

Menu 1111

Chapter 1111: Blades Group!

The sword is a long one.

Slim and extremely sharp.

The cold light it released under the sun would send chills down anyone's spine.

But what was even more chilling were the opponent's words.

Are there others?

Kishizaki, Amakasu, Usami, Naoe - the four immediately looked around.

Hui Lijing pulled Hu Qiandai behind her, lifting the muzzle of her submachine gun.

The female detective was ready to fight alongside Jason.

Perhaps her own strength was mediocre.

But she was prepared to give it her all.

Even Uesugi, the amiable middle-aged man, had made up his mind, picking up the guns dropped by the thugs on the ground, staring fiercely at the man fully clad in black.

He still had no idea what was happening.

But he knew that the person before him must be the mastermind behind the crimes.

The man being watched just snickered repeatedly.

To him, a Family Head who doesn't even understand the true meaning of his own family was completely insignificant.

So what if there are still some heritages left?

Mere old bones in the grave.

Instead, this demon-like fellow needed to be dealt with cautiously.

The body immune to blade and bullet, the exaggerated strength - all of these warranted attention.

Of course!

And the Flame right before his eyes!

Even at this distance, he could already feel its scorching heat.

However, it wasn't much of concern.

He was fully prepared.

"Hey, you're really unlucky," he sneered.

"Not only did you encounter me, but also a few other fellows."

"We 'Ten Blades' will let you understand what's worse than death—after all, wiping our blades with the blood of a half-demon is just perfect."

The man wrapped in black continued sneering.

'Ten Blades'?

As Jason listened to this unfamiliar term, his face remained expressionless as he probed.

"Sword Eater Group?"

This question surprised the man opposite him.

"You actually know of us?"

"Then you must understand why we are here, right?"

"Too bad, even if you surrender now, it's already too late."

The man's tone was filled with regret.

And Jason?

He had finally confirmed his guess.

As soon as he entered Uesugi Family territory, he smelt the rich 'food' aroma.

This scent was not only intense but also had a sharpness to it.

Similar to the 'Heavenly Wolf (Duplicate. Demon Blade)' he had 'purified' before, but much richer.

Clearly, it must be a real 'Demon Blade'.

Of course, that wasn't all Jason smelt.

Afterwards, he detected several 'food' aromas rapidly approaching Uesugi territory.

Each one was like the sensation of a 'Demon Blade'.

According to He Tai, the wandering Onmyoji, Demon Blades were not common.

If many Demon Blades appeared, there was only one possibility.

Sword Eater Group!

Only an organization like the Sword Eater Group, that adheres to the philosophy of 'Demon Blades supreme', could possibly gather so many 'Demon Blades'.

Therefore, even though he had never heard of 'Ten Blades',

Jason had already made his conjecture.

However, always cautious, Jason still tested the water.

The result was obvious.

Just as he had suspected.

The man opposite had no idea what Jason was thinking, just standing there and bellowing: "What are you waiting for? Why don't you all attack together?"

With that shout, the man launched a Sword Qi.

Unlike formless Sword Qi.

This one was tinged with a faint blood-red.

Extremely faint.

But still conspicuous.

As one of the 'Ten Blades', he was not only a bona fide sword master, but he also wielded a 'Renowned Blade' in the true sense.

Renowned Blades, what the Sword Eater Group calls 'Demon Blades'.

Woosh!

The Sword Qi roared towards them.

The man did not hold back in his strike.

There's no need to hold back against an enemy.

He understood this before he even joined the Sword Eater Group.

Similarly, this was also a call for his other companions to make their move.

In his view, the reason his companions had yet to attack was that he had not made a move, showing his own 'sincerity'.

As long as he made a move,

And showed 'sincerity',

Then everything should follow naturally.

After all, the 'Ten Blades' could mostly cooperate amicably.

But this time, it was beyond this man's expectations.

He had already made his move with all his might.

He had already shown his sincerity.

So why were the others still not acting?

Could it be...

They wanted me and this guy here to both suffer losses?

Then, they would reap the benefits?

Such thoughts rose in this man's mind, and his previously unyielding 'sword momentum' suddenly paused.

As a sword master, he immediately realized there was a problem with his 'Xin', and he attempted to compensate for it right away.

But at that moment—

Light!

An immensely dazzling light!

It shot out from within the raging flames!

"Ah!"

"My eyes!"

With a cry of agony, the man quickly retreated.

Not a panicked retreat, but with rhythmic steps, especially his 'Renowned Blade' in hand waving rapidly, shielding every part of his body.

But that was of no use.

Or more accurately, it was useless against Jason.

Jason moved as swiftly as a shadow to close in.

As he drew near, his palm firmly grasped the man's sword-wielding hand.

Crack!

A twist of his palm, and the man's wrist made a crisp sound.

The master-level 'Barehanded Combat' combined with the 'Apprehension Master' and 'Griffin Combat Technique' made Jason unafraid of any close-quarters unarmed fight.

Especially when the extra Talent from 'Barehanded Combat' 'Apprehension Master' mysteriously synched with 'Griffin Combat Technique', it turned Jason into a deadly human weapon in close combat.

Chapter 1112: The Ten Blades! (2)

And paired with the master-level [Flash Technique], it always catches one off guard.

This time was no exception.

The man, worthy of being called a swordmaster, lost his 'Renowned Blades' in a single exchange.

Then, his opponent kicked out without the slightest hesitation.

Oof!

The leg moved, bringing a gust of wind.

Aimed straight at Jason's lower abdomen.

Fierce, and fast.

And the intact hand was again reaching for the blade in Jason's hand.

It was obvious that the opponent had specialized training for 'sword loss' situations.

But Jason was faster.

Bang!

Jason's left leg, as if intercepting, stomped down on the opponent's shin, exerting force directly.

Crack!

The crisp sound of fracturing bone.

The opponent's shin was broken.

While the hand that reached for Jason sizzled under the scorch of [Charles Burning Technique].

The opponent's palm did manage to grab Jason's hand.

But with a flick of Jason's wrist, his index finger, middle finger, and thumb clamped down like steel hooks, securely grasping it, followed by the intercepting left leg lifting in a motion.

Knee strike!

Bang!

Within the dull thud, a multitude of internal organs ruptured with cracking sounds inside the opponent's abdomen.

Organs mixed with blood made a gurgling, gurgling sound.

The pain made the opponent unable to help but open their mouth.

But the imminent scream was abruptly cut off.

Sharp blade carrying a cold glint swept across the opponent's neck.

Spurt!

Under the pressure in the chest cavity, blood sprayed from the neck, reaching a good two or three meters high.

Jason stepped back to avoid the splatter of blood, flicking his long blade.

A straight line of blood appeared on the cobblestone ground.

Then, he muttered to himself in his heart—

Yi!

Immediately, the [Evil-Slaying Slash]'s Silver Strike sliced across the beheaded corpse of the enemy before him.

The already fallen headless corpse twitched violently several times after being swept by the [Evil-Slaying Slash], and finally lay completely silent.

Nevertheless, Jason delivered another [Evil-Slaying Slash].

Just like his first [Evil-Slaying Slash].

It was completely a subconscious act.

Not because he noticed the opponent wasn't dead.

But to make sure that the opponent was truly dead.

