

## Menu 1101

### Chapter 1101: Ryosuke: The Cruel Reality 'Grinds' Down My Edges (2)

"Immediately investigate who has gone missing from the scene since that so-called 'King of Fighters—The KOF Tournament' started."

"Also, have the forensic examiner perform an autopsy."

While saying this, Ryosuke squatted next to the corpse and began to search diligently.

Although he knew that there might not be any clues, giving up without trying wasn't Ryosuke's style.

Urashima immediately sprang into action.

Soon enough, the results came in.

After Ryosuke had searched the scene and come up empty-handed, Urashima rushed back to report.

"I found something, Officer Ryosuke."

"Only one person is unaccounted for at the scene—"

"Cao Ye!"

"He was Jason's guide, as well as for Hanakaiin Haru and Miss Sagaraso. After Jason and his party boarded the ship, he vanished completely from everyone's sight, and no one can prove where he went."

Urashima reported truthfully, his voice tinged with a hint of excitement.

No matter how you looked at it, Cao Ye was very suspicious.

Possibly even the murderer.

"Should we issue a request for cooperative investigation?"

Urashima asked.

"Yes."

"Issue it."

Ryosuke immediately nodded.

This was the procedure, with no issues whatsoever.

The crux of the problem was... the Hanakaiin Family!

While the forensic examiner was inspecting the body, Ryosuke had already determined that this middle-aged man was from the Hanakaiin Family.

Putting that together with Hanakaiin Haru, who stood unmoving under the lighthouse.

Ryosuke had already guessed the gist of it.

"Troublesome big families."

The middle-aged detective said this and strode toward the lighthouse.

As troublesome as it was, the interrogation with Hanakaiin Haru had to continue.

Under the lighthouse, Hanakaiin Haru was no longer standing there.

The arrival of the RV gave Hanakaiin Haru a rather comfortable place to settle down.

And the orange juice in hand added a layer of comfort to the ease.

"You seem to be in a good mood?"

After climbing onto the RV, Ryosuke, seeing Hanakaiin Haru half-reclining in the sofa chair, couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

"Of course."

"An eyesore of a guy is dead."

"Shouldn't I be happy?"

Hanakaiin Haru said quite frankly.

"You should at least pretend to be sad, otherwise, your suspicion might increase!"

Ryosuke reminded the other party.

"If it were useful, I would naturally want to do so."

"Unfortunately..."

"The families in the 'Inside World' are even more unreasonable than you think."

Hanakaiin Haru shrugged his shoulders and then opened the refrigerator.

"What would you like to drink?"

The young Onmyoji asked.

"I'd better not, if I drink even a glass of water from you right here, I'd have to go on paid leave again today," Ryosuke said, pointing out the window at the people who were continuously watching this place, sighing slightly.

Although he already had a plan, this rapid reinstatement still nearly disrupted it.

However, Ryosuke was pleased with this disruption.

He knew that he could put his plan into action earlier than expected.

Of course, to be cautious, he chose a more conservative approach.

He did not actively approach the 'Blossom Cherry' organization.

Instead, he waited silently.

Shimoyama was dead.

Miyamoto too was dead.

'Blossom Cherry' would surely take action.

When that time comes, it would be his turn to act.

But how could the deaths of vermin like Shimoyama and Miyamoto be enough?

What he wanted was a thorough 'clean-up.'

"You don't seem to be in a hurry?"

Ryosuke continued to ask.

"The families of the 'Inside World' disregard the 'Outside World's' rules more than you think, yet they adhere to tradition more than you'd imagine," Hanakaiin Haru hinted.

"Sounds quite duplicitous."

Ryosuke commented.

"If I were you, I would never say such things in public."

Hanakaiin Haru warned Ryosuke.

The latter spread his hands, indicating he was just stating the facts.

Then, the two proceeded with the interrogation.

With the testimony of far too many people, Hanakaiin Haru was completely in the clear.

"If you think of anything, you can call me."

As he left, Ryosuke said so.

"Likewise."

"If you run into trouble, you can also call me."

Hanakaiin Haru said with a smile.

The young Onmyoji began deliberately laying out power structures beyond the family after a traitor appeared by his side.

Especially after the unexpected pleasant surprise of Jason, the young Onmyoji seemed to thoroughly enjoy it.

He did not expect another Jason to appear.



Even, there was no need to reach the heights of Miss Sagaraso.

All he hoped for was a few more people who could be 'useful' at critical moments.

And Ryosuke before him?

Just happened to meet his criteria.

"If needed, I will,"

Ryosuke replied as such.

Several consecutive days of encounters, the new world presented before him, had long made Ryosuke understand that his old ways would hardly work, his assertiveness was trivial in the eyes of the 'Inside World' members.

Likewise, to fulfill his own plans, such assertiveness was of no use either.

Therefore, Ryosuke allowed himself to become more tactful.

This change was hard to endure.

But for the goal, it was worth it.

After Ryosuke left, Hanakaiin Haru did not get out of the car but instructed the driver to return directly to the separate residence.

Ryosuke watched the motorhome leave.

The people around also dispersed following the departure of the motorhome.

Not seeing the anticipated conflict, they were rather disappointed.

But to stay and continue to enjoy the sea breeze?

That wasn't something they could enjoy.

Fortunately, although the lighthouse murder did not cause direct conflict, the potential for subsequent conflicts remained a possibility.

Regarding this, they were gloating with schadenfreude.

Not only because it involved one of the four great Onmyoji families, Hanakaiin Family, but because no one knew how such matters would eventually unfold.

There may even be a chance to 'bite' into the Hanakaiin Family and strengthen their own power.

Thus, these people left with excitement.

"A bunch of vultures,"

The back in the car, Ryosuke made such a remark, his voice unshielded and very clear.

"Quite an apt comment,"

"Just as they call us 'hyenas'."

Behind him, an even clearer voice came, causing Ryosuke, who was about to take out a cigarette, to pause.

Almost instinctively, Ryosuke reached for his gun.

But a hand landed on his as soon as it touched the gun handle.

"I mean no harm,"

"Didn't you hear what was said?"

"We!"

"It is we!"

The voice continued to speak.

The hand that was pressed down couldn't move at all, not even a single finger.

Plus the words of the other party, Ryosuke immediately guessed.

Blossom Cherry!

The Blossom Cherry he had been waiting for!

He didn't expect them to come to him so soon!

In Ryosuke's expectation, at least a few days or even a week would pass before they came to him to 'replenish manpower' after they lost one or two more people.

Could it be...

The manpower of 'Blossom Cherry' is not as abundant as imagined?

No sooner had this thought appeared than Ryosuke denied it.

'Blossom Cherry' couldn't be short on manpower.

That left only one possibility...

Jason!

'Sword Saint' Jason!

Only this answer made sense.

'Blossom Cherry' must have received news that Jason was the 'Sword Saint'.

So, they couldn't wait to have him join.

Ryosuke speculated in his heart, but asked knowingly aloud.

"Who are you?"

"'Blossom Cherry'."

"Have you heard of this organization?"

"We are like a mutual aid society within the police force; we invite some elites to join every year—we have reached out to you, Ryosuke, in a very subtle manner, but you turned a blind eye, or rather, you refused."

