

Menu 1461

Chapter 1461: Taking Action (part 2)

Clearly weighing the pros and cons.

Or rather,

Confirming the threat level of the 'collaborator'.

And as time passed, this kind of observation not only didn't decrease, but on the contrary, became more frequent.

At least a dozen people now.

Undoubtedly, the 'collaborator' also noticed these observations.

However, he didn't care at all.

He continued forward.

Soon, when the metal wall with the number 30 appeared, half of the peering eyes disappeared instantly, and when the 'collaborator' approached, another half disappeared.

When the 'collaborator' approached the metal wall, all the watching eyes vanished.

District 30!

The outermost region within the Ring City District of the 'Nightless City'.

Also the most chaotic region.

It is the most perilous place.

And also where life fades the fastest.

Compared to other areas which are just gang conflicts,

District 30 is...

Hell.

Jason didn't know what was inside, because he had never heard anyone talk about it, not to mention that no one from District 16 ever entered District 30.

For residents of the 'Nightless City' who lived in District 16 for years, everything beyond District 20 is dangerous.

Places like District 26 are already unimaginably terrifying.

As for areas further?

No person in their right mind would go there.

Not to mention District 30.

Moreover, the District 30 in front of him was indeed different.

Not just the number 30 on the metal wall that changed from white to scarlet paint, but the font also grew bolder.

What concerned Jason more was that the passage to District 30 was sealed.

In other areas, there were also metal walls nearby, marking the zones with numbers, but District 30 in front of him was blocked by a large metal gate.

Seamlessly.

Impossible to pass through.

Yet, it still instilled fear in those from District 29 who didn't even dare approach.

Suddenly, Jason squinted his eyes.

"Want to enter District 30 to evade danger?"

"But how to enter?"

"A secret passage?"

"Or...?"

Jason somewhat understood the collaborator's plan.

Facing pursuit from the 'Freedom Army' and 'Jing', the notorious District 30 was obviously a decent 'refuge'.

At the very least, here the 'collaborator' didn't have to worry about being outnumbered by both parties.

As for a small elite force?

Facing the largest region in the Ring City District of Nightless City's downtown, it would clearly be insufficient.

Keep in mind, in the core and smallest District 16, there lived 100,000 people spread over 166 blocks, yet it wasn't crowded and was quite spacious.

Jason had seen many people occupy a building alone or with a small group.

And the largest, outermost District 30?

In Jason's estimate, accommodating a million residents wouldn't be an issue.

Hiding among them, as long as one didn't expose themselves, trying to find someone with just dozens of people would be like searching for a needle in a haystack.

Especially if beforehand, a hiding spot had been prepared, along with enough supplies, finding him would be as difficult as ascending to heaven.

With this thought, Jason's eyes sparkled.

If the 'collaborator' really planned this way, then he'd have to act.

Capture him, interrogate for more information.

However, just as Jason was about to act—

The 'collaborator' stood at the gate leading to District 30.

He stopped walking.

Then, he raised his hand and gently knocked.

Not on the gate itself but on the wall beside it with the '30' sign.

Moreover, the position was exactly at the center of the number '0'.

The knocking was faintly audible, almost undetectable.

However, moments later, a hidden door silently appeared on the ground.

Deep and dark.

Standing where Jason was, he couldn't see what was inside.

The 'collaborator' leapt in.

Then, the hidden door closed.

From the surface, it looked the same as always, indistinguishable.

Of course, that was just on the surface.

With Jason's perception over 17 times that of a normal person, he could clearly perceive the 'collaborator's footsteps.

Not heading towards District 30.

But returning to District 29.

"Laying false trails? Interesting!"

Jason's lips curled up.

If before, Jason had only suspected the 'collaborator' had ways to deal with the 'Freedom Army' and 'Jing', now Jason could confirm it.

The collaborator indeed had a plan.

And not only did he have it, but he was also thoroughly prepared.

At least this 'secret passage' couldn't have been dug out in a short time.

The other side must have had assistance.

This guess was quickly confirmed.

Because Jason heard the 'collaborator' talking with others—

"How's it going, Lauren?"

This was a slightly hoarse, deep voice.

Not the kind that's deliberately deepened.

But a unique deepness due to a throat injury, similar to a former 'postman' colleague of Jason's, who became like this after nearly being throat-slitted while delivering goods, and surviving by luck.

"Just as you speculated, Kulin."

"The 'Freedom Army' is so desperate to get a map of 'Uptown' that they're like mad dogs. Even 'Ji', the leader of District 26, has come forth."

"And 'Jing's' people are as arrogant as ever, sending only one of the 'Six Vicious Dogs'."

The 'collaborator' named Lauren said.

Then, the 'collaborator' paused.

"Kulin, can you give me the stuff now?"

The 'collaborator' asked.

"Of course."

The man named Kulin finished speaking, followed by the sound of taking something out of his clothes.

"Pleasure doing business!"

The 'collaborator' laughed.

Clearly, the other party got what they wanted.

And at this moment, Jason, who heard this conversation due to his superhuman senses, frowned slightly.

It seemed like a very normal transaction, but in 'Nightless City', wasn't such a transaction too 'simple'?

Then, the true style of 'Nightless City' appeared.

"Lauren. Tel, what are you doing?"

The man named Kulin suddenly screamed.

Even with a wounded throat, the voice was still loud.

Obviously filled with rage and surprise.

And the 'collaborator'?

Smug and indifferent.

"Kulin, you are still so naive!"

"You didn't think that because you saved me, I would be grateful, did you?"

"Not to mention your so-called 'ideal'!"

"Bringing true peace to 'Nightless City'?"

"It's laughable."

The 'collaborator's' voice was interspersed with the sound of inhaling.

Having seen this scene, Jason naturally knew what was happening, but he remained indifferent.

Because, in his perception, the man named 'Kulin's' presence did not weaken in the slightest, despite sounding like he was on the brink of death.

What does it mean if the presence hasn't weakened?

Trap!

A trap targeting the 'collaborator'.

To this, Jason was not surprised at all.

What about saving the 'collaborator'.

What about the real peace ideals of 'Nightless City'.

Maybe these are all facts, but ultimately, they're just excuses.

All to make the 'collaborator' believe all of it.

As for letting the 'collaborator' kill himself?

Perhaps it's for a scapegoat?

Or maybe for some other purpose.

Jason didn't know for now.

But Jason believed he would soon find out.

About ten minutes later, the 'collaborator' appeared again.

Different from when he entered.

This time the 'collaborator' carried a long knife from one of 'Jing's Six Vicious Dogs' and a backpack.

The backpack is a rucksack.

Not a school bag.

A travel bag.

Bulging, who knows what's inside.

Jason flared his nostrils.

A look of delight appeared on his face.

The smell of food.

Not intense.

But full of 'flavor'.

It's top-quality 'ingredients'.

