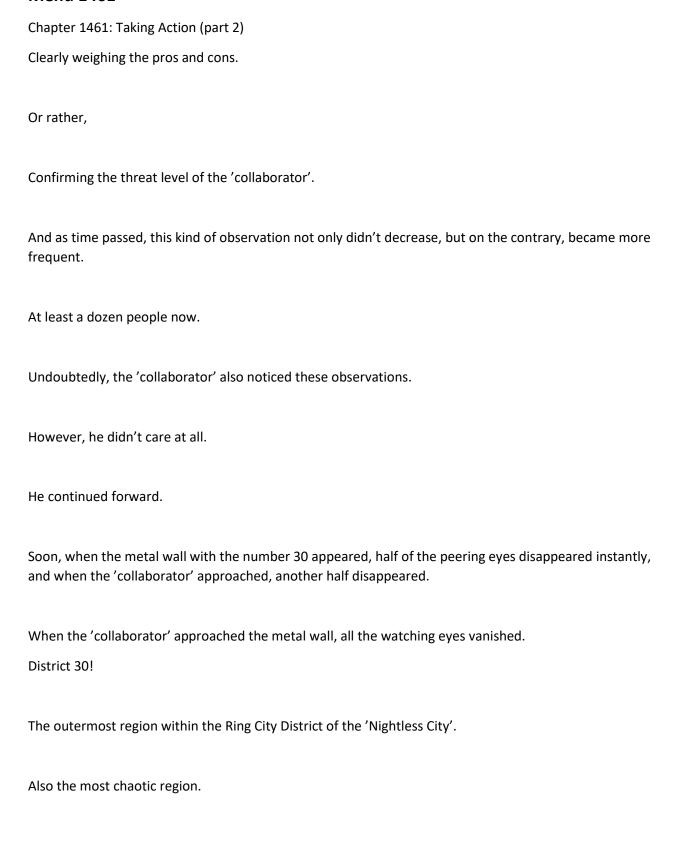
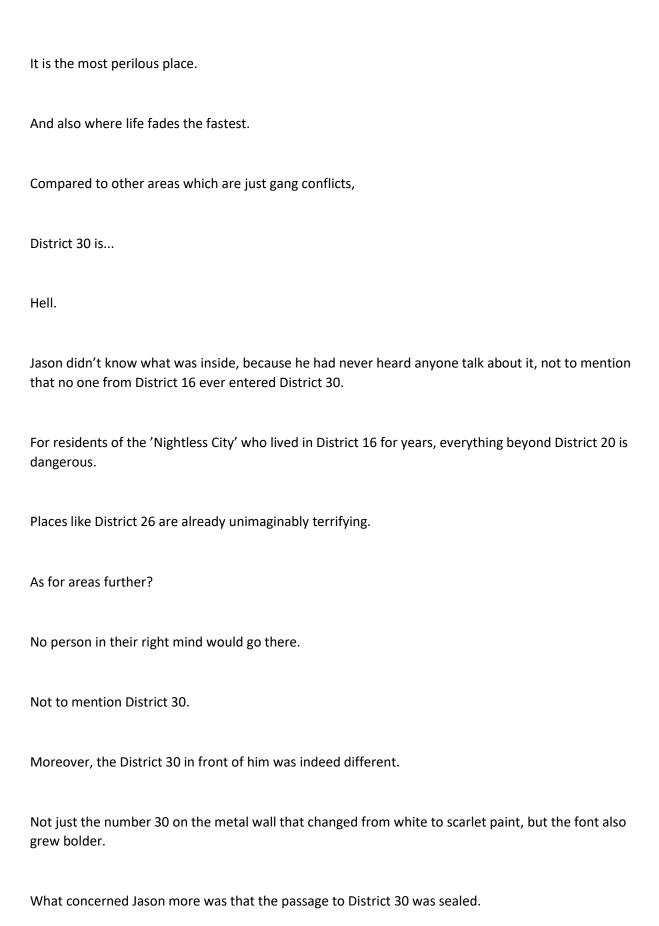
Menu 1461

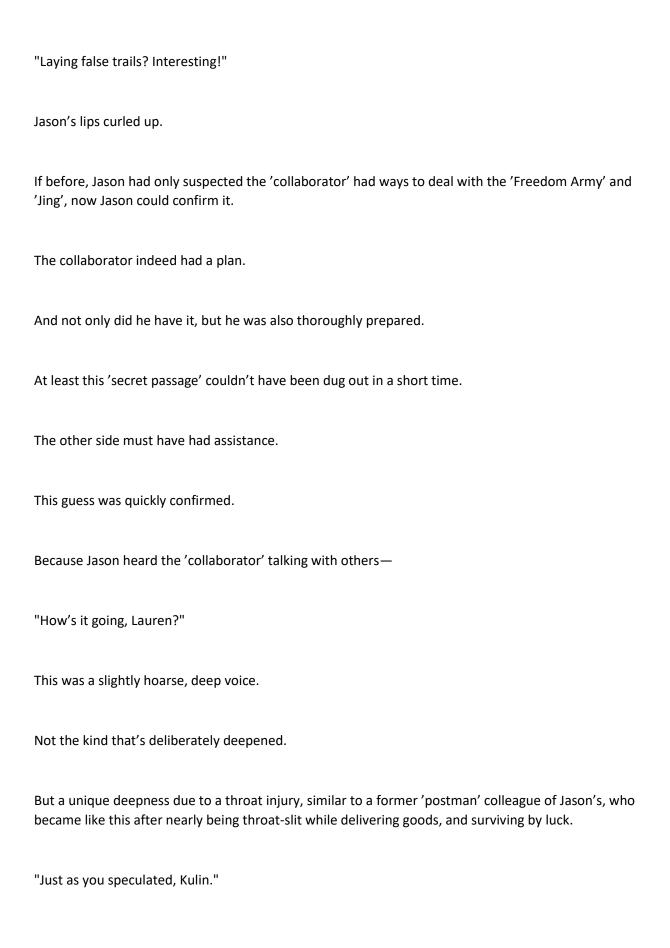




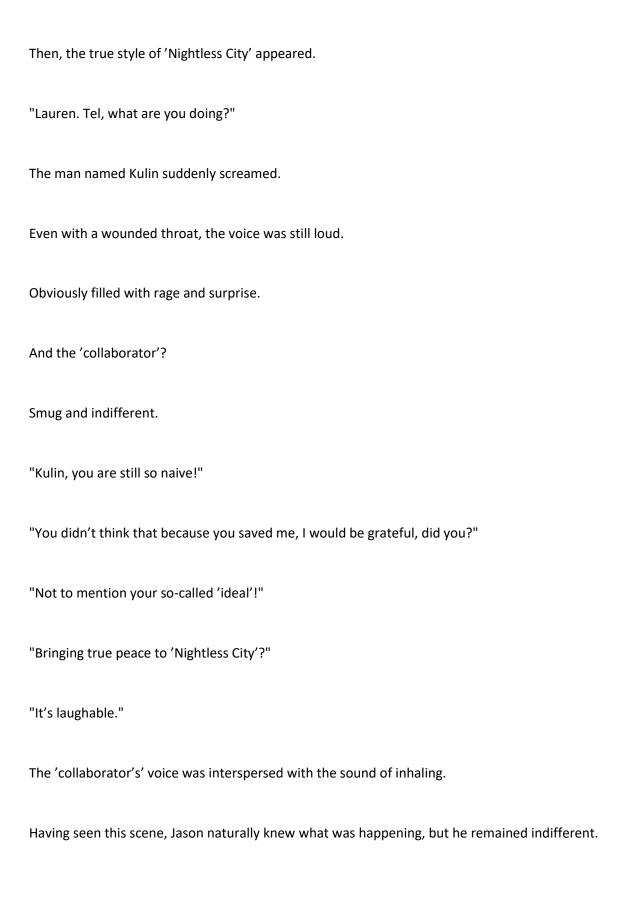
In other areas, there were also metal walls nearby, marking the zones with numbers, but District 30 in front of him was blocked by a large metal gate.
Seamlessly.
Impossible to pass through.
Yet, it still instilled fear in those from District 29 who didn't even dare approach.
Suddenly, Jason squinted 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.