"However, we think your abilities are outstanding and believe it is necessary to give you another chance."

The other party said it in a grandiose manner.

"Is it because of Jason, perhaps?"

Ryosuke bluntly unveiled the other party's purpose.

"See, I told you Ryosuke has outstanding abilities."

"At least, your insight is pretty good."

"And you are very straightforward."

The other party laughed without denial.

"We indeed need someone who can connect with Lord Jason... After all, he is the first 'Sword Saint' in a hundred years!"

"And Ryosuke, you are the most suitable candidate."

"Don't worry, there will be benefits... A price that will be undoubtedly substantial."

The other party continued.

Ryosuke, however, was even more forthright, he said gravely—

"Jason is my good friend, so you'll need to... raise the price."

Chapter 1102: A Rich Breakfast!

Hearing Ryosuke's earnest words, one of the 'Blossom Cherry' liaisons sitting in the back row was momentarily taken aback.

Then, the liaison laughed.

"No problem."

The other party gave an affirmative answer.



Next, they elaborated.

"Normally, those who join 'Blossom Cherry' can get one free opportunity to obtain 'Strength,' but you can get it twice!"

"Direct strength, knowledge, or artefacts, you can choose freely."

"Of course."

"Afterward, with meritorious deeds, you can continue to choose."

"Within 'Blossom Cherry,' nobody can usurp your merits; what's yours is yours."

The man sitting in the back row's voice revealed an uncontrollable excitement.

Ryosuke cooperated by speeding up his breathing.

But deep down?

He sneered to himself.

If he didn't know Onodera, he might have believed it.

Is it because there are factions within 'Blossom Cherry'?

Or does he believe Onodera will abide by the rules of 'Blossom Cherry,' not revealing his identity?

The latter is more likely!

Ryosuke speculated.

Because, if it were the former, he wouldn't just be recruited again.

It should be... assassination!

Never underestimate the rivalry within the same organization's factions.

Often, it's your own people who are the most ruthless.

"When can I receive the conditions you promised?"

Ryosuke asked after deliberately pausing for two or three seconds.

"Today, you can get them."

"I will send someone to contact you shortly."

"The person will also be your 'partner in secret.'"

As the voice faded, Ryosuke heard the sound of the car door closing behind him.

With an instinctive turn of his head, the figure in the back row had already disappeared.

"Putting on an air of mystery."

Ryosuke shook his head, critiquing as such.

Then, he picked up a cigarette once again.

Click!

The lighter made a crisp sound, sprouting a small flame.

Ryosuke took a deep drag.

Afterward, he exhaled forcefully.

A thick smoke ring struck the car window and instantly shattered into pieces.

Just like what he was about to do.

Once found out, he would be completely crushed.

"Boss!"

The passenger side door opened, and Urashima got in.

"Everything has been arranged."

"As long as Cao Ye shows up, we will definitely catch him."

The young detective acted as usual.

Both his actions and his words were flawless.

However, his eyes communicated silently with Ryosuke.

Long-time partners, they had developed such an understanding.

"Good."

"Let's go back and rest for now."

"What follows is going to be busy."

"Oh, and you're writing the report!"

Ryosuke communicated with his partner through his eyes while he spoke.

"Seriously?"

"Again?"

"Now when I see a report, I feel like throwing up."

Urashima lamented.

"No worries, it's always like this at first, and later..."

Ryosuke stretched out the tone.

"Later what?"

Urashima asked as if curious.

"Later, you'll get used to it."

Ryosuke said with a chuckle.

"Chief Ryosuke, you still owe me 3791 yen; I think you need to pay me back in advance, or alternatively, we can calculate it using the bank's interest rate."

Urashima spoke earnestly.

"Ahem, ahem."

"Wait until I get my salary."

Ryosuke coughed awkwardly.

"You've been saying that for eleven months now, and it's also been eleven months since I became your partner."

Urashima reminded him again.

"Well, everyone has their difficulties."

"Don't worry, as long as I have it, I will definitively pay you back."

"And now?"

"I don't have it right now."

Ryosuke looked helpless at Urashima, his whole body exuding a sense of powerlessness, which made the young detective snort.

Then, the car started.

Everything was normal.

No surprises.

At least, that's what the 'Blossom Cherry' liaison thought.

He deactivated his 'monitoring' method.

A secret technique using insects for eavesdropping.



Although it's a rudimentary form of a core secret technique, at this stage, it's just a little trick.

But this also cost the liaison quite a bit of merit.

Of course, relying on such means, he gained even more merit.

Likewise, such a little trick proved very useful.

Just like at this moment.

He was confident that the two 'rookies' who had not yet truly come into contact with the Mystical Side couldn't possibly detect his technique, hence what he heard was the unvarnished truth.

Thinking this, the liaison officer turned his head to look at Onodera.

"You're overthinking it."

"Officer Ryosuke is not an issue."

The liaison officer stated.

"I merely reminded this new 'colleague' of his relationship with 'Sword Saint.'"

"Everything else was your own speculation."

"It has nothing to do with me."

Bandaged up but able to move freely now, Onodera looked wronged at that moment.

Seeing this expression on Onodera, the liaison officer laughed.

"Yamashita is dead."

"I know you want his position."

"While your experience is enough, your merits are not."

The liaison officer reminded Onodera.

Then, without waiting for Onodera to reply, the liaison officer spoke again.

"Don't make excuses."

"Everyone knows what kind of person you are."

"Including me."

At this point, the liaison officer's tone became sober, almost enunciating each word: "From now on, please focus your attention more on external matters, rather than on your own people."

After speaking, the liaison officer turned and left.

Onodera opened his mouth as if to argue.

Chapter 1103: A Rich Breakfast! (2)

But in the end, he said nothing.

Just like that, he watched the liaison officer disappear from his sight.

Then, Onodera turned around and walked towards where he had parked his car.

At this moment, the sun was already high in the sky.

The morning sun was not harsh, just warm.

And when the sea breeze blew gently, it felt even more comfortable.

A feeling of contentment naturally emerged.

Onodera seemed to feel this comfort, smiling slightly.

This is my greatest strength!

I've helped you this far, consider it a repayment of your favor!

Repaying you is as good as repaying that wandering Onmyoji!

After all, you are a small group, aren't you?

Heh, although I'm not a good person.

But a life-saving grace, I remember well.

Now those bastards should not suspect you guys anymore.

From now on, it's up to you.

More?

I can't manage that!

From now, I am free as the birds in the sky and the fish in the sea!

Thinking about it, Onodera couldn't help wanting to laugh out loud.

Only, he was well aware that it was inappropriate to do so.

Suppressing his laughter, Onodera forcefully remembered some annoying matters, furrowing his brows.

Then, Onodera quickened his pace and returned to the car.

However, just as he sat down, Onodera's body shuddered.

In front of him, stuck in the center of the steering wheel, was a note.

It read:

Interested in a chat?

You, in your current state, deserve more.

...

The bottom line was a phone number, with no name at all.

Trouble!

Big trouble!

Onodera nearly cried looking at the note.

He just wanted to repay a favor, that's all.

How did it seem like he's gotten into even bigger trouble?

Instinctively, Onodera grabbed the note, crumpled it into a ball, and threw it out of the car window.

