

From the Monkeys,

Firstly, the monkeys wish to extend their deepest (and somewhat cheeky) apologies. Their notice to us about the chapter mishap was timely, but their refusal to edit due to a banana payment issue has resulted in a somewhat chaotic sequence of chapters. In our playful mischief, have left a trail of fourth-wall breaks and jumbled chapters, believing no discerning reader would notice. Well, if you're reading this, clearly, we were not wrong. Clearly it was not our fault in the slightest. Blame it on the author.

Yours truly,

The Monkeys.

From the Author's Desk,

My apologies for the oversight. The style of our monkey editors, combined with my own lapse in judgment, has led to this intriguing mishmash. We intended to create a structured narrative, but life, it seems, had other plans. In future endeavors, I promise clarity, order, and perhaps fewer nocturnal writing sessions. Clearly it was not my fault in the slightest. I think the main character is to blame.

Yours truly,

The Author.

A Note from Alen Devlin,

Dear Reader,

Although penned by the author, it's me, Alen Devlin. The current predicament? Totally not on me. Despite my omnipresence in this situation, I'd prefer to distance myself from this confusion. Yet, here I am, writing (or being written for). It appears when everyone has a say, one must join the chorus, regardless of the tune. Since I cannot attend blame game physically there for I must insist that it is the reader's fault by noticing this page at all, but because we want to be passive and not aggressive, I can assure you the reader just ignore entire book and move somewhere else, since this book is free to read anyway you will not going to request a refund because the book, well you got the picture.

Yours Truly,

Alen Devlin.

## Chapter 1: Lunar Lullaby & A Leap of Faith.

The moonlit courtyard of the Devlin mansion shimmered under the celestial ballet of stars. However, the real showstopper tonight was the luminescent red moon, casting its unique allure upon the world below. With this rare astral phenomenon, Elara Devlin's already formidable powers surged exponentially, making the air thick with electric anticipation.

In a seemingly endless loop, two figures—Tom Devlin and the venerable Cornelious—traced circles outside the hospital wing of the grandiose mansion. Their steps were synchronized, creating a rhythmic echo, much like an anxious heartbeat. Their faces mirrored the weight of the imminent moment: the unprecedented birth of the first human male in the demon world. Whispers of this unique occurrence had already begun spreading like wildfire, threatening to rewrite history.

Inside the delivery chamber, a blend of ancient spells and modern magic was at play. Grand Ma Desu Devlin, alongside another succubus sister and nurse, supported Elara as she bravely pioneered into the unknown realms of childbirth. The room seemed to breathe as it expanded and contracted with Elara's every exhale and inhale.

Time, under the weight of this extraordinary night, felt distorted. But as the ethereal clock approached the pivotal third chime, Tom's notorious impatience bubbled over. In a swift motion, influenced more by anxiety than thought, he flung open the delivery room doors. And in doing so, he was immediately, and comically, baptized by an unexpected splash as the newest member of the Devlin family decided to make an aerial entrance, zipping from Elara straight into Tom's awaiting arms.

"It's a boy!" Tom's elated voice resonated like a triumphant anthem. His euphoria seemed contagious, with figures from all corners of the mansion joining in a chaotic dance of joy.

However, amidst the jubilation, Elara's gaze turned steely, her annoyance palpable. In a manner only found in the most comedic of Japanese animation, she beckoned her jubilant spouse. Innocently approaching, Tom was met with an exaggerated uppercut that saw him rocketing through the air, his ascent only halted by the mansion's ornate ceiling. Comically, his head punctured through, granting him a surprise rendezvous with a previously hidden gnome village above.

Cornelious, stepping in amidst the revelry and absurdity, displayed no shock at the events. Instead, his twinkling eyes and smirk said it all. He mused aloud, "A human birth in our realm, and chaos ensues immediately? Classic Devlin!" The mansion, bursting with laughter and baffled looks, agreed in heart and spirit: With Alen's arrival, life at the Devlin mansion was destined for a delightful upheaval.

## Chapter 2: Chronicles of Curiosity & The Soviet Souvenir

The secluded retreat within the demon realm was a fascinating place. Nestled amidst verdant groves and illuminated by the perpetual twilight of the demon skies, it was here that teenaged Alen Devlin was engrossed in his eccentric education. With Grand Ma Desu and Grandpa Cornelious as his mentors, he was swathed in lessons of demonology, the esoteric, and otherworldly curiosities.

However, amidst all the demon intricacies, Alen remained a paradox. For even in this mystical domain, his inherent human-ness made him stand out. No magic sparkled in his fingertips, but everything else about him? Pure, unadulterated unpredictability.

Occasional visits by Tom and Elara punctuated Alen's days. For them, their singular human son amidst a lineage of alluring succubae was a marvel. They watched with barely concealed delight as he stumbled, learned, and grew in this peculiar environment. Each visit was marked by gifting, and this time, they handed him an ornate envelope. The golden crest revealed its origin: an invitation to the renowned Sheer University. Alen's eyes widened; the prospect of studying amidst other creatures was both daunting and exhilarating.

One fateful day, while exploring the countless labyrinths beneath the mansion, Alen stumbled upon a peculiar artifact. It was an antique voice box, its design reminiscent of a bygone era. The SSSR logo, clear and bright, was a surprising emblem in this realm. The device, although anachronistic, emanated a charm that drew Alen in. How did a relic from Earth's Soviet era end up in a demon dungeon?

Alen's quirks, however, went beyond collecting ancient voice boxes. Instead of hoarding gold or enchanted weapons like most adventurers, Alen's heart was set on an oddball collection: locks. From ancient padlocks to modern digital ones, his collection boasted of barriers across eras and realms.

Each lock had a tale, a challenge, and a mystery. And as Alen would often mumble to himself, holding up a newly acquired lock, "It's not about the treasures they guard, but the stories they lock away."

His grandparents would often chuckle, watching their human grandson's antics, wondering just how many more surprises Alen had up his sleeves. With the invitation to Sheer University and the discovery of the Soviet voice box, a new chapter of adventures beckoned Alen Devlin.

### Chapter 3: The Soviet Serenade, Mop Mishaps & Janitorial Journeys

Amidst the towering obsidian pillars of the Devlin mansion, Alen, now 19 and brimming with youthful confidence, roamed its intricate labyrinthine corridors. Those once intimidatingly endless hallways, filled with whispers of mysteries and misadventures, now felt like familiar old tales to him. Yet, some tales, like the relentless pursuits by the mansion's mischievous succubi, were still very much alive. Every so often, the halls echoed with laughter, as Alen, followed by a trail of flirtatious demons, made a comical dash, backed inexplicably by the sounds of Benny Hill's humorous tunes.

Tonight, the mansion's grandeur was accentuated. Every room, every corner, every nook and cranny of the Devlin estate twinkled under the ethereal glow of magical lights. A lavish farewell dinner for Alen was underway. The Devlin dining hall, usually reserved for the most solemn of occasions, buzzed with jovial conversations and the clinking of glasses.

Alen, dressed in his finest attire, was the star of the evening. With every hand he shook and every relative he greeted, he wore his signature mischievous grin, often quipping about how he decided to leapfrog high school and dive straight into university life. "Why slog through tedious high school lessons," he remarked to a cousin, "when one could delve into the grand academic adventures of the university?"

However, as the evening progressed, an unexpected guest decided to voice its opinion. From the depths of Alen's pocket, the ancient voice box, a relic from a past not known to many, began to resonate. Emitting a deep, rich voice tinged with a pronounced Soviet accent, it humorously declared, "In my time, we did not merely skip schools. Schools were wary and skipped us!" While the hall fell silent for a brief moment, only Alen could truly hear the voice. To him, it wasn't just any voice; it was the voice of the author, a sardonic spirit now tethered to him, offering historically warped jests.

Days later, when Alen made his inaugural visit to Sheer University, his adventures took yet another unexpected turn. The towering figure of Principal Kinvrot De Paul, a creature with an air of authority, mistook our protagonist for a janitor. Without much of an introduction, Kin thrust into Alen's hands an ancient mop – a mop that strangely never seemed to dry. Oblivious to its true significance, and ever the sport, Alen decided to embrace his newfound 'role'.

He mopped with flair, adding a touch of drama to every swipe. As students, professors, and other magical entities of Sheer University watched, sometimes in amusement and sometimes in bewilderment, Alen journeyed through grand halls, past mystical classrooms, to finally stand before the grandest of them all – the library's imposing double doors. Alen flung them open, unknowingly stepping into the tales and challenges that Chapter 4 had in store for him.