After all, in the 'Mystical Side', there are simply too many manifestations of 'playing dead'.

Physical death for ordinary people means real death.

But for some entities on the 'Mystical Side', death of the body is nothing more than finding a new shell, as simple as changing clothes.

A dead enemy is the best kind of enemy.

Jason wholeheartedly agrees with this saying from the 'Nightless City'.

And he truly, bodily follows through on this saying.

So far, the results are very good.

After confirming the real death of the enemy, Jason's gaze shifts to his surroundings.

Kishizaki, Amakasu, Usami, and Naoe, four old men squinted their eyes and carefully shielded Uesugi, Hu Qiandai, including Hui Lijing behind them, watching Jason with extreme vigilance.

However, their red eyes and the continuous tears made the four old men look somewhat comical.

The master-level [Flash Technique] was too glaring.

Especially when caught off guard.

They were completely unprepared.

Almost immediately, they were plunged into blindness.

By the time they regained their vision, what they saw was the attacker's leader with his head flying off, and two streaks of silver Sword Qi sweeping over his body.

Fast!

It was really too fast!

They were unprepared to see such a fearsome enemy meet his death!

So fast that they instinctively became wary of Jason.

An enemy who could easily slay their leader is far more terrifying than the leader himself.

Even if this person was brought back by their Family Head, it was the same.

Necessary vigilance is essential.

Jason, however, paid no heed to such caution.

His gaze swept around him.

His eyes might not be able to pinpoint those hidden members of the 'Ten Blades'.

But his nose told him there were nine more tempting, sharp-scented 'foods' around him.

Wasting food is shameful!

Jason, with such a simple belief, tossed the 'food' in his hand, the 'Renowned Blades' he had just seized, to Hui Lijing, letting his assistant temporarily keep it for him, then prepared to head towards the place with the strongest scent.

However, just as Jason was about to take a step, the 'food' in his sense of smell began to move.

Then, in his perception, nine sharp auras emerged.

Kishizaki, Amakasu, Usami, and Naoe protected Uesugi, Hu Qiandai, and Hui Lijing as they retreated continuously.

That sharp feeling, capable of effortlessly slicing rocks and chopping wood.

It made them feel as if their skins would be torn.

No more hiding.

No more dodging.

Direct and straightforward.

The remaining nine members of the 'Ten Blades' thus stepped out, standing in full view of everyone.

Kishizaki, Amakasu, Usami, and Naoe once again retreated.

Not because they were pressed by the momentum.

But because tiny streaks of blood began to appear on Uesugi's body.

It looked as if they were carved out by a small knife.

At a glance, dense and extremely gruesome and terrifying.

On the contrary, Hui Lijing and Hu Qiandai were unharmed.

"Father, how are you?"

Hu Qiandai asked quietly.

"It's nothing."

Uesugi gritted his teeth and bore the pain as he replied.

Despite the excruciating pain, Uesugi knew very well that the most important thing at the moment was the nine people who had just appeared.

Uesugi could tell that the man Jason had just killed was in no way a true mastermind, just a pawn.

Chapter 1113: The 10 DAO Crowd! (3)

Just a not so smart pawn.

Thrown out to test the waters.

These nine people are the real trump cards.

And...

The Sword Eater Group!

The Ten Blades!

The Sword Eater Group is obviously an organization, and the Ten Blades in front of us are probably just some of the key members within the organization, the real decision-makers are definitely not these ten individuals.

Which means that the mastermind is still behind the scenes.

This made Uesugi extremely worried.

Not just because he still had no idea what was happening.

But also because it seemed that without much effort, he had fallen.

Although the appearance of the four uncles Persimmon Kaki, Amakasu, Usami, and Naoe was a surprise, Uesugi was clear that relying solely on these four would not be sufficient to cope with the current situation.

Even if it were Jason...

He might also be inadequate, right?

After all, one against nine is too great a disparity.

It's not like going to a meal where one more person simply means an extra pair of chopsticks, and it doesn't matter at all.

This is battle!

One more person can affect the entire battle situation.

Let alone nine more!

What should be done?

Uesugi pondered.

But in the end, he simply shook his head.

As an ordinary person, he had no solution.

Now he could only pray that Jason and the four uncles Persimmon Kaki, Amakasu, Usami, and Naoe would win.

As for what comes after?

It can be discussed after winning.

If they couldn't even get past the current crisis, everyone would die here, and all talk would be futile.

What Uesugi thought was clearly the same as what the four uncles Persimmon Kaki, Amakasu, Usami, and Naoe were thinking.

After Naoe nodded slightly, Persimmon Kaki, Amakasu, and Usami were about to step forward to assist Jason.

"Wait!"

"This is my fight!"

"No one else can intervene!"

Jason spoke up to stop them.

His voice was loud and resonant.

It carried an air of unquestionable authority.

Immediately, the advancing Persimmon Kaki, Amakasu, and Usami were taken aback.

Then, the three of them, looking at the figure burning with flames, showed admiration in their eyes.

No matter what kind of person Jason was, just his respect for the battle alone greatly improved their perception of Jason.

As the leader of the four, Naoe nodded slightly.

A good young man.

That was his assessment.

Uesugi was also full of surprise.

This Family Head, who was still completely in the dark, really wanted to tell Jason to think of the bigger picture, but when the words came to his mouth, he couldn't utter them at all.

Young man, go and face death!

Who can stop a young man heading towards death?

Strangely, such words rose from the bottom of the Family Head's heart.

Hu Qiandai's eyes shone with excitement.

She looked at Jason with a more serious expression than ever before.

Only Hui Lijing was different.

The female detective, who had spent considerable time with Jason, noticed at once that although Jason's eyes appeared to be looking at the nine enemies, upon closer inspection, he was almost looking at the... swords of the nine people?

Could it be...

Purification?!

As the term from Jason's mouth occurred to her, the female detective's mouth twitched.

But wisely, the detective did not speak up.

She kept silent.

As Jason's friend, she ought to extend a little more 'leniency' to her friend.

His side was infected.

So was the enemy's.

Nine swordsmen releasing their aura without reservation stood solemnly.

Before they arrived, they had scoffed at the recent news of the 'Sword Saint' coming into being.

What Sword Saint!

It couldn't be that easy!

As swordmasters themselves, they knew better than anyone the difficulty of becoming a Sword Saint.

It's not just about Talent.

Nor is it something that can be achieved by sheer hard work alone.

It also requires a certain fate!

Along with countless coincidences!

But now, when they saw Jason, the so-called 'Sword Saint' from the rumors, they felt the rumors might be true.

Facing the aura released jointly by the nine of them, he still stood unwavering.

Facing the imminent draw of their swords by the nine of them, he still insisted on fighting one against all.

Such a person, even if not a Sword Saint.

Must be a true warrior.

In the presence of such a warrior, the nine showed their respect.

And the leader among them even praised softly—

"As expected of the revered 'Sword Saint' Jason."

The voice was not too loud or too low, audible to everyone present.

Sword Saint?!

Persimmon Kaki, Amakasu, Usami, and Naoe shook in shock, looking at Jason with astonishment.

Uesugi and Hui Lijing were somewhat confused.

No one noticed.

When the title 'Sword Saint' was mentioned, Hu Qiandai, already with shimmering eyes, began to breathe more rapidly.

