

[Adam POV]

After a few hours of torturing the man, I had everything I needed about the organization I had been sent to hunt down, and so much more.

Finally, after years of looking, and searching in vain, I had found a definitive clue that could lead me to the Tower's whereabouts, finally, after so long, I would destroy them.

Making sure I didn't have any blood in me, I made my way back to the inn to regroup with Ur and Lilia, my mouth dry with cold anticipation as I thought about the Tower, about my time there.

My feet were heavy, my breath shallow, my vision empty. My heart felt like a block of ice. The only thing on my mind was the thought of getting retribution.

Everything around me was just a meaningless blur, fading into the background as I dragged myself along the dirt road.

"I was starting to wonder if I needed to head out and search for you," Ur's voice got my attention.

Looking up, I saw her standing outside the inn, her arms crossed, leaning against a wall, her face set in a worried expression as the midday sun cast a warm, orange glow on her skin.

Our gazes connected and her eyes widened in understanding as if she could see the storm raging in my mind.

Ur's normally steely confident expression softened as she placed a hand on my shoulder. "What happened out there, kid?"

I kept my gaze straight ahead, my voice even and hollow as I walked past her and down into the inn, barely flicking a glance at her. "Let's get ready, we have a guild to exterminate."

Ur stood at the entrance of the inn, her face etched with concern as she chewed on her bottom lip, watching me trudge toward the room where I felt Lilia was in.

Reaching the room, I slowly pushed the door open, taking in the sight of Lilia sitting up in one of the beds with a book perched on her lap, her legs crossed and her eyes fixed on the page, completely unaware of my presence.

"Lilia, get ready, we are leaving in two minutes. Grab your gear and let's go," I said, my voice low and steady as I walked to the bathroom and splashed cold water on my face, before

dabbing the cloth towel inside the bathroom on my cheeks, trying to clear my mind and focus on what was ahead.

I was finally taking a step towards ending the monument that stood above my suffering.

As I pondered about that, a surge of rage pulsed through me and I heard the voice of Zanryuzuki reverberate through my mind. 'We'll make them pay for what they did.'

We would.

But first, we would find where they were.

Everyone ready, I left the town behind me with Ur and Lilia at my side, my heart beating with icy determination. I knew what I had to do, what I would do once I reached the dark guild, and nothing was going to stop me.

Silently I made haste, driven by a single-minded purpose, reaching the dark guild's base of operations, in order to deal with all their members and get what I wanted.

According to the man I had tortured, their base of operations was ten miles to the north of Margaret Town, hidden two hundred meters underneath an abandoned castle.

Lilia's pale face was marred with worry, her golden eyes searching mine as she bit her lip. "Are you okay, Adam-sama?" she whispered, her voice laced with concern as we continued walking.

I stared straight ahead, not bothering to look at her, as I answered the question with a voice that left no room for questions. "I am."

Ur scoffed, crossing her arms and blocking my path. Her eyes were cold and her voice was biting. "You're not yourself, I can tell. Even a blind man would notice it. So why don't you tell us?"

If I wasn't feeling like I was, I would've chuckled at how Ur was confronting me, seeing it seemed like something Mavis would've said and done.

In fact, now that I think about it, I was glad Mavis hadn't come with me today.

"We have a job to do, leave your personal chatter for after we complete our task," I replied, meeting her gaze for a moment before blurring out of sight with a single step, reappearing behind her, before resuming my walk, with the only sound

that remained between us now being the whisper of my disappearing footsteps.

After an hour of walking, we finally reached the abandoned castle. Based on its looks, the structure was old and worn, with moss and ivy creeping up its walls from every angle.

Its once magnificent towers and spires now broken and crumbling, with the only sound around being the creaking of the old wooden drawbridge that connected to the castle as we made our way across it.

Inside the castle was dark and damp. The stone walls were lined with cobwebs, and most of the floor was slick with mold and moss, which explained why the air felt musty carrying a tone of decay.

Following the magic powers I felt around, I made my way through the castle, ignoring the walls lined with tapestries and torn paintings, depicting the battles and triumphs of long-dead kings and queens.

With my mind focused on the task at hand, it didn't take me to discover the hidden entrance to the underground base the Dark Guild had made. Almost as if following a cliché, the

entrance I had been looking for had been concealed behind a tapestry that, once pulled, led to a narrow tunnel leading deep into the earth.

Lilia stepped beside me, looking into the entrance of the black tunnel, her breath misting in the cold air around. Her eyes fixed on the damp tunnel scanning its relentless darkness that seemed to expand out beyond the limits of her sight. "What's the plan?"

I felt the distinctive vibrating hum of the magic energies beneath me, moving around, showing that those below were conscious of our presence in their territory. "I'll go first, you behind me, and Ur above you."

Having said that, I stepped into the tunnel without a word, with Lilia and Ur behind.

The tunnel in question was long and winding, and the air inside it was thick with the smell of earth, dampness, and death, with the only sound around being that of water dripping somewhere in the distance, and the steps behind our walk.

I continued walking in silence, my footsteps echoing against the cold stone walls of the tunnel until I was met with a massive door, heavily reinforced with magical enhancements.

