

## Menu 1231

### Chapter 1231: Men Remain as Adolescent Boys Until Death (2)

However, there was no impulsiveness.

He knew that at this moment, even if the soldiers returned, facing the thieves who had already taken over the city gates and the key points of the docks would be futile. Even if they actually managed to reclaim them, it would come at a heavy cost of casualties.

But more likely, the casualties would be nearly total.

The latter was something he could not afford at all.

Therefore, the only option was to rely on Jason.

And Jason?

Did not refuse.

Firstly, he had promised Li Deshang to deal with the 'thieves'. In his impression, these 'thieves' referred to those three or even a group, rather than just one.

Even if only one came, he planned to take care of the rest.

It's not about anything else, it's just a promise.

Secondly, Li Deshang offered him conditions that he could not refuse at this stage.

Whether it was the so-called 'Nourishing Essence Pill' or the channel for the 'Secret Medicine', they were exactly what he wanted.

Especially the latter.

So, Jason nodded directly.

"Alright."

Jason's voice was brief but calm and powerful, which greatly delighted the anxious Li Deshang.

With Jason around, even if something actually happened, there would be room to remedy it.

"Master Mu, I can't thank you enough."

Li Deshang bowed once more, then turned and instructed the servants behind him, "Prepare the carriage, and fetch the heavy armor from the warehouse."

The carriage was quickly prepared, and once Jason and Li Deshang boarded, they headed directly to the city gate.

On the carriage, after taking several deep breaths to calm his mind, Li Deshang pointed to the box beside him.

"Brother Mu, this is a set of refined iron heavy armor, put it on first."

As he spoke, Li Deshang opened the box.

Inside the box, the iron armor was tightly packed.

Under the candlelight, it glimmered coldly.

A sense of thickness and hardness surged forth.

"I obtained this set of armor by chance. It is rare even among the troops; once worn, it's resistant to swords and arrows. Aside from being heavy, it has no flaws."

"With this armor, you can even confront martial artists who have achieved mastery in 'Bone Tempering', Brother Mu."

Li Deshang introduced the armor to Jason.

"Alright."

Jason still did not refuse.

For Jason, who lived in the 'Nightless City', he did not mind using more quick and convenient means to solve enemies.

Otherwise, he wouldn't choose to use a cloak to obscure one of the thieves.

Now wearing armor?

That was even more natural.

As for his innate defense that far surpassed the armor, above the war machine level?

If those around him didn't know about it, then it didn't exist.

It was a card that could be used.

Li Deshang looked at Jason, who acted accordingly, and couldn't help but sigh.

"I truly regret my initial approach!"

"When I first learned that Brother Mu had opened Martial Arts Street, establishing his own school, I was still holding a wait-and-see attitude, preparing to connect with Brother Mu—after all, the Martial Arts Street great competition was imminent. Although you won against Peng, Zhang, Li, and Zhao, Martial Arts Street does not belong to these four alone, there are other masters. You might suddenly falter, and the promising prospects would quickly vanish."

"Falling from grace, those around you too would be at risk. If I then stepped in to protect you, the martial arts school, and those around you, naturally you would be grateful to me, and I would have a capable general, even one worthy of passing down."

Li Deshang spoke earnestly, enunciating clearly, eyes fixed on Jason.

Then, saying this, the official of the Mountain City smiled.

With a bit of self-mockery.

"Brother Mu, please don't laugh, nor be offended. Though I was born into a branch of the Northern Li Family, the family's methods of 'managing people' have been deeply ingrained in me through years of exposure. It has been one of the key reasons I reached this step today. In the past, I found pride in it, but until today, faced with great calamity, I realized how wrong I was."

"Even in my heart, I couldn't help but think 'everything is fate, we have no control over it.'

"Until Brother Mu agreed to help, I finally breathed a sigh of relief."

"I personally felt the sensation of falling from the clouds."

"Indeed, the intention to harm others should not exist."

Having said that, Li Deshang stood up in the carriage with a bitter smile.

Not fully upright, with the carriage roof present, Li Deshang could only stand bent halfway.

Then, the official paid his respects once more in this awkward position.

"It's merely a transaction."

Jason responded, looking at him.

For Jason, Li Deshang's attitude, whether genuine or not, was not important.

What mattered was that the transaction was real.

As for anything more?

It had nothing to do with him.

But the more Jason exhibited this indifferent attitude, the more Li Deshang felt at ease.

"My uncle often said there are valiant heroes in the martial world, who take life lightly and honor promises. Before, I didn't believe it, but now... I believe."

In the recent situation, Li Deshang did not believe Jason was unaware of what occurred.

Especially, when he later lost composure and mentioned the strategy of luring away the tiger to leave the mountain.

As long as one is normal, they can guess what happened.

Yet under such circumstances, Jason did not leave, still willing to fulfill his promise.

This was on the premise that Jason had already acquired a portion of "Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder."

Li Deshang believed that with Jason's strength, having this "Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder" would, after one or two years of tempering, be enough to reach the stage of "Bone Tempering" completion, and once "Bone Tempering" is achieved, it would be a different outlook altogether.

It could be described as having a bright future.

By that time, obtaining more similar "Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder" would not be a difficult task.

There are many forces willing to recruit martial artists who have completed "Bone Tempering."

Even the Northern Li Family would not reject them.

Moreover, as long as one's status is clean and they express their intentions, they might be summoned as a husband, becoming part of the Li Family, gaining the qualification to fight for the top ten "Secret Medicines" in less than a year.

And such a person is willing to accompany him in taking risks.

Li Deshang was truly moved.

Although unable to stand straight, Li Deshang tried his best to straighten his back.

"Master Mu, your great kindness will never be forgotten."

"In this life, Li Deshang will never let down Master Mu."

Li Deshang said solemnly.

Between life and death, there is great fear, and also emotional excitement.

When moved as an introduction, such emotions immediately stirred the uncooled hot blood of this official.

That was the scholarly spirit he had accumulated while burning the midnight oil studying diligently.

That was his yearning when listening to tales of chivalrous heroes from his uncle.

He wanted to be like those chivalrous heroes.

Or rather...

He wanted to give it a try.

With hands cupped, Li Deshang stared unblinkingly at Jason.

As for Jason?

"Alright."

A brief response.

Regarding what happened in Li Deshang's heart, Jason was not curious at all; he was already used to people around him occasionally imagining things and then behaving strangely.

"That's great!"

"From now on, Master Mu, you and I are brothers."

"I, Li Deshang, will never let you down."

Li Deshang smiled.

And at this moment, the carriage stopped.

"Sir, the city gate is just ahead."

The driver answered.

"Master Mu, how about we..."

Li Deshang instinctively wanted to discuss with Jason, find a reliable method, otherwise, having just become brothers, sending his brother to charge into battle was truly unsettling.

But before Li Deshang could finish speaking, Jason had already jumped off the carriage.

In the darkness, the city gate was tightly closed, with not a bit of additional noise.

There was only the sound of patrolling soldiers.

If there's nothing wrong with the city gate...

Jason pondered, then turned to look towards the dock.

In the pitch black, the dock was illuminated by many lanterns, which were the lights from berthed ships, and the lamps on the pontoon bridge.

At this moment, these lights were incredibly conspicuous.

The night wind blew.

Amidst the sound of the wind were faint shouts and cries of battle.

Without any hesitation, Jason headed straight towards the dock.

"Master Mu! Master Mu!"

