

Many days have slipped by since Kase ventured into the cave alongside the other members of Oblivion. It feels so lonely without Kase by my side. It's the first time he and I have been apart for so long. I find myself consumed by thoughts of him. I wonder when Kase will return from that cave. Is he safe? Does Kase think of me as much as I think of him? When we first arrived in this coastal village and Kase requested Tricia and me to await his return while he pursued the quest within the cave, I never imagined it would stretch into such a prolonged separation.

Even now, on this rainy day, the relentless rain pounds against the windowpanes. The Inn room feels small, almost suffocating, as flashes of lightning briefly illuminate, casting stark shadows. But my attention is not on the storm or on what Tricia is doing with her tongue in my intimate part right now. It's on Kase, and I can't think of anything else.

"Don't you feel honored that a noblewoman is licking your pussy?" Tricia said while sucking and licking my private part, "Once I finish with you, you will have to do the same to me."

Kase enjoys watching me and Tricia having sex, and Tricia also seems to like having intimate relationships with girls. I don't share the feeling, but if that makes Kase happy, I'm willing to do whatever he asks of me. Nevertheless, even in situations where Kase is not present, Tricia insists on being intimate with me. At first, I hated having intercourse with Tricia if Kase was not present, but Kase made me see that the three of us are a couple and I should share the love I feel for Kase with Tricia, and if that makes him happy, I am willing to do it.

"Open your legs more!" Tricia said as she continued licking my vagina and began to masturbate herself.

"Y-Yes..." I responded, opening my legs more as Tricia asked me to while at the same time stimulating my breasts over the pink lace babydoll that Kase bought me.

"Good!" Tricia looked at me with her lustful eyes before lowering her head between my legs.

Tricia's warm tongue pressed against my clit, gently teasing it before exploring deeper. Each stroke sent shivers down my spine, and I couldn't help but moan. My hands gripped tightly onto the sheets as pleasure coursed through my body. Tricia's tongue swirled around my sensitive folds, making me gasp and shudder with delight.

"Amelia," Tricia murmured, lifting her head for a moment, "You taste so sweet, like honey."

My hips bucked involuntarily, grinding against her face as she tirelessly worked her magic. The pleasure was overwhelming, a swirling tempest of ecstasy that threatened to consume me completely.

"D-Darx... oh, Dar..."

I opened my eyes suddenly when I realized what I just said. W-Why did I say Darx's name? I looked down, afraid that Tricia had heard me, but it seemed not since Tricia's mouth was still glued to my private part.

"Tricia... I'm so close," I panted, my breath coming in short gasps as the moment of release drew near.

Sometime later, after Tricia made me cum she gave one last kiss to my vagina, then licked her way up my stomach, across my chest, stopping briefly to tease my nipples before continuing her journey north to my neck and finally my lips. Tricia's lips met mine, and we kissed deeply, our tongues entwined as I tasted myself on her. The sensation of her wet, naked body atop mine only fueled the burning desire within me. Our breasts pressed together, our nipples hard and sensitive from the passion that consumed us both.

But then, something within me snapped. As if a dark veil had been lifted from my mind, I suddenly became aware of the twisted reality of our situation. It was as if, in the snap of a finger, all the immeasurable love I felt for Kase had suddenly disappeared, being exchanged for a disturbing horror of not knowing why I was here or why I had done everything I had done to please Kase.

"KYAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!"

I screamed after feeling like my head was about to explode. Everything around me was spinning, and it was difficult for me to breathe.

"Wh-what is happening?" I whispered, my eyes wide with confusion and terror as I stared into Tricia's equally bewildered gaze.

"A-Amelia? What's wrong?" Tricia asked, genuine concern etched onto her face as she tried to make sense of my sudden shift in demeanor.

"GET OFF ME!" I screamed, a maddening rage bubbling up from the depths of my soul. My hands fumbled for something, anything to protect myself from this nightmare I found myself in. My fingers closed around the cold handle of a knife resting on a small table beside the bed—the knife we used hours ago to peel apples.

