

Menu 358

Chapter 358: Demolish...?

As the representatives of the two groups gave the command, the men, their faces twisted in malicious grins and filled with murderous intent, charged directly at Jason.

They didn't use firearms.

It wasn't that they didn't have them, but rather they couldn't use them.

Although this place was secluded and hidden, gunfire would still attract unwanted trouble.

They certainly didn't want to encounter such trouble.

After all, their transaction was not something that could see the light of day.

As for whether they could take down Jason with their bare hands?

Just look at their numbers!

There were a dozen of them.

And on the other side, there was only one!

Taking down one man with a dozen was as easy as pie.

In fact, these people were quite confident. Not to mention a dozen, even in a 1VS1 situation, every one of them was confident they could take down Jason.

You must understand, they were professionals!

And Jason?

Although he looked tall and strong, he was just an ordinary person.

Could a strong lamb beat a lion?

The answer is, of course, no.

Even now, many were already licking their lips, ready to give Jason a warm welcome afterwards.

These past few days, for this transaction, they had accumulated quite a bit of stress.

It was time for a release.

And Jason?

He just as much didn't want to stir up trouble.

However, the trouble he cared about and the trouble these two groups cared about were not the same at all.

So, this created a wonderful misunderstanding and an inevitable outcome.

Watching the two groups rush at him, Jason slung off his backpack.

The next moment, he dual-wielded a shotgun and an automatic rifle.

The sneers on the faces of the charging men froze, and they stared dumbfounded at the barrels of the guns, then back at Jason, as if they were seeing a ferocious Tyrannosaurus Rex baring its sharp teeth and starting to roar!

Instinctively, these men reached for their guns, but by that time, Jason had already pulled the trigger.

Bang!

Ratatat!

The shotgun's pellets sprayed out en masse, instantly lethal at close range to ordinary people, while the continuous fire from the automatic rifle filled the gaps when the shotgun was being reloaded.

The two groups were stunned.

Enveloped by bullets, they were annihilated within a few breaths.

Both representatives included were lying in pools of blood.

Two black cases fell to the ground.

Jason walked over and picked up the two black cases.

One was filled with Old Banknotes.

The other contained a white powder which emitted an odor Jason found extremely distasteful.

Facing the latter, Jason didn't hesitate to summon a Flame in his hand.

Whoosh!

The fierce blaze quickly consumed the black case.

As for the case with the Old Banknotes?

After stuffing them all into his backpack, he likewise lit the case on fire.

Having finished all this, Jason quickly left the scene.

He couldn't be certain of the 'fridge's search radius, so he had to get away as fast as possible.

As for whether the gunshots had exposed his whereabouts?

To Jason, it was better to use "guns" to quickly deal with those bastards and gain the time to leave on his own initiative rather than resolve it bare-handed, waste time, and risk being caught up by 'fridge' operatives.

Meanwhile, Jason felt an additional surge of annoyance toward the 'kitchen' he had just left.

If it hadn't been for their use of partially real, partially fake food that not only misled him but left him unfed, he would not have been so angry. His rage had impeded his perception, and he wouldn't have encountered these two groups at all.

"Not only must I control hunger in the face of a single food item, but I must also restrain myself in the presence of abundant food!" Jason admonished himself internally.

He had recently made significant progress in controlling his hunger, but faced with the 'kitchen' filled with excessive amounts of food, he still couldn't resist.

In the final moment, he could clearly feel his emotions once again affected by hunger, becoming somewhat uncontrolled.

Objectively speaking, however, this wasn't his fault.

He was just a beginner at 'controlling hunger', yet he had to face a 'high-level challenge'. Failure was inevitable.

But Jason didn't want to make excuses for himself.

It was an accident.

But that didn't mean every accident would bring such good luck.

What if today he had encountered not a bunch of ordinary scoundrels, but a genuinely formidable opponent?

Whoosh!

Jason, running, exhaled deeply.

He quickly calmed down, remembering his caution to himself.

After making sure he was completely calm, Jason finally looked at the prompt that had appeared when he 'devoured' the 'kitchen'—

[Devour the Chaos Corridor!]

[Physical Strength and Energy Excessively Restored!]

[Satiety +25]

[Satiety: 129]

...

"Chaos Corridor?"

"Not 'Kitchen'?"

Jason was momentarily taken aback but soon his attention was drawn to the 129 points of satiety.

"My Talent has come back."

"I need to find a quiet, safe place to upgrade the 'Prus-Griffon Body Forging Technique'."

"Hm?"

Jason, lost in thought, suddenly twitched his ears.

He heard footsteps behind him.

Pursuers?

...

The gunshots in the alley attracted enough attention.

