

Cheat. A 701

Chapter 701 - 701. Dignity of A Husband

"Consumable skill, my ass! What the hell? Is a mage who can only use magic three times before losing his greatest weapon even called a mage? I cleared a nightmare-level difficulty mission; at least give me a real magic skill instead of this nonsense."

Myne complained, but sadly, his words were like a pebble thrown into the sea—they didn't make any ripple. The system obviously wasn't kind-hearted enough to give in so easily.

Seeing no point in wasting breath, Myne shook his head and decided to finish his adventure for the day. He hadn't forgotten that he still had to coax his angry wives back home.

[Name: Glitcher (Myne Fortuna) (666666)

Level: 5 (234/1500)

Race: Human

Strength: 21 > 31

Endurance: 26 > 31

Agility: 22 > 27

Spirit: 32 > 107

Mana: 44 > 74 (Stored Mana: 1698)

Free Attribute Points: 0

Coins: 3000]

[Skill Bar: Holy Palm Eye, Appraisal • Complete, Inventory, Cut & Paste, Thunder Ball
(3/3).]

[Item Bar: Hundred-Man Killer Knife, Eye of the Evil God]

"System, how can I go back?"

As soon as Myne said that, a simple dialogue box with [Do you want to log out? "Yes" or "No"] written on it appeared in front of him. As he pressed "Yes," like a tide, darkness poured into his lobby space and devoured him. When he regained control over his body, he was back in his house's backyard.

He looked at the sky and found that it was already late at night. When he entered the game, it had just been the afternoon, obviously, time worked differently in both places.

Myne took out his watch and, after some calculation, found that he had been in the game for nearly half a day, but in reality, it had barely been an hour since he entered the game and cleared the dungeon.

"This doesn't sound good. If time is really messed up this much, then if I run into a dungeon that takes a long time to clear, like a few days, won't my poor body die from starvation outside the game?"

"System, what's going on? Can you explain this to me?" Because he knew that the system was able to solve his doubts as long as it deemed his questionnaire relatable and reasonable, Myne quickly asked. If the system didn't give him a reasonable explanation, he might have to find a solution for hunger before returning to the game.

[It detects that the host encounters an unexpected situation this time. Because of an error in the dungeon, when the host was pulled back to the lobby forcefully, your consciousness was affected by some mysterious power, which led to time distortion. Although you didn't feel it, the process of your exiting the dungeon lasted for many hours, but you only felt as if it had happened in a flash.]

[But don't worry, the error has been resolved, and next time this kind of thing won't happen again. According to rules, in the gaming world, no matter how much time you spend in the dungeon, days, months, or even years, as long as you return to your body, it will only have been 5 hours. It can be less depending on your speed of dungeon clearing, but it will never be more than 5 hours. So you can rest assured about this.]

Maybe the system was busy dealing with the error; it took some seconds before Myne got a response. But thankfully, it lifted a weight off his heart, and he breathed a sigh of relief, thinking that he wouldn't have to worry about dying from hunger.

"But no matter what, that evil god is really powerful. It actually tried to stop my consciousness from fleeing and even succeeded in a certain way, forcefully stopping me for a few hours without me knowing. It's quite scary to think about it. I better not treat those kinds of crazy beings so casually," Myne couldn't help but break out in a sweat of fear just thinking about it. He hadn't expected that he had almost fallen into that big dude's hands. If not for the fact that the system was powerful enough and saved his ass, his game might have been over before it even started properly.

"Grrr..."

Just as Myne was thinking about the time difference between the reality and game world, suddenly his poor stomach made a loud roar, followed by a great sense of hunger and tiredness.

"Ouch! So hungry... seems like next time I better eat something before going to play," He muttered, holding his stomach before quickly taking out something from his inventory and hurriedly filling his stomach.

Although the game was fun, and I also earned a lot, but... I can't able to come up with anything to coax them. Sigh, what should I do?" Myne sighed as he looked at the tightly shut house door.

"Should I go in and use the old trick? With Aisha's high-level addition toward sex, at most, I had to work extra hard, and pow her with more force, I can't believe she will be indifferent when I will be banging her both holes... However... what if this annoys her more? "

"AHHHHH! F*ck! They are my wives. As the head of the house and their handsome husband, I can't show weakness. Also, this time it wasn't entirely my fault. Why should I

suffer punishment for no reason? I can't let them do whatever they want. I have to become the brave Myne I was before marriage."

Maybe after wiping out an entire town full of psychopaths, teaching a b*tch some manners, though he can't discipline him properly because of unexpected events, kicking an evil god's head, giving him the middle finger blatantly after kicking his ass, and even robbing one of his eyes, Myne felt he had regained his dignity. God knows where he got the confidence, but he felt he could handle his wives like he handled strangers. He doesn't have to give in and beg for their forgiveness, even if it wasn't his fault every time.

With newfound determination, he swiftly activated his Ethereal Phase skill, which transformed him into a ghost. Then like a mouse he sneaked through a house. There wasn't enough room for everyone to live separately, so most of the time, everyone had to share rooms. When Myne was at home, he, Aisha, and Sylphy stayed together, while Amy, June, Waffle, and Ocea slept in the second room.

Now, Aisha and Sylphy were sleeping together, with Waffle nestled between them. This bastard, after planting a landmine in Myne's life to exact his childish revenge, was now sleeping peacefully. This sight made Myne grit his teeth.

He decided to begin his revenge on this little traitor. After casting a sleeping spell on Aisha and Sylphy so they wouldn't wake up and ruin his plan, he grabbed Waffle by the neck, went to the window, opened it, and let the chilling wind buffet him.

Waffle, pulled from the warm embrace of the blanket, couldn't help but shiver. With great effort, he opened his eyes, but seeing the pitch-black sky with stars shining before him, he couldn't help but wonder if he was still dreaming. It wasn't until he turned his head and saw Myne's demonic face that he reacted.

"Ahh! Myne, I can explain..."

Myne, whose mind was consumed by anger, didn't give the traitor a chance to beg and threw him out the window. Just as Waffle was about to touch the ground, a portal appeared beneath him and closed as soon as Waffle fell into it.

"Phew! Now I feel much better... Humph, since this bastard liked adventure so much, then let's see if he can finish his way back home," Shaking his head with an evil grin, Myne jumped onto the bed and lay down in the middle of Aisha and Sylphy.

Then, he first placed Aisha's hands together and used Paste Skill on them, so she couldn't explode in anger after waking up, and used them to beat him. Only after making sure that he was ready, did he slowly pinch her nose so she could wake up.

Soon, due to the lack of breath, Aisha struggled and finally woke up with a jolt. She opened her eyes wide and, feeling that someone was trying to suffocate her, looked around and found Myne lying beside her, giving her a playful smile.

This was more than enough for Aisha's anger to hit the ceiling instantly. Like a wounded beast ready to die along with its enemy, she starts struggling crazily.

"Mmmmm...Mmm..."

Because Myne feared that Aisha's voice might be heard throughout the entire town the moment she opened her mouth, he tightly covered it. He was grateful he did because Aisha's struggle was no different from a mental patient whom doctors tie to a bed for treatment.

Unlike Myne, Aisha wasn't in the mood for playing and was using her full force, scaring Myne half to death, thinking that if she escaped his grasp now, she might dig his grave for sure. He threw himself on her, trying to pin her down on the bed with his body weight until she calmed down.

"Calm down, dear, you will wake up everyone," Myne said, not expecting such a violent reaction from Aisha. He had already lost half of the mysterious courage he got from god knows where and was sweating profusely.

"Ahhh!"

"Bas...Mmm..."

Because Myne was distracted, Aisha bit down on his finger with all her force and was about to scream to alert the others, but before she could finish a single word, Myne had already covered her mouth again.

"Aisha, calm down and stop behaving like an annoying brat," Myne yelled impatiently. After being bitten and seeing that Aisha wasn't listening to him at all, he was already starting to lose his patience. But obviously, it had no effect on Aisha beneath him, who had gone completely crazy.

"Fine, since you want to end this the hard way, then don't complain later." Myne, after another two minutes of useless efforts, finally put aside his nice guy attitude. He was also angry as hell, with veins starting to bulge on his neck. Obviously, Aisha had successfully taught him that she was not as easy to conquer as he had been daydreaming.

So, after uttering this sentence, he opened a portal beneath her, and both of them were swallowed by it.

Chapter 702 - 702. Husband Vs Wife

In the middle of a desolate plain, devoid of any sign of life, in the dead of night, a blue portal shimmered into existence, and two figures tumbled out.

"Motherf*cker!"

Aisha, who was buried beneath Myne, cursed him vehemently, shoving him aside as she scrambled to her feet.

"Bastard! How dare you sneak attack me!"

With that furious cry, she charged at Myne like an enraged bull, delivering a brutal headbutt to his stomach just as he was struggling to stand.

Both of them fell again, but this time Aisha was on top. Without a moment's hesitation, she began slamming down both hands, because Myne had pasted her hands together before, so she can only use this move to beat the shit out of him.

Because Aisha wasn't holding back, Myne desperately tried to shield himself with his hands.

Bang! Bang!

"Ouch! Aisha, that's cheating! At least give me time to prepare! Ouch, that really hurt!"

Myne's pleas fell on Aisha's deaf ears as she continued to rain blows upon his face, each strike causing him considerable pain.

"Enough!"

Seeing that Aisha was being relentlessly annoying and refusing to listen, Myne unleashed his Magic Eye of Shock skill, blasting her away with a surge of force. Perhaps he used a bit too much power, for Aisha flew back like a rag doll, landing dozens of meters away.

Now that the situation had clearly escalated beyond words, neither Aisha nor Myne was in the mood for further nonsense. They had decided to settle their dispute in the old, traditional husband-and-wife way.

