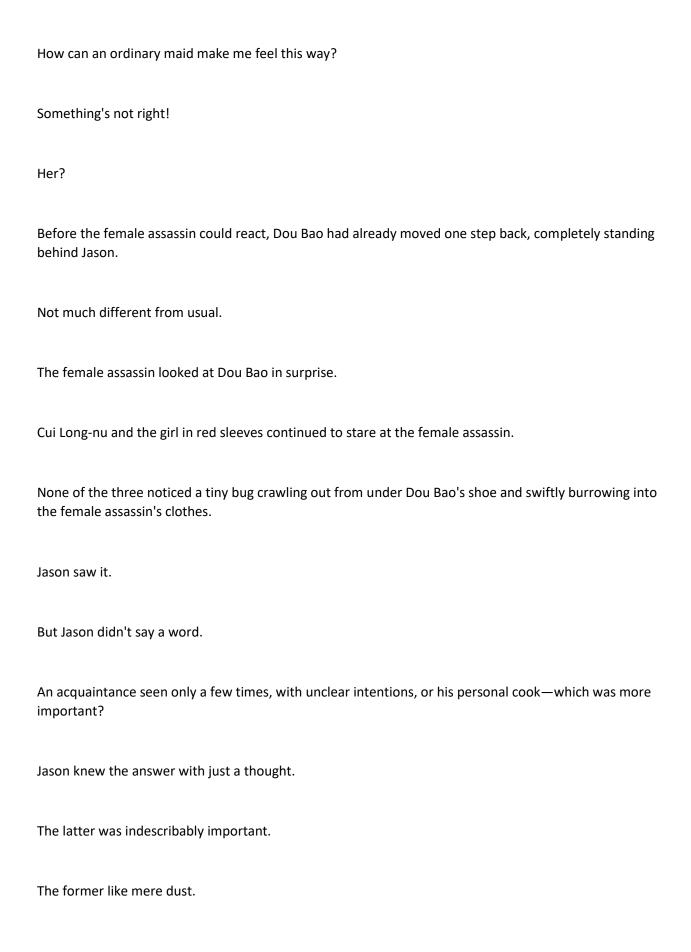
Menu 1351

Chapter 1351: Jason's Waiting and Little Zhao's Torment
Wonton?!
Upon hearing this word, Dou Bao, Cui Long-nu, and the girl in red sleeves immediately fixed their gaze on the female assassin present.
Demon Descendant!
Having heard Dou Bao recount the encounter with a demon descendant, Cui Long-nu and the girl in red sleeves instantly recognized the identity of the female assassin before them.
Both quickly became more vigilant.
The presence of a demon descendant is enough to make anyone alert.
But, Dou Bao was different.
Dou Bao looked at the female assassin with a very gentle gaze.
As gentle as autumn water.
However, the female assassin bound on the ground felt a chill run down her spine; she sensed an incomparably dangerous feeling, exactly like the feeling she had whenever she was about to die.
No!
Stronger!
What's going on?



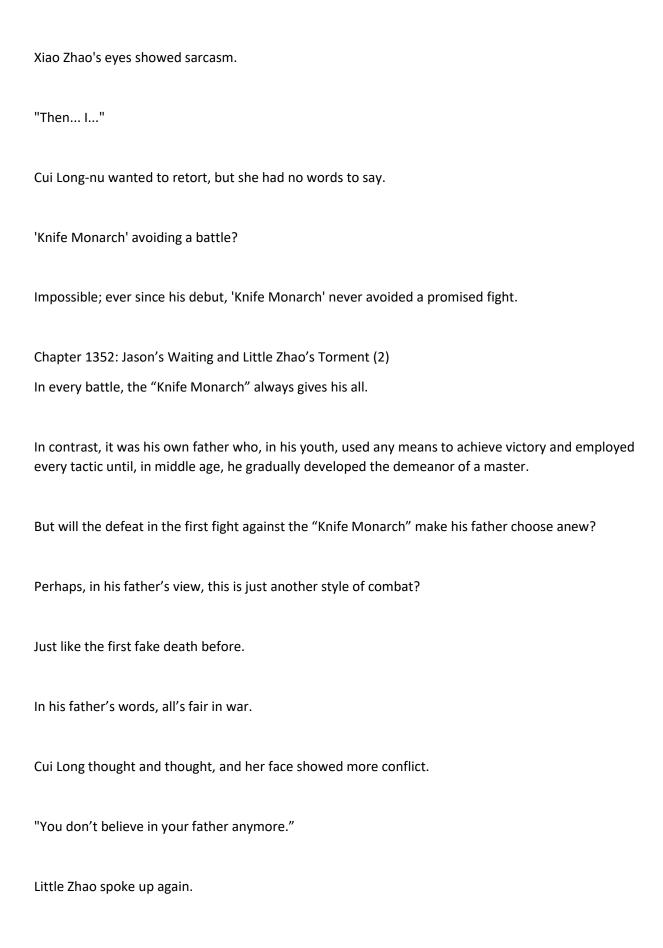
Like a stone from a latrine compared to a bowl of braised pork.
If you were to eat, which would you choose?
Jason chose the braised pork.
Not because the stone from the latrine was smelly and hard, just because he was an ordinary person who liked to eat meat.
Without noticing Dou Bao's anomaly, the female assassin's gaze fell back onto Jason.
With eyes full of grievance, defiance, discomfort.
Wonton!
Again, wonton!
I shouldn't have gone to 'Mountain City', I shouldn't have cooked that bowl of wonton for you!
The grievance in the female assassin's heart nearly brought her to tears.
Because she knew clearly Jason was deceiving her.
How could the wonton smell linger for so long?
Especially when she had changed several bodies.
How could it leave a trace again?

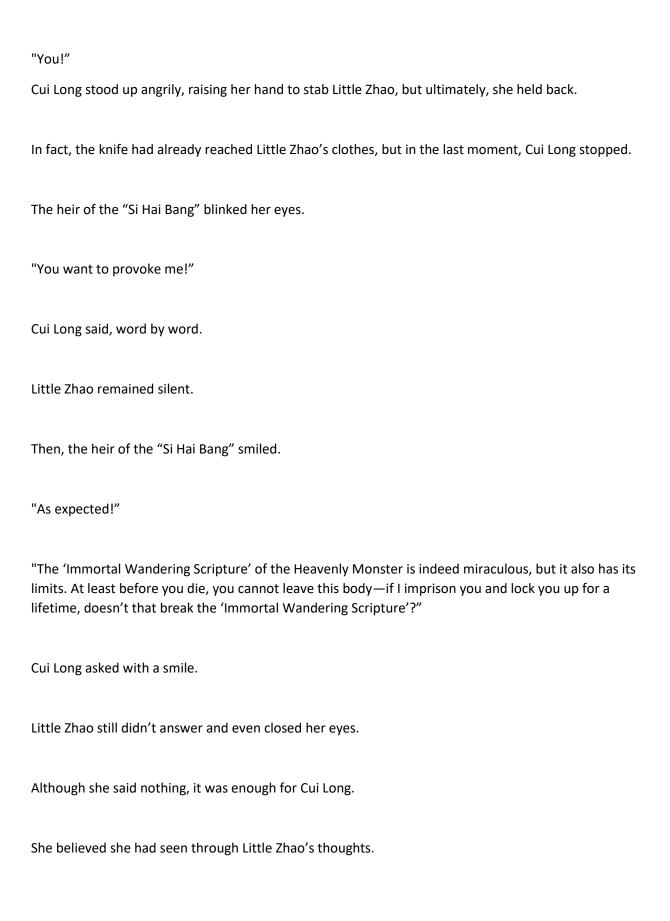
Mu Bai before her must have a way to identify her that she didn't know of.	
But she wouldn't ask.	
If she asked, Mu Bai wouldn't say.	
"I'm Xiao Zhao."	
The female assassin suddenly introduced herself.	
"Mu Bai."	
Jason responded.	
"I know."	
"I was afraid you'd get confused."	
"My memory isn't that bad."	
"But your luck is terrible."	
"Yeah, otherwise, I wouldn't be here."	
"Did you see who attacked you?"	
"If I did, I wouldn't be alive to see you."	





The girl in red sleeves prided herself on her intelligence, yet now she was thoroughly baffled.
The Gang Leader had already died once.
How could he die again?
Previously to lure out those rebels.
What now?
It couldn't possibly be those remaining rebels, who were mere minor threats, not worth worrying about.
Could it be
Suddenly, the girl in red sleeves thought of a possibility.
She wasn't the only one; Xiao Zhao, Cui Long-nu in the secret room also thought of it.
"He is avoiding battle, that's why, faking death."
Xiao Zhao spoke again.
"Father isn't a coward, don't smear his name with slander here."
Cui Long-nu raised an eyebrow, eyes full of dissatisfaction.
"Then tell me, why did he so coincidentally die the day before the duel with 'Knife Monarch'? Don't tell me 'Knife Monarch' was afraid to fight your father and then sent me as an assassin to kill your father.





