

Be Honest! 421

Chapter 421 No Way Out

Break!

A glass-shattering sound exploded as everyone saw their surroundings break apart into uncountable glass shards.

Instantly, their anxiety increased by a hundred folds.

Hiss~

Many subconsciously touched their pockets, confirming the paper piece they had was still on them.

Don't ask them why, but something told them things would only become harder from here on out.

"Loo-Loo-Look! Look around us. The land... The land is all green and rotten."

"Ahhh!" Secretary Kim jumped in horror, watching countless gross and icky maggots swim around her feet.

The worst part was that the worms kept secreting even more slime wherever they passed.

Disgusting.

They swelled and wiggled their finger-sized bodies in and out of the rotted soil, making many feel nauseous. It was their first time seeing such massive and slimy maggots.

Secretary Kim was a woman who had gone through hell alongside her boss, Elric.

She has seen blood and massacres several times. But one of her biggest fears was bugs. Over the years, she has done her best to hide her disgust for such creatures.

As a secretary and part-time bodyguard, the enemy must never know her weakness. So she trained herself to swim with bugs and stay calm when near them. And indeed, it worked.

Except for Elric, no one knows of her weakness. But one has to know that all her training was with ordinary-sized bugs and not these gigantic monstrosities swimming around her feet, leaving trails of thick slime behind.

Good God...

Secretary Kim's face turned ashen as she gripped Elric's shoulders hard.

Thanks to everyone's confusion and shock, no one noticed her unusual state except for Elric.

"Calm yourself," Elric whispered with a reassuring nod.

This was all he could do for her. Even he was preoccupied with his strange surroundings.

The soil was green and rotten, the trees were black and leafless, and there was a strange but chilling fog hovering a few inches above the soil.

The fog wasn't so thick that they couldn't see the ground. It was light but ensured its presence was felt.

~Bubuum. Bubuum.

Hearts began beating wildly as everything they saw only heightened their senses.

Julius didn't know what to make of the fiery red skies and clouds that kept swirling endlessly.

It all seemed like a bad dream... A smelly one at that.

"Augh~...What is that awful stench?" Field Marshall Harry felt his nostrils were about to be choked to death by the rotten atomic bombs released by heaven knows who.

"Do I smell sulfur?"

"No way. It's more than sulfur. Why does it smell like someone had stored a thousand corpses here?"

Even the FBI agents and military personnel commented on the powerful perfume in the air, not overthinking it. But for Haru and the other academy members, it immediately made them tense.

"The smell... It's getting stronger."

Stronger? What do they mean?

Julius and the others were taken aback, growing their heads to their surroundings with widened eyes.

"This... This..."

"Sh**!"

One of Julius' men yelled in disbelief as dread filled his legs.

"Monsters... Monsters... They are real!"

"No. No!... It's all an expensive illusion. Impossible!... Impossible!... How can they be real?"

"I... I believe in science. I believe in the God of science. Let me Go. Are you trying to tell me we've been living with such creatures amongst us?"

~Grahhhhhhhh~

Many fell to their butts, feeling the rotting soil wasn't so bad after all.

Sweet mother of science... The creatures before them caused their legs to wobble and their eyes to twitch in catatonic stupor.

Their surroundings were chilly, but that wasn't the reason for their constant quivering.

Discomfort gnawed at their insides, prickling their scalps and causing their bodies to stay frozen in place.

So what of the were soldiers in the special forces or FBI agents? Their former enemies were all human. But these... These were nightmares, enough to keep grown men sleepless.

Humans feared what they didn't understand.

At this moment, they felt like toddlers when facing the gigantic creatures surrounding them all. Yet, they still couldn't describe the beasts around them accurately.

The creatures had hunched backs and seemed to be wearing dark cloaks shrouded with black smoke.

Was it a cloak, or was it its skin? They couldn't tell and dared not look further.

Their hands were spider-like and elongated, with only a few strands of hair that coiled and hissed like snakes.