Wiping blood from the corner of his mouth, Myne first released Aisha's hands, wanting a fair duel. Then, casting his defensive skills, ensuring that his body was able to handle all kinds of beating, he rushed towards Aisha. She, however, met his advance with a cold sneer, clearly considering him a fool for relinquishing his advantage by releasing his hands. With bloodshot eyes, she charged at him as well.

Bang!

Their fists collided, but neither managed to overpower the other with brute strength alone. This surprised Myne, as he had just significantly enhanced his physical abilities in the gaming world and was initially much stronger than Aisha. He had even considered holding back, but it turned out Aisha's strength was by no means inferior to his.

Damn it, how did her strength increase so much? If I hadn't cleared the trial dungeon before this fight, I might have already been eating dust in terms of pure physical strength, Myne thought, creating some distance between them.

"How did your strength grow so much?"

Myne asked, dazedly staring at his throbbing fist, which felt as if he had punched an iron wall. But his question was answered by a high-speed kick from his dear wife directly to his stomach, sending him flying once more.

Bang!

This time it was Myne's turn to roll across the ground. But unlike him, Aisha, who seemed to have learned some shameless villain-like battle tactics, gave him no chance to recover.

Before he could even get up, he received another heavy kick, followed by a relentless barrage of punches that made his bones creak and elicited loud, painful screams that echoed eerily in the night.

Pinned down by Aisha, unable to lift a finger to counterattack, Myne was forced to resort to his old trick. He blasted Aisha away with a shockwave magic attack before opening a portal beneath himself and teleporting a short distance away, allowing his regeneration skill to begin its work. After a few seconds of rest, feeling that he could stand again, Myne spat out a mouthful of blood and finally rose to his feet.

But this time, as he looked at Aisha, there was no tenderness or anxiety in his eyes, only deadly coldness and overflowing killing intent. Aisha had clearly crossed the line. Now he would show her why he was the head of the family, not her.

Snap!

As Aisha rushed towards him, Myne snapped his fingers, and dozens of basketball-sized fireballs materialised around him. Without a change in his expression, he hurled them at her.

Seeing that Myne had stopped holding back and that his expression was unnaturally cold, Aisha's eyes narrowed, but she didn't stop. With astonishing speed and agility, like a nimble cat, she dodged every single fireball and continued her charge.

But since Myne had become serious, her little tricks obviously had no effect. He didn't even blink at her marvellous display of movements and was about to show her what a nighttime bath felt like. However, there was no way Aisha was going to hold back after Myne started using magic, and like an idiot, she only relied on her two hands to beat him.

As soon as Myne came within her skill range, she slapped her palm on the ground. Under Myne's shocked gaze, a handful of meter-long stone spikes erupted directly beneath his feet. Because he had never seen Aisha use magic before, and it had been so long since he had given her those skills, he had almost forgotten about them.

His understanding of her fighting style was still stuck on bows and arrows, so it was only natural that he was caught off guard.

Although he saw her movement and felt the vibrations beneath his feet, Myne tried to react at the last moment. Unfortunately, his poor thigh wasn't as lucky as the rest of his body. One of the spikes pierced through his thigh, leaving a fist-sized hole through which one could see the other side. The spike had even reduced a big part of the leg bone to powder.

"AHHHH!!! F*CK! AISHA! You damn idiot, you're done for this time!"

Myne couldn't help but curse Aisha while rolling on the ground in pain. When he finally looked up at her, intending to complain and feign pitifulness to perhaps soften her cold heart, he was met with a deathly cold and indifferent face. Three huge fireballs floated above her palm, and he knew he was utterly f*cked.

Now, he truly regretted giving Aisha so many skills. However, what confused him most was why Aisha, who rarely fought and spent most of her time in the house, was so proficient in using her various abilities. It was as if she were a veteran who went through life-and-death battles every day. Her every action was refined and coordinated like she had practised them to the point of making them muscle memory.

Bang! Bang!

Feeling the heat of the fireballs on his face, Myne wasn't in the mood to show off his toughness and rely on his body to defend them. He directly opened a portal before him, and as expected, the fireballs disappeared into it, making Aisha visibly unhappy. Obviously, she had already anticipated this outcome, which wasn't good news for her.

But she wasn't going to give up because of such a minor setback. Like an angry bull, she rushed at him again.

Myne, having dropped his good-guy facade, simply sighed helplessly. When Aisha was about ten feet away, he opened a portal between them, and because of her momentum, Aisha couldn't stop herself from falling into his shameless trick.

"Sigh, this always ends like this. Now I'm even starting to feel sorry for my enemies," Myne muttered, shaking his head with an evil smug on his face. He glanced at the dark sky. Although his eyesight wasn't sharp enough to see very far, he knew that someone was falling toward his location at a very high speed. He could already imagine the other party's fearful face with wide eyes and an open mouth.

This was also part of his plan; otherwise, he wouldn't have chosen this open place for their battlefield. He didn't want any unnecessary complications while he taught his dear wifuu some manners.

About thirty seconds later, Myne finally saw a small figure falling toward him. Her hair and clothes were dishevelled, tears streamed from her eyes like a waterfall, and she was screaming at the top of her lungs.

"Does Aisha have a phobia of heights? Otherwise, why is she reacting so strongly? It's not like I'll let her fall to her death, right? Was our trust so fragile? I feel hurt," Myne couldn't help but doubt.

But as Aisha got closer and closer to the ground, he opened a large portal on the ground, big enough for a giant of a dozen meters to easily pass through. After all, Myne only wanted to teach Aisha a lesson; he didn't want to take any risks in the process. What if he missed catching Aisha, and she fell flat on the ground and directly entered the afterlife?

He might not even have a place to cry if she really died because of his mistake.

"Even if there was a slight chance of amends before, then now there is absolutely no hope. But at least I will make sure her fear of heights disappears today. Let's see how long she can scream like a madman," Myne said, taking out a couch, lying down on it, and continuing to stare at the sky.

Although he had made sure that Aisha would fall near his location, who knew she might try to commit suicide by moving away and changing her falling position or the strong wind divert her thin body from its original path? He could be in big trouble, so he couldn't dare to take his eyes off her for even a second.

Chapter 703 - 703. The Art of Fooling Wife

"Huh? Sigh, young people really fear nothing," Myne, seeing Aisha somehow drift dozens of meters away with an expression as if she wanted to commit suicide to teach him an unforgettable lesson, didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Getting up, he walked to the place where she would fall. After making sure there was no error in his calculation, he opened a giant portal in the ground. Just as Aisha fell into it, both of their eyes met, and she stared at him with bloodshot eyes, which frightened Myne to death. In the end, out of cautiousness, he decides to give her some space and abandons his plan to join her in the sky fall.

It wasn't until five more rounds that he found Aisha had become numb from continuous falling, so he stopped his training session and let her land on the ground.

"You... Bast... Bleargh!"

As soon as Aisha's body touched the ground, she started vomiting. From her perspective, everything was spinning crazily. She felt so dizzy that she couldn't even move her hand properly, let alone get up and beat Myne.

"Water?"

Feeling sorry, Myne took out a water pouch and offered it to Aisha. Although she growled at him like a wounded beast, showing her teeth as if wanting to bite him to death, she ultimately took the pouch and drank a mouthful of water.

Only when the water reached her stomach did she feel a bit better and lie down on the ground, panting heavily, while shivering. Her large breasts were rising and falling at a crazy speed, instantly gaining the full attention of their righteous owner, who was sitting beside her and nodding his head with satisfaction, thinking that they had indeed grown well, worthy of his effort. But because Aisha had almost frozen, as the weather hadn't been gentle recently, he took out some warm blankets and put them on her.

"Now, will you give me a chance to explain the real matter? Otherwise, I don't mind going on another round with you. I can do it all night," Myne said calmly, holding Aisha's shaking hand and gently stroking it.

If it were before, Aisha would rather die than listen to his nonsense and have definitely spat on his face and beaten the hell out of him, let alone give him a chance to sit beside her and hold her hand. But the excitement she had from the skyfall was a bit too much for her to handle, leaving a hidden shadow in her heart. She was indeed not in the mood to continue fighting with a cheater like her damn husband, who didn't show any mercy on his wife.

It wasn't that she feared the height, but the problem was that she couldn't control her fall. It was like an uncontrollable kite; instead of falling straight, she often became a spinner and spun crazily, along with the bone-chilling cold wind breaking her from in and out. That was the real nightmare for her, and if possible, she never wanted to experience it again.

So she didn't answer, just stared at the sky, showing that she didn't care about him and that he could speak whatever came to his mind; she was too lazy to care about it.

Myne, who was delighted seeing that Aisha finally gave in, quickly activated his Lair skill, which could increase people's trust in his words, before starting his ready-made (modified version) story.

Because he knew that he needed some trump cards to deal with Aisha, he added quite a few nonexistent, emotionally heartbreaking elements. After hearing them, even Aisha had to say that she felt pity for Myne's bad luck. After all, it is not easy to get over the trauma of losing close friends who saved your life time and time again, but when it was your turn, you were unable to do anything except watch them die with a regretful smile.

As expected, reading so many drama novels wasn't in vain; you can always come up with wonderful stories to fool others, Myne nodded with satisfaction, seeing the change in Aisha's expression.

As for what he said to her, it was nothing but the story of a poor guy who cared about his pets, whom he considered family, and for whom he was willing to fall into the Abyss. Then, while looking for his pets, he met a bunch of strangers who were all going through some kind of trouble in their lives and stuck in some kind of bottleneck, unable to get out of that trouble.

