

Menu 1041

Chapter 1041: Demon Blade=? (2)

The wandering Onmyoji stammered.

The sword-bearing leader was startled.

Then, a look of surprise and a sneer appeared on his face.

"Truly a fool!"

"To risk yourself just to save others!"

"But this so-called Master of Tongshou Temple is indeed weak."

"Rumors had it, they even found a successor named Jason. You are so weak; that Jason is probably worse than trash, just something rubbish-like, right?"

The sword-bearing leader flicked his wrist.

The blood on the blade dropped to the ground, revealing the blade as shiny as new.

Then, he aimed directly at the wandering Onmyoji and thrust.

The sword tip aimed at the wandering Onmyoji's throat.

Just as fierce and accurate as before.

The wandering Onmyoji couldn't avoid it.

Seeing the blade getting closer, the Onmyoji gritted his teeth, and once again, a stack of talisman papers appeared in his hand, even if he was to die, he had to inflict considerable damage on his opponent.

With such resolve, the wandering Onmyoji waited for the moment his throat would be penetrated.

The opponent's sword move was too strong!

So strong that he could only wait for the moment his throat was pierced to make his move!

It's close!

The blade is getting closer!

The wandering Onmyoji clenched the talisman papers!

Just as he felt a stabbing pain in his throat, the wandering Onmyoji raised his hand, ready to shoot the talisman papers.

But the opponent's blade was faster.

The thrusting blade turned into a diagonal slash.

The air hissed as it was cut by the blade.

A blood mark instantly appeared on the right wrist of the wandering Onmyoji.

The blade hadn't reached yet.

The pressure alone had wounded the wandering Onmyoji.

More importantly, with such an injury, the hand the wandering Onmyoji had raised uncontrollably faltered.

It's over!

Can I not even make the opponent suffer?

Desperation rose in the heart of the wandering Onmyoji.

The sword-bearing leader, seeing the wandering Onmyoji's despair, let out that mocking laugh again.

"Heh, ridiculous."

"Would I be harmed by an ant?"

"Go die!"

The cold sneer was filled with murderous ferocity.

The sword moves of the sword-bearing leader got even faster.

The opponent had planned to sever He Tai's wrist and then disconnect him at the waist in a flowing motion.

Beheading?

No, no, no.

Such a way to die was too easy for He Tai.

The opponent wanted screams!

Screams of agony and pain!

Only then would he and his blade be satisfied.

The old monk from Tongshou Temple in the Sutra Depository started to run outside.

Although he had already estimated the opponent's strength, the strength displayed by the opponent was stronger than expected.

No good!

Running like this is too slow!

He must...

The eyes of the old monk from Tongshou Temple narrowed, and a faint golden light radiated from his body.

Roar!

A deep roar rose from his body.

But, the next moment, it abruptly stopped.

Because, a hand had grasped the blade.

Just as the blade was about to reach He Tai's wrist, a broad palm seized the blade.

Hiss!

The sound of metal cutting filled the air and sparks flew everywhere.

The wild wind stopped as if it had hit a mountain.

The sharpness dulled as if it had penetrated a rock.

The sword-bearing leader was shocked.

He instinctively tried to pull the sword back.

But the blade captured by that hand was rooted to the ground, immovable.

Moreover, an even greater force was transmitted from that palm.

It seemed as if the blade was about to be pulled away from him.

The sword-bearing leader gripped the sword handle tightly.

"Let go!"

The opponent yelled, straining his arms while kicking towards the owner of the hand.

Bang!

The lifted foot was blocked.

Their foot collided.

The sword-bearing leader felt as if he had kicked a steel pillar, not only causing his foot to ache, but the opponent's foot also kicked back.

This time, the sword-bearing leader had to let go of the sword in his hand.

He couldn't bear to receive that kick.

Whoosh!

Standing on one foot, the sword-bearing leader rapidly retreated four or five meters.

Only when the distance was widened did he see clearly the person who had stopped his blade.

Tall, strong, with a rugged and imposing appearance.

Particularly that height and strength, which involuntarily made one wonder whether his lineage was even human.

"Who are you?"

The Sword Bearer, having lost his sword, retracted his previous disdain and became cautious.

"Jason."

With that reply, Jason, who had just returned, stepped forward, emerging from the shadows and bathed in the moonlight.

Under the clear moonlight, Jason picked up the sword in his hand and looked at it.

Sharp, bright.

It should be a fine weapon.

However, compared to the long sword in his hand, he was more concerned about another sword at the opponent's waist.

The scent of 'food'!

Although not clear, as if masked by something, Jason could still smell it.

Reversing the handle, Jason tossed the long sword to Hui Lijing standing nearby.

The female detective caught the blade with one hand and began to carefully retreat.

"Jason?"

After hearing Jason's response, the leader scrutinized Jason again.

Especially Jason's palms.

No blood was flowing.

There weren't even any scratches.

All that was there was unblemished skin.

"Vajra Body?"

The leader spoke up.

Jason did not reply.

He did not have the habit of replying to enemies, just as this arrogant leader would not genuinely listen to another's response. Right after his words fell, he began to mutter to himself.

"That's fine."

"With you as the sacrifice."

"My sword will surely reach a new level."

While muttering to himself, his right hand reached for another sword.

Just as he grasped the other sword.

His body began to shake.

It shook as if he was drunk.

Or as if he was drowsy.

Crick, crack.

Fine red lightning appeared on the hilt of the sword.

The sword was not yet drawn.

Yet an oppressive, sharp aura had already begun emanating.

At the spot where the Sword Bearer stood, fine cracks started appearing on the bluestone ground.

"Devil, Demon Blade!"

"It's a Demon Blade!"

"Don't let him draw the sword!"

"It's the Demon Blade!"

He Tai, having realized it belatedly, shouted out loud, his complexion unprecedentedly pale and solemn.

The wandering Onmyoji had never imagined he would encounter a Demon Blade here.

These blades known as 'Demon Blades' were once Renowned Blades, but due to coincidental circumstances, they became akin to monster-like beings, neither alive nor dead.

All they possessed was carnage!

Only the draining of life!

Only the thirst for blood!

Anyone who held a Demon Blade would have their mind corroded by it.

Eventually, all would become mindless killers.

Yet, the Demon Blade also brought immense strength.

It was a shortcut to gaining power.

Normally, people could refuse.

But under special circumstances, it was hard to refuse.

After all, nobody could guarantee what circumstances one might face that would require the power of the Demon Blade.

And once started, there was no stopping.

Just like the illusions created by mandrakes.

In the illusion, there is joy.

In reality, it is cruel.

But no matter what, a person holding a Demon Blade would definitely be extraordinarily powerful.

This is certain.

Thus, the wandering Onmyoji was very nervous.

But Jason was completely calm.

The female detective standing outside the hall was also unhurried.

The old Monk of Tongshou Temple inside the hall was also serene.

The female detective and the old Monk of Tongshou Temple believed in Jason.

Jason?

From the rich scent of 'food,' he gauged the opponent's strength.

He could handle it.

And with plenty to spare.

Therefore, Jason was not in a hurry.

More importantly, his attention was on those lurking around.

Yes!

Besides these people, there were other watchers around Tongshou Temple!

Undoubtedly, the 'Fear' flag held more attraction than imagined.

The Sword Bearer clearly felt Jason's distraction. Just as he was about to act, his anger burst forth.

He drew his sword.

Clang!

The sword blade unsheathed, resonating continuously.

As if, the wind chimes.