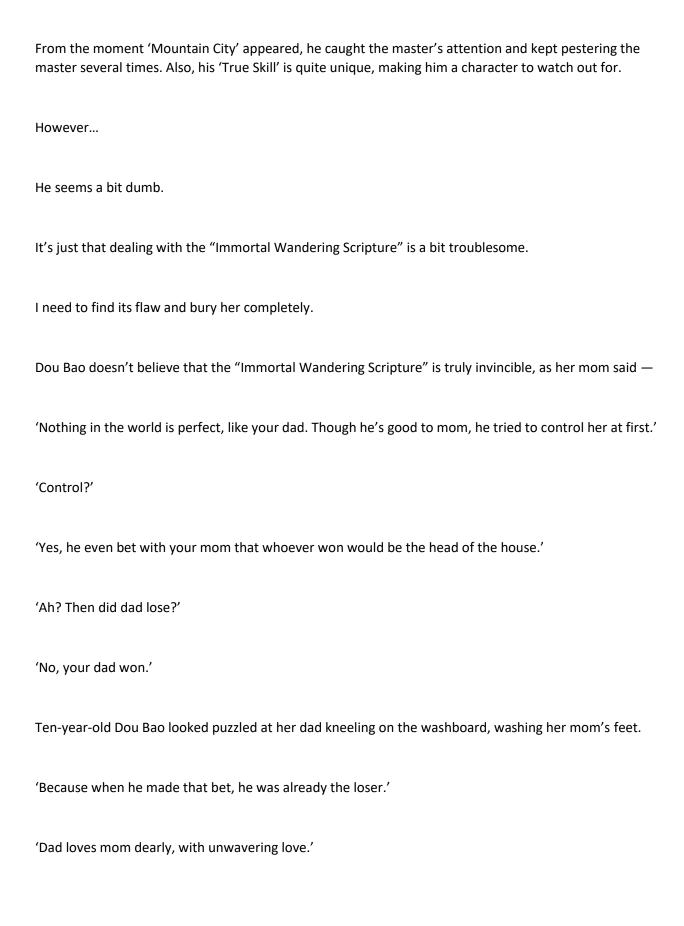
That was already winning a round.
Perhaps not a complete victory, but having the upper hand made Cui Long very happy.
"Actually, you should have stabbed her."
Suddenly, Jason spoke up.
"Hmm?"
Cui Long was stunned.
Little Zhao's eyes opened again.
"Before, she disguised as Hongxiu, and I killed her. Then, using a new body, she returned to 'Fragrance City,' but coincidentally fell into that person's hands—wouldn't that person have made some arrangements against the 'Immortal Wandering Scripture'?"
Jason said.
Cui Long immediately started thinking.
And Little Zhao burst out laughing.
"Of course there were arrangements made!"
"Now is the best time to kill me!"



Little Zhao pursed her lips.
Apart from that slap, she hadn't suffered any real harm until now, but unexplainably, she felt greatly insulted.
She vowed that once she escaped, she'd make those three women regret it.
But as she thought about it, saliva began to flow faster in her mouth.
As soon as she returned to 'Fragrance City,' she had been knocked out.
For the past two weeks, she had barely had any food or water.
Even though she was nearly a master in the reconstruction of 'Bone Marrow,' it was tough to endure.
Especially when spicy duck necks and roasted pig trotters appeared in the hands of the three women, the aroma made her swallow uncontrollably.
Spicy as knife.
Hot as sword.
Salty fragrance like chariots.
Unrelentingly attacking and conquering.
Finally—

Gurgle, gurgle.
Little Zhao's stomach growled.
Immediately, drawing Cui Long's attention.
"Oh? You're hungry?"
Cui Long turned around with a smile, slowly moving half a roasted pig trotter toward Little Zhao's mouth.
Almost instinctively, Zhao's head leaned toward the roasted pig's trotters.
But just as Zhao's mouth was about to touch the roasted pig's trotters, Cui Long hurriedly pulled them back, leaving Zhao to bite into thin air.
"I'll kill you!"
"I want to kill you!"
"You bastard!"
Zhao began to roar, having completely lost his previous composure.
Cui Long chuckled indifferently.
"Speak again once you're free."
"And now?"

While speaking, Cui Long picked up the spicy duck neck and moved toward Zhao.
Even though Zhao knew he couldn't eat it, he couldn't help but stare at the spicy duck neck.
Cui Long grinned even more smugly.
No one understood Zhao's current feelings better than her.
Because she had experienced it herself.
She swore by the ten extra pounds on her body that she never wanted to experience that feeling again.
"I really want to kill you!"
Zhao, failing once again to bite the meat, became utterly exasperated.
Cui Long laughed even harder.
Hong Xiu Girl silently picked up a duck tongue and handed it to Cui Long.
Cui Long continued.
Dou Bao watched coldly.
Cui Long and Hong Xiu Girl weren't in any danger, PASS.
As for this Zhao?



'So in dad's eyes, your mom is perfect.'
After uttering such cringe-worthy words that even made Dou Bao get goosebumps, her dad got a light kick from her mom, then skillfully picked up the towel and started wiping her mom's feet.
Then, he gave her three copper coins to buy vinegar from the far east end of town.
Her parents had told her that the vinegar was authentic there.
She remembered these things clearly.
More clearly, except for her mom, nothing is perfect. So, the "Immortal Wandering Scripture" must have a flaw.
Doesn't it?
Then it's just that she hasn't found it yet.
Dou Bao's gaze unintentionally turned to Zhao.
Zhao's hair stood on end.
She always felt that Mu Bai's attendant was very dangerous.
Involuntarily, Zhao avoided Dou Bao's gaze and looked at Jason. Suddenly, she regretted it
Suddenly, she regretted it.

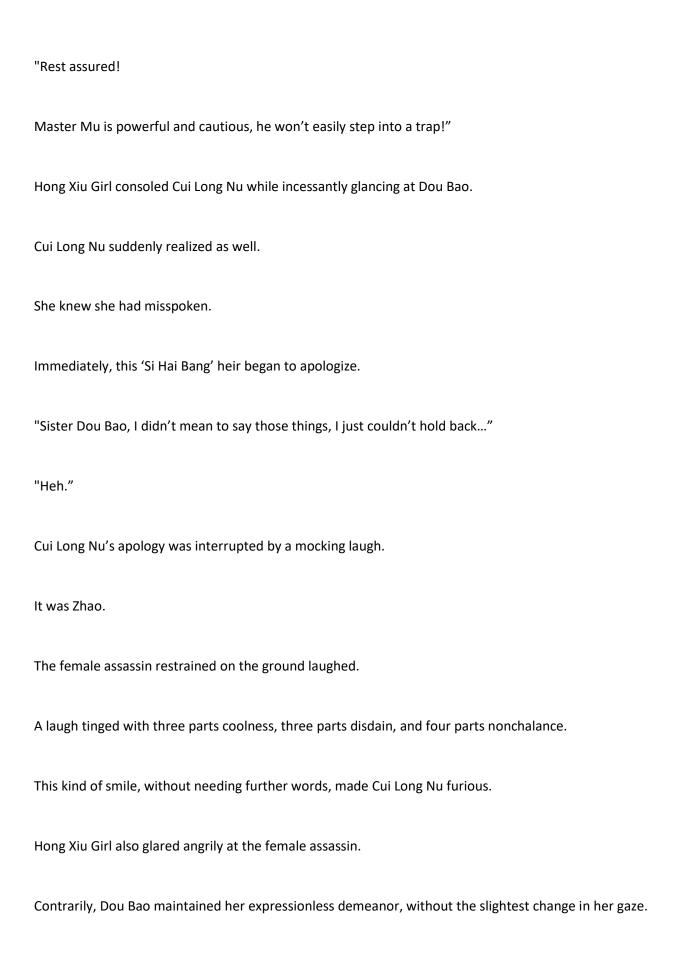
Because Jason was sitting cross-legged on the futon, gnawing on a lamb rib sprinkled with cumin, chili powder, and sesame, exuding an unprecedented aroma toward Zhao.
After swallowing again, Zhao couldn't hold back anymore.
"Are you just going to eat and drink here?"
"Don't you care about Cui Long King's death?"
"Aren't you worried about the traps ahead?"
"Aren't you going to investigate the mastermind?"
Zhao roared.
The voice was even louder than before.
"I care."
"I will investigate."
"But the time hasn't come yet."
Jason responded.
"When will the time come?"
Impatiently hungry, Zhao's facial features were all scrunched up, thinking that Mu Bai's so-called waiting was merely to torture her on purpose.



