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Chapter 831: Tower Master

Thud!

Suddenly, the sound of something falling to the ground attracted his attention.

He looked down and saw Ling Han lying on the ground, his face pale white, his eyes unfocused, and struggling to breathe.

Max stared at him for a moment, waiting for the tower spirit to take action and help him—after all, he had done it a favor by bringing him here—but sensing that it showed no signs of helping, he sighed and squatted down.

Placing a hand on his chest, he scanned his body with his bloodline sense and found that Ling Han had spent over seventy percent of his blood essence.

'This guy... he really loves his sister, huh?'

Max's impression of him improved further. Without knowing whether the tower spirit would help him recover or not, Ling Han hadn't hesitated to use his blood essence to bring him in and awaken it—all to help his sister recover.

Closing his eyes, Max began injecting his Nascent Energy into Ling Han's heart and blood, alleviating the side effects of losing too much blood essence and aiding its recovery.

Ten minutes later, he removed his hand from Ling Han's chest and heaved a deep breath.

Ling Han looked at him with surprise and gratitude in his eyes, and as he pushed himself to sit up, he said, "Thank you for helping me, Young Master."

Max nodded and warned, "Just make sure to never exhaust your blood essence so much in the future unless you have something to help you recover it quickly. Otherwise, you'll be crippled for life."

Ling Han just nodded without saying anything. He was well aware of the consequences, but for his sister, let alone exhausting his blood essence, he was willing to give up his life.

Max saw through him and didn't say anything more.

Looking at the sky, he asked, "So, where is the tower spirit? It should've awakened by now."

Just as he spoke, a hazy figure of a small silvery-white tower appeared in front of him. Apart from its color, it looked the same as the black, broken tower.

'Hm? Shouldn't it also be black... or maybe not?' Max wasn't sure but felt there must be a reason behind it. 'It shouldn't be due to a lack of cleaning because Ling Han's family wouldn't let it get dirty to the extent it changed color.'

Just as he was thinking this, a voice whose gender he couldn't identify sounded in his head.

[If you pass the test and become the tower master, all your questions will have answers.]

"I understand," Max said, looking at the broken white tower spirit. "Let's begin the test then?"

[Sure.]

Rumble...

The tower spirit trembled slightly. In response, the ground rumbled and a black platform broke out in front of him. On top of it lay a round crystal ball.

[Place your hand on the assessment crystal and don't resist.]

Taking a deep breath, Max stepped forward and placed his palm on the smooth, transparent crystal.

Weng~

A strand of energy entered his hand and circulated throughout his body at a breakneck speed before entering the crystal ball again.

Weng~

A moment later, the crystal ball hummed and a ray of five-colored light shot up, reaching a bit over nine feet into the sky.

The tower shook slightly as if in excitement and relief—or perhaps it was resignation and relief? Max couldn't tell.

"As expected of the Young Master, you're way more talented than me," Ling Han said in admiration as he watched the ray of light slowly vanish, excitement clear on his pale face.

He then glanced at the tower spirit and respectfully, hopefully asked, "Young Master is eligible to become your master, right?"

[Barely, but he is.]

The tower spirit's voice sounded out, causing Ling Han to sigh in relief while Max raised his brows, feeling slightly belittled—but he didn't say anything. All that mattered was that he would become the tower master.

Of course, when he saw the nine-foot-tall ray of light, he had thought, '*My talent increased?*' recalling he had produced just a little less than eight meters of halo back in the Crimson Monarch's Legacy Trials.

But then he shook his head. What Crimson Monarch had tested was his Fire affinity, not his talent.

A moment later, the tower spirit floated over to him and its voice sounded in his mind,

[If you wish to become master of the Ephemeral Cosmic Tower, drop a drop of blood essence onto the platform.]

Max took out a small sword from his spatial ring and tried to cut his finger, but failed.

'*My defense is too strong for normal swords to cut my skin,*' he smiled wryly and glanced at Ling Han.

"Your dagger is a magic artifact, right?"

"Yes, Young Master," Ling Han nodded and, without needing to be asked, handed it over.

Finally, Max cut open the skin of his thumb, used his bloodline energy to condense a drop of blood essence, and squeezed it onto the platform.

Weng~

Immediately, the whole space trembled, and under everyone's watch, the blank platform—starting from where the drop of blood fell—began turning white, reverting to its original color.

At the same time, Max felt a connection forming with the platform—no, with the tower. Then, information related to the tower started appearing in his mind.

Several seconds passed, and the trembling of space gradually stopped.

Phew!

Max exhaled a long breath, his lips curling into a satisfied smile. He was now the master of the tower and could enter or let others enter this space at will.

Just as he was celebrating this windfall, the tower spirit's voice sounded:

[You are not wrong, Master. However, there needs to be energy for the tower to function. When the tower no longer has any energy, you won't be able to enter or exit the tower.]

"I know," Max nodded. "If I'm not wrong, my Nascent Energy can be used as functional energy for the tower. And not only that..."

Max pulled Nascent Energy from his dantian and sent it into the crystal ball—which wasn't just a talent assessment crystal, but also the energy store of the tower along with the white platform beneath it.

"...It can even restore the tower's source energy to some extent."

The tower spirit's manifested body shook, as if in disbelief. Then its voice sounded in his mind.

[I-It can really do that?]

"Of course," Max smiled.

He knew the tower spirit had already sensed it earlier when he helped Ling Han, but it wasn't sure because its senses were currently weakened due to the tower's current state.

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Chapter 832: What I Say Shall Become the Law

While the tower spirit shook in jubilation and Ling Han looked at it, waiting for the chance to ask it to help his sister, Max's expression changed drastically.

Swoosh!

Immediately, he disappeared from space, leaving Ling Han and the tower spirit befuddled.

Then, as the tower spirit began to use its weakened senses to see what was happening outside, Ling Han's expression also changed, realizing the ongoing battle between the monarchs might have implicated the city, and he shouted, "Young Master, let me out. My sister is still—"

Swoosh!

Before he could finish shouting, he also disappeared from the space and appeared in the inn, now damaged to the point of unrecognition.

He looked outside and saw several other buildings were also damaged.

'Has the defensive formation broken?'

Just as this thought crossed his mind, a voice sounded out throughout the town, "Defensive formation will completely break in less than a minute. Everyone, save yourselves!"

Shua!

Suddenly panicking upon hearing the grim announcement, he was about to rush away, wanting to save his sister—and if he couldn't save her, at least die with her—but right then he felt a hand grab his shoulder and heard Max's voice:

"Point the direction of your house."

Ling Han pointed toward the northeast, "There, near the town wall."

Swoosh!

