

Menu 1051

Chapter 1051: You are the wind and I am the sand, lingering love until the end of the world!

Confessed by a beautiful girl.

Everyone has had a similar dream.

Moreover, they've even researched what posture would allow them to have such a dream.

Urashima was no exception.

His research concluded that it's best to choose a soft and rollable quilt.

But, it's just a dream.

Reality?

It's more painful than having all ten fingers broken.

He's just a poor boy from a fishing village.

Perhaps his future isn't too bleak, but for now?

It's far off.

So far that, no matter how much he likes her, he would never speak up.

It's not that he can't.

It's that he dares not.

Urashima fears that once he confesses, he won't even be able to be friends any longer.

But then, Yukiko confessed to him.

It's not a dream.

It's reality.

Normally, at this moment, Urashima would surely burst out laughing.

But at this time...

He was still replaying Yukiko's recent words in his mind.

Yukiko murdered someone.

She killed their dormitory roommate.

She killed people around him.

This...

Urashima felt his breath trembling.

"Yukiko, you must be joking, right?"

Urashima stammered.

"Not at all!"

"I'm serious!"

"I love you!"

Yukiko shook her head and said more earnestly.

"No, no."

"I mean, you're joking about killing someone, right?"

Urashima stressed.

"How could that be?"

"That's my love for you!"

"Ashi, Kiko, Mayi, they were all deliberately getting close to you, inventing one pathetic excuse after another, yet Urashima, you didn't notice. Aren't you a police officer? Why didn't you see through their flimsy excuses?"

"It was me who came first!"

"Why do they have to come one by one to steal you away?"

"Why don't you know how to refuse, Urashima?"

"Why do you have to be so gentle?"

Yukiko's words started out gentle, but they became harsher and harsher towards the end.

Under such ferocious words, Yukiko's pretty face twisted into a grotesque expression.

A similar aura appeared around Yukiko.

She stared at Urashima.

Indistinct cries came from her mouth.

Then, she charged straight at Urashima.

Bang!

Urashima, young, healthy, and definitely strong among his peers, was just tackled to the ground.

He was powerless to resist, and when Yukiko's palms grabbed his wrists, Urashima couldn't even manage to struggle.

Such great strength!

How is that possible?!

Urashima thought incredulously.

He had frequent contact with Yukiko, naturally knowing that she was quite athletic, but as for strength?

She even needed his help with jar lids.

Why is it now as easy for her to overpower him as it would be to overpower a child?

"You are mine!"

"Mine!"

"I will keep you by my side forever!"

"Never to be apart!"

Yukiko said this as her other hand directly seized Urashima's neck.

Suddenly, a suffocating feeling surged forth.

"I, I treat them and you all the same!"

Urashima said with difficulty.

What he said was the truth.

Knowing that he couldn't provide a future for any of them, Urashima restrained the impulses in his heart and regarded everyone as friends.

Or rather...

Sisters.

But why did such a thing happen?

Where did I go wrong?

Urashima pondered.

And Urashima's recent words had completely pierced through Yukiko.

"It's different!"

"It's different!"

"We are not the same!"

Yukiko roared with anger, and her youthful face twisted to the extreme.

At this moment, Yukiko no longer looked like a 'person'.

Instead, she seemed a bit like... a demon!

She glared at Urashima.

The jealousy in her eyes was almost tangible.

"I love you!"

"They're just playing around!"

"We are not the same!"

"Now that they're dead, you are mine alone!"

As she uttered these chilling words, Yukiko began to tighten her grip on Urashima's neck.

Already suffocating, Urashima's vision began to darken at this moment.

And then

Bang!

A gunshot!

Urashima, whose consciousness was about to fade, rapidly regained clarity.

Then, he felt the grip on his neck loosen, and he was abruptly pulled up.

"Ry, Ryosuke Officer?"

Looking at Ryosuke, who had pulled him up, Urashima was somewhat stunned.

"Stop dazing!"

"Go find Lord Jason!"

"We can't handle this kind of person!"

Ryosuke pointed at Yukiko, who had taken a bullet, and abruptly pushed Urashima.

Although it was a small caliber service pistol, a normal person taking a bullet, even if not fatal, would generally lose the ability to move. However, Yukiko, who was shot in the shoulder, behaved as if nothing had happened.

Bang, bang!

Ryosuke fired two more shots.

One at the forehead.

One at the heart.

Both hit their marks precisely.

But Yukiko, aside from being knocked to the ground by the shots, seemed virtually unharmed.

The only change was the bullet holes left on her body.

"What, what's this?"

Urashima was completely at a loss.

"Hurry up and start the car!"

Ryosuke pushed the Assistant again.

This time, Urashima finally snapped out of it and began to scramble towards the car in the yard.

This car was an official vehicle.

A perk that came with Ryosuke's transfer into 'Section Zero'.

"It's you! It's you! It's you!"

"You're just like those women!"

"All here to take Urashima away!"

"He's mine!"

"No one can take him away!"

"I'll kill you!"

"I'll kill you!"

"I'll kill you!"

Yukiko murmured to herself, which soon turned into a roar.

Chapter 1052: You Are the Wind and I Am the Sand, Intertwined to the Ends of the Earth! (2)

And then, he charged towards Ryosuke.

Bang!

Ryosuke, who had already experienced more than one mysterious event, pulled the trigger with his finger.

Not a trace of trembling.

The bullet hit Yukiko squarely in the face.

Once again, Yukiko was knocked down.

But quickly, she got up again.

Ryosuke fired again.

After Yukiko was knocked down this time, Urashima finally came out in the car.

Without opening the door, Ryosuke jumped directly through the passenger-side window.

"Drive!"

Ryosuke roared.

Whir!

Screech!

Amidst the roar of the engine, the tires spun rapidly on the ground, then the car shot away, leaving behind a smell of burnt rubber.

And...

Yukiko's roar.

"Urashima is mine!"

"Urashima is mine!"

Such roaring, even tens of meters away, Ryosuke could hear loud and clear.

Immediately, the middle-aged detective furrowed his brows.

"You're not ditching her after leading her on, are you?"

Ryosuke couldn't help but ask.

Aside from that, Ryosuke simply couldn't imagine what kind of situation would turn a woman into what Yukiko had become.

"No."

"We didn't even start."

"I do like Miss Yukiko, but, but I'm just not good enough for her, I can't match up to Miss Yukiko. I want her to be happy and just take care of the people around her to the best of my ability, I had no other intentions."

"It's just, just..."

Urashima's words were somewhat incoherent.

Clearly, even now Urashima was struggling to accept the shock before him.

Both the impact of being a part of 'Mystical Side' and Miss Yukiko's 'love'.

Without a doubt, the latter was much bigger, much more intense.

"Breathe deeply, relax, calm down."

"Women get hysterical like this sometimes."

"You should be thankful she truly loves you."

"Otherwise, you'd be the first one turned into a specimen."

Ryosuke spoke with the tone of someone who had been through it all before.

His words were cheeky.

The middle-aged detective hoped to calm down his assistant with such talk.

But what was said next made the middle-aged detective's blood pressure start to rise.

"Officer Ryosuke, you've been single all along, haven't you?"

"You haven't got a marriage partner, nor a romantic partner, right?"

"Is your knowledgeable tone just an act?"

Urashima asked with confusion.

If Urashima hadn't been driving, Ryosuke would have certainly kicked him.

What does 'always single' mean?

He occasionally goes to soaplands.

He's also very charming.

Number 18 masseuse even texted him yesterday.

Just as Ryosuke was about to defend himself, his eyes suddenly fixed on something.

As an assistant and partner, there was considerable understanding between Urashima and Ryosuke.

When Ryosuke's expression changed, Urashima looked into the rearview mirror.

In the mirror, Yukiko was chasing after them.

That's right!

Chasing them on foot!

And getting closer and closer!

With the speed on the dashboard approaching 70 miles per hour, Urashima's hands were sweating.

How is this possible?

How can a person run faster than a car?

Moreover, after being shot.

This, this?

"Floor it!"

"To Tongshou Temple!"

