

Menu 351

Chapter 351: Taste

The intense light burst forth.

"Aahhh!"

The soldiers focusing intently on Jason screamed one after another; the tight formation could no longer be maintained, and Jason immediately activated [Charge], surging forward like a gust of wind.

The next moment, he was already in front of these soldiers.

Then, he leaped into the air.

Having been enhanced by the [Prus-Griffon Body Forging Technique], Jason's jumps came with the advantage of a +0.3 to strength and agility ratings. Though it might seem marginal, for Jason, with baseline strength and agility ratings of 2.6 and 2.5 respectively, such an enhancement allowed him nearly three times the strength and agility of an average person.

Whoosh!

The sound of wind whistled past his ears as Jason vaulted over the soldiers and vehicles behind them, like a hurdler, and the instant his feet touched the ground, he activated [Charge] once more.

Like an arrow released from its bow, Jason rushed into the building opposite.

Killing was not the best solution.

Especially when the enemy was strong and he was weak, the helicopters and rocket launchers above told Jason what he needed to do.

Butchering ground troops would only get him targeted.

Exiting swiftly and entering the building to obstruct the enemy's vision was the correct course of action.

As for the [Flash Technique]?

Taking them by surprise, it's most effective the first time!

The building in front of him was a mid-sized supermarket. Before Jason had seen through the glass windows people walking back and forth, shopping.

But when Jason rushed into the supermarket, everyone had collapsed unconscious.

Scattered and sprawled across the floor.

No!

To be precise, all the adults were unconscious.

But the children were awake.

A comical clown strolled through an ordinary town, laughing and engaging in slapstick performances, eliciting laughter from the children with every act.

Then...

The clown kidnapped a town resident.

"Look!"

"What have I captured?"

"A person!"

"Does human flesh taste good? Is it nutritious?"

"Let me tell you!"

With a chuckle, he brought the captive home and began a terrifying description, still maintaining the comedic tone, and the imagery was still animated, while the children watched intently.

However, an inexplicable horror began to permeate the air.

Especially when that clown started to skin the town resident, the cruelty was unspeakable.

Though it was an animation, Jason still sensed the gore.

It was as if he was watching a live person being flayed right before his eyes.

Pain!

An intense pain spread from Jason's chest.

Thump, thump-thump!

His heart, already beating wildly from [Charge], started pounding again, bringing wave after wave of pain.

Under this kind of pain, a normal person would have long since fainted, but for Jason, who had experienced his heart bursting countless times, the pain was bearable, and fainting was out of the question.

He just felt a tightness in his chest, a slight desire to rest.

No need to sit down, just standing and catching a breath would suffice.

But the pursuing soldiers were not so lucky.

The moment they stormed the supermarket, they clutched their chests and collapsed one by one.

This situation horrified the commanding officer.

"Stop!"

"Everyone stop, withdraw..."

He hadn't finished the word "retreat" when the commander glanced at the television screen and also fell down, his voice abruptly cut off.

Jason swept a glance over his almost utterly defeated pursuers and breathed a sigh of relief.

The helicopter and rocket launchers were still there.

However, the sight before them was enough to make the enemy hesitant.

As for the strange TV program?

Jason frowned, his gaze shifting back to it.

By this time, the television had moved on to the clown cooking the town resident, and the whole process was .

Far from being scared, the surrounding children were more focused than before.

It seemed they were learning.

And where there's learning, practice is required.

And the object of practice?

In the supermarket, the only one standing was Jason.

The group of kids watching the TV all turned their heads simultaneously to look at Jason; each of them had a smile, their eyes filled with obsession, like first-time biology students staring at a frog about to be dissected.

This scene involuntarily took Jason back to his rather unpleasant experience at the 'Moon Mask' club.

So, he picked up a shopping cart nearby and hurled it straight at them.

Whoosh!

The shopping cart roared as it fiercely slammed into the television.

Bang!

The TV immediately fell from its mount, crashing to the ground.

Amidst the dull thud, the television screen shattered, yet the cartoon did not end—the clown inside remained active; beneath the fragmented screen, the clown was no longer comical.

He appeared sinister and ferocious.

Seemingly unconsciously, he uttered:

"Surprise?"

"What a surprise!"

"Thank you for watching!"

"We'll see each other again next time!"

The last sentence was spoken directly at Jason.

The moment the voice fell, the television 'boomed' and exploded.

Jason flared his nostrils, then he was filled with disappointment.

There was no scent of 'food.'

Was it because the TV signal was inedible?

Jason wondered.

Then, he immediately shook his head.

