

## Vampire 1031

### Chapter 1031 Lucid Dream

Being used to sleeping with a cuddle companion, Lith's muscle memory kicked in as his evil claws slithered over Mayzin's body.

They were still in their limit and didn't touch in places they weren't supposed to, putting Mayzin in a dilemma.

Should she scold her nephew for doing things such as these or should she ignore it? It's not like he was doing it intentionally.

...Or was he?

Mayzin turned around to stare at him.

Silver was spread everywhere like unwoven silk strands. Hiding beneath these long hair was Lith's sleepy face. He took slow and calm breaths and slept peacefully.

At this moment, for Mayzin, Lith's sleeping face looked like the cutest thing in the world. It made her feel cozy, and his strong musky and rosy scent acted as relaxants, making her melt.

Being the male equivalent of what Lith liked to call 'maidenless' and Lucifer liked to call 'bitchless', Mayzin had never been in such close proximity with someone of the opposite sex.

Who would've thought that there could be such a strange comfort present in this world.

Being a dragon, she didn't want to admit it, but currently lying on this bed and being held by Lith felt much better than sleeping on a pile of treasures.

While she was lost in her own thoughts, Lith's ravenous hands wrapped around Mayzin's body and pulled her closer, surprising her.

Mayzin turned to look up, and as a result, her horns scratched Lith's clothes, chest and neck, making him bleed.

'Ah...'

She didn't mean to hurt him.

She was about to use magic to heal Lith, but the bleeding stopped and the wounds closed, with his skin going back to its normal pale, unblemished smoothness as if it wasn't cut open a few seconds.

'Hmm... why's he not awake yet? Clearly some harm happened to his body. Shouldn't he wake up due to it? Where's the survival instincts?'

Mayzin moved her hands in front of Lith and her body swayed in his embrace, making him somewhat shake along with her.

Lith still didn't wake up and slept soundly.

Mayzin squinted her eyes to see whether he was faking to sleep or really asleep. He should've been up after such a disturbance.

Was he perhaps sleeping so soundly because he felt protected by Mayzin? It could be true. She was a powerful dragon and even if she had retracted most of her aura, being in such close proximity to her, Lith must've felt protected and secure.

Thinking along these lines, Mayzin stopped bothering Lith and lay quietly beside him. She thought of going to sleep again, but then decided against it as the time for the quest she gave him was coming to its end.

The sun still wasn't up yet and it was dark.

In his sleep, Lith found himself sitting by a heater on a cold winter. He hadn't done such a thing ever since he reincarnated in this world. The dream was lucid and it was as if he could actually feel the warmth.

Looking around in his dreams, Lith found himself in a cramped room with a window behind him that was letting out cold air seep in. There was nothing he could do to shut it as it was a square hole in a wall.

Lith was lying flat in front of the heater. It was a bit of a distance from him, and as he felt chilly behind his back, he squirmed closer to the heater.

Surprisingly, he found the heater changed shape as he moved closer. It turned into a long, cuboidal body pillow that was letting out warmth.

Lith wrapped his legs around it and hugged it.

'Ahhh... I am melting...'

The pillow was amazing. It was soft, but also somewhat firm, and exuded out just the right warmth! Who would've thought that such a thing exists out there in the world!

Whoever made this was a genius! A literal genius! Much respect to that person!

Lith tightly hugged the pillow and buried his face in what felt like a much softer and warmer place on the pillow.

This feeling... it was on par with orgasms!

Back in the real world, Mayzin took rapid breaths.

'Calm down. Calm down. Calm down. He doesn't know of his actions. Don't beat him up. Don't beat him up.'

Mayzin constantly chanted in her mind as her chest heaved up and down due to the rapid breaths.

She looked down to gaze at the face with silver hair buried between her breasts. There was a blissful expression on it.

Had Lith been conscious and done such a thing, Mayzin wouldn't have faltered from beating him up. But the case was different now. He was innocent, and...

...and...

'Damn it. Why... just why...'

Mayzin bit her lips and shut her eyes, not wanting to accept the reality in front.

Her thoughts were turning chaotic and her cheeks were flushed red. It was not due to alcohol this time around.

A few seconds later, Mayzin's thoughts were broken as she felt Lith shake his head.

No, shake was a wrong word. This guy was rubbing his face!

Rubbing them in between her breasts, and making her nipples graze against her bra's fabric!

'Fuck!'

This situation wasn't good! It absolutely wasn't!

She should put a stop to the actions of this boy raging with hormones, lest something bad happened.

Mayzin thought of this, but her body refused to move. Her mind and body weren't in sync. One of the two was honest about the feelings while the other was trying to ignore the reality.

It was not like Mayzin couldn't get out of Lith's grasp. His hug wasn't even that strong to begin with. She could easily swap places with Sylvia, who was still in the room and doing something on the phone in a corner.

Sylvia would've been hugged by Lith in her place and she wouldn't need to go through all of this. To a Supreme Rank Space Path entity, doing such a thing was as easy as breathing.

Yet, Mayzin didn't do so.

Not only that, she didn't even care if Sylvia was watching as she was too invested in being used as a body pillow.

The reality of the current situation was that...

It was that...

Lith unburied his face from the heavenly fluff mountains, distracting Mayzin's train of thoughts. She looked down to see what had happened, only to feel a bolt of electricity run down her spine, making her startled and almost let out a yelp.

'T-this shameless guy... What does he think he's doing to a mature lady like me?'

Mayzin was the serious one in her group. She was never flustered easily even by the likes of Lucifer or Arya, and was always with a neutral gaze unless something stimulating happened, such as those times when Lucifer got spanked by Lilith and Agalea for making fun of them.

Such a rare situation that didn't even have a probability of happening once in a thousand years, was actually happening right now!

One of her pink pearls was captured and being toyed with by a man.

She was sensitive in this area. Outrageously sensitive.

And this very place, the tip of Lith's tongue and teeth were doing a great job at flicking, biting, and pulling on her pearl repeatedly.

Mayzin bit her lips hard as her face flushed red. She thought of pushing Lith's face away from her breasts, but like before, her body refused to be in sync with her mind, and she ended up doing the opposite.

'...Okay. Okay. Okay. I accept it. I accept it now. I am enjoying this!'

Mayzin's breathing was haggard as she mustered up all the courage within her to come to terms with reality.

The situation was moving in a dangerous direction. If she didn't do something, then today... in this run down Inn... she might... she might end up losing...

'No-no-no-no-no! Stop thinking of all that!'

Having never been in a proper relationship, Mayzin's libido never got a chance to be satisfied. Now that an opportunity had come up, part of her wanted to see it through to the end, and the other part resisted the idea as Lith was her nephew and very young.

She wouldn't fall for such a young guy! He wasn't even a proper adult yet, you know?

In his dreams, out of nowhere, disco lights had come up and the cramped room had turned into a nightclub.

The heater pillow changed shape again and this time, there was a sort of a lollipop in front of Lith and a DJ set.

Without thinking much, Lith sucked on the lollipop and was amused to find it having a soft yet firm texture. It was also not very sweet and had a somewhat musky aroma! It was a type of flavor Lith had never had before.

He made a mental note to search for it when he woke up. If there didn't exist anything like this, then he would simply invent it!

Music began playing out in the cramped down and looking at the DJ set in front, Lith's hands moved on their own to play with it.

There was not a single man who wouldn't play with a DJ set if he had the opportunity. The minds of such species that transcended beyond the human race were simple.

If there exists something that you could rub with two of your fingers, then you absolutely must!

With that, Lith started enjoying his lollipop, acting as a DJ, listening to music, and feeling the warmth of the heater.

Not all parts of the heater were gone. Only the top and bottom changed to become the lollipop and DJ set.

Back in the real world.

'Aaaaaahhhhhhhh!'

'What the fuck! What the actual fuuuuuck!'

Chapter 1032 DJ Lith

The silence had never been this loud and the screams were never so quiet.

Mayzin had never imagined such a situation. Not even in her wildest dreams.



Her mature persona crumbled with Lith's caresses, and since he was still sleeping and not aware of what he was doing, Mayzin did a soul transmission to Sylvia and asked her to leave the room.

Even though she wasn't watching and even remotely interested in what they were doing, Mayzin didn't want to take a risk. Nobody was allowed to see her current state! Not a single soul!

With Sylvia having left, Mayzin heaved out deep breaths and looked down. Her eyes were moist and a drop of water leaked out from the corner.

If the weather around was cold, then the hot breaths she was spewing out would've definitely been visible as mists.

In her vision, Lith was, oh so skillfully, sucking on her nipples. It was much different than anything she had experienced before even though the actions were similar.

She shouldn't have worn a thin strap top that could slid off so easily.

That was that, but she failed to understand how this pervert's hand went through her skirt and found the correct thing!

As a romance novel fanatic, Mayzin was aware of how men found it difficult to caress the weak spots of ladies. It was because every lady had different placements for these spots.

In the past, during their training, Lith being Lith, made all sorts of shameless comments. It would get him beaten up, but he never stopped.

Mayzin also did her best to avoid Lith to see her accidentally naked or in her lingerie, and also ensured that he didn't touch her in inappropriate places during training.

The former was taken care of easily since Lith understood boundaries and stopped if Mayzin said no. As for the latter, Mayzin was surprised to find out that he was actually a gentleman and had some principles.

Lith was focused during training. He never tried to take advantage of her like how it usually happened in romance novels or had any cliché scenes of tripping together with Mayzin and accidentally touching her boobs or kissing her.

He only teased her through his words, and as for showing his commitment to her, took things slow. The date the two went on was some of the best memories of Mayzin, even though it was quite a short experience.

'Haaah... who taught him all this...'

Mayzin covered her mouth and tried to hold in her moans. The stimulation was getting to her head as it was starting to go blank.

