find that it was Ling Han who had helped them settle in the Candle's Inn.

Within ten minutes after this, they found out the inn Ling Han used to work for and immediately headed there.

Upon entering the inn, they saw Aki, who was about to greet them but frowned when she saw them—clearly, she recognized them.

"You are Raelion's people? What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Hello, Miss Aki. We are here to find out about some people." Number 3 said and waved her hand, conjuring Ling Han's, Max's, and Anna's images with her mana.

Aki narrowed her eyes when she saw them, a hint of anger flashing within them, but she concealed it quickly and waited for them to speak.

Number 3 and Number 4, being trained assassins, noticed the subtle change. Aki also realized this, but her expression didn't change.

Number 3 pointed at Ling Han's image. "This guy works for your Breeze Inn, right, Miss Aki?"

"He did," Aki corrected.

"Oh? He no longer works here?" Number 4 asked, curious.

Aki nodded and casually said, "Yeah. I threw him out right after he led his blue-haired boy's group out of my inn."

Number 3 and Number 4 exchanged a glance before asking, "Can you tell us about his group, Miss Aki? He has offended Lord John, who has sent us to find out about his group's strength so he can deal with them accordingly. We can see he has offended you too, so—"

"A Golden Pass for the upcoming auction in White Plume City." Aki interrupted Number 4, a crafty glint flashing in her eyes. "Ask him to arrange it for me and I shall tell you everything I know about them."

Chapter 826: Golden Pass

"This... Miss Aki, isn't your demand too outrageous? You should know since they arrived just today in town, we can just go and ask the guards at the town entrance about them," Number 3 coldly said.

Though she and her sister—yes, Number 4 was her blood sister, just a few years younger than her—tried not to interfere with John Raelion's business too much, since they worked for him, they knew many things that normal people might not—the upcoming auction in White Plume City was one of these things.

White Plume City was one of the biggest cities in the outer sector of the central plains. Recently, it became more famous in the outer sector because they auctioned off a few peak Emperor rank items and one Monarch rank medicine.

Even in the resource-rich central plains, there weren't many Emperor rank—Grade 7 resources available, let alone Grade 8 resources that Monarchs used. So, when a city auctioned off multiple Grade 7 and even one Grade 8 resource, it naturally became a sensation.

The Sterling Auction House, which auctioned off these items, had announced a month ago that there would be another auction.

Immediately after the announcement, people from all over rushed to White Plume City and started buying the passes to participate in the auction with wild frenzy, which not only made it so that there weren't many passes left, but also caused the price of the passes—even ordinary ones—to soar, reaching several hundred thousand High Grade mana stones.

The Sterling Auction House had four types of passes—White Pass, Bronze Pass, Silver Pass, and lastly, the Golden Pass.

The White Pass was the ordinary pass and thereby the least expensive one. Normally, one could buy it within 1,000 to 10,000 High Grade mana stones based on the scale of the auction.

The Bronze Pass was more expensive and could easily cost hundreds of thousands of High Grade mana stones, but unlike the ordinary pass holders, Bronze Pass holders could sit on the first floor, which was a sign of their wealth and strength.

The Silver Pass was even more expensive and could get you a separate cabin on the second floor.

As for the Golden Pass, one couldn't get it just by paying mana stones; one needed to be a person of renown and status. Even many people from the inner sector weren't able to get a Golden Pass even if they were Emperors.

Now, Aki was asking for a Golden Pass. Did she really think that the information about Max's group was worth it? If yes, she was dreaming.

"Go on then. I'm sure because of your lord's relationship with the Town Lord, they would easily tell you," Aki said, her lips curling up.

Number 3 and Number 4's eyelids twitched when they heard this.

While it was true the Town Lord had some relationship with John because of his elder brother, she was a woman renowned for her greedy nature. She would not do anyone any favors without asking for a hefty price.

Although they didn't know exactly what price John's brother paid last time when John faced trouble after killing that girl, they knew even he felt the pinch because afterwards he had scolded John a lot.

