

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.

"Speaking of which, being used to it is the scariest thing."

Lauren Delder sighed.

Then, he was stunned to see Jason shake his head at him.

"Accustomed?"

"Considerably scary."

"But not the scariest."

Jason spoke with an expression that left a deep impression on Lauren Delder.

"Then what is the scariest?"

Lauren Delder asked persistently.

"My wives."

Jason answered this way.

Lauren Delder suddenly felt his stomach was full, and it kept regurgitating acid.

He suspected Jason was showing off.

Showing off to the point his scalp tingled.

"Can you be more specific?"

Lauren Delder continued to ask.

"Dennise, Aras, Giselle, and Evelyn, Jennifer, Hui Lijing, and... Dou Bao."

Jason said while he started to take off his casual clothes and put on a suit.

Lauren Delder confirmed it, Jason was showing off.

Originally, Lauren Delder didn't want to speak anymore.

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, 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.

"Yes."

"I don't need those."

"That makes me even more anxious."

"Because I don't even have a bit of an excuse to want to be alone—you know why a man, after returning home, would sit in the car for a while, smoke a cigarette, or do nothing, just sit quietly for a while?"

"Because, at this time, he is himself."

"Once he leaves the car, he's a husband, a father, a son."

"It's too hard for him."

Jason answered his own questions.

Seemingly talking about himself, yet seemingly talking about others.

"Don't joke."

"You are... how can you have such troubles."

"Feels like today you're like a middle-aged man in crisis."

Lauren Delder completely didn't believe him.

Others might be like this.

But Jason?

Don't joke around.

Impossible.

What can Jason do?

No one believes him when he tells the truth each time.

He's used to it.

At this moment, smiling is enough.

"I'm going to deliver goods."

"Where are you going?"

"I'll give you a lift."

After the cigarette burned out, Jason threw the butt in the ashtray and said to Lauren Delder.

"Back to Ter Street."

Lauren Delder said, getting into the car.

Jason stepped on the gas, and the black car sped off.

The two chatted idly.

Soon, Lauren Delder put this conversation behind him.

What he remembered was 'Uptown' bastards being afraid of dying.

Yes, a bunch of people afraid of dying.

How could they willingly sit and wait for death?

So, the communicator ringing again was inevitable.

Andek, 'Old Man,' reacted instantly.

'Old Man' gave Jason a thumbs up.

Andek used his eyes to ask Jason, and after Jason nodded, he answered the communicator.

A shadow appeared on the screen again.

"What do you want?"

As soon as it connected, the shadow asked straight away.

"I want the management rights of the Lower City District inside the Ring City of 'Nightless City.'

Jason said this.

"Impossible!"

"You're crazy!"

"You're delusional!"

The shadow almost roared.

The management rights of the Lower City District inside the Ring City of 'Nightless City,' let alone him having the authority, even the Upper House doesn't have such power, unless it's granted by those three lords personally.

But is it possible?

Not to mention Jason betrayed the 'Uptown' people.

Just from the establishment of 'Nightless City' to now, there's no such precedent.

Chapter 1522: After the Wedding in My Dreams...? (part 2)

'Jing'?

'Jing' is just a proxy, not a manager.

These are two completely different concepts.

So, it's impossible!

"'Jing' is a proxy, I took him down once, so why can't I manage the Lower City District within the Ring City of 'Nightless City'?"

Jason said slowly.

With an expression of complete reason.

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?"

"Do you know how great his achievements were?"

"You know nothing, yet you're asking for the impossible here."

The shadowy figure sneered.

"So, can achieving a great merit make someone a new proxy?"

"Then..."

"If I take down 'Jing' again... no, bring him back, would that achievement be enough?" .

After thinking for a moment, Jason lifted his head and asked.

"Bring him back alive?"

"If you can bring him back alive."

"Then your achievement would be sufficient—because he knows some things that we are extremely eager to know now."

The shadowy figure paused for a moment, then nodded directly.

"He is now in the 30 District."

"Mixing with those monsters."

"I need detailed information on the 30 District."

Jason looked eager to become a proxy of the Lower City District within the Ring City of 'Nightless City'.

"No problem."

"I'll have someone send it over shortly."