The Sword Bearer whispered low—

"Listen, to the light whisper of the divine wind!"

Chapter 1042: Jason: I Excel at Purification!

Woo!

Woo woo!

As the Sword Bearer softly murmured, an endless storm erupted from his long sword, creating a chilling howling sound that hovered above the temple.

The next moment, it turned into a whirlwind resembling a tornado.

This whirlwind rose into the sky and countless sharp winds spun ceaselessly within, instantly sweeping up tiny pebbles and debris from the ground, grinding them into dust.

Three meters!

Four meters!

Five meters!

The tornado continued to grow.

After reaching ten meters, it finally ceased.

Then... the tornado was 'lifted' up.

That's right!

It was 'lifted'!

When the Sword Bearer held the sword hilt high over his head, the 'tornado' was picked up.

Looking at the ten-meter-long tornado, the female detective and the wandering Onmyoji were both visibly shocked.

The female detective wasn't seeing the power of the Mystical Side for the first time.

Yet, every time, it left her terrified.

The projections before, the illusions as such.

The current tornado even more so.

Even more, the latter was a bit more stimulating and shocking.

Because, this is real control over the forces of nature.

Even if it's just a bit, it's still a force of nature.

Facing such power, ordinary people simply cannot resist.

No wonder the emergence of gunpowder and firearms marked the beginning of a change in eras.

Without weapons powered by gunpowder, commoners simply couldn't stand against those with mystical powers.

Even with them... it's just the beginning!

The female detective thought to herself, her gaze firmly fixed on Jason.

What will Jason do?

Or rather, how will Jason break through?

Dodge?

Or stand and fight?

Despite sharing the same shock as the female detective, the wandering Onmyoji was more astonished by the wielder of the Demon Blade.

"It's actually the Renowned Blade 'Heavenly Wolf'!"

"Does this sword still exist in the world?"

"Incredible!"

The wandering Onmyoji sighed in his heart.

The Renowned Blade 'Heavenly Wolf' is quite famous on the Mystical Side, after all, 'Heavenly Wolf' possesses the purest 'Demon Blade lineage': Muramasa.

Although not every Muramasa will become a Demon Blade, those that do will be extremely powerful.

This is a saying passed down in the Inside World.

Everyone involved in the Inside World acknowledges this saying.

Because there are too many examples that prove its validity.

Just like the current Renowned Blade 'Heavenly Wolf'.

Its previous master was a 'Thousand Men Slayer'!

Active on the battlefields just before the fall of the old era and the birth of a new era.

A true Sword Saint.

Along with another 'Thousand Men Slayer', he is still being talked about to this day.

The former was crazy.

The latter was scarlet.

Both are red and both carry ominousness.

In the end, rumors have both good and bad outcomes.

The wandering Onmyoji prefers the good.

That's just the kind of person he is.

For example, at this moment

"Quick, dodge!"

"Such sword momentum, you can't take it head-on!"

The wandering Onmyoji shouted out loud.

Unlike the female detective's judgment on the danger of the scene at hand, the wandering Onmyoji was very well aware of what would happen if he took that sword strike head-on.

Pulverized to pieces!

Unless you are truly made of steel!

Vajra Body!

A secret technique passed down in many temples, although it contains the word 'Vajra,' it is merely a description.

Being able to block ordinary Renowned Blades with just 'a hand' was already a peak performance.

Now you want to withstand the Demon Blade?

That's impossible!

However, Jason seemed as if he did not hear the words of the wandering Onmyoji at all.

Facing the slashing whirlwind.

He just charged forward.

"Hehehehe haha haha!"

"Come on! Come on!"

"Let you feel the agony of thousand cuts!"

Watching Jason charging forward, the Sword Bearer burst into wild laughter. With each laugh, his sword's sharpness intensified oppressively, and when it reached its peak, he slashed down.

Whoosh!

The air vibrated swiftly, emitting an unprecedented mournful wail.

But Jason's expression remained unchanged.

With a calm look in his eyes, he watched the crushing whirlwind and suddenly raised his left hand.

Clenched his fist, and struck out!

The next moment

Bang!

Crackle, crackle!

After a muffled sound that made the ground of the courtyard tremble, a continuous, piercing noise followed.

It was like the sound of a metal chainsaw cutting through a too-hard piece of steel, breaking the saw's teeth.

Then, a scene that made the female detective and the wandering Onmyoji stare dumbfounded occurred

The whirlwind was blocked!

Blocked by Jason's own fist!

Not only did he block it, but he also gained the upper hand!

Amidst sparks flying everywhere, Jason's fist, against the pressing down 'whirlwind', gradually straightened his arm, pushing up the 'whirlwind' little by little.

"Impossible!"

"How can a flesh and blood body withstand the Demon Blade!"

The Sword Bearer roared in disbelief.

His eyes almost bursting from their sockets, filled with shock and horror.

The Demon Blade, was his greatest domain.

If even the Demon Blade couldn't handle Jason...

He was doomed!

Immediately, this Sword Bearer clenched his teeth and pressed down the Demon Blade with both hands.

"You're just forcing yourself!"

"Go to hell!"

The Sword Bearer shouted like this.

As if shouting like this could somehow increase his own strength.

However, upon hearing this shout which was like a defeated dog's, both the female detective and the wandering Onmyoji let out a sigh of relief.

It's a sure win!

The female detective and the wandering Onmyoji thought.

Joy emerged from the depth of the female detective's heart.

And also a trace of relief.

Because Jason had promised to teach her.

Chapter 1043: Jason: I'm Great at Purification! (2)

Jason must be demonstrating considerable strength now, right?

Having such a powerful individual teach her, even the basic knowledge would far exceed others.

Involuntarily, the female detective starts to look forward to it.

Meanwhile, the wandering Onmyoji turned his attention entirely towards Jason.

That gaze was as if evaluating some unbelievable creature.

"To withstand the 'Demon Blade' with mere flesh and blood!"

"No demon aura, just the vital energy of an ordinary person, this..."

"Vajra Body impossible!"

"Absolutely impossible!"

"Then..."

The wandering Onmyoji's gaze unconsciously shifted towards Tongshou Temple.

Inside the main hall of Tongshou Temple, Buddha statues stood tall.

Unlike the usual benevolent expressions of Buddha statues.

The Buddha statue enshrined in the main hall of Tongshou Temple wore an angry expression, with endless flames behind it, holding a sword in hand.

Immovable King!

The wandering Onmyoji naturally recognized this Buddha statue.

And precisely because he recognized it, he suddenly thought of the legend associated with 'Tongshou Temple.'

According to legend, the first master of Tongshou Temple was a wandering monk, active during the Warring States period, traveling through countries, continuously slaying demons and helping the impoverished.

Each time someone asked for his name, he would merely utter the word 'Immovable.'

Over time, people began to associate him with the 'Immovable King.'

However, in that era, this monk was referred to as 'Ming Wang' Immovable.

Moreover, a temple was constructed where he was last seen.

Tongshou Temple!

And the Buddha statue enshrined within the temple also became the 'Immovable King.'

Because, at that time, people believed that 'Ming Wang' Immovable was an incarnation of the 'Immovable King.'

But, in the Inside World, everyone knows that wasn't the case.

The monk known as Immovable had no connections with the 'Immovable King.'

But his strength was undoubtedly formidable.

His most famous battle was when he faced an entire nation alone.

He stood there, letting the most powerful daimyo at the time lead ten thousand cavalry to charge at him.

In the end, Immovable remained immovable.

