

Cheat. A 711

Chapter 711 - 711. Looking for the Tower

Everyone got off the bus.

Myne noticed that, except for Mr. Red and the big-ass cowardly girl, one holding a fire axe and the other a throwing knife—no one else took out a weapon from their inventory.

"Where are your weapons?" Myne asked confusedly.

"We? None." Achoo shook his head.

Ache scratched his face in annoyance. "This kind of weapon equipment is hard to draw. In a single-player dungeon, you can't even bring out a sharp knife."

Magmascorch also shook his head without saying anything.

"Then let's see if there's a place where we can find some melee weapons for you," Myne mused for a moment before replying.

"That's not urgent," Achoo quickly refused his suggestion, not wanting to delay the others because of them. Also, he and his friend were more than happy to be spectators and gain protection under the pretext of not having weapons.

"This is urgent." Myne looked at the sunset in the distance. "Do you still remember the phrase 'the afterglow of the sunset is fading'?"

Magmascorch narrowed his eyes. "It means that if we don't find a safe place to stay before dark, something terrible will happen?"

"Yes, so spending some time to find a few weapons won't leave you alone, and it can also speed up our search for a place to stay."

As soon as Myne finished speaking, a task panel appeared before everyone.

[Main Mission (1) has been triggered.]

[Find the tower before dark.]

"Tower?"

Looking at the main information, which seemed to indicate a chain of quests, everyone couldn't help but frown. After all, unlike a single mission, chain quests were always hard to deal with, and the trouble only grew with each subsequent mission.

Mr. Red spoke while stroking his bald head, "The introduction mentioned that there are still people struggling in this city, which means there are other survivors. They may be staying in this tower, and we have to enter before dark, otherwise something terrible will happen at night."

"But we don't know where the tower is yet, or what it looks like, and this city has many big buildings. God knows which one is the tower the system chose for us," Ache said, a little confused, as he looked at the high-rise buildings around him.

"That's a bit troublesome," Mr. Red also nodded in agreement.

Magmascorch looked at the sunset in the sky. "It looks like the sun will set in half an hour at most. My suggestion is to go to the nearest station to figure out where we are. There should be a map of the city at the station to see if we can find the tower and plan a route. Since the system already gave us the target, it definitely gave it some kind of enchantment that makes it look different from the others and easy to recognise."

Magmascorch's analysis was very reasonable and based on his experience. After all, even before playing this game, he was good at exploring various environments and areas. Otherwise, as a goblin, making a living wasn't easy; robbing people was very hard. If you weren't careful and hit a tough target, God knows how you would end up. So, leaving a dozen escape routes was the normal routine before any operation.

Everyone thought his plan was fine, and after they nodded, Magmascorch said seriously, "Since everyone agrees, let's set off now without further delay."

"Wait."

Myne said softly, "The tour guide has something to say."

Magmascorch thought, "___" (How did you become the tour guide out of nowhere? Who gave you permission?)

Although he was cursing Myne's entire family in his heart for not being serious even at this point and making jokes, thinking about Myne's past deeds and perverted behaviour, Magmascorch swallowed his complaints and spoke with a polite smile.

"Brother Glitcher, do you have any suggestions?"

"Yes. I suggest walking straight to the end of this street, then turning two blocks, picking up some handy weapons at an auto repair shop, and then continuing to walk south. We should then be able to reach the tower."

"???"

Everyone was stunned hearing his words, and Achoo asked stupidly, "How do you know?"

"Because," Myne paused, looked at everyone's faces full of expectation to know his secret, and said calmly while shaking his head and staring at the sunset, "I found the map in the driver's locker on the bus."

Achoo roared angrily, "You should have told us this earlier, asshole!"

Myne looked at them strangely; all of them had unfriendly expressions. He shook the flag he had been carrying since taking it out of the locker, but everyone had ignored it, and no one had even bothered to ask why he was carrying it, thinking it was perhaps one of his weird hobbies, just like putting his hand inside a corpse.

But they failed to see that despite him waving at them from time to time to attract their attention, on the other side of it was an old city map, which, of course, he had found with the help of his ability to see through clues. But they didn't need to know this, and he didn't mind pretending to be cool.

"I tried to show you the entire time, but you guys were too busy ignoring me, thinking I was crazy, so what could I do about it?"

Everyone became embarrassed hearing that their little thoughts were seen. But it wasn't entirely their fault; it was hard for anyone to have a good impression of someone who played with corpses as if it were nothing.

"Anyway, the location has been found; everyone should set off quickly." Myne's expression became a little serious as he looked at the sunset in the distance. "I seem to have a bad premonition."

...

The sunset glow was looming in the clouds and had disappeared. The horizon was already grey, and a heavy darkness was approaching, as if it were going to engulf the city.

Myne and his group were running down the street.

"It's only been twenty minutes, and the sun has already set," Ache said uneasily, holding a broken iron hook. "How far are we from the tower?"

The zombies around them were wandering aimlessly. Although their pace wasn't fast, there were enough of them to surround and devour the group alive. Upon discovering the group, they were attracted one by one and rushed towards them with bared teeth and wide, vacant eyes.

"There are still ten minutes to go, but," Mr. Red roared, bringing his fire axe down on a zombie's head, "these zombies seem to be getting more and more difficult to deal with. I think we'd better hurry; the night isn't going to be friendly to us."

After night fell, the zombies' mobility suddenly increased significantly, as if they had taken energy drinks.

Although players' physical fitness is much higher than that of ordinary people due to their attribute points, they haven't reached the level of single-handedly surpassing hordes of ordinary people. Yes, they can fight a dozen individuals, but that's their limit. Once the numbers increase too much, it's not impossible for ants to kill an elephant.

Also, everyone's base physical condition differs, affected by multiple factors like bloodline or some kind of magical fruit or herb that enhances physique, such as the one Myne had eaten. People like Mr. Red, who has a bloodline advantage, have more initial strength, and attribute points further increase it.

But people like Magmascorch, whose strength as a goblin is very weak, find it hard, even with attribute points, to reach Mr. Red's level, and the gap doesn't easily close unless he does something extraordinary and earns a huge amount of free attribute points without levelling up.

Mr. Red was worthy of being at the highest level in the team. The fire axe in his hand was very powerful equipment. It cut through zombies like cutting weeds; no zombie could withstand a single hit from him.

He seemed to have rich combat experience and was able to handle all kinds of zombies with ease.

If there was anything that made everyone's mouths twist, it was that they had an incompetent teammate among them. Although the only girl on the team, The Shiny Star, also had a proper weapon, she sadly focused more on either screaming or behaving like an idiot, waving the knife randomly and nearly cutting Ache a few times.

She had neither brains nor fighting skills. Even if she shut her mouth, behaved vigilantly, and simply followed them instead of causing trouble in a panic, everyone would be grateful. But sadly, she was too scared and didn't know how to control herself.

At this moment, Ache's pointy ears on his head twitched a few times, and he showed a serious look on his face, gazing into the distance.

"Guys, I think we must speed up. I just seemed to hear a strange sound."

"Not seen." Myne ran the cold light of the butcher knife in his hand reflecting the bright moon. He rushed directly to kill several zombies in front of him with a penetrating force and looked with a worried expression at the giant { ? } that had turned red from golden and was approaching their direction with astonishing speed.

"That thing is approaching us at a speed of 80 kilometres per hour. It will catch up with us in at most one minute."

Chapter 712 - 712. Missing

"That thing is approaching us at a speed of 80 kilometres per hour. It will catch up with us in at most one minute."

"Is that true? Can a zombie run so fast?" Ache asked, dumbfounded. His impression of zombies wasn't different from that of turtles, especially regarding their agility. Except for some special cases, most zombies were always very slow.

"I think that it is not a zombie, but a new monster." Myne looked back at the flickering shadow on the tall building in the distance. Although he could not see its appearance, the huge question mark that had now turned into a bloody red exclamation mark above its head was very dazzling.

The monster was so powerful that it jumped from the tall building and landed heavily on the ground.

With a bang, everyone's scalp tingled. This time, they really heard it.

Ache couldn't help but look back and screamed, "F*ck!"

Under the moonlight, a skinless red monster could be seen. It was tall and obviously larger than the car next to it. It was covered with muscles with visible blood vessels, and its face looked like a composite of the ten ugliest people in the world, each feature a grotesque selection pieced together. Overall, it was hideously ugly.

Its tail was even more sturdy and powerful, and it swept a car away with a single swipe!

Its pupils were slightly green, and it let out a low roar, then crawled on the ground on all fours, rose, and rushed over at an even faster speed!

"F*ck, here it comes!"

Everyone was instantly terrified, and Mr. Red's face also changed. Although he was powerful, even an idiot could see that he was no match for this newcomer.

Everyone ignored the zombies around them and ran wildly in panic.

"During the day, I thought there were only ordinary zombies! I thought the difficulty of this dungeon wasn't very high, but it turned out that the real game begins at night!"

"Stop talking nonsense, run!"

Everyone dared not look back at all. Listening to the monster's roar getting closer and closer behind them, and all kinds of objects smashed and thrown aside by it as if they were made of paper, they were all scared to death. The oppression emanating from the monster was too strong.

"I see the tower!" Magmascorch, a true veteran when it came to fleeing and running ahead of everyone, suddenly shouted hurriedly.

On a flat ground stood a tower with about 20 floors. All the windows on the ground floor were completely sealed with steel plates, leaving only a front entrance.

The entrance passage was small but enough for humans to pass through easily, and two large lights emitting ultraviolet light were placed on it.

"Go in quickly!"

Mr. Red suddenly stopped and threw his fire axe, which stabbed the monster's head fiercely, a direct headshot. His accuracy was mind-blowing, but sadly, the monster was so terrifying that this injury posed no threat at all. It casually stretched out its claws, pulled the axe from its forehead, and threw it aside.

When its greenish blood flowed out, it corroded a hole in the ground like strong sulfuric acid!