"As long as you can bring 'Jing' back, I will grant you the status of 'proxy'."

The shadowy figure said this, then paused.

"And also!"

"You need to stop those deceived by 'Jing', keeping them away from the 30 District."

"This is another test for you before becoming a 'proxy'.

The other person added.

"Okay."

Jason nodded again without any hesitation.

Jason's attitude made the other party very satisfied.

After pondering for a moment, the other party said.

"In three hours, what you need will be delivered to you."

"At the same time, I will send a team to assist you."

"Wish you success."

After speaking, the shadowy figure turned off the communicator.

Jason glanced at the communicator and walked out silently.

Behind him, the door closed.

Entering the elevator, Jason looked at Euler.

Euler raised his hand, and a kind of 'Silence Technique' appeared.

"Phew!"

"I was suffocated."

"Jason, do you really want to become an agent of the Lower City District?"

Lauren Delder was the first to ask.

"How could that be?"

"Jason just wants the information on the 30 District."

'Old Man' smiled and waved his hand.

"Then..."

"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'."

"Now that there's a problem with 'Jing', do you think he'll be implicated?"

The 'old man' sighed and asked Lauren Delder.

Lauren Delder nodded immediately.

As the person in charge.

With his own partner betraying him, of course, he would be under thorough investigation.

He might even be directly accused of being an accomplice.

If this were in the Lower City District, confirming this would be enough to take the opponent out.

Any further action?

It would involve torture and other harsh methods.

"So, he must save himself."

"He would say he noticed 'Jing's' odd behavior long ago, but without evidence, he dared not act recklessly, so he sent 'Jason', a resident of 'Uptown', to keep an eye on 'Jing'."

"Finally, under his wise leadership, Jason discovered something was amiss and managed to a certain extent to hinder 'Jing'.

"But 'Jing' was too cunning, he tried his best, but at a critical moment, Jason made a mistake, allowing 'Jing' to escape."

"For this, he had to activate a backup plan, first letting Jason become an agent in the Lower City District, and then sending elites to mitigate the potential disadvantages there."

The 'old man' continued to explain to the puzzled Lauren Delder.

Lauren Delder's eyes widened.

He had not expected it to turn out this way.

"Is this really how it is?!"

Lauren Delder muttered to himself.

"Do you believe, now the files on 'Jason' are already prepared?"

"And they are flawless."

The 'old man' spoke with a smirk.

He was all too familiar with this kind of tactic.

He'd used it himself more than once before.

"So, what do we do?"

Lauren Delder turned to look at Jason.

Even though others had said so much, Lauren Delder believed they wouldn't deceive someone as naive as him.

But regardless of how much others said, when it came to action, he would only listen to Jason.

Whatever Jason asked him to do, he would do.

Following Jason closely was the right choice.

"Wait for detailed information on Sector 30."

Jason responded.

"What about those 'assistants'?"

"These guys must have come with orders."

"They will monitor us, and are we really going to stop those bastards trying to make a fortune?"

"With such huge profits involved, if stopped, these bastards might really gamble their lives."

Lauren Delder looked worried.

"Those bastards are not a problem for now."

Jason said with certainty.

He had previously swept through the area 10 kilometers from the landmark, clearing out any monsters.

As long as those guys didn't act hastily, they should be able to hold out for a while.

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?"

"Benefits are mutual!"

"Good things can be shared as well!"

"How about splitting it half and half?"

You can hardly imagine the disgust when a bearded man looks at you so pathetically.

At least, Jason couldn't handle it.

It was a bit nauseating.

"Okay, since you're planning to treat me to a meal."

Jason replied.

A meal invitation?

Not anything else?

Andek was momentarily stunned, then chuckled silently.

He thought this was just a polite way of expressing it by Jason.

What a modest and good-natured person.

He had expected Jason to haggle.

Unexpectedly, he agreed outright.

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.

"Over six hundred?"

"Phew, thank goodness..."

Andek breathed a sigh of relief.

But before the sigh was fully exhaled, it got stuck in his throat.

Damn it!

Why am I feeling relieved and fortunate?

Is it just because Jason ate less than expected?

That's over nine hundred cans!

Under normal circumstances, that could feed an elite squad for two years!