However, the first to arrive wasn't from the officials or anyone from the 'fridge'.

It was a tall, strong woman.

She jumped down from the rooftop, and the moment her feet hit the ground, her robust leg muscles didn't tremble at all; she stood firm.

She scanned the scene, her pretty almond eyes lingering on the remnants of the burnt cases.

"Did someone beat me to it?"

"That was my living expense!"

"Don't let me catch you!"

"Otherwise..."

The woman muttered fiercely to herself while flaring her nostrils.

Then, her eyes suddenly lit up.

"This scent?!"

"It's him!"

The woman who quickly confirmed the source of the scent leaped onto the rooftop and charged toward it.

In just a few minutes, the tall, muscular woman caught sight of that familiar figure.

"Hey!"

She shouted loudly.

Jason heard the shout.

Although it wasn't a pursuer, he had no intention of stopping.

On the contrary, he ran even faster.

Given his current situation, he didn't want to get involved with anyone, especially someone who seemed to be such trouble.

Seeing Jason speed up, the woman immediately got excited.

"A race?"

"Are you racing me?"

"Last time there were too many people, and I lost!"

"This time!"

"The winner will definitely be me!"

The woman yelled at the top of her lungs, picking up her pace as well.

And, it seemed in the interest of fairness, she didn't continue to race across rooftops but jumped down and started what she considered a footrace with Jason through the alleys.

Ten minutes.

Twenty minutes.

Thirty minutes.

As time ticked by, the velocity of Jason and the tall, muscular woman didn't slow in the slightest.

On the contrary, they became faster and faster.

By now, they had long left the secluded alleyways and entered an unfamiliar block.

The buildings here were even more dilapidated.

Dirty water and excrement flowed freely.

The inhabitants were almost indistinguishable from homeless people.

Yet, their gazes were incredibly ferocious.

They either leaned against the walls or squatted on the ground, glaring around like malevolent wolves.

Then, they saw Jason.

Instantly, their eyes flashed dangerously.

Next, they saw the tall, muscular woman.

At once, their gazes became timid.

Without hesitation, they scrambled back to their homes.

All the while, yelling nonstop—

"Run!"

"That crazy woman is here!"

"Crazy woman is here!"

Such shouts naturally caught Jason's attention.

Crazy woman?

He turned to glance at the woman chasing persistently behind him and thought the title befitting.

She had been pursuing him for nearly an hour.

Not only had her speed not decreased, but her physical strength also seemed exceedingly abundant.

And up to this point, Jason still didn't know why she was chasing him.

As Jason turned to look back, the woman who had been hot on his trail sensed it and raised her head to reveal a brilliant smile.

She swung her leg in a sweeping arc.

Whoosh!

With a scalp-tingling swoosh as if a marble pillar were sweeping through the air, Jason didn't block, nor did he need to dodge, for there was already a distance between them.

But to be cautious, Jason remained on guard.

Next, he saw the woman's sweeping kick collapse the cement wall beside her.

Bang!

A muffled thud, and the cement wall crumbled away from her leg's impact.

Then, the woman lifted her leg for another kick.

This one was a direct front kick.

Again, there was a considerable distance from Jason, nowhere near enough to reach him.

So, this kick landed on an abandoned power pole instead.

Crack!

The solid wooden pole snapped where she kicked it and began to fall backward.

But before the top half of the pole completely hit the ground, the tall, muscular woman caught it in her hands, and once again, she turned her radiant smile towards Jason, who was some distance away.

Then—

Whoosh, whooooooosh!

The power pole in her hands whipped through the air, generating howling winds.

As thick as a man's thigh and six or seven meters long, the pole became like a small stick in the hands of the tall, muscular woman, creating afterimages with its movement.

Immediately, the surrounding decrepit streets seemed to face demolition.

Bang!

Boom!

Crash!

Muffled sounds continued, and collapses were unending.

When Jason finally burst out of the block and looked back, the already run-down neighborhood had collapsed by half.

"Not to attack me, but simply out of spite for those people calling her a crazy woman just now?"

A realization dawned on Jason.

At this moment, the solid wood of the power pole in the woman's hands snapped again.

She, holding the pole now broken into two pieces, directly threw it.

This time it was genuinely aimed at Jason.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

The two pieces of the broken pole flew one after the other at Jason, who easily dodged them. The pieces plunged straight into the asphalt road, and meanwhile, the tall, muscular woman burst forth with incredible speed, closing the gap to only two or three meters from Jason.

Watching the approaching figure getting closer and closer, Jason was about to turn and leave.

But his nostrils subconsciously twitched.

Suddenly, Jason's footsteps came to a halt.