Ryosuke shouted loudly, making Urashima steady himself again.

Then, Ryosuke turned around, leaned out of the window, and aimed his gun at Yukiko who was in pursuit.

Bang!

Bang! Bang!

Three consecutive shots, all missed.

It's one thing to shoot at close range on flat ground, and entirely another while on a speeding car.

Moreover, Ryosuke usually prefers to settle issues with his fists.

Though he practiced with firearms, it was more of an inspection kind of practice—practice during inspections, and after using up the quota of 100 bullets a year, he wouldn't touch them much anymore.

At this moment, Ryosuke wished he could slap himself for not practicing more when he had the chance.

But what concerned Ryosuke even more was Yukiko's wounds.

As Yukiko almost closed in on the trunk, Ryosuke could see clearly, the bullet holes on Yukiko's body had disappeared.

The wounds that were on her face and shoulder had already reverted to their original state.

Powerful strength.

Extraordinary speed.

Frightening regenerative ability.

And...

That increasingly ugly face.

Ryosuke's heart kept sinking.

He knew that once caught, his chances of survival were slim to none.

Although he came to see Urashima this morning to 'die'.

But it was only a 'feigned death'.

He didn't really want to die.

Now facing actual death, Ryosuke suddenly felt mocked by fate.

However, such mockery was fleeting.

After changing the magazine, Ryosuke fired again.

This time, he didn't shoot out the car window, knowing the bumpy sensation meant he couldn't possibly hit his target.

Ryosuke chose to kneel on the seat, leaning his back and elbow on the seat to shoot.

Bang, bang bang!

The rear window of the car shattered completely.

This time, Ryosuke landed a shot.

The bullet struck Yukiko's torso.

But unlike before, where it slightly impeded her,

This time, Yukiko continued the chase without even flinching, as if the gunshot had no effect on her at all.

"Damn it!"

Ryosuke cursed under his breath.

He always had the illusion that the woman in front of him was becoming stronger.

And what happened next proved Ryosuke's guess.

Bang, bang bang!

Three more shots.

This time, Ryosuke was lucky enough to hit Yukiko in the head.

A bullet that should have knocked Yukiko down merely caused her head to jerk back.

After only a brief stop, Yukiko chased after them again as if nothing had happened.

And the bullet?

It simply embedded in Yukiko's forehead.

As Yukiko ran, the bullet fell straight out.

Yukiko's forehead was as smooth as new, without a trace.

Seeing this, Ryosuke had no idea what to say; he could only keep pulling the trigger.

Bang bang bang!

Bang bang bang!

Soon, the two magazines on him were empty.

But this did not stop Yukiko from getting closer.

The woman, her face distorted like an evil spirit, was now level with the car.

She turned her head, staring at Ryosuke with those terrifying eyes.

"Give Urashima back to me!"

Yukiko yelled.

"To hell with that!"

Ryosuke grabbed the car's fire extinguisher beside the co-driver seat and sprayed it wildly.

Why use a car fire extinguisher?

It was the only thing he could call a weapon at hand.

The dry powder from the extinguisher obscured Yukiko's vision.

It also affected Urashima's vision.

Fortunately, the entrance to Tongshou Town was in sight.

Urashima yanked the steering wheel and slammed on the brakes.

Screech!

In the piercing sound of the tires' friction, Urashima pushed the door open and ran toward Tongshou Temple.

Ryosuke threw away the fire extinguisher and followed closely behind.

"Hurry up!"

Ryosuke urged Urashima.

But at the next moment, Ryosuke's complexion changed.

A great strength surged from behind, and without any resistance, Ryosuke was dragged back into the mist of dry powder.

Only Ryosuke's shouts remained.

"Don't worry about me, go to Sir Jason."

...

"Scumbag!"

Hui Lijing, emerging from Tongshou Temple, immediately critiqued Urashima without hesitation.

The young officer opened his mouth to argue but found himself speechless.

Or rather, he didn't know what to say.

Eventually, the young Urashima could only apologize.

"I didn't do it on purpose!"

"Sorry!"

"I didn't know this would happen!"

For such an apology, the detective was thoroughly scornful.

"Hmph!"

"What's the use of apologizing if it works? What do we need the police for?"

"Plus, you're a cop!"

"Even though you know it's impossible, you still wallow in the secretion of hormones, unable to distinguish — like or dislike, or if there are compelling reasons, you should speak up!"

"Say it word by word, openly and honestly!"

"Instead of enjoying the ambiguity among a group of young female students!"

"Hmph, scumbag!"

The detective snorted again.

This time, Urashima was completely at a loss for words.

Did he really enjoy it?

He wasn't sure anymore.

Jason paid no attention to such a conversation; he was just sniffing.

Then—

Huh?

Chapter 1053: The Dilemma of Middle-aged People Is Due to Embarrassment

Why is there no smell of food?

Jason's eyes were filled with confusion.

Monsters should have the smell of food.

Could it be not a monster?

Jason's gaze turned towards the entrance of Tongshou Town.

There stood a 'woman' in sportswear.

In the sunlight, her face looked as fierce as a demon's.

Her body was also beginning to twist in a certain sense.

Such distortion made even the sunlight that shone upon her seem to lose its warmth, especially when she walked with a creaking noise coming from her joints.

In her mouth, she was repeating one sentence over and over—

"Urashima! Urashima! Urashima!"

"Give me back Urashima!"

This voice from low to high, after only four or five iterations, turned into a scream.

The female detective, Urashima, covered her ears and stepped back.

Jason remained unmoved, his eyebrows slightly furrowed.

He always felt that the 'monster' in front of him was a bit strange.

Not in terms of appearance.

The woman in front of him, no doubt, had the appearance of an ugly and fierce monster.

Her aura was also very similar.

But...

Why is there no 'food' smell?

To know, all the monsters he had encountered before had the smell of food.

Standing to one side, the old Monk of Tongshou Temple, He Tai, looked very serious.

Especially that Monk who was shouting loudly.

"Be careful, that is a very terrifying monster..."

"Hannya!"

Hannya?!

Jason was taken aback.

"Hannya is a kind of Evil Spirit formed from a woman's intense jealousy and resentment, and in a sense, very powerful, because their Strength comes from jealousy and resentment," explained the wandering Onmyoji in a low voice, while taking out Talisman Paper.

He knew the power of Hannya.

If he let her continue to grow, he would not be able to handle her at all.

Fortunately, the woman in front of him had not yet become a true Hannya.

She had just undergone a transformation.

She must be dealt with immediately!

With that thought, the wandering Onmyoji lifted the Talisman Paper in his hand.

"Haste!"

A spell command.

Six pieces of Talisman Paper flew out.

Whew!

In mid-air, the Talisman Paper turned into fireballs, quickly enveloping Yukiko.

But...

When the Flame touched Yukiko, it simply extinguished.

Not only had the Flame gone out, but Yukiko's skin also began to change.

Under the morning sun, her originally fair skin started to turn red.

Like fire.

And like blood.

A pair of black horns began to grow from her forehead.

The horns grew from small to large.

At first, they were as thin as little fingers, and then they turned into the size of goat horns.

Thick and black.

As the horns grew, Yukiko's aura began to strengthen at a visibly rapid pace.

The intangible aura stirred the wind around her.

Whoo, whoo!

The wild wind raged.

Causing the wandering Onmyoji to continuously step back.

"How, how is this possible?"

The wandering Onmyoji froze in shock.

Everything in front of him completely overturned his understanding.

How could a recently parasitized Hannya possibly grow into a full form so quickly?

The old Monk of Tongshou Temple was also stunned.

His learned 'mystical knowledge' did not have an explanation for the scene before him either.

However, the Monk soon thought of something.

Could it be...

"Urashima!"

"Give me back Urashima!"

While the Monk was still pondering, Yukiko had already rushed forward.

Fast as an arrow released from its bow.

Whoosh!

Before the sound of the air breaking could fade, Yukiko was already in front of everyone.

The female detective raised her gun.

Urashima instinctively wanted to step back but gritted her teeth and endured.

