

Menu 1451

Chapter 1451: Role Reversal!

When facing a difficult situation, just look at the bright side.

For example: Check your harvest.

Jason glanced at the attributes panel.

[Strength 12.1, Agility 11.7, Physique 18.1, Spirit 8.5, Perception 16.9]

...

The hundred doses of great medicines inside the 'Heavenly Demon Mansion' did not just increase fullness and the excitement of feast.

It also affected his attributes.

Especially the true great pill known as 'Godlike Pill'.

It unexpectedly increased his physique by 2 points, spirit by 1 point, and perception by 3 points.

This was the only nearly perfect great pill he had consumed.

The reason it wasn't perfect was due to the 'potency loss' marked next to 'Godlike Pill'.

Even when sealed tightly in a jade box, it was the same.

Time is always the most terrifying enemy.

No matter how much preparation is made, it's all the same.

Jason looked at the soaring attribute points and quickly felt better.

Even better, as the black notebook in front of him began to glow.

A silver card floated from it.

The front of the card depicted a person... eating?

If that abstract image could be called a person, then that's what it was.

[Food Instinct!]

[Food Instinct: You have an unprecedented instinct for food, and when you are amidst a certain event, know a certain person, or are within a certain area, if you feel joyful, don't doubt it; you are getting closer to food!] rãNoBĚs

...

"Food Instinct?

Nice!"

Jason squinted, instinctively suppressing certain thoughts in his mind, simply evaluating the talent before him.

From every angle, it was quite good.

Especially if you ignore the flaw...

Jason didn't think much, quickly diverting his attention.

In fact, it was simple.

Because, on a circular, clear white porcelain plate appeared a golden dish.

[Cheesy Ham]!

Slices of circular ham, wrapped in golden hard cheese, with a rich aroma wafting.

The increasingly loose 'restriction' disappeared directly, allowing Jason to easily pick up the utensils.

The food on the plate was arranged in layers.

A slice of ham, a slice of cheese.

Stacked in seven layers.

Starting with ham, ending with ham.

Initially, Jason intended to use a knife to cut it, but soon abandoned that approach.

He chose a way that made him feel 'refreshed'.

Putting down the knife, he directly picked up the cheesy ham, opened his mouth wide, and tossed the entire cheesy ham into it—originally, he wanted to control the act slightly, but then thought since he chose the initial way, there was no need for further control.

So, he swallowed it in one bite.

As the salty flavor of the ham, savory taste, and the sweet, fragrant cheese exploded in his mouth, Jason squinted happily.

Of course, it wasn't just the original taste of the food.

This cheesy ham also had its own method of preparation.

The ham was hot.

The cheese was cold.

When they were all taken in, it provided a sensation of simultaneous hot and cold.

Especially when first hitting the hot meat sensation of the ham, then touching the slightly chilled cheese, the savory taste of the food itself was triggered anew.

Squinting, Jason chewed a couple of times more before swallowing.

He paused for two seconds.

"Delicious."

That's how he rated it.

[Tasted 'Excellent+' level 'Cheesy Ham'!]

[Physical Strength, Spirit, and Injuries completely recovered!]

[Attributes +0.3]

...

Once again, the attributes were growing comprehensively.

Jason kept his eyes closed, carefully savoring this change.

When he reopened them, the text on the black notebook appeared once more.

[Harvest brings true joy.]

[But it's only the beginning]

[Unable to return to 'Cheesy Ham' world]

...

Facing such a prompt, Jason stated that he was already used to it.

He was accustomed to the fact that after making some 'outrageous' moves, he couldn't return to the original sub-world.

Of course, the vigilance that should exist still did.

Not only did it not disappear,

It grew more intense.

That was a flaw.

But being here, he wouldn't ponder it.

Even in 'Nightless City', he wouldn't ponder.

In the 'replica world'?

Of course not.

The black notebook continued to flip through its pages.

This is page six.

Main course!

Unlike the slightly sepia-like parchment of the past, this time the paper glimmered with threads of gold.

[After all the preludes, the main course you've been anticipating is about to appear!]

[It is cooked based on your performance.]

[So—]

[It is extremely delicious.]

[It is extremely tempting.]

[Are you eager to try now?]

[There is only one main course—]

[Slow-cooked steak with mustard greens.]

[To choose it, you need to expend 22 points of satiety.]

(Note: It's very tempting, rich, but you can only enter once.)

...

Looking at the introduction in the black notebook, a mix of delight, hesitation, and so on appeared on Jason's face.

After a good dozen seconds, Jason chose to leave.

He returned to 19 Ter Street.

The previous empty can was still spinning at his feet.

Everything was just as it was when he had just left.

Jason adopted a despondent posture and sat on the crate, as if unwilling, and yet seemed timid, ultimately portraying the struggles of an ordinary 'Nightless City' resident vividly.

About three to four minutes later.

Only then did Jason stand up, surveying the entire house, and when he discovered the barricades between the second and third floors were removed, Jason cursed in a low voice.

"Damn bastard!

I will make you taste my power!

Grass (simply a plant).

While cursing, Jason continued to relocate the barricades.

Moreover, he set some traps here.

Those nails from the basement door, he took some and placed them around, resembling a mending-the-barn-after-the-sheep-are-lost style.

Next, Jason checked the entire building once more and observed his surroundings.

After confirming there was nothing, he returned to those monitors.

After observing the surroundings with the naked eye, he continued watching the monitors.

Anyone observing Jason at this moment could feel Jason's caution.

Of course!

If adding the previous threats.

There would only be one result: being frightened.

At this moment, Jason was acting as a greedy, unwilling but frightened 'Nightless City' resident.

He believed those 'cobwebs' could easily relay his behavior back and then let that 'big figure's 'collaborator' receive such information.

He needed the other party to confirm this information.

Then, he could act.

According to the previous, he gave the 'trader' a hint.

The two parties had already established a 'preliminary contact.'

Afterward, if nothing unexpected happened, the other party would definitely come again.

After all, the 'map' was still with him.

As long as the other party wants the map, they will definitely come.

At that time, he would be able to obtain more information.

What if the importance of the map wasn't as significant as imagined, and the other party didn't come again?

Or perhaps...

The other party was too timid to come?

Jason also had contingency plans.

No need to close his eyes to activate [Blind Fighting Perception], with a perception soaring to 17.2, Jason has effortlessly locked onto this controller of 'cobwebs', the 'big figure's collaborator'.

Right on Ter Street.

Even, Jason could sense the other party's aura.

Cold, yet impatient.

If he focused, he could also hear faint voices of conversation.

