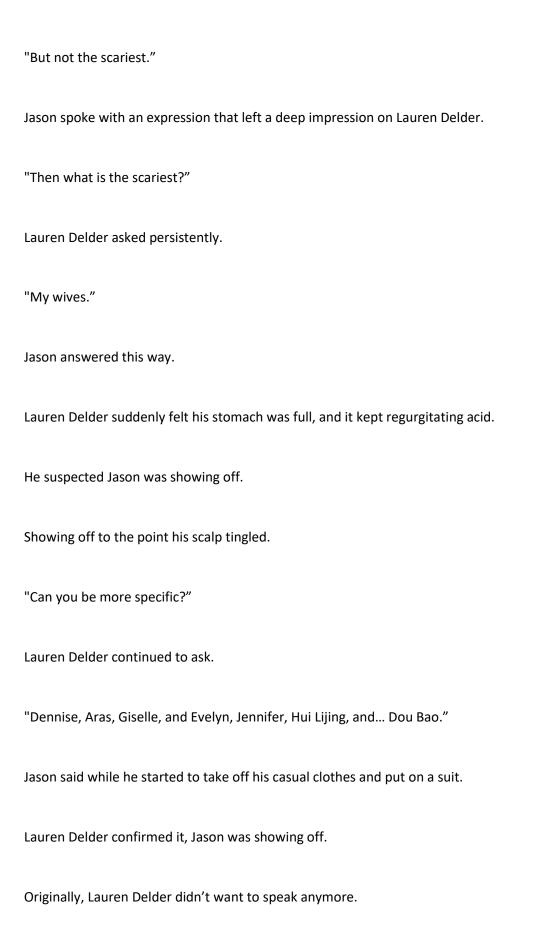
Menu 1521

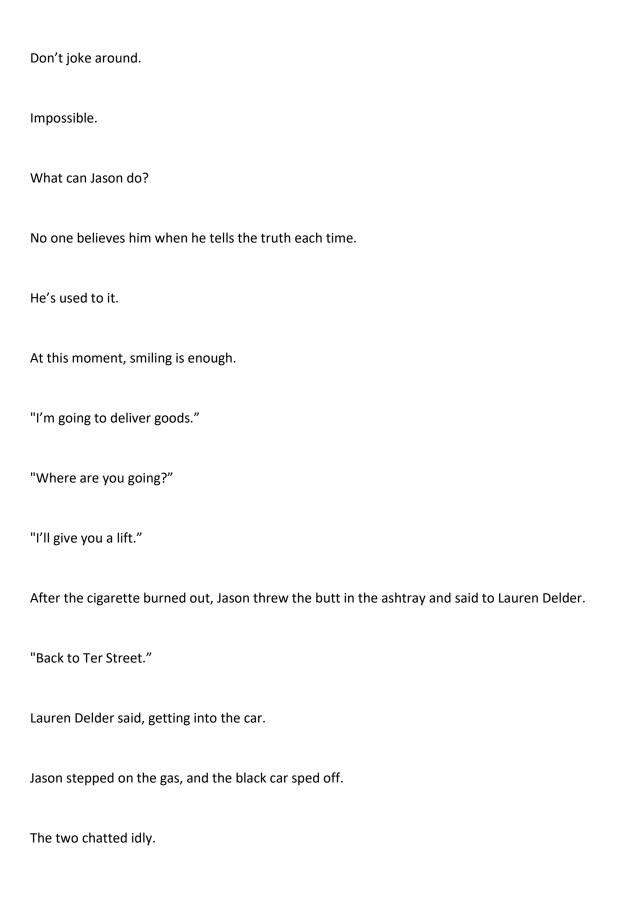
Chapter 1521: After the Wedding in My Dreams?
Death, is it scary?
Very scary.
Because everything is unknown.
Death, is it scary?
Not scary.
Because I'm used to it.
Much later, when Lauren Delder brought a basket of food, including but not limited to roasted pork
hooves, fried pig knuckles, roast chicken, ten sandwiches, and a bottle of sparkling wine to visit Jason,
during their chat, Lauren Delder curiously asked why Jason was so sure those Uptown bastards would contact them again.
After eating the roasted pork hooves, Jason said the above words to Lauren Delder.
The realing the reasted point hooves, said the above words to Eduren Belach
"Speaking of which, being used to it is the scariest thing."
Speaking of which, being used to tells the scarlest thing.
Lauren Delder sighed.
Then, he was stunned to see Jason shake his head at him.
Then, he was stanned to see Jason shake his head at him.
"Accustomed?"
Accustomeu:
"Considerably scary."
"Considerably scary."

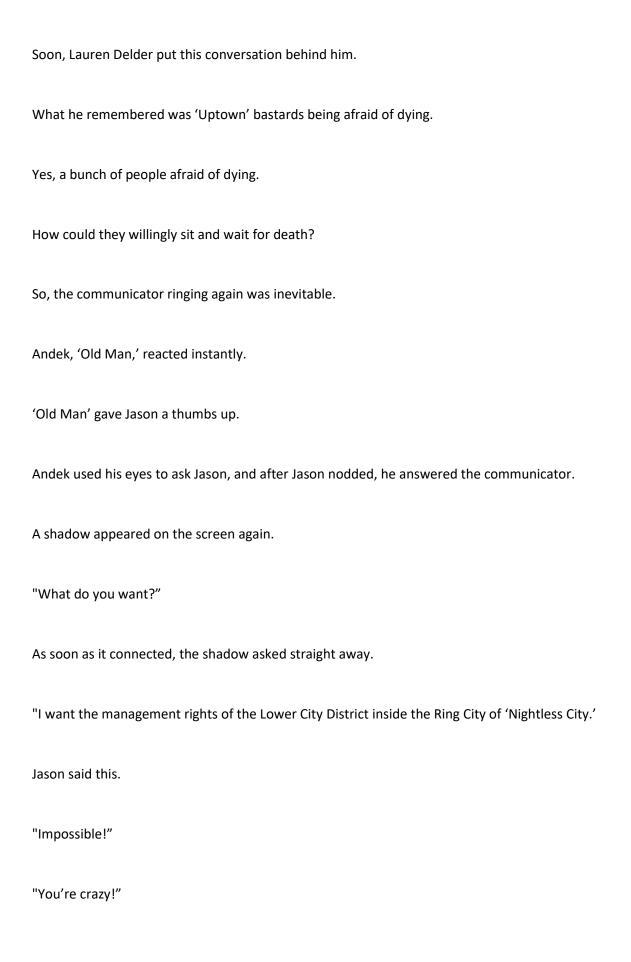


But, unable to resist curiosity, he continued to ask.
"Could you be more specific?"
"Dennise's army, Aras's fists, Giselle and Evelyn's dreams, Jennifer's madness, Hui Lijing's luck, Dou Bao's talent."
Jason answered one by one.
Such answers made Lauren Delder even more curious.
"Can you be even more specific?"
"Children, children, children, children, children, children."
Jason looked bitter, but the corners of his mouth involuntarily turned up.
"So?"
Lauren Delder watched as Jason drove a black car out of the garage, his expression more and more confused.
"So, I have to support my family! I have to do a side job as a driver in my spare time—not Didi, but as a 'courier.'"
Jason said this way.
Lauren Delder's eyes widened.

"You're already how can you do a side job as a driver?"
Facing his old friend's shock, Jason picked up a cigarette from the side, lit it, and took a deep drag.
Then, he extended his arm.
The breeze blew, and the cigarette burned faster.
Jason took another drag, and the wind took a drag.
The swirling smoke dispersed.
After a full four or five seconds, Jason continued: "You know a boy before eighteen has dreams, right? Like becoming an athlete, an esports expert, a writer, a chef, a fighter, etc. But do you know what they have left after eighteen?"
"What?"
Lauren Delder asked instinctively.
"Mortgage, car loan."
Jason puffed out another cloud of smoke.
"But you don't need those!"
Lauren Delder frowned.
Lauren Deider frowned.