For example, a father who couldn't move on from his daughter's death; a lady to escape from pain, gave birth to another personality who could take care of her, but in the end, she messed up, and different kinds of personalities started being born in her mind like mushrooms in the rain; another lady who was abused by her husband but too scared to get out of the house, fearing getting eaten by monsters, so she became the other party's slave, etc. To make it look like he wasn't only helping ladies, he also added his apartment neighbours, like the bandaged guy, corpse man, etc. But in his story, they are good people.

Because he feared that Aisha might misunderstand him, he didn't forget to increase the age of all the ladies in his story and made them nearly 50 years old.

"So, do you understand now how critical my situation was? This time, things were completely coincidental. I had no choice: either I could watch Waffle and the others die in the Abyss alone, or become the target of your anger. And you know that for me, family always comes first; there is no way I would let them be in danger," Myne said seriously, earning a heavy sigh from Aisha.

She stared at him for a moment with a complicated expression before shaking her head helplessly.

"No food, and no touching me for the entire next week... Now stop staring at my breasts and take me back home. My body still hasn't recovered yet," Aisha said with a poker face as she pinched Myne's nose, who was staring at her breasts with greedy eyes, and gave the order.

"Hehehe, of course, dear, and thanks for understanding me," Myne laughed heartily, picked up Aisha, and opened a portal to their bathroom. He walked into it because Aisha's clothes were dirty with vomit and grime. He first helped her take a quick bath and changed her clothes before both of them lay down on the bed. Myne happily hugged her, and although Aisha gave him an angry glare, she didn't push him away and simply closed her eyes with a snort.

As for Sylphy, Myne said that since he had conquered the biggest boss, lower-level bosses were just minor characters and not worthy of this level of effort.

...

The next day, although everyone was very shocked to see Myne wandering in the kitchen, preparing his own breakfast under Aisha's strict supervision so he wouldn't blast the kitchen to the sky, and Sylphy (who had already learned about the whole story after waking up and seeing Myne and Aisha sleeping, hugging each other like koalas) didn't say anything. The rest could only go along with the flow. But girls are naturally super curious creatures, so June, Amy, Garnet, and Ayri looked at each other and decided to

get all the details from Sylphy later, as she was easy to manipulate and would probably spill the beans after a little asking.

By the way, Waffle, who was thrown miles away from the house into the sky, surprisingly managed to find his way back home with the help of a bird monster who knew the hundreds of miles area like the back of her wing. As for why that bird was so helpful, Myne mentioned that he saw burnt feathers on that poor bird and said that he had created another villain.

Then what came was naturally Waffle becoming a crybaby and complaining to Aisha, asking for justice. As a result, under Aisha's watchful eyes, Myne had to cook breakfast for everyone instead of only for himself.

After that, while eating dinner, Myne told everyone about the gaming world of the Travelling Merchant, which left them dumbfounded. But Aisha and Sylphy were delighted to hear that in the gaming world, people couldn't die, so they strongly encouraged Myne to play in the gaming world more and increase his strength instead of messing around all the time.

Myne didn't think much about it and happily agreed to their request since he also felt that he should focus more on increasing his strength. Otherwise, given the speed at which Aisha and Sylphy's strength was increasing, he was afraid that next time he might not be able to survive their single punch.

After breakfast, Myne, who was like a child who had just gotten a new toy and couldn't wait to play with it all day long, quickly returned to his bedroom, lay down on the bed and muttered the code words while staring at the ceiling excitedly.

"GAME ON!"

Chapter 704 - 704. Worship

When the darkness dissipated, Myne reappeared in his lobby space. Since there was nothing to see, not even a chair to sit on, and various monsters outside made a lot of noise to irritate him, Myne of course had no desire to waste a second there. He simply opened his system interface and clicked on the Cosmic Arena section. He had been very curious about it ever since the travelling merchant had told him about it.

Just like when he entered the dungeon, as soon as he chose Cosmic Arena, the darkness outside the chamber rushed in and swallowed him.

"Is this the Cosmic Arena? Why did it look so creepy and eerie, as if the theme was picked from a horror novel? There didn't seem to be any elements of the cosmos; it looked more like a bloody arena created by some psychopath to fulfil his weird hobbies," Myne looked at the giant wall painted red in front of him.

Under his feet was a barren, grey-black land. When he looked up, he couldn't see the blue sky formed by the refraction of light from the atmosphere, but could directly see the countless stars and distant, spherical planets.

His surroundings were a barren land without any visible source of life, except for the magnificent wall thousands of meters tall before him and a colossal door. There wasn't much else to see, which was why Myne doubted the arena's popularity. After all, without spectators to watch the fun and throw their money in excitement, could it even be called an arena?

Although the planet on which the arena was located seemed to have no atmosphere, or perhaps the atmospheric layer was too thin, causing a lack of air, Myne could surprisingly still breathe.

Retreating his gaze from the sky, Myne looked in front of him. Not far away, there was a building similar to the ancient Roman Colosseum, surrounded by high walls. At some point, while he wasn't paying attention, the main door opened a small gap, which, for an ant-like being like him, was more than enough to pass through.

He let out a long breath, kicked his feet, and started walking toward the arena while cursing the travelling merchant for playing a childish prank on him. Other parties could clearly teleport him to the centre of the arena, but no, he was thrown dozens of miles away.

As he crossed the outer door, he found that near this arena, there were many blood-coloured giants of all sizes. The smallest was 5 meters tall, while the tallest that he could see was hundreds of meters tall. There were also some who appeared even bigger, but Myne only saw their shadows. They looked like walking mountains, and Myne had to be careful while walking, fearing that a giant foot might suddenly fall on his head like divine judgment, and purify all his sins.

These giants seemed quite busy, and each of them had an umbilical cord connected to the top of their bald heads, extending all the way to a huge blood moon in the sky.

Myne hadn't noticed it before because his sight was blocked by the arena wall. At this time, as the blood moon slowly rose, this behemoth gradually appeared before him. It almost filled the entire sky, and the dark red light it emitted gave the planet a weird and uneasy atmosphere.

"This thing didn't look like a moon made of stone," As Myne observed the moon seriously, he found that it was a huge creature (a very disgusting one). Its surface was covered with fine hairs waving irregularly under the red light, and if you looked closer, you would find that each hair was a huge tentacle more than ten kilometres long.

Myne's scalp was numb, and as the blood moon continued to rise, the entire sky was covered with a dark red glow. Myne suddenly felt a strange feeling in his heart, as if the moon was a huge eyeball staring at him at that moment.

Buzz!

At this time, a heart-pounding buzzing sound came from behind him. Myne turned his head suddenly and found that while he was in a trance, looking at the blood moon, a blood-coloured giant came to his vicinity, muttering something in an ancient language.

"{ It was inviting you inside the arena, }"

Even though Myne couldn't understand the spoken language, his ability directly translated the giant's thoughts, saving him a lot of trouble.

Taking a deep breath, Myne followed the 20-meter-tall giant in front of him. He looked like an ant beside it, and it seemed like a bit too much of a waste to use this type and size of being as a worker to guide a random noob. But since he didn't own the arena and didn't need to worry about its finances, Myne said, "Good service," and gave a thumbs up to whoever came up with this kind of idea to show off the arena's power. At least, he was very impressed.

As he crossed between two giant statues of warriors in front of the arena, who looked nothing like humans—one with a weird long pointy head with one eye and four arms, and the other a mix of octopus and bat holding dozens of weapons in its countless tentacle-like arms with big bat wings on its back—he continued towards the arena entrance.

Walking past the super cool-looking, thousands of meters tall, wide-open door made of an unknown metal and adorned with different kinds of mural paintings that looked like someone's biography – a depiction of their wonderful journey from being a newbie to a god-level being – it was full of excitement, with countless fights, super boss-level monsters, and various magical phenomena. The other party had accomplished so many deeds that even the thousands-of-meters-tall gigantic door seemed insufficient to describe everything.

Myne, a die-hard story fan who enjoyed reading such exciting tales, wanted to see everything from beginning to end. He even had an idea of writing down a few dozen novels based on it and becoming popular. Anyway, it wasn't as if a god-like being would care if someone pirated their story, but sadly, his guide was walking a bit too fast and didn't give him a chance to enjoy some quality time.

Deciding to record everything later, he complimented the guy who designed the arena again, saying that he had talent in this field, and hurriedly caught up to the blood giant.

After crossing the main entrance, the blood giant brought him to a giant altar where five statues were placed in a crescent shape, leaving a small path for people to walk in the centre.

There was a wriggling maggot, a stone fountain with a floating moon in the middle, a human-shaped strange bird with six eyes and eight wings, a withered ancient tree, and finally a familiar but unfamiliar-looking humanoid guy in luxurious clothes, whose appearance was unclear as it looked like a statue of a devil with horn, tail and wings.

But the other party's playful smile was a bit too conspicuous. For some reason, Myne felt an urge to complain after staring at the fifth statue for a bit, saying that someone had played well and fooled him very well.

Many blood-coloured giants were crawling near these five statues as if they were worshipping them.

The blood-coloured giant who had brought Myne in stopped moving after coming near the altar. He stood behind Myne, staring at him motionlessly; even his mind seemed to have gone offline, as there were no more '{ ? }' popping up above his head.

"Um? What should I do next?" Myne muttered confusedly. He was lost for a moment and started looking around.

[Please select a Monarch and worship it.]

Just as Myne was looking for someone to ask for help, a prompt appeared before him. Reading the instruction, he hesitated for a moment before walking forward to the centre of the altar and stood facing the statue of the devil, who liked to cosplay as a travelling merchant to fool others.

As for why he chose him despite knowing he was just a liar, Myne said he had no other choice. He had already been forced to sign a soul contract, and now, no matter how unwilling he was, he had to accept the fact that he was the travelling merchant's champion. Also, he didn't believe that the contract was fair; he had full confidence that if he chose any other statues, it would definitely not end well.

"What's going on? Why is there no reaction?" Myne waited for a minute, but seeing no reaction from any of the statues, he couldn't help but ask.