Had the person she anticipated arrived?

Chapter 1114: Once Dreamed...

Hu Qiandai was unlike ordinary little girls who loved dolls.

She had absolutely no interest in the things those little girls liked.

What she liked were swords.

While girls her age played house with dolls, she would wield wooden swords and sabers daily, frolicking around.

Listening to the sound of the wind sweeping over the wooden swords and sabers in her hands.

She felt immense joy.

So much so that, before she was even seven, she quietly sneaked into her father's study.

There, there were real swords and sabers!

She wanted to touch the real swords and sabers!

As a result, naturally, she failed.

No sooner had she entered the study than her father caught her.

Then, she received the harshest scolding ever since she was born.

Because her father thought such behavior was very unladylike.

Entering the study without permission was really not good.

Especially since she was explicitly told not to.

As the daughter of the Uesugi Family, naturally, she was expected to be a lady.

To have good manners and be well-educated.

She could not act recklessly or arbitrarily.

Nor could she engage in disgraceful activities.

And her 'mistake' this time proved that her usual education was a failure.

After that most severe scolding in her memory, her confessions bore no more harsh reproaches but rather a face filled with self-reproach and guilt—because her father believed that it was his lack of attention and love towards her that led her to such excessive behavior.

For a considerably long time afterward, her father joined her in her lessons, reading, and even chose to have picnics outdoors on pleasant afternoons every week.

She also confessed her feelings at the time.

Upon hearing her words, her father laughed.

Patting her head, he sighed deeply.

Even now, she remembered what her father had said at that time—

'Very normal.'

'I liked swords too when I was young.'

'The charm of a sword doesn't differ between men and women most of the time.'

'They are sharp and carry a fatal attraction, who could resist them?'

'But times are advancing!'

'Gunpowder has appeared!'

'Firearms have appeared!'

'In the Warring States period, you would have to be a warrior woman, even if you didn't want to learn, I would force you to learn swords, archery, and horseback riding, because they would be your essential foundations for survival.'

'But now?'

'Even if you practiced swords for ten years, you still couldn't stop a bullet.'

'What's more important is, swords are not our foundation for survival.'

'Our society has become 'civilized'.'

'Some things are never put on the table.'

She believed her father was right.

After all, her awareness told her so.

The information from television and newspapers all conveyed this.

No one can resist a bullet with a sword.

And her likeness for swords?

Is probably just as her father described.

She was attracted by the weapon itself.

Although she was curious why she didn't have the same fondness for firearms, this did not hinder her from learning everything that a lady of high status from the Uesugi Family should learn.

Jewelry, clothes, tea ceremony, horse-riding, shooting, and so on.

Over the years, she mastered all of these.

Moreover, she excelled and became outstanding in them.

At this time, her fondness for swords had already been buried deep within her heart.

Until—

Save me!

Save me!

Such cries appeared in her ears.

Who?

Who's there?

She asked subconsciously and started moving in the direction from which the cries came.

As the daughter of the Uesugi Family, she couldn't just stand by and watch someone die.

This was what her father had told her.

And her father also led by example.

So, Hu Qiandai did not hesitate.

What puzzled Hu Qiandai was that no matter how she ran towards the direction of the voice, she seemed unable to get close to it.

Moreover, what surprised Hu Qiandai the most was—

This was a dream!

She, her mother, her father, they were all having the same dream.

Coincidence?

How could there be such a coincidence?

She and her parents didn't believe it.

Her father immediately took action.

Using the Uesugi Family's connections and financial resources, they had some news by the same day.

It was the first time she saw astonishment on her father's face.

That was a disbelief kind of astonishment.

'Hu Qiandai, maybe I was wrong.'

That same night, her father mysteriously apologized to her.

Without asking further.

She already guessed what it was.

Outside her and her father's awareness, there was a 'normal' world.

In that world, 'tradition' was preserved.

In fact, that was the case.

In the following few days, as her father brought back more and more news, a brand new 'world' filled her vision.

Onmyoji.

Sword masters.

Demons.

And many more gifted and unique individuals.

Among these people, some could very easily use swords to fend off bullets.

Or...

Simply slash the bullets.

This was the reason for her father's apology.

'Sorry, Hu Qiandai, I was too self-centered, too arrogant back then.'

Her father apologized once again.

Shaking her head, she signaled her father not to continue in that manner.

Because, her father was a good father.

He gave her everything she should have.

And even more, much preferential love.

About liking swords?

Who could guarantee that liking swords would definitely make one a master swordsman?

In the Inside World, sword masters are also rare.

More are just swordsmen using their bodies as blades, in life-and-death moments.

Bursting with blood as they carry a cruel romance.

These swordsmen pursue such a path.

But, in her opinion, nothing was more important than family.

Chapter 1115: Once Dreamed... (2)

Therefore, when her father went to look for the 'Exorcist' once again, she didn't stay at home waiting, but instead waited halfway.

Then, she saw the Exorcist and his Assistant.

The Exorcist was tall and strong, but it was his Assistant that caught her eye even more.

After all, it was her first time seeing a girl taller than herself.

Although she didn't want to admit it, her height had always been a major obstacle in becoming an elegant lady.

The island favors petite and cute girls.

And her?

She was called the female giant.

She really wanted to beat up the person who gave her this nickname.

But how could she do such a thing as a lady?

She just fed him cow dung instead.

It was a rather merciful act.

She just did not expect that the Assistant had experienced something similar.

After talking, she suddenly realized that not only were they of similar age, with comparable experiences, but they also shared many common interests.

Soon, the two became good friends.

Hu Qiandai cherished this friendship very much.

For her, once this 'Exorcism' was done, it would be the end of their friendship.

But...

Why?

Why has it turned out like this?

Why is my heart beating so fast?

Flames rage fiercely.

Swords flash brightly.

Heat and cold light.

Slashes and collisions.

All these scenes made Hu Qiandai's breathing grow rapid.

A sense of inexplicable... delight emerged from the depths of her heart.

It was the joy that comes from seeing something one truly likes.

Just like...

The swords of yore!

No!

Family is more important!

But with a sword, can't one better protect one's family?

Yet, death would come even quicker!

That's still better than sitting around waiting for doom!

Jason can save you, save your parents once.

But he can't save you every time.

Can't you see?

They are coming for your family!

In Hu Qiandai's mind, thoughts churned as if two little people were quarreling inside her.

And her gaze, from start to finish, was locked onto Jason.

She couldn't move it away!

Because—

She saw her once-dreamed dreams in Jason!

Those dreams that she once thought were unattainable, unrealistic, now appeared right before her eyes!

They shattered her hardened perceptions.

Making her heart, thump, thump, accelerate.

Making her eyes, unable to look away any longer.

Those eyes, dazzling with color.

Because it was the color of 'dreams'.

Those eyes, filled with burning passion.

Because it was the temperature of 'dreams'.

No one noticed Hu Qiandai's abnormal state, not even Uesugi and others who were close at hand.

Dreams are like this.

Before they are realized, they are always so quiet and silent.

But Jason noticed.

He did not notice Hu Qiandai's dreams.

He just sensed that Hu Qiandai's gaze was too fervent, drawing his attention.

But quickly, Jason's attention was on the nine figures pulling out their swords on the other side.

Compared to Hu Qiandai, the nine people in front of him were undoubtedly more worthy of his attention.

