

Menu 1511

Chapter 1511: Andek!

Absolutely impossible!

Upon hearing 'the old man's words, Lauren Delder abruptly stood up, and the expression in his eyes and on his face said it all.

He didn't believe Euler would assassinate someone.

Especially the leader of the 'Freedom Army'.

Because it's simply too foolish.

How could Euler, the leader of the 'Freedom Army' in District 29, be an idiot?

However, Lauren Delder knew better that 'the old man' wouldn't use such false news to deceive people.

'The old man' isn't someone who doesn't know the importance of it.

Nor would he make such tasteless jokes.

Lauren Delder didn't believe it at all.

As one of the parties involved, 'the old man', who had just experienced the baptism of this news, was even more disbelieving.

Compared to Lauren Delder, who wasn't familiar with the 'Freedom Army', 'the old man', having participated in the 'Freedom Army', deeply understood what kind of entity the 'Freedom Army' is.

Simply put, the residents of the 'Nightless City' and the warriors of the 'Freedom Army' are fundamentally opposite.

Though both are in the 'Nightless City', the former almost has no bottom line, but the latter?

They have their own beliefs and bottom line.

And this bottom line is very high.

Perhaps to blend into the 'Nightless City', the warriors of the 'Freedom Army' might have some disguises.

But disguise is just disguise.

The essence has not changed.

Nor has it changed with the passage of time.

Therefore, 'the old man' simply doesn't believe Euler would assassinate the leader of the 'Freedom Army' warriors.

Especially after a major victory.

But the fact is, Euler did assassinate the leader of the 'Freedom Army' warriors.

He repeatedly confirmed it.

No mistake.

"Is this 'Jing's' backup plan?"

"Is Euler in league with 'Jing'?"

Lauren Delder asked instinctively.

This was the only explanation Lauren Delder could think of at this moment.

Aside from 'Jing', this bastard, Lauren Delder couldn't think of anyone else who could make a 'Freedom Army' warrior betray their faith.

"It's not 'Jing'."

"If it were 'Jing', our previous actions wouldn't have gone so smoothly."

"'Jing's original 'search' plan was definitely better than the 'treasure hunt' plan he just came up with if Euler were a 'Jing' person, it'd be difficult for us to be sitting here now." **RAOŠ**

'The old man' shook his head with certainty.

"Then what is going on?"

Lauren Delder scratched his head, feeling that his brain wasn't working.

Instinctively, Lauren Delder looked at Jason.

At the same time, 'the old man' also looked at Jason.

Both hoped Jason could provide a clear answer.

"Any other news?"

"The 'Freedom Army' regarding us."

Jason didn't answer, but asked instead.

This question immediately startled Lauren Delder.

"Yeah!"

"What is the 'Freedom Army's attitude towards us?"

"Damn, are we cursed?"

"Why do we always run into such troublesome matters?"

After repeatedly asking, Lauren Delder couldn't help but sigh.

"The 'Freedom Army' won't hold us responsible."

"This is their bottom line."

"But they need us to cooperate with their investigation—they also don't believe Euler would assassinate their leader, thinking there must be something hidden in there."

'The old man' comforted Jason and Lauren Delder.

Lauren Delder slightly relaxed.

He was fed up with being hunted down.

Though it had only been less than two days, having just escaped the pursuit by 'Jing,' the controller of Lower City District within the Ring City of the 'Nightless City,' he was now being chased by another major force in the 'Nightless City,' the 'Freedom Army.'

Even novels wouldn't dare write something like this.

He's just an ordinary resident of the 'Nightless City.'

All he wants is to eat well, drink well each day.

Have a soft bed to sleep at night.

Occasionally take a hot bath.

Is that too much?

Not at all.

But such days always seem to elude him for some reason.

Though he won't be held responsible by the 'Freedom Army,' cooperating with the investigation surely won't be easy.

At least the grilled bread in his hand shouldn't even be thought of.

Being able to eat moldy bread would be quite something later on.

Thinking of this, Lauren Delder cherished the grilled bread in his hand even more.

As for more worries?

Lauren Delder wasn't worried.

After all, he had a partner: Jason.

With Jason around, he was sure to escape trouble.

Thinking of this, Lauren Delder sat there even more relaxed.

Anyway, with Jason there, he didn't have to use his brain, just do what Jason said.

"Hmm."

Jason nodded, squinted slightly.

After pondering for a while, he began to ask 'the old man' about everything concerning the Freedom Army.

No longer was it a broad description.

But rather in-depth info that ordinary people wouldn't know.

As the questioning went on, time flew by rapidly.

In the blink of an eye, it was dark.

Two armed jeeps appeared overhead, accompanied by the warrior from the previous contact point, Jason and the other two boarded and headed straight for District 16.

With fully armed warriors in the jeep, machine guns mounted on the roof, the journey became safe.

They arrived smoothly at District 16, where the two vehicles turned into an alley.

Merson Street?!

Jason, 'the old man', and Lauren Delder exchanged glances.

Here lay the legendary 'Paradise Path.'

This was once 'Jing's' old stronghold.

Now the 'Freedom Army' had occupied this place.

Not completely destroyed.

Chapter 1512: Andek! (part 2)

It seemed, as if...

There was no intention of leaving.

Did they want to use this place as a base?

All three thought simultaneously.

This was not unexpected to Jason.

The old nest that 'Jing' had managed for over ten years was definitely not a place everyone envied.

Not to mention anything else, the resources stored inside were beyond the imagination of any 'Nightless City' resident.

Even the 'Freedom Army' was no exception.

Therefore, it was not surprising that the 'Freedom Army' temporarily occupied this place at this time.
At least they would move all the resources out before returning to their secret base.

But...

Would 'Jing's' backhand be inside?

Jason thought silently.

'Old Man' also looked up at Jason at this time.

Obviously, 'Old Man' was also worried about such a matter.

Loren Delder, on the other hand, looked around and fell into memories.

He thought he would never return to the Morsen District in his lifetime.

Unexpectedly, he came back in just a few days.

Just that his identity was a bit different.

Loren Delder rolled his eyes at the fully armed 'Freedom Army' warriors nearby with displeasure.

To Loren Delder, even though he understood their actions, it didn't mean he had to endure them.

If Jason hadn't said anything, and these 'Freedom Army' warriors were still somewhat polite, he would have already made a move.

What he hated most was being watched as if he were a 'prisoner'.

The two jeeps slowed down as they drove into the Morsen District.

Finally, they stopped in front of a building.

A complete 30-story building.

This was extremely rare in the 'Nightless City'.

Even in District 16, this building was unique.

Because of this uniqueness, it became 'Jing's' old nest.

The resources and armed forces were all centered around this tall building, radiating outwards into the entire Morsen District.

Jason knew about this before.

When he was a 'courier', he always tried to avoid the Morsen District.

Even from afar, seeing this building, he would detour around it.

Simply put, this was Jason's first time seeing this building up close.

What surprised Jason was that, after a big battle, the building was completely intact.

There were no bullet marks.

No signs of explosions.

Not even a single trace of gunpowder burns.

It seemed incredibly unbelievable.

One must know that when the battle broke out, whether it was the 'Freedom Army' warriors or 'Jing's' men, there was no way they would've started the fight far away from here or spared anything here.

The full force of their firepower must have been used.

Under these circumstances, this high-rise building could not possibly remain undamaged.

Perhaps the main structure would be preserved.