If they were to go ask the guards, she would know and would ask an exorbitant price. Of course, it wouldn't be something as ludicrous as a Golden Pass of the Sterling Auction House, but still, it would not be something they could pay and would have to ask John, who would then scold them for being useless.

The duo sighed. After mentally communicating for a while, Number 3 took out her communication crystal and started conversing with John.

Aki watched them with a small smile on her face. Not only would she be able to teach Max, that rude brat, a lesson through John, she would also get some benefits from him. It was a win-win situation for her.

After a while, Number 3 put away her communication crystal and turned to Aki, her expression indifferent.

"Lord John will gift you a Bronze Pass if you help us," she told her.

"Alright." Aki accepted the deal after a moment's consideration.

Though she had asked for the Golden Pass, she knew let alone John, even his elder brother might not be able to get one. So, from the start, her intention was just to extort a Bronze Pass, which she knew would be John's limit.

From what she last heard, a Bronze Pass was being sold for over 200,000 High Grade mana stones, which was quite a big fortune for her. Even if she didn't go join the auction, she could sell it and get rich.

She then began telling them about Max and his group, "The strongest person in their group is a mid-stage Emperor..."

...

In an obscure corner of the town, in a small wooden house in an alley, Ling Han was sitting on a chair beside the bed, staring at an unconscious young girl lying on the bed with a gentle look on his face.

The girl was no older than 10 years and was very cute with her round face and chubby cheeks.

However, there were worm-like black lines covering her neck, half of her cheeks, and forehead.

Occasionally, these lines would pulsate and stretch out a little more, covering more of her forehead. Every time it happened, her brows would scrunch up and a pained look would appear on her face.

After a while, Ling Han wiped the tears that had welled up in his eyes as he watched her, his gaze becoming determined.

He reached out his hand to caress her face but didn't touch it because he knew the black lines would react and cause her more pain.

"Ming'er, you won't have to suffer this for too long, I promise," he muttered, gazed at her for a while longer, then stood up and left the house.

A while later, he arrived in front of John's Inn, roamed around until nightfall, and then headed toward Candle's Inn.

If someone was watching him, they would notice although he was running on the ground and through the crowd, his feet weren't touching the ground and his speed was far too fast for a Four Star mage. Moreover, no one, not even the occasional King mages passing by, was able to notice him.

In their room, Ella and Maria were sitting on the ground cross-legged, with their eyes closed as they worked hard to digest the Nascent Energy Max poured into their bodies.

They were still naked, which revealed their flushed skin, covered with glistening droplets of sweat, making them look incredibly sexy. If any man saw them right now, they would feel their heart stir in arousal.

Fortunately, the only man who could see them in this state was Max, and currently, he was standing on his knees on the bed behind Esme, with his hands gripping onto her supple ass cheeks as he moved his waist back and forth in a piston motion, fucking her delicious pussy like a beast in heat.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Ahn~ Ngh~ Haan~

As his pelvis slapped against her now crimson-red behind, each time depositing his hot and throbbing cock in the depths of her moist pussy, Esme would let out an erotic moan, which would only serve to excite him even more.

"Ah~ Rima~ come take my place~ Ahn~ I can't... need rest~"

Esme reached out toward Rima, lying on her back beside them with her eyes glazed over and heaving deep breaths, which caused her voluptuous breasts—covered with crystalline sweat drops akin to morning dew—to rise and fall, creating a breathtaking scenery.

Rima turned to her, staring at her in a daze.

Seeing this, Esme hurriedly called out to her again. Rima parted her lips as if wanting to say something, but no words came out.

Esme's face fell upon seeing this. If she had any doubts earlier, she didn't have any now—Rima was fucked senseless.

She raised her head and turned around to look at him with a pleading look on her face, but when she saw the hungry look in his crimson eyes, she knew pleading would not be of any use.

'The only thing I can do now is to... let him vent his lust thoroughly in me.' She thought, feeling her pussy clench.