After getting off the carriage, Li Deshang saw Jason's silhouette heading to the dock, and he repeatedly called out, only to receive Jason's hand wave without turning back, immediately causing this middle-aged man still lingering in second youth to be moved to tears.

"Be careful!"

"Master Mu, you must be careful!"

Li Deshang shouted.

The officer by the city gate hurried over.

"Sir?"

Although the soldiers just transferred had returned, this officer was still unclear about what had happened.

"Everyone get up, hold your posts, do not leave your duty."

"Also, have the firearm camp all on the walls."

"No!"

"Half of them come down, the rest follow me."

"Hurry!"

Li Deshang urged as he spoke.

A moment later, Li Deshang's carriage turned its front, heading straight for the dock.

Behind the carriage was a fifty-man team, each holding slender fire lances that under the moonlight gleamed with an unusual cold glow.

Chapter 1232: The Dock

At the entrance of the dock.

In front of the pier, cries of battle erupted all around.

Jia Youcai was crouched tightly behind a pile of burlap sacks, not daring to even show his head.

This middle-aged arrest officer leaned his back hard against the sacks, as if wishing he could crawl inside them, while his hands clutched a knife that wouldn't stop trembling.

Cold sweat dripped down his face like falling rain.

What's going on?

How did I suddenly encounter 'flying bandits' at the dock?

That's right!

'Flying bandits'!

Just moments ago, when Jia Youcai and a group of arrest officers had arrived at the dock with squad members, before he could even react, a 'flying bandit' wielding a Horse-Cleaving Saber jumped out from the shadows of the night.

Without a word, he swung his saber in an instant.

In a flash, the two foremost arrest officers were cut down.

Jia Youcai was also at the front, but he was lucky – he instinctively ducked to the ground upon hearing the sound of the saber slicing through the air.

Having narrowly escaped, Jia Youcai had no time for further action; burning hot blood drenched him, leaving his mind blank as he crawled behind this pile of sacks purely on instinct.

However, as time passed, Jia Youcai knew he couldn't continue hiding.

Listening to the noises, he realized that almost all the arrest officers who came with him were dead.

If no one came out to take charge at this moment, the squad might just scatter in chaos.

At that point, he would be held accountable afterward.

He would certainly be skinned alive.

With the methods of the high official, he would definitely be seen as the cause of this mission's failure.

Perhaps the deaths of his colleagues would all be blamed on him.

None of that mattered.

For Jia Youcai, it's not the first time he's been gossiped about.

He's long gotten used to it.

But...

He still has his mother!

Thinking of his dead colleagues haunting his mother to claim vengeance, and the neighbors pointing fingers at her, Jia Youcai gritted his teeth.

Knowing his mother's personality, faced with such matters, she surely wouldn't survive it.

Then what was the point of his cowardly survival now?

He might as well fight for a way out for his mother.

With this in mind, Jia Youcai took a deep breath.

The next moment, he peeked his head out to look outside—

The 'flying bandit' was wielding the Horse-Cleaving Saber, with no particular technique, just slashing left and right, yet those simple moves kept the surrounding squad members from daring to approach.

Because those who charged forward were all split in half.

Beneath the enemy's feet lay corpses everywhere.

Both ordinary squad members, patrols, and arrest officers.

The morale of the squad and patrols was clearly plummeting; soon they would be in full retreat.

"Archers!"

Jia Youcai, observing from beside the sacks, didn't wait and shouted loudly.

The shout attracted the attention of the 'flying bandit' instantly.

The distinct arrest officer uniform drew the enemy's gaze immediately.

"Hey, there's another one!"

"Didn't run away?"

"Pretty brave!"

The 'flying bandit', holding the Horse-Cleaving Saber, looked at Jia Youcai with a sinister smile.

With that, he charged straight at Jia Youcai.

But Jia Youcai didn't run, he didn't even move.

It wasn't that he didn't want to run, but when the 'flying bandit' with the Horse-Cleaving Saber charged at him, his legs were shaking so much that he could only grab the sack to keep from falling.

As the 'flying bandit' drew closer, a few past 'combat' memories flashed through Jia Youcai's mind.

It was when he was young and had a conflict with a group from the next alley, outnumbered and cornered in the alley, about to be beaten, when a brick appeared at his feet, and without thinking, he picked it up and threw it.

It happened to hit the head of the opposing leader.

The leader fell backward immediately.

The menacing foes scattered like birds and beasts in an instant.

He became famous overnight for his 'bravery', and afterward, was recruited into the yamen.

The memories flashed by in his mind.

He looked ahead.

How similar is this pier to that alley from before?

Bricks?

Though there's no brick at hand now, there's... a knife!

Woosh!

Acting on his thoughts, Jia Youcai threw the knife in his hand.

The saber spun mid-air, flying toward the 'flying bandit' with great strength.

But, it was knocked away by the 'flying bandit' with the Horse-Cleaving Saber.

As the first attempt failed, Jia Youcai panicked a bit and could only shout out loudly.

"Throw, throw it to me!"

"Where are the archers?"

"Shoot for me!"

Jia Youcai's voice quivered but was loud enough to spread far into the night; more importantly, at that moment, Jia Youcai stood there unmoving, like a stabilizing force.

The panicked squad paused immediately.

Many instinctively threw their weapons at the 'flying bandit' wielding the Horse-Cleaving Saber.

Woosh, woosh, woosh!

Dozens of knives, like short spears, enclosed the 'flying bandit' wielding the Horse-Cleaving Saber.

Many even missed the mark and flew toward Jia Youcai.

Fortunately, the tall sandbags before Jia Youcai served as 'defensive fortifications'.

Thud, thud, thud!

The blades of the knives stuck into the sandbags.

They also cut into flesh.

Not deeply.

But, blood was spurting.

It made the 'flying bandit' grimace in pain.

This revitalized the patrol and squad members, who had been stunned encountering this 'flying bandit'; he seemed like a legendary invincible warrior, guarding the pier alone, unyielding.

Chapter 1233: Dock (2)

It seemed to know no fatigue, feel no pain, and fear no death.

But now looking at it, it was completely the opposite.

Immediately, the morale of the patrol officers and soldiers soared.

The encirclement that was supposed to be faltering suddenly became firm.

That's how ordinary battles are.

When morale is down, one can fight against ten people.

But once morale rises, winning with fewer against more is not difficult.

"Where's the fishing net?"

"Where's the lasso?"

"What's wrong with the archers?"

Shouts echoed one after another, and the patrol officers who came from the yamen finally remembered they had tools specifically for capturing 'flying thieves' on them.

Immediately, nets were thrown out.

Most of them were off target.

But, a few hit their mark.

"Hold on tight, brothers!"

"Take him down!"

Jia Youcai shouted while climbing on a sack, picking up a simple saber inserted in the sack by someone unknown, mimicking the pose of the former Eastern City's Chief Arrest Officer, and waving it high.

He didn't know if it would work.

Just felt that the Eastern City's Chief Arrest Officer looked cool at the time.

Unconsciously imitating, the effect was surprisingly good.

A few patrol officers and soldiers grabbed the fishing nets and pulled back, more officers and soldiers joined in.

More importantly, the archers among those soldiers finally regained their senses.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Thud thud thud!

A dozen arrows fell, although some were knocked down by the Horse-Cleaving Saber, a few landed squarely on the 'flying thief'.

"Well done!"

"Brothers, tighten the nets, don't let him swing the saber!"

"Archers, shoot him again!"

Jia Youcai saw this scene from behind the sack and was overjoyed.

He seemed to see this 'flying thief' looking like a pincushion.

