

Menu 153

Chapter 153: The Opportunity

Seeing the sudden appearance of a figure outside the door wearing a hockey mask, everyone inside the secret room was stunned.

Then—

Bang!

Click-Clack!

Bang!

From the Winchester Brothers' gun barrels, salvos of bullets sprayed out.

Four shots in a row.

Many of the unprepared members of the 'Erosion Society' within the secret room were shot and fell to the ground.

Only Bishop Brad remained unharmed.

It wasn't some secret technique that protected him, but his swift action of grabbing the two 'Erosion Society' members closest to him, folding them in front of his body as human shields.

To their death, those two 'Erosion Society' members had no idea what had happened.

The other members who were shot and fell were no different.

Everything happened too fast!

From Jason's appearance to the gunfire.

It was a matter of mere breaths.

They simply could not react in time.

It wasn't that they were slow, but that these 'Erosion Society' members never expected Jason to find this most hidden secret room, even if contact with other communication points was lost; they didn't believe there would be any issues with their location.

After all...

This was underground!

Hidden beneath the drainage system of Hans Port!

How could Jason possibly find it?!

The 'Erosion Society' members stared at Jason with incomprehension.

Including, Bishop Blatt.

However, very quickly, the bishop realized what was happening.

Thud, thud!

The next moment, he let go of the two bodies used as bullet shields, dropped them to the ground, and, looking at Jason who had lowered his gun barrel, slowly drew the long sword from his waist and sneered, "I bet you don't have any bullets left in your gun!"

Bang!

Jason raised the gun barrel again and pulled the trigger.

Blatt stared dumbfounded at his chest, which had been torn apart by the bullet.

Then, he looked up at Jason.

Apparently questioning why there were bullets in the gun when Jason didn't shoot before.

Of course, it's because I noticed you were holding two shields!

Jason didn't divulge the answer and without saying a word, he flicked the Winchester Brothers away.

With a tug on the gun sling, the Winchesters moved to his back, and Jason's hands now held two pistols.

MF92!

Bang, bang!

Two direct shots!

With his proficiency in “Firearms. Light Weapons”, Jason couldn’t possibly miss at a distance of about ten meters.

Even as the bishop tried to dodge, Jason’s adjustments and anticipation allowed him to hit his mark directly.

Splat, splat!

The bullets penetrated Bishop Blatt’s body, and his once red and black robe, already torn by Winchester’s bullets, became more vivid with the seepage of fresh blood. The tattered fabric almost seemed like blossoming flowers, nearly eclipsing the brilliance of his completely bald head.

With a stagger, Bishop Blatt steadied himself again.

Due to the diminished power of Jason’s firearms combined with the ‘Erosion Society’s’ secret techniques, the bishop was not killed despite taking three shots.

The bishop glared at Jason with venomous eyes.

“I don’t believe you have any more!” he shouted and, gripping his long sword tightly, charged at Jason.

Jason loosened his grip, and the two pistols fell to the ground.

Seeing this, the bishop sneered.

But in the next moment, his snarl froze on his face.

What did he see?

UZ submachine guns.

Mac M1.

Jason pulled out these two submachine guns from the pockets on either side of his coat, aimed the barrels, and pulled the triggers.

Bang, bang!

Two more shots.

Bishop Blatt's body twitched twice.

After retreating three steps, Bishop Blatt used his long sword to prop himself up from the floor, gasping for air as he looked at Jason, with beads of sweat covering his shiny bald head.

It was the first time he met an opponent who seemed to have an arsenal hidden on his person.

And moreover, one with excellent marksmanship.

He was about the same as those sharpshooters he had encountered.

He didn't know if the other party had any other firearms hidden on him.

But he was very clear that he couldn't dodge the other party's bullets.

Being shot five times in a row had presented an ironclad fact right before him.

Although he didn't want to use "Divine Grace."

That would be too much of a burden on him.

But when it was a matter of life and death, the Bishop could no longer care about that.

“I’m going to show you the terror of ‘Erosion Union’!”

Bishop Blatt growled,

then he turned his long sword around and aimed it at his left arm, striking it with one swift blow.

Phut!

Blatt’s left arm, at the elbow joint, dropped off directly.

Under the action of the nerves, the wound curled up.

Blatt himself shivered with pain.

But that was just the body!

At the moment the pain appeared, a semi-transparent figure directly separated from the opponent's body.

With a clear upper body and a blurry lower body, Blatt floated in mid-air, looking down at Jason with a succession of cold breaths emanating from the semi-transparent figure.

Suddenly, the temperature inside the secret chamber plummeted.

Especially the floor beneath where Blatt was floating, where the blood had been flowing, now entered freezing point and was frozen in place.

Whoosh!

Blatt, like a ghost or a malevolent spirit, exhaled a long breath.

Immediately, the temperature inside the secret chamber dropped even further.

And Blatt was thoroughly enjoying the sensation of this moment.

He looked down, hoping to see Jason's panic.

Unfortunately, the hockey mask concealed the face, revealing only a pair of eyes.

And those eyes...

Were cold.

Unmoved.

No hint of mockery, but upon seeing those eyes, Blatt couldn't help feeling mocked.

"I'm going to gouge out your eyes first!"

In a roar of rage, Blatt instantly appeared in front of Jason.

The speed was extremely fast!

Almost in the blink of an eye!

At such a speed, firearms couldn't aim and there was no time to swing a sword.

Moreover, the opponent's semi-transparent body was clearly impervious to physical harm.

Blatt thought so as well.

Therefore, he approached Jason confidently and unleashed his attack.

Just as his fingers were about to touch Jason's eyes—

“sl oT Yn!”

In the deep Dufol Language, a special force field covered Jason's entire body.

And at that moment, Bishop Blatt's fingers touched Jason's eyes.

Then,

“Aaaahhhhh!”

In a miserable howl, the Bishop disintegrated into ashes.

Huuff, huuff.

Jason gasped for breath, exhausted.

Even through the mask, the sound of his labored breathing could be clearly heard.

He then walked step by step towards the other party's corpse.

The scent of medium-quality food came from the ring on the right index finger of the corpse.

A mere few meters of distance, yet it took Jason ten seconds to walk it.

However, his heavy breathing gradually stabilized.

Next, he was about to bend down and take the ring off.

But at that moment—

Phut!

A long sword pierced through Jason's chest.

"I've waited a long time for this opportunity."

A faint voice arose from beside his ear.

The corners of Jason's mouth, hidden beneath the mask, twitched upward.

I have as well.