Immediately, Jason squinted his eyes.

The 'collaborator' who walked out of the secret passage didn't pay any attention to the passage left unclosed, turning to head in a direction within District 29.

But after two steps, a large hand reached out from the shadows.

Crack!

The 'collaborator' didn't react at all before his neck was snapped.

Afterward, Jason lugged the 'collaborator' back into the secret passage.

The next moment—

The secret passage slowly closed.

Chapter 1462: Information!

Thud, thud, thud.

Jason was carrying the 'collaborator' as he walked through the secret path.

The passageway ahead was deep and unlit.

But for Jason, with perception 17 times that of an ordinary person,

Everything was as clear as daylight.

He raised his hand and pressed a mechanism at the secret path's entrance—earlier, he had 'heard' that the man named 'Kulin' had pressed this spot, so it was safe.

In fact, it was just so.

As Jason pressed it,

The entrance of the secret path closed once again.

Jason stepped forward.

The secret path ahead was clearly dug out a long time ago, the walls were covered in moss, but the layer of gravel on the ground was as clean as new, even reflecting a glimmer in Jason's vision.

Obviously, someone frequently walked on it.

The entire secret path was about 20 meters long, with a bend.

At the bend, Jason paused his steps and looked up.

Despite the disguise on the top of the passageway, Jason could still see a metal door, a palm's width, hidden behind the moss.

Clearly, this was a defense mechanism.

When someone intrudes, pressing the mechanism would make the metal door drop down, blocking the intruder.

Perhaps it couldn't block them for long.

But it was enough to give the owner of the passage an escape.

It's just that the owner of this passage perhaps didn't expect to be killed by a 'collaborator.'

Carrying the 'collaborator,' Jason continued forward.

In front of him, at the end of the passageway, was a room, emitting a faint light.

A brazier.

Compared to the damp, dark passage,

The chamber ahead was much better.

With concrete and wooden frames as separation, and mud and sand filling the gaps, the brazier provided light and heat, making the place warm, while a corpse sat on a chair.

Around was a bookshelf taller than a person, but it held only seven or eight books, along with some miscellaneous items, in a very messy state, each book lying flat, and several places that should have had items were empty.

Besides this, there was just a desk and bed.

On it were paper and pen, Jason glanced — it was a fountain pen and white paper — which were high-priced items in 'Nightless City,' sold in only a few places even in Zone 16. More often, residents of 'Nightless City' could only get yellowed straw paper.

As for the fountain pen?

That could count as a form of hard currency.

Sometimes priced higher than gold or firearms.

The 'old man' had two fountain pens, cherishingly wiping them with satin cloth, especially when smoking cigars, loved to puff clouds while wiping.

The desk, without drawers, showed everything.

Jason's gaze turned to the bed.

Calling it a bed, it was really a platform made of stone, then covered with straw and blankets, the blanket had a hole that had to be folded over to cover properly.

It was obvious that the passage's owner, 'Kulin,' wasn't wealthy.

Jason turned his head, examining the figure in the chair, confirming this.

Besides wearing ragged clothes, there was a faint smell, left from not bathing for a long time.

However, the hands were very clean.

Clearly worried about dirtying the white paper.

At this point, the passage owner lay face up, deflated to skin and bones after being drained.

To an ordinary person, he seemed dead.

But in Jason's perception, the man's breath still lingered.

Even,

The heartbeat could be heard.

Very weak, with long intervals.

Jason didn't reveal this, he just threw the 'collaborator' on the ground and picked up the 'collaborator's' backpack.

The 'collaborator,' with a twisted neck, wasn't dead either.

The Transcendent Power made his vitality beyond imagination.

When Jason threw him to the ground, the 'collaborator' immediately saw Jason's appearance and exclaimed.

"It's you?!"

The voice was filled with disbelief.

The 'collaborator' widened those bulging goldfish eyes, already protruding, now almost popping out.

The 'collaborator' was incredibly shocked.

In his understanding, Jason was just a 'postman.'

Though famous, a 'postman' is a 'postman,' simply impossible to face one of Jing's 'six dire hounds' — Bit — and survive a lethal slash.

Unless...

"Are you Jing's special arrangement?"

The 'collaborator' asked.

The words were a question, but the tone was very affirming.

Moreover, this 'collaborator' continued talking to himself.

"No wonder facing an enemy like the 'Freedom Army,' he only sent Bit, a single hound, he clearly had a backup plan!"

"Indeed!"

"Facing someone like me, who obtained the Transcendent Power, what interested him more was how I acquired this power, and..."

"What's in Zone 30!"

Saying this, the 'collaborator' sneered.

Zone 30?

The man had entered Zone 30?

Jason squinted his eyes.

The man probably wasn't lying.

From the position of the secret path, and the words of the passage owner 'Kulin,' it seemed the 'collaborator' had entered Zone 30 for some reason, and was saved by this passage owner.

Also, it's very possible.

The man's Transcendent Power was obtained from within Zone 30!

"A Zone 30 where one can obtain Transcendent Power?"

Thinking to himself, Jason lifted his foot and pressed it down once more on the 'collaborator's' throat.

Crack!

Chapter 1463: Information! (2)

With a crisp sound, the opponent's nearly healed neck had its spine crushed again, along with the vocal cords, turning into a mess.

The 'collaborator's eyes bulged.

The hatred and rage in his eyes almost became tangible.

If looks could kill, Jason would have been dead and gone.

Unfortunately, they couldn't.

Under the glaring eyes of the 'collaborator', Jason opened the backpack and took out the contents one by one.

Inside the huge travel bag, there weren't many kinds of items.

Just two things in total.

Books and gemstones.

The books occupied the majority, a hefty ten of them.

As for the gemstones, there were two.

One red, one blue, they glimmered when held in hand.

The rich 'fragrant' scent emanated from these two gemstones.

Jason wasn't in a hurry to eat, he wiped the two gemstones clean and placed them in his coat pocket. Then, under the increasingly hateful gaze of the 'collaborator', he looked through the ten books.

All of them were about the knowledge of the 'Mystical Side'.

However, some key parts were missing, and some sections were incorrect.

After Jason rapidly flipped through them, he tossed the books back into the backpack.

Without a doubt.

These ten books were also traps set by the secret passage's owner for the 'collaborator'.

The basic parts were correct.

But the information on 'rituals' and some strange knowledge had been tampered with.

It was not obvious at first glance.

But at a critical moment, it could be deadly.

However, this was none of Jason's concern.

Neither the 'collaborator' nor the owner of this secret passage were clearly good people.

Whoever died, it wouldn't stir any emotion in Jason.

Let alone cause him sadness or sorrow.

So, as he walked toward the bookshelf, Jason stepped on the 'collaborator' again.

The opponent's just-healed spine broke again.