She looked at the sleeping Lith who was now rubbing her pussy and sucking on her ample tits. Even if she wanted to, it was too late to stop now. The deed was already done, so she might as well go all the way ahead.

Mayzin swiped the area in front of her mouth with her index finger. A small tear in space opened up and circled her head, then vanished.

"Ahhhhnn~"

Mayzin stopped forcing herself from moaning and poured it out fully.

The sweet melody however didn't reach Lith due to the space barrier she just casted. Not just him, nobody could hear her moan except her.

'T-to think... to think that my first time would be like this...'

Mayzin referred to being teased in her naughty places by a man for the first time.

Although she wasn't a shy young maiden, she still couldn't muster up confidence or courage to stop Lith from doing what he was doing or to confront him.

Mayzin was a mature lady. She should know better. She should do better. But... she wasn't doing any of the things and taking shelter in the misunderstanding.

Mayzin's face flushed red as Lith rubbed her down there. She clutched the bed sheet tightly and thought, 'This won't do. It's wrong. My first time can't be like this.'

Her hazy eyes turned to look down.

'Y-you brat... stop it. No more...'

Mayzin spoke, but not out loud.

'...Okay... I'll push him away after a bit...'

"Haah... Haah..."

Mayzin let out gasped breaths and basked in the tingling sensation coursing all throughout her body.

Who would've thought that the touch of a man and that of a woman had such disparities. The touch of a man felt much better. No, that wasn't right. It was Lith's touch that Mayzin liked, and not just any man.

'I... I'll educate this pervert properly once he wakes up...'

One shouldn't sneak into a lady's bed like this, much less touch her in such a manner.

It was good that it was Mayzin here and not someone else. She didn't mind having him force himself on her since she was his aunt, but with another lady, that was a big no-no. Consent was important and should always be practiced.

After thinking so much, Mayzin's mind slowly turned blank as the orgasm built up.

It was here. It was coming. Mayzin's feet curled as she reached the peak of cloud nine.

"Aaaahhh~!"

Mayzin embraced Lith and shook intensely. Her loud moans were proof of her achieving her first orgasm due to a man.

Her panties were soaked and she was sure that there was no going back from here onwards. The realization only just hit her as she took in deep breaths.

A few seconds later, Mayzin rubbed her eyes and turned to look down. This guy was still sleeping, but had somehow stopped playing with her as if he knew what had happened.

'Seriously... if I couldn't sense that he was sleeping then... nevermind that. What I truly wish to know is how is he this skilled even in his sleep!? What sort of monster did Lilith create?'

It was too stimulating of an experience today. Mayzin was just glad that Lith wasn't aware of any of this.

With the deed having been done, Mayzin decisively chose to move away. Who knows what'll happen if she continued to sleep with him.

Replacing herself with some pillows, Mayzin got out of the bed and had a look at herself.

She was barefoot and had her skirt fall down till her knees. Her blouse was somewhat twisted, but with some adjustments, it was back to looking normal.

So far, nothing seemed like something had happened here. Except...

Mayzin's gaze fell on Lith's hands that were hugging the pillows. Held in his palm was a black laced panty that seemed a little wet.

'T-this guy... how... when...'

Mayzin's serious demeanor had never crumbled so much. She was a lady with principles and maintained a regal aura around herself, but as of this moment, her face was as red as a tomato.

It was only now did Mayzin realize why she felt such a chill breeze down there.

'I really need to be on guard against him for my own sanity.'

With that, Mayzin grabbed her underwear from Lith's clutches and left the room.

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Upon dawn, Sylvia was back in the room and woke Lith up as he had instructed her.

He yawned as he woke up and looked at his palm. It was opening and closing as he stared at it.

"I had quite a weird dream."

Sylvia poured Lith a cup of tea and asked while serving it, "What kind of dream, Your Highness?"

Dreams were given great importance in the world. They weren't just a mixture of one's conscious or subconscious thoughts, but a medium of communication.

Dreams connected a person to a higher state of consciousness where they were able to accept revelations from fate and higher beings.

If there's some upcoming life threatening danger, and say if it wasn't their time to date, they might get something in their dream that would warn them about the danger and help them escape.

Even if one couldn't remember these dreams after waking up, their subconscious would guide them to evade the danger.

It was due to this that on occasions, someone might take a longer route for their way back home for no reason whatsoever or cancel an important meeting at the last minute or simply get distracted by something on the road.

With Lith saying he had a weird dream, Sylvia didn't take his comment lightly. She wanted to know if there was any risk to his life and whether she should inform the Queen about it or not.

Whichever maid was with Lith was supposed to inform the Queen of all the important matters related to him.

Lith took a sip of tea and posed a question before answering.

"Do you know what a DJ is, Sylvia?"

Sylvia shook her head.

"Hm, well, it's hard to explain then. Just imagine a gramophone and me repeatedly fiddling with the record on it. Doing so causes noises." Lith said calmly.

Sylvia made a mental note of it. It didn't seem harmful so far.

"...and then there was a weird textured lollipop. It wasn't hard, but..."

Lith stopped speaking. Something felt suspicious. The lollipop's texture was oddly familiar.

Lith began pondering over the matter while Sylvia waited for him to continue.

At this point, to not let the conversation go in a wrong direction, which was in fact the right direction, the eavesdropping dragon barged inside the room.

"You're awake." Mayzin said with the most deadpan look with a slight hurried undertone.

"Morning, aunt." Lith greeted her with a smile.

Mayzin gave him a small nod in response and said, "Let's go. You have a quest to finish."

Lith didn't know what the hurry was, but he gulped down the tea and left the room with Mayzin and Sylvia without any questions.

Chapter 1033 God, I'll offer you porridge!

"Get out!"

"Leave the kingdom, you traitors!"

"Fiendish faction, fuck far away forever!"

"Get banished!"

"Yeaaaah! Get banished!"

In the center of Semohr where a ginormous pillar pierced the sky, a group of Giants in black cloaks and covered faces were being yelled at by the masses.

They were kneeled on the ground with their heads bowed. Nobody could see their expressions or make out their response through their body language.

"Everyone, let's calm down for a while."



A man with a feisty mustache clapped his glove clad hand and said in a neutral tone. His voice wasn't overbearing, but the pressure emanating from him caused the crowd to turn silent.

The Giant bowed in front of the crowd while standing in front of the cloaked figures.

"I thank everyone's presence in the capital center, and am deeply moved by your interests in politics."

The man's words were polite and contained not the slightest hint of emotion to it.

"—I request all to please await judgment by the court. We are a peace loving race, we mustn't come to conclusions like this. Mother Seia has taught us patience being a virtue. Let's bask in those holy teachings and follow proper protocols."

The crowd turned silent. How couldn't they? The man in front was a noble of the highest order in the kingdom, yet he was bowing with such humility and requesting them instead of issuing an order.

"My sincerest gratitude."

The man did a small bow then stood erect like a spear beside the cloaked figures.

It was six in the morning. The streets weren't as crowded yet.

As time passed and working hours were about to start, more people could be seen walking on the streets. Some were relaxed while some were in a hurry.

Usually, nobody would've paid attention as they were busy, but today their steps halted as the crowd gathered around the center whispered about the traitors.

"Did you hear it?"

"Yeah. It's the previous chief's faction. How could they be like this..."

"It was a big shock to me too. I always thought of them as benevolent and kind, but turns out they were just filled with malice and forged false evidence against Lord Cimir's faction."

"People sure have become heartless."

"Sigh. Tell me about it..."

The whispers sounded like murmurs as everyone was busy gossiping about the ongoing drama.

Amidst the crowd, a green-haired girl with clear round glasses walked in the crowd like an ant, trying to avoid getting stepped on.

There was a rosy blush spreading from the middle of her nose bridge to the sides of her cheeks. Her eyes showed her flustered emotions, and she seemed to be just moments away from crying.

"I mustn't get crushed. I mustn't get crushed. I mustn't get crushed."

The girl was chanting in her mind as she walked towards the center where the cloaked figures were.

'Please god... I hope I can deliver this or my life will end...'

There was a fearful expression on her face as she clutched the fabric within her lab coat's pockets tightly.

Her steps were staggering as she walked on three inches tall heels. Her life was tough as is and being forced to wear these only increased her worries.

It was five in the morning when she got up. For a change, she woke up early and thought of taking a shower before leaving for the delivery.

It turned out to be a really bad decision as the shower ran out of water. She didn't have any artifact to create water or Water affinity to cast magic related to those.

Half covered in soap, the girl felt like digging a hole and burying herself in it forever.

Thankfully, her panic didn't worsen as the water came back in a few minutes. She quickly washed herself, dressed up, and got out of the Inn with the package.

Not even two minutes out, she was almost crushed by a wandering Giant. They never looked down to see if there were people from other races and marched forwards like titans.

"Huff... huff..."

The girl was out of breath. An indoor rat like her didn't have the stamina to run a hundred kilometers. The Giant city was huge, so naturally its streets and buildings were going to be the same.

One Giant could easily travel a kilometer with a few steps. But the likes of her, who was barely as tall as a Giant's ankle, would need to take several hundred steps to reach her destination.

No matter what, at least she reached the place she was supposed to. It was at the center where the cloak figures were kneeling. She was standing in the front row and watching them.

'Huuuuge!'

Each Giant was as big as a hill and the girl felt as if she was standing in a deep valley.

Shaking her head, she smacked her pale cheeks, which reddened instantly, and said out loud, "I'll deliver this package by any means necessary!"

'B-b-but... do I really need to walk there?'

The girl fidgeted in her place and seemed like a deflated balloon, totally losing motivation she had hyped herself with.

'What's the difference between walking there and not walking there? Both routes lead me to my death. Haiz...'

With her crystal green eyes, she looked up at the sky, trying to wonder if some higher power was watching over her.

'God... please god... just let me deliver this one package. Let my luck not be so bad...'