'How's that guy?'

'Already educated him. He'll behave obediently.'

'Good, now it's just waiting.'

'Yeah, rest assured, boss, those guys had such a hard time getting this opportunity, how could they give it up?'

...

The conversation continued.

Mixed with malicious laughter.

The other party's conversation was unrestrained.

Completely unaware of being 'watched'.

Jason sat cross-legged, patiently waiting for the 'trader', while listening attentively.

At this moment,

The roles of hunter and prey—

Reverse!

Chapter 1452: Three Factions!

The dim light shrouded the entire neighborhood.

In the basement of Number 3 Ter Street, the 'big shot's' 'partner' and his own underlings continued their conversation.

But their talk didn't have much useful content.

Most of it was just the underling who had 'just' warned him boasting about his boss.

From behavior and manners to the scope of abilities, the boasting covered it all.

Even the charisma was a point being bragged about.

Meanwhile, the boss rarely spoke, only occasionally uttering an 'hmm.'

However, the 'warned man' seemed greatly encouraged, continuing the incessant flattery.

To this, Jason was not surprised.

In 'Nightless City,' there were quite a few rebellious 'lone wolves,' but more were 'ordinary people' banding together for warmth, and attaching oneself to the strong was something ingrained in their bones.

Sycophancy was the norm.

Even more extreme things happened frequently.

Most of the time, it did not matter the person's gender.

As long as they looked good.

Usually, one willing to hit and one willing to take the hit.

Each gaining what they needed.

Jason was grateful he looked average.

Because coercion happened quite often too.

The group under the 'partner' he was facing naturally had none of these issues, as this small organization was led by the 'partner' with the 'warned man' as the aide.

As Jason made this judgment, someone suddenly approached Number 3 Ter Street.

Standing at the door, there was first three rapid knocks, then one more knock.

Followed by a low voice password—

"Rotten Orange."

Creek.

Even though the sound of the door opening was desperately suppressed, in Jason's mind he had already pictured the 'warned man' gripping the doorknob with one hand, lifting the door frame, but the friction between the door hinge and the frame still reached Jason's ears. ~~And~~

Then came the footsteps of a third person entering the basement of Number 3 Ter Street.

Wooden stairs.

Very sturdy.

They must be newly built stairs.

Or reinforced ones.

Listening to the heavy footsteps of the third person, Jason quickly judged the other person's weight to be at least 200 pounds or more, and with such weight, if stepping on the original wooden stairs in Ter Street building, they would definitely emit an ear-piercing creak.

So, just as he had previously speculated.

The base at Number 3 Ter Street was a temporary, newly dug one.

This was for the 'trader' he was waiting for.

"Boss!"

After the third person entered the basement, the straightforward greeting expressed his identity: another underling of the 'partner.'

If considering the guy he took out, the original person in Ter Street Number 19, the partner already had three underlings...

Wait!

According to the 'warned man' seeing the meat cans, the expression of surprise and resentment.

The other side obviously was learning about everything in Ter Street Number 19 for the first time.

If the person in Ter Street Number 19 was the 'partner's' underling, there was no way not to report these matters.

So, the original person in Ter Street Number 19 should have been the underling of the 'big shot.'

Cooperation, the reason for cooperation.

Naturally requires 'balance of power.'

Even if it isn't.

At least achieve such a balance on the surface.

Then, there's the opposite side of these two collaborators: 'trader!'

Very apparently,

The one who hijacked me on the train before and was about to rob me was...

The 'trader's' person!

Precisely because the robbery failed, the 'trader' appeared!

Jason swiftly sorted out the relationships involved in the incident he encountered 6 hours ago.

'Big Shot.'

'Partner.'

'Trader.'

Among the three camps, the 'big shot' is supposed to be the strongest, there is no doubt about that.

'Partner' rose up due to luck and seized the opportunity.

The 'trader' is the target for the first two, even without any display, but being watched by the 'big shot' so carefully demonstrates that they are not simple.

As for the possibility of the other side being good-natured and orderly?

Don't be ridiculous.

Within the 'Nightless City,' there might actually be good-natured and orderly individuals, but definitely not 'trader.'

Jason knew this in his heart.

The one who kidnapped him, who was killed by [Swaegnu's Touch], was the best proof.

Maybe the other person just came for things, and would spare his life after getting them.

But that's just a possibility.

The most likely outcome would be him getting shot.

Even if eventually he were let go, he'd hardly escape death.

Involved in such troublesome affairs of 'big shot' and 'partner,' how could he have survived 6 hours ago?

Even him being spared was most likely intended to divert some attention from the 'big shot' and 'partner.'

It's a matter of...

'Scraps of utilization.'

Something that those within 'Nightless City' loved to do the most.

Jason almost fell for it once.

If not for the 'old man's' people arriving in time, he'd have been sent to a 'meat processing plant.'

At that time, he cried tears of gratitude and fear.

Then, the 'old man' had him sign a deal for ten free deliveries as necessary payment for the rescue.

Although he was almost choked by the old man's methods, Jason didn't actually dislike it.

Because the 'old man' displayed his intentions clearly.

Never hid anything.

And precisely because of this, Jason became the 'old man's' 'ace messenger.'

No more complex reasons.

Simply because under the 'old man,' he could afford to pay the 'stakes.'

Chapter 1453: Three Factions!

Reflecting on the past, Jason quietly leaned against the wooden crate, covered with a blanket, seemingly asleep, while the sounds of conversation from Ter Street No. 3 continuously reached his ears—

"That guy had someone to pick him up, lost track."

The third person said.

"Hmph, I should have gone."

The 'Warner' let out a cold snort.

"You go?"

If you went, you might not have come back."

The third person retorted.

"Are you looking down on me?"

The 'Warner' questioned.

"It's not disdain, but a fact. If you're confident you can survive an ambush by a team of twenty gunmen, just take it as if I didn't say anything, especially when five of them are holding submachine guns and everyone is carrying grenades."

The third person sneered coldly.

This time, the 'Warner' remained silent.

Obviously, this 'Warner', although confident in his extraordinary skills, was not blindly ignorant.

A team of twenty gunmen, though not considered a major force in the 'Nightless City', was more than enough to deal with him.

Not to mention the five submachine guns and a sufficient number of grenades.

Unless it's an assassination, stepping into an ambush head-on would mean meeting a gruesome death in a volley.

"And then?"

After the 'Warner' fell silent, the 'Collaborator' asked.

"With this team of gunmen, I couldn't get close to that guy, but it was obvious that he was going to report to someone, and this team seems to be that person's personal escort or something."

