

## Cheat. A 651

### Chapter 651. Neighbors'

After passing the bandage guy, the tentacle uncle lowered his voice and whispered nervously, 'Be careful, don't mess with other people in the building. They are very scary... And I am not talking about their appearance.'

Myne simply nodded at the tentacle uncle silently, not saying much. Even a blind man could see these people were not normal.

There were a total of seven guests, including Myne. He learned from the tentacle uncle that only the two of them lived on the second floor, while the rest resided on the first floor.

After coming to the ground floor, Myne looked around but didn't see anything particularly worth paying attention to. So, he simply followed the tentacle uncle to the kitchen, which was quite large with a long wooden dining table in the middle. The other tenants were already sitting there, staring at Myne with weird expressions.

Myne, though feeling nervous inside from being stared at by three creepy-looking people who were giving him unfriendly glances, forced a friendly smile and sat down opposite the only woman who had a normal body like his. She wore a beautiful red dress.

She seemed like a silent type with long, messy hair tied behind her. She had a cold face, red lips, a good figure with D-cup-sized breasts, long slender legs, and dark brownish eyes. If there was anything out of the ordinary about her, it would surely be the five long knives before her, which were covered in blood and had a weird aura surrounding them. Every time Myne looked at those knives, he felt like he heard the sound of people screaming in pain.

But still, as a pervert at heart, after seeing a beautiful flower amidst a pile of shit, Myne's poor eyes were obviously more interested in the woman in red. Sadly, she didn't seem interested in him at all. From beginning to end, she sat silently, wiping her knives with a bloody rag, trying to clean the blood off them, which showed no sign of getting clean.

However, although the woman in red wasn't interested in Myne, the slit-faced woman with grey eyes and all kinds of stitches all over her body seemed to have fallen in love with him at first sight. She wore thick clothes that covered her body very well, and except for her face, nothing could be seen clearly.

The way she looked at Myne was no different from a starving person looking at food. Myne could say with full confidence that if there were no rules set by the landlord, he might have already started getting harassed.

Another resident was a man with a lump of strange, abscess-like tissue on his back. Myne believed he saw those tissues moving as if they were alive, especially when that creepy man looked at him and licked his lips.

The last person arrived the latest, wearing a robe that covered its entire body except for its lifeless eyes. One could vaguely see that its body was rotten and there was a foul odour, just like a corpse.

The most common point among these people was the moment when Myne appeared. All eyes were focused on him. Surprise appeared in their eyes, and then greedy desire emerged. It was as if they all wanted to eat him, which was indeed the case.

Okay, everyone's purpose is the same, except for this lady in red. I don't think it is a good idea for them to stare at my body in such a perverted way, Myne thought, but the

gentle smile on his face didn't disappear, and he stared at the woman in red, cleaning her knives with great interest.

Of course, it wasn't because he was in love with her and greedy for her body... well, he was, but the main reason was that there were question marks on top of those knives in her hand, which showed that they were far from being normal. Like the broken watch, they were also magical items, and for him, without skills, those knives were must-have items. After all, compared to a watch with unknown effects and limited use time, a weapon was undoubtedly more useful.

The tentacle uncle, living up to his reputation as a loser, lowered his head and sat down tremblingly, not daring to speak in front of these monsters.

Facing the greedy, ant-like gazes, Myne felt it impolite not to greet them back. The awkward silence in the kitchen was also driving him crazy. So, he smiled and said cheerfully, "Everyone, look at me. I have something to announce."

"I'm a new tenant, Myne Fortuna. I'm very happy to be your neighbour. I have many hobbies and hope to get along well with you all. You might have heard that harmonious neighbours can make life easier."

Myne's words made these weirdos chuckle a little, and the expressions on their faces seemed to be mocking. Even the woman in red paused, giving him a look as if she saw a rare animal.

"It's very nice to be neighbours and communicate with each other, hehe," The slit-faced woman spoke in a creepy, high-pitched voice. While nodding her head, she seemed eager to invite Myne to her house and have further discussions about this matter.

The others didn't speak, but they also seemed very interested in this matter. Private communication was indeed a good way to get to know each other.

Finally, seeing that everyone was enjoying themselves, the corpse lowered his head and uttered a hoarse voice: "Let's eat first, or it will get cold."

The food in front of each person on the table was covered with a dinner lid, with a knife and fork next to it, creating a mysterious vibe, making people wonder what kind of wonderful meal the landlord had prepared for them.

Myne, who had been secretly following Waffle and his group for hours and hadn't felt safe since entering this strange place, had long ago felt his stomach rumble, he had a habit of eating something when he was nervous. He wasn't in the mood to eat anything before, but now, looking at the dinner lid before him, he felt a flicker of expectation in his heart.

Although he knew it couldn't be as good as Aisha's cooking (after all, the chef was a psychopath, how could he make anything normal?), as long as it was edible, he didn't mind eating. He was a very realistic person.

So, Myne opened the lid, and the food inside the plate was beyond his expectations.

The aroma of red wine diffused in the sauce, and when poured on half a steak, it actually seemed quite delicious. He looked around and found that there were no weird-looking dishes as he had imagined, and everything seemed perfectly normal as if he were in a restaurant.

"The landlord indeed knows how to surprise people," Myne commented confusedly as he sniffed the aroma of the steak, unable to help but salivate.

The others seemed to be starving and started eating first in a hurry without saying anything.

The bandaged man held a knife and fork and cut the steak on the plate with great force, making a crunching sound, while his eyes were fixed on Myne. It was as if what was being cut was not the piece of meat, but Myne himself.

The slit-mouthed woman opened her mouth wide, revealing rows of sharp teeth. She picked up the steak with her hands and bit into it, making chewing sounds as if she were chewing wax. She was also staring at Myne with a creepy smile as if she were trying to make fun of him. When he looked at her, she didn't forget to give him a flying kiss and started giggling, sending chills down his spine.

The lump man and the corpse man didn't look at Myne but just ate voraciously.

The tentacle man was a little transparent and didn't even dare to make a sound when eating. All his actions were as careful as a bomb squad in the middle of a mission to defuse the bomb, unable to afford any mistakes.

But what surprised Myne the most was the woman in red. She had a disgusted look on her face as she looked at the steak before her, which she kindly passed to the lump man, who was a bit surprised by her behaviour and happily accepted it.

Then, under Myne's confused gaze, the woman in red took out a bag from under the table and started taking out various small tiffin boxes. There were a total of three. She placed them on the table and opened them, but what was inside was something that shattered Myne's fantasies of increasing his favorability with the woman in red.

Those were dishes made from all kinds of weird insects, organs, and other strange things. They were soaked in blood. There was also a black, thick liquid with some strange objects floating in it, which Myne supposed was the soup. And for dessert, she had a greenish jelly-like substance.

After that, without caring about her ladylike image, she lowered her head and started eating those creepy things crazily like a pig, making a complete mess in front of her. The lump man and corpse man were used to it and didn't care, but they honestly moved their food aside to avoid getting dirty.

Myne, although he felt like vomiting watching the only good-looking character before him turn into a living pig, playing with blood and eating like a hungry ghost, he still had a lot of work to do. And now, without his inventory, he had nothing else to eat, and obviously, he couldn't do anything on an empty stomach. So he took a deep breath and honestly picked up the knife and fork and cut the steak.

This was a normal piece of meat, at least it looked like that to Myne. Because the surrounding atmosphere had made a bit too deep an impression, Myne, who couldn't make up his mind to put this normal-looking steak in his mouth, finally used appraisal on it for his inner peace.

But to his surprise, appraisal didn't show anything unexpected from the steak. However, Myne, whose trust in the appraisal's blue interface had fallen quite low, waited for a bit. When he saw it start glitching and turn into a golden interface, and the information about the steak disappeared through an earth-shattering change, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Chapter 652. A Favor

[ Polluted Steak: After eating, your mental strength (San Value) will decrease by 1, and your body will be slightly polluted, but you will gain a random special ability.

Note: As your mental power decreases, your body will start mutating due to pollution. Once it reaches zero, you will turn into a mindless monster. (You can recover # %@\*&#\$...? ) ]

Thankfully, this time it didn't disappoint me. So there is indeed a problem with this meat, huh? But what are those strange symbols? Myne looked at the symbols, which seemed to want to tell him something, but someone didn't want him to know about them, so it was concealed.

"I hope it wasn't something too important," He muttered softly before forcing himself to finish the steak in front of him.

So after eating this, I lose one point of mental strength, which is also called San Value, and gain a special ability?

As Myne thought about the ability, his eyes couldn't help but fall on his dear neighbours, who all seemed to have different abilities. Now he understood how they turned into these kinds of monsters and developed such weird tempers.

But how do I know what my mental strength is? And how much does losing one point affect me? He thought confusedly while scratching his head. Sadly, dining time was limited, and seeing that he couldn't do anything about it, he sighed heavily, prayed for good luck, and slowly started eating the steak.

Although it was a gamble to eat something that could turn him into a monster, dying of hunger and becoming someone else's food was worse. He preferred to fight with a full stomach, and also since he didn't have any skills, having a special ability could increase his chances of survival.

As he finished the steak, Myne observed his body, but he didn't feel anything until he suddenly noticed his surroundings seemed to get a bit darker.

If he wasn't paying special attention to his surroundings, he might have missed this change. He was relying on his night vision to see things around him, after all, the landlord seemed to favour darkness a bit too much, and the light in the entire building was extremely dim. So, from his eyes, everything that was bright as day thanks to his skill now became a bit dark, naturally, he noticed such an obvious change.

Just as Myne wondered if something else happened besides his vision getting dark, he suddenly felt a strange and special power being activated.

He felt an itch in the middle of his right palm, and when he looked at it, he saw a strange eye slowly appearing.