As soon as he pointed, Ling found himself flying rapidly in the aforementioned direction. Finally, he glanced beside him and saw Max holding him while Esme was holding *him* as she flew.

Max had a dark expression as he looked in the direction of the ongoing fight.

Just a few moments ago, a part of the defensive formation had broken over Candle's Inn's region.

The resulting shockwaves and remnant energy from the attack that broke it had wrought destruction upon the area.

Fortunately, Esme and others were getting ready to leave and were alert. So, when the inn was destroyed, Esme managed to react in time to save Anna and the others.

However, a broken wooden splinter from the destroyed inn had managed to slip past her protection and injured Ella. Thankfully though, her belly was safe—so was the baby.

Still, this made Max enraged. If not for the fact he was too weak to do anything to the battling monarchs, he would have rushed there and killed them.

Taking a deep breath, he looked down and saw people rushing helter-skelter, completely out of their wits, with despair visible in their eyes.

Max closed his eyes. With the demon monarch deliberately targeting the town, most of these people would die. Only those who were at or above Five Star Mage, or had protection, could hope to escape alive.

A few seconds later, the group landed in front of a small wooden house.

Max and Ling Han swayed on their feet for a few moments despite their strong minds. If not for Esme shielding them with her mana as she flew at top speed, their situation would have been worse.

Since Max was stronger than him and he was currently weakened due to losing a significant portion of his blood essence, Max recovered before him and rushed into the house.

Inside the only room, a skinny, delicate young girl lay unconscious in the small bed, her skin pale white. There were black pulsating marks covering her neck, more than half of her face, and her forehead.

When Max saw her, he felt pity for her. But since it was not the time to be emotional, he gently scooped her up in his arms, careful not to exert too much force lest he hurt this fragile, unfortunate girl. Then, he dashed out.

Ling Han sighed in relief when he saw her. Then, Esme grabbed them all, covered them with her mana while Max shielded Ling Han's younger sister with a bloodline energy barrier, and flew out of the town, in the direction of the inner sectors of the central plains.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Not long after they left the town, the sound of explosions reached their ears. Esme slowed down and turned around.

Max and Ling Han heaved a cold breath when they saw the town had disappeared, replaced by a deep trench, emitting black energy—demon energy.

Esme silently stared at the destroyed town for a while. Then she turned to Max, who looked at her upon noticing her gaze, and said,

"I'm not saying that girl, Amara, or her brother are bad, but it would be ill-advised to—"

"I understand what you want to say." Max interrupted her, expressionless.

He already knew there was a lot of bad blood between humans and demons, and the chances of them coexisting were abysmally low. What happened just now proved it to him once again—humans and demons could not coexist.

He was sure if it were humans instead of elves who found out Amara, his woman, was a demon, they would have already died.

Anyone with an ounce of brain could tell it wouldn't be good if he kept his relations with Amara.

However, the problem here was... Amara was already his woman.

Would Max abandon her just because it was dangerous to be associated with her? The answer was a big **No**.

"I just need to become stronger than everyone else," Max said, his voice low but deep. "Then no matter what I do, no one will dare to say anything. Whatever I say will become the Law, whatever I do will become the norm."

Thump!

As he said this, he exuded a vast and domineering aura, and his figure seemed to become tall as a mountain—not only in Esme's eyes, but Ling Han's too. For a moment, they forgot to breathe, and their hearts skipped a beat.

Several other people frantically escaping paused in their tracks because they seemed to sense something, but couldn't figure out just what they sensed or where it came from. So, they continued moving.

"Mm?"

Miles away from them, the demon monarch and human monarch paused briefly too. Just like the others, however, they couldn't figure out what that odd feeling was.

A moment later, the Human Monarch recovered and was about to continue his attacks, but the Demon Monarch became paranoid, thinking his act of destroying the town had enraged some powerful human expert. Not daring to stay and continue his fight any longer, he turned around and rushed away.

The Human Monarch didn't try to stop him because he knew he wouldn't be able to. Instead, he launched a few powerful attacks to injure him.

In the dark depths of the ocean between human and demon continent, a hazy figure opened their pitch black eyes and a voice sounded out.

"This again... It seems we need to hasten things otherwise... there might be some problems..."

Chapter 833: Malta City

After traveling for two days, Max, Esme, and Ling Han, who was carrying his still unconscious sister, reached a city on the outer fringes of Inner Sector—Malta City.

Though Malta was called a city, it wasn't any bigger than a town. The only difference was that there were stronger mages in the city, and it was ruled by a family clan that barely qualified to rank in Emperor Rank Powers because it only had a single Early Stage Emperor holding the fort.

Despite the apparent weakness of the ruling family and even with the presence of more powerful forces and independent mages, it had continued to rule over the town for hundreds of years now.

How was this possible?

Well, simply because it was backed by a top-tier Emperor Rank Power in the Inner Sector—Beast Emperor Hall.

After leaving the town, they were without any destination. Recalling the rumor about the Beast Emperor Hall's recruitment, he asked Esme about it, and since it was a Peak Emperor Rank Power, she knew about it.

When he asked her advice on whether he should join it, Esme nodded after a moment of thought. Then, they asked around and found out one of the nearby cities, Malta, was backed by the Beast Emperor Hall and there was a teleportation formation connected to it.

Since the Beast Emperor Hall was very far away—they would need to travel for at least one month non-stop at their top speed—so to save their time and eliminate the risk of facing problems on the way, they decided to travel to Malta City and use the teleportation formation there.

Unlike the border town, the city only required them to pay 10 High Grade Mana Stones to enter, and there was no limit on how many days they could stay inside. So, after paying 40 High Grade Mana Stones, they entered the city.

Though not too large, it was bustling and different from any other cities Max had visited because many of the people they could see had a beast by their side.

Right in front of them, a twenty-something-year old man was coming toward them, or rather the city gate, riding on a three meter tall, tiger-type beast exuding a fierce and wild aura that made weaker people retreat unconsciously.

"Open the gates! Let the disciple Rong pass." A guard shouted and without the man on the tiger saying anything, he opened the gates, his expression respectful.

"Oh? That guy is Beast Emperor Hall's disciple?"

"Of course. Otherwise why would the guards show him such respect?"

Max's group stepped to the side, letting the man and beast pass.

Disciple Rong ignored everyone chattering in the surroundings and even the guards. He had an expression on his face that said he was beyond everyone. It was arrogant, but not one that offended people too much.

Max's gaze flickered, "Interesting!"

Esme, as though she could read his mind, smiled and said,

"After the seven Sovereign Powers and Monarch Rank Powers, the peak Emperor Rank Powers are the strongest. Moreover, the Sovereign Powers and most Monarch Rank ones try not to meddle in worldly affairs. This makes the peak Emperor Powers '*true*' ruling parties. So, being a disciple of one of them, he naturally feels proud."