"Amelia, wait!" Tricia cried out, her voice laced with fear and desperation as she realized the knife she was now in. But it was too late – the blade sliced through the air, its sharp edge finding its mark in Tricia's chest.

Blood sprayed across the room, painting the walls and sheets a gruesome shade of red. Tricia's body convulsed beneath me, her eyes wide with shock and pain as the life slowly drained from her. Tears streamed down my cheeks as I continued to stab her, each thrust of the knife fueled by a torrent of pent-up rage.

"WHY!? WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME!?" I shrieked, my voice raw as tears blurred my vision.

Finally, my arms grew weak, and the knife clattered to the floor. Tricia's lifeless body lay still beneath me, a gruesome testament to the brutality of my actions. My breath came in ragged gasps as I stared at the gruesome scene before me, my mind struggling to comprehend the horror I had just unleashed.

With blood-soaked hands, I pushed myself off Tricia's body and stumbled to my feet. My legs felt weak beneath me, barely able to support my weight as I staggered towards the door. The room seemed to spin around me, making me vomit. Feeling like my head was about to burst, I looked one more time at Tricia's body on the floor before leaving the room.

As I stumbled down the stairs of the Inn, my bloodied robe clung to my trembling body. The people in the common area stared at me in abject horror, their faces pale and their eyes wide with shock. Their whispered conversations ceased, replaced by a suffocating silence that weighed heavily upon the room.

"KYAHHHHH!" Someone yelled, their voice high-pitched and filled with terror.

"Get away from her!" Another patron shouted, pushing his chair back and scrambling away from me.

I ignored their cries, focusing only on escaping the nightmare I found myself trapped in. Bursting through the doors of the Inn, I stepped out into the cold night air. The cobblestone streets were slick with rain. Regardless, I just ran without any direction.

My heart pounded in my chest like a wild animal desperate to escape its cage as I raced through the village, my bare feet slapping against the wet stones. Villagers looked at me, their expressions a mix of horror and disbelief as they took in the sight of the blood-soaked girl sprinting past them.

"S-Someone, stop her!" A voice cried out, though no one moved.

I couldn't stop. I didn't know where I was going or what I was running from. Soon, the village disappeared behind me as I entered the dark, ominous forest.

With each step, branches scratched at my exposed skin and tangled in my hair, leaving painful welts and adding to my misery. My lungs burned, and my legs ached from the relentless pace I set for myself. Tears streamed down my face, mixing with the blood on my cheeks. I ran and ran, crying desperately. Escaping from something I didn't know what it was. I just had the feeling that something was wrong. As the sun rose, casting eerie shadows through the trees, my mind teetered on the brink of collapse.

"Please, make it stop..." I whispered to no one, my voice hoarse and broken.

The exhaustion finally caught up to me, and my knees buckled beneath me. I fell onto the damp soil and moss, my body trembling with fatigue. My breathing came in ragged gasps, and my vision swam before me. The world seemed to spin around me, and I felt the cold embrace of darkness creeping in.

"D-Darx... help... me..." I managed to choke out, my voice barely audible even to myself.

When I awoke, the first sensation that hit me was the softness beneath me. My eyes fluttered open, and I found myself lying in a bed with clean sheets. Panic surged as I realized I had no idea where I was or how I'd gotten there.

"Wh-where am I?" I muttered, my voice shaking with fear. My heart raced, and my breathing grew rapid as I scanned the unfamiliar room.

Just then, the door creaked open, and an elderly couple stepped inside. I desperately looked for something with which I could protect myself, but there was nothing within my reach.

"Keep calm. All is fine!" The woman spoke, looking at me, surprised by my reaction.

They looked at me with gentle, concerned eyes. The man was tall and lean, with gray hair and a weathered face. Beside him stood a shorter woman, her silver hair pulled back in a bun. She wore a warm smile that seemed to light up her entire face.

"Easy now, dear," The woman said softly, approaching the bed, "You're safe here."

"Who...who are you? And where is this place?" I stammered, my mind still reeling from the confusion.

"I'm Florence, and this is my husband, Albert," The woman introduced them, gesturing towards the man beside her, "We found you near the edge of the forest, unconscious and covered in blood. We brought you here to our farm to help you recover."