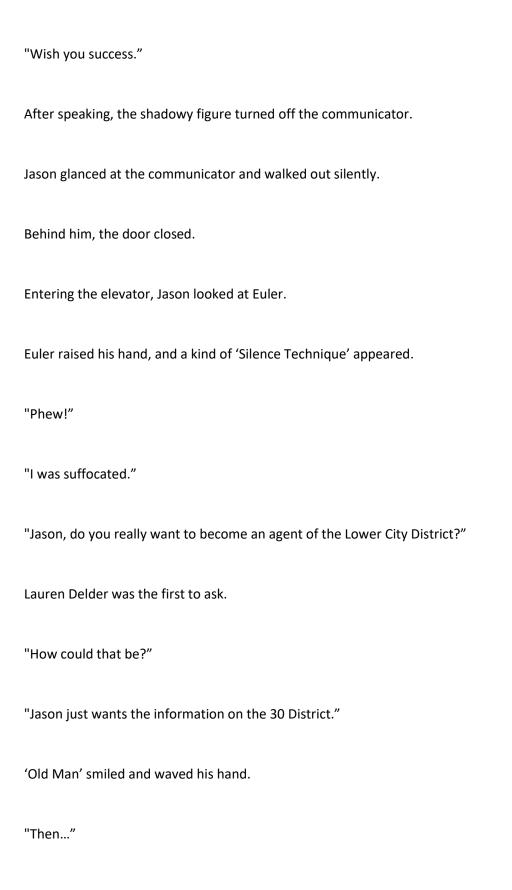




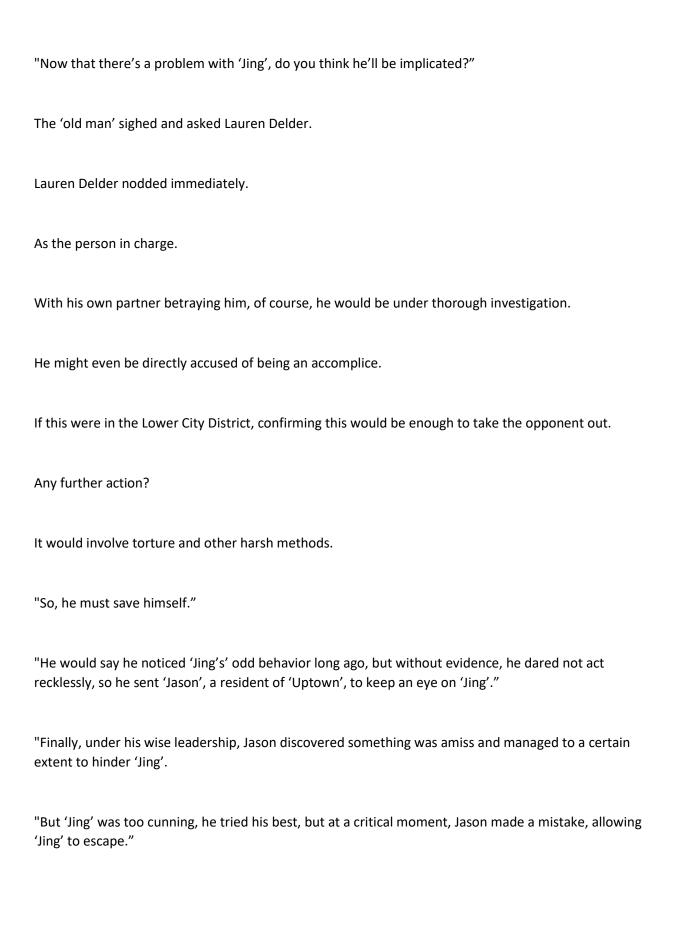
The shadowy figure laughed out of exasperation.
"According to your logic, as long as you take down 'Jing', you can control the Lower City District within the Ring City of 'Nightless City', then believe me, 'Jing' would have long been reduced to bones!"
"There's no way it would have waited until your appearance!"
"Change the condition."
The other person waved their hand.
"Then I want to become a proxy like 'Jing'.
Jason continued stating his demand.
"Impossible."
The shadowy figure rejected directly.
Although not as sensitive or surprised as before, such a refusal was decisive without any consideration.
"Why?"
Jason cooperatively asked.
"Why?"
"Do you know how 'Jing' became this proxy?"





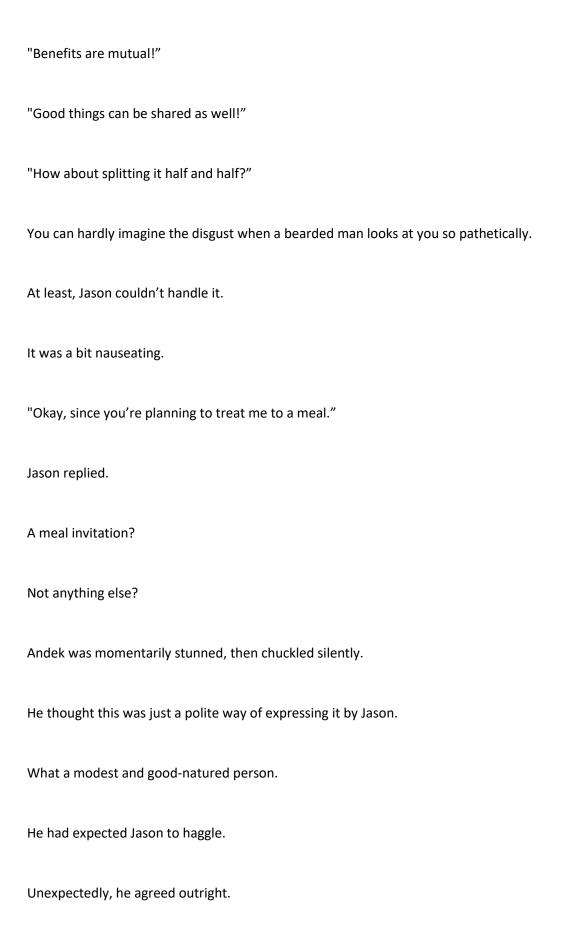


"If asking directly for the 30 District's info, there would be all kinds of difficulties. Instead, it's better to make a big demand, which scares the other party, while at the same time fooling them, leading them to wrongly estimate Jason's plan."
Euler's explanation interrupted Lauren Delder.
"I see."
"But"
"Whether or not the other party believes it, they would agree, because under the threat of death, they are willing to make various 'self-rescue' attempts."
"Even knowing that Jason was speaking insincerely, they would agree."
"Simply put, the other party just needs an excuse."
"Anything more?"
"That would be shifting responsibility."
Andek, the deputy commander of the 'Freedom Army', continued, leaving Lauren Delder bewildered once again.
Previously he thought he understood.
But why does he now feel confused again?
"He should be the one responsible for direct contact with 'Jing'."





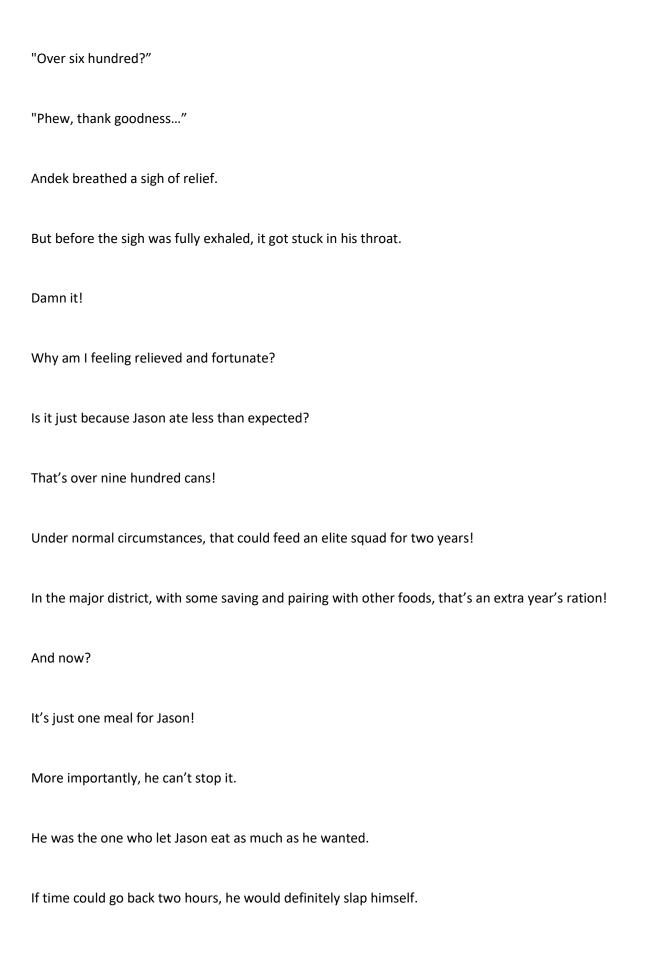
The concern wasn't for those reckless idiots.
But rather, worrying that these idiots might enable 'Jing's plan to succeed.
That's the real issue.
"As for those 'assistants'?"
"Unluckily, after handing over the information, just as we were about to take action, we encountered 'Jing's retaliatory attack, leaving all those 'assistants' dead."
Jason said earnestly.
His expression was extremely sincere, as if he were stating facts.
"Exactly."
"We resisted tenaciously."
"But the losses were too heavy, we need 'Uptown' to quickly send a batch of medical supplies to treat our wounded, and more than enough weapons and ammunition to arm more of our comrades, to fend off 'Jing's attacks."
Upon hearing Jason's words, Andek, the deputy commander of the 'Freedom Army', had his eyes light up and eagerly said.
Then, Andek looked pitifully at Jason.
"We're allies, right?"



The deputy commander of the 'Freedom Army' inwardly sighed and made what he would later come to regret as his most regretful statement in nearly ten years—
"We will face difficult times ahead, face even more dangerous wars, but now!"
"We have achieved a staged victory!"
"So"
"Throw a banquet! Celebrate!"
"Jason, eat to your heart's content, don't be shy!"
Chapter 1523: Older People Choose the Fighting Style That Suits Them Best Who am I?
Where am I?
What happened?
In a corner of the banquet hall, Andek, the deputy commander of the 'Freedom Army,' fell into self-doubt.
He stared blankly at Jason, who was sitting across from him, whose hands created trails of afterimages, as if he had grown a thousand arms out of thin air, sending all the served food into his mouth.
That's right.
Straight into his mouth.

No!
Not right!
More like being sucked into his mouth!
That mouth seemed like a black hole, and any food that got close was sucked in and then disappeared without a trace.
Of course, this alone wasn't enough to make Andek question his life.
What really made Andek doubt his life was that Jason not only ate fast but also ate a lot.
Is a mouth like a black hole terrifying?
No.
The truly terrifying thing is: this black-hole-like mouth is connected to what seems like a bottomless abyss of a stomach.
How much has Jason eaten already?
A thousand cans?
Or more?
More importantly, Jason is still eating.
And getting faster and faster.

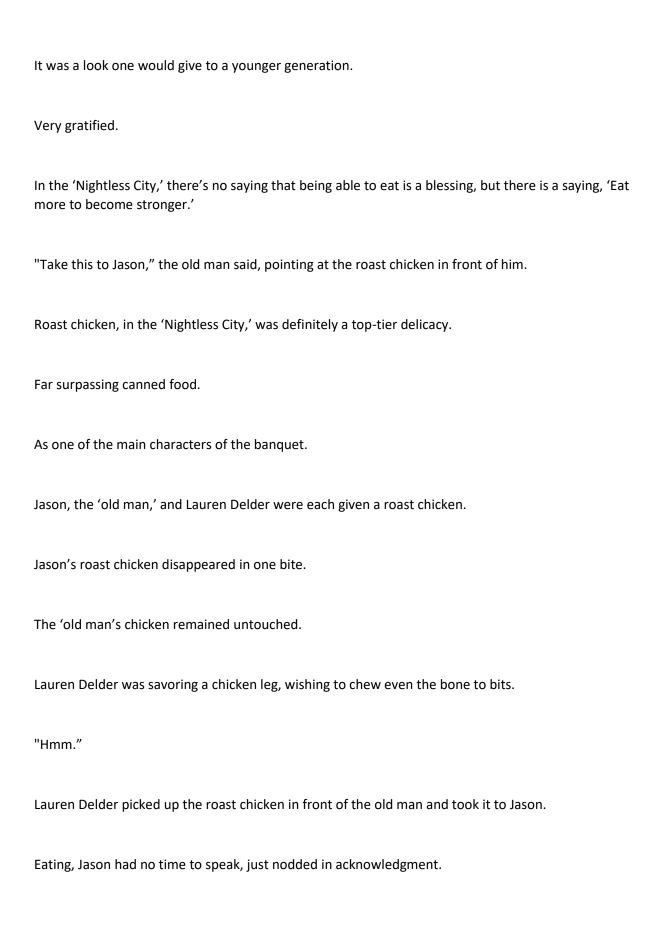
Unconsciously, Andek's hand was placed on his chest.
"How much stock do we have left?"
Andek squeezed the words through gritted teeth.
Lag made a pained expression beside him.
"Less than five hundred left."
"What?"
"Less than five hundred left?"
"There were more than two thousand when we counted before, right?"
Andek's eyes widened.
Could Jason have eaten over fifteen hundred on his own?
This, this
For a moment, Andek lost the ability to speak.
"It's a banquet today, Jason only ate part of it, about nine hundred or so."
Lag obviously understood what Andek was thinking and immediately explained.