They had three empty eye buckets and mouths that stretched from ear to ear, revealing their razor-sharp teeth to all.

But maybe the most unbelievable fact was that their bodies were also rotten, with holes that showed their disgusting insides that had all sorts of strange bugs and mucus in them.

Their bodies were so squished and hideous that if they looked any closer, they were afraid they would puke endlessly.

No... Too late!

Blugh~

Several people threw up whatever meal they last ate, with some holding their mouths and gagging.

How can something be so ugly and so terrifying at the same time?

~Greeeeeeeeehhhh~

The creatures released their thundering bellows after seeing the wave of fear emitted from the humans below.

Food! Food! Food!

~Greeeeeeeeeh~

The creatures excitedly moved to their prey like how possessed girls in horror movies crawl did. Only, they had spider-like legs that enabled them to move even faster.

Their smiles grew creeper, their bodies could twist and move unnaturally, and their heads began spinning after locking eyes on their chosen targets.

Field Marshal Berry felt that if he were to go behind the creature, its head would twist 360 degrees, following his every move.

He reached for his gun sheath out of reflex, only to curse loudly in the end.

F***!

How could he have forgotten that it was confiscated earlier?

Son of a b**ch.

He and many others had no choice but to reach for their daggers and tasers, wanting to cry but having no tears to shed.

It's over.

They were dead... Weren't they?

~GREEEEEEEEHH~

Chapter 422 Still Alive

~Greeeeehhh~

Wiggins tightened his grip on his dagger but soon found himself several feet high.

"Field Marshall!"

"Dad!!!"

Julius was going crazy, watching the thing's ugly, rotting tongue grab his father's feet.

Dammit!

Julius fought back, using the blade in every way he could. But the creature's body regenerated after every slash with the help of the bugs swimming within.

"Take this! And this! And this! Die! Die! Die!"

Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash!~

Wiggins was held upside down but still lifted his body to slice the creature's tongue holding his feet. Yet his actions proved useless as the creature hovered him over its gigantic mouth.

'Is this how I die?'

Wiggins saw his life flash before his eyes as the creature readily flashed its sharpened teeth below his floating body.

"No!!!"

Julius yelled desperately as he watched the creature let go of his father's feet. And Eric, who was carried by another creature, also saw his fate after seeing Wiggins get dropped.

No! No!

'I don't want to die without saving my little girl. Why is this happening? Is this truly our end?'

Time seemed frozen in place as many watched Wiggins fall closer and closer toward the creature's mouth. He knew it was over. But just when they felt his fate sealed, the creature suddenly released a gruesome wail.

~GREEEEEEEEH

Sai... Saved?

"Hahahahaha~... Saved! Father is saved!" Julius jumped excitedly after seeing his father appear beside him.

You have to know that even though the Grandmaster and the others for the academy were here, it was normal for anyone to think their victory was impossible. It was because they felt these people from the east were still tiny humans.

If one saw a baby in diapers squaring off against a macho wrestler, who do you think would win?

Logic makes them have little to no faith in Dorian, with their brains going as far as forgetting his 'magical' abilities. But after facing what they did, their little piece in their hearts was whipped out clean. That was human nature.

One has to know that if not for this experience, they would still have reservations about Dorian's group and might have been arguing and questioning their every move going forward. But after

witnessing, they became completely obedient to Dorian's group. If Dorian says go west, they go west. If he says jump, they ask how high.

In the sky, Dorian watched Haru, Old Hou, and Endo work with Wei Gia, Jung Hou and the other academy disciples to take out the surrounding creatures.

The disciples fought hard, using their most powerful attacks.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Wei Gia dodged the many spider legs aiming his way before landing a fierce blow to its underside.

"Dragon Fist of Fury!"

~Bam! Bam! Bam!

Wei Gia landed 3 blows on the creature before jumping back before its deadly legs could pierce his back.

~Greeeeehhh~

It was in agony as maggots fell from its punctured belly.

'Not enough.'