In the major district, with some saving and pairing with other foods, that's an extra year's ration!

And now?

It's just one meal for Jason!

More importantly, he can't stop it.

He was the one who let Jason eat as much as he wanted.

If time could go back two hours, he would definitely slap himself.

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.

He fled.

"Hey, where did Andek go?"

"Isn't he eating?"

"He looks like he's not feeling well."

Lauren Delder, with a chicken leg stuffed in his mouth, couldn't help but ask as he watched Andek stagger away.

"Probably wants some solitude," the 'old man' said knowingly, sipping the freshly brewed coffee with a smile.

He was just wondering why Jason had become so agreeable.

Split everything fifty-fifty with Andek right off the bat.

And even showed some unusual enthusiasm.

So that's why!

The 'old man' watched Jason devour the food.

"Hiding it every day must be exhausting?"

"Then eat a bit more."

The 'old man' muttered to himself.

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.

It was a look one would give to a younger generation.

Very gratified.

In the 'Nightless City,' there's no saying that being able to eat is a blessing, but there is a saying, 'Eat more to become stronger.'

"Take this to Jason," the old man said, pointing at the roast chicken in front of him.

Roast chicken, in the 'Nightless City,' was definitely a top-tier delicacy.

Far surpassing canned food.

As one of the main characters of the banquet.

Jason, the 'old man,' and Lauren Delder were each given a roast chicken.

Jason's roast chicken disappeared in one bite.

The 'old man's chicken remained untouched.

Lauren Delder was savoring a chicken leg, wishing to chew even the bone to bits.

"Hmm."

Lauren Delder picked up the roast chicken in front of the old man and took it to Jason.

Eating, Jason had no time to speak, just nodded in acknowledgment.

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.

However, there is a sufficient supply of real meat cans.

"It's a pity there's no bread left."

As he ate, Lauren Delder said.

"Compared to bread which is hard to preserve, cans are more popular."

"The Lower City District has no direct access to flour, only relying on the Uptown, the same goes for cans, every time flour and cans appear, it's the time for 'Jing' to act."

"All those bosses, including myself, are like dogs, being manipulated by the other side."

The 'old man' chuckled self-mockingly.

He explained to Lauren Delder at the same time.

“ 'Jing' is really a piece of work.”

Lauren Delder hadn't encountered them before, but he could guess the intrigues and bloody conflicts among these street bosses every time 'material' appears.

Those days were also when there were most meat cans.

Not real meat cans.

Just meat cans.

“ ‘Jing’ is like a livestock manager, perfectly controlling our numbers, not too many, not too few.”

"I used to think it was just a balancing tactic from the other side."

"And now?"

"That guy should have been preparing something all along."

The ‘old man’ said.

"Jason said it's a Barrier, but surely, the Uptown people aren't foolish enough to ignore the budding in Lower City District's center?"

Lauren Delder frowned.

Because he thought of the shadow on the screen.

The opponent's performance seemed similar to his, not very smart, and hasn't figured out 'Jing's true purpose for so long.

No!

Even more stupid than him.

At least he knows there should be a backup plan.

And the other side?

If it weren't for Jason's appearance.

At this time, they would probably have been executed.

"Fight... it's inevitable."

As Lauren Delder was still thinking, the 'old man' suddenly spoke up.

The former was stunned for a moment, only then realizing that Jason had somehow already stopped.

A thousand cans, just right.

It's not because he's full.

Just that eating more would disrupt the entire 'Freedom Army's predetermined plan.

That 'Freedom Army' deputy leader would likely hit the wall.

Know when to stop.

Leave a margin in life.

Jason understands this kind of reasoning.

It's definitely not because he sensed six relatively strong presences approaching.

Jason wiped his mouth and got up to walk outside.

Lauren Delder swallowed the heated real meat can in front of him and followed along with the 'old man'.

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.

"I'm just stating a fact that an ordinary person can see."

"Not the 'Freedom Army'.

"It's the deepest insight of someone who was once in the 'Freedom Army', now an ordinary person."

The 'Old Man' laughed.

Andek rolled his eyes again.

Then, this already departed 'Freedom Army' Deputy Leader looked outside from the front door on the first floor.