Serves you right for running your mouth.
Serves you right for showing off.
Would definitely slap both sides of his face roundly.
Whew!
Taking a deep breath, Andek turned to Lag and said, "I'm going for a smoke."
He couldn't stay there any longer.
If he stayed any longer, he'd have a heart attack!
It's too hard.
With staggering steps, Andek walked out of the banquet hall.
Facing a vast army, he had never retreated.
Facing a situation of certain death, he had never regretted.
Facing numerous assassinations, Andek had always been calm and composed, but this time he regretted, he wanted to retreat.
He couldn't face the situation in front of him calmly.

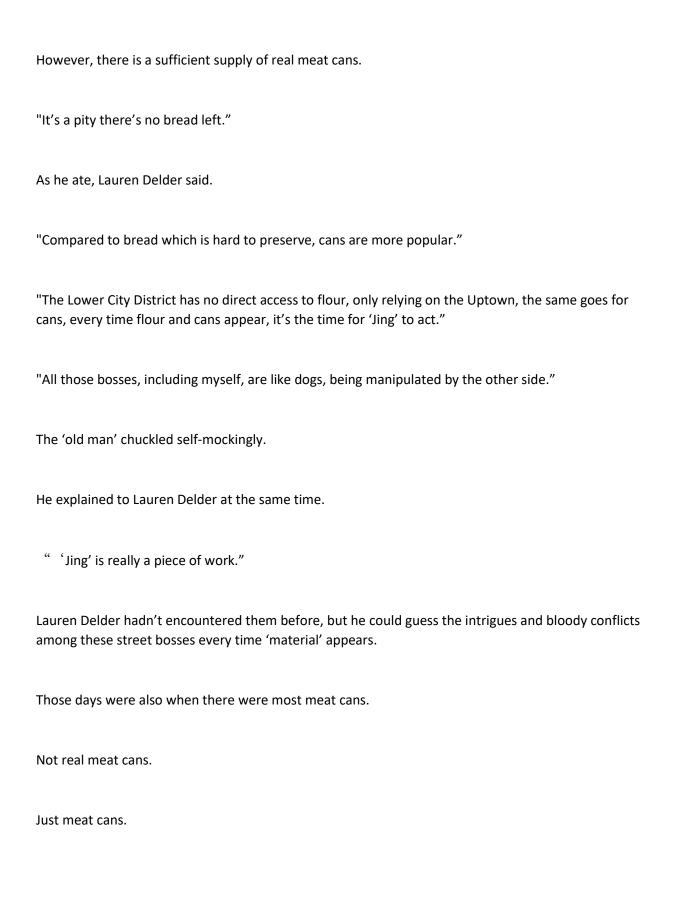


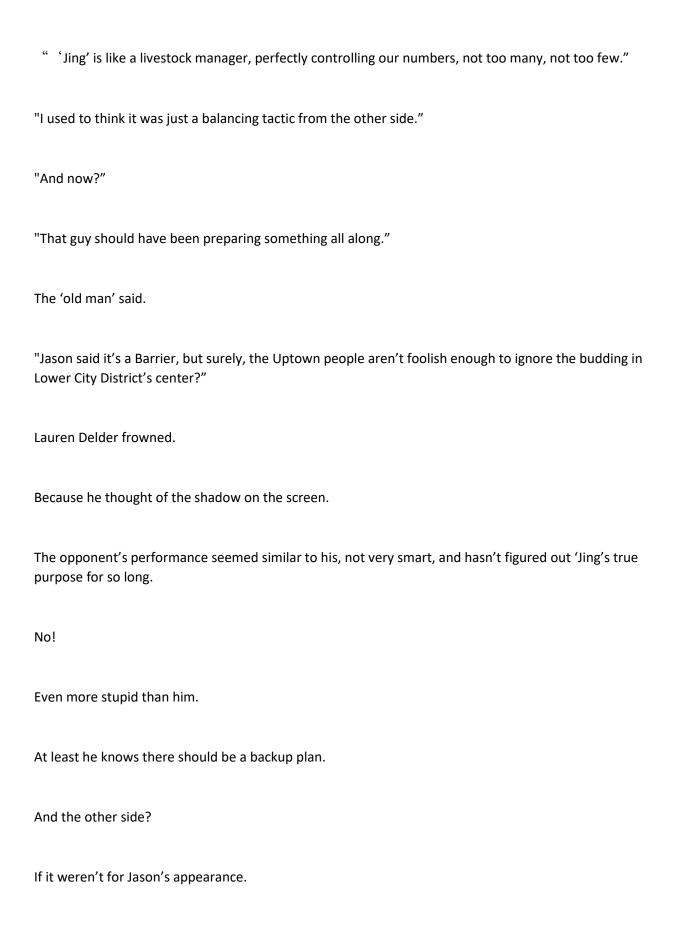
As for stopping Jason?
What a joke.
Jason wasn't eating for free; there was a payment involved.
Moreover, the 'old man' was someone who had truly experienced hunger.
He knew how terrifying hunger was.
How hard it was to endure.
When there's nothing in your stomach, just stomach acid rising continuously, no strength in your body, your vision starts to blur, your breathing becomes shallow, and you're powerless, just waiting for death.
That kind of feeling.
Experiencing it once is enough.
It's beyond torture.
It's
Despair.
The 'old man' closed his eyes, slowly exhaled a turbid breath, pulling himself back from his memories.
He looked at Jason again.

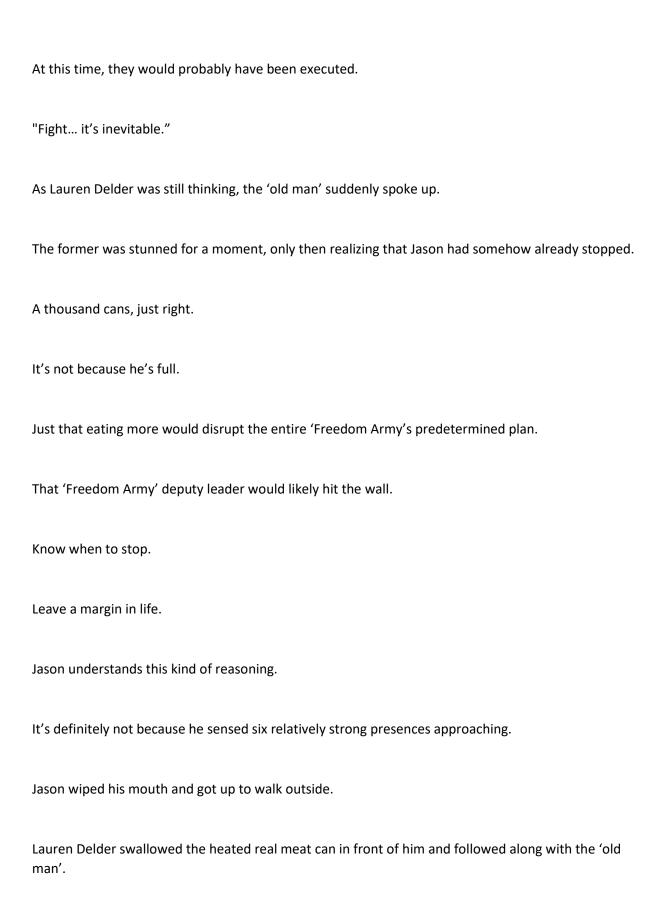


Lauren Delder turned back to his seat.
After thinking for a moment, he tore the chicken leg off the chicken before him and handed it to the 'old man.'
"Try it."
Lauren Delder said, still gulping.
Compared to the 'old man,' who had long become a big shot, this was Lauren Delder's first time eating roast chicken; the best he had eaten before was real meat canned food.
Chapter 1524: Older Folks Choose the Battle Style That Suits Them Best! (2)
If it were another time, Lauren Delder would never share the roasted chicken with anyone.
But this time is different.
He survived thanks to Jason.
'Old man' is also an important partner.
He knows all this.
Therefore, he feels he should do something.
Not for anything else.
Just because if he doesn't do something, he always feels uncomfortable inside.

The 'old man' was taken aback, taking the chicken leg.
Then, watching Lauren Delder bring the remaining roasted chicken to Jason, he smiled and handed the uneaten sandwich beside him to the returning Lauren Delder.
"I'm getting old, can't eat much."
"A chicken leg is enough for me."
"The sandwich is yours, you'd better add some sauce, it'll taste better."
The 'old man' said.
Lauren Delder scratched his semi-transparent bald head.
He didn't quite know what to say.
Finally, he took the sandwich.
Following the 'old man's advice, he added more sauce.
Hmm, delicious.
Better than before.
After finishing the sandwich, Lauren Delder wiped his mouth and opened a can of real meat.
The sandwich and roasted chicken are the same.
Both are rationed.