The flags of Wind, Forest, Fire, and Mountain fell to the dust.

And it was because of such a battle that 'Ming Wang' Immovable became unimpeded across various nations.

And after he vanished, Tongshou Temple came under surveillance by various countries.

But absolutely no clues were found.

No information, no treasures.

And no so-called inheritance.

Ten years!

A full ten years, enough to make people give up on such fantasies.

It wasn't until the second master of Tongshou Temple stepped out of this temple that things changed.

Just like the original 'Ming Wang' Immovable.

The physical strength of the second Tongshou Temple master was incredibly formidable, especially the defense, frightening enough to make major demons retreat in fear.

However, after the second Tongshou Temple master, no other masters of Tongshou Temple demonstrated such era-dominating strength.

Even though every generation's master of Tongshou Temple was strong.

Thus, rumors spread outside that Tongshou Temple's strongest inheritance had been lost.

But now...

It might not be lost.

It's just that the requirement for Talent is too high, and the subsequent masters of Tongshou Temple couldn't learn it.

But Jason possesses such Talent.

Only this could explain why, after Jason arrived in the Silver District, the contemporary master of Tongshou Temple disappeared.

When they reappeared, Jason had already become the contemporary master.

It must be that the contemporary master of Tongshou Temple recognized Jason's Talent and took him as his successor.

Otherwise, it wouldn't be possible for Jason to be so strong on his own, right?

If he were really that strong, Jason wouldn't have been hunted down like a dog overseas.

"Ah, so that's it."

The self-proclaimed enlightened wandering Onmyoji took a long deep breath.

Such a sigh naturally attracted the querying gaze of the female detective.

Facing the questioning from a detective supposedly in the same camp, the wandering Onmyoji did not conceal anything.

"It's... 'Immovable King's Body'!"

He whispered the name of the secret technique that had once dominated an era and oppressed another era.

The female detective blinked, somewhat unable to react.

As a novice entering the 'Mystical Side', she couldn't possibly understand what this term represented.

But as a Sword Bearer.

As those around who were watching.

They understood the meaning of these words.

"Impossible! Impossible!"

"How could it be 'Immovable King's Body'!"

The Sword Bearer shouted loudly, unlike the previous disbelief, this time it was pure terror, so much so that the hand holding the sword trembled.

Jason keenly captured this tremor.

He suddenly exerted his strength.

Bang!

The slashed tornado was completely repelled.

Then—

Thump, thump thump!

In the midst of his heart's rapid pounding, Jason, who had activated [Charge], charged towards the Sword Bearer.

The horrified Sword Bearer, with eyes wide open, was about to defend.

But then, a bright light appeared!

A dazzling bright light burst out from all over Jason's body.

Instantly, the Sword Bearer was plunged into blindness.

"Ahhh!"

The pain in his eyes made the Sword Bearer cry out involuntarily.

And amidst such cries, the onlookers around began to retreat.

Immovable as a mountain, dazzlingly bright!

This was the description of the 'Immovable King's Body'; its defensive power was already demonstrated, and the radiance was shown as well.

It was indeed the 'Immovable King's Body'.

Originally, the disappearance of the old monk from Tongshou Temple was to instruct Jason.

No!

That's not right!

It should be said that Jason's reason for coming to the Silver District was connected to the old monk from Tongshou Temple.

Otherwise, what would an Exorcist be doing in the Silver District?

Even, those recent overseas incidents might have been created by the old monk from Tongshou Temple to facilitate Jason's smooth arrival in the Silver District.

Even if he didn't act personally, it must have been guided by the old monk from Tongshou Temple.

Thinking this, the speed of the onlookers' departure increased even more.

It was essential to inform their own family or power about this news.

The once terrifying 'Tongshou Temple' might be making a comeback.

The Sword Bearer also wanted to escape.

Even though at this moment, tears covered his face.

But still, the thought of fleeing did not diminish one bit.

He swung the Demon Blade.

Trying to hold the Demon Blade in front of him.

But Jason was faster.

The moment the other party was about to swing the blade, Jason raised his hand and caught the opponent's wrist. With a twist and a shake, under the effect of Master-level [Barehanded Combat] [Grasping Mastery], the Sword Bearer's wrist, elbow, and shoulder were all dislocated.

Clang.

The Demon Blade fell to the ground.

Jason swung his shoulders and slammed the Sword Bearer to the ground.

Boom!

The ground shook three times.

Amidst the sounds of bones breaking and tendons snapping, fresh blood sprayed from the mouth of the Sword Bearer.

Very quickly, his gaze became scattered, losing its vitality.

And Jason, bending down, reached for the Demon Blade.

"Wait!"

The wandering Onmyoji hurriedly intervened.

Jason frowned slightly and looked towards him.

A mountainous pressure made the wandering Onmyoji's breathing cumbersome.

And the trembling deep in his heart made cold sweat bead on his forehead.

What's going on?

Why does it feel like being targeted by a great demon?

The feeling in his heart made the wandering Onmyoji uncomfortable.

However, he hadn't forgotten the words he was about to say.

"This is a Demon Blade!"

"It requires a special sealing technique, otherwise, your mind will be corrupted!"

The wandering Onmyoji said this.

"Sealing?"

"I don't know how."

"But I can purify!"

"Very good at it!"

Jason said emphatically.

The wandering Onmyoji was taken aback.

Purification?

He even excels at purification!

No wonder he was the successor chosen by the Master of Tongshou Temple.

Involuntarily, a sense of admiration arose in the heart of the wandering Onmyoji.

Only, what puzzled him was why the lady nearby had a twitching at the corner of her mouth?

Was she hurt just now?

Just as the wandering Onmyoji was guessing and preparing to take out a healing salve, Jason, who was bending down, had already grabbed the handle of the 'Demon Blade'.

Subsequently...

Something unexpected happened!

Chapter 1044: Jason: My name is Jason!

Crackle, crackle!

Red, little-finger-thick lightning emerged as Jason grasped the hilt of the sword.

It instantly enveloped Jason's palm and wrist, then spread towards his elbow.

Jason was startled, his eyes briefly glazed over.

At the same time—

"Kill!"

"Slaughter them!"

War cries sounded by Jason's ears.

With a blink, Jason found himself on a plain.

Green grass, a stream.

Sunlight bright and clear.

But the ground was trembling incessantly.

In front of him, an army with raised banners marched forward.

Behind him, another army was already in disarray.

One side pursuing.

The other fleeing.

The pursuers' war cries shook the heavens.

The escapees were in utter disarray.

Within the fleeing crowd, a child not more than six years old was being held by a general, crying nonstop.

"Retreat to the city! Retreat to the city!"

"We have not yet lost!"

The general shouted loudly.

The speed of the escapees increased even more.

The pursuers were even faster.

Their faces fierce, killing intent boiling over.

Especially one in the center, veins bulging on his forehead.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

"Slay him!"

"I shall be the sovereign of this world!"

"I have endured far too long, no need to bear it any longer!"

Amidst such cries, the pursuers' ranks roared in unison.

Jason, standing between the two sides, furrowed his brows slightly.

Everything before his eyes was undoubtedly an illusion.

But such an illusion...

Is it a record?

Jason wondered, and the pursuing army had already reached him; their eyes red, they raised their swords to hack down at him.

"Die!"

A loud shout.

A long sword cleaved down like a guillotine.

Jason, frowning, widened his eyes.

He did not counterattack.

Even though the Demon Blade 'Heavenly Wolf' was in his hand.

But Jason could assure that if he fought back, something bad would happen.