Her lips curled up into a wry smile, 'Even my body isn't listening to me.'

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Max continued punishing her pussy with wild abandon.

For the past month, although he managed to find some time to make love with Esme and sometimes Rima, because he wasn't shameless enough to disappear for long enough to vent his lust properly, he only ever fucked them for one hour maximum each day.

Even worse, there were some days when he wasn't able to have sex at all. Due to this, he was unsatisfied and planned to let loose today. This was why he had gathered Rima, Ella, Maria, and Esme together, thinking these four together could take him on.

However, after just several hours, they had all started begging for mercy.

He didn't strain Ella and Maria too much because they weren't strong enough to take much of him, but Rima and especially Esme, being a peak Four Star and an Emperor mage respectively, were different—he felt they could take him.

The facts, however, proved otherwise. After he paid special attention to Rima, it didn't take her long to lose her senses, and Esme, despite being the strongest among them, was squealing like a hapless, nubile girl.

Rumble!

Suddenly, he felt the building shake as if there was an earthquake.

Immediately, the crimson hue receded and his eyes cleared, while Esme also became alert, a serious expression appearing on her face.

...If only she wasn't kneeling in front of Max with his thing still lodged deep inside her, her expression wouldn't have looked so out of place.

"Is someone attacking the inn?" Maria and Ella stopped their cultivation and asked in worry. Max furrowed his brows and slowly pulled out of Esme as he shook his head, "I don't think so."

...

Ling Han was just a few hundred meters away from the Candle's Inn when he felt the tremors. The first thought that crossed his mind was, 'Has Raelion already taken action?'

After spending several hours snooping around John's Inn earlier, he found out John knew the overall strength of Max's group and planned to invite three mid-stage Emperors to attack Candle's Inn at night.

One was going to keep Mr. Dylan busy, one would handle Esme, and the last one would help him subdue Max and others so he could get his revenge.

"No, it's not him." He muttered after a moment.

Shua!

When he arrived at Candle's Inn, he saw Mr. Dylan standing in the air above the inn, staring into the distance just like several other mages, with a grim expression on his face.

Shua!

Just then, he saw Max and Esme rush out of the inn.

"Young Master!" he called out and rushed over.

Max glanced at Mr. Dylan and others before looking at Ling Han and asking, "What's going on?"

"I don't know either, young master." Ling Han said.

Max nodded and grabbed Esme's hand, who flew up beside Mr. Dylan.

"What's going on?" she asked while looking into the distance, her expression becoming grave. Max also looked in the distance, but even with his heightened vision, he wasn't able to see anything.

"Two Monarchs are battling in the desolate region." Mr. Dylan uttered. Esme nodded in agreement. Although she wasn't able to see the people engaged in battle, she could discern it from the residual energy coming from the distance.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Just then, dark clouds gathered in the distance, bluish lightning crackling and thundering downwards.

The fact they could see all this from here told them that the clouds were covering at least several hundred kilometers in the sky.

As the thick lightning struck down, columns of black energy surged upwards, taking forms of claws, and smashed against the lightning strikes.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Just a few moments later, deafening booms accompanied by shockwaves surged over from the distance, causing the sky and ground to rumble. Some newly ascended Five Star mages were pushed back hundreds of meters.

Max felt a shiver run down his spine. His fists clenched tightly, and his eyes shone with a grim light as he muttered, "How powerful!"

Beside him, Esme nodded, "If they weren't thousands of kilometers away from here, even emperor mages like us would have struggled to stay alive."

Just as she finished speaking, her expression changed drastically because the Monarchs seemed to have clashed again and a remnant of their attacks was heading in their direction.

She was about to grab Max and rush away when a commanding voice rumbled across the town, "Activate the formation!"

Chapter 828: Exposed

Weng~

Immediately after the voice sounded out, the walls circling the town shone and a transparent dome covered the town.

Bang!

Just a few moments after the formation was up, the remnant energy attack swept toward the town, slamming against the dome, causing it to ripple violently.

