

Menu 337

Chapter 337: Once, I Was a Bit Reluctant... (3)

As he entered the tank position, the grenades hanging on his body were thrown out like a goddess scattering flowers, each one fast, fierce, and incredibly accurate.

Whether it was the tank's cooling vent or the track and wheel axle.

The throwing technique derived from the "Griffin Shooting Technique."

It might have lacked in some aspects, but at this moment, it was just perfect—

Boom, boom boom!

A series of explosions, and the three tanks around Jason came to a halt.

And this was just the beginning.

He kept moving, kept throwing.

With the sound of explosions, more tanks stopped.

And these immobile tanks became fixed targets for Edward, little Bansey, and Griffin in the distance.

Screech!

Boom!

One after another, mortar shells fell.

Destroying one tank after another.

But this destruction, compared to the total number of the Tank Corps, had just surpassed one-tenth.

In less than half a minute, the elite Tank Corps of the "Silver Federation" had reacted, they dispersed directly, increasing the distance from Jason effectively, and the turrets began to rotate, searching for the three distant mortar launching positions.

Bang, bang bang!

A barrage of dense shells covered the area, silencing Edward and the others. Explore more adventures at [empire](#)

And Jason, having lost support, was once again blocked by the net of machine gun fire.

Jason was trapped in a dilemma once more.

And this time, it was much more dangerous than before.

Not only was there no support, but also because these elite of the Tank Corps had put aside their contempt and began to take him seriously.

Suddenly, the pressure on Jason doubled.

He wished he could just turn around and walk away.

But...

His main quest was: [Obtain Newdeth City's recognition].

Although his recognition was already at 500%, the main quest had not ended.

But if Newdeth City was destroyed, the main quest would be a complete failure.

Therefore, he could not retreat!

Heave! Heave!

Controlling his breathing, Jason dodged the coverage of the fire net.

The places to dodge became smaller and smaller, but Jason's eyes grew colder and calmer.

He calculated the distance.

Then—

A sword strike was unleashed!

The ten-meter-long light sword flashed and was gone!

The tank in front of him was split in two.

At the same time, his heart shattered once again as his physical strength was drained.

But that wasn't all.

The slightly paused Jason was also caught by the net of machine gun fire.

The machine gunners who finally caught Jason pulled their triggers fiercely.

Ratatat!

In less than two seconds, Jason was turned into a pile of mush.

Under the dawn's night sky, amidst rolling dust, the mush that was Jason was concealed.

The machine gunners ceased fire.

Edward, little Bansey, and Griffin watched this scene in despair from afar.

Then, gritting their teeth, they set up the mortar again.

They wanted to use the sound of the cannon to bid farewell to their friend.

And to send themselves off as well.

But just at that moment—

A bright, dazzling sword light once again cut through the pitch-black darkness.

The Chen Xi Sword!

Fearless!

Another tank was slashed apart, and the fire net tore Jason to shreds again.

But the next moment, the Chen Xi Sword was unsheathed once more!

Boom!

Yet another tank was split apart.

"Shoot!"

"Don't stop!"

"Don't give him a chance to breathe!"

Ratatat!

Bang bang bang!

The command from the commander of the Tank Corps turned Jason's location into scorched earth.

Even though he could resurrect,

This kind of resurrection still needed time.

His body was thoroughly mangled.

It needed reassembly.

But before it could reassemble, it was destroyed again.

Jason was caught in a vicious cycle.

The satiation level started to plummet sharply.

Watching this, the commander hiding in a tank issued a cold, scornful laugh.

"Hah, what era is it? And someone still chooses the futile tactic of a knight's charge?"

"No wonder he practiced the Chen Xi secret technique."

"Truly foolish! An idiot!"

"Don't you know, as early as three hundred years ago, when the Chen Xi Church perished, it proved that the way of the knight had already become outdated!"

His voice involuntarily rose.

Through the vehicle's radio, such sentiments spread to all the tanks.

People nodded in agreement.

Knight?

Cavalry?

The splendor of cold weapons?

It's long gone.

The fire net laid down by machine guns has already torn the so-called 'glory' and its last pride to shreds.

What's left?

Is a face fallen into the mud.

Trampled on, over and over.

Three hundred years ago, this scene had played out.

Three hundred years later, the same scene was replayed.

But...

There were some differences.

Three hundred years ago, there was no chance at all.

But three hundred years later, there emerged a glimmer of hope.

His body, reconstructed, was smashed to pieces.

Pain came in waves, one after another, like a tide.

At first, Jason was conscious.

But soon after, his mind grew hazy under the waves of pain.

The gunfire and smoke before his eyes seemed to vanish.

There was only...

A shaded path.

And the chop, chop of woodcutting.

The surrounding trees were lush, and Jason couldn't see the woodsman, but he found himself involuntarily stepping onto the path, walking towards the source of the sound.

After passing through a small patch of forest, a small log cabin appeared there.

An old man with white hair and a tall stature stood in front of the cabin, swinging his ax, splitting the wooden stake before him.

The old man wore simple hemp garments, barefoot, with his arms bare, his sturdy muscles on his arms showing no signs of aging, only an explosive sense of strength.

Chop!

With a swing of his ax, the wooden stake, thick as a thigh, split in two as if it were tofu.

Then, the old man turned his head to look at Jason.

"Unwilling to accept this?" he asked.

In Jason's dazed state, he tried not to answer, but his body moved involuntarily.

He nodded.

The old man smiled.

"Very much like my disciple."

"So stubborn."

"There's nothing to be unwilling about, it is simply the era."

"An era of transition from old to new."

"The old will eventually be outdated, and the new will become the masters of the moment."

"Even if you are reluctant, it's all the same."

The old man spoke slowly.

"You, you are also unwilling to accept this?" Jason asked, his words hazy.

"Of course!"

"Otherwise, why would I appear here?"

"Otherwise, why would I meet you?"

"I can't change what has already happened, but here... I want to try."

"Would you be willing to help me?" After nodding, the old man looked at Jason with a solemn expression.

"Help you?" Jason was taken aback.

Leaving aside the fact that he didn't know how to help,

The situation he had encountered was already beyond help.

His death was merely a matter of time.

"You agree?"

"Thank you," said the old man, his eyes filled with joy.

I didn't agree, did I?!

Jason looked bewildered at the old man.

But the old man patted Jason's shoulder forcefully, three times in succession.

He revealed a smile.

"Just like my disciple, a good kid indeed."

"You are all gifted."

"You all walk proudly."

"You have all experienced glory, death, and gluttony."

"Though you may not remember, but now, you may address me as — the last Knight of Chen Xi, Golan Sen!"

The view blurred again.

The voice grew indistinct as well.

Jason could no longer hear the sounds that followed.

Gunfire and smoke enveloped everything around him.

Then, he found he could move.

He stood up.

Bullets, shells, at that moment seemed to lose their effect on him.

Then, the power of the Chen Xi Sword began to condense within his body.

But unlike before, the power of the Chen Xi Sword this time was tenfold... no, a hundred times stronger than when he used it before!

The next moment—

The sword, unleashed!

Long...

Kilometers!

No object uncut!