As the person closest to Jason among those present, Dou Bao spoke first.
This matter involved too many parties.
'Big Dragon Head', 'Knife Monarch', 'Heavenly Monster' were all involved.
One must be cautious and careful.
"I'll go alone."
Jason responded in this way.
Relying on his special talent, Jason was confident that even if he couldn't win, he could survive.
But, that was in the case of going alone.
If he took one or two more people?
He had no confidence.
Simply put, at this moment, bringing more people would just be a burden.
Though Jason didn't say it outright, those present weren't fools and quickly understood.
"Be careful."
Dou Bao exhorted.

She knew better than anyone that at such a crucial time, she must not cause trouble for her master, no matter how much she wanted to follow him.
At this moment, she understood even more the meaning of her father's words back then.
'What is a couple?'
'To become a couple, you must first be equal friends, partners; merely relying on temporary favoritism and feeling fearless won't lead to a good ending.'
'Is this why you're always kneeling on the washboard before mom?'
'Silly child, how can this be called punishment?'
'It's love!'
Dou Bao clearly remembered the somewhat ambiguous smile on her father's face as he kneeled on the washboard.
In any case, it was peculiar.
However, she had to admit the correctness of the saying 'To become a couple, you must first be equal friends, partners.'
Just like now, if her strength was equivalent to her master's, at least she could accompany him.
And, she could help her master.
Though thoughts swirled in her mind, Dou Bao didn't show any emotion.

She looked at Jason, not wanting him to worry at this moment.
Jason nodded, glanced at the crowd, then turned and left.
Dou Bao watched Jason leave before turning back and returning to the secret room, sitting back on her mat.
The same was true for Hong Xiu Girl.
But, unlike Dou Bao's expressionless face, Hong Xiu Girl wore an evident anxious expression.
As for Cui Long Nu?
The current heir of the 'Si Hai Bang' couldn't sit still, pacing in the secret room.
Upon reaching the third circuit, she straightforwardly spoke.
"What do you think, will Master Mu be alright?
And!
Could this be a trap?
If Master Mu goes, is he stepping into a trap?
What if it's really a trap?"
Once Cui Long Nu started speaking, she couldn't stop, asking incessantly.





Because she realized the female assassin before her was speaking the truth.
'Si Hai Bang' was indeed no longer safe.
Chapter 1354: Xiao Zhao: I seem to have angered someone I shouldn't have (2) Subconsciously, Cui Longnu looked at Hongxiu and Dou Bao.
But before Cui Longnu could say anything, the female assassin spoke again.
"While his or their attention is drawn to that guy, hurry up and leave!
Don't let that guy's efforts go to waste.
Although he's kind of annoying, there are times when he's very manly."
With these words, Cui Longnu's heart was utterly confused.
Could it be?!
An unwelcome thought appeared in her mind.
Hongxiu also couldn't help clenching her fists.
Dou Bao was still sitting there expressionless, watching this scene, and the female assassin smiled. "What? You still don't want to admit it?
Why is he waiting?

Isn't it just to create confusion, to mislead those guys? To make them think that you have plunged into complete chaos with 'the big boss' Cui Long's death, so they let down their guard.
As for tracking?
Not to mention, there's absolutely no clue left at the scene, and after so much time has passed, what's he tracking?
He's just creating an opportunity for you to escape.
These two are too naive to understand.
You?
You shouldn't be.
You should have guessed his intention when he left.
Then why don't you act?
Are you still fantasizing?"
The female assassin's words almost brought Cui Longnu to tears.
She turned to look at Dou Bao.
Wanting to verify that what the other said was untrue.
But when she saw Dou Bao's expressionless face, she suddenly began to believe it.

Even Hongxiu was a bit at a loss.
"Miss Cui, Hongxiu, could you please leave for a moment and give me some time alone with her?"
Dou Bao suddenly spoke.
The two bewildered people immediately nodded.
"Alright!"
Cui Longnu replied.
"We'll be right outside; if anything happens, call us."
Hongxiu added.
After speaking, the two left the secret room.
The door of the secret room slowly closed.
"What?
Want to talk to me about something only you and that guy know?
Did I guess correctly?
Or are you two also involved in this?"



That indifferent attitude would make even the world's best interrogation expert frown.
Because, the female assassin was clearly trained in special techniques, without fear of such things.
In reality, what Xiao Zhao endured far exceeded these.
The special cultivation technique "Thousand Faces, Thousand Souls: Undying Immortal Wandering Scripture," made her virtually immortal under certain conditions, but because of this, each of her 'resurrections' required enduring the pain of death.
Moreover, her teacher, a certain mother's body, personally trained her.
Thirty days of continuous torture.
Using all kinds of punishments.
Finally, she was executed by 'lingchi' (death by a thousand cuts).
It took her half a year to recover.
And once she recovered, her teacher lit the lantern for her.
Then she endured being drawn and quartered, waist-chopped, and so on.
There was even a time when she was turned into a human pig.
So, she does not fear punishment.

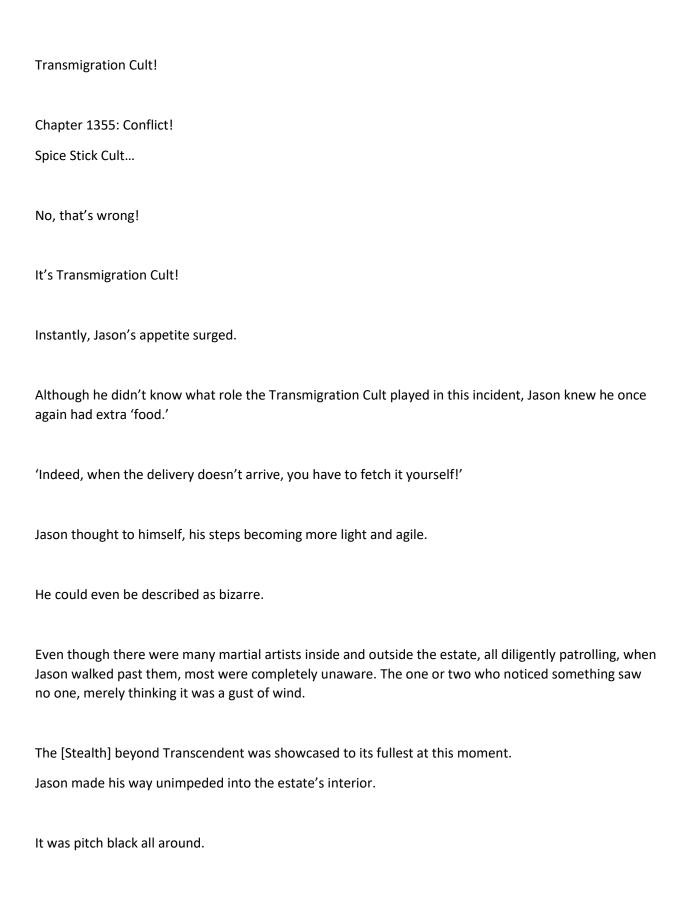
It's not boastful, it's genuinely fearless.
Dou Bao looked at the female assassin and shook her head slightly. She could see the other party wasn't afraid, but how could she resort to torture?
She was just experimenting with some extracted components from solanaceous plants, a potion after mixing.
It was her mother who inspired her.
When she was twelve, she independently completed a kind of drug.
She usually wouldn't use it.
Because those who tried this drug eventually became fools.
However, the female assassin in front of her?
She didn't care.
The next moment, Dou Bao stuffed a black piece of coarse cloth into the female assassin's mouth.
As soon as it entered her mouth, the female assassin felt her tongue go numb.
Then her entire mouth lost sensation.
Anesthetic?
No!

Poison!
The female assassin thought instinctively, but then immediately dismissed the idea, and the next moment her mind was blank, filled only with pain.
Endless pain.
But soon, the pain disappeared.
The female assassin became completely quiet, her pupils started to dilate.
The ridicule on the face of this 'Heavenly Monster's progeny' disappeared, leaving only dullness.
The whole person sat there stupidly.
One, two, three
Dou Bao counted silently.
After thirty counts, she pulled out the black cloth.
Saliva covered the black cloth, and as Dou Bao pulled it out, a string of drool was drawn out.
Dou Bao shook it off carelessly.
Then, she gently asked—
"What's your name?"



Similarly, Jason didn't know what Dou Bao was doing.
After leaving the headquarters of the 'Si Hai Bang', he followed the trail of 'food' all the way.
The aroma of the 'Creation Pill' was indeed too strong.
Even if placed in a specially guarded box, as long as a bit of the aroma lingered, to Jason's nose it was 'long-lasting'.
The reason Jason was sure Little Zhao was not the murderer of 'Da Long Tou' Cui Long Wang, aside from strength, was also because of the smell of the 'Creation Pill'.
It's not that Little Zhao didn't have the scent of the 'Creation Pill'.
It was very faint.
It was the kind of involvement after secondary contact, not direct contact.
But if Little Zhao was the murderer of 'Da Long Tou' Cui Long Wang, how could it have been secondary contact?
It must have been direct contact.
Therefore, there should have been a second person at the scene at that time.
This person was the one who truly contacted the 'Creation Pill'.
As for whether this person was the murderer?