But, in the next moment, Onodera got out of the car, picked up the crumpled ball of paper.

His eyes showed contemplation and thought.

In the end, he pocketed the crumpled note.

The car started.

It quickly disappeared by the seaside.

The last bit of noise was gone, leaving only the sound of the waves.

From ancient times to the present.

Never changed.

Just like the sun rising and setting.

Just like eating three meals a day.

For people, food is of utmost importance.

Among the three meals, breakfast is especially important.

Jason, embracing the traditions of his hometown, deeply values this.

So, after returning, he greeted Hui Lijing and took a bottle of strong liquor before heading straight to the second-floor office of 'Mask X Cleaver X Meat'.

From the door to the window, then to the wall.



Then the ceiling and the floor.

Careful.

Even more careful.

Especially while savoring the fruits of victory.

This is a well-known saying in 'Nightless City'.

Every qualified resident of 'Nightless City' listens and adheres.

Not listening?

Not adhering?

Death, is the only destiny.

And a terribly miserable death at that.

Jason definitely does not want to meet such misfortune, so after reassuring himself there were no blind spots 360 degrees around, he set his backpack down, taking out last night's gains.

Derived from the competing contestants were eleven 'foods'.

And the 'core' of 'Lethal'.

After cleaning the 'food' with strong liquor, Jason arranged the eleven 'foods' in a circular manner around the 'core' of 'Lethal'.

Then, he changed the arrangement to a square shape.

After that, he switched back to a circular shape.

Repeating this process, Jason was careful but fully focused.

Just like a young chef apprentice arranging plates.

He had to endure the aroma of the food while still requiring aesthetic sense.

Jason did not know about aesthetics.

But enduring was all too real.

Given the rare availability of 'food' and knowing his own lack of self-control in face of 'hunger', Jason naturally needed to 'train' his willpower.

It might be difficult.

It might be slow to take effect.

But Jason knew, this was something he must undergo.

Even if it was just to not be controlled by 'hunger', he had to do it.

After another four or five times, when Jason felt he was about to lose control again, he gritted his teeth and went for it one more time before finally placing the first food into his mouth.

This was a ring.

In fact, the 'food' from the contestants consisted mostly of rings, bead strings, and stones.

After all, the more compact a prop you can carry, the better.

It tasted cool and sweet as it entered his mouth.

Jason's teeth gently exerted force.

Pu!

The entire ring burst in the mouth.

The sweet and sour juice filled it.

"It tastes a bit like pomegranate."

"And somewhat like passion fruit."

Jason commented, his gaze turning toward the text in front of him.

[Consumed 'Ring of Residual Light']

[Physical strength, energy, injuries slightly recovered!]

[Satiety +5]

[Satiety: 814]

...

5 points of satiety.

It didn't surprise Jason.

Or rather, it didn't disappoint him.

Because what he picked was the one with the mildest flavor among 'foods'.

Save the most delicious food for the last!

Holding this simple thought, Jason casually picked up a string of beads.

One bead after another in his mouth, came the sweet taste of grapes.

[Consumed 'Blessed Beads']

[Physical strength, energy, injuries slightly recovered!]

[Satiety +10]

[Satiety: 824]

...

The satiety steadily increased.

Jason's eating pace was also getting faster.

Though he still maintained eating one thing at a time.

But a dozen seconds later, only the core of 'Doom' was left on the table.

At this time, Jason's satiety had recovered to about 931 points.

Glancing at his satiety, Jason picked up the core of 'Doom', and feeling its rich fragrance, he couldn't help but stick out his tongue and give it a lick first.

Nothing special in taste.

Just felt a bit soft.

And somewhat elastic.

Not tasting any flavor, Jason hesitated no more, directly throwing the core of 'Doom' into his mouth.

A chew.

Hmm?

Eggs?

Jason's eyes brightened.

The core of 'Doom' chewed just like an egg but far surpassed an ordinary egg in flavor.

The rich fat, flowing out as the eggshell broke.

The touch between egg yolk and teeth was crisp.

The fat accompanied by the crisp texture instantly attracted Jason.

Gnash, gnash.

Two bites later, the whole core of 'Doom' had been devoured by Jason.

[Consumed 'Doom' core (pseudo. Great Demon)]



[Physical strength, energy, injuries excessively recovered!]

[Satiety +200]

[Satiety: 1131]

[Excitement of Feast: +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 1]

...

Have 'Excitement of Feast'!

Such a rich breakfast.

Fruits, fried eggs, fried ham.

And some snacks.

Thinking about the 'breakfast' he just had, and looking at the 'Excitement of Feast' in front of him, Jason's mouth curved in a smile.

Although he had already judged by the fragrance that the core of 'Doom' was likely to induce 'Excitement of Feast', its actual occurrence was still a delight.

Meanwhile, Jason's heart was full of anticipation.

After all, the 'Doom' was just a pseudo Great Demon.

What if it was a real Great Demon?

How much satiety and Excitement of Feast would it bring?

Just one or two more times, and another core skill of his [War Pattern: Prus: Griffin: Shadow Hidden Body Forging Technique] would be able to manifest its 'Talent' again.

And this, won't take too long.

He has already been titled 'Sword Saint.'

Though he has also demonstrated power.

But those skeptical people still doubt.

People are always like this.

Only believe what they want to believe.

Just like in Jason's hometown—

Left eye twitching?

Twitching for wealth?

Eh, good omen, believe it.

Right eye twitching?

Twitching for calamity?

Pah, superstitious beliefs.

People are just so realistic.

Others might still restrain themselves a bit.

But, the people from the Hanakaiin Family certainly won't.

Especially since he still displays the sign 'Mask X Machete X Meat' Office.

There will certainly be people who will use a 'reasonable' way to probe his 'true power.'

In fact, this happened faster than imagined.

Step, step, step.

The contact sound of footsteps and the iron staircase, followed by a loud, rhythmic knocking on the door—

Dong, dong dong!

"Hello, may I ask if Mr. Jason is here?"

Chapter 1104: New Commission!

"Coming."

Jason's lips quirked up, and he responded.

To those who 'delivered goods to his door,' Jason always extended his tolerance, even if the other party had impure motives.

He did not dispel the [Kaya Seal] in the room.

Jason stood up and walked toward the door.

When he opened the door, a man appeared in front of Jason.

Compared to the slightly aged voice, the man's appearance was neat and tidy; his clothes seemed simple but upon closer inspection, the fabric was of no ordinary quality.

At least, Jason could tell that the buttons were made of pure silver.

The leather shoes were likely bespoke.

Rich man.

This was Jason's first impression of the man.

Then, exhaustion.

Even with careful grooming, the dark circles and weary expression on the man's face couldn't be concealed.

Especially when the man looked at Jason, his eyes were filled with dense red veins.

Clearly, the man hadn't rested properly for a long time.

This made the man's condition very poor.

Even his spirit seemed bewildered.

So much so that although the man had knocked first, he was still startled when Jason opened the door.

The man took a step back first.

Then, he quickly realized that such behavior was impolite.

"Sorry."

The middle-aged man bowed apologetically.

Jason's brow furrowed.

Not because of the man's impoliteness.

But because he felt the man wasn't simply a 'pawn.'

First, the man's attire indicated that he should have a decent income and substantial family wealth.