Vmmm!

Wei Gia vanished like smoke, appearing several inches above the creature.

At least to the eyes of the mortal onlookers, that was how it seemed. He and the creature's movements were too fast, with many barely keeping up

Hiss!~

Elric sucked his breath, watching the many mythical battles transpire

"Sir, are they really human?"

"Wipe! How fast do you think they're going for us to only see them vanish and reappear?"

"Lying trough. So strong... His fist punch knocked an entire tree down!!!"

"Who am I? Where am I? What am I?"

~Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

Wei Gia's bunch force made them numb but was crueller to the opponent.

~Greeeehhhh~

The creature was possessed, swinging his head and shaking its snakish hairs in wild rage.

Boom!

Wei Gia smashed 5 trees in a single row after taking a hit.

No one can survive this... That is what Wiggins and the others thought. But who can tell them why Wei Gia was back on his feet with only a few bruises and nothing more?

Was he Superman?

Bam! Pah! Boom! Slash! Slash! Bam!!!

The battle took no more than 5 minutes. Yet, it felt like an eternity for the mortals, who were at the edge of their seats every step of the way.

You must know that they now placed their faith in these academy members. So whenever they saw these people take a hit, the color from their faces drained, but they still kept cheering them on.

"No! Watch out!"

"Behind you."

"That's it! Kick it in the chin!"

"Good Boy! That's how it's done!"

"Great! Great! Use your magician cards and prove to them that you are Gambit's brother. Xmen forever!"

"..." [Academy members]

Like so, Haru and the others had their personal cheerleading team till the end.

"Too slow."

Dorian's words made Elric and his bunch almost miss a step.

Hold on. Did they hear him right? Did he just say 5 minutes was too slow?

They initially thought Dorian was joking. But soon after, backup from the monster side came swiftly and 3 times larger in number than the earlier group. But what did they see?

Dorian only flicked a single coin in the air, and the creatures fell.

1 second.

It only took that long to kill thrice as many. And now, everyone had a new understanding of why this young boy of 17 was called Grandmaster.

Dorian frowned.

Too slow... These were one of the weakest ones here. At the same time, it wasn't bad. What the Was se disciples lacked was true experience.

Wei Gia, Jung Hou, and the other disciples took on his words, knowing they could've done better.

No arguments, no comments.

Elric swallowed hard, now a little nervous when talking to Dorian, though he tried his best not to show it.

"Grandmaster, where are we going? Do... Do you know where they took them?"

"Hmmm." Dorian hummed lazily while staring at one of the mountains away.

The survivors were alive, but no one had taken them away just yet... They were still in the cabin!

Chapter 423 [Bonus]A Rude Bunch!

Alive? Yeah. The survivors were indeed alive. But they weren't the only ones.

"pardon my manners. But I have to oblige you all to stop your simmering. Tis' it not tiring? You are boring my ears." An annoyed voice rang out.

It was a young girl with luscious hair dressed up like those in the 1910s. Her attire was dull, using primarily black and blue vintage colors

It was as though she stepped out of the movie: Titanic.

Her skirt was ankle-level, her boots were particularly low, and her gloves were elbow-length. Her only exposed body parts were her head and neck.

Her accent, her proper command of the language, and her demeanor were amazing to see someone live in the flesh from the 1910s. But for Jenny's group, it spelled bad news for them.

That strange and evil-looking man said the doors into this place open once every 100 years. That's every century. She and her group were from the 21st century, and this girl and her people were from the 20th century. The oldest people here came from the 19th century.

[Note///

- 19th Century: Jan 1, 1801 - Dec 31, 1900

- 20th Century: Jan 1, 1901 - Dec 31, 2000.

- 21st century: Jan 1, 2001 - Dec 31, 2100.]

Every 100 years, people enter the space. Sometimes it's 80 people, and other times, it's a small group like Jenny's.

However, the fact that none of them could escape after all these decades meant they were also stuck here with zero to no chance of leaving, except through death from being killed by those Monsters.