But what about the exterior walls?

And those glass windows?

In Jason's vision, not a single one of these glass windows was shattered.

"In other words, the 'Freedom Army' warriors practically took the Morsen District by a surprise attack, and 'Jing's' men didn't even get a chance to react before being killed or subdued," he thought.

Jason frowned.

Such a thing was somewhat unbelievable.

'Jing's' men might have been a bunch of thugs, scoundrels, executioners.

But one thing couldn't be denied.

These guys were quite elite.

Each and every one of them was strong.

Moreover, they were well-armed.

And there's one more thing!

'Jing' couldn't not have taken some necessary precautions in his own old nest.

With these two points, the 'Freedom Army' could still manage a raid.

It left only one possibility.

Among 'Jing's' followers, there were people from the 'Freedom Army'!

The most fortified bastion can only be breached from within!

Jason realized this.

‘Old Man’ also realized it.

However, the two merely exchanged a glance and then looked at a figure standing in front of the building.

The figure was wearing a shabby military uniform, with sideburns and a beard covering most of his face, leaving only a pair of gray eyes visible. He wore an equally shabby military hat, and had a handgun in a holster on his belt.

In the breast pocket of his shirt were three cigars.

The length of the cigars caused all three to protrude.

And in the opponent’s hand, there was also a cigar.

Standing there waiting, puffing clouds of smoke vigorously.

At the moment he saw the opponent, the ‘old man’ trembled all over, and involuntarily shouted:
“Andek?!”

Upon hearing this, the bearded man holding the cigar smiled.

"You ‘deserter’."

"Finally back."

"Long time no see, my brother."

Andek walked up to the 'old man' and embraced him, patting the 'old man's back with force, making a loud thumping sound, causing the 'old man' to grimace.

"An acquaintance?"

Lauren Delder was stunned.

Jason nodded noncommittally.

Clearly, this was not just an acquaintance.

It was a close relationship.

The opponent's warmth toward the 'old man' was genuine.

And the 'old man's surprise was also real.

There must be something unknown between them.

However, the 'old man' said nothing, merely giving a brief introduction before Andek led the three inside.

"Deputy commander of the 'Freedom Army'?"

"Gasp!"

"You know such a big shot?"

"Why didn't you mention this before?"

Lauren Delder gasped in disbelief, looking at the 'old man'.

The 'old man' wore a bitter smile, but before he could speak, the 'Freedom Army' deputy commander said directly: "Because this bastard thought I was dead!"

"Back in the day, we joined the 'Freedom Army' together, but our tasks differed; I was part of the action team."

"At that time, the 'Freedom Army' was exceptionally radical, sending me out on missions daily. Then, an accident occurred, and I got injured, forcing me to lay low, delaying my return to the camp for three weeks."

"When I finally got back, I found out this guy had quit the 'Freedom Army'."

At this point, Andek couldn't help but punch the 'old man' again.

And the 'old man'?

Could only smile bitterly.

"If Euler hadn't told me, I wouldn't have known that the famous 'Postman's Home' in District 16 was yours."

"That bastard Euler..."

Andek said, frowning.

"How's the situation?"

The 'old man' pressed on.

"Besides claiming he killed the commander, that bastard Euler said nothing else!"

"Acting like he's the king of assassins who accomplished the assassination—yet no one believes him; everyone knew this bastard worshipped the commander the most!"

"Moreover, there were so many assassination opportunities in the past."

"In fact, there were a few chances to perform a completely silent assassination, without such fanfare."

"Thus, we all believe this bastard has some hidden agenda."

"Some even suspect it's 'Jing's revenge."

Toward the end, Andek's expression grew serious.

“ 'Jing's revenge, that's unlikely."

After recounting previous events, Andek's expression eased a bit.

Regarding 'Jing,' this old adversary, Andek would never underestimate.

Even though the opponent is dead now.

"Did you take down that bastard 'Jing'?"

Andek looked at Jason.

Jason nodded.

"Nicely done!"

The 'Freedom Army' deputy commander said, attempting to pat Jason on the shoulder forcefully, but Jason sidestepped unobtrusively.

Andek was taken aback.

Then, he grinned.

Raised his hand once more to pat.

It looked the same as before, but in Lauren Andel's eyes, it seemed as if this hand was the only thing left in the world, unavoidable, inescapable, leaving no choice but to let it land.

The 'old man' couldn't see it at all.

And because Andek bore no malice, the alarm in his heart did not go off.

Nonetheless, the pat landed in vain.

Jason shifted sideways, letting Andek's hand slide past his shoulder.

"Hahaha."

"Not bad."

“ ‘Nightless City's best ‘postman,’ Jason, is it?’”

"Care to join the 'Freedom Army'?"

Andek laughed heartily, showing no anger, and instead extended an invitation.

Jason shook his head and directly asked——

"Can I see the scene?"

Chapter 1513: Revenge!

The body of the 'Freedom Army' leader had long been taken away and properly settled.

The scene was heavily guarded.

With Andek's guidance, Jason and his companions entered a room on the first floor of the 'Jing' building.

"Not the top floor?"

Lauren Delder was quite surprised.

"Standing too high will only make you look down on others, making you arrogant without realizing it. We should stand on the same level as everyone else, to truly experience their joys and sorrows, and know how to help them—this is what the leader always said, and this is what he did."

Andek said so.

Lauren Delder's eyes widened, filled with incredulity.

To Lauren Delder, such a philosophy was a bit unbelievable.

The life in the Lower City District of the 'Nightless City' Ring City had long accustomed him to selfishness and the 'law of the jungle'.

Suddenly facing another fact, only shock remained.

Not void.

Not empty rhetoric.

But fact.

Only facts can truly move people.

Can make one feel a different kind of shock.

"I thought the 'Freedom Army' was no different from other forces, just different slogans."

Lauren Delder seemed to recognize the 'Freedom Army' for the first time.

"Some things, unless experienced in person, will never reveal their differences."

The 'old man' sighed.

The gaze began to sweep the entire scene.

The room was simply furnished.

A chair, a table, with a lamp on the table.

Besides these, there was nothing else.

Only the corner showed signs of burning.

Jason carefully walked within this room, with [Death Perception] enabled early on.

The densest area was the chair.

The deceased 'Freedom Army' leader must have stayed there for a long time.

The rest were just stains.

The people around all had such stains.

But it wasn't direct, it was from touching when moving the body.

At least it was confirmed that the true perpetrator was not among these people.

This made Jason let out a sigh of relief.

He had been most worried about finding traces on those around him that shouldn't be there.

Especially the 'Freedom Army' deputy leader.

The situation of a thief catching a thief was too common.

But it was different here.

This was temporarily the base of the 'Freedom Army'.

If Andek was involved, it would be troublesome.

For Jason, it didn't matter.

Just fight in and out seven times.

But the 'old man' couldn't.

Fortunately, it wasn't the worst scenario.

After letting out a small sigh of relief, Jason looked at the burn marks.

This was in a corner of the room, some object must have burned fiercely, blackening the white walls and clean floor.

"Was this place cleaned?"

Jason asked Andek, frowning.

He had examined it closely.

It was too clean here.

There wasn't a trace of ash from the burn.

Only by cleaning thoroughly could it be like this.

"No, it wasn't us."

"It should be that bastard Euler."

"What a bastard."

Andek said angrily.

It wasn't resentment, but that kind of heartache an elder feels for the younger.