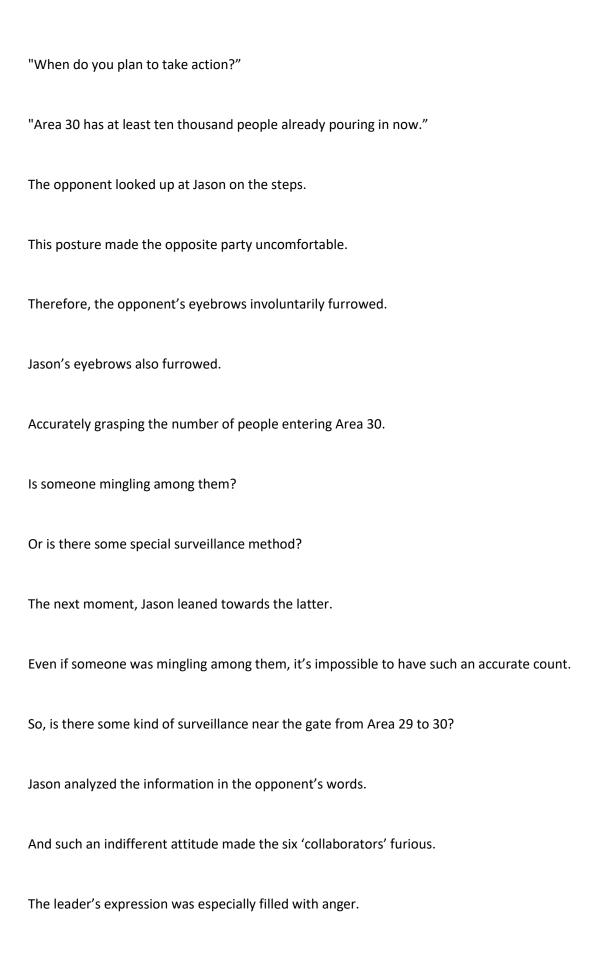


Outside, Andek was about to inform Jason of the report he received.
Seeing Jason walking out, he was momentarily stunned, then immediately said.
"Those 'assistants' have arrived."
"Two and a half hours, half an hour earlier than scheduled, it seems the other side is more impatient than expected."
Andek laughed.
Full of sarcasm.
"When it comes to their own lives, the Uptown people have always been swift."
The 'old man' remarked.
He then added another line.
"Aren't we the same?"
"If I didn't have detailed information about you, I would have thought that after leaving the 'Freedom Army', you became a philosopher——is it so leisurely at the 'House of Couriers'?"
"Thinking about life every day?"
Facing the words of his friend, the 'Old Man', Andek couldn't help but roll his eyes.



In fact, that was the case.
Any one of these six 'collaborators' could easily wipe out this entire twelve-person squad of 'Freedom Army' warriors.
Even though they were already the elites of the 'Freedom Army'.
However, resources were the biggest problem.
Whether they were resources related to 'mysterious knowledge'.
Or 'mysterious items' related to 'mysterious knowledge', the 'Freedom Army' warriors were far behind these six people.
It's completely like heaven and earth.
Not even on the same level.
To this, Andek would not deny it.
Perhaps the 'Freedom Army' warriors are already carefully selected, but don't these 'collaborators' also come from the same process?
"That guy is more capable than expected, huh?"
Saying this, Andek walked down the steps.
He walked straight towards the six.

While walking, he smoked a cigar in large puffs.
A cigar the thickness of a thumb quickly burned away a large section.
"Andek?"
"The person we're looking for isn't you."
"It's Jason."
The leader of the six said coldly, preparing to bypass Andek and move towards Jason with his five subordinates.
Andek, who was still somewhat aggressive, suddenly grinned.
Then, he just stepped aside.
The six 'collaborators' from Uptown were momentarily stunned.
Afterward, the contempt in their eyes grew even stronger.
Is this the Deputy Leader of the 'Freedom Army'?
Nothing impressive at all.
After walking unhindered to Jason, the leader of the six looked at Jason.
"This is the information about Area 30 that Master 'Te' asked me to give you."



But then, he was stunned.
Only to see the 'Old Man' standing beside Jason step forward elegantly, raising his right hand from above his head to draw one circle after another, and finally placing it on his chest as he bowed.
Everything from the trajectory to the fingers like flowers, or the angle of the bow, was impeccable.
A very standard etiquette.
Facing such etiquette, the six 'collaborators' from Uptown nearly instinctively removed their hats and bowed in return.
They wouldn't let the monkeys from the Lower City District look down on them.
They had to prove their own etiquette.
Then, just at the moment when the six were bowing in return—
Andek's smoke arm struck.
Lauren Delder's silk thread flashed.
Jason raised his hand, clenching his fist.
The surrounding 'Freedom Army' warriors raised their guns and pulled the trigger.
Ratatat!

The 'assistants' from 'Uptown' were instantly bewildered. By the time the head 'assistant' came to his senses, the five subordinates accompanying him had already fallen into pools of blood, breathless. And he himself? Did not fare much better. Dozens of transparent threads were wrapped around his joints, restricting his movements. Dozens of bullets were embedded in vital parts of his body; although they did not pierce the modified muscles, they caused a strong impact on his internal organs. Of course, none of these were fatal injuries. The real fatal injury was: the heart! An arm had already pierced through his chest. Even though the heart underwent modifications, far more resilient than ordinary people, in this crushed state, any resilience was useless. "Despicable!" The 'assistant' shouted at the 'old man'. In the incoming data, there was information on the 'old man'.

Chapter 1525: The Boy Who Cried Wolf

Very detailed information.



Andek, the 'Freedom Army' deputy commander, raised a hand, and with a smoky arm, tore the other party in two.
A package sewn from cowhide fell to the ground.
This leather package was previously hidden under his suit.
Now, due to his being torn apart, it fell down.
Jason stepped forward to pick up the package.
After a meticulous check, confirming no danger, Jason opened the package.
Inside were only two items.
A map.
A booklet.
The map unfolded, and a detailed map of the 'Nightless City' Ring City, District 30 appeared.
"Hiss, it's actually 100 kilometers!"
"There's even more outside!"
When Jason unfolded the map, he did not obscure it; everyone present could see.
Lauren Delder exclaimed upon seeing the map.

Lauren Delder had been to District 30.
Moreover, luckily explored up to a 10-kilometer radius.
In the eyes of past collaborators of this big figure, however large District 30 was, it couldn't be that vast, 20-30 kilometers should be the limit.
Who knew it was 100 kilometers.
More importantly, beyond 100 kilometers, there was more.
Just marked as unknown.
Unlike districts 16-29 covered in black.
There it's marked as unknown.
Proving there is a more expansive space outside.
Lauren Delder looked at the map in shock.
In fact, everyone present had a similar expression.
The 'old man', Andek, Lag.
Including Jason.
No one expected District 30 to be this large.







If possible, they also want to take the initiative once.
At this time, Jason had already opened the booklet.
Chapter 1526: The Boy Who Cried Wolf (part 2)
This booklet records the monsters outside Zone 30—
Lackey Monster: Its body resembles a toad, with a head made of a blend of goat and spider. Sharp horns grow on its head, and its back is covered with boar-like steel bristles. It excels at sneaking underground to ambush opponents. Its tongue can shoot out and is filled with barbs, saliva, and blood with a slight corrosive effect.
Lackey Monster (Elite): Its appearance is almost identical to that of a regular Lackey Monster, except its tongue is black, and it has sharper claws and moves faster.
Note (Red pen): Lackey Monsters travel in groups, are numerous, and linger within 5-10 kilometers.
•••
Charger: Its body resembles a lion, covered with dense scales, providing outstanding defense. It can ignore single shots from small-caliber pistols, having a wolf-like head with an incredible bite force that can tear through light defensive armor. Its running speed exceeds 60 km/h, and it sprints even faster.

Charger (Elite): These chargers are more robust, with manes that can shoot out like sharp arrows, with

Note (Red pen): Chargers move in groups of three to five, roaming anywhere outside 10 kilometers, with

an effective range of 50 meters. Unarmored targets within range can be effortlessly pierced.

the elites leading them and able to direct Lackey Monsters in battle. .

...

Screamer: This creature resembles a vulture but has a raven-like head. It can fly swiftly and reach heights over 300 meters, with rare instances of reaching up to a kilometer. Its claws are sharp, and it can easily tear through soldiers in light armor when diving. It's highly vigilant, acting as a lookout among monsters.

Screamer (Elite): Their eyesight is sharper, their screams are more piercing, and they are the most alerting existence.

Note (Red pen): They could be anywhere, and once spotted, they must be killed, or you'll be engulfed by endless waves of monsters.

. . .

Deceptive Dancer: This is a creature capable of becoming invisible, evading biological radars. It can stand upright or crawl, standing over two meters tall when upright, advancing without a sound and excelling at pouncing.

Deceptive Dancer (Elite): Even while invisible, it can crawl, enter a state of swift movement, and perform continuous pouncing.

Note (Red pen): These monsters can only be encountered 30 kilometers away.

. . .

Shadowy Knight: They are the leaders of a group of monsters, riding black warhorses and wearing armor with terrifying defense. Screamers are their servants, Deceptive Dancers are their grooms, Chargers are their hounds.

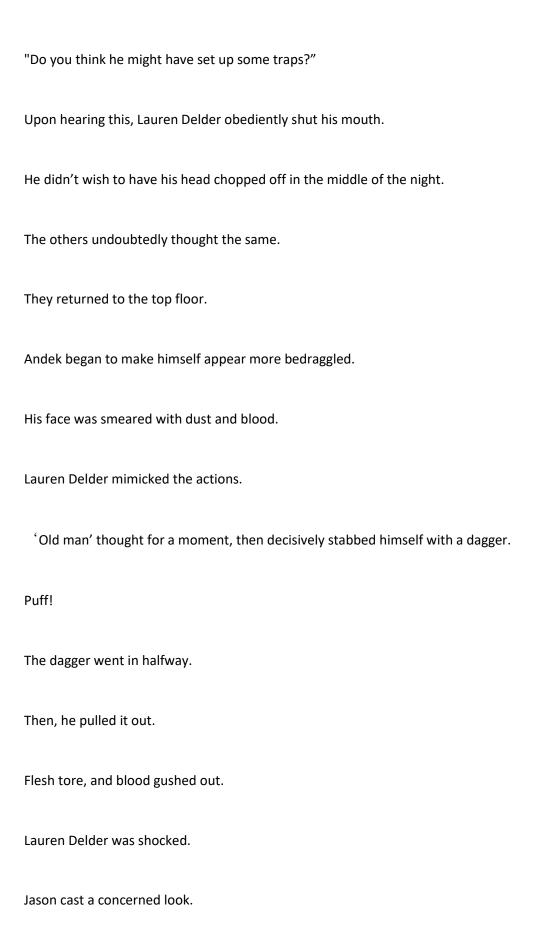
Note (Red pen): Each Shadowy Knight is unique, and upon encountering one, it's best to abandon the mission.

...