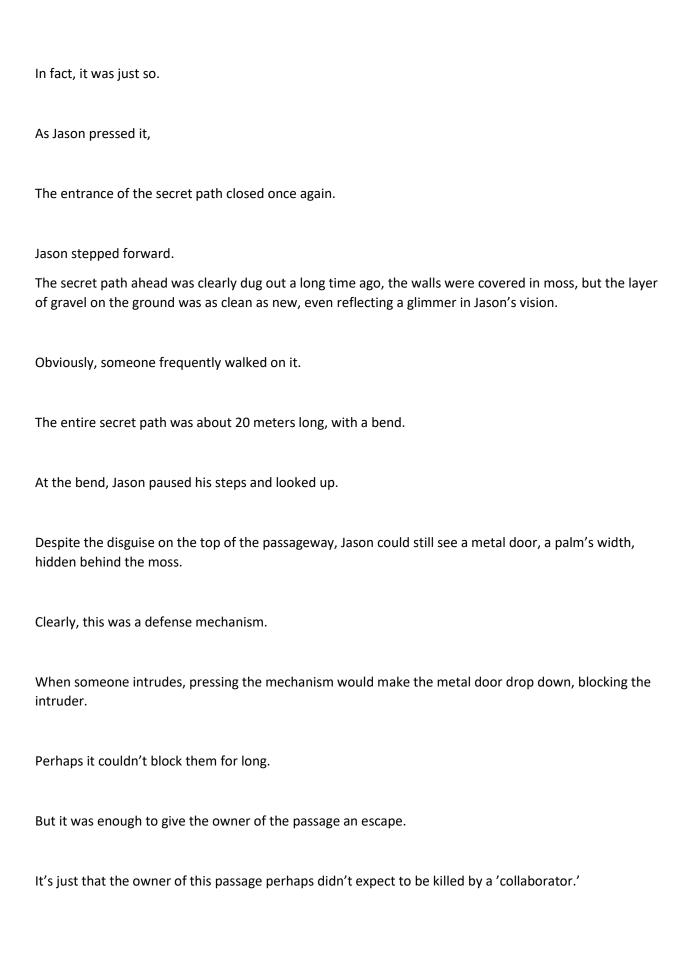
"The 'Freedom Army' is so desperate to get a map of 'Uptown' that they're like mad dogs. Even 'Ji', the leader of District 26, has come forth."
"And 'Jing's' people are as arrogant as ever, sending only one of the 'Six Vicious Dogs'."
The 'collaborator' named Lauren said.
Then, the 'collaborator' paused.
"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'?



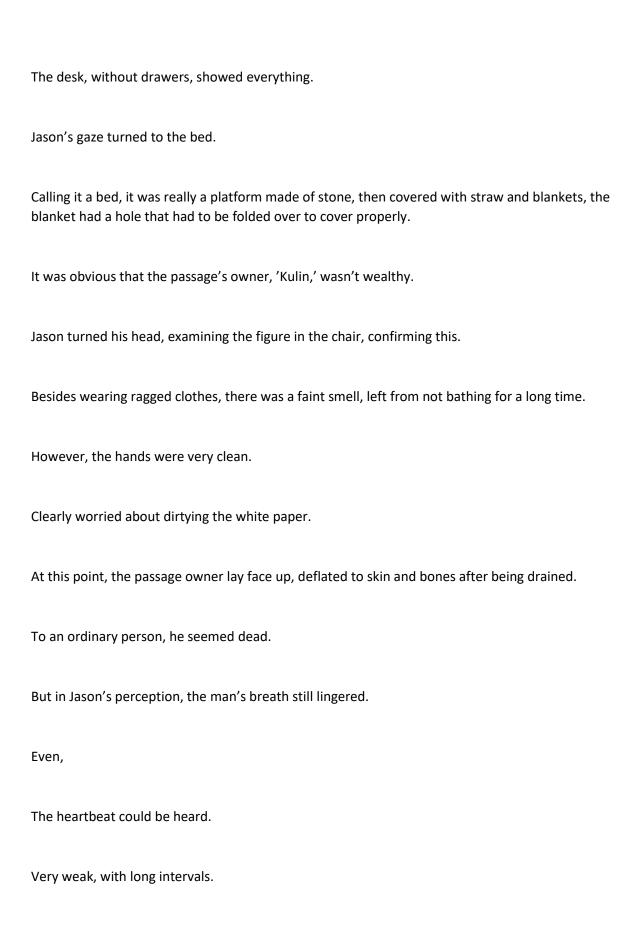
Because, in his perception, the man named 'Kulin's' presence did not weaken in the slightest, despite sounding like he was on the brink of death.
What does it mean if the presence hasn't weakened?
Trap!
A trap targeting the 'collaborator'.
To this, Jason was not surprised at all.
What about saving the '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.



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.



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.
"lt'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!