A feeling of disappointment over his underachievement.

Jason nodded, having a preliminary guess in his mind.

Completely erasing the traces?

Leaving no clues at all.

"How did the leader die?"

Jason continued to ask, already having a rough guess in his mind.

After all, there were no bloodstains at the scene, nor signs of a violent struggle.

Especially the former, cleaning bloodstains is no simple task.

Even if invisible to the naked eye, some instruments and chemicals can detect it.

Moreover, Euler had 'turned himself in', so it wasn't possible to use those means.

If you're going to 'turn yourself in', hiding the crime in this way would be redundant.

But precisely because of this, what was burned becomes all the more important.

Jason silently memorized it.

And then waited for Andek's answer.

"It was poison."

Andek replied.

This answer basically confirmed Jason's earlier guess.

In the absence of bloodstains and signs of a violent struggle, poisoning was the most consistent.

However, in the present environment, the effect of poison was minimized.

It's not that poison can't kill.

Poison can still kill.

Even a lot of people.

But, these people should not include the 'Freedom Army' leader.

If the other party could be dealt with using poison, 'Jing' wouldn't have missed such a method.

Jason didn't speak, but Andek saw what Jason was thinking.

"Lag wouldn't be poisoned."

"He has a transcendent intuition for 'danger'—the crises close to annihilation were avoided relying on Lag's transcendent intuition."

"Moreover, the 'Extraordinary Power' he possesses makes his body as tough as diamonds, even if he drank poison, he'd have enough time to save himself, at least pressing the alarm is possible."

"But from beginning to end, there was nothing."

"When the door opened, Euler came out, Lag's body was reclining on the chair, his expression... peaceful."

When Andek said this, he unconsciously bit his cigar, an unusually grave expression on his face.

Undoubtedly, this 'Freedom Army' deputy was already having some suspicions.

But,

Unable to say it out loud.

"I want to meet Euler."

Jason said.

Chapter 1514: Retribution! (part 2)

"Come with me."

Andek did not refuse.

In fact, the purpose of the Freedom Army's deputy leader in bringing Jason and the others here was to let them meet Euler.

Euler was unwilling to speak to them.

But facing Jason and the others, maybe he would be willing to say something.

As for 'Oldman'?

That was truly an unexpected surprise.

Regarding 'Oldman', the owner of the 'Posthouse', Andek had heard about him, but he never connected him with his own friend. Until an incident occurred, and with detailed information gathering, it was finally confirmed.

For this, Andek could only sigh at the fickleness of fate.

And Lauren Delder?

Hmm... looks a bit ugly.

Seems a bit less intelligent.

Other than that?

Probably just a regular Nightless City resident.

Andek didn't think much about it.

After all, Lauren Delder himself didn't think much about it either.

Just as Jason was scouting the scene, Lauren Delder silently observed.

He was completely unfamiliar with these, besides seeing burn marks, he couldn't 'see' anything else.

And now?

Jason was going to meet Euler.

Then go ahead.

He had no objection, as long as he could follow Jason.

Of course, he had some thoughts.

"Do you think your old friend will feed us?"

Lauren Delder quietly asked 'Oldman'.

'Oldman' immediately rolled his eyes.

Before 'Oldman' could respond, Andek, the Freedom Army's deputy leader, spoke directly: "Definitely. Though not lavish, you'll surely be full."

"Of course, 'Oldman' and Jason the same for you."

"After this matter is settled, you can eat without restraint."

Lauren Delder's eyes brightened upon hearing this promise.

'Oldman' just smiled awkwardly.

Jason paused momentarily in his stride, then walked faster.

Andek noticed this but didn't care.

In the view of the Freedom Army's deputy leader, they had just seized a large batch of supplies. Apart from the necessary supplies and those allocated for the civilians, plenty remained.

Inviting these three for a meal posed no problem.

It's not a big banquet after all.

No need to worry about gossip.

And besides, they were just three people; it's unlikely they could finish all the food.

Under Andek's lead, the group reached the other side of the first floor.

The security here was tighter than the previous site.

Each Freedom Army warrior stood guard here, their faces showed anger and more confusion.

These warriors with firm beliefs felt hesitant.

Seeing this, Andek frowned.

He knew he must intervene.

"Leave two people, everyone else, go patrol."

"I will give everyone an explanation about Lag's matter."

Andek said.

"Yes, Deputy Leader!"

The warriors saluted and left, leaving only the two acknowledged strongest warriors guarding the door. Andek pushed the door open and entered, followed by Jason and the others.

This room was carefully chosen.

No windows at all.

The vents were completely sealed.

The only entrance and exit was the door.

Euler was sitting in the chair, without restraints, and there was no torture.

Euler raised his head to see Andek walking in, without more words, only said.

"Shoot me, I killed Lag."

Andek's face twitched in anger, stepping forward, and kicked Euler hard.

Euler fell face-down on the ground, laying there motionless.

"I'll wait for you outside."

"I'm afraid if I stay, I'll really kill this bastard."

After saying this, the Freedom Army's deputy leader turned and exited the room, closing the door in passing.

"Euler, what exactly happened?"

'Oldman' asked.

Euler turned over, sat upright, leaning against the wall without getting up, not looking at 'Oldman', nor at Lauren Delder, simply stared at Jason and said: "I want to talk to you."

"Alright."

Jason nodded slightly.

'Oldman' and Lauren Delder exchanged glances and wisely walked out.

The door closed once more.

Euler raised his hand and gestured.

A secret technique similar to Silence Technique enveloped the entire room.

After completing all this, Euler displayed a smile, more unpleasant than crying.

Hoo!

He let out a long sigh.

"You know everything now, don't you?"

Euler asked.

The question, though seemingly out of context, did not cause Jason any discomfort.

The life in 'Nightless City' and the experiences in the replica world had long accustomed him to stay calm and maintain a sense of detachment.

This detachment led to Euler's misunderstanding.

"So it is."

"You really know about the things concerning the Leader."

"And, you sought my help before just to test me, right?"

As Euler spoke, a hint of annoyance appeared in his gaze towards Jason.

But soon, this annoyance faded.

What remained was helplessness.

"Lag is the kindest person I've ever met, and also the strongest. Despite his immense strength, he's exceptionally kind, never getting angry at us for contradicting or offending him; he only discusses matters thoroughly, never fixating on winning or losing, just right or wrong. He would teach us Mystical Side's knowledge, and sometimes tell us some stories..."

"He is the best Leader!"

"I always regarded him as a brother, a father!"

"Do you know how many times the Freedom Army was on the brink of collapse?"

"Each time, it was Lag who kept everyone going!"

"He encouraged us every single time."

"Every time, he told us not to give up."

"Yet..."

"Why would he give up?"

"Even if he's from Uptown, what does it matter?"

The last sentence was almost a roar from Euler.

Lag, Leader of the Freedom Army, from Nightless City's Uptown?!

Upon hearing this news, the shock in Jason's heart almost made it impossible for him to maintain his calm facade.

Jason was not surprised by people from Uptown entering the Lower City District.

There are unavoidable circumstances everywhere.

However, the fact that someone from Uptown entered the Lower City District and became the Leader of the Freedom Army is utterly astonishing.

A husky infiltrating a wolf pack and becoming the wolf king is enough to amaze people.

But it pales in comparison to a true wolf king blending into a husky pack and happily eating dog food, causing shock.

Unless...

There is a reason!

