

Menu 368

Chapter 368: You, who collaborate with my act... harboring ulterior motives

Malice, like a thorn in one's back.

But when Jason looked toward the mouth of the alley, it had disappeared without a trace.

A figure with raised hands walked in.

It was a young man, with short hair, wearing black-framed glasses, of average build, not muscular, and with a hint of worry and guilt on his face.

"I'm sorry."

"I didn't mean to."

"I only came because I was worried about Edmund."

The other explained like this.

"Esther?!"

"Lord Jason, he's my colleague, he's harmless."

"Please believe me."

The kneeling senior C-level member turned his head to see the young man walking in, exclaimed in surprise, and then immediately began explaining to Jason.

At the same time, Jason could sense that Edmund was slightly changing his kneeling position.

From a posture of complete surrender, it became one suitable for exerting strength.

Simply put, if Jason made a move against the approaching young man, the man who was kneeling and weeping just a moment ago would burst into a counterattack.

Concerned about his colleague?

Jason swept a surprised glance at Edmund.

He found it hard to imagine that a man who lived from the heart and carried a 29 years and 11 months mortgage would show such concern.

But...

Tears will fall when you know the truth.

The malice just now came from this young man.

Jason was certain of this.

As for why the other party held malice?

Jason did not know at the moment.

But one thing was certain, the other party definitely didn't come out of concern for Edmund as he stated.

The other had an ulterior motive.

However, Jason was not in a hurry to investigate.

He sniffed slightly through his nose.

He smelled a faint scent of 'food' on the young man.

Not emanating from the person himself.

But a scent he had picked up.

Immediately, hunger began to spread inside Jason.

The other really did whet his appetite.

Feeling such authentic hunger, yet Jason's lips curled upward—without the cover of a mask, he could only rely on a smile to conceal his distorted face.

When you don't know what to do, just smile.

Jason had always believed there was truth to this saying.

Only, Jason had never considered how ferocious the smile that should have been twisted looked.

Look at the scene before you.

Deep in a dark alley, at night.

The light cast by the distant street lamps tangled together only to leave behind shadows.

A tall, muscular figure with a broad-bladed, short-handled machete flashed a ferocious smile at the entrance of the alley.

Esther, who approached with raised hands, paused in his steps upon seeing such a smile.

He subconsciously thought he had encountered a psychopathic killer.

No!

A murderous demon would be more accurate.

That ferocious smile, with a bloodthirsty hunger.

How could such 'anomaly' be involved amicably? It should be forcibly contained!

Recalling the content of Edmund's report, Esther cursed in his heart.

And he began to doubt whether his appearance this time was too reckless.

However, his footsteps were only paused for a moment before moving forward again.

Having reached this point, he had no way out.

The plan had to be completed.

Edmund also felt a hint of abnormality from Jason.

He slightly turned his head, using the corner of his eye to check on Jason.

Upon seeing the grin, the seasoned C-level member shuddered inside.

What a dreadful smile!

Had he already become murderously intense?

Was he going to kill Esther?

No!

Such a talented, passionate young man like Esther must not die!

With this thought, the senior C-member forcefully tried to stand, attempting to tackle Jason and buy Esther precious time to escape.

Unfortunately, just as he began to straighten his legs, Jason kicked him right in the back of the knee.

Thump.

Edmund fell to his knees again.

"Run, Esther!"

The failed counterattack left Edmund with no choice but to shout loudly.

And as his voice rang out, the dark alley suddenly brightened.

A flash of Flame appeared.

The Flame brought light.

But it made Edmund feel utterly despair.

Because the Flame was burning in Jason's palm.

Under the intense Flame, Jason's hand remained unscathed, but the scorching heat made Edmund, who was close by, feel a choking sensation.

"Want to experience Hellfire?"

"I'd be glad to..."

"Purify your soul."

Jason slowly raised his left hand. His gaze fixed on the Flame in his hand, as if he was reminiscing or maybe looking forward, the faint voice echoing in Edmund and Esther's ears.

Edmund immediately shook his head repeatedly.

He did not wish to experience being 'purified' by Hellfire.

Just the name alone told him it was something terribly horrifying.

Esther, on the other hand, tried to remain as calm as possible.

But his body trembled slightly.

Even more so, it was his inner fear.

Just by holding it in his hand, there was such might.

If it were released into an attack...

What kind of horrific spectacle would that be?

The whole street might explode, right?

And moreover!

"Hellfire"!