Max nodded in understanding as they continued on their way.

Soon, they found an Inn to stay. After two days of almost non-stop travel, they were tired and needed to rest.

Soon, they found a not so expensive Inn and booked two rooms for 100 High Grade Mana Stones each—one for Max and Esme, and the other for Ling Han and his sister.

Anna and others were inside the small black tower around which Max had tied a string and hung it on his waist. Since it was broken and unassuming, it wasn't eye-catching. And the reason he didn't store it in his spatial ring was because it could not be stored in a spatial device.

...

Plop!

"Ah, finally some rest!" Max groaned as he plopped onto the soft bed.

Esme smiled at him. Normally, he acted as if he was a mature person, but sometimes when he acted his age, she found that very refreshing.

"What are you smiling about?" Max asked, noticing her smile.

"Nothing." Esme shook her head and asked, "Shouldn't you let them out now?"

Max shook his head, "Anna, Esther, Garima, Rima and Nyra are cultivating. Ellie is looking after her mother and is having fun talking with Gene and Maria. As for Noah, he is resting. So, it's better if I don't disturb them."

Saying this, he stood up, walked over to her and pulled her in his embrace, "So, it'll be the two of us for a while."

Esme blinked her limpid eyes sensually and bit her lower lip while her arms circled around his neck.

How could Max resist? He dove down and took her luscious lips, kissing her intensely.

Haa~

After a long while, Max broke the kiss, breathless.

But as he saw her heaving chest and flushed face with an intoxicated look in her beautiful eyes, he couldn't stop himself from kissing her again while his hands roamed around her body before going down to her motherly, round ass. He fondled her cheeks and dug his fingers into her soft flesh, squeezing them.

Mm~

Esme let out a sweet nasal moan and started rubbing her thighs together, evidently turned on.

A sly smile appeared on Max's face and he slowly began to undress her, but just then, she pushed him away, breaking the kiss.

"Let me take a bath first." She said and started walking to the attached bathroom, swaying her hips.

Max's eyes lit up. Within a second, he took off his clothes and rushed over to her, picking her up in his arms.

Kya~

Esme squealed playfully, "What are you doing?"

Max stepped inside the bathroom as he lowered his face and pecked her lips before grinning, "I also need a bath."

"Alright then. Just simple bathing. No mischievousness." Esme declared.

"Sure," Max nodded seriously.

"Ahn~ Hnng~ Mmn~ I said no mischief Nng~"

Squelch! Squelch!

Less than two minutes later, he had Esme bent over in front of him. His hands on her hips, he was furiously moving his waist back and forth, his thick, veiny cock sliding in and out of her pretty pink and puffy pussy while making erotic squelching sounds.

Chapter 834: Breakfast

The next day, Max woke up feeling refreshed and looked at Esme who was curled up beside him, hugging his hand and her head resting on his shoulder.

Esme seemed to notice the slight movement he made upon waking up and slowly woke up. Noticing him looking at her with a refreshing smile on his face, she batted her beautiful eyes at him before lazily saying,

"Good Morning, Husband!"

"Good Morning, Love!" Max said and kissed her forehead, causing her to close her eyes in enjoyment.

Half an hour later, they freshened up and walked out of their room for breakfast. Just as Max was about to knock on Ling Han's door, he saw Ling Han coming up from the stairs.

"Good Morning, Young Master, Milady!" He greeted them with a light bow after walking over.

"Good Morning!" Max returned the greeting with a smile while Esme just nodded.

"Where are you coming from?" Max asked,

"From the restaurant next door." Ling Han replied, "I didn't want to disturb you, this was why I didn't wake you."

"It's fine." Max waved his hand, "Alright, we'll meet you later."

"Yes, Young Master." Ling Han nodded and watched as they went downstairs. Then, he went to his room and sat down on the bed beside his unconscious younger sister.

Looking at the black marks on her neck, face and forehead that had faded quite a bit during these two days, he let out a relieved smile and muttered, "You'll be completely fine after a few days."

After they left the town, he had asked Max to communicate with the tower spirit and have it heal her, but unexpectedly, Max told her he could try helping her.

Initially he had no confidence in him that he could do anything about her curse, but when he saw the black marks visibly fade when he touched her and sent his energy into her body, it would be an understatement to say he was astonished. At the same time though, he was very happy and relieved.

This is also the reason why he was treating Max with so much more respect than before.

'Only someone like him deserves to possess the Ancestral Tower.' He thought and eliminated any and all hidden dissatisfaction in his heart about handing the tower over to Max.

...

The Inn they were staying only provided rooms to stay, so the guests had to go out to eat and since there was a restaurant next door, everyone went there.

Max and Esme arrived at the restaurant and seeing it full of people, they knew it provided good food.

"Give us a table." Max went over to the receptionist after not finding any free table. Esme naturally followed him.

"Sorry, young master. Currently there are no free tables, you'll have to wait—" The receptionist was just saying this when Esme let out a dissatisfied snort and released her aura a little.

The receptionist was just a Four Star mage, so he froze in place when he sensed her aura. Immediately after that, he put a smile on his face and said,

"As I was saying, there are no free tables here and we can't just shoo away our dining customers, so you two please go upstairs. There only special guests like yourselves are allowed in, so the ambience is way better and comfortable."

Max smiled, "Sure, lead the way."

Soon, they arrived on the first floor where only twenty or so tables were set up and over half of them were occupied.

Max swept his gaze across them and realized at least one person on each table was an Emperor or a very strong King Mage.

'And this is just a small city in the central plains.' He sighed in his heart. Central plains really had many experts. 'No wonder the demons haven't been able to conquer the human continent even after thousands of years.'

As soon as they arrived here, a young woman dressed in a server's uniform rushed over and led them to an empty table, "This way please."

She then gave them the menu and pointed at the small table ring, "Please ring the bell when you have decided what you want to order, Milord, Milady."

"Sure," Max nodded and handed the menu over to Esme, "You order."

Esme nodded and after scanning the menu, she looked at him, [The dishes are slightly expensive here. Why don't we—]

Before she could finish, Max shook his head, [It's alright. When the receptionist led us here, I already knew things would be expensive, but there is no need to worry as long as you don't order something worth thousands of mana stones.]

Since he said this, Esme didn't insist and rang the bell. Immediately the server arrived and took the order before rushing away.

Ten minutes later, she returned carrying a large tray and placed it on their table.

There were five dishes, three had beast meat while two seemed vegetarian.

"Please enjoy." The server bowed after serving them. Then she stepped back, turned around and left.

When Max put a slice of meat from one of the dishes in his mouth, his eyes lit up, "It's delicious and very nutritious. Here, you try it too."