Second, his current error followed by calm apology was not a demeanor that one develops overnight.

Third, the man had no specialized training, probably maintained some fitness and running habits, but certainly had no experience with combat training or firearms.

Such a person obviously came from upper society, inherited wealth from his forebears, didn't need to struggle for living, and lacked great ambition.

By the same token, such a person would not be someone else's 'pawn.'

Of course, nothing is absolute.

Everyone has things they care about.

That would be their weakness.

Starting with a weakness, the impossible becomes possible.

As for having no weaknesses?

Impossible.



It simply means you haven't found it yet.

Therefore, after making a preliminary judgment, Jason remained vigilant.

After all, a professional actor could mix falsehood with the truth.

And with the power of the Hanakaiin Family, finding a professional actor in a few hours was not a difficult task.

So Jason didn't invite the man into the room and just stood at the door, watching him.

"Hello, may I ask if you are Mr. Jason?"

The man showed no irritation, only sizing Jason up briefly before confirming again.

"Mm-hmm."

Jason nodded his head.

Then, Jason keenly noticed that the man clearly breathed a sigh of relief after he confirmed his identity.

It was a feeling of immense relief.

After that, the man said very bluntly.

"That's great. I've been here several times, but every time you weren't here."

"Mr. Penetration said you must have received some important task and asked me to wait patiently, but with such incidents happening at home, I really couldn't wait any longer..."

The middle-aged man spoke joyfully.

There was a sense of rambling.

But Jason could feel that the man was venting.

Venting the fear from his heart.

"You know Mr. Penetration?"

Jason had a fairly good impression of the owner of 'Penetration Electronics' opposite his place.

A warm person who firmly adhered to his principles.

The new TV in his room was the best proof.

There was also the 'Cursed Videotape Murder' incident as evidence.

Even though he could have turned a blind eye, the man took it upon himself to investigate.

"Yes, I was once business partners with Mr. Penetration, and it was Mr. Penetration who informed me of your existence, Mr. Jason, when something strange happened in my family... Sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Uesugi."

While saying this, the middle-aged man bowed again and took out his business card.

Jason took the business card.

Uesugi Brewery.

Brewery?

Brewing?

As Jason pondered this, he stepped aside.

"Excuse me."

The middle-aged man said very politely as he entered the room.

However, the empty corridor had no slippers, which made the middle-aged man pause.

"I didn't prepare spare slippers here, please make yourself at home."

Jason said so.

The middle-aged man nodded, crossed the corridor, and sat down on the sofa rather restrainedly.

"Need anything?"

"Coffee? Water? Juice?"

As Jason walked towards the window, he asked.

"Just black coffee is fine."

"Thank you."

The middle-aged man named Uesugi said as he looked around curiously.

Jason's living place was really simple.

No fridge, no coffee maker, not even a water dispenser.

How was he going to prepare coffee?

As Uesugi was pondering, Jason straight opened the window and shouted below—

"Hui Lijing, bring up a cup of coffee and a glass of water."

His voice was loud.

And it carried a strong sense of penetration.

Hui Lijing, who was contemplating sword techniques 'stabbing,' heard everything very clearly.

The tall female detective furrowed her brow.

Nobody likes to be disturbed while focusing.

Hui Lijing was no exception.

But likewise, she believed that Jason was not someone who would interrupt her for no reason.

Coffee, that was the best proof!

Chapter 1105: New Commission! (2)

Jason isn't a coffee drinker.

On this point, Hui Lijing is quite clear.

Therefore, it could only mean that there were guests.

And what kind of guests would visit an office with 'Mask X Machete X Meat'?

All related to the 'Mystical Side', entangled with the 'Inside World' in countless ways!

So, Hui Lijing immediately sheathed her short sword, tucked it into her long boots, and then responded with a hint of excitement.

"Got it, I'll be right there!"

A female detective who has encountered the 'Mystical Side' and 'Inside World' and started to delve into 'Mystical Knowledge' was at the peak of her 'interest' at this moment.

It was like an adolescent boy who had mastered some technique, eager to show it off to his beloved girl every day.

A bootlicker?

No!

This isn't bootlicking.

More precisely, it's like a peacock spreading its feathers.

Under the stimulation of hormones, things we like, people, and objects, are all seen through a filter, making everything seem so beautiful.

And when the hormones fade away?

The beauty remains.

There are both responsibilities and habits.

They stand firm, making you feel life in a way you never have before.

At this moment, Hui Lijing is experiencing just the initial beauty, the most enchanting part.

And what comes after?



Right now, she isn't thinking that far ahead.

After all, you can't expect a detective who once dreamed of becoming a barista, who has been through military life and wandered the battlefield several times, to think too much, right?

Hui Lijing carried the coffee, water, along with some biscuits and dried fruits, and quickly appeared in the second-floor office.

Upon seeing Uesugi, Hui Lijing's eyes lit up.

There are indeed guests!

What kind of mysterious case could it be?

With a heart full of guesses, the female detective handed the coffee to Uesugi and passed the water to Jason.

"Thank you."

Uesugi thanked the female detective very politely, while stealthily sizing her up.

So tall!

Are all Exorcists this tall?

Uesugi, looking at Hui Lijing standing shoulder to shoulder with Jason, couldn't help but think.

"This is my Assistant."

Jason introduced Hui Lijing's identity.

This was the identity they had reaffirmed after establishing their second step of cooperation.

With Jason's 'reputation', the original setting was no longer suitable.

Hui Lijing had no objections to this.

She's just a rookie, a newbie.

Being Jason's assistant was perfectly fitting.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Hui Lijing."

"I am Uesugi."

No need for Jason to introduce her name anymore; Uesugi had already learned the female detective's name from the brief exchange earlier.

And when the female detective took the business card and saw the text on it, she almost subconsciously said,

"Are you the Uesugi that boss Rock mentioned?"

"If no one else has been that unlucky recently... then it's probably me," Uesugi said with a wry smile.

Then, the middle-aged man began to narrate his issue.

The Uesugi Family's brewery is a family business that traces back to the Warring States period, and it was even a feudal lord then.

When saying this, Uesugi was quite proud.

But, immediately after, the owner let out a sigh.

"However, as time passed, the Uesugi Family has long since declined, especially in my generation—I am a man without talent, unable to achieve anything beyond preserving the little remaining family property, completely lacking in ambition."

"Fortunately, my parents, wife, and daughter have never despised me for this."

"Rather, they have been accommodating, so I live happily."

"It's just that about two months ago, during a renovation of the ancestral house, strange things began to happen."

"A girl's figure keeps appearing in my dreams."

"At first, I thought it was because I wasn't resting properly."

"But after a continuous week, I kept dreaming of this girl."

"Then, my wife and daughter also began to have the same dreams."

As he spoke, Uesugi's face showed a touch of worry.

Without question, this middle-aged man cared deeply about his family, his wife, and his children.

"How about your parents?"

Hui Lijing asked.

"That's the fortunate part, my parents went on a trip outside the island; otherwise, given their age, they likely couldn't withstand such torment."

"I should've insisted that my wife and daughter join them."

"But my wife was worried no one would take care of me, and my daughter had her studies."

"Sigh."

Uesugi sighed once more.

"What does the girl look like?"