Six men, cleanly dressed, well-groomed faces, all wearing white suits and white hats, were approaching under the escort of a team of 'Freedom Army' warriors.

The six raised their heads slightly.

They didn't bother to look around.

There was a thick contempt in their eyes.

And a hint of...

Disdain.

They seemed very unsatisfied with their presence here.

And they seemed to look down on the surrounding 'Freedom Army' warriors. .

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."

"When do you plan to take action?"

"Area 30 has at least ten thousand people already pouring in now."

The opponent looked up at Jason on the steps.

This posture made the opposite party uncomfortable.

Therefore, the opponent's eyebrows involuntarily furrowed.

Jason's eyebrows also furrowed.

Accurately grasping the number of people entering Area 30.

Is someone mingling among them?

Or is there some special surveillance method?

The next moment, Jason leaned towards the latter.

Even if someone was mingling among them, it's impossible to have such an accurate count.

So, is there some kind of surveillance near the gate from Area 29 to 30?

Jason analyzed the information in the opponent's words.

And such an indifferent attitude made the six 'collaborators' furious.

The leader's expression was especially filled with anger.

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!

Chapter 1525: The Boy Who Cried Wolf

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'.

Very detailed information.

Not worth paying attention to.

Even if the other party was said to be the boss of the 'Postmen's Home'.

Because, in his eyes, the other party was just a lowly 'Lower City District' denizen.

But just such a person, with one small calculation, led them to complete annihilation!

Impossible!

Not like this!

Absolutely not the other party!

The other party refusing to accept reality turned his head, glaring at Jason.

"It was you, wasn't it?"

"It was you!"

"It must be you!"

Unable to accept reality, the other party could only deem Jason the mastermind of all plans.

Jason completely ignored the other party.

And the other party no longer had the strength to speak further.

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.

You must know the 'Nightless City' Lower City District is a Ring City.

100 kilometers wide, circling around.

This area...

Afraid it's bigger than districts 16-29 combined.

"Is this the former battlefield?"<sufho> Check latest chapters at novelfire.net</sufho>

The 'old man' sighed.

The wars that erupted those years in 'Nightless City', he was nearly a firsthand participant.

However, he never thought that District 30, as the battlefield, was this big.

"What was the war back then really for?"

Andek, the 'Freedom Army' deputy commander, considered it from another aspect.

"Tut, those bastards in 'Uptown' were really stingy, even blocking out districts 16-29, what are they afraid of?"

"Afraid we'll find treasure on the map of districts 16-29?"

Lauren Delder glanced at the districts 16-29 covered in black, pouting.

Clearly, Lauren Delder was unhappy with such actions.

Beside him, Jason nodded.

"There really is treasure!"

Jason stated.

Suddenly, everyone looked towards Jason.

"Don't forget the Barrier!"

Jason reminded.

Immediately, Andek snapped back to reality.

"Correct, the Barrier."

"Setting up a small Barrier might not be complicated, but to encompass the entire 'Nightless City', such a Barrier... it's simply unimaginable."

The deputy commander of the 'Freedom Army' sighed.

Both because of the sheer size of the Barrier.

And because of the knowledge and power held by 'Uptown'.

This was entirely unimaginable for them, yet the other party achieved it.

It's truly incredible.

The 'old man', Lag unsurprisingly also thought of this point, both pupils contracted.

Although they easily took down the 'assistants', regarding 'Uptown', they understood.

It's not to be underestimated.

Yet Lauren Delder didn't think that far.

"Barrier?"

"Where might it be?"

"If we could figure out where the 'Barrier' is, could we ambush 'Jing' that bastard ahead of time?"

Lauren Delder widened his eyes as if trying to see through the black-covered map.

Unfortunately, no matter how he looked, it was all pitch black.

Nothing was visible.

"If it can be found, of course, we can."

"Unfortunately."

Andek sighed regretfully.

The 'old man', Lag were the same.

Always being led by 'Jing', it's really frustrating.

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

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

"Do you think he might have set up some traps?"

Upon hearing this, Lauren Delder obediently shut his mouth.

He didn't wish to have his head chopped off in the middle of the night.

The others undoubtedly thought the same.