The girl closed her eyes and chanted in her mind.

Far away from her, under the dark sky illuminated by a crimson-

silver moon, a majestic silverhead had her chin placed on her propped up hands.

She was staring at the empty space in front with a soft smile. Ones who may not know what she was looking at would think she was a psychopath.

But nothing was hidden from this divine figure's pair of amethyst eyes.

Lilith was looking at what Lith was doing in the Giant Kingdom with her spiritual sense that encompassed the entirety of the world. With her eyes, she was watching over Lucy, who was fighting a powerful being in another dimension.

While watching over them, Lilith heard a faint murmur. It wasn't a materialistic sound, but something that rang in her consciousness.

Tilting her head to the side on her interlocked fingers, Lilith said out loud, "It's been a while since I heard a prayer."

All Emperor Rank and above who cultivated using people's faith had the ability to filter out prayers. They would occasionally respond to some or the ones that were really serious, and would ignore the daily prayers of their worshipers.

Lilith hasn't heard a single prayer since Lucy was born. Nothing was as important as her children to her.

Since the two were grown up, it could be the reason why she heard a prayer at this time. If it wasn't that, then the person's consciousness could be on a higher scale as compared to the rest.

"Interesting..."

In Lilith's mind, the scene of the worshiper played out while her eyes focused on Lucy, and spiritual sense on Lith. At her level, multitasking such as these was not a big deal.

A youthful human girl with green hair wearing round glasses was praying as if her life depended on it.

Watching her for a few seconds, Lilith understood that her life indeed was dependent on it.

"Silly girl..."

Lilith shook her head with a smile. She hadn't seen an amusing individual like that in a while.

She appeared timid, weak, and was totally an inexperienced maiden, but there was more to her than what the eyes could see. Even she herself might not be aware of such things.

-Please god... please just this one delivery... I'll never take up shady work like this again!

-God, higher power, revered one above, the being who watches over everyone, I pray and request for one small chance. I'll escape immediately if there's an opening somewhere.

-I..if it seems like too much, then please only grant me some way out of this situation. I'll be turned into a slave if I don't complete this task.

-God... I-I-I'll offer you half of my morning and evening porridge! No, I'll offer you my full morning porridge as a tribute for a year straight! Please... I need this one chance.

"Fufufu... quite a silly child."

Lilith had a glimpse at her fate and past. She had some strings of fate connected with Lith for some unknown reasons.

Lilith hadn't seen this girl in the memories her future self sent to her. Maybe something had changed somewhere that had her appear.

This girl's past... it wasn't pleasant for sure.

At present, she was so broke that she couldn't afford to even eat. She had no artifact on her that would help her travel and she also did not possess an affinity to the Space or the Wind element.

What she had was the Life affinity along with Fire, Water, and Earth.

Her cultivation base was pitiful. She was barely a Rank 6.

Still, to be able to make Lilith listen to her prayers, she wasn't someone ordinary.

Lilith flashed a gentle smile while looking at this silly child and said softly:

"Bless you."

Chapter 1034 You Can Kill Me Now

A cool wind swept past the green-haired girl with glasses.

She opened her eyes and looked around.

"Eh? Why do I not feel scared anymore?"

The thing she was going to do was dangerous and she lacked courage. Yet, all of a sudden, her worries had vanished. She was confused but did not have the privilege to wonder about it.

A black box the size of a closed fist appeared in her hands. It was shaking and seemed like it would explode any moment.

The girl knew she had to hurry. The sender had strictly asked her to make haste as the box was a ticking time bomb. It could engulf even her if she didn't make it on time to the recipient.

With some quick thinking, she decided that the best way to deliver this box would be to charge straight ahead towards the cloaked figures.

She didn't have a movement artifact or invisibility potion, but she knew a spell that could temporarily make her unable to stand out.

She cast it on herself and ran right ahead. Being as small as a bug in comparison to the Giants, she totally went unnoticed. If someone had their spiritual sense spread out, they might detect her.

Fortune was on the girl's side today as she made her way to the base of a towering hill. More correctly, towards a Giant whose blonde locks of hair touched the ground. It formed a maze with the strands acting as yellow curtains.

Thankfully, the girl didn't need to go through this maze and greet the person. The sender instructed that the delivery would be done when the box touched the recipient's body. Even a strand of hair would work.

"Huuuuuf..."

Sucking a cold breath of air, the girl bent her waist and swung the box at the person's locks.



She didn't look back and ran with all her might. There was nothing that said something bad would happen, but with how her luck was, something bad was definitely going to happen.

BOOM—!

The box burst apart and red droplets of an unknown liquid splashed everywhere.

The once yellow strands were dyed red, and with it, a loud roar shocked everyone in the city center!

The hill behind the girl rumbled. The subdued Giant woke up and broke their shackles, letting out a loud roar once again.

"You dare!"

The first mustached Giant thumped his chest and roared as he charged towards the cloaked figure.

The cloaked figure's hood came off and one could see a warrioress with a fierce look in her eyes. Her previously blonde hair only had patches of it remaining as red took over.

As she swayed around, red droplets spread from her hair and fell on the nearby Giants.

The mustached Giant threw his fist at the Giantess's face. The woman did not avoid it and charged straight ahead, getting her teeth and nose broken.

The mustached Giant could not celebrate for one upping the enemy for long as he took a punch to his guts.

The Giantess's goal was to harm him. It didn't matter if it came at the expense of her own life.

Blood dripped from her wounded face as her left cheek swelled up to a painful lump.

She did not show any signs of pain and elbowed the mustached Giant's neck, choking and suffocating him.

Rumble... Rumble...

The nearby Giants on whom the red droplets were splattered awakened into a frenzied state. Through them, the red droplets spread further to the crowd in the city center, worsening the situation.

"W, what's happening?!"

"Shit, those guys are crazy!"

"Runnnnnn!"

"Don't let the droplets hit you!"

Amidst the earth-shaking rumbling, the girl stumbled in her steps, got up, ran, stumbled again, got up, ran, and stumbled again.

She couldn't keep her feet stable and she didn't have enough spiritual energy to cast a spell to keep her stable.

'Ah. Ah. Ah. I knew it! I knew it was really shady!'

The girl bit her lips and tried not to cry while running.

'It's over for me! It's over! Aaaaaahhh-!'

As regret came tumbling down, and despair shot up, the girl had a glimpse at the consequences of her actions.

Death.

She was going to die. Definitely get killed by the Giant officials and beheaded publicly.

'Dear god, please listen to my prayer one last time. Please. Please. Please.'

Having no hope, the girl resorted to praying to an entity which may or may not exist. Knowledge about god was not known. Everybody only knew that they granted wishes in exchange for offerings, devotion, and love.

Trying to pry into the matters of god was seen as blasphemy. The girl did not have a death wish, and she wouldn't offend the authorities of the world just to get some knowledge which may not even be useful to her.

'Dear god... I'll... I will... I will give you half of my evening porridge too! Please help! Please help!'

The girl's ears were flooded with stomping and clamoring noises of the Giants running around. Lots of dust rose up, blocking her vision and stinging her eyes. Her face twisted in pain and her body went into complete survival mode.

A few steps away, it was then. The girl heard a buzzing sound pass by her ears, followed by a faint ear piercing noise that was getting distant.

BOOOOOM—!

"Aah!"

A big explosion sent shockwaves throughout the city. The fragile girl stumbled and was planted face down on the ground.

"Imfts omfher..."

'It's over.'

'This is probably how I'll die.'

'Haaah... I am dying on an empty stomach. It's the absolute worst. Fate, oh fate, why must you be like this? Couldn't you wait till I ate some meat and had my belly full? I wouldn't have any regrets about dying by then...'

"Hafmhaha..."

With her face still planted on the ground, the girl let out a muffled rueful chuckle.

'—Who am I kidding... I would've still cried out and had regrets. Haiz, is being an immortal really not my destiny?'

"Huuu..."

The girl decided to look at the sky one last time before passing away.

She rolled to the side and lay flat on her back.

Her glasses broke apart and all she could see was a hazy blur.

"In the end, I couldn't even see the sky properly..."

The girl extended her hand out towards the clear blue sky with a faint smile on her face.

"...well, doesn't matter. I did what I could. Dying now will probably give me some solace. Who wants to live a long life anyway?"

"Solace can't be achieved once you die."

The girl heard a clear soothing voice of somebody.

"It can't be?"

She didn't panic when hearing the stranger's voice. She had already accepted her awaited death. It was now a matter of time.

This person was probably someone related to her present quest. It could be from her employer's side or perhaps a Giant official who found her.

Who knows who he was.

Even if he was a big shot, it didn't matter anymore. As long as she gets a painless death, all was good.

"True death is when you vanish from existence. Nothing of you remains. So if there won't be you, there won't be emotions to perceive or the solace you're talking about."

"Haha..."

The girl chuckled while still staring at the sky with her hand extended down.

"...so in the end, nothing matters, huh? Sounds touché."

The girl was silent after her comment and the stranger didn't speak either.

In the distance, the Giants could be seen screaming and fighting with each other. The ground was still shaking due to them, but thankfully, the girl was away from their area of battle. She didn't have to worry about being turned into meat paste.

"Say, stranger. Can I make a request?"

"Hm?"

The girl smiled softly. Her crystal green eyes slowly seemed to be losing their liveliness.

"Can you give me a painless death?"

"Actually, can you buy me some meat, let me eat it, then give me a painless death?"

"Hmmm... no... can you perhaps let me take a shower, wear clean clothes, eat some meat, and brew some potions? All potions I make, you can have them. All I ask for is a painless death after that."

"..."

Silence ensued once again as the stranger didn't speak. Only the Giants who were fighting could be seen.

The girl chuckled after a few seconds. Tears leaked from the corner of her eyes, which she rubbed off with her index finger.