Until now, Jason didn't understand the backlash mechanism of the Demon Blade.

But the illusion before him was enough to tell Jason that he had entered a similar mechanism.

As long as he used the Demon Blade 'Heavenly Wolf' in his hand to retaliate.

Or rather, to commit an act of slashing.

Then, the Demon Blade's backlash would begin.

That is something Jason didn't want to see.

So, he used his own method—

"Back off!"

Hum!

Jason's roar was like the beating of war drums, akin to the peal of thunder.

The soldier who was about to strike froze on the spot, not snapping out of it until the people behind him rushed forward.

But immediately after, the soldier was dazed once again.

Not just this soldier, but every single one of the pursuers' soldiers stopped in their tracks.

A moment ago fierce and ferocious, now each of them had a look of panic.

Blackness appeared behind Jason.

Dark as ink.

Profound as the night.

A gaping maw.

Eyes like lanterns.

The pitch-black monster was as tall as five or six stories, its oozing black aura visible to the naked eye, sending shivers down one's spine without the cold.

Facing the stunned soldiers before it, the pitch-black monster raised its head and let out an enraged roar.

Hungry!

I'm so hungry!

The hungry roar, accompanied by the movement of its belly.

Boom!

Hunger like thunder.

The soldiers, already scared out of their wits, now had pale faces, sweat pouring down like rain, their bodies trembling like sieves.

Clang!

No one knew who was the first to drop their long sword on the ground and turn to run.

Immediately, it triggered a domino effect.

Countless soldiers followed suit.

"Run!"

"There's a monster!"

"Monster!"

The previously imposing troop quickly scattered until not a trace was left.

Even as the commander in the middle cursed and swung his sword, it was of no use.

Even, when Jason's gaze fell upon him, he was the fastest to flee.

As for the routed army?

When the pitch-black monster appeared, they ran faster than the pursuing troops.

Quickly, the battle that was on a knife's edge.

Disappeared just like that.

All that was left was the wind—

Whoosh, whoosh!

The sound of the wind, grass pressed low.

The wind, skimming over Jason's close-cropped hair.

Carrying a slight chill.

Jason lowered his head to look at the motionless 'Heavenly Wolf' Demon Blade in his hand, then lifted his head up.

The bright sunlight shone on his rugged face.

Comfortable and pleasant.

Really, it's great weather for a meal!

Jason thought to himself quietly.

Then, Jason narrowed his eyes and opened his mouth.

The entire 'Heavenly Wolf' Demon Blade was swallowed into his mouth.

Crack!

Crisp, sweet.

A bit like a cream-filled chocolate bar, but with a bit more milky flavor.

[Devour 'Heavenly Wolf' (Copy. Demon Blade)]

[Physical Strength, Vitality, Wounds greatly healed!]

[Satiety +35]

[Satiety: 709]

...

Because of learning [Stunt Double], his satiety which had dropped below 700 points rose once again past 700.

However, this wasn't the final outcome at hand.

You see, Jason still had two pieces of food on him.

The 'Blessing Stone' and a Fragment of 'Inabikari no Ya'.

A quiet place was needed to savor these properly.

That's what Jason was thinking.

The sunlight above his head disappeared.

The breeze by his side also vanished.

The grass and stream once again became the blue-bricked ground of Tongshou Temple and the not-so-tall surrounding walls.

The female detective blinked at him, her eyes full of curiosity.

"Just now, Jason, it looked like something emerged from you."

"I couldn't see it clearly."

"But, is the Demon Blade purified now?"

Hui Lijing asked.

Just when Jason grabbed the 'Heavenly Wolf' Demon Blade, a suffocating and panic-inducing aura suddenly appeared around him, and she thought that the Demon Blade had backfired on Jason.

Chapter 1045: Jason: My Name is Jason! (2)

But then, a profound darkness appeared.

Black as fog.

Gone in a flash.

By the time the black mist had all dissipated, the Demon Blade in Jason's hand had vanished without a trace.

"Hmm, it's been purified," he mused.

"However, this Demon Blade is just a replica."

Jason nodded with certainty.

Anything that entered his stomach would surely be purified.

At the same time, Jason developed a considerable interest in the Demon Blade.

Based on the replica, the real Demon Blade must carry the Excitement of Feast.

And this was what he wanted.

With this in mind, Jason's gaze shifted to the wandering Onmyoji.

From the performance just now, this Onmyoji seemed to know more.

Just that... at this moment, this Onmyoji appeared somewhat odd.

He kept shivering.

Especially when Jason's gaze swept over, the shivering became even more intense.

The man looked at Jason, continuously stepping backward, and stammering to himself.

"A, a great demon."

...

The Onmyoji sitting opposite Tsuchimikado Motoharu fell briefly silent upon hearing his question.

Tsuchimikado Motoharu did not press further, quietly waiting instead.

About four or five seconds later, this Onmyoji referred to as "Bee" spoke again.

"The matter of the 'Kanji' banner is true."

His tone was certain, his voice filled with resolve.

Yet, Tsuchimikado Motoharu laughed.

"I told you I came for the matter of the 'Kanji' banner, but now what I want to know is the truth!"

"Yes, the 'truth'!"

"Not just the reality of the 'Kanji' banner," Tsuchimikado Motoharu emphasized.

But this time, the Onmyoji named "Bee" clamped up.

He simply sat opposite Tsuchimikado Motoharu and resolutely closed his eyes.

Tsuchimikado Motoharu appeared to have anticipated that "Bee" would do this.

The handsome Onmyoji adjusted himself into a comfortable position.

And with the folding fan in his hand, he lightly tapped his own palm.

After seven or eight taps, the handsome Onmyoji spoke again.

"Is it... "

"Kusakabe?"

The Onmyoji known as "Bee" remained unmoved.

Tsuchimikado Motoharu then explained unhurriedly.

"The 'Kanji' banner is a secretive affair, though I knew of its existence, I never knew it was within Tongshou Temple."

"And this information came from you, yet I know your character; you're not one to blabber, so there remains only one possibility... "

"You had to spread this message because the person who requested it is someone you cannot refuse."

"In the Inside World, there are not many who could make you unable to refuse."

"Me, the Hanakaiin Family, your own family, and the Kusakabe Family."

"Since you've used me as a pawn in the opening game."

"With the Hanakaiin Family just succeeding as the main family, they would hardly have the chance to be distracted."

"That leaves only your family and the Kusakabe Family."

"Your family has long avoided the public eye, having not participated in the 'Month of Prosperity' invitations for a decade, so that leaves only the Kusakabe Family."

At this point, Tsuchimikado Motoharu paused.

A mocking smile appeared on his handsome face.

"A family jealous of the talented... "

"Truly despicable."

Upon hearing Tsuchimikado Motoharu's judgment, "Bee's" eyelid twitched, but his eyes remained closed.

It seemed as if he had adopted an attitude of 'everything is up to you'.

"If the Kusakabe Family is involved, there should be one or more Demon Blades appearing, right?"

"These guys are well-known for their obsession with Demon Blades."

"Naturally, this would also attract the lunatics from the Sword Eater Group."

"So, they must be involved."

Tsuchimikado Motoharu continued.

The Onmyoji named "Bee" became completely calm,

Just closing his eyes.

Without a word.

As if he had fallen asleep.

Then, Tsuchimikado Motoharu laughed again.

"You wanted me to think that, right?" Tsuchimikado Motoharu said softly.

The breath of the Onmyoji named "Bee" hitched.