The 'collaborator' couldn't speak, but in his translucent skull, his brain was frantically writhing, clearly reaching an emotional extreme. Seeing this, Jason lifted his foot and crushed the 'collaborator's limbs too.

Instantly, the frantically wriggling brain calmed down.

Jason let out a cold chuckle and looked up at the remaining books on the bookshelf in front of him.

What kind of people are the residents of 'Nightless City'?

A cautious, cowardly yet vicious, savage combination.

People who take 'jungle law' to the extreme.

It's not to say there are no good people.

But there really aren't many good people.

Because they die too quickly.

No matter how good a person is, if they survive in the 'Nightless City', they will hide their kindness and reveal their sharp edges.

Living is too hard.

Especially surviving in the 'Nightless City'.

As for wanting to live better?

Previously, Jason didn't dare to think about it,

But now, he has similar thoughts.

So, he needs to understand 'Nightless City' more.

He needs to understand 'Nightless City' from beyond the old man's circle.

That being the case,

Books are indispensable.

So, Jason raised his hand and took down seven or eight books from the shelf.

These books might not record knowledge about the 'Mystical Side', but for Jason at this moment, as long as they record more about 'Nightless City', they are valuable.

Looking at the books in his hand, Jason picked up the thinnest one.

The reason for saying seven or eight books is that this one in Jason's hand is too thin.

It doesn't even look like a book.

It looks more like...

A propaganda pamphlet.

And when Jason saw the words on the book clearly, he blinked.

Because it was indeed a propaganda pamphlet!

This was a slightly yellowed propaganda pamphlet, with the first page printed with skyscrapers, blue skies, white clouds, the sun, and a line of text: Uptown welcomes you!

Blue skies and white clouds!

The sun!

Clean streets!

Straight high-rises!

Especially the people on the street walking with companions, smiling, made Jason's breath pause.

Seeing such a scene anywhere else wouldn't surprise Jason.

But in 'Nightless City'?

Inconceivable!

Subconsciously, Jason flipped open the pamphlet.

Every page depicted splendid pictures.

He saw one after another identical modern communities, shopping malls, amusement parks, just like 'hometown'.

Likewise, he read the descriptive text.

100000!

For only 100000 Jing, you can gain the qualification to go to Uptown!

No struggles here!

And no hunger!

Here, you will receive everything you couldn't imagine in the past!

Words full of temptation were mixed under those splendid photos.

Jason flipped through it from the first page to the last.

Yet his brows involuntarily furrowed.

Instinctively, he didn't trust this pamphlet.

He always felt it was a trap.

But about Uptown in 'Nightless City', he didn't know much either, only occasionally hearing the 'old man' mention a couple of sentences.

Summarized as——

Uptown is a good place.

It's paradise.

When he retired, he definitely wanted to live in Uptown.

According to the 'old man's words, Uptown in 'Nightless City' should meet this pamphlet's description.

But likewise, Jason also trusted his intuition.

Putting down the pamphlet in his hand.

Jason picked up the remaining seven books.

Once he opened them, he found out that these seven books were actually diaries.

Recording the first half of the life of this secret passage's owner 'Kulin'——

1118R.2.3 Sunny

I finally gained the qualification to go to school.

Teacher Kande wasn't lying, as long as you work hard, there are rewards.

1118R.2.6 Sunny

Teacher Kande sent me to school. The people here are truly nice, their clothes are clean and they're very friendly, even after hearing I'm from the Lower City District, they didn't show any strange reactions.

Chapter 1464: Information! (part 3)

1118R.3.1 Sunny

School is just too busy.

Every day there's no time to rest, but the food is fresh and delicious, and we have a daily meat quota.

However, my grades are far behind everyone else.

Whether it's cultural subjects or combat courses, it's the same.

I need to work hard.

1118R.5.1 Sunny

After eight weeks, I caught up with the class in cultural subjects, but the combat course... Maybe I don't have the talent.

1118R.6.1 Sunny

I got an A+ in cultural subjects, first in the class.

But in combat courses, I only got a D, the second last in the class.

Should I be happy?

Or bitterly smile?

1118R.7.1 Overcast

Shit!

I ended up last in the combat class.

1118R.8.1 Heavy Rain

Bastards!

Why, when I'm last in combat class, am I also overtaken in cultural subjects?

Are those guys trying to mock me?

1118R.8.15 Rain

School's out, and I went back to the Lower City District. It's still so crappy here, and Mr. Kande has become nagging, but since he promised to find me a combat coach, I'll listen to his babbling.

1118R.10.15 Sunny

School starts!

I'm not the person I used to be.

I will make those bastards underestimating me regret it!

1118R.11.1 Sunny

What's going on?

Why, after all my effort, am I still last in combat class?

And my cultural subjects dropped to 10th place?

This is impossible?

Did they cheat?

1118R.12.1 Sunny

My grades dropped again.

They must have cheated!

I need to expose them!

1118R.12.7 Sunny

I found it!

That's the evidence!

1118R.12.11 Sunny

What?

The principal said that's a class for those truly talented, not cheating?

Damn it!

This is misleading concept!

How could I possibly not be talented?

Kande said I was very talented!

I need to prove it to them!

1119R.1.17 Sunny

No leads.

1119R.2.1 Sunny

Still no leads.

1119R.3.1 Sunny

Grades declining?

Can't worry about it anymore.

1119R.4.1 Sunny

I've been expelled?

Just because both my cultural and combat classes are last?

Damn it!

What was that look from Kande?

Disappointment?

I know a secret you don't.

1120R.4.1 Light Rain

Ha!

I knew it, I'm a genius!

I finally found the location of 'the secret' in the Lower City District.

1123R.12.1 Sunny

Three and a half years!

I'm nearing it!

It seems Kande noticed something...

Should I take him out?

1124R.10.2 Strong Wind

Sure enough, taking out Kande was the right decision. With his savings, I can hasten my pace.

But a few of his students seem to be investigating this matter.

Should I take them out too?

1127R.1.5 Sunny

It's done!

I succeeded. I mastered the 'Extraordinary Power'.

I acquired the 'secret'.

I want to return to Uptown.

1127R.1.6 Sunny

Damn it!

What happened?

Why is the passage to Uptown closed?

1127R.1.7 Sunny

Not just is the passage to Uptown closed, but the Lower City District has also become chaotic.

Something big is happening!

1127R.1.9 Strong Wind

Something big indeed has happened!

However, it seems like an opportunity for me?

1128R.11.11 Strong Wind

Damn, couldn't avoid it.

I've been drafted.

1131R.4.1 Sunny

I luckily survived.

All 3000 people traveling with me died.

I got a leave.

Shit!

I won't go back!

1131R.7.4 Rain

I ran away.

Deserter?

Not at all, I just want to live.

After all, I have so much knowledge.

1143R.1.13 Snow

War's over?

I can breathe a sigh of relief.

1143R.1.14 Snow

What happened?

Is this the end of the war as propaganda says?

