

Menu 202

Chapter 202: Jason's Perception and Persistence

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Discovered?

Jason frowned, but he immediately chuckled softly, “General Anno, what are you talking about? I don’t quite understand.”

“Ah, cautious young one.”

“I am too familiar with Gerard,”

“Although you two are similar, there’s still a slight difference in temperament.”

With a light laugh, the old general paused before continuing, “Moreover... Gerard excels in swordsmanship, the muscles on his back are more elongated, whereas you must specialize in the art of slashing, your muscles are more robust and intertwined.”

The difference in muscles caused by swordsmanship and knife skills?

Jason was startled.

This was something he had never considered.

So, the reason I am not suited for swordsmanship is because of the different muscle groups developed.

It seemed the old general noticed Jason's thoughts.

He gave Jason's back a hard slap.

"Don't think about those useless things!"

"Whether it's swordsmanship or knife skills, both are techniques for killing!"

"There is no superiority in killing techniques, they have only one purpose: to take down the enemy!"

After speaking, the general released his hands from Jason and stepped back, still smiling, he articulated each word, "Remember! When you strike... charge forward without hesitation!"

Having said that, the general walked towards little Reed.

"General..."

Smack!

The personal servant had just been about to offer a greeting when the general gently hit him on the back of the head.

However, it was exceptionally crisp.

The personal servant looked at the general, somewhat dazed.

The general just laughed heartily and walked into the room.

“Hurry back to Hans Port.”

“They need you there.”

The voice of the general came from the room.

A hundred Harbor Guard soldiers accompanied them.

Jason and little Reed embarked on the journey back to Hans Port.

“General Anno discovered it?”

In the carriage, little Reed exclaimed.

The personal servant’s voice was full of disbelief.

For little Reed, being discovered by someone close to him was not unacceptable.

However, in his mind, the person who should have discovered it was someone like Chief of Staff Sidlin.

It should not have been old General Anno.

It wasn’t that he looked down on the general.

But the general’s usual demeanor really did not seem like that of a perceptive person.

“Playing the fool?”

“The intuition of a brute?”

Little Reed thought blankly.

After stating his thoughts to little Reed, Jason ceased to pay attention to these matters.

Such a discovery wasn't considered a slip-up.

After all, the general was one of their own.

Moreover, Jason was still contemplating the words of the general.

‘When you strike... charge forward without hesitation!’

He thought the general made a lot of sense.

Because every time Jason struck, no matter who faced him, he thought of nothing else but to bring his blade down.

If one strike didn't kill, then another.

And then, continue striking.

One of those would eventually be effective.

No need for defense.

No need for blocking.

Just bring the blade down is all.

Jason pondered, and involuntarily, a very simple yet often forgotten truth came to mind—

Be faster than the enemy.

Be more ruthless than the enemy.

Have greater strength than the enemy.

If none of these apply!

Then... have more tenacity than the enemy!

At worst, it's a life for a life!

A mutual destruction!

It's either your death or mine.

And I am undying...

Thus, the one to fall will surely be the enemy!

With this thought, Jason felt as if he had unraveled a knot in his heart.

All those techniques.

All those swordsmanship skills.

All those knife skills.

Forget them all.

I just need to remember:

I, Jason, am undying.

A faint aura began to converge around Jason.

It was the aura of charging forward without hesitation.

It was the aura of no fear of life and death.

The two merged together.

And gradually became...

Sharp!

Like an unsheathed blade.

This sharpness pricked at little Reed.

The personal servant instinctively looked at Jason, only to feel as if the viscount saw a tall figure swinging a broad-bladed, short-handled machete, with a vision of blood red before his eyes.

Instinctively, he closed his eyes.

And then, he opened them again.

Jason was still Jason.

Sitting there motionless.

That sharp feeling had also disappeared.

It seemed as if everything just experienced was an illusion.

But the personal servant didn't think so.

"Did you just have an epiphany?"

"^

Young Reed asked.

"Hm."