Esme smiled and cut a slice before eating it.

"Mm, it's good." She nodded but unlike him, she didn't have an exaggerated expression on her face. Clearly, she had eaten even better dishes.

Max suddenly felt like a country bumpkin, but his expression didn't change as he continued to eat.

When they were done and the server took away the dirty dishes, two men, one a high-stage King and the other an Emperor, came over.

The King Mage was handsome and looked to be in his mid-twenties, while the Emperor was an older man with graying hair.

"Milady, would you like to join us for some desserts?" The King Mage asked Esme, a smile on his face.

Max furrowed his brows and looked at him before glancing at the Emperor behind him, who wore a helpless and slightly apologetic expression on his face as he looked at him.

'This guy is some young master, huh?' He thought, feeling the things were going to become troublesome.

Chapter 835: Ascension Pillars

Wanting to see if the gray-haired man was stronger or weaker than Esme, he subtly released his bloodline sense towards him.

Unfortunately, however, the gray-haired man immediately sensed it and looked at him with a peculiar look in his eyes.

Max's frown deepened. *'He is as strong as Esme at the very least, but because she hasn't recovered fully yet, she most likely wouldn't be his match.'*

On their way from Green Leaf Kingdom to here, he had experimented with his bloodline sense and found out that almost no King Mage could detect it and even some early-stage Emperors might not be able to do it.

However, mid-stage Emperors like Esme could easily detect it once it reached near them.

"No thank you. We are done here." Esme calmly shook her head and stood up. Max did the same.

As they left after paying the bill—700 High Stage Mana Stones—the King Mage stared at Esme's back figure, his expression was calm but his eyes were narrowed.

"Uncle Yagui, find out who this woman is and why she is here." He ordered,

"Yes, Young Master." Gray-haired man nodded. He was a little hesitant but he knew even if he tried to advise him, this young master of his wouldn't listen.

...

After returning to the Inn and their room, Max sat on the bed and pulled Esme, who was in a bad mood, in his lap and hugged her willowy waist.

"No need to be angry. I doubt there are many men out there who can resist approaching you after seeing your beauty." Max chuckled, playfully biting her soft earlobe which made her shiver and her mood improve a little.

Even so, she huffed, "I'm angry at myself. I should have conjured an isolation barrier before taking off my veil."

"I doubt that would have changed anything." Max said,

"Hm?" Esme turned to look at him.

"Even with a veil, people can still see just how amazing a woman my wife is." Max said, kissing her lips.

Esme pulled away and pouted. Then after thinking for a moment, she asked, "Then, should I stay in the tower from now on? That way I wouldn't invite any unnecessary trouble to you."

Max's face fell when he heard this.

Esme noticed this and leaned back into him, softly saying, "I know this leaves a bad taste in your mouth, but until we are strong enough, it's wise to be cautious. Besides, so what if I'm in the tower? Wouldn't I still be with you and can come out anytime?"

Max took a deep breath and nodded, "I understand."

Then they sat there in silence for a while, enjoying each other's warmth before Max asked, "How long until your cracked Ascension Pillars are healed?"

The first four realms—Mortal Realms—are realms of accumulation of basic foundations where mages construct their core and then gradually strengthen it through the four realms.

Then, in the Five Star realm, the mages work to condense their mana into liquid form, creating a mana lake in their core which they will try to expand as much as they can until the King realm.

At King Realm, Mages have to condense the liquid mana into solid to create a foundational platform at the bottom of the mana lake.

In the Emperor Realm, Mages will start constructing pillars, commonly known as Ascension Pillars because through them one truly ascends and breaks the shackles of mortality.

If the foundational platform a mage has created in the King Realm is sturdy enough, he can construct a maximum of nine pillars.

Emperors who have created one to three pillars are considered to be in the early stage of the realm. Those who have created four to six, mid stage, and those who have constructed seven to nine are in high stage.

When the Emperors are able to construct a platform above them—An Ascension Platform—they are considered to be at the peak of the realm.

Now, they only need to satisfy other requirements and break through to the Monarch realm and begin constructing their Monarch Abode.

Esme was a mid-stage Emperor at her peak with Five Ascension Pillars, but when she got injured in a fight, her body, core, foundation and ascension pillars—everything was damaged.

After Max's *passionate* nurturing with Nascent Energy, all of her physical injuries had already healed three weeks ago and by now, her core and foundational platform had also reverted to its perfect state. Now, only the Five cracked Ascension Pillars were remaining.

Last night, he poured all his energy into helping her mend the cracks and heal them. But because they had become too exhausted after several hours, they went to sleep and Max hadn't asked how much the night's *efforts* had helped her.

Of course, he knew just one night's worth of Nascent Energy wouldn't be enough to heal her pillars, this was why he asked how long it would take them to heal.

Esme blushed and said, "If we do it like yesterday, it wouldn't take more than half a month."

"Hm? Half a month?" Max furrowed his brows.

Esme nodded, "Yes. Previously, I had thought it would only take two or three days but your energy I received last night wasn't as potent and the pillars are more difficult to heal."

Max heaved a sigh when he heard this, 'Though it was unfortunate for all those people in the town, it was fortunate for us as it helped us escape. Otherwise I would have had to spend all the High Grade Mana Stones I exchanged to extend our stay in the Inn.'

Shaking his head, he said, "It will regain its potency after you have your pure yin energy have recovered."

Then he sighed exaggeratedly, "This, unfortunately, means we won't be able to make love for a while."

Esme's lips curved upwards into a beautiful smile. She then grabbed his hand which had stopped on her lower belly and lowered it further down while saying in a hushed voice, "Then why don't we do it one last time before waiting for my pure yin to recover?"

Max's eyes lit up and his semi-erect member hardened when he heard her.

Then, he put his hand inside her dress, caressing her puffy mound while his other hand made her look at him.

"You are the best!" He said and lowered his face, capturing her juicy lips.

Chapter 836: Erasing The Curse

In his room, Ling Han, sitting cross-legged on the ground, slowly opened his eyes.

"Why isn't Young Master Max here yet? It's already past the time for Ming'er's treatment." He muttered in confusion.

'Should I go over and see what's going on?' He thought but after thinking for a moment, he decided to wait a little more, thinking that Max must be really busy with something if he had missed the appointed time.

"Yeah, let's wait a little more." He muttered and closed his eyes again.

...

In the other room, Max, lost in bliss, had completely forgotten about his appointment.

Currently, he was lying on the bed with his hands behind his head as he watched the tantalizing body of this perfect specimen of a woman, glistening with crystalline drops of sweat that seemed to enhance her allure, move up and down on his crotch on her own.

Both the view and her tight and moist sacred cave enveloping *little Max* were giving him indescribable pleasure.