Also, he saw himself achieving great merit.

Did I hit the jackpot again?!

Jia Youcai couldn't help but think.

But then, disaster struck—

Rip!

The nets were cut apart.

The sharp Horse-Cleaving Saber slashed out from the nets, the massive blade edge slashed and tore several nets.

The patrol officers and soldiers pulling the ropes stumbled directly to the ground, dragging their comrades with bows and arrows down with them.

A scene of chaos unfolded.

Holding the Horse-Cleaving Saber, the 'flying thief' ignored these targets that could be easily killed, turned his head, eyes full of rage and murderous intent, like an enraged tiger, rushed towards Jia Youcai.

It's over!

Looking at the fierce face of the opponent, Jia Youcai's heart sank.

Woo!

The saber's edge, bringing a chilling sound, swept straight across.

Jia Youcai felt his breathing stop.

Pressure surged towards him.

More was the fear in his heart.

But then, Jia Youcai gritted his teeth.

'Wasn't I just planning to die?'

'Now it's even better!'

'With so many watching, as long as Li Deshang doesn't want people to feel cold, he will surely give my mother some support!'

'That's enough!'

'Mother, your son is unfilial! Can't personally care for you until the end!'

Thinking this, Jia Youcai's eyes turned red.

Then—

"Kill!"

Jia Youcai advanced instead of retreating, the simple saber he held slashing out straight.

Clang!

In the clash of metals, Jia Youcai's saber flew out directly, feeling the immense force spreading from his hand, the middle-aged arrest officer closed his eyes waiting for death.

The anticipated pain didn't come.

Jia Youcai cautiously opened his eyes.

A tall, burly figure appeared in front of him, the massive saber edge was in the person's hand.

"Mu sir!"

Jia Youcai exclaimed with joy.

Then immediately shouted: "Mu sir, be careful!"

The 'flying thief' holding the Horse-Cleaving Saber abandoned the saber, spreading his arms, like a bear in the deep mountains, lunged at Jason.

"I'll strangle you! Die!"

The 'flying thief' shouted.

Almost the same height as Jason, but even more stout, the figure with such shouting actually showed a slight swell.

Instantly, the opponent became even taller and burlier.

But then, the forward charging figure suddenly halted.

Not stopping completely, but Jason's hands were placed on the opponent's wrists, then his left hand up, right hand down, using a pushing motion, pushed the opponent's arms aside.

Immediately after, Jason's whole body shifted aside, with his shoulder as the pivot, forcefully thrusting forward.

Bang!

A dull thud accompanied by a string of bone-cracking sounds, the burly 'flying thief' flew out.

"Mu sir, amazing!"

"Is this the Mu Family's secret technique in their boxing?"

Jia Youcai came up directly, licking his face, showing a flattering look.

It's hard to imagine, just now this middle-aged arrest officer looked ready to sacrifice himself.

Even Jason couldn't help but glance.

However, Jia Youcai's face was flattering.

Absolutely none of the previous momentum.

After a pause, Jason shook his head.

"No."

Jason replied.

This appeared in his mind automatically after reaching the master level in [Barehanded Combat].

Actually, not only at the master level, every time [Barehanded Combat] upgrades, many techniques appear, like they are imprinted in his instincts through countless trials.

However, most of the time, Jason prefers not to use them.

Because, he prefers combat methods that involve stealth and concealment followed by a swift decapitation.

For such head-on confrontations?

It's not that they don't exist.

But the opponents he faces are huge creatures, measuring tens of meters, hundreds of meters, even thousands of meters, or as large as a city, such techniques are useless.

Encounters like this are rare for Jason.

Chapter 1234: Dock (3)

"This kind of deadly move, could it really be?"

"Mu, you're really impressive."

"That's the one!"

Jia Youcai gave a thumbs up as he spoke.

However, before this middle-aged arrest officer could raise his thumb,

Jason had already vanished from sight.

Jia Youcai was taken aback.

Then he quickly realized.

They hadn't reached the dock yet and were stopped at the jetty by one of the 'fly thief' gang.

What does this indicate?

It indicates a major upheaval within the dock.

So much so that this group had to resort to pretending to be 'fly thieves' as a strategy.

The goal was to lure away the guards on the dock, leaving its defenses thin.

Realizing this, Jia Youcai dared not delay and shouted loudly—

"Quickly cross the jetty!"

"Enter the dock!"

"Be careful, everyone!"

"Yes, Chief Jia!"

The guards and patrolmen responded one by one.

Although Jia Youcai wasn't usually impressive, the recent scene had indeed earned their respect, and now they addressed him as 'Chief Jia' with a touch of reverence.

Meanwhile, Jia Youcai hesitated.

Should I go in with them?

If I don't go in, I'll surely be seen as a deserter.

But if I go in, it will certainly be more dangerous than outside.

It's a do-or-die situation!

This job is truly perilous!

If I survive this, I'll definitely resign and take good care of my mother at home!

Thinking of this, Jia Youcai moved his feet and stepped onto the jetty.

...

Inside the dock, groups of people dressed in black were split into two teams.

One group was escorting some bound women forward.

The other group, paired in twos, was carrying crates forward.

"Faster! Faster!"

"Everyone move quickly!"

A man who looked like a steward shouted loudly, his whip in hand constantly striking at the women who walked too slowly.

Of course, he didn't actually hit them; these were valuable cargo, and he didn't dare do so. He only whipped the ground to scare them, as usual.

But this time was different.

One of the girls, dressed in a student uniform, seemed frightened and fell to the ground.

The one next to her also seemed startled and began to cry.

These people were all tied together in a line, so when two of them stopped, everyone stopped.

"Get up!"

"Keep moving!"

Yelling rang in their ears, but Li Yuanyuan and Zhao Shuhua remained unmoved.

They heard the shouts of battle in the distance.

The two knew this was their final chance.

If they obediently boarded the ship, hell awaited them. Only by buying time for the soldiers to arrive could they be saved, so they almost acted simultaneously.

The steward's threats were ineffective.

He didn't dare to hit them, so he went to consult the head man.

A man with a vicious face and fierce eyes.

"Second Master?"

The steward bent in consultation.

"Old Wang, who relies on his Innate Divine Strength, never suffered much hard work, and hasn't even trained enough to develop 'muscle mastery.' If he can hold on for this long, it's those useless soldiers' problem; the commander fears death. Now someone stands up, but Old Wang can't last much longer."

The man spoke sinisterly.

"Yes, that's what Second Master says."

"So?"

The steward obediently replied before speaking up again.

"Kill them."

"They're just unexpected spoils anyway."

"Might as well discard them."

The man called Second Master said this as he walked towards the two school girls.

"You've got guts and some smarts, truly fitting of someone schooled."

"But... you two are out of luck."

The man spoke as he raised his palm, looking at the two pale-faced students, speaking slowly from above: "In honor of your courage, I'll let you die understanding! Remember..."

"The man who killed you is Chen Yin."

Chapter 1235: Chaotic Night!

Under the gaze of Li Yuanyuan and Zhao Shuhua, the sinister-faced man in front of them raised his hand slowly with a cruel, mocking demeanor, causing the two girls to instantly turn pale.

They could feel that this man wasn't trying to scare them.

He genuinely intended to kill them.

Suddenly, an inexplicable pressure weighed upon the two of them.

The sensation made them feel suffocated.

Li Yuanyuan and Zhao Shuhua never imagined that a trip away from family would lead to such an incident.

They had only heard there was a cinema on Martial Arts Street and, out of curiosity, went there to explore.