"Haah... it's quite audacious of me, isn't it? And also quite stupid. Who in their right mind asks their killer such things?"

"I should've probably gone 'aaaah' 'eeeeek' or 'kyaaa' something when I heard your voice. And I should've probably said something like: 'please spare me, I'll do anything for you.' Maybe you would've taken pity on me hearing that and defiled me until you were satisfied, then thrown me in some dumpster from where I could start a new life."

"Hehe, sounds quite a cliché sad story."

"Too bad, I didn't let out these reactions and said these weird things instead. You must be thinking that I'm really crazy by now. But do you know? They say that you are not you when you're hungry. I haven't had a scrumptious belly full meal in my entire life. I've always been in a state of half full. My stomach grumbled and pained me so much, but there was nothing I could do about it."

"Since I was always hungry, does that mean that I was never my true self?"

"Huhuhu... what a strange thing to ask. Sorry about that. I won't take any more of your time. Please kill me and about your day. Oh, but please make sure to burn my whole body after I die. I can't ask you for a cremation, but I hope this is the least you could do."

The girl's emerald green eyes had almost turned colorless. There wasn't a single speck of sparkle within them.

"The only reason I ask you for this is that I've heard stories about Dark affinity perverts. They can apparently do necromancy and make a dead be back to life something. I don't wanna turn into such a monster and be defiled. Che. Sounds so creepy. I would rather kill myself a second time than have something like that happen."

"—Aah... sorry, I went a bit off topic there. Anyway, you can kill me now. I'm ready."

The girl looked at the world which was nothing but blurry one last time, then closed her eyes.

'This is the end.'

## Chapter 1035 Gunther's Conviction

Lith looked at the girl who was laying flat, with her back to the ground. She was about to... sleep. Yes, sleep. It was only a shockwave from the explosion which sent her tumbling on the ground, she hadn't suffered any other injuries.

'Is she not right in the head? Misunderstanding sleep for death?'

Lith thought, sitting a few distance away from her. His head was propped up in his hand, perfectly resembling a certain silver-haired lady who loved to stalk her children through abusing her nonsensical powers.



He continued looking at the girl, her broken spectacles lying near her, disabling her from seeing anything clearly. Ironically signifying her broken state of mind, which prevented her from seeing reality as it is. He listened to her babbling away about her life for a couple more seconds before she eventually gave in to sleep.

Finally, he approached her and poked her head, sending a small jolt of spiritual energy to wake her up.

"Huh?! Huhhh?! I've been revived? Who would revive me? Who is so kind? God? Was that you? Were my prayers finally heard? Have I been saved?"

Lith facepalmed while sitting just beside her, inwardly lamenting at the girl.

'At least look at the side? At least realize you were only sleeping? Is it really stress making her dumb or is something actually wrong with her head?'

He coughed, putting her solo drama at a stop. The girl finally looked to the side, doing something which she should've done long ago.

Doing so now, she looked at Lith with a mixed expression of reverence and excitement.

Although she could not make out since her glasses broke apart, right now, even the blurry silhouette of Lith looked beautiful to her.

She softly muttered while trying to take in as much of Lith's beauty as possible, "God indeed..."

One of his eyebrows twitched as Lith bonked her head, knocking her unconscious.

'Hopeless case.'

He gave a call to Sylvia, who appeared before in a few seconds, and asked her to hand the girl to Fei after briefly explaining her circumstances.

He then turned around and saw the state of the capital, the infected crowd was still fighting and with the way things were, it didn't seem like it would stop anytime soon.

Lith made his way towards the most important part of the capital after a quick look.

The city was made with keeping giants in mind, so it wasn't easily destroyed, at least from the giant's perspective, but for small beings like someone of Lith's stature, it was still violently vibrating. It was just like when humans fought on the road or somewhere, it would look all fine to them and the spectators but for minute creatures like ants, it could very well be vibrating madly, prompting them to flee.

Lith ignored the batches of crowd rapidly falling prey to the infection as he witnessed the battle on the podium. Looking around, the rate of the spreading of infection was slower than before, with measures already being taken by the crowd to isolate but it didn't have any effect on the battle already taking place between the ex chief's faction and the one of the current chief.

He wasn't visible to anyone except Gunther, who had an artifact given by Lith himself which allowed him to see that the young man was standing above the crowd and looking in a certain direction.

The main members of Malros's faction were captured and present here. Gunther was no exception to it.

From a corner, Gunther gritted his teeth as he took in the sight of his people fighting, with some even dying. Giants going berserk was no laughing matter, they lose any and all rationality as a predominant thought in their mind becomes quite literally the only thought.

For example, it was very likely that the giantess who first got infected had her head occupied with thinking of ripping the bastard with mustache to shreds. So as soon as she was infected, that thought became the only thought to remain as everything else was pushed away. The giantess immediately acted with little restraint in her fight as she followed the only thought, dismissing even the threat to her life. Because as of that moment, the thought of her losing her life didn't cross her mind at all.

Gunther thought as he glanced at Lith, who looked like he still had no intention to take action. It was proving stressful even for him to dodge all red infectious liquid with all the restraints which were placed on him. Taking a one last look at Lith, he gritted his teeth with madness as he controlled for a single thought to occupy his mind and let a drop of red liquid hit him.

He trusted Lith in whatever he had in mind. He had seen how capable he was in the academy and back during the assassination attempt, but he couldn't see the giants dying anymore and stay still. It was the land his father and grandfather spent countless years protecting, fostering and ruling. If getting infected is what would allow for his restraints to break off, he shall do it.

Immediately the next moment, his hair turned red as the seals placed on him broke down one after another. A humongous roar was heard as everyone stopped what they were doing for a second. A giant who was about to monkey grab another one's ancestral marbles, stopped. A giant who was about to bite off an ear, stopped. A giant who was about to kick the third leg, stopped. A giant who was about to spear the forbidden virginity, stopped.

Even Lith's attention was distracted from what he assumed to be where the chief was hiding to Gunther who had willingly chosen to be infected. He watched with a gentle smile as his friend's mentality was rapidly overridden with a single thought. Lith couldn't move, he had already been locked onto by a divine sense. He knew that moving now would be a risk.

As soon as Gunther was completely infected, he began running. Not towards the battlefield. Not towards the faction of the current chief. Not towards Lith. Not towards the gap, looking to escape.

He ran towards the crowd. Towards his people.

He was there in but a few couple seconds as he began disengaging people from each other as soon as he arrived. Redirecting a punch which was originally headed for a giant's head, he sent it to the ground and chopped at the back of the attacker's head, making him unconscious.

But before even a second had passed, a fist the size of a big boulder was already heading his way. It was the one who he had just saved, none of the infected giants were in their right mind. He quickly ducked slightly and gripped the hand which was supposed to hit him, hurling the giant overhead, hitting another giant midway and sending them both sprawling onto the ground. Before they had the chance to get up, a knock to the back of their head temporarily took them out of the battle.

Gunther went around the battlefield, expertly weaving across multiple people and violent situations as he saved countless giants from emergency situations and unwanted death.

Quite obviously, it wasn't as effortless as it looked. His body was rapidly racking up wounds and cuts, stacking injuries on top of each other as even his one track mind and enhanced combat prowess as a result of infection failed to deal with the effects of injuries.

His clothes were soaked in blood, ripped in several places with only a cloth hanging from several places. The cloak and hood which had been forced onto them had long ago been ripped off to choke some troublesome giants to unconsciousness as they resisted getting knocked out several times.

One of his hands was limping by his side as he jogged to the next bunch of people. It wasn't his intention to jog, he was still running as far as his perspective went, but to an outsider, his energy levels had already been depleted low enough that his supposed run looked like a jog.

Alas, just as he was about to reach there, one of his legs gave out. There wasn't enough time to rebalance as the faulty leg gave out completely. His humongous body leaned to one side as the momentum carried him forward, sliding through the ground as all the skin which came in contact with ground was rapidly being torn.

The huge body which was a couple hundred meters away from the fighting crowd was still breathing and alive. The mountainous body shook, signifying its attempts to get up. A pity, its energy reserves were long since empty.

A few couple seconds went by as the body kept shaking incessantly before Gunther roared, albeit far weaker than his first roar. One of his eyes had already been scraped when he slid through the ground, but his other eye was fixed on the crowd fighting a few hundred meters away. It was filled with resignation as he watched yet another giant's neck being snapped.

Gunther roared again, gathering enough willpower and energy to plant a hand on ground. Just as he was shaking violently in an attempt to move, a small hand was placed on his head.

Lith had arrived, he chose to take the risk of diverting his attention and moving as he gazed gently into his friend's eyes.

"You've done enough. Take a rest, let me handle the rest."

When Gunther's eyes closed and his breathing turned peaceful, Lith used Life magic and began healing him as he muttered under his breath.

"You chose to protect your people. I'll protect you now."

## Chapter 1036 Confronting Khimav

Amidst the ongoing panic in the capital's center, one Giant stood calm in a corner and watched the battle unfold.

He was still enough to be mistaken for a statue.

Ever since the ex chief's faction began making movements, there was an uneasy feeling that wouldn't go. Something was wrong. Khimav couldn't pinpoint exactly where, but something indeed was.

Members of the ex chief's faction weren't stupid enough to pull such risky moves. They must've figured out by now that they weren't wanted by the current chief and his faction. This would've been enough reason to not be rash.

Yet, here they were.

Khimav had seen the chaos unfold before his eyes. The way a random girl caused a lot of Giants to go berserk wasn't something he could ever make out.

Khimav could go and kill the girl right away, but there was a certain vampire entity standing at a distance from her, overlooking the entire battlefield with a calm gaze.

From a distance, he looked like a seasoned warrior. No, the much better term to describe him would be an authority, a rule of some sort. The regal aura that naturally spread out from his body wasn't something anyone could have.