Under everyone's nervous gazes, after a few seconds, the dome became stable and the remnant energy attack flew into the distance, crashing into a forest far away.

While others heaved sighs of relief, the expressions of Emperor mages across the town, including Esme's and Mr. Dylan's, became grimmer.

Noticing this, Max asked, "What is it?"

Esme didn't answer him. Instead, she turned to Mr. Dylan and asked, "What grade is this defensive formation?"

Mr. Dylan took a deep breath and answered, "Peak Grade Seven, just a half step away from quasi Grade Eight."

Max's pupils constricted when he heard this.

What did quasi Grade Eight signify? It signified that it was equivalent to a quasi Monarch-rank mage—had the defensive capabilities of one at least.

However, just a remnant attack, after having lost quite a bit of its power crossing the vast distance between the current battlefield of the Monarchs to here, managed to strain this formation.

This meant if the Monarchs were fighting slightly closer or this remnant attack was a bit more powerful, the formation would have shattered, and most of them would have become casualties.

"Just how strong are they then? High-Stage Monarchs?" Max couldn't help but ask.

Esme hesitantly nodded, "Probably. However, the chances of them being mid-Stage Monarchs aren't low either."

Max was shocked, but after thinking for a few moments, he nodded in understanding.

He knew as one became stronger and reached higher realms, the difference between even the minor stages of a realm would only increase, which was also the reason why it was so difficult to make progress in cultivation as their cultivation realm increased, and this was also why fighting across realms became increasingly difficult.

All the Emperors continued watching the battle, and as time passed, their expressions turned increasingly ugly.

Max had initially thought that they were worried about the remnant attacks coming in their direction, but after watching the vague figures battle for a while, he realized the real reason, which was—one of the Monarchs—a Demon Monarch—was deliberately targeting them. He was constantly trying to move in their direction and was causing the remnant energy attacks to fly off in their direction.

Fortunately, the other Monarch wasn't weaker than him and managed to stop most of his sneaky advances.

Max stared at the Monarch who was using lightning magic for a while and turned to Esme and asked, "That lightning user, could he be from the Thunder Family?"

Esme wore an amused expression as she shook her head and communicated through her Divine Sense, *[It's not just the Thunder Family or my Valiant Family that specialize in Lightning and Thunder elemental magic, though we are among the best.]*

As she said this, she sighed, remembering the Valiant Family was no more. Then she continued,

[If I'm not wrong, he should be from the Purple Thunder Sovereign Peak, one of the seven Sovereign powers.]

[I see,] Max nodded.

While they communicated, Mr. Dylan looked at Esme with a scrutinizing gaze which was mostly focused on her black hair.

After a few moments, his eyes lit up, 'So, she is the woman the Thunder Family has issued a bounty for.'

Before entering the Central Plains, knowing the Thunder Family wouldn't stop looking for them just because the war was ongoing, Esme and Gene had dyed their hair black—the most prominent mark of their Valiant Family lineage.

This had succeeded too, because the guards, who surely knew about the bounty, didn't suspect them.

Now, however, Max's careless mention of the Thunder Family had exposed her.

Esme furrowed her brows when she felt Mr. Dylan stare at her and turned to him.

Ba-Dum!

When she saw the hint of recognition in his eyes, her heart skipped a beat. Immediately, she realized why he was staring at her and couldn't help but smile bitterly in her heart.

Turning to Max, she sighed, "You should have dyed your hair too."

"Huh?" Max looked at her in confusion, not understanding why she suddenly brought up this topic.

Then, however, he also saw Mr. Dylan's expression and understood what had happened.

'Fuck! I was careless.' He cursed in his heart before quickly calming down and met Mr. Dylan's gaze with an expressionless look on his face.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked.

Standing beside him, Esme slowly released her aura, staring at Mr. Dylan dangerously. If not for Max speaking to him, she would have attacked him and would have tried to leave the town by now.

His expression calm, Mr. Dylan stared at the duo in silence for a few moments before he shook his head and said, "Nothing."