Facing his boss, the third person dared not be sarcastic anymore and spoke honestly at once.

"Someone? Huh."

The 'Collaborator' let out a sinister laugh.

Undoubtedly, the other party should have known who this person was.

But didn't say it.

As subordinates of the other party, the 'Warner' and the third person naturally didn't dare to ask.

This made Jason, who was hearing the critical part, want to hang them up and give them a good beating, just like those novelists who left stories hanging. They were just asking for letter bombs. ραἰϋ̄ΒΕξ

After hesitating for a moment, the third person spoke again.

"Boss, what do we do next?"

"Wait!

Wait for that bastard to send out the previous guy to Ter Street No. 19 to complete the transaction!

Then, it will be our harvest time!"

As the 'Collaborator' spoke, he laughed again.

The third person and the 'Warner' laughed along as well.

Though he couldn't see it, Jason could guarantee that at this time, there was unrestrained greed on their faces.

Harvest!

Jason pondered this word in his mind.

Almost instinctively, he thought of 'black-on-black'.<azfcb0> New hapters are published on
NovlFre.et</azfcb0>

In the 'Nightless City', if someone wanted to get rich overnight, 'black-on-black' was the best way.

Convenient and effective.

As long as one had extraordinary skills.

Or left no trace.

It was the best choice for a 'harvest'.

In fact, in the 'Nightless City', every so often, sometimes as short as a week, sometimes no longer than a month, there would be rumors of similar 'black-on-black' events. Of course, not many manage to escape cleanly.

About ten to one.

And every time after a 'black-on-black', it would always erupt into continuous gunfire.

Partly was the retaliation by the losers.

More of it?

Taking advantage of the chaos.

At this moment, it was no exception.

Of course, it wasn't the usually absent 'big shot' taking advantage.

It should be the 'Collaborator'.

According to speculation, this 'Collaborator' should be one of the 'big shot's pawn, only becoming the 'Collaborator' due to luck or painstaking planning to obtain Extraordinary Power.

And, the performance of this 'Collaborator' just now, indicated that he also knew the person behind the 'Trader'.

"Probably, this is also one of the key points to becoming the 'Collaborator'."

Jason thought, changing his posture.

From lying on his back, he turned to lie on his side.

Just like a person who had kept a position for too long and had to turn over.

The conversation inside Ter Street No. 3 was intermittent.

But, it became valueless once more.

The information about the 'big shot' that Jason wanted to know, and about the person behind the 'Trader', was not there.

No previous information about district 15 of 'Nightless City', nor information after district 25, either.

Even in the 26th district where Ter Street was located, conversations were rare.

There was only the tit-for-tat between the 'Warner' and the third person.

The 'Collaborator' did not stop his two subordinates.

Instead, he incited them from time to time.

"'Nightless City' specialty."

Jason sighed like this.

Then, a faint glimmer flashed in his half-closed eyes.

The footsteps of the 'Trader'!

He heard them.

At this moment, he was crossing through Ter Street.

And, unlike before, he wasn't sneaking around.

This time, he acted openly.

Because, at least five people were accompanying him.

Meanwhile, more people were hiding around.

This formation prompted the residents of 'Nightless City' on Ter Street to make the wisest choice: retreating.

So, the 'Trader' proceeded unimpeded to the front of No. 19 Ter Street.

Knock, knock knock!

The 'Trader' still chose to knock on the door.

Not just out of politeness, but because no one knew what would come out once the door opened; it could be a cold shot or a booby trap.

After all, his boss had already issued an order to avoid unnecessary casualties.

Whether it was their side or the other side.

Therefore, the 'Trader', showing strength in numbers, was more cautious than ever.

Squeak.

The door opened.

Jason, wearing a hockey mask, looked at the 'Trader' and the five armed people behind him, already raising his hands high.

Chapter 1454: Three Factions! (part 3)

Such a stance made the 'Trader' satisfied.

"Smart choice!"

The 'Trader' said, and then, he looked inside and said: "Won't you invite us in to sit?"

"If I were you, I'd take my people and leave right now."

Jason said as he stepped aside.

The basement of 19 Ter Street was immediately revealed the obstructing curtain had long been pulled down by Jason.

Instantly, everything, including those monitors, came into the 'Trader's line of sight.

At once, the 'Trader's pupils contracted.

"Come with me!"

Without any extra words, the 'Trader' said.

Jason cooperated fully, following behind the 'Trader', being 'guarded' by two of the five gunmen, walked out with a calm expression.

Walking at the forefront, the 'Trader' dressed in a 'postman' outfit occasionally looked back at Jason.

His gaze swept over Jason's mask and the short-handled Broad Blade Cleaver at his waist before he casually asked, "Why did you warn me earlier?"

"Because, a few hours ago, I was also a 'postman'.

Jason answered truthfully.

The 'Trader' was taken aback.

Then, he seemed to realize something.

"You're not the one who was initially stationed inside 19 Ter Street?"

The 'Trader' asked rapidly, his expression shifting unpredictably.

"Of course not!"

Jason replied.

"Bullshit!"

The 'Trader' cursed, turning around with a punch that hit Jason's abdomen.

Jason cried out and fell to the ground, letting the 'Trader' stamp heavily on him twice.

Jason did not resist.

Nor would he.

Not because he didn't dare.

But because the stage in front of him was clearly not his.

When the 'Trader' and his people appeared, he had already sensed that the three 'allies' had also moved, and at this moment, they had already advanced near 19 Ter Street, carefully clearing the hidden sentries accompanying the 'Trader'.

At the same time, a particularly subtle aura was also approaching the three 'allies'.

No!

To be precise, it was the 'ally' himself.

What's the background of the opposite side?

The answer goes without saying.

It was the people behind the 'Trader'.

At this time, both sides had already engaged in a real confrontation.

A game called 'the mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind'.

As a participant.

Jason tried his best to minimize his presence.

Because,

He wanted to be the 'Hunter'.

And now, he wasn't the only 'Hunter'.

There was also the 'Big Man'!

"Hilude!"

At this moment, the 'Trader', noticing something amiss, shouted loudly.

Unfortunately, there was no response.

"All come out!"

The 'Trader' shouted again.

This time, there was movement.

Five figures emerged from the shadows.

However, seeing these five people, the faces of the 'Trader' and his six companions drastically changed.

They knew there should be fifteen people lurking in the dark.

Now, there were only five left.

What about the other ten?

Without saying much, the five gunmen clustered around the 'Trader' and the five who had just come out of hiding raised their guns vigilantly towards the surroundings.