Ahnnggg~

After a while, Esme shuddered, her eyes rolled up in ecstasy and she let out a loud moan as she reached the climax.

Yeahhh~

Feeling her velvety flesh constricting him, his pleasure reached its peak and Max could hold back no longer, unfolding his hands from behind his head, he reached out and grabbed her waist, his fingers sinking in her soft flesh.

Then, he pushed his crotch upwards, pushed into her to the hilt and climaxed with her, shooting out jets of thick baby-making essence into her and filling her to the brim.

After riding the climax for several seconds, Max relaxed while Esme fell forward on his chest, heaving deep breaths.

"Ha~ Ah~ Ha~ How was it, Lord Husband~ Did you enjoy it?" She raised her head to look at him and seductively asked.

Max felt himself, still lodged deep inside her and slowly shrinking, getting hard again when he saw her disheveled look which was irresistible right now and heard her words.

Esme's lips curled up into a mischievous smile, "I see, you enjoyed it very much but want to do it again, isn't that right?" She brought her face close to his and purred in his ear, playfully biting his earlobe.

"Argh! You asked for it." Max growled like a starved beast and flipped her over. Now she was laying beneath him, looking at him coyly while he was hovering above her, still lodged inside her.

Then, without giving her a chance to respond, he grabbed her legs, placed them on his shoulders and started thrusting in and out of her.

Soon, the room, already saturated with the intoxicating fragrance of their love, rang with Esme's sweet moans and Max's pleasured groans.

This lasted for over fifteen minutes and the duo had just reached another peak of ecstasy when someone knocked on the door.

Knock! Knock!

The knocks were followed by Ling Han's hesitant voice, "Um, Young Master Max, are you in there?"

Argh~

Max groaned as he filled her womb again and enjoyed the climax. Only after he and Esme were done, did he pull out of her and flopped onto the bed before reaching out for the formation disk on the table.

Deactivating the isolation formation of the room, he said, "Sorry, man. I was doing something very important. I'll be in your room in five minutes."

"Alright. Thank you, Young Master." After Ling Han's voice sounded, Max activated the isolation formation again and remained in bed with Esme for over two minutes.

Then, he stood up, carried Esme to the bathroom. After having her use her mana to eliminate the sweat and smell from their bodies, he took a short bath with her.

Before five minutes were up, they were both dressed properly.

Max kissed her one last time before reluctantly sending her into the Tower.

Then, he stood in silence for a few moments before he took a deep breath and left the room.

...

Knock!

Creak~

It was as if Ling Han was waiting by the door as the moment Max knocked, he opened the door.

"I apologize for disturbing you just now, Young Master." Ling Han said, bowing his head.

"No need. I'm at fault for not coming on time." Max said and entered the room, going straight towards Little Ming'er.

He first checked the Black Curse Lines. Then, he put his index finger on her neck where the Blank Lines were branching out from and roused the Nascent Energy stored in his dantian before letting it flow through his finger and penetrate her skin and strike at the curse.

Just like before, the moment Nascent Energy started cleansing the curse, little Ming'er's body started trembling violently and her adorable face scrunched up in pain.

Ling Han, who was seated beside her, kept her held down, a hurt look on his face.

Every time Max saw this scene, his impression of Ling Han would improve.

He continued striking at the curse with Nascent Energy for over ten minutes. Just as he was about to stop, he heard Ling Han say, "Young Master, I know this is very selfish of me, but if you have more energy remaining, please use it and try to erase the curse. I... can't bear to watch her go through this much agony more times."

Max thought for a moment before nodding, "Alright. Let's do it and be done with it today."

For the past month, while he wasn't able to have satisfying sex because he couldn't vanish for too long from Anna and others' eyes, he did it everyday and accumulated quite a bit of Nascent Energy, which he had been using to strengthen his mana core and also to push himself to the very peak of Four Star.

Now, he was almost there. If he used the remaining Nascent Energy in his dantian, he could reach the absolute peak of Four Star, but because he wanted to comprehend the Fire Law before breaking through to the Five Star realm, which he was still nowhere near doing it, he could afford to delay reaching the absolute peak of the realm.

After all, it wasn't like increasing the small bit of mana was going to make any noticeable difference in his combat power.

So, he decided to fulfill Ling Han's request. Of course, he decided to do it not only because he could afford to do it, but also because he also couldn't see a delicate girl suffer so much.

Ling Han's eyes brightened. He didn't have much hope of Max accepting his request because he had realized Max always had a limited amount of the energy he was using to treat his sister.

Filled with gratitude, he immediately said, "Thank you very much, Young Master. I'll never forget this favor."

Max nodded in response, accepting his gratitude. Then, he continued sending tendrils of Nascent Energy, assailing the curse.

Minutes ticked by and the black lines over her neck, face and forehead became fainter.

Quarter of an hour later, all the black lines over her forehead and face had vanished while the lines on her neck and covered chest had also faded significantly.

Ling Han was ecstatic but when he looked at Max, he paused because Max's brows were furrowed.

"Is... Is something wrong, Young Master?" He asked.

"Yes. This isn't an ordinary—Fuck!" Max had just begun speaking when his expression changed drastically and he hastily jumped back.

Chapter 837: Another Foe

Ling Han watched—worried and confused—Max retreat in panic.

Just as he was wondering what had happened, he saw something black streak through the air and ram against Max's forehead.

Thud!

Immediately, Max's body went limp and he fell to the ground, unconscious.

Everything happened in all but an instant. By the time Ling Han reacted, Max had fallen to the ground.

He rushed over, anxious, and scanned his body.

"Mm?" He raised his brows in confusion because he wasn't able to penetrate his body with his mana, meaning his Mana Sense was useless.

After failing for a few times, defeated, he checked his pulse which was normal and looked for other signs of abnormality.

Immediately, his gaze went up to his forehead and his eyes widened when he saw the black curse mark, similar to the one on his younger sister's neck, was there.

No, it wasn't just similar...

He picked Max up and took him to the bed before looking at Ming'er's neck.

"Her curse transferred to him?" Ling Han looked at Max, feeling guilty.

...

While Ling Han blamed himself for causing Max trouble, Max's consciousness was in a dark space, facing a dark spider with gleaming red pupils.

[Keke, just a puny Four Star mage dares meddle in my business. See if I don't torture you for eternity.]

A creepy voice that seemed to come from a vast distance away echoed in Max's mind.

Max's *lips* curled up and he was about to retort when his *expression* changed because many negative thoughts had started appearing in his mind and with each negative thought, he could feel his mind being corrupted.

Immediately, he tried to use the Nascent Energy to defend himself, but realized he barely had any left.

Gritting his teeth, he pulled it toward his head, wanting to protect his mind.