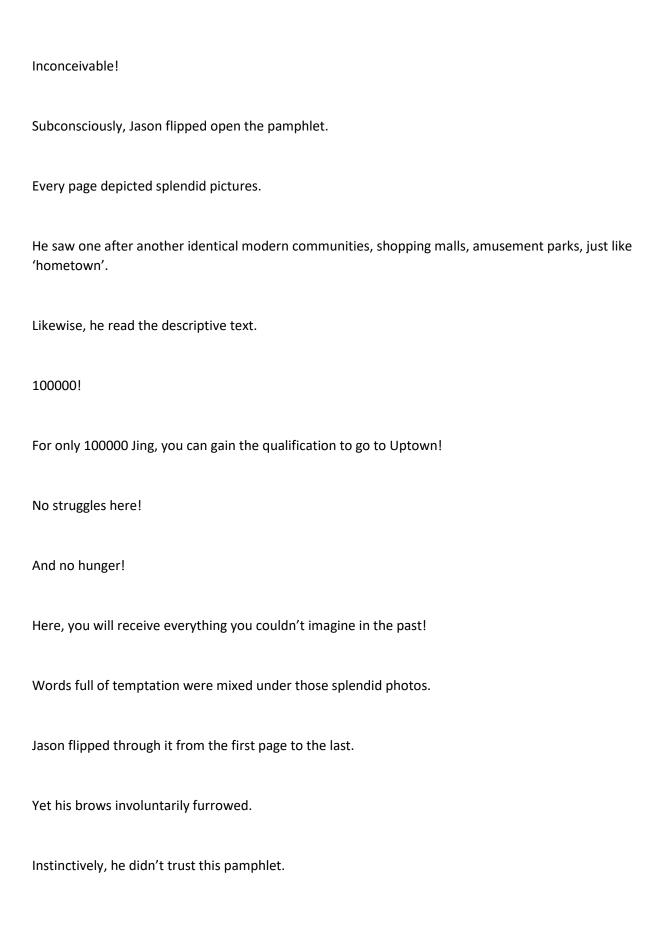


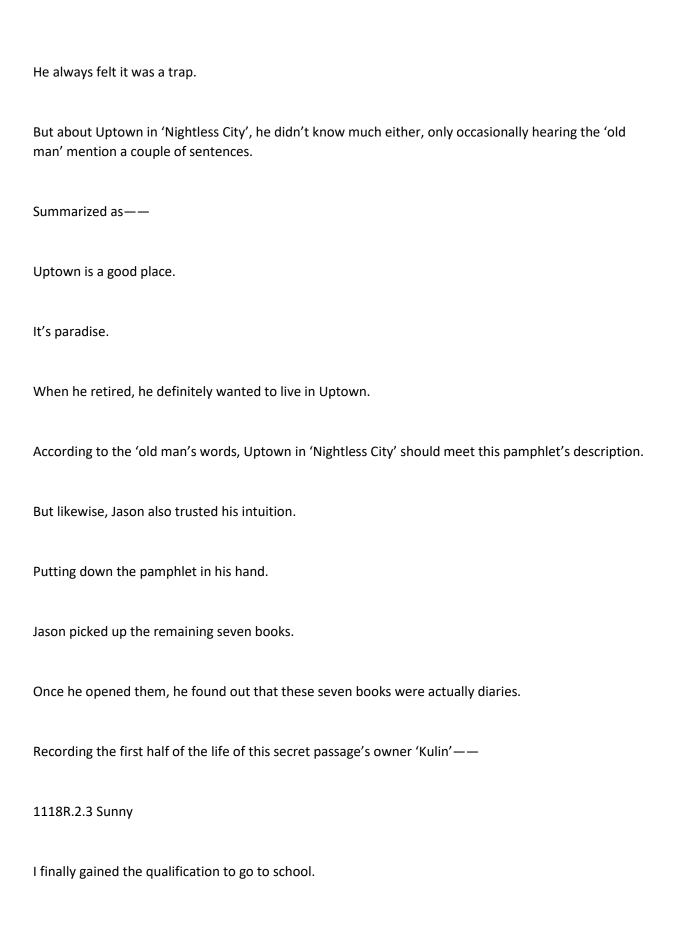
As for the gemstones, there were two.
One red, one blue, they glimmered when held in hand.
The rich 'fragrant' scent emanated from these two gemstones.
Jason wasn't in a hurry to eat, he wiped the two gemstones clean and placed them in his coat pocket. Then, under the increasingly hateful gaze of the '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.

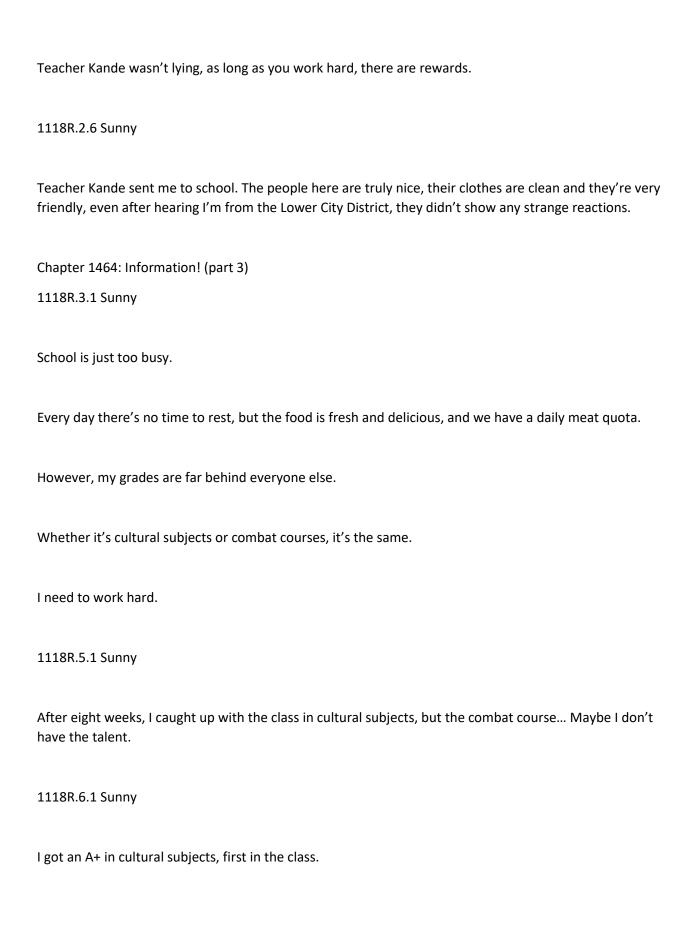
Neither the 'collaborator' nor the owner of this secret passage were clearly good people.
Whoever died, it wouldn't stir any emotion in Jason.
Let alone cause him sadness or sorrow.
So, as he walked toward the bookshelf, Jason stepped on the 'collaborator' again.
The opponent's just-healed spine broke 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.

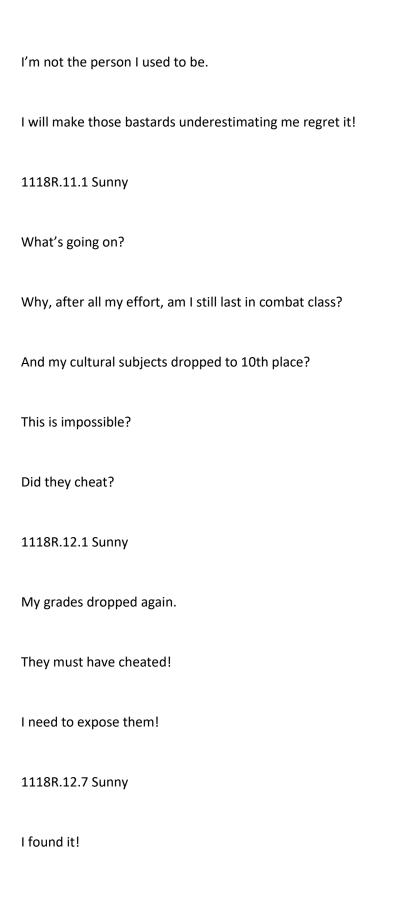
The reason for saying seven or eight books is that this one in Jason's hand is too thin.
It doesn't even look like a book.
It looks more like
A propaganda pamphlet.
And when Jason saw the words on the book clearly, he blinked.
Because it was indeed a propaganda pamphlet!
This was a slightly yellowed 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'?

