

Menu 365

Chapter 365: Project Report

'The Undying' legend?

Jason!

Jason is the rumored 'Undying'!

He is that 'Masked Man'!

With such obvious hints, even Aras immediately caught on. Her eyes widened as she began to size Jason up and down.

There was no panic in her eyes, only excitement and curiosity.

"Jason, where is your mask?"

"Isn't it said that your strength comes from the mask?"

"Why are you still immortal after removing the mask?"

Driven by curiosity, Aras bombarded him with questions.

Jason, however, did not respond; the 'food' in his hand was emitting an enticing aroma.

Devour it!

Devour it!

Voices in his head were incessantly urging Jason on.

But Jason was holding back, unmoved.

Even though the struggle of endurance was making his muscles tremble and spasm uncontrollably, even distorting his face, he continued to endure.

Because Jason knew very well that if he gave in to the voices in his head at this moment, everything he had done, everything he had upheld, would be wasted.

"Aras, help me search that tower and the lower room on the other side."

"Take out anything that might be useful."

"Hurry."

Despite the torment of hunger, Jason tried to articulate his words clearly to Aras.

He really wished he could go himself.

But just resisting this tide-like hunger had already exhausted all his strength.

At this moment, to say nothing of searching for potential spoils of war, he was worried that the least motion would make him throw the 'food' directly into his mouth.

Man's greatest enemy is always himself.

Jason once again realized the truth of this saying.

He would rather fight his recent enemies again than suffer such torment.

But it was something he must endure.

As long as he still wanted to continue moving forward and not be dominated by the desires of starvation and consumption, he had to bear all this.

However, time did not permit him to dawdle like this.

The recent commotion here was significant; although in the suburbs, given the operational capability of the 'Fridge' organization, it wouldn't take long for them to arrive.

Therefore, he could only rely on Aras.

"Leave it to me!"

Aras said, and ran towards the tower.

In a short while, Aras ran out carrying a thick tome.

The book was as tall as a four- or five-year-old child when stood up, and its thickness reached a staggering 40 centimeters. What caught Jason's attention the most, however, was that the book's cover was glistening with a metallic luster.

When Aras placed the book in front of Jason—

Bang!

The floor let out a dull thud.

At least 200 pounds.

Jason judged by the sound.

After putting down the book, Aras ran towards the lower house on the other side of the tower.

This time, Aras came out much faster.

"Everything's decayed; there's nothing worth noticing."

"That must have been a nursery, but there's nothing there."

Aras reported truthfully.

Jason nodded.

Then, he gestured for Aras to bring a bottle of clean water.

Without the cleansing of strong liquor, there had to be the cleansing of water, which was Jason's bottom line when eating.

In addition to the many munitions and energy bars brought by the truck, there was also plenty of water. Although Jason didn't ask for it, Aras took the initiative and carried two boxes before the ground split swallowed the arsenal and energy bars. Because they were farther away, the two boxes of water were spared and became essential tools for Jason's cleansing.

Whoosh, whoosh whoosh.

Bottled water with a hint of chillness cleansed both his hands and the 'food'.

After confirming that he had washed everything clean, Jason lifted his hand and threw the pearl-like 'food' into his mouth.

Sour and sweet, with a unique taste.

It was...

Strawberries!

Jason's eyes lit up, and the corners of his mouth involuntarily turned up.

Looking at the abandoned, mottled mansion filled with the stench of decay, a realization arose from the bottom of his heart: Everything is bitter, only you are strawberry flavored.

Yes, just a little bit of sweet strawberry flavor.

Being able to eat is such bliss.

Jason sincerely admired.

Then, his gaze was attracted by the text that appeared in front of him—

[Devour Resurgence Contrary!]

[Physical strength, spirit replenished beyond normal!]

[Excitement of Feast +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 4]

...

"Resurgence Contrary?"

"Strange name."

Jason commented, and was not surprised by the Excitement of Feast appearing; given the intensity of the previous battle, it would have been strange if it had not appeared.

In the final stages of the previous fight, he had released 'Protection Against Evil' five times through 'death,' reducing his satiety from 48 to 33 points.

Luckily, he had just gotten a replenishment.

Allowing him to have nearly thirty lives once again.

The feeling of unease slightly diminished.

"Let's go."

Jason picked up the large, heavy tome and gestured to Aras, then started walking out.

He was already hearing the faint sound of engines in his ears.

Aras immediately followed.

And just after Jason and Aras left, three fully-armed response teams arrived by vehicle.

The first to jump off the vehicle was Edmund.

Looking at the cracked ground, looking at the distant mansion filled with an odd sensation, Edmund's sense of caution reached its peak.

"Be careful!"

After cautioning the team members beside him, Edmund approached the mansion with a grenade launcher in hand.

"It's been bombed with heavy weapons."

"And there's..."

"Some inexplicable things."

The former, Edmund deduced from the residual traces.

As for the latter?

As a seasoned C-grade member, he had significant experience with handling abnormal events. At this moment, these experiences told him that something very unusual had happened here before their arrival.

"Report, no danger."

"Report, no danger."

The repeated reports slightly eased the tension of the action team.

Edmund waved his hand, and the squad immediately dispersed, conducting a carpet-style search.

Soon, more fragmented clues appeared before Edmund.