I tried to recall what had happened, but my memories remained fragmented and hazy. The only thing I could remember clearly was the terrifying, overwhelming sense of desperation that had driven me to run for my life.

"How do you feel?" Florence asked kindly, gently touching my arm, "We couldn't just leave you there like that."

"It seems like you had a bad time," Albert added, his voice deep and soothing.

Florence and Albert exchanged glances, their faces filled with concern, "You've been through a terrible ordeal, dear," Florence said gently, "If there's anything we can do to help, just let us know."

I looked down at my hands and realized my clothes were clean and free from any bloodstains. My heart raced as I thought about how they might react if they knew the truth behind the blood covering my body.

"Those... clothes," I said, hesitating for a moment.

"Ah, well," Albert began, rubbing his chin thoughtfully, "We thought a monster attacked you or something since you were full of wounds and your other clothes were covered in blood. My wife put clean clothes on you that used to belong to our daughter. As for your other clothes, we burn them since cleaning monster blood from clothes is not easy at all."

They thought it was monster blood?

"Thank you," I said again, swallowing hard. I couldn't tell them the truth about what had happened. It was too horrific – even for me to comprehend.

Florence placed her hand on my shoulder, offering a comforting touch. "You're safe now, dear. No monsters will harm you here."

"I can see in your face that you've been through a lot," Florence urged, "You need time to heal and recover from whatever it is you've been through."

"You can stay here as long as you need, " Albert said kindly, "Our farm is a bit boring but a safe place to heal and recover."

Hearing them speak so gently and kindly to me almost made me cry. Their words offered me a small glimmer of hope amid the chaos that had consumed my life.

"Thank you," I whispered, trying to push away the dark thoughts swirling in my mind as Florence and Albert left the room.

As soon as I was alone, tears began to fall. I couldn't stop them, nor could I understand the terrible events that had led me to this point. Yesterday, I was so in love with Kase that I would have given my life for him, and now, just thinking about him makes me despise him. I feel like I was living a lie, and I can't understand why I feel this way.

Days turned into weeks, and slowly, I began to recover from my external injuries under the gentle care of Albert and Florence. My body was healing, but my mind remained tormented by the past. At night, my dreams were plagued with nightmares – images of Kase, as well as Tricia's lifeless body and the blood that stained my hands.

During the day, I tried to keep busy, helping around the farm. I found solace in the simple tasks that filled my days – milking cows, feeding chickens, and tending to the vegetable garden. It reminds me of happier times when I lived with Darx and Oliver in my village. I wonder what the two of them are doing...

As I worked alongside Albert and Florence, our bond grew stronger. Their daughter was an adventurer who lost her life in a quest, and I, having also lost my parents, found some comfort in each other's company. Even so, I was never able to tell them the truth. Albert and Florence don't know that the day before they saved me, I killed someone. Likewise, they know that I am an adventurer, but I never told them I was an Oblivion member. And even more, I gave them a fake name to make sure Kase didn't find me. Albert, Florence, and everyone around the farm thinks my name is Alice.

We often have children on the farm from the surrounding houses. They adored me, and I couldn't help but feel a warmth in my heart when they came running towards me, calling my name with excitement. We played games, ran through the fields, and laughed until our sides ached. For a brief moment, I could forget the darkness that haunted me. The children help me calm the panic attacks I have had since the day I arrived at this farm. I am grateful to them.

"Alice, you're so much fun!" A little girl exclaimed as she hugged me tightly, "Can you come play with us again tomorrow?"

"Of course," I replied, ruffling her hair affectionately, "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

A few months passed, and my life on the farm continued in quiet simplicity. My stomach had grown bigger, a constant reminder of my past with Kase. The thought of carrying his child filled me with a mix of dread and anguish. Yet, despite everything, I couldn't help but feel a deep love for the unborn life inside of me.

One afternoon, as the sun dipped below the horizon, casting an orange glow over the fields, Florence and I sat on the porch together, sipping tea and watching the children play. A gentle breeze rustled the leaves, and for a moment, it felt like time stood still.