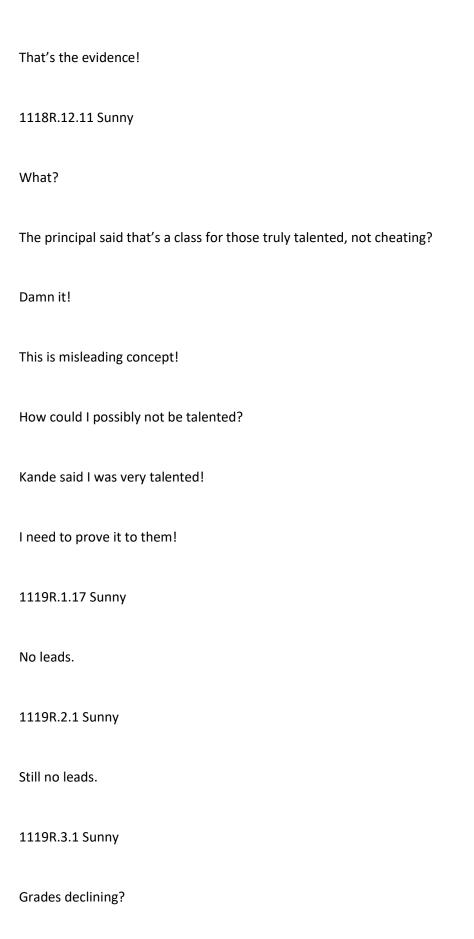


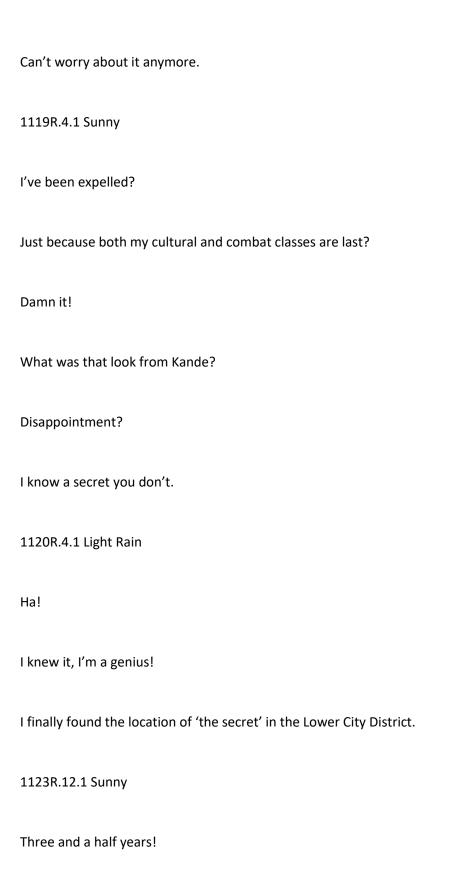


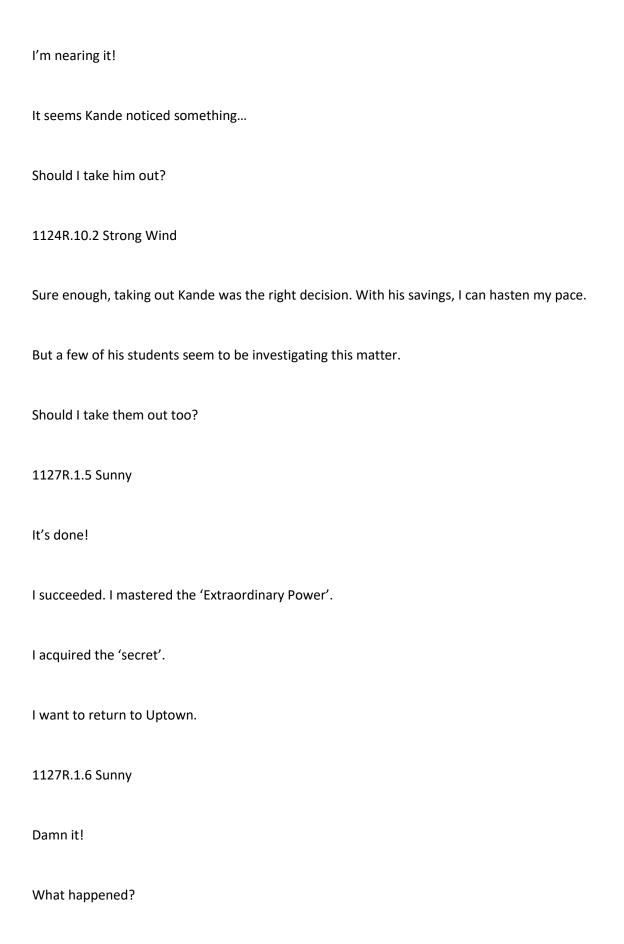


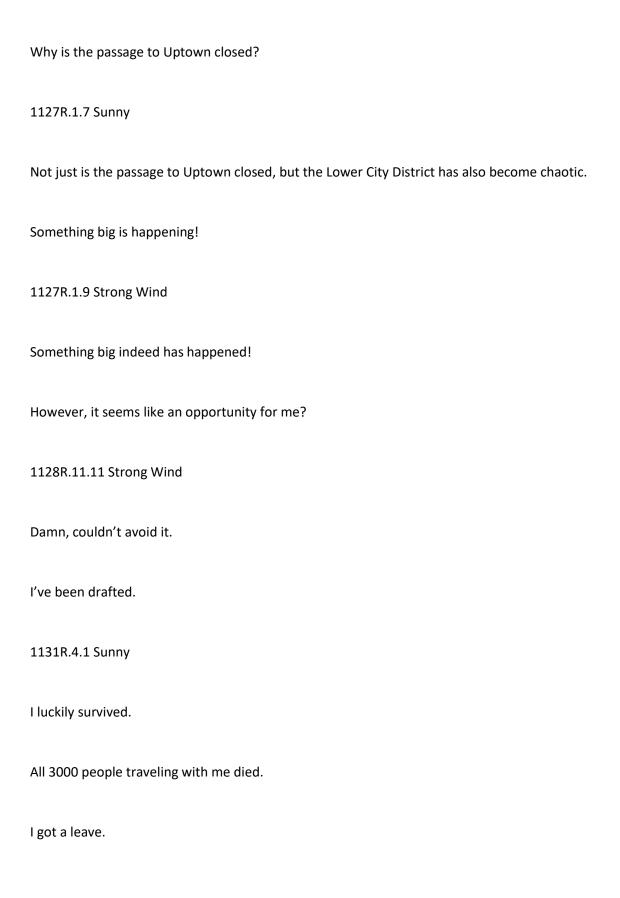


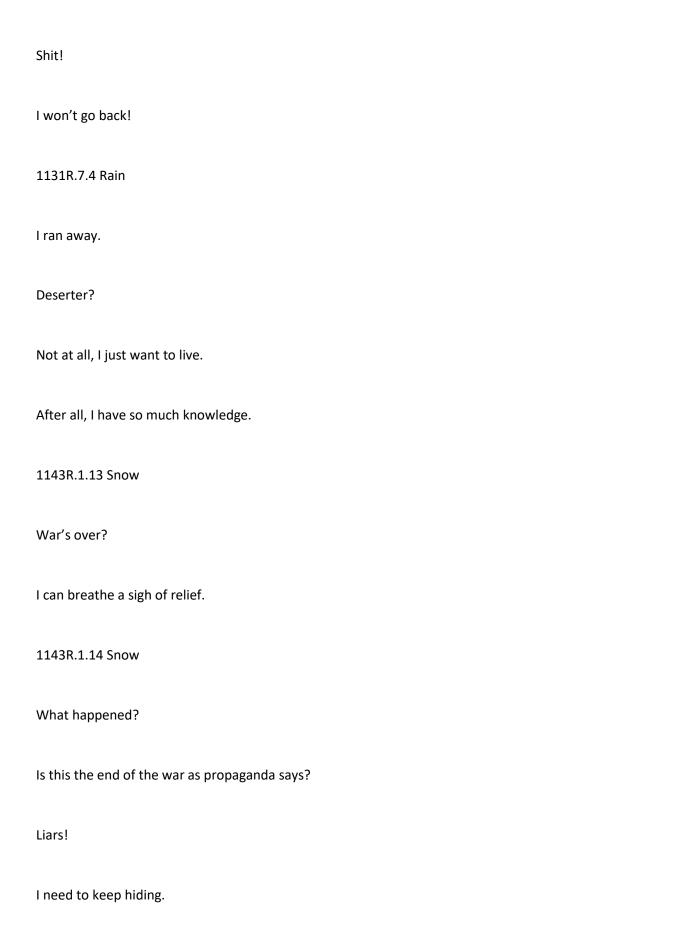












1148R.11.20 Wind
Deception!
It's all deception!
I should have realized sooner!
1151R.1.1 Sunny
I must expose it!
I want to reclaim everything that is mine.
The diary is intermittent, not only spanning a long time but also mixed with many trivial notes.
It's very strenuous to read.
And the person writing 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.