## Chapter 4: The Mop, The Majestic Library, and A Most Peculiar Nap

Stepping into the grandeur of Sheer University's library felt like crossing the threshold into a different world. The unmistakable musky aroma of ancient tomes and countless tales greeted Alen. Towering shelves laden with books of every imaginable shape, size, and topic surrounded him. Above, the ceiling – an architectural masterpiece – depicted an upside-down ship from the Renaissance era, its large wooden beams seemingly inviting anyone looking for a quiet spot to rest.

Lost in the beauty of his surroundings and armed with his constantly wet mop, Alen began his 'cleaning'. And soon, the unexpected happened. The mop, sensing Alen's unique human essence, formed a magical contract with him. It granted him its vast reservoir of powers, including the ability to use it as a flying tool. This was especially astounding, for the mop's magic allowed Alen to circumvent the strict 'no fly' policy of Sheer University, granting him the freedom to soar amidst the grand chandeliers and tall bookshelves. It wasn't long before Alen became quite the spectacle, flying and cleaning simultaneously.

But as the day wore on and fatigue set in, Alen sought a quiet spot. He remembered the beams on the library ceiling, imagining them to be the perfect napping grounds. Ascending to a particularly cozy-looking beam, a minor misstep led to his shoelace getting entangled with a railing on a balcony above. In a comical turn of events, Alen found himself hanging upside-down, suspended by a single stubborn shoelace.

Realizing the futility of struggling, and always one to make the best of any situation, Alen declared, "Perfect position for a nap!" And just as his eyes began to droop, a resonant voice, clear and melodious, interrupted his thoughts. Floating gracefully before him was a fallen angel, the guardian librarian of this sacred repository of knowledge.

With an amused smile, the angel – known as Lysriel – inquired, "And what, might I ask, are you doing here?"

Alen, without missing a beat, replied, "Resting, of course!" The voice box, ever ready with its commentary, chimed in with a sarcastic retort, though only Alen could hear it, "In Mother Russia, shoelace ties you!" Alen stifled a chuckle, the irony of the comment not lost on him.

Lysriel, having taken a liking to this peculiar human, challenged Alen to a game of celestial chess, right then and there. Their match continued until Principal Kinvrot, following a flurry of panicked calls from Alen's parents, arrived at the scene. Much to Alen's relief, the principal's initial annoyance was replaced by amusement. Not only did he learn of Alen's true status as a student, but he was also astonished to discover that Alen had managed to clean the entire school in a single day.

With a chuckle, Principal Kinvrot remarked, "Perhaps you might consider a part-time janitorial position?" And thus, amidst laughter and a newfound camaraderie, Alen's first day at Sheer University came to a close.

## Chapter 5: Whimsical Weavings of Fate

The sun cast long, golden fingers across the verdant grounds of Sheer University, turning the ancient stone into molten gold. Alen strolled through one of its sprawling courtyards, a parchment in one hand, while his other clutched that peculiar Soviet-era voice box.

"Another picturesque morning, comrade. Just needs some vodka," the voice box commented dryly.

Alen grinned, "It's a school, not a bar, Author."

As he made his way to a gigantic lecture hall, he saw a tall, serpent-like figure surrounded by a group of students. With a face that looked like it had been carved out of time itself, the figure was none other than Nagolos Fa. While many knew him as the enlightened monk who taught Buddha, to Alen, he was the quirky old friend of his Grandpa Luscious Cornelious the First.

Nagolos' eyes, deep and boundless, caught Alen's. "Ah, the prodigious Mr. Devlin! The universe surely has a peculiar sense of humor."

Just as Alen was about to respond, a swift shadow approached him, its speed betraying its identity even before it spoke.

"Devlin! A duel. Here and now!" declared Valret Green, the ever-dramatic Vampire Lord. Before Alen could protest, Valret had taken a defensive stance, waiting for Alen's move.

"Well, this isn't quite the morning greeting one expects," the voice box snarked.

As the two engaged in a mock duel, a raucous laughter echoed through the courtyard. Ugok Shoo, holding a tankard that seemed to never empty, wobbled over. His red nose and cheerful demeanor were infectious. "Alen! Have you met my new friend?" He pointed towards a stunningly dressed figure.

It was Ksi Laila, the insectoid queen. She offered a dainty wave, "Hello, earthling! I just adore your school uniforms!"

Ugok nudged Alen, "She thinks neckties are a kind of Earth jewelry!"

Before Alen could reply, a gentle hand touched his shoulder. He turned to find the gothic beauty, Ravdee Loa. Her eyes, shadowed with dark makeup, looked at him curiously. "I've heard much about you, Devlin. Grandpa Buddha speaks fondly of your family."

The voice box chimed, "Well, isn't this a cosmopolitan group? Like the start of a bad joke: a human, a vampire, an alien, a dwarf, and a... whatever Ravdee is, walk into a bar."

Alen chuckled, "It's the start of something alright. Welcome to my peculiar universe."

And as the group shared tales, laughter, and perhaps a bit of mischief, it was evident that Alen's time at Sheer University was going to be anything but ordinary.

## Chapter 6: A Doorway to Discord

Within the dark wood-paneled Principal's office, the amber glow from the fireplace painted warm, dancing shadows. Kinvrot handed Alen his month's pay, a neat stack of gold-embossed notes.

"I trust you won't cause any... interruptions, Devlin?" Principal Kinvrot eyed him with mild suspicion.

"You could always buy a nice bottle of vodka with that," the voice box chimed in, a hint of mischief in its tone.

Alen smirked. "Just heading out, Principal." He approached the office door, expecting it to lead back to the corridor. But as his hand touched the ornate doorknob, the very essence of the room shifted.

Without warning, the ground disappeared beneath him, and the chilly wind whipped his face. He was high above, falling from the top of a tower! As the scenery raced past, he adopted a lotus position, trying to control his descent. Beneath him, the landscape of Sheer University looked like a gothic miniature model, every turret and spire intricately detailed

There, jutting out from the tower, was an ancient tablet. It read, "To unlock the truth of self, one must embrace the chaos within."

Confused but intrigued, Alen noted a message scribbled below the text. "Due to the surprisingly concise nature of these tales, Alen's collected items have conveniently been placed at the tower's base. Thanks for understanding!"

"Ah, budget cuts," the voice box quipped.

As Alen continued his descent, the mop - sensing its master in distress - soared up, breaking his fall. Now hovering above a pile of locks, Alen's face lit up. The thought of adding them to the hooks on the tower filled him with delight.

Selecting the most ornate lock from his collection, he hung it onto one of the hooks. The tower trembled, and a brilliant celestial light enveloped him. Closing his eyes, Alen made a wish. The atmosphere vibrated with anticipation.

"Uh, I don't think we've budgeted for this level of drama," the voice box murmured.

Just as the crescendo of energy reached its peak, there was a sudden pop, and a tiny flag appeared from the lock with the word "BANG" written on it. The anticlimax was palpable.

Alen chuckled, "Well, that was unexpected."

The voice box added, "Tune in next time for more... hopefully!"

As the setting sun cast a golden hue over Sheer University, Alen rode his mop into the horizon, leaving behind a tower full of promises and a myriad of unanswered questions.

## Chapter 7: The "Mad God" of Sheer Magic

The crisp morning air in Sheer University was disrupted by streaks of pastel colors painting the sky, rainbow-colored frogs hopping about, and gravity seemingly taking a day off as students floated upside down. Center of it all was Alen, who seemed to be conducting an orchestra of chaotic magic, with each wave of his hand manifesting something more bizarre than the last.

Professor Lysandre, the esteemed teacher of Advanced Spell Mechanics, approached with a mix of awe and concern. "Devlin! What in the universe are you doing?"

Alen grinned sheepishly, "Trying a new spell? But it seems my magic has... its own imagination."

The voice box added with a snicker, "I think his warranty expired."

Lysandre sighed. "This isn't just magic, Alen. It's raw, unfiltered power. It's like trying to drink from a fire hose!"

Nearby students, having gotten used to Alen's unpredictable magic, merely shrugged and continued with their upside-down floating conversations. A group of nymphs giggled as they passed by, "There goes the Mad God."

Alen puffed up his chest. "That's Mad God of Discorded Imagination to you!"

Professor Lysandre, trying to maintain a stern facade but clearly amused, advised, "You need specialized training, Alen. Normal spells, incantations... they might not work for you. We need to explore a different approach."

As the week progressed, Alen was introduced to a new set of tutors. Lady Elionwy, the Whispering Enchantress, taught him to harness his thoughts, focusing on intention rather than traditional spell methods. Sir Ivrrin, Keeper of the Ancient Runes, explored magical symbols with Alen, finding ones that resonated with his unique power.