They returned to the top floor.

Andek began to make himself appear more bedraggled.

His face was smeared with dust and blood.

Lauren Delder mimicked the actions.

‘Old man’ thought for a moment, then decisively stabbed himself with a dagger.

Puff!

The dagger went in halfway.

Then, he pulled it out.

Flesh tore, and blood gushed out.

Lauren Delder was shocked.

Jason cast a concerned look.

"Put on a good show."

"It's fine, avoided the vital parts."

"Give me a bandage, I don't want to bleed to death."

'Old man' first spoke to Jason, Lauren Delder said, then turned to Andek.

"Still so harsh to yourself."

Andek muttered and then saw Lauren Delder break his own arm.

Crunch.

In the sound of bones breaking, bone fragments protruded from the muscle.

This scene startled Andek.

"Are you crazy?"

Andek exclaimed.

"Put on a good show, 'old man' is right."

"I can't help with other things, at this moment, I have to put in the effort!"

Lauren Delder said it as if it was a matter of course.

‘Old man’ gave Lauren Delder a thumbs up.

The look Jason gave Lauren Delder became much softer.

Andek opened his mouth.

In the end, said nothing.

Didn’t imitate the two.

However, provided the best treatment.

This took some time.

After bandaging was done, the screen of the communicator lit up.

‘The Contact’ appeared.

Looking at the three’s disheveled appearances, ‘The Contact’ was silent.

He wasn’t an idiot.

Almost instantly guessed what had happened.

"Was it ‘Jing’?"

‘The Contact’ asked.

"Yes, we were attacked."

"Suffered heavy losses."

"Six 'assistants' were sniped as soon as they appeared."

Andek replied.

'The Contact' wanted to curse but held back.

He saw the wound on the 'old man's' abdomen, definitely from a blade.

And Lauren Delder had his arm broken.

Jason seemed fine on the surface, yet let Andek speak, indicating internal injuries.

Such injuries couldn't fool anyone.

They must have been attacked.

Damned 'Jing'.

Cursing inwardly, 'The Contact' didn't delay.

"On the map, 33 kilometers east, 51 kilometers west, 60 kilometers south, and 79 kilometers north, are the locations where 'Jing' might be hiding. Search them quickly!"

"As for 'assistants'?"

"Can't deploy more for the time being."

‘The Contact’ said thus.

At this point, ‘The Contact’ was already riding a tiger he couldn’t dismount.

He had already used up all his connections.

The previous ‘enforcement team’ was his greatest capacity.

Deploy more ‘enforcement teams’?

Absolutely impossible.

Any more, and it would be impossible to keep it from others.

But supplies, he still had a batch.

Taking a slight breath, ‘The Contact’ continued.

"I will compensate for your losses as soon as possible, and..."

Boom!

Before ‘The Contact’ could finish his sentence.

An explosion suddenly sounded.

Everyone felt the ground beneath their feet constantly tremble.

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.

"Enemy attack!"

"Enemy attack!"

The horn of defense sounded, and the Freedom Army warriors, caught off guard, quickly stabilized and began to counterattack.

However, this still didn't ease Andek's expression.

He had expected 'Jing' to retaliate.

But he didn't expect 'Jing's' retaliation to come so quickly, so suddenly.

He had already laid out layers of defense nets.

But who could have thought that bastard Jing would plant a bomb in his own building?

More importantly, there were quite a few Freedom Army warriors inside the building.

He was unharmed.

That's because he had long adapted to his Extraordinary Power, and developed it to a certain degree.

But those warriors who only had the basic Extraordinary Power didn't have such escape abilities to survive in a collapsing building.

Not to mention the ordinary warriors.

The probability was high that they were crushed.

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.

"Ptooeey ptooeey ptooeey."

"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.

People to whom he could entrust his back.

So, not only did I dodge the oncoming dung truck, but I also luckily landed on the grass?

Lauren Delder thought, turning his head to look around.

He was looking for Jason.

By this time, much of the dust had settled.

Lauren Delder could already see the general appearance of the surroundings.

However, he didn't see Jason's figure.

"Huh?"

Lauren Delder was a bit puzzled.

When he was pulling the 'old man' underground, he saw Jason walking out calmly.

