

Cheat. A 661

Chapter 661 661. The Predator

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.

"As far as I remember, today is not your turn to take duty. What are you doing here brat, and where did you find those two?"

Myne turned around and saw the bandaged guy standing at the entrance of the kitchen, staring at the three of them with unconcealed greed in his eyes, barely able to control himself from pouncing on them.

"But it doesn't matter."

He stared at Myne for a second before looking at the woman, sending a chill down her spine. She hurriedly hid behind Myne, prompting him to laugh strangely as he held a sickle in his hand.

"You know you're so popular, yet you still dare to run around with your small gang."

"I have to say, I'm really lucky today."

The sickle in the bandaged guy's hand flashed a startling cold light and came directly towards Myne. He clearly didn't consider Ted and the woman a threat; in his eyes, only

Myne was worth paying attention to, and the other two were just fish on a chopping board, to be dealt with at any moment.

Myne cursed the bandaged guy, he first pushed the woman away and quickly retreated.

The opponent's strength was at least at level two pollution, not a significant threat, but unlike the monsters outside, he wasn't just a simple mutant. Not only did he possess weird abilities, but most importantly, he had a brain, which was the deadliest part, making Myne wary of underestimating him.

The sickle stabbed hard into the wooden board next to him.

The bandaged guy seemed to be an old resident of the apartment. Although his action of attacking another tenant in the kitchen seemed foolish, he was actually very familiar with the kitchen's taboos and knew what was safe and what would cause punishment.

Seeing Myne dodge his attack with ease, he became even more excited. "I will cut off you and your companions' limbs and drag all three of you into the house to enjoy slowly."

The bandaged guy rushed forward again, and the bandages all over his body seemed to move, suddenly stretching out and rolling towards Myne.

It seemed this was his ability: controlling bandages, not very powerful. Myne thought calmly as he swung the cursed knife to cut off the bandages around him, but his sickle blew a cold wind in the dark kitchen, about to cut Myne in half with a deadly arc.

"Bang!"

Myne blocked it with his knife and took a few steps back.

Seeing Myne in difficulty, the bandaged guy became bolder and more confident, feeling his victory was imminent. In excitement, he tore off the bandages on his face, revealing a lipless mouth and a row of scarlet teeth.

"Those idiots didn't do anything, waiting for their perfect opportunity, so I get to have it all to myself! Hahaha! I'm really lucky!"

"Hahaha your mother, f*ck you bastard, die... TED!"

After scouting, Myne stretched out his palm, revealing the eye on his left hand.

"Bang!"

The palm eye opened, and a strong and dazzling light quickly burst out, illuminating the entire kitchen to an extreme degree!

Myne's original intention was to blind the bandaged guy and then take advantage of the situation to attack, just as he had done with the husband back then. But he didn't expect that the moment the light appeared, the bandaged guy would tremble all over and reveal a look of extreme pain, with white steam coming out of his body as if someone had thrown acid on him.

Myne was surprised beyond words because this hadn't happened with the husband.

"Is this eye of mine releasing holy light?" This was the only explanation he could think of for this weird phenomenon.

But this unexpected surprise didn't hinder Myne and Ted's movements.

As soon as he released the light, Ted had already hit the bandaged guy's back of the head with his lesser eyes at full power, and Myne himself quickly stepped forward, and the cursed knife stabbed out from the side of his right wrist, suddenly piercing into the bandaged guy's chest with significant momentum.

The bandaged guy's eyes widened and became bloodshot, and he screamed while falling to the ground, "Hiss, it hurts, it hurts so much."

"It's normal to feel pain; it happens the first time," Myne comforted the other party while putting some distance between them, with the cursed knife still inside him. It was only a matter of seconds before the other party would become another victim of the knife's hunger.

The bandaged guy didn't understand Myne's lame joke, but he acted crazy, seeing his death approaching. "Even if you kill me, you can't escape! Those guys are staring at you; you will die!"

Myne's face was calm, with a hint of pity for the naive bandaged guy. He shook his head, revealing an expression that the other party couldn't decipher, before speaking softly. "Don't worry, I will visit everyone, one by one. No one can escape. I will soon cleanse this place completely."

The bandaged guy collapsed, trembling. After continuous convulsions, his body gradually lost its life, the cursed knife-absorbing ability didn't disappoint Myne.

He looked at the corpse under his feet with a satisfied smile, pulling the cursed knife from the bandaged guy's chest. Just then, a dangerous and bold idea came to him.

"I certainly need assistance," He muttered, glancing at Ted, who remained unimpressed by such a simple one-side battle, appearing lazy. On the other hand, his slave, the woman was trembling in fear; Myne did not doubt that if he let out a shout at her, she would wet herself.

Shaking his head, he placed the bandaged guy's body in the freezer, washed the blood off himself, and ascended the spiral staircase to the first floor.

To his surprise, a large number of { ? } appeared in his field of vision... Well, there weren't many only three.

{ They are all staring at you, wanting to monopolize you. }

{ They smell a scent more delicious beside you and are even more excited. }

"Were they holding back from attacking because they were wary of each other?" Myne pondered, rubbing his chin.

"No wonder the bandaged guy was so excited when he found me alone."

Although he planned to send them all to their company the bandage guy in the underworld, he ignored them for now and proceeded to the second floor, opened his room, and walked inside.

Thanks to the bandaged guy's efforts, the room was a mess, furniture broken and strewn about randomly. The word "DIE" was written with the black liquid Myne saw inside the toilet on the walls. The other party has done everything he could to disgust him.

"Clean the room and don't wander outside. Ted, make sure she doesn't cause trouble. If she acts up, kill her," Myne said coldly to the woman, who nodded hurriedly, like a frightened rabbit.

After receiving an affirmative nod from Ted, he returned to the first floor and knocked on room number three. Although the woman in red hadn't given him her room number, the other tenants, glued to their doors and peering through peepholes, made it easy to deduce.

"Oh, you're still alive, and you even brought me a gift... So sweet, I'm impressed," The woman in red opened the door with a confused expression hearing knocking. Seeing Myne standing at her doorstep with a bright smile and a large monster on his shoulder, she couldn't help but praise him.

"It's only natural, after all, I took something from you. How could I not fulfil your little request?" Myne replied, observing the woman in red. Aside from the extra blood on her hands, she appeared unchanged.

"Well, since you're here, would you like to come in?" The woman in red opened the door halfway, revealing a room bathed in red light, creating an eerie atmosphere. She asked politely.

Myne, having read her inner thoughts and knowing she was merely teasing and had no ulterior motives, confidently pushed the door open, and under her surprised eyes, he confidently walked inside as if he visiting his girlfriend. He even took the initiative to lock the door, saying outside is unsafe.

"You have quite simple tastes. I thought a lady like you would have a unique style," Myne commented, looking at the plain furniture but strange paintings on the walls. Compared to his small room, the woman in red's apartment was quite large, with a living room, a bedroom, a kitchen, and an extra room.

"Oh, dear, you shouldn't judge a book by its cover," She said with a smile, taking the monster from Myne and dragging it to the kitchen, gesturing for him to sit on the couch.

Myne complied, his eyes fixed on the woman in red's back as she slightly opened the kitchen door and entered, giving him a charming smile, but she had no intention of letting him peek into her kitchen.

Chapter 662 662. The Red Woman's Hospitality

"Seems like you found a way to use my knife."

After a minute, she returned with a drink, smiling as she saw her knife on the table, its handle bulging and wrapped with duct tape.

"If you had told me about this trick, I might not have lost so much hair thinking how to use it," Myne complained, looking at the strange drink in the glass. Its dark red colour

raised doubts, and the occasional bubbles bursting on the surface didn't inspire his confidence to bring it close to his lips.

"Drink it. What are you waiting for? It's good for your health. Don't you trust me?" The woman in red, seeing Myne staring at the drink with a forced smile, giggled. She leaned against the couch, one leg crossed over the other, arms crossed, and stared at him playfully.

{ This is a mixture of different creatures' blood, boiled with mutant herbs. It contains a little bit of pollution, but not much. It's good for controlling bloodlust and specific symptoms of a curse. }

After reading the description of the { ? } on the drink, Myne breathed a sigh of relief. For a second, he genuinely thought the beautiful lady wanted to kill him by feeding him some kind of poison.

{ She found you more interesting than she expected. }

{ She couldn't wait to serve you the dishes she made and see your reaction. }

{ She didn't dislike you and think you are annoying. }

If she has this kind of weird cooking style, I understand why she's so eager to serve me her cooking. Why am I getting Aisha vibes from her? Sigh, why are all beautiful women so mischievous? Can't they be normal like my little slave? Myne sighed, shaking his head, and took a small sip of the drink. However, the next second he opened his eyes with shock, because to his surprise, although the drink looked creepy and weird, it tasted very good, and he gulped down the rest of it without realizing it.

"Weirdo... He actually trusts a stranger and drinks something unknown. Where does his confidence come from?" The woman in red watched Myne gulp down her drink calmly and couldn't help but marvel at his blind trust in her. This was something she had never seen before.

"How was it?" She asked with a smile.

"Nice... Can I have one more?" Myne put down the glass, wiped his mouth, and asked excitedly. He hadn't expected that this weird-looking drink would be so good. And because he had been wandering outside for hours, and even before that had only eaten a little because the stingy landlord hadn't cooked enough food for everyone, he had barely filled his stomach.