After getting tired from wandering, they heard from a rickshaw puller that there was a teahouse nearby with delicious snacks.

With no particular place in mind, they took the rickshaw to the teahouse the driver recommended, to drink tea and eat snacks.

And then?

Then, after eating just two pieces of snacks and drinking a bowl of tea, they completely passed out.

Upon waking, they found themselves tied up in a line-up.

Even without inquiring into the details, the two weren't foolish; they immediately guessed what had happened.

But...

Mountain City is a real county seat.

It's not some wild backwater place.

Even if it can't compare to Zhoufu, it shouldn't be this chaotic!

At this moment, the repeated warnings from their parents and siblings came to their mind.

Regret!

Regret echoed in their hearts!

The two girls held each other, filled with remorse.

They shouldn't have been so headstrong.

But now?

It's too late.

How great would it be if someone could save us?

In the moment before death, the two girls prayed earnestly in their hearts.

The sound next to their ears was the slicing noise of a palm about to fall.

Whoosh!

Chen Yin watched as the two girls sobbed quietly, tears streaked across their faces, and without any hesitation, raised his hand, preparing to kill them.

It wasn't his first time killing.

After mastering martial arts, he committed his first murder.

To build courage.

Subsequent killings?

Were to prevent himself from growing rusty.

However, there weren't many opportunities to kill girls from wealthy families.

If circumstances permitted, he would have savored the moment.

Unfortunately!

After tonight, he had to leave Mountain City.

The cover was blown, staying meant courting death.

As for the Chen Residence?

Let it be carried away by the wind.

After all, he didn't want to see that useless younger brother and lunatic elder brother ever again.

With this cargo, he could establish himself anywhere he went.

With that thought, Chen Yin's palm became fiercer, faster.

At the same time, his palm expanded, overshadowing the tops of the heads of the two girls clutched together.

But just as it was about to fall upon them, Chen Yin's hand hesitated, as he glanced behind him.

At some point, a tall and muscular figure had appeared there.

Chen Yin sneered.

He recognized Mu Bai.

Decent skills, considered a martial artist who completed 'Tendon and Muscle Refinement', but still not at 'Bone Tempering'.

Moreover, the techniques were crude.

For someone like him who had long completed 'Bone Tempering', he could kill the opponent in one move.

Appearing here now, it must be Li Deshang who hired help.

But truly useless Li Deshang, to only bring someone of this caliber.

He thought the Northern Li Family would intervene.

Now it seems that Li Deshang was just bluffing all along.

'Should I also go back and take care of Li Deshang while at it?'

Chen Yin pondered wildly.

Once exposed, Chen Yin had no scruples left.

What remained, was madness.

Or perhaps... a yearning for freedom.

He always thought he was wasted in Mountain City, and only a broader world was his true stage and destiny.

Therefore, despite tonight's deal being discovered, Chen Yin didn't panic in the slightest.

In fact, there was a hint of joy.

Because he believed it was his destiny.

"Let me use you as a sacrifice for my departure!"

With his halted hand, Chen Yin swung it back, attacking while contemplating where to head next.

Should I take those unexpected goods along?

At this point, it wouldn't matter anyway.

On the journey, they could provide some amusement, perhaps even some unexpected gains.

Facing the long-anticipated fate, Chen Yin, a 'Bone Tempering' martial artist, couldn't help but have his thoughts run wild, becoming indecisive.

Martial artists in combat must not become distracted.

This was something his teacher had once told him.

And gave him the most direct example.

It was by exploiting a moment of distraction that he managed to kill his own teacher—a clueless old idiot who dared obstruct his business. Dead meant dead, not leaving anything behind but being dog food.

Recalling the horrified face of his teacher, he couldn't help but grin.

It was truly satisfying.

And now?

He was about to see a similar expression again.

'Tendon and Muscle' versus 'Bone Tempering'.

The former is doomed.

Unless the techniques are intricate, survival is unlikely.

But, Chen Yin had seen Mu Bai in action.

His Tiger-shape Fist, though somewhat imposing, was rudimentary.

Thus, Chen Yin was full of contempt.

He believed that even if Jason were clad in iron armor, he wouldn't escape death.

After all, his 'Mountain Shaking Fist Energy' feared no such defenses.

Specifically targeting iron armor and leather armor.

Even when faced with Horizontal Training, it would still prevail.

Whoosh!

With a swoosh that was even more stifling than before, accompanied by Chen Yin's sinister laughter.

But then, his laughter was abruptly cut off.

And with it, the whistling of the palm force.

Chen Yin's sneer froze on his face as he blankly stared at his wrist, gripped by a large hand.

Chapter 1236: Chaotic Night! (2)

What's going on?

Chen Yin recalled the previous scene.

The opponent seemed to have figured out his palm technique, it was as if his hand was delivered right into the opponent's grasp.

And now, this force is something he, a 'Bone Tempering' martial artist, couldn't possess.

Mu Bai was hiding his true capabilities.

Moreover...

Innate Divine Strength!

With subordinates like Wang Lao Ba, Chen Yin had quite an understanding of people with 'Innate Divine Strength'. They are able to directly face martial artists as ordinary people, and if they practice martial arts, their skills would be beyond the reach of ordinary folks, not just within the same level but across levels.

Why does Wang Lao Ba receive such importance?

Isn't it precisely because of Innate Divine Strength?

Of course, it's also because Wang Lao Ba doesn't seek progress.

If Wang Lao Ba wanted to practice martial arts, he'd be the first to kill him.

He wouldn't allow anything beyond his control to happen.

Just like at this moment.

With his left wrist tightly grasped, Chen Yin sneered again.

"Even if you've hidden your strength, so what? Let me tell you..."

"The times have changed!"

With these words, Chen Yin shook his right hand, and a fire lance appeared in his hand.

This fire lance's style was very familiar to Jason.

It resembled the old-style short firearms in the 'hometown' museum, with an exposed hammer, wooden handle, and a large muzzle.

However, Chen Yin's short firearm was somewhat special.

The patterns were more exquisite.

They were outlined with melted silver.

Moreover, it had two muzzles.

Firearm of this era?

Jason thought, gripping Chen Yin's left wrist tightly and twisting it suddenly.

Crunch!

Bam!

In the sound of bones breaking, the gunshot rang out.

But it didn't hit Jason.

As Chen Yin pulled the trigger, Jason followed suit with a twist, causing Chen Yin's body to move involuntarily, making it impossible for the muzzle to stay aimed.

For Jason, who possessed the [Apprehension Master] skill, this was extremely simple.

Similarly, dislocating the opponent's arm was just as easy.

Crunch!

Crunch!

Another two crisp sounds, Chen Yin's left elbow and shoulder were dislocated, yet Chen Yin merely groaned and fiercely ignored the pain, once again aiming the short fire lance at Jason.

This close, he didn't believe Jason could dodge!

If he can't dodge, then he must die!

A gaze full of killing intent shot from Chen Yin's eyes.

Then, his vision blurred.

A sheet of gray-white powder covered his face.

A scalding pain directly spread.

Chen Yin felt as if his eyes were about to burn.

"Ah!"

Even someone as brutal as Chen Yin couldn't help but scream.

And it was his last sound.

Jason struck with a hand knife at the opponent's throat.

Crack!

Throat, tendons and bones snapped.

Then, Jason stomped on the opponent's chest.

In the sequence of bone cracking sounds, the opponent's internal organs were pierced through.

Chen Yin's eyes widened, and he instantly lost his breath.

