

Seller 801

Chapter 801: Earth 1712: Sungjun in the Prison (Part-2)

Later, at the noon;

The Prison cafeteria was filled with noise.

Sungjun stood in line with his tray with his eyes forward, calm as a man waiting for a bus he takes every day for work. Behind him, Steve towered like a quiet shadow but remained humble.

At one of the tables, a group of inmates sat watching. One of them, a broad-shouldered, with a mohawk and a tattoo crawling up his neck, leaned forward, a grin twisting on his face.

"Well, look at that," one said, nudging his buddy. "Mr. Incredible is out of his hole."

"Who's the pretty boy in front of him, Steve was talking to? Never seen him before," another snorted.

"A friend, maybe," a third guessed. "Looks like a celebrity from Zhonggou, though. Did he supply drugs or something?"

The leader with the mohawk chuckled, setting his tray aside. "If he is a friend, then he must have something on Steve. Let's go give him a warm welcome."

The four of them stood and swaggered toward the line. The crowd nearby quieted out of curiosity. Everyone around could anticipate that something worth watching was about to happen as they stopped in front of Steve, and the latter's jaw tightened. "What?"

The man spread his hands, a smile never leaving his face. "Relax, big guy. Just wanted to check out your new friend here."

He turned his attention to Sungjun, eyes sliding over him like measuring a mark. "Hey, pretty face. You might wanna be careful around here... The man behind you just has the physique, but he doesn't interfere or protect you. With such a girlish face and flawless skin, you are going to attract quite a lot of men here..."

A few around burst into laughter.

Steve hissed in response. He was about to react, but Sungjun beat him to it, looking up at them and saying flatly, "I don't know who you are, but based on your words, it feels like either you're too starved to tell men from women or you just like men."

The laughter was instant, and they were even louder. A few trays clattered.

However, Sungjun wasn't done yet. He had to get into trouble to complete his mission anyway.

Taking a glance at the other three behind the mohawked man, he further provoked, "You are not using contacts or spectacles. So, I guess your eyesight is fine. That means I guess you just like men who are clean-shaven. So tell me — when you get lonely, do you take turns with those three bithes of yours? Or is it one of those gay four-man orgy setups?"

That broke the cafeteria. Bursts of laughter, sharp whistles, and even the guards near the doors cracked grins at his words.

On the other hand, the mohawked man's face went red; a mix of rage and humiliation was clearly evident on his face, and he blew up. "You basard! I'll kill you!"

He lunged forward, swinging his fist straight toward Sungjun's face.

But Sungjun already responded. With a thought in his head, his mana surged within his body, but it didn't come out; instead, it flowed through his leg bones, strengthening them like steel.

He twisted slightly, then kicked.

A blur — that's all the man saw before something struck him.

The sound of impact cracked like a gunshot. The mohawked man's body lifted off his feet and slammed into a table three meters away, snapping it in half before crashing to the floor in a mess of food and splinters.

Silence followed by the scene.

The man groaned once, then went still.

The others froze in place, not daring to breathe, watching that for a second before one of them shouted. "Get him..."

Sungjun didn't even look at the man writhing on the floor. He turned slightly and held out his tray. "Steve," he said flatly. "Hold this."

Steve blinked once but obeyed, taking the plate without a word.

The moment his hands were free, Sungjun stepped forward. The next man moved—hesitant, too slow. Sungjun's fist sank into his stomach before the inmate even finished raising his guard. The man folded like wet paper, collapsing to his knees.

The next one came from the side with a broken bottle. Sungjun turned, grabbed the man's wrist, twisted until the crack echoed, and slammed his face into the table edge. Blood sprayed across the surface.

Two more lunged at once, joining in the fight. He dodged the first, swept the second's leg, and drove an elbow into the first man's chest on the turn. The crack of ribs was sharp and clean.

By the time Steve set the plate down on a nearby table, half a dozen inmates were already on the floor. The rest hesitated, then charged as a group.

Sungjun sighed, shaking his head. "These idiots don't have a bit of intelligence."

He charged forward again.

When it ended, the cafeteria looked like a battlefield—tables overturned, trays scattered, food smeared across the floor. A dozen men lay sprawled and groaning.

Behind the counter, the guards stopped serving. One of them raised his walkie-talkie, voice tight. "Get the warden. We've got a situation in the mess hall."

Sungjun brushed his sleeves, as if dusting off the violence. Then he turned to Steve. "Plate."

Steve quickly handed it back, eyes wide but silent.

Sungjun walked forward through the chaos. Inmates shifted out of his way without being told, a ripple of instinctive fear parting the crowd.

Meanwhile, he reached the counter, slid the tray across.

The cooks behind it froze. The head server glanced at his bruised coworkers and then at the dozen unconscious men littering the room. He gulped and silently scooped an extra serving of meat and vegetables onto Sungjun's plate.

"Thank you," Sungjun said mildly, taking it back.

He found an empty table near the far wall and sat. Steve followed, sliding into the seat opposite. Neither spoke for a while. Only the clatter of a fallen spoon somewhere across the room filled the silence.

Sungjun ate slowly, unbothered. Then, a faint shimmer flickered before his eyes—a holographic display only he could see.

Ding!

[Emergency Quest Completed]

Reward: +100 System Coins

He swiped the screen away with a thought and opened his quest list. Lines of text glowed faintly before a familiar mission, the one that forced him to come to this place, caught his eye.

Ding!

[Emergency Mission]

Objective: Infiltrate the Maximum Security Prison and extract Ryu Jeong-ho (Seongha's father).

Reward: Eyes of the Mystic – Unlock

Sungjun's spoon hovered in midair. His gaze sharpened just slightly. Glancing left and right, he thought. "This much trouble is enough to make a name here. I need to do more to get to that place."

He leaned back, eyes scanning the silent cafeteria.

The so-called Anti-Mana Rune Technology—worthless against him. It might shut down hunters, sure, but it can't touch the system. As long as he has mana, I'm untouchable here. And that itself gave him the confidence to venture down into the deepest parts of the prison.

He took another bite of his food, unhurried. "How long..." He glanced at the entrance, waiting for the officers.

And a few minutes later, they were in the middle of lunch when two men cut through the hush and came straight to their table.

Both carried that easy confidence of men who knew people in every corridor — the kind of men whose names opened doors and closed mouths. Steve followed their nods with a small, curt breath and said, "Sir, these two are..."

As Steve introduced the two of them, who were said to have quite a reach to even the deepest levels of the prison, Sungjun set his spoon down without looking up. He then lifted his right arm and rolled up the sleeve,

showing the fake claw tattoo braced over the inner wrist — the mark Seongha and all of her gang members bore.

As the two of them looked like they were taken aback, Sungjun asked casually. "Have you seen anyone else with the same mark? It should be in the same place..."

Their eyes flickered, then blanked slightly — as if a wind had passed over a dusty window.

Sungjun raised his head to look at them, and seeing their hesitation, he quietly scrolled down the screen in the skill section, and with a thought, he unleashed one of the skills, "Overlord's Authority, Activate, Hypnotism." A faint glow brushed the edges of his irises, subtle enough that only those paying the closest attention would notice. Seeing the same imitated subtle glow from the targets, he asked again. "So, have you seen or know anyone else with the same mark in this prison?"

"There's— there's one," the shorter man murmured in a thin voice. "Mr. Ryu... The Dragon." He sucked in a breath as if the name itself hurt him to say.

"Where?" Sungjun asked.

The other answered with an unfocused gaze. "In the deepest layer. Level—level seven. He's been locked in there for 3 years."

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Sungjun's jaw tightened at the words. Level-7.

Through Steve, he already found out about each level of this prison.

Level-1 inmates are those with petty crimes such as cons and thefts.

Level-2, currently Sungjun got in, inmates are those who were mostly smugglers.

Level-3 is where inmates with violent crimes are gathered.

And Level-4 is basically filled with murderers and rapists who are all basically sentenced to life imprisonment.

But from there, Levels 5, 6, and 7. These three deep levels will house those who committed crimes after coming to prison, from repeated violent fights to even murders.

And Seongha's father, who was also known as the Dragon, Sungjun, heard from these two that when the Dragon was thrown into level-4 prison, he somehow supplied weapons to fellow inmates and gave them drugs to enhance their strength, launching a prison break.

It led to a heavy clash between the officers and the inmates, leading to 184 casualties, of which 68 were prison guards. It was like he wiped out almost one-third of the guards in the rebellion. As a result, he was moved to the Seventh Level, the deepest part of the prison, where one could never come out, even after their death.

Listening to the story, Sungjun leaned forward in curiosity. "How do you get there?"

The men exchanged a glance that said everything: they didn't want to know the answer, but they knew it anyway. "Only one way," the taller one said after a breath. "Well, recently, an arsonist named Asha killed a guard captain who tried to sexually assault her. Some guards tried to suppress her, but she killed them, too. We heard that she killed 11 people. So, I guess if you match those kill records, you can be sent to level 7."

"Killing?" Steve frowned at that suggestion. He almost growled. "You bastards, what the hell are you saying?" He turned to Sungjun, "Boss, don't listen to them. Level-7 is the most dangerous place. You can't get out of that place if you enter."

Before Sungjun could reply, the mess hall doors swung open and three prison guards in riot gear pushed in. One of them barked, stepping toward, "Hey, Inmate 76812. Come with us, this instant."

At once, everyone's attention once again shifted to Sungjun.

Sungjun, however, didn't flinch a bit. He casually gazed at them, "I'm eating. Can't you see?" He said, twirling the noodles, and continued to eat.

"You..."

The nearest guard lunged first with his baton raised.