The aura of the nine made Jason's eyes slightly squint.

The flames around him also made a crackling sound of burning.

Jason was on full alert!

And he was going all out!

Facing every battle, Jason would always give it his all.

This time?

No exception!

As for relying on Talent?

That's just one aspect of Jason's fighting style, never the entirety of his combat.

"Sir Jason, please be careful," said the Leader of the Ten Blades as he unleashed a cut.

There was no Sword Qi sweeping across.

All that remained was the swift slashing of the long sword!

Fast!

An unsurpassed speed!

To the average onlooker, the leader of the Ten Blades, with multiple afterimages, appeared in front of Jason, and his sword had vanished from sight.

Until—

Clang!

The long sword struck Jason's neck.

The armor created by the Charles Burning Technique was broken, exposing Jason's skin, but amidst the sparks, as soon as the long sword touched Jason's skin, it stopped.

Jason remained unharmed.

The whooshing blade halted at this moment.

All there was, was Jason's indifferent gaze.

Even though there was no oppressive aura, the Leader of the Ten Blades' forehead began to drip with cold sweat.

|||||

He had already exerted his full strength.

This slash was the essence of his 'Swordsmanship'.

It could even be said to contain all that he had learned in his lifetime.

But facing such a strike, Jason did not dodge at all.

Even the flames on his hands merely trembled slightly.

Was he suppressing the urge to draw his sword?

Was he intending to experience the might of my slash with his body?

What a terrifying opponent!

The thoughts surging in his mind caused the Leader of the 'Ten Blades' to retreat.

The speed was even faster than before.

And still, Jason remained motionless.

Simply standing there, watching the opponent.

Whoosh!

Seeing that Jason didn't pursue, the Leader of the 'Ten Blades' exhaled deeply.

"Ming Wang's immovable body' truly lives up to its reputation!"

"He actually used his body to feel my strongest slash!"

The opponent spoke in a deep voice.

Jason, covered in flames, raised his brows slightly.

Feel it with his body?

He was simply too slow to react, unable to dodge!

With agility 6.7, six times that of a normal person, Jason was utterly unable to dodge the slash from the 'Ten Blades' Leader.

The opponent was too fast!

Fast enough to exceed Jason's ability to cope!

At least an 8 or 9!

No!

Maybe it was even possible that it had reached the realm of 10.

Jason guessed in his heart.

But throughout, his demeanor remained calm.

Life in 'Nightless City' had long taught him that when enemies suspect you have something, it's best to actually have it.

Otherwise...

The consequences are unimaginable!

Right now, that was precisely his goal.

So, following that, he simply stated indifferently.

"Continue."

Not being able to keep up with the speed didn't mean there was no way to solve the current combat situation.

After becoming an 'Exorcist', Jason had considered numerous situations with sudden combat and disadvantageous battles countless times, thinking of many solutions based on being an 'Exorcist'.

After unexpectedly becoming a 'Gourmet', Jason continued this good habit.

"If it were under normal circumstances, I would certainly risk the honor of a swordsman and battle you."

"But now is different."

"For the sake of the organization, I must achieve victory."

"So, I'm sorry!"

As soon as the words of the Leader of the 'Ten Blades' fell, the eight members of the 'Ten Blades' immediately took action.

In an instant, Sword Qi crisscrossed—

Some piercingly sharp.

Some heavy.

Some fast.

Some ethereal.

Some spreading.

Some concentrated.

Eight different Sword Qis enveloped Jason directly.

After deducing that at least two Sword Qis were unavoidable, Jason luckily gave up the idea of dodging and just stood there taking the hits.

He believed in his own defense.

After all, this was what he had pursued to better utilize his own Talent, to become stronger and more robust.

[Battle Runes. Prussian. Griffin. Shadow Body Forging Technique] + [Charles Burning Technique]!

The former as the core.

The latter as the epidermis.

The epidermis kept shattering, being slashed.

But the core remained impregnable.

Clang, clang clang!

Dense clashing sounds emerged upon Jason's body.

Not a single one of the eight Sword Qis missed.

Following closely were the Sword Bearers.

Their long swords targeted Jason's arms, legs, lower abdomen, lower back, and eyes.

The eight sharp long swords almost simultaneously struck Jason's body.

But still, there were sounds of metal striking.

The flames were once again cleaved apart.

But the skin remained unharmed.

The eight members of the 'Ten Blades' seemed to have anticipated such a result; their expressions were composed as they 'stuck' their swords to Jason's body, as if putting him 'in a frame'.

Meanwhile, the Leader of the 'Ten Blades' took advantage of this moment to once again aim his blade at Jason.

However, this time, he didn't immediately make his move.

Instead, he was gathering strength!

The eight members of the 'Ten Blades' were also accumulating strength.

The eight seemingly pinning Jason down were gradually 'supplying' their strength into their Leader's blade.

"Be careful!"

Kakizaki, Amakasu, Usami, and Naoe were the first to notice this change and they all shouted in unison.

Jason, shrouded in flames, however, cracked a hideous smile.

Everything in front of him was even better than he had imagined!

He had been 'caught'.

But conversely, weren't the 'Ten Blades' also caught by him?

It was time!

The next moment—

A thick fog rose.

Death pervaded.

Chapter 1116: Ancestral Home!

The dense and impenetrable fog had just spread out, and the faces of Kishizaki, Amakasu, Usami, and Naoe changed immediately.

"Retreat quickly!"

Even before the fog reached them, they already felt the hidden killing intent within.

[Mist Concealment], one of the secret techniques Jason acquired from 'Tomb Guardian'.

As a professional legacy secret technique, it certainly has its extraordinary aspects.

[Protection Against Evil] is a good proof of that.

Although [Mist Concealment] is not a core technique, Jason, having devoured the 'Demonette Scales', has already made [Mist Concealment] extraordinarily potent.

Those ink-green dragon scales not only increased the range of the toxic fog by 10 meters, but also enhanced the initial toxicity, acid Corrosion rating by +1, and sustained toxin level by +2.

Simply put, when Jason fully unleashes [Mist Concealment], a toxic fog with a radius of 70 meters emerges.

Any creature entering it will suffer bullet-level toxin damage and blade-level Corrosion.

After 10 seconds, the toxin damage escalates to tank-level, and Corrosion damage to bullet-level.

Under such conditions, Jason also gains a +1 to Stealth checks and +0.5 to agility checks.

It can be said that [Mist Concealment] has its own unique place as a legacy secret technique.

But its flaw is also obvious.

Cannot move!

As long as one leaves the dense fog within a limited time, it will be fine.

The 70-meter radius of dense fog seems large.

But if one finds the right direction, within 10 seconds, before the 'Toxic Fog' is enhanced, even a slightly strong ordinary person can run out, let alone the Transcendents.

Therefore, most of the time, Jason uses [Mist Concealment] as a means of 'deception'.

But today is different!

Today he has caught his enemy!

Hiss, hiss hiss!

The sound of Corrosion started appearing on 'Ten Blades'.

Their clothing disintegrated first, becoming dry, hard, and torn in mere breaths.

Next their hair began to fall out.

Then came the burning sensation on their skin.

But compared to the twisting pain within their abdomens, that was nothing.

