

Menu 355

Chapter 355: Around the Corner...

The sweetness spread in his mouth, and Jason sucked with increasing vigor.

Squeak, squeak!

Amidst the teeth-gritting noises, Jason, engrossed in his vigorous sucking, unconsciously left sharp indentations on the steel with his teeth.

It took a full five seconds before Jason finally released his mouth.

The words before his eyes emerged vividly.

[Swallowed the twisted cartoon clown!]

[Physical Strength and energy excessively restored!]

[Satiety +22]

[Satiety: 104]

...

"104 points of satiety, 34.6 lives."

Regaining over 30 lives, Jason couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief; that long-lost sense of security had returned once again.

This made an additional smile appear on Jason's lips.

In this main mission of surviving 30 days in the replica world, was there anything better than an extra life as a trump card?

Naturally, it was having 30 lives!

At least, this would give Jason more capital to maneuver with.

Whether it was any fast-acting organization or some bizarre 'food'.

Of course, even if the 'food' became bizarre, the taste was still pretty good.

Jason, recollecting that hint of sweetness, took out a dagger and began to scrape off the teeth marks he had unconsciously left behind.

Although his satiety was quite sufficient at the moment, it did not mean that Jason would recklessly ignore any clues he left behind.

Undying Body was his biggest trump card.

Satiety was his biggest secret.

The two seemed unrelated.

But the world was never short of clever people.

Jason couldn't guarantee that no one would link the two together.

The fact that nobody had thought this way before didn't mean that this replica world lacked someone who might think so.

Therefore, he had to make the appropriate concealment.

The best way to hide a leaf was to put it in the forest.

Hide 'battle traces'?

Naturally using new battle traces to cover them up!

The scraping of the dagger went smoothly, more marks appeared around the teeth impressions, and then, Jason raised his hand to grasp this segment of the steel of the signal tower.

The next moment—

Hoo!

Flame burst forth.

Flames wrapped around Jason's right hand.

Flames more powerful than bullets slowly and tenaciously seared the marks.

After a dozen seconds, the segment of steel had already turned a glowing red.

Jason released his hand and turned to look downstairs.

The familiar black muscle car had already entered his field of vision.

Without a doubt, the TV station would soon be surrounded by the earlier soldiers.

"Even faster than I imagined!"

Jason made such a remark and walked towards the other side, where there was a drainpipe.

Jason slid down along the drainpipe, agile as a monkey, landing on his feet just as the organization's soldiers stepped out of their vehicle.

Without any hesitation, Jason quickly left through the shadows of the TV station's back alley.

He did not want to encounter this organization.

Not before, not now.

Before, it was a biological instinct for the preservation of freedom.

Now?

It was an even more irresistible reason in Jason's view: hunting for 'food'.

The 'twisted cartoon clown' was enough to tell Jason just how delicious the food in this city, in this world, could be.

As long as he found the right method, he could taste various delicacies.

Was there anything more exciting for Jason?

Naturally, it was...

That organization must also have similar 'food'.

Jason was quite sure of this.

Judging by the swift response of the organization, they definitely weren't new to such situations.

If it was not the first time, they had multiple experiences.

Then, during those many actions, there must have been successful ones.

Even if it was only one success out of ten, over time, it added up to a terrifying number.

Jason was very eager to rush in and have a feast.

The hunger within him kept prodding him incessantly.

But he restrained and endured.

He knew now was not the time!

At least not until he became stronger, facing squads of fully armed soldiers with planes and cannons was not practical.

Reckless action would only lead to a graveless death.

"Patience will make the 'food' tastier!"

Jason recalled this saying.

Then, just before stepping out of the alley, he turned to take one more glance at those soldiers.

"I'll leave my 'food' in your care for now."

"As a 'refrigerator,' you must keep them well preserved!"

After muttering to himself, Jason left without looking back.

As for the organization referred to as a 'refrigerator' by Jason, they had not noticed him at all behind the TV station alley; they were completely entangled with a group of frenzied children.

These children, who should have been adorable, were now crazed.

They were attacking the members of the organization with sharp knives and blades.

"Don't shoot!"

"Subdue them!"

"Subdue them!"

Edmund, armed with a grenade launcher, yelled loudly.

As an old C-rank member of the organization, Edmund knew all too well the methods of these action team members.

Killing was the most direct choice of these action team members.

If they couldn't kill, then they would think of something else—that was the way these action team members behaved.