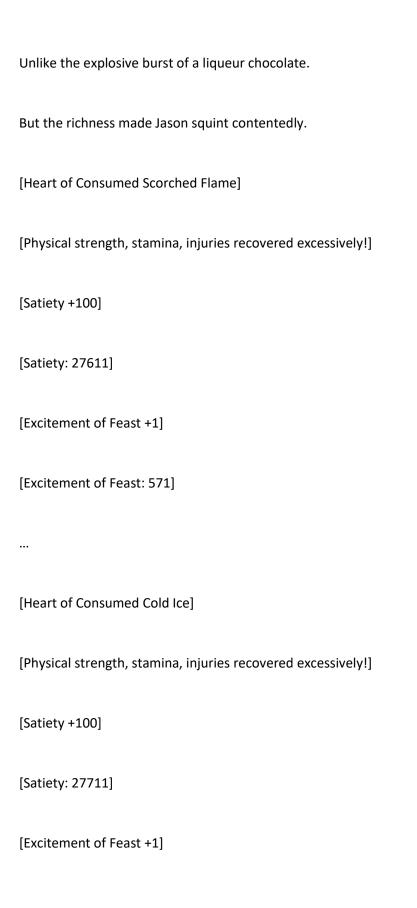
"Do you believe his words?"
"I don't, do you?"
"I don't either."
"Who trusts someone who writes in a diary, anyway?"
"Right, who writes a diary in earnest?"
"Do you write a diary?"
"I don't."
"Do you write a diary?"
"Who can put their innermost thoughts in a diary?"
"If it's written out, how can it be 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.

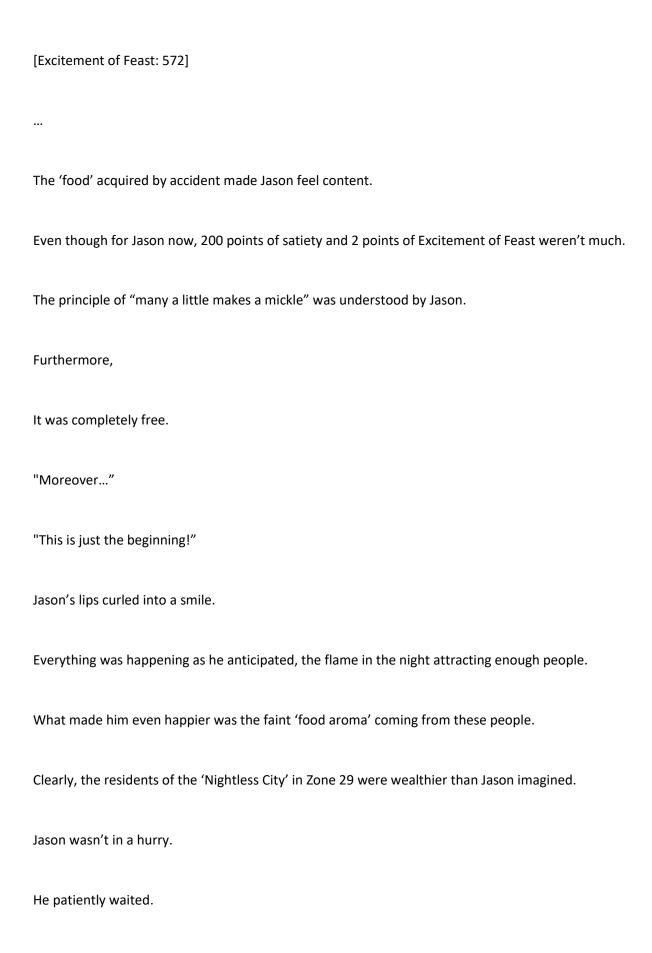
Whiz, whiz whiz!
Invisible spider silk sprang from the corners of the secret room, like arrows released from a bow, aiming at Jason's vital spots, especially the face, with several strands shooting simultaneously.
Jason didn't dodge or evade, merely raised his hand.
Whoosh!
Conical flames, carrying scorching 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.

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.