The bullet-level toxin was already harming the bodies of 'Ten Blades' before them.

And as time passed, the damage deepened.

The leader of 'Ten Blades' keenly felt such changes.

But, he didn't leave the range of the 'dense fog'.

Not that he didn't want to.

It's that he couldn't!

At this moment, his blade gathered the 'Strength' of the other eight, unable to act rashly until the 'Combined Strike Ritual' was complete, or he would face backlash.

That was the Strength of the other eight!

Suffering such backlash, he would surely die!

Therefore, he couldn't move!

He had to hold on!

Hold on until the 'Combined Strike Ritual' was completed.

Then, deliver a fatal blow to Jason!

Just...

Is there still such an opportunity?

In 'Ten Blades', as the swordsmanship toxin from [Mist Concealment] entered the bursting phase, the swordsman restraining Jason's arm subconsciously wanted to leave, but his longsword was firmly stuck to Jason's body.

He couldn't pull it out!

Originally, under the leadership of their leader, while training the 'Combined Strike', he had never imagined that one day, this special swordsmanship, which could confront and even slay great demons, would become his death warrant!

No way!

Can't keep doing this!

If I keep going like this, I will surely die!

Thinking this, the swordsman fiercely tried to let go.

But, he couldn't let go!

His palm, his fingers, seemed to be glued firmly to the hilt.

This?!

This swordsman was shocked.

Then, he was even more horrified to discover, the rest of the people were just like him, all shocked.

It's not just me!

Everyone is the same!

This is...

While this swordsman was still pondering, another swordsman, limiting Jason's legs, from 'Ten Blades' already started cursing loudly.

"Ah Be!"

"You deceived us!"

"This is different from the 'Combined Strike Technique' you taught us!"

"Damn you!"

In the midst of the cursing, the leader of 'Ten Blades', named 'Ah Be', had a stern and grim expression.

He was completely unmoved.

So naive!

You, living in the 'Inside World', believing I would teach you swordsmanship, the outcome was already predetermined!

Don't worry!

Once you are dead, I will take good care of your 'Blades'!

Ah Be thought coldly in his heart.

Although this inner thought of the leader was not spoken aloud, the remaining members of 'Ten Blades' had already guessed it.

Suddenly, everyone started to struggle.

While struggling, they cursed.

"How could we trust you!"

"You actually deceived us!"

"You will not die a good death!"

"I XXXX!"

...

Hearing such cursing, 'Ten Blades' leader Ah Be, with a ferocious cold smirk already appearing on his acid-corroded face, thought.

Trust?

'Ten Blades' would never trust each other!

They are just a pack of jackals gathered together for some purpose.

With a target, they attack the target, consume the target to strengthen themselves.

Without a target?

They devour each other.

Since the establishment of 'Sword Eater Group', the members of 'Ten Blades' have changed countless times.

His position as the leader was also obtained only by killing the previous 'leader'.

Of course, he also obtained the other's 'Blade'.

The one in his hand!

Compared to his previous sharp weapon, this blade, could really be considered a 'Renowned Blade'.

It not only greatly increased his speed, but also enabled him to use the 'Combined Strike Technique'.

Chapter 1117: Ancestral Home! (2)

Exactly!

His 'Combined Strike Technique' originates from his sword.

Not from himself.

In order to win this sword, he had plotted meticulously and went through great lengths to do away with the former Leader.

The other party could never believe until death that their confidant would stab them in the back.

That's how he killed the former Leader.

Therefore, he would never trust anyone from the 'Ten Blades'.

Even if they're from the 'Sword Eater Group' it's the same.

He joined the 'Sword Eater Group' merely for the chance to become powerful.

This is the moment!

To take out Jason!

And then...

To search for those two 'Renowned Blades'!

With them, he will become unprecedentedly powerful!

Thinking of this, Ah Be became even more determined.

However...

This poison, this acid, is so potent.

Each time it feels like dealing with artillery shells intended for armored vehicles.

And the Corrosion from that acid, it's like bullet spray coming at him.

It hurts!

But I can hold on!

I must be able to endure!

Ah Be reassured himself like this, gritting his teeth with resolute eyes, yet his form was faltering.

No matter of will can shift the truth of reality.

For example: an empty wallet.

For example: they (he/she) like me.

For example: hunger pangs.

For example: the limits a human body can take, like Ah Be's.

Another 2-3 seconds later

Thump!

The Leader of the 'Ten Blades' collapsed to the ground just like that.

And at the instant he fell, numerous Sword Qi from the sword in his hand enveloped him, followed by a 'hissing' sound.

In the span of a breath, the Leader of the 'Ten Blades' was sliced a thousand times over.

"Aaaaah!"

Amidst the agonizing screams, Omeshiki, Amakasu, Usami, Naoe along with Uesugi, Hu Qiandai, and Hui Lijing all retreated dozens of meters again.

The middle-aged Uesugi's face has never been so grave.

He couldn't imagine what had happened to make a person let out such a wretched howl.

Perhaps... being sliced a thousand times wouldn't be an exaggeration.

The only thing he felt fortunate about was that the screams weren't Jason's.

They were the enemy's.

Our side is fine, the enemy is in trouble.

For us, that's great news.

Then, Uesugi's gaze could not help but turn towards the four elders of his own.

That look was very complex.

There was disbelief, relief, and also mingled with a hint of resentment.

Indeed!

Despite the 'Inside World' legacy existing within his own family, why didn't they tell him from the start?

Could it be that his position as Family Head was fake?

Did he really perform so inadequately?

When Omeshiki, Amakasu, Usami, and Naoe's eyes met Uesugi's gaze, they looked at each other, and then Naoe, the elder, spoke as their representative.

"Sorry, Uesugi."

"It is the rule of the family."

"Rule?"

Uesugi was stunned.

He was somewhat perplexed.

What rule could make him, the Family Head, seem as though he doesn't exist.

"Trial!"

"Pass the trial, and you will know everything!"

"If you cannot pass the trial, even as the Family Head, you cannot know—Back then you, Uesugi, had no ambition. I arranged three trials for you, and you failed them all."

Three trials?

How come I don't know about them?

Uesugi was baffled.

If it weren't for such a long period of interaction, the Family Head would definitely think the elder before him was deceiving him.

But with the test of time, Uesugi knew the other would not deceive him.

So, there was only one possibility left.

He was too weak.

Completely unable to touch the 'core secrets' of the family.

This...

Uesugi wanted to say something, but in the end, he just opened his mouth and showed a wry smile.

Forget talking about having a good character or being kindhearted.

At any time, being unskilled is the original sin.

"Then..."

Boom!

Uesugi wanted to say something, but a loud explosion from the direction of the ancestral home interrupted him.

"This is bad!"

"Someone has triggered the forbidden spell!"

"This is a feint!"

"Their target is 'the Uesugi Family's heirloom'!"

Naoe's face changed dramatically.

The old man rushed towards the ancestral home without hesitation.

Kakizaki, Amakasu, and Usami closely followed him.

In an instant, Uesugi, Hu Qiandai, and Hui Lijing lost sight of the four of them.

Uesugi, Hu Qiandai, and Hui Lijing looked at each other in dismay.

Was everything in front of them just a diversion?

Utter astonishment.

Then, confusion.

What is 'the Uesugi Family's heirloom'?