"Damn, even its blood is so terrifying! How the hell can we possibly fight something like that? This is madness!" Mr. Red cursed angrily.

However, while the players were cowardly fleeing, perhaps Mr. Red's hit irritated the monster. It became even angrier, roaring, and suddenly jumped more than ten meters, flying over them like a missile!

At this critical moment, everyone's heartbeat beat two hundred times a minute, and they rushed directly into the passage of the tower! Their lives hung by a thread; everyone knew that if they were caught by the monster, the outcome was self-evident: they would be eaten alive.

The monster obviously has no intention of stopping just because they enter the tower. It also wanted to follow them in, but the moment it stepped into the range of the purple light, the ultraviolet rays around the entrance were like lasers, instantly burning its body.

Huge amounts of white steam and a disgusting smell of burning meat began to release from its flesh.

The monster felt pain, tried to block the ultraviolet rays with its claws, and retreated!

"Huhu..." Everyone was panting and frightened, but seeing that the monster stopped, they breathed a sigh of relief.

Mr. Red, while panting, looked at the high-tech devices and spoke with an understanding look, "Sure enough, it seems this ultraviolet light is the monster's weakness. It can't get in here, otherwise, we would be wiped out. The game can't have such an obvious bug; even if we were to fight this monster, it would be at the end, after we are fully equipped."

"This is too scary. Do we have to fight such a monster?"

"What kind of game is this? We're just newbies! Give us some slimes or goblins, not these creepy monsters!"

Ache and Achoo nearly burst into tears. Their physical strength had plummeted to an extremely low level. Realising they were in a safe zone, they immediately lay down on the ground, and it took them several breaths to recover.

Although Magmascorch felt offended that these two cat-like bastards wanted to use his people for fun just because they were weak, he reminded himself that he had to work with them. He took a deep breath, pulled up the hood of his robe, and ignored them. He turned his head toward the monsters outside the entrance, who were staring at them with pure hatred.

"Maybe," Magmascorch panted, also out of breath. His eyes were slightly stern, and he was a little afraid of these monsters. However, with his current pitiful strength, there was nothing he could do. His super high resistance to fire was useless in this situation.

"Wait."

The only girl on the team, who had always faded into the background but wanted to draw attention so everyone would notice her, suddenly spoke up. She wiped the sweat from her forehead and looked around seriously.

"Didn't you notice that one person is missing?"

There were only five people who had run into this passage.

Everyone looked at each other and fell silent for a moment.

"That pervert Glitcher didn't come in?" Achoo blurted out subconsciously, revealing his inner thoughts about Myne. Clearly, Myne had successfully left a lasting impression on their minds.

"Weren't we all running together? Why isn't Brother Glitcher here?" Magmascorch's expression froze.

Although he didn't want to have too much contact with Myne, a psychopath, it would be a lie to say that among all the people present, he trusted him the most. The other party

was obviously a straightforward person and didn't engage in scheming behind others' backs.

Also, compared to the rest of the team, Myne was more reliable and gave the feeling that nothing could be hidden from him. Following him, Magmascorch felt he had a better chance of clearing the dungeon.

"Since the monster was following us the entire time without stopping, making it impossible for it to catch anyone, but Glitcher still isn't here, then there's only one possibility."

They looked outside the passage with unpleasant expressions and, at the same time, heard another monster roaring from afar.

Previously, everyone had been frightened by the monster and had run crazily. Everyone wished they had two more legs and could run faster, at least faster than the person ahead of them. Who would have had time to pay attention to others and see if everyone was together or not?

It was already a good thing that, because of the system's prohibition against killing teammates, nobody had bad intentions. Otherwise, it wouldn't have been impossible for someone to use others as scapegoats to stop the monster and earn enough time to enter the tower.

"What should we do?" Achoo asked casually, not because he cared about Myne, but just out of curiosity.

"Can he still come in?" The Shiny Star asked worriedly. She didn't want to see the only other human besides her die so easily.

To her, compared to the others, if she had to use her body to get protection in the end, she would be more willing to get it from Myne rather than those weirdos from other races. God knows if she had sex with them and got some unknown disease. After all, it's normal for a harmless-looking illness in one race to be super deadly to others.

"The monster is still outside, and there seems to be more than one in the city. I'm afraid... the chance of survival isn't great," Mr. Red shook his head with a sigh. Because Myne had shown great detective and combat ability until now and looked very reliable, he had a good impression of him. But alas, the other party can't live long.

Everyone's heart sank. The monster was so terrifying that it was a miracle for a single player to spend the night outside the tower and see the next sunrise.

Magmascorch couldn't help but say, "Let's try to save him?"

"Roar!"

Suddenly, several roars similar to the monster waiting for them outside the tower sounded in the distance, and it seemed like there was an entire group of those monsters.

Hearing the noise coming from the other side of the street, everyone couldn't help but step back a few paces, and sweat streamed down their foreheads.

"Forget it, there's no way to save him," Mr. Red said calmly, his four eyes closing as he shrugged and leaned against the wall. "This monster is guarding outside and doesn't

seem to be in the mood to leave anytime soon. And you heard that there is more than one such monster roaming outside. Going out now will only lead to death."

"If he is smart, he might have hidden somewhere, but I advise you not to have too high hopes."

Mr. Red looked outside. "In such a deadly night, I don't know how he can survive. This dungeon is more dangerous than I thought."

"Don't be discouraged. Now that one person is missing, we must work together better," Aahoo tried to cheer everyone up. He pointed to the tower. "Now we'd better go in and take a look and understand the situation."

Everyone nodded. This was the only way for now.

Chapter 713 - 713. Stalking The Monster

Several monsters crawled through the street, saliva dripping from their mouths and emitting a foul odour as it hit the ground. Their scarlet eyes flashed in the darkness as if searching for a delectable meal.

Meanwhile, the others explored the tower, believing Myne's game was over, convinced he couldn't possibly survive alone against those creatures.

Myne, on the other hand, was concealed behind one of the monsters and leisurely followed it. Strangely, this monster hissed as it crawled down the street, constantly looking around for prey as if it hadn't noticed the person right behind its ass.

"It seems that these monsters really rely on hearing to identify positions. In the dark, their vision is also limited. As long as you don't stand in front of them stupidly, you won't be discovered."

Of course, this was primarily due to Myne activating the special effect of his Dark Wind Boots.

[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.]

After activating his boots' effect, his figure seemed to melt into the darkness, utterly silent. Almost all the zombies and monsters were completely oblivious to his presence; he moved as effortlessly as a fish in water, able to do whatever he pleased. He could have directly entered the tower safely, head held high, without breaking a sweat.

However, he chose not to. Myne's gaze was fixed on the top of the monster in the distance, where a deep red exclamation mark was visible only to him.

{ Follow this mutant zombie; perhaps you will find something? }

"It truly doesn't want to make things easy for me, continually forcing me into potentially deadly situations," Myne muttered to himself.

Despite the life-threatening nature of following a mutant zombie, Myne wouldn't pass up any opportunity for a reward. Moreover, although the effect of Dark Wind Boots only lasted for five minutes, it had no cooldown. Each activation consumed a mere 10 mana, a negligible amount for him, considering his nearly 2000 mana points. With this reserve, he could easily remain in stealth mode for the entire night without any worry.

While following the monster, Myne's eyes were focused, his expression remarkably calm in the night. His steps were steady and silent as he moved through the streets like a ghost. He didn't need to follow too closely, as long as he kept the creature in sight. This monster wasn't particularly fast as it wandered randomly. In the darkness, it would occasionally snatch a few zombies, tear them apart, and devour them.

Then, it gradually headed in a specific direction within the city.

"These mutant monsters seem to have their own nests, and it should be heading towards one now."

This wasn't a difficult deduction. After all, this group of monsters seemed unable to appear outside during the day because the sun's ultraviolet rays were too dangerous for them, much like vampires. They would also burn to death upon direct contact and could only venture out at night, implying they must have a hiding place.

Myne followed cautiously, constantly scanning his surroundings, not wanting to be ambushed by the monsters unknowingly.

After nearly an hour of seemingly aimless wandering, the monster finally stopped outside an abandoned parking lot.

With a surprising degree of intent, it moved a large pile of iron debris blocking the parking lot entrance, revealing a hole.

Then, it crawled inside, leaving Myne dumbfounded. The level of intelligence the monster displayed at that moment seemed far beyond its supposed capabilities, suggesting it had been feigning idiocy until now and could indeed possess some degree of wisdom.

Despite the many doubts swirling in his mind, Myne was still pleased that he had finally made some progress.

However, he didn't rush in but waited silently to avoid any unexpected events. What if the monster had somehow detected his presence with some unknown ability and was hiding inside the hole, waiting to see if it had been followed? If the monster were truly brainless, only knowing how to hunt and sleep, Myne wouldn't be so cautious. But concealing the entrance to its nest wasn't something a mindless zombie would typically do, which was why he was so wary.

"These mutant zombies seem special. They possess a certain IQ and even the ability to think... This doesn't sound good."

Seems like it's time to call for some help, Myne thought with a smile and quickly summoned Waffle, Ocea, and Ted. Three small, bright balls of light appeared in front of

him out of nowhere, and in the next moment, they transformed into the shapes of a wolf, a dog, and a small whale.

"Phew, finally out of that creepy box, Myne! Couldn't you have summoned us earlier? Do you have any idea how many of those foggy monsters were drooling after seeing me? They almost overturned my small box, what that lady in my head (system) called the lobby!" Waffle exclaimed, turning his head towards Myne as soon as he opened his eyes, immediately launching into a complaint.

"Yes, these monsters seem a bit too interested in Waffle. They are behaving as if they have fallen in love with him at first sight." Ocea, who was finally able to escape from house arrest and was in a very good mood, didn't forget to make a joke.

Only Ted was a bit serious and looked around curiously, trying to figure out where they were.