"Nightless City's Uptown, are they also concerned with the Freedom Army?"

Jason pondered silently.

Since Uptown has Jing as an agent in Nightless City's Lower City District.

Naturally, the Lower City District is under their watch.

Similarly, does Jing's attitude reflect Uptown's stance towards the Freedom Army?

Under such a premise, someone from Uptown joins the Freedom Army, making it worth pondering.

Is it for subversion?

Is it for destruction?

Jason's thoughts raced.

And Euler continued to speak.

"Why?"

"You were ordered to infiltrate the Freedom Army, that's a fact, but you sincerely became a member of the Freedom Army, leading the Freedom Army to escape countless crises, that's also a fact."

"You say it was tormenting."

"But no matter how agonizing, it shouldn't..."

"You've always said, warriors must be strong."

"But what about you?"

"Where's your strength?"

Euler questioned.

As though the Leader of the Freedom Army was right in front of him.

As for the word hidden in his speech.

Suicide?

Jason guessed it.

The earlier clues were all pointing in that direction.

But Lag's usual image was so ingrained in people's hearts that it was hard to believe.

Moreover, Jason didn't believe Lag would suddenly collapse.

After all these years, no matter how much suffering, resistance would form.

One would get used to it too.

However, choosing suicide after suddenly achieving a stage victory is illogical.

But if this is Jing's backup plan?

If this is Jing's revenge?

This place, formerly Jing's den.

This place, now the base of the Freedom Army.

The scorched marks.

The thoroughly cleaned remnants.

Everything starts to connect.

Jason pondered for a moment and said—

"It's Jing, isn't it?"

Chapter 1515: Jing and Kande

Jason's words fell, and the entire room was silent.

Euler's face twisted directly.

It was a distortion of extreme hatred.

Between gritted teeth, blood flowed out.

"It's him! It's him! It's him!"

Euler roared.

"It's this bastard!"

"It's all him!"

"I've never seen anyone capable of being 'evil' to this extent!"

Euler shouted in anger, pounding the ground.

The hard concrete floor cracked and continued to expand.

After a dozen hits, Euler stopped, panting.

This leader of the 'Freedom Army' in District 29 rested his entire torso against the wall again, legs flat on the ground, hands casually dropped to the sides, looking up at Jason with a tone bordering on self-mockery, asking Jason.

"Do you know what 'Jing' used to be called?"

"Kande."

Jason spoke the information he knew.

"Yes, Kande."

"Heh."

Euler nodded, letting out a cold laugh.

"Do you know what the former leader of the Freedom Army was called?"

Euler's question made Jason's heart skip.

Jason gazed at Euler, his eyes filled with disbelief.

Euler asked like this.

The answer was obvious.

But still, it was astonishing.

Under Jason's gaze, Euler nodded once again.

"It's just as you thought."

"The former leader of the 'Freedom Army' was also called Kande."

As he spoke, Euler's earlier sarcasm reached its peak.

It was sarcasm directed at everyone.

And also self-deprecation.

The puzzle pieces of information in Jason's mind had formed the most important piece.

Kande was the leader of the 'Freedom Army.'

The 'Freedom Army' at that time was very radical.

'Jing,' as a pseudonym for Kande, was in close contact with invaders from outside District 30.

Kande was also a teacher, teaching many students.

Piece by piece, the information began to connect.

Jason took a deep breath.

"Was Lag once Kande's student?"

Jason speculated.

Euler's face was displeased and looked very ugly.

He didn't want to admit it at all.

He even wanted to deny it outright.

But, in the end, the leader of District 29's 'Freedom Army' nodded.

The fact remained a fact.

It couldn't be hidden.

Moreover, in the current situation, Euler couldn't hide it.

After all, the Jason in front of him already knew everything.

He only hoped that later Jason would agree to his request for secrecy.

Jason completely understood the cause and effect.

He sighed softly in his heart.

What situation would lead a tenacious warrior to choose suicide?

Desperate situation?

No.

The more desperate, the more tenacious Lag, as a warrior, became. Suicide was out of the question.

Only when beliefs collapse would he choose suicide.

For instance: his teacher, his former guide, was always his enemy?

For instance: the teacher who set ideals for him had long forsaken those beliefs?

Or perhaps...

Everything was false.

All were the deceptions of 'his teacher.'

Unable to accept this, Lag chose suicide under such premises.

However, before committing suicide, Lag must have told Euler everything.

Why?

Maybe out of resentment.

Maybe out of regret.

Maybe it was a warning.

Ultimately, the leader of the 'Freedom Army' entrusted these secrets to the closest Euler.

And Euler decided to protect the reputation of the 'Freedom Army' leader.

Secret?

Euler would also bury it deep in his heart.

In fact, if Euler hadn't mistakenly thought Jason knew something, he would never have spoken so frankly.

And the reason for being so candid was simply to have him keep the secret, that's all.

Thinking of this, Jason sighed again.

In the 'Nightless City,' where he was accustomed to the 'law of the jungle,' he found himself unaccustomed to such genuine emotions.

He even always wanted to speculate with malice.

So, there was a probing tone in his question.

He listened to Euler's heartbeat.

Very normal.

No panic or pretense of calmness from a liar.

There was only tranquility.

Jason roughly guessed what the other party intended to do.

Nothing but death.

The other party planned to take the secret of the 'Freedom Army' leader, whom he saw as a brother and father, to the grave.

Only a dead person can keep a secret.

When a person chooses to die, don't meddle—this is a recognized principle in the 'Nightless City.'

The joys and sorrows of humans are not interlinked.

This is truth.

Especially in a place like the 'Nightless City,' where the 'law of the jungle' is prevalent, it is even more so.

But, looking at Euler.

Jason thought for a moment and chose to speak.

There was a hint of pity.

More importantly, Jason needed to do so.

Because the enemy he was facing was extremely powerful.

So, Jason asked a question.

"Are you willing?"

Euler looked up at Jason, his eyes filled with confusion.

“ ‘Jing’ might not be dead.”

Jason shared this information with Euler.

Euler sprang to his feet, his face flushed with anger.

"Didn't you kill him?"

Euler asked loudly.

"I did kill the then 'Jing,' but who can guarantee that 'Jing' is dead?"

Jason retorted.

Euler was taken aback.

Having been with Lag, the leader of the 'Freedom Army,' learning for a long time, Euler was not some 'Mystical Side' novice. He knew some secrets that even veteran 'Mystical Side' members didn't know.

Chapter 1516: Jing and Kande (part 2)

So, almost in an instant, Euler thought of something.

"Are you sure?"

"That's not something an ordinary person can accomplish."

Euler asked.

"Is 'Jing' an ordinary person?"

"Up until now, my appearance has caused ripples in his plan, but hasn't obstructed it; in fact, he has always held the initiative—me, you, everyone is being led by the nose."

"Do you guess whether your 'suicide out of guilt' is in his plan?"

Jason said, turned, and walked away.

Everything that needed to be said was said.

The rest depends on Euler himself.

When Jason's hand was on the doorknob, Euler opened his mouth behind him, but nothing came out.

Jason's mouth curled into a smile.

He knew Euler made his choice.

Otherwise, it would be time to ask him to keep it secret.

Jason pushed the door open and went out.

Outside, Andek was puffing on a cigar.

At this moment, seeing Jason emerge, he immediately inquired with his eyes.

"Euler has something he wants to say to you."

Jason responded this way.

Andek immediately walked into the room.