The person in the distance seemed comparatively weaker, but Khimav didn't make his move. He stood in place and locked his spiritual sense on Lith.

Time gradually passed and everyone in the capital's center was eventually infected.

A promising young Giant charged with all his might to protect his people. The vampire entity watching over the battlefield seemed interested in this Giant.

The young Giant's cries came to an end as he did his best to even out the threats. He tried to avoid the infectious droplets, but alas, they were everywhere.

He succumbed to the infection, and was knocked out by the vampire entity, thus sleeping peacefully in the middle of a battle.

With him going down, the vampire entity seemed to have lost interest in the battlefield. His gaze shifted and locked itself with Khimav's.

Khimav frowned. Although he expected that entity to know that he was being stalked, with how his reaction was, it was evident that he knew for how long Khimav had been watching him.

Khimav stood rooted in his spot and watched the man fly close to him with his set of bat wings.

Lith hovered in midair before Khimav and stared into his eyes.

The man in front had a poised look. Composed, confident, and cunning could be the accurate words to describe him.

"I assume you are the reason for this chaos, yes?"

There was no greeting. No pleasantries or formalities. Khimav went straight to the point and asked Lith.

"Yes." Lith replied.

"Why?" Khimav wondered. "Why meddle in others' affairs?"

Lith shrugged. "I wouldn't meddle if I didn't have a proper reason."

"And what would that be?"

Lith flashed a small smile. "Heh. It's to stop the infighting among you lot."

Khimav's brows burrowed in response. "Stop infighting by causing infighting? Is this not adding fuel to the fire than sand?"

Lith shook his head. "You are so old yet you lack white the wisdom. Are all Giants like this?"

Khimav didn't answer and stared at Lith with serious eyes. There was no time to joke or play around.

Lith shrugged to his lack of interest.

"I'll tell you why I did what I did. Firstly, you wouldn't be present here had I not forced you to. Secondly, you are the only man capable enough to put a stop to most things here."

Khimav listened without interrupting with utmost seriousness.

"Listen carefully, I'll not say it again."

Lith's voice was firm, his gaze locked onto Khimav's.

There was an air of superiority when talking with Khimav. It wasn't arrogance, but his natural trait.

"That Mother Seia you're worshiping has used you. Your wife was poisoned by her lackeys to get you under control, and heck, they even set you up to be with your wife. It was a plan that was initiated before you could even realize you're living."

There would come a sudden day in everyone's life where they would be fully conscious of their thoughts, who they are, what they are and so on.



From that moment onwards, they would remember important events of their life in great detail. It was applicable on all sentient organisms in the world.

"I am not going to tell you how I know what I know. And I don't care if you believe me or not. I have one offer for you. If you take it, you won't regret it. But if you don't, you'll curse yourself for life and may even endanger your poisoned wife."

Khimav clenched his fist and his body trembled. There were so many things Lith had said that he couldn't understand. However, the last line, he understood it completely.

Nobody was allowed to talk about his wife, and definitely not in such pessimistic way. Had it been a normal situation, Khimav would've plucked out the tongue that spoke ill.

The person in front was fearless. Khimav did not know the extent of his capabilities. For all he knew, this person could have hidden experts protecting him for the shadows.

"Whether you select or reject, it hardly concerns me."

Lith dropped a reality-check bomb on Khimav.

"If you end up rejecting, I'll eliminate you and stop the infighting by putting someone up on the throne and lead the Giants. As for whether I'm capable of doing or not, you'll know the answer once you make a choice."

"I'll give you three minutes to consider carefully."

Lith took out his phone and fiddled with it, waiting for Khimav's answer.

A minute in, the reality of the situation dawned upon Khimav.

He took a deep breath and instead of answering, asked, "How do you know my wife is poisoned?"

"I just do." A flat reply followed suit almost instantly.

Khimav wasn't dejected by the lack of formal tone by Lith. He continued to ask without shame, "Can you heal my wife?"

"Yes. I can also heal every one of your family members from any illness they possess and can de-age your appearance along with your wife's."

"What's the credibility of your words?"

Lith turned the phone down and looked up at the Giant's face.

A smirk spread across his face as he said, "There is none. It's up to you to believe it or. It. This is a gamble, a literal gamble that I'm forcing upon you."

Khimav's head ached with stress as thousands of possibilities played out in his mind in regards to the conversation he just had with him.

No matter through which angle he saw it, Lith's words contained no loophole or things that could be taken advantage of. He also wasn't hesitating whatsoever or nervous in front of Khimav.

From Giants standpoint, nobody could hold a candle to Khimav. That's just how good he was. Beings lower than him would be afraid of his Emperor Rank aura but Lith wasn't.

He was definitely an expert. Khimav didn't need more proof than this. As for the credibility part...

Did Khimav even have a chance to refuse?

The moment Lith said he could heal his wife, he was already sold.

Nobody was able to treat her till now and Khimav was running out of options. He had consulted, and had many skillful alchemists visit him.

Unfortunately, no one was able to say anything in regards to his wife's condition.

Since he had reached a dead end, anything from here onwards was an opportunity he couldn't miss to take.

Three minutes passed by in the blink of an eye.

Khimav gave his answer honestly. He first stated as to why he would side with Lith. Then, he asked right away about how his wife would be healed.

Lith looked in the distance, towards the peak of a tall mountain at the periphery of the Giant Kingdom.

Pointing at that place, Lith said, "A dandelion lies in that place. It looks like a dandelion, smells, and disperses like one, but is actually an odd terrestrial species similar to sea anemone."

"It is alive and can move around."

"Find it, dry it, make a powder. Use the powder with small quantities of basic alkaline solutions and apply it all over your wife's body."

Khimav hurriedly took notes in his mental library, afraid that he might lose out on some vital information.

Lith knew the guy's weak points and targeted exactly those.

He had little time remaining for the quest's ending, and had to move fast. He didn't plan to be cruel, but was forced to do so.

Whatever opinion Khimav would have of him later, Lith didn't bother or care.

Though, he did feel pity for him.

Lith didn't know how it would feel to have your loved ones be on deathbed, and he certainly wasn't planning on feeling it. However, helping his wife was a small task and the least Lith could do for Khimav to gain his loyalty.

This dude was resilient, strong, and capable. It would be a fine addition to his party if he were to be recruited.

Finishing the paste's ingredient list, Lith said, "Now go. Find those plants. I'll help you make the paste if you come quickly."

With a small bow, Khimav vanished from his spot and went to grab the ingredients. Whether the words were true or not, he was going to find out in a while and make his move.

Chapter 1037 Another Girl?

Inside an Inn on the outskirts of Semohr.

"Another girl?"

Mayzin sipped on a non-alcoholic drink and asked, raising her brows and pointing at a girl opposite to her.

The girl's hands were on the table with her head down on them. She seemed to be sleeping, judging from her unhurried, calm breaths.

Sylvia sipped on some coffee and did a curt nod.

"Master has a weird tendency to pick up girls wherever he goes," a soft voice said.

It wasn't Sylvia, since she barely said more than a few words. It was Fei, sitting beside her with a sleeping orange cat on her lap.

She gently caressed the cat's back and continued, "Lady Mayzin would need to get used to it soon."

"Seems like it." Mayzin brushed her hair to the back of her ear and said.

Fei and Sylvia both nodded in response.

"..."

Mayzin suddenly realized something.

"Wait, what do you mean get used to it?"

"Hm?" Fei tilted her head.

Mayzin looked at the two with a squinted, questioning gaze. "You two, why would you say I need to get used to it?"

"...Because Milady will be looking at such scenes more in future?"

Mayzin squinted her eyes further. "And what makes you believe that I'll see this scene more?"

Fei didn't understand where Mayzin was getting at with such questions. Was everything she said not satisfactory?

Fei thought for a bit and answered, "...If Milady is around Master, then you'll be looking at such scenes often. This is what I meant."

"Yeah, and what makes you think I'll be around him?"

"Hm? Why wouldn't you be?" Fei asked back. The question was quite stupid if one were to ask her, but she didn't say it out loud. "Isn't Milady dating Master? Is it not natural for you to be around him?"

"..."

Mayzin facepalmed. It was as she had thought. These two were mistaking her for dating Lith.

"I am not dating him." Mayzin said flatly to clear the misunderstanding.

"Oh." Fei was somewhat surprised. "Then, is it a one time thing?"

"What one time?"

"Did Milady have a one night stand with Master?" Fei asked with a straight face, completely unfazed, as if it was a natural thing to ask.

Mayzin was taken aback by the question. 'What sort of pervert is he to have his maids think in such a way?'

What weird things had Lith done in the past to get such a reputation?

Shaking her head with a sigh and sipping on the drink, Mayzin replied, "No. I didn't have any such thing happen. And I don't plan to, either. I am not dating him, and I don't think I will be in future either."

"It's a matter of time." A soft, monotonous voice replied. This time, it belonged to Sylvia who had been silent all along.

"It isn't." Mayzin's eyes twitched as she said that.

Sylvia and Fri both nodded in response, not arguing with her further.

"If it helps Milady feel better, then so be it." Fei said what was on her and Sylvia's mind.

The two obviously didn't agree to Mayzin's statements. But she gave up trying to bicker with them.

Changing the topic, she asked, "So, who's that girl? Is she someone special like the druid cat?"

"Yes." Sylvia answered. "She is an alchemist. How good, I do not know."

"She is intelligent, but severely lacks courage and isn't street smart whatsoever." Fei added.

"Street smart?"

"Yes. She doesn't have much practical knowledge. She doesn't know how to go about everyday things properly."

"Suppose we needed an artifact for masking our scent. When Milady and I visit a shop, the shop staff would think of us as pretty ladies who don't know anything. They'll increase the price and speak highly of a subpar product, then sell it to us. Milady and I will know we are being extorted, but this girl won't. She'll think she got a good deal."