Though it was only for a brief instant, Tsuchimikado Motoharu caught it.

"And now, your breathing has become erratic."

"It's deliberate, isn't it?"

"Bee."

The tone of Tsuchimikado Motoharu became stern.

He looked intently at the cool-faced young man before him.

"I thought we were friends," he said.

"We are friends,"

"Before, now, and in the future," said Bee with absolute certainty.

"Why would you do that?"

"Throwing me out like a pawn, and then, when I asked you, you still designed traps to make me step right into them—don't you dare say it was for my good."

Tsuchimikado Motoharu questioned 'Bee'.

The Onmyoji named 'Bee' really nodded.

"I did it for your good indeed."

"At least, the enemies in your suspicions, in your imagination, are far safer than the enemies you wish to face."

"Some things..."

"We cannot change."

Uncommonly, the Onmyoji named 'Bee' spoke so many words.

"Are you sure?"

Tsuchimikado Motoharu asked.

He knew well what capabilities the person before him possessed.

Divination!

Perhaps, in other abilities, he could far outmatch the other party.

But in divination, Tsuchimikado Motoharu felt inferior.

That natural, bloodline-inherited ability and the Talent demonstrated thereafter were all beyond his reach.

So, when Bee spoke these words, Tsuchimikado Motoharu understood why 'Bee' was so passive.

It must have been a divination.

And the result of the divination was very bad.

Bad to the point where Bee felt powerless, felt incapable of resistance.

But...

"Do you think the result of divination is unchangeable?"

Tsuchimikado Motoharu asked abruptly.

He had asked Bee this question more than once.

The answer was always the same.

This time was no exception.

"Unchangeable."

Bee answered.

"Then I suggest you meet someone."

Tsuchimikado Motoharu said.

"Who?"

Bee opened his eyes, which were normally devoid of any fluctuation, now showed a hint of curiosity and annoyance.

"Jason."

"The man who faced failure at 'Omogatoki'."

"He's special."

"Not just the attention from 'Tongshou Temple'."

"Events abroad are also closely related to him."

After finishing, Tsuchimikado Motoharu gestured 'please' to 'Bee'.

He didn't need to say anything more.

The words before him were enough.

The fact that he was a vassal of Jason still needed to be kept hidden.

Those lurking in the shadows were hiding deeper than imagined.

But...

No matter how deep, they could only hide so much, right?

Tsuchimikado Motoharu already had a place in mind.

If it was there, everything seemed to make sense.

Only!

Why?

Tsuchimikado Motoharu still had some doubts at the bottom of his heart.

Of course, such doubts needed to be resolved and confirmed.

Therefore, he didn't have time to continue wasting with Bee.

In the face of Tsuchimikado Motoharu's gesture, Bee nodded in farewell and then disappeared from the car.

The car started again.

Not ascending, but turning around.

Looking through the rearview mirror at the increasingly distant hilltop mansion, Ranmaru frowned involuntarily.

"Lord, could all this be a guidance from 'Bee'?"

"From the Kusakabe Family, to the 'Sword Eater Group', and to your recent speculation?"

As a retainer, Ranmaru thought it necessary to remind Tsuchimikado Motoharu.

"Very likely."

"That's why I also offered him some guidance."

Tsuchimikado Motoharu smiled nonchalantly.

Ranmaru on the passenger seat, and Akamaru, the driver, both were taken aback.

After a moment, Ranmaru asked somewhat uncertainly.

"Are you referring to Lord Jason?"

Tsuchimikado Motoharu had not answered when the car phone suddenly rang.

"Hello."

Tsuchimikado Motoharu answered the phone, and voices reporting to him came through the handset.

Listening to the content of the report, Tsuchimikado Motoharu's lips involuntarily curled up.

As expected!

The lord is even stronger than imagined!

Great!

The rest... is up to you now.

Thinking this, Tsuchimikado Motoharu looked back, glancing toward the mansion on the hilltop.

Don't let me down!

Tsuchimikado Motoharu hoped as such.

In fact, everything was going smoother than Tsuchimikado Motoharu had expected.

Inside the mansion, Bee prepared everything and began divining Jason.

He murmured lowly—

"The person named Jason..."

Chapter 1046: It's Only the Third Day!

Tarot cards, crystal ball, candles.

On the small black round table painted with a hexagram in front of him, these items were laid out.

Six candles were placed at the six points of the hexagram.

The crystal ball was situated in the middle of the hexagram.

The tarot cards were being continuously shuffled in hand by the Onmyoji, who was incessantly chanting:
"A man named Jason... A man named Jason..."

The divination technique in use had long surpassed the ordinary scope of yin-yang practices.

Emily possessed an exceptional lineage and talent.

Especially in divination, she had unique insights.

Thus, Emily had not only learned the secret techniques passed down through her family but had also studied foreign divination methods extensively.

Due to such research, she had mastered some secret techniques that were quite unfamiliar on her island, and thus acquired a number of 'servants'.

At that moment, she was divining for Jason using a mixture of the family's secret techniques and those from foreign lands.

Jason's name grew louder and more frequent from her lips.

The cards in her hands were being shuffled with such extreme speed that they even produced illusions.

However, the crystal ball showed no reaction.

Sweat covered Emily's forehead.

Finally, when the limits before her eyes were surpassed—

Spurt!

A mouthful of fresh blood was sprayed out by Emily.

Clatter!

The tarot cards fell scattered on the ground.

Panting, panting.

Emily was gasping for air, her eyes wide with horror.

Her prophecies had failed before.

But to fail without having seen anything was truly a first.

"Jason?"

"Is he that special?"

Recalling the words of her friend Tsuchimikado Motoharu, Emily wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth.

She struggled to sit up, reaching again for the blood-stained tarot cards that had fallen to the ground.

Staring at the crimson in her eyes, Emily's face showed hesitation.

In both the island's and the foreign secret techniques, there were some that came at great cost to the user.

These techniques were naturally powerful, just as their consequences were severe.

But...

Emily was truly curious.

What kind of person could make someone as proud as Tsuchimikado Motoharu hold in such high esteem?

Yes, hold in the highest esteem!

Even though Tsuchimikado Motoharu didn't say much, as his friend, Emily could sense his true inner thoughts.

This made her curiosity reach a remarkable level.

And the recent failure?

It had pushed this curiosity to its peak.

After only a moment's hesitation, Emily made her decision.

She dipped her finger in the fresh blood on the ground and began to paint on the hexagram.

Including the crystal ball, everything was soon covered in blood-red.

"The eastern lodging ascends, form a column!"

"The western falling star, form an array!"

"The southern head held high, to the front!"

"The northern tail falls, for all!"

"The power of the four directions, the four symbols..."

Emily's incantation resonated incessantly, the blood-red turning to a brilliant crimson, shimmering with flickering light.

The initial success had Emily let out a slight sigh of relief.

This was her first time resorting to a forbidden art for divination.

She was very concerned about failing.

Fortunately, failure did not happen.

Then, what comes next—

"A man named Jason... A man named Jason..."

Just like the previous muttering.

It yielded no results, just like before.

Although blazing crimson, there was no outcome whatsoever.

Impossible!

Absolutely impossible!

Could it be...

Jason is a fake name?!

Suddenly, Bee thought of something.

Since Tsuchimikado Motoharu had mentioned the name 'Jason,' there had been no doubt, and the name 'Jason' was directly taken as the real name.

But could it be a pseudonym?

With this thought, Bee immediately changed his claim.

"The person with the pseudonym 'Jason'..."

Such a change naturally violated the original rules of divination.