But, it was useless.

Bang, bang!

After two gunshots.

Two of the gunmen who had just stepped out fell into a pool of blood.

The remaining eight, upon hearing the gunshots, fired a barrage in the direction of the sound.

Bang bang bang!

Da da da!

Fire serpents spewed forth, and that area was riddled with bullets, instantly shattered.

And a shadow opened fire again from the side.

Bang bang bang!

Three gunshots in a row.

Among the eight, the three holding submachine guns fell and couldn't get up.

A simple diversion tactic.

The remaining ten-man team was halved again.

It's not that these gunmen were too weak.

But the incoming enemies were too strong.

Just as in the next moment—

Whoosh, whoosh!

Threads of extremely fine spider silk shot out from the shadows, sticking to various parts of the remaining five gunmen's bodies before they could react, then dragging them into the darkness before they could respond.

"Ah!"

"What is this?"

"Bastard!"

Bang bang bang!

In the continuous cursing, gunshots rang out.

But soon, the gunshots abruptly ceased.

Leaving only—

The sound of chewing, crunch, crunch.

The 'Trader's face turned pale, and the hand holding the gun trembled continuously. Unconsciously, this 'Trader' moved closer to Jason.

It seemed as if this familiar person could give him a bit of security.

"Too weak! Too weak!"

Amid the 'Warners' voice, he and a third person emerged.

The third person was tall and muscular, holding a long sword in his left hand, a pistol in his right, with two submachine guns slung over his back, and a row of grenades hanging from his exposed belt, his face solemn and his eyes filled with malice.

The 'Warners' and the third person walked directly towards the 'Trader' and Jason.

Jason promptly raised his hands.

The 'Trader', after a moment's hesitation, also raised his hands and even threw his gun far away.

This scene made the 'Warners' and the third person burst into laughter.

Therefore, they didn't even notice the two thin threads of spider silk sticking onto them.

Until...

The pull became evident.

"Ah! Boss, don't!"

"Boss, spare me!"

The two pleaded, but it was useless; the third person's eyes flashed fiercely, throwing out the left-hand sword, firing the pistol right-hand repeatedly, and with the now free left hand, picked up one grenade after another, tossed them away.

Boom boom boom!

Grenades exploded.

But the spider silk was unaffected.

After pulling the two into the shadows, the sound of chewing resumed.

The 'Trader' watched this scene and couldn't help but swallow repeatedly.

Especially when a figure faintly appeared in the darkness, this 'Trader' was so scared that he kept shouting.

"Spare me!

I know where the 'Freedom Army' base is!"

Chapter 1455: The Fisherman

'Freedom Army'?!'

Jason was taken aback.

As a 'postman', Jason had heard of the so-called 'Freedom Army'.

A group that doesn't belong to any faction, not lone wolves, just a collective formed to leave the 'Nightless City'.

The rumored 'Freedom Army' is one of the seven urban legends of the 'Nightless City'.

Exactly.

'Nightless City' also has urban legends.

And indeed, it has seven major urban legends.

One of them is the 'Freedom Army'.

The remaining six are: 'The Treasure of District 13', 'The Ghosts of District 15', 'The Pirate Ship of District 22', 'The Wish-granting Kitchen', 'The Demon Hidden in Shadows', and 'The Vanished District 31'.

Jason wasn't particularly interested in these urban legends.

Because he typically spent his time in Districts 16, 17, and 18, and even when he left those areas, it was only for short deliveries, never lingering long in other districts.

So even if he wanted to explore, it was impossible.

But now the 'Freedom Army' had appeared.

So,

Are the remaining urban legends real?

Jason pondered.

His gaze turned to the figure that was now faintly visible.

Upon hearing the 'Trader' call out, the figure quickened its pace and finally appeared before the two of them.

A nondescript build, a gaunt face, high cheekbones giving off a mean look, especially with those eyes that seemed to bulge out like a goldfish's, and hair that was sparse yet long, swinging left and right as he walked, revealing a bald, semi-transparent scalp through which a writhing brain was visible, making the whole person resemble an underdeveloped 'mad scientist'.

Simply put, anyone normal wouldn't look like this.

To call it deformed would be an understatement.

But this was how he appeared.

And in a 'victor's' stance.

Mystical erosion!

Jason glanced over the figure and immediately assessed the situation.

The Mystical Side wasn't a charity.

When mortals wish to contact the Mystical Side, they invariably pay a price.

Sometimes, the price is life itself.

Other times, it's a fate worse than death.

The former are unfortunate, yet also lucky.

At least they don't end up as something worse than death.

However, this 'Collaborator' wasn't in either of those categories.

This 'Collaborator' likely experienced a minor error in a ritual, not a major one, enabling them to survive with Extraordinary Power, albeit at a cost.

"Was it an 'accidental' struggle that led him to ultimate victory?"

"Or..."

"Was it orchestrated by that 'powerful figure'?"

Jason speculated.

Outwardly, he feigned terror and stepped back, leaving the stage to the 'Collaborator' and the 'Trader'.

"Where's the Freedom Army?"

The 'Collaborator' demanded sharply.

There was no pretense, only genuine malice.

The kind of malice intent on killing.

In fact, that's exactly what he had just done.

"In District 31!"

The 'Trader' immediately answered.

District 31?

The 'Collaborator' was surprised.

Jason also frowned secretly.

One of the seven urban legends of 'Nightless City', related to another urban legend?

This can't be a farce, can it?

That's what Jason thought, and so did the 'Collaborator'.

"Are you playing with me!"

The 'Collaborator' roared with a wave of his hand.

A thread of spider silk, long lurking at the 'Trader's feet, sprang up like a snake, binding the 'Trader'.

Then hanging him up!

Suspended by his legs, the 'Trader' dangled from the beam of a ruined building on Ter Street.

The spider silk wound up, tightening around the 'Trader's neck.

The 'Trader's face quickly turned purple.

It was four or five seconds before the 'Collaborator' released the 'Trader'.

Huff, huff.

The released 'Trader' gasped for air.

Breathing greedily, the 'Trader' waved his hands repeatedly.

"I'm not lying!"

"The 'Freedom Army' is really in District 31!"

"And..."

Pausing there, the 'Trader' hesitated.

"And what?"

The 'Collaborator' inquired.

This time, the 'Collaborator' had started believing that the 'Freedom Army' was indeed in 'District 31'.

No one bets their life on an obvious lie.

Similarly, when threatened with one's life, everyone is honest.

Even now, the 'Collaborator' seemed to understand what the 'Trader' was going to say.