"Alice," Florence began, using my fake name, "I've been meaning to tell you... You're going to be an amazing mother."

"Thank you, Florence," I replied, touched by her words, "But I can't help worrying about what kind of world my baby will be born into. A war is about to start."

"We're very far away. Everything will be fine," She said softly, placing her hand on mine, "This place is now your home. My husband and I will always be here for you and your baby, so don't worry. Who knows, maybe one day you will even tell me who the father is."

I just smiled slightly. As we talked, I couldn't help but feel grateful for Florence and Albert's unwavering support. They had become like family to me. And though there was much I hadn't shared with them, they never judged me or questioned my past. Instead, they offered their unconditional love and understanding.

Months passed, and the day finally arrived. The pain of childbirth was excruciating, a constant battle between my body's desire to bring this child into the world and the fear that consumed my thoughts. Florence stayed by my side, coaching me through each contraction and offering words of encouragement.

"Push, Alice! You're almost there!" She urged, holding my hand tightly.

With one final, gut-wrenching scream, I pushed with all my strength. And then, suddenly, it was over. A small, fragile cry filled the room as Florence carefully placed the newborn baby in my arms.

As I held my son for the first time, a torrent of emotions washed over me. He was so innocent, so perfect, and so utterly unaware of the darkness that had brought him into existence. Though Kase's blood ran through his veins, I couldn't help but feel an intense love for this tiny life I had created.

"Look at him," I whispered, tears streaming down my face as I gazed down at my baby boy, "He's so beautiful."

"Indeed, he is," Florence agreed, smiling warmly, "You did an amazing job, Alice."

Once the labor was over, Florence laid the baby down next to me, "Do you have a name for the baby yet?" She asked.

"Yes..." I responded, exhausted but incredibly happy to finally have my baby by my side, "Daver."

"Daver!?" Alber said, surprised, "In a nice and unusual name. I like it!"

I came up with that name by combining the names of the two people who used to be closest to me: Darx and Oliver.

Sometime later, I was sitting on the house porch with my baby. With a gentle creak, the rocking chair swayed back and forth rhythmically as I sat, my gaze fixed on the horizon. In the distance, Albert and his two friends were talking and drinking. Though they were far off, I could hear them talking and joking.

I couldn't help but feel a certain sense of peace. The love I had for my baby boy seemed to grow stronger with each passing day, and the kindness of Albert and Florence continued to be a balm for my wounded soul. However, a deep feeling of hatred remained within me.

All these months have helped me think a lot. Why did I leave everything I wanted behind for Kase? Why did I feel so in love with him? I did things for Kase that I'm ashamed of. No matter how much I think about it, it doesn't make sense. I left Darx and my dream of being an adventurer and living incredible adventures with Darx and Oliver for someone who blackmailed me and took advantage of my insecurities when we were in my village. The way my feelings of love for Kase disappeared in a flash is not normal. No matter how much I think about it, all that makes me believe that Kase did something to me.

Can I really live a peaceful life knowing all this? Will my nightmares ever go away?

As I sat there, lost in thought, I couldn't help but overhear something that caught my attention from the conversation between Albert and his friends.

"This guy here told me you fell in love at first sight with a woman you saw recently?" Albert said to his brown-haired friend, "Who is that girl? Is she from the surrounding area? Maybe you're finally settling down? Hahaha!"

"No, she's not from around here," The brown-haired guy replied. I only saw her for an instant as she was getting into a carriage in the seaside village, but it was enough to leave a splendid impression."

"Now I'm intrigued," Alber said after taking a sip of his drink, "Have I seen her before?"

"I doubt it. She's a Dark Elf." The brown-haired guy responded.

"A Dark Elf!? Wow, I've never seen one before." Alber spoke surprised.

"It was also my first time," The brown-haired guy continued, "She was really tall and beautiful, with gray-brown skin, pointed ears, and long red hair. Too bad that she seemed to have a boyfriend. A young and attractive lad was with her. He had some strange and terrifying red eyes. He was a little scary, and that's why I didn't dare get closer."