"Alright, alright, stop making trouble, you two. We are not on vacation. This is a dangerous world, and we are currently standing in front of a crazy, powerful monster's nest. You better not make noise." Myne paused, then turned to Ocea. "By the way, Ocea, how was your vacation going?"

Myne, who wanted to be serious but couldn't hold back his curiosity, asked.

"It was boring as hell. Although Grandpa didn't scold me, he instead encouraged me to go on more such adventures after Mother left. But in the end, in front of his angry daughter, he was also helpless and could only assure me that he would talk to her later. So then, except for playing with some stupid fish and sleeping, I had nothing to do, which was driving me nuts. But thankfully, you summoned me, and I was able to escape from that prison."

"Well, hopefully, Cetus won't vent her anger on me after learning that you weren't accepting your punishment honestly. I'd better talk to her about it before she pays me a visit," Myne said with a helpless smile. Then he ordered Waffle and Ted to walk ahead, Ocea to handle the backside, while he himself stood in the middle, holding the butcher knife in his hand.

After observing the formation and looking at his three bodyguards, he nodded with satisfaction, he ordered them to move forward, walking toward the parking lot.

The interior space of this parking lot was quite large. In the dark environment, with moonlight projected from the window, some outlines could be seen very clearly.

"The monster walked this way," Myne looked at the traces on the ground and continued walking inside.

The further he walked in, he found that this parking lot was deeper and bigger than he had imagined. The inside seemed more complicated as if it had been modified by someone for a special purpose.

And soon he heard the monster roar, but the sound was not a hideous or angry one like before, but soft, as if it was licking something, and enjoying it a lot.

Myne squinted his eyes and ordered everyone to be vigilant before sticking his head against the wall. Then he saw a very strange scene.

The bloody monster with a terrifying body was lying outside a thickened iron gate, biting a piece of raw meat placed in an iron basin.

A faint light shone through the iron gate, illuminating a human shadow watching everything silently.

One minute later.

The monster swallowed all the meat into its stomach, and then its rotten head began to sprout hair inch by inch. The terrifying flesh and blood body also had growing skin, and the scarlet pupils seemed to be turning black.

The monster roared, but this time it wasn't so crazy; it gave the feeling of being in great pain. Then it became quiet, fell to the ground, and panted slightly, with a bit of a humanlike quality.

This situation lasted for a minute.

However, at this moment.

The monster twitched all over, all the hair fell off, and the skin growing on its whole body quickly rotted. The pupils turned bloodthirsty and crazy red again and let out a terrifying roar.

The figure inside the iron gate sighed, and then a lot of ultraviolet light lit up around it. The light burned the monster, and it immediately fled in pain.

After confirming that the monster had left the parking lot through another passage behind the iron cells, the figure slowly opened the heavily guarded iron door of the cell.

Just as he squatted on the ground and picked up tweezers to collect the hair and skin samples of the monster, Myne had already stood beside him quietly, with a butcher knife against his neck.

"Don't move, otherwise your body will be the one lying on the ground next."

Chapter 714 - 714. The Price of Hope

Mr. Red and the others walked up the stairs, looking around with discomfort. A large number of survivors watched them from the cracks in the doors, their eyes reflecting numbness, fear, and a hint of expectation and even greed.

"Are these the survivors of the tower? Why do most of them seem so weak? Their eyes are so strange; I feel a chill down my back," Achoo whispered, a tremor of fear in his voice. "Some are afraid, but they also seem to expect something from us?"

A man with a messy beard led Mr. Red and the others inside. He glanced back at the people and said in a casual tone, "Because... you are outsiders."

Several people were slightly stunned and exchanged surprised looks.

"Outsiders? What does that mean?" Shiny Star, who had been almost glued to Magmascorch since he looked small and easy to bully and wasn't as cold as the others, finally spoke. After all, both Ache and Achoo were cat people and had no interest in human women, avoiding her as if she carried some incurable disease.

As for Mr. Red, he was too bulky for her small body size, and he himself didn't give her a second glance, making it even more impossible to get close to him. In the end,

although she had heard many bad stories about goblins who liked to use women of other races as breeding machines, at least he didn't push her away. Currently, saving her life was the most important thing, so she could only stay close to him while hiding her disgust deep in her heart.

Mr. Red, who was walking in front, remained calm and was not disturbed by the man's statement or the strange looks of the people. Instead, he asked calmly, "Where are you taking us now?"

"To see the leader of the tower. He will explain the situation to you."

The bearded man's attitude was a bit strange. He wasn't very enthusiastic, even a bit wary, but he seemed to want something from them.

Everyone's expression shifted again, but they didn't ask any more questions and chose to follow him upstairs. When they reached the top floor, they entered a spacious, old room. Next to a simple desk, an old man with sparse hair, his face full of wrinkles, sat in a wheelchair reading a book. After everyone entered, he gently closed the book and looked at them.

"Hello, everyone," The old man said with a gentle smile. "Sorry, the place is a little small, and supplies are scarce. There is nothing to entertain you with."

Ache looked at the old man, confused and wondering if his eyes were playing tricks on him. "Old man, are you the leader of the tower?"

"Yes," The old man said slowly. "My name is Victor. You want to know the situation of the tower and the outside world, right?"

"Well," Ache nodded hesitantly. The old man seemed to know something about them and directly predicted their next step.

"I can tell you," The old man said softly, "But before that, please forgive my rudeness."

"Be careful!" Hearing the old man's words, Mr. Red frowned and warned.

Suddenly, about a dozen people holding guns emerged from hiding places nearby, their black muzzles pointed at everyone's heads.

Everyone's face changed slightly, and Ache quickly said, waving his hands, "Respected tower leader, we don't have any bad intentions."

"We don't have any bad intentions either," A one-eyed old man gunman with a cigarette in his mouth and a scarf tied around his forehead said hoarsely, tightening his grip on his gun. Anyone seeing his expression would find it hard to believe his words.

Achoo couldn't help but say, "You call it not having any bad intentions when so many of you are pointing guns at us for no reason..."

He looked around and was suddenly stunned. Because most of the gunmen in the room were old, weak, sick, and disabled, with rotting parts on their bodies. Some couldn't even hold their guns steadily.

The few young men present also had bandaged wounds, and only the one-eyed gunman seemed able to stand still and looked relatively normal.

Everyone couldn't help but be a little surprised by their condition.

"Because we are afraid that you have bad intentions. After all, as you can see, we are not in good condition," The bearded man said calmly. "So sorry, let us have a conversation under these circumstances first."

Mr. Red calmed down his teammates, who were a little agitated because of the guns. "Alright, we are all ears."

"Thank you for your understanding... Cough. Cough cough!" The old man, who was in poor health, coughed, a wet, rattling sound that ended in a few sharp, bloody hacks into his handkerchief.

He raised a trembling hand, halting the nervous movements of the others. His face, etched with lines like tangled tree roots, tightened with a painful memory. His voice, already hoarse, grew rougher as he spoke. "Twenty years ago, in this very city of Srinka, a terrible infectious virus erupted. Anyone infected would become the zombies you see outside."

"And from among those zombies, another, more terrifying monster was born. We call it the Nightwalker. You should have encountered this powerful creature."

"Yes, it is indeed very powerful," Achoo said in a low voice, a shadow crossing his face. They, too, had lost a teammate to it.

"Humans are utterly defenceless against such a monster, but fortunately, they can only move in the dark and are deeply vulnerable to sunlight. So, we use this tower as our sanctuary, scavenging for supplies during the day and employing ultraviolet light to ward off the Nightwalkers' nocturnal assaults."

The old man cast a gentle look towards one of the young men clutching a gun. "People of their generation have known no other world."

"No," Shiny Star interjected, unable to contain himself. "We saw a dead, rotting corpse on the bus earlier. It was the bus driver. If twenty years had passed, shouldn't he have turned to bones by now?"

"That is the horrifying nature of this virus," The bearded man said grimly. "None of the zombies they infect ever truly die. Even if their heads are severed during the day, once night falls, those fallen zombies will rise again!"

A wave of unease rippled through the guards. "This is like a curse," One of them muttered.

"Endless hordes of zombies and the terrifying Nightwalkers – it was a vision of hell."

"We have been trapped in this terrible despair for twenty years," The old man spoke, his eyes clouding over slightly. "We believed it would continue indefinitely, but ten years ago, a group of outsiders suddenly appeared in this city, from who knows where."

"Outsiders!"

A fresh wave of shock rippled through players. They had heard this word from the bearded man before, sensing then that something was amiss. Now, their unease solidified into a certainty: things were far more complicated than they had initially grasped.

Oblivious to the inner turmoil of his listeners, the old man continued.

"They appeared as suddenly as you did, wearing clothes completely unlike ours, speaking an incomprehensible language. Each possessed weapons and individual strength far beyond ordinary people. Vast numbers of zombies were no match for them. They were also utterly ruthless, dispatching zombies as if they were swatting ants."

Except for Mr. Red, astonishment etched itself onto every face.

That's right, those people are players like them. If they can't guess those people's identities by now, then they should just hand themselves over to the zombies.

"At that time, we believed our saviours had arrived. They were so powerful; we dared to hope they could deliver us from this nightmare." The old man sighed, covering his face with a weary palm. "But unfortunately, they failed."

"Since then, a group of outsiders like this appears every year. Although we have no idea where they come from, for everyone in the tower, they represent our only hope. So, we naturally support them with all our strength." The old man spoke with a quiet resignation. "We almost succeeded once, but we still failed, and the cost was immense."

Ache frowned, unable to hold back his question. "If that's the case, why are you treating us like this?"

"Because of the group of outsiders last year!" Someone hissed, his voice thick with anger. "Those motherf*ckers were a pack of monsters!"

All the Players noticed the fear, anger, and other complex emotions swirling in the eyes of the tower residents.

Shiny Star couldn't help but ask, "What did they do?"

It stands to reason that if they were players, they would generally follow the main quest and seek help from local factions, avoiding excessive harm to NPCs. After all, in this gaming world, almost every dungeon seems to be a slice of hell, with the natives leading miserable lives, either suffering or already fallen into the abyss and joined dark forces. Therefore, most players tend to have a decent attitude towards these poor NPCs.