The wandering Onmyoji took out Talisman Paper again.

The old Monk of Tongshou Temple put his hands together in prayer.

Everyone had their own actions.

But Yukiko was too fast.

So fast that the female detective didn't have time to pull the trigger, so fast that Urashima had just stood firm, so fast that the wandering Onmyoji had just pinched the Talisman Paper, so fast that at the moment the old Monk of Tongshou Temple pinched the Talisman Paper, she appeared right before Urashima.

Her face twisted with a hideous laugh.

"Mine!"

"You are mine!"

Raising her claws that were no longer human, Yukiko reached out for Urashima.

Then—

Clang!

In a sound like a sword drawn from its sheath, a silver slash appeared before Yukiko.

An incomparable sense of danger filled Yukiko's heart.

The proclamation of death howled incessantly in Yukiko's ears.

Yukiko wanted to dodge.

But she was helpless.

She had rushed too fast.

The slash in front of her appeared too cleverly.

The perfectly timed slash left her powerless.

Spurt!

In a sound like a blade cutting through leather, the silver slash swept past Yukiko's body.

The forward-charging Yukiko stood frozen in place.

Her raised claws were stiff in mid-air, less than a fist's distance from Urashima's chest.

Her widened eyes were full of unwillingness and envy.

This was originally the source of her Strength.

But the slash just now had already destroyed such a source of Strength.

Without the support of Strength.

She used all her might, only able to say out that name.

"Ura, Urashima."

Bang!

With that sound, Yukiko's body burst apart.

Everyone quickly dodged.

Only Jason didn't move; he looked at Yukiko, who had turned into a fog of blood and chunks of flesh, his mildly furrowed brow growing tighter.

It was the smell of human blood.

In the blood mist, there was the smell of human blood.

Not a monster!

What's going on here?

Jason pondered.

The female detective gave Jason a thumbs-up.

"Well done!"

The female detective said straightforwardly.

Just now, she thought the jerk beside her was surely dead.

Chapter 1054: The Dilemma of Middle-aged People Is Due to Embarrassment (2)

Unexpectedly, Jason managed to react in time.

What was that silver glow just now?

A secret technique?

Or?

The female detective who speaks her mind directly asked.

"Jason, what was that silver radiance?"

"A slash."

Jason replied.

The 'Evil-Slaying Slash' advanced from 'Protection Against Evil' is indeed a kind of slash.

He was not lying.

As for Yukiko, who was as swift as the wind just now?

In Jason's eyes, that was nothing out of the ordinary.

His perception being over nine times that of an ordinary person allowed him to grasp her movements the instant she acted.

And his agility, over six times that of an ordinary person, provided him with enough reaction speed to match her.

Moreover, countless battle experiences made it clear to Jason what he should do.

Nothing was more fitting than the 'Evil-Slaying Slash'.

Although Jason really wanted to go up and kick her, to stomp on that face, the 'Evil-Slaying Slash' was more convenient.

"A slash?"

"Was that Sword Qi?"

"Sword Qi capable of annihilating a Hannya?"

The female detective didn't show any special reaction to Jason's answer; for her, who had just stepped into the 'Inside World,' it was enough to know that Jason was powerful.

The more powerful Jason was, the more advanced techniques she could learn—even if Jason had only agreed to teach her the basics.

However, for a wandering Onmyoji, the matter was different.

This wandering Onmyoji knew exactly what kind of person could emit Sword Qi slashes.

A master swordsman!

One of the top-class individuals among sword-users.

And someone capable of wiping out a Hannya with a single Sword Qi strike...

A grand master swordsman!

Receiving this answer, the wandering Onmyoji trembled all over.

The inheritor of the 'Immovable King's Body' of Tongshou Temple.

The bloodline of a great demon.

The power of a grand master swordsman.

What kind of monster is this...

Such a being couldn't possibly appear within the 'Prosperous Moon,' could it?

Only in very secret places could such a monster emerge, right?

Even those secret places find it difficult to see such beings.

They were only to be found in the Warring States period, or even earlier eras.

But...

Why would it appear in the 'present world'?

What exactly is its purpose?

No good!

I must keep an eye on him!

For the safety of the 'present world'!

That's right!

The safety of the 'present world'!

Master Tongshou Temple must have also acknowledged him as the inheritor of the Temple for the sake of the 'present world's' safety, gradually transforming him with unique Buddhist teachings.

It must be so!

The wandering Onmyoji looked up again at the monk, his gaze becoming even more reverential.

At this time, the elderly monk placed his hands together in a prayer-like gesture and said softly to Jason, "Master, there is something I wish to discuss with you... about the Hannya just now."

The voice that was already very soft became completely inaudible towards the end.

The Monk had used the 'Silence Technique.'

Only Jason could hear it.

"Okay."

After nodding, Jason did not leave immediately.

He turned and walked towards the entrance.

There, Ryosuke was lying in a sorry state, his left arm bent at an odd angle.

"How is it?"

Jason asked his collaborator.

"Better than I expected."

"At least I made it through."

Ryosuke said with a chuckle of self-mockery, even trying to show Jason his left arm but just moving it caused him to wince in pain.

"Brother Ryosuke, please don't move."

"I will set and dress your fracture."

"I also have some herbal remedies here that can speed up healing."

The elderly monk from Tongshou Temple came over, carefully helping Ryosuke to his feet from the right side.

"Ryosuke brother should also be informed about the matter with the Hannya, as it is closely related to him," the Monk said as he applied the 'Silence Technique' again.

Jason nodded.

Ryosuke frowned, quickly realizing something.

This caused the middle-aged detective's heart to sink continuously.

However, upon seeing Urashima, he still said in his usual tone, "Call the guys, it's time to get to work."

"Yes, Officer Ryosuke."

Urashima saluted promptly.

But as he passed the bloodstains, Ryosuke couldn't help but pause in his step.

Then, he turned and quickly went back to his business.

...

In the small courtyard of Tongshou Temple.

Ryosuke's arm was wrapped up, and the rest of his injuries had also been treated.

"Isn't there a secret technique of Onmyoji that can heal immediately?"

Ryosuke asked the older monk.

"There is."

"But I don't know it."

The older monk stated truthfully.

"Okay then."

Ryosuke shrugged subconsciously, but this movement immediately pulled at his wounds, making him wince and inhale sharply from the pain.

The older monk watched this scene with a smile, and only after he pressed his palms together in a gesture of respect did he turn serious.

"Master, do you know of 'Blossom Cherry'?"

The older monk asked.

"Blossom Cherry?"

Jason frowned and shook his head.

He knew of cherry blossoms.

Blossom Cherry?

It was his first time hearing of it.

"'Blossom Cherry' is an organization hidden within the official forces, originally formed to maintain the rightful powers of base-level police officers and patrols, but as time passed, the organization slowly changed as those originally protected climbed to higher positions, gaining greater power and influence."

"As time went on, such power and influence grew like a rolling snowball."

"Ten years ago, the influence of 'Blossom Cherry' started to penetrate the 'Inside World'."

"Not the kind of superficial investigations you could do without, but the real mastery of the secret techniques of the 'Inside World'."

"From what I've gathered, the two yōkai disturbances and the downfall of three martial arts dojos in the 'Inside World' over the last decade are all linked to this organization."

The older monk said this and then turned his head to look at Ryosuke.

"Ryosuke, are you aware of 'Blossom Cherry'?"

Asked the older monk.

"Only recently learnt of it."

"And I've encountered the monsters they created."

"That woman just now, she was one of those monsters, right?"

Ryosuke asked.

He temporarily left out his conversation with Tsuchimikado Motoharu.

Because he just couldn't bring himself to speak.

Mostly out of embarrassment.

The dignity of a middle-aged man always manifests in the strangest of places.

Even not splitting the stream while urinating can be a source of pride.

What about when you get even older?

Not wetting the bed becomes the ultimate pride.

"Yes."

"Although I don't have conclusive evidence, it's highly likely."

The older monk nodded, then turned to look earnestly at Jason.

"Master, please be cautious."