"The old general's advice was very effective."

Jason nodded without hiding anything.

"Do you still need the records of the swordsmanship techniques you mentioned before?"

Young Reed asked.

When one breaks through an existing stage, the pursuit of the next stage has already changed, and some things that should apply become inapplicable.

“Of course!”

“I have to prove a point!”

Jason declared emphatically.

I have broken through my mental block!

The current me...

will certainly master the swordsmanship techniques with ease!

Jason thought very confidently.

And such confidence lasted until the next morning when Jason returned to 111 Duron Street, Hans Port.

111 Duron Street, the fifth floor.

Dennise was happily hugging a bowl of snacks, watching Jason practice with his knife.

Yes, practicing with a knife.

In the eyes of the undead girl, every cut Jason made was powerful and heavy, as quick as lightning, and utterly captivating.

“Incredible.”

“Jason, your knife skills have gotten stronger.”

Dennise was someone who didn’t hide her thoughts.

She complimented him straightforwardly.

Jason’s movement stiffened.

Knife skills...

I was practicing swordsmanship!

The 'Fort Swallow' legacy is renowned for its light, swift swordsmanship.

It has techniques that make one strike seem like three or four.

Clap!

Jason walked softly over to Dennise, raised his hand, and lightly tapped on Dennise's forehead.

Dennise's head reared back with a grimace.

Then, Dennise glared at Jason fiercely.

She didn't understand why Jason had hit her.

"Lunchtime is here."

“Do you want meat bones?”

Jason asked.

“Yes!”

Dennise cheered, raising her hands in the air.

Since the departure of Jason and the others, she had been eating alone, which was terribly lonely.

Now that Jason was back,

she was no longer lonely.

She wanted a double portion.

Without leaving the fifth floor, Jason simply asked the cook to bring in a table.

The plump auntie easily carried the heavy wooden table into the room, set it down as Jason had directed, and placed two bowls of meat bones on the table.

Both bowls were Dennise's.

One serving per bowl.

Naturally, two servings amounted to two bowls.

"Sir, what will you be having?"

"The usual specialty foods?"

"The ones prepared for Sir Jason?"

"Don't worry, no one will know."

The plump auntie said with a smile, looking at Jason.

She seemed amiable when she smiled, but Jason simply gave her a silent glance.

Is my disguise really that bad?

Can everyone close to me see through it?

As the plump auntie looked at Jason, she started laughing and lowered her voice:

“Although Lord Gerard is skilled at creating techniques, compensating for the secret technique,”

“he would never use a knife to perform swordsmanship.”

“There are those who use a knife for swordsmanship, yes, but those are light knives. For a heavy, broad-bladed knife like yours, similar to a firewood chopper, it is a bit difficult.”

“You need a sword!”

“However, given your build, I’d suggest you keep using this heavy knife, unless you want to switch weapons...”

“How about a Wolf Fang Club?”

“No thanks.”

“I was just trying it out.”

Jason rejected the plump auntie’s kind offer.

While the plump auntie was preparing his lunch, Jason stepped into the adjacent room.

This was Gerard’s resting place.

Important was that swords hung on the wall.

Jason carefully took one down.

Back muscles leading to the shoulders, using the shoulder as the medium, channeling strength into the arms, the wrist as the pivot, he swiftly thrust forward.

Muttering the trick he just learned.

Jason raised the sword and stabbed.

However,

the sword went over his head in one motion.

Then came crashing down forcefully.

Whoosh!

The whistling sound of the air being split echoed in the room for a long time.

Jason stood there dumbfounded for two seconds.

Then, he silently hung the long sword back on the wall.

Must be because I haven't eaten, my blood sugar is low—that's why I mixed up the techniques.

That's what Jason thought.

Not as a consolation to himself,

but as a fact.

He continued to tell himself this, then quickly returned to the dining table and quietly awaited his lunch.

At that moment, the son of the 'Fort Swallow' Duke suddenly paid a visit.

And...

he was fuming with anger.