One afternoon, during a session with Lady Elionwy, Alen attempted to create a simple light orb. Instead, the room was filled with glowing miniature dragons, each playfully darting around.

Lady Elionwy, unfazed, commented, "Well, it's not an orb, but it's definitely illuminating."

The voice box deadpanned, "Lightbulb moment. Literally."

Alen groaned, "Can we not with the puns?"

By the end of the month, Alen's control had improved – slightly. His magic was still unpredictable, but now there was a method to the madness. As Alen floated (intentionally this time) over the campus, he embraced his title. He wasn't just a student or a janitor or a human in the demon realm. He was Alen Devlin, the Mad God of Discorded Imagination, and he wouldn't have it any other way.



## Chapter 8: "The Cosmic Calibration"

At Devlin Mansion, situated in the heart of the demon realm, a series of chaotic events was underway. A ball of fiery energy spiraled around the foyer, pink smoke bellowed out of the kitchen, and a phantom opera played without an orchestra. In the center of it all was Alen, eyes glowing with an otherworldly energy, and an amused smirk on his face.

"Testing my powers at home? This should be fun," he exclaimed.

Tom, attempting to read a newspaper but constantly being distracted by the ensuing pandemonium, muttered under his breath, "Why did it have to be at the mansion?"

Elara, with a mother's blend of concern and pride, hovered close. Every time a new display of power occurred, she'd adjust her glasses, note it down, and say, "Fascinating."

The Voice Box chimed in, its Soviet accent dripping with sarcasm, "Ah, yes. 'Fascinating.' I always find near destruction of one's home to be quite... enlightening."

But amidst the kaleidoscope of chaos, Luscious Cornelious stood in the far corner, observing. His eyes studied Alen with a mix of intrigue and challenge. It was clear that a duel between grandfather and grandson was inevitable.

Finally, the moment arrived. Luscious stepped forward, his own aura flaring to life, a stark contrast to Alen's unpredictable eruptions. "How about we see just how strong you've become, lad?"

The ensuing duel would be known in Devlin family history as "The Rhapsody of Ruination."

The mansion's garden transformed into a cosmic battlefield. Every spell cast by Alen was met and matched by Luscious. From summoning torrential downpours to manipulating the very fabric of time, the two showcased their might.

But as every grand confrontation has its comedic moments, this was no exception. At one point, Alen tried to summon a meteor shower, but instead, it rained rubber chickens. Luscious, attempting to showcase the elegance of his age, wound up dancing a jig in a tutu, thanks to a mischievous spell from Alen. The Voice Box quipped, "Well, this is turning out to be more of a comedy show than a duel!"

However, as the hours went by, the laughter subsided, and the real power was displayed. The garden bore witness to the strength of the Devlin bloodline – a fusion of raw power, imagination, and the sheer unpredictability of Alen's newfound abilities.

As the dust settled, Luscious, panting but smiling, extended his hand towards Alen, "You've surpassed even my wildest expectations." Alen, equally exhausted, grinned, "All in a day's work, Grandpa."

Back inside the mansion, amidst the ruins of their once grand home, Tom groaned, "We're going to need a bigger house."

Elara chuckled, "And perhaps a safer testing ground."

The Voice Box added, "Or maybe just some insurance."

## Chapter 9: "The Eerie Examination Enigma"

The air in Sheer University felt different as Halloween approached. The Gothic structures loomed even larger than before, covered in a thick, ghostly mist, giving the entire campus an appearance akin to an evil lair straight out of an ancient legend. Tall shadows played tricks on the walls, making every corner seem like it housed some lurking creature. A subtle undercurrent of energy ran through the school, setting everyone on edge.

Alen returned to school, his entrance almost theatrical with the looming clouds behind him, making it seem like he had stepped out of some dark portal. With his recent displays of power, his return felt like a conquering dark lord revisiting his domain.

The Voice Box chimed in with a mockingly dramatic tone, "Ah, back to the lair of learning! And just in time for the apocalypse... or should I say, examinations?"

Indeed, it was examination day. As Alen settled into his seat, he felt the palpable tension in the room. Whispers ran rampant. "Did you study?" "I heard it's impossible!" "Even the teachers are taking it!"

The clock struck the hour, and the papers were distributed. As Alen flipped open his paper, he blinked in surprise. The page was... blank?

Around him, expressions ranged from confusion to sheer horror. A few students even flipped the paper in hopes of finding something on the other side.

As minutes ticked by and panic started to set in, even the teachers were huddled in a corner, fervently discussing the mysterious paper. Valret Green, with his vampire pride, snarled, "I've been alive for centuries, and this is by far the most befuddling test I've ever encountered!"

Ugok Shoo grumbled, "What kind of sorcery is this?" while downing a flask.

Even the ever-fashion-forward Ksi Laila was flustered, her insectoid antennae twitching in anxiety. "Is this some new human trend I'm not aware of?"

It wasn't until Principal Kin, the ancient and oftentimes forgetful celestial, sauntered into the hall, took one look at the commotion, and blinked in realization. "Ah! My apologies! I forgot to write the exam! Such a minor oversight.

A collective groan filled the room.

The Voice Box sighed, "Well, that's one for the history books."

Kin, ever the eccentric, quickly scribbled something on the board, "Alright, here's your question: 'What binds us all together in this vast universe?'"

The room fell silent, each student pondering the profound question. As time neared its end, Alen, with a smirk, wrote down his answer and turned in his paper.

Kin, curious, glanced at Alen's answer and chuckled. Written on it was: "Sheer University's unpredictable exams?"

The principal laughed, "Close enough!"

## Chapter 10: "The Christmas Conundrum"

Sheer University was blanketed in a thick layer of snow, the Gothic towers now resembling massive frosted cakes. The usually eerie hallways were filled with warmth, the scent of pine, and the soft glow of twinkling fairy lights. Students were abuzz with excitement, preparing for the grand Christmas ball and the Secret Satan gift exchange (after all, it was the demon realm).

Alen, with his newly discovered powers, had become the center of many mischiefs. Snowmen came to life, caroling imps serenaded (or perhaps tormented) unsuspecting victims, and floating ornaments zipped around.

The Voice Box chimed in, "Ah, Christmas. I remember the first Christmas. Wait... or was that just in a movie I've seen?"

Amidst all the festivities, Alen had a unique challenge. Being the only human(ish) in a demon university, what could he possibly gift someone in the Secret Satan exchange?

Walking through the grand library, a massive tome caught his eye. A 'Do-It-Yourself Guide to Creating Snow.' Perfect for a demon who'd never experienced the joys of a white Christmas.

The evening of the gift exchange arrived, and the grand hall was transformed into a winter wonderland - icy chandeliers, snowy dance floors, and a massive pine tree adorned with curious trinkets and ornaments.

As the gift exchange began, Alen handed over his carefully wrapped present to Ravdee Loa. Her eyes lit up in surprise, "Snow? But how?"

"Well," Alen winked, "It's all about discorded imagination."

Across the room, Alen's own gift floated toward him, unwrapping itself mid-air. Inside was... a miniature version of Alen himself, complete with the Voice Box's commentary!

"Is this some sort of voodoo?" Alen quipped, examining the tiny figure.

The Voice Box added sarcastically, "Great, now there's two of us! Just what the universe needed."

Just as Alen was about to retort, the miniature version of himself began speaking, addressing you, the reader directly, "Oh, didn't expect this turn of events, did you? Guess you'll have to stick around to see where this goes!"

Amidst the laughter and merriment, Alen couldn't help but feel a deep sense of belonging. It was turning out to be a very merry and mischievous Christmas indeed.

## Chapter 11: "The Silent Snooze"

The festive fervor of Christmas had given way to a serene calm across Sheer University. The students, having exhausted their energy on holiday cheer, now reveled in two weeks of doing absolutely nothing. For most, it was a time of relaxation, leisurely activities, and catching up on their personal interests.

Alen, ever the bundle of unexpected energy, found it hard to sit still. Deciding to embrace his janitorial role, he headed to the one place he felt most at home: the grand library. The towering bookshelves, with their vast collection of ancient tomes and enchanted scrolls, held mysteries yet to be unraveled. But for Alen, they also held the allure of his favorite nap spot.

Perched high above, the large wooden beams of the ceiling seemed like a cocoon of comfort. Floating up with the aid of his magic mop, Alen nestled himself comfortably on one such beam and drifted off to a peaceful slumber.

Hours turned into days, and soon, the usually bustling hallways echoed with whispers of Alen's mysterious disappearance. His unpredictable antics had always been a source of amusement and curiosity for the school, but his sudden absence left a void that was palpable. The library, once alive with his mischievous energy, now felt unusually still.