Hui Lijing continued to inquire.

As a detective, Hui Lijing clearly understood what an assistant should do.

One asks questions, the other observes; this is not a privilege reserved for Ryosuke, Urashima alone.

In the world of detectives, this is almost a common practice.

And Hui Lijing believed that Jason could perceive something.

Though Jason kept flaring his nostrils, which puzzled her.

It's not like he's smelling food, so why the flaring nostrils?

"That girl is not very clear to see, but she must be quite beautiful, right?"

"Seems like a princess!"

"Although I can't see her, my intuition tells me that's the case, and also, she probably means no harm."

Uesugi answered honestly.

"Oh?"

"Then you?"

Hui Lijing's sentence was not finished, but her meaning was quite clear.

If there's no malice, then why are you here seeking out Jason?

Uesugi immediately replied.

"She's pleading for my help!"

"Pleading for help?"

Hui Lijing frowned.

This was an answer she had not anticipated.

In her understanding, in matters involving 'Mystical Side' and 'Inside World,' ordinary people are mostly victims.

So how has it flipped this time?

The existence of the 'Mystical Side' and 'Inside World' is instead pleading for help from ordinary people?

"Yes, pleading for help."

"She keeps saying 'please save me'."

"But when I pressed for answers, she disappeared."

"It always happens like this."



"My wife and daughter have the same experience when they inquire."

Faced with Hui Lijing's doubts, Uesugi nodded and said very affirmatively, then the middle-aged man stood up abruptly and threw himself to the ground in front of Jason: "Mr. Jason, please save her, and also save my family."

Hui Lijing blinked her eyes.

This time, the female detective did not speak again.

She left the decision entirely up to Jason.

It was the self-awareness of a novice, a greenhorn.

It was also a valuable lesson Hui Lijing learned from the battlefield.

Not trusting such experience?

Most are doomed to forever remain novices, greenhorns, and then... get pierced by bullets, or blown to pieces by artillery shells.

Simply put, it's an experience bought with life.

Naturally, Hui Lijing would adhere to it.

"Hmm."

Jason nodded his head.

Uesugi's face lit up with joy.

"Thank you so much."

"I really can't thank you enough."

The middle-aged man repeated, then spoke bluntly: "That little girl has not harmed us, but there is some kind of strength harming her, if she comes to harm, we who are connected to her will naturally find it hard to escape disaster — so please don't think that I am acting out of any noble heart, I am simply trying to protect myself."

"Therefore, whatever reward you require, please let me know honestly."

Uesugi said, bowing again.

Seeing Uesugi behaving like this, Hui Lijing's impression of him climbed another step.

Truly a polite, honest person.

She had seen far too many deceitful characters, quibbling over even the smallest sums of money.

People like Uesugi were all too rare.

Subconsciously, Hui Lijing wanted to speak up for Uesugi.

However, the female detective wisely restrained herself.

"Take me to your ancestral home."

"I'll talk about the reward after I have seen it."

With these words, Jason concluded the conversation.

After the three of them left the office, Jason made a special trip to 'Rock Electronics,' and only after the Rock boss confirmed that there was nothing wrong with Uesugi in front of him did Jason get into the car.

It was still Hui Lijing who drove.

Following behind Uesugi's car.

"Jason, you're really too cautious."

"Worthy of my learning."

"Are you suspecting him?"

The female detective naturally understood the meaning behind Jason's actions just now.

"Without undergoing life and death, everything is worthy of suspicion at any time."

Jason shared his philosophy.

To this, the female detective had no objections.

She also agreed with such words.

And just when the female detective wanted to say something more, she suddenly noticed that Jason's gaze had shifted towards the back.

Subconsciously, the female detective glanced in the rear-view mirror.

Immediately, she made a discovery.

Huh, a follower?

Chapter 1106: A Glance Back at the Previous Life!

Stalker?

After confirming this idea, Hui Lijing's eyes lit up.

Such tangible glow could not be concealed even by her long and thick bangs.

Jason also noticed the change in the female detective.

Subconsciously, he evaluated her.

And at this moment, the female detective's lips were already curled up in excitement.

For the female detective, she never worried about accidents.

What she worried about was the 'case' being 'utterly ordinary'.

Any sort of accident meant 'clues'!

Seizing such clues, and then, taking them out—this might be the simplest way to solve the entire 'case'.

This was what her teacher had told her when she became a detective.

Hui Lijing had always kept it in mind.

So, as Hui Lijing was driving, she reached under the seat.

The next moment—

A submachine gun appeared in her hand.

This was the weapon she reequipped herself with after realizing that conventional firearms were not enough to deal with unexpected situations.

Not just the submachine gun in her hands.

In the trunk, she had also prepared a rocket launcher.

Jason's words, 'Small caliber not working? Then try the big one!' were etched in her memory.

"Let's give them a show!"

Hui Lijing said this, about to turn around and shoot, but was stopped by a look from Jason.

"What's wrong, Jason?"

Hui Lijing asked, puzzled.

She knew Jason was not someone who fretted over things, so there must be a reason for stopping her.

"Play the long game to catch the big fish."

Jason replied tersely.

"Understood."

Hui Lijing nodded in agreement.

Although she thought it unnecessary, she respected Jason's opinion.

After all, she was just a newcomer to the 'Mystical Side' of the 'Inside World', a greenhorn.

Leave the expertise to the experts.

Hui Lijing immediately put away the submachine gun and once again looked forward.

Of course, Hui Lijing glanced at the rearview mirror from time to time.



The stalker was very professional, and if she hadn't detected their presence early, it would have been difficult to notice she was being followed.

But how had Jason discovered them?

Perception?

Intuition?

Or skill?

Thinking about it, the female detective got excited again.

Because if it was a skill, it meant she could learn it.

She'd ask Jason about it later!

Having settled on this, the female detective began to focus on driving.

Jason, meanwhile, sat comfortably in the back seat, with no intention of looking back.

Because Jason knew very well where the followers were from.

The Hanakaiin Family!

The smell of the 'blessing stones', the food, was just too obvious.

If it were only one blessing stone, Jason might not be sure.

But when the three people in the car all carried blessing stones, Jason could determine—they were from the Hanakaiin Family. Hanakaiin Haru had mentioned that the 'blessing stone' was a stone blessed in a centuries-old temple that could effectively avoid malicious surveillance and scare off most ordinary demons, and even bring luck to the wearer if their fate matched.

Therefore, it was popular among most people from the 'Mystical Side' of the 'Inside World'.

However, 'blessing stones' were not easy to obtain.

On the island, the only organizations with a large number of 'blessing stones' aside from the Hanakaiin Family were Tongshou Temple.

These were the exact words of Hanakaiin Haru.

The latter, Jason had confirmed as false.

But the former?

Jason was sure it was true.

Because the old Monk of Tongshou Temple had said the same thing.

As for the 'blessing stones' of Tongshou Temple?

The last Master of Tongshou Temple was just too kind.

Not only did he help others through dangers, but he also gave away 'blessing stones' from time to time.

Simply put, he gave away everything.

Indeed, it wasn't just the 'blessing stones'.

The vast family estate of Tongshou Temple was also entirely given away by that Master.

If it weren't for the admonition of the Master before him, that Master would have likely given away the whole of Tongshou Temple.