No. No. No. No!

They were so young, with so much potential. Maybe these people from the 1900s and 1800s didn't know how advanced technology was. But they did.

Coming from an era with the Internet, booming technology, and all sorts of possibilities, how can they easily accept their current situation?

F***!

Maybe by the time the 21st century ends in 2100, flying vehicles and other amazing things will be around without them enjoying any bit of it.

Moreover, they already missed their families, loved ones, and fans.

On the fateful night after the sky changed strangely and the monsters appeared outside their window, they didn't notice it then, but the small shed they were initially in also changed.

It was now as big as a mansion, with these survivors living in it.

According to them, since coming here, their only food source has been on a strange hill that breeds human food.

The hill changes its location every 30 days, meaning it could appear anywhere in this hellish world.

Their job was to search, find and bring whatever good supplies they could before the existing food in the mansion ran out.

According to what these people said, the journey was always dangerous, with every trip resulting in people dying or getting fatally injured.

The leader was a man who had been here the longest. He was a person from the 19th Century.

His name was Bassano, an international student from an excellent engineering institution back in the day.

He was one of the underlying students who joined the most incredible research group ever.

That's right. One could say he was one of the founding fathers of electricity in today's world.

There were textbook portrait images of all the students around that time, and he was also there. So to see a legend such as himself here was truly extraordinary. He still looked the same, not aging for a day.

Jenny would have loved to shake his hands and have an interview. But now isn't the time for that.

As for Bassano, he arrived in this world alongside 122 others, mostly scientists, who were researching scientific matters on the hill. And just like that, they were sucked into this strange world.

The hill was indeed a cemetery. So some ladies who overstayed their cemetery visit initially wanted to return home but were talked into staying back with them and returning home together.

After all, during that time, there were no cell phones, and if they were in any danger, it would be far-fetched to think help would come right away.

There have always been cases of women getting raped or taken along these roads. So the women chose to stay and follow the men back whenever they were done with their scientific experiments.

They quickly trusted Bassano's group because scholars and scientists at the time were the most respectable professions.

Many thought to be a scientist meant one was so focused on reading, studying, and experimenting that they didn't have time to fill their minds with criminal thoughts.

To many in that period, criminals were jobless people.

Like so, Bassano and his group of 122 came from the Victorian era and also met people from the 1700s and 1600s.

In their words, they lost track of time, only realizing another 100 years had passed whenever new people came in.

For Bassano, his original group of 122 has now become 16. Meaning for the past 200~230 years, his people, alongside those originally here from the 1700s and 1600s, were all dead. And for those from the 1910s, they were originally 82 but were now 34.

Jenny, Chris, and the rest felt uncomfortable with this group of survivors.

Firstly, these people judged them too harshly, calling them indecent for their current attire. It was strange to say they have gone through hell in this space, yet they are still hung up over decency.

The women talked down on them, calling Jenny and the other girls harlots who wore overly tight fitted clothes (jeans) and had exposing tops that, in their opinion, showcased too much cleavage, hands, ankles, and so on.

They questioned how humanity had gone backward instead of forward. They treated them rudely because they adhered to the saying: Dress how you want to be addressed.

But honestly, was that the important matter at hand now?

Jenny, Emily, and the other 21st-century girls felt they were going crazy after staying with these women who only had ancient thoughts in their heads.

Hmph!

One of the women flipped her hair arrogantly. "How irritating... Like she said, none of you will ever be getting out. Stop boring our ears with your silly whimpers!"

Chapter 424 A Leader Is Born

"Enough."

The hall fell into knee-deep silence.

Rudolf hadn't yelled. Yet, his voice carried an unquestionable authority that caused the nagging women to seal their lips.

Chris, Jenny, and the other streamers looked at him, feeling touched.

Leader! He was their leader.

They could see that each era of people had its leaders, who came together to have meetings, probably related to food finding, information gathering, and other missions.