Now, after seeing something delicious and pollution-free, naturally, he wouldn't shy away and ask boldly. Anyway, he had already bought enough materials for her to cook as much as she wanted; having an additional stomach didn't matter much.

"Sorry, dear, this is my special medicine. I have very little, and can't give you any more. But since you look hungry, how about I cook something for you?" The woman in red awkwardly refused Myne's request, as she really didn't have enough of this drink. If she didn't take it herself on time, there was a high possibility that she might get out of control, and that was something she didn't want to see.

"Really!? That would be fantastic!" Myne, who was already hungry and found that the woman in red was a good chef, albeit one who liked playing with her guests, replied excitedly.

"But I don't want to be a burden on you. Let me help you with the cooking. I have quite a lot of experience as an assistant," He continued as he got up and walked toward the kitchen.

"I don't think it's a good idea for you to enter the kitchen," The woman in red hurriedly blocked Myne's path and said nervously.

"Ah, don't be shy. How bad can it be anyway?" Myne didn't take her warning seriously. He gently pushed her aside and walked into the kitchen with his chest held high. However, after seeing the horrifying view inside, he nodded his head for a few seconds before honestly walking back and closing the door behind him.

"You really need to clean it. By the way, where is the bathroom?" Myne said to the woman in red, who was covering her face embarrassedly. Hearing his question, she pointed at the bedroom, and Myne walked toward it without saying much. Soon, the loud sound of vomiting could be heard from inside the bathroom.

"I told you not to go there," The woman in red handed Myne water as he walked out of the bathroom with a pale face. Clearly, what he saw inside the kitchen was beyond his tolerance limit.

"Please tell me you're not doing that for fun?" Myne lay down on the clean and comfortable bed and asked the woman in red beside him with a pleading look. If not for the fact that he could read her inner thoughts and knew that she was a good and normal person at heart, after seeing the scene inside the kitchen, he would have definitely fled without a single thought.

"It's a bit complicated, but I can vow that there's a serious reason behind it and it has nothing to do with fun. I don't like it, but I have no choice... Sigh, all right, you rest a bit, I'll cook something nice for you," Saying that, the woman in red walked out of the bedroom.

{ She's grateful that you didn't flee. }

{ She feels tired and wants to end this nightmare. }

{ She's annoyed that you made her sad, she couldn't wait to come out and cut you into thousands of pieces. }

"Great... I made another enemy without doing anything," Myne read the last three messages in the woman in red's head before she closed the door, and didn't know whether he should laugh or cry.

But then he fell into deep thought. He really couldn't accept that the woman he had a slight crush on would have psychopathic hobbies and that literally 80% of her kitchen was filled with blood, organs, monster body parts, various types of meat, and some other things.

Blood like rain dripping from the ceiling nonstop, even five inches from the ground was filled with blood creating a small pond, and all kinds of weird dishes, he didn't know what else to call them, were placed disgracefully on the dining table.

Walls were decorated with unusual, creepy art made of extra body parts, after seeing which, Myne, who had just drunk the special drink made of a lot of blood, obviously couldn't hold it back and vomited everything.

"I hoped she prepared something from vegetables. I didn't have the guts to eat non-veg food after what I'd seen," Although Myne always knew he had a strong mentality and wasn't easily shaken by visual things, today, he had to admit someone had truly killed his appetite.

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"Please come back if you have time. I really enjoy your company," The woman in red said with a smile, bidding Myne farewell at her doorstep after dinner.

"If only you'd promise to cook more dishes for me... without any meat of course... I think I'll take a break from non-vegetarian food for a while. By the way, thanks for this gift; Ted will definitely be very happy," Myne replied cheerfully, having eaten his fill of delicious vegetarian food cooked by the woman in red. He thanked her wholeheartedly, anyone praising anyone doesn't cost him anything.

"No problem. I also enjoy spending time with you, and next time, don't forget to bring your dog; I like dogs very much," The woman in red replied and was about to close the door. Myne, however, couldn't let go of an opportunity when the iron was hot.

Seeing her in a good mood, he quickly stepped forward and gave her a tight hug, catching her off guard. Before she could react, he grabbed her shoulders, broke the hug, and said, "Come out ten minutes later after the dinner bell rang tomorrow," before rushing toward the stairs.

"Hehehe, interesting... I wonder what's going on in his naughty mind," She chuckled, watching Myne run away before walking back into her house and closing the door behind her. She didn't dwell on his little plan, figuring she would find out whatever he was planning tomorrow; there was no point in being anxious.

Chapter 663 663. Tentacle Uncle's Ultimate Sacrifice

Knock-knock!

"You're still alive?"

"Why the f*ck are all of you so eager to see me dead?" Myne, hearing the familiar sentence, couldn't help but yell angrily. He didn't bother with politeness and pushed the door open, walking in.

The tentacle uncle hurriedly closed the door and looked at Myne with a complicated expression, clearly not expecting the other party to return in one piece.

In his eyes, Myne was just an ordinary person who had recently gained a useless ability. Although he could use an iron needle and bully a weakling like himself, he wasn't skilled enough to deal with the other residents and the monsters outside the door, despite having a cursed knife. After all, cursed objects were not easy to use.

"Are you injured?" The tentacle uncle saw the blood on Myne's body and immediately reached out his hand. "I can secrete mucus with a hemostatic effect."

Myne looked at the dried blood on his clothes and rolled his eyes. "Stop! I'm not injured. This blood belongs to some unlucky guy."

"So, you successfully found the ingredients?" The tentacle uncle said excitedly. His duty had been replaced by Myne, but if Myne failed to complete it, he would naturally die, because he truly didn't dare to go out and hunt monsters.

Myne nodded, squinting his eyes, and said seriously, "That's not the point. Let me ask you a question first."

"Is the toxin in your tentacles strong? What level of monsters can it affect?"

The tentacle uncle was taken aback by the sudden, strange question. "I don't know."

"Um? What?"

The tentacle uncle said quickly, "Because I only dare to attack the monsters around the apartment. If it's that kind, I can knock it down in one go."

"Ah, so it knocks down level one pollution with ease, huh... Then lend me some. I'll test its effect on other monsters for you."

"Just a little bit, I can't produce much..."

The tentacle uncle's voice suddenly stopped. He stared with wide eyes at Myne as he took out a large jar stolen from his kitchen, a 2L one. His face turned green in fright.

"Is this just a small loan? This is killing me!"

"You can do it if you grit your teeth." Myne showed his white teeth and smiled sincerely, not forgetting to boast the other party's morals.

The tentacle uncle was in tears and could only stretch out his two tentacles weakly to continuously secrete toxins.

One minute later.

"One-tenth of it. I can't do it anymore."

"Hold on a little longer."

Five minutes later.

"It's only one-third of the way there. I'm really going to die."

"A man can't say no. Believe in yourself; you can do it."

Under Myne's urging, the toxin in the jar increased and finally reached the halfway point.

The tentacle uncle's face turned pale, and he collapsed to the ground, looking like he had lost a lot of weight.

Myne held the jar with satisfaction and opened the door. He turned around and said, "By the way, let me remind you of something. Come out ten minutes before dinner time tomorrow. I need to discuss something with these dear neighbours of ours."

The tentacle uncle stared blankly at Myne's smile.

He had no idea what the other party was going to do, but his intuition told him that something big was going to happen tomorrow.

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"Woof!"

"Master!"

"All right, all right, don't be so excited," Myne pushed Ted away, who was showing excessive affection for no reason, and nodded at his new slave. He handed her the food prepared by the woman in red and ordered her to serve some to Ted, allowing her to eat the rest.

Then, he placed the jar filled with "Tentacle Uncle Toxie" under the bed. Before going into the bathroom to take a shower, he had killed quite a few monsters, and his clothes were soaked with dried blood.

Coming out of the bathroom, he saw Ted sleeping on the ground, while his new slave sat nervously on the edge of the bed, playing with her fingers. Because Myne had a habit of sleeping naked, he only wrapped a towel around his waist and lay down on the bed.

"Go, take a shower and remember to wash my clothes," He ordered coldly before closing his eyes and resting.

The woman had no choice but to nod. As a mother and housewife, she was proficient in such household chores. Half an hour later, she emerged from the bathroom, fully clothed. She looked at Myne, who was lying on the bed and didn't know what to do. After all, Myne's room was quite small, and except for the bed, there was no place for her to sleep, unless she was willing to sleep on the ground like Ted.

Helplessly, she sat back down on the edge of the bed.

Myne slowly opened his eyes and shook his head, thinking that his new slave needed a lot of training.

"Remove your clothes and come here," Myne said, his voice laced with a hint of command.

The woman trembled to hear his order. If possible, she didn't want to sleep with a strange man, but she obviously had no choice and wasn't brave enough to exchange her dignity for death. So, after hesitating for a few minutes, she slowly removed her clothes and crawled under the quilt, lying down beside Myne.

"What is your name?" Just as the woman thought Myne would immediately become a beast and start having fun with her, he surprisingly asked her an unexpected question.

Previously, they had been running through the city for hours, and Myne hadn't spoken to her, only calling her "slave." She thought he wasn't interested in knowing her name or anything about her and was just going to treat her like a tool.

"Eva... Master."

"You have a nice name, Eva..." Myne didn't open his eyes, and the cold look on his face remained unchanged. He simply hugged her soft body tightly, lifted her leg, and positioned his little brother against her vagina, making her tremble. He then released her leg and made no further move.