Because Myne had grown a lot of body parts on his body to have different levels of fun with Maya, he wasn't surprised to suddenly have an additional eye on his palm. Instead, he felt a pang of nostalgia and suddenly missed Maya.

But he soon regained his senses and used appraisal on it, waiting for a few seconds before it updated and saw some information about his new ability.

[ Palm Eye: When activated, it will emit a dazzling light.]

There wasn't much information about his new ability, which is probably because it wasn't anything worth mentioning. After all, in the end, it can only shoot light at people, what else was there to describe?



"What a useless ability," Myne complained disappointedly. Although he didn't have high expectations from the beginning, after all, this steak was clearly just a random, cheapest thing the landlord found for them. How good of an ability could he gain from it? But alas, if he could have a combat-type ability, along with his huge amount of mana, his rest journey could be more safe and fast.

When the others saw the eyeball appear in Myne's palm and heard his disappointed voice, no one showed any strange expression. Instead, their eyes were cold, as if they were mocking him.

Myne noticed this too, and he had a guess.

At this time, everyone finished their meal and sat on their chairs silently while looking at each other. Finally, the corpse man spoke hoarsely, "Who's on duty today?"

Everyone looked at each other, and the tentacle uncle trembled and raised his tentacles in fear: "I."

"Then we'll leave it to you. Good luck..." The corpse man showed an ugly, knowing smile, which was terrifying. "I hope you won't be the next person to disappear. There are only so few people, if we lose one more, this building will feel even more desolate."

The corpse man stood up, and under Myne's somewhat strange gaze, he walked up the stairs and returned to his room on the first floor.

The others also left one after another, but they all turned back to look at Myne, without concealing the greed in their eyes.

Finally, just as the woman in red washed her tiffin, picked up her knife and was about to return as well, Myne blocked her way with his trademark smile on his face.

"Can I have a few words with you, miss? Of course, if you don't mind," He spoke in a gentle voice.

"You wanted to talk with me? Quite new I have to say, but since you are so polite, let's hear what you want to say," The woman in red, although she looked cold and her eating manners were no different than a pig, turned out to be an easy person to talk to. After finishing speaking, she sat down on her chair again and looked at Myne with curiosity.

Myne, seeing that the other party showed interest in listening to his proposal, breathed a sigh of relief. He was really that she ignored him and walked away.

Thankfully, everything was going according to plan, and he quickly looked at the { ? } on top of her, which was also the reason why he dared to approach her. He had been reading everyone's inner thoughts for the past 10 minutes and found that expect her hobbies of cooking all kinds of weird things to calm down her introverted sister who seemed to be a very picky eater, she was the most normal among all the people in this building, even the Tentacle Uncle who liked to play with pink dolls was weirder than her.

{ She is wondering what she should cook today. }

{ She suddenly remembered that she had almost run out of cooking materials and urgently needed to restock. }

{ She wants to torture everyone in the building and eat them alive bit by bit. }

{ She thinks you are cute. She likes your smile. }

{ She wants to invite you to her room for dinner, but she fears you might be scared to death seeing her room decoration and run away in fright. }

{ She is dying to pick up her knife, cut someone, and listen to their soul-shaking screams. }

Myne wasn't surprised by the weird pattern of her thinking. He had been observing the text on top of her for some time and realized that after every two normal sentences, the third one would always be something that would make people's hair stand on end.

It was as if a psychopath was hidden within her, and couldn't wait to come out and cut everything. Although he didn't understand the reason behind it, he thought that she looked normal but had weird abilities and her mental strength wasn't high because of eating those polluted foods for a long time and had already become slightly crazy. He didn't take it to heart. Anyway, there were no normal people in this building; he had already accepted this fact.

"By the way, before coming directly to the point, can you tell me something about that green jelly-like sweet you bought? It looked quite tasty. I wanted to eat it, only if you don't mind," Myne wasn't foolish enough to bluntly come to the point, especially as he wanted to ask something from her for free. He, of course, had to first brush up her favorability before he could strike the hammer while the iron was hot.

"You wanted to eat something made by me?" The woman in red asked confusedly, while pointing her finger, soaked with blood, at her chest.

{ She is shocked by your bold statement and can't believe her ears. }

"Yes, I think it looks great, and it seems very tempting. Only a fool would miss something like that," Myne spoke with a face as if it were a matter of fact, and to make his words credible, he looked at Tentacle Uncle who was cleaning the dining table.

"I am right?" He gave Tentacle Uncle a hard look, and this poor guy, who didn't know what to say, forced an ugly smile, which was uglier than crying, and gave him a thumbs up.

"See, even Tentacle Uncle knows about it. He is just too shy to ask it from you. You know he is a bit cowardly," Myne leaned forward and spoke in a low voice, pretending as if he was afraid to hurt Tentacle Uncle's feelings by saying the cruel facts right on his face.

{ Although she knows you are talking nonsense and trying to flirt with her, she is very happy! }

{ She decides to invite you to her room and let you eat her best work. }

"Well, since you want, then you can come to my room. It is No. 5. I have a lot of jelly stored. You can eat as much as you want," The woman in red replied with a smile, which, to Myne's surprise, was quite beautiful, especially with her red lips and pale white face, making her even more tempting.

"By the way, can I ask you a small favour?" Myne, reading her inner thoughts and seeing that she was in a good mood, instantly came to the main point.

"And what can it be? By the way, let me warn you, this favour is not going to be easy to return," The woman in red spoke with a playful smile, while habitually taking out one of her knives from her bag and playing with it.

"It wasn't much of a big deal, Miss. I just wanted to ask if I can borrow one of your knives..."

Clatter!

While Myne was speaking, Tentacle Uncle, who was eavesdropping on their conversation with great interest, hearing Myne wanted to ask the woman in red for her knife, almost dropped the plates in his hand.

"Ignore him, so where I was... Ohh, yes, you see, our dear neighbours seem to be a bit too interested in me. I do not feel safe around them, especially with empty hands, and your knife seems quite sharp and strong. If you can lend it to me until I find something better, I will be very grateful," Myne, while speaking, didn't notice the horrific look on Tentacle Uncle's face, neither the way the woman in red looked at him, even the { ? } on her stopped refreshing. Her mind had gone blank, and she was just simply staring at him without any thoughts in her mind.

Chapter 653. Hungry Shadows

"You want my knife?" The woman in red repeated, swinging the bloody knife in her hand before Myne.

"Yes, I would be grateful. With a knife, I feel more secure wandering in this building..."

{ She found you even crazier than other tenants. }

{ She became even more interested in you. }

{ She thinks you are interesting and worth her special treatment. }

" ... "

Why did her second personality suddenly become interested in him? Myne, who didn't understand why the woman in red suddenly started looking at him differently, was perplexed.

"Why did you stop? Continue. I wanted to hear what you are going to give me in exchange for borrowing my knife," Seeing Myne become silent, the woman in red asked with a beautiful smile, putting her hair behind her ear.

"Currently, I am poor and have nothing with me. But if you need anything, just ask me, and I will try my best to bring it for you," Myne replied with a forced smile, regaining his composure after hearing her words.

"All right, if that's the case, then I am running out of ingredients for my food. If you are willing to go out and bring some fresh ingredients, I am willing to give you my knife," The woman in red said casually. Seeing Myne nod without a slight hesitation, as if going outside was nothing for him, she was again surprised. But this time, she didn't think much about it. She placed her bloody 15-inch-long knife on the dining table and pushed it slowly towards Myne.

Finally, come to daddy, my sweetheart, Myne muttered excitedly in his heart and reached out to take the knife. But just then, his eyes accidentally fell on the { ? } on it, which slowly transformed into a sentence. After reading it, his smile slowly disappeared, and his hand paused in mid-air.

{ A cursed knife... Highly contaminated, and will start polluting souls after coming into contact with any living being. }

Now what the hell is this shit? How can this... well, creepy-looking knife turn into a cursed item?

Myne, who had experienced the feeling of being cursed, became speechless. He finally understood why the blood on the knife wasn't getting clean despite the woman in red cleaning it seriously with water.

"Why did you pause? Move forward, take it. It is yours now," The woman in red had a playful smile on her face as she saw Myne's hand stop a few inches above the knife.

"Cough... I think I shouldn't take a woman's weapon. Otherwise, what would you do if those bastards tried to harm you? You also need something to defend yourself," Myne, who had got used to going through this kind of embarrassing moment, was thick-skinned enough to not show any awkwardness on his face, and smiled regretfully as he spoke. It was as if he was genuinely worried about the woman in red's safety.

"Oh, if that's the case, then you can rest assured. I have more knives with me; one less doesn't make any difference to me," The woman in red clearly didn't want to let go of Myne so easily. After all, who asked him to play cool in front of her without knowing anything? For a moment, she genuinely thought that Myne was more powerful than her and didn't care about her curse at all.

"Guys, although I don't want to disturb you, I think you two better get out of here and continue your chit-chat somewhere else. That thing is getting impatient with your continuous talking," Just as Myne was about to say something to maintain his dignity before the woman in red, the Tentacle Uncle interrupted them and spoke softly in a fearful tone.

"Little guy, let's talk about the rest of things in my room later. Remember to bring fresh ingredients for food... Also, I leave this knife with you. Take care of it," Saying that, the woman in red gave Myne a seductive wink and walked out of the kitchen with her belongings, not giving him a chance to speak again.

"If you keep shaking, those plates will fall," Myne, who was sighing at his bad luck and wondering how to deal with this dangerous knife, looked at the Tentacle Uncle, who had been standing in his place the entire time, eavesdropping on their conversation, and reminded him.

Hearing Myne's voice, the Tentacle Uncle didn't feel relieved. Instead, he trembled and warned him with a scared expression, "Go back to the room quickly. It's my turn today. There's no need to drag you down. Believe me, this kitchen is the most dangerous place in the entire building."