Bassano was the leader of all remaining 15 from his era, as well as 7 others from the 1910s.

There were 2 others: Jason and Vladimir, who led separate teams. Now, adding Rudolf to the mix, there should be 4 leaders.

It's been a little over 2 days since they arrived, and Rudolf immediately became their leader.

They were given a tour of the mansion and shown the significant places off limits to them.

In conclusion, though it was only 2 stories, it still had 400 incredible rooms, which included several storage rooms and so on.

Apparently, the first group of people ever sent in here met the place empty... All 400 rooms. But luckily, every century when a group arrives, they bring back items from that little shed with them.

The same was true for Rudolf's group.

All the items they brought into the shed to camp overnight with, as well as all the things placed in the shed over these years by passerbys and grave cleaners, were also transported over.

Even more shocking was that the tiny shed's wooden interior scattered and dropped into the mansion as wood. It was from this that they made beds from.

As for making fire, sorry. That was a luxury for them. Everything they ate was raw. There wasn't enough wood or raw materials to keep burning and wasting away.

Remember. A majority of the land in this space is rotten, meaning the trees were rotting. And in most cases, the trees themselves were alive! So do you know how valuable wood was?

Please! The only fortunate matter was that their mansion had a well at the back for water.

Their mansion and the immediate yard surrounding it were the only places that these monsters dared not go close to. They didn't know why, but it was enough to make them happy.

If they could, they would never want to leave this safe haven. But if they wanted to eat and get other raw materials on that hill, then they had to get out.

Of course, since that mysterious hill produced human food, it means its trees and any raw materials they found on it were safe for human use.

So transporting these resources back to the mansion was their top priority.

For these past 2 days, Rudolf and the others toured the mansion, knowing the restricted regions.

For example, the Food supply storage room was locked tightly and controlled by all leaders. Everyone ate at the same time to prevent discrepancies.

The North, South-East, and South-West wings were also restricted since those wings were the residential areas belonging to the various groups.

As for Rudolf, he chose the North-East wing, choosing to stay close to Bassano's group.

Each wing was akin to its own separate house, as entering the wing, one needed to pass through a long corridor before reaching a grand hall.

The hall had high ceilings as though one had just entered a cathedral. And on the other end of the hall, the space was divided into 2 floors, with various rooms and a stairway leading to the upper floor.

Some wings were grand, having 22 spacious rooms, while others had but 10.

The North-East Wing Rudolph chose for his group had 14 rooms, which meant all 12 of them would get their own separate sleeping spaces.

What's more, the wing was better furnished compared to the other available wings.

The previous group that lived here was all dead. But at least they left their beds and other furniture pieces behind.

As for light, there was no electricity. So they are sure that whatever they did, it had to be done during the day.

As an outdoor anchor, Rudolf had several lighters with him.

Others were shocked by the lighter, almost jumping like monkeys. You have to know that there was a large supply of wax candles available but no fire to light up the space.

Rudolf agreed with the other outdoor anchors to only show 4 lighters to these survivors. As for the rest, they would have to hide them until they could completely trust this group.

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"Like I said, enough is enough. I won't let you talk to my group this way!" Rudolf warned. And Bassano, pretending to sleep, slowly opened his eyes with a raised brow.

'This kid is quite tough to be able to adjust himself from his initial shock barely 2 days after arriving.'

After living for hundreds of years, Bassano might have a 26-year-old face, but he was already an old man.

Over the years, he too has been annoyed by Jason's group who didn't seem to grow brains over the years.

These people from the 1910s were quite judgmental and annoying. But... What can he do? They must keep their human population alive to make it through this dump.

He also understood that with little to no entertainment here, these people who saw 'fresh meat' enter the space felt itchy, wanting to show their might.

Also, some were afraid the newcomers would take their lovers away. After all, some men/women also stole lovers from others when they initially got here too

Rudolf took deep breaths in hope of calming himself.

"Look! My group and I have no time to listen to your naggings... Let me be clear. If it does concern our overall well-being or the situation at hand, then keep your mouths shut!"