Saying this, he moved his gaze toward the ongoing battle, ignoring them.

Esme narrowed her eyes in response, clearly not believing him, but Max felt he wasn't lying—he really didn't plan to expose them.

Though he hadn't used his bloodline sense because he knew it would be useless on an Emperor mage and would even alert him, he believed in his instincts. So, he communicated with Esme and told her to believe him.

Esme continued staring at Mr. Dylan's back for a while. Then, she flew down with Max and entered the inn.

Max sighed, knowing she didn't believe him and planned to leave the town as soon as possible. He didn't get angry, nor did he try to stop her.

"Young Master!"

However, just as they entered the inn, Ling Han called out from behind, a hint of anxiousness in his voice.

Something told Max to talk to him, so he patted Esme's hand and said, "You go and tell everyone to get ready."

Esme glanced at Ling Han, nodded in understanding, and let go of him before rushing upstairs.

Max turned to Ling Han, "What is it?"

"You are leaving?" Ling Han asked.

"Yes."

Ling Han's jaw set, and his fists clenched tight.

A hint of surprise and curiosity flickered in Max's eyes when he saw this, but he didn't say anything and instead waited for him to speak.

Ha!

Ling Han exhaled deeply and bowed deeply toward him, saying, "Young Master, I need your help."

Chapter 829: A Grade Nine Artifact?

"What help do you want?" Max asked, feeling increasingly curious, the unusualness of which was starting to make him a bit uncomfortable.

Is it my bloodline that's telling me to listen to him? Hm, that shouldn't be the case though.

While Max wondered what was going on with him, Ling Han said, "Young Master, can you conjure an isolation ward around us?"

Shua!

Max waved his hand without hesitation, forming a crimson barrier of Fire Elemental mana and his Bloodline Energy.

Ling Han looked at the barrier with an uncertain look, but then took a deep breath, shifted his gaze to Max, and extended his hand.

As Max stared, an unassuming, small black pyramid-shaped tower appeared in his palm. It had several small cracks all over its surface and its top was even missing.

Max furrowed his brows, not finding anything special about it. He even enveloped it in his bloodline sense, but still found nothing out of the ordinary.

However, he could tell this tower was most likely the reason why his instincts had 'told' him to stop and listen to Ling Han's plea despite the current situation—because the moment he took it out, his agitated instincts went silent.

"What is it?" he asked, shifting his gaze away from the tower to Ling Han.

Ling Han stared into Max's eyes for a moment, in which Max could see Ling Han was feeling very nervous, and there were signs of hesitation, but they disappeared a moment later.

Then he slowly said while looking at the tower with a complicated look in his eyes, "This is the ancestral treasure of my family. Before my parents passed away, they handed it over to me for safekeeping. Within my family, it was rumoured to be a... Supreme Grade Treasure Artifact, but as you can see, it is badly damaged and has no trace of spirituality left."

Thump!

Max's heart skipped a beat when he heard the words '*Supreme Grade Treasure Artifact*'. Though this was an unfamiliar term, since there was *Supreme* in its name, it meant it was a Grade Nine Artifact.

Despite him trying hard to do otherwise, his expression couldn't help but change. Now, when he looked at the broken tower, there was a heat in his eyes, but there was also slight suspicion.

Noticing this, Ling Han sighed in his heart.

It's a good thing I didn't tell him the exact rumor, he thought, inwardly smiling wryly.

In his family, the exact rumour was that this tower was an artifact surpassing Grade Nine—a Godly Artifact. Of course, none believed it, but they knew it was truly an extraordinary artifact.

"If it's really a Supreme Rank Artifact, how is it your family's ancestral treasure? Did your family have a Supreme Mage in the past?" Max asked with an impassive expression on his face.

Before he found out it wasn't only Supreme Mages who could pass down bloodlines, he might have had an easy time believing it if someone told him that their family had a Supreme Mage in their history—because even though rare, there were many who possessed bloodlines.