It didn't look like he was in a collapsing building, more like wandering in his backyard.

With that premise, Lauren Delder didn't believe Jason would be in trouble.

After all, if he was fine, how could Jason be in danger?

Did he discover something?

Lauren Delder wondered.

Even though he had discovered nothing, it didn't mean Jason hadn't found anything.

Jason was truly a smart person.

Unlike him, not too smart.

"No need to worry about Jason."

"It's just that..."

"Sigh."

Lauren Delder said, sighing.

"What's wrong?"

The 'old man' immediately asked curiously.

"Don't you think this is an opportunity?"

"An opportunity to make that 'Liaison' bleed heavily again."

Lauren Delder pointed around.

Chapter 1528: Chasing Flavors! (part 2)

The fires of war were all around.

The place was in ruins.

Anyone who saw the scene before them would be filled with emotion.

With such prerequisites, there's no subsidy you couldn't get.

Unfortunately, the 'communication device' was broken.

In such a collapse, the extremely sophisticated 'communication device' couldn't remain undamaged.

And the more complex the machine, once damaged, the harder it is to repair, even if it seems completely intact from the outside.

Of course, it's not absolute.

Sometimes, if the angle is right and you give it a light tap,

There is a probability it could recover.

But most likely, the damage would increase.

Only someone extremely familiar with it could succeed.

Such familiarity must be an integration of human and machine.

"That may not be the case,"

"Trust me, the 'communicator' in Uptown could see this scene — although their surveillance of the Lower City District isn't as formidable as we imagined, it's still capable of seeing what's happening below, especially after we provided such clear 'hints'."

The 'old man' spoke with a meaningful smile.

"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'. §

Of course, that's all a lie to those men.

What he needed is to use these people to divert the 'Freedom Army's' attention.

What he needed is to use these people to attract Uptown's attention.

For this, he's poured in substantial resources.

Not only did he gather his previously scattered subordinates.

He also utilized the secret armed forces hidden for long.

Especially the latter, considered his last force in the Lower City District.

And precisely because of this, he gave others a sense of all-or-nothing.

But in fact?

His real motive was known only to himself.

What 'Jing' Tower?

What base?

To 'Jing', compared to his real goal, they were nothing.

And now, the real goal was getting closer.

So, 'Jing' happily whistled.

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..."

"Then let me, the successor, finish it."

'Jing' thought inwardly, his lips involuntarily curling up.

But the next moment he became rigid.

Even the cheerful whistling vanished.

Because a figure appeared in front of him. .

Jason!

He recognized him!

The Uptown resident hidden under the 'Old Man's command.

A man who abandoned his own honor, just for a stable life.

But it was such a bastard who repeatedly wrecked his plans.

Almost causing his original plans to fail utterly.

Just thinking of what happened at the entrance of District 29 made 'Jing' gnash his teeth with hatred.

However, he put on a smile on the surface.

"Long time no see, Jason."

'Jing' greeted him.

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.

Then, he wasn't finished yet.

He lay down directly, rolling to one side.

He rolled out more than ten meters before stopping.

Then, 'Jing' looked up to see Jason standing still, just calmly watching him.

The atmosphere suddenly became silent.

About two seconds later.

'Jing' stood up as if nothing had happened, patting the dust off his body.

"Sorry, I got a bit too nervous."

'Jing' apologized.

"It's okay, it was entertaining to watch."

Jason said as he reached into his pocket.

Immediately, 'Jing' tensed up again.

But the next moment, 'Jing' felt anger rising from the depths of his heart, shooting straight to his brain.

Jason pulled out a copper coin—the smallest denomination of currency in 'Nightless City'.

He tossed it towards him.

Cling!

The copper coin hit the ground, rolling to a stop in front of 'Jing'.

Splat!

'Jing' stomped on it, his face coldly staring at Jason.

"Are you mocking me?"

'Jing' questioned Jason.

Jason looked innocent.

"Weren't you performing for me?"

"Starting with that ugly smile... quite effective."

"Especially the rolling part, commendable."

As Jason spoke, he reached into his pants pocket again.

He pulled out another copper coin and tossed it toward 'Jing'.

After it hit the ground, 'Jing' stepped on it once more.