Hu Qiandai couldn't help but look at her father.

Immediately, Uesugi gave a bitter smile.

"Don't look at me."

"I only found out today that the Uesugi Family also originates from the 'Inside World'."

"I'm just a figurehead."

Uesugi sighed.

The events of today were quite a blow to Uesugi.

Though humble, Uesugi never thought of his Talent as poor.

Having taken over the Uesugi family business from his father and expanded it successfully while cultivating many Talents for the clan, these were the things Uesugi took pride in.

But who would have thought that his pride meant nothing at all.

Uesugi even felt as if he had lived his life in vain.

"Father, you've done well enough."

"It's not your fault."

Hu Qiandai stepped forward to comfort her father but had to stop midway through her words.

A sudden, invisible wind appeared around Hu Qiandai.

Not only did it instantly widen the gap between Hu Qiandai and Uesugi, but it also swept Hu Qiandai up into the air.

"Hu Qiandai!"

Uesugi shouted.

Seeing his daughter being carried through the air towards the ancestral home, Uesugi, the father, did not hesitate to give chase.

Hui Lijing was no exception.

She didn't want anything bad to happen to her new friend.

However, before chasing, she shouted into the thick fog—

"Someone has kidnapped Hu Qiandai!"

"I'm going to rescue her!"

"I'm leaving your stuff here for you!"

Leaving such a message and placing Jason's backpack down, Hui Lijing quickly ran out of sight.

And right after Hui Lijing disappeared, the thick fog dissipated instantly.

Jason, holding nine blades and having dispelled the Flame Armor, came over, inserted the nine blades and the previous one all into the backpack, then picked up the backpack and slung it over his shoulder.

A few seconds earlier, he had already dealt with the Ten Blades.

The reason he didn't show up was because in his perception, there was still one person lurking.

Different from the malicious killing intent of the Ten Blades.

The other's gaze had no killing intent, no malice.

Rather, it carried a sense of inquiry.

As if seeing something novel.

This kind of gaze made Jason hold his position temporarily.

He wanted to see what the other person really wanted to do.

However, the other person 'kidnapping' Hu Qiandai was somewhat beyond his expectations.

And on further thought, the first of the Ten Blades who appeared had also targeted Hu Qiandai.

It was only because he was fast enough to stand in front of Hu Qiandai and Hui Lijing that everything seemed to be headed straight for him.

"Hu Qiandai?"

"The Uesugi Family's secrets sure are plentiful!"

After such a sigh, Jason swiftly found two pieces of clothes that fit him and put them on, and then he headed towards the Uesugi Family ancestral home.

...

Hu Qiandai, being carried in mid-air, quickly calmed down after the initial panic.

She looked around with her eyes, hoping to see the person who kidnapped her.

But under the invisible 'wind', she could not do this at all.

She was completely restrained.

All she could see was what was in front of her.

Who is the person?

Why kidnap me?

To threaten my father?

There's no need!

If the other party had acted just now, my father wouldn't have escaped either.

To threaten Grandfather Naoe and the others?

My father is undoubtedly a better choice.

Why then?

As Hu Qiandai pondered, she drifted down from mid-air and landed in front of the ancestral home's entrance.

Gently, with no acceleration.

This reassured Hu Qiandai that the person who 'kidnapped' her meant no harm.

At least, they would not harm her now.

This slightly eased Hu Qiandai's mind, and then, a figure appeared before her eyes.

Seeing this figure, Hu Qiandai was taken aback.

Who is this? Chapter 1118: Lure!

Lady?

The person before her wore a mask resembling that of a fox, and her attire leaned towards that of a male Swordsman, yet her figure possessed unmistakably female characteristics.

Viewed from the side, she presented a ridge; glimpsed from an angle, a peak.

Almost subconsciously, Hu Qiandai lowered her head, and then—

Defeated!

Utterly vanquished!

A sense of life's defeat and frustration plunged Hu Qiandai momentarily into existential gloom.

However, Hu Qiandai quickly came back to her senses.

"Who are you?"

The excellent upbringing of the Uesugi Family allowed Hu Qiandai to maintain her composure at this time.

Of course, what's more important was that Hu Qiandai confirmed that the person before her harboured no ill intent for the time being.

If there really was ill intent?

Even if her strength far surpassed Hu Qiandai's.

She would not submit.

"I'm sorry."

To her surprise, the lady opposite bowed deeply after Hu Qiandai spoke.

That left Hu Qiandai stunned.

She blinked, attempting to control her gaze to focus on the fox mask, rather than being drawn to other trifling distractions.

"I am sorry for what has befallen the Uesugi Family."

"Though I have been doing my utmost to pursue that individual."

"But, I didn't expect her to act so swiftly."

"I'm truly sorry!"

As she spoke, the lady who had bowed, knelt on the ground.

This deepened Hu Qiandai's confusion.

It wasn't that she couldn't comprehend the words of the lady before her. From the lady's words, Hu Qiandai concluded that what had happened to the Uesugi Family was indeed connected to the person the lady was pursuing.

She understood that.

She understood the lady's remorse.

However, the lady's actions puzzled her.

First, it was the act of bringing her here.

Second, the lady's respectful kneeling.

Although Hu Qiandai had yet to learn the lady's identity, she witnessed her strength first-hand.

No question about it, the lady was stronger than her.

Yet such a powerful figure would apologize to her and offer profound reverences for the mishaps in pursuit.

Do people of the Inside World also hold firm belief in moral values?

For a moment, Hu Qiandai's esteem for the lady before her soared.

The education Hu Qiandai received since childhood, although not completely shattered upon encountering the Inside World, was still drastically challenged.

She observed the strong preying on the weak.

She saw wanton slaughter.

As if strength was everything.

Those with immense power had the prerogative to decide the fate of the weak at will.

This troubled Hu Qiandai deep inside.

But she was even more aware that such discomfort, for the entirety of the Inside World, amounted to nothing.

Less than... a speck of dust.

The world is at fault, not me!

She wanted to cry out with childlike defiance.

Unfortunately, her reason told her how ridiculous such words would be, and what consequences she would face.

Most likely a death without a whole body.

Thankfully, there was Jason.

In Jason, Hu Qiandai saw not just strength, but also 'justice.'

It was the righteousness of drawing the sword to aid others.

Therefore, Hu Qiandai's aspiration had just surged immensely.

And, she was reminded of her initial 'dream.'

"Where justice lies, so shall the blade point."

Whispering softly to herself, Hu Qiandai then smiled at the lady wearing the fox mask before her.

Now that there was Jason, and also the lady before her.

Then, why shouldn't she join them?

Perhaps the Inside World is cruel, but complaining solves nothing.

Only by joining can one enact change.

She, firmly believed, that people are inherently good.

"Thank you."

Hu Qiandai voiced out.

The lady, still in her respectful kneeling, paused momentarily.

She had no idea what had just happened, but she knew now was not the time for inquiries.

That person's actions were too rapid.

She must act immediately.

"Hu Qiandai, stay here. I will create a hidden, protective Barrier to keep you safe."

"Afterward, I shall return to fetch you."

As she spoke these words, the lady before her raised her hand.

Clang!

In the sound of a sword being unsheathed, a long blade appeared in the lady's hand.

The process was lightning fast, but Hu Qiandai saw it clearly.