"Most likely, they were adventurers," The other black-haired friend added.

Red eyes? The mention of red eyes immediately caught my attention, causing my heart to race and my breath to catch in my throat. I knew only one person who could have red eyes. Darx...

A whirlwind of emotions swirled within me—surprise, hope, and even a hint of fear. But most of all, I felt an overwhelming desire to see him again, to reconnect with the one person who had meant so much to me.



However, he probably doesn't like me like he used to... and I don't blame him. I betrayed him...

I lay in bed that night, my thoughts a swirling storm of emotions. The memories of my traumatic past haunted me like specters, refusing to let go. The obsession and hatred for Kase festered within me like cancer, driving me to madness and begging me for revenge. Darx, the one I had loved and lost, now seemed reachable yet impossibly far away. And Tricia... the memory of her lifeless body, bloodied by my own hand, was a weight I could never escape. My heart ached with each ragged breath as I grappled with the turmoil inside me.

Even though everything is fine now, I feel like I can't live in peace until I know the truth, "I can't live like this..." I whispered to myself, tears streaming down my cheeks.

As the sun began to rise, its rays casting a warm glow over the room, I made up my mind. With determination and resolve fueling every step, I decided to make the long journey to the capital. I needed to find the truth and exact my revenge on Kase if what I thought happened was true. Despite the uncertainty and danger that undoubtedly awaited me, I knew I had no other choice.

The following afternoon, after putting my baby to sleep, I found Albert and Florence in the kitchen. Taking a deep breath, I asked if we could talk for a moment. They exchanged glances before nodding, both of them wearing expressions of concern. We sat down at the wooden table, and I clasped my hands together, struggling to find the right words.

"Albert, Florence... I can't thank you enough for everything you've done for me," I began, my voice breaking with emotion, "You've saved my life and given me a home when I had nowhere else to turn."

They looked back at me with understanding and kindness in their eyes, "We're just glad that we have you in our lives now, Alice," Florence replied gently.

"However, there's... there's something I need to do," I continued. "I have to go to Riledo to resolve some unfinished business. It might not be possible for me to come back soon," My voice trembled as I added, "Even so, I swear I will return! So, Please, I beg you... take care of my son while I'm gone."

Albert and Florence exchanged worried glances, but after a moment of silence, Albert spoke up, "Alice, it hurts us to see you leave your son and this place, but we noticed that something is eating you alive."

Florence nodded in agreement, "We knew this day would come, so go in peace. We'll take care of your boy just like he was our own. You don't need to worry about him," Florence replied, her voice filled with warmth, "We're family now, and we'll always be here for you and your child."

"I... T-Thank you so much," I whispered, tears welling up in my eyes once more. My gratitude towards them was overwhelming, and I knew I would never forget their kindness and compassion, "I promise that I will return as soon as possible..."

The following day, I started packing my belongings. My hands shook as I folded the few clothes I had acquired during my stay with Albert and Florence. The thought of leaving my son behind was excruciating, but I knew I had to do this in order to protect him and secure a better future for us both.

As the time to depart drew near, I held my baby boy close to my chest, my heart aching with sorrow as I kissed his forehead tenderly, "Mommy will be back, I promise," I whispered into his tiny ear.

"Be careful out there, Alice," Albert told me, his eyes filled with worry and concern, "We'll take good care of your son, so focus on what you need to do."

"Thank you, both of you," I said, tears streaming down my face as I hugged them tightly one last time. With a heavy heart, I turned and walked away from the only place that had felt like home in years.

Thanks to a friend of Albert's who had a carriage, I managed to travel to Riledo for free, and several days later, I returned to the place where my torment began.

Upon arriving in Riledo, I pulled the hood of my gray cloak tighter around my face to hide my identity. The bustling city streets were filled with people, making it challenging to navigate unseen. Every corner I turned, every alleyway I crossed, I felt paranoia grip my heart. My senses were on high alert, constantly searching for any indication that Kase or someone who might recognize me was nearby. The weight of my mission pressed down on me like a heavy burden, but I couldn't afford to falter now.