Saying that he couldn't help but turn his head at the locker room, which was tightly sealed with iron chains and had a metal door that was occasionally shaking, as if there was a giant beast imprisoned in it and dying to get free.

Myne didn't care about those minor details as he had more serious things to take care of. The moment he had entered the kitchen, he had seen that iron door with a red { ! } on it, which turned into { A highly polluted source with hundreds of monsters' souls sealed into it. } After reading that, he instantly labelled it a forbidden zone, staying as far as possible.

He stood up from his chair, ignored the bloody cursed knife, and came in front of the Tentacle Uncle, who wisely took some steps back, seeing his unfriendly expression.



"Then tell me what the situation is like here. And my palm eye?"

He saw his palm eye, which was tightly closed, and it would only open when activated.

The tentacle uncle looked at Myne strangely and was silent for a moment before replying softly, "It seems that you are an outsider. No wonder you don't know anything and have not been contaminated at all, and even dare to ask for a cursed item from a stranger whom you just met."

He waved his tentacles, placed the dirty plates on the sink, and continued, "We are all polluted people. Although the pollution has given us special abilities, if we are exposed to it for a long time, we will all suffer mental breakdowns and turn into monsters completely."

"There are many terrible things on the ground floor. Every resident must be very careful when on duty. If they make mistakes, they will become more polluted."

Myne, after hearing the explanation, finally realized what the pollution and so-called terrible thing, he was talking about was.

While the tentacle uncle was moving plates from the dining table, some sauce from a plate accidentally fell onto the carpet, and suddenly a terrifying low roar came from the kitchen.

Then the tentacle uncle stiffened and almost fell down on his knees.

Myne also felt a trance-like tinnitus, and his vision began to turn dark. He found himself falling into a dark, bottomless hole with countless monsters rushing toward him excitedly, unable to wait to tear him apart and eat him crazily.

Thankfully, this illusory state only lasted for a few seconds, and he came back to his senses.

He found that his entire back was wet with sweat, and his hands were shaking. However, he had seen scarier things than this, and he had long overcome his fear of heights after acquiring the flying skill. So, he quickly regained his composure. Only then did he notice the frame of his vision becoming darker with a hint of redness in it, which surprised him quite a bit.

"I lose one point of mental power?" Myne compared this to the previous experience when he first lost one point of mental strength by eating steak and gaining palm eye. Indeed, the frame of his vision started getting darker from that point. Now, it was not only darker and had blood-like graffiti in it, but it also covered more area.

If only there were numerical values as a reduction in mental strength, it would be perfect, Myne complained and shook his head.

However, compared to Myne's casual reaction, which was normal as he was still ignorant about most things regarding the place he teleported to for no reason, the tentacle uncle's reaction seemed to be more violent. Not only was his whole body trembling, but his tentacles were also spraying water-like liquid out, which looked very comical.

"Is this a case of being scared to death?" Myne dodged the water, not wanting to see such a disgusting thing fall on his body.

Fortunately, this low hum only lasted for a few breaths.

The tentacle uncle came back to his senses, his face extremely pale. He put down the plates, grabbed his head, and started muttering like a madman, "It's over, it's over. I will definitely die, I will definitely die today."

Myne looked at the dark kitchen around him, trying to figure out where the voice came from, and said softly, "It's not a death sentence. Just finish all this and don't make any mistakes."

"No, that's not the point. The scariest thing is going out to find food," The tentacle uncle trembled and said, "Although this apartment must be kept away from contamination, it is already the safest place. The city outside has already collapsed."

"Only by being polluted can we gain abilities and the strength to survive."

"There is a city outside?" Myne asked dumbfoundedly. He didn't expect that he would be inside a city until now he thought that he was in some kind of ghost place with not many people around them within a radius of dozens of kilometres, which was the normal setting of most horror books.

But then he became focused again and asked seriously, "What would happen if you didn't find the ingredients?"

The tentacle uncle remained silent for nearly a minute before opening his dry lips and said miserably, "I will become food."

Chapter 654. Sunny and Cheerful

The tentacle uncle remained silent for nearly a minute before opening his dry lips and saying miserably, "I will become food."

Although Myne wanted to show a bit of admiration, as he didn't know how the tentacle uncle could make even a simple sentence so depressing that people genuinely sympathized with his miserable luck, he then remembered the other party's weird hobby of playing with pink dolls, and could only squeeze out a cold and indifferent attitude toward him.

And he still hadn't figured out why he was being so nice to him. If he were a girl, he could still understand, but he isn't, so there are only two possibilities left, either he had different tastes regarding gender or some ulterior motive to pretend to be a nice guy, there is no way Myne would let his guard down toward him so easily.

As for the rule of becoming food for not being able to do your duties set by the landlord, it was indeed a bit of a shocking fact for him, but then he thought everyone except the tentacle uncle and the woman in red seemed to have already set their hungry sights on him, so it didn't seem much of a big deal.

Hmm, this world seems far more dangerous than I guessed, I hope Waffle and the others can hold until I find them, Myne thought worriedly. He was not as confident about their safety as he had been at the beginning.

"By the way, do you know why the other tenants are targeting me for no reason?" Myne remembered everyone's greedy desire for his poor body, especially of the slit-faced woman and the bandaged guy, and couldn't help but ask.

"Because you are normal," The tentacle uncle replied instantly as if he were waiting for Myne to ask this question. Then, with a long pause, he continued, "Normal here means

abnormal, and it also means that you are not polluted. As long as they eat you, they can alleviate the symptoms of their pollution by a large margin."

"So that's how it is," Myne nodded with an enlightened look. Finally, one of his doubts was cleared. At least now he didn't have to worry about thinking that those perverts were greedy for his appearance and wanted to do something immoral with him.

"You seem very reluctant to go outside. How about letting me take charge of today's duties?" Myne suddenly suggested something that caught the tentacle uncle off guard.

"Why!?" He asked with disbelief, his eyes wide open in shock. He was overwhelmed by Myne's sudden concern. Even his late wife hadn't shown him this level of concern when they were at the peak of their relationship.

"Because I am a sunny and cheerful boy who likes to help his neighbour," Myne spoke with a smile and patted the tentacle uncle's shoulder, which of course wasn't a nice experience as the other party hadn't washed his clothes for God knows how long, and there was also a weird, stinky thing all over his clothes, which felt extremely disgusting.

"Also, I have some personal business to deal with outside," He continued while trying to wipe the weird thing on his palm on the cushion of the chair.

"Even if it wasn't your duty, I would still have gone out, but now it is your turn, and you seem like a good guy to me. I don't mind helping you with a small matter."

The tentacle uncle trembled and wanted to agree, but maybe he felt it was wrong to throw a newcomer to his death because of his selfish motive. In the end, he shook his head violently.

"I can't do this. You just got your ability..." The tentacle uncle paused and looked at the eye on Myne's right palm with a speechless expression. The motivational words like 'you should hone your ability and gain strength' were swallowed back.

"Cough. I mean, you don't know anything about the situation outside. It's too dangerous for you to go out... Believe me, you will definitely die if you go now."

"Sigh... But those words also apply to you, don't they? What's the point of saying them to me? If you go out, you won't return either. So it's better that I do it. Anyway, I'm going no matter what..."

At first, Myne spoke calmly, trying to persuade the tentacle uncle to stop messing around. But halfway through, he paused, and the corner of his mouth twisted slightly. It took quite a bit of effort to control his emotions.

{ He is screaming in joy and can't believe that such a fool like you exists. }

{ He is wondering what kind of dog-shit luck you have to have managed to stay in one piece until now. }

{ He finds you funny and doesn't know whether he should be happy to have a fool like you around or sad to have another pig teammate on his side. }

This bastard... Here I am, doing him such a favour, willing to endanger my life to save his worthless life, but this f\*cker is actually laughing at me in his heart. What a beast! Before leaving this place, I will let him know who is boss here.

Myne clenched his fist while gritting his teeth, but the smile on his face didn't disappear; instead, it became a bit scary, sending a chill down the tentacle uncle's back, making him take a few steps back in fear, wondering why Myne, who was as gentle as the sun in winter a moment ago, suddenly looked at him as if he couldn't wait to beat him to a pulp.

"Sigh... Uncle, I know you don't have a bad heart. Except for being cowardly to your bones, which is normal—no one is perfect—and having weird hobbies, you're still a good guy. I don't want to see you become someone's food. And are you really sure you want to refuse my proposal? Whether I go out or not isn't in your hands in the first place."

"Even if I don't go today, what about tomorrow when it's my turn? I'll still have to go out. So instead of handling everything alone, wouldn't it be better to take advantage of your experience while you're still around? You could at least guide me and help broaden my horizons."

Myne spoke nonsense without blinking. The tentacle uncle, who was already moved by his previous words and the concern he showed, almost started shedding tears.

"Don't worry, just leave it to me. Believe me, I know what I'm doing... I also love my life." Myne said casually with a smile, waving his hand.

The tentacle uncle hesitated for a few seconds, but in the end, his inner cowardice defeated whatever bravery he had left. His bottom line, already loose to the point of crumbling, succumbed to the fear of death. Reluctantly, he nodded. Then, he reached behind him and took out a dirty, old-looking notebook, handing it to Myne with eyes full of gratitude.

"This is a notebook where I've recorded all the rules and regulations to keep you alive since I started my duty. You must remember every instruction in it very carefully. You've just been contaminated. As long as there's no major problem, nothing will happen to

you... probably. Anyway, I'd say I'll pray for your good luck, but after this never-ending nightmare, forget about it. Just come back alive... Sigh."