Jason didn't comment on this.

Everyone has their own way of living.

But he truly felt pity.

If Tongshou Temple were still as it was, he probably would have gladly accepted the title of 'Master Tongshou Temple', and it wasn't just because of the 'food' the temple had saved for hundreds of years; he simply liked the heritage.

But now?

A Tongshou Temple without heritage is better left to the exceptionally talented old Monk to guard.

Him?

He lacked that ability.

And he lacked that Talent.

He was just an ordinary, unremarkable man.

Not only did he love to eat, but he could also eat.

Such a huge estate was beyond his management.

He didn't share Hanakaiin Haru's desire to prove herself.

And certainly not the 'ambition' of other Hanakaiin Family branches.

As long as no one disturbed his meals, that was enough.

Jason thought so simply.

Two cars ahead, with the stalker's car behind.

Shortly, when Uesugi's car turned into a street block, the tracking car stopped.

The sign on the side of the road was clear—

Private property, no trespassing.

"Sss!"

"Is this entire area property of the Uesugi Family?"

Hui Lijing took in a breath of cold air as she looked at the vast expanse of buildings that seemed to stretch on endlessly.

The female detective never knew that in the middle of the city, there could be such a gigantic private estate.

Just now, when they parked, she thought they had come to a new block.

"It's all from the ancestral blessing. Me, lacking in capability, never expanded the estate one bit; I can only guard what's here for future generations."

## Chapter 1107: A Glance Back at the Past Life! (2)

Uesugi sighed with a hint of regret.

"It really hasn't been easy."

Starting a business is hard, maintaining it is even harder.

Jason thought again of the Master from many generations ago of Tongshou Temple.

"No, it's a matter of my capabilities."

"I dare not innovate."

"I can only adhere to the traditions handed down, just like now, I still follow the rules set by my grandfather, entering here on foot—I got scolded by my father for riding a bicycle here when I was young, and since then, I've kept it deeply in mind."

As he spoke, Uesugi once again expressed his apologies to Jason and Hui Lijing for the further walking.

"It's okay."

"Mr. Uesugi, your house is really big!"

"Huh, there's also a gate here?"

After turning a corner and walking up a slope, Hui Lijing was about to say something when she suddenly paused.

In front of the female detective, another door appeared.

This door, compared to the iron fence gate seen outside, was even taller; the exterior was wrapped in iron sheet, while the interior was solid wood, and most importantly, the wall embedding this door...

Was it a city wall?

The female detective looked at the 'wall' that could fit three people riding horses abreast and couldn't help but think.

"Our ancestor had some renown during the Warring States period, so now, the ancestral home is what was once a 'castle of course, only the central keep and a few other structures remain, much has been destroyed."

"Including the original 'tenshu', only one floor remains."



"The rest has been repaired by later generations."

"Otherwise, you would have been able to see that five-tiered 'tenshu' on the way here."

"However, times are progressing."

"Some things, once they're past, they are past."

"We can no longer chase after them."

"At most, we can only reminisce."

Uesugi sighed.

Clearly, this middle-aged man felt great regret that his ancestors' glory had completely faded.

But, it was just regret.

There was no dissatisfaction.

Plus, with this middle-aged man's gentle demeanor, the conversation among the three was still pleasant.

Of course, it was mainly the female detective who engaged in conversation with the middle-aged man.

Jason silently surveyed the surroundings.

This was his habit.

And the female detective cooperated with him.

As an assistant, naturally, it was her role to attract attention.

The rest?

Just leave it to Jason.

With this thought, Hui Lijing asked with even more vigor.

On the way to the 'ancestral home', she had inquired about almost everything concerning the Uesugi Family.

However, there was still one thing she was very curious about.

"Mr. Uesugi, why have I seen so few servants along the way?"

The female detective asked.

In this vast complex of buildings, aside from the entrance where two strong young men stood guard, she had seldom seen any servants or attendants along the way.

Those seen were mostly elderly uncles and aunts.

This was very rare in wealthy families.

At least, the detective had never seen it.

Those slightly wealthier families would eagerly employ a whole team of servants and attendants to flaunt their status and position.

"They all are at work!"

"The Uesugi family is a bit special; these servants have been with our family for generations, thus, we've already partially merged with each other — from their birth, the family 'fund' begins to allocate a portion of money until high school graduation, it's all managed by the family; afterwards, if they are accepted into university, the family also rewards a significant sum of money for the future four years' tuition fees, and after their graduation, they join the enterprises of the Uesugi family, most of them do this, and even if a few don't want to, it doesn't affect anything."

"And when they reach a certain age, naturally they retire, those people you saw earlier are those who have retired from family businesses."

"They will spend their remaining years here, just like their ancestors."

"And I will also be responsible for them to the end, just like my ancestors."

Uesugi explained.

And upon hearing these words, the female detective was silently astounded.

Although she had not yet understood in detail, she already vaguely sensed what was referred to as the 'family' aura.

Just as the female detective was about to say something—

"Father!"

A gentle greeting sound came.

Ahead at the corner, a young woman was standing there prettily.

The female detective looked at her in surprise.

Not only because the other party was standing there without making a sound before she noticed, but also because of her height.

The other party was only slightly shorter than her!

Though the detective had quite disliked her own height at some stage, she oddly also possessed considerable confidence in it.

Even when compared to taller men, she stood proudly.

The young woman in front of her, being only slightly shorter, one could imagine her height.

Moreover, even in blue and white sportswear, one could still directly see a hint of muscle lines on the shoulders, thighs, and other places.

Not only tall, but also quite muscular.

Unconsciously, the detective felt as if she was looking in a mirror.

If it weren't for the other's excessively gentle demeanor, and being a bit shorter.

The detective was surprised, and the girl across from her was also very surprised.

She stared at this girl taller than herself for three or four seconds before she regained her senses.

Suddenly, the girl blushed.

"Sorry, this is my daughter."

"She's usually not so rude; it must be because she hasn't had much rest these days."

"Hu Qiandai, hurry up and apologize to the guests."

Chapter 1108: A Glance Back at the Past Life! (3)

Uesugi repeatedly apologized, realizing his daughter's rudeness.

"I'm really sorry."

The girl named Hu Qiandai also followed with an apology.

It was clear that this girl, just like her father, was well-mannered.

"Hu Qiandai, why are you here?"

"Didn't I say to wait in the hall?"

Uesugi inquired.

"I was just curious about the exorcist you found, Father, so I came to have a look."

Hu Qiandai replied in such a manner.

Her gaze shifted from Hui Lijing to Jason.

However, after just a glance, she turned her attention back to Hui Lijing.

Though Jason's height and build were indeed impressive, it was still Hui Lijing who captivated her more.

Because she felt as if she had seen Hui Lijing somewhere before.

A kind of inexplicable familiarity.

Maybe it was the height?

No, that's not it.

Could it be that we've met somewhere?

Hu Qiandai thought to herself.

And while Hu Qiandai was pondering this, Hui Lijing spoke up directly.



"Have we met somewhere before?"

"Ah?"

"Sorry, I was just thinking about that, so I couldn't help exclaiming out loud."

"Are you from 'Echigo' High School?"

After her exclamation, Hu Qiandai began to inquire in a low voice.