Just by the name, it's different from ordinary flames; it must carry some terrifying property.

Indeed, I was too impulsive!

After casually looking through Edmund's report, I thought this was an opportunity. I was really too naive.

No!

I cannot just die like this!

I must save myself!

With this thought, Esther quickly spoke up.

"Lord Jason, we bear no malice."

"On the contrary, if possible, we would be happy to help you solve some problems."

"Of course, this is not to doubt your abilities, but you are far too busy to attend to these trifles."

"Fortunately, we are good at handling these kinds of trifles."

Esther reiterated this while bowing respectfully to Jason.

Sweat poured from Esther's forehead, but he didn't dare to wipe it away.

Then, he felt an even more terrifying aura emanating from the man in front of him.

Instincts branded deep in his soul made him want to turn and run.

But his completely weakened body could not even take a single step.

Despair took root in the bottom of Esther's heart.

In this moment, Edmund, who was prostrating on the ground, struggled to maintain his composure, even against the aura of an apex predator in the food chain, this experienced C-class personnel still managed to keep calm.

However, the difference in strength was too great.

So great that it left Edmund helpless.

Several futile struggles later, despair began to grow in the heart of this senior C-class personnel.

Just when the two thought they were going to die in the line of duty, the terrifying aura disappeared, and with it, the flame, and the broad-bladed, short-handled machete was put away.

"Tell me, what kind of trifles can you deal with for me," Jason said.

His voice remained calm and flat, without a ripple.

He seemed unconcerned, merely a bit curious.

And to Edmund and Esther, such a voice was truly like the sound of heaven.

A frenzied joy of having survived a disaster appeared on their faces.

Seeing their expressions, Jason nodded inwardly.

This was the situation he wanted.

The appearance of Esther was unexpected to Jason.

But it did not interfere with Jason's plans!

On the contrary, with Esther's cooperation, the plan became even more perfect.

After previously confirming the 'refrigerator's' attitude towards him, Jason had already formulated a general plan of action.

If the 'refrigerator' became 'friendly' due to the strength he showed, then... why shouldn't he become a little stronger?

This was not pretense!

Nor was it an affectation!

It was just advancing the timeline slightly!

After all, Jason firmly believed that he could grow strong in a short time!

He, Jason, was extraordinarily gifted!

With such confidence, Jason now seemed even more at ease.

And this composure made Edmund and Esther increasingly convinced of their guess: Jason was stronger than they imagined!

How could a monster who was immortal and had lived for hundreds of years possess only the strength he had shown?

There must be many unknown powers!

They weren't displayed simply because there was no need.

Or rather...

They hadn't collected them!

They must report this immediately!

Edmund and Esther thought simultaneously.

Then, they faced Jason with an even more respectful attitude.

"Are you still comfortable in your current residence?"

"We could offer you a new place to live."

As soon as he said this, Edmund quickly explained, "I swear to you, there is absolutely no surveillance involved."

Then, he began listing various areas the 'sanctuary' could assist with.

"The anomalies you cause will inevitably lead to panic; we can erase them for you."

"Any information you need, we can also provide for you."

"If you are looking for someone or something, we can lend a hand."

"Please trust me, the 'sanctuary' is not your enemy."

Having said this, Edmund bowed deeply.

Esther followed with a bow as well.

"Hmm."

Jason nodded noncommittally and then turned and walked towards the small door.

Edmund and Esther watched, puzzled by Jason's actions.

Was that a yes?

Or a no?

But soon their attention was drawn to the sound coming from the door.

Creak, creak!

In the midst of the harsh friction, the door was slowly pushed open.

The two C-class personnel's eyes widened as they saw what lay beyond the door.

The position where they stood had been carefully chosen by Jason, of course, so they could clearly see the high stack of barbell plates.

How many are there?

Not long after this question surfaced, the two keen-eyed C-class personnel calculated the weight of the barbell plates.

500Kg!

Half a ton!

The two, realizing this number, looked at each other, feeling a tang at the back of their jaw.

Was this door meant to deter thieves?

But who could push open such a door?

The two felt they could no longer keep up with the thought process of an immortal monster like Jason, and likewise, they didn't dare knock on the door to inquire further from Jason, they could only look at each other again and choose to leave.

Five minutes after the two had left.

Jason appeared once again in the alleyway.

He had only taken a few steps towards the mouth of the alley when the corners of his mouth couldn't help but turn up, a smile appearing on his face.

"Found it!"