[It detects that the host isn't qualified to become any monarch's champion based on their current strength and must win three trial battles before getting a gladiator mark and officially becoming the warrior of the chosen monarch, gaining the right to enter the cosmic arena.]

"Wait, so I am not in the cosmic arena?" Myne asked, taken aback by what the system said.

[Yes, this is the worship altar, where warriors choose their monarch before entering the cosmic arena under the banner of that certain monarch.]

This time, the system was surprisingly very cooperative and answered his doubt without putting on an air like before, as if Myne owed it millions of coins.

"Alright then, how do I fight those trial battles? Where is my opponent? Let's make it quick; I also have to clear a dungeon," Myne said while rubbing his fist.

[You must choose a monarch first and drop some blood on the statue. After you win three battles, you will automatically become that monarch's champion.]

As he didn't have much of an option to begin with, Myne sighed, saying that bastard merchant had played well, before stepping forward and quickly dropping a drop of blood on the feet of the statue of the travelling merchant.

Chapter 705 - 705. The First Opponent

As Myne dropped the blood onto the statue, the eyes of the statue shone with a chilling red light, and weird runic symbols appeared on its horns, which looked as if they had come alive and started twisting creepily. Then, suddenly, a chant in an ancient language echoed in the air.

Immediately after that, two blood-coloured giants standing randomly in front of a corner of a wall suddenly moved aside, and the next moment, a mysterious door rose from the ground, leading to the battleground.

[The Lord of Hell has accepted your blood and is willing to make you his champion, but before that, you have to prove that you are worthy of his blessing.]

[Main Mission: Win three battles in the blood arena.]

Taking a quick glance at the mission notification, Myne sighed again and stepped onto the battlefield. Just then, a thought struck him, and he asked the system curiously, "System, what would happen to me if I died here? There isn't any punishment, right?"

"System, hey, can you hear me? Why did you suddenly stop responding?"

For some reason, after hearing Myne's question, the system, which had been fully cooperative a moment ago, fell silent. For a long time, it didn't respond, no matter what Myne asked, at least not until he reached the middle of the battlefield.

[It is strongly recommended that the host try every possible means to stay alive, because, unlike the dungeons in the game, this special worship place, as well as the Cosmic Arena, are not owned by the system creator. The host's existence here is a type of bug or cheating since you aren't present in your own body, so dying here will only lead to consciousness returning to your body, unlike other participants who would really die.]

[So, after the host's death, other monarchs would discover your secret, leading to a very bloody punishment that the host absolutely couldn't accept. So please be cautious and don't die foolishly.]

"Gulp! System, you bastard, why are you trying to scare me? Do you think I will flee if you say that dying here means I am screwed? Humph, how can I lose so easily to some nobodies?" Myne didn't seem much affected by the shocking news and responded with a frown.

System: -_- (If that's the case, then why are you running toward the exit?)

Although in order not to lose its aloof and mighty image, the system didn't make fun of Myne, Myne could see that its words and body movements didn't match. But there was no way; at his current strength, he was indeed too weak, and he didn't believe that the person with whom he was about to fight would be someone with cheat skills, relying on which he became his world's strongest person, but after leaving his home world, he was nothing but slightly smarter cannon fodder. So it is only instinctive to die unexpectedly.

However, maybe the system had picked up its creator's bad habit, or it simply wanted to see Myne take a beating, so it didn't explain those things until he was in the middle of the battleground. So, when Myne was only halfway through the exit, the door vanished under his horrified gaze, and the huge space began to shrink at an astonishing speed, and the scenery changed accordingly.

In just the blink of an eye, he was already in a lush forest. The huge wall and countless empty seats for the audience had completely disappeared; only the blood moon above his head still occupied the entire sky, emitting a creepy light like a huge emotionless observer.

Then, like an evil chant, the ancient language sounded in the air again, giving Myne a bad feeling. Every time this wretched chanting sounded, he encountered bad luck.

[Because the host used improper means to gain entry into the Cosmic Arena, the Boundless Blood Pool Monarch is dissatisfied with you and has decided to teach you a lesson.]

[The great Lord of Hell thinks this is unreasonable, and the Boundless Blood Pool Monarch is only making things difficult for you because he has a grudge against him. However, he thinks his intervention in this matter will bring you more trouble than good, so he encourages you to fight hard and show everyone your strength. To make things fair, he has decided to give you an extra reward after you win all three battles.]

[You are matched with an opponent who has eleven consecutive wins.]

"Hey, what do you mean by improper means? I am here by the channel you and your damn Lord of Hell, that bastard merchant gave me. What does it have to do with me? You should take responsibility for this!" Myne yelled out, seeing that he was being punished unjustly, and the system was also saying those things so righteously that if anyone didn't know the inside story, they would think it was Myne's fault and that a cheater like him deserved punishment.

[Please, host, don't blame the system for everything. We are just providing you with a platform to become powerful. It is you who doesn't understand your own limits. If you didn't have confidence in your strength, you shouldn't have come here in the first place; instead, you should have honestly cleared the dungeon.]

After saying that, the system again fell silent and then didn't respond to any of Myne's questions.

"An opponent with eleven consecutive wins? This is going to be tricky. Also, if this f*cker has won so many games, then what the f*ck is he even doing in a trial game instead of going to the Cosmic Arena? Those bastards who like to bully the weak, why don't they just die..." Myne's face showed a solemn look, and he complained while gritting his teeth.

Then, he opened his skill page and started making a plan on how to deal with his first opponent, but soon after, he suddenly heard a sound coming from some distance. The next moment, a huge figure jumped out from nowhere and landed some distance away from him.

The 3-meter-tall humanoid insect warrior boasted a chitinous exoskeleton of obsidian and emerald, complete with spiked armour, four arms—two scythe-clawed arms and two slender hands—and two digitigrade legs. Two horns protruded above his mandibled face, which featured glowing amber eyes. Vestigial wings and a predatory, silent gait further enhanced his menacing and alien grace.

The insect warrior, naturally armoured, had no need for clothing. He stood before Myne, staring at him in an unnatural way.

The other party seemed to harbour some perverted fantasy regarding Myne's handsome body, a physique countless ladies would have yearned to touch. This also confused Myne greatly; he couldn't understand why most monsters and these alien creatures found his body so appealing that they began licking their lips pervertedly, a creepy smile spreading across their faces automatically.

{ It had never eaten a human and had only heard about them in stories, so it was very exciting to see you. }

{ It was thinking about bringing you to its hometown to mate with you. It has been heard that humans are one of the few species that are good mating sources with weak bloodlines, and most alien races can easily produce many offspring from them with pure bloodlines. }

{ It was about to launch a full-powered punch at the back of your head to knock you out in one go, as it didn't want to injure you. }

As Myne read his opponent's dark thoughts, he couldn't help but shiver, his anus tightening unconsciously. Although he knew the other party had mistaken him for a female, since it seemed to have never seen a human and didn't know the difference between genders. Also, although he was merely using a clone body, meaning in the worst-case scenario he could log out or commit suicide, a sense of fear still gripped his heart. He had never encountered such a psychopathic, bisexual individual who was

taking his race's population a bit too seriously, and insisted on taking this kind of responsibility on his shoulders.

Maybe I should create demonic-looking full-body armour before entering the cosmic arena, Myne thought, nervously gulping down saliva.

Humans seem to be a very desirable commodity in the eyes of most alien creatures; they are nothing but walking breeding machines for them. It would be a nightmare if someday someone powerful took a fancy to my body.

For some reason, Myne's mind couldn't simply get rid of the unwelcome images popping into his head, images decidedly unfriendly to any straight man.

[Name: Krythic the Broodfather

Level: 8

Race: The Zyrrithan Brood.]

Perhaps it was against the rules, or maybe his appraisal skill, even with his special ability combined, wasn't powerful enough; he could barely discern his opponent's status. Still, Myne breathed a sigh of relief seeing that he wasn't facing someone overwhelmingly powerful. He might at least have a chance to beat him.

While Myne's mind was in disarray, his opponent narrowed his eyes, and with a flicker of motion, almost as fast as a truck, he rushed toward him at full speed. Thankfully, the

opponent's speed was still within his reach, perhaps only a few points faster than his own, which gave him time to react. He quickly dodged the incoming punch.

But the insect warrior Krythik was obviously no noob like him and possessed a good foundation in close combat. Myne had barely dodged the first punch when a second one followed closely, appearing before his chest.

Chapter 706 - 706. Human Vs Insect

Myne, in a hurry, barely raised his arms when Krythik's fist crashed into his forearms like a warhammer, the impact shuddering through his bones. Myne staggered back, his teeth rattling from the pain. Five times a normal man's strength, and he was barely a match for his opponent. This bastard, a grotesque blend of human and insect, possessed fists that felt like iron and struck with an agonizing force that hurt like hell.

Krythik pressed his attack relentlessly. A jab snapped Myne's head back. A low kick buckled his knee, nearly dropping him. Thankfully, Krythik seemed to be toying with him, his strikes precise and controlled, not aimed to kill him.

Myne, already aware of his opponent's dark intentions, gritted his teeth and blocked the incoming punch aimed at his face, countering with a brutal hook to Krythik's ribs. However, Myne's full-powered punch barely flinched Krythik; his natural armoured plates were not just for show, effectively absorbing the blow.

A spined elbow grazed Myne's cheek, splitting the skin. Blood trickled down his jaw.

If this continues like this, I am going to be beaten to death, Myne thought, but thankfully, Keythik didn't seem to possess any special skills or abilities, only excelling in hand-to-hand combat, which made him breathe a sigh of relief.

As Myne contemplated ending the battle, Krythik lunged again. This time, instead of directly taking the hit, Myne's right hand snapped open, and he used the Holy Palm Eye skill without hesitation.