Concerns grew. Where could Alen be? Had he embarked on a secret adventure? Or perhaps, had he been kidnapped?

The voice box, missing Alen's presence, lamented, "Now that he's gone, who will I offer my unsolicited commentary to?"

A search party was quickly organized, with students and teachers joining forces to scour every nook and cranny of the vast university. Spells were cast, magical tracking devices employed, and even the most ancient beings of the school were consulted.

Days of searching yielded no clues. The tension was palpable. That was until Valret Green, ever the observant vampire lord, decided to take a more 'old school' approach. He simply chose to listen. Amidst the silence, the faintest of snores echoed through the library's grand halls.

Following the sound, eyes turned upwards to find Alen, cocooned in a deep slumber, high above on a ceiling beam. The whole search party erupted in a mix of relief and laughter.

Ksi Laila, shaking her head with a bemused smile, commented, "Trust Alen to turn his nap into an epic adventure!"

The Voice Box added cheekily, "And that, my friends, is how you become the center of attention without even trying!"

## Chapter 12: "The Cellar of Secrets"

As the dust settled on Alen's inadvertent library adventure, the school's buzzing returned. However, it wasn't long before Alen was thrust back into the epicenter of another school mystery.

While wandering through one of the older corridors of the castle, Alen stumbled upon an ornate, albeit very rusted, iron door. Curiosity, as always, got the better of him. Mustering all his strength, he managed to force it open, revealing a flight of stone steps leading into darkness. Venturing down, he found himself in a vast, dimly lit cellar, lined wall to wall with grand oak barrels, each sealed tight and stamped with an intricate emblem of a fiery mountain.

On closer inspection, a plaque on one of the barrels read, "Reserved for the Lords of the Bald Mountain - Rum Extraordinaire". The barrels emitted a rich, intoxicating aroma, indicating the aged contents within. It was evident that these barrels contained a vintage treasure: rum that had been aged for who-knows-how-many centuries.

Alen's voice box piped up, its tone dripping with sarcasm, "Well, aren't we the lucky one? Stumbling on a treasure that's, let's say, intoxicating in more ways than one."

Ravdee Loa, having been alerted by the commotion, arrived at the cellar entrance. Eyes wide, she remarked, "The school had rumors about this cellar. Rumors that have, for all intents and purposes, turned out to be true. This is a find of the century!"

Word spread fast. By evening, the cellar was bustling with students and faculty, each one marveling at the discovery. Suggestions flew about what to do with the rum. A grand party? Auction? Preservation for historical significance?

Alen raised his hand and declared, "We save them. For Chapter 24!"

The room went silent, faces etched with confusion.

The voice box couldn't resist, "Because dear readers, sometimes we just like to keep you in suspense. And a little bit annoyed."

Ugok Shoo raised an eyebrow, "Chapter... what?"

Alen winked, "Oh, you'll see. Or rather, taste. In due time!"

## Chapter 13: "Mischief & Mastery"

With the new semester came an array of eccentric classes for the students of Sheer University, each one odder than the last. There was "Potent Potions and Where to Stir Them," a class where students mixed the wildest of concoctions. Another was "Temporal Tetris: Manipulating Time with Blocks." But the class everyone awaited with bated breath was "The Art of Bespoke Spell Crafting."

Alen was particularly excited about the last one. With his newfound abilities, he believed it would be child's play. On the first day, Professor Quiddrix, a gnome with a penchant for dramatics, gave the students a challenge: craft a spell that can make an inanimate object come to life for a short period.

Eager to impress, Alen decided to animate his own examination paper. Moments later, it sprouted little legs and ran around the room, creating mayhem and scattering students in all directions.

"Just another day at Sheer University," Valret Green muttered as he tried to catch the runaway paper.

As the paper danced and skipped, Alen's voice box quipped, "Now that's one way to make sure your grades run away from you."

Professor Quiddrix, caught between admiration and horror, exclaimed, "Mr. Devlin! While your technique is impeccable, perhaps you could choose a less... vital target next time?"

Ugok Shoo, ever the practical dwarf, used his "drunken master" style, swaying this way and that, finally capturing the rogue paper in a swift move. "Got it!" he announced triumphantly.

Alen grinned sheepishly. "Maybe I went a tad overboard."

The voice box added, "Tad? That's an understatement!"

By the end of class, Alen had successfully made a feather float and dance without causing further chaos, earning appreciative nods from his peers and a cautious thumbs-up from Professor Quiddrix.

Later in the day, Alen encountered a unique problem in "Theorems of Thought Transfer" class. Students were supposed to silently transfer a thought to their partner using only their minds. Given Alen's immense powers, instead of transferring a single thought, he broadcasted a cacophony of memories, ideas, and the last song he had stuck in his head to the entire class. Everyone, for a brief moment, had the chorus of a catchy jingle playing in their minds.

"Alen!" Ksi Laila exclaimed, "I cannot get this song out of my head now!"

Alen scratched his head, "Oops? At least it's a good tune?"

Amidst the laughter, eye-rolls, and playful jibes, the day came to an end. But one thing was clear: with Alen's newfound powers, the semester was bound to be anything but ordinary.

## Chapter 14: "Glimpses, Glitches, and Sheer Surprises"

Alen strolled through Sheer University's exquisitely carved hallways, his eyes catching glimpses of a translucent figure. While others went about their day, oblivious to its presence, Alen tried to trace the form's unpredictable path. The voice box, usually chatty, remained silent, further piquing Alen's interest.

Sheer University was no ordinary institution. Rising towers, vast libraries, underground labyrinths, and floating classrooms were the norm. Its very foundation was built on the nexus of several ley lines, converging into a radiant energy epicenter deep within. A mesmerizing, ever-shifting mosaic of colors and patterns, it was the heart of the university. But, owing to Alen's unique discord powers, the entire campus morphed and shifted in tandem with his mood and intentions. Today, however, it was different. The university seemed... sentient.

While Alen's powers usually made everyone around him mere subjects in his ever-changing world, this phantom figure seemed to operate outside his influence. It beckoned him to the central courtyard, where a massive ethereal hourglass stood, sands flowing in impossible directions.

Suddenly, the skies darkened, and a cloaked figure projected itself above the university. "Behold the Argle Bargle! A creation so magnificent, even your Mad God won't foresee its impact!"

Just as the shadowy figure geared up for a dramatic launch sequence, Alen, feeling particularly mischievous, snapped his fingers. Time froze.

With a chuckle, Alen addressed the readers, "You really thought we'd go through with this in THIS book?" The voice box added, "Bit cliché, if you ask me."

Summoning a colossal quill, Alen scribbled in the air, creating a portal.

"Let's reserve this for Book 2, shall we?"

He plucked the still-frozen Argle Bargle and the cloaked figure, placing them into the portal labeled 'Book Two'. The hourglass, too, found its way into another narrative, ensuring its mysteries remained for another day.

Time resumed. Students blinked, confused, as the dark clouds dissipated. The voice box, breaking its unusual silence, quipped, "Well, that was a sheer shortcut."

Alen winked, "Always keep them guessing." The day returned to its routine, but the promise of more adventures loomed large, waiting to be unraveled in the chapters to come.

## Chapter 15: "Of Mundanity and Mischief"

The sun rose lazily over Sheer University, bathing the gothic spires in a warm golden glow. For once, there was no twist in the tale, no magical mischief, just an utterly ordinary day stretching out ahead. Students bustled about, complaining about assignments, talking about the latest magical trends, and just being, well, students.

Alen woke up and decided to eschew his Mad God status for the day. No reality-warping antics, no teleporting to class, just a plain human experience. After a hearty breakfast of toast, eggs, and a piping hot cup of tea, he made his way to class, much like everyone else. And, shockingly, he even took notes!

Lunchtime saw him join his motley crew of friends in the cafeteria. Valret complained about the lack of blood pudding, Ugok lamented the absence of sturdy ale, and Ksi Laila was engrossed in the latest human fashion magazine, pretending not to understand basic human trends.

"Imagine if every day was like this," Alen mused aloud.

The voice box chirped in, "I'd probably die of boredom. Or you'd get a refund."

"No, our book is free," Alen replied. The voice box responded. "oh, right."

As evening drew near, Alen invited everyone to his dorm for a little gathering. Not a celestial blowout or an inter-dimensional rave, just a simple get-together with snacks, drinks, and some magical board games.

However, as the first drink was poured, Alen's thoughts strayed to the secret cellar and the 25 barrels of old rum. He excused himself for a moment, sneaking down to ensure the rum was still untouched and reserved for chapter 24. He was greeted by the barrels, sitting smugly, waiting for their moment in the spotlight.