No!

It wasn't that the TV signal couldn't be eaten!

It was... I hadn't found the correct way to consume it!

Yes, that's it!

As long as the method is correct, everything is edible!

That's what Jason thought as he turned and headed towards those soldiers.

With the television set exploding, these soldiers showed signs of waking up.

Jason immediately struck out with karate chops.

After knocking out these soldiers, he began to search for anything useful, including but not limited to weapons, ammunition, and coins. He couldn't bring himself to act against ordinary people out of self-respect, but for those with even a hint of malice?

Jason never felt any psychological burden.

Pistols x2.

Shotgun x1.

Automatic rifle x1.

Dagger x1.

Tactical vest x1.

Grenades X6.

Smoke bombs x3.

Flashbangs x3.

Various bullets in quantity.

Coins 207.

If it weren't impossible to carry more, Jason would definitely strip the squad of all their gear.

Slipping the tactical vest under his hoodie, he placed the two pistols, grenades, smoke bombs, flashbangs, and various ammo in the vest, and packed what wouldn't fit into his backpack. After slinging

the shotgun, automatic rifle, and the backpack over his shoulder, Jason quickly ran towards the supermarket's back door.

Outside the back door was an alley similar to the one where Jason had been before.

However, there were no tall buildings on both sides.

One side had a three-story supermarket, and the other, an eight-story building.

There weren't as many trash bins on both sides.

But the ground was much dirtier, with many empty bottles thrown about, and with the wind blowing, papers fluttered and cans rolled.

A rotating iron ladder was firmly fixed to the wall of the eight-story building, extending downwards, with a small door on each floor; most of them were tightly shut.

But the door on the second floor was open.

From inside, intense arguing could be heard.

"I've said it, it's none of my business!"

"And don't bother me again!"

"You forced me into this!"

A voice that should've been somewhat crisp was turned shrill because of anger.

Then—

Three figures were thrown out from the small door.

They flew over the second-floor railing and landed right in front of Jason.

The hard impact caused all three to groan and lay on the ground, unable to get up.

Then, a tall, robust...woman came out from the second-floor door.

She flashed a middle finger at the three people moaning on the ground.

"Scram!"

"Don't show up in front of me again."

"Or I'll break your XX."

The woman shouted loudly.

The three people groaning on the ground quickly scrambled to their feet and ran out of the alley.

The woman snorted coldly and her gaze naturally fell on Jason, who was standing nearby.

Similarly, Jason also looked at the woman.

Robust!

That was Jason's first impression.

Look at those thick arms and legs, even clothed in a jacket and jeans, the definition was clear.

Tall!

That was Jason's second impression.

At least 1.9 meters tall, surpassing most ordinary men.

With strong muscles all over her body, she had an aggressive presence.

However, the woman's features were not unattractive.

With slightly slanted almond-shaped eyes, thick reddish-brown hair cascading down, and brows of the same color shaped into short arcs adorning above her eyes, a high nose bridge, and a chicken bone in her mouth.

At that moment, she was watching Jason warily.

Especially after seeing the firearms covered by Jason's backpack, her vigilance peaked.

But the tall, robust woman didn't back away.

Instead, there was a sense of...

Eagerness to try?

Even excitement?

What a strange woman.

After giving such an evaluation, Jason strode towards the exit of the alley.

Although it was the first time he saw such a tall, strong woman, that didn't slow his steps.

Watching Jason's retreating figure, the tall, robust lady seemed a bit baffled.

She thought she had found a worthy opponent.

But why did he leave?

Instinctively, she wanted to chase after him.

But after only a few steps, she realized that Jason was getting faster and faster.

Is it a race?

This excited her immediately, and she started chasing with her long legs.

Jason could clearly sense the strange woman chasing him from behind and involuntarily picked up the pace even more. After taking several turns to make sure he had lost her, he stopped in front of a newsstand.

"Give me a map and today's newspaper."

"How much?"

Standing in front of the newsstand, Jason spoke directly.

In a strange city, vital information was indispensable.

"1.5 yuan in total, the newspaper for 0.5 yuan, the map for 1 yuan," the newsstand owner replied.

Handing over 1.5 yuan, Jason took the newspaper and the map.

The date on the newspaper was YA90.9.15, with no content that caught Jason's attention. He then looked at the map, searching for his desired destination.

The next moment—

Jason found what he was looking for: Ang City TV Station!

If it's a TV show, there's got to be a signal, right?

See you next time?

Jason didn't like being so passive.

He decided to take the initiative in this appointment.

He thought...

I want to taste your flavor.