I really wanted to go look for Darx and Oliver, but I knew that in order not to be discovered by Kase and to be able to find the answers I was looking for, I couldn't go to them, no matter how much it hurt- at least for now. After getting a room in a remote Inn where I knew no one would look for me, I began my mission.

As the days passed, I gathered more information. I discovered something that sent chills down my spine. Ilene was now married to Kase. This revelation only fueled my suspicion that Kase held some power over people's emotions, as there was no way Ilene would willingly marry her son's worst enemy. I know Ilene would rather die than do something like that, which would put her at odds with Darx. The thought of what Kase might have done to Ilene filled me with rage.

After thinking about it a lot and researching in the library to see if there is any skill that can do something like that, I found similar skills but nothing like what I think Kase is doing. Kase is an assassin, so it's even more unlikely that a class like that has skills that affect the behavior of

others. However, there is a possibility. One of the books said that the goddess grants S-Ranks a kill of their choice. I had never heard Kase mention any of this during my time with him. Could it be...

I continued to watch and wait, biding my time. Each day, my resolve grew stronger. Soon, Kase would pay for all the suffering he had caused. And maybe, just maybe, I could finally set things right and reunite with Darx. But for now, patience was my only ally.

One night, as I hid outside the Inn where Oliver worked, I spotted my old friends Darx, Oliver, and Emma gathered together, celebrating something. My heart ached to join them, but I knew I couldn't risk revealing myself just yet.

"Gods, how I miss them," I whispered under my breath, tears prickling at the corners of my eyes. I clenched my fists, feeling the cold breeze on my cheeks, "Just wait a little longer, Amelia," I told myself. "Soon, you'll be able to make things right."

That night, I returned to the stable where I had an old horse I'd recently bought. The horse's gentle eyes and warm presence helped calm the loneliness that threatened to consume me as I stroked its soft mane. After a while, I fell asleep beside the horse, thinking about my baby, Darx, Oliver, Albert, and Florence.

A few hours later, I was jolted from my reverie by a sudden loud noise echoing through the air. My body tensed as I realized the noise was coming from the direction of the Oblivion building. Feeling a surge of adrenaline, I quickly saddled my horse, jumped onto its back, and urged it in the direction of the disturbance.

As we galloped through the dark streets, my mind raced with possibilities. What could have caused such a commotion?

For some reason, my instincts told me to get away the closer I got. Something inside me said to me that there was something evil in the direction I was heading. However, I ignored that feeling and continued.

Upon arrival to the vicinity of the Oblivion building, I noticed an intense fight unfolding between Darx and Kase, along with the other members of Oblivion.

I couldn't help but gasp when I saw that Darx was enveloped in a mysterious dark aura, causing an overwhelming sense of dread to wash over me. Even my horse seemed to be affected by it, as it whinnied nervously and refused to get any closer.

"Easy, easy," I murmured, trying to calm both the horse and myself. I dismounted and tied the horse to a nearby tree, hoping it would stay put while I did what I had to do.

Taking a deep breath, I crouched low to the ground and moved cautiously, doing my best to stay hidden from view. From my hiding spot, I tried to devise a plan, knowing that every passing

second could mean the difference between life and death. I needed to help Darx, and maybe this was my chance to eliminate Kase.

I don't know what was happening to Darx. I was still in fear. I couldn't recognize him. Darx was scary, but he had the power to break Kase and the members of Oblivion. Eventually, that happened. Kase was badly injured and bleeding profusely from a missing arm. Seeing this as my opportunity, I gathered my courage and snuck towards him.

Celeste was already by his side, attempting to mend his wounds. My heart pounded in my chest, but my hate for him drove me forward. As I approached, I felt a surge of adrenaline that allowed me to push aside my fear.

"Kase..." I yelled under my breath, gripping the hilt of the dagger I had concealed earlier. All my despair and hatred were in the hand holding the dagger. With a swift and decisive motion, I plunged the dagger into his back, hoping to end Kase's life once and for all.

To my dismay, Kase's wound wasn't fatal. He let out an agonized cry and turned to face me. I tried to finish the job, but Celeste, realizing what had happened, grabbed a rock and hurled it at me in an attempt to defend Kase.

