

Menu 316

Chapter 316: No Longer Human

The shotgun pellets sprayed out in volleys, instantly riddling the wooden door with countless holes.

Then, Jason lifted a foot.

Bang!

The wobbly wooden door was directly kicked away.

The two guards outside had already fallen to the ground, lifeless, and the door, emblazoned with the Dufol Language, had long been opened.

The expression of the female student council president changed dramatically.

The two guards were among the most elite warriors of the family, otherwise, they wouldn't have been stationed there.

The door marked with the Dufol Language was a family secret technique, considered to be the strongest defense.

Combined, this place could be said to be the safest in the Prus Family.

But now?

It had been breached so easily.

And the outposts outside, utterly useless.

"How could this happen?"

"How could this be?"

The student council president, who had immense confidence in her family, whispered to herself, unable to accept this scene, and then, whispers resounded in her ears.

Think about it.

What's different about the Prus Manor now from before?

Jason.

Why is it that after you brought Jason into the manor, you were attacked?

Think about it.

The whispering voice was intermittent and illogical.

But it was these very murmurs that caused the student council president's eyes to glaze over, puppet-like, as she drew a dagger, ready to stab at the Jason in front of her.

Then—

Slap!

She was knocked to the ground by a slap from Jason.

Suddenly, the student council president came to her senses.

She foolishly covered her face, watching as Jason pointed the gun at her.

"Jason, it's me, don't shoot."

The student council president screamed.

Jason took a step forward, the shotgun barrel swept down from above, grazing past the student council president's ear, the muzzle extending well beyond the back of her head.

But the muzzle didn't meet empty air.

Instead, it buried into something sticky and gooey.

Squish, squish.

In the flow of the viscous liquid, the student council president felt a slick sensation on her neck and back, causing her to break out in goosebumps, reminiscent of her first encounter with a snake.

What is this?

The student council president wondered.

A hoarse voice, as if two pieces of sandpaper were grinding against each other, then rose from behind her.

"I have a hostage, put down the gun, let's talk..."

Bang!

Without any nonsense, Jason pulled the trigger.

The gunshot, so close at hand, caused the student council president's ears to ring with thunder, her vision to burst with stars, and more importantly, the exploding sticky substance was splattered all over her, from head to foot, by the shotgun pellets.

Shaking her dizzy head, the student council president was about to say something, only to feel a weight on her shoulder.

The shotgun rested on her shoulder, and Jason, holding the gun, exerted pressure.

Click, click.

The shotgun was reloaded.

A bad premonition rose in the student council president's heart.

The next moment—

Bang!

Click, click.

Bang!

Click, click.

After five consecutive shots, Jason emptied the shotgun and then stopped.

And the moment Jason paused, the student council president could no longer suppress the dizziness caused by the noise, and she sprawled on the ground.

Vomit!

Vomit, vomit!

The vomit mixed with the viscous substance on her body, giving off a faint sour smell.

Jason, finding the situation distasteful, walked a few steps aside, distancing himself from the student council president.

The student council president opened her mouth to explain, but as soon as she did—

Vomit!

It was another bout of vomiting.

At this moment, however, Jason suddenly turned and swung his blade.

Pfft!

Under the moonlit night, a flash of cold light, and a head soared into the air.

Behind Jason, where there should have been nothing, the headless body of a person suddenly appeared, staggered a step, and collapsed in front of the female student council president.

Seeing the body in front of her, the vomiting female student council president gasped in shock.

Then—

Cough, cough, cough.

The instant the vomit got stuck in her windpipe, a feeling of suffocation arose, and the female student council president promptly dug at her throat.

Accompanied by bouts of coughing, the vomit was expelled once more.

Along with it came snot and tears.

However, this did not prevent the female student council president from identifying her attacker.

"'Illusory Sting'?"

The female student council president was startled.

'Illusory Sting' was supposed to have died inside, wasn't he?

How could there be another one?

"A secret technique?"

"Or twins?"

The female student council president guessed, then she thought of the sticky substance behind her, and instantly, she guessed something, saying, "No! It must be triplets, at least three people, to form 'Illusory Sting'! It is precisely because of the cooperation of the three that 'Illusory Sting' repeatedly turned the tide for the 'Ghost Squad', because everyone thought 'Illusory Sting' was just one person!"

Having figured this out, the female student council president looked towards Jason, still puzzled.

She didn't understand how Jason had discovered it.

Especially the last one, hidden in darkness, completely invisible.

"He had your perfume scent on him."

Jason stated indifferently.

Perfume?

The perfume to avoid being mistakenly targeted by hounds!

The female student council president immediately caught on.

"So you made me vomit to cover up this scent, and then, to confirm if there was anyone else around?"

The female student council president's look towards Jason changed.

It became more full of admiration.

As for Jason?

After being taken aback, he nodded frankly.

He'd seen too many people who could rationalize their actions; he was used to it.

As for the fact that his heightened perception had already locked onto the two enemies and he had confirmed that the one prepared to take the female student council president hostage was merely to buy time, not truly intending to harm her, hence his decisiveness in shooting, there was no need to mention that.

After all, the matter was far from over, wasn't it?

The night breeze blew through.

Jason moved his feet again.

With nearly four times the perception of an average person, he could hear subtle sounds that were inaudible to others.

Naturally, when smelling certain sour odors, it was also far more irritating than for the average person.

The female student council president first paused, then lowered her head and sniffed herself.

Ugh!

The sound of retching appeared once more.

Afterward, the female student council president, her face flushed with embarrassment, hurried back to the library to change clothes and to make a phone call.

Jason, however, began to clean up the battlefield.

The beheaded enemy was no different from the ones before.

Firearms and ammunition were the main items.

But the individual covered in a sticky substance was somewhat different.

Having been battered by shotgun blasts, the body was already mangled.

It lay on the ground, like a pile of mush.

And yet, from such flesh emitted a faint scent of 'food'.

The smell was very faint, so light that Jason needed to inspect closely to detect it.

But what captured Jason's attention even more was the putrid stench that mingled with the 'food' aroma.

It was as if the 'food' before him had spoiled.

Jason looked gravely at the corpse in front of him.

Some speculations arose in his mind.

"Some kind of secret technique?"

"Or..."

"A product of combining a person with 'food'?"

At the thought of the latter, Jason's expression immediately turned icy.

The 'Ghost Squad', instead of being decent people, dared to waste 'food'!

A murderous intent welled up at the bottom of Jason's heart, yet the faint fragrance at the tip of his nose was still alluring, and he couldn't help but lower his head.

Spoiled 'food'...is still 'food', right?

It's edible, isn't it?