The bearded man's voice was hoarse and trembling. He slammed his fist down on the table, making everyone jump, before speaking in a furious tone.

"They... they treated us all like insects, using their power to force us into being bait. For their twisted amusement, they used the lives of ordinary people for experiments, contaminated our food with infected viruses, and even brought zombies into this tower, which we have defended for twenty years, to watch us fight to the death while they laughed. They raped our daughters and wives, killing them if they showed any resistance."

The old leader's fingers were white-knuckled as he gripped the wheelchair armrests. For a moment, he looked capable of murder, but seeing the fearful faces around him, he forced himself to calm down and spoke again, his voice heavy and strained.

"Last year, the tower had a population of 311. This year... only 139 remain, and even among us, most are old, weak, sick, and disabled."

Chapter 715 - 715. The Scholar's Remains

In the dim space, a figure bearing the same appearance as the Nightwalker, but with messy hair on its head and clad in a human white coat like a researcher, sat on a small stool beside him, staring at the young man before him.

"I understand."

Myne sat on the sofa and took a sip of an unknown drink with very low alcohol content and a not unpleasant taste. Most importantly, it was harmless. He seemed more like the master of this hideout than the Nightwalker before him. Waffle and Ted wandered around the hideout, searching for something to play with, while Ocea settled on Myne's lap, enjoying his strokes on her back.

Myne nodded understandingly and said softly, "It was the group of terrible outsiders last year who transformed you into this. The miracle is that you did not completely lose your human consciousness. Every night, you recover your thoughts and try to find a cure for the virus from a little bit of immunity in your blood."

Myne simply sat there and listened as this disfigured human Nightwalker recounted the events that had transpired in the city of Srinka over the past twenty years.

"Do the people in the tower know of your existence?"

It shook its head, then added with a tone full of helplessness, "After all, I am in danger now. I lose consciousness and turn into a Nightwalker during the day, and a large number of Nightwalkers appear at night. They regard me as an alien, so I can only find opportunities to conduct experiments on my own."

"So, the Nightwalker just now was a product of your experiment?"

"Well, it's a pity that it could only recover for a limited time and ultimately failed," It sighed and said, "I am missing a very important component."

"What is it?" Myne had already sensed the scent of a main mission from the other party.

"It is the origin of the virus, which brought disaster and terrible infection to our world."

"And if I am not mistaken, it is located in the nest of the Nightwalkers."

...

In the tower.

After hearing the old man's account and the true situation of the city, everyone understood their despair and helplessness.

Achoo showed a sympathetic look. He also knew that now was the crucial moment to trigger the next main mission, as the first one, "Find the tower," had been completed a long ago, but there was no follow up mission. So, he asked without making his intention obvious, "How did the outsiders help you?"

"The outbreak of the virus twenty years ago was not without warning. The sky suddenly turned red, as if dyed with blood, and then a large oak tree beneath the clouds abruptly grew blood vessels. The virus then spread from that tree."

"And those outsiders said that as long as the tree, the source of the virus, was destroyed, everything would end."

"This doesn't sound entirely convincing. How can it be so simple that destroying a tree will make everything return to normal?" Magscorch muttered, his voice too low for anyone but The Shiny Star, who was glued to him, to hear it, but she didn't know what to say.

One of the guards seemed to have already read the script and immediately knew what to do next. One of them asked with a feigned curious expression, "Where is it?"

The bearded man smiled bitterly, looked at the old man, before shaking his head and said, "It's in the Nightwalker's lair."

As soon as these words were spoken, the faces of several people froze.

"How can this be accomplished?" Ache's voice trembled slightly. One Nightwalker was terrifying enough, let alone a group of them. He was no longer willing to face the terrifying monster again.

Fortunately, the other guards, who were hearing about this for the first time, Magscorch and Mr. Red, were still able to maintain their composure, having witnessed worse things.

"Although the difficulty of this dungeon is obviously skewed, it stands to reason that the main mission cannot have a zero percent chance of success. There must be other ways. We just need to open our eyes and look for them," Mr. Red explained in a low voice, seeing everyone panicking.

Ache nodded thoughtfully. "The Nightwalker is afraid of ultraviolet rays. This is a very important countermeasure."

"Indeed," The Shiny Star also said calmly. "We don't have to fight the Nightwalkers. We just need to lure them away from the mountain. The real goal is to destroy the source of the virus."

The people who had found a way to potentially clear the main mission felt a little relieved—of course, only a little.

"It's just that it's still difficult as hell."

Almost all the Nightwalkers stayed in their nest during the day, so they could only act at night. And at night, they didn't even have the courage to step outside, let alone walk into the Nightwalkers' nest with their chests held high.

"I would like to ask, can the tower help us?" Mr. Red looked at the old man. Since their strength was insufficient, they wanted to see if they could utilise the power of these NPCs.

The old man did not agree immediately but said with a bitter smile, "We also want to kill the Nightwalkers and destroy the tree, but we are incapable. There are more than a hundred people in the tower now, and fewer than thirty are barely in fighting condition. Half of those are standing in this room, just looking at us. Do you really think we will be of any use to you?"

Mr. Red's pupils narrowed, and he couldn't help but finally abandon his composure.

Indeed, they weren't sure of winning, and convincing the other party to even try was difficult. After all, they were the last surviving group, humanity's final hope in this world. If they all died here, then monsters would completely dominate the planet. Even if they solved the virus, what would be the point of all this trouble if no one was left to repopulate it and fix it back to normal?

"However, we can provide you with all the information that previous outsiders gathered," The old man said, handing a notebook to Mr. Red. "There is a lot of information recorded in it."

Mr. Red glanced at it. There were not only various detailed records of the city but also numerous annotations and analyses of the Nightwalkers' habits and weaknesses. He looked at the signature.

"Kran. Is this the owner of this notebook? Is this person still in the tower? He understood the Nightwalkers so thoroughly; if we could talk with him, he might be able to help..."

"He is dead."

The old man interrupted Mr. Red's excited tone and shook his head silently. "He was a great scholar, worthy of respect. For twenty years, he studied the Nightwalkers and the cure for the infection. But he was captured by a group of outsiders last year and then injected with a large amount of infected blood because they wanted to show him his research results. He turned into a Nightwalker and was never seen again."

As soon as the old man finished speaking, an information box popped up in front of everyone, and the main mission, which had been feigning death, was finally refreshed.

[Main Mission (2) has been triggered.]

[1. Find the remaining armoury using the notes.]

[2. Find what Kran had lost; maybe you can find something useful.]

[Tasks can be selected from two options.]

"It seems that things have really taken a turn for the better. This Kran is the key person," Mr. Red's eyes lit up. Since the main mission didn't direct them to the Nightwalker's lair, it meant there were other ways to reduce the difficulty.

Ache beside him shook his head. "Don't be too happy too soon; we don't know where to find the things Kran left behind."

The bearded man, who happened to overhear him, rubbed his messy hair annoyingly and whispered casually, "If that's the case, maybe it's written in the notebook."

"Hmm? Let me see." Ache's eyes lit up with excitement. He quickly leaned over, took the notebook from Mr. Red, and flipped through it. Then his hand trembled.

"Here's Kran's things. He said that even after the Nightwalkers turned into monsters, they seemed to retain a certain human consciousness and would often return to familiar places. Maybe I can heal them and call back their consciousness."

"F*ck!"

Ache's eyes widened with disbelief. "So we have to find the Nightwalker that Kran turned into and follow it back to its hideout?"

"When he transformed, he was wearing a white coat and had a birthmark on his back. If he's still alive, it will be very easy to recognize him, unless he changes his clothes," The bearded man joked trying to light up everyone's mood. This guy seemed a bit too interested in Ache, and Achoo, human-like cat people, and was continuously staring at Ache's swinging tail with a marvellous expression.

"This isn't a matter of easy recognition!" Ache roared in annoyance. "The matter is how can this be done!"

The Nightwalkers only come out at night, which means they must act at night. Finding a specific Nightwalker in such a big city full of danger is like looking for a needle in a haystack, not to mention that many other Nightwalkers are wandering around looking for their dinner!

"Indeed. The first task is more practical and simple, which can quickly enhance our combat effectiveness. The difficulty of the second task rises sharply; it has literally

skyrocketed. Although it seems there will be breakthrough progress and even rewards after completion, but..." Achoo sighed heavily and shook his head.

It's goddamn too difficult!

...

At this moment, in that dim, closed room, Myne was still enjoying his drink and flipping through various notes provided by the owner of the house, all of which were records about the Nightwalkers.

His expression paused slightly as he looked at the task box that suddenly popped up in his sight.

Myne's eyes flickered, and he said, "By the way, can Mr. Nightwalker help me get another cup of cold drink?"

"Of course."

This Nightwalker, who looked exactly like a Nightwalker but had hair on its head, unlike those bald ones, and maintained human consciousness. He nodded very gentlemanly and took out a drink from the fridge, handing it to Myne.

Since most Nightwalkers didn't attack him unless he initiated it, he travelled freely at night and collected many good things in his free time. One of them was various types of drinks. When his mood wasn't good, he would always get himself drunk before the

daytime and spend most of the day sleeping. This not only helped him calm down his madness but also increased the quality of his sleep.

Myne and he had reached an agreement and were making plans.

Looking at Myne gulping down the drink with a satisfied smile on his face as if he were visiting a friend, the Nightwalker smiled bitterly. "By the way, calling me Nightwalker is still a bit uncomfortable. Can you please change how you call me?"

"What do you want me to call you then?" Myne asked casually.

"Call me by my old name, Kran."

Chapter 716 - 716. Two Roads, One Regret

Kran wore a white coat. Although his face appeared stern, he was deeply serious about his work. He carefully placed the hair and skin samples of the nightwalker he had previously collected into a container and then began to analyse their components meticulously.