Eva, who had closed her eyes and waited for Myne to proceed, found that even after five minutes, he hadn't moved. Confused, she opened her eyes, only to find that Myne's head was resting on her, and he had already fallen asleep.

Eva didn't know how to react to such a strange situation. For the next half hour, she thought countless random things, and in the end, she, who was also quite tired, fell asleep in Myne's warm and safe embrace with a smile on her face.

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The next day.

The landlord dragged his heavy body out of the door on the third floor, his footsteps landing slowly on the ground.

The dimly lit corridor felt soothing.

In this apartment, it was an entity that all residents feared, and no one dared to disobey the rules posted on the apartment notice.

No one knew its true appearance. Whoever came before it disappeared from the face of the world.

Now, it had to go downstairs to cook, turn the ingredients into food, and then select some things it needed.

Just as the landlord walked down the spiral staircase on the second floor, door number 9 opened a crack, and then a figure walked out of the room. This figure was naturally Myne.

He looked at the end of the dark corridor, sniffed the lingering scent in the air, and walked towards the third floor without looking back.

Myne wanted to take advantage of the time when it was cooking to take a closer look at the third floor.

However, time was very tight, only ten minutes at most.

Myne came to the stairs. The third floor was an attic, now locked tightly with thick chains.

"Although there is no key, but..."

Myne saw a { ? }, which read, "{ Insert a thin wire and rotate it three times clockwise, up and down, left and right, to open it, }" and a mocking smile appeared on his face.

"It seems that everyone in the city bought their locks from the same shop," He chuckled, taking a wire from his pocket.

Ten seconds later, there was a clicking sound from the iron lock, and the chain loosened.

Myne slowly pushed open the door, holding a cursed knife and a clock in his hands, ready to guard against danger at any time. After all, this was the landlord's secret room, the most dangerous place in the entire apartment.

But the expected danger and terror did not occur.

Myne frowned and looked into the attic, as if he had entered a completely new world and saw an incredible scene.

He stood in the attic, his eyes flickering and then gradually calming down.

"If this is the truth, I can only say that in this seemingly crazy world, even this little bit of warmth is crazy, and full of creepiness."

This was a pink little house, devoid of darkness or horror. The room was brightly lit with white light, and all the walls and the ceiling were painted pink. A soft pink carpet was spread on the ground. The entire room was filled with cute dolls and girls' dresses.

Photo frames adorned the table.

The photo inlaid in the frame depicted a beautiful little porcelain doll girl, holding her father's hand and smiling sweetly.

But now, the girl's body lay in the cradle, and except for her head, the rest of her body was composed of other strange body parts, sewn together.

"I see..." Myne muttered, instantly understanding the entire story, and another idea popped into his head.

Chapter 664 664. Myne's Hospitality

The bell rang.

The landlord had already prepared the meal and was moving along the corridor with heavy steps.

They waited until one minute after the sound of its footsteps disappeared.

The doors of the rooms opened one after another, and the man with the lump and the woman with the slit walked towards the first floor.

The woman in red and the tentacle uncle's doors remained in their room. The former was interested in Myne and wanted to see what he was up to, while the latter, too much of a coward, had no option but to obey Myne's instructions and stayed in his room obediently.

About another minute later, the door of room number six opened, and the corpse man, wearing a thick black robe, slowly walked out.

As he emerged, his eyes trembled slightly. He saw Myne leaning against the corridor, with Ted standing beside him, wearing a serious expression. Both of them seemed to be waiting for something.

"Is he waiting for the tentacle guy? And where did he find this dog?"

The corpse man looked calm, not caring about Myne and the tentacle uncle forming a team. "These two are very weak, so it's normal for them to stick together. I wouldn't be surprised if that crazy woman in red got along with them as well; after all, birds of a feather flock together."

It was a smart choice, but it's of no use in the face of so many dangerous weirdoes with strange abilities. Soon, all three of them will become targets and be eaten by everyone. Anyway, this has nothing to do with me, The corpse man thought, shaking his head.

The residents in the apartment were constantly changing, and it was happy to see these people fighting. It was a pity that it didn't know that one of the residents, the bandaged guy, was gone.

Myne placed the cursed knife on the lining, looked at the corpse man calmly, and as he passed by him, he stood up and moved, muttering to Ted beside him, "I hate all kinds of twists and turns. I like simple and crude things the most. Next, it's time to have a good chat with these neighbours."

"Woof!"

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The tentacle uncle sat nervously beside his bed. He looked at the door from time to time, wanting to get up and see what was going on. But when he thought of Myne's advice from yesterday, he sat down again, worried.

"He said yesterday he wanted to talk to the neighbours. But those guys are a bunch of crazy, scary weirdos. How can they talk to him calmly?"

As someone who had lived there for a while, the tentacle uncle shared the same idea as Myne. He had even given some of his valuable things to other residents.

Although it was of no use, fortunately, that group of monsters looked down on little ants like him and didn't attack him.

"What's the situation outside now?"

The tentacle man looked towards the door. Because the partition between the second and ground floors was very thick, plus there was a spiral staircase, no sound could be heard.

"Five minutes have passed now, and I don't know what's going on. He couldn't have been killed, right?"

The tentacle uncle actually had some guesses. Although he was timid and had no strength, he could see that Myne was not an ordinary resident and was very courageous.

But courage cannot be eaten; without strength, everything is a castle of sand.

Ten minutes finally passed slowly.

The tentacle uncle stood up and slowly opened the door. The corridor was still dark and eerily silent, as always, except that today, there was a palpable tension in the air.

Taking a deep breath, he walked cautiously towards the spiral staircase.

His mind, however, was already racing with nervous and negative thoughts.

Maybe the next scene he sees will be the lumpy man, the corpse, the bandaged man, and the slit-faced woman sitting at the dinner table, holding knives and forks, carving up Myne on the table like a pig and devouring his flesh.

The tentacle uncle leaned down and peered out from the sandalwood stairs, holding his breath. He was met with an unbelievable scene.

The entire ground floor hall looked as if it had just suffered an explosion. Both the carpet and the surrounding walls were charred black. The dining table in the kitchen was shattered into pieces, with wood chips scattered everywhere. A big piece of flesh lay amidst the wreckage.

The three figures lay in an open space a few meters from the kitchen.

The lumpy guy was covered in blood, his butt hanging on the wall lamp, but at least he was still breathing—though he looked weird.

The woman with the slit face had lost all her teeth, her hair was dishevelled, and she looked extremely miserable. One of her arms was blown away like a rag doll, while countless holes riddled her lower body.

The last corpse man was scattered here and there, but the biggest part was lying on the destroyed dining table.

And as if that wasn't safe enough, they were tied up tightly with white bandages, unable even to struggle.

The tentacle uncle stood there, dumbfounded, unable to believe his eyes.

"How could this happen? Where is Myne?"

At that moment, footsteps echoed, and Myne, accompanied by Ted, emerged from the kitchen, wiping blood off his hands with a rag. The cursed knife hung at his waist.

"Don't stand there, come down," Myne said causally while waving his hand at him.

Don't use that calm, casual tone, as if you're inviting me to dinner! the tentacle uncle thought.

The tentacle uncle complained, and he didn't even know how he got to the ground floor. He only felt that the scarlet gazes of the three men were stabbing him like knives.

He trembled with fear, wanting to cry but unable to.

"What on earth happened here?" He stammered.

"Nothing much. Just some food laced with toxins, a hissing noise that triggered all the pollutants in the apartment, and a little help from Ted... Oh, and I also discovered the proper use of my strange palm eye," Myne replied, showing the tentacle uncle his palm.

The tentacle uncle didn't understand, but he was deeply shocked.

What happened in the last ten minutes? The toxin must be the one I gave away yesterday.

He couldn't fathom the chaos of triggering all the pollutants on the ground floor, but Myne acted as if it were nothing. Calling him a psychopath wasn't enough—after all, even they don't treat their lives like they were someone else's.

"I've put all the pollutants back, so there won't be any problems now," Myne said thinking the other party might worry about them.

As soon as the fight began, all the hidden pollutants in the ground-floor apartment like the strange shadow in the mirror, and the weirdo in the toilet, were activated, and Myne

had only paid the price of a probable -1 sanity point, thanks to his golden clock. For the others, it was fatal, as they were overwhelmed by those pollutant attacks.

"And where's the bandaged man?" The tentacle uncle suddenly asked, realizing someone was missing.

"Don't those bandages look familiar?"

The tentacle uncle suddenly understood, his eyes widening in disbelief. He pointed at Myne and exclaimed, "You actually formed an alliance with the bandaged man!"

Myne, who had been enjoying the tentacle uncle's bewildered expression, was caught off guard by the accusation. He realized the man was completely hopeless, so he helplessly pointed upwards.

Following Myne's gesture, the tentacle uncle looked up and saw a corpse, long dead, hanging upside down by bandages from the ceiling.

"It was originally hidden in the ceiling chandelier, but the explosion was so strong that it was shaken out." Myne made a random excuse to maintain his all-mighty image. After all, he couldn't say that he bullied the other party with a two-versus-one fight, right? It sounded better to claim that he and Ted had gone four versus two.

The tentacle uncle shuddered and looked at Myne, trembling.