"The methods of 'Blossom Cherry' are different from what we know."

"They are unscrupulous in achieving their goals and they do so with a veneer of legitimacy."

"The woman who became a Hannya today didn't do so without reason."

The older monk warned Jason with his life experience.

Jason nodded slightly.

He valued the older monk's words.

Where in the world are there so many coincidences?

It wasn't just anybody who turned into a Hannya, but someone from Urashima's acquaintance.

If there were no tricks involved, Jason would never believe it.

Meanwhile, Ryosuke became even more troubled.

In the end, the middle-aged detective gritted his teeth.

"I think this incident was targeted at me, and I've just dragged everyone else down."

Ryosuke continued to withhold the details about Tsuchimikado Motoharu, and recounted the events of the previous night.

"Sorry!"

"It's all my fault!"

"I will take care of everything!"

As he said this, Ryosuke knelt down, with his forehead pressed tightly to the ground.

Jason couldn't help but laugh as he looked at Ryosuke in this state.

Ryosuke looked up in astonishment.

Jason just sighed softly.

"Such an overly sentimental middle-aged man."

"Not only indecisive."

"But always so self-righteous."

After saying this, Jason stood up and walked out of the temple.

Outside the temple, several figures in dark suits stood rigidly as if they were robots, with cold expressions gazing at Jason as he walked out.

"Excuse me, are you Mr. Jason?"

As a figure from behind this group spoke up, a middle-aged man wearing glasses came forward, smiling at Jason.

Jason also looked at the man.

Then, he answered directly—

"No, I'm not."

Chapter 1055: Conversation

"It's an honor to meet you, Mr. Jason..."

The middle-aged man with glasses stopped midsentence, stunned.

Isn't it?

Onodera looked at Jason, his formulaic smile somewhat stiff.

Communicating with the Jason before him was proving to be more troublesome than he had anticipated!

This person before him, was indeed Jason.

This was something Onodera was certain of.

After all, he had viewed Jason's photograph no less than ten times.

And he knew Jason's information back to front.

Even some overseas documents, he had looked over as well.

Therefore, he was completely certain that this was Jason.

As for why Jason denied it?

Onodera had his speculations.

To infuriate him!

To make him slip up!

The damned fools in the action team!

A perfectly manageable situation, they had to mess it up!

Onodera cursed silently in his heart.

Not just at the brainless action team, but also at the prepared script he had rehearsed for a whole day.

That's right!

He came to meet Jason with a scripted plan in mind.

But the other party's mere 'not it' rendered all his preparation useless.

Even if he forced himself to speak his part.

It would only add to the ridicule.

However, as an excellent member of Section Zero, the middle-aged man with glasses just pushed his glasses up and instantly returned to normal.

"Is that so?"

"I have met Master Tongshou Temple."

Saying so, Onodera bowed in greeting.

Jason slightly furrowed his brows, imperceptibly, at the middle-aged man bowing before him.

He saw not a trace of anger on the other's face, not to mention, virtually no emotional fluctuations.

This was inconsistent with the information he had received.

Whether it was Ryosuke who encountered the 'murderous' colleague last night or Urashima who met someone resembling 'Hannya' today, it was clear that the members of the 'Blossom Cherry' group acted recklessly, with utter disregard for others.

Such people would naturally not have the best temper.

Therefore, Jason wanted to provoke the other party to gain more information.

But the middle-aged man before him...

From a different division of the same organization?

Or someone specialized in damage control?

Jason speculated.

The other party had to be a 'Blossom Cherry' group member.

This, Jason was certain without a doubt.

The timing of the other party's appearance was too coincidental.

So coincidental, it seemed as though they already knew everything and then came to handle the aftermath.

Of course, what was more important was that Jason sensed a familiar yet non-food-like smell on the other party.

How to describe it?

Like 'vegetarian meat.'

Despite the word 'meat' in its name.

When eaten, it's more like tofu or bean curd skin.

However, if it's made well, it can be very delicious.

But most people eat those packed in plastic bags.

Even calling it spicy strips would be of substandard quality.

After all, the real spicy strips are indeed delicious.

Like Weilong, for example.

Without a doubt, the current situation was the lowest grade of 'vegetarian meat,' once the packaging was opened, even with loads of low-quality spices trying to mask it, the scent of plastic would emerge.

Thus, it could no longer be considered food.

And became difficult to swallow.

Jason tried his best to disregard this unpleasant smell.

He had always taken pride in his keen sense of smell.

But sometimes, having too sensitive a nose could be a hassle.

Therefore, Jason could only use his gaze to survey, trying to shift his focus elsewhere.

The middle-aged man before him had a parted hairstyle, his hair not extending past his ears, glasses with golden wireframe, an unremarkable face not worth mentioning, just like the cheap standard suit on him and the leather shoes on his feet.

Thrown into a crowd, he would be an ordinary middle-aged man.

Completely indistinguishable.

Even now, as the other stood in front of a group of men in black suits, he seemed out of place.

As if he shouldn't be here.

Under Jason's scrutiny, the middle-aged man with glasses revealed a smile characteristic of middle age.

It's like the kind of smile one makes upon waking up to face mortgage payments, car loans, children's tuition and miscellaneous fees, elder care expenses; even if one doesn't want to work, they must toil away at a job that brings them no joy and constantly worry about losing that job.

This type of smile is kind, modest, and carries a trace of apprehension.

As he bowed, the modesty and apprehension seemed to intensify.

Then, the middle-aged man with glasses took out a business card from his chest pocket and handed it to Jason with both hands.

"This is my business card, please take it."

"If you have any questions, feel free to call me," the middle-aged man assured.

Jason did not take the business card, but he glanced over the information on it.

Onodera?

Jason committed the name to memory.

Jason did not take the business card, but Onodera showed no irritation. As if it were common practice, he put away the card with the same smile as before and continued speaking.

"I think there's been some misunderstanding between us."

"Rest assured, I will handle the current situation."

"I will absolutely not cause you any trouble."

"Of course, Ryosuke and Urashima will face no trouble either."

"I've just approved a six-week paid leave for them, enough for them to readjust."

"I don't need any leave!"

Ryosuke, emerging from the temple, said with a harsh voice.

"Inspector Ryosuke, this is not something I can decide."

"It's a leave given to you by those bigwigs."

"Just like your transfer and promotion."

Onodera revealed a smile of helplessness, his words rife with implications.

Chapter 1056: Conversation (2)

Ryosuke's eyes were filled with fury.

His job reassignment and promotion, how could anyone understand it better than himself, the person involved.

It was a deal designed to make him compromise.

He did not compromise.

Yet, the reassignment and promotion persisted.

But danger also followed.

Last night's 'murderer', this morning's Urashima's encounter with danger, were all 'warnings' from them.

If it weren't for Jason being there, not only would he have been finished, Urashima would have been, too.

So, if it were possible, he truly wanted to pull out a gun, wipe out the guys in front of him, and then, find the one behind the scenes and take them down too.

But, as an adult, Ryosuke knew it was impossible.

If he pulled out a gun here, it would only provide them with an excuse,

An excellent one to seize control of him.

So—

Calm down! Calm down!

Ryosuke kept telling himself in his mind.

After a good 4, 5 seconds.

Phew!

Ryosuke took a deep breath.

"Anything else?"

Ryosuke asked.

"Anything else?"

"No more!"

"It's just a simple paid vacation, once the vacation is over, you can return to your position with Urashima."

Onodera shook his head, trying to appear as sincere as possible.

Trouble!

Big trouble!

Seeing Ryosuke's expression and eyes, Onodera knew that this middle-aged policeman in front of him would make trouble.

Having met too many of such individuals since becoming a member of the 'Blossom Cherry' group,

Although guys like him don't end up well, every time, they cause quite a stir.

Hopefully, it doesn't involve me this time!

Thinking this in his heart, Onodera began making gestures to the 'action group' people beside him.

"Quickly deal with the scene."

Having said that, Onodera turned his head and said to Ryosuke: "Inspector Ryosuke, your vacation starts now, so leave the scene to me."