"Still not enough?"

"All I have left are silver coins."

"How about another performance?"

Jason said, pulling out a silver coin and tossing it to 'Jing' in the same manner as before.

Only this time, he used a bit more force, and the silver coin flew directly toward 'Jing's face.

'Jing' raised his hand and caught the silver coin.

Immediately after, 'Jing's face changed drastically.

The silver coin was fine.

There was nothing special about the force used.

But Jason had disappeared.

Without even thinking, 'Jing' dodged to the side.

But it was too late.

Chapter 1529: Sense of Discord

A sharp sound of air slashing passed by.

‘Jing’, while trying to evade, suddenly felt a pain in his knee.

Then, ‘Jing’s body involuntarily dropped to his knees.

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.

Wham!

Like swinging a massive hammer.

In a spine-chilling sound, the fan-like hand was dodged by Jason.

Not only did he dodge, but he also left a deep cut on the opponent's arm.

Amidst flying flesh and blood, 'Jing' swung another hand.

Same as before.

Jason easily dodged again, delivering a counterattack.

Yet, Jason furrowed his brow.

The situation before him was not what he anticipated.

'Jing' undoubtedly mastered various secret techniques.

Including high-level secret techniques for body substitution.

But...

Why is 'Jing's fighting style so inexperienced?

No, it's beyond inexperienced.

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.

Because Jason knows clearly that a person like 'Jing' would definitely leave himself enough escape routes.

Because the opponent knows well that living is everything.

For someone without bounds, the above statement is the truth.

So...

What else could be a backup plan?

Jason pondered in his heart, while his hands kept moving.

Like a butcher dissecting an ox, slicing 'Jing' piece by piece.

'Jing' managed to silently deliver punches at first.

However, with the passage of time, this former 'King of the Lower City District' began to scream continuously.

And when only the skeleton remained of his arms, he shouted loudly—

"Stop!"

The sound was loud and filled with pain.

But Jason didn't stop.

Instead, a blade swept across the opponent's waist.

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 flesh 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!"

"Stop it!"

"Bastard!"

‘Jing’ issued even louder screams.

The cries were filled with curses.

Jason wouldn’t pause, the flames in his hand and the short-handled Broad Blade Cleaver swung continuously, just like slicing and roasting meat, quickly, ‘Jing’ was left with a skeleton. ~~It was~~

When cone-shaped flames spurted out again.

‘Jing’ fell to the ground, unable to move.

Seemingly dead.

But Jason kept going, continuing to sear ‘Jing’s skeleton with the [Charles Burning Technique].

Master-level [Charles Burning Technique] spouting war machine-grade flames.

Rapidly, ‘Jing’s bones turned black and dry.

And after a dozen seconds, it turned to ashes.

Even the toughest skull was no exception.

Everything vanished with the wind, floating away without a trace.

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."

‘Jing’s voice resonated from Neapolitan’s soul, and immediately, Neapolitan roared.

Chapter 1530: Sense of Discord! (part 2)

Roar!

Twisted ripples radiated outward from Neapolitan as the center.

Jason didn’t dodge, and raised his hand for another [Evil-Slaying Slash].

The silver slash cleaved straight through the twisted ripples.

As if cutting through tofu with a knife.

Sliced in half.

Including Neapolitan’s body.

"Ah!"

With an instinctive cry of pain, Neapolitan’s bifurcated body dissipated into the air.

However, this was not the end.

Standing in place, Jason suddenly darted to the side.

Swoosh!

Just as Jason completed his dodge, a piercing sound brushed past him.

Immediately followed by—

Swoosh swoosh swoosh!

A continuous whooshing sound filled the air.

Jason dodged repeatedly.

In the air, 'Jing's voice echoed again.

"I possess the 'Six Evil Hounds'!"

"Neapolitan was just one of them!"

"There are five more!"

'Jing said with a laugh.

As if to prove 'Jing's words, five figures flickered in and out of existence in the air.

It was precisely the already deceased Bit, Dugao, Gao Jiasuo, Casro, and Doberman.

The five figures once again vanished into the void, launching continuous attacks on Jason.

"Jason, do you know why the 'Six Evil Hounds' are called evil?"