The door closed once again.

"How was it?"

The 'old man' inquired.

"More difficult than I imagined."

Jason's ambiguous response left the 'old man' a bit puzzled.

Lauren Delder beside him couldn't make sense of the situation either.

But the very self-aware Lauren Delder knew well what to do at this moment.

Stay silent!

Jason also didn't speak again after that.

He was contemplating a way to handle this.

Or rather...

His own plan.

The 'food' of District 30, he wouldn't give up.

As a frugal 'gourmet', as long as it's not food that's hard to swallow, he'll eat it all.

Whoever dares to stop him from eating.

He'll make that person eat shit.

And now the greatest obstacle was right in front of him.

'Jing'!

A formidable enemy he hadn't encountered in 'Nightless City', or even in the copy world.

Not just in strength.

More important was the layout.

And a crucial point...

The opponent's objective!

Up to now, Jason hadn't truly understood what the opponent's goal was.

The opponent's continuous identity changes made Jason, who thought he understood the opponent's goals, feel confused each time.

Because some seemingly reasonable 'objectives' were conflicting from the start.

For example, the opponent's identity as the 'Freedom Army' Leader.

And the opponent's identity after becoming 'Jing'.

Simply put, without knowing what the opponent has experienced, it's impossible to understand why they act this way.

And this is much harder than figuring out the opponent's goal.

Therefore, Jason only pays attention to what the opponent wants to do now.

What does the opponent want to do?

Destroy the Barrier from District 29 to District 30.

Let the monsters of District 30 rush in here.

This is certain.

So, he just needs to eat all the monsters, and it's fine.

Without monsters, it doesn't matter if the Barrier is damaged.

But there's one more thing Jason is extremely concerned about.

How strong are the monsters in District 30, or rather, how strong is the strongest batch?

Hunter and prey are never constant.

When you think you're the hunter, it's often when you become the prey.

Jason doesn't want to become the prey.

He wants to be the hunter.

The kind of hunter that eats meat.

So, at this stage, he must figure out the specific situation of District 30.

Coincidentally, there's an opportunity right before him.

'Freedom Army'!

As an organization that could openly and secretly battle 'Jing' for so many years, Jason believes the 'Freedom Army' must have a better understanding of District 30 than most and regular organizations.

This is also one of the fundamental reasons he persuaded Euler.

He needs to learn more.

"Hope there's some harvest."

Jason thought silently while waiting.

Then he continued thinking about the first point.

The obstacles he would encounter in District 30 would be different.

This is inevitable, just as encountering obstacles is undeniable.

Moreover, the intensity of the obstacles would increase along with his feeding.

Then stronger food would appear.

Even 'Jing' might appear.

But it really is different.

If you choose to delve continually, and then start eating, it's an active choice.

If you choose to eat while walking directly, you'll be besieged, that's passive.

Of course, both are extremely dangerous.

Especially the seemingly active choice of the former; one wrong move and there's no turning back.

As for the latter?

Being surrounded, it's pretty much the same.

This made the habitually cautious Jason frown.

He felt that he needed another contingency.

'Freedom Army'?

They must be brought into his camp.

But still missing something...

Something crucial.

Perhaps it could be done this way.

Thinking about it, Jason's furrowed brow relaxed.

The 'old man' next to him breathed a sigh of relief inwardly when he saw Jason relax.

So did Lauren Delder.

This 'big shot's former collaborator only knew things had become very troublesome at this moment.

Though he hadn't gathered enough information, watching the frowning Jason gave him this intuition.

Even someone like Jason had to frown.

What should he do?

Maybe he would die a baffling death.

It was fortunate that Jason seemed to have resolved the trouble.

Good! Good!

Not an unsolvable problem!

Lauren Delder thought to himself.

Time ticked by second by second.

The door opened once more.

Andek walked out with a sullen face.

Euler followed behind Andek, with his head hung low.

The two 'Freedom Army' warriors guarding there immediately cast their gaze over.

Compared to the three of Jason's party, they sincerely cared about Euler and the deceased Lag.

They believed their leader, Lag, shouldn't have met such an end.

It shouldn't be by being murdered by their own.

Dying in battle instead is easier to accept.

"Lag was murdered by 'Jing'."

“ ‘Jing’ slipped an unstoppable poison even Lag couldn't counter into some books.”

"He was struck."

"And..."

"So was Euler."

"Those drugs have hallucinogenic properties, making Euler wrongly think he killed Lag—everyone take note, to prevent accidents, do not casually touch the papers inside the building. Later, I'll arrange for specialized personnel to handle them."

Andek explained.

This explanation had its loopholes, but for the 'Freedom Army' warriors willing to believe, it was the truth.

Compared to being assassinated by their people, they'd rather believe that the respectable leader Lag was murdered by the enemy.

"Arrange for a broadcast to inform everyone."

Said Andek, the deputy commander of the 'Freedom Army'.

"Yes, deputy commander."

One warrior said and ran off.

"Everyone, follow me to my temporary office."

Andek said to the three of Jason's group.

On the other side of the first floor, around a corner, what was originally a utility room had become Andek's office.

Clearly, this deputy commander of the 'Freedom Army' was carrying out Lag's command: never look down on anyone.

"Thank you, Jason."

Upon entering the office and closing the door, Andek immediately said.

"We have a common enemy."

Jason shook his head, indicating he had his reasons.

In response to this, Andek not only wasn't displeased but nodded instead.

"Exactly."

"That bastard 'Jing'!"

Andek seethed with anger.

He never thought 'Jing' and 'Kande' were the same person.

Even less did he expect that 'Kande,' who had already been assassinated years ago, would become 'Jing'.

What did that bastard want?

Collude with external enemies?

Become a puppet of Uptown?

Destroy the 'Freedom Army'?

Questions sprang up one by one in Andek's mind.

And Jason straightforwardly asked.

"Do you have detailed information about District 30?"

"Preferably about those monsters!"

"No."

"Regarding District 30, the 'Freedom Army' has rarely ventured, some environmental data we have, but no monster information, except...it's impossible to have."

Andek's words were a bit vague.

Jason guessed.

He asked—

"Uptown?"

Chapter 1517: The Most Important Thing in Life!

Andek nodded without hesitation in response to Jason's question.

Regarding District 30, he and the 'Freedom Army' had no need to conceal anything.

Because, these are the facts.

The 'Freedom Army' naturally had its focus on District 30.

They even sent people to explore District 30.

However, the results were unsatisfactory.

Not much useful information was gathered; instead, two entire teams of warriors vanished within.

This led Andek and Lag at the time to abandon further exploration of District 30.

After all, training a qualified warrior for the 'Freedom Army' requires considerable energy and time.

Especially with a decreasing pool of candidates for warriors.

Unnecessary loss is essential.

Exploring District 30 naturally became one of the unnecessary losses.

This deputy leader of the 'Freedom Army' didn't hide it and disclosed everything to Jason.

"That's how it is."

Jason nodded, then looked at Andek, continuing to ask: "Is there equipment in this building that can contact the 'Uptown'?"

'Jing' is the representative of 'Uptown' in the Lower City District within Ring City.

Since he's a representative, communication is a necessity.

Using secret techniques is discreet, but consumes a lot of various materials.

It's far less convenient than communication devices and the like.

Therefore, Jason speculates, in this building, inside Jing's nest, there's bound to be a communication device.

"There is."

Andek answered first, then seemed puzzled.