Sungjun grabbed the bowl and carried it with his chopsticks, and his free left arm, without looking at the attack, shot at him while clenching into a fist.

Meanwhile, mana flared in his body, riding through his left arm as it struck the baton. The weapon in the guard's hand was broken into two pieces. The guard froze in his spot, his eyes widened at the scene. But Sungjun didn't stop. He spun around and gave a punch with the back of his fist.

Pow

Despite wearing a vest to protect himself, the guard's ribs fractured with the impact as he blasted away, crashing into a table.

The rest of the inmates stopped eating and moved away, becoming silent spectators. Meanwhile, Sungjun resumed eating.

Everyone: "..."

"Raaa..."

The second guard also charged forward with his baton. However, before he reached the table, Sungjun, once again, without looking again, shot his leg at a blurring speed. His mana rushed into his leg this time.

The guard's ankle behind his pants was broken after one kick. As he stumbled forward, Sungjun slightly twisted his body and gave a kick to his abdomen.

The second guard blasted away and crashed onto another table with another set of ribs broken. Gahhh The guard's shout turned into a wet gag.

The third one took out his walkie-talkie to contact his superior for backup. However, Sungjun let out a grin as he put up the bowl on the table. The guard wanted to back away, but he got a boot to his back so hard his breath left his body, and his eyes rolled white, crashing to the floor.

From the moment guards arrived, not even twenty seconds passed, and the three officers in uniform were lying on the floor unconscious.

Around them, inmates scrambled; some were cheering his name, but many were just trying to keep from being swept up in the aftermath as they knew what would happen next. In other prisons, where the inmates merely change blocks or mostly stay in the same place, as a result, their influence will remain strong over time.

Here, the troublemakers wouldn't get such a chance as those who commit crimes within the prison will at least go to level-5, controlled by Robotic guards that enforce disciplinary rules without facing any problem of threats and way stronger than typical prison guards.

Since Sungjun was practically unknown to everyone, they didn't care and just enjoyed the show, while refraining from cheering too loudly.

Meanwhile, the only person who got connected to Sungjun, Steve, watched the scene in silence. Like everyone else, he didn't intervene and simply backed away.

However, the person in question, Sungjun, went back to his table and continued to eat calmly. A couple of seconds later, he smirked, thinking, "This certainly should be enough for me to generate fame on this floor. Since I didn't kill anyone either, the most I will get is a warning or a solitary cell for a few days. But it would be worth establishing a network with these smugglers. These guys are experts in handling things secretly and are definitely smarter than your average Joe."

Fifteen minutes later;

The clang of metal echoed as Sungjun's hands were cuffed and he was escorted down the narrow corridor. More than twenty guards flanked him with tensed faces and their boots pounding against the concrete like a drumline. However, Sungjun didn't fight them but instead cooperated, just followed them without any protest.

Eventually, he was shoved into a solitary cell, as he guessed. As the door slammed behind him, he let out a deep sigh and sat cross-legged on the thin mattress, closing his eyes. "Oh, Seongha, your request really pushed me to a prison and made me do things I would feel ashamed of... if it is my past life. Anyway..."

Letting out another deep sigh, he began his Mana Condensation technique that he had been practicing for the past three months.

The natural energy of the world outside rushed toward him as he activated it. However, when it was about to enter the prison, it was immediately dissipated, swallowed by the walls and wards.

He frowned, lips pressing into a thin line. "Dammit, the Anti-Mana Rune technology was useless against my system, but they suppressed any outside energy from entering."

A subtle exhale left him as he let the tension slide away. He folded his hands on his lap and shifted into meditation instead, trying to calm his mind and stay focused.

Far above, in the officer's tower, the prison in charge's phone buzzed relentlessly.

As the Night had fallen, the cells darkened except for the faint glow from the surveillance panels. The in-charge moved quickly, flanked by a small squad of guards. "Everyone, stay outside." He then ordered the guards to open the door.

The heavy door clanged open. Sungjun's eyes flickered open slowly. His calm, unflinching gaze met the in-charge's as the latter stepped inside in a rather serious manner.

But once the door slammed behind the in-charge, the in-charge swallowed hard and sank onto the edge of the cot, showing his panic, "Why... why did you do that, Sir? Three of our men were hospitalized. They were all good men with families." His voice was low, but trembled with unease.

Sungjun let out a faint scoff at that. "Because you didn't tell me where the man was." He leaned back slightly, replying in a sharp tone. "Even a prisoner knows where his target is. You lied to me."

The in-charge shook his head violently, sweat beading on his forehead. "It's not that I don't want to tell you... It's that I cannot. The spell—the prison's wards—force me to keep the location of any prisoners below Level-5 a secret. I'm bound. I can't reveal it."

Sungjun's eyes narrowed, staring at him. On the side, the holographic screen showed that Hypnotism is available to use. He pondered for a moment on whether he should use the technique or not. Meanwhile, his silent stare caused the in-charge's breath to be suffocated a bit in tension. Sweat beads formed over his forehead.

But right then, Sungjun's smile thinned until it was blade-sharp. "Fine," he said in a low voice. "I don't hold you for what you hid. Nor should you hold a grudge for what I did. Now, forget about what happened before. Get me to Level Seven."

The in-charge froze, swallowing his breath in deep pressure. For a long beat, he said nothing, weighing some impossible decision.

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Sungjun's tone then slid colder, like ice poured into a wound. "What? Isn't a hundred million credits that I gave you enough for the task, or must I start threatening the people you find precious to get what I want?"

The words hit like a punch. The in-charge's face went ashen. He hurriedly grabbed at Sungjun's sleeve with both hands, fingers trembling. "Please—no. Don't... don't hurt my family. Please."

Sungjun shrugged in indifference as if he wasn't moved by the in charge's plea. "Everyone in the world is aware that Pavel had the policy of never hurting innocents," he said quietly, almost conversational. But a moment later, he added, "However, that policy was what my late father put into effect when he was ruling the underworld. But now, I'm the king, and don't force me to change the policy. Now, all you have to do is use your influence subtly to bring me closer to my target and help me escape him. Once the task is done, you can just voluntarily retire as a part of taking responsibility. And for that, you were given a lifetime settlement of 100 million credits, an amount 95% of the world wouldn't be able to earn in their entire lifetime. And if you can't even do it, then I will have no use for you."

The warning broke the man completely. He sagged back against the wall as he knelt down, tears bright in the corner of his eyes. "Alright. I'll help. I'll do whatever it takes to fulfill the task. But still, I can't tell you how to be sent down there. The spell forbids me from revealing the whereabouts of inmates below Level-Five."

Sungjun's eyes didn't move, but the faint glow at their edge dimmed. "Don't worry, I won't force you to do things that you cannot do. Just tell me what you can."

The officer wiped his face with the back of his hand and forced a breath. "Sir, you won't be 'sent' to Level-Seven by any guard unless you're marked as too dangerous to house on the common levels. Transfers are controlled by special units. I might be the prison in charge, but I can't order one. What I can do—" He glanced around the solitary block as if the concrete had ears. "is point you to names. There are men who know the transfer corridors, who know which officers will look the other way for the right price."

Sungjun's expression softened just a fraction. The man was terrified but trying to be useful. "One thing," the in-charge added quickly, voice pleading now, "Also, please do not kill the guards. Let them live. They're doing their duty. Prisoners can die for what they did, but the guards are different. Please... I beg you."

Sungjun considered that, then nodded once, small and decisive. "You'll get your bargain. I won't kill your men if they don't force my hand."

Relief crashed through the officer so visibly that he looked younger by minutes. "Thank you, Sir."

The next morning;

Sungjun walked back into the cell like he owned the silence. The door clanged shut behind him, and Steve was already there, waiting with the slow, steady patience of someone who'd learned to read a room.

"Boss, you okay?" Steve asked without ceremony.

Sungjun shrugged off his jacket and dropped onto the lower bunk. "I am alright." He paused, then sat up and met Steve's eyes. "I need to get to Level-7. And whatever we do, no killing of guards, and no killing of inmates who haven't earned it. I need to find another way."

"Level-7? Sir... are you sure you want to go there?" Steve gulped.

Sungjun snapped at him instantly, "Do you think I went to a solitary cell just because I was too bored or something?"

As Steve froze, Sungjun continued. "Help me sincerely with whatever you can do, and I will return the favor in due time."

Steve took a deep breath and gave a nod. "Boss, this is Level-2 — most of the boys here are smugglers, small-time gang jobs. The inmates aren't worth much. Even if you beat all of them, you might not face too much trouble. Only the cops are worth the punishment," After thinking a bit, he added. "But there is a way. There's a guard captain named Russel Andre. He is a sadist—likes to make men talk with a smile. He's been off on leave for the past few days. When he returns, he'll definitely pay attention to you. Killing him will get you what you want, and not even officers would feel offended, but I'll say it again. Level-7 isn't a joke. I heard that the Robotic Prison guards are engineered to handle anything a prisoner throws at them."

Sungjun's eyes flicked lazily, "That's none of your business."

Steve swallowed hard, the color draining from his face a little. He nodded, because it was the right reply and because he'd already made his choice by telling Sungjun. "Five days," he said. "He's coming back in five. I will try my best to spread the rumors about you so that he will come straight to you when he returns."

Sungjun nodded, "Alright."

Two days later;

An open-top car pulled to the curb, and a woman with a practiced smile helped Russel out, arranging his uniform as if she were fixing a suit. Bidding him goodbye, he walked in smiling, checking his reflection on a chrome badge as he greeted the guard at the gate with a broad, practiced "Hi."