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



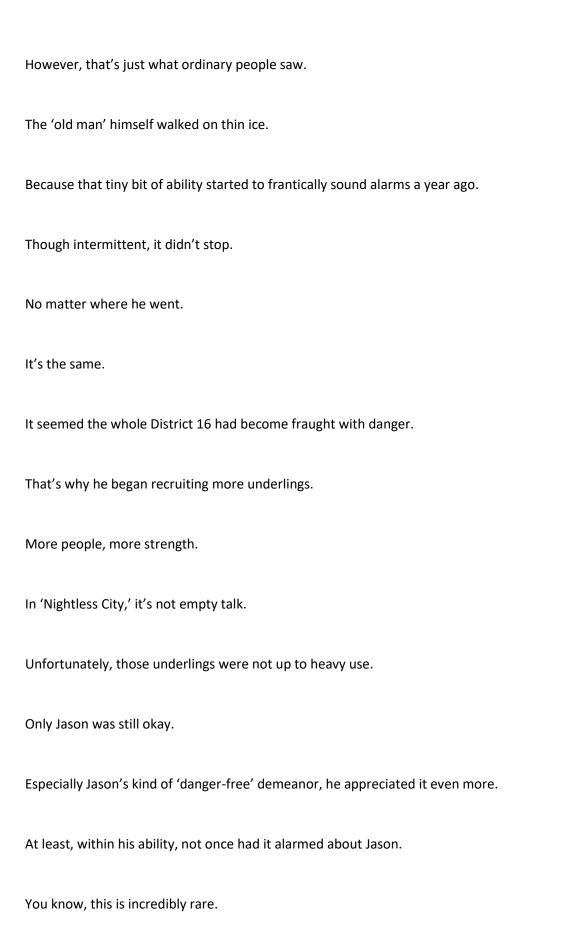






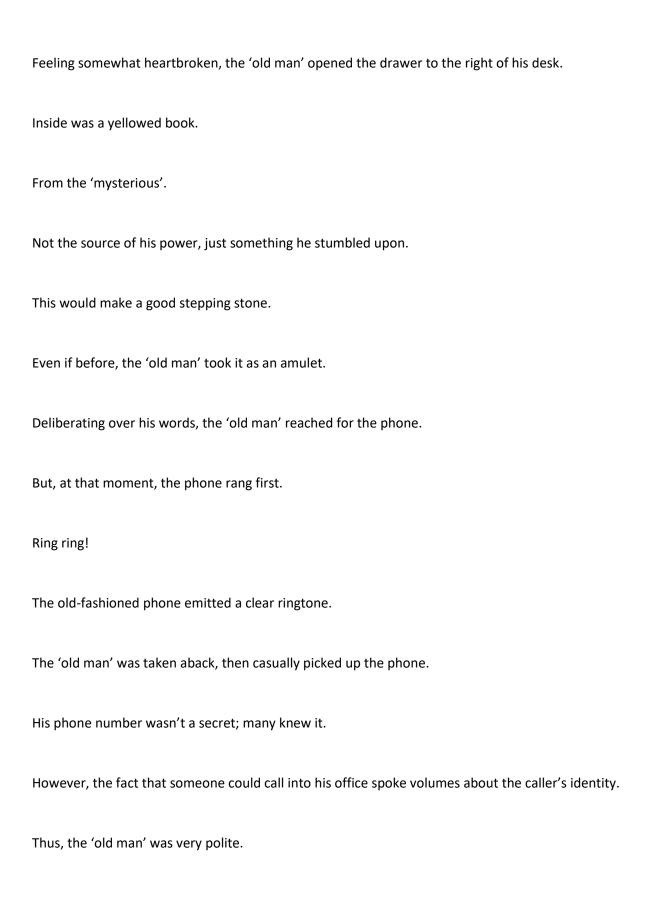
"Alas."
The 'old man' sighed, sat down in the chair, and reached out to turn on the desk lamp in the office.
Click!
With the touch of the switch, the yellowed light illuminated the office, also lighting up the 'old man' sitting in the chair.
Just as the nickname called him.
The 'old man's hair had long 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.

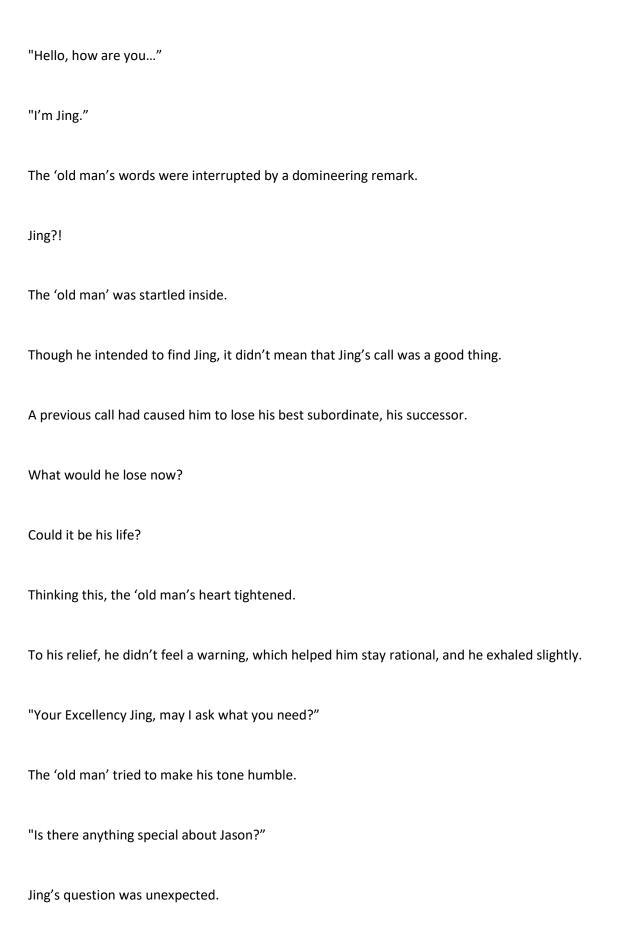
However, he always kept a respectful distance from that kind of strength.
Because he knew he couldn't master it.
As for learning?
Don't joke.
He's not a big shot like 'Jing.'
Impossible to have the opportunity to learn.
And becoming a big figure like 'Jing'?
He had thought about it too.
But whenever 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.



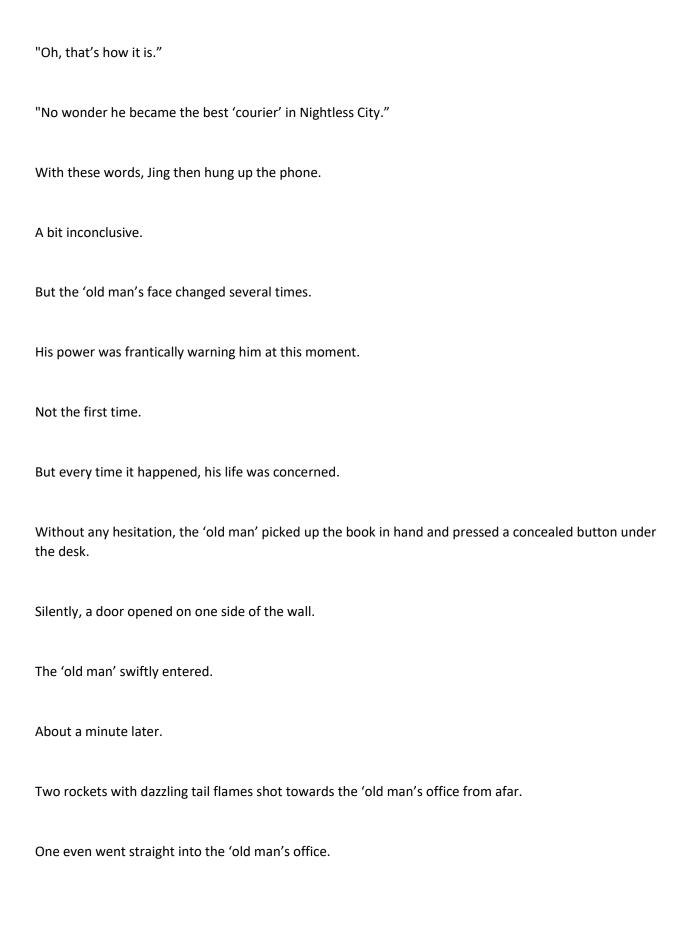
Even his most loyal subordinates occasionally caused slight, mild alarms from his ability.
Regarding this, the 'old man' didn't care.
It's far too common in 'Nightless City.'
He knew how to avoid them.
But likewise, he valued Jason more.
After all, someone different.
Indeed, the 'old man' even thought 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.

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.