"The nightwalker from before was my primary experimental subject. When I first injected it, I could only recall its consciousness for a few seconds, but that was half a year ago. Over the past six months, I have been collecting samples and continuously developing and modifying the treatment. Gradually, it can now possess some consciousness at night and will instinctively come to me for medication, so I no longer have to search for it."

Kran peered into the microscope, then looked up and whispered emotionally, "Deep in their hearts, they all harbour a longing to become human again."

Myne remained silent. He had actually discerned the difference between the two main mission choices very early on.

The first option was the destruction route: destroying the large oak tree at the source of the virus. All the zombies and nightwalkers in the city would be completely eradicated, like the thoroughly contaminated monsters in the previous dungeon, leaving only the survivors in the tower who were infected.

The second option was the rescue route: the key figure was Kran before him. He would need help to develop a potion capable of curing all zombies and nightwalkers, thus saving the entire city.

"The second one is obviously much more difficult. You have to enter the nightwalkers' lair to retrieve the pathogen sample from the large oak tree. Moreover," Myne looked at Kran, especially at the { ! } floating above his head, and asked with a poker face, "Have you lost anything important or something you can't get back now?"

Kran was slightly stunned, unsure why Myne had suddenly asked this.

He lowered his head and pondered for a moment before answering hesitantly, "When I was eighteen, I fell in love with a girl, and I lost her."

Myne was silent for a moment. "Believe it or not, I will kick you to death."

"Huh?"

"I'm asking about specific items you lost, at least something important that could be related to nightwalkers, viruses, big oaks, etc."

"Ah, about that, sorry, I thought we were going to talk about some emotional issues late at night, you know I usually don't have anyone to talk to, hahaha," A touch of melancholy flickered across Kran's face, which he tried to conceal with an awkward laugh.

He seemed a little more cheerful after voicing his inner thoughts. "If it's the past year, I haven't left here much, let alone lost anything."

"What about the time in the tower?" Myne pressed on.

Kran laughed bitterly before shaking his head. "That was even more complicated. I'm a scientific researcher, and I rarely participate in search missions. I stay in the tower for 300 out of 365 days a year. I did lose some things, such as beer bottle openers and hair dryers, but they were all insignificant items."

"There's really nothing that left a deep impression in the past 20 years?"

Myne frowned as he watched Kran ponder.

Was there something wrong with the direction I asked? Or should I approach this exclamation riddle from another angle? Myne thought confusedly.

"Actually, my life hasn't had many ups and downs. Except for the appearance of zombies and turning into a nightwalker, I have always been a humble, insignificant

person," Kran said, trying to sound indifferent, but the sadness on his face was evident. Clearly, he wasn't pleased with this useless achievement of his.

"It was because of this that the girl I loved left me."

Myne looked at the other person's emotional state. Knowing this matter couldn't be easily resolved, he simply set aside the { ! } and said, "Sad plot? Did she fall in love with someone else and run away?"

"Or did you do something to let her down, and she kicked your butt and broke up? I have quite a bit of experience in relationship matters. If you want, I can offer some psychological comfort and advice on moving on. Your situation is the most basic one out there, believe me; it's not even worth mentioning."

Kran put down the items in his hands, instinctively wanting to light a cigarette, but he sighed again. "Actually, it's none of those. One afternoon, she asked me to go hiking. She said she had found something very interesting on the top of the mountain. We talked and laughed the whole way. She even kissed me. That was the best moment of my life."

"Isn't that a good relationship? How did it get lost? Were you not satisfied with a kiss and wanted to do something more fun, which disgusted her, or what?" Myne, clearly more interested in this gossip, instantly became curious and asked, making Kran's mouth twist as he wondered why his love story seemed more captivating to Myne than the matter of saving the world.

Sighing and shaking his head, he closed his eyes and spoke in a sad tone, "Actually, she accidentally slipped and fell off the cliff."

Myne: (¬_¬)

"Lost due to physical reasons, huh! That's also possible. Well, at least this shows she really loved you and wasn't just fooling around," Myne tried to offer Kran some spiritual comfort.

Kran didn't take Myne's joke seriously.

Even before I could fully process her death, the zombie crisis erupted the very next day, preventing any search for her body.

He finally lit a cigarette, inhaling deeply. "Although so many years have passed and I've let it go, every time I think about it, I can't help but wonder how different things would be if I hadn't gone to that goddamn mountain."

As if a realisation dawned on him, Myne suddenly raised his eyebrows and asked with a frown, "You said the zombie crisis broke out the day after she fell?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you know what interesting thing she wanted to show you?"

Kran, though puzzled by Myne's question, paused to recall before speaking. "She was very fond of oddly shaped stones. She mentioned that while climbing the mountain, she'd accidentally seen a huge red stone under the cliff that glowed. That's what she wanted to show me."

"But I went there later and didn't find any glowing stone."

Myne's eyes narrowed slightly.

"What's wrong?" Seeing Myne's reaction, Kran asked, confused.

"I was just thinking that the system wouldn't go to such great lengths, create so much trouble, only to hide the clues in such an obvious and recent way, right?"

"Although I don't understand what you're talking about, you'd better pay attention to the time. It's almost daytime." Kran glanced at the clock hanging beside him. "I'll soon become a crazed nightwalker. I need to lock myself up. For your safety, you should leave now."

Although having three bodyguards now meant Myne didn't fear nightwalkers as much as before—a few fire bullets from Waffle were more than enough to dispatch them—he still didn't want to cause unnecessary trouble. He nodded, and as the first faint ray of morning sunlight pierced through the clouds, he and his pets came to the ground.

He decided to go to the mountain Kran had mentioned first.

It was essentially a split mission. The other teammates would take the first path, which was relatively safe and get assistance from other NPCs, making it easier. He, as someone with a cheat, could only rely on brute force and had to take the dangerous path alone... with his pets, of course.

Half an hour later.

Myne reached the mountain's summit. Observing the scenery around him, he noted that without humans desperately exploiting and destroying nature, the mountain was clean, green, full of vitality, and offered refreshingly fresh air. It was a distance from the city's central area, and there were very few zombies.

He looked around but didn't see any huge red stones like the ones Kran had described.

Looking down the cliff, he saw a very steep and deep ravine, overgrown with wild plants that obscured everything below.

He tried throwing a stone down and waited for a deep, distant crashing sound.

"It's quite high."

After surveying the area, Myne simply grabbed Waffle's legs and ordered him to fly down. This was the benefit of having flying pets; they were incredibly helpful for exploration.

He wasn't completely unprepared.

Because he currently lacked high combat skills, he had asked Kran for help. The other party had given him a dual-purpose UV flashlight for fighting nightwalkers, a pistol loaded with bullets, and a grenade for dealing with ordinary zombies.

The area was deep, and the light was insufficient.

Myne shook the flashlight, its beam illuminating the ground beneath the steep slope. His eyes flickered slightly.

In a dark corner, he did see a { ? } appear.

As he drew closer, the content of the { ? } was revealed.

{ It is in a half-dormant state and staring at you. }

"?"

Myne's eyes narrowed, and he pointed the flashlight directly at it.

Hidden in the corner's shadows, a nightwalker lay there, looking at him with half-open scarlet eyes.

As the ultraviolet rays struck its skin, it instantly began to burn. It roared strangely and pounced directly at him!

At that moment, Myne also saw more information above the creature's head.

{ It was the first zombie infected with the virus and also the first Nightwalker to be born. }

{ It stayed here for twenty years. }

{ It decided not to let that terrifying and dangerous creature see the light of day again! For the greater good, it even ruined its own life. }

Chapter 717 - 717. Triggering the Hidden Worldline Mission

Bang!

The nightwalker flew back much faster than it had rushed forward. Ocea blasted it directly with her Hydro Pump, and before the nightwalker could regain its senses and wonder where such high-pressure water had come from, a dozen small fire bullets hurtled toward it at high speed, impacting it like a meteor shower.

Roar!

The nightwalker, now riddled with a dozen small holes, screamed in pain. Just then, it was struck by two searing Lesser Rays, making its screams even more agonising.

For a moment, seeing the miserable condition it was in after taking a one-sided beating from his pets, Myne felt a pang of pity for the nightwalker.

Shaking off these unnecessary thoughts, Myne approached the nightwalker and shone a UV flashlight on it without hesitation.

It struggled to crawl into a corner, shielding its face with its claws, trembling from pain and fear.

Looking at the nightwalker before him, Myne had already guessed the other party's identity, and it was very likely the woman Kran had mentioned—his stupid girlfriend who had fallen off the cliff out of excitement.

"It seemed a little different. Although its eyes were scarlet at the moment, and it looked like a completely crazed nightwalker, it was wearing old, mended clothes, and there were signs of it making fire nearby."

"Like Kran, it seems to be able to regain consciousness in the dark?"

Myne glanced towards a cave entrance on the other side. He first ordered Waffle to watch over the nightwalker and then walked over there with Ocea and Ted. Here, he became more certain that this nightwalker could regain human consciousness. There were makeshift beds and tables, and even an old notebook.

He picked it up and opened it to read. Although it was well-preserved, it was old, and the paper was mottled and yellowed.

[I had intended to record every detail here after the event, but I didn't expect to write down something like this.]

[After the fall, I didn't die immediately, but I was close to death. I was sure that my thigh bone was broken, and I was bleeding heavily, both internally and externally. I couldn't possibly survive. But at that moment, I saw the red boulder—it wasn't a stone at all, but a huge red flower bud. The fruit it ejected could actually heal all my injuries. Not

only that, I also felt that my body was very strong, with extraordinary strength and speed.]

[I felt that I could leave here, and of course, I took the fruit with me. It was truly magical, and maybe it could cure my mother's cancer.]

Here, there was a gap between pages, and the handwriting changed, becoming a little frightened and fearful.

[I seem to have killed someone.]