Returning to his friends, Alen raised a toast. "To average days and extraordinary nights. May we have many more of both!"

And as the laughter and chatter filled the room, it was a reminder that even in a world of magic and mayhem, sometimes the simplest moments are the most magical of all.



## Chapter 16: The Theme Song Dilemma

Alen's room was bathed in the dim light from his enchanted lanterns, casting flickering shadows on the ancient scrolls, tomes, and other magical paraphernalia. As he walked around, lost in thought, a tune kept playing in his head. "Every good protagonist has a theme song," he mused aloud, "So where's mine?"

From a corner of the room, the voice box, with its snarky undertones, remarked, "Ever heard of '[Never Gonna Give You Up](#)'?"

Alen stopped in his tracks, frowning his brow. "Isn't that the ridiculously catchy song from the mortal realm's 1980s? The one by... Rick Astley?"

The voice box giggled, a mischievous tone evident in its voice. "That's the one! Imagine the sheer comedic potential every time you make an entrance, and that song starts playing. The ancient gods and monsters won't know what hit them!"

Alen contemplated the idea, an amused smile slowly forming on his face. "It's so unexpected, so jarring! But..." He paused, tapping his chin thoughtfully, "I'll accept this as my theme song under one condition."

The voice box waited; a hint of impatience evident. "And that is?"

"That it's only played during the climax, the final battle," Alen stated, a glint of mischief in his eyes. "When I confront the greatest threat, this realm has ever seen, that's when they'll hear Rick Astley."

The voice box emitted a low whistle. "Making your enemies underestimate you with a tune from the 1980s and then striking when they least expect it. I like your style, Alen."

Alen grinned, adjusting the cuffs of his robe. "And let's not forget the sunglasses. I wear them every time the song plays."

"An eccentric yet oddly fitting choice," the voice box mused. "Deal."

And so, amidst age-old spells, prophecies, and the looming threat of war, Rick Astley's '[Never Gonna Give You Up](#)' became the chosen anthem for the most powerful deity in all the realms. The realms were certainly in for a surprise.

## Chapter 17: Echoes of a Bygone Era.

Sheer University, with its gothic spires tinged with Slavic embellishments, stood regal in the demon realm's twilight. The ornate onion domes glittered, and intricate carvings depicting various tales from Russian folklore adorned the exterior walls. As the last rays of sunlight played across the campus, a peculiar sight was unfolding within the historic halls.

Alen Devlin, with his trusty Walkman around his neck, was losing himself in an '[50-80s](#) mix-magic-tape. The thumping beats of synth-driven melodies played through his orange headphones, occasionally accompanied by his own off-tune singing. Every so often, he'd twirl around, mop in hand, performing a solo dance number to an audience of curious supernatural beings.

[Domovoi](#), the traditional house spirits of Slavic folklore, peeked out from behind statues and under staircases, their bearded faces a mix of amusement and bewilderment. It wasn't every day they saw a regular human indulging in such antics, let alone in the sanctum of a magical school.

[Koschei](#), an immortal figure from Slavic tales, leaned against a doorway, watching with an eyebrow raised. "The human janitor dances as if he's stolen the needle that contains my death," he remarked dryly to a passing Leshy, a forest spirit, who chuckled in response.

The [Leshy](#), tall and always shifting in appearance with tree branches for limbs, nodded. "It's a sight, indeed. But he has a certain... spirit. It's infectious."

As Alen moved to the beat of "[earthlings grass near the house](#)", the frosty winter deity, couldn't help but create a little flurry around him, making it seem as though it was snowing indoors. Alen laughed, catching snowflakes on his tongue, his joy unabashed.

A group of [Vodyanoy](#), amphibious water spirits, gathered around a fountain in the central courtyard, watching Alen's reflection as he continued his choreographed cleaning spree. One of them mused, "He may be out of place, but he fits right in. It's a strange paradox."

Night descended, and the school's interior was soon bathed in the gentle glow of enchanted lanterns. Alen, tired from his dancing and cleaning, finally unplugged his headphones, letting the soft hum of the demon realm's night fill his ears.

It had been an evening like no other at Sheer University, a fusion of magic and mundanity, folklore and '80s tunes, all brought together by a human janitor named Alen Devlin.

## Chapter 18: Delving into the Archives

Deep beneath the onion-domed towers and the Slavic-infused gothic structures of Sheer University lay a labyrinthine archive. Centuries of knowledge, forgotten spells, and the documented histories of supernatural beings rested here in dusty tranquility. Today, however, the quiet was about to be disrupted by Alen's insatiable curiosity.

With the soft hum of his Walkman as a faint background score, Alen made his way down a spiral staircase adorned with detailed carvings of Vodyanoy and Leshy. As his footfalls echoed through the catacombs, he felt the weight of centuries pressing in on him.

Suddenly, a large, ornate scroll caught his attention. Carefully, he unfurled it on a nearby stone table. It was a detailed map of Sheer University. The intricate illustrations showcased the castle's architecture, the various classrooms, hidden chambers, and the vast courtyards. Even the recent discovery, the barrel room reserved for Chapter 24, was marked.

As he traced the pathways with his finger, he murmured aloud, "The grand hall leads to the Eastern wing, which houses the dormitories. Then there's the library that stretches three floors with a secret annex..."

The voice box, never missing an opportunity to chime in, interrupted, "Three floors? Pfft, that's just the tip of the iceberg. Haven't you heard of the multi-dimensional annexes? Turn the page, and you might just find the library's underwater section. Don't forget your scuba gear!"

Alen chuckled, continuing his exploration. "Here's the courtyard where [Morozko](#) turned our indoor cleaning spree into a winter wonderland. And oh! There's the fountain where the Vodyanoy hang out."

He then noticed a section marked with runes he couldn't decipher. "What's this area?" Alen mused.

The voice box quipped, "Oh, that's the restricted section, where they keep the really juicy gossip. Also, potentially deadly curses, but mainly gossip."

He found the cellar next. "Ah, the famous barrel room! Reserved for Chapter 24, you say?" Alen tapped the map playfully, winking.

"Don't get ahead of yourself," the voice box warned. "There's a time and place for everything, even for barrels of ancient rum."

Finally, Alen rolled up the map, placing it securely in his backpack. "This school has so many secrets, each corner holding a tale of its own," he whispered, the sheer vastness of Sheer's history dawning on him.

The voice box responded, its tone softer than usual, "And you, Alen Devlin, are now a part of that tale."

With the weight of that realization, Alen climbed back up, the hum of his Walkman accompanying his ascent, a guardian of Sheer University's secrets.

## Chapter 19: Of Mountains, Rivers, and Forgotten Histories.

Sheer University wasn't just a castle or a learning institute; it was a living testament to the various epochs of the demon realm. Its architecture bore witness to the rise and fall of empires, the evolution of magic, and the countless souls that once walked its halls. Alen, having explored the archives, was now a treasure trove of forgotten tales and secrets.

One evening, as the twin moons cast a silvery glow on the university's spires, Alen found himself on the rooftop, gazing at the Bald Mountain in the distance. The mountain was as much a mystery as the school itself. Legends had it that it was once home to the mightiest of demons, spirits, and other otherworldly entities who'd gather for a nocturnal Sabbath, dancing and celebrating the dark arts.

The mountain's base was crisscrossed by the meandering river, its waters dark and seemingly bottomless. But what piqued Alen's curiosity was the old, abandoned hydro plant. Its silhouette, though decayed by time, stood defiantly against the mountain's shadow.

"Why would a world powered by magic need a hydro plant?" Alen pondered aloud.

The voice box replied, "Ah, that's a relic from the era of Experimentation. You see, even in the demon realm, there was a time when magic and technology tried to coexist. It wasn't all about wands and spells; there were machines, circuits, and yes, attempts at generating electricity."

"Interesting," Alen mused. "So, why was it abandoned?"

The voice box hesitated for a moment. "There was... an incident. The blending of magic and machinery didn't always go as planned. One day, the hydro plant, fuelled by a combination of river energy and a misfired spell, went berserk. It began producing... comedic rubber ducks."

Alen burst out laughing. "Rubber ducks?"

"Yes," sighed the voice box, "thousands of them, flying out of the plant, cackling and wreaking havoc. It was hilarious, but also a bit... terrifying. Hence, the plant was shut down, and the realm decided to stick to pure magic. Though I've heard rumors that someone is trying to revive the plant, for nostalgia's sake, or maybe just to get their hands on that Argle Bargle everyone's so curious about."

Alen's eyes widened in realization. "That explains the Argle Bargle encounter! Someone from the second book is trying to harness the combined power of comedy and magic!"