The gate guard's polite mask dropped the second the pleasantries were done and the small talk moved to the mess hall. "How's Level-2 been while I was away?" Russel asked, voice light.

The guard hesitated, eyes flicking toward the inner yard like he was checking for cameras. "We had a new cellmate show up and took over things pretty fast. In mere a week, he became the King of level-2."

"The King of Level-2?" Russel furrowed his brows. "Tell me what he had done." He tucked a hand into his jacket and walked on, the rest of the prison falling back into routine behind him.

After a while, in his office, Russel's jaw tightened anyway as he read the file on Sungjun. "Caught smuggling drugs worth 20 million while crossing the border to Novarusk... He seemed to be connected to many gangs... Hmm... it says here that this guy lost his eye in some kind of revenge, and a bionic eye was implanted in him, which is no longer working. Maybe he could be the source of some information." A thought appeared in his head, and a smirk formed at his lips.

"Drag Sungjun Han to the torture chamber," he then barked at the nearby guard, coming to a decision. His voice carried the kind of authority that came from years of taking pleasure in making men smaller.

The guard hesitated, rubbing his jaw as if testing the idea like a bad tooth. "Sir... he's not what he looks. He's lean, but—" he swallowed, "he's strong. Three days ago, he was ambushed by more than a dozen inmates in the showers, and all ended up hospitalized with their bones broken."

Russel's eyes flashed hard. "I'll break his arrogance," he said, low and dangerous. "Bring him in ten minutes."

At the cell, Sungjun seemed to be alone, had his legs crossed on the bottom bunk with a comic folded open across his knees. Like a True King on the floor, Sungjun benefits from skipping the line for food, officers giving him coffee with breakfast, the kind of coffee only they are privileged to have, comics to read, etc...

Meanwhile, seeing that he wasn't sent down to the lower levels, the inmates on Level-2 slowly felt like they needed to get into Sungjun's good books, and as a result, every day, he used to get presents, as little as books to as expensive as imported liquor.

With a stack of comic books on the side, Sungjun was currently enjoying his time, but in truth, he was waiting for his target to arrive.

And then the metallic cell door crashed open, interrupting his attention. With many prisons behind, Russel swept in, his eyes wandered over the room for a moment before they fell on Sungjun. "Sungjun Han?" he announced. "You're coming with me."

Sungjun looked up slowly, one eyebrow lifting like an invitation. He casually put away the comic and pushed himself up without hurry.

"Are you the big shot around here?" Sungjun asked in a flat tone, although knowing well who he was. "But I don't need offerings from every Tom, Dick, and Harry. You can leave."

Russel's smile thinned into a snarl. "You really think you are the king here, huh?" he said to the guards. "Take him down."

The prison guards hesitated, but after a couple of seconds, the first guard lunged.

However, before he made a second step, Sungjun turned into a blur as he charged forward and grabbed his wrist. With a twist of his arm, he then swung him away. The guard flew and crashed into the wall.

Seeing that, the remaining took a step back, but Russel barked, "Go..."

Chapter 804: Earth 1712: Sungjun in the Prison (Part-5)

Four of them moved, but Sungjun gave a kick to one's leg, a punch to one's chest, an elbow strike to one's abdomen, and a chop to the back of one's neck.

Russel's face flushed a violent red. "You bastard..." He stormed forward and flicked his wrist, and a whip uncoiled from a leather loop at his hip.

With a flick of a small button on his cuff, the whip came alive: sparks ran along its length. He then brandished the whip and struck the floor.

"You'll pay for that insolence!" Russel shouted.

He lashed out. The whip cut the air to strike him down, but Sungjun blankly stared at him.

"Electric whip. That's a nice weapon," he said softly under his breath.

As the whip time aimed at Sungjun's shoulder, the latter evaded with a simple side step.

The whip slammed against the wall behind him instead.

Without wasting a moment, he closed the distance. Reaching behind Russel, a single, precise punch landed squarely at his back.

One punch to his back, Russel blasted away, crashing into the wall.

Russel collapsed, moaning and clutching his spine. He wasn't dead, but every vertebra from neck to lower back had felt the impact. Sungjun crouched beside him, calm and unhurried.

He reached down, grasping the whip now lifeless and flicking it toward his inventory. His hands moved systematically, collecting other items from Russel's body: a smartphone, an access card, and a few miscellaneous keys and ID badges. "This access card is the most important one in the facility." He murmured in a bit of curiosity while staring at it, "I wonder how much access it has."

Moments later, Russel and several guards, battered and restrained with bone injuries, were admitted into the prison's emergency ward. Medics moved quickly, checking vitals, setting splints, and muttering under their breath about what sort of troublemaker they had now in the prison.

With rules being clear, the repeated offense of heavily injuring officers, now including a level in charge, the order came to him in a couple of days.

Here is where the prison in-charge used his influence, arguing with his superiors to give severe punishment for Sungjun. Although he asked for Level 7, since Sungjun hadn't killed anyone, he was given the transfer orders to Level-6.

Sungjun was led out of Level-2 under the scrutiny of armed guards, each one nervous enough to double-check the chains binding his arms and body.

He walked with a calm gait, letting them think they were in control, while every step was measured and calculated.

Meanwhile, no one questioned Sungjun about the missing things of Russel. They were aware that he might have taken it and hidden it elsewhere, as nothing was found on him. But since he was already being transferred, they didn't need to worry about the usage and could search for them later on.

Amidst a fanfare and silent gazes, Sungjun left the area, leaving behind some impression which he was sure would be gone in a few days. The only question is whether Steve will be ready to complete the task he was given: Causing heavy distraction by creating a war. For that, he will have to build a faction that he had refused to do so far. Through the prison in charge, Sungjun has already contacted his men outside and sent 1 million credits to Steve's family in the hope of good faith. Once Steve confirms it during the monthly visit, Sungjun hopes that Steve will not have any second thoughts.

Meanwhile, after leaving Level-2, he took several turns like walking in some kind of maze, eventually reaching an elevator with guards left and right of him.

Eventually, the elevator went down four levels to reach level 6.

The doors to Level-6 opened with a hiss. As soon as it opened, Sungjun's eyes fell on a robotic soldier, tall and sleek, waiting for him. The handheld cannon in its hand was raised to point at him and stated in its monotone voice, although speaking to the guards. "Thank you for the hard work. We will take it from here."

As the guards left after the Robotic soldier confirmed his identity, its gun pointed toward him and said, "Follow me, Inmate 73812."

Sungjun obeyed and quietly followed it. But on the way, he let his eyes roam casually, noting the differences. The cells were larger here, more spacious than in Level 2. Even the hallways felt cleaner, more organized, with fewer signs of chaos or disturbance.

When he finally entered his cell, Sungjun paused at the threshold.

The room was unlike anything he expected from a "prison" environment. A separate bed sat neatly in one corner, the mattress crisp and untouched.

Against another wall was a mini gym, complete with weights, pull-up bars, and resistance machines. A weighing scale rested nearby, and a vending machine stocked with snacks hummed quietly. On a shelf, a small library of books was neatly arranged, as if someone had anticipated the occupant's tastes.

The air conditioner was set to 18.3 degrees Celsius. According to the Robots, it is the optimal temperature for the human body, which encourages humans to stay drowsy and slow down mental activity.

However, for someone like Sungjun, who was born and raised in Siberia, where even summer temperatures are only around 20 degrees Celsius, such temperatures didn't do a thing to him. Not to mention the fact that he is immune to such conditions due to the system.

With confidence running in his veins, Sungjun took a step inside, but then suddenly, his senses immediately noticed something unusual.

Silence. There was Absolute silence inside. He couldn't even hear the soft click of his own footsteps. Almost instinctively, he knew it was a spell of silence embedded in the room. A faint notification popped up in his vision, confirming his suspicions.

Ding!

[Do you wish to break the Anti-sound spell? Warning: AI-operated robots may detect an anomaly.]

He frowned, tilting his head as he studied the room. As someone who depended on Super AI for years, he knew the extent of a central AI network that is connected to all the Bots. Any disturbance could trigger an alert. And unlike humans, these robots wouldn't have to fear for injuries, deaths, or their loved ones.

"Not yet," he murmured to himself. No reason to break it now. And he had no reason to reveal his full capabilities in this prison.

He slowly settled cross-legged on the mat, closing his eyes. He focused inward, feeling his mana pulse steadily, ready to respond to any situation that might arise. That means even here, he is free to use the skills as he wishes. That gave him some relief.

After a few minutes, he opened the inventory and looked at the slot with the image of the access card in it. Since he didn't know how far it could go, he decided to test it, but not right now. Because...

Sungjun glanced to the corner of the room, where there is a CCTV that is monitoring him. Luckily for him, it wasn't some high-end model that would have clear vision even in the darkness.

So, he waited.

One hour after dinner, the lights dimmed automatically, plunging the room into near darkness. Sungjun opened his skill interface with a faint swipe in the air, and the holographic display shimmered into existence.

Four skills caught his eye, neatly organized under the "Overlord's Dominion" tab:

Memory Extraction

Teleportation Portal

Hypnosis

Invisibility

He allowed himself a moment to reminisce. "Sigh... here, the hypnosis will not work, because there is no human. I hope the other three will help me..."

A flashback from a few weeks ago appeared in his mind.

A few weeks ago, at Han Manor;

Sungjun was busy looking at the accounts, the funding they have been spending on the war.

Tempest had brought a trembling young man with anti-mana cuffs on his wrists, earning his attention. "Boss, I found someone who fulfills one of the criteria you instructed," Tempest had said.