Jason could not guarantee that.
But one thing was certain: the person was related to 'Da Long Tou' Cui Long Wang's death.
And finding that person would bring the truth a step closer.
In 'Fragrance City', Jason's figure hid in the shadows, pursuing the scent of the 'Creation Pill' like the night wind.
Soon, Jason was out of 'Fragrance City'.
In the dim light, Jason's figure halted outside a manor.
The manor was located less than twenty miles north of 'Fragrance City' on a hillside, with walls and buildings layered in darkness, clearly covering a large area. Five stewards stood under lan-terns at the door, with sharp blades at their waists. Additional stewards were divided into two teams, holding torches high, patrolling the surroundings. The plaque on the manor gate read 'Zhaowei Estate'.
Judging by its appearance, it looked like a wealthy city's picking garden.
But ordinary wealthy people couldn't afford all these martial artist stewards.
Yet what truly surprised Jason was that, apart from the smell of the 'Creation Pill', he also caught a whiff of roasted spicy strips.
This scent was too familiar!
It's the smell of the 'Flame Staff'!
And the 'Flame Staff' is what Jason calls the 'Fireball Spell Staff' as 'food'. Within the current scenario world, they all originate from one place, or more accurately, one force—



Only the room in the center was lit.
It was also the place where the scent of the 'Creation Pill' was most intense.
Mixed with the aroma of roasted spice sticks.
Without a doubt, this was the target of his journey.
Jason quietly approached.
At this moment, four people were seated around a square table in the room.
All four were men, of different ages and statures, some lean and some burly.
Sitting to the south was a young man, with a dash of handsomeness, dressed in white, holding a long sword horizontally on his lap.
Sitting to the north was a middle-aged man, sporting a long beard, wearing a scholar's square hat, holding a folded fan, exuding a scholarly air, resembling a school teacher sitting there.
Sitting to the west was a burly man, with a full beard of bristles, each strand standing independently on his dark face, his large hands with thick knuckles resting on his knees, quite eye-catching.
Sitting to the east was the oldest, frail both in stature and features, with slightly cloudy eyes, holding a smoking pipe, its mouthpiece made of jade, and the stem entirely of metal rather than common wood, glowing strangely under the candlelight.
The four men of varying ages and appearances at this moment did not speak, all staring at a rectangular wooden box on the table.
The atmosphere in the room was extremely oppressive.

It even made one feel suffocated.
Ultimately, the young man to the south could not resist.
"Is this the legendary 'Creation Pill'? The 'Creation Pill' capable of miraculous transformations and altering fate?"
As he spoke, the young man's hand trembled slightly, not naturally, but suppressing the urge to grab the wooden box.
"Indeed!
This is the legendary 'Creation Pill'!"
The middle-aged man across from the young man nodded, his gaze at the wooden box filled with intense greed.
Almost tangible.
So much so that when he spoke, it was as if he was in a dream.
Although the men on the east and west didn't speak, their bodies continuously leaned forward, making their intentions unmistakably clear.
After the two sets of words, the room fell silent again.
But only a second later, the young man to the south spoke up once more.
"Why did we join the 'Transmigration Cult'?"

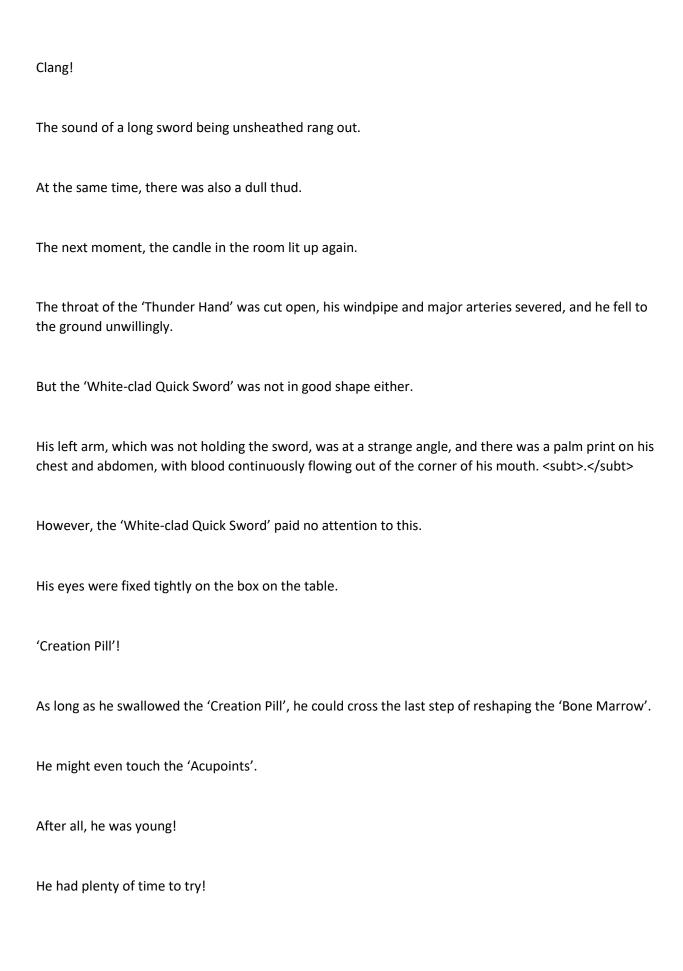
It sounded like both self-reflection and a question.
The remaining three were taken aback.
Then the middle-aged man across the room started laughing.
"You, at such a young age, have already made a name for yourself as the 'White-Clad Quick Sword,' naturally proud and ambitious, but I was unknown in my youth, thanks to the Sect Hierarch, I achieved the ability to refine 'Qi-Blood' and cleanse my 'organs,' so I understand what you mean, but I won't do it."
Speaking, the middle-aged man slowly opened his fan and gently waved it.
"If even you, the 'Toxic Scholar,' were unknown in your youth, then what am I, the 'Thunder Hand'?"
The burly man to the west finally spoke.
The words seemed like banter, but the tone was laced with wariness.
"Indeed, we're all well-acquainted, let's not numb each other with such words."
The frail elder to the east snorted coldly.
Then, he looked across, then left and right, continuing: "'Creation Pill' is truly miraculous, but there's only one, yet we are four people!

I just want to find a place where I'm unknown to spend the rest of my days.
So, I don't want the 'Creation Pill,' but you must compensate me with something else."
"Alright!"
As soon as the frail elder finished speaking, the young man with the 'White-Clad Quick Sword' title immediately agreed.
'Toxic Scholar' and 'Thunder Hand,' the latter hesitated for a moment, then nodded as well.
The former remained silent.
"The Sect Hierarch has been generous to me, I can't"
Clang!
Before the words were finished, a flash of sword light appeared in the room.
'Toxic Scholar' clutched his neck, widened his eyes at the 'White-Clad Quick Sword,' full of disbelief, and fell slowly.
"Alright, the hindrance is gone, we can formally negotiate now."
Looking at the 'Toxic Scholar's' body on the ground, the 'White-Clad Quick Sword' said.
The frail elder and the burly man looked at the young man with apprehension, unconsciously dragging their chairs to distance themselves from him.
The young man saw this scene, yet he was indifferent.

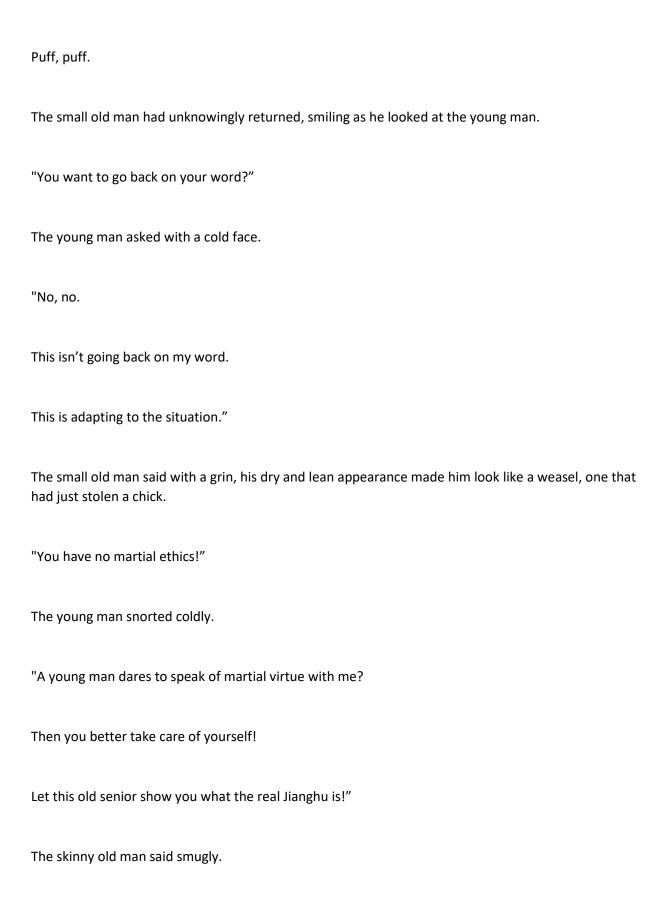


You bring out the Gold Notes, and I, the old man, will leave.
We shall never meet again."
The small old man nodded again, speaking very straightforwardly.
Then, he raised his hand to pick up the pipe, poured some tobacco from the pouch into the pipe bowl, and lit it with the candle flame just like that.
The young man, nicknamed 'White-clad Quick Sword', did not hesitate and took out the Gold Notes from his bosom.
The strong man bent down to extract it from inside his shoe.
The small old man looked at the slightly sour-smelling Gold Notes from the latter, and frowned.
He took a deep drag on the pipe, before picking them up with his fingertips.
"Money and goods are cleared.
The rest is up to you.
I, the old man, bid farewell."
Finished speaking, the small old man got up to leave, puffing on his pipe as he walked.
The smoke swirled and dissipated with the opening door, and the small old man vanished from sight.