Yi!

Jason waved his hand.

With a flash, Chen Yin's head rolled away.

The body died, the soul hadn't changed.

It was a true death.

After finishing everything, Jason turned to look around.

The people around were all dumbfounded.

They hadn't realized that their usually invincible boss was just killed like that.

The villains didn't react.

The captured people didn't either.

Heads lowered, like quails.

Only Li Yuanyuan and Zhao Shuhua looked slightly better, but even they hadn't clearly seen what happened.

However, they knew they were saved.

Moreover, they recognized the person who saved them.

The same martial artist they saw on Martial Arts Street in the afternoon.

"We're saved!"

The two began to sob quietly again.

It was fear before.

Now it was tears of joy.

Meanwhile, the villains quickly divided into three groups while looking at their boss's corpse.

One group ran toward the pier outside.

Another group ran toward the river.

There's another group of people—

"Kill!"

"Kill him to avenge the boss!"

Daggers and broadswords appeared in the hands of these people, charging directly at Jason.

However—

Bang bang bang!

A continuous burst of gunfire.

The thugs running towards the dock all fell twitching to the ground, without exception.

The thugs running towards the river ran even faster.

And the thugs loudly yelling for revenge, their faces changed.

"Surround them all, don't let a single one escape."

Jia Youcai shouted loudly.

"I am Li Deshang, one of the officials of Mountain City. I promise as long as the main culprit is caught, the rest who surrender will be spared from death."

Li Deshang's voice sounded shortly after.

Then, surrounded by fifty musketeers, Li Deshang entered the dock.

More archers followed behind, drawing bows and nocking arrows one by one.

Instantly, the thugs' actions became sluggish.

Especially after seeing a few companions about to escape to the river and evade via water being shot dead in a chaotic gunfire, the last bit of courage vanished, and they dropped their weapons, kneeling to beg for mercy.

This had nothing to do with Li Deshang anymore.

Upon entering the dock, Li Deshang immediately spotted Jason.

"Mu brother."

Li Deshang pushed through the people around him and jogged straight over, with an indescribable joy on his face.

He had just heard from Jia Youcai about what had happened.

It was his Mu brother who took down the flying thief wielding the Horse-Cleaving Saber, turning the tide.

And now it was his Mu brother who eliminated the main culprit.

Looking at the corpse at his feet, Li Deshang glanced once and could distinguish the corpse's difference by the clothing, not to mention that he had heard the thugs' slogans clearly.

Being able to get Mu brother's help, I am really lucky.

Li Deshang's smile grew even brighter.

His position shouldn't be lost this time.

Might even get promoted.

Of course, proper handling is necessary.

But that is for later.

Now?

After suppressing the bandits, naturally, an inventory is required.

For the kidnapped people, it's easiest, simply ask for names and addresses, leave it to Jia Youcai.

As for those boxes, they should be handled with more caution.

And that boat.

"Jia Youcai!"

Li Deshang began giving orders.

Jason bent down to check Chen Yin's body.

Hmm?

After examining Chen Yin's face closely, Jason couldn't help frowning.

Why does it look somewhat like Chen Tong?

Feeling puzzled inside, but Jason's hands didn't slow down, he quickly retrieved a leather pouch from Chen Yin's waist, discreetly placing it in his bosom.

Then, he quickly searched again.

Other than a dagger in the boot, there were no other findings.

"Oh?"

"Isn't this Chen Yin?"

After Jason finished all this, Li Deshang 'happened' to turn around while ordering Jia Youcai, who seemed to understand his master's orders, stepping forward to take action.

Everything was in tacit understanding.

However, when Jia Youcai saw the face of the corpse on the ground, he froze.

"Chen Yin?"

"Second of the Chen family?"

Li Deshang was also stunned.

Then, this Mountain City official's face changed, a fierce look appearing in his eyes.

Li Deshang had always thought it was outsiders committing the crime.

But he never expected it to be someone from Mountain City.

And from a big family!

He knew the Chen family; they had been in Mountain City for over a hundred years, considered a prominent local family.

Even when he took office, after they presented a visiting card, he had hosted them at a banquet.

He didn't expect that this whole series of events would be orchestrated by them.

What is the Chen family trying to do?

Rebellion?

Upon realizing this, Li Deshang didn't hesitate.

"Firearms battalion, archers, follow me."

"I want to take a good look at this Chen family."

After saying this, Li Deshang once again bowed his hand to Jason, speaking in a low voice: "Mu brother, the Chen family harbors ill intentions, possibly plotting rebellion. Please trouble Mu brother to accompany me."

As he spoke, Li Deshang gestured three to Jason.

Jason silently extended a palm.

Li Deshang's facial muscles twitched slightly.

But he eventually nodded.

"Alright."

Li Deshang replied.

And just as Li Deshang agreed, gunfire erupted from the city gate.

## Chapter 1237: Open Source!

A quarter of an hour after Li Deshang led a team of gunmen away from the city gate, several shadows appeared nearby.

They leaned against the shadows of the alleys, gazing up at the city walls.

"What's going on?"

"Why are there so many patrols now?"

"And guns too!"

A figure frowned, asking in a low voice.

Those beside him exchanged glances, clearly unsure of what had happened.

"Go and find out."

The person who spoke first said.

"Yes, Altar Master."

After nodding in response, several people quickly disappeared into the night.

The leader left behind watched the city gate of Mountain City with a flickering gaze.

He had prepared for a long time!

There must not be any mistakes!

This leader silently thought to himself.

Soon, several figures returned.

One of them, speaking very quickly and at a low volume, yet clearly, said, "Altar Master, a conflict broke out between the Golden Sand Gang and the authorities at the docks, alerting the soldiers."

"Golden Sand Gang?"

The leader was taken aback.

He knew about this human trafficking gang,

But had never interacted with them.

Initially, he thought they were just rats in the gutter.

Unexpectedly, they dared to challenge the authorities head-on.

If only he had known, he should have cooperated with them.

But, there's no medicine for regret.

It's too late to say anything now.

"The conflict between the Golden Sand Gang and the authorities is a good thing, though, as the soldiers at the city gate became alert, their numbers decreased, especially the firearms division, which lost more than half of its people."

"As long as we act quickly, taking the city gate, our sect members outside can charge in, and at that time, the sect members inside will respond."

"Holy Mother descends, Transmigration to Blissful Paradise!"

The leader lowly chanted.

"Holy Mother descends, Transmigration to Blissful Paradise!"

The remaining few chanted together.

With the chanting, everyone's breath became fervent.

They stared at the brightly lit city gate, their eyes glowing like hungry wolves.

Then, without any hesitation.

All except the Altar Master began stealthily approaching the city gate.

Each person's movements were agile and nimble.

Clearly, all were trained and quite skilled.

Meanwhile, the leader, known as the Altar Master, stood in the shadows watching.

Until—

"Who's there?"

A loud shout came from the city gate.

A few 'Transmigration Cult' followers, undeterred by the loud shout as they approached the city gate, only quickened their pace.

"Fire arrows!"

Swish swish swish!

With the order given, several 'Transmigration Cult' followers were immediately shot into hedgehogs.

However, these people did not die.

They were still alive.

Even, they were still moving.

"Holy Mother descends, Transmigration to Blissful Paradise!"

They kept chanting while constantly approaching the city gate.

The soldiers above and below the city gate were terrified.

Especially the soldiers below, holding long spears, though outnumbered the enemy by dozens of times, they kept retreating.

"Trans, Transmigration Cult."

The soldier said stammeringly.