Sizzle!

When the Nascent Energy arrived in his mind, its sizzling sound filled his mind and he realized something.

While the Nascent Energy could protect his mind from the corruption, the corrupted could destroy the Nascent Energy, which was a surprise for Max as this had happened for the first time.

Within a few moments, the Nascent Energy was destroyed and his mind became vulnerable to corruption once again.

[Hmm? Is that Divine Energy? No, this is not the case. How strange! How can someone like you have such energy?!] The creepy voice sounded, evidently confused.

Max's expression turned grim when he heard this. He knew he had really attracted this person's attention, whoever he was.

'Let's hope he doesn't have the ability to track me.' He thought and taking a deep breath, he pulled on his Death Core, which trembled and sent a stream of Death Energy toward his mind.

He was taking a big risk now—the Death Energy was very volatile and if made even a tiny mistake in controlling it, it might kill him.

Unfortunately, with Nascent Energy exhausted and his bloodline energy being weaker than Nascent Energy, he had no choice but to use it unless he wanted his mind to be corrupted and then suffer the torment until death claimed him.

'It will be troublesome to recover.' He thought. Despite the chaos in his mind, he was calm as he felt the Death Energy rush toward his head and then slowly envelop his mind in a protective layer.

Sizzle! Sizzle!

The sizzling sounds echoed in his mind, but this time it was not from Death Energy being snuffed out but the corrupting black energy being destroyed.

With the layer of Death Energy perfectly stopping more corrupting energy from entering his mind, he only had to deal with the corrupting energy that had already penetrated his mind.

He knew he wouldn't be able to destroy it, but he could very well suppress its effect—the negative thoughts.

A while later, the chaotic thoughts ebbed under his conscious control. Then, he focused on the black spider and saw it staring at him with an incredulous look in its red eyes.

As if noticing his gaze, the voice sounded, [I never expected to encounter someone like you on this lower realm. This is truly... wonderful! I wonder if these energies can help me transcend my realm.]

[Keke, no use in thinking about it, I'll just find out when I rip the secrets of these energies out of you. Sit tight and wait for me—I'm coming for you, kid!]

Once the voice finished, the black spider slowly vanished and his consciousness returned to his body.

His eyes swung open and he saw Ling Han staring at him.

"Are you alright, Young Master?" He asked. Just a few moments ago, he noticed him trembling violently. Just when he was thinking something bad was going to happen, he saw the black mark on his forehead evaporate.

"I'm fine." Max said, sitting up.

'How decisive!'

He exclaimed in his mind and his expression hardened as he recalled how decisively the culprit destroyed the curse after realizing he could eliminate it with the Death Energy.

If *his* act of destroying *his* curse wasn't proof enough that *he* could track him through some other means, the words *he* said before destroying it were—That guy, the master of the curse, was coming for him.

When he became enemies with the elven emperors, or when he realized Julius, Oliver's father, wanted to kill him, while he had felt a sense of crisis, it wasn't nearly as intense as the one he was feeling right now.

Ling Han felt even more guilty when he saw his expression, thinking the curse had caused him some serious harm.

Slowly, he knelt on the ground and lowered his head, "Though I don't know what happened, I'm deeply apologetic for causing you trouble, Young Master. Please do whatever you like to me to vent your anger. I wouldn't bat an eye even if you kill me, just take care of my sister."

Max snapped out of his thoughts when he heard him. For a moment, an urge to smack him to death appeared in his mind, but he suppressed it, knowing he couldn't have known what would happen when he tried to erase the curse.

Taking a deep breath, he stood up and left these words, "Just take care of your sister." before he left the room. He needed some alone time to think things through.

Chapter 838: Ming'er Wakes Up

Somewhere on the demon continent, two flames were flickering on the walls of a chamber which slightly lit up an otherwise completely dark chamber.

On a raised platform, a dark-skinned, and red lips female was sitting cross-legged, unmoving with his eyes closed. The only reason anyone would be able to discern her gender was thanks to her slightly bulging chest, otherwise she looked no different than a male.

Wuuu!

Fwoosh!

Suddenly, her eyelids flung open and revealed two pitch black eyes with no pupils. The moment they did, a chilling air seemed to fill the chamber and the flickering flames were snuffed out.

"Someone destroyed one of my curses?" Her hoarse voice echoed before she closed her eyes to read the memories that were sent to her before the curse was destroyed.

"A mere fledgling mage and he possesses not one but two unique energies? How interesting! It seems I have to make another trip to the human continent."

...

After Max left the room, Ling Han stayed on the ground. He was really apologetic.

His parents had always taught him not to cause someone else trouble and he had tried not to do it all his life.

But now...

Rustle!

Just as he was feeling bad, he heard the faint rustling of the bed sheet and hurriedly jumped to his feet, his heart pounding in his chest as he looked at Ming'er's who was stirring awake.

As he watched, Ming'er's eyelashes fluttered gently and she slowly tried to open her eyes but the sudden brightness made her squint.

Ling Han looked around anxiously, wanting to lower the brightness of the room but his mind was a mess right now, so he just stood there.

It took Ming'er some time before she finally opened her eyes and looked up at the ceiling.

Immediately, a sense of unfamiliarity washed over her and she realized she wasn't in her room.

Suddenly feeling nervous, she called out in a soft voice, "Big Brother..." While trying to move her head to look around.

Ling Han froze, body and mind, when he heard her voice and before he knew it, tears started streaming down his eyes.

How desperately he longed to hear her voice in the years she had been unconscious? He couldn't quantify it but it had become his sole wish. So, now that he finally heard it and saw she was fine, he could suppress his emotions no longer and let the dam break.

Who the fuck said men didn't cry? They do, they do for the people they love.

Swoosh!

He appeared beside her and gently held her hand, "I'm here, Ming'er, Big Brother is here. Don't be nervous."

Ming'er slowly turned her head around and looked at him, "Big Brother..." She called out, a radiant smile appearing on her face.

But then her still groggy mind registered that he was crying and she tried to raise her hand to wipe his tears but wasn't able to do it due to the lack of energy. So, she panicked, and her eyes moistened as she cried.

"Don't cry Big Brother. I'm fine. I'll soon be healthy again."

"Okay. I won't cry." Ling Han smiled and hugged her. Ming'er wanted to hug him back but since she had no energy she just tilted her head toward his shoulder.

But then after a few moments, she said, "Big Brother..."

"Yes, Ming'er?" Ling Han asked.

"You... are heavy. I can't breathe." She complained.

"..."

Ling Han blinked before he sat up properly, coughing lightly, "Sorry, I forgot you are still very weak."

Ming'er's lips curled up into an innocent smile, "Ming'er knows, Big Brother." She then asked, "Where are we?"

