

Jacob does his best not to move his eyeballs and keep staring into the void like an idiot.

Decker didn't even try to see if Jacob was turned into a vegetable or if he was acting. He didn't care because, in his mind, Jacob was just a test subject and slave who he could kill with just thought whenever he felt like it.

However, he won't do it now because he still needs his body for further experiments and his bright future.

"Go, lay down in your usual position." Decker coolly uttered while he began to arrange strange equipment and other things on a table and put the large metal container in the center of the table.

Jacob's eyes spasmed when he saw all those small tubes and long needles neatly arranged beside that large metal container. He very much wanted to run, but he knew this little devil wouldn't let him, nor he can move with his free will because of some mysterious power holding him in check.

All he could do was remain calm and brace himself for whatever Decker had stored for him in that metal container.

"Since the first transplant was a complete success, it's time to move on to the second. Although it was written to wait three months before starting the second transplant, I think you're completely ready, don't you?" Decker showed his sharp yellow teeth with his wintry smile.

Jacob flinched a little while, doing his best to stare into the void as if he didn't hear anything. But his heart was on the verge of explosion because of what just Decker revealed.

"Hehe, although you can control your eyes quite well, you still have a long way to go if you want to control your nerves. Well, I don't mind since it doesn't matter because you can't do anything to me!" Decker coldly sneered.

Jacob could only sigh silently because he knew this guy wasn't a human, and he had far higher senses than humans, so it was meaningless to fool him with his chaotic emotions and without complete control over his heartbeat.

However, he remained vacant and didn't do anything. He just lay there and waited for the pain.

"Heh, as long as you understand, I guess." Decker didn't mind Jacob's lack of reaction, and he picked eight inches needle, which was hollow from the inside.

He penetrated that long needle into Jacob's left arm; it was connected to a small glass tube, and thereby, red blood flowed from the other side of the tube and started streaming into a bucket right below.

Jacob's body was frail, to begin with, and the moment his blood started to flow out of his body, he began to become dazed.

Decker quickly took a small blue pill he had arranged beforehand on the table and placed it in Jacob's mouth without concern.

Jacob suddenly felt the dazedness start to reduce, but the feeling of remaining empty was still there as his heart rate started to increase so that it could regenerate the lost blood. However, it was useless since the blood flow was faster than the meager regeneration.

Decker scrutinized Jacob's condition, and when he saw his complexion was becoming paler and the blood flow from the needle also slowed down, his eyes flashed with excitement for some reason.

"Hehe, let's begin the second transplant written in that journal, the 'Blood Change.' Although I don't know just which beast this blood belongs to since I

collected this blood from a newly formed puddle, it's still vigorous and far more potent than human blood.

"I guess this was my luck since I don't have to spend any money on buying blood now. You have no idea. Just finding the auxiliary materials almost cost me one-tenth of my fortune. If you die now, I'll be very disappointed!"

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Decker complained while bemoaning this wealth.

Jacob nearly had a seizure when he thought this little devil was about to change his blood with something he had collected from a freaking puddle!

'This bastard definitely wanted me dead!' Jacob really thought he was dead this time around.

He wasn't ignorant when it came to medication; he had studied many old and modern medicines to prolong his life in the latter years of his life. Although with his deep contacts, he managed to acquire all those machines and drugs that could keep him alive, he still ended up dead.

The only good thing about all this was he didn't feel any pain!

Anyhow, he knew changing one's blood wasn't some child's play, and it always left with many hidden side effects, nor it can be done on a fucking whim. Furthermore, this fucker didn't even care about his blood type or origin. He just wanted to pump that puddle shit into his body without caring for viruses and bacteria.

Decker was utterly clueless about Jacob's thoughts; even if he knew what Jacob was thinking, he wouldn't pay attention since he knew what he was doing, and the only thing that mattered to him was the results.

Jacob's life and death had nothing to do with him.

Decker opened the square container, and a potent, nasty smell suddenly wrapped the entire room.

Jacob wanted to puke at this moment. Because of his wealth and status in his previous life, he lived the life of an emperor. Just when was the last time he contacted this kind of nasty smell; he doesn't remember, honestly.

Nevertheless, his little bit of hope for survival instantly shattered with this nasty smell. He knew there wasn't any way he could survive if this smelly thing entered his body.

On the other hand, Decker seemed utterly unfazed by this smell, as if he was used to it. He picked up a small sealed flask and opened and turned it upside down right above the opened container. Blue-powered-like sand entered the container.

After completely emptying this flask, he opened the second one and emptied it one by one; he emptied twelve flasks into that container.

Decker started to stir it with a long needle, and after he stirred it for ten or so seconds, red smoke began to rise from the container as if the blood inside was boiling!