However, for Bee, with his exceptional bloodline Talent, although it was difficult, it was not impossible to do, especially after employing forbidden arts.

Instantly, there was a reaction within the crimson.

Splash, splash, splash!

That was the sound of flowing water!

Bee was stunned.

This exceptionally talented Onmyoji hadn't expected to hear the sound of running water.

What is it?

As Bee was guessing, the Crystal Ball in front of him emitted a cracking sound.

Crack!

A fine crack appeared on the surface of the Crystal Ball.

The next moment, the fine crack rapidly spread, covering the entire Crystal Ball.

Bang!

Crash!

The Crystal Ball shattered.

A towering tidal wave surged out from within.

Bee was immediately engulfed.

Not only Bee, but the western-style mansion was also submerged.

The mansion, branded with layers of defensive Techniques and hidden with layers of secret techniques, collapsed like paper mâché under the monstrous tidal wave.

Boom, boom, boom!

The western-style mansion collapsed.

The specters and Undead creatures inside were instantly crushed to smithereens.

Only Bee, still among the living, survived.

However, his condition was very bad.

Not only were his bones broken, but his entire being seemed to have fallen into a state of stupor.

"How is this possible? How can this be?"

"Destiny? Destiny? Destiny?"

Bee muttered foolishly.

...

In the vast, boundless universe.

Within a palace hurtling through space.

The magic mirror lay leisurely on a Gold stand, letting Emily wipe its surface, which had just been moistened with dew, with a deerskin cloth.

Comfortable, contented.

Isn't this what it always wanted?

Compared to such days, what's the so-called ambition and grand vision?

It counts for nothing.

I am just a salted fish~

A happy salted fish~

La la la~

The magic mirror hummed joyfully.

Suddenly, its surface quivered.

The River of Fate had been touched.

To be precise, a portion of the River of Fate it had set up had been touched.

Chapter 1047: Just the Third Day! (2)

I changed someone's fate?

Or did I hide it?

It seems closely related to me!

The magic mirror immediately came to its senses.

It was pondering.

But...

Why don't I have this memory?

Was it erased?

Without any hesitation, the magic mirror immediately erased its discomfort and the current speculation, just as it had just appeared.

"What's wrong?"

Witch Emily asked curiously.

"Nothing, I was just thinking about what it would be like to use silk to wipe the mirror next time?"

The magic mirror answered like this.

This was its genuine thought, ever since it had been wiped with deerskin, this is what it had been thinking.

"Okay, we'll use silk next time."

Witch Emily smiled and nodded with a doting look in her eyes.

Every girl has a dream of having a pet.

Some of the sisters around her had black cats, some had owls, and others had snakes or crocodiles and so on.

But Emily found them a bit troublesome.

Every pet requires cleaning up their feces.

For Emily, who was slightly obsessive about cleanliness, this was unbearable.

Not until the magic mirror appeared.

It was smarter than an ordinary pet, and it had no need to excrete.

More importantly, it was an errand from the elder sister.

It was killing two birds with one stone.

Cleaning the mirror surface every day was as delightful as petting a cat or a dog.

The magic mirror, completely unaware of becoming a pet in the eyes of a witch, hummed again.

I am a happy salted fish mirror~

Happy salted fish mirror~

La la la~

The happiness of the magic mirror came from within.

Even if it knew it was treated as a pet, it didn't mind at all.

Because the thing with memory erasure, once it happens, it could happen countless times.

Just keep erasing it.

What more?

To the magic mirror, that wasn't so important.

It simply wished for happiness.

Just like Jason facing food.

The morning at Tongshou Temple, Jason came out of the side room, stretched in the sun, and then walked to a corner of the courtyard.

There was a wooden table.

Master Tongshou Temple, Hui Lijing, and He Tai were sitting around the table.

"Hurry up, or breakfast will get cold."

The female detective waved at Jason.

"Hmm."

Jason walked over quickly.

There was soy milk, buns, fried dough sticks, and wontons on the table, and so on.

"To think that Tongshou Town's breakfast places are so limited, there's only one, and not much variety. If I knew, I should have brought my kitchenware to cook by myself."

While pouring soy milk for Jason, the female detective complained as if she were an old grandmother.

"Because Tongshou Town is close to the 'Gourmet No.1' street, there's a wider variety of food there, so except for the longstanding shops here, basically, there's nothing else."

Monk Zhang from Tongshou Temple explained.

"That place is still sealed off due to the murder case; it's unlikely to reopen anytime soon."

"Jason, do you know why the organizer of the 'Big Eater' competition was murdered?"

Asking this, the female detective looked mysteriously at Jason.

The soy milk is good, thick and rich.

Most importantly, it's sweet.

Meat buns are indeed delicious.

Thin skin, big filling, and plenty of soup.

The fried dough sticks are nice and crispy.

The wontons are just so-so, maybe they clash with the buns?

Completely immersed in his breakfast, Jason paid no attention to the detective's words.

Not only during meals, but even in normal times, Jason also ignored this kind of half-spoken hints.

Because whatever the other person wants to say, they will end up saying it.

If they don't want to speak?

The more you ask, the more the other person doesn't want to talk, and they would annoyingly show an offensive smugness.

At that moment, you must not hit her.

If you do, the person will become even more smug.

What you should do is ignore her.

Then she'll start to get anxious.

In fact, that's exactly what happened.

Waiting for Jason to ask further, the female detective saw Jason simply continuing his breakfast, and she became a bit anxious.

"Aren't you curious at all?"

The female detective pressed on.

Jason picked up another meat bun.

Completely unresponsive.

Now the female detective really couldn't sit still.

"It's those 'Big Eaters' who had participated in the competition but never won! They pooled money together to hire a hitman to kill the organizer.

"They said that he had tarnished their career."

The female detective spoke and then looked at Jason.

Seeing Jason's calm face, she couldn't help but ask, "Jason, did you guess it already?"

"Hmm."

Jason nodded.

It wasn't a baseless claim.

Jason truly had guessed.

Who would have killed a 'Big Eater' competition organizer?

The first ones to suspect are those defeated big eaters.

Especially after their reputation and finances were damaged due to failing, it was even more certain.

Direct benefits are always the quickest to cause disputes.

"You could guess that."

"But you definitely can't guess the next news!"

The female detective said with a smile.

Hui Lijing might be a low-profile detective, but she learned all those annoying detective quirks perfectly: teasing, making others guess, creating mystique, enjoying asking questions, and so on.

At this moment, looking at Jason who had picked up another bowl of soy milk, Hui Lijing grinned and raised a finger.

"Do you want a hint?"

"Is it..."

"The prize money for the 'Cursed Video Tape', right?"

Hui Lijing hadn't finished speaking when Jason interrupted her.

Chapter 1048: It's Only the Third Day! (3)

"How do you know?"

Hui Lijing's eyes widened.

Jason did not answer; he merely took a sip of soy milk.

Of course, he knew.

The moment he had walked out of the room, the interface in front of him had clearly provided a prompt—

[Main Quest: Complete 33 exorcisms (1/33)]

Without a doubt, Jason's previous strategy was correct.

Relying on the female detective's connections to fulfill some special commissions could indeed count as effective exorcism instances.

Similarly, it also confirmed another conjecture of Jason's.

The recognized exorcisms required compensation.

Thus, the key to exorcism is compensation.

It's just not known whether it has to be a certain amount, or if any amount would suffice.

However, either way, this was good news for Jason.

It was only the third day.

He had already found the key to completing the main quest.