"You can watch or go rest, but you can't touch anything here."

"You are a police officer, I hope you understand."

Ryosuke's breathing became rapid again.

After three or four times, he finally nodded silently.

And then, he immediately walked towards the nearby Urashima, heading into the temple.

The other party was well prepared, he simply couldn't get involved.

Staying here was completely useless.

But, both he and Urashima were useless.

That doesn't mean everyone else was useless.

As he brushed past Jason, Ryosuke cast a pleading look towards him.

Jason saw such a look and sighed internally.

It's not that he didn't want to help.

But the other party was so well-prepared, it was obviously not possible to leave any clues behind.

Want to find something valuable from the scene?

Too difficult!

But that doesn't mean there's nothing.

For example: the Onodera right in front of him.

The bespectacled middle-aged man suddenly felt a chill on his back.

Instinctively raising his head, he saw Jason sizing him up again.

Different from before.

This time, the scrutiny was not superficial, but it was the kind that wanted to delve deeper, wanting to rip him apart and dissect him.

Instantly, the chill on his back started to seep into his heart.

No way!

A simple mission, and I encountered this reckless lunatic?

Am I that unlucky?

Onodera screamed internally.

At the same time, he also took action.

Seeing Jason's gaze becoming slightly dangerous, the bespectacled middle-aged man quickly said in a very fast, low voice: "Master Tongshou Temple, someone said you inherited the 'Immovable King's Body' from the first and second generations of Master Tongshou Temple, this message has already been spreading within a small group, soon, the entire Silver District will know, please be very careful."

While speaking, Onodera kept his eyes on Jason.

Seeing that the danger in Jason's eyes remained, he quickly continued.

"Also, there are reports that you possess the bloodline of a demon, and not just any but a great demon, even, some say you are a great demon that has been left behind in the 'Current World', many people are interested in this including my... hmm."

Onodera omitted a few words.

But the meaning couldn't be clearer.

The 'Blossom Cherry' group is interested in the bloodline of a great demon.

Jason had anticipated this.

Therefore, the stance constraining the other party did not change.

Jason believed he could obtain more information.

Although the approach was different from what he initially imagined, under beneficial conditions, Jason was very willing to try.

Then, Jason saw Onodera struggle with his expression.

Followed by a grit of his teeth.

"The 'fear' banner is in Tongshou Temple!"

"That's for certain!"

"But where exactly in Tongshou Temple, we cannot ascertain!"

Onodera said.

He did not deceive Jason.

The news he received was exactly like this.

Now telling it to Jason, it was still the same.

No concealment in between.

It's just...

Why are you still staring at me?

And what's with that pitch-black shadow behind me?

Why do I feel like I'm about to be devoured?

And what's with this inherent fear?

Sweat began to bead on Onodera's forehead.

Originally having escalated a simple task to a high level, at this moment, he elevated the task to a 'deadly' level.

A careless step could lead to death.

"And, and..."

Onodera was racking his brains thinking about how to divert Jason's gaze.

Then, he really thought of something.

"Right!"

"There has been a vague message from abroad, saying it relates to a certain Master."

"The people who targeted you before seem to be searching for you again."

"What else?"

Jason spoke up.

"Anything else?"

"Sorry, Master of Tongshou Temple."

"The island is very sealed off, knowing this much already means I'm curious about the outside—but rest assured, I will definitely investigate this thoroughly for you."

Onodera said confidently.

At the same time, he breathed a sigh of relief internally.

As long as he was still useful, he wouldn't die.

As long as he wouldn't die, anything was acceptable.

"Hmm."

Jason nodded, seeming to approve of this deal, and turned to walk towards the interior of Tongshou Temple.

The female detective, Master of Tongshou Temple followed too.

The wandering Onmyoji did not.

This wandering Onmyoji stood at the doorway, scrutinizing Onodera and those around him like he was watching a thief.

He had also heard of the infamous reputation of the 'Blossom Cherry' group.

It was never enough to be too vigilant against such an organization.

Perhaps he should set up a Barrier around Tongshou Temple?

This wandering Onmyoji thought.

Meanwhile, the female detective who entered the temple was now walking shoulder to shoulder with Jason.

"Jason, you don't actually believe what that guy said, do you?"

"That guy doesn't look like a good person."

"Kowtowing to you, yet holding threats towards Ryosuke, really is a despicable person."

The female detective leaned forward, twisting her head to look at Jason.

The thick, face-obscuring bangs at this moment shifted slightly, revealing half of her smooth, fair face and a light grey eye, smoky like mist.

Her eyes held light.

Like the morning sun at this moment.

Bright, sincere.

Even dressed in black, it couldn't hide her brightness, sincerity.

Although termed as saucy.

Softer than imagined.

Not having the ruggedness of Aras.

Looking at the tall female detective, Jason's mind involuntarily drifted to the woman who was sweating profusely in his personal gym, his ears continually echoing with continuous shouts and the patting sounds of punches and kicks hitting bodies.

How is Aras doing?

She must still be pursuing a punch that 'flattens' everything, right?

With her tenacious character, even if she hits the south wall, she would definitely break it.

Jason quietly thought of Aras's form, his lips involuntarily curving into a slight smile.

"What are you smiling about?"

The female detective puzzled.

"Would you believe the words told to you by an enemy?"

Jason countered.

"No."

The female detective said curtly.

"Neither would I."

Jason responded.

"Then why ask..."

"Wait!"

The female detective suddenly stopped in her tracks.

She seemed to have realized something.

This female detective raised her head, looking at Jason stepping forward, surprise in her eyes.

"You're not questioning Onodera, but the superior who assigned this mission to Onodera! The person knows Onodera's character very well and predicted that Onodera, being unreliable, would tell you these messages! Yet, the senior still assigned this mission to Onodera! So, these matters were exactly what they wanted to tell you, and your questions to Onodera..."

"Are you questioning Onodera's superior?!"

Chapter 1057: 'My' Tragic Past???

'You're communicating with Onodera's superior?'

As she uttered these words, Hui Lijing's surprise had already spread from her eyes to her expression.

At this moment, the female detective looked at Jason with a face of shock.

He seems so sturdy and imposing, like a wrestler.

How could his thoughts be so complex?

And react so quickly?

It wouldn't be strange if Onodera had such a reaction, after all, it's clear he's an old Yin-Yang master, and everything has almost become instinctive for him.

But what about Jason?

Clearly an Exorcist, how is he so familiar with these matters?

Could it be that Jason is still living in an environment where his life is constantly in danger?

Being an Exorcist is dangerous, but not to such an extent, right?

So, it must be...

Jason's experiences afterwards!

Those habits developed during the days of pursuit after his camp was destroyed?

Hui Lijing furrowed her brows as she thought of this.

She was well-informed about this chapter of Jason's life.

With the special channels available to a detective and her relatively abundant funds, Hui Lijing conducted investigations, offered rewards, and obtained a lot of information.

Some were true, some false.

However, Hui Lijing could confirm the truth of the annihilation of Jason's Exorcist camp.

Those events afterwards?

She had always believed they were exaggerated.

But seeing Jason's reaction today, Hui Lijing fell into deep thought.

Those events were not only not exaggerated, they were described too conservatively.

For a time, Hui Lijing felt her own emotions getting complicated.

She asked herself whether she could have managed to be like Jason if she had encountered the same things he had.

She had been betrayed by friends three times.

Been betrayed by her lover three times.

The girl who was supposed to be his childhood friend turned out to be just a pawn sent by the enemy.

The girl who was seriously injured while trying to save him, was still an enemy's pawn.

The girl who smiled at him on the street and gave him flowers, was yet another pawn of the enemy.

It was simply too miserable!

Hui Lijing looked at Jason's back, her eyes filled with pity.

Then, this pity turned into admiration and emotion.

But even so.

When Jason met her, he was only cautious.

He never had any intention of attacking rashly.

Indeed...

At heart, Jason is a gentle person.

Hui Lijing thought subconsciously.

Then, she silently clenched her fist.

Don't worry, Jason!

As a friend, I will never betray you!