"You-you-you!... How rude! Don't you know how to respect your elders?" One of the men questioned after seeing Rudolf attack his girlfriend.

"Kid... I knew I never liked you from the start."

'The feeling is mutual.' Rudolf inwardly retorted as he crossed his arms on his chest and stood tall with his group behind him.

Yup.

Emily, Jenny, Chris, Bianca, and the others thought so too, allowing their new boss to take the stage.

Rudolf squinted his eyes deeply. "Let me be clear. As team leader, I have an obligation to protect and ensure that my team isn't being taken advantage of. Meaning that though we are new here, I will never allow anyone to force my team to do missions on our own. So don't even think about it!"

Chapter 425 First Mission

Rudolf would be damned if he allowed anyone to send them out there alone when they didn't even know their surroundings well enough.

Mabel, one of the annoying ladies from Jason's team, and Levi, an arrogant man who looked no older than 19 from the same team, wanted to retort. But where did Rudolf give them the chance?

"Because we are new, doesn't mean we're stupid."

"Yeah!" Chris chimed in, although he didn't know what point Rudolf was driving at.

" _ "

The corners of Rudolf's lips twitched. 'You're not helping Chris, but thanks for having my back.'

He swept his face at the annoying group. What was the difference between them and these people from different eras?

The most obvious fact was that modern people didn't like suffering one bit. Modern people were more outspoken, even for the littlest matters.

If it were these olden people who faced the same situation of getting bullied, they might choose to swallow it and stay silent until it erupted like a volcano. But why should they?

Typically, Rudolf was the type to observe and wait. But in this situation, he didn't see any point in waiting to gain the upper hand. If they waited any more, perhaps day by day, they would lose their members. And once dead... You are DEAD.

Heh.

Rudolf would never accept such unfair treatment.

"As I said, don't think you can walk over us, newbies. If I'm not mistaken, what you're trying to do is what others have done to you. So though I sympathize with your group, we, the newbies, won't take a single step out unless we are paired with others."

"That's right." Emily, the food streamer/blogger, added. "So you think you are all smart for commanding us as you will? News flash, sweeties, if we were quiet during the last few days and seemed weak, that was because we wanted to." Of course, it's a lie, but these olden people don't need to know that, do they?

"You, you... Well, isn't this a fine how-do-you-do? Your manners are utterly barbaric. Well... For your information, I'll have you know that I am the 13th princess who was 37th in line to the throne back in my time. So knowing this, do you still dare to talk to me in that manner?"

"Bah! Princess, my Foot!" Emily scoffed. "Keep your loyalty to yourself. So what if you are a royal? Can I eat it? Is it edible? Is it serving any purpose now? No. No. No... Maybe you'd like me to throw you out before you know we are no longer in our previous world!!"

Pfft~

Several people from other groups couldn't hold back as they chuckled with teary eyes. How sassy. These newbies were something else.

Emily rolled her eyes, not bothered by the hateful glares coming her way.

Back in modern times, one would look at the stunning portraits of these ancient women, thinking they must've been glamorous and amazing. But meeting these people in the flesh, she only wanted to take back her adoration.

Honestly, she felt they had several screws, not loose, but missing from their heads.

What the hell was wrong with these people?

The smell of gunpowder fueled the air, but Rudolf's group didn't care.

Jenny pushed her glasses back, agreeing to Chris' wisdom. "You can't just give us a map and tell us to figure things out. That order won't fly. And likewise, even if we are pairing with anyone, we must be well briefed on the outside situation... Lest any of you try to 'accidentally' kill us out there."

Please. They watched too many zombie movies to know that human nature can't be trusted in times like this, especially when several people don't like each other.

It's smart for them to keep their human numbers up. But some people are too petty, selfishly disregarding the overall situation and doing what seems best to them.

Jenny, Emily, Bianca, and the others didn't trust Jason's team all that well. That's why before they leave for any paired missions, they must be told all the potential dangers they might face every step of the way.