Sungjun's lips curved into a small smile as he stood and approached the captive carefully. The man trembled visibly, eyes wide with fear. Sungjun crouched slightly and said, "Don't worry. I don't mean you any harm. I brought you here for another purpose. Just tell me... what is your ability?"

The young man gulped audibly. "I... I can... I can turn invisible," he stammered.

"And for how long?" Sungjun asked, tilting his head.

"two-three minutes," the man replied.

"And is it only turning invisible or can you evade senses? What about sensors deployed by banks, police stations, and such?" Sungjun asked.

The man replied, "I can't evade a strong sensory, but I can evade sensors from those establishments."

Sungjun nodded slowly. "Good. You will be freed soon, but until then, I have a few instructions." He paused, letting the weight of his calm authority settle over the man. "For three minutes, you sit. You drink your coffee. You do not talk. You do not move. Nothing. After that, I will send 100,000 credits into your account and return you home. You will forget that anyone ever took you. No questions. Understood?"

The man nodded quickly, relief and disbelief battling on his face.

Sungjun's smile widened faintly. "Good," he said, standing back.

Back to the Present;

Sungjun opened his skill interface again, focusing on the fourth ability under Overlord's Dominion—Invisibility.

Chapter 805: Earth 1712: Sungjun in the Prison (Part-6)

As he activated the skill, a faint glow surrounded him, and his body slowly became translucent before disappearing completely.

Carefully, he crept toward the door, slipping past the holding cell through it, like a ghost. Everything seemed perfect in his mind, but suddenly, alarms were triggered all of a sudden.

"Damn it!" he cursed under his breath, rushing back into his cell. "Dismiss the skill."

In a hurry, Sungjun returned to his normal form after returning to his bed, lying down as if nothing had happened. Thirty seconds later, a robotic guard glided silently to his cell, sensors scanning in meticulous patterns.

It paused for a moment while activating its night vision. "False alarm. Need a software update to remove any bugs," the monotone voice reported, then retreated, leaving the room quiet once more.

After it was gone, Sungjun opened his eyes and clenched his fists tightly. "Why? I even tested it before. This invisibility should have evaded those motion sensors. I guess the alarms will trigger if there is no presence in the cell for more than five seconds or something? Fortunately, they aren't humans to have that instinct and get suspicious. They won't investigate and check the footage to see if they can see I turned invisible or something like that... The robots are disciplined, but their thinking is also quite straightforward and direct," he thought in his head. "Anyway, since I can't walk out, I'll have to make them open the door."

He let the thought settle. Simple logic: create an emergency they can't ignore. The best thing is fire. Smoke would trigger the opening of the cells, and then he could use Miniature ability to turn small and hurriedly leave. And while the robots were looking for him, he could roam around to check out the entire level 6 and return to his cell. Unlike humans, the robots with AI have high, if not overconfidence, in their deductive abilities. It is easier to fool them than 13-year-olds.

And creating fire is as easy as long as he has enough paper. He just needs to use his mana to ignite the papers. Luckily for him, there are enough books around to cause flames. But unfortunately, Robots are beings that follow patterns. In order to be random, he cannot use mana to burn books all the time. So, he has to use other ways.

As he was thinking about various ways to create flames, such as burning books, or causing fire through electronic supplies like an Air conditioner, vending machine, geyser in the shower, etc., something softer slipped into his mind.

"Sofi..." The image of his wife, Alexander's late wife, appeared in his mind. A sigh escaped his mouth as small, ordinary things came to him, like hair caught at the nape of her neck, the way she tucked a loose thread into the hem of his jacket, the soft indignation when he left dishes in the sink when he lived with her in her house. He could see her smile—easy, bright—and hear the way she said his name when she wanted him to listen.

"You'll burn the toast if you leave it too long," she'd scold, nudging him with the spoon.

"And you'll nag until I remember," he'd answer, and she'd laugh.

He let his eyes close as he lay down.

Ten years ago, the time when Alex had an accident and lived as a prisoner in Sophie's household.

Sophie—her hair a dark cascade, her eyes a storm—stood in the center of her modest apartment, her expression a mix of determination and disappointment. She had been 21 then, older than him by two years. Smoke curled from the small fire she'd set in the kitchen, enough to trigger the alarm and cover his escape.

Alex, only 19, had been quick but cautious. He dodged through the hallways and made his way to escape. The alarm blared behind him, but he moved as if the world had slowed. Step by step, he reached the exit. In the end, he got away.

But his tracks halted as the image of Sophie lingered.

Then, the realization hit him as surely as the cold night air: he loved her. And he wasn't simply escaping the prison. He was leaving the person whom he fell in love with. And if he would go then, by his status, Alex knew that his dad would not agree to be with her, the daughter of a small-time mob boss.

Turning back, he raced back, ignoring the burning scent behind him, ignoring the possibility of being caught.

Her eyes widened when he returned. "Sungjun... what are you—"

"I can't go, Sophie," he interrupted, closing the distance. "I like you. I've... I've fallen for you."

Sophie's breath hitched, and for a moment, the world seemed like it narrowed to the two of them. She reached out, her hands finding his, and hugged him tightly.

"I love you too," she whispered, a tremor of emotion breaking through her usual composure.

And then, as if the fire had forged the truth between them, they kissed.

All of a sudden, the scenery shifted to the same woman, a year later, as his pregnant wife, now in his arms, in a dead state. Her body is filled with holes. And around them, there were several bodies... the house was in flames. Alex was crying aloud, continuing to grab her.

Back to the Present, Sungjun let out a gasp as he got up from the bed. Tears were automatically seen falling down the cheek. Wiping the off, he murmured, clutching his heart, "It's been ten years, Alex. You slept with so many girls in the past decade, and have relationships with some of the most beautiful girls on the planet. You became the Pakhan of the Siberian underworld. Yet... you couldn't move on..."

The next night, the control room of the prison, located on the Level-5 floor, glowed in cold blue light. Rows of robotic operators glided silently across the polished floor with tablets and scanning devices flickering in their metallic hands, checking the situations on every level. Everything was calm and usual until a sharp, electronic siren split the air.

"Alert! Cell Twelve breached. Smoke detected. Inmate 73812—status: missing. CCTV connection lost."

Instantly, the robots that are tasked with monitoring the level-6 floor started scrambling.

Meanwhile, Sungjun, cloaked in invisibility skill, was already sprinting soundlessly through the floor at his fastest speed. His body shimmered faintly as mana coursed beneath his skin. Within seconds, he reached the elevator bay.

He drew out the access card he'd stolen from Russel Andre. With a soft beep, the scanner flashed green.

"Welcome, Mr. Andre."

"Perfect," he murmured, a faint smirk tugging at his lips.

Entering the elevator, he pressed button 7.

The elevator hummed and began its descent. But just as the numbers on the screen flicked from 6 to 7, the alarms below roared alive.

"Unauthorized access detected!"

"Unauthorized access detected!"

"Unauthorized access detected!"

" Lockdown in effect!"

"Shit," Sungjun hissed, instantly pulling the card again and slamming Level-6. The elevator halted and began to ascend.

When the doors slid open again, he found Robots were already patrolling around.. Meanwhile, a couple of robots swarmed into his now-empty cell. He watched from a shadowed corner of the hall in his invisible state, narrowing his eyes.

"Damn, they're fast," he muttered under his breath.

But there was something else—something he could use. Even amid the lockdown, the lights were still off. Had it been the human officers, the lights would be switched on already, waking up other inmates. But as they were robots, they followed protocol, according to the instructions put into their database.

A grin curved his lips. "Still disciplined, huh? Then this works in my favor."

Instead of going with his earlier plan, pretending he had escaped during the smoke alert, he shifted course. He slipped back toward his own cell in his invisibility state, where even there, the lights inside had been switched off but were currently being scanned by the robots with infrared scanners.

He moved to the corner and crouched low with his hands above his head before dismissing the invisibility skill. As soon as his body materialized in the dim glow, the scanner fell on his body.

The silence inside the cell broke with a mechanical voice that echoed through the corridor, indicating that the Anti-sound spell inside the room.

"Inmate 73812 located. Confirmed presence inside Cell Twelve."

Sungjun's eyes snapped open. His heartbeat was slightly elevated from nervousness. This is his first prison break after all. While his preparations were impeccable, filled with B, C, D, and even up to Z plans in case something goes wrong, Sungjun still has little information on Level-6, much less Level-7. He needed to confirm his speculations.

As three robotic sentries glided in upon confirming his presence, Sungjun squinted, feigning confusion. "What the hell? What's going on?" he said in a drowsy, irritated, but panicky tone, "Who are you? What are you doing here in the middle of the night?"

Chapter 806: Earth 1712: Sungjun in the Prison (Part-7)

One of the robots floated closer, its mechanical voice smooth and emotionless.

"Inmate 73812, there has been a smoke alert in this section. You are requested to report to the interrogation room for questioning. Please comply."

"Smoke alert?" Sungjun sniffed, "But I don't smell any smoke though..." The smoke was already gone and absorbed by the robots. Hence, his argument seemed valid.

However, the robot acted as if it didn't listen to his words. It simply said, "We repeat. Please cooperate with us and follow us to the interrogation room for questioning. Please be aware that any resistance will result in the removal of monthly visitation privileges."

For a brief moment, Sungjun froze—not from fear, but from curiosity.

"Monthly visits?" he repeated quietly.

That didn't make sense. He remembered clearly what Seongha had told him back when they discussed her father's imprisonment—how she hadn't been allowed to see him for years because the deepest layers of the prison, below level-4, permitted no visitation. Even Steve had mentioned something similar: the lower you went, the more cut off you became from the outside world.

And yet... here they were, threatening to revoke a privilege that supposedly didn't exist.