They had also heard of this sect.

It was rumored to be very mystical, and now it seemed true.

"What are you afraid of?"

"A bunch of tricksters!"

A commanding officer sneered.

Just now, he had seen these 'Transmigration Cult' followers putting something in their mouths as the arrows fell.

Pills to dull the pain and fight tirelessly.

Though impressive now, once the effect wears off?

It would be worse than death!

He had seen such tricks among wanderers before, nothing surprising.

'A chance to make a name for myself!'

The commanding officer thought, immediately rushing up the city gate, shouting to the dazed soldiers.

"Fire arrows!"

"Keep firing!"

"Where are the gunners?"

"Open fire!"

On the city gate, the commanding officer's continuous shout startled the surrounding soldiers.

Arrows fell again.

Gunshots echoed repeatedly.

Bang bang bang!

After a swirl of smoke, several 'Transmigration Cult' followers below the city wall fell, unable to rise again.

The commanding officer sneered once more.

Even potent drugs have limits.

Once that limit is exceeded, none of them will escape death.

But why would these 'Transmigration Cult' followers come to the city gate in the dead of night?

The commanding officer was puzzled, solemnly staring at the bodies of the 'Transmigration Cult' followers below, then instinctively looking further into the city.

It was so dark, he couldn't see clearly.

'Only a few of them?'

'Or...?'

The commanding officer thought, suddenly seeming to realize something.

He turned and looked outside the city gate.

Outside the city gate was pitch-black and silent, devoid of any sound.

Unlike the usual atmosphere of chirping insects.

"Be wary..."

Boom!

The warning was abruptly cut off.

A basketball-sized fireball suddenly shot out of the darkness, hitting the commanding officer squarely.

Explosion sounds followed.

The commanding officer was blown into pieces.

"Heavenly Punishment!"

"The Holy Mother of Transmigration has rendered Heavenly Punishment!"

"The commanding officer is dead!"

"Blown to pieces!"

The voices initially came from the base of the city wall, quickly spreading, and within a few breaths, these voices echoed both above and below the city wall, turning the entire city gate area into chaos.

The Altar Master, who approached the city gate amid the confusion, carefully put away his magic wand, and seeing the city gate in complete disarray, a trace of pride flashed in his eyes.

Everything was as he had predicted.

As long as he displayed 'divine prowess.'

Then everything would fall into place.

Now?

Chapter 1238: Open Source! (2)

Of course, open the city gates.

With this thought, the cult leader swiftly approached the threshold.

Mountain City is a small city.

The moat outside the gate serves more as decoration than actual defense; even without lowering the drawbridge, a swimmer could make it across. The heavy city gates serve as the true defense.

Once the gates are opened, everything will be settled.

The cult leader thought and then placed his hands on the threshold, preparing to lift it down.

This wasn't difficult for him.

He trained in martial arts in his early years and had passed the 'muscle' stage.

While the threshold is as thick as an adult's waist and weighs over a thousand pounds, he only needs to lift a corner, not the entire thing.

He was confident he could do it.

Just as he exerted force with his arms, a huge hand suddenly pressed down on the threshold.

Behind him, the flames in the firepit crackled.

In the interplay of light and shadow, a massive silhouette enveloped the cult leader.

Instinctively, the cult leader looked up.

A burly man clad in armor was bowing his head to stare at him.

"You?"

Bam!

The cult leader was about to speak but was punched in the face.

He flew horizontally through the air.

Thud.

After a heavy landing, the cult leader spat out a mouthful of bloody teeth and reached to draw his magic wand.

This was bestowed upon him by a senior brother at the main cult when he became the cult leader.

It allowed him to control flames, with immense power.

Because of this magic wand, he completely abandoned martial arts.

No matter how high one's martial skills, could they resist flames?

After the blaze scorched, wouldn't it still be a charred corpse?

"Die!"

The cult leader shouted, drawing out the magic wand.

But before he could activate the wand, it was snatched by the armored man.

"Don't mess with my 'food'."

The man said coldly.

"Give it back!"

The cult leader was shocked and got up to seize it, but Jason kicked him in the waist.

He flew again.

Jason controlled his strength well.

The cult leader completely lost the ability to move and landed conveniently at the feet of Li Deshang.

"Hmm?"

"Chen Jin?!"

Under the torchlight, the surroundings were brightly lit, and Li Deshang clearly saw the true appearance of this Transmigration Cult leader, even though his face was swollen. Li Deshang instantly called out the leader's name.

Mountain City, the eldest member of the Chen family.

Upon confirmation, Li Deshang was enraged, his face turned pale.

The second member of the Chen family was trafficking people.

The eldest member organized a cult.

Surely, the third member was no good either.

All deserving of a thousand cuts.

"Jia Youcai."

"Lock him up under strict watch."

"I will thoroughly interrogate him later."

Li Deshang ordered, then turned to look at Jason.

Immediately, a genuine smile appeared on Li Deshang's face.

Even though it was unclear just moments ago, Li Deshang knew if not for Jason, the gates would have already been opened.

What would be the consequence of the gates opening?

The majority of civilians would probably be fine.

But him?

He was sure he wouldn't escape death.

And it would be a very miserable end.

Plus, the elderly and young in his estate would certainly be left none.

Thinking of this, Li Deshang became even more grateful to Jason.

Just earlier, he thought it was excessive for Jason to demand fifty percent after confiscating the Chen family.

But now, he saw it as completely justified.

It was worth the value.

Right!

The Chen family!

The damned Chen family!

Thinking of them, Li Deshang gritted his teeth. He wished he could raid the Chen family right away, but the anger didn't make Li Deshang lose his senses.

He knew what was most important now.

"Brother Mu, how about accompanying me to the city walls?"

Li Deshang asked with joined hands.

"Alright."

Jason did not refuse the invitation.

His fingers lightly touched the harvest just now.

It was surprising.

He didn't expect to find another source of food so quickly.

The aroma was only slightly less enticing than the Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder.

"In this cloned world, not only Secret Medicine exists, but also some mysterious items can become food!"

With such speculation, Jason was in a great mood.

Naturally, he didn't mind "contacting" forces possessing such "mysterious items."

On the city wall, looking down.

The water in the five-meter-wide moat flowed endlessly.

The drawbridge had long been raised high.

The fire basins on both sides, which should have been lit, somehow had been extinguished, plunging the gate below into complete darkness, and despite many torches on the city wall, the situation below remained unclear.

Li Deshang was no fool.

The scene earlier had already informed him of what was happening.

The Transmigration Cult intended to seize the city!

This was no small matter.

This was a rebellion!

"All archers, alert!"

Li Deshang ordered softly, then whispered even more quietly to the soldiers beside him, "Every five meters, throw torches down."

Whoosh, whoosh!

Lit torches dropped straight down the city walls, flames rubbing against the air and making bursts of sound.

Likewise, they dispelled the darkness.

People!

A total of over a hundred people were crouching in the moat.

"Fire!"

Li Deshang commanded loudly.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Arrows rained down, causing people in the moat to fall one after another, and the crimson color quickly spread, with bodies floating above.

"You corrupt official!"

"The Holy Mother of Transmigration will unleash Heavenly Punishment on you!"

The voice came from across the moat.

Along with it came three fireballs.

Very sudden, with no warning at all.

Moreover, different from Chen Jin's fireball.

These three fireballs were larger.

The color was brighter.

The power, naturally, was greater!

When the three fireballs landed on the city wall, the strong wall seemed to be bombarded by cannon fire, stone chips flying everywhere, shadows scattering.