Without a word, I raised my sword and brought it down, slicing through the magical wards that protected the entrance, as the door itself crumbled to pieces, revealing a large chamber beyond.

I focused my power, pushing my senses, trying to make out the number of targets beyond the broken door. Little by little I began registering their movements.

I could feel the energy of two hundred souls within the base, and out of all of them, with five of them standing out amongst the rest like burning stars in the night sky.

It was obvious these five were leaders, their energy was woven through the others like an invisible web.

"Ur, use your magic to seal the entrance behind us," I uttered coldly, striding into the chamber with Lilia and Ur trailing behind.

Glancing at me, Ur sighed before moving her hands in a circular motion, making the air around us grow cold in an instant, as a thick layer of ice spread over the entrance with a resounding crack, followed by another, and then another until the entrance was sealed off by multiple layers of glimmering ice.

"Remain with Ur," I ordered Lilia, in a flat tone, before turning my gaze to Ur. "There are two paths ahead of us, you guys take the one on the left, I'll take the other one."

The path I was taking led to the three out of five strongest in the entire base.

Ur kept her gaze fixed on me, her eyes showing a mixture of emotions. I could see her lips part as if she was about to speak as if she was about to tell me I needed to talk about whatever was happening. Yet after a few moments of inner conflict, Ur gave a slow nod, taking off with Lilia to the other path without saying a word.

I advanced down the path that led me to the three strongest energies, taking deliberate strides as I absent-mindedly cut through the base's forces. My blade moving so quickly that for those attacking me, it was nothing more than a blur, sending soldier after soldier down, making sure no one remained behind.

My feet carried me steadily forward with a sense of purpose that left my heart cold and devoid of emotion as the number of corpses lying in my wake increased, their vacant eyes staring up at me with fear.

With each passing second, I could feel the tension building in my body, a coiled spring waiting to be released as I approached the threshold of the room where the three energies I was looking for were.

Finally, at the last stop, I entered the room, my eyes immediately scanned the area, finding myself facing not only the three I wanted but also a small group of cultists gathered around them.

The area was dimly lit by the flicker of candles, and the air was thick with the scent of incense, as the enemies stood before me, with most of their faces being hidden in shadows their clothes offered.

I studied the three leaders standing behind their soldiers. One was a bald man that wore nothing but a pair of shorts, exposing bulging muscles and skin crisscrossed with scars of varying sizes, more than I cared to count.

Next to him, there was a woman with long, flowing white hair that cascaded down her back. Her striking blue eyes were framed by dark lashes that brushed against her high cheekbones. Her hourglass body was toned and muscular, and she wore clothes that accentuated just that, cinched tight by a black corset, her short skirt revealing her toned thighs, and thigh-high boots that added an extra bit of height to her already statuesque figure.

And last but not least, the strongest of them all.

An old man with a sinister aura, that emanated in waves from his gnarled frame. His face was creased with deep wrinkles, and his skin was the color of aged parchment.

The old man was missing an eye, his remaining eye glinting with a malevolent psychopathic glint that reminded me of Brain.

His attire was dark and foreboding, consisting of a long black robe adorned with strange symbols that seemed to writhe and move on their own. His bony fingers clutched a twisted staff, which was topped with a glowing crystal that pulsed with ominous energy.

Despite his frail appearance, he was the strongest of them all.

The bald burly man was the first one to step forward, a sinister grin playing on his lips, as he said, "I don't know who you are, kid. But I will enjoy tearing you apart!"

Without wasting another moment, I moved forward, my movements precise and calculated, closing the distance between the cannon fodder and me, taking them down one by one in a matter of seconds, their bodies falling to the ground, lifeless, as I moved closer to the three.

The woman's eyes swept over me, and her lips twisted into a half-smile as she tapped a long, red nail against her chin. "Hmm, such heartlessness," she murmured, running her tongue over her lower lip before continuing, her voice soft and seductive. "Would you be open to joining us instead? I assure you that whatever you want we can provide, in fact, I dare say you would be a perfect fit for our organization."

I turned towards her, blurring out of sight, reappearing in front of her, the cold edge of my blade slicing through the air to nip against her skin, cutting one of her arms off. My expression showing nothing but contempt for her.

"All I want from you is one thing, and that is the location of the Tower of Heaven," I hissed out, kicking the woman who still had failed to notice her injury into the corner of the room with enough force to create a deep dent as she crashed into it. "The quicker and quieter you cooperate, the less you will suffer. Your suffering depends entirely on how willing you all choose to be."

The old man looked at me, and then at the arm I had severed from his ally laying on the ground, his lips curling into a sinister smirk, his eye a deep pool of darkness. "I'm afraid to say your wish is a fool's errand. You won't have it now, not ever. But you are free to try and get that information from us."

"You could've died without pain, but you choose this, your hubris blinded you all. Just know, none of you will be spared,

none of you will be saved. I am your karma made of flesh, and I am here to claim what is rightfully owed to me, so until I get what I want, I will make you all live horror I lived," I replied coldly, my words being nothing but a death sentence as I moved towards them, my gaze electric with fury.

I would get what I wanted, even if I had to become their walking nightmare, my every step, word, and attack would be a reminder of all the wrongs I had suffered under his kind, a reminder of what they had done to others.