"You want it, Jason?"

Andek asked tentatively.

"I need to talk to someone from 'Uptown.'"

Jason said.

Andek hesitated for a moment before finally nodding.

"Alright."

Andek's feelings toward 'Uptown' are very complex.

There's hatred.

This is without doubt.

What is the freedom they're pursuing?

The freedom of the Lower City District within the Nightless City's Ring City?

It's not like that.

The freedom they're pursuing is for the Lower City District in Nightless City to break free from Uptown's control and gain genuine freedom.

To escape Uptown's enslavement.

Yet, the person who established such an organization is actually from Uptown.

Lag is.

The former Kande, in a certain sense, is too.

This leaves Andek a bit bewildered.

He doesn't know how to perceive Uptown.

Or better yet...

How many people in Uptown are like Lag?

Facing a group of slave masters, Andek would unhesitatingly kill them indiscriminately.

However, when there are some virtuous people with beliefs among these imagined slave masters, Andek hesitates.

He needs to discern.

Needs to unravel.

As for outright elimination?

He won't.

His principles don't allow him to do so.

Yet, directly contacting Uptown as the deputy leader of the Freedom Army seems abrupt.

Lots of things can become complicated.

Thus, when Jason voluntarily proposed contacting Uptown, Andek agreed.

"Are you just trying to understand District 30?"

Andek confirmed again.

"Yes."

"Just to inquire about District 30."

Jason answered confidently.

He truly only wants to understand District 30.

As for other hidden thoughts?

None.

In the eyes of a gourmet, what could be more important than food?

The power, money, beauties that ordinary people covet.

For Jason, they are not as satisfying as a large chicken leg—preferably fried, dipped with cumin, pepper, and sea pepper, biting into the crispy outside and tender inside, yet oozing oil.

Andek, the deputy leader of the 'Freedom Army,' stared at Jason for three or four seconds.

Finally, he nodded.

"Follow me."

Andek turned towards the elevator.

Jason followed him.

'Old man' and Lauren Delder followed closely.

Neither of them said much.

Or rather, both have full confidence in Jason.

Both firmly believe Jason can tackle everything.

And Euler?

Also followed.

However, the leader of the 'Freedom Army' in District 29 was still not in good spirits.

Not just sluggish but also confused.

This is a self-confusion, something others cannot rescue.

He must rely on himself.

Euler clearly knows this too.

He continuously used the breathing technique taught by Lag to clear the thoughts in his mind, helping him become more focused.

Only when thinking of Lag.

Euler's breath became chaotic.

So rapid it causes him to choke and cough repeatedly.

Lauren Delder turned his head, looking at Euler and asked.

"Are you okay?"

Lauren Delder remembers very well the delicious toasted bread he once had at Euler's place.

Rightly so, even for the sake of the toasted bread, he should ask.

"I'm fine."

Euler shook his head, showing a helpless, bitter smile with a trace of enigmatic emotion.

Lauren Delder was taken aback.

Helplessness, bitterness, he didn't understand.

But the trace of enigmatic emotion, Lauren Delder understood.

Because, he once had the same smile.

It was when he realized he had become a pawn of 'Jing.'

It was when he discovered he was far less clever than imagined.

It was when he realized his supposed strength was all for show.

"Isn't it frustrating?"

Lauren Delder asked.

The sudden question made Euler pause.

Truth be told, Lauren Delder's earlier inquiry already surprised Euler.

Chapter 1518: The Most Important Thing in Life! (part 2)

"Nightless City' is no joke.

Show no mercy to others, for the sake of your own life—this is a rule everyone in the 'Nightless City' follows.

Because those who don't, are dead.

Even if a few manage to escape occasionally.

They know what to do.

Therefore, Euler was surprised by Lauren Delder's kindness and instinctively guessed that Lauren Delder might have an ulterior motive.

And now was no exception.

"No."

Euler shook his head, speaking in an almost indifferent tone.

"It's better if you don't."

"If you do, don't speak it aloud, I'm not good at counseling people, nor do I intend to counsel you."

"I just want to tell you one thing: don't be too arrogant, recognize yourself clearly. Once you realize how foolish, cowardly, and mundane you are, you'll live happily."

Lauren Delder shrugged with a relieved smile.

"Are you talking about yourself?"

Euler asked.

Lauren Delder's smile stiffened.

"No, I was talking about a friend."

Lauren Delder emphasized.

Was it that obvious?

I clearly didn't mention myself, did I?

Lauren Delder pondered in confusion.

Watching Lauren Delder's somewhat dim-witted expression, Euler inexplicably, suddenly felt better.

If someone like Lauren Delder can survive strongly,

Why can't he?

Lag is dead.

His brother, teacher, father is dead.

Killed by Jing's conspiracy.

Then he should just kill 'Jing' in return.

Why wallow in melancholy here?

What use is such melancholy?

In a flash, Euler understood everything.

It wasn't that he didn't understand before.

He was just entangled.

And now, the entanglement was gone.

There was only the decisiveness of a 'Nightless City' resident left.

He gave Lauren Delder's shoulder a firm pat.

"Thank you."

Euler expressed his gratitude, then quickened his steps.

Being the Leader of the Freedom Army's 29th district, how could he fall behind inside the Freedom Army's base?

Lauren Delder frowned.

For some reason, Euler's look and gratitude just now always made him feel insulted.

A very serious one.

But what exactly, Lauren Delder couldn't put his finger on it.

Scratching his half-transparent scalp, Lauren Delder sidled up to the 'old man'.

"Am I a bit stupid?"

He asked the 'old man'.

"Be confident, drop the 'a bit'."

The 'old man' replied earnestly.

"I..."

Lauren Delder instinctively was about to get angry but in the end, he sighed and mumbled to himself.

"Stupid is as stupid does."

"Anyway, I'm often not that smart."

"You spoke the truth."

"But Jason also said, foolish people have good fortune."

Saying so, Lauren Delder beamed again.

Such a look made the 'old man', Euler, Andek look at him sideways.

Even Jason gave Lauren Delder an extra glance.

For no particular reason.

Just being able to reconcile with oneself is enough to draw attention.

In this world, who is the most important person?

Parents? Spouse and children? Siblings? Friends?

None of them.

You, yourself, are the most important.

Whether parents, spouse, children, siblings, or friends, they all extend from 'yourself'.

Your subjective emotions will affect your attitude towards parents, spouse, children, siblings, and friends.

When subjective emotions are positive, everything is beautiful.

When subjective emotions are negative, everything is terrible.

You are the master of it all.

So, reconciling with yourself is crucial.

Because your emotions fluctuate with time and environment.

Such fluctuations will give rise to laziness, greed, jealousy, anger, arrogance, lust, etc.

Some can be obtained.

Some?

Ultimately unobtainable.

It's not that you can get everything just by working hard.

It's that only by working hard do you have a chance to get everything.

At the same time, this chance is approximately equal to 0.

It's very difficult.

And this is what Jason had to face when he was in his 'hometown'.

Sometimes, under certain circumstances, it's even more miserable.

Because...

Loans.

Mortgage and car loan are basic.

Huabei and Jiebai are inevitable.

Mid-level, high-level?

Forget about it.

Because it's just the basics, inevitably it becomes a chain, making the people in 'hometown' unable to catch their breath.