Myne took the notebook from the tentacle uncle, wondering where he had been hiding it—since he didn't even have a bag. Absentmindedly, he replied, "I'll keep it in mind."

The tentacle uncle gave Myne a long, deep look, as if trying to etch his handsome face into the most important part of his memory, then returned to his room.

"This bastard has no confidence in me," Myne muttered as he opened the notebook. It wasn't as big as he had expected. Ignoring the rest of the nonsense, he directly flipped to the kitchen section. After quickly reading the rules and regulations for working in the kitchen, he picked up the remaining plates and utensils from the dining table and walked over to the sink to wash them.

[ Kitchen Precautions ]

[ Make sure to wash the dishes thoroughly and never look up while working in the kitchen no matter what happens.

Make sure the door of the kitchen freezer is tightly sealed. If not, then inform the landlord immediately. ]

There weren't many restrictions about the kitchen, and to be honest, Myne didn't take them seriously at all.



"So that's the freezer, huh? I thought it was storage," Myne muttered as he looked at the freezer, which was tightly sealed with iron chains. A bloody red { ! } hovered over it, clearly indicating that he should stay as far away as possible.

Next as a certified death seeker, Myne didn't lower his head as instructed. Instead, he did the opposite. Confidently, he raised his head and looked upward.

A strange monster's body was pierced and hanging on an iron hook attached to the ceiling. It was alive, staring at him with three wide, oily green eyes. Saliva dripped from its ugly mouth, and a long tongue hung out.

The moment Myne made eye contact with the creature, he felt a slight pain in his eyes. Suddenly, he found himself surrounded by countless creepy monsters.

Then, the monsters rushed toward him and tore him apart with their claws.

After that, Myne experienced all kinds of bizarre phenomena and saw things he never wanted to see if possible. If there was one common thread among all these illusions, it was that each of his deaths was more horrific and brutal than the last. Many times, he died in ways he could never have imagined even in his weirdest nightmares.

Chapter 655. Nightmare City

"Haaa, haa, haa, what the f\*ck was that?"

After coming out of the illusion, Myne panted heavily and noticed that the field of his vision had become a bit darker, and his depth perception had slightly reduced again. Clearly, that weird monster on the ceiling had eaten away another point of his SAN value.

Myne had a strange expression and was a little speechless, regretting his decision to look down on the tentacle uncle's advice.

"Isn't it too much? Now you can't even look at those monsters directly? What kind of crazy place is this? Why is everything here so damn scary and unreasonable?" For a moment, Myne even had the desire to pick up the cursed bloody knife of the woman in red and cut that bastard on the ceiling into pieces.

Sighing deeply, Myne put aside the dangerous thoughts of cutting an unknown monster that seemed good at illusions and was staring at him as if he were the world's tastiest sweet. He went back to his work. After finishing cleaning, he started wandering around the ground floor and found that, as the tentacle uncle's diary mentioned, dangers were indeed everywhere.

There was a dark shadow in the mirror that seemed to be able to travel through every mirror in the building. At first, it only copied your movements but then gave unexpected jump scares when you were least prepared or moved your face close to the mirror to see clearly in the dark. It even managed to fool Myne.

In the bathroom, blood gushed from the toilet and taps instead of water. Thankfully, no one jumped out unexpectedly from the toilet; otherwise, Myne might not have been able to urinate peacefully.

"Next, it was time to go out and buy groceries... and look for those three troublemakers. But first, how should I use it?" Myne sat down on the dining chair and looked at the cursed knife before him with an awkward expression. He had gone to great lengths to acquire this maybe powerful weapon from the woman in red, but now found he didn't even dare to pick it up, let alone use it to hack enemies.

Finally, after hesitating for a full minute, he gritted his teeth and touched the knife's handle with his finger.

"???"

"That's it? Have I been influenced by the tentacle uncle's nonsense and become a coward like him?"

Seeing that nothing had happened, Myne became more confident and casually grabbed the knife handle and lifted it. But then, he suddenly felt extreme pain in his palm, as if hundreds of tiny needles had pierced his skin and gone deep enough to touch his bone.

"F\*ck! AHHHHHH!!!"

Wôrd'ɣakthûn Wnlon ʔek'ɗmøra NtM "

While Myne cried in pain, suddenly his eyes turned black like a bottomless abyss. He became quiet and paused in the position he was crying, sitting lifelessly on the chair. He remained in that state for nearly 30 seconds before regaining his senses and throwing the knife aside.

"What the hell!" Myne grabbed his head with trembling hands, panting heavily. Just then, he felt as if thousands of people were screaming and crying beside his ears, and the sound of someone praying in a loud voice resonated deep within his head.

Although he couldn't understand the language, the boundless resentment and temptation within it drove him nearly mad. In simple terms, it was unbearable.

No wonder they looked at me like I was an idiot when I asked for the knife. This is so damn dangerous, Myne thought, looking fearfully at the bloody knife on the ground.

If possible, he never wanted to touch this time bomb again. But considering that the world wasn't peaceful for an innocent guy like him, he endured the discomfort in his head, looked around, and found a wooden box. Then, with the help of two random knives found in the kitchen, he placed the cursed knife in the box before breathing a sigh of relief.

"Hopefully, I'll find a way to use this damn knife," Myne wished, as he hung the box behind his back with the help of something called duct tape, which he found quite interesting as there were no such things in his world.

Because his most powerful weapon wasn't something he could wield with his pathetic strength, Myne decided to bring two knives found in the kitchen. It was better than going out empty-handed, anyway.

Taking a deep breath, he opened the main door of the apartment, ready to face this unknown world.

The first thing that greeted him was darkness, a bloodless darkness stretching as far as the eye could see, devoid of any secure light. A bone-chilling breeze touched his skin every so often.

Before him lay desolate city streets, giant skyscrapers made of stone and glass surrounding him. This sight alone was enough to make Myne, who came from an underdeveloped civilization, gape in astonishment. He couldn't have imagined anything like it in his dreams. He, like a country bumpkin, looked at everything with amazement and shock.

As he regained his senses and stepped out of the apartment, he saw streets littered with abandoned cars and mottled walls, indicating that this situation had persisted for a long time.

Although Myne had no idea about the objects around him, their nature, or their uses, it didn't stop him from admiring them.

He had never thought that people could develop so much. All the previous worlds he had travelled to had settings similar to his own, with swords and magic. Now, seeing a world of technology left him dumbfounded. It was an eye-opening experience.

Myne continued to observe his surroundings. He occasionally heard a heavy breathing sound, like a wild dog shaking, which seemed to come from the dark alleys around him. However, every time he looked, he found nothing.

Although everything seemed fine, for some reason, the moment he stepped out of the apartment, he felt uncomfortable, a feeling of suffocation that wouldn't leave him. He couldn't pinpoint the source of this discomfort. But he had a feeling that if he stayed in this strange world openly, without any protection, he would definitely receive an unwanted surprise soon.

"Looking for ingredients for dinner was only one reason for going out, and not even the most important one. Right now, the most urgent thing was to look for Waffle and the others," Muttering this to himself, Myne looked at the large, luxurious house next to his apartment building.

This was the only place, besides his apartment, that had lights on, and he had a strange feeling that he would find something if he went inside. Even if he hadn't had that feeling, Myne had to start his search somewhere, so why not make a grand start?

Making up his mind, Myne decided to visit the luxurious house and turned his head toward a peculiar sight at the entrance of a random alley at the end of the street.

There, Myne saw a hyena-like monster with an inky black body and red eyes, about half a person's height, hanging atop a four-meter-tall iron pole like a flag.

Its body was pierced by various iron pieces, and it had multiple holes in its head and stomach, its flesh and black blood exposed. But it still wasn't completely dead and was growling at him, as if it couldn't wait to jump on him and bite him to death.

[ Level 1 Pollution Anomaly.

Ability: Regeneration

San Value: 0 ]

"I'm really missing my 'Cut-and-Paste' skill right now," Myne muttered enviously as he saw the golden appraisal result of the zombie-like hyena.

Since it's a level one monster, it should be the weakest in this city, but it still doesn't look easy to deal with. He thought worriedly, knowing how difficult it was to kill something with a regeneration ability, it is the same as killing a cockroach, pain in the ass.

"Also, the San Value is 0, meaning it has no intelligence and relies completely on instincts. That's good news for me. But why didn't the appraisal show anything when I used it on the tenants? Yet, it works perfectly fine on these monsters."

"Is something interfering with the appraisal? It's not the first time something like this has happened... Even my own data hasn't changed much and is still showing the previous information without any update," Myne complained helplessly as he walked past the zombie hyena and entered the luxurious house.

At the start of his career, Myne had done a lot of house exploration and was quite experienced in entering other people's property without permission. Now, with monsters everywhere and no law and order, he had even less of a psychological burden invading someone's house. As long as his fist was big enough, he didn't care what other people thought of him.

Anyway, it wasn't like he had come here to steal their wealth or f\*ck their wives and daughters. He just wanted to investigate the whereabouts of his pets, and nobody could stop him from doing that.

Chapter 656. Tiptoeing

"How was it? Did it work?" A hurried voice, thick with nervousness, echoed in the cramped, dirty room, where a dim orange light struggled to pierce the gloom.

"Although the effect wasn't as potent as we'd hoped, given enough time, there's a chance she'll regain her sanity and become normal," A thin, half-bald man said, walking into the room and embracing his wife, his voice filled with excitement.

"Finally, after so long, we'll be whole again," The woman sobbed, returning his embrace tightly.

"But there's one thing that troubles me: how do we ensure it doesn't die of hunger without risking contamination? We need to provide clean food, which is nearly impossible to find now," The man said, rubbing his forehead worriedly as he sat on the couch, having calmed his wife.

"What about feeding it our own meat? We're not heavily contaminated, and we have healing abilities, which is why we've survived this long," The woman suggested anxiously, clenching her fists.