However, after finding out about it, he didn't believe so. In fact, he even believed that there were chances that even Emperors in the past might have been able to pass down their bloodline through some mystical techniques that people didn't know.

So, guessing whether someone had a Supreme Mage in their family through their bloodline was no longer a reliable method in his mind.

Ling Han smiled wryly upon seeing his expression. "I want to say this is not the case because I know you would have a hard time believing it, but it's the truth. My family did indeed have Supreme Mages in the past."

Max nodded in response and smiled lightly while the look in his eyes deepened. "If it was anyone else, I might not have believed them, but I believe you."

Though he had limited interaction with him, he could tell despite his easy-going and somewhat submissive personality, Ling Han was an astute person. If there was no substance behind the rumors in his family, he definitely wouldn't have believed them. Since he did so, he also chose to do the same.

Moreover, whether he believed it or not wouldn't make much of a difference when it came to deciding to help him.

Ling Han was visibly surprised, but he quickly smiled gratefully. After pausing for a moment, he began speaking.

"A hundred or so years ago, my Ling Family used to be quite powerful. We had multiple Emperor mages in our ranks. However, like most powers, we also had enemies who suddenly struck us and killed most of my family members. Only my grandfather and my father managed to survive that calamity and escaped from the Inner sector."

As he said this, there was not much sadness in his eyes. Max understood why this was so. He hadn't been born then, and those you didn't know, you wouldn't feel sad for—no matter what happened to them.

"My family hid here and there. Many years later, my father fell in love with my mother and they got married and had two children—me and my younger sister.

They had thought our family's enemies would forget us because my grandfather and father, although from the main branch of the family, weren't too prominent, but they were wrong. Over ten years ago, they found us, and in battle, my grandfather, father, and mother were killed—but before they died, they had safely sent us away."

Ling Han paused after saying this and closed his eyes for a moment, most likely to hide his pain and rage.

He then continued, "While trying to find a place to live in, my sister and I ended up here. While life was difficult, because we had enough mana stones, we didn't suffer much.

But then a few years later, things changed for worse. When I returned one evening, I found my sister unconscious in her room. Her body was freezing, and on her neck were some black lines."

"I had her checked up. Many doctors didn't even know what was wrong with her, but then I eventually found out she was cursed. I desperately tried to find a cure for her but there was none—because curses are almost non-existent in the Central Plains."

Sighing, he continued, "I could see the black lines spreading day by day—the curse was strengthening. And as it did so, my sister became increasingly weaker. Of course, the fact she had been unconscious and wasn't able to eat or drink is one of the main reasons.

Because I couldn't leave my sister alone, nor could I take her with me, I couldn't go to the Inner sector. But I did visit several border towns and tried asking experts that came from the Inner sector and the desolate region—and it was from them I found out the Cursemancers had been eradicated several thousand years ago.

After finding this out, I had almost lost hope but then... through some lucky coincidence, I managed to activate this Ephemeral Cosmic Tower and it sucked me in."

'Mm?'

Max's pupils constricted when he heard this.

Chapter 830: Inside The Tower

The moment he heard this, he immediately recalled the *Divine Treasures* in the novels that made even the most ordinary of the people become outstanding.

Most of these treasures had one common function—they contained a space where even living beings could be stored and live without any problem.

'Does this tower also have the same function?' His heart rate increased as he contemplated the question.

If he had a treasure that could store people, one of the main things that concerned him would be resolved—he wouldn't have to leave his women and his family behind if and when he left the Forsaken Land to find the Divine Energy.

While he hoped that he could find it in the Central Plains, the Seven Sovereign Powers to be exact, he knew he would have to leave even then.

Why?

For the same reason as every other person—to seek out a path to progress smoothly and rapidly in his cultivation.

Ling Han didn't miss the heat in his eyes, but seeing no hint of greed appear in his clear blue eyes, he nodded to himself and said,

"Inside, I underwent a test. Unfortunately, I failed. Thankfully, however, the tower spirit showed me a way to find the cure for my sister."