Boom, boom, boom!

The three explosive sounds blasted nearby, Li Deshang, who was pushed to the ground by Jason, had not reacted at all, filled with ringing in his ears, then came back to his senses surrounded by scorched archers.

Yet Jason, who saved his life, was already gone.

Shaking his dizzy head, Li Deshang climbed up.

Immediately, he saw several torn bodies.

They were directly hit by the fireball.

Undoubtedly, no one could save them.

Heh!

Li Deshang gasped in cold air.

He also knew about the Transmigration Cult, but previously, he thought it was just like some other sects, deceiving the villagers and taking some money in the process.

But looking at it now, it's clearly not the case.

Not only were they seizing the city.

There were also some evil methods involved.

Immediately, Li Deshang became extremely worried.

However, his response was not slow.

"Transport the injured down, this officer will have them treated to the best ability, those who have died will receive double compensation, if they have parents or wives and children at home, this officer will give their parents a proper old age and take care of their wives and children."

Li Deshang shouted out loud.

The result was immediate.

The chaotic soldiers around quickly calmed down.

"Now, pick up your weapons, don't let the bandits into the city!"

Li Deshang seized the moment to speak.

When the archers and musketeers began attacking again, Li Deshang stealthily leaned against the parapet and looked out.

He searched for Jason.

Although Jason hadn't said where he was going, Li Deshang believed this brother must have left the city.

There was no reason, just a gut feeling.

In fact, it was true.

Moat, opposite side.

Five people riding warhorses stood there.

Three in front, two behind.

"Senior brother, Mountain City has defenses now, we can't take it."

The person on the left of the front row said.

"Chen Jin really messed things up."

The one on the right was more direct, blaming first.

Such words acquired unanimous recognition from the five.

The man called senior brother nodded repeatedly.

"Chen Jin ruined our major affairs."

"Now that things can't be done, let's leave first."

Saying so, he turned his horse around to leave.

But behind them, a tall and robust figure stood at some point, with a strange but bone-chilling gaze sweeping over them.

Jason grinned, showing sharp teeth—

"Who permitted you to take away my 'food'?"

Chapter 1239: Turmoil!

Across the moat, in the shadows.

The five members of the 'Transmigration Cult' were all startled at the sudden appearance of Jason.

They hadn't expected anyone to show up behind them.

However, the 'Transmigration Cult' disciple referred to as senior brother immediately waved his hand, and the two disciples who were previously at the back and now at the front charged at Jason on horseback.

Having accompanied the senior brother on this 'city capturing' mission, these two were certainly not ordinary disciples.

With bulging muscles and steady breaths, even at night, their eyes gleamed brightly.

Martial Artists!

Both of them were martial artists who had completed 'Muscle'.

Moreover, they had considerable horseback skills.

At this moment, as they spurred their horses into a charge, the long spears in their hands pointed diagonally to the ground, the red speartips of Sakurako a dark crimson in the night, dancing with the wind. But in the next moment, the spread tips suddenly tightened—

Whoosh!

The long spears lifted.

The gale howled.

Even though it was a charge by two, there was an auditory illusion of a war formation's roar.

Especially when the two completed the action simultaneously, the roar was even louder.

And!

They blocked Jason's retreat.

Whether Jason dodged left or right, the sharp spear blades would pierce him.

As for retreating?

A direct back thrust from the spears would mean even quicker death.

So, Jason chose to charge forward.

Seeing this, the 'Transmigration Cult' disciple referred to as senior brother immediately laughed.

Wherever he went, he brought along these two silent followers, not only because of their outstanding strength but also because of their proficiency in combined attack techniques.

It's just like now.

The left, right, and back were blocked, seemingly leaving only the forward path.

In truth, moving forward was also a 'trap'.

A trap that wasn't a trap.

A cavalry charge, while the spear is sharp.

But it pales compared to the impact of a warhorse.

If hit by the warhorse, an ordinary person would have their internal organs shattered and die instantly, and even martial artists who mastered 'Muscle' wouldn't escape broken bones and tendons.

Even though the martial artist in front wore iron armor, being hit by the warhorse would definitely severely injure him.

Thud, thud, thud!

In the midst of dense hoofbeats, the already swift warhorses suddenly accelerated again.

Every Knight was familiar with their warhorse.

They knew the horsepower of their warhorses.

And knew how to accumulate that power.

Then, to unleash it at the critical moment.

The two spear-wielding Knights let out a sinister laugh in unison.

"Die!"

The chest of the warhorses was aimed directly at the oncoming Jason.

The long spears in their hands were lifted high again, spear tips pointed downward, aiming at Jason like venomous snakes ready to strike at any moment.

The warhorses would collide, followed by the spears thrusting forward.

The two Knights already envisioned the familiar scene.

After all, having cooperated since childhood, nothing was unfamiliar to them.

But in the next moment, they were shocked beyond measure.

It wasn't that the warhorses hadn't hit Jason.

The warhorses indeed collided with Jason.

Boom!

This muffled sound was far more intense than before, and the sound of bones breaking was incredibly clear.

But!

It wasn't Jason's bones that broke.

Instead, it was... the warhorses!

Neigh!

The two warhorses, cultivated with the Knights over many years with almost telepathic connections, let out a tragic scream, and the Knights hadn't the time to check on the horses, much less thrust their spears, when their bodies all simultaneously reeled backward.

Because the warhorses had been lifted.

Thud, thud.

The warhorses fell, Knights fell.

Three 'Transmigration Cult' disciples behind witnessed this scene in horror.

They could make out the tall and burly figure approaching.

Naturally, such a person's strength was immense, which was undeniable.

But overturning two warhorses, still charging, bearing Knights, was beyond what they could accept, surpassing their imagination.

"Innate Divine Strength?!"

The 'Transmigration Cult' disciple called senior brother exclaimed in shock.

In the shadows, his face started to twitch.

He knew of the legends of so-called 'Innate Divine Strength', these were an extremely special, rare group of beings, born different, able to easily defeat martial artists who had mastered 'Muscle', or even 'Bone Tempering', without having learned martial arts.

And if they mastered the martial arts secret techniques, they would completely become weapons capable of crushing those at the same level, overstepping levels in challenges, and become a dominant force on the battlefield.

Such people, charging and breaking through battle lines, clad in dual armor, wielding hammer and mace, were utterly unstoppable on the battlefield.

He had once heard elders at the main altar describe such individuals, carrying immense admiration.

He wished to become such a person.

But he absolutely did not wish to encounter such a person.

He knew how troublesome it was to face such a person.

"Kill him!"

The 'Transmigration Cult' disciple referred to as senior brother shouted.

The two disciples beside him immediately drew out their magic wands together with this senior brother.

But just as the three were about to chant spells—

Boom, boom boom!

The sound of war drums.

On the battlefield, the war drums sounded abruptly as the charge commenced.

A Blood Fiend Aura inexplicably enveloped the surroundings.

The three's bodies instantly stiffened.

By the time they regained movement, Jason had already rushed forward.

Moreover, the three confirmed that the war drum sound and the Blood Fiend Aura emanated from the man in front of them.

Immediately, an uncontrollable fear rose in their hearts.

"How many has he killed?"

The three thought simultaneously.

They had seen ruthless figures before.

At least, until just now, they believed the presence that slaughtered hundreds was a ruthless figure.

But when facing Jason, they suddenly realized that so-called ruthless figure was a joke, akin to a toddler learning to babble.