"I'm afraid that won't work. Our abilities aren't strong enough to sustain another stomach with our flesh. We must find another way, and quickly."

Bang!

"What was that?" The woman jolted to her feet, hearing the noise from outside.

"It's probably those damned creepers. They've made a hole in our backyard wall and occasionally come inside looking for prey. Ignore it. Our entire house is secured with the world's most advanced locks, and the doors are made of steel. No one can enter without our permission," The man said, dismissing the noise. He had grown accustomed to it, but his wife was easily startled, despite nearly a year in this nightmarish world.

"All right, if you say so," The woman nodded, hugging her husband tightly, the fear still evident in her eyes. She then lay down with her head on his lap, and he gently stroked her hair.

...

"Oops, I hope no one heard that," Myne muttered, hiding under the only window facing the backyard, which was tightly sealed with steel bars, and looking at the broken vase on the ground. He was distracted by a damn crow who come from god knows where and startled him.



"Phew, nobody seems to hear it. Safe. I need to be more careful. If something like that happened inside the house, I'd be in serious trouble," Myne whispered before slowly moving toward the back door.

{ Password: 651681 }

Click!

"Well, this mysterious power of mine seems custom-made for me. If I'd chosen to be a thief, I'd definitely become a legend," Myne chuckled, shaking his head as he opened the iron door, secured with an electronic lock that was easily bypassed thanks to the { ? }, the secret killer.

"Damn it, this house is huge... and so dirty! What do they do all day? Can't they clean up a bit?" Myne pushed aside a spider web and tiptoed inside. Thankfully, his night vision allowed him to see clearly, otherwise, with the furniture and objects scattered like a junk shop, it would be difficult to move without making noise.

"Now, where should I start looking?" Myne surveyed the large house with its many rooms, unsure where to begin. He had no idea what he was looking for, just hoping to get lucky. He didn't even believe Waffle or the others could be so near him in such a big city.

He began checking each room, finding most empty, with old furniture covered in sheets and nothing of value. Only the kitchen seemed regularly used, and he found a lot of meat in the freezer.

{ Something exciting going on inside. }

As Myne reached the first floor, a bright golden { ? } floating in front of a room at the end of the passage caught his eye. After reading the message, his eyes lit up, and he hurried toward it.

"Ah~ Not so hard, dear..."

"Paa! Paa! Paa!"

"Honey, please remove your tail, it's hurting me... Amm~ Yes, like that, deeper..."

As Myne approached the room, he heard a woman's voice and the unmistakable sound of slapping flesh. He immediately understood what was happening inside.

"Damn it, people are dying and becoming food outside, barely clinging to life, and these two bastards are enjoying themselves. The world really isn't fair," Myne cursed, but he didn't leave, driven by a mix of jealousy and curiosity. Instead, he slowly opened the door and peeked inside.

The room's interior was quite luxurious, though it wasn't as clean a little bit just like the rest of the house. A bed stood in the centre, and a lamp beside the bedside table illuminated the room with a dim orange light.

On the bed, a man lay atop a woman, her leg raised high, with him positioned between them, thrusting into her wildly. The bed shook violently as if it might break at any

moment, and the sounds of wet slapping, the man's panting, and the woman's incoherent cries echoed continuously through the room.

Myne, hoping to witness something exciting, was sadly met with nothing but the man's dark buttock, ruining his mood entirely. He promptly closed the door, cursing under his breath.

"Sigh, now I'm missing girls," Myne muttered, adjusting little brother in his pants, and proceeded to the second floor. Surprisingly, there were only two rooms on the entire floor. One had a "Not Wanting to See Anyone" sign hanging on it, and the other appeared to be a laboratory.

Myne opened the lab door and found it filled with various chemicals and the body parts of different monsters. A strange, rotten stench, mixed with chemicals permeated the room, and all sorts of things were scattered on the floor. Myne gave the lab a cursory glance and closed the door again. Anything related to the study and being unable to bring him instant benefits was not something Myne cared about.

{ Password: 354742. }

Click!

"Let's see what we have here! F\*ck! What is that smell?"

As the door to the other room opened, a stench hundreds of times more disgusting than a rotting corpse hit Myne's face. He nearly vomited everything he had eaten for dinner. Despite instantly covering his nose, the smell still managed to invade his nostrils, leaving him feeling as though he wouldn't be able to forget it for at least a week.

While enduring the revolting odour, Myne looked inside the room. The entire room resembled the bottom of a sewer, with disgusting, shit-like yellowish substances spread across the ground, and black liquid coating the ceiling.

There was no light or window, the room was completely sealed. A large monster around four meters tall looked like a meatball, seemingly made of tumorous flesh with large boils growing all over it, occasionally bursting like a volcano, spewing yellowish liquid, which was the source of the substances on the floor and the stench.

Beside the disgusting creature, a large blood bag hangs on the wall, continuously supplying fresh blood to it.

{ A half-unconscious mutant Polluted Anomaly, on the verge of losing sanity and turning into a monster. }

[ Level 3 Pollution Anomaly.

Abilities: Regeneration, Acid Spray, Minor Hypnosis.

Sanity Value: 2.1 ]

"Hmm, so each level grants an ability, huh? And why on earth would someone keep this disgusting thing in their house? Wouldn't it be better to dispose of it as soon as possible? Who knows when it might transform into a monster and devour everyone..."

"Maybe it was someone close to the couple before it turned into this thing, and they're unwilling to let it go," Myne guessed, which wasn't difficult to deduce, otherwise, someone wouldn't be supplying blood on a regular basis to the monster.

But why does this thing need blood in the first place? It has regeneration ability and doesn't seem to have left this place for a long time to get injured, He thought, confused, as he closed the door and walked downstairs.

"Forget it, what does it have to do with me? Now, the only place left is the basement, the creepiest place in any house. Since this couple doesn't mind taking care of that disgusting thing, I doubt their basement will be a nice place. I wouldn't be surprised if I found a few dozen dead bodies down there," Myne joked to lighten his mood.

As he passed the couple's bedroom, where their fierce battle was still ongoing, he peeked inside again and saw that the woman was now riding the man. She had a nice figure, a beautiful face, and long black hair, but sadly, C-cup breasts, which instantly ruined Myne's mood.

Being a big-boobs lover, he could accept even if she wasn't beautiful but not this, so he rolled his eyes and closed the door. Little did he know that his brief movement had been noticed by the woman.

The light from outside, however dim, was enough for her to see him in their dark room. However, before she could inform her husband that someone had invaded their house, her excited husband didn't give her time to speak. He locked her lips with his, pushed her onto the bed as if she wasn't doing her job properly, and started moving like a beast.

...

"This should be the basement," Myne thought, looking at the wooden door under the staircase, which was tightly locked with thick chains. Then, he moves his eyes to the { ? } on the lock.

{ Insert a thin wire and rotate it three times clockwise, then up and down, left and right, to open it. }

Within ten seconds, there was a clicking sound from the iron lock, and the chain loosened.

"That was much easier than I thought. No wonder there are so many thieves out there. Lock-picking is so damn easy. I better change my house and clan locks to magical ones, otherwise, I won't be able to sleep peacefully," Myne complained as he removed the chains and opened the basement door.

#### Chapter 657. A Poor Soul

"Damn, this smell is unbearable! Are those two incarnations of pigs, or what? How can they survive this stench?" Myne complained, tears welling up in his eyes. He'd always thought he'd seen and smelled enough disgusting things, nothing could surprise him anymore. Now, he realized how naive he'd been.

Holding his nose, Myne walked into the dark basement. A black liquid, mixed with something red, was spread across the staircase, making it very slippery. He carefully climbed down, only to find that the basement was so large it covered the entire house. A long, narrow passage, with small prison cell-like rooms on both sides and a special room sealed with iron chains, gives a creepy vibe at the end of the passage.

Myne casually opened the nearest cell. The cell was extremely small, with four iron shackles attached to the walls, and an unknown, dried-up liquid flaked onto the ground. Sadly, there was no one inside.

The same went for the other cells. It wasn't until he reached the second-to-last cell that he saw a poor man with a pale, lifeless face, dishevelled grey hair, so thin that his skin almost touched his bones, and both legs severed. He was hanging on the wall, iron shackles wrapped around his arms, and had a multitude of scars on his body, especially on his legs, where blood was continuously gushing out and falling into a wooden bucket beneath him.

The man's condition was dire; he was barely breathing, and it would have been surprising if, after receiving this level of "premium treatment," he were still fine.

"Hey? Can you hear me?" Myne walked into the cell and called out to the man.

"Seems unconscious... Should I...? But he looks in such bad condition, what if I make things worse?... Forget it, how much worse can it get?"

Slap! Slap!

"What!?"

As soon as Myne's hard slaps landed on the man's cheeks, he immediately opened his bloodshot eyes with a jolt and gave him a murderous glare, about to curse his entire family. But seeing that this time it wasn't the thin man who used him to slowly milk his blood, a look of confusion appeared on his face, which quickly turned into joy.

"Help me! Brother, please help me!" The man cried out in excitement.

"Oh, yes, for sure, but at least tell me what's going on here?" Myne wasn't surprised at the man's reaction. If someone used him to draw his blood continuously, with no sign of ending, he would also go crazy as well.

"There are two madmen living in this house. They capture people like us who have sanity and draw their blood for unknown purposes. When we lose our usefulness, they conduct all kinds of weird experiments on us... while keeping us conscious so we can feel the pain. They enjoy seeing others suffer."

"Please, brother, help me. I've been in this wretched place for nearly a month... My family is waiting for me. I went out to find food for them when those two bastards fooled me with their innocent looks and captured me..."

