

## Menu 334

Chapter 334: Heaven to the Left, Warriors to the Right

A brilliant radiance blossomed at dawn.

The splendid glow was gentle yet tenacious, almost illuminating the entire military camp.

Edward and Griffin stared blankly at this dazzling display.

Though it was fleeting!

But the incoming steel war chariot, amidst the teeth-gritting sound of cutting, was rendered into neat halves.

Sizzle, sizzle!

Like the sound of electricity, black liquid connected the two halves of the chariot, and Mika's incredulous voice emerged from it.

"How is this possible?!"

"How do you know the Chen Xi secret technique?!"

"It's impossible for anyone to know the Chen Xi secret technique now!"

In the midst of the high-pitched shouting, flames began to engulf the chariot.

After the fire spread—

Boom!

In a massive explosion, a fireball tumbled into the air, and dense black smoke made the sky even deeper.

A crystal the size of a jelly bean stood out conspicuously in the darkness.

A rich fragrance began to spread.

Without hesitation, Jason reached out and grabbed it in his hand.

He suppressed the desire to swallow it in one gulp and scanned the chariot wrapped in fierce flames.

Step, step.

The sound of footsteps rose.

Edward and Griffin, who had been watching the battlefield, changed expressions.

"He isn't dead from that!"

Griffin even muttered to himself.

Mika indeed wasn't dead.

But his condition was incredibly dreadful.

His white hat had long vanished, and his leather jacket, shirt, and trousers were tattered, with only a few threads hanging from his body, while his entire body was covered with burns.

Yet his eyes were still undamaged, and he could still stare fixedly at Jason.

"Why do you know the Chen Xi secret technique?"

"Which Chen Xi family's heir are you?"

Mika demanded of Jason.

Jason?

With a flick of his toe, he once again held the shotgun in hand.

Bang!

Click!

Bang!

Click!

Continuous shots ripped through Mika's flesh, making him stagger backwards, blood and flesh soaring through the air.

"Do you think you've won?"

"Do you think defeating me is winning?"

"I'll tell you!"

"Everything has only just begun!"

Mika roared.

At the same time, he was still struggling.

Undoubtedly, firearms had become non-lethal for Mika at this point.

Thus, Jason simply raised his right hand.

Whoosh!

A conical flame engulfed Mika.

The Proficiency Level "Charles Burning Technique", while only possessing power slightly above that of a bullet, caused Mika to scream incessantly with its burning attack.

"Ahh, ahh, ahh!"

"I'm going to kill you!"

"Why can you still use flames!"

The screams were filled with confusion.

As the leader of the Ghost Squad, Mika had come into contact with quite a lot of "mysterious knowledge," which included some profound secrets, but none had the direct ability to wield "flames."

They required complex preparations to use "flames."

Not only were the procedures complicated, but using it was also exceedingly intricate.

If it were possible to use it directly, he would have learned it long ago.

A secret transmission?

No!

Impossible!

Such secret transmissions could no longer appear!

That left only one possibility...

Jason had also gained knowledge from 'those beings'!

Mika suddenly realized.

Only the "bizarre" that appeared on the battlefield possessed such knowledge.

And for Jason, who moved through battlefields, gaining such knowledge was not strange.

He just didn't know which one Jason's knowledge came from?

Was it one he knew about?

Was it hidden by the Silver Federation?

Or had he encountered it alone?

Considering these things, Mika shouted again:

"Enough!"

"Stop!"

"We're on the same side!"

At Mika's shout, Jason truly stopped.

This made Mika even more convinced that Jason was the same kind.



With severe burns, Mika cracked a smile that could be described as ferocious.

"As 'True Kings', we should not fight among ourselves!"

"We are all candidates for the King of the World."

"The Tank Corps of the Silver Federation will soon be here, and they will flatten the entirety of Newdeth City—this was chosen by another 'True King', who has chosen this crude method."

"Of course, it's also possible that 'the one' who granted him strength prefers this method."

"However, regardless of which it is, I think it's better for us to leave quickly."

Believing Jason to be one of the same kind, Mika began to disclose some information.

It was both a demonstration of good faith on his part and a means to pressure Jason.

Being 'True Kings', it wasn't just about being kin.

There was also competition!

After all, there can only be one King of the World!

However, Mika noticed that Jason had just lifted a corner of his mask and stuffed a jelly bean-sized crystal into his mouth.

The hand holding the jelly bean-sized crystal was his right hand.

It was also his right hand that had just shot out the flames.

Could he have been sterilizing at high temperatures?

This idea involuntarily sprang up in Mika's mind.

But then he shook his head immediately.

Impossible!

No way!

Could it be sterilization at high temperatures?

I must be overthinking it!

Yet, that crystal felt familiar...

While Mika pondered, he saw Jason's left hand make a 'seven' gesture, and suddenly, an intense sense of danger rose within Mika.

Mika turned to run, but by then Jason had completed the hand gesture for the "Protection Against Evil". As his thumb released, his index and little finger extended straight, his middle and ring fingers curled towards their pads, with the thumb pressing over the knuckle of both fingers, a special force field appeared.