Chapter 1240: Waves! (2)

How did we run into such a ruthless adversary?

Despair rose in the hearts of the three.

Bang, bang bang!

In the successive sounds of impact, the three fell from their horses and couldn't get up.

Two of the cultists were crushed by the warhorses, coughing up blood incessantly. The one referred to as Senior Brother tried to resist, but as he raised his magic wand, Jason directly snapped his neck.

Crack.

With a crisp sound, Senior Brother's neck tilted instantly.

However, it was not death.

"The Holy Mother descends, transcend to bliss!"

"The Holy Mother descends, transcend to bliss!"

"The Holy Mother descends, transcend to bliss!"

The cultist referred to as Senior Brother murmured continuously.

The two cultists crushed by the warhorses did the same.

The previous two Knights were the same.

The five people recited endlessly, their voices buzzing, as if echoing.

The already deep night grew even darker.

An inexplicable aura appeared on the cultist referred to as Senior Brother. He creaked as he raised what should have been a snapped neck, his eyes gleaming with an unusual ghastly green light.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

Shouting kill repeatedly, the two Knights and two cultists ignored their own injuries and gathered around Senior Brother. The five stared at Jason with ghastly green eyes, shouting incessantly.

The strange aura grew thicker.

The animals that had long fled from the battle started running away in panic again.

As if an enemy appeared behind them.

Some animals, overly frightened, even began to kill each other.

Animals from far away were terrified.

Yet Jason, nearby, felt a gentle breeze on his face.

He could sense the strange aura, but for someone like him who had once 'gazed' at certain mysterious beings, this aura was truly not worth noting.

Moreover, Jason was more concerned about something else.

Almost instinctively, he twitched his nose, sniffing carefully.

Then, disappointment appeared on Jason's face.

Next, he raised his hand and waved.

Yi!

"Kill...uh!"

A silver slash flashed and vanished.

The five fell to the ground simultaneously, without a trace of life.

The strange aura immediately dissipated completely, leaving only a faint scent of blood lingering in the air.

"Some kind of secret technique?"

Jason thought silently.

The 'Transmigration Cult' being able to develop to such a 'city siege' level naturally must have some secret techniques. Just like the previous 'Fireball Spell Staff', this kind of secret technique that ignores pain and affects others' spirits must be one of them.

Thinking about it, Jason began to clean up the battlefield.

Looting is a must.

Three 'Fireball Spell Staffs' acquired.

Besides that, there were medications.

Not 'Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder' kind of secret medicine, likely just ordinary healing medicine.

It is worth mentioning that Jason found a Gold Note on the person referred to as Senior Brother.

The Gold Note read: Tianhetongbao.

Below was a number: one thousand whole.

Without hesitation, Jason tucked it into his pocket.

Then carefully checked again and confirmed there was nothing else of interest before standing up to look towards Mountain City.

Inside the Moat below the city, bodies were densely packed.

The sound of arrows and muskets on the city wall was sparse.

The battle had reached its final stage.

Unable to enter Mountain City, having to fight outside the walls was foreordained from the start.

Perhaps with some secret techniques, there would have been a chance to turn the tables.

But once the three who mastered the secret techniques were taken out by Jason, everything was already destined.

Li Deshang clearly knew this.

When this chief official of Mountain City saw Jason again, he bowed deeply.

"Brother Mu, great gratitude unspoken."

"I will certainly fulfill what I promised."

This chief official of Mountain City promised.

"Mm."

Jason nodded and was about to take off the iron armor that had been damaged by numerous battles.

"Quick, bring a tent to surround Brother Mu, mustn't get caught in the Disarming Breeze."

Li Deshang kept directing continuously.

Jia Youcai quickly appeared carrying the tent.

Moments later, a tent appeared across the moat.

Li Deshang personally helped Jason remove his armor.

Jia Youcai stood beside them with a bowl of ginseng soup — this came from Li Deshang's government office; every night before sleeping, Li Deshang would drink ginseng soup to sleep.

"This armor is damaged. I'll have it repaired by a craftsman later and send it over to Brother Mu."

Taking the armor, Li Deshang draped a thick cloak over Jason's shoulders and then handed over the ginseng soup.

Jason did not refuse the food.

"This ginseng soup is my daily must-have, perfect now to replenish your energy, Brother Mu."

"Since birth, I have been afflicted, if not for my family's wealth, I would have died young."

"Luckily, I've had good fortune."

"I met a loving and caring old father, and when I was about to face a great misfortune in middle age, I met you, Brother Mu."

Li Deshang expressed his complex feelings.

His expression was very sincere.

Moreover, his attitude when speaking with Jason turned casual, as if chatting with family.

Jia Youcai stood aside with his head lowered.

Jason didn't pay much attention, lifted the ginseng soup, and drank it in one go.

Seeing Jason drink it all at once, Li Deshang's smile instantly grew.

At the Northern Li Family, he had seen many people of similar demeanor.

Always silent yet carefree in manner.

A sense of closeness began to emerge.

"Jia Youcai, go back to the residence and bring all the ginseng soup."

After speaking, Li Deshang turned to Jason and said softly, "Brother Mu enjoys it, I'll have the residence send over some ginseng for you. It's not any rare ginseng, just ordinary stuff. Brother Mu, don't mind."

Food being sent?

Jason's expression instantly shifted from calm to joyful.

He slightly curled the corner of his mouth.

"Thank you, Master Li."

"What, Master Li?"

"Brother Mu, if you don't mind, call me 'Big Brother Li,' and if it feels awkward, just call me 'Gousheng' — that's my given name, which my father gave hoping I'd live longer, originally 'Dogsheng,' and eventually changed to the more dignified 'Gousheng' as I grew up."

Li Deshang deliberately put on a serious face as he spoke, then quietly talked about his name.

"Gousheng?"

"A good name!"

"With such a name, Big Brother Li, you will surely live a long life."

Jason sincerely said.

"I'll take Brother Mu's auspicious words."

Li Deshang smiled, clasping his hands, and then, as one of the officials in charge of Mountain City, he lowered his voice and asked, "Brother Mu, when do you think we should start searching the Chen Residence? I've already surrounded it with people."

As he spoke, Li Deshang rubbed his thumb back and forth over his middle and index fingers.

"Now."

"I'm really curious about this Chen Residence."

Jason replied.

It was not an excuse; Jason was genuinely curious.

What exactly was happening at the Chen Residence to have raised three brothers like Chen Jin, Chen Yin, and Chen Tong?

The eldest, a cult leader.

The second, a human trafficker.

The third considered the most 'innocently naïve,' yet involved in plotting murder.

"Don't just talk about you, Brother Mu, I'm very curious as well."

Li Deshang expressed as his demeanor darkened.

He had been in Mountain City for several years, considering himself diligent enough, managing the city well and orderly, never reaching the level of leaving doors open at night but with relative peace.

Yet, it turned out such things existed.

A seemingly decent Chen Residence turned out with such matters.

Might there be other 'Chen Residences'?

Or perhaps...

Tonight's matter is solely about the Chen Residence?

Li Deshang's eyes took on a cold gleam.

Evidently, Li Deshang had a plan.

As an official, perhaps physically frail, but with decision-making far beyond the ordinary.

No walking.

Arranging everything, Jason, Li Deshang rode a carriage to the Chen Residence.

Driving the carriage was Jia Youcai.

Following behind were a dozen soldiers, patrolmen.

However, before reaching the Chen Residence, everyone's expressions changed.

In the distance, from the location of the Chen Residence.

Flames shooting into the sky!