Liars!

I need to keep hiding.

1148R.11.20 Wind

Deception!

It's all deception!

I should have realized sooner!

1151R.1.1 Sunny

I must expose it!

I want to reclaim everything that is mine.

...

The diary is intermittent, not only spanning a long time but also mixed with many trivial notes.

It's very strenuous to read.

And the person writing the diary seems a bit deranged.

But what caught Jason's attention the most was the deception mentioned by the person.

When he left 'the old man' today, he checked the date, 1153R.4.9, meaning the last page of the diary was from two years ago.

Did that person expose the deception?

Thinking, Jason turned his head to look at the owner of the secret passage, 'Kulin', who was playing dead.

At that moment, the 'collaborator', who had recovered again, sneered—

"Would you believe the words of this madman and think 'Nightless City' is just a cage?"

Chapter 1465: Vigilance!

Cage?

The words of the 'collaborator' made Jason's heart jolt.

Because he truly felt that way.

For Jason, who inexplicably ended up in the 'Nightless City', wasn't this dog-eat-dog place a 'cage'?

Though it seemed free.

But in essence?

It's a place of confinement.

Living on borrowed time.

But Jason wouldn't say any of this.

He turned his head, looking at the 'collaborator' with a sardonic smile.

"Do you believe his words?"

"I don't, do you?"

"I don't either."

"Who trusts someone who writes in a diary, anyway?"

"Right, who writes a diary in earnest?"

"Do you write a diary?"

"I don't."

"Do you write a diary?"

"Who can put their innermost thoughts in a diary?"

"If it's written out, how can it be called innermost thoughts?"

"Despicable."

"Despicable."

Jason and the 'collaborator' were bantering, showing remarkable rapport, just like old friends reunited after many years.

But as their words faded and they shared a knowing smile, the 'collaborator' struck.

Whiz, whiz whiz!

Invisible spider silk sprang from the corners of the secret room, like arrows released from a bow, aiming at Jason's vital spots, especially the face, with several strands shooting simultaneously.

Jason didn't dodge or evade, merely raised his hand.

Whoosh!

Conical flames, carrying scorching heat, erupted from his palm.

[Charles Burning Technique]!

The [Charles Burning Technique], at the master level, not only had the power of a 'war machine', but its control was at his whim, changing at Jason's command within a 50-degree long, 20-meter, 2.0-meter high range.

At this moment, it was exactly that.

Not only did the conical flame disintegrate the spider silk flying towards him, but it also conveniently engulfed the 'collaborator'.

"Ahhhhhh!"

With a miserable scream, the 'collaborator' rolled on the ground, trying to escape the burning flames.

However, as Jason moved his hand, the conical flames followed immediately, like a shadow.

After a dozen seconds, the 'collaborator' became a charred corpse.

Jason glanced at the 'collaborator's body, seemingly confident in his flames, didn't go up to check, but instead made a circuit around the secret room, confirming there was nothing worth noting. Then, he picked up the backpack full of books and turned to leave.

The 'collaborator' wasn't dead.

He knew.

The owner of the secret passage, Kulin, wasn't dead.

He also knew.

So, he decided to give both of them a chance for a fight to the death.

Of course, to ensure their fight to the death went smoothly, he would set a fire.

A real fire.

He walked out of the secret passage.

Jason tossed the backpack he was holding onto the ground and raised his hand to ignite it.

Whoosh!

The flame stood out sharply in the night of the 'Nightless City'.

Jason believed that such a blaze would attract enough curious 'Nightless City' residents.

And when these 'Nightless City' residents saw the secret passage, the 'collaborator' and Kulin would naturally react.

As long as the two didn't actually want to die for real.

As for the original plan of the secret passage owner, Kulin?

Jason wouldn't care.

Nor would he 'force an interrogation'.

He only believed that by mastering the initiative, he could achieve victory.

He would do it his way.

The paper turned black in the flames, more flames emerged, igniting the backpack rapidly, making the fire even fiercer.

Jason seemed as if he was about to leave, turning straight around.

At the same time, two gems were successively tossed into his mouth.

The red gem, sweet, with a rich milky fragrance, akin to cream balls.

The blue gem, cool, refreshing like mint.

Crunch!

Following his habit of eating candy, Jason gently bit down with his teeth.

Instantly, a more pure flavor emerged.

Unlike the explosive burst of a liqueur chocolate.

But the richness made Jason squint contentedly.

[Heart of Consumed Scorched Flame]

[Physical strength, stamina, injuries recovered excessively!]

[Satiety +100]

[Satiety: 27611]

[Excitement of Feast +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 571]

...

[Heart of Consumed Cold Ice]

[Physical strength, stamina, injuries recovered excessively!]

[Satiety +100]

[Satiety: 27711]

[Excitement of Feast +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 572]

...

The 'food' acquired by accident made Jason feel content.

Even though for Jason now, 200 points of satiety and 2 points of Excitement of Feast weren't much.

The principle of "many a little makes a mickle" was understood by Jason.

Furthermore,

It was completely free.

"Moreover..."

"This is just the beginning!"

Jason's lips curled into a smile.

Everything was happening as he anticipated, the flame in the night attracting enough people.

What made him even happier was the faint 'food aroma' coming from these people.

Clearly, the residents of the 'Nightless City' in Zone 29 were wealthier than Jason imagined.

Jason wasn't in a hurry.

He patiently waited.

As a Hunter, one must be patient.

Especially at such a time reaping the rewards.

That's what 'the old man' often nagged about.

Jason remembered after hearing it.

And the one who told Jason this aspect, 'the old man' was pacing impatiently in the office.

Jason had been gone for nearly seven hours.

He knew quite clearly that something had happened.

Although, when 'Jing' the 'big shot' came looking, 'the old man' knew something was bound to happen, but in his heart, he held onto a sliver of luck.

After all, Jason was his best 'postman'.

And also the most cautious one.

Of course, also the luckiest one.

'The old man' always hoped that Jason's luck would be as good as the past year during this time.

Chapter 1466: Vigilance! (part 2)

But...

"Alas."

The 'old man' sighed, sat down in the chair, and reached out to turn on the desk lamp in the office.

Click!

With the touch of the switch, the yellowed light illuminated the office, also lighting up the 'old man' sitting in the chair.

Just as the nickname called him.

The 'old man's hair had long turned gray, his face slack, especially the crow's feet at the corners of his eyes, but the 'old man's attire was extremely proper: gray-black trousers, matching vest, and a white shirt, whose sleeves were rolled up high at this moment, revealing the remaining trace of muscle on his arms.

As a native 'Nightless City' person.

In his early years, the 'old man' also rose through the ranks by being bold and fearless.

Once he became the boss of several blocks near District 16, the 'old man' still didn't give up the necessary training. Unfortunately, time is ruthless, and no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't resist.

Even when...

He touched upon the 'mysterious.'