Aimed directly at Mika!

Bang!

Even after surviving explosions, gunshots, and flames, Mika shattered to pieces.

Life faded from him completely.

Huff.

Jason exhaled a breath of murky air, forcibly suppressing the fatigue that kept emerging.

If he hadn't used the "Protection Against Evil" he had prepared in advance and had not expended a great deal of physical strength using "Chen Xi Sword" before using "Protection Against Evil" again, which could very well have cost him his life, he would have dealt with Mika sooner rather than later. Instead, he chose to 'sterilize' the 'food' with high heat, replenishing his energy and stamina before using "Protection Against Evil" once again.

As for the so-called "Tank Corps" from the Silver Federation?

He didn't need Mika to tell him.

Thanks to his perception, which was four times greater than that of an average person, he had already noticed the abnormality approaching from afar.

However, the 'food' 'burst' by Mika still left Jason satisfied.

It tasted similar to a popsicle.

Hard, crunchy, and sweet.

More importantly, it addressed Jason's immediate problem of extreme hunger.

[Devouring the Core of the Chosen!]

[Physical and mental energy restored beyond normal levels!]

[Satiety +33]

[Satiety: 51]

[Excitement of Feast +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 1]

...

"51 points, 17 lives, huh?"

"Should be enough, right?"

Jason thought silently, looking towards the distant horizon behind him.

Edward and Griffin, who had already arrived, were just about to support Jason's swaying body when both noticed the direction of Jason's gaze.

Without any agreement, they turned their heads to look.

Immediately, their expressions drastically changed.

On the distant horizon, a torrent of steel comprised of a hundred tanks slowly advanced.

And along with it came—

Malice!

The overwhelming malice seemed to solidify within the steel flood, darkening the sky that should have been brightening with dawn even further.

What to do?

Edward and Griffin exchanged glances before turning their attention to Jason.

At this moment, Jason was already charging towards the camp's arsenal.

Machetes against tanks?

Despite the machetes' special materials, Jason didn't think they would be of any use.

Shotguns against tanks?

The thick steel plates were enough to stop the shotgun pellets.

Therefore, he needed explosives, grenades, and the like—if there were cannon-like heavy weapons, that would be even better.

And in the camp's weapons arsenal, such items would not be in short supply.

Edward and Griffin reacted immediately.

Edward followed, running up quickly.

He had just witnessed the entire battle and did not want to miss out on the action to come.

Griffin, however, was a step behind.

He took off his boots, tore the soles off, and revealed a cleverly concealed flare gun inside.

Bang!

The bright flare shot straight up into the sky.

Exploding mid-air into the shape of a 'fish' without flesh.

The unique flare of Fishbone Street.

Seeing the flare, the residents of Fishbone Street naturally knew what to do.



Griffin was well aware that hiding would be pointless at this stage.

Another person meant more strength.

In fact, the residents of Fishbone Street arrived quicker than Griffin expected, and little Bansey, carrying a mortar, was leading the charge. He instantly saw Edward, who was moving explosives from the armory.

"Captain!"

Bansey called out excitedly.

Edward, without even raising his head, pointed towards the distant horizon.

Following the direction of Edward's finger, Bansey's face turned pale as he looked out.

Tanks!

A hundred tanks!

A full Tank Corps!

Bansey, a military man, knew all too well how formidable an organized Tank Corps was!

A single tank was a moving bastion.

A hundred tanks meant a hundred moving bastions.

Moreover, operating in tandem, they could form a complete, mobile position.

Anything or anyone trapped within this formation would only be crushed.

"They, they aren't enemy forces, are they?"

Bansey stuttered.

"Then what do you think I'm doing?"

Edward retorted as he carried out another batch of explosives.

Bansey fell silent.

He dove into the arms depot and began to help.

The residents of Fishbone Street did the same.

None of them retreated.

Or rather...

They didn't dare retreat.

They were all too aware that facing these tanks meant a near-certain death, but to retreat and defy an order from Her Majesty meant certain death.

With over a hundred people mobilizing, the pace quickened dramatically.

But Edward's expression did not ease at all.

There were no defense fortifications.

No support from artillery.

No landmines had been laid in advance.

Infantry against tanks?

Even the most elite soldiers couldn't withstand that, to say nothing of the people before his eyes.

They probably wouldn't last five minutes.

What is to be done?

Edward pondered.

Griffin pondered as well.

But Griffin was considering whether pretending to be dead in a mud pit could get him out of this predicament.

Many of the clever folks shared Griffin's sentiment.

However, at this moment, Jason, with grenades hanging all over his body, emerged from the weapons depot without a word and began striding towards the direction of the oncoming tanks.

"Jason?!"

Edward exclaimed in surprise.

Jason didn't stop his march and maintained his silence, but he lifted his right hand and waved it once.

It seemed like a farewell.

Then—

Thud!

Thud, thud!

Thud, thud, thud!

Jason's heartbeat thumped within his chest, like war drums.

Thunderous as the drums, Jason...

Charged!