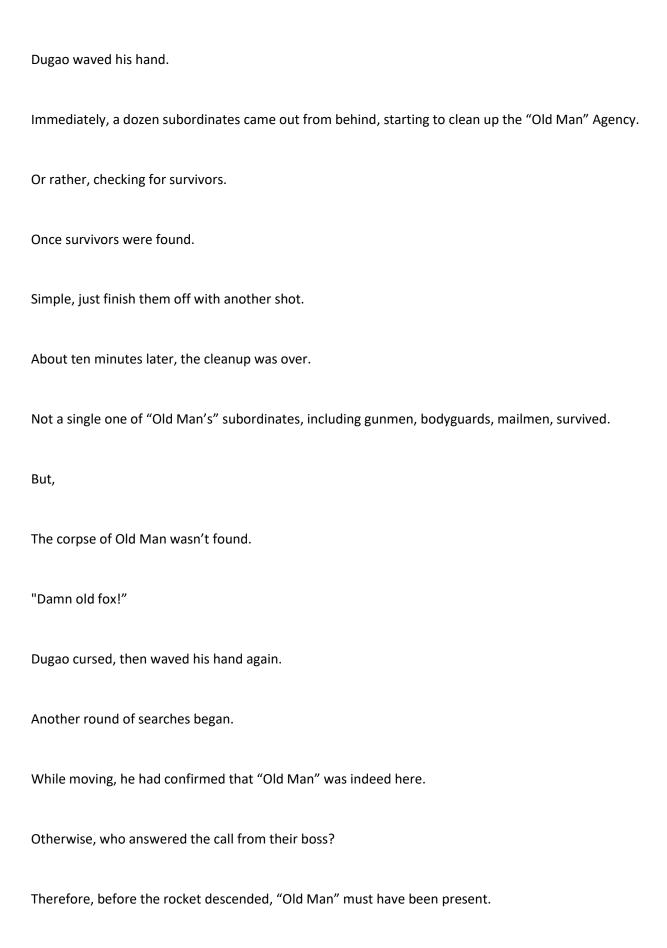


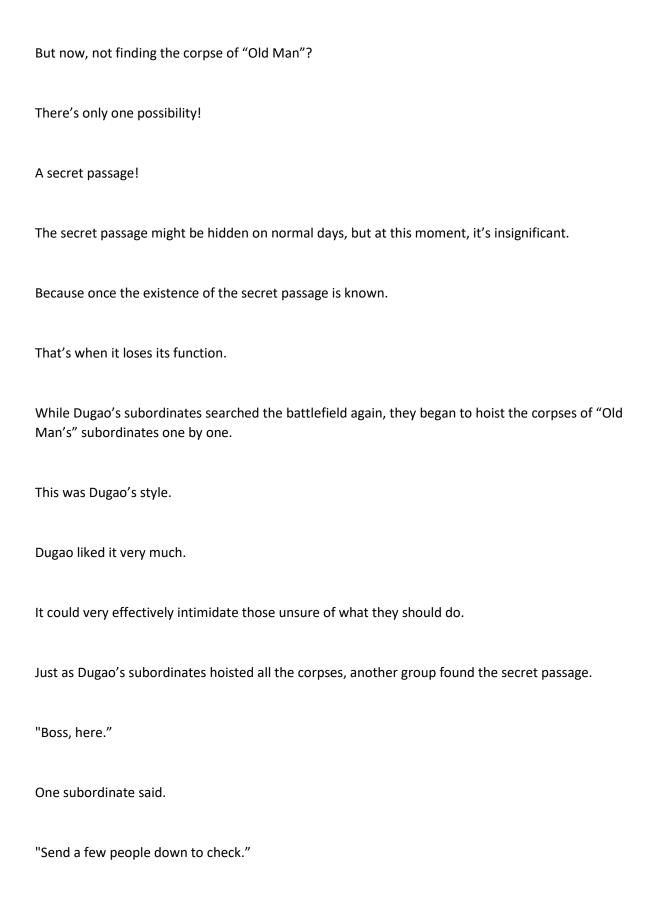




Bang! Bang!
Chapter 1467: 'Big Shots'!
The sound of two explosions completely shattered the tranquility of District 16 in "Nightless City" at night.
As one of the few areas considered safe within "Nightless City," District 16 was occupied by rule-abiding gangs and loners.
But the essence of "Nightless 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.

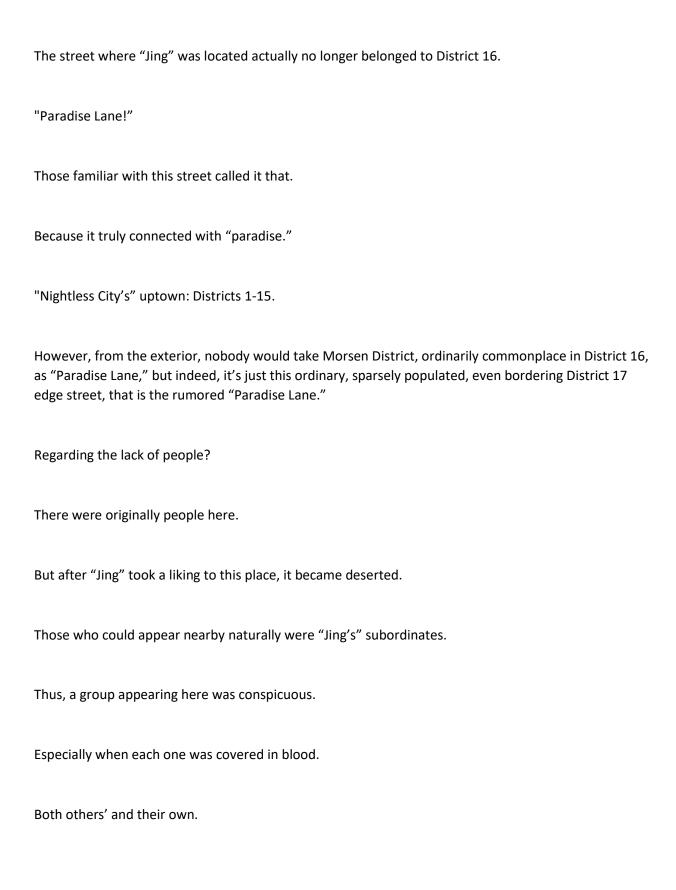
"Hey, nicely done."
Dugao noticed the surrounding gazes but didn't care.
As one of "Jing's Six Evil Dogs," he was long accustomed to those admiring, fearful, and covetous gazes wishing to replace him.
Similarly, he knew exactly how to deal with it.
Looking at the subordinates struggling to run out from 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!
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.



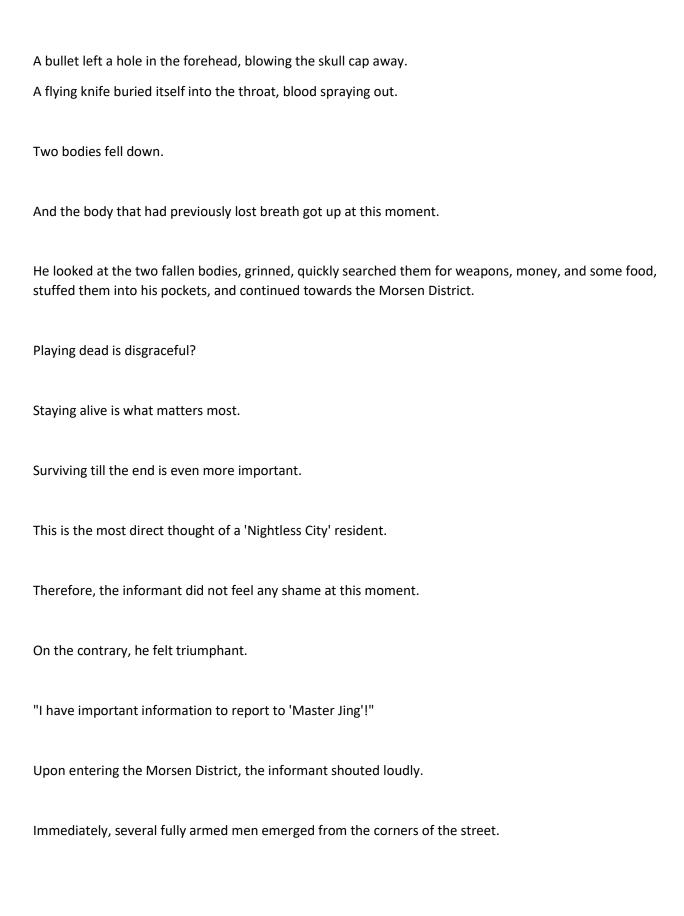


Dugao instructed.
He had no intention of going down personally.
Who knew if that old fox had laid any traps?
Even though ordinarily this old fox always appeared very amiable.
But that was on regular days.
Now?
Everyone's already fighting for survival.
There's no restraint.
To restrain further would be 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!