Would it take 99 days to complete all the main quests at this rate?

Jason thought somewhat sarcastically.

And the female detective had already pouted.

"You're no fun."

"How come someone as strong and tall as you is also so sharp-witted?"

"Shouldn't you have well-developed limbs but a simple mind?"

Muttering to herself, Hui Lijing then took out 1800 yuan in cash from her pocket and handed it to Jason.

"Here, this is the amount divided according to the ratio."

"I'll keep an eye on the remaining cases."

Hui Lijing said this.

Jason took the cash and handed 100 yuan back to Hui Lijing before continuing to eat his breakfast silently.

He estimated the value of the breakfast in front of him.

100 yuan should be about right.

Although Hui Lijing probably doesn't lack this 100 yuan, it doesn't mean Jason won't pay it back.

Everyone has their principles.

Jason is no exception.

He dislikes owing others.

This action naturally caught the eyes of He Tai.

From the start of breakfast till now, the usually silent He Tai suddenly experienced a massive shock.

Terrible!

This is just too terrifying!

Not only possessing power far beyond expectation but also understanding the ways of the world, such a great demon... truly unprecedented!

Even in the Warring States period, there weren't such great demons!

Only in legends before the Warring States did such exist!

Each of those great demons was extremely famous!

But...

Such great demons shouldn't have vanished, should they?

Even the 'Invitation of the Flourishing Moon' shouldn't have been seen.

How could they appear in the present world?

And why would the benevolent Master Tongshou Temple entrust the inheritance of Tongshou Temple to him?

Wait a minute!

Could it be... a conversion?

Suddenly, the wandering Onmyoji thought of something.

Immediately, the wandering Onmyoji's view of Tongshou Temple changed.

It became even more respectful.

Not only did the monk save his life, but he also saved the lives of many.

To the wandering Onmyoji, Tongshou Temple's monk was absolutely taking a demon into his own body.

Thinking this, the wandering Onmyoji could no longer restrain himself.

He placed his bowl on the table and then knelt down with a thud.

"Please, Master, take me in as your follower, let me serve by your side,"

The wandering Onmyoji said.

Since the monk at Tongshou Temple had saved him, he had this idea.

And now?

He was even more resolute.

The old monk at Tongshou Temple was taken aback, but his gaze instinctively turned towards Jason.

He was now staying at Tongshou Temple.

And the current Tongshou Temple was under Jason's command.

Whatever he wanted to do, naturally required consulting Jason.

However, Jason did not pay attention to these.

Under the gaze of the old monk at Tongshou Temple, he stood up and walked towards the Sutra Depository.

Jason had not forgotten, he had yet to master the inheritance of Tongshou Temple.

"Master?"

The old monk asked in confusion.

"Continue the inheritance,"

Jason answered shortly.

"Understood."

The two immediately walked towards the Sutra Depository.

But just at that moment, the young officer, Urashima, hurried in—

"Lord Jason, there's trouble!"

Chapter 1049: Morning Exercise Companion!

The young police officer rushed in, his forehead dripping with sweat and his eyes filled with anxiety.

"Officer Jason! Officer Jason!"

Urashima repeatedly called out upon seeing Jason.

The already swift pace quickened further.

The young officer reached to grab Jason's arm, but Jason smoothly avoided it.

Urashima stumbled, nearly falling over.

The elder Monk from Tongshou Temple reached out to steady him.

"Don't rush, take your time to talk," the Monk said kindly.

His voice was gentle, carrying a soothing quality.

Almost instantly, Urashima calmed down.

The young officer took a deep breath and began to speak slowly.

"Here's what happened—"

...

After firmly declining another late-night kindness of going to 'Glowing Cuisine,' Urashima went straight home last night.

A hot bath and warmed milk made Urashima appreciate the finest aspects of human life.

With nothing special happening, and once his hair was dry, Urashima fell into a deep sleep.

Until 6:15 AM.

That was his usual waking time.

After a bit of stretching, Urashima began his exercise routine: jogging.

It was a habit he had cultivated since his student days.

Similarly, there were quite a few others with the same habit.

Therefore, Urashima also had quite a few jogging friends.

However, lately everyone seemed to be busy, leaving only a young girl named Yukiko who insisted on exercising with him every day.

Yukiko was a university student at a nearby college.

To make working easier, she did not stay in the school dorms, instead renting a studio apartment nearby, not in the same residential complex as Urashima's but still a short distance away.

"Morning, Urashima!"

Yukiko in her white sportswear greeted Urashima cheerfully.

Her smile was friendly and buoyant.

As beautiful as ever.

"Morning, Yukiko," Urashima responded with a smile.

To a beautiful lady, especially the younger ones, few men could resist.

And Urashima was no exception.

However, Urashima was self-aware.

He clearly knew what he could and could not do.

Therefore, he refrained from contemplating any unnecessary thoughts.

He simply regarded Yukiko as a jogging companion.

"Shall we start?" Urashima asked.

"Sure, a steady 5km run!"

Yukiko nodded, and then she was the one to call the start.

The two of them took off at the same time.

There was no race, no competition.

Just the companionship during mutual training.

Under such circumstances, chatting naturally became part of the routine.

Urashima would share some work-related stories.

They were the kind that didn't break any rules but could raise awareness.

Yukiko talked about campus life.

However, today was slightly different.

"Urashima, do you remember Ashi?" Yukiko asked.

"Ashi?"

"The girl with the ponytail who's good at sports?" Urashima inquired.

Ashi was Yukiko's schoolmate, extremely athletic, participating in clubs like sprinting and high jump, and was somewhat famous in Yukiko's university, rumored to have won a full scholarship.

She had also jogged with him a couple of times.

She was truly impressive.

He was no match at all.

After being pulled into her pace, he would be huffing and puffing within minutes, forced to give up.

Perhaps because of this, the girl named Ashi didn't seek him out for jogging anymore after the second time.

"Yeah, it's her."

"She's recently run into a bit of trouble," Yukiko nodded with a hesitant expression.

Urashima had seen such hesitation far too often.

It was the same with every person who came to him seeking help.

"Don't worry," he reassured.

"I will do my utmost to help her."

"What seems to be the problem?"

Urashima wore a gentle smile.

He was reassuring Yukiko, hoping she would tell him clearly and in detail what had happened.

Only then could he better assist the girl named Ashi.

"It seems Ashi is being bothered by someone."

"She says they're relatives, but I don't think so."

"Those people look really menacing," Yukiko said.

"Is that so?"

"I understand."

"After we finish running, I'll handle it," Urashima said with a slight sigh of relief.

He had thought it was something more serious.

So it was this,

Good-looking girls always encounter troubles like this.

But, were those guys too bold?

Daring to harass students at a school?

Or was it that Ashi had somehow fallen into their clutches?

Though still somewhat a rookie, having worked beside Ryosuke, Urashima had seen quite a few incidents.

Such lowlifes usually wouldn't dare to cross certain lines.

It's not so-called 'faith' or 'righteousness' that stopped them.

Simply put, they couldn't afford the consequences.

So, if they crossed the line,

It was definitely for a reason.

And whatever it was, Urashima planned to intervene.

After all, a girl like Ashi tangled up with those thugs definitely wouldn't end well.

Her whole life could easily be torn apart.

The worst part was, a fate worse than death.

Perhaps hearing Urashima's assurance, Yukiko seemed visibly relieved.

Yukiko's smile returned to her face, and she ran ahead for a few hundred meters before speaking up again.