[I returned to the city, but my whole body suddenly started rotting. My consciousness seemed to be occupied by something else. I felt terribly thirsty. I only remember pouncing on a woman and biting her throat, and then... I don't remember anything... But after biting someone's throat, I don't think the other party would have survived...]

[When I returned to this place covered in blood, I regained consciousness, and the fruit was no longer in my body. Why did I do such a thing? And my body is still changing...]

Myne read all the way down. As long as the other party was in the daytime or moved too far away from the flower bud, she would lose her self-consciousness.

She had also struggled and studied, trying to leave the pit.

But when she finally found a way to temporarily preserve her consciousness and leave this deep ravine a month later, she had already witnessed purgatory on earth! The entire

Srinka city was completely destroyed, or perhaps she had single-handedly brought the entire world to its doom.

"The speed of the fall is definitely not just because the bitten people turned into zombies. It seems that it is mainly because of the fruit she brought out," Myne muttered, rubbing his chin. The whereabouts of the fruit were also very clear.

It was the big oak tree in the nightwalker's lair.

"I didn't expect that the source of everything wasn't in the nightwalker's lair, but here. Sigh, both girlfriend and boyfriend are crazy. One brought the world to its end, and the other was trying to clean the mess she left behind."

Shaking his head, Myne closed the notebook. In order not to go out and let that thing inside her harm others again, she had stayed alone here for twenty years. Only God knew what she was thinking.

After all, almost 99% of people had died just about a year after the zombie apocalypse, so whom did she want to save from harm? There were hardly any people left alive, and those who survived obviously knew how to save themselves. She was just a crybaby who didn't want to accept reality and wanted to escape it, for which she gave herself a noble reason for saving others.

"Idiot... Forget it, let me see what this so-called flower bud is. Maybe I can get something good out of it, just like brother evil god who generously handed me his eye," Myne spoke with a smile and walked in another direction, about ten steps away.

Next to a shadow, he was able to glimpse the huge red flower bud.

Twenty years had passed. It was no longer in the shape of a flower bud.

It was now ten meters in diameter, rooted in the ground like a brain, and surrounded by dense red branches, entwined, lingering, and even beating like blood vessels.

"What the f*ck!" Myne felt his heartbeat was affected, and his ears had bursts of tinnitus.

[Spirit -20]

Fixing his gaze, he pinpointed the source of the familiar sensation. Upon seeing the floating spirit damage indicator, he gasped in shock, "Is this thing a pollutant? It reduced my spirit so much at once! F*ck!"

Simultaneously, system information appeared in Myne's vision.

[Congratulations to player Glitcher, triggering a personal hidden world line task.]

[Hidden world line tasks are not restricted by dungeons, gameplay, or plots. The task progress is not refreshed when the dungeon ends and persists upon entering a new dungeon.]

[Note: This task is related to the new version of Abyssal Paradise. Relevant information will be available upon completion.]

"So, the official name of this game is Abyssal Paradise, huh? Quite a dominating name, which suits this wretched game very well," Myne mused, nodding in approval.

[Please deal with the D-level pollutant. The treatment method: destroy all its flowing liquids.]

[Note: Pollutants are flowing liquids. Once a large amount flows out, it will cause the pollution source to shift.]

[Progress 0/1.]

[Note: Rewards will be obtained upon completion.]

This wasn't Myne's first encounter with pollutants. The ancient god's heart in the previous dungeon had been a pollutant, albeit one of an absurdly high level whose details remained indiscernible.

It was only with the assistance of the traveling merchant, who had also managed to trick him into joining his crappy game, that the pollution had been eliminated and recycled.

But now, he hadn't expected to encounter it again, and it had even triggered a special hidden task.

"Then the question is, how do I deal with so much polluted liquid?" Myne immediately began to ponder.

"Destroy it? And prevent it from seeping into other places?"

Myne just felt it was difficult. The 10-meter-diameter flower bud was full of pollutant liquid. The blood vessels around it were like the tentacles of hell from some book. Just looking at them made him feel like he was losing his sanity.

He opened his system inventory to see if he could store it.

Apparently, he couldn't.

The inventory's rules had numerous restrictions and no discernible loopholes. Furthermore, he couldn't even utilise his inventory skill. According to the system's rules, any items brought out of a dungeon without proper authorisation would revert to their original location. Therefore, attempting to store the pollutant was pointless.

Just as Myne found himself in a dilemma, he suddenly paused, noticing a { ? } logo above the Eye of the Evil God in his system inventory.

{ These liquids seem capable of nourishing it. }

"Transfer the source of pollution to this eye?"

He had witnessed the power of pollution firsthand before, and Myne considered the risks. After all, the Eye of the Evil God was too valuable to gamble with. He didn't want

to take any chances with it; otherwise, if something happened to it, he would undoubtedly regret it for the rest of his life.

Just then, the { ? On the eye flickered slightly, and another sentence appeared.

{ Weak pollution couldn't affect it. }

"Phew, if that's the case, what's the hesitation for?" Myne excitedly retrieved the Eye of the Evil God. At that moment, the flower bud seemed to be frightened and emitted a sharp, friction-like scream.

All the red liquid appeared to boil, and in the next instant, it surged towards the crystal-like eyeball in Myne's palm!

Chapter 718 - 718. Saviour

The speed at which the Evil God's eye-heart absorbed these pollution sources was slower than expected. After all, lacking consciousness, it could only absorb subconsciously. If Myne could guide its absorption, the speed might increase, but unfortunately, he couldn't.

So, he spent almost the entire day in the cave with it. The night fell quietly.

The scarlet in the nightwalker's eyes, which was tied in the corner by Waffle and Ted, gradually dissipated, and she slowly regained consciousness.

She soon vaguely remembered what had just happened.

It seemed that someone had come down into the pit, and she had pounced on him. Her body trembled slightly; she was a little scared. Had she torn him to pieces as well?

Then she looked around, wanting to see the body of the poor man who had become her food. But what she saw shocked her; next to the flower-bud brain, not far away, countless blood-red liquids gathered from all directions on the palm of an unknown young man.

This scared her so much that she couldn't help but tremble. She wanted to rush forward to help him, thinking that Myne might have been infected and was transforming into a nightwalker like her. After all, she hadn't witnessed the process of transformation, so she had no idea how it was done.

However, as she tore the ropes that bound her like a dumpling and wanted to move, suddenly three small figures – a wolf, a dog, and a floating whale – appeared before her and looked at her coldly.

For a moment, she felt her brain stop working, wondering if she had eaten something wrong and was hallucinating. Otherwise, how could there be a floating whale?

Thankfully, Myne noticed the movement on her side, turned his head, and smiled. "Miss Nightwalker, are you awake?"

"..."

"Pack up; I'm about to finish here. Guys, she is no longer a threat; you can do your things and leave us alone." Myne casually waved his hand, and Waffle and the others moved away.

"What... What do you mean?" She looked at Myne and his pets weirdly before speaking hoarsely. No one had talked to her for more than twenty years. She spoke like a child spelling, a little clumsy and awkward.

And Myne's side was also finished. A large amount of polluted liquid had all poured into the Evil God's eye.

The size of the eye did not change, but it became even shinier, with what looked like countless stars within it, which made it very mysterious. But except that there was no other change, seems this amount of pollution is far from enough to update it.

At the same time, a prompt appeared in front of Myne.

[Successfully contained D-level pollutants.]

[Congratulations, Player Glitcher, for completing the world line hidden task.]

[Progress 1/1]

[Reward: Nightshade Fruit.]

Myne looked down and saw a bright red fruit on the ground. He picked it up.

[Name: Nightshade Fruit]

Type: Consumable

Function: After consumption, you will gain night vision, the upper limit of physical strength recovery is expanded to 40%, the recovery speed is doubled, poison resistance is enhanced, and strength and body movement in dark or shadowy environments is increased by 30 points.

Note: This effect is a permanent enhancement of the player's attributes, not restricted by dungeon rules, not affected by level, and not recorded by the matching mechanism. (Unrestricted items are extremely rare; please keep them properly.)]

"Jackpot?!" Myne, reading the fruit's function, couldn't help but blurt out in excitement.

"Is this the fruit that has been decontaminated by the system? There are no side effects of turning into a nightwalker and losing your consciousness. It seems all the trouble was worth it."

Myne judged the value of this fruit at a glance, not because of its immediate effects, but because of the various restrictions mentioned in the notes.

For example, some dungeons may have restrictive rules, such as not being able to use equipment, skills, and level reduction. After one's abilities are restricted, the player will lose a sense of security. Just like when he was in the trial dungeon, he felt like anyone could kill him. If not for his new cheat-like ability that awakened and guided him through the entire process, he would have died countless times.

"But after taking it, the effects above are permanent and will not be restricted. It also specifically reminds me that this kind of thing is very rare. It seems the system wants to encourage me to do this kind of thing more in the future; it really knows how to motivate its workers."

Just as Myne picked up the fruit, Miss Nightwalker saw this scene and became anxious. She growled in a hoarse voice, "You can't eat that thing! Otherwise, you will become a monster like me."

Myne smiled playfully at her and spoke while giving her a wink, "Don't worry, my physique is different from that of ordinary people. I can handle more than a dozen women in my home; this is nothing."

"?"

Before she could react, Myne took a bite of the dark, palm-sized, melon-like fruit.

"Hmm. The taste is okay, a bit like rotten leaves mixed with mud and sand on a rainy day, and the feeling of liquid bursting out from the middle of a caterpillar's body."

However, as soon as the first piece of the fruit entered his stomach, he felt a shock, and his entire body started trembling as if he were electrocuted. When he regained his senses, the dark environment within his sight suddenly became as bright as day. The most important thing was that his physical strength was also recovering rapidly.

"It feels quite good," He muttered, eating the remaining fruit quickly. However, he found that except for the first bite, which changed his entire body, the rest of the fruit brought him no further changes at all.

As if he had sensed something, Myne suddenly looked at Miss Nightwalker.