He had been so wrong. He thought this new resident was just an ordinary person. Now, it seemed that Myne was the most dangerous person here—and he had to kneel before the boss.

Well, he had already knelt before, so it was okay.

Recovering from the shock, the tentacle uncle remembered the unknown, terrifying presence in the apartment and quickly said, "What should we do now? Clean up here first? Otherwise, when the landlord comes out tomorrow and sees this, he'll be furious and might rush into our rooms and beat us to death..."

"Wow! What a lovely sense, you again managed to surprise me, I am impressed."

Just as the tentacle uncle was rambling, the woman in red came downstairs. Unlike the tentacle uncle, she wasn't frightened by the carnage. Instead, she looked at Myne as if she had found a rare treasure.

Chapter 665 - 665. Exposing

"Ohh, my, my, my, this is something I didn't expect... Seems like someone has managed to impress me again," The woman in red commented playfully while sitting in front of Myne's artwork (three weird figures wrapped in bandages).

Hearing her casual and excited tone, the tentacle uncle didn't know whether he should yell at her and explain the consequences of Myne's actions. But, thinking that she was no less crazy than Myne, he gave up and refocused his attention on Myne.

"Forget about everything. You," He pointed at Myne, who seemed very happy to receive a compliment from the woman in red and was daydreaming about how to start a conversation with her, and continued,

"What should we do now? Clean up here first? Otherwise, when the landlord comes out tomorrow and sees everything here, he'll be furious, and you'll be done for."

He looked at the devastated first floor with a bitter face and, without giving Myne a chance to speak, added while holding his head, "But how can we clean this up like before and pretend as if nothing happened?"

Hearing the tentacle uncle's words, even the woman in red became serious and started pondering a way to get Myne out of this mess. She really didn't want to lose such a good neighbour, who understood both her and her cooking talent. Such neighbours are hard to come by nowadays.

However, opposite to both bystanders, the main culprit didn't look the least bit worried, as if the destruction of the ground floor and the death of four tenants had nothing to do with him. Instead, he looked at the tentacle uncle, who appeared anxious and worried, as if he was genuinely trying to figure out a way to save his ass.

Suddenly, Myne smiled and said something that caught both the tentacle uncle and the woman in red off guard.

"Don't worry, the landlord won't come down."

"Ah?!"

Seeing the confusion on both of their faces, he chuckled and, instead of being a riddler, dropped the bomb directly.

"It's always been here."

Hearing his words, the tentacle uncle was startled and shrank his head in fear. His legs started trembling as if he was facing his life's biggest fear.

"What! Where? Damn it, why didn't you tell me before? Let's hide quickly! The notice clearly prohibits any contact with the landlord. If it sees us, we'll be finished for sure."

At the tentacle uncle's warning, Myne didn't react at all and just watched his performance.

Yes, performance. He wanted to see how high the other party's acting level was, but one thing was clear: the tentacle uncle was in a completely different league in this field.

Feeling Myne's calm gaze, the anxious tentacle uncle adjusted his dirty glasses with a fearful expression. But in his heart, he was wondering why Myne was staring at him.

Still, playing the role of a coward, he turned back and looked at the three figures bundled together with white bandages. The woman in red stood beside them with an emotionless expression, holding her bloody knife in both hands, staring at him without blinking.

Although the tentacle uncle already felt that something was off, he slowly moved closer to Myne and asked in a low voice, "Could it be one of them?"

Myne didn't reply but smiled playfully at him. He glanced at the { ? } above the tentacle uncle's head, a message that had refreshed itself—something he had seen since the first time they met. This special message occasionally appeared as if to remind him, ensuring he wouldn't miss it.

The message written on it consisted of only two simple words:

{ The Landlord. }

Myne and the tentacle uncle stared at each other like a new couple for a few seconds before the tentacle man's face froze slightly, and he laughed dryly: "Are you talking about me?"

"You're kidding me," He said, shaking off the tentacles on his body and shaking his head innocently. "How could I be the landlord? It's simply a monster."

Myne sniffed and said with a smile, "Why not? There's a damp, mucus-like smell in the air in the corridor, and I also found dripping liquid similar to the one on your tentacles on the floor."

The tentacle uncle replied helplessly, "I go downstairs every day, so there must be traces left. Besides, the corridor is so dark—how can you see clearly, but I don't?"

Myne gently raised his palm, revealing his tightly closed eyes: "I'm sorry, but I went to check during the landlord's cooking time and saw it very clearly. Also, did you forget? My palm eye can glow. I have no problem seeing things you miss."

After hearing Myne's nonsense—which he made up to hide the fact that he could see in the dark thanks to his passive skill, Night Vision—the tentacle uncle was unmoved and didn't reveal anything. Instead, he smiled bitterly and said, "It can't be me. When the landlord was cooking yesterday, we were in the same room... the entire time."

Myne nodded at the other party and said to himself, "This is what confused me at first until I saw this."

He walked toward the corpse man and used the random kitchen knife to cut open the black robe on his body.

In an instant, a foul odour hit everyone's face.

At the same time, it became clear that all parts of the corpse man's body were pieced together, and the flesh on them had begun to rot and bleed.

After seeing this scene, the tentacle uncle didn't say a word. Instead, he slowly adjusted his glasses with his tentacles, his previous nervous and fearful expression completely gone, replaced by a blank, emotionless face.

His voice also gradually changed as he asked, "What happened to it?"

Myne ignored his question but gestured to Ted and the woman in red to come closer. Only after ensuring the formation was in the right place did he speak softly, while taking out the cursed knife from his waist. "It's just a puppet that was put together. Just like the little girl in your room on the third floor."

As soon as the words fell, the veins on the tentacle uncle's face bulged out like uprooted tree roots, and his expression turned furious. The two tentacles that originally looked non-threatening suddenly expanded several meters, and a large amount of mucus and toxins mixed together as they rushed toward Myne and his group!

The moment the tentacle uncle took action, the eye in Myne's right palm suddenly opened, and violent flashes of light erupted, dazzlingly bright. This caused the deadly tentacles to halt their violent advance instantly.

Taking advantage of the other party's temporary blindness, Ted shot lasers from his eyes with full force, leaving two high-level burn wounds on the tentacle uncle's stomach. It could have been even more effective if the other party hadn't covered himself with his tentacles, which seemed surprisingly solid.

However, the woman in red didn't seem to have any intention of taking action. She just stood beside Myne, watching everything coldly.

Perhaps because he was hurt, or because someone had discovered his secret, the tentacle uncle's face became extremely ferocious and crazed. "Have you been in there!?" He roared.

"Certainly. I saw a lot of things in there, and I have to say, you managed that room quite well," Myne said with a smile, giving the other party a thumbs up.

The tentacle uncle's expression twisted, and his eyes filled with murderous intent as he stared at Myne, as if he had found the culprit who had robbed him of his wife and daughter.

"You deserve to die! Damn it! Damn it! DIE, YOU BASTARD!"

His crazed look suggested that Myne had defiled the little house—and his angel-like daughter.

The tentacles attacked again, but this time faster and more fiercely!

This guy had been hiding his strength earlier, wanting Myne to think he was weak so that they would unite against a common enemy. But in reality, his strength far surpassed that of the other monster tenants. Otherwise, the previous batches of residents wouldn't have been replaced so many times.

Myne dodged left and right, retreating quickly. He didn't forget to check on Ted and the woman in red, whom he had dragged into this mess for safety reasons. But seeing that the tentacle uncle had no intention of attacking them, despite Ted continuously attacking him, Myne breathed a sigh of relief.

Seems like I'll need to set another date with her to learn more about her, Myne thought as he narrowly dodged a falling tentacle.

He knew the tentacles were full of poison. Once entangled by them, he wouldn't even be able to make a sound of resistance before being knocked down. He had personally tested the poison's effect, and he had to admit it was very effective.

He could guess that was how other troublesome tenants in the past had disappeared.

"You can't get away!" The tentacle uncle growled, his eyes bloodshot with madness.

"Run? Hehe, I have no intention of doing that," Myne said calmly, looking at the approaching tentacles. "Actually, there's one thing I haven't told you—or rather, I lied to you."

"?"

"I'm not putting the pollutants back."

Myne glanced toward the kitchen behind the tentacle uncle.

"I've released all the pollutants in the kitchen storage."

The tentacle man's brows twitched suddenly, and he looked at Myne as if he were a psychopath.

Just then, a loud bang came from the kitchen, and the air behind him seemed to stir, as if some wild beast were lurking in it. A terrifying roar echoed through the small ground floor!

Chapter 666 - 666. Cooperation

Just then, a bang erupted from the kitchen, and the air behind him seemed to stir as if a wild beast lurked within it. A terrifying roar echoed through the small ground floor!

Despair! Horror! Filth! Unbearable to witness! Mental shock!

In that instant, a massive impact of dark energy and pollution flooded the entire floor!

Myne activated the magical skill of his pocket watch in an instant. Even so, his mental strength was reduced by a point, which was enough to demonstrate the horror of this impact. Thankfully, Ted was somehow immune to the pollution, so Myne didn't have to worry about him.

As for the woman in red, since she could wield those cursed knives as if they were normal kitchen knives, and was definitely more dangerous than mere pollution, he believed she could handle this level of impact with ease. If there was anyone normal among the three, it was him, so he should care about his safety more than anything.