The rock struck me in the head, forcing me to stagger backward and lose my grip on the dagger. I knew I couldn't stay; I had to flee before they could retaliate further.

"Damn!" I cursed internally, clutching my injured head as I sprinted away from the scene. I could barely make out Kase's shouts behind me, but I didn't dare look back. All I knew was that I needed to get away from this place.

As I ran, a whirlwind of emotions swirled inside me: anger at myself for not finishing Kase when I had the chance and fear and worry for Darx. I got on the horse and escaped.

I managed to find refuge in my Inn, where I holed up in my room for the next three days. The news that Darx had escaped and was now a wanted criminal reached my ears. I had so many questions. What happened that night? Why was Darx looking that way? Where is he now? Is Darx okay?

I couldn't help but feel responsible for his situation. If only I had succeeded in ending Kase's life, perhaps things would have been different.

My heart ached with helplessness as I realized that not only was Kase still alive, but he would continue wreaking havoc on others' lives. My failure to kill him weighed heavily on me, and I knew I had to do something.

I decided to venture out again, keeping myself hidden beneath a hooded cloak to avoid being recognized. I spent the next few days investigating what happened that night without much

success. However, while spying on Kase's mansion, I noticed Kase and Ilene leaving their mansion, accompanied by luggage, hinting that they were about to leave the city.

From a safe distance, I observed them. What were they planning? Where were they going? I knew I couldn't let Kase slip away from me again. As they loaded their carriage, I steeled myself, preparing to follow them wherever their journey might lead. I couldn't shake the feeling that my actions would determine the fate of not just myself but also Darx and all those who had suffered at the hands of Kase.

As the carriage pulled away from Kase's mansion, I trailed behind it cautiously in my horse, staying far enough to remain unnoticed but close enough not to lose sight of them. They traveled towards the city's exit, stopping near the gate. To my shock, I saw Syvis, Darx's girlfriend, waiting for them there. My jaw dropped as I watched her climb into the carriage. My mind raced with questions – had Syvis betrayed Darx? Was Kase controlling her as well?

"Impossible," I muttered under my breath, struggling to comprehend the scene unfolding before me. A bitter taste filled my mouth as I considered the possibility that the rumors were true. Days ago, I heard that the reason for the conflict that night between Darx and Kase was because of a woman. At that moment, I thought they were lies, but seeing what I'm seeing now, it seems that it could be true. The thought sickened me, but I knew I couldn't jump to conclusions just yet.

I'm worried about Darx, and a part of me wants to go after him and look for him to make sure he's okay, but at the same time, I'm worried about what will happen to Ilene if I don't follow them.

I hesitated, torn between searching for Darx or pursuing Kase and Ilene. As much as I wanted to find Darx, the thought of leaving Kase getting away with all the bad he had done filled me with dread. I needed to take my revenge and save Ilene from whatever twisted control he had over her. My heart raced, and my palms grew sweaty as I weighed my choices. In the end, I knew I couldn't let Kase slip away.

"Please be safe, Darx," I whispered, steeling my resolve, "I promise you that I will take revenge for all the evil that Kase did to us, and I will also save Ilene."

I decided to secretly follow the carriage on its journey, careful not to be seen. This time, I won't fail.

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Sometime later, in the city of Oidao, the mansion of one of the most important Counts was being attacked. All the guards and adventurers protecting the Court were on alert; however, thick fog shrouded the surroundings, obscuring visibility to a mere arm's length. With weapons drawn and senses heightened, the vigilant adventurers and guards strained against the mist, their eyes darting in search of the elusive foes. Amidst the disorienting fog, a haunting sound echoed

through the air—a high-pitched laughter that seemed to dance on the edge of innocence and malice. It echoed through the courtyard, sending shivers down the spines of even the most seasoned warriors.

Out of nowhere, giant vines came out of the ground, holding the adventurers by their limbs. The adventurers tried to escape, but the vines did not give way and, on the contrary, continued pulling their limbs. Screams of terror could be heard from those adventurers as they were murdered in such a grotesque manner while the same innocent laughter didn't stop. In the mist, a small being with wings laughed as if making an innocent joke.