Ling Han wiped his face and said, "We are currently in an Inn."

"An Inn? Why?" She asked,

"Let me tell you everything that happened after you fell unconscious..." Saying this, he began speaking.

Except for the hardships he suffered all these years, he told her everything, including how the town became a casualty in a battle between Monarchs and how they had left. Of course, he also told her about Max, who removed her curse.

Ming'er remained silent for a while after he finished.

Then she murmured, "So, someone put a curse on me and I was unconscious for over four years. Big Brother tried to find a way to heal me but failed. But then you managed to activate our ancestral tower and then eventually found this person, Max, who became the owner of the tower and in return he removed the curse."

"Yeah." Ling Han nodded but then he put on a stern look on his face and said, "But don't call this 'this person' or call him by his name. He is our benefactor and should be addressed with respect."

Ming'er averted his gaze and muttered, "What benefactor? He is just a greedy person who used the opportunity to take our ancestral treasure away."

"Ming'er..." Ling Han called out, but then sighed seeing her acting like a rebellious child.

Gently caressing her head, he coaxed, "You are already 18 years old Ming'er, an adult. You should be sensible and try to understand things instead of being so unreasonably stubborn."

Ming'er hesitated for a moment before she lightly nodded. "Mm, I'll try to not hate him."

Ling Han sighed and said, "You know while trying to erase your curse, Young Master was cursed, but he still didn't get angry."

As for the matter of the tower, without a new owner, the tower spirit would have died and it would have become junk. Besides, I was the one who offered it to him so he could become its owner and the tower spirit could remove your curse."

Ming'er finally turned to him after hearing this and said, "I understand, Big Brother. I won't act rudely."

"Good girl." Ling Han smiled fondly and said, "You rest. Let me go get you something nourishing to eat. You are too weak right now and need to recover."

"Mm." Ming'er nodded and Ling Han left the room.

Just as he walked out of the Inn,

Swoosh!

A figure suddenly appeared in front of him and grabbed toward his neck.

Ling Han's pupils constricted and he tried to dodge.

While Ling Han was just a Four Star mage and his combat power wasn't too extraordinary, his instincts, reflexes and movement technique which he inherited from his grandfather were top-notch.

He could escape even a King Mage with some luck, but at this moment, he felt helpless in front of this simple grab of the figure which seemed to have blocked all his paths of escape.

Realizing he wouldn't be able to escape, he focused on his spatial ring, wanting to connect with his communication crystal and send Max a message, but before he could even form his mana sense, he blanked out.

Sitting in his room, lost in thoughts, Max suddenly felt a ripple in his bloodline sense, but it was so fleeting that before he could grasp it, it had vanished.

"What was that?" He furrowed his brows, but then shook his head.

...

Ling Han regained consciousness and found himself in a dark room.

'Where am I?' He thought before checking his body. Immediately, he realized his mana core and veins were sealed.

Swoosh!

Right then, someone appeared in front of him, but no matter how he looked, he wasn't able to see their features.

Chapter 839: Revenge?

"Who are you?" Ling Han asked, already realizing this person was the same who kidnapped him.

The figure silently stared at him for a few moments before he heard a voice, which he was sure wasn't this person's real voice, "Who I am is not of any importance. What is important is that you truthfully tell me everything I ask you otherwise... you will be killed."

"Hm?" When contrary to this person's expectation Ling Han didn't panic nor looked afraid, they couldn't help but become surprised.

Before they could do anything to change it, Ling Han spoke, "Go ahead, senior, ask whatever you want. If I can answer, I will, but if I can't... well you have to just kill me."

'How troublesome!' The person, who was none other than Uncle Yagui, the emperor with the Young King Mage who had invited Esme for desserts, couldn't help but feel helpless upon hearing him.

After staying silent for a moment, he asked, "What's the name of that blue-haired brat?"

Ling Han's eyes narrowed, 'As expected, they are after him.'

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes, determined to not say anything and die instead.

Uncle Yagui saw this and said, "Don't worry. I won't kill him."

"Then why are you interested in him?" Ling Han shot back.

"If I'm not wrong, he and that woman with him want to join the Beast Emperor Hall. I just want to check if they are people with good character and no objectionable background." Uncle Yagui calmly said. Then he couldn't smile wryly, 'I'm really not suited for this kind of thing. Unfortunately, I have to obey that brat's unreasonable demands, sigh!'

Ling Han was suspicious but thinking the chances of someone strong like him lying just to get some information about Max, which he could easily find through other sources, wasn't too high, he opened his mouth.

"You can rest assured about their characters—they are very good people, completely unlike others who don't hesitate to kill and pillage for their selfishness. As for their background, I'll have to disappoint you because I don't know anything about it."

Uncle Yagui stared at him before he said, "You know people like you tend to die early."

Ling Han understood what he meant and just smiled. So what if he dies? At least he wouldn't have betrayed his benefactor.

He then watched as the figure waved their hand and he lost consciousness. When he came to, he found himself standing in the same location he was attacked—in front of the inn.

He checked his body and found his mana core and veins were no longer sealed.

'Were that person really someone from the Beast Emperor Hall?' His eyes flickered in thought. After hesitating because he knew Max wasn't in a good mood due to what happened a while before, he took out his communication crystal and relayed everything that just happened to him.

[...Please be careful, Young Master.]

...

Max's mind whirled in thought after he got Ling Han's message before his eyes lit up, "He should be that Emperor. Because Esme rejected that guy, his ego was bruised and in his anger, he sent the Emperor to dig out the information about us, wanting to take *revenge*?"

Max felt his guess had at least 70-80% chances of being correct.

"Luckily, the Emperor isn't a cruel one and somewhat disagrees with his Young Master, otherwise he wouldn't have let Ling Han return in one piece."

He muttered to himself before he stopped thinking about it. He had bigger problems than a bratty young master to worry about. Of course, he wasn't taking him lightly, but he felt he wouldn't cause too much trouble, but even if he did, he would worry about it then as there was no point in doing so right now.

His thoughts went back to the cursemancer.

After thinking for a long time, he figured out several ways to avoid and protect himself from him, but they all involved hiding and pleading others for help, which he wasn't willing to do.

Still, he wouldn't hesitate if the situation really demanded it. After all, he didn't want to die just to keep his pride intact—he still had a long life to enjoy with his beauties.

"Let's hope he doesn't find me too soon." He sighed before clenching his fists. The permanent and most reliable solution to all problems was strength. If he was strong enough, he could handle anything.

Thinking this, he sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes in meditation to clear his mind. Then, he slowly and gently started directing the Death Energy Lingering in his brain back to his dantian and Death Core.

It took a few minutes. When he assessed the state of his brain, he sighed and opened his eyes.