The tentacle uncle, unfortunately, wasn't as lucky as Myne's trio. He neither had special powers, physical resilience, nor gadgets to defend himself from the pollution. His situation was worse. His whole body fell to the ground, twitching constantly, his eyes rolling back into his skull, and white foam starting to come from his mouth.

He himself couldn't stand such terrible pollution, so he always threw the weird core parts of monsters into the refrigerator every time he cooked. It had been such a long time, and as we all could see, the pollution accumulated there was quite terrible, a clear case of reaping what one had sown.

Seeing that the tentacle uncle looked like he was about to meet his precious daughter in the afterlife and his further plans might be ruined before they even started, Myne quickly walked to him.

First, he gave him a tight kick on his butt to vent his anger, before grabbing the other party's index finger to help reduce the pressure of pollution on him. But because he didn't want to receive a sudden attack from him, he only touched a small part of him, so his watch had a slight effect on him—enough to allow proper communication.

"What? Can you still stand up?"

As he expected, with the help of his watch, dozens of seconds later, the tentacle uncle regained his consciousness. But seeing Myne's smiling face right after waking up, he was so shocked that he nearly fainted again out of anger. He gritted his teeth and raised his head, staring at Myne with hatred in his eyes.

"Even if I die, I will take you with me! I will never let you defile my daughter!"

However, upon hearing these words, Myne's face instantly darkened. If not for the fact that the woman in red knew a little bit about the actual situation, hearing the tentacle uncle's words, she might have really misunderstood him, thinking he had done some kind of heinous act with his daughter.

Still, considering the other party's emotional instability, Myne held back his anger and only gave him a hard slap.

"How dare you slander my innocence with such unfounded accusations? When did I ever suggest defiling your daughter? Wake up! She's dead! And even if she were alive, I have no interest in children. I'm not a monster. You're portraying me as a villain, and a third-rate one at that."

The tentacle uncle, seemingly calmed by the slap, Myne nodded slightly and continued. "Didn't I tell you yesterday that I need to have a good talk with you?"

The tentacle man trembled slightly, and as he looked at the young man in front of him, the madness in his eyes faded halfway. At that time, he had thought that Myne was overestimating his own abilities and wanted to compete with the weird residents.

He had not expected those words to be directed at him.

How ironic.

"How is it, can you talk now?"

The tentacle man's face changed. Looking at Myne, who was sitting leisurely in front of him, holding his finger to sustain his pitiful life, with two of his partners standing behind him like bodyguards, he knew he was outmatched and may not be able to beat this guy.

Sighing helplessly, he finally compromised and said in a hoarse voice, "What do you want to talk about? Do you want this apartment? Or something else? Let me tell you, you will get nothing from me, you damn bastard!"

Myne smiled calmly and shrugged, "We're talking about cooperation, of course. I believe I mentioned it at dinner yesterday. I hope to coexist peacefully with all the neighbours, rather than engaging in endless conflict. It's just that everyone insisted on provoking me, leading to the current situation. Also, you're overestimating your apartment. There's nothing so special about it that anyone would fight to the death to claim it."

The tentacle uncle's expression froze, which lasted for a few seconds, before he gave a miserable smile, as if it was indeed the case.

"It seems that everything is just my own fault, just like before."

He spoke slowly, his head lowering as he fell into memories. "In fact, this city was still normal two years ago. At that time, I was an ordinary doctor and had a perfect, happy family."

Why are we suddenly telling stories? Myne looked at the tentacle uncle, who, just seconds ago, had wanted to kill him but was now giving off a 'change of heart' vibe. Confusedly he turned to look at the woman in red, but her expression mirrored his own; she clearly hadn't expected this dramatic turn of events either.

Myne quickly waved his hand, interrupting him. "Stop, there's no need to continue. I've checked the third floor. It's nothing more than this: your daughter and wife were in a car accident. Your wife died on the spot, and your dying daughter was sent to the hospital."

"You were notified to rescue the injured without knowing anything, but you saw your daughter covered in blood on the operating table. Before you could save her, you mutated. After the pollution came, you moved into this apartment, along with your daughter's body, and used the special abilities of your tentacles and your own medical knowledge to try to revive her."

He added with disdain, "If this story were put into a novel, it would be truly cliché. No wonder you wanted to hide this from the world; even an idiot would say you need a doctor to check your brain."

Tentacle uncle: "..."

If he had been able to move, he would have swung his tentacles again to kill Myne, at least delivering a dozen lashes.

"I know it's tragic to lose your family, and I sympathize with you. I also lost my parents; I can understand your pain..." Myne paused slightly, and seeing that the tentacle uncle seemed moved by his words, he spoke the truth.

"But what you're doing is meaningless."

However, the tentacle uncle's expression became excited instead of defeated. "How can it be meaningless? You saw it too."

He pointed at the corpse man and said, "I've made great progress. After I finished, it could move, talk, and cook."

Myne interrupted him mercilessly, "It's just an empty shell that will rot and fall apart at any time. You know this better than anyone else. Why bother giving yourself false hope?"

The tentacle uncle's expression was uncertain. "You don't understand at all!"

Myne looked at him, who, like a stubborn old man, didn't want to accept change, and shook his head.

"I'm not here to discuss philosophy like consciousness and existence with you. I'm here to talk about cooperation."

"In simple terms, I can let you talk to your daughter."

The tentacle uncle suddenly looked up, his eyes widened, with an expression of disbelief, and said in a trembling voice, "Really?"

Even the woman in red, who had been a background board from the beginning to the end and was enjoying the drama, couldn't believe her ears. At first, she thought the tentacle uncle was crazy enough to try to bring his dead daughter back to life, but hearing Myne's words, who had been speaking wisely until now but suddenly seemed just as crazy as him, she didn't know how to react.

"Of course, it's real, and it's much more promising than tinkering with those things, but..."

Myne said something that made the tentacle uncle and the woman in red look terrified:

"You have to help me get to the centre of the city. You, my dear, also welcome to help me," Myne turned his head to the woman in red and requested shamelessly. But before she could throw her knife at him in anger for dragging her into his mess, he quickly looked away.

The tentacle uncle limped down to the floor, his face hesitant. "Are you really going to the source of the collapse?"

"It's an extremely dangerous place. It's full of completely polluted monsters. No living creature can approach it; most die or become polluted before they reach halfway, just from the pollution alone, not to mention those titanic monsters, like moving mountains."

"All right, all right, there's no need to be a crybaby. I know everything, much better than you. I went to the city centre yesterday." Myne knew the dangers there better than he did, so he didn't want to listen to the tentacle uncle's nonsense.

"That's why I came to you for cooperation."

Tentacle uncle: "..."

Chapter 667 - 667. Forging the Right Path to the Source of Collapse

The residents of the past were all monsters, each one crazy and abnormal. Even so, they were all extremely afraid of the outside world.

Finally, a normal person, Myne, arrived after a long time.

However, the tentacle uncle discovered that Myne was the most abnormal one. He was actually interested in the source of the collapse and seemed determined to go there for fun.

The tentacle uncle sighed, thinking that he was indeed growing old. He got up from the ground and walked to the storage room, where the pollution was still lacking. Thankfully, after such a long time, its power had reduced quite a bit, and now he could at least avoid collapsing instantly without Myne's help.

"I understand. I will help you with all my strength. But can you really let me talk to my daughter?" He asked hesitantly.

Myne replied, confidently thumping his chest, "I never lie."

"Bullshit! You said before that you put all the pollutants into the storage." Veins popped out on the tentacle uncle's face, and he angrily pointed a finger at Myne's nose. The reason he was limping was because he had been hit too hard and almost collapsed.

Myne: "..."

He said calmly, "Relax, put your heart at ease. This time, I am speaking 100% truth."

This time, Myne wasn't deceiving him and was being fully honest, but sadly, these days, people rarely believe honest individuals. When he was on the third floor, he had surprisingly seen the { ! } on the little girl's head.

It is shown above.

{ The remaining soul is trapped in this polluted world and cannot be freed. Put an old item she used in the attic and draw a five-pointed star on it. You can listen to her wishes, and perhaps you will find something unexpected. }

Without thinking too much, everyone knew that the wish must be related to her old father, either to resolve his inner conflict or to free her.

If this were a horror movie, then the plot would follow like this: with the little ghost girl's help, he would gradually discover the landlord's identity, uncover the truth, and then have a grand battle. Finally, he would influence the crazy tentacle uncle, and then the father and daughter would reunite and shed tears. The end credits would then appear.

This is roughly the process for a normal storyline; otherwise, they wouldn't be able to compete with the tentacle uncle, who was a grandmaster-level actor and hiding too deeply.

What a pity, Myne was using cheats from the beginning and didn't follow procedures.

After the tentacle uncle opened the storage door completely, a terrifying breath emanated from inside. The air seemed much colder, making people shudder.

He said in a deep voice, "I'm not a good person, but I never kill indiscriminately. I provide food and shelter to every guest for two years. I only deal with them when they break the rules or become completely polluted."

"And the parts of them created due to pollution have been preserved as pollutants."

Myne took a look inside the storage and found a large number of glass jars, which were full of various pollutants and contained some of the power left by the original owners.

The woman in red, who had a similar hobby to the tentacle uncle of collecting monsters and cooking her weird dishes, eyes instantly lit up upon seeing his magnificent collection. Now that they were all on the same team, she didn't hesitate at all and directly rushed inside, under the tentacle uncle's uncomfortable gaze, who felt as if he had just invited a robber into his treasure house.