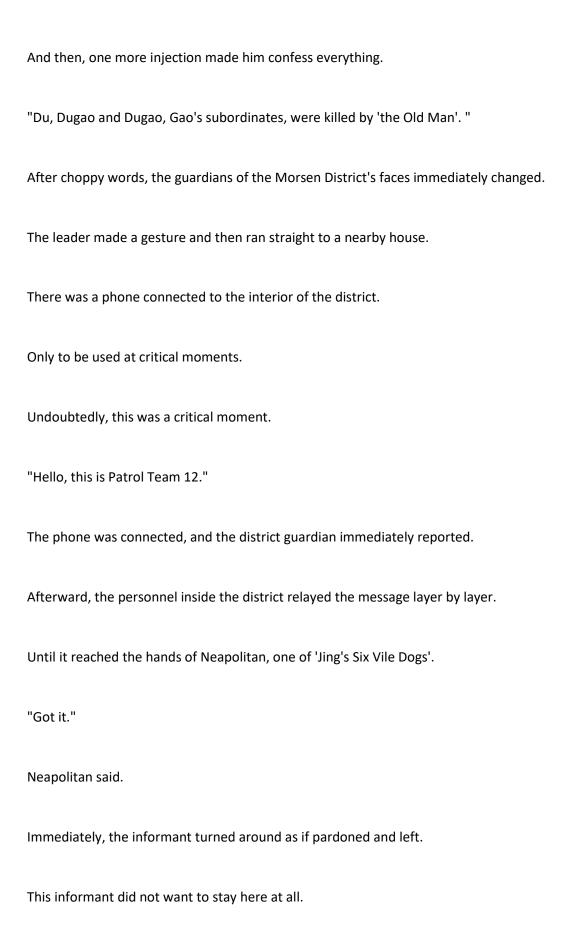
Before Dugao could finish speaking, the ground suddenly trembled, an explosion came unexpectedly. It was not just the "Old Man" Agency location; everything within a 50-meter radius was within the explosion range. Just so happened, Dugao and his group were exactly in that range. The high explosives overturned 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 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!

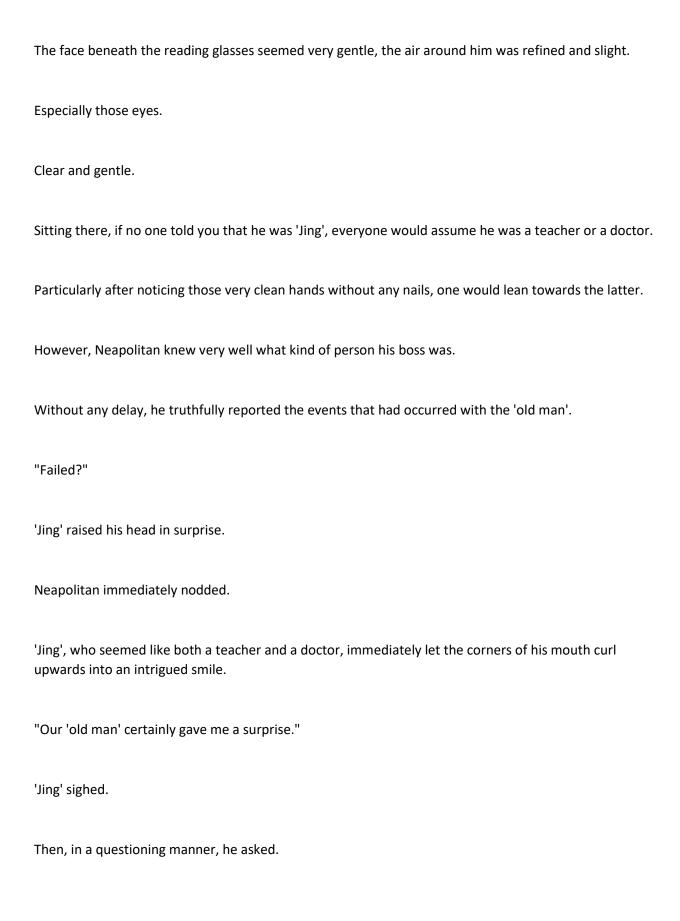


Without any hesitation, the informant raised his hands high, indicating he meant no harm.
But this did not stop these men from dealing with him.
The leader of the men punched him and followed with an electric shock.
The informant instantly became dazed.
Afterward, several more high-intensity shocks followed.
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.



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.



"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.

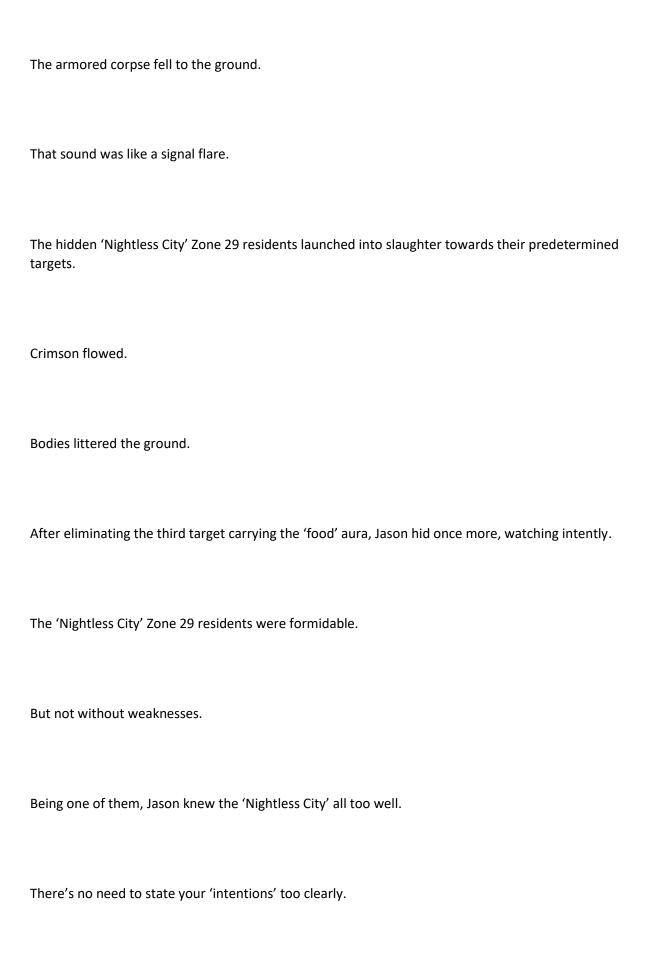
So overall, it's good news.
With good news comes a good mood.
With this pleasant mood, Jason's figure disappeared from the spot.
Before the metal wall, the Flame raised by the book had long disappeared, with only ashes caught by the night breeze, swirling into the sky, some flickering and vanishing, 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 th unspoken agreement.	is
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!



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!"

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.