An eye appeared in the middle of his palm, and a powerful light erupted from it – a detonation of searing white. Although it was daytime, because Myne, the wealthy guy, poured hundreds of mana points directly into it, the light from the eye was more powerful than dozens of flashbangs detonating simultaneously.

Krythik reeled back, hissing, and covered his face with his clawed hands, while his remaining two hands flailed wildly, stopping anyone who tried to approach.

Seeing that his plan had worked, Myne quickly used the Paste skill and glued Krythik's two clawed hands to his face.

Although Krythik was powerful, his strength was purely physical. He possessed no other advantages except for his thick skin. When he realised he couldn't move his hands away from his face, he began panicking, running around like a crazed bull, smashing into the nearby trees.

Just as Krythik slammed into a tree and fell to the ground, Myne used the Paste skill again, glueing the other party's buttocks and legs to the ground. Krythik snarled, his muscles bulging as he strained against the bindings—but he soon realised he was helpless and would only injure himself further if he used too much force.

Just then, Myne, finally feeling at ease, grinned evilly, rubbed his fists together, and struck his opponent hard.

A fist to the gut, where the chitin was thinnest. A knee, harder. Krythik gagged, and acidic saliva sprayed from his mandibles. Myne grabbed one of his curved horns and wrenched, twisting his head sideways. A sickening crack split the air.

Feeling his injuries worsening, Krythik, the ruthless fighter, leaving a trail of green blood and bits of armour and skin from his buttocks and legs behind, stood up.

At the moment of life and death, he had found a way to get rid of Myne's Paste skill, although it had cost him dearly.

Krythik gritted his teeth in pain and surged forward, blind but furious. Myne sidestepped, laughing now, the thrill of the fight coursing through him. He was also enjoying the feeling of bullying the weak.

He drove a knuckle into the joint behind Krythik's knee. The warrior fell to his knees, and Myne's thumb found the soft membrane of an eye between the other party's claws and pressed it hard.

"AHHHHH!!!"

Krythik, who hadn't opened his mouth until now, howled crazily.

But someone obviously wasn't interested in wasting any more time. The final blow was a palm strike to Krythik's thorax, right where those eerie, glowing runes pulsed. The carapace splintered, and Myne's palm went directly into his opponent's thorax.

Krythik's body shivered for a few seconds before he collapsed, hitting the muddy ground with a thud.

Myne planted a boot on Krythik's neck and leaned down, his breath ragged. He had never thought that a battle could be so exciting. Of course, he still preferred the wizard style of bombarding his opponents from afar and leaving them in despair.

Thud!

Myne, who was panting heavily, also fell to the ground, not caring that his clothes were getting dirty. Although the battle was very exciting because his opponent was so ruthless, he was forced to maintain one hundred percent attention and didn't dare to make any mistakes. He believed that after witnessing his skills, if he had even once fallen into Krythik's grasp, he would have died. Only an idiot would still care about his little brother when his own life was in danger.

At this moment, just as Myne was resting, a prompt appeared before him.

[You have gained the attention of the Boundless Blood Pool.]

[You have gained the attention of the Lord of Hell, and he has given you a thumbs-up in admiration for defeating an opponent more powerful than yourself. He is looking forward to your next performance.]

That bastard is watching my battle? Just how free is he? Doesn't he have anything better to do?

Myne wasn't surprised that the guy with the weird name, Boundless Blood Pool, was watching him since his opponent had been specially picked by him to teach him a lesson. But what made his blood boil was that the shameless merchant was actually watching for fun and, instead of giving him something good that could help in the upcoming battle, was simply talking nonsense.

Just don't give me a chance, otherwise, I will f*cked up your entire family, Myne thought, fearing his words might be heard, he could only curse silently in his mind.

Just then, the surrounding scenery dissipated like broken bubbles, and he returned to the ancient and vast arena. He was teleported directly in front of the statues of the five monarchs, or gods, whichever they preferred to be called.

"Huh?"

Myne noticed that the other three statues remained still, but the stone fountain-like statue had begun to "gurgle" and was now spurting out blood, soaking the stone moon that floated in the centre of it. As for the statue of the travelling merchant, aside from the runes that had now spread across its entire surface, there wasn't much change.

[Congratulations, host! Your performance has been appreciated by the Boundless Blood Pool! It has decided to let you go this time and will not interfere in other battles.]

"Phew, that's good. If someone more powerful than that incest freak appears in the next battle, I am definitely going to be beaten," Myne breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing the good news from the system.

While Myne was talking with the system, suddenly a ray of light shone on his head, and a message appeared in his mind.

The Lord of Hell, the guy who liked to pretend to be a travelling merchant and fool innocent people, wanted to cheat his fellow comrades, meaning the other four monarchs, and for this, he hoped Myne could continue fighting and win the remaining two battles as well.

Then, knowing Myne's cowardly personality, before he could complain, a notification appeared before him.

[Congratulations to the host for clearing the first round of the battle.

You have received 20 free attribute points and 1000 coins.]

"What a big deal. That bastard is now forcing me to fight to the death."

Myne couldn't help but show a look of amazement. He was worthy of being a Lord of Hell. He could get such a generous reward for just a casual fight.

"But why are the coins so few? At least he should have added another zero. For someone of his status, didn't he feel ashamed of giving only 1000 coins?"

Myne couldn't help but complain and quickly allocated his free attribute points. He urgently needed strength, so there was no point in saving them.

[Name: Glitcher (Myne Fortuna) (666666)

Level: 5 (234/1500)

Race: Human

Strength: 31 → 41

Endurance: 31 → 36

Agility: 27 → 32

Spirit: 107 → 167

Mana: 74 → 94 (Stored Mana: 1726)

Free Attribute Points: 0

Coins: 4000]

[Skill Bar: Holy Palm Eye, Appraisal • Complete, Inventory, Cut & Paste, Thunder Ball
(3/3).]

[Item Bar: Hundred-Man Killer Knife, Eye of the Evil God] (Total 5 Grids / one with each level)

Thanks to the Eye of the Evil God, after he added 20 points (10 to strength, and 5 each to endurance and agility), his spirit automatically gained 60 extra points, three times the total value of the spent attribute points. Because spirit and mana were connected at a fundamental level, his mana also received a significant boost, directly gaining 20 points. However, since he had his inventory to store mana, he didn't care much about it.

As his attributes increased significantly, Myne felt like his entire body was blooming with energy, especially his spirit, which not only helped him resist the abyssal pollution but also cleared his mind, increased his thought process, and made his sixth sense stronger.

"Not bad, not bad. Now I have the confidence to deal with the next opponent. Without the interference of those monarchs, I am surely able to handle the next one with ease."

"System, let's start the second battle."

As soon as Myne finished speaking, an altar slowly rose in the middle of the five statues. On it were placed a large number of fresh fruits and vegetables, most of which Myne had never seen before. There was also a huge wild boar-like beast with flaming orange and blue fur, golden pupils, and two long, elephant-like teeth, its limbs tied up and struggling constantly. Next to the wild boar was a dagger made of bones from an unknown monster.

[Open the belly of the tribute, sacrifice to the Eternal Void Eye, and ask it to witness the ancient sacred duel.]

What's the point of these formalities this time? Can't we just do it normally like before? Although Myne was complaining, he still did it without any hesitation.

Amid the painful screams of the huge wild boar, the dark red blood dyed the entire altar red. At the same time, the blood moon above the bloody arena emitted a scarlet light as if it had accepted Myne's sacrifice.

Not long after, the surrounding scenery began to change. This time, Myne appeared on a floating rock above a volcano. Flowing magma surged beneath the rock, and there were only a few other rocks for people to step on besides the one he was standing on.

Aside from the frightening environment, the super hot temperature, and the lack of any land around him, what caught his attention more was that there were three huge statues around the volcano!

They were the blood-spraying fountain, the strange wriggling maggot, and a devil with a cheap smile on his face. But at this time, the three statues had become extremely huge, much taller than the volcano, almost reaching the sky. They surrounded the volcano like three giants looking at toys in their palms.

Chapter 707 - 707. Magma-Coward

"F*ck, it's so hot!" Myne panted heavily, wiping sweat from his forehead.

"Don't those bastards have any better venue to choose than throwing me inside a volcano?" He fanned himself with his hand, his gaze sweeping across the fiery landscape. Thanks to his high endurance, his body somehow withstood the searing heat emanating from the magma, but it was only a temporary reprieve. Myne was confident that if he stayed here for more than ten minutes, he would definitely become roasted chicken.

"System, what's going on with those statues? Why are they here?"

[Monarchs are observing this battle. Because of the host's past performance, the Insect Mother is showing some interest in you and wants to see what you can do with an environmental disadvantage and limited space. Can you still defeat your opponent with your 'funny tricks'?]

"What do you mean, 'funny tricks'? I fought for my life back there, alright..."

[You are matched with an opponent who has won two battles.]

Just like last time, an ancient voice echoed in the sky, and the system also provided a brief description of his opponent, foreshadowing the beginning of the duel.

"Looks like the battle has started, but where is that bastard?"

Myne, who was sweating profusely from the intense heat, even his leather shoes showing signs of damage, looked around vigilantly. But even though this time their battleground was limited with no obstacles to hide behind, he still couldn't find his opponent. Only gods knew where it was hiding, giving Myne no chance to end the battle as soon as possible while he was still in his peak condition.

This time, Myne's opponent seemed to have a completely different fighting style. It didn't show itself directly; it seemed to want to defeat Myne by simply relying on the home-field advantage instead of confronting him directly.

From a rational point of view, this was a good strategy. After all, not everyone could jump into magma, pull it out forcefully, and beat the hell out of it.