"No, not at all."

"I'm from 'Yamanashi' High School."

The female detective shook her head regretfully.

But the exchange between the two girls was far from over.

They spoke in low voices about clothes, movies, songs, and even desserts and food.

In short, their chat covered an expansive array of topics.

When the conversation unexpectedly steered towards the topic of 'dumplings,' their friendship began to swiftly warm up.

Upon seeing this, Uesugi couldn't help but shake his head.

Women's friendships are really strange.

The middle-aged man sighed.

Then, he turned his gaze toward Jason.

"Hu Qiandai rarely finds friends she can talk to so freely..."

His voice was tinged with embarrassment, but the message was crystal clear.

Uesugi hoped that Hui Lijing would talk more with his daughter.

To this, Jason raised no objections.

"Is the ancestral home just ahead?"

He simply asked.

"Right ahead, I'll take you there."

Uesugi promptly nodded in response.

After that, the journey became one where Jason and Uesugi led the way, with Hui Lijing and Hu Qiandai following behind.

Jason, walking ahead, remained silent, and Uesugi also found it hard to say anything.

Meanwhile, Hui Lijing and Hu Qiandai behind them were chatting even more enthusiastically.

At this moment, Hui Lijing had already told Hu Qiandai how she used cow dung to teach a lesson to the boys who bullied her.

"Oh, they must be really scared of you."

Hu Qiandai muttered softly.

"Hmph, such guys deserve to be scared."

"This 'Yachin' title is not even as nice as my childhood nickname."

Hui Lijing huffed.

"Hui Lijing's childhood nickname?"

"What is it?"

Hu Qiandai asked curiously.

"Um... Katsu Chiyō."

"Does it sound weird?"

"Don't laugh, or I'll get angry if you do."

Hui Lijing emphasized.

Because this nickname was too boyish.

"Katsu Chiyō, huh?"

"It's nice."

Hu Qiandai reassured her newly acquainted friend.

Just as Hui Lijing disclosed her childhood nickname, that strange sense of familiarity intensified.

We really seem to have met somewhere.

She couldn't stop thinking about it.

Hui Lijing felt something similar as well.

Jason, walking ahead, suddenly halted in step, vanishing from the spot.

By the time Jason reappeared, he was already standing behind Hui Lijing and Hu Qiandai.

At that very moment, a long knife slashing out from the shadows had just approached, and without any hesitation, even as its target had shifted, it continued to thrust forward directly.

Straight toward Jason's neck.

And then—

Clang!

Sparks scattered.

The long knife shattered.

Chapter 1109: Inheritance!

In the sunlight, the broken blade danced into the air, blossoming with an unusual Cold glow.

Wearing a mask and wrapped in a black Swift suit, the attacker's eyes were wide open.

He had never anticipated that his long-prepared lethal strike would be utterly futile.

He had clearly slashed at the opponent's body.

Yet, the opponent was completely unharmed.

How could they be so hard?

A thought flashed through the attacker's mind like lightning, but his hands moved with extreme speed.

Whoosh!

The remaining half of the blade in his hand flew out, thrusting straight at Jason's left eye.

Then, the whole person retreated rapidly like an agile raccoon.

Clang!

Another crisp sound.

The heart of the retreating attacker with a somersault skipped a beat.

Could it be even the eyes...

Uncontrollably, the attacker looked up.

Then, his already wide-open eyes grew even larger.

He witnessed a scene he would never forget in his life.

The blade was caught between teeth.

Jason had caught the blade with his teeth.

And then—

Crack!



The steel blade, forged in iron, shattered just like that.

The attacker's breathing almost stopped.

How is this possible?

How could this be possible?

He had seen some agile fighters with great courage who could catch a blade or an arrow with their teeth, but that was just catching!

How could one shatter well-forged steel with their teeth?

The attacker's worldview was as if struck by a blow, and he was involuntarily stunned.

And it was this stun that completely deprived him of any chance for survival.

Thump, thump thump!

Amidst the heartbeat that sounded like war drums.

Jason charged at the attacker like a fully powered war chariot.

Without any intention of stopping.

He collided directly with the attacker.

Boom!

At the moment of contact, Jason lowered and tilted his body, shouldered forward, aiming at the other's torso, and then, he exerted force violently.

Splat!

Immediately, the other person was sent flying into the air like a rag doll being tossed by a charging rhino.

The body collided with Jason's shoulder, showing a very visible indentation.

Then, a mouthful of blood mixed with innards sprayed out.

When the other person fell back to the ground, they had completely lost any signs of life.

Jason didn't even glance at the body on the ground, instead, he grabbed his client and hid around the corner of a nearby building.

Hui Lijing's movements were even faster.

When the attacker appeared, Hui Lijing's intuition, honed between life and death on the battlefield, had her dragging Hu Qiandai to cover one step ahead.

Bang!

Bang bang bang!

At the moment everyone took cover, bullets flew towards them, striking the ground, sparks scattering, and ricocheting wildly.

The solid concrete and steel structure served well as a shield.

Uesugi leaned against the wall, his heart pounding.

Uesugi, though middle-aged and having weathered storms ordinary people might find significant, had never experienced a situation like this one. Relying on years of habit and the Tenacity in his character, Uesugi breathed deeply, forcing himself to calm down.

"The ancestral home has a safe room; with gunshots here, the police will soon arrive," Uesugi said clearly.

But Jason shook his head.

"If they dare to shoot,"

"they must be confident."

"The attackers, having set this up in advance, couldn't have failed to consider this," Jason said.

Uesugi's face changed color in an instant.

He thought of a terribly bad outcome.

Bribery!

With enough money, one can sell their soul to the devil.

This saying was all too apt for the local police.

"My salary isn't enough to take such risks," is the consensus among many police officers on the island.

Of course, there are fervent cops like Ryosuke and Urashima.

"The Uesugi Family also has its own security team, designed for such situations. Most of them are in the company and the distillery; only a few are here, and it may take them some time to arrive," Uesugi calmly informed Jason about his family's trump card after gaining a full grasp of the situation.

This security team was also made up of family members.

Reliable and well-equipped.

They undergo live ammunition exercises three times a year as well as various combat training.

They are the greatest guarantee of the Uesugi family's safety.

"So, I hope Mr. Jason can help me delay the time until they arrive,"

"I will provide you with the corresponding reward."

"Please."

Upon informing Jason of the trump card, Uesugi performed another 'fiery tiger descent'.

Uesugi knew very clearly that it was now a critical moment of life and death.

Nothing was as important as staying alive.

Only by living was there a possibility.

Moreover, it wasn't just about his own life, but also his wife's and daughter's.

Right now, Jason was the only savior.

The scene that had just unfolded happened in an instant, but Uesugi had already witnessed Jason's invulnerability and immense strength.

With such an assistant, even when faced with an armed gang, there was hope, right?

Jason looked at Uesugi.

His eyes held a scrutinizing gaze.

Was the other really not a 'pawn'?

The appearance of the attackers had been too coincidental.

As if they had known in advance where they would pass by, lying in ambush to attack Hui Lijing.

The suspicion Jason had of Uesugi was somewhat diminished, yet at this moment, it soared once again.

But he didn't act immediately.

Chapter 1110: Inheritance! (2)

Similarly, he paid no attention to the opposition.