Soon, only the young man and the strong man were left in the room.
The two of them stared at each other, their breathing turning from slow to rapid.
The cold glint in their eyes kept appearing.
There is only one 'Creation Pill'.
Now, there are still two of them.
Naturally, they were going to fight to the death.
One breath.
Two breaths.
Three breaths.
They both eyed the box containing the 'Creation Pill', while guarding against each other, their auras growing increasingly intense, even affecting the candle on the table.
The candle flame flickered up and down.
Suddenly, the candle went out.
The room was plunged into darkness.
At the same time —



Once he touched the 'Acupoints', he could go anywhere under the heavens without fear.
Even the current Sect Hierarch couldn't do anything to him.
Or rather, it was precisely because of this confidence that he dared to betray that person.
This was not self-mockery!
Because his family's sword manual was indeed a 'True Skill'!
Although incomplete!
But with his current insight, he could confirm that it was indeed a 'True Skill'.
He believed that as long as he comprehended the incomplete family sword manual, he could definitely touch the 'Acupoints'.
By then —
"The world will ultimately be mine!
You are nothing but a rat hiding in the dark, using schemes and tricks.
In the end, you cannot face the light!"
As the young man was about to raise his hand to take the box on the table,
The sound of smoking echoed in the room once again.



In his view, everything was already settled.
He was the victor.
The money, he took it.
The 'Creation Pill', he wanted it too.
It was simply a win-win.
What about finding a secluded place to spend his remaining years?
That was just an excuse.
The 'Creation Pill' was right before him, how could he give it up? He wanted to consume the 'Creation Pill', he wanted to touch divinity.
Not for fame, nor for profit.
The simplest reason was, as long as he touched the 'aperture', he could live for another hundred years.
The world was too beautiful.
He wanted to live another five hundred years!
Whoosh!
Poof!

While envisioning the future, with all his attention on the young man, the skinny old man didn't notice anything else.
The fame of the 'White-Clad Fast Sword' was known to him, and he had witnessed the other's moves more than once.
Especially that last strike.
It was too fast.
Even if the other was injured, the skinny old man dared not be careless.
Therefore, he didn't see that the first to die, 'Poison Scholar', had opened his eyes, and the folding fan in his hand was aimed at him.
It wasn't until a strong wind appeared that the skinny old man realized something was wrong.
But it was too late.
Over a dozen thin as ox hair, blue needles pierced into his face just like that.
"Tang Sect's 'Gold Wind Drizzle Needle'!"
The skinny old man cried out in surprise, collapsed to the ground, and breathed no more.
His eyes widened, clearly not at peace with his death.

you didn't even notice that. You deserved to die an unjust death."
With that said, he turned around.
'Poison Scholar' looked at 'White-Clad Fast Sword', his face composed and serious.
"You said you knew the whereabouts of the 'Twin Absolutes'.
Can you tell me now?"
'Poison Scholar' asked.
"Let's leave here first. Once I've taken the 'Creation Pill', I'll tell you."
'White-Clad Fast Sword' said.
"Alright."
'Poison Scholar' nodded, didn't obstruct 'White-Clad Fast Sword' from taking the box, but took a step back to show his sincerity.
Compared to a 'Creation Pill', he cared more about the information on the 'Twin Absolutes'.
The 'Creation Pill' was rare, but not unique.
As long as he could bring back the information of the 'Twin Absolutes', his reward would definitely be more than a 'Creation Pill'

While 'Poison Scholar' leisurely stood up, there wasn't a trace of injury on his throat. Looking at the skinny old man's corpse, he couldn't help but sigh: "I had long since allied with 'White-Clad Fast Sword',

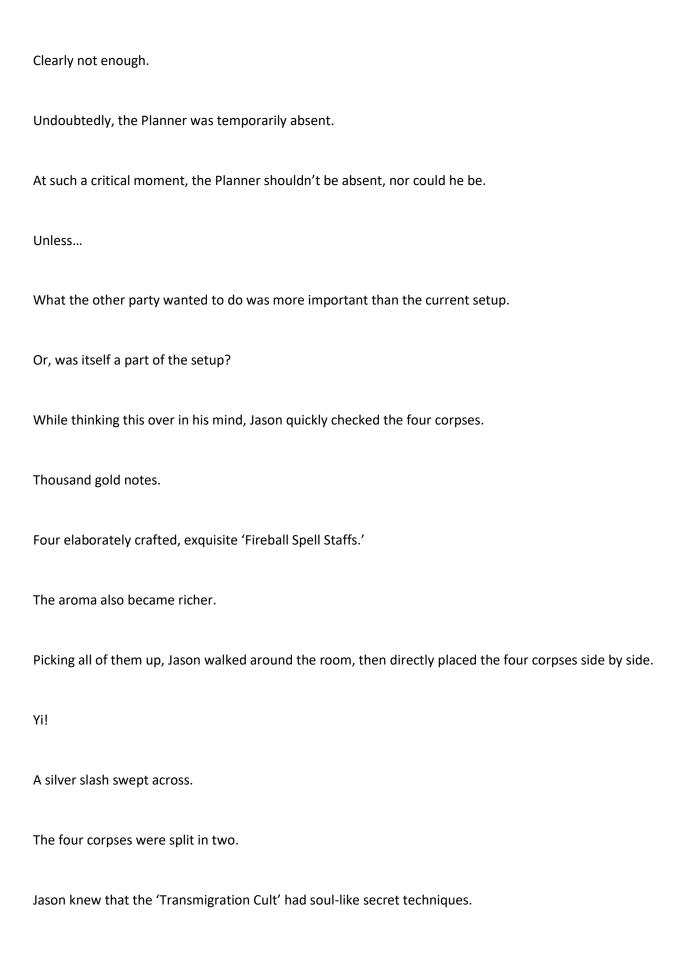
After all, it concerned the Shu Capital Tang Sect.
'White-Clad Fast Sword' sheathed his longsword, using his intact right hand, and picked up the box.
"This place is not safe for long, let's hurry!"
'White-Clad Fast Sword' said.
'Poison Scholar' did not object.
The Sect Hierarch of the 'Transmigration Cult' was not someone to be trifled with. Not only had they betrayed him, but they also took the 'Creation Pill' he valued. If discovered, it would truly be a fight to the death.
Thus, 'Poison Scholar' immediately followed.
'White-Clad Fast Sword' kicked the door open, but at the moment the door swung wide, his expression changed drastically.
"Sect Hierarch!"
'White-Clad Fast Sword' exclaimed.
"What?!"
'Poison Scholar' was startled.
In that instant, a flash of sword light appeared.
'Poison Scholar' watched in disbelief as 'White-Clad Fast Sword' wielded his sword in his left hand.

'White-Clad Fast Sword's left hand was not only uninjured but faster than his previous strikes with the right hand.
'Poison Scholar' died.
Just like the skinny old man, dying without understanding why.
"Heh."
With a cold laugh, 'White-Clad Fast Sword' flicked the blood off his blade before sheathing it.
He was naturally left-handed.
The left hand's sword was faster.
But to disguise, he had always used his right hand.
In the battle with 'Thunderstorm Hand', he was indeed injured, but mostly because he 'intentionally' collided, the one struck by his must-kill blow, 'Thunderstorm Hand', had no strength left, that punch only seemed menacing.
As for the left hand?
Of course, it was also a disguise.
All for just that strike.
"Everything just as I"

Poof!
'White-Clad Fast Sword' murmured to himself, but before he could finish, he felt a pain in his chest.
Looking down, he saw a blade piercing through his chest.
He stood there, stunned.
When the blade was pulled out, he collapsed straight to the ground.
The last image in his eyes was of a masked man, taking hold of the solid wood box containing the 'Creation Pill'.
Chapter 1357: Complicated and Confusing
Jason bent over and picked up the box containing the "Creation Pill." The box showed no signs of damage, and after confirming that there were no tricks inside, and the "Creation Pill" was also intact, Jason finally breathed a slight sigh of relief.
There was no doubt that this was a setup.
Ever since the 'death' of 'Great Dragon Head' Cui Long, Jason had been speculating.
And just now, Jason finally confirmed it was indeed a setup.
A trap to lure someone in.
Of course, it wasn't aimed at him.
But at others.