Two minutes later, just when Myne started panting crazily, drinking water as if there were no tomorrow, and even throwing it on his body to cool down, while silently patting himself for collecting enough water in his inventory, his eagle-like eyes suddenly spotted two small hands slowly emerging from the magma at the edge of the small stone on which he was standing.

Before he could guess his opponent's intention, he saw the other party sink its claw-like, sharp fingers hard into the stone's edge and press the entire stone into the magma, directly flipping it 360 degrees, scaring Myne to death.

Thankfully, Myne had already moved to the other end of the stone when he saw his opponent's hand. When the other party pushed one side of the stone into the magma, and the other side lifted up, he relied on the stone's momentum and, with its support, jumped onto another nearby stone.

"Hot, hot, hot, hot..."

The other stone was much hotter than the previous one, and as soon as Myne stepped on it, he realised he couldn't stand on it for too long. So, he quickly threw a large amount of water onto the stone's surface to reduce its temperature while avoiding the hot steam. Only after its surface temperature became bearable did he look around, wanting to find that bastard who was playing shameless tricks like a coward instead of coming out and fighting like a man.

"Get the hell out of here, you coward! This is cheating! You can't hide in the magma and overturn the stones!"

Myne tried to provoke his opponent so it would at least come out. Even a second would be enough — then he could paste its body to the stone and show it who the real boss was. But sadly, his tricks didn't work, and the other party remained hidden and turned a deaf ear.

"I hate these types of shameless bastards the most," Myne cursed, but sadly, there was nothing he could do in the current situation except wait for an opportunity.

"But thankfully, it seemed that in its initial state, those opponents didn't have any skills and could only rely on their physical characteristics to fight. Otherwise, if this guy could control magma even a little bit, it would be nigh impossible to defeat... "

"Aha! Here you are!"

Just as Myne was looking around vigilantly, he saw two small hands emerging from the magma again, grabbing the edge of his stone once more. But this time, he didn't give the other party a chance and directly pasted both its hands.

The next moment, Myne's opponent, who was hiding under the stone inside the magma, found that it couldn't close its fingers or move its hands no matter what it did, as if they were stuck to the stone. This gave it a very bad feeling, which came true when it felt a very sharp blade touching the back of its hands, as if warning it to stick its head out or forget its hands.

Myne, who had backed away after giving his opponent the warning while holding the butcher knife in his hand so the opponent couldn't do anything funny like spitting magma at him, waited for it to come out and show its face.

The next moment, a small goblinoid about 1.3 meters tall, with a red, magma-like scaly body, smoldering yellow eyes with a sly, calculating gaze, a jagged, toothy grin, along with a bald head, pointy ears, and a sharp nose, poked its head out from the magma and stared at Myne coldly. If eyes could kill, Myne would surely be dead a dozen times over by now.

"A red goblin?" Seeing his opponent's face, Myne was taken aback. He hadn't expected to see a familiar figure even on a cosmos-level platform. "Those little bastards are really no less popular than humans."

[Name: Magmascorch, the Cunning

Level: 4

Race: Ember Ghûl]

"Well, it seemed different from usual goblins; at least its race name had nothing to do with them."

Myne, having seen the other party's status, didn't waste any more time, quickly and shamelessly, he used the Paste skill on his opponent's mouth to avoid a sneak attack and swiftly rushed at him with the butcher knife.

Magmascorch, seeing Myne rushing at him with the knife, quickly hid his head in the magma. Sadly, his hands were still glued to the edge of the rock and couldn't release them, giving Myne the chance to catch him. With a few hits, Myne cut off one of its hands, injuring him badly.

Red blood, hot like magma, burst out from the severed hand, searing Myne. He hadn't expected that the other party's blood would be so deadly. Not only that, but even his knife took considerable damage as it wasn't durable enough to handle the high-temperature liquid like magma. It was good that it didn't melt like a candle after coming into contact with Magmascorch's blood.

Several bubbles rose above the magma, indicating that Magmascorch was screaming in pain; he seemed to have forcefully broken open his mouth.

However, while Myne thought that Magmascorch would jump out of the magma after getting injured and fight him to the death like his previous opponent, the insect warrior, the other party didn't even show its face until Myne slowly cut off his other hand as well, making him unable to fight, automatically winning the battle.

"That guy is indeed a coward. I was overestimating him for nothing. If it weren't for the fact that the venue has a huge advantage for him, he would have nothing to fear. I would have dealt with him with ease," Myne muttered with a sneer. But when he looked at his knife, which was damaged in multiple places, he didn't feel happy about winning the battle at all.

While Myne was troubled, wondering where he could repair his knife, suddenly the huge worm statue twisted its body a few times, making the entire volcano shake as if it had been hit by a high-magnitude earthquake, and then disappeared.

Following this, the blood-spraying fountain sprayed blood one after another, as if cursing someone's entire family, and then also disappeared, leaving only the statue of the Lord of Hell, whose already cocky smile became even more disgusting, enough to make people's blood boil and have the urge to beat him to death.

"Doesn't this bastard have anything better to do than create trouble? What did he do this time that made the other two guys flee with such momentum?"

Myne, who was almost thrown into the magma pool, muttered angrily, watching the two colossal statues disappear. Then, the next moment, the scenery around him also began to break and return to the ancient arena.

The statues of the five monarchs still stood quietly in front of him.

Only this time, the five monarchs all lit up with a faint glow, which was completely different from the coldness when he first came.

Three balls of blue light rushed out from the Lord of Hell statue and merged into Myne's body, and the system prompt sounded in his ears.

[Congratulations to the host for clearing the second round of the battle.

You have received 5 free attribute points, 1000 coins, a random rare quality equipment or prop scroll, and 3 Cosmic Coins.]

"Wait, why are the attribute points so few this time?" Myne didn't care about the other rewards, but when he saw that his next battle-winning ticket, on which he was putting all his hope, was taken away, he immediately complained.

[The reward is gained based on the host's performance, and because the host's opponent this time was many times weaker than him, you won't get extra attribute points for nothing.]

"But that's cheating! What about the venue? I was almost thrown into the magma!" Myne didn't give up and continued talking nonsense, but the system obviously lost its patience and restarted its favourite game of playing dead.

"Fine, you won't give. At least tell me about the other rewards. What is this scroll and Cosmic Coin thing? How do I use them?" Myne realised that he wasn't going to get anything free from the system, rolled his eyes in annoyance, and asked about the other rewards.

[The random scroll can be used to randomly select a rare quality of equipment or prop from the treasure house of the cosmic arena. As for the Cosmic Coins, it is the universal currency in this Cosmic arena, which can be used to trade or directly exchange equipment, props, bloodlines, blessings, skills, abilities, etc.—anything you think can be bought with those coins.]

[But these things can only be used after the host becomes a formal gladiator. So keep working hard.]

Chapter 708 - 708. Bonus Gift

[These things, however, can only be used after the host becomes a formal gladiator. So keep working hard.]

While Myne was chatting with the system, a blood giant with a taller physique, nearly 500 meters in height, approached.

This one seemed different from the ordinary giants. It wore a loose purple robe. As soon as it entered, it knelt before the five statues, its head slightly tilted, as if listening intently to something.

"What is it doing?" Myne couldn't help but whisper.

[The Blood Servant is listening to the will of the monarchs. Unlike the Blood Baby, it is a high-level blood infant and also the person in charge of the worship arena. Therefore, when the five monarchs need to hold a special competition, the Blood Servant will appear.]

The system casually answered Myne's question, but when he heard that those mountain-sized giants were called babies, he was dumbfounded. It took him a few seconds to regain his senses and stop staring weirdly at the blood babies before refocusing on the five statues.

Unless he had a brain problem, it wasn't hard to guess that those five bastards were planning some tricks and didn't want him to have a good time in his last battle.

Not long after, the Blood Servant turned around and whispered something in a strange language to him.

Surprisingly, even without the help of the system or { ? }, he understood its meaning. It was asking him to follow it. The Lord of Hell had prepared a special trial for him, which would be held the following day. So, it was taking him to a resting place where he could wait and recover until further notification.

Hearing that he was granted time before the last battle, Myne instantly breathed a sigh of relief and was delighted. He had been thinking of asking the system if there was any way to postpone the final fight so he could go back and clear a few dungeons, boost his strength, and grab some skills before returning.

The last battle had taught him how weak he was, especially since the venue's theme was not friendly to humans. Previously, he had been lucky that his opponent was a coward and didn't have particularly strong body defense; otherwise, the other party wouldn't have needed to do anything except wait for him to admit defeat while roasting in the heat of magma or throwing magma at him from afar there is no way he can avoid getting injured all the time.

But who was to say that his next opponent would also be a fool? He couldn't afford the price of dying, not even once. Otherwise, those four overpowered individuals who had just started paying attention to him would do anything to f*cked him up for cheating right under their noses.

So, Myne soon followed the blood servant into a narrow space, which led him to a grand, luxurious hall made of shiny golden and red marble. Hell was unimaginably large, very suitable for those mountain-like babies. But sadly, to Myne's disappointment, there wasn't anyone else like him who had come here for a trial.

However, in a corner, he saw a familiar-looking signboard of a shield and sword. After asking the system, he learned it was a blacksmith shop where he could repair his equipment.

This delighted Myne, and after getting his room in the residential area for guests on the west side of the giant hall, which was very simple with a king-size bed, a restroom, and some common furniture, he hurriedly went to the blacksmith shop.

The shop was also run by a blood baby, the only difference being that this one was very small, barely four meters tall, probably because most people who came here for trial battles weren't giants. For those hundreds-of-meters-tall beings, grabbing and repairing the participant's tiny equipment was nothing but helping an ant, a very difficult task.