Some appeared to be alchemy, others similar to voodoo, and still others were mixed with magical Eastern elements, naturally beyond Edmund's ability to identify.

"Seal it, hand it to the research institutions."

15:06

"The rest return to base."

"And..."

"Get me a clear investigation of the recent large-scale military arms trade in Ang City."

Edmund gave his orders methodically.

"Yes!"

The action team immediately responded.

Edmund then boarded the vehicle to return.

He believed the action team would soon have the investigation results.

In fact, the speed of the action team was even faster than Edmund had anticipated.

By the time he returned to the secret base, a report with two sketch drawings had already been placed on his desk.

"The Masked Man'!"

Edmund instinctively looked at the two sketches first.

When he clearly saw one of them, he immediately exclaimed in shock.

The sketch depicted Jason.

The artist undoubtedly possessed considerable skill; not only was Jason's appearance portrayed realistically, but even his every bit of aura was captured, making it look as though it was a true-to-life photograph, allowing anyone to instantly recognize it as Jason.

After confirming Jason, Edmund began to flip through the report.

"Purchased arms through Bounty Hunters?"

"What is inside that mansion?"

"Thomas, the bankrupt train company manager, is just a hired hand?"

More and more questions emerged at the bottom of Edmund's heart, causing him to unconsciously tap his fingers on the desk.

At the same time, a strong premonition made him feel unsettled.

He always felt that the consecutive unusual occurrences after 'The Masked Man' appeared were not normal.

After hesitating for a moment, just as Edmund had not yet decided whether to invest more in the investigation, two more reports were delivered.

They were: Interrogation records of the TV station repairman Bob and Hosea, disguised as a vagrant.

Out of duty, Edmund picked up the reports and started reading.

At first, Edmund was able to remain calm, but as time passed and more and more testimonies pointed towards 'The Masked Man,' sweat began to form on the forehead of this seasoned C-level personnel.

After ten minutes, having read through the two interrogation reports twice, the seasoned C-level personnel, without any hesitation, moved aside from the desk and began to write.

Project Name: The Masked Man

Project Level: K (Provisional)

Special Containment Procedures: None at present

Description: 'The Masked Man' is a tall, strong adult male, with an age fixed between 20-25 years old, exact age unconfirmable (refer to Appendix The Masked Man-1).

'The Masked Man' has strength, agility, vitality, and perception several times that of a normal person, is proficient in the use of edged weapons and gunpowder weapons, and should possess extremely strong barehanded combat skills, resistance to blows, and some special abilities (refer to Appendix The Masked Man-2).

He is mostly calm and cautious in temperament, wary and hostile towards strangers, but when faced with the abnormal, he seems to have a strong desire to fight, easily losing control of his emotions (refer to Appendix The Masked Man-3).

Unknown combat and unknown entities (refer to Appendix The Masked Man-4).

Appendix The Masked Man-1: Description Record

He is 'The Undying'!

His brother is powerful, but he is even more so!

Because he put on a mask, he gained the ability to never age or die. This happened between and years; just think about his current age.

In Ang City, he confronted the local military forces due to , and he wiped out an entire Tank Corps, even the city .

And this is only a trivial part of what he has shown.

(The describer seems to have experienced a great mental shock; the descriptive record can't be accurate.)

Appendix Masked Man-2: Footage of the Masked Man filmed on YA90.9.15 in the morning.

Click to play

Appendix Masked Man-3: Interrogation records of TV station repairman, Bob and Hosea disguised as a homeless man

<Bob's Part>

Interrogator: Do you know him?

Bob: No, I don't.

Interrogator: Why did you bring him into the TV station?

Bob: He was terrifying, I was forced to.

Interrogator: Terrifying? In what way?

Bob: In every way, have you ever seen someone swallow five burgers in one bite?

Interrogator: Anything else?

Bob: Isn't that enough?

Interrogator: The TV station, the situation after entering the TV station.

Bob: How would I know, I passed out straight away, but before I passed out, I noticed he seemed... excited, yes, excited.

Interrogator: Excited? You're sure?

Bob: Sure! Those eyes were truly frightening.

<Hosea's Part>

Interrogator: Do you know him?

Hosea: No, I don't. I was just unlucky, wanted to take a break, who knew I would encounter an earthquake and that terrifying guy.

Interrogator: You think the earthquake is related to that guy?

Hosea: Who knows? I saw that guy standing in the ruins, howling at the sky in anger.

Interrogator: Please describe in detail.

Hosea: Describe in detail? Have you ever seen a gladiator? He was like a gladiator who had won his fight, but wasn't satisfied with his opponent. So he had to vent with a roar.

Interrogator: You're sure?

Hosea: Of course, such people are rare, he really was like a warrior.

<Record ends>

Appendix Masked Man-4

Records by Class-C member .

The Masked Man possesses strength even more powerful than we previously recognized (Attached images: 1, mansion's exterior and ground photos; 2, mansion's interior photos; 3, mansion's interior damage photos). It is not recommended to contain him by force; a mild approach is advised.

Having written the report and placed it in a kraft paper bag, Edmund quickly submitted it.

As for the rest?

Leave it to those researchers and site supervisors to discuss.

He just hoped they wouldn't assign him to make contact with 'the Masked Man'.

Edmund silently prayed.

Then, Edmund couldn't help but shake his head and smile. He thought he was worrying too much.

After all...

He was just a Class-C member.