"It's not just because of their ferocity."

"It's because they never rest until death."

"Death?"

"To them, it's just the beginning—No one has ever escaped the post-mortem hunt of the 'Six Evil Hounds', I hope you can do it, after all, your secret technique has an extraordinary effect on souls."

"Too bad I don't have time to play with you anymore."

"I have more important matters to attend to!"

"Otherwise, I'd like to see the final outcome!"

‘Jing rambled on.

Despite the still gentle tone, Jason felt increasingly unsettled.

The opponent seemed to be exerting pressure on him.

Between enemies, exerting pressure on each other is natural.

But it didn't suit the current situation.

‘Jing was supposed to accomplish more important matters, if that's the premise, what would a normal person do?

They would quietly leave while he was tied up by the 'Six Evil Hounds' to accomplish that more important task.

But what did ‘Jing do?

He blatantly announced it right here.

Like a brainless villain.

Is 'Jing' brainless? .

No.

'Jing, when serious, is highly intelligent.

Even, one might say he's an old fox.

Such a person would never do something so foolish.

Unless...

"What lies before is what he wants!"

"He wants to see me eliminate the 'Six Evil Hounds'!"

"Not just see."

"Truly eliminate!"

With this in mind, Jason retracted the surging [Evil-Slaying Slash], and with agility like a monkey and nimbleness like a raccoon, he maneuvered to the pocket containing 'food' he'd previously left in his jacket. Executing a front flip, the pocket was deftly snatched into his hand.

"Stop!"

"What are you doing?"

"Stop!"

‘Jing’s frantic voice suddenly rang out.

Moreover, the voice was getting closer and closer.

From the sound of it, it seemed he was sprinting towards here while shouting loudly.

Panic.

Anger.

Anyone who heard ‘Jing’s voice would feel these emotions.

Jason was no exception.

But, unlike typical destruction.

Jason pulled something from his jacket pocket.

A crystal the size of a thumb.

Bending low, sidestepping, sliding past the pursuing ‘Six Evil Hounds’, Jason pulled out the high-proof liquor he always carried—this was a collection from the ‘Golden’ tower, gifted to him by Andek.

He had it, ‘Old Timer’, Lauren Delder had it too.

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.

Indeed, he wasn't surprised.

He saw 'Gold.'

The instigator of everything.

Although the other party still had undisclosed plans.

But at this moment, Jason wouldn't concern himself with what those plans were.

He just knew that [Karl Deman's Key] was delicious.

And 'Gold' was frantically shouting.

"Bastard!"

"Do you know what you've done?"

"You've disrupted my plan!"

'Gold' shouted loudly.

This time, there was a trace of genuine emotion.

No longer so much hypocrisy.

But Jason could still tell the other party was acting.

Whew, whew!

The air was filled with heavy breathing. 'Gold', as if unable to bear the pressure, materialized in the air, undeniably the real 'Gold', with flesh and blood.

Not an illusion.

The remaining five of the 'six evil dogs' were in a ghostly state.

They seemed to sense 'Gold's' anger.

The remaining 'six evil dogs' bodies started to twist.

They all emitted a roar.

Five distortions of air rippled and overlapped, and their power multiplied abruptly.

The ground started to be lifted up.

Then, before the dust rose.

The cold aura exploded like a bomb.

Boom!

The uplifted ground was covered in frost.

The surrounding buildings were completely covered as well.

The air seemed about to freeze.

Jason quickly retreated.

The [Evil-Slaying Slash] poised to strike once again held back.

He looked up into the air.

Amidst the sound of a spinning propeller.

An aircraft resembling a bomber appeared overhead.

A team of people in white suits jumped straight from the aircraft.

Three landed beside 'Gold.'

Three landed beside Jason.

Forming a triangle to surround both of them.

“ ‘Gold’, for creating chaos in the Lower City District, the council has issued a warrant for your arrest. You are now under arrest, do not resist, or we will execute you on the spot.”

"Jason, for defecting to the Uptown, you have seriously violated the 'Uptown' residents' code. By law, you are to be executed on the spot."

Surrounding Jason, 'Gold's' 'Enforcement Squad' said directly.

And they were about to take action.

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!