After Myne paid one Cosmic Coin, the blood baby took his knife, threw it into the burning furnace, and after a minute or so, grabbed the burning hot knife with its bare

hand as if it were nothing. It casually threw it onto the anvil, grabbed the stone hammer, and under Myne's dumbfounded gaze, the other party hit it a few times randomly before throwing it into the water tank to cool down.

Then, it placed the knife before Myne, returned to its seat, and closed its eyes as if nothing had happened.

[Name: Hundred-Man Killer Knife

Type: Equipment

Quality: Rare

Function: When swinging, it increases body movement and strength by +20, but also consumes more physical strength.

Note: It was repaired and enhanced by the Grandmaster-level blood baby and is twice as durable as before.]

"F*CK!"

This was the only word that came out of Myne's mouth after witnessing the magical skill of the blood baby blacksmith before him. It would be a lie to say that for a moment, he thought he had been cheated.

Who would have thought that with a few casual swings of a hammer, someone could repair his damaged knife and even enhance it out of nothing? If not for the fear that the Eye of the Evil God was a bit too valuable, no less than those five bastards out there—who he didn't doubt would definitely jump out from nest if he took out an body part of another god, he would be robbed for sure—he really wanted to give it to the blood baby in front of him to enhance as well.

After this small episode, Myne wandered around the colossal hall, but seeing that there wasn't anything to see except blood giants wandering, and that the hall was also a bit too big for him to explore fully, he returned to his room, pulled up the status menu, and clicked on the Exit option.

...

"Haa, this motherf*cking darkness, when will I be able to renovate my lobby?" He looked outside the lobby through the wall and saw the darkness, and fog-like monsters with red eyes roaring and screaming as they fought with each other. Occasionally, a few idiots smashed their heads against the lobby wall, but like ants hitting a mountain, it had no effect at all.

"Huh? Where did this box come from?" Just as Myne pulled up his status screen again, intending to enter the dungeon, he noticed a small box in the corner of the lobby under the light of the status window.

"System, what's the matter with this box?" Myne asked as he walked toward the small wooden box and opened it without any hesitation.

[Name: Dark Wind Boots]

[Type: Equipment]

[Quality: Ordinary]

[Consumption: 10 Mana]

[Function: After activating, enter a stealth state for five minutes, and agility increases by 5%. In a dark environment, all movement sounds are reduced by 90%, and movement speed is increased by 30%. Movement speed scales with the agility attribute, with a maximum bonus of 50 points.]

[Note: On a dark and windy night, kill without leaving a trace.]

"F*ck, so cool!" Myne's eyes instantly lit up seeing the wonderful effect of his new boots. He removed his old leather boots and put these on without wasting a second, fearing the giver might regret his decision and ask for them back.

[Because of the host's wonderful performance, the Lord of Hell has given you an additional reward and asks you to be well-prepared for the next battle, since much is at stake, and he wants you to win at any cost.]

"What has that bastard done this time?" Myne cursed, his excitement washing away as he realized someone was plotting behind his back again. Even the Dark Wind Boots on his feet suddenly felt uncomfortable. But sadly, there was nothing he could do about it except sigh.

By the way, Myne also learned from the system that he could choose to equip any equipment without needing to physically wear it, thus avoiding unnecessary trouble from other greedy players who covet his equipment. Also, many pieces of equipment looked quite second-rate and weird, as not all of them were made for humans.

The other races had different tastes and characteristics. If they were mixed and matched, it would be hard to tell what style it would become. However, when activating its function, the equipment would briefly display a phantom for one second to indicate it was working before disappearing, and he could wear whatever he wanted on top of it.

Then, Myne checked his status but was in no hurry to spend the pitiful 5 free attribute points. He decided to enter the dungeon and beat some asses first.

[Please choose the mode of dungeon: Single or Team]

"Ohh, there's also such a function, so doesn't it mean I can also beat other players' asses and rob their equipment?" An evil smile appeared on Myne's face as he thought that his new equipment was motivating him to do bad things.

[Player Glitcher, level 5]

[Team mode dungeon matching in progress...]

[Team dungeon confirmed, number of people: Six.]

The dim lights in the lobby space did not flicker this time. Large patches of darkness appeared from the room's door, like a tide silently surging.

Then, it swallowed up the room and Myne together.

...

[Since this is the first time entering the team dungeon, this mode will provide each player with a common main quest and will evaluate and reward them according to their personal completion.]

[Note: Once the act of killing team members occurs, the main quest will be banned, and related rewards and experience cannot be obtained.]

After a brief moment of unconsciousness, Myne's consciousness fell to the ground as if from the sky, and he blinked open his eyes.

His first thought was, "There's no weird greeting sound this time," and the second was, "What a shame, I can't play the role of bandit."

Chapter 709 - 709. Team Dungeon

"What's that smell?"

Myne's nose wrinkled at the foul stench of blood and decay. Looking around, he found himself in an abandoned bus. The source of the smell and the sticky crimson was a uniformed corpse sprawled in the aisle, surrounded by a dense cloud of flies that indicated it had been dead for quite some time.

Besides him on the bus were five other living people. They blinked open their eyes with confused expressions, and floating nicknames appeared above their heads, confirming they were players like him, also part of this team dungeon.

However, while Myne observed his teammates, his gaze snagged on a familiar figure attempting to conceal himself with a long robe.

"Ah, hello buddy, we meet again," Myne said, a playful smile playing on his lips.

The game lacked any avatar modification function, so everyone looked exactly as they did in real life. Coupled with the floating IDs, recognition was easy, even if someone had unusual physical features.

The man Myne addressed was none other than his second opponent from the arena, whose ass he had just kicked. But it seemed that, like Myne, after healing his hands, the other guy hadn't wasted time and had rushed straight into the dungeon to become stronger.

Magmascorch, the red goblin with mind-blowing fire resistance, trembled upon hearing the voice of the suddrual who had nearly killed him an hour ago. He looked back and saw Myne's demonic face split into a wide smile as he waved.

F*ck! What is this bastard doing here? Magmascorch didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He should have been happy to encounter an acquaintance in a dungeon. A place full of danger, filled with uncertainty and a high mortality rate, the memory of someone brutally severing his hands and then glueing his mouth shut. It was hard to have a good impression of such a person.

"Ahhm, hehe, hello." Although he desperately wanted to stay as far away from Myne as possible, the other party clearly had no such intentions. Myne took the initiative, approaching and patting him on the shoulder, forcing Magmascorch to return the greeting.

"Hahaha, don't look so terrified, as if I'm going to eat you alive," Myne whispered gently, his voice only reaching Magmascorch's ears.

"The arena battle and this dungeon challenge are completely different things. There, we were mortal enemies with only two options: kill or be killed. But here, we're teammates, so it's best to stick together and clear this mission instead of fleeing and holding grudges over past matters." He didn't know what the other teammates were like, so he kept his voice low.

{ He thinks you are more cunning than him and wants to fool him again. }

{ He doesn't trust you. His parents have told him that most humans are greedy liars and he should stay away from them. }

{ He is more afraid of the dungeon than you, so he thinks that until figuring out the main theme, he'd better stick close to you before thinking of a way to escape. }

As expected, this guy is indeed very cunning and knows how to take advantage of every change. He has a bright future, Myne nodded and gave Magmascorch a thumbs up in his mind, acknowledging his strategy. If Myne were in his position, he would do the same thing.

While forcibly dragging Magmascorch onto his pirate ship, Myne turned his head to look at his other teammates.

Two people sat in the back, a duo. Although their general appearance was human-like, they possessed mischievous tails and bodies covered in fur, resembling cats or wolves, along with long, fluffy ears on their heads and flat, black noses.

Among the duo, one was called [Ache] and the other [Achoo]. They appeared to be teenagers of similar age.

Feeling Myne's gaze, the whispering duo stopped. Ache cleared his throat lightly, adopting a serious demeanour before speaking. "Let me introduce myself. My name is Ache. I am a level 6 player."

He pointed to the furry, brown, wolf-like guy beside him, who wore casual pants and a t-shirt with a sexy wolf lady showing her ass printed on it.

"This is my son, Achoo," He said seriously.

The brown-haired man glared at his best friend and kicked his buttocks angrily. "Get lost! I'm your father! Don't think I'll bring you lunch this afternoon, you bastard!"

"Sorry, Dad, please don't! Otherwise, I will starve to death."

Myne watched the two childish figures bickering as if they were in a park and couldn't help but shake his head in disappointment. He had already labeled them unreliable noobs. He also read their thoughts, and they were just thinking about food or their crushes. Neither of them seemed serious about their current predicament.

Then he looked at the remaining two people. One was a human girl who seemed to be having a difficult time after seeing the corpse and was hiding in a corner, muttering something like, "I didn't want to play this crappy game; I just wanted to go home."

She wore a white shirt, a very small black thigh-high skirt, and big round goggles on her eyes. Myne had to admit she was quite a beauty with what looked like double D-cup breasts, which seemed as if they would break free from her too-tight shirt, perfectly showcasing her curvaceous body but leaving no breathing space for her breasts.

Although he didn't know what she was thinking when she came to the dungeon dressed in clothes that would only make things difficult for her, he had to say, for his eyes' pleasure, she had done a perfect job.

{ She is scared after seeing the corpse. }

{ She was able to clear the trial dungeon by relying on her beauty and seducing a naive guy who helped her from start to finish, giving her the illusion that all dungeons would be so easy. After she improved her attributes and felt the power rushing through her body, she became addicted to it and decided to play again, but now she is regretting it. }

{ She is pretending to be pitiful so someone will take pity on her and offer a helping hand, allowing her to rely on him to finish the dungeon. If that doesn't work, she is willing to use her body on the only human in the team besides herself to gain his protection, she can't believe someone would ignore a beauty like her. }

Huh? Wait a minute, the other human besides her wasn't that me? Had her evil eyes already fallen on my body? F*ck, why the hell does everyone want my body? Although I am handsome, this is a bit too much, Myne, feeling a strange mix of pain and pleasure, cursed. Although he wouldn't mind a beauty throwing herself into his arms, if the other party was just a pig teammate, then he definitely wasn't going to accept this burden.