She, who had already labelled Myne as one of her own kind after seeing him eating the fruit and waiting for his regret at not listening to her, suddenly shuddered, as if a primal fear rose within her, and she was actually startled, stepping back.

Could it still have a natural suppressive power against the nightwalkers? Why does it feel like I get an enhanced or perfected version of their defective bloodline? Myne said to himself.

This was also predictable. After all, the Nightwalkers were born from the polluted fruit of the pollution source. All nightwalkers are just derivatives. The one he ate was the original fruit after the pollution had been removed.

"It's time to go, Miss Nightwalker."

"Where are you going?" She looked at Myne with some fear. She still couldn't believe that someone could be fine after eating that wretched fruit that had destroyed the entire world.

"I'm going to see your old lover... Want to come along?" Myne picked up the UV flashlight and stuffed it into the package while speaking.

Miss Nightwalker didn't understand what she heard, but the words "old lover" still made her body tremble. She said with an excited tone, "You mean Kyle?"

Myne almost staggered. Just when he was about to mourn for Kran for three seconds, thinking that even if the world was destroyed this poor guy was made to wear a green hat, he suddenly paused, looked at her demonic appearance for a few seconds, before asking, "What's his full name?"

"Uh, Kyle Kran."

"Oh, that's okay."

Although Myne understood that he had misunderstood their loyalty, his expression remained unchanged, and he said coldly, "Let's go, hurry up. We have to make a plan tonight, make preparations, and then we can go to the nightwalker's lair tomorrow."

"Go to the nightwalker's lair? Why, that place is full of monsters!" She said in a trembling voice.

"Of course, we will defeat them and end it all," Myne said softly. "Don't you want to see the peaceful city of the old days again?"

"End it all? Is that even possible?"

Miss Nightwalker was a little stunned after hearing this.

She looked at Myne's figure, her eyes changed slightly, and regardless of the inexplicable fear, she couldn't help asking, "Who are you?"

"Me."

Myne smiled, feeling proud, and spoke while looking at the moon in the sky.

"Srinka's saviour."

Chapter 719 - 719. Last Hope

Daytime of the third day.

Mr. Red and the others set out to various warehouses with an urgent look to find more residual firepower.

They decided to start the final operation tonight.

"In two days, almost all the firepower – guns, ultraviolet rays, useful and useless items – has been searched."

"This amount of explosives should be able to blow up the big oak tree."

Mr. Red used a fire axe to knock down the approaching zombies. He shook his head, "But the difficulty lies in how to get close."

They took advantage of the daytime to explore the periphery of the nightwalker's nest. The situation inside could be described as a hellish landscape.

"Through yesterday's investigation, we also know the general situation in the nightwalker's nest."

"There are at least two hundred nightwalkers in the nest. Even if some of them wander outside at night, there will still be half of the nightwalkers staying inside."

"This situation is not optimistic," Masmascorch looked very serious at this moment. "I suggest everyone tell us their trump cards and make a detailed plan. This is not a small fight. If you don't pay attention, you will be wiped out."

"Okay."

The Shiny Star, still feeling insecure and thinking that others might abandon her if she didn't show any value, responded immediately, "I have a bundle of ropes that can bind ghosts from the last single-player dungeon. It can only be used once in each dungeon. According to my current mana points, I can only tie up five nightwalkers for half a minute."

Masmascorch nodded and also told them about his trump card, "I have an offensive skill, but once used, my physical state will drop to 10, but it can roughly clear a path."

Mr. Red said calmly, "I will go all out and can contain ten nightwalkers."

Ache and Achoo were newbies who hadn't played a solo dungeon and directly entered team mode, leading to them having no equipment and no skills, making them completely useless in combat.

"Sorry, the two of us are useless," The two said with some shame.

Mr. Red patted them on their shoulders. "Don't underestimate yourselves. We are a team. Your task is to control the ultraviolet lamp. This thing is also a great threat to the nightwalkers."

"Understood!" Ache and Achoo cheered.

Magmascorch shook his head. "It's a pity Brother Glitcher died so quickly; otherwise, one more person would have given us more strength."

The previous day, they hadn't waited for Myne to return to the tower, knowing the other party must be gone.

They dragged their collected items and quickly returned to the tower.

Mr. Red was ready to try again to convince the tower leader to support them, though he didn't hold much hope.

However, as they went upstairs, they saw that the fighters in the tower were all packing up and preparing. Dressed in combat uniforms and equipped with various guns and gunpowder, they looked ready for battle.

"What happened?" They asked, stunned.

The bearded man, with a cigarette butt in his mouth and a heavy machine gun on his back, said calmly, "Just after you left, a strange young man came to the tower and persuaded our leader."

"Tonight, everyone will go all out and destroy the nightwalker's lair."

Mr. Red and the others looked at the survivors in the tower with some discomfort. Their previous despair had vanished, replaced by excitement. Most of them looked like they were ready to fight the nightwalker to the death.

"What's going on? Why are the people in the tower willing to go?" Mr. Red and the others murmured. Before, they had all seemed to say, "You go and die; we won't follow." But now, their attitude had completely changed.

The bearded man didn't explain what had happened but simply asked them to go to the top floor of the tower, where the leader was waiting for them.

On the stairs, Achoo couldn't help but whisper, "Who do you think that person is? Why could he persuade that stubborn tower leader?"

"It's not just persuasion." Mr. Red looked at the survivors. "Didn't you see? There's a light of hope in their eyes."

He was extremely curious. Who was that person? Could it be a character related to the plot? For example, the guy named Kran is in the main storyline, but isn't he dead? Or is it Glitcher?

This question was answered after they saw the old man and the note he handed over.

"This is a note that the young man left for you. We can't understand it, but he said you would."

They took the note and read the content:

[Thousands of words are useless. Tonight, we will fight the nightwalker's nest. You must not advance too lightly. When I arrive, you will be able to decide...

Written by the tour guide.]

Everyone: "..."

"I only saw the last two words, 'Tour guide,' and judging from the style of this note, it is indeed Brother Glitcher," Achoo coughed, handing the note to Magmascorch. "He is still alive."

Magmascorch awkwardly shifted his gaze and was quite honest. "Don't give it to me. I have long forgotten him."

Ache and Achoo put their heads together. "It's about waiting for an opportunity near the nightwalker's nest at twelve o'clock tonight. He seems to have a way to destroy them?"

The Shiny Star hadn't communicated much with this person, although she had planned to seduce him into becoming her bootlicker. Sadly, plans couldn't keep up with the change, and the person had died before she could take action—at least, that's what she thought. So now, she was very interested in him, even more than before. "I'm more curious about how he survived."

Mr. Red looked at the leader of the tower. "What did he do? Why are you willing to support him, and..."

There was also a tendency to go all out as if they had placed all their hope in him. Although Mr. Red didn't say that last sentence, doubt was self-evident on his face.

The old man's voice was hoarse, and his eyes held some different emotions compared to his previous turbidity.

"Because that young man brought us real hope."

His arms were obviously shaking slightly, but he was very careful when taking something out of his pocket. It was a small glass bottle filled with blue liquid.

"What is this?" Ache asked, confused.

"The thing that the young man brought. It can restore the infected people to their original state."

The bearded man stood in front of the door at some point, and he said in a deep voice, "I saw with my own eyes that an infected zombie grew flesh and blood again and restored its human appearance. Although it has not yet awakened, it has no symptoms of infection anymore."

The old man spoke softly, "He told us that the dawn of this city will not disappear with the arrival of night, and everyone can be redeemed after the sun rises."

"This is what the outsiders who come every year have never said."

The old man seemed to have gained some sonorous strength. His eyes were no longer turbid, but sober and firm. "And tonight, the tower will do everything it can to participate in the battle! This is not my idea, but a unanimous decision of everyone!"

...

Night fell quietly.

Five-night guards and thirty other young and middle-aged individuals in the tower, all possessing a degree of combat effectiveness, leaned against a cave entrance, waiting silently.

Behind them lay a substantial collection of weapons and equipment, along with three armed vehicles and powerful ultraviolet searchlights.

They had meticulously prepared this location during the day in anticipation of the night's battle.

"What time is it now?"

"Half an hour left."

They were now cautiously awaiting the departure of the majority of the nightwalkers from their nest. The fewer nightwalkers present, the greater their chances of success.

"Glitcher hasn't shown up yet," Ache couldn't help but remark. "He doesn't even know our battle plan."

"Don't panic," Magmascorch said calmly. "Brother Glitcher has helped us immensely. Otherwise, with only five of us, the situation would be far more dire. It's better to follow someone who knows what he is doing than to move forward blindly."

"Let's just proceed according to the original plan."

At this moment, Mr. Red suddenly raised a finger, signalling everyone to be silent.

And from outside came a strange roar accompanied by heavy breathing!

Everyone's eyes widened with apprehension.

Was it a nightwalker?! A nightwalker was outside! The location they had chosen was relatively hidden, but there were many nightwalkers, and they were extremely sensitive to all kinds of sounds. A moment of carelessness could lead to their discovery.

The people in the tower exchanged nervous glances. Although they were tense, they were not afraid.

For this day's undertaking, everyone was prepared to give their lives in the nightwalker's lair. They sought a sliver of hope for the entirety of Srinka.

"Damn it. It didn't leave. It's still approaching!"

The nightwalker's silhouette was already visible in the cave entrance, illuminated by the moonlight. It sniffed the air, instinctively wanting to investigate inside.

"Do it!"

Mr. Red and the others acted immediately, and the experienced tower residents instantly switched on the ultraviolet lights!

The nightwalker didn't react in time. Unable to open its eyes under the purple light, it roared in response.

The next instant, it faced the lethal intent of the others!

Mr. Red's fire axe slammed into its shoulder!

Ache also thrust his machete into its chest with all his might!

"Bang!"

The nightwalker roared in pain, its body unsteady. These were its most vulnerable points, yet it stubbornly shook off the two attackers. Despite its injuries, it swung at the nearby boulder, then dragged its wounded body and rush toward them fiercely.