"Urashima, do you remember Kiko?" Yukiko asked.

"Kiko?"

"The girl who enjoys outdoor trips?"

"She's run with us before."

Chapter 1050: Morning Exercise Partner! (2)

Urashima slightly reminisced, and a very cheerful girl came to mind.

Every time she appeared, she would laugh heartily.

Occasionally, she would pat his shoulder and then hand him her water bottle.

Compared to Ashi, Kiko often came by.

They were quite familiar with each other.

They even had dinner together twice.

"Of course, I remember."

"Didn't we make plans for pancakes before?"

"She personally made pancakes for me."

Urashima answered like this.

"Hmm."

"At that time, she was laughing very happily."

"The pancakes were delicious too."

Yukiko smiled and nodded, seemingly reminiscing about that moment.

"What about her?"

Urashima continued to ask.

"She's doing well."

Yukiko responded.

This made Urashima a bit embarrassed.

While running, he scratched his head.

"I thought something had happened to Kiko."

Urashima became even more embarrassed.

With the recent incident involving Ashi, he thought something had happened to Kiko too.

Turns out, he was overthinking.

It's true, what are the odds of such coincidences continuously happening around Yukiko?

"Urashima, you really think, how could such coincidences keep happening around me!"

"I just wanted to say that Kiko wants to invite us out for pancakes again."

Yukiko, running beside Urashima, gently tapped his arm.

This affectionate gesture made Urashima blush instantly.

"Urashima, do you remember 'Mayi'?"

Yukiko continued.

"Mayi?"

"Yes, yes, I remember."

"A delicate girl in a white dress with her hair up in a bun."

"We even invited her to run with us before."

"But she couldn't run more than a few hundred meters."

"I remember she bought a new dress last week, right?"

Urashima said.

"Yes!"

"I accompanied her when she bought it."

"However, Urashima, how did you know?"

Yukiko asked curiously.

"We exchanged numbers, and she told me herself—she even mentioned that she's been learning to bake cakes and will invite us to try them once she's good at it."

Urashima replied naturally.

This naturalness wasn't feigned; it was indeed very natural.

To him, there was nothing to hide about such matters.

Especially from Yukiko, Urashima felt he shouldn't hide anything.

But Urashima, who was running ahead, didn't notice Yukiko's somewhat gloomy expression.

Urashima ran a few steps ahead before realizing Yukiko hadn't caught up.

Instinctively, the young police officer turned back.

"Yukiko, what's wrong?"

Urashima, seeing Yukiko's unusual expression, couldn't help but ask.

"Urashima, you're a police officer, right?"

Yukiko asked.

"Yes, a rookie officer."

"Although I'm still a newbie, I'll strive to become an excellent officer like Officer Ryosuke and... like Lord Jason, to become a real man."

Urashima was a bit embarrassed.

Becoming a police officer had been his childhood dream.

And for that, Urashima went through a lot of hardships.

However, Urashima never expected being a police officer would be harder than he imagined.

Nevertheless, these trials were all ones he was prepared to face.

Because he had goals to chase!

Ryosuke!

And...

Jason!

"Lord Jason?"

Yukiko knew about Ryosuke,

But Jason was a foreign name to her.

Immediately, it piqued Yukiko's interest.

"Lord Jason is someone I met just a couple of days ago."

"He's a very charismatic person."

"Not only is he strong and tall, but also very warm-hearted."

When talking about strength, there was a gleam in Urashima's eyes.

The muscular physique was something Urashima cared deeply about.

If not for wanting to be stronger, he wouldn't be training every day, focusing primarily on anaerobic and complementing with aerobic exercises, always coupled with a muscle-building diet.

But for some reason, the results were always not as evident as expected.

And the gyms he frequented seemed to always close down.

Either due to accidents or the owners running off with the money.

It just didn't allow him to focus on his training.

But lately, he heard about a new 'Silver Gym' opening up.

Perhaps, it was a good choice.

Urashima thought.

"Urashima, you want to go to a new gym again?"

Yukiko asked.

"Yes."

"The recent gym is really too much."

"They keep closing down unexpectedly."

"I just want to exercise in peace."

Urashima sighed in frustration.

"Exercise in peace?"

"All those women members are always crowding around."

"Urashima, how can you exercise in peace?"

Yukiko asked.

"Eh, Yukiko, how do you know?"

Urashima curiously looked at Yukiko.

He didn't remember talking to Yukiko about these matters.

"Of course, I guessed it."

"Urashima, you're so gentle, surely a bunch of people would cling to you."

"Under such circumstances, it's natural that they aren't focusing on exercising. Issues may arise, like, fracturing the spine during squats, getting throat smashed by a barbell during bench press, or even getting a dumbbell exploding on someone's head."

"These are all pretty normal."

Yukiko said with a smile, her expression gentle, as if she was merely stating facts.

Urashima felt it was a bit strange, but thought Yukiko made some sense, and with the oxygen and energy depletion during running, he didn't think much more about it and pushed the issue to the back of his mind.

"Huff, huff."

"Running 5 kilometers continuously really isn't easy."

Urashima gasped for breath after finishing the run.

"Yes."

"But the 5 kilometers are bearable when I'm with you, Urashima."

"Shall we try for 10 kilometers next time?"

Yukiko asked.

"10 kilometers?"

"That's not easy."

"You have school, and I have work. After running 10 kilometers, it won't be easy to handle the rest of the day, so... shall we start with 6 kilometers?"

Urashima asked after catching his breath.

He loved to exercise, but he also had to consider his day job.

Especially when chasing criminals, it would be misunderstood if his legs were too weak.

"Alright then."

"6 kilometers is also a good start."

Yukiko showed a gentle smile.

"So, shall we meet tomorrow?"

Urashima asked, his breathing now steady.

"Sure."

Yukiko nodded.

Afterwards, Urashima returned home as usual.

The running route for both was circular; after reaching the endpoint, they would head back to their respective homes.

It was a tacit agreement formed over a long period.

But today was a little different.

As Urashima was walking back, Yukiko silently followed behind him.

It was only after walking a dozen meters that Urashima noticed Yukiko was behind him.

"What's up, Yukiko?"

Urashima asked curiously.

"Have you never wondered, Urashima?"

"When you first started running, there were about a dozen people doing morning exercises here."

"Why is it just the two of us now?"

Yukiko asked with a smile.

"Maybe everyone is busy?"

Urashima frowned slightly, answering uncertainly.

"What about Ashi, Kiko, and Mayi?"

"Those three were my former roommates."

Yukiko continued to ask with a smile.

"Ashi?"

"I just couldn't keep up with her pace."

"Kiko preferred deep outdoor activities."

"Mayi?"

"She was in poor health."

Urashima answered, feeling nothing was amiss.

Yukiko blinked.

Just looking at Urashima.

Then—

Chuckle.

Yukiko laughed.

"Urashima, do you know?"

"I love this naive side of you, anyone else would have noticed something was wrong by now, but you still chose to believe me."

"Ashi, I wanted to use her to advance our relationship further, but I don't need to hold back anymore, I can't hold back anymore—I want to merge with you."

"We shall be inseparable!"

Yukiko continued to laugh.

But that smile, in Urashima's eyes, became unfamiliar, unspeakably bizarre.

Even the surrounding morning sun became cold.

There was a subdued feeling.

"You..."

"I turned Kiko into pancakes."

"I made Mayi into cake."

"Those people around you, I got rid of them too."

"You belong only to me."

Yukiko took a deep breath, almost like making a declaration, and said—

"I love you!"