

## Menu 338

Chapter 338: In the Shadows of History...

Under the Chen Xi Sword, a kilometer in front of Jason, everything was cleaved in two.

Whether it was a chariot or the ground.

A trench ten meters deep and a kilometer long appeared on the battlefield.

And this was not the end.

After the kilometer-long Chen Xi Sword was slashed, it didn't disappear; Jason still 'held' it in his hand.

Jason pivoted on the ball of his foot, his waist rotating sharply.

Then, he abruptly retracted it.

Suddenly, the Chen Xi Sword in his hand drew a perfect 'circle'.

The chariots on the battlefield paused for a moment within this 'circle'.

Then—

All the turrets of the chariots silently slid off.

Unlike Jason's usual Chen Xi Sword, at this moment, both its length and sharpness had reached an inconceivable degree.

No object could withstand such a strike.

Any existence facing this sword would tremble with fear.

Laughter!

Exhilarated laughter echoed across the battlefield.

It seemed to originate from where Jason stood.

But, the voice was not Jason's.

It was much older.

The laughter continued for several seconds, finally ending with a word of thanks—

"Thank you."

The voice rang out right beside Jason's ear.

Then, it vanished.

Jason, who was in a daze, gradually came to his senses, but the tide of exhaustion that washed over him caused him to collapse to the ground.

Thump.

Huff huff huff.

His loud breathing became the only sound on this silent battlefield.

Edward, little Bansey, and Griffin had only just recovered their senses from afar.

The three unconsciously gathered together, and then, headed over to this location.

"Am I dreaming?"

Griffin mumbled to himself, then pinched little Bansey.

"Ouch ouch ouch!"

"What are you doing?"

Little Bansey glared at Griffin.

"It seems I'm not dreaming, but, but was that just now... a sword?"

Griffin nodded, his face more confused than before.

Not just Griffin was confused.

Edward and little Bansey were equally bewildered.

A kilometer-long sword had far surpassed their imagination.

In fact, they had been amazed enough when Jason earlier unleashed a strike that was ten meters long.

But a kilometer at this moment?

It was beyond their wildest dreams.

However, one thing was certain.

They had won!

And...

They had all survived!

After the shock, the joy of having escaped danger began to surface; they put the recent events behind them and ran together towards Jason, lifting the unconscious man and tossing him into the air.

"We won!"

"We've won!"

The trio shouted.

The tossed Jason instantly woke up.

But upon hearing the voices of Edward, little Bansey, and Griffin, he closed his eyes once more.

He was so tired.

It was as if he had been awake all night for a month.

Now, he just wanted to sleep for a while.

As for everything else?

He would deal with that when he woke up.

...

Clack, clack.

The sound of a sword being sheathed and armor clashing continued to ring out; Jason frowned slightly and then opened his eyes.

A strange ceiling.

And his body was aching severely.

Looking down, he saw his body wrapped in bandages.

Not just his torso, but also his arms.

What had happened?

As Jason pondered, a familiar voice rang out.

"Lucky, tenacious kid."

"I knew you'd be okay."

A tall man walked in.

His face was unfamiliar, but the moment Jason saw him, he blurted out a question.

"Captain, where are the others?"

As he spoke, Jason struggled to sit up.

Jason frowned.

He hadn't intended to speak or move.

Yet, his body acted on its own accord.

It seemed...



This body wasn't his own?

A realization rose within him, and the view in front of Jason shifted from first-person to third-person.

From the side, he saw a young man lying on a bed.

Despite the scars, the bandages, and looking much younger, Jason could still recognize him as the man who called himself 'the last Knight of Dawn' Grantson.

The young Grantson!

Under Jason's gaze, the young Grantson looked expectantly at his captain.

"Sorry."

The captain shook his head sadly.

The young Grantson's eyes instantly lost their spirit, and he lay back down on the hospital bed.

The tall captain tucked in the young Grantson.

The captain said no more.

He just patted the young Grantson's head before standing up to leave.

But at this moment, the settled Grantson once again struggled to sit up.

"Captain, I want to return to the battlefield," Grantson said.

"Lie down."

"The Chen Xi Church has not yet fallen to the point where it sends an injured soldier to battle."

After speaking, the captain walked out of the room.

Jason's view lingered on Grantson.

Then—

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Loud alarm bells rang; the door to the room was abruptly pushed open.

Two nuns ran in.

"Enemy attack!"

"Grantson, we'll take you away." Continue your adventure at empire

With those words, the two nuns helped Grantson to their feet without further discussion, which was difficult, especially since Grantson refused to cooperate.

He pushed the nuns away, grabbed the sword by the bed, and stumbled out of the room.

Outside, a group of knights was already fully armed.

The captain stood at the forefront.

"Captain, count me in," Grantson called out.

"Alright."

The tall captain nodded and then, in the next moment, knocked out Grantson.

Grantson fell unconscious, but Jason's perspective remained.

He watched as Grantson was carried onto a carriage by the two nuns, he saw the tall captain and knights watching as cart after cart departed.