Even if the whole world stands against you, I will stand by your side!

Definitely!

The female detective took a deep breath and assured herself of that in her heart.

Jason felt the female detective's abnormal behavior behind him.

What's she up to now?

Jason wondered, but he didn't pay any attention to it.

Because he'd long grown accustomed to the occasional appearance of all sorts of strange fellows around him.

In comparison to these oddities, the dispatched personnel from 'Cat Hole' actually seemed quite normal.

Thus, Jason didn't linger and strode directly towards the Sutra Depository.

As the female detective had said, he was 'communicating' with Onodera's superior.

Or more accurately...

Testing!

Mutual testing!

As for the outcome?

Soon, it will be clear.

Or rather, no matter what the outcome is, he is already winning.

Because if the other party focuses on the points he asked about, diverting their attention to overseas, then naturally, their attention to issues within the island will decrease, which would make his actions much easier.

And if the other party ignores it and continues to focus on the situation on the island, Tsuchimikado Motoharu's investigation into overseas matters will be much easier.

In simple terms, this is a win-win situation.

Jason wins twice!

Of course, that is in the future.

For now?

There's still ample time.

During this period, he intends to make himself more well-rounded and stronger.

Therefore, he must continue learning the heritage techniques and secret techniques of Tongshou Temple.

Next, he must prepare for those ensuing troubles.

Those associated with the 'Wei' flag.

Those that come with his previous identity.

Those that come with his current identity.

And those deliberately fabricated against him.

Such troubles seemed as numerous as carps crossing a river, never-ending.

Therefore, Jason understood even more clearly what he needed to do now.

Enhance his strength!

No matter what happens in the end, powerful strength is the fundamental solution to troubles.

Inside the Sutra Depository, the old Monk of Tongshou Temple and Jason sat down again at the table they were at before.

"Things are unfolding faster and with more issues than anticipated,"

"It's like a storm brewing."

"Master, please be extra cautious and careful in your actions from now on,"

The old Monk of Tongshou Temple reminded Jason with a solemn face.

"Hmm."

Jason didn't object.

Here, he is someone more cautious and careful than anyone else.

After adjusting his mood slightly, Jason raised his hand and took out the [Boat Traversal Technique].

This was the second secret technique that piqued his interest.

Unlike [Substitute Hair] for preserving life and [Silence Technique] for stealth, [Boat Traversal Technique] seemed to be an illusion magic technique, or even a secret technique tailored to illusion magic.

Jackson, who lacked similar capabilities, naturally placed it as his second priority aside from preserving life.

Seeing Jason's choice, the old Monk of Tongshou Temple smiled.

The second secret technique he had chosen back then was also [Boat Traversal Technique].

What a coincidence.

Thinking this, the old Monk of Tongshou Temple put his hands together.

"[Boat Traversal Technique] is a very unique illusion magic. When learning it, you need to master certain illusion techniques first, then nurture an 'illusion' seed, which is a seed that can be integrated into any illusion magic — as long as you have sophisticated enough skills, even a largescale, partially real, partially fake illusion realm like 'Omogatoki' can incorporate it."

Chapter 1058: 'My' Tragic Past??? (2)

"When the Boat Traversal Technique reaches a certain level, it even has the power to change the Illusion Realm it merges into, achieving the true 'Traversal across the Bitter Sea.'

Moreover, it is rumored that the real mystery of the Boat Traversal Technique is 'Ascending to the Other Shore,' which allows one to be 'ageless and immortal' to some extent!"

"Unfortunately, my Talent is mediocre, unable to reach such a level, even the 'Traversal across the Bitter Sea' is out of reach."

Speaking of this, the old Monk sighed again.

Next, he began to explain the Boat Traversal Technique to Jason.

[Special Instruction Assessment in progress...]

[Assessment Passed!]

[Yes/No, spend 50 points of fullness to learn the Boat Traversal Technique?]

...

Text similar to when the [Substitute Hair] appeared, now appeared in front of Jason.

"Yes."

Without a doubt, Jason gave a firm response.

[Boat Traversal Technique (Basic): Initially discovered accidentally by the second generation Master of Tongshou Temple in a dilapidated temple, it itself is incomplete; even though the second and third generations of Tongshou Temple Masters improved it, incorporating a vast amount of basic illusion techniques, the true core remained incomplete; Effect: Master basic illusion techniques, can consume 21 days (depending on physique and Spirit) to create a blade-level Illusion Realm seed.]

(Note: It contains the true secrets, unfortunately only the methods of Tongshou Temple can supplement it, whether it's good or bad one can't say... — Second, Third Generation Masters of Tongshou Temple)

...

Jason was momentarily stunned.

A flood of knowledge washed over his brain like a tide.

Fortunately, Jason was accustomed to these experiences.

After a pause, he recovered.

Feeling the basics of many illusion techniques in his mind, Jason slightly narrowed his eyes.

These techniques included, but were not limited to, creating hallucinations using sounds, gestures, colors, and even smells, but these were all basics; what Jason truly cared about was the seed of the Boat Traversal Technique.

It is crafted through a form of meditation.

Similar to [Substitute Hair], but even more mystical.

[Substitute Hair] at least had hair.

This seed of the Boat Traversal Technique is completely formed out of thin air through meditation.

No!

To be precise, it's Spirit!

Spiritual creation?

Naturally, it's far from reaching this level.

Just as described in the Boat Traversal Technique, it's only a seed.

Perhaps it originally had similar abilities.

But now?

It has been passed down as the 'Tongshou Temple' style of secret technique.

Jason has regrets about this, but is certainly not dissatisfied.

After all, he has achieved his initial goal.

However, seeing that upgrading the Boat Traversal Technique from basic to beginner level requires 75 points of fullness and 1 point of Excitement of Feast, Jason still frowned.

This requirement is even higher than [Protection Against Evil].

Keep in mind, even [Protection Against Evil] requires Excitement of Feast only after reaching the beginner level and moving towards proficiency.

"[Substitute Hair] requires Excitement of Feast at the proficient level, and even a higher fullness requirement..."

"Tongshou Temple's legacy, is it?"

Jason muttered to himself.

He couldn't accurately judge between the legacy of the 'Night Watcher' and that of 'Tongshou Temple'.

All he could say was that the current 'Tongshou Temple' legacy was more powerful than that of the 'Night Watcher'.

But that's just for now.

After all, the 'Tongshou Temple' legacy is already laid out before his eyes.

As for the 'Night Watcher'?

He is merely a second-tier 'Night Watcher' after all.

Beyond that, he hasn't seen any further legacy.

Hence, Jason would not switch his core secret techniques.

Moreover, Jason has already reached a certain peak with the current 'Night Watcher' legacy.

Naturally, he still primarily adheres to the 'Night Watcher'.

The 'Tongshou Temple' legacy is just a complement.

It could never be the core.

"Have you learned it?"

The old Monk of Tongshou Temple, seeing Jason quickly returning to normal after a daze, asked tentatively.

"I have learned it."

"It's just the basics."

Jason nodded and then emphasized.

Indeed, he had learned it!

Although he was mentally prepared, when the old Monk of Tongshou Temple heard the true answer from Jason, he still sighed deeply from the bottom of his heart.

Even if it's just the basics!

To learn it in an instant is already incredible!

Keep in mind, it took him over a month to learn the basics!

And that was with the prior assistance of the previous Master of Tongshou Temple.

If it were just him alone?

The time would probably be tenfold.

"Truly an exceptional Talent."

"If the previous Master were still around, with his guidance, Master, you would certainly become even stronger; it's unfortunate that there is only me, this pretender, who can provide you with so little guidance."

"Alas."

After praising him, the old Monk sighed with a somewhat depressed expression.

For the old Monk, aside from the Tongshou Temple's legacy, there was nothing else in this life that he cared about so deeply.

Seeing someone like Jason, truly gifted, he once again felt a deep-seated guilt.

How Jason wished it had been him who met Master Tongshou Temple back then, not the other.

Such a half-hearted, fake monk like him truly did not deserve such action from the Master.

"Enough."