"Oh. So that's what it is." Mayzin understood it now. Money was the best way to make her understand things.

Fei and Sylvia were taught a few things by Luna back in the castle for convenience. Not just them, but all the new maids who had joined. These few things ranged from Lith's likes, dislikes, and general information on his ladies.

Mayzin was quick to grasp things related to wealth. So if she didn't understand something, the maids were supposed to tell her the same thing from a wealth or business point of view.

"She seems like Alea." Mayzin commented.

Fei shook her head. "She can't compare to young miss Alea."



When hearing such a sentence, one would usually think that Fei was saying Alea was better, but in the present context, such wasn't the case.

Mayzin smiled awkwardly and scratched her cheek with her index finger. "She has her charms."

Fei nodded. "Young miss Alea's innocent charms are otherworldly."

"Alright, I better get going. Need to protect my nephew."

Mayzin got up and stretched lazily with her hands over her head.

"Master won't need protection." Fei shook her head and said.

"Heh." Mayzin scoffed. "Your so-called Master loves courting death."

"He does?" It was Sylvia that asked this time, surprising Fei.

Nobody knew Sylvia better than Fei. In her view, she saw a change within Sylvia.

Usually, she would be aloof and uninterested, irrespective of the situation. The only time her still emotions saw a ripple was when she played with her dog Zen.

'I must let Master know that the ice is breaking...'

"He does." Mayzin answered Sylvia. "He does things as if he has extra lives at hand. He's way too reckless."

Mayzin had such an opinion of Lith due to the training sessions with him. He would charge right at her, get beaten up, and still dare to charge. There were no plans he made to trick her into getting a hit. It was always brute force, charging head-on.

"Hm... I've never seen Master act recklessly. He has a cautious personality and his steps are mostly calculated."

Fei said what she had seen.

Mayzin shook her head. "You're wrong about that. He really is stupid and requires protection. If I'm not around him, he might get himself killed."

"No— hm..."

Fei stopped speaking as she realized something.

"Master will die if you don't protect him?" She collected her thoughts and asked.

"That's right. This quest I gave him is above his level, but not too over the top. So, I need to look after him, lest he gets himself killed."

"I understand." Fei nodded. "Then, I wish Milady a safe trip."

Mayzin waved at Fei and took a step away from the table they were at, vanishing without causing even the slightest ripple in space.

Once she was gone, Fei turned to look at Sylvia, who seemed to be looking back at her, as if expecting something.

"You felt that too?" Fei asked with a knowing smile.

"Yes." Sylvia said with a neutral face. "Master is pretending."

Sylvia used 'His Highness' and 'Master' interchangeably when referring to Lith. The usage of each term depended on the context.

"Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. I knew it." Fei clicked her tongue and shook her head. "He just wants to have Milady around him. To have Milady's complete attention."

Sylvia nodded. There was no doubt about that.

"Dragons are overprotective. They'll go to great lengths to protect the things they love. And I suppose..." Fei said and paused.

Sylvia nodded again. "...Master is making Lady Mayzin protect him so that she starts caring for him, then develops feelings later."

"Hah! Even you can guess it now!" Fei aggressively patted the cat on her lap as she exclaimed. "He's using reverse behavioral psychology which Milady isn't even aware of as it's too subtle."

"Yes." Sylvia took a sip of tea and said in a monotonous voice. "Dragons first love something then develop a feeling to protect them. But in Master's case..."

"Right. Right. Tch. What a sly man... he needs to be kept in check or he'll scam all the beauties in this world to be his."

Fei looked down at the orange cat as she said that. Something made her feel that this cat won't stay in her cat form for long.

Sylvia's gaze shifted to the green-haired girl resting on the table. She took a sip of her tea and continued to stare at her. Something told her that this alchemist girl would have her lab coat replaced with a maid apron soon.

Fei and Sylvia then turned to look at each other, their eyes doing the communication for them.

'He's going to \*\*\* them, right?' 'He is.' Sylvia took a sip of tea as her eyes answered the question Fei had asked.

'Must we do something?'

'We must.' Sylvia took a sip of tea again with her eyes gleaming sharply.

Fei looked down at the cat and slowed her caresses.

She turned back to Sylvia and communicated:

'I want to be \*\*\*\*\* too.'

'Did you not already get \*\*\*\*\*?' Sylvia's eyes questioned.

'It was not that type of \*\*\*.'

'Don't be greedy.'

Fei clicked her tongue and squinted her eyes.

'You'll know the wonders of \*\*\* once you have it.'

'We'll see about that.' Sylvia calmly sipped her tea again, unaware of the changes that were happening to her own emotional psyche.

'Good luck.' Fei lowered her gaze at the cat after saying so.

'You too.'

Sylvia stated and went back to sipping her tea quietly.

Even though no sugar was added, the tea felt extra sweet today.

Chapter 1038 Milord, I Was Wrong!

Grains of sand gracefully cascaded down the narrow opening in the hourglass. Roughly when all the sand had sunk to the bottom, Lith saw a towering figure rush towards him.

Sitting on a pillar with his legs dangling at the edge, Lith looked at the hourglass in his hand with interest. He picked it up from his room in the Inn. It was lying there as a decoration.

The towering figure's silhouette became clearer, and in a few moments, Lith could see Khimav hurrying in his way with a transparent jar full of white dandelions. The jar was as big as the truck that isekai's many future anime protagonists.

"I acquired the dandelions." Khimav said in a deep voice.

"Good." Lith got up and stood on the pillar to see Khimav in the eyes. "I'll help you make the powder."

With that, Lith jumped on top of the glass jar Khimav was holding.

Extending his hand out, his nail lengthened into a sharp dagger, and using it, Lith cut a palm sized hole on the jar's lid.

Khimav watched him with doubtful eyes. If things don't work out, he wouldn't hesitate to crush this person.

With a hole being made in the jar, the white dandelions rushed out to escape, but what met their fate was a swirling ball of fire, hot enough to melt iron.

Lith willed the Fire element from his surroundings and made it rush within it the jar. The fire was hot and could burn the dandelions to a crisp. To control it, Lith skillfully maneuvered Wind elemental energy and eased the fire.

Within the jar, the dandelion aggressively swayed like an earthworm sprinkled with salt. It tried to rush out of the jar, but was suppressed with gushing wind and fire energies.

A surprised glint appeared in Khimav's eyes as he watched the skillful blend of Fire and Wind elemental energies. Within the jar, a tornado of flames was raging. It did not touch a single dandelion but heated it enough to become dry.

Whoever Lith was, he for sure was a master at work.

Focused on the dandelions, a bright yellow light shot up out from Lith's fingertip. It was the Light elemental energy that shone within the jar like sun rays.

Next, the Earth elemental energy went inside the jar and covered the entire transparent surface, making one unable to look inside.

The less visibility was neither a problem to Lith nor to Khimav who could watch every inside with their spiritual senses.

Light reflected from the surface of earth within the jar, dancing in a zigzag pattern within it. Coupled with the raging flames of a tornado, the dandelions stood no chance at escape and were mercilessly turned into a fine powder.

The usual process to turn these dandelions to powder was to dry and grind them, which would take about a week.

However, with Lith in the picture, who could wield all the elemental energies, it was a matter of a few minutes.

Khimav's brows jumped in shock when he watched the control Lith had over the four elements. The combination Lith used was odd as Light elemental energy was really difficult to control. It flat out refused to blend and work with other elemental energies, giving the casters a headache.

Lith was definitely a master. It went without a doubt this time.

Khimav was sure by now that this person was not someone ordinary. He had a hunch that he belonged to some powerful noble clan. Commoners, no matter the talent, did not possess the necessary guidance or wealth to have techniques that could help them reach such a level.

"Done."

Lith jumped back on the pillar from the jar and said while patting his clothes to rub off any dandelions present. These creatures were parasitic, invasive, and grew easily in the right conditions.

Lith had done a favor to the Giants by having the Chief remove this from their plains, and him turning it into powder.

"Take this." Lith threw a liter of blue-colored vial at Khimav, who caught it instantly. "Add ten milliliters to one kilogram of powder. It'll turn into a pancake batter-like texture. Apply it on your wife's body. Make sure to not miss a single spot, even the hair on her head."

Khimav stood silently in place and stared at Lith.

Lith yawned and said, "If your wife's recovery speed is good, she should be back to good health in a few minutes. If it's absolutely terrible, it would take a few hours. I'll be sitting here on this pillar, you can come and prostrate along with your wife to thank me later. Now go, I dislike being stared at by males like this."

Khimav frowned at the vulgarity Lith spouted out. He wanted to say something, but held himself back from doing so.

Even the vulgar things Lith had said sounded prim and proper. This was probably the power of being a high class noble.

If this were to be compared, it would sound similar to a gentle and holy priest in a church saying something like:

"...and by the grace of god, please fuck off, dear worshipers."



The words were vulgar, blasphemous even, but would sound pleasing to the ears with the way it would be conveyed.

Shoving aside these thoughts, Khimav did a slight nod of acknowledgment to Lith, and left the place with a gray powder in the transparent jar.

Once he was gone, Lith turned around and said, "You can come out now, aunt."

A pretty dragon lady manifested in front of him. There was not the slightest of ripple in space or fluctuation as she appeared, signifying the mastery she had over it.

"You surprisingly managed to handle the situation well. I was expecting myself to intervene and save you when you get beaten up by that guy, but it didn't happen."

Mayzin clapped slowly and said with visible enthusiasm.

"Oh?" Lith raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Would you have carried me back home if something like that had happened?"

"Probably."

"Ahh..."

Lith should've gotten beaten up then! He would've gotten a free taxi back home in the soft embrace of a dragon lady, whose knockers would definitely crush his face as he laid unconsciously in her arms.

'Tch. Tch. Tch. Missed opportunity...'