The voice box chuckled, "Well, comedy is a powerful tool. It can bring down empires, or at the very least, get a good laugh out of a grumpy demon."

With a newfound appreciation for the past and an inkling of the adventures that awaited, Alen continued his gaze at the Bald Mountain, ready for whatever comedic twists the future held.

Chapter 20: The electric up down, sideways, up ways box of levitation.

After days filled with revelations, shenanigans, and the peculiarities of Sheer University, Alen thought he had seen it all. But the demon realm, in all its eccentric glory, always had a way of proving him wrong.

As he roamed the corridors one evening, tracing the intricate patterns on the walls and admiring the gothic-Slavic architecture, Alen stumbled upon a rather odd-looking door at the end of a seldom-trodden hallway. Above it was a sign reading, "Elevator to...Well, You'll See."

Piqued, Alen approached the door. "Elevator? In a magic-infused castle? Now that's unusual."

Without a second thought, he pressed the aged, jeweled button beside the door. With a soft chime, the door opened to reveal a luxurious cabin with plush velvet seats, golden handrails, and a small screen displaying the numbers 1 to 100.

The voice box quipped, "I bet this elevator doesn't just go to different floors. It probably takes you to different dimensions or, knowing our luck, different chapters of our story."

Alen smirked, "Only one way to find out." And with that, he pressed the number 42 - because why not?

The elevator started moving, not vertically, but in swirls, loops, and sudden drops. The patterns on its walls changed constantly, morphing from abstract images to snippets of past adventures, hinting at future escapades. And, in a blink, the elevator came to a halt. The door opened to a small, plain room. On the opposite wall hung a sign reading, "There is no Chapter 42. There are only 25 chapters in each book. Turn back."

Alen blinked, taking in the stark reality of the joke the universe played on him. "Well, that's anticlimactic," he muttered.

The voice box couldn't help but burst into laughter. "Ah, the sheer unpredictability of Sheer University. Never a dull moment."

Grinning, Alen pressed the button for the ground floor, wondering what other tricks the school had in store for him. "I guess it's a good thing we're still on Chapter 19," he mused. "Plenty more surprises to come, I bet."

## Chapter 21: Elevenses at Four.

Reeling from his whimsical elevator escapade, Alen stumbled out into an extravagantly adorned hallway he didn't recognize. Walls adorned with gilded frames displaying moving portraits of past deans, shimmering chandeliers, and the faint aroma of earl grey - he had unwittingly arrived at the esteemed office of Principal Kin.

The grand double doors swung open, revealing Kin perched behind a colossal desk piled high with papers, trinkets, and a peculiar silver teapot emitting steam. Kin's eyes twinkled with mischief as he regarded Alen. "Ah, Mr. Devlin! I had a sneaking suspicion that elevator might deposit someone in here today. Fancy a spot of tea?"

Alen raised an eyebrow, both bemused and a touch befuddled. "Tea? Now?"

Kin chuckled, "Well, it's four o'clock somewhere in the universe! Besides, in Sheer University, time is more of a suggestion than a rule."

Guided by Kin, Alen settled into a plush armchair opposite the desk, the voice box making some cheeky remark about it being "quite the posh setup for a demon realm." As Kin poured tea into ornate China cups, he continued, "So, what brings you to my neck of the woods, or should I say, my corner of the castle?"

"I took a rather bizarre lift ride," Alen began, recounting his recent elevator misadventure, the mysterious Chapter 42, and the sudden and unexpected detour to the Principal's office.

Kin listened intently, chuckling now and then, especially at the part about Chapter 42. "Ah, that old elevator. It has a knack for taking students where they need to go, rather than where they want to go."

The duo spent the better part of an hour discussing a myriad of topics, from Alen's experiences at the university to Kin's ancient and often confounding celestial powers. It was a rare moment of normalcy amidst the unending hullabaloo of the demon realm.

As they concluded their teatime, Kin handed Alen a small, ornate key. "For the next time you feel like taking a ride on that elevator," he winked. "But be warned, it might not always lead you to a friendly cuppa."

Alen pocketed the key with a smile. "Thanks, Principal. I'll keep that in mind."

With the setting sun casting golden hues on the castle, Alen left Kin's office, feeling more connected to Sheer University and its many peculiarities than ever before.

## Chapter 22: The Perils of Curiosity and the Unexpected Cuppa.

Once outside Kin's office, Alen couldn't help but feel the weight of the ornate key in his pocket. The voice box buzzed, its tone dripping with mischief, "You're not thinking of using that key immediately, are you? After a direct warning from Principal Kin, no less?"

But Alen's natural curiosity, mixed with a hearty dose of bravado, was too potent a cocktail to resist. Before he knew it, he was back in front of the ornate elevator. His eyes darted to a button he hadn't noticed before, adorned with a single word: 'Cuppa.'

Remembering Kin's use of the term during their tea, Alen smirked. "How bad can a cup of tea be?"

The voice box sighed, "Famous last words, Alen. Famous last words."

Without much ado, Alen pressed the 'Cuppa' button. The elevator doors slid shut, and the familiar lurching sensation began. But instead of moving vertically, it felt as if they were spiraling downwards.

When the doors finally opened, Alen was met with the sight of a colossal teacup. Yes, a teacup, but one large enough to be a small arena. And inside? A swirling storm of tea, complete with thunder and lightning, and at its center stood a figure with a teapot for a head, steam billowing from its spout.

"You dare challenge the Mighty Teaspoon?!" it bellowed, lifting a teaspoon like a knight would a sword.

Alen couldn't hold back his laughter, "Sorry, but are you the boss of this level?"

The Teaspoon's face, or rather, its pot, turned a shade redder. "I am the guardian of the sacred Cuppa, and you shall taste defeat!"

Just as the battle was about to commence, the familiar beats of 'Never Gonna Give You Up' echoed through the arena. Alen grooved a bit to his theme song, completely throwing off the Teaspoon's game.

The Teaspoon looked around, baffled. "Wait a minute! It's supposed to be my theme music that plays during our duel!"

Alen smirked, adjusting his sunglasses, "Guess I've changed the rules."

Amidst the confusion, the voice box conjured a giant biscuit, which Alen used to dunk the Teaspoon into its own stormy brew. The once-mighty guardian was reduced to a mere teabag, swirling helplessly in the cup.

With the boss defeated, the storm subsided, leaving behind a calm, aromatic pool of tea. Alen couldn't resist taking a sip, "Not bad. A bit over-steeped, though."

The voice box snorted, "Only you could turn a boss battle into a tea tasting session."

Alen grinned, "All in a day's work at Sheer University."

## Chapter 23: The Real Treasure.

The aftermath of the tea-storm arena was rather... damp. But there, amidst the puddles of tea and a still-steaming Teaspoon, was a chest. It was ornate, inscribed with runes and adorned with gemstones. Alen approached, and with a heave, he opened it to reveal mountains of gold coins.

"Wow, jackpot!" Alen exclaimed, picking up a handful and letting them cascade through his fingers.

But the voice box had other thoughts, "That's a lot of pocket change. But hey, what's that little thingy at the bottom?"

Alen looked closer, noticing a small, intricate lock nestled amongst the gold. It was beautifully crafted, with delicate engravings and a keyhole shaped like a leaf. Alen felt an inexplicable connection to it, as if it beckoned him.

"You know," Alen began, "This lock seems far more valuable than all this gold."

The voice box hummed in agreement. "Oh, definitely. Gold's common in the demon realm. Probably used to make coins for arcade games or something. But that lock? Now that's unique."

With a sigh, Alen placed the gold coins back in the chest. "I'll send this to the family mansion. They'll appreciate a good treasure." With a snap of his fingers, the chest disappeared, likely to appear in his family's grand hall.

The lock, however, he kept in his hand. "Let's see where this elevator can take us next," Alen mused, turning his attention to the ornate elevator.

As the voice box remarked, "This is starting to feel like a game of 'Choose Your Own Adventure'," Alen chuckled, holding up the key Kin had given him.

"I think it's time we explored a bit more," he said, looking for another intriguing button. The leaf-shaped key seemed to resonate as he approached a button labeled 'Ancient Grove.' Intrigued, he inserted the key, and the elevator began its mysterious descent once more.



## Chapter 24: The Return to Reality(ish).

The sensation of descending was replaced by a gentle halt, causing Alen's ears to pop slightly. He expected to step out into some mystical, possibly forested realm, but instead, the doors slid open to reveal... a corridor. A familiar corridor lined with enchanted tapestries, animated paintings of Slavic warriors, and ornate lanterns.

Alen blinked. "Wait... is this the school corridor to the East Wing?"