That was a chance encounter.

Could be considered his luck.

However, he always kept a respectful distance from that kind of strength.

Because he knew he couldn't master it.

As for learning?

Don't joke.

He's not a big shot like 'Jing.'

Impossible to have the opportunity to learn.

And becoming a big figure like 'Jing'?

He had thought about it too.

But whenever he thought about it, the strength he accidentally gained would warn him.

More than once.

Consecutively.

This continuous warning made it clear to him that he didn't have the chance.

If he took a gamble, there was a high probability he'd die without a burial place.

Thus, the 'old man' honestly guarded his own piece of land, not vying for anything, nor making any excessive moves. Plus, with the help of that special strength, he mixed well in District 16.

However, that's just what ordinary people saw.

The 'old man' himself walked on thin ice.

Because that tiny bit of ability started to frantically sound alarms a year ago.

Though intermittent, it didn't stop.

No matter where he went.

It's the same.

It seemed the whole District 16 had become fraught with danger.

That's why he began recruiting more underlings.

More people, more strength.

In 'Nightless City,' it's not empty talk.

Unfortunately, those underlings were not up to heavy use.

Only Jason was still okay.

Especially Jason's kind of 'danger-free' demeanor, he appreciated it even more.

At least, within his ability, not once had it alarmed about Jason.

You know, this is incredibly rare.

Even his most loyal subordinates occasionally caused slight, mild alarms from his ability.

Regarding this, the 'old man' didn't care.

It's far too common in 'Nightless City.'

He knew how to avoid them.

But likewise, he valued Jason more.

After all, someone different.

Indeed, the 'old man' even thought of handing over the business to Jason after he retired.

Therefore, he treated Jason preferentially.

Trying to meet Jason's reasonable requests as much as possible.

For example: sending subordinates to teach shooting, combat, etc.

Unfortunately...

"Alas."

The 'old man' sighed once more.

He wanted this successor to be safe and sound.

But his ability couldn't achieve that.

Standing up, the 'old man' opened the liquor cabinet, took out a bottle of cherished whiskey—this is good stuff from District 15, getting it took a great expense, totally unlike the inferior product from Ring City District.

He picked up two glasses and took two ice balls from the refrigerator, one for each glass.

Then, poured the amber-colored liquid into the glasses.

The 'old man' held one glass.

The remaining glass was placed in front of his desk.

Ring!

Gently, the 'old man' clinked his glass against the one on the desk.

Then, he raised his glass towards the empty chair.

In the 'old man's eyes, there was a bit of guilt.

And a tinge of unwillingness.

But more than that, there was regret.

He said nothing, and after downing the drink in his glass, he sat back behind the desk.

Jason was already dead.

So he had to activate the contingency plan.

Head to Uptown!

Although the cost of 100,000 gold is exorbitant, and there's still a considerable 'handling fee' at Jing's place, staying here and waiting until he's truly old will only lead to being devoured by the surrounding 'jackals'.

Instead of that.

It's better to gamble for a chance at Jing's place.

Perhaps there's still a bit of a way to survive.

Despite rumors that many who head to Uptown are swallowed whole by Jing, he too had concerns about this before, but at this point, there's no need to worry anymore.

The 'old man' thinking this over didn't contact Jing immediately.

The disparity in status between the two was too great; the 'old man' was not even qualified to contact Jing on his own.

He could only resort to indirect tactics.

Thud, thud thud!

The 'old man' tapped his index finger on the table.

Soon enough, he came up with a decent plan.

Feeling somewhat heartbroken, the 'old man' opened the drawer to the right of his desk.

Inside was a yellowed book.

From the 'mysterious'.

Not the source of his power, just something he stumbled upon.

This would make a good stepping stone.

Even if before, the 'old man' took it as an amulet.

Deliberating over his words, the 'old man' reached for the phone.

But, at that moment, the phone rang first.

Ring ring!

The old-fashioned phone emitted a clear ringtone.

The 'old man' was taken aback, then casually picked up the phone.

His phone number wasn't a secret; many knew it.

However, the fact that someone could call into his office spoke volumes about the caller's identity.

Thus, the 'old man' was very polite.

"Hello, how are you..."

"I'm Jing."

The 'old man's words were interrupted by a domineering remark.

Jing?!

The 'old man' was startled inside.

Though he intended to find Jing, it didn't mean that Jing's call was a good thing.

A previous call had caused him to lose his best subordinate, his successor.

What would he lose now?

Could it be his life?

Thinking this, the 'old man's heart tightened.

To his relief, he didn't feel a warning, which helped him stay rational, and he exhaled slightly.

"Your Excellency Jing, may I ask what you need?"

The 'old man' tried to make his tone humble.

"Is there anything special about Jason?"

Jing's question was unexpected.

Jason?

Asking about Jason?

Could something have happened there?

The 'old man' secretly speculated.

However, he quickly replied.

"Jason is a cautious, hardworking, and studious young man, and not greedy, knowing how to stay safe."

The 'old man' answered like this.

Since Jing asked, then Jason must have something worth noticing.

Even if the 'old man' didn't know.

But if Jing says there is, then there must be.

"Oh?"

Jing's tone drew out.

The 'old man's heart lifted accordingly.

Unexpectedly, Jing then said.

"Oh, that's how it is."

"No wonder he became the best 'courier' in Nightless City."

With these words, Jing then hung up the phone.

A bit inconclusive.

But the 'old man's face changed several times.

His power was frantically warning him at this moment.

Not the first time.

But every time it happened, his life was concerned.

Without any hesitation, the 'old man' picked up the book in hand and pressed a concealed button under the desk.

Silently, a door opened on one side of the wall.

The 'old man' swiftly entered.

About a minute later.

Two rockets with dazzling tail flames shot towards the 'old man's office from afar.

One even went straight into the 'old man's office.

Bang! Bang!

Chapter 1467: 'Big Shots'!

The sound of two explosions completely shattered the tranquility of District 16 in "Nightless City" at night.

As one of the few areas considered safe within "Nightless City," District 16 was occupied by rule-abiding gangs and loners.

But the essence of "Nightless City" residents had not changed.

The second after the explosion occurred.

Countless gazes turned to this spot.

However, after seeing clearly the group standing on the street, they quickly withdrew their gazes.

That group.

Or rather, the leader of that group.

They recognized.

One of "Jing's Six Evil Dogs": Dugao.

A man with a fierce appearance, dressed in a white suit, wearing black sunglasses, and of an exceptionally tall stature.

Along with his numerous subordinates, they were all dressed similarly.

Similarly, their physiques were extraordinarily robust.

"Hey, nicely done."

Dugao noticed the surrounding gazes but didn't care.

As one of "Jing's Six Evil Dogs," he was long accustomed to those admiring, fearful, and covetous gazes wishing to replace him.

Similarly, he knew exactly how to deal with it.