'...or wait... is it really?'

Lith suddenly had an idea.

"Ahh... aigo..."

Lith placed the back of his hand on his forehead and staggered his way close to Mayzin.

"...my spiritual power is depleted... I'm so tired..."

Lith reached in front of Mayzin and fell in her embrace.

In reflex, she caught him and stared at him with a stupefied gaze.

"...haiyaa... aunt... I..I don't think I'll make it..."

While acting as if his body was weak, Lith raised his legs and placed them up on Mayzin's arms, shamelessly laying completely in a princess carry position in his aunt's embrace.

Mayzin blinked and stared at her nephew, wondering what the fuck just happened in a few seconds.

"A, aunt..."

Lith looked into Mayzin's dark eyes with a tearful exprssson.

"...If... If I don't make it..."

He raised his hands up to hold Mayzin's beautiful, smooth, and angular pretty face.

"...make sure to delete the homework folder in my phone and laptop."

Ding!

A loud chime was heard by Mayzin that seemingly came out of nowhere.

Lith's face fell to the side and his body turned like jelly, being completely at Mayzin's mercy and in his arms.

He... he was dead.

'What the—'

No.

He wasn't dead.

He was pretending to be dead, but was so skillful at it that anyone would be mistaken.

The acting was horrible, but the state he was in could fool anybody, had they weren't aware of what sort of personality Lith was.

'Seriously... this guy... I really want to beat him up...'

The thought of dropping the guy down the pillar surfaced Mayzin's mind, but for some reason, she couldn't get herself to act on it.

She stood in place, holding Lith as if he was a princess, and stared in the distance, wondering what she was supposed to do from here onwards.

Thankfully, she didn't have to wait for more than two minutes.

Two towering figures could be seen rushing towards her from the distance. The ground rumbled as they ran and sent tremors everywhere in the capital.

Sensing it, Lith opened his eyes and clicked his tongue.

"Tsk. They're faster than I thought. I should've made the powder less potent."

Lith cursed out loud. He was so happy being held by his aunt and enjoying her warmth, now he wouldn't get such a chance again since she would be well guarded.

Hearing his words, Mayzin lowered her gaze and squinted murderiously at Lith.

"Ayo... I think the power of your love and warmth has healed me. Hm. Hm. I think your prayers were answered, aunt. Thank you for worrying for me. Here, you deserve this."

Lith held her face and shamelessly kissed her cheek as a form of thanks.

Before she could lash out, he disappeared from her embrace and stood at the edge of the pillar, placing a hand over his eyes and staring at the rushing Giants.

"Yup. That's definitely her."

A gentle looking Giantess was rushing along with a burly, roguish Giant beside her. The two looked like a rebellious couple eloping their way out from an arranged marriage.

"Milord! Milord, I was wrong!"

A thundering voice of a male echoed in Lith's ears, the powerful vibrations of it almost sending him flying.

Soon, the Giant couple was right in front of Lith. They had attracted quite the attention as a crowd instantly formed around them.

The couple, looking at Lith, knelt down on the ground and...

BAM! BAM! BAM!

"Milord, I was wrong!"

"I was wrong!"

"I was wrong!"

"I was wrong!"

## Chapter 1039 A New Servant

"W, what is the Chief doing!?"

"Oh, mother! What is he doing..."

"To prostrate so shamefully..."

"Are you guys sure that is really the Chief?"

"Yeah. I have never seen the Chief with a woman like that. Who is she?"

No matter the race, people everywhere were fond of gossip as it was quite entertaining.

Suffering was always welcomed and entertaining to look at, as long as it didn't happen to oneself.

This was the Chief of Giants. To prostrate in front of someone like that was a matter of utter shame.

"Who is he even prostrating in front of?"

"Oh, Mother. I can't believe someone so pitiful is our Chief."

The words were venomous, but in Khimav's eyes, there were only two people who could see and hear. One was a blonde-haired beautiful Giantess, who was his wife, and the other a silver-haired man standing on the pillar in front.

The same was the case with Khimav's wife Yvonne.

Having just revived to good health, her mind was a mess. However, she believed in her husband, and did what he asked her to.

Lith's case was similar.

Being used to crowds ever since he was a child, the heckling did not enter his ears, and he treated them as air.

In his vision, there was only Khimav, his wife, and his aunt standing behind him and staring daggers at him. He sure was going to be killed if he tried to look back.

"Milord, I was wrong to have doubted you!"

Khimav's personality took a 180° flip. Or rather, his true personality now showed up as the tough outer shell broke apart after his wife's revival.

He was a normal child, living a normal life, going through a normal course of love, and parenthood, until one fine day, his wife who was his everything was taken away.

He was forced to mature and become strong — do things he never wanted to.

Now that his wife was back to normal, there was no need to fulfil the Goddess' request since he did not require her blessings or mercy.

Lith looked down at him with a calm gaze. He had no opinion of Khimav. This man was doing what his circumstances forced him to. Being weak and helpless was the root cause of all troubles in this world that worked on power.

"Get up. Stop with such a shameful display, you're embarrassing me."

Truth to be told, Lith did not feel embarrassed or even cared. It was just that there weren't better words than this to say to Khimav.

Khimav got up from the ground on Lith's command and wiped his tear-filled eyes. His forehead was bleeding after the aggressive slamming, but those were the least of his concerns.

Yvonne, his wife, held his arm from the side and bit her lips. So far, she did not know what all things had transpired, but to see her husband react in such a way, she could guess that the silver-haired person on the pillar was someone important and revered.

She gave Lith a meaningful glance of gratitude and sorrow. She only hoped that the man did not ask for her husband's life or something, in exchange for saving hers.

"Don't look at me like that. I don't care about your pitiful lives. Whatever actions I've taken, they were done so with an agenda."

There were times Lith had to act like a chuuni bastard, and change his personality to fit the situation. He was a normal person, but a Prince at the same time, and thus had to act with tact.

If he wanted to fool around and not show his princely side, he had to put on a disguise. There were pretty much no other restrictions on him.

He was sure nobody in his clan would mind even if he roamed around normally, but that would be too scummy of him to uselessly make everybody work tirelessly to clean up his mess.

"I've fulfilled your request, you have to fulfil mine. An equivalent exchange if I were to say."



"Milord, please state what I must do, and I will do it to the best of my abilities."

Khimav thumped his chest and said in a deep, subservient tone.

"Step down from being the Chief."

Lith said it flatly, as if it were a trivial thing.

Loud, shocked gasps resonated in the area as the crowd heard Lith's words.

Yvonne was surprised too, but not much. All she did was let out a relieved sigh, knowing that her husband's life was intact. The other person was kind enough to not ask that.

Khimav knelt and said while thumping his chest, "Your wish is my command, Milord. Anything else you wish your loyal servant to do?"

Lith blinked once. Twice. Thrice. Four times, five times.

'What? Did I hear it clearly or are my ears buzzing?'

'Why would this idiot swear allegiance like that? Where is his pride? Does he really not care about anything other than this wife?'

Lith's words were right on the money. Khimav pretty much did not care about anyone other than this wife. An exception was made today, and he began caring about Lith, since he was his benefactor.

Without even trying, Lith had unknowingly acquired a loyal servant for life, the might of whom was bound to shake the heavens in future.

"Before you step down, make Gunther the Chief. He's young and doesn't have enough strength, so ensure the Malros's faction support him properly. Make Cimir's faction keep an eye on Malros's and ensure they act as good opposition."

With Gunther becoming the Chief, the Giants would easily be placed under his aunt's rule.

One of the conditions given to Gunther was this. When he becomes the Chief, he would persuade the Giants and place them under the rule of the Star Dragon Empress. They'll shift their island from the middle of nowhere to right beside the Empress' territory in the Dragon Continent.

With magic, moving an island or two wasn't difficult.

"It will be done, Milord. Just give me a week."

Lith nodded at Khimav's words.

Khimav then looked up, staring right into Lith's eyes.

"What else should I do, Milord? What after it?"

Khimav believed such things Lith had asked him weren't enough for the deed he had done for him. His wife was so healthy right now that she could fight ten Giants like Khimav and win.

His words caused Lith to ponder deeply. He wasn't so dense as to not understand that Khimav had become loyal to him.

Also, what he had just done was a sign of betrayal to his own race. Swearing loyalty to someone who wasn't a Giant? Yeah buddy, fuck off from the kingdom. That's how it was here.

Giants, Werewolves, and Dragons were beings who would have such an opinion. Becoming a servant of another was looked down upon. Becoming someone's servant who didn't belong to their race was a matter of further shame. It was absolutely atrocious.

Khimav would have to live his life getting discriminated against and scorned by other Giants.

Even if he may be the strongest Giant in the kingdom, it was only a matter of time before he was assassinated. It was a pity to lose someone strong like that.

Lith calculated Khimav's optimum destiny, and in a few seconds, came to a conclusion.

His eyes lowered to see Khimav, literally looking down at him.

"Are you willing to betray your race and come with me?"

Khimav's heart skipped a beat while Yvonne's hold on his hand tightened. She bit her lips hard and knew the situation was turning for the worse.

Khimav tried to calm his thumping heart and bowed.

"Milord, if I may, can I ask a question in regards to that?"

"Speak."

"Will... will I have to be separated from my wife?"

Lith chuckled internally hearing that.

'This guy... does he think i'm this interested in him?'

'The castle's lacking manpower. The Royal Servants are too busy these days. Why would I only recruit you and not your wife, when I have the opportunity?'

Even though Lith laughed internally, he kept a composed look on the outside.

With his hands behind his back, Lith asked, while still looking down at Khimav, "No. Your wife shall accompany you. I have work for the two of you."

Khimav and Yvonne sighed in relief. As long as they were together, they were fine with any hell they were put in.

The two knelt down again and thanked Lith for his grace.