"Listen, boy, take my advice. This lady is not a good thing; you should stay away from her... Hey! Don't touch that! I need that!" The tentacle uncle yelled at the woman in red, who had picked up a large jar with a slow-beating black heart inside.

"Why? I think she's a good teammate. At least she's more powerful than you," Myne said matter-of-factly, mercilessly.

"Forget it. You'll know when the time comes. Anyway, if you want to go to the source of the collapse, you need to consider two things. One is how to get close to the source without dying from the intense amount of pollution there, and the other is to avoid those mountain-like colossal monsters." The tentacle uncle looked at Myne and continued, "I think you've solved the first point, but the second point can only be solved by me."

The tentacle uncle adjusted his glasses. He wasn't talking crazy but had a wise look on his face. "Based on my two years of research and experiments, I have almost completely understood pollutants and anomalies."

"The power they contain is very strange, like a virus. Even if the host dies, it doesn't dissipate immediately. Once it gathers, it becomes extremely powerful."

The tentacle uncle offered Myne two options.

"Although your palm eye isn't a combat ability, it's very useful against polluted monsters. If you absorb more pollution, you might grow to an extremely powerful level and acquire more such abilities. This could create a window of opportunity to reach the source of the collapse."

"Of course, you know the side effects. You'll become a monster like them and lose your mind."

Myne decisively dismissed this option, resolving to consider it only if he developed a death wish. "What about the second one?"

"Then I'll create a monster, a terrifying monster formed by gathering all the pollutants, to give you the opportunity to get close to the source of the pollution."

Myne's eyes flickered, assessing its feasibility, and he soon nodded. "We can give it a try."

"Well, if that's the case, then I have to prepare a blueprint first. Let's discuss it tonight." Saying this, he forcefully pulled the woman in red out of his storage room, locked it tightly under her unwilling gaze, and rushed towards his room on the second floor.

"What about you? Are you going to join us in this operation or just be a bystander like before?" Myne, finding only the two of them in the kitchen, couldn't help but ask, despite knowing it might earn him a beating.

"Bystander, you say? Then, Mr. Fortuna, would you mind telling me who you think you are to me, that I would fight to my death for you? Not only did you give me such a wonderful surprise right after our first date, which made me want to beat you to death, but now you're shameless enough to ask me, instead of apologizing, whether I'm willing to join your suicide squad or not?"

"You've disappointed me." Saying this, the woman in red gave Myne a hard look before turning around and walking away.

"Do you think my charm has decreased after coming to this strange world?" Myne asked Ted, who was silently following him like a good bodyguard.

"Woof!"

"Yes, I think so too. Women are indeed too troublesome," He said helplessly, shaking his head, before running after her under Ted's confused gaze.

"Woof?"

...

"Are you sure Waffle is here?"

"Woof!"

"I'm not doubting your tracking ability, but I just wanted to make sure your nose is working fine. Otherwise, why would Waffle, the troublemaker, stay in this kind of place, instead of looking for us?" Myne looked at the small store before him, Waffle's supposed location. After all, this store wasn't far from their apartment, and unless there was some kind of super-powerful monster here, there was no way Waffle wouldn't rush out and look for them. Because, according to Ted, Waffle had been in this place the entire time and hadn't gone out at all.

While wondering what had gone wrong with Waffle, he and Ted entered the store.

"Ding!"

The doorbell rang as they pushed open the door, but to their surprise, the store was empty, and there was no one inside, except for all kinds of creepy items on the shelves, of course.

"Huh? What kind of nonsense is this? 'Only accept fresh body parts and soul, and no refund once bought'? Do they take us for fools or what?" Myne, seeing the notice written in big words on the counter, couldn't help but complain and walk deeper into the store, looking at the items on the shelves.

Most of them were small body parts like eyes, ears, and noses without pollution, which, according to the descriptions under them, mutants can replace their broken body parts without having to worry about any unexpected side effects, like weird mutations due to the reaction of the body part on their already abnormal bodies, etc.

There were also weird things like a "Presence-erasing candle," which sounded like a scam, or "paper warriors" that would protect you from pollution and evil souls, but were so expensive that even if you sold your entire family, you couldn't buy one. Or the "Absolute coffin," the safe haven: just lay inside, and nothing can harm you ever again.

There was also a glass ball: if you get tired of your neighbour, just give it to him, and he'll never appear before you again.

Chapter 668 - 668. The Pathetic Foe

Although there were quite a few interesting items in the store, and some of their descriptions were very tempting, the absence of any other customers suggested anyone could take whatever they wanted and make a fortune., however, Myne, whose mouth twisted as he read the special notes provided by { ? }, couldn't help but complain that there was nothing good in this wretched world. Even regular items sold in a random store were deadly as hell.

{ Absolute Coffin: Once someone enters it, it instantly freezes the person inside to death and absorbs their soul. }

{ Prison Ball: Not only is the target imprisoned within, but the owner is also imprisoned at an equal price, and both enemies die together. }

{ Paper Warrior: They need to be soaked in blood to become powerful and protect their owner, so they first kill their owner and then do their best to protect the body. }

"Sir, would you like to buy anything?" Just as Myne was observing the items, full of scams and traps, a voice sounded from right beside him, catching him off guard.

"Motherf*cker!"

Myne cursed and jumped aside in shock. He hadn't sensed the other person's presence until he spoke, which startled him.

The person who scared Myne was a thin man in his thirties, with a pale face, large round goggles on his long nose, messy hair with worrying hairlines, and an oversized clerk uniform. He gave off a loser-like vibe.

"What?" Myne asked, observing this weirdo before giving Ted a questioning glance, asking why he hadn't notified him in advance. After all, Ted had a super nose. But Ted was as shocked as he was, not understanding how the hell he managed to avoid his super-sensitive nose.

Maybe it's his ability? Myne wondered.

"Sir, what would you like to buy?" The man repeated the question with an emotionless expression, like a robot.

"Nothing! Your products are too expensive, but I would like to ask you something, which I hope you answer honestly," Myne said in a threatening tone, taking out the cursed knife from behind, which finally made the man's expression change.

"Please, sir, as long as it is within my ability. But first, let me warn you, fighting inside our store is forbidden," The man said hesitantly. Although he looked nervous, and his tone became polite, there was no actual fear on his face, as if Myne couldn't do anything beyond a beating. He seem more worried that Myne might damage things inside the store increasing his workload.

"Oh, we'll see. That's not for you to decide. Now tell me, where the f*ck have you hidden my pet?"

"Woof!"

"Pet? What pet? Sir, we don't have your pet or anything..."

Thud!

"But I don't think so," Myne said coldly, lowering the knife in his hand and looking at the severed head at his feet. He had been reading the other party's { ? } and already found out what he wanted.

"Let's go, Ted," He said, hurriedly walking deeper into the store and kicking open an iron door.

It was the store's warehouse, where they kept their extra stock and other valuable things.

As soon as Myne entered the warehouse, two bright { ? }s instantly attracted his attention.

One was surprisingly shining in bright red light, instead of gold, meaning there was a dangerous guy inside who wouldn't be easy to deal with given Myne's current strength.

{ The Store Owner, The Paperman. }

{ Currently in deep sleep and will awaken if you come into the sight of any paper doll in the warehouse. }

{ It is absorbing the life energy of a certain creature to reduce pollution in its body. }

After reading the store boss's { ? }, Myne turned his head to the second { ? }, wanting to check Waffle's condition.

{ In an extremely weak state and has fallen into a coma due to a lack of energy. }

{ Remove her from the magic formation, and she will slowly recover her strength and wake up naturally. }

But the problem was how to remove her from the magic formation without waking that bastard? ... Wait, her? Shouldn't it be him?

Realizing the minor mistake in their rescue plan, Myne looked at Ted, who was curiously inspecting the weird items around them and wanted to slap him.

"Ahem, Ted, can you check Waffle's exact location again?" He asked, pretending to be calm and smiling.

"Woof!"

Ted threw aside a random unlucky guy's bone in his mouth and nodded seriously. He didn't find anything wrong with Myne's request. Closing his eyes, he started sniffing, trying to pick up Waffle's or Ocea's scent and soon found a familiar scent from the end of the warehouse.

"Woof-woof!"

"Are you sure it's Waffle?" Myne asked, raising an eyebrow.

Ted didn't think much about it and casually nodded. To him, it didn't matter whose scent it was, since they had to save both Waffle and Ocea's ass anyway.

"Let's see how effective your nose is."

Because it didn't affect their original mission of rescuing them, Myne didn't blame Ted for such a small mistake. At least, instead of being completely blind and searching like a headless fly, it was better to have someone pointing the way.

So, he first read the boss's { ? } for two minutes, who, although asleep, seemed to have a quite active brain, thinking a lot of nonsense. Only after figuring out the other party's weaknesses among hundreds of useless sentences did he finally make a relatively secure plan to deal with him, before moving forward.

Just as predicted, as soon as they came into view of the paper doll displays on the various shelves in the warehouse, the boss, who was sleeping in what appeared to be a coffin, opened his bloodshot eyes and pushed the coffin lid open with great force.

"Which bastard dares to sneak into my store and kill my clerk?!" The boss cursed as he climbed out of the coffin. He first checked on the unconscious Ocea, who was in a small coffin connected to his by various thin pipes and placed in the middle of a red hexagram formation that was shining with red light and slowly rotating magically.