Throwing the girl's matter aside, he looked at their last teammate. A muscular, red-skinned, bald, four-eyed uncle, nearly 2 meters tall, with a deadly serious face. He was currently coming toward them, seeming to want to say something.

His voice was calm but a little deep, and when he spoke, he instantly grabbed everyone's attention.

"Although I don't want to disturb you, didn't you brats notice what's going on outside the bus?"

This person is called [Mr. Red]. He has a sharp look in his eyes. He is wearing a black vest and overalls. He has well-developed muscles and a good temperament, giving a very reliable feeling, as if nothing could shake him and everything was within his control.

His level had also reached level 9, the highest among them all.

According to the matching mechanism of the team dungeon told to him by the system, the level difference between players would not exceed 5 levels. After all, the higher the level, the more attribute points could be allocated, which would lead to a difference in strength.

There was no need to worry about being dragged down by too-weak guys, nor to worry about being blown away by too-high-level players in one punch.

After Mr. Red's reminder, everyone looked outside.

At this time, there was a highway outside with abandoned cars everywhere, and a large number of zombies with grey eyes and light green skin were staggering aimlessly.

The afterglow of the setting sun was shining through the blood-colored clouds, illuminating the rotting flesh and bloodied faces, which looked terrifying and disgusting.

"Is this a zombie dungeon?" Achoo said with wide eyes, seeing hundreds of dead bodies wandering around them. It would be a lie to say he wasn't frightened already.

Before anyone answered him, the system displayed a message.

[Dungeon CG and introduction are loading...]

[Zizi. Zizi...]

Then a sound from the intercom slowly sounded in everyone's ears, and everything around them turned black and white. But unlike last time, there was no video CG, only an audio clip of a man.

[This is... Ziranloda. This is an isolated city called Srinka. Now it has become a dead city. Countless zombies are wandering in every corner of the city. In this dead and miserable city, the handful of living people are struggling in despair, trying their best to survive. The afterglow of the sunset is disappearing, and you may become one of them. Be careful.]

Chapter 710 - 710. Zombie Dungeon

"It looks like it's a zombie dungeon," Ache muttered thoughtfully. "With our level, if those zombies are like the ones we've seen in movies, then dealing with them shouldn't be too difficult."

Achoo also looked at the zombies outside but shook his head, didn't agree with him. "Although these guys seem even slower than the ones in movies, and look easier to handle. But it shouldn't be this easy; how can this crappy game give us such an easy time...?"

At this time, Mr. Red rubbed his bald head and spoke softly, "It seems that this is your first time in a team dungeon."

"Huh?"

"The difficulty mode of a team dungeon is simpler than the single-player difficulty, but it's also related to the number and strength of the players." He looked calm and observed everyone's expression.

"Here, we have one level 9, two level 6, two level 5, and one level 4. This indicates that the difficulty of this dungeon is higher than imagined. I advise you not to be careless and to be careful. At the same time, don't do strange things—like what he's doing."

Everyone followed Mr. Red's gaze and saw that at some point, Myne had squatted next to the corpse with some ulterior motive.

Magmascorch, knowing that he was already on Myne's pirate ship and had to hold his thigh to clear the dungeon safely, mustered his courage and asked politely, "Brother Glitcher, what are you doing?"

Because everyone's name and levels were floating above their heads, Magmascorch knew Myne's name.

"I'm thinking about what information we can collect from him."

Myne had played a lot with zombies and seen every kind of disgusting sight, and didn't care about touching the corpse. He turned it over, then tore off the blood-stained clothes, revealing the empty chest of the decaying body.

The girl, whose name was Shiny Star, opened her eyes wide before covering her mouth, trying her best to hold back her vomit. She had never seen anything so bloody, so she was extremely uncomfortable. If it weren't for the fact that the outside of the bus was full of zombies, she wouldn't have wanted to spend a single second in it.

Ache, seeing the atmosphere becoming creepy and everyone feeling very uncomfortable, coughed slightly and spoke, "That... clues are usually not found on a body that is so severely decomposed. And instead of searching for this, why not try the lockers on the bus first? Maybe we can find something there; usually, there should be some useful tools stored there."

"It seems that there is indeed nothing in the pockets of the clothes."

Myne nodded but ignored others and searched the corpse's clothes a few times. Then, while everyone thought he was about to finish this madness, he actually stretched out his hand to reach into the hole in the chest!

"F*ck!" Ache and Achoo stared with wide eyes.

"Stop it!"

The faces of the others also changed slightly at the same time. They were still normal people even if they had played a few dungeons. Yes, they were from different planets, but that didn't mean they were uncivilised barbarians who fought and showered in blood all the time. This kind of crazy thing, like putting a hand into a corpse's body, was too much for them.

"I can't take it anymore," Shiny Star muttered, rolling her eyes and vomiting a lot of water in front of her, filling the entire bus with a very disgusting stench. But no one said anything to her, as even they had a slight urge to vomit after seeing Myne's deeds.

"Aren't you together? Why don't you stop him?" Mr. Red, although he called himself a veteran, also felt a little uncomfortable and looked at the little red creature beside him with a slightly tilted brow.

Magmascorch, who had already labelled Myne as a madman, hurriedly shook his head to deny any connection, determined to draw a clear line with this pervert.

While everyone was watching Myne's madness and couldn't bring themselves to stop him, as they had to work as a team in the dungeon and didn't want to start a conflict right at the beginning, they suddenly saw something that left them dumbfounded, and they opened their eyes wide in shock.

Myne took out a bloody key with a few pieces of meat clinging to it from inside the corpse's chest and shook it in front of everyone with a playful smile. "See? I said there was something. You guys should learn to believe in your teammate."

"???"

There was a row of question marks above everyone's head, and their faces were stiff. Despite seeing the result, it was hard for them to believe that there really was something inside the corpse's body! For a moment, they wanted to beat the psychopathic developer who came up with this puzzle.

[System Reminder: The pet subsystem has been activated. All of the host's pets have been summoned into the pet space, and he can summon them beside him to fight at any time.]

[World Danger Level: One.]

[Regional Danger Level: Two.]

"Ohh, so they are finally here?" Myne, ignoring everyone's confused gaze, since it wasn't a big deal, and he found the key with the help of { ? }, quickly opened his status interface and clicked on the Pets Option. An inventory-like interface, but with only square boxes, appeared before him. Each box had a cartoonish but familiar-looking icon: a smiling wolf, a calm dog, and a pink wheel. Obviously, they were none other than the troublemaking trio.

Since there were outsiders present, Myne refrained from summoning them. He closed the system interface, stood up after wiping the key clean with the corpse's clothes, and approached the bus's operation desk.

"This should be the bus key. We could use it to open the door. While staying with the woman in black, Myne had learned a great deal about the modern world, and some

common knowledge about cars was also included, preventing him from appearing like a country bumpkin who had never seen the world."

Myne inserted the key into the ignition switch on the driver's side and twisted it slightly. The circuit was connected, but the bus had no fuel, so it couldn't start. After pressing a button randomly, the tightly sealed door of the bus opened slowly.

(_ _)

Achoo couldn't help but say with a frown, "Actually, I think we could have just broken down this door to get out. There was no need to do such a disgusting thing."

Myne looked him up and down a few times. It was rare for him to see halflings with a more dominant animal bloodline than human, and he said, pointing outside, "That's right, but... if we do that, we will be surrounded by zombies. I don't think they are deaf and will let us go after disturbing their peace."

"Why? Most zombies are not that smart," Achoo wondered, looking at a particular zombie gently smashing its head against a wall. He found it hard to believe that they would notice them if they forcefully opened a door and made some noise.

Magmascorch and Mr. Red frowned slightly, then seemed to understand something. Hearing his question, they looked at the halfling duo, who appeared clueless, and could only sigh, thinking that the quality of this batch of newcomers was quite poor.

"Because the introduction in the script has already indicated that this is a dead, silent city. If we make even a little noise, we will be noticed by the surrounding zombies, who seem very sensitive to sound. At that point, if we want to get off the bus and leave, we

will have to fight our way through, and there's no guarantee that all of us can leave without getting injured."

"Of course, this is nothing more than killing a few dozen more zombies," Myne said casually while waving his head.

"But before we understand this world, I think it is very necessary to preserve our strength as much as possible."

"And there are two more points." Seeing that the newcomers needed guidance from an experienced person, Mr. Red took the lead and shared his findings to leave an impression on everyone.

"Direct contact with blood will not cause infection. Although this has become common knowledge in zombie movies, this dungeon's setting may differ. In addition, even after the chest cavity is dug out, the zombie will not die."

"?? Isn't it dead then?" Shinny Star, noticing that everyone was ignoring her as if she didn't exist at all, which was not good news for her, hurriedly stepped forward and asked fearfully, trying to gain everyone's attention and make them realise that there was one more person, a beautiful one, among them.

Mr. Red shook his head and pointed to the driver's seat. "This is where it was bitten. There is an obvious large pool of blood. It swayed back and forth in this narrow bus aisle. Finally, I don't know how long it took, the cell activity completely ceased, and it fell here."

Magmascorch looked at Myne with some surprise, thinking that this pervert knew how to seek death. His death wasn't unjustified; he could go back and say that he was too normal to defeat a psychopath.

Achoo gave a thumbs up. "Brother Glitcher, you really know how to play! Only someone like you deserves my utmost admiration."

"What next, then?" Ache asked.

Myne smiled playfully, looked out, and said with a chuckle, "Hahaha, of course, let's go out and explore the city together."