The other person knew where District 31 was.

"I know where District 31 is!"

The 'Trader' replied as expected, causing the 'Collaborator' to smirk.

"Very good."

"Take me to District 31."

"Find it, and I'll release you."

The 'Collaborator' promised.

"Do you think I'm a fool?"

"Facing someone who easily disposes of their subordinates, how can I trust them?"

The 'Trader' asked bluntly in return.

"They were spies planted by some bastard by my side, I was just waiting for a fitting chance to eliminate them, so there's no need to worry, I always keep my promises."

The 'Collaborator' replied.

Spies?

'Powerful Figure'!

Jason immediately had the answer.

Simultaneously, he was puzzled.

The one hiding nearby, presumably the person behind the 'Trader', why haven't they appeared yet?

Are they waiting for something?

Or...

Is this current situation not fatal for the 'Trader'?

Perhaps!

Both reasons might be true!

Jason raised his hands, face full of terror, while pondering inwardly.

Chapter 1456: The Fisherman (part 2)

"'Nightless City' doesn't keep its promises!"

"I need something more direct..."

Bang!

The 'Dealer' wanted to haggle.

But before the words were finished, the 'Partner' rushed forward and punched him in the face.

The sound came to an abrupt stop, and the 'Dealer' swayed back and forth like a pendulum.

"You don't have the right to say that to me!"

"Tell me where District 31 is?"

The 'Partner' said, throwing another punch.

Bam!

The 'Dealer' swayed even more.

But the 'Dealer' stubbornly refused to speak.

"This information, only I know it here, those people knew it before, but you killed them, now only I know. If you kill me, you'll never know."

"Besides..."

"Don't expect to set another trap!"

"The 'Freedom Army' fell for it once, they won't fall for it a second time!"

"We are the first and last ones to appear before you!"

The 'Dealer' spat out blood mixed with teeth, then grinned with an ugly smile.

"That might not be the case."

The 'Partner' started beating the 'Dealer'.

After a full fifteen minutes, the 'Dealer' was already on the brink of death.

But, still wouldn't speak.

The 'Partner' stopped.

But this time, the 'Partner' didn't look at the 'Dealer', but glanced around.

"Didn't that guy come?"

The 'Partner' asked.

"Heh, if 'Jing' were here, do you think we would lose?"

"He went to deal with the guys behind you!"

"You should be glad you have a powerful partner, otherwise, you'd be the one hanging there!"

The 'Dealer' was on the verge of death, his voice intermittent.

And the 'Partner'?

Another punch, hitting the 'Dealer'.

Bang.

The 'Dealer' swayed again, looking on the brink of death.

The 'Partner' just watched, until the 'Dealer's' breath grew weaker and he was really about to die, the 'Partner' then took out a small syringe the size of a pinky and injected it into the 'Dealer's' neck.

Directly pushing it down.

Hiss!

The 'Dealer' took a sharp breath, and his closed eyes opened again.

"This is from before District 15, you won't die from it, at most be disabled."

"Sign this and tell me everything."

"I'll spare your life."

The 'Partner' said, taking out a piece of parchment.

Contract?!

Jason recognized it at first glance, with a hint of surprise, he subtly glanced at the 'Partner'.

The other might really have been 'lucky', acquiring some Extraordinary Power, although certain accidents made him this way, but he really gained Extraordinary Power, and it must be systematic and complete.

More importantly, there is 'inheritance'.

At least, Jason didn't know where in 'Nightless City' one could obtain such a well-preserved piece of 'parchment'.

Of course, the parchment was real.

But what's written on it was fake.

It wasn't a 'contract' at all.

But a page from a 'Magic Potion' formula.

Of course, to ordinary people, they couldn't tell the difference.

They could only sense the mystery upon it.

"What's this?"

The 'Dealer' looked at the parchment warily.

"Something like a contract that gives you a chance to live after telling the truth."

The 'Partner' said.

"Like the ability you used before?"

The 'Dealer' asked.

"Something like that."

The 'Partner' replied ambiguously.

When the 'Dealer' showed greed, the 'Partner's eyes revealed mock.

However, as the 'Dealer' signed the agreement, the 'Partner' tactfully put away the mock.

"District 31 is in..."

The 'Dealer' started to say, his voice unconsciously dragging out, and lowering as if not wanting Jason to hear, and the 'Partner', who was listening, unconsciously leaned closer to the 'Dealer'.

Then—

Thud!

A small dagger was plunged into the 'Partner's' neck.

Just as the 'Trader' was about to turn the dagger and detach the 'Collaborator's' head, the 'Collaborator' kicked heavily at the 'Trader's' head.

Bang!

This time, the 'Trader' suffered an unprecedented blow.

Not only did blood gush from his mouth, but blood was also flowing from his nasal cavity, eye sockets, and ear canals.

Likewise, the 'Collaborator' also suffered serious injuries.

Even with Extraordinary Power, the neck is still a vital area.

Especially after the main artery has been pierced, it should have become a fountain of blood.

But the 'Collaborator' merely covered his neck and retreated.

No blood was flowing out at all.

The 'Trader' stared at the 'Collaborator' with wide, blurry eyes.

"Hey, just a bit closer."

The dizzy 'Trader' smirked.

At this moment, the 'Trader' felt no trace of fear.

There was only a sense of cunning.

"Yeah, just a bit closer."

"But I didn't die, and the one who should die is you."

The 'Collaborator' said coldly.

"Oh, really?"

The 'Trader' retorted.

The 'Collaborator's' face changed, and instinctively he was about to pull out the parchment from his chest and throw it.

But just as his hand touched the parchment—

Boom!

In a flash of firelight, the explosion sent the 'Collaborator' flying.

"Hahaha!"

"Did you really think having Extraordinary Power makes you invincible?"

"Every year in the 'Nightless City', guys like you are the first to die—because, becoming not ordinary, you not only lose the vigilance ordinary people should have, but you only have a shallow understanding of the Extraordinary Power, filled with arrogant ignorance."

The 'Trader' sneered continuously.

But before long, the 'Trader' fell silent.

Because the 'Collaborator' wasn't dead.

Not only was he not dead, he staggered as he stood back up.

Even though his entire body was torn apart, with charred muscles hanging on his skeleton and twitching organs visible, he truly wasn't dead.

He just stood still.

Those fish-like eyes stared fixedly at the 'Trader.'

"Thank you for teaching me another lesson."

"However, I'm like this."

"You?"

"What makes you any different?"

The 'Collaborator' mocked.