Only after ensuring that nothing was wrong with her did he breathe a sigh of relief and turn his head toward Myne and Ted, who were walking toward him leisurely, as if they were in their own home.

"You two are quite brave, and special too... Damn! You aren't polluted! When did my luck become so good? Before, even after searching for years, I couldn't find a single person with even half-pollution, but now a human and two strange creatures, completely pollution-free, deliver themselves to my lap. If I'm able to absorb all three of you, I'll definitely be able to break through my bottleneck."

The boss, a middle-aged man with a large belly, round face, yellow teeth, a handful of hair on his almost bald head, and a height of 1.5 meters, wearing casual house clothes, spoke with unconcealed greed in his eyes.

"Humph, what's the point of overcoming a breakthrough? Anyway, you're selfish enough to save your own fat ass, willing to sell your ten-year-old daughter to two hooligans and let them rape her. A coward like you should have died from shame alone, let's not talk about anything else," Myne, as soon as he opened his mouth, directly rubbed salt into the boss's oldest but most painful wound, which he had been trying to heal for decades.

"You... You... How... how do you know?"

The boss, hearing his darkest secret from a stranger's mouth, opened his eyes wide. He stared at Myne, his eyes wide open, and pointed a trembling finger at him in disbelief.

"How do I know? Would you believe me if I said your dead wife, whom you killed with your own hands under the influence of alcohol because you had a small argument with her, told me, and now she's standing behind you?"

"What! How is this possible..."

Hearing Myne spit out fact after fact, the boss's brain momentarily stopped working. And when he heard that his late wife was standing behind him, he subconsciously looked back. Just then, Myne, who had been waiting for this moment, quickly moved behind him and stabbed the cursed knife into the other party's heart.

If it had been a simple knife, the boss might still have been able to put up a good fight after being stabbed, but sadly, the cursed knife itself was a malevolent entity, extremely greedy for blood and flesh.

As soon as it entered the boss's body, it greedily began absorbing everything, and within ten seconds, it turned him into a mummy.

"I was worrying for nothing; this idiot was killed so easily. The old saying was right: know your enemy's weakness, and it's child's play to deal with him," Myne said jokingly while pulling the cursed knife from the boss's back and cutting off the pipes connecting the two coffins before forcefully opening the lid of Ocea's coffin and taking her out.

Chapter 669 - 669. Ocea's Reckoning

"Ahm... Where am I?"

Ocea slowly opened her eyes and looked around. She found herself lying on a wooden table inside a store filled with all sorts of shoddy and creepy items. However, it didn't take her long to remember where she was.

With a shocked and disbelieving expression, she started floating and hurriedly began searching for the bastard who called himself the store owner. He had fooled her with his sweet talk and drugged her, rendering her unable to control her body, before stuffing her into that strange coffin where she had lost consciousness due to weakness.

"Where the hell is that bastard? I'll make him regret messing with me," Ocea muttered, her eyes burning with anger. Just then she saw Ted emerging from behind a shelf and was dumbfounded.

"Woof!"

"Ted? What are you doing here? Did you save me from that weirdo?" Because Ocea was a divine beast, she had an inbuilt universal translator and could communicate with almost all beings with basic intelligence.

"Woof-woof..."

Hearing Ocea's question, Ted, who, unlike Waffle, didn't like to beat around the bush or boast, directly told her the entire story.

"I see. That's good. Since only Waffle is missing, it shouldn't be a problem. Once we're all together, we'll have a much higher chance of getting out of this weird place," Ocea said, breathing a sigh of relief.

She hurriedly flew towards Myne, urgently needing a hug to calm her nervous mind. She also needed to coax Myne into helping her defend against her mother. She could already imagine the trouble she would face upon meeting her; it would be a miracle if she didn't get beaten half to death and locked in her room for years to reflect on her mistakes.

"Well, well, well, looks like our little princess has woken up. How are you feeling after getting us all trapped in this weird and dangerous world in the name of adventure?"

"When you said you wanted to go on an adventure, I thought it would be simple play around, not venturing into a cave that obviously emitted a very ominous vibe, one that even a blind person could tell was not a place to poke one's nose into."

"You know, most people on their first adventure go to hunt slimes because they lack experience and are prone to getting into trouble. But it seems those warnings were insufficient for you and that idiot Waffle. You've disappointed me, Ocea. I thought you

were wise enough for me to entrust Waffle and Ted to you, but it seems you're the biggest troublemaker among the three."

Just as Ocea was about to greet Myne, who was looting the boss's safe house, looking for something useful according to { ? } guidance, he saw Ocea flying towards him happily. His smile instantly turned into an angry frown, and he began to bombard her with scolding in full force, without any intention of holding back.

If she hadn't been a girl and he didn't have the heart to beat her, he wouldn't have bothered with words and would have directly shown her the consequences of getting into trouble she couldn't handle, forcing others to rescue her ass.

"Sob, sob, I..."

Having lived with a strict mother who constantly scolded her for various reasons, Ocea, who had developed a very thick skin and long ago perfected the ultimate weapon to handle such situations, instantly began shedding crocodile tears after Myne finished speaking. To make Myne feel a bit guilty, she didn't run away while apologizing, instead, she threw herself into his arms and began crying more loudly.

"I'm sorry, Brother Myne. I just... sob, sob... I just wanted to play. I didn't expect there would be such a dangerous place near our house... Sob, sob, sob, please forgive me..."

If it were before awakening his special power to see { ? }, Myne, who had a soft heart for ladies and doted on Ocea, would have definitely fallen for her trick and forgiven her. He might have even shifted his anger onto Waffle, thinking that as a brother, he wouldn't mind taking his sister's share of the beating as well, which would help him mature.

But as he listened to Ocea's nonsense while gently stroking her back and reading her inner thoughts, he didn't know whether he should put aside his moral rules and give this naughty girl a good beating or have a serious conversation with her mother and let her handle her motherly duties.

Sigh, forget it. After all, they're just children, and coming here was a pure accident. I also have some fault in this matter; I shouldn't have sent them near that wretched cave despite knowing about its weird rumours... Let's have Cetus teach her some common sense after we get out of here, Myne thought, shaking his head.

"All right, I understand. Now stop pretending to be sad. I know you're faking. This level of acting is far from enough to fool me. I fool much more difficult characters (his girls) every day with my grandmaster-level acting. You're still a novice in this field."

"Also, although I have forgiven you because this time what you three did was an accident, let me warn you: I am not going to help you coax your mother. You better start thinking of a good excuse, otherwise, no one can save you this time... By the way, think one for me as well, I don't think she will let me go," Saying that, Myne patted Ocea's shocked and frightened head with a playful but helpless smile and walked out of the small safe house.

Although there were some toys in the boss's safe house, sadly, to Myne's great disappointment, most of them were useless. Without proper knowledge, he couldn't use any of them, and in their final mission to reach the source of the collapse, they were of no use against those giant monsters. So, he left them behind for the tentacle uncle, perhaps they would be useful in his hands.

After coming out of the store, Myne first locked it with the key he found in the clerk's pocket, then headed back to the apartment.

He gave the key to the shocked tentacle uncle, who couldn't believe that he had single-handedly dealt with the store owner, who wasn't easy to deal with because of his

superpower of controlling hundreds of paper men, which magically became very powerful after being enhanced by him.

But Myne obviously didn't have the patience to make the tentacle uncle believe his words. So, after telling him about his small adventure, he went to the room of the woman in red and knocked on the door.

...

"Let me warn you, I am doing everything because of our deal. I have no feelings for you, so please try to stay away from me, got it?" The woman in red opened the door with an expressionless face and, after giving Ocea a surprised look, reminded Myne and walked out of the apartment along with him.

"As you wish, but you're willing to help me find my pet, which explains everything, so there's no need to remind me at all," Myne gave the woman in red a bright smile, earning a disdainful snort from her. Clearly, after being taken advantage of by him twice, she was no longer naive enough to fall for his sweet talk.

As for where they were going, it was obvious to look for Waffle. Ted had found that Waffle's location was in a very dangerous place in the city, where literally most of the city's bad guys gathered.

Myne didn't want to go there blindly and look for Waffle, although now he had one more bodyguard, but it was still not enough to feel safe in a place full of pollutants who were greedy for his body, so he decided to find a knowledgeable guide, who not only knew about that place very well but was also powerful enough to take the role of bodyguards if things get out of hands.

Because the tentacle uncle was busy creating a giant monster, he had no choice but to beg the woman in red for help. She, who was angry with him, in the end, agreed to come with him after he begged her shamelessly while holding her legs and refused to let them go until she forgave him. Even so, he had to promise to be her personal grocery boy for the next ten days, which was the time the tentacle uncle needed to create their ultimate weapon.

"Leave everything to me. Just show me the path, and I will handle the rest. Just remember: don't talk to anyone, don't let your pets out of your sight, and if any idiot tries to get close, kill him without hesitation. Otherwise, if those bastards misunderstand that we are easy to mess with, we will be greeted with nonstop trouble." The woman in red grabbed Myne's collar, moved her face close to his, their lips barely a few centimetres away from each other, and said seriously.

"No talking, I understand. You can rest assured," Myne stared at her red, juicy lips, and his Adam's apple moved. He moved his face forward, wanting to taste them, but sadly, at the last moment, she moved away and walked out of the alley.