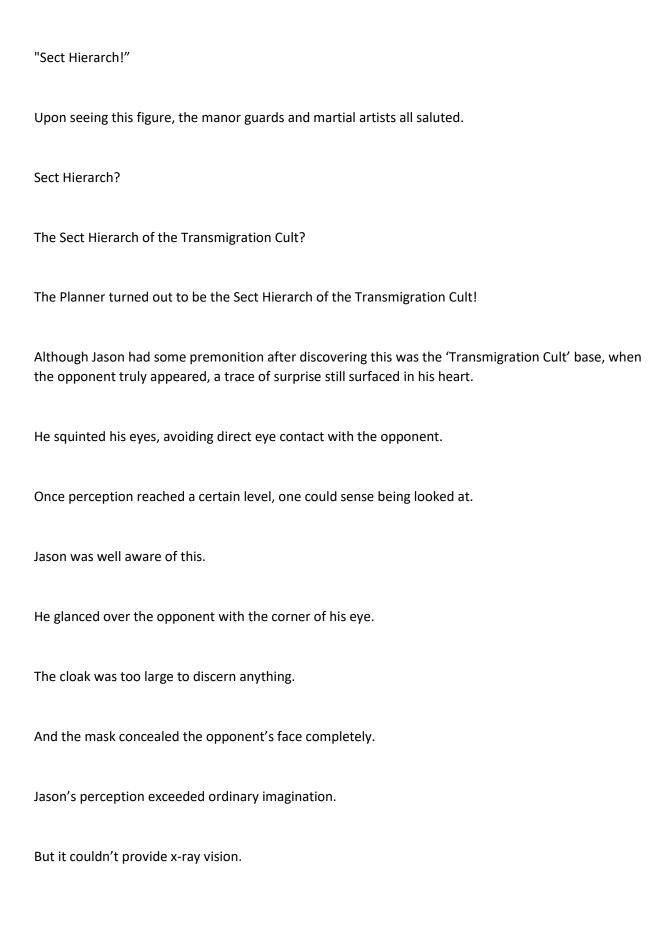
He was just a gourmet lured by the 'food.'
However, since he was attracted here, the 'food' that attracted him naturally became of utmost importance.
The 'food' was real, which was necessary.
If it were fake, it would really be a loss.
Because the current situation was already very clear.
Imagine four martial artists who haven't completed remolding their 'bone marrow,' what would be the outcome if they were to guard a 'Creation Pill'?
It would be like having mice guard a rice barn.
It's complete dereliction of duty.
And this was what the Planner wanted.
Then, these who wented to be attracted would naturally be drawn in
Then, those who wanted to be attracted would naturally be drawn in. What happens then?
There was no need to say more.
A tailored fierce battle was unavoidable.

What if the four failed to lure people in?
The Planner naturally had a backup plan.
The simplest, a big fire, would it be noticeable at dawn?
What is more eye-catching than a flame in the dark?
Naturally, it is the corpses under the flame.
Piles of bones.
Charred bodies.
Having mostly figured out what the Planner intended to do, Jason still had some doubts in his heart.
The Planner seemed to be absent!
Upon realizing that the four in the room hadn't even reached the stage of remolding 'bone marrow' and clearly something was off, Jason cautiously checked his surroundings.
In the end, he didn't find anyone worth his attention.
There were quite a few martial artists in the manor, but the strongest had only touched 'skin training.'
In other places, this could be considered a master.
But here?



Though the four before him seemed like pure martial artists, who knew if they had some hidden tactics
Hence, an [Evil-Slaying Slash].
Then, Jason knocked over the candlestick.
The candle flame ignited the tablecloth, also lighting the kerosene Jason had deliberately placed there.
The kerosene came from the manor's warehouse.
Enough to fill a jar.
Instantly, flames soared into the sky.
"Fire! Fire!"
Amidst the shouts, the patrolling manor guards and martial artists began firefighting.
In the shadows, Jason chewed on the 'Fireball Spell Staff,' quietly waiting.
What the enemy didn't want.
Was exactly what he wanted to do.
Jason might not know why the Planner wasn't here, but he was sure that as long as he disrupted the other party's setup, it could only be to his advantage, with no downside.
Also, the enhanced 'Fireball Spell Staff' was truly excellent.

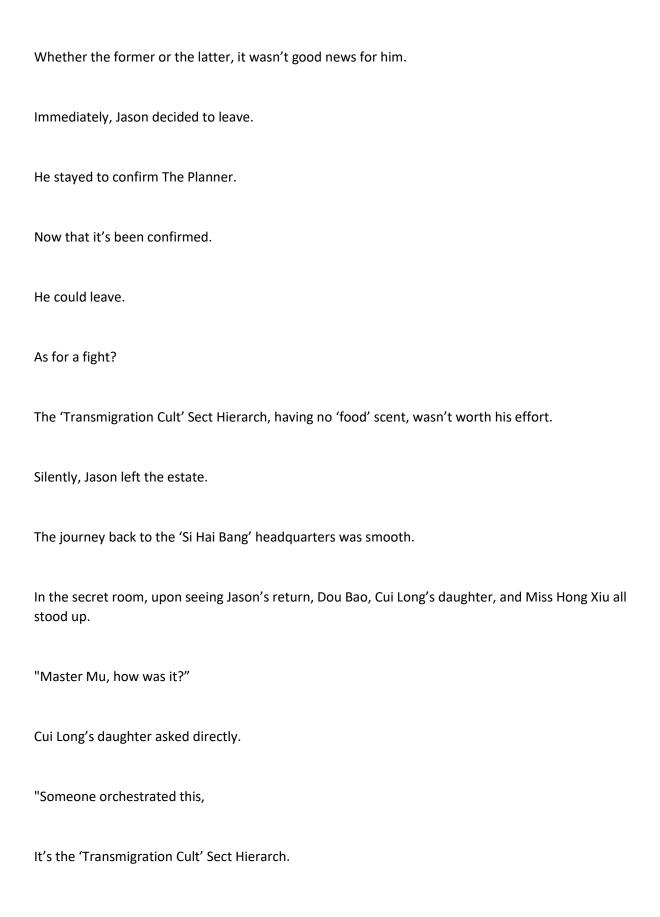




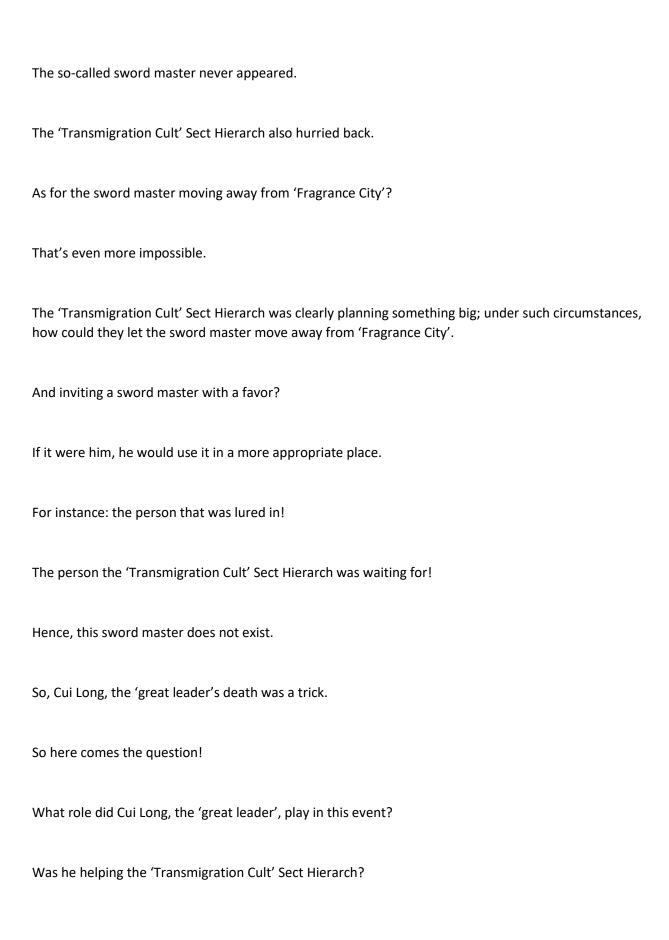
Therefore, he couldn't confirm the opponent's true identity.
However, there was one thing Jason could be sure of.
The opponent was not 'Great Dragon Head' Cui Long.
He had met Cui Long several times, and Cui Long had even demonstrated his martial technique 'Surging Waves Palm' in front of him. The aura mixed with surging waves was a memory Jason couldn't forget.
Chapter 1358: Bewildering and Confusing (2)
Unlike the slightly otherworldly aura of the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarch in front of him.
Although both of them carried a sense of authority.
But Cui Long's power comes more from the 'Si Hai Bang'.
While the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarch has a kind of divinity.
Simply put, the former is like a human emperor, while the latter is like a god in heaven.
Of course, this is just a metaphor.
There is no substantial difference.
In fact, in Jason's perception, they are merely heading in different directions, essentially the same.
'Is mastering Martial Arts Divinity and refining acupoints different?'
Jason speculated in his heart, the corner of his eye swept past without lingering.