"You can imagine what will happen to them without someone protecting them... Please have mercy," The man started crying, trying to play the emotional card against Myne. But because he was focused on squeezing out fake tears, he failed to see Myne's murderous gaze, who was staring at the top of his head.

{ He wants to touch you by any means so he can gain control over your body through his ability. }

{ He thinks you look like a naive brat, easy to fool. He can tell you're an idiot who hasn't taken a social beating, just by looking at your face. }

{ You looked very tasty to him. He can't wait to eat you to satisfy his spiritual hunger and, of course, to recover his legs. }

"Another bastard who's looking down on me," He didn't mind if the other party wanted to eat him, as everyone seemed to want that, but the man, who was fooled and captured



by two perverts, actually thought he was a fool just because he was more handsome than him. Myne couldn't accept that. While gritting his teeth in anger, he took out the wooden box from behind him.

He was contemplating where to find someone who could help him conduct tests on the cursed knife. He wanted to determine the extent of its harmful curse, and what the ultimate consequences would be. Now that he had found a perfect scapegoat, he wouldn't let the opportunity slip away.

"Hey, brother, what are you doing? Please, can you free me? You can do this after releasing me. What if those two bastards come down and find you? Things might get complicated then. Those two aren't easy to deal with, you shouldn't underestimate them."

The man, seeing Myne deviate from the script, grew nervous. He spoke in a pitiful and anxious tone, trying his best to control the anger that threatened to erupt at any moment. After all, though he appeared normal, he was as corrupted as the other people in this world, and his temper was far from pleasant. Seeing Myne, a mere brat, disobey his commands, naturally, he was not happy.

However, the next second, his fake anxious expression turned into genuine fear, and his body trembled as he looked at the bloody knife in the wooden box.

"F\*ck! Bastard, why do you have a cursed object? Damn it, idiot, quickly throw it away!" The man stopped pretending, seeing his impending doom. He began cursing Myne, his words now genuinely panicked.

"Hehehe, brother, come on, you're making a mountain out of a molehill..." Myne mimicked the man's tone and let out a playful chuckle as he picked up the cursed knife with the help of two kitchen knives, ensuring he wouldn't be affected. He brought it before the man with a playful grin.

"Just grab it for one second, and I'll let you go, I swear. I found this on the road and wanted to test its effect... I'm very curious about the famous cursed object; I've never seen one before."

"Brother, oh my dear brother, you won't refuse my small request, right? Otherwise, I might be sad... You still want to reunite with your family, don't you?" Myne asked with a smile that looked no different than a devil's grin to the man.

Damn, another psychopath. Why do I always get stuck between these madmen? The man cursed his luck, but in the end, he accepted his fate and gave in.

After all, what other option did he have? It wasn't as if he could kick Myne out, saying he didn't need his help, and lose his only chance to escape from this hell, right? He knew his condition very well; if nothing unexpected happened, he had at most a week before he would be lying on the laboratory table like the other prisoners, watching those two bastards dissect him bit by bit.

"Don't you dare break the promise, I warn you, otherwise my spirit will hunt you to your death." The man gritted his teeth and opened his fist, gesturing for Myne to bring the knife closer.

Of course, the reason he decided to touch the cursed knife wasn't entirely because he believed Myne's nonsense. Actually, he himself had only heard legends about cursed objects and had never seen one. So, he didn't truly know how dangerous they were and always thought those stories were fake.

Otherwise, if they were as dangerous as people said, why were those people still alive? Many stories also mentioned that once someone was recognized by a cursed object, they would gain unpredictable power. So, there was a sliver of hope in his heart that he could

control this weapon at the last moment of his life, just like a protagonist, and change his destiny in one fell swoop.

"AHHHH!!!"

However, just like Myne, as soon as he held the handle of the bloody knife, he started screaming in pain, which lasted only a second before his eyes turned dark, like bottomless holes, and he became completely silent.

"Was I also in such a weird state when I was under the illusion? It's quite creepy," Myne muttered and observed the man closely, only to find that the other party's already pale face was growing even paler, and his body was shaking weirdly. The right hand, which was holding the knife, suddenly developed purple veins that began popping out and soon spread across his entire arm and neck, like crawling worms.

As time passed, Myne saw that the man, unlike him, who had broken out of the illusion in a few seconds, showed no sign of emerging.

Just as Myne was wondering if he should give the man some stimulation, like a light slap, to try to wake him up, he saw the man suddenly turn his head towards him, eyes wide open.

Chapter 658. One Down, Two to Go

Roar!

"F\*ck! What's going on?" Myne jumped two steps back from the man who suddenly began behaving violently, struggling to break free from shackles.

"Is he under the control of the knife?" Myne realized that although the man was acting strangely as if possessed by a ghost eager to hack him to pieces, it didn't seem like he was doing this of his own volition. It was more like someone was controlling him, while his consciousness remained trapped in an illusion.

"So, if someone can't break free from the illusion of the cursed knife, they become its puppet? Why did it seem like this knife was trying everything to keep me away from it?"

"Sigh, nowadays, even a knife shows gender discrimination. When that beautiful woman in red wielded it, it didn't affect her. But when any man tries to use it, it does everything to screw them over. Where's the equality and fairness? I want justice!"

Myne complained, feeling heartbroken, and watched the man struggle to break free from the shackles, continuously letting out screams like a woman in labour. Because of his useless struggle, he worsened his old injuries, and the rate of blood loss increased significantly.

This meaningless struggle lasted for about thirty seconds before all the man's blood was either spilt on the ground or squeezed out by the knife, which seemed to be a big fan of blood and didn't miss any chance to drain its victims. Myne had experienced it before and had to admit that the feeling wasn't great at all.

So, the poor guy died just like that, and even until his last moment, he couldn't break free from the illusion.

"No wonder Mother always warned me not to take free things from others. This is indeed too dangerous..." Myne let out a heavy breath and walked forward to retrieve the knife, but found that even in death, the man was gripping it so tightly that even with Myne's four times strength compared to a normal adult, he had to expend considerable effort to pry his fingers open.

"Wait... since I can't touch the knife directly, what if I do it another way?"

Myne suddenly paused his action and stared at the knife in the man's hand with bright eyes, a crazy idea forming in his mind, which sounded perfectly feasible to him.

...

{ Password: 0764821. }

{ Insert a thin wire and rotate it three times clockwise, then up and down, left and right, to open it. }

Ohh, this lock is exactly the same as the previous one. These people don't take today's thief seriously at all. They have no creativity...

"Huh! Someone is coming!"

Just as Myne was removing the chains from the iron door at the end of the corridor, his last unexplored area in this large house he never wanted to return to, he suddenly heard a man's loud cursing and a woman's anxious, crying voice coming from the entrance of the basement. Clearly, the man's screams had disturbed the couple's intimate moment, and they had run down to investigate.

"Honey, be quick! I told you I saw someone roaming in our house, but you didn't listen to me. Now he's already entered our basement. What if he messes everything up? I warn you, if anything happens to my little angel because of you, I will never forgive you... Did you hear that..."

Slap!

"For God's sake, shut the hell up, you damn b\*tch!"

The husband, who could no longer hold back because of his wife's continuous nagging and was also frustrated because he had to get out of bed without releasing his pent-up pressure, gave his wife a hard slap, making her white cheek swell, and she fell to the ground in a daze, she couldn't believe that her husband dares to hit her.

Not caring about his wife, the husband then picked up the axe he had brought with him and began breaking down the door that Myne had locked from the inside. After all, as a die-hard fan of horror novels, there is no way Myne would made such a low-level mistake of leaving the door unlocked for the enemy to enter silently and give him a surprise from behind.

As for the woman, after receiving her husband's "love," she sobbed a bit, pretending to be pitiful, but seeing that her husband showed no sign of apologizing and instead looked like the next axe blow would land on her, she honestly cursed him under her breath and angrily rushed back to her room, her cry gets louder with each of her steps.

"God damn b\*tch, if not for the fact that I need her body and her powers, I would have cut her into pieces long ago."

Because pollution had eroded most people's sanity, and it was hard to find someone with a good temper, the husband was naturally not a gentle person who cared about his wife. He was merely tolerating her for the sake of his little brother and his stomach, as they had to rely on each other to feed themselves.

Otherwise, if they ate too much-contaminated meat from the monsters outside, they would become abnormal mutants with weird body shapes, like Myne's dear neighbour, and no longer be in their human shape with normal brain, still having desires for sex and looking for a way to heal their daughter.

Bang!

"Damn! Finally, let's see which motherf\*cker dares to sneak into my house. Just today, I was thinking about going outside to find another experiment material, and one delivered himself to my laboratory. What more could I ask for?"

The husband tightened his grip on his axe and slowly entered the basement. Though he was very angry, he didn't lower his guard and was extremely cautious, each step taken with full vigilance, not wanting to give his enemy any chance to attack first.

"Damn it, how the hell did he unlock all my high-tech locks? All of them were modified by myself, and even a top-class hacker would need to spend at least half an hour to break each lock. How the f\*ck did he do that, and where did he get the key to the physical lock?" The husband, seeing his main lab door open, cursed angrily and rushed towards it without caring about anything else. His lab held his life's work; if anything happened to it, he would lose everything, a pain greater than death.

However, as soon as he opened the door, a bright white light covered his eyes, as powerful as a flash bomb exploding in his face. The husband instinctively covered his eyes instead of dodging or creating distance from the unexpected attack. This was of course his natural reaction, after all, he is a researcher, not a warrior. No matter how vigilant he was, or how aware he was of an enemy waiting for him, he couldn't avoid the subconscious reaction at the critical moment.

But his mistake was an opportunity for someone else. As soon as he covered his eyes, Myne, who was ready to act, instantly inserted the cursed knife into the man's head and moved back, waiting for the woman's reaction.