What sort of soils breed monsters that rise and grab them from the ground? What sort of regions emitted poisonous smells? They had to know everything in case someone purposefully let them get eaten.

Bassano was amazed by their boldness and way of thinking. Hey... If he and his group had stood their ground when they first arrived, would they have lost so many people at the start?

Were the people from the new era always so bold? He had to admit that their manner of handling things would result in low casualties on their side.

They took control of the room and left Jason's team speechless.

Chris scoffed inwardly. 'Hmph! You're all a hundred years too old to fight with us, modern people.'

The times have changed, with women and men becoming more outspoken.

Want them to swallow their pain and risk their lives after what they witnessed 2 days ago? Not a chance! And if you don't let them have their way, they will riot.

They will sit here and eat free food and do whatever they want without making contributions.

What? Do you think you can starve them? Please! They, modern people, had many ways to make life unbearable for everyone.

"You! You! You! You!...Outrageous!"

"You guys are too much!"

Bianca, the beauty streamer, sneered. "We can be more if you don't ease up. All we want is fair treatment. Is that too much to ask?"

"Shut it, Harlot! It's bad enough that you have no respect for Catherina's royal status. I'll have you know the year we vanished was the year women were officially allowed to vote. But if I knew changing things would lead to us women dressing in so little clothes, I would've never agreed!"

Bianca cracked her knuckles hard. She could tell that even after so many years, though some worked hard to build their strengths, many women here solely relied on men for protection.

Perhaps, a majority of men have died while trying to save these women. Some men were used as shields by them.

However, Bianca, though a beauty streamer, had several martial arts belts. Modern women were allowed to fight and still look sassy. Of course, she was still afraid of bugs and creepy things. But for humans like these annoying women, she wasn't.

Hehehehehe~

A cruel smile appeared on her charming face. "Mabel... Was it? Say it again! I dare you."

Mabel's face turned pale, not from fear of Bianca but from fear that her beautiful face would get ruined, leading to her partner leaving her. After facing so many hellish creatures, how can humans frighten her?

The hatred embedded in her eyes grew fierce. "You vile, vicious girl! How dare you threaten me? You--"

"Stop." Bassano's husky voice quieted the room. Although everyone belonged to individual teams, Bassano was akin to a village chief if this was a village.

When he spoke, everyone listened. After all, he was the oldest one here.

"That's enough. We are family here. We humans must stick together to survive. Jason, I understand the feelings of that and your group, but we must live in harmony, yes?"

Jason clenched his fists unwillingly but still nodded.

"Yes, Bassano... You're right." Jason also understood that this time, the group that came in had too few people.

So for the next 100 years, if they were to act rashly and keep losing people the way they did previously, then it would only make their situation disastrous when out on missions.

Of course, this didn't mean he would let them go for questioning his authority. He didn't believe he wouldn't be able to cure their arrogance.

Hmph!

'Just you wait.' This isn't over. Those in Jason's group backed down but still gave Rudolf's gang death stares.

How childish.

Seeing through his petty thoughts, Bassano secretly shook his head before focusing on Rudolf's side.

"Newcomers... Your request has been approved. Your team will partner with my team for the next 2 months. After that, you'll partner with the others for another 4 months before going on missions alone."

After all, they will be here for hundreds and hundreds of years if they keep surviving. So 6 months of partnering felt like much, but it wasn't.

"Good. Now that that's settled, it's time to brief you on your upcoming mission."

"Mission?" Rudolf recalled that in this world, darkness fell every 48 hours. The darkness fell for 24 hours, and the cycle repeated.

Yesterday was the day of darkness, meaning they had these next 2 days to gather resources as much as they could.

In their world, it should be evening already. But here, the light, though not the sort of sunshine one would expect. After all, the sky was red.

Mission?

"Yes... You're all in luck. We're about to head out for a mission, and you, of course, will be tagging along. Isn't that great?"

"..."