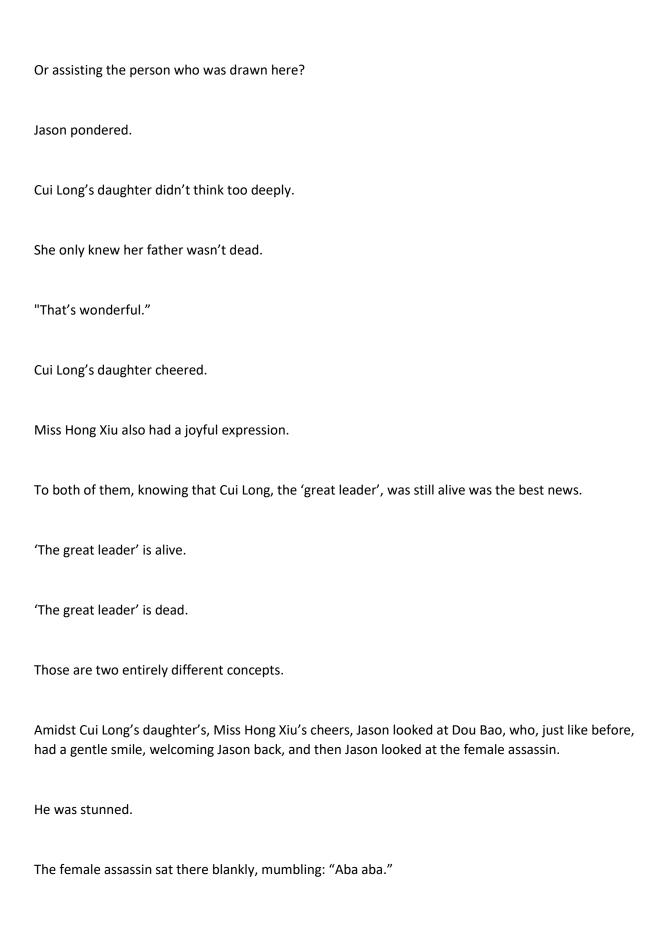
But just like this, the Sect Hierarch suddenly yelled after taking two steps forward—
"Who is there?
Come out!"
The voice was like a thunderclap, carrying the unique pressure of an authority figure, instantly making one's heart tremble.
Jason was unmoved.
This kind of technique, he often used himself.
Regardless if anyone is there or not, bluffing first is always a good start.
Might just get an unexpected outcome.
Just like hitting the apricot trees aimlessly hoping some fruits fall.
What if a couple apricots do fall?
Of course, it could also be a snake that falls.
Jason was certainly not a snake.
But if you have to call him a snake, then he would be a gluttonous snake.
The 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarch was not an ordinary fruit hitter either; after the shout proved useless, he went straight to the source of the fire and saw the charred body.