With fourfold strength, he was confident he could deal with that cowardly woman with ease, and now he also has an additional trump card with him, so he is more confident.

Thud!

The husband didn't even get a chance to see the enemy. Before Myne's right eye stopped releasing the super-powerful light, the man's body fell to the ground with a thud, his life extinguished just like that—a cheap death for a great scientist who didn't abandon his profession even in such a hellish world with almost no help or resources.

"Well, their relationship doesn't seem as harmonious as I thought," Myne looked at the empty corridor and the dead body of the thin husband before him and chuckled jokingly.

"Woof! Woof!"

"Yes, yes, I know, I know. You're angry that they fooled you, but he's already dead. What's the point of venting your anger on him? Also, why the hell are your skills still working fine while mine are sealed?" Myne watched Ted shoot lasers at the dead man's body to vent his anger and shook his head helplessly. He hadn't expected the random house he chose would turn out to be blind arrow-hitting bull eyes, and he indeed found one of the trio here.

When he entered the lab, he saw Ted tightly locked onto an iron table, his head covered with a metal helmet, and machines continuously but slowly extracting his blood into bottles. He understood immediately that this couple was using Ted's blood to maintain



their sanity, just as the tentacle uncle had told him: every normal person or animal in this world was abnormal in the eyes of everyone else.

"Hmm, but this knife is really greedy. Even the corpse didn't spread," Myne sighed helplessly as he watched the cursed knife, like a greedy beast, quickly suck up all the blood from the husband's body, leaving only a dry corpse behind.

Shaking his head, Myne grabbed the man's hand, which still tightly held the handle of the cursed knife despite being severed from the body, and pulled it out of the husband's head.

This was the idea he had come up with to use the cursed knife. Since he couldn't directly touch the knife, he decided to touch something else, like someone else's hand holding the knife. Although the idea was childish, it worked, so he didn't mind using it. He was very open-minded in this regard. But to avoid unnecessary recognition from others and earning the title of a pervert or psychopath, he wrapped duct tape around the hand on the knife handle to cover it up.

"All right, there's nothing useful for us here. Let's go deal with that woman before looking for others. I hope you're telling the truth and can indeed sense them; otherwise, things are going to be complicated." He grabbed Ted's fluffy, hairy neck, lifted him, and walked out of the laboratory, which wasn't a place a human could stay for more than three seconds.

Only crazy scientists or madmen wouldn't mind this kind of gloomy, humid, scary atmosphere, full of negative aura and dead bodies everywhere, staring at you, sending chills down your spine.

"Woof-woof!"

"What!? You want to eat something? Right now?" Myne, hearing Ted's request, gave him a puzzled look. He had already told him about their situation, and this bastard, despite being easily caught, still dared to ask for food? If not for the fact that he was a victim and had already suffered enough, Myne would have given him a "love fist" to check whether the crazy scientist had messed up his brain.

"Woof-woof-woof!"

"Well, that's also true. Fine, let's go find something for you. I think I saw some fresh meat in the kitchen," Myne, hearing the other party's reasonable excuse, nodded and brought him out. After taking meat from the freezer, he gave everything to Ted. While leaving him alone to eat, he himself came to the couple's bedroom and slowly peeked inside, wanting to see why the woman had returned to her room midway for no reason, instead of helping her husband to deal with him."

Chapter 659 659. Sinister Embrace

The room remained as dark as ever, with a dim orange light offering a sliver of illumination. The woman sat inside, her back turned to Myne, and to his surprise, she was completely naked.

{ She was waiting for her husband to coax her, to apologize for slapping her and calling her a b\*tch. }

{ She knew her husband had a volatile temper, and the only way to maintain control over him was through his lust. }

{ She is extremely horny and eager to resume the interrupted sexual encounter, which was disturbed by the intruder. }

{ She hoped her husband would embrace her from behind, gently kiss her neck, and create a sensual atmosphere while apologizing, before moving to the next step. }

Well, this lady certainly has many fantasies... Myne thought with a chuckle.

"So, she returned midway because her husband, unable to tolerate her nagging and crying, resorted to beating her, huh? She doesn't strike me as someone with a strong will and seems easy to bully... If only she had larger breasts, she'd be perfectly my type," Myne muttered regretfully. However, this didn't deter him from forming a sinister plan in his heart.

"Since she was seemingly powerless and in the mood for some "fun," it would be a shame to disappoint such a "nice" lady," Muttering with a playful grin, licking his lips. He slowly walked into the room and locked the door. He then placed the cursed knife on a stool beside the bed and cautiously climbed onto the bed on all fours.

The woman, sensing a presence behind her, immediately grew excited. She assumed her perverted husband, unable to resist seeing her naked back, would instantly give in and approach her, tail wagging like a dog.

However, wanting to feign anger, she crossed her arms beneath her breasts and closed her eyes. She had resolved not to look at him until he begged for forgiveness. His slap still stung, and on top of that, the bastard had called her a "useless b\*tch." How could she tolerate that? Yes, she understood he was under immense pressure, but that didn't mean she was having an easy time. If she forgave him too easily, where was her dignity?

Just as she was daydreaming, she felt strong arms wrap around her waist, and someone breathing softly near her ear.

Weird, why does he smell so nice? Did he find perfume on that intruder? she wondered. But it's a good thing. Most of the time, he smells like a dead rat. At least tonight, I won't have to endure his disgusting odour. She nodded with satisfaction, continuing to pretend to be angry and letting him proceed.

Myne, seeing the woman in such a receptive mood and unable to distinguish him from her husband, grew bolder. Because she appeared to have just showered, which was seen from her wet hair, and the strong scent of shampoo coming from her body, he didn't have to worry about her body having her husband's mark.

He gently began rubbing his nose around her white neck inhaling her scent and then reached for her small C-cup breasts, massaging them gently. Although they weren't his preferred size, he felt that a change in taste for novelty and experience was necessary in life—otherwise, everything would feel dull.

While convincing himself to compromise with his moral "aesthetics," Myne, enjoying the feel of her small breasts, grasped them and teased her nipples.

"Ahm~"

The woman let out a soft moan, already feeling hot, but she didn't give in, maintaining her crossed arms and straight back, determined not to make it easy for Myne.

Huh? Weird, why is he still playing with my breasts? He's never done this before. Most of the time, he just squeezes them for fun before thrusting his small stick inside me. But today, he's not only being very gentle but also teasing my nipples. This isn't his style...

Seeing that her supposed husband wasn't proceeding to the next step but was calmly playing with her breasts, seemingly with no intention of stopping, she opened her eyes

and blinked in confusion. She had known her husband for over ten years and was well aware of his habits.

This sudden change in style was something she couldn't accept. Confused, she lowered her head slightly and saw two not-so-muscular but youthful white hands playfully massaging her breasts. Their movements indicated that the owner was skilled in such matters.

However, upon seeing the unfamiliar hands, the woman's face instantly paled. It didn't take her long to realize that the person behind her wasn't her husband but the enemy he was supposed to have killed in the basement. And since the enemy was behind her, and her husband was missing, it didn't require much deduction to conclude that her husband's body might already be cold.

"Hello, beautiful... I hope you're enjoying my services..."

"Ahhm!!!"

Hearing Myne's gentle voice near her ear, the woman instinctively wanted to scream, but a hand tightly covered her mouth.

"Don't scream. There's no one to hear you anyway, and I'm really not in the mood to listen to your ear-piercing noise, do you understand?" Myne pulled out the kitchen knife, tucked it into his back pocket, and then pressed it against the woman's neck.

Seeing her nod, her expression frightened and tears already streaming down her face, Myne instantly understood her character. A superb plan to pull this "hot babe" onto his pirate ship quickly formed in his mind.

In an unknown world full of danger, if there's anything you should have besides absolute power, it's cannon fodder to test the waters. Who knew if you encountered a seemingly harmless monster, easy to bully, but the other party turned out to be a world-class boss playing "pig eats tiger"? You might not even have a chance to feel regret before losing your life. So, in any team, two or more cannon fodder members were necessary to ensure the core members didn't have to sacrifice themselves for the greater good.

Of course, Myne's "little brother" was another reason he wanted this beauty in the team. After all, it was still unknown when he would be able to escape this world.

"Good. From now on, you are my woman. Your life and death are entirely in my control, and you have to do whatever I say, no matter what. Understand?" Myne asked seriously, picking up the cursed knife and waving it in front of the woman to intimidate her with its deadly aura and increase his momentum.

The woman, who had still held onto the hope of turning the tables after creating distance from Myne, saw the cursed knife with blood dripping from its tip and the deadly aura surrounding it. The courage to resist she had painstakingly built instantly collapsed like a house of cards.

She fell to her knees and gave him a "kowitz," acknowledging Myne as her master, leaving him completely speechless. After all, even in his world, people didn't have the tradition of "kowitz"; even slaves only bowed before their masters. So, seeing the woman react so strongly, he didn't know what to say.

But because he wanted to maintain his bossy aura, he snorted arrogantly and walked out of the bedroom without saying anything, though in his heart, he was very excited about acquiring a sexy beauty who seemed very obedient.

After dealing with the woman, Myne first went to the "meatball monster" on the second floor, who seemed to be the woman's daughter. After thinking for a moment, he righteously inserted the cursed knife into the other party's body.

The curse knife didn't disappoint him and, within a minute, it sucked away all the blood from the "meatball" and took its life. It wasn't that Myne wanted to take everything from the woman she loved and see her suffer, but without the husband continuously injecting various machines and the blood of other creatures, there was no way to stabilize her daughter's condition. She would soon become a powerful mutated monster, which was something Myne was in no condition to deal with, so he simply removed the source of trouble.

As for how to explain this to his new slave, well, there was no need to. Myne believed that his cowardly slave understood his intentions; otherwise, he wouldn't mind reuniting the entire family.