The long blade emerged from the lady's fingertips.

Swords can be sealed within the fingers... no, within the body?

Hu Qiandai silently contemplated, filled with longing!

For Hu Qiandai, who adored swords, such a secret technique that merged the sword with the body was irresistibly enticing.

However, at this moment, she refrained from speaking out.

She knew all too well that such a secret technique could not be obtained through mere words.

Uttering it might also invite unnecessary trouble.

Furthermore, the education she received prevented her from making such an 'immodest' request.

Thus, Hu Qiandai simply watched as the lady utilized the long sword to draw a circle on the ground, enveloping her within it.

Having completed this, the lady turned to leave.

At this moment, Hu Qiandai could not hold back.

"Excuse me, who are you?"

"May I have the honor of knowing your name?"

Hu Qiandai inquired.

The lady wearing the fox mask hesitated for a moment.

Conventionally, she shouldn't disclose her name to the other party.

Yet, after what had transpired, and the pain endured by the other party, she found it difficult to refuse.

A sense of guilt prompted the lady to speak.

"Kusakabe Mi."

"That's my name."

Having said that, Kusakabe Mi turned and walked towards the ancestral home.

"Kusakabe Mi?"

Hu Qiandai murmured the name softly, feeling as if it signified something, but she couldn't quite grasp what it was.

Kusakabe Mi heard Hu Qiandai's muttering but did not take it to heart.

Chapter 1119: Lead! (2)

Although she knew that as soon as Hu Qiandai slightly touched the 'Inside World', she would understand the implications of the name and recognize her identity.

But once she has spoken it out, she won't regret it.

And now!

"Kusakabe Rei!"

As soon as she entered the ancestral home of the Uesugi Family, Kusakabe Mi nearly gritted her teeth as she shouted.

Within a courtyard that wasn't delicate, but ample enough.

Kusakabe Mi spotted the figure she had been pursuing.

In front of a crisp woodland, a figure stood.

Tall, clad in white Swordsman attire, black long hair tied in a high ponytail secured with a golden headband, eyes narrow like a fox, a high nose, and thin lips.

Accompanied by her fair skin, she really was a beautiful woman.

However, a bloody redness was beneath her feet.

This beauty brought forth an air of danger.

Over ten guardians of the Uesugi ancestral home, not a single one alive.

All had fallen dead, with throats slit by a single sword stroke.

Of course, they did not die immediately.

It took rather a long time before they perished.

Each of their faces retained an expression of agony and fear.

Even, their faces had twisted.

Looking at such a death, the tall female Swordsman had a smile playing on her lips.

It seemed... she quite enjoyed it.

"You are again senselessly killing the innocent!"

Kusakabe Mi yelled angrily, rushing towards Kusakabe Rei.

Clang!

A flash of Cold light.

The sharp long sword swept past Kusakabe Rei's body.

But the next moment, the body turned into nothing but a bubble.

Illusion?

No!

Afterimage!

Because the speed was too fast, it left an afterimage on the retina.

Rustle!

The bamboo grove, swaying with the wind, slightly paused before falling en masse.

Bamboo leaves danced up and down.

A bamboo leaf unintentionally cruised past a bamboo stalk, cutting it cleanly in half as if it was a thick pillar.

Smooth, even.

As if it was sliced with a blade.

But what was dancing was just leaves.

Not just this single leaf.

All the leaves did the same.

Wherever they passed, what was calm a moment before became utterly ravaged the next.

Whether it was the bamboo or the ground, it was the same.

Streaks of sharp Sword Qi hidden within it.

Seemingly beautiful, yet murderous intent lurked within.

Kusakabe Mi stood right at the center surrounded by the bamboo leaves.

She showed no cowardice, nor did she fear.

The long sword in her hand swung Swiftly, turning into a flash of white light, as Kusakabe Mi charged straight into the bamboo grove.

Suddenly, the sound of clashing blades filled the air.

Clang, clang, clang!

Continuous, one sound following another.

Clang!

At the last sound, the clash of blade against blade had turned into a sound like a large temple bell being struck.

Sparks flew between the blade and the bamboo leaves.

The next moment, the bamboo leaves shattered, turned into powder, and carried away by the wind.

The blade continued forward.

But, it was dodged by the tall figure.

"It's been years, your intuition has gotten sharper."

Kusakabe Rei said with a smile.

"I won't be deceived by you again."

Kusakabe Mi slightly retracted her blade.

Not fleeing in cowardice.

But gathering power.

She aimed to decide the victory with her strongest strike.

Similarly, it was a strike to decide life or death.

"Your murderous intent has really grown stronger."

"Don't you remember I'm your sister?"

"Do you really want to kill your sister?"

Kusakabe Rei spoke with a mournful tone, but the next moment, Kusakabe Mi interrupted her.

"Shut up!"

"Since you betrayed the family, you are no longer my sister."

"Moreover, after killing the family guards and stealing the 'Taboo Blade' sealed by our family, how can you claim to be my sister?"

Kusakabe Mi questioned Kusakabe Rei.

The tall female Swordsman then sighed deeply, full of disappointment.

"Really, you still haven't grown."

"Even now, you still understand nothing."

"Don't you find it strange?"

"Why would the family send you to hunt me down—knowing full well that you are not the strongest in the family, although talented, your potential has not yet turned into strength and you still lack time."

Kusakabe Rei looked at Kusakabe Mi, her eyes glistening with an emotion hard to part with.

"They want to see our mutual slaughter!"

"Just as they once wanted me to become a puppet!"

"Now, you?"

"You have replaced me, becoming another puppet!"

Kusakabe Rei's voice began to rise.

It grew louder and louder, sounding like thunder hitting the bottom of Kusakabe Mi's heart.

As Kusakabe Mi held the blade, her hand trembled.

The blade shook slightly.

Because what Kusakabe Rei said was the truth.

Although she was known as the most talented in the Kusakabe family, she was not the strongest.

Growth needed time.

And the orders given by the family were completely stifling.

Stifling her.

Or to say...

Did they think Kusakabe Rei would show mercy to her?

Indeed.

It was mercy.

Since the meeting began, Kusakabe Rei had not taken the initiative to attack... wait!

Never attacked?!

Kusakabe Mi suddenly thought of something.

Her heart, which had been rippling because of Kusakabe Rei's words, instantly calmed down.

The trembling blade became firm in an instant.

Crackle, crackle.

Little bolts of electricity appeared on the blade.

Upon seeing these tiny bolts, the tall female swordsman, who had been steady, suddenly paused.

This strange reaction confirmed Kusakabe Mi's guess.

"Who are you?"

"Where is Kusakabe Rei?"

"Where is she?"

Kusakabe Mi asked in a deep voice.

"Heh, you react too slowly."

"Where is the master?"

"How could I possibly tell you!"

The tall female swordsman sneered, her voice changing from a delicate female voice to a rough male voice.

Moreover, before her words finished, the opponent rushed towards Kusakabe Mi.

The distance less than 5 meters, the opponent's form inflated like a balloon.

The appearance of the tall female swordsman, exploded like a burst balloon - 'Pop', only to reveal a demon over five meters tall, with green face and fangs, and a dark body.

"The master only asked me to hold you off!"

"But, he will be very pleased if I kill you!"

"Rest assured!"