"Damn it!" The two men's eyes widened in alarm.

"Swish!"

Magmascorch—no one knew where he got a flamethrower—rushed between them and activated it at full power. Since his body had maximum fire resistance, the thing he feared least in the world was fire. It didn't matter even if he burned himself along with the nightwalker.

The already wounded nightwalker was quickly engulfed in flames and burned to death.

Everyone looked grim. One Nightwalker had been this hard to handle—what about the rest inside the nest?

"There's a lot of noise here. We must begin the battle ahead of schedule before attracting more nightwalkers," Magmascorch said calmly.

"Everyone, get ready for action."

"Come on," Mr. Red said in a deep voice. Their battle plan hadn't accounted for uncertainties. Whether Glitcher could join them or not, they needed to adhere to the original strategy.

They led the Srinka survivors into the night, launching a final assault on the nightwalker's nest.

If they succeeded, this would be the last time. From then on, Srinka would no longer be a dead city.

If they failed, this would also be the last time. The tower had invested all its remaining resources on this night, betting everything on one final attempt.

Although they were players who knew they were in a game, they nonetheless felt the weight of responsibility on their shoulders at this moment.

Chapter 720 - 720. Buried, But Breathing

The nightwalker's lair was a vast cave, roughly the size of two football fields, including the spectator stands. Jagged rocks jutted out in all directions within.

The most striking feature, however, was the enormous oak tree in the centre, so large that it would take ten people to encircle its trunk.

Moonlight streamed into the canopy of this great oak. Within its luminous glow, several nightwalkers were kicking their round skulls back and forth. Others could be seen lurking among the intricate stone pillars.

Although most nightwalkers ventured out to roam, some remained near the big oak. Despite their lack of intelligence, they seemed to possess an instinctual understanding of the tree's importance.

And at this moment...

"Boom!"

An explosion ripped through the air just outside the cave entrance!

The tremor instantly caused every nightwalker in the lair to raise their heads, a flicker of madness igniting in their scarlet eyes!

Some of them leapt up immediately and charged towards the source of the sound!

But others remained where they were.

"It's working, though not by much," Mr. Red said, positioned with his men at a high-angle entrance, surveying the scene below. "There are probably more than forty of them."

They had used the explosion to attract the nightwalkers' attention, but they didn't dare try it a second time. After all, if they attracted the wandering nightwalkers from the city, everything would be over.

And now Ache and the two guards are driving to lure them further, hoping to keep those that just chased out occupied for a little longer.

"It's our turn!"

With a swift gesture, Mr. Red signalled, and several grenades arced through the air in another direction!

"Bang!"

The force of the grenade blasts erupted in clouds of dust!

Simultaneously, Mr. Red and his men, along with the breakout group led by the bearded man, jumped down from a different vantage point!

"Charge!"

They moved swiftly into action!

The surrounding nightwalkers roared ferociously, lunging at them with bloodshot eyes! Their terrifying physiques and steel-like claws threatened to tear the humans to shreds!

"Turn on the ultraviolet light!"

The bearded man bellowed!

In the distance, the tower personnel instantly activated the ultraviolet spotlight. The intense UV rays slammed into the onrushing nightwalkers, forcing them to recoil!

The tower personnel did not directly target the main force but provided crucial support. Flames spat from the machine gun's muzzle, a barrage of bullets tearing into the nightwalkers, clearing a path for the ground team!

All of this was to deliver the vehicle, laden with a terrifying quantity of explosives, to the base of the big oak tree.

"Here we go!"

Achoo, gripping the steering wheel of the armoured vehicle, watched as the path ahead cleared. With a determined yell, he slammed his foot on the accelerator, the vehicle surging forward with reckless momentum!

A wave of nightwalkers shrieked wildly, pouring in from all sides! They instinctively sensed the danger and converged on the vehicle!

"Stop it!"

Shiny Star, shedding her previous timidity and ceasing her whimpering, roared and hurled her equipment. A blood-stained rope snaked through the air, ensnaring several nightwalkers in a tight bind!

At the same moment, additional ultraviolet light flooded the area, pushing back the encroaching nightwalkers!

Just then, five nightwalkers leapt into the air, targeting the tower personnel operating the ultraviolet lamp. Though not intelligent, they instinctively recognised the greatest threat and prioritised its elimination!

"Be careful!" The tower personnel unleashed a hail of bullets, impacting the nightwalkers' bodies repeatedly.

"We must not let them destroy these things!"

But the sheer number of nightwalkers overwhelmed them. As the tower personnel were restrained, seven more nightwalkers hurtled from above towards the armoured vehicle.

Achoo's face paled, and he instinctively moved to wrench the steering wheel.

Suddenly, Mr. Red appeared on the hood of the armoured vehicle, bracing himself against the frame. "Don't worry," he said in a deep voice, "keep your foot on the accelerator, and leave the rest to me."

Achoo gritted his teeth. "Okay, let them witness my legendary ability to fail the driving licence exam three times in a row!"

He gripped the steering wheel tightly, pressed down on the accelerator, and drove straight towards the massive oak tree!

"Roar!"

More than a dozen nightwalkers, their mouths agape, emitting a putrid stench of decay, stood guard before the big oak, attempting to collide head-on with the armoured vehicle!

Mr. Red's four pupils shifted in colour, and he prepared to unleash his ultimate ability.

"I'll do it!"

Magmascorch yelled, tossing his flamethrower aside. The gloves on his palms flickered subtly, indicating that he had been wearing this equipment constantly, and his small, crimson-tinged figure hidden in a big robe would soon be revealed upon activation.

"Boom!"

The terrifying air cannon blasted out from the force of the punch, and the massive impact scattered the nightwalkers on the road; some were even flung away like rag dolls!

Simultaneously, Magmascorch was thrown back ten meters by the recoil. His small goblin body crumpled as he fell to the ground, seemingly dying. Thankfully, this was just a game, so he didn't have to worry about losing his life. He glanced at the information that popped up.

[Life value loss 30%, current endurance remaining: 5 points (Temporary)]

Magmascorch smiled bitterly and said weakly, "I charged in, I did my part, I fell, and the rest is up to you... F*ck, that hurts so much..."

Although Mr. Red currently wielded only a fire axe, hardly suitable for his two-meter-tall frame, he possessed an exceptionally high level of combat experience. His four eyes were sharp, his face was cold, and his entire red-hued body exuded the aura of countless brutal battles fought amidst mountains of corpses and seas of blood. He blocked all the nightwalkers approaching the vehicle with great momentum!

"It's going to hit!"

Achoo's face was stern as the armed vehicle sped forward at eighty kilometres per hour, hurtling fiercely toward the large oak tree.

Just as the vehicle was about to crash into the tree, Mr. Red, who was on top of it, reached out, grabbed Achoo, and dragged him out of the driver's seat through the window. Then, with all his might, he kicked off the vehicle and jumped to the side.

"Boom!"

The massive explosion sent out a terrifying shockwave, and a cloud of smoke and dust erupted! Countless pieces of gravel burst outward at incredible speed from the impact! The entire cave shook slightly, giving the illusion that it might collapse at any moment.

The explosion echoed through the cave, making the eardrums of everyone present tremble. Their expressions were a mixture of excitement and nervousness as they all stared at the location of the large oak tree, now shrouded in a dust cloud.

"Success?!" Someone among the tower people asked, nervously swallowing saliva.

"No."

The bearded man's lips suddenly turned pale, and the cigarette butt fell from his grasp to the ground. He stared at the large oak tree in disbelief. A group of nightwalkers, God knows from where they had come and used their bodies to surround the tree at the last moment, shielding it from the explosion.

Even though the terrifying blast had torn them into a bloody mess, their limbs broken and scattered, and even the oak tree was badly damaged, it had tragically survived, standing still and proud, seemingly mocking everyone for treating it like just a mindless tree that would stand and let them destroy it!

"No!! No! How can this be possible?"

The bearded man roared, unwilling to accept this reality. His fingers tightened on the trigger of the machine gun until the barrel, melted and deformed by the extreme heat, remained stubbornly in his grip.

The expressions of the tower guards shifted from initial hope to astonishment, and then their eyes dimmed. Many of them even dropped their weapons and fell to their knees, directly surrendering the fight.

"We actually failed."

The Shiny Star turned her bloodied face away, unable to look at the desperate expressions of the people in the tower. She lowered her head and said weakly, "I thought we were different from those outsiders. But we still couldn't escape the ending of failure."

Mr. Red remained as calm as iron, even though he had also been injured by being too close to the explosion. This did not shake his unwavering will. He looked at everyone and said, "Retreat first! As long as we haven't been wiped out, we can't give up!"

However, as he finished speaking, a low roar of nightwalkers echoed from outside the cave.

The explosion of the nest had also drawn back the wandering nightwalkers!

Mr. Red looked at the constantly appearing nightwalkers with a gloomy face. Now, even his iron will waver slightly, and he let out a heavy sigh.

He feared they couldn't even retreat now.

Magmascorch lay on the ground, vomiting blood as his health continued to decline.

The Shiny Star wore an expression of despair, and like the tower guards, she had already given up. It was a miracle that someone as selfish as her had done so much for some NPCs, but ultimately failing had dealt her a critical blow.

As for Achoo, he lay unconscious beside Mr. Red's feet; his frail cat body couldn't withstand such a large explosion, and he had long since passed out.

Just when everyone had accepted their fate and was ready to become food for hundreds of nightwalkers, hoping for a quick end to their suffering, a voice suddenly sounded from an entrance at the top of the cave, like a ray of light in endless darkness, accompanied by the strange sound of a pipa!

It echoed throughout the entire cave!

Stern and low, it sounded like thousands of swords clashing in the rainy night, intensely passionate!

The tempo increased, becoming more rapid and more shocking!

Such a sound in such a scene shocked not only the players but also the survivors in the tower and the nightwalkers.

Everyone had only one thought in their mind.

What the hell is going on!?