

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?

How can an ordinary maid make me feel this way?

Something's not right!

Her?

Before the female assassin could react, Dou Bao had already moved one step back, completely standing behind Jason.

Not much different from usual.

The female assassin looked at Dou Bao in surprise.

Cui Long-nu and the girl in red sleeves continued to stare at the female assassin.

None of the three noticed a tiny bug crawling out from under Dou Bao's shoe and swiftly burrowing into the female assassin's clothes.

Jason saw it.

But Jason didn't say a word.

An acquaintance seen only a few times, with unclear intentions, or his personal cook—which was more important?

Jason knew the answer with just a thought.

The latter was indescribably important.

The former like mere dust.

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."

"It seems the attacker is a formidable expert."

"Not just a formidable expert, but also with meticulous plans and numerous spies in 'Fragrance City'.
<subt>.</subt>

"Do you have anyone in mind?"

"I did, but he is dead."

"He had been presumed dead before."

"It was fake before, but this time it's real; corpses don't lie. His Qi-blood, muscles, and bones all indicate he was a formidable expert, and aside from him, there's no one else in 'Fragrance City'.

"Is that so?"

The back-and-forth conversation ended with Jason's counter-question.

Cui Long-nu and the girl in red sleeves listened closely, their eyebrows tightly furrowed.

Both were not fools; though this Q&A seemed fragmented, they could hear that the female assassin calling herself 'Xiao Zhao' believed it was Cui Long Wang who knocked her out and orchestrated everything, but Cui Long Wang was also dead, an internal contradiction.

Meanwhile, Master Mu Bai firmly believed it was Cui Long Wang's orchestration.

But there was no conclusive evidence.

Even though the two women were intelligent, they were utterly confused at this moment.

"Master Mu?"

Cui Long-nu asked softly.

"Just wait and see, we'll find out."

Jason said, sitting cross-legged like that.

"Master, the ground is cold, I'll fetch you a mat."

Dou Bao suggested.

"And bring me some food."

Jason instructed.

"Me too,"

Cui Long-nu added.

Originally grieving her father's death, Cui Long-nu found herself suddenly invigorated upon realizing things were not as simple as they seemed.

"I'll go help."

The girl in red sleeves got up to join Dou Bao outside.

She simply wanted to get some air and clear her thoughts.

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."

Xiao Zhao's eyes showed sarcasm.

"Then... I..."

Cui Long-nu wanted to retort, but she had no words to say.

'Knife Monarch' avoiding a battle?

Impossible; ever since his debut, 'Knife Monarch' never avoided a promised fight.

Chapter 1352: Jason's Waiting and Little Zhao's Torment (2)

In every battle, the "Knife Monarch" always gives his all.

In contrast, it was his own father who, in his youth, used any means to achieve victory and employed every tactic until, in middle age, he gradually developed the demeanor of a master.

But will the defeat in the first fight against the "Knife Monarch" make his father choose anew?

Perhaps, in his father's view, this is just another style of combat?

Just like the first fake death before.

In his father's words, all's fair in war.

Cui Long thought and thought, and her face showed more conflict.

"You don't believe in your father anymore."

Little Zhao spoke up again.

"You!"

Cui Long stood up angrily, raising her hand to stab Little Zhao, but ultimately, she held back.

In fact, the knife had already reached Little Zhao's clothes, but in the last moment, Cui Long stopped.

The heir of the "Si Hai Bang" blinked her eyes.

"You want to provoke me!"

Cui Long said, word by word.

Little Zhao remained silent.

Then, the heir of the "Si Hai Bang" smiled.

"As expected!"

"The 'Immortal Wandering Scripture' of the Heavenly Monster is indeed miraculous, but it also has its limits. At least before you die, you cannot leave this body—if I imprison you and lock you up for a lifetime, doesn't that break the 'Immortal Wandering Scripture'?"

Cui Long asked with a smile.

Little Zhao still didn't answer and even closed her eyes.

Although she said nothing, it was enough for Cui Long.