Looking at the subordinates struggling to run out from the "Old Man" Agency, Dugao's fierce face blossomed with a malicious grin.

"Continue!"

"Kill them!"

With a command, guns rained down.

Da-da-da!

Boom-boom-boom!

Assault rifles and grenades poured down.

In just a dozen seconds, all those subordinates belonging to "Old Man," who had survived the initial rocket attack, were lying in pools of blood.

However, this was not the end.

Dugao waved his hand.

Immediately, a dozen subordinates came out from behind, starting to clean up the “Old Man” Agency.

Or rather, checking for survivors.

Once survivors were found.

Simple, just finish them off with another shot.

About ten minutes later, the cleanup was over.

Not a single one of “Old Man’s” subordinates, including gunmen, bodyguards, mailmen, survived.

But,

The corpse of Old Man wasn’t found.

"Damn old fox!"

Dugao cursed, then waved his hand again.

Another round of searches began.

While moving, he had confirmed that “Old Man” was indeed here.

Otherwise, who answered the call from their boss?

Therefore, before the rocket descended, “Old Man” must have been present.

But now, not finding the corpse of “Old Man”?

There’s only one possibility!

A secret passage!

The secret passage might be hidden on normal days, but at this moment, it’s insignificant.

Because once the existence of the secret passage is known.

That’s when it loses its function.

While Dugao’s subordinates searched the battlefield again, they began to hoist the corpses of “Old Man’s” subordinates one by one.

This was Dugao’s style.

Dugao liked it very much.

It could very effectively intimidate those unsure of what they should do.

Just as Dugao’s subordinates hoisted all the corpses, another group found the secret passage.

"Boss, here."

One subordinate said.

"Send a few people down to check."

Dugao instructed.

He had no intention of going down personally.

Who knew if that old fox had laid any traps?

Even though ordinarily this old fox always appeared very amiable.

But that was on regular days.

Now?

Everyone's already fighting for survival.

There's no restraint.

To restrain further would be unfit as "Nightless City" residents.

In reality, it was exactly like this.

"Boss, we found booby traps!"

The subordinate's report made Dugao grin.

"Old fox, you thought..."

Boom!

Before Dugao could finish speaking, the ground suddenly trembled, an explosion came unexpectedly.

It was not just the “Old Man” Agency location; everything within a 50-meter radius was within the explosion range.

Just so happened, Dugao and his group were exactly in that range.

The high explosives overturned the ground; the “Old Man” Agency was literally blown sky-high, smoke intertwined with thick blood mist.

Dugao and his group were shattered into pieces.

They exceeded normal people in strength and coordinated closely.

Especially Dugao, who possessed Extraordinary Power.

But when confronted with the power of one ton of TNT explosives, they were still not enough.

Moreover, “Old Man,” for insurance, had added a bit of extra ‘material.’

The poisonous gas spreading everywhere made the “Nightless City” residents watching curse angrily.

While cursing “Old Man’s” viciousness, they ran away from here.

Of course, the direction was consistent.

Towards the street where “Jing” was located.

Their intent for going, naturally, was to relay the news.

The street where “Jing” was located actually no longer belonged to District 16.

"Paradise Lane!"

Those familiar with this street called it that.

Because it truly connected with “paradise.”

"Nightless City's" uptown: Districts 1-15.

However, from the exterior, nobody would take Morsen District, ordinarily commonplace in District 16, as “Paradise Lane,” but indeed, it's just this ordinary, sparsely populated, even bordering District 17 edge street, that is the rumored “Paradise Lane.”

Regarding the lack of people?

There were originally people here.

But after “Jing” took a liking to this place, it became deserted.

Those who could appear nearby naturally were “Jing's” subordinates.

Thus, a group appearing here was conspicuous.

Especially when each one was covered in blood.

Both others' and their own.

The credit for relaying the news belonged only to one person.

So many people came, surely it couldn't be divided.

Thus, on their way here, this group had already fought several times.

Originally a team of dozens, by this point it was reduced to a mere three.

Among these three, one staggered.

Chapter 1468: 'Big Shots'! (2)

Finally——

Thud!

He fell to the ground, breathless.

The remaining two locked eyes, and at the moment the third one fell, their pupils contracted, and they struck at the same time.

The third person was gone.

Only they were left.

There was no need to hesitate anymore.

Bam!

Splurt!

A bullet left a hole in the forehead, blowing the skull cap away.

A flying knife buried itself into the throat, blood spraying out.

Two bodies fell down.

And the body that had previously lost breath got up at this moment.

He looked at the two fallen bodies, grinned, quickly searched them for weapons, money, and some food, stuffed them into his pockets, and continued towards the Morsen District.

Playing dead is disgraceful?

Staying alive is what matters most.

Surviving till the end is even more important.

This is the most direct thought of a 'Nightless City' resident.

Therefore, the informant did not feel any shame at this moment.

On the contrary, he felt triumphant.

"I have important information to report to 'Master Jing'!"

Upon entering the Morsen District, the informant shouted loudly.

Immediately, several fully armed men emerged from the corners of the street.

Without any hesitation, the informant raised his hands high, indicating he meant no harm.

But this did not stop these men from dealing with him.

The leader of the men punched him and followed with an electric shock.

The informant instantly became dazed.

Afterward, several more high-intensity shocks followed.

The informant fainted cleanly.

Before passing out, the informant had the heart to resist and struggle.

Because this was not what he had imagined.

In his imagination, he would suffer some hostility at first, but once he stated his purpose, he would become an esteemed guest of 'Jing', or at least Jing's subordinate.

However, these people before him ignored all that.

They just tormented him to death.

The fear of death made the informant regret.

But it was too late.

The electric shocks made him completely lose the ability to resist.

And then, one more injection made him confess everything.

"Du, Dugao and Dugao, Gao's subordinates, were killed by 'the Old Man'."

After choppy words, the guardians of the Morsen District's faces immediately changed.

The leader made a gesture and then ran straight to a nearby house.

There was a phone connected to the interior of the district.

Only to be used at critical moments.

Undoubtedly, this was a critical moment.

"Hello, this is Patrol Team 12."

The phone was connected, and the district guardian immediately reported.

Afterward, the personnel inside the district relayed the message layer by layer.

Until it reached the hands of Neapolitan, one of 'Jing's Six Vile Dogs'.

"Got it."

Neapolitan said.

Immediately, the informant turned around as if pardoned and left.

This informant did not want to stay here at all.

Not only because of the oppressive feeling Neapolitan gave him, but also because Neapolitan was simply too ugly.

No one knew what Neapolitan had gone through for his body to be so enormous, towering over ordinary people by half a body height, with sagging facial skin, including around the eyebrows, making his eyes small like two mung beans, rendering an already ugly face even more hideously unsightly.

Remembering this visage is enough to cause nightmares.

Or simply wake someone in fright.