Edmund had no criticism for such choices and methods of behavior.

Because he knew the reasons why these action team members made such choices.

Bizarre, terrifying containment items.

A high mortality rate.

Every action resulted in someone's death.

Every mishap led to widespread death.

Any person who stays in such an environment and doesn't go mad is ample proof of their excellence and mental tenacity.

For example: him!

He is an excellent person.

Although many operations failed, he survived by relying on his own caution.

Moreover, he became a C-level member.

Although he can't compare with B-level members, Edmund is much more relieved than the pitiful D-level.

At least, he wouldn't be subject to humanitarian destruction.

At least, he isn't expendable.

At least, he doesn't need to be evaluated every month.

At least, he won't be executed at the end of the month.

This made him grateful and motivated him to act more positively.

Bang!

Using the butt of his gun, Edmund knocked down a madman rushing at him and quickly moved forward.

They had already taken notice of this "twisted animated clown" and had taken containment measures: a citywide blackout followed by severing the signal tower.

It was supposed to happen today.

But the appearance of "Mask Man" disrupted the plan.

Not only did it expose flaws in their arrangement, but the powers of "Mask Man" seemed to be stronger than the rumors suggested.

"We must collect information again!"

With this thought, Edmund rushed into the television station.

Inside the lobby, people had begun to wake up one after another.

Edmund didn't pay attention to those who would naturally be counseled by a psychologist; his eyes were fixed on the huge screen.

However, Edmund didn't lack the necessary vigilance.

And the most direct method--

Bang!

Edmund directly shot and shattered the big screen.

The gunfire made the people around scream again.

This was normal, after they had just been frightened.

Edmund didn't care about these normal people, his gaze turning to a thin man with glasses and a somber expression.

He noticed that while everyone around screamed, this man screamed too, but notably later than the others, and even at this point, he was looking around nervously.

There was a problem!

Edmund immediately gestured, and at once, three operation members surrounded the just-awakened Bob.

"It wasn't my fault!"

"I was threatened too!"

"It's all that freak's fault!"

Bob immediately started crying and shouting when the operation team's members pointed their guns at him.

A freak?

Threatened?

Edmund's eyes lit up.

He felt he had caught a big fish.

"Take him away for a thorough interrogation!" Edmund commanded.

Then, he led the operation members upstairs to the top floor once more.

Edmund was cautious all the way.

But until they reached the top floor, nothing happened.

Similarly, the top floor was eerily quiet.

Except under the signal tower was a patch of steel with obvious searing marks.

Edmund cautiously approached before he had physically touched the steel, he could already feel the heat.

"Searing?"

"An accident? Or..."

"A fight?"

Edmund muttered to himself, looking up at the signal tower in front of him.

"Complete the inspection!" Edmund ordered.

What next?

That was no longer his concern.

More skilled personnel would take over.

And him?

He would naturally enjoy a brief yet delightful vacation.

This was a privilege afforded to C-level members after field operations, and it was also the privilege he was most eager to see.

Staying in that dark, sunless underground base day after day, he would go mad if he didn't come out for some air.

And better yet, to have a glass of Jing wine and some cashews!

Thinking this, Edmund couldn't help but feel his spirits soar.

But just then--

At that moment, he was walking down an underground corridor.

21:50

"Calling! C-level member, Edmund!"

"Calling! C-level member, Edmund!"

"Immediately evacuate the television station!"

"Evacuate the crowd!"

"Safe radius 5 kilometers out!"

"Repeat..."

The words coming from the radio on his shoulder made Edmund's face change, although he didn't know what had happened, he immediately shouted to the operation members around him, "Evacuate the crowd, retreat! Retreat!"

The trained operation members began the retreat in an orderly fashion.

People around, already panicked from the recent fright, obviously had no objections to the retreat.

Quickly, a martial law zone with a 5-kilometer radius was established.

In this restricted area, not one person remained.

No!

To be precise, there was one.

Jason!

At that moment, he was walking down an underground corridor.

To avoid the surveillance cameras on the streets, he had to enter this seemingly abandoned underground corridor at the corner of the street.

But to Jason's surprise, this seemingly abandoned corridor had clean walls that were a stark white, and after walking about 20 meters, there appeared a 2-meter-high door with a brass handle.

Looking at this bizarre door, Jason frowned.

Instinctively, Jason flared his nostrils.

Then...

He didn't hesitate to push the door in front of him.

Creak!

The door opened.