She believed she had seen through Little Zhao's thoughts.

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!"

"Once you miss today..."

"You will have no chance."

Little Zhao admitted frankly.

But this frankness made Cui Long hesitate.

She almost had the thought to stab Little Zhao.

And in this hesitation, Dou Bao and Miss Hongxiu returned.

They brought cushions and snacks.

Once they were ready and the snacks were distributed individually, Cui Long shared her recent hesitation with Miss Hongxiu and Dou Bao.

"Unless necessary, don't torture others casually."

Miss Hongxiu replied.

Even though the little Zhao in front of her almost took her life, Miss Hongxiu still wouldn't torture the other. Even if they're adversaries, delivering a swift blow is enough.

"What the master says must have its reasons."

Dou Bao had great faith in Jason.

Then, the three women ate snacks and sat on the cushions, discussing the topic.

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?

From the moment 'Mountain City' appeared, he caught the master's attention and kept pestering the master several times. Also, his 'True Skill' is quite unique, making him a character to watch out for.

However...

He seems a bit dumb.

It's just that dealing with the "Immortal Wandering Scripture" is a bit troublesome.

I need to find its flaw and bury her completely.

Dou Bao doesn't believe that the "Immortal Wandering Scripture" is truly invincible, as her mom said —

'Nothing in the world is perfect, like your dad. Though he's good to mom, he tried to control her at first.'

'Control?'

'Yes, he even bet with your mom that whoever won would be the head of the house.'

'Ah? Then did dad lose?'

'No, your dad won.'

Ten-year-old Dou Bao looked puzzled at her dad kneeling on the washboard, washing her mom's feet.

'Because when he made that bet, he was already the loser.'

'Dad loves mom dearly, with unwavering love.'

'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.

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.

Jason didn't even glance at Zhao and said flatly —

"Dawn."

Chapter 1353: Xiao Zhao: I seem to have angered someone I shouldn't have...

Even when a lion hunts a rabbit, it uses its full strength.

Every battle should be approached with caution and care.

Jason deeply understands this principle, especially after witnessing 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long Wang's duel invitation to the 'Knife Monarch'; he had roughly understood his own strength's position in this world.

Surpassing ordinary people, but still with some gap to truly top-tier masters in pure hard power.

But if he accounted for his talent and myriad skills, even against a top-tier master, Jason still had the power to fight.

Especially at the break of dawn.

That was when he was the strongest.

Time passed second by second.

Just before dawn, Jason stood up from the mat.

The crowd who had been waiting saw Jason stand up, and they all put down their snacks and stood up as well.

"Master?"

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.

"Rest assured!

Master Mu is powerful and cautious, he won't easily step into a trap!"

Hong Xiu Girl consoled Cui Long Nu while incessantly glancing at Dou Bao.

Cui Long Nu suddenly realized as well.

She knew she had misspoken.

Immediately, this 'Si Hai Bang' heir began to apologize.

"Sister Dou Bao, I didn't mean to say those things, I just couldn't hold back..."

"Heh."

Cui Long Nu's apology was interrupted by a mocking laugh.

It was Zhao.

The female assassin restrained on the ground laughed.

A laugh tinged with three parts coolness, three parts disdain, and four parts nonchalance.

This kind of smile, without needing further words, made Cui Long Nu furious.

Hong Xiu Girl also glared angrily at the female assassin.

Contrarily, Dou Bao maintained her expressionless demeanor, without the slightest change in her gaze.

"No wonder you're a maid following that guy; your reaction is much better than these two fools, knowing that the most important thing now isn't anger, nor thinking of other things, but to plan your own escape route."

The female assassin said lightly.

"What?" X2

Cui Long Nu and Hong Xiu Girl froze.

"Two fools!"

The female assassin muttered, then continued: "You can't seriously believe that someone who can silently eliminate 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long Wang would be defeated by that guy, can you?"

"Or to put it another way..."

Do you really think everything before you is as simple as it seems?

Don't be naive!"

Saying this, the female assassin revealed a sneer.

"Though I don't know what's happened, nor whether 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long Wang is truly dead or involved in the current situation, either way, it indicates one point—'Si Hai Bang' is no longer safe."

Cui Long Nu opened her mouth to refute.

But no words came out.

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?"

The female assassin asked with a smile.

It seemed that at this moment, she already grasped the truth, seeing through the facts.

"Guessed correctly?

Are we also involved?

I really have no idea what you are talking about!

I asked Cui Longnu and Hongxiu to leave, simply because I didn't want them to see the following scene."

Dou Bao spoke as he pulled out a piece of rag from his sleeve.

That rag looked like black burlap.

The female assassin gave a mocking laugh when she saw it.

"You want to torture me?

Break my fingers? Or scratch my face? Or maybe use some other means?

Let me remind you, never cut out my tongue, or you won't hear my sobs and wails."

The female assassin said casually.

As if all this was not about her.

But about someone else.

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?"

"Little Zhao."

"Real name."

"I have no real name, Little Zhao is the name I use now."

"Why did you appear in 'Fragrance City' again?"

"The most dangerous place is the safest place. I wanted to make a surprise return."

"Does Cui Long Wang's death have anything to do with you?"

"No, I don't know what happened."

"Then what do you think of Cui Long Wang's death?"

"There's a conspiracy!"

...

A special interrogation began.

Dou Bao softly inquired.

The female assassin responded calmly and blankly.

In the courtyard outside the secret room, Cui Long Nu and the Red Sleeve girl had no idea what was happening; they were just patiently waiting.

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—

Transmigration Cult!

Chapter 1355: Conflict!

Spice Stick Cult...

No, that's wrong!

It's Transmigration Cult!

Instantly, Jason's appetite surged.

Although he didn't know what role the Transmigration Cult played in this incident, Jason knew he once again had extra 'food.'

'Indeed, when the delivery doesn't arrive, you have to fetch it yourself!'

Jason thought to himself, his steps becoming more light and agile.

He could even be described as bizarre.

Even though there were many martial artists inside and outside the estate, all diligently patrolling, when Jason walked past them, most were completely unaware. The one or two who noticed something saw no one, merely thinking it was a gust of wind.

The [Stealth] beyond Transcendent was showcased to its fullest at this moment.

Jason made his way unimpeded into the estate's interior.

It was pitch black all around.

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 Hierarchy, 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'm old and weary of the martial world, unwilling to partake in the great matters supposedly set forth by the Sect Hierarchy!

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 Hierarchy 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.

Or rather, this was what he desired.

Learning to hide is a good thing.

Chapter 1356: Conflict! (2)

But sometimes, one must show their sharpness.

For example: this moment.

"I have five hundred Gold Notes here, is that enough?"

The young man asked the small old man, his hand unconsciously resting on the sword hilt.

"Enough."

Glancing at the sword in the other's hand, the small old man nodded.

Then, his gaze turned to the strong man.

"I'll also offer five hundred Gold Notes."

The strong man gritted his teeth and said.

It was obvious that this number wasn't a small amount for the strong man in front of him, but in order to have one less competitor, he had to offer it.

"Alright."

It's settled then.

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 —

Clang!

The sound of a long sword being unsheathed rang out.

At the same time, there was also a dull thud.

The next moment, the candle in the room lit up again.

The throat of the 'Thunder Hand' was cut open, his windpipe and major arteries severed, and he fell to the ground unwillingly.

But the 'White-clad Quick Sword' was not in good shape either.

His left arm, which was not holding the sword, was at a strange angle, and there was a palm print on his chest and abdomen, with blood continuously flowing out of the corner of his mouth.

However, the 'White-clad Quick Sword' paid no attention to this.

His eyes were fixed tightly on the box on the table.

'Creation Pill'!

As long as he swallowed the 'Creation Pill', he could cross the last step of reshaping the 'Bone Marrow'.

He might even touch the 'Acupoints'.

After all, he was young!

He had plenty of time to try!

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.

Puff, puff.

The small old man had unknowingly returned, smiling as he looked at the young man.

"You want to go back on your word?"

The young man asked with a cold face.

"No, no.

This isn't going back on my word.

This is adapting to the situation."

The small old man said with a grin, his dry and lean appearance made him look like a weasel, one that had just stolen a chick.

"You have no martial ethics!"

The young man snorted coldly.

"A young man dares to speak of martial virtue with me?

Then you better take care of yourself!

Let this old senior show you what the real Jianghu is!"

The skinny old man said smugly.

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.

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', 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'.

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 Hierarchy 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 Hierarchy!"

‘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.

The fight between the four would inevitably draw attention from others in the city.

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?

Clearly not enough.

Undoubtedly, the Planner was temporarily absent.

At such a critical moment, the Planner shouldn't be absent, nor could he be.

Unless...

What the other party wanted to do was more important than the current setup.

Or, was itself a part of the setup?

While thinking this over in his mind, Jason quickly checked the four corpses.

Thousand gold notes.

Four elaborately crafted, exquisite 'Fireball Spell Staffs.'

The aroma also became richer.

Picking all of them up, Jason walked around the room, then directly placed the four corpses side by side.

Yi!

A silver slash swept across.

The four corpses were split in two.

Jason knew that the 'Transmigration Cult' had soul-like secret techniques.

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.

As if drizzling sauce on roasted spicy sticks.

Crisp, spicy, sweet.

Texture and taste burst successively.

[Devour Strong Flame Staff]X4

[Physical strength, energy, injuries greatly recovered!]

[Satiety +60]X4

...

‘The taste is nice, but it’s a pity there’s no pancakes or grilled cold noodles. If there were, eating them wrapped would taste even better.’

Jason thought to himself.

His gaze turned to the distance.

In his perception, a faint sound of something cutting through the air was approaching swiftly.

The Planner is here!

In the dimness of dawn, a figure clad in a cloak, revealing nothing of form, indistinguishable by gender, landed in the manor, pulled back the hood, and a bronze mask covered the face.

"Sect Hierarchy!"

Upon seeing this figure, the manor guards and martial artists all saluted.

Sect Hierarchy?

The Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult?

The Planner turned out to be the Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult!

Although Jason had some premonition after discovering this was the 'Transmigration Cult' base, when the opponent truly appeared, a trace of surprise still surfaced in his heart.

He squinted his eyes, avoiding direct eye contact with the opponent.

Once perception reached a certain level, one could sense being looked at.

Jason was well aware of this.

He glanced over the opponent with the corner of his eye.

The cloak was too large to discern anything.

And the mask concealed the opponent's face completely.

Jason's perception exceeded ordinary imagination.

But it couldn't provide x-ray vision.

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.

At the same time, squads of Martial Artists began searching the entire estate thoroughly.

Were we discovered?

Jason frowned.

Then, he shook his head.

He had cleaned up the traces thoroughly, even if he missed something, it wouldn't have been noticed this quickly.

Unless they had been 'watching' here all along.

But how could that be!

With his perception, if someone truly had been watching, he would have noticed long before.

Be it secret techniques or mechanical means.

Whenever 'observation' occurs, he always senses something is off.

The uneasiness in his heart doesn't lie.

So how did they find out?

Or was it all purely out of caution?

Jason's brow furrowed again.

Whether the former or the latter, it wasn't good news for him.

Immediately, Jason decided to leave.

He stayed to confirm The Planner.

Now that it's been confirmed.

He could leave.

As for a fight?

The 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarchy, having no 'food' scent, wasn't worth his effort.

Silently, Jason left the estate.

The journey back to the 'Si Hai Bang' headquarters was smooth.

In the secret room, upon seeing Jason's return, Dou Bao, Cui Long's daughter, and Miss Hong Xiu all stood up.

"Master Mu, how was it?"

Cui Long's daughter asked directly.

"Someone orchestrated this,

It's the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarchy.

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?

The so-called sword master never appeared.

The 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarchy also hurried back.

As for the sword master moving away from 'Fragrance City'?

That's even more impossible.

The 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarchy was clearly planning something big; under such circumstances, how could they let the sword master move away from 'Fragrance City'.

And inviting a sword master with a favor?

If it were him, he would use it in a more appropriate place.

For instance: the person that was lured in!

The person the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarchy was waiting for!

Hence, this sword master does not exist.

So, Cui Long, the 'great leader's death was a trick.

So here comes the question!

What role did Cui Long, the 'great leader', play in this event?

Was he helping the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarchy?

Or assisting the person who was drawn here?

Jason pondered.

Cui Long's daughter didn't think too deeply.

She only knew her father wasn't dead.

"That's wonderful."

Cui Long's daughter cheered.

Miss Hong Xiu also had a joyful expression.

To both of them, knowing that Cui Long, the 'great leader', was still alive was the best news.

'The great leader' is alive.

'The great leader' is dead.

Those are two entirely different concepts.

Amidst Cui Long's daughter's, Miss Hong Xiu's cheers, Jason looked at Dou Bao, who, just like before, had a gentle smile, welcoming Jason back, and then Jason looked at the female assassin.

He was stunned.

The female assassin sat there blankly, mumbling: "Aba aba."

And drool was dripping from the corner of her mouth.

She looked odd.

Like she had gone dumb.

"I asked her some things, used some special drugs.

She now has some aftereffects.

But, after a few days of rest, she'll be fine."

Chapter 1359: Bewildering and Confusing (3)

Dou Bao said this.

Jason nodded to show his trust.

This was naturally to be trusted.

One is a stranger with some hostility, the other is his personal cook, which one to trust?

Jason knew very well in his heart.

Soon, everyone sat down again, just as they had before.

The only difference was that the female assassin became dumbfounded and silly.

However, compared to her previous appearance,

Now she was actually more likable.

At least, Cui Long was willing to share snacks with her.

"Good, delicious, want more, more, babble babble."

The female assassin chewed on a chicken claw and said to Cui Long.

After Cui Long handed another chicken claw to the female assassin, she turned her head to Jason.

"Master Mu, do you know why my father did this?"

Unconsciously, Cui Long used respectful language.

It wasn't just because of Jason's displayed strength, but also because of... Dou Bao!

Just now, when she and Miss Hong Xiu returned to the secret room, they saw the female assassin like this, even though Dou Bao explained it, they felt a chill in their hearts.

What kind of methods, drugs, could turn a female assassin into this?

They were puzzled in their hearts.

But they never wanted to know.

Especially when they saw Dou Bao acting as if nothing happened.

In their hearts, they had a new definition of Dou Bao.

Dangerous!

Extremely dangerous!

Never provoke!

Therefore, before Jason returned, they shrank back like quails, heads down.

Dou Bao naturally saw their reaction.

But she didn't care.

'People, if you live for the eyes of others, it's too tiring.'

'Especially those irrelevant people.'

'Let them say whatever they want, don't pay attention, if it's really annoying, just bury them.'

Dou Bao remembered her mother's words.

Just like she remembered when her mother said this, her father's face was full of fear, and he cautiously asked if their garden didn't need fertilizer because of this.

Her mother disdainfully shook her head.

'If you're not afraid of dirtying your mouth, I'm afraid.'

With these words, her father happily let her water the garden.

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.

The eyes of the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarchy 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 Hierarchy 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 Hierarchy 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 Hierarchy.

Jason's punch could be described as ordinary.

Just like a punch from a normal martial artist.

Yet, the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarchy's eyes flashed with surprise.

The Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarchy seemed to have seen some nuances.

However, this did not prevent the Sect Hierarchy from continuing to attack.

He trusted himself.

He trusted his fist even more.

Even though Jason's punch seemed extraordinary.

But he believed even more that under his punch, Jason would surely die.

This was based on decades of accumulation.

And even more from a series of continuous victories.

The next moment, two fists collided—

Boom!

Deafening, like the explosion of tons of explosives.

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 Hierarchy 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.