Meanwhile, inside the mansion on the ground floor, the guards and adventurers listened to the screams, feeling terrified of not knowing what was happening or who was attacking them. Each anguished cry from the darkness outside only served to heighten their anxiety, leaving them feeling exposed and vulnerable within the confines of the mansion's walls. Their weapons remained at the ready, their senses strained for any hint of approaching danger, yet the oppressive silence that followed each scream seemed to mock their efforts.

Shortly after, the screams were not heard outside but inside. Out of nowhere, one of them started killing his own companions. Confusion and disbelief swept through the group like wildfire as the unthinkable unfolded before their eyes. The attacker, once a trusted ally, now moved with unnatural grace, striking down those who had stood beside them mere moments ago. Each strike of his sword was swift and merciless, leaving devastation in its wake as the once-unified defenders found themselves torn asunder by the betrayal of their own. Confused, they tried to stop the guard, but his fingers turned black and extended, piercing the body of everyone who was there. Those who remained alive understood that it was not their partner who attacked them but someone or something else using their comrade's appearance.

In the last moments of one of them, his fading gaze locked onto the retreating figure of their assailant. In a final, desperate effort, he mustered the strength to glimpse the horror of the attacker's back transforming into a female demon with wings. As the demon strode away, her laughter echoed mockingly through the halls, a chilling testament to the havoc she had wrought; soon after, another female demon appeared, saying that she had already taken care of the group that guarded the rear part.

Meanwhile, on the second floor, the Count was locked in one of the rooms with his strongest bodyguards. The Count was in the back, scared, hearing the screaming of the adventurers outside the room fighting and dying against someone. For what seemed like an eternity, the walls reverberated with the echoes of combat, each moment stretching into an agonizing eternity. After a while, everything went silent. The Count, almost crying, was demanding his bodyguards to do something. However, the three experienced and strong bodyguards remained still and on guard, waiting for the attacker to enter.

The wait and anxiety were killing Court when he realized that his breath could be seen. The air grew palpably colder, an ominous chill settling over the room like a suffocating blanket of frost.

Inside the room, the temperature dropped drastically, freezing the entire room. Shortly after, the double doors of the room slammed open, revealing the ominous silhouette of a figure cloaked in darkness. This person was wearing a black hooded cloak that didn't allow his face to be seen.

Two of the bodyguards tried to attack but were stopped by razor-sharp pillars of ice erupting from the floor and ceiling. Though the bodyguards valiantly attempted to evade the icy onslaught, their efforts were in vain, and their blood soon began to stain the crystalline floor. Despite their wounds, the bodyguards refused to yield, yet their determination faltered as a chilling realization dawned upon them. From the icy pillars emerged spectral figures with the appearance of women made of ice. Though summons should have been voiceless, their laughter echoed hauntingly through the chamber, sending shivers down the spines of the beleaguered defenders.

As the summoned specters advanced with eerie grace, their frost-laden breath seemed to seep into the very bones of the bodyguards, freezing their limbs with numbing cold. Struggling against the encroaching paralysis, the defenders fought desperately to resist the icy embrace that threatened to consume them whole. Despite their efforts, the bitter chill of the summons proved too much to bear. The two bodyguards succumbed to the freezing onslaught. Their forms gradually transformed into statues of ice.

Only the Court and a bodyguard remained from the crowd of adventurers and guards who protected him.

The figure that had remained motionless at the entrance to the room slowly advanced.

"W-who are you?" The Court asked, terrified, "W-what do you want? M-Money? I have plenty! I-I can pay you whatever you want!"

With a sense of dread creeping over him, the Court watched as the hooded figure lifted its head ever so slightly. His face was still hidden in shadows, but the Court managed to distinguish a very peculiar feature: the ominous glow of a pair of blood-red eyes. As the seconds stretched, the Court could do nothing but watch in helpless horror, knowing that his fate lay in the hands of this enigmatic assailant.

After what it felt like an eternity, the hooded figure finally spoke.

"Where is she?"