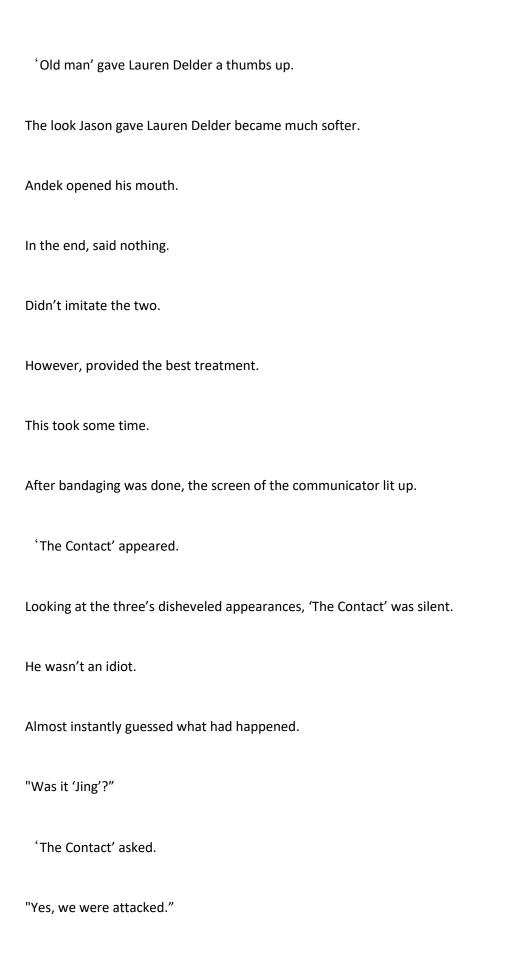
The booklet detailed numerous monsters in Zone 30.
Or at least it seems detailed.
As for reality?
Surely there are hidden truths.
Jason doesn't believe the other party would so generously disclose everything to him.
This isn't baseless speculation.
There's evidence.
The most direct being the seemingly detailed description of the 'Lackey Monster,' which only mentions them traveling in groups and being numerous.
Exactly how many are there?
There is no detailed description.
Jason believes the other party must know the number of Lackey Monsters.
And the narrative thereafter is filled with such ambiguous writing.
Or it's merely glossing over critical details.
To this, Jason doesn't care.

The information at hand is sufficient.
Even if the most crucial parts have been omitted.
Or perhaps the 'contact' wants the 'assistant' to convey something.
But that doesn't matter anymore.
Jason tossed the booklet to Andek.
Though this wasn't part of the agreement, with the current cooperation basis between both parties, adding this much isn't excessive.
"Uptown?"
"Heh."
After reading, Andek sneered.
This deputy commander of the 'Freedom Army' is not foolish; he also sees the trickery involved.
"I think we should seek more assistance."
"Otherwise"
"I feel uneasy."
Andek said.

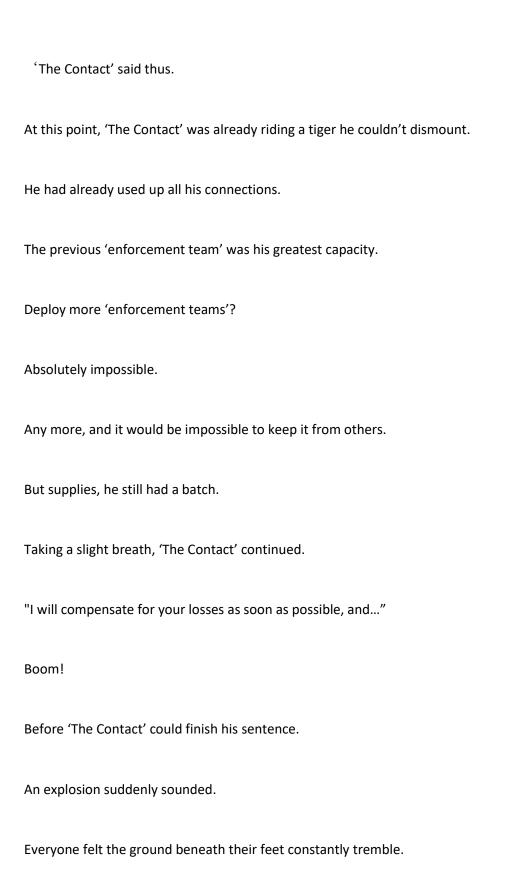
No one present opposed.
"Lag, have someone prepare for retreat."
"We'll leave immediately after completing our transaction here."
Andek instructed.
Lag nodded and turned away.
"You don't plan to use this place as a base?"
Lauren Delder was taken aback.
In Lauren Delder's view, this place was perfect. It not only had complete buildings but also numerous defensive structures. With enough manpower, it would be easily defensible but hard to capture.
Moreover, it was close to 'Uptown.'
A truly ideal base.
Andek, of course, knew all this.
However, he was firm in his decision.
And his reason left Lauren Delder speechless.
"This used to be 'Jing's' base."











Woo woo woo!
The piercing alarm sounds immediately followed.
Then, there was a shout—
"Enemy attack!"
Chapter 1527: In Search of Flavor
Under the night sky, flames burst forth.
'Nightless City' Ring City, Lower City, District 16.
The iconic building 'Jing' tower was cut in half.
No one saw the intruders.
Nor did anyone see any flying weapons such as rockets.
What people saw was the sudden burst of flames.
Followed by——
Boom!
A deafening explosion.
As if the sky and earth were collapsing, with the sound of this explosion, the upper half of the 'Jing'

tower began to collapse swiftly.

Screams of agony.
Howls.
Calls for rescue unceasingly.
"Save people!"
"Quick, save people!"
The Freedom Army warriors ran around calling out and acting quickly.
In stark contrast to the indifferent residents of 'Nightless City', the Freedom Army was the complete opposite.
They protected their comrades and fellow warriors from the heart.
So, when the event occurred, the 'Jing' tower drew the attention of all the Freedom Army warriors.
The defense relaxed uncontrollably.
And at this moment——
Tat-tat-tat!
The sound of gunfire suddenly erupted, continuous.
A team of no less than three hundred armed individuals attacked the Freedom Army warriors.

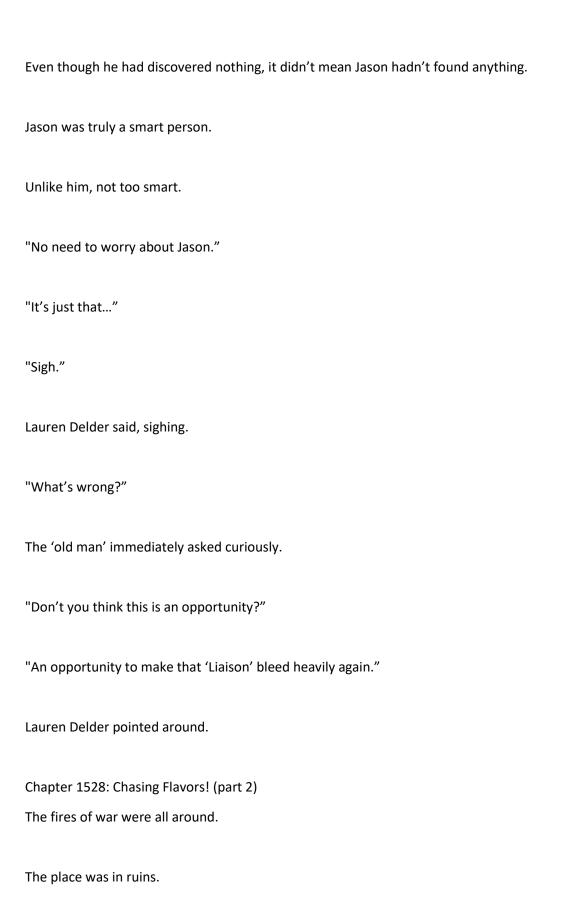


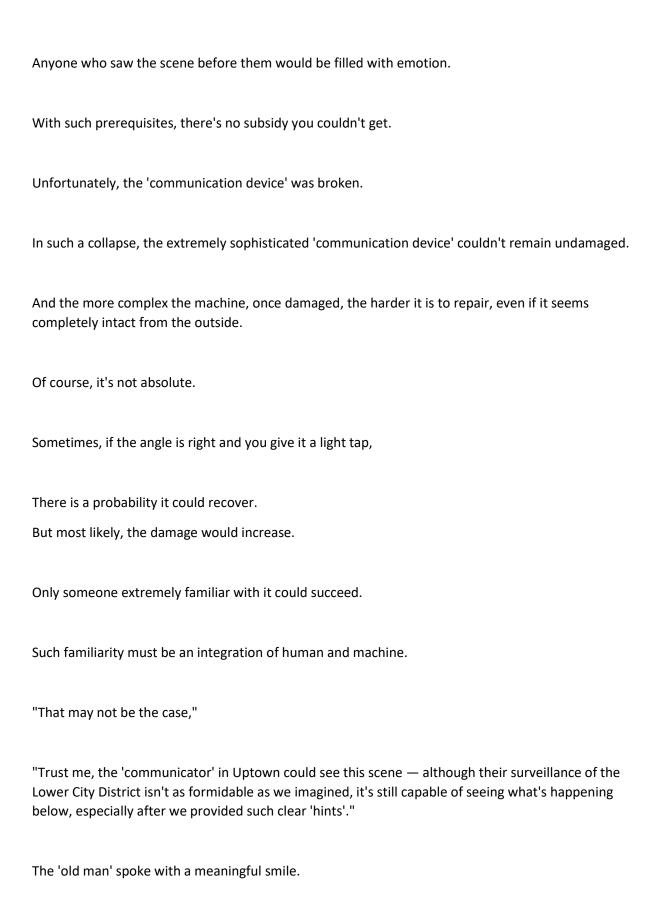
With this thought, Andek, the deputy commander of the Freedom Army, felt his heart torn apart.
He felt pain for his warriors.
In an environment like 'Nightless City', every member of the Freedom Army was hard-earned.
Whether a warrior or an ordinary member, it was the same.
However, what he hated more was himself.
He knew that 'Jing' would retaliate, but he still was careless.
Creek, creek.
Andek's clenched jaw made constant sounds.
"That bastard's not afraid of blowing himself up either!"
Lag cursed loudly and then charged straight into the battlefield.
The battle wasn't over yet.
The fallen comrades needed to be remembered.
And what better tribute than the enemy's blood?
That naturally meant more enemy blood.

And Andek?
He'd rushed out earlier.
"Ptooey ptooey."
"Is the 'old man' okay?"
Lauren Delder spat out dust while asking the 'old man'.
For Lauren Delder, who could 'Earth Escape', the collapse of the 'Jing' tower, though sudden, posed no threat. Even carrying the 'old man', he could leave safely.
It's just that the steel bars in the building were too annoying.
Frequently needing to dodge.
Otherwise, he'd be skewered on the steel bars.
Lauren Delder didn't want to become such a skewer.
"I'm fine, thanks."
The 'old man' thanked simply.
When faced with a life-saving grace, some might choose to remain silent and repay later.
But the 'old man' wasn't like that.