Jason interrupted the old monk's sighs.

As the old monk looked up in surprise, Jason thought and then said—

"What suits, is the best."

"Your way of teaching suits me."

"That is the best."

This was not meant as comfort.

At least not in Jason's view.

He just wanted to make the old monk adjust his state quicker to teach him the secret techniques of 'Tongshou Temple' afterward.

But the old monk didn't see it that way.

The old monk seemed to see kindness.

The kind of goodness hidden beneath layers of disguise.

Like a coconut with a hard shell.

Hard on the outside.

Sweet on the inside.

"Master."

The old monk stood up, bringing his palms together in a salute towards Jason.

Unlike the previous compliance out of necessity, this time the old monk was willing.

Talent surpassing others.

Cool-headed in handling matters.

Kindness.

What could be better than such a person inheriting 'Tongshou Temple'?

Naturally, it's a kindness with sharpness!

Jason indeed has kindness within him.

But he is no pushover.

Once someone provokes him, there's no need to worry for Jason.

Jason has both the capability and the boldness to show the adversary what demonic fierceness looks like.

This is simply great!

I have not let you down!

The old monk thought about the previous Master and couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

"Shall we continue?"

Jason asked.

The old monk's distraction was something Jason had gotten used to.

But still, a reminder was necessary when needed.

"Continue."

"After the [Boat Traversal Technique], which one will you choose, Master?"

"[Silence Technique], [Vajra Palm], or [Great Majestic Heavenly Dragon Technique]?"

The old monk asked.

Without hesitation, Jason picked up the [Silence Technique].

Similarly, this was also the old monk's specialty.

It was also the third secret technique chosen initially by the old monk.

Fate is indeed inexplicable.

Feeling grateful, the old monk immediately began to explain to Jason.

...

Watching Jason disappear, Onodera gestured twice to his subordinates before turning to leave.

He was no fool.

His actions just now might have deceived most people, but not the operational team members.

Instead of waiting for these guys to report,

He'd rather go straight to his superior and confess himself.

Also!

Thinking about what Jason had just said, Onodera narrowed his eyes slightly.

Was he truly concerned about overseas?

Or was it a bait to divert our attention?

Onodera thought to himself while rapidly moving.

Picking up the car phone,

He knew very well that such questions were better left thought than pursued.

As for more?

It's not his concern.

After all, it's not his business to care about, nor is it addressed to him.

"Hello, Commander Yamashita, um, there's something I need to report to you..."

Onodera reported the incident, including Jason's question afterwards, somewhat shyly to his commander.

"Got it."

Commander Yamashita did not explode nor did he utter any abuse, simply hanging up the phone.

This surprised Onodera.

Such a response was not typical for Commander Yamashita, known for his temper.

Suddenly, Onodera started.

He thought of a possibility.

Could it be...

Chapter 1059: The Gradually Completed 'Arsenal

If you ask others, what kind of person is Chief Yamashita?

Most people would say, a strict man.

But if you ask Onodera,

Onodera will tell you beneath that strict facade, Yamashita is a hothead.

However, he is just very good at controlling his emotions.

But such control, definitely does not include the behavior he just exhibited.

According to Onodera's thinking, after learning of his actions, Yamashita would surely curse him out and then suspend him.

Of course, there's also a significant chance of solitary confinement.

Not to mention the inevitable beatings during that time.

That's the reaction Yamashita should have had.

Yet just now, Yamashita casually let him off the hook.

This...

Something fishy!

There's a problem!

Onodera stood in place, frowning.

He involuntarily looked around, viewing the temporarily sealed-off Tongshou Town.

Came for Tongshou Temple?

Onodera thought subconsciously.

Inside the Tongshou Temple, there's the 'Fear' flag, which is nearly common knowledge.

So, sealing off Tongshou Town, naturally it was for the 'Fear' flag inside the Tongshou Temple.

But wouldn't this be too conspicuous?

The 'Fear' flag was eyed by many people and many powers.

Among them, several powers are considered 'Blossom Cherry's 'allies'.

Although Yamashita has a hothead, he wouldn't commit such a foolish mistake.

Moreover, Yamashita isn't the leader of 'Blossom Cherry'.

Given the leader's way of doing things, he definitely wouldn't allow 'Blossom Cherry' to make enemies at this time.

If it's not for the 'Fear' flag, then it must be for...

Onodera stood there, one name after another flashing through his mind.

Starting from the old Monk of Tongshou Temple, to Jason, Hui Lijing, He Tai, Ryosuke, Urashima, and so on.

Every person that appeared before him, he didn't let go, recalling their details meticulously in his mind.

And soon, Onodera had a revelation!

Hanakaiin Haru!

Jason!

The King of Fighters Tournament!

The pieces of information in Onodera's mind quickly connected.

"So that's it."

"Just don't know if Chief Yamashita's collaborator is Hanakaiin Tōru? Hanakaiin Ue? Hanakaiin Itsuki? Or Hanakaiin Ra?"

Onodera squinted and speculated.

The pieces thrown out yesterday unexpectedly exposed the 'Immovable King's Body', a core secret of Tongshou Temple, quickly relayed back by the surrounding watchers.

Among them, the Hanakaiin Family branch members were naturally the most anxious.

After all, Jason had already collaborated with Hanakaiin Haru.

With such a premise, it is highly likely that the remaining branch members sought cooperation with his chief Yamashita.

Sending out an unfinished 'Hannya' to test Jason's strength.

If he is strong, then reposition and incidentally throw him out to muddle the waters.

If he is weak, then simply kill him off once and for all, and even potentially take action against the 'Fear' flag.

Phew!

Thinking this, Onodera heaved a sigh of relief.

That's consistent with 'Blossom Cherry's way of doing things.

It also explained Chief Yamashita's calm.

But...

Thinking about the oppressiveness Jason just gave him, Onodera who just relaxed swallowed his saliva.

That pressure was much stronger than described in the collected data.

Not just the passive defense of 'Immovable King's Body'.

But a deeper presence.

Just thinking about it brought a sense of fear.

However, as he thought, Onodera suddenly burst out laughing.

"Hehe, hope you really do not screw up."

Seeming like a blessing but actually schadenfreude, Onodera turned and pushed open the car door.

For his own superior, Onodera had no affection at all.

Any benefits were his own, and whenever there were issues, it was always him taking the blame.

If not for the fact that the other party was the leader's confidant, he would have already set a trap for them to die unclearly.

However, this time it seems like a chance!

With Jason's involvement, the variables could become infinitely great!

He just truly felt the breath of death!

If he hadn't reacted quickly enough, he really would have died!

So, if that bastard faces Jason, given his temper...

Hehe, the outcome can be foreseen!

Moreover, now the two parties are opposites!

The inherent conditions have appeared!

I only need to slightly adjust the whole plan!

With this thought, Onodera subconsciously wanted to walk towards Tongshou Temple.

But before he took a step, this middle-aged man wearing glasses stopped.

"No!"

"Doing this, the traces are too obvious!"

"It must be done without leaving any trace!"

Onodera swiftly came to his senses.

This middle-aged man wearing glasses naturally took out a cigarette, lit it up, and leaned against the car to smoke.

As if, he stepped out of the car just to smoke.

But inside his heart, one idea after another emerged.

And then, one by one they were negated.

Go find Hanakaiin Haru?

Just like finding Jason, too conspicuous.

Moreover, the Hanakaiin Family is not so easy to approach.

Go find Ryosuke, Urashima?

Hmm...

Ryosuke, Urashima can be utilized.

But still conspicuous.

Must find someone not so obvious, and afterwards, it won't attract the leader's attention.

Onodera pondered.

Regarding that leader, Onodera knew too well.

Beyond capability, there's also that meticulous method.

If it's not nearly foolproof, better not to do it at all.

Onodera, with a cigarette in his mouth, shifted his gaze around.

Chapter 1060: The Gradually Completed 'Arsenal' (2)

Hmm?

He saw He Tai standing at the door.

The vigilant roaming Onmyoji was patrolling around at the time, and when Onodera's gaze landed on him, the roaming Onmyoji glared back fiercely.