The voice box emitted an incredulous chuckle. "Well, that's a plot twist. Seems like we're back to where we started, more or less."

Alen scratched his head, staring at the end of the corridor where students were bustling about, some gawking at him, while others were engrossed in animated discussions about their magical experiments or the latest gossip.

"But... why?" Alen wondered aloud. "What was the point of the elevator, the Teaspoon monster, the chest of gold, and this lock, if it all leads back to school?"

The voice box was thoughtful for a moment. "Maybe the journey itself was the lesson? Or perhaps this lock we found has a purpose here."

Looking at the lock, Alen realized that its leaf-shaped design matched the emblem of the school, a symbol representing growth and knowledge.

"Or," Alen smirked, "maybe the universe just wanted to give me a roundabout tour before sending me back to class."

As Alen sauntered down the hallway, students whispered. Rumors about his mysterious disappearance and sudden reappearance were already spreading like wildfire. But Alen didn't mind. He felt rejuvenated, ready to dive back into his studies, but not without some newfound wisdom from his bizarre detour.

"Time for some spell work practice," he declared, heading towards the training rooms. "And maybe, just maybe, we'll find out what this lock opens."

## Chapter 25: The Button, the Lock, and the Morphing Mop.

The familiar hum and click of the elevator announced its arrival, but instead of opening onto a familiar corridor or yet another adventure, this time it held a surprise. A small box, ornate and glinting, rested on the elevator's floor.

Curiosity piqued, Alen bent down to pick it up, popping the latch and lifting the lid. Nestled inside was a singular button, glowing softly with an ethereal light.

"Huh. Now that's... anticlimactic?" Alen remarked, a brow raised. "I half expected another dimension or creature inside."

The voice box buzzed with amusement. "Maybe it's a button that summons creatures? Go on, press it!"

"No, I think it's—" Alen pressed the button, and in a flurry of shimmering light, the elevator reappeared before him, doors patiently waiting. "Ah! It's a call button for the elevator."

"Brilliant deduction, Sherlock," the box snarked.

Alen smirked and closed the box, securing the button safely in his pocket. As he did, his fingers brushed against the metallic coolness of the leaf-shaped lock from his earlier adventure. Holding it up, it gleamed intriguingly under the lantern light.

"Any ideas about this?" Alen asked, shaking the lock near the voice box.

"Just another trinket for your collection, I'd wager," the voice box replied. "Or maybe it unlocks some vast cosmic secret, who knows?"

"And let's not forget the mop," Alen added, extracting the well-worn cleaning tool from his bag.

"Ah, yes. The mop. Our mightiest weapon," the voice box responded, dripping sarcasm.

But as Alen gripped the mop's handle, it shimmered and morphed, the wood twisting and contorting until it became a belt. The belt itself was impressive, made of a material that felt like a fusion of leather and something more ethereal. Numerous pockets adorned its length, each one silent and deep.

"Interesting," Alen mused, strapping the belt around his waist. The lock and the button slid into pockets, silencing themselves instantly.

"And what's this?" Alen mused, noticing the central button on the belt. It looked like an ancient rune but felt distinctly techy. Curiosity taking the better of him, he pressed it. A holographic interface projected in front of him, showcasing a myriad of outfits. Each design seemed to be a fusion of old-world charm and futuristic design, combining the aesthetics of Slavic folklore with modern couture.

He touched one image – a sleek, armored ensemble with rich Slavic embroidery. The air around him shimmered, and his attire morphed into the selected design. The new outfit was not only aesthetically pleasing but also felt robust, flexible, and infused with a subtle magic.

The voice box let out a low whistle. "Well, don't you look dashing! Ready to take on the school corridors in style?"

Alen laughed. "With my trusty mop-belt, lock, and elevator button? Absolutely."

## Chapter 26: Mop Magic and Stylish Escapades.

The newfound power Alen possessed with his morphing mop-belt was more than he ever could have anticipated. With a mere thought, he could change his clothes to any design he fancied. But more intriguingly, the belt allowed him to bend the school's 'no teleportation' policy. While the belt did not exactly 'teleport' in the traditional sense, it shifted him from one spot to another, evading the school's magical barriers.

And so, Alen's days became a blur of appearing and disappearing, much to the awe and sometimes bewilderment of his peers. His outfits, each more fashionable than the last, drew admiring glances. Even the usually aloof Ksi Laila, Queen of the Swarm, couldn't help but compliment him one day. "I must admit, Alen, that belt of yours does wonders for your wardrobe," she said with a slight smirk.

"Thank you, Your Highness," Alen replied with a dramatic bow, the light catching the intricate details of his attire.

As classes drew to a close, Alen found himself frequently using the belt's capabilities, not just for personal convenience but also to aid his fellow students. Offering teleportation shortcuts around the sprawling school grounds for a small fee became a lucrative side gig. It wasn't long before word got out, and students lined up, coins in hand, eager to shave minutes off their commute.

Alen's elevator button also became a sensation. Whether for a quick escape from awkward conversations or providing fellow students with an adventurous shortcut, Alen's elevator was always a ride worth taking.

But the real game-changer was the cleaning. No longer did Alen need to physically scrub floors or dust shelves. With a simple voice command to his belt, notifications would pop up, confirming that cleaning tasks were completed remotely. Areas of the school that needed cleaning were highlighted, and once selected, the belt's magic took care of the rest.

However, with power came responsibility. Alen understood that these artifacts were not toys. They held significant power, and he had to use them wisely. Nagolos Fa, Alen's enlightened home room teacher who had once taught Buddha, often reminded him, "Power is neither good nor bad, Alen. It's how you choose to wield it."

The end of the school year approached, and Alen stood at a crossroads. The belt had changed his life, offering conveniences and abilities he'd never dreamt of. But he knew that relying solely on its powers wasn't the path forward. Instead, he chose to see it as a tool, an aid in navigating the challenges that life threw his way.

And so, as the final bell rang and students spilled out into the hallways, eager for the summer break, Alen leaned against a corridor wall, the voice box by his side.

"Quite the year, huh?" Alen remarked.

The voice box chuckled. "Certainly one for the books. Can't wait to see what the next year has in store."

With a nod and a smile, Alen stepped into the elevator, the doors closing behind him, marking the end of this chapter of his life, but the beginning of countless others.

## Chapter 27: When Gods Decided to Drink 25.7(Edited by the monkeys) Barrels of Rum.

The winter snow blanketed the school's gothic structures, contrasting sharply with the warm glow from within. It was Christmas time, and the festive spirit had settled over the establishment. Alen had always wondered about the mysterious barrels mentioned earlier in his adventures. As the holiday festivities began, he finally had his answer.

The cavernous hall was decked with boughs of holly, enchanted icicles that sparkled without melting, and a large tree shimmering with magical lights. At the far end, the 25 barrels from Chapter 14 were lined up, waiting to be tapped.

"Now, that's a lot of rum!" Alen remarked, leaning over to the voice box.

Before he could blink, the hall was buzzing with laughter, songs, and... unmistakable signs of inebriation.

Ugok Shoo, already swaying with a tankard in hand, was challenging anyone and everyone. "Duel! Duel! Come at me!" He demonstrated a rather comical, tipsy fighting stance, which looked like a cross between a dance and a martial art.

Valret Green, the sophisticated Vampire Lord, loosened his tie, drew his blade (still sheathed) and joined in, offering his own form of a duel. "En garde!" he declared, using the sheathed blade as if it were a feather duster.

In one corner, Ksi Laila and Ravdee Loa, usually the epitome of grace, were in fits of giggles. Their laughter grew louder when Kinvrot De Paul, attempting to maintain dignity, stumbled over, revealing his true form. A humanoid rabbit with the fluffiest of ears.

The hall went silent for a moment, and then Alen shouted, "I knew it!"

This sent the entire hall into an uproar of laughter, including the newly-revealed bunny-eared Kinvrot, or rather, Ms. Kinvrot.

The festivities continued, with each individual showcasing their own hilarious drunk antics. The usually stoic Kin, somehow, ended up in a sleeping huddle with Ksi and Ravdee. Their snores were oddly harmonized, producing a sort of drunken lullaby.

Morning light began to filter through the stained-glass windows. Alen, rubbing his temples and squinting against the light, looked over at the barrels. To his amazement, only one was empty.

He nudged the voice box. "Looks like even gods can't handle their liquor, huh?"

The voice box, sounding surprisingly groggy, replied, "One barrel down... twenty-four more to go. Next Christmas is going to be a riot."

Alen chuckled, looking over the sprawled figures of gods and monsters, all snoring in harmony. "Best. Christmas. Ever."