He would express his gratitude directly.
Then find a way to repay.
It was like this before.
Now?
It wouldn't change.
"We are partners after all."
Lauren Delder's ugly face broke into a happy smile, a bit like a blooming chrysanthemum.
He rarely heard thanks from others.
Even if it happened, it was with ulterior motives.
Honest and sincere like the 'old man'?
Very rare.
One could say unique.
This made Lauren Delder happy.
He suddenly realized that after knowing Jason, it seemed his luck had become bad, but he met two really, really good people.



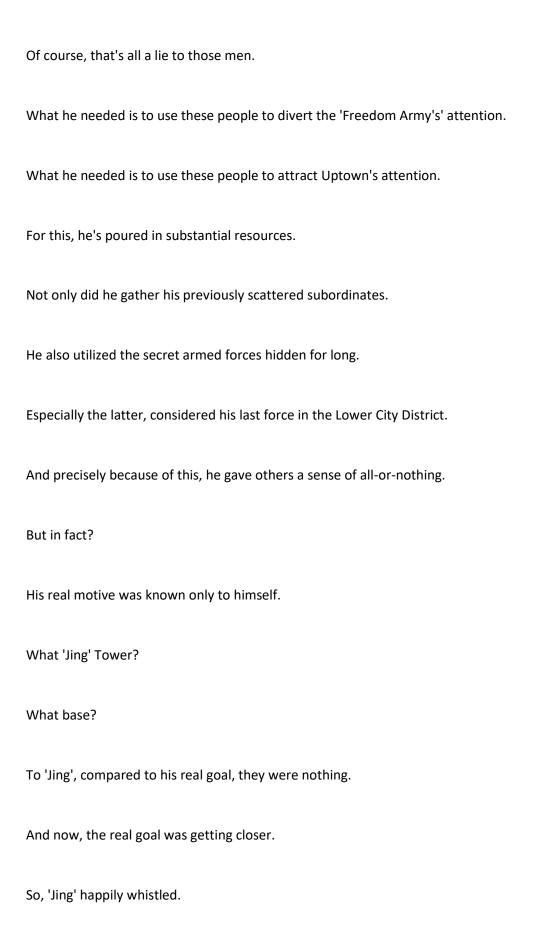




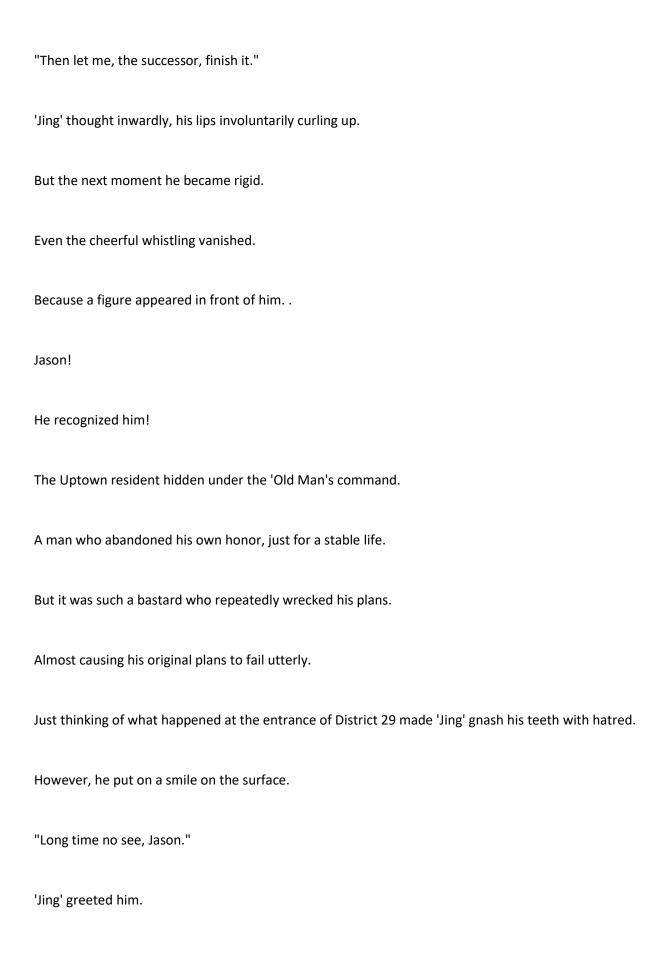
"You mean"
Lauren Delder stretched out his tone.
"I am confident to squeeze out the marrow of that guy!"
The 'old man' said with conviction.
"Alas, poor Holle, he's doomed."
New Plymouth stood at the corner of Sector 16, looking at the collapsed 'Jing' Tower, and couldn't help but sigh.
But the sound was not at all as heavy and muffled as it originally was.
Instead, it was very gentle, in a leisurely way.
A bit like
'Jing'!
No!
It's not just a bit like, it should be exactly the same.

Especially at the next instant, when New Plymouth picked up the red wine glass from nearby, the image was a replica of 'Jing'.
It's just that the ordinary appearance suddenly turned into a massive figure of 2.5 meters, making such demeanor seem a bit incongruous.
But New Plymouth No.
It's, 'Jing' who doesn't care.
Why did he keep New Plymouth by his side?
Apart from the other's loyalty and decent strength, wasn't it for this day?
A simple little ceremony could gain a nice body, why not?
However, the body has changed.
But 'Jing's' lifestyle habits didn't.
Before he detonated the bomb hidden in 'Jing' Tower, he first let his men bring a chair, red wine, and then pressed the button.
Along with the roar of the explosion.
As he watched his 'Jing' Tower, which had operated for twenty years, collapse, 'Jing' felt no regret or discomfort but an unusual thrill.
It was a kind of thrill filled with destruction and the sublimation of self-pain.

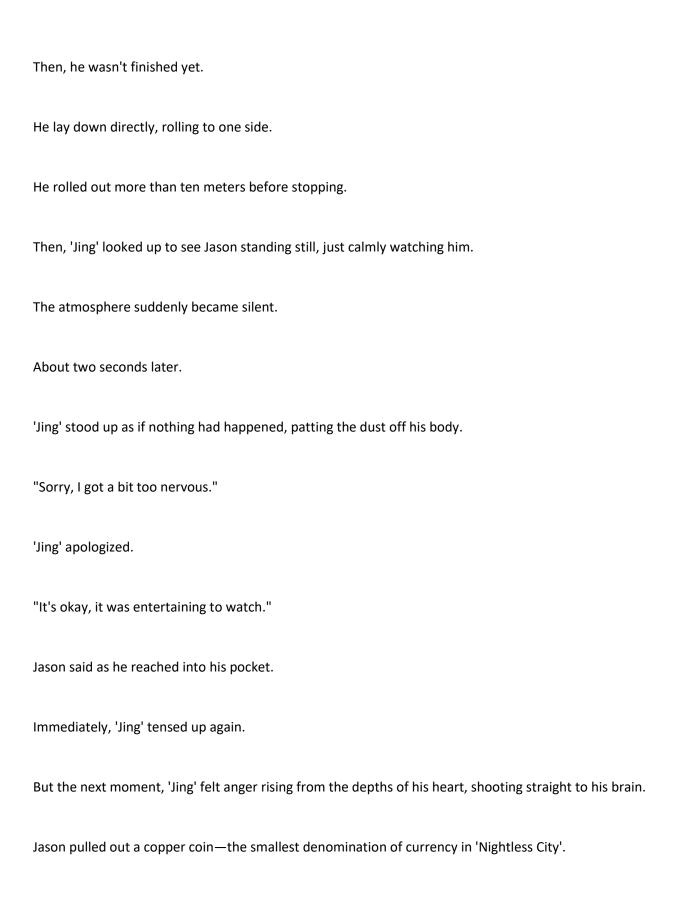
He hadn't felt such thrill for a long time.
So much so that minutes after the explosion, 'Jing' burst into abnormal laughter.
"Hehe hahaha."
From low to high pitch.
Anyone who saw it would think he was a madman.
In fact, in some sense, it was not wrong.
'Jing' never considered himself normal.
Yet, he didn't consider himself a 'madman' either.
He deemed himself just a bit smart, with dreams of his own.
He used to be.
And now still is.
The only difference is that he once was very nave.
Now, more pragmatic.
Just like just now, he used the explosion as a signal to agree with those who remained hidden, that after the explosion, they would retake the base occupied by the 'Freedom Army'. S