He looked towards another side.

A few young men dressed in black suits resembling security attire appeared, holding firearms in their hands, stepping quickly and weaving through the buildings, occasionally raising their guns and pulling the trigger.

Bang! Bang!

The sporadic gunfire disrupted the previous barrage.

Even caused the previous dense gunfire to stutter.

The attackers were caught off guard.

But immediately, the concentrated gunfire resumed.

The fierce firepower began to sweep over everything.



Jason could tell that these youngsters had undergone extensive training.  
But there were too few of them.

And their weapons were just ordinary pistols.

More than enough to deal with ordinary thugs but not nearly sufficient against these well-armed assailants.

Apart from the initial surprise, the battle was almost entirely one-sided.

The young men who rushed out fell into pools of blood.

Even those holding the high ground were not spared.

Boom! Boom!

Two rocket projectiles resulted in the young snipers being devoured by a sea of flames.

Uesugi, on his knees, suddenly felt his eyes well-up with tears.

He could not help but let them flow.

He knew all of these deceased youngsters.

Or rather, they were all familiar to him.

Because he had always regarded each one as his junior.

And they all called him uncle or elder.

There was never any distinction of being the Family Head.

In the Uesugi Family, everyone was family.

Now, with his family members killed, Uesugi's blood boiled with rage.

He kept telling himself to stay calm.

He kept telling himself to assess the situation wisely.

But all of these thoughts flew out of his mind, as Uesugi clenched his fists tightly and turned to run towards the back.

In the ancestral home, there was a small armory.

There, he would find the weapons he needed.

He was ready to fight these bastards to the death.

But someone was faster than him.

A few elders holding kitchen knives appeared, having inexplicably come up behind the mob of thugs; these elders who were basking in the sun a moment ago now charged into the midst of the thugs with agility that belied their age, their kitchen knives as lethal as true swords, slashing through the throats of their enemies.

Bright red burst forth.

Blood sprayed.

Figures dashed swiftly past.

With such nimble movements, there was no sign of deterioration.

"What?"

Uesugi was stunned.

He had no idea what was happening.

After all, the scene before him completely overturned his understanding.

The sturdy elder who was bulldozing through the crowd, Kaki Zaki, was recognized by Uesugi as his uncle; usually stooped over, his strength was not apparent.

And the elder whose silhouette was like a phantom, reaping lives with his knife, was recognizable to Uesugi as well — Amakasu, his uncle, a typically gregarious old man.

Next to the two elders, another one never took the initiative to strike unless necessary, but each of his strikes intercepted the most lethal attacks — that was Elder Usami, who, in Uesugi's eyes, despite his usual seriousness, was just an ordinary old man.

But now, he seemed anything but ordinary.

Yet what surprised Uesugi the most was Elder Naoe.

This uncle was someone who had managed the company during his father's time.

And in the early period when he took over the company, he provided much guidance.

But now, this elder stood before a thug, his mere presence suffocating the brute.

"What on earth is going on?"

Uesugi murmured to himself.

Jason's gaze, however, stayed firmly locked on these four elders.

To be precise, his attention had been on these four since the beginning.

Of course, he had also heard Uesugi's murmurs.

"Uesugi doesn't know about the four figures hidden within his own family?"

Jason frowned.

But what made Jason frown even more was the squad of thugs that suddenly appeared from another side of the Uesugi household.

This squad of thugs was probably the backup.

There to be used just in case.

Now that an accident had occurred, this squad immediately commenced reinforcement.

Fully automatic weapons.

Equipped with heavy firepower.

Like an avalanche, they were about to engulf the four elders.

Actually, it was not just the four elders.

The locations where Hui Lijing and Hu Qiandai were, too, fell within the rocket projectiles' coverage.

"Run!

Hui Lijing grabbed Hu Qiandai and began to run.

But the speed of the rocket was too fast.

Moreover, coincidentally, one rocket was heading straight for the two of them.

Jason moved.

Others might not matter.

But his assistant, he wouldn't stand by and watch her die.

There was nothing fancy.

No technique either.

After tossing his backpack to Hui Lijing, Jason threw a straight punch at the incoming rocket.

Boom!

The fist collided with the rocket.

Flame instantly enveloped Jason.

The scorching blast was filled with oppressive shockwaves, yet Jason's breathing was unhindered, his body not even budging as it withstood the explosion and the force.

Not much different from what he had anticipated.

As his body's defense evolved from normal, to blades, to bullets, to explosives, to tanks, and now to the level of a war machine, it could completely disregard ordinary rockets.

Of course, that was just him.



His clothes were not included.

In the blast of the explosion, his clothes had long turned to ash.

Scattering in the air, there was a bit of a chill.

Without hesitation, and with no peculiar hobbies, Jason used the [Charles Burning Technique - Flame Change] to temporarily cover his embarrassment.

Hu!

Fierce flames burst forth from his hands and instantly wrapped around his entire body.

The blazing fire burned fiercely, but Jason only felt a mild warmth.

Jason rarely used the [Charles Burning Technique - Flame Change], and most of the time he just used the [Charles Burning Technique].

This was Jason's habit.

He always kept one or two trump cards in reserve.

Because no one can be sure if it will be a life-saving straw.

However, there was no way to avoid exposure at this moment.

Yet this made Jason's gaze towards those thugs turn fierce.

Even if there was no alternative, the fault did not lie with him but with these bastards before him!

Hu!

As Jason's mind shifted, the flames covering his body soared, and the already ferocious fiery visage became even more terrifying, like a demon.

It wasn't just about the terrifying appearance.

Nor just about the aura.

But rather, it was something that truly existed in reality.

After all, Jason had just withstood a rocket.

Based on this, the thugs looking at Jason in his current state started to tremble with fear.

"Demon!"

No one knew who said it, but it expressed the thoughts of everyone present.

Then—

It was their retreat.

These thugs, originally just hyenas and vultures of the battlefield.

They came for money.

Although they spoke of promises, only a few could truly keep them.

Credit?

Far less important than one's own life.

When the first person started to run, a chain reaction ensued.

Defeat!

The previously vicious thugs were now fleeing as chaotically as a flock of sheep.

"Hmph!"

"Does the Uesugi Family allow you to come and go as you please?"

"Mountain City. Defend!"

With a raise of his hand, the elderly man named Naoe summoned a faint glow from beneath the ground that tightly sealed off the thugs, like a prison.

Clearly, this was an obvious secret technique.

"Uncle Naoe..."

Uesugi approached, stumbling over his words.

The elder waved his hand and looked outside.

Clearly, the matter was not over yet.

"Caw caw caw, the Uesugi Family indeed still has its legacy."

"Are the names Kakiyama, Amakasu, Usami, and Naoe inherited by you?"

Amid a shrill laughter that sounded like a crow's caw, five figures appeared before everyone's eyes.

The leader glanced over the four old men and then fixed his gaze on Jason.

As if the four elders were not even worth mentioning.

"Demon bloodline?"

"Very powerful indeed!"

The man enveloped in black stared at Jason with a sinister look for a moment, then gave a cold laugh and slowly drew the long sword at his waist, pointing at Jason and said—

"Everyone attack together; against such an evil fiend, there's no need for mercy or morals!"