

Menu 335

Chapter 335: Once, I Was a Bit Reluctant...

Jason's heart raced as he charged forward like an arrow released from its bow.

The Proficient-level charge not only covered more distance than the basic level but was also faster.

However, the extreme range of 30 meters still wasn't enough to truly close in on the approaching Tank Corps.

So, as the effect of the charge was about to fade, Jason launched another charge.

A surge of blood once again flooded into his heart.

Then it was pumped to every part of his body.

Almost instantly, Jason's body temperature rose by two degrees.

Then as Jason's speed started to slow, it picked up again.

The non-stop charging rapidly drained his physical strength, but at that moment, Jason couldn't care less.

You see, tanks aren't just about crushing!

They also have turrets.

And machine guns.

If he stopped, he would become an easy target.

Earlier, Mika had obviously been affected by the secret technique ritual, which let unexpected strength make him forget himself and try to kill Jason with sheer brutishness instead of firing.

But the Tank Corps in front of him wouldn't make that mistake.

Jason had already seen gun barrels continuously rotating to aim at him.

Behind the machine guns, the shooters were ready too.

Therefore, he could only charge!

He had to use the speed boost provided by the charge to evade the tanks' targeting, even if just for a moment.

But for a long time?

Jason wasn't confident he could dodge a barrage of intense fire.

He just hoped the commander of the Tank Corps had some patience.

With an agility of 2.5 and an additional 0.5 from the charge, Jason, now reaching 3 in agility, had a physique of 2.7, making him even tougher than an average sprinter. With the combined enhancement of physical attributes, Jason was like a cheetah chasing after a gazelle, not only swift but enduring as well.

Ratatat!

Boom, boom, boom!

Bullets chased after Jason from behind.

Shells exploded non-stop on either side.

With nearly four times the perception of an average person, Jason accurately anticipated gun and cannon fire, evading bullets and shells in advance.

In that moment, within the barrage of gunfire, Jason pushed the coordination between his perception and body to the extreme.

The soldiers of the Tank Corps, Edward and others in the military camp, all clearly saw a figure continuously charging through the smoke, weaving back and forth.

"Is this the power of fighting alone?"

Lil' Bansey couldn't help but mutter to himself.

"Quick!"

"Speed up the removal of these weapons and ammunition."

"Part of it should be sent back to Newdeth City."

"The rest of you, build defensive fortifications with me!"

"We can't let Jason's sacrifice be in vain!"

Edward quickly came to his senses and shouted loudly.

In Edward's view, Jason was truly on a suicidal charge, unlikely to survive. Sure, he might withstand it at first, but what about after that?

As his strength waned,

A decline in attention would be inevitable.

In the midst of a storm of bullets, that meant a sure death.

Yet, Jason, with a brief ability to dodge such gunfire, really didn't have to do this.

Jason completely had the option to retreat safely.

So why didn't he?

Because he was here!

They were friends!

He wouldn't leave his friends behind.

How could Jason abandon him?

Realizing this, Edward's face was already streaked with tears.

Lil' Bansey was a bit slow to react, but not dumb. The next moment he too understood Jason's intentions.

From the very beginning, when Bansey asked for Jason's help, Jason never hesitated. He kept a cool head, analyzed the situation, set up the scene, used Griffin as a hostage, and figured out the 'imperial envoy's' location. Then, he acted swiftly.

And now?

Jason was in motion again.

Without a moment's hesitation, just like before.

The waving goodbye... was it a farewell?

Tears suddenly streamed down Lil' Bansey's face.

He silently shouldered his mortar.

He needed to find a suitable position to fire from.

Even with just one shell, he had to provide Jason with support.

"Friendship?"

Griffin, looking at Bansey hauling the mortar to the side, and at Edward taking out one landmine after another from the military wooden boxes, muttered to himself in disbelief.

Could there be such fools?

Isn't living the most important thing?

Only by living do you have hope.

Only by living can you turn the tables against all odds.

"Griffin, let's move, it's time to retreat!"

The residents of Fishbone Street, carrying weapons and ammunition, called out to Griffin.

"Coming."

Griffin turned and walked away.

Some said they were carrying part of the weapons and ammunition back to Newdeth City to form a new line of defense.

In reality, of all the people in the military camp, only Edward and Lil' Bansey remained behind.

The residents of Fishbone Street didn't dare defy Her Majesty's orders, but since they weren't the ones ordered to organize the retreat, they naturally weren't going to stay and genuinely fight to the death.

"Those two fools really think they can stand against an entire Tank Corps?"

"No, make that three!"

"The one who charged out first is the biggest fool!"

The retreating group moved quickly, and their quiet conversations did not impede their speed.

The mocking tone characteristic of Fishbone Street rose from within the crowd.

Accompanied by laughter that couldn't quite be identified as either self-deprecating or sarcastic.

And within this group, a voice suddenly spoke up.

"Yeah, total fools."

"Though they look like heroes."

"Heroes never live long!"

"We're all just rats from the 'gutter', unsuited for heroism!"

These were Griffin's words.

He spoke louder, no longer whispering; as if his booming voice could give him immense resolve.