Sigh, if I had known earlier that those tenants were so weak, I would never have invited her in the first place and lost all my favorability points. Now I have to brush them up again. What a mess, Myne sighed regretfully, hugging Ocea and holding Ted's collar, he quickly followed her.

Maybe the place where most of the city's mutants lived was a safe zone or something, wherever Myne looked there were people gathered in groups either sleeping or talking in low voices beside the road or in dark alleys as if planning something bad, Compared to this place, the tentacle uncle's apartment resided hardly had many people and looked deserted.

To the west of the city, where they were currently, there were mutants everywhere. Most of them, because of pollution, had become crazy and lived like animals, with a bit of solitude, lying on the footpath, covering their mutated bodies with clothes.

Those who were more sober lived in big buildings, with two or three in the same room, and everything was completely a mess. The word "hygiene" seemed to have been completely deleted from their dictionary, and all kinds of dirty things could be seen everywhere. The smell in the area was so bad that Myne didn't know how to describe it.

"Are you sure your little pet is here?" The woman in red looked at the dark subway entrance and asked with a frown.

Hearing her question, Myne, who was like a country bumpkin looking at everything around him with a surprised expression, despite most things being destroyed, came back to his senses and turned his head toward Ted, who nodded his head confidently.

"Well, if Ted's nose wasn't playing tricks on us, then he should be here. Why? Is there any problem?" Myne, feeling something wrong with the woman in red's voice, asked with a frown.

"There is indeed a problem. This place is occupied by a certain group of pollutants, who are all gangsters and rule this area. They are the worst kind of people you could want to see, and I don't like their faces."

Although the woman in red didn't say everything and made a face as if she was reluctant to go into the subway, in the end, she gave Myne a hateful glance and walked forward under his confused expression. He really didn't understand what wrong he did this time.

Chapter 670 - 670. Mutant Den

"Well, well, well, look who's come to visit us, boys. Miss Cold Face. It seems she finally couldn't hold back and has come begging the boss to take her under his wing, like a slut, which she is."

As Myne and his gang entered the subway, following the woman in red, these unpleasant words echoed in their ears. The mutants, randomly sitting or lying around, began to speak ill of the woman in red, clearly someone very familiar with this place.

"What the f*ck? She really dares to return here, even after what she did to us last time? I wouldn't be surprised if the boss orders us to kill her at any cost, he is very moody after all," A random mutant mocked while hitting his buddy with his elbow.

"But why are you so happy? This isn't good news for us. Don't forget, she's not someone we can mess with. If the boss asks us to fight her, I don't know about her, but it would definitely be dead for us," Another mutant, listening to his friend's nonsense, spoke with a frown, instantly dampening everyone's mood. They all gave him hateful looks.

"I want to meet your boss," The woman in red, clearly not someone easily swayed by emotions, simply ignored the comments from the gangsters. She walked towards a closed, hall-like area, modified from the outside. Approaching one of the guards at the entrance, she spoke to him coldly.

"Sorry, but you're banned here. The boss specifically said he doesn't want to see your face again, under any circumstances. We can't let you inside," One of the guards, seemingly aware of the woman in red's dark history, spoke nervously. He stood in a defensive pose, as if ready to flee when he saw her showing any sign of taking action.

"Listen, baldy, my luck hasn't been great recently, and I'm not in the mood to play around. I don't f*cking care what that bastard told you. Go and tell him either he lets us meet him, or I'll force my way in. And believe me, neither you nor your boss wants to see how I force my way in," The woman in red said, drawing her cursed knives from behind her and gripping them tightly in both hands, her voice laced with a psychopathic edge.

The bald guard, hearing the woman in red's threat, gave her a long, hard look before turning their heads towards Myne, Ted and Ocea, who were clearly as confused as the

new guard beside him. He sighed helplessly and walked inside the hall to deliver her message to his boss.

"That was awesome! I think if you had said a few more cool lines, that baldy would have peed his pants for sure. You've successfully impressed me. As a reward for your wonderful work, I'm willing to go on another date with you tonight. Just make sure you return to your kind and beautiful neighbour lady mode," Myne said, though he felt a pang of fear realizing the woman in red didn't seem to have a good history here. Still, not wanting to earn more of her disapproval, he stepped beside her and whispered his compliment as soon as the guard left.

"Did you forget what I said? No talking, and be vigilant," The woman in red glared at Myne, silencing him immediately. Under her murderous gaze, he stood behind her like a sad puppy.

"While we're here, no more joking. Be serious. We're in a very dangerous situation right now," Seeing Myne's sad expression, the woman in red continued. Though her tone didn't soften, her words carried a hint of care, which made Myne feel slightly better. At least now he was sure she wasn't angry with him anymore—it was just that their location wasn't appropriate for chit-chat

"The boss will let you inside, but only on one condition: you can't bring your weapons inside. Otherwise, no matter how much you threaten us, you're not getting in..." The bald guard returned two minutes later and said sternly.

"That's all right... But why are you hiding behind the door, only showing your face like a coward?" The woman in red retorted, stepping closer to the bald guard who was speaking from behind the door. As soon as she moved forward, he slammed the door shut, only daring to peek through the peephole.

Click!

The woman in red dropped her long knives on the ground and stood expressionless in front of the door. She wore only a simple, knee-length red gown, offering no place to conceal a weapon, at least this is what the bald guard thought. So after a moment of hesitation, he finally opened the door and gestured for her to come inside.

Myne, dumbfounded by his would-be girlfriend's prestige among the gangsters, quickly followed her. He tried to hand his knife to the bald guard, but the other party refused to touch it, giving Myne a crazed look as if he'd just witnessed his parent's murder.

Myne knowing that the other party misunderstood him, thinking that he wanted to harm him with the curse knife, dropped his knife on the ground. After a casual check, the bald guard let him inside as well. As for Ted and Ocea, they received VIP treatment, with no one bothering them as if they didn't exist. Clearly, the guards didn't take them seriously.

"Blatant daylight discrimination. Those bastards treat you well, but when it comes to me, they're bullying me, just because I'm more handsome than them and have better hair," Myne complained, catching up with the woman in red. He looked around curiously, still grumbling under his breath.

They were now walking down a dim passage, with fully armed gangsters standing on both sides, staring at them vigilantly as if they were facing their greatest enemy.

The woman in red, knowing that Myne was hopeless and couldn't keep his mouth shut, took a deep breath to control her anger. She refrained from scolding him this time, as too many people were staring at them.

They quickly crossed the passage and entered an open hall where more than fifty mutants stood left and right, with a middle-aged man sitting at the end of the hall on a couch, a cigar in his mouth, smoking lazily.

"Welcome, welcome, welcome, Miss Chef. Long time no see. How are you?" The boss pulled the cigar from his mouth and spoke with a smile.

"Who the f*ck are you? Where is that pink-patched guy? Wasn't he the boss a few weeks ago?" The woman in red looked at the unfamiliar middle-aged man, whom she had never seen before, and asked confusedly.

"Oh, you mean our previous boss? Well, he's gone on his honeymoon with his girlfriend, and may or may not be able to return anytime soon." As the boss said this, the corners of his people's mouths couldn't help but twitch, clearly indicating the story wasn't as simple as he was making it out to be.

"Anyway, forget about him. Although you might not know me, I have a very deep impression of you. So, you can tell me your problem, Miss Chef, and as long as it's within my limits, I will do my best to help you." The boss, who surprisingly turned out to be very easy to talk to, spoke humbly without any hint of arrogance or pride, which a gangster leader typically possessed.

The woman in red, although she felt the other party was faking and that something was definitely wrong, wasn't someone who liked to use her brain too much. Since the other party was willing to cooperate, she didn't want to create trouble. She simply looked at Myne and gestured for him to take the lead.

Seeing her looking at him, Myne quickly moved forward under the confused gaze of all the gangsters, who were wondering who this fool was, willing to stand with such a crazy woman.

"Actually, my pet is lost somewhere here, and we've come here to find him. He's a small wolf with silver-grey hair, the size of a normal dog. By the way, before you deny having

my pet, I have accurate information that he is here and currently inside your secret room over there."

"So, I would be very grateful if you returned him to me." Myne, who had already located Waffle thanks to { ? }, and even understood that this gangster boss had no intention of returning Waffle, who seemed to have somehow become his thug and a key to maintaining his current position, had no intention of beating around the bush.

The boss, who had been smiling until now, hearing Myne's words and seeing all his people looking at him puzzledly with frowns, instantly broke out in a cold sweat.

Before a week ago, he was just a random gangster struggling to survive. But one day, he was wandering on the street when he found an unconscious small wolf in a random alley. Because the wolf wasn't polluted and coincidentally he had the ability to control all kinds of creatures with his power, which not only made them perfect tools but also enhanced their powers, he decided to make that wolf his slave.

At first, he just wanted to use him as a blood bank, after all, the blood of pollution-free creatures or people is very rare and expensive. But who would have thought that this weak-looking wolf would turn out to be so powerful? With his help, he directly assassinated his previous boss, forcefully took his position, and from a nobody, he directly became the new boss.

But now, seeing the real owner of his tool, there was no way he would return his biggest weapon. Otherwise, forget about his luxurious life, because he was carried away by power and had behaved like an asshole and done a lot of bad things in the past week, he would definitely get beaten to death by everyone before Myne and the others left their headquarters.