Jason has a friend who owes the bank money every time he opens his eyes, yet he always smiles and laughs, eats and drinks when he should, goes out for scenes, works out, and boxes when there's nothing to do, and goes for tea or drinks when free, sometimes calling him to play murder mystery games.

He was puzzled as to why this friend of his was so happy.

He even asked him.

And this friend answered like this—

"A sad day is a day, a happy day is also a day, why not be happier?"

"Most things in the world are self-inflicted worries, desires that cannot be fulfilled."

"So, after I lowered my desires, I had no worries."

"I neither pursue brand names nor luxury, nor do I pursue being superior."

"I just look for delicious food every day, how could I not be happy?"

Jason remembered the answer.

Because he thought it made a lot of sense.

In fact, he is doing the same thing now.

Yeah.

What could be better than food?

Good mood, indeed.

As for not seeking advancement?

His friend also said something that he remembered even more—

"This world exists because of me, by the time I die, when I close my eyes, everything will cease to exist."

When he said this, his friend was holding a bottle of Snowflake Pure.

The chilled Snowflake Pure had just been opened, white froth kept bubbling out, his friend took a gulp, wiped the foam away, then picked up a skewer of lamb, ate two pieces, and continued speaking.

"In my world, I am the Protagonist, everyone else is just supporting cast."

"Their existence is just to make me feel less lonely."

After saying that, his friend picked up another big kidney skewer.

The kind with crispy skin from being grilled.

Covered with cumin and chili powder.

His friend was eating with oil all over his face.

Then he picked up a bowl of stir-fried instant noodles and said again.

"I don't care how others see me because as long as I want, I can make anyone disappear from my heart, as if they never appeared."

"So, I am happy every day."

Listening to his friend, Jason thought at the time that this guy was just showing off.

And now?

Still thinks so.

Because—

"What about your parents? Your dog? Your cat? Your other dog?"

That's what Jason asked then.

After asking, the previously composed "I'm the master of my world" fellow turned alarmed.

"Hurry up and eat, even skewers can't shut your mouth."

Then he ordered twenty more skewers.

He was treating that day.

His friend ordered dishes four or five times in a row.

He watched with a grin as the guy finished eating and then paid the bill.

The next day, he heard his friend got gastroenteritis and was running to the bathroom frequently.

He laughed.

Very happily.

Every time he ate with that guy, he loved hearing him talk about those grand but irrelevant philosophies, and then seeing him uncomfortable after eating.

However, what that guy said, though irrelevant.

Sometimes, it still made some sense.

For example: Everyone is the Protagonist in their own world.

In this world, you are the master of its evolution.

Other people?

They're just supporting characters.

Phew!

Jason took a deep breath, drawing his thoughts back to the 'Nightless City'.

At this moment, the elevator had just arrived at the 30th floor.

The door opened.

Andek spoke.

"In front is 'Jing's' bedroom, there's equipment inside connecting to 'Uptown', do you need me to help you set it up?"

Andek said this while walking inside.

Jason followed.

However, once inside the room, Jason didn't look at the obvious screen.

Instead, he looked at a corner of the room.

Chapter 1519: Negotiation

In the corner of the room, there is a model shelf resembling a bookshelf.

Aside from a few scattered books, it's filled with various models.

Motorcycles are predominant, cars supplementary.

There are also some models of cold weapons.

Each one is extremely exquisite.

It's even safe to say they're scaled down proportionally.

The handlebars of the motorcycle and car doors can move, and the swords among the cold weapons can be unsheathed.

Jason's gaze swept over these models one by one.

Finally, it stopped on a motorcycle model.

Unlike other motorcycles.

This motorcycle has a sidecar, and overall appears black.

It looks as exquisite as any other model.

At least to the 'Old man', Lauren Delder, Andek, and Euler, it seems that way.

But the four know that Jason wouldn't stare at something for no reason.

Andek raised his right hand, waved slightly backward to signal the others to retreat, and took a deep drag on his cigar.

The flame spread across the cigar.

After the cigar was visibly shortened, the deputy commander of the Freedom Army puffed out a thick cloud of smoke.

The smoke didn't disperse.

Instead, it formed into a palm shape.

Glancing at Jason, after he nodded in signal, this smoky palm reached straight for the motorcycle with a sidecar.

Roar!

Just as the smoky palm was about to grab the motorcycle model, a chilling roar emanated from the model.

Ear-piercing.

Like it would pierce the eardrums.

Moreover, a gut-wrenching force rose within the listener's body.

The 'Old man', whose inner alarm had sounded, hurriedly exited the room, flipping over and crashing hard to the ground.

Lauren Delder and Euler rapidly retreated.

The former left the room, grabbing the 'Old man', ready to flee at any moment.

The latter leaned against the wall, eyes fixed intently on the model.

Andek did not retreat a step, furrowing his brow as the smoky palm clenched onto the sidecar motorcycle model.

Crack!

The sidecar motorcycle shattered directly.

Then, a translucent figure appeared there.

It was a translucent figure whose face couldn't be discerned.

However, this seemingly void figure had a tiny snail shell hanging around its neck, from which words streamed melodiously

"Surprise!"

"I thought it would take you at least a day or two to discover this 'little gift'."

"Yet you've found it so quickly."

"Just as you conquered my base in just an hour, truly surprising."

The voice belonged to 'Jing'.

The opposite spoke in a praising tone.

But hearing such a tone, Euler flew into a rage.

"'Jing'!"

Euler shouted angrily.

"I heard, I heard."

"Don't get angry."

"We can talk about anything, even if Lag has died."

'Jing' looked conciliatory.

But these words completely infuriated Euler.

If Euler had simply been furious before.

At this point, Euler's eyes were bloodshot.

Ignoring the strange sensations in his body, he charged at the translucent shadow, but barely took a step before Andek stopped him.

Another smoky arm brutally threw Euler out the door.

"Calm down."

The deputy commander of the Freedom Army barked before turning his attention to the translucent shadow.

Simultaneously, more smoky arms appeared around Andek.

No less than ten.

Then, they all lunged at that translucent shadow together.

The translucent shadow stood motionless.

Letting attacks land on its body.

Each time a smoky arm attacked, ripples spread across the translucent shadow.

But, that was all.

The shadow appeared completely unaffected.

Whether it was palms striking or pounding.

The result was the same.

No effect.

"Can't we sit down and talk?"

"After all, I too was once part of the Freedom Army..."

"Shut up!"

Andek bellowed.

He interrupted 'Jing's' words.

As the deputy commander of the Freedom Army, he absolutely wouldn't allow 'Jing' to continue speaking.

Although it was the truth.

It was also shameful.

Even considered taboo.

Everyone present knew it too.

A tower constructed of faith, stained black.

Andek could forgive.

Because it stands beneath the sunlight.

But this doesn't mean it can be shrouded by darkness.

Even in the depths of night.

Darkness appearing is not permitted.

Because that is when it shines itself.

It is a lighthouse.

Guiding the lost in darkness.

The light it brings must show the way for all in darkness.

Because that is their last remaining hope.

Hoo!

From the completely smoke-formed arms, numerous sparks suddenly burst forth, and flames erupted from each arm.

Ten arms.

Ten flames.

Formed a dense web of flames, instantly engulfing the translucent shadow.

Roar!

Another chilling, tragic scream.

The translucent shadow, seemingly unable to endure the pain, lunged straight towards a nearby screen.

And the snail shell hanging around its neck turned towards the shelf.

Two more smoky arms appeared.