Maybe it was an automatic system line—a mechanical warning repeated out of routine. Or maybe... There was something more. Perhaps certain inmates did receive visits, but under very specific circumstances—like signing a confidentiality agreement. Regardless, he isn't here to solve the mystery anyway.

"Fine," he said finally, standing up slowly, stretching his arms as if annoyed. "Lead the way."

Sungjun walked between two towering robots with his hands cuffed. The corridor stretched long and sterile, with white lights gleaming off titanium-steel walls. On the way, he found many life signatures, spotted some faces in the darkness as they woke up from their sleep, but quietly watched him.

After a few minutes, they stopped before a reinforced steel door with AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY glowing above it in red. The lead robot scanned its ID chip; the door split open with a hiss.

Inside, the room had faint yellow lighting and a small desk at the center. But what caught Sungjun's attention wasn't the décor—it was the person sitting behind that desk.

It was a woman, not a robot.

She had long, silver-blond hair cascading over her shoulders, with an elegant face that seemed both calm and cold; however, she had eyes that glowed faintly blue. Her uniform was pristine—white with gray accents, marked by a badge that read CAPTAIN – NOVA. She held a tablet in one hand, reviewing data lines scrolling across it.

Sungjun blinked once, genuinely caught off guard. "Well, that's a surprise," he said, his tone carrying a faint smirk. "Didn't know there were human officers down here. Much less a female one."

Her head tilted slightly, and when she spoke, her voice was soft—but unnaturally even and robotic.

"Inmate 73812, I am not human. I am a Gynoid, Series-F Operator, Model Twelve. Codename: NOVA. My designation is floor supervisor of Level 6. You may address me as Captain Nova," she said, surprising him. The robots don't usually answer him. They just say whatever they want. But she was actually conversing with him, claiming herself to be a Gynoid, a feminine version of an Android, a humanoid robot that runs with an AGI.

"Captain Nova, huh?" Sungjun murmured, lowering himself into the chair opposite her as she gestured. Up close, she was too real—the subtle reflection in her pupils, the faint pulse at her neck, even the delicate scent of synthetic perfume. She didn't seem like a simple humanoid robot from the fictional works. She seemed like a human soul born in a robotic body. If not for her speech and her bionic lens in both eyes, Sungjun would have been convinced that she is a human officer who was pretending to be a robot.

"A gynoid... and this perfect?" he thought. "Pavel's labs never even came close to something like this. We were the forefront of AI and robotics, and even then, such realism was impossible. Just what the hell is this prison hiding?"

Before he could dwell on it, a robotic arm descended from the ceiling, attaching slim electrodes to his temple, chest, and wrist. Nova glanced at the screen, then at him.

"We will now begin a polygraph test," she stated, tone unchanged. "Any attempt to lie will result in disciplinary action and punishment according to Level-6 regulations. Please answer truthfully."

Sungjun gave her a small nod and leaned back with a smirk, tugging at the corner of his mouth. He thought, "Fine. Let's see what your machine thinks of truth."

Gynoid Nova's gaze stayed locked on Sungjun as she began. "Question one. What was the reason for the fire in your cell? Our report states that several books were partially burned."

Sungjun leaned back in the chair, his cuffs clinking softly against the armrest. His expression was blank, almost bored, as he replied. "I wouldn't know. I was asleep. The cell had some sort of noise-canceling spell, so I couldn't hear anything. When I woke up, it was already filled with smoke."

Nova's gaze flickered to the polygraph display. The lines remained perfectly stable.

"No spike in heartbeat," she said, her tone unchanging. "It is true."

Sungjun tilted his head slightly, a faint smirk tugging at his lips with success.

"Of course. Because I'm not lying. Even criminals have their own code of conduct."

Ding!

[Resistance passed.]

"Next question," Nova continued, the faint hum of her processors filling the pause. "It was noted that when guards entered your cell, you were not present. Where were you, Inmate 73812?"

Sungjun met her gaze calmly. "I already answered that," he said. "I was sleeping on the bed. But when the fire started, I woke up suddenly and ran into the corner in panic. You think I'd just sit there and burn alive? There is a thing called survival instinct, you know?"

Then he leaned forward slightly, his tone sharpening with mock irritation. "You should probably update your software and hardware. Seems like your system's got a bug, not only does it create a fire hazard and threaten my life, but now, it's repeating questions just to frame me in trouble."

Nova's expression did not change. Her mechanical pupils dilated briefly, scanning his face. Then she looked back at the polygraph readings. Again—steady.

"Heart rate stable. Pupillary response is normal. Cortisol fluctuation within tolerance. Result: truth."

There was a brief pause, then she looked up at him again. "You may return to your cell, Inmate 73812."

Sungjun gave her a polite nod, "Always a pleasure, Captain Nova."

Two escort robots entered and guided him back through the same sterile corridor. As the cell door sealed shut behind him, he sat down on his bed, exhaling softly. The corner of his lips then curved upward into a smirk as he thought in his head. "These ones are much easier to handle than human officers. So predictable."

But in the next second, his gaze darkened. He leaned forward, elbows on his knees. "Still... their response time was too fast. The moment I left, they detected it in under a minute. Level-7 must be even worse. The alarms rang all over the place the moment I stepped out of the elevator."

He rubbed his temple thoughtfully. "Before I go down there, I need to clean up my tracks here. If only I had Eva, sigh... I could've hacked the entire system by now and walked straight out with Dongsik."

Sungjun leaned back on the bed, his eyes fixed on the system interface floating before him.

"Anyway," he muttered, "it doesn't matter anymore. As I have already stepped inside Level-7, I can teleport there directly. However..."

His gaze moved to the holographic screen, showing his Overlord's Authority skills, more specifically, the ones saved under his Overlord's Dominion skills.

He tapped the Teleportation, and a new window unfolded:

[Teleportation Portal]

Available locations: 3

Slot 1: Home (Base Residence)

Slot 2: Cell 1 (Level-2's dining hall)

Slot 3: Cell 2 (Level-6's cell)

Rubbing his chin in thought, "I can't change slot 1, because that would be my ticket to return home. So, if I had to pick one for level-7, I need to replace one, and the only thing I can replace it in the Slot 2. But, if I use the second for Level-7, I'll lose access to Level-2 completely. That means I cannot pass any instructions to

Steve to cause a disturbance later on. The Knockout drug I gave him will go to waste. And to pass him the message, I would have to wait for the monthly visit.

He fell silent for a few seconds, staring at the ceiling. "No way I'm wasting time here for so long."

Taking a slow, deliberate breath, he made up his mind. "Fine," he thought. "Let's go ahead."

He clicked on Slot 2 and then clicked on remove. Then, he clicked on blank, and the system asked him to choose the location from memories.

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Once he picked the place, right outside the elevator, and named it level-7, the system chime rang in his head, giving him the confirmation.

[Slot 2 is selected: Level-7]

"Good, now I need to wait again for the Invisibility skill to reset its cooldown." The cooldown for all of its skills is basically 24 hours, after a one-time use.

Hours passed. The robotic patrols outside drifted in perfect intervals, scanning corridors as usual.

At 11:57 p.m., the dim blue lights in the cell flickered once as Sungjun stood up with the Invisibility skill available to use again.

He turned invisible, and once he did, instead of going outside the cell, he activated the Teleportation Portal.

Ding!

[Activating Teleportation Portal...]

His body was wrapped in faint energy strands as a spiraling blue vortex materialized in front of him, resisting the Anti-Mana tech around.

He walked into the portal and emerged to the right front of the elevator. Surprisingly, unlike before, no alarm sounds were heard on the 7th level.

But on Level-6....

[ALERT: Inmate 73812 escaped.]

[ALERT: Unauthorized spatial distortion detected on Level-6.]

The alarms erupted above him. Robots scrambled across Level-6's corridors once again, unaware their target had slipped into the floor below.

Meanwhile, Sungjun mumbled, "Even though I wasn't detected here, I still have to return quickly. The robot guards must have already rushed into my cell, again..."

Taking a deep breath, he started walking forward, but after a few steps, his Mana Sense spread out, probing the vast expanse ahead. Since this is Level-7, Sungjun can guess that there will be only a few people and most cells would be empty, but his senses picked up only one faint pulse.

"One human?" he whispered under his breath. "Just one?"

His pupils narrowed. "Is it Seongha's father?"

He moved swiftly, using mana to power up his legs. In under 100 seconds, he reached the end of the corridor—where a massive, seamless metallic door stood. The faint hum of runic locks vibrated through the walls.

He extended a hand, fingers brushing the door's cold surface... "So, this is where he..."

"Who is it?" A calm voice echoed from the other sidelines, alerting him. "I smell a human."

Sungjun froze mid-motion, his instincts screaming caution. He immediately looked at the holographic timer hovering beside him—

[Invisibility: 00:14 remaining]

"Damn it," he hissed under his breath, spotting the time.

His eyes wandered around. The robots aren't seen anywhere. But he didn't take any action. Instead, he removed Slot 2 again and replaced it with his current position, although using the same name: level-7.

[Slot 2 Saved: Level-7]

Just before the invisibility faded completely, he backed away slowly and used Teleportation back to level-6, putting both Level-7 and level-6, the Slots 2 and 3, under a cooldown timer of 24 hours.

However, the next second, after Sungjun materialized right where he had started — his cell, he found himself face to face with three robotic guards scanning the room with glowing, rotating sensors. Their mechanical voices echoed coldly in unison, with slightly different words from the previous incident:

"Target located. Inmate 73812 found. Proceeding for immobilization."

The lead robot's arm morphed into a wide-mouthed emitter and released a violent electric discharge that crackled across the cell like blue lightning.

