

'I-I... I, re-reincarnated?!' Right now, Jacob's mind was struck by lightning and turned into a mess.

Everything was happening too fast for him to process, and his recent experiences after his transmigration made things more complicated!

Jacob read transmigration-genre novels and shows in his old days, but he always sneered since this was nothing but fantasy in his eyes. Besides, he never had much time for all these side activities, and only after retiring did he enjoy some movies and books.

But now, these fantasies have become absolute reality, and it doesn't seem pretty either.

According to this little monster, he was enslaved, and this little ugly thing was his master. Furthermore, this little monster can somehow control his every action. Just his disability of not being able to move was solid proof of it. Hell, he can't even speak!

'Calm down, calm down, Jacob... you are someone who conquered the world's entire weaponry industry, so conquering his little monster should be a piece of cake for you. Furthermore, look at the bright side. You gain another life!' Jacob somehow calmed himself, but he was only collected on the surface while his heart was on the verge of exploding.

Even though he was elated when he thought about his second life, his peculiar situation didn't seem quite optimal for his little second life.

'I need more information, but how?! I can't even speak, and this little brown bastard didn't seem friendly at all!' Jacob fearfully looked at the little monster, who was coldly staring at him with greenish eyes.

"Now that you're disciplined let's see the result of the first transplant." The little monster's ugly face suddenly turned excited when he mentioned the 'first transplant'.

"Go lay down on the table straight."

He ordered Jacob while he went toward all those strange tools resting on a large rusty steel tray connected to the old steel table. Those tools also seemed quite worn out.

Jacob stood up like an obedient dog and did as he was told. He lay down on the steel table, which was only a little longer than his height, with an expressionless face.

'Damn it, the feeling of being controlled is not good in the slightest, especially when you are controlled by an ugly monster, not by a pretty woman! Just how is he controlling me?'

Jacob had never felt so helpless in his entire life. He finally understood just how much control that little monster had over him. He even suspected if that thing wanted him to commit suicide, his body wouldn't even hesitate to slit his own throat!

The little monster pick-up a scalpel-like tool, but it was more like a portable knife. After that, he made a deep two-centimeter cut right below the center of Jacob's chest. Blood started to gush out, but the little monster didn't seem to care.

Then, he took a long metallic tube with both sides open like a metal pipe and stabbed it in the cut, and Jason's body trembled slightly.

'Fuck you, bastard! At least use some anesthesia, and are those things even sterilized?!' Jason was swearing in pain and concern as he felt the metal tube going deeper inside the cut.

After the little monster was satisfied with the metal tube placement, he opened the cover of the small red bag hanging around his neck. From inside, he took out a small green vial.

Jacob was gawking at the little green vial with pain, and he suddenly had a terrible feeling about this, and just as he suspected, the little monster opened the lid and picked up a tweezer from the tray. The tweezer slowly entered the vial and started to rise.

Jacob was seeing this scene in slow-motion. He knew whatever was going to reveal. He won't like it in the least bit.

Suddenly, Jacob's pupils dilated in horror as his body started to shiver subconsciously.magic

The tweezer was holding a strange Gray Bug when it exited from the green vial, which was half a centimeter in size!

The little monster seemed to like Jacob's reaction, as he wore a sinister smile. He waved the tweezer holding the gray bug at Jacob and said,

"This is a Bloodstorming Bug. Don't worry. It won't create a storm inside your body, but... the moment it enters someone's bloodstream, it goes straight toward the heart and forces its host's blood to circulate quickly.

"The fascinating thing about this Bloodstorming Bug is it can circulate blood at the speed of lightning, but it was just a theory since no one survives that long, even to this day. Furthermore, you know what its fuel or its food is?"

The little monster wore an extremely sinister smile as he answered his own question, "It feeds on its host's... heart!"

Jacob's body quivered even more as blood trickled all over his chest from the cut.

'What the fuck is he trying to do with that sinister bug?!

After hearing the ' explanation, ' Jacob wanted to fight this 'Brown Fuck' to death. However, he has no doubt this little bastard was not saying all this to intimidate him. That ugly sadistic smile was enough to tell he was speaking the absolute truth.

"Now, I'm going to send this bug toward one of your major heart veins with this tube, and if my last transplant was a success, then you don't need to worry. This bug would instantly crawl back, and if it wasn't a success, then... sigh... I have to find a new test subject, number... 226, or was it 229? What a hassle!"

The little monster sighed helplessly when discussing the hassle of finding a new slave. He clearly didn't care about Jacob at all.

'2-2-2... 226??! Just how many people has he killed before?! It's over for me!'

Two steam tears flowed from Jacob's eyes as they became immediately listless just thinking about the death toll. He never thought he would somehow reincarnate and meet with this brown devil.

Now, he was about to die again, and he wondered if he would get another chance again at life like this.

At this moment, the little monster finally dropped the Bloodstorming Bug inside the metal tube with deep anticipation in his cold green eyes.

Jacob's listless eyes suddenly opened wide as his entire eyeballs became visible, and blood covered his white eyeballs.

He felt something drilling into his bones, as the sensation alone made him wish he were dead!