Onodera, on the other hand, lifted his hand to remove his cigarette, greeting He Tai with a grin.

Just as he habitually did in the past.

This made the roaming Onmyoji's expression turn even more unfriendly.

Instinctively, the roaming Onmyoji felt that the guy in front of him didn't look like a good person.

Smiling at this moment, he seemed even more like a smiling tiger.

Suddenly, the roaming Onmyoji's attention was drawn to Onodera.

Similarly, Onodera's attention was also captured by the roaming Onmyoji.

He Tai!

He had read the files.

The roaming Onmyoji, with a decent mastery of Yin-Yang techniques and rumored to have Shikigami, his background was not yet clear, but he had a bit of fame in the 'Inside World', mingling with all social circles.

Indeed, he was an excellent candidate!

The more Onodera observed, the more satisfied he became.

When the action team indicated their control over the scene, he immediately drove away.

Time waits for no one.

He had to take action.

...

Jason's lunch was settled with fast food delivery.

Fried chicken, fries, burgers.

Besides Hui Lijing, who got a hot lemon juice, everyone else's drink was soda.

Gulp, gulp, ah!

A tilt of the head, and the entire bottle of soda went down the throat.

Followed by a satisfied burp.

Indeed a lingering pleasure.

It's said that a 2-dollar soda, the first sip is worth 1.5 dollars.

But that's just for ordinary people, for Jason, a whole bottle is just one gulp.

No need to differentiate the value.

"If there was some liquor, that would be great."

The old monk sitting at the dining table sighed like this.

After a gulp of soda, the previously listless old monk immediately perked up.

"Yeah, ice-cold beer would be perfect."

He Tai, sitting at the dining table, nodded repeatedly in agreement.

After gobbling down a burger, Hui Lijing stood up.

"I need to return to the café."

"I'll come back in the evening."

The female detective said so.

Dreaming of being a barista, she wouldn't close without good reason.

"Take care."

The old monk immediately said.

With recent troubles, naturally, the old monk would prefer Hui Lijing to stay at Tongshou Temple, as it was the safer option.

But the old monk didn't explicitly state this.

Because Hui Lijing's sister is Hui Lixiang.

Nobody could guarantee what the lady was thinking.

And who could guarantee that the lady didn't have other arrangements?

After all, she was quite concerned about her younger sister.

What if his well-intentioned meddling disrupts the lady's plans?

The old monk shook his head with a wry smile.

He did not wish to be on the receiving end of the lady's punches.

Watching the departing detective, He Tai frowned.

In the eyes of the roaming Onmyoji, the detective's departure at this time was unwise.

If something went wrong, it would be an opportunity for others.

Why didn't the Master stop her?

The roaming Onmyoji was puzzled.

He could see it.

Master Tongshou Temple surely could see it too.

And perhaps even much deeper than he could.

Wait!

Maybe the Master has another strategy in mind?

I'm only seeing the second layer, but is the Master looking at the fifth?

The roaming Onmyoji subconsciously directed his gaze at the old monk from Tongshou Temple.

Seeing the calm old monk, the roaming Onmyoji was even more convinced of it.

Then, when his gaze fell on the silent and voraciously eating Jason, he suddenly had a realization.

The Master's focus was on Jason, he could not afford to be distracted.

At the same time, it was also a test for Jason.

Testing whether Jason would advise Ms. Hui Lijing.

But it's very clear that Jason, a guy who bears the bloodline of a great demon, has not a single ounce of humanity in him.

He doesn't even care about his companions!

But I'm different!

I won't just stand by and watch my companions fall into danger!

I have to...

Wait a second!

Did the Master anticipate this situation long ago?

It's precisely because I'm here that the Master set up this test.

At this time, the wandering Onmyoji took another look at the old Monk of Tongshou Temple.

The old Monk of Tongshou Temple, who was continually being stared at, didn't show the slightest discomfort. He simply smiled faintly and then, brought his hands together in prayer.

In awkward times, the old Monk of Tongshou Temple often did this.

However, to the wandering Onmyoji's eyes, such a gesture was extraordinary.

This is the Master's affirmation of me!

Thinking this, the wandering Onmyoji also stood up.

"I understand!"

"I will definitely ensure Ms. Hui Lijing's safety!"

After the wandering Onmyoji finished speaking, he turned around and strode off in pursuit of the female detective.

The old Monk watched the Onmyoji's departing figure and could not help but blink.

What did you understand?

How come I don't understand?

The old Monk of Tongshou Temple was completely puzzled.

"You'll get used to it."

After swallowing the last hamburger, Jason spoke indifferently.

This indifferent demeanor ignited a trace of shame in the old Monk of Tongshou Temple's heart.

"Truly worthy of being a real Master."

"As for me, a Monk who entered the monastery halfway, my concentration is still inadequate."

While speaking, the old Monk of Tongshou Temple stood up, cleaned up the post-meal trash on the table, and then entered the main hall, kneeling in front of the Buddha statue to begin chanting scriptures.

Jason, on the other hand, sat on the stone bench in his original spot, reviewing the gains from the morning.

[Silence Technique (Proficient): Invented by the second-generation Master of Tongshou Temple, originally the second-generation Master only wanted to chant scriptures late at night without disturbing others' sleep, but over time it developed into a secret technique; Effect: Within a 2-meter radius around the user, sounds will not be heard by others, a certain amount of Physical Strength is consumed during use]

(Annotation: 'Sound' propagates through vibration, change the vibration, and it becomes silent — Master Tongshou Temple, Second Generation)

...

[Vajra Palm (Novice)]: This is one of the few secret techniques passed down from the first-generation Master of Tongshou Temple. Unlike 'Vajra Body', not only will the practitioner's hands become exceptionally sturdy, like steel, but when combined with skill, they will possess penetrating striking force, and now you've only grasped the basics, just entering the novice stage; Effect: Hands attain 'blade' level defense and penetration power]

(Annotation: The first-generation Master was truly unfathomable — Master Tongshou Temple, Second and Third Generation)

...

The [Silence Technique], like most of the secret techniques Jason has come into contact with,

Doesn't need Excitement of Feast for the basic, novice, and proficient levels, it consumed a total of 15 points.

But upgrading to Proficiency Level requires 15 points of satiety and 1 point of Excitement of Feast.

For [Vajra Palm], obtaining the basic and novice levels cost 50 points of satiety, and to advance to the next level, it requires 45 points of satiety and 1 point of Excitement of Feast.

At this moment, Jason's satiety is remaining at 594 points.

This made Jason, who had just recently brought his satiety back up above 700 points, uneasy.

He needs more satiety.

However, Jason knew that such an expense was worth it.

The [Silence Technique] is a really convenient secret technique, and can be encountered in any situation.

And the [Vajra Palm]?

It is exactly what Jason wants.

In order to maximize his Talent, Jason doesn't mind using secret techniques to make himself 'stacked' even thicker and tougher.

Especially since [Vajra Palm] itself also has offensive power.

It even enriches his arsenal.

The only regret is the 'Vajra Body'!

According to the old Monk, it was lost.

In the fifth generation of Tongshou Temple Masters, an accident occurred.

This made Jason feel particularly regretful.

But, the old Monk of Tongshou Temple also mentioned that compared to the [Great Majestic Heavenly Dragon Technique], 'Vajra Body' is really nothing at all.

Thus, Jason is very curious and anticipating about [Great Majestic Heavenly Dragon Technique].

However, because it was lunch time and the old Monk was also very tired, the inheritance had temporarily come to an end.

Their appointment was rescheduled for the evening.

Jason would not refuse this.

First, because it was lunchtime.

Second, if [Great Majestic Heavenly Dragon Technique] is really as miraculous as the old Monk says, the current satiety is not enough; at least Excitement of Feast is needed to achieve his goals of quick learning.

"Excitement of Feast, huh?"

Jason stroked his chin, pondering.

Then—

Tap, tap tap!

A familiar sound of footsteps arose.

Lively and rhythmic.

Jason turned his head to look and was taken aback.