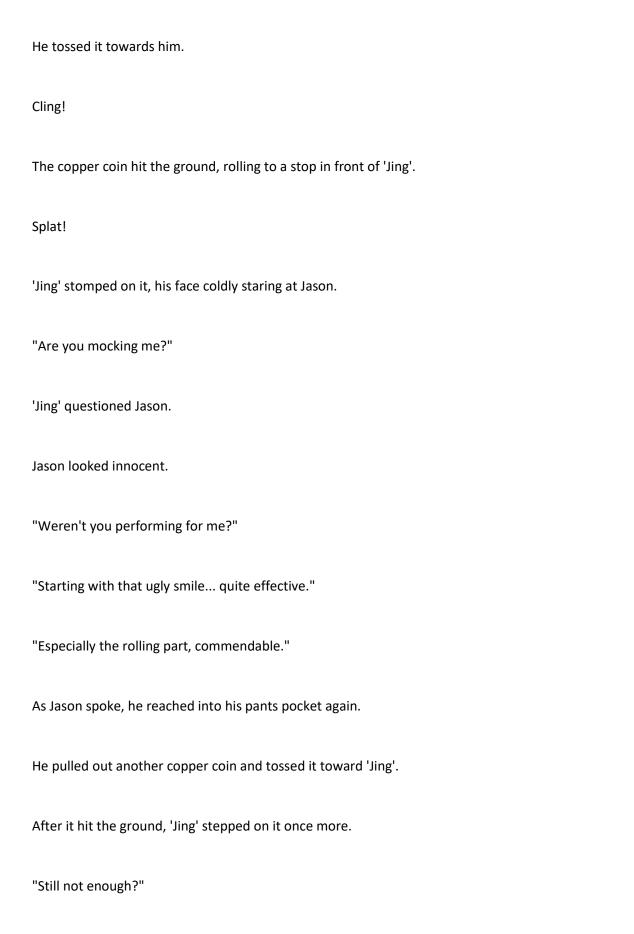


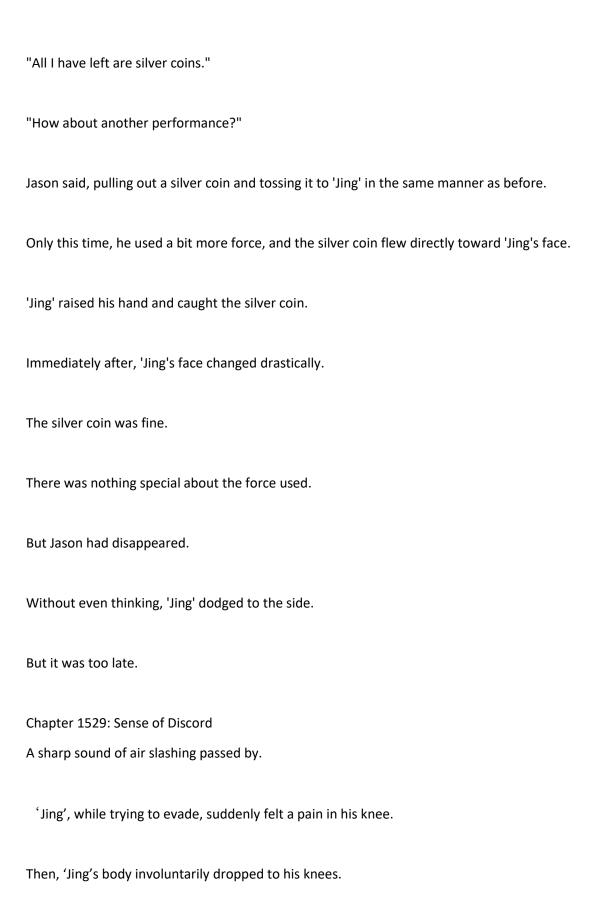
The tune was cheerful.
Not like the style of 'Nightless City'.
But originated from a chance encounter by 'Jing'.
And it was because of this chance encounter that changed his life.
Originally he intended to become a doctor, a lawyer, or a teacher.
But that experience changed everything.
His life.
His fate.
Even his character.
All changed in that accident.
Moreover, he firmly believed this change was for the better.
"'Paradise Plan.'
"A great plan!"
"You didn't succeed"



As if they were indeed old friends who hadn't met for a long time.
But in fact, they had been apart for less than a day.
And they were not friends either.
They were purely enemies.
A fight to the death type.
"Yeah, long time no see."
Jason surprisingly nodded and responded to 'Jing'.
This puzzled 'Jing'.
This was not what he expected.
In his imagination, Jason should have directly attacked by now.
Though they'd truly met only once, based on Jason's previous performance and daily life observations, 'Jing' was very certain that Jason was a man of few words.
His sudden answer now.
Could it be
As if thinking of something, 'Jing' immediately lunged two steps forward.



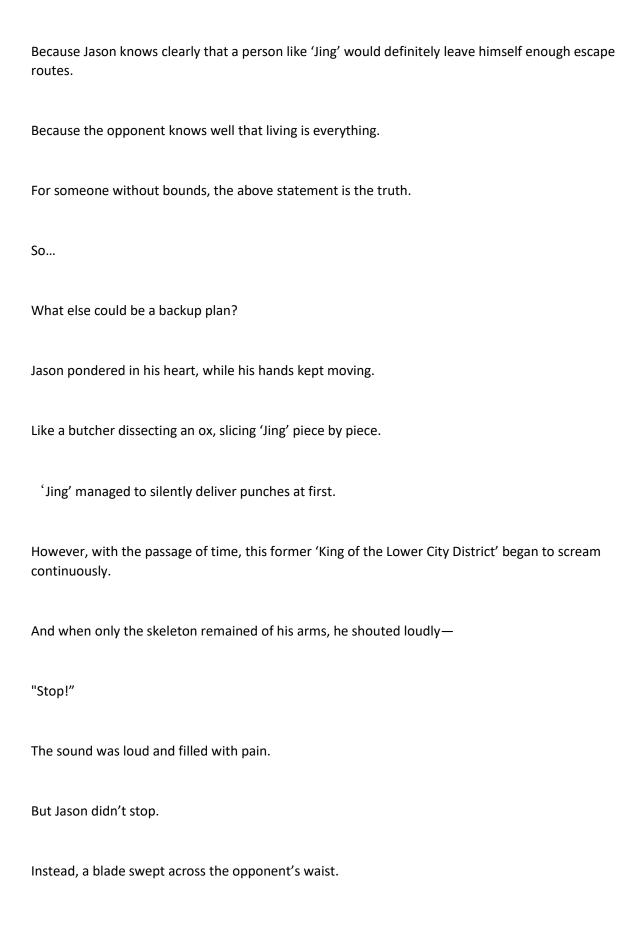




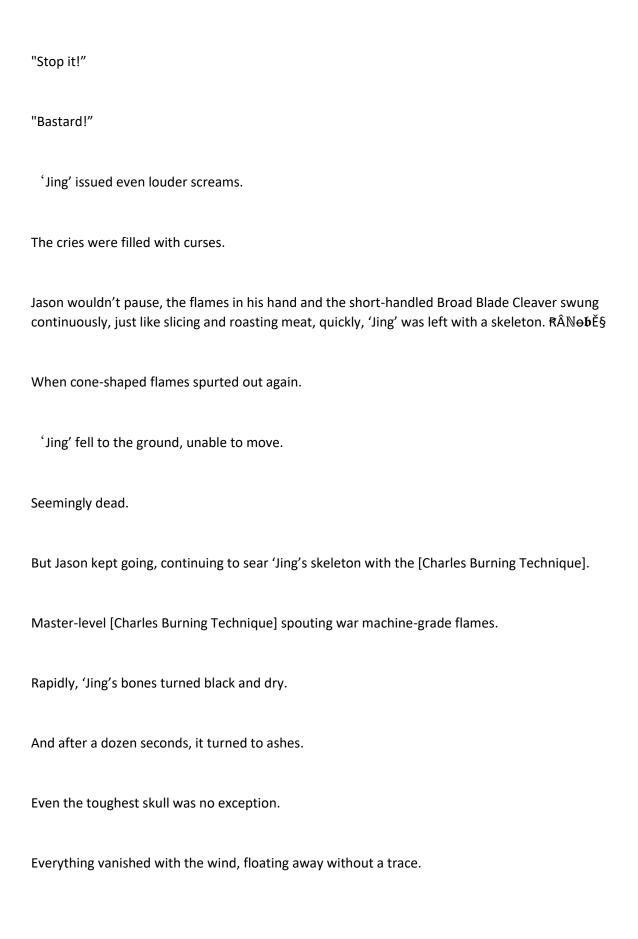
Instinctively, 'Jing' wanted to stand up, but the pain in his knee made it impossible for him to exert any force.
At this moment, Jason swung his sword again—
Whoosh!
The gleam of the blade flashed, aiming straight for the throat.
No flashy moves.
Just speed.
"Ha!"
'Jing' let out a loud shout.
Suddenly, 'Jing's body began to swell at an observable speed.
Originally kneeling, Jason's short-handled Broad Blade Cleaver was aimed precisely at 'Jing's body, but as his body expanded, the blade could only reach the chest and abdomen.
Thud!
The blade sank into 'Jing's chest and abdomen.
Almost submerged entirely.
However, 'Jing' seemed to feel no pain, lifting hand as large as a fan, and swung it straight at Jason.



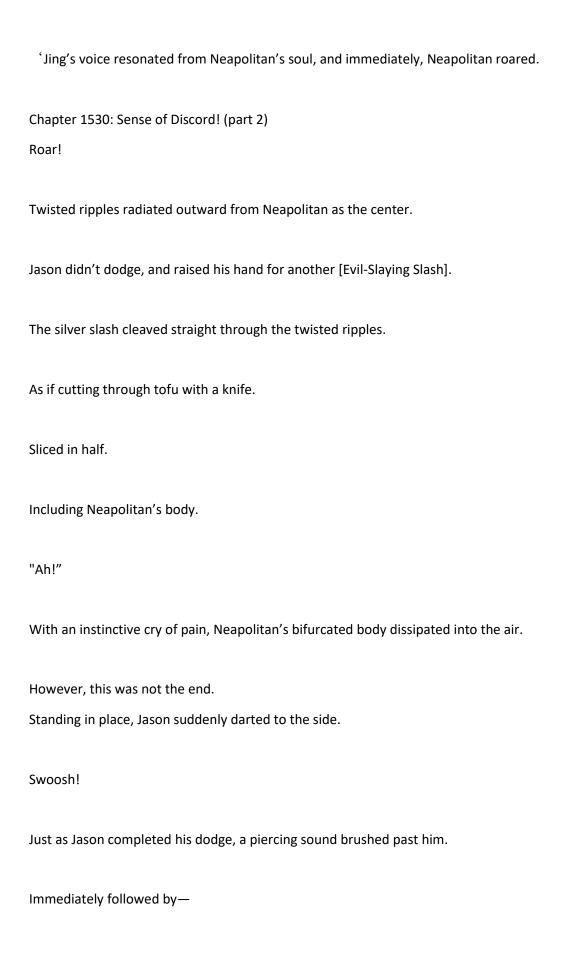
He's completely a rookie!
With the same level of strength, it could even be a fatal challenge for 'Jing'.
"Possessing considerable strength, yet lacking any real combat experience?"
Such thoughts arose in Jason's mind.
Yet he shook his head inwardly.
He's had limited contact with 'Jing'.
But every time, it had left a lasting impression.
Could the opponent be a reckless person?
The answer is no.
If he's not a reckless person, would he put himself in danger?
Or in other words, would someone with no combat experience appear here alone?
No matter how important the matter.
Only one person can know about it.
The answer is still no.



Thud!
Blood splattered, a gash of twenty centimeters appeared on 'Jing's waist and belly.
For ordinary people, such an injury would be fatal.
But for 'Jing', who has borrowed Neapolitan's body, it's merely a minor wound.
At this moment, 'Jing's height had exceeded three meters, with a solid body, muscles and fat fitting like layers of armor on 'Jing', just like now.
Inside the split blade wound, after spraying blood, the muscles started to wriggle.
Just simply 'healed' the wound.
Not only that, the fallen fleshes on the ground wriggled too, seemingly ready to return at any moment to the remaining bone-frame arm.
In the corner of Jason's eye, he saw a flash.
Raised his hand and launched a cone-shaped flame.
The charred flesh immediately emitted a foul smell.
"Ahhh!"
"Stop!"

