

Liang Yuan took a deep breath. During these past six months, he rarely went outside.

A lot of things had happened outside; some neighbors had turned ruthless, killing and plundering for food.

Some people pretended to be weak, desperately pleading at his door, wanting to come inside for refuge.

There were also thugs who tried to break in, resorting to violence to solve their problems.

He knew very well that it was chaotic outside.

On the thirty-second floor, though not every floor was occupied, the occupancy rate had to be at least half.

The building he lived in had a layout of two apartments per stairwell, totaling six units, all connected.

Each unit was connected by corridors, which meant there were at least twelve households per floor.

The entire building had to have 384 households, and even if only half were occupied, that would mean at least 192 households.

"Fortunately, this is a residential building; many of the buyers are either investors or young couples preparing to get married."

"Investors wouldn't live here, so the occupancy rate is only half, excluding these people."

"If it's young couples, assuming 2 people per household, this building has at least 384 people living in it."

Liang Yuan thought about it. This was just an estimate; in reality, it definitely had more people.

Because he knew that among the buyers of Meidu Garden, there were quite a few families with newborns who bought the apartments for their children's household registration to get them into school.

Such families weren't just three people; there might be elderly grandparents helping with childcare.

So the number of people would be higher than he estimated.

As for the deaths caused by the flood, it was not as many as one might imagine.

Because the flood brought by the heavy rain didn't come suddenly; many people ran upstairs before their homes were submerged.

Except for the few who went out to search for supplies and ended up dying in the flood, of course.

Most of the deaths were from fighting over houses, supplies, and dying in brawls.

When order collapses, force becomes everything, and human life becomes increasingly cheap.

From his home, he could hear screams from the rooftop and wails from the corridor daily.

In these six months, he had seen too many appalling things through the peephole.

This was also why he kept practicing to enhance his physical and combat abilities.

But now, with the emergence of the system, he had to make a decision.

He had to find a way to go out and kill mutated creatures.

"Mutated creatures..."

Liang Yuan got up, dressed, and stuffed some foam padding around his chest and crotch for simple protection and buoyancy if he fell into the water.

He also found an electric bike helmet to wear in case someone ambushed him in the dark stairwell.

Fully equipped, he strapped a bundle of rope to his back, held a spear made of steel pipes and welded fruit knives, and picked up a flashlight.

This time going out was first to check the way downstairs, then to search for mutated creatures.

Liang Yuan stood at the door, listened for a while, and confirmed there was no one outside before gently opening the door.

Through the security door, the corridor was pitch black, and a burnt smell occasionally wafted through, likely from someone cooking earlier.

He ignored it, gently opened the security door, and slowly closed it behind him.

Pulling out the key, Liang Yuan did not immediately turn on the flashlight but stood quietly at the stairway entrance.

Upstairs, there was the sound of pouring rain, while downstairs, there seemed to be voices.

Liang Yuan walked to the emergency exit door, and as soon as he opened it, a salty and wet sea breeze hit him.

Apart from that, a foul stench also came through.

He frowned slightly, faintly hearing some noises in the corridor.

He immediately turned on the flashlight, cautiously looking at the corridor.

The corridor was filled with household garbage, and the originally white walls were speckled with mold.

At the corner between the two floors was a mound of garbage piled into a makeshift platform resembling a simple bed.

Two women lay on the small bed, and as the flashlight shone on them, they instinctively used their hands to shield their eyes.

One woman hurriedly shouted, "My man is with Brother Erlong's people, don't mess around!"

The other woman remained silent, only shrinking further into the corner.

Liang Yuan looked carefully at the two women, finding them somewhat familiar.

The speaking one seemed to be a woman from the third floor, while the silent one seemed to be from the fourth floor.

Both women shared a common trait: their chests were very prominent.

The speaking woman was older, likely around thirty-five.

The fourth-floor woman should be just over twenty, fairly good-looking.

Liang Yuan knew who Brother Erlong, mentioned by the third-floor woman, was.

Liu Erlong, the property manager of Meidu Garden, also lived in this building.

Before the flood, Liang Yuan had encountered Liu Erlong several times in the community.

Liu Erlong was tall and burly, seemed to have a habit of working out, was very polite to the owners, and was quite active in the owners' group of this building.

After the flood, this person, along with some property staff, had raided quite a lot from the small shop at the entrance, earning a certain reputation.

In these six months, he had essentially become the most influential figure in this building.

"What's your name?"

Liang Yuan asked in a deep voice.

The two women were stunned, and the thirty-something woman hurriedly said, "Brother, I'm originally a tenant on the third floor, Fan Meiqin, and this is the fourth-floor owner, Ding Yan. Xiaoding, quickly greet the brother."

The woman called Xiaoding numbly greeted, "Hello, brother."

Liang Yuan glanced at Ding Yan; this woman seemed severely traumatized, likely having endured much despair in these six months.

"Brother, are you from upstairs? Is there still room in your home? We have no place to go; our home was flooded. Could you kindly give us a room? We're willing to do anything."

Fan Meiqin knelt on the ground, showing a pleading expression, inadvertently letting the blanket slip off to reveal the thin T-shirt underneath.

The T-shirt's large neckline exposed a deep, white cleavage.

Liang Yuan, who hadn't touched a woman in half a year, suddenly felt his qi and blood surge.

He stared for a moment, then asked, "I recall there are quite a few empty apartments in this building?"

Fan Meiqin cried, "They've all been occupied. We two women don't have any abilities..."

Liang Yuan didn't dwell on this topic and instead asked, "Where does Liu Erlong live?"

Fan Meiqin didn't respond but tried to crawl towards Liang Yuan.

"Brother, I really can do anything. Just give me a place to stay, a bite to eat, I can be your servant, in any position you want, I..."

Before she finished, Liang Yuan pointed the steel-pipe spear directly at her face and coldly said, "Stand still! Answer my question!"