Neapolitan knew this.

But Neapolitan didn't care.

It was just a matter of twisting another informant's neck.

The previous informant had his neck twisted for that very reason.

That's why there was a new informant now.

Sadly, less than three weeks had passed, and it was time to find another one.

But Neapolitan was not worried about finding people; in the 'Nightless City', his boss was the best calling card. As long as 'Jing's' name was mentioned, countless people would swarm to join.

Thinking of this, Neapolitan grinned.

Immediately, his already ugly face took on a more ferocious look.

Neapolitan felt the urge to chase after him and twist the other's neck.

However, he hadn't forgotten his proper duties.

Turning around, Neapolitan walked towards his boss's office.

Unlike the other 'Six Evil Dogs' in the action team, Neapolitan would never leave 'Jing's' side. He could be considered 'Jing's' personal bodyguard, or even one of his closest people.

Because of this, Neapolitan knew many things.

These things made Neapolitan increasingly loyal.

Knock, knock knock.

Following the rhythm his boss liked, Neapolitan knocked on the office door.

"Come in."

Upon hearing his boss's voice, Neapolitan then opened the office door.

Inside the office, the lighting was soft.

The notorious 'Jing', known throughout the Nightless City's Ring City District, was just reclining on the sofa like that.

Wearing a dark-colored robe, reading glasses perched on his nose, a book rested on his knees, and a cup of coffee along with a plate of sugar cubes sat on the side table next to the sofa.

The face beneath the reading glasses seemed very gentle, the air around him was refined and slight.

Especially those eyes.

Clear and gentle.

Sitting there, if no one told you that he was 'Jing', everyone would assume he was a teacher or a doctor.

Particularly after noticing those very clean hands without any nails, one would lean towards the latter.

However, Neapolitan knew very well what kind of person his boss was.

Without any delay, he truthfully reported the events that had occurred with the 'old man'.

"Failed?"

'Jing' raised his head in surprise.

Neapolitan immediately nodded.

'Jing', who seemed like both a teacher and a doctor, immediately let the corners of his mouth curl upwards into an intrigued smile.

"Our 'old man' certainly gave me a surprise."

'Jing' sighed.

Then, in a questioning manner, he asked.

"Do you know what just happened in the 26 District?"

Facing his boss's question, Neapolitan shook his head.

He knew his boss had important matters there, important enough to have started arrangements months ago, but he wasn't aware of the specifics.

As the boss's bodyguard, his responsibilities lay more within the district.

Field work?

That was mostly handled by the action team.

"Bit is dead."

'Jing' stated calmly.

Neapolitan was taken aback.

His eyes, like mung beans, showed disbelief.

Even though he really didn't like the five other guys who were on par with him, even bore a little hostility, he had to admit each of them had their own strengths.

And, their skills were not weak.

You mean Dugao?

That guy Dugao simply had bad luck.

Who could have thought the 'old man' would go to such a crazy extent?

But what happened to Bit?

How could that guy be dead?

"Killed by the head of the 26 District's 'Freedom Army'.

"Or taken out by our 'collaborator'.

"Or maybe...

"Someone seized an opportunity."

"Like that 'postman'!"

'Jing's' tone remained unchanged, narrating slowly.

Neapolitan suddenly understood.

He had been puzzled as to why the boss was troubling the 'old man'; it turned out it was because of that 'postman'... no, maybe they were just involved.<az00a8> For original chapters go to NovelFire.net</az00a8>

If it were before the explosion, Neapolitan would only suspect, but now he was certain the 'old man' was involved, perhaps even tangled up with the 'collaborator' who betrayed them.

"Boss, what should we do?"

Neapolitan asked with a sardonically grin.

No one can get away with killing 'Jing's' people unscathed.

Similarly, no one can ruin 'Jing's' plans.

"I'm still not sure of the exact situation."

"Only bits and pieces of information have come to light."

"So, I decided..."

'Jing' spoke as he stood up, placing the book he was holding on the armrest of the sofa. This gentle-faced 'big figure', who seemed like a teacher or a doctor, went towards the desk.

His voice became low.

He pulled open the drawer, revealing a red button.

His hand pressed down directly.

Click.

In the sound of the button's click, this big figure's voice continued—

"Erase the 26 District."

Chapter 1469: Small-Scale Skirmish!

Zone 29.

In front of the metal wall leading to Zone 30.

A sudden burst of flames drew much attention.

The dwellers of 'Nightless City' mingling here, some in groups, some alone.

Approaching here, little by little.

Compared to the 'Nightless City' residents in Zones 16, 17, and 18 in Jason's memory, the dwellers here seemed like people from another world, each exuding a strong aura and heavy killing intent.

To give an example,

If the 'Nightless City' residents of Zones 16, 17, and 18 are ordinary citizens, then those dwelling in Zone 29 are like a gang of desperados.

The kind that kills without blinking.

Jason quietly observed these 'Nightless City' residents of Zone 29, a slight smile tugging at his lips.

The situation was even better than he had imagined.

Originally, Jason estimated that the 'Nightless City' residents of Zone 29 would likely be involved with the 'Mystical Side', 'Extraordinary Power', and such, but he didn't expect there would be so many.

Approaching were thirty 'Nightless City' residents.

Among them, three carried the aura of 'food'.

10:1!

What an astonishing ratio!

Of course, Jason was not blindly optimistic.

Considering the 'cautious' nature of 'Nightless City' residents, those daring to venture out now must be the elite of Zone 29.

Indeed.

Also, considering the 'cautious' nature of 'Nightless City' residents, many must be hidden as well.

So overall, it's good news.

With good news comes a good mood.

With this pleasant mood, Jason's figure disappeared from the spot.

Before the metal wall, the Flame raised by the book had long disappeared, with only ashes caught by the night breeze, swirling into the sky, some flickering and vanishing, others striking the metal wall, sparking one last glow.

The night deepened.

The 'Nightless City' Zone 29 residents watching here held their breath.

Each more or less aware of the hidden 'neighbors' around them.

In other zones, most would have retreated by now.

Or feigned a retreat.

But in Zone 29, at this time, no one would use such tactics.

Not because it's ineffective.

But because...

At this moment, a single move would cause a chain reaction.

Everyone present was seasoned veterans.

Staying put was harmless.

But if anyone moved, everyone would attack simultaneously.

First, they would clear out the 'outsiders'.

Then, discuss their own matters.

The 'Nightless City' residents present were those who thrived in Zone 29, naturally understanding this unspoken agreement.

Hence, they willingly waited.

For daylight!

For the clarity of sunlight, then they would act!

After all, they could all see that secret passage.

They were certain that mere hours or even a day ago, this passage did not exist.

At least they hadn't discovered it.

Now that it's appeared, some guesses naturally arose.

When was this passage constructed?

Could it lead to Zone 30?

And!

What's inside this passage?

Why did it suddenly open?