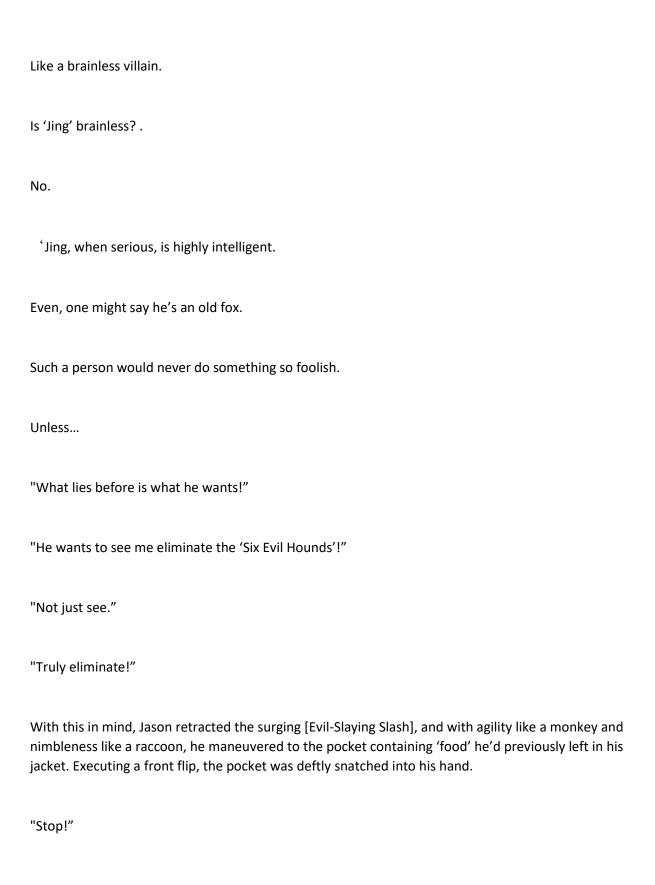


Only the 'food' Jason intentionally left behind remained—what had been inside 'Jing's jacket pocket, was neatly sliced away along with a piece of flesh.
Now lying quietly not far away.
Yi!
Jason looked over, waving his hand.
A silver slash flew across.
The originally empty air, immediately rippled with waves.
"Ah!"
A cry of agony sounded.
A figure fell from the void.
Neapolitan.
To be precise, Neapolitan in a soul-like form.
At this time, Neapolitan had a blank expression, completely losing his senses.
Only obedience remained.
"Finish him."







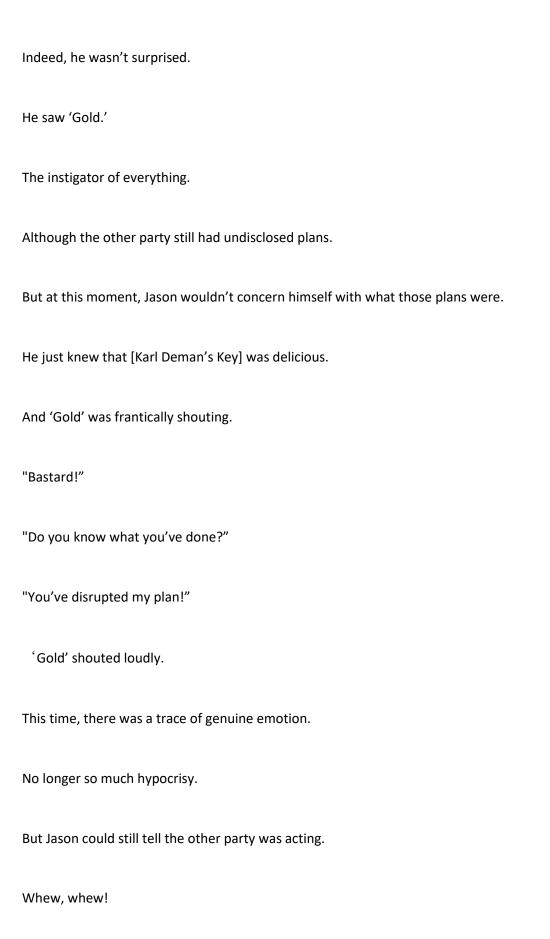


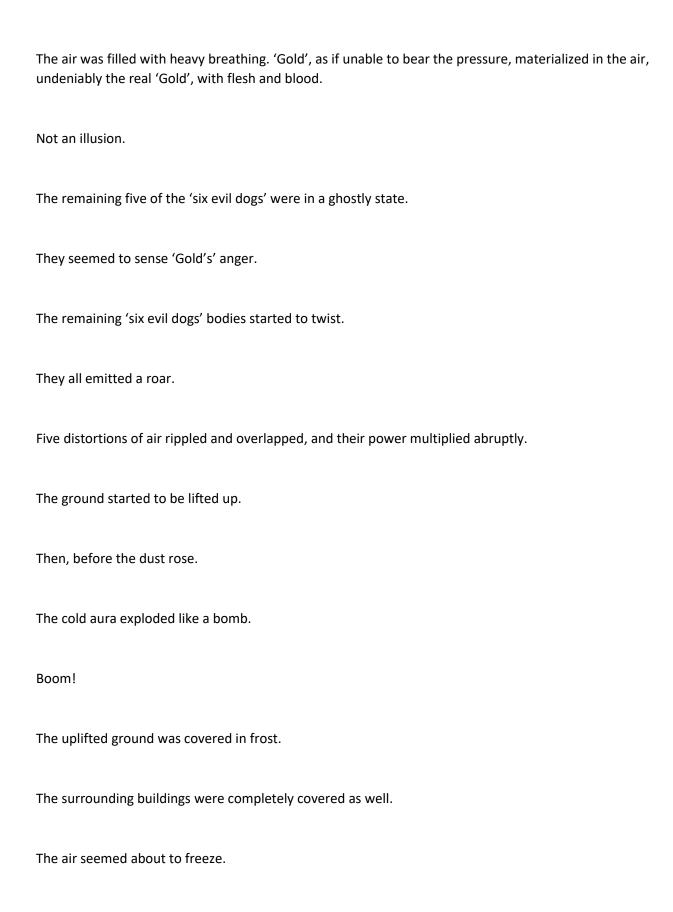


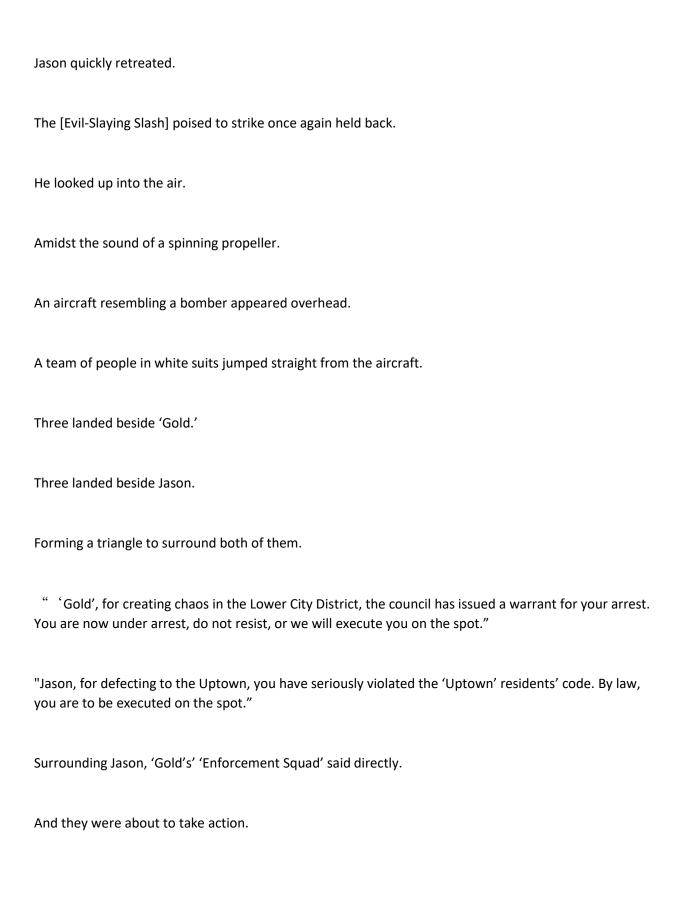
A palm-sized silver flask, decorated with exquisite patterns, highly eye-catching.
With one hand, he twisted off the cap, and the liquid poured out, bathing the crystal in his hand.
Usually, Jason would choose high-temperature sterilization.
But now, Jason opted for a safer method.
This crystal smelled perfectly fine.
It's delicious food.
But would high temperatures destroy this food?
Jason didn't know.
So, he chose a safer method.
The liquid gushed out.
Thoroughly washing the crystal.
During this period, Jason staggered and hopped, dodging the attacks of the 'six evil dogs.'
The aroma of the wine was thick as the liquid was splashed around.
Jason swayed from side to side like a drunken man.
However, he didn't appear embarrassed at all.

Instead, he exuded a sense of casual grace.
Especially when the crystal was sent into Jason's mouth, the comfort that spread throughout his body when facing 'food' brought Jason to an indescribable state.
The crystal was sweet and cold.
Like the spring water of autumn.
His saliva directly softened the outer shell of the crystal, and with a slight force from Jason's teeth.
Crack!
With a crisp sound.
The thick juice contained within the crystal burst out.
It was a bit like yogurt.
But even thicker.
And even sweeter.
Causing Jason's saliva and stomach juices to secrete faster.
Instinctively, Jason made a swallowing motion.
Gulp!

[Swallowed Karl Deman's Key]
[Physical strength, energy, and injuries overwhelmingly restored!]
[Satiety +1500]
[Satiety: 30014]
[Excitement of Feast +10]
[Excitement of Feast: 592]
[Spirit +1, Perception +1]
The text rapidly appeared in front of him, and Jason's mouth curled up.
The moment the 'Gold' tower collapsed, he caught a whiff of this rich aroma.
Without any hesitation, he pursued it directly.
In Jason's guess, a person carrying such a rich 'food' aroma must be the most important person among the attackers.
According to the principle of 'food' aroma concentration, an ordinary lackey couldn't have such a level of food.







Jason frowned deeply.
The feeling of wrongness he had been sensing became increasingly apparent.
And 'Gold'?
He cracked a smile.
At the same time, using his mouth, he gestured to Jason—
Run!