

Menu 315

Chapter 315: Illusionary Thorn

Irrelevant people?

Jason didn't believe what the female Student Council President said.

Both the overall layout within the painting and the frowning appearance of the female Student Council President herself were informing Jason that this 'figure' was not simple at all.

However, he didn't pursue the matter further.

The female Student Council President had already made it clear she didn't want to share more with him.

It was in Jason's nature not to be insistent.

Moreover, he had a secret technique in his hands.

Without saying much more, Jason opened the box.

A parchment scroll appeared inside the box, and he carefully began to read it as he unfolded the scroll.

This was a brand-new scroll, still retaining the smell of its preparation.

Jason didn't mind that it was not the original.

The relationship between them wasn't such that he could expect to peruse the precious originals.

Furthermore, Jason was skeptical that after so many years, the original could still be perused.

After all, the old Tedi had said before that the Prus Family had experienced decline, and while there would be no worry about preservation during their heyday, the same could not be said for times of decline.

But this did not concern Jason.

He just needed to confirm that the secret technique in his hands was authentic.

The Prus Body Forging Technique!

At the beginning of the scroll, the name of the secret technique was written.

"Named after the family name?"

Jason was somewhat surprised.

Such a technique should, by rights, be a family's core secret technique.

The female Student Council President standing beside him saw Jason's surprise and naturally guessed what he was thinking.

"Don't worry,"

"It's not considered our family's core secret technique,"

"Don't forget about Chen Xi,"

The female Student Council President said.

The core is the Chen Xi Body Forging Technique, isn't it?

Jason thought and then, adjusting his breathing to avoid distraction, he started to read intently.

He first read through the entire scroll quickly, and then more meticulously.

Then, by comparing it to the Griffin Body Refinement Technique, he quickly noted the differences. The Griffin Body Refinement Technique was characterized by a balance of ferocity and agility, inherent to its own school, whereas the Prus Body Forging Technique had only one characteristic: defense!

Making one's skin, muscles, bones, and even internal organs more resistant to striking force.

Contained within was a breathing method for sitting and walking, but what puzzled Jason was that no matter whether sitting or walking, the Prus Body Forging Technique always involved crawling.

This caused Jason to frown again, looking towards the female Student Council President who had stayed, obviously to explain any confusion.

This time, however, the female Student Council President shook her head.

"Don't ask me,"

"I don't know,"

"I've never practiced it,"

The female Student Council President said quite bluntly.

"The Prus Body Forging Technique not only requires extremely high talent, but it is also not suitable for women,"

She then explained.

Then, the female Student Council President paused slightly, and after a bit of hesitation, she spoke again.

"I suggest you choose a different secret technique,"

"Not only is it difficult to begin practicing the Prus Body Forging Technique, but it is even harder to advance, and it requires various precious potions to assist in reaching a significant level,"

"Besides, even if one reached that level, it would still be difficult to withstand modern artillery fire,"

"If you want to change, I can speak to my father about it,"

The female Student Council President looked at Jason.

But Jason shook his head again.

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"I have exceptional talent,"

Jason replied as such.

The female Student Council President glared, her breathing becoming rapid once again.

"Suit yourself,"

After dropping that phrase, the female Student Council President didn't say another word thereafter.

Time passed minute by minute.

Having memorized the scroll several times, and seeing no omissions, Jason raised his hand to put the scroll back into the box and handed it to the female Student Council President.

Without asking anything, the female Student Council President who received the box turned and went upstairs.

Jason waited while continuing to silently repeat the contents to deepen his impression.

Yet his gaze involuntarily rested on the painting.

Or more precisely, on that 'figure.'

His thoughts involuntarily began to wander.

What did that person look like?

Was that giant sword exaggerated?

What was carried inside that bulky sack?

One doubt after another emerged in Jason's mind.

And as such doubts arose, his heart involuntarily sped up its beating.

Thud!

Thud, thud, thud!

Yet Jason was oblivious, his mind still racing.

Until...

His heart ruptured!

Boom!

A muffled sound erupted from Jason's chest, the intense pain spreading throughout his body.

He was instantly jolted back to reality.

Then, he saw the dagger embedded in his chest.

A person clad in camouflage uniform with face painted in oil was clutching the dagger, twisting it continuously while showing Jason a cruel smile.

By this time, the returned female student council president was already unconscious on the floor.

"Jason?"

"Turns out, for someone like you with post-traumatic stress disorder, little tricks are the best."

The dagger-holder whispered.

Then, the confident assailant sighed lightly.

"It's a pity, you had the chance to join us."

"But you rejected it."

"You chose death."

"I'll take back your head to pay tribute to those brats."

"Of course."

"You won't be lonely, those related to you will receive the same treatment."

"Right!"

"Edward! That annoying Edward!"

"He's the next one right after you!"

The assailant, like a motor-mouth, kept prattling on.

A perverse twist appeared on the paint-covered face.

As if struggling to stay silent, yet unable to restrain himself.

But there was still a way out.

Jason lowered his head, staring coldly at the other.

The prattler, oblivious to such a gaze.

In their eyes, Jason was already a dead man.

So when the wide-blade, short-handle machete swept across the neck, the assailant's face showed surprise, the disbelief in his eyes almost solidifying.

Plop!

The dagger-holder fell to the ground motionless, and quickly went silent.

Jason pulled out the dagger from his chest, the wound on his chest rapidly healed, the blood on the dagger quickly dried out, losing its vitality.

Clang.

Jason casually tossed the dagger to the ground, thoroughly checked the attacker to confirm death, then picked up the shotgun, pistol, magazines, grenades, and other items from the assailant's body, then woke up the knocked-out female student council president.

"Ah!"

"Be careful!"

The just-awakened student council president cried out with the same alarm as before fainting.

Because her scream suddenly stopped.

She saw the body on the ground.

And then, she immediately called out the name of the body.

"'Phantom Stab'!"

With that exclamation, the student council president immediately looked at Jason with suspicion and disbelief.

It was known that 'Phantom Stab' was not one of those apprentices of the Ghost Squad, but rather one of the actual members.

And within the Ghost Squad, he was the kind that caused the most headaches.

Because what he excelled at was assassination.

The Ghost Squad, having faced several mission failure crises, had relied on his assassinations to pull off miraculous comebacks.

In fact, from certain perspectives, 'Phantom Stab' was actually the most worrying threat to the Prus Family.

And now, 'Phantom Stab' had been taken down by Jason.

As the student council president breathed a sigh of relief, a surreal feeling suddenly rose within her.

The Prus Family had finally gained a foothold in this battle.

"Thank you."

The student council president said so.

Then, she was about to push the door and leave.

But Jason stopped her.

Jason pulled the student council president back, aiming the newly-picked shotgun at the door's direction, he pulled the trigger directly—

Bang!