It was as he had expected. Even though he had carefully controlled the Death Energy, it was too volatile and had caused some damage to his brain. Fortunately, it wasn't too serious and he could heal it with Nascent Energy before it became worse.

He then flipped his palm and concentrated.

Wu~

Slowly, Fire Elemental mana condensed into a small sphere of fire at the center of his palm and then at his will, it started to rapidly morph and took shapes of an arrow, a sword, a shield, a spear, a bell and many other things before finally turning into a miniature version of Esme.

Then, he let the mana dissipate, a small smile tugging at the corner of his lips. "Soon, I'll have attained Supreme Mastery over Fire Mana and then I can proceed to comprehend the Law."

He aimed to at least comprehend the rudimentary form of Fire Law before breaking through to the Five Star realm because not only would it make it easier and safer to break through, the level of difficulty of comprehending the law in Spirit Realm would lower significantly.

This progress in mana mastery was all thanks to Esme's guidance in this past month. While she didn't have Fire Element, the process of mastering the mana of all elementals, be it fire or thunder, was similar.

Thanks to her, he believed he would be able to reach Supreme Mastery before he joined the Beast Emperor Hall.

'I should go and see if this city has cultivation chambers.' He thought and stood up.

Just then...

Knock! Knock!

Chapter 840: Ellie and Ming'er

"Young Master..."

Ling Han's hesitant voice sounded.

Max walked over and calmly opened the door. After looking him up and down and seeing he was alright, he asked, "What is it?"

Ling Han sighed in relief seeing Max no longer seemed to be in a bad mood and awkwardly said, "I, um, need a small favor."

Max continued looking at him.

Ling Han got the cue and explained, "Ming'er needs a bath, but since she is no longer a child, it would feel weird if I were to help her. So, I was hoping Miss Anna, Miss Gene or maybe Miss Ellie could do it. If it's them, Ming'er wouldn't feel uncomfortable and she can also probably make friends with them."

Max nodded in understanding, "Wait a moment."

Saying this, he closed the door and connected with the Tower to see who was free.

Everyone was busy cultivating or they were resting after a long bout of cultivation or mana training. Only Gene and Ellie were casually talking like they have been doing for the past three days.

'Just how many things they have to talk.' He thought, shaking his head.

Then with a thought, he pulled Ellie out.

Swoosh!

"Huh?" Ellie was caught off guard by the sudden change in scenery. Then she saw Max standing in front of her and blushed before hurriedly standing up and straightening her clothes to look presentable.

"Sorry for suddenly summoning you out." Max said to which Ellie shook her head, "N-No, it's alright."

Nodding, Max told her why he brought her out.

A hint of disappointment and relief flashed in Ellie's eyes when she heard this. "No problem. I can do that."

Max, upon noticing her disappointment, curled his lips and suddenly took a step toward her before circling his hand around her waist and pulling her into his chest.

"Ah~" Ellie exclaimed in surprise and put her hands on his chest, instinctively wanting to push him away but then she returned to her senses and stopped herself.

Ba-Dum! Ba-Dum!

Being so close to him, in his embrace, her heart was racing and blood rushed to her head, making her feel faint.

Max stared at her face which had turned red and noticing her almost non-existent breathing, he leaned his face in and gently kissed her forehead.

"No need to be so nervous. I'm not going to eat you." He said with a chuckle and released her.

Ellie cupped her hands on her heaving chest and lowered her blushing face, "...I wouldn't mind."

Suddenly realizing she had spoken out loud instead of just thinking to herself, her eyes widened in shame and embarrassment. "I-I'm going to help her."

Saying this, she moved to hurry past him and leave the room, not wanting to face him, but Max suddenly grabbed her arm and once again pulled her in his embrace.

Looking into her eyes, he softly and apologetically said, "I'm sorry for not paying you attention. But don't worry, once I have some free time, I'll make sure to pamper you."

Ellie's face turned so red that it seemed blood might start dropping from it as she heard him, felt his warmth and breathing on her face which she had suddenly become conscious of.

"I-I don't want to be p-pampered." Saying this, she *struggled* out of his *grasp* and hurried out of the room.

'How are you going to find their room without me?' Max shook his head, smiling. But he didn't immediately follow her out and instead decided to give her some time to recollect herself.

...

Outside the room, Ellie was leaning back against the door, heaving deep breaths.

'I was wrong.' She thought, 'I had thought I was ready to do... *that* with him, but I'm not.'

She then touched her forehead where he had kissed and smiled foolishly. Then, she suddenly shook her head and muttered, "No wonder Mother fell in love with him so soon. He is a devil, but... I want him to love me too."

'O-Of course, it's to become a mage so I can protect Mother and my soon to be born sibling.' She added, her expression becoming serious.

Among the group, except for Noah who had been crippled, she was the only mortal and she felt it.

Even her mother, who was supposed to be weaker than him because of her pregnancy, was stronger than her. While she acted she was taking care of her mother, she knew Ella didn't need help except the emotional support.

But... she didn't want to be just emotional support—she wanted to be strong enough to protect her, maybe also her new friend Gene, who was very strong, Anna and others who treated her and her mother like family.

Phew!

She exhaled deeply and clenched her fists, her gaze becoming determined, 'I won't get flustered next time.'

Creak!

Just then, the door opened and she almost fell back but a hand supported her. Knowing it was Max, her heart, which had barely calmed down, started beating faster.

"Let's go." Max said, walking out of the room.

"Y-Yes." Ellie hurriedly followed him, taking small but deep breaths to calm down.

...

Knock! Knock!

A second after Max knocked on the door, Ling Han opened it and welcomed them inside.

Immediately, Max felt a gaze on him, which made him raise his brows because... it was full of emotions.

Looking over, he saw Ming'er, with her gaze fixed on him, trying to sit up.

Swoosh!

Ling Han noticed this and hurriedly moved over to her, "Hey, what are you doing? Stay still."

"No. I want to sit up." Ming'er said, blushing as she sneaked a glance at Max.

Noticing this, Ling Han chuckled, "No need to be embarrassed, Ming'er. He is the young master Max who I told you about. He treated you so you don't need—"

"Big Brother!" Before he could finish, Ming'er glared at him.

Did this blockhead of a brother want to embarrass her more by constantly telling her not to be embarrassed?

Wasn't it already embarrassing enough that he let him see her in such an unpresentable state?

'But why am I feeling so embarrassed and why do I not feel any anger and resentment toward him that I felt earlier, instead I... want to look good in front of him?' Ming'er thought, not able to understand what was happening to her.

Standing at the foot of the bed, Max, after thinking for a while, let out a sigh. 'This is... not good.'

He realized why Ming'er, to whom he was just a stranger, showed such emotions towards him.