Chapter 1520: Negotiation (2)

It seemed as if something invisible was beside them.

More like it emerged from the void.

It started to burn directly.

An arm blocked the translucent virtual apparition.

An arm reached for that tiny conch.

As the deputy commander of the 'Freedom Army,' Andek had quite rich combat experience and wouldn't underestimate any opponent.

Especially when facing scoundrels like 'Jing.'

He knew that 'Jing' appearing absolutely wasn't merely to mock them.

There must be some purpose behind it.

However, in this room right before him, aside from a set of equipment capable of contacting 'Uptown,' there's nothing worth paying attention to.

Therefore, Andek had long set up a smoke arm just in case.

As for the smoke arm in front of the shelf?

That was entirely out of being cautious.

Since 'Jing' placed some things there.

Perhaps they might be important.

It's never wrong to prepare a backup.

In fact, it was just like this.

Looking at the situation in front of him, Andek thought very thoroughly.

But, as the deputy commander of the 'Freedom Army,' he still underestimated 'Jing's cunning.

The already shaking translucent apparition burned to ashes under the blockade of a flame arm.

The tiny conch was also caught by another arm.

Yet, at the same time, a shadow hidden on the shelf shot towards the wall.

The shadow was less than ten centimeters from the wall.

You could call it extremely close.

This shadow appeared very abruptly, even Andek didn't notice.

More importantly, the shadow was too small.

Like the size of a date.

It was completely unexpected.

But, just when the shadow was about to touch the wall—

Yi!

A silver slash swept straight across the shadow.

Suddenly, the shadow split into two.

Fell to the ground.

"This, this is..."

"Eyeball?!"

Lauren Delder supported the 'old man', when he saw clearly the shadow fallen on the ground, he couldn't help but frown.

Eyeballs aren't rare.

Everyone has two.

What's rare is an eyeball that can move independently, clearly carrying consciousness.

That's right!

Carrying consciousness!

Because, at this time, the eyeball cut into halves was still twitching on the ground.

The sound from the vibrating air rang out.

"Jason!"

It was still 'Jing's voice.

However, unlike the usual slow tone, there was now panic and frustration.

Moreover, the eyeball that was cut into two halves sprouted fine tentacles.

These tentacles collided and fused one by one.

Even the eyeball that was split into two was on the brink of restoring.

And Jason?

He raised his hand and a cone-shaped flame emerged.

Whoosh!

Amidst the burning blaze, 'Jing's voice completely vanished.

"Is this 'Jing's eye?"

Lauren Delder asked.

Lauren Delder, who had a superficial understanding of 'Mystical Side Knowledge', was now completely confused.

He couldn't understand why 'Jing' would leave one of his eyes here.

Moreover, he deployed guardians.

However, since there were guardians, it indicated this eye was precious.

What Lauren Delder understood was naturally comprehended by everyone present.

Only the 'old man' didn't understand the purpose of this eye.

Calming down, Euler looked at the shelf thoughtfully.

Or rather, the set of equipment directly opposite the shelf meant for 'Uptown' connection.

"Peering?"

Andek questioned Jason.

"Hmm."

"Peering."

"But if we're serious, it should be 'monitoring.'"

Jason supplemented.

"Monitoring?"

The 'old man' hesitated before reacting.

"While 'Jing' was contacting 'Uptown,' he let this eye peer, allowing the eye's 'master' to understand the movements of 'Uptown,' while also letting the other party fully trust 'Jing.'"

The 'old man' said, then took a deep breath.

Rarely angry, the 'old man' now found it hard to suppress his ire.

"What does it mean?"

Lauren Delder scratched his translucent scalp.

He still didn't understand.

However, when you don't understand something, ask.

Having developed this good habit, Lauren Delder felt no shame or embarrassment.

“ ‘Jing’ had contacts with the invaders from the 30th district.”

"This ‘eye’ should have been given to ‘Jing’ by those invaders.”

The ‘old man’ explained.

Hiss!

Lauren Delder took a sharp breath.

After all, this was ‘Jing’s room.

The bed and washroom were all here.

Just the thought of someone watching her eat, sleep, and bathe made Lauren Delder feel completely uneasy.

Not to mention, it was under the premise of knowing about it.

This...

Is simply,

"Perverved, right?"

Lauren Delder voiced this evaluation.

It also matched everyone's thoughts present.

"However, seeing how this bastard guards this 'eyeball' so closely, it shows that the 'eyeball' is very important."

"Who knows, if he loses this 'eyeball', his master in Zone 30 might spank his ass hard."

"I wonder if 'Jing' this bastard will cry out in pain."

Lauren Delder grinned at the scorched eyeball on the floor.

'Old man' also chuckled along.

"Whether the master from Zone 30 spanks his ass or not, I don't know if he will cry out."

"But, if the Uptown master spanks his ass, it will definitely hurt."

Jason pointed at the scorched eyeball on the ground, then took a quick walk around the room, ensuring there was nothing worthy of notice before looking at Andek and pointed at the set of communication equipment.

"Can you handle it?"

Jason asked.

"Of course."

Andek smiled and started fiddling with it.

"In a bit, I'll need you to cooperate with me once."

Jason added.

"As long as it doesn't go against my bottom line in my heart."

Andek replied.

"It definitely won't."

Jason assured.

A few minutes later, the debugging was quickly completed.

The screen lit up once again.

A silhouette sitting behind a desk appeared inside.

Upon seeing Jason and the others, the silhouette was clearly startled.

"Where's 'Jing'?"

The silhouette asked.

"Defected."

Jason answered.

"Defected?!"

"Impossible!"

"Are you... that 'Jason'?!"

"The one who left 'Uptown'?"

The silhouette first shouted in surprise, then seemed to recognize Jason's identity.

'Uptown' resident?

Jason was not unfamiliar with this term, it originated from Lauren Delder's self-association and then overheard by 'Jing', reported to 'Uptown'.

However, what Jason didn't expect was that 'Uptown' would actually acknowledge such a term.

Was it reported by 'Jing' and they didn't care?

Or was the system of 'Uptown' not as perfect as imagined?

Jason leaned towards the latter.

After all, from the current situation, 'Jing' should still have some weight in the other party's heart.

Of course, it is not excluded that the other party is just putting on a show.

"I am the Jason of 'Nightless City'."

Jason answered thus.

He truly was Jason of 'Nightless City'.

And 'Nightless City' included Uptown and Lower City District.

Similarly, in his 'hometown', he didn't go by the name Jason.

A double entendre.

Even with some secret technique detection, one can still get away with it.

"Heh, you abandoned your honor, just for those thugs and criminals in Lower City District?"

The silhouette sneered.

"What abandoned honor was 'Jing'."

"He's been in contact with those invaders in Zone 30 from start to end."

"Now he's even planning to overthrow the whole 'Nightless City'."

Jason said.

The silhouette continued to sneer.

In a disbelief manner.

Jason then extended out his palm.

In the palm was a scorched eyeball.

Seeing the scorched eyeball, the silhouette's body trembled.

Very faint.

But Jason saw it.

"This was discovered there."

Jason added.

"So what?"

The silhouette still had a hard mouth, but the tone inevitably carried hesitation.

"Nothing much."

"At worst, we die together."

"We might die first, but eventually, everyone will meet in hell."

Jason said, lifting his hand to turn off the communicator.

Then, he started counting silently.

"1...2..."

The number 3 hadn't even been spoken yet.

The communicator rang once more.