## Chapter 28: A Chase to Remember.

The family mansion, an emblem of the Devlin dynasty, stood tall amidst vast gardens and echoing corridors. The house had witnessed numerous gatherings, sorcery, and powerful encounters. Today, it echoed with joy as Alen returned from his first year at the University.

In the opulent living room adorned with relics and antiques, Alen's grandparents reclined on lavishly upholstered chairs. The absence of Tom, his older brother, hung in the air, but a note of love and pride left on his chair made his presence felt.

Alen's mother, Night Moon Devlin, the radiant and formidable Queen of the Succubae, approached her son. Her raven-black hair, eyes that shimmered like the night sky, and an ethereal aura marked her royal lineage. She wrapped her arms around him, pride evident in her eyes. "Look at you," she whispered, touching the artifacts Alen had acquired, "Bringing honor to the Devlin name."

As the night progressed, Alen shared tales of his adventures, his voice animated. Laughter echoed, food and drinks flowed, and the atmosphere was filled with familial warmth.

However, as the clock struck midnight, an age-old Devlin tradition came alive. Being the only human male in a family of succubae meant that, every so often, Alen became the subject of playful pursuits by his succubus cousins, aunts, and sometimes, even his mother.

Suddenly, the room's atmosphere shifted. A soft, teasing giggle echoed, making Alen's ears perk up. He recognized that sound and knew what it heralded.

"Don't even think about it!" he playfully warned, but it was too late. The chase was on.

With the Benny Hill theme playing in his head, Alen darted through the mansion's grand corridors. Succubae in elegant evening gowns, with wings shimmering in moonlight, playfully pursued him. The grand chandelier swayed as they swooped by, the family portraits blinked in surprise, and the mansion seemed alive with playful energy.

His grandparents chuckled from their chairs, raising their glasses in a mock toast. Night Moon Devlin watched, an amused smirk playing on her lips. This was a tradition, a game of cat and mouse, that marked the Devlin summer gatherings.

Alen, using his newly acquired powers and artifacts, cleverly evaded his pursuers, teleporting from one room to another, changing outfits with his magical belt to blend in and even using the elevator button to momentarily disappear. But the succubae, skilled in their own arts, were not far behind.

The chase led them outside, through the enchanted gardens, past shimmering fountains, and into the maze-like hedges. The night was alive with laughter, soft wing beats, and Alen's playful protests.

Finally, as dawn's first light started breaking, a breathless Alen emerged from the maze, his pursuers laughing and applauding his evasion skills. This was the conclusive story for this book. But only for this one.

### School Description:

Sheer University, nestled atop a gentle hill, stands as a testament to ancient magical education, its weathered gray stone walls punctuated by high-reaching spires with the central tower soaring the highest. Two onion-domed towers, shimmering in greenish-blue, mark the eastern and western wings. The large, ornate double doors welcome scholars into a vast grand hall adorned with portraits and magical artifacts. Beyond lie classrooms of varied design, a massive three-story library with secret dimensional annexes, and dormitories in the eastern wing that exude unique charm. Below, a cellar houses barrels etched with mysterious symbols. The spacious central courtyard, with its ornate Vodyanoy fountain, offers tranquility, while the rooftop provides a view of the distant Bald Mountain. Gargoyles and carvings, standing guard, hint at the university's rich history and the many secrets within its walls.

## Sheer University: A Detailed Description for Visual Representation

### Exterior:

**Spires and Towers:** The university boasts several high-reaching spires, each ending in a sharp point. There are three primary towers, with the central one being the tallest. The spires should be adorned with flagstaffs, each bearing the emblem of Sheer – a majestic griffin in mid-flight.

**Onion-Domed Towers:** At least two onion-domed towers stand at the eastern and western wings. These domes shimmer with a greenish-blue hue, reflecting the mysteries within.

**Entrance:** The main entrance to the university is a large, ornate double door with heavy brass knockers. Above the entrance, an archway is decorated with intricate stone carvings, depicting scenes from the history of the demon realm.

**Walls:** The outer walls are made of weathered gray stone, showing the school's ancient heritage. Intermittent gargoyles, depicting various supernatural beings, jut out, seemingly guarding the premises.

**Courtyard:** The university has a spacious central courtyard, dominated by a large ornate fountain where Vodyanoy statues spout water. Surrounding the fountain, cobblestone pathways snake around, leading to various parts of the school. Benches, old oak trees, and lamp posts dot the courtyard.

**Rooftop:** A vantage point from where the Bald Mountain can be seen in the distance. There should be a telescope or observatory dome, hinting at stargazing activities.

### Interior

**Grand Hall:** Upon entering, visitors are greeted by a vast hall with a high arched ceiling, supported by towering stone pillars. The walls are adorned with portraits of notable alumni, tapestries, and mounted magical artifacts.

**Classrooms:** These are scattered throughout the castle, each unique in design. Some might have large round tables for group discussions, while others possess rows of desks facing a blackboard.

**Library:** A massive three-story structure, packed with rows upon rows of bookshelves. The first floor has reading tables, a reception desk, and a fireplace. The upper levels can be accessed via spiral staircases. Hidden doorways lead to the secret multi-dimensional annexes.

**Cellar:** Located deep beneath the university, this space houses the barrel room. It should look aged with wooden barrels stacked high, some marked with runes and mysterious symbols.

**Dormitories:** Located in the eastern wing, these rooms are modest in size but each has a distinct character. Think four-poster beds, magical trinkets, and enchanted windows that show desired landscapes.

**Hidden Chambers:** Distributed unpredictably across the university, their entrances are concealed behind bookshelves, under staircases, or behind tapestries. They house secrets known only to a few.

Landscape:

Location: The university stands atop a gentle hill, overlooking dense forests on one side and the town on the other.

Pathway: A serpentine cobblestone path leads from the main gate to the town below, passing through the forest.

Walls and Gate: Tall stone walls surround the university. The main gate is an imposing structure, with a heavy portcullis and a drawbridge.

This description should provide a detailed vision of Sheer University for a text-to-image drawing.

Alen Devlin: Character Profile

Name: Alen Devlin

Age: Beginning in late teens, but his age may evolve depending on the story's progression.

Appearance: Initially appears as an average human male. As the story develops and he unlocks the secret of the tower, subtle changes in his appearance reflect his growth and connection to the demon realm, though these changes might be ambiguous or hidden from others.

Background: Born to the powerful Demon King Tom Devlin and Night Devlin, the matriarch of the succubus realm, Alen is both human and something more. With a comically oblivious ruler for a father, a mother who holds dominion over a vast realm, and a sister involved in the supernatural medical field, Alen's family dynamics are anything but mundane. His bond with his grandmother, Death Devlin, introduces him to old-world secrets and wisdom.

Personality: Alen is inquisitive and often challenges norms. His bond with his voice box, which is his direct line to the author, indicates his metacognitive abilities - he knows he's in a story, adding layers of complexity to his character. He possesses a unique combination of wit, sarcasm, and genuine intrigue about the world around him.

Skills: Initially, Alen may appear lacking in supernatural abilities compared to his family. However, after unlocking the tower's secret, he gains unexplained powers that he chooses to keep hidden. His main strength, though, is his understanding of the narrative world he inhabits and his constant banter with the author, which might grant him occasional plot advantages.

Development Arc: Alen starts as an apparent 'normal' amidst a family of powerful supernatural beings. As he ventures into Sheer University, he discovers more about himself, making friends and allies along the way. He's constantly at odds with his narrative fate, battling both his family legacy and the whims of the author.



Challenges: Beyond the usual trials of school and growing up, Alen grapples with understanding his place in the world - both as a character in a story and as a member of the Devlin dynasty. The wish he makes (and keeps hidden) likely brings unforeseen challenges that thread through the narrative, offering both comedic and serious conflicts.

Affiliations: As he attends Sheer University, Alen becomes close to a group of powerful and unique individuals. From Ravdee, a shy succubus with an affinity for the strong, to Ugok Shoo, a warlord with a penchant for inebriation, to the fashion-forward and sensually liberated Alien Queen, Ksi Eila. His interactions and relationships with these characters shape his journey, offering both camaraderie and conflict, especially given Ugok's dynamic with Valret Green.

Relationship with the Author: Unique to Alen, he is conscious of his existence within a narrative and often communicates, sometimes contentiously, with the author via a voice box. This meta-awareness adds layers of humor, fourth-wall breaks, and unpredictable twists to the story.

In essence, Alen Devlin stands at the crux of numerous worlds - the supernatural, the human, and the metanarrative. His journey through this 18+ Russian styled tale, filled with parody, intrigue, and dark comedy, promises to be anything but ordinary.

Art design samples:





Alen Devlin