When he returned to the first floor, he saw the woman still busy getting dressed. He went to Ted, who had devoured all the meat and was in high spirits. Perhaps because the meat saved by the couple seemed less contaminated, Ted didn't receive any special mutant abilities like Myne and was perfectly normal.

Five minutes later, while Myne and Ted were discussing the whereabouts of Waffle and Ocea, the woman finally came downstairs wearing tight leather pants, a black shirt, and a brown jacket, her hair tied in a ponytail, with a little makeup on her face.

She looked extremely nervous, not even daring to look into Myne's eyes, and just stood beside him anxiously, wondering if Myne would vent his anger on her for mistreating his dog. Only after seeing Myne happily chatting with the weird dog she and her husband had caught did she understand that Ted was his pet.

"Let's go, we have a lot of work to do," Myne said, ignoring the cowardly woman and leading Ted and her out of the house. As he returned to the street, the uneasy and

suffocating feeling returned, and he couldn't help but frown. Before he could ask the woman about it, he saw a hyena-like dog, which he had previously seen hanging on top of the pole at the end of the street, somehow get down and call its brother. They were now walking toward them.

Chapter 660 660. Following the Giants

The woman was clearly not someone who liked venturing outside her house. Before this, most outdoor activities had been handled by her husband. So, although she knew there were all kinds of weird and powerful monsters out there, seeing a zombie-like hyena, 1.5 meters tall, staring at her with its tongue lolling out, she was frightened to death. She quickly hid behind Myne, hugging him tightly.

"Hey, if you cling to me like a koala, how am I supposed to deal with them? Do you want us all to die? Get off!"

Bang!

Myne showed no mercy for his new slave and delivered a powerful blow. While he wanted some cannon fodder in his team for emergency purposes, he wouldn't tolerate a useless pig teammate who only caused trouble.

After receiving Myne's "love," the woman regained her senses and quickly moved away from him, tears in her eyes, clutching her head, which throbbed painfully.

"Ted, don't touch them or let them touch you. They're poisonous."

"Woof!"



Hearing Myne's instructions, Ted, who could still use his skills, nodded and flew into the sky under the woman's dumbfounded gaze. He attacked one of the hyenas from the side, bombarding it with his Lesser Eyes skill.

Meanwhile, the remaining hyena rushed towards Myne. Although the monster was extremely fast, it lacked any semblance of intelligence.

Myne gripped the cursed knife tightly and turned his wrist as the hyena lunged. The sharp blade chopped quickly and accurately, and with his four times strength, it sliced through the monster's neck like tofu, easily decapitating it with almost no resistance.

"My strength and speed are much higher than that of an average person, the monsters in this city, except for the level one, don't seem easy to deal with," Myne muttered, watching Ted finish off the other hyena.

He kicked the severed head away and continued walking down the street with Ted and his new slave, who was completely dumbfounded by the strength displayed by Myne and Ted. She suddenly found the idea of following them not so bad.

Although some monsters appeared along the way, each encounter became progressively weirder and scarier, but their levels remained similar to the hyenas at the beginning, posing little danger. Most of the time, Myne didn't have to do anything; Ted handled everything effortlessly.

As they walked to the next block, they finally encountered level-two pollution anomalies.

[ Name: Level 2 Pollution Anomaly

Ability: Sonic Wave, Rush

San Value: 0 ]

"Thankfully, the strength and agility of the level two monsters weren't much higher than the first ones, and their abilities were physical and easy to counter," Myne breathed a sigh of relief. Otherwise, after seeing their creepy appearances, he would have thought someone had suddenly switched the difficulty from normal to nightmare.

Another important point was that Ted provided aerial support. Because most monsters couldn't fly, Ted could fully utilize his flying ability and Lesser Eyes skill, preventing most monsters from even getting close before their heads exploded. This was also why Myne was so eager to find Waffle and Ocea. If they could also use their skills and abilities like Ted, his chances of survival would increase significantly.

"This is the third block. The pollution is noticeably stronger."

"That means our direction is correct. The closer we get to the source of the pollution, the more serious the pollution will be."

Myne could already clearly hear all kinds of hissing sounds. It was like they were resonating with his head, making it hard not to be affected.

"Ahem, Master...?" Just as Myne was wondering whether he should continue moving forward towards the city centre, his slave brought him out of his thoughts.

"What?" Myne turned his head and looked at the woman, who had been silent since they left her house.

"I... I can't take it anymore. Those voices... they're driving me crazy."

To Myne's surprise, his slave, who had been fine just moments ago, was now lying on the ground, clutching her head. Her eyes had turned completely black, devoid of pupils. Occasionally, she would fall into a trance-like state for a few seconds and begin muttering some kind of strange prayer, which sounded very creepy.

Myne had noticed her weird movements before, but he thought they might be a personal quirk, and since she hadn't complained, he hadn't thought much of it. Now, he finally understood it was definitely not normal.

He also noticed that not only could he hear those creepy hissing voices in his mind, but his vision was also slowly but steadily darkening. Unlike before, when it darkened slightly with each point of San value lost, he was now losing San value points at a rapid pace.

"Are you sure they're not there?" Myne turned to Ted, who, for some reason, seemed completely unaffected by the weird phenomenon around them.

"Woof-woof-woof!"

"All right, I know..."

Boom!

"What was that?"

Myne quickly looked in the direction of the explosion and saw a giant monster, about 50 meters tall, with an eight-legged, spider-like structure, but the upper body of a crab. It had burst out of a massive building, blasting it apart, and was rushing toward the city centre.

Just as Myne wondered if he was hallucinating—how could such a large monster exist here?—Another figure appeared from the opposite side. This time, it was a humanoid monster holding a giant stone pillar. It let out a loud roar, seemingly angered that the spider creature was fleeing instead of fighting, and gave chase.

"Motherf\*cker! What the hell was that? Two big bosses fighting in the street?" Myne cursed, his eyes wide. He suddenly noticed that all the polluted monsters, which had previously wandered outside and occasionally harassed them, had disappeared. There was no one else around.

Not wanting to waste such a golden opportunity, he quickly retrieved the golden, broken watch from inside his shirt and pressed the button on top twice.

{ Name: Clock

Type: Polluted Item

Quality: Poor

Function: After winding the spring, you will be immune to 90% of pollution for the next five minutes. Can slightly recover lost Sanity Value.

Usage limit: Three times per day. }

As the clock's needle began to move, Myne felt his mind clear. The roaring noises around him were reduced to an extremely low level, and his vision, which had darkened to one-tenth of its normal clarity, brightened, showing signs of recovery.

Knowing his time was limited, Myne ordered his slave to hide in a corner and asked Ted to carry him toward the centre. The path was obstructed by debris from the destroyed buildings, making it difficult to move on foot.

As they flowed high in the sky between the building and approached the centre, Myne looked towards the end of the block. He could see huge shadows looming in the fog, some carrying objects as large as buses on their backs. Their footsteps were heavy on the ground.

"What kind of place is this that can give birth to so many giant and creepy monsters?"

Myne, who had come out to gather essential information, never returned empty-handed. He had already confirmed with Ted that neither Waffle nor Ocea was in the city centre, making his task easier. He could now be bolder and attempt to see what was being guarded by so many giant monsters.

As the saying goes, the most dangerous place is also the safest. Myne instructed Ted to follow the giant humanoid monster, which was wreaking havoc in the city because the spider monster had escaped its grasp and was now venting its frustration.

The huge, strange creature moved slowly, unaware of the mosquito-like Myne and Ted trailing behind it, allowing them to quickly reach the end of the street.

At the dilapidated intersection, Ted slowed down and carefully positioned them so they could peek around the corner of a building. Now much closer to the centre, Myne felt the roaring sound, like the howling of thousands of evil ghosts, assault his brain.

But under the clock's immunity, he instantly became clear-headed.

Finally, he saw the street a thousand meters away, where the city centre was located.

All the buildings had been razed to the ground, and astonishingly huge monsters were slowly moving around, acting as guards.

A jellyfish-like tentacle monster covered the sky like a dark shadow. It had a strange humanoid shape with disproportionate limbs, and its head looked like it had two sirens attached. It was walking slowly.

There was also a mountain of flesh covered with pus, each piece covered in eyes.

Just seeing this monster caused Myne's vision to darken, clearly indicating a loss of another point of sanity.

He understood that the remaining 10% of the clock's effect was being overwhelmed by high-level pollution, which was beyond the clock's immunity range.

And in the centre, there seemed to be something, but he couldn't see it clearly because of the monsters blocking his view. Thankfully, something resolved Myne's doubts.

"Is that the source of the contamination?"

Although Myne couldn't see the centre, he could see { ? } and { ! }, but they were too far away to gather more information. However, their giant size and dark, bloody colour made their nature clear.

Myne ordered Ted to return the way they came. He now knew the source of the trouble, and the information he had was sufficient.

The next step was to return and make long-term plans. Each of those terrifying giant monsters was extremely dangerous, and he couldn't contend with them now.

Relying solely on the clock and Ted's support, the probability of bypassing the monsters and reaching the centre was probably no more than 1%.

Ten minutes later, Myne returned to the apartment, carrying two level 2 monster corpses that looked somewhat edible, along with the cheerful Ted and his tired slave, who seemed to have endured too much pollution by going to the centre with him and was now in poor spirits, looking in bad condition.

He placed one of the monsters in the freezer in the kitchen, which was filled with all kinds of strange parts, including eyeballs, tentacles, and ears filled with rusty nails, among other things. It seemed these were leftovers from the landlord's cooking.

Just as he was about to return to his room to settle Ted and the woman before fulfilling his promise to the woman in red, the heavy sound of footsteps echoed slowly, and a terrifying low voice rang out.