The last two questions made the 'Nightless City' residents even more cautious.

Until the faint scent of blood emerged.

Though subtle, ordinary people wouldn't notice even if they smelled it.

But for the 'Nightless City' Zone 29 residents, it was glaringly obvious.

Like sharks in the ocean.

Immediately picking up the scent of blood.

'Scalpel' Kade couldn't resist extending his tongue, licking his dry lips, fingers trembling slightly, as a scalpel slid from his sleeve into his hand.

"Haha, someone couldn't hold back."

"Count me in."

With a slightly manic voice, 'Scalpel' Kade charged out from the shadows toward his preselected target.

Clang!

Poof!

A person cloaked in armor raised their shield to block the scalpel's assault, but in a sharp and sickening metallic slicing sound, the armored person, along with their shield, was split in two.

Blood spurted.

Clunk!

The armored corpse fell to the ground.

That sound was like a signal flare.

The hidden 'Nightless City' Zone 29 residents launched into slaughter towards their predetermined targets.

Crimson flowed.

Bodies littered the ground.

After eliminating the third target carrying the 'food' aura, Jason hid once more, watching intently.

The 'Nightless City' Zone 29 residents were formidable.

But not without weaknesses.

Being one of them, Jason knew the 'Nightless City' all too well.

There's no need to state your 'intentions' too clearly.

A slight hint suffices.

These 'Nightless City' residents will quickly fill in all the details.

Then, achieve what you desire.

Just like before.

After dispatching the second target with the 'food' aura, he subtly released a hint of blood scent, and these Zone 29 'Nightless City' residents acted immediately.

What's most appealing about dominoes?

Is it not the orderly collapse following the initial push?

Jason stood in the shadows, observing the fighting crowd.

Three individuals caught his eye.

One was a man known as 'Scalpel', dressed in rags, muttering manically, holding a scalpel. Though it seemed small, it was extraordinarily sharp and, surprisingly, had an extending effect, easily slicing opponents from a meter away.

Chapter 1470: Petty Scuffles! (part 2)

It's not the scalpel itself, but some sort of secret technique.

A bit like the 'Qi-Blood Secret Martial Arts' from the last instance world.

The other person is a 'Gunslinger'.

Cloaked in a black leather coat, wearing a matching hat, with a rectangular box on his back, holding two silver revolvers, he elegantly and deftly dodges his opponent's attacks, simultaneously firing lethal bullets as if performing a deadly waltz.

The last one, judging by the gasps around, should be the 'Puppeteer'.

A gray-black robe drapes over her body and face, making it impossible for ordinary people to see clearly.

Yet her outstretched hand is fair and slender.

When she just dodged the shrapnel from the grenade explosion, her light hum confirmed to Jason that she was a woman.

At this moment, her hands are bound with puppet strings, but the puppets controlled are the residents of 'Nightless City' district 29. Her ten fingers almost seem to create layered afterimages, the people tied by the puppet strings swiftly wield weapons, or use their bodies as shields to withstand attacks for her.

Under Jason's watch, this 'Puppeteer' is controlling three people, two attacking and one defending, quickly clearing a large area.

They didn't kill them all.

Instead, the residents of 'Nightless City' district 29 around them intentionally dodged.

Clearly, these people didn't want to become unwilling 'puppets'.

However, what Jason cares most about isn't the 'Puppeteer'.

It's the 'Gunslinger'.

The revolver in his hand carries not a trace of the smell of food.

But the box on his back gives Jason an instinctive sense of danger.

"Could it be some powerful weapon?"

Jason silently thought.

And at this moment in the field, the battle was coming to an end.

Thunk!

With the final 'outsider' having their throat slit by the 'Scalpel', the first phase of the battle formally ended.

"Hahaha, I turned out to be the last one!"

The 'Scalpel' laughed maniacally.

Laughing so hard he doubled over.

The blade in his hand, along with the sleeve stained beyond recognition, dripped with fresh blood.

There were more bloodstains on his body.

When some light flickered, it could be seen that these new bloodstains were somewhat similar to the previous stains on his clothes.

It seemed that when the blood dried, it was this color.

The 'Gunslinger' pursed his lips, a look of undisguised distaste on his handsome face.

He hated the 'Scalpel'.

In fact, no normal person would like the 'Scalpel'.

After all, the 'Scalpel' is a madman.

As for him being the last to finish the battle?

Actually, strictly speaking, he was the first to finish the battle.

But in the slaughter, he cared about nothing.

Intruding into his and the 'Puppeteer's territory, seizing prey.

From the start of the battle, the 'Scalpel', 'Gunslinger', and 'Puppeteer' tacitly positioned themselves around a 'center point', forming an irregular triangle.

The three were like water from wells that don't mix.

Each cleared the 'intruding' prey on their own territory.

As for the center point?

It was naturally the entrance of that secret passage.

The 'Gunslinger' pressed down his hat, ignoring the still-manically laughing 'Scalpel', instead looking at the 'Puppeteer', who concealed her entire body, exposing only her hands.

"Heheh,"

Strange laughter emanated from beneath the cloak.

The laughter seemed pretentious, yet had an indescribable sharpness.

In any case, it sent chills down one's spine.

The 'Gunslinger' frowned deeply.

If the location of this passageway didn't lead near district 30, potentially related to it, he would have left already.

Both the 'Scalpel' and the 'Puppeteer' were notoriously troublesome in district 29.

The former is a madman.

The latter?

Sapparently also a madman.

Just that most of the time, it doesn't show.

But assuredly not at this moment.

The 'Gunslinger', looking at the two emitting different laughter, unconsciously gripped his gun handle tightly, frowning.

He prepared to strike first.

His initial plan was to ally with one of them to take down the other.

But from how things appeared now.

This method was unfeasible.

Can madmen form an alliance?

No.

The 'Gunslinger' was very sure.

So, when the 'Scalpel' and 'Puppeteer' launched an attack on him together, he was surprised.

A madman certainly couldn't ally with a normal person!

But a madman could ally with a madman!

Bam!

Bam bam bam!

Aiming at the two charging puppets, the 'Gunslinger' repeatedly pulled the trigger.

The large-caliber revolver shattered the two puppets in an instant.

Without a means of attack, the 'Puppeteer' naturally became the 'Gunslinger's best target, but the charging 'Scalpel' forced him to abandon shooting at the 'Puppeteer'.

Instead, he turned to shoot at the 'Scalpel'.

"Haha cack cack cack!"

Seeing the 'Gunslinger' aiming at him, the 'Scalpel' didn't dodge, crouched forward, dashing rapidly.

The 'Scalpel's crouching body was almost parallel to the ground, the frequency of his legs moving so fast it reached an extreme, escaping normal sight, making it appear to a common person as if the 'Scalpel' was sliding on the ground.

Moreover, he darted left and right.

Ordinary vision simply couldn't capture him.