The 'Trader' was about to speak when he felt a numbness in his hands, especially at the fingertips that touched the parchment, which had already lost all sensation.

He strained to open his eyes wide.

All his fingers had turned black.

"Poison?!"

The 'Trader' exclaimed.

The 'Collaborator' sneered but did not respond.

The answer was obvious.

Then, both fell into a strange silence.

Next, they both simultaneously looked at Jason, who was standing aside, having never moved and us holding up his hands.

"Help me kill him!" X2

Both the 'Collaborator' and the 'Trader' shouted out in unison.

Then, they exchanged another cold, murderous look.

Jason?

Still stood unmoved.

Seemed to still not fully grasp the situation.

Yet, those eyes glanced left at the 'Collaborator', then right at the 'Trader'.

With a greedy yet cautious demeanor.

As if considering which one to strike at.

Quite the typical 'Nightless City' resident.

"Hey, buddy, interested in joining the 'Freedom Army'?"

"Did you know I also have a good collaborator, a 'big shot'."

Once again, the 'Collaborator' and the 'Trader' spoke in unison.

This time, Jason didn't remain silent.

He chuckled awkwardly and spoke.

"I've heard of the 'Freedom Army', but I don't know much about it."

Jason said to the 'Trader' first.

Then, Jason looked at the 'Collaborator'.

"Anyone who can collaborate with you must be a big shot, yet I know nothing about this big shot either."

"So..."

"Why don't you both tell me, and then let me make a choice?"

Chapter 1457: Rat and Mad Dog!

When Jason started speaking, he glanced left and right cautiously.

His face full of caution, but the greed in his eyes was impossible to hide.

He looked like someone who wanted to gain benefits but was terrified of the consequences.

Seeing Jason's appearance, the "collaborator" and the "dealer" slightly sighed in relief.

They were too familiar with this look.

Or rather, ninety percent of the residents in "Nightless City" were like this.

The remaining ten percent?

After encountering similar situations, the ninety percent would also become like this.

And the remaining 0.01 percent?

They would choose more direct and straightforward methods.

It's not that there's no kindness and sympathy.

But those with such virtues died long ago.

They even might have been sent to a cannery in some district after dying.

Jason was lucky; he didn't die.

Nor was he sent to the cannery.

However, Jason learned to hide his kindness and compassion.

Without any deeper motives.

Just to survive.

If possible, he wanted to survive better.

So, he put on a performance.

As if everyone got an acting award.

Improvisation was his skill.

Not to mention, he had real-life experience.

You must know, Jason himself was a resident of the "Nightless City".

Everything was so real.

Everything was so logical.

The "collaborator" and the "dealer" fell for it.

After exchanging a glance, they almost simultaneously said—

"The entrance to District 31 is at No. 1-16 South Tel Street in District 29."

"My collaborator is: 'Jing'."

No hesitation, the current situation didn't require it.

Because they had already decided, as long as Jason helped one of them kill the other, the next to die would be Jason.

No talk of betrayal.

And certainly not overlooking sentimentality.

It was pure exploitation.

The simple kind.

Once used, it would mean kill when needed, bury when necessary.

Jason was quite aware of this, yet he deliberately played along at this moment.

"No. 1-16 South Tel Street, District 29... No. 1-16 South Tel Street, District 29..."

Jason kept muttering this.

As if afraid of forgetting it.

Then he confirmed he remembered and looked at the "collaborator".

"Jing'?"

Jason tried hard to recall, but it was an unfamiliar name, or perhaps a code name.

This time it was not a pretense.

It was real.

Jason truly hadn't heard of this name before.

The biggest figure he'd contacted before was the "Old Man".

And this "Jing" was a big deal in the eyes of the "Old Man".

Completely someone beyond his previous level of visibility, let alone hearing about them.

Jason's genuine reaction allowed the "collaborator" and the "dealer" to let go of their last bit of concern.

The guy in front really just wanted to "strike it rich".

There were countless such people in the "Nightless City".

It was really great.

No scheming guy.

Killing them as a group was naturally the easiest.

"Yes, 'Jing'— you might not know this name, but your boss probably has heard it. He's a real 'big shot'!"

The "collaborator" nodded and said.

Obviously, although he let go of the concern, this "collaborator" didn't want to mention "Jing" more.

Not to appear mysterious.

But...

Cowardice!

Even though the other person acted normal, Jason "smelled" this kind of scent.

Every time those animals saw him, they would emit this scent.

'Jing', huh?

Jason memorized this name deep in his heart.

Then, he turned back to look at the "dealer".

"How to get into District 31?"

Jason asked.

"Enter from No. 1-16 South Tel Street in District 29."

The "dealer" laughed.

Immediately, a fierce expression appeared on Jason's face.

"You know! I'm not talking about that!"

"What I mean is how to get in, not where it is!"

"And!"

"What's inside?"

Jason looked fierce but was weak inside.

"Alright, alright, I misunderstood earlier."

The "dealer" raised a hand apologetically, but being hung upside down made it look awkward and uncomfortable, so he said, "You let me down, and I'll tell you; it's too uncomfortable to talk like this."

"Not possible!"

"If you don't tell me these things, you'll be hanging all the time!"

Jason decisively shook his head.

Moreover, he turned around and picked up a submachine gun from the ground, aiming it at the "dealer".

"Hey, buddy, calm down."

"Getting into District 31 isn't difficult, as long as you have a member from '31 District' with enough clout to introduce you, or you're willing to pay the price—signing a contract to become a resident of '31 District'. Of course, you have to show your worth to sign such a contract. If you just want to take a look, I suggest you don't go, just one glimpse inside and you could lose your life."

"As for what's inside?"

"I don't know."

The "dealer", with a gun pointed at him, suddenly seemed "honest".

"You don't know?"

Jason looked shocked and angry, as if he felt tricked by the other, the gun lifted again.

"Of course I don't know!"

"I'm not a member of '31 District'!"

The "dealer" said matter-of-factly.

However, not a word of this did Jason believe.

Very simple, the rumored "31 District" couldn't possibly be known by an outsider.

If it really were so easily known by an outsider, the "disappeared 31 District" wouldn't be able to become an urban legend of the "Nightless City".

Chapter 1458: Rat and Mad Dog! (part 2)

So, the other party is likely a resident of 'District 31'.

The 'Collaborator' nearby had a flicker in his eyes.

Clearly, he was thinking the same thing as Jason.

Moreover, the 'Collaborator' thought even further.

'Freedom Army'!

The 'Freedom Army' is in 'District 31'!

This was personally said by the 'Trader'.