"I will keep your skin!"

With a cruel excitement, the saliva of the demon in front of her began to secrete, its already beyond normal human imagining size began to bloat again.

Especially those claws.

They not only grew larger, but also sharper.

Each claw tip was like a long sword.

"Die!"

With such a shout, the demon's claws grasped towards Kusakabe Mi.

Then—

"Thunder Slash!"

A low shout.

In the moment the demon's claws fell, Kusakabe Mi transformed into a bolt of lightning and shot forward.

When Kusakabe Mi appeared again, she was already behind the demon.

The demon still maintained the swinging claw pose.

A full second later, the demon turned around.

"Is this your swordsmanship?"

"Really not worth mentioning."

"Until now I have been unscathed... "

Hiss!

The demon's words stopped in its throat, as it smelled a scent of roasted meat.

Subconsciously, it lowered its head.

Suddenly, it saw a big hole in its chest.

It had been pierced.

And roasted.

It had not felt pain before.

Only because the opponent's sword was too fast.

So fast that its nerves did not have the time to react.

And now, as everything returned—

All it faced was death.

Yet even at the moment of death, it still couldn't help remembering its master's command in its heart.

Master!

I'm sorry!

I was careless!

The demon stood there, its body rigid, turned into char.

Kusakabe Mi, however, did not look back and directly rushed outside.

She knew she had been fooled.

Hoping Hu Qiandai was fine!

Thinking about how her own mistake might have led Hu Qiandai into danger, Kusakabe Mi felt burning anxiety.

Just as she reached the ancestral mansion's front gate—

Ding!

A clear sound of sword ringing arose.

The next moment!

Sword Qi soared into the sky!

In the dragon-like roars, a cold light shot out from the ground.

And landed in...

The blood-soaked hands of Hu Qiandai.

Chapter 1120: People around Hui Lijing will all...

Hu Qiandai watched Kusakabe Mi until her figure disappeared behind the ancestral house's courtyard wall, then the young mistress of the Uesugi Family finally withdrew her gaze.

Just as she had promised.

Hu Qiandai obediently remained within the circle that Kusakabe Mi had drawn with her long sword.

"Is this a 'Barrier'?"

"Standing here, can people outside see me?"

"Can it withstand attacks?"

A whirl of chaotic thoughts began surfacing in Hu Qiandai's mind.

For those who had just come into contact with the 'Inside World', each one would be captivated by that mysterious and unfathomable power.

Hu Qiandai was no exception.

She had her 'ideals'.

And she also had her 'perseverance'.

But that didn't hinder her longing for the 'Inside World'.

Unconsciously, Hu Qiandai stood there, staring blankly in a daze.

Until—

"Is it here?"

A hoarse, grating voice, one that gave people goosebumps, as if plastic foam was being rubbed against the ground, suddenly sounded.

The daydreaming Hu Qiandai was jolted awake.

Raising her eyes, she saw a weird person tall and thin as a bamboo pole.

Disheveled, in tattered clothes, their face obscured.

Even their gender was indiscernible.

Wobbling in front of the ancestral house, the person looked around and stopped now and then.

Without a doubt, they were searching for her.

Immediately, Hu Qiandai held her breath and concentrated.

She breathed in the gentlest manner possible.

If feasible, she would have even preferred to hold her breath.

However, that wasn't practical.

But to Hu Qiandai's relief, the Barrier that Kusakabe Mi had set up was quite reliable.

The strange person passed within less than 5 meters of her, yet they did not see her.

At times, they even came within a step's distance of each other.

This allowed Hu Qiandai to completely let go of her worry.

She stood there, quietly waiting.

Waiting for Kusakabe Mi to return.

But what she awaited was not Kusakabe Mi, but rather her father and the friend she had just made, Hui Lijing.

As Hu Qiandai saw her father and her friend, the strange person noticed them too.

"Uesugi?"

"An insignificant nobody?"

The tall, thin stranger stared at Uesugi and Hui Lijing, judging them, and then, without waiting for them to speak, let out a series of deep, strange chuckles, saying: "Good, if I can't catch Hu Qiandai, catching Uesugi will do. After all, you are father and daughter!"

With that, the stranger charged towards Uesugi.

"Get lost!"

Hui Lijing snapped, pulling the trigger.

The moment she was called an insignificant nobody, she wanted to give them a taste of her gun.

However, the subtle sense of pressure emanating from the stranger made her hesitant to act rashly.

Having experienced the battlefield, Hui Lijing knew all too well what such pressure signified.

Death!

It was a threat of death!

Every time she faced such a threat, Hui Lijing wisely chose to slip away.

But this time, it was different.

The person who had hired her was right behind her.

She could not retreat.

The only option was to fight.

This was the scenario Hui Lijing least wanted to encounter.

Therefore, as the stranger approached, Hui Lijing, while shouting, pulled the trigger and backed away.

She was conveying to Uesugi with her actions to leave quickly.

Uesugi was very clever.

When he noticed Hui Lijing retreating, he turned and ran.

However, both of them had underestimated the creature's speed.

Ratatata!

Not a single bullet from the submachine gun hit the creature.

It couldn't even slow it down.

Each bullet missed and hit nothing.

Hui Lijing's eyes narrowed.

Being an experienced female detective with dreams of becoming a barista, she understood that the creature was not outpacing the bullets, but its reaction time was faster than her shooting speed.

To put it simply, the creature was not dodging the bullets.

It was dodging the person pulling the trigger.

And this?

Is the absolutely worst news!

Because it demonstrated that once it closed in, she would be the one getting crushed.

However...

There was still a chance!

Hui Lijing watched the approaching enemy, adjusted her breathing, and quietly waited for an opportunity.

Click, click-click!

The trigger pulled, the gun clicked empty.

"Gahgahgah!"

The creature, which had evaded continuously, lunged at Hui Lijing after letting out a series of spine-chilling laughs.

Hui Lijing raised her hand and threw the submachine gun at the creature, pretending to draw the handgun at her waist.

"Useless!"

"You insignificant worm!"

The creature easily dodged, becoming even more wildly elated upon seeing Hui Lijing drawing her gun.

A submachine gun, he could evade that.

A handgun?

Hardly worth mentioning.

Moreover, how could he possibly give Hui Lijing another chance to draw her gun?

"Die!"

With a mocking tone, the creature accelerated, almost instantaneously appearing right in front of Hui Lijing.

At this moment, Hui Lijing's hand had just grasped the gun handle.

The creature raised its hand to grab Hui Lijing.

Everything seemed to be settled.

But Hui Lijing's eyes did not show the slightest sign of panic.

She drew her gun!

At nearly double her previous speed, she drew her gun!

No!

To be precise, it was a stab!

Yes!

It was a stab!

Like a dagger, a short sword.

Or like a spear.

[Thrust]!

A technique created by 'Sword Saint' Avent based on the understanding of spear techniques in the military and certain assassin schools' techniques with short swords and daggers.

As a reward, Jason taught it to Hui Lijing.

Hui Lijing had been practicing it ever since.

And she tailored [Thrust] to suit her even better.

Because Hui Lijing knew well that to make [Thrust] powerful in a short period, she couldn't do it by the book.

After all, with her strength, even if she held a so-called 'Renowned Blade,' it would still be difficult to harm the beings of 'Inside World.'