This time, Max kept his expression in check and simply glanced at him, indicating to him to continue, which Ling Han did.

"The test the tower spirit made me take was my potential test. If I had met even the minimum criterion, given its extremely weakened state, it would have recognised me as its master."

Shaking the disappointment out of his mind, he continued, "The tower spirit then asked me a favor. It wanted me to find someone with good enough potential and let him become its master. In exchange, it will treat my sister."

Max's eyes flickered with realization. "So, you want me to take the potential test and see if I will pass?"

"Yes, young master." Ling Han nodded.

Max stared at him for a moment before saying, "You know, you have taken a great risk by revealing this tower to me."

Ling Han nodded with utmost seriousness. "That's correct, young master. But I believe my eyes and my heart when it comes to discerning people. And both of them have told me the same thing—You are a trustworthy person."

Max just nodded in response. He then asked, "How much time will it take to complete the test?"

"Not much, just a few minutes at max," Ling Han said.

"Alright, let's do it then."

Soon, he had his hand on Ling Han's shoulder, who made an incision on his thumb and let his blood drop on the tower as he chanted something in an unknown language.

For the first few seconds, nothing happened, but then he felt a hint of spirituality appear within the tower. Now, it no longer looked dead.

Then, an incandescent light flashed on the tower and he felt a suction force.

"Don't resist it, young master," Ling Han said, his voice sounding weak.

Max glanced at his pale face and said, "For both of our good, I hope I pass the test. Otherwise, I'm afraid you would only be able to take a few more people inside before you die from the lack of blood essence."

Ling Han heavily nodded, "I also hope the same—"

Swoosh!

As soon as his words fell, both of them vanished from the place. Fortunately, the isolation barrier was still up and no one was able to see that there were no longer people inside, just a small, black, broken tower that hovered in the air for a moment before dropping onto the sofa.

...

Swoosh!

Even though he knew what was coming, Max still felt disoriented from the sudden shift in space.

Fortunately, he was better than Ling Han, who was pressing his hand on his mouth, not wanting to vomit and disgust him.

He waved his other hand toward him, asking him to wait for some time.

Max nodded and started looking around the space—it wasn't too large, barely a hundred meters across and in height.

The walls and sky of this place were covered by a hazy, silver fog.

Suddenly, he got the feeling that the fog could be pushed back to make the space larger, but the thought sent chills down his spine, his instincts screaming at him not to try his luck.

Gulp!

Nervously gulping down his saliva, he stopped his mind from wandering.

But then a thought crossed his mind, *'Despite being so heavily damaged, it can still pull us into it, and the fog which seems to be just one of its functions is giving me such a dangerous feeling... Are Grade Nine Artifacts really so powerful?'*

He couldn't come to a conclusion because he didn't know how powerful such high-grade artifacts were supposed to be.

But after guessing just how powerful this tower might have been in the past when it wasn't damaged, he realized the Thunder Sword, though a grade lower than the tower, should be powerful beyond his imagination.

'No wonder everyone wants it.' He thought, and recalling the elven emperors, his expression turned dark. Then he heaved a deep breath and muttered in his heart, *'Soon.'*

Again, he shifted his attention to the space he was in.

'Though it's not too big, everyone can stay here comfortably if I build a multiple-story building here.'

He thought, his gaze becoming heated. Though he wasn't sure whether he could really pass the test, he was fairly confident.

While he was lost in his thoughts, Ling Han finally recovered.

"Let me awaken the tower spirit, young master. It is really weak, so it usually hibernates."

Max nodded. Then under his curious gaze, he once again took out his small knife, made a deep incision on his palm, and pressed it on the ground while chanting the abstruse mantra.

Though Max didn't understand what he was chanting, he realized his words this time were different from before.

As Ling Han's voice hummed in the silent space and his blood was absorbed into the ground, Max's bloodline sense tingled—he could feel a vague presence stirring.

The tower spirit was waking up.