So the rumored 'District 31' is the lair of the 'Freedom Army'.

If that's the case...

The 'Collaborator' lowered his eyelids and began to plot.

"So that's how it is, then... where is the 'Freedom Army'?"

Jason stretched the tone.

The 'Collaborator' was stunned.

The 'Trader' was also stunned.

"The 'Freedom Army' is in 'District 31'!"

The 'Trader' said this.

"Stop lying, you're with the 'Freedom Army'. You just said the 'Freedom Army' is in 'District 31', but then you claimed you're not a resident of 'District 31'."

"One is the 'Freedom Army', the other is the 'Vanished District 31', both are renowned urban legends."

"I can't believe it's that simple!"

A look of pride surfaced on Jason's face.

Seeing the pride on Jason's face, the 'Collaborator's' expression changed.

He almost got deceived just now.

Previously, the 'Trader' only said the 'Freedom Army' was in 'District 31', and then he asked about 'District 31', not whether the 'Freedom Army' was truly there.

Such obvious wordplay shouldn't have fooled him.

Secret technique!

Extraordinary Power!

In an instant, the 'Collaborator' thought of something and glared at the 'Trader'.

The 'Trader' frowned.

"You didn't overlook this point?"

The 'Trader' asked in a deep voice.

"Overlook?"

"How could I overlook something so simple?"

"Let me tell you, I..."

Jason said smugly, but he only got halfway through before he seemed to think of something and turned around to run.

His face was full of fear.

His forehead was drenched with sweat.

Anyone who saw would believe Jason was terrified.

Or simply assume some terrifying thing was chasing Jason.

Especially as Jason shouted while running.

"It wasn't me! I know nothing! Don't kill me!"

The voice was woeful.

He looked like someone threatened with imminent demise.

"Oh!"

Suddenly, a sigh came.

A figure stepped out from the shadows beside.

Wearing worn work pants and a tattered denim jacket, of medium build, unshaven, with messy hair and half-closed eyes, looking like he hadn't woken up, but upon seeing this middle-aged man, the 'Trader' was overjoyed.

"Boss!"

The 'Trader' shouted.

The middle-aged man waved his hand without answering, his gaze fixed on the direction Jason was fleeing.

Jason kept running, looking back as he ran.

As if worried he'd be caught.

Seeing the middle-aged man not moving, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

In the narrowed eyes of the disheveled man, a malicious mockery appeared.

Just like his previous feigned sigh.

He didn't believe that Jason, the 'Tool Person', could survive.

In fact, it was just like that—

Thud!

A flash of cold light swept across Jason's throat.

Jason had no defense, staggered two steps forward, clutching his throat as he collapsed.

Blood sprayed out with a hiss.

Jason clutched his throat with both hands, turning his head to look behind him.

As if wanting to see who killed him even in his dying moments.

But in the instant he turned his head, his life ceased.

A shadow holding a long knife didn't even glance at the fallen Jason, his eyes sharply fixed on the scruffy middle-aged man, his voice slightly excited: "Xi!"

"Didn't expect it would be you!"

"Leader of the Freedom Army in District 26!"

"Didn't expect we'd catch a big fish!"

The shadow holding the long knife spoke as he walked over.

As for Jason?

He had confidence in his knife skills.

That slash was enough to utterly take Jason's life.

Moreover, there was poison on the knife.

So Jason must be a dead man.

A dead man doesn't need worrying.

Furthermore, compared to the dead behind him.

The fellow named 'Xi' in front is what should be paid attention to.

The leader of the 'Freedom Army' in District 26, who had thwarted the boss's plans multiple times, causing them heavy losses—this time, the boss had set such a large scene just to clean up these pests from the 'Freedom Army'.

But unexpectedly, they directly lured out the District 26 'Freedom Army' leader.

This...

It's truly wonderful!

"If I bring your head back, maybe the boss will give me a letter of introduction to the 'Upper' District!"

The shadow holding the long knife said and charged towards the scruffy middle-aged man.

And when the shadow holding the long knife approached, the middle-aged man had already raised his hand, gesturing a handgun.

Bang!

Despite it being a finger gesture of a gun, a gunshot echoed in the air.

A real gunshot!

Ding!

The shadow's long knife swung, sparks flew off the blade, but his form didn't hesitate, continuing forward.

The disheveled middle-aged man pointed at the shadow, making repeated 'bang bang' noises from his mouth.

Invisible bullets rushed towards the shadow.

But they couldn't stop the shadow.

Closer!

Closer!

The 'Collaborator' and 'Trader' even saw the shadow's fierce grin.

"Xi, I'll take your head!"

The shadow shouted, swinging the knife straight out.

However, such a surefire strike missed.

Not exactly missed.

The long knife swept past the neck of the scruffy middle-aged man.

But,

There was no feeling of striking flesh.

Chapter 1459: The Rat and the Mad Dog! (3)

Of course, it's not a shadow.

It's a tangible object.

Moreover, this object—

Boom!

Like a bundle of grenades exploding, flames shot up to the sky.

The shadowy figure holding a long knife, the "collaborator", and the "dealer" were all engulfed by the flames.

The "collaborator" and "dealer" who bore the brunt were directly torn apart by the explosion.

The shadowy figure with the long knife swung the knife swiftly.

The blade light formed a continuous veil, enveloping itself within.

A shield entirely made of blade light formed instantly.

The flames and shrapnel were blocked by this blade light shield.

About ten meters away, the dejected middle-aged man appeared again.

Different from the previously sleepy look.

This time, the dejected middle-aged man opened his eyes, with a hint of madness, his hands mimicking the shape of a gun, constantly making "bang bang bang" sounds with his mouth, drool flowing out.

The blade light shield, struggling to defend against the explosion, shattered under the barrage of invisible bullets.

Blood splattered from the shadowy figure's body.

Rolling backward, retreating.

The dejected middle-aged man pursued relentlessly.

Bang bang bang!

More invisible bullets hit the shadowy figure.

Blooms of blood flowered.

After being hit ten times, the shadowy figure seemed to lose mobility, even the long knife in his hand fell, leaving only gasping and vomiting blood.

Fresh blood mixed with fragments of organs was spat out, mouthful by mouthful.

The face with the scar, under the stain of blood, looked even more ferocious.

"Ha, 'Jing's Six Evil Hounds'?"

"You really opened my eyes."

"Bit."

The dejected middle-aged man spoke full of mockery.

"Although you made that guy immune to my subordinates' 'language trap', you're not very smart yourself, not just dumb, but reckless—is it because you're used to a title like 'Jing's Six Evil Hounds' that you've completely lost yourself?"