Sungjun's body convulsed under the surge of voltage. Sparks danced across his clothes, the electrical discharge trying to pierce his body. But inside, his mana circulated calmly, nullifying every effect. It didn't affect him a bit.

However, needing to put up an act, Sungjun fell flat to the ground, spasming and twitching, pretending to be overwhelmed. His voice trembled theatrically, "A-ahhh... STOP! What are you... doing to me? You fucing metal chunks..."

The lead robot scanned his vitals, sensors clicking. "Target neutralized. Neural activity subdued. Returning to standby mode."

The guards turned to leave, their heavy metallic feet clicking rhythmically against the reinforced floor.

Then...

"Where the hell are you going?"

Sungjun sprang upright, still shivering convincingly. His eyes blazed with mock outrage. He looked deeply enraged, like a person who experienced heavy injustice.

With the sound spell deactivated due to the presence of robots, he roared at their faces. "You dare to intrude into my cell and just randomly decided to torture me? I demand that to contact the Human Rights Commission! Who is in charge? Where is Captain Nova? I want to complain right now!"

The robots froze for 0.3 seconds — the typical delay in their response subroutine. Then they turned away in mechanical unison, apparently deeming him non-threatening.

That was his cue.

In an instant, Sungjun surged forward, pouring his mana into his bones. His fist slammed into the back of one robot like a steel hammer. The impact detonated through the air —

BOOM!

The robot flew across the cell, crashing into the bars and sparking violently.

The other two reacted, eyes switching from calm blue to combat red right away.

"Target turned violent. Initiate suppression protocols."

Both robots deployed defensive mechanisms. One launched tear gas in thick white clouds; the other vented sleep gas, a pinkish mist swirling fast to fill the space.

Sungjun didn't slow down, though. He charged straight through the haze while his system displayed alerts across his vision:

[Tear Gas Detected: Resistance Active]

[Sleeping Agent Detected: Body Resistance 97.8% Effective]

He ignored them, thrusting his knee into the chest of one robot, followed by a brutal elbow strike that crushed its cranial sensor.

But just as the second robot staggered back, his system flashed another alert — this time not about gas or combat:

Ding!

[Warning: Weekly Mission Not Completed.]

[Workout Progress: 22,953 / 40,000 Calories Burned.]

Sungjun blinked mid-fight, caught off guard. "Wait— what?!"

A system failure penalty flashed ominously in red text.

Punishment: Compulsory Physical Trial: Active]

Status: Time-Suspended Instance Realm

Objective: Defeat the Designated Guardian Beast to Return

Remaining Lives: 9

Optional Reward Upon Completion: +1 Skill Point

The world around Sungjun suddenly shattered into fragments of light. His vision flickered, and when he opened his eyes again, everything was white.

A freezing gust howled across an endless icy wasteland, biting at his skin. The ground beneath him was thick with frost, stretching infinitely, while a storm of snow and ice whirled through the air.

Sungjun clenched his teeth, his breath visible in the frigid air. "Dammit, I forgot about this weekly mission at all... It was great when it was a daily mission. Ugh... It's cold though... these system dimensions are getting more and more realistic..."

He rubbed his hands together, summoning faint traces of mana to resist the chill.

Meanwhile, a distant rumble echoed through the storm. The snow shifted, and from the fog, a colossal shadow began to take shape—twenty feet tall, humanoid, and covered in silver-white armor.

The Ice Knight stood like a moving glacier with a titanic axe gripped in one hand.

Sungjun sighed and muttered to himself, "I got careless again. Ever since that damned daily mission turned weekly two months ago, I've been slacking..."

He raised his hands, mana beginning to coil around his body. "Let's finish this quickly. If I stay here too long, who knows what those robots will do to my body?"

The Ice Knight raised its axe high, and the blizzard around them intensified, wind slicing like blades.

Sungjun didn't wait. He charged. His mana surged violently, forming a double-edged sword in his hands. The air exploded behind him as he sprinted forward, snow scattering like a fog.

The Ice Knight swung its axe downward as it reached its range. But Sungjun slipped through the gap, sliding low between its legs. Its Axe splits the frozen field in two.

Meanwhile, his blade flashed as he swung it horizontally, releasing an arc of energy.

SHHK!

The Ice Knight's legs received a clean cut at the knees, drawing the gush of toxic blood out while the towering giant collapsed to its front, shaking the ground as ice shards flew everywhere.

Sungjun didn't pause, though. Reaching behind, he leaped into the air, channeling every ounce of mana left in his body to condense a glowing mana sphere and hurled it downward toward the creature's neck.

"Die!"

But right then, the Ice Knight's core pulsed blue, and its voice boomed through the wasteland:

"FREEZE."

A sudden wave of freezing energy erupted from the knight's armor. The air itself solidified. Sungjun also froze mid-air with his body encased in ice while the glowing sphere was trapped inches away from the target.

The Ice Knight then turned its head to look at Sungjun. Twisting its upper body slightly, it raised its massive axe again and swung straight toward the frozen Sungjun.

The blow came down like a falling mountain.

Ding!

[You died]

[You resurrected.]

Sungjun gasped awake, his vision flickering as the frozen wasteland reformed around him once again. And the same colossal Ice Knight loomed in the distance.

Ding!

[System Notification: Life Count – 8/9 Remaining.]

[Penalty Trial Restarting in 10 seconds.]

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He exhaled heavily, steam leaving his lips. "This one even has the power to freeze. I can't overpower it with these useless skills I stored. After all, those were necessary to survive and later escape the prison, not prepared for this battle. Maybe..."

He paused, narrowing his eyes as an idea popped into his head. "Maybe hypnosis will work. But it only activates through direct eye contact."

He flexed his fingers, feeling the mana pulse through his veins again as his mana has been refreshed back to full.

"I didn't have much choice. If this doesn't work, I can only try to fight it by attacking with ranged attacks." He crouched slightly, channeling mana into his legs as the timer was reducing to zero.

Zmmm

Sungjun shot forward like a bullet, the snow beneath him exploding outward. He dashed through the storm with his eyes locked on the Ice Knight's towering form.

By the time he reached it, the countdown reached zero, and the Ice Knight reacted, lifting its axe once more.

Sungjun this time didn't attack its knees. Instead, he leaped, landing on its knee joint with a heavy thud, then used it as a stepping stone, propelling himself upward again. The wind whipped past him as he soared, and his next step landed on the giant's metallic hand that was reaching out to grab him.

He used that as leverage, going for one more jump.

As a result, for a split second, Sungjun was airborne, face-to-face with the Ice Knight's massive helm. Through the slits of the helmet, two glacial blue eyes stared back at him.

That was all he needed.

"Activate—Hypnosis."

A faint shimmer flickered between their gazes. The Ice Knight's glowing eyes pulsed once—then went dim while it froze mid-motion, its axe hanging in the air.

Sungjun landed gracefully on the snow and straightened, a smirk tugging at his lips.

"It worked..."

A cold notification rang in his head.

[Hypnosis Successful. Target Frozen.]

[Duration: 60 seconds.]

He grinned, a spark of satisfaction flashing across his face. "Perfect. Now—drop the weapon."

The Ice Knight's fingers loosened mechanically. The massive axe fell from its grasp, crashing into the ice with a loud thud and sending tremors through the ground. Sungjun almost lost his balance due to the tremor for a second.

Balancing his feet, he approached the weapon cautiously. It was enormous, even bigger than the Ice Giant, and radiated frigid energy that made his breath frost even faster.

"If I can use this..."

As a thought formed in his head, he wrapped his hands around the weapon's handle and channeled mana to reinforce his grip. But before he could even lift it, a system message flickered.

[System Alert: Unable to equip—Trial Guardian Weapon detected.]

[Permission Denied.]

His face fell. He couldn't help but click his tongue. "Tch... Figures. Of course it's locked."

He sighed, glancing back at the frozen Ice Knight that stood motionless like a statue of death. "Alright, then. Guess I'll have to use everything to kill it."

The ice beneath his boots cracked faintly as he tightened his stance again. Meanwhile, the countdown timer in his head ticked down from 60... 59... 58...

He took a step back, closing his eyes, letting the mana circulate faster through his veins. His core pulsed—once, twice—then flared. Blue sparks began forming between his hands as he condensed his mana into a dense sphere once again. Steam began to rise from the snow as if the mana was melting the snow around, just like how he used to burn the books to create the Smoke Alert, and he used it to escape during his first escape to level-7.

[Mana Output: 63% >> 77% >> 96%]

"Compression complete..."

He thrust both hands forward, blasting the mana sphere onto the Ice Giant, aiming at its neck, which is exposed to attack without protection from its armor

The mana sphere detonated upon contact and caused a loud and blinding explosion, vaporizing snow and tearing through the frozen wasteland. As the dust settled, its neck was almost destroyed, with just a tiny portion still attached to its head.

Despite a huge hole in its neck, the Ice Knight is not dead yet. Adding on top of that, the system's chime rang in his head with a new notification on the holographic screen.

Ding!

[Warning: Hypnosis skill is affected by a near-death attack.]

[Target Regaining Control.]

"No, you don't," Sungjun growled. He pushed harder, channeling the last remaining four percent of his mana into his hand, creating a disc made of condensed mana. As the Ice Knight stirred awake, Sungjun threw the disc, which cut through the air and severed its head completely.

Its head fell to the ground with a loud thud and rolled a bit. And a heartbeat later, the Ice Knight shattered.

The silence returned to the icy wastelands.

Ding!

[Trial Guardian Defeated.]

[System Punishment Trial Cleared.]

[+1 Skill Point is added as a reward.]

[Returning to the Material world in 10 seconds.]

Sungjun dropped to one knee, panting heavily due to exhaustion of mana. "Man, that was close. I thought I would have to try again."

The frozen wasteland began to flicker then. The storm faded.

A blinding flash engulfed his vision.

When Sungjun's eyes fluttered open, he realized he was lying on a stretcher, being carried by two gliding robots.

He immediately sat up, causing the robots to halt. One of them spoke in its cold, mechanical tone:

"Inmate 73812's consciousness has returned."

Sungjun raised an eyebrow, his gaze scanning the sterile corridor. Another robot turned to him, voice firm but even, "Inmate 73812, you are being taken to the medical facility for mandatory health checks. Please cooperate."

Sungjun didn't respond. Instead, he leaned back against the stretcher, letting the robots continue their smooth, gliding path down the hall.

After a few minutes, they arrived at the medical ward. The room was minimalistic—one bed at the center, surrounded by advanced medical equipment humming softly.

Sungjun stepped in and sat on the bed as instructed, observing everything with a careful eye. The room was quiet, almost eerily so.

Soon, a gynoid in a white doctor's coat entered. She carried herself with a professional elegance, though her movements were just slightly mechanical.

"Welcome to the medical ward, Mr. Han. I am Nova, Chief Examiner."

Sungjun's eyes narrowed, recognizing her. "Eh? Captain Nova?"

The gynoid doctor tilted her head slightly, almost as if amused. "No. That's my sibling, Model 12. I am Model 5."

Sungjun blinked in surprise again, but a moment later, he let out a smirk, leaning back on the bed. "Wow, I really wonder who created all of you."

Nova's lips curved in a faint smile, her glowing eyes blinking once. "That is not confidential information. Our creator was Dr. Mac."

Sungjun chuckled softly. "It wasn't a question, Doctor. Just a comment disguised as one. Consider it a compliment."

Nova blinked again, processing his tone. "Oh, I see. Noted. And I thank you on behalf of our creator."

Sungjun's smirk widened just slightly, but he didn't say anything. He just felt like it would be nice to have such an android army serving him, too. Dr. Mac, the name was noted in his head.

During the next hour, Sungjun underwent various medical tests. His body was scanned, vitals checked, and a dozen sensors ran through their routines. He remained calm, observing quietly, though his senses were on high alert so that he might be prepared for any surprise test they were going to conduct.

Fortunately, nothing unexpected had happened. After the tests were completed, he followed the instructions and returned to the ward.

However, as he sat on the bed waiting, he wondered whether there were other patients around and tried to scan the place, activating his senses to detect any life auras. And a faint energy signature caught his

attention. His brow furrowed as he felt it was familiar—maybe too familiar—yet he couldn't immediately place it.

Sungjun rose silently, moving toward the source, careful not to draw attention. He peered through the small gap in the ward's curtains—and suddenly, a figure lunged at him.

Sungjun's body reacted automatically out of reflex, flipping backward in a smooth somersault to evade the attack. His feet landed lightly on the ground as he steadied himself.

The intruder landed on all fours. Sungjun spotted that it was a woman, pale-skinned, her short hair sticking slightly from the movement. Her body was so thin that her bones seemed almost visible, yet her eyes burned with bloodlust.

Sungjun's eyes widened in shock, his heart skipping a beat as he recognized the individual despite the fact that nearly two decades had passed and she had aged a lot. "Xing Lin? How?"

The woman growled low in her throat, her movements predatory, like a wolf ready to strike. She sprang forward again, with whatever strength her frail body could muster, and she aimed her claws at him.

Reacting with precision, Sungjun slid backward, avoiding her attack effortlessly. At the same moment, two medical robots appeared in the ward, gliding swiftly to intercept.

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With synchronized efficiency, the robots unleashed immobilizing electric shocks, pinning the woman down and forcing her to the floor. She shrieked, thrashing her hands left and right at them, but the jolt was enough to restrain her temporarily.

One of the robots then commanded Sungjun: "Inmate 73812, return to your bed. Do not leave the designated area."

Sungjun glanced at the restrained figure for a moment. "It is indeed Xing Lin, no doubt..." As her younger image appeared in his head, reluctantly, he obeyed, moving back to the bed and sitting. His mind raced, trying to connect this sudden turn of events. "What's going on. Xing Lin died in that incident, along with me and several others. Was she saved by someone else at the last moment?"

A while later, Sungjun found himself back in the presence of the chief medical examiner, Nova. He leaned casually against the counter. "About the lady in the ward earlier... what can you tell me?" He asked her, not being able to forget his one-time colleague from the past life.

Nova's expression remained neutral as she spoke in her usual robotic tone. "You do not have the clearance to receive an answer, Inmate 73812."

At that, Sungjun tilted his head, smirking faintly. Unlike robots, since Androids and Gynoids were capable of thinking on their own and not just follow the strict instructions like a puppet, he put forth a logic. "Then what about this—earlier, you people left me alone inside the ward without informing me of the threat or the victim. So, I can infer that you have the intention to harm me, considering I was hurt earlier by your robotic prison guards. I believe I have the right to at least know the name of the person who attacked me."

Nova's eyes flickered, a moment of hesitation. Then, as if running some internal computation, her irises blinked blankly, filled with streaming 0s and 1s.

Then she said, "Footage downloaded from the medical ward. According to the recorded data, Inmate 73812 left his bed and approached the bed of Inmate 67781. Therefore, you had no clearance to receive information about your assailant."

Sungjun's lips curled into a quiet smile as he thought. "Inmate 67781... good. At least I know the number now. Typically, the cells have the inmate's number plate right at their cell entrance. I can search for her."

Putting away his thought, He then straightened, nodding to her, "Alright. Can I return to my cell now?"

Nova gave a nod in response. "No abnormalities detected in your system. You may leave the ward."

Sungjun nodded again and left the medical ward. As he stepped out, the two robots flanking him spoke in unison:

"Inmate 73812, you are summoned to the interrogation room."

Sungjun's smirk returned. "Perfect. Let's go. I've been wanting to go to that place to complain and get some additional punishment, anyway."

He walked with a calm confidence, his mind already planning his next moves as he followed them.

After a while, Sungjun strode into the interrogation room. Officer Nova—Model 12—was already seated, her tablet glowing faintly in the dim light.

"Inmate 73812, please sit," Nova said with her usual crisp and mechanical voice. "We have several questions to ask you. A polygraph test is being conducted. Your cooperation is required."

Sungjun didn't sit and cooperate at first. Instead, he crossed his arms and leaned back against the wall with a glare in his eyes.

"Actually, I have questions for you," he shot back in a sharp voice. "Why was I attacked by your robots when your cameras and software are clearly malfunctioning? I was attacked with electric discharge, and then they attacked me with tear gas? First a fire, now this? I want to contact the Human Rights Commission and file a complaint against all of you."

Nova's expression didn't change, though. This time, instead of answering, she tilted her head slightly and said, "Inmate 73812, you are accused of escaping your cell and assaulting prison guards. Cooperation with the polygraph test is mandatory. If you are innocent, appropriate compensation will follow."

Sungjun's face hardened for a second, but in the end, he sat down, and the robots attached the equipment to him..

"Did you leave your cell?" she asked.

"No," Sungjun replied calmly. "The cell remained closed until the guards arrived."

Her eyes flickered to his heart rate, then back to the tablet.

"True," she said. "Did you assault the prison guards?"

"Yes," he said plainly, his gaze steady.

"Did you assault them first, or was it self-defense?" Nova probed.

Sungjun leaned slightly forward, voice even.

"They attacked me with electric shocks for no reason. I asked for a proper explanation, and they left—without even a single apology. So, I retaliated."

Nova's lips remained neutral, but the tablet beeped softly. She made a note.

"Do you plead guilty to assaulting the prison guards?"

Sungjun leaned back and crossed his arms. "No. I would do it again, and again, if needed." He said firmly.

A slight pause as the gynoid's eyes flickered over the tablet.

"We acknowledge the guards' mistakes—software glitches, possible false alarms. Your cell will be shifted to prevent such errors in the future."

Sungjun raised an eyebrow, about to respond, when Nova continued. "However... your violent actions disturbed the peace of the floor. You didn't just assault three guards; you deeply damaged one whose core circuit was destroyed. Therefore, you will be placed in a solitary cell for three days, following the rules."

"How is it different from my current cell?" Sungjun asked casually. "It's not like I can move around anyway."

Nova's mechanical voice remained neutral as she replied. "The solitary cell has no furniture, and the benefits that your standard cell has. No bed. Minimal space. You will experience absolute confinement."

"Hmpf, whatever..."

Two robots escorted him down the corridor. When the door opened, Sungjun's eyes widened slightly—not in fear, but in mild amusement.

The cell was tiny. Forget beds—there wasn't even enough room to lie down. He could only sit. No toilet, no furniture, nothing.

Before he could question it, one robot gestured toward a red button on the wall. "Press this for the call amounting toilet to appear. Food capsules will be delivered every evening at 7. For emergencies, press this button."

Sungjun noted the manual light switch and nodded.

The door shut with a metallic click, leaving him alone in the cubicle. He sat against the wall, scanning the space. No cameras. Minimal surveillance.

He closed his eyes, inhaled deeply, and took out a tablet PC and earbuds from the inventory to spend the rest of his day while watching a tv series. While watching, he eventually dozed off.

The following day, at 11:57 P.M.;

Every one else on level-6, the lights were off and everyone was sleeping, except for patrolling robots.

Inside the solitary cell, however, Sungjun stayed awake, and he was waiting for the reset.

Once it hit 11:57 and the Invisibility, Teleportation skill (To level-7) is no longer gray, he immediately activated the skills one after another

"Activate: Invisibility."

Sungjun's fingers flexed as he activated the skill. The faint hum of mana surrounded him, cloaking his presence. Then, a quick glance at the Teleportation Portal skill, and he stepped through, vanishing from Level-6 after its activation.

Moments later, he materialized on Level-7, standing in front of the metallic door where he had sensed the presence a day earlier.

Just like before, the same voice echoed from beyond the door, sharp and cautious despite the fact that he was in an invisible state. "I can smell you. It's you again... Who are you? And what do you want?"

Sungjun's expression remained calm at that. He replied smoothly. "I'm here only to talk to someone I believe is here. Tell me, are you Ryu Dongsik?"

The other party seemed surprised. "Do you know me?" He asked from the other side.

Sungjun, however, narrowed his gaze as he said. "Before I speak, I need you to confirm your identity. If you are Ryu Dong-sik, answer my questions truthfully. First: all your subordinates bear a tattoo at one location. Where is it? Second: What is your daughter's name—the birth name that was only hers for one day? And why was it only for a day? If you truly are her father, you will remember. If you don't... then you aren't worth my time."

The air between them crackled, heavy with unspoken challenges. The man's eyes hardened, realizing this was no ordinary visitor. Sungjun's stare pierced through the dim light, a calm predator demanding the truth.

There was a brief pause from the other side. And then the voice spoke, "Your energy signature... It's eerily familiar. Tell me—how are you related to Michael Han?"

Before Sungjun could speak, he added, his tone laced with disbelief: "Judging by your voice and manner, you seem to be in your twenties... but there's no way the person I'm thinking of would end up in this level. Tell me you are not... Alexander, right?"

Sungjun was mildly taken aback, but he didn't waver and firmly said without giving any introductions. "First, answer my questions."

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The other party let out a long sigh, "Fine. The tattoo... It's on the left wrist. People believe that it is the tattoo of a wolf, but originally, it was the tattoo of a jackal. Later, on Michael's suggestion, we tweaked it slightly. And my daughter's name? She was born as Saeri, but her mother changed it to Seongha, listening to the advice of a fortune teller. He told us that our daughter only lives for 14 years. To change her destiny, we changed her name to Seongha."

Sungjun's chest tightened with recognition. This was the confirmation he needed.

With his expression softened slightly, he gave a nod. "Then you are my target, Mr. Ryu. My identity doesn't matter right now. What matters is that I'm here to get you out of here."

A yelp of surprise escaped from the other side, "Impossible! There's no way to escape this place... You would need the strength of a mountain to blast through these walls, and the only way is to go through the elevator, which will bring the attention of..."

"Leave it to me," Sungjun interrupted calmly and spoke in a reassuring manner. "I already have a foolproof method to escape this place. All you have to do is find a way out of your cell without alerting the guards. I'll handle the rest."

A pause lingered. Then, a cautious voice echoed from inside, "Wait... wait a moment."

Followed by those words...

Clang. Cling. The sound echoed faintly from the other side of the heavy metallic door. Seconds later, a figure passed through the door like a ghost.

Sungjun blinked, taken aback. Before him stood a man with sharp Goryeo features—but his hair was pure white and messy, almost glowing under the dim lights. Sungjun materialized.

"How... how did you get through that door?" Sungjun asked, narrowing his eyes.

The white-haired man smirked, casually holding up a small, round device with a single button. He pressed it. Instantly, a faint shimmer surrounded him, forming a translucent barrier. With a fluid motion, he walked through the door again, going back into his cell, and then walking back again.

"This..." he said lightly. "Allows me to pass through any walls, any enclosed space. Makes life... much easier."

Sungjun's jaw dropped. Before he could comment further on how he carried such an artifact, a notification flashed in his vision:

Ding! [Quest Failed.]

Confusion flickered across Sungjun's face.

As he processed the failure notification, another alert popped up:

Ding! [New Quest: Kill the Wendigo.]

Sungjun frowned, tilting his head. The timing felt... off. He glanced at the old man, feeling suspicious all of a sudden. "Who are you, really?" Sungjun asked.

The man froze for a fraction, his white hair swaying slightly with the movement.

"I—I am..." he started, but Sungjun interrupted. "You're not Dong-sik. You may have his face... maybe you know things about him... but this is a disguise. I can see through it."

Sungjun's calm but penetrating stare pinned the man in place. The room seemed smaller, as if the walls themselves were leaning in.

"Care to explain why you're impersonating him?" Sungjun demanded, seeing a hesitant and surprised old man.

A few seconds of silence later, the old man snickered, and in a fluid motion, his form shifted. In moments, the frail, the old man transformed into a younger man, his messy white hair turning into long white hair that cascaded over his shoulders.

"I don't see any trace of you in Dongsik's life. There is no way you know him personally," he said, tilting his head. "Tell me, young man... did you bluff, or did you truly know that I was not Dongsik? Or maybe... that bionic eye of yours? No, I can see that it is dead. You can only see through one of your eyes."

Sungjun's eyes narrowed, but he said nothing. Instead, he asked calmly: "Did you... kill him?"

The young white-haired man chuckled softly. "I don't know how you managed to evade all the guards to reach me. But I suppose... you came here without understanding what Level-7 truly is, didn't you?"

Sungjun frowned. "What do you mean?"

The man's lips curved into a sinister smile as he explained. "Level-7 isn't built for inmates like you. Or anyone else, really. It's designed for one purpose... for one occupant."

Sungjun raised a brow, sharp. "You?"

"Me?" The man chuckled again, shaking his head. "God, no. It's meant for the Wendigo—a cannibalistic Spirit King. Not just flesh and blood, but it even devours souls without even giving any chance of reincarnation for the target. Anyone sent here... they were intended as food, as the founder of this prison believed that those who were sent here don't even deserve an afterlife. As for the guards? They merely kept it imprisoned here, just to contain it as it served their purpose, too."

Sungjun's jaw tightened.

The white-haired man then straightened his back and said. "My name is Liu Wei. Two and a half years ago, both of us were involved in the rebellion incident. While he led the battle, I provided him with the weapons. In the end, our rebellion failed, and both of us were thrown into this place. But I worked with Dong Sik to survive. In the process, Dongsik sacrificed himself while I was creating the perfect weapon to kill that spirit king. And in the end, I avenged hi, but I had no way to leave this place. There is no food or water here. I was going to starve to death. To survive, I had to consume its raw flesh and organs. And... as a result..."

He flexed his fingers slowly, a faint aura of dark energy glimmering along his skin.

"I inherited its power."

Sungjun frowned, crossing his arms in suspicion. "Your story doesn't add up," he said slowly, eyes sharp. "If you killed the Wendigo and ate it, why do you have Dongsik's memories and appearance. I mean, Wendigo is the one that killed him, not you..."

Liu Wei shook his head. "No, that's a misunderstanding. The moment Wendigo consumed his body and devoured his soul, it already gained his memories, and Wendigo has the power of transformation. I, who inherited its power, gained his memories as well. Whatever it consumes... it gains abilities, appearance, memories... everything of its last prey."

Sungjun's gaze drifted to the remote Liu Wei held. "Where did you get that by the way?"

"Didn't I tell you earlier? I supplied the weapons to Dongsik for his rebellion." Liu Wei then raised his other hand, murmuring under his breath. Instantly, a sleek gun materialized, floating in his palm.

"Creation. I can make things... out of imagination. But without materials, they last only minutes... maybe hours." He let the weapon vanish with a subtle flick.

"Anyway, if you've got all the answers you wanted, tell me... how will you help me get out of this place?"

Sungjun's eyes narrowed, studying him silently. "I don't know yet... something still doesn't feel right," he admitted. However, he didn't say what was in his heart. This guy is saying he killed Wendigo, but the quest tells him to kill Wendigo. "Is this guy the Wendigo?" A thought flashed in his head.

Liu Wei shrugged, letting a faint laugh escape. "C'mon, kid. I'm just happy to see another human after two years."

"Kid?" Sungjun's frown deepened.

"How old are you, by the way?" Sungjun asked cautiously.

"Twenty-six," Liu Wei replied instinctively.

Sungjun's frown deepened further. "Then why are you calling me 'kid'... when I'm older than you?"

Liu Wei froze, blinking for a fraction of a second. "I... I have... the memories of the old man... I mean... It comes naturally. Maybe because I'm seeing you through the lens of Dong Sik."

He exhaled slowly and leaned back; this time, his expression betrayed his body language. While his posture seemed relaxed, his expression clearly screamed that he was interested and curious. "Anyway, enough of that. Tell me... how are we getting out of this place?"

Sungjun's eyes remained sharp, scanning Liu Wei's expression, measuring every micro-reaction. And it seemed a lot of suspicious.

To confirm the last bit of his suspicions, he activated the Teleportation skill while selecting Slot 3, which would take him to level 6, and looked at Liu Wei. "This Portal will take us outside the prison. "

Liu Wei blinked in surprise. "How? How can you use your abilities with anti-mana tech around?"

Sungjun shrugged in indifference as if it wasn't a big deal. "Some people are just born as special individuals. I was born an innate soul, and this anti-mana tech is nothing much."

"An innate soul, huh?" Liu Wei murmured. Sungjun saw the flash of Liu Wei's smile go crooked, bright and hungry in a way Sungjun didn't like. "Good... No, it's great... I can finally escape from this hellhole... hahaha..." he laughed aloud.

Sungjun couldn't help but glance around then. He observed that the robots were still not coming at all, which made him wonder whether there were robotic guards in this place at all.