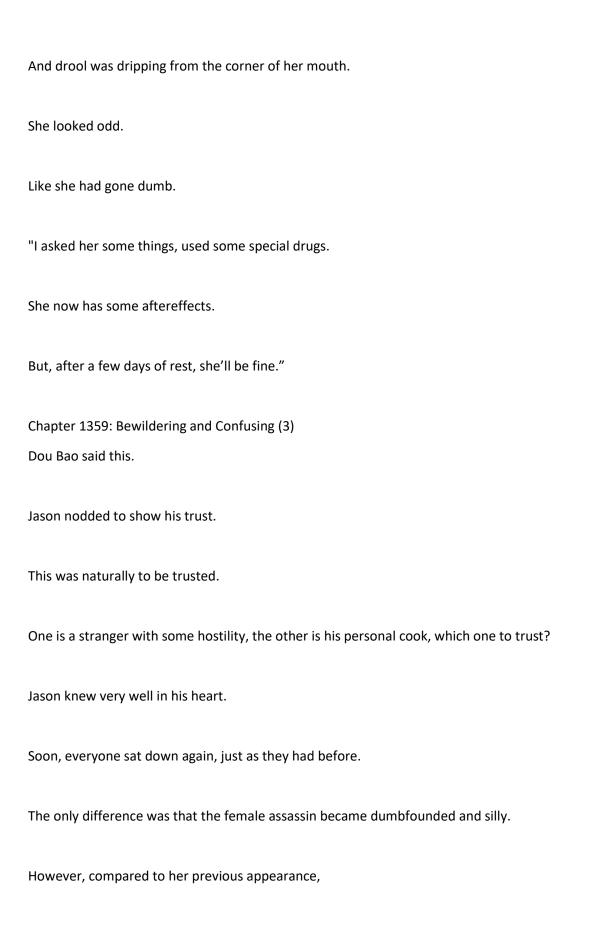


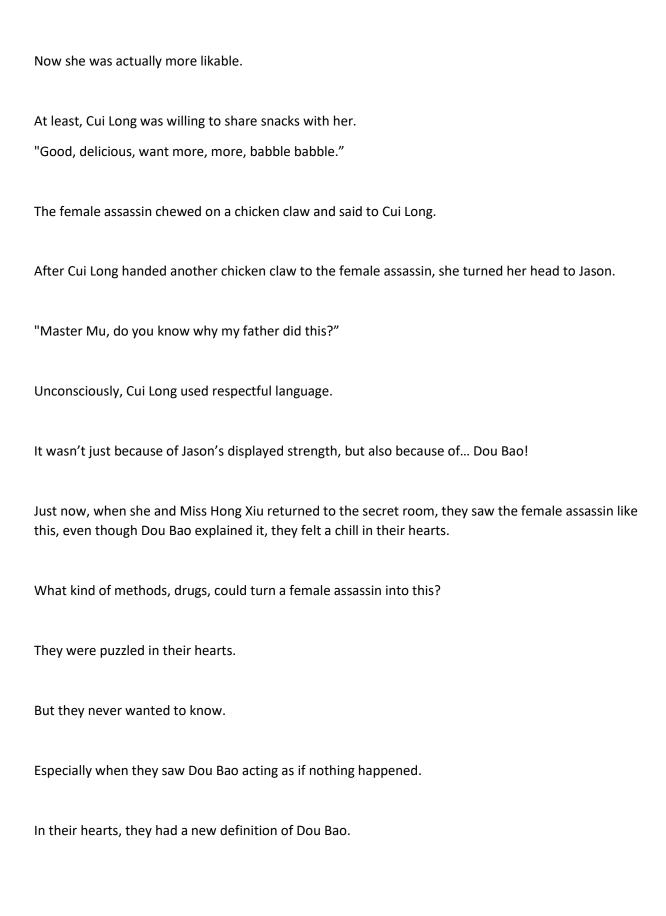


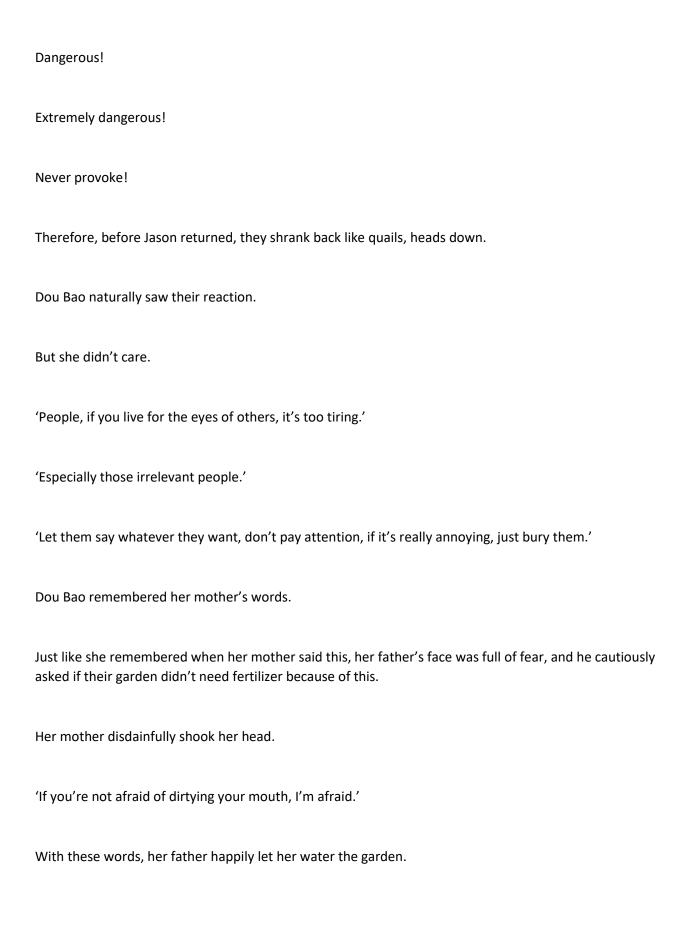
I didn't see Cui Long, but he should be alive."
Jason replied.
Jason was now certain that Cui Long, the 'great leader', wasn't dead.
Previously, he could only be sure that the female assassin couldn't kill Cui Long, the 'great leader', but wasn't sure if he was dead or not. But after seeing the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarch, Jason was sure.
Cui Long wasn't dead!
Because to kill the 'great leader' Cui Long, at least the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarch would need to act.
That's a battle between equals.
And to silently kill the 'great leader' Cui Long?
With just a sword?
That's impossible.
Not to mention whether such a sword master could be recruited by the 'Transmigration Cult'.
Simply put, if there really were such a sword master, the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarch wouldn't have needed to rush back, they could have just had the sword master wait in the estate.
But what was the result?











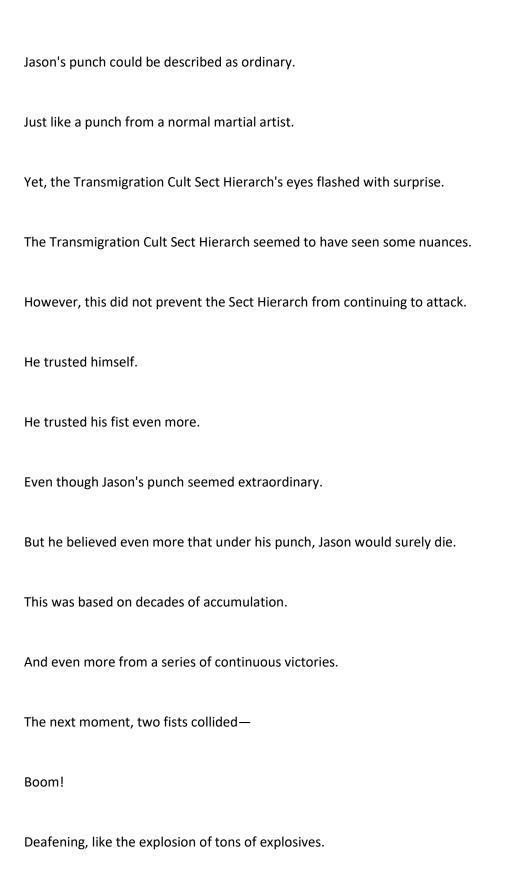
And she was very happy.
Because her father advanced her two coins, after watering, she went to the other end of town to buy candied haws to eat—her mother told her that the candied haws there were better than elsewhere, even if it was the farthest from her home.
"I don't know."
Jason spoke truthfully.
He really didn't understand the role Cui Long Wang played in the whole event.
However, some ideas were forming.
"Can you contact 'Knife Monarch'?"
Since 'Dragon Head' Cui Long Wang arranged a duel with 'Knife Monarch'.
Now that Cui Long Wang was in trouble.
What would 'Knife Monarch's' reaction be?
Or, in this matter, could 'Knife Monarch' also be involved?
The possibility was not impossible.
Jason was even speculating whether the person the 'Transmigration Cult' leader tried to lure into a trap was 'Knife Monarch'?

"'Knife Monarch' should already be in 'Fragrance City', but where exactly, we cannot determine. I will immediately have the 'Si Hai Bang' members search for him."
Cui Long immediately said.
But before Cui Long could act, cries of agony filled the air outside.
Cui Long, Miss Hong Xiu's faces changed, and they wanted to investigate.
However, Jason was even faster.
In a flash, he disappeared from his spot.
When Jason reappeared, he was already standing in the courtyard.
And opposite him, a person wearing a cloak and a bronze mask was standing there.
It was the 'Transmigration Cult' leader.
At their feet, members of the 'Si Hai Bang' lay scattered, most already not breathing, a few moaning in pain.
When they saw Jason appear, the person folded their hands behind their back, a coldness gathering in their eyes.
"Are you his backup?"
Chapter 1360: Punching Like a God! It seemed like a question, yet it was absolutely certain.
research and a question, yet it was associately servant.

The eyes of the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch were filled with undisguised intent to kill.
It was the concentration of malice taken to the extreme.
Like a hungry predator.
But more so like a mortal enemy, sworn to kill at any cost.
"Am I just his backup plan?"
Jason frowned.
Clearly, the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch had misunderstood something, but Jason did not explain.
Is there a need to explain to the enemy?
There's absolutely no need.
Because only friends will listen to your explanation.
And the enemy before him, full of intense killing intent, definitely won't.
In fact, it's exactly like that.
Just as the words fell, the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch stepped forward and punched.
Whoosh!
The fist struck, and the wind rose.

The nerve-wracking sound was like a strong man swinging a large iron hammer, making anyone who heard it feel their scalp tingle.
However, that was not all.
This punch seemed merely powerful and heavy.
But in reality, it was completely beyond normal martial artist's fighting.
The gust of fist wind roared, but when it reached its peak, it suddenly paused.
The roaring sound disappeared.
The forward gale of the punch also disappeared.
Only oppression remained!
An endless sense of oppression burst forth from that fist.
The heavily injured Si Hai Bang gang members nearby, as well as Cui Long girl and Red Sleeve lady rushing after felt their bodies sink as if a mountain had pressed down, leaving them breathless.
And the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch who punched out seemed like a deity lifting a mountain, about to smash it upon them, making them feel terrified and awe-struck.
Dead!
Going to die!
Would be smashed to pieces!

Would be utterly shattered!
Such thoughts unconsciously arose in everyone's minds.
Except for Jason.
Jason also felt the pressure.
His extraordinary perception made him feel it even more clearly.
But Jason wasn't affected.
Countless battles.
Countless life-and-death struggles.
Tens of thousands of true deaths.
Jason's nerves have already been hardened to be tougher than diamond.
Not to mention, he's experienced even more terrifying things.
Thus, the scene before him, which was a crushing force to others, was like a gentle breeze brushing past, pleasant and soothing to him.
Without any hesitation, Jason also punched out.
In comparison to the authoritarian, powerful punch of the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch.



Cui Long girl and Red Sleeve lady covered their ears and retreated, but their gazes were firmly attracted.

The Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch's fist and Jason's fist seemed to be magnetically attracted at that moment, firmly sticking together.

The muscles on Jason's burly body were constantly shaking as if bearing a weight of a thousand kilos.

The Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch looked more interesting.

First, rising heat appeared, as if flames were continuously emerging.

Then, bone-chilling cold enveloped his body in frost.

Next, electric serpents danced, and threads of lightning enveloped the opponent instantly.

As the power of lightning appeared, a lush green color suddenly appeared on the opponent's exposed skin.

This green color, vibrant yet carrying a dense aura of death.

Cui Long girl and Red Sleeve lady only glanced at it, then felt their stomachs churning, heads spinning.

During this, the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch's body was in a constant state of trembling.

Or rather, it never ceased trembling from the moment the fists touched.

It was a special attack formed by a mix of Armor Break, Sharpness, and Shockwave forces invading the opponent's body.

Because of the bronze mask, Cui Long girl and Red Sleeve lady couldn't see the Sect Hierarch's expression, but they could imagine that his face was definitely not looking good.
And just as the two of them guessed.
The next moment—
"Hah!"
With an anger-filled roar, the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch and Jason separated their fists.
Both retreated repeatedly.
The Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch took five steps back.
Jason took seven steps back.
On the surface, the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch still had a slight edge over Jason, but a crimson liquid dripped down along the mask and onto the ground.
Fizz, fizz.
Alarmingly, as the blood dripped onto the ground, pits were corroded into the stone floor.
If blood is like this when it flows out.
What would it be like inside the body?
Even if it were a man of iron, he would have to be melted, right?

Cui Long girl and Red Sleeve lady looked at this scene in shock.
Jason, however, watched this scene with a blank expression.
He knew well the power of his punch.
Suffering such a punch, the damage to the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch would surely be more serious than it appeared.
Nevertheless, the opponent seemed not to care at all.
Moreover!
The opponent's punch just now seemed to lack follow-through.
Did something happen before?
The doubt in Jason's eyes flickered and passed.