The crowd behind wasn't able to hear any of the conversation that occurred here, starting from the time Khimav swore loyalty to Lith.

This was done so as to not foil the future plans and increase trouble for Khimav or Gunther.

Lith dismissed Khimav and his wife after the conversation. He asked them to take care of all the matters and be ready in a week.

The two agreed and left after thanking him once again.

Once they were gone and the crowd dispersed, Lith turned around to look at his aunt, who was staring at him with visible surprise.

"Not bad. Not bad at all."

Mayzin was stingy with her compliments. This was the best one Lith had gotten so far.

Lith flashed his signature happy smile as he heard that.

"Since I aced the quest you gave me, don't I deserve rewards? And also, since I did it so magnificently, don't I deserve an extra bonus?"

Mayzin knitted her brows. Now this was something she didn't like.

Lith walked close to her, placed his hand on his chest and said, "Milady, thy loyal lover deserves a kiss for his accomplishments. We must now seal our mouths shut with thine lewd saliva."

"..."

## Chapter 1040 The Alchemy Girl

The number of times Lith has made Mayzin baffled was astounding. If she were to count, both hers as well as Lith's fingers won't be enough.

With how shameless the comment he just made was, Mayzin was considering whether to beat him up or throw him in a dungeon full of insects.

After careful consideration, she decided to let the matter go. This boy had worked hard. It wouldn't be appropriate to punish him for his loose tongue.

Mayzin shook her head and said, "If you're done talking, let's leave."

"Heh."

Lith walked close to Mayzin and stood an arm's length before her, then placed his hand on her shoulder.

"If I am done talking, you say? Well, I am not done talking then, aunt."

Mayzin rolled her eyes.

Lith took a step close to her and bending his knees a bit, lowered himself a head shorter.

"So... no kiss?"

Lith did his best pitiful puppy face he could muster and asked, making Mayzin's eye twitch.

"You won't give up, would you?"

"Absolutely!"

Shaking her head, Mayzin held Lith's hand that was on her shoulder and pulled him, making him crash in her embrace.

"Oh my... so forceful..." Lith commented in a mock girlish voice, as if he was a young maiden who was pulled into a hug by her heroic knight lover.

Mayzin ignored the useless words and craned her head down.

The next thing Lith knew, a pair of soft, sweet lips were pushing against his. The warmth from them made him melt.

A second passed and Mayzin continued to press her lips against his. In her mind, she came to a conclusion that this shameless nephew of hers would only bother her again if she ended the kiss too early. Since she went so far to do it, she may as well continue it for a few more seconds.

The feel-good hormones flooded Lith's body. He wrapped his arms around her waist, well, tried to, before Mayzin slapped it away, and also broke the kiss.

"Tsk. So stingy." Lith commented as Mayzin took a step back.

Mayzin, with a calm look, said, "If you have the energy to complain, you need to train."

"..."

"Why did it rhyme?"

Mayzin shrugged. "No idea. Now let's leave."

.....

Back in the Inn.

"U-uwaaa... who are you guys?"

The green-haired girl yelled in shock and backed in a corner of the room.

The emotionless Sylvia and the confused Fei were staring at her while Meryl slept on the bed in her cat form.

The door of the room opened up at this point, and the green-haired girl saw the tall Lith.

"G, god!"

She instantly recognized him and was about to rush towards him, but stopped herself from doing so when she saw a tall purple-haired woman with a scary aura walking behind him.

'W, w, what...'

Fei walked close to the girl and placed her hands on her shoulder, making her tremble. "Calm down, will you?"

"What's happening?"

Lith asked as he entered the room and saw the flustered green-haired girl.

"She thinks we're monsters who want to kill her." Fei answered.

The girl stood quietly with her head down.



Lith sighed and shook his head. Coming across someone normal was truly troublesome.

The girl wasn't cowardly or wrong for acting the way she was acting. She was a weak human, and this was justifiable behavior from her side.

It had been such a long time since Lith came across someone weak that he had almost forgotten the way they behaved.

The average person in this world thought of Rank 9 and above as Gods. The established churches worshiped Emperor Ranks, and in such a state, the reaction this girl showed was probably something an average person would.

From being taken from a peril to being dropped into another dangerous situation, paranoia was inevitable.

Had Lith not seen his fate tangled with hers and found potential within her, he would've left her alone.

Lith walked close to the girl. As he reached near her, a faint scent of herbs and medicine filled his nose. He couldn't smell this before as the area they were in was too chaotic and mixed with the scent of blood, sweat, and dust.

Lith placed his hand on the girl's shoulder, causing her to look up at him.

The green-eyed girl with clear round glasses saw the chiseled face of the handsome silver-haired god that saved her.

His face, his purple eyes... up close, they looked even better.

The girl wanted to touch Lith's face and feel it, but with the predicament she was in, it was impossible to do so, making her lower her head down in disappointment.

Lith misunderstood her reaction, and consoled, "It's okay. You're in a much better place now."

The girl blinked in amusement and looked up.

"There are no enemies. Nobody is trying to harm you. That there is Fei, my maid."

Lith pointed at Fei, then shifted his finger to point at Sylvia.

"That's Sylvia, also my maid. And that's... hm..."

Lith put on a pondering expression, carefully considering his words to say out loud to describe Mayzin, who was gazing back at him with a neutral look.

"Well, that's the Dragon Empress."

"..."

What Lith said did not register the young maiden's mind, for the words were too astounding.

Only after a few seconds did realization struck the girl like thunder, making her feel a chill down her spine.

"T-t-t-the what!?!?"

Her body trembled and her legs felt weak. Lith cast a Light spell on her and calmed her down, making her think rationally and not die from intense shock.

The girl gradually calmed down and came to a realization that it was only right for Mayzin to be here. She was under the shelter of god, so wouldn't god have a connection to a Supreme entity like that?

Yes, it made sense now.

The girl convinced herself for the situation to be normal.

Seeing her calm down, Lith was relieved.

"So, what's your name?"

He didn't know how to address her, so knowing her name was the first important thing.

"My name?" The girl looked at Lith through her innocent green eyes.

"It's..."

The girl took a pause, leaving Lith confused.

"...it's... huh?"

"What? What's my name?"

From the distance, Mayzin raised an eyebrow in surprise, which was followed by Fei, Sylvia, and Lith respectively.

The ginger cat also woke up from her sleep and turned to look at the girl.

"Ah... what... my name..."

The girl was flustered and trembled.

"Name, name, name, name..."

She began wandering around like a headless chicken, as if doing so would have her remember her name.

Lith hit the girl's head with the side of his palm and immobilized her, unable to watch her in such a state.

The girl was knocked unconscious and was free to be searched.

Lith turned to Sylvia and asked, "Can you do a memory search?"

Sylvia shook her head.

Memory search differed from normal magic. It wasn't based on any of the twelve elemental laws, and lay in the domain of souls.

"I can, Master." Fei's response came right after Sylvia's rejection.

"Come here then."

Mayzin probably knew how to do a memory search, but asking her to do it was robbing his maids of the work opportunity, since they rarely got any work from him.

Fei placed her hand on the girl's head and a bright glow flowed from her hand into the girl's body.

A few seconds later, Fei was done.

"There was a sealing spell in her mind." Fei said with a complicated look on her face. "It had to be broken apart to gain complete access to her mind, but that was apparently just a cover. The girl's memory of her name and her childhood as well as teenage years were fully wiped out. The memories are only there from the time she appeared in the Giant Kingdom, which was half a decade ago."

"This girl was surviving by making potions. Acting like an apothecary is natural as breathing to her, but turns out, she isn't actually an apothecary, but an alchemist, who's potential was sealed."

Long story short, the girl in Lith's arms was a genius. Whoever wanted to harm her could only erase her memories. They couldn't erase the things related to alchemy as it was deeply ingrained within her.

Had they tried to erase it too, the girl would've disappeared from existence. Thus, they sealed it with a spell, and put up another spell in her mind to act as decoy for the former one.

Fei clearly said that the girl's memories won't return, no matter what method was used. Sending her back in time was not possible either as she would meet with the same fate.

The reason was not related to her, but rather with Lith.

Getting helped by Lith, there's a string of fate coming out of Lith that was tightly coiled around hers. Even if she goes back now, she won't escape her destiny.

Trying to sever these strings would result in the girl's demise. The possibility of it happening was a whopping 100%.

If the girl wasn't destined to meet Lith, then the only destiny that awaited her was death as the envious people would kill her instead of letting her live.

Lith sighed and rubbed his temples as he heard all of this.

"Is this really true? Fate and destiny and all that..."

"Yes, Master." Fei said flatly. "I was forced to use the powers of my race and bloodline when checking this girl. This alone can be enough proof."

Fei's race was quite peculiar. Yellow Phantom was unheard of and her bloodline was that of Timebound Seers. It was an ancient clan consisting of the highest order of Time Path experts. At least, that's what Fei and Sylvia had both said to Lith.

Fei's words made Lith look at the green-haired glasses girl with pity and sympathy.

"Nothing can be done about your memories. I am sorry about that."

Lith then caressed the girl's head.

Fei looked at the girl with pity too while Sylvia and Mayzin had apathetic look on their faces. They weren't moved by such a backstory as to them, this girl looked like an average damsel in distress. There were thousands of such people who incurred such a tragic fate every single day.

The world was a cruel place. Lith was well protected and was only made to see the good happy surface of it.

Not knowing whatever was going on in Mayzin and Sylvia's mind, Lith continued,

"However, not all hope is lost. Let's consider today as the day you were reborn. From today onwards, you'll make new memories. Happy memories where you'll be surrounded by your alchemy materials, friends, and this new family. And from today, since you call me god so much..."

A soft smile surfaced on Lith's face.

"...you shall be called Liz. Your full name being Lizbeth, derived from Elizabeth, which means god is my oath."