The dejected middle-aged man continued speaking.

The shadow named "Bit" tried to struggle to sit up.

But—

Bang!

With another shot from the air gun, the shadow utterly lost the ability to move, falling once more.

"What do you mean I made him 'immune'? I didn't do anything!"

The shadow said this as he turned and reached for his long knife.

Bang!

The air gun sounded again, this shot pierced the shadow's palm.

Moreover, the dejected middle-aged man lifted a foot and kicked the long knife even further away.

After doing all this, the dejected middle-aged man turned to look at the shadow.

"Not very bright, but your vitality is really unexpected, most people would be dead after taking a shot to the vital area from me, you've been hit more than ten times and can still move, truly impressive."

The dejected middle-aged man said with a click of his tongue.

As for what the shadow said?

He didn't believe it at all.

If it weren't for the shadow helping that "postman", how could an ordinary "postman" avoid his subordinate's "language trap"?

"Did Jing only send you?"

"One of the 'Six Evil Hounds' is simply not enough..."

Poof!

Before the words could leave his mouth, a long knife swept across the dejected middle-aged man's neck.

It was the long knife that was kicked away.

It came back.

No one was holding the knife.

It simply flew back on its own.

The dejected middle-aged man's head flew up, the blood from his chest cavity spraying over two meters high with a "poof".

The shadowy figure let out a weird laugh.

"To deal with you rats, one of the 'Six Evil Hounds' is enough!"

The words were filled with pride and smugness.

And just at this moment—

"Do you think an evil hound catching a rat... counts as a dog meddling with mice?"

Chapter 1460: Taking Action

Amidst the embers of the explosion, the 'Collaborator' shakily stood up.

Looking at the dark figure on the ground, he flicked his fingers.

Swish!

An invisible spider silk shot straight into the dark figure's open mouth.

Then...

Proliferation!

Like a parasitic insect, the volume and quantity of the silk began to surge, and after two breaths, dozens of silk threads the thickness of a pinky finger sprouted from the mouth, nose, eyes, and ears of one of 'Jing's Six Evil Dogs'.

Of course, it wasn't just these.

Anywhere with an opening could be penetrated.

"Argh, argh, argh!"

Initially, one of 'Jing's Six Evil Dogs' could still wail in agony, but later, only suppressed moans of pain were heard, as the silk filled his oral cavity and prevented him from making any complete sound.

Yet the most astonishing change happened afterward.

The spider silk began to absorb.

That's right!

Absorb!

Like [Touch of Swagnar] absorption.

Even the invisible spider silk transformed into tentacles at this moment.

Different from [Touch of Swagnar], this absorption wasn't used for division but to repair the 'Collaborator's' injuries.

In mere seconds, the 'Collaborator' was restored to his previous state.

Moreover, his aura grew stronger.

Those spider silks resembling [Touch of Swagnar] quickly retracted, merging back into the 'Collaborator's' body.

The 'Collaborator' smirked, revealing a smile.

He had won again.

Though the process was exceedingly perilous, he was still alive.

Just like last time!

Thinking back to the previous occasion of 'gaining' Transcendent Power, the 'Collaborator' felt lingering fear.

It was truly an instant where carelessness could lead to irreversible disaster.

Fortunately, he won the gamble.

And he obtained the power he never dared to imagine before.

Now it's time to reap the benefits with this power.

Thinking of this, the 'Collaborator' picked up the longsword of one of 'Jing's Six Evil Dogs' and turned away.

As for the corpse on the ground?

He didn't need to care; someone else would clean it up for him.

The residents of Nightless City were the hardest-working.

And the rest of the spoils?

He wasn't interested at all.

Having gained this Extraordinary Power, even common things like the rare submachine guns he once valued no longer held his interest.

Let alone a regular 'Postman's' personal belongings.

Only the longsword of Bit, one of 'Jing's Six Evil Dogs', was decent.

Though he wouldn't wield a sword, the sword could earn him some worthwhile items.

The 'Collaborator', hidden in the shadows, quickly left Ter Street and traversed through District 26.

And just as he exited Ter Street, Jason, who was feigning death on the ground, flipped around and vanished.

Jason followed silently behind.

Jason wasn't in a rush to act.

Just like before, he only pretended to react and flee when sensing 'one of Jing's Six Evil Dogs' approaching, drawing out the District 26 'Freedom Army' Leader and leading them towards the location of 'one of Jing's Six Evil Dogs'.

Intending to ignite the fight.

Now?

He wanted to see where the 'Collaborator' was heading.

Knowing that at this time, 'Jing', without his capable subordinates, wouldn't let it go so easily.

Likewise, the 'Freedom Army' wouldn't either.

Not out of camaraderie.

But in Nightless City, if your subordinates died and you remained indifferent, you'd be deemed 'weak'.

In Nightless City, once labeled weak.

That's when troubles begin.

Jason understood this principle.

Jason believed the 'Collaborator' understood it too.

Thus, in the face of imminent 'pursuit', the place the 'Collaborator' was heading must be where he believed could fend off such a 'pursuit'.

"Is there a third-party force besides 'Freedom Army' and 'Jing'?"

"Or maybe..."

"Is he simply shifting the blame?"

"Then, intending to fish in troubled waters amidst the chaos?"

Jason couldn't help but ponder, though his steps remained swift.

Quickly, he followed behind, leaving District 26 and entering District 27.

Nightless City could generally be divided into two parts.

Uptown from Districts 1-15, Jason had only heard of but never seen it.

Lower City District, from Districts 16-30, is arranged in a circular pattern, with District 16 at the core, followed by District 17, then District 18, ringed like a target.

Jason, as an underling of the 'Old Man', lived in District 16 for years.

Districts 17 and 18 served as the 'Courier' work areas, which he visited nearly daily.

The remaining districts were unfamiliar.

Just like the recently vacated District 26.

If not for memorizing the map given by the 'Old Man', Jason would be clueless in the dark.

As for distinguishing between districts?

The wall made entirely of metal had a large number 27 written in bold, pale font, easy to recognize.

Every district had such numerical indicators.

Jason determined districts based on these numeric signs.

Upon entering District 27, the 'Collaborator' didn't stop.

Amidst dense gunshots and explosions, he went straight through District 28 into District 29.

Compared to the warlike Districts 27 and 28, District 29 became much quieter.

However...

The danger suddenly escalated.

In Jason's perception, at least four people focused on the 